

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1981



THE GOLD BRICK MINING DISTRICT

Glenn Berry



Glenn Berry standing in Gun Sight Pass, at head of Lamphier Creek, Gold Brick Mining District, Gunnison County, Colorado

OUR AUTHORS

Glenn Berry was born on a ranch in San Miguel County, southwestern Colorado, in 1901. At the age of 12 he started to work at the Bear Creek Mine at Vanadium, Colorado.

At 15 years he volunteered for the US Navy. He served on the USS Huntington, our first aircraft carrier, and from 1917 to 1919 on the destroyer McCall, overseas. After discharge he "cowboyed and rodeoed."

Married in 1919, he operated mines in the uranium areas, and for 20 years on Gold Creek in Gunnison County. He has written several books and newspaper articles. He still owns and operates a ranch in Mesa County. He says, "You name it, I've done it!"

Bob Staadt, C.M., who spoke to the Denver Posse in February on Antique Tools, has had a long and distinguished career in design engineering in a wide variety of technologies including aircraft design and construction, furniture, woodworking and industrial machinery, rocket launching and testing for the space shuttle.

Subsequent to his WWII service his interests in Western art, antique guns, and antiques (especially hand tools) resulted in his participation in such activities as membership in the Colorado Historical Society, as past president of the Colorado Ghosttown Club, and as a board member of the Aurora Historical Society.

Dr. Henry W. Toll, Jr., who was our March speaker, was born in Denver, December 20, 1923, at the Obstetrical Hospital at Colfax and Milwaukee Streets. Shortly thereafter, the hospital ceased operation forever.

His primary education included a spectrum of Denver schools, including Garland, Corona, Morey and Randall—from none of which he graduated.

His secondary education was at Deerfield Academy. He entered Williams College in September of 1941 and received notice of his graduation therefrom while serving as Gunnery Officer of the LCS (L) (3) '45 in the Lingayen Gulf preparing for the American invasion of Japan.

(see p. 14)

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

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THE GOLD BRICK MINING DISTRICT

By
Glenn Berry

Talk given at the Denver Posse of the Westerners
on 26 November 1980
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Gentlemen of the Denver Posse, the Westerners:

I am honored to meet with you here tonight. It's always a pleasure to come to the capital city. I know that you folks are kind of an exclusive club over here and we feel in Western Colorado that the Westerners Club can do a lot of things for our state in a historical way. I am privileged to be here and talk to you about one of the most interesting spots that I know of in our state.

I don't know what Mel has told you of your speaker but I hope I don't put him in the same position as the butcher was in Telluride. One Saturday afternoon late, one of his best customers, a prim little lady came walking in and she always bought the best, she says, "John, I would like to have a nice stewing hen for tomorrow." John, knowing that he only had one little scrawny chicken left in the icebox in under the counter, says "Well, we will see what we can find." He stirred this chicken around in the ice for a while and slapped it on the counter and said, "How is this one?" She looked it over and sized it up and said, "Well, I had in mind one just a little larger than that." So he said, "Well, we will see what we can find." So he put the chicken back in the icebox and stirred it around some more and then said, "How's this one?" "Well," she said, "you don't have a bigger one?" He said, "I don't believe I do." She said, "I'll just take both of them!"

My subject tonight is on the Gold Brick Mining District which said district happens to be a little east of the center of Gunnison County. It's in the Gunnison River watershed; it's about ten miles north and south and about four miles east and west in an L shape and is one of the most famous gold districts there is in the state, having been producing gold since the 1850s; got about twenty-five thousand acres in it and it follows Gold Creek pretty much north and south. The district was organized in 1879 by one John Olsen, Charles Stanley, and John Currie. Now the reason for organizing mining districts is that you can be located generally by such and such a mining district. O.K., that locates you in a certain locality. Also, mining districts in those days, that was before the planning commissions and so forth, would have certain rules to go by as they mined and maintained their roads. One of the things the Gold Brick Mining District was always confronted with was the road situation. Those old timers would get together and spend so much time each month working on the roads. In those days about all they used the roads for was for wagons and pack strings but they had to have them just the same.

That particular area has been a noted gold producer as I said, since the 1850's that we know about. Previous to that the Spaniards had been in there and we found one of the old Spanish arrestors* up Jones Gulch by the Chicago Mine. A careless dozer operator dozed some of the dump over the old arrestor, but it's there. Those Spaniards were tops when it came to finding high grade ore. An arrestor is nothing more or less than a large flat stone or stones mortised together pretty much solid and about ten feet in diameter, some eight, some even six, and in the center would be a post set solid in the ground. On that post would be a log layed crossways fitted down over a pin through a hole through the log, and onto a collar hewn in the top end of the post. Then they would hook a mule to one end of the pole while the other end would drag a large stone, the mule pulling the pole around and around the arrestor and the rock would break up and grind the ore placed on the big flat rock. Eventually the drag would wear a groove in the flat base and the ore would stay in the groove. They would take the fines and pan them out to recover the gold. That's the way they used the Spanish arrestor, a very simple deal but effective.

One particular area, a part that I must tell you about, is the little town of Ohio. The Post Office Department calls it Ohio. We old timers, of course, have called it Ohio City for all these years and of course people in that area always refer to it as Ohio City. It is very unique in the fact that Mr. Stanley, one of the organizers of the Gold Brick Mining District, got busy and layed out a town in the early 1870's and it's been a town with a Post Office ever since then. Business wise now Ohio City consists of just a store. Some people by the name of Wright came from Pitkin and bought that store from a Mr. Johnson about fifty years ago. This was Joe Wright's store; strangers going through wouldn't know it was Ohio City and would identify it as Joe Wright's store which was the only sign in town.

Joe was quite a character. The first time he sent in his income tax report he sent a letter along stating he had been taxed with all kinds of taxes, "even my brains are taxed; only by a miracle could I send in this report. The wolf at the door had pups in our kitchen. We sold 'em and here's your check." Joe's wife was a fine little person who was the Post Mistress for years and years and also a hello girl at the Pitkin telephone office. These two people inspired me to write a little poem about the place and here it is.

JOE WRIGHT'S STORE

There's a place up in the canyons where old Gold Creek meets the Quartz
And I'm sure you'll find it listed in the "WHO'S WHO" book and sorts

Oh, it's called Ohio City and it's name it did come by
From a lonesome old prospector from the state nicknamed "Buckeye."

There you'll find the finest people that you'll ever want to know
Guess it's 'cause they're used to livin' in at least four foot of snow.

There's material at this crossroads for a dozen books or more
All you have to do to find it is drop into Joe Wright's store.

*Arrastra (Century Dict.)

On the shelves you'll find the chuck fit for livin like a king
Or common grub for us miners who can't eat just anything.

In the back is fishin tackle, and the Levi's well in place
And the Hush Hush things for sis that is mostly made of lace.

There's ten thousand other items that you'll need and maybe more
And the whole darn kit and kaboodle you'll find in Joe Wright's store.

It's the one place still existing and believe me it is nice
When your checkbook is depleted you can put it on the ice.

Behind the postal clerk's department is a room for you and me
Why Joe keeps the big scoop handy almost anyone can see.

For the Loggin that oges on there would put Oregon to shame
And the minin and cowpunchin is done mostly just the same.

As the tales git bigger'n better sandwiched in with "I'll draw four"
'Til Joe grabs the big scoop shovel and starts openin the door.

Then the game gets really serious and Ma says "I'll just play those"
And Chuck, Joe, and maybe Ralph will start lookin down their nose.

Cause the chips Ma's lookin over comes almost to her chin
And the stacks around the table are a gittin pretty thin.

Looks like someone's gotta anti, or else git up and leave
Cause Chuck's played the last one spot that was hidden up his sleeve.

Oh, I could write a book as I said and maybe more
On what you're gonna see when you visit Joe Wright's store.

But whoever does the runnin when all our chips are down
And our carcass is repossin in that six feet of ground.

If they'll just find one small corner on that farther distant shore
Fer the camp they call Ohio and especially Joe Wright's store.

Glenn Berry

The camp now has probably a dozen families in it with a few pretty nice places, but it's still Ohio City.

Up the canyon on up Gold Creek in the Gold Brick Mining District that we're talking about, there's a canyon coming in from the east called Dutch Gulch. Where it comes in to Gold Creek there's a five acre millsite called Jersey Blue. In 1900 one John Gardiner went in there and built a mill, one of the first custom mills in that country. He bought custom ore from people. When they didn't bring in enough he would go out and buy a mine dump and run it. At that time the miners sorted their ore pretty close; it had to be shipped with pack mules, and later wagons, so they weren't going to ship any country rock. Consequently, the dump contained some pretty good ore. John would haul it to his mill and mill it.

His son, Phillip, lives just below Ohio City yet and has managed some pretty big operations but is retired now an engineer well educated man. Phil was born in the Jersey Mill site.



Ohio (City), Gunnison County, Colorado.
View looking east-northeast with Sawatch Range in the background; 26 June 1965.
Mel Griffiths photo.

That spot also means a lot to me. When I sold out my gold properties up the canyon a while back, I reserved that area for my camp with a trailer and corrals for my horses and settin' there pretty good. Up the canyon a half mile is the location of one of my first mills I called the Comanche Squaw Mill.

A fellow came out of New Mexico by the name of Harry McKeller with his son, Charles, and his wife Mary. They brought a little 4x4 ball mill in there, together with a piece of a concentrating table, which they set up to carry on where John Gardiner left off thirty years earlier. I had a mine leased up on the point and had located some pretty good ore so we went in partnership; he had the mill and I had the ore. I bought an old second-hand, third or fourth hand Model A truck and that was the transportation department from the mine to the mill. Harry done the milling. He was one of those kind of fellows. He only had one eye. In his rodeoing years a steer had plucked out one of his eyes with a horn. He was honest as the day is long. He knew that every pound of ore that I took out of the mine came to our mill and I knew that every speck of gold he recovered from the milling we would have to send to the mint. Harry was an honest man.

On up the canyon another half mile or so is the Carter Mine & Mill. At the time the Carter boys came in to the country, they came on a fishing trip. They stayed at the McKinney Hotel at Ohio City. The next morning, after stowing away a bunch of hot cakes, they took off up the canyon a fishin'. They got a few miles up the canyon and found two fellers driving a shaft and the porphyry ore come out looked awful good. They were shown some gold that had been taken out. The fellows name was Dyrey. The Carter brothers, Carrol, Arthur, and Harry, got pretty interested before the day was over they had bought the Dyrey brothers out. That was the starting of the Carter property. Carters went in there and skidded logs down off the mountain by hand and built a very fine cabin, one of the best in the country at that time. Next they started driving the Carter tunnel. The Carter tunnel now goes under Quart Mountain a mile and a half, then connects up with the world's largest four compartment raise; largest as of 1945 when a South African raise out did it. Those people did develop one of the finest gold properties in that area. It has been constantly in use since 1897 by Carter brothers and all us fellows that's followed them. Carter Mine has had some fatalities. Floyd Cooper was killed on the sixth level by drilling into a missed hole. A

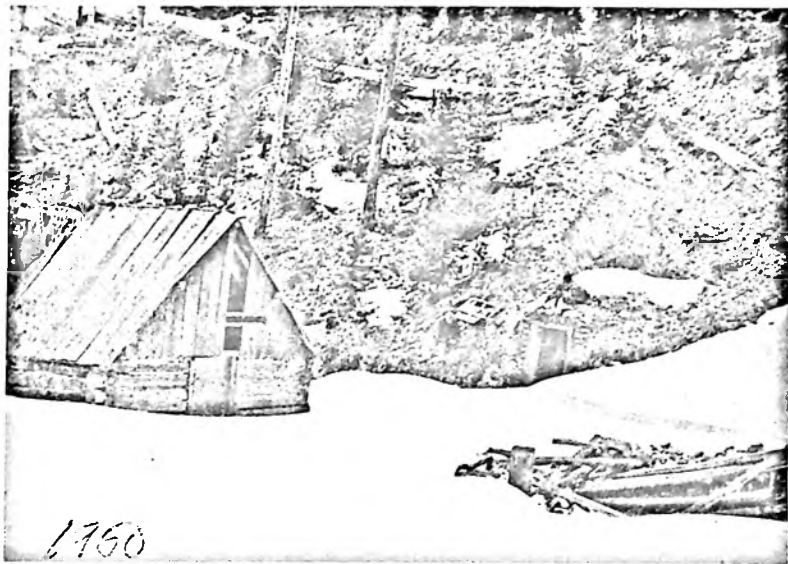


Carter Tunnel and Power Plant, Ohio City, Gunnison County, Colorado, 1908

missed hole is a hole full of dynamite that didn't go off with the rest of the round and the next shift starts drilling and drills into it and it blows. Then a fellow by the name of Harry Hoskins was killed by a slab falling off the rib (which is the side of the tunnel) and fell on him. I come almost being the third fatality at the Carter sixteenth level. We had a big cave-in there and the timber was good right up to this cave, right at the edge of this timber. We had gone in there and raked the material back to where we had a hole large enough to crawl through. We thought that by so doing to examine the rest of the 1600 level. Well, I was curious to know about what height up the cave material was

coming from. I stuck my head out from under the last piece of timber and was ready to turn my head to look up when a Morly Dugan (Morly Dugan was an undertaker in Butte, all falling rocks are Morly Dugans) weighing five or six hundred pounds fell and just grazed my hard hat. It knocked me back at least five or six feet but that's all it did. I had a crick in my neck for a while but it didn't kill me. Had I been a tenth of a second earlier getting there and twisting my neck to see the back, that rock would have fallen right on my head. Probably would have ruined my hard hat and parted my hair but I have witnesses to the fact that my head is too hard for it to have dented. It has been a very fortunate property in the way of accidents.

Mr. Carter willed it to his sister and his Mill superintendent and they sold it to a Grand Junction corporation and that corporation sold it to an oil man from Wichita, Mr. O. A. Sutton, who operated for about two years and decided that he wasn't a mining man so he put it up for sale. He had a watchman there after he closed it down who told me about a professor from England who trudged up the road to where he was setting on his porch one evening. The visitor was clad in knee britches that looked like the calves had chewed off the legs together with light shoes and a "go to Hell" cap common to those people. Introducing himself as Dr. so-and-so he asked permission to get a sample out of the Carter Mine. The watchman said, "Well, I guess you can go ahead." So the watchman rigged him up with a light and sample sack and what not and even furnished him the grin that he took off with heading underground. Pretty quick



Raymond Tunnel, near Cone of Mountain, 1950. Over \$200,000 in gold taken from this opening to depth of 280 feet.

here he came covered with mud and water, frustrated as all get out. "There's gremlins in that mine, did you know that?" The watchman said, "Why no, I didn't." The doctor said, "Well, there is gremlins back there. I can't go back in there alone." The watchman said, "I'll go back and fight off the gramlins for you." So he rigged up another lamp and led the doctor back in the Mine. At the first cross cut he started past, sure enough, he heard a gremlin. That stopped him. The doctor had beat a hasty retreat; he had to face them alone. About that time he felt something brush his leg. Jumping to one side, he flashed the light down there and sure enough there was a gremlin. An old Plymouth rock hen who for a week had been given up as coyote casualty. So he picked up the hen and took her on out and that was the gremlins of the Carter Mine. That story has been told all over the U.S. and some foreign countries.

I bought the Carter from Mr. Sutton. I knew the property having been in and around it for years. Sutton was my kind of a trader; it took me just ten minutes over the telephone to buy the whole shebang. The holes he liked went straight down in the earth and the holes I liked went horizontal, or at least, most of them. I operated the mill in a small way for some time to keep the fever down. I had an Italian feller who was running the crusher for me and at times he tried to mix his cooking with the crusher job and here's what I wrote about one of his exploits as he told me the story. I call it "Tony's Batchin."

TONY'S BATCHIN'

Somabody he leava de beeg fat hen
 In de freezum up box at de mine
 And I figur somatime I'ma stewin her
 As I look for soma room ever time.

Den one nite the rain, she come to a stop
 After raisin up hell wid de creek
 And I thot "now by golly ve celebrate
 I'lla cook up de beeg fat chick."

So I takum out of de freezum up box
 To thaw out for de celebrate great
 And dama if I don't get busy forget
 Till for boilum is mucha too late.

Thata chick and home noodles, I tella you now
 For longa time I'ma cravum um for
 But she wind up ina de beeg fryin pan
 As I'ma hurrying out of de door.

De boss he starta de beeg deisel eng
 And he grin and shur think itsa fun
 To fire up alla de whole shebang
 And watcha dat gold mill run.

I tram in de ore and crush up like a egg
 And for me I must keep on de run
 Cause dat sama boss man, I never did see
 Such a ore hungry son of a gun.

The mill she'sa purrin just lika de cat
 When at once de thot it did came
 That the beeg fry pan full of beeg fat hen
 She's up deron de beeg open flame.

I make de run for de cabin up dere
 I grab knob and quick make it turn
 "Sockeree" I know by de smell by gosh
 Dat de chick she'sa already burn.

Now whatsa you call de story's moral
 And a good one thisuns a got.
 Don't go off to work anda leava your chick
 Causa she getsa too dama hot.

Glenn Berry

Just above the Carter Mine & Mill a gulch comes in from the east and they named it Jones Gulch for the simple reason that along in the 1850s, possibly '49, a Captain Jones came in there. I wouldn't doubt but what my Grandfather, Joseph Berry, came in there with him because Grandfather had taken in the California Gold Rush and was probably heading home about that time. At any rate, they was placering in there and to this day I can show you the old cuts those fellas made. Snoopin' around in those old diggings I found the remains of sluice boxes and an old shovel or two wore off to a nubbin. That is the oldest mining by Americans that I know of in Western Colorado. Up the Gulch, possibly a mile, was an old quaking aspen with "Captin Jones 1850" carved on its trunk, horse high. I noticed it as I came down that Gulch with a pack string in 1919 when I was packing men, dynamite, and grub for the U.S. Forest Service trail crews. Jones didn't file on anything there as in those days a .50 caliber rifle and a conspicuous notice kept jumpers off. I might also mention a rope. That's the way they kept their claims. Later, about 1891, an Alexander Stanley, who with a couple brothers filed a location certificate on that neck of the woods, called it the Reconstruction Placer. The reason they called it Reconstruction was that one of the brothers was in the Union Army and one a Confederate soldier. The nation was going under a form of reconstruction at that time so the name was appropriate.

Up the south fork of Jones Gulch is one of the richest mines in that area, the Volunteer Mine. It has produced a lot of gold of which some 400 ounces donated by Carroll Carter went to cover the Capital dome which sets our Capital building apart from any other in our nation. That, together with your beautiful lawns and shrubs irrigated with Western Colorado water, always gives me a feeling of pride, part of mine is yours. The Volunteer was closed down by water some eighty years ago but Mr. Carter's one and a half mile tunnel and the world's largest raise up 1100 feet drained the water out of the Volunteer and also gave it good air.

Down the mountain a half mile is another famous mine, the Golden Islet. After I bought those properties I went there with a geologist and an overshot loader to open up the second level. A couple hours with the overshot and we had a hole we could crawl through, which we did. It had been closed for sixty years and the tracks in the mud on

the floor was as sharp as if they had been made yesterday. The tunnel was in good shape, a good back (which is the roof), and the ribs (which is the side) were good. However, about 200 feet from the portal there was three sets of timber covering the back and ribs. We stopped under this timbered section and was discussing why the timber when all the rest was in such good shape, the geologist happened to tap the cribbing on one side and two or three poles fell down. Shining our lights through the hole we seen a tunnel about thirty feet back and a vein of ore showing in the face of it. Sampling it showed it to be very high grade in gold. The man working for Mr. Carter had drifted into this vein and had mudded it up and went on by with the drift. Then he put in those timbers to hide the highgrade. In the day he worked the mine for Carter and at night he let down the timbers and highgraded for himself. This fellow was very much of a gold hound. He knew where much of the gold was located in that country and if there was any highgrade around you can bet he was going to have some of it. He didn't talk to you; meet him coming down the trail maybe he would speak to you and maybe he wouldn't. In fact, your old Joe there is a bigger blabbermouth than old Henry Lucas ever was. That is typical of a lot of highgrading and still is done.

Up the north fork of Jones is the Granite Mountain Mine, a popular producer around the turn of the century. About a mile up the north fork is a bunch of old cabins which was and still is called Campbelltown. Some people by the name of Stone bought the Grey Eagle claim from Henry Lucas and there they raised their family and sent their four children through college from the gold they mined as a family project. Walt would hand drill the vein, blast it, and load it in a car, and Alice, his wife, would tram it out of the mine to their little mill where the boys would mill it and retort the concentrate with a gold bar the end result. They were the last residents in Campbelltown.

Up Gold Creek from the Carter about a mile is another little mine that furnished an education for a family, called the Calumet (peace pipe). How come, I don't know, but one John Olsen who filed on that claim called it Peace Pipe until some professor came along and said Peace Pipe was in somebody's language Calumet. The claim was originally located in the '70's.

There are many, many mines in that area which made history. The New Raymond, driven forty three hundred feet trying to get back under the highgrade Maggie Mitchell, failed by several hundred feet. The Midnight Mine produced the solid piece of galena that reposes over here in the Museum and is reputed to be from the size of your head to the size of a washtub, it all depends on who you're trying to impress. The old Raymond was a mine I always wanted to explore and I did when Rosco Riddle, a salty old hard rock miner, teamed up with me. We dug through a slide that covered the portal to open up a gopher hole we could crawl through and get back in under that mountain and exam the innard of that mine. We found lots of ore and a very enticing place. The Monte Carlo shaft was drifted to by way of the old Raymond. The Monte Carlo was located by a man named Stanley and made out his notice on a store bill written with a .44 caliber shell.

Up Gold Creek another mile is the Gold Links Mine bought in the 1880's by one Albert Eugene Reynolds. A. E. Reynolds was a very famous man in the industry in the

early days of west Colorado mining. He had the Revenue Tunnel over at Ouray driven under Mt. Sneffles and the Golden Fleece at Lake City. At the Gold Links he operated with some two hundred men working. A very famous man.

When I think of the Gold Links I think of two fellas who stayed there one winter leasing, and come January they ran out of grub. They were working the Sacramento about half way up the mountain and would ride their horses up each morning. Well, instead of going down Gold Creek to Ohio City, they decided to go over the mountain to Pitkin. When they got to the top of the mountain pass the snow was about four feet deep and they wore out. Finally as a last resort they held on to their horses tails and the horses bucked a trail down off the mountain where they reached a propector's cabin more dead than alive, thanks to the faithful horses. They were Ivan Johnson and Clyde Hanburg.



Gold Links mine and mill, near Ohio City, Colorado, 1910.

The Belzora Basic, two mines put together, made the Belzora Basic; the top mine owned by Herman Hudler (the hermit of Gold Creek). The lower was owned by George Morris, the father of Ma I told about in the card game at Joe Wright's store. The rivalry between the two was great. Hudler wouldn't go down towards that damn Morris hole and Morris wouldn't go up on the vein toward Hudler. Well, they both sold to a French Swiss concern who found the best ore between the two mines.

Sandy Hook Mine is across the Creek where Josephine Cheeler, the boarding house cook, fed me while my mules grazed on the hillside.

Not far from the confluence of Lamphier Creek and Gold Creek is five graves. I believe I am the only man alive who knows where they are and their history. Five rustlers on their way back from South Park where they had delivered a band of stolen horses came back through Pitkin one night and stole several horses that were tied up at

the hitch rail outside the City Hall where they were having a dance. They took off up Chicago Park and over to Gold Creek where they holed up for some rest. The cowboys and miners were on their trail at daylight and trailed them to their camp. There wasn't any trial expense to the county and the horses all made the fall roundup. Yes, five graves, my secret.

Lamphier Lake up the Creek of that name some three miles located in Borinite Basin together with a cabin built by John Gardiner, who I have mentioned, form a retreat only found in story books. Gardiner blasted a hole off the knife edge top of a mountain to lead his pack string through. It's called Gun Site Pass and few there are who know of it.

Gentlemen, the main thing I want to convey to you to night is that we need to take care of the heritage left us by people like Carter, Reynolds, Gardiner, and the others who pioneered our metal industry in that area. We need to maintain the mines in a working condition and must by all means hang on to the 1872 mining law. It's an honest law. They have suggested a law whereby if you find some ore you must turn it over to a bunch of parasites who will put it up for bid and the high bidder gets the ore after you found it and that's not right. I am sure the congressman who suggested the 1872 replacement found himself in the fix the little boy was in, that my wife tells about. Busy with her housework one day, the doorbell rang and my wife opened the door. There was the little six year old neighbor girl dressed in her mom's old dress and stubbing in a pair of high heeled slippers. Beside her was her four year old little brother with his dad's hat mashing his ears down and his dad's pants on, dragging his tracks out. The little girl said, "How do you do, Mrs. Berry? We are Mr. and Mrs. Smith and we came over to visit you." Well my wife tried to keep a straight face and said, "Why come right in Mrs. Smith and bring Mr. Smith." So she set them down in the living room and said, "I'll go get us some refreshments" whereupon she went to the kitchen. She was in there but a minute when she heard the front door slam. She hurried to the door in time to see the kids just making the sidewalk. She hollered and said, "Why Mrs. Smith, aren't you folks going to have refreshments with me?" The little girl came back a ways and in a hushed voice said, "Mrs. Berry, I am so sorry but Mr. Smith has wet his pants!"

Our money situation is in a bad way. Counterfeiting used to be private industry, now it's not. Orsen Wells, who put out a financial letter, has written a lot about this. We lack over thirteen billion in Camp Knox of having enough gold to payoff the nations we have promised gold if they demanded it. The tenth amendment in our Constitution says coins shall be struck by the U.S. Government and the paper money by the States. The money situation reminds me of the poem about the bumblebee.

Once there was a fuzzy wuzzy bumble bee,
Who lighted on a flower in the dell,
But along came a cow of low degree,
And ate the flower and the bee as well.

How rathful was that buzzy bumble bee,
 How solemnly he vowed a solemn vow,
 "When I get good and ready" bumbled he,
 "I'll sting and sting and sting this muley cow."

But down inside the cow so warm and dark,
 Amid the daisies, buttercups, and hay,
 Alas, the bee fell fast asleep,
 And when he woke, the cow had gone away.

Author unknown

My time is up and your Chairman looked at his watch a few minutes ago. That didn't stop me, but just now he held it up to his ear to see if it was still running so I must close. I would like to say we would appreciate your help in the metal industry any time. The EPA has just about got us all closed down. Peterson, the Chairman of the EPA, bragged about having one million employees; kinda like bragging about how many termites you got in your house. I am sure that with good common judgment with people who know what the situation is in the metal industry, we can overcome. Let us consider honest profit not a sin and strive to furnish a livelihood for working America. I thank you.



OUR AUTHORS

LINDNEUX EXHIBITION

(from p. 2)

Wartime service included the invasion of North Borneo at Brunei Bay and the Miri-Lutong area. Following the war, the LCS (L) '45 engaged in the occupation of China and mine sweeping of Chusan Archipelago, the Yangtze Approach, and the Northern Formosa waters as well as mine patrol in the shipping lanes of the Yellow Sea.

He graduated from the University of Colorado School of Medicine in 1950 and from the University of Denver College of Law in 1956. Internship was served at the University of Oklahoma Hospitals and residency in Pathology at Denver General Hospital after one year as a Fellow in Internal Medicine at the Lahey Clinic in Boston.

He specializes in Forensic Pathology and is presently an Associate Coroner's Pathologist for the City and County of Denver.

His interests include hiking, fishing and river running. The latter accounts for the topic of his paper. "River Running in Seward's Icebox, 1890-1980."

Posse Member Bill VanDuzer reports that the City of Denver has made an agreement with Mose and Edward Iacino of the Seattle Fish Company to exhibit a selection of their large collection of the paintings of the celebrated Colorado Western artist, Robert O. Lindneux.

Twenty-five Lindneux paintings will be shown at the City's Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum on Lookout Mountain in the Denver parks system for a period of two years (possibly longer). During the period they may from time to time be exchanged or replaced by others from the collection of the owners.

The exhibition will open about April 15th and will be very well worth a visit.

REGRETS

We regret to note the death, on January 25, 1981, of Bertha Anderson Collins, wife of Posse Member Dabney Otis Collins, at the age of 86. They were married in 1920.



GOOD READING FOR WRANGLERS



Marshall Pass, Featuring the Dow Helmers Collection, by Walter R. Borneman. Century One Press, Colorado Springs, 1980. Illustrations, maps, index, 159 pages. \$22.95.

The late Dow Helmers, longtime Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners, during his lifetime earned an esteemed rank among published writers on Colorado railroad history. In the course of his ongoing research before his untimely death in 1976, he amassed yet another remarkable array of historical material, whose objective was the story of Marshall Pass. Discovered by, and named after Lt. William L. Marshall in desperate quest of relief from a devastating toothache in 1873, developed by toll road potentate Otto Mears, and exploited by General William J. Palmer's narrow-gauge Denver & Rio Grande Railway between Salida and Gunnison, Colorado, Marshall Pass long was a significant factor in the history and commerce of central Colorado. Sadly, Dow Helmers' goal to record that story never came to fruition in his lifetime.

Walter Borneman, author of this new presentation, likewise had researched the history of Marshall Pass. With the blessing of Mrs. Theresa Helmers, the results of her husband's arduous labors were combined with Borneman's narrative skills to produce this book. There are just enough historical errors in the author's work, however, to dim the lustre of this tribute to the memory of Dow Helmers.

Generally at his best in interpreting primary sources, the author's use of secondary materials was not subjected to careful investigation, nor apparently even to question. The use of James as the given name for D.&R.G. Chief Engineer John Aten McMurtrie is perhaps understandable; citing construction of the line over Poncha Pass in 1881 as extending to Alamosa (p.27) is not acceptable. The connecting line from Villa Grove to Alamosa, along the floor of the San Luis Valley, was not built until September and October of 1890.

Relating an incident on Marshall Pass during the summer of 1894, the author attri-

butes action to Rio Grande Superintendent Arthur Ridgway. The reference, of course, should be to Arthur Ridgway's father, Robert M. Ridgway, the legendary "Old Tige" of early Rio Grande days. Arthur Ridgway, in 1894 only two years out of college, was Assistant Chief Engineer of the Bellefontaine Bridge & Iron Co. in Bellefontaine, Ohio, at the time.

Further, President William Howard Taft is recorded as traversing Marshall Pass in 1909, enroute to the dedication of the Gunnison Water Diversion Tunnel near Montrose. The story is ascribed to Lucius Beebe, rather renowned for never letting historical accuracy intrude into the telling of a good story. An itinerary of the President's trip, among this reviewer's artifacts, reveals that Taft visited the Gunnison Tunnel by a side trip to Montrose from Grand Junction after leaving Denver the morning of September 22, 1909, on a special Rio Grande train. Crossing Tennessee Pass on the standard-gauge main line at 2:15 the next morning, the President arrived at Grand Junction at 10:15 AM September 23rd. The side trip to the Gunnison Tunnel dedication took place that afternoon. The President left Montrose that night at 10:00 PM for the return to Grand Junction and the journey west to Salt Lake City, where he arrived Friday afternoon, September 24, 1909.

In discussing the various Colorado mountain passes surmounted by rail, the author states, "... David Moffatt's (sic) Denver, Northwestern, and Pacific firmly set the record for any gauge by crossing 11,680-foot Rollins Pass in 1904. Rollins Pass held the record until 1937 when, as part of the Rio Grande system, it was abandoned for the Moffat Tunnel." It is common knowledge that the Moffat Tunnel was opened to traffic February 26, 1928. Less well known, perhaps, the Rio Grande initiated through service to the Western Slope via the Tunnel and Dotsero Cutoff on June 17, 1934. Rollins Pass was given up and abandoned long before 1937!

The caption under a well-known William Henry Jackson photo on page 38 denotes

engine 227 built by Grant. Actually, it is engine 285 built by Baldwin, as revealed by examination of any good print of the original photo.

On page 113, writing of the I. C. C. hearings at Salida on abandonment of the tracks over Marshall Pass, the name T. K. Moriarty is cited by the author as representing the Rio Grande. This no doubt is meant to refer to Kenneth L. Moriarty, the railroad's General Manager at the time, with many years previous service as Division Engineer, Trainmaster, and Division Superintendent, and certainly not unknown in the area.

Such inaccuracies take the bloom off what otherwise is a rather fine presentation. The coverage is good; the writing, in large measure, is excellent; the price is right. The obvious lack of critical editing, by both author and publisher, as discussed here, only detracts from what was meant to be, and should have been, a fine and fitting encomium to the memory of Denver Westerner Corresponding Member Dow Helmers.

Jackson Thode, P.M.

William Robinson Leigh: Western Artist, by D. Duane Cummins. Univ. of Oklahoma, Press, Norman, and Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art, Tulsa, 1980; 204 pages, index, 30 color plates, 71 black and white. \$19.95, hardbound.

This is about as meaty a book on an artist as one could desire, covering not only his artistic career but as well his early life which colored his entire philosophy.

Leigh's artistic standing as a member of the eminent Remington-Russell-Leigh trio puts him in good company, but in a distinctive position in that group. Remington was the illustrator par excellence and the interpreter especially of the Indian-fighting cavalryman and the cowboy. Russell was the romantic storyteller with particular insight into how the Indian-white contact seemed to look at the Indian. Leigh, too, focussed especially on the Indian, but with less reference to the whites behind the scenes.

Like the other two, Leigh was a realistic illustrator. Their work was used in magazines as a report from the frontier for an eastern public whose news of what was going

on "out west" depended in large part on such pictorial reporters. Like Thomas Nast's Santa Claus, their cavalryman, cowboy, Indian, and western scenery formed our vision of expanding America during that significant period.

Leigh was American born, but formed his mature artistic techniques in the disciplinary German school. His highly representational style led critics at that impressionistic period to undervalue his work, and his life was a struggle for the recognition he felt he deserved. As a result he became increasingly embittered, and given his independent and individualistic nature, he drew and painted to his own satisfaction. It was not until the closing years of his career that he received the critical recognition he so doggedly sought.

Perhaps as much as any artist, his graphic work expresses a philosophy, a contemplative spirit, a strong feeling for nature, and the ability to picture frenzy at the one extreme and at the other to express complete serenity. Childhood traumas colored his personality which became inwardly directed, even paranoid. Perhaps this was what turned him initially toward animals, the natural world, and the idealized Indian, for the representation of which he became famous.

There are reported to be 923 of Leigh's works in the Gilcrease Institute in Tulsa, none of which has ever been shown elsewhere. This book, illustrated entirely from that collection, is a rare insight into the work of this major artist of the Old West.

Hugo von Rodeck, P.M.



DABNEY COLLINS HONORED

We are pleased to announce that Posse Member Dabney Otis Collins has been awarded a Life Membership in Western Writers of America, Inc., whose headquarters are in Victor, Montana. This is the first such membership ever to be granted. Congratulations, Dabney!

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

MARCH-APRIL 1981



THE NEZ PERCE WAR OF 1877

Richard A. Cook, P.M.



Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekt (Thunder Traveling to Loftier Mountain Heights), known to the whites as Chief Joseph, led the Wallowa Nez Perces through the war of 1877. One of the most famous of all American Indian leaders, he delivered the surrender speech for his people at the Bear Paws. Less than two months later, aged 37 and bound for exile, he posed in Bismarck, North Dakota, November, 1877, for this photograph by F. J. Haynes.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

William G. Eloe, P.O. Box 190, Sedalia, Colorado, is a new Corresponding Member. He is especially interested in Colorado mining and railroads and is a collector of 19th century Colorado photographs and stereo views.

How many Denver Westerners remember the old Western Flying Service Airport just west of Stapleton Field? It became the Walt Higley airport. Moreover, how many know that Posse Member Francis B. Rizzari flew the last airplane off the Higley Field? It was 2 August 1942; the plane was a Piper Cub, which cost \$465.00, had a 50-horsepower engine with overhead exhausts, and had no brakes but a tail skid.

It is becoming increasingly important that those who intend to attend our monthly meetings make firm reservations with our Chuck Wrangler as soon as possible after you receive your postcard notice. It is anticipated that those who make reservations and do not attend, and who do not give ample notice to that effect may be billed for their "no-show". Those who attend without reservations may have to be seated at an overflow table, and served only as long as the food holds out. Please cooperate with your Chuck Wrangler. Give him your reservation early.

Don Chamberlin, P.M. sends us a clipping from a Denver neighborhood news sheet, the *Washington Park Profile*, on the origins of old South Denver street names. We learn that in the late 1890's there were 109 duplicate street names in that area. The double alphabets from Colorado Boulevard were begun in 1904, and the system of north-south streets and east-west avenues was established, beginning at Broadway and Ellsworth. In 1892 there were *two* Washington streets and *no* University Boulevard. Thirty-seven name origins are given, from Alameda to York, alphabetically. (Date of the clipping unknown.)

SYMPATHY

The Denver Posse of the Westerners extends its deepest sympathy to Dr. and Mrs. Lester L. Williams upon the untimely death of their son.

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THE NEZ PERCE WAR OF 1877

by
Richard A. Cook, P.M.

(Presented to the Denver Posse 28 January 1981)

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The purpose of this narrative is to examine the Nez Perce War of 1877, and to summarize its highlights. In addition, you will see how one army detachment after another, led by Civil War and Indian Campaign veterans, floundered in battle as the Nez Perce conducted a great fighting retreat which almost succeeded. As this treatise is only a summary, the reasons for the war and its background will not be discussed at this time.

I PRELUDE

"Tell General Howard I know his heart. What he told me before I have in my heart. I am tired of fighting. Our chiefs are killed. Looking Glass is dead. The old men are all killed. It is the young men who say yes or no. He who led the young men is dead. It is cold and we have no blankets. The little children are freezing to death. My people, some of them have run away to the hills and have no blankets, no food, no one knows where they are, perhaps freezing to death. I want time to look for my children and see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me my chiefs, I am tired, my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever."

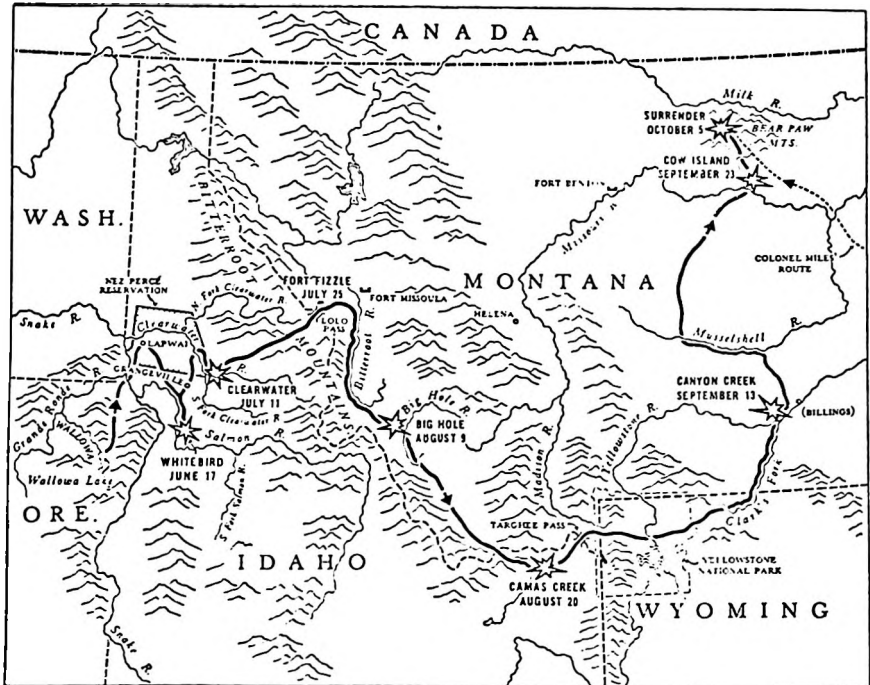
With these poignant words, Chief Joseph of the Nez Perce Indians surrendered his little band to Brigadier General Oliver O. Howard and Colonel Nelson A. Miles in the Bear Paw Mountains of Montana Territory on October 5, 1877. Within a period of eleven weeks, this band of Nez Perce had moved approximately 1,300 miles and had engaged nine separate commands in thirteen different battles and skirmishes. In nearly every case although taking serious losses of fighting men, equipment and livestock, the Nez Perce fought their opponents to a standstill, and in some instances inflicted defeat. General Sherman, the Army's Commanding General, termed the struggle as

"... one of the most extraordinary Indian wars of which there is any record."

II THE BATTLE OF WHITE BIRD CANYON

By June 16, 1877, all of the Nez Perce bands who had not participated in the treaty of 1863 (which gave up specific Indian rights to the land of their ancestors) were required to move onto the reservation with the other bands who previously had agreed

to the terms of the treaty. A few days before the deadline several young warriors, inflamed by alcohol and taunted by an older member of the tribe for not avenging the death of one of their fathers at the hands of a white man, stole away from camp and killed four white men living along the Salmon River. Another white was wounded and all were known to have been hostile to Indians. News of the raid reached Fort Lapwai by Indian messenger who reported that the raid was one of private revenge and not a declaration of war by the non-treaty bands. General Howard, Commanding General of



The Nez Perce retreat covered 1,300 miles in about four months. Miles cut them off just short of Canada and safety.

Map from American Heritage

the Department of the Columbia at Fort Vancouver, just happened to be at Fort Lapwai on an inspection trip at that time. He believed this news as the truth until correspondence was received from one L.P. Brown, a hotel keeper at Mount Idaho. In effect, Brown indicated that the non-treaty bands had been gathering at one place and had become insolent and threatening to settlers moving to the security of Mount Idaho. Since the local citizens of Mount Idaho had not heard about the slayings on the Salmon River, it is quite possible that Brown was trying to drum up justification for the forceable removal of the Indians from his locale in order to quiet the populace.

However, on June 15 a pair of whiskey freighters abandoned their load when attacked by Indians who, after consuming some of the captured booty, attacked a refugee party. Some whites were killed and others wounded. Meanwhile, hearing reports of the Salmon River killings, Brown sent a second message to Howard. In this communication he stated that the situation was desperate and he pleaded for help in the form of soldiers, arms, and ammunition. A third and final message came from Brown an hour later and it repeated the urgent call for assistance. Based upon the unsupported statement of this one man it was apparent that the country was involved in an Indian uprising. General Howard quickly assembled his available forces and prepared for an attack upon the Indian encampment located at the base of White Bird Canyon. This armed force was commanded by Captain David Perry, and initially consisted of 93 men of Companies F and H, 1st U.S. Cavalry, and two other companies brought from the Wallowa Valley by Captain Whipple. Infantry troops were to come later from Walla Walla, and additional soldiers and supplies were requisitioned from Fort Vancouver, located near the mouth of the Columbia River. Captain Perry had been promised a large force of volunteers at Grangeville if he attacked at once, but when he was ready to depart, only eleven volunteers had joined his command. A little after midnight on June 17 the command, now approximately 117 men including twelve treaty band scouts, reached the ridge above White Bird Creek. Here they waited for first light to guide them down the canyon to the Indian village. Alert Indian sentries previously had warned the village of their approach. The route the soldiers would have to follow wound along a treeless, rolling land with ridges and hills on either side. The village itself lay behind two buttes at the bottom of the slope. The total fighting strength of the encampment was approximately 150, but many warriors were unable to fight due to drunkenness. Others had no weapons or were too old, too sick, or too frightened to use them. Altogether, there were not more than sixty or seventy warriors with bows and arrows, shotguns, muskets and a few modern rifles. The chiefs were uncertain whether to resist, but reaching a decision, they organized a truce team to try to arrange a meeting. Being cautious, however, the old men, women, and children were directed to drive the livestock to safety while the warriors prepared for the worst, concealing themselves along each side of the draw.

Before 3:00 A.M. the troops were again in motion and within an hour emerged from the draw. At that time, a group of six Indians under a flag of truce was observed directly to their front.

There had been no hint of an ambush or a surprise attack but the fighting began with two wild shots fired by a civilian volunteer by the name of Ad Chapman. Sergeant McCarthy stated in retrospect that,

“some wild firing was done by our people from horseback, a rather short sighted thing to do; for we had only an average of fifty rounds in the whole command.”

The nature of the terrain, with many hiding places for ambush, should have put the troops on their guard, but since they were anticipating a surprise charge into the village, they ignored their surroundings. Other Nez Perce warriors waited behind the

truce committee to see what would happen. As previously stated, the "volunteers" opened fire without waiting for Perry's command and it was returned by the warriors in the rear of the truce committee. In this exchange Trumpeter Jones, one of the two buglers, was killed. As the Indians started firing Perry hastily deployed his troops across the draw and placed the volunteers to his left on a high knoll. The men in the center were dismounted while the ones on the right flank remained mounted. The battle was fought without any plan and the Nez Perce seized the initiative by charging the volunteers on the left flank, which sent them reeling to the rear in panic. This action exposed Perry's left flank while at the same time a charge led by Ollokot, Chief Joseph's brother, on the right flank of the line frightened the horses of the mounted troopers.

The troops in the center, seeing their flanks exposed and nothing but confusion all around, gave way and rushed for their horses. In a matter of a few moments, the whole command had been cut into small groups fighting desperately for their lives. Nineteen men with Lieutenant Theller tried to make a stand but were cut down against a rocky cliff. The remainder of the command fled the battlefield in panic leaving a total of thirty-four dead. The Nez Perce gave chase as the Army fought a token rearguard action in the direction of Mount Idaho where the Indians gave up the pursuit and returned to the village. The Nez Perce casualties were light with only two wounded and none dead. The most important result of this impromptu battle, besides spreading the alarm of an impending Indian war, was the fact that sixty three rifles, a number of handguns and a considerable amount of ammunition were captured by the Indians.

Perry's forces were not outnumbered, nor had the Indians been better armed. In fact some of the warriors who participated in the battle acquired their weapons from fallen soldiers. Historically, the Battle of White Bird Canyon has been classed with the Battle of the Little Big Horn as an overwhelming defeat. Actually the two are only similar in respect to lack of military caution and accessible reserves. Manpower was equally balanced but Indian maneuvering and marksmanship were decisive. It is also apparent that mediocre leadership and poorly trained troops contributed to this defeat. The loss of both trumpeters at the outset, leaving Perry with no means of control, also might have been highly significant. In addition, the command had been worn out by thirty six hours of marching and two nights without sleep. However, many people were ready to believe that the Nez Perce were supermen led by military geniuses. As a note of interest, Captain Perry later faced a court of inquiry regarding his leadership in the battle but was exonerated.

III THE BATTLE OF THE CLEARWATER

The Battle of White Bird Canyon, not only alarmed the settlements of the Northwest, but angered the rest of the nation whose memory of the Custer disaster of the year before was still vivid. As a result, and because it was apparent that the victory might encourage other Northwest tribes to rebel, General Howard sent for reinforcements throughout the west. Some were to come from as far away as Georgia and Alaska. Howard soon realized, however, that there were no real signs of a general Indian uprising, and he felt that a strategic emplacement of regulars would be all that

was required. Howard also believed that a posture of watchfulness by the settlers and their volunteer militia would aid in preventing the danger of an all-out war in the area.

Within a week, General Howard took to the field with a force of 227 troops, twenty civilians and a large group of packers and guides. He marched directly to the Indian village only to find that the original band had been joined by another group returning from hunting buffalo in Montana, and that they had moved the entire village to the south side of the Salmon River. Howard commented that

“. . . no general could have chosen a safer position, or one that would be more likely to puzzle or obstruct a pursuing foe. If we present a weak force, he (Joseph) can turn upon it. If we make direct pursuit, he can go southward toward Boise for at least thirty miles, and then turn our left. He can go straight to his rear and cross the Snake at Pittsburg Landing. He can go on down the Salmon and cross in several places, and then turn either to the left, for his old haunts in the Wallowa Valley, or to his right, and pass our flank, threatening our line of supply, while he has at the same time, a wonderful natural barrier between him and us in the Salmon. . . .”

While the troops were planning to cross the river information was received that Looking Glass, a famous tribal war chief, was planning to leave the reservation and join the hostile band. Accepting this as fact, Howard divided his forces and sent Captain Whipple with two troops of cavalry to intercept Looking Glass. As Whipple departed Howard received boats and started his crossing of the Salmon River only to see the Indians disappear into the wilderness.

During the time Howard was wearily pursuing his enemy, Captain Whipple located Looking Glass's peaceful village. After an attempt to talk to Looking Glass with no success, Whipple without warning launched a vicious attack on the encampment. The Indians fled from the village to the other side of the river where they were rallied by their outraged chief. Looking Glass previously had desired peace, but as a result of the attack was left homeless. Consequently it is not surprising that the members of this band with few exceptions hastened to join the hostile tribe as the latter reached the Clearwater River.

About that time, Whipple received word that the main hostile band had evaded General Howard and had crossed back to the north bank of the Salmon River. Howard had tried to follow the hostiles, but couldn't cross to the north bank unless he retraced his steps to where he had left the boats. This is exactly what happened, and Howard's prey gained valuable time. For the time being Looking Glass was forgotten and Whipple dispatched Lieutenant S. M. Rains with ten men to reconnoiter his rear as the hostile Nez Perce were now in that proximity. He dug in to await results which were not long in coming. In attempting to find the enemy, Rains and his men were annihilated and another group of scouts and civilian volunteers were mauled.

Yellow Wolf, when queried years later as to the hasty return of the belligerents back across the Salmon River, replied,

“It was from the first so fixed. We intended turning back if soldiers followed us south. That was how the war was to be carried out. The chiefs wanted the soldiers out of the way.”

The Nez Perce then bypassed Whipple's force and the barricaded towns of Cottonwood and Grangeville to head for a hiding place on the South Fork of the Clearwater River. Here they were joined by the people of Looking Glass's band. This addition provided another forty warriors, but also raised the total of women and children to approximately 450.

General Howard assumed that Joseph was the one responsible for the masterly way in which the Nez Perce had achieved success and for conducting the war with "White men's rules" as well. There had been no scalping and body mutilation by the hostiles, and noncombatants, including women, were treated with humanity and friendliness. The truth was that the Nez Perce had succeeded from a combination of overconfidence and mistakes on the part of the whites, and Indian courage coupled with a rugged terrain advantage. Also, it was a fact that Joseph sat in council but since he had never been a war chief, men like Ollokot, his brother, Five Wounds, Toohoolhoolzote, Rainbow, and White Bird were the actual combat leaders.

On July 11, Howard, now with 400 troops and 180 scouts, packers, and teamsters, took up the pursuit once more. The hostile camp was spotted on the opposite side of the Clearwater, and the troops opened fire with a four-inch howitzer and two Gatling guns in preparation for an attack. Taken by surprise, but not hesitating, Toohoolhoolzote, with two dozen warriors crossed the river, scaled a bluff to the same level of the soldiers and engaged them with accurate and deadly fire. This allowed time for more Indians to get into the fight with the intent of encircling their foe. Howard, surmising this, formed his troops in a square and ordered them to dig in. The fighting continued all day and to the next morning. The Nez Perce, outnumbered almost six to one, and occasionally under artillery fire, kept the command pinned down and on the defensive with expert marksmanship. Several hand-to-hand fights broke out and at one point the supply train was almost captured. Additionally, the Nez Perce controlled the only spring in the area. This further discouraged the troops already suffering from thirst under a merciless sun. By noon of the second day the chiefs decided that there had been enough fighting without a decision and decided to withdraw. Joseph was given enough time to move the village and livestock. One by one the Indians ceased fighting and withdrew from the battlefield, and Howard's troops followed across the river to an abandoned camp. The Army lost 13 killed and 27 wounded, of which two died later, while the Indians suffered a total of four dead and six wounded. They had escaped from Howard once again.

Although the Indians had not been defeated, the troops had survived a battle and the Indians were driven from the field. Howard's failure to rapidly pursue his enemy was probably his most serious mistake of the entire campaign. The Indians themselves called Howard "General Day-After-Tomorrow" because of his policy of giving them a two day lead. General Howard, instead of hounding the Nez Perce, who most likely would have dispersed their shattered bands and ceased their resistance, postponed pursuit until the following day. By that time it was too late, and the opportunity to end the uprising was gone.

From the beginning, Howard had underestimated his opponents even when his knowledge was based upon accurate information.

IV FORT FIZZLE

The Nez Perce crossed the Clearwater north of Howard's location and paused to determine their next move. They reluctantly decided to leave Idaho, thinking that if that were the case General Howard would leave them alone. Looking Glass was of the opinion that once in Montana, with which he was familiar, the band would join the Crows and hunt the plains in peace. It was a difficult decision to make because it meant leaving their homeland behind. Looking Glass was declared supreme chief for the trek to Montana and subsequently the homeless band started over the difficult Lolo Trail through the Bitterroot Mountains. Howard took up the pursuit which was as difficult for the pursued as for the pursuers.

In all fairness to the Army, it should be pointed out here that part of Howard's force was infantry and that he was attempting to capture an elusive and cunning mounted foe. A few days later in Montana, at the eastern exit to the trail a force of thirty five soldiers of the 7th Infantry and 200 citizen volunteers under the command of Captain C.M. Rawn, attempted to establish a log barricade in order to halt the Nez Perce retreat.

By July 25, after nine days in the mountains with 2,000 horses in addition to noncombatants, the Nez Perce appeared above the log fort. Joseph, Looking Glass, and White Bird went forward to persuade their opponents to allow their passage stating that they were on their way to the Crows and would move peacefully through the valley, respecting the rights of the settlers and paying for what they needed. This satisfied the volunteers who, not wanting an Indian fight, departed for home leaving Rawn and his troops to defend the fort. Fortunately for Captain Rawn whose orders were to resist, the Nez Perce conducted a feint at his position and bypassed it completely on another mountain trail. The log fort was soon dubbed "Fort Fizzle" and Rawn could do nothing more than to withdraw to the settlement at Missoula.

V. THE BATTLE OF BIG HOLE

Keeping their promise, the Nez Perce refugees committed no hostile acts and bought what they needed from the settlers. This friendly attitude was returned by the people of the Bitterroot Valley and did nothing more than to give the band a false sense of security. Consequently, they leisurely continued on their way south to the Big Hole Valley, where they made camp to rest awhile.

At this time, General Howard was struggling along the Lolo Trail across the Bitterroot Mountains in pursuit. Unknown to the Indians at Big Hole, a new element now entered the picture. A force of 163 regulars and thirty five volunteers under the command of Colonel John Gibbon had set out from Fort Shaw, Montana, to intercept the Nez Perce. On the night of August 8th Gibbon's command arrived at a hill overlooking the unsuspecting Indian village, and at dawn he attacked the sleeping encampment in complete surprise. The soldiers charged, firing as they moved, and forded the shallow stream running in front of the lodges. As they swept into the village, shooting and clubbing men, women, and children, some of the victims were able to seize weapons and ammunition while fleeing to the far side of the encampment and the

nearby forest. This group was rallied by White Bird, and standing their ground, fought back desperately against a suddenly faltering line of troops. The commander of the left flank had been killed in the charge, and it was this portion of the line that began to give way under the surprise resistance from the village. The soldiers gave ground to the right, confusing others on the right flank who were trying to set fire to the lodges. At that moment, White Bird struck on the right flank causing further confusion and panic among the troops. Gibbon, seeing the panic and having received a leg wound, ordered the command to withdraw to a position across the stream. As the withdrawal took place Gibbon found himself on the defense as the Nez Perce swarmed after him. Moments later the little command was encircled and fighting for survival.

As the village was abandoned by the soldiers, Joseph rallied the survivors, picked up the dead and wounded, struck lodges, and driving the livestock in front, moved off to the south.

Meanwhile, Gibbon's position had become desperate, as the troops had run out of water. The Indians also captured the howitzer which immediately was run over a steep cliff. The command also lost a valuable pack load of ammunition during the retreat. By eleven that night, and after insuring the safety of the village, the remaining Indian combatants broke contact and performed a rear guard action as they slowly followed Joseph and their village southward.

Gibbon's command, bloody and battered, was in no condition to follow. Thirty-three soldiers were dead and thirty-eight others were wounded. Fourteen of the seventeen officers were casualties, and Howard coming upon them the following day found them in a dazed state trying to take care of the wounded and burying the dead.

The Indians had also suffered, losing between sixty and ninety people, among whom were Rainbow and Five Wounds. Many of their casualties had been women and children.

During the battle, the Nez Perce had set fire to the grass which at the last possible moment changed direction, which was called by those who survived "an act of God," as it saved them all from certain death. Had the Nez Perce war chiefs been able to train their warriors in the use of a howitzer as well as they were trained in infantry and cavalry tactics, the battle may have been a miniature "Little Big Horn."

Coincidentally, Gibbon, upon seeing Howard's advance guard, must have known how Major Reno felt that fatal day on the Little Big Horn, thirteen and a half months before, when Gibbon himself played the role of rescuer.

In retrospect, regarding the Battle of Big Hole there were a few more Indians than soldiers but only a score or so were battle-experienced. Gibbon had within his command sixteen experienced officers and numerous trained men who had the advantage of surprise and momentum. Yet the Nez Perce managed to throw off their attackers once again and in the process almost annihilate them. As a result of this fight the Nez Perce suffered a serious setback, but were able to recover to the point of continuing their flight for another 1,000 miles. Yellow Wolf later stated.

"No Nez Perce were there after those good-bye morning shots. We were not there to see the new soldiers you say came. They must have arrived after we followed the camp. In all the war, General Howard never came where we could see him."

VI THE BATTLE OF CAMAS CREEK

The Nez Perce fled farther to the southeast and, in desperation, only one alternative seemed open to them. That was to turn north to Canada where Sitting Bull and the Sioux had fled before them. Looking Glass was blamed for the disaster at Big Hole, and Lean Elk succeeded him as primary war chief.

Howard missed an opportunity to get ahead of the fugitives because of civilian pressure for soldier presence to the south, but in an effort to cut them off before they reached Yellowstone Park he sent a token force under Lieutenant Bacon to Targhee Pass. When Bacon arrived at his destination there was no evidence of Indians, and after waiting several days he vacated the pass. When Howard finally arrived at the pass after the Battle of Camas Creek, he realized that Bacon had failed by being impatient, and the Nez Perce had evaded him again.

As the Nez Perce headed toward Targhee Pass and Yellowstone park where they intended turning north to Canada, word was brought that Howard was not far behind.

On the night of August 20th, Ollokot and three other chiefs, leading approximately twenty-eight warriors, rode into Howard's camp in a column of fours. They were mistaken for Bacon's detachment by the pickets, and before anything could be done, the Indians stampeded the pack mules out of camp. By this time the soldiers were in hot pursuit, but not close enough to prevent a trap being set. This was the Battle of Camas Creek. The soldiers finally managed to extricate themselves from the ambush, but one troop under the command of Captain Norwood was almost annihilated. Only Howard's timely rescue with more troops prevented another disaster. The night had saved them from the Indians' superb marksmanship.

General Howard now had to stop and procure more mules in the local settlements; thus, he lost his chance to overtake his prey as they crossed the Continental Divide and moved into Yellowstone Park.

VII THE BATTLE OF CANYON CREEK

In Yellowstone Park, the Nez Perce managed to capture several groups of campers including a number of women. They narrowly missed capturing a party of vacationers among whom was General William T. Sherman, the Army's Commanding General. The chiefs would not permit inhuman treatment of their captives, and allowed them to escape as the band made its way across the park.

Having been alerted to the fugitives' whereabouts, the 7th U.S. Cavalry under the command of Colonel Samuel Sturgis attempted to set a trap for the fleeing band in the upper Yellowstone Valley. The Nez Perce bypassed the ambush by going through a mountain wilderness that Sturgis thought was impenetrable, especially to an Indian band driving 2000 head of horses. When the Nez Perce emerged in their rear, the surprised 7th Cavalry gave chase with 300 men toward the present-day city of Billings, Montana.

When they were hardest pressed, the Nez Perce scouts for once failed, as they reported a strong force of troops across the shortest and best route north. Actually, it was only a small detachment of cavalry under Lieutenant Hugh Scott. This information caused the fugitive band to go into a long and difficult detour.

Actually, the Nez Perce were assisted by Colonel Sturgis who, after taking a blocking position at the mouth of Clark's Fork, was persuaded to move. Like Bacon at Targhee Pass, Sturgis was several days early and abandoned his watchful waiting after he received reports that the fugitives were moving toward the Shoshone River. He didn't pause to think that they might double back, which they did. These maneuvers by the Nez Perce once again proved that their scouting and deception were excellent.

At Canyon Creek, the band turned north once more, and on September 13 the 7th Cavalry overtook them. A desperate fight took place as the Indian rear guard, hiding in gullies and behind rocks, held off the troopers while the women and children with livestock, headed for the protection of a narrow canyon. During the fight Sturgis dismounted his men, which proved to be a costly error as this allowed the Nez Perce to escape into the canyon where they were able to build obstacles with boulders and brush, thus preventing the cavalry from following too closely. At dark, with the men tired and running low of ammunition and rations, Sturgis gave up pursuit. He had lost three killed and eleven wounded. The Nez Perce had lost only three, but the long flight was beginning to take its toll. Besides being weary, they were losing horses which when lame had to be abandoned. Others were being lost in the hurry to keep moving.

VIII THE BATTLE OF COW ISLAND

Harassed and fearful of enemies, the Nez Perce intercepted and killed three couriers between Howard's and Sturgis's forces. They next discovered the Crow camp in the Judith Basin, destroyed it, and recaptured some of their horses which had been stolen from them by the Crow.

At Cow Island, the band ran off a frightened sergeant and twelve men at a supply dump located there. After plundering supplies and fighting off a minor attack by a small military force from Fort Benton, the fugitives headed toward the badlands and rolling prairie, getting ever closer to Canada, the Bear Paw Mountains, and destiny.

IX THE BATTLE OF BEAR PAW MOUNTAINS

While the Nez Perce hurried north from Yellowstone Park, Howard sent a message via telegraph to Colonel Nelson Miles at Fort Keogh, Montana Territory (near present day Miles City) suggesting that they attempt to head off the Nez Perce somewhere south of the Canadian border.

As the for Nez Perce, Yellow Wolf afterwards said,

"We knew General Howard was more than two suns back on our trail. It was nothing hard to keep ahead of him."

On September 24, the Nez Perce made an unfortunate change in leadership, which eventually was to lead them to defeat. Whereas Lean Elk was for hurriedly moving and crossing the Canadian border, Looking Glass was again appointed primary chief by the council. He knew Sturgis and Howard were far behind and was for a slower pace.

Upon reaching the Bear Paw Mountains, about thirty miles from the Canadian border, the small band paused to rest, confident that they had outdistanced their

pursuers. Unfortunately they had underestimated the modern Army with its telegraph. Colonel Miles, with a force of 600 men, which included portions of the 2nd and 7th U.S. Cavalry, the mounted 5th U.S. Infantry, and a body of Cheyenne "warriors," hurried across Montana from Fort Keogh in the east for the purpose of intercepting the Nez Perce band.

On the morning of September 30, Cheyenne scouts spotted the Nez Perce camp, and Miles ordered an immediate attack. The 7th Cavalry, supported by the 5th Infantry, charged the village, while the 2nd Cavalry was sent to encircle the camp to cut off escape.

The assault caught the Nez Perce in three groups. The group on the far side of the encampment was able to flee to the north. Some became lost, some were to die of hunger and exposure, and some eventually were to reach Canada in small wretched groups. The second group, to include Joseph, was trapped with the livestock. The third group was in the village which was protected behind a low ridge. This third group commenced firing at their attackers immediately, inflicting heavy casualties among the troops which succeeded in halting the charge just short of the village. Two officers and twenty-two soldiers were killed in the assault while four more officers and thirty-eight troopers were wounded.

The encircling 2nd Cavalry had a better time of it as they were able to stampede the livestock, causing the Indians of the second group to be split into small elements. A few got away but most fought back in hand-to-hand combat or sought cover. After dark some of these were to reach the main body defending the village. One third of their horses had been run off and several of the fighting chiefs had been killed. Among them were Ollokot and Toohoolhoolzote.

Because Colonel Miles had taken heavy casualties in the initial assault, he decided to lay siege to the village rather than risk another assault. In addition, he attempted to cut off the village water supply from the river, but troops detailed for this task reeled back from heavy Indian resistance. As the siege got underway both sides settled down and dug in. It was about this time that the weather turned bitterly cold and on October 1 five inches of snow covered the ground. This added to the suffering of the Indian encampment as they fought for survival.

As the siege continued Colonel Miles became concerned with a rumor that Sitting Bull and the Sioux were coming to the rescue of the Nez Perce. Hoping to hasten a surrender, under a flag of truce he lured Joseph to the Army camp. Joseph came, as he desired an honorable surrender, but he was seized instead and made a prisoner. The same day, however, one of Miles' officers was captured by the Nez Perce so an exchange was arranged and Joseph was returned to his people.

On October 4 General Howard and his command arrived at the battlefield. Upon seeing this, and getting promises from Miles that they would be honorably treated and sent back to Idaho, the chiefs held a final council. White Bird and Looking Glass still opposed surrender, but Joseph, pointing to the extreme suffering of the starving women and children, declared he was going to surrender in order to care for his people. As the council broke up, a stray bullet killed Looking Glass, whereupon Joseph mounted a horse and rode toward the Army's position, where the surrender took place.

After dark and while the surrender arrangements were under way, White Bird and a band of unyielding warriors escaped on foot in small groups toward the Canadian border. On the second day they managed to reach their goal and on the day following, ran into mounted Indians—Sioux from Sitting Bull's village—who immediately took the fugitives under their care.

It was later discovered that a large Sioux war party, after some differences of opinion as to the Nez Perce's location, actually had started south to aid the main body of fugitives. They were too late as other fugitives brought news of Joseph's surrender, and so they turned back. It is somewhat interesting to speculate what might have happened to Colonel Miles (U.S. Army Commanding General-to-be) and troops if the Sioux warriors had arrived in time to assist their brothers.

Surrendering with Joseph were eighty-seven warriors, forty-six of them wounded, and 331 women and children.

Later, Miles would write to his wife:

"The fight was the most fierce of any Indian engagement I have ever been in."

X CONCLUSION

In all, nine separate commands had participated in the Nez Perce War of 1877. They were the: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 7th Cavalry; the 5th, 7th, 8th, and 21st Infantry; and the 4th Artillery. Four Civil War Generals had also been involved; Generals Howard, Gibbon, Sturgis and Miles. Altogether there were approximately 500 casualties, which were equally distributed between the warring factions. The total warrior strength of the hostiles had been less than 200. However, if women and children are included, the total tribal population at any one time was approximately 700.

The Nez Perce had opposed approximately 5,000 soldiers, of which 2,000 were met in battle. There had been hundreds of civilians involved, and of the total number of whites, about 266 had been killed or wounded. The fugitives had lost 239 in casualties while they had marched almost 2,000 miles without a supply train and carrying a preponderance of noncombatants. They had come within thirty miles of complete success!

General Sherman, as has been already reported, called this war one of the most extraordinary of which there was any record. He praised the Nez Perce skill in using advance and rear guards, skirmish lines, and field fortifications, and after the outbreak in refraining from scalping, mutilating and wanton slaying of civilians.

In attempts to throw Howard off the trail, the Nez Perce had made several detours. The key point in their strategy had been defense and mobility. The major battles were fought from fixed positions, but mobility had been exercised from within. At White Bird and Clearwater they were ready, as the Army's element of surprise failed. At Big Hole and Bear Paw surprise was the key element, but in the former the pause to burn lodges was the Army's undoing. Their reconnoitering and deceptive tactics were superb, while their marksmanship and use of terrain were outstanding. Finally, a combination of physical elements, together with the telegraph, enabled Colonel Miles to achieve victory over a proud and noble Indian nation. This was not the most glamorous chapter in the history of the U.S. Army as it emphasized the fact

that the "Indian-Fighting Army" was poor and uninspired. Great numbers of warriors had been used as an excuse to explain the disastrous defeats at Fort Phil Kearney and the Little Big Horn, but the small Nez Perce band held their own even when the odds were against them. More often than not the Army's "victories" came from attacks on unsuspecting villages where surprise and overwhelming firepower made the difference.

After Joseph's surrender, the 7th Cavalry stayed in the field to watch the Sioux and capture as many runaway Nez Perce as possible. The feelings of these men, as well as others in the Department of Dakota, were described in an officer's report: Major James S. Brisbin stated that

"Many of the older soldiers say the year of 1877 was the hardest they ever experienced, and if I may be allowed to judge, I will say, I never saw, even during the Civil War, harder or more dangerous service."

XI EPILOGUE

The speech made by Joseph at the surrender was published soon after and touched the imagination of the American public. Overnight, Joseph became the heroic symbol of his people and their cause. The United States Government did not, however, return the Nez Perce to the Lapwai Reservation. Instead, they were sent by flatboat and boxcar first to Kansas, and then to Indian Territory, where many took sick and died. Nevertheless, public sentiment finally forced the government to return the survivors to the Northwest and so, in 1885, eight years after Bear Paw, Joseph and the remnant of his band were sent to the Colville, Washington, Reservation. Many attempts were made to resettle them in their beloved Wallowa Valley, but all failed.

In 1904, at the age of 64, Joseph died on the Colville Reservation. Some people say he died of a broken heart. Perhaps he did, as suggested by the following quote from him, date unknown:

"The earth was created by the assistance of the sun, and it should be left as was . . . The country was made without lines of demarcation and it is no man's business to divide it . . . The earth and myself are of one mind. The measure of the land and the measure of our bodies are the same . . . Do not misunderstand me, but understand me fully with reference to my affection for the land. I never said the land was mine to do with as I chose. The one who has the right to dispose of it is the one who created it. I claim the right to live on my land and accord you the privilege to live on yours."

Thus an era passed from the face of the land.

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Every now and then we get an indication as to how far the Westerners and the Denver Posse reach. We have received a request for research help from a German "Westerner" in Dormagen, West Germany. The Denver Posse cannot be of much help, so the request is being turned over to the Denver Public Library.

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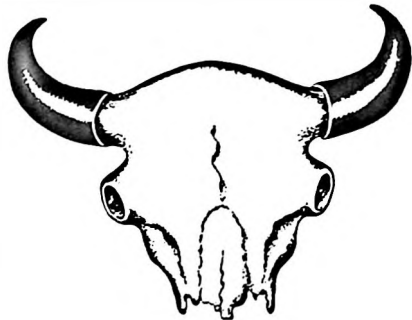
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The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

MAY-JUNE 1981



RIVER RUNNING IN SEWARD'S ICE BOX

Henry W. Toll Jr., P.M.



The Tatshenshini River near the British Columbia - U.S. border. As the St. Elias Range is approached, glaciers descend nearer and nearer to the River.

Tom Stimson photo.

MORE EMPTY SADDLES

We have word that Posse Member Ralph E. Livingston, who has not been well for some time, passed away on 13 June 1981. He will be sadly missed. He was a Colorado native, born in Gunnison in 1914, a graduate of the University of Denver Law School, and Inspector with the Denver Zoning Department for more than 25 years. He leaves his wife, Bernitos Fehlman Livingston, a son and a daughter. Ave!

William Sharpless Jackson, a former Sheriff of the Denver Posse, died at age 92 on July 8, 1981, in Denver. Jackson was a graduate of Colorado College, Harvard, and the University of Denver Law School. He practiced law in Colorado Springs from 1915 to 1942. He was appointed to the Colorado Supreme Court in 1942, and served as Chief Justice from 1951 to 1953. He was a Director of the State Historical Society, interested in the history of banking and railroads.

NEW HANDS ON THE RANGE

Henry W. Gaffney, P. O. Box 71, Dumont CO 80436, is a new Corresponding Member; he has been a C. M. of the Chicago Corral since 1968. His special interest is the history of early mining camps in Colorado, and he is reported to have written a history of Dumont and Idaho Springs. Perhaps he will tell the Posse about this some month? He collects Buffalo Bill Cody and 101 Ranch Wild West Show memorabilia.

Another new hand is Stanley W. Zamonski, Director of the Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum. His address is Box 950, Golden CO 80401. He has published in several of our Brand Books and is interested in all phases of Western history. We should all visit him on Lookout Mountain.

Richard G. Akeroyd Jr. has been present at several recent meetings and we are glad to welcome him to membership. He is a trained librarian with experience in public, university, and state libraries, with special interest in Western history. At present he is Assistant City Librarian at the Denver Public Library.

Earl L. Boland of 1240 Meadowsweet Road, Golden CO 80401, is interested in Ouray, Telluride, and Silverton and the San
(Continued on p. 14)

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RIVER RUNNING IN SEWARD'S ICE BOX 1890-1980

by
Henry W. Toll Jr., P. M.

Talk given to the Denver Posse of the Westerners
on March 25, 1981
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In the mid-1950's, Dr. George Ogura, Denver's Chief Coroner's Pathologist, organized a river trip through the Dinosaur National Monument which started my interest in river running. In those days, things were very casual; no permits, no equipment inspections and above all, no people. Today for the same trip one must apply in January for a permit for the season beginning the following May. Each year a lottery is held and applications are prioritized accordingly. In March 1981 I received notice that my application for this year was number 1,309 on the waiting list.

With crowding like that in the "lower 48" it seemed appropriate to head northward in the summer of 1979 and do some river running in Alaska.

There are innumerable rivers in Alaska. A guide book by Sepp Weber (see Bibliography) lists 53 of particular interest, but that is only the beginning. Alaska's possibilities range from the mighty Yukon's 2,000-mile length to short runs between interconnected lakes. Our attention focused first on the North Slope. The idea of a 400-mile run on the Noatek lying within the Arctic Circle and ending in the Arctic Ocean was intriguing. Subsequently a less well-known river, the Tatshenshini in southeastern Alaska was chosen. There were two main reasons for this. First was the spectacular scenery. This river, which flows through the Yukon Territory, enters British Columbia and then cuts through the St. Elias Range in American Alaska to disgorge its iceberg-laden contents into the Gulf of Alaska at Dry Bay. Secondly, various accounts of the mosquito problem led us to opt for less-bug-infested Tatshenshini with its faster current and more challenging water.

History was not a primary consideration in the selection; it appeared later as an unexpected dividend as we became acquainted with the river's history, especially the first recorded descent of the river in 1890 by E. J. Glave and Jack Dalton. Many interesting comparisons appeared between that trip and ours. It is the purpose of this paper to discuss some of the early records of river running and exploration in Alaska in general with later particular reference to the Alsek-Tatshenshini area.

Most "first runs" of Alaska's rivers were made by the natives long before the Russians arrived. The navigable rivers were used by the natives and early travelers alike as avenues of travel through difficult country where distances were great. Between the natives and the gold-rush prospectors, there must have been many unrecorded exciting early descents. Without the benefit of modern equipment or

the safety factor of wet suits, those early trips must have, on occasion, led to frigid swims in waters where hypothermia would spell death in a matter of minutes, but then:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."

James Graham, First Marquis
of Montrose

By way of historic background I would note that today we tend to forget that Russia was a long-time ally. In *Russian America* Chevigny tells us of the American purchase of Alaska; the United States "bought in the belief she was obliging Russia. Since Russia believed she would oblige the United States, the transaction was a thoroughly bizarre affair, not at all the reasoned logical thing time has made it appear. It was a case of the fallibility of international intelligence.



Andrew Harvard, Tom Stimson and Charles Moore inspecting icebergs in Alsek Bay.
Ellen Toll photo.

When your purchase price for land is 7¢ an acre, you can afford to be casual about looking it over. Certainly the U. S. was slow in inspecting parts of the purchase. The lack of definition of our border with Canada in the Yukon area was certainly no exception and one-third of a century would pass before even this was settled. When Congress interrogated John Wesley Powell, then Chief of the U. S. Geologic Survey, as to a survey for the construction of a railroad line to the Bering Strait, he requested \$25,000 for mapping of Alaska which was denied! Powell accordingly concentrated his attention on more urgent problems in the States. But interest was growing.

In 1883 one of the United States' most remarkable expeditions of exploration entered the Yukon Basin under Lt. Frederick Schwatka. Without previous notice to, or consent of, the Canadian Government Lt. Schwatka's party of 6 men entered the Yukon over the Chilkoot Pass to study the character and disposition of the Indians, their relations with each other, Russia, and the U. S., as well as to detail the weapons available to them. Our good neighbors, the Canadians, apparently were not fully aware of the Lieutenant's purpose and objective until they saw his later reports. While they had just cause to complain, Satterfield notes that they apparently forgave him and named the man-made lake at Whitehorse in his honor.

Lt. Frederick Schwatka was born in Illinois in 1849. He graduated from the U. S. Military Academy in 1871. He later studied both law and medicine. He was admitted to the Nebraska Bar and received a medical degree from New York's Bellevue Hospital Medical College. He had led a search for Sir John Franklin's arctic expedition in 1879-1880. He is of interest to this group because in March 1889, he led an exploration group from Fort Deming into Old Mexico and describes his adventures in Chihuahua and the Sierra Madre in his book, *In the Land of Cave and Cliff Dwellers*.

Schwatka made one of the early recorded crossings of the Chilkoot Pass and descent of the Yukon River. One year later, Schwatka joined with Jack Dalton (of whom we shall hear more later) and the two took horses over the Chilkat Pass into the Yukon Territory. They noted that this was a feasible route from the coast to the interior. They also noted that the terrain and forage beyond the pass were suitable for horses. Schwatka intended to return and further explore the Chilkat Pass and beyond, but death overtook him in 1892.

Before proceeding further, I hope a note will clarify matters and not compound confusion. There is a phonetic similarity between the words Chilkat and Chilkoot, yet geographically they represent entirely different mountain passes. The Chilkoot Pass is the famous gold rush route into the Yukon. It was the most direct route into the interior from the sea. For a man on foot who was possessed of gold fever it was probably the fastest way but its summit approach was utterly unsuitable for horses.

The Chilkat Pass lies to the north of the Chilkoot Pass and south of Tatshenshini River. The Chilkat was an Indian trade route to the interior long before Jack Dalton began using it as the animal pack route which ultimately became known as the Dalton Trail.

Routes to the interior lying north of the Chilkat Pass and the Tatshenshini were also bad, as this description will attest:

"The Yakutat Bay Trail was by far the worst. Stampeders had to cross the gigantic, crevassed Malaspina Glacier, one of the largest ice fields in the world and not one sportsmen today tackle frequently. The exact number who tried this route is unknown but there is a record of 100 who struck out across the gleaming, living ice. Only four survived. Theirs was the same fate as the Valdez parties: some froze to death; many went mad and told of giant, hairy monsters living far back on the glacier; scurvy rotted their flesh and finally killed them. Of the four who staggered and crawled to the beach a year later, two were totally blind and the other two were nearsighted the rest of their lives.

It is surprising that the Chilkat Pass was not used more by the gold seekers, although cattle and later reindeer were driven across this pass. The building of the railroad across White Pass made that the major route to the interior. In any event, after his trip with Schwatka, Jack Dalton did some work on the trail and commenced charging fees for its use.

Jack Dalton was born in Oklahoma (the Cherokee strip) and in his younger days in the States was a cowboy. He came to the Haines area in Alaska in 1883 or 1884 and either brought horses with him or acquired them locally. Newspaper clippings tell us that he had shot and killed a man in a shooting in Oregon before coming to Alaska.

It was logical that Schwatka should seek out the geographically knowledgeable Dalton on his subsequent expedition to explore the Chilkat Pass and Yukon Trails. It was also logical that Glave and Leslie's expedition should seek Dalton out as their Alaskan guide and that Glave should choose Dalton for his "Alsek" river trip.

E. J. Glave was one of Stanley's pioneer Congo officers and had participated in the search for Dr. Livingston. He had made a very successful lecture tour in the United States and was contracted by Frank Leslie's "*Illustrated Magazine*" to undertake an Alaskan expedition. The adventures of the party are chronicled in Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Magazine* for 1890-1891 as "Our Alaskan Expedition."

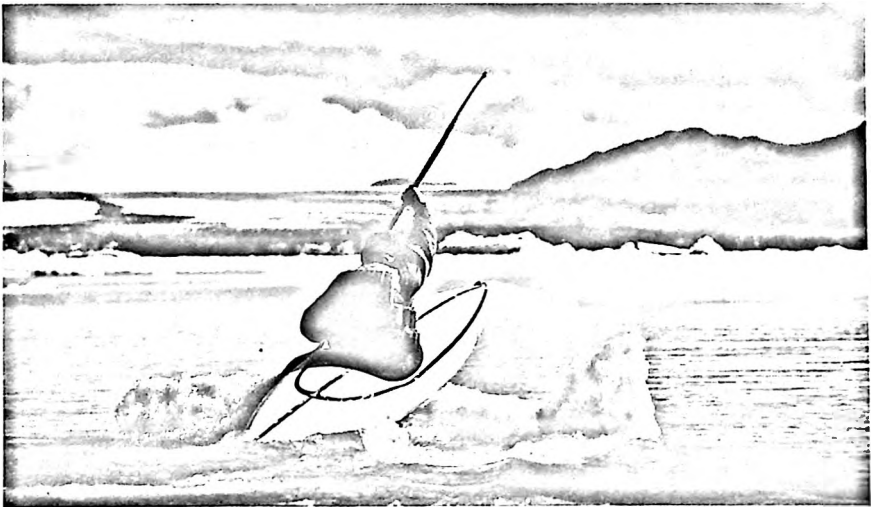
After entering the Yukon territory the expedition split with Glave's companions, Wells and Schranz, proceeding to and down the Yukon River. Glave, in company with Jack Dalton, proceeded to Weskahetin, an Indian Village, which they erroneously believed to be on the main Alsek River. Weskahetin on the Canadian Geologic Survey maps is the same as Neskatakeen (a matter of Indian dialects among other things) and is on the Tatshenshini River which is today recognized as a tributary of the Alsek. The country was relatively unknown and the mistake is understandable and for them fortunate. Had they truly been on the main Alsek, they would have encountered what is today known as "Turnback Canyon." Thus, had Glave and Dalton been correct, the story might have ended there.

I will digress briefly to tell you a little about Turnback Canyon so you will know what Glave and Dalton missed. In the canyon, the Tyndell Glacier in many seasons extends across the entire width of the Alsek. With modern equipment (rugged, nearly indestructible kayaks) and consummate skill the Turnback Canyon has been run or portaged, as the case required, only a few times. Even the portage is a major feat. The canyon gets its name from the fact that the salmon cannot ascend its rapid current and turn back. The first recorded traverse was in 1961. On that occasion, Rawert and Dawson portaged ten miles. It was subsequently run solo in 1972 by Dr. Walter Blackadar whose kayak was severely damaged in the maelstrom. Another group with Dr. Will Evans of Denver and Dr. Dee Crouch of Boulder portaged the area because of active "calving" from the four-hundred-foot glacier wall into the river. In the summer of 1980, John Wasson (formerly of Denver, now of Garden Valley, Idaho), Bo Shelby, and others successfully made the traverse.

To return to Glave and Dalton; their Indian guide, "Shank," knew what he was doing even if they did not. Launching from the mouth of Village Creek, they

proceeded downstream. Near Village Creek the river, which has been coursing north and west, reaches its most northerly point of flow and strikes a southwesterly course in which general direction it proceeds until it strikes the main Alsek. A few excerpts from Glave's journal are now in order:

"The first thing to do next morning was to inspect the canoe which Shank had agreed to furnish us, with which to make the journey. We found it to be a cottonwood dug-out 20 feet in length, 3 feet beam admidship, and 14 inches in depth, with a good sheer fore and aft, tapering to sharp bow and stern. Dalton, who possesses excellent judgment upon such matters, advised that we should build four-inch sideboards along her gunwale from stem to stern, so as to give her that much more depth. We decided to have these alterations effected without delay, so that when we finally determined to start downstream, all would be in readiness. We drew the canoe up into camp and Shank, our Indian guide, the Gunena doctor and the old chief were soon busily employed in shaping out small planks of the right thickness, which they neatly fixed in position by boring holes in and securely tying with moose-hide thongs. This extra height of gunwale would at least keep a great deal of rough water out of her."



Tom Fisher "kayaking" over an ice floe on Alsek Bay, with Alsek Glacier in the background.
Tom Stimson photo.

Below Neskataheen, the river enters a canyon several miles long which has reportedly given grief to some earlier travelers. In August of 1979 at relatively low water this required constant attention, but presented no major obstacles. Glave describes an exciting run below that, where the river enters a broad glacial valley for many miles. Time and space require concentration on Glave's description of the Alsek Junction and below.

When Glave and Dalton reached the junction with the Alsek, they were no longer lost. They were now indeed on the Alsek. To what they thought was a mighty tributary coming in from the north they gave the name of "Kaska Wurlch." This error persisted on maps for many years. Glave then, as all others since, was greatly impressed by the glaciers below this point.

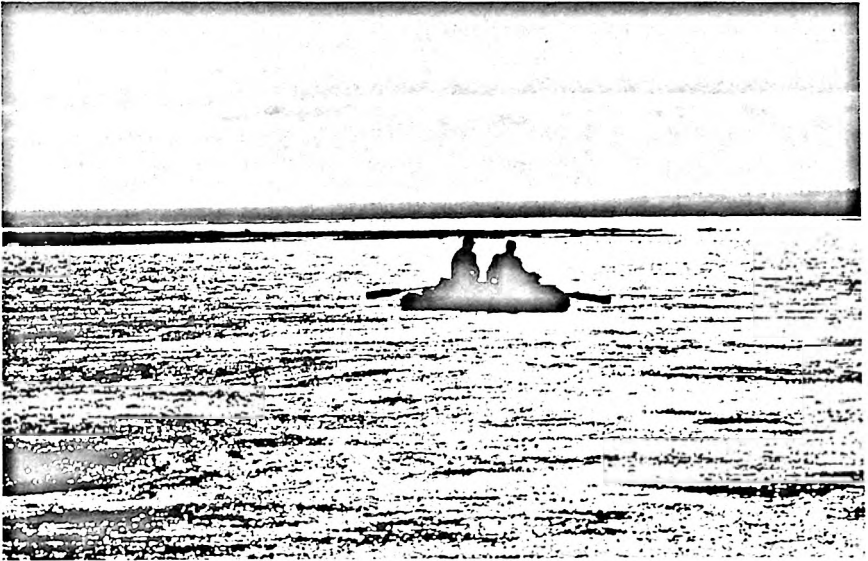
"The Alsek, now greatly increased in volume by the Kaska Wurlch and many smaller streams, bounds along in several channels with its usual disordered surface until reaching the lower end of the pool, when its rocky banks approach nearer and nearer, and the river plunges through its contracted passage in a deep, dark, eddying torrent. Taking a sharp bend we are brought in front of the first big, active glacier whose walls, extending from a mile and a half, stand in the stream and rise to a height of more than a hundred feet. This immense body of ice is gradually moving onward to the river-bed, where every now and then huge blocks snap off and tumble with a thundering crash into the river, to be swept along by the current, which is stirred by the falling mass into a wild, boiling torrent. Woe betide the canoe that passes in these waters at the time of an ice-fall. The river here is not more than three hundred yards wide, and facing the glacier is an enormous pile of rocks, large and small, which have been displaced by the falling ice from the river-bed and roughly heaped against the mountains on the opposite shore. We ran our canoe into a small bight in the rear of this, and for a short time watched the working of the glacier. The cracking and splashing of falling ice was incessant; at times an immense body would topple over and plunge into the river, throwing up big waves which hastened away in all directions, adding greatly to the already treacherous condition of the waters."

Still farther below, they encountered a narrows which Glave describes as follows:

"We were unable to leave camp next day until late in the forenoon, when we picked our course amidst a maze of gravel and sand patches, over choppy shallows, through whirlpools, and sped along at a racing speed past ugly, protruding rocks, our powerful crew deftly plucking the little craft from every danger. At every hundred yards small streams are pouring into the Alsek. We had been aboard but half an hour when we were favored with a magnificent view of Mount Fairweather and the other high peaks of that range, which glistened in their dazzling whiteness away to the Southward. An enormous glacier reaches from the slope of these mountains and trends away to the river, where its intruding walls of ice are torn asunder by the angry torrent and carried away to the Pacific Ocean.

"The stream is now generally closing together its forces; the towering walls which line each side rapidly come nearer and near; on our left an immense wall of ice springs perpendicularly from the water; on our right precipitous granite banks rise almost straight from out of the stream, banked up by piles of rock. Smaller and smaller becomes the gorge in which the Alsek, now again one deep stream, is shut. Just ahead of us is the dreaded canyon. Shank remaining silent as death, grimly scanning the points of danger, and guiding the little craft as she leaps along with the whirling current toward the narrow pass ahead, and the paddlers, who have been reserving their strength for the final effort, now pull with all their might, and we

dart along at a bewildering pace between the treacherous walls. Large blocks from the wall of ice toppled over in the water, lashing the already wild torrent into a veritable chaos. On the opposite shore the resistless flood swept and carried in its waters huge boulders from the rocky bank. The din of rolling rocks, the roar of the surging stream, and the loud crackling and splashing of the falling ice combine in a thundering uproar. For a few minutes only we ride among the waves and are buffeted about among the fragments of ice which are borne along with the stream; then gradually the river widens and we pass along in safety with plenty of sea-room, enabling us to steer our way among the mass of big icebergs which have been torn from the glacier and now lie stranded in the river-bed, some of them rising above the surface of the water sixty and seventy feet, weighing some hundred of tons. In



Alsek River on approach to Dry Bay. At this point the river approaches the Columbia in size.
Tom Stimson photo.

passing through the Alsek Canyon which is at one place not more than one hundred yards wide, there is always the chance that large blocks may be loosened and precipitated upon the adventurous canoeist. At some remote period the mountains have succumbed to the mighty strength of the Northern icefields; this irresistible force has broken a gap in the giant barriers and has hurled before it into the sea the mass of crumbled rock now spread out over a large surface, and known as Dry Bay. Having passed through the narrow passage, the river rapidly increases in width and running in numerous small channels between islands and sand and gravel banks, it eventually empties its muddy waters in three distinct forks in a distance extending over 14 miles into the bosom of the Pacific Ocean. All was now plain sailing, all

danger being over. We reached the most Westerly mouth of the river in the evening, the first white men to navigate its dangerous waters to the sea."

A few more miles brought them to Dry Bay whence they went North to Yakutat to go their separate ways. Glave returned to Africa where he met an untimely death. His death apparently was related to his unwelcome journalistic interest in the slave trade. He had written one book, *In Savage Africa*, and was working on another before his death at 32.

Dalton went on to put his name on the trail over the Chilkoot Pass. Upstream on the Tatshenshini from Village Creek he built Dalton's Post, a way station and a trading post on the trail which now bears his name. He established way stations at about 20 mile intervals along the trail. One such station is at the U. S. Canadian Customs point on today's Haines Highway. Another is the point at which Dalton Trail intersected what is today's Alaska Highway (Mile 974.7) at Champagne. Toll was charged on the Dalton Trail and would-be evaders had Mr. Dalton to contend with. During the Gold Rush, the going rate for packing people and supplies over the 305 mile trail was \$150.00. In 1897, Dalton drove cattle to the Klondike for Thorpe and Waechter who were butchers and cattle dealers. It was over this trail that the famous reindeer herd was driven with the idea of relieving starvation among the Yukon miners.

Elizabeth Hakkinen, the Curator of Sheldon Museum and Cultural Center in Haines, who is contemplating a biography of Dalton gave me a great deal of help in verifying various reports on Dalton. She had met him personally in 1922. Her father, Steve Sheldon, purchased one of Jack's enterprises, the Dalton Hotel, which the Sheldons ran as the Haines Hotel. Mrs. Hakkinen confirms that Dalton shot one Joe McGinnis at Chilcat (part of the Haines area) and was tried for this at Juneau in 1893. Newspaper accounts indicate that he was a deputy at the time.

Mrs. Hakkinen quotes one family friend as saying of Dalton, "He lived a life stranger than fiction. It would be an amazing wild western television series, but no one would believe it." In any event, Dalton's other enterprises included a small trading vessel which supplied the southeastern Alaskan waters and gold mining interests at Porcupine near Haines (Not to be confused with Porcupine Creek in the Yukon).

From Alaska, Dalton went to British Guiana in search of diamonds. I cannot confirm one account that says he killed still another man there. After his return to the states, he ranched in Oregon.

Dalton died at the age of 89 in Seattle. The pulmonary emboli which caused his death originated from varicose veins of his legs which were attributed by Dalton and others to the heavy work of pushing sledges through mud and snow on the Dalton Trail (Mrs. Hakkinen). There were certainly two sides to Dalton, but Glave referred to him as a man of "cool and deliberate judgment," who had "great tact in dealing with the Indians." He was "as good as an Indian in a cottonwood dugout" and as a camp cook, "I never met his equal." Not all companions on river trips come away with such kind assessments! Some later events showed less tact with the Indians. He was apparently a man of hot temper, but considering the time and place

in which he lived, his sometimes characterization as a gunslinger may not be justified. In any event, Dalton days are celebrated in Haines today and he is a true Western figure.

Let me now compare our 1979 trip with that of Glave and Dalton. We launched at the creek above Village Creek. As our dusty trucks emerged on the rock bank of the Tatshenshini, the bank of the tributary was lined with fishermen below a fish barrier and counting station. From Friday noon to Monday noon, the clear water of the creek may be fished and the local residents, principally from Whitehorse, flock to the area.



"Stimson's Glacier" from Tatshenshini River.
Black-and-white photo of painting by Tom Stimson.

By early Monday afternoon, the beach was deserted and, except for a two-year-old black bear who came by for a late lunch, the beach was ours. The four rafts (two 16 feet and two 13 feet) and the kayak used by the ten of us were drawn up at the mouth of the Kluksha Creek.

My wife, Lydia, and I were anxious to see Dalton's Post and the nearby site of Nesketahen. The way led back along the Klukshu and over a rudimentary bridge. Shortly beyond the bridge, we met a pickup camper emerging from the undergrowth. Its cargo was a several-hundred-pound bear which had been disinterred and was en route to civilization for an autopsy. Dalton Post lies within the Klwane Game Preserve and the bear had been done in under questionable circumstances. This was my first chance to observe the potential of forensic pathology at work in the wilds. Followup on the case indicates it was not unlike home. The original plea was

self-defense, but the assailant pled out to ursicide when the graver offense of possessing an unregistered handgun was dropped.

At Dalton's Post three cabins now remain usable with a number more in varying states of disrepair. Two were being used by anthropologist Beth O'Leary of Albuquerque, New Mexico and her Indian crew. She is studying the Tutchones. Working with young people from the tribes, they have been expanding upon previous archeologic work in the area.

Little remains now of the village which Glave called "Weskahetin." It is so designated on the original Canadian Geologic Survey maps, but later came to be known as Nesketaheen. The village remains are interesting because of the culture interface between the costal Tlingits and the Tutchones. In 1885 one of the brothers, Krause, characterized as the "first scientist" to enter the Yukon from the west, writes of the Tlingits:

"They also held tyrannical sway, in the interior, over the neighboring tribes of the Tinne family whom they called Gunana. They did not allow them to carry on their own trade. Their trading expeditions went as far as Fort Selkirk on the Yukon which was destroyed by them in 1851."

It was this iron rule of the Tlingits which perhaps held back some earlier exploration of the area. The jealous guarding of the trade routes was epitomized by the burning of Fort Selkirk on the Yukon when the Hudson Bay Company encroached on the Tlingit trading territory. The Tlingits were a force to be reckoned with. Earlier they destroyed the Russian colonization attempt at Yakutat in 1805 and New Archangel (Sitka) in 1802.

While the Indians apparently used the Tatshenshini at least occasionally to ascend to Nesketaheen or descend to Dry Bay, the white man did not. Out of one group of 300 prospectors reputed to have tried it, only 12 survived. Thus, in addition to the speed of the river, the multiple glacier crossings, the impenetrable undergrowth in many areas, and the unusually abominable weather may be added the Indians lack of enthusiasm for the white man's presence.

Our trip on the river was leisurely with many stops for hiking. At lower water and with rafts instead of open canoe, the first canyon described by Glave required constant attention, but was not life-threatening. With the speed of the river, snags and uprooted trees required fairly constant attention.

At quite a number of points, the pure power of gigantic hydraulics were a challenge to the smaller Avon Redshank type rafts which could be engulfed by them.

The river is complexly "braided" at lower water and failure to follow the leader into a given branching chute may lead to a series of divergent channels such that party members may be separated for a number of miles.

Comparing the Glave accounts, it is obvious that the Notek and Alsek Glaciers have receded considerably making the passage of these much less severe, although great care must be exercised to hug the north bank at the last narrows described by Glave as the main current surges to the south and west of a sentinel island, the "Gateway Knob", and disappears beneath a linear barrier of bergs calved from the glacier.

Below Gateway Knob, floating ice joins you on your way to the sea. The mountains fall away and the Alsek, now almost as large as the Columbia, winds its way to the open sea.

By keeping to the south channels one reaches the Fish Processing Plant at Dry Bay. In contrast to Glave's 3-day journey to Yakutat, a short plane ride returns you across the ice fields past Mt. Fairweather to Haines. That is, if you aren't grounded for several days by fog.

If the weather is good—and it was for us—the flight back over one of the most spectacular canyons and ice fields on earth makes a fitting end. All is so immensely different from the arduous journey of Glave and Dalton 90 years before!

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Mrs. Elizabeth Hakkinen of the Sheldon Museum and Cultural Center at Haines, Alaska provided the clippings, references and much general information on Jack Dalton.

Father Richard Tero of St. Mary's Parish, Kodiak Island, Alaska, provided many helpful references as to the Alsek and the Tatshenshini River.

Dr. Dee Crouch of Boulder and Dr. Will Evans of Denver helped with the oral history of Turnback Canyon.

Beth O'Leary of Albuquerque provided much background information on Netketaehen and Dalton Post, as well as anthropological references in depth.

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Mrs. Elizabeth Hakkinen, personal communication



GRANT INFO

The National Endowment for the Humanities offers planning and Pilot Grants for "innovative humanities projects" in "history, language, philosophy, literature, comparative religion, archaeology, ethics, jurisprudence, theory and criticism of the arts, and those aspects of the social sciences which involve historical or philosophical approaches."

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(from p. 2)

Juans. He is a member of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado, and has hobbies such as outdooring of all sorts, snowshoeing, tennis and golf. He is principal of Evergreen Junior High School.

We have only the name and address of Anthony A. Willard, 693 Urban Court, Apt. 3, Golden CO 80401, and will have to get better acquainted with him at meetings. Welcome!

Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum Curator Stanley Zamonski announces the recent discovery, in some old files, of 18 large (16x20) platinum prints of Charles Shreyvogel paintings, signed by the artist.

Schreyvogel (1861-1912) was a distinguished painter and sculptor of western subjects in the style of Remington and Russell. He was most active in the 1890's, became known in the 1900's, and died at the age of 51 after having produced less than 75 major works, the originals of which are widely scattered and rather rare.

The prints just announced were inscribed to Johnny Baker, William (Buffalo Bill) Cody's foster son, who helped found the Museum on Lookout Mountain, west of Denver. They are now on exhibit there.

Early Days Among the Cheyenne & Arapahoe Indians by John H. Seger, edited by Stanley Vestal; University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, \$4.95. (This work was first published as a University of Oklahoma Bulletin in March 1924; reissued with an appendix in the *Civilization of the American Indian* series in March 1934; reset and reissued in a new format in March 1956; and reissued with index and additional illustrations in 1979.)

Highly readable, contemporary accounts of the Indian way of life are uncommon, and this little volume—145 pages, complete with some 20 maps, early-day photos, and an index—must be included in that select listing.

John Homer Seger (1846-1928) worked with the Cheyenne and Arapahoe tribes in Oklahoma most of his life. Born in Ohio of British and Dutch stock, Seger's people were pioneers. When he was still a child his parents moved to Illinois where they lived

until after the Civil War.

At 17, Seger enlisted in the 57th Illinois Volunteers, fighting in the Atlanta campaign. Later, he settled at New Malden, Atchison County, Kansas, where he lived until being employed by the Indian Agent at Darlington, in what is now Oklahoma. A few years later, Seger founded the Indian school and the town at Colony, Okla., where he resided until his death in 1928.

During his 50 years among the Indians there was probably no white man who had such closely maintained contact with the Plains tribes. Seger, a born story teller, had what has been described in American literature as a "frontier" sense of humor. Much of his early-day writing has been lost, but it is fortunate that the segments in this book have been retained. While the account is not a complete and formal history, the anecdotes have a sense of immediacy, with bark-on authenticity. Some of the descriptions might be offensive to the sensibilities, taken out of the context of the times. But Seger presents his anecdotal material without reservation or embellishment, with warm frankness and honesty. He reveals much about himself and his contemporaries, their views, beliefs and attitudes.

The Cheyenne and Arapaho tribes had known only nomadic freedom. Seger makes it clear that adjustment to the reservation and to the white man's ways was nearly impossible for the Indian. He vividly and sometimes bluntly describes the difficulties, the lack of understanding, and the frailties of human character, as well as courage, honesty, and compassion on both sides.

Seger's own native abilities as a yarn-spinner are heightened by the capable organizing and editing of W. S. Campbell (Stanley Vestal), himself a Western author and historian of repute, first Rhodes scholar from the newly created State of Oklahoma, and long-time teacher at the University of Oklahoma. (Vestal's works published by the University of Oklahoma Press include *Sitting Bull*, *The Book Lover's Southwest*, and *Happy Hunting Grounds*.)

At twice the price this work would be worth adding to any collection of Americana for the valuable insight presented on the Plains Indians.

Alan J. Stewart, PM

Temple Houston: Lawyer With A Gun, by Glenn Shirley. University of Oklahoma Press, 1980. 352 pp. \$14.95 hardbound.

Prolific western writer Glenn Shirley has produced an excellent documentary about the life and times of Temple Houston, the youngest son of General Sam Houston and the first child in the governor's mansion in Austin, Texas. He was born in 1860, dying in 1905 at age 45 of a brain hemorrhage in Woodward, Oklahoma, an untimely death for a truly talented product of his times. Houston, "Old Sam's word slinging son . . ." was a colorful and flamboyant lawyer, determined to establish himself away from and without aid from the name of his famous father, ultimately leaving Texas to establish himself primarily in Oklahoma Territory. Houston was striking physically, tall, theatrically dressed for the part, obviously enjoyed his role and participation in the drinking, gambling, and gunplay of the day. Though serving terms as a prosecutor, a state legislator, and a delegate to national political conventions, he engaged primarily in the practice of criminal law, representing a wide variety of defendants, using imaginative and unusual tactics (like discharging his revolver directly at the jury—with blanks), and principally owing his success to his "silver tongued oratory," a phrase amply documented by Shirley's quotations.

Among the murderers, rustlers, gun-fighters, and prostitutes Houston defended was Minnie Stacey, "fallen woman" and madam who operated a brothel in Woodward. On the day of her trial Houston volunteered to represent Stacey and following the presentation of the prosecution's case, and without calling any witnesses to controvert their evidence, Houston made an extemporaneous and impassioned plea to the jury which resulted in her acquittal. Not only was Stacey acquitted but the plea also caused her reformation and subsequent pursuit of a virtuous Christian life in the Methodist Church while earning her living taking in washing.

Houston's plea to the jury has been immortalized by its placement on a pedestal in the Library of Congress identified as "One of the finest examples of American oratory ever uttered." Further recognition for Houston's fancy word slinging was Edna Ferber's

Cimarron for which Temple Houston was the model, twice made into a motion picture, one of which starred Richard Dix as Yancey Cravat, defending the "fallen woman."

Shirley's book not only deals with the life of Temple Houston but even more generously with the times in which he lived. Shirley's research has produced a wide variety of contextual history including the judges, and courts with whom and in which Houston practiced, and various problems of expansion westward into new territories. For example, in order to meet requirements of impaneling a jury, it was necessary to deed town lots temporarily to cowboys in order that they be qualified as landowners to serve. It was not unusual for a prosecutor, receiving only \$1500 per annum, to receive additional funds from private parties interested in prosecution. A somewhat different recourse for the prosecution involved an agreement by the defendants to leave the jurisdiction within ten days. A grand jury dealt with the very practical matter of prisoner welfare, recommending soheartedly that they be supplied with mattresses so they need not sleep on the iron floor, and in a very practical vein suggested that prosecutors concern themselves only with the more serious crimes. In an impeachment proceeding brought against Judge Willis, the constitutional requirement of a 2/3 vote was deemed to have been met, even though they were four votes short, a "substantial performance" test. And, as Sheriff Arrington colorfully expressed his function, "I calaboosed the prisoner. . . ." As a precursor of present day problems, Shirley described the first cowboy strike, clearly for the economic purpose of getting more money, specifically \$50.00 per month for good cowboys and good cooks, and \$75.00 for running an outfit. The strike was lost and the strikers blacklisted.

Shirley's accounts of the "times" of Houston contains a great variety of information and documentation as to the background, identity, and destiny of many lawyers, judges, cattlemen, prostitutes, and others. While generally interesting and informative, the connection between Houston and the others is occasionally tentative at best. However, the end result is well worthy of the attention of any Westerner.

W. Bruce Gillis, Jr., C.M.

William H. Ashley, Enterprise and Politics in the Trans-Mississippi West by Richard M. Clokey, University of Oklahoma Press, 305 pp. \$18.00

This highly researched and well documented biography of William Ashley is a welcome addition, and a true must for the serious collector and the fur trade scholar.

Systematically presented, we find that although known primarily for his organization of the fur trade, Ashley had a full and noteworthy life as a promoter, speculator, and politician.

Generously supplied with illustrations and maps and a fine bibliography, this volume will become a classic and a standard for future historians.

For this reviewer, the first half of the book was the most readable as it pertained to the fur trade and its development. Most of the last half of the book deals with Ashley's political life, of which this reviewer was totally unaware.

"This biography—the first devoted to his entire life—reveals Ashley as a more versatile and significant personality than appeared in earlier studies limited to his decade as a fur trader."

Eugene Rakosnik, P.M.

Shotgun for Hire, The Story of "Deacon" Jim Miller, Killer of Pat Garret, by Glenn Shirley. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 1970, 116 pages, plus bibliography and index attached. \$3.95

This is a very well written book about a cold-blooded killer who would kill anyone for a price. He killed his grandparents when he was eight years old. He claimed 57 persons died by his guns, although the author could confirm only 18, including Pat Garrett who had killed Billy the Kid.

This rather dapper, almost handsome man was widely accepted and inspired great loyalty. He would go to church and was extremely polite to women. No one would recognize him as a killer by his manners or appearance. He traveled widely through the Oklahoma and new Mexico Territories as well as the State of Texas. He had many friends who would defend him and hide him, when necessary, including some law enforcement officers. The author presents the

many characters in the life of "Deacon" Jim Miller in an interesting fashion. It is very readable and can be completed in one evening.

There are pictures of important persons in the life of the subject. One criticism is the absence of maps and/or diagrams to show the relative locations of sites involved in the life of Miller. The subject's favorite weapon was a shot gun which he used in ambushing individuals at night, but he was handy with a six shooter and a rifle as well.

This short, but comprehensive presentation clearly shows Miller to be far more deadly than John Wesley Hardin or Billy the Kid. He was an enigma. He directed the participants to proceed with his hanging. "I'm ready now. You couldn't kill me otherwise. Let'er rip." and the mob proceeded with the hanging.

His is an interesting yet somewhat unbelievable story of a very real person who would do *anything* for a price. He paid the full penalty for a very self-indulgent life which ended at age forty three. There are no footnots. The subject matter is all in the text and footnotes are unnecessary.

This is rather an inexpensive book, and would be excellent as a gift or as the beginning of a western history collection on violence and law enforcement and/or the absence thereof.

Jack H. Dwyer, P.M.

The Medicine Calf, by Bill Hotchkiss. W. W. Norton & Co., New York, 1981, 408 pages. Price: \$13.95

A historical novel dealing with the life of James Pierson Beckwourth, a black man who became Chief of the Crow Indians.

It is well written, showing the routes of Beckwourth's travels with map end sheets. There are twenty-four chapters, with a Chronology of Beckwourth's life.

Based on factual events, this book is a timely treatise and should be of interest to all who are involved in Western History.

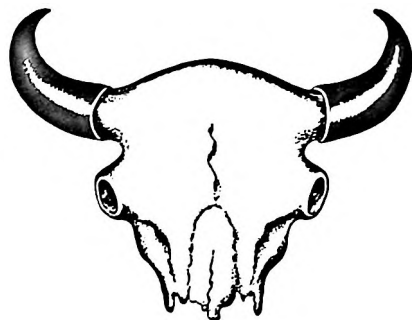
Nolie Mumey, H.M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

JULY-AUGUST 1981



J. N. HALL, PIONEER PHYSICIAN

Robert K. Brown, M.D.



Josiah N. Hall, M.D.

Portrait by C. W. Love, Colorado Medical Society, Denver.

MORE EMPTY SADDLES

Ellis M. Altfather, a Corresponding Member of the Denver Posse for more than 20 years, passed away on June 29 and was buried with full military honors on July first. He left a letter to the Denver Post (unmailed) regretting the scarcity of flags displayed on the Fourth of July 1980. Many of us have noted this, regretted it, and hope that the members of the Westerners will set a good example.

Colonel K. D. Pulcifer, Corresponding Member and father of Posse Member Robert S. Pulcifer, died July 16 at Fitzsimons Army Medical Center of injuries suffered in a four-car accident June 22 in Aurora. Our deepest sympathy to his family, and especially to Bob.

We have received the sorrowful news that Corresponding Member Charles E. Kirk of Castle Rock, CO, has passed away. If we get any further details we will publish them in a subsequent issue.



NEW HANDS IN THE BUNKHOUSE

The following are Corresponding Members whom you may not know just offhand. Welcome them to the Denver Posse and make them at home with us.

Gary M. Bone, 6875 S. Cook Way, Littleton, CO, 80122. Gary is "an amateur rock hound" and is interested in the effect of minerals upon early exploration and settlement, especially in Colorado.

Charles O. Counts, 16347 E. Brunswick Place, Aurora, CO, 80013, is a member of a Civil War living history group, and collects Civil War and other military memorabilia.

Wayne R. Fischer, 5675 W. Plymouth Drive, Littleton, CO, 80123 is Chief Pilot for Continental Airlines, and next-door neighbor of Merrill Mattes.

Donna L. Hudgel, 8012 Fox Ridge Court, Boulder, CO, 80301, is interested in books and art relics of the Old West.

Ronald Johns lives at 2085 Westwind Road, Las Vegas, Nevada, 89102 so we may not be seeing much of him. He is founder and President of the West Coast Experimental Theatre, enjoys fishing and antique sport cars, and collects 78 rpm records.

(Continued on page 10)

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

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J. N. HALL, PIONEER PHYSICIAN

by

Robert K. Brown, M.D.

(Presented at Denver Westerners Posse Meeting, May 27, 1981)

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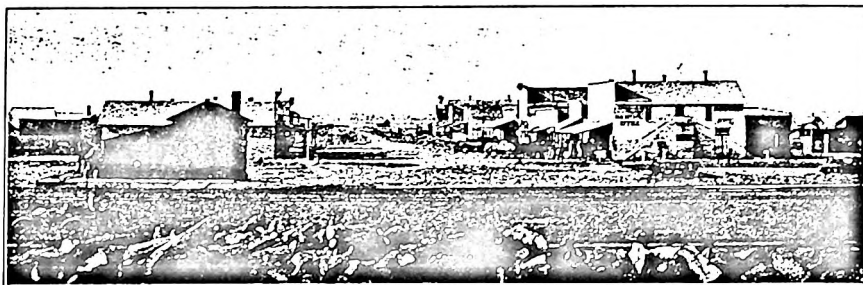
On June 12, 1890, in District Court at Sterling, Colorado, Edward G. McLaughlin was on trial for the murder of Charles Huffman. According to an account in the Logan County Advocate, about four months earlier, the two had been scuffling outside McLaughlin's store when a shot was heard, and Huffman fell dead of a bullet wound in the head. A Coroner's Jury the next morning returned a verdict of felonious murder and a Grand Jury later indicted McLaughlin for murder. At the trial the medical expert witness for the defense testified that his examination of the bullet wound showed that the brand or powder mark was entirely below the wound, indicating that the pistol had been upside down when it discharged. This fact, with previous testimony that McLaughlin had been in the act of striking overhanded when the flash was seen, was taken as proof that he had intended only to strike, not shoot the victim. The medical expert, Dr. J. N. Hall then turned to the jury and said: "I have here at my side a satchel containing twelve pistols and ammunition. If the jury wishes, they may repeat the experiment and prove that I am correct." The offer was turned down and the jury, after being out all night, returned a verdict of not guilty. The explanation of the position of the brand is that the center of gravity of any hand gun is below the line of the barrel. The recoil thus revolves the gun about the center of gravity, raising the barrel and depositing the brand always above the bullet hole. An account of this case was published by Dr. Hall in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal (vol. 123 p. 152; 1890) as "the first application of this knowledge to aid in determining the guilt or innocence of one accused of homicide."

Who was J. N. Hall? Some of you knew him, and many knew of him. Although he later became widely known as a medical teacher, writer, and consultant, he was a true Colorado Pioneer.

Josiah Newhall Hall was born October 11, 1859 at North Chelsea, Massachusetts, from good old Yankee stock. His father Stephen Augustus Hall (1825-1896) was a farmer who had gone to California by ship around Cape Horn in 1849 to prospect in the Gold Rush for three years. His grandfather, William Hall, had served in the War of 1812. The first William Hall had come from England to Medford, Massachusetts in 1652. Dr. Hall's mother, Evalina Newhall was descended from a family who had come to Lynnfield, Massachusetts in 1642. Her father, Josiah Newhall had commanded a regiment of Massachusetts troops in the War of 1812 and was later commissioned Brigadier General in the State Militia to serve at the 1825 reception for General Lafayette and the 1843 dedication of the Bunker Hill Monument.

J.N. Hall grew up on the farm with two sisters and a brother. His lifelong love of fishing and hunting began in his rural childhood. After High School in North Chelsea, he entered Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, graduating with the B.S.

degree in 1878. He went on to Harvard Medical School, receiving the M.D. degree in 1882. Then after an internship at the Boston City Hospital he went west to settle in Sterling, Colorado in May 1883. There were about 250 people in the town, and he was the only physician between Denver and North Platte, Nebraska. In 1884 a petition of incorporation for the city of Sterling was filed in Weld County Court, signed by 41 men, including Dr. Hall. The next year he married Carrie G. Ayers, who had come to the community ten years earlier, with her brother and widowed mother to begin teaching school, at age 15, in a one room adobe schoolhouse. She recalled later that in their first year of marriage they had eaten buffalo meat daily for one three-month stretch. In 1886, when Dr. Hubert Work settled in Fort Morgan, there were two to cover the medical needs of northeast Colorado, mainly on horseback.



Sterling, Colorado in 1883.

Dr. Hall loved to hunt. In one photograph, taken in the 1890's he stands holding a doubled barreled shotgun and a pack horse loaded with the day's bag, thirteen huge Canada geese. On a later visit to Sterling he recalled: "That house stands just a hundred yards west of the Old Cheairs place. I shot eight ducks there before breakfast one morning." And on his eightieth birthday, October 11, 1939 he shot a buck deer near Meeker. He usually studied the bullet wounds on the animals he shot, laying the ground for his later expert knowledge in this field. After one antelope hunt an old hunting friend remarked: "Well, Doc, I've been on lots of hunting trips, but this is the first time I ever saw a coroner's inquest on every antelope!" Four of the eleven medical papers he published during the Sterling years dealt with gunshot wounds.

He took an active part in town affairs, playing double bass in the local orchestra, and singing in amateur operas and concerts. In 1888 he was elected Mayor of Sterling.

During these early days of rugged practice on the northeastern plains he developed remarkable acumen in observation and the diagnosis of difficult cases, which gradually came to be appreciated over the whole State. In 1892 he moved to Denver, where his practice soon became very busy, with consultations predominating. He taught in both medical schools—Professor of Therapeutics at the University of Colorado and Professor of Medicine at Gross Medical College. For a few years he was Denver City Physician. Always curious and an eager student, he became a prolific writer, publishing about 150 papers in his lifetime. The titles of these papers show the evolution of his thinking and interests.

During his first decade in Denver he wrote 50 medical papers, mostly on heart and lung diseases, some on infections, and a few dealing with gunshot injuries. Over the next 20 years the subjects of his writing shifted to stomach and intestinal diseases, later adding neurological and kidney diseases. His last article on gunshot wounds was a chapter in the 1903 Peterson and Haines *Textbook of Legal Medicine and Toxicology*. His *magnum opus* came in 1913 with the publication of *Borderline Diseases*, a two-volume 1,461 page reference textbook on medical and surgical diagnosis. This comprehensive, detailed book was well received and widely used. In his introduction Dr. Hall says, "The art of diagnosis consists in gathering all accessible data and arriving at that conclusion which seems most reasonable as the probable cause of trouble. In no department of human endeavor does the element of sound judgment enter to a greater extent than in medical diagnosis." This is the essence of his work, and of his reputation as a consultant.



Town Board, Sterling, 1888. Dr. J.N. Hall, Mayor in center.

With all of this busy practice and writing he found time to be a hard-working, dedicated organization man. He attended fifty-three consecutive annual meetings of the Colorado State Medical Society, serving as President in 1899-1900. He was on the State Board of Health for 27 years, Board of Medical Examiners six years. He served two five-year terms on the Judicial Council of the American Medical Association and refused nomination to the presidency of that association at age 73, saying that they really needed a younger man. He was active in the American Climatological Association, the American Therapeutic Society, Medico-Legal Society of New York, and the



A day's bag of geese—Riverside, about 1895.

Denver Clinical and Pathological Society. He made trips to Vienna for postgraduate medical study in 1902 and 1907. In World War I he served in the Army Medical Corps, 1917-1919, as chief of medicine at the Base Hospital at Camp Logan, Texas, and later as consultant in internal medicine for nine southwestern cantonments.

With his interest in western history he was an active member of the Colorado Historical Society. In 1928 he established the Mrs. J. N. Hall Foundation to provide markers at various historical sites. One of the earliest was at the site of the original 1875 adobe school house where Mrs. Hall had been the first teacher at age 15. Other markers have been placed at Julesburg, Bent's Fort, the Original Irrigation Ditches at Sterling, Pike's Stockade, the Old Stone Fort at Monument, and many more.

After retiring from active medical practice in 1937 he kept busy with research and writing Colorado history. A small volume, "Tales of Pioneer Practice," relates episodes of his early years. In one he tells of initiating a hunting companion into the mysteries of the diamond hitch. After a carefully supervised pack, Dr. Hall turned at an ominous sound, loose ends of pack ropes slapping on the tarpaulin as the pack horse began to buck. He screamed to his friend, "Hold on to that rope!" No one acted more quickly than the neophyte. He grabbed his rifle, grabbed the rope with both hands, dug in his heels, and hung on while the horse bucked two complete circles around him. Out of breath the horse stopped, pack in place and diamond hitch intact! That trip, on the Rifle Creek plateau, continued uneventfully. On another trip, descending a steep slope after a big rain, the pack horse with his heavy load started a land-slip. "We turned and saw him come by, sitting down like a dog in the center of a slip twelve or fifteen

feet square, which carried him almost two hundred feet to the valley floor. There he stepped off and was nibbling grass when we got down."

In a 1938 paper read before the Historical Section of the Denver Medical Society, entitled "Colorado's Early Indian Troubles as I View Them," he acknowledges that the Indians had been disgracefully treated in the first three hundred years of our Nation, but points out that there is also a reverse side to the picture. He goes on to relate in detail episodes of Indian atrocities from Colonial times through his father's experiences as a "49-er," his aunt's story of the New Ulm massacre in Minnesota, and the Meeker massacre.



Dr. Hall in his office, about 1935.

The Halls had two sons. Sigourney, the older, was for many years the Ford dealer in Fort Collins, and reared two sons and a daughter. The younger son, Oliver W., attended Colorado College and later earned an engineering degree at the University of Michigan. While in college, Oliver drove a Model T Ford to the summit of Pikes Peak in the then record time of 2 hours 26 minutes. Soon after enlisting in the Army in World War I, he died in the Spanish Influenza epidemic. His son, William Hall, now living in Denver, supplied some of these illustrations.

Dr. Hall died on December 17, 1939 in his eightieth year. Mrs. Hall lived six years longer, until April 22, 1946.

Widespread praise for his clinical skill and his knowledge of science, nature, and history is best summed up by Dr. Nolie Mumey: "Dr. Hall is the ideal physician; his skill has extended into nearly every community of the State. He has inspired and aided the younger generation in the art of medicine."

THE ROAD RANCHES

by John S. Coates of Carmel California; written as a footnote to the unpublished overland journal of Joseph A. Durfee, 1864. (From the Merrill J. Mattes Collection)

During the emigration of the miners and settlers across the plains in the 1850s and later years some of these people stopped along the way at strategic points such as a ford or ferry, and settled on the land. They settled not as farmers but as operators of business enterprises. These stations along the trails became known as "road ranches" or just "ranches." They had no resemblance of what we call a ranch today and could have been designated as eating houses or trading posts. Certainly the term is not to be confused with the modern conception of a ranch.

There is very little recorded history nor is there an historical study known to have been made of these road ranches. What little information has been published about them comes from diaries and records of travelers who made the long trek over one or the other of these western trails.

Roadside businesses in the United States are as old as the establishment of the first trail westward and the turnpikes first established in the original thirteen Colonies. The proprietors chose to set up an inn or a trading post or a combination of these with other services. The purpose was to accumulate wealth by catching the dollars of the hungry, the thirsty, and of those who desperately needed their assistance.

The accommodations these austere pioneers offered the travelers all across the continent were purely utilitarian, consisting primarily of the bare necessities of life—food and a sheltered place to lay down, which was usually the dirt floor of the structure. Also often available was the one luxury or "necessity" to some—whiskey. Some of these ranches were wayside blacksmith shops or harness makers. There was a great need along the way for these mechanics as the emigrants' equipment took a terrible beating over the ungraded trails.

These pioneers were a hard breed who established these first remote ranches. The country was a wild and vast area and the life was hard and dangerous. No well kept turnpikes were these trails across the plains over which were dragged the "prairie-schooners" and ox-carts. There were many who made the entire distance a-foot. It must have been a welcome sight to the emigrants to come upon one of these ranches no matter how unimposing the prospect might be. It was a chance to obtain information about conditions and other trains that had passed by. The emigrants probably resented but mildly the charges imposed upon their meager supply of money. In some instances there was no alternative but to accept the tariff levied.

Several of these trails or routes existed across the plains and they all had numerous things in common—danger, endless stretches of dry, dusty and lonely miles; lack of water and food for man and beast; the ever-present weariness from hard labor and illness; and the necessity to be ever vigilant against Indian attacks. All of these routes existed because of the discovery of gold—California Gold, 1848-1849, Colorado Gold, 1858-1859, Montana Gold, 1862-1863, and Dakota Gold in the 1870s. It was along these routes that these islands of settlements were early established.

The road ranches survived the Indian raids after a fashion and later the marauding bands of white desperados and outlaws, and thrived in varying degrees on the passing multitudes. At some of these ranches where good grazing was available the emigrant could make a "deal" for "fresh" freighter stock. He traded in his worn-out and starving animals that had hardly been able to drag him to this point. To be ready for a later exchange the poor stock was turned out to grass by the ranch operator to "recruit" their flesh and cure their battered and bleeding hooves. Often these exchanged animals were so used-up that they were little better than what they replaced and failed the emigrant only a short distance farther on.

Every account I have read about these trails speaks of the great numbers of dead cattle and mules that dropped by the way-side. Some accounts speak of the terrible stench arising from these decaying animals from which they could not escape and this condition was blamed as the cause of much of the human sickness along the trails.

As in all enterprises there were degrees of reputation and reasonability. Some ranches had excellent reputations for good food and fair treatment. Others were brothels and dangerous. The ranches increased in numbers over the years and in the 1870s it is recorded that a traveler could expect to pass a ranch every twenty to thirty miles.

In the growth of the number of ranches there were those where some actual farming was done in connection with their other activities. The owners found neighboring ranches in this otherwise vast and sparsely settled country a profitable outlet for the produce they raised.

Durfee, in his journal, makes mention several times of coming upon one of these ranches. On his westward trip from Montana to Walla Walla, Washington, he came upon one situated on the Snake River, kept for the dual purpose of office for stage and ferry. At another the only service rendered was the offer of a drink of beer.

The traffic past these road ranches was far greater than has ever been recorded and it can well be imagined that the later settlers in the fertile valleys off the "beaten paths" had a far more lonesome life than did the operators of these road establishments. In studying the present day highway maps of these regions there are a few locations that are still designated "Ranch."

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Facing the inevitable, the executive committee of the Posse announces that dues will be raised to \$15.00 beginning January first, 1982. Dues are due on that date and, because of the reluctance or poor memory of some of us, February first will be the termination date. Stand behind your Posse—pay your dues on time.



(Continued from page 2)

Earl McCully, already known to many of us, lives at 4674 S. Garland Way, Littleton, CO, 80123. His interests are collecting old and modern guns, and camping and fishing.

John Glenn Miles, of 8726 E. Kettle Place, Englewood, CO, 80112 favors hunting and fishing, guns, tennis and golf. He was named Outstanding Teacher of the Year 1967.

James R. Paulson of 2384 Dennison Lane, Boulder, CO, 80303 is interested in Colorado history, especially the early Denver area, books, photography, and travel.

Arthur B. Shearer lives at 185 Cedar Drive, way out in Durango West, CO, 81301. He is a dedicated railroad buff, belonging to a long list of historical railroad organizations. He practices model and prototype railroading and collects historical articles from SW Colorado.

Tom Sickler, 1141 S. Birch, #104, Glendale, CO, 80222, favors early mining towns and trappers, and "enjoys botany and small mountain mammals."



GOOD READING FOR WRANGLERS



THE GREAT GATES: The Story of the Rocky Mountain Passes, by Marshall Sprague, with illustrations and maps; University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London 1981, 468 pages \$8.50 paperback.

From the beginning when the Great Gates were discovered they accumulated histories and personalities as immense as the mountains themselves. Highly readable and immensely interesting, Marshall Sprague, who needs no introduction to history buffs, commences with Horse Creek Pass in the San Juans of northern New Mexico and continues northward for two thousand miles along the Continental Divide deep into Canada.

Sprague deals with his subject geographically, historically and entertainingly, beginning with the sixteenth-century Spaniards through the pass adventures of the British and American explorers and mountain men and continues with the development of the passes by army engineers, empire-building politicians, prospectors, scientists, railroad builders, and at last motorists.

Mr. Sprague knows the territory and relates it in a well researched narrative. The reader finds a bonus in the sketches of some eight hundred Rocky Mountain passes listed by state or country in the back of the book, some of which give the pass name origins. This work is well worth adding to your western history library.

Donald C. Chamberlin, P.M.

KNIGHTS OF THE BROADAX: The Story of the Wyoming Tie Hacks, by Joan Trego Pinkerton. The Caxton Printers Ltd. Caldwell, 1981; Illustrations, 198 pages. \$6.95, paperbound.

As a child in the third grade the author accompanied her father, an accountant for the Wyoming Tie and Timber Company, to the company town of DuNoir in the Wind River mountains of Wyoming. As she describes it, "This is the story of the DuNoir Tie Hacks and their river drives as told to me by the handful of persons still living who worked in the tie camp, and as I remember those days myself, because I was privileged to be a child growing up in their midst."

The story of her own knowledge begins in 1936 when her family arrived at DuNoir, but stories told her give experiences in the twenties. Actually the scenes she describes are not unlike those related by a Swedish logger and tie hack in Wyoming prior to 1920.

The author describes the tie cutting during World War II to include the use of German prisoners of war; she mentions that on the drive in 1945 there were 50 POW's, 5 Indians and 10 Swedes.

She brings to an end the story of the tie hacks with the last tie drive in 1946. This is an interesting, informative book written in a light and entertaining style. Its value is enhanced by 183 photos of all phases of logging and tie cutting.

James A. Wier, P.M.



GOOD READING FOR WRANGLERS



Trails of the Smoky Hill, by Wayne C. Lee and Howard C. Raynesford. Caldwell, Idaho, The Caxton Printers Ltd, 1980, pp 229, \$12.95

To the western frontier historian or buff, the mention of the Smoky Hill Trail brings to mind George Armstrong Custer and his Seventh U. S. Cavalry fighting Indians who during the late 1860's left a trail of blood among settlers, pioneers, and stage stations across the plains of western Kansas and eastern Colorado.

The Smoky Hill Trail is named for the Smoky Hill River which in itself is not important. What is significant, however, is that the "first trail" of the Smoky Hill valley played host to early explorers of the North American continent from Coronado in 1540, to visits by Villasur, Bourgmont, and Pike; and finally Fremont, a little more than 300 years after Coronado.

At the very beginning of the book, author Lee acknowledges the assistance of Howard C. Raynesford's personal papers regarding the latter's work on researching and tracing the old Butterfield Overland Despatch trail from the mid-1920's until his death in 1967. Because of this information, author Lee lists Mr. Raynesford as coauthor in hope that he will receive appropriate recognition for his life's work.

This book is published in a paper cover, and has a myriad interesting photographs and maps which lend a great deal to the text. Starting with a description of the Smoky Hill River, the author gives a short summary of "The Trail" before following the early explorers into its geographical area. According to the author it was not until 1858, the year of the Colorado gold rush, that the Smoky Hill Trail came into prominence. Be that as it may, author Lee takes the reader into a short biographical summary of William Russell, Alexander Majors, and William Waddell. Their efforts to initiate a stage and freight line from Kansas City to Cherry Creek, and the succeeding Butterfield Overland Despatch operation, takes over one half the text to describe. This is the "second trail". Midway, of course, the reader finds it

necessary to return to 1834, and meet David A. Butterfield in his birthplace at Jay, Maine.

The text is easy to read, fascinating and authenticated in detail by footnotes at the end of each chapter. There are many direct quotes and some interesting anecdotes. One such play at humor is a passenger's "Ten Commandments of the Butterfield Stage Route" on page 76. During this phase of the *Trails of the Smoky Hill* the reader is overwhelmed with the hardships of the trail. The Army, Indians, stage stations, weather, dirt, and lack of food all play a part.

The next and "third trail" related to the reader is that of the "Iron Horse". The reader is transported back to the early 1860's where he begins to move forward once again. This particular episode begins in 1863 with Samuel Hallett and John C. Fremont and the Leavenworth, Pawnee and Western Railroad Company. Again the Army, Indians, and weather play a big part in this chapter of the Smoky Hill Trail which culminates at Denver in 1870.

Finally, the last of four trails has to do with cowboys, cattle, gunfighters and cowtowns. As before, the author takes the reader back to the Civil War to begin this final story of the Smoky Hill.

Overall, I found this book to be extremely interesting and informative. The photographs, maps, and numerous quotes added to the quality of the text. The book is well documented, and it is very difficult for this reader to detect any errors. However, the format of the manuscript left much to be desired in that there were four separate trails, or stories, and the reader has to keep going back in time to pick up each different phase. I felt that in doing so the book lost a certain amount of continuity which is desirable for reader perspective and enjoyment.

All in all, the *Trails of the Smoky Hill* is a valuable addition to any western frontier historians library, as it definitely describes the colorful and difficult 25-year period for those passing by or living near the Smoky Hill Trail.

Richard A. Cook, P.M.

Pioneers, Peddlers, and Tsadikim —The Story of the Jews in Colorado, by Ida Libert Uchill. (1957) 2nd printing of 1000 numbered, autographed copies, 1979; 327 pp., \$10.00 from Ida Uchill, P. O. Box 22608, Denver CO 80222. Phone 355-9829.

I never read an account like this one without being again impressed by the incredible complexity of our American culture. Each of its multiplicity of ethnic, racial, religious, political, or sexual components has been (or will be) spotlighted by its separation from the rest and its celebration by a book, or in some instances many books, on the contributions and the contributors of each of these groups to the celebrated "melting pot" which is America.

Everyone thinks he knows and understands the contributions that the Jews have made to our culture, but until one has attended to the kind of analysis that Mrs. Uchill offers us here he probably does not really appreciate the depth, breadth, and extent in time of the Jewish component of our community today. Even when restricted, as it is here, to the history of the Jews in Colorado alone, it convinces the reader that Colorado would be measurably different without the contributions of this particular minority to our present-day lives.

There is hardly any aspect of human activity that this account does not touch—agriculture, business, politics, law, medicine, the military—even conscientious accounts of the internal dissensions and questionable activities in the Jewish community in Denver. Of special interest is the establishment of several experimental agricultural colonies of European farmers in various parts of the state.

Scanning the excellent index one comes upon a suprisingly large number of very well known names, not only of Jews but also of Gentiles of significance to the Jewish story in Denver and Colorado. The bibliography is extensive and, along with the outstanding scholarship of the whole work, is assurance that the book will be an enduring historical source far beyond its already long life.

This reviewer does not know how many copies of this printing may be available, but anyone interested should lose no time in obtaining a copy; it will not be again reprinted.

Hugo von Rodeck, Jr., P.M.

A Land Alone: Colorado's Western Slope, by Duane Vandenburg and Duane A. Smith; foreword by David Lavender. Pruett Press Boulder, CO, 19; 337 pp., 4 maps, 54 illustrations. Hardback \$16.95.

The authors have done a most remarkable study of the literature concerning this wonderful portion of Colorado; no facet of its past is neglected. They have in fact presented a condensed history of western Colorado. They begin with the early inhabitants of Mesa Verde National Park, the Anasazi (Navaho for "the ancient ones"), and end the first chapter with the exploits of the Ute Indians who ruled this great land before the advent of the white man.

The role played by the Spaniards in Colorado is well documented, as are the adventures of the mountain men and the explorers who traversed Colorado for the fur trade and to determine feasible routes for the Army between forts and for the transcontinental railroads. John C. Fremont, "Uncle Dick" Wootton, Lt. Edward Beale, Capt. Randolph Marcy, Col. William Loring, F. V. Hayden, Clarence R. King, and George M. Wheeler are some of those whose explorations are described. Mining, toll roads, railroads, agriculture, water, skiing, freighters, dams, coal, politics, and the future of the Western Slope are all meticulously covered in this excellent treatise.

The dust jacket is a beautiful color picture of the San Juans with Mount Sneffels dominating the scene.

I believe this small 5½ by 8½ inch book should have been produced at least 8½ by 11½ in size. Considering the time and labor expended in finding and compiling all the historical articles, a larger format would have been appropriate for reproducing the illustrations, which are too small and too few. For this kind of book several hundred photographs should have been published. As Confucius said, one picture is worth a thousand words. The captions for the illustrations could have been more informative; for instance when a picture of a railroad is shown, its name, the date, and the name of the photographer should be given.

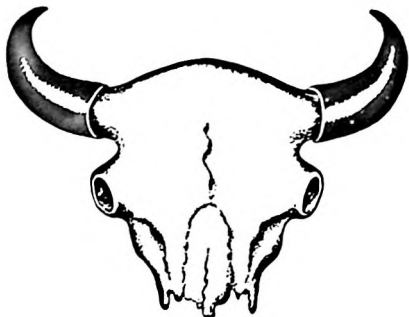
I recommend this book as a must for all who are interested in this important segment of the state of Colorado.

R. A. Ronzio, P.M.

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1981



TRAGEDY ON LONGS PEAK

Carl A. Blaurock, P.M.



East Face of Longs Peak in late spring

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ANOTHER NEW HAND

A new Corresponding Member we welcome to the Denver Westerners is James H. Campbell, 200 Windsor Drive, Birmingham, Alabama 35209, introduced by P.M. Don Bloch. Campbell is especially interested in the cattle industry 1800-1870, journalism and politics. (He must be a mediaman). He has written an unpublished novel, has had other interesting experiences, and is interested in "shooting, cooking, classic guitar, reading, and talking (sometimes even listening)." We hope he will meet with us some time and listen (or even talk) to us.

ANOTHER NEW POSSE MEMBER

Long-time Corresponding Member Stanley W. Zamonski has been elected a Posse Member of the Denver Posse. Stan is presently Curator of the Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum on Lookout Mountain, owned by the City and County of Denver.

Stan was born and reared in Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, educated in New England and at Wentworth Institute and Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He was a glider and bomber pilot in the Pacific in WW2, after which he came to Colorado.

He has authored *The 59-ers—Roaring Denver and the Gold Rush*, *The Westerners on the Gallop*, and more than 200 newspaper and magazine articles. He received the Colorado Press Association Award for Photographer of the Year for 1965, 1966, and 1967, and the Brame Award for 1959. He is currently engaged in several books.



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TRAGEDY ON LONGS PEAK

by

Carl A. Blaurock, P.M.

(Presented to the Denver Posse 24 June 1981)

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One of the saddest events in my life was climbing to the upper stretches of Longs Peak to help bring down the body of a very dear friend. Miss Agnes Vaille, a strong sturdy woman, active and experienced climber of the Colorado Mountain Club, had lost her life three days earlier in a winter climb of the East Face of Longs Peak. She and Walter Kiener, an experienced Swiss alpinist in this country only a year and a half, started for the East Face from Enos Mills' Timberline Cabin about 9:00 o'clock on Sunday morning, January 11, 1925. The day was mild and pleasant when they started, but as they were well up toward the summit, a strong wind came up and the temperature dropped far below zero. They climbed all day and night, reaching the summit about 4:00 A. M. Monday. On the descent down the north face Agnes slipped, fell and rolled more than 150 feet down a steep stretch of that face and landed in a snow bank near the eastern tip of the snowfield known in the summer time as "The Dove" from its resemblance to a flying bird.

Here, after traveling a short distance farther, she was completely exhausted, her fingers were frozen, and she was unable to continue on. Kiener got her beside a large rock, sheltered somewhat from the strong wind, then went on alone to meet a rescue party which he felt sure would have come up to Timberline Cabin. Twenty four hours had elapsed since they started the climb and he also was badly frost-bitten and near exhaustion, but made it to the cabin where rescuers had arrived not long before.

Perhaps not long after Kiener left her, Agnes started on but went only a short distance, fell forward on her face, arms stretched forward, and probably quickly became unconscious and perished. This is how we of the rescue group found her. Briefly this is the story of their fourth and tragic attempt to climb the East Face. But now I want to go into the whole story, the drama and experiences of preceding attempts before the successful but fatal climb, attempts with which I am thoroughly familiar and in one instance had a small part.

One day in October 1924 Agnes and Walter started their first attempt at climbing the East Face. They did not have an ice axe with them and soon realized the hard snow and ice would be difficult and dangerous to proceed on without one. Therefore they gave up the attempt and retreated.

A few weeks later near the middle of November, Agnes phoned me and asked to borrow my ice axe. Now for a first person account.

"Agnes," I said, "You're not going to try to climb again, surely?" Agnes, "Yes we are." Carl, "Don't do it Agnes, you know how quickly storms can come up in winter and temperatures drop precipitously." A., "I think we can do it." C., "You probably can but I don't think it wise to try in winter. If you wait until late spring or early summer you will still have as much snow and ice to contend with, but much less chance of bad storms."

My entreaty did not dissuade her and I then contacted Walter Kiener. My efforts and arguments were no more effective with Kiener than with Agnes. He insisted they would go ahead with their plans. After this rebuff by Walter, I called up Agnes again. I knew that she was aware that I had climbed the Face two years previously and was familiar with the route.

C., "Agnes, I know you and Walter are adamant about going, but would you object if I went along? I think the three of us have a better chance of success than just two." A., "I'd be delighted if you would come along."



Miss Agnes Vaile

So the die was cast. On Sunday morning November 16 the three of us started our climb. The day was sunny, mild, with practically no wind. When we reached the long steep snowbank extending down from near the upper slopes of Mt. Meeker to the foot of the cliffs of Longs' East Face (usually called Mills Glacier) we decided to ascend this to where it intersects Broadway, rather than to chop ice all the way up Alexanders Chimney. Broadway is the name by which the horizontal ledge about half way up and cutting across the east and north faces of Longs is known. It varies in width from a few inches to four or five feet and is a good ledge from which to attempt various routes on the upper slopes of that part of the peak.

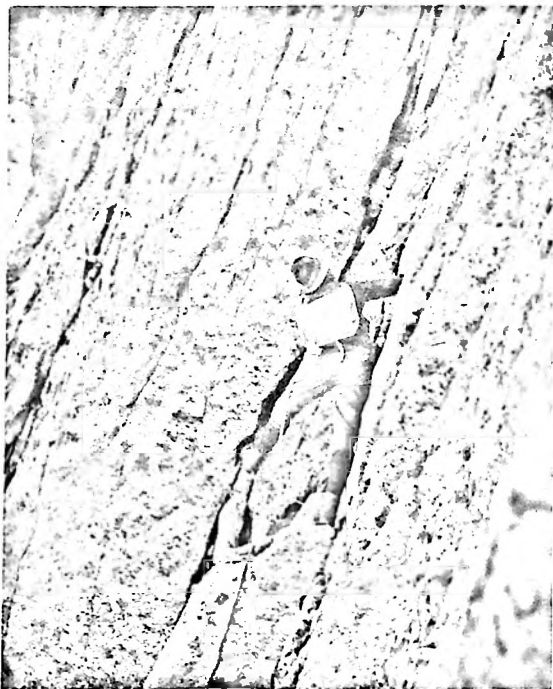
We proceeded uneventfully along this ledge until we reached the long snowbank that reaches down to Broadway from the "Sharks Mouth," a gash visible from Estes Park. We found this snowbank was covered with several inches of powder snow lying on top of crusted packed snow underneath. This seemed to indicate potential avalanche danger to us, so rather than crossing this to reach the cliffs on the other side, which is the usual route, we decided to go directly up the cliffs on the east side of the Notch.



Aerial view of East Face showing route most often used

Picking most likely looking chimneys, or couloirs as they are called, we ascended these cracks to upper ledges, working our way ever higher toward the summit ridge. Finally when about 50 feet from the top ridge we were stymied by a smooth granite wall on which we could not find footholds or handholds by which to continue. As it then was 5:00 o'clock and beginning to get dark, we decided to give up and climb back off the Peak. After descending one or two ledges lower we found ourselves on a ledge quite a distance above Broadway. As it was now dark we could not discern our footprints on the Broadway snow, nor could we decide which was the chimney we used in climbing up hours before. We wanted to be sure to descend that same one because if we tried an unknown one in the dark we might get down part way and find it impossible to go farther, and perhaps have difficulty climbing back up. Besides, a slight wind had come up which blew snow up the chimneys and into our faces as well as obscuring the character of the chimney.

Knowing that a nearly full moon was due to rise and shine on our location about 9:00 P.M. we decided to wait it out on this ledge and eat what little food we had. We knew that by moonlight we could identify the couloir we had ascended. I have forgotten what we had to eat, probably a sandwich or two and maybe an orange. I do recall that the water in my small canteen was frozen so we had no liquids.



Ascending Alexanders Chimney

After the moon rose we readily identified our chimney and roped down it without incident. Once on Broadway our difficulties were behind us. We had only to follow its snowy ledge to Mills Glacier, slide down that to the base and follow the trail back to Timberline Cabin for more food and a rest.

After a short stop at the cabin we proceeded down to our car and headed for Denver, arriving around daybreak just in time to clean up, change clothes, and go to work. In view of this abortive attempt I told the others I would not make another try in the winter, but if they waited until spring I'd be glad to go again with them.

In December the urge to try came again and once more they headed for the Peak. This time the weather turned bad before they reached Broadway. The attempt was given up and they returned to Denver.

On Saturday January 10, 1925 Agnes and Walter Kiener left Denver, taking Miss Elinor Eppich along, and arrived at Timberline Cabin about 3:00 A. M. This gave them only a few hours rest before daylight under conditions in which they could get no sleep.

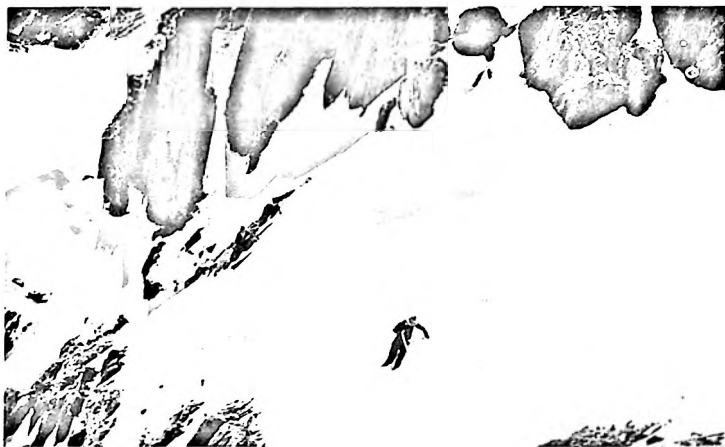
At 9:00 A. M. Walter and Agnes left the cabin for Chasm Lake and Elinor left shortly thereafter for Longs Peak Inn to await the climbers return. Thus the fourth, successful but tragic, trip began. As I have already described the climb, I will now relate the subsequent efforts at rescue.



Climbing on the face below Broadway

After twenty-four hours had elapsed with no word from the climbers, Elinor became quite concerned and at 9:00 A. M. phoned Mrs. Enos Mills at Estes Park. Mrs. Mills contacted Herbert Sortland, caretaker of the Inn, Jacob Christian, Hugh Brown and his son Oscar, all of whom worked for the Inn. The four of them soon left for Timberline Cabin for the rescue.

At 1:00 P.M. Elinor phoned her father in Denver, who contacted several Mountain Club members. Edmund Rogers and Roger Toll shortly thereafter left for Estes Park. A little later on Carl Blaurock, William Ervin, and George Barnard also started for the Park in Barnard's car. At dark this party reached Lyons and phoned Longs Peak Inn. We received word that Kiener had arrived at Timberline Cabin and met the rescue party. He informed them that Agnes was alive but exhausted and that he had left her in a sheltered place on the Boulder Field. Immediately Hugh Brown, Christian, Sortland, and Kiener started up the trail for Agnes. Upon receiving the above information from Elinor, our Barnard party returned to Denver as it seemed that all was well on the mountain.



Traversing snow on Broadway

Meanwhile, Edmund Rogers and Roger Toll, having reached Estes Park, started up the road for the Inn. After bucking considerable snow they abandoned the car and walked the final four miles, arriving at the Inn about 11:50 P.M. This was just after Christian and Brown had come down from Timberline Cabin with news of Agnes' death. (More about this farther along.) At 12:45, and carrying food for all those at the cabin, Edmund and Roger started up the trail, arriving at the cabin about 4:30 A.M.

At Timberline Cabin they found Walter Kiener, Tom Allen, Jack Moomaw, and Walter Finn. Allen was Assistant Superintendent of the Park and Moomaw and Finn were Rangers. They had gone up Monday afternoon immediately after Elinor had phoned Allen Monday noon. High winds by now had come up which made traveling above timberline very uncomfortable and difficult.

The first rescue party that went to the cabin when alerted by Mrs. Mills arrived there only a short time before Kiener walked in. This party and Kiener immediately started back up for Agnes in the face of severe winds and snow. Oscar Brown was to remain at Timberline Cabin to keep a fire going. In about half a mile at a point just

above the last timber, Hugh Brown found he could not continue so turned back to the cabin. He sent his son down to the Inn to report Kiener's story while he remained at the cabin. It was the son's report to Elinor that she passed on to the Barnard party when we phoned her from Lyons, which resulted in our returning to Denver.



Traversing a ledge on the Face

After proceeding about a mile, Sortland found he could not go on against the severe storm and turned back with the intention of going down to the Inn. He never reached it. Somehow he stumbled into a ravine and died, the windblown snow covering his body which was not found until late spring when the snow had melted away. This left only Christian and Kiener to continue the rescue attempt.

They had a very difficult time proceeding in the wind and severe cold and finally reached Agnes about 4:00 or 4:30 P.M. She had gotten up and apparently tried to go on but in her exhausted state only went about 100 feet or so, fell forward face down and perished. At this discovery Kiener almost collapsed. After all he had been out continuously for more than 30 hours without rest or sleep and was ready to drop from

exhaustion. It was with great difficulty that the strong Christian was able to keep him going and get the two of them back to the cabin.—really a super-human effort.

They arrived at the Cabin about 7:30 P.M. where they found Hugh Brown waiting. The National Park men arrived there about 10:00. Shortly thereafter Brown and Christian departed for the Inn where they carried the story of Agnes' death which was then broadcast over the press wires.



Strolling along on Broadway

Edmund Rogers and Roger Toll, reaching the Cabin about 4:30 A.M., found Kiener and the Park men there. They decided to wait until 9:00 o'clock and then, if the wind did not abate, they would go down as it would be impossible to go on for the body. About 10:00 o'clock they started for the Inn.

Tuesday morning we in Denver awoke and learned the story of the tragedy in a story spread on the front page of the Rocky Mountain News. Later that morning, Blaurock, Ervin, and Barnard returned to Estes Park in one car, and James G. Rogers, Richard Hart, and, I believe, Henry Toll went in another. Mr. Haberl of the Stanley Hotel invited the entire group to stay there at no cost, an invitation that we thankfully accepted.



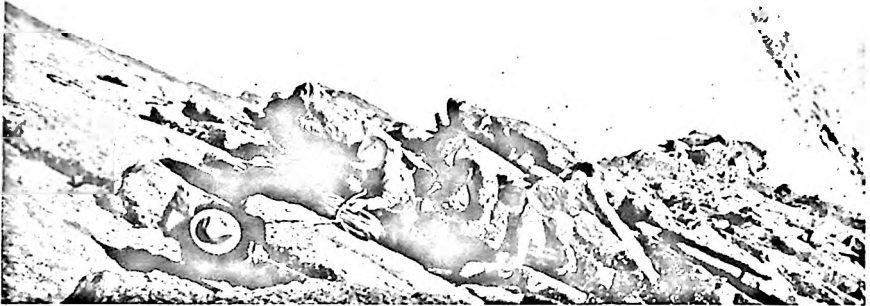
Scene along Broadway

On Tuesday afternoon and Wednesday a search party of 13 men went to Timberline Cabin and beyond to the point where Sortland turned back, and searched a large area below timberline for clues of him. They searched all possible shelter and some deserted cabins but found no trace.

Late Wednesday afternoon, the Denver contingent plus the Park personnel and some others went to Longs Peak Inn for the night hoping the storm would abate and that we could go up for Agnes on Thursday. Fortunately in the morning the wind did die down and with skis and a toboggan the entire group, except Hart, started up the trail about 5:00 A. M. Timberline Cabin was reached about 3 hours later and we found there was practically no wind even above timberline.

Progress up the trail was slow as each of us was heavily loaded with clothes, food, skis and other rescue paraphernalia. After a short stop at the Cabin we went on, hauling the toboggan, and spreading out over a wide area searching for Sortland as we advanced. Bill Ervin and I were the first to reach Agnes' body at 13,300 ft. elevation about noon. In a short while the rest of the party arrived. The toboggan was left at the edge of the Boulder Field for later use.

Skis were lashed together, with ski poles crosswise for carrying the body which was then lashed to the skis. With 6 persons at a time carrying the outfit we returned to the toboggan where Agnes was lashed to it for transporting down the trail to the Inn. Timberline Cabin was reached about 4:15 P. M. and the Inn two hours later. There we found Edmund Rogers had arrived with Otis Weeks, brother-in-law of Agnes. Most of the party then returned to Estes Park for the night and Weeks accompanied the body to Denver in a car furnished by the Transportation Company.



Climbers viewed from above

Walter Kiener had been sent to a hospital in Denver on Tuesday. He eventually had to have one or more joints of each finger amputated, except for the right index finger which remained whole. In addition all the toes on one foot and half of those on the other foot had to be removed. For quite a while after his recovery he worked in the Park on botanical research and spent many days on Broadway in such work. He, too, passed on many years ago.

What a price to pay for a stubborn and, I think, foolish venture! Two lives lost and a crippled survivor. Tremendous endurance and courage were demonstrated throughout by many persons, and Kiener's efforts alone were almost superhuman. Courage and stubbornness are one thing and can be admirable, but it is regrettable in this instance that they were not tempered by better judgment. Agnes Vaile was a woman of great persistence and will-power and whatever she undertook she usually carried through in spite of all obstacles. At only 35 years of age, her death was a great loss to the community and to her friends.





Western's Bookshelf



The Northern Shoshoni by Brigham D. Madsen. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1980. 8½ × 11, heavy paper covers, 259 pages, illustrated, with bibliography and index. \$12.95.

The Lemhi: Sacajawea's People by Brigham D. Madsen. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1979. 6 × 9, heavy paper covers, 213 pages, illustrated, with 4 appendices, bibliography, and index. \$4.95

Most of us have some opinion, carefully considered or otherwise, about the last two centuries' history of our relationship with the American Indian, ranging from "high-handed and heartless oppression" to "manifest destiny." Coolly considered, it is difficult at this date to imagine any other outcome than today's situation resulting from the confrontation between our European civilization and the aboriginal Indian cultures. How could it possibly have turned out differently?

While most of us would grant the inevitability of the dominance of the Western technological culture, most of us have, at best, only a sketchy notion of what the Indians were really like when the white man arrived, and what the subsequent history of the Indian has involved.

These two books by Dr. (Prof.) Madsen of the University of Utah document in almost encyclopedic completeness the history, religion, psychology, cultural conflict, economics, and ultimate outcome of the White-Indian confrontation in this one area. It would seem that the differences between the two cultures were irreconcilable. Regrettable as it may be to submerge a complex culture which had much real beauty, only the methods employed were questionable.

Dr. Madsen writes dispassionately and objectively about the Northern Shoshoni but the whole tone of his treatment is sympathetic. The books are scholarly and exhaustive, so that one wonders whether to recommend them to the general reader. On the other hand, I can think of no better way for the general reader to gain such insight into the real nature of the aboriginal American and his

modification and disintegration under the pressure of an overwhelming technological culture.

Hugo von Rodeck, Jr., P.M.

Newport in the Rockies, by Marshall Sprague. Sage Books-Swallow Press, Chicago, Ill. 1980 Revised Edition. 382 pages. \$15.95

Marshall Sprague is no stranger to Denver's Westerners. His witty, informative lectures and his many superbly written books have furthered an appreciation of Colorado and the West for all of us.

Sprague has judiciously avoided the attractive pitfalls of beginning the narrative with Zebulon Pike, the early town of El Paso, or the Pikes Peak Gold Rush. Instead, his account begins, quite correctly, with William Jackson Palmer. The founder's story is delightfully told in parts of six chapters.

The contributions and careers of Count Pourtales, Winfield Scott Stratton and the ubiquitous Spencer Penrose are entertainingly related. Here too are the stories of many lesser but still important persons. Colorado College, the splendid Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center and the complicated story of the Broadmoor complex, the zoo and other institutions bring the reader into the present decade.

In short, *Newport in the Rockies* is easily one of the four or five most readable single volume histories concerning a major Colorado community. If you missed the earlier edition, don't feel bad. This one is even better.

Comprehensive chapter notes and a very complete index make this a particularly useful book.

Robert L. Brown P.M.

Croft's Grip-Sack Guide of Colorado. A photo-reprint of the original 1885 edition (first printed in 1881), with a pictorial supplement of more than 150 period photos and a 4-color 1885 map of Colorado. Johnson Books, Boulder, CO, for Rizzari, Ronzio, and Ryland, 1980, 264 pp., \$12.95.

(To be reviewed later)

Denver History Illustrated on Post Cards, by Dave Hicks. A.T.P. Publishing Co., Denver, 1980, \$9.95. 200 pages, 7" x 10", copiously illustrated, paper bound.

The author states that "This volume is not a complete history of Denver; no such book could be written." Whether such a book could be written is debatable, but the present attempt is a jam-packed compendium of historical information.

Certainly when a complete history is written it will have to differ from the present work in that it preferably be written for the un-adept—this one is a stream of consciousness by a Denver history buff for the benefit of other such.

It bears every evidence of having been compiled over a period of time on separate sheets of paper, then assembled rather hurriedly, and sent to the compositor without careful proof-reading before printing. It is full of careless slips, misspellings, questionable choices of words, ambiguities, abrupt transitions, and frequent emphases on trivia alongside strange omissions of important information.

One finds misspelled and internally inconsistent names, unexpected juxtapositions, strange discontinuities, and little attention to composition or literary excellence.

Some of the illustrations (not all postcards) are of poor quality and not very useful, such as the Welcome Arch at the Union station; for clarification see the *Denver Westerners Brand Book*, volume 28, 1973, page 330.

But, after all of this is said, this reviewer read the entire book with great interest and learned a great deal of Denver history he had not previously known. It is heartily recommended to those who already have enough knowledge of Denver's history to enjoy filling in the cracks with a multitude of informative details.

Hugo von Rodeck, Jr., P.M.

Oklahoma Memories. Edited by Anne Hodges Morgan and Rennard Strickland. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1981. 304 pp. \$16.95, cloth; \$8.95, paper.

This book will appeal to historians, readers interested in Western history, and Oklahomans with pride in their heritage. The editors have examined a wide variety of his-

torical sources in regard to the people and events in the state's history and have chosen twenty-seven very interesting selections. These are for the most part firsthand accounts while a few are narratives of people describing events in the lives of their parents.

The selections range from the early Indian days of Oklahoma to the near present, with emphasis on the earlier period. They include descriptions of Christmas at a Creek mission in 1866, life as an Indian trader at Fort Sill and Anadarko, the land rush of 1889, life as a cook in the oil boom towns, the Dust Bowl days, and the integration of public schools and lunch counters in the fifties. Each person who reads this book will certainly have his favorite accounts, depending upon his special interests. I have found several of them to be especially interesting to me.

Of the several selections concerned with the Indians of Oklahoma, my choice was "A Strong Medicine Wind" which is the story of a Kiowa who attempted to adjust to changing times, but who realized that perhaps change was just too much for him while he was acting in a movie about the killing of the buffalo. While my family never faced the problem faced by the family in "I Wish They'd Never Found Oil", this account of family disintegration as a result of unexpected wealth is another example of the negative effect of the oil boom. Mrs. Tom Ferguson's account of a pioneer newspaper family who settled in Watonga in 1885 is most interesting, and "At the Old Ballgame" harkens back to a simpler time before radio and television, when sporting events of importance were of a more local nature and the most important sporting activity did not concern the "Big Red" football team.

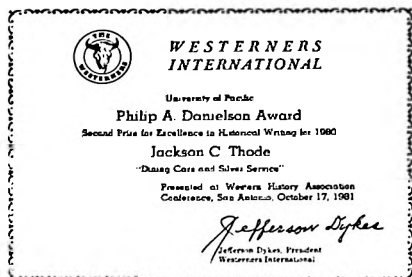
Oklahoma Memories is a book that will provide information regarding the activities of individuals during the settlement and development of a state, for historians and more importantly for those who enjoy reading about interesting events and the people who lived them. These are stories of the people whose contributions have made Oklahoma an outstanding state with special historical significance.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

IN MEMORIAM

Charles E. Kirk, Corresponding Member of the Denver Posse, died 8 August 1981. Kirk, who lived in Castle Rock, was an eminent Colorado stockman who was, among many other activities, general livestock superintendent of the National Western Stock Show from 1965 to 1979.

He was a Denver native, born in 1900, a graduate of Manual Training High School and Colorado A and M College in Fort Collins. He served in the field artillery in WWI. He and Mrs. Kirk, nee Gertrude Moynihan, were active in the Douglas County Historical Society as well as in numerous community and church groups. He leaves his wife, two sons, and four grandchildren.



JACK THODE TAKES PRIZE

It is with great pride that we announce that Posse Member Jack Thode, who was our Sheriff in 1974, has won a citation and a money prize from Westerners International for his paper, "Dining Cars and Silver Service," which was presented by him to the Chicago Corral and to the Denver Posse in 1980 and in several other places since.

The paper was entered into competition by James G. Schneider, Sheriff of the Chicago Corral, who is also a Corresponding Member of the Denver Posse. Unfortunately, Jack was unable to attend the Western History Association Conference in San Antonio in October, where the awards were announced and the prizes awarded.

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THE KIT CARSON COUNTY CAROUSEL

An interesting bit of information comes to us from Burlington, Colorado, where they have an original 1905 carousel housed in a 1928 building built partly from salvaged poultry sheds, and in 1979 designated a National Historical Site by the National Park Service, sponsored by the Colorado State Historical Society.

The carousel was made in 1905 by the Philadelphia Toboggan Company, one of America's original carousel builders. It includes 46 riding animals, "a lion, tiger, dog, donkeys, camels, goats, deer, giraffes, a hippocampus [Look it up! Ed.] and . . . many horses," as well as 45 decorative oil paintings.

The carousel was originally purchased by Elich Gardens, in Denver, in 1905, and in 1928 was sold to Kit Carson County and installed in the fairgrounds in Burlington. After an uncertain period during the Depression, the annual fair was discontinued

from 1931 to 1937, then resumed. In 1975 a major restoration of the carousel was instituted, and it was fully restored in time for the fair in 1976.

The carousel was open all summer for the first time in 1981, and plans are under way to create a park on the site. Presumably the carousel will be available next summer. For information call Bob McClelland, Chairman of the Kit Carson County Carousel Association, (303) 348-5275, or Jo Downey, Eastern Colorado Council of Governments, (303) 348-5562.

Carousels reached the U.S. from Europe about 1870 and flourished until about 1930. Colorado has two excellent examples, at Elitch Gardens in Denver, and at Burlington, in extreme east-central Colorado. The Philadelphia Toboggan Company began

producing roller coasters and carousels in 1903, their first carver being John Zalar whose animals were admired for the "sweetness of their expressions." He was replaced by Frank Caretta "whose forte was animals of massive power decorated with carved eagles, clowns or swords."

All the animals on the Burlington carousel are 'standers', that is, they do not move up and down. The latter type would be called 'prancers' or 'jumpers'.

Operating carousels and separate carousel animals have become an historical specialty, and are found from coast to coast and border to border. They have become a whole new field of connoisseurship. There is even an American Carousel society, in Santa Cruz, California.

Hugo von Rodeck, Jr., P.M.

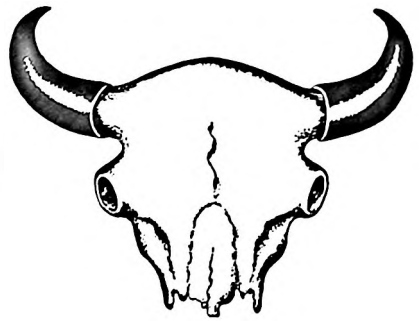


Posse Member Stan Zamonsky, Curator of the Buffalo Bill Museum on Lookout Mountain west of Denver, recently found 18 platinum prints of paintings by Charles Schreyvogel, an early western artist, of which this is one, entitled "Rear Guard." These photographic prints constitute one of the largest collections of Schreyvogel's work to be seen in any one place. They are now on exhibit at the Museum.

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1981



THE GREAT PUEBLO FLOOD OF 1921

Bernard Kelly, P.M.



DUES WILL BE DUE!

Facing the inevitable, the executive committee of the Posse announces that dues will be raised to \$15.00 beginning January first, 1982. Dues are due on that date and, because of the reluctance or poor memory of some of us, February first will be the termination date. Stand behind your Posse—pay your dues on time.

OUR AUTHOR

Bernard Kelly was born and reared in Pueblo, Colo. He early had ambitions to be a professional dance orchestra musician, and a writer of fiction. He played banjo and bass with Charles Quaranta and his orchestra throughout Southern Colorado, and wrote the school song for Pueblo Junior College, now the University of Southern Colorado, which still uses the music.

He sold his first story to Esquire in 1937, but has never hit that magazine since. In 1940 Bernie turned to journalism, and became a reporter on the Pueblo Chieftain. After World War II he was hired by the Denver Post and he spent 19 years of his service there on Empire Magazine as an assistant editor and writer. He is retired from that job, but not from writing.

He says he has seen a lot of Colorado history in the making, but no event more spectacular than the Pueblo Flood of 1921.

ANOTHER SADDLE ON THE CORRAL FENCE

Edwin R. Johnston is a recent addition to our Corresponding Members. His special interests are mountain men and military history. He also belongs to CAMP. His address is P.O. Box 252, Evergreen, CO, 80439.



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THE GREAT PUEBLO FLOOD OF 1921*

by
Bernard Kelly

Presented to the Denver Posse
28 August 1981
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June 3, 1921, was a dark, misty, rainy day in Pueblo, Colorado. The newspaper reported that a cloudburst the day before had caused Dry Creek, just west of the city, to go over its banks, and said that two children had been drowned. Water from the rain backed up along Main Street and seeped into doorways. People talked with a mild sense of adventure about the "flood."

It was the last day of school for me. I was leaving the 8th grade at St. Patrick's School and knew I would be entering Central High School the next fall as a freshman. Oh, it was good to be out of school! Some friends and I enjoyed the scary news of high water in the Arkansas River, but my main problem was, how was I going to get a new suit with long pants to wear in high school next September? I still had a good suit of short pants and jacket and I knew my family thought this would be perfectly adequate for next fall!

West of Pueblo, heavy clouds boiled up over a triangular tongue of plains country half surrounded by mountain ranges. Many tributaries of the Arkansas River rise in the mountains that bound this drainage basin. Cloudbursts have cut deep channels across the prairies. We call these arroyos. A dense black bank of clouds lay along the top and sides of the range during the morning, and about 1 p.m. it dropped down from the mountains and began to push out along the prairie. Another storm descended from the direction of Cripple Creek up north.

It began to rain. By 3 p.m. the rain had become a downpour which spread over the upper and middle parts of the valley. The water came down faster than the soil could absorb it. It raced along the ditches and through arroyos. It built up into walls often several feet high like sea waves about to break on a shore.

Just west of Pueblo, 12 inches of rain were measured in a concrete box. At Teller reservoir, 10 inches fell after 3 p.m. At Skaguay reservoir near Victor, Colo., 7½ inches. At Penrose, 7 inches. Ten at Eight-Mile Creek, 9 at Chandler Creek. Between 3 and 3:30 p.m., 5 inches of rain piled up in 30 minutes on Boggs Flats and the solid fall of water drowned a horse in an open field. At that time Boggs Flats was an enormous open area just west of Pueblo, open and only sparsely inhabited. Boggs Flats ranchers measured 14 inches of rain that afternoon and night. A hard-surfaced road in the area was washed out to a depth of 7 feet.

The storm had begun in the foothills about 1 p.m. Friday, June 3. By 3, it had spread over the upper and middle parts of the valley. Between 5 and 7 p.m. it had gathered its might at the lower end, near Pueblo.

*Parts reprinted from the Empire Magazine Section of *The Denver Post*, 15 July 1956.

Pueblo then had a population of 40,000. It lay at the confluence of the Arkansas and Fountaine Qui Bouille rivers. Residential areas were north and south of the Arkansas river bed but most of the business district and railroad yards stood in the lowland that had been wrested from the streams. There had been a flood May 30, 1894, but after that the levees were heightened and strengthened, bridges raised, and the channel widened to accommodate a greater runoff than ever would seem likely. The work was completed in 1898. Now, in 1921, the river was straddled by a series of bridges including a heavily traveled passenger, vehicular and street railway span at Union Avenue.

Between 5 and 6:40 p.m., the river rose 8 feet in the narrow channel. At 6, the flood warning began to sound—a steam siren mounted on the North Side water works. Its chilling wail, rising and falling, could be heard in all parts of the city.

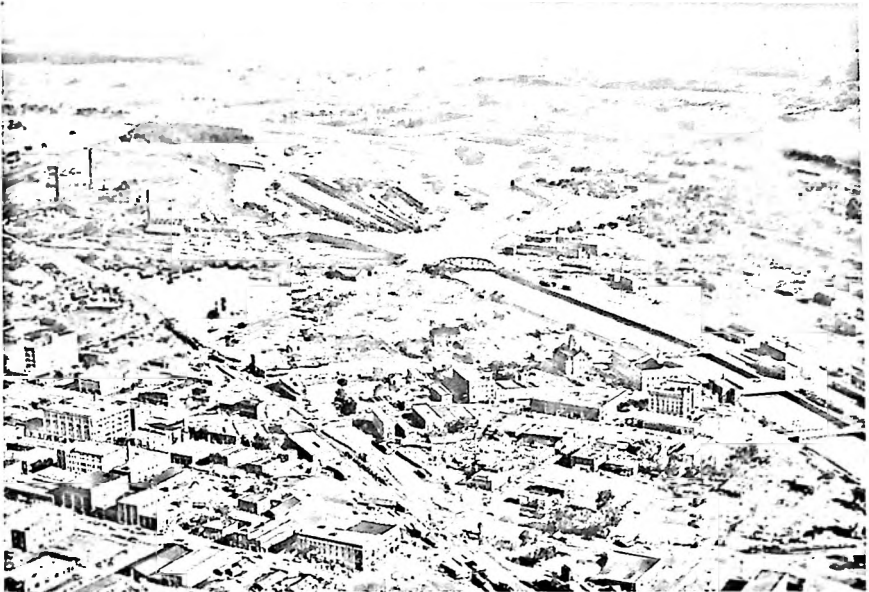
The Kelly house stood on a bluff overlooking the Denver & Rio Grande railroad yards. I had a love of trains bred in me early from watching the switching operations just below our house, and from seeing the more distant passenger trains of four different railroads entering and leaving the Union Depot, about half a mile away. That bluff, they told me, was once the south bank of the Arkansas River. Now the river was contained in a narrow channel about the distance of ten city blocks from us.

Naturally everyone was excited at the scary wail of the siren, constantly warning us. Two of my friends and I, all of us just out of 8th grade, decided to walk across a bridge near our house, go down on the river levee, and follow the levee downtown, where we were sure there was some action! My sister and her boy friend decided to go with us. We walked along that levee, and the water was only a foot or so down from the edge.

I am sure you have all smelled flood water. It has a dank, sort of sour smell, a combination of plants, buildings, trees and living creatures dissolved in silty water. As we walked, we watched occasional trees bounding by, and being tossed in the air by the strong current. When they came past the spray would spatter on us as we walked. I don't think we ever thought of the danger. It was all too exciting. Eventually we reached the place where the river crossed the main street going downtown, Union Avenue. There were freight cars standing on a railroad siding there, and we three boys climbed up on the cars to see the action better.

A kind of holiday spirit took over the town as if the banshee voice of the siren announced good tidings. Hundreds of Puebloans hurried from their homes to the river banks, thrilled at the sight of the angry high water. The scene was dramatic—no doubt about that. Tree trunks, lumber, demolished houses and the bodies of animals swept by in the muddy water. The water whipped by perilously close to the levee tops, but the crowd stayed on, enchanted.

Not until 8 p.m. did we begin to take the thing seriously. By then the stench of flood was overpowering. There were reports that the river was "coming over" in places. Police drove the curious from the bridges and ordered us kids down off the boxcars. Trees hurtling down the river with the speed of express trains were hitting the bridge railings and being tossed high into the air. Water backing up into storm sewers boiled out of manholes. The crowd began to move toward high ground, slowly at first, then faster and faster.



Air view shows the swollen Arkansas River flowing through the downtown channel from lower right to upper center. Two-story building with cupola, right, near bridge, is Pueblo City Hall. View is looking generally east, downstream.

One such safe place was about four blocks away — another bridge, or rather a viaduct, over the Union Depot yards. We started to walk toward that place. Suddenly the lights went out. All the lights. All the lights everywhere. There was a kind of murmur from the crowd, and we walked faster.

“Must have got into the power company,” someone said.

There was intermittent light. An electrical storm was brewing and lightning was almost continuous. Great roars of thunder followed. We walked up on the viaduct, and looked down into the Union Depot yards.

Two passenger trains were standing in the depot yards, the Rio Grande’s No. 3, just in from Denver, and the Missouri Pacific’s eastbound No. 14, scheduled to leave at 8:05. It was decided to move her over the Santa Fe bridge to the north side of the river and she puffed out of the yards at 8:36. When No. 14 reached the Santa Fe bridge, however, the idea of crossing was abandoned. The Arkansas was pounding at the bridge flooring.

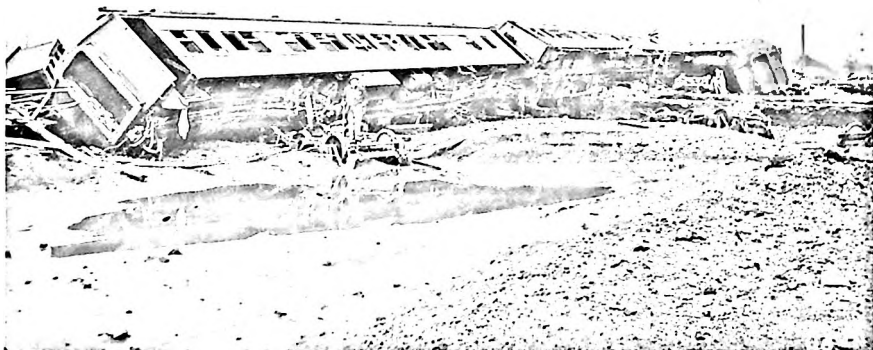
No. 3, scheduled to go west but held up in Pueblo because washouts had been reported ahead, also was moved out of the yards in the hope of reaching high ground. As the train started out of the depot yard it seemed much like the departure of an excursion party bent on pleasure. The cars were brilliantly lighted and the few

passengers who remained on board were laughing and waving to bystanders. Most of the travelers, advised of the delay, had gone uptown to see the flood.

We later learned that the two passenger trains wound up stalled side by side near the river.

The Arkansas overflowed its channel at 8:45 p.m. near Main Street. The crowd on the Union avenue viaduct saw the black water racing through the depot yards. The babble of excitement suddenly choked into a gasp. Like a blast of cannon, a crash of thunder came, then a fresh deluge of rain. The cloudburst which had pelted the plains to the west all afternoon finally had arrived over Pueblo.

We were like ants under a waterfall. It was almost impossible to breathe. Our party of five ran toward the south bank, which was the long bluff on which our house stood. We arrived home drenched, but we were able to tell the exciting story to the stay-at-homes.



Passenger cars lie smashed and twisted in lowlands after a futile attempt was made to move them to safer ground.

"But look out there!" My father said.

Out of our front window I could see a red glare.

"That's a fire!" he said.

From this point I have to depend on later accounts, newspaper stories, government publications and souvenir booklets. Much of this material I used for an *Empire Magazine* story which appeared in 1956.

Most of Pueblo is, and was, on high ground, and out of reach of the flood. But also many parts of the city were lower than the tops of the levees and were quickly submerged. The rampaging waters swirled out on new courses, pouring around corners and down streets. Finally the swift current changed, to parallel the normal direction of the river, west to east.

At first, small objects in the city were caught up; then larger and larger pieces. Packing cases, fences and lesser buildings were torn away, followed by masses of wreckage jammed together in rafts. Now larger frame buildings were ripped off their foundations and floated down the streets. Brick and stone structures crashed under the pressure, adding to the terror.



Flooded area, looking west. Lower right is a portion of the Missouri Pacific Railroad yards which became an island in the flood. Large building in center is the then Nuckolls Packing Company.

Over all, the only illumination came sporadically from great jagged flashes of lightning. This permitted glimpses of appalling destruction. The screams of the frightened and the trapped and the dying sounded through the roar of the water and the crash of thunder and rain.

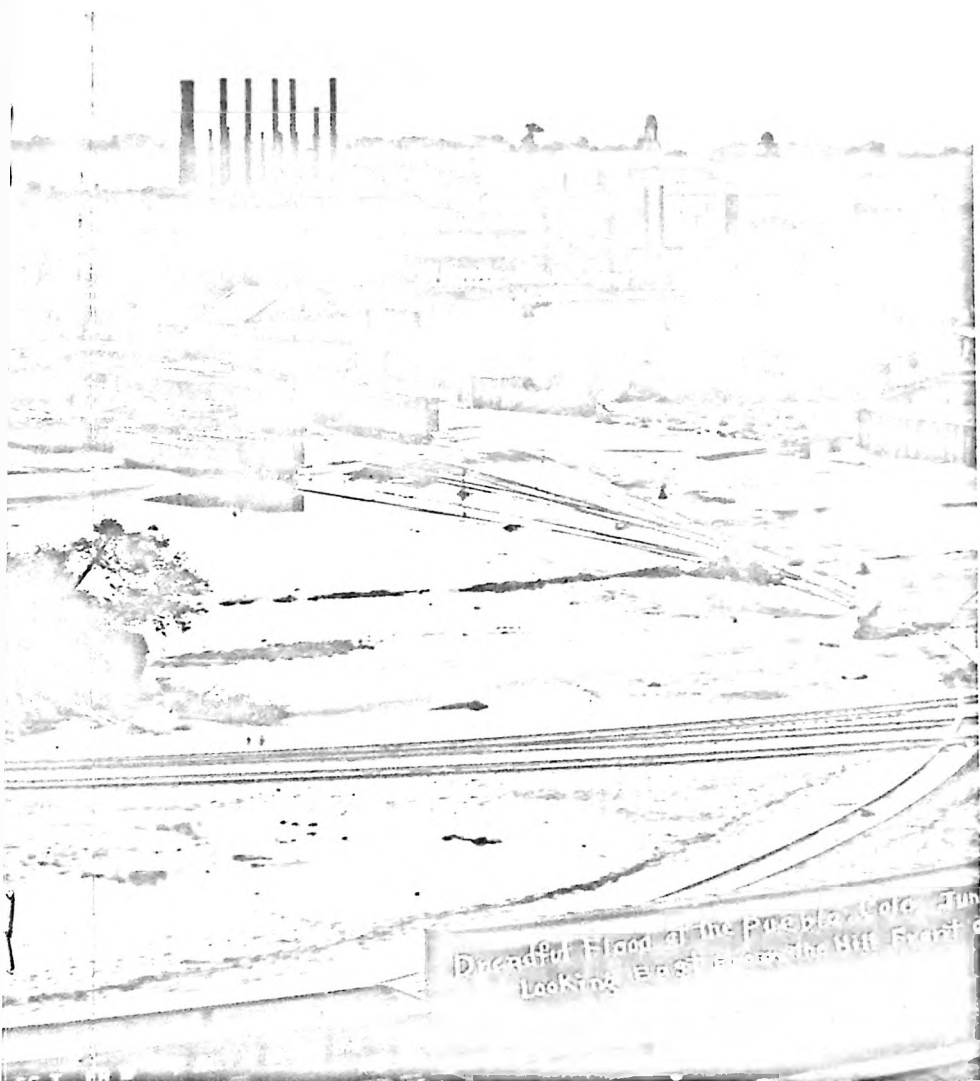
Suddenly the sky was angry red. Those who saw knew fire had broken out but none could leave shelter to see where.

The water touching supplies of lime may have begun the conflagration in a lumber yard. Piles of blazing timbers raced along the street tide, starting other fires. The rain glistened and bubbled like blood in the glare.

Desperate people took refuge on roofs of buildings only to lose their lives when the structures collapsed. Others who had delayed their departure from the downtown area too long were caught by the flood and dashed to death. The smashing of plate glass fronts in business houses added a soprano note to the gross sound of destruction.



A portion of the Rio Grande Railroad yards the day after the flood. Mainline tracks west are in foreground. Along the right are multiple stacks of the local power company and, at far right, the City Hall.



Disaster Flood of the Pueblo, Colo. Jun
Looking East from the Hill East of

The skyline left to right are the Grand Opera House (with triangular tower), a crane in a stone-cutting yard,

On Union Avenue, buildings disintegrated in rows. The wreckage was caught up, and battered other buildings in turn. The weight of the wheeling, floating objects carried by the enormous thrust of the river became rams which crushed whatever obstructed their path.

In the railroad yards, steel cars, laden and empty alike, were tossed aside. Wooden freight cars ripped from their trucks, floated along the streets like barges. Tracks were torn up, and in one place were piled eight high like giant jackstraws.

Out beyond the Union Depot where the two passenger trains were stalled, courageous railroaders went through the cars trying to calm the passengers. Other crews marshalled every man they could, attempted plan after plan to save the trains and the people aboard. In the end the mad river won.

The lights in the cars went out as the tumbling water hit the battery boxes. The cars began to turn over, one at a time. The panic-stricken occupants ran forward through the trains as the cars rolled behind them. The flood gushed through the windows.

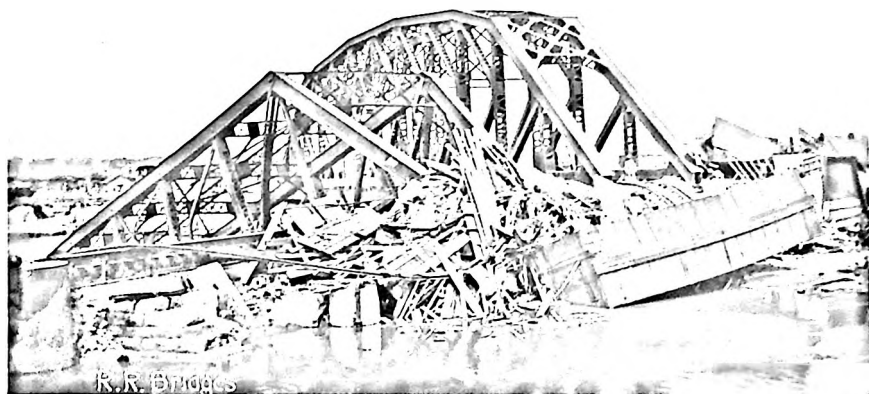


A switch engine and cars tossed about, a bridge destroyed, and wreckage strewn about like jackstraws make a scene of utter destruction in the industrial district. Smelter stacks on high ground on the South Side are seen in the distance.

Frank Ducray, then sheriff of Mesa county, was on one of the trains. He'd seen a 17-year-old girl swept away almost within reach of his arms when heavy planks, hurtled along by the flood, crashed between them. He saw two women clinging to a house as it went by. One was singing a hymn.

"I saw a man and his daughter, and he was kneeling with her while she recited the 'Now I lay me down' of her childhood. I saw them swept away in one another's arms," Ducray said.

Miss Eleanor Demfer of St. Louis was on a vacation trip. When the flood struck, she moved from her sleeper to a rear one which seemed safer. Suddenly it began to tilt. She seized a curtain rod as the car went over. A woman screamed for someone to save her child. She was standing on a seat, holding an upper berth rod with one hand and a tiny baby in the other, clear of the water. She cried out that her strength was failing.



Railroad bridges dropped from their pilings into the stream bed or were crammed with wreckage.

Miss Demfer worked her way to the woman and took the baby. She held it up out of the swirling blackness with the strength of youth. Rescuers finally came and took them out a broken window to a building nearby.

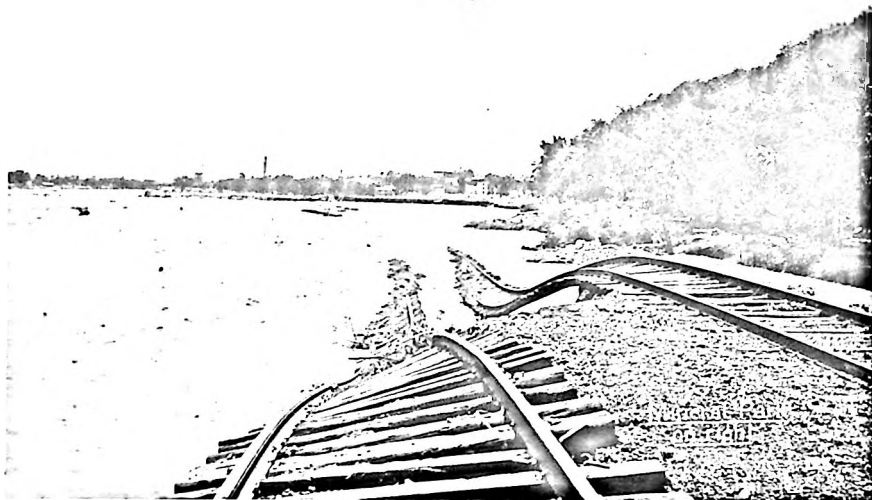
Ed Harrison, another passenger, jumped from his coach and swam to a floating log. He clung to it and eventually was cast up on an island far down the river. F. D. Spicer's house was torn from its foundations and floated downstream until it lodged on the same island in the middle of the Arkansas. Harrison and Spicer spent two nights and most of two days marooned there.

Most of the passengers and crewmen escaped to a coal car nearby. It began to flounder under them and they made their way to a second coal car. This one stood fast all through the night. They saw a railway employee start to crawl out of a smashed window, but he was too large to get through. He fell back and was drowned.

Meanwhile, Joseph E. Sprengle, manager of the Andrew McClelland Co., and Orrin Maddox, an employee, reported like soldiers at the company's grain warehouse to see what they could save. They were trapped inside by the flood and forced to climb to the rafters. Here they perched in complete darkness while the waters rose higher and higher. The torrent came within a foot of engulfing them.

A. J. Jackson and his wife took refuge in a tree, where he was forced to support her in his arms. He shouted for help again and again. At last his strength failed and his wife slipped from his grasp and drowned.

At the telephone company, Mrs. Joseph E. Prior, day chief operator, and Miss Margaret Williams, night chief operator, were marooned with 39 other girls. As long as the power held they phoned warnings to the citizens as rapidly as they could. Then the lights on all the boards went out. The girls watched the flowing water and wreckage from the upstairs windows. Someone started the phonograph in an effort to keep up their spirits. They could see the dark waves rise higher and higher, with floating objects tumbling and plunging. Houses, barns and sheds came along, and, worst of all, struggling forms of men, women and children.



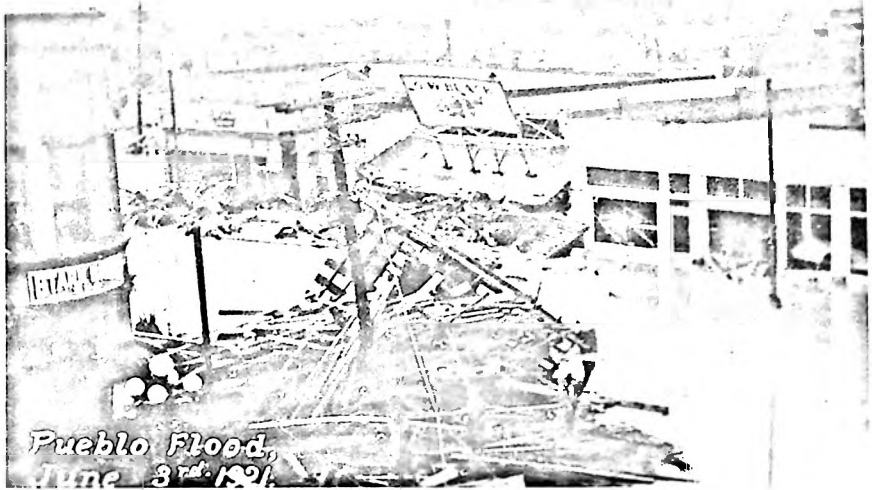
Rio Grande tracks leading into the city from the north passed along the Fountain River which washed them out. Present Interstate 25 occupies this site today. The wooded area on the right is Mineral Palace Park.

Byron Thedy, night wire chief, went into a first floor room where the cable records, most important documents, were kept. A rush of waters slammed the door behind him, and he was trapped. The water climbed to his armpits, reached his neck, the weight and force of the torrent resisted his frantic efforts to open the door. He found a length of strong board, pushed the door with all his might until it opened a crack, and forced the board into it. Bit by bit he wedged it farther open. At length he was able to squeeze through with the precious records.

A big frame house slammed against the company garage, wrecking it, then came on toward the brick building. Some of the girls knelt and prayed. Others covered their faces with their hands. A sudden counter current toppled the marauding house and carried it safely past. They heard a man crying for help. Across the alley, on top of the one-story garage close by they saw him. He had in some way cut a hole through the roof and crawled up out of the water. The head of another man appeared through the hole,

then the second head dropped back and was seen no more. They shoved a plank to the man on the roof and he was dragged into the higher telephone building.

Through it all, the phonograph continued to play—
 "Ja-da; Ja-da; Jada, Jada, jing-jing-jing."



Corner of Union and Victoria Avenues, the morning after the flood.

V. Z. Haven, credit manager for Crews-Beggs Dry Goods Co., went to his store about the time when the lights went out. He and his aides started carrying things up out of the basement. The windows suddenly broke and the fire alarms began to ring. The water poured into the vestibule. They tried to block the flow with whatever was handy, but it came in so fast they gave up. By the time Haven barred the door, the water inside was 3 to 4 feet deep.

Something struck the plate glass and in rushed the torrent. Haven and the others ran upstairs to the mezzanine floor and the water was right behind them. From there, like isolated men and women all over town, they watched. The velocity was so great that it picked up houses, safes, steel light poles and everything that stood in front of it. They saw a fire raft floating down the street. The heavy rain was the only thing that kept the town from being burned up.

George Holmes of the Holmes Hardware Co., said, looking around him. "When I built this building I figured it could withstand 16 inches more water than in the flood of 1894. When this storm broke, I thought that by putting flour sacks at the back door I could hold off five feet. By the time I got the sacks here, the water was rolling in the door."

About 75 persons spent the night in the Union Depot. About 20 were passengers, waiting for trains. Alex Cress, manager of the Union Depot hotel, shook his head, told

a guest. "The water came up so quick that when we put sacks of potatoes against the door, the water washed them away as fast as we set them there."

Also at the depot, B. Milton Stearns, assistant chief dispatcher, got a level rod and kept a log of the rise and fall of the flood throughout the night—probably the only such record in existence. The water rose $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet between 11:30 and 11:45. It reached a high of 9.75 feet above the floor at 11:55 p. m. Because the floor of the depot was known to be at the river gauge height of 17.61 feet, it was possible to determine from his records the true high reached by the swollen river, 27.36 feet.

W. E. Kirk, later a Denver druggist, then was managing a brand new pharmacy at 4th and Main Streets. That night he had closed the doors and was arranging patent medicines on the balcony which went entirely around the upper part of the store. He looked down to see the water flowing around in the main floor and knew his escape was cut off. Kirk lost no time thinking about it. He went to an upper window and climbed out on an electric sign. He hung there until some men in a rowboat rescued him.

Hubert Abell, who was about to graduate from school, lay on the floor at his home listening to the sirens. Presently George Morrissey Jr. came by.

"Let's go look at the flood," Morrissey said. They went to the Morrissey carriage company at C and S. Main Streets to find George's father moving office furniture and machines up to the second floor where the Morrisseys had an apartment. The two youths lent the older man a hand with the heavier equipment, including an electric motor which they unbolted and placed on a manually operated elevator. This they hoisted, along with other valuable gear, to the second floor level. Time passed and Abell decided he'd better be getting home. But when he descended to the main floor doors he discovered the water was already three feet deep and rising fast. He went back upstairs.

After the lights went out, the three stood at the apartment windows on the second floor and watched. They saw a friend across the way on a narrow parapet high above the street, working an escape from one building to another. They saw a house come hurtling down the street. It struck a flashing traffic light—which for some mysterious reason had continued to operate—and knocked it over. Then it rushed at the Morrissey building, hit it with a crash and knocked a two-story hole in it. The house whirled on and smashed into a bridge.

Then they saw a boat coming, a rowboat. In it were a man, woman, and a baby. As the boat passed close to the building across the street, the woman reached out, apparently in an effort to halt their headlong pace, and upset the boat. All three went into the angry waters. The man somehow managed to seize the babe and throw that same arm around the woman. Using his free hand he swam toward the Morrissey building.

A dump rake the Morrisseys had outside on the curb had upended in the flood and the horse shafts protruded just a foot above the water. The man, supporting his double burden made for the shafts, miraculously caught one, and was able to stop and hold himself, the woman and baby.

Abell snatched a butcher knife and ran back inside to the elevator. He sliced off a piece of support rope—and the entire load slammed down into the water. Uncaring,

he ran to the window and tossed one end of the rope to the man who managed to loop it around the woman so the boys could pull her up and in at the second-story window. The rescuers freed her, then threw the rope back and the man fastened it to the baby. Again Abell and George began to pull, but the baby became lodged under a folded awning against the side of the building—under the water.

Young Morrissey, a large man, braced himself in the window and let Abell down by the ankles into the flood. Abell, his head completely submerged, managed to reach the baby, release it from the awning, and bring it back in his arms to the window. Then they rescued the man.

Abell knew nothing of first aid, but he could see the baby was choking. Its face was almost black. He took a pocket knife and pried the babe's teeth apart, then took a table knife and turned it in the opening to force the tiny mouth further open. He reached in with his fingers and pulled the child's tongue forward. The little one lived.

When day dawned, June 4, 1921, a scene of the greatest desolation was disclosed to Pueblo's survivors. From the bluffs on the south to 6th Street on the north was a sea of water, mud, wreckage, waste. For miles along the south bluff the railroad yards were littered with damaged cars at every sort of angle. Near the Union Depot, masses of junk were piled up as high as the floors of the Union Avenue and Main Street viaducts. Mud was several feet deep in downtown streets. There were gaps where buildings had been only the day before. The litter of shops and small businesses had been tossed into the street. Dead animals were everywhere in the flood area and, all too often, human bodies were to be seen in the muck.

As for me, I went to my favorite perch on the hill above the railroad yards and saw a scene that stays with me today. The railroad yard was a river. Cars and heavy engines were tossed about like building blocks. As far as I could see in both directions was wreckage and ruin.

And to add to the terror, it had begun to rain again, and the river water flowing through the yards seemed to be rising, and, indeed, it did rise.

There was another, smaller, flood the next day, Saturday, and a third on Sunday.

Today there would have been radio, television, helicopters, fast planes to bring quick relief for the flood victims. In 1921 there was little drinkable water, no power, no gas, no telephone or electric light. Railroads and highways in every direction were washed out. Isolation was complete.

No one outside had any idea what had happened in Pueblo, and no one inside could have told whether the rest of the country still existed. It was as though the world had come to an end, and every soul still living was in limbo, waiting.

To this day no one has been able to say how many died in the flood. Ralph C. Taylor, until his retirement news director of the Pueblo Chieftian and Star-Journal, puts the toll of known dead at 96, with the probability that the real loss of life was far above that. Whole families were wiped out with no survivors left to register the fatality figures. Other observers have estimated the death toll at from 156 to more than 200.

Thousands were homeless. A report from the Pueblo city council said 510 dwellings were destroyed, 98 buildings wrecked and 61 buildings washed from their foundations. Property damage was estimated at \$19,080,000 in 1921 dollars. The

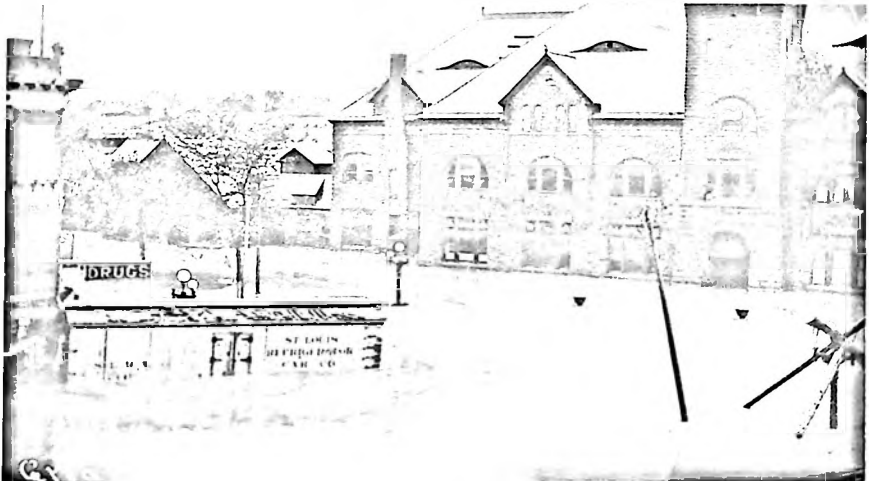
railroads suffered heavily. Of their six bridges over the Arkansas and three over the Fountain, only one stood intact on June 4. The Missouri Pacific yard and the engine terminal was cut off by a new channel and left on an island without rail connection. Two thousand cars in the various yards and many engines suffered enormous damage.

How deep did the water get? It was 14.4 feet at 1st street and Santa Fe Avenue, 13.2 in the Central Block nearby, 11.9 feet in the Electric Bldg., also nearby and 5.5 feet deep in the post office. My father had an office not far from the Union Depot. It was 9 feet 8½ inches deep there.

As soon as the tide was low enough to permit wading, Abell and young Morrissey took their rescued baby toward the bluffs to seek medical help. On the way they saw another man struggling through the water to reach the same point. Suddenly he disappeared as though a giant hand had snatched him down. The two went on, gained the Main Street viaduct and turned the baby over to police, who sped it to a hospital. Abell, a prominent Puebloan and head of the Abell Truck & Implement Co., there today, says he never again heard from or of man, woman or babe. He doesn't know their names or what became of them.

But he does know the fate of the man who disappeared into the water the morning after the flood. When he returned later that way he saw what had happened. There was a manhole there, uncovered. The man had been sucked down into the raging underground waters of the storm sewer.

But it is indeed an ill flood which washes in no good. That summer I got a job at a warehouse, washing the mud off tin cans of food which later were sold at bargain prices. I made enough to buy a flood-salvaged Hart, Schaffner & Marx suit, which was washed, cleaned, and pressed, and offered at a bargain price by the Taub Brothers Clothing Store. I paid \$10 for it—and it had a jacket and long pants.



Street in front of Union Depot at daylight, June 4th, 1921.