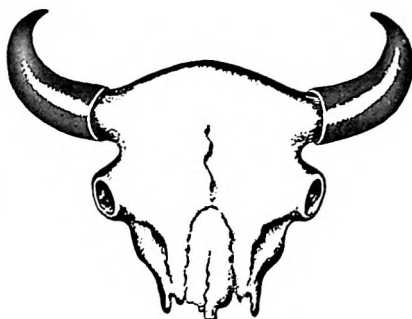


The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1982



KACHINAS: WHAT THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY MEAN

Robert L. Brown P.M.



SITULILI

NEW BEDROLLS IN THE BUNKHOUSE

Recent additions to the rolls of the Denver Westerners include **Raymond D. Bordignon**, 2327 Fulton Street, Aurora, CO 80010, phone 366-3115. His interests include sports and travel, western history, especially eastern Colorado plains history.

Robert E. Woodhams, of 2797 E. Geddes Ave., Littleton CO 80122, phone 770-4843, is interested in historical archeology, especially the Oregon/California trails. He supplied the basic information for the publication of his great-uncle's diary of a Michigan-to-California overland trip published by the Nebraska State Historical Society. His other historical interests include the metallurgical analysis of artifacts of the Old Copper Culture and general western history and archeology. He skis and plays tennis.



1982 OFFICERS. L to R; Ted Krieger, Chuck Wrangler; Dick Ronzio, Tallyman; Ray Jenkins, Sheriff; Stan Zamonski, Deputy Sheriff; Hugo von Rodeck, Registrar of Marks and Brands. Roundup Foreman Francis Rizzari is not shown. Photo by Daguerrotypist Bernie Faingold, at the Winter Rendezvous, 10 December 1981, at the Mt. Vernon Country Club.

AUTHOR IN OUR MIDST

Our Deputy Sheriff, Stanley Zamonski, has produced another book, *Grünwald*, an historical romance which is concerned with the first days of the Nazi invasion of Poland. It is published by Stonehenge Books.

MEETING DATES

For those who may need to be reminded, The Denver Westerners meet on the evening of the 4th Wednesday of each month except July, and with the possible exceptions of the Summer and Winter Rendezvous (August and December) which may be scheduled on other than the usual day.

(See page 12)

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Material for the Roundup: Hugo von Rodeck Jr., 11107 Elati Street, Northglenn, CO 80234, Phone 452-7336
Book Reviews: Ray E. Jenkins, 10095 East Caley Place, Englewood, CO 80111. Phone 770-7929
All Checks To: R.A. Ronzio, P.O. Box 344, Golden CO 80401. Phone 279-1507

KACHINAS: WHAT THEY ARE AND WHAT THEY MEAN

by
Robert L. Brown P.M.

Presented to the Denver Posse 25 November 1981
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On the high elevated mesas of northeastern Arizona live the Hopi people, generally conceded to be one of the most highly civilized of all our Indian groups. Their vocabulary is more extensive and their religion is far more complex than that of most of their contemporaries. Anthropologists now feel that the Hopi, along with the Zuni and Tewa, are the descendants of the Anasazi farmers who left Colorado's Mesa Verde in the 1300's. Today's Hopi people live primarily on three large mesas totally surrounded by the Navajo Reservation.

In the present century many people have become interested in the multi-faceted religion of the Hopi, principally because of its most spectacular feature, the kachina cult. Each Hopi boy is inducted into membership at age ten. Within the cult there is a single dominant theme or belief. It is the concept that all of the world's living things possess two forms, the visual or physical and the spiritual. In this theology the spiritual half within the physical world is represented by the kachinas.

In common with the natural religious concepts of Deists, Thomas Jefferson for example, spiritual significance is perceived through natural processes. Thus when a bee pollinates a flower, when cumulus rain-bearing clouds form around the mesas to moisten the arid fields or when planted corn yields an abundant crop for the people, the spirit world is at work. The very fact that snow falls on the San Francisco Peaks, melts, fills the rivers and makes water available to the Hopi, is manifest evidence that the system works.

Kachina names come in some instances from the bird, animal, or vegetable they represent. Other names, the more unpronounceable ones, are derived from the peculiar cells and sounds made during the dances. An Indian friend told me recently that many kachina names are a reflection of fantasies and desires.

Within the Hopi theology the kachinas are not regarded as deities and are never worshiped as images of the gods. Rather, they are intermediaries, messengers or go-betweens, who maintain communications between the real and spiritual worlds. Their images represent weather, the sun, moon, plants, mammals, crops, birds, and moral codes. Life and even death are among the nearly infinite variety of elements of importance and necessity that are manifested in the form of kachinas. The Hopi regard them as partners in the business of life, friends who help them over the rough spots. They also believe that their prayers, relayed by a priest not in costume, are given to the kachinas to be carried to the gods. Not all kachinas are good or positive spirits: some are ogres and devils. Because communing with the kachinas is difficult, only the men impersonate the various figures. Although the Hopi society is matriarchial and family

trees are traced through the matrilineal line of descent, the women by tradition lack the degree of contact with the spiritual that the men are supposed to enjoy.

While the dancer who performs in the ceremony is actually a person of the village, through assuming the kachina role he crosses the barrier and becomes the spiritual essence of the figure he represents. His personal identity is lost for the duration of the observance. Using the correct attire, pigments, gestures, masks, and symbolism, the intangible becomes real and the impersonators are infused with the specific kachina spirit, becoming for a time the connecting link between the dual facets of the kachina world. Thus the people's need for food, water or wild animals is more readily communicated.

Beginning in late December the kachinas emerge from the underground kivas or entrances to the spirit world to participate in several important ceremonies during the so-called kachina season. When July ends they disappear via the kiva openings into their home in San Francisco Peaks. A close friend of Indian heritage disputes this concept, insisting that the Hopi have deliberately misled many who have written in this area. His contention is that all kachinas reside only on the three mesas, and that this is the reason why certain kachinas are found only on specific mesas. Furthermore, the identification of those who reside on Third Mesa is a closely guarded secret; no white man has yet been privy to this information. In fact, he insists the entire Third Mesa thing is pretty much of a closed shop. In the meantime there are three main ceremonies.

In late December the Soyal observance opens the kachina season as the various figures emerge to renew the world, initiate the children, and perform other beneficial rites. During the false spring in late February comes the Powamu ceremony to prepare the world for the new growing season. Now the dancers are protected by guards and warriors and are accompanied by clowns. It is at this time that the new ten-year-olds are inducted into the cult. The dances that follow in the ensuing months and until true warm weather comes are mostly to assure an abundant growth of corn and beans, staple crops of the Hopi. Incidentally, the Zuni also have kachinas but their numbers are limited. Likewise, the Navajo also have kachinas, as do several other Indian groups.

In midsummer when the crops mature comes the final ceremony, which is one of thanksgiving for the crops that have matured. Gratitude to the kachinas is expressed by the presentation of gifts of corn meal before they return to their mountain refuge for rest until the end of December.

This ceremony is called the Niman. It is the equal in every way of the Soyal and Powamu observances. Since it heralds the conclusion of the kachina season, it is sometimes known as the Going Home ceremony. Among the most important figures in the Niman celebration are the several Hemis kachinas, presumably a contribution that evolved from the Jemez pueblos. Their singing is accompanied by the strident sounds of rasps and resonators. A final evening dance before an altar reinforces the offered prayers as the observance comes to its conclusion.

Quite a variety of other, less important ceremonial observances occur within the time intervals separating the main ceremonies. For instance, following the Soyal or Soyalunga, comes the Pamuya or Pamurti services. Because of the usual inclement

February weather, these dances are customarily held inside the kivas. One of the most colorful rituals of the Pamuya is the Buffalo Dance.

Following the Powamu ceremonies comes the Soyoko observances, typified by the appearance of fierce ogres and monsters, who are believed to carry off Indian children to their lairs in the San Francisco Peaks. There the youngsters are eaten. However, their lives may be ransomed by the presentation of appropriate gifts such as corn or edible wild animals that have been caught. The ogre Chaveyo is one of those that appears at this time. Another of my sources disputes the concept that the ogres are cannibalistic, insisting that no harm ever comes to these children.

Late in March or early in April the so-called Plaza Dances are held. These observances are customarily opened by singing. Next, a series of dances occurs on all sides of the plaza, starting at the east side, then the north and so on. Prolonged rest periods of indefinite duration separate the dances. Each time that they return to perform, the kachinas present gifts to the assembled watchers.

Although the Niman ceremony marks the exit of the kachinas, the rare Niman Shalako dance is sometimes presented later in the autumn. Time intervals of 20 to 30 years may separate the observance of this ceremony. Additionally, there are Snake Dances in August and Womens Dances. All of these are in addition to the principal seasonal ceremonies.

People who have studied the gentle Hopi people feel that their religion covers nearly every facet of their existence. Almost all aspects of the business of life have religious overtones. When the people offer prayers to the supernatural elements, presenting gifts of corn meal and feathers, the deities are then obliged to reciprocate by doing certain precise favors for the supplicant.

The Hopi possess an odd concept of duality that permeates their relationship with the spirits. Both parts are conceived to be equal, but at the same time, different. They believe that all things, therefore, have dual aspects, a material and an immaterial; this concept is made visual through the medium of kachinas.

Among the Hopi the women are the sole possessors of everything material, while men are the exclusive proprietors of all spiritual things. In order to bridge the male-female void that exists in the Hopi faith, the men who impersonate the various dancers carve small replicas of the kachinas for presentation to children and to women of all ages. Sometimes fathers and uncles carve the dolls that are presented at this time. This figure or doll is not a toy, but embodies the spiritual qualities of the kachina it represents. Most are hung from beams or on walls in the home to facilitate familiarity with the appropriate spirit. Thus the dolls are treasured and studied. The practice of making dolls is a very old one. In the 1500's Spaniards mistook them for "images of the Devil" made by misguided heathens. They also wrote of observing "idoltrous dances."

Originally the figures were carved from the roots of cottonwood trees. More recently the scarcity of this material has led to the use of basswood and sometimes pine. There is little agreement among the Indians concerning the appearance of the figures. Hence one finds that the same kachina is portrayed in different ways on the different mesas, according to the whim or skill of the artist. Others like Tawa the sun kachina have become so stereotyped that they vary but little from one carver to another. Bits of

fur, colorful feathers, strips of cloth and tiny shells are often attached to the completed doll.

Thus we see that the kachina dolls are neither idols nor ikons to be worshipped, but rather they are objects to be used in the religious training of their women and children. In a very real sense they are the connecting link that ties the Hopi to their supernatural world. Therefore the carved figure that we call a kachina doll is actually a representation of the masked dancer who, for a short time interval occupies both halves of the Hopi world, bringing benefits of the real world to the spirits, and those of the spirit world to the Hopi.

The chief of all the kachinas is EOTOTO, and no dance may proceed unless he is present. He knows every ceremony, appears at all major dances, and is recognized on all three mesas in the Hopi area.



WHITE BUFFALO



MONGWA

WHITE BUFFALO'S correct name is KOCHA/MOSAIRU. He appears as a social dancer on Second Mesa in January. Sometimes he is seen with red moccasins and white fur covering most of his body. A lightning symbol represents power. Shown here is White Buffalo's other image, with only a fur cape, leaving the painted chest exposed. The face is white and human. No lightning symbol is displayed. These two interpretations will illustrate the earlier statement that kachina images are often subject to artistic license.

SITULILI is the Zuni word for "rattlesnake." The snake design appears on the skirt. Situlili dances the part of a guard on Second Mesa and carries yucca switches to

enforce his authority. (See front cover)

MONGWA represents the great horned owl and is one of the warrior kachinas. He is shown here as he appears on Third Mesa, representing the hunting skills of the owl. During ceremonial occasions he disciplines the obstreperous clowns.



TAWA



YELLOW FOX

TSITOTO is a plant kachina. He is found on all three mesas. Tsitoto symbolizes the rich rainbow of colors found in summer wild flowers. His true function is purification. He has black vertical warrior marks on his skirt or kilt.

SAKWA HU's odd name comes from the cry he emits while dancing. He is a very old kachina, possibly accounting for his bowed legs. He emerges from kivas on Third Mesa during the Powamu ceremony in February. Because of the yucca stalks he carries he is called the "Blue Whipper." Quite often he is portrayed by a small boy, preferably bow legged.

TAWA, the sun kachina, interacts with animals and monsters. Sometimes he is shown with a spruce tree, a flute or, as shown here, with two rattles. Ochre red body paint and green moccasins are two other variations. A cloud symbol always appears on the skirt. Vertical warrior marks adorn both the kilt and the face mask.

NIHIO sports hour-glass symbols on his mask. Although originally a Navajo personage, Nihio was adopted by the eclectic Hopi and performs each Spring in their Mixed Kachina dance.

YELLOW FOX is a runner and hunter who is nearly always portrayed in this posture. The "V" marks on the belt are office marks. Below them, the cloud symbol appears on the kilt insignia. The Hopi believe that Yellow Fox leaves a three-toed track.

KA-E' The Hopi insist that this kachina is the younger brother of Hemis. As a corn dancer Ka-e represents a prayer for abundant growth of that crop. Ka-e also appears among the Zuni. He always wears a neck ruff of Douglas Fir.

TUKWINONG is the cumulus cloud kachina. In this version, as seen on Second and Third Mesas, the face is masked by hanging feathers, representing falling rain below the white cloud symbols on his helmet. He always appears barefoot, carrying a water jug.

PATUNG is a vegetable kachina, more specifically the squash. He is also the chief of the Pumpkin Clan. Patung is a very old kachina, one that probably came to the Hopi from the Zuni.

KWAHU, the eagle kachina, comes to the kivas each Spring. All eagles are treated as honored guests by the Hopi. Kwahu intones a prayer as he dances, asking for an abundance of eagles.



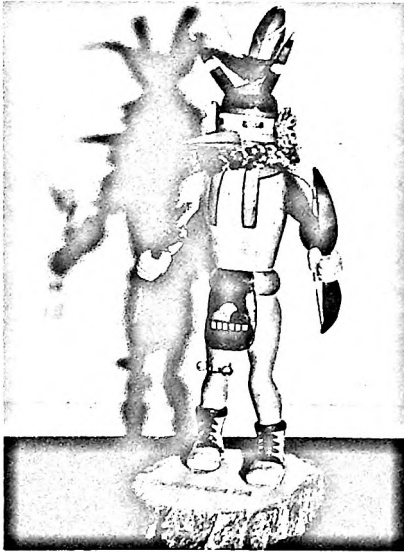
TUKWINONG



KWAHU

TATANGAYA is included here as a representation of insect kachinas. He is the hornet kachina. Because a long nose is considered to be erotic by the Hopi, this doll has been a particularly popular one among collectors who prize this type of art. A long nose that is also uptilted is considered particularly erotic: hence, Kokopelli is a much sought after doll.

CHAKWAINA is one of the few figures modeled after a real person, Esteban, a black slave, who was murdered by the Zuni in 1539. Because of his different appearance he was soon assimilated into their folklore, then their religion. The Hopi, in turn, adopted him from the Zuni.



TATANGAYA



CHAKWAINA



KWEO



HON

PAHLIK MANA is not a kachina but a female personality who appears in the women's dances. Only on Third Mesa do the dolls appear masked. They are also called Butterfly Girls. When carved as dolls they are always masked. Another common form of this personage depicts the Mana kneeling while grinding corn on a metate.

HUHWA is the cross-legged kachina. He represents a kindly man, so badly crippled that he was allowed to become a kachina. During ceremonies he moves about, presenting gifts of flowers and telling jokes to the assembled watchers.

KWEO, the Wolf kachina, represents the wish that the Hopi might secure game, using Kweo's prowess as a hunter. He accompanies the Deer and Mountain Sheep figures at the Soyohim dances. The stick that he carries represents the bushes and trees that he hides behind while stalking his prey.

HON is one of the several Bear kachinas. There are Blue, Yellow, Black and White Bears. Hon is believed to be very powerful, particularly with regard to his ability to cure serious illnesses. Additionally, he is known as a formidable warrior. Note the prominent claws.

HEMIS is the first kachina to bring mature corn to the people. Thus he represents a good growth of that essential vegetable. His round abdomen represents prosperity through abundant food.

NANGASOHU is the star-chasing kachina. He represents a planet, a meteor, or a shooting star. He is recognized by the huge star painted on his mask. If they ever knew, the Hopi have forgotten the other purposes and functions of Nangasohu.



WUYAK-KUITA



CHAVEYO

WUYAK KUITA is a spectacularly colorful guard who manifests himself during the Bean Dance. He carries a yucca whip in each hand. He also functions as a protector of the hogan.

SHALAKO TAKA represents the cloud people. She also influences weather. All Shalakos are Zuni who never reproduce them. Those that one sees in shops are carved by other Indians, or possibly by an occasional renegade Zuni. The symbol for clouds appears repeatedly both on the costume and on the elaborate tableta.

CHAVEYO is the disciplinarian of the young. He calls their errors to their attention whenever they deviate from the Hopi way. In addition he threatens adults who fall by the wayside.

COYOTE, also called E'SAU, is something of a mystery, a kachina that is rarely carved. Although the coyote is much admired for his cleverness and sense of humor, one Hopi told us that he is not popular because he is a thief.

HEMSONA is the means by which the Hopi take care of the long hair problem among young male adolescents. A very fast runner, Hemsona challenges non-conformists to a foot race. Upon having beaten them, he then gets to cut off their long hair. He is sometimes shown with a knife while other carvers depict him with sheep shears.

The newest estimates place the number of kachinas well in excess of 500. Those that I have introduced here represent only a few of that number. It is hoped that this brief introduction may scratch the surface of the fascinating world of the kachina cult and its unique art form.

In conclusion, no person can talk about kachinas today without noting the definitive and scholarly contributions of Barton Wright, former Curator at the Museum of Northern Arizona, now Scientific Director at the San Diego Museum of Man. His many publications are invaluable. Additionally, the extensive collection of Senator Barry Goldwater at the Heard Museum in Phoenix, Arizona, represents a lifetime of research. It is the finest collection now available to the public.

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(From page 2)

KACHINA EXHIBITS

Bob Brown's talk on 25 November, on "Hopi Kachinas: What They Are and What They Mean," may lead some of us to want to know more. There are two principal places where a large variety of kachinas may be seen in the Denver area.

The Denver Museum of Natural History, in City Park, has a large collection of Hopi, Zuni, and Laguna kachinas, in the Museum's Crane Collection.

When you are in Boulder, visit the University of Colorado Museum, on the campus, and see an exhibit of 31 kachinas selected from the extensive Muriel Sibell Wolle Collection which she presented to the University Museum. Mrs. Wolle was a noted artist, author of several books on ghost towns, and a dedicated collector of kachinas. She addressed the Denver Westerners at the Christmas Rendezvous in 1967 on her career in ghost towns.

C.A.M.P.

The Rocky Mountain Department (Colorado, Wyoming, Utah) of the Council on America's Military Past, formerly the Council of Abandoned Military Posts (C.A.M.P.), invites those interested in the history and preservation of our forts, camps and stations. The Rocky Mountain Department meets three times a year: a February business and planning meeting, and Spring and Fall weekend tours.

Membership in C.A.M.P. includes the monthly publication, *The Heliogram*, from the national organization and *The Periodical*, a quarterly of more scholarly research. The national C.A.M.P. Military History Seminar is the last weekend in April—this year in Charleston, S.C.; 1983 in San Antonio, Tex.; 1984 in Jacksonville, Fla.; 1985 in Santa Fe., N.M.

For further information call James Bowers, 922-0535, RM Department, Colorado Vice President, or William Van Duzer, 822-1418, RM Department Secretary.

Dr. L. F. Blaney, P.M.

**BRAND BOOK FUNDS
RETURNED**

The monies advanced for the publication of the proposed Brand Book are being returned to the contributors. Plans for future possible Brand Books are indefinite.

**PRESS CLUB DINNER
TOKENS**

The historic Press Club dinner tokens used for so many years, are now extinct and are genuine collectibles. They will be available to Posse and Corresponding Members for a limited period, at \$8.00 postpaid, after which they may be disposed of to a dealer who has offered to take any quantity. Proceeds will in all cases be for the benefit of the Denver Westerners. Address Richard Ronzio, P.O. Box 344, Golden, CO, 80401.

LOST, STRAYED OR SOLD

LOST, STRAYED OR SOLD, Arapahoe County Claim Club Records, Kansas Territory, 1858-1861

Frequent reference is made in earliest historical account in Denver City and Arapahoe County to the Arapahoe County Claim Club records, in the era of 1858-1861.

When the first settlers squatted on small tracts of land they formed a claim club to register their claim to a designated site, usually 160 acres or less. Location of the site was usually specific enough that present day researchers would find the old records invaluable in genealogy and land locations of the earliest pioneers. This claiming gave some protection to the settlers until a civil government was established and official entry onto federal land was permitted by the territorial government, starting in 1862.

After thorough search through main library sources in Denver, we have been able to trace the claim club records of old Arapahoe County to the possession of one Frederick J. Stanton, an immigrant from England, and one of the gold seekers of 1860.

Following in chronological order is the paper trail of the records:

1860 - Mr. and Mrs. Frederick J. Stanton arrive in Denver City.

1866 - Stanton and his own Denver City newspaper, *The Gazette*, states on April 25 that he has the Arapahoe County Claim Club records.

1881 - Professor Frederick J. Stanton, Colorado School of Mines, gives keynote address to first meeting of Colorado Pioneers Association at Windsor Hotel, January 25. At conclusion of address, he states he has been collecting for 20 years historical documents, and is ready to publish a history of Colorado pioneer days.

1884-1895- Stanton is not listed in Denver Directory.

1895 - Western History Department of Denver Public Library now has on file the originals of three letters written by Stanton in 1895 from Cheyenne, Wyoming to Mr. Charles R. Dudley of Denver Public Library. In these letters Stanton urges Mr. Dudley to get an appropriation from the library board to purchase the records of the "Old Arapahoe County Claim Club," also asking Mr. Dudley to collaborate with him in writing the history of early Colorado. Dudley could not get an appropriation to purchase records. In the final letter, Stanton states that he had been subpoenaed earlier to appear with the records in a civil case in Denver involving the original location of the confluence of Cherry Creek and the Platte River, when settlers first came.

1896 - Stanton is again listed in Denver Directory as civil engineer.

1918 - Frederick J. Stanton dies in Denver on May 18, penniless and intestate at age 92. He had recently married a second wife, Elizabeth Johnson of Casper, Wyoming, 20 years his junior. Other survivors were three children of his marriage to first wife Mary; these children were estranged from their father at the time of Stanton's death.

The three surviving children were:

Francis F. Stanton, Payette, Idaho
Mrs. David Lewis, Portland, Oregon
Mrs. Harry Rapp, Denver, Colorado

Letters of inquiry concerning these old claim club records have been sent to the major libraries in the western states, and specifically to those private libraries who col-

lected early western history material. Tracing of descendants of Stanton's widow and surviving children is under way, and contacts have been made with senior Colorado historians who may have known about the records, such as Dr. Nolie Mumey and Dr. Leroy Hafen.

Anyone who has any information about location or disposition of these invaluable old claim club records is asked to contact me by letter or phone collect.

Loyl J. Glasier
Cherry Creek Valley Historical
Society
5001 East Kentucky Avenue
Denver, Colorado 80222
(303) 756-4985

AN APPEAL TO ROUNDUP CONTRIBUTORS

Anything for publication in the ROUNDUP should be typed in capitals and lower case letters, double-spaced on 8½ x 11 inch white paper, (standard business size), paragraphs indented, with a minimum of one inch margin on all sides.

Do not capitalize whole words, and do not underline anything; these are the Editor's responsibility, to indicate type styles and to ensure adherence to ROUNDUP style.

Observe the ROUNDUP style for title and author's name; leave space for the Editor to add the usual additional information.

BOOK REVIEWS

Consult a recent copy of the ROUNDUP for style. Reviews are frequently too long, but also can be too short. Strike a happy medium—from one to two double spaced pages, preferably the former. Don't try to reproduce the book. Tell succinctly what the book is about, what it covers, and how well it is done, with pertinent comment on content, style, clarity, and errors.

Head your review with title (not all capitals), author name, publishers name, number of pages, illustrated?, date of publication, and price. These are minimum; add whatever else you think necessary to let the review reader know whether he wants to buy or read the book.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Black Powder and Hand Steel, Miners and Machines on the Old Western Frontier, by Otis E. Young, Jr. with the technical assistance of Robert Lenon. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1976, 196 pp., \$9.95, hardcover.

This book is a companion piece to Young's *Western Mining*. Although the two books overlap somewhat, together they are a complete and accurate coverage of the technical and engineering aspects of the Western mining frontier for the layman. Subjects run the gamut from the Spanish arrastra to the modern ball mill, the California stamp mill, the use of fire and water to break rock, black powder, dynamite, the Bickford fuse, modern electric blasting caps, the drilling of blasting holes with hand steel and a single jack, the air drill, hoisting and ore handling, and the Cornish pump.

To illustrate the origins of these engineering innovations, Young traces the history of a number of early mining districts, including the British Isles, Saxony, and the Great Lakes iron ranges. Because of his home base, (the history department of Arizona State University, Tempe), Young gives more emphasis to the Arizona, Nevada, and California mining frontier than to other Western districts, but he can be forgiven this predilection.

The book contains many anecdotes, and is not devoid of humor. He traces the Cornish and Irish contributions to the mining lore of the American West, and even gives a whole chapter to the "desert canary." Having been raised in a much different environment, I grew up to call the prospector's traditional beast of burden a "mountain canary."

The map on page 20-21, titled "Mining Camps in the West," unfortunately depicts only the region south of the northern California, Nevada, Utah line. This omits the Black Hills, the Butte and Helena mining districts, and the Coeur d'Alene district of northern Idaho.

Photographs and old engineering drawings provide illustrations for many of the technical details. Young has also made generous use of the drawings of the late Buck

O'Donnel, which are the best extant depictions of the underground methods and above-ground activities of the Cornish and Irish miners, muckers, and trammers during the days of single jacks, hand steel, black powder, Bickford fuse, and the Cornish pump. Nor does he neglect a sociological appraisal of the mining camp boarding house, and pay night activities at the "stockade."

If you want to learn how the Western miner coaxed gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, and molybdenum out of hard rock from the time of the conquistadors to last Saturday night, read Young's *Black Powder and Hand Steel*.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

The Rockies, by David Lavender. Bison Books No. 763, University Of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1981, 404 pp., \$9.95 paperback.

Marshall Sprague's review of *The Rockies*, when it first appeared in 1968 said, "The writing gleams with love for the environment. The touch is light and profound at the same time . . . I am certain that *The Rockies* is going to be the standard—as standard as Webb's *The Great Plains*."

With its issue as one of the Bison reprints it becomes the fourth Lavender book to be given a place in that prestigious series (*Bent's Fort*, *Land of Giants: the Drive to the Pacific Northwest*, and *One Man's West*, are the other three.) I know of no other book likely to usurp its place as the "standard" work on the Rocky Mountains.

Lavender was born in Telluride, Colorado, lived the first thirty years of his life in the Rockies, and has kept a close association with the region down to the present. The subject embraces all of the Rocky Mountain region within the boundaries of the United States. This book leaves untreated very few facets of the history, life styles, politics, and environment of the Rocky Mountain region. It begins with pre-Cambrian geology and ends with the Horsethief Trail's chancy passage of the blade-thin "Bridge of Heaven" between Ouray's amphitheatre and the headwaters of Cow Creek. Anecdotes, mostly from personal experience, adorn

every page. Lavender carefully describes the stage setting, the circumstances, and antecedents before he brings the actor on who "struts and frets his hour."

Some of the headings provide a taste of the lyrical treatment in the text: "Among These Dark Satanic Mills," "The War the Indians Won," "Nothing But Sky," "The Skin Game," "The Loaves and the Fishes," "Boosters and Boomers," "Railroad Wranglers," among others.

If I were faced with the necessity of introducing a visiting Martian to the Rocky Mountain region I could do no better than to provide him/her/it with a copy of David Lavender's *The Rockies* as a guide book. This Bison edition contains four large regional maps, covering the Northern Rockies and the Southern Rockies, each for historical periods from 1500 to 1861, and from 1861 to the present. Each map has regional insets at expanded scale, and the mountain ranges are depicted in shaded relief.

As one of its earliest reviewers predicted, David Lavender's *The Rockies*, has now indeed become the "standard" work on the region.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

Beef, Leather and Grass, by Edmund Randolph: University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 286 pp.

This is a personal observation of the modern West (1940s-1950s). It deals with cattle ranching in Montana on the Crow Indian Reservation, where Edmund Randolph spent twelve years as a partner in the Antler

Ranch on the Little Big Horn River near Wyola.

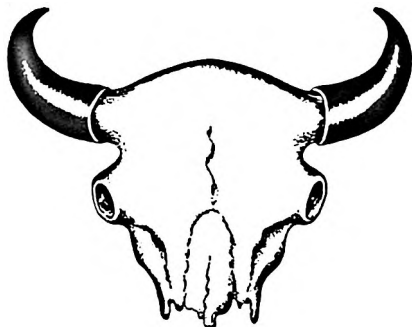
I have had the privilege of reviewing the libraries of many of my fellow members of the Denver Posse of the Westerners. In their, and in my, collections are many books of the "Early West". I recommend your adding *Beef, Leather and Grass* as a transitional bit of reading. This is a first person account of people today . . . people who had their beginning in the days of the "Early West" but who tell us great entertaining stories of the way it once was . . . and the way it now is!

It is a fun book to read . . . and the author does not hesitate to tell many stories on himself. He quotes one westerner,

"I've seen a lot of them New York dude fellers visiting around fancy outfits, and they'll hunt foxes and shoot birds and beat polo balls around, but they won't do nothing that makes sense when it comes to running an outfit. They're all the same-useless as tits on a bacon rind". Edmund Randolph grew up in New York!

Don't buy this book unless you are a good listener . . . willing to hear the voices of the real people about whom Edmund Randolph writes. You will, as I do, want to ask questions of these characters, want to know more than we are told. But, as the author tells us, "in general, *Beef, Leather and Grass* seeks to record what history probably won't: a vignette of American times and customs that may soon be forgotten, but shouldn't!"

L. Coulson Hageman, P.M.



Chief Joseph Country, Land of the Nez Perce, by Bill Gulick, Caldwell: The Caxton Printers, Ltd., 1981, pp 310. Price \$29.95.

This reader looked forward to obtaining a copy of this book and was delighted to have the opportunity of reviewing it as well. Because it deals with the history of the Northwest frontier in general, and specifically, the Nez Perce Indians, reading it was eagerly anticipated. It is at first glance an impressive publication and could almost be classified a "coffee table book" which means it is attractive and makes extensive use of maps and photographs. The dust cover illustrates a Dave Manuel painting entitled "Distant Thunder", and depicts mounted leaders of the nontreaty Nez Perce band at the lower end of Lake Wallowa. The Wallowa Mountains are in the background and beautifully set the stage for the contents of the book, which attempt to tell the story of the contest between whites and Indians for this scenic land.

The title is somewhat misleading as one expects to read about Chief Joseph, either the Elder or Younger, from the very beginning. This is not to be, and for purpose of clarity, the publication should have been entitled simply "Land of the Nez Perce". The author begins his story with a narrative history and pictures of the story setting. Moving quickly to describe its inhabitants and the coming of horses, he covers a period of approximately 8000 years. If you include his treatise on the first horse and its development to the present-day animal, the reader is taken much further back into the prehistoric age. In a sense, the author is attempting to lay a basic relationship between the Nez Perce and the horse. Perhaps this is because the Nez Perce were known as the "horsemen of the high plains" during the nineteenth century.

At page 20 the author returns to more recent times and begins the Nez Perce story with the Lewis and Clark expedition of 1805-6. From that point on he covers the history of the Northwest frontier in a fascinating style. Using many first hand accounts and quotes of explorers, traders,

trappers, missionaries, soldiers and the Indians themselves, the story of the Nez Perce and their neighboring tribes unfolds. It is not until page 74 that Chief Joseph, the Elder, appears, and page 153 (halfway through the book) that the Younger, (and more famous) comes upon the scene. As mentioned, the author's prolific use of photographs and quotes enhances this dramatic story. It is easy to read and continually difficult for the reader to put down. There are a few misspelled words, but this can be attributed to some careless editing. Toward the end of the book, and during the story of the 1877 War, numerous photographs appear with no particular relevance to the narrative. While these pictures are descriptive in nature and show Nez Perce dress and the like, it might have been to better advantage to show them all in one specific chapter. Although the Nez Perce have been specifically breeding a strain of horses that became known as Appaloosas, nowhere is this mentioned by the author. Even the name "Appaloosa", being a derivative of "Palouse", a valley which is part of the Nez Perce homeland, was not indicated.

The story of the nontreaty band in exile from 1877 to 1885 and its return to the Northwest is well presented and ends a tragic story for which the author is to be commended for his objectivity and sensitivity. Concluding this outstanding presentation, the author succeeds in informing the reader on matters concerning land allotment, government policy, and the current status of the Nez Perce. This information is usually disregarded in similar accounts involving the Nez Perce.

Overall, the book is a valuable addition to any historian's library, or for any interested reader for that matter. It's style, easy-to-read print, and frequent pictures will attract many who normally do not take the time to study a subject of this nature. Even though I consider myself an historian, and have numerous other books concerning this page of our history, this book is a valuable addition to my reference collection. I heartily recommend it for enjoyment, its photographs, and its well-documented history.

Richard A. Cook, P.M.

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

MARCH-APRIL 1982



THE LEGACY OF JOHN WESLEY PROWERS

Donald C. Chamberlin, P.M.



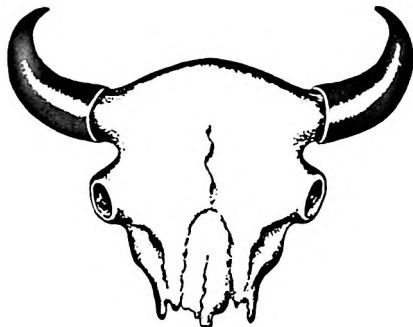
John W. Prowers

OUR AUTHOR

Donald C. Chamberlin, P.M., is a born native of Denver. From the age of 8 until high school graduation he lived in Lamar; thence to the University of Denver, the Denver Art Institute, after which the Art Center School in Los Angeles. In 1951 he began his 30+-year career with National Farmers Union Insurance Company. He is currently Marketing Services Assistant and serves over half the U.S. Besides Colorado and Western history, Don's interests include Contract Bridge; he has been a Life Master of the American Contract Bridge League since 1963, and he teaches Bridge. He has traveled in 46 states and some 20 foreign countries. He is a member of the Colorado Historical Society and the Western History Association.

WELCOME A NEW MEMBER

Malcolm Dennis Barton, M.D. comes to us through Dr. Brown and George Godfrey. He is a graduate of the University of Chicago, and a member of the Colorado Society of Anesthesiologists and the Denver Presbyterian Hospital Medical Advisory Board. He has authored numerous scientific articles and book contributions as well as poetry -- none of these historically oriented. His avocations are philately, genealogy, and literature. He lives at 660 Clayton, Denver 80206; phone 333-6800.



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THE LEGACY OF JOHN WESLEY PROWERS

Donald C. Chamberlin, P. M.

Presented at the Denver Posse Meeting
January 27, 1982
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John Wesley Prowers was born near Westport, Jackson County, Missouri, January 29, 1838. Westport is now part of Kansas City, Missouri. Prowers' childhood was not a happy one. His father died when he was five years old and later his mother married John Vogel. Vogel was not kind to his small step-son and gave him few advantages. Prowers' formal education amounted to 13 months in the district schools after which practical life became his school and his naturally good perceptive faculties, aided by reason, his teacher.

The remainder of his childhood in Missouri is a blank until age 18, although it can be assumed he worked at various jobs to supplement the family income. In 1856, at age 18 he accepted a position with Robert Miller, Indian Agent for the Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes, tribes of the Upper Arkansas region. He set out from Westport, Missouri to Bent's New Fort (now known as Old Fort Lyon) with a wagon train loaded with Annuity goods. New Bent's Fort was on the Arkansas River about 8 miles west of where the city of Lamar is now located. Today all that remains of the Fort is a stone marker in a cornfield.

After arriving at the Fort, Agent Miller sent out word for the Indians to come to the Commissary to receive their portion of the Annuity goods, and for a period of fully two months young Prowers passed out sugar, bacon, cornmeal, oatmeal, salt, beans, coffee, clothing and numerous other articles to the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and other tribes who came to the Fort.

For Prowers, young, impressionable and recently from the east, the excitement and romance of life at Bent's New Fort enchanted him. He saw the covered wagon trains on the Santa Fe Trail as they stopped to have an ox shod or a wheel rim welded. He saw bearded mountain men in fringed buckskin suits bringing in their winter's trapping of beaver skins; sometimes Mexican senors in wide sombreros and colorful costumes rode in, bringing the romance of the land to the south, or occasional French-Canadians stopped for the night with tales of the mysterious northland. More often bands of Cheyenne or Arapahoes rode in from the plains on their wiry Indian ponies, bringing buffalo hides to trade. It was an interesting and colorful life, so Prowers decided not to return to Missouri but to make this area his home.

At the conclusion of the job with Miller, Colonel William Bent, Indian Trader at the Fort, hired Prowers as a clerk in his store and to serve as captain of some of his freight wagon trains. He worked for Bent for seven years, making many trips across the broad expanse of the plains between trading posts on the Arkansas and Missouri River ports. In all he made a total of twenty-two round trips across the plains. Occasionally his western terminal was Fort Union, sometimes Fort Laramie, but more often Bent's

New Fort on the Arkansas. Twelve of these trips were made on his own initiative and in each case he made a handsome profit from the trade goods he freighted in. After five years the trips became mere routine for Prowers, but in 1861 the return trip to Bent's New Fort took on added significance for him. The instant he entered the adobe walls of the Fort he glanced eagerly around to see if a certain pair of dark eyes had noted his return, for he was in love with a little Indian princess, Amache Ochinee. Amache, whose name means lovely one (Prowers shortened her name to Amy) was the daughter of Chief Och-Kenee, a sub-chief of the Southern Cheyennes, called One-Eye by the white men.

When Prowers came to New Fort Bent there were no white women. Men from the east were reluctant to bring their wives, as the west was no place for a woman. Prowers was 21 and Amache was only 13 and very shy, when they first met. For Prowers, it was a case of love at first sight. She was the most beautiful girl that he had ever seen. She was conscious of the young man's glances, but she knew not of his love. She was busy with childish activities and did not have time for other interests, especially marriage. Time went by and young Prowers did not seem to be making any progress in winning his princess and he was getting desperate as only the young can. Finally, analyzing the situation he realized that he was hampered by the strict discipline of her parents and if he was going to win the affections of Amache, he would have to win the father first. The code of the Cheyennes was strict in matters of the girl's parents.

In this case the Chief and his wife were pleased at the prospect and anxious that their daughter be reconciled to her suitor. The young white man, fair of face, and of graceful figure stood high in their esteem. Soon the exchange of gifts began and the case was sealed. Many items of Cheyenne bead-work were given, as tokens of admiration for the comely trader with the pale face. Amache made some of them with her own hands. The climax came when the Chief presented him with a fine spotted horse.

The marriage ceremony was an elaborate affair and took place at Camp Supply, Indian Territory. It was witnessed by friends and a host of warriors, amidst pomp and splendor, perpetuating the traditions of the Cheyennes. The ceremony was to impress on the young man the idea that forevermore he was a member of the great tribe of the Cheyennes.

The Medicine Man was the master of ceremonies; with bowed head he prayed to the God of the White Men that length of life, virtue and happiness might be the everlasting heritage of the young couple. Then, with outstretched arms, he prayed to the Great Spirit of the red men, that he might guide and direct the doings of these young people, protect their marriage through life, and at last gather them to the eternal hunting ground of all good Indians.

Two races met in solemn pact when Prowers took the Indian princess as his bride. The sophisticated east beyond the muddy Missouri had leaped the bounds of the frontier and mingled with the west. The two joined hands in sacred pledge, each bringing to the other the best of the traditions they knew. Prowers was 23 and Amache was 15 when they were married in 1861. They started housekeeping in the commissary building at New Fort Bent.

In the winter of 1862 Prowers made his usual trip to Westport, only this time taking his young bride east with him and when he returned to the Fort she remained behind with Prowers' aunt. On July 18, 1863, Mary, the first Prowers child was born. Mary was 5 months old when she and Amache returned to Colorado. Prowers had stopped working for Bent and had established a cattle ranch in the big timber on Caddoa Creek.

There were three large stone buildings on the ranch. In 1862 a band of Indians, the Caddos, had been compelled to leave Texas because of loyalty to the Union. The U. S. Government undertook to relocate them on the Arkansas. Gen. Wright selected a site at the mouth of the stream still known as Caddoa Creek and three large stone buildings had been erected. The Caddos came up and inspected the place and decided not to accept it, so preparations for their occupancy was abandoned. In 1863 Prowers purchased the land as a ranch from which to herd cattle and to furnish supplies to the troops coming through.

As Prowers made his many trips back and forth on the wagon and freight trains he gazed over the vast acres of grassy prairies and pictured not the buffalo grazing there, but great herds of cattle all bearing his brand. He saw the possibilities in the cattle business in this open range and dreamed of being a cattle king. In 1861 Prowers took his savings east with him and purchased from John Ferrill of Missouri, a herd of 100 cows. He returned with them and turned them out to graze on the range from the mouth of the Purgatoire to Caddoa. Then in 1862, for \$234, he purchased a good bull to run with the herd. He tried continually to build up his herds, weeding out the original Shorthorn strain and replacing them with Herefords, as they seemed to stand the cold winters much better than the Shorthorns.

During the winter of 1864-1865 Prowers was often at Fort Lyon where he had charge of the sutler store and acted as interpreter for the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians at the post, sometimes employed by the commanding officer and sometimes acting voluntarily. White settlements on the Arkansas River were few and isolated. Colonel Boone was 80 miles west of Fort Lyon, the stage station at Bent's Old Fort, Moore and Bent at the mouth of the Purgatoire, Prowers' ranch at Caddoa, and Fort Lyon. Relations between Indians and whites became more strained and Chief One-Eye often came to Prowers for an explanation of the Whites' ways, and for advice. Chief Black Kettle came to Denver and talked with Governor Evans and Colonel Chivington and was told they couldn't make a treaty with him, but that he must deal with Major Wyncoop in charge of Fort Lyon. The Indians had returned all the white prisoners they had taken and were ready to do anything Major Wyncoop asked. Prowers asked the Indians to camp near him on the Caddoa and told them he would accompany them to the Fort as interpreter if they wished to hold council. Chief One-Eye brought his family and lodges and camped near Prowers' ranch. Black Kettle left his family and lodges camped on Sand Creek, but brought in a number of his sub-chiefs with him; Prowers and Ochinee accompanied the band of chiefs into Fort Lyon. They found that Major Wyncoop had been relieved of his command and that Major Anthony was in charge.

Major Anthony promised to do all he could to bring about a permanent peace, but

asked that the Indians return to their camp on Sand Creek. The young braves could go buffalo hunting as Major Anthony could not issue any provisions until further government orders came from Leavenworth and could not keep the Indians at the Fort for the night. Prowers asked they be allowed to come to his place. They camped near Prowers' ranch for two nights; they were sorry that Major Wyncoop had been relieved, but believed that Major Anthony would do all he could for them. Prowers assured them that all looked favorable and gave them presents of sugar, coffee, flour, rice and bacon and tobacco brought for them and sent out by the officers of Fort Lyon. Major Anthony had agreed to come to Prowers' ranch for another council, but instead he sent the Fort interpreter, John Smith, who told them that Major Anthony had sent word for them to return to their lodges on Sand Creek and remain there and they would be perfectly safe. Prowers bade the Indians goodbye and they returned to Sand Creek. This was the last time that Prowers saw his father-in-law, Chief One-Eye.

On a Sunday evening, the last week in November, about sundown the men of Company E of the First Colorado Cavalry, by orders of Colonel Chivington, stopped at Prowers' ranch on the Caddoa, disarmed him and his seven cow-hands, and held them prisoners, not allowing them to leave the house for two days and nights. At that time Capt. Cook ordered that Prowers be released but no explanation was given as to the reason for the arrests, but in light of later happenings it was thought because Prowers had a Indian family and might communicate with the Indians on Sand Creek.

Then on November 29, 1864 in the early dawn, Colonel Chivington and his men massacred the Indians at Sand Creek. Chief One-Eye escaped from the camp, but seeing all his people being killed deliberately chose to go back into the one-sided battle and die with them rather than survive alone. The Southern Cheyennes would have been completely wiped out as a tribe had it not been that a small band of them had left the camp the morning before on a hunting trip to get meat, as the government had not issued supplies for several weeks. Prowers' mother-in-law was not killed as she and the wives of some of the other chiefs had been detained at Fort Lyon as hostages so that the Cheyennes and Arapahoes would keep peace. Prowers was called by the government to testify at the investigation held at Fort Lyon. Several years later when Amache was attending an Eastern Star meeting in Denver, a friend brought Chivington over to introduce him saying "Mrs. Prowers, do you know Colonel Chivington? Amache drew herself up with the stately dignity peculiar to her people and, ignoring the outstretched hand, remarked in perfect English audible for all the room to hear, "Know Colonel Chivington? I should. He was my father's murderer!" The Sand Creek Massacre is still to this day being discussed, with its pros and cons, by Colorado history buffs. In the treaty of 1865 the government tried to make reparation to the Indians by giving each person of the Indian band who lost a parent or was made a widow as the result of the Sand Creek Massacre, 160 acres of land. They could choose this land where ever they wished from their reservation in the Arkansas Valley. Naturally they choose the best hay land along the river bottom. Prowers acquired much of his cattle range in this manner as both his wife and mother-in-law received land allotments and he also bought out the claims of other Indians. A number of years later his land holdings were described as extending along the north bank of the Arkansas River for over 40 miles, reaching from Sand Creek to 3 miles east of Lamar to 12 miles west of

Las Animas and also extending to the south side of the Arkansas, with most located at Cadloa.

In 1868 Prowers moved his family to Boggsville, a small settlement about two miles south of present day Las Animas, named for Thomas O. Boggs, a great-grandson of Daniel Boone. Prowers built a twenty-four room adobe house as his family increased over the years. He and Amache had ten children in all. The house or one of its sections is still standing today and is close to 115 years old, but it is badly deteriorating and unsafe to enter. After Prowers had built his home he started the first irrigation project in the country along with Thomas Boggs and Robert Bent, son of Col. George Bent. Farming was started in Boggsville and over a thousand acres were put under cultivation. Sample prices at this time were corn, 8-12¢ per pound, flour \$8-12 per hundred pounds, and potatoes 25¢ a pound.

In February, 1870, by a Legislative Enactment Bent County was organized with Las Animas designated the county seat. In November Prowers was appointed County Commissioner, and Boggsville became the county seat as well as an important business center. Prowers opened a large general store and a post office was established.

While engaged in ranching, business, and politics, Prowers' primary interest remained with cattle. In 1871 he bought an outstanding bull, "Gentle the Twelfth", from Frederick William Stone of Guelph, Canada. From this time onward Prowers set about systematically improving and enlarging his herds and acquiring more range. During Prowers' lifetime he fenced 80,000 acres of land in one body and owned 40 miles of riverfront on both sides of the Arkansas River, controlling 400,000 acres of land.

In the fall of 1871 Prowers shipped in eight dozen Prairie Chickens and turned them loose on his ranch as an experiment. In two years the Prairie Chickens had disappeared. In 1880 he had two white-tailed deer bucks and three does shipped in and released near Prowers Station Ranch. This species of deer is still found along the Arkansas River, on Fisher's Peak near Trinidad, and south into New Mexico.

Prowers was favorably impressed with the qualities shown by the Herefords. Experience had taught him they were calm animals and gained weight rapidly. In one of his tests he pointed out how the Herefords gained one-third more in weight in a 90-day trial than his Shorthorns had. This pioneer cattleman was the kind of person who imparted his cattle-raising knowledge freely to his neighbors. From his experience they had the opportunity to make profitable gains. Prowers' fame as an outstanding cattleman spread beyond the confines of the Southern Colorado region to such distant places as Kentucky and Canada.

Las Animas Colorado Leader, Vol I, No 51, May 22, 1854.

Sale of a Fine Cow

Hon. J. W. Prowers this week concluded the sale of what was probably the finest Short-horn Cow in Colorado. The purchaser is Mr. Ben B. Groom of Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky. The cow is of roan color and is known as the 3rd Duchess of Portland.

Las Animas Colorado Leader, Vol III, No 39, Mar. 3, 1876.

Sale of Fine Stock

On the 24th, Hon. J. W. Prowers shipped by the Santa Fe Railroad for the south one thoroughbred Short-horn Bull and six high grade Heifers, sold by him sometime since to Messrs. Davies, Lesinsky and Co. of San Augustine, New Mexico.

Las Animas Colorado Leader, Vol III, No 49, May 23, 1879.

Hon. J. W. Prowers sold and delivered yesterday to M. Wise & Co. of Trinidad, 10 head of Short-horn and Hereford Bulls, from 1 to 3 years old at \$60 per head.

His extensive herds were acquired not only through breeding stock, but by buying cattle ranches and their herds which were offered for sale.

Las Animas Colorado Leader, Vol V, No 40, Mar. 22, 1878.

J. W. Prowers has purchased Tom Russell's herd of cattle numbering about 500 head.

Las Animas Colorado Leader, Vol XI, No 9 August 16, 1878.

Live Stock

Hunter, Lane and Murray on Wednesday of this week sold their entire herd of cattle and ranch property to J. W. Prowers. The property embraces from 1,000 to 1,200 head of cattle, about 60 head of horses and 4 quarter sections of land near the mouth of Rule Creek, with corrals and buildings.

Las Animas Colorado Leader, Vol. VI, No 26 December 13, 1878.

Important Sale

Hon. J. W. Prowers this week concluded the purchase from the Ripley Sons of Rutland, Vermont, of their well known ranch in this county known as "The Meadows" together with all their stock, lands and ranch appurtenances The price was \$30,000. The ranch is 25 miles distant east of Las Animas situated on the south side of the river.

A brief explanation of the use of the title Honorable is that Government representatives and workers in those days were few and far between. Being a novelty they were branded "Honorable" and "Esquire."

A pioneer minister, E. C. Brooks, related how Prowers prevented an Indian uprising in 1873, by inviting the Indians over for a feast. He had several head of cattle killed for the occasion which resulted in staving off an uprising; on the following day he took the Chief to the Fort to settle the problem.

The Bent-Prowers Cattle and Horse Growers Association was formed in 1870. Prowers served quite often as an officer in this organization. Its purpose was to render a defense against cattle rustlers. Several cattle rustlers were found guilty and sent to prison in the spring of 1884.

The largest cattle county in Colorado in 1884 was Bent. Although ranching had been profitable for a number of years many small owners were forced to sell out to large ranchers and cattle companies. This was due primarily to hard winters and few summer rains. Men like Prowers were able to take advantage of this situation to increase their own holdings. At this time Prowers was considered the largest single rancher. His property included several ranches and his average number of cattle hovered around 15,000. In 1882 he was offered \$775,000 for his herds and ranches.

In the fall of 1873 Prowers moved to West Las Animas and started a commission house and general merchandising business. A commission business received goods from the railroad, paid the freight, hired teams, and delivered the goods to their destination on a commission basis. The commission business ended when the Kansas Pacific Railroad extended its branch from Kit Carson to Las Animas and later to La Junta.

Prowers and Charles Goodnight began construction of a slaughter house in 1875. In 1880 Prowers built a modern slaughter house, through which he was able to buy cattle and ship the meat east to distant points like New York City. The Bent County Bank was organized in the spring of 1875. Prowers was one of its stockholders and also served as Vice-President until his death. Prowers was endowed with a natural ability in business affairs. He always held his ground for what he thought was just. He was "shrewd . . . keen at a bargain, but withall he was a fair dealer and honorable."

Prowers first real political position was a gubernatorial appointment as one of the first Commissioners of Bent County. His second try at political fame was in 1873, when he announced himself as a democratic but independent candidate for representative from the 9th district. His winning allowed him a seat in the 1874 Territorial Lower House as the representative of Greenwood County. He served as a member of the Military Affairs Committee and as far as known he presented only one outstanding memorial in the House, proposing that an investigation be made of the Bent County Land Frauds. This issue was sent on to a committee for further study. On February 6, 1874 Greenwood County was abolished by the Legislature and the Counties of Elbert and Bent divided Greenwood between them. Greenwood County is the only county ever to be abolished in Colorado.

Not until 1880 was Prowers again elected as a representative of his district at the General Assembly. He was appointed as a member of the Inauguration, Stock, Elections, and Apportionment Committees. During the session he took an active role in proposing various measures and amending others. His most famous bill was on apportionment. The bill became a law just before the Legislature adjourned. It was better known to the public as the "Sliding Scale" Bill.

Prowers last great try for political fame was his declaration, in 1882 as the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant Governor. He was defeated by his opponent, W. H. Myers, by 31,493 votes to his 28,442. Myers became Lieutenant Governor under James B. Grant, the first Democratic Governor of Colorado.

As a politician, Prowers ably defended the interest of his constituents, and was generally successful in carrying out his practical ideas. He was not a church member and never belonged to a lodge, but he always gave generously to resident pastors of no matter what denomination. His name implies that he might have been a Methodist since John Wesley was the founder of the Methodist Church in England.

Death came to Prowers while he was still a young man, being only 46 when he died February 14, 1884 of cancer at the home of his sister, Mrs. Hough, in Kansas City where he had gone for treatment. He was laid to rest in the Las Animas Cemetery whose land had been donated to the city earlier by Prowers. His grave is marked by a large red granite monument carved in Scotland. The value of his estate was appraised at nearly two million dollars.

Legacy of John Wesley Prowers

First to introduce Hereford Cattle in the state in 1861 and the largest raiser of blooded cattle in the United States at that time. First County Commissioner of Bent County. Leading citizen of Boggsville and West Las Animas. Vice-President of Bent County Bank. Rancher, businessman and early-day conservationist.

In Las Animas there is a Prowers Court, a road between Bent and Carson Streets one block long. On April 8, 1889 Prowers County was created from the eastern part of Bent County, 39 by 42 miles in area. There is still a Prowers station near the site of New Fort Bent or Old Fort Lyon.

On August 1, 1942 a Japanese Relocation Center was created and named Amache for Prowers' wife. It was located 1½ miles southwest of Granada and had 6,500 internees. It was closed October 15, 1945.

In 1963 four Coloradoans were honored in the Oklahoma Cowboy Hall of Fame: Gov. John Evans, John Wesley Prowers, Charles Boettcher, and Mahlon D. Thatcher. Today descendants of John Wesley Prowers and Amache are recognized in the political, social, and economic affairs of the city of Las Animas, the counties of Bent and Prowers, and the State of Colorado. I would say Prowers did remarkably well for a young man who started out with only 13 months of formal education.

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(Continued on next page)

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Lamar Library, Lamar, CO
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Colorado Heritage Center, Denver, CO



HOW THE WESTERN LANDS WERE OWNED

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 1850s there were many disillusioned gold seekers in California. Thousands of these people were definitely unsuited for the rigorous life they were forced to experience in the mines. Large numbers decided to recross the plains to their original homes or to take up farming land in the mid-western states. There was a heavy eastern movement of long trains of these repatriates returning along the routes they had followed westward.

The discovery of gold in Colorado in 1858 brought on another wave of gold seekers and in some degree arrested the reverse movement. But again, disillusionment over the possibility of quick riches and the general supposition among the early arrivals in Colorado that the rumors of much gold there was a hoax, soon brought on a resumption of a great movement back to the mid-western areas. So again there were many who could not or did not want to cope with the miners' life after experiencing its terrific physical demands. Soon another wave of disappointed fortune hunters decided their future lay in other fields. Many who made the return trip did so to settle on the cheap land in the fertile valleys they remembered passing on their way westward.

A third stampede for new gold mines started in Montana in 1862 and this time the gold seekers found themselves outnumbered by the emigrants who were primarily land settlers. The pre-emption of land and town lots was apparently in the mind of Joseph A. Durfee as well as to seek his fortune in the mines. He makes several references to this fact. In order to understand the situations regarding this land rush the land laws in the statute books are here given briefly.

Previously to the acquisition of California and the knowledge of the gold bearing lands in the Rocky Mountain areas, Congress in 1841, passed the land law known as the U.S. PUBLIC STATUTES AT LARGE. In Volume V, pages 453-458 it provided that the head of a family, a widow, or a single man over twenty-one years of age could file a claim on 160 acres of the Public Domain. The claimant was required to erect a dwelling of minimum size, make proof of his settlement to the register and receiver at the land office (for the area) where each claimant paid a 50¢ fee. The claimant had to state:

- 1—That he had never before pre-empted.
- 2—That he did not own 320 acres in any state or territory.
- 3—That he had not settled on the land for the purpose of selling it.
- 4—That he had made no agreement or contract with anyone directly or indirectly to turn over the land to anyone else.

This was supposed to indicate that the claimant was a bona fide settler.

After the settler would take the proper oath he would be allowed to purchase the land at the minimum appraised value not to exceed \$1.25 per acre. If it was proved that he had sworn falsely he lost both the land and the amount he had paid. No attempt is made here to list the devices and the skulduggery practiced to circumvent this law of which there were many thousands of instances. The enforcement of the law by the land agents who were very busy was also very lax. There grew up a saying to indicate how very busy a person might be by drawing a simile to a land agent by saying "he was doing a land-office business."

The records show that between the 1850s and 1860s the number of settlers seeking this cheap land proved to be a surging flood. Another government sponsored plan that helped in this great land acquisition were the "land warrants" granted to returned soldiers. After the Revolutionary War these land warrants were granted the soldiers as a reward and as a means of settling them on farms. At that time we were an agriculture nation. These warrants had a face value of \$1.25 per acre, and entitled the holder to purchase land without the requirement of living on it. Also there was no time limit placed on these warrants. They were transferable and many were discounted for a value as low as 50¢ per acre. Many others were gambled away or lost in other foolish manners.

It is recorded that on the Mexican War Land Warrants alone, land amounting to an area greater than the State of Kansas was granted. In Nebraska in 1859 warrants were used to purchase land forty times as frequently as cash.

Again in 1844 the 20th Congress added to the land laws.* It provided legislation for the reservation of townsites. 320 acres could be owned as a townsite if it was occupied. The pre-emption act did not subject a townsite to entry at a land office. The owners of the townsite were given the privilege of buying that plot at the minimum appraised price. The disposal of the lots and the proceeds of the sales therefore were to be in accordance with the regulative authority of the state or territory in which the town was situated.

The rush for the land into the areas of Kansas, Missouri and Nebraska in the 1850s and 1860s was greater in volume than the emigration to the gold mining countries. Town building was a tremendous speculative pastime. Tremendous competition developed among the speculators to populate these towns.

One of the devices used was the publishing of newspapers date-lined with the name of the townsite before there was a single permanent resident. They were printed at such places as Chicago, Cincinnati and Cleveland and were published for the sole purpose of publicizing these "cities" throughout the eastern states. Because there were no local subscribers, no thought was given to printing any local news to represent the "community interest."

The usual process was for the promoters to incorporate the town by a special act of the legislature on the basis of this 320 acre site then induce settlers to pre-empt the adjoining acres and later finagle the ownership into the possession of the town promoters. In that way the townsite would embrace from 500 to 1000 acres or more. There were many instances where the laws of the land in this regard were also ignored.

The subsidized newspapers' columns were filled with articles extolling the virtues of the strategic climate and location, soil, mineral resources, etc., and the get-rich-quick opportunities in land. In order to impress upon the minds of the Eastern prospects the values of the site's instant growth and geographical importance they included the title "City" after the selected name. Some of our large mid-western cities still keep the city title, as for example, Kansas City, Rapid City, Dodge City, and many others. Numerous thriving cities today have dropped the superfluous "City" title. Not all of these cities were soundly located and exploited and could not weather the intense competition.

The Alder Creek Gulch in Montana where the rich placers were located had its quota of "cities"—Central City, Nevada City, Virginia City are named. Here also there was speculation in town lots often as intense as the mining activities.

Westerner's Bookshelf

Frontier Justice by Wayne Gard, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1949, reprinted 1981, 324 pages, \$8.95 paperback, \$17.50 hardbound

This book is an uneven work alternating between condensed narratives of interesting conflicts and the tedious recitation of minor infractions reported in local newspapers.

The author, an editorial writer for a Dallas, Texas newspaper, has attempted an impossible task. He starts with the premise that Justice (law and order) in the West progressed through a more or less universal continuum from the savagery of native American Indians to the modern legal system as now practiced. There are many who would question this hypothesis. To his credit he points out that the term frontier is difficult to define, that it existed at different times in different areas of the West. If frontier is synonymous with early settlement or exploration, the far western frontier began and probably ended almost a half century before the Northern Plains states experienced the same frontier problems and patterns of settlement.

This book is divided into four parts. The parts, which are self explanatory, are Vengeance, War on the Ranges, Vigilantes, and Arms of the Law. The first part refers to Indians and early power brokers, namely

large land owners who bought or demanded obeisance for their empires. This includes family and regional feuds and people who were forced to join sides or move just because of the areas in which they had chosen to settle. The second part deals primarily with the cattle and sheep conflicts. Little is said about the role homesteaders played in this era. The third part is probably the best written and most interesting portion of the book. The fourth part probably suffers from the same inadequacies as the other parts. The cursory history of the Texas Rangers, for example, leaves the reader with no knowledge of the Rangers and hungry for much more information.

The source material listed in the Bibliography indicates a tremendous amount of research done by the author, unfortunately the material has not been well assimilated into this book. In attempting to give an overview of the problems of crime, violence, law and order which confronted the early western settlers, he has attempted to cover too much in too small a space. This book would be of more interest to the general public than to the serious historian, law enforcement professional, lawyer, or member of the judiciary.

James J. Delaney, P.M.

writing in the Western history field, delivery of history talks at the regular meetings, service in some activity of the Denver membership, or other evidence of sustained interest in the activities of the Denver Westerners.

Death or departure, from time to time, reduces the membership of the Posse. Another cause of Posse vacancy is evidence of lack of interest and participation in the activities of the organization. It is understood that absence from regular meetings on three consecutive occasions, in the absence of a valid reason, is grounds for reducing Posse membership to Corresponding mem-

bership, which latter carries no responsibility beyond paying dues.

This latter penalty is not levied with any pleasure nor has it been often invoked. However, the ultimate purpose of the Posse requires that from time to time it can be divested of 'dead wood', else it could in the ordinary course of events become essentially moribund.

Repeating our opening statement, no organization can long endure when activity and engagement decline.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.
Editor, The ROUNDUP



WESTERNERS

THE WEST fascinated Lord Bryce, famed English historian. He called it "the most American part of America." Westerners agree with Lord Bryce.

Who are The Westerners?

They're bunches of males, mostly, who meet monthly, usually, to chomp and chat and listen to a talk. They take the West seriously, not themselves. They ride with an easy rein.

Are they like service clubs?

A bit. But typically they meet in autonomous "Corrals" presided over not by a president but a "Sheriff."

Do corrals have bylaws?

Usually, yes. But all lean heavily on "old traditions" which can start at the drop of a hat. Western, of course.

May women join?

That depends on local ground rules. But even stag Corrals have dinners for their gala gals — called "Sidesaddlers" or "Sagehens."

How do Corrals get started?

Someone gets steamed up. Then finds that "birds of a feather flock together."

What holds Corrals together?

Good food and fellowship, love of the West, sharp talks — and WI.

Yes, Westerners International. Its "Home Ranch" is in space provided in downtown Tucson. Volunteers man it.

When did the Corral first start?

Feb. 25, 1944, in Chicago with Leland D. Case and Elmo Scott Watson co-founders. Now there are over 100 Corrals — in U.S., Mexico, France, England, Germany, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Japan.

What dues do Corrals levy?

Each rolls its own.

What's the Corral tie to WI?

A new Corral "registers its brand" for a \$15 fee and receives a handsome certificate and standard "Range Rules." Corrals get sufficient Buckskin Bulletins for all members — gratis.

Gratis?

Yes, free. But there is a strong suggestion for Corrals to send \$1.00 per member to WI as "contributory dues."

Do Corrals publish too?

Many do. Several issue scholarly hardbound books in the \$20 class.

How does WI encourage activities?

Thanks to generous donors, WI has annual endowed Awards totalling over \$500 for achievements in speeches, books, and promoting local history.

Can WI bring buff & pro together?

It does. Westerners led in helping to organize Western History Association (WHA) at Santa Fe in 1961. Annual meetings feature a Westerners Breakfast and a Pow Wow.

Does WI encourage Western Art?

Again, yes. Its Hall of Frontier Fame already has two paintings honoring explorers — Jedediah Smith, first American to go overland to California (1826) by John Vincent Mason, and Cabeza de Vaca, first non-Indian to roam the Southwest (1536) by Ted De Grazia.

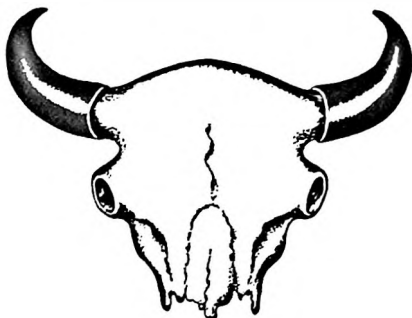
How may one get additional information about The Westerners?

Write: Westerners International, P.O. Box 3485, College Station, Tucson, Az 85722

The DENVER WESTERNERS

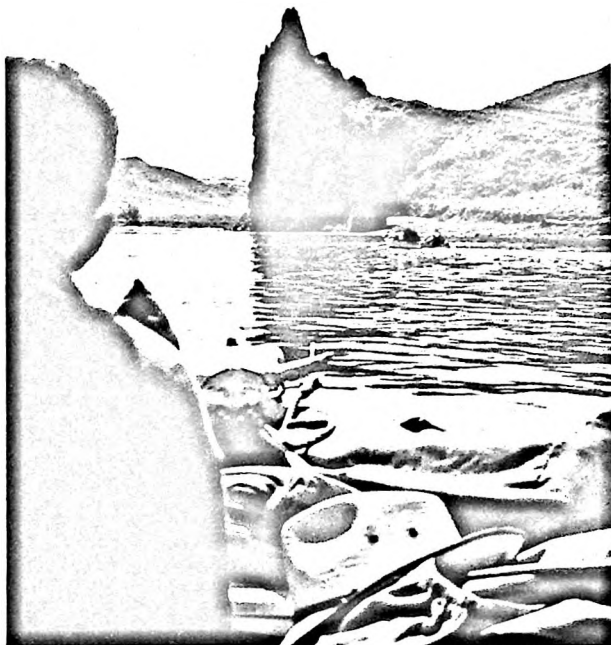
ROUNDUP

MAY-JUNE 1982



MISSOURI RIVER EXPEDITION 1965

MERRILL J. MATTES P.M.



Mattes-Benton Expedition in the Missouin River Breaks, approaching Cathedral Rock

OUR AUTHOR

Merrill J. Mattes has been a Posse Member of the Denver Westerners since he moved to Denver in 1972. He served as Sheriff in 1978. Before that, beginning in 1945, he was a Corresponding Member while living in Nebraska and California. Thus, he has been a member of the organization for 36 years.

He was Historian with the National Park Service from 1935 to 1975, stationed successively at Yellowstone Park, Scotts Bluff and Omaha, Nebraska, San Francisco, and Denver, involved in historical research, interpretation, and planning. Most recently, in Denver, he was Chief of Historic Preservation for all areas of the National Park system.

His current project, in addition to consulting for state and federal agencies, is a bibliography of overland journals — the eye-witness accounts of those who traveled the Platte River route to Oregon, California, Utah, and Colorado.

He has published many articles and book reviews. Most important are his books, of which the best known are *Indians, Infants & Infantry*, published by Fred Rosenstock, *Colter's Hell & Jackson's Hole*, for 20 years a best-seller for visitors to Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks, and *The Great Platte River Road* which won three national awards.

ANOTHER NEW HAND

Daniel L. Larson, of 7865 E. Mississippi Ave., #403, Denver CO 80231, has joined us, through Gene Rakosnik. Dan is interested, as might be supposed, in Colorado history, but also finds entertainment in "books, bridge, and camping." Welcome to our corral!



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MISSOURI RIVER EXPEDITION 1965*

by
Merrill J. Mattes P.M.

After a Slide Talk Presented 24 February 1982
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During my career as Historian, Park Planner, and Chief of Historic Preservation for the National Park Service I had more than my share of interesting projects—the restoration of Fort Laramie, the reconstruction of Bent's Old Fort, the Fur Trade Museum at Grand Teton National Park, and exploring proposed wilderness areas in Alaska, for example. However, nothing ever intrigued me more than my 1965 Missouri River Expedition from Omaha, Nebraska to Three Forks, Montana, on the trail of Lewis and Clark in company with members of the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers and Thomas Hart Benton, one of America's premier artists.

The Engineers, on an annual inspection of reservoirs, took care of transportation logistics. I was on a mission to survey Missouri River historic sites in the Dakotas and Montana. Benton was included in the project, courtesy of the Engineers, to assist him in his search for the ideal setting for a mural painting of Lewis and Clark. This would be the culmination of a lifelong ambition of the artist, whose enthusiasm for Western history was legendary. (Benton was 76 years old at the time of our Expedition. He died at his Kansas City home 10 years later.)

There have been quite a few changes between 1804 and 1965. Lewis and Clark used a keelboat (a big scow with cabin and sail) and pirogues (a type of a flat-bottomed dugout), propelled upriver by human brawn. We traveled by cabin cruisers, outboard motorboats, and station wagon. The scenery that the explorers beheld was strictly primitive, with Indians, buffalo, and endless horizons. Since then the Missouri River has been transformed rather drastically. Aside from the towns and cities, powerlines and bridges, channel improvements and industrialization, there is now a whole series of giant dams in the Dakotas and Montana which have transformed the river into another chain of Great Lakes. The one important section of the Missouri River that Lewis and Clark would recognize is a stretch of some 180 miles of semi-wilderness between Fort Benton and the Fort Peck Reservoir in Montana. This, of course, became our primary objective.

When Tom Benton arrived in Omaha with his duffel bag on the morning of July 10 we were ready to take off on our three-week journey of discovery (or re-discovery). After a pause at the site of the military Fort Atkinson north of Omaha (an outpost of the 1820's and the locale of the original "Council Bluffs" where Lewis and Clark had a conference with the Omaha Indians) we drove to Decatur, Nebraska where we boarded a cabin cruiser for Sioux City.

This section of the river, like most of the way downstream to St. Louis, has been extensively channelized through Corps of Engineers improvements, and the only historic features of note are Blackbird Hill on the present Omaha Indian Reservation,

*Adapted from the Kansas City Times, May 20, 1966.

and the Sergeant Floyd monument below Sioux City commemorating the death (from "bilious colic") of the only man lost by the explorers.



Monument to Sergeant Floyd, the only casualty of the Lewis and Clark Expedition; Sioux City, Iowa

Back on wheels we continued westward upriver past Yankton, the old Dakota territorial capital, Gavins Point Dam, and Lewis and Clark Lake. We visited the Santee Indian Agency, and crossed the Missouri into South Dakota on the anachronistic but still functional Niobrara ferry.

Following the river closely past the old Yankton Reservation we came to Picktown and the giant Fort Randall Dam where the remains of a military post of the period 1856-1880s are still to be seen at the foot of the earthfill. On a cold gray dawn we once again switched to a Corps of Engineers cruiser for the 80-mile trip up the huge Fort Randall Reservoir toward Chamberlain where most of the tourists from the East cross the Missouri River on their way to the Black Hills and Yellowstone Park.

This reservoir has inundated Lewis and Clark campsites and other historic and prehistoric features with more than 200 feet of water, but some of the old landmarks are still to be seen. This is where Benton started serious sketching.

North of Chamberlain we paused at the Crow Creek Indian village opposite the Fort Kiowa trading post site and proceeded to the Big Bend Dam, named for a huge loop in the Missouri River. From a high point within this loop we got a marvelous panoramic view of the Missouri which here makes almost a complete circle. Continuing our trip by wagon we visited archeological camps of the Smithsonian Institution, where crews were trying to salvage some ancient Indian villages which were gradually slumping into the Big Bend Reservoir.

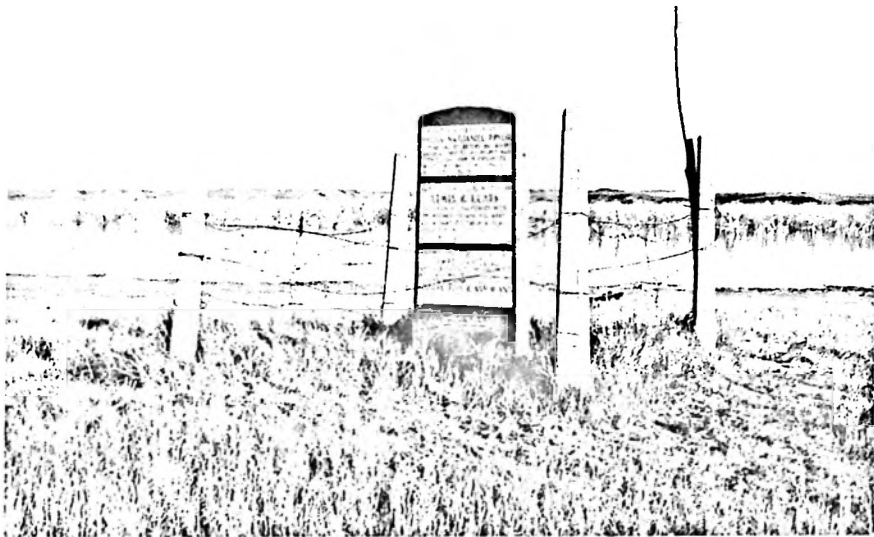
North of Pierre, the South Dakota state capital, is the mammoth Oahe Dam, well over two miles in length, which has created another huge lake, drowning out the old Oahe Indian mission, Fort Sully, and other historic sites. North of Mobridge we visited the cemetery of the old Arikara village which troops under Colonel Leavenworth bombarded with cannon in 1823, and which was now "many fathoms deep." Here was one of the most important historic sites in western history, for the Arikara blockage of the fur traders here led to the exploration of the Central Rocky Mountains and the discovery of South Pass, continental gateway of the Oregon Trail. Our guide here was Bill Bass, anthropologist of the University of Kansas, who was finding a lot of old flintlock guns, beads, and trade goods mixed in with Indian burials.

Our drive took us across the North Dakota line, past Fort Rice of the 1860s, where Sarah Morris, captured by Sioux on the South Platte, was finally released. Beyond here was the Standing Rock Indian Agency, where Sitting Bull met his doom in 1889, and then the Fort Abraham Lincoln State Park from whence General Custer rode forth to *his* doom in 1876, and some reconstructed Mandan earth lodges, at Mandan, North Dakota. On the east bank of the river from here was Bismarck, the State Capital with a magnificent skyscraper housing state offices. After a 50-mile drive up the west bank past dozens of ancient earthlodge villages, and a pause at the Garrison Dam (which drowned out Fort Stevenson, Fort Berthold, and another 150 miles of river bottom) we continued through the North Dakota badlands to Williston and the site of Fort Union Trading Post, right next to the Montana line. (For a long time Montana claimed it was in *their* state.) This is now a National Historic Site. Here Benton sketched the setting of famous Fort Union from the same vantage point used by the Swiss artist, Karl Bodmer, back in 1833 when he was in the employ of Prince Maximilian.

After a pause at Fort Peck, the oldest of the Missouri River projects, we swung south overland at Helena, capital of Montana, and Great Falls where there is a splendid Charlie Russell Museum, and then checked in at Fort Benton, the old river town which was at one time the head of steamboat navigation. Here, for the final week of the tour, we joined forces with the Corps of Engineers people from Fort Peck, who had three small boats equipped with outboard motors and awnings, as well as provisions for a float trip downriver through the little known Missouri River Canyons wilderness (sometimes known as the Missouri Breaks, and later proposed by the National Park Service as "the Lewis and Clark Wilderness Waterway." The Park Service lost that one and it is now under the Bureau of Land Management.)

Throughout the length of this journey there are only three ferries, no bridges, and only a few scattered ranches (above the canyon walls) to remind one of civilization. Today float trips and camp-outs can be arranged by anyone through licensed guides based at Fort Benton.

Below Fort Benton—which, incidentally, still has a number of buildings going back to the 1880s, and remnants of the adobe-walled trading post of 1846—we entered a beautiful section of the river which abounds in wildlife, including deer, beaver, blue heron, and great flocks of Canada geese. On the left bank opposite black cliffs is the site of old Fort Mackenzie (named for Kenneth Mackenzie, "King of the Upper Missouri"), a trading post of the 1830s, where the Blackfeet and the Assiniboine Indians had a



The rising waters of Oahe Reservoir are approaching an historical marker near the Leavenworth site north of Mobridge, South Dakota. The site is accessible only by boat since the reservoir has cut off road access. The inscriptions read as follows:

HERE ON SEPT. 9, 1807
ENSIGN NATHANIEL PRYOR
 ATTEMPTING TO RETURN BIG WHITE,
 MANDAN CHIEF, TO HIS PEOPLE WAS
 STOPPED AND HAD 19 CASUALTIES
 IN THE FIRST BATTLE WITH INDIANS
 IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

HERE ON OCTOBER 9-12, 1804
LEWIS & CLARK
 COUNCELED AND SOJOURNED WITH
 THE ARICARA INDIANS AND WERE
 AGAIN HERE ON THEIR RETURN
 FROM THE PACIFIC ON
 AUGUST 21-22, 1806.

HERE ON SEPT. 12, 1809
PIERRE CHOTEAU
 MANAGED TO PASS THE ARICARA
 WITH BIG WHITE.

HERE IN JUNE-JULY 1811
MANUEL LISA & ASTORIANS
 JOINED, FORCED, PACIFIED AND
 TRADED WITH THE ARICARA.

ERECTED 1951 BY KIN OF
 COLONEL LEAVENWORTH - MOBRIDGE ROTARY
 AND CORSON COUNTY CITIZENS

battle which Bodmer had immortalized. At the end of our first day we camped at the mouth of the Marias River which heads up in Glacier Park country, and which Meriwether Lewis named for a girl friend back in St. Louis.

The second day out was the real climax, scenically speaking, for it brought us into the White Rocks area which Lewis and Clark described as abounding in "scenes of visionary enchantment"—white cliffs, dark granite monoliths, and a variety of freakish sandstone formations.



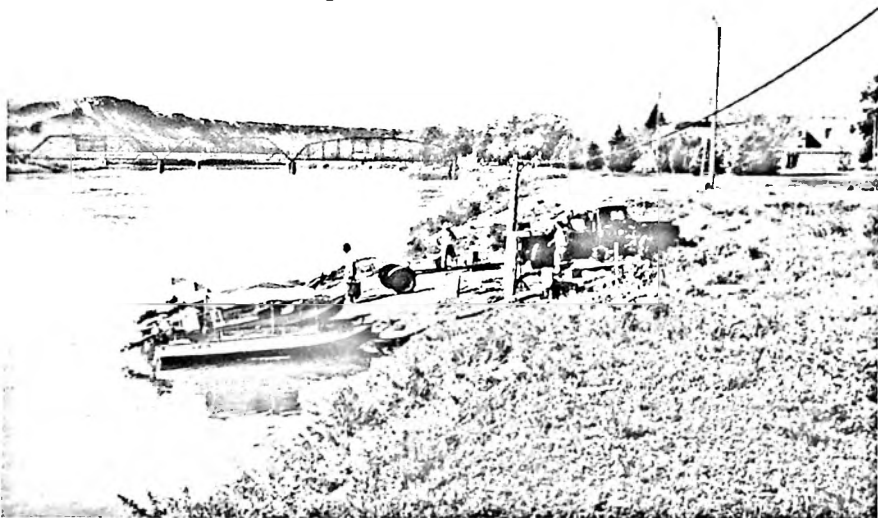
Campsite on left bank just below mouth of Eagle Creek in the heart of the White Rocks area; Lewis and Clark camped here on May 25, 1805

We camped at the mouth of Eagle Creek which Lewis and Clark reached on May 25, 1805. The following morning we ascended the bluffs to get the grand panoramic view which Tom Benton regarded as the scenic highlight of his trip, and the perfect setting for his Lewis and Clark painting. (Tom's sketch-book of 1965 is part of his estate now held by a Kansas City bank. However, the finished oil painting which resulted from this outing, is now the property of the University of Wyoming Art Museum.)

Farther downriver we came upon more scenic marvels, such as Cathedral Rock, Parapet Walls, Castle Rocks, and the famous Hole-in-the-Wall, not to be confused, of course, with Wyoming's equally famous and much bigger "Hole-in-the-Wall." We camped at the mouth of Judith River, named for the girl whom Captain Clark later married when he became St. Louis Superintendent of Indian Affairs. This put us opposite the site of a military post of 1868 called Camp Cooke. Just above this point were the high cliffs which the Indians used as buffalo jump — that is, they drove the buffalo off the cliff and picked up the remains. At the foot of these cliffs the explorers found piles of the dead animals, but we found nothing in the way of buffalo remains but we did find a cattle skull which we brought along as an Expedition mascot.

On the fourth day out we encountered some more massive formations which dwarfed our tiny boats and camped finally at the abandoned Jensen Ferry below Lewis and Clark's Sugar Loaf Rock. This campsite was devoid of trees and we erected a crude shelter known in those parts as a squawcooler. To support these wilderness camps the Corps of Engineers had ground crews in 4-wheel-drive vehicles who arranged to meet us and supply tents and victuals. At this point we ran out of supplies. I was one of the lucky ones delegated to drive 50 miles over a bumpy trail to the metropolis of Winifred, population 60, to obtain the necessaries to keep us alive until the trip terminated the next day. On the drive back we got a breath-taking view of the Little Rock Mountains and the Missouri bottoms where Bodmer had painted a huge grazing buffalo herd.

On the fifth and final day of our float trip we passed Cow Island where Nez Perce Indians escaped from pursuing soldiers back in 1877 (only to be trapped at the Bear Paw Mountains farther north). Here the Corps of Engineers hoped to build yet another high dam, but as of 1982 their designs have been blocked. The valley flattens out below this point, and we neared the end of our journey when we passed under the Robinson Bridge on a highway which connects Malta and Lewiston. Our fifth night was spent at "Camp Charlie", maintained by the Fish and Wildlife Service on the huge Charles M. Russell Game Range.



U. S. Corps of Engineers boats for the 5-day descent of the Missouri River at the end of the expedition; at historic Fort Benton

Bidding good-bye to the Fort Peck people, we went on by station wagon to Lewiston, Montana, to check over our notes and maps and then wound up the official trip at Three Forks where the Missouri River begins with the junction of the Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin Rivers. Here Lewis and Clark swatted mosquitoes and agonized over their dilemma — which of the three rivers to follow to cross the Continental Divide. According to traditions, Sacagawea, the much-admired wife of

the worthless half-breed Charbonneau, headed them in the right direction, up Jefferson River toward Lemhi Pass. She had been captured as a girl by the Minataree or Gros Ventre Indians, sold to Charbonneau, and carried his child. She was a Shoshone and recognized the route to her homeland. When the explorers encountered Shoshones on the Pacific slope, Sacagawea recognized her brother as one of the warriors, and this enabled Lewis and Clark to obtain horses, without which their expedition would have failed.

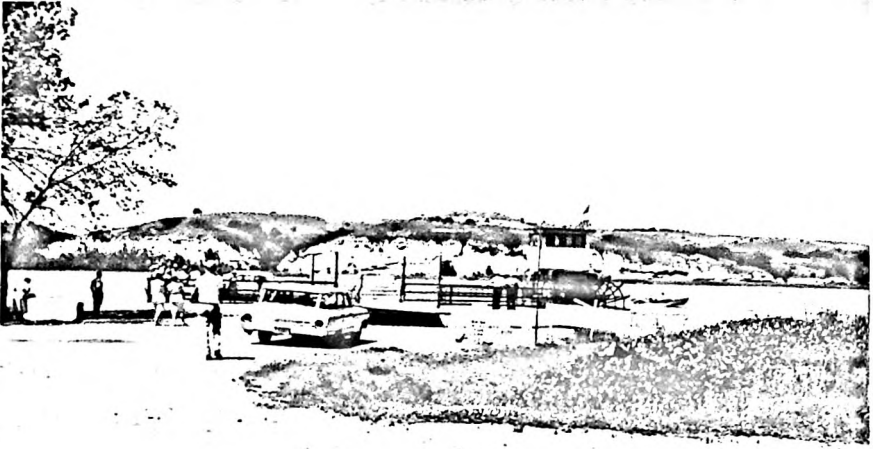


Expedition approaching Arrow River, in the Missouri River wilderness area; one of the last strongholds of the Bald Eagle

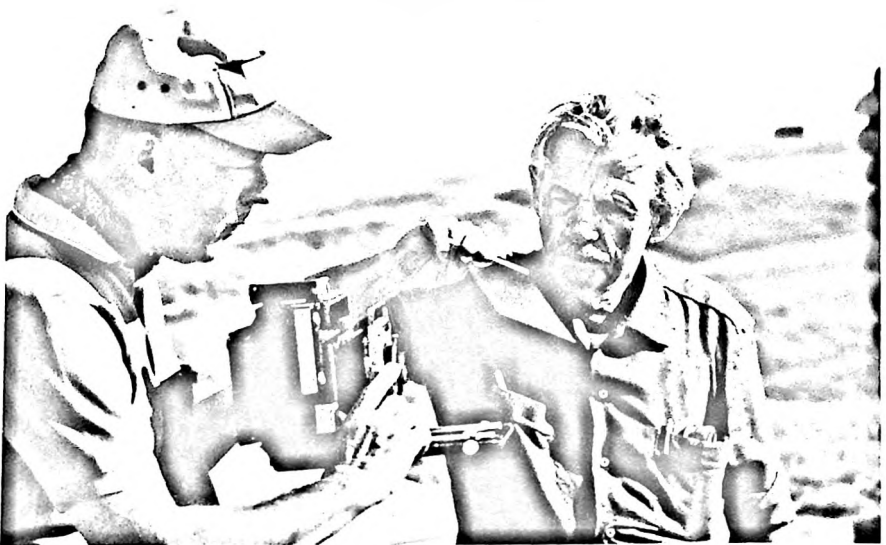
We too swatted mosquitoes, explored the Missouri River Headwaters State Park, and then hunted up a cafe in Three Forks to have a final clinic on Lewis and Clark history. While Tom headed for Green River, Wyoming and further adventures in the Wind River Mountains, the Corps of Engineers representative and I made the long trip back to Omaha and office drudgery. But the Missouri River is still there, warts, dams, and enough left of the original river of 1804-1806 to yet challenge all who seek a lively adventure into the past.

(More on next page)





Niobrara Ferry near Ponca State Park at upper end of Lewis and Clark Lake (Gavins Point Reservoir). South Dakota is the opposite shore



Thomas Hart Benton shading camera lens for historian Merrill Mattes, at the Jedediah Smith monument near Mobridge, South Dakota

ORDER OF THE INDIAN WARS

The Third National Assembly of the Order of the Indian Wars will be held at Sheridan, Wyoming, September 23 to 25, 1982. The program will include an all-day tour of the site of the Rosebud Battle, the Fetterman Massacre, the Wagon Box Fight, and Fort Phil Kearney. There will be an optional tour of the Little Big Horn Battlefield, and discussions of the Bozeman Trail, the action at Crazy Woman Creek, Slim Buttes, as well as a featured talk by Edwin C. Bearss, Chief Historian of the National Park Service. For

information write Order of the Indian Wars, P.O. Box 7401, Little Rock, AR 72217.

NOEL'S BOOK REPRINTED

Corresponding Member Dr. Thomas J. Noel's book, *Denver's Larimer Street: Main Street, Skid Row and the Urban Renaissance*, first published last Fall by Historic Denver and sold out within 24 hours, has been reprinted. This softback of 196 pages with over 340 pictures can be obtained from Historic Denver Inc., at 770 Pennsylvania St., Denver CO 80203.



GOOD READING FOR WRANGLERS



Knights of The Green Cloth: The Saga of the Frontier Gamblers, by Robert K. DeArment, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1982, 423 Pp. \$17.50, Hardcover

The Pioneers who ventured into the American West of the nineteenth century were all gamblers in a sense. It was a wild and open country in which they risked their lives and fortunes. It was a land just begging to be taken, promising the opportunity for instant riches. In this land of complete personal freedom it was natural that professional gambling enjoyed an esteem equal to banking, law, merchandising and medicine. The crowd always loves a free spender and in his own strange and peculiar way the gambler helped bring civilization into a rough and savage frontier.

In his book Robert DeArment has selected a fascinating chapter in the long and interesting history of the West. He shouldn't have had much difficulty in hitting pay dirt in the score of books which he used for his research; the material had been meticulously researched by historians and the original writers who first prospected and dug into such original files as court records, old newspapers, letters, diaries, and memoirs.

But even if this book lacks any new and original material it is a vast collection of good editing and condensing into a single volumn nuggets gleaned from a score of original volumns.

This reviewer was surprised to discover that chapter 2 from pages 40 through 67 is a condensation of his own book *The 59'ers* dealing with a life of Charley Harrison.

There is also material from *Denver Posse Brand Book For 1956*, entitled "Colorado Gold and The Confederacy."

This reviewer was also startled to discover that when Mr. DeArment did inject anything that seemed original, it was usually in error. For example, DeArment suggests that Harrison might be the son of Jack Harrison of New York fame. Charley Harrison's folks were originally from Virginia and settled in Arkansas. Harrison started his gambling career on the Mississippi River boats and not in New York City. Also; if Denver's Harrison had been a New Yorker he most likely would have been a Yankee and not a die-hard Confederate, which eventually led him to his heroic death. Such matters plant seeds of doubt in my mind about anything that Mr. DeArment might present as original.

Colorado and Denver are well represented in the book, with chapters on Ed Chase, Vaso Chucovich and Soapy Smith. *Knights of the Green Cloth* is a vast collection of the famous as well as the infamous gamblers who left their mark on the frontier towns and speeded the development of the West, an important and critical period in American history when 100,000 drifters sought fortunes by hook or by crook in a lawless land, a period when gambling was not regarded as a crime or sin.

This book, at a fast pace, captures countless stories of familiar characters from the gold fields of Colorado, California and Nevada to the cattle towns of New Mexico, Kansas and Texas.

Stanley W. Zamonski, P.M.

A Taos Mosaic: Portrait of a New Mexico Village by Claire Morrill, Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1982, 192 pp., 32 photographs, bibliography. \$12.95 Paperback

There is located in Northern New Mexico one of the most interesting places I have ever been, containing some of the most fascinating people that I have ever met. The place is the village of Taos and the people are assorted into the distinct cultures of Pueblo Indian, Hispanic, and Anglo, with each group contributing to a most interesting mosaic. Whenever the opportunity presents itself, I make the five-hour drive from Denver in my usual state of mind which changes upon arrival in Taos. The spirit of the area overcomes me, and I start forgetting what time it is and what day of the week it is. I just breath deeply and relax.

There is this wonderful mixture of land, light, and people that has long drawn the stranger to this special place. An example of the uniqueness of Taos is the man who digs a mud hole in the street by his house and keeps it filled with water so that drivers must slow down and not be as great a danger to his child. In most towns he would probably be arrested but not in Taos.

While this book serves to introduce the stranger to the village and its people, the subjects discussed will prove equally interesting to a Taosño. The late Claire Morrill touches on a wide range of topics including the personal history of her arrival and the operation of the Taos Bookstore, witchcraft, the problem of land grants and land ownership, and the poverty of the area. She also presents a very brief history of the Taos Revolts of 1837 and 1847 as well as the "hippie" problem of the sixties.

The book discusses the importance of religion in the Indian and Hispanic cultures. The Indians of the Pueblo have their religion as a central focus in their lives and have protected this knowledge from all outsiders. In 1971 the sacred Blue Lake was returned to them by the federal government. No outsider has ever witnessed the ceremony at the lake. During the years without priests, the Hispanos held on to their faith with the help of the Penitentes or Brothers of Light. Their moradas provided a special focus during Holy Week.

The painters classed as Anglos discovered Taos before the turn of the century, and art continues to play a major role in the village. Of the many famous people who came, the most famous was D. H. Lawrence, but the book deals more with the three women in his life. The brief taste of Frieda, Mable and Brett should make the reader want to discover more about these very interesting women. They are only memories in Taos now but their spirit survives in many ways. The other residents that the author deals with have a difficult time measuring up to these three.

The photographs by Laura Gilpin are a very positive addition to the book, and it is easy to understand why she is so highly regarded.

I only wish that the book could have been revised instead of being reprinted, as some people have died, Dennis Hopper no longer lives in Mable's house, and John Nichols has written four books that deal in different degrees with Taos. *If Mountains Die* deals with Nichols' own experiences in Taos while *The Milagro Beanfield War* is must reading for anyone interested in learning about the people of Taos. These titles along with others need to be added to the chapter entitled "Taosiana."

Claire Morrill quotes Kit Carson as saying, "No man who has seen the women, heard the bells, or smelled the piñon smoke of Taos will ever be able to leave." I have not heard the bells, but I have seen the women and smelled the smoke, and Taos is a very special place and *A Taos Mosaic* is a very special book which is available once more.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Heck Thomas; Frontier Marshal, by Glenn Shirley. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1981. 285 pages, 5½" x 8½", illustrated, index, bibliography, \$15.95.

His hips shaped a bit from much riding. He habitually wore knee-length, shop-made boots, corduroy trousers, and open-necked flannel shirt, with a broad rimmed white hat, which he had a kindly, gallant way of doffing with a sweeping bow when he met someone he respected.

His mustache hung below his chin, his imperial touched the diamond in his shirt front, and he wore his long, heavy brown hair brushed straight back over his head.

He was mounted on the best horses and equipped with the finest arms of the day. With a bristling cartridge belt supporting his two ivory-handled Colts, and a decorated .44-40 saddle gun to match, he looked the part of the range-riding marshal who epitomized the coming of law to the Southwest.

This colorful description of Heck Thomas permeates the story and the style of Mr. Shirley's chronicle of the career of this famous Oklahoma Territory lawman. Thomas is also known as one of the Three Guardsmen, along with Bill Tilghman and Chris Madsen, who helped bring law and order to the Oklahoma and Indian Territories during the final quarter of the 19th century.

The tale begins with Thomas' work as an agent for the Texas Express Company in the 1870's where his fame was established through the tracking down and killing of the notorious Lee Brothers gang. From there the reader is taken on a fascinating and detailed journey with Thomas in his relentless pursuits of an amazing assortment of bank robbers, killers, train robbers and renegade Indians. Particular attention is given to the period when Thomas rode for the court of Judge Issac Parker, the famous "Hanging Judge" of Fort Smith, Arkansas. Detailed descriptions are given of his days and nights on the trail and the various methods he employed in tracking, killing, or capturing and transporting to jail of the outlaws he sought. Perhaps one of the most harrowing of the stories told is of Thomas' pursuit and shooting of the murderer Ned Christie in the Cherokee Nation.

The book ends with brief descriptions of Thomas' service as chief of police for Lawton, Oklahoma and as deputy for the Western District of Oklahoma. Fittingly, Thomas was present with his family in Guthrie to see Oklahoma become a state in November 1907. He died in Lawton on August 15, 1912.

In writing this book, Mr. Shirley researched materials from his own collection of books, pamphlets, newspaper records and memorabilia on the Western peace officer and outlaw. In addition, he studied correspondence, clippings and documents from the files of the National Archives, the Department of Justice, the Oklahoma Historical Society, and the University of Oklahoma Library. He also had access to much original material from family records and personal interviews with two of Thomas' children and one grandchild.

This is the second printing of the book which was originally published in 1962 by the Chilton Company in Philadelphia. Only minor changes have been made in the text, mainly in the correction of misspelled names and printing errors. In addition, many new photographs (primarily from the author's collection) an index and a bibliography have been added.

While of specific appeal to those interested in the history of the Oklahoma and Indian Territories, the book also stands as an excellent work for those interested in the lore of the lawman in his pursuit of the outlaw in the West. It is very enjoyable to read and highly recommended.

Richard G. Akeroyd, Jr., C.M.

Custom Combining on the Great Plains by Thomas D. Isern, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1982, 248 pages, illustrated, \$14.95 hardbound

This book traces the development of the custom combining industry and is a study of the custom cutters who follow the ripening grain across the southern plains. The industry originated during World War II and has grown to involve thousands of men who, in addition to wheat, harvest other crops such as corn and sunflowers.

The book is well written and easily understood. The author has made generous use of photographs, figures and tables. The data cover the Great Plains states of Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Dakota, and Texas.

The analysis of the life and problems of custom combiners gives the reader an insight into the aspects of government and cap-

ital as they affect the wheat-growing areas of the Great Plains. Economic opportunities and adjustments are covered in detail.

This excellent book is highly recommended to anyone interested in wheat raising and harvesting or agriculture in general. The photographs are excellent and each is directly keyed to the text. Much valuable reference material has been carefully organized for the serious reader. Tabulated data are concerned with the number and distribution of combiners, percentage of wheat and other grains custom combined, rates for custom combine harvesting, acres combined per machine by different sizes of combines, size of custom outfits by states, and working days and wages by combines.

The author vividly depicts the historical background and heritage of custom combiners. Excellent photographs illustrating equipment and methods of harvest around the turn of the century add to the interest of the text. Many readers will be particularly intrigued by the sections on early-day tractors and steam engines of the Great Plains. All agronomists, agricultural engineers, agricultural economists, county extension agents and resource conservationists will want personal copies. The modest price of the book should help insure widespread distribution.

Robert C., Accola, C.M.

*Combine (n) a harvesting machine that heads, threshes, and cleans grain while moving over a field: (vt) to harvest with a combine. (Webster's Coll. Dict.)

The Ambidextrous Historian: Historical Writers and Writing in the American West by C. L. Sonnichsen. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1981. 120 pages, bibliographies, index. \$9.95 hardbound.

The author is Senior Editor of the *Journal of Arizona History* and a prolific writer on western historical themes. His initial thesis in the present book is that the discipline of professional historian "is sick—perhaps unto death." He feels that the academic professionals have retired from the public world and speak a specialized language exclusively to each other. He feels that a promising future for history lies with the

"amateurs, untrained enthusiasts, buffs, and ordinary citizens who want to

know about some special corner of the past—"grassroots" types who spend long hours, happy and exciting to them, in county courthouses, old newspaper files, state archives, and regional libraries. They tape-record old-timers and correspond with living relatives of dead pioneers. They find companionship in regional historical societies and in corrals of the far-flung organization the Westerners which has proliferated not only in the United States but in Europe and even in Japan. They publish sometimes in local and state quarterlies and in the Brand Books, Buckskin Bulletins, and Smoke Signals of their groups. They pay for publication of their pamphlets and special studies when necessary, and are convinced that all the world is waiting to hear what they have to offer. Sometimes, especially if they are outlaw-and-gunman buffs, their faith is justified."

Any prudent editor of a Westerners corral journal should be content to drop the discussion there while he's ahead. The bulk of the book is "reflections on history, historians, and historical writing in the western states . . . directed at the nonprofessional to whom history is at least a joy, and perhaps a passion." The author points out that the best historians often come from entirely different vocations and bring to their researches a fresh viewpoint untrammelled by the traditional requirements of a straitened profession. He points out the hazards of depending on newspapers as sources of evidence and that government documents may have suffered from ineptness or biasing. Oral history may be only "the unverified ramblings of an eighty-year-old sharecropper edited and arranged by unspecified standards," but Sonnichsen feels that eventually Truth emerges from these accumulations. One wonders whether academic history may sometimes be based on equally suspect evidence.

There is too much in this book to yield to a brief review. It is not always easy going, but the reader is periodically rewarded by flashes of wit and by sudden shafts of clarification. Any contributory Westerner should get and read it.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.

Louis Felsenthal: Citizen-Soldier of Territorial New Mexico, by Jacqueline Dorgan Meketa. Universities of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1982. 152 pages, many illustrations and 3 maps, notes and index. \$15.95 cloth; \$8.95 paperback.

Felsenthal, born in Prussia in 1832, came to America in 1858 and arrived in Santa Fe 12 years after Kearny's army had taken it over from the Mexicans who, in turn, had held the Territory for only 25 years after their declaration of independence from Spain in 1821.

Felsenthal was one of the hard-headed businessmen who early guided the development of Santa Fe and the Territory of New Mexico after having survived disease and Indians on the dangerous (at that time) journey across the mid-continent by wagon. He rather quickly made friends and connections. He was well-educated, had had clerical experience in Europe, and had facility in languages, most useful at that time when most members of New Mexico's legislature spoke no English. In 1859 he became Clerk of the House of the Territorial Assembly. He made many friends, actively identified with Jewish groups, was one of the founders of the Historical Society of New Mexico in 1859, and in every way took part in the progress of the Territory.

In 1861 when the southern states seceded, a considerable part of the government group left New Mexico to offer their services to the Confederacy, and left behind a residue of largely Union sympathizers. A large segment of federal troops also were sent to strengthen Union forces in the east. The Apaches and Navajos took advantage of the resultant relaxation and began making trouble, as did the rowdy element among the Anglos. Added to all this, the Confederate Texans were poised on the border.

The governor and the district army commander urged the better elements to raise a volunteer force. Among others, Felsenthal recruited a company of infantry, was made captain, and took an active part in subsequent military actions.

All this indicates the involvement of the man, and the account of his several careers is fascinating reading. The book is recommended.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.

Bartlett Richards: Nebraska Sandhills Cattleman by Bartlett Richards Jr. with Ruth Van Ackeren. Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln. 1980, 289 pages, maps and illustrations.

Bartlett Richards Sr. (1862-1911) was a controversial figure, a leader who defied "big government" and was consequently prosecuted for his dogged conviction that the western Nebraska sandhills were unsuited for homesteading but could be highly productive if devoted to cattle raising on a large scale, unimpeded by farming settlers who homesteaded along streams and water sources and cut these off from the herds.

He was extremely rational and persistent about disregarding what he considered wrongheaded land laws and built a very profitable cattle empire. He and a few other large-scale cattle raisers controlled the movement of their herds by drift fences which violated the land laws, and which ultimately brought him and others to court. In spite of competent defense counsel he and a few others were found guilty of violation of the land laws and of questionable "land grabbing" practices. He was sentenced to a term of rather light and loose imprisonment in Hastings, Nebraska, during which period he became ill and, in 1911, died of ileitis and complications.

Richards' life spanned the open range era. He was influential in the rise of the Nebraska cattle industry and in the introduction of Hereford cattle in that state. To some he was a "cattle baron" and he was bitterly opposed by the homesteaders and those who sympathized with them, including "Old Jules" Sandoz. The book, compiled and written by advocates, convincingly presents him as a leader in Nebraska's early livestock industry who "clearly understood the capabilities of the land."

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.



LETTERS FROM OUR READERS

To the Editor

May we sound a friendly warning? For the past year or so members of the Denver Westerners have been drifting along in a dream world. Soon they must be asked to "bite the bullet" (or, to be historically accurate, we should say "Minie ball.") Costs are inexorably creeping ahead of revenues, in spite of heroic efforts to economize—printing, postage, stationery, etc. We've trimmed all of the fat in sight, and now the necessity of forcing outgo to fit within income is threatening those projects which are the unique reasons for the organization's existence.

Two years ago the *Roundup* went from monthly publication to six issues a year. This past winter printing and publication costs forced us to abandon the Brand Book project for the time being, one of the Denver Westerners' traditional projects. Increases in printing costs have currently limited the size of the *Roundup* to 16 pages. Thank God we still have our monthly meetings and their fellowship but we all know what inflation has done to these. This sort of inflationary squeeze is not unique to our organization. We have just been slow or reluctant to react. Dues to professional organizations everywhere have doubled and tripled during the past few years.

It seems to me that if the Denver Westerners is to continue as a viable organization it must raise its annual dues. Since the *Roundup* is the Westerners' only ongoing publication, it needs to be lifted from a limping sixteen pages per issue to somewhere near twice that many. At present the Editor of the *Roundup* is forced to keep his expenditures within the limitations of the treasury. Coupled with a raise in dues should come a vigorous effort to recruit a cadre of new, young members to swell the thinning ranks of old timers.

The Denver Westerners has had a lively and honorable history since its founding on July 1944. It has contributed to the popular culture of Colorado and deserves to have at least another 48 years of life.

I hope that these cautionary words will recommend themselves to the board of directors and the membership for early consideration.

Mel Griffiths, Past Sheriff



To the Editor:

Your editorial in the most recent issue (Vol. 38, No. 2) has stimulated me to write. I'm a Corresponding Member, trying to become a writer. My life-long love for the west and southwest comes naturally into play. I suspect that all, or nearly all, of your Corresponding Members have both these characteristics—a love of the country and some wish or need to write about it. My suggestion, then, is that you make use of us and allow us to make use of each other by encouraging us to correspond through the ROUNDUP.

I also propose Corresponding Members be asked to pay larger dues, to help defray the consequent greater costs.

James H. Campbell
Birmingham, Alabama

Increase of dues may be in the near future. With regard to writing for the ROUNDUP, keep them cards and letters comin'. Write us some western history!

Editor

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

R O U N D U P



The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

JULY-AUGUST 1982



MEMOIRS OF A HOMESPUN DRUGGIST

BENNETT M. WAYNE, C.M.



Bennett M. Wayne, about 1927

WELCOME NEW MEMBERS

Jon Almgren of 185 Hemlock Way, Broomfield CO 80020, phone 469-3579, is introduced to us by Ted Krieger. Jon is part of a field educational group for pastors. He is also Treasurer of the Broomfield Senior Housing Corporation and is active in the East Boulder United Way. He joins us because of his interest in American history, particularly western, but he also golfs, photographs, hikes, participates in sports, and collects stamps.

Dr. Frank C. Campbell of 684 Downing Street, Denver CO 80218, phone 377-1601, has practiced medicine in Colorado since 1946. His special interests are medicine in Colorado and mountaineering. He is well known to several Denver Westerners and we look forward to a long and pleasant association.

Eugene A. Ferrand Jr. of 2521 South Chase Lane, Lakewood CO 80227, phone 986-7285, comes to us via Merrill Mattes. After 3 years experience in the Civilian Military Training Camp at Fort Logan (1929-32) he served in the Civilian Conservation Corps in five states and is now retired after 31 years of government service, including 6 military. He has published technical articles on firearms and cold-weather clothing, as well as on educational matters, including references to General Pershing. His current interests are hiking, conservation, and firearms. He teaches Hunter Education courses for the Colorado Division of Wildlife as a volunteer.

Lester H. Moore, introduced by Norman Page, lives at 2810 South Cook Street, Denver CO 80210, phone 756-4758. He is a teacher in the Denver public schools and is interested in Colorado history, with hobbies of fly-fishing and golf. We look forward to more information about him at our meetings.

NOEL AUTOGRAPH PARTY

The appearance of **Tom Noel's** new book, *The City and The Saloon: Denver 1858-1916*, will be celebrated at a party at the Buckhorn Exchange, 10th and Osage, on Monday 25 October 1982, 5 to 7 P.M., to which all Westerners are invited for free Rocky Mountain Oysters and a cash bar. The festivities will be accompanied by 19th Century folk music.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

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MEMOIRS OF A HOMESPUN DRUGGIST

by
Bennett M. Wayne, C.M.

Denver Westerners' Meeting, March 24, 1982

You may all put away your pencils and pens as I don't have any statistics or dates to show you and no slides to show you. I am depending on my memory that I still think is pretty good. Most of us feel that Western history was all made in the 18th and 19th century. That is not true because I did not get here until the early part of the 20th century.

I know that there is a tremendous lot of names that will remain immortal but still there are so many names that you are not familiar with. My story is about a few of the characters I met when I came to Denver. I have picked a few who to me were very interesting and I will talk of them in a condensed version because I am not familiar with their family histories. I say "character", though some had it and some did not. As Dostoevski put it, "creatures that once were men." So many enthralled me that I still talk at them as part of Colorado history.

After I had been in Denver a short time I obtained a job at the Rex drug store, at 14th and Lawrence Streets, across from the old American National Bank and on the opposite corner from the old Markham Hotel. Working at the soda fountain (in those days drug stores had them) was Saul Pinchick who was going to D. U. law school then working his way thru school. Saul later became a judge. He and I became close friends. Saul had been there for some time and was familiar with the store. Frankly I don't think they would have kept me long if it hadn't been for him. Anything I did not know about Rx's, etc., he did. You see, when I applied for the job I told the boss I had worked for Katz drug store in Kansas City which was one of the pioneers in low-price stores, but I did not tell him I had worked at the cigar counter!

The neighborhood at that time was the hub of the red light district that had moved from Market Street. The old Manhattan restaurant was on Larimer Street between 14th and 17th Streets—the finest eating house in the world!

"The Line", as they called it, started at Larimer Street and continued to Curtis Street. The vice squad was Sam Finney and Black Jack Wells. They supposedly had jurisdiction over the "houses". They allowed each landlady to have two housekeepers, one for the day shift and one for the night. The housekeepers were there to entertain the men. Most of the landladies violated the code and kept more than two girls!

I'll start by telling you that I still think Denver was a wonderful place 50 years ago! It was clean and healthy. I loved to walk down Arapahoe Street early in the morning. There were no skyscrapers then but the sun would be shining on the foothills and the buildings on both sides of the street were still bathed in shadows and the streets were, well, it looked like a canyon. There at the end of the street looking toward the mountains was an old church and only the steeple had the sun's rays on it. Behind the

church were the foothills and they looked as though the church was set into the mountains. That scene was a spiritual experience!

I would turn the corner on 18th Street and go to Lawrence Street and over to the store. In front of the Canton Hotel on Lawrence Street, seated on the front steps that protruded onto the sidewalk would be my first encounter. I would say in my happiest of greetings, "Good morning Mr. Beach, a beautiful morning isn't it". Always I received the same answer, "Yes, but you can't tell what it might be before night". That would always lower your enthusiasm about three notches!

I would then open the door. My first customer would always be Mr. Blanton, a knowledgeable civil engineer. Mr. Blanton had helped design and build some of the largest dams in the south and many other edifices. He lived in the old Johnson block next door to another renowned man, Mr. Chauncey Thomas. Mr. B. was a great story teller. It seems that he had had an unfortunate love affair and left his home town and was a recluse in Denver. He still had a sense of humor.

His best story was about a young friend of his in his home town who took a correspondence course in story writing. He said he had to submit a short story every week so the teacher wrote back and told him to change the start of his stories from "Once upon a time" with which all his stories started. So the next story he wrote started "God damn, said the princess!"

Chauncey Thomas left his mark in history but how quickly we forget. Chauncey was a writer, philosopher, cynic, iconoclast, and a man of many characteristics. He was also an authority on Shakespeare, a ballistics expert and an author. He told me that in the 1920's he had the most-published short story in the country. If my memory serves me right it was called "The Snow Storm". He constantly had stories published in Outdoor Life and Field and Stream magazines.

Chauncey came into the drug store almost every day and always amazed me when he talked. From his garb I could never tell whether he had just come in from duck hunting or had been working on the north 40! He lived in the Johnson block, in a room above a carpet company. The Johnson block was between 16th and 17th street on Lawrence and housed many notables. His room had many cigarette stubs on the floor where he hung his coat when he came in.

He was an egotist and would not hide his ability behind a wall of false modesty. He was very interesting when I could understand him but he always seemed to talk over my head. He had a set of dentures that were always loose and clicked when he talked. I don't know how one man could retain so much knowledge. Sometimes I thought he was fantasizing.

Chauncey never seemed to have any money and would come in the drug store and say, "Ben let me have a couple dollars for a few days" and many times he would ask for \$5.00. I always gave it to him and he always paid it back. There was a gun store on 17th street on the east side between Lawrence and Arapahoe and when he got tired of hanging around the store he went there.

Lee Taylor Casey, a former writer for the Rocky Mountain News named Chauncey "The Sage of the Rockies", and Charles Roth wrote a book about him with that title. The last time I saw Chauncey he came in the store and said to me, "Ben I need \$15.00".

The next day he came in and said "You have always been good to me so I'm bringing you my 3-volume set of Shakespeare and a concordance, for security". I tried to talk him out of leaving the books with me but I couldn't. A few weeks later I left downtown and went out on East Colfax to manage the Alan Eber drug store where the Golden Ox now is located.

Chauncey moved to a room on Grant street. I'm not sure but it was in the early 40's or late 30's when he turned a gun on himself and ended a lonely but interesting life.

Incidentally I still have the set of Shakespeare and the concordance!

In the mid 1920's there were a few optimists who owned a little stock in Cities Service and a few others that were going up fast. My boss thought it was time to start a chain of drug stores, so he went down on Larimer Street and 17th and bought out the Guy Breunert's drug store. He sent me to get the store ready for the big rush. The store was clean and nice but up in front they had a spittoon that stood about two feet tall, made of old fashioned brass. It was in front of the cigar counter, as all drug stores had the same arrangement. It was a little dirty around the cigar counter so I told our porter to clean the show case and to throw the spittoon out. The store catered to a lot of elderly gentlemen who lived in the hotel upstairs and early in the morning they would come down to the store and spread the morning paper over the ice cream tables and catch up on the news. About the third morning after I had taken over, one of the men said "Ben, I sure miss that old spittoon you had here." I said "You missed it when we had it here and that is why I took it out!"

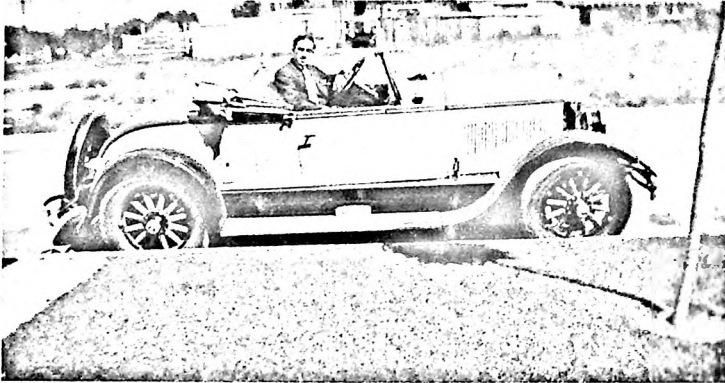
Larimer Street was one of the most interesting and exciting streets in Denver. In the two blocks between 16th and 18th Streets on Larimer there were two "girly, girly" shows, one the Zaza and the other the Bijou. Ten cents got you a seat for the girly show and the movie. On that street was the old Manhattan Restaurant, one of the finest in the country. Mary C. had a whorehouse upstairs over a pawn shop between 17th and 18th Streets on Larimer. She had two children, a boy and a girl whom she sent back east to school. "Loud Mouth" Fisher, the tailor, did almost all the cleaning and pressing for the police department and always carried the uniforms carefully in a handmade suit hanger. It was said that Fisher delivered a few pints of liquor when he started his delivery to 14th and Larimer where the police station was located at that time. They said the uniforms were a good cover up. One day Fisher came in the store all excited and said "Ben, if anyone asks for me I've gone on an errand." He said that they had raided Mary C.'s place and found some whiskey and he was going down to bail her out.

About a half hour later Fisher came in the store and in his fog horn voice said, "Ben, would you like a schnapps? Get two glasses", and I said "Not any of your stuff, Fisher." He said "This is old, it is bottled in bond, and this is what they arrested Mary C. for. They found it in a trunk". Fisher said "I saw it on the chief's desk so I just took it." About 15 minutes after Fisher left two detectives came in and asked if I had seen Fisher and I said "No." About 20 minutes later I saw Mary C. coming up the street alone. They had no evidence at the station to hold her.

When we took over the store at 17th and Larimer the boss sent us to the basement to clear out all the old merchandise. We threw away all the old pictures, bottles, boxes,

and whatever we thought was of no value. How wrong we were! We threw away history, as those two stores were two of the oldest in town! The drug stores themselves had history. If I had only known then what I know now!

The stores were in the center of underworld activity. We had very interesting and varied customers. At that time in the early 20's there were many houses of ill repute. I became acquainted with some of the madams and the girls in a professional way, mine not theirs! I was invited to dine with them many times after we closed the store at midnight. It was during those nocturnal visits that I became so well acquainted with them.



Ben Wayne, "man on the loose and living high", in his Buick roadster, about 1926. "This was a classy car for the time, and not many around."

There was Ruby who had her place in the rooms above the drug store at 17th and Lawrence. She had a heart as big as all outdoors. Once I went to her place after closing time and on a bet that she would loan me money, I told Ruby I needed money right away. She got her girls together and they collected about \$84.00 which she gave to me. As I started down the steps she said "Ben, you better leave us a couple of nickles in case we have to call the police."

All the places were on the second floor and they had doors at the top of the steps with a glass window. The doors were locked and the customers had to knock to get in. The window enabled the girls to see whether they looked admissable. All of these girls were very superstitious. If you threw your hat on the bed that meant bad luck and they refused to go to bed with you. There was always a nail on the inside of the door above the window and when things were slow they always lit a piece of string and hung it from the nail, and you know how burning strings smells, not like perfume! If a prospect looked a girl over and wasn't satisfied and said he would be back, the girl politely opened the door and let him out but would spit on the back of his coat so the other girls would know he was only a looker.

Down the street between 18th and 19th on Lawrence was Ann Cannon's place. Ann was the aristocrat of the whores. She was tall and very pretty. She walked with the

air of aristocracy, enticing but not vulgar. When she went out she always wore a large hat and long white or black gloves. Ann owned a Pierce Arrow roadster (they call them convertibles today). It was a beautiful car and had a goodly supply of brass on it, especially around the head lights and she kept it immaculately clean. Ann in the 1920's had the most pictured hands in the U.S.; she was a model for a nail polish company and was really something to look at. Years later when the houses were closed and the girls had to look elsewhere for employment, I was in the "Brown Derby", a night club run by the Morris brothers. I think the Rocky Mountain News is at that location now. Waiting tables was Ann, but I ducked so she would not see me. I often wondered what she did with that beautiful Pierce Arrow car.

Across the street from Ann's was Jew Lillian's "Silver Dollar" rooming house, as she called it. I never knew her very well but was told that she had more fur coats than Dupler furriers. She not only ran a whorehouse but a pawn shop too.

On Arapahoe between 18th and 19th Streets was Eunice's place, a spick-and-span whorehouse with an educated woman as the Madam. Eunice had a buxom blond named Mary, working with two other girls. Eunice had me up several times for dinner which they ate at midnight. They really served gourmet meals. Mary was the loquacious one. One night I asked the inevitable question of Mary, how did she ever get into this business? She said "Ben, I was just naturally turned out to be a whore. When I was a little girl the rag man that drove a horse hitched to a wagon and was always up and down our alley, used to give me pennies to play with me." She said "Do you know those two brothers of mine were just natural pimps because as soon as the rag man left they would take the pennies away from me!"

Across the street on Arapahoe was a "house" that Roy Rohrer and his wife ran. Roy was a gourmet cook and was a specialist on Italian food. He would call me up and say "I'm starting my sauce now so drop by for dinner after you close." Roy had about 30 different kinds of condiments to make his sauce. He would start cooking it at 9 o'clock in the morning and not have it finished until late at night and I mean he put on a real banquet.

Our stores not only catered to the underworld. Some of the most interesting people I ever met were our customers. One was Jim Goodheart who ran the Sunshine Mission on Larimer Street. He was one of the most conscientious men I have ever met. Not only was he charitable but sincere and helpful to so many derelicts. When I would drive home to Kansas City Jim would always put his arm on my shoulder and say "Drive carefully and don't forget God." A very indiscreet and unfortunate incident ruined his career.

Another rescuer of the unfortunate was Bishop Rice. I don't think he was ever ordained but he did good work at his mission. He was a little eccentric and would come down 17th Street swinging his arms and talking out loud to himself. The Bishop would stop in the drug store pretty often, in need of something for the mission like aspirin, laxatives, or bathing alcohol, and I never turned him down. The last time I saw the Bishop he came in and said "Ben, I need some aspirin." I never refused him but this time he said "Ben, you have always been very charitable to the down-and-outer and never turn me down. I've been keeping track and I'm going to make you a Cardinal." However I never did hear from the Vatican about the promotion!

One of the most interesting men I ever knew was Isadore Leon. He was a politician, confidant, advisor, and the Republican committeeman of his district. Everyone called him Lee. Lee came to Denver from Louisville, Kentucky, on the Cannon Ball train from Kansas City. It left Kansas City on Monday and arrived in Denver on Thursday.

When William Collier wrote the book "The Reign of Soapy Smith" he spent a lot of time in Lee's room verifying some stories he had heard and getting more tales from Lee. Lee's name is mentioned in the book several times. When he gave me one of the books, he autographed it and wrote "To Ben in memory of an earlier and what we thought was a happier day."

Lee was about 5 ft. 5 inches in height and walked with a little difficulty as he had a bad rupture that hung almost to his knee. He said that he got the rupture helping to put Tabor's coffin into the elevator at the Windsor Hotel where Lee was living at that time. Lee also had a large tumor on his neck that protruded as large as a cantaloupe, but he never went to a doctor. He lived in the Canton Hotel which was above Hilb and Company on the ground floor.

One night after Lee had gone to bed he heard a loud commotion in the hallway of the hotel. He said he got out of bed and opened the door a little, heard a shot and saw his landlord lying on the floor with two young fellows standing over him. They then ran down the stairs. When the police came to investigate they asked Lee what he saw and did and he told them that he went to the door, opened it slowly and saw his landlord lying on the floor. They asked "What did you do next?." Lee said "I closed the door quickly, locked it, changed my underwear, and went back to bed."

Lee knew Baby Doe Tabor and told how she dressed up and had her coachman drive downtown and park, with the open coach and the black driver and her four black horses attached to the coach. Her favorite spot was across the street from D&F's on Lawrence street in front of the old American Furniture building, to let the people admire her. Lee knew almost all the pimps and gamblers and all the girls' names and the names of their dogs if they had one. He knew Bonfils and Tammen and always liked to tell the story of Tammen and his saloon on 18th and Larimer Street.

He knew Eugene Field and told about Eugene coming into a saloon he always frequented. On this cold wintry Christmas night he wore a cap pulled low over his ears, a cap with ear muffs. (Do they make them anymore?) Field had a worn-out overcoat with the collar pulled up. He walked into the office of the boss who was sitting at his desk making out bills. Field took a chair and sat in the corner watching the boss. All at once the boss looked at Eugene and also at the bill on his desk. He took the bill, marked it paid and handed it to him and said "It is marked paid." The tears welled up in Eugene's eyes and before he thanked the boss he said "Well, you know what is customary when a man pays his bill?"

In the later years Lee's eyes became bad, and when I bought the book "Timberline" by Gene Fowler he had me read it to him. Everytime I'd come to a name I would say "Did you know him Lee?" He would say "Hold on a minute and I'll tell you about him." I could go on and on about Lee but let me tell you of others.

There was a gentleman by the name of J. M. Copeland who was a regular customer at the store. J. M. was a tall aristocratic-looking gentleman who always wore a wing collar and dressed immaculately. He was very well educated and was once a director of the Georgetown Bank and a member of the Board of Education there. He knew good books and poetry. I would try and trip him up by reciting a few lines from some poem and I would ask J. M. if he knew that one. He would say "Give me a few minutes" and he would then come up with the name and sometimes recite the rest of the poem. I think he had a farm on North Washington Street and I think some of his relatives still live there. He also had a room at the Canton Hotel when he stayed in town. I always said that when I grew up I sure would like to be like J. M. I only wish they had had tape recorders when he and Lee would get together.

Lee liked to tell off-color stories which would be tame by today's standards! The only story that J. M. ever told that was faintly off-color was about going to the old Palace theatre on Curtis Street. They specialized in the old blood-and-thunder plays like "It's Never Too Late to Mend", "The Way Of The Transgressor", or "Ten Nights In A Barroom." This play opened with a scene of a mountain in back and a small one-room log cabin at the foot of the mountain. As the curtain goes up a young girl with a shawl thrown over her shoulders comes running down the path on the mountain that leads to the cabin. She gets to the cabin, opens the door and jumps on the bed and yells, "Oh what shall I do, what shall I do?" Just then we see the villain coming down the mountain, his black hat on his head and a sneer on his face showing thru his handlebar moustache. Before he could get to the door of the cabin some big "Turk" in the balcony cups his hands together and yells, "Cross your legs, kid, cross your legs"!!

Mr. Copeland said that when he was in Georgetown, Soapy Smith had pitched his display on the street corner just below a doctor's office on the second floor. He watched Soapy wrapping soap with all kinds of currency from \$1.00 bills to \$20.00 and throwing them into a bushel basket. The doctor watched Soapy until he had the basket filled and then he walked down the stairs and said to Soapy, "I'll give you \$50.00 for the basketfull" and Soapy said, "O. K." He took the money and gave the doctor the basket of soap. No one ever heard how the doctor came out as he never mentioned it, but I imagine the doctor took a beating.

I could go on and on but I want to tell you of one experience I had that I will never forget. Morris Rosebaum ran "The Bookery" on Welton Street between 16th and 17th. Morris had so many books that he never knew, if someone came in and asked for a book by title, whether he had it and would say, "Look over there." He had what we called the "round table" in the center of the store—chairs circled around a pot-bellied stove. This was a place that really had some hot arguments and discussions. I liked to go there sometimes between shifts and sit down and peruse.

One day in the spring when we had one of those slushy snowstorms I went into the bookstore to kill some time. I picked up a volume of Carl Sandburg's "Chicago Poems" and sat down to read it. This day there was no one there but Morris. Then a tall fellow wearing a brown overcoat, belted and out of style then, brown shoes and a pair of grey spats (remember spats?) came over and said "What are you reading, kid?" I said "Carl Sandburg's Chicago Poems." He said "How do you like him?" I replied "I thought his first poems were more impressive and I thought he wrote with the layman's point of

view and now he has changed." He said "You know, son, that Carl Sandburg washed dishes in Denver, Pueblo, Greeley, and Fort Collins, and he had a hard life." I said that you always read poetry with the thought in mind that this poor poet lived in an attic room and wrote from his heart and not for money.

He said "True, but do you know that since Carl Sandburg became known he now gets \$300.00 to \$500.00 for a lecture? In America it isn't what one is that counts, it is what one has that counts!" He said "It is nice talking to you" and started to leave when I said "I see in the New Masses magazine that Mike Gold wrote that in 5 years from now Keane Wallis will replace Carl Sandburg as America's foremost poet.

He looked at me, raised his right hand skyward and replied "Did Mike Gold say that?" I said "Yes." He pointed with his right hand to the heavens and answered "At last Mike Gold has given me a place in the sun." I looked at him, perplexed. He saw my amazement and said "I forgot to introduce myself, I'm Carl Sandburg."

In my talk I mentioned Jimmie Crummer, the touted salesman and also English Mitchell, the remittance man, and would like to tell more about them but space prevents. I would also like to tell you more about Herb Flanagan and Jim Ryan and Clare Clarity, the pharmacist, Dick Magor, and Olson, the policemen, Louie Straub who owned the old Midland hotel. He was a councilman of the district. Louie always complained that in the summer the farmers never stayed at his hotel. He said "They do drop in and trade me piss for ice water."

"Life can rob you of everything but your memories."



OUR AUTHOR

Bennett M. Wayne was born in Kansas City, Missouri, on July 5, 1899. His father died when Ben was 2. His mother ran a very small dry goods store to support an older sister and Wayne. He helped in the store from the age of 5!

He left K.C. at age 18 because of health and it was predicted he would not live to see 25. He came to Denver in 1919 and foiled the medicos! He worked for his meals at the old Quincy Bar, busing tables until he heard of an opening at the Rex Drug Store at 17th and Lawrence. They needed a pharmacist. Ben applied and got the job on the strength of having worked at the cigar counter (!) at the Katz Drug Store in K.C.! He studied the *Remington Pharmacal Book* and the *Pharmacopoeia* at night and passed the Pharmacy Board tests.

Later he was Pharmacist at the Alan Eber Drug Store at Colfax and Steele, also at Pencol Pharmacy at Colfax and Pennsylvania. He has worked as Pharmacist for about 50 years, both in Colorado and Missouri. He did relief work at Republic Drug until the

building was recently torn down—and he was out of work!



On the subject of houses of ill repute, there is a good deal of interest in the euphemisms, circumlocutions, and evasive vocabularies which have been devised to enable one to refer to their activities without violating the Victorian taboos which even yet circumscribe our language in polite circles.

A census sheet for the 1870 census for a Kansas town includes a series of five names whose dwelling place has been designated by the census taker as a "House of ill fame." Varying in age from 18 to 24, their origins were New York, Missouri, Illinois, and Ireland. Under the heading of "Profession, Occupation, or Trade", four of the job descriptions were "diddles", "does horizontal work", "squirms in the dark", and "ogles fools."

The fifth entry is for a boy of 4 years, born in St. Louis, Mo., the son of the individual from Ireland.

H.v R. Jr.

OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

ANOTHER LOSS

Mortality again strikes—we are informed that Corresponding Member William D. Powell has passed away 6 July 1982 at Santa Fe, New Mexico, at the age of 77. He had an active history with the Denver Westerners; Posse 1963; Chuck Wrangler 1964-65; Registrar of Marks and Brands 1966; Publications Chairman 1967; Deputy Sheriff 1969. He moved to Santa Fe in 1970 and became Sheriff of the Santa Fe Corral.



GOOD READING FOR WRANGLERS



Utes, the Mountain People, by Jan Pettit, Introduction by James Jefferson, Tribal Historian. Century One Press, Colorado Springs, 80 pages, 1982, \$5.95, softcover.

This thin paperback contains, besides text, 80 photographs and one map showing distribution of lands occupied at one time by the Utes in Utah, Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico.

The text is presented in an historical framework, garnished with a generous mixture of topical material. Subjects are covered under the following headings: "In the Beginning," "Rock Art," "Pre Horse Lifestyle," "Spanish Influence," "Horse Culture," "Traders, Trappers and Settlers," and "Treaties." The two topics which receive the most attention are "Horse Culture" (29 pages) and "Treaties" (17 pages.) Other topics (Rock Art and Spanish Influence) receive as little as one page each.

The booklet contains a list of 30 "Famous Names and Familiar Places" which have a Ute association. One of the most useful features of the booklet is the bibliography, containing 92 citations and a list of clippings, notes, newspapers, etc from the files of some 20 collections and institutions. This bibliographic material is a strong feature of the booklet, and alone is worth the cost.

The greatest shortcoming is the lack of a subject-topic index. To look up specific material one must comb through the entire text or the picture captions to find it, unless one has the foresight to mark items in the margin on first reading.

ANOTHER EMPTY SADDLE

We have received word that Corresponding Member Dr. Everett B. Long died of heart failure on 31 March 1981 in Laramie, Wyoming. Professor Long was a member of the faculty of the University of Wyoming and a prolific author in the field of history, especially of the Civil War period. He was research coordinator for Bruce Catton's *Centennial History of the Civil War* and author of the compendious *The Civil War Day by Day: An Almanac (1861-1865)*, published by Doubleday, 1971. Mrs. Long lives at 605 S. 15th Street in Laramie.

The photographs, which have been collected from numerous sources, have lengthy captions which contain much material supplementing the text. Actually, the casual reader could skip through the booklet, looking at the pictures and reading the captions only, and come away with a condensed but accurate knowledge of Ute material culture.

The introduction, written by James M. Jefferson, Southern Ute Tribal Historian, Ignacio, Colorado, is an eloquent plea for understanding, by the whites, of the Indian way of life. He points out the difficulty of writing a history of the Ute people, because so much of the source material "lies in the oral traditions of the Ute people and it is slowly fading away." He echoes the rationalization of all American Indians today: "So the Ute people not understanding the 'New Frontier' that confronted them allowed the settlers to come in until it was too late to do anything about it."

This is an excellent, concise compendium of facts on the mountain tribe which roamed over a greater part of Colorado than any other aboriginal group. The Utes bore the brunt of white aggrandizement when gold and silver lured argonauts into the high country. Ute resistance to white aggression finally prompted the Boulder, Colorado, *Banner*, of October, 1878, to editorialise: "There is no use making a long ado about the Indian question. The only solution of the problem is extermination."

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

Montana's Righteous Hangmen: The Vigilantes in Action by Lew L. Callaway. Ed. by Lew. L. Callaway, Jr., University of Okla. Press, Norman, 1982. xxii + 233 pp. \$12.95

If the Callaway book sounds familiar it's because you are thinking of the classic *Vigilantes Of Montana* by Professor Thomas J. Dimsdale, published in 1865 and several times reproduced. The same melodramatic theme of honest Montana citizens taking the law into their own hands is to be found in *X Beidler, Vigilante*, University of Oklahoma Press, 1957. A part of Callaway's narrative first appeared in *Two True Tales Of The Wild West*, Oakland, 1973; this is its first full publication. The author was a later Chief Justice of Montana whose father in 1872 became a ranch partner with Captain John Williams, formerly "Chief Executive Officer" of the Vigilantes. Although this account repeats much of the grisly material found in Dimsdale and Beidler, it is startlingly original in its identification of Williams as the Chief Vigilante and offering more specific details about the deadly cycle of murders, posse pursuits, and extra-legal trials and executions.

Montana, which slumbered in wilderness all during the great migrations to Oregon, California, Utah, and Colorado, finally came alive with immigrants when gold was discovered in Bannock in 1862 and Alder Gulch (Virginia City) in 1863. In fact, it became another great stampede, which brought in a high percentage of draft dodgers, drifters, and desperadoes who found it easier to rob and kill honest citizens than to labor in the mines. Since Montana Territory was not created until May 26, 1864, and a judicial system could not be implemented before late 1864, this left 3 years for criminals, unhampered by law, to run amok. They were not effectively challenged until a ruthless killer named George Ives outraged the community, a posse was formed under Captain Williams, Ives was captured, tried by his peers, and summarily hanged. Immediately thereafter, December 20, 1863, the Vigilantes organized themselves, with officers and by-laws, and went into business on their own.

In 1864 there was a flowering of

tombstones recording the swift passage of some 20 or 30 killers and stage-robbers. One of the most famous of Vigilante victims was Henry Plummer, who master-minded a gang of highwaymen while filling the office of Sheriff, and paid for his compounded sins with the rope. Equally famous was Joseph Slade, a Jekyll and Hyde type who was noted for his courage as Superintendent of the Overland Stage Company but was betrayed by a streak of viciousness first exhibited when he slowly killed Jules Beni (namesake of Julesburg, Colorado), cut off his ears, and kept them in his vest pocket. In Montana he went on heroic benders which terrorized the populace; though it is not clear that he killed anyone (at least while sober). The Vigilantes finally hanged him in the public interest.

When Territorial Chief Justice Hosmer assumed office in December, 1864 he publicly praised the Vigilantes for their voluntary, unpaid, and dangerous public service. As in Gold Rush California, the Vigilantes represented the determination of responsible citizens not to be ruled by gangsters. When constituted authority appeared, the Vigilantes dissolved as an organization, and most of the members were glad to live out their lives anonymously. Today's murderers who so frequently "beat the rap" because of justice leaning over backward can be thankful they were not operating in Montana Territory, 1864.

Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.

Jeff Milton; A Good Man with a Gun, by J. Evetts Haley. The University of Oklahoma Press, Norman 1948, fourth printing 1982, pp. 416. Price \$9.95 softbound.

For the reader interested in frontier adventure in the Southwest during the last twenty years of the nineteenth century into the early twentieth century, this is the book to read.

Jefferson Davis Milton, during his lifetime on the frontier, was among other things, a Texas Ranger, a Sheriff, a cattlemen's association detective, a customs collector, a rail-roader, a Chief of Police, a Wells Fargo agent and a U.S. Border Policeman. These experiences, which the author has recorded in a very skillful and entertaining manner, prove

to me beyond a shadow of a doubt that there *was* a man on the frontier who wore a "white hat". According to Haley, Jeff Milton was totally incorruptible and stood for all the moral principles and virtues of his time.

During his service with the Texas Rangers, of which organization the author failed to give the reader an adequate history, we meet Colonel Benjamin H. Grierson. Nothing is said about the man, except that he was in charge of a military post and in command of a regiment of black cavalrymen. Could it be that the author did not know that the same Col. Grierson, in 1863, during the Civil War, led the famous Union cavalry brigade raid into southern Mississippi and Louisiana? His readers should have been made aware of that fact.

The text throughout the book is very descriptive, and sometimes the author goes overboard. For example, one gets the impression that Mr. Haley is trying to impress the reader with his command of the English language. In some instances, his sentences are too long and complex. In other cases, some "country" or "hick" words are used in an effort to give the book an authentic setting. I personally don't feel these indulgences added much, if anything, to the overall biography. There are also an infinite number of "direct" quotes from our hero, and some are verified; but there are others which seem to be pure supposition.

Throughout the book there are numerous anecdotes and stories that are absolutely fascinating and which will hold the reader spellbound with a truly valid perception of the southwest frontier just before and after the turn of the century. In one quote with regard to horses, Milton is purported to have commented "I've owned some wonderful horses in my time that had just as much sense as I did; if they didn't go to Heaven, then I don't care to go there". With frequent examples of this kind of individual sentimentality the reader receives an insight to the character of the man and begins to feel that he really knew him.

Although there are a few misspelled words, the account is well documented and certainly worthwhile. This reviewer thoroughly enjoyed reading Jefferson Davis Milton's biography, and for a while was

transported back in time to the southwest frontier which seemed as real as it could have been, and probably was. It's an era in our history which we will never see again.

R.A. Cook, P.M.

Tierra Dulce: Reminiscences from the Jesse Nusbaum Papers by Rosemary Nusbaum. The Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1980. 96 pages, illustrated, with bibliography and chronology of Mesa Verde pre- and history. Paper.

This is essentially a biography of Jesse Logan Nusbaum, one of the more important figures in the establishment and development of Mesa Verde National Park, as well as of a wide range of archeological and other activities in New Mexico. These memoirs were recorded by the wife of the subject, who preserved these reminiscences with a nice sense of their historicity.

Among many other accomplishments, Nusbaum was the second Superintendent of Mesa Verde National Park, establisher of many of the principles of administration which were developed there, and was the most influential figure in the establishment and implementation of the program of salvage archeology which has preserved so much of Southwestern prehistory by law requiring the cooperation of land developers and commercial contractors.

The book is full of engaging anecdotes about places and people known and obscure, as well as insights into very early motorcycling over very primitive roads, setting records for distances and speeds in cross-country cycling at and just after the turn of the century. Nusbaum was an expert photographer and made many of the definitive early records in the region. His accounts of the Penitentes are some of the earliest and best. He was active in the recording of the first Carnegie Institute of Washington explorations in Mexico and Guatemala. He was an authority on Spanish Colonial architecture and design, and he superintended the construction of the Art Museum of the Museum of New Mexico.

Jesse Nusbaum was a big man— physically and spiritually, "dedicated to the sciences but by no means stodgy, with a keen sense of humor; a prankster but with a gift of humil-

ity." Above all he was a complete man, and whatever went on in Santa Fe and the region in his time was likely to have been influenced by him.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.

An Open Letter to Author, Cast and Friends of the Play, "Custer" by John M. Carroll, IN *Research Review* of the Little Big Horn Associates, Inc., El Paso, TX. pp 3-9, June 1982.

John Carroll is a founder of the LBHA, a publisher specializing in Indian Wars material, and a prolific author in that area, in which he is a recognized authority. About the play, "Custer", which he calls "one of the finest plays ever conceived on the subject of Custer," he goes on to say "During the first ten minutes or so, I felt a most unrelenting discomfort in watching the personalities of the 7th cavalry come to life." Further, after describing an interview with the author of the play, Robert Ingham, Carroll says "What I should have said to Bob Ingham was that as a playwright he enjoys a luxury no historian can afford: he doesn't have to footnote. Hence my stilled cry for more of the truth than was given throughout the play."

Carroll then goes on to add the footnotes he feels should be known to all who see the play, in order to correct not only the incomplete story of Custer's defeat but a long list of suggestions, insinuations and misrepresentations regarding Custer and his personality and accomplishments, including his last battle.

To mention but a few of the matters Carroll attempts to correct are: the condition of Custer's body as found after the battle, the blame for the defeat, Custer's battle attire, his presidential aspirations, the number of Indians killed in the battle, Custer's alleged liaison with Monaseeta, Custer's court-martial, the Washita affair, Reno's behavior in the river bottom, and the "abandonment" of Elliott at the Washita, as well as an extended discussion of Reno's and Benteen's failure to follow a battlefield order.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.

The Kit Carson Campaign - The Last Great Navajo War by Clifford E. Trafzer. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman 1982 277 pages, photographs, maps, notes and bibliography \$14.95 hardbound.

As it is popular today to glorify the Indian and to denigrate the settlers and the Indian fighting army, this could be a popular book. However, this author has so completely enlisted on the side of the Navajo that it is difficult to understand how the Navajo lost and the Americans won. The Americans, including Carson and General Carleton, are uniformly described as stupid, cruel, bumbling, and drunken women-chasers, while the Navajo are described as clever, honest, resourceful, brave, etc.

My objection to books of this sort is that no alternative to the procedures of the United States Government and the Army are offered. Whatever was done was wrong, but short of all Europeans returning to Europe and leaving North America to the Indians, nothing would please the writer. Obviously, terrible things were done by both sides, but Americans did try, although the outcome of the collision between a stone-age people and a modern civilization was a foregone conclusion.

Students of western history are well aware that the Navajo or "The People", as they called themselves, were in New Mexico and parts of Arizona when the Spanish arrived, and were never pacified until Carson and Carleton launched the campaigns of the 1860's. These tactics, severe but successful, culminated in moving the Navajo to the Bosque Redondo at Fort Sumner, New Mexico. Upon the failure of this experimental resettlement, they were allowed to return to their old home in northern Arizona and New Mexico. The book details these events from the arrival of the Navajo in their area until their final return.

The numerous photographs and sketches are outstanding, but I cannot recommend this book as an impartial account by a professional historian.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

THE FIRST FORT VASQUEZ

In the March/April 1975 ROUNDUP I discussed *Forts, Trading Posts, and Trappers*. One of the most ephemeral of the forts was the first fort of Louis Vasquez, located according to historians, at the junction of Clear Creek (Vasquez Fork) and the Platte River, supposedly constructed of logs and mud. How long Louis was there is unknown but it was only a short time, after which he moved up to the present area of Platteville and established the fort we know today.

Now, through the eagle eye of my friend and Posse Member Bob Brown I have more information as to the exact location of the first fort. Through the years we have assumed that it was close by the junction of the rivers and that subsequent floods had removed all traces. Not so!

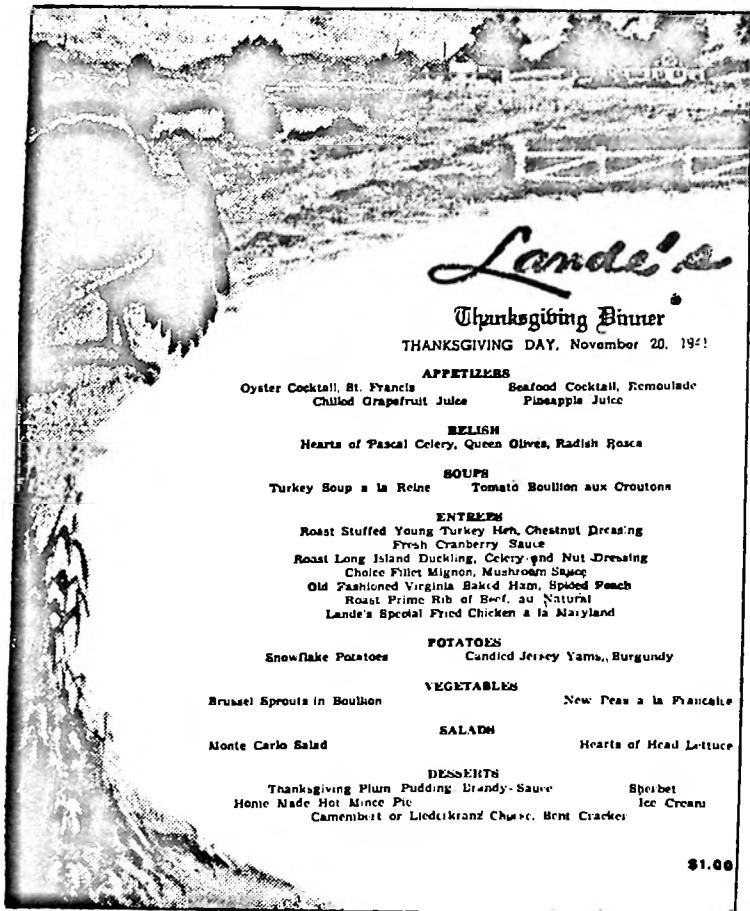
Bob Brown referred me to an article in a 1924 *Municipal Facts* written by our former Posse Member (charter member) and our third Sheriff, Charles Roth, who tells exactly how to find the spot. I quote:

"To reach the site, the motorist should go out York Street, take the Brighton Road, and immediately after passing under the subway, leave the concrete road and pass Riverside Cemetery. Follow this road until the bridge over the South Platte has been crossed; then turn north until the railroad tracks have been crossed. To the left, almost half a mile away rises a bluff on the edge of which is the old fort. Until recently the wall stood a few feet above ground and the outline could be easily traced; but the occupant of the land "did not like the looks of the old wall" so he pushed it over."

I tried to find the spot by driving out Washington Avenue on the bluff, but it is so built up that I think all evidences have long since disappeared in the ensuing 58 years. Public Service has a big transformer farm there and the first Fort Vasquez may have been on that spot.

Francis Rizzari, P.M.





Lande's

Thanksgiving Dinner
 THANKSGIVING DAY, November 20, 1941

APPETIZERS

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Oyster Cocktail, St. Francis | Seafood Cocktail, Remoulade |
| Chilled Grapefruit Juice | Pineapple Juice |

RELISH

Hearts of Pascal Celery, Queen Olives, Radish Rosca

SOUPS

| | |
|------------------------|------------------------------|
| Turkey Soup a la Reine | Tomato Bouillon aux Groutons |
|------------------------|------------------------------|

ENTREES

Roast Stuffed Young Turkey Hen, Chestnut Dressing
 Fresh Cranberry Sauce
 Roast Long Island Duckling, Celery and Nut Dressing
 Choice Fillet Mignon, Mushroom Sauce
 Old Fashioned Virginia Baked Ham, Spiced Peach
 Roast Prime Rib of Beef, au Natural
 Lande's Special Fried Chicken a la Maryland

POTATOES

Snowflake Potatoes Candied Jersey Yams, Burgundy

VEGETABLES

| | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|
| Brussel Sprouts in Bouillon | New Peas a la Francaise |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|

SALAD

| | |
|-------------------|------------------------|
| Monte Carlo Salad | Hearts of Head Lettuce |
|-------------------|------------------------|

DESSERTS

| | |
|---|-----------|
| Thanksgiving Plum Pudding Brandy-Sauce | Sherbet |
| Home Made Hot Mince Pie | Ice Cream |
| Camembert or Liedtkranz Cheese, Brrn Crackers | |

\$1.00

1941 Thanksgiving menu from Lande's restaurant, 3130 East Colfax, Denver, where the Golden Ox is now. The price was right! Newspaper clipping from Ben Wayne, C.M.

The DENVER WESTERNERS

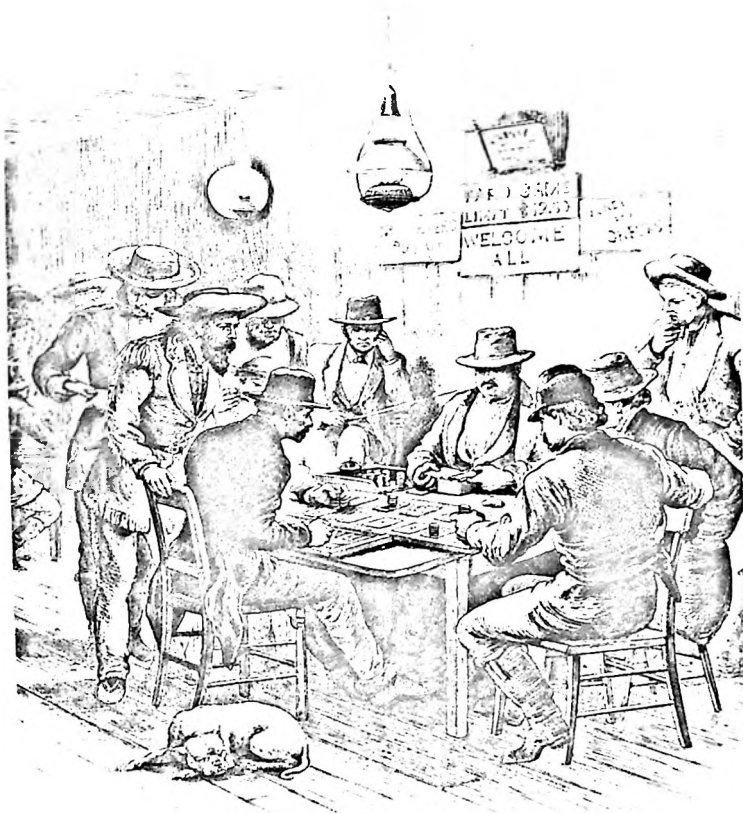
ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1982



WHEN THE STRANGLERS RULED DENVER

Stanley W. Zamonski, P.M.



NEW SADDLE HANDS

New Corresponding Member Michael McNierney is Editorial Director of Johnson Books, part of our publishers complex. Mike lives at 3112 Eastwood Court, Boulder CO 80302, phones Home, 449-9037; Bus. 443-1576. He is a graduate of the U. of Colo., Boulder, and Denver University (M.A.), and is doing graduate work at the Iowa State University. His hobbies are amateur archeology and paleontology, and he belongs to the Boulder Civil War Round Table. He authored "The Great Bone War: O.C. Marsh and Edward Drinker Cope in the West" in *American West*, May-June 1982.

Welcome Malcolm Dennis Barton, M.D., to Corresponding Membership. He has published numerous scientific articles, none related to Western history, and poetry, also unrelated to history. He is past Secretary of the Denver Presbyterian Hospital Medical Advisory Board and past president of the Colorado Society of Anesthesiologists. He is interested in philately and geneology, but most especially in Leadville, Colorado, and the Kansas salt industry. He lives at 660 Clayton, Denver, CO 80206; phone 333-6800.

SUMMER RENDEZVOUS SPEAKER

The title of the lecture at the August Rendezvous was *Women in the West*, by Robert L. Brown, P.M. Bob and Evelyn Brown have spent more than 20 years exploring hundreds of ghost towns and historic sites to produce photographs which can be matched with others taken from the same spot and at the same angle, but a century or more earlier. He is a member of the Colorado Mountain Club, the Colorado Authors League, and the Western Writers of America. He served as Sheriff of the Denver Westerners in 1969. He is a teacher of Western and Colorado History, including the University of Denver, the Denver Public Schools, and the University of Colorado. He has published seven books on Colorado and Western history.

COVER

The only time the Criterion was closed was for remodeling. It was at a time when the professional gambler like Harrison was on an equal footing with the banker, doctor, and lawyer. From Frank Leslie's *Illustrated Magazine*, Nov. 3, 1877. Denver Public Library Western Collection

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WHEN THE STRANGLERS RULED DENVER

by

Stanley W. Zamonski, P.M.

Denver Westerners Meeting, 28 April 1982

Denver City and Auraria in the early 1860's were young, proud and violent. Jealous and hot tempered as they were, daily clashes were inevitable during those first years of giving birth to a new settlement. The degeneration of law and order in this frontier town created recurrent waves of lawlessness that regularly staggered the jittery inhabitants. Denver was the main supply center for the rough-and-ready gold mining camps. Free gold always attracts the criminal type, and in these roaring mountain camps there was a cold-blooded disregard for life.

But if crime was at a high level, so were the profits of most Denver merchants who supplied food, lumber, hardware, clothing, booze, horses and wagons to the local townspeople and the boom towns. Money rang a merry tune in their cash boxes, so much so that they hated to spend any "wasted" time away from their places of business. Time was money, and one entrepreneur was in such a hurry that he hung a sign outside his store which read, "Gone to bury my wife, Back in half an hour!"

From the beginning, petty thievery had been a civic disgrace to Auraria. Clothes lines were robbed. Chickens, pigs and sacks of flour were stolen. Anything and everything movable and of value was likely to turn up missing and although the thefts occurred almost nightly the thieves were seldom apprehended. Uncle Dick Wootton one remarked, "Stealing is the only occupation of a considerable proportion of the population, who take anything from a pet calf or a counterfeit gold dollar to a sawmill." His last reference was to the region's first steam sawmill, stolen while en route to the gold fields.

Like a smoldering prairie fire where flames stomped out here one minute flare up there the next, so almost simultaneous troubles cropped up on both sides of the creek. Denver City's battle between Claim Clubbers and claim jumpers was still festering toward a climax when Auraria's Turkey War cut loose in full force.

Late one afternoon a rancher from the Picketwire River area drove into the settlement with a wagon load of wild turkeys, an unusual and welcome haul of fresh meat for the townspeople. Halting on Ferry Street near the Cibola, the rancher left his wagon to negotiate a sale. While he was gone, a brazen band of Bummers stole the entire load. These Bummers, most of them having failed in California and Nevada, were a lawless bunch of idlers and drifters. Primarily Georgians, they were all discards from the South. They had knocked about the West for as much as a decade as prospectors, gamblers and boomers, becoming loafers who lived a parasitic existence at the expense and peril of the settlers.

Then there was the battle of the Claim Clubbers. Many of the town planners, envisioning a city on the empty prairie, had banded together in a mutual Claim Club to protect their holdings. The original Denver City Town Company had claimed 2200 acres, but it was decided that the Company had claimed too much. Many newcomers felt that conditions instigated by the Claim Clubbers were highly improper. These late

arrivals, well advised as to the origin of the Denver City Town Company, argued that the early shareholders were actually claim jumpers and that they had taken at random and without cost vast land tracts which were now priced so high that newcomers couldn't make reasonable purchases. The newcomers were determined to gain suitable land for home sites, and all armed themselves against the impending showdown.

At noon on Monday, January 30, Captain Parkinson and his group moved on a portion of Denver City near the river bottoms and set the whole town in a state of unrest. Rumors flew that "the squatters are bustin' to burn the town down." Townspeople swarmed to the disputed area, but despite pleas and threats, all attempts to settle matters that first day were unsuccessful. By evening the whole settlement was split into two warring camps.

Denverites slept little that night. Armed men stood watch in the streets. They called out the Denver Guards, while the Jefferson Rangers patrolled Auraria. Every public and private building was guarded against the threat of arson. Every footstep, every shadow was challenged. Only the saloons and gambling halls continued business as usual. It took a few days of wrangling before peace finally settled down on the community and the citizens resolved that they would have law and order.

Eight new deputies were assigned to Marshal Pollock, and townspeople solicited funds to build a jailhouse. Peddling and huckstering were forbidden on the grounds that such operations hindered the construction of substantial buildings and crowded the narrow streets with undesirable carts, tents, and other temporary dives. Many two-bit gamblers carried on their crooked dice and card games in doorways and windows. One rigged a counter which opened out into the street where he collected his crowds. Obviously these operators bogged traffic and did little for the betterment of the community.

For the first time in the city's history, some brave soul raised his voice in protest against the flourishing business of prostitution. But, since a fourth of the population still gained all or part of its income from the love-for-pay girls, the lone crusader found no support and his cause collapsed.

Tom Pollock, blacksmith and jack of many trades, was never listed among the famed frontier marshals, but it is likely that he could have claimed a score or more notches on his gun, all of them won under fair and honorable circumstances. Had his career coincided with the westward push of a railroad or with the great cattle drives or with one of the better-publicized cowtowns, Pollock might have joined the select and legendary few who seem to have blazed all the trails, dug all the gold, punched all the cattle, tamed all the towns, and fought all the Indians all by themselves.

The heavy-bearded marshal who wore his red hair long was a genial, burly giant, possessed of a booming voice. He held a reputation as a fearless and enterprising man. Beginning as a blacksmith, he branched into carpentry and cabinet making, which happily coincided with his interest in undertaking. He was a hotel keeper, a member of the first Constitutional Convention, a horse trader, a stockholder in the Denver City Town Company, a real estate dealer, and had tried such ventures as farming, prospecting, general merchandising, and ferry-boating on the Platte. At one time he had six separate advertisements in the newspapers. One of them announced the availability of "two barrels of good old Magnolia whiskey." Probably his endeavor of most historical

significance was serving as first official executioner in the territory.

As much as Marshal Pollock was on the side of law and order there naturally had to be a character who was just the opposite. Thus, amongst all the spectacular, challenging and colorful characters of Denver City, one stood out from all the rest - Charley Harrison. As a professional gambler, gunfighter, entrepreneur and owner of the notorious Criterion Hall on Larimer Street, Harrison lorded over the first three years of Denver's turbulent history. Harrison was of that brand of freebooters who seldom die in bed of old age, but who, nonetheless, in a way all their own, steer the course of civilization into the most barren and uninhabited wilderness. He was always somewhat of a mysterious figure—reason enough that he has been neglected by authors, journalists and historians. Yet, after almost 30 years of research, it has been discovered that his activities were the actual story of the Old West, with all the romance and excitement of a fiction story with an O. Henry ending.

Harrison's arrival in Denver City in the spring of 1859 was quite undramatic. He had drifted in on a stolen gelding because of a hurried exit after rescuing a fellow gambler from a Salt Lake City, Utah, lynching party. He sold the horse, got a room at the Elephant Corral, bought some new clothes and enough chips to sit in on a poker hand. His nimble fingers and gambling skill brought him enough money to buy into the Criterion Saloon, and soon after he became its sole proprietor. He transformed the saloon into Denver's most fashionable sporting resort, described by the local press as the "Delmonico's of the west." The first territorial Legislature convened there, and it served as the site for most of Denver's "firsts" in civic and social affairs.

July of 1860 was the hottest in months—more than just temperatures rose. It proved to be one of the bloodiest, with shootings and murders a nightly occurrence.

William Byers determined to use the pages of the News to launch an anti-crime movement. Byers had learned of Charley Harrison's part in the warning and flight of the murderer James Gordon. Byers also knew that Harrison had never received even a reprimand for his killing of Professor Stark, thus the editor set out to barbecue the gambler on that spit. Ignoring possible consequences and employing liberal literary license, Byers launched his attack on Wednesday, July 25.

"Murder is murder, whether committed on the body of an unknown and unrespected human being, or on that of the highest citizen of the land, although our citizens still persist in making a distinction between the killing of a William West or a Jack O'Neil."

In the same issue, under the heading "Words of Caution," Byers wrote:

"The rowdies, ruffians, and bullies generally that infest our city had better be warned in time, and at once desist from their outrages upon the people. Although our community has borne their lawless acts with fortitude very nearly akin to indifference, we believe that forbearance has ceased to be a virtue, and that the very next outrage will call down the vengeance of an outraged people in a wave that will engulf not only the actors, but their aiders, abettors and sympathizers whoever they may be. One more act of violence will at once precipitate the inevitable fate; and the terrors that swept over the fields of California at various times, and first purified its society will be reenacted here with terrible results to outlaws and villains, or else we are no judge of the determined countenances,

compressed lips and flashing eyes that we have so frequently met in the last few days."

Even the respectable folks in town hoisted their eyebrows at Byers' caustic blast. The Bumpers were already thumping their chests and holding war council. They denounced the editorial as a batch of lies, or, at best, a conglomeration of misleading information. Many Bumpers were already pawing the ground, itching to march on the *News* building and level it to the creek bed. Only the intervention of cool heads and wise council prevented bloodshed when the editor was proven in error and a public apology and retraction demanded.

The editor recognized his folly and was willing to make amends. In fact, with the pressure of both the legal and the gambling factions against him, he didn't even wait for the next issue of the *News*. That same evening he printed a handbill titled "Justice" and had it circulated through town.

"In justice to Mr. Harrison, we will say that the statement above, made by Judge Waggoner, presented quite another complexion to the unfortunate transaction on the 12th inst. We await the investigation instituted today, hoping Mr. Harrison will be acquitted of all blame, and shall, in our next, give a report of the same."

Byers never found it necessary to publish the report. The next day, Thursday, July 26, a self-styled vigilance group met over Graham's Drug Store at Larimer and F, to accept unanimously Judge Waggoner's arguments for Harrison. Later the group busied itself with preparations for up-coming trials. To all appearances the Harrison-Stark episode, and all the ensuing hullabaloo, had become a dead issue. But Byers had fanned several dormant sparks. Already new fires began to smolder. The first flame to blaze up from the ashes was a full-fledged Vigilance Committee.

By now the people of Denver City had come to realize that law and order were not casually established on a frontier. Life and property were safe only as long as strong and honest men enforced the few feeble laws. In a town sadly lacking in organized government, where elected officials were likely to be corrupted by bribes or intimidated by threats, the only recourse was the people themselves. Many local folks had come here from California. In that state the notorious Vigilantes had, with secret and swift retribution, burned the fear of the rope into the hearts of wrongdoers. Sober citizens patterned Denver's committee after the famed California example.

Determined to operate fairly, the Vigilantes planned to try suspects according to available evidence. They would resort to the death penalty only when repeated warnings had failed. They understood that a gunfighter feared the rope above everything and they would hold the noose high and ready as a warning. They stood for justice by direct vote, each of them aware that failure in this cause could well mean death for themselves and their loved ones.

At about ten o'clock on Saturday morning, July 28, the Denver Vigilance Committee gathered for the first official meeting, again over Graham's Drug Store. During the morning session confessed horse thief Samuel Dunn was tried and found guilty. The prisoner was sentenced to twenty-five lashes on his bare back, punishment to be administered that evening, after which he was to leave town within twenty-four hours.

Following a noon recess, court reconvened to try Bill Bates for the murder of auctioneer Martin Hadley. Bates won acquittal on the grounds that the shooting was accidental.

But already there were indignant rumbles against the secrecy surrounding the membership and the hearings of the Vigilantes. No notices of proposed hearings were announced, only a handful of men conducted the trials, and the public was not admitted. All efforts to reveal the names of the vigilance group proved futile. Even William Byers, usually so diligent in digging into anything that affronted the public, ignored the entire operation, making only slight mention of final outcomes and then delegating those minute items to inconspicuous places in his paper. Eventually it was learned that D. P. Wallingford presided as judge and that Marshal Pollock served as law enforcer. Beyond that, people had only rumors to go on.

At this time Byers was challenged to a duel. On that subject he wrote, "To anyone who may feel like calling us out, we have only to remark that you are wasting your time . . . You may murder us, but never on the so-called field of honor." The duel never came off and the editor never published the name of his challenger. But from that moment Byers became a veritable walking armory. A Volcanic Repeater, a Tenshooter, and two Colt revolvers always hung from his gunbelt which bore the ominous label Fire King. And also from that moment Byers became known as the "Fighting Editor."

Peace settled over Denver City with all the subtlety of a thunderclap. Two full months of brawls and bloodshed, culminating in the grisly death of George Steele, had a chastening effect on the town's troublemakers. The stimulus to the energetic and decent citizens was equally effective. The Vigilance Committee changed its meeting place to the Byeau Brothers store building on Blake Street. In an effort at total honesty, the hundred-member committee included not a single gambler.

Hardly had the people time to relax when a rash of horse stealing broke out. The whole town was aroused. Such thievery had not been uncommon before and had indeed been on the increase, but the thieves had been content to run off only a horse or two at a time. Now several bold raids had taken more than a hundred head. The greedy thieves first drove twenty-six horses from the Bradley ranch. The Mallory place lost thirty-seven, and forty-seven were stolen from Kershaw's corral. The rustlers grew so brazen that they even attempted a raid on Marshal Pollock's spread. There a courageous ranchhand drove the thieves off.

Evidence indicated that the forays were conducted by white men trying to disguise themselves as Indians, though there was a possibility that some renegade redskins had been employed. Around noon the following day Deputy Ki Harrison received a tip that known horse thief John Bishop was in town. Harrison immediately headed for a saloon that was used as a hideout. But Bishop was forewarned and lit out just ahead of the lawman. The deputy gave chase. Bishop, having chosen a fast horse from his assortment, easily outdistanced the lawman.

The rustler's luck soured on him that evening. Rancher James Hill caught Bishop at Henderson's corral with two stolen horses. Hill hauled the thief back to town. Bishop confessed several thefts and a date was set for him with the People's Court.

The Vigilance Committee was meeting now in nightly sessions at the Byeau Brothers store, and nightly news bulletins of the Committee's actions leaked to the outlaw faction. Every time the Vigilantes prepared to close in on the rustlers, the outlaws had faded away.

A red-faced Vigilance Committee paused to take stock. Obviously not all of the hundred members were incorruptible. Immediately the responsibilities of the group were vested in a select company of ten men, all presumably trustworthy and above suspicion. This select few became known as the Secret Ten. Their identities remained veiled and they soon commanded an almost life and death power over the community.

The first real break in the wave of rustling came from Frenchman John La Blough. Camped along the Platte, the old trapper recognized the tracks of a broken horseshoe as belonging to one of his recently stolen mounts. The veteran frontiersman followed those tracks into the hills for three days when finally he sighted the outlaw camp. La Blough slipped close enough to distinguish faces in the flickering firelight. He saw a large number of horses and a handful of men. He recognized one of the outlaws as a man called Black Hawk.

This Black Hawk—the only name the tough ever used—was originally from Wisconsin. Well known to most of the settlers, he was a close friend of Tom Golden, the man for whom Golden City was named, and of George Jackson. In the spring of '59 Black Hawk and Jackson set out on a prospecting trip. The bitter cold forced Black Hawk to turn back. Jackson pushed on and his rich strike helped to boom the Pikes Peak gold rush.

The wily La Blough knew that he could do little against the band of rustlers. Hurrying back to Denver, he reported to Marshal Pollock. Pollock didn't have time to chase rustlers so far from town, but he promised to relay the information to the Secret Ten.

This group, too, echoed the marshal's problem. They were just too few to form a posse and try to capture outlaws that far away. They decided to wait until the unsuspecting Black Hawk came to town for supplies. They didn't have to wait long.

On September 2 three Vigilantes accidentally intercepted Black Hawk less than two miles out of town. The rustler could not account for the stolen horses he had with him. The Vigilantes brought him to town and locked him in the cellar of the Cherokee House at the corner of Blake and F St. At no time did Black Hawk resist, even though he was heavily armed when captured.

The Secret Ten questioned the rustler and promised him his freedom in exchange for the names of his confederates, especially the gang leaders. He was warned that if he cooperated, he could leave the country. If he refused to divulge any information, he would be hanged. Under such persuasion, Black Hawk weakened. He would write out his confession that night. The next day he would leave with a single member of the Vigilance as escort. A full day out of town, he would hand over his confession to the escort. The Vigilante could then return to town while Black Hawk continued his flight.

Again, somehow, information leaked out. Some time during the night unknown assailants broke into the cellar room. Scuffling in the dark, the lynch party failed to notice the prisoner's partially completed confession. But they overpowered Black

Hawk, dragged him out, and hanged him from a tree near Cherry Creek. The Vigilance Committee learned of Black Hawk's death early the next morning. Members hurried to the cellar, made a search and found the scrap of paper. Black Hawk had had time for only a few hastily scratched notes. But what he wrote admitted his own guilt and implicated some prominent citizens. Here at last was proof that the rustling venture had been planned by persons ranking high in local circles.



JUDGE LYNCH—HIS COURT.

Everybody took an interest in the law but at the same time no one had time to waste on law. Trials were brief and punishment swift. Denver Public Library Coll.

When word of this latest development got around, an uneasiness gripped the town. The same questions plagued everybody. Who were the respectable folks who'd been dealing off the bottom of the deck? If you couldn't trust the Vigilance Committee, who could you trust? Regardless of consequences, the time for reckoning had arrived. Another secret group, soon to be called the Strangers, formed within the Vigilantes. They swung into action in a hurry. The same day that Black Hawk was lynched, Saturday, September 3, gambler Jim Latty and five of his friends were found hanged within ten miles of town. Less than twenty-four hours later, businessman John Shear was strung up to a cottonwood two miles out. Good people and bad must have shivered at this sudden violence.

Latty, a husky six-footer, was famous for the red beard which reached almost to his knees. A few months earlier he had opened his own sporting house. Immediately there were rumors about the questionable appearance of the customers, and about how Latty could meet expenses with so little business. So nobody was especially surprised at the gambler's sudden death, its method, or its implications. The incident did not even rate mention in the local papers.

The death of John Shear, though, came as a distinct shock to the entire community. A New Yorker, Shear had prospected in the Gregory Diggings and was elected

delegate to the first Constitutional Convention, later serving as Territorial Councilman from Denver. He was regarded as one of the better citizens despite his free spending in the sporting houses. He managed the Vasquez House, and was often seen with prominent attorney A. C. Ford. Only a few months before, Shear, with such eminent personages as Mayor Moore, Professor Goldrick, and Judge Slaughter, had co-signed the city charter establishing the town's first public library.

Inquiry disclosed that Shear had last been seen alive on Saturday night. At the Parks House he had retired for the night when he was summoned by the proprietor at the request of an unknown person. Shear came downstairs partially dressed, talked awhile in low tones, then returned to his room. Shortly he reappeared fully dressed and departed with his visitor.

Jacob T. Masterson, on his way to Denver sighted the body and rushed to the nearby cabin of Walter E. Shaw. Shaw had been at home all night, but had seen or heard nothing and did not know of the lynching. The two men sped the news to town.

People found it hard to believe Shear guilty of the rustling conspiracy, harder still to condone his execution without a fair trial. As a result of the furor Sheriff Middaugh was asked to take charge of the case. He summoned a jury to go through the formalities of an investigation. The group went at once to the site of the lynching. They found that the lethal rope had been passed over a limb and the end tied to a stump. Beside the stump was a playing card with a note scribbled on it in pencil, "This man was hung, it being proven that he was a horse thief." Middaugh cut down the body and examined Shear's pockets. The sheriff found seventeen letters addressed to the victim, a plug of tobacco, and three lottery tickets signed by Judge Slaughter. The letters established a wife in Michigan. The jury went through the motions of deliberation and handed down this verdict. "We, the Jury, summoned to sit upon the body of John Shear, deceased, find that he came to his death through hanging by the hands of some person or persons unknown to us."

Opinions were divided as to the reason for Shear's death. Some folks guessed that the Stranglers had found him guilty in connection with the rustling and had punished him. Other people figured that his confederates had done him in out of fear of his being coerced into a confession which could implicate them. Nevertheless, feelings began to smolder against the Stranglers. Their identity was not known, but a suspected roster included Sheriff Middaugh, Marshal Pollock, Captain Edwin Scudder, Dr. D. C. Oakes, the Reverend Chivington, who was first presiding elder of the Methodist Episcopal Church, General Larimer, and even William Byers.

The citizens in general felt something sinister about the Stranglers. More than a half dozen men had been hanged without the slightest pretense of due process of law. Although decent men sometimes showed indifference to killings, they felt shamed by mob murders, regardless of the provocation. In terms of justice as well as their own safety, people began to question the self-appointed dynasty of the Stranglers. An anonymous writer expressed the feelings of the community in a letter addressed to editor Gibson of the *Herald*. "Is the Inquisition revived in our midst? If so, it is highly important that the people of the country should know it. At any time and under any circumstances, the most exemplary man in the country is liable to be arrested upon

some vague rumor set afloat to gratify the cravings of some private malice between private individuals."

A party given by the ladies of Vasquez House was haunted by the specters of suspicion and the noose. Toward the end of the party a rider pulled up at the door and shouted for assistance. One of three rustlers had been shot at Tom Pollock's ranch while trying to run off some horses. The marshal left and the party broke up.

By morning the populace was spooked again. Everybody wondered if the Stranglers had struck again. This time A. C. Ford had disappeared. The prominent attorney had left town on the day of Shear's abduction to assist in the defense of James Gordon. Seven miles out of town the States-bound stagecoach was halted by four well-mannered men, all masked and armed. They called for Ford. He stepped down



The masked Stranglers holding up the stage from which attorney John Ford was removed. From Leslie's Illustrated Magazine. Denver Public Library Coll.

without protest. The driver was told to move on. Just before the stage passed out of sight of the spot, the travelers looked back and saw Ford mount an extra horse brought by the masked men. The riders then disappeared over a rise.

Ford enjoyed an enviable reputation in Denver City. A suave, dignified man with all the social graces, he somehow managed to live on Ferry Street with two women. One of them, Sarah Jane Vailes, he claimed as his common-law wife. He had come from Council Bluffs, Iowa, a surveyor before turning lawyer. Honored as an intelligent and ambitious man, he was another delegate to the Constitutional Convention. It was his forceful appeal that won acquittal for Scudder in the killing of Captain Bassett.

By noon that day the bits of rumor began to piece together into another ugly picture of vengeance. About a mile from the stagecoach trail, the riders halted and dismounted. Since Ford had already recognized his captors, or at least guessed their

identities, they all unmasked. Ford showed fight until the men all trained their guns on him. Then he submitted with admirable calm. The men explained that Black Hawk's confession had revealed Ford as a leader of the horse thieves. His captors led him to a cottonwood on the bank of the Platte and told him to prepare to be hanged. Ford made several last minute pleas. He begged one of his captors, a long time friend, to arrange for the disposition of his properties both in Denver and Council Bluffs. Finally he pleaded that if he must die, he preferred the quick death of a bullet over the slow torture of hanging.

The four men denied the first requests. They explained that they couldn't risk implicating themselves in his death by taking charge of his affairs. Then the four men lined up together and gunned him down. They mounted immediately and rode for Denver, separating, each entering town via a different road.

That evening Byers editorialized in the *News*,

"Rumor stalks abroad over our city in a most mysterious and melancholy strain.

One day we hear that men, of whom better things are expected, are arrested, on the grave charge of horse stealing—the next we are informed that eight armed men stopped the express coach in open daylight only four miles from town on its eastward track, and demanded the surrender of one of the passengers as an accomplice in the same charge. Then again it is reported that five men are hanging on trees within five miles of town, paying their debt of retribution for horse stealing by their lives; but of the truth of this we have not yet been able to satisfy ourselves.

We think that this is a strange proceeding. Why keep the great majority in suspense? Would it not be well to state through the press the names of the parties arrested, the charge preferred against them, the evidence advanced, and the penalty inflicted? This course would be somewhat satisfactory to the public mind."

The feeling of the people became more evident now that the Stranglers were not always in the right, that they failed to conduct proper trials, that they did not keep written records. The Stranglers might rid the region of some lawbreakers, but they were likely to succumb to mob impulses, passing sentence even before capture.

Mayor Moore and James T. Coleman, editors of the *Denver Mountaineer*, agreed with this idea. In their pages they advanced some sensible arguments.

"The infliction of such summary punishments is far more injurious to a community, in the loss of a reputation, and in the general insecurity of life, than were the protection of individuals, and it owes each and every man a fair trial—the privilege of examining witnesses and introducing evidence for his defense."

It was, of course, the principle of a public trial as advocated by any constitutional authority which the Stranglers despised. Their goal was to prevent a suspected outlaw from buying witnesses who would swear to anything for a price. They abhorred the laws which coddled thieves and murderers while honest citizens were attacked with apparent impunity. Byers and the *News* supported the Vigilantes in fact, if not always in deed. Under the bannered headline "Stranglers," the editor wrote,

"For a long time, the most bold and daring thefts have been committed in the most high-handed manner, and so frequently and to such an extent that there has been no security for such property day or night . . . and the thieves have escaped punishment. Emboldened by the absence of any criminal court, and encouraged by success, the perpetrators . . . in fancied security, have set the honest portion of this community at defiance . . . This then, doubtless, is the cause of the secret proceedings. It is for the purpose of breaking up the gang and ridding the country of the rascals. But, say some, if we should give the accused a public trial, they would be sure to be acquitted, or escape, or if convicted and punished, all who participated in the prosecution or execution of the punishment would become targets, and their lives would be in constant danger.

"We believe that a system, practical and expedient, may be sure to follow crime . . . thus avoiding any of the evil consequences which may result from the course which some now seem inclined to pursue. By public trial, we do not mean a re-enactment of any of those farces which have on several occasions disgraced our city. Our citizens should take prompt action in this matter, for the protection and security of their lives, their property, and the reputation of this city."

These editorials plus public interest in stern action finally began to bring results. On the night of September 5 a meeting was called in front of the new post office on Blake Street. After many proposals and much discussion it was agreed that a posse be appointed immediately to be ready at a moment's notice to pursue cattle rustlers and horse thieves. The mayor and other dignitaries requested that the citizens take precautions and actions necessary for the mutual protection of their lives and property. Through such resourceful preparation, it was hoped, outlaws would understand that the community stood united against troublemakers, and that, in all cases, public examples of criminals would be made to serve as warnings to other outlaws.

General Larimer was appointed to head a committee which would put all resolutions into effect. Postmaster Park McClure and Marshal Tom Pollock were assigned to collect the arms necessary to equip the posse. Judge S. W. Waggoner and C. P. Marion were to gather provisions and ammunition. Judge H. P. Bennett and Pollock were to find horses. These men were, in turn, to be aided by a committee composed of Mayor Moore, editors Thomas Gibson and James Coleman, attorneys Hamilton R. Hunt and J. Bright Smith, and such businessmen as Wallingford, Broadwell, Stanton, Tom Warren, James Murphy, and Allen Reed. William H. Middaugh was commissioned as Deputy United States Marshal. On the motion of Mr. McClure, the committee was empowered to increase its number when it might be necessary.

The group immediately published a notice which warned that:

"Whereas; thieves and rascals are prowling through our streets . . . which justify the people taking on themselves the prerogative of government . . . if law and order are to prevail, if crimes are to be punished and life protected . . . Whereas, every man has the right to be tried by a jury of his equals . . . and these to be selected so as to insure the utmost freedom from passion and prejudice . . . Resolved. That a Vigilance Committee, composed of our most worthy citizens, and supported by the community, be at once organized, and clothed with the power to discover and punish all malefactors."

William Middaugh's interests in town—a real estate office, a hostelry, and a general merchandising business—had compelled him temporarily to abandon his intentions of farming his 160 acres west of town. Now, as U. S. Marshal and a man of proven courage, he became the leader of the movement.

Even on the frontier, violence could not command every action of the people. The new and stern Vigilance Committee turned the knob, and Goodness slipped in through the back door to remind Denver citizens that life was not all brawling and killing. Many outlaws took the hint and fled to safer, wilder locales. Others at least made the pretense of reformation.

The newly reorganized Vigilantes prompted Governor Steele to proclaim the coming October 22 as the day to elect judges and regular officers to perform the duties of a constitutional government. Probably the signature of A. C. Ford appended to the attorneys' notice added impetus to the governor's action. Nobody yet knew, or admitted that they knew, the fate of the vanished lawyer. With such diversions, though, the townspeople could not long escape the reverberations of violence. A stagecoach driver found the body of A. C. Ford. He reported that the attorney had been shot eight times, then partially buried about seven miles east of town.

The *News* hardly mentioned the finding. But editor Tom Gibson, in the *Rocky Mountain Herald*, inquired,

"Who knows? A rumor was current in this paper yesterday that the body of A. C. Ford was found . . . The bereaved wife and family of Ford, residing in Council Bluffs, Iowa, and the public in general have a right to know what the evidence was against him to justify such proceedings. Who can tell? Can the conscientious editor of the *News* throw any light upon the subject? We ask for information."

An investigation disclosed a note pinned to Ford's coat;

"Executed by the Vigilance Committee."

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Rocky Mountain News
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Golden Western Mountaineer
Denver Mountaineer



Western's Bookshelf



Mitch: On the Tail End of the Old West, by Dean Krakel. Oklahoma City, Powder River Book Company, 1981. 155 pp., photographs and paintings. \$19.00, Paperbound.

This summer instead of driving past Trinidad, Colorado, I decided to stop and visit the Baca and Bloom homes which are now a part of the museums of the State Historical Society. While taking the tour of the two homes and the Pioneer Museum, I realized that along with many other people I had missed seeing an important aspect of Colorado history by not having stopped in Trinidad. My guide through the homes asked me if I had ever visited the Mitchell Gallery which is located on Main Street, and when I said that I had not seen it, she said it was something that I had to see.

When I entered the gallery, I had no idea who Mitchell had been, even though I thought that I knew most of the artists of the West. I discovered that Mitchell was Arthur Roy Mitchell and that most of the paintings in the gallery were his along with some of the paintings given him by friends such as Harold Von Schmidt and Harvey Dunn. I was impressed by the paintings and wanted to know more about Mitchell; therefore I purchased *Mitch* by Dean Krakel.

The author's roots are in Colorado even though he is now the Executive Director of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center in Oklahoma City and the editor of "Persimmon Hill." He got to know Mitch when Mitch served on the Board of Trustees of the Hall in 1973 and was voted the Trustees Award in 1976 for outstanding contributions to Western history.

Mitch was a cowboy for the A6 brand, an advertising salesman in Portland, Oregon, an art student in New York City, the king of the Western pulp cover painters, a Colorado rancher, an art instructor at Trinidad Junior College, and a successful historic preservationist during his lifetime. The chapter dealing with cattle ranching is very interesting both for the narrative and the photographs, it was a hard-working but fun time for Mitchell who had always wanted to be a

cowboy for a large ranch operation. This work as a cowboy helped him greatly in the accuracy of his paintings about the West.

He became active in the preservation of history when he noticed that the Baca house was for sale, and through his efforts both the Baca and Bloom houses were saved from destruction and the Pioneer Museum was established. Mitch donated several paintings along with his collection of photographs, branding irons, guns and other objects of interest to the Pioneer Museum, and it was through his efforts that this very important historical complex was finally put under the direction of the State Historical Society. Mitch did not always agree with the Denver group as he believed that nearly all their historical interest was concentrated on Central City and the Tabors and that they ignored Trinidad and the southern part of Colorado.

The book contains thirteen of Mitch's paintings in full color along with numerous sketches and the great photographs. Dean Krakel has done a good job telling who Arthur Roy Mitchell was and what he accomplished during his life. Now that I know who Mitch was, I am looking forward to my next visit to Trinidad and the legacy he left for us to enjoy and to study.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Many Strange Characters: Montana Frontier Tales, by James Willard Schultz (Apikuni) and edited by Eugene Lee Silliman. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1982; 143 pages, Hardbound, \$10.95.

Previous books by the author such as *Blackfeet and Buffalo* and *Why Gone Those Times?* have dealt with life among the Blackfeet Indians, but this book is concerned with some of the white friends that Schultz had on the Montana frontier. These nine characters range in their activities from cutting firewood for steamboats on the Missouri River to an escape from a grizzly. Each short story stands alone and provides a fascinating look at life in Montana near the close of the nineteenth century.

James Schultz is a storyteller who gained his knowledge of the frontier when he came up the Missouri River in the spring of 1877 with a letter of introduction to Joseph Kipp a well-known Indian trader. For the next six years of his life, Schultz traded and lived with the Blackfeet. Later in his life he guided hunting parties in Montana. When the frontier days ended, Schultz began to write about what had gone just as Charles Marion Russell painted the Montana that was. Both men in their own medium worked to save what had been worth remembering about the people and the life on the frontier.

What the author provides in this short book is nine very interesting men who lived their lives without the attention given to others in Montana, but it was this type of person who made the settlement of the West possible. Readers will find the stories exciting with an air of reality, and the very reasonable price for a hardback book is also pleasing. As in a number of other books, what is needed is a good map showing the location of the events, and this is not provided.

James Willard Schultz was the son of a well-to-do Boonville, N.Y. family and had prepared to enter West Point when he visited an uncle in St. Louis in 1877. His mother gave him \$500 to visit the northern Rocky Mountains. He promised to return to school in the fall, but he never returned to school.

With a partner, Joe Kipp, they took in more than 4,000 tanned buffalo robes at \$3 each and sold them for \$7 a robe. He married a Blackfeet woman and accepted the tribal name Apikuni or Far-Off-White-Robe. His wife died in early 1903 and his life as an Indian was ended.

In 1904 he became the Literary Critic for the *Los Angeles Times* and spent most of the next two decades writing in California and Arizona. In summers he returned to the Glacier Park region. Many of the geographic features in the Park were named by Schultz or his friend Hugh Monroe. Schultz died at the age of 87 on June 11, 1947, in Lander, Wyoming and was buried among his brothers on Blackfeet soil.

Robert C. Accola, C.M.

A Bibliography of Railroad Literature, prepared by the Association of American Railroads, Washington, D.C., December, 1976. 72 pp., with illustrations, paper.

Those interested in the history of American railroading will find this booklet useful as a bibliographic source of books and articles in print through the year 1976.

As the foreword explains "Only titles which are now believed to be in print or which are likely to be found in libraries are included." Some out-of-print publications are listed. If available, the latest Library of Congress catalog number is also provided.

The booklet is divided into two sections: General Literature, and Books for Children and Young People. Each entry contains a brief summary of subject matter. Publisher's addresses and an index of authors are included.

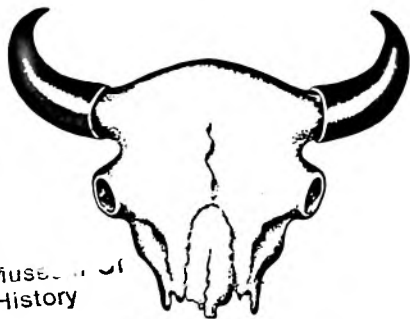
The pamphlet is compiled and distributed by the Association of American Railroads, and may be obtained free of charge by writing to them, care of Office of Information and Public Affairs, 1920 L Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036.

Sally Lewis von Rodeck Jr.

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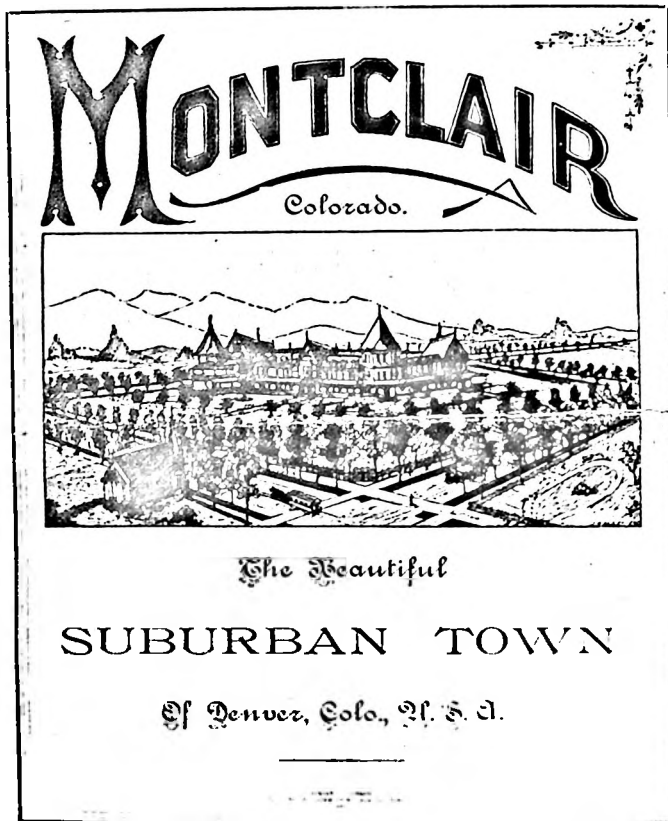
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**MORAL GEOGRAPHY IN DENVER,
STREETCARS, SUBURBS & SALOONS**
THOMAS J. NOEL, P.M.



Cover of Baron von Richthofen's 1885 prospectus. Tom Noel Coll.

DUES INCREASE

Dues for the Active (Posse) Members of the Denver Westerners will be \$25.00 per year beginning in January 1983.

Most of the dues for all classes of members are devoted to the bi-monthly ROUNDUP whose publication costs have increased alarmingly in recent years. At present we are limited to 16 pages per issue, which frequently prevents publication of book reviews and personal as well as Posse news.

The increase of \$10.00 per year may be brought into proper perspective by considering that dues in service clubs and professional and special interest organizations range from \$50 to \$75 per year upward to several hundred dollars. Our increase is the cost of *one monthly dinner!*

It is anticipated that Corresponding Members' dues will also increase in the course of time. It is to be hoped that the ROUNDUP will correspondingly increase in size and interest and be in a position to welcome more news and manuscripts from both Active and Corresponding Members.

OUR AUTHOR

Dr. Thomas J. Noel, P.M. is Assistant Professor of History and Director of the Colorado Studies Center at the University of Colorado at Denver. He was born in Massachusetts and came to Colorado in 1967, where he has had a distinguished career in Colorado history. His four books include *Richthofen's Montclair*, *A Pioneer Denver Suburb*; *Denver, Rocky Mountain Gold*; which won awards from the Colorado Author's League and Downtown Denver Inc.; *Denver's Larimer Street, Main Street, Skid Row & Urban Rebirth*, which was recently reprinted after the phenomenal sale of the first printing; and *The City & The Saloon*. He has written a dozen articles on Colorado and Western history with two special prize winners, the Hafen Prize for "The Multifunctional Frontier Saloon" and a Colorado Authors' League Top Hand Prize for "A Chat With Louis L'Amour."



(Turn to page 17)

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MORAL GEOGRAPHY IN DENVER STREETCARS, SUBURBS, & SALOONS

by

Thomas J. Noel, P.M.

Westerners Meeting 26 May 1982

During the decade after the 1859 Gold Rush, Denver was a flash in the pan. Between 1860 and 1870, the "Queen City of the Plains" gained only ten residents. Only after the arrival of the iron horse in 1870 did the long predicted boom materialize. The city's population soared from 4,759 in 1870 to 35,629 in 1880, according to the federal census.

As dozens of railroads built steel spiderwebs into Denver's Rocky Mountain hinterland, the city became a center for ore processing and agriculture, for commerce and tourism. Denverites struggled to produce and provide every conceivable good and service that the people of the Rockies might want. Consequently by 1890 Denver was firmly established as the regional metropolis and, among western cities, was second only to Omaha and San Francisco in size.

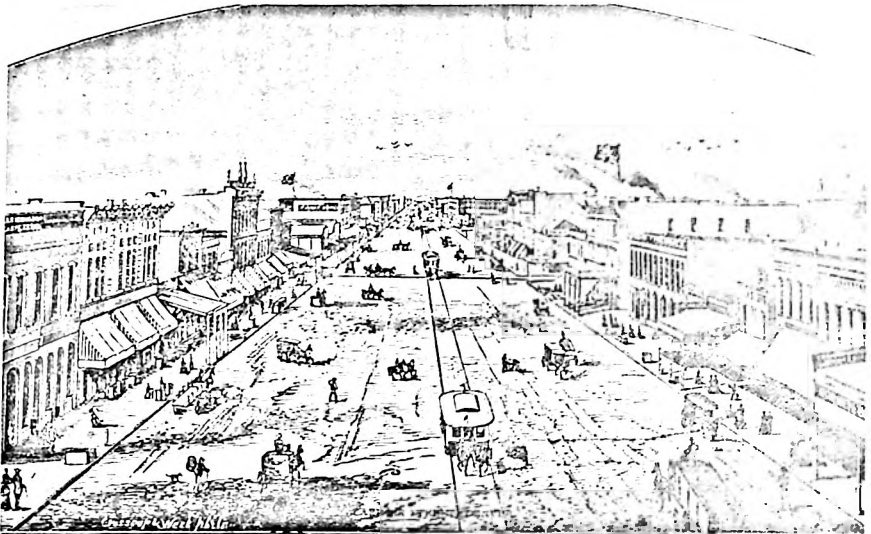
If the railroad triggered this explosion, it was the horse railway, or streetcar, that enabled the city to expand. Elevators and high-rise construction techniques were unknown in 1870, the city had to grow out rather than up. Suburbanization in Denver — as in most of America — began with the nineteenth-century streetcar, not the twentieth-century automobile. After moving to these new streetcar suburbs, many citizens began to take a critical look at the most common institution of the old frontier town — the saloon.

Saloons became the symbol and the scapegoat of urban problems that speeded suburbanization as the following sketch of the Mile High City's streetcar growth will reveal. By 1890, Denver's population density surpassed Washington, Kansas City, Minneapolis, St. Paul and Omaha.¹ The people boom after the arrival of the railroad made Denver a congested metropolis short on housing. Wide-awake developers saw the demand and began platting additions, as the nineteenth century called its subdivisions.

The key to successful suburbanization, as developers soon discovered, was the streetcar. They built these street railways to carry the first suburbanites out to the new prairie tracts and then back to the jobs, markets and amusements of the city. When thousands of house-hungry Denverites began moving into the new additions, businesses also began to move out, just as they had rearranged themselves in the path of the stage line and the railroad. Passengers disembarking at the rural end of Denver's first streetcars soon found taverns and other businesses there.

In 1871, the Denver Horse Railway Company completed the city's first streetcar line. Its tracks ran up Larimer Street to Sixteenth Street, along Sixteenth to Champa

¹Superior figures refer to notes on pages 16-17.



Larimer Street horse car line, 1885. View from 14th and Larimer, which exaggerates width of Denver's then main street, from which car lines radiated to suburbs in all directions. State Hist. Soc. of Colo.

Street, then up Champa to Denver's first streetcar suburb, Curtis Park.² At the end of the line on Twenty-Seventh Street stood a roadhouse. Originally called Shaffenburg Park after its founder, the tavern changed its name in the 1870s to the National Park. "None but the purest and best liquors," boasted National Park manager William Wise.³ This amiable German, born in Stuttgart in 1835, had done a lot of traveling and, like some other westerners, was known to his creditors in the East as "worthless and behind in payments."⁴ Yet Denverites liked this pipe-smoking pioneer and his German-accented tales of fighting Colorado Indians back in the 1860s. When the first homebuilders settled in Curtis Park during the 1870s, they celebrated at Billy Wise's. By the 1880s, they could amuse themselves in several other saloons that moved into Denver's first suburb.

Horses or mules drew Denver's second streetcar line down Fifteenth Street, over the Platte bridge and then tugged passengers up the river's steep northwest bank to North Denver. There, on a dusty, deep-rutted path known as "The Boulevard" (later Federal), the route ended on the turntable in front of the Grand View House.⁵ The Grand View's elegant saloon easily outclassed the ramshackle old Highland House down by the river, but it soon found a rival in the nearby Highland Park Hotel. The Chapin brothers uncorked champagne for the grand opening of the Highland Park shortly after the first horsecar pulled up in front of the Grand View in 1873.⁶

North Denver housed little but the Rocky Mountain Brewery during the 1860s, but that changed with the streetcar's arrival. Philip Zang, who had once wheelbarrowed Rocky Mountain Brewery beer over to Denver, was among the first to capitalize

on improved streetcar transportation. He bought the old brewery, rechristened it Zang's and soon made it the region's largest producer. Near the brewery and along the streetcar tracks, homes appeared and taverns proliferated. By the 1890s a business district had sprung up along Fifteenth Street with large three-story buildings that towered over Denver across the river.⁷



Denver City Railway Company horse car. Denver Public Library Western History Department.

The third streetcar route ran southeast on Sixteenth Street to Broadway and then swung south to Cherry Creek. After the area became accessible by streetcar, it was selected as the site of the 1882 National Mining and Industrial Exhibition at Broadway and what became Exposition Avenue. Silver baron Horace A. W. Tabor, prime promoter of this showcase for Colorado's minerals and manufactures, called the show "the grandest thing that ever occurred in this great West."⁸ Despite Tabor's inflated oratory, the Exhibition survived only three years. "It done the state some good," Tabor said after losing over \$30,000 on the fair, "but to us it was a good deal of a failure."⁹

Tabor's sentiments were probably shared by the saloon proprietors who had built along the South Broadway streetcar tracks to catch Exhibition traffic. The Baron von Richthofen's beer garden was not the only resort to close.¹⁰ Of the eleven taverns built near the Exhibition grounds, all but three had disappeared by 1886. As the short-lived rash of taverns ringing the Mining and Industrial Exhibition Hall suggests, saloons were ephemeral institutions. Not only were bars among the first and easiest businesses to open during growth cycles, they were also one of the first businesses to close during hard times. In the boom and bust cycle of nineteenth-century urban development, saloons sometimes had to retreat almost as fast as they advanced out into the prickly pear cactus and prairie dog villages.

A longer lived saloon served as the nucleus of the suburb platted by Edwin P. Harman in 1882. Situated on the north bank of Cherry Creek on a site long used as a dump, Harman Town was incorporated in 1886. In the center of town at Second Avenue and Murdock (now Clayton) Street, Alois and Caroline Zimmerman's brick

tavern stood for years as the finest building in the area. Blacks, squatters and transients settled along sometimes dry, sometimes flooded, always littered Cherry Creek and made Zimmerman's beer hall their gathering place. Zimmerman's Inn and Harman Town did not begin to prosper until 1892 when the streetcar line arrived, the town hall was built and city folk began moving out there.¹¹

Although the first streetcar suburbs had welcomed saloons, a turning point came in the 1880s, when more pretentious suburbs sought to establish themselves as saloonless enclaves. High license fees, restrictive covenants and ultimately zoning were used to exclude saloons from selective residential neighborhoods, a practice one scholar has labeled moral geography.¹² Moral geography first came into practice in northeast Denver, the corner of the city where streetcar construction became most intensive during the 1880s.¹³ In 1876 the Larimer Street line paralleling the railroad tracks and the Platte River was extended to the northeastern end of Larimer at 37th and Downing Streets. In the river bank, railroad-track area on the northwest side of Larimer, industrial, warehouse and wholesale plants located while new residential areas proliferated on the southeastern side of Larimer. After Larimer Street was extended, other streetcar tracks pierced the northeast Denver prairie, bringing homes and development in their wake. Lines went out East 15th (Colfax), 17th, 22nd, 25th, 29th, 31st, 34th and 40th Avenues, some reaching York Street, some pushing even farther east. Saloonkeepers and other entrepreneurs hoped to capitalize on the mushrooming new streetcar suburbs. "The growth of beer dives is keeping pace with the city's expansion," noted the *Rocky Mountain News* in the late 1880s, "and there has been much complaint of injury to new neighborhoods by the persistency with which those corrupting dens are thrust in every available opening."¹⁴ After moving into neighborhoods outside of the core city partly in order to escape urban fixtures such as saloons, suburbanites were distressed to find saloons moving into their new neighborhoods. Economic as well as moral considerations fueled the drive to exclude taverns, which homeowners condemned as "befouling and injurious to property values."¹⁵

In 1882 citizens began pressuring the board of aldermen to ban saloons within 500 feet of a school or a church. Council managed to avoid doing this until 1889.¹⁶ Hoping to avoid the Larimer Street spectacle of bars shouldering each other in rows for block after block, voters also introduced a proposal in 1884 to limit saloons to one per block.¹⁷ This stipulation, despite repeated efforts by neighborhood activists and antisaloon zealots, was never enacted by city council.

More successful attempts were made to close saloons on Sundays and after midnight. By the mid-1880s, policemen rang a loud curfew bell each night at twelve to close the saloons and inspected on Sunday morning to make sure no alcoholic spirits were being served.¹⁸ The 1889 measure raising annual saloon license fees to \$600 would according to its proponents, force some of the marginal, meaner bars out of existence.¹⁹

Despite promises of councilmen, saloon licenses were awarded in new streetcar-spawned neighborhoods. In 1889, city council sanctioned the proposed saloon of Timothy Connor, brother of a police lieutenant, thus exciting "a turmoil in the neighborhood of Thirtieth Avenue and Lafayette Street" in freshly developed north-

east Denver.²⁰ Later that year, permission was "smuggled through the board of aldermen" to establish a bar in the most fashionable streetcar suburb of all, Capitol Hill.²¹ By 1890, the press reported sentiment "working up to a white heat" against the movement of "beer dives into quiet residence neighborhoods."²²

Inflamed antisaloon suburbanites the following year helped to install Denver's first reform mayor, a man promising to curb the power of the saloon. The new mayor, Platt Rogers, strove to impose moral geography on the city by excluding bars from new residential neighborhoods and confining them to a downtown area where they could be more easily avoided by upright residents and more easily policed.

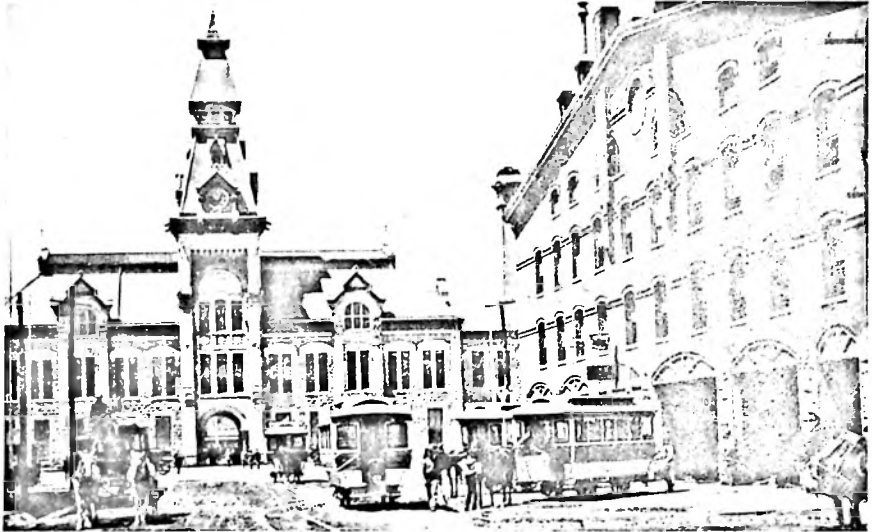
If new streetcar additions to the city fretted about the invasion of "whiskey holes," some suburban developments outside the city limits were even more circumspect. In their charters, ordinances, real estate prospectuses and newspapers, the suburban towns surrounding Denver boasted of being saloonless havens of morality, health, security and prosperity. Suburbanites and developers who dressed up their remote patches of prairie real estate as liquorless paradises joined prohibitionists in condemning the city as saloon-infested.

These charges were difficult to deny. By 1890 Denver had more saloons per capita than Baltimore, Boston, Kansas City, Minneapolis, New Orleans, Philadelphia, St. Louis or Washington.²³ By 1914, the Mile High City contained almost 500 licensed saloons and many unlicensed liquor outlets.²⁴ In the city's core, bars sat on nearly every corner. At Eighteenth and Curtis, the Killarney Cafe was surrounded by Pat O'Brien's L-shaped saloon, which had entrances on both streets. O'Briens, the old-timers claimed, was so rough that the house would refund your money if you drank two beers and did not see a fight.²⁵ Taverns crowded many blocks of Market, Larimer, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth and Nineteenth Streets. As the most common commercial establishments in the core city, saloons were frequently condemned as symbols of urban vice.

Squalid sanitation problems also plagued the downtown saloon district throughout the nineteenth century. Rats occupied cellars, sewers and the waterways by day and invaded the alleys by night, congregating around refuse dumped into back alleys. Many saloonkeepers kept cats and dogs to police the rodents but the size and boldness of the rats frightened away the cats and terriers sent into their dark holes. At 1840 Larimer Street a rat attacked a sleeping fourteen-year-old lad. Awakened by screams, the boy's father found the eight-inch-long rat hanging on leech-like to his son's arm. Frantically, the father beat the rodent with a shoe into a dead and "shapeless mass."²⁶ In other establishments fleas, cockroaches and bedbugs flourished.²⁷ The latter problem may have been abated by the saloonkeepers' practice of paying children a penny for every cockroach they killed.

Human pests also swarmed in the dive district. "Beer dives," declared the *News*, "are the most fruitful source for breeding and feeding prostitution."²⁸ Although some prostitutes plied their profession in saloons, the majority operated in bordellos which featured their own bars as well as "professors" plinking away at pianos. By the 1880s, an estimated 1,000 "brides of the multitude" offered their wares along the three-block Market Street strip in the heart of the saloon district.²⁹

Confidence men also worked in the bars. Most notable was Jefferson Randolph "Soapy" Smith, a Southern dandy who came to Denver in the 1880s in a black-vested suit, flashing a diamond stick pin and gold pocket-watch chain. Setting up a soap stand at Seventeenth and Larimer, Smith began haranguing the masses about their lack of cleanliness and promoting "the finest soap in the world, perfected in my own laboratory, and manufactured in my own factory." Lukewarm response greeted Soapy's exhortations to "wash your sins away" and that "cleanliness is next to godliness," but when he began inserting five, ten, fifty and one hundred-dollar bills into the soap-cake wrappers, the public became mesmerized.³⁰



Denver City Railway Building, on right, about 1880. (Union Station on left). The Railway Building was remodeled and rehabilitated in 1981. According to old-timers the basement still smells horsey in damp weather. The horses were brought to street level on large elevators. D.P.L. Western History Coll.

Inevitably the bills went to Soapy's confederate cappers, but the crowds never tired of hearing this slippery huckster lie through his luxuriant black beard. With proceeds from his dollar-a-cake soap business, Soapy was able to open the Tivoli Saloon and gambling hall at Seventeenth and Market. "Caveat Emptor" was the sign Soapy put at the head of the stairway to the second-floor gambling rooms, confident that few of his customers could read Latin.

Soapy Smith was only the best known of Denver's con men. Doc Baggs, a soft-spoken pioneer in phony mining stock, Canada Bill, a shadowy gambler preying on gambling railroad tourists, and Lou Blonger, a saloonkeeping swindler who fleeced early twentieth-century Denver visitors, all added to the unsavory reputation of downtown Denver.

Not only was Denver increasingly filled with swindlers, vice, and vermin, it was also overcrowded with newcomers. The city reached its all-time maximum density in

1890, when 106,715 people squeezed into seventeen square miles. An army of newcomers, particularly lung-disease patients, flooded into the city. According to one 1880s account, recent arrivals

filled the hotels, crowded the boarding houses, and thickly invaded private residences. . . . They moved in thronging, encumbering crowds through the streets, and in the heated midday, they blocked with their chairs, the shaded portions of the sidewalks.³¹

Wealth seekers came as well as health seekers. Thousands of mid-westerners fled dry, dusty, heavily mortgaged farms for Denver. In addition, thousands of poor immigrants streamed into the Mile Hi City. Sometimes the only housing they could find was in tents and shanties along the river and creek bottoms.

Rather than cope with the mounting population and problems of the core city, many members of the middle and upper classes sought to escape via streetcar. Streetcars were cheap and efficient people movers, the best way for homeowners to put space between their families and the core city. Suburban developers either built or subsidized the construction of dozens of lines in order to populate their suburban real estate. For only a nickel, they told potential customers, one could leave the crowded city and ride out to spacious suburbia. In a matter of minutes streetcar riders could escape the urban scene for another world.

Rapid growth of streetcar suburbs relieved Denver's population density and the downtown congestion of the late 1880s and early 1890s. In area, Denver increased from six square miles in 1874 to forty-nine square miles in 1901, when historian Jerome Smiley wrote that streetcars:

have been chiefly instrumental in distributing Denver's population over the unusually large territory it occupies, and are to a great degree responsible for the absence from the city of anything approaching a "tenement house district." Denver has nothing like that blight common to so many large cities. The system has enabled men of moderate means to acquire homes for themselves in pleasant places away from the business center, instead of being housed tier upon tier in congested localities. . . . The thousands of pretty dwellings and suburban cottages that line streets far away from the commercial districts, would not be there under less favorable conditions for coming and going; neither would the suburban towns be there.³²

By 1900, the outer ring of suburbs consisted of Highlands, Berkeley, Argo, Globeville, Elyria, Park Hill, Montclair, South Denver, Valverde, Harman, Colfax and Barnum. Argo, Globeville and Elyria, northside industrial neighborhoods of smelter, stockyard and other blue-collar workers, welcomed saloons. Colfax, a neighborhood heavy with Russian and East European Jews on the west bank of the Platte, also housed saloons. Indeed, Colfax achieved notoriety as a sanctuary where saloonkeepers and gamblers exiled themselves during Denver's sporadic crackdowns. Although Harman tolerated the Zimmermans' long-established beer garden, most of the other suburban towns ostracized the saloon.³³

Temperance advocate Horatio B. Pearce platted the suburban town of Highlands on his eighty-acre ranch in 1871. After petitioning the legislature to incorporate his town and getting himself elected mayor, Pearce inexplicably moved into the sinful big

city to the east. His town, however, preserved his dry sentiments.³⁴ The "secrets of Highlands' success" were revealed in the town's annual report for 1891, which claimed that rival suburban towns "can be discerned only by the aid of a field glass bringing up the rear." Primarily success was attributed to the location of Highlands.

True to her name and nature, she stands high and sightly, where the pure air from the mountains—that God-given slayer of disease—is used first-handed by her people and swells their lungs with strength and healthfulness. With no smelters, factories or emitters of vast volumes of smoke within her borders,"

the report continued, Highlands was the best sanatorium in the country.

Secondly, success was attributed to rapid transit, to the seven streetcar lines serving the town's 1891 population of 7,000. The final virtue of Highlands was listed simply as "No Saloons." By ordinance, Highlands defined liquor outlets as "nuisances" and established a prohibitively high annual license fee of \$5,000. To further discourage grog shops, another town ordinance declared that no liquor license could be considered without the approval of two-thirds of the landholders living within a half mile radius.³⁵

Perched on the northwest boundary of Denver, Highlands was confronted by a column of saloons on the east side of the Zuni Street border and by North Denver's huge Zang Brewery. To help prevent any seepage from these wet goods establishments, Highlanders built on their side of Zuni Street a Women's Christian Temperance Union reading room.

North of Highlands stood the suburban town of Berkeley, which traced its name to the Berkeley Farm founded there by John Brisben Walker around 1880. After donating fifty acres for the establishment of the Jesuits' Regis College, Walker, like so many other town builders, sold out and moved on. He collected \$325,000 for the property he had purchased nine years earlier for \$1,000.³⁶ Other town boomers moved in and coaxed a reporter for *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* to proclaim Berkeley "beyond question the most beautiful suburb of Denver."³⁷

Berkeley was also saloonless. If local authorities were lax about enforcing the town's restrictive saloon license fee, two plume-hatted, black-skirted stalwarts of the Berkeley WCTU were ever vigilant. Hearing that a druggist was selling alcohol for nonmedicinal indulgence, this pair marched into his pharmacy. One of them complained of a cold, then bought a dime's worth of quinine and a quarter's worth of whiskey. Rather than mixing the quinine and whiskey, a legal remedy, the druggist poured the spirits into a separate bottle. The ladies triumphantly paraded their whiskey bottle to the magistrate, who fined the druggist \$200.

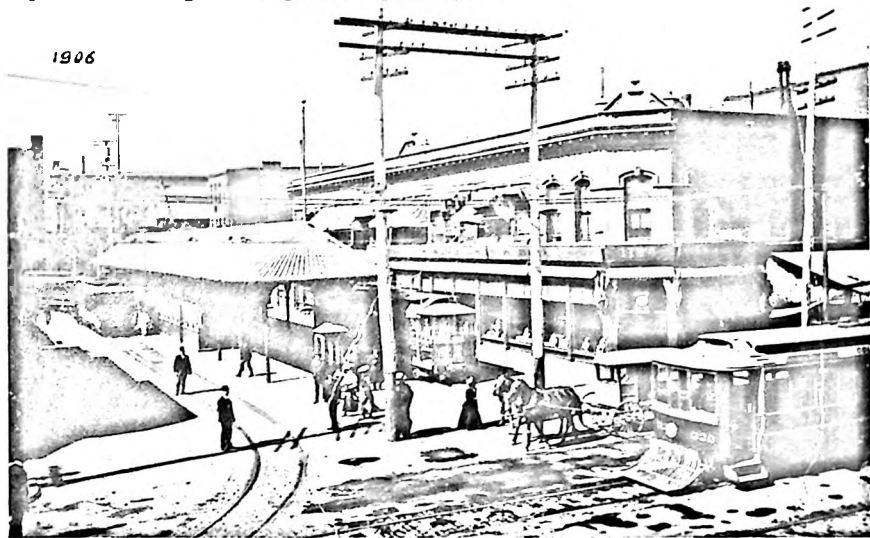
The northeast Denver suburbs of Park Hill and Montclair were platted in the 1880s as dry suburbs for the upper crust. Park Hill, situated on the high ground east of City Park, originated with the schemes of the hapless Baron Eugen A. von Winckler. He arrived in Denver after his discharge from the Prussian Army for disregarding a regulation that forbade an officer to fall off his horse. The baron purchased a quarter section and platted it in 1887 as Park Hill. His plans to install a racetrack and resort community were ended with his suicide.³⁸

After real estate interests established the Denver and Park Hill Railway Company

in 1888, other developers became interested in Park Hill's future as a streetcar suburb.³⁹ The finest of Park Hill's subdivisions, Downington, was situated between tree-lined Colfax Avenue and Montview Boulevard and spacious Forest Avenue and Monaco Parkways. Downington was also bisected by Seventeenth Avenue with its 100-foot-wide landscaped median, and each lot included a publicly owned 25-foot-wide setback and tree lawn. The neighborhood's lavish parkways and setbacks may be credited to Warwick Downing, a Downington promoter and a principal property holder, who also happened to be a Denver park commissioner. A prospectus for Downington boasted that:

neither Auteil or Passy in Paris, Mayfair in London, the Ring Strasse in Vienna, the Theirgarten [sic] in Berlin, Riverside Drive in New York, nor the broad avenues and "circles" for which Washington is famous

equaled Downington's magnificent parkways.⁴⁰



Denver Tramway Central Loop at 15th and Lawrence, 1906. All lines went through the loop. View west at 15th Street, Lawrence to right, Arapahoe to left. James E. Kunkle Coll.

Downington, which successfully bans bars to this day, claimed to be Denver's largest restricted residential area, whose integrity was insured by "iron-clad restrictions" against churches and schools as well as apartments, doubles, hospitals and stores. The assurance of "no saloons" did not have to debase the Downington prospectus. It was written between the lines. After noting that Capitol Hill, the wealthiest neighborhood for Denver's turn-of-the-century elite, had been defiled by commercial and multifamily usages, the Downington promoters assured lot buyers that they would never be "'held-up' by the threat, either expressed or implied, to put up undesirable types of building on adjoining property." Amid Park Hill's parkways and croquet

wickets, the children of Downington would "be free from the contaminating influence of down-town city streets."

Playing on parental fears, the Downington prospectus continued:

Children with red blood in their veins resist the confining influence of cramped quarters in thickly settled districts. Are they to blame if they run out into the streets and get into bad company? Are they to blame if their delicate moral fibres are tarnished by evil associations? Is it not your duty to provide . . . for healthful and harmless recreation?⁴¹

In Downington and other Park Hill subdivisions, children supposedly had the best chance in Denver of developing high morals, outside the specter of the saloon.

Immediately south of Park Hill lay Montclair, platted by the Baron Walter von Richthofen shortly before his friend Baron von Winckler laid out Park Hill. Richthofen, scion of the noted Junker clan and uncle of Baron Manfred von Richthofen of World War I aviation fame, came to Denver in the 1870s. After plunging into schemes ranging from selling Rocky Mountain water as "ginger champagne" to operating the Sans Souci beer garden, the baron ventured into a more temperate investment.⁴²

Montclair, Richthofen declared in his 1885 prospectus for "The Beautiful Suburban Town of Denver," shall have:

as pure a moral atmosphere and one as beneficial to society as the bracing air of Colorado . . . Montclair should in effect be a club of families of congenial tastes, united for the purpose of excluding all that might destroy their peace or offend their better tastes.⁴³

Montclair land deeds stipulated that intoxicating liquors should never be manufactured, sold or otherwise disposed of on the premises.

Montclair's evangelical temperance folk not only banned roadhouses but provided an alternative. Sympathizing with travelers and bicyclists thirsting "for the good old days of Jacob, when there were wells dug by the wayside," Montclair built a public water fountain to serve man and beast.⁴⁴ Denver, as Montclair officials noted during the dedication ceremonies of the fountain still standing near the junction of Richthofen Parkway and Oneida Street, contained hundreds of saloons but very few public fountains. To help keep their children close to the water fountain and away from Denver saloons, Montclair Town created its own school district. The *Montclair Mirror*, in an article probably aimed at Park Hill and Capitol Hill residents as well as locals, advised parents to send their children to Montclair High school rather than the East Denver High School "surrounded by saloons in the center of the city."⁴⁵ Parents of East High School students shuddered at newspaper stories of beer halls luring students to drink. "A sweet young girl whose winning face and graceful form made her the idol," a typical article related, was "led into a wine room which, of course, meant seduction and a life on Holladay Street."⁴⁶ After its incorporation as a separate town in 1888, Montclair established a \$2,500 saloon license fee and other ordinances that kept the neighborhood saloonless.⁴⁷ Any objectors had to do their bar-hopping at the Denver end of Montclair's two streetcar lines.

South Denver, situated east of the Platte and south of Alameda Avenue, was

invaded by saloons early. First there had been the proliferation of saloons on South Broadway with the opening of the Mining and Industrial Exhibition building. Later Pop Wyman's roadhouse, Fiske's beer gardens, Broadway Park and other unsavory saloons went up along the South Broadway streetcar line. The Overland Park racetrack also attracted the sporting element, including Denver gambler Edward Chase, who set up a southside beer and betting stand. Joseph Lowe and his wife, "Rowdy Kate," a couple infamous for the saloons, dance halls and bordellos they had run in mining towns, opened the Cottage Grove in the 1880s. Nominally a beer garden, Cottage Grove was widely condemned as a disorderly house whose lewd, drunken regulars tarnished the image of suburban South Denver.⁴⁸

The *Denver Eye*, a gazette serving the new neighborhood, took a dim view of these developments. Although South Denver was "destined to be filled with the homes of our best and most prominent citizens," the *Eye* observed, property values were in danger of becoming "almost valueless because of these nuisances."⁴⁹ At the urging of the *Eye* and some leading residents, South Denver began to reform itself. The first step was setting up a local government. Although the town had been platted in 1874, it was not incorporated as a self-governing town until 1886. James Fleming, a Pennsylvania oilman who had become a Colorado mining man, contributed his mansion at 1520 South Grant Street as a town hall, but continued to live there after he was elected the town's first mayor, a post to which he was thrice reelected. After the new government established a \$3,500 annual saloon license fee, the *Eye* boasted that South Denver's "roadhouses and saloons were all cleaned out, and it has remained free from these blots ever since."⁵⁰

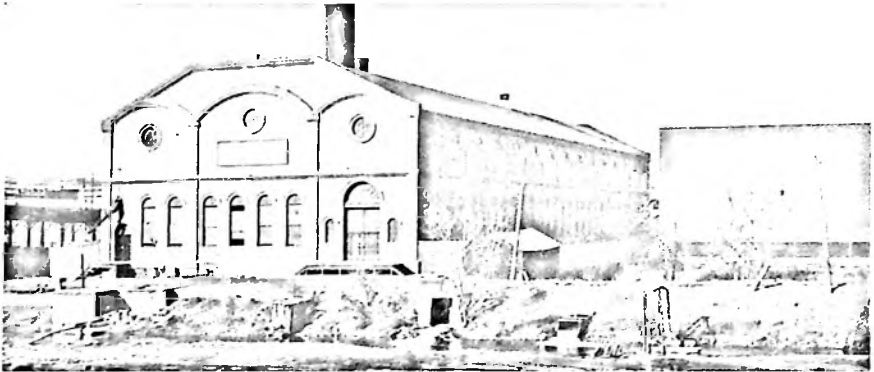
On Denver's southwestern outskirts, Valverde and Barnum also used their charters and ordinances to curtail the saloon within their town limits. Valverde was laid out in 1882 and incorporated ten years later⁵¹ while Barnum was incorporated in 1887 and named for its promoter, circus magnate Phineas T. Barnum. Barnum claimed that two-thirds of his town's settlers "came here to die and they can't do it. The wonderful air brings them back from the verge of the tomb."⁵²

By 1890, Denver was virtually surrounded by saloonless suburbs, including independent suburban towns and newer additions to Denver proper. After growing with the city along its waterways, stage lines and railways, the saloon was barred from following the path of the ultimate nineteenth-century city shaper, the streetcar. Between 1890 and 1915 taverns were largely confined to the core city except for their expansion into a few working-class and immigrant neighborhoods. Consequently, the tremendous growth in the number of saloons between 1880 and 1915, from some 100 taverns to some 500, occurred primarily downtown. Although numerous homes went up east of Broadway and south of East Thirty-Eighth Avenue, saloons were excluded from this fashionable new Capitol Hill area. In the neighborhood north of Capitol Hill, east of Downing Street and south of East Thirty-Eighth Avenue, only one saloon was tolerated. Bars also were banned from the northwest quadrant bounded by West Colfax Avenue on the south and Zuni Street on the east. Except for a few taverns along Santa Fe Drive, Cherry Creek and Broadway, the south side of town was also saloonless. While the city had mushroomed to 58.75 square miles by 1902, saloons remained concentrated in the

six-square-mile core city of the 1870s.

After being banned in most of the Queen City's suburbs, saloons became heavily concentrated along the streetcar line. Their success as a business was often due to a key location near the streetcar terminals or at the more popular streetcar stops and transfer points. Between 1890 and 1915 hundreds of saloons were operating each year within the square-mile central business district bounded roughly by the Platte River on the west, Twenty-Third Street on the north, Welton Street on the east and Cherry Creek on the south.

Within the urban ecology, the downtown saloon was often located in recycled buildings. Worn-out hotels, theatres, restaurants, grocery stores and even old schools, churches and residences were converted to saloons. Bars were commonly the last occupant of a building. As a very flexible, adaptive institution, they frequently found homes in buildings designed for other purposes. As barkeepers were often small businessmen, frequently blue-collar workers who had scraped together the minimal capital necessary for a go at entrepreneurship, they sought the cheap rent for old buildings in the less fashionable downtown blocks. Saloonists commonly remodeled other structures for their own use, a practice that has become architecturally fashionable a century later under the new label of "adaptive use."



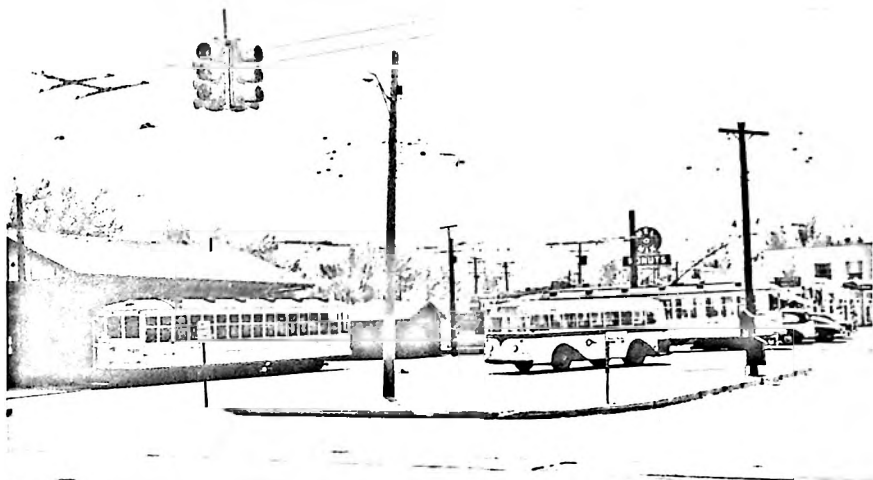
Central Power Station, 1906 . . . Built 1901 on Platte Street between 14th and 15th. Now the Forney Transportation Museum. James E. Kunkle Coll.

Commonly bars became the occupants of the oldest and most historic buildings. The Colorado National Bank building became the Bank Saloon. The First National Bank building, where the state's constitution was written, became the Meskew Brothers Saloon, the Clark and Gruber Mint was recycled as a workingman's tavern. The Wells Fargo Express Office became a delicatessen. One of Denver's first Baptist churches became a German beer garden, Walhalla Hall.

Particularly after the 1880s crusade to enforce midnight and Sunday closing laws and the beginning of the prohibition crusade, saloons began maintaining a lower profile and often maintained an inconspicuous side or back door. Thus, on a spring Sunday in 1890, a reporter for the *News* found customers trooping into the illegally

open taverns through back and side doors. "Entrance was gained in one or two instances by passage through adjoining stores," the reporter found. "The crowds of bums and hangers-on seated on barrels outside served as guides to the inquisitive passerby."⁵³

Although saloons were the most common urban institution they were frequently among the least conspicuous. Freestanding saloons were commonly diminutive structures overpowered by the neighboring hotels, business buildings, factories and stores. The great majority of bars, however, were not freestanding buildings. Rather they were tucked into the corners, buried in the basements, stored up narrow flights of stairs on upper floors, or hidden off the back alleys. Practically every hotel and major business block had a bar. Denver's leading nineteen saloons could be found in the basement of the Boston Building, in the lobby of the Brown Palace Hotel, in the alley behind the First National Bank, in a corner of the Tabor Grand Opera House. Practically every corner building housed a bar.



Street cars supplanted by buses. Trolley loop on last day of operation, ca. 1950, at East Colfax and Poplar Streets, Montclair neighborhood. Photo: Erwin Krebs.

Suburbanites pouring into the city every morning for work found the Queen City perfumed from hundreds of bar doors opened to air out their alcohol aromas. This pungent spectacle impressed suburbanites. They made sure that when Denver began aggressively annexing her suburbs after 1893, that most of the new areas would remain saloonless. Dry suburban rings surrounding a wet city were legally sanctioned in an 1893 Colorado Supreme Court decision involving newly annexed Valverde Town. The court held that liquor traffic "may be prohibited in one part of a town or city and licensed in another part, as the public welfare may require."⁵⁴ By 1902 Park Hill, South Denver, Harman, Highlands, Barnum, Colfax, Argo, Berkeley, Elyria, Globeville, Montclair and Valverde had been annexed to Denver. Most of these

suburbs had been saloonless and remained saloonless as Denver neighborhoods. Their incorporation into Denver significantly strengthened the city's antisaloon minority. When Denverites went to the polls in 1914 to vote on the prohibition amendment, the six older city wards voted wet while six of the ten outlying wards voted dry to bolster the narrow statewide victory of prohibitionists.⁵⁵ Suburbanites, after successfully banning the saloon at their end of the streetcar line, helped deliver all Coloradans into the dry promised land of their moral geography.

FOOTNOTES

¹U.S. Census Bureau, *Eleventh Census, 1890*, 4, pt. 2, "Vital Statistics of Cities of 100,000 Inhabitants and Upward for the Census Year Ending May 31, 1890," pp. 3-4.

²Jerome C. Smiley, *History of Denver* (Denver: Times-Sun Publishing Company, 1901), p. 854.

³J. E. Wharton and D. O. Wilhelm, *History of the City of Denver* (Denver: Byers & Dailey, 1866), p. 92; *Rocky Mountain News*, July 14, 1872.

⁴R. G. Dun & Company, *Credit Ratings for Colorado Territory*, entry for William Wise dated April 8, 1875, Manuscript Collections, Baker Business Library, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts; obituary for Wise in *Denver Times*, October 24, 1906 and *Denver Republican*, October 25, 1906.

⁵Smiley, p. 854.

⁶*Denver Daily Tribune*, June 25, 1875.

⁷My account of North Denver is drawn in part from Ruth E. Wiberg, *Rediscovering Northwest Denver* (Denver: Northwest Denver Books, 1976), pp. 7-46.

⁸Smiley, pp. 854, 859; Duane A. Smith, *Horace Tabor: His Life and the Legend* (Boulder: Colorado Associated University Press, 1973), pp. 200-06, 264-65.

⁹Smith, p. 265.

¹⁰Louisa Arps, *Denver in Slices* (Denver: Sage Books, 1959), p. 161.

¹¹Smiley, p. 651; *Cherry Creek Neighborhood Plan* (Denver: Denver Planning Office, 1976), p. 3.

¹²I have borrowed the term "moral geography" and insight into this topic from Perry Duis, *The Saloon and the Public City: Chicago and Boston, 1880-1920* (unpublished Ph. D dissertation, University of Chicago, 1975). In his extensive treatment of suburbs and saloons ("Keeping Evanston Pure," pp. 823-31, and "Drying Up Cambridge," pp. 832-40), Duis argues that moral geography was rooted in 1) a long tradition of internal districting; 2) increasing attempts to escape the city only to be followed to the suburbs by downtown nuisances; and 3) the neighborhood vigilante tradition.

¹³For information on the construction pattern of Denver's streetcars, see Smiley, pp. 853-70 and the *Map of the City of Denver Showing Cable and Steam Railways, Jan. 28th, 1893*, Map Collection, Library, State Historical Society of Colorado.

¹⁴*Rocky Mountain News*, December 21, 1889.

¹⁵*Ibid.*

¹⁶*Rocky Mountain News*, February 3, 1882, February 7, 1891.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, April 29, 1884.

¹⁸*Ibid.*, May 5, 1885.

¹⁹*Laus Passed at the Seventh Session of the General Assembly of the State of Colorado* (Denver: Collier and Cleveland Lithographing Company, 1889), p. 126.

²⁰*Rocky Mountain News*, January 20, 1889.

²¹*Ibid.*, December 21, 1889.

²²*Ibid.*, August 29, 1890; see also R. G. Dill, *The Political Campaigns of Colorado* (Denver: Arapahoe Publishing Company, 1895), p. 137.

²³U.S. Census Bureau, "Vital Statistics of Cities . . . 1890," pp. 3-4.

²⁴*Denver Express*, August 6, 1914; Letter of Executive Board of Denver Saloonkeepers' Union Number 1 to Alexander Nesbit, Denver Commissioner of Safety, August 18, 1914, in Benjamin Hurwitz Papers, Western History Department, Denver Public Library.

²⁵Forrest H. Johnson, *Denver's Old Theatre Row: The Story of Curtis Street and Its Glamorous Show Business* (Denver: Bill Lay, LITHO, Printers, 1970), p. 36.

²⁶*Rocky Mountain News*, January 9, 1899.

²⁷*Ibid.*, July 9, 1870.

²⁸*Ibid.*, July 23, 1889.

²⁹Forbes Parkhill, *The Wildest of the West* (Denver: Sage Books, 1951), d. 13.

³⁰My account of Soapy Smith is drawn from Frank G. Robertson and Beth Kay Harris, *Soapy Smith*:

King of the Frontier Con Men (New York: Hastings House, 1961).

³¹*Inter-Ocean: A Journal of Colorado Politics, Society, and Mining* (Denver, Colorado), June 6, 1880, p. 271, Western History Department, Denver Public Library.

³²Smiley, p. 870.

³³See "Saloons" listing in the 1900 *Denver City Directory*.

³⁴Except where otherwise noted, my account of Highlands is drawn from Wiberg, pp. 51-153.

³⁵*Town of Highlands: Its Progress, Prospects and Financial Condition; First Annual Report, April, 1891* (Highlands, Colorado: Highlands Chief Press, 1891), *passim*, Library, State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver.

³⁶Except where otherwise noted, my account of Berkeley is drawn from Wiberg, pp. 164-183.

³⁷*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, September 28, 1889.

³⁸Manuscript biography of Baron Eugen A. von Winckler, Library, State Historical Society of Colorado.

³⁹Smiley, p. 864.

⁴⁰*The Road to Downington: Denver's Most Beautiful Residence Section* (Denver: Carson-Harper (c. 1907), xerox copy in my possession courtesy of Richard Downing, Jr.

⁴¹*Ibid.*

⁴²Except where otherwise noted, my information on Richthofen and on Montclair is from Louisa Arps, *Denver in Slices* (Denver: Sage Books, 1959), pp. 155-71.

⁴³*Montclair, Colorado: The Beautiful Suburban Town of Denver, Colo., U.S.A.* (Denver: 1885), Library, State Historical Society of Colorado.

⁴⁴*Denver Times*, December 15, 1898.

⁴⁵*Montclair Mirror*, September 26, 1903.

⁴⁶*Rocky Mountain News*, May 8, 1889. A similar story telling of the luring of young boys into saloons is related in the *News*, February 7, 1891.

⁴⁷*Ordinances of the Town of Montclair Passed by the Board of Trustees* (Denver: Coleman & Norvell, 1891), p. 36, Western History Collections, Denver Public Library.

⁴⁸J. D. Horan and Paul Sonn, *Pictorial History of the Wild West* (New York: Crown Publishing Company, 1954), p. 106; *Denver Eye*, January 1, 1890.

⁴⁹*Denver Eye*, January 1, 1890.

⁵⁰*Denver Eye*, January 1, 1890.

⁵¹Smiley, p. 651.

⁵²Robert L. Perkin, *The First Hundred Years: An Informal History of Denver and the Rocky Mountain News* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday and Company, 1959), p. 348.

⁵³*Rocky Mountain News*, April 7, 1890.

⁵⁴*Town of Valverde vs. Shattuck*, 19 Colo. 104, pp. 104-22.

⁵⁵Elliott West makes this point and charts the prohibition vote by urban and suburban wards in "Dry Crusade: The Prohibition Movement in Colorado, 1858-1933" (unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, University of Colorado, Boulder, 1971), Appendix VI, p. 449.



MARSHAL SPRAGUE HONORED

Marshall Sprague, former Sheriff of the Denver Westerners and author of some 13 books and numerous articles on the history of the West since he came to Colorado in 1941, was awarded the honorary degree, Doctor of Humane Letters by The Colorado College at its 101st Commencement in May 1982.

Perhaps his best-known work is his *Colorado: a Bicentennial History*, published in 1976 as part of Colorado's (100th) and America's (200th) birthdays. He early reported for the *North China Star* and later for the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *New York Times* before locating in Colorado Springs.

PETE SMYTHE HONORED

Long-time Corresponding Member Peter O. (Pete) Smythe, of Denver radio and television fame, will be named "1983 Citizen of the West" at a March of Dimes dinner at the Brown Palace Hotel on 10 January 1983. Pete attended the University of Colorado where he started his orchestra. He spent a period in Hollywood, and returned to reorganize his Denver orchestra, which played widely in our area.

He began his broadcasting career in 1941 on KMYR, later moving to KLZ. He became Mayor of East Tincup in 1951 with "Pete Smythe's General Store," and became a radio and TV advertiser.

NEW SADDLES IN THE CORRAL

Richard G. Akeroyd Jr. is a new member of the Active Posse. He lives at 2564 St. Vrain in Denver; phone 934-0067. He has had an extended and distinguished career in

professional librarianship, publication, and teaching, and is now Assistant Librarian for the Denver Public Library with special responsibility for the Western History Department. In his spare time he indulges in backpacking, fishing, photography, and skiing.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Chief Left Hand: Southern Arapaho, by Margaret Coel. University of Oklahoma Press, 1981, 331 pages. \$15.95 Hardbound.

This is Volume 159 in the Civilization of the American Indian Series.

Although the book is about Chief Left Hand, who was one of the first of his people to acknowledge the inevitability of the white man's migration to the central Plains, the author has given us an insight to both Indian and white activities during the mid eighteenth hundreds. It was in these years that thousands of gold seekers burst across the Plains - first to California and Oregon, then, with the discovery of gold in 1958 on Little Dry Creek, to settle in our territory, the territory earlier of the Southern Arapaho.

The role of John A. Evans, first governor of Colorado is examined with respect to the Sand Creek Massacre. Although Colonel Chivington has always been held responsible for this surprise attack, John Evans was also deeply involved. Author Coel has used his letters on file in the Colorado State Archives, which have somehow escaped the scrutiny of historians, to allow the governor to tell in his own words his role in the massacre.

Most of the whites, and many of the Indians, familiar to us who are interested in the history of the West, are mentioned or are featured in the book. All or most were known to, and in many cases, influenced by Chief Left Hand. His influence is still with us - his name has been given to some of the places he called home: Left Hand Canyon, Niwot, his Arapaho name, close to where his village had stood; and Niwot Mountain, among the Indian Peaks of the Front Range.

This valuable volume containing twenty-seven illustrations in addition to several maps, including the original map of Sand Creek by George Bent, is the result of four

years research in libraries and archives across the Plains, as well as in Washington, D.C., and in London. The footnotes are copious! The author, a four-generation Coloradoan, graduated *summa cum laude* from Marquette University, Milwaukee, and for the last 16 years has made her home in Boulder, Colorado.

L. Coulson Hageman, P.M.

The City and the Saloon; Denver, 1858-1916, by Thomas J. Noel. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1982. 148 pages, hardbound, \$16.50.

Despite the number of books that have appeared on this subject in recent years, this one is exceptional. Noel has approached the saloon from a fresh perspective, confining his study to those institutions of a single urban area, Denver, and using a most appropriate time span. An enormous amount of local history has been "distilled" into this well-written book. Likewise a vast number of humorous, saloon-oriented anecdotes have been included. All but one were new to this reviewer. Two examples should whet the reader's appetite. Early Denver's City Council was dominated by saloon keepers, who tended to be somewhat verbose. Lengthy, overtime meetings became common. So in order to induce an on-time adjournment, a small boy would be hired to enter the chamber, shouting "Your saloon is on fire."

When Charlie Harrison, proprietor of Denver's infamous Criterion saloon, was tried for murder, a rope was lowered from the window where the jury was deliberating. A basket of fine liquor was pulled up. Soon the jury became intoxicated. A fight followed and they were unable to reach a verdict. The judge was forced to dismiss both

the plaintiff and the tipsy jurors.

Extensive use of well-executed maps showing numbers and locations of Denver's saloons for specific years add to the reader's understanding. A comprehensive bibliography, an index, and generous chapter notes at the back are particularly valuable. Three picture supplements offer a number of new and appropriate illustrations. The chapters on Saloon Politics and on the Immigrant Saloon are particularly enjoyable. The book is remarkably free of the little oversights so dear to the hearts of nit-picking reviewers.

In short, this book provides a fresh approach to a fascinating subject. I recommend it with sincerity and enthusiasm.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

Buffalo Bill - His Life & Legend by O.J. Seiden; Stan Zamonski, Historical Editor, Curator, Buffalo Bill Museum. Stonehenge Books, Denver, 1981. 105 pages. \$5.95 soft cover.

The most interesting view on the cover is the following in type as large as the title and authors' names: BUFFALO BILL MEMORIAL MUSEUM AND GRAVE, DENVER, COLORADO—LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN. The book is a colorful and interesting presentation of material found at the museum as well as of certain items not on display. Its primary function in the eyes of the editor-publisher seems to be capitalizing on being a souvenir after a trip to the museum. Stan Zamonski's name was erroneously spelled on the fly leaf.

The serious historian will find the "programmes", photographs (including oils from Buffalo Bill's private collection), and poster art worthwhile, but the details surrounding the subject's off-stage character and personality are lacking. There was no mention of Buffalo Bill's alcohol or marriage problems. There was very little mention of the delay in the "celebration" of the funeral and its pageantry or the battle between Denver and Cody, Wyoming, for the remains of Buffalo Bill.

In accordance with the tone and layout of the museum, Will's wife, Louise Frederic Cody, has only two pictures in the book, while his so-called adopted son, Johnny Baker, who served as arena manager for 30

years and was the founder of the museum, is shown in six different poses, including a full page one (which Buffalo Bill himself did not merit in this book).

Toward the end of the book, Bonfils and Tammen of *Denver Post* fame, who developed the Sells-Floto Circus, are taken to task for hiring Bill who is quoted as saying, "I feel like a freak in his (Tammen's) side show". He was a freak in someone's show for a long time before that. He received the Congressional Medal of Honor and was considered by many to be the Supreme Showman and hero of that era. He epitomized the West to many all over the world, including the crowned heads of Europe.

The real story of how this colorful man was manipulated by others, and whose ego and whose love for the West was unmatched, must wait for another author and another book. Even after one hundred years, the true story has yet to be told.

Jack H. Dwyer, P.M.

Mountain Men and Fur Traders of the Far West, edited by LeRoy Hafen, Selected, with an Introduction by Harvey L. Carter. University of Nebraska, Bison Book Series, Lincoln 1982, \$8.95 paper.

These eighteen biographical sketches of Mountain Men were selected from among those published in the ten-volume set *The Mountain Men and the Fur Trade of the Far West*, under the editorial supervision of Le Roy R. Hafen and published by the Arthur Clark Company from 1965-1972.

Among the eighteen are the very familiar names of Manuel Lisa, William H. Ashley, Jedediah Smith, Ceran St. Vrain, Kit Carson, William Sublette—and the list goes on.

As a basic introduction this volume whets the inquiring mind for more material. Unfortunately the eighteen sketches here are all too brief, but excellent footnotes guide the reader to materials of greater depth.

This is an excellent book for the casual reader interested in the most famous of the fur traders and mountain men, but is certainly lacking in depth for the serious scholar, or for use as a research tool.

Eugene Rakosnik, P.M.

Train Robbery—The Birth, Flowering and Decline of a Notorious Western Enterprise, by Richard Patterson. Johnson Publishing Company, Boulder, 1981. vii + 239 pages, illustrations, notes, bibliography, index. \$7.95 softbound.

It all started near Seymour, Indiana, on October 6, 1866. Two men with pasteboard masks, wielding revolvers, shanghaied a pair of Adams Express Company safes from an eastbound Ohio & Mississippi train enroute from St. Louis to Cincinnati. They had accomplished the world's first train robbery. Allan Pinkerton was assigned the case, and within four days had the culprits in hand. But the challenge was there, and thus began a half-century battle between the railroads and the robbers.

The train robber, the author concludes ". . . mainly robbed trains for the treasures they held, usually because he was too lazy for honest work or too greedy to accept its modest rewards." The well-researched and narrated details of uncounted robberies of both earlier stage coaches and then the trains, the criminals involved and the methods they used thread the pages of this interesting little book. In some cases the actions were brutal and gruesome; in others the results of their efforts were nil. Through it all they were pursued and hounded by the law, most often receiving their just deserts.

More care in proofreading, and some knowledgeable editing, would have benefited this book. Half a dozen typographical errors too obvious to ignore, distract the reader's attention. In discussing and illustrating Butch Cassidy and his gang, the cut line for the photo on page 94 reads "George" Leroy Parker for Cassidy. Yet the lead to Chapter 11 on page 175 states he is "Robert" Leroy Parker. As is well known, the interchange point between the Southern and Union Pacific railroads is at Ogden, Utah, not at Salt Lake City as the author contends on pages 78-79. Here, too, Rawlins, Wyoming, appears in print as "Rawlings."

With adoption by the Post Office Department of the parcel post system in January, 1913, the lure of robbing express company cars lost its appeal. The quantities of bulky mail sacks now transporting the former ex-

press business along with common parcels, proved quite a deterrent to railway mail robbers. One last try did take place on Friday, the 13th of June in 1924, however. It was the greatest mail car robbery in history, with a haul of more than \$2,000,000. The story loses some of its impact, though, for the railroad is named as the Chicago & Minneapolis. That name is in error; there was no such company. The two cities were connected by three high-speed railway main lines operated by the Chicago & North Western, the Milwaukee Road, and the Burlington, respectively. The event took place at Rondout, Illinois (spelled Roundout in the book), 35 miles north of Chicago on the Milwaukee Road.

These critical comments notwithstanding, Patterson's book is quite engaging. Those who thrill to the exploits of outlaws, or who pursue the resolution of criminal acts, or who just plain like railroad history, will find much of interest in this investigation of a special phase of outlawry no longer of moment.

Jackson Thode. P.M

The Thoen Stone—A Saga Of The Black Hills by Frank Thomson. Harlo Press, Detroit, 1966. 158 pages, illus. Probably out of print.

In 1887, the two Thoen Brothers, while digging for slabs to be used in a building in Spearfish, South Dakota, came upon a stone with an incredible story scratched upon it. On one side were the names of seven men who went into the Black Hills in 1833 to hunt gold. They got "all the gold they could carry" on their ponies and started for home.

They were attacked by Indians and the story on the stone said that all were "ded" but one man, the stone scribe. He had lost his gun, had nothing to eat, and the Indians were hunting him. The stone has been pretty well authenticated and accepted as the real thing. It had intrigued Frank Thomson for years—not the Stone itself, but who were the seven men, and from whence had they come?

If you like mysteries and the solutions thereof, you will like *The Thoen Stone—A Saga of the Black Hills*.

Francis B. Rizzari, P.M.