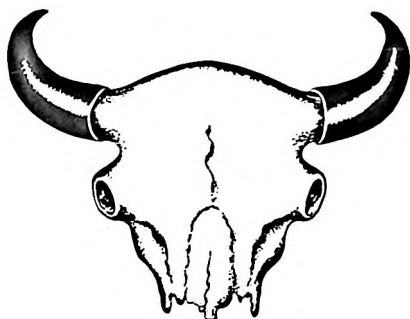


The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1983



**CHARLES SCHREYVOGEL
MASTER OVER SABER AND TOMAHAWK
STANLEY W. ZAMONSKI, P.M.**



"The Dispatch Bearers". Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum.

OVER THE DIVIDE

The Westerners note with extreme regret the death of Barbara Mutchler, wife of Dr. Robert W. Mutchler, ex-Sheriff of the Posse. Mrs. Mutchler passed away shortly before Christmas 1982. Our sincere sympathy to Bob.

OUR AUTHOR

Stanley W. Zamonski was Deputy Sheriff of the Denver Westerners for the year 1982. He is Curator of the City of Denver's Buffalo Bill Museum, on Lookout Mountain, west of Denver. He is included in the 19th Edition of *Who's Who in the West*.

NO JULY MEETING

In accordance with custom, there will be no meeting of the Denver Westerners in July 1983. Happy vacations!

LITTLE BIG HORN ASSOCIATES

Little Big Horn Associates, an organization for the study of the Custer engagement and the Indian Wars, will hold its 10th Annual Conference in Billings, Montana, on June 20th to 23rd, 1983.

In addition to research and review papers, the meeting will include visits to the Custer Battlefield, the Crow's Nest, the Rosebud Battlefield, and Pompey's Pillar, all with expert guidance and interpretation.

For details contact Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M., Denver Posse of the Westerners.



Distribution of the membership of the Denver Westerners.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

Vol. XXXIX



JANUARY-
FEBRUARY

Number 1

1983

USPS 566-500

The ROUNDUP is published bimonthly by the Denver Westerners. Subscription \$15.00 per year to members. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office, P.O. Box 990, Boulder, Colorado 80306. Westerners office, 1889 York Street, Denver, Colorado 80206. Copyright 1983 by The Westerners, Inc. a Colorado corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

©1983 by The Westerners Inc., a Colorado Corporation.

1983 OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Sheriff: Richard A. Cook

Deputy Sheriff: Robert D. Stull

Roundup Foreman: Donald C. Chamberlin

Tallyman: Dr. Loren F. Blaney

Registrar of Marks and Brands: Hugo von Rodeck Jr.

Chuck Wrangler: Theodore P. Krieger

Daguerrotypist: Bernie S. Faingold

Archivist: Stephen W. Pahs

Membership Chairman: George P. Godfrey

Publications Chairman: Hugo von Rodeck Jr.

Program Chairman: Robert Stull

Keeper of the Possibles Bag: James F. Bowers

Reservations for Meetings and Dinners:

Theodore P. Krieger, 280 E. 11th Ave.,
Broomfield, CO 80020. Phone 466-7737

Material for the ROUNDUP: Hugo von Rodeck Jr., 11107 Elati Street, Northglenn, CO 80234. Phone 452-7336

Book Reviews: Ray E. Jenkins, 10095 E. Caley Place, Englewood, CO 80111. Phone 770-7929

Dues Checks to: Dr. Loren F. Blaney, 1889 York Street, Denver, CO 80206. Phone 322-5388



CHARLES SCHREYVOGEL MASTER OVER SABER & TOMAHAWK

By Stanley W. Zamonski

Denver Westerners 24 November 1982

In the colorful action-packed world of Western Art, names like Frederic Remington and Charles Russell are household words, but there was another artist whose paintings are recognized across the width of this country. His name was Charles Schreyvogel. Like his contemporaries, Schreyvogel lived for a time with Indians and cowboys, and like them rode with the U. S. Cavalry. Like them, he also knew the cruel torment of poverty before his work gained national popularity.

Today, Schreyvogel's work is among the most popular among historians and editors, who choose his paintings to illustrate historical publications and books.

As a Western historian, I first became familiar with the artistry of Charles Schreyvogel, like most of us here, from those many historical books and magazines. This is most unusual when one consider the fact that he completed less than 75 major works of which less than 30 were Western subjects.

Paintings by Schreyvogel are extremely rare. Very few people have seen his work and few of his paintings have ever appeared on the market. Most are in museums and special collections. Never a prolific painter, is, at least in part, because of his insistence on time-consuming research in order that his work be accurate in every detail. Another reason is that he died at the relatively early age of 51.

When we compare his 75 published works to the 3000 to 4000 paintings by contemporaries like Remington and Russell, only then can we appreciate the heritage that this artist had left us of the Old West. Thus it is not surprising that so few people are familiar with Schreyvogel's work. In fact that must have been the very reason that, when I became Curator of the Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum atop Lookout Mountain, I was fortunate enough to make the Schreyvogel discoveries. It seems that prior to my taking over of the museum, those in charge since its founder, Johnny Baker, had little if any knowledge of the artist.

You can imagine my surprise, during my familiarization of the museum's collections, I chanced upon my first 16 x 20 platinum print signed and dated by the artist as a gift to Johnny Baker, curled up in a pile of semi-discards of old newspapers and torn and faded posters.

A week later in another pile of paper collectibles, I came across another 16 x 20 print with one corner dog-eared and pock-marked with holes where someone had the stupidity to tack the rare reproduction on the wall.

You can understand what great joy overcame me when over a spell of six months I gathered, in all, 18 platinum photographic prints of his paintings, signed by Schreyvogel, each valued from one to two thousand dollars.

Naturally, there was considerable work involved in having the prints cleaned, pressed, penciled markings removed, and the photographs properly mounted and framed. Today, Denver's Buffalo Bill Museum has one of the largest representations of

Charles Schreyvogel's works, even if they are reproductions, on exhibit anywhere in the U.S., with the exception of the Hoboken, New Jersey, Museum which was formerly the artist's studio.



Charles Schreyvogel, 1861-1912

These 16 x 20 prints were never made for resale—each time the artist completed one of his canvases he had from five to ten large platinum photo copies made for himself. These in turn were presented as gifts to special friends like President Theodore Roosevelt, Buffalo Bill Cody and Johnny Baker. This photographic process became extinct during World War I when platinum became a scarce metal. These delicate and faithful reproductions are among the most beautiful produced in the history of photography, consisting of a deposit of platinum on specially prepared paper. Most of the prints are now totally unobtainable.

To give you some idea as to how rare are the original paintings by Schreyvogel—the Denver Art Museum has only one, and that is on loan. The Cody, Wyoming, Buffalo Bill Museum, which has hundreds of Remingtons and Russells, has two by Schreyvogel. The Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art in Tulsa, Oklahoma, seems to number the most with six. In the four years that I have been Curator, we have received over a hundred auction house catalogs for the sale of Western Art. At no time have I found a single painting, nor any of the famous Schreyvogel platinum prints, offered for sale.

This shy, mild-mannered artist was born January 4, 1861 of shopkeeper German immigrant parents in the lower East Side of New York. A typical youngster of his day, Charles read and dreamed of the Wild West and the glorious adventures and battles between Indians and the pony soldiers. Those dreams were the inspiration for Schreyvogel's boyhood sketches as he grew to manhood. He hawked newspapers to help support his family. When his parents moved to Hoboken he served an apprenticeship as a carver of meerschaum pipes. Eventually his artistic talents earned him work in a lithographing establishment.

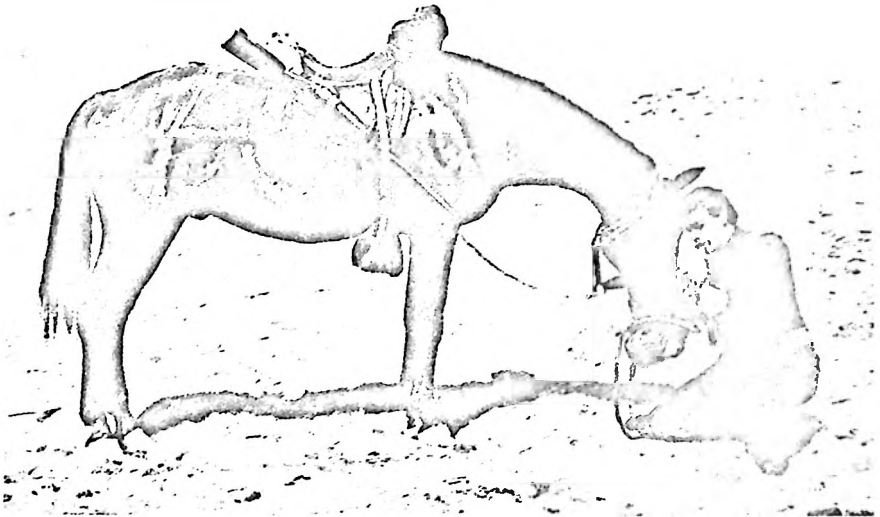
By the time he was 19, completely self-taught, he started instructing others in drawing and painting. By 1887 his work attracted the artist August Schwable, president of the Newark Art League, and Dr. William A. Fisher, both of whom financed his study abroad. In Munich, Germany, he was a pupil of Carl Marr and Frank Kirschbach. After three years of instruction, the young artist became an accomplished draftsman and colorist.

Hard work at his easel exacted its price, however. At the early age of 20, he returned to America so broken in health that for almost a year he lay in a sick bed. His doctors suggested that a trip west would help, but such a move was financially impossible.

For the next few years he painted the New Jersey hills and supported himself through commercial art work while longing to capture the battles of the West. The best he could afford was Buffalo Bill's Wild West show, where he became well known to the troupe during their eastern tours.

Over the years "Buffalo Bill" Cody became one of Schreyvogel's greatest admirers. Whenever the show was playing in New York, the artist was always invited to use its Indians, cowboys, soldiers and animals as models. Some years later he even traveled with the show and sometimes Buffalo bill took pleasure in presenting a living tableau of Schreyvogel's well-known painting, "The Last Drop," portraying the lone cavalry trooper sharing with his horse the last water from his hat.

In 1893 he was able to realize his dream to go west. Buffalo Bill, his life-long admirer, had arranged a trip to the Ute Reservation at Ignacio, Colorado, so he could regain his health from a severe case of asthma. There there was a regiment of U.S. troopers who had just returned from the Philippines. They taught Schreyvogel to ride and to use the cavalry rifle. After five months in Colorado he proceeded to Arizona. During these travels he visited with many tribes and collected a large number of Indian artifacts and tools for use as studio props so that his paintings would be historically accurate.



"The Last Drop". Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum.

At first Schreyvogel found it almost impossible to persuade the Indians to pose for him. They believed that in making their picture he would capture their soul. Eventually to allay their fears he made them gifts of his sketches.

On his return to Hoboken, Schreyvogel started to paint the violent drama between the Indians and the U.S. troops. One of his growing list of admirers was Teddy Roosevelt, who encouraged his work and gave him a presidential permit granting free access to every military post and Indian reservation. He made preliminary sketches on location and photographs which were later used in his work. Fascinated with photography, he developed and printed the photos himself.

The resulting paintings from his western trips did not sell, and he was forced to painting portraits. A windfall of \$800.00 for a painting of a member of the wealthy Stevens family in 1894 enabled him finally to marry Louise Walther. But for the next few years they lived in poverty as there were no further portrait commissions, and no sales for his western paintings. He suffered chronic asthmatic attacks which were alleviated only by his western trips.

Life for the Schreyvogels became continual frustrating financial crises. In desperation he turned to painting miniatures on ivory, which sold well. But then the microscopic detail overtaxed his eyes, and the artist was forced to try almost anything to earn a living. Warily he trudged from one prospective buyer to another until he finally was commissioned to make quick sketches which brought him barely enough to enable the two to survive.

About this time he finished one of his newest western paintings. Everything he had learned went into it and he put his very heart and soul into that painting until he believed it was his best work to date. Still it did not sell and in desperation he agreed to sell the canvas to a lithographer for a ridiculously small sum, only to have it rejected when the buyer discovered it would not reduce to desired proportions.

The painting was called "My Bunkie"—rich in color and full of precise anatomical detail in both horses and riders. As a last resort he took it to a restaurant for exhibit and possible sale. When he discovered it was never hung and was hidden in a corner, he took it away. Without hope, but at the repeated insistence of friends he took it to the National Academy Annual Exhibit. Fully expecting his work to be rejected he did not even properly enter the painting and neglected to leave his name and address.

In feverish desperation, he called on an old friend, Dr. Fisher. During that visit, the doctor received a phone call from a friend that "My Bunkie" was a winner of the \$300 Clark Prize and that newspaper reporters were trying to locate the artist. For Schreyvogel, recognition had come at last! Dr. Fisher was to play an important role throughout the artist's life, buying paintings before and after Schreyvogel achieved fame. Today, I understand that this painting which is owned by the New York Metropolitan Museum is valued at over \$200,000.

The award was a New Year present for the year 1900. He told reporters, "I always dreamed of painting Indians, but my parents were against the idea of my becoming an artist. They believed that all artists were bound to starve, and they were not far from wrong."

This sudden fame and long struggle against poverty had actually eliminated all traces of temperament. He remained the sickly, shy and reserved individual even when his canvases became the rage of art collectors. A sizable number of carefully researched oil paintings flowed from his prolific easel and at the age of 40 he was established as one of the foremost artist-interpreters of the American West.

Since Schreyvogel did not live in the West, his perspective was distant, but it was infused with intense first-hand experience further enhanced with travel and study. His expressive genius flowed from precise observation, a keen imagination, and skill.

For most of their married life, while he worked on his large paintings in his studio, the Schreyvogels lived at his farm in West Kill, New York, and in Hoboken, New Jersey. The proximity to New York suited his needs and afforded quick access to the galleries and publishing houses which advanced his career. His old studio at the farm is now a public Schreyvogel Memorial and Museum.

His crowded studio enveloped the artist in a creative atmosphere. Here Schreyvogel was surrounded by the remarkable collection of western props and paraphernalia which he had collected in the field. trips west, especially in Colorado and Denver. The artifacts were especially important when he was producing his work as he clothed his models in genuine materials, lending authenticity to his work. The four walls from floor to ceiling were crowded with military and Indian trappings of all description. There were guns of every kind ever carried by an American soldier, swords and bridles, saddles, knives, clubs and tomahawks.



"Breaking Through the Line". Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum.

While Remington's thousands of paintings and sculptures encompass every phase of Western life, and Russell's work deals mainly with the cowboy, Schreyvogel dedicated his career in capturing the Indian-fighting soldiers locked in savage combat. The experts all agree that while Schreyvogel's canvases are large, they possess qualities of color and draftsmanship seldom demonstrated by either Remington or Russell.

His action-filled canvases depict scenes of death in the field of battle. He painted the Indian as desperate, fierce warriors—men of action fighting to the death to save their land and their way of life against the white man's western migration. In his paintings, the U.S. trooper is always the victor.

In the painting "Breaking Through The Line," the trooper gallops straight forward, aiming his revolver at the viewer's eye so that the observer must experience the drama and excitement of battle. A writer once reported: "To view a Schreyvogel painting is to experience watching a Hollywood Western."

Following Frederic Remington's death in 1909, Charles Schreyvogel was acclaimed by both the public and the press as the logical heir to Remington's crown. In 1910, *Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* praised him as "America's greatest living interpreter of the Old West."

This, unfortunately, was not to be for long. While enjoying a chicken dinner, a splinter of bone pierced his mouth. Never in the best of health, a serious infection set in and on January 27, 1912, he died, a few days past his 51st birthday.



"The Duel". Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum.



"Defending the Stockade". Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum.



"How Kola". Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum.



"Rear Guard". Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum.



"Attack at Dawn". Buffalo Bill Memorial Museum.



Westerner's Bookshelf



The California Column In New Mexico, by Darlis A. Miller. University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1982. 318 pages. Photographs, 2 appendices, notes, bibliography, and index. \$9.95, paper; \$19.95, cloth.

Most young men "went West" in the early days of the West, but over 2,000 volunteers of the California Column went East from California to New Mexico in 1862 to block the Confederate drive on the Southwest. While the Column arrived too late to fight Sibley and his Rebels, General Carleton's

men remained to fight Indians and stabilize the area. The Californians were discharged in New Mexico to encourage their re-enlistment and about 340 of them remained in New Mexico. These hardy veterans composed the first large group of Anglos to settle in New Mexico and the author has done an enormous amount of research to identify their contributions to the state. They became miners, farmers, business men, politicians, and in some cases criminals. In many cases they married Hispanic women and contributed to the "melting pot" feature of American society.

The author and the New Mexico Historical Society must be complimented upon producing this well-researched and well-written book covering a unique situation in the history of the Southwest.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.



Shadows of the Indian, by Raymond William Stedman. Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman. 6 x 10 in. hardbound. 282 pp, 291 illustrations. Price \$24.95.

This book compiles data from 136 books, 26 periodicals, 21 newspapers, and from hundreds of movies, theater plays, and television programs. In the Appendix is "A Literary and Historical Chronology" to aid the reader. It begins in 1493 with Christopher Columbus and his experiences with the Tainos of the West Indies which he called "Los Indios," the Indians, and the ends in 1981 when the National Park ranger, Bill Hay, asks that Geronimo's body be moved from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to the Arizona country that he loved. In between, the author breaks the events concerning Indians into 80 time periods with a paragraph on what happened in each. The book has fourteen chapters entitled (1) Curiosity, (2) La Belle Sauvage, (3) Men Friday, (4) Indian Talk, (5) Lust Between the Bookends, (6) And You Know What They Do to White Women, (7) From Another Adam, (8) The Enemy, (9) Fixed in Frame, (10) Vanishing Americans, (11) Bloodline, (12) The Noble Savage Revisited, (13) Mea Culpa, (14) Lingering Shadows.

Introducing each chapter the author quotes, from various sources, lines which are apropos to the chapter content. For instance, Chapter 1, "The Curiosity," begins with a quote from Christopher Columbus in his journal of 1492, "Some of them paint themselves black . . . and some paint themselves white, and others red with what they have. Some paint their faces, others the whole body, others the eyes only, others only the nose." Chapter 2, "La Belle Sauvage," begins with William Byrd's quotation, "Her complexion was a deep copper, so that her fine shape and regular Features made her appear a Statue in Bronze done by a masterly Hand." Chapter 4, "Indian Talk", Professor John Smith of Dartmouth quotes from "A Dialogue Between an Englishman and an Indian in 1779." Englishman: "S'blood [Yannhootough] I hardly know what to say. You seem to talk fluently. Perhaps I have been too much prejudiced against the Indians." In "From Another

Adam," Chapter 7, Alan LeMay in "The Uniform" says, "Sometimes it was hard to believe that this strange bloody-minded red race was human at all. It was as if giant lizards had come here on horses, mounting and grunting their unearthly language that so few white men had ever understood." Chapter 8, "The Enemy," Christopher Lehmann-Haupt of the *New York Times* had these words of wisdom, "It was simply that evolution had played a terrible trick and pitted against each other two civilizations that were thousands of years apart and wholly unable to understand each other." George Armstrong Custer at the beginning of Chapter 10, "Vanishing Americans" had this to say, "If I were an Indian, I often think I would greatly prefer to cast my lot among those of my people who adhered to the free open plains, rather than submit to the confined limits of a reservation there to be the recipient of the blessed benefits of civilization, with its vices thrown in without stint of measure."

The author has thoroughly, expertly, and scholarly detailed how the whites coped with the Indian people. He tells of how the media, historians, the theatre, the cinema, the newspapers, periodicals, radio and television exploited the Indian for entertainment or whatever, without in most cases any regard for fairness to the Indian or his feelings.

The author gives hundreds of examples of movies and television plays highlighting the Indian in battle with the whites, or whatever, with 291 photographs, sketches, or poster headlines.

This book is an excellent history of some of the events concerning Indians, fictional or otherwise.

R. A. Ronzio, P.M.

Captain Lee Hall of Texas, by Dora Neill Raymond, University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1940; second printing 1982, 350 pages, hard cover \$19.95.

This is the second printing of a book which received the award of Outstanding Texas Book of the Year, Texas Institute of Letters (1940) when it was first printed.

Have you ever attended a gathering where

the talk all centered on events and persons you have never ever heard about? You can't contribute to the conversatin because you don't know anything about the subject being discussed. You are bewildered by the unknown names and events which are scattered through the chatter; the *in* jokes whiz past you because the narrator neglects to provide you with background material.

This is an insider's book. Those who have been immersed in the Texas history of the last half of the 19th century will find it entrancing. Those who have not been so programmed, may find hard going because they are outsiders.

The book shows evidence of diligent scholarship. Hardly a page has less than two or three footnotes giving sources for quotes or selected incidents. The chapters are arranged in a set of chronological tableaux which trace episodes in the life of Captain Hall, from cradle to grave.

The writing is beautifully polished, but it tends to be "precious" at times, not so much cloying, as having a tendency to obscure the narrative.

The book's primary failure is a sense of "place." The book's single map is a two-page reproduction of a map of "Texas and Indian Territory in the Eighties" from the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 9th Edition. The printing and the scale make it almost unreadable in places. I had to use a magnifying glass and an hour's search to find Denison, where Hall cut his law enforcement teeth in the 1870s. I didn't realize that knowing its location would probably have been my price of admission.

As each tableau unfolds the viewer is aware of the spotlighted characters and actions at the front of the stage, as heroes and villains undertake great "alarms and excursions," pursuing, shooting, and killing each other punctiliously; but behind this plane of action is a semi-transparent screen through which the stage setting can only be seen darkly. This absence of a firmly-grounded sense of place gives an ethereal quality to the writing—as though it were describing actions disembodied in space.

The author acts as a press agent for her protagonist, but the reader at times feels she has failed to provide convincing proof. It is

not enough to say that a man is great, a leader of men, a hero; it must be proved by his actions. In this matter, the author depends too much upon her own endorsements and the testimonials of other Texans of that era.

The non-Texan reader had best prepare himself for this book by reading such background material as D. W. Meinig, *Imperial Texas, an Interpretive Essay in Cultural Geography*, Roy Bedichek, *Adventures with a Texas Naturalist*, or J. Frank Dobie, *A Vaquero of the Brush Country*. The author cites the latter work frequently. And of course Walter Prescott Webb, *The Texas Rangers*.

I don't wish this review to leave a wholly negative impression. The writing, in spite of its obscurity is lyrical. One is occasionally reminded of the work of Willa Cather or Mari Sandoz. This is a good read if you enjoy a poetic description of Sam Bass or the capture of John Wesley Hardin, but don't expect it to provide a complete blueprint of its hero's life and times. It has slighted the stage setting.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

Carlos Montezuma and the Changing World of the American Indian by Peter Iverson. University of New Mexico Press; Albuquerque, 1982. 222 pp., notes, bibliography, index, illustrations, \$17.50.

Before his death in 1923, Carlos Montezuma achieved a measure of notoriety as one of the earliest articulate American Indians to crusade for the rights of his red race, severely threatened by the all-conquering Americans of European origin. With this book Iverson resurrects the memory and reputation of a man whose stature, properly recognized, might equal that of George Washington Carver, symbolic spiritual leader of his black race. Like Carver, Montezuma's childhood was darkened by slavery and loss of his family; and like Carver, he surmounted his dreadful handicaps to attain professional status in a strange, and often hostile, white world.

The story of this unusual American Indian is full of the irony and contradiction that frequently dramatize the epic strivings of peoples treated historically as "inferior." It was other Indians (Pimas), not whites, who

enslaved him, and it was a white man, not an Indian, who bought him from his captors, nurtured him, and encouraged his remarkable intelligence. Although he was born "Wassaja," he was called Montezuma by his benefactor, in tribute to the famed leader of the Aztecs, treacherously betrayed by Cortez. Although he called himself a Mohave-Apache, his people were not bona fide Apaches, but Yavapais. He rose above his lowly origins by becoming a fully accredited medical doctor, practicing in Chicago. But then, having demonstrated his equality of skill with the white man, Montezuma became increasingly engrossed in a lifelong campaign to improve the lot of his fellow Indians, adrift in poverty and ignorance.

The mechanism employed by Montezuma—and a handful of other Indian leaders of similar education and spirit—was an organization called the Society of Native Americans, which published tracts on the Red Man's wrongs and urged measures to remedy them. Unfortunately, these meritorious efforts were blunted by two factors which seem to plague all endeavors at human uplift—a rigid bureaucracy and quarreling among the reformers. The first factor was supplied by the Bureau of Indian Affairs, which resented native meddling in their plans. And, while the reformers were united in their desire to do *something*, they split apart on strategic and philosophical goals. Montezuma seemed intent on integrating the Indian into the white man's civilization; others emphasized the preservation of native cultures as well as the improvement of livelihoods.

After a tempestuous career as editor, agitator, and lobbyist on the national scene, and an impassioned advocate of the economic rights of his fellow tribesman on the Fort McDowell Reservation in Arizona, Montezuma succumbed to tuberculosis, and returned to Arizona to die. His Society of Native Americans was about two generations ahead of its time. With the resumption of Indian rights activism today, it is hoped that his vigorous but peaceful pioneering efforts in the crusade will be remembered, and honored.

Merrill J. Mattes, P. M.

The West of Wild Bill Hickock by Joseph G. Rosa, University of Oklahoma Press, 1982. Pp. 223, \$19.95.

Wild Bill Hickok will forever be synonymous with the so-called Wild West, and his very name has been an irresistible lure to the historians and writers who have shaped our views about the West.

Even in his own time Wild Bill was a legend and most folks did not separate fact from fiction regarding the wild stories told about this old western character. After his death, the editor of the Cheyenne Daily Leader paid his respects by writing: "If we could believe half of what has been written concerning his daring deeds, he must certainly have been one of the bravest and most unscrupulous characters of these lawless times—and of late years Wild Bill seems to have been a very tame and worthless bummer and loafer." Few things are more pleasurable than knocking idols off their pedestals.

Accuracy was certainly not one of the virtues of the majority of those who claimed to have known him. Most of them had a taste for exaggeration tinged with the stark colors of melodrama. To show how even the most sober men were inclined to be misled by Hickok's mythical figure, Mayor McCoy of Abilene reported that Hickok killed forty-three men in gunfights before coming to Abilene. The fact is that McCoy's figure, although more accurate than most, was three times over the correct count.

In this newest book we probably have the best account to date. For an author as far outside of this country as England, this highly-researched book must have been a work of love. The title belies the scope of this comprehensive survey. It must have been most natural for Rosa to write, since most likely he is very knowledgeable on Hickok, having written an exhaustive biography on Wild Bill, which also was published by the University of Oklahoma Press.

Of particular interest to our group is that the author, who makes his home in Ruislip, England, is an officer in the English Posse of the Westerners. He has authored books and many articles on Western subjects. This book, documented and rich with photos and

illustrations, is a valuable addition to Western history. In Hickok the author found a man hellbent on fulfilling his destiny; a man, given one more chance than most, who overplayed his hand. Throughout his lusty life, Wild Bill epitomized most of the best and the worst of a fabulous breed of freebooters who opened the Western frontier.

For this book Rosa has assembled in one volume, with his special brand of diligence and expertise, all the known photos of Hickok, his family, friends and foes, and all the places and people that knew him. It is an informative book and a worthy contribution to Hickok's biography.

In spite of all its merits, this reviewer found the last half of the book most objectionable. By some odd quirk of the typesetter, the beginning of each line of print is jagged and irregular—as a result it is very distracting to the reader.

Stanley W. Zamonski, P.M.

Bayou Salado: The Story of South Park, by Virginia McConnell Simmons, Century One Press, Colorado Springs. Revised Edition (paperback), 275 pp., \$7.95.

Good regional histories of Colorado are eagerly sought by history buffs of this state. Such a book is *Bayou Salado*, the one thorough coverage of the early trappers' "Salt Marshes," now named South Park. This book was originally published in 1966 by Sage Books. Century One Press, noted for its local publications on Colorado, has brought *Bayou Salado* back into print with this revised edition.

South Park stretches over 50 miles north to south, and 30 miles east to west. This great central Colorado montane park has a fascinating history. The author presents details on its geology and geography, its Indian history, early exploration and trapper lore, mining and railroading activities, and its important ranching life. The fold-out map is professionally redrawn by George Simmons; this appears to be the only substantial revision of the book. The original edition needed few corrections, so only minor details have been updated. The many photographs are reproduced nearly as well as in the original edition. They are interesting, informative,

and a nice complement to the text. The extensive bibliography and good index are appreciated by historical researchers. *Bayou Salado* is a thoroughly researched and well-written book which all people interested in Colorado history should have in their libraries.

Edwin A. Bathke, P.M.

Tombstone by William Hattich. Tombstone, Ariz., Daily Prospector, 1903, facsimile reprinted 1981, Univ. of Oklahoma Press. 54 pages, copiously illustrated, index, elegantly hardbound in original 9¼ x 12¼ size. \$9.95.

Tombstone, Arizona, bears to this day the ineradicable brand of the traditional Old Wild West—badmen, outlaws, shootouts, fearless lawmen, etc., etc., including the threat of the ravening Red Man. Even today the visitor to Tombstone is regaled with accounts of the shootout at the OK Corral, Boot Hill, and the long list of those, good and bad, who met their violent end there.

There is, and was, another Tombstone, comprising men of mining and industry who built their careers and their community by solid effort and enterprise. From the earliest prospectors, led by Edward Schieffelin in 1878 into the area, by the end of the century Tombstone, in spite of its lurid reputation, had become the most important town in the Arizona Territory.

With the advent of the railroad in 1903 another generation of entrepreneurs were determined to reopen Tombstone's silver mines and restore its importance. With this objective in mind, the publisher of the *Tombstone Daily Prospector* brought together a symposium of essays on Tombstone—its history, its facilities, the newly-arrived El Paso and Southwestern Railroad, the mines and mills, the business and professional men and their enterprises and activities—all celebrated in a 56-page publication to herald the arrival of the railroad and to refocus attention on the city and its hopes for the future.

That extremely rare publication was exhumed by John D. Gilcrease, "a noted collector, reviewer, and author," from whose copy this edition is reproduced. This would be an ideal guidebook for the modern visitor to this historic town.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.

The Generous Years: Remembrances of a Frontier Boyhood, by Chet Huntley. Fawcett Crest, New York, 1968. 159 pp. 75¢ Soft cover.

An Owl on Every Post, by Sandra Babb. Signet Non-fiction-Q5246 New York, 1972. 192 pp. 95¢ Soft cover.

A comparison of these two autobiographies of childhood years on the plains is most revealing. Both commence in 1913, Babb in Baca County, Colorado, Huntley in the Milk River country of Northern Montana. Each is most detailed in the author's recollections of childhood reflections and experiences. Both are excellent and necessary for the reading of one who has not experienced the isolation and the beauty of the untouched plains.

Huntley has approached the recitation with the objectivity of the professional journalist, tempered with love and compassion. He has divided the book into three parts: The Land, The Town, and The Railroad. His description of railroad towns of southern Montana in the 1920's with the eyes of a teenager is excellent.

Babb has outdone Huntley in her descriptive passages and in capturing the excitement of life in the plains. Her format is a simple three to seven pages in each of 41 chapters up to her father becoming a town baker before W.W. I.

In *An Owl on Every Post*, the reviewer found the following passage best describes the place and the time:

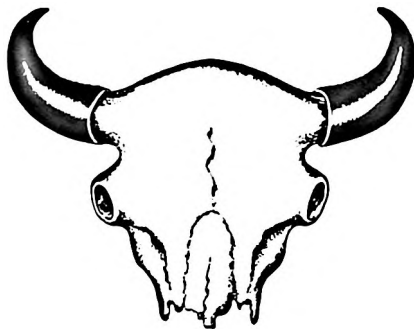
"We had raised a crop, paid our bills, and had only a few coins left. The winter was almost as hard as the first one except that the hardships were not new.

One year so like the first and then another went by, and yet in all those days and nights none was the same. Every sunrise and every sunset was resplendent in its own way. The sun at horizon, mornings and evenings, relumed the powerful being of that harsh and silent land. Its great hush was deepened by the longing mournful mating call of gray wolves in the nights of spring; the undulating whir of insects in the summer dark; the wild geese flying north and south; the howling winter winds. The meadowlark sang its joyous song. Mockingbirds, hawks, and owls. A wildcat scream. A coyote lament. Wind. Wind. A Wild lonesome land. And still we stayed. It laid its claim on our deepest mind while we but claimed its earth."

If anyone has ever asked why parents would sacrifice so much to raise a family in such desolate lands, let them read these books. There are few memorable events, but rather a feel for the land and the courage of its people which made the era and the plains so little understood and yet have indelibly impressed the American plains as a reality out of the great American Desert.

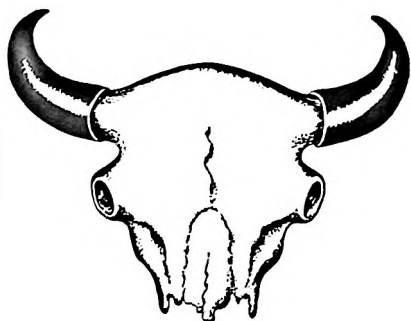
Great reading and very informative to the historical scholar who may forget the era and the plains. Both books can be found in hardback.

Jack H. Dwyer, P.M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS

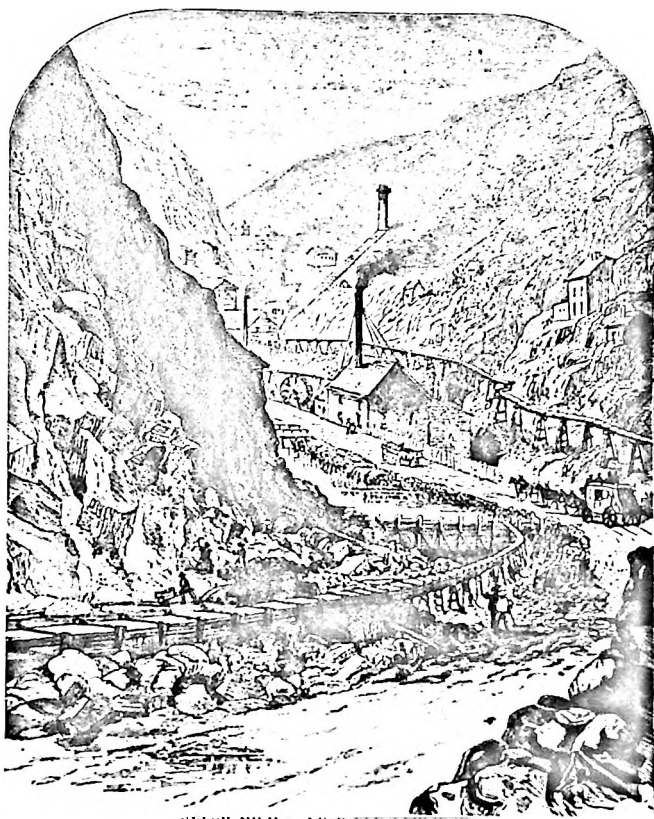
ROUNDUP



MARCH-APRIL 1983

EARLY COLORADO WATER RIGHTS

Raphael J. Moses, C.M.



GULCH MINING, NEAR BRECKENRIDGE.

Gulch Mining Near Breckenridge
From Croftt's Guide of Colorado, 1883.

IN MEMORIAM

It is with the greatest regret that we mark the passage of Bryant L. McFadden from among us, at the age of 77. Bryant was among our members of longest standing, having been introduced by Father Garrett Barnes in the 1940's, when the Denver Westerners were holding their Summer and Winter Rendezvous at the Bax Ranch and the American Legion Hall respectively. His interests were photography and railroads, including streetcars, especially in Colorado. He was a member of the Railroad Club. His wife Shirley will continue at their home.

OUR AUTHOR

Raphael J. Moses is a practicing lawyer in Boulder. He holds degrees of A.B., M.A., and Doctor of Jurisprudence, all from the University of Colorado, with which he has been associated as legal advisor, ex-Regent, and recipient of the Norlin Award. He began practice in Alamosa in 1938 and later moved to Boulder, he has published numerous articles on water law, and has held positions on various water boards.

NEW POSSE MEMBERS

Stephen W. Pahs is simultaneously a new Posse member and our new Archivist. He is a Denver native and has spent his life here. He became a Corresponding Member in 1957. Steve graduated from the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy and has a M.S. from the University of Colorado. He was a pilot in the U.S. Air Force, retired as Lieutenant Colonel. Since 1955 he has been a pilot for United Airlines. He has a wide variety of special interests and memberships. His home is at 6888 E. Dartmouth, Denver 80224, phone 756-1907.

We especially welcome Bennett W. Wayne to the Posse. Ben has been a faithful member of the Denver Westerners for many years. As evidenced by his recent talk on "Memoirs of a Hometown Druggist" he has a vast fund of Denver history in his memory, and we look forward eagerly to further contributions to our background in his inimitable style.

(Turn to page 15)

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

Vol. XXXIX



MARCH-
APRIL

Number 2

1983

USPS 566-500

The ROUNDUP is published bimonthly by the Denver Westerners. Subscription \$15.00 per year to members. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office, P.O. Box 990, Boulder, Colorado 80306. Westerners office, 1889 York Street, Denver, Colorado 80206. Copyright 1983 by The Westerners, Inc. a Colorado corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

©1983 by The Westerners Inc., a Colorado Corporation.

1983 OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Sheriff: Richard A. Cook
Deputy Sheriff: Robert D. Stull
Roundup Foreman: Donald C. Chamberlin
Tallyman: Dr. Loren F. Blaney
Registrar of Marks and Brands: Hugo von Rodeck Jr.
Chuck Wrangler: Theodore P. Krieger
Daguerrotypist: Bernie S' Fangold
Archivist: Stephen W. Pahs
Membership Chairman: George P. Godfrey
Publications Chairman: Hugo von Rodeck Jr.
Program Chairman: Robert Stull
Keeper of the Possibles Bag: James F. Bowers
Reservations for Meetings and Dinners: Theodore P. Krieger, 280 E. 11th Ave., Broomfield, CO 80020. Phone 466-7737
Material for the ROUNDUP: Hugo von Rodeck Jr., 11107 Elati Street, Northglenn, CO 80234. Phone 452-7336
Book Reviews: Ray E. Jenkins, 10095 E. Caley Place, Englewood, CO 80111. Phone 770-7929
Dues Checks to: Dr. Loren F. Blaney, 1889 York Street, Denver, CO 80206. Phone 322-5388



EARLY COLORADO WATER RIGHTS

by

Raphael J. Moses, C.M.

(Presented - October 27, 1982)

When I was asked to talk to the Westerners about early water rights, it was suggested that I tell you about the genesis of the Colorado water rights system, generally known as the Appropriation Doctrine. You probably already know that our system arose out of the custom of the early day miners, particularly the '49ers in California. McGowen, in his article entitled "The Development of Political Institutions on the Public Domain",¹ says;

In the solution of their legal problems the miners relied heavily upon their Anglo-Saxon heritage. In each community they called mass meetings which were in reality "town meetings" of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. At these meetings, the rules and regulations that were to govern the mining communities were worked out through the use of the typical democratic process. While the rules thus established varied in detail from camp to camp, still they tended to follow a rather uniform pattern.

A vast and intricate field of mining law was to develop from these few simple rules as adopted in the early California mining districts. For a quarter of a century and more, mining law was the most significant field of law in the West.

But the mining districts are of current significance not only because of the law of mining but also because of the law of water which owes its origin to them. A good many of the mines in California were placer mines. Water is essential to the operation of a placer mine. But a great many of these placer mines were situated a considerable distance from the stream and frequently entirely beyond the drainage of the stream. Just as there were not enough mines for all the people, there was not enough water for all the mines. Now the Anglo-American doctrine of riparian water rights was established on the premise that water belonged to the owner of the land adjacent to the stream and that while each land owner had a right to use the water, still he was obligated to return it to the stream undiminished in quality and quantity for his neighboring riparian owner immediately below him on the stream. Such a law was of course worked out to meet the economic needs of a group of eastern factory owners and mill operators. It was a law made in a damp moist country, and simply did not fit the needs of the western miners. Hence, they were again thrown upon their own resources to work out a system wherein the greatest amount of good could be obtained from the limited amount of water.

The miners met this problem just as they met the problem of adjusting the right to use a limited number of mines among a multitude of people. They applied the doctrine of prior appropriation to the water just as they did to the mining claims, and they limited the amount of water each person could use to the amount that he originally appropriated from the stream to operate his mine. The size of the ditch was used to determine the quantity of water originally taken. They also decreed that a failure to use the water for a given time worked an abandonment of the right to take the water just as a failure to work the mine worked an abandonment of the mine.

¹Superior number references on page 14

It was soon discovered by those who went to farm that the water law as worked out by the miners was much more appropriate to their needs in such an arid country than the riparian rights which their ancestors had worked out in the humid East. Hence, the law of water, as originally worked out in the mining districts of California, was soon to become the water law of the entire arid west.

This same doctrine was adopted by the Colorado Supreme Court in the famous case of *Coffin v. Left Hand Ditch Company*,² a decision that was handed down in 1882. The owners of lands along the St. Vrain objected to the ditch company taking water out of the St. Vrain and carrying it over the low divide to James Creek and then out of James Creek to Left Hand Creek and then out of Left Hand Creek to irrigate land a considerable distance away from the St. Vrain.

Coffin and his fellow riparian owners contended that the doctrine of priority of right to water by priority of appropriation thereof was first recognized and adopted in the Colorado Constitution. The court said:

We think the latter doctrine has existed from the date of the earliest appropriations of water within the boundaries of the state. The climate is dry, and the soil, when moistened only by the usual rainfall, is arid and unproductive; except in a few favored sections, artificial irrigation for agriculture is an absolute necessity. Water in the various streams thus acquires a value unknown in moister climates. Instead of being a mere incident to the soil, it rises, when appropriated, to the dignity of a distinct usufructuary estate, or right of property. It has always been the policy of the national, as well as the territorial and state governments, to encourage the diversion and use the water in this country for agriculture; and vast expenditures of time and money have been made in reclaiming and fertilizing by irrigation portions of our unproductive territory. Houses have been built, and permanent improvements made; the soil has been cultivated, and thousands of acres have been rendered immensely valuable, with the understanding that appropriations of water would be protected. Deny the doctrine of priority or superiority of right by priority of appropriation, and a great part of the value of all this property is at once destroyed.

We conclude, then, that the common law doctrine giving the riparian owner a right to the flow of water in its natural channel upon and over his lands, even though he makes no beneficial use thereof, is inapplicable to Colorado. Imperative necessity, unknown to the countries which gave it birth, compels the recognition of another doctrine in conflict therewith. And we hold that, in the absence of express statutes to the contrary, the first appropriator of water from a natural stream for a beneficial purpose has, with the qualifications contained in the constitution, a prior right thereto, to the extent of such appropriation.

When I agreed to talk about early day water rights in Colorado, I had not realized how difficult it would be to choose which water rights to talk about. Colorado has more than 10,000 decreed water rights, ranging from domestic wells up to irrigation canals carrying as much as 750 second-feet of water and running over 100 miles.

My problem was complicated when I learned early in my research that William R. Kelly, one of the great water lawyers of Colorado, had written an article for the April, 1960 issue of the Denver Westerners *Roundup* entitled "Irrigation Beginnings in Colorado".

I do not know whether his article was the result of a talk such as mine or whether it was written just for the magazine, but people who like history seem to live a long time, and I am sure there are several readers who were members of this organization in 1960 and who do not want me to repeat what Bill Kelly said.



Irrigating head lettuce near Center, in the San Luis Valley. Mel Griffiths photo.

I have therefore selected ditches in each of the major river drainages in Colorado. I have not picked them solely because of their age or their size, or even because of their importance. I have selected them because I think each of them is unique and each has some facet that helps illustrate the ingenuity, persistence and vision that the pioneers of Colorado demonstrated in the development of water rights, not just for irrigation but for mining as well.

In an attempt to be somewhat orderly, I will mention first a ditch in Irrigation Division No. 1, which includes the lands drained by the South Platte River and its tributaries. It is the Consolidated Ditch, a ditch that no longer exists, a ditch that never obtained a decree under our system, but one which was of great importance to the early mining camps in Gilpin County.³

When gold was discovered in the area that was to become Gilpin County, Colorado, one of the most pressing needs of the miners was sufficient water to wash

their ore. To supply this necessity, various water companies were formed in 1859. One of the earliest of which there is record was the Fall River Water Company. It was capitalized at \$50,000 and was to supply water to Russell's Ravine, Virginia diggings and Gregory's diggings, and other ravines and gulches near Central City.

Another company operating contemporaneously in this area was the Rocky Mountain Water Company. The Fall River Water Company and the Rocky Mountain Water Company merged to form the Consolidated Ditch Company, which was issued a charter by the government of the extra-legal Jefferson Territory on November 28, 1859. Interestingly enough, the charter was signed by R. W. Steele, who was not only Governor of Jefferson Territory, but president of the ditch company.

The ditch, which was approximately 10 miles long, began at the upper end of Fall River at a point north and west of Central City and ran in a southwesterly direction to Drake's Gulch, which empties into the North Fork of Clear Creek. The superintendent reported great difficulty in constructing the ditch, stating that about half of its distance had to be blasted out of solid rock and that it was necessary to build 240 rods of flume. The project was apparently financially successful. In August 1861 the treasurer reported net profits for the year to date amounted to \$21,527.22.

All was not rosy, however. There was great complaint by the miners that seepage from the ditch caused damage to the mines and made it impossible for the miners to work their diggings. At one time, the miners of the Topeka Lode brought suit against the ditch company for damage because of the water, and the suit was settled in favor of the miners who were awarded \$750 in damages. There was also a great deal of unhappiness because of the fact that when the ditch froze in the winter time, most of the mines had to shut down and if the season was a very severe one, as it apparently was in the spring of 1862 when the water did not reach the mines until early May due to a large snow storm, the mills were in desperate shape. They apparently tried to use local surface water, but were unable to run on account of the impurity of the water in the gulches which, to use a familiar term, had been "thick".

The ditch ceased operating in 1868. Neither the records of the ditch company or the newspapers of the time give the reasons for its discontinuance. It must be assumed that either there was a marked slump in mining activity which resulted in inability of the miners to pay for the water, or that better sources of water had been found.

Turning now to Water Division No. 2, which comprises the Arkansas River and all of its tributaries, I learned in the course of preparation of this paper that the earliest use of water out of the Arkansas dates back to 1787.

Judge A. Watson McHendrie, in an address given at the Centennial celebration of the People's Ditch at San Luis, held in 1952,⁴ stated that in the summer of 1787, the then Governor of the Spanish province of New Mexico, Juan Bautista de Anzi (or Anza) entered into a treaty with the Jupe Tribe of Comanche Indians. As a part of that program, he sent a group of some 20 Spanish farmers and artisans to initiate with this tribe a colony, known as "San Carlos de Jupes" on the banks of the San Carlos or St. Charles River near its confluence with the Arkansas River, later known as Nepesta, about 8 miles east of the present city of Pueblo.

These men, with the help of their Indian collaborators, constructed some 20 houses, broke up and put into cultivation a fairly large tract of land adjacent thereto, and built a ditch taking its water from the river for the irrigation of this tract. Documentary evidence of this colonization project is extant in the archives of early New Mexico. The project, however, was not successful. The Indians did not take kindly to living in the houses built for them nor were they enthusiastic over the manual labor involved in the cultivation and irrigation of crops. After the lapse of a year or two and the advent into New Mexico of a successor to Governor Anzi the project was abandoned.

The next attempted irrigation of which we have reasonably authentic information was made by the Bent brothers. Upon the construction of Bent's Fort on the north bank of the Arkansas River, about midway between the present cities of La Junta and Las Animas, in the year 1832, a ditch was built taking its water from the river for the irrigation of about 40 acres of land lying in a bend of the river and between the Fort and the north bank of the stream. This acreage was plowed and planted to corn, beans, squash and melons, cultivated and irrigated. According to the stories of contemporary occupants of the fort the production was quite good, but the harvests were practically a failure due to the fact that the tribes of Indians who congregated and camped near the Fort during the growing season either purposely or inadvertently permitted their ponies to invade, graze upon and destroy the growing crops. After a few years the project was abandoned.

The next irrigation enterprise was begun about the year 1841 by a group of trappers and mountain men with their Mexican and Indian mates, at the settlement near the mouth of the Fountain River known as "the pueblo — the progenitor of the present city of Pueblo. These men put a considerable acreage into cultivation and irrigated the land by waters taken from the Fountain. They continued this program quite successfully each year, until on Christmas Day, 1854, the fort was attacked by a presumably friendly tribe of Indians, and the inhabitants were practically exterminated. There is also some contemporary reference to a similar settlement on the banks of the Greenhorn, a tributary of the St. Charles, 30 miles south of the present city of Pueblo, with the irrigation of a considerable tract of land begun in the year 1841 or 1842 and continuing for at least several years.

This attempt was followed by the construction of the John Hatcher Ditch on the east bank of the Picketwire River, or El Rio de Las Animas Perdidas en Purgatorio, about 20 miles downstream from the present city of Trinidad in September 1846.⁵ This ditch was built by John Hatcher, foreman for the Bent brothers, for the purpose of growing food for the ox teams engaged in freighting between Bent's Fort and Taos, New Mexico. In April 1847, water was turned into this ditch for the irrigation of about 60 acres of land planted in corn. In the fall of that year, the Indians raided this ranch, destroyed the crops, and ran Hatcher and his employees out of the country. During the next 15 or 18 years, from time to time individuals squatted upon this land and farmed or attempted to farm the original 60 acres with considerable success. Usually, however, they got into difficulties with the Indians and abandoned the effort. In the

early sixties, a man by the name of Lewellyn settled upon that land, reopened the ditch, and again put into cultivation the original 60 acres, and continuously occupied the farm and irrigated this acreage for many years. In the year 1881, at the first adjudication proceedings brought in that water district, the evidence of the appropriation was submitted to the court by sworn testimony of witnesses familiar with the history of that ditch from its inception. An attempt was made to have a priority awarded to that ditch as of September 1846, but the trial court held there was no privity of interest or title between the original appropriator and the then claimant, and accordingly fixed a priority date as the year 1864. However, the appropriation originally made has been used and still is being used, for the reclamation and use of the 60 acres first put to irrigation by Hatcher.

Then we get to Water Division 3, which is the San Luis Valley and is composed of the Rio Grande and all of its tributaries, and we find the oldest water right decreed in Colorado. That is the right decreed to the San Luis People's Ditch by the District Court of Costilla County on January 31, 1890, when Judge George T. Sumner granted a decree for 21 cubic feet of water per second from Culebra Creek, with a priority date of April 10, 1852. It was the anniversary of this inauguration of irrigation in the San Luis Valley that was celebrated at San Luis in 1952 and was the occasion of Judge McHendrie's address to which I have previously referred.

The claimants were Diego Gallegos, Alexander St. Clair, Donaciano Gallegos, Francisco Barela, Juan Andres Trujillo, Isabela Pacheco, Maria Rosa Vigil, Robert Allen, Jose Maria Valdez, Mariano Pacheco, Juan Pacheco, Rumlal Gallegos, Juan Antonio Baca, Eulogia Gallegos, A. A. Salazar, Rafaela Sanchez, Eulogia Herrera, Juan Martinez, Juanita Herrera, Francisco Valdez, Antonio Pacheco, Manuel Vigil, Miguel Martinez, Eusebio Varga, Rumlal Martinez, Juan Valdez, Donacio Martinez, and Francisco Sanchez. This ditch is still being used today.

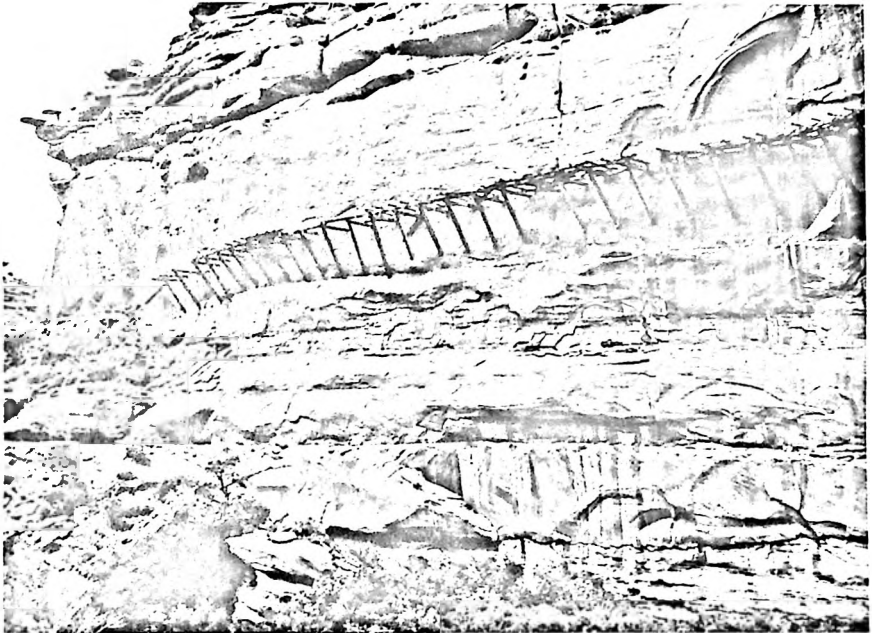
Division 4 is defined by statute as "all lands in the State of Colorado in the drainage basins of the Gunnison River and all of its tributaries, the Little Dolores River, the San Miguel River, and that portion of the Dolores River and its tributaries north of the north township line of Township 45 North, New Mexico Principal Meridian."^{5a} The legislature could have said 'all that part of the Dolores River in Montrose County' and arrived at the same definition, but that would probably have been too simple.

Cross-stitched along a sheer sandstone wall in western Colorado is a remarkable work of man—the Hanging Flume of Dolores Canyon. It is there—you can see it. But how it was put there and by whom are questions that have long intrigued historians. The flume clings to the wall of the cliff that forms the right-hand side of the Dolores River as you go downstream, a short distance below the junction of the Dolores and San Miguel Rivers. It is in Montrose County, not far from the town of Uruvan. Wind and weather and vandals have destroyed much of it. But in some places which are protected from their ravages the flume survives.⁶

Bernard Kelly tells about this ditch in a *Denver Post Empire Magazine* account. He points out that placer deposits were found on Mesa Creek in western Montrose

County in 1886, and in 1887 the Montrose Placer Mining Company was formed to work these deposits.

Apparently there was not enough water in Mesa Creek to do placer mining, so it was decided to bring water by ditch and flume from a point on the San Miguel River 13 miles upstream.



Remnants of old mining flume which once carried water from the San Miguel River to a mesa top for placer mining. At this place the flume is about 100 feet above the river on a 200-foot cliff, about a mile above the confluence of the San Miguel with the Dolores River. Mel Griffiths photo.

This is another early water right which was never decreed and which is not in existence any more, but it is so spectacular that I thought it appropriate to talk about it in connection with Water Division 4. The flume itself was a channel of wood, 6 feet wide and 4 feet high, and a total of 1.8 million board-feet of lumber was used in its construction.⁷ Although the popular story that it was built by Chinese coolie labor and that the coolies were suspended over the edge of the cliff by ropes is apparently more fiction than fact. There is also a story that there were over a thousand people killed in the construction of the flume but as a matter of fact there is no available record of any deaths. Construction was started at the downstream end because it was near a source of timber, and was completed in the early summer of 1891, according to Hall.

Unfortunately, the project was a failure. In 1897, the *Engineering and Mining Journal* reported that operations of the placer mill had been suspended in 1893. The gravel deposits were much smaller than had been expected and their value was only a fraction of company estimates.⁸ The finished work was about half ditch and half flume and the cost was more than \$100,000. For approximately five miles the flume hung on the side of the cliff, most of it resting on brackets pinned to the sandstone wall just as a what-not shelf in a home might be supported by metal wall brackets. The flume ran along as high as 100-150 feet above the river and a like distance from the top of the cliff.⁹

Division 5 is the main stem of the Colorado and its tributaries, with the exception of the Gunnison.

I suppose it would be appropriate to talk about the Shoshone Power Plant, the right of Public Service Company of Colorado in connection with the Colorado River, as it is undoubtedly the most important water right in the State of Colorado.¹⁰ However, there is so much to say about this very large power plant right of some 1250 cfs. that it really should be the subject of a separate discussion.

I therefore want to talk about a different right out of the Colorado River, one that is described by Philip L. Fradkin in his book entitled "A River No More".¹¹ He says:

Where the upper Colorado River begins in Rocky Mountain National Park in Colorado, there is a long scar along the flanks of the Never Summer Mountains. This light-colored, thin slash set against the dark forest green of spruce and fir is the 16.7-mile Grand Ditch, the first major conveyor built to transport water outside the Colorado River Basin.¹² As such, it was to set a precedent of expropriation for later out-of-basin water transfers that serve southern California, communities along the Rio Grande in New Mexico, Denver and other eastern Colorado communities, and Great Basin communities near Salt Lake City. More water is exported from the Colorado River watershed than from any other river basin in the country. The complex of dams, reservoirs, tunnels, and canals spreading out from the Colorado River system to embrace much of the West has become the most complicated plumbing system in the world. Water can be flushed through the system in varying amounts at the flick of a switch. Once water was diverted across the Continental Divide in 1892 through the Grand Ditch, the beginning of this tributary of the Colorado River system was no longer the pristine mountain streams tumbling down from the trickle of seepage from the ditch down desiccated stream-beds.

Tilted slightly downslope and heading northeast, the ditch trapped water flowing down the mountain streams in the summer and transported it by gravity flow over the divide at La Poudre Pass and dumped it into a creek of the same name. From Long Draw Reservoir two miles downstream, the water flowed into the Cache La Poudre River, thence into the South Platte River and onto 37,425 irrigated acres divided into 260 farms where corn, alfalfa, sugar beets, potatoes, vegetables, and barley were grown. In 1892 when the water company incorporated, its stated purpose was "the construction of new ditches, to take, divert and appropriate as much as possible of the unappropriated waters of the Grand" At the time of incorporation, the amount of capital stock was \$60,000. Seventy-five years later, the value of the stock was more than \$9 million. "And," Michener wrote, "any hard-working newcomer who bought irrigated land in the years from 1896 through 1910 acquired a bargain whose value would multiply with the years. This was bonanza time,

when the last of the great irrigation ditches were being dug, when desert land was being made to blossom."

As we continue our numerical review of interesting water rights in the various water divisions, having talked about the Grand River Ditch in Water Division 5, it seems logical that we turn our attention to Water Division 6, which is the Yampa River and its tributaries.

Again, I am going to deviate from my title and talk about a relatively recent water right, one which dates back only to June 29, 1959, instead of talking about any of the early day water rights on the Yampa. The reason for my digression stems partly from my fascination with transmountain diversions, but primarily from the fact that the diversion I am going to talk about is one of the most audacious plans for the movement of water in Colorado that has ever reached the courts.

As background we must keep in mind that, by and large, the water in Colorado is on the west side of the Continental Divide and the people are on the east side, and the people on the west side of Colorado have fought long and hard against transmountain diversions, arguing that the water must be kept on the Western Slope to take care of future development.

In 1963, Four Counties Water Users Association filed statements of claim totaling, in all, some 844 cfs. of water and including a number of reservoirs, claiming that, as of June 2, 1958, it had embarked upon a plan to divert water from the Yampa River drainage and deliver it to the Eastern Slope, a distance of some 350 miles and necessitating the crossing or penetrating of two major mountain ranges.

Perhaps the most succinct description of the plan is found in one of a number of Supreme Court decisions involving the project:

By its Statement of Claims and the evidence presented at the hearings in support thereof, Four Counties seeks to appropriate water from Walton and Fish Creeks in Water District 58 and on Muddy Creek and its tributary in Water District 50 — all in the Yampa River water shed. The plans include storage for these waters in a reservoir on Rabbit Ears Pass. From there, at the first stage of the proceeding, a portion of the water collected would be delivered to Grizzley Creek, a tributary of the North Platte River arising in the northwest corner of North Park. By exchange an equal amount of water would be taken from the Illinois and Michigan Rivers, arising in the northeast corner of North Park and delivered by ditch to Willow Creek Pass. The remainder of the water is contemplated to be transported to Willow Creek Pass by pipeline or channel, and then to Granby Reservoir by use of the Colorado Big Thompson Conservation facilities on Willow Creek. The waters would then be transported via the Adams Tunnel to the Eastern Slope for water users in the counties of Adams, Boulder, Weld and Larimer.

Absent the requisite consent and agreement from the federal government for the use of the Adams Tunnel, the plans call for an extension of the Fourth of July Mine Tunnel on Arapahoe Pass and transportation and storage on the Eastern Slope.¹³

Colorado's history is replete with the names of giants who had the courage and vision to think big. People like Otto Mears and William J. Palmer were not content with small plans. Certainly the same can be said for Fred Sproul, the guiding genius behind the Four Counties plan. However, Fred's plans were too big. If they were not

too big, the timing was not right, because Mr. Sproul was never able to finance or construct his dream. He did build a small section of a ditch at the top of Muddy Pass, and that is available to view to anyone who wants to walk about 50 yards from the highway summit.

After several years of attempting to finance the project, Four Counties sold all of its water rights to Colorado-Ute Electric Association, which bowed to political pressure and relinquished any claim for transmountain diversions, but in exchange, utilized the water in the Yampa River drainage for its power plant requirements. In any event, Four Counties made the lawyers happy. I find no less than five Colorado Supreme Court decisions in which the project was concerned.

John Elliott was considered a dreamer by many until his proposed plan to take water out of the Homestake Creek, tunnel it under the Continental Divide, and deliver it to Colorado Springs and Aurora was adopted, not only by those cities, but, what is probably more important, adopted also by Boettcher and Company who arranged for the financing. As a result, Colorado Springs and Aurora now have developed the first stage of the Homestake Project and are in the process of developing the second. You should never count out a dreamer, especially when water rights are involved.

The last water division we will consider is Water Division 7, the San Juan and its tributaries, and again my penchant for embracing transmountain diversions leads me to talk about another relatively junior water right, that of the Weminuche Pass Ditch and its enlargements.¹⁴

I have a somewhat proprietary feeling about these water rights, as I was involved in their decree and knew the participants well.

In the San Luis Valley in the area between Del Norte and South Fork, there are a number of early pioneer families of German descent. Among them we find names like Fuchs, Lohr and Knoblauch. George Fuchs and Frank Lohr were descendants of German immigrants who settled in that area in the 1880s. Both of them were very knowledgeable about water rights and were pioneers in the recognition of the value of transmountain diversions.

Under Colorado law, water diverted from another watershed is not subject to administration in the new watershed because it is an addition to the existing supply. Therefore, the importer of water into a drainage has the right to use and reuse the water right just as long as he keeps dominion over it as distinguished from the single use allowed by the appropriator of the water native to the watershed. In addition, once the water is exported from one watershed, the exporter can change the place or type of use of the water without the consent of the water users in the new drainage, a privilege not granted to the appropriators of native water and one which is of great value in these days when agricultural rights are being converted to industrial and domestic rights.

Many of our mountain ranges have relatively flat parks at the top of the divide, so that no very major engineering effort is required to divert water from one watershed to another if one is able to do his work near the head of the stream. Such a situation prevails in connection with Weminuche Creek and one of its tributaries, Rincon La Vacca.



Outlet of the South Canal which delivers water from the Gunnison River via the Gunnison Tunnel to the Uncompahgre Irrigation Projects, between Montrose and Colona. Mel Griffiths photo.

Under the system which prevailed prior to 1969 when a new water code was adopted, there were some 72 water districts in Colorado, and in Water Division 7 each of the major tributaries of the San Juan comprised a separate water district. Water District 31 was the Pine River and its tributaries, and Weminuche Creek is one of the tributaries of the Pine. On the Pine River, there was constructed in the late '30s and early '40s what is known as Vallecito Reservoir, which irrigates lands below Bayfield and in which the Southern Ute Indians have a considerable interest.

One of the major questions involved in the adjudication was the relative priority of Vallecito Reservoir and the Fuchs-Lohr appropriations out of Weminuche Creek and Rincon La Vaca. As was the practice in many courts, the judge appointed a referee to hear the evidence and make a report to the court. Following the example set in many other jurisdictions, Judge James R. Noland, who was then the District Judge, appointed George Peters, who was the court reporter in his court, to be the referee. Peters took testimony over a several-year period but before he transcribed any of his notes, he died. This created a considerable problem because Mr. Peters used an early form of shorthand known as Pitman, which was no longer in common use, and it was therefore necessary to find someone who could transcribe Mr. Peters' notes. If that

could not be done it would be necessary to take all of the evidence over again, and some of the witnesses had died. Fortunately, Ralph C. Ellithorpe, the court reporter in the San Luis Valley for almost 40 years, was also a Pitman user, so Judge Norland appointed Ralph Ellithorpe to be the successor referee and part of his duties was to transcribe Mr. Peters' notes.

These Weminuche Pass decrees, which total about 40 cfs., are only available, because of the altitude and the snow conditions, from about mid-June to about Mid-August, but they are extremely valuable because they are brought over into the San Luis Valley over Weminuche Pass, stored in the Farmers Union Reservoir, and then used as a substitute for water which otherwise would not be usable in the San Luis Valley because of the limitations imposed by the Rio Grande Compact.

There you have it. We have covered a lot of ground in a relatively short space. I have tried to give you a little background of the Colorado Appropriation Doctrine and to tell you what I think are some fascinating stories about water rights in Colorado.

1. 11 Wyo.L.J. 1, 8-14 (1956)
2. 6 Colo. 443 (1882)
3. Information about the Consolidated Ditch Company came primarily from an unpublished paper written for Dr. Robert Athearn's Colorado History class by Joel Barker in 1972, a copy of which reposes in the Western History Collection of the University of Colorado Library.
4. *A Hundred Years of Irrigation*, published by Colorado State University and the Colorado Water Conservation Board, 1952.
5. Judge McHendrie had earlier written at length about the Hatcher Ditch in an article entitled "The Hatcher Ditch (1846-1928) - The Oldest Colorado Irrigation Ditch Now in Use" in the June, 1928 issue of *The Colorado Magazine*.
- 5a. Sec. 37-92-201 (1) (d), C.R.S. 1973.
6. "The Mystery of the Hanging Flume", by Bernard Kelly, *Empire Magazine, Denver Post*, March 14, 1965.
7. Hall, *History of the State of Colorado*.
8. Kelly, *supra*.
9. Kelly, *supra*.
10. This right is technically called the "Glenwood Power Canal" and was granted, on December 9, 1909, a decree for 1250 cubic feet of water per second of time with a priority date of January 7, 1902.
11. Alfred A. Knopf, 1981.
12. Decreed August 11, 1906, with a priority date of September 1, 1890.
13. *Four Counties Water Users Association v. Colorado River Water Conservation District, et al.*, 414 P.2d 469, 471 (1966).
14. Decree for 6 cfs., priority date October 11, 1934; 6 cfs., priority date November 2, 1934; 6 cfs., priority date November 12, 1934; 8 cfs., priority date August 24, 1935; 20 cfs., priority date June 16, 1950; all decreed March 7, 1966.



OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

A NEW CORRESPONDING MEMBER

Dan Abbott, of 1616 Ulysses, Golden CO 80401, phone 279-1066, was introduced by Dick Ronzio. Dan is especially interested in railroad history and is a member of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club. He has published on the Argentine Central under the title of "Stairway to the Stars", and is engaged in Colorado historical research.



Westerner's Bookshelf



In the Shadow of Fremont: Edward Kern and the Art of American Exploration, 1845-1860. by Robert V. Hine. University of Oklahoma Press, 180 pages, 54 illustrations, Second Edition, 1982. \$18.95 hardbound.

First published under the title, "Edward Kern and American Expansion", the book has become useful to an understanding of 19th-century America's drive westward to the Pacific.

"In the Shadow of Fremont", which includes 54 excellent illustrations which add greatly to the quality of the book, details the activities of Edward Meyer Kern, a promising young artist from Philadelphia. Kern joined explorer John Charles Fremont on his third expedition to the West in 1845. Kern served as the explorer's artist, topographer and cartographer. He mapped the routes that settlers would follow west.

During the expedition, the United States and Mexico became engaged in a struggle over California. When war broke out Edward Kern was placed in command at Fort Sutter. He continued to paint remarkable scenes of America's western territories. Kern later induced his brothers, Benjamin and Richard to join him on Fremont's fourth expedition to seek a railroad route to the Pacific.

Edward Kern later served in the U. S. Navy's Ringfold-Rodgers and Brooke expeditions

ERL ELLIS HAS A BIRTHDAY

Congratulations, best wishes, and many happy returns of the day to long-time Posse member and now Reserve Member of the Denver Westerners, Erl H. Ellis, who celebrated his 95th birthday on April 10th, just past. Erl has made a specialty of early mapping, and has very recently announced his latest publication, *Colorado Mapology*, published by Jende-Hagan in Frederick, Colorado. We look forward to the pleasure of reading a review of this in the ROUNDUP.

itions to Japan, Siberia, and various Pacific Islands. Kern also helped prepare the first accurate charts of sea lanes to China. Some readers will likely conclude that the 45 pages devoted to Japan and the Pacific episodes stray from the Fremont theme.

The author, Robert V. Hine is a specialist in the history of the American West. He teaches history at the University of California at Riverside. He is author of "Community on the American Frontier: Separate but Not Alone", and co-editor of "Soldier in the West: Letters of Theodore Talbot During His Services in California, Mexico and Oregon, 1845-53".

Chapter 3 on the San Juans will delight Coloradoans. Unfortunately, locations are only broadly sketched as the "Sangre de Cristo Range", the "Rio Grande", "Cochetopa Pass", "Taos" and "Santa Fe".

This is a book that will be of interest to readers concerned with the Fremont saga. To others the degree of interest will be less. It is not a book to be cherished by readers wanting an exciting historical account; in fact some sections are downright dull reading. Its outstanding characteristic is the superb illustrations which truly make the book. Readers may consider the price of \$18.95 per copy for the small volume to be exorbitant.

Robert C. Accola C.M.

Westering Women and the Frontier Experience 1800-1915, by Sandra L. Myres. University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1982. 365 pages, softbound, \$9.95, cloth, \$19.95.

Since Dee Brown's *The Gentle Tamers* appeared in 1958, a dearth of literature concerning western women has appeared. Many of these seem to have copied each other. But Prof. Myres' new book is like a breath of fresh air. This work is not a re-hash, in any sense, of the careers of Belle Starr, Mattie Silks or any of the other tired old standbys. Instead, the author writes specifically about women's frontier experiences in a variety of settings.

Myres describes women's impressions of the unspoiled wilderness; she tells of how they fared on the trails and of their entry into business and the professions, including a brief treatment of prostitution. Unlike some previous writers in this field, Sandra Myres places the experiences of westering women in context within the main narrative of Western history, instead of isolating them. By isolating women from the social and cultural milieu in which they found themselves, some previous writers have distorted the role of women in the West.

Most of our female stereotypes were derived not from the reality of women's lives, but from nineteenth-century ideas of what women should have been. Without saying that all of the old notions were wrong, the author replaces them with more factual ac-

counts and complex but logical explanations. For example, we have been led to believe that comparatively few women participated in the development of our North American continent. More recent studies suggest that this generalization is incorrect. On some frontiers women were scarce, but on others their numbers equaled or exceeded those of men.

Chapters 5 to 8 come closest to reinforcing our usual impressions of the "Frontier Madonna" and her harsh life in a new environment. But Myres' accounts of Spanish-Mexican women, blacks, and Indian squaws open new horizons. One of the best chapters examines women's impressions of the American Indian. The account is curious, thought-provoking and runs counter to the stereotypes of nineteenth-century literature. It is probably more accurate. Prof. Myres notes quite correctly that between 1840 and 1860 only 362 immigrants were killed by Indians on the northern trails, and 90 percent of these occurred west of South Pass.

The final 94 pages contain one of the best bibliographies of published and unpublished sources that I have ever seen, plus a fine index. Women were an important part of the American frontier experience, and they should be studied within the context of that experience, not isolated or tacked on at the conclusion of a chapter on the winning of the west.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

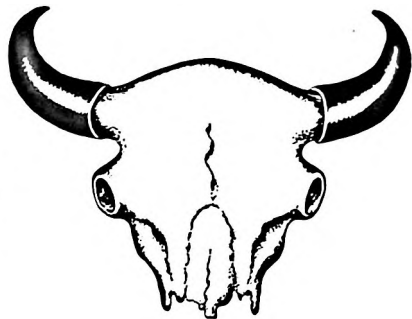
THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP



The DENVER WESTERNERS

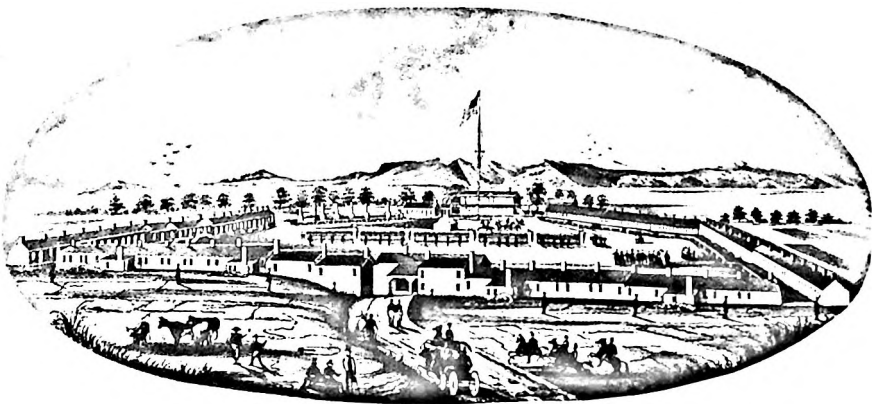
ROUNDUP

MAY-JUNE 1983



CHIEF LEFT HAND AND INDIAN DIPLOMACY

Margaret Coel



From sketch by J. E. Dillingham, February 1862.
Courtesy Colorado Historical Society

OUR AUTHOR

Margaret Coel is a free-lance writer who lives in Boulder and who reports and writes book reviews for the *Denver Post*. Currently she is completing a book on Colorado rail-roading. Her strong inclination toward history led to her book, *Chief Left Hand, Southern Arapaho*, which was published in 1982 by the University of Oklahoma Press.

Coel spent four years researching this first biography of Niwot, the Arapaho word for 'Left hand' which name survives in a mountain and a village in northern Colorado, while 'Left Hand' is attached to a canyon and watercourse feeding North Boulder Creek.

Her book, which tells the story of Chief Left Hand during the Colorado gold rush, is in its second edition. It has been favorably reviewed nation-wide. The National Federation of Press Women named it the best non-fiction book of 1981, and it was recognized by Times Inc. with a Fellowship in Prose of the 1981 Bread Loaf Writers Conference in Vermont.

Margaret Coel is a fourth-generation Coloradoan, born and grown up in Denver. She is a graduate of Marquette University.



IS SMOKY BEAR SMOKEY?

Referring to Bob Accola's review of the book, *Smokey Bear*, etc. in this issue, one might question the spelling of "Smokey", since there seems to be no such word in any of our dictionaries—always *smoky*. Smokey is the way it is spelled in the book, and checking with the U.S. Forest Service, whose creation he is, we find that his name is indeed "Smokey Bear." (Ed.)

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

Vol. XXXIX

Number 3



May-June

1983

USPS 566-500

The ROUNDUP is published bimonthly by the Denver Westerners. Subscription \$15.00 per year to members. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado, ROUNDUP publishing office, P.O. Box 990, Boulder, Colorado 80306. Westerners office, 1889 York Street, Denver, Colorado 80206. Copyright 1983 by The Westerners, Inc. a Colorado corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

©1983 by The Westerners Inc., a Colorado Corporation.

1983 OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Sheriff: Richard A. Cook
Deputy Sheriff: Robert D. Stull
Roundup Foreman: Donald C. Chamberlin
Tallyman: Dr. Loren F. Blaney
Registrar of Marks and Brands: Hugo von Rodeck Jr.
Chuck Wrangler: Theodore P. Krieger
Daguerrotypist: Bernie S. Faingold
Archivist: Stephen W. Pahs
Membership Chairman: George P. Godfrey
Publications Chairman: Hugo von Rodeck Jr.
Program Chairman: Robert Stull
Keeper of the Possibles Bag: James F. Bowers
Reservations for Meetings and Dinners:
 Theodore P. Krieger, 280 E. 11th Ave.,
 Broomfield, CO 80020. Phone 466-7737
Material for the ROUNDUP: Hugo von Rodeck Jr., 11107 Elati Street, Northglenn, CO 80234. Phone 452-7336
Book Reviews: Ray E. Jenkins, 10095 E. Caley Place, Englewood, CO 80111. Phone 770-7929
Dues Checks to: Dr. Loren F. Blaney, 1889 York Street, Denver, CO 80206. Phone 322-5388



CHIEF LEFT HAND AND INDIAN DIPLOMACY IN THE MID 1800s

by
Margaret Coel

(Presented December 8, 1982)

All rights reserved

In May, 1863, Chief Left Hand and other Arapaho leaders left their villages on the South Platte River and rode to Denver. Threading their way through dusty streets teeming with goldseekers, merchants and gamblers, they reached a two-story brick building on Larimer Street, dismounted and bounded up the stairs to the office of Governor John Evans.

The governor was expecting them. Several days earlier, he had sent messengers to the Arapaho villages asking the leaders to come for a talk. Worried that Sioux veterans of the New Ulm uprising, which had taken place the previous summer, had moved south into Colorado territory, the governor wanted to make sure local tribes remained friendly. Now, he greeted the chiefs and motioned them to chairs around the small office. Another meeting between Indian and White leaders was under way.¹

It was typical of meetings held during the turbulent period of white expansion onto the central plains—the mid 1800s. Whatever the immediate pretext, the main issue was always the same: the land. The Treaty of Fort Laramie, signed in 1851, had acknowledged Arapaho and Cheyenne ownership of the land extending from the Platte River in Wyoming south to the Arkansas River and from the Continental Divide eastward to a point where Dodge City, Kansas, is located today. But the treaty had not kept Whites from occupying the land, and building towns, roads, stage stations, forts, ranches and mines from one end to the other.

The White expansion onto the central plains had brought endless hardships and disruption to the native populations, not the least of which was the wedge it drove between different Indian leaders. Part of the leaders, the pragmatists and realists, understood that the small, nomadic, non-industrial Indian society was in no position to force Whites off the land. These leaders—known as the peace chiefs—looked to diplomacy as the only reasonable chance for the Indians to reserve part of their lands, live in peace alongside the newcomers, and survive. Chief Left Hand was among the leaders of this group.

Opposing them were the war chiefs, pledged to drive Whites away if the cost were survival itself. These men were idealists who yearned to return to a golden time when the plains had been open and free and the buffalo inexhaustible, when the warriors rode out on great hunts and the people danced and sang through the peaceful nights. The war chiefs could not accept the fact that White expansion had put an end to the old ways.

¹Superior figures refer to Notes, pages 12-13.

But it was the peace chiefs who held the reins of power among the Arapahos and Cheyennes in the early period of White expansion. The majority in these tribes wanted peace and supported their leaders' efforts at diplomacy. That this was the case can be seen from the fact that on numerous occasions the peace chiefs were able to force the warriors to cease hostile actions against Whites—something they could not have done without strong backing within the tribes.²

In an attempt to reach a peaceful agreement, these chiefs carried on negotiations with Whites over a span of fifteen years, from the late 1840s to 1864. Their diplomacy represented a major attempt to keep peace on the plains and influence the course of events. Had it succeeded, it would have affected the development of the entire region.

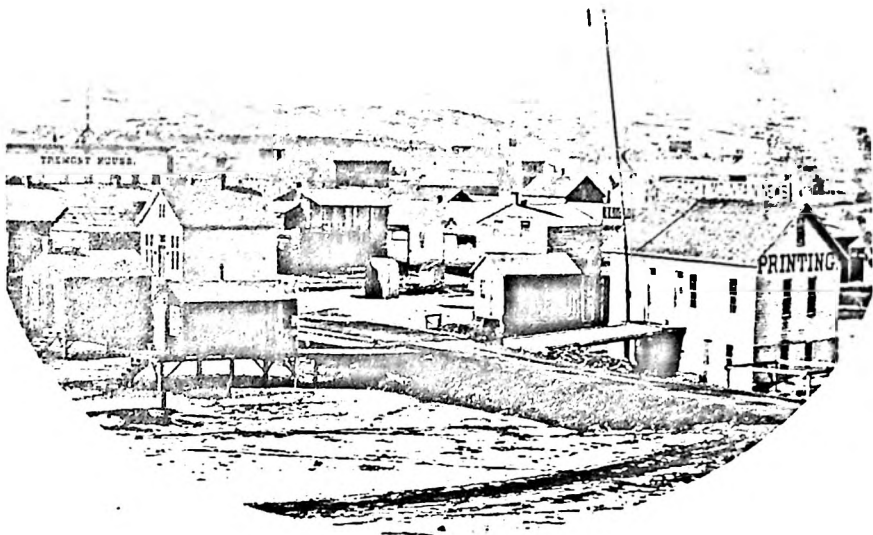
Curiously, peace chiefs and Indian diplomacy have remained in the shadows of western history, eclipsed by war chiefs and battles. Even the popular image of the Indian is that of the war chief, eagle-feather headdress flowing, spear raised high, attacking helpless stagecoaches, wagon trains, ranches and forts. It is hardly that of the negotiator, tirelessly trying to hammer out some compromise with whites.

Only part of the blame for this one-dimensional image of Indian leadership can be placed on Hollywood westerns. Scholars and historians are also responsible. Studies abound on war chiefs like Cochise and Geronimo, Apaches who fought on and on, long after the war with the Whites had been lost and long after their people could hope to benefit from continued fighting. Favorite subjects for biography have been men like Crazy Horse and Sitting Bull, Sioux chiefs who handed the United States Army a still remembered defeat in 1876 at the Battle of the Little Big Horn. Is it because war chiefs caused trouble, disrupted White plans, threw obstacles in the course of White expansion, that historians have found them more interesting, their lives more worthy of examination, than the peace chiefs like Chief Left Hand who tried to steer a steady course through difficult times?

The role of diplomat came naturally to Chief Left Hand. As an Arapaho, he placed a high value on peace. The Arapahos were primarily traders—their name comes from the Pawnee word "tirapihu" which means trader—and trade depends upon peace. Known as the businessmen of the plains, they were the medium through which goods were exchanged between the southern tribes—the Kiowas, Comanches, Kiowa Apaches—and the northern tribes—Cheyenne, Sioux, Shoshoni, Crow, Arikara and Blackfeet. On warm summer days, the Arapaho camp at the confluence on the South Platte and Beaver Creek resembled a large county fair, with Plains Indians coming and going, feasting and dancing, bartering over skins, beads, clothing, utensils and ponies. To keep their trade flowing, the Arapahos often acted as peacemakers among other tribes. In 1840, for instance, they helped bring about a treaty between the Kiowas and Comanches that ended tribal warfare on the southern plains.³

Left Hand was also a linguist, another important asset for a diplomat. He spoke Sioux, Cheyenne and English at a time few Plains Indians learned languages other than their own. There was little need since everyone on the plains used the universal sign language, developed by the Plains Indians for inter-tribal communication. (It was later adopted for use by the deaf.) The Arapahos and Cheyennes, close allies, spoke to each other through signs, and White traders had to learn the sign language to communicate

with the Indians. The sign language may even have come about because of the difficulty of Indian languages. For instance, the complex, subtle nuances of the Cheyenne language were considered almost impossible for non-Cheyennes to learn. Yet Left Hand mastered it, along with Sioux, suggesting he enjoyed getting to know different kinds of people and being able to speak with them in their own languages.



Photograph of Denver in the early 1860s shows the offices of the *Rocky Mountain News*, where Left Hand visited. *Courtesy Colo. Hist. Soc.*

In 1833, when Left Hand was about ten years old, his sister, Mahom, married John Poisal, a twenty-four year old Kentuckian who had drifted to the plains to work as a trader for William Bent. Poisal noticed Left Hand's gift for languages—he was probably already picking up Sioux and Cheyenne—and taught him English. Over the years, Left Hand took every opportunity to improve his English by talking with the White traders crossing the plains and visiting Arapaho camps. According to the journalist Albert Richardson, who met him in 1860, Left Hand spoke English fluently.⁴

Several years before Left Hand became a chief and a diplomat some Arapaho and Cheyenne leaders began to grasp the fact that the Indian way of life was in mortal danger, and their people would have to become agricultural in order to survive. The decade of the 1840s had shaken the plains with one cataclysmic event after another. Between 1842 and 1848, John C. Fremont led four expeditions into the region, the last an attempt to survey routes for the proposed transcontinental railroad. In 1846, Col. Stephen Watts Kearny's army of 1600 men, 1556 wagons, 20,000 oxen, mules and

horses hurled itself down the Santa Fe Trail on the way to the Mexican War. To the north, Mormon traffic grew steadily along the Oregon Trail. And in 1849, 40,000 goldseekers—equalling the total population of the Plains Indians—crossed the plains in the California goldrush, devastating the grasslands, polluting the streams and destroying the buffalo. In their wake were diseases to which the Indians had no immunity—smallpox, whooping cough, diphtheria, and an epidemic of cholera that raged through the tribes, killing thousands.

With chaos breaking around them, several chiefs made the first tentative efforts at diplomacy by sounding out Agent Thomas Fitzpatrick on the possibility of the Indians becoming farmers. Fitzpatrick discounted it, calling farming “too laborious” for Indians used to the freedom of the plains.⁵

At the Fort Laramie Treaty Council, the peace chiefs entered into the first long, serious negotiations with Whites. As a result, the United States government acknowledged Indian ownership of the plains and agreed to pay the tribes for the right to build forts and for damages caused by white migration.

With the Fort Laramie Treaty, the peace chiefs had a strong bargaining position for subsequent negotiations. As the idea of farming began to take hold among the Arapahos and Cheyennes, the peace chiefs tried to reach an agreement whereby the Indians would give up the bulk of their lands—lands increasingly occupied by whites—in exchange for a secure area where they could live free from white harassment, and for farming instructions and tools.

At several meetings during the 1850s, the peace chiefs tried to get White agents to agree to help the Indians become farmers. When they met with Agent Robert Miller in the summer of 1857, Little Raven, head chief of the Arapahos, asked the agent to request the great chief in Washington to send them agricultural tools and men to show them how to farm. “The buffalo are disappearing,” he said, “and our people will starve unless we learn to cultivate the soil.”⁶

The following year, several peace chiefs met again with Miller. By this time, Left Hand had become a chief and had assumed an active role in diplomacy. The chiefs proposed a new treaty under which the tribes would live upon certain lands and take up farming while the government would provide necessary instructions and tools. “They said they had often desired ploughs and hoes, and wanted to learn to use them,” Miller reported.⁷

That same year, they prevailed upon William Bent to write the Commissioner of Indian Affairs about their desire to become farmers. “They are anxious to go farming for a living,” Bent wrote, “but have not a single idea about what to commence first.”⁸

In the fall of 1858, Left Hand made a trip to Nebraska and Iowa to see for himself how the White Man cultivated the soil. His experiences as a hired hand during harvesting season led him to conclude that ranching would better suit the Arapahos. Nevertheless, the peace chiefs remained united in the belief that their people would have to become agricultural, either as farmers or ranchers.

When gold was washed out of Dry Creek close by the Southern Arapaho winter campgrounds, Indian diplomacy took on new urgency. Prior to the gold discovery

traders, trappers, explorers, soldiers, Mormons, Oregonians, and Californians had only been passing through the plains. Afterward, Whites came to stay. And they came in numbers that, the Indians said, "shocked our minds." Some believed all the White men in the world had come to the plains. In the spring of 1859, 150,000 Whites headed for the Pikes Peak region. Thousands turned back along the way, defeated by hardships—hunger, drought, torrential rains, the burning, unrelenting sun. But 85,000 persevered and made it to the "diggings." Within one year of the discovery, 35,000 White newcomers had become permanent residents on Arapaho and Cheyenne land.⁹

At that time, there were 3,000 Southern Arapahos and Southern Cheyennes living on the plains of Colorado in the path of the gold rush. Another 3,000 Arapahos and Cheyennes—called the northern people—lived in Wyoming. With both tribes assembled, a rare occurrence, they could field a force of 1,000 warriors, armed with bows and arrows, a few old rusty guns obtained in trade with Whites, and powder ammunition that sometimes worked and often did not. In contrast, the newcomers were mostly male, strong and in their prime and armed to the hilt.

Left Hand and other peace chiefs greeted this onslaught with mixed feelings. They were angry that Whites were taking their land, killing the buffalo, and striking at the heart of Indian life. In April, 1861, Chief Left Hand leaped onto the stage at the Apollo theater to remind the audience of prospectors, adventurers and ruffians that they had intruded on the antelope and buffalo lands and had brought great hardships to his people.¹⁰

At the same time, the peace chiefs were fascinated by the White Man's technology. There seemed no limit to what these goldseekers could do. They could farm and ranch, occupations many turned to when they failed to wash fortunes out of the streams. They constructed sturdy, permanent buildings. They forged metal and carved wood into tools and vehicles. They traded across vast areas and accumulated varieties of useful objects. The pragmatic, businesslike Arapahos especially admired these aspects of White culture, as is evident in their word for White man, "niatha" which means clever or skillful. It is also the Arapaho word for spider, a creature considered capable of wondrous and mysterious things.

New ideas and new ways did not frighten the Plains Indians. They were experts at adapting to new things, and adaptation had always improved their lives. During the thousand year period the Arapahos had lived in the Red River valley of Minnesota they had been farmers. Yet when eastern tribes squeezed them onto the plains in the late 1700s, they adapted to a nomadic life based on hunting. The buffalo provided food, clothing, shelter and security, liberating them from dependence on primitive farming methods. After they acquired horses from the Comanches, who had gotten them from the Spanish, hunting the buffalo became easier. Guns made it easier still. No longer did they have to round up herds and drive them off cliffs. Such past experiences, still in the tribal memory, made it possible for Left Hand and other peace chiefs to see beyond the chaos of the gold rush to the possibility of a better future through the White Man's knowledge of farming.

This does not mean the peace chiefs wanted their people to become "white." They wanted them to be what they were and to retain all the good in Indian culture—the religious beliefs, the ages-old traditions of democracy, the close family relationships—while learning White technology. The Cheyenne chief, Bull Bear, made this clear when he asked a messenger from Governor Evans what it was the governor wanted. "Does he want us to settle down and live like White Men?" When told that was exactly what the governor wanted, Bull Bear replied, "You go straight back to him and tell him that we are not so low as that yet."¹¹

In numerous meetings following the gold rush, the chiefs repeated their offer—the bulk of their lands in exchange for a secure area and the White Man's knowledge of farming. The offer was at the center of the Fort Wise Treaty Council in September, 1860, and, in fact, the Indian leaders came away thinking they had reached such an agreement with Commissioner Alfred B. Greenwood.¹² Throughout the spring of 1861, they tried to affirm the agreement with White authorities in Denver. At one meeting, Little Raven told agent A.B. Boone he expected his people to be paid for their lands in houses, buildings, tools and instructors.¹³ When Left Hand met with Governor Evans that May of 1861, he made the point that the Arapahos were eager to settle matters with Whites and adapt to a new way of life.

Apart from official meetings, Chief Left Hand took every opportunity to explain the Indian position to White settlers. Several times he visited William Byers, editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, to emphasize the importance of an Indian-White agreement.¹⁴ At the Apollo theater, he reassured the audience that the Indians wanted peace. As late as August, 1864, he visited his friends Robert Hauck, a rancher near Longmont, to discuss ways of reaching an agreement with Evans. He believed in arbitration, he told Hauck, and was "optimistic that arbitration would be successful."¹⁵

All these diplomatic efforts stalled at the same point: the location of the secure area. At the Fort Wise Council, Commissioner Greenwood presented the chiefs with a plan for the Indians to settle on an arid triangle in southeastern Colorado, a plan formulated in Washington before Greenwood had set foot on the plains or consulted with the Indian leaders. The Arapahos called this area the "no-water" land, and agent Samuel Colley confirmed that no game had been seen there in four years. The chiefs protested their people could not survive in a drought-stricken, gameless area while learning to irrigate and farm, and waiting to harvest crops. Instead, they proposed an area near the Republican River in western Kansas where water was plentiful, buffalo could still be found, and the warriors could provide food while making the transition to farming.

An Indian reservation in western Kansas, however, did not suit the plans of Governor Evans. Before he had accepted the territorial governorship, Evans had been appointed by Congress to the commission charged with overseeing the construction of the transcontinental railroad, and he had every intention of putting Colorado on its route. In Evans' view, an Indian settlement in the path of the railroad would only block progress. He was determined to move the Arapahos and Cheyennes to southeastern Colorado, away from future development.¹⁶

By spring, 1864, negotiations between the peace chiefs and White leaders had broken down completely. The chiefs refused to move their people to the no-water land. Many influential leaders, including Chief Left Hand, had refused to sign the Fort Wise Treaty, and those chiefs who did sign repudiated it, saying they had been duped by lying White interpreters into thinking the reservation was, in fact, along the Republican River.¹⁷



Cavalcade of buggies at Sixteenth and Lawrence Streets, Sept. 1864, awaiting arrival of Indian leaders to meet Governor Evans for peace talk. *Courtesy Colo. Hist. Soc.*

As hardships grew more severe, it became increasingly difficult for the peace chiefs to stay in power and hold the warriors in check. From the warriors' point of view, diplomacy had failed. While the peace chiefs negotiated, Indian lands had come under White control, and the buffalo herds were disappearing. In the bleak period of 1863 and 1864, which the Arapahos called the time of hunger, the warriors began to take matters into their own hands, raiding White ranches and wagon trains and stealing cattle for food. Governor Evans and Colonel John Chivington, commander of the military district of Colorado, retaliated by sending troops onto the plains, undisciplined volunteer soldiers who marched into whatever Indian villages they came across and killed the inhabitants, regardless of whether they had taken part in the cattle raids. In retaliation, the warriors, beside themselves with fury, set out on further raids, stealing more cattle and killing innocent Whites.¹⁸

In a last desperate effort to reach a peaceful agreement, the Arapaho and Cheyenne leaders arrived at Camp Weld to meet with Evans and Chivington in September, 1864. Chief Left Hand did not attend the council, although he had been instrumental in getting the Whites to agree to another meeting. His brother, Neva, took his place, while he remained with his village to keep the warriors from raiding

White settlements and upsetting negotiations. Chiefs Black Kettle, White Antelope and Bull Bear represented the Cheyennes. The council concluded with Governor Evans and Colonel Chivington instructing the chiefs to bring their people to Fort Lyon where the military would make a peace treaty with them.¹⁹



Indian delegation arriving, including chiefs Black Kettle, White Antelope, and Neva. Fourteenth Street between Lawrence and Larimer, showing Lawrence Street Methodist Church, and Governor Evans' brick home on the left. *Courtesy Colo. Hist. Soc.*

Throughout the long years of Indian diplomacy, almost nothing had been accomplished—the notable exception was the Fort Laramie Treaty. No lasting agreements had been reached, and no White promises fulfilled. Yet the peace chiefs had persisted, knowing they had no other course than diplomacy. And despite the lack of results, they had assumed that Whites negotiated in good faith. Black Kettle had even thrown his arms around Evans at Camp Weld, thanking him for treating the Indians as brothers, unaware that at the very moment Evans was promising peace, he was preparing for war. It was this assumption of good faith—this lack of sophistication among the peace chiefs—that doomed their diplomatic efforts and led to their fall from power.

Following Evans' and Chivington's instructions, the chiefs rode across the plains to collect their families. Some Cheyennes had settled their women and children in southeastern Kansas, as far away as possible from the mounting hostilities. It took them two weeks to bring their families to the vicinity of Fort Lyon. By late November, 600 Cheyennes and Arapahos had reached Sand Creek, 40 miles north of the fort.



Participants at the Camp Weld Council, September 28, 1864. Front left, Major Edward W. Wyncoop; right Silas Soule. Seated front: Cheyenne leaders White Antelope, Bull Bear, and Black Kettle; Southern Arapaho leaders Neva and No-Ta-Nee. Standing: unidentified trooper, Agent Samuel Colley's son Dexter, John Smith, Heap of Buffalo, Bosse, Secretary of Colorado Territory Samuel H. Elbert (Gov. Evans' son-in-law), and another unidentified trooper. *Courtesy Colo. Hist. Soc.*

When Evans and Chivington got word the Indians had come in—that they were corralled, as one soldier put it²⁰—Chivington marched the Third Colorado Regiment to Sand Creek and, on the morning of November 29, 1864, attacked the sleeping camp, killing 148 Indians, two-thirds of whom were women and children. Left Hand, his family and close associates—about 50 Arapahos—had gone to Sand Creek with Black Kettle, White Antelope and other Cheyenne peace chiefs to await the agreement they believed was finally forthcoming. Left Hand was mortally wounded, but made his way with other survivors to the large Indian camp on the Smoky Hill, some forty miles north, where he died. Nine Cheyenne peace chiefs, including White Antelope, died at Sand Creek. Black Kettle survived, but when he reached the Smoky Hill camp, after carrying his wounded wife part way, he was reviled, discredited, spat upon by his own people for placing his trust in Whites.

Sand Creek was a watershed in Indian-White relations, marking the end of Indian diplomacy on the central plains and affecting the course of subsequent events. With Arapaho and Cheyenne peace chiefs either dead or discredited, the war chiefs grabbed the reins of power. And the people supported them. When news of Sand Creek reached the Smoky Hill camp, even the women began calling for war against the Whites. Afterward, the Arapaho and Cheyenne warriors joined the Sioux in guerilla

attacks on White settlements, attacks that would continue over a period of twenty-five years, claim the lives of thousands of innocent Whites and Indians, and cost the United States government millions of dollars. General Nelson A. Miles, who fought the warriors, said later of Sand Creek that "but for that horrible butchery, it is a fair presumption that all subsequent wars with the Cheyennes and Arapahos and their kindred tribes might possibly have been averted."²¹

Averting war had been the purpose of Indian diplomacy. Had it succeeded, White expansion might have taken place in a spirit of compromise, cooperation on the central plains, one in which both Whites and Indians played a role.

There was much the Arapahos and Cheyennes hoped to learn from Whites, but what might Whites have learned from them about such things as conserving the fragile resources of the plains, protecting the freedom of the individual, placing the best people in public office, respecting the wisdom of the elderly and taking responsibility as a community for the welfare of the children? How might Indian values have shaped and shaded the contours of the newly developing society? And how would Indian culture have added to the richness of its art, music and architecture?

Such questions may be unanswerable, but one thing seems clear: the diplomacy of the Arapaho and Cheyenne peace chiefs was one of history's great, lost opportunities.

NOTES

1. U.S. Department of the Interior. Bureau of Indian Affairs. Reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, (1863), p. 240.
2. *Ibid.*, (1852), p. 299.
3. Donald J. Berthrong, *The Southern Cheyennes*. University of Oklahoma Press, 1963, p. 83.
4. Thomas Autobees Interview of F.W. Cragin, Nov. 8, 1907, Pioneers Museum, Colorado Springs. Albert D. Richardson, *Beyond the Mississippi*, American Publishing, 1869, p. 175.
5. LeRoy R. Hafen, *Broken Hand: The Life of Thomas Fitzpatrick, Mountain Man, Guide, and Indian Agent*. Old West Publishing Co., 1931, p. 296. U.S. Department of the Interior. Bureau of Indian Affairs. Reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, (1847), p. 242.
6. LeRoy R. Hafen and Ann W. Hafen, eds. *Relations with the Indians of the Plains, 1857-1861*. Arthur H. Clark Co., 1959, pp. 32-34.
7. *Ibid.*, pp. 168-69.
8. *Ibid.*, p. 173.
9. William N. Byers Papers. Western History Division, University of Colorado Library. Boulder.
10. Rocky Mountain News, March 1, 1861.
11. Hubert Howe Bancroft, "Interview with John Evans," Western History Division, University of Colorado Library, Boulder.
12. Charles J. Kappler, *Indian Affairs; Laws and Treaties*, vol. 2, pp. 807-11.
13. Rocky Mountain News, April 30, 1861.
14. *Ibid.*, May 1, 1861.
15. Augusta Hauck Block, "Lower Boulder and St. Vrain Valley Home Guards and Fort Junction," *Colorado Magazine*, vol. 16, (1939), p. 189.

16. Edgar Carlisle McMechen, *The Life of Governor Evans*. Wahlgreen, 1924, for Evans' determination to build the transcontinental railroad through Colorado, and John Evans Collection, Indian Affairs, Colorado State Archives, for Evans' attitude toward the Indians.

17. U.S. Department of the Interior. Bureau of Indian Affairs. Reports of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, (1865), p. 248.

18. United States Senate. "The Chivington Massacre." Reports of the Joint Special Committees on the Condition of the Indian Tribes. Sen. Report 156. 39th Cong., 2d sess. 1867, p. 15.

19. See "Camp Weld Council" in "Chivington Massacre," p. 87-90, and "Sand Creek Massacre," Report of the Secretary of War, Sen. Exec. Doc. 26, 39th Cong., 2d sess. 1867, pp. 213-17.

20. "Sand Creek Massacre," p. 62.

21. Nelson A. Miles, *Personal Recollections of General Nelson A. Miles*. Werner Co., 1896., p. 139.



Western's Bookshelf



Fort Laramie and the Sioux, by Remi Nadeau. University of Nebraska Press, 1982 Bison Book reprint of 1967 publ. 335 pp., notes, index, 14-page bibliography! Paper; price?

The history of the Indian Wars is the chronicle of an unfortunate confrontation between a Stone Age hunting people and an advanced, and further advancing technological culture; the former with a comparatively low population and a slow increase, the latter not only prospering from all the life-enhancing developments of the Euro-American civilization and multiplying at a rapid rate, but also with population pressure both from this continent and continuously augmented by relentless immigration from abroad. The outcome was never seriously in doubt.

This book is an unusually complete historical account of events in the American West which resulted from that confrontation, but it is also an even-handed discussion of the reasons, both White and Indian, which led to such a tempestuous resolution of the problem. One cannot help sympathizing with the Red Man as he vainly tried to stem the inexorable tide of White invasion of his homeland. One also comes to understand the position of the White pioneers who reacted with understandable violence to the

barbarities which were a natural part of the Red philosophy and which had been visited upon fellow-Indians long before the White came on the scene.

Today it is impossible to visualize any other outcome. Can any reasonable person conceive North America today with millions of acres devote exclusively to grazing bison? Manifest Destiny is more than a trite phrase; it describes a very real force.

With Fort Laramie as the central focus, this book relates in wide-ranging and highly-readable fashion the earliest movements of the Siouan peoples out of the Great Lakes area onto the Plains, the first relatively peaceful contacts with the Whites, the increasing mutual irritations and resultant conflicts, the culturally different ways of resolving problems, and the regrettable deeds by both contestants. Finally the overwhelming combination of sheer numbers, resources, and the elimination of the bison, went far beyond the powers of the aborigines to withstand.

I heartily recommend the book as a complete and forthright presentation of the history of a period which still arouses passions. I think that anyone who reads it, regardless of preconceptions, will gain new insights and a better understanding of both factions.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.

Cowboy Riding Country by John L. Sinclair. Illustrated by Edmond DeLavy. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque 1982, 191 pages, \$19.95 hardcover.

This book is more than a collection of essays on the New Mexico cowboy country the author knows so well—it is a reference book for those who want to know more about the legendary John Chisum and the notorious Billy the Kid. And more.

Through *Cowboy Riding Country* you can visit a saddle shop (Amonett's) and learn why the working rider seldom rode a Sears, Roebuck "mail order" saddle. Visit Katy's Cafe in Roswell, New Mexico, and learn the many meanings of the word "foofaraw". Visit the old ranches of cowboy riding country at mealtime and learn that they really *did* serve Arbuckle's coffee. At the same time you will learn that the cowboy never ate loaf bread which in the cowboy tongue is called "gun-waddin'".

John Sinclair speaks with the authority of having arrived in New Mexico from Scotland in 1923 at the age of twenty and working with many of the cowboys and others of whom he writes. But he also goes back in times earlier than 1923 to provide more information about other periods. For example he devotes an entire chapter to *the Ghost Girl of the Mimbres*. Her story first came to light in an article in the *Chicago Tribune* in October 1906. You must have come across the story of this graceful horsewoman, this ghost of the greasewood flats of New Mexico, in other references you have read. But John Sinclair has given the story new meaning, with more detail, than any previous accounts I have read.

Part of the enjoyment of this book is due to the illustrations of the cowboy and his environments by Edmond DeLavy. His pen-and-ink sketches contribute to the text but his oils, of which six are included, are works of art. Slick, neat, good draftsmanship. This is a book you will thoroughly enjoy. You can enjoy a chapter and later pick up where you left off without losing any continuity. On the other hand you, like I, may just keep on going . . . you won't want to set this book down until you read on page 191 that *Cowboy Riding Country* will ride on forever.

L. Coulson Hageman P.M.

Colorado Mapology by Erl H. Ellis. Jende Hagen Books, Frederick CO, 1983. 256 pp., illus. \$35.00

Mapology is a word Erl Ellis had to coin in order to find an appropriate title for this book about the origin and evolution of the boundaries of Colorado and its counties. The book is as unique as the word mapology.

The territory of Colorado was originally divided into 17 counties beginning in the populated areas along the Divide and extending across the largely unpopulated eastern Plains and Western Slope. As the state was settled the counties were divided and redivided until we got the 63 we have today. Two were culled along the way. New counties were established by the legislature which described the boundaries more or less accurately and then allowed the language to get out of date as they established new counties. Local usage and more accurate maps modified the situation.

Today some counties like Denver don't have an accurate description of their boundaries. The story of these lines on the map is the theme of the book and they are covered in the detail required by good law and sound scholarship even though lawmakers are slow to adopt more accurate language. Erl's frustration with that reluctance is one of the interesting and pleasant undercurrents of the book.

In the process we also find the human side, in the tales of lost surveyors marking forever the wrong line, of lawmakers having to guess at the location of mountain ranges, land being voluntarily exchanged between county officials for their convenience or forcefully by court order when a higher tax base was at stake. It is an intriguing tale of aspects of Colorado history that are largely taken for granted.

The wealth of detail Erl has amassed is truly remarkable. Occasionally a book is published that treats its subject so thoroughly that little more can ever be said about it. Such books become the classics and collectors items. *Colorado Mapology*, limited to 400 copies, is such a book.

Paul F. Mahoney, C.M.

Smokey Bear and the Great Wilderness by Elliott S. Barker. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, N. M., 1982. 149 pages, 11 illustrations, \$12.95 paperback.

This is the most recent book by Elliott S. Barker, who summarizes the results of his long career in conservation in New Mexico. Mr. Barker obtained vast experience as a rancher, forest ranger, forest supervisor, game and predator control manager, 22 years as New Mexico State Game Warden, president and board member of State, Western, and international associations. He is the prolific writer of several best-selling books dealing with wildlife, conservation, and outdoor recreation. He uses simple words and melts them into graphic sentences. Clarity is an enviable achievement of the writer.

The book is factual and is based on the author's experiences and activities during his 95-year life. It consists of a series of 22 sketches having to do with all aspects of his career, including wildlife, forest conservation, hunting and anti-hunters, the philosophy of conservation, and autobiographical material.

One of the outstanding sketches deals with Smokey Bear. Mr. Barker found and rescued the small bruin. Smokey has often been called the most famous bear in the world. The book tells how the cub turned into a symbolic character and how he answered his voluminous fan mail!

Mr. Barker comes of pioneer stock. His parents arrived in Sapello, New Mexico in a covered wagon. They were early settlers in the northern New Mexico wilderness.

This is an exciting and interesting book. Anyone with any interest in wildlife, mountains, fish, and conservation will enjoy reading the book. It will appeal to 15-year-old high school children as well as to 80-year-old senior citizens.

The book is a paperback, but it is much better bound and of higher quality than most paperbacks. Organization of the sketches is excellent. The pictures, in black and white, are appropriate. The \$12.95 price of the book is not high considering the quality.

Robert C. Accola, C.M.

Covered Wagon Women: Diaries and Letters from the Western Trails-1840-1890. Volume 1, 1840-1849, edited and compiled by Kenneth L. Holmes. Arthur H. Clark Company, Glendale CA, 1983. 272 pages, map and illustration, hardbound \$25.00.

This is the first of a projected series of 10 volumes of unedited transcribed diaries and letters written by women relating their (usually) day to day experiences on their journeys from the Midwest (Iowa south to Texas) to the Pacific Coast from San Diego to Fort Vancouver on the Columbia River.

No matter how many historical accounts you may have read, written by historical summarizers, one cannot appreciate the closeness of the personal contact achieved by these documents. The cooperative helpfulness of those who took on the transportation of those who lost their oxen or their wagon, or their cow, or their husband or wife, as well as the understandably cool comment that some fellow-traveling woman had lost her husband and so had had placed on her shoulders the entire responsibility of the wagon and team, the children and all her worldly goods, paint an unforgettable picture of the unvarnished reality of the transcontinental experience.

Most of these accounts have previously been difficult or impossible of access. When published they have been in very limited edition, unique, or buried in personal collections. They are "filled with touching drama, great love and unendurable hardships. Some were written with the skilled pen of an educated woman, while others bear the mark of crude cabin learning, with archaic and imaginative spelling and a simplicity of expression which belies, but cannot conceal the extreme sensitivity of these women to the momentous experiences they shared."

One looks forward with anticipation to the coming volumes recounting voyages in the 1850s and later, as well as the terminal volume which promises a cumulative bibliography and an analytical index to the entire series. Future volumes will be priced comparably.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.

Hopi Voices: Recollections, Traditions, Narratives—Recorded, transcribed and annotated by Harold Courlander. University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque. 1982; 255 pages Hardbound, \$15.95.

Here is a look at Hopi culture that will be interesting to the anthropologist as to the general reader, about one of the most fascinating Southwestern Indian tribes. It is a collection of narrations and recollections by individual Hopis. It includes creation myths, clan legends, traditions, and stories of the rise and fall of villages.

The method used in recording and transcribing the material and staying close to the words and phrasing of the narrators leaves the impression that one is in the actual presence of those speaking. The narrator's name and village is indicated after each text.

The book dwells on the number of clans and their importance in the everyday lives of the people in the villages.

In the Hopi tradition, hard work in an inhospitable environment is both a virtue and a fulfillment of prophecy. This idea surfaces now and again in clan stories, histories, and tales of personal adventure. The prophecy dates back to the emergence from the Third World and the division of corn among the tribes. Each tribe received a different variety of corn and a corresponding group personality and destiny. The Hopis received the short blue ear, the symbol of a hardworking life.

The Hopis had to become devoted farm workers and grow more corn ears to keep themselves alive. But hard work in a desert environment was not only destiny, it was also virtue. Clan stories sometimes tell of the search for a rugged land of cliffs, buttes, and scanty water that other peoples would not covet. Not only would such a place be secure against human predators, it would keep alive the work ethic and prevent the moral deterioration that comes with easy living.

George P. Godfrey, P.M.

The Mother Ditch by Oliver LaFarge. Sunstone Press: Santa Fe, 1983. 62 pages, illustrations, paperback. \$7.95.

When Oliver LaFarge came to the West, he discovered a way of life that was very different from his native New England life-style, but he learned to love this new area and its people. He expressed this love in his writings, including "Laughing Boy" for which he received the Pulitzer prize in 1929.

One of the major differences he discovered between New England and New Mexico was the attitude toward the ownership and use of the available water. In the arid West, he soon became aware of this different attitude and the regulations regarding the use of the water. While "The Mother Ditch" was originally written for children, I believe that most adults who are interested in the West will find it interesting and informative.

In this book, LaFarge tells the story of the land and its people using the activities of a typical rural Hispanic family of the period. Their relationship with *la acequia madre* and with the other people of the region including the Native Americans is what helps hold their community together. This is something very different from most regions of the United States.

Two other aspects of this book make it especially interesting. These are the soft pencil drawings of Karl Larsson, a longtime artist friend of LaFarge, and the Spanish translation by Pedro Ribera Ortega which adds to the value of the publication.

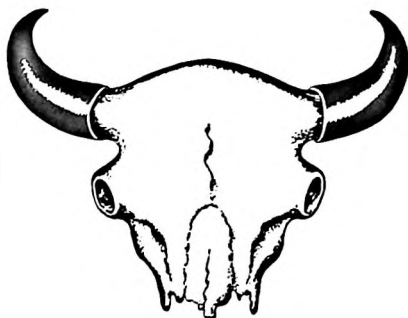
All in all this is a very interesting and rewarding book for those, no matter their age, who want to know more about the people of northern New Mexico.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP



JULY-AUGUST 1983

IN THE MOUNTAINS OF UTAH Jackson Thode, P.M.



Frank Hodgman, Chief of Party, center, and survey crew; March 1882, after completion of a year's work locating lines for narrow-gauge Denver and Rio Grande Railway in mountains of Utah.

OUR AUTHOR

Posse Member Jackson Thode is a long-time member of the Denver Westerners, having served as Chuck Wrangler, Editor of the 1970 Brand Book, Deputy Sheriff, and Sheriff for 1974. He is a native Denverite—a graduate of East High School and the University of Denver.

He has become recognized as an authority on the history of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, where he was employed for 42 years. He retired in 1978 as Chief Budget Officer of the railroad, and now proclaims that, next to the Rio Grande, retirement is the greatest thing ever invented!

Special thanks are extended to Edward J. Haley, member of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, and retired from the U.S. Bureau of Reclamation, for preparing the map shown on our centerfold.

1982 ROUNDUP AVAILABLE HARDBOUND

The 1982 Denver Westerners ROUNDUP is available in a hardbound volume, containing all 6 numbers, from R. A. Ronzio, P.O. Box 344, Golden, Colorado 80402, at \$5.00. Postage 83¢ additional.

THE CRITERION SALOON

"The Criterion Saloon, situated on Larimer street, Denver, made its debut in the advertising columns of the *News*, on the 8th of December. [1859] This building was erected by Edward Jumps, and deserves special mention, as it became the resort of the sports and most desperate characters, who have infested Denver—more dark and bloody deeds have been planned in it than all the other houses in the city. It subsequently being enlarged, became a theatre, and is now [1866] occupied by E. H. Kellogg & Co. as a grocery store." From *History of the City of Denver*, J. E. Wharton, 1866. (See ROUNDUP, Sept-Oct 1982, p. 5.)

ROUNDUP COVER PICTURE

The title of the cover illustration on the May-June ROUNDUP was inadvertently omitted. It should have been identified as Camp Weld, C. T. (Colorado Territory).

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

Vol. XXXIX

Number 4



July-
August

1983

USPS 566-500

The ROUNDUP is published bimonthly by the Denver Westerners. Subscription \$15.00 per year to members. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado, ROUNDUP publishing office, P.O. Box 990, Boulder, Colorado 80306. Westerners office, 1889 York Street, Denver, Colorado 80206. Copyright 1983 by The Westerners, Inc. a Colorado corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

©1983 by The Westerners Inc., a Colorado Corporation.

1983 OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Sheriff: Richard A. Cook
Deputy Sheriff: Robert D. Stull
Roundup Foreman: Donald C. Chamberlin
Tallyman: Dr. Loren F. Blaney
Registrar of Marks and Brands: Hugo von Rodeck Jr.
Chuck Wrangler: Theodore P. Krieger
Daguerrotypist: Bernie S. Faingold
Archivist: Stephen W. Pahs
Membership Chairman: George P. Godfrey
Publications Chairman: Hugo von Rodeck Jr.
Program Chairman: Robert Stull
Keeper of the Possibles Bag: James F. Bowers
Reservations for Meetings and Dinners:
 Theodore P. Krieger, 280 E. 11th Ave.,
 Broomfield, CO 80020. Phone 466-7737
Material for the ROUNDUP: Hugo von Rodeck
 Jr., 11107 Elati Street, Northglenn, CO
 80234 Phone 452-7336
Book Reviews: Ray E. Jenkins, 10095 E. Caley
 Place, Englewood, CO 80111. Phone
 770-7929
Dues Checks to: Dr. Loren F. Blaney, 1889 York
 Street, Denver, CO 80206. Phone 322-5388



IN THE MOUNTAINS OF UTAH, by F. Hodgman

Edited and presented by

Jackson Thode, P.M.

23 March 1983

(All rights reserved)

"Mr. Editor:- When a few months since I had the great pleasure of enjoying the hospitality of the good people of Schoolcraft and assisting at the exercises of the Farmers' Institute it was without the least thought or expectation that in a very short time I should be thousands of miles away in the very heart of the least known part of the United States. It has, however, so happened. Saturday evening after the Institute a telegram came from New York asking me to take a position as engineer on the Denver & Rio Grande Railway, and in two weeks more I was on the road westward."

With these words, addressed to his local newspaper editor in early 1881 by Francis (Frank) Hodgman, a civil engineer from Climax, Michigan, there began a year-long series of reports on a remarkable saga of exertion and exploration in the wilds of Utah more than a century ago.

But there was another side to the story, as well. Hear the lament of John A. McMurtrie, Chief Engineer of Colorado's narrow gauge D. & R.G. Railway, in his report of construction activities for the year ending December 31, 1881:

"...In the early part of the past year it was almost impossible to secure engineers competent to take charge of a party, although hardly a week passed that I did not receive orders to put from one to three parties in the field. The extraordinary amount of railroad building in this country and Mexico made engineers of any kind scarce. There being so few competent engineers, they are always employed, and the only way to secure their services is by paying them considerable more than they are getting in the East to compensate for the difference in comfort and price of everything. In the East engineers work six to eight hours a day and live at first class hotels; out here they work 10 to 18 hours a day, live in a tent, and on soldier fare.

"In order to comply with these urgent requests for Engineers Corps I was compelled to employ hundreds of new engineers, most of whom, I am sorry to say, proved entirely incompetent for the positions they undertook to fill. Men from the East with good letters recommending them as competent Locating Engineers were found, after they had been at work a few weeks, to know nothing about locating in these mountains or canons . . ."

So — here we have the abilities, skills and knowledge of a well-recommended civil engineer from the East, challenged not alone by the unfamiliar problems of locating a railroad through canons and across mountains, living in a tent, subsisting on soldier fare, but overcoming the prejudices and skepticism of a superior officer who was an old, experienced hand at such work.

Frank Hodgman was born in Climax, Michigan, November 18, 1839, the second of three boys in the family. In 1861 he was a civil engineer member of the second graduating class of Michigan Agricultural College (now Michigan State University) at East Lansing, Michigan. In 1862 he earned the degree of Master of Science from the same school.

Four days before his 31st birthday, in November, 1870, he married Florence Betsy Comings at Galesburg, Michigan, and to the new couple were born a son and two daughters. It is to three descendants of those Hodgman children — Mrs. Flora Hodgman Temple, daughter of son Harry; Deland H. Davis, son of daughter Lucy; and Mrs. Alice Tobey Martens, daughter of daughter Fanny — that all credit must be given for cherishing, carefully preserving, and graciously sharing with us the letters, the photographs, the newspaper articles and other information about the work done by their grandfather Hodgman during his time in the West.

Mr. Hodgman, departing his home and family in Michigan in mid-February of 1881 for his new job was by now an experienced surveyor 41 years of age. Upon his arrival in Chicago he met the other members of the engineering party being assembled there by Asst. Engineer Frank P. Davis The group, with instructions to report to Salt Lake City, left Chicago on February 20th and, after a long, monotonous rail journey across the plains of Nebraska and Wyoming, reached the capital of Utah Territory the night of February 23rd, 1881.

At that early date the Denver & Rio Grande had only just embarked on its period of greatest expansion. The system comprised 684.5 miles of narrow-gauge track, including 347.5 miles spiked down in 1880. The rails extended south from Denver as far as Espanola, New Mexico, and west only a few miles beyond Leadville, Colorado. A line through Utah was no more than a dream. A corporate organization under which work could be accomplished there had been hastily formed in the territorial capital on December 7, 1880, but no explorations or surveying had been done nor, in fact, had any decisions even been possible concerning a route or routes to be followed.

In hiring Frank Hodgman the railroad added to their staff a very capable man. Employed initially as a "instrumentman" operating a surveyor's transit, he was promoted during his one-year term of service to Construction Engineer in charge of grading, and then to Chief of Party. In the latter status, during December, 1881, he led a survey crew down the canon of the Price River (then known as Cedar Mesa Canon) southeast of present Price and Wellington, Utah, through an area totally isolated from everything. He remarked to his crew,

"Boys, we have got the longest and [in] every way the most difficult line to run — which is as great a compliment as the Chief Engineer could pay us..."



Self-portrait of Francis (Frank) Hodgman at his home in Climax, Michigan, January 27, 1901, twenty years after his railroad work in Utah, and six years before his death in 1907.

Today, access to that segment of the Price remains unchanged. It is as remote, primeval and desolate an area now as it was a century ago.

In the course of his Price Canon work Mr. Hodgman acquired a camera — a small, wet-collodion plate outfit. He noted,

“The weather was the finest possible for our work, and the ever changing scenery of the canyon grand beyond description. Wishing to preserve mementos of it I sent for a photographic camera and outfit to take views of the finest points of the scenery. It came so late that I missed getting views of many of the finest points, and my photographing was not a success...”

Another, larger camera then came to his hand, and with this he was more successful, producing several 4X5 views that survive as precious, cherished visual records of those ancient days.

Mr. Hodgman was accomplished in more than just the tools of his trade. He was a fine writer, combining a delightful sense of humor with exceptional narrative and descriptive powers. After his return home from his railroad work in Utah, his versatility added more laurels to his range of achievements. He became a skilled amateur photographer — in those days of the old, awkward, inconvenient glass plate negatives. He wrote poetry which attained recognition throughout the poetic circles of Michigan. He was a musician, and developed considerable skill as a painter, with the encouragement and guidance of his second wife — Emma Frances Smith — whom he married after the sorrowful loss of his first wife to tuberculosis in early 1888.

Living in the small town of Climax where his parents had settled, he was very active in civic affairs. He was elected Mayor, served as Postmaster, and was publisher of the *Climax Cereal*. For 25 years he was official surveyor of Kalamazoo County. He became a surveyor of national repute, writing a widely used manual of land surveying which still sees an occasional sale. He was Secretary of the Michigan Engineering Society for a number of years, and in 1907, at the time of his death, was serving as President of the Society.

Having thus reviewed the capabilities of this rather amazing man, let us return now to Frank Davis' crew from Chicago, newly arrived in Salt Lake City on February 23rd, 1881. The men spent three days in the city, and Frank Hodgman made some purchases from the Mormon Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution. He relates:

"I ... found the clerks gentlemanly and obliging, prices a little higher than at home and the quality of the articles good. The clothing sold is especially good, the quality averaging a good deal better than that kept in the stores at home. I bought two pairs of overalls at \$1.25 per pair that have now lasted me six months of mountain climbing, harder on clothing than anything I ever experienced at home, and I had rather have them now than any two pairs of overalls I ever saw for sale in Kalamazoo County. This remark in regard to quality of goods kept, so far as I observed, was true not only of the 'Z. C. M. I.,' but most of the stores in the city. I went into a knitting factory and purchased several pairs of stockings of a better quality than I was able to purchase at home for the same price."

His second article for the hometown newspaper was entitled,

"Off For the Unknown Country"

"It was Sunday morning, February 27th, that we left Salt Lake City by way of the Utah Southern Railroad bound for Castle Valley — wherever that was. Nobody seemed to know much about it, only it was on the other side of the Wasatch Mountains, and to get there we must go southward along their western slope until we could find a pass through or over which we could cross the mountains at that time of the year, and then we must turn north again to regain the lost ground . . .



Comparison between watercolor by Francis Hodgman in 1881, (upper) and photograph by Jackson Thode (lower) made October 3, 1978, of site of switch and tail track of lower switchback on Utah and Pleasant Valley Railway, near head of Starvation Creek, south of old Tucker, Utah, 97 years after Hodgman's watercolor.

"...We pass a plenty of oddly named towns and at noon bring up at Juab, where we leave the railroad. It was only a little place of three or four houses, two of which were called hotels. The Mormons are great on names. There are Juab and Nebo and Nephi and Lehi and Manti and Levan and Moroni, and for aught I know Sohi and Skyhi and Nehi..."

After lunch at one of the Juab hotels, the crew boarded three spring wagons for the trek south along the Sevier River enroute to Salina. They put up that Sunday night on a hard wooden floor at the log house hotel denoting the village of Warm Springs. Their reception was not very cordial:

"...A Mormon church stands over the way and everybody but the old gentile who keeps the hotel is off at church. We are too late to go to church, but there is no help about the house and we have to wait until after church is out before we can get any supper..."

At noon the next day they reached the village of Salina, where they found "...Mr. M. [Micajah] T. Burgess, the Chief Engineer of the Sevier Valley R.R., a local name for the western extension of the Denver and Rio Grande..." They were given a tent to sleep in and took their meals at a boarding house for a day or two. Their experiences at the boarding house proved enlightening:

"At the boarding house was a Danish girl, Zina, who made great sport for us by repeating the sermons of the Mormon elders, or 'giving testimony,' as they call it. For comic absurdity the old burlesque sermon about the 'harp of a thousand strings' and 'Flee unto the mountains of Hepzibah' could bear no comparison with those recitations of Zina. If, as was claimed, she repeated literally the 'testimony' of the elders given in their churches, she had a most remarkable memory. If she made it up as she went along, she had a most wonderful talent that would have made her famous under different circumstances. We never heard or saw anything half so funny. I have always regretted that I did not manage some way to write out some of the 'testimony' that she repeated..."

The crew's sojourn in Salina, a village of "...apparently about 300 inhabitants..." involved preparation for the tasks ahead. They were bound eastward up Salt Creek, over the summit of Salina Pass and down the eastern slope of the Wasatch (the route today is followed by Interstate Highway 70), then were to traverse north across the entire length of Castle Valley to a junction with the Price River, where their work would begin. Since there were no roads, nor even trails in many places along the route, their preparations included learning the mechanics of transporting their necessities by mule pack train. All was not as easy as it might appear:

"On Wednesday night, March 2nd, the pack train made its appearance, and all day Thursday was spent trying to get the party organized and started. The mules were all green, had never carried a pack, and the men who came with them were greener than the mules. There is a certain amount of science required in

putting a pack onto an animal to have it stay in its place firmly and ride easily so as not to distress the beast. Men who understood it and made a business of it commanded \$60 to \$80 per month and expenses. None of our men had ever put a pack onto a mule. After considerable delay a young man comes along who wants to go as packer. The Chief Engineer asks him,

'Have you had any experience?'

'Yes.'

'What hitch do you throw?'

'The diamond hitch.'

'Very well. There are your mules and men to help you. There are the saddles and goods to be packed. Go to work and pack them up ready for a start.'

"Before the first mule is packed it is evident that his experience has been limited. The pack is in a round bundle on top of the mule's back, ready to overturn at the first opportunity. Old packers would not recognize the manner of tying the ropes as having any near relation to the diamond hitch. The Chief means to give the man a fair chance, and keeps him at the work. Mule No. 2 bucks a few times and then he, too, lies down and rolls with like success.

"There are fifteen animals, and the outlook is not promising.

"A man is set to watch the packed mules and prevent their lying down. We soon find that it takes a man to each mule to do that, but the packing goes on. When night comes on, the party has not yet started. Two mules are standing ruefully, with packs on their backs. Thirteen more are walking quietly about the yard, contemplating with evident satisfaction thirteen broken pack saddles and scattered packs.

"Two or three old packers stand around with hands in their pockets and pipes in their mouths, chuckling over the result. The company will pay only \$45 per month, and they cannot be hired for the wages. One of them, for a consideration, takes pity on the crowd and spends the evening teaching our men how to make up and put on a pack. Davis and Hunt work on packing and unpacking until late at night and they have mastered it.

"Friday morning the old packer assists in the packing, and by ten o'clock we are off. One wagon starts with us to go as far as the roads will permit, when it is to return, and from thence everything is to be packed."

Davis, as Chief of the party, was the only one with a horse to ride. Hunt, taken with fever and cold from exposure during the previous nighttime packing session, was too sick to walk. Davis gave up his horse to Hunt, who rode ahead, and Davis hiked then with the other members. The long struggle afoot up Salt Creek Canon and along Meadow Gulch, where drifted snow obliterated much of the way, was exhausting indeed to these eastern men unused to the altitude (8,219 feet). They followed the path "...more by sense of feeling than by sight, for the moment we leave the beaten track down we go up to our armpits in the snow."

Once over the summit, and east down the dry, bare valley of Ivie Creek five or six miles brought them to Gillson's Ranch, where they found the rancher and his family.

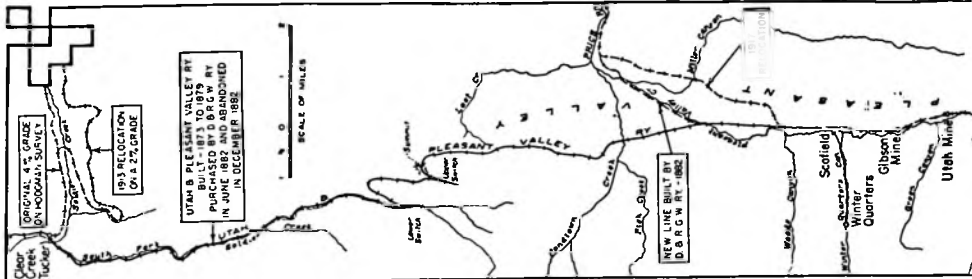
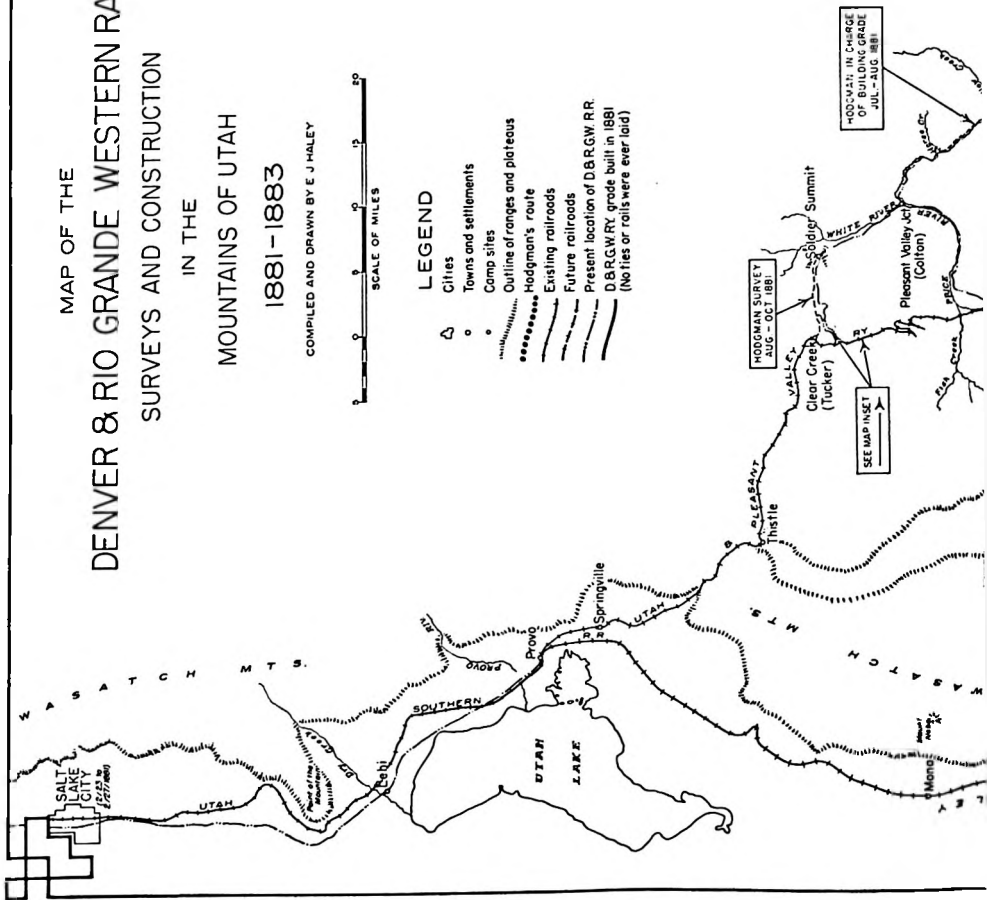
MAP OF THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILWAY SURVEYS AND CONSTRUCTION IN THE MOUNTAINS OF UTAH 1881-1883

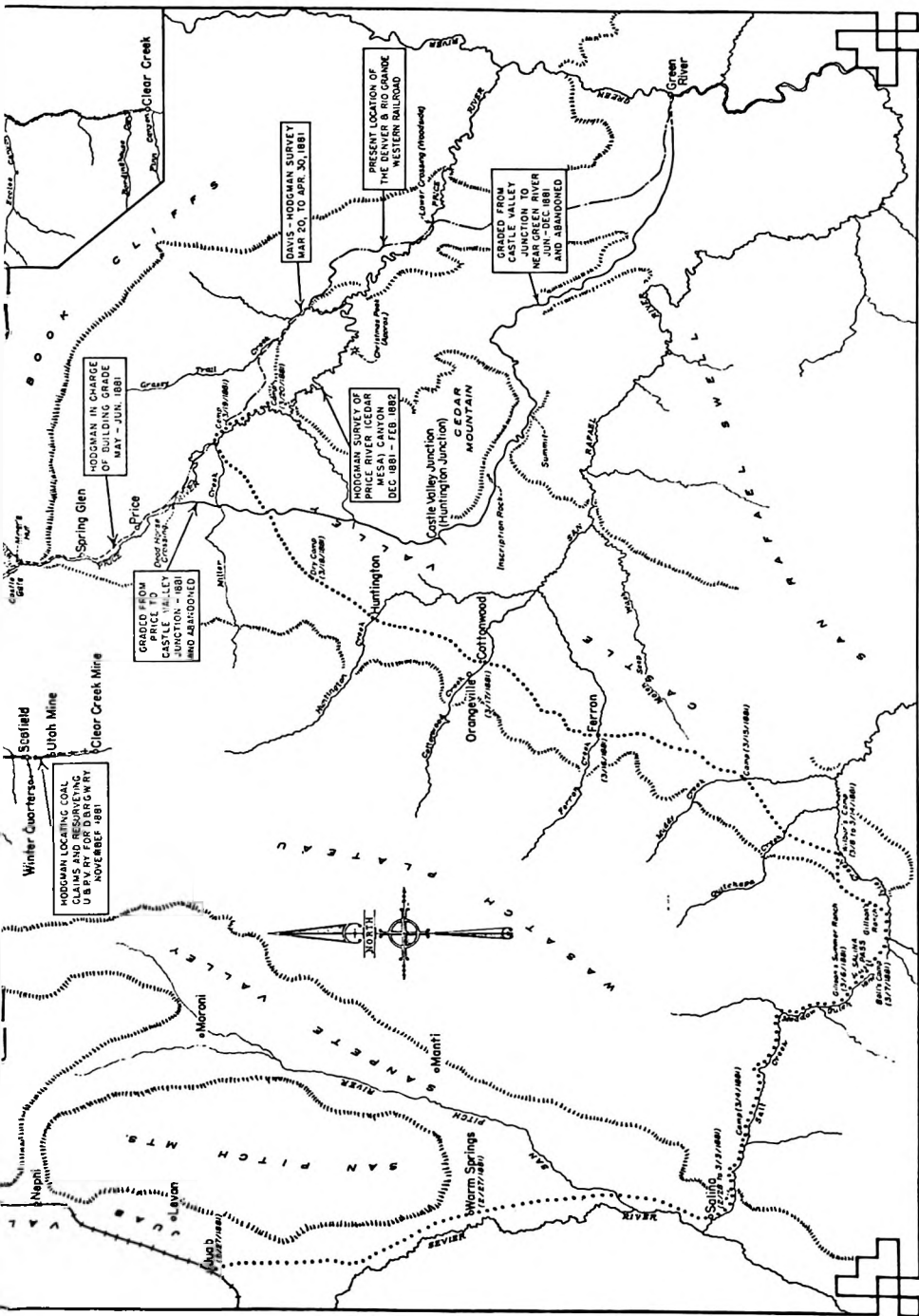
COMPILED AND DRAWN BY E. J. MALEY



LEGEND

- △ Cities
- Towns and settlements
- Camp sites
- Outline of ranges and plateaus
- Hodgman's route
- Existing railroads
- Future railroads
- Present location of D.B.R.G.W. RR.
(No ties or rails were ever laid)

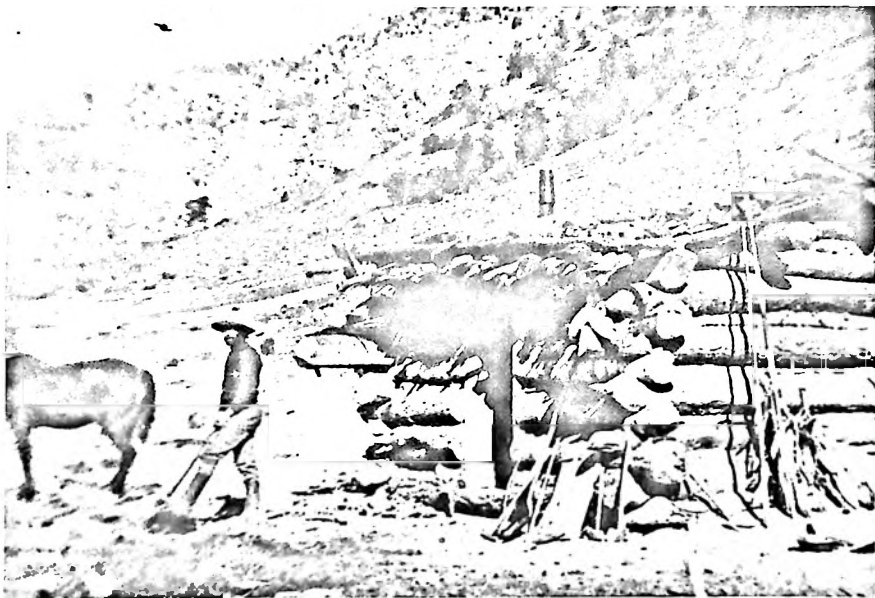




"We stopped and chatted with them a couple of hours, and got what was a great treat to us — a drink of milk. This was the first residence we had seen since leaving Salina four days since. Gillson is a noted scout, and knows every prominent Indian in the country. He is a tall, well-built, powerful man in the prime of life, a dead shot, and was long in the employ of the United States Government as a detective. He was prominent in the arrest of Brigham Young, John D. Lee, and other Mormons for their part in the Mountain Meadow Massacre . . .

"He is a well informed man, and the owner of a number of ranches, coal veins, and large flocks of sheep and herds of cattle. He gave us directions as to our road, and we passed on down the valley, taking a short cut that he pointed out to us. We had not gone more than two or three miles when he overtook us, rifle in hand, and walked with [us] to Wilbur's camp. He was much interested in our guns, which were of a pattern new to him, and tested them in comparison with his own Sharps rifle. He found that at long range they were superior to his..."

(Samuel Henry Gilson, it must be noted, subsequently gained even more enduring fame as the man involved in the discovery and exploitation of the unusual mineral, 'Gilsonite,' which honors his name.)



Miner's cabin near Willow Creek junction with Price River at Castle Gate, Utah, February 1882. C.H. McIntyre, survey chain-and-rod-man at left. Photo by Frank Hodgman, courtesy of granddaughter Mrs. Alice Martens, Fulton, Michigan.

At last, on Saturday, March 19th, 1881, at 3:00 P. M., Frank P. Davis and his crew reached the Price River at the Northern end of Castle Valley. Engineer Hodgman had found ancient Indian potsherds and many arrow heads during the 14-day journey, had been charmed by the strange geologic formations in that forsaken desert country, had lost his way in a snowstorm while hunting deer, and burned a hole in one of his boots by the campfire on the long trek up the valley. Now he and the men were at the place where the process of locating a line for the railroad was to begin.

Working as the transitman, until the end of April Hodgman helped locate the line of road down along Grassy Trail Creek. At that time Chief of Party Davis visited the camp of Major M. T. (sic) Hurd some twenty miles back along the line to obtain a new transit instrument. Davis found a large force of men there ready to begin work on the grade, but nothing could be done till an engineer could reach there to take charge of and lay out the work for them. Hurd, Principal Assistant Engineer in charge of all the work in Utah east of the Wasatch Mountains, ordered Davis to return immediately to his camp and send F. Hodgman over to take charge of the work.

"Such was the manner in which the orders came for me to leave the party with whom I had come into this wild country and head a party of my own..." Hodgman wrote.

"I was given a tent, a transit, a level, a hatchet, a tape and a Dutchman, and told to go and lay out work and boss the business. I had no provisions, no cook, no stationery — a big job on my hands and insufficient help. In place of the lacking articles I had some magnificent promises of what I was to have when supplies could be got to me. In the meantime I must board with the contractors and get help of them to assist in laying out the work.

"They were for the most part Danes, and all Mormons. Each contractor was assigned a mile or half mile of work, and moved immediately to the ground and fixed up their camps. I pitched my tent near one named Jacobsen, with whom I was to take my meals. Jacobsen's party numbered about fifty young and middle aged men, who worked ... on the co-operative plan, he being chosen by common consent as the leader and boss. Every man furnished his own team and tools, bore his share of the expenses, and shared the profits or loss. The men were a lively set and soon had the dirt rapidly piling up on the grade. At night they made the air ring again with their songs and music. Their teams were mostly of horses, though there were a few mules in the outfit. The horses were hardy, wiry animals of about ten hundred pounds weight and were hard worked and well cared for. They always looked in good condition. [The men] understood their business and, it is perhaps needless to add, earned more money per capita than any other outfit on the line.

"They were exceptional men, especially in the matter of swearing. Mormons are peculiar about that. We soon learned that if we wanted to find whether or not a man was a Mormon, we had only to wait till we heard him swear. If he said, 'by hell,' we had a sure thing of it, for that is their standard oath and the recognized test. 'Son of a b----' is a great favorite with them as an expletive. One day a whirlwind came along and as the cook of one of the parties related the matter: 'The

son of a b---- of a whirlwind came into his tent and raised hell and turned around and went out again.' Another party had a cow with them to furnish milk, but as her owner said, 'The son of a b---- of a cow ran off and they had to do without.'

In his continuing newspaper stories from the field, Frank Hodgman wrote, with rather wry sarcasm, of the manner in which railroads were built in Utah. He was not very charitable in his outlook toward the promoters and financiers. And he detailed, with fine definition, the work of the locating and construction engineers, the grubbers, the graders with the plows and scrapers, and the blasters who removed the boulders and loosened up the points of hills where the line would run. He was in charge of all this work over a twelve-mile division, and concluded:

"Between the company, who look out sharply that the engineers' estimates are not too large, and the contractors who want them as large as possible, the engineer has but little chance to be remiss in his duty, and sometimes he gets a scorching on both sides."

By the first of July the grading on Hodgman's first division was done, and he was ordered farther west up the canon of the Price to take charge of another. He waited at Willow Creek (now the site of the big steam generating plant of Utah Power & Light Co.) for a pack train of burros to carry the supplies eight more miles to Horse Creek, where he set up camp.

"It was the 4th of July when I took charge of the work on this division, and the picking and scraping and blasting went merrily on till the middle of August, when I received orders to pack up and go over to Clear Creek and take charge of the work on the west slope of the mountains. This was considered the best position on the line, for at Clear Creek were railroad connections with the outside world, and the company had there a storehouse well filled with provisions and there the mail came regularly every day.

"You may be sure we set out for our new work with light hearts, and we did not walk, either. I had walked from Salina through the Salt Creek pass over the mountains; and up the long stretch from end to end of Castle Valley; down the Price River into the canyons of the Cedar mountains; up the Price again by Dead Horse crossing, Steamboat Point and the Castle Gate through the canyons of the Wasatch till here we were at Horse Creek, only a mile and a half from the old Spanish trail and eighteen miles from the Soldier Summit. I had tramped hundreds of miles through all that was dreary and desolate, and all that was grand and beautiful along the road, and now I would have a ride. So I hired Mortensen with his light spring wagon to take us over the summit..."

Camped three miles above Clear Creek, the surveyors devised a final location down the west side of Soldier Summit.

"We got a reasonably straight line, but the road had about 1,400 feet fall in seven miles from the summit..."

The company, in 1882, built the railroad on this steep grade, and the line continued in use for more than thirty years — until 1913. At that time a new double-track railroad on a two percent grade, twice as long as Mr. Hodgman's original line, was built. The old line was abandoned and now serves as the alinement for U. S. Highway 6 between Helper and Salt Lake City.

By the second week of November, 1881, Mr. Hodgman's work in this area was done, and he was directed to take a group of men up to the end of the Pleasant Valley railroad, hunt up some coal claims, and set the men at work on them. He then was ordered to re-survey the road, officially titled the Utah & Pleasant Valley Railway but better known locally as the "Calico Road." The original promoter, Milan Packard, a Springville merchant, had run short of cash during construction in 1878-79 and paid his men in part with bolts of calico from his store. The road ultimately was purchased by the Denver & Rio Grande Western at a bankruptcy sale on June 14, 1882, and the segment from Clear Creek to the Coal mines in Pleasant Valley was dismantled.

Mr. Hodgman's new assignment was to prepare official maps and profiles of the line to show the location and grade from Clear Creek to the Pleasant Valley mine. Upon his arrival in Pleasant Valley he visited the mine:

"The coal vein is seven feet thick, and lies thirty or forty feet above the bottom of the canyon. It runs horizontally into the mountain side, with scarcely any dip. ...The coal is blasted out with powder, the lower part of the vein to the height of a man's head being taken out first, and then the roofing thrown down. In one of the galleries that I entered the miners were preparing to throw down the coal from the roof. It had been seamed and shaken by the blasts in the lower part of the vein, and seemed ready to drop on their heads at any instant in great masses of tons in weight. I was especially careful to stand from under, and it made my blood fairly run cold to see the reckless way in which the miners passed back and forth under these apparently loose masses of coal. 'There is little danger,' said one, 'we can tell when it is going to fall, and get out of the way.'

"Before I left Clear Creek, a special train was carrying his mangled remains over the line to his friends. A mass had fallen when he did not expect it. Scarcely a month passes in which someone is not killed in the mines, and yet the miners continue as reckless as ever."

With that assignment completed, Mr. Hodgman returned to Clear Creek to await further orders.

"It was a matter of a good deal of speculation among the boys as to what would be done with the party. Would we be discharged, as so many of the parties had already been, or would we be sent over the mountains into the lower canyons of the Price, which Davis had been recently exploring?..."

On December 6th the 'dreaded' answer came. They broke camp and headed for the lower Price, using two wagons — one to carry their tents, baggage, and hay and grain for the animals, the other loaded with provisions. Hodgman had a high regard for

the members of his crew, remarking,

"A better lot of men were seldom got together."

At length they arrived at the same location on the Price where he had struck it and camped the previous March.

"The spot looked, if possible, more desolate than it did when we were there the spring before."

"There were two parties of engineers in this field, my own and ... Parrish's party [which] was already at work [above us] on the line down from Dead Horse [crossing]. ... In a few days he had his line down to our camp. From this point on he was to follow our old line over the divide to the Grassy Trail Creek and thence down the creek to its junction with the Price River.

"I was to follow the Price in its windings through the great canyon of the Cedar Mountains to the same point, and when the junction was made, one party would continue down the river through the Book Cliff canyon till they met a party coming up the river from the east. Whose party would stay and complete the line from the mouth of the Grassy Trail Creek on? The work began to look attractive...

"The mountain walls rose higher and higher and more nearly vertical on the sides of the valley as we worked further toward the heart of the mountain range. The character of the rocks and scenery [was] constantly changing..."

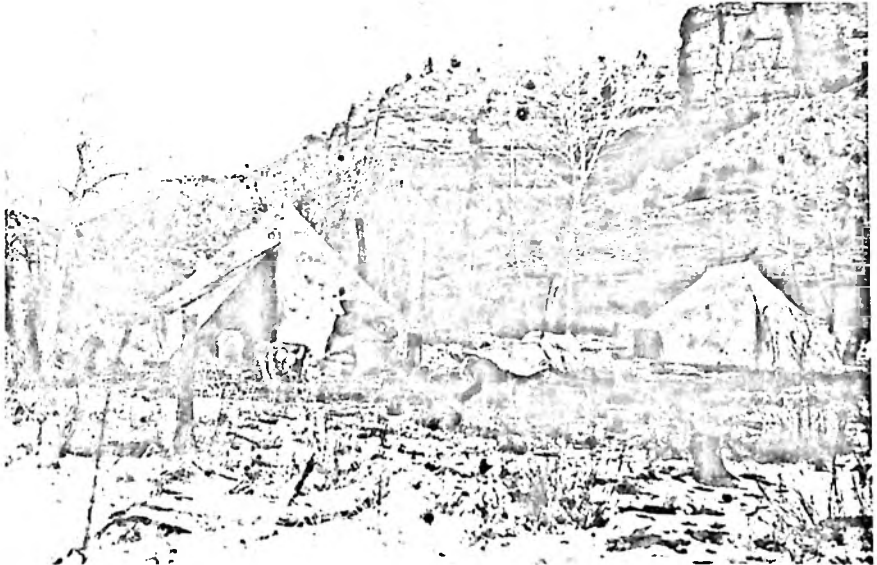
Frank Hodgman was profoundly impressed by the colorings of the country rock, the geology evident in the canon walls, the petroglyphs left by prehistoric Indians high on inaccessible cliffs, the fantastic forms taken by the eroded land. His powers of description were taxed to the limit. One dry tributary gulch he named 'Thunder-bolt Canyon.'

"Nearby was the great stone elephant — the most remarkable natural curiosity I ever saw in the west. ... It ... had the form of trunk, head, eyes, ears, fore-legs and body nearly as perfect as if chiseled by the hand of a sculptor. ... Right back of it rises a tall mountain peak. On Christmas day we all climbed the peak and built a tall monument of loose flat rocks upon its highest point. In it we placed the record of the party and the date, and chiseling the name upon the topmost rock, we called the mountain Christmas Peak..."

"Further on, the walls of the canyon took on architectural forms, and for a distance of six miles resembled the pictures I have seen of ancient cities, only no work of man's hand was ever so beautiful and grand. We called it the Eternal City. ... The whole valley seemed lined with great buildings of a brick red color, with columns, porticoes, cornices, balconies and towers in almost inconceivable variety and beauty, and sublime in the grandeur of their vast proportions."

At last, early in February, 1882, Frank Hodgman received orders to turn his party over to L. M. Davis and report in at Salt Lake City. Four of the men in the crew accompanied him on the lonely tramp of sixty miles to Clear Creek, where they would reach the railroad and settlements.

“As we passed along we took a last look at the scenes so full of interest to us and dear from their association. ... Our road lay along the grade that I had spent the summer before in building, and every stake and curve was familiar. There had been high rains since I was here, and the grade shows the effect of them. There were half a dozen places where I left openings for culverts. Major Hurd, the resident engineer, came along and ordered them filled up. The water had torn its way through. ‘Now, Major, who was right, you or I?’ ”



Surveyors' campsite in Price River canyon between Price, Utah, and mouth of Grassy Trail Creek, January 1882. Photo by Frank Hodgman, courtesy of granddaughter Mrs. Alice Martens of Fulton, Michigan.

On the way west a week was spent at Willow Creek making a topographical survey of the coal region and locating coal claims. Those chores completed, the instruments were packed away for the last time. A passing teamster carried the men over the drifting snows of Soldier Summit to Clear Creek, and soon they were in Salt Lake City.

“A week is spent there in making up my maps and report and then, bidding farewell to my comrades and the grand old mountains, I sped my way home again, where I appreciate as I never did before the worth of home, family and friends. But yet, I can never forget the loyal, true-hearted lads who went with me through the wonderful valleys and canyons in the mountains of Utah.”

There ends this all-too-brief digest of the writings and adventures of Francis

Hodgman in the previously unexplored wilds that became Colorado's sister state. Regrettably, this short presentation affords no space for material from his many letters home, written to his wife and to each of his children. The latter often were illustrated with drawings of things he saw and did, and are quite informative.

After Mr. Hodgman's departure, the D.&R.G.W. Railway completed construction of its narrow gauge line across the Utah desert to a connection with the Denver & Rio Grande. The joining of the rails actually occurred at Desert Switch, 14 miles west of Green River, at 1:30 Friday afternoon, March 30, 1883. The location was not much more than 20 miles from where Frank Hodgman and his loyal, true-hearted lads had completed their survey down Cedar Mesa Canon little more than a year before.

In 1889-90 almost 100 miles of new railroad were constructed as replacement for the old line, when the company changed to standard gauge under the new corporate name of Rio Grande Western Railway. However, much of Mr. Hodgman's location work up the Price River Canon and on the west side of Soldier Summit continued to be utilized for the standard gauge. Moreover, notwithstanding much reconstruction and modernization in more recent times, some of his original location remains in use today, which speaks for the quality of his engineering skills.

Although Mr. Hodgman never returned to these scenes of his triumphs, he maintained a continuing active interest in the area. Among his memorabilia were a number of heretofore unknown photographs of the railroad, taken during and after the conversion from narrow to standard gauge in that 1889-90 period. His letters, his photographs, his other mementoes, now are safely lodged and carefully preserved in the University Archives and Regional History Collections of Western Michigan University at Kalamazoo.

In 1898, long after his sojourn in Utah, Francis Hodgman published a small, copyrighted edition of his verse, entitled, "The Wandering Singer and His Songs, and ... Other Poems." A few lines, selected from the subject poem, are indeed appropriate as we bring to a close his story:

<p>'The mountains witch him with their spells; And thus his tale the wanderer tells:- The Wasatch Range before me frowns, With ragged sides and snowy crowns.</p> <p>For centuries the bursting storms Have worn the cliffs to phantom forms, That now in strange, unwonted ways Attract the traveler's curious gaze;</p> <p>Grim cliffs that look like castles old, With dungeons deep and turrets bold, With tower, dome, and battlement, Might well defend a continent.</p>	<p>Great monoliths upraised and lone, Like sentinels in clay and stone; To right, to left, on every hand, These wizard forms before me stand.</p> <p>From out the mountains I espy A river, sweeping swiftly by. Along its banks the hand of man Is building, through these canons grand,</p> <p>A railroad with its bands of steel, Its ties of oak and iron wheel; For men will never be content, Till these o'erspread the continent. ...**</p>
--	--

*Excerpts from "The Wandering Singer and His Songs," written for the 1891 meeting of the Alumni of Michigan Agricultural College. Privately printed and copyrighted 1898 by F. Hodgman, M.S. By permission.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Bender, Henry E., Jr. UINTAH RAILWAY, THE GILSONITE ROUTE. Howell-North, Berkeley, 1970. Pp. 14-15-16.
- DAILY REPUBLICAN, Denver, Saturday, March 31, 1883. Page 1. Microfilm in Western History Department, Denver Public Library.
- Denver & Rio Grande Railway, OPERATING TIMETABLE No. 26, in effect Tuesday, January 15, 1884. Page 8. Copy in author's collection.
- Hodgman, Francis (Frank), M.S. Collected weekly newspaper articles by, published in the *Climax Cereal*(?), 1881-1882. Collections of Mrs. Alice Tobey Martens, Fulton, Michigan, and University Archives and Regional History Collections, Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo.
- Original handwritten manuscript for a portion of the newspaper articles listed above. Collection of Mrs. Alice Tobey Martens, Fulton, Michigan. (Mrs. Martens is a granddaughter of Mr. Hodgman.)
- THE WANDERING SINGER AND HIS SONGS AND ... OTHER POEMS. Privately printed and copyrighted at Climax, Michigan, 1898. Page 23 (Gift from Mrs. Flora Hodgman Temple, a granddaughter of Mr. Hodgman.)
- McMurtrie, J.A., Chief Engineer, Rio Grande Extension Company, Denver. REPORT OF ENGINEER DEPARTMENT FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1881. Pp. 35-36. Author's collection.
- Ridgway, Arthur O. DENVER & RIO GRANDE — DEVELOPMENT OF PHYSICAL PROPERTY IN CHRONOLOGICAL NARRATIVE. January 1, 1921. Copy in author's collection.
- Temple, Mrs. Flora Hodgman. BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF FRANCIS (FRANK) HODGMAN, prepared for the writer June, 1979. (Mrs. Temple is a granddaughter of Mr. Hodgman.)
- Wilson, Owen Meredith. THE DENVER & RIO GRANDE PROJECT, 1870-1901. Howe Brothers, Salt Lake City, 1982. Pp. 71, 93-94.





Westerner's Bookshelf



Belle Starr and Her Times—The Literature, The Facts and the Legends, by Glenn Shirley. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1982. ix + 324 pages, illustrated, notes, bibliography, index. \$19.95 hardbound.

Glenn Shirley has written 16 books and countless articles, concentrating his interests on early western characters who were "gun-toters," either criminal or on the side of the law. For his latest book his subject is Belle Starr, who has had countless words written about her. They began with a small item on the front page of the *New York Times* in February, 1889, following her murder on February 3, by Edgar A. Watson a former tenant with whom she had quarreled. Watson escaped punishment because the evidence was all hearsay or inconclusively circumstantial.

Belle Starr lived a tempestuous life. She was born Myra Shirley in Missouri in 1848. In her 41 years of life, she married three times and had three children by different husbands. Belle lived in the Ozarks during the Civil War; in Dallas, Texas, as the wife of a former confederate guerilla who was killed for armed robbery; in California with her brother; then back to Texas; then on to Nebraska, riding with the Cole Younger gang. Eventually, she and her latest husband, Sam Starr, were convicted of horse stealing and she was jailed in Detroit, Michigan.

After her prison term, she moved with her husband to Cherokee-nation land in Oklahoma Territory where they took up acreage, ranched and were believed to rustle cattle and be implicated in a number of robberies and murders. There were so many conflicting stories that only a few solid facts stand up: she was an expert horsewoman, she was extraordinarily brave and fiery-tempered, and she was a devoted mother to her daughter, Pearl.

Searching for the truth, the author has waded through masses of material—court records, *Police Gazette* accounts, books, pamphlets, poetry, plays, motion pictures

and novels—weighing all testimony carefully. Apparently, the fascination of Belle Starr through the years has been compelling, but not to this reviewer. I think she was a bore.
Caroline Bancroft, C.M.

Lucien Bonaparte Maxwell, Napoleon of the Southwest, by Lawrence R. Murphy. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1983. 274 pages, illustrations, map, footnotes and bibliography. Hardbound, \$19.95.

It is impossible to live in this part of the West and not have encountered in one way or another the Beaubien and Miranda Spanish Land Grant, later to be known just as the Maxwell Land Grant, named for the man who did most to exploit the Grant, Lucien Bonaparte Maxwell. Born in 1818 at Kaskaskia, Illinois, into a pioneer family that had achieved honor in the political affairs of Illinois, Maxwell naturally took to trading with the Indians and became well acquainted with the Bents, Jim Bridger, Jim Beckwourth, Tom Fitzpatrick and Uncle Dick Wootton. Kit Carson was his particular friend and they were involved in several of Fremont's expeditions. At Taos he met and married Luz Beaubien, whereby he ultimately succeeded to the ownership of the entire Grant.

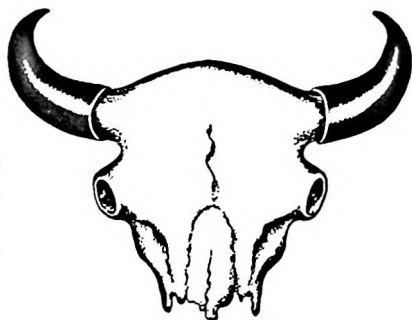
Trading with the Indians and selling to the Army, together with his own stock and grain-raising activities, made him a wealthy man. At the pinnacle of his success he sold his holdings to a foreign conglomerate and moved to abandoned Fort Sumner, New Mexico. This move seemed to mark the decline in his fortunes and health, and he died at Fort Sumner in 1875.

This book is well researched and well written. It expertly describes a character of the Southwest who rose from modest beginnings to become perhaps the richest and most powerful man in the Southwest, with land, mines, mills, banks, flocks, and all of the accouterments of wealth and position.

W. H. Van Duzer P.M.

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP



SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1983

MICHIGAN TO CALIFORNIA, RETURN, AND BACK TO CALIFORNIA 1852-1854

Robert E. Woodhams, C.M.



William Woodhams, 1829-1891. Photo about 1860

DUES WILL BE DUE!

Anticipating the inexorable progression of the calendar, we might keep in mind that the Westerners depends on the prompt payment of membership dues for its existence. Prepare now for dues payment on or before 1 January, or better yet, pay them now to avoid forgetfulness.

BOB EDGERTON LEAVES US

We note with deep sorrow the sudden and untimely passing of fellow-Westerner Robert A. Edgerton (1917-1983) on 10 August 1983. We shall truly miss him! Our sincerest sympathy to Darlene.

1982 ROUNDUP AVAILABLE HARDBOUND

The 1982 Denver Westerners ROUNDUP is available in a hardbound volume, containing all 6 numbers, from R. A. Ronzio, P.O. Box 344, Golden, Colorado 80402, at \$5.00. Postage 83¢ additional.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

Vol. XXXIX



September-October

Number 5

1983

USPS 566-500

The ROUNDUP is published bimonthly by the Denver Westerners. Subscription \$15.00 per year to members. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office, P.O. Box 990, Boulder, Colorado 80306. Westerners office, 1883 York Street, Denver, Colorado 80206. Copyright 1983 by The Westerners, Inc. a Colorado corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

©1983 by The Westerners, Inc., a Colorado Corporation.

1983 OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

- Sheriff:** Richard A. Cook
- Deputy Sheriff:** Robert D. Stull
- Roundup Foreman:** Donald C. Chamberlin
- Tallyman:** Dr. Loren F. Blaney
- Registrar of Marks and Brands:** Hugo von Rodeck Jr.
- Chuck Wrangler:** Theodore P. Krieger
- Daguerrotypist:** Bernie S. Faingold
- Archivist:** Stephen W. Pahs
- Membership Chairman:** George P. Godfrey
- Publications Chairman:** Hugo von Rodeck Jr.
- Program Chairman:** Robert Stull
- Keeper of the Possibles Bag:** James F. Bowers
- Reservations for Meetings and Dinners:** Theodore P. Krieger, 280 E. 11th Ave., Broomfield, CO 80020. Phone 466-7737
- Material for the ROUNDUP:** Hugo von Rodeck Jr., 11107 Elati Street, Northglenn, CO 80234. Phone 452-7336
- Book Reviews:** Ray E. Jenkins, 10095 E. Caley Place, Englewood, CO 80111. Phone 770-7929
- Dues Checks to:** Dr. Loren F. Blaney, 1889 York Street, Denver, CO 80206. Phone 322-5388



STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP			
NAME OF PUBLICATION	DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP	ISSUE DATE	SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1983
ISSUE FREQUENCY	BI-MONTHLY	ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION PRICE	\$15.00
OWNER (Full name, complete mailing address, including zip code)			
1883 1/2 YORK STREET, BOULDER, COLORADO 80306			
MANAGER (Full name, complete mailing address, including zip code)			
1883 YORK STREET, DENVER, COLORADO 80206			
PUBLISHER (Full name, complete mailing address, including zip code)			
DENVER WESTERNERS, P.O. Box 990, Boulder, Colorado 80306			
PRINTING OFFICE (Full name, complete mailing address, including zip code)			
345 VAN HORN DR. 11107 ELATI ST. NORTHGLENN, COLORADO 80638			
CIRCULATION (Total number of copies printed, total number of copies distributed, and total number of copies retained)			
1. Total number of copies printed			
2. Total number of copies distributed			
3. Total number of copies retained			
4. Total number of copies sold			
5. Total number of copies given away			
6. Total number of copies returned			
7. Total number of copies destroyed			
8. Total number of copies not accounted for			
9. Total number of copies not classified			
10. Total number of copies not reported			
11. Total number of copies not listed			
12. Total number of copies not included			
13. Total number of copies not shown			
14. Total number of copies not given			
15. Total number of copies not sent			
16. Total number of copies not mailed			
17. Total number of copies not delivered			
18. Total number of copies not received			
19. Total number of copies not returned			
20. Total number of copies not kept			
21. Total number of copies not held			
22. Total number of copies not stored			
23. Total number of copies not used			
24. Total number of copies not shown			
25. Total number of copies not listed			
26. Total number of copies not included			
27. Total number of copies not shown			
28. Total number of copies not listed			
29. Total number of copies not included			
30. Total number of copies not shown			
31. Total number of copies not listed			
32. Total number of copies not included			
33. Total number of copies not shown			
34. Total number of copies not listed			
35. Total number of copies not included			
36. Total number of copies not shown			
37. Total number of copies not listed			
38. Total number of copies not included			
39. Total number of copies not shown			
40. Total number of copies not listed			
41. Total number of copies not included			
42. Total number of copies not shown			
43. Total number of copies not listed			
44. Total number of copies not included			
45. Total number of copies not shown			
46. Total number of copies not listed			
47. Total number of copies not included			
48. Total number of copies not shown			
49. Total number of copies not listed			
50. Total number of copies not included			
51. Total number of copies not shown			
52. Total number of copies not listed			
53. Total number of copies not included			
54. Total number of copies not shown			
55. Total number of copies not listed			
56. Total number of copies not included			
57. Total number of copies not shown			
58. Total number of copies not listed			
59. Total number of copies not included			
60. Total number of copies not shown			
61. Total number of copies not listed			
62. Total number of copies not included			
63. Total number of copies not shown			
64. Total number of copies not listed			
65. Total number of copies not included			
66. Total number of copies not shown			
67. Total number of copies not listed			
68. Total number of copies not included			
69. Total number of copies not shown			
70. Total number of copies not listed			
71. Total number of copies not included			
72. Total number of copies not shown			
73. Total number of copies not listed			
74. Total number of copies not included			
75. Total number of copies not shown			
76. Total number of copies not listed			
77. Total number of copies not included			
78. Total number of copies not shown			
79. Total number of copies not listed			
80. Total number of copies not included			
81. Total number of copies not shown			
82. Total number of copies not listed			
83. Total number of copies not included			
84. Total number of copies not shown			
85. Total number of copies not listed			
86. Total number of copies not included			
87. Total number of copies not shown			
88. Total number of copies not listed			
89. Total number of copies not included			
90. Total number of copies not shown			
91. Total number of copies not listed			
92. Total number of copies not included			
93. Total number of copies not shown			
94. Total number of copies not listed			
95. Total number of copies not included			
96. Total number of copies not shown			
97. Total number of copies not listed			
98. Total number of copies not included			
99. Total number of copies not shown			
100. Total number of copies not listed			

MICHIGAN TO CALIFORNIA, RETURN, AND BACK TO CALIFORNIA 1852-1854

by

Robert E. Woodhams, C.M.
(Presented 23 February 1983)

This is the story of a diary and of the considerable adventures recorded therein by my grandfather's elder brother during the early to mid-1850's. The diary was well written and is full of fascinating detail. In it he tells of two trips to California and return—the first trip to California being by sea, the return by sea and land over Nicaragua, and the second trip to California entirely overland. All trips were episodes in the so-called California Gold Rush and therefore have especial interest to historians interested in reconstructing this great chapter in American frontier history. However, this diarist was not one of the Forty-Niners, for that term is reserved for those who went during the first year of that Gold Rush, namely, 1849. Instead, his first trip was in 1852 and his overland trip was in 1854. I have been informed by Merrill Mattes who, as many of you already know is working on a comprehensive bibliography of overland journals, that this overland diary of 1854 is of special interest because not many good diaries for that particular year have been found.

Now, turning to the diary and diarist in more detail, I might first observe that the story of its writing, its survival, and its coming into my possession, is such an accumulation of narrow chances that it makes a good story by itself. At least, it justifies a brief summary.

The diarist was my grandfather's elder brother. His name was William Woodhams. He was born in England in 1829, came to Michigan in 1844, possibly with some cousins who came to Kalamazoo, Michigan, at about that time, and found some desirable land about twelve miles north of Kalamazoo at the location of the present town of Plainwell, Michigan. He returned to England, sold his father on the idea of emigrating, and the whole family then emigrated in 1846 to the land that fifteen-year-old William had found.

William was well educated and possessed of good literary skill. He was also good at sketching and the diary has about a dozen sketches to illustrate interesting things and places. In fact, after his eventual return to Kalamazoo, William gave art lessons to supplement his income which was basically from a music store and from a market garden. William was very perceptive, often whimsical, and (like my grandfather) usually with little liking for anyone not of English origin.

The diary starts in 1852, six years after William's family emigrated to Michigan and with William now 23 years old. It starts in New York City with a trip by sailing ship around Cape Horn to California; then by steamship, mule-back, canoe and steamship across Nicaragua from California back to New York and Michigan; finally overland in 1854 by wagon from Michigan to California. The diary in its original form survived all this. It was then apparently recopied into its present form sometime shortly after 1868, probably in Michigan inasmuch as William had returned to Michigan in 1856 and lived

there for the rest of his life. He died Dec. 31, 1891, and the diary apparently went to a brother who was in, or later went to, California. At least, the diary next appears in the hands of this brother's son, Gardner, who was then in Sonora, California. Meanwhile, William's grandson is also in California working as a forest ranger but in about 1916 he died at 35 years of age from cholera. His widow moved back to Kalamazoo with her seven-year-old son, also named William. Eventually, the nephew in California, Gardner, who had the diary, decided that it really should be in the hands of a lineal descendant of its writer and thus in 1971 he sent it to the William in Kalamazoo. There it remained and was in his possession when I first learned of it.

Now, as to how I obtained temporary possession of it, one day some six or seven years ago I by chance encountered on the street in Kalamazoo a cousin whom I had not seen in several years. In a general conversation and exchange of news with him, I happened to mention that I had just received some interesting information from a genealogist in England whom I had employed to do some searching. He expressed interest in this information and so I gave him a summary of it. Somehow, this summary got into the hands of the Kalamazoo William's son, Richard, who was quite fascinated by it and telephoned me for details. I gave this to him in full and in appreciation he mentioned that his father had an old diary which he would try to get for me to examine if I were interested. Naturally, I was very interested and about three months later the diary appeared with a note from Richard to please get it back as soon as possible. I therefore made both Xerox and typewritten copies of the diary, and photographed its sketches. I checked the typewritten copy carefully against the original, including its occasionally imaginative spellings, and then returned it. I understand that it has since been deposited in the historical archives of Western Michigan University at Kalamazoo.

The diary starts Oct. 24, 1852, with William on the bark *Green Point*, together with his sister Elizabeth, her husband George Anderson, and other relatives; the ship at this point is just leaving New York harbor. William describes the ship, its captain, the captain's wife and the first mate, all at too much length to be given here. He then describes others of the crew and passengers, of which one sample follows (with punctuation, capitalization and spelling as in the original excepting where change seemed necessary to assist the reader):

Sunday, October 24, 1852, at sea

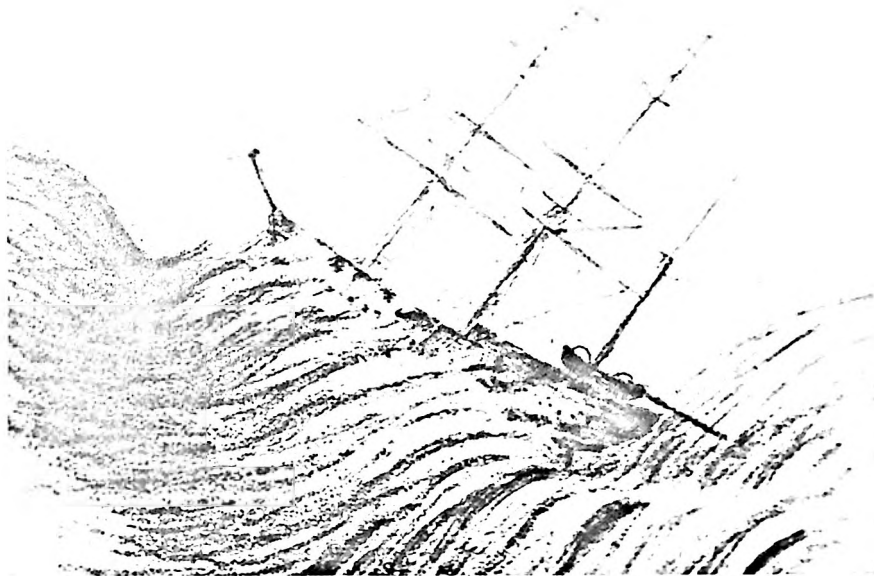
The only other first Cabin passenger besides our own party is a New York boy, son of the harbor master there.

Stephen Glover is a boy of seventeen tall exceedingly well formed except having one of the most villainous faces and heads that could find a mate in some Phrenological museum between the murders department and that of the monkeys; these last his face strikingly resembles, his disposition corresponds; he is restless active, smart, vain, and without the first particle of common sense he will be the butt for all the mischievous spirit on board, the mate has begun already.

William was a close observer of nature, which characteristic appears frequently in the diary and appears early as follows:

Tuesday, November 9, 1852, Lat. 22° 19' N Long. 38° 14' W

Very still and fair sea calm members of Portuguese men of war floating round the ship, these creatures are about 6 inches long with a body like a mass of colored jelly with long membranes hanging down below. They hoist a tiny membranous sail and on calm days float gently along the surface but candor obliges me to say that with all their brilliant beauty they are very unavailable to any one attempting to handle them producing the same effect as an exaggerated dose of sting nettle.



The bark *Green Point* on which Woodhams traveled to California around the Horn in the winter of 1852. Sketch by William Woodhams.

William also noticed small things which happened aboard:

Wednesday, November 17, 1852, Lat. 6° 26' N Long. 29° 2' W

The weather has been very variable today sometimes going at 9 knots and now it is quite calm with little gusty squalls coming up very often, we are out of the trade winds into what sailors call horse latitudes. This is the most lovely evening since we left port, brilliant moonlight a soft breeze and the varying flecks of light on the dark water, the soft easy motion of the vessel as we glide along at 6½ knots seems to gladden all on board and groups are clustered around all parts of the vessel, with laughter, music and yarn telling, in full blast.

Saturday 20th, N 2°32' Long. W 29° 00'

Very calm, and very warm, I have just seen the ascent of the boy to the maintruck for the first time, he is a little fellow from Bristol, England and this is his first voyage before the mast, he turned very red when told by the second mate to slush the main mast from the main truck down he took his grease slung the bucket round his neck and went rapidly to the main truck and was soon astride the skysail yard, on his way up he stopped on the maintop sail yard then his courage seemed to fail as there are not any ratlines (or what we should call rope ladders) and nothing but two parallel ropes to shin up, he looked down on deck where George and I stood watching him seeming to take fresh courage from our silent sympathy started again, poor little fellow his is a hard life he says he has not a relative in the world, but he is merry and goodlooking and always ready to oblige.

He watched with interest the working of the ship:

Wednesday, December 8, 1852, Lat. S 37° 04", Long. W 44° 45"

Came off quite calm last night, and has continued so all day, we saw an albatross for the first time.

A squall has been threatening all the afternoon, about 5 it came with misty rain I was on deck busily employed in watching the working the ship by the crew, they swarm in the rigging like monkeys in the trees, one after another stunsails and royals came in and the wind began in real earnest, the crew were reefing the maintopsail, on the extreme end of the yard, (the point of honor) was the second mate when he came down the shrouds, it was on the full run, he is the beau ideal of a handsome sailor and the largest man on board.

The albatross displayed their strength of wing in the squall dashing up against the wind without apparent effort then sailing round with heads on one side as though they had raised the muss and were watching the effects, It is quite cold now.

They eventually made it around Cape Horn against a mixture of light winds and gales, but only slowly inasmuch as the winds were virtually always out of the northwest and hence almost continuously dead ahead. They then went north along the South and Central American coasts quite uneventfully and eventually reached San Francisco March 12, 1853, four and one-half months from New York. On arriving in San Francisco, William started by horseback to visit a cousin who then had a ranch in the Santa Clara valley, having recently come to California from England by way of Chile. Of his journey to the Santa Clara valley, William writes:

June 20, 1853

Feeling the spirit of locomotion strong upon me I saddled Uncle's fine grey and started to visit Mr. and Mrs. Anderson at the Rancho las Pulgas, 30 miles from here after leaving the city by the Mission plank road, two miles brought me to the Mission Dolores of which there is little of its old Spanish state remaining, the long low building stretching away from the church is now a tavern and dignified by the name of the Mission Hotel, the old church with its wall 4 feet thick and clay pillars and in the gable niches with old cracked bells that have not been rung for this many a day. * Then came a choice of roads all seeming to be right and as I did not know which to choose I followed the newly erected line of telegraph poles over a long stretch of sand hills covered with innumerable flowers in all the beauty they can attain in this even climate, though in truth an overcoat would have been no bad company from the cold winds and fogs that ever and anon rolled up the valleys from the Pacific. . . .

To return to the telegraph poles (which as yet were guiltless of bearing news) they were a source of great wonderment to the natives when they were first put up; they thought "los Americanos" had been stricken with a wonderfully pious streak to be at the pains of putting up such a string of crosses, I stuck to them until I came to the last one, then I took a survey but could see no road there was a house at the bottom of the long sand hill I was on and that I found to be a tavern the 12 miles house, after that came a long level plain with the bay on the left the country rising to the right into the coast range of mountains, cantered along merrily to San Mateo here were the first trees of any size I had yet seen in Cal, large fragrant bay trees growing like the trees in a park in England and filling the air to overpowering with their perfume, great bushy live oaks, laurels and others that I did not know, but all so beautiful that I could scarcely believe nature was the sole planter of this beautiful park. . . .

*This mission church has been restored and now stands within the city of San Francisco.

On December 17, 1853, William says that "I concluded my business at Santa Clara [but he does not say what this was] and promptly embarked on the steamship Cortez to return east." While on this ship he observes:

December 17, 1853

Steamship Cortez at sea,

Again on the beautiful Pacific, it is as placid and calm as it was last winter what a changable like I have led for the last 18 months, it seems scarcely possible that I am going home but so it is

We have been in sight of the coast all day, a bold rocky shore with the coast range mingling with the horizon.

Wednesday, December 21st, 1853

Yesterday we lay too [sic] in order to give some provisions to a whaleship her boat ran under our stern and a quarter of beef was cast overboard to them, how tiresome must be their life for ever roaming the wastes of ocean secluded from the rest of the world and subject to the caprice of one man, such a life can be but little better than prison.

On reaching Nicaragua, William crossed via a variety of craft, from steamers to canoes, and says:

Thursday, December 29, 1853

About 9 o'clock we entered the San Juan river, which is merely the outlet of Lake Nicaragua.

Our steamer stopped at the outlet of the lake to allow the stately officials of Fort San Carlos to come on board and give us our permit. The said fort I could not discover for some time but finally seeing a sort of wall or high hedge of vegetation at the top of the hill above the huts on the lake shore I concluded the fort might possibly be found under that mass of rank undergrowth and so it proved. The river winds through a tangled swamp that nothing but an alligator can get through with no sign of life save once in a while an alligator would plunge out of the edge of the swamp into the river and a beautiful white stork, but there were flowers to any amount from this sort of scenery there was no change until we arrived at Castillo rapids; we left the lake steamer after coming some 20 miles down the river and got into another smaller boat to Castillo rapids

When we got to Castillo Viego we went ashore and walked around the rapids, then got aboard a sort of water omnibus, a long narrow boat with a huge stern wheel and very small

draught of water, on this machine we glided along through a dense forest with all sorts of floral beauties on the river brink, coacanut trees lifting their tall slender shafts among trees that more nearly resembled the forest trees of northern climes, while ever and anon would burst a cry of "see the monkeys" and these spiteful caricatures of humanity would be seen flinging themselves from one tree top to another



Fort San Carlos, Nicaragua, 1853. Sketch by William Woodhams.

William took a steamship from Nicaragua to New York and, after a stop in Troy, N. Y. to visit a girl friend whom he later married, arrived back in Michigan on Feb. 5, 1854, this time only about seven weeks from San Francisco. On Feb. 6 he noted that this was his 25th birthday and on Feb. 24th he visited a local cemetery near his father's farm and said:

February 24, 1854

Grave Yard Gunplain.*

I have just called on a doubly bereaved freind, and now stand the only living among the silent congregation of the dead.

If they could rise from their deep slumber how familiar would most appear, how strange it seems to see the names of those I knew so well, on the headstones strength and youth and beauty and goodness all had their representatives among the resting ones of this snow clad

slope what part of this spot is reserved for me or shall I wandering in distant climes lay down alone?

*Gun Plains was the name of a now extinct community about two miles north of the present town of Plainwell, Michigan. The cemetery is still there but has not been used since the late 1860's, having been superseded by the Plainwell cemetery which was established at about that time.

On March 8, 1854, after a stay in Michigan of only one month, William again left for the west along with two cousins and a boy hired to help with the horses. The diary does not explain why he left so quickly but some tradition among his descendants says that he made several trips back and forth taking horses from Michigan to California.

March 8, 1854

Again I have left home, for the west again for the shores of the Pacific.

We have stopped tonight at White Pidgeon Prarie,* have had a fine day but hang it, something need be pleasant. Confound all partings except with creditors.

Somewhere in the deep timbered land in Indiana, we are staying over the Sabbath with a queer old Baptist deacon, I could not understand why Baptist though he was that he did not attend even a Methodist meeting when there was none of his own and the schoolhouse was on his farm—but the worthy old Hoosier was wise above his generation,

*White Pigeon prairie is a moderate size prairie centered some 50 miles south of the present Kalamazoo, Michigan.

At Bloomington, Indiana, the two cousins went to try to buy horses while William waited for them in a tavern. Here he says:

March 22, 1854

Waiting yet, I am tired of this tavern life, though I have contrived to while away the hours to pretty good satisfaction over Dick's Christian philosopher, how well he unfolds the mysteries of creation and who following him as a guide from one flashing sun to the tiny specks almost beyond our keenest ken at the confines of creation is not compelled to say great and marvellous are thy works Father of all good.

They reached Carthage, Illinois, on a Sunday after a cold and windy 24 miles the preceding day and so stopped to rest for a day. Sunday evening William went to a Presbyterian Church and says:

Carthage, Illinois, Sunday

This evening attended O. L. Pres meeting and by mistake blundered in and sat down on the women's side I had no thought that any society bearing the respectable name of Presbyterian would sanction such a Barbarism as dividing the congregation.

Monday April 4, 1854 [Date is incorrect, it should be April 3]

Today came as far as Warsaw on the Mississippi river but could not cross as the wind was so high that the ferryman was afraid, we have camped in a barn and sleep on the hay.

After crossing the Mississippi, they went through Missouri with several comments including the following:

Wednesday, April 13, 1854 [Should be April 12]

Today we have only made 15 miles but the grass does not start much yet and there is not any

use hurrying until it does, we have encamped to night just in the edge of the woods just by a settler's house and have been whiling away the afternoon by shooting at a mark we get our meals in the house, the man has just buried his wife and so sorrowful a family I never saw, but unlike Missourians generally they are still and quiet, the eldest is a girl of 16 slender and neat and large brown mournful eyes that fill and the lip trembles every time the mother is mentioned, the boys are quite crazy about her, poor child she has a hard prospect, the care of 4 or 5 little children

They crossed the Missouri river at St. Joseph on a ferry which landed them in a mass of quicksand at which point:

April 28, 1854

After we had hauled our heavily loaded wagon out of the heavy quicksand on the river bank we passed through a very heavy peice of timber over an execrable road for 6 miles then emerged on the prairie and travelled some 10 miles to find camp for the night, no sooner had we stripped the harness from our horses and fastened their lariats than they took a scare at something real or imaginary and away they flew over the prairie like a tornado, leaving us staring at one another and asking "what started the brutes?", and then I sent off the boys after them staying to cook supper soon after sundown Joseph and Josh came back with all but three they had run some three miles and were stopped by a large camp at the foot of some hills where they could not well get any farther, two of them made back for St. Joe, with Alf in close pursuit, about 9 o'clock he came in with them they had run some 9 miles a sweet introduction this has been to the plains

They then went on across essentially open country with various experiences including the following:

Saturday, April 29, 1854

About 11 o'clock we crossed a bridge over Wolf creek, the bridge was built and is owned by the Sac and Fox Indians and their old chief receives the toll for crossing, and keeps a small guard of painted and mounted warriors they were the first Indians I had ever seen in their own dress with plumes and warpaint, but the ferocious look they are said to have I did not see, they looked more like actors in a circus, than the "noble" Indian that so much romancing has been made over.

The old chief was the only one of the gang that had any sort of dignity, he, misunderstanding something I had said about toll, touched me gently on the breast saying "Me Sac and Fox this my bridge."

After a brush with some horse stealing Indians in which they had to chase after them and recover the horses, he writes:

May 1, 1854

On the road again passed the Iowa mission* and over two toll bridges kept by Indians we passed them yesterday in our chase for the horses but so early in the morning that there was no one there, on our way back, an Indian as far as dress made one rose from the ground where he had been laying with half a dozen more, stepped up to us with, "Gentlemen, I want ten cents from each of you" I never saw so magnificently handsome a man tall, straight, well proportioned, with glossy curling hair, hanging in curls to his shoulders rich olive complexion, and features, statuesque in beauty, he was absolutely perfect so far as person was concerned, we talked some time and all his manner, language, and every thing about him but his dress bespoke one educated in the most refined society. What can he be doing here?

*A mission established for the Iowa tribe of Indians.

May 2, 1854

We have passed two graves on the road to day, they look very lonely away on the broad prairie, I would almost as soon be buried at sea, as here on this boundless plain where friends could never have the poor satisfaction of knowing my last resting place.

They finally reached the Big Blue river where he says:

May 4, 1854

Encamped tonight on the Big Blue river which we forded just at sundown it is the first stream of any considerable size we have seen since we left the Missouri, this stream runs through a pretty valley with scattering timber.

May 5, 1854

Left Big Blue early this morning. On the cottonwood branch we met a large party of Kaw and Osage Indians, mounted dressed off in plumes and warpaint almost all had guns, bows and arrows and lances made up for the rest they were waiting on the side of the trail as we passed them, they gazed at our white and cream horses with wistful eyes we were quite alone and they might have made mincemeat of us if it had pleased them, there seemed to be between 70 and 80 of them.

They eventually reached the Platte and one night experienced the following:

Monday May 15, 1854

The storm we anticipated did not disappoint us, about 10 o'clock I was awakened by the wind blowing a hurricane, I jumped from the wagon and looked at a scene that for wild grandeur I never saw equalled all the prairie east of us was on fire, the fierce wind fanning the flame into a wall of fire that cast a lurid red light on the heavy black clouds rolling up from the west against the wind and every instant the heavens from the center to the horizon was split by the vivid lightning, and the heavy thunder rolled about the roaring of the fire and wind.

Presently the deluge fell and we had to grope in the black pall of darkness that fell with it for our frightened horses and holding as many as we could turn our backs to the pelting storm, "donkey fashion" and take it, fortunately the rain was soon over.

Wednesday May 17, 1854

This has been the first fine day we have seen on the Platte river, we travelled all the morning over an almost desert prairie great numbers of antelope were in sight so Joey and I (took) our guns and started after them following a wounded one until we were quite satisfied that his locomotive faculties were in good order, on our way over the hills we found a prairie dog village, these little wretches are about the size of an ordinary rat, of a bright fawn color with a short tail pertinaciously stuck over their backs, they belong to the gnawing order Rodentia, and how they live is a mystery to me for their villages seem as bare as a road—

On a sandy cliff I found a beautiful variety of dwarf sweet pea with a beautiful scent, we are encamped tonight on a branch of the South fork of Platte, the large grey wolves have just commenced a serenade, hope the brutes will not scare our horses.

Thursday, May 18, 1854

. . . As I was going down into a little ravine an enormous hare started from almost under my feet and as suddenly (was) stopped by the ball from my rifle it was as much as I wanted to lug to the road, I had got ahead of the train so I lay down in the grass and amused myself by

tolling a beautiful antelope within gun shot by putting my handkerchief on my ramrod and waving it at intervals, the beautiful creature would dance toward me, then stand motionless then run off, then back again, going through as many coquetish motions as a young miss in a ball room, . . .

The first thing I saw of the trains they appeared as if walking in the air at a few feet above the earth occasioned by the mirage which is so common that we scarcely notice it, I have seen it when it appeared precisely as though the antelopes were skipping around in a lake

Near Courthouse Rock on the Platte:

Monday, May 22, 1854

About noon we were at the nearest point to Courthouse rock some 10 miles distant from the trail but it does not appear more than three miles distant. I took this rude sketch of it, it looks very singular standing away there all alone on the broad prairie.

Encamped this evening on Platte a party of Sioux came down to our camp to visit or rather to see what we had to spare though they did not beg, I had no remnants and was washing up the dishes so I tumbled the greasy water into the kettle with the tea leaves and when it boiled served out a half pint of the mixture, well sweetened to each of them, knowing that if it had been half liquid grease it would not trouble their leather gizzards, they had brought a pretty looking squaw with them to hold their ponies, I made signs to them to let her come into the camp and sent one of the big lazy hounds to hold the ponies, I gave her a cup of pot luck as she bent forward to take it she covered her eyes with her left hand for an instant then with a grateful smile that showed a set of teeth like tiny pearls she turned away and swallowed the potion, to make amends for having given her such a dose, though she enjoyed it well enough, I gave her a handful of sugar, womanlike she carefully secured it in a corner of her blanket for the papoose in her lodge, poor squaws if some of our woman's rights howlers had a year of Indian life it would teach them a world of content.

Tuesday, May 23, 1854

Passed Chimney Rock this morning this singular freak of nature can be seen between 50 and 60 miles it is a shaft of hard sandy marl, the bluffs along here assume the most singularly interesting forms, I have seen pictures of the ruins of Luxor and Thebes, if they were swelled to 10 times their size (I mean the ruins not the pictures) would very much resemble this region

One could easily imagine them to be the ruins of some mighty Babylon the Great builded by the giants before the flood, so much do the walls of perpendicular rock with their terraces dotted with dwarf pine and cedars resemble architectural remains, and as the traveller wearies his eyes in gazing he can scarcely persuade himself that the finger of the storm, alone has traced in playful mood these wall of grace and beauty.

As we approached Scott's bluffs I could not divest myself of the idea that we were about to enter some city of the olden time, the narrow gap we passed through with its towering perpendicular walls rising between two and three hundred feet like a gateway for a race of colossal beings, but language cannot describe the wonders and beauties of this region.

With a young man belonging to one of the other trains I attempted to climb to the top of the tremendous tower, on the right of the gap, by way of the slanting ground seen on the right of the sketch but the wall on the top of that was perpendicular we scrambled up to the top of the wall and found it only about 1½ feet thick and crumbling and there dwindled to the size of hand baskets were our wagons creeping round the base of the cliffs. I shall not soon forget the sensation, the slip of a few feet of crumbling wall would have sent us through the thin air almost into our wagons.



Scotts Bluffs near the Platte River, 1854. Sketch by William Woodhams.

They next approached Fort Laramie about which William has little to say, in spite of its importance to emigrants; only this:

Thursday, May 25, 1854

We passed the fort near sundown it is a little off the road and is merely a collection of adobe buildings every thing is in the greatest disorder the officers are more engaged in gouging the emigrants than in protecting them from the Indians.

We are encamped on the river bank, plenty of good driftwood but little grass.

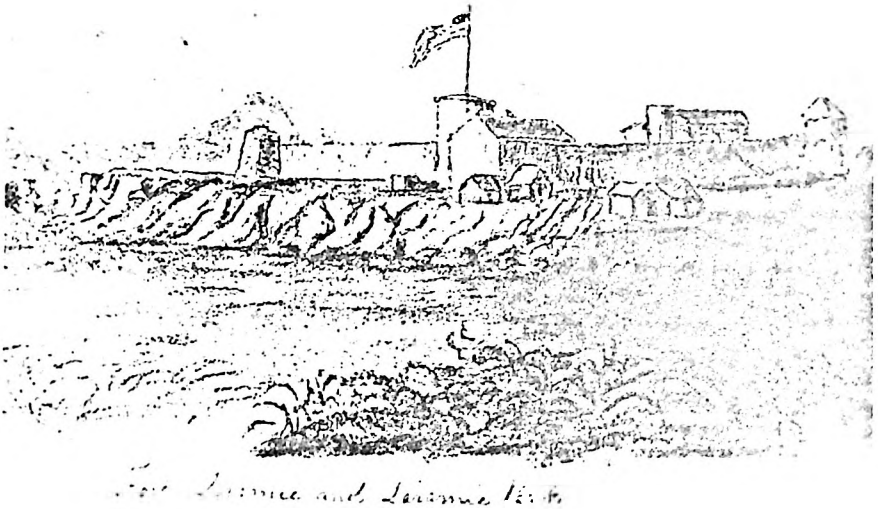
Friday, May 26, 1854

Early this morning I went back to the fort to take letters for some of the boys and to get a crystal for my watch so I did not overtake the train until near noon, poking along alone over the black hills which we enter soon after leaving Fort Laramie. The scenery among these hills is at times fine but the steep hills make hard travelling. It is up or down all day. About 2 o'clock an eclipse of the sun commenced and lasted till four.

Then some days later:

Tuesday, June 6, 1854

This morning we crossed the Sweetwater for the last time travelled over a high plain



Fort Laramie and Laramie Peak, 1854. Sketch by William Woodhams.

covered with wild sage all the morning About 11 o'clock went through the South Pass it is an undulating plain several miles in width with the Wind river Mountains on the right their glittering snowy peaks stretching as far as eye could reach into the northern horizon on the left were the rugged Rocky mountains, at noon we crossed Pacific creek, this little stream is the first we have seen that makes its way into the Pacific ocean, the spring is 7000 feet above the ocean level.

At Soda Springs in eastern Idaho, the following:

Saturday, June 17, 1854

Near the spring is a mound of scaly rock some 40 feet high with a spring of water on the top that is constantly flowing in small waves down the sides the stone is doubtless deposited by the waters

There are several other springs of the same nature a little way up the road one large one close by the Bear river called the steam boat springs as it used to emit periodically puffs of vapor like a high pressure steamboat with a noise that could be heard ½ mile but the Indians have stopped the pipe at the bottom of the caldron with stone so the noisy discharge is stopped but still the pure soda water boils up, fresh from dame Nature's laboratory down in the deep deep recesses of the mountains foundations.

A further encounter with Indians:

Sunday, June 25, 1854

Left our barren encampment before sunrise to find grass for our horses, drove 4 or 5 miles and found a small patch by a nice little stream, so stopped and got breakfast, several Snake Indians came up begging, so we gave them some of the rusty ends of bacon, down it went alone and uncooked, while they were squatted round our fire one of them got Joseph's knife and pushed it into the ground to hide it he must have done so with his toes for his hands were studiously displayed outside his buffalo robe, but I missed the knife when I was washing up and began to look round for it, the thief was very innocently looking in another direction, so one of the others quietly poked the dirt off the handle with his ramrod, and then pointed out the thief, Frank pointed to the knife then to our guns and gave him a gentle hint to leave, which he was not slow to take but kept his head turned over his shoulder as long as he was within rifle shot—

In Nevada along the Humboldt river:

Monday, July 4, 1854

We passed two nice cold springs but very foolishly neglected filling our canteens and dearly we paid for it, over a mountain road all the morning found a little grass at noon, on the top of the mountain but no water descended on to a sandy plain, deep sand dry and dusty, all the afternoon dragged wearily along under the burning sun, the dust nearly choking us and mocked by the glitter of the snowy peaks on the other side the Humboldt about dark we reached Sand Hill creek ordinarily a small stream but now raised by the backwater of the Humboldt to such a height that we had to raise our wagon box to the top of the stakes in order to ford it.

Wednesday, July 6, 1854

All night we rolled over a dusty plain, stone and clay and no vegetation. I curled up in the wagon asleep except when my head bumped against the side of the wagon box by some maliciously big stone, it was tedious travelling but I think the animals stood it better than in the burning sun though we made a drive of 40 miles and did not camp until 9 o'clock as we could not find feed and when we did it was very poor, the best grass is all under water and that means in these regions growing in a bottomless slimy mud

Well did the old English map makers mark down the vast region between Little Blue River and the Sierra Nevada as the Great American Desert, for with the exception of the Bear River Valley, I would not give one county in Mich for the whole of it though it now rejoices in the titles of Nebraska Utah and Nevada territories

Finally they reached the mountains:

Monday, July 10, 1854

About noon we saw the cool and rapid Truckee river glittering in the sunbeams which seem to have no power to warm its clear current it is so near its source in the snow capped mountains

Never did anything look so beautiful to our dust begrimed weary eyes as this cool river and to lay under its willows and cottonwoods in the green shade we had not seen for months and to drink and bathe seemed happiness enough for one afternoon

In the evening we had plenty of visitors Piote [Paiute] Indians and drove quite a brisk trade with them for trout giving powder and lead in exchange, after supper I took my accordeon out to pass away a few minutes and was speedily surrounded with a wild looking audience red and white more than I wanted.

They followed the Feather River at least part of the way through the mountains, finally arriving at Elizabethtown in the Mother Lode region of California, located at the western foot of the Sierras. They stayed here several days, resting themselves and their horses, nursing a sick horse which eventually died, trying a little gold panning with only indifferent success, and in general restoring their spirits and health. They then started on toward Marysville, also in the Mother Lode region, past a burned-out town, on through Sacramento and Stockton to San Francisco and thence on to the Santa Clara valley.

They finally arrived in the Santa Clara valley and the end of their journey on August 11, 1854, five months and three days from Michigan. They were not only tired but completely out of money having had to swim the last river for lack of money to pay the ferry.

Anyone interested in pursuing this diary further will find most of it published in *Nebraska History*, Spring 1980, pp. 1-101; quotations in this paper by permission of Nebraska Historical Society. The entire diary is in the Department of Archives, Western Michigan University, Kalamazoo.



GOOD READING FOR WRANGLERS



Rocky Mountain Life, by Rufus B. Sage, Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1982. Bison Book, photocopies from the 1857 edition. 363 pages incl. original engravings. Paper \$7.50.

First published in 1846, this book was written immediately after Sage returned from a three-year sojourn in the western half of the United States and Mexico. His adventuring took him over most of the early routes of exploration and commerce, as far north as the Columbia River, west to the Pacific, and south to Texas.

Sage left Independence, Missouri, in late summer of 1841 and returned to Van Buren, Arkansas, July 4, 1844. The period of Sage's western wayfaring came toward the close of the fur-trapping era; only a few mountain men still free-roamed the mountain streams. He went west at the very beginning of the great migrations to Oregon and California, and experienced the steady rise of the Santa Fe trade. He traveled as a free-lance adventurer, attaching himself to parties of trappers, traders, or freebooters which were moving in the direction that suited his fancy. He seems to have had the means to travel freely.

Sage was thirty four years old at the start of his trip. He must have kept voluminous notes, since he seldom misses the minutest detail about the Indians, animals, landscapes, or fellow travelers he encounters. His writing is quaint; he even inflicts a little of his own questionable poetry on his readers. Sage explains that the verses entitled *Night on the Prairie*, when the "gray of [the next] morning broke from the empurpled east," were traced with a rude pencil formed from a bullet on a scrap of paper. Such romanticisms are sprinkled throughout the book.

Notwithstanding flights of fancy and quaint prose, Sage is a delightful guide to the untamed western wilderness of the 1840s. His gusto was unbounded. A list of the places he visited and described is a catalog of significant historical locations.

It is a joy to find that this storehouse of Western lore is back in print after being buried for many years in collections accessible only to scholars. Sample this book; you're sure to enjoy it!

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

Borderlands Sourcebook: A Guide to the Literature of Northern Mexico and the American Southwest; edited by Ellwyn R. Stoddard, Richard L. Nostrand and Jonathan P. West. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1983. 464 pages, cloth, \$48.50.

The "Borderlands Sourcebook" was sponsored by the Association of Borderlands Scholars in an attempt to fill a major void in the history of a most important area of study. It is the only work of this type currently available on the United States-Mexico border region.

The book is divided into three major sections plus an extensive bibliography. The first section presents a very brief discussion of what constitutes the boundary or frontier of an area along with a comparison of the boundaries of the United States with Mexico and Canada. The second section, which makes up most of the book, contains fifty-two essays dealing with a variety of topics ranging from "Colonial Institutions" to "Illegal Drug Traffic." A very inadequate discussion of information resources for the borderlands is the third section. The major value of the book is found in its very complete bibliography which includes a topical list of dissertations and theses.

The editors of "Borderlands Sourcebook" attempted a difficult task. They tried to deal with a very wide range of topics in a one-volume reference book, and what they did accomplish was to present a book in which the material presented on each topic varies widely. Some of the essays seem to be annotated bibliographies while others are informational in nature with few references cited. Another problem is the uneven quality of the writing from author to author.

One problem, when topics vary so greatly, is that the information in some areas is more static than in others. This is evident in that the essay on illegal drugs contains inaccurate information on sources of drugs and drug supply routes. A second example of this out-of-date information is found in those essays dealing with economics. The economic situation along the border has currently changed greatly because of the oil situation and the relationship of the peso to the dollar.

Where change is not as rapid as it is in drugs and economics, the information presented by the authors is much more accurate. This is seen in the essays dealing with history, archaeology, geography and the environment. It is because of these essays and the bibliography that "Borderlands Sourcebook" should be included in the library of anyone who has an interest in this area of Mexico and the United States.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

The Rise and Fall of the Sundance Kid by Edward M. Kirby. Western Publications, 700 E. State St., Iola, Wisc. 54990, 1983. 153 pp., 1 map, 50 illus., 4½-page index. Paper, \$4.95; or free with a subscription to TRUE WEST magazine.

The lives led by the Old West badmen were unquestionably full of thrills and heart-pumping excitement. However, the historical record available in the literature and in official and personal records is actually rather colorless. The periods between train and/or bank robberies must have been dull for the participants themselves, aside from a bit of apprehension that their hideout might be discovered.

As is so often related about badmen, the Sundance Kid came from a well-placed Eastern family, was fairly well educated, and who left home at age 14 in response to the call of the West. He is generally supposed to have died in South America or elsewhere, but we are presented evidence that this ain't necessarily so.

The book is an exhaustive and scholarly bit of historical summarization and genealogical research. I am sure that this work will be required reading for any subsequent treatment of Harry Alonzo Longabaugh, the Sundance Kid, and his part in the exploits of the celebrated Wild Bunch. A map shows the "Wild Bunch Country" from Montana south to El Paso and from Colorado west to Nevada. The documentation is extensive, covering books, governmental and private records, newspapers and magazines, and no less than 81 individuals who contributed.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.

Curandero: A Cuento by Jose Ortiz y Pino III. The Sunstone Press: Santa Fe, 1983. 111 pages, paperback. \$8.95.

"A cuento is a story or legend passed on for generations by Spanish storytellers." The person who tells a cuento is known as a "contador de cuentos," and the stories he passes on in the oral tradition make him the "perpetrator of traditions and ways of living which delve hundreds of years into the past."

Jose Ortiz y Pino III has passed on a cuento he first heard as he traveled with his father and grandfather to the settlements on their ranching empire years ago. He decided that someday he would write the story so that it would not be lost. This story is about love and the art of the curandero or healer with his knowledge of the use of herbs.

The story begins in 1880 which was a very pleasant time for many of the people who lived in northern New Mexico. Their lives were shaped by their religious beliefs, customs and traditions, and these values were shared by the vast majority of the people. This cuento relates how these people of northern New Mexico worked, played and fell in love.

Jose Pino makes this period of history come alive for the reader and creates a desire to return to live in a much more tranquil time. A person who reads this book will come away with a very special feeling about the past of northern New Mexico.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Lord Grizzly, by Frederick Manfred; Foreword by John R. Milton. Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1983. Reprinted from 1954 edition. 281 pages, paper, price \$7.95.

This is a fictional account of Hugh Glass's ordeal after being mauled by a grizzly bear on the headwaters of the Grand River, in the summer of 1823. Hugh Glass was a member of a brigade of General Ashley's trappers which ascended the Missouri River in the summer of 1823. The brigade was attacked by a large party of Arikarees near the mouth of Grand River, just south of the present day North Dakota-South Dakota boundary. Thirteen of the survivors of the Ree battle

then went overland under the command of General Ashley to reinforce Major Henry's already established post on the Yellowstone River.

About the middle of August, near the upper forks of the Grand River, Hugh Glass wandered away from this small party and was attacked by a she grizzly bear. Although Glass was horribly mauled, he managed to kill the bear with a hunting knife, but not before she had torn off most of his scalp, bitten through his face and skull, and torn great strips of skin and muscle from his back and one leg.

When he was found by the other members of the party, it was impossible to move him. They sewed up and cleaved his wounds as best they could, expecting him to die at any moment. Fearing that the party would be surprised by prowling Indian war parties, two men were left with Glass, to bury him when he died, and the others went on their way. The two men left with Glass abandoned him after a day or so, thinking him as good as dead; they feared prowling Indians. But old Hugh was tougher than they thought.

The remainder of his ordeal has been pieced together from the story which Hugh told them when he managed to crawl back to Fort Kiowa on the Missouri. The distance between the upper forks of the Grand River and Fort Kiowa is about 200 miles as the crow flies, but Hugh must have crawled considerably farther in avoiding Indians, finding berries, roots and rodents for food, and water. He crawled mostly at night.

Based on this sketchy outline, Manfred has created an absorbing novel. Because of the numerous gaps in the records the novelist has had wide leeway to interpret and explain where the record is clouded. Manfred spent more than ten years researching every reference to the Hugh Glass story. He also traveled hundreds of miles going over every inch of the territory where the actual event occurred. As a result the descriptions of the country, details of terrain, habits of the Indian tribes, and human motives and conflicts make the colorful and lively narrative far more absorbing than the factual story.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

Is It Safe To Drink The Water? A Guide to Santa Fe by Marcia Muth. Sunstone Press: Santa Fe, 1983, 26 pages, paperback. \$2.95.

Turbulent Taos by Den Galbraith. Sunstone Press: Santa Fe, 1983, 48 pages, illustrations, paperback. \$4.95.

Maria Making Pottery by Hazel Hyde. Sunstone Press: Santa Fe, 1983, 31 pages, illustrations, paperback. \$4.50.

Dichos: Proverbs & Sayings From the Spanish by Charles Aranda. Sunstone Press: Santa Fe, 1983. 32 pages, paperback. \$4.95.

Sunstone Press recently reissued these four books in revised and expanded editions, and they should prove as popular today as when first issued. The four touch on some special features and special places of Northern New Mexico.

Is It Safe to Drink the Water? by Marcia Muth gives the person who is not a frequent visitor to Santa Fe a good guide to what to see, where to eat, what to do and what books to read. One of the most interesting attractions in the area is omitted. That is El Rancho de Las Golondrinas which is a private museum located just south of Santa Fe. There is so much to see and to do in the Santa Fe area it is easy to skip one attraction but this is one that should be visited.

Turbulent Taos by Den Galbraith is a very brief history of one of the most interesting historical towns in the nation. The addition of several interesting old photographs to this fast-paced history gives the reader an introduction to the history of Taos. One of the most interesting Taoseños was Padre Martinez who is mentioned in the book. The person with historical interest in the Southwest will enjoy this book but will end up wanting to learn more about Taos.

Maria by Hazel Hyde is a picture story about Maria Martinez and the making of her famous pottery. Using great pictures taken in the 1930's, the author explains the method used by Maria and Julian, her husband, in the production of their famous black pottery. Maria was a very special person, and this little book helps to show just how the very special works of art came out of clay.

Dichos by Charles Aranda is one of those books that can give the reader a little insight into another culture. The sayings express ideas found among many people. One example is "It is no disgrace to be poor, but it is very inconvenient." The author also includes riddles, rhymes and beliefs of Hispanic people. The text of the book is in both Spanish and English.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Historic Sites Along The Oregon Trail by Aubrey L. Haines. 1981, 443 p., illus., The Patrice Press, Box 42, Gerald, Missouri 63037. \$19.95 + \$1.75 mailing (cloth only).

Aubrey Haines of Bozeman, Montana, and his publisher, Gregory Franzwa (author of *THE OREGON TRAIL REVISITED*, a guide-book) were guests at a dinner meeting of the Denver Westerners about three years ago. In 1972 the Bureau of Outdoor Recreation wanted a preliminary survey made by the National Park Service of Oregon Trail remains and sites, and I was instrumental in lining up Haines for the contract because of his unique qualifications both as an engineer and as a published historian. The resultant thick report was of great help to the BOR people in putting their report together, but otherwise it seem doomed to oblivion. However, I saw to it that Franzwa got hold of a copy. The upshot was that he and Haines got together with permission from the National Park Service to publish this book. They have gone beyond the NPS report and included everything that was left out for the sake of economy, so they have covered with precise descriptions, photographs, and quoted sources just about every site along the 2,000 miles of Oregon Trail worth mentioning.

This is a monumental and unprecedented work, which not only will satisfy the curiosity of Trail hounds, but should stir up a lot of renewed interest in preservation of Trail features that still survive. Its greatest impact may be in enhancing public support of the NPS effort to establish in fact what is now only a theory based on Congressional authorization—an Oregon National Historic Trail which will re-awaken pride in our rich covered-wagon heritage.

Haines opens with a short Introduction, followed by a detailed and scholarly Background section recounting the history of the old route, a highly original geographic discourse, and then describes the pioneer highway in fascinating detail. The main body of the book is divided into six sections of approximately equal mileage, and each of these is preceded by a detailed route map. Then follows about 65 site descriptions in each section. Each is identified by name, the exact mileage from the Independence starting point, the directional location from the nearest present-day city or landmark, the county and state of location, and finally the 1/16 section of land in which the site is located.

There is material extracted from the journals of 19th century emigrants and 20th century students of the subject. Haines adds remarks of his own and identifies the U. S. G. S. map that pertains. The book ends with an index of the sites and a list of the U. S. G. S. maps covering the entire trail, including ordering information. There is an exhaustive bibliography.

The maps and photographs are of high quality, and most have never before appeared in print. The binding is superior, and the dust jacket bears a beautiful color photograph of Wyoming's Register Cliff and Oregon Trail remains.

Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.

DENVER WESTERNERS - 1945

In reading the early issues of the Denver Westerners *Brand Book*, which was the name our monthly publication had until 1953, a number of very interesting facts emerged regarding the formation and the first year of the Denver Westerners. The organization got its start on January 26, 1945, when several men decided that a need existed for an organization whose only purpose was "to exchange information relative to the cultural background and evolution of the vast region referred to as . . . 'The West'." The region included extended from the Mississippi River to California.

Membership in the Westerners was by invitation only, and the active membership was limited to forty, due to wartime food restrictions. There was no limit on corresponding members except that a member in this category had to live outside of the city and county of Denver.

The first speaker to address the Denver Westerners was Sheriff Elmo Scott Watson of the Chicago Westerners who spoke about the Pine Ridge Agency. The badge now worn by the Sheriff of the Denver Westerners belonged to Elmo Scott Watson and was presented to the Denver Westerners by his widow. The second meeting was devoted to "Tall Tales of the Rockies" presented by Levette J. Davidson, of the Denver group.

There were twenty-one charter members of the Denver Westerners. The majority were connected with writing history, studying history or, as in the case of Fred

Rosenstock, selling history. Several other familiar names are Thomas H. Fogel, Edwin Bemis, William Macleod Raine, Dr. Noble Mumey, LeRoy R. Hafen, and Forbes Parkhill. Members paid dues of \$5.00 a year, with one dollar of that going to the Chicago Westerners for copies of their publication. The group met on the fourth Friday of each month, not always at a restaurant but they always seemed to have a good meal.

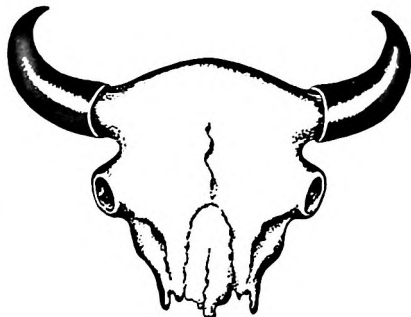
At the third meeting, Dabney Collins was elected to membership. One of the major features of the meetings was the discussion dealing with the talk of the evening, but the talk was given before the meal and therefore the members discussed during as well as after the meal. At one meeting during that year, the discussion regarding the talk and activities of the different members in the study of history finally had to be cut off at midnight.

The fifth meeting was attended by new member Henry Toll, Sr. who had been elected in April. The attendance at the June meeting included Sheriff Edwin Bemis, fifteen Westerners, and one guest. An announcement was made that subscriptions to the *Brand Book* had to be limited due to the paper shortage. The year ended with a color movie about Yellowstone National Park, narrated by Park Superintendent Edmund B. Rogers. The Denver Westerners were doing a good job of satisfying the purpose of the organization.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP



NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1983

MIKE BURKE'S STORY Edwin A. Bathke, P.M.



Monument at the Alfred Packer site.
Photo courtesy Colorado Historical Society

PERSONALS

With deep regret we note the passing of Dabney Otis Collins, on 15 October 1983, at the age of 93. Dabney was one of our longest-time members. His profession was advertising, but he published more than 250 short stories, numerous articles on historical and gardening topics, and 3 books on historical themes. He was prominent in the Colorado Authors League as well as in numerous clubs, and is listed in *Who's Who in the West* and in other places. He was Sheriff of the Denver Westerners in 1949, and in 1959 President of the Denver Rose Society. Dabney will be missed!

Reserve member Erl Ellis, celebrated his 95th birthday April 10, 1983 at his home with a large number of friends in attendance. Erl has a long history of service as a Posse member — Editor of the Brand Book of 1954, Publications Chairman 1955, Roundup Foreman 1956, Roundup Foreman & Tally Man 1957-58-59-60, Sheriff 1962 and Membership chairman 1963. In addition, Erl was President of the Board of Directors of Westerners International 1974 & 1975 and presided over the Westerners Breakfast at the 14th Western History Conference held at Rapid City October 5, 1974. His Westerner friends wish him many more years of happiness.

Mel Griffiths' book on "Colorado: A Geography", written with Lynnell Rubright (Westview Press, Boulder, 1983. 325 pages, hardback \$35.00, paperback \$20.00) has been announced for November 1983. The two have been working on the project for some three years, and the book promises to be a real contribution, abounding in pictures, maps, and charts.

DUES ARE DUE

Dues are due on 1 January for the ensuing year. The Denver Westerners cannot operate without the prompt collection of annual dues, which are its principal support. Members, of all classes, whose dues are not paid by 1 April will be summarily dropped from the rolls.

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 exceptions of the Summer and Winter Rendezvous (August and December) which may be scheduled on other than the usual day.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

Vol. XXXIX



November-December

Number 6

1983

USPS 566-500

The ROUNDUP is published bimonthly by the Denver Westerners. Subscription \$15.00 per year to members. Entered as second-class matter at Boulder, Colorado. ROUNDUP publishing office, P.O. Box 990, Boulder, Colorado 80306. Westerners office, 1889 York Street, Denver, Colorado 80206. Copyright 1983 by The Westerners, Inc. a Colorado corporation. The Denver Westerners was founded January 26, 1945.

©1983 by The Westerners, Inc., a Colorado Corporation.

1983 OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Sheriff: Richard A. Cook
Deputy Sheriff: Robert D. Stull
Roundup Foreman: Donald C. Chamberlin
Tallyman: Dr. Loren F. Blaney
Registrar of Marks and Brands: Hugo von Rodeck Jr.
Chuck Wrangler: Theodore P. Krieger
Daguerrotypist: Bernie S. Faingold
Archivist: Stephen W. Pahs
Membership Chairman: George P. Godfrey
Publications Chairman: Hugo von Rodeck Jr.
Program Chairman: Robert Stull
Keeper of the Possibles Bag: James F. Bowers
Reservations for Meetings and Dinners: Theodore P. Krieger, 280 E. 11th Ave., Broomfield, CO 80020. Phone 466-7737
Material for the ROUNDUP: Hugo von Rodeck Jr., 11107 Elati Street, Northglenn, CO 80234. Phone 452-7336
Book Reviews: Ray E. Jenkins, 10095 E. Caley Place, Englewood, CO 80111. Phone 770-7929
Dues Checks to: Dr. Loren F. Blaney, 1889 York Street, Denver, CO 80206. Phone 322-5388



MIKE BURKE'S STORY

by

Edwin A. Bathke, P.M.

Presented June 22, 1983

A few years ago I acquired a collection of old Colorado newspapers. I had read an ad and was aware that the collection was at a local flea market, but I was unable to locate it. A friend who is a part-time dealer purchased them the following day and eventually I bought the entire group from him. A few of the newspapers were relatively common issues from Denver and Colorado Springs, some were Swedish newspapers published in Denver, but those of primary interest were fifteen early issues from various Colorado towns.

These publications were listed in Donald Oehlert's 1964 publication, *A Guide to Colorado Newspapers*. Of the fifteen issues, seven are publications for which Oehlert could find no copies in existence in the major libraries and historical society collections from which he compiled his guide. These seven papers are listed following:

1. The *Boulder County Pioneer* was a weekly, published from February 10, 1869, to August 4, 1869. I have Vol. 1, No. 1, dated February 10, 1869.
2. The *Tin Cup Times*, a weekly, was published from 1890 to September 1894. I have Vol. 2, No. 11, dated October 3, 1891.
3. The *Colorado Agriculturist and Stock Journal*, published in Denver weekly, from June 1873 to July 1875. I have Vol. 3, No. 17, dated October 10, 1874.
4. The *Buena Vista Herald*, a weekly published from 1881 to 1900. I have Vol. 7, No. 30, dated November 11, 1887.
5. The *Home Mirror*, a Longmont monthly, published from 1878 to 1883. I have Vol. 2, No. 11, dated November 1879.
6. The *Rocky Mountain Eagle*, published in Boulder from September 17, 1873, to April 18, 1875. The *Eagle* extended its survival, perhaps in a less auspicious effort if the new name possessed any hidden meaning. It continued as the *Boulder County Bee*, but the *Bee*, too, was short-lived and ceased publication with its November 29, 1875 issue. My copy of the *Eagle* is Vol. 2, No. 21, dated February 4, 1875.
7. The *Summit County Times* was published weekly in Kokomo, from October 1879 to 1881. I have Vol. 1, No. 52, dated October 2, 1880. I have checked with the Denver Public Library. They do have some isolated copies of Colorado newspapers in their files. For Summit County, they have two copies of the *Summit County Times*, both from April 1882, as well as two copies of the *Summit County Circular*, and six copies of the *Ten Mile News*, all dated between the last day of 1881, and June 30, 1883. Of interest was the signature of Henry A. Recen on each of the *Ten Mile News* issues. The Recen brothers lent their name to the town of Recen, a twin town with, and eventually a merger with Kokomo.

With only scattered copies of these newspapers located, it is very possible that I have the only surviving copies of the particular dates that I have cited. Consequently, they represent unique source material for Colorado historians, so I have turned to

these pages for new stories and additional information. And here cross-pollination for some new growth on old Colorado legends can be found. Lo and behold, one of my newspapers contains a new story to add to one of the most popular and most bizarre of all Colorado tales, that of the case of Alferd Packer.

The story of Alferd Packer has been told innumerable times. In current literature, probably the definitive work is the book authored by Paul H. Gantt in 1952: *The Case of Alfred Packer, The Man-Eater*. Very popular is Fred and Jo Mazzulla's small book, *Al Packer A Colorado Cannibal*, published in 1968. A series of articles printed in the *Empire Magazine* of the *Denver Post* in 1963, written by Red Fenwick, were reprinted the following year as the pamphlet *Alfred Packer The True Story of the Man-Eater*. Alice Polk Hill related the story of Mrs. Charles Adams' experiences with Packer, in her 1884 book, *Tales of the Colorado Pioneers*. The most recent book, and one of the most extensive on the subject of Packer, was published in 1980 by Ervan F. Kushner: *Alferd G. Packer, Cannibal! Victim?* New articles blossom forth nearly every season, the grill in the student center of the University of Colorado-Boulder has been named the Packer Grill, one can eat a Packer Sandwich in Lake City, and many memorabilia are available including T-shirts commemorating Packer with the emblazoned legend, "Serving your fellow man since 1874."

Original source material on Packer consists of newspaper accounts of that period, personal recollections, transcripts of the court cases, and only a few published works of that day. Prominent among these is *Early Days on the Western Slope of Colorado*, by Sidney Jocknick, and this tome will have direct connection with our account.

Since the tale of Alferd Packer is so frequently retold, and nearly everyone is familiar with the details, we will review only a few pertinent names, dates, and places. Twenty-one men, a group of fortune seekers interested in gold, gathered in Provo, Utah Territory, in November 1873. News of strikes in the Breckenridge area drew the men, and they headed for Colorado, following the route taken by the Mormons on their flight to Utah, unused since 1851. They experienced one of the most severe winters on record, travel was slow, food supplies ran low, when they stumbled into Ute chief Ouray's winter camp on January 21, 1874, Ouray fed the party of 21 gold seekers and advised them against further travel into the mountains. Five of the group stayed only a few days, and then decided to strike out for Breckenridge.

On February 9, a second group of six men left for the Los Piños Agency, located about 75 miles east. On April 16, 1874, a single man, Alferd Packer, arrived at the Los Piños Agency. He offered many conflicting stories, had too much money with him, as well as possessions recognized as belonging to the other men. As Ouray was purported to have said on seeing him, "Ugh. You too damned fat."

On May 8 Packer made a first confession to General Adams, and in August the remains of his five companions were found on what was to become known as Cannibal Plateau. Packer was held in the Saguache jail, but on August 8 he escaped. The fugitive was apprehended nearly nine years later, on March 11, 1883, near Fort Fetterman, Wyoming. In April, Packer was tried in Lake City, and given the death penalty. It is only a legend that the sentence said something about eating 5 of the 7

Democrats in Hinsdale County. To the contrary, the sentence delivered by Judge M. B. Gerry is an elegant piece of judicial writing. Packer was kept in the Gunnison jail for safe keeping, until his hanging date. But that date never came. Due to a technicality, because Packer had been charged under a territorial law and tried under a state law, the Colorado Supreme Court reversed the conviction in October 1885. A second trial, held in Gunnison in August 1886, resulted in a 40-year sentence, and Packer became inmate No. 1389 in Cañon City. There he was a model prisoner, although he was unable to obtain parole. Finally he enlisted the support of *Denver Post* reporter and sob sister Polly Pry, and on January 10, 1901, he received his pardon from Governor Thomas. Thereafter he lived a quiet life in Littleton. Packer died April 23, 1907, and was buried in the Littleton Cemetery.

So much for the tale of Alfred Packer. The concern of this paper is the other party of prospectors which left Ouray's camp. Previous information on this party comes from three sources: 1) the Lake City trial testimony, 2) *Early Days on the Western Slope of Colorado, from 1870 to 1883, inclusive*, published by Sidney Jocknick in 1913, and 3) *Tales of the Colorado Pioneers*, by Alice Polk Hill (1884). The story was pieced together by Paul Gantt. In early February, 1874, O. D. Loutsenhizer, Mike Burke, George Driver, and Isaac and Tom Walker left Ouray's camp, intent on following the Gunnison River, and then on to Los Piños. They became lost, nearly starved to death, and eventually reached a cow camp where James Kelley, the government cattle superintendent, and Sidney Jocknick, his cowboy assistant, were waiting out the snow storm. Jocknick described the condition of the men, and wrote of their ordeal, making use of a memorandum book that Burke had written. The five men remained in the cow camp, recuperating, for several weeks, and then headed towards the Los Piños. Loutsenhizer later testified at the Lake City trial (the others of this party did not).

However, Mike Burke related his story to the *Saguache Chronicle*. Unfortunately, no copies of this newspaper survive. The *Chronicle* column was reprinted, though, by the *Rocky Mountain Eagle* in their February 4, 1875 issue. This is the copy of the *Rocky Mountain Eagle* that I have, and it may well be the only surviving copy. Mike Burke's story follows.

MIKE BURKE

(From the *Saguache Chronicle*.)

Just before Mike Burke left our town for Prescott, Arizona, he told us the circumstances under which he came to Saguache, and as Mike's story is one of more than ordinary interest, full of thrilling adventure and privations, we have concluded to write it up for the *Chronicle*. He is in company with our present citizen, D. Towle, left Bozeman, Montana, on the 26th day of October, 1873, intending to travel overland to San Diego, California. They passed through Salt Lake City, Utah, and on the Spanish Forks, fifty miles further south, where they fell in company with a party of seventeen miners en route for the San Juan country, and with a readiness for any new excitement characteristic of old mountaineers they joined the new party and started for the El Dorado of Southern Colorado.

They depended entirely upon such scanty information as they could obtain from the Mormon settlers, by whom they were assured that they would not be likely to encounter any serious danger from snow storms, and with that assurance they crossed the Wasatch

range, and plunged into a wild, unexplored mountainous country of which they had no knowledge whatever, but depended upon their own judgement, and good luck, to bring them out at some point contiguous to the mining district. The first point on their route was Green river, which they expected to reach in ten days, but a terrible storm set in which continued for fifteen consecutive days, and during the whole of that time they were exposed to the pitiless storm without shelter of any kind, and when the storm finally ceased the ground was covered three or four feet deep with snow. — Instead of reaching Green river in ten days, they were thirty days, and when they finally arrived there, their stock of provisions was almost entirely exhausted, and the party worn out before their journey was one-third accomplished.

But they pushed forward, and eight days more pulling through deep snow, over barren mountains, across canyons and rushing streams, brought the weary travel-worn party to the Grande river. There they found a lone, hungry Indian, the only human being they had seen since they started over the Wasatch range, and they divided with him their meagre supply of grub, in return for which he agreed to remain with the party five "sleeps" and pilot them to the Los Piños Agency. He only remained two days, but on leaving, gave them such directions in regard to route that they arrived at Ouray's winter quarters on the 24th day of January 1874.

They had subsisted two months on a supply of provisions scarcely sufficient for half that time, had suffered extreme hardships from cold, hunger and exposure to terrible storms, and walked all the time, toiling through unbroken snow from two to five feet deep, and they came up to the Ute Indians a desolate forlorn looking party. For many days in succession they lived on some barley that had been brought along for horse feed.

Ouray's winter camp is in a remote and isolated locality, shut in from all communication with the outside world by vast ranges of mountains that surround it on all sides. In winter time these mountains are covered with snow many feet in depth, and no attempt is made to get in or out, as travel over these mountains in any other way than on snow shoes, would be impossible, and even in that way it would be extremely perilous. Ouray, Indian though he is, possesses many noble qualities, and has a whiter heart than many of his pale-faced brethren can boast of, and he has never failed to show his friendship for the white man whenever opportunity offered. He took in the tired, hungry stragglers, and gave them the best in his camp, and those who remained with him all winter were treated with marked kindness by the whole tribe and brought in safety to this valley in the spring. All of them bear grateful testimony to the open hearted generosity of Ouray and his Indians.

Mike is restless, energetic, and possessed with considerable bravery too, and he could not think of remaining in the desolate camp all winter, and so resolved to attempt a trip over the mountains to this valley. Ouray earnestly protested against such a hazardous undertaking, and tried by warning and persuasion to induce all of them to remain with him until spring. But all to no purpose, the boys wanted to get out into the world once more, and on the 29th day of January, Burke and four companions having constructed snow shoes ten feet in length strapped them on their feet, put eight days rations in their haversacks, and started bravely out for the Los Piños Agency. Before leaving they obtained the best possible instructions in regard to the route, and expected to make the agency in seven days easy travel. — After journeying ten days their grub was completely exhausted, and the party fully aware that they were completely lost in the wild mountains of the Lake Fork, which they mistook for the Gunnison and followed it three days when they concluded they were on the wrong stream and crossed a divide where they struck the head of a small mountain stream which they followed to where it emptied its waters into the Gunnison river.

At this point, two of the party, completely exhausted refused to go any further, but the others pushed resolutely on up the stream. The snow was falling thick and fast, and there seem scarce a hope for them but they toiled on five days longer without a morsel of food of any kind through all the long weary days and sleepless nights. It now seemed impossible

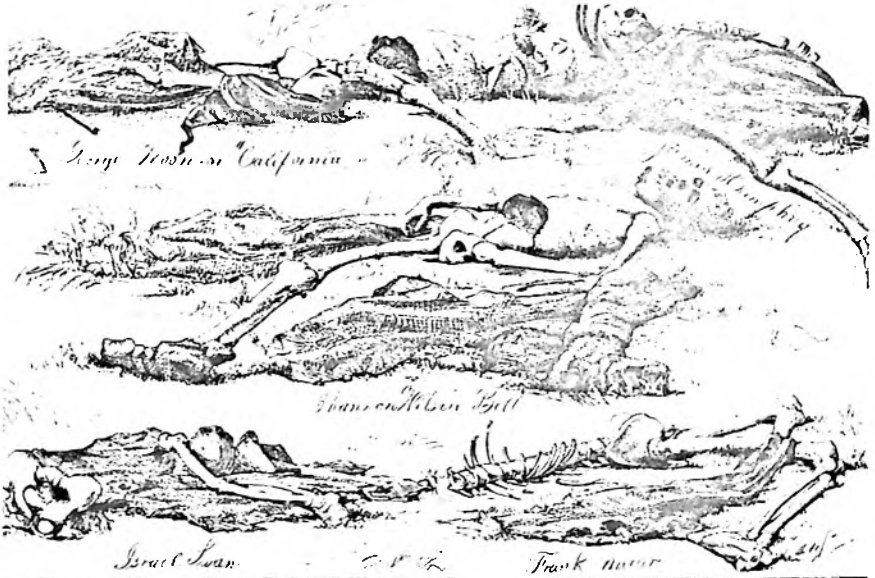
for them to go an hour longer, another dropped behind, and only Mike Burke and Lotzenhiser were left. Physical endurance must have an end, and when on the morning of the 25th of February, they looked out upon the vast world of mountains covered with snow, with nothing to relieve the oppressive grandeur of the desolate view, weak and faint, having waded fourteen days and fifteen nights through deep snow without food of any kind to eat, it seemed to them that death would be the kindest boon that could be granted them. — While his companion rested, seemingly unable to go a step further, Burke staggered down the mountain along a little ravine, and in a short distance came in sight of a herd of cattle. This was a glad sight to Mike, and he greeted it with more genuine pleasure than any sight he ever beheld before, but seeing was not possessing, and looking at these sleek, fat cattle was not appeasing his hunger. Drawing his navy revolver he approached the herd stealthily, but with an eagerness that a dying man would approach that which promised life to him, cautiously he crept upon a fat cow, took deliberate aim, and fired, fortunately killing his game. Do you, my patient reader, suppose that Mike waited to dress the beef, build a fire and roast his meat in the most approved style? Not much; his knife was out of its scabbard in an instant, plunged into the throat of the beef, quickly withdrawn and his mouth applied to the cut from which he drank the fresh, warm blood with a greedy relish. His weary companion hearing the shot fired came down the mountain with all possible haste, and taking in the situation with a glance, hurried to the spot and sucked from the same fountain the life-giving stream. It was to these two starving men a royal feast, and after their appetite was partly satisfied they looked about for the cabin of the herders which they soon found, where they obtained shelter. Procuring a horse, Mike in company of one of the herders, took a good supply of beef and started back in search of his companions, whom they found still alive and rescued from starvation. We now come to the particulars of

NOTORIOUS PACKER MURDER.

Fourteen days after Burke and his party left Ouray's camp, another party of his companions, consisting of six men started to make the same trip, intending to follow the tracks of the first party, but this, on account of the continued storms was of course impossible. Of the travels of these men over the barren mountains, nothing is positively known. — Only one of them ever reached this valley. That one is notorious as the worst criminal that ever set foot upon the soil of Colorado, and the name of Al Packer stands at the head of those whose deeds of horrid crime have rendered them infamous. He came into Saguache alone, and reported that his five companions had starved to death on the road. — The story of fearful suffering, of privations endured, and hardships encountered won the sympathy of all our people, and he was taken into their friendship and kindly cared for. He was called upon to repeat his story, and the shrewd Burke detected contradictions, and noted that the story was never told twice alike. Packer reported that he was entirely out of money, but the good citizens of Saguache, furnished him with everything necessary to his comfort. The Devil in the man must of necessity crop out some place, and it showed itself in the way of a drunken spree which lasted several days, and during that time he exhibited a roll of bank bills containing several hundreds of dollars. This, in connection with the discrepancy in his stories, and other suspicious circumstances led to his arrest. He then offered to go with a party to where his companions had perished and verify the truth of his statements. He confessed to having killed one of his comrades, but said it was in self defense, as they were starving, and attempt was made by the other man to kill him, and that he had been too quick for him, and killed him and subsisted several days on his flesh. He wandered with the party, several days over the mountains, until they became thoroughly convinced that he had no intention of leading them to the remains of the dead men, and they brought him back to Saguache. — During the entire trip he acted in a manner calculated to strengthen their suspicions, and the prisoner was turned over to the sheriff of this county, but one night he escaped from his guard and fled the country. Since that time all attempts to recapture him have failed, and his is believed to be now in Arizona. — Soon after Packer's

escape, some prospectors found the five missing men all together at a point about three miles below the Lake on the Lake Fork of Gunnison river. Four of them were lying side by side, while the fifth was a few hundred feet off, and it is supposed he was endeavoring to escape when he was pursued and shot. All of these men had been murdered by the human fiend whom they had trusted as a companion, and that for a few hundreds of dollars. They had climbed their weary way over rugged mountains together, had endured hungers, almost to starvation together, had suffered from cold weather, and severe storms together, had braved dangers, that made stout hearts quail, together, and when after three months struggle through perils and dangers almost without parallel, they were stricken down almost in sight of rest and safety, by the fiend who had been their companion through all of it.

Mike Burke has sworn to avenge the murder of his companions, and he is now on the track of the scoundrel, and we believe he will stick to it with the tenacity of a sleuth hound.



THE REMAINS OF THE MURDERED MEN.
A COLORADO TRAGEDY.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOHN A. BARTOOR.

Scene at the Packer site, from *Harper's Weekly*, 17 Oct 1874.
Courtesy Colorado Historical Society

So ended the *Chronicle's* report on Mike Burke. This newly-discovered material permits us three avenues of historical research: 1) it verifies existing information, 2) it can conflict with or correct existing information, and 3) it can provide new information.

Paul Gantt compiled a list of the 21 members of the prospecting party, using the Lake City trial testimony, and corroborating it with a letter from John McCoy (one of the party), written from Woodland, Kansas, April 26, 1883, and contained in the T. F.

Dawson *Scrapbooks* in the Colorado Historical Society Library. Red Fenwick's 1963 booklet repeats this same list. Kushner agrees with this list; the members of the total party are fairly well determined. Mike Burke is listed as being originally from Ireland. He gives his most recent residence as Bozeman, Montana. He may have been a prospector in Montana. For every answer we find, a new question arises. Is there any record of Burke's activity in the Bozeman region? Chance of finding a reference in Montana newspapers is remote, but we hope to try.

Mike Burke left Bozeman with D. Towle, spelled T-o-w-l-e. All others list D. Toll with the spelling T-o-l-l, originating from Boston. On the other hand, Burke may have been a poor speller. The Eagle article spells L-o-u-t-s-e-n-h-i-z-e-r as L-o-t-z-e-n-h-i-s-e-r. The *Saguache Chronicle* lists Towle as a present citizen of their city. How long did Towle stay in Saguache? We can assume that he left the area by 1883, because he did not testify at the Packer trial in Lake City in 1883 — just three members of the original 21 offered testimony at the trial: Preston Nutter, George Tracy, and O. D. Loutsenhizer.

How many men assembled in Provo to start the expedition? Gantt states that "most" of the men were in Provo, and that by the time the party reached Colorado, there were 21. Fenwick states that the number leaving Provo was unknown, that apparently a number of men joined the party along the way, swelling the total to 21 by the time they got to Colorado. Sidney Jocknick claims that Packer was the last man to join the party in Provo, that he was invited because of his knowledge of Colorado, and that he was working on a chain gang, repairing city streets in Provo. According to Jocknick the group paid Packer's fine so that he could accompany them.

Packer said at the trial that he had little money, \$50, and that he paid \$25 for his fare, leaving him with \$25. Tracy and Loutsenhizer testified that he was broke when he left Provo. Fenwick says that McGrew and Tracy agreed to grubstake Packer. Mike Burke does not comment on Packer in Provo. This doesn't leave many openings in the eventual party of 21 for others to join enroute. Kushner's text bears this out: he has 19 leaving Bingham Canyon, Nutter joining at Provo, and Loutsenhizer at Salina.

The date they left Provo varies: Gantt, "November"; Kushner, "late Autumn"; Mazzulla, "On November 8, 1873, . . . party of 21 men, left Bingham Canyon." Burke left Bozeman on October 26, traveling to Salt Lake City, and then to Spanish Forks, where he says he met the prospecting party. He doesn't give a date for leaving Spanish Forks (or the Provo vicinity), but he does detail the number of days traveling to Ouray's camp. They expected to reach the Green River in 10 days, but they needed 30. Eight days more were required to reach the Grand River. There they met the lone Indian who stayed with them just two days, but who provided good directions so that they could reach Ouray's camp. Thus 40 days are accounted for, and a few more would complete the journey. Present authors claim the party arrived in Ouray's camp on January 21, 1874. Mike Burke said it was January 24. Burke tells of subsisting for two months on rations intended for scarcely half that time. Figuring back in time, the Provo departure date appears to be late November, and possibly early December. An interview with Loutsenhizer, in the March 22, 1883 issue of the *Montrose Messenger*, supports this.

He says the party left Bingham Canyon on December 6. He also states that this journey took two months. However, "Lot" may be discounted; this was nine years afterward, and he could only recall 15 names of party members.

The weather that the group encountered was astounding: a fifteen-day snow storm, and snow depths from two to five feet. I drove through that area, Provo to Green River, to Grand Junction, in the middle of December a few years ago, and noted barren, arid land, with barely a trace of snow. The Mormons had assured them that the chance of snowstorms was small. We are all aware of the variability of Rocky Mountain weather, and the Packer party was plain unlucky.

Burke tells of living on the barley horse feed for several days. Gantt, Kushner and Fenwick also repeat this.

How did the starving prospectors find Chief Ouray's camp? Current authors give no indication. Jocknick relates a rough raft crossing of the Green River in which they lost some of their provisions, and then when within two days of the Grand River, they met two teams who gave them a ride to the river. While camped there, they met three Indians who tell them they are three days from Ouray's camp.

Burke disagrees with Jocknick. Burke states that they met a lone Indian upon crossing the Grand, and that he was the first human being that they had seen crossing the Wasatch range. Loutsenhizer (March 22, 1883) stated that they met a lone Piute on crossing the Green. Recent authors tell of meeting a large party of Indians, based on Packer's trial testimony. Packer also stated at the trial that they were at the junction of the Gunnison and Uncompahgre Rivers on January 21.

Gantt and Fenwick state that the Burke party left Ouray's camp in early February, based on Loutsenhizer's trial testimony. Burke says that they left the camp on January 29. In all fairness, "Lot" was probably relying on memory nine years later.

The experiences of the party of five after leaving Ouray's camp, as related by Burke, are in fair agreement with Jocknick, and with the court records quoted by present day writers. All tell of the killing of the government cow which saved Burke's and "Lot's" lives. However Burke takes credit for killing the cow, and other sources report "Lot" being the shooter. Burke does not tell the story given by Jocknick, of "Lot" killing a coyote, that had a sheep's shank in its mouth, and of the five men subsisting on the coyote and sheep shank for five days.

Jocknick quotes from Burke's diary which he said was in the possession of James Kelley, boss of the cow camp. One entry read "the beginning of the end, December 23, 1873." Either Jocknick has his dates mixed up, or else he was reading a passage from the Provo-to-Ouray-camp journey.

It is interesting to note that D. Towle left Bozeman with Mike Burke, but that he did not choose to accompany Burke to the Los Piños Agency. Nor did he join the Packer party, but remained as one of the ten wintering in Ouray's camp. Some sources have implied that the prospectors of the party were the ones eager to move on, and that the miners were the ones preferring to remain encamped.

Present day authors give the date of the departure of Packer's group from Ouray's camp as February 9, based on Preston Nutter's trial testimony. Burke states that the



Alfred Packer. Courtesy Colorado Historical Society

group left 14 days after his party. This would be February 12. Burke is likely in error since he was lost on the Lake Fork of the Gunnison at the time, or his arithmetic may have been faulty.

Naturally, Burke provided more details of his trip from Ouray's camp to the Los Piños Agency's cow camp, than could Jocknick, or present day writers. Burke chose to omit an episode that Jocknick includes, however. After resting at the cow camp for nine weeks, the Burke party headed for the Los Piños Agency. But they became lost again. General Charles Adams' wife had a dream that someone was in distress, so she had a light placed on the top of Ouray's house at the agency. "Lot", nearly snowblind, and having broken his skis, saw the light and stumbled into camp. Burke arrived the next day. Jocknick, in 1913, copied the account, word for word, from Alice Polk Hill (1884), except for correcting the date of the episode from January 1873 to March 1874.

Burke states that he and "Lot" killed the cow on February 25, 27 days after leaving Ouray's camp. At the first trial, "Lot" said the trip took 21 days, and in the second trial, 27 days. Jocknick claims that the Burke party recuperated at the cow camp for nine weeks. That length of time plus the trip to the Los Piños Agency would place their arrival at the Lost Piños Agency sometime in early May. Yet Packer arrived alone at

Los Piños on April 16 (a well-documented date). If the Burke party got to the agency ahead of Packer, then Jocknick's report of a nine-week stay at the cow camp is an overestimate.

Preston Nutter, who had remained in Ouray's camp for the winter, arrived at the Los Piños Agency the same day as did Packer, Nutter's springtime journey taking just 14 days. They traveled together to Saguache, and before arriving at that town, Nutter and others were noting discrepancies in Packer's story. In telling his story to the *Chronicle*, Burke takes credit for detecting contradictions in Packer's story. This may be a case of a man blowing his own horn. No one else mentions Burke. Nutter testified at the trial, and he takes a lot of the credit. However, irregularities in Packer's actions and talk must have been apparent to many, and that, coupled with his drunken spree and flashing of much money, inevitably resulted in his arrest.

According to the *Chronicle*, Burke was headed for Prescott, Arizona, and was on the track of Packer. Although no other evidence of Packer fleeing to Arizona has been cited, the *Montrose Messenger*, in its March 22, 1883 issue, claimed that Packer had killed a partner in California Gulch, fled to Arizona, killed a trapping partner there, and then disposed of \$1500 worth of furs in Salt Lake City. There he held up a Mormon, for \$23, and was imprisoned for 90 days. He was just out of jail when he joined the Provo party in the fall of 1873. The *Messenger* went on to state that the year before (1882) Packer was in partnership with two men in a mine in Arizona, and that he killed one and wounded the other, and was wounded himself.

In spite of the *Saguache Chronicle's* belief in Mike Burke's quest to bring Packer to justice, we have no further trace of Mike. Certainly he never caught up with Packer. At the Lake City trial in 1883 he was not one of the three of the party that testified, nor was he even prominently mentioned. We can not find any record of him in Arizona, although detailed Arizona history is not readily available in Colorado. Perhaps research with the Arizona Historical Society or similar sources may some day add information. The tale of Mike Burke has generally agreed with both contemporary and present day accounts of the Packer chapter in Colorado history. Of present day writers, only Gantt documents sources on specific details. Kushner provides the most extensive bibliography of sources, books, and newspapers. I have noted some discrepancies in dates and facts. Most current information is based on testimony at the trial 9 years after the events, and on interviews and writings in the period 1883 to 1913, which could have resulted in variations.

Although I have no other information to demonstrate Burke's veracity, the Mike Burke story is now the earliest account of a Packer party member to be on record. A bit of color has been added to the Packer episode, some minor differences have been noted, and a small amount of additional information has been gained. But, at this point, the story of Mike Burke must end.

(Editor's addendum. If anyone is still mystified by the variant spelling of Packer's given name, let it be said that there is reason to believe that "Alferd" is probably the result of someone's bad spelling, and that our hero's name was actually Alfred.)



GOOD READING FOR WRANGLERS



Dateline: New Mexico by Toby Smith. University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1982. 231 pages, \$14.95 hardbound.

One way a person may acquire a feeling for an area is to know the people who inhabit that area. This book lets the reader become better informed about New Mexico. The author has selected some of the many articles about the residents of New Mexico that he has written for the Albuquerque Journal over a period of time. This collection attempts to present a wide range of people from many sections of the state and from many levels of society.

Every reader will have a few favorite selections and I found several that had that special appeal for me. One of those concerned the village of Hernandez and the famous photograph, *Moonrise, Hernandez*, which was taken by Ansel Adams in 1941 as he was heading south to Santa Fe. He got one shot and was ready to get a second when the light changed and the magic of the setting was lost. Today one of Ansel Adams' prints of the scene will bring over \$20,000, and while the print is world famous, the people of Hernandez have only seen it in magazines. Their lives have not been changed, but they do feel a sense of pride regarding the picture of their home.

There is a selection that deals with that old movie star, Ronald Reagan, when he came to Gallup to do an "oater" called "The Bad Man", in 1940. While the movie was a loser, the people remember the future President as a very friendly person.

One story is about an elderly man living in an old run-down house in a section of Albuquerque that is not the best. The interesting fact about the man is that he was a grandson of Edmund G. Ross who served as a territorial governor of New Mexico. Not mentioned in the article is the fact that Edmund G. Ross while serving as a United States Senator from Kansas cast the deciding vote in the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson which prevented the removal of the President from office. It is a long step from Senator Ross to his grandson,

Wilfred Cobb, but Cobb was a person I would have enjoyed talking with. He was struck and killed by a bus in January of this year.

There are many other selections that interested me, and there really were not any that left me cold. If you enjoy reading about people, then you will enjoy reading *Dateline: New Mexico*, and if you enjoy a style of writing that reminds one of Ernie Pyle, then you will enjoy reading Toby Smith.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Denver in Slices, by Louisa Ward Arps. Swallow Books, Ohio University Press, Athens, Ohio, 1983, 263 pages, hardbound, (No price listed)

This is a reprint edition of book published by Allan Swallow Press in 1959. A popular treatment with nostalgic reverence to the many colorful accounts and characters of Old Denver. The author, Louisa Ward Arps, is a life-time resident of Denver, a meticulous historian and for many years librarian with the Denver Library Western Collections. This work relates a fascinating series of delightfully humorous "slices" of the Queen City and the interesting personalities who made history. It is also a worthwhile reference work for those who want to know more about a city and its traditions and legends.

Ms. Arps tells the story of the importance of the city's water supply, its parks and the famous Windsor Hotel. There are chapters on Denver's Mint, the Baron of Montclair, and when Buffalo Bill visited Denver. We get a glimpse into the importance of Overland Park, and when the poet Eugene Field was a managing editor of one of Denver's great newspapers.

Naturally, a book such as this would only be completed with the warm story of one of Denver's great traditions, Elitch's Gardens, for indeed "not to see Elitch's is not to see Denver."

Books such as this become classics and deserve a place in everyone's library.

Stan Zamonski, P.M.

Los Piños on April 16 (a well-documented date). If the Burke party got to the agency ahead of Packer, then Jocknick's report of a nine-week stay at the cow camp is an overestimate.

Preston Nutter, who had remained in Ouray's camp for the winter, arrived at the Los Piños Agency the same day as did Packer, Nutter's springtime journey taking just 14 days. They traveled together to Saguache, and before arriving at that town, Nutter and others were noting discrepancies in Packer's story. In telling his story to the *Chronicle*, Burke takes credit for detecting contradictions in Packer's story. This may be a case of a man blowing his own horn. No one else mentions Burke. Nutter testified at the trial, and he takes a lot of the credit. However, irregularities in Packer's actions and talk must have been apparent to many, and that, coupled with his drunken spree and flashing of much money, inevitably resulted in his arrest.

According to the *Chronicle*, Burke was headed for Prescott, Arizona, and was on the track of Packer. Although no other evidence of Packer fleeing to Arizona has been cited, the *Montrose Messenger*, in its March 22, 1883 issue, claimed that Packer had killed a partner in California Gulch, fled to Arizona, killed a trapping partner there, and then disposed of \$1500 worth of furs in Salt Lake City. There he held up a Mormon, for \$23, and was imprisoned for 90 days. He was just out of jail when he joined the Provo party in the fall of 1873. The *Messenger* went on to state that the year before (1882) Packer was in partnership with two men in a mine in Arizona, and that he killed one and wounded the other, and was wounded himself.

In spite of the *Saguache Chronicle's* belief in Mike Burke's quest to bring Packer to justice, we have no further trace of Mike. Certainly he never caught up with Packer. At the Lake City trial in 1883 he was not one of the three of the party that testified, nor was he even prominently mentioned. We can not find any record of him in Arizona, although detailed Arizona history is not readily available in Colorado. Perhaps research with the Arizona Historical Society or similar sources may some day add information. The tale of Mike Burke has generally agreed with both contemporary and present day accounts of the Packer chapter in Colorado history. Of present day writers, only Gantt documents sources on specific details. Kushner provides the most extensive bibliography of sources, books, and newspapers. I have noted some discrepancies in dates and facts. Most current information is based on testimony at the trial 9 years after the events, and on interviews and writings in the period 1883 to 1913, which could have resulted in variations.

Although I have no other information to demonstrate Burke's veracity, the Mike Burke story is now the earliest account of a Packer party member to be on record. A bit of color has been added to the Packer episode, some minor differences have been noted, and a small amount of additional information has been gained. But, at this point, the story of Mike Burke must end.

(Editor's addendum. If anyone is still mystified by the variant spelling of Packer's given name, let it be said that there is reason to believe that "Alferd" is probably the result of someone's bad spelling, and that our hero's name was actually Alfred.)



GOOD READING FOR WRANGLERS



Dateline: New Mexico by Toby Smith. University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1982. 231 pages, \$14.95 hardbound.

One way a person may acquire a feeling for an area is to know the people who inhabit that area. This book lets the reader become better informed about New Mexico. The author has selected some of the many articles about the residents of New Mexico that he has written for the Albuquerque Journal over a period of time. This collection attempts to present a wide range of people from many sections of the state and from many levels of society.

Every reader will have a few favorite selections and I found several that had that special appeal for me. One of those concerned the village of Hernandez and the famous photograph, *Moonrise, Hernandez*, which was taken by Ansel Adams in 1941 as he was heading south to Santa Fe. He got one shot and was ready to get a second when the light changed and the magic of the setting was lost. Today one of Ansel Adams' prints of the scene will bring over \$20,000, and while the print is world famous, the people of Hernandez have only seen it in magazines. Their lives have not been changed, but they do feel a sense of pride regarding the picture of their home.

There is a selection that deals with that old movie star, Ronald Reagan, when he came to Gallup to do an "oater" called "The Bad Man", in 1940. While the movie was a loser, the people remember the future President as a very friendly person.

One story is about an elderly man living in an old run-down house in a section of Albuquerque that is not the best. The interesting fact about the man is that he was a grandson of Edmund G. Ross who served as a territorial governor of New Mexico. Not mentioned in the article is the fact that Edmund G. Ross while serving as a United States Senator from Kansas cast the deciding vote in the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson which prevented the removal of the President from office. It is a long step from Senator Ross to his grandson,

Wilfred Cobb, but Cobb was a person I would have enjoyed talking with. He was struck and killed by a bus in January of this year.

There are many other selections that interested me, and there really were not any that left me cold. If you enjoy reading about people, then you will enjoy reading *Dateline: New Mexico*, and if you enjoy a style of writing that reminds one of Ernie Pyle, then you will enjoy reading Toby Smith.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Denver in Slices, by Louisa Ward Arps. Swallow Books, Ohio University Press, Athens, Ohio, 1983, 263 pages, hardbound, (No price listed)

This is a reprint edition of book published by Allan Swallow Press in 1959. A popular treatment with nostalgic reverence to the many colorful accounts and characters of Old Denver. The author, Louisa Ward Arps, is a life-time resident of Denver, a meticulous historian and for many years librarian with the Denver Library Western Collections. This work relates a fascinating series of delightfully humorous "slices" of the Queen City and the interesting personalities who made history. It is also a worthwhile reference work for those who want to know more about a city and its traditions and legends.

Ms. Arps tells the story of the importance of the city's water supply, its parks and the famous Windsor Hotel. There are chapters on Denver's Mint, the Baron of Montclair, and when Buffalo Bill visited Denver. We get a glimpse into the importance of Overland Park, and when the poet Eugene Field was a managing editor of one of Denver's great newspapers.

Naturally, a book such as this would only be completed with the warm story of one of Denver's great traditions, Elitch's Gardens, for indeed "not to see Elitch's is not to see Denver."

Books such as this become classics and deserve a place in everyone's library.

Stan Zamonski, P.M.

The Mexican Frontier, 1821-1846, The American Southwest Under Mexico, by David J. Weber. University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1982, 416 pages, \$19.95 cloth, \$9.95 paperbound.

This impressive book is a part of the *Histories of the American Frontier* series edited by the late Ray Allen Billington, coedited by Howard R. Lamar. It is an exhaustive study of those regions of the American Southwest which were first a part of Spain's colonial empire, next came under Mexican suzerainty from 1821 to 1846, and after that became part of the United States frontier.

The author tells the story always with a viewpoint from the Mexican side of the border. Wherever possible he uses Spanish or Mexican sources, although he does not hesitate to make use of materials from any source which will clarify the frontier experience as viewed from the Mexican side of the border.

American historians have tended to regard the region as part of the United States's frontier, even before it became United States territory in 1846, losing sight of the fact that the Transcontinental Treaty Line of 1819 placed in Mexico all of what was later to become California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, the southwest corner of Wyoming, more than half of Colorado, the southwest corner of Kansas, and the panhandle of Oklahoma. During the period of this study, this region comprised four frontier territories of the newly-independent United States of Mexico: Alta California, Sonora y Sinaloa, Nuevo Mexico, and Coahuila y Texas. Communication was tenuous at best, and Mexican control was slowly eroded by distance and more pressing problems closer to Mexico City. By 1846, the muscular expansion of the United States, first by infiltration and eventually by outright conquest, was to wrest these lands from the Mexican frontier and make them a part of the expanding United States frontier.

Weber has walked carefully the tight-rope between popularized history, which is often poorly researched, and scholarly work which sometimes squeezes the life from the subject in the pursuit of complete attribution for every sentence. I can heartily recommend

this book to anyone, amateur or professional, who is addicted to the history of our Spanish-American borderlands.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

The Hi Lo Country by Max Evans. University of New Mexico Press: Albuquerque, 1961. 161 pages, illustrations, paperback. \$4.95.

The Mountain of Gold by Max Evans. University of New Mexico Press: Albuquerque, 1965. 77 pages, illustrations, paperback. \$4.95.

These two books by Max Evans were re-printed by UNM Press this year, and over the next few seasons, the other novels will be reprinted. Max Evans writes about a region of the nation which he has a close relationship with as a cowboy and a writer. His stories of the contemporary cowboy are accurate because he has lived the life of the people in his novels. These are the real people who work the cattle and battle both the elements and their fellow man in the hope of success. As Slim Pickens said, Max Evans has --- on his boots, sweat-salt stains on his hat band and scars on his knuckles that did not come from punchin' a time clock.

Max Evans is a New Mexico author as Larry McMurtry is a Texas author, but both men write about the American Southwest that has just passed by rather than the open range of the 1870's and 1880's. In *Hi Lo Country* one of the main characters dreams of a West that is long gone, and in Larry McMurtry's "Take My Saddle From the War" which was published in Harper's Magazine in September, 1968, the author sees the members of his family that helped make Texas all passing from the scene as the old ways disappear.

The *Hi Lo country* that Max Evans writes about includes Northeastern New Mexico, some of Southern Colorado, and a little of West Texas. It is a harsh land that demands a lot of the people who try to live there and make a living. It is a very accurate picture of the struggle of the people both with the elements and with each other. This is not a land where small people can do more than just barely survive.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Crucible For Conservation: The Creation Of Grand Teton National Park by Robert W. Righter. Colorado Associated University Press, Boulder, 1982. 192 pp, illus., notes, bibliography, index. \$12.50 cloth, \$5.95 paper.

Grand Teton National Park is visited annually by millions who are inspired by the most spectacular mountain range in America, and are challenged and exhilarated by unequalled opportunities there for outdoor recreation. Most of them visit the Fur Trade Museum at the Park headquarters where they learn that Jackson Hole, the broad valley at the foot of the Tetons, was "the Crossroads of the Western Fur Trade," and a focal point for the early exploration of the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific slope by the wide-ranging fur traders. With this unique combination of scenic grandeur and historical excitement, plus the obvious benefits of park status to the Wyoming economy, it is difficult to understand that a few decades ago the state of Wyoming and the majority of its citizens bitterly opposed its establishment:

In his well-researched *Crucible For Conservation* Professor Righter of the University of Wyoming tells the incredible story of a handful of "men and women working for a noble cause" against the forces of isolationism and political obstruction to achieve "perhaps the most notable conservation victory of the twentieth century."

The story of how a national park or monument (in this case, a monument which became a park) was saved does not seem like an exciting theme until research discloses the intense human drama and conflict involved, and I found this book exciting. Also, the author's writing has vigor, grace, and a gentle use of humor and irony. He manages to expose the irrationalities of the park's foes without condemning these foes to perdition for exercising their democratic right to blast the Government. The book is recommended reading, not only for conservationists and park historians, but for all American citizens who take pride in their heritage, and who need to understand the cost and effort required in a democracy to achieve "the greatest good for the greatest number."

Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.

Pioneering in Territorial Silver City; H. B. Ailman's Recollections of Silver City and the Southwest, 1871-1892. Edited and Annotated by Helen J. Lundvall. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1983. xvi + 194 pages, 20 illustrations, 4 maps, appendices, notes, bibliography and index. \$12.95 paper, \$19.95 cloth.

This is basically a straightaway presentation of travels in the American Southwest by Henry (Harry) Boyar Ailman, born 19 March 1845 in Pennsylvania. After youth, education, a period as a teacher, and a short time with the Pennsylvania Railroad he followed the rails westward, ultimately to Denver.

In 1870, at the Colorado Territorial Fair, he heard stories of the Arizona silver mines. Joining a party at Kit Carson, Colorado Territory, they packed via Fort Union, Albuquerque, and Laguna Pueblo, to Acoma, New Mexico.

Ailman's subsequent travels in New Mexico, with concentration on the Silver City area, give a vivid picture of life on the frontier, including numerous references to hostile Indian activity. In 1891 he joined a former sea-captain, David A. Martin, in a prospecting trip into the Sierra Madre in Mexico, which took them south through Lordsburg to the area of Nacozari. Although they found promising silver prospects, the election of Grover Cleveland in 1892 brought the price of silver so low as to make such a venture unprofitable.

Ultimately he found his fortune in silver mining in Grant County, New Mexico, in partnership with a Henry Meredith, with whom he pursued a subsequent career as miner and later as Silver City merchant and finally as banker.

The book is a continually engrossing picture of life in the pioneer West and Southwest — especially the hazards both physical and economic. Especially noteworthy is the appended section of "Notes" in which the editor fleshes out all aspects of the personal diaries and accounts by means of truly scholarly expansions and discussions of the necessarily more sparse autobiographical material. The book is a genuine picture of a time long gone.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.

Many Tender Ties: Women in Fur Trade Society, 1670-1870, by Sylvia Van Kirk. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1983. 320 pp., map, illustrations, bibliography, index, \$21.50 hard-cover, \$9.95 paperback.

One fallout of the women's liberation movement has been a conviction among lady historians that their ancestral sisters have been neglected. This has resulted in a spate — nay, a flood — of books about female emigrants, female homesteaders, female outlaws, prostitutes and what have you. It was inevitable, therefore, that some would get around to writing up female fur-traders.

Female fur traders? Well, that is, the women who — if we may use a polite term — were *affiliated* with male fur traders. Yes, Virginia, out there in the howling Rocky Mountain wilderness there were females available — Indians, of course — and Indian men didn't seem to have a troublesome complex about their white brethren taking on their sisters (and sometimes their own wives), whether for a momentary coupling, a seasonal liaison, or a respectable lifelong union, sometimes with and sometimes without the benefit of clergy. Ms. Van Kirk has written a superbly researched book about Indian mates in the latter category. These were Canadian Indians, and this is a fascinating account of the surprisingly high status they achieved in frontier society.

This unorthodox relationship continued cozily until the early 19th century. The cloud on their horizon was the "coming of the white women," those British ladies who, previously horrified by the thought of living in the wilderness, now started latching onto their male counterparts as the fur trade frontier became stabilized after the two great companies merged. Many persisted despite the rigors of life in the Canadian wilds, and this led to inter-racial antagonisms. Mixed-blood women anxiously sought to preserve their place in the hierarchy, while the white women felt threatened by the presence of these fully-acculturated English-speaking natives.

Van Kirk got her data from traders' journals, letters, and wills, and archives of the Hudson's Bay Company, far richer than the meagre records at St. Louis of U. S. fur

company employees. There are numerous portraits of persons, vivid scenes, and an excellent map locating the far-flung Canadian trading posts referred to in the text.

Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.

Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail, by Theodore Roosevelt. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1983. 186 pages, softbound, \$8.95, cloth, \$19.95.

This book was originally published in 1901 which was the year the author became President of the United States. The University of Nebraska Press has performed a valuable service by placing it in print again. The book provides both an excellent summary of the last few years of the open range cattle industry in the Dakotas as observed by Roosevelt, with eighty-three illustrations by Frederic Remington. Some of the illustrations seem to have been done specifically for this book.

While Roosevelt spent only a few years as a rancher in the Dakota territory, his ability as an accurate observer and proven author make this a most worthwhile book for those who have an interest in the open-range cattle industry. He also includes several chapters in which he describes several of the hunting trips he made after big-horn sheep and the white goat.

In discussing the open-range cattle industry, Roosevelt presents a complete description of nearly all aspects of ranch life. He does an excellent job with the daily work of the cowboy — branding, breaking horses, and going on cattle drives. The special problems faced in the Dakotas such as the rough winters and the difficult terrain are dealt with in several chapters.

One of the best chapters is the one entitled, "Frontier Types," in which a most accurate picture of the people who made up the population of the Dakotas is presented. Included are the trapper, the cowboy "painting the town red," and the woman on the frontier, for whom Roosevelt had the greatest respect. He agreed with the old saying that "the frontier is hard on women and cattle."

Theodore Roosevelt was one President of the United States who wrote his own books, and he wrote good ones.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Deep Enough, a Working Stiff In The Western Mine Camps by Frank A. Crampton. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 281 pages, 65 illustrations, 3 maps. Hardbound, \$16.95.

This is a new edition of Frank A. Crampton's original book published by Sage Books in 1956. The older edition was reviewed by W. H. Hutchinson, who wrote the forward for this edition.

Frank Crampton tells the story of his life from his birth in New York City in 1888 from a well-to-do socially prominent family. He relates his many subsequent interesting episodes and experiences. He admits to his rebellious, non-conformist attitude toward the high principles and demanding ways of his family. Because of this, after graduating from a military academy at 16 and being busted from an old Ivy League college, he decided it was "deep enough" and ran away from home.

He made his way to Chicago in stages by working at odd jobs. While in Chicago he met two hardrock miners who befriended him and paid his way to Cripple Creek to look for jobs. These two acquaintances became his life-long best friends. Crampton's best teacher and education was his experiences during his life with miners and their associated gentry. Sometime during his life, probably while he was still under the guidance of his family, he learned to play the piano. This musical talent was an asset to his enjoyment and to his friends, including the madams of houses of the oldest profession.

During his life Crampton became an assayer, a surveyor, a geologist, a miner, a prospector, a consultant for mining companies and for foreign countries, and he held many other associated jobs. He writes with a pleasing style, which is very interesting. His account of his first-hand experiences are an historical treatise on the way he lived and saw them. I've been in the mining business for forty seven years and naturally I found this book very, very much to my liking! I certainly recommend this book for all Westerners and lovers of history!

Richard A. Ronzio, P.M.

Violence in Lincoln County, 1869-1881; A New Mexico Item, by William A. Keleher. With a new Introduction by C. L. Sonnichsen. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1982.

As will be apparent from these pages, the Lincoln County War was a vast and complicated event, or series of events It was a contest unique in the frontier life of America, fought to a finish between and among men from various parts of the globe

This book is a reprint of the original publication of the same title first published in 1957. By all accounts of reviewers at the time, the book is considered to be the most complete and objective telling of the facts behind the first and most violent of the range wars in the West. It has been hailed as a significant contribution to the history of the Southwest in general, and of New Mexico in particular.

It is an eminently readable book, as evidenced by the colorful and poignant description of the Lincoln County War. At the same time, however, there are points when the author's penchant for detail and thoroughness is overdone, leading to much redundancy and tedious reading. This is the result of his apparent insistence on including voluminous references, notes and appendages to his documentation. He is particularly fond of contemporaneous newspaper accounts and court records. Not one to draw conclusions or give the reader any insight to his own bias, Keleher's style is to include lengthy if not complete quotations from all sources on all sides of the issue at hand.

Regrettably, this latter aspect of Keleher's style will probably relegate the book to those readers who have a high tolerance for this kind of detailed and often inconclusive chronicling of events, and/or those who have a passionate interest in this period and place in history. For those who persist, however, the rewards and satisfaction are great.

Richard G. Akeroyd, Jr., P.M.

Edward F. Beale & The American West, by Gerald Thompson. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1983. 306 Pages, hardback, \$24.95.

This biography of Edward Beale is the second full-scale treatment of this American frontiersman. The last previous biography was published more than sixty years ago. Another biography of Beale to be issued soon lists some of Beale's accomplishments:

- A naval career which began at age 15
- Active participation in the Mexican War in California
- First official report of the great gold strike in California to the East — and the first sample of gold
- First Superintendent of Indian Affairs for California and Nevada
- Leader of the Beale-Heap Expedition through the central Rockies
- Appointed a Brigadier General in the California State Militia
- Director of the U.S. Army's first and only experiment with camels
- Founder and builder of the nation's first all-weather wagon road to California
- U.S. Surveyor General for California and Nevada.

Thompson says: "Throughout his life, two primary forces motivated Beale: a desire for adventure and a drive to achieve wealth and status." He gained all of these goals, yet in no sense was he a self-made man. He depended upon family connections and friends for political and government appointments and often neglected the duties of his appointed office to pursue his private affairs. Politically he was an opportunist. Although he came from a prominent Virginia slave-owning family, he sided with the North in the Civil War.

Thompson shows Beale both to good and bad advantage; he gives him credit where it is deserved and exposes his feet of clay. Perhaps this biography's greatest shortcoming comes from the fact that Beale was not of heroic stature. Thompson could have strengthened this account if he had given more emphasis to Beale's role as a prototype of the ruthless, single-minded, robber barons who wrested the wealth of the West from its hills, grass, waters, minerals, and

forests. Hard, single-minded, men of action for a hard environment. In this biography Beale does not assume this prototypical role.

Thompson has gone a long way toward rescuing Beale from the dustbin of history.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

Mercedes Reales: Hispanic Land Grants of the Upper Rio Grande Region by Victor Westphall. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1983. 356 pages, illustrations, hardbound. \$24.95.

The custom of the Spanish crown giving royal land grants, *mercedes reales*, to help speed the settlement of the border areas was continued by the Mexican government after gaining independence from Spain in 1821. Both governments saw the need to place settlers in those regions to help prevent encroachment by foreigners. The basic mistake of the Mexican government was that often the land grants were given to foreigners, which presented a problem in itself.

This is the first volume in a new series concerned with a multi-disciplinary approach to the study of the land grants in the Southwest United States. As the title indicates, the emphasis is on those land grants of northern New Mexico and southern Colorado. A greater emphasis is placed on northern New Mexico because of the greater number of grants located in that area. The author provides a complete account of the Spanish and Mexican legal heritage and how that heritage differed greatly from the approach of the United States government to land use and land ownership. This major legal and cultural difference resulted in the very unequal treatment of the Hispanic settlers of the region.

Victor Westphall has approached the continuing land grant controversy from a point of view that differs greatly from the more common statement of how the Anglos stole the land with forged documents and crooked government officials. This author places his emphasis on a basic lack of education and understanding of the land procedures of the United States by the Hispanic settlers.

The major strength of this book is that the author does present the complexities of the United States administration of the grants. It is very doubtful if any other research would be able to add to this study in that respect.

The discussion of the office of Surveyor General and all the frustrations that came with the office is most revealing of United States government attitudes toward the area and its problems. The story is of the cultural lack of communication and understanding that resulted in the situation as it exists today in northern New Mexico and southern Colorado. The book is a very positive addition to the study of land grants and their impact on the history of the area.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Lowell Thomas' Victor — The Man and the Town by Brian H. Levine. Century Press, Colorado Springs, 1981. 108 pages, illus. \$6.95.

This is a biography of one of the great newsmen of our time, and the town of Victor in which he lived. There is a chapter for each year from 1900 to 1909, inclusive. 1910 is omitted. The next chapter, titled 1911 and 1912, covers everything up to 1918. The last chapter covers 1921 to 1980.

The book is full of interesting everyday events most of which never get into history books, and through it all moves Lowell Thomas. There are some excellent illustrations of the town of Victor and of Lowell Thomas. The last one is by Rupe Welsh, taken in 1981, a short time before Thomas' death. If you have followed Thomas around the world, you will enjoy the intimate story of his youth and his growing up, and the highlights of his mature years.

Francis B. Rizzari, P.M.

To Kill an Eagle, by Edward and Mabell Kadlacek. Johnson Publishing Company, 1981, pp 159. Price \$7.95 paperback.

The back cover of this particular work describes it as an unusual book, and that it is. It concerns the life and death of Crazy Horse, probably the most famous of the Oglala Sioux warrior chiefs. The subtitle, "Indian Views on the Last Days of Crazy Horse", aptly explains the contents. In fact, the authors have divided their work into two parts. The first is an attempt to provide a background for the reader and pave the way for various "hand-me-down" Indian statements in the second part.

The book locale centers around Beaver Creek in northwest Nebraska and it is situated not far from the site of old Fort Robinson. According to the authors, and verified by Indian statements which follow, Beaver Creek was a favorite camping and ceremonial spot for the Sioux, and one particularly liked by Crazy Horse. The land is now, or was at the time the book was written, owned by the authors.

After describing the land and the events leading up to and after the murder of Crazy Horse, the authors show a gallery of photographs which various persons have indicated are pictures of the famous war chief. Appropriate captions still leave it doubtful if his picture was ever taken.

The almost thirty Indian statements in the book's second part are most fascinating, and rehash the stories of Crazy Horse handed down by their ancestors. Surprisingly most agree, and particularly interesting was the physical description of Crazy Horse. He was described as a loner, invincible in combat, of medium stature with a height of about five and a half feet, light complexioned with lighter color hair than most Sioux and which he wore combed or braided to his waist, and with a thin face accented by a straight nose.

According to the publisher, some of the comments made by the various interviewees have never been published.

Richard A. Cook. P.M.



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 and address, number of pages, illustrated?, maps?, date of publication, and price. These are minimum; add whatever else you think necessary to let the reader know whether he wants to buy or read the book.

The Denver Westerners in 1946

The second year of the Denver Westerners had some most interesting speakers including a train robber and a buffalo hunter. The Brand Book issues neglect the doings of the members, and only one issue lists the regular members and the corresponding members. That one list includes the name of Merrill J. Mattes as a corresponding member. Merrill had been transferred to the Midwest Region of the National Park Service in Omaha in 1946 and would serve there for the next twenty years as Regional Historian.

A slightly different format was tried early in the year when, instead of a single speaker, there was a symposium of three Western artists who discussed Western art. The artists were Waldo Love, Albert Bancroft and Earl Hammock. After their presentations, Hammock states that "Art patter and zaney twaddle lauding abstract and non-objective is a poor substitute for good taste." This was a time when "modern" art had pushed naturalistic and realistic art out of many museums, and Western art was ignored by most collectors. Times have certainly changed.

In May the speaker was Colonel Frank Mayer who was 96 years old at the time and living in Fairplay, Colorado. While he had a tendency to ramble a little, his discussion of buffalo hunting was extremely interesting.

Dabney Collins gave his first talk to the Westerners in July, and he dealt with the cook and his cooking on the old trail drives in the West.

One of the West's last train robbers, Bill Carlisle, spoke of his days robbing trains throughout the West and especially in Wyoming. His account included the time he wrote the Denver Post saying that he planned to rob a certain train, and even though the train carried extra guards, Carlisle robbed the train and its passengers. He was caught a short time later and served his time in the state prison at Rawlins.

In October the speaker was Kit Carson III who ran a trading post in the San Luis Valley. He did not speak about his most famous grandfather but about Tom Tobin, his maternal grandfather, and Tom's killing of the

Espinosa outlaws. The speaker was wearing several items that had belonged to his Grandfather Carson, including a sheath knife, a buffalo-tail holster, and gun.

It was a good year for the Denver Westerners who looked forward to even more outstanding programs in the years to come.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



FERRY STREET BRIDGE

"A bridge for teams across the Platte on Ferry Street, between Auraria and Highland, was completed in January [1860]. About three weeks were consumed in its construction." From *History of the City of Denver*, J. E. Wharton, 1866. Where is (was) Ferry Street?



AN APPEAL TO ROUNDUP CONTRIBUTORS

Anything for publication in the ROUNDUP, including titles, should be typed in capitals and lower case letters, double-spaced on 8½ × 11 inch white paper, 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.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

