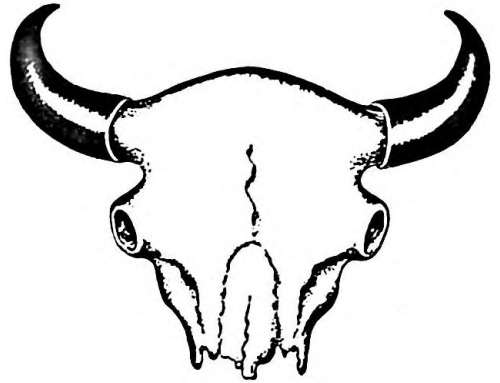


The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

JAN.-FEB. 1979

VOLUME XXXV No. 1



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OLD MOSE, THE GREAT GRIZZLY

by

LESTER L. WILLIAMS

IN MEMORIAM

The Denver Westerners are saddened at the loss of our long-time Posse member Herbert P. White: May 14, 1896—February 23, 1979.

Herb has been a Posse member since 1954 and has given numerous papers at our regular meetings. His last contribution to the Westerners was his paper, "Isadore Bolten, Cobbler to Cattle King," the story of an immigrant Russian shoe-maker who became one of the prominent cattlemen in North-western Colorado. His paper was included in the 1970 *Brand Book*.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

The Denver Posse's long time member Dr. Nolie Mumey has been elected an Honorary Life Member of the Santa Fe Posse.

We assume the 1979 editorship of the *Roundup* with trepidation. Within our limitations we will make every effort to keep issues coming at their appointed times. Contributors will help greatly by getting copy into our hands promptly. We promise to reciprocate by editing copy as cleanly as our limited experience will permit and keeping redundancy to a minimum. We subscribe wholeheartedly to Shakespeare's dictum, "Brevity is the soul of wit," although, sadly, we have, "more honored (it) in the breach than the observance." May we have the courage of our convictions, and may *Roundup* contributors not take umbrage at our clumsy efforts to edit sparingly. It is our hope that together we can put out a publication of which the Westerners can be proud.

We look forward to the coming year with hope and keen anticipation.

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OLD MOSE, THE GREAT GRIZZLY

by Lester L. Williams

Presented to the Denver Posse of Westerners
January 24, 1979

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When Old Mose was killed in 1904 it was estimated he was from 35 to 40 years old. The center of his haunts was Black Mountain, he hibernated there, he killed Jake Radliff there, and he was killed there, so the statement he was born there makes sense.

From the foregoing it is logical to begin this tale with the statement that Old Mose was born during the latter part of or shortly after the Civil War, on Black Mountain, in the south end of South Park. I cannot substantiate this statement since no one attended the birth, there was no birth certificate, and no identification of the newborn.

Little is known of his early years, then reports began to drift in to some of the ranches and mining camps of a grizzly of extraordinary size who seemed to delight in rushing into the camp of some unsuspecting miner, scaring him nearly to death, then leaving and seeming to enjoy the episode. There is no record he ever attacked anyone on such a foray, but the stampedes he caused were many and ludicrous. This large grizzly killed enough domestic animals to set the ranchers after him. The first documented depredation by this very large bear occurred in 1878 when he killed a heifer on the Stirrup Ranch, at that time owned and operated by the Waugh brothers. This ranch was and is at the head of Cottonwood Creek between Black Mountain on the north and Waugh Mountain on the south, and lies in a nice park called Poncha Park. Naturally its brand was a stirrup. At one time it controlled 56,000 acres and was the largest cattle operation in Fremont County.

Over the years many stories have appeared about Old Mose, some are

factual, some are not, some are one author's quoting the mistakes of another writer. In the present account, attempt is made to verify statements as far as possible and to set forth what can be reasonably substantiated.

Harry Epperson wrote a remarkable book titled: *Colorado As I Saw It*. He was born in 1880 and lived a good share of his life in the south end of the park, he knew the area intimately and qualifies as a good source of information. He recounts the story of how Old Mose killed Jake Radliff.

In the files of the newspaper, the Fairplay Flume for Thursday, November 29, 1883 is a full column account of the death of one Jacob Radliff. Since this was written less than a week after the event and in Radliff's home town, where he was a well known citizen, it must be accepted as factual, and the spelling of the name as Radliff is accepted. Cemetery records cannot be found. Putting together the newspaper account and Epperson's story gives us the following.

The newspaper tells that Radliff had first come to Fairplay in 1863 and was an experienced hunter, a man of deliberate action, who never lost his head in the face of danger, and who was a dead shot. He seemed to be highly esteemed in Fairplay. Radliff and Henry Seymour went to the south end of the park to hunt and camped on the line of Park and Fremont Counties. A man named Cory joined them. On November 22, 1883 they separated, for Jake Radliff always hunted alone if possible. In an open park he discovered the tracks of a bear. "He was not hunting for such game and would have avoided it but suddenly a large bear came through the under brush upon him. The contact was so sudden that the old hunter was unprepared and the bear was evidently on the warpath. Mr. Radliff had only time to draw up his gun and fire at random when the bear was so near that he had to push it off with his gun to prevent its ponderous claws tearing him. The random shot probably did not do any execution and he had pushed off the bear several times with his gun when the brute caught his ankle with its paw, and breaking the bones like twigs tossed the hunter into the air six feet. As he fell to the ground the brute pounced upon him, crunching the bones of his legs, tearing his cheek, and clawing his body frightfully. Mr. Radliff was perfectly conscious. He knew his danger, uttered repeated cries and endeavored to rise and escape but the infuriated brute again tossed him in the air, and as he fell bit him nearly from ear to ear and tore off his scalp. Then the poor torn victim of brute ferocity lost consciousness."

Seymour heard the shot and the cry for help and came running. Radliff told him he had come upon a huge bear, had fired at the animal, then the bear had grabbed his gun and broken it into bits, then attacked him. Seymour and Cory carried Radliff to an open spot, wrapped him in a wagon sheet and put him in the wagon then drove off down the mountain to Badger Creek to the IM Ranch where they arrived late in the evening. The

Mulocks owned the ranch at that time, and Parker Mulock, his bride of a few months, and a young cowboy named John Hyssong were there. Hyssong later told that Radliff was bleeding so profusely that the wagon sheet was soaked and the blood oozed on the ground.

The young bride, though unaccustomed to violence, shed some of her clothing to bind the wounds and did everything in her power to relieve the man's pain. John Hyssong rode to Platte River Station, on the South Park Railroad, 45 miles distant, where he sent a telegram to Dr. Delamater in Fairplay summoning him to attend Radliff. The doctor arrived at Platte River Station at 1 A.M., was met by the cowboy, John Hyssong, who grabbed his medicine case, and led him out into the darkness to two sweat-caked horses tied to a telegraph pole. He assisted the doctor to mount, then said: "Let's make it snappy, Doc." They galloped hour after hour, over ridges and down arroyos, the pilot in the darkness being the instinct of the young cowboy. At dawn John Hyssong and Doctor Delamater arrived at the IM Ranch. The doctor examined Radliff, found that he had been bitten through the back of the neck, the scalp was torn almost off, one arm was lacerated and broken and torn loose at the shoulder, both thighs torn, and one leg was broken in two places. Though in agony he was conscious, he told the story of his terrible encounter clearly and concisely and urged Seymour to profit from his fate and cease hunting bear. It was decided to try to transport him to Fairplay and he was gently placed in the wagon for the long drive. Alas, he died on the way. Harry Epperson concludes: "The praise of the early day country doctor can never be sung loud enough," and I would agree, for this must have been one of the more arduous house calls. I wonder if Dr. Delamater ever got paid for this night time emergency house call?

On November 28, 1883 Jacob Radliff, a pioneer of Park County, was buried in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery. The funeral services were conducted by the officers of South Park Lodge Number 10 of which the departed was a highly respected member. The funeral procession included members of the Odd Fellows Lodge, the Coleman Hose Company in uniform, the town authorities and many citizens in carriages.

The tracks of the bear which killed Jake measured 10 inches in diameter, making him truly a monster. The other hunters, Seymour and Cory, did not identify him as a grizzly, but the size of the tracks points to this conclusion. The few settlers of the south end of South Park believed the bear had lived there many years and recently had killed a heifer of Mulock's. It is interesting to note that the 1883 newspaper account did not call him Old Mose because the name had not been applied to him at that time.

The story has been told that William Stout and M. W. Waterhouse, two of the oldest residents of the Arkansas Valley at that time were impressed with the manner in which this big grizzly would mosey up to

men he would happen upon, scare them thoroughly, then slowly mosey away, or the deliberate manner in which he left a carcass when he was shot at so they named him "Old Mose," short for mosey. Another story of his naming tells us that Wharton Pigg and Henry Beecher, old time ranchers and hunters noticed the unusually large bear tracks around Black Mountain and called him "Old Mose" after a notorious bear that used to range the Flat Tops in northwest Colorado and who had been killed in 1882.

History tells us that Old Mose was not the only grizzly to be named. Other famous or infamous ones were Red Robber, Old Silver, Three Toes, Old Clubfoot, The Crippler and Bloody Paws. Old Mose seems to have resisted the longest and fought the best of all.

As a result of his killing of many domestic animals plus Jake Radliff the ranchers made a concerted effort to be rid of this large bear. One such effort was a trap. Knowing of the bear's fondness for a bath early every morning a trap was set in a beaver pond on the left prong of Thirty One Mile Creek on the north slope of Black Mountain. Every morning the trap was checked. One morning young John Douglas checked the trap. Imagine his excitement as he ran back to the ranch to report the bear was in the trap. Men grabbed their guns and headed for the lake but the bear didn't wait. His fresh tracks showed that now two toes were missing, they were found in the trap and given to Beulah Beeler. From then on there was never any question of the identity of Old Mose, now his left hind foot was missing two toes. So far my search for those toes has been fruitless.

The name Beeler brings up another story of South Park. Harry Epperson writes about them in his book, as does Carl Mathews in a *Brand Book of the Denver Westerners*. The Beeler family's claim to fame was in their keeping their psychotic son chained naked in a dirt roofed log cabin behind their ranch house. Their daughter, Beulah, was a real beauty and much sought after by the cowboys but her parents kept her out of sight. She eloped with a fast talking cowboy named Evans, from Texas, so became Beulah Beeler Evans.

Another trap was built by a rancher, C. A. Hall, consisting of a pen of logs about four feet high with a steel bear trap in the narrow entrance. He baited it with the carcass of a dead cow. Three times Mose stole the bait without springing the trap then it was discovered the wily grizzly merely reached over the log wall to take the carcass and avoid the trap in the entrance.

Other hunters would not heed the advice of dying Jake Radliff to leave that bear alone. The story is told that James W. Asher was killed by Old Mose in almost the same manner as Radliff had died. Several years later a skeleton with ribs caved in was found on Cameron Mountain. Beside it was an 1873 Winchester, caliber 38-55 with two unfired cartridges in the magazine. It was concluded the skeleton had been a hunter killed by Old Mose. In the summer of 1903 a skeleton was found on Thirty-Nine Mile

Mountain just north of Guffy. Boots and spurs marked it for a cowboy, and again Old Mose was blamed, whether true or false.

Sometime, probably in the 1880s, Wharton Pigg enters this story. He had been born July 29, 1868 in Missouri and had come to Colorado in 1882 when his parents homesteaded on Currant Creek. Being an avid outdoorsman and hunter he probably hunted Old Mose in the 1880s.

Two of Wharton Pigg's children, Mrs. Genevieve Humphrey and Mr. Howard Gordon tell of a hunt when Pigg had tracked a sow with two cubs on Cover Mountain. He believed the sow was Old Mose' mate. He shot the two cubs who fell in deep brush. The sow came running at their squalls and he shot her. Then he reached in his pocket for more cartridges but instead found only a hole. Not being certain any of the bears were dead and thinking Old Mose might be in the area Pigg tore off down the hill. Next day he returned and found all three dead. He measured his tracks and found his prints were 28 feet apart as he fled from the bears down the mountain.

After 1890 when Cripple Creek was booming he took a load of potatoes grown on their ranch to the gold camp to sell. He sold not only the potatoes but also the team and the wagon then stayed on in the mining camp, worked as a blacksmith sharpening drills for Stratton's Independence Mine and took a large share of his wages as stock at four cents a share. When the stock went to \$4.00 he sold out, returned home and bought the Stirrup Ranch. In addition to being a rancher Whart Pigg was a hunter and a writer of animal stories and a representative of the United States Biological Survey. On the Stirrup Ranch he fenced a section of land with a woven wire fence 8 feet high. He purchased 40 elk from Jackson Hole, Wyoming, and white tailed deer in Texas, had them shipped to Fairplay by train, then transported them to the Stirrup Ranch in a train of wagons with very high sides, and had them turned loose in the enclosure. He also had numerous black bears roaming the ranch. With herds of elk wiped out by hunting his idea of a private game preserve for paying hunters sounded like a sound business enterprise.

About this time a dispute arose between Pigg and government officials as to whether or not Pigg should have government land enclosed. They sent two government surveyors to settle the controversy and they moved into a little log cabin near the ranch house. Once while cooking their evening meal of bacon and eggs the structure became full of smoke. When they opened the window to let the smoke out two small bears jumped in and started consuming the meal. The surveyors made a hasty exit, left all their instruments and never returned for them, eager to concede that Pigg did not have a single acre of government land enclosed.

Pigg made a study of Old Mose and probably knew the grizzly better than any other man. He was amazed and fascinated by the keen instincts that repeatedly saved the grizzly from traps set by eager hunters or angry

ranchers. He learned that Mose ranged widely on a periodic basis. Every month or two he made a circuit from Jack Hall Mountain to Buffalo Peaks, and one account, not verified, says he ranged from the Tarryall Mountains to the Cochetopa Hills. His favorite spots were Black Mountain, Tallahassee Mountain and Cover Mountain, all in the south end of South Park.

In his later years Old Mose was followed by a cinnamon bear of large size who had nothing to do with the killing of game but who fed royally on the abundance of meat Old Mose left behind.

During his approximately 40 years of life it was estimated Old Mose killed 800 domestic animals at a cost to ranchers of about \$30,000 so feelings against him ran high, a reward was posted, and for many years there was a standing offer of \$500 to the hunter who should bring in the bear's carcass. In view of the fact that a top hand on a ranch received \$30 a month plus board this was a tempting reward and many cowboys and hunters were on the lookout for Old Mose, but it is said most of them secretly hoped they wouldn't find him.

The burning ambition of Wharton Pigg's life was to kill Old Mose, and may have been the deciding factor which caused him to buy the Stirrup Ranch. Locating in this area would give Pigg ample opportunity to hunt Old Mose, and he hunted him regularly, but fortune smiled on another hunter, James W. Anthony. Late in 1904 *Outdoor Life* published the account of the final hunt as written by Pigg. The successful hunter, Anthony, was never quite satisfied with Pigg's story and three years later set down his own account in 23 handwritten pages which certainly have the ring of truth and portions of which are quoted verbatim.

Early in 1904 Anthony moved from Boise, Idaho, to Canon City. He wrote:

I brought along a pack of bear dogs. when this became generally known about the first thing a new acquaintance would ask would be 'Why don't you kill Old Mose?' I heard this so often I finally declared I thought I must be the only friend Old Mose had . . .

After coming to Canon I soon became acquainted with a number of land-owners from the Black Mountain country, among them Mr. W. H. Pigg. They assured me that a big bear lived on their cattle ranges and that he killed cattle every year. The previous summer he had killed a three year old registered Hereford bull in Mr. Pigg's pasture. Also that he had killed two hunters. This sounded interesting and quite convincing.

The previous year I had captured or killed 16 bear and I owned the best lot of bear dogs that I have ever seen. A bear that could run ahead of them more than a mile or longer than 20 minutes was an exception. It was tree, fight or get killed. In fact, they had killed one yearling outright and caught two others, one of which H. P. Center killed with his knife, the other I killed in the same way.

Mr. Pigg invited me to come up to his ranch and hunt from there. As I had sold all my horses in Idaho and as good saddle horses were very scarce in Canon, as indeed is usual in most places, and as Mr. Pigg knew the country and had an extra good and swift saddle horse, I did not much like to hunt with him, the country being all new to me and myself practically afoot. So I thought that my chance of

being at the kill would be very slim, and I had wanted a hide such as I thought that bear carried for several years. However, I said to Mr. Pigg: 'If you like I will take my dogs and go up to your ranch and hunt with you for that bear, but if we get him I want the hide'. As I recollect he did not make a direct reply to this.

I finally bought a horse that suited me pretty well tho' it was only a four year old, and went up to the Stirrup Ranch. We rode pretty steadily for over a month before we struck the bear's track as he had not yet come on the range. Stormy days and evenings we would talk on various subjects often telling yarns. And day and night in waking hours I would try to think out some promising scheme by which I could get a shot at Mose but the chances seemed against me for Mr. Pigg and his knowledge of the country, and his excellent saddle horse 'Shan' seemed to extend completely across the horizon.

About two weeks before we struck the bear's track Mr. Pigg said to me: 'If I get a chance I will shoot that bear'. 'Sure,' I said, 'that is what we are here for,' but I know that he meant that if he killed the bear he would claim the hide.'

Here we leave the story written by Anthony. Since he knew the country intimately, Pigg's account of the hunt is well oriented geographically. Not knowing when Mose would emerge from hibernation they began hunting about the first of April, with the Stirrup Ranch as their home base. Their forays familiarized Anthony with the country. They hunted for cats and looked for evidence of bears. Pigg told how they found plenty of old sign, logs turned, ant hills dug up and places where cubs had climbed aspen trees the previous year. They looked at rubbing trees and Anthony saw first hand where a number of black and brown bears had left their mark, but he was mainly impressed by hairs from a silver tip left 8 feet high and hairs from a large cinnamon a foot lower.

While hunting Anthony kept the dogs necked up in couples, constant travelling tired them and some days they were left at the ranch for a rest. The morning of April 26 they left the dogs at the ranch and started on a three day trip around Black Mountain. They checked the usual bear haunts around the west end of Black Mountain and the lakes to the north, probably on the upper end of Thirty-One Mile Creek, then stopped at Ed Shimmons' ranch near the head of Currant Creek, for the night.

The next morning they invited Shimmons to hunt with them, but he said he had helped gather up the pieces of two bear hunters killed by their prey, and thanks, but no thanks. Shimmons had a wagon stuck in Sheep Gulch which required his attention, so Pigg and Anthony rode west toward Agate Gulch. After going about two miles they found tracks of a very large bear on dry grass. The tracks had been made since any wind had blown, therefore, early that morning. Anthony writes the tracks were nice, big, wide and deep in the soft earth and reminded him of old times in Wyoming. They followed the tracks for 50 yards and noted the long claws, identifying it as a grizzly then they started back to the Stirrup ranch for their dogs. There they ate lunch, changed horses and coupled the dogs into pairs, Ray to Penny, Ginger to Dummit, Ring with Prince and Bowey to Buff, and headed back for Ed Elcessor's cow ranch on upper Thirty-One Mile Creek

where they arrived about 5 P.M. and put up for the night.

The following morning, April 28, they separated, with Anthony taking his dogs up the right fork of Thirty-One Mile Creek to where they had seen the tracks while Pigg went up the left prong to see if the grizzly had gone toward Black Mountain during the night. Pigg found he had not, then cut across to meet Anthony at the tracks.

The dogs could not follow the trail because the country was very dry and the track more than 24 hours old, but Pigg's keen eyes could. The bear had avoided timber and damp places and kept on open ground and on grass as much as possible. Pigg tracked the bear and Anthony followed afoot leading the horse and keeping the dogs back. They crossed both forks of Agate Creek, through the fence of the VVN ranch where the bear had pushed a pole off and climbed over into the large pasture, then into the small horse pasture, then headed toward the lakes, then suddenly turned at right angles toward the deserted VVN ranch house, almost through the yard, then down over the old meadow where he made another gap in the fence. The track went down Rye Slough to a gap on the west of Black Mountain, then south, where they lost it on the bald ridges where the wind was blowing hard. Pigg had followed the track about 8 miles that day. They expected to intercept the trail in the lower gulches of Poncha Park, but they didn't, and as it was evening they went on about 5 miles to the Stir up ranch and stayed for the night. Pigg recalled that his eyes hurt and his head ached from the trailing and although he was dead tired he had trouble falling asleep.

Despite fatigue they were back at the hunt the next morning early, going up Aspen Gulch on the west end of Black Mountain, and there found tracks leading up the mountain, but too old for the dogs. A brief snowstorm caught them and obliterated all tracks, so they spent the rest of the day looking over the west slope and top of Black Mountain, and toward sundown led their horses off the extreme east point where the "signal post" (bench mark) stands, and spent another night with Ed Elcessor.

Next morning, April 30, they were out again. They circled north and west of Black Mountain again and went to the head of Gribble Creek near the place they had seen the tracks last.

Anthony's account continues:

We rode along the skirts of Black Mountain, sometimes through aspen thickets, then across little grassy parks, again among the dark spruce. We saw some frightened cattle, but no bear tracks. We came out of the timber near the abandoned ranch buildings (VVN). The dogs could still smell where the bear had pushed a pole out of the fence a couple of days before. We went on west and south for a mile or so inside the wire fence, then got out of the pasture and rode west. On the south side of the A. N. pasture we found no tracks and were completely puzzled. Mr. Pigg suggested that on the following day he would ride down to the Antelope Hills about five miles east and that I might ride out Black Mountain again. It was now about 1 o'clock so we ate our lunch with the appetite that comes

with exercise in the hills. I took from my saddle pockets some dried bear meat that I had prepared the year before in Idaho. I said, jokingly: 'Let us eat some of this for medicine,' meaning in the Indian sense of the word. We did so, then after smoking a short time we mounted our horses and rode toward the south. Having given up this locality we had gone perhaps a fourth of a mile and were riding across an open park when I noticed that my dogs, which usually kept close to my horse, were not with us. Looking back a couple of hundred yards, I saw them all in a bunch trailing. We had crossed the track. I galloped back and stopped the dogs and Mr. Pigg going forward a few steps said: 'Here's his track.' As is my custom when about to turn my dogs loose, I passed a rope through the collar of one dog of each couple, then one man held the ends of the rope while the other man, not without considerable trouble, took the collar off each dog whose collar was not on the rope, afterwards removing the collars from the roped dogs. The dogs were crazily excited by the scent of the bear, jumping, squirming, barking, and crying to be free, and as fast as one was slipped, would disappear among the trees on the track. I had eight dogs, four couples, and by the time the last collar was off and couplings and rope tied on the saddle, the leaders had a good start of us. However the bear had wandered around before lying down so the dogs circled a minute or two and finally separated, Gale and Zepher taking back in the direction from which the bear had come. Right here is where your correspondent made a misstatement. He said Mr. Pigg followed one bunch of dogs and I another. That is not so. I followed Ray, my best dog, paid no attention to the others, and Mr. Pigg kept with me. As soon as Ray and his following, Ring, Dummit and Ginger had the track straightened and apparently going toward Black Mountain, Mr. Pigg rode rapidly in that direction, along the ridge. This ridge was thinly covered with pine trees. I followed for a few rods, then rode to the left a few rods and stopped and listened. I was on the edge of a little cliff, and below me and a little to the right, perhaps fifteen rods away, but out of sight in a dense growth of spruce and aspen, were my dogs, barking savagely. I knew they were fighting him close up, that the bear was bayed, and barring mishaps as good as killed. I took my horse down a little trail for a few rods so that in case Mr. Pigg passed above the cliff he would not be apt to see the horse. Left the horse, took off my gloves, laid them where I could find them again easily when the excitement should be over. Put a cartridge from my pocket into the chamber of my 30-40 carbine (Winchester Model 95), and went down into the thicket. When I first saw the bear he stood nearly broadside and about four rods away. If I had had a more powerful gun I would have shot him through the shoulders, but as I had seen the 30-40 bullets remain in elk and brown bear I thought best not to try it, so shot at his head, but the bullet went through his throat. This wound, I afterward found, bled pretty fast. In the shooting I was hindered by my fear of killing a dog. However, as soon as the dogs saw me they didn't attack the bear, seeming to say: 'We have stopped him for you, now help yourself to bear.'

Those dogs had helped me kill over 30 bear and evidently thought that shooting would end the trouble. The bear on receiving the shot turned and walked along the trail and ran diagonally down a gentle hill. When he was directly below me and 17 steps distant, he seemed to realize where I was and started for me. Here I fired two or three shots to turn him, as he was quite close enough considering his reputation, and I didn't want him to rush me. The little trees were thick so one bullet, at least, struck a small spruce. We found the steel jacket in the hair on the bear's head. He also received one flesh wound in the neck. He turned and started back toward the spot where I first saw him. As he went I ran in closer and shot him in behind the shoulder, the bullet coming out of his breast at a point generally called the sticking place. He faced me at 11 steps distance and came on

with his head low. I fired at his forehead, the bullet center right and left, but a little high. It unjointed his neck at the junction with the skull and followed down the spinal marrow. He sank slowly to the ground, raised himself partly up once or twice and was still except for his breathing which continued for some time, and even after he ceased breathing he seemed a threatening dangerous bulk, as in his life he had been a terrifying blood chilling destruction to men and cattle for many years.

In his account Wharton Pigg described the site. "Now on this certain little ridge, in a dense thicket of spruce and aspen about 4½ miles north-west from the Stirrup ranch stand three small spruce trees in a triangular form, each blazed on the inside. On one is written: 'Where Old Mose died,' and just eleven steps southwest stand two saplings bearing blazes. On one is written: 'Where J. A. Anthony stood when he fired the fatal shot.' Then farther up the hill, about 10 rods, under the shade of a large rock and thick spruce is a round hole, perhaps three feet deep and five feet in diameter, beside which stands an aspen tree about eight inches in diameter with a large blaze. On this is the following inscription:

Old Mose's Last Bed.
J. W. Anthony and W. H. Pigg
Hunters
Ray, Ring, Ginger and Dummit
Pack
April 30, 1904"

Anthony's account resumes:

Mr. Pigg soon came and asked if I had had much trouble to kill him. In that moment of exultation I remarked that it was as easy as taking candy from a kid. The bear deserved a less trivial remark. He was undoubtedly brave and had received education in the ways of men sufficient to know if he could get to the hunter and stop the shooting—that hunter would be to him 'as clay in the hands of the potter'. I still had cartridges in my magazine, as I had put in four during the fight. Your correspondent calls my killing the bear luck. It was a case of being prepared.

I had raised and trained the dogs and I knew if we pinned Mose or any other bear in ordinary country and circumstances he would be our meat. It seemed as if half the men in the county had hunted that bear. On speaking of this to a cow puncher who came from Texas, but now lived in the Gorelle country, he said: 'Yes, and hoping to God they wouldn't find him'. Two toes were gone from Mose' hind foot and by this we knew him. The ranch men paid the sixty dollars reward they had offered and I gave Mr. Pigg half of it. I also loaned him a female hound from which he has raised some dogs that rounded up some bear last year. When he saw the body of the big bear he said he had no claim to the hide. I said: 'All right, then you can sell the meat.' I wanted to take the hide off right away but Mr. Pigg wanted to bring him to town to show. We brought a wagon within a short distance of where he was killed and dragged him with a horse down hill to the wagon and five of use loaded him in. We hung him up in the slaughterhouse at the

Stirrup ranch and when his hind feet were swung against the roll of the beef hoist his nose was on the floor. He hung there one day for the ranch men to view and then Mr. Pigg drove to Canon with him, part of the way at night in a fearful storm. We hung him up in Wright and Morgan's Butcher Shop one day. Crowds of people viewed him all day and in the evening. Then about eleven o'clock Mr. Wright took off Old Mose's hide. We put the hide in the refrigerator room and sent it the next day to Professor Stainsky, Colorado Springs, who saved the hide all right. The meat, however, had not cooled and added to the original game flavor of an old Silver Tip, that of being too well kept. The market for bear meat in Canon has received a shock which it has not recovered from to this day.

Your Canon City correspondent referred to me as an Idaho hunter. This is not correct as I lived in Colorado about as long as I did in Idaho, but Idaho is a grand state with many beautiful mountains and sparkling streams stocked with trout. I have hunted in a number of the western states, mostly in Wyoming, where I lived for several years. Right now I am ready to move again and would like to know where there is a good bear country, damp enough for fair trailing, preferably in Colorado. Old Mose had been known and hunted in the Black Mountain country for about 20 years when he was killed. He lasted about 10 minutes when Ray and company were turned loose on his track. Those dogs we thought were on the back track were I am sure on track of another bear, a red bear, that was a partner of Mose. This is another story as Rudyard K. would say. If you care to read it would write it at some future time.

So ends Anthony's account.

Wharton Pigg always referred to the hunt as his unlucky day, for he said he didn't have the honor of outwitting the giant outlaw grizzly.

Instead of the promised \$500 the reward paid was only \$60 which Anthony and Pigg split.

At the Wright & Morgan Market in Canon City Old Mose weighed 875 pounds, hog dressed, that is bled out and minus all entrails and dehydrated over two days. This probably represents 65 to 70% of total weight making his intact weight about 1200 pounds, and this at the end of the winter's hibernation. Ranchers who saw the bear estimated his weight going into hibernation at about 1400 pounds, truly a monster. From nose to tail he measured 10 feet 4 inches, and his body was 8½ feet around. His jaw was 14 inches long, despite his age, advanced for a grizzly and estimated at 35 to 40 years, his teeth were exceptionally good. The paws were 8 inches in diameter and equipped with claws up to 6 inches long.

The hide and head were refrigerated and then sent on to Colorado Springs to Professor Gus Stainsky's taxidermy shop at 5½ East Pikes Peak Avenue where the hide was hung outside on display, then dressed. Having killed Mose, Anthony kept the hide and skull and in his will bequeathed them to the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology, Berkeley, California, and the administrator of his will, the Citizens National Bank of Evansville, Indiana, displayed the hide in their lobby a few days, noted it was the oddest asset they ever held for an estate, then saw that it got to Berkeley. The museum acknowledged receipt of the hide in excellent condition with very little deterioration although Mose had been killed 45 years earlier. The museum

still has it but it is in poor condition even though it is preserved in a controlled humidity refrigerated vault. Mose's skull is the second largest grizzly skull in their collection.

Many bullets were found in Old Mose' carcass. When the hide was hung up in Canon City a scar was noted on one hip. Wharton Pigg advised this be covered, saying that every cowboy who saw the scar would claim he made it. Later Dann Hall walked in, said: "I took a shot at Old Mose one time up on Table Mountain and hit him too. I was close enough to know. I remember I hit him right about there, on the right hip." Hall pointed and touched the spot Pigg had covered, so this scar was credited to Hall.

About 1903 John Lyle was on a high point, saw Old Mose below him, fired a shot and struck the grizzly in the back. He heard the animal give a grunt of pain and surprise. Pigg found a bullet lodged in the backbone and some vertebrae nicked. The bullet had been fired from above at an angle of 45° and John Lyle was given credit for the shot.

A number of bullets from such light caliber as a .30-30 were found just under the skin. In places the skull was 4 inches thick and a number of bullets had been stopped by this armor plate.

Dr. Ellsworth Lancaster, a Colorado College Professor and specialist in psychology and neuroanatomy was called in to examine the brain of Old Mose. He said: "One of the most interesting brains I have ever seen lies on the laboratory table before me. It is the brain of Old Mose, the huge grizzly which was recently killed on the hills south of Pikes Peak by J. W. Anthony." He went on to note the most striking finding was the small weight, only 15 ounces. He compared brain weight to total body weight and in Old Mose this ratio was less than 1 to 1000. In contrast a 150 pound adult human being has a 3 pound brain, ratio 1:50. The ratio in an ape is 1:30, elephant 1:747 and whale 1:22,400. Lancaster equated ratio of brain weight to body weight as a measure of intelligence, but his conclusions become a little fuzzy, for a small dog may have a ratio of 1:45 making it the most intelligent creature, however when we consider some of the performances in Washington these days his conclusions may be valid.

He continues, considering balance between parts of the brain, and he notes that in the brain of Old Mose motor areas are prominent, and centers of smell and hearing are highly developed, but centers for intelligence are very primitive. Regarding the armor plating of Old Mose' head he notes: "On opening the skull the first strange thing about the brain . . . is its location in the head. The brain of dogs and such animals usually runs forward nearly to the line of the eyes and fills the skull cavity. With this bear the brain occupies only a small part of the head . . . The front end of the brain was about 4 inches behind the eyes and all the intervening space was filled with a porous or cellular structure of bone, with scores of cavities large enough to insert the tips of the fingers into the cells or chambers. This is interesting to the hunter. It explains why he finds it so hard to kill the

grizzly by firing a ball into the front of the head. The chances are that it would not reach the brain and a dozen bullets might lodge in those chambers and do little damage to the life of the bear. The bullet must strike between of just back of the eyes and take a downward course to hit the brain. On the sides of the head the . . . muscles are four inches thick by actual measurement and hence a bullet unless fired at close range would hardly pass through them and penetrate the skull which slopes on the sides like the roof of a house from the top or ridge of the head down to the base. On the ridge the skull is quite thick but it is a surprise to find that the skull is only 3/16 of an inch on the sides, or about as thick as the skull of a man. Skull shape and thickness of muscles give the well known protection to the brain of the grizzly. From the side the bullet would tend to glance upward and miss the brain unless fired downward at an angle of 15 to 25 degrees."

With large centers for smell, hearing and motor areas, and little cortex for intelligence, Lancaster reasoned Mose was a creature of instinct with tremendous ability for keen smell and hearing. He had no moral nature, he did not reason, he did not love nor hate. If frightened, injured or hungry his instinct told him to run, to crush and to kill, and he did just that. He lived a purely instinctive life as does every animal. It's too bad such a tremendous animal did so much damage to domestic animals on frontier ranches, arousing the anger of cattlemen, and so had to be killed. He was just doing his thing.

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COMPARATIVE BALLISTICS			
From The Shooter's Bible, Stoeger Arms Corp. No. 30, 1908 and No. 59, 1968			
<i>Center Fire Rifle Cartridges</i>			
	Bullet	Muzzle velocity	Muzzle energy
.236 (bunn)	112 gr	2550 ft/sec	1645 ft lb
30-30 Winchester	170	2220	1860
30-40 Krag	180	2170	2440
30-10 Krag	220	2200	2360
30-06	180	2700	2920
300 Weatherby Mag	220	2905	4123
45-70 Government	405	1320	1570
460 Weatherby Mag	500	2700	6095
<i>Center Fire Pistol and Revolver Cartridges</i>			
38 Special	158	855	255
357 Magnum	158	1410	645
41 Magnum	240	1470	1150
45 Colt	255	860	410
45 Automatic	210	710	235



GOOD READING FOR WRANGLERS



The Battle of the Little Bighorn, by Mari Sandoz, University of Nebraska Press, 1966, Bison Book Edition 1978, Lincoln and London.

If it were not for one serious flaw, this is a book I would recommend to the general reader who wants to know what happened at the battle on the Little Bighorn River in southeastern Montana on 25 June 1876, when five troops of United States cavalry under command of George Armstrong Custer were wiped out by an overwhelming force of Sioux, Cheyenne, and other Indians.

The book is a scholarly, straightforward and well-documented narrative of the events which led to and immediately preceded the actual engagement, as well as the occurrences during that eventful day. The narrative evokes a very realistic atmosphere for the times and the day, and persuades the conviction that this is the way it was.

The serious flaw which would prevent me from recommending it to the general reader is that it is blatantly propagandistic. It is unashamedly anti-Custer.

The actual battle is described clearly enough, but the motives of the military leaders are presented in a highly selective manner. Custer, as the central participant, is uniformly characterized as being arrogant, wilful, impetuous, and disobedient, with a tendency to hasty judgements and a disposition to disregard all advice from his officers, his white scouts, and his Indian allies. Moreover he is pictured as inconsiderate and jealous in his relations with his officers and superiors, "intolerant of discipline and restraint."

On the other hand Sandoz is strangely silent about Reno and Benteen beyond a brief account of their movements before and during Custer's final fight above the ford. To them is ascribed no jealousy, no failure to carry out orders or reluctance to press forward when confronted by strong resistance. The author emphasizes the futility of the Benteen reconnaissance to the south, as well as Custer's failure to reinforce directly

Reno's attack along the river bottom, but makes perfectly reasonable Reno's hesitant attack and disorganized retreat across the river and up the bluffs, as well as Benteen's failure to press forward with reinforcements and the pack train as ordered by his commander's last communique.

Sandoz's book is almost as much biased, selective, imaginative writing in its personal characterizations as it is graphic, absorbing, and beautifully written in its general narration. The excellence of its composition makes it very easy to accept the personalities, and characters, and the states of mind of the principal protagonists, as presented by the author, as factual and completely representative. This alone prevents me from recommending the book to anyone who does not already know something more of the literature of the incident, the situation at the time, the general atmosphere of the Indian wars of the period 1865 to 1876, and something more of what is known of the personalities of the principal actors.

Hugo G. Rodeck, CM



The Overland Journal of Amos Piatt Josselyn, Zanesville, Ohio to the Sacramento Valley, April 2, 1849 to September 11, 1849, edited by J. William Barrett II. Gateway Press, Baltimore, 1978. Price \$8.50.

In 1849 the big four-letter word was GOLD. Over the decades a surprisingly large number of diaries and letters of the Forty-Niners and later Argonauts have turned up, each one throwing more light on details of the great California Gold Rush. The Josselyn is the latest of many "overlands" known to exist in manuscript form to find publication.

Editor Barrett, like his hero, is a citizen of Zanesville, Ohio, who got excited when he discovered the name and home town in foot-notes to a "Chimney Rock" article in

Nebraska History, somehow located its author (the undersigned), which led to his happy discovery also of *The Great Platte River Road* (Nebraska State Historical Society, 1969). Then he tracked down the diary, letters, and account book at the California State Library, as well as descendants who had genealogical and biographical data.

This is a slender blue-bound volume, with offset printing of typed pages, but it is competently edited, and will be highly prized by collectors and scholars as one more ray of light on one of the great epics of American history.

The diary entries are brief and routine, mainly valuable in recording the progress of the South Zanesville Company, and giving valuable clues about others. The first part of the route was the standard one from "Independence Landing" via Fort Kearny and Fort Laramie to Salt Lake City. But thereafter the Ohioans followed the less popular Lassen or "Greenhorn" route, approaching Sacramento from the north via Mount Shasta. Of the letters, three pertain to the overland experience; these are somewhat more revealing. Of particular interest is the account of new "Fort Childs" or the second Fort Kearny, the "City of the Mormons," emigrant burials, and trail variations. The financial record of the expedition is a particularly rare item.

After three years in the Golden Land, which yielded much adventure but little gold, Amos Josselyn returned to Zanesville to resume his trade as a wagon maker, and rejoin his wife and four children left in the lurch in 1849. Upon this wife's premature death he re-married and had eleven more children. Thus his modest little diary was by no means his only gift to posterity!

Merrill J. Mattes, PM.

Editors Note: Copies of the Josselyn journal obtainable from the author, 1942 Euclid Avenue, Zanesville, Ohio 43701. Incidentally, Mr. Barrett is a corresponding member of the Denver Westerners.



Saga of Chief Joseph, by Helen Addison Howard. Lincoln and London: Bison Books, University of Nebraska Press, 1978, 384 pages.

This is a revised edition of *War Chief Joseph*, the man many called the "Indian Napoleon."

The author presents this great man's story magnificently. One is loath to set the book down without finishing it. Although considered to be the definitive work on the life of Chief Joseph it is a story a novelist would be proud to have invented.

He was the epitome of the novelists ideal of the "noble red man." White men who fought against him acclaimed his courage, daring, and leadership. Others were amazed to find him cordial and gentle in his manner toward them. One remarked on his tenderness and solicitude toward those who were ill or troubled.

It is, also, noted that the Nez Perces "were among the gentlest and least barbarous people of the remote wilderness." These people had exhibited their friendship and good faith to the white men ever since first making friends with Lewis and Clark.

Not until attempts were made to negotiate treaties with the tribes of the Northwest intended to move them onto certain defined reservations did any frictions develop between the Nez Perces and the United States government. With the acceptance of these treaties the Indians attempted to remain at peace. Joseph's band was guaranteed perpetual ownership of Wallowa Valley. White settlers, however, refused to abide by the boundaries of the reserved lands. Eventually after more treaties were broken and the Wallowa Valley was lost to them armed conflict between white men and red men was inevitable.

Chief Joseph's role in the battles which followed and the roles of all of the other leaders on both the Indian and the American sides is told in detail. References are made, throughout, to other authors opinions and to a wealth of source materials used by the author.

Joseph's march toward Canada has been likened to Xenophon's March of the Ten Thousand. Yet Joseph's fighting force was

never large and he carried with him his women, children, aged, and wounded. He engaged well armed armies generated by experienced Civil War commanders and he fought using Fabian tactics so well that it has been said that he out-Fabianed Fabian himself.

To all who are interested in Indian History or have an interest in military history this is a book that should, very definitely, be in your library.

Ross V. Miller, Jr., P.M.



Pike In Colorado, by Carrol Joe Carter. The Old Army Press, Fort Collins, 1978. Price \$16.50.

That "small blue cloud" on the western horizon discerned in November, 1806 by Lieutenant Zebulon M. Pike, U. S. Army, would become Pike's Peak, honoring an explorer whose discovery of the sources of the Arkansas and the Platte Rivers would make him a text-book immortal. Elliott Coues, Milo Quaife, and Donald Jackson, among others have covered the Pike expedition exhaustively. Why yet another version?

Professor Carter of Adams State College has provided us, not with another heavy-weight history of Pike and his travels, but merely an elaborate foot-note. To be more specific, he examines with a magnifying glass Pike's peaceful yet puzzling invasion of Mexican territory (everything south of the Arkansas), from his Pueblo camp to his celebrated stockade on the Conejos, south of Alamosa. The result is a delightful slender volume, handsome in format and illustrations, which helps to illuminate a hitherto murky historical episode.

Carter demonstrates that, in matters of historical interpretation, there is no substitute for a trained historian zeroing in on local geography. The author makes a convincing case for two fresh interpretations. In the matter of route, he holds a brief for the Mosca Pass crossing of the Sangre de Cristos Range. More importantly, he holds that "Pike's Stockade" was not the strong log for-

tification which is represented today by a 1952 State reconstruction. Rather, it was little more than a lean-to or wind-break. He rejects Pike's own description of the structure as an exaggeration for official consumption, on the grounds that his small ragged band did not have—could not have had—the time, the strength, or the tools to accomplish more.

Carter's thesis has wide implications, bolstering the theory that Pike had no imperial designs, but only curiosity and a desire to survive a winter in the wilderness before the Mexicans hauled him into Santa Fe for interrogation. This fits in better with the fact that they then simply ushered him back to Louisiana, rather than consign him to a firing squad. May we presume that the State Historical Society will now redesign the present inaccurate structure?

The pleasing format is enhanced by excellent charcoal sketches by Mark McMahon. Other bonus factors are a Pike chronology, a note on sources, and an account of the "Pike Hikers," dedicated locals who have followed their hero's foot-steps over the mountains and across the San Luis Valley, for four days every January since 1971!

Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.



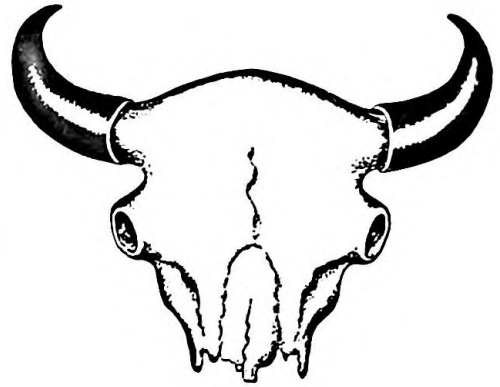
PLEASE RETURN YOUR CARDS FOR RESERVATIONS FOR THE NEXT MEETING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SO THE CHUCK WRANGELER CAN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE MEETING PLACE.

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

MARCH-APRIL 1979

VOLUME XXXV No 2



In This Issue

SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKES: 1906 AND WHEN NEXT?

by

RAY E. JENKINS

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Two innovations, at least to the new editor of the *Roundup*, are found in this issue.

First, Don Rickey, of the Bureau of Land Management, chose to not prepare a formal paper for his presentation of *Artifacts and Relics in the Identification and Evaluation of Historic Sites in Eastern Colorado*, at the March 28th meeting. This leaves us short one paper for this issue of the *Roundup*. Had we known about it ahead of time we could have made arrangements to have the talk taped and could have abstracted from the transcript. Chalk this lapse up to a fat, dumb, happy, fumble-fingered, red-faced editor who will know enough to be prepared in the future.

These remarks are not meant to belittle Don's presentation, or its content. He led us through a scholarly disquisition on post-Columbian artifacts and relics, and their significance in the interpretation of historic sites. Don brought a table full of "show and tell" objects to illustrate his discussion. The major thrust of his presentation highlighted the importance of recording carefully where and under what circumstances artifacts have been found, their precise relationship to any historic site with which they are associated, and a plea to refrain from un-organized "collection" of items without extracting their maximum "dating" and "provenance" potential at the same time. He presented his discussion to an attentive audience who profited greatly from his homily.

It is welcome news that many of the principles discussed by Don Rickey are now being compiled in a B.L.M. "historical artifact handbook" which, it is hoped, will be available to interested amateurs in the not too distant future.

A second innovation to be found in the *Roundup* this time is a stepped-up use of photographs, even in the book reviews. This resulted partly from a lack of "hard copy," partly from the fact that Confucius's old chestnut about a single picture and a thousand words is incrustated with truth, and partly from the coincidence that your editor happened to have in his files a number of

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pictures which applied significantly to Ray Jenkins's paper and to one of the book reviews. Ray was able to supply copies from some of the slides which illustrated his presentation in February. We trust these pictures will lighten the lugubrious tone of some of the *Roundup* material. If you have

pictures available for future papers or reviews for the *Roundup*, don't hesitate to present them. We don't guarantee to get them into print, but we will welcome the chance to consider them. The cost to the Posse of print space and picture space is roughly the same.

SAN FRANCISCO EARTHQUAKES: 1906 AND WHEN NEXT?

by

Ray E. Jenkins

Presented to the Denver Posse of the Westerners
February 28, 1979

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Several million years ago the North American plate moving toward the west collided with the Pacific plate moving to the northwest. This collision produced the major aspects of California geology including the Sierra Nevada and the Klamath Mountains. One segment of the California land area is attached to the Pacific plate. This is the coastal area of Southern California up to San Francisco and two small areas north of the city. If these sections of the two plates moved smoothly past one another, San Francisco and Los Angeles would not be facing disaster, but these plates have a tendency to lock in certain areas which produces a tremendous amount of strain in the rock which, when released, results in the earthquakes that are so common in California. The length of time that the strain builds has a direct effect on the earthquake.

On the morning of April 18, 1906, at 5:13 A.M., the strain in the San Andreas fault which is the boundary zone between the North American and Pacific plates was released in a little more than one minute and had a force of 8.3 on the Richter Scale. The displacement of the Pacific plate was from ten to twenty-three feet, depending on location. The shock was felt from Coos Bay, Oregon in the north, to Los Angeles in the south, and Winnemucca, Nevada in the east with the epicenter located near Olema,

California about thirty-three miles north of San Francisco. The displacement of the land near the epicenter was twenty feet in a right-lateral movement. Visible surface faulting was evident from San Juan Bautista in the south to Point Arena in the north. the lighthouse at Point Arena was demolished, and the nearby bridge over Alder Creek was destroyed.



Mel Griffiths

San Francisco Bay from Outside the Golden Gate.

Marin County shore in the left foreground, Golden Gate Bridge in center foreground, Presidio at right hand bridge abutment. Downtown San Francisco in center; Bay Bridge in center distance. Oakland and Alameda across the Bay beyond the Bay Bridge. Alcatraz is the dark island to the left of center, opposite the Embarcadero—the piers along downtown San Francisco.

The reactions of the people to the earth movement varied from those acting in a sensible manner and collecting necessary supplies to those who panicked. Stuart Ingram, a sophomore at the University of California at Berkeley, stated that the first shock brought the feeling of absolute consternation with the ground rolling and jolting and apparently about to dissolve beneath you. After the shock, he ran into the street where he saw the members of the different fraternities and sororities milling around in different stages of dress. He was soon ordered to report in his Cadet corps

uniform with a blanket and lunch for guard duty in San Francisco. He was issued a rifle and bayonet and five rounds of ammunition and taken to the Telegraph area of San Francisco. The remainder of the University students were informed that the school was closed for the term and that everyone would be given credit without having to take final examinations. After three days of guard duty in the city with no real problem situations, Ingram returned to Berkeley to turn in his uniform and weapons, and then he went to his home in Los Angeles.

Dorothy Geissinger who was eight years old at the time of the disaster remembers being asleep and waking to find objects being tossed round her third floor bedroom. That her family did not panic is evident in that her mother got everyone dressed and then collected additional clothing while her father got blankets, pillows, and a mattress ready to take with them. As



Mel Griffiths

Marin County Coast, North of the Golden Gate—Looking Northwest.

Point Reyes is the hooked spit which curves to the left, just below the horizon, encircling the north side of Drake's Bay. The linear valley which crosses the base of the peninsula from the bay on the lower left to the faint, southward-reaching trace of Bodega Bay, at the extreme right edge of the picture, just below the horizon, is the line of the San Andreas fault, which occupies the Pacific shoreline for sixty miles farther north as far as Point Arena. Farther south, the trace of the fault leaves the land at the beach in the lower left corner of the picture, crosses on the Pacific side of the Golden Gate, and comes on land again seven or eight miles down the Peninsula at the south edge of San Francisco proper.

the family left their home, Dorothy Geissinger saw a number of people in the street in a state of shock including one woman who was nude except for a plumed hat and another person carrying an empty bureau drawer. After one night camped out near Golden Gate Park, the disabled, the children, and the elderly were evacuated, with the Geissinger children going to an uncle's ranch by way of the Ferry Building and Oakland.

That many people did not act in rational ways is evident. Some people saved such items as one shoe, an empty valise, or a wheelbarrow with only one silver spoon in it. One woman was observed running down the street with her corset on the outside of her dress.

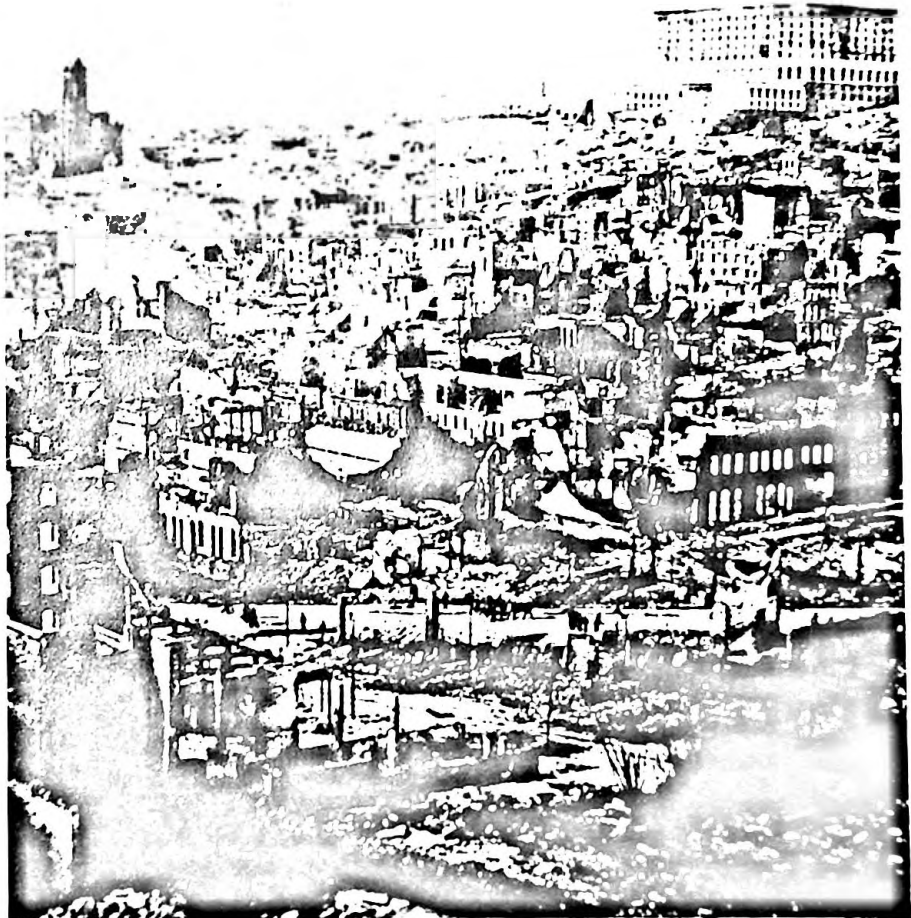
Many people were soon aware of the danger from fires, but the one man who might have had some success in leading the battle against the many fires was in the hospital. This was Fire Chief Dennis Sullivan who had been injured in the first shock. He had worried about the danger of earthquake and fire, and he had been working on plans that had included a back up water system using salt water, reactivating the cisterns and training men in how to use explosives. Sullivan never got the opportunity to try to save the city he loved as he died at a little past one o'clock on the morning of April twenty-second.

Any major event is filled with strange occurrences, and this disaster was no exception. Police Officer Leonard Inghram had had a dream on Monday night about a major fire, and on Tuesday he purchased a \$2,000 insurance policy on his house. The earthquake occurred on Wednesday morning, and if his home was among the damage, he was lucky that his policy was with the Hartford Company instead of one of several German companies that failed to honor their San Francisco policies and quit doing business in the United States.

Enrico Caruso had sung the role of Don Jose the previous evening and was asleep at the Palace Hotel when the earthquake occurred. He ran to the lobby carrying a signed framed portrait of President Theodore Roosevelt, and after he had breakfast and his trunks had been packed and removed from the hotel, he was taken to a private home that had not been damaged to spend the night. He refused to sleep inside the house because of the fear of another earthquake. The next day he was taken to the Ferry Building where he used the signed portrait as proof of his identity so that he could leave the city. Before the earthquake, Caruso had mentioned how relieved he was to be in the United States so that he would not be near the eruption of Mount Vesuvius that was taking place at that time in Italy. The famed Palace Hotel where Caruso had been staying survived the earthquake with little structural damage, but then the 674 gallon reservoir and the wells were pumped dry, the fire finally destroyed the hotel in the late afternoon of the eighteenth.

At the St. Francis Hotel, W. W. Sanders, a consulting engineer of the United States Geological Service, insisted upon paying his bill before

leaving the hotel and upon receiving a receipt for payment. Also at the St. Francis as guests were Adolphus Busch and family of St. Louis who fled to



General Destruction—San Francisco.

Comm.

*This and all other photos from the actual scene of the 1906 Earthquake bearing the by-line Comm. have been taken from Lawson, Andrew C., Chairman, State Earthquake Investigation Commission. *The California Earthquake of April 18, 1906.* Washington, D. C.: The Carnegie Institute of Washington, 1906.

Nob Hill to escape the fire. Accounts fail to mention whether or not the famous brewer paid his bill.

Dr. Tazy of Los Angeles was entering a hospital to aid the victims of the disaster when he stumbled and fell as he was going up the steps. A pistol he was carrying for protection fell out of his coat pocket and discharged. He was killed instantly. A. W. Hussey stated that he was ordered by a police officer to cut the arteries in the wrists of a man pinned under the timbers in the St. Katherine Hotel. The fire was fast approaching the hotel, and the man who was pinned was begging to be killed before the fire reached him. The police officer had attempted to shoot the man and had missed, Mr. Hussey cut the man's wrists. This incident was discussed in a separate source by Sol Allenbert of New York.

The city was filled with rumors, and when the newspapers began publication, they added to the confusion. The three paper issue of the nineteenth included statement that everyone in San Francisco was prepared to leave the city as it was a common belief that San Francisco would be totally destroyed. The paper also reported that President Roosevelt had declared martial law at nine o'clock. There was never an official declaration of martial law by the President, the Governor of California, the Mayor of San Francisco, or the military officials.

Some people were lucky and were saved from fallen buildings before the fire reached them. Workers from the *San Francisco Examiner* heard cries for help coming from the remains of Krumm's Cafe and were able to save Mr. and Mrs. Krumm and one of their waiters some twenty minutes before the fire reached the ruins. Many others were not rescued and were cremated by the fire.

Approximately thirty fires were started by the direct action of the earthquake. many of these were quickly extinguished, but it was soon discovered that the water mains were broken in many places. The breaks most often occurred in areas of fill while those mains placed in solid rock or hard packed earth survived the earthquake. The main conduits of the city's water system were located on the fault line and most of them were destroyed. The line from University Mound Reservoir was thrown off its trestle for a distance of 1,300 feet, and the line from Pilarcitas Lake had breaks from thirty inches to six feet in length. It was telescoped and twisted beyond repair. Yet, with all this damage to the lines outside the city, the effect on fire fighting would have been minimal as the city had some eighty million gallons of water stored within its boundaries. The problem was the broken mains needed to distribute the water within the city. It was later recommended that the mains should be arranged with gates and bypasses so that in the future the breaks could be isolated. It is questionable if this was done during the reconstruction of the system.

Because of this lack of water to fight the fires and a strong gale from the bay, city officials decided to use explosives to establish fire breaks. The fire

problem had become much worse as the result of many people starting to cook breakfast in their homes and not realizing the damage to their chimneys until their homes were on fire. These fires were commonly referred to as the "ham and egg" fires, and a number of them began in Hayes Valley and spread to the rest of the city. The first use of dynamite was under the direction of John Birmingham, Jr. who was Superintendent of the California Powder Works, and if the blasting had all been carried out under his expert direction, the results would have certainly been more successful, but the amateurs got into the action. Lt. Charles Pulis was one of the amateurs who lit a fuse on a charge and when the charge did not explode, he reentered the building to check on the fuse. Lt. Pulis died of his injuries.

Based upon official and unofficial accounts, the use of explosives proved to be not only ineffective in stopping the fires but actually spread the flames in many cases. Chinatown was one area that seemed to be escaping destruction until dynamite blasts nearby blew pieces of flaming debris into Chinatown. The complete destruction of this area did put an end to the rumors about all the secret passageways and opium dens that



Chinatown.

Comm.

were supposed to be under Chinatown. Some people in San Francisco saw the destruction of Chinatown as a golden opportunity to remove the Chinese from choice property, but when Los Angeles offered the Chinese refuge, the leaders of San Francisco decided that their city could ill afford to lose this very good work force, and the Chinese were allowed to rebuild Chinatown in the old area.



O'Farrell Street before fire.

Comm.

Telegraph and Russian Hills were saved from the fire and the dynamiters. The area on and around Telegraph Hill contained a large number of Italians who used over five hundred gallons of home made wine to soak roofs, blankets, and sacks to prevent embers from setting their homes on fire. On Russian Hill two events helped save some of the area. At 1654 Taylor Street, Mr. E. E. Dakin, a Civil War veteran, prepared to leave his home, and in a final salute, he hoisted his largest United States flag and then dipped it three times. A fresh company of the Twentieth Infantry under the command of Lt. Christopher Evans saw this final salute and decided not to let this loyal American lose his home. The soldiers fought the sparks with water from bathtubs and syphon bottles with wet

sand, and finally the flames passed, and the danger to Mr. Dakin's home was over.

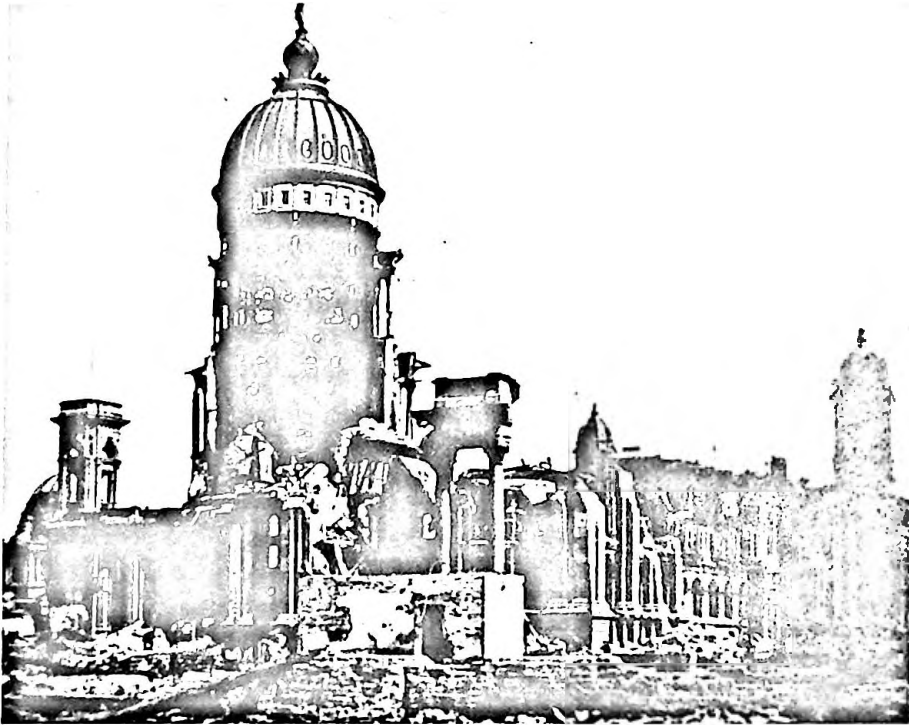
Flames in this area came within a half block of the home of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson on Russian Hill. Her home was saved by the fact that her large back yard prevented any danger except from flying embers and that a large number of members of the Bohemian Club climbed on Mrs. Stevenson's roof and fought the embers with blankets and gunnysacks soaked in water. Other areas of the city including Nob Hill with its many mansions, were not so lucky.

Another building that was saved was the United States Mint. Soldiers had been sent to prevent any possible attempt to rob the Mint, but even though there was a rumor that the Mint had been attacked, it was only a rumor. The soldiers did fight a tough battle, but it was against the fire and not against looters. They nearly lost the battle against the fire several times as the high temperature and heavy smoke forced several retreats. The battle was finally won with the ample supply of water provided by the Mint's wells and pumps and the soldiers being able to knock holes in the roof and put out the fires on the top floor.

There are several controversial aspects of the events that happened during the fire, and one area of controversy was the role of the United States Army and Brigadier General Frederick Funston. General Funston commanded the Department of California and was the senior Regular officer present in the absence of Major General Adolphus W. Greeley who was attending his daughter's wedding. As soon as General Funston realized the disaster that had hit San Francisco, he ordered all Regular Army garrisons around the Bay to report for duty in the city. The first troops were on the scene by 7:45 A.M. and were dispatched to prevent looting and to guard the Mint, the Post Office, and the county jail. Neither General Funston nor Mayor Schmitz declared martial law, but a number of people assumed that it had been declared when they saw the troops. Some of the actions of the troops that were later to be questioned included the destruction of liquor in saloons that were closed, the requisition of private property including food and wagons to aid the victims of the disaster, and the use of government property including fifteen thousand Army tents to house the homeless.

When informed of the situation in San Francisco, Army Chief of Staff J. Franklin Bell and Secretary of War William Howard Taft ordered General Funston to continue giving aid and assisting the civilian authorities. During this entire period, civilian control prevailed, and General Greeley stressed this position upon his return. The Army continued to assist with food distribution and other areas of relief administration and relinquished the policing role to the National Guard which satisfied the Governor of California who had been somewhat unhappy with the role taken by the Regular Army troops. The only complaint lodged against the

Army relief activities was over the question of free medical service which drew complaints of unfair competition from civilian doctors in San Francisco.



City Hall—San Francisco.

Comm.

The role of looter control was the one that developed into the greatest controversy. A number of people were shot without the opportunity to prove that what they were doing was legal. Some of the men in law enforcement positions seemed to shoot first and ask questions later. The problem of accountability arose from the fact that there were Regular Army troops, National Guard troops, Cadet corps from Berkeley and Stanford, San Francisco police officers, and the so-called "special police" involved in maintaining law and order in the disaster area. When reports were published in newspapers and books in 1906, the term most often used to describe those persons attempting to control the situation was troops. In one newspaper account the statement was only that three thieves had been killed by troops while another article simply said that a soldier shot a man while the suspect was in a ruined building. Whether these troops and soldiers were Regular Army or National Guard is not mentioned. Another report stated that some forty ghouls and shylocks were caught robbing the

dead and were either shot or left dangling from a pole at the end of a piece of wire. There was no mention of what group carried out this punishment. Some of the people who believed that the bounds of reason had been exceeded, tended to put the blame on the Cadets, but in several cases the information tends to indicate that the so-called "special police" were the trigger happy enforcers. Two men were shot as looters by the special police in the Richmond district, and a bread wagon driver was accidentally shot by someone with a hair trigger weapon. The San Francisco police seemed to be acting under control. Emile Dengel the foreman of the *San Francisco Examiner's* stereotype department caught a man looting a body, and the looter cut at Dengel with a keyhole saw, but the looter was overpowered and arrested by police officers. The Mayor had also ordered the police to



City Hall—San Francisco.

Comm.

seize wagons of men who were charging higher than normal prices for hauling goods for the victims of the disaster. The available information seems to indicate that the Regular Army troops maintained discipline and control in this situation to a much greater degree than the personnel of the other agencies charged with control of the city.

By Saturday, April twenty-first, life in San Francisco was beginning to

normalize with the renewal of mail delivery and the announcement on the twenty-fourth that the Olympia Brewing Company would be able to start shipping goods in the near future. On the twenty-fifth, the newspapers began to publish some of the controversy over who was in charge of the situation.

Offers of relief assistance were coming from all over the United States and from numerous other nations, but nationalistic pride was shown by President Roosevelt's statement making clear that assistance from other nations was not desired and that the United States could take care of its own people. Many nations including Japan still sent relief funds, and the records do not indicate that the money was refused.

A major decision seems to have been made by the San Francisco business community to stress the fire as the cause of the disaster and to play down the effects of the earthquake. The idea that was expressed was that the earthquake had destroyed only the old and poorly constructed buildings and that it was the fire that had actually destroyed the city. The evidence shows that many well built buildings suffered major damage, and of course the fire could not be controlled because of the water mains that were broken because of the earthquake.

The fire had lasted about seventy-four hours when it burned itself out on the twenty-first. Four and seven-tenths square miles of the city were destroyed with a total loss of between \$350,000,000 and \$500,000,000. The total number of buildings destroyed was between 28,000 and 60,000 depending upon the source consulted.

The greatest problem faced in assessing the result of the earthquake is determining the number of people who were killed. Again the different sources list the number dead from 304 to 2,500 with a recent book listing the dead at 498. Some of these sources use the expression "known dead" to qualify their count. The actual death toll may have been played down for the same reasons that the fire rather than the earthquake was emphasized as the cause of the destruction. In reports of the disaster there are numerous references to bodies tossed into the flames for cremation and of bodies from places such as the Mechanics Pavilion taken to the bay and tossed into the sea. On Sunday, April twenty-second, Coroner Walsh ordered two hundred bodies cremated in the Patero district. There were reports of a large number of uncounted dead seen in the collapsed hotels before the buildings caught fire. The evidence seems to indicate that the unknown dead could have been much greater than the known dead.

Other areas outside of San Francisco suffered severe damage, with Stanford University suffering extensive damage to nearly all of its buildings, but the only two deaths at Stanford were J. R. Hanna who was killed when Encina Hall collapsed and Otto Geress who died when the one hundred-foot stone chimney of the boiler house fell on him. Near San Jose, the Agnew State Insane Asylum was heavily damaged and a number of the

inmates were tied to trees to prevent their escape. The death toll in the area around San Jose was over one hundred and nineteen. Santa Rosa to the north of San Francisco had its entire business district destroyed, and the city suffered a greater proportionate loss than did San Francisco. Even as far south as Monterey Bay about twelve feet of shoreline slipped into the bay.

The earthquake that happened that morning of April 18, 1906, was not an isolated geologic occurrence. It had happened before, and it will happen again, but next time the damage and number of deaths will be much greater. The Pacific plate is still moving to the northwest, and the strain is building year after year. Using different types of measuring devices such as laser beams, creep-meters, and strainmeters, geologists can determine where the fault is moving and where it is now locked. The Palmdale Bulge, north of Los Angeles, is being studied in an attempt to understand just what this rise of up to twelve inches over an area of 32,400 square miles means in connection with future earthquakes. While geologists are trying to determine ways to predict earthquakes, a major problem that develops is that if prediction becomes possible are public warnings issued. How do you move the residents of San Francisco or Los Angeles out of their metropolitan areas, and where do you move them?



Union Street, just west of Steiner Street.

Comm.

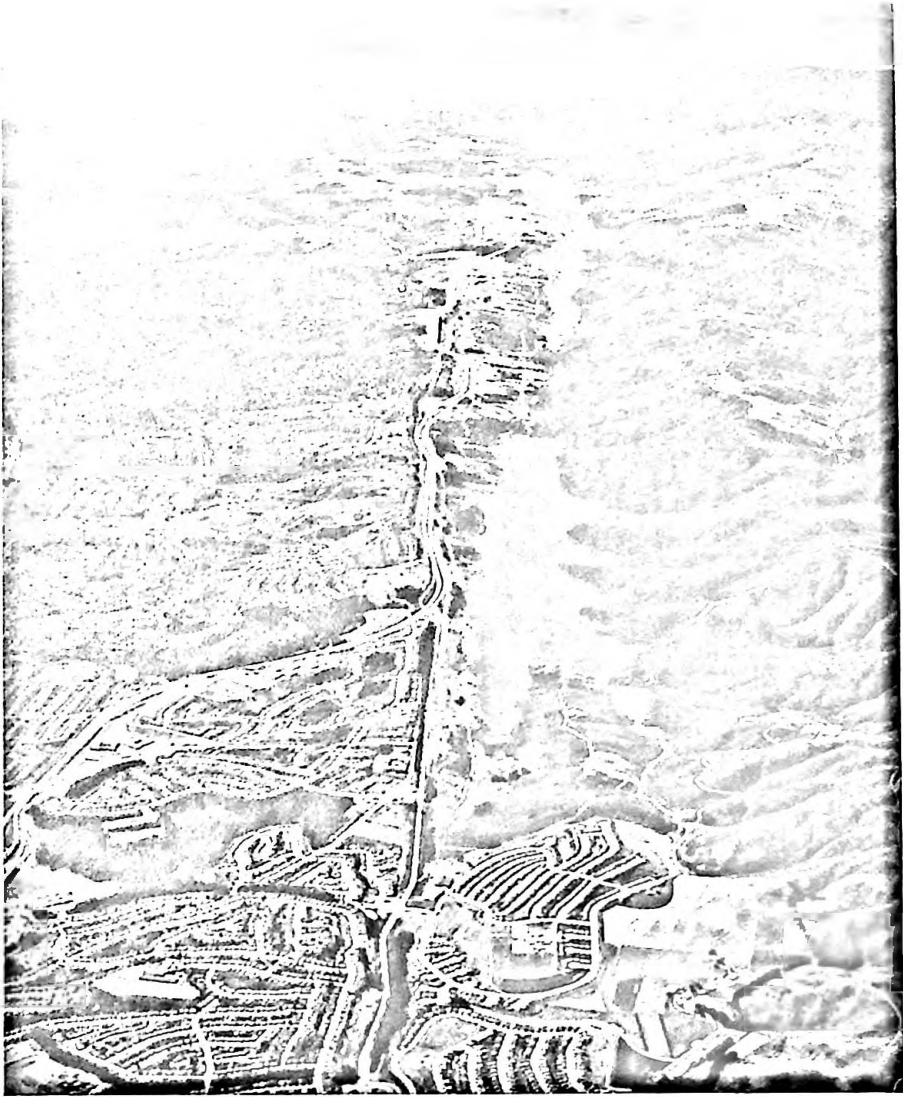
How do you justify the financial disruption of a major commerce center? What happens if you make a prediction of a major earthquake and all the precautions are taken and nothing happens? These are questions that have to be answered.

The odds favor Los Angeles having a major earthquake of eight plus on the Richter Scale before San Francisco because the area of the San Andreas fault near Los Angeles has not had a major earthquake since January 9, 1857. This earthquake known as the Fort Tejon earthquake was centered about forty miles north of Los Angeles and lasted about two minutes. It was felt from Sacramento to Northern Mexico, but Los Angeles received only minor damage. While some parts of the fault in this area have recently moved up to five inches in less than six months, the major section of the fault is locked. Two other factors suggest that damage from a major earthquake will be less in Los Angeles than in San Francisco: One is the type of construction, the other is the type of land upon which most of the area is constructed.

For many reasons the greatest amount of interest for future major earthquakes is centered on San Francisco. One reason is that San Francisco is a very special city in the minds of many Americans, as very few people have ever left their hearts in Los Angeles. A United States Geological Survey study estimates that a major earthquake in the Los Angeles area will collapse about 40,000 buildings, about three to twelve thousand people will die and another forty-eight thousand will be injured, and the damage will be about fifteen to twenty-five billion dollars. The same study estimates that a similar earthquake in the San Francisco area will result in about one hundred thousand dead, five hundred thousand injured, and a damage total of at least twenty-five billion dollars.

San Francisco is not built to prevent death and destruction from a major earthquake. An example of this lack of foresight was anchoring the Bay Bridge at Rincon Hill even though the State Earthquake Investigation Commission in their report stated that the only reason that there was little damage at Rincon Point was because there were few buildings located there, but one nearby church had its steeple toppled by the earthquake. Several other areas which suffered the most damage as a result of their being the sites of former tidal marshes or tidal creeks which had been filled are now where the supports for the freeways are located. A very large part of the financial district is built on land that once was a part of the Bay but was filled, and there is an engineering debate over whether or not the high rise buildings will survive a major earthquake. The proof of whether or not the buildings will survive will have to wait until the day of the earthquake.

In a report released by the 1970 California legislature, the estimated damage for a major earthquake in the San Francisco area included the collapse of buildings as alluvial soils turn to quicksand, freeways buckling, and a loss of life in the tens or hundreds of thousands. The San Andreas



Mel Griffiths

A Catastrophe in the Making—Looking south down the Peninsula from over the south edge of San Francisco.

The two linear lakes—San Andreas Lake in the foreground and Crystal Springs in the middle distance—lie in the depression formed along the San Andreas fault line, in the south edge of San Francisco. The Santa Cruz Mountains are to the right and the western limits of built up portions of South San Francisco, San Bruno, Millbrae, Burlingame, San Mateo, Redwood City, Menlo Park, and Palo Alto to the left. The two lakes shown, as well as several smaller ones near the San Andreas fault line, are storage reservoirs which are part of the San Francisco Municipal water system.

fault comes ashore at the southern boundary of San Francisco, and in 1906, this area south of the city contained very few homes or people, but today this area is the site of Daly City with over 50,000 homes constructed directly on or near the fault zone. A very good view of this situation is found in the January, 1979, issue of *Life* magazine. In the picture is what is left of the coastal highway which was finally abandoned after the March 22, 1957, earthquake which registered only 5.3 on the Richter Scale.

. Builders in this area south of San Francisco changed the configuration of the land's surface by filling in sag ponds and destroying other evidence of the fault zone. The San Andreas earthquakes originate at relatively shallow depths, and this factor results in intense surface damage. In the 1906 earthquake, this coastal area south of San Francisco had huge land slides, and observers stated that the cliffs shook like they were composed of gelatin. The 1957 earthquake which was of very low intensity compared to the 1906 event showed increased intensity toward the cliff edge which does not give the home owners of Daly City much comfort.

Most people who live in these areas facing destruction seem to either not let the idea of a major earthquake enter their thoughts, or they just treat it as a fact of nature that you live with and not worry about. Some people try to compare their situation as being similar to the situation of people who live in areas that face possible floods or tornadoes, but the problem they face is much greater and much more certain. The earthquake is likely to come without any warning, and it is a certainty that a major destructive earthquake will occur near San Francisco.

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GOOD READING FOR WRANGLERS



The Horse Soldier, 1776-1943. The United States Cavalryman: His Uniforms, Arms, Accoutrements, and Equipments. Volume IV, World War I, The Peacetime Army, World War II, 1917-1943. By Randy Steffen, Illustrations by Randy Steffen, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma. \$25.00.

The fourth and final volume of Randy Steffen's magnificent set of books on the United States Cavalryman is now available. Continuing the same high quality of the preceding volumes as to paper, printing and binding, the contents, prose and illustrations complete the saga of the horse soldier. Not only do the descriptions and regulations describe the last days of the Cavalry, but the seventy-two black and white illustrations and two color plates give the reader an exact portrait of the way it was.

The epilogue explains how the horse cavalry was finally phased out, and the words of ex-cavalryman R. A. Bennett, Jr., provide a poignant requiem for a colorful outfit.

Randy Steffen died in 1977 during publication of "The Horse Soldier," but this work will make his writing and art live forever.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

California Grizzly, by Tracy I. Storer and Lloyd P. Tevis, Jr. University of California Press, Berkeley, 1955; reprint, Bison Books, University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1978. Cloth Price \$15.00. Paperback price \$4.95.

This compendious work offers everything you didn't know you wanted to know about bears and then some! Beginning with a brief resume of the bears of the world, the book rather quickly concentrates on those found in the New World and in North America, and by page 15 focuses on the grizzly bear of the state of California.

The grizzly bear is especially significant for California primarily because of the almost unbelievable numbers found there by the first Spanish explorers, because of their very considerable influence on the physical and economic welfare of both Indians and whites, and because of their complete extinction in little more than 50 years.

Such complete extermination is hardly surprising in view of the power and temperament of the California grizzly bears. They often threatened or killed the unwary passerby, they destroyed very large numbers of cattle and horses, in some instances actually threatened stockraising. The most regrettable aspect of the situation is that so little was done to record the life history of the species; moreover nothing was done, until too late, to preserve a remnant of the species in one or more of the national or state wild areas.



Belatedly, because "probably no other animal is so intimately connected with the early occupation and history of California as the bear," the state of California in 1849 included a bear in the state seal, not without some opposition. Earlier than that the American settlers who revolted against Mexican rule in 1846 adopted a flag which included one star, one red stripe, and a grizzly bear.

Bringing the California grizzly up to date we must take notice of a recent television series entitled "Grizzly Adams" which is based on the exploits of a real Californian, James Capen Adams, 1812-1860. Adams' career encompassed bear hunting and trapping, 'domesticating' several bears as hunting companions and pack animals, training bears for the stage, and a period in New York City with Phineas T. Barnum, the latter after having transported his troupe around Cape Horn on the clipper ship "Golden Fleece." The troupe comprised "twenty or thirty immense grizzly bears—together with several wolves, half a dozen different species of California bears, California lions, tigers, buffalo, elk, and "Old Neptune," the great sealion from the Pacific."

Adams died in Massachusetts of the cumulative effects of the many grievous wounds received during his lifetime from encounters with bears.

No review could possibly convey the amount of information and interest contained in this book, whether for the biologist, the historian, or for the general reader as well. A bibliography of 360 book titles and 102 newspaper references attests to the thoroughness of the research for this real compendium.

Hugo G. Rodeck, P.M.

Narrative of a Journey Across the Rocky Mountains to the Columbia River, by John Kirk Townsend, introduced by Donald Jackson, 259 pages. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 1978. Softbound—\$3.95.

Townsend's journal was originally published in 1839. This version, BB671 in the popular Bison Book series of the University of Nebraska Press, is a reprint of the journal as it appeared in the 1905 edition of *Early Western Travels*, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites.

Townsend crossed the continent with Captain Nathaniel J. Wyeth's second trading expedition to the Oregon country in 1834. The party, which consisted of 70 men and 250 horses, left Independence, Missouri, in late April. In 1832, Wyeth's first venture had not been successful, nor was the 1834 enterprise to be any more so, although it had the distinction of escorting across the continent, among others, the Canadian-born Jason Lee, leader of the Methodist Church's "Mission to the Western Indians," which lasted ten years in the Willamette Valley and served as a model for the star-crossed mission of Marcus and Narcissa Whitman near Walla Walla, where they were murdered by their Cayuse Indian charges in 1847. Townsend describes Lee as "a tall and powerful man who looks as though he were well calculated to buffet difficulties in a wild country." Thomas Nuttall, an English botanist, then serving on the Harvard faculty, was Townsend's scientific companion. Townsend, himself, half Nuttall's age, was a brilliant young Philadelphia Quaker, (25 years of age) already trained as a physician and a skilled ornithologist.

Bernard De Voto has said of Townsend's journal, "For the first time an effort was made to add exact observations and classification to the empirical knowledge of the Far West that had been heaped up by the mountain men and almost wholly confined to them."

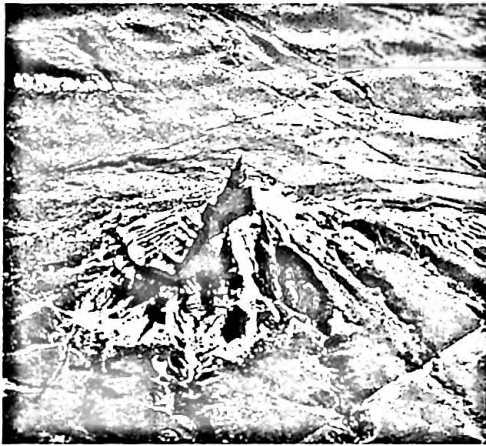
The 1834 expedition occurred just as the flourishing period of the fur trade was coming to an end and the era of permanent settlement was beginning. Townsend was the first trained zoologist to cross the continent, and his educated eye saw, described, and named the creatures of a land which was still in a relatively unspoiled state of nature. The Townsend Collection in the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, to which, incidentally, Audubon had access, still contains specimens of more than 70 species collected in the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Northwest by the energetic young scientist.



Mel Griffiths

Devil's Gate—Sweetwater River, (Natrona County, Wyoming.)

Townsend's party passed Devil's Gate about the 12th of June, 1834. The narrative is vague at this point, apparently because Townsend lost a just-completed portion of his diary a few days later when fording the Green River, west of South Pass, and was obliged to base his journal coverage of the missing section on notes borrowed from his fellow scientist, Thomas Nuttall, the English botanist.



Mel Griffiths

Eagle's Eye View—Chimney Rock near Bayard, Nebraska.

Townsend passed by here 28 May 1834. He wrote "The bluffs on the southern shore of the Platte, are, at this point, exceedingly rugged, and often quite picturesque; the formation appears to be simple clay, intermixed, occasionally, with a stratum of limestone, and one part of the bluff bears a striking and almost startling resemblance to a dilapidated feudal castle. There is also a kind of obelisk, standing at a considerable distance from the bluffs, on a wide plain, towering to the height of about two hundred feet, and tapering to a small point at the top. This pillar is known to the hunters and trappers who traverse these regions, by the name of the 'chimney.'"

Although Townsend uses an occasional scientific name in describing the creatures and plants which he observed, this is by no means a scientific treatise. It is full of lively descriptions of his companions on the trail, the lay of the land, and the vicissitudes of travel. His descriptions of the 1834 *rendezvous* on the Ham's Fork of the Green River are perceptive and not self-conscious—he remarks that Nez Percé girls are "rather handsome, though dressed in truly savage taste,"—and serve as a more truthful guide to such a gathering than do most Hollywood epics.

Historians of the fur trade era and the Oregon Trail can glean much from Townsend's journal; Bison Books is to be commended for making it easily available again at this time.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.



SHERIFF'S BULLETIN BOARD

Calling all authors! Your chance for fame and fortune! In celebration of the Centennial Year of the Colorado Historical Society, all and sundry (including Westerners) are invited to submit articles for a Centennial Essay Contest. Prizes of \$100 will be awarded for the best original manuscript from an individual in each of the following three categories:

1. Professional: graduate students and academic historians.
2. Student: high school and undergraduate.
3. "Amateurs"; that is to say, history hobbyists with or without academic training in history.

Articles of 20 to 30 manuscript pages should be sent to *The Colorado Magazine*, Colorado Historical Society, 1300 Broadway, Denver, CO 80203, by August 1, 1979. The essay category must be identified on the submitted manuscript. The winning essays will be published in *The Colorado Magazine*, and awards will be presented at the 100th Annual Meeting of the Society in September. If you have questions, call 839-3677.

* * * *

The Rocky Mountain Department, Council on Abandoned Military Posts (C.A.M.P.) will hold their annual Spring Encampment at Fort Washakie, Wyoming, June 15-16. Anyone can attend, but if you are not a present dues-paying member of that esoteric group, you can get the specifics from Bill VanDuzer, or the undersigned. Those Westerners who turned up for the Custer Battlefield-Fort Yellowstone Campaign a year ago can testify that these nostalgic treks offer guaranteed thrills for all hopelessly hooked Western history addicts.

* * * *

Speaking of old forts, have you noticed how the Bent's Old Fort restoration is getting a work-out as a stage prop by the movie people? It was featured in James Michener's "Centennial" series, likewise in the final episode of the covered wagon saga

of "The Chisholms." Only one little technicality here to which I object. In both cases the Bent's Old Fort restoration, on the Santa Fe Trail near La Junta, Colorado was presented as Fort Laramie, Wyoming, on the Oregon Trail! Of course they can't use the Park Service's Fort Laramie restoration, because that is the late-period military post. There *was* an adobe trading post at Fort Laramie, 1841-1849, which was indeed the setting of the covered wagon migrations, but it vanished quickly beneath military structures which still stands and it cannot, therefore, be resurrected. So why can't the Wealthy movie moguls build an accurate version of the real Fort Laramie adobe post, instead of prostituting Bent's Old Fort which was paid for by you and me—as tax-payers?

* * * *

Incidentally, Westerners who are also members of the Colorado Historical Society have received their copies of the colorful special issue of *The Colorado Magazine*, devoted entirely to the history of Bent's Old Fort, from trading post to stage station to cattle pen to ruin to restoration, 1833-1976. Others may obtain copies of the five-author symposium for \$5.95 paperback or \$10.95 hardcover (\$6.95 and \$12.45 postpaid) at the Bookstore, Colorado Historical Society, 1300 Broadway, Denver CO 80203. Even more incidentally, the Society and the Bent's Old Fort Historical Association are staging a celebration at the Fort June 9 and 10 to honor the author-historians and Park service officials responsible for the restoration and this unique publication.

* * * *

We are honored to have as our newest elected member Dr. Hugo Rodeck of Northglenn, retired Director of the University of Colorado Museum, distinguished anthropologist, museum consultant, and globe-trotter. A resume of Hugo's honors and accomplishments would run us off the page, so we simply say, "Welcome to the Denver Posse," second oldest organization of Westerners. Yes, we are proud of being "Number Two."

Merrill J. Mattes

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Our regular meeting on May 23rd, will feature Dick Bowman speaking on
**GIRARD CURTIS DELANO,
 PAINTER TO THE NAVAJO**

Dr. Nolie Mumey will present our June program on the 27th with a paper entitled:
**EPHRAIM McDOWELL, 1771-1830—
 A FRONTIERSMAN WHO ADVANCED
 THE ART OF SURGERY**

BUNKHOUSE BANTER

From time to time, as space allows, we will publish insights on western history gleaned from regional newspapers, books, reminiscences, or other strange sources, legitimate or illegitimate. If you stumble upon suitable items you might like to share with other Denver Westerners, pass them along. We are indebted to Francis Rizzari for the following clipping from the *Central City Register Call*:

NINETY YEARS AGO Week Ending April 5, 1889

David H. Moffat, president of the First National bank of Denver was held up in his private office at two o'clock, Friday afternoon March 29, and forced to write a check for \$21,000, and compelled to take it himself to the cashier of the bank, get it cashed and turned the money over to the robber. He gave his name as C.J. Wells, and called at the bank for some private business with Mr.

Moffat, who took him into his private office, where the robber produced a blank check of the bank, forced Moffat to write the check and followed him, with a revolver concealed under his coat, to the cashier, who cashed the check. The robber said he was in desperate circumstances, needed some money, and while covering Mr. Moffat with a revolver, pulled a bottle of what he said was nitro-glycerine from his pocket, and warned him that any outcry of warning, would result in his being killed on the spot, and the building and all occupants would be blown up. Mr Moffat was warned to stay in his office by the robber, until he could reach the street, and if he was stopped before getting out of the building he would use the nitro-glycerine. A moment after the door closed on the visitor the alarm was sounded, but he had disappeared in the crowd. Sunday morning the overcoat worn by the robber was found in a hallway at 1634 Larimer street, which contained a 44 calibre revolver, and the bottle of nitro-glycerine, which, being analyzed, was nothing but castor oil, but the revolver had every chamber loaded. The money paid in the holdup was \$1,000 in gold coin, a \$10,000 bill, the balance being in small denominations.

PLEASE RETURN YOUR CARDS FOR RESERVATIONS FOR THE NEXT MEETING AS SOON AS POSSIBLE SO THE CHUCK WRANGLER CAN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS WITH THE MEETING PLACE.

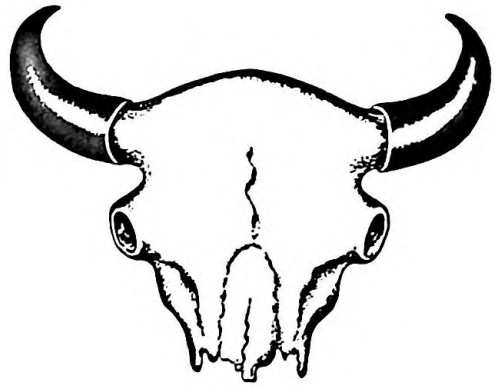


The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

MAY-JUNE 1979

VOLUME XXXV No. 3



NAVAJO

*From the collection of Mrs. Blanche Delano
An oil painting that Mr. Delano thought to be one of his finest.*

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Please make note of the following change in officers and committee chairman of the Denver Posse: Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr. is leaving his position as Tallyman concurrent with his departure for an Alaskan field trip and his subsequent settlement in one of the piedmont villages north of Denver. The new Tallyman is, R.A. (Dick) Ronzio. He can be reached at P. O. Box 344, Golden, CO 80401. His telephone number is 279-1507.

Congratulations are in order for our fellow posse member and former sheriff, Bob Brown, who was the recipient in May of a Distinguished Teacher Award from the Teacher Award Foundation, Denver. The Teacher Award Foundation, which honors selected, outstanding, Denver teachers each year was endowed by a Denver business man, a Mr. Leach, who wanted to reward classroom teachers, since some outstanding ones had given him the help and encouragement during his school days which made him later a success in the business world.

We add our hearty congratulations to those already expressed by the bestowal of the award.

Keep your appointment calendar open for the summer *Rendezvous* which will take place at the Union Station Restaurant on Tuesday, August 21st. Sam Arnold will be the featured speaker.

Finally, may we express our sincere appreciation for the help which one of our newest posse members, Hugo Rodeck, has been giving the harassed editor of the *Roundup* with his diligent editing of manuscripts and keen-eyed proofreading of galleys. He has been a life-saver. Thanks!



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GERARD CURTIS DELANO—MASTER PAINTER OF THE NAVAJO

by
Richard G. Bowman, P.M.

Presented to the Denver Posse of the Westerners
May 23, 1979

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GERARD CURTIS DELANO

One of the truly important Colorado and Western artists was Gerard Curtis Delano, who painted the West as he saw it and was world-famous for his paintings of the Navajos. The great western artist, Charley Russell, once described the Navajos as being "picture book people," and the work, inspiration, and total dedication of this unusual man, Delano, certainly proves this to be an understatement. His works in both oils and water colors have been awarded first prize in many national competitive exhibitions.

Jerry Delano, as he liked to be called, was a native of Marion, Massachusetts, born April 14, 1890, a descendant of the French Huguenot pilgrim, Philippe de Lannoy, who landed at Plymouth from the good ship Fortune in 1621. At an early age, his talents and instincts were apparent to his parents, and they greatly encouraged his interest in drawing and painting. Besides considerable education in several different art schools he studied under many noted artists, and of special importance were Vincent Drummond, George Bridgeman, and the famous N. C. Wyeth and Harvey Dunn. This early important background served him well in the accomplishment of his great works to come.

After serving his country in the navy during World War I, he made the decision to come west, and in 1921 homesteaded in Colorado in the Rocky Mountains on Cataract Creek, a location in Summit County between Dillon and Kremmling that is known as the Blue River Country.

A very delightful friend of mine, Mrs. Uda Harvey, who is now in her eighties, lived on a ranch in the Blue River area, and tells of how Delano had come from New York with another man whom they called Mack. They both stayed and worked on a working ranch nearby to pay their board and room. Jerry, as Mrs. Harvey calls him, was a fine looking young man, had finished art schools, and was really anxious to paint the west. She says, "I myself loved to draw and paint as far back as I can remember, and we were really sort of kindred spirits, both having a great love for the beautiful mountains, the rushing streams, and everything that was a part of them. Jerry took up land for a homestead up Cataract Creek on the Blue River, and my husband helped him put up a log cabin which served both as a home and studio for him, and I understand the cabin is still standing. From time to time, I'd seen many of the paintings he was working on and always believed I was a help in making decisions on certain little details. I recall he was trying to figure a way to best show the snow in a blinding blizzard, and he finally figured out that the flip of a tooth brush doused in white paint resulted in a most realistic effect. The snows always seemed to come early and stay late. This gave a magnificent motivation to a person who so loved to paint the wilderness as Jerry did. We left the Blue River Country before Jerry, and never did see him again in person, but these beautiful memories always remained. During the many years since then, I've admired his beautiful paintings as they appeared in many newspapers and magazines,

and felt blessed many times to have been personally acquainted with this great artist."

In the middle Twenties, Delano again returned to New York, and had a studio there for many years on East 57th Street. He painted covers for many important magazines, among which were *Colliers*, *Cosmopolitan*, *Western Stories*, and others. He also painted subjects for various calendar companies, and of prime importance was the Indian series he did for the Santa Fe Railway. In between all this work he still managed to study much with the great artists Wyeth and Harvey Dunn, which certainly extended his depth of knowledge and techniques as an artist. He was quite successful until the depression set in, publishing houses started going broke, and the need for artists and illustrators indeed became very lean. After many hardships and struggles to make ends meet he decided to head back for his home in Colorado and the West he loved so much.

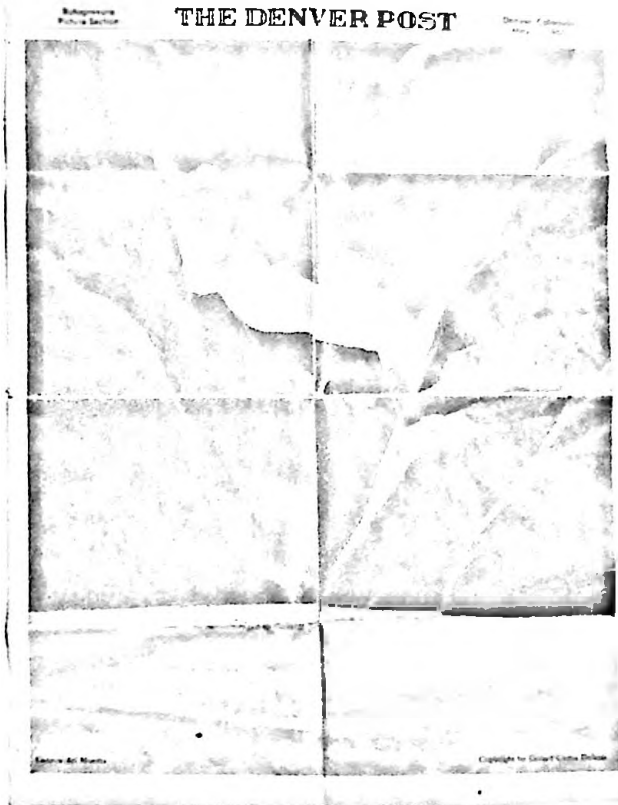
A long-time friend of mine, Gene Rakosnik, found for me a small rare book titled *Western Ballads*, with illustrations by Jerry Delano. Gene asked Jerry if he really did the drawings in this book, and received the blunt reply, "It was one of those projects that helped me put food on the table during the depression." The many illustrations included in the book are quite humorous, and show some of the influences of both Wyeth and Harvey Dunn.

In the late Thirties he obtained a contract with Street and Smith, publishers, to do a series of drawings and stories under the title of "Story of the West." These stories and illustrations were to appear weekly. The series was a chronological account of all the events which highlighted the entire development of the West up until modern times. In view of the extensive research that was necessary, Delano established a studio in Denver where he spent the winter months with frequent trips to the library and with drawing the illustrations and writing the stories. The entire series ran for two years, included 104 drawings with text. The series came to an end in 1940. This seemed to be the turning point in Delano's life and at last he was able to start on his great desire to paint the West. The sales of his paintings were steadily increasing, and in the fall of 1943 Delano first visited the vast and colorful state of Arizona and the Navajo reservation. Here he found the sheer red sandstone canyons, the magnificence of which he viewed with awe. When he met the Navajos, Delano realized that they were the people he most wanted to know and paint. The Navajo reservation occupies nearly nine million acres in Arizona alone, and also valuable acreage in southeastern Utah and northwestern New Mexico. Theirs is the largest Indian reservation in the United States, about 25,000 square miles, and is the largest in population—approximately 100,000.

Alexis McKinney, retired managing editor for the *Denver Post*, states, "First time I ever met Jerry Delano was shortly after Paul Gregg died—long-time artist of the *Denver Post*. Not very long after his death, various

painters from this part of the country would come up to the Post and talk to me about art, and while I don't think any of them came right out and said they hoped we would appoint them as the *Denver Post* artist, none really could take the place of Paul Gregg. At this time I discussed with Palmer Hoyt, who had been publisher of the Post for about a year, the idea of encouraging western artists to paint paintings we could use on the front cover of the Post roto on Sunday, and in other words, sort of spread the good work around. Among the very first to be invited was Gerard Curtis Delano, who was asked to bring two or three of his paintings. He asked if he could show me some, and of course I think anyone in the world, whether he was an artist or an art critic or not, would be taken immediately by Delano's paintings. They were beautiful. The upshot of that was that I asked him if he would like to have one of his paintings on the cover of the *Denver Post* rotogravure section, and he said he would. I have a copy in my collection that you're perfectly welcome to use. It was quite a notable fact that immediately after his painting appeared, he became recognized in this part of the country. You couldn't have a painting on the front cover of the *Denver Post* roto section without having hundreds of thousands of people seeing it, and an artist's fame would spread accordingly. Another additional benefit that came out of this visit was that not very many months later Delano brought in a Navajo Indian artist named Harrison Begay. Begay, who was a very modest, unassuming Indian, had brought some sketches. Later he went to his hotel and in a few days brought down two paintings of a Navajo woman on horseback, one of which we used on the front cover of the roto. It wasn't much longer after that, that Harrison Begay was known as the most famous of all the Navajo artists, and I would credit Jerry Delano, if not having discovered him at least to have recognized that this was an opportunity for him to get wide-spread recognition, and this he did help to achieve for Harrison Begay. Therefore, not only was Delano interested in art as a whole but in other artists, and I think he was a very genuine and generous person in this regard."

Delano remained a long-time friend of Mr. McKinney, and in the early sixties they made a very interesting trip together to the Navajo reservation.

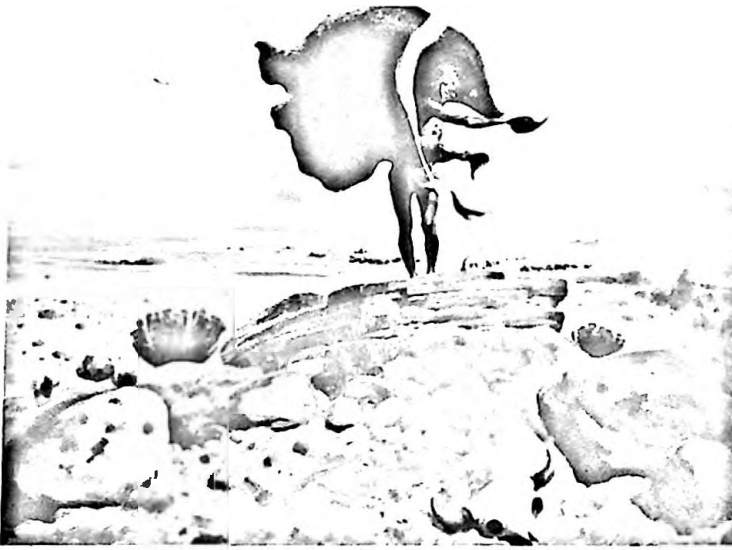


In Canyon del Muerto

This is the first Delano painting to appear in the Denver Post rotogravure section, May 11, 1947. From the collection of Alexis McKinney. Canyon del Muerto means the Canyon of Death, and was so named as back in the old days, the Navajos were raiders and marauders, mainly against the Mexicans, stealing their horses and sheep. Finally reprisal came from a large group of Mexicans when the Navajo warriors were away. The undefended Navajo women and children were able to climb to a high cave in the wall of the canyon but the Mexicans were able to ricochet bullets from the roof of the cave and kill a great many of these defenseless Navajos, so giving the canyon the name, Canyon del Muerto.

Of all the west, Arizona interested Delano most. He states: "There is a vastness, an immensity, and a peaceful hush of an enormous cathedral about Arizona's great canyons. Whoever has been within these walls, and has seen the flocks of sheep and goats grazing, heard the distant tinkle of the lead goat's bell, listened to the haunting song of the bright-skirted shepherdess, and who has seen in the distance an approaching rider, a tiny speck against the massive canyon walls, must yearn to perpetuate his impressions of those precious moments. That is why I paint the canyon and the Navajo. The Navajo people are a proud and beautiful race of great dignity. It is my idea to show them as I know them. There are few poorer people anywhere, yet it would be difficult to find a happier lot, and I wonder if there is not a lesson in this for all of us."

Delano became well acquainted with the Navajo language, which was an important asset for him during his many trips to the reservation.



The Smoke Signal

This dramatic painting is one of the most famous and publicized Delano oil paintings, depicting the Indian brave signaling of the wagon train in the valley. One can certainly visualize the surroundings not in the painting. Much is told about smoke signals and how they worked for the Indians as a means of communication over far greater distances than any other method he had. By controlling the rising puffs of smoke with a blanket a variety of messages could be sent. Because of its quickness in emergencies the method was very useful in wartime or during the peaceful hunt.



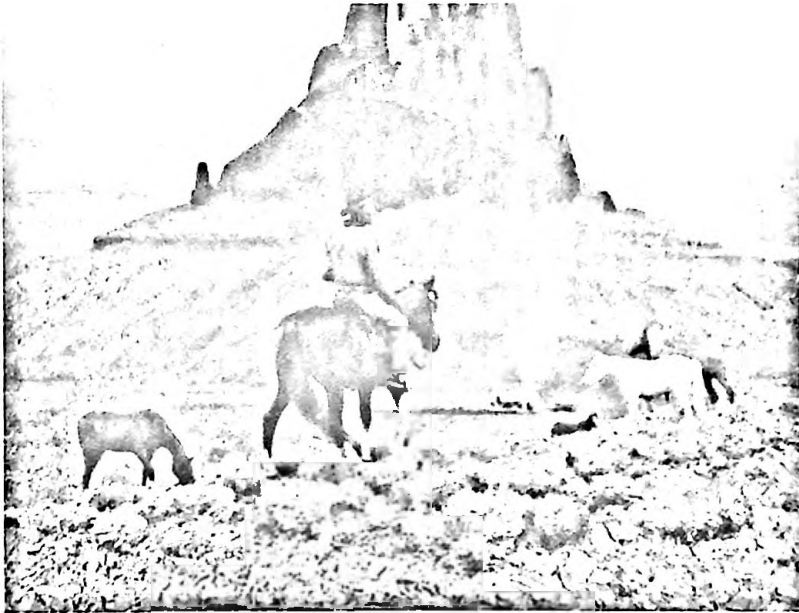
The Smoke Signal

"*The Smoke Signal*" as it appeared on the front of the *Denver Post Empire Magazine*, October 16, 1949.



The Chisholm Trail

The well-known Chisholm Trail was established after the Civil War by a famous Texas rancher named Chisholm who drove a herd of longhorns from Texas to market in Dodge City, Kansas, establishing the Chisholm Trail.



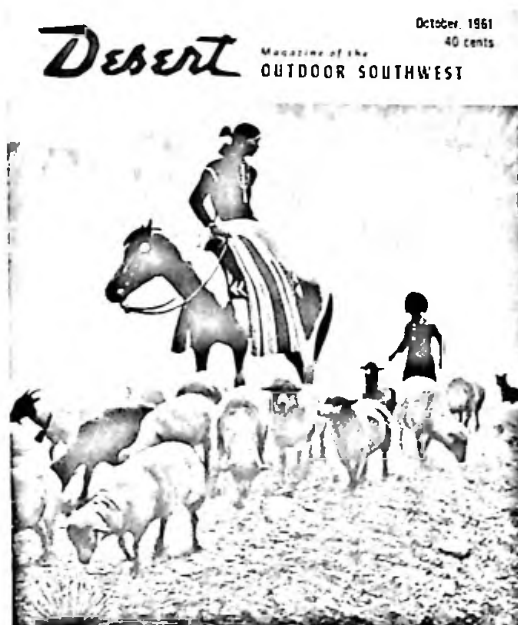
Navajo Encampment

An important painting of the Monument Valley region of the Navajo reservation. The quiet of the evening settles over the lower portion of the landscape, and provides a brilliant contrast to the rugged spire, lit by the stunning red glow of the setting sun.



Dust of the Desert

There is an interesting story concerning this great painting. In the early Sixties Don Bloch of Hot Sulphur Springs, Colorado, bought the painting from an agent of Delano's. Mr. Bloch complained about a defect in the painting—too much paint on the Navajo's cheek bone, and received the following letter from Delano: "Dear Mr. Bloch: At the request of Jack Penney, I have carefully examined your beautiful painting "*Dust of the Desert.*" Your painting was executed on the finest quality linen canvas, and I find the entire surface of the painting to be flat, with no cracks anywhere on the surface or elsewhere, and with no bulges anywhere. Jack called my attention in particular to the woman's face. The paint is a bit thicker on a portion of her face than it is elsewhere, but such differences in (the) surface of the paint are entirely allowable, and . . . are in no way an error on the part of the artist so long as he achieves the desired effect. In the woman's face that effect was achieved. She is definitely all Navajo, and a very attractive character besides. There is absolutely nothing that I or anyone should do to that face or any other part of the painting. I believe that Jack can, by changing somewhat the light which illumines the painting, eliminate the effect in the face which I understand has bothered you by reason of its catching an undesired highlight on the cheek. It is my considered opinion that you are to be congratulated on owning such a fine and valuable painting. Most sincerely, Gerard C. Delano."



Navajo Shepherders

An oil painting by Delano as it appeared on the cover of the *Desert Magazine, Magazine of the Outdoor Southwest*, in which an article appeared comparing Delano with the great artist, Remington, titled, "Two Artists, Two Impressions," and describing how each in his own way captured the grandeur and exciting history of the west.



Moonlight Stampede

One of the much dreaded hazards faced by the early pioneers was being left on foot in the desert or on the plains. Here Delano depicts a night scene of the Indians stampeding and stealing horses. This is one of the important paintings illustrated in the book *Gallery of Western Paintings* by Raymond Carlson, long-time editor of *Arizona Highways*.



Navajo Boy

Chores are a part of the daily life of the Navajo boy. He often tends the family sheep, and gathers and hauls firewood, as shown in this much publicised painting. These are typical responsibilities the Navajo boy learns to accept early in life.



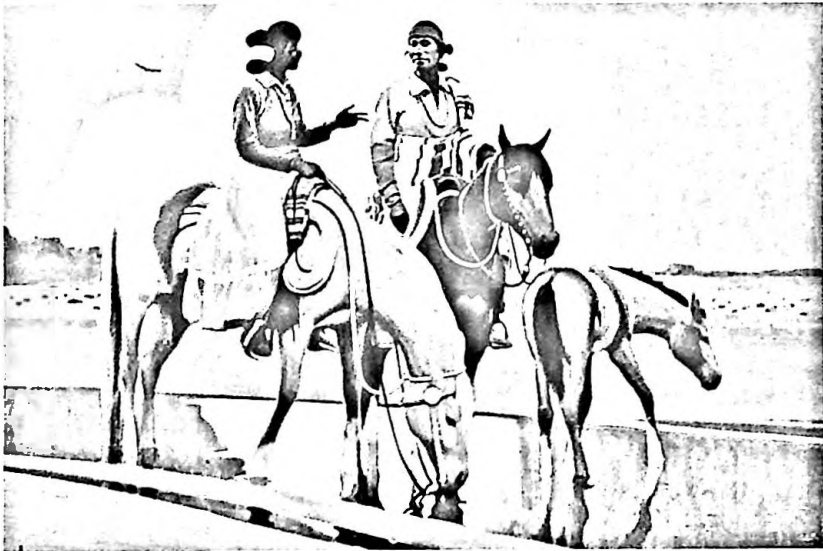
Vermillion Cliffs

Here, in view of the beautiful red sandstone Vermillion Cliffs, Navajo women have for centuries grazed their flocks of sheep and goats. It is from their sheep they get the wool that they spin and weave into the famous Navajo rug. One of the real marvels is that these people are able to weave their distinctive and beautiful designs without even a preliminary sketch.



In Navajo Land

The Navajo reservation contains some sixteen million acres. These hardy people think nothing of riding fifty or sixty miles to a healing ceremony, wedding, or squaw dance.



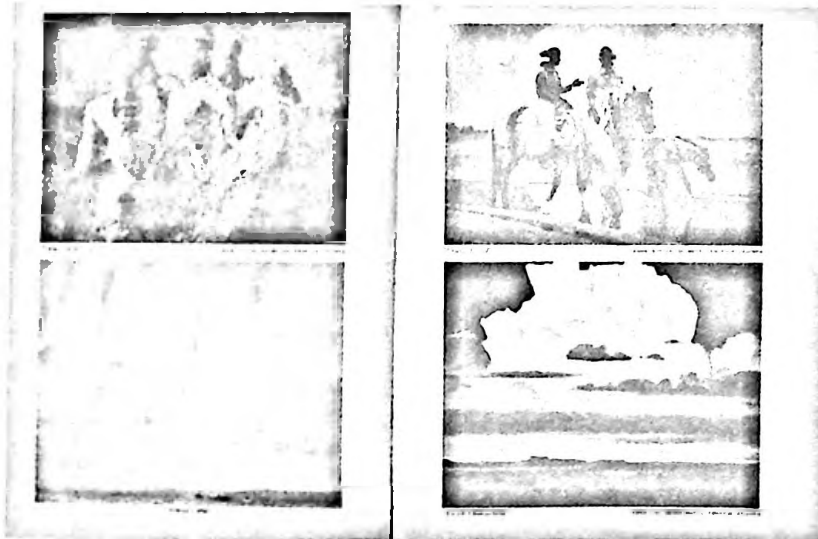
Orange Cloud

An important and very beautiful Delano painting of two Navajos—Hosteen Tosh, meaning The Tall One, and Bird Woman—who have been visiting relatives in Olejhtah, a distant part of the reservation.



Desert Thunderhead

Beautiful and unusual painting of a tremendous thunderhead. The little Navajo shepherd and his sheep are heading for home, or perhaps seeking a shelter from the storm that may come sooner than anticipated.



Centerfold of Arizona Highways, August 1968

This important issue shows some of Delano's famous paintings—"Orange Cloud," "Desert Thunderhead," "Navajos in the Night," "Navajo Camp." There are Fourteen other important Delano paintings in this issue, as well as an excellent article titled "Beauty in Navajo Land," featuring Delano and his paintings.



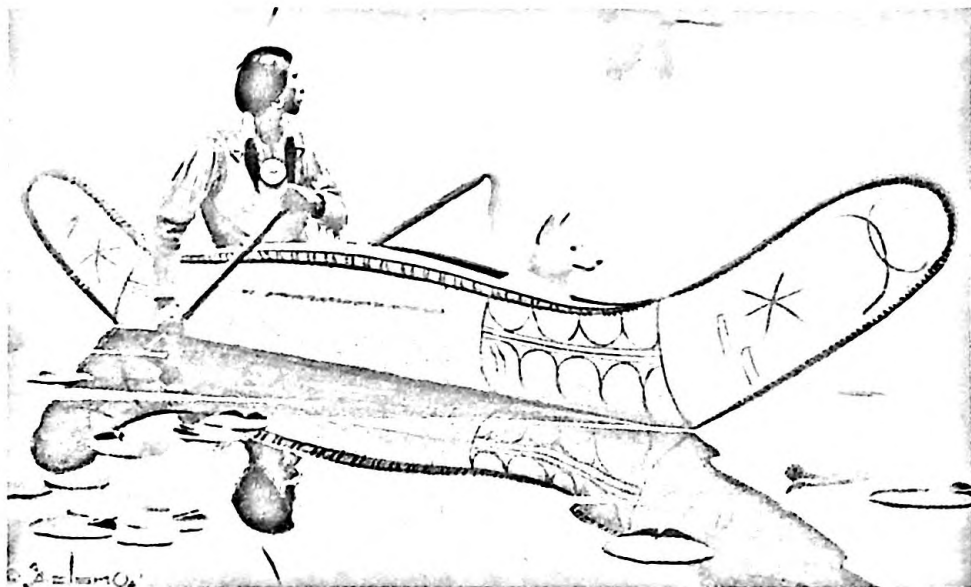
The Canyon

The Canyon de Chelly, so named by French pioneers of long ago. Much research and many articles have been written about this canyon area, some of the walls of which exceed a thousand feet in height. The canyons for many years have been under the protection of the National Park Service, and a United States ranger is quartered near the mouth. Many parts of the floors of the canyons have quicksand, and only experienced drivers are allowed to operate in this area.



Peace or War

This painting was the start of my Delano collection and has always been one of my favorites. The gathering of Indians sitting in a circle, and the medicine man with his peace pipe and war club or rattle, relates a visual story. One wonders if they are planning war with another tribe or possibly an attack on an army post. Detail in this painting, such as the beadwork, is exceptionally fine and the colors most impressive.



Solitude

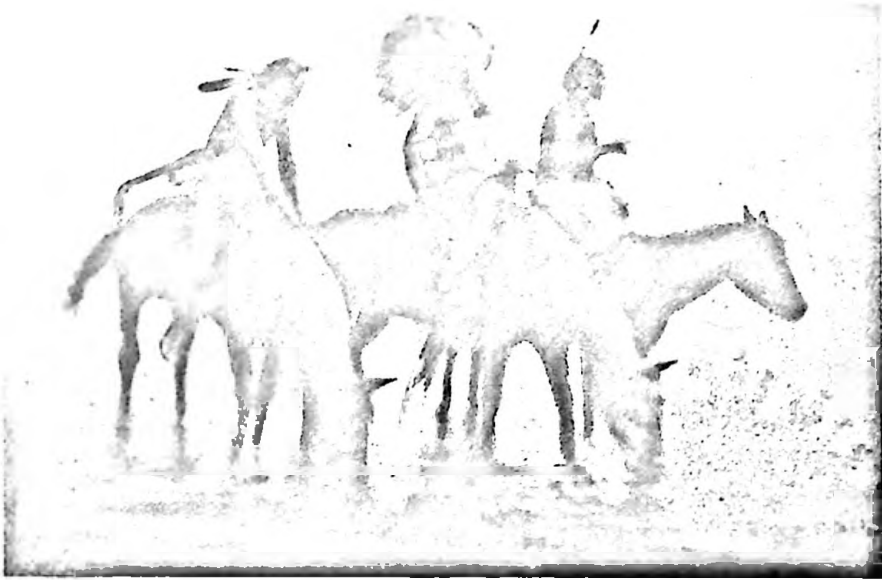
An unusual peaceful atmosphere pervades this beautiful painting. The birch bark canoe, of unusual design, is authentic for the Malecite tribe of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia.

Delano was also an exceptional artist with water colors, and the following water colors are from my small collection, which I prize very highly.



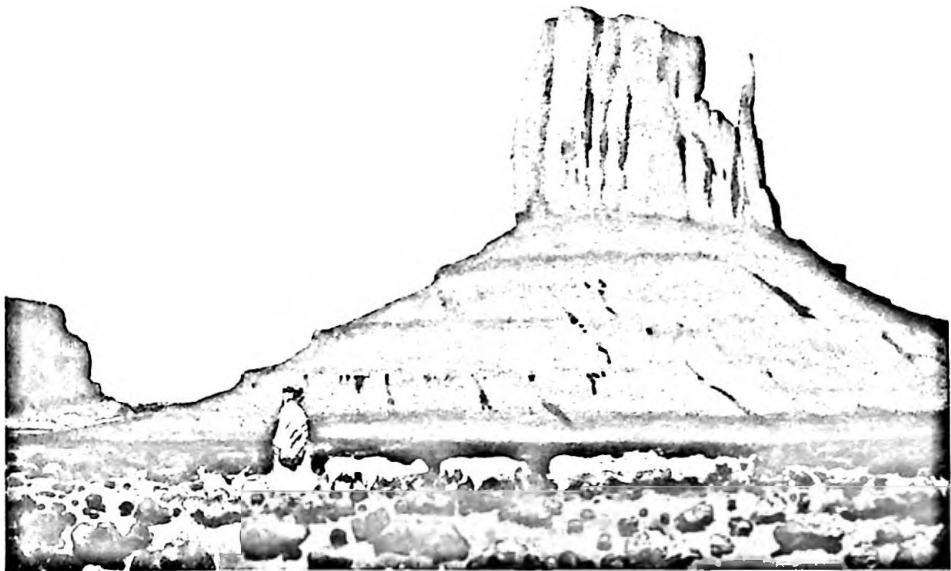
Going to the Ceremonial

A simplified but very effective technique to illustrate these Navajos coming over the hill on their way to the ceremonial.



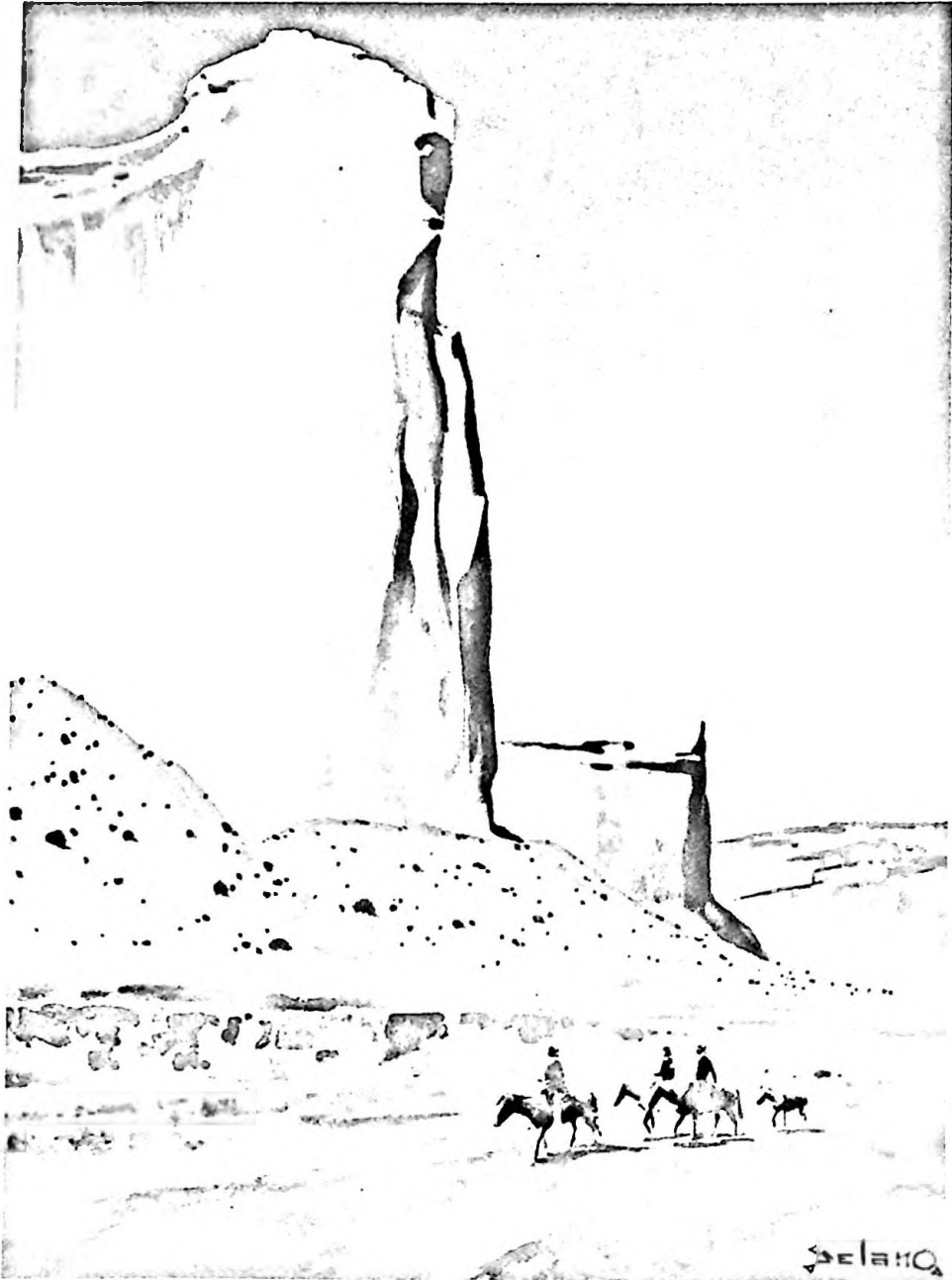
Indians in the Moonlight

The only painting in my collection that is dated—painted in 1943. The nighttime effect of these silhouetted Indians on their horses and the reflections in the water show exceptional skill by the artist. This painting is a real favorite.



Monument Valley

Picturesque water color of this spectacular area with the Navajo shepherdess and her flock of sheep.



Canyon del Muerto in Water Color

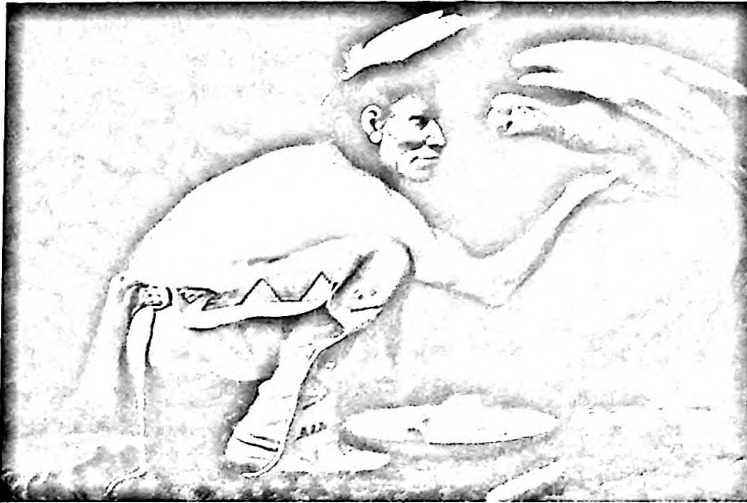
A different view of this beautiful canyon. The small riders bring out the magnitude of the canyon walls.



*Delano at his Easel
with his Famous Painting "In Bonnet and Paint."*

This colorful painting depicts three Sioux scouts in full war paint and wearing chief war bonnets, scanning the distant hills for signs of tribal enemies and trying to figure out which way to go.

What made Delano such an exceptional artist, was his power in giving a vivid sense of the hidden qualities of nature. Delano called his paintings "designed realism." He maintained that no pictorial rendering by man can equal nature, and said that the basis of good art is forceful composition, great simplicity, and accurate drawing. An artist must know his subject thoroughly and this must come from study, observation, and insight, with a strong emotional feeling. The last is more important than mere knowledge. Delano had the keen eye to see, the heart to understand, and the skill to place on canvas the color, solitude, and nobility of the life of the Navajo, and this is done with a personal style that is original and imaginative. His authentic and sympathetic portrayal of the beauty and dignity of these colorful people is unsurpassed by the work of any other artist. Painting was not just a profession to Delano, it was his life.



Medicine Bird

To the early day Indians, anything that was strange or unknown was called medicine. During the Lewis and Clark Expedition west they found whale bones among the Indians, and this and other evidence showed that many kinds of things were traded from tribe to tribe. This colorful macaw has been traded up from Central America until it has come into the hands of this Sioux warrior, and he is very proud of his medicine bird. The painting now hangs in my wife's living room. She is not much on western art, but I persuaded her to let me hang it on the large living room wall for a few days only. To make a long story short, she had so many compliments it's still there four years later and you couldn't buy it for any price.



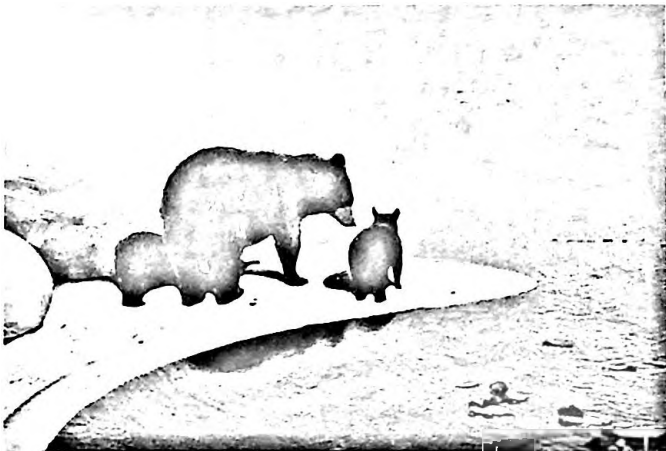
One Little, Two Little, Three Little Indians

What an interesting painting—these three little Indian boys find a young bear cub, evidently lost. There is mutual caution here, the cub is not quite sure of the boys' intentions, and they are a bit afraid of the cub. This could be a really dangerous situation if the old mother bear happened to be close and the boys attempted to take the bear cub home.



Custer on the Washita

This painting was in one of Fred Rosenstock's art shows many years ago, and some collectors questioned its authenticity. Mr. Delano inspected the painting and confirmed that he'd painted it many years before. The technique is somewhat different from his later style, but shows fine execution and is a very important historical painting.



Bears in the Moonlight

Really a beautiful nighttime painting of bears in the moonlight. It vividly shows how diversified Delano could be in his subjects, and as a very talented painter of animals.



Photograph of Gerard Curtis Delano and his Wife Blanche

Standing in back of them is the famous artist Olaf Wieghorst and his wife looking over the painting by Delano titled "The Canyon." The picture was taken in June 1968 at the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center, Oklahoma City.

Delano was a deeply religious man in his own way. In November 1959 appeared an article in *Good Business*, titled "God's Hand on my Shoulder," by Gerard Curtis Delano. Here he states, "I began regularly in my nightly prayer, 'God give me the power to paint pictures better than any I've done, paintings so fine and beautiful that people will love them and be inspired by them.' I know now that I am but a channel for God's ideas. I know that his messages are constantly given to me, telling me what to do on each painting to make it beautiful. I know and acknowledge that all good comes only from God, that from him alone come all good ideas and all supply, and I know now the truth of Jesus's statement, 'Seek ye first his kingdom and righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' As my sales have increased, so have my gratitude and my tithing to Him from whom all blessings come. Visitors to my studio often ask whether I paint on order or speculation. My answer is, neither, I paint on faith. For I have faith that each finished painting will give real pleasure to most of those who see it, that someone will love it enough to buy it, and that God will supply me with all material needs. I love my work and am completely at peace in doing it. I am happy in knowing that one thing I do well, and in feeling, in fact, whatever I do, I am able to do because God's hand is on my shoulder."

In February of 1972 Delano wrote his good friend Danny Davey in Santa Ana, California, that his show in January at Park Floral "had the largest attendance we've ever had. Some of the artists say these are the finest paintings I've ever shown, and at the age of 81, painting better than ever, and I think so too." In October of that same year, Gerard Curtis Delano died suddenly. One of my deepest regrets is that I never knew him personally, nor had the reward of his personal acquaintance. The collecting of his paintings, the study and research of his life, have given me real pleasure, and many times along the way I have the feeling that I've always been a long-time friend and acquaintance.

Richard G. (Dick) Bowman considers himself a native of Denver, having lived here since he was six years old. That he is a hardy man cannot be gainsaid, for during World War II he survived the rigors of Army Air Corps cadet and flight training in Texas and a tour of duty with the famed 8th Air Force in Europe. While on his twelfth mission, his B-17 bomber was shot down over Stuttgart, Germany; parachuting safely to enemy territory, he spent more than a year and a half as a prisoner of war in a German P.O.W. camp on the Baltic Sea. After two cold, cold winters and 21 months of miserable incarceration, he was finally liberated in May, 1945, by the Russian Army Group advancing on Germany from the east.

For the past twenty-five years, Dick has successfully engaged in real estate development in the Denver area.

In addition to his interest in the collecting of western art and research of the artists, he is extremely interested in western Americana, and the history of the early west. He has written numerous articles and presented several programs, among which can be mentioned: The History of Wells Fargo, Collecting and the Study of Mormon Money, and Paper Money of Colorado and the Early West.

NOTE

Dick hopes that the research and study done on this presentation to the Westerners—"Gerard Curtis Delano—Master Painter of the Navajo,"—will lay the foundation for writing a book on Delano. Dick would like to be contacted by anyone who may have additional information regarding Delano, and/or any who may have known him personally. Dick can be reached at the following address:

Richard G. Bowman, P.M.
115 Glencoe St.,
Denver, CO 80220
Tel: 303-321-0204



BUNKHOUSE BANTER

Those of you who have been students of the George A. Custer and 7th Cavalry encounter with some hostile Indians on the Little Bighorn, June 25, 1876, are well aware of the controversy which still persists over Custer's conduct of the battle.

Some new light has recently been thrown

on the affair by Pat Fancher, who contributes a weekly column to the *Ouray County Plaindealer & Herald*. In the issue of May 17, 1979, Pat's column, "Moosetown Moos", contained the following:

"Here is how Custer's last stand would be reported by the Government today.

1st day: A report from the Little Big Horn indicates a small skirmish took place there

yesterday. One soldier was killed.

2nd day: It now appears that three soldiers were killed in a smashing victory over the Redskins at the Little Big Horn.

3rd day: An update on the Little Bighorn says seven soldiers were killed, and eight thousand Indians were slain. News reporters who were sent to cover the battle are being held in a cowbarn in Santa Fe. They are barred from the battlefield.

4th day: Government spokesmen say that eleven soldiers were killed at the Little

Bighorn, and ninety thousand hostiles were driven into Canada.

5th Day: A roll call of the Seventh Cavalry shows that fourteen soldiers may have lost their lives, and General Custer was slightly wounded.

25th day: An un-named Army source says the entire Seventh Cavalry was wiped out, and General Custer was killed, in a crushing defeat of the Plains Indians. It was a brilliant campaign that settled the Indian problem forever."



"DINEH"

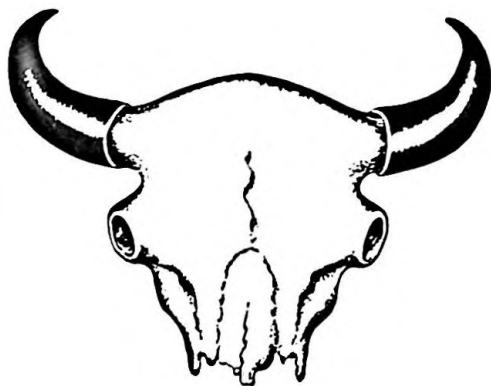
Meaning the people, the Navajo name for themselves. One of the last of Delano's beautiful oil paintings.

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

JULY-AUGUST 1979

VOLUME XXXV No. 4



Dr. Nolie Mumej, P.M. receiving his certificate of appreciation from Sheriff Merrill J. Mattes, 27 June, 1979.

IN MEMORIAM

Paul H. Gantt

Allen S. Dakan, C.M., has notified the ROUNDUP of the death on June 7, 1979, of Paul H. Gantt, known to many old time Westerners in the early 1950's. In 1962 he was Sheriff of the Potomac Corral of the Westerners.

Gantt was born in Vienna Austria and received his early education there. He came to the United States in 1939, settling in Washington, D.C. He held law degrees from the University of Austria and from the College of William and Mary in Virginia. In the late 1940's Gantt was deputy chief of two trial teams responsible for the preparation of two major war crimes cases at the Nuremberg Trials in Germany.

In the early 1950's Gantt served as an attorney adviser for the Bureau of Reclamation in Denver. At that time he was known to many of the long-time members of the Denver Posse. After several years he returned to Washington, D.C., where he held posts with the second Hoover commission, The General Services Administration, the Atomic Energy Commission, The Interior Department, and private law practice from which he retired in 1976 because of poor health.

Gantt's books include *The Case of Alfred Packer*, *the Man Eater*.



OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

We can no longer remain silent about two matters which have been "bugging" us mightily the past few months. One is the status of book reviews, the other is the typographical and compositional "condition" of manuscripts presented for publication in the *Roundup*.

(Continued on page 23)

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EPHRAIM McDOWELL
1771-1830
A FRONTIERSMAN WHO
ADVANCED THE ART OF
SURGERY

by
NOLIE MUMEY, P.M.

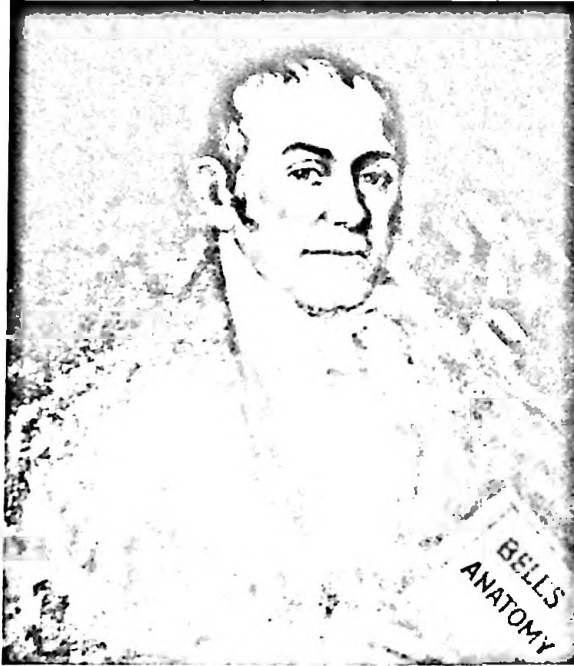
(Presented to the Denver Posse of the Westerners June 27, 1979)
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Many of you have become saturated with trappers, railroads, gold seekers and varied episodes of the West. I thought this would be an opportune time to medicate you with an aspect of frontier surgery, one of the greatest feats ever accomplished in the entire world—an operation which gave the United States a priority in medicine. This contribution was made by a frontiersman who performed the first abdominal operation for the removal of an ovarian tumor.

I deem it a rare privilege and an honor to stand here this evening in humble reverence to present this paper as a tribute to a great man of the medical profession whose memory will always be felt as long as abdominal surgery is performed.

Ephraim McDowell, the ninth of eleven children, was born on November 11, 1771 in Rockbridge County, Virginia and moved to Danville, Kentucky with his father at the age of about thirteen. He received a classical education at a seminary in Georgetown, Kentucky, and later entered the office of Dr. Alexander Humphreys of Staunton, Virginia, where he served an apprenticeship, studying medicine.

Dr. Humphreys, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, urged young McDowell to go there and study medicine. Ephraim spent the years of 1793 and 1794 in Edinburgh and took private instruction in



Ephraim McDowell. From a painting by Juan Menchaca, commissioned by Dr. Nolie Mumey.

medicine under Dr. John Bell, a distinguished teacher who made a profound impression on his students, training them to be close observers as a method of detecting diseased conditions. He also pressed his students to acquire a knowledge of anatomy and in his lectures suggested that ovarian tumors might be cured by surgery.

A curious analogy took place in that same city of Edinburgh years later under a Dr. Joseph Bell, who conducted private classes in medicine. He had a student by the name of Arthur Doyle, who was so impressed by his method of teaching that he has kept Dr. Bell alive through the past years. I am sure many of you have read about him and have seen him on television as "Dr. Watson" in the Sherlock Holmes stories written by his student, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Practice of Medicine

After his return from Edinburgh, Ephraim McDowell began the practice of medicine in Danville, Kentucky in association with Dr. Adam Rankin. They occupied a small building as an office and operated an apothecary shop, which is still standing. This was the first drug store west

of the Allegheny Mountains. Dr. McDowell became adept at removing stones from the bladder; among his patients was a seventeen-year-old boy, who in later years wrote him expressing his gratitude for relief of pain. The letter was signed by the eleventh president of the United States, James Knox Polk.

Description

Ephraim McDowell, a large individual who stood over six feet tall and weighed over two hundred pounds, had piercing black eyes set in high cheekbones on each side of an angular nose. The wilderness taught him self-reliance and how to think. He was dedicated to his profession and had great patience and courage. He was a plain, unassuming man who dressed in black silk and wore ruffled linen. He never used tobacco and was strictly temperate even though his sideboard was stocked with all kinds of liquors for his friends.

At the age of thirty-one he married Sarah Shelby, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Governor Isaac Shelby of Kentucky. She was a Christian woman with keen perception and of good character; she was a gifted writer and gave the Doctor needed support.

Transportation

The method of transportation in those days was by horseback over trails through the wilderness, fraught with danger from the Indians and rain-swollen streams which had to be forded. It was not unusual to ride fifty to one hundred miles to see a sick person. Dr. McDowell nearly lost his life while fording a rain-swollen stream dodging floating logs. He afterwards related that his Christian faith was manifested through a small voice which he heard in a whisper say, "Fear nothing, for I am with you."

The fee for house calls was from twenty-five to fifty cents a visit; if the doctor stayed all night it was one dollar and that was usually paid in produce, for the settlers had little ready cash.

Consultation

Dr. McDowell was asked to see a forty-six-year old married woman in consultation on December 13, 1809, who was thought to be suffering from an overdue pregnancy. He proceeded to question and examine her after his sixty-mile ride over a rough trail.

Finishing the examination, he informed the physicians and the patient that she was suffering from an ovarian tumor and the only chance she had for recovery was the removal of the diseased part. The Doctor explained with great clearness and fidelity the nature and the hazards of such surgery;

he informed the patient that he had never performed such an operation but was ready if she were willing to undertake it. He stated he was ready to risk his reputation on the issue, adding that it was an experiment, one worthy of trial. He further explained that, "No patient with a disease like this has ever recovered, but if you are willing in the face of these facts of these odds against you to have the operation, I will do my best." The Doctor went on to explain that her life expectancy was not more than a year without surgery.

Jane Crawford, a woman of courage, listened carefully to his explanation. Let us picture a woman suffering from a supposedly incurable condition. We must think of her bewilderment, her suffering, her thoughts of the long, sixty-mile ride to Dr. McDowell's office, the surgery, the endurance of pain without the aid of an anesthetic, and the odds against her. She had further concern for her husband with four children. After considering all these facts, she thoughtfully replied that she was willing to chance the operation rather than face a slow, painful death.

Journey

It took a few days for Jane Crawford to put her house in order and to prepare for the long, hazardous ride to Danville, a sprawling village of some three hundred souls. She also had to prepare herself for an adventure into that great unknown field of surgery.

A horse was saddled and she was helped on the animal by a neighbor, Mrs. Walker, who accompanied her. With grit and determination, Jane Crawford placed her large, protruding abdomen with the tumor over the horn of the saddle and began her long, sixty-mile journey over the wilderness trail to Danville. With tearful eyes she bade her husband and children goodbye, not knowing if she would ever see them again. After she started, she looked back at the home she helped to build, fighting marauding Indians, helping with the clearing of the land, and raising crops, then looked resolutely ahead.

It took three days to reach the end of her ride, for she had to stop at intervals to rest. The first night was spent with friends, the second night with friendly neighbors, and the third day she arrived in Danville. She went to the home of Dr. McDowell, who put her in bed for two days to rest from her ordeal of pain and dizziness.

This was one of the greatest rides in American history; it was an epochal one, comparable to that of Paul Revere, the Bedouins of the Arabian desert, the Indians, cowboys, and the Pony Express riders.

The Operation

A mournful wind swept over that Kentucky wilderness on a cold

Sunday morning—it was December 25th, 1809. The operation was scheduled on the Sabbath so the church people could pray for the success of the operation. The minister was not very cooperative, saying from the pulpit that only God had the right to deal out life and death and that Dr. McDowell was preparing to destroy one of God's creatures.

Dr. McDowell's nephew and assistant, Dr. James McDowell, was troubled over the procedure and had argued against it. The pending operation had become the general talk of the town and many individuals were emotional over the thought of it. Some felt that Dr. McDowell should be stopped by law or by a mob. The result was that a number of angry citizens gathered outside of the home of Dr. McDowell that fateful morning, shouting in loud voices for him not to attempt the operation. It has been stated that they had a long rope with a hangman's knot thrown over a limb of a tree, ready to hang him. The sheriff was notified and with a few deputies came to the scene in an effort to control the mob when a few rushed to the door of the house, where they were stopped.

Dr. McDowell was aware of the mob; he could hear their shouting such words as "butchering a woman" and "doing the work of the Devil." Despite all of this, the Doctor had the courage and the determination to go on with the surgery. He had made a promise and he would not hesitate to go on despite the odds against him. He was a devout Christian with the fear and love of God in his heart; as was his custom, he wrote out the following prayer, which he gave:

Almighty God be with me, I humbly beseech Thee, in this attendance in Thy holy hour; give me becoming awe of Thy presence, grant me Thy direction and aid, I beseech Thee, that in confessing I may be humble and truly penitent in prayer, serious and devout in praises, grateful and sincere, and in hearing Thy word attentive, and willing and desirous to be instructed. Direct me, oh! God, in performing this operation, for I am but an instrument in Thy hands, and am but Thy servant, and if it is Thy will, oh! spare this poor afflicted woman. Oh! give me true faith in the atonement of Thy Son, Jesus Christ, or a love sufficient to procure Thy favor and blessing; that worshipping Thee in spirit and in truth my services may be accepted through his all-sufficient merit. Amen.

After he gave this prayer, he folded the paper and put it in his pocket where it could be found if he met with foul play at the hands of the howling mob outside. He went resolutely ahead with the surgery. Jane Crawford had to be turned on her side to remove the twenty-two pound tumor. The operation was completed successfully in twenty-five minutes.

Let me draw a mental picture of the faith and confidence he had in his ability, along with the skill and dexterity of his surgical genius to attempt such an undertaking far from any modern hospital with all the

conveniences of an operating room and without the aid of any trained nurses, anesthetic, or any kind of sterilization, which came a little over a half-century later after Joseph Lister, an English surgeon, published his paper "On the Antiseptic Principles in the Practice of Surgery" in 1867.



Jane Todd Crawford. *Courtesy of McDowell House, Danville, Kentucky.*

The Patient

I feel we should know more about the patient who had the courage and the will to undergo such heroic treatment. She was born in Virginia in 1763, and it has been said she was related to Mary Todd, the wife of President Lincoln. She was forty-six years old at the time of the operation.

This courageous woman was of medium height, weighed about 165 pounds, with a good form, gray eyes, curly brown hair, and possessed with the courage and spirit of a true pioneer. She was given some opium pills to dull the pain of surgery; when the operation was started through a long incision, she gritted her teeth and started to recite the Psalms. No one but a true pioneer could have endured the ordeal of such surgery; in five days she was on her feet, making her bed. She soon was able to return to her family.

Accompanying George Madden Martin's newspaper article which appeared in the Louisville, Kentucky, *Courier-Journal* on December 13, 1942, was an artist's conception of the supposed likeness of Jane Todd Crawford, with the words, "There is no picture extant of this pioneer Kentucky woman." This is wrong, for on a later date a daguerreotype of the real Jane Crawford was found. Daguerreotype, an early form of photography, was invented by Louis Daguerre, a Frenchman, and was introduced into the United States in 1839, three years before the death of Jane Crawford. This rare daguerreotype of Mrs. Crawford was found in a case in the McCawley home located off Blue Lick Road near Louisville, Kentucky. In June, 1954, it was given to the McDowell Memorial Home by William Howell McCawley, son of Theresa Rose Schnetz and Dr. Benjamin McCauley. Mr. Thomas Howell Crawford, son of Jane Todd Crawford, had been the guardian of Mrs. Franklin McCawley when she was a child. The daguerreotype was given eventually to the Kentucky State Medical Association.

More Cases

In the next seven years McDowell operated on two more women with ovarian tumors; he reported seven more such operations in a medical journal. It took nearly a half-century for him to be recognized as having made one of the great contributions to medicine. The procedure was given little credibility by most European medical men. They would not believe that an unknown frontiersman had successfully performed a feat beyond the scope and ability of the great surgeons abroad.

In 1816, a copy of the reports of his cases was sent to his teacher in Edinburgh, Scotland, John Bell, who was in Europe at the time, trying unsuccessfully to regain his health. Dr. John Lizars, who had taken over

Bell's clinic, laid the report aside for seven years, then published it as an appendix to a case of his own.

Dr. Ephraim McDowell's nephew, Dr. James McDowell, took the report to Philadelphia to have it published, but the editor of one of the leading medical journals refused to have anything to do with it. He then took it to Dr. Thomas C. James of the University of Pennsylvania, who published it in the *Eclectic Repertory and Analytical Review* in 1817.

The American surgeons also were critical and would not accept Dr. McDowell's reports, but despite all of the criticism from European and American surgeons, he kept on operating with success and reporting his cases. He was successful in eight out of thirteen operations.

Degree

The degree of Doctor of Medicine was not possessed by Dr. McDowell until an honorary one was conferred on him in 1825 by the University of Maryland. His work was recognized by the Philadelphia Medical Society, one of the oldest and most honored societies in the country. Despite his success in saving lives, the outcry against the operation continued. Many of his colleagues declared the operation to be a criminal procedure and stated it was not justified. Many prominent American surgeons lectured against the operation and many European surgeons took up the battle cry, allowing women to suffer a slow death. Dr. McDowell endured a long and difficult struggle against professional jealousy, but he kept on despite all of the odds against him. Through his efforts surgery was given its greatest advancement. This humble frontiersman displayed kindness toward all of his critics. Devoid of all revengeful acts, he was cheerful, amiable, devoted to his profession, and maintained his professional dignity.

Superstition

Dr. McDowell was maligned by the ignorant laymen who thought that he was possessed by the Devil and went about cutting people open and killing them. Many slaves ran when they saw him approaching. It seems so incredible that a man who was so sincere and capable would be a target for envious men of the profession. This jealousy still exists in our present-day standards. I refer to a recent article about Dr. Christian Barnard of Cape Town, South Africa, who has been successful in heart transplants. So much jealousy has prevailed among his colleagues that he has trouble getting hearts to transplant. He tells of a jealous doctor who tore up a consent and allowed his patient to die. Dr. Barnard made this statement, after spending twelve years of his life making surgical history, "If I could live my life over, I wouldn't go into medicine."

It must be remembered that Dr. McDowell was far removed from any hospital facilities or capable assistants; he was also aware of the danger involved in doing the operation without the aid of an anesthetic. But in spite of all these handicaps, he lived up to the ideals and traditions of medicine; he was a cool, dextrous surgeon—a person who saved the lives of a countless number of women doomed to a slow death. He was a great benefactor to all mankind and we should never tire of listening to all of his achievements. Shakespeare, in his play "All's Well That Ends Well," said, "Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt."

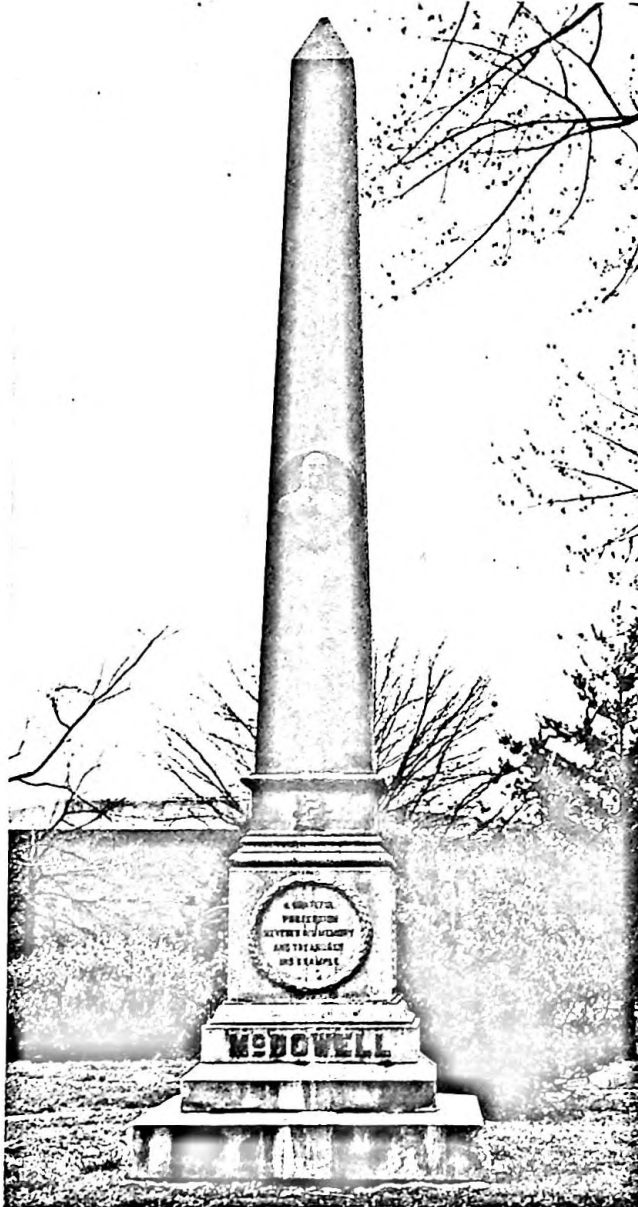
Dr. McDowell belonged to this country and to the world at large through surgery which had been unexplored up to the time he operated on Jane Todd Crawford—the daring procedure of opening the abdomen. His reports were finally accepted and it was estimated that in 1873 the operation of ovariectomy had in twenty years contributed more than thirty thousand years of active life to sufferers of all surgical conditions.

Monument

In 1875, the American Medical Association and the Kentucky State Medical Association, meeting in Louisville, Kentucky, adopted a resolution for the perpetuation and the acknowledgement of the achievements of Dr. Ephraim McDowell, and the Kentucky State Medical Association, through voluntary subscription, began to raise funds to erect a monument to honor him. All of his colleagues and the medical profession at large began to realize that he had been an accomplished surgeon who operated for strangulated hernia and for stones in the bladder, did amputations, and was the first surgeon in the United States to resect the lower jaw and to excise a parotid gland. He became a hero of medicine, endowed with integrity and greatness.

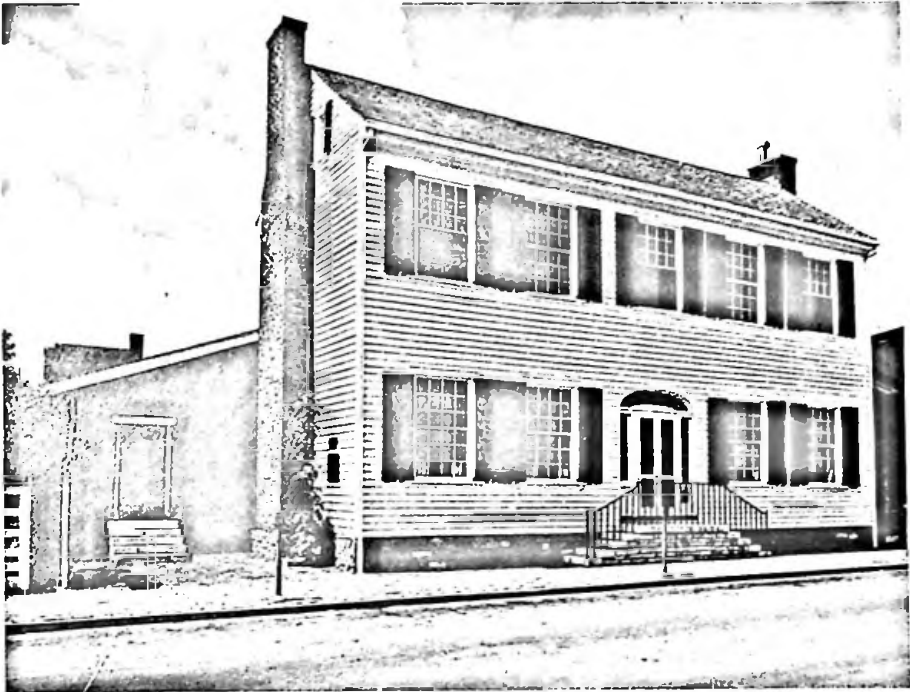
The monument, located in a small park known as McDowell Park in Danville, Kentucky, was dedicated on May 4, 1879. It consists of a shaft of Virginia granite. In the middle of the north side of the shaft is a medallion of Dr. McDowell with his monogram below. At the base of this side is this inscription, encircled with a floral wreath: "A GRATEFUL PROFESSION REVERES HIS MEMORY AND TREASURES HIS EXAMPLE." On the south side at the base of the shaft are these words: "ERECTED BY THE KENTUCKY STATE MEDICAL SOCIETY, 1879." On the eastern face is this inscription: "BENEATH THIS SHAFT RESTS EPHRAIM McDOWELL, M.D., THE FATHER OF OVARIOTOMY, WHO BY ORIGINATING A GREAT SURGICAL OPERATION BECAME A BENEFactor OF HIS RACE, KNOWN AND HONORED THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD." On the western face of the base is the following: "BORN IN ROCKBRIDGE CO., VA. 1771.

ATTENDED THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH 1793. LOCATED AT DANVILLE, KY. 1795. PERFORMED THE FIRST OVARIOTOMY 1809. DIED 1830."



McDowell Monument, Danville, Kentucky. (See text for inscriptions.)

A statue of Dr. McDowell is in the Hall of Fame in Washington, D.C. and a replica of that statue is in the rotunda of the state capitol in Frankfort, Kentucky. Nearly a half-century ago restoration of his home in Danville, Kentucky was begun through the efforts of the Kentucky State Medical Association. Furnished in the period of the 1830's, it is preserved as it was in his lifetime and is open to visitors. Funds are now being raised to make further preservation of this historic place. The Apothecary Shop, located by the side of Dr. McDowell's home, has been restored and is furnished with numerous historical articles donated by various individuals.



Home of Ephraim McDowell, Danville, Kentucky. *Courtesy of McDowell House, Danville, Kentucky.*

Tribute to Jane Crawford

Jane Crawford died on March 30, 1842 and is buried in Johnson Cemetery in Graysville, Indiana. Her son, the Rev. James Crawford, owned a farm across from the cemetery and his wife is buried near his mother.

Nearly one hundred years later, it was an honorable and desirable gesture that a memorial be made to such a brave woman, who matched the heroism and courage of Dr. McDowell in all aspects of the operation.

A monument to her, placed by the Kentucky State Medical Association near the McDowell Monument in McDowell Park, Danville, Kentucky, was dedicated on May 30, 1935. On the north side are the words, copied from her tombstone in Indiana: "JANE CRAWFORD DIED MARCH 30, 1842 BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIED IN THE LORD. REVELATIONS XIV:13." On the south side of the monument is her name, date of birth, date of marriage, and a brief summary of her abdominal surgery.

The dedication service, broadcast by radio station WHAS, consisted of speeches by several prominent physicians and outstanding citizens. Earth was brought from her grave in Indiana by Dr. William N. Wishard of Indianapolis, the first physician in the United States to specialize in urology, and placed at the base of the monument.

If Dr. McDowell were living now, 170 years after this pioneer surgery, he would pay a lasting tribute to that brave woman who contributed to abdominal surgery through her courage. She was a heroine of pioneer medicine through her faith, self-control, and her belief in a living God.

Recapitulation

This frontiersman was the product of true greatness—he had courage, determination, and faith. We do not judge him by his accumulated wealth, but by the simple life he led, the influence he exerted, and the good he did in helping others through his character, ability, and his religion.

He may be remembered for his human goodness, nobility, and his self-forgetfulness. His self-sacrifice and true greatness came to light after he was gone. Public martyrdom came late, but it will endure through all time, for his life may be likened to an inexhaustible fountain on the raw frontier of a sparsely inhabited country, with the bright sun dispelling any vestige of darkness from his life. Love was always emanating from his heart, with sympathy coming from every throb.

Dr. McDowell lives on in truth in a vast unlimited world activated by motives of helping others and doing good. His wisdom and judgement came from knowledge of the past, conditions which were present, and mindful thoughts for the future. He was a true Christian with fear and love of God. His one purpose and will was for the relief of women suffering from ovarian tumors through the method of surgery. He had the nerve, skill, and daring courage to attempt a dangerous operation under adverse circumstances. He was successful in his first attempt and gave to the world the impetus for abdominal surgery.

The removal of that ovarian tumor made history which reverberated around the world. It emancipated women who would have died in agony and exhaustion from an incurable disease. The melodrama and

sensationalism of surgery has passed from the scene. It has become a necessary part of saving lives and is a highly specialized art, requiring years of training.



Diorama of the operation of ovariotomy. *Prepared by Dr. Nolie Mumey.*

Faith

One of the lessons to learn from this paper is F A I T H. "Faith is a belief or trust that does not question or ask for proof." Faith was the secret of Dr. McDowell's success, along with his determination to aid a human being without thought of remuneration. As he ascended the ladder of fame he was persecuted by members of his own profession through jealousy. His publications became annoying as he was denounced by his own profession. They had the general public believing that he was a cruel and wicked person who wanted to open the bellies of women, and many people, along with his most intimate friends, avoided him. But through his faith, skill, courage, and originality, he opened a new field in the advancement of surgery which was far beyond his expectations. Through his efforts many women have been saved from a slow, painful death. He is recognized throughout the civilized world as a great benefactor of the human race. His

contributions have left a far-reaching influence toward the advancement of surgery which brought fame to American medicine.

The End

The life of this great, talented man came to an end June 20, 1830 in the prime of his life, after suffering from pain, nausea, and fever for fourteen days. His illness was attributed to his eating strawberries from his garden, which was believed to have produced an inflammation of the stomach. He could have died of appendicitis or could have had a heart attack. It should be remembered, the stomach is the alarm box for the body. It is upset in nearly every kind of condition or disease.

His remains were interred in the family burying ground at Traveler's Rest, the homestead of Governor Isaac Shelby, located six miles from Danville, Kentucky. In 1879, his remains were removed and re-interred in McDowell Park at Danville, Kentucky by the Kentucky State Medical Association which erected a beautiful monument at the site. The body of his wife, who died in 1840, was removed later and placed by his side.

Even though he was feared and hated by the most ignorant, was discredited by some of his colleagues, and was tried in the crucible of jealousy, he was respected by those who appreciated his Christian qualities. He will, and should, be honored through all time and by all peoples as a great contributor to the welfare of humanity.

Life was in his hands with prayer
And skill that was complete,
But by his courage he did crush
All the spoils of defeat.

Patient freed of 200-pound tumor

SAN FRANCISCO (UPI) — A University of California Medical Center team successfully has removed a 200-pound ovarian tumor, one yard in diameter, from a 30-year-old woman.

Physicians said Thursday the tumor has been growing since the patient was 15, at which time she asked a doctor about an enlargement of her stomach. The doctor told her that she was eating too much and put her on a diet.

In the next 15 years, the tumor continued to grow, and the woman lived normally and held a job.

She did not visit another physician until abdominal pains last month brought her to a medical center emergency room. She weighed 380 pounds.

A seven-member team removed the benign tumor May 24 in 4½ hours of surgery that Dr. Russell K. Laros described as "exceedingly difficult." Most of

the tumor was attached to surrounding tissue.

Later, the patient will undergo plastic surgery to remove excess skin.

Laros said only 10 tumors of more than 100 pounds are found in medical literature. The largest is 362 pounds.

The patient, released from the hospital this week, told Laros, "It's the first time in years I can cross my legs."

From *Rocky Mountain News*, 8 June 1979, p. 48.

CHRONOLOGY — EPHRAIM McDOWELL

- 1771 — Born November 11th in Rockbridge County, Virginia
- 1783 — Moved to Danville, Kentucky
- 1790 — Apprentice to Dr. Alexander Humphreys at age 19
- 1793-94 — Student at the University of Edinburgh, age 22, 23
- 1795 — Returned to Danville, Kentucky; began practicing medicine
- 1779 — Purchased, with Dr. Adam Rankin, the two-room building which became their office and apothecary shop
- 1802 — McDowell House, built about 1795, was purchased by Ephraim McDowell
- 1802 — December 29th, at the age of 31, married Sarah Hart Shelby, the eighteen-year-old daughter of Governor Isaac Shelby of Kentucky
- 1809 — December 25th, at the age of 38 performed the first ovariectomy; patient was Jane Todd Crawford
- 1812 — Operated on James Knox Polk for a stone in his bladder
- 1817 — Published the first paper on ovariectomy
- 1825 — Honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine conferred on him by the University of Maryland
- 1830 — June 20th, sudden death in his 59th year, cause unknown; interred at Traveler's Rest near Danville, Kentucky
- 1879 — Monument erected to him in McDowell Park at Danville, Kentucky; dedicated May 4; body re-interred here
- 1879 — Door knocker from McDowell's house removed and presented to Dr. Samuel D. Gross by the Kentucky State Medical Association; it was given to the College of Physicians in Philadelphia, who returned it to the McDowell House in 1939
- 1932 — McDowell House purchased by the Kentucky State Medical Association
- 1939 — Restoration of McDowell House, by the Division of Parks with assistance of W.P.A. Dedicated May 20th
- 1959 — August 14th, dedication of the restored Apothecary Shop in Danville, Kentucky
- 1959 — December 4th, U. S. Postoffice Department issued a stamp commemorating the sesquicentennial of McDowell's first ovariectomy

CHRONOLOGY — JANE TODD CRAWFORD

- 1763 — December 23rd, born in Rockbridge County, Virginia
- 1794 — January 9th, married Thomas Crawford

- 1805 — November 5th, settled near Greensburg, Green County, Kentucky
- 1809 — December 25th, operated on by Dr. Ephraim McDowell
- 1842 — March 30th, died at age 78; buried in Johnson Cemetery, near Graysville, Indiana
- 1859-60 — Thomas Howell Crawford, youngest member of the Crawford family, served as Mayor of Louisville, Kentucky
- 1932 — Road traveled by Jane Crawford from Greensburg to Danville, Kentucky for her historic surgery was named The Jane Todd Crawford Trail by the Kentucky State Highway Commission
- 1935 — May 20th, Monument dedicated to Jane Todd Crawford in McDowell Park, Danville, Kentucky by the Kentucky State Medical Association
- 1942 — December 13th designated as Jane Todd Crawford Day by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky

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LETTERS

- Letter dated June 24, 1954, Springfield, Kentucky signed by William Howell McCawley re: daguerreotype of Jane Todd Crawford
- Letter to Dr. Nolie Mumey, dated April 25, 1979 from Mrs. Doris Nave, Kentucky Historical Society Library re: daguerreotype of Jane Todd Crawford and Mayor Thomas Howell Crawford
- Letters to Dr. Nolie Mumey, dated March 26, 1979 and April 16, 1979 from Mrs. Susan Nimmock, McDowell House, Danville, Kentucky re: daguerreotype of Jane Todd Crawford; the McDowell House and Apothecary Shop; and the McDowell Monument



GOOD READING FOR WRANGLERS



Blood Brothers, by Elliot Arnold. Published by University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London. 454 pages. Paperback, price \$5.95.

This book was written from a compilation of factual data gleaned from history, autobiography, reminiscences and personal interviews by the author. Woven into this story are very skillful fictitious episodes in the lives of Tom Jeffords and Cochise, the great chief of the Chiricahua Apache Indians. These two became very good friends and blood brothers after going through the Apache ritual wherein each was cut with a knife and the blood was mixed and drunk by both. This gripping story relates the love the American, Jeffords, had for Cochise, for a red headed American girl, and an Apache maiden whom he eventually married.

Detailed are the wars the Chiricahua Apaches had with the Arizona settlers, the army, the Mexicans, other tribes and between themselves. Briefly mentioned is Gokliya, a Chiricahua who broke away from the tribe and became a renegade who was known as Geronimo. Cochise told him that if he were ever caught in Chiricahua country he would kill him.

Jeffords was instrumental in bringing peace between the Apaches, the army and the settlers. He was appointed agent for the

Chiricahuas when they consented to go on a reservation. The frightful battle he had with the government to secure supplies for the starving Indians is well told.

As you read this masterful history of the Chiricahuas don't be surprised to find yourself becoming very emotional; a tear or two may well up in your eyes.

This is a very fine book. I recommend it to everyone. I'm sorry the author did not choose to use any pictures or maps, they were and are available. The book doesn't have an index, the type is too fine and such a great book should be hard bound.

This book was made into a fine film called *Broken Arrow*; later it was serialized for television.

R. A. Ronzio, P.M.



Land of Giants, by David Lavender. Univ. of Nebraska Press (Bison Books) 1979. 468 pages. Price, \$7.50.

This ambitious volume provides a detailed overview of the settlement and development of the Pacific Northwest. As students of frontier history would expect from David Lavender this is a well written and especially readable account.

It begins in 1579 with Spanish apprehension over Sir Francis Drake's voyage. Next came the Dane, Vitus Bering, in the employ of the Russians, British Capt. James Cook, and the remarkable Capt. Robert Gray, first of the American explorers. Although Lavender treated the bitter fight for furs between the Northwest Company and the Hudson's Bay people with greater detail in his *The Fist in the Wilderness*, the genesis of the story as it affected the Northwest is correctly included here. The same may be said of the American missionary-farming migration to Oregon, a subject Lavender handled superbly in *Westward Vision*.

Particularly enjoyable are the author's treatments of such diverse personalities as Alexander Mackenzie, Donald McKenzie, brilliant diarist Narcissa Whitman, difficult but influential Hall Kelly, the ubiquitous John McLoughlin among many others. Only the agricultural pioneer John Day, who left the Astorians to remain in Oregon, is missing.

Idaho and Montana's mining frontiers, troubles with the Nez Perce, Bannock and other tribes, and the coming of railroads hastened the arrival of civilization. Finally, lumber, water and fish, three of the Northwest's greatest resources, bring the story to its contemporary conclusion. This is a most comprehensive and enjoyable book, one I am pleased to recommend.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.



San Francisco, 1846-1856, by Roger W. Lotchin. Univ. of Nebraska Press (Bison Books) 1979. 406 pages. Price, \$6.25.

This book is a study of one single decade of life in the "City by the Bay," which grew to a population of 50,000 rather transient people in just ten years. In winter the population swelled as miners came down out of the hills to avoid mountain weather.

San Francisco was forced into cityhood because of the 1849 Gold Rush. Before that time two small settlements had grown up

beside the Bay. They were called Yerba Buena and Mission Dolores. Modern San Francisco was founded in 1835. It became a part of the United States when Mexico ceded much of the Southwest by provision of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

San Francisco's ethnic variety made it a true melting pot with large numbers of Irish, Chinese, Mexicans, Chileans, Africans, Austrians and many French and Englishmen in addition to the growing Anglo majority. But the only truly integrated group in the city was the chain gang.

The section on law enforcement, particularly the Vigilantes, is detailed and well written. Feminism became an early day problem too. San Francisco's scarcity of females enhanced their bargaining power and many women's rights were realized here long before they were enjoyed by the eastern sisterhood.

Essentially, this book is a study of evolving mores from several diverse cultures and how they were forced to merge and modify their lives in a curious new environment.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.



With Custer in '74—James Calhoun's Diary of the Black Hills Expedition. Edited by Lawrence A. Frost. Illustrations, maps. Brigham Young University Press, Provo, Utah. \$12.95.

The U. S. Army's massive Black Hills Expedition in 1874 included ten companies of the Seventh Cavalry, one company of the Twentieth and Seventeenth Infantry, three gatling guns and a three-inch cannon, Indian scouts, teamsters, a 16-piece band, 110 wagons and 300 head of cattle. Lt. Calhoun, Custer's brother-in-law, was named acting assistant Adjutant General of the Custer expedition and he kept a diary from June 14, 1874 to August 28, 1874. Dr. Frost discovered the diary among Custer family records, and the Brigham Young University Press has published the diary, including il-

illustrations and additions by Dr. Frost in an excellent 140 page volume.

Since Larry Frost is probably the outstanding Custer scholar and the author of numerous books on Custer and related subjects, he is the obvious person to edit the diary. Dr. Frost's introduction, footnotes, and conclusion add immeasurably to the value of the diary by expanding and explaining the rather simple statements of Lt. Calhoun.

While it is commonly believed that the expedition was designed to investigate the possibility of gold in the Black Hills, and that it alienated the Indians, it is clear from this book that gold was incidental and no hostilities with Indians occurred. Logistically, the expedition was a success, and financially the government saved money by reason of the natural forage for the animals. Only three deaths occurred—one trooper shot by another trooper, and two deaths by disease.

No one involved with the Custer saga can afford to be without this book.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.



Happy Birthday, Buena Vista! A Quick History, by Judy Porrata. Little London Press, Colorado Springs, 1970.

This 63-page pamphlet celebrates Buena Vista's 100th birthday. Since so little has been written about the town, it is welcome. The author starts in, as she should, by explaining that the old-timers pronounced the name of the town "Beunie." She talked to many local people and printed their tales, not necessarily checking them—for instance, the gravestones found in 1930 on Trout Creek Pass that read PIKE EXP. Was one of Pike's men buried on Trout Creek Pass?

Culling old newspapers, Mrs. Porrata picked up good stories, like President Harrison's three-minute stop in Buena Vista that set the town agog; the dedication of the Chaffee County Court House that housed the county records stolen from Granite and later

moved to Salida; and the head lettuce crops shipped from Buena in the 1920's. The lettuce was packed in ice brought from Thompson's Lake on a mile-long conveyor. The first Head Lettuce Day was on Labor Day 1922, attended by 2000 people. The 1926 Head Lettuce Day "was void of all laughter" because of the wreck of the D & R G passenger train at Granite. By 1930, the lettuce no longer formed those "rock-hard heads." (The author gives no explanation.)

The author is fascinated by the story of how the railroads got to Buena (who isn't?) but the pages about Trout Creek Pass could have better been devoted to the town history. But certainly, since she writes so much of other places, she should furnish a map. Where is Arnold Gulch, used for a road before Trout Creek? Thompson Lake? Wildhorse? Mahonville, "west of the growing town"? Or Balltown? "Seven-tenths of a mile north of Balltown" is a gravestone for a woman stage robber. Where is/was Balltown?

Some of the pictures are rare, a real contribution. But, again, why 32 pictures of the town, 21 of other places? The author brings the history down to modern times. How helpful it would be if she had published pictures of old structures still standing, with a map, as a guide. She does include a picture of "one of the lovely old homes" with the name of its present owner. This is the house the family of Eugene Teats lived in. He was the man who managed the Hortense Mine on a spur of Mt. Princeton in the 1880's. Did he build it? When?

The old log building on Chestnut Street, the author states, was part of the stage station for trips to Leadville. Nowhere does she mention that Buena Vista was the starting point for stages over Cottonwood Pass to Gunnison and Aspen, and later over Tincup Pass above Chalk Creek. Despite such omissions, and a bit of careless printing by the Little London Press, the pamphlet is welcome.

Louisa Arps, C.M.



BUNKHOUSE BANTER OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

(Continued from page 2)

Ouray County was the first county created after Colorado statehood—the date was January 18, 1877. It was a single large county named for the chief of the Tabeguache band of the Utes, who had done so much to preserve peace between the Utes and the whites during the troublesome decade when the San Juan mining country was being opened up to exploitation. Before it was split into its component parts of Ouray, San Juan, La Plata, Montezuma, San Miguel, and Dolores counties, the county seat for the single large county was the settlement of Ouray in the far northeast corner. This galled, no end, the miners at Rico who had to file claims and transact other business at Ouray. Latent boosterism as well as the keen rivalry which grew up between mining camps on the raw frontier is contained in the following bitter complaint, not without a touch of dry humor, which appeared in the *Dolores News*, published at Rico, January 22, 1881:

When we have business to transact in relation to mining matters, we must put our hard tack in our pockets and strike out through eighty miles of forest and the county won't even lend us an axe to blaze the trail. When we get to Ouray the citizens find out you are from Rico and they begin to bleed you. They will first steal your horse and then sympathize with you and tell you they are sorry you should be so treated in this hospitable town. They will charge you \$30.00 a week for day board and when they have detained you as long as they think you will stand it, they recover your horse and charge you \$5.00 a day for his board and \$50 reward. You will then turn over the horse for damages, and start for home afoot. Before you get a mile out of town, a committee appointed for the purpose, knocks you down and takes away all the cash you have; after casting lots for your clothes you are allowed to go on your way.

Carl Blaurock, book review editor, informs us that some books he has given out for appraisal have been held by the would-be reviewers for months on end without a review being submitted. Some books have been held, reviewless, for as much as a year, while others seem to have been lost, unread and unreviewed. The next time this is called to our attention we propose to publish the names of the defaulting reviewers. Books sent for review are supplied free by the publisher or author, and when it can't be shown that an actual review of the book was published in the *Roundup*, the publisher or author is reluctant to supply other books to the Westerners for review. It is bad enough when the issuing publisher is a trade publisher, but when it is a University Press or other scholarly press, the Denver Westerners earn a particularly bad reputation. Carl supplies the publisher with a copy of the *Roundup* which contains the review of his book. No reviews; no more books for review. It's time for all you delinquent book reviewers to straighten up and fly right!

The second matter is the "condition" of manuscripts received for publication in the *Roundup*. We don't know whether the *Roundup* has ever printed a notice containing "Suggestions to Contributors" but it is now time for such a notice. An editor's primary job is to make his publication look good, which at the same time makes his contributors look good. If the contribution is written and typed so sloppily that the editor can't edit nor the typesetter set it properly, this screening process is balked. We are not talking here about matters of style and composition, although they are important. When passages are unclear or the author hasn't said what he meant to say, or has used poor grammar, the author and the *Roundup*



can sometimes look pretty silly. We try to catch most of these sins of omission and commission before the manuscript goes to the typesetter. However, these are not our main concern at the moment. We are talking about the basic format of the manuscript itself.

A number of years ago an editor friend wrote to me, "you would be astonished at some of the manuscripts we get from some people—with the appearance of having been written on the tailgate of a freight wagon bouncing over the roughest part of the Oregon Trail." The *Roundup* hasn't received any tailgate-jolted manuscripts yet, but we have received some which came close. One sometimes gets the impression that the contributor's thoughts were, "I realize this is a little vague, or unclear, or sloppy, but someone will notice and get it cleared up before it goes to press." Two practices which have hit hardest during the past several months are single space typescripts and the use of a type face and machine which does not have capitals and lower case letters. The latter seems to result from a strange fascination with teletype machines and computer hard copy printers which have such type; the former comes perhaps for reasons of economy. Both make a lot of extra work for the editor. Single space copy doesn't leave any space for editing, and copy which is written in all caps requires that the editor go through it and mark every letter which is to be capitalized.

We feel it is not too much to ask that contributors to the *Roundup* adhere to the following:



INSTRUCTIONS FOR CONTRIBUTORS

1. Manuscripts must be typewritten. Standard Pica or Elite typeface. (Pica preferred). No Script, purple or green ribbons, or exotic type faces. Typeface must have both upper and lower case.
2. Contribution must be typed on 8½" x 11" white bond paper.
3. Margins at least 1" minimum on all sides. Number pages consecutively from beginning to end.
4. All material must be double spaced. (If you have to add, delete, or re-arrange the wording of a manuscript, you will see the wisdom of this injunction.)
5. In correcting the final copy of your manuscript it is O. K. to use the between-line spaces to correct wording, spelling, punctuation, etc., but please do so in legible, readable pen and ink. Better yet, correct the next to last copy and then retype (or have retyped) a final copy for submission. Remember that your editor will use this between-lines space for editing and instructions to the typesetter and printer. The one inch minimum page margins are also for that purpose.
6. Indent paragraphs and use standard capitalization.
7. If in doubt consult a dictionary. (If there is a question of meaning or the spelling of some special name or term in your paper, we will clear it over the phone before the manuscript goes to the printer.)
8. For style on footnotes and bibliography follow either past issues of the *Roundup* or any standard manual such as the Chicago Manual of Style.

As a final note—If you are concerned about style and usage in your writing, invest in the little paperback, Strunk, William Jr., and E. B. White, *The Elements of Style*, Macmillan. It is one of the best manuals to be found on the fundamentals of good writing.

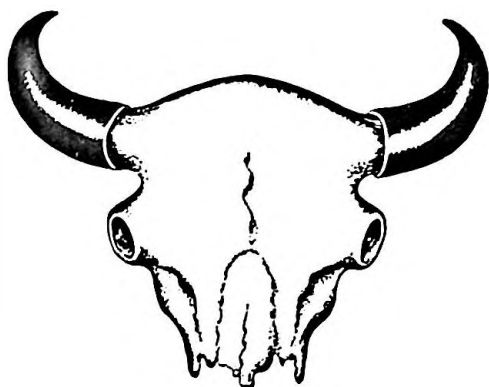
These instructions will not work a hardship on anyone, and by following them you will help us to make you look good.

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

September-October 1979

VOLUME XXXV No. 5



In This Issue

COLORADO HOSPITALS OF THE 1800's

**By
Kenneth L. Gaunt**

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

IN MEMORIAM

The Denver Westerners extend their deepest sympathy to former Sheriff, Dr. Nolie Mumey, on the death of his wife. Dr. and Mrs. Mumey were visiting friends and family and getting some well-earned vacation in Arkansas in the late summer. While there a car in which they were passengers was struck head-on by a recreational vehicle which had crossed carelessly to their side of the highway. Mrs. Mumey did not regain consciousness following the accident. Dr. Mumey suffered severe chest injuries, including several broken ribs. He is still slowly mending; his recovery has been slow and painful. Nevertheless, he has returned to his office practice, and would welcome visits from his old friends.

The Denver Posse has three new corresponding members. Please extend to them our best friendly greetings at the next meeting. They are:

J. Michael Engle, of Lakewood, whose principal interests in Western History include, "Ghost Towns", Western and Colorado history from 1800 to 1900.

Dave Sell, of Lakewood, whose principal interests in Western History include Western Art and Antique Weapons.

Charles M. Moore, Denver, whose principal interest in Western History is early Colorado Ranching.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

The speakers for the next two regular meetings of the Denver Posse are as follows:

January 23, 1980—Major General James A. Weir—"History of Fitzsimons Army Hospital."

February 27, 1980—Hugo G. Rodeck—"A Glimpse into Indian Pre-History."

NOTICE

A new method of handling dues notices
Continued on page 24

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COLORADO HOSPITALS OF THE 1800's

by

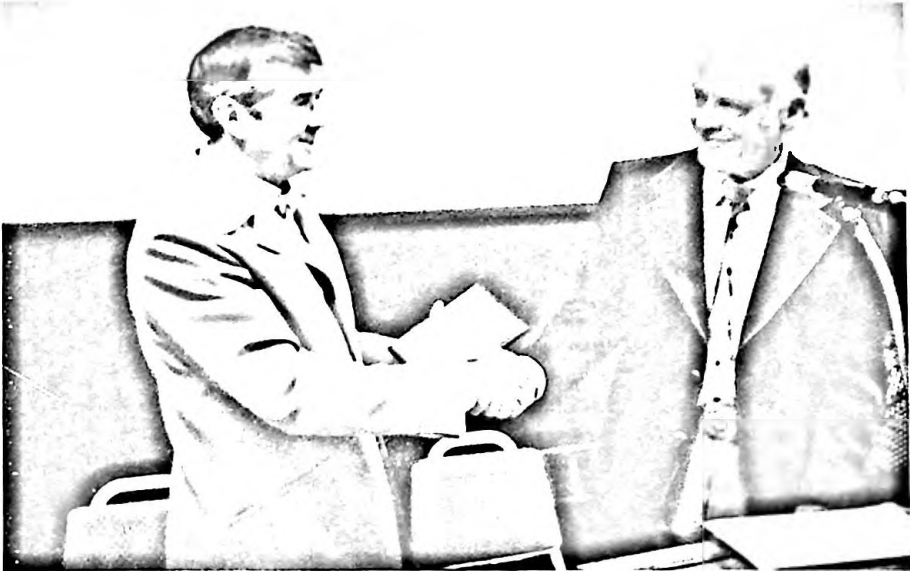
Kenneth L. Gaunt, C.M.

(Presented to the Denver Posse of the Westerners
on April 25, 1979)

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In 1800, the land that is now Colorado belonged to Spain. The inhabitants were various Indian tribes, who lived by utilizing the herds of buffalo and other animals for their food, shelter, and clothing.

Medicine was being practised in several ways. Each village had its own medicine man. This man was both the religious leader and the physician for the village. His tipi was usually the largest in the village, being as much as 40 feet in diameter. Some observers later in the century reported some as large as 80 feet in diameter. The medicine lodge was covered by leather hides sewn together and was decorated with colorful paintings depicting the history of the village. The door almost always faced east to greet the Sun God. However, it occasionally faced west in times of great need for "good medicine."



Ken Gaunt receiving Certificate of Appreciation from Sheriff Merrill J. Mattes.

Inside the tipi the center was reserved for the dancers of the many ceremonial dances. Opposite the door was the village medicine rack, with the medicine arrows, war bonnets, lances, and shields. Hung from many poles were the various animal parts, plants, herbs, dolls, whistles, etc., that the medicine man used in his practice. At the top of the tipi was hung a special doll for the particular dance. The most important dance for "good medicine" was the Sun Dance. This was a long and involved dance. The tree used for the center pole was never touched by anyone except the medicine man. It was found, chopped down, transported, and placed upright in the middle of the dancing ring with the use of forked sticks. If a brave wanted to really please the gods he would be tethered to the pole by a thong or rope which had been tied through the pectoral muscles of his chest. He then would dance until he had torn himself loose, by tearing the thong through the muscles. Often a brave would also have one or two buffalo skulls tied in a like manner to his back, and he would dance until these too were torn loose.

Another cure used by the medicine man was sand paintings. This consisted of drawing intricate pictures with different colored sands. This 'Mountain Chant' ceremony took 9 days to complete.

The medicine man was also very knowledgeable about the various plants and herbs. Over 200 plants which he used have been identified and many are still official drugs today. The pioneer physicians as they moved west also learned to use these plants and herbs, and even used some of the other practices, such as the sweat lodge and sweat trench.

Each Indian camp had its own sweat lodge, built with much ceremony and by using 12 to 14 upright willow shoots which were bent over at the top forming a flat-topped wigwam. It, too, faced east. Stones were taken from the hillside, never the river bed, and gathered by four virgin girls. These stones were heated on an elaborate fire and then passed into the lodge, placed in a central pit, and four to six people inside the lodge would smoke the pipe, sing chants, etc. The sweat was ended by the participants running and jumping into a nearby stream, the theory being that this made the body uninhabitable for evil spirits. Of course, it also occasionally made the body uninhabitable for the persons themselves, or, in today's words, the operation might be a success, but the patient died.

Any one of the tipis served as an obstetrical ward. When a woman's labor began, a rope was suspended from the top of the tipi and she would stand, grasping the rope, until the baby was expelled and caught by a midwife. If the baby was malformed it would be put outside the camp and left to die.

In 1801 Spain retroceded the land to France, and in 1803 President Thomas Jefferson bought the Louisiana Territory from Napoleon for 15 million dollars. Lewis and Clark were sent to explore the waters of the Missouri River. In 1806 Lt. Zebulon Pike was sent to trace the Arkansas

and Red Rivers to their source. Along with Pike and his 18 recruits was a civilian physician from Virginia by the name of John H. Robinson who was 29 years of age and had studied medicine in St. Louis, Missouri, for a little more than a year. He was furnished with medicines and was to attend the sick in exchange for his accommodations. He was also to do a study of the plant life, animals, and geography. While we read of no real practice of medicine, he undoubtedly did attend the frozen feet of the men who attempted to climb Pikes Peak in -18 degree weather in November, 1806, clad in summer army uniforms. He also probably saved some lives when after four days without food in camp, while crossing into the San Luis Valley during the dead of winter, he was able to kill a buffalo.

In 1820 Major Stephen A. Long's expedition entered Colorado from the north. The physician and historian with the group was Dr. Edwin James, a very learned man. Dr. James and two companions were the first white men to climb Pikes Peak. While neither he nor Dr. Robinson had the use of hospital supplies I feel they need to be included in this narration. It is interesting to note that neither doctor lost a single patient, nor did Colonel Dodge in 1835. Fremont later took the chance of not including a physician in his company.

The early trading posts made no provisions for either a physician or a hospital. A Dr. Hempsted is known to have been the resident physician at Bent's Fort. Due to the numerous battles, fights, and epidemics he probably took in many furs in exchange for fees. When Colonel Stephen W. Kearney and Colonel Sterling Price entered Colorado and camped near Bent's Fort in 1845, it is recorded that a field hospital was set up at the camp.

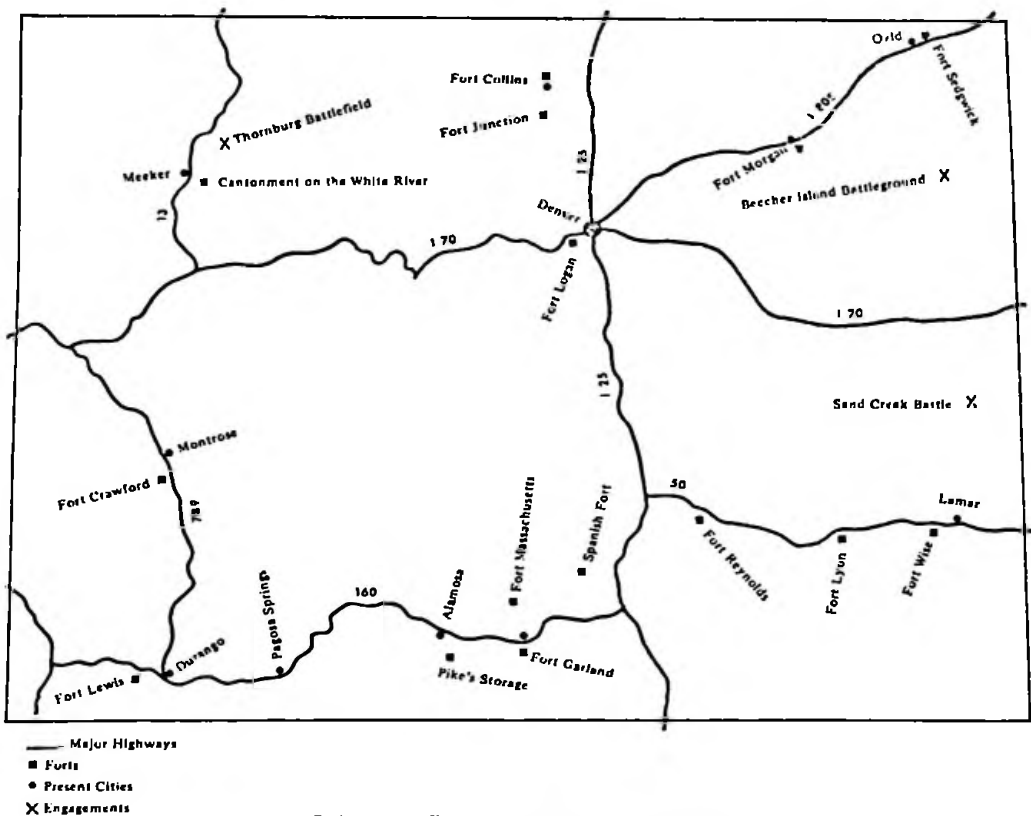
Military hospitals originated in 1818 when the Army appointed a Surgeon General and gave him direct authority over the Army medical officers. He began to formulate the regulations as related to field hospitals and hospitals in the military posts.

After 1820 military hospitals were sufficiently well organized to function efficiently. They were established chiefly for emergency purposes at the Army posts along the frontier. The regulations advocated the use of a new building, preferably of wood construction. In Colorado, many were built of adobe and this often caused problems due to the incorrect making of the adobe and improper supports for the roof and walls. The regulations insisted on ample ventilation by windows and by ventilators under the floor. In the yearly reports of the surgeons, the importance of ventilation was stressed as well as the number of cubic feet of air space that was to surround each bed. Hospital buildings were to be placed on a large area of ground so that they might be widely separated from the administration building and barracks. The usual capacity was adequate for 25 to 60 men, one-story buildings with ceilings 10 to 14 feet high. The dispensary, storeroom, kitchen, and mess hall were usually inside or attached to the

building. Washrooms and bathrooms were also attached or built in, but the latrines were some distance away. Some posts put their sinks over a canal or stream and thus disposed of waste. The orderly might live in the building, but more often in a nearby tent or lean-to.

The equipment of the hospital was carried in the field in the hospital wagon, which was driven by the orderly and contained litters, folding cots, tents, restraining sets, surgeon's drugs, equipment and instruments. These instruments were stored in fitted wooden boxes, and by the time of the Civil War were quite complete.

In the annual surgeon's reports of 1868-1869, it is interesting to note that the number of personnel who became ill was about 150% of the garrison strength. The diseases reported were typhoid fever, malarial fever, diarrhea and dysentery, tonsillitis, epidemic catarrh, venereal disease, scurvy, rheumatism and catarrhal affections. This latter included laryngitis, bronchitis, pneumonia and pleurisy. The number of deaths averaged one per year per post.



Colorado—Forts & Indian Engagements.

Brandes, *Military Posts of Colorado*.

The first Colorado fort was Ft. Massachusetts, commissioned March 31, 1852, and established June 22, 1852. It was located about 6 miles north of the present Ft. Garland and was intended to protect the settlers in the San Luis Valley. It was poorly situated defensively and poorly constructed. More than 200 miles separated it from its supply sources, and the men suffered from lack of clothing and supplies. During the winters of 1853 and 1856 most of the troops were moved south into New Mexico. In 1856 construction on a new post was begun and the name was changed to Ft. Garland. A hospital was built of adobe and consisted of two 6-bed wards, a dispensary, lavatory and separate latrine. The adobe bricks had been improperly dried before the walls were built and the beams were too small and set too far apart. Soon when the building began to settle, the beams broke and the ceiling and walls had to be supported. The building was abandoned in 1877.

Ft. Wise, first named Ft. Fauntleroy, was commissioned June 30, 1860, and was located a short distance east of Bent's "New Fort of 1853." Major Sedgwick constructed the fort which had a 26-bed hospital. In 1866 the Arkansas River overflowed its banks and the fort was flooded out. A new site was selected some 20 miles east near the town of Las Animas, and a new fort constructed. Its name was changed to Ft. Lyon.

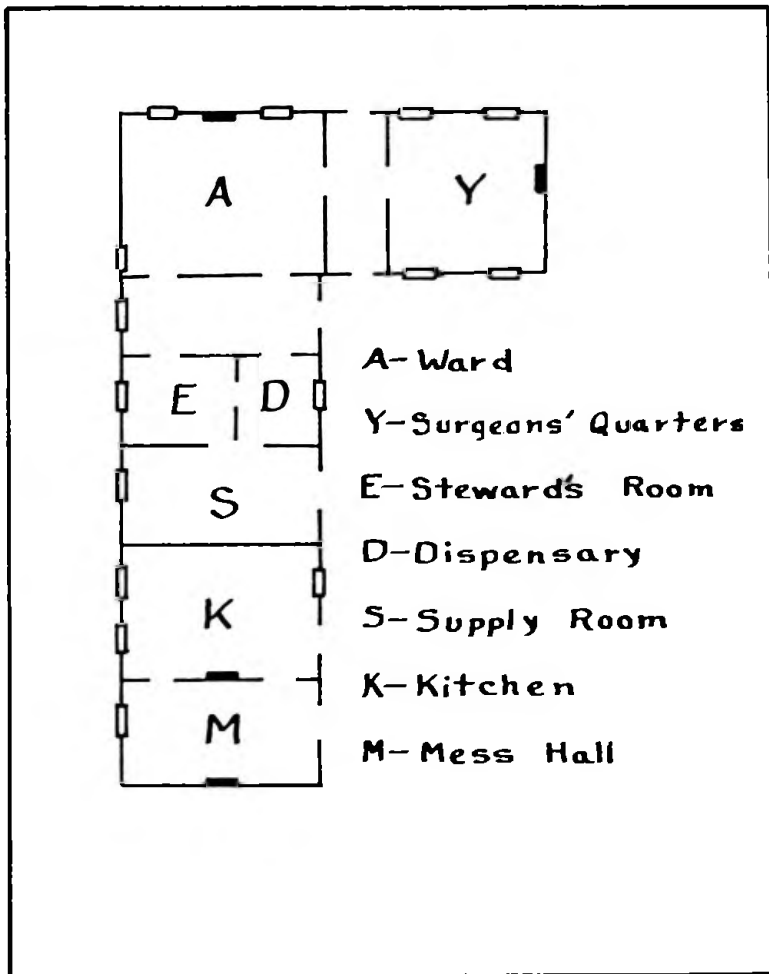
Ft. Lyon was first established on June 9, 1867. Temporary storehouses were constructed for the commissary and quartermaster. The first hospital consisted of one old hospital tent for a dispensary, a canvas ward 15 x 25 ft., and a canvas kitchen. The next hospital was located in a fine sandstone building in the middle of the fort and this later became the post headquarters. A third hospital consisted of an executive building and two wings built at right angles to the main building, one wing containing the patient ward while the other housed the mess hall, kitchen and attendants' room. Another patient ward was added a little later, each ward having a water closet and bathroom at one end, room for 12 beds, and a wardmasters room and linen room on the other end. It was here at Ft. Lyon that Kit Carson died on May 23, 1868. The house in which he lived and died has been rebuilt and today is a memorial chapel.

This post was abandoned in October 1889, and remained vacant until October 15, 1906, when it was again occupied as a United States Naval Hospital and remained such until 1922. It then became a tuberculosis sanatorium for the U.S. Health Service but in a few months was transferred to the Veterans Administration as a tuberculosis, general medicine and mental hospital. Since 1933 its principal function has been as a mental institution.

The Territory of Colorado was established on February 28, 1861, and in September, 1861, Camp Weld was established by Governor Gilpin. This small camp was located on the banks of the South Platte River near Denver and housed the First Regiment of Colorado Volunteers. The

for \$375,000.00, which the Government did not want to accept. Then, when a mounted unit was transferred to the infantry, there was a brief rebellion. Late in 1864, two devastating fires destroyed most of the camp buildings.

Camp Rankin in the northeast corner of the state was built in 1863 to protect the pioneer settlers, mail and passenger coaches, and freight wagons from the Indians. The original fort and almost all of the town of Julesburg were wiped out on January 7, 1865, by the Indians who had been aroused by the Sand Creek Massacre. The fort was moved, rebuilt, reinforced, and in November, 1865, was renamed Ft. Sedgwick.



Floor Plan—Fort Sedgwick Hospital.

Circular No. 4, War Department, Surgeon General's Office, Wash., D.C., Dec. 5, 1870, "A Report on Barracks and Hospitals with Descriptions of Military Posts."

The hospital of Ft. Sedgwick was an L-shaped adobe building measuring 28 x 100 ft., with a wing 28 x 32 ft. The height of all rooms was 10'6". It consisted of a ward 25 x 25 ft., and contained 10 beds, a dispensary, stewards room, kitchen, dining room, storeroom and surgeons quarters. There was no bath, washroom, or water closet attached to the building. It was here that Michael Beshoar, an Army doctor, first practiced medicine in Colorado. He left the Army, came to Denver, and then to Pueblo where he practiced medicine, started the Pueblo Chieftain newspaper, and opened the first drugstore in the state. He later went to Trinidad, Colorado and became a legend.

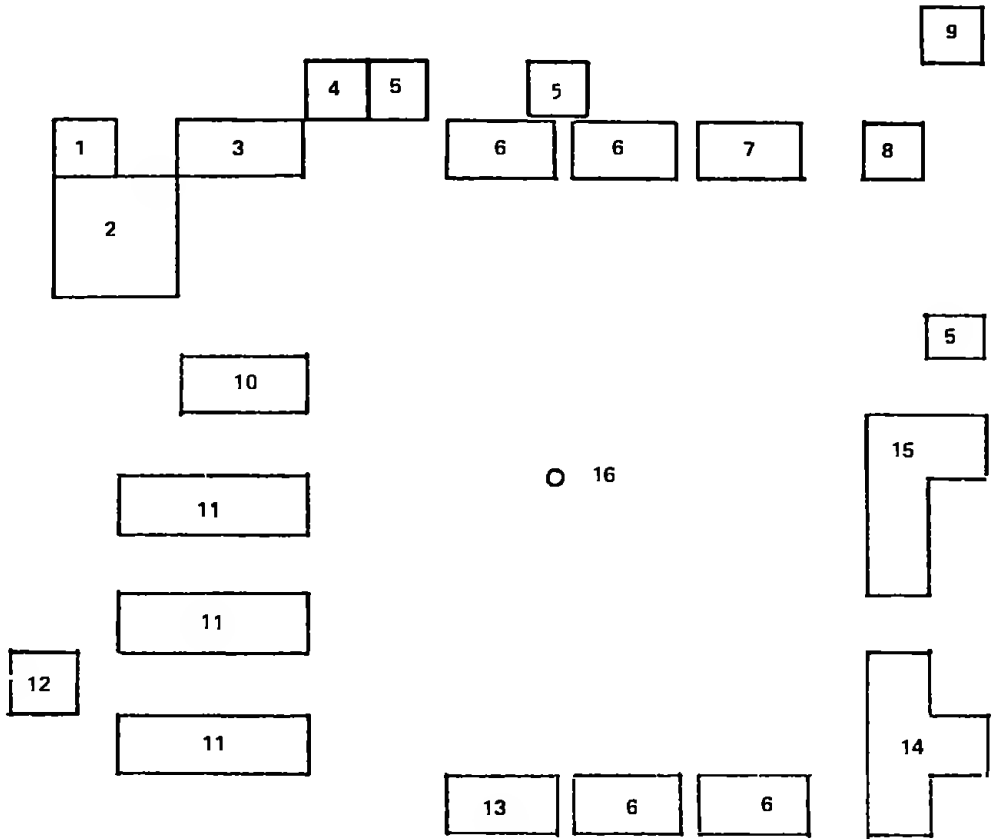
Since Camp Weld had been closed for 2 years, the citizens of Denver requested that another post be established in Denver. Finally in 1886, after 20 years, the Army was convinced that Denver was the most logical place to locate a permanent military installation and that several small outlying forts could be abandoned. Six hundred and forty acres of land were selected for the reservation. General Sherman picked a site 10 miles from the center of the city and the public lost no time in raising \$33,000.00 for the purchase of the land. The Army moved in on October 22, 1877, and complete construction required almost 7 years. First known as Ft. Sheridan, it was officially named Ft. Logan on April 5, 1889, in memory of General John A. Logan, an outstanding Union officer. The buildings, constructed of red brick, included a hospital consisting of two 42-bed wards with ceilings at a height of 14 ft. Records show the hospital was constructed in 1888 at a cost of \$19,865.00. Additions were made at various times until 1949 and it was torn down in the 1950's. The new hospital is now called the Ft. Logan Mental Health Center.

Other forts were Ft. Collins, Ft. Junction, and Ft. Morgan.

The first physician to practice in Denver was Dr. Levi Russell, in 1858. There were several more doctors in Denver in 1859, and by 1860 there was a fair complement in the Territory. In 1860 the Jefferson Medical Society was formed. One of its first acts was to adopt a code of ethics and establish a bill of rates.

History is gabled, but there seem to have been two "City Hospitals." The first as organized in January, 1860, by Dr. McDowell and was located between 19th and 20th on Larimer St. During the same year, Dr. J. F. Hamilton was appointed City Physician and opened a small hospital, also named City Hospital, in a house on 16th and Blake St. This was closed in 1861 when Dr. Hamilton returned east.

Other private hospitals would appear throughout the state as the need arose. A mining accident, or an epidemic, or even an uprising such as the Trinidad War of 1867 would necessitate small hospitals being opened, but with short lives. County poorhouses were started also and served as dispensaries and hospitals for periods of time. In 1862 Arapahoe County took over a 1½-story building on 11th St. as a poorhouse. In 1867 the



Layout of Fort Morgan drawn from a model of the fort on display in the Chamber of Commerce Building, Fort Morgan, Colorado

- | | |
|----------------------|---|
| 1. Hay stockade | 9. Guard house |
| 2. Corral | 10. Shops |
| 3. Horse stable | 11. Quartermaster stores |
| 4. Bakery | 12. Blacksmith |
| 5. Kitchens | 13. Sutler's store |
| 6. Company Quarters | 14. Officers' Quarters |
| 7. Hospital | 15. Command. Officer's Hq. |
| 8. Adjutant's Office | 16. Flag pole in center of parade ground. |

Layout of Fort Morgan.

Brandes, *Military Posts of Colorado.*

building was abandoned and a large building at 9th and Champa St. was procured and used as a county hospital. There was also a poor farm with an infirmary some distance south of the city and a larger poor home and infirmary at Henderson.

Early in 1873 the county bought three acres at the corner of 6th and Cherokee St. and built the first unit of what was to become Denver General Hospital.

In 1871, the Rev. Father Raverly, a pastor in Central City asked the Sisters of Leavenworth to conduct a hospital there. However, he was transferred to Denver and plans were dropped. Father Machebeuf became Catholic Bishop and requested the Sisters to open a hospital in Denver. In 1873 Mother Xavier agreed that the Sisters would rent a small house and open a hospital on a small scale until the magnificent building proposed by the Bishop could be built.

On Sunday morning, September 14, 1873, Sister Theodora McDonald, Sister Veronica O'Hara, and Sister Mary Clare Bergen arrived in Denver to serve at the hospital. A small brick house containing 6 rooms and a basement at Market St. between 25th and 26th St. was rented. That this location was near the 'red light' district did not concern the Sisters in the least. The next week they opened the institution first known as St. Vincent's. After one month, the building being inadequate, they were compelled to rent another smaller house and to add four Sisters to the staff. After a year they moved to the former St. James Hotel at 22nd and Blake St., where the rent was \$80.00 a month. Meanwhile a foundation for a new hospital was begun by the Bishop, who was so infatuated with his plans that the Sisters called it the 'Hotel Dieu.' It was to be five stories high and contain 50 rooms. However, it had to be abandoned due to the poor location as it was near the smelters and the foundation was below grade. A total of over \$10,000.00 was lost in this dream.

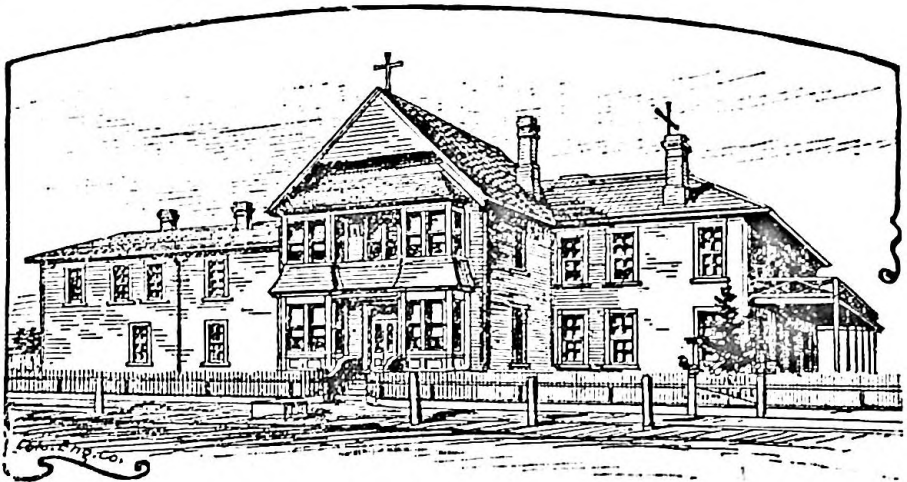


St. Joseph's Hospital, Denver.

Denver Public Library, Western History Department.

A subscription was taken up throughout the city and state for another hospital. Ex-Governor John Evans gave a city lot, which was sold for \$1,000.00 and Ex-Governor Gilpin and his wife gave Fractional Block 12, Park Avenue Addition. So it was that at 18th and Franklin St. St. Joseph's Hospital was erected in 1876. Dr. F. J. Bancroft and Dr. Justus were the first physicians.

While traveling to Denver by train, the first Sisters of St. Joseph's Hospital met a young priest from Leadville, a Father Robinson, who later petitioned the Mother House to send three Sisters to open a hospital in Leadville. In December, 1878, three Sisters arrived in Denver by train en route to Leadville. From Denver they boarded the A.T.&S.F. train for the first 17 miles, then traveled by stage coach, and by the second day, in -40 degree weather, were nearly frozen. That night was spent at a ranch and the third day a wagon bed with the wheels replaced by runners was used to travel the last 6 miles to Leadville. The Leadville people donated funds, W. H. Stevens donated lots, and Sister Mary Fischer, Francis Davy, and Bernard Pendergast selected the location for the hospital. A frame structure was begun immediately, and on March 1, 1879, a bitter cold night, a patient was brought in and laid upon some shavings. A workman boarded



*Sisters' Hospital, Leadville.
Denver Public Library, Western History Department.*

up the windows, hung a door or two, and the Sisters tended their first patient. He was a prospector who had become frozen while crossing the Mosquito Range and died four days later, with Father Robinson administering the last rites. Soon other cases came in, twenty seven measles cases at one time, and the census increased to 70 patients. Several more Sisters

were added to the staff, and in June 1879 the hospital had to be enlarged. Funds of \$4,000.00 were raised for an addition, which was to be "lathered, plastered, and painted." A porch was to be erected across the front of the old building and across the rear of the new one. A chapel, 12 x 29 ft. was included, as well as a laundry. The most common complaint of the patients was plumbism or lead poisoning, injuries, typhoid and frozen extremities.

Some types of hospitals had a stigma attached to them and little is written about them in the city histories.

The Institution for the Blind and Mute, Colorado Springs, was authorized by the Territorial Legislature in 1874, and by 1899 had 100 pupils.

The State Asylum for the Insane, Pueblo, was established on February 8, 1879. One large building was built and in 1893 additional buildings were needed and the cottage plan adopted. At the close of 1899 there were 316 males and 177 females in the Institution.

Other hospitals were being built throughout the mining country, among them Park County Hospital in Fairplay and St. Joseph's in Georgetown, 1880.

In 1881 St. Luke's Hospital was founded in Denver. Surely it was Mrs. Sarah Griswold Spalding who initiated and maintained the hospital, although it was her husband, John Franklin Spalding, Episcopal Bishop,



Grand View Hotel, 17th and Federal Blvd., Denver, housed St. Luke's Hospital from 1881 to 1891.

St. Luke's Hospital Historical Committee Papers.

who received the honor. In June, 1881 the Grand View Hotel on 20th and Federal St. was purchased for \$7,000.00. Most of the funds were raised by the Ladies' Hospital Aid Society. They furnished many of the items, such as dishes, bedding, food, furniture, and equipment. In 1888 a city ordinance was passed prohibiting the building of a hospital in the city limits, declaring such an institution to be a nuisance. This was directed at St. Luke's Hospital, which wanted to build a new hospital at 19th and Pearl St. Finally, in 1890, the court ruled that a hospital was not a nuisance and the cornerstone was laid on September 20. During the night someone painted the cornerstone black and the paint remained in the lettering for many years. The new building was dedicated on Oct. 18, 1892.

The first successful appendicitis operation was performed at St. Luke's Hospital. Many changes have taken place since its conception. It has been my privilege to have a small part in some of the changes and to see the progress and growth. The most recent is the consolidation with Presbyterian Hospital complex, which makes this the 7th largest hospital complex in the nation.

There was yet another class of hospitals to be opened in Colorado which were to have a tremendous impact upon the state. These were the tuberculosis sanatoriums. The first Colorado settlers noticed the warmth of the winters and that the extremes of heat and cold were relatively moderate. Several physicians said that the air, which was pure, stimulating, and dry, had a reduced capacity to conduct heat and electricity and therefore helped cure pulmonary diseases.

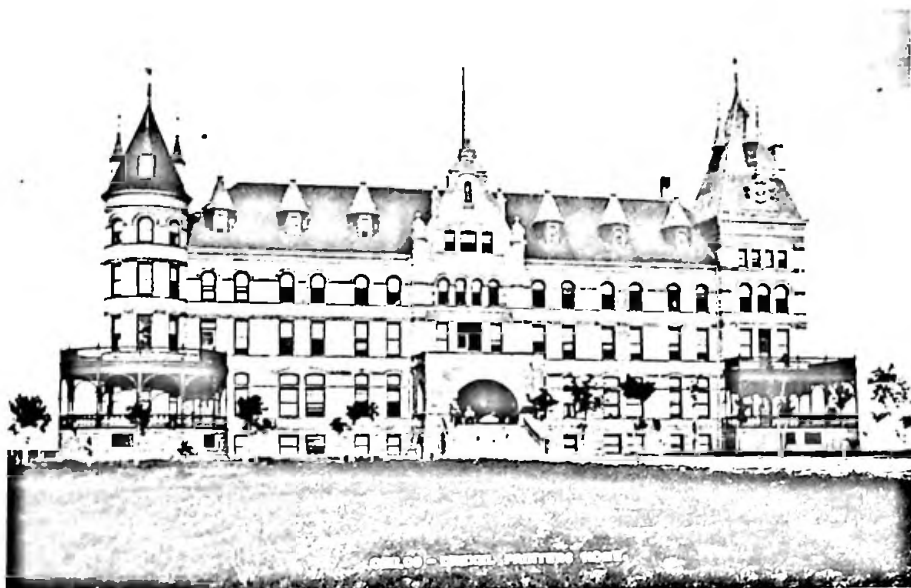
During the first years the sufferers were told to cross the plains slowly and halt for a week or two at various points in western Kansas to allow their lungs to adjust to the thin air. In 1883, a Denver physician, Charles Denison, joined in organizing the American Climatological Association. For two decades the Association encouraged scientific discussions of the Colorado climate. Americans flocked to Colorado, as well as many from abroad. Every November the asthmatics and consumptives fled the cold, dark winters of the east and filled Denver and Colorado Springs boarding houses. In the 70's and 80's, it was estimated that one-third of the population consisted of recovered invalids.

Physicians began to advise institutionalization, for tuberculosis was found to be contagious. Landlords then began rejecting newcomers' applications for rooms and employers slammed the doors in their faces. In 1889 Glockner Sanatorium was opened in Colorado Springs and in 1890 Mount Calm in Manitou Springs. The Union Printers Home in Colorado Springs was opened in 1892, to be followed by many other tubercular hospitals.

By 1899 there were 31 hospitals and sanatoriums operating in Colorado. There are now 110 hospitals belonging to the Colorado Hospital Association.



Glockner Sanitorium, Colorado Springs
Denver Public Library, Western History Department.



Union Printers Home, Colorado Springs.
Denver Public Library Western History Department.

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COLORADO HOSPITALS AND SANATORIUMS

<i>Name</i>	<i>Location</i>	<i>Founded</i>
St. Joseph's	Denver	1873
Denver County	Denver	1879
St. Vincent's	Leadville	1879
Park County	Fairplay	1880
St. Joseph's	Georgetown	1880
Minnequa	Pueblo	1880
St. Luke's	Denver	1881
St. Mary's	Pueblo	1882
Denver Rio Grande Railroad	Salida	1883
St. Joseph's	Ouray	1884
Santa Fe Railroad	La Junta	1884
Mercy	Durango	1884
Steele Memorial	Denver	1885
Fremont County	Canon City	1885
Cottage Home	Denver	1886
St. Francis	Colorado Springs	1887
St. Raphael's	Trinidad	1888
Glockner Sanatorium	Colorado Springs	1889
Mount Calm Sanatorium	Manitou Springs	1890
Telluride	Telluride	1890
Citizens'	Aspen	1890
Union Printers Home	Colorado Springs	1892
St. Anthony's	Denver	1892
Oakes Home	Denver	1894
St. Nicholas	Cripple Creek	1895
Larimer County	Ft. Collins	1895
Boulder Tubercular	Boulder	1896
Woodcroft	Pueblo	1896
University of Colorado	Boulder	1898
Park Avenue	Denver	1898
Sutherland's	Loveland	1898

MILITARY POSTS

	<i>Commissioned</i>	<i>Decommissioned</i>
Pike's Log Stockade	Feb., 1807	March, 1807
The Old Spanish Fort	1819	
Fort Massachusetts	March 30, 1852	June 24, 1858
Fort Garland	June 24, 1858	Oct. 2, 1883
Fort Wise	June 30, 1860	July 22, 1884
Camp Weld	Sept., 1861	1865
Fort Collins	Oct. 23, 1864	July 16, 1872
Fort Junction	Spring, 1864	
Fort Morgan	1864	1868
Fort Sedgwick	Sept., 1864	July 22, 1884
Fort Stevens	July, 1866	Sept. 26, 1866
Fort Reynolds	June 12, 1867	June 19, 1872
Fort Lyon	June 1, 1867	Oct., 1889
Camp Custer	Aug., 1877	Three days only
Cantonment on White River	Oct. 11, 1879	July 12, 1883
Fort Crawford (Cantonment on the Uncompahgre)	May 31, 1880	July 22, 1884
Fort Lewis	Feb. 17, 1879	1891
Fort Logan	Oct. 26, 1887	To date
Camp Adams	May 1, 1889	May 17, 1889





GOOD READING FOR WRANGLERS



THE GREAT PLATTE RIVER ROAD: The Covered Wagon Mainline Via Fort Kearny to Fort Laramie, by Merrill J. Mattes. Nebraska State Historical Society *Publications* Vol. XXV (Second Edition) 1969:1979. 538 Pages, Paperback, Price \$8.95.

This is a big book! Although its almost 600 pages contribute to that impression, it is "big" in other ways. It is "big" because it and its author have received the *Wrangler Award*—from the National Cowboy Hall of Fame; the *Award of Merit*—from the American Association for State and Local History; and the *Silver Spur*—from the Western Writers of America. It is "big" because of the prodigious amount of research which went into the compilation of the primary sources which make up the main body of the narrative in *The Great Platte River Road*.

This is a second edition of the original work which was published in 1969 as Volume XXV of *The Nebraska State Historical Society Publications*. The First Edition, hardbound and in a print run of 7,500 copies, has been sold out for some time. This new Second Edition, soft bound, has an attractive wrap-around painting on its cover. (Incidentally, if you own a copy of the First Edition hang onto it as a good investment—First Edition copies have more than doubled in value during the past few years.)

The author has chosen as his scene a circumscribed part of the Overland Trail and a limited period of time, concentrating on a portion of the Overland Trail between Fort Kearny and Fort Laramie and the period between 1841 and 1866. During this twenty five year period, just before the coming of the railroad, approximately 350,000 "covered wagon" emigrants went up the Platte River corridor.

Although the book's concentration is on the main stem route between Fort Kearny and Fort Laramie, the author places the "great migration" in proper perspective in the first five chapters: "The Platte: Grand Corridor of Westward Expansion," "The

Great Migration," "Elephants of the Platte," "The Jumping Off Places," and "Approaches to the Nebraska Seacoast." By the time the reader reaches Fort Kearny, at the upper end of Grand Island, he has learned the various threads of movement from the "river towns" such as Independence, Westport Landing, St. Joseph, Weston, and Council Bluffs, as well as the cultural make up of the horde of emigrants who pushed American settlement to the Pacific. One would be hard put to find a better summary of the physical and cultural characteristics of the westward movement than is contained in these first five chapters—and this is only a prelude to the main course which follows.

Throughout the book Mattes employs a narrative method employed by the writers of great fiction. Tolstoy, Flaubert, Trollope, Dickens, Melville, Hemingway told their stories through the words and thoughts of their characters. In the best fiction the author makes no intrusion of his own thoughts, interpretations, or explanations on the narrative unless he is one of the protagonists. In the case of history, where the historian was not a participant in the events, the closer he, the historian, can come to the fiction writer's methods, the more realistic and true to its environment the result is likely to be. Mattes has produced a great piece of historiography in *The Great Platte River Road*.

Among the 350,000 or so emigrants who went up the Platte between 1841 and 1866, some 700 kept diaries or narratives which have been preserved or published. This great store of raw material has been carefully mined to present an authentic first hand report of the great migration. This is not to say that only 700 covered wagon emigrants kept such narratives. The eventual count, which is not yet completed, may exceed 800 or more. Undoubtedly, many such documents are still locked up in family archives, hidden in packets of letters stashed in attics in California, New England, or the Midwest, and not a few have been lost forever to the ravages of time and carelessness. Mattes has used excerpts from more than 700 of these

first-hand eye witness narratives to describe every conceivable aspect of the "Great Platte River Road." Since some journals have been quoted more than once, a total of more than three thousand separate quotations are found in the book.

The quotations have been woven skillfully into a smooth flowing narrative which provides a colorful, authentic, first hand account of the covered wagon migration. The reader receives his impressions of how it was from the words of the emigrants themselves. This is an opportunity to live vicariously the epic crossing of the continent as though you were "rough-locking" your own wagon down Windlass Hill into Ash Hollow, or climbing up Courthouse Rock to cut your initials in the soft mudstone near the summit, or marveling at the spectacular symmetry of Chimney Rock.

As a further bonus, one sees the trail not through the eyes of a single traveler during a specific year, but through the eyes of almost 700 emigrants who travelled during many seasons in all sorts of circumstances. The reader is not confined to the experiences of a single traveler such as Francis Parkman, John Townsend, Narcissa Whitman, Lt. Charles C. Freemont, or John Bidwell, but is regaled with a synthesis of all of their experiences. Likewise, the biases of a single historian are mitigated by drawing from many interpreters of the western migration.

The Great Platte River Road contains a generous sprinkling of well-reproduced photographs, contemporary drawings and paintings from traveler's accounts, and well researched maps of each section of the Road tied to the modern land survey grid of townships, ranges, and sections. The maps have been carefully drafted from data supplied by Merrill J. Mattes and Paul Henderson.

The bibliography of 49 pages is divided into two sections: A. Overland narratives and other primary sources, and B. secondary sources. List A gains enhanced utility by showing "the year of the overland passage or period of interest." This is by far the most impressive bibliography the reviewer has seen on this aspect of the westward movement. As if this were not enough, there is a well planned Index.

The Great Platte River Road is the "handbook to end all handbooks" of the first 600 miles, or so, of the great Western migration route. But it is more than a handbook. Besides displaying the handiwork of meticulous historical research, it contains powerful passages of literary value mixed with the halting expressions of barely articulate wayfarers. The author has sublimated most of his editorial prerogatives in order to allow the quoted journals and narratives to serve as the powerful voice of a pioneering, but not always literary, people carrying America's "manifest destiny" to the shores of Oregon and California, and the mines of Colorado.

This reviewer would be tempted to offer Xenophon's *Anabasis* or *Homer's Odyssey* for comparison with *The Great Platte River Road*, were not one the journal of an abandoned general in a strange land, the other an epic poem, and both more than two milleniums old.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.



Black Pioneers: A History of a Pioneer Family in Colorado Springs, by Dorothy Bass Spann, as told to Inez Hunt. Little London Press, Colorado Springs, 1978, \$2.50

This 40-page pamphlet is a delight. It starts with the story of the author's grandfather, born a slave in Virginia about 1839, dying 84 years later in Colorado Springs. ("Since he was an excellent cook, he was never out of work.") The author's mother, Mozie, played not only classical music on the piano but she "put all the rhythm of our people into her strong, nimble fingers to evoke a happy, hand-clapping, finger-snapping, toe-tapping, fun-time for the family." Mozie married Jesse Bass, brought from Missouri to train General Palmer's horses at Glen Eyrie. Their daughter, Dorothy, married Ray Spann, who worked for the Johnson Pontiac Company in Colorado Springs for 50 years. They were members of the Methodist Church and of the Unity Council, helping to

put the first black teacher in the schools and the first black cab driver on the streets of Colorado Springs.

The pamphlet is full of scenes hard to forget, like the young slave tied loosely to a tree trying to dodge blows from a whip; and scenes easy to remember. These include two ex-slaves dancing the fandango at Fort Union, New Mexico; Buckskin Charley of the Utes, taking a beaded belt from his daughter to give to Dorothy, granddaughter of his friend Charlie Robinson; at Glen Eyrie, little Dorothy watching her father train "the Moor," and peering into the stables where the horses had blankets of red plaid with gold trim and scarlet monograms; and the Christmas that General Palmer, propped up by pillows next to the Christmas tree, announced "I want Jesse Bass's baby and China Jim's little boy to come to the tree first for their gifts."

Jesse Bass had often told General Palmer he should not ride "loose-legged" on mountain trails, and the trainer always said General Palmer's accident was "needless." Certainly these stories of Glen Eyrie are from a point of view not found elsewhere.

The expert hand of Inez Hunt shows not only in the editing and proofreading, but in the physical make-up of the pamphlet. The Little London Press should be proud.

Louisa Arps, C.M.



Apache Agent, The Story of John P. Clum, by Woodworth Clum; University of Nebraska Press, 1978; (\$4.25)

This Bison Book reprint of the original, first published in 1936, is nicely done with legible type and interesting illustrations. It is the story of John P. Clum, born in 1851 on a New England farm, who came west to Santa Fe in 1871, traveling by railroad to Kit Carson, Colorado, and then by stage coach since the end-of-track for the Santa Fe Railroad was then at Trinidad. Clum was a weather observer for the Federal govern-

ment for two years when, to his great surprise, he was offered the position of Indian Agent at the San Carlos Reservation, Arizona. The Apaches, for whom the reservation was maintained, were constantly on the war-path and it was impossible for the Bureau of Indian Affairs to keep an agent. The offer presented a challenge to Clum and he accepted.

During the ensuing four years Clum changed the character of his 4500 Apaches. He established a system of justice for the Apaches much like our own with Apache policemen and Apache judges who enforced the rules laid down for the reservation. Clum resigned because of policy differences with officials of the Bureau who were aided and abetted by business men of Arizona who were more interested in lucrative contracts to supply the troops needed to maintain "peace" outside of the San Carlos reservation than in solving the Indian problem. Chaos on the reservation followed Clum's departure to the newly established town of Tombstone where he founded the famed *Tombstone Epitaph* which he edited for many years. He explained his choice of a name for his newspaper by saying "No tombstone is really complete without an epitaph". Clum died in 1932 at eighty years of age.

There can be no doubt of the authenticity of Clum's story, which sounds incredible, since it has been thoroughly checked and rechecked. It is a most interesting account and fine reading—told largely from the Indian's point of view. I found the first hundred pages rather hard going but at that point the style changes completely to make a most engrossing account. This is source material for anyone who wishes to understand the character and appreciate the many fine qualities of the Apaches, and to put the famed Geronimo into his niche in history.

Al Nutt



BUNKHOUSE BANTER

Now that the fall school term is well under way, the following is presented with the kind permission of the author, who now resides in Durango, Colorado. It originally appeared in *UP THE HEMLINE* (*Being a true account of one hundred years of classroom experiences in Colorado*), Margaret J. Lehrer, Editor, 1975, Williams and Field, Inc., Colorado Springs, Colorado.

THE KNOT HOLE INCIDENT

By
Ruth Rathmell

My father-in-law, William Rathmell, told me this tale of Cow Creek School (east of Ridgway) in which he once taught. It seems that sometime about 1888 the school board serving the Cow Creek School was faced with a real problem: they could find no teacher for their school. At that time all the boys in the area attended school regularly only in winter, after the fall roundup was over and crops had been harvested. When the spring ranch work began, they would drop out to help at home. Consequently, many of the male students were pretty well grown before they had enough of the "three R's" to leave school permanently.

One winter there were a number of young men in attendance. They were strong and sturdy, and in the spirit of mischief, they had run off a couple of teachers by playing practical jokes on them. One young school-mistress left in hysterics after they stood her on her head in the corner of the room!

On a blustery autumn day in 1888, the president of the school board was approached at his home by a man of small stature and modest manner. He stated that he would like to be considered for the position of teacher at the Cow Creek School. The school board president looked at the little man skeptically.

"You know the trouble we've had here this past year?" he demanded. The applicant said

quietly that he did. The board president said, bluntly, "We have some good-sized boys in this school. Excuse me, but you don't seem very well equipped to handle them!"

"All I'm asking," said the mild gentleman, "is a trial. If I cannot manage the job, you won't owe me a dime."

Somewhat reluctantly the member agreed. "Show up Monday morning and we'll see."

News travels fast even on sparsely traveled country roads. The following Monday the one-room frame school house (which still stands today) was filled to overflowing with an assortment of pupils from six to twenty years of age. The small soft-spoken teacher was seated at his desk. He nodded a greeting as the pupils assembled. The older boys exchanged amused glances as they sized up the little man's possibilities, but with an outward show of docility, they picked out the biggest desks and sat down. In some cases it was a tight squeeze!

"Nine o'clock!" suddenly the teacher's voice boomed out with an unexpected note of command. "I think all of you know I'm the new teacher. This is my job and I aim to keep it." With a sudden movement of his right hand he produced a six shooter and laid it on the desk. A gasp of astonishment went around the room. In another instant, his left hand produced a companion gun which he laid beside the other. The room quieted into absolute silence.

"Now then, in case you think I can't handle these—observe the knot hole just above the back window." All eyes turned at once in that direction. The entire assembly jumped at the thunderous report of a pistol. When the smoke had cleared, a bullet hole appeared dead center in the half-dollar sized knot hole.

"I aim to teach you young ones the best way I know how," came the calm voice of the small man at the desk. "You can't teach where there's unruliness and confusion. We'll have neither here! Write your names and the grade you last attended on the sheet of paper I will pass around. School's in session!"

This was reported to be one of the most successful terms ever taught at Cow Creek.

The pupils not only respected the quiet gentleman, but they came to love him dearly. Despite their protestations, when the end of the school year arrived, the modest little man packed his few belongings in his duffel bag and moved on "farther west" never to be heard of again.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Continued from page 2

and payments will be inaugurated at the beginning of the new year.

Annual membership dues are payable on the 1st of January. The amounts are:

Corresponding members \$10.00
Posse Members \$15.00

Because of the cost of second and subsequent billings, no further notices will be mailed. All members, however, will be carried on the rolls until the first of March. Thereafter, if dues have not been paid, names will be stricken from the membership lists, and defaulting members will cease to receive the ROUNDUP and meeting notices.

A return envelope for your convenience in paying annual dues will be included in the December, 1979, issue of the ROUNDUP which should be in the mail by the third week in January.

Dues are payable to:
Denver Westerners
R.A. Ronzio, Tallyman,
P.O. Box 344,
Golden, CO 80401

We hope the holidays are/have been a pleasant interlude and may we wish a good year for all in 1980.

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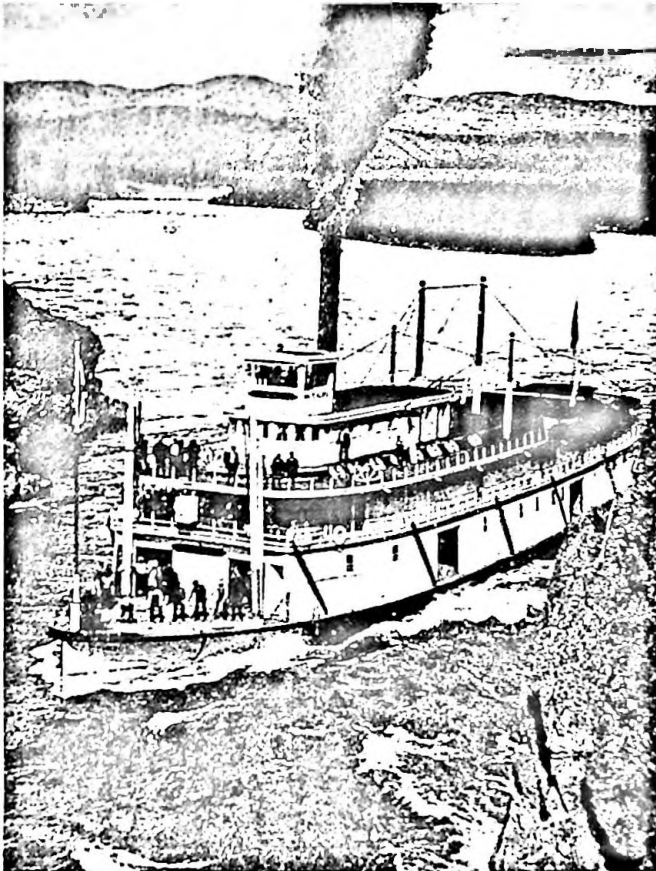
The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1979

VOLUME XXXV No. 6

IN THIS ISSUE
STEAMBOATS ON
THE YUKON
By Jack Morison, P.M.



Yukon Archives
WHITEHORSE—Five Finger Rapids—1901.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

IN MEMORIAM

Another empty saddle in the Denver Posse is that of Dr. Martin Rist.

Rist was 82 at the time of his death, the last week in November. He was a long time member of the Denver Posse, where, amongst other accomplishments, he served as Editor of the Silver Edition of the Brand Book (1969). Before his retirement, Rist was for 31 years a professor of New Testament at the Iliff School of Theology, where he also served for awhile as Librarian. Rist was educated at Northwestern University (Phi Beta Kappa), the University of Chicago, and had also received a degree from the Iliff School of Theology.

Rist was a prominent writer and church historian. One of his fields of special interest was the history of the Methodist Church during the pioneer period in the American West.

He is missed by the Denver Posse.

* * * * *

Dick Ronzio, our energetic Tallyman, will be out of the country serving as a visiting research expert in Brazil, during the next two months. He will be in Belo Horizonte, putting to work his past experience at the AMAX laboratory. He will be helping the Brazilians develop new recovery and flotation techniques for use on a large newly-discovered deposit of bornite, a common iron-copper ore. Mrs. Ronzio will accompany him.

* * * * *

I have enjoyed putting the ROUNDUP together during the past year. May I apologize for getting out the 4th and 5th issues so late. The press of other duties almost overwhelmed us in November and December, but now we seem to be catching up. The 6th issue will be out in another week or two, so that we can turn the editorship over to our new Registrar of Marks and

Continued on Page 32

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STEAMBOATS ON THE YUKON

by

Jack L. Morison, P.M.

(Presented to the Denver Posse of the Westerners
on September 26, 1979)

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Introduction:

I feel an explanation is in order as to why a native of Colorado who has a great love of Colorado history is giving a paper on an area that is more than three thousand miles away to the northwest. For twenty-five years my main interest in history has been focused on Colorado railroads. That topic has nourished sub-topics of ghost towns, mining areas, book collecting, photography, mountain climbing, Indian battles, and all the rest that have made me a man of many hobbies or interests and master of none.

Several years ago in attempting to track down the disposal of every steam locomotive the Denver and Rio Grande ever owned, I discovered that in 1941, seven of the 470 class were sent to Skagway, Alaska, along with some other Colorado equipment, to be used on the "White Pass and Yukon Railway." From that time on I had the desire to somehow get to Skagway and see what was left. In 1967 the Ghost Town Club of Colorado went to Alaska and rode the train from Skagway to Whitehorse. After checking into our motel at Whitehorse, we looked out the window to see two huge stern-wheeler river boats right outside, and off we raced to explore. If I wasn't hooked then, I was four years later when I spent the better part of the day roaming through the rotting hulks of nine steamers in the old shipyards at Dawson City.

This paper is long, but by no means is it complete. So far I have collected information on one hundred fifty of the 250 boats that were used on the river. In no way will you be subjected to the complete data on 150 boats tonight. Next summer my wife and I plan to float from Whitehorse to Dawson City. Some day we would like to visit St. Michael on the Bering Sea. Thus the interest, and here is the topic

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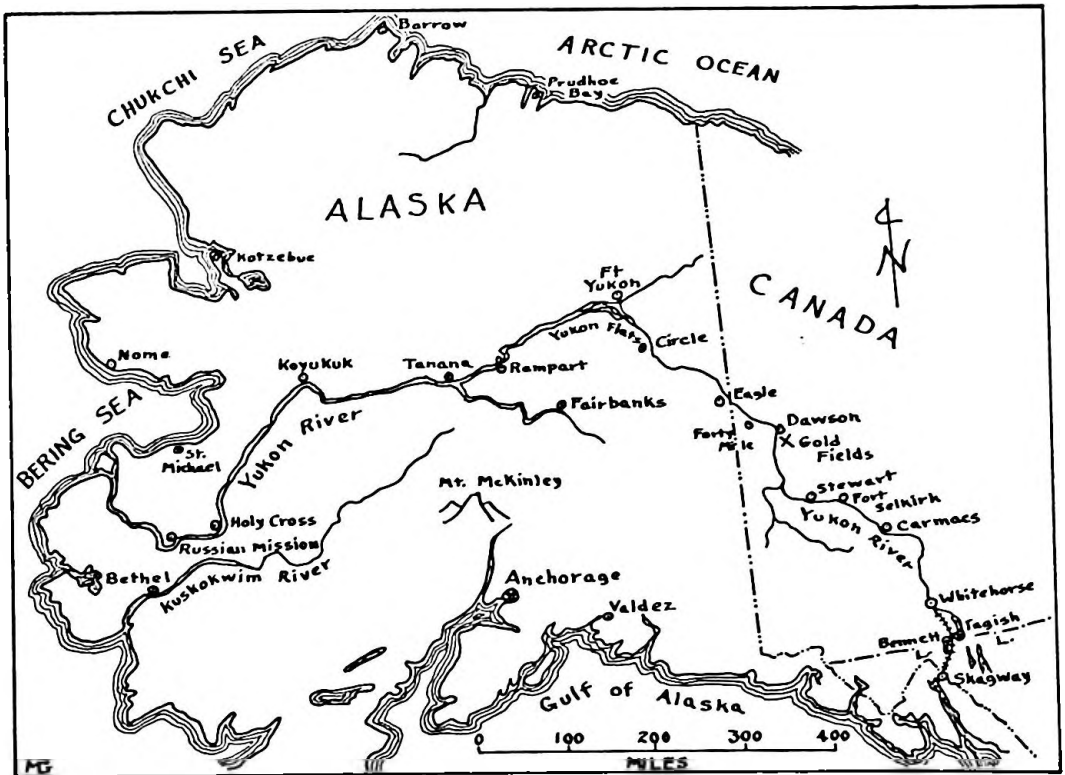
Perhaps this story should begin with the entry of the first steamboat into the mouth of the Yukon River from Norton Sound on the Bering Sea and conclude with the winching onto the ways of the last steamer to be used

upon these waters. But, like the mighty Yukon river that continually cuts new channels, sometimes swift, but often meandering, partly clear but mostly muddy, this paper will follow a similar course and wander chronologically both with and against the current of events.

Let's then go on the afternoon of September 27, 1897, to the mining camp of Dawson City, Yukon Territory. A year earlier this site was but a wide, swampy piece of ground called the Moose Pasture where the Klondike River empties into the Yukon. At that time, August 16, 1896, gold was discovered a few miles up a tributary of the Klondike called Bonanza Creek and created what has come to be known as the "Worlds Last Great Gold Rush." The whole story of that race for gold is beyond the scope of this paper, but parts of the rush are directly responsible for the mighty fleet of steamboats that were soon to ply the Yukon's waters. Although it was not until the summer of 1898 that Dawson City was to see its peak population of thirty to perhaps fifty thousand people, a few thousand had arrived during the late summer and fall of 1897. Later on no man, woman, or child could pass into the Yukon Territory without one years' provisions of goods. This was determined as one ton per person including thirteen hundred pounds of food. Those first few thousand in, however, did not have this rule and most arrived at Dawson City with little more than a few days, or at the most, weeks of goods to survive. Several steamers had made it up-river to Dawson that summer, but by fall the warehouses were nearly empty and unless more supplies were brought in before the river froze, a winter of starvation lay ahead. And so, on that afternoon of September 27, the river bank was crowded with the entire population because word has just been given that a boat was coming up stream. Ice had already started to form along the shore and there was a chill in the air. The expectation of a steamboat was soon shattered when around the bend came a small rowboat containing three men. In the tiny craft was a Captain Hanson and two Indian scouts who had volunteered weeks earlier to go downstream in search of aid or news of relief. Captain Hanson stepped ashore to inform the waiting crowd that they had traveled down river over three hundred miles and returned to tell them that there would be no more boats that season. They had better get out or face a winter of freezing and starvation. Within the hour the Northwest Mounted Police posted an order to the same effect and pandemonium broke loose. The choices were quite bleak. Stay and face probable starvation, go down river in small boats fifteen hundred miles to the Bering Sea and hope to find passage on an ocean steamer, or try to make it upriver five hundred miles and then hike the thirty some miles over the coastal range to tidewater at the new and fast growing settlement of Skagway, Alaska. The river was slowly freezing with a wider band of ice along the shore each day. River travel contained the almost certain possibility of being caught in the ice and having to winter it out before reaching either the headwaters or the river's mouth. Neverthe-

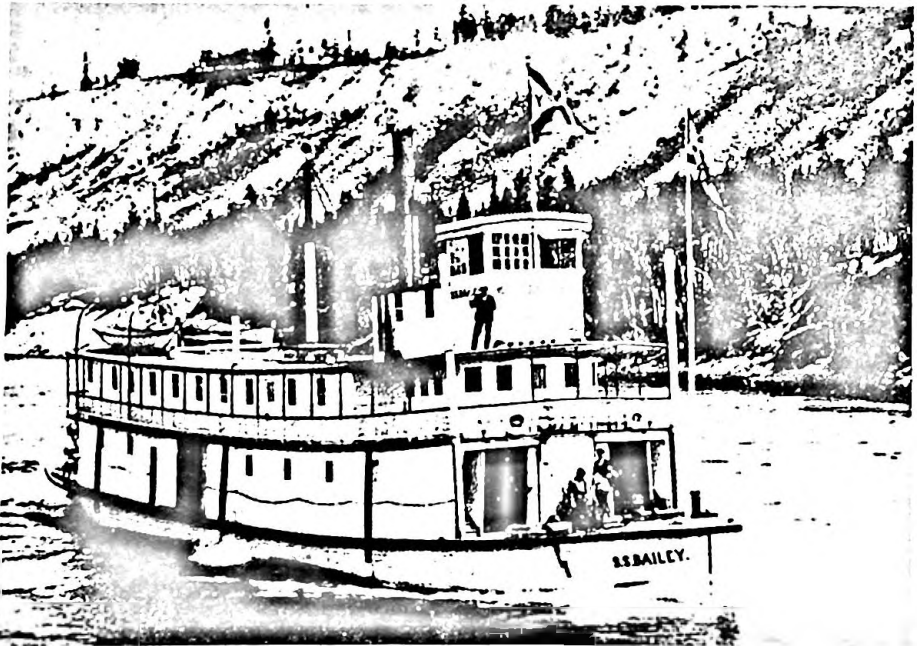
less, several hundred persons shoved off from shore before nightfall.

This was the scene when three days later on September 30, the early morning crystal air was blasted by the screaming whistle of the PORTUS B WEARE and followed a few hours later by the little steamer BELLA. These two boats had paddled fifteen hundred miles up river, in snowstorms and against flowing ice, to rescue the men of Dawson. At this point it would be nice if one could say that the problem was solved. Unfortunately the cargoes of these ships contained mostly whiskey and barroom supplies. But after unloading, the boats were loaded to the guards with all the men they could hold and shoved off downstream. The steamers made it downriver as far as Circle City where there were supplies, but there they were frozen in for the winter. Although the rescue was not the success that was hoped, no event on the subject of steamboating on the Yukon River exemplifies courage and dedication to their job more than the valiant effort of the rivermen of the PORTUS B WEARE and the BELLA, bucking all odds and risking their own lives to help save others. This was the breed of men, and it's the story of them and their boats that will be examined now. It should be added that that winter in Dawson was severe but there is no record of any death by starvation.



Yukon Country.

The Yukon is one of the great rivers of the world, the fourth largest in North America. Its source is debatable, but for the purpose of this topic it starts fifteen miles from the Pacific Ocean along the divide of the Coastal Range above Skagway. It then travels in a northwest direction twenty-one hundred miles to the Bering Sea where its mouth is some eighty miles wide as it empties into Norton Sound. At that point, forty miles out from shore, it is only ten feet deep. Upriver from its delta it is over fifty feet deep in places and honeycombed with sandbars that sometimes are only slightly damp on the surface. In navigating these sandbars, some river boat captains used to say, "If there is dew on the grass, we will get across." Five hundred miles upstream it is still over a mile wide and it drains a total area of 330,000 square miles. During the steamboat era, the navigation season lasted from mid-June to sometimes mid-October. In the spring when the ice goes out, the sound can be heard for fifteen miles as the ice flows about one hundred miles a day. The crew of the steamboat *NEW RACKET* was made aware of the power of this river and its ice during the spring breakup of 1898. The boat was on a backwater away from the main current waiting for favorable navigation conditions when an ice jam a few miles downstream caused the river to back up. The river rose twenty feet in five minutes and then went out with a roar. The *NEW RACKET* was deposited, with a stump through its bottom, some four hundred yards from the shore up in the timber where what remains of it is said to rest to this day.



Walter Curtin—*Yukon Voyage*—Caxton
SS BAILEY—Yukon River—1900.

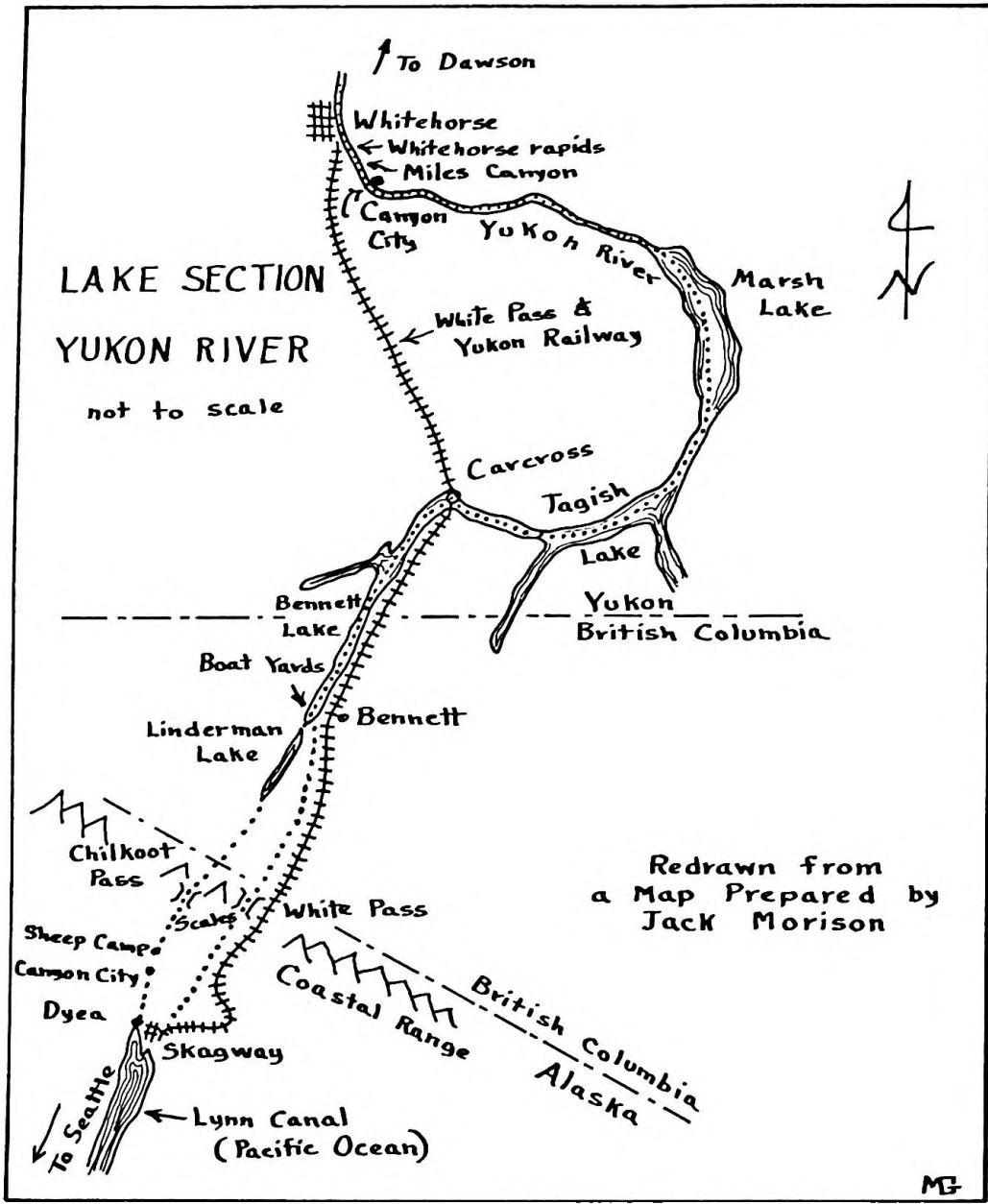
For steamboat operations the river was divided into three sections; lake, upper, and lower river. The lake section started at Bennett Lake, British Columbia, where knocked-down steamboats such as the BAILEY, AUSTRALIAN, ZEELANDIAN, NORA, FLORA, AND ORA were hauled in over the White or Chilkoot Passes and reassembled on the lake shore. Eight decades later the ruins and remains of the shipyard at Bennett Lake are still visible for anyone wanting to take about a half-mile hike from the Bennett railway station. The boats traveled thirty-two miles north on the beautiful waters of Bennett Lake, then exited through the outlet called the Nares River to Tagish Lake. At the outlet there is a small village called Carcross (short for Caribou Crossing) where the steamboat TUTSHI (Too-shy) rests at this writing.

From Tagish Lake a channel continues on to Marsh Lake, both some twenty miles in length, and then some twenty more miles to Miles Canyon and Whitehorse rapids. Just above Miles Canyon was a settlement called Canyon City. This was the terminus for the lake section because once they started down stream from this point steamers could get through but could not return. In the gold rush, Whitehorse Rapids, since dammed and tamed, was the supreme test of the boatman's skill. Many a small boat and life was lost in this treacherous section. Because many a man carried his goods around the rapids, soon a tram-type railway with wooden rails was built to help with these portages. A town sprang up below the rapids which is today the city of Whitehorse, capitol of the Yukon Territory.

At Whitehorse the upper section of steamboat navigation commenced. From the docks and wharves of Whitehorse for over half a century riverboats started for Dawson and other downriver ports. Dawson is 460 miles from Whitehorse. The river is swift but calm except for Five Finger Rapids at mile 224. This is not to say that it is free of hazards because each captain still had the worry of being stranded on a sandbar, the boat bottom ripped open by submerged rocks, or having his pilot house knocked to kingdom come by an overhanging tree called a sweeper.

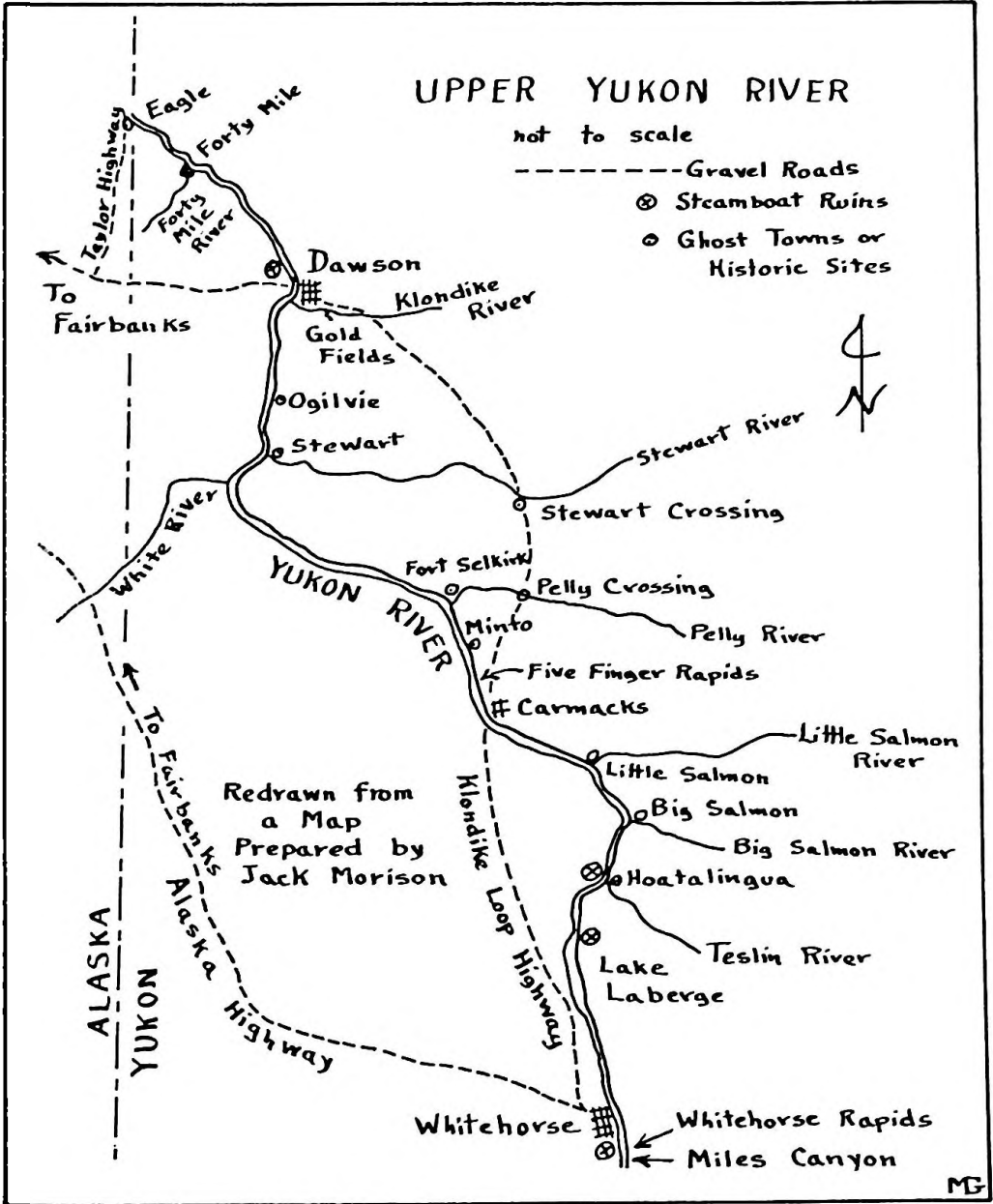
For twenty-eight miles below Whitehorse the river meanders with a current of about five miles per hour. At mile twenty-eight it enters Lake Labarge. (Made famous from the Robert Service poem, "The Cremation of Sam McGee.") Lake Labarge was navigated by the steamers with ease across its thirty mile length. The major problem with this body of water was it was the last section to remain frozen in the spring and all navigation had to wait for the ice to go out. From Lake Labarge to Dawson it was river all the way.

Five Finger Rapids posed no problem going down stream, but coming against the current, a tow line had to be hooked to the shore above the rapids. Working at full steam, the paddle thrashed the water and shoved while a winch on the bow reeled in the cable and pulled. It is said that when some steamboats were on the verge of not making it, the safety valve was



Lake Section—Yukon River.

tied down and anything that would burn hot (slabs of bacon were always a favorite) was thrown into the firebox to give that extra effort to get through. A few boats could get up the rapids without the aid of the cable much to the chagrin of the others.



Upper Yukon River.

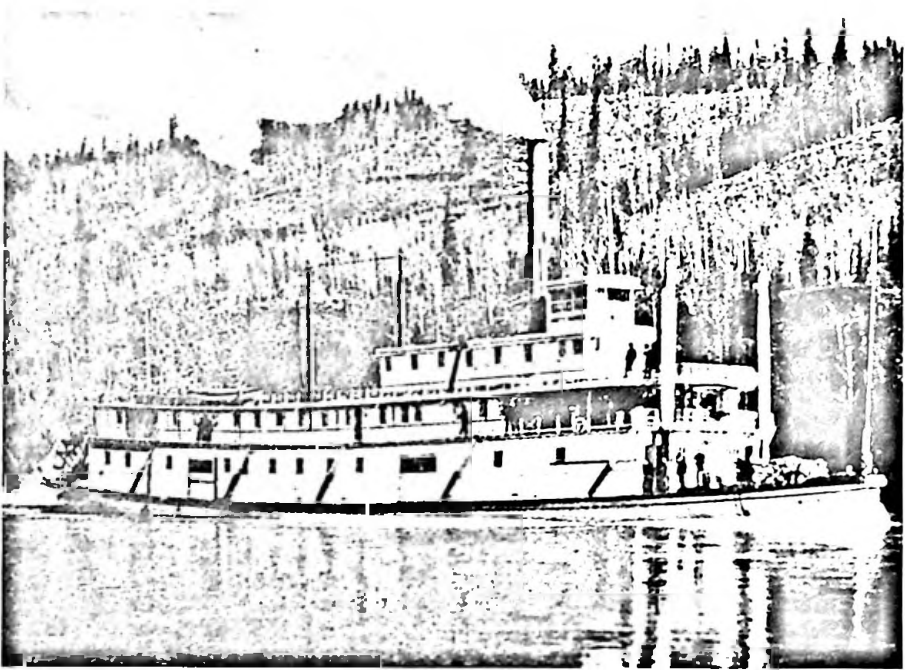
The lower section was fifteen hundred miles of river from Dawson to St. Michael on the Bering Sea. This section for a short period of time was the major route of most cargoes to the goldfields. St. Michael, the nearest ocean port to the Yukon but still seventy miles from the river's mouth, was

the jumping-off point for up-river travel. Many a steamer left St. Michael only to cross seventy miles of open water and heavy seas to get stuck, sometimes for weeks, on a sandbar at the river's mouth. Passengers would get off and go for walks on the sand beside their boat while watching other steamers who had found a deeper channel, pass them by and head for the gold fields.

An example of a St. Michael departure for up-stream travel was written by Frederick W. Herms about his 1910 adventure. "After discharging most of the passengers and perishable freight, (at Nome), we crossed Norton Sound and proceeded to St. Michael. Here we transferred to the Yukon riverboat SEATTLE III and were delayed for two days while freeing the boat from the shore ice. In the meantime the steamship VICTORIAN arrived from Seattle giving us additional passengers and freight. Then the SEATTLE III, pushing two heavily loaded barges, ran on a submerged mudbank at Kotlik near the mouth of the Yukon which brought another day's delay in order to float her again. The riverboat RELIANCE on her way to points on the upper Koyakuk River then passed us. We had further trouble in locating the channel in the Innoko flats, and also experienced the misfortune of losing a passenger overboard in the upper Innoko when he attempted to leap from the ship to the barge. He disappeared so quickly in the cold water that any attempt to rescue him was futile." Thus was life on the river. The remains of the SEATTLE III can still be explored in the boat yards at Dawson as of the summer of 1978.

Although the rush of "98" brought the great numbers of steamboats, over two hundred and fifty during the ninety-one years of river navigation, the earliest record of a boat on the Yukon was the little steamer YUKON which paddled up the river's mouth, after spending one day stuck on the delta, on July 4, 1869. This small vessel was built in San Francisco that year and hauled to St. Michael. It was forty-nine feet long and twelve feet beam. It was owned by the Alaska Commercial Company (further mention of this company will be by the initials ACC) and used to compete with the already established Hudson Bay Company. The YUKON, one of several with that name, plied the river until it broke up as the ice went out on May 19, 1888. During the summer of 1869 the little YUKON paddled up river as far as Fort Yukon, a settlement above the Arctic Circle on the confluence of the Yukon and Porcupine river that flows in from the north. The second steamer was the ST. MICHAEL which was built a decade later in 1879 and used by the Western Fur and Trading Company. In 1882, the forementioned NEW RACKET was built by a wealthy prospector from Arizona named Ed Schaffelin. He used it one summer and sold it to the ACC. The YUKON, ST. MICHAEL, and NEW RACKET were all small boats of not over seventy feet in length and it was not until 1889 that the fourth boat, and twice as big, ARCTIC was built for the ACC. This boat built up the record of traveling 14,000 miles of river in two months. In 1892 a new firm

was introduced to the country, called the North American Transportation and Trading Company (further mention of this company will be by the initials NAT&T). It built the fifth boat and named it the PORTUS B WEARE. In 1895 the ACC built the sister ships ALICE and BELLA and the NAT&T built the JOHN J. HEALY. For thirty years then there was a handful of but eight paddle wheelers serving the traders, trappers, missions, and few gold seekers that were in the area.



Walter Curtin—*Yukon Voyage*—Caxton
WHITEHORSE—Yukon River.

Then came the great Klondike rush and Dawson City suddenly became the largest Canadian city west of Winnipeg. It needed goods soon and in great quantities. Storekeepers up and down the west coast who had merchandise that had sat on their shelves for years were more than happy to oblige, so anything and everything was sent north. The crazy thing was that most of it was purchased by the gold-rich citizens of Dawson. Steamboats were being constructed everywhere and put into service as soon as possible. The Moran boat works of Seattle built twelve in 1898, all the same, one hundred seventy-six feet long, thirty-five and four-tenths feet wide, drawing five and nine-tenths, and carrying four hundred nine net tonnage. They departed as a group from Seattle and arrived at St. Michael

on July 27, 1898. The WESTERN STAR was sunk on the way up the Gulf of Alaska but the other eleven made it and paid for themselves on their first trip. The names of these boats were the OIL CITY, D. R. CAMPBELL, TACOMA, PILGRIM, J. B. LIGHT, SEATTLE, VICTORIA, ST. MICHAEL, MARY G. GRAFF, F. K. CUSTIN, ROBERT KERR, and the ill-fated, WESTERN STAR. Several of these well-built boats were used on the river well into this century. The steamboat business was a bonanza and although its peak was but for a short time of two years, one can appreciate this great influx of boats by the example of the steamer LEAH. This medium-sized boat, by pushing a barge, took up to three hundred passengers and six hundred tons of freight; one hundred seventy-five passengers on the barge and one hundred twenty-five more on the boat. The fare from San Francisco to Dawson was \$300, eighty dollars for the ocean and \$220 from St. Michael on to Dawson. Breaking down the figures it looked something like this:

300 fares @ \$220	\$ 66,000
600 tons freight @ 5¢ per lb.	60,000
70 fares on return trip	<u>15,400</u>
Total Round Trip Gross Income	\$141,400

As for expenses:

Cost of steamboat	\$ 60,000
Cost of barge	10,000
Cost of crew (round trip)	3,000
Cost of meals (passengers)	15,000
Cost of cordwood	<u>12,000</u>
Total Cost	\$100,000

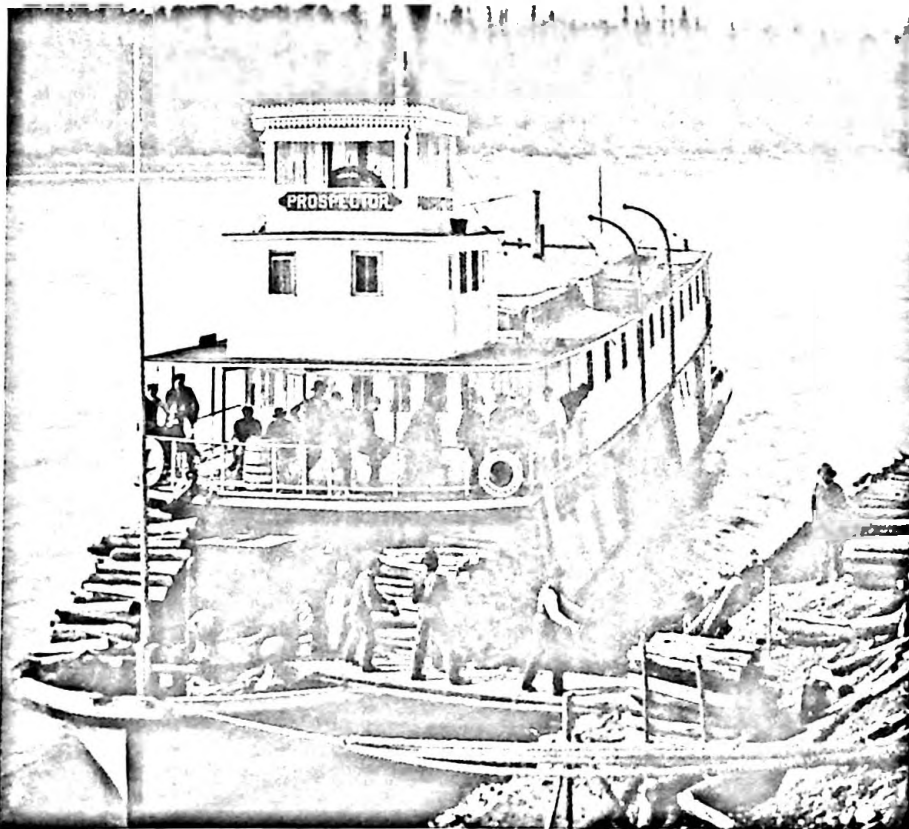
Thus this boat paid for itself and made a profit of \$41,400 on its first trip. On the second and following trips the LEAH and others like her could expect \$131,000 profit. It took the LEAH twenty days from St. Michael to Dawson and ten days to return. Therefore, it could make three to four round trips a season. It is no wonder that the steamers on the Yukon were racing back and forth up the river and being built by everyone.

Although they ranged in size from fifty to over two hundred feet in length, and from cracker boxes to floating palaces, basically river steamers were all the same. They were flat-bottomed and designed to draw as little as possible, some could navigate in fifteen inches of water. The hulls were very sturdy and often sheets of galvanized iron were attached to the sides to serve as protection from floating ice. All, with one or two early exception, were stern wheelers. The stern wheel or paddle was made out of three-inch planks attached to heavy three- by six-inch frame material. The

advantage of the stern wheel was that a boat could nose anywhere into shore and then use the paddle to regain the current, also floating trees and similar hazards posed a lesser problem for the paddle behind the boat. The paddle wheel was driven by two large Pitman beams in a similar fashion as the siderods of a locomotive. Directly in front of the wheel but behind the superstructure were usually five rudders that were steered from the pilot house. Ahead of the wheel was the main deck. From bow to stern this deck contained stacks of cordwood fuel, then the firebox and boiler, followed by cargo space, and towards the stern, the engines that propelled the wheel. The next floor up was called the cabin deck. Around the perimeter of this level was a promenade walk with doors leading into individual cabins. The tiny passenger cabins had room for a small bed and space to stand beside it with one's breath sucked in. The walls were paper-thin so the operations of steamboating (or anything else) were thoroughly understood before the first night's attempted rest had been completed. On the interior between the rows of cabins were the dining room, saloons, kitchen, and lounges. On smaller boats these were often one and the same. Above this was the texas deck. Usually the captain and other officers had their quarters at this level. And then on the top was the pilot house with an unobstructed view in all directions. Sometimes the pilot houses were the most ornate parts of the boat, trimmed with "gingerbread" and the name in gilded lettering. To this day one can still find in the Yukon Territory a fancy pilot house, although the remainder of the boat has since become a derelict or has vanished forever. Because these craft were long and flat, a system was designed so they would not buckle in the middle or sag at the ends. About midship, a long timber, called the king post, was positioned like the main mast of a ship. From its top to the bow and stern ran long cables with turnbuckles. Thus, if a boat started to sag at the bow or stern, it could be hitched up to look trim. One other item of interest was two long vertical poles along each side a few feet behind the bow. These were attached to steam winches and when a boat ran aground on a sandbar and was not able to back off, these poles with a stilt-like motion were used to walk the boat across. This was called grasshoppering. Not all steamboats were passenger type. The OIL CITY was a fuel oil boat loaded with five gallon cans, owned by Standard Oil Company. The IDLER was built as a yacht for a local brewer, later it was converted to diesel. The LIGHTNER was purchased and used as a private boat by the British American Corporation to take prospective stockholders on tours in the Dawson area. The KENO, now on display and beautifully so in Dawson, spent most of its service hauling ore. The ST. JOSEPH and the TOSI were used as mission boats at the village of Holy Cross and the VICTORIA was used as a pilot boat to steer the steamers through the ever-changing and always frustrating Yukon Flats. Yukon Flats is a maze of channels some twenty miles wide and over two hundred miles long where the Yukon makes its great bend north of the Arctic Circle.

In 1898 there were three steamers built that surpassed all the rest. The SARAH, SUZIE, and HANNAH were built by the ACC at a cost of \$110,000 each and with few exceptions were the match of any riverboat on the Mississippi. Each was two hundred twenty-two feet long, forty-two feet wide, and drew six feet of water. Their one thousand horsepower engines paddled two hundred and twenty-five first class passengers in style. These queens of the river could travel at seventeen miles per hour while the passengers dined in a hall paneled in mahogany and slept in beds whose linen and blankets were monogrammed with company initials. It should be said that many who went to the Klondike were wealthy tourists who traveled up just to see the sights.

In the early years all the boats were wood-burners with voracious

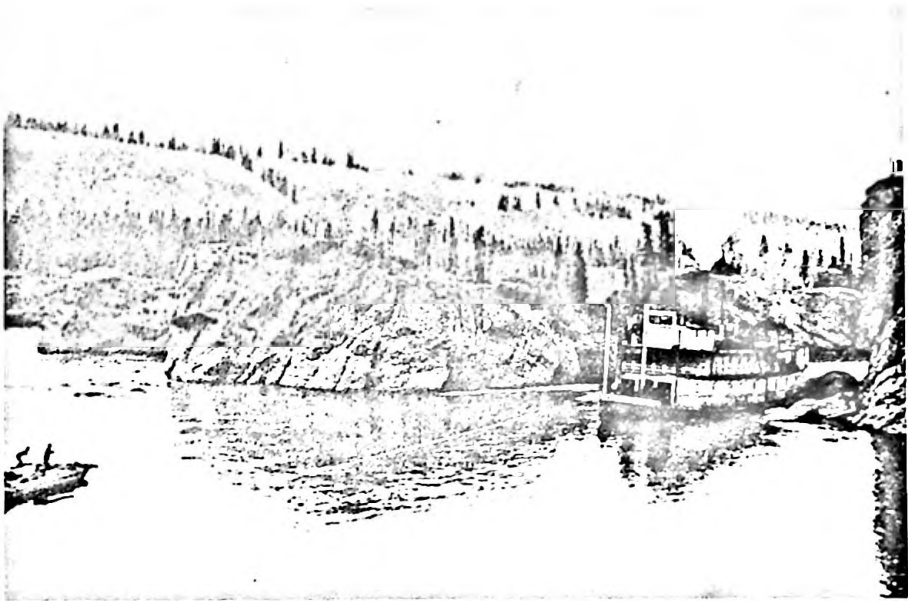


Paddlewheels—Vol. II

PROSPECTOR loading wood—Stewart River—Yukon Territory—About 1900.

appetites. The lower five hundred or so miles of river were barren so that crews had to gather driftwood from the mosquito-infested banks. Upriver there were wood camps where the steamers could nose in and take on a day of two's supply. Since some steamers going up-stream would burn as much as several cords an hour, one can imagine the numerous wood-cutting camps that were scattered, and necessary, along the length of the river. The wood cost five to six dollars a cord with the woodcutter paying the government a royalty of fifty cents each cord. When the steamboats were taken off one of the rivers in northern British Columbia, it was reported there was a stack of cordwood left at one of the camps that was four feet high, four feet wide, and over a mile long. There were similar supplies along the Yukon and traces of these camps remain to this day.

As was mentioned earlier, the cargoes of these boats contained just



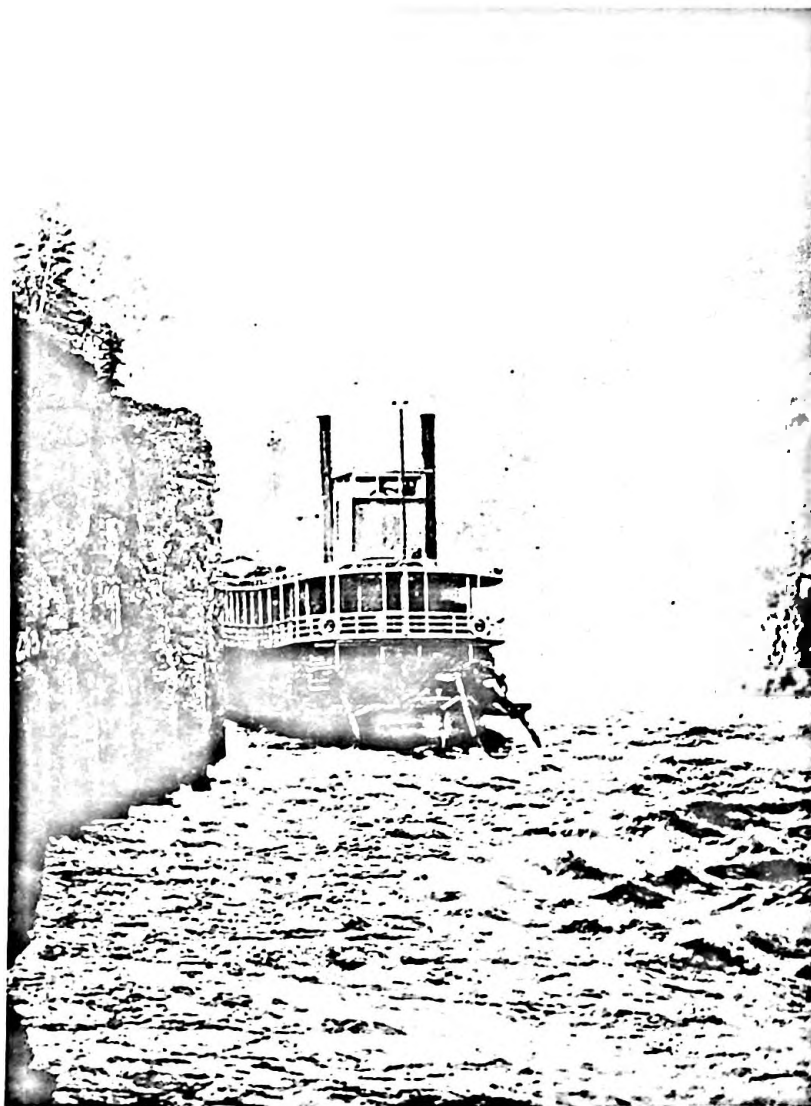
Walter Curtin—*Yukon Voyage*—Caxton
Winching at Five Finger Rapids.

about everything from the latest of Paris gowns to barges loaded with pigs. Nearly every steamer pushed at least one barge, and sometimes more, loaded with goods and additional passengers that could not be accommodated on the steamer itself. On one return trip to St. Michael, the SEATTLE III kept collecting empty barges on its way down until it had accumulated a total of eleven, all being shoved before its bow.

Because the Yukon flows both through the Yukon Territory and what

is now the state of Alaska, two countries were involved and customs had to be cleared. The town of Eagle was the nearest to the border so all up- and down-river boats had to stop there. Although it has been a quarter of a century since the steamers passed Eagle, the old customs building still sits on the river bank and one can take a tour into its historic past and read the clearing ledgers of yesteryear.

It would seem that on a river the size of the Yukon the steering of the

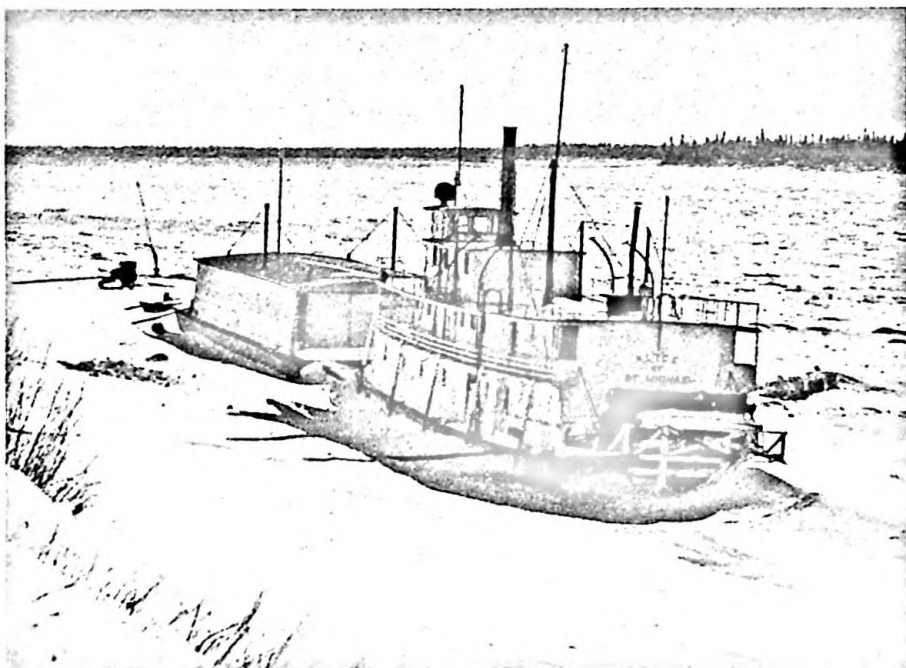


Paddlewheels—Vol. II

CLIFFORD SIFTON—Miles Canyon—Yukon Terr.—1900.

boats would be quite simple. This was far from the truth since the great majority of the craft that used this waterway were sunk, blown up, broken in the ice, or grounded only to be torn apart by the current. T.A. Rickard took a trip from Whitehorse to Dawson in 1908 and described the down-river boat handling as follows, "The river is crooked and the navigable channel swings from side to side according to the erosion of the banks. The six- to seven-knot current compels the pilot to be prompt. A bend in the river is characterized by a sandy beach on the inner side of the curve, while across the channel the deep water hugs the steep bank. The paddle-wheel at the stern acts as a pivot on which the boat turns in obedience to the five rudders under the wheel. Care is taken not to get both bow and stern in the current at the same time, and when the boat has turned into the swift current the engines are reversed so as to prevent the boat from being curved against the near bank. In making the quick turn to the right the boat is run close to the left bank so the force of the current will swing the bow around; if it fails to do this, then it becomes necessary to back-water in order to give the current time to aid the helmsman. As soon as the turn is made, the signal is given for full speed ahead, thereby preventing the stern from swinging into the shore as the bow comes around."

It is also interesting to see how the boats were hauled ashore for



Mel Griffiths

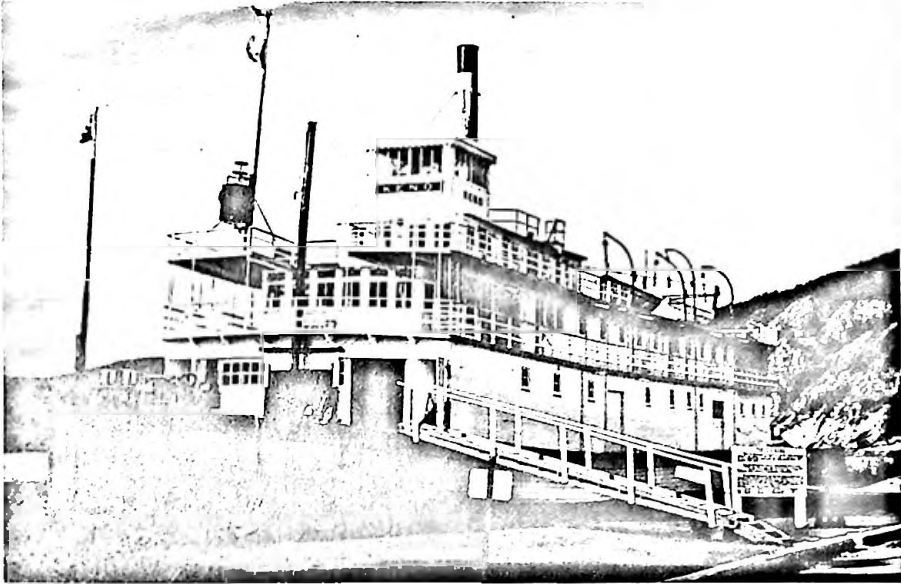
ALICE hauled ashore—winter 1941-42—Tanana, Alaska.

winter. Rickard explains the use of the ways from his trip. The ways are timbers twelve inches by twelve inches arranged parallel, the boat sliding over them in a direction at right angles to their length. These constitute the 'standing ways' and upon them is placed the 'slide' which is a nine by twelve inch timber, with 'slippers' three inches deep and four inches thick to keep the slide in place. The surface of the incline is greased with tallow on which, after it has hardened, dogfish oil is smeared. The gradient being about one inch per foot allows the flat-bottomed steamboats to be lowered by gravity, or to be hauled onto the 'ways' by four capstans with four tackles and two horses to each. In later years, boats using their own steam could winch themselves onto the ways.

The crews of the river boats sometimes consisted of only a half-dozen men but mostly the number ranged from twenty five up. Each boat had a captain who was in complete charge. In addition there was a mate, steward, carpenter, cook, purser, freight clerk, bartender, one or more waiters, a galley staff, at least two engineers and two firemen, four or more deckhands, plus wood passers and others depending upon the boat. It is interesting to note that at that time there was a very definite class system that is not so apparent in this day and age. The riverboat OIL CITY was frozen in for the winter on the lower Yukon during the winter of 1898. The OIL CITY had a crew of five and was owned by the Standrad Oil Company of New Jersey. For eight months the captain and the mate were served their meals on the upper deck by the other three who were quartered and ate on the lower or cargo deck.

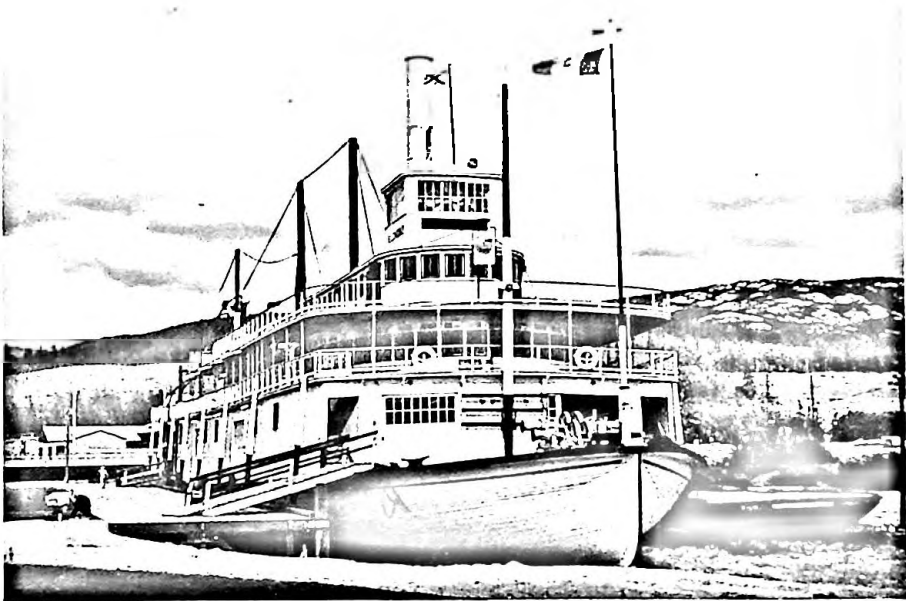
Because of the nature of the river, being frozen for two thirds of each year, a very novel and by todays standards an unthinkable method of getting goods to the gold fields was used. If a boat, and there were many, realized that it would be unable to get to Dawson from Whitehorse or St. Michael before the river froze, they would go as far as they could and hole up for the winter. Because the mouths near St. Michael and Lake Labarge near Whitehorse were three to four weeks later in opening than the rest of the river, these boats would then have a head start on getting their cargoes to Dawson the next spring. This, believe it or not, included cargoes of passengers. The riverboat YUKONER left St. Michael the fall of 1898, knowing that it could not reach Dawson before freezeup. With a load of passengers including some women, it steamed up-river for a week or so and then looked for a good backwater that would save it from the spring breakup. The crew and passengers constructed a building on the shore to store most of the cargo and spent the next eight months getting to know one another. When spring came, it and other boats like it got to Dawson early and the profit was said to have been worth the wait.

One can only imagine the thrill the populace of Dawson City felt when, after a winter of being cut off from the rest of the world, the riverboats would arrive in the spring. An example is quoted from the *Gold Hustlers* by Lewis Green,



KENO—Dawson, Yukon Territory.

Jack L. Morison



KLONDIKE—Whitehorse, Yukon Territory. Two restored Yukon River boats.

Jack L. Morison

"By Saturday, 17 May 1902, it was obvious that the winter isolation would soon be over. The river in front of Dawson was open and running ice, and telegraphed reports from upriver said that the main jams had broken and that the river was clear with the exception of a heavy flow of ice past Ogilvie. Boats that had wintered at the lower end of Lake Laberge had already passed Five Finger Rapids and were expected in Dawson within the next two days.

"At five Sunday afternoon, smoke was sighted upriver, and in less than five minutes the waterfront was lined with people from one end of town to the other. The SEATTLE III led the procession, passing the foot of Queen Street at 5:15, and followed the WILL H. ISOM at 5:17. The SEATTLE III had to pass down the waterfront to her dock and while she was doing so the ISOM made a brilliant turn in her own length and got a line ashore first. Then followed the SUSIE at 5:22, the SARAH at 5:23, the T. C. POWERS at 5:25½, the SYBIL at 5:29, the PROSPECTOR at 6:15 and the SIFTON about 8:30.

"Of the nine, five are lower-river boats that have wintered at Stewart and four are upper-river boats from the foot of Laberge, loaded with cattle, eggs, lemons, potatoes, oranges, condensed cream and everything that is scarce and high in the Dawson markets, and much that is not scarce. Last but not least is the mail, the first in three weeks, and which was followed to the post office as by a triumphal procession. Postmaster Hartman was prepared to receive it with a large force of clerks, and the nearly a hundred sacks were all distributed long before midnight."

During the steamboat era, the Yukon was like a giant stage with both comic and tragic events being acted out. On the light side was the maiden voyage of the steamboat YUKONER. Captain John Irving loaded some three hundred passengers, mostly dance hall girls, gamblers, musicians, and others of that type who were out to mine the miners, plus a cargo of mostly liquor. He headed for Dawson the spring of 1898 with this assemblage of personalities and, pardon the pun, went for one grand toot. While they gaily steamed up the Yukon, Captain Irving took great delight when arriving at each settlement or wood camp in charging full steam at the docks and then at the last moment reversing the paddle to bring things to a halt. While the people on shore were fleeing for their lives, those on deck were shouting with glee. Although a few loading docks were left in shambles along the way due to miscalculations, the YUKONER arrived in Dawson in one piece after what was considered by those in attendance as the greatest fifteen-hundred-mile party of their lives.

A little more serious was the situation that Captain W. P. Gray found himself in when he attempted to get the ROBERT KERR to Dawson before freezeup the fall of 1898. His cargo consisted of \$100,000 worth of perishable meat and vegetables. With three hundred and fifty miles to Dawson the main shaft broke and he was in need of a tow. He offered \$50,000 to

each of five steamers headed downriver to tow him to Dawson, but each refused and the cargo was lost. This is in contrast to the efforts of the WEARE and BELLA only a year earlier.

On the tragic side was the fate of the many boats that met with disaster on the river, the greatest of which was the wreck of the COLUMBIAN. The COLUMBIAN was blown to glory the evening of September 25, 1906. The boat was making its final trip of the season from Whitehorse to Dawson. The cargo consisted among other things, of three tons of blasting powder stored on the bow. For this reason there were no passengers but a crew of twenty-five were aboard. Captain J. O. Williams was in the pilot house while a group of men and a young deck boy were on the bow enjoying the evening air. As they came around a bend they found themselves among a flock of ducks and the deck boy, Phillip Murray, went to get his gun for an unauthorized shot. The fireman, a man named Morgan, asked if he could have the first shot and as he stepped forward for better position he tripped and discharged the weapon dead center into the blasting powder. Captain Williams suddenly found himself without steering, engine controls, and for that matter, the entire front end of his steamboat. Nevertheless he was able to get to the engine room and by reversing the paddle against the current, get it ashore. Captain Williams then made a sixty-nine mile round trip for help on a makeshift raft. The COLUMBIAN was a total wreck and six lives, including the young lad, were lost.



Jack L. Morison

JULIA B. & SCHWATKA—Dawson, Yukon Territory—1971.

The COLUMBIAN was the greatest single accident on the Yukon, but the event that was to rock the steamboat business took place a few years later on October 24, 1918. The steamers had been placed on the ways for the season and since there was little winter work, most of the rivermen headed south. Eighty-eight of them, along with two hundred fifty-five other travelers from the north, boarded the steamship PRINCESS SOPHIA and set out for Seattle. A few miles south of Skagway the SOPHIA struck Vanderbilt Reef and sank with all hands.

By the summer of 1900, the White Pass and Yukon Railway had reached Whitehorse and the Lake section was no longer needed. The demand for the great fleet of steamers had diminished as people left Dawson for the golden beaches of Nome. As the years went by the White Pass and Yukon bought out the different companies and used the subsidiary title British Yukon Navigation Company. With the railroad from Skagway, the lower section also was no longer needed from Tanana to St. Michael. Steamers were still used from Whitehorse through Dawson to Tanana and then up the Tanana River to Fairbanks until the Alaska railroad arrived there in 1923. The Whitehorse-Dawson run continued on a regular basis until the highway reached Dawson in 1953 and by then the end was rapidly drawing near. In August of 1955, the steamer KLONDIKE, built in 1937 and the last big boat on the river, paddled up to Whitehorse and was



END OF THE LINE

Jack L. Morison

beached. In 1960, under its own steam, the KENO made a last trip to Dawson where it can now be seen.

Today, in 1979, one can take a fine tour of the S.S. KENO at Dawson or the S. S. KLONDIKE at Whitehorse. The TUTSHI at Carmacks is starting to go and the WHITEHORSE and CASCA that ignited this author's interest in this topic, were burned to the ground by vandals in 1972. Along the river there are skeletons of boats here and there including the nine derelicts at Dawson. They say that at St. Michael there are the ruins of several, including the SARAH, SUZIE, and the HANNAH.

The river is quiet once more and except for a pleasure craft now and then, deserted.

But it was too great an era to close with an obituary of its past. So this paper will terminate with a poem taken from the newspaper *Aurora Borealis* of St. Michael during the height of river operations. It deals with the NAT&T boat CUDAHY owned by the Chicago Meat Packing Firm and it deals with speed and the action of the times.

AN EPIC OF ST. MICHAELS

It was in the year of '98
 Happened the tale, I now relate;
 Gather ye round, one and all,
 My story is for great and small.
 Of the Steamer "CUDAHY" as she lay
 At St. Michael's wharf one summer day
 With freight and passengers loaded down
 Her destination being Dawson town.
 Her Captain vowed he'd make the trip
 In record time, or leave the ship;
 "My boat's a beauty, a cracker jack,
 She'll break the record, or I'll break her back."
 His hand on the lever, the engineer
 Was impatiently waiting the bell to hear;
 At last it came with joyful shout
 The stately steamer at last pulls out.
 Her whistle screams in loud salute,
 The other boats in answer toot—
 As she treads her way mid shipping dense,
 The excitement on board is quite intense.
 She rounds the point, St. Michael's hides
 And on her course she swiftly glides;
 We see her smoke, can see no more—
 She's hidden from sight by northern shore.

Too bad, my boys, I was not about
 To tell you how she fared en route;
 But you may guess there was a craze
 When she returned in twenty days.
 Full proud she seemed as she came in
 Her screaming whistle made a din;
 Her Captain was congratulated
 His vow he kept, as I have stated.
 Oh! the "CUDAHY" is a record breaker
 May her fortune good, ne'er forsake her;
 Keep all her flags a flying free,
 She's the joy and pride of the N.A.T.

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GOOD READING FOR WRANGLERS



OTTO MEARS: His Life & Times, With notes on the Alferd Packer Case By Ervan F. Kushner, B.S., J.D. published by Jende-Hagan Book Corp. of The Platte N Press, 541 Oak Street, Box 177, Frederick, Colorado 80530. Price \$4.50.

This is a 99 page paper back book researched and written by retired criminal law Judge Kushner. He chose a very popular subject to write about, Otto Mears. Although at least three others have written about Otto Mears, Judge Kushner did a remarkable job in finding new data for his remarkable treatise. He chose fifty fine illustrations to add to his historical writing; unfortunately, however, the pictures were very poorly reproduced, which lowers the value of this excellent book. Nevertheless, if one can ignore this fault, this book is a very interesting Colorado history of The Path Finder of the San Juans, Otto Mears.

Richard A. Ronzio, P.M.



Encyclopedia of Western Gunfighters, by Bill O'Neal. Price \$24.95. Illustrated and published by The University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma.

Without a doubt, the most comprehensive book ever written on this fascinating period in our early history. This work lists, in order and by name, not only the gun fights each individual participated in, but the outcome of each encounter. Many of these men were never heard of by the average historian of Western history. The writer attaches no fables or false glory to any of the characters he mentions in the book. He is extremely fair and candid in his treatment of each gunfighter. He never makes any attempt to glorify their deeds. He takes the trouble to list their real names, as well as their aliases.

This is probably the outstanding book on its subject, is a "must" for any student of Western history, and may easily become a most important reference book in any Western library.

Many may differ with the totals compiled by the author for the number of killings of several of the gunmen listed in the book. Probably no part of American history has received more attention from movie makers and writers of dime novels. No subject has been more eagerly pursued by the publishers of paper pulp magazines and pamphlets.

The author should write a book on Western mining camps and their saloons.

Ralph E. Livingston, P.M.



Vanished Arizona, by Martha Summerhayes, paperback, 307 pp. Privately printed in 1908, reprinted in 1910, and now again reprinted by the University of Nebraska Press in 1979. \$4.95.

These are the memories of an army wife who went west with her husband and spent over a quarter of a century in more than a dozen army posts. A fine introduction, a map, and pictures have been added to make it even more interesting.

Martha Dunham Summerhayes was born on Oct. 21, 1846 to a well-to-do Puritan family. She was well-educated and had traveled and studied in Europe. On March 16, 1874, she "joined the army" when she married John (Jack) Summerhayes, then 39 years old and a 2nd Lieutenant of the 8th Infantry. The bride had never been west of New York, knew little about cooking, and nothing about frontier or army life. She was intelligent and learned quickly to adapt to difficult situations and to meet and enjoy many well known pioneers and interesting "characters."

After a short stay in Wyoming, the regiment was ordered to Arizona, "that dreaded and unknown" land. They went by Union Pacific RR to San Francisco and then traveled by steamship and river boat. After 23 days of heat, glare, scorching wind, stale food and seasickness, they reached Fort Yuma. They continued on to Camp Mojave, again in intense heat (122°), which they reached on Sept. 8—almost 3 months of travel.

Martha learned much from the "Old Army Girls"—"no use fretting about little things"; how to pack for frequent moves; how to cope with unwieldy army-issue equipment; that "everything is relative"; that the hospitality and friendship of the army wives was important and that someday it will "be your turn."

She also learns to appreciate water; why men swore and drank; to make a home of two rooms and a detached kitchen; that "rank" was the only thing that counted; to do without conveniences; the indomitable pluck of the soldiers; to respect the enlisted men; to accept marriages between white and Indian, and to two squaws; to appreciate the beautiful bodies of the almost-naked Indians; and to deal with adobe floors and the enlisted men assigned as household help. She grew to tolerate about everything she had been taught to think wicked and immoral.

In hot weather they slept in a courtyard with a pitcher of cold tea, a lantern, matches, a revolver and a shotgun beside their cots. They traveled over very rough country in an ambulance (a large army carriage) and slept on a mattress laid upon the ground with a buffalo robe under it and a hair lariat around it to keep off snakes.

When her son was born the squaws brought her a beautiful papoose basket. Neither she nor the baby was well so Jack decided she must go "out." When she regained her health, she returned to Arizona and it all seemed good—was she beginning to love the desert?

After the years in several desert posts, the regiment went to San Francisco, then Oregon, and then northern Nevada. Since Jack was away from the Nevada post so much, she went east to visit her mother and Martha's daughter was born in her parents' home.

Jack took a year's leave and joined the family there.

Later the entire regiment was ordered to Arizona again, but now all was changed, for the railroad brought many luxuries, including ice, and the Arizona they had known had vanished.

Martha and her family lived in many different places and met many famous and interesting people. Jack advanced until he was a Lieutenant Colonel at the time of retirement. The army people were always friendly and kind and they had many gay times together in spite of the hardships. This book is an excellent view of frontier army life by a woman who learned to live, eat, and sleep by the bugle calls.

R. A. Ronzio, P.M.



A Gallery of Dudes, by Marshall Sprague. (Lincoln/London: University of Nebraska Press [Bison Books] 1979). Xi + 296 pp., paperback, \$5.50.

Dudes, in the parlance of the times, they may have been. But to today's reader they can only be considered true pioneers. High-born Sir William Drummond Stewart, 7th Baronet of Murthly, at age 37 departed his Scottish estate in 1832 and for the next eleven years participated in the fur traders' rendezvous in the wilderness of western present-day Wyoming. Another Englishman, Dr. Walter Butler Cheadle, in company with William, Viscount Milton, forged the second amateur crossing of Yellowhead Pass in the unexplored Canadian Rockies in the early summer of 1863, surmounting unbelievable hardships, pain and exhaustion.

And so it is with seven other "Dudes," including the young Teddy Roosevelt, and Colorado's own Isabella Bird and Count James Pourtales, whose escapades and adversities are so entertainingly interwoven in these remarkable narrations by the redoubtable Marshall Sprague. His fame as a writer is justly earned.

First published hardbound in 1966, this new, softbound reprint, complete with superb maps, well-reproduced illustrations and copious notes, is worthy of a place in the library of every true western history buff. Highly recommended.

Jackson Thode, P.M.



Calvary and Coaches, the Story of Camp and Fort Collins, by John S. Gray. Introduction by Agnes Wright Spring. Maps by John A. Popovich. Published by The Fort Collins Corral of Westerners. Limited to 250 copies. Old Army Press, Fort Collins. 165 pages, maps, illustrations and bibliography. \$25.00.

Our fellow and neighboring Westerners at Fort Collins have entered the publishing field with the perfect selection for them—the history of the military installation that gives the City its name. This well-researched and well-written book covers the years 1859-1867, from the first settlers to the presidential order opening the military reservation to entry by citizens, but is much more than just the story of a little Fort on the Poudre. Its troopers made history throughout Colorado, Wyoming, and parts of Nebraska and Utah. It is really the story of our area during the critical Civil War years, when Indians, not rebels, were the problem.

No one could have written a better introduction than Agnes Wright Spring, Colorado's number one historian and herself an author of renown.

Author John Gray has combed the resources far and near to bring together all of the facts and information. Twenty-one photographs, many unavailable before, excellent maps, footnotes and bibliography make this a truly complete volume.

It is difficult to criticize adversely such a fine book. I was somewhat bothered by unnecessary abbreviations, as "Nov." for November, "CR" for creek, "chug" for

chugwater, etc. It may have been the author's style or some slips in editing.

Westerners should not hesitate to buy this book. It is well worth the money (\$20.00 before December 15, 1979), it will be a collector's item (only 250 copies printed), and we can help our fellow Westerners in their first publishing venture.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.



BUNKHOUSE BANTER

A recurrent tale appears often in Western literature; it is the story of the cowboy who, after months or even years on the range, is suddenly transported to the big city, where he is introduced to an alien, urban culture. The tale is usually full of wild-eyed wonder on the part of the cowboy, and often is recounted with good humor on the part of the urban dweller.

One of the earliest examples of this tale is the story of Sampson, in Judges. The Bible contains numerous other examples of the *genre*.

The cowboy frequently goes to megalopolis in the capacity of nursemaid for a trainload of grass-fed steers. After being paid off at the terminal stockyards he sallies forth amongst the urban wolves to be fleeced. Sometimes he gives as good as he gets; more often the city slickers, who have had more practice in such transactions than their country cousin, sell him the Brooklyn Bridge, a gold brick, or lead him into the paths of iniquity in some other fashion.

Nor is the country bumpkin always a cowboy. Mrs. Edith Lavender related years ago how she took her "hired girl" at the summer camp, south of Norwood, to Denver for a few days of vacation and shopping. The girl had never been further from home than Placerville, so the train ride was a marvel beyond her wildest dreams. In Denver, Mrs. Lavender took the girl to Daniels and Fisher's, and without thinking boarded an "up" car in the tower elevator to get to the second or third floor "ladies wear" department. The girl walked into the small "room" meekly enough, although she was puzzled when the operator closed the gate behind the last passenger. Her puzzlement turned into a blood-curdling scream of fear as the "small room" began to move. An elevator was beyond her ken, although she had heard of earthquakes and landslides. To be trapped in either of the latter was dangerous. The healthy country girl's scream was more frightening to the other passengers than was the experience which brought it forth. I daresay that somewhere in Denver there still lives someone who can remember hearing that primal cry of fear of the unknown.

Edgar Beecher Bronson, in *Reminiscences of a Ranchman*, records a similar encounter between a cowboy and an elevator—not just an elevator—the whole city of Chicago.

[The material which follows is taken in excerpts from Chapter 11 of *Reminiscences of a Ranchman* by Edgar Beecher Bronson. This work was originally published in 1908, and reissued in a revised edition in 1910. Bronson, a nephew of the abolitionist minister, Henry Ward Beecher, had been trained in newspaper

work both before and after his ranching experience, which lasted from 1872 to 1883. This account of the beginning of open range cattle ranching on the high plains is one of the best in the literature. The 1910 edition of the work has been reissued by the University of Nebraska Press in their popular Bison Book series, in paper back.]

The cowboy was Concho Curly, "bred and reared in Menard County, on a little tributary of the Concho River that long stood the outermost line of settlement in central west Texas." Curly had come up with a trail herd from Texas to Bronson's Deadman Ranch in the Sandhills of Northwestern Nebraska, and stayed behind when his compatriot trail riders returned to Texas.

Bronson provides the setting as follows: "Early in July 1882, I made my first beef shipment of that season, from Ogallala to Chicago. I sent Concho Curly ahead in charge of the first-train, and myself followed with the second."

Bronson got the story, slowly, out of Curly on the return journey to Ogallala in the cowboy's own words, which Bronson tries to reconstruct as best he can.

Curly, after getting a recommendation for the Palmer House from the Commission man at the stockyards, and buying a change of clothes, marches up to the hotel desk and asks to see Mr. Palmer. The room clerk balks this attempt. There are more *contretemps* at the front desk when Curly puts the registering pen point in his mouth, thinking it is a pencil, but finally the room clerk assigns the cowboy to a room. Let Curly pick up the story here:

"Wall, when Mr. Man had got done examin' my turkey tracks in the book, he gits a key an' comes back, hits a bell an' hollers, 'Font!' Then, when one o'them little soldier-button fellers comes runnin', an' th' piker passes him th' key an' sings out, 'Gentleman to No. 1492!' th' kid he makes a dive for my war sack. But you bet your *alce* I grabs him *pronto*, an' says:

"See here, son, they ain't moren' about two million worth o' valuables in that thar war sack, so I wouldn't be broke none ef you ducked with her; but I reckon Stonewall's

strong enough to pack his'n without th' help of no sawed-off like you-all.'

"Then Mr. Kid he up an' chases me over to a railroad car that's built on tracks runnin' straight up in th' air plumb to th' top of th' house, an' into her we gits—all free, *yu sabe*; didn't have to buy no ticket.

"Wall, sir, when th' feller ridin' her socked in th' spurs, that thar car humped herself once or twice an' then hit a gait that would make a U.P express look like she was standin' still, an' in less time than Nebo [a neighboring Nebraska rancher] takes to draw a gun, thar we was at th' top floor, about a mile higher, I reckon, than folks was ever meant to live.

"An' say! By cripes! When I come to look out o' th' winder in my room, I thought I'd have to stake myself to th' bed to be safe. Lookin' out was jest like lookin' down from th' top o' Laramie Peak on th' spread of th' main range—little ol' peaks an' deep cañons everywhere, with signal-fires throwin' up smoke columns from every peak, like Injuns signalin' news. She shore looked a rough country to try to make any short cuts across."

Curley next gets into trouble in the hotel dining room, where he orders a dozen lobsters, "rememberin' you Yankees talkin' in th' round-up 'bout what slick eatin' lobsters makes,—". The order is delivered by procession of twelve waiters each carrying a "plate about half the size of a saddle-blanket, an' on each plate a hell of a big red critter, most all laigs an' claws, that looked like a overgrewed Gila monster with war-paint on . . ."

"Then, not lettin' on to th' chaps settin' an' grinnin' all around me that I wa'n't raised in th' same lot with lobsters, I takes my knife an' fork an' lites in to go to eatin', when I'll just be eternally d_____d if I didn't nigh go crazy to find them critturs was jest nachally *all* hoofs an' horns—nairy a place on 'em from end to end airy human's jaws could ever get to feed on.

"An' I was about to jerk my gun an' shoot one apart to find out what his insides was like, when a feller sittin' next showed me how to knock th' horns off an' git at th' meat proper."

After dinner, Curley ends up at the "op'ra", where he pays twenty-five dollars for a whole box just over one end of the orchestra pit. He describes it as "a little close-pen with a low fence in front." When the box-office clerk

hands him the six tickets to the seats in the box, Curly mistakes them for playing cards, remarking, "Mr. Holdup, I don't know jest what liberties a gentleman is allowed to take with a deck back here, but out West whar I come from a feller caught in a pot with more'n five cards in his hand is generally buried th' next day, an' bein' as all his business in this world ain't quite settled yet, five cards will do your Uncle Stonewall."

The spectators viewed from the box where Curly sits in solitary splendor, are described as follows: "Th' men all had on black clothes, with bald-faced shirts to match their bald heads."

"Never see so many women or so much of 'em before. 'Bout all of 'em had nothin' on their arms, an' their necks an' shoulders was was plum naked down to — down to where a kid gits his first meal."

Curley's description of the orchestra makes up in metaphor what it lacks in accuracy: "Wall, sir, that band was playin' to beat any band *you* ever heard—horns an' fiddles an' drums"; horns that worked like a accordeon, pullin' in an' out; ol mossback he-fiddles that must been more'n a hundred years old to git to grow so big; drums with bellies big an' round as your mammy's soap kettle; an' th' boss music-maker on a perch in th' middle of th' bunch, shakin' a little *carajo* pole to beat hell at any of th' outfit that wa'n't workin' to suit him.

"Some of th' tunes was sweet an' slow enough so you could follow 'em afoot, but most of 'em was so dod-burned fast a feller'd need to be runnin' 'em on his top-cutting horse to git close enough to tell if they was real music or just a hell of a big lot of noise."

Curley sees the stage through the eyes of innocence: ". . . that thar the-a-tre was built up round one of the roughest, rockiest, wildest pieces of country I ever saw outside th' Black Hills, it layin' in th' end whar they was play-actin'. It shore looked like a side cañon up nigh th' head-waters of Rapid Creek, big boulders, an' pines, an' cliffs, an' a fall carryin' as much water as Deadman Creek."

Curly has trouble following the plot—hindered by language, which he takes to be "so near like Spanish I thought I could ketch some of it," and his lack of a European cultural heritage. It would be something like catapulting a modern mid-western American from

scratch into the midst of a Japanese Kabuki performance. Curly puzzles as follows: "I always thought the-a-tres was built to be funny, in, but that one was jest nachally full o'hell's own grief as long as I got to stay in her. Nothin' doin' but sufferin' an' murderin' meanness." From the actors' gestures and facial expressions he deduces that tragedy is building to a climax.

"Plumb alone, an' lost in the cañon, I reckon, . . . a pore little gal, 'bout sixteen year old, leanin' on a stump close up to whar I was settin', and sobbin' fit to kill herself," is now, threatened by "a great big feller—all hair an' whiskers but his laigs, for he had on nothin' but a fur huntin' shirt comin' half-way to his knees—an' in his hand he carries a long *bilduque* skelping-knife. . . ."

When none of the other spectators come to the aid of the poor girl, Curly, true to the code of the West, acts.

"But before he could lite on her with his knife, I hopped out of my close-pen into the cañon, jammed my .45 in his ear, an' observes:

"Mr. Hairyman, you're a d_____ liar, an'

it's Stonewall Kip of Concho, tellin' you!

" 'Little *Maudy* thar ain't full, an' she don't have to say airy d_____n thing she don't want to; an' if you don't pull your freight sudden for th' brush, I'll shore shoot six different kinds of meanness outen your low-down murderin' carcass!"

"Th' way his whiskers skipped over boulders makin' his getaway was some active, while th' pore little gal she jest drops off in a dead faint an' lays thar till some folks comes down the gulch an' carries her off.

"Then I takes th' kink outen th' hammer of my gun, sticks her in my waist-band, an' climbs back an' gits my hat—havin' had more'n enough of dod-burned Op'ra The-a-tres.

"An' while I was driftin' through the chute toward th main gate of th' big pen, to git out, there was th' dod-blamdest cheerin', yellin' an' hand-clappin' you ever heard away from a stump-speakin', but whatever she was all about Stonewall didn't stop to ax."

Mel Griffiths, P.M.



OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Continued from page 2

Brands, Hugo Rodeck, with a relatively clean slate. Hugo has been most helpful in the past months with proof reading, and in countless other ways. I want to express my personal gratitude for all of the help he has given with the ROUNDUP this past year, and offer a helping hand whenever I can.

* * * * *

After I had finished this issue's BUNKHOUSE BANTER column, it occurred to me that I may have left the impression that I felt somehow superior to Concho Curley's struggles with elevators, lobsters, and the "Op'ra." This is farthest from the true state of my feelings. More than once in the distant past I have been in Curly's shoes; his struggles with the urban establishment are most amusing to me because I could say to myself at every turn, "There but by the grace of God went I." The experts say that one of the universal characteristics of humor is the ease with which the auditor or reader can put himself in the place of the object of the humor. Curly's saga seemed real to me; it

was ground over which I had trodden, clumsily, myself.

Just this past week I sat through and enjoyed an English language version of Donizetti's *Elixir of Love*, on Public Television. To my consternation I learned that this opera was set in Texas of the 1840's. What a shame that Concho Curly's "op'ra" wasn't *The Elixir of Love*. He would have died laughing at the singers' costumes and the strange Italian names of the characters—not that Italian immigrants didn't play a part in early Western history—but the shoe would then have been on the other foot.

* * * * *

You will find a self-addressed return envelope in this copy of the ROUNDUP. If you have not already done so, take a moment to enclose your 1980 dues and mail it off to our Tallyman, Dick Ronzio.

Annual dues are as follows:

Posse Members	\$15.00
Corresponding Members	\$10.00

This is about the only thing which hasn't gone up in price in the past year. The Posse needs your dues to cover the cost of the ROUNDUP and the program mailings during the year.

HAPPY 1980

