

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1985



WAR CLUB AND PARASOL Merrill J. Mattes P.M.



Fort Abraham Lincoln officers and their wives, 1875. Elizabeth Custer (with black hat) seated at center; George (with white jacket) standing at her left. This is the "Custer Clan" on a hunting trip; 8 persons shown here died the following year on the Little Big Horn. *Courtesy Denver Public Library.*

OUR 40TH ANNIVERSARY

"Old Joe" in the upper right corner of our cover announces that 1985 is the 40th anniversary of the Denver Westerners. We did not signalize the occasion at our January meeting but January 26 was the day. Perhaps we can summon up enough enthusiasm during the year to memorialize the occasion!

HERBERT OLIVER BRAYER, 1913-1984

We have news that Herbert Brayer has died at Fort Bragg, in California. Canadian-born, Brayer lived in Denver from 1941 to 1949. After teaching history at the University of New Mexico in the late 1930s he was Archivist for the D & R G in Denver. He was director of the Cooperative Project for Economic Research, in Europe, Secretary-General of the International Council of Archives, in France, and consultant to UNESCO, Paris. Subsequently he held numerous editorial, management, and public service posts, and was founder of the Branding Iron Press which published on documents and diaries of the American pioneers. He wrote numerous books, articles, and radio and television scripts, and was awarded an honorary Doctor of Humanities by the London Institute for Applied Research in England.

He is survived by his wife, two sons, two daughters, four brothers, two sisters, and nine grandchildren.

KENNETH E. ENGLERT REPORTS

Reserve Member and former Sheriff Kenny Englert is President of the Nebraska-Wyoming-Colorado Club at Leisure World, Seal Beach, California. At its December 1984 meeting there were present 4 persons from Wyoming, 30 from Colorado, and 86 from Nebraska.

HORSE CAVALRY, FALL IN!

Former horse cavalymen, as well as anyone interested in preserving the memory of this aspect of our military history are urged to affiliate with the *U.S. Horse Cavalry Association* whose address is Box 6253, Fort Bliss, TX 79906-0253, or the Colorado Representative, Box 2532, Colorado Springs, CO 80901. Former cavalry Lieutenant Ronald Reagan is Honorary Chairman.

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WAR CLUB AND PARASOL: FRONTIER ARMY OFFICERS' WIVES

by

Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.

Presented 19 December 1984

One of the side effects of the womens' liberation movement has been a flood of books about women on the western frontier, the cutting edge of civilization against the wilderness. Fiction writers try to glamorize their roles, but historians have discovered that the mere facts of their hazardous existence are sufficiently intriguing to capture an audience.

We have always had books about *famous* women, such as Sacajawea of the Lewis and Clark Expedition; Narcissa Whitman, missionary to Oregon, the first white woman to cross the continent; little Annie Oakley of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show; and Calamity Jane, a women of somewhat different mold, saloon keeper, stage driver and paramour of Wild Bill Hickok. The new wave of literature deals with the rank and file of *ordinary* women who, by our standards, lived *extraordinary* lives, a lethal mixture of drudgery and danger. They have been joyfully discovered, mainly by lady historians in the forefront of the campaign for womens' rights, rights unheard of in the male-dominated 19th century. As a result we have a proliferation of books and articles about the wives of fur traders, missionaries, gold miners, emigrants, home-steaders, and soldiers.

Before tackling the subject of officers' wives, a glance at some of the other categories of frontier females will help to put things in perspective.

The Rocky Mountain fur trappers who spearheaded the westward movement were not deprived of female companionship. Without ceremony they cohabited, of course with Indian women by whom they frequently had offspring but from whom nevertheless they often separated, also without ceremony. This was true of the rank and file of American trappers, but sometimes their *bourgeois*, the man in charge of a trading post, would formally marry an Indian woman if a priest or pastor happened by. In Canada, formal marriages between traders and squaws seemed more the rule, but sometimes the traders brought white women into the wilderness. That fascinating story, including rivalries between women of the two races, is revealed in a book by Sylvia Van Kirk, *Many Tender Ties* (Norman, Oklahoma, 1983).

The First White Women Across the Continent—the title of a classic three-volume work by Clifford M. Drury (Glendale, 1963-1968)—were the wives of missionaries who reached Oregon in 1836-1838. Of the eight men involved, seven brought wives and all but one of these were new brides, all of whom kept diaries which reflect little romance and much hardship and peril—storms, river crossings, illness, and unchristian quarrels. At the mountain rendezvous all were frightened by drunken revelries of Indian braves and whiskey mountaineers. Narcissa Whitman died in 1847, eleven years after her crossing, in a general massacre by Cayuse Indians.

Most 19th-century women lived a hard life. When John Faragher wanted to

write a book about the unfair treatment of women in that century he found little in the way of personal records until someone tipped him off about the diaries of female covered wagon emigrants. So he wrote a book entitled *Women and Men on the Overland Trail* (New Haven, 1979), and from this made a case purporting to demonstrate that the rank and file of these women were much abused. Now I have read over 200 of these female emigrant diaries, and frankly, I think the author distorted the evidence. He ignores the fact that the bulk of the population then was made up of rural people, poor by today's standards, and everyone, male and female, shared the resultant hardships and frustrations. In the case of emigrants, the picture I get is one of strong traditional family bonds, in which the husband yokes and drives the cattle, hunts game, and fights Indians, while the wife does what in the 19th century was the standard thing—she cooks, bakes, washes, sews and darns, cares for the children and occasionally also manages the oxen when the old man is laid low by cholera or Indian arrow. The terms "sex discrimination" and "civil rights" had not yet crept into our vocabulary. The only unquestioned "right" was the effort of free men and women to survive..

Although men heavily outnumbered women during the covered wagon migrations, especially during the California Gold Rush, the bulk of the graves that are still identifiable today are those of women, victims of disease compounded by exhaustion. Some emigrant ladies *were* brutally treated but, except in rare cases, it was by Indians, not by their husbands. Among the horror stories of the frontier are the kidnappings, rapes, and beatings of women like Fanny Kelly, Nancy Morton, Sarah Morris, and Mrs. Eubanks, by Sioux and Cheyenne Indians in the 1860s. In the Mormon Church Library I discovered the diary of the husband of a Danish woman, bound of course for Salt Lake, who was lagging behind the wagon trail when Cheyennes swooped down, threw her over a horse, and galloped over the horizon. She was never seen again, alive or dead.

One of these days I'd like to write a book about emigrant women, beginning with Nancy Kelsey, the first white woman to reach California, in 1841. This would be a story, not about the abuse of their civil rights, but about their quiet heroism in the face of unspeakable hazards and hardships. Meanwhile, there are some good books in print about emigrant women which are not tainted by Faragher's propaganda against 19th century males. Examples include Sandra Myre's *Ho for California* (San Marino, California, 1980) and Kenneth Holmes' *Covered Wagon Women* (Glendale, 1983 *et. seq.*).

The published record of frontier Army wives is not as voluminous as those of emigrant women, but this category probably ranks second in the number of written accounts. These ladies also rival their emigrant sisters in the matter of stoic suffering and occasional heroism. I am confining myself to the wives of officers rather than enlisted men for the simple reason that enlisted men, as a rule, didn't have wives with them. Also, officers' wives were above average in education, so we have a quite comprehensive body of knowledge from their reports about their experience.

I got into the subject of Army wives in 1956 when retired General Reynolds Burt, of Washington, D.C., contacted me, on the advice of a mutual friend, to see

I would write a book about his mother, Elizabeth, wife of Andrew Sheridan Burt, captain of Ohio volunteer infantry in the Civil War, who became a full general in the Spanish-American War, and spent the intervening years at western frontier posts. The memoirs of Elizabeth Burt, in the Library of Congress, became the backbone of my book, *Indians, Infants and Infantry*, published in 1960 by Fred Rosenstock. Since some of you, I hope, are acquainted with this book, I give only highlights.

Burt was attached to the 18th U.S. Regiment of Infantry under Colonel Henry Carrington, the first regular Army to be sent to the Northern Plains to pacify Indians following the Civil War. They assembled at Fort Leavenworth and headed west up the Oregon-California Trail, 2,000 strong, via Fort Kearny to Fort Sedgwick, near present Julesburg. Here Carrington and the bulk of his command crossed the South Platte and turned northwestward to Fort Laramie and outposts in Powder River country, east of the Big Horn Mountains. Meanwhile Burt and his company continued straight west along the line of the future Union Pacific Railroad, to be stationed at Fort Bridger. Subsequently, he and his family went to Fort Sanders at present Laramie, Wyoming, and from thence up the Bozeman trail to Fort C. F. Smith in Montana. Thereafter, along with successive promotions, he saw service at Fort Omaha, Fort Robinson, Fort D.A. Russell, and twice at Fort Laramie where, in the late 1880s, he was second in command and where today at Fort Laramie National Historic Site his residence is known as "the Burt House," with many furnishings supplied by the son, Reynolds Burt, the sponsor of my book.

Elizabeth Burt was with Andrew every step of the way, her first infant son being with her when they started west in 1866. Her second child, Edith, was born in the blockhouse of new Fort Sanders, and the youngest — this same Reynolds — was born in 1874 at Fort Omaha. He lived to age 96, long enough to see my book published.

Elizabeth Burt's story is really one of epic proportions, *bona fide* historical melodrama with all the ingredients — a volunteer nurse on the Civil War battlefield, meeting Andrew when he was recuperating from battle wounds; crossing the frozen Mississippi River on foot with her baby boy to reach Jefferson Barracks at St. Louis; riding out of historic Fort Kearny with Carrington's grand Army to engage the Sioux; crossing the flooded South Platte at Julesburg and the rampaging North Platte on the Laramie Plains where several soldiers drowned; getting lost in a blizzard between Salt Lake City and Fort Bridger; taking her little boy and her baby girl up the dangerous Bozeman Trail where their company was attacked by Indians at Crazy Woman's Fork, and later under siege at Fort C.F. Smith in the Montana wilderness. Red Cloud and Crazy Horse were her enemies, but she was on friendly terms with the Shoshones under Chief Washakie and the Crows, led by Iron Bull. She was on speaking terms with Generals Crook and Sherman and many, if not most, of the ranking officers of the Indian-fighting Army and their wives.

Elizabeth Burt was a participant in so many episodes of frontier history that I deluded myself into thinking that some Hollywood producer would want to make a movie out of it, and my agreement with the publisher would have cut me in on the lucrative screen rights. Unfortunately, though it was well received by academics and history buffs, my book did not shape up as a best seller, which made the movie idea

a pipe dream.

In preparing *Indians, Infants, and Infantry* I dug up several old books about other Army officers' wives, so conceived the idea of writing another book all about all of them. I drafted several chapters and even had a title in mind. It was to be called *War Club and Parasol*. Then my official duties with the National Park Service, including transfer from Omaha to San Francisco in 1966, and extensive travels, prevented my going through with the project until my retirement in 1975. But meanwhile a young lady named Patricia Stallard got the jump on me, coming out with a book entitled *Glittering Misery: Dependents of the Indian Fighting Army* (Fort Collins, 1978). About the same time Oliver Knight published a book called *Life and Manners in the Frontier Army* (Norman, 1978), based largely on data from the voluminous novels of General Charles King about what he calls "an elite if exiled group", officers and their wives and sweethearts during the period 1865-1890. No point now in me writing about Army women as originally planned, and by now, books about frontier women, all kinds of them, are getting to be a drug on the market.



Elizabeth Burt in 1902, well after her frontier adventures, and Colonel Andrew S. Burt, about 1888 while he was in command of Fort Laramie. *Courtesy Fort Laramie National Historic Site.*

The following consists of excerpts from my aborted manuscript:

There are at least twelve wives of Army officers on the western frontier who have bequeathed their testimony. Besides Elizabeth Burt, these are Mrs. Orsemus Boyd, Elsa Biddle, Elizabeth Custer, Margaret Carrington, Frances Grummond, Sarah Canfield, Catherine Collins, Cynthia Capron, Katherine Fougera, Mary Heistand, and Frances Roe. (Since this was first written, about eight more officers' wives' writings have been discovered and published, but I will have my hands full with these original twelve.)

The twelve husbands involved were evenly divided between cavalry and infantry

and during the period of historic interest ranked variously from Second Lieutenant to full Colonel. All had Civil War records. All but one were Regular Army, and several were West Pointers. Four of the twelve died in action, three killed by Indians and one succumbing to campaign hardships. Of the remaining eight, four achieved high military rank before retirement.

Somewhat alone among the wives is Catherine Wever Collins. She was the mother of cavalry Lieutenant Caspar Collins who was killed in the famous Platte Bridge fight of 1865 and for whom Casper [sic], Wyoming was named, and the wife of Colonel William O. Collins, commander of the 11th Ohio Cavalry stationed at Fort Laramie during the early sixties and founder of Camp Collins, now Fort Collins, Colorado. She arrived the earliest of our twelve Army wives on the Great Plains theatre of action and stayed there for the shortest period — less than one year. All of the wives but she, at the time of their baptism into frontier service, were young women, in their late teens or early twenties. Mrs. Collins had been married for twenty years when she left Hillsboro, Ohio in the autumn of 1863 to join her husband.



Colonel William O. Collins, commander of Fort Laramie in the early sixties, namesake of Fort Collins, Colorado and Catherine Collins, evidently pictured in her later years. *Courtesy Denver Public Library.*

Traveling by train, steamboat, and stagecoach up the Platte route, she reached Fort Laramie in November. During that winter she endeared herself to the garrison by her interest in the welfare of those afflicted by illness and accident, and earned the gratitude of historians by her intimate descriptions of that famous post, the vicissitudes of the mail train, and peaceful Indian visitors. Early in 1864 Indian alarms were rampant along the Upper Platte, and it was not until late summer that she was able to leave the fort in safety via the mule ambulance of General Robert B. Mitchell, Commander of the District. She was escorted by soldiers to Fort Kearny, via Plum Creek Station, recent scene of an Indian massacre of emigrants. She almost suffocated

in the closely packed stage to Omaha, and proceeded from thence home by steamboat. (Agnes Wright Spring, ed., "An Army Wife Comes West: the letters of Catherine Wever Collins," *Colorado Magazine*, October, 1954).

Sarah E. Canfield, wife of Lieutenant Andrew Canfield, Co. D, 13th Infantry, was a "short-termer" like Mrs. Collins, being on the frontier only a little over a year, but she was a *bona fide* contemporary of Elizabeth Burt. While the latter was being marooned by Sioux and Cheyenne at Fort C.F. Smith in 1867-68, Sarah was having a similar experience with Sioux and Crow at Camp Cooke, another infantry post in Montana, equally isolated and equally temporary at the junction of the Missouri and Judith Rivers. Sarah is the only one of our twelve who ascended the length of the Missouri River by steamboat, and left impressions of the chain of military posts which protected that important line of communication in the 1860s, notably Forts Rice, Randall, and Berthold.

Even more contemporary with Elizabeth Burt, both actors in the epic scenes of the Bozeman Trail or Red Cloud's War, were the two successive wives of Colonel Carrington of the 18th Regiment of Infantry. When this big outfit left Fort Kearny on May 19, 1866 for its march to Fort Laramie, Elizabeth Burt and Margaret Carrington were acquaintances traveling in the same cavalcade. Beyond the crossing of the South Platte they parted, as noted before, the Burts heading for Fort Bridger, and Margaret going with her husband, crossing the North Platte "Rubicon" into hostile Sioux territory to construct forts along the Bozeman Trail. With her were three other officers' wives, Mesdames Brown, Horton, and Bisbee. They arrived at the site that would become the Fort Phil Kearny stockade on July 13. In August, Lieutenant Wands brought his wife in, her nerves jumpy from an Indian attack on the party at Crazy Woman's Fork. In November the circle was reinforced by the wife of Lieutenant Grummond.

The Grummonds came on from Fort Leavenworth as far as the new Kansas Pacific Railroad was constructed, then traveled by ambulance to Fort Kearny, by Government mail escort to Fort Laramie and, after a brief pause there, to Phil Kearny. Lieutenant Grummond was among the eighty men killed in the Fetterman disaster late December, 1866, engineered by Red Cloud and Crazy Horse. When Carrington, in momentary disgrace, was commanded to withdraw at once to Fort Casper, widow Grummond accompanied Mrs. Carrington and children in a Government wagon, suffering terribly from grief as well as from sub-zero weather. At Fort McPherson Mrs. Grummond was met and escorted home by her brother. Years later, after the death of Margaret Carrington, Frances Grummond became Mrs. Carrington Number Two, to their mutual joy, no doubt, but to the eternal confusion of historians.

When Elizabeth Burt followed the perilous Bozeman Trail northward in November, 1867, there was a new set of faces at Fort Phil Kearny. The Carringtons, both numbers one and two, had fled the scene of Indian terror, and each would one day write a book about their common harrowing experience. Margaret's *Ab-Sa-Ra-Ka, Land of Massacre*, is one of the classics of western literature, rich in historical detail and literary grace. It appeared in 1878 and thus became the first published account

of an experience of an officer's wife on the Plains. Francis Grummond Carrington's *My Army Life*, published in 1911, dovetails accurately into the narrative. It includes a postscript account of a celebration at Sheridan, Wyoming in 1908 in memory of old Fort Phil Kearny. Colonel Carrington and Frances were guests of honor.



Lieutenant Colonel (Brevet Major General) George Armstrong Custer and Elizabeth ('Libbie') Bacon Custer; both photos from Fort Abraham Lincoln period. *Courtesy Denver Public Library.*

The most famous of our twelve lady reporters is Elizabeth Custer, spirited young wife of the fair-haired "boy general" who achieved (a dubious) immortality by getting himself and 220 others annihilated at the Little Big Horn in 1876. It took three books to get her story told — *Boots and Saddles*, *Tenting on the Plains*, and *Following the Guidon* — all time-honored classics of frontier literature. Elizabeth Custer is the only one of the twelve who has had appreciable recognition by modern historical writers. She outlived her controversial husband by over sixty years. Her priceless collection of Custer's uniforms, arms, and memorabilia, is now exhibited at Custer Battlefield National Monument.

The Custers were married at Monroe, Michigan, when George was on Army leave in 1865. The honeymoon was quickly interrupted by a telegram from Washington, D.C., imploring the precocious cavalry commander to get on with the Civil War. Elizabeth, whose love for George had about it a Homeric quality, followed him right back to the scenes of hostilities. "The result," she writes, "was that I found myself in a few hours on the extreme right wing of the Army of the Potomac, in an isolated Virginia farm-house, finishing my honeymoon alone." During the twelve years that followed, she says, "I hardly remember a time when I was not in fear of some immediate peril," referring to Indians who replaced Confederate soldiers as

nace.

is a striking parallel between the Custer and Burt romances. They both met in the middle of the Civil War. Both marriages occurred during leaves from battle wounds. Both honeymoons were unsettled by alarms of war, and both wives joined their husbands at Union Army encampments. Following the war, both followed their husbands out upon the hostile Indian frontier.

In the autumn of 1866, about the time Elizabeth was lost in a blizzard near Fort Custer, George Custer arrived at Fort Riley, Kansas, headquarters of the Seventh Cavalry. There he assumed the rank of Brevet-General (with actual rank of Lieutenant-Colonel) and was soon launched on a series of well-publicized expeditions on the Kansas frontier. Elizabeth always followed her husband as closely as circumstances and logistics would permit. Sometimes her determination endangered her. When George was out chasing Indians she could no longer stay at Fort Riley while he was out, and she prevailed upon General Sherman to let her accompany him to Fort Harker at the Kansas Pacific "end of track." Then she proceeded in a freight wagon to Fort Hays, arriving in the crude tent camp at the height of the winter season. But all discomforts were as nothing at this reunion: "Nothing could make me think that camping-ground was a Syrian field." However, after enduring flood and pestilence at Fort Hays, George returned to Fort Riley. Now it was George's turn to play the romantic theme, "The Hero's Return." Learning that the dread cholera was rife at Fort Riley and that his dear "Libbie" was prostrate with the disease, he flatly abandoned his command and dashed the whole length of the Smoky Hill Trail, losing his horse to Indians en route, to be at his wife's side. Army regulations take no account of love. For this flagrant violation of orders, Custer was court-martialed and cashiered. It was only through the intervention of his Civil War pal, General Sherman, that Custer was later restored to rank and service.

After a two-year stint among Kentucky moonshiners, Custer was ordered to return to the Seventh Cavalry to Dakota Territory, setting up headquarters at Fort Lincoln on the Missouri River opposite hell-roaring Bismark. Libbie followed and her gallant one rode out at the head of a column in 1874 to protect Northern Pacific Railroad surveyors from the infuriated Sioux; in 1875 to explore the Black Hills in violation of Sioux treaty rights, and announce the gold there; and in 1876 to punish the Sioux for raising objections to the gold rush. This third expedition, to the Little Big Horn, proved fatal to Custer. Libbie would cherish forever, and forever defend, the bright memory of her husband.

Elizabeth Gibson Fougere, whose reminiscences appeared in 1942 under the title *Custer's Cavalry*, was a friend of Libbie at Fort Abraham Lincoln. She met Custer with Katherine Garrett, the unattached but highly eligible sister of the wife of Lieutenant Donald McIntosh, when she arrived at the fort in 1874. Elizabeth was drawn into the color and excitement of a garrison of higher voltage, socially, than Fort Riley. When troops from neighboring Fort Rice came upriver to join the expedition, Katherine got jolted by Lieutenant Gibson who displayed

“a quality of life and movement that was electric.” He was “straight as a Norway pine. His campaign hat was worn at a rakish angle and his clear olive skin abutted a moustache atop a mouth filled with flawless teeth. He was big, strong, and magnificent, and I was small and young and blue-eyed.” The laws of physics are immutable. “It might have been lunar madness, but when we finally joined the others I had signed up for a permanent enlistment with the Seventh Cavalry.”

Duly married with flourishes upon the return of the expedition, Mrs. Gibson accompanied her husband on an assignment to New Orleans in 1875, but returned shortly to Fort Rice. When he was offered a transfer to Custer’s command, she prevailed on him to decline, having a premonition of disaster. Being with Colonel Benteen’s command in June, 1876, Gibson survived the massacre at the Little Big Horn.



Colonel Faye Roe and Frances M. A. Roe; dates of portraits unknown. *Courtesy Denver Public Library.*

Mrs. Boyd (*Cavalry Life in Tent and Field*, New York, 1894) and Elsa Biddle (*Reminiscences of a Soldier's Wife*, Philadelphia, 1907) spent most of their careers in the Southwest, so we will not dwell on their innumerable vicissitudes — scorching heat, tarantulas, bloodthirsty Apaches — but only stress the one factor that kept them sane, their deep affection and support for their husbands whose field assignments took a heavy toll of their health. Cynthia Capron, wife of a lieutenant stationed at Fort Laramie, lost him to typhoid fever, a common killer at western forts with poor sanitary conditions. He was buried at Fort Russell (now Fort Frances E. Warren, at Cheyenne) and she returned to her Illinois home with her children.

Marital fidelity to the end was the norm. Frances Roe, who tells her story in *Army Letters of an Officer's Wife* (New York, 1909) is my sentimental favorite. She showed bravery, constancy, and a resolute light-heartedness in the face of discouragements and dangers to herself and her gallant Captain Faye. Plagued by malaria and snakes dropping from the ceiling of her miserable hovel at Camp Supply, Indian Territory, she takes the view that "at dreadful places like this is where the plucky Army wife is most needed." On one occasion Faye was given a doubly dangerous assignment at Cimarron Redoubt, halfway between Fort Dodge and Fort Supply, "surrounded by any number of villages of hostile Indians." She went along, despite protests of Faye and his superiors, to make some kind of home in the dug-out fortification.

As a general rule, Army wives of either officers or enlisted men did not accompany their husbands on Indian campaigns or other missions where their personal safety was clearly in jeopardy. Mrs. Roe's deliberate invasion of hostile ground was a marginal case. Other exceptions have been noted among "camp followers", a term covering female help, whether unmarried, or married to enlisted men or noncoms. One female cook who accompanied the Seventh Cavalry on the Washita campaign, is described by Libbie Custer as "tanned, toughened," and indifferent to the whine of Indian bullets.

My unpublished manuscript has twenty chapters, with topics like Army Regulations, Change of Station, Transportation, Quarters Rotation, the Servant Problem, Food, Clothing, Public Health, and the Education of Army Brats. To close this account, I will offer a few random quotations — let's call them verbal gems doomed to remain underground — or shall we call them "desert flowers destined to bloom unseen."

ARMY REGULATIONS

Officer's wives might be veritable queens in the eyes of their husbands, and great deference might be shown them by enlisted men, but officially they did not exist! Every detail of Army life was governed by Regulations except the detail of matrimony. It cannot be said that the War Department frowned on the idea of love, marriage, and wilderness honeymoons. On the contrary, according to Mrs. Grummond, "General Sherman in 1866 urged all Army wives to accompany their husbands." It was Mrs. Boyd's understanding that the presence of wives "alone prevents demoralization, and officers are always encouraged to marry for that reason." Once married, however, the bride was adrift in a sea of regulations that applied only to her husband. Libbie Custer griped about the fact that "Regulations enter into minute detail on everything, even giving the number of hours that beans should boil, but not even a paragraph is wasted on the conduct of officers' wives."

Actually, it was only families of *officers* who were left out of account. Female servants and company laundresses, sometimes married to enlisted men, came well within the official cognizance. The rule book said that each company was entitled to three or four laundresses and that a soldier had to get permission to marry and must await a vacancy in the laundresses' ranks before he could bring his sudsy princess into the garrison. Rations and the services of the post surgeon were available to these

retainers, including female servants of officers.

SERVANTS

The word "servant" is disappearing from the American language, and we are getting accustomed to a world in which women of all social strata do their own housekeeping. Before 1900, however, one or more servants were an essential element of every well-regulated household. They were in plentiful supply, thanks to unlimited emigration from Europe, and to be without one was a confession of poverty. This was true everywhere with the exception of households on the western frontier. Army wives, whose need for servants was truly desperate, were victims of the only scarce labor market in America. Women of whatever race, age, or degree of repulsiveness were exceedingly rare on the frontier. If imported, they were soon in big demand by soldiers as matrimonial partners, even those as homely and shapeless as a mud fence.

Mrs. Biddle's Bridget was so transcendently homely that she went eight years before receiving a proposal. But when she finally was propositioned by a Quartermaster Sergeant at Camp Halleck she went overboard, becoming engaged and lending the fellow her life savings, around \$300. As soon as he had supplemented this with funds taken from the company safe, he deserted and headed for Elko, Nevada. He was caught and killed and the money recovered, but Bridget was disconsolate. Complains Mrs. Biddle: "I think she grieved after the rascally sergeant much more than she did for her money!"

Elizabeth Burt was experienced in all the vicissitudes of the problem. An Irish woman with the inevitable name of Bridget stayed with her just long enough to get welded to a blacksmith at Fort Kearny. A negro girl Maggie stood up under every trial until the Burts started up the Bozeman Trail. Stories of Indian atrocities, only too well founded, prompted her to resign at Fort Fetterman. The black mammy Mrs. Burt then imported from Omaha developed an acute and incurable case of inertia, and the substitute Mormon girl, Christina, was simply not bright enough to catch on to the simplest instructions. Mrs. Burt finally found her most dependable help among off-duty enlisted men, called "strikers", who were glad to volunteer for the extra pay.

Frances Roe endured the trials and tribulations of finding a satisfactory cook in Montana Territory. Finally, she had to make do with a series of Chinamen, all named Charlie, and all with exasperating peculiarities. The first Charlie refused to scrub the laundry before boiling. When rebuked, he tipped the tub and its contents on the kitchen floor and left the military reservation. The next one stalked out in high dudgeon when Mrs. Roe wanted the use of the kitchen, which he regarded as his sacred preserve. A third Charlie was constantly feuding with the striker over whose privilege it was to fire up the parlor stove. Each time the soldier would put on wood, Charlie would put on more, with the result that Mrs. Roe was nearly baked alive and the house nearly reduced to ashes. Yet another of these queer silk-coated Orientals killed himself with a derringer when accused by soldiers of cheating at cards. The last one, distinguished by the name of Charlie Hang, elected to return to China, having accumulated a fortune of \$1,200 mining gold dust in his spare time. Despite

her misadventures with them, she thinks Chinamen make marvellous servants "if once you win their confidence and their affection; then they are your slaves."

CHANGE OF STATION

Of all the tests of courage and forbearance to which Army wives were subjected, perhaps the sternest was "change in station." From the domestic viewpoint, these tended to be frequent, sudden, occurring at the most inconvenient time, distressingly expensive, and quite without rational explanation.

The Burt's experience was not untypical. From 1865 when the Captain launched his western career at Jefferson Barracks until 1898 when he left Fort Missoula he had twenty changes of assignment to post. Duration of these varied from only a few weeks at Ogallala Station to six years at Fort Missoula. One and two year stints were the rule.

Some officers were shifted around with far greater frequency than the Burts. Lieutenant McIntosh of the Seventh Cavalry and his wife Mollie were sent packing to nine different Army posts in eleven months. Major Biddle and family were barely settled at Fort Riley after an exhausting move from Fort Bidwell, California, when he was ordered to Fort Leavenworth. He was gratefully settling down once more when General Pope decided he should assume command at Fort Lyon, Colorado Territory. At Departmental Headquarters, field officers were pawns on a chess-board. Fatigue of family and extra expenses resulting from these dislocations were, as Mrs. Biddle put it, "things not counted."

"Proceed without delay" was the usual phrase appended to orders, and this was to be taken literally. Large furniture, heavy draperies, and huge trunks filled with finery played no part in military life. Strikers could shove the entire contents of an officer's quarters into a Government wagon and be on the march in less than two hours.

Sometimes these moves would simply involve shifting the household to the next outpost over the horizon, only a day or so distant. Often they were continental in scope. Fougera says that the process of "dashing back and forth across the continent" soon lost its novelty. When orders came for her husband to transfer from New Orleans to North Dakota, she assures us that she "displayed no Spartan qualities" but just sat down and bawled. There was a limit to the patience of a woman whose nest was forever taking wings.



MIZPAH

According to the Denver Westerners BRAND BOOK for 1972, volume 28, the ironwork arch at the Denver Union Station, dedicated in 1900, originally bore the message WELCOME on both faces, but was subsequently changed to read MIZPAH on the uptown side for the benefit of persons departing Denver by train.

Mizpah (or Mizpeh) was a place name in ancient Israel, applied to at least two localities. One of these became a holy place where Jacob caused a "heap" of stones (a

cairn?) to be formed as witness between him and Laban. (Genesis 32: 44-49). Laban, father-in-law of Jacob, declared it should be called "Mizpah: for he said, The Lord watch between me and thee when we are absent one from another".

It appears that the Denver people intended that the arch convey that message to those departing Denver. The arch was removed in recent years because, reportedly, it interfered with traffic flow between the Union Station and 17th Street.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr.



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 to Japan, Siberia, and various Pacific Islands. Kern also helped to 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.

The State Parks of New Mexico by John V. Young. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1984. 160 pages, photographs. Cloth, \$19.95, paper, \$9.95.

John Young has provided a very valuable tool for the traveler in the state of New Mexico with the publication of his book describing the forty-four state parks. That interest in visiting these parks is not limited to the residents of the state is evident in the information that the annual number of visitors to the parks exceeds the population of the state several times.

The format of the book is an alphabetical listing of the state parks from Bottomless Lakes near Roswell to Villanueva near Las Vegas. Detailed information regarding each park includes the location, facilities available, special activities and attractions, and the history and folklore. The author has done an excellent job researching each of the parks and has included information about each that makes this book most interesting. Among the state parks are Rock Hound State Park where visitors are invited to collect specimens of the different rocks available to add to their personal collections, Pancho Villa State Park where an attack on the United States is remembered, and the Valley of Fires State Park with its unique malpais area which was formed only one to two thousand years ago.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Fur Trade and Exploration: Opening the Far Northwest 1821-1852, by Theodore J. Karamanski. Univ. of Oklahoma press, Norman, 1983. 330 pages, 8 Maps, 24 ills. Hardcover, \$22.95.

"Brown gold", the precious beaver pelt desired by so many in the early 19th century was the basic motivation for young Englishmen and Scots to open the far Northwest via the Hudson's Bay Company. The Far Northwest consisted of northern British Columbia, the Yukon, western Northwestern Territories and eastern Alaska. This vast area included thousands of square miles of untouched wilderness, rivers, streams, and hostile indians.

The basic history of the Hudson's Bay Co. is well known to the student of history and this book is a fine additional chapter in Northwestern history. The text reads as a diary in many places and with its excellent maps, illustrations, and exhaustive bibliography this volume is a must for anyone interested in the North American fur trade.

Eugene Rakosnik, P.M.

Sunshine Preferred by Anne Ellis (1875-1938), Univ. Nebraska Press, 1984. Reprint. Originally published, Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1934. Paperback, 248 pages, Cloth \$19.95, Paper \$6.95.

A rambling odyssey of a sickly widowed woman clerk from Saguache, Colorado seeking the "cure" from 1923 to 1931. The reader may enjoy remembering with her the Southwest's major cities. If he be a physician he may wonder if asthma explained her disabilities compatible with 63 years. He may blushing recall the many worthless, unscientific remedies prescribed by physician and layman alike, in her distressing search for relief, from California to Massachusetts, where a Boston asthma specialist separated her from her gall bladder and the proceeds from the sale of her Saguache home. The high cost of medical care is not entirely new.

The author's advice with which I concur: "Don't read this book unless you are a person who has never been ill, or who is now ill, or who is just recovering from illness, or who hopes never to be ill."

Loren Blaney, P.M.

The Lost Land: the Chicano Image of the Southwest by John R. Chavez. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1984. 207 pages. \$19.95 cloth, \$9.95 paper.

John R. Chavez has used primary sources ranging from Aztec chronicles to the speeches of political spokesmen such as Corky Gonzales of Denver in writing an intellectual history of Chicano self-perception. The lost land under discussion in that area of the Southwest United States that was acquired from Mexico by war and purchase. This land is where the majority of Spanish surnamed citizens live today.

David Weber dealt with these people in *Forigners in Their Native Land: Historical Roots of the Mexican Americans*. Weber's book is a collection of historical sources dealing with the position of the Spanish surnamed in the Southwest United States which was once Northern Mexico. John Chavez has taken Weber's basic research and expanded the topic into a most interesting, well-written book.

The number of Spanish surnamed living in the United States today is increasing and this group is becoming politically active in many cities and states including Denver with the recent election of a Hispanic mayor. This book fills a need in that it attempts to discover the history and attitudes of this very important group of people.

One very important aspect of this study is an attempt to explain the problem of a group name. Are you Spanish-American, Mexican-American, Hispanic, or Chicano? There is much more to the preference than one might suspect. Chavez points out that the name used reflects how the individual perceives his cultural and/or racial heritage. This terminology becomes a problem between generations within a family at times.

There is a very strong need to understand this group of Americans, and *The Lost Land* is an excellent start toward this understanding.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

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ROUNDUP

MARCH-APRIL 1985



**WORK AND WIN;
Or,
Dennis Sheedy in the Wild West
Frederick J. Yonce, C. M.**



OUR AUTHOR

Dr. Yonce is Western History Specialist in the Western History Department of Denver Public Library. He holds degrees in history from Ohio State University, the University of Michigan, and the University of Washington and in librarianship from the University of Denver. He has taught high school and college in Iowa, Wyoming, and Utah. He has published a number of journal and encyclopedia articles and book reviews, especially on public lands history, and won the Weyerhaeuser Award for best article in the *Journal of Forest History* for 1978. He also wrote the text for the Library's award-winning 1976 Centennial/Bicentennial exhibit and catalog, *Nothing Is Long Ago*. He lives in Littleton and is the father of three teenagers!

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WORK AND WIN;
or
Dennis Sheedy in the Wild West

by
Frederick J. Yonce, C.M.
Presented 27 February 1985

The half-century following the Civil War was the great era of rapid American industrialization, of the opening of the last West, of captains of industry like Andrew Carnegie, John D. Rockefeller, and J. P. Morgan. The great popularizer of the era's gospel of success, perhaps the best-selling American author of all time, was Horatio Alger. In 115 books that sold 200 million copies, Alger told and retold the rags-to-riches story of poor boys who made good, in series like *Ragged Dick*, *Tattered Tom*, *Fluck and Luck*, *Brave and Bold*. Alger's own success bred imitators, including a new brand of thriller, the success and adventure nickel weekly like *Work and Win* and *Fame and Fortune Weekly: Stories of Boys Who Make Money*.

Cast from this classic mold of the self-made man, of 19th-century individualism, is our subject, Dennis Sheedy—Western merchant, cattleman, banker, founder of the Globe Smelter and Globeville, founder of the Denver Dry Goods, philanthropist and civic leader. And Sheedy's autobiography has many of the elements of the success literature of Alger and his imitators. "My story is of a boy of sixteen [". . . a poor boy . . ."] who started out alone in the world to carve out a fortune, and did." It is a story of adventure and success in the face of adversities. It is written as an inspiration and motivation to others, extolling the virtues of thrift, hard work, and high moral character. "I look around and I see in all lines of business young men who in the years to come will have grasped opportunity and will be the captains of industry, as I see men today whom I knew when they were starting out in life, determined to succeed, and did."

It is possible, of course, to take a jaundiced view of Sheedy's presentation of himself in the *Autobiography*. Historian Lewis Atherton does, in his book *The Cattle Kings*. Obviously disliking "the cult of the self-made man," Atherton considers Sheedy boastful, self-adulatory, pompous, and stingy, gloating over his financial triumphs. But this seems harsh. It is not consistent with descriptions of Sheedy's character by those who knew him. His chief sin may have been that he wrote an autobiography, one of the few cattlemen to do so, and reported rather accurately, without false modesty (and sometimes without true modesty), his achievements and what he considered the sources of his success.

Whatever one's judgment of Sheedy, it is good for history that he wrote the *Autobiography*, for it is our chief source of information about him. Despite his prominence on the Colorado scene and importance as a highly successful Western

entrepreneur, he has received relatively little attention from historians. There is no biography, no thesis or dissertation, no journal article about him. There are a few biographical essays in older historical compendia and many newspaper articles. His cattle operations are described at some length in Joseph McCoy's classic *Historic Sketches of the Cattle Trade of the West and Southwest* (1874), and his smelting activities are described here and there in James E. Fell's recent *Ores to Metals: The Rocky Mountain Smelting Industry* (1979). The *Autobiography* remains, however, the major single source for the account which follows, especially for the years before Sheedy's permanent settlement in Denver.

EARLY LIFE

Dennis Sheedy was born September 26, 1846, in Ireland, but not as a poor boy. His father John Sheedy was a gentleman farmer "of considerable means." His mother's family was "one of standing." Both his parents were "gentle, refined, educated." Dennis was the youngest of 12 children, 8 who survived—5 boys, 3 girls. "Upon each of us my mother impressed it that we should be honest with each other, and with others; that we should be truthful, and that we should be kind, and never take an undue advantage of anyone. It is to this teaching that I owe all that I have been, and am."

Just a year after Dennis's birth, however, crop failures and a loss of much of their property led the family to emigrate to America. The father chose Rockport on the seacoast of Cape Ann north of Boston because of the strong educational opportunities in Massachusetts. "Almost from my earliest remembrance," Dennis wrote, "there was the desire in my heart to accumulate something." As a boy, he gathered and sold arrowroot from the woods and for a time raised and sold rabbits until some escaped and chewed the bark from his father's fruit trees. "Throughout my life there was that ambition—to be first, to succeed in whatever I attempted." One of his first successful attempts was a challenge to the fastest sled in school, with a new sled he charged to his father's account. When the bill came, Dad instructed him to cut and bring in on the sled two stout willow switches, one of which Father wore out before Mother intervened. "It made a lasting impression on me, and never have I charged anything to anybody, nor have I contracted a debt that I did not know I was certain to pay when due."

In time the older children grew up and set out into the world. Brother William opened a general merchandise store in Lyons, Iowa, and in 1858 the family followed. This was the beginning of Dennis's mercantile career, serving as clerk, errand boy, and porter in William's store the first summer. But tragedy awaited. William took ill and died within eight months after the family's arrival. At the same time, 18-year-old sister Johanna, going out for water, somehow fell in the well and drowned; she and William were buried the same day. Already in poor health, the father faded thereafter and eight months later he died. Responsibility for supporting himself, his mother, and his sister Ellen fell to Dennis, which he discharged by working eight months of the year as a store clerk while continuing school the other four months.

"I GO WEST"

In May, 1863, restless and ambitious, rejected for enlistment in the Union army because of his youth, 16-year-old Dennis set out for the West. Taking a steamboat to Hannibal, Missouri, and the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad to St. Joseph, he hitched a ride for \$25 (unable to afford the \$125 for stage fare) with a freight wagon train bound for Denver. To avoid Confederates, the train went up to Omaha and across the Overland Trail. Six weeks and several Indian scares out of Omaha, the party arrived in Denver, a roaring mining supply town less than five years old. The wagons were placed in the Elephant Corral, where Dennis met a Lyons man who introduced him to Alvin B. Daniels of Daniels and Brown, a general merchandise store on Blake St. Daniels gave him a job and became like a father; Sheedy would visit him annually and later become executor for his and his son's estates. Both Daniels and his partner, J. Sidney Brown, were active in freighting out of Nebraska City, and freighting would soon lure Dennis Sheedy.

"I ENGAGE IN BUSINESS"

In February, 1864, Dennis joined a party of 30 to 40 men bound for the Montana mines. Already, at age 17, 6'2" in height but only 160 lbs. and of poor constitution, he became seriously ill in a Wyoming blizzard and recovered only slowly. From Salt Lake City, the party proceeded north to Virginia City, Montana, a booming new placer mining town of 20,000. Here Dennis caught the mining fever. Laboring for a time for \$6 a day, he soon bought his own mine with a partner whom he shortly bought out. He struggled for a while but persevered, struck pay dirt, and sold out for \$2200. Having had quite enough of placer mining, which had been taxing to his poor health, for four months he operated an outfitting store with a partner in nearby Nevada City.

With the approach of winter, Sheedy returned to Salt Lake City and exchanged his \$4000 in gold dust from the Nevada City store for \$8000 in currency. With a partner he opened a general merchandise store in Wellsville in southern Cache Valley, for six months taking farm products and selling to freighters and others going and coming from the Montana mines. In the spring they freighted a thousand sacks of flour into Virginia City in 24 wagons. Sheedy made \$25,000 in gold as his share and continued to trade goods and oxen in the area through the fall of 1865.

That winter Sheedy took his \$30,000 cash earnings and traveled to Chicago, where he enrolled in Eastman's Commercial College, paying all his tuition and expenses from interest on his money. There he studied commercial law and considered becoming a lawyer, but his instructor persuaded him to follow his obvious acumen for business.

Ever the resourceful businessman, for his return to the West, having noted the absence of stoves in Utah and Montana, Sheedy bought 250 cooking stoves of various sizes from an Albany manufacturer and had them shipped to Fort Des Moines, Iowa, the end of the railroad line. There he bought work cattle and with 20 wagons purchased

in Chicago assembled his own freight train, adding a large stock of groceries in Plattsmouth, Nebraska. At Fort Kearney he found several emigrant parties held there by rumors of Indian depredations. When they learned of Sheedy's experiences in the West, they elected him captain—at age 19 the youngest commissioned captain ever. Under constant vigilance the train of 50 wagons and 57 persons reached Salt Lake City without mishap.

There Sheedy rapidly disposed of his stoves, for \$125 to \$175 each (they had cost him \$25 to \$30). Taking flour instead of money—50 wagon loads—he freighted this into Virginia City in two trains. He opened a store in Lemhi City, just over the Idaho line west of Virginia City, buying and selling wagons, farm products, and cattle, which he wintered in the nearby Big Hole Valley of Montana. In the spring of 1868 he sold this business and, with a stock of merchandise that had been shipped up the Missouri to Fort Benton, opened up a wholesale grocery business with two partners in Helena.

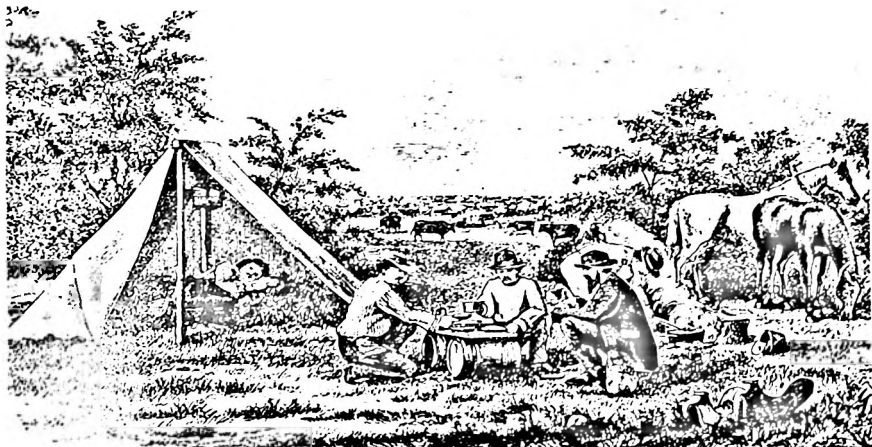
"I GO INTO THE CATTLE BUSINESS"

That fall Sheedy returned to Salt Lake City, still intent on merchandising, but about to enter a new phase of his business career. He took a train of 50 wagons loaded with flour and groceries and 300 cattle into Hamilton, Nevada, a booming mining camp of 30,000. He sold his wagons and cattle to James Worthington, who paid him \$2000 a month to drive these and other cattle to the Sierras and sell them in the mining and lumber camps. A sightseeing trip to California and Mexico followed, during which Sheedy noted the demand for cattle on the West Coast. He made an abortive attempt to buy Texas cattle in Arizona. Next came an extended, first-time pleasure trip to the East and South, but the West and cattle were in his blood.

From New Orleans Sheedy traveled to Austin, thence 600 miles by horseback through southwest Texas buying 2200 head of cattle. It was 1870, the Franco-Prussian War was on, and beef was in great demand in the East, so instead of driving his herds to California as he had planned, Sheedy headed north to the terminus of the Kansas Pacific Railroad in Abilene. The long drive along the Chisholm Trail ended successfully despite two plots by cattle thieves, a storm and stampede, and an attempted ambush by Indians.

In the next decade Sheedy developed extensive cattle operations, with ranches and ranges at various times in Texas, Indian Territory, Kansas, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Nevada, and Arizona. Though he headquartered in Kansas City, his cattle business took him all over the West, and he acquired an intimate knowledge of the region. In 1878 his camp on the Cimarron River in southern Kansas was involved in the famous "Dull Knife's Raid," when 300 Northern Cheyennes left their reservation in Indian Territory on an unauthorized trek back to their Wyoming-Montana tribal grounds. Cheyenne bands raided the camp, scattered the herds, and killed a man, maintaining possession for two months until driven away by troops. In 1879 Sheedy consolidated his cattle interests into two huge ranches, Chimney Rock and Scott's Bluff, along the North Platte in Nebraska and Wyoming. He sold out to the Ogallala

March-April



In 1911, Sheedy bought 7000 head of cattle in Texas and wintered 5000 of them on the Arkansas River at Las Animas, shown here. With 3000 of these he established a ranch in eastern Nevada and for the next years shipped beef cattle to the San Francisco market. From McCoy's *Historic Sketches of the Cattle Trade*.

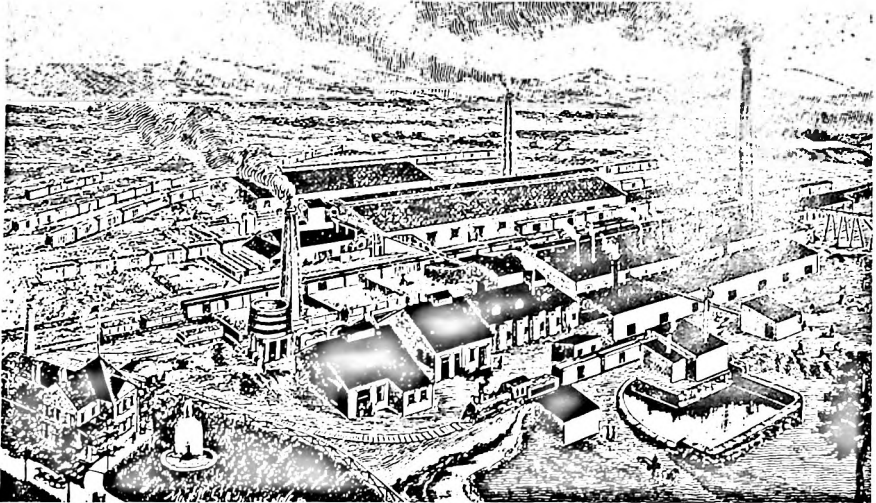
Land and Cattle Company in 1884, when he had 32,000 head of cattle and 400 horses. The open range era was passing, Sheedy was recently married and ready to settle down, and he could afford to retire, though he never entirely divorced himself from the cattle industry, in later years running breeding stock on 22,000 acres near Palmer Lake, Colorado. He was always proud of an expression common in the cattle country: "Dennis Sheedy always finds the cheapest market when he buys, and the highest market when he sells!"

"I LOCATE IN DENVER"

In 1882 Sheedy settled permanently in Denver and entered a new phase in his remarkable career. Seeking an occupation, he bought stock in the Colorado National Bank, commencing a lifelong association with its president, Charles B. Kountz. Sheedy was elected a director and, in 1883, a vice-president, a position he held until his death 40 years later.

His affiliation with the bank led him to acquire the financially troubled Holden smelter. Founded in 1886 by Edward R. Holden and associates, the smelter had borrowed heavily from the Colorado National. At the same time—and perhaps as a condition of the loans—Sheedy and Kountz had acquired large blocks of stock in the company. Holden's management brought the smelter to the verge of bankruptcy in 1887. To save the company and protect the bank's loan (and their own investment), Sheedy and Kountz concluded that they must take over management. Sheedy was elected president, and the company was reorganized as the Globe Smelting and Refining Company.

"I knew nothing of smelting or ores," and "I realized that to accomplish anything I must master the details of the industry." He hired a tutor and for three years pursued "incessant study," reading every book available for both practical and technical knowledge. "Night after night" he studied, and day by day he managed. In time he became so knowledgeable he personally invented a number of smelting and reduction improvements and held 18 patents. He personally won Congressional support for a high lead tariff in 1890. He was chiefly responsible for obtaining a favorable freight rate enabling the shipping of essential lead-rich ores from the Coeur d'Alene mined of Idaho. In 1889 he laid out the town of Globeville south of the plant for workers, most of them emigrants from southern and eastern Europe, and "Sheedy Row," an area of company rental housing across from the smelter. Globeville and "Sheedy Row" were annexed to Denver in 1903.



Under Sheedy the Globe Smelter was greatly expanded: employees were increased from 150 to 1000, acreage from 40 to 160, production from 25 to 175 tons per day, blast furnaces from 6 to 12, the volume of business from \$200,000 to \$16,000,000 per year. The facility was rebuilt four times, adding a refinery and parting plant, bag house, improved slag furnace, and brick factory. Courtesy Western History Department, Denver Public Library.

Under Sheehy's leadership the fortunes of the company were turned around, and the Globe soon emerged as one of the major forces in the smelting industry, with an efficient, highly integrated plant and farflung operations and some of the lowest costs in the industry. "I believe that I can say, frankly, that the upbuilding of the Globe smelter was the most pleasurable thing I have ever done, principally because it was something entirely new to me, and I could see the results obtained, and it gave me a great field for study."

Mining and smelting, like range cattle, was something of a bonanza industry, based on exhaustible, one-time resources. Once those resources were gone—free

grass and accessible ores—the industries were drastically reduced and transformed. Sheedy got out of both at propitious moments before their final collapse. In 1898 the Globe was incorporated into the American Smelting and Refining Company (ASARCO), the great smelting trust, formed to reduce competition and cut costs. Sheedy continued as manager of the Globe until 1907. In 1910 he resigned all connections with the smelting industry. The Globe was closed in 1919.

"I BECAME A MERCHANT AGAIN"

Also through his affiliation with the Colorado National Bank, Sheedy became involved once again in his original occupation, the enduring business of merchandising. M. J. McNamara had established a dry goods store at 15th and Larimer in 1886. In 1889 it moved into a new 3-story building at 16th and California, in what was then a residential area. The 1893 depression hit Denver hard, and one of the casualties was the McNamara Dry Goods. The company had borrowed large sums from the City National and Colorado National banks. In an emergency all-night conference bank and company officials decided that Kountz and Sheedy should buy the store and pay off the banks to avert collapse. For eight months the store operated as the Sheedy and Kountz Dry Goods Company, with McNamara as manager. But lack of progress led to its reorganization in 1894 as the Denver Dry Goods Company, with



The Denver Dry Goods Co. soon bought the 3-story building it occupied and in 1898 added a wing and a story. In 1901 a 6-story addition extended the building to 15th St., resulting in a block-long 400-foot main aisle. Courtesy Western History Department, Denver Public Library.

Sheedy as president and general manager. He soon made it into the biggest department store between the Mississippi valley and the West Coast. "In these later years I have been more closely associated with the store, and perhaps more closely identified with it, than in any other enterprise, and I am proud of it."

SHEEDY THE MAN

This man with the golden touch, phenomenally successful in every large undertaking of his life; what was he like personally? Joseph McCoy wrote in 1874: "Personally, he is impulsive and warm in his attachments, suave and affable in his manner, kind and courteous, though reserved and reticent among strangers. In all his wanderings in the Wild West, mingling with every class of characters and surrounded by innumerable temptations, he has been superior to them, and is free from the most ordinary and, we might say, universal vices which flourish luxuriantly in the Great New West." Biographer-historian Frank Hall 20 years later described him as "broad minded, liberal and charitable withal; a leader of men, a marked force in the community where the lines of his maturer years have been cast. In personal appearance Mr. Sheedy is a man of superb physique, standing over six feet high and weighing some two hundred pounds. He is a gentleman in every instinct of his nature."

"By the year 1882 I had accumulated sufficient to convince me that I could assume the duties of a household, and have one of my dearest dreams come true—a home of my own." In that year he married Katherine V. Ryan of a prominent Leavenworth, Kansas, family and moved to Denver. (Atherton in *The Cattle King* uncharitably remarks that he waited "until age 36 to risk part of his bankroll on a helpmate.") The Sheedys had six children, only two of whom lived: daughters Marie Josephine and Florence Elizabeth, who both married New Yorkers, Robert L. Livingston and I. Townsend Burden respectively. Mrs. Sheedy died in 1895, after only 13 years of marriage, continuing the series of family tragedies that marked Sheedy's life in sharp contrast with his material success. He remarried in 1898, to Mary Teresa Burke of Chicago, niece of Bishop Maurice F. Burke of St. Joseph. Their two children died in infancy.

In 1892 Sheedy built a magnificent mansion at 1115 Grant St. on ten lots, with carriage house and gardens. Loving open spaces, he included folding pocket doors to open up rooms, many windows, and cupolas and balconies to the east and south. Each room was furnished with a distinctive fireplace and each room finished in a different kind of wood with furniture to match.

Sheedy was a member of the Denver Club, the Denver Athletic Club, and the Denver Country Club. He was a leading Catholic layman—a member of Cathedral parish and of the building committee of the Cathedral, to which he gave generously. He was especially supportive of St. Joseph's Hospital and St. Vincent's orphanage, run by the Sisters of St. Joseph, who had educated his first wife.

In October, 1922, at age 76, Sheedy published his *Autobiography* for his family and friends. One year later, October 16, 1923, Denver newspapers carried front-page stories of his sudden death, after a 10-day bout with pneumonia. He had been active

in business and civic affairs right up to his fatal illness. He had worked, right up to the end, and he had won, a consummate achiever. He had helped tame the wild West. He had set down his story. And now he passed away.



The Sheedy mansion in 1895. After his death in 1923 the house was acquired by Helen Bonfils who rented it for a nominal sum to a music conservatory. When she died in 1972 it looked as if the mansion would be torn down and replaced by a high-rise, but Communicor developers bought and restored it to lavish offices in 1974. Courtesy Western History Department, Denver Public Library.



Sheedy published his *Autobiography* privately in a limited edition in 1922, a year before he died. It is now rare: we know of copies only in the Colorado Historical Society, the University of Utah, the University of Texas, and this copy in the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library.



Westerner's Bookshelf



The Matador Land and Cattle Company by W.M. Pearce. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman. 1983. 244 pages, 24 illustrations, four maps, index, bibliography. Paperback, \$12.95.

The Matador Land and Cattle Co. of Texas was organized in 1882 by a group of Scots; Dundee businessmen. The company's holdings consisted of a herd of cattle trailed by H. H. Campbell to the headwaters of the Pease River in Texas and, more significantly, some 1,500,000 acres of West Texas range land to which Campbell laid claim. The land running to the east from the rim of the *Llano Estacado*, surrendered in the 1870s by the Comanches and lying empty with the slaughter of buffalo herds, was there for the taking.

The Matador was a unique undertaking. It was operated solely as a business enterprise, in a manner to produce profits over a long period of time. As the result of prudent management, notably in the 40-year tenure of Murdo Mackenzie, it was the only corporation controlled from abroad devoted solely to cattle raising to survive to the mid-1900s.

After facing near disaster from drought, a drop in cattle prices and a killing blizzard, the Matador board of directors in 1891 turned over the operation to Murdo Mackenzie. His policies and those continued after him were fruitful, and the Matador brand became known from Texas to Canada. Matador herds ranged over Montana, Wyoming, South Dakota, Nebraska, Oklahoma and New Mexico, and, of course, the home ranches in West Texas. For many years the company headquartered in Colorado, with offices in Trinidad and Denver. Breakup and liquidation of the company began in 1951. The company was then valued at more than \$19 million.

The book is well written, researched and documented. However, the author frequently verges on the pedantic. A good deal

of the Matador history is devoted to somewhat boring business statistics and mundane compilations on the size of herds, the condition of rangeland, the price of beef and the costs of raising cattle. It is a businesslike account of what, after all was a business, but it is unfortunate for an author to take an inherently interesting and exciting subject and convert it to a heap of dry facts and figures. Those men who populate the pages of Pearce's history are not depicted so much as tough and bold pioneers in new sort of business as they are holders of corporate titles, honorable men who do a good job. Luckily, the author makes extensive use of quotations for correspondence and memos, and this helps relieve the tedious and formality of a business report.

In 1938, Matador added to its general management board in Texas, a San Antonio lawyer and land agent and promoter, Harry Drought. His report on his first tour of the Alamositas and Matador ranches gives insight into the smooth business operation. When the Matador went out of existence in 1951, the author again found Harry Drought's comments appropriate:

"And so the great Matador Company is going into voluntary liquidation. I consider myself very fortunate to have been a part of its fine organization. Regardless of how advantageous to the shareholders the sale may have been, there are many heartaches caused by this conclusion. The Company, however, will live forever in the history of the Southwest. We were connected with a cattle empire, and our pride in it outweighed our desire for profits."

As a preservation of a facet of Western history the book is a valuable piece of work and belongs on the shelf of your library, but do not undertake to read it as light entertainment.

Alan J. Stewart P.M.



Campaigning with Crook by Captain Charles King, U.S.A. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman; Vol. 25, Western Frontier Library, 1983. 163 pages, seven illustrations, one map. Roster of officers serving with the Fifth Cavalry in the Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition of 1876. Paperback, \$4.95.

Charles King, a first lieutenant and adjutant with the Fifth Cavalry at the time of the Big Horn and Yellowstone (B. H. & Y.) campaign of 1876, is well known as a military historian and chronicler of the Old Army.

In his crowded lifetime, King produced 69 books—inost based on Army life—plus an autobiography, "Memories of a Busy Life." His military career reached with the Civil War through the Philippine Insurrection, followed by National Guard and Military Academy duty. When he died in 1933, he was credited with 30 years of active Army service, reaching the ultimate rank of major general.

First published in 1880, *Campaigning with Crook* presents a closeup picture of the dangers and hardships of the Indian wars in Wyoming and Dakota.

When notified of the Custer massacre the men of the Fifth, commanded by Brevet Maj. Gen. (Col.) Wesley Merritt, started in pursuit of the Sioux war party. With nothing but the clothes they wore, and no supply train, the Fifth trailed and fought the hostiles for 20 weeks, along a route extending for nearly 1,000 miles.

King's meticulous account begins with the departure of the Fifth from its headquarters at Ft. Hayes, Kansas, in June 1876. He traces the movement of the regiment to near Ft. Laramie, to the battle on War Bonnet Creek, then through the long march to the headquarters of Maj. Gen. George Crook's B. H. & Y. expedition at Goose Creek, Mont.

Throughout this account, King gains great immediacy with his keen eye for the details of the life of a trooper. Despite stilted phrasing, vernacular, and humor of the 1880s, King's report is highly readable. He was an excellent storyteller and sensitive observer. The reader will be touched by his account of the death of Jim White, lifelong friend of William F. Cody.

"Buffalo Bill" had interrupted a theatrical tour in the East to return to Army service as chief of scouts for the Fifth Regiment. White, as Cody's companion and "shadow" won, inevitably, the sobriquet of "Buffalo Chips." The death in combat of the likeable Chips is one of those pointless tragedies of war.

The battles at Slim Buttes and on the War Bonnet are stirringly told, the latter engagement noted for the slaying of the young war chief, Yellow Hand, by Cody.

Alan J. Stewart, P.M.

Cuentos Chicanos: A Short Story Anthology, edited by Rudolfo A. Anaya and Antonio Marquez. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1984. 186 pages. \$19.95 cloth, \$9.95 paper.

One of the best methods for learning about a group of people is to read their literature, and the twenty-one short stories in this collection present a very interesting view of several aspects of Chicano society and its values. The stories range from oral tradition to complex narratives and from Mexico to Vietnam. Three of them are written in Spanish which will either produce satisfaction or frustration in the reader. There is somewhat of an uneven quality which is often found in a collection which is the product of several authors.

Two stories in the book that are very interesting are "The Circuit" and "Florinto". The first is about a sixth grade boy whose desire for an education is handicapped by the fact that his family are migrant workers. "Florinto" is a tale that operates on several levels including relationships within a community and the importance of pride in the group heritage.

This is a very readable collection produced by some new authors and a few that are well-known such as Rudolfo Anaya. It is hoped that anyone whose contact with the Chicano community has been minimal will be able to see these people in a new light.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



Women and Indians on the Frontier, 1825-1915 by Glenda Riley. New Mexico University Press, Albuquerque, 1984. 336 pp. \$12.95 paper, \$24.95 cloth.

Liberated lady historians have discovered a gold mine—hitherto obscure source materials about women on America's western frontier. The result has been a flood of recent books by them about "westerning women" meeting the wilderness head on, via covered wagon, stagecoach, log cabin, soddie, or remote Army post. It was perhaps inevitable that someone would soon get around to the juicy subject of "red Indians and white women." Professor Riley has now disposed of that subject almost, but not quite, exhaustively. Her thesis has four propositions:

(1) American women approaching the frontier brought with them as part of their mental baggage a fairly standard set of pre-conceptions about the American Indian.

(2) Out on the frontier, feeding on rumors and alarms, her first somewhat romanticized myths were replaced by feelings ranging from apprehension to disgust to horror.

(3) After getting to know individual Indians or groups somewhat better, she tended to take a more enlightened and tolerant view of them as human beings, a tolerance shared by a few of her male contemporaries.

(4) Finally, while women led the way to a more sympathetic view, strangely enough "they did not extend the same measure of humaneness to groups such as Mexicans, Orientals, Blacks, and Mormons."

If you want to know everything that any frontier women ever said about Indians you will find it in this book, quote after quote after quote. I would not disagree with Riley at all about her conclusions and generalizations. Except for generalization number 4 above, these are conclusions to which most readers would come from their general reading, without the benefit of countless quotes buttressed by 1,200 foot-notes. There is no question about Riley's scholarship; it is comprehensive and impeccable. The reader gets groggy from the pounding repetition; different women all saying much the same things.

Another small problem is one of organization and control. Riley lumps together the experiences of women for a period of nearly

a century, and to prove her points she lumps together the reactions of all classes of women. Frontier conditions changed from one decade to the next, and it seems that a chronological approach to the subject might have been more revealing.

Riley's interest in refurbishing the character of the Indian leads her to downplay his documented savagery, including his maltreatment, from various forms of abuse to murder of white captives, both male and female. No such kind opinions would be forthcoming from Mrs. Eubanks, Laura Roper, or Nancy Morton, among others captured and brutalized in 1864, the unidentified woman scalped alive in Idaho in 1862, or Susanne Alderdice who was brained by a tomahawk in Colorado in 1872. In 1847 Narcissa Whitman and 12 others were massacred in Oregon by Indians, she had befriended. It is doubtful that even the staidly Narcissa would manage to entertain "a more tolerant view."

Merrill J. Mattes, *EdM*

Unlikely Warriors: General Benjamin H. Grierson and His Family by William H. and Shirley A. Leckie. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1984. 368 pages, illus., maps, footnotes, index. Hardback \$19.95.

Well titled, this historical biography of General Grierson and his family meticulously details the life of Grierson from the settlement of his Scotch-Irish ancestors in the United States through the Civil War, the settlement of the West, to his death in 1928. The Griersons were prolific letter writers and diarists and the authors have diligently researched these papers and historical records to provide an absorbing account that enables the reader to know the family as well or better than his own relatives.

Like U.S. Grant, Grierson floundered through several endeavors until in May, 1861, at age 35 he volunteered as an unpaid officer in an Illinois infantry regiment. Previously, he had been most successful as a musician and band leader. Rising rapidly to Major General of Volunteers, he led a cavalry outfit raiding through enemy-held Mississippi and later another such foray that aroused consternation among Confederates. These raids equalled or surpassed the more

publicized campaigns of Stuart and other rebels.

After the war, Grierson became Colonel of the new black 10th Cavalry and served primarily in the Southwest during the remainder of his career, finally achieving his coveted star as Brevet Major General in 1867.

The reader is impressed with Grierson's military ability and success, contrasted with his failures in his personal relationships and economic endeavors. His wife, an obvious neurotic, perpetually harangued him to give up occasional cigars and attending the theater, to forego an occasional drink, to attend church, etc. At one point, she even advocated celibacy because she was tired of producing children. His offspring inherited mental instability; some were institutionalized, others died young, and by 1979, the direct Grierson line expired, although Grierson once expressed the desire to found a dynasty. Even his brothers, sisters, and in-laws habitually experienced business failures and difficulties and turned to the General for assistance.

Experiencing exasperating and frustrating problems with the Kiowa, Cheyenne and Comanche Indians on the southern plains and problems with his own black Tenth, it is amazing that altogether Grierson was able to function successfully in his military career. Through it all, Grierson maintained an understanding attitude toward the wild Indians and his troopers.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

The State Parks of New Mexico by John V. Young. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1984. 160 pages, photographs. Cloth, \$19.95, paper, \$9.95.

John Young has provided a very valuable tool for the traveler in the state of New Mexico with the publication of his book describing the forty-four state parks. That interest in visiting these parks is not limited to the residents of the state is evident in the information that the annual number of visitors to the parks exceeds the population of the state several times.

The format of the book is an alphabetical listing of the state parks from Bottomless Lakes near Roswell to Villanueva near Las

Vegas. Detailed information regarding each park includes the location, facilities available, special activities and attractions, and the history and folklore. The author has done an excellent job researching each of the parks and has included information about each that makes this book most interesting. Among the state parks are Rock Hound State Park where visitors are invited to collect specimens of the different rocks available to add to their personal collections, Pancho Villa State Park where an attack on the United States is remembered, and the Valley of Fires State Park with its unique malpais area which was formed only one to two thousand years ago.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

A Canyon Voyage: the Narrative of the Second Powell Expedition by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. Univ. of Arizona Press (1908) 1984. 50 ills., Paperback \$9.95

It will come as welcome news to those interested in Western history and in river running that the University of Arizona Press has reprinted the Colorado River classic, *A Canyon Voyage*, by Frederick S. Dellenbaugh. This book was first published in 1908 and is regarded as the most complete account of Powell's second trip through the canyons of the Colorado in 1871 and 1872. The book has been printed in paperback which makes the cost reasonable and the volume is one which can be carried on present-day trips just as the original was used by the Kolb brothers on their famous trip from Wyoming to Mexico in 1910.

This page numbering is the same as that of the earlier Dellenbaugh volumes so that direct page referencing is possible.

Dellenbaugh's introduction is that of the Second Printing (1928) and is interesting because of the change in attitude between 1908 and 1926 relative to Powell's first expedition and the famous still controversial separation of the Howland brothers and William Dunn which is commented upon in the Forward by William Goetzmann.

This volume should be in the libraries of all Grand Canyon River Runners and those who have the earlier printings may wish to have this edition for the Forward alone.

Dr. Henry W. Toll, P.M.

Voices From the Oil Fields edited by Paul F. Lambert and Kenny A. Franks. Univ. Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1984. 260 pages, cloth, \$19.95

Voices from the Oil Fields is about the men who did the work in the "oil patches" of the United States and Mexico. These were men who worked hard, played hard and dealt with danger as a normal hazard in their jobs. These jobs ranged from the roughneck who worked in mud and oil in all possible conditions to the driller with his special common sense knowledge of where to drill to the shooter who was allowed only one mistake.

The editors have selected these interviews from those that were collected by employees of the Federal Writers Project of the Works Progress Administration. Men such as Ned DeWitt traveled throughout the oil fields during the 1930's and collected the experiences of a special group of men. These interviews give a vivid picture of a life style very different than that found in the more mundane type of work, and they also provide technical information relating to early methods in the oil fields.

The boom towns of the oil fields were the last of the boom towns that had grown throughout the American West during the nineteenth century as people sought riches and good jobs. While the towns contained the workers they also contained the people who worked the workers such as the gambler and the prostitute.

A picture that is presented by the man in the oil field jobs is one of hard work that could easily result in injury or death. This is still true in the "oil patches" of today. Several persons who rushed to Wyoming in the energy boom of the 1970's decided after a few weeks in the fields that their lives were worth more to them than the high wages that they were receiving, and they returned to their old jobs in Denver. They also discovered as did the workers in an earlier time that the costs of living in a boom area are high and that it is difficult to save for a rainy day.

Having lived in the oil fields near Paulhuska, Oklahoma, during the time that these interviews were conducted, these interviews catch the flavor of life style of the workers and the people who supplied their

wells. One example of this is found in the interviews with the shooters. They were the men who used nitroglycerin to increase the flow of a well. One of the many dangers of their job involved the hauling of the nitro to the well site. Sometimes you would hear a large explosion nearby, and when you got to the scene, all that was found was a hole in the ground. The W. P. A. workers who did the interviewing did an excellent job in drawing out the experiences of the workers, and these interviews make great reading. The book also contains a large number of excellent photographs that the editors have collected from a large number of sources including the files of oil companies. The editors stated that "our purpose in preparing this book was to capture the essence of what life was like for the people of the oil patch during the first four decades of this century." They certainly accomplished this and produced a very interesting and readable book. For anyone who has lived near or worked in the "oil patch," and for anyone who appreciates how different people work and live, this book is worth their time.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

GRIZZLY BEAR (*Ursus horribilis*)

The Grizzly Bear was originally found from Alaska south through the Rocky Mountain chain to Mexico, and on the Great Plains where it was encountered as far east as the Black Hills by the Lewis and Clark expedition, who reported the "white bear" as extremely dangerous and difficult to kill.

It became the State emblem of California.

It has become scarce or extinct in the southern part of its original range, including Colorado. Grizzlies still survive in Yellowstone Park where they have become of some danger to tourists, and where the authorities are taking pains to keep them away from tourist centers. They are more abundant north in their range, as are their relatives the Alaskan Brown Bears.

The group may be distinguished from the Black and "Cinnamon" bears by their large size, by their "dished" facial profile, the prominent hump over the shoulders, and by the extremely long front claws. The Grizzly gets its name from the variegated color of the fur.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr.

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

MAY-JUNE 1985



MY SHORT EXCITING LIFE AS A NEWSREEL CAMERAMAN

Thomas M. (Mel) Griffiths P.M.



Stable and mill building after Camp Bird avalanche, February 1936

BOUND ROUNDUPS AVAILABLE

The 1982 and 1983 ROUNDUPS have been nicely hardbound, each volume separately, and are available from our Tallyman, Dr. Loren Blaney, at the monthly meetings, at \$5.00 each volume. The bound 1984 volume is in preparation. For those not attending meetings, Dr. Blaney's address can be found in the next column; mail orders should include \$1.00 each volume for packing and postage. Start now to build your set!

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES?

We cannot operate without them. Cut-off date is April First after which unpaid names are removed from the mailing lists. Stay with us!

ANNIVERSARIES

The year of 1984 was the 40th anniversary of the founding of the Westerners, while 1985 is that of the Denver Westerners. Perhaps we should explore the possibilities of either or both of these occasions, possibly at the Winter Rendezvous.

FOR CONSIDERATION

We hope that many of you will have responded generously to the suggestion on your dues notice labled "Donation". At the present time such gifts are used to defray the costs of publication of the ROUNDUP, but we hope that in the course of time there may be a nucleus for the establishment of a capital fund which will not be expended but will be deposited in a savings account, the interest only of which will help support the activities of the Denver Westerners.

We should not overlook the possibilities of "Living Wills" in which a sizeable gift to the Denver Westerners is set aside to draw interest for the donor during his lifetime, but will revert to the Westerners at his death.

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MY SHORT EXCITING LIFE AS A NEWSREEL CAMERAMAN

by

Thomas M. (Mel) Griffiths P.M.

Presented 22 August 1984

The handiest role model for most young people is a parent or close relative. Ever-present precept and example make it easy for the son of a lawyer or doctor, or the daughter of a loving and beloved mother to follow in the foot steps of his or her parent.

This has been true for all of recorded history, in spite of the exceptions from literature, such as Hamlet or Oedipus, and the theories of Freudian psychoanalysis—exceptions which tend to prove the rule.

My own case ran counter to the norm. My father was the only veterinarian in a Western Slope ranching and farming community. His territory went as far east as the Colorado State Reformatory at Buena Vista and the Colorado State Penitentiary at Canon City. At both institutions he doctored the dairy herds and sheep flocks. To the west he found patients at the isolated ranches along the Utah border—the west end of Montrose County.

From the time I was in the sixth or seventh grade until my graduation from high school, I accompanied my father on his rounds as often as I could. I was his anesthetist whenever he spayed a bitch, I helped him deliver many a young heifer in trouble at calving time, I have helped anesthetize and pull porcupine quills out of a stupid, fighting airdale's face and mouth—17 quills clear through his tongue! I still bear a scar on my right wrist from the bite of a ferocious tom cat who took exception to his owner's request that he (the tom cat) be "neutered" (as it is euphemistically called in these enlightened days), all done in order to bring peace to the cat's quarter of town. Stuffing the ferocious feline, head first, into an upended hollow drain tile in preparation for the operation was one of my minor triumphs as the Vet's helper.

In his story, *Jim Baker's Bluejay Yarn*, Mark Twain has Baker say, "Animals can talk and understand each other.

"There's no bird, or cow, or anything that uses as good grammar as a bluejay. You may say a cat uses good grammar. Well a cat does—but you let a cat get excited, once; you let a cat get to pulling fur with another cat on a shed, nights, and you'll hear grammar that will give you the lockjaw. Ignorant people think it's the *noise* which fighting cats make that is so aggravating, but it ain't so; it's the sickening grammar they use." Today I read James Harriot's experiences as a vet in England's Yorkshire's dales with sympathetic appreciation. I know from whence he comes; I was there as early as he was, but I utterly failed to see the value of my own youthful experiences as literary raw material.

All photographs by the author

I say now, with a sigh of regret, that I was not greatly enamored of the veterinarian's way of life. I graduated from high school in the spring of 1929. *Black Friday*, in October of that year when ruined investors and brokers swan-dived into the canyon of Wall Street, put an end to my hopes of entering Dartmouth in the fall of 1930. I had already been accepted by that institution, but when the time came, I couldn't accept on my own part. In May of 1930, my father had died, and I suddenly found myself the partial support of my mother and sister. The family lawyer, Lee Knous, who then practiced in Montrose, and was later to become the Governor of Colorado and the chief justice of the Colorado supreme court, tried with scant success to collect the twelve to fifteen thousand dollars worth of outstanding accounts on my father's books. My younger brother went to work; my youngest brother lied about his age and joined the Navy. I postponed my formal education for the next sixteen years, while I scratched away at whatever work would keep body and soul together in a depression-ravaged land. I worked as a Forest Service telephone lineman, a power line construction worker, a counselor in a boy's summer camp, a camp mover for a Trail Riders of the Wilderness ride, a hotel night clerk, and a hard rock miner.

When I returned to college in 1946, after a five-year stint in the Air Corps, I was wiser in the ways of the world than most of my classmates, but short on the profundities of Keynesian economics and the precepts of nuclear physics.

All of this has little to do with my short and exciting life as a newreel cameraman, except to provide background.

From among the welter of "characters" I met or worked with during my sixteen-year hiatus, one stands out vividly in my memory, although he did not serve as the sole role model of my youth.

He was Lee Orr, the Fox Movietone newsreel cameraman for the midwest and Rocky Mountain regions during the late 1920's and all of the 1930's.

Lee Orr was born in 1887 on a farm in Wayne County, Ohio. When he was 81 years old, Lee produced an autobiography in illustrated typescript. Most of the information about Lee's life, presented here, has been taken from this document. In it he has little to say about his parentage or his early life. From scant references, we deduce that Lee's parents separated shortly before or after his birth. He was brought up by his grandfather and an uncle—he doesn't say whether it was a paternal or maternal uncle—but he went to high school while living with his mother, and visited his father, in Arkansas, during a cycling trip in 1912. When he departed on a motor trip to Western Colorado in 1919, he notes, "The War was over, my wife had gone to seek greener pastures elsewhere, and left our 11 year old daughter, Mickey, with me." In all the time I knew him, I never completely understood Lee's family arrangements.

When Lee mentions the year of his birth, he points out, "at that time there were no automobiles, airplanes, very few telephones, and most homes were lighted by candles or kerosene. Short journeys were made by horse, while long trips were taken by train or boat."

Lee's schooling started in a one-room, all-grade school near his grandfather's farm. At the age of nine he moved to a nearby town to live with his mother. He



Lee Orr on bicycle trip from Ohio to Arkansas, 1912

graduated from the Doylestown, Ohio, High School, in 1905. During the 1905-1906 school year he attended business college in Wooster, Ohio. In 1908 he entered Temple University, in Philadelphia, majoring in Physical Education. In 1911 he graduated from that institution and took a job as physical education director of East High School in Cleveland, Ohio, a job which he held for the next four years, after which he transferred to the Cleveland Heights school system in the same city.

Orr was of a slight, athletic, build, tough and quick, but at the same time methodical and patient where persistence was needed to get the job done.

During the summer of 1912 he pedaled a bicycle from Cleveland to Siloam Springs, Arkansas, to visit his father. He earned his way by selling postcards of himself and his bicycle in the little towns along the way, and averaged 75 miles a day. It surprised him that his postcards sold as well as they did.

In the summer of 1914 he took a group of four city boys to western Colorado, where they worked on a ranch near Eagle. For the next five years he ran summer camps for Cleveland boys in western Colorado.

During the latter part of World War I, Lee tried seven times to enlist for military service, but was always rejected; he is not clear why.

In 1919 he bought a Model T Ford and took his daughter and two Cleveland boys on another excursion to western Colorado and then south to Navajo country. The boys worked for a week in the hayfields at the same Eagle ranch they had visited several years earlier. He describes the vicissitudes of rain-soaked roads in western Kansas, substituting kerosene for gasoline as fuel, and the maneuver of backing up steep pitches because gas wouldn't feed by gravity from the tank under the front seat to the carburetor if a steep hill was attacked head on.

In 1920, he resigned from the Cleveland Heights school system. On his own he was a flop as a traveling salesman. He cowboeyed in western Colorado, and finally in desperation took a job at Central High School in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Again, he coached football as he had done in the Cleveland school system.

In 1924, he struck out on his own again, and this time he was more successful. He bought a small mimeograph machine and a small spring-driven DeVry motion picture camera. At Raton, New Mexico he made his first home talent movie. He made a deal with the local movie theatre operator. Lee would write the show, pick local talent for the parts, rehearse and photograph the story for a share of the returns. That first show, at Raton, was entitled, *Holdup on the Santa Fe Trail*. Lee made \$165 and the local theatre owner grossed \$2,000. Later that winter, Lee made another home talent picture for the same theatre, but this time he insisted on a fifty-fifty split of the profit. This time he netted \$500.

To put this success in proper perspective we must remember that in 1924 there were no sound films, no color films, and no t.v. to supply entertainment in small western towns. Black and white silent films were still a novelty. Box lunch socials, high school plays, church socials, Saturday night dances, the local pool hall, and the local tavern supplied most small town entertainment.

The first picture at Raton was followed quickly by *The Great Bank Robbery* at Delta, Colorado. The town had suffered a similar genuine robbery a few months earlier. This was followed by the *Phantom Raiders*, which used Western State College students as talent, and later a sort of vaudeville act with the local baseball team in Pueblo. All this while, Lee Orr was learning how to tell a story with motion pictures, just as other movie pioneers had been learning in New York and California, twenty years earlier.

In late 1924 or '25 Lee made a picture in Gunnison which featured college students on a mountain hike. He sent the film to Fox Films in New York. The beautiful mountain scenery and the exuberant students pleased the newsreel editors and they used the footage for their local edition. During the next year and a half Lee freelanced part of his output to Fox while continuing to do home talent shows. Fox took over thirty of his news pieces during that time.

He shot freelance coverage of the Ad-A-Man Club's climb of Pike's Peak to set

off New Year's Eve fireworks. He went on a winter outing with the Colorado Mountain Club. He covered military maneuvers at Fort Warren in Wyoming and Fort Bliss in Texas. He covered a score of other stories which were good enough to be shown in metropolitan theatres. All this while he had been mixing home talent shows with newsreel films, but gradually the newsreel films crowded out the home talents—Lee was finding his true calling.



Lee Orr making motion pictures of presidential sculptures on Mount Rushmore, South Dakota, 1934

In 1928 Sponable and Case perfected their sound-on-film method of recording. Fox, which along with Pathe and all other newsreels showed silent pictures, opted to be the first newsreel to use the new recording method. The reorganized company was known as Fox Movietone News. At the beginning of the sound-on-film venture, Lee Orr, as one of the old Fox's most successful freelancers, was offered a staff position. Realizing that the new technology would sound the death knell of silent pictures, Lee jumped at the chance.

For the next 35 years Lee Orr made movies for Fox Movietone News. Although his work took him from Alaska to Panama, the bulk of his time was spent on the western edge of the Great Plains and throughout the Rocky Mountains. Initially, management made an effort to direct Lee's itineraries and assignments from the New York office, but they soon saw that his grasp of distance, routes, and the story potential of the region was greater than that of a desk-bound metropolitan directors. Within a year or so, he was finding his own stories; gradually his operations became completely autonomous. From that time on more than 90% of his exposed footage was accepted for the various editions of Movietone News.

In his autobiographical manuscript, Lee says: "Looking back, I can realize that I was drawing on my rather unusual experiences in years past. I had learned how to get along with strangers, I knew sports and athletics from having participated in them and from coaching them. I knew what to expect from boys and young men. I knew horses and cattle from having worked with them, and I knew the ranges and the mountains from having lived in them. I was strong and didn't mind a little discomfort. My camera equipment was light so I could go where I pleased. I figured if another man could go there, so could I."

I first met Lee Orr in 1931. He wanted to get some movie footage at the bottom of the narrowest part of the Black Canyon of the Gunnison. For several years, with local climbing companions, I had been climbing down various side canyons to the bottom of the main canyon; I knew the area well. I undertook to take Lee, Jim Porter, Lee's sound man, and Ray Clarke, Supervisor of the Gunnison National Forest, to the bottom of the canyon. Lee got a few poor pictures on the initial excursion, but on several subsequent trips to the bottom of the canyon he got some excellent footage.

This led to numerous other movie-making expeditions with Lee during which I served as guide, camera carrier, general factotum, and sometimes actor. On one occasion I did a 120-foot free-hanging rappel from an overhang at the rim of the Black Canyon. On another occasion we made spectacular mountain-climbing pictures near the foot of Stony Mountain in Yankee Boy Basin; girls from nearby Ouray were actresses. Lee was a great one for scouting out local talent for his pictures.

At this time I was working as a night clerk in the Belvedere Hotel in Montrose, Colorado. In about 1935, Lee asked me if I would like to keep one of his spare cameras, a spring-driven DeVry, on hand just in case some local event of interest came up while he was in another part of his territory. He thought I might fill in for him. I had enough photographic experience to properly expose the film and I had worked with Lee enough to know what sort of pictures he wanted. I agreed to the arrangement.

My first opportunity to use the camera came during the ensuing winter when I took pictures of the Fish and Wildlife Service's deer feeding program near Gunnison. I sent the exposed film to Movietone News. After a week or so, they returned the developed negative to me, saying they were unable to use it. No reasons were given. Examination of the film show it to be properly exposed and steady. I suspect the story was pretty tame stuff for a general urban audience.

Later that same winter my big chance came. The King Lease of the Camp Bird Mine, near Ouray, was demolished by a massive avalanche.

The account of the avalanche damage which follows has been excerpted from *SAN JUAN COUNTRY*, by Thomas M. Griffiths:

At 9:43 a.m., February 25, 1936, R. F. Dunn, the mine superintendent walked into the snowshed leading from the Camp Bird mill to the mine adit, banded on an underground tour of inspection. He had just left the shop, where Ralph Klinger, the blacksmith, was sharpening drill steel. Mid-morning, winter peace lay over Imogene Basin. From the 11,500-foot elevation of the mine to the rim of the basin, 2,000 feet higher, a layer of fresh snow buried every rock and ridge under a ten to twenty-foot blanket. It had stormed spasmodically for the past forty-eight hours, and the fitful flurries were to go on for more hours. But for the time being, a pale sun struggled to pierce through to the white earth.

The flotation mill rumbled and ground away at its 100-ton daily quota of gold-bearing rock. The compressor popped off with an echo-awakening "choof!" The jaw crusher's metallic crunching shook the mantle of white on the buildings.

Upstairs in the corrugated iron boarding house, a few hundred feet downhill from the mill and stable, the night shift slept off their labors. Downstairs, Mrs. Rose Israel, the cook, started her baking for the noon and evening meals. The dishwasher finished the last of the breakfast dishes. A mule skinner, Evan Roberts, warmed himself by the big range, a mug of hot coffee in his hands, and exchanged pleasantries with the kitchen crew; the early morning struggle with the pack string up the three miles of snow-blotted trail from the end of the road at the old mill had left him chilled to the bone.

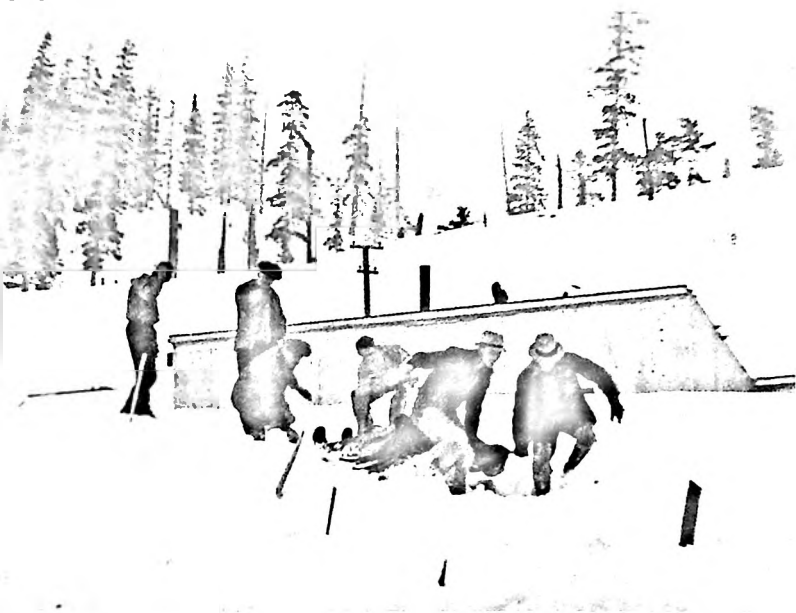
Chapp Woods, the mill "super", was in the little pump house below the mill. Punctually, day in and day out, fair weather or foul, he sent to the small shed about ten o'clock to check the lubrication of the centrifugal pump and look over the edge of the big tank to note the water level.

A mile underground, the day shift drilled and blasted at the earth's vitals. The mine's whole intricate organization functioned near perfectly, like the movement of a fine watch.

At 9:44 a.m., just a minute after R. F. Dunn started into the snowshed, the finely meshed organization was shattered. Not a wheel turned. The mill and the blacksmith shop lay in desolation. The lower story of the boarding house was crushed like an eggshell. The mine adit lay under forty feet of snow, the pump house under ten.

In the interim, some disturbance (a falling rock, a temperature-induced contraction or expansion of the snow, gravity alone—man will never know) had occurred at the headwall of the basin. The blanket of snow slid downward, slowly at first and then with terrifying acceleration. What had started as a small thing grew, through the short span of seconds, into a tons-heavy avalanche of snow, sweeping everything before it. Like the white cloud of powder snow which geysered upward from the snow-swept mountainside, it whirled away the value of \$100,000 worth of physical plant, which a moment before had been earning its way. But more tragic: three lives were lost!

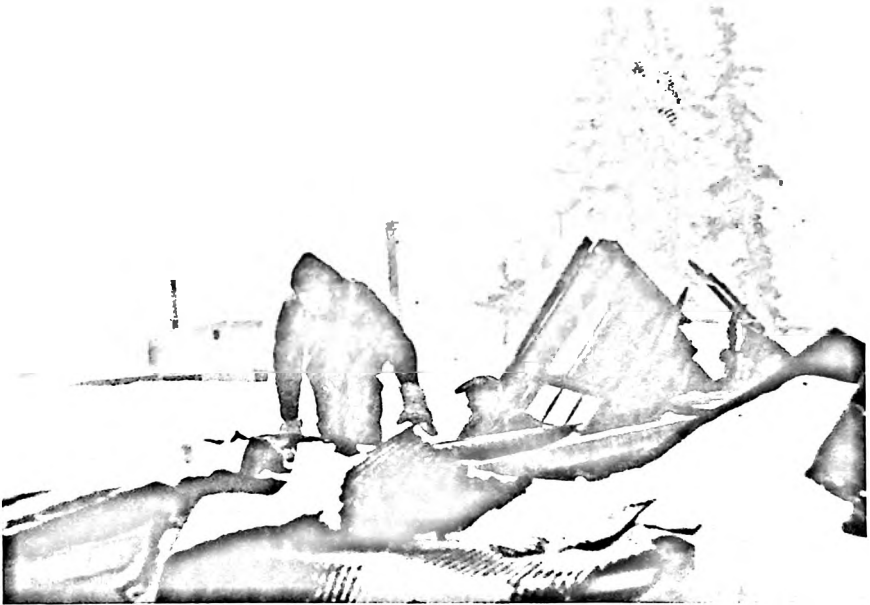
Mrs. Israel, the cook, heard the slide as it first gathered momentum. She rushed to the door to see it. Walt Rogers, one of the mill men, shouted, "Rose! Get back!" she did not stop, he ran and caught her hand to pull her from the door. At that instant the snow struck the building. Mrs. Israel was torn from Roger's grasp, flung outside, and crushed under 14 feet of heavy snow. Walt is alive today; Mrs. Israel is not. Yet only an arm's length separated them when the avalanche struck. Ralph Klinger, the blacksmith, died at his work. Ten hours later they dug him out from beneath the workbench in the shop. It was frozen stiff in such a grotesquely distorted shape that the rescue crew had trouble lashing it to a toboggan for the trip to the lower mill.



Injured mine superintendent, R. F. Dunn, from Camp Bird Mine office building after avalanche. Through twenty-eight feverish hours the rescue crew probed through the debris-mass of snow with long steel rods, searching for the pump house. The avalanche had so altered the landscape that even men who had worked at the mine could not tell where the little building should be. It was early afternoon of that day when one of the rods finally struck the roof of the pump house. Swiftly sliced through ten feet of snow. A hole was chopped in the roof! There was air inside! But the slight hope this discovery held forth was immediately dashed. Chapp Wood's body was found hanging head down in the water-crowned. Investigators concluded that the "mill super" had been struck by the collapsing roof and knocked into the tank; he had no chance to use the slight air

space the pump house afforded.

The day shift, underground, was alerted to the accident when the electric power that ran the small hoist and lighted the hoist room went off and the compressed air that ran the miner's drills shut down. Thinking it was only a power failure, they waited half to three quarters of an hour. When the power didn't come back on, they decided to knock off for the day. Those working in stopes above or in winzes below had to climb up or down manway ladders to reach the hoist room on the main haulage level. From there they could walk out the main haulage adit to the outside. They all had headlamps powered by Edison battery packs. When they reached the snowshed, beyond haulage adit, they found its roof smashed in and had to tunnel through several feet of hard-packed snow to reach the surface.



Searching through wreckage of mill after Camp Bird avalanche, February 1936

R. F. Dunn, the "mine super", who entered the snowshed just before the slide struck, was trapped by falling timbers from the snowshed roof. Although he was injured seriously, fortunately he had been seen entering the snowshed by Slim Erickson and Frank Reed just before the havoc. They were safe, themselves, behind a barricade of baled hay in the stable. When the slide came to rest, they snatched up shovels and began digging for him. Three hours later, after uncovering a length of snowshed, they stumbled onto the place where he was trapped.

A curious incident occurred in the boarding house when the slide struck. Evan

Roberts, the mule skinner who was warming himself by the cook stove, was caught between the snowslide, which entered the side of the building, and the hot cook stove. He escaped with a broken pelvis, frostbite on one side of his body and serious burns on the other.

As soon as word of the catastrophe reached Montrose, I bundled on winter clothes, gathered up camera, film, a light tripod, a changing bag, and raced to Ouray. I had worked at the Camp Bird several years earlier and knew my way around, as well as knowing many of the actors in the drama. For the next two days I filmed every aspect of the avalanche and its effects. I got pictures of the survivors arriving at the road head, three miles from the mine, probing for the body of the mill superintendent, transferring the injured mine superintendent to the boarding house before transporting him to Ouray, even the face of the kitchen clock which was stopped when the slide struck.

The exposed film was rushed off to Movietone News, and again the developed film was returned to me, unused, without explanation. I could only assume that what seemed an earth-shaking disaster to the little mining town of Ouray, Colorado, was not very earth-shaking in Manhattan.

I was now convinced that I was not cut out to be a Movietone Newsreel cameraman. I consoled myself by the knowledge that I had produced honest coverage of the 1936 Camp Bird avalanche. It was not a big-budget, Hollywood extravaganza which would have shown the slide running down the mountainside, engulfing the mine and perhaps a few fleeing figures, but I had told it like it was.

My short life as a newsreel cameraman had been exciting, although not materially rewarding; but I wouldn't trade the experience for all the fees Fox might have paid.

A final curious note: During all the time I worked with Lee Orr, and at no time since, have I ever seen any of the newsreel stories in which I appeared. I just wasn't cut out to perform either before or behind the camera.



Westerner's Bookshelf



William de la Montagne Cary by Mildred D. Ladner. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1984. 242 pages, 16 pages of color illustrations, 59 black and white illustrations, maps. Hardbound, \$39.95.

This is the third publication in the Gilcrease-Oklahoma Series on Western Art and Artists. The subject of this biography is a 19th century illustrator who specialized in western American subjects. In the documentary style of Charles M. Russell and Frederic Remington, William Cary's work showed a West and the people in it that were rapidly changing. His paintings and engravings were an attempt to capture this

aspect of America.

Cary gained his knowledge of the American West during two trips that he made in 1861 and 1874. After both trips, he used his sketches to develop his paintings. His first journey west was with two other young men, William M. Schieffelin and Emlen N. Lawrence who were also from New York. They were aided in their adventure by men such as Pierre Chouteau and Major Alexander Culbertson. Their travel took them by steamboat up the Missouri River, overland to the Pacific Northwest, down the coast to San Francisco, and back to New York by steamer. Cary used the sketches made by

him on the trip as the basis of the illustrations that he sold in later years to several magazines and newspapers. His second trip to the West in 1874 was made under contract with "Harper's Magazine." He secured permission to accompany the Northern Boundary Survey party to the North Dakota-Montana region that he had seen on his first trip. On this trip he was struck by just how much life in the West had changed in only thirteen years.

The book is a combination of an incomplete biography of William de la Montagne Cary, travel accounts by Cary and Schieffelin, and the story of the acquisition of Cary's work by Thomas Gilcrease. The major strength of the book is the travel accounts and the reproduction of much of Cary's work. The major weakness is that the author must not have been able to discover information about several major parts of Cary's life. Three important unanswered questions are; why did the three young men go west in 1861, why did Cary not join the Union Army during the Civil War, and what exactly was he doing during certain periods in his life that are not discussed in the book.

Explanation of a statement regarding the grizzly: the author states that the grizzly is "found in abundance in Alaska and have penetrated as far south as the Sangre de Cristo mountains." In the lower forty-eight, the grizzly is apparently found only in the Yellowstone National Park and Glacier National Park areas and if the National Park Service continues its past policies, the grizzly will soon be gone from Yellowstone. This book presents information regarding an artist not as well known as many other artists that painted the West, but Cary is certainly a person that made a very significant contribution to our understanding of the West before settlement. The accounts of the adventures of Cary and Schieffelin make very interesting reading.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Santa Fe Then and Now by Sheila Morand, photographs by John Swenson. Santa Fe, Sunstone Press, 1984. 96 pp., photographs. \$14.95, paperback.

Santa Fe Then and Now is the book to

have with you on your next visit to "The City Different." The book will enable the visitor to see the city with a widened perspective even if you are very well acquainted with Santa Fe. One will look at the buildings, including those on the plaza, with a new understanding of the changes over the years.

Using photographs from the city's past, from the collection of the Museum of New Mexico, the author attempts to present a few of the many architectural developments that have changed the look of the city. John Swenson has attempted to match up the old photographs with current photographs of the same building or area of the city. With each set of photographs, the text presents some of the well-known and well as the lesser-known information about the building or area.

Another plus for the book is the very helpful map printed with each photographic section of the city. This makes it very easy for the reader to find the site of the photograph while touring Santa Fe. The book also has a brief bibliography of books about Santa Fe.

One of the purposes for the publication of *Santa Fe Then and Now* is to illustrate that change in the city has been at a slow rate for most of the life of the city. Recently Santa Fe has become the "in" spot and this is producing an increased rate of change which threatens the very aspects that have made the city such a very special place.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Outlaws of New Mexico by Peter Hertzog. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1984. 48 pages, paper, \$4.95.

This publication lists some of the most interesting characters in New Mexico history from "A" to "Z", but the definition of "outlaw" seems to depend on the author, as a number of New Mexico politicians seem not to have been included in the book. This includes those members of the Santa Fe Ring of territorial days.

One is tempted to try to find a relative or two in the listing, and in my case it was Tom Jenkins who "shot Lizzie Zeller, a lady of the evening, because she had accidentally shot his brother." It is also interesting to discover the relatives of friends in the listing. While this is certainly no great addition to the his-

tory of New Mexico, it certainly is an interesting book to read.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Mabel Dodge Luhan New Woman, New Worlds by Lois Palken Rudnick. Univ. New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1984. 384 pages, illustrations, bibliography. Hardbound, \$19.95.

Many people who know Taos and its recent history often think of Mabel Dodge Luhan as the rich woman who came to Taos, married an Indian from Taos Pueblo, and attracted a large number of the famous to her new home. While she certainly was all of this, Lois Rudnick has written this latest biography to show that there was much more to this woman who moved to Taos in 1917. She deals with a woman coming from a very conservative background attempting to become one of the movers and shakers in the intellectual life of America. People close to Mabel Luhan often had a difficult time understanding her, and while time has increased this problem to a certain degree, Lois Rudnick has been able with a great deal of research to place Mabel Luhan in her different worlds.

Her life ranged from her childhood in Buffalo to a Florentine villa before settling down for a time in Greenwich Village where her salon attracted the likes of John Reed, Lincoln Steffens, Max Eastman, Emma Goldman, Margaret Sanger and others. It was during this period in her life that her promotion of the Armory Show pushed Mabel Dodge into public notice. From here her journey took her to New Mexico and on to Taos where her cause became the Indians of the Taos Pueblo and where she would spend the remainder of her life except for trips to New York and Carmel to visit friends.

The author uses a variety of source material including books written by Mabel Luhan and those works of fiction using her as one of the characters. The use of manuscript material located in some nineteen collections was especially important. This included the Mabel Dodge Luhan collection at the Beinecke Library of Yale University. The use of this material should make this the definitive biography of the woman who was

"the most popular common denominator that society, literature, art and radical revolutionary ever found in New York and Europe" according to one Chicago reporter of the period.

Mabel Dodge Luhan led a most interesting life as she attempted to discover just what exactly was her role in the world. Her relationships with those around her were never smooth, as her moods and ideas were constantly changing. Lois Rudnick has done an excellent job in following Mabel Luhan and her changing relations with those around her. One of Mabel Luhan's major dilemmas seemed to be whether to be the leader or the follower, and this dilemma never seemed to be resolved by her.

While this book is certainly not the typical book about the West that is often reviewed by this publication, it is about a person whose contribution to Taos was great. Mabel Luhan had a strong impact on the official policy of the federal government regarding the treatment of Indian lands and on the continued development of Taos as an art colony.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Ageless Adobe by Jerome Iowa. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1985. 156 pages, illustrations. Paper, \$16.95.

The author attempts to accomplish two goals. He discusses Southwestern architecture in a brief history while the second part is actually a handbook for the repair and preservation of adobe buildings. The attempt at a brief history of Southwestern architecture is just that—an attempt. This is the major failure of the book. The reader is presented with a little information about a number of different styles and methods of construction, but this is so brief that frustration sets in on the part of the reader. There are several excellent illustrations in this section.

The section on repair and preservation of adobe buildings is very well done. The problems of working with this type of building material may convince some that their dream of living in an adobe house might just have to be reconsidered. Anyone who now lives in an adobe building will find this section most helpful. There is a brief discussion

of solar options but the research in this field still has a long way to go.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Challenge at Castle Gap by Ben Douglas. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1984. 150 pages, paperback, \$9.95.

While this certainly is not an academic type of book, the author has captured the period and the regional flavor of his western gothic tale of adventure and buried treasure. The question is just how does a rancher make it on a ranch with no cattle. The answer is the discovery of Maximilian's treasure. It is a good story for a cold snowy afternoon.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Kachinas: A Selected Bibliography by Marcia Muth. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1984. 30 pages, paper, \$4.95.

This small publication offers a brief introduction to what a Kachina is both to the Indian and to the collector of Indian art. Included is a collection of eight full-page black and white drawings of selected Kachinas done by Glen Strock. The selected bibliography contains a listing of over one hundred references to sources of information regarding Kachinas. This book will be a positive addition to anyone interested in this important aspect of the culture of the American Southwest.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Dr. Webb of Colorado Springs by Helen Clapesattle. Colo. Assoc. Univ. Press, 1984. 490 pp. Cloth \$19.50

Born in England in 1871, Gerald Webb began his medical education at Guy's Hospital, in London. This was interrupted when his new American wife, Jenny became ill with tuberculosis. He took her at once to the United States, to Colorado to seek a cure. Gerald enrolled in the senior year at the Denver University Medical School, and earned his M. D. with highest honors in April 1896. He began practice in Manitou, soon moving to Colorado Springs. With his knowledge, hard, work, careful attention to his patients, and friendly personality, he did well. However Jenny's tuberculosis steadily progressed until she died in 1903. Gerald chose to remain in Colorado Springs rather than go back to an uncertain future in Eng-

land. A year later he married Varina Howell Davis Hayes, granddaughter of Jefferson Davis. She was of great help, driving him on his rounds, and keeping his accounts. They raised a fine family of five children.

On a visit to England in 1906, Gerald did three months postgraduate work in the laboratory of Sir Almroth Wright, the "father of vaccine therapy". Returning home, he set up a research laboratory to study tuberculosis. An expert speaker, he gave papers at many medical meetings. He was especially interested in lymphocytes. (Now, after a fifty year gap, lymphocytes are of prime interest in immunology.) In 1913 Dr. Webb founded the American Association of Immunologists. He is given credit for coining the word immunology.

He served in World War I, in France as tuberculosis control officer. At one point in his army career he sent a large package of reports to Washington wrapped in red tape! Many honors were awarded him: presidency of several medical societies, the Trudeau Medal, offers of professorships at the University of Michigan and Harvard, official United States representative to the 1926 Laennec Centennial in France. He published several books and over a hundred scientific papers.

He had many non-medical interests: an avid bird and wildflower watcher, played tennis and captained the local polo team. In 1901 he had hunted cougar in the Flat Tops with Theodore Roosevelt. The hundreds of tubercular patients sent to him figured significantly in the population growth and economy of Colorado Springs. His research laboratory contributed valuable studies for fifty years. It is now the Webb-Waring Institute at the University of Colorado Medical School.

Mrs. Webb died in 1934 of blood poisoning. After his first heart attacks in 1938 and 1942, Gerald continued to work and to write until his death, of a third coronary, in January 1948.

This carefully researched and well indexed biography is written in an easy and pleasant narrative style. It is a significant contribution both to Colorado history and to the scientific literature of this century.

Dr. Robert K. Brown, P.M.

Missionaries, Outlaws and Indians, Taylor F. Ealy at Lincoln and Zuni, 1878-1886, Edited by Norman J. Bender. Univ. of New Mexico Press, 1984.

Drawing heavily on diaries and other sources of material, this book describes the adventures of a Presbyterian missionary in New Mexico in the late 1870's. Having graduated from both seminary and medical school in 1874, Taylor Fillmore Ealy entered the ministry. He and his wife, Mary, first went to Fort Arbuckle, Indian Territory. In November of 1877, he was chosen by the Presbyterian Church to set up a new mission in Lincoln, New Mexico. They arrived at the outbreak of the Lincoln County War. This dispute between various ranching factions developed into murder, abductions, and open warfare at that time, February, 1878. Ealy interjected himself by succoring some of the wounded, which acts enraged the opposing faction. Federal troops were ultimately called in from nearby Fort Stanton to reduce the gunplay and restore a semblance of order. Ealy took his family and associates to the Fort and obtained a reassignment from the Rocky Mountain Presbytery.

Zuni Pueblo is in the northwest part of present day New Mexico. A city of Pueblo Indians, it was isolated in the fall of 1878. The railroad had not yet reached there. Ealy built his own home and classroom building, the while proselytizing and sporadically giving a whiteman's education to the Zuni. His attempts to sway the Zuni pretty much failed as they clung to their tribal traditions.

The book gives interesting insights into how a missionary to the Indian country viewed his surroundings and tasks. In Lincoln, Ealy started by being neutral but soon took sides in the Lincoln County War. It is not readily apparent that either faction was innocent in this struggle, but Ealy did not hesitate to make a choice. In Zuni, he and his family were as concerned with building shelter as with educating and converting the Zuni. Ultimately, frustrated by a lukewarm reception from the Zuni, apparent lack of support from the Rocky Mountain Pres-

bytery, and disputes with the Federal Indian Agent overseeing the Zuni Pueblo, Ealy resigned.

Stanley Moore, C.M.

The Lost Land: The Chicano Image of the Southwest by John R. Chavez. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1984. 207 pages. \$19.95 cloth, \$9.95 paper.

John R. Chavez has used primary sources ranging from Aztec chronicles to the speeches of political spokesmen such as Corky Gonzales of Denver in writing an intellectual history of Chicano self-perception. The lost land under discussion is that area of the Southwest United States that was acquired from Mexico by war and purchase. This land is where the majority of Spanish surnamed citizens live today.

David Weber dealt with people in *Foreigners in Their Native Land: Historical Roots of the Mexican Americans*. Weber's book is a collection of historical sources dealing with the position of the Spanish surnamed in the Southwest United States which was Northern Mexico. John Chavez has taken Weber's basic research and expanded the topic into a most interesting, well-written book.

The number of Spanish surnamed living in the United States today is increasing and this group is becoming politically active in many cities and states including Denver with the recent election of the Hispanic mayor. This book fills a need in that it attempts to discover the history and the attitudes of this very important group of people.

One very important aspect of this study is an attempt to explain the problem of a group name. Are you Spanish-American, Mexican-American, Hispanic or Chicano? There is much more to the preference than one might suspect. Chavez points out that the name used reflects how the individual perceives his cultural and/or racial heritage. This terminology becomes a problem between generations within a family at times.

There is a very strong need to understand this group of Americans, and *The Lost Land* is an excellent start toward this understanding.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

JULY-AUGUST 1985



**MINES AND MINERALS OF
GILPIN COUNTY, COLORADO**
John M. Shannon and Geraldine C. Shannon



Early photo of Black Hawk, by Thomas; courtesy George Karakhian.

IN MEMORIAM-LeRoy R. Hafen, 1893-1985.

We mark with great regret the passing of another of the Founders of the Denver Westerners. A recital of his contributions to Western history would tax the facilities of the *Roundup*. Suffice it to say that they were massive. With his equally distinguished wife, they produced, among many other major works in their field, the celebrated *Mountain Men and The Fur Trade* (10 volumes), and the *Far West and the Rockies*, (15 volumes) series. "He has left us a remarkable record of publication, high standards of research, deliberate careful methodologies, and above all a passionate love of western American history," says the Utah Historical Quarterly, of which state he was a native and in which he spent his last years.

Ann Woodbury Hafen published both separately and in collaboration with her husband; she preceded him in death. LeRoy was the recipient of very numerous honors, awards, and an honorary degree from the University of Colorado. He will be sorely missed!

ANOTHER EMPTY SADDLE

Allison E. Nutt, born and educated in Denver, spent 14 years as bus driver and streetcar operator for the Denver Tramway while attending the University of Denver part time, from which he received his B.S. degree in Chemical Engineering in 1930. From 1940 to 1942 he was supervisory inspector for the Wage Hour Division of the Department of Labor. From 1942 to 1945 he was Chief Chemist for the War Department at the Rocky Mountain Arsenal. In 1951 he returned to the Department of Labor where he became Field Examiner for the National Labor Relations Board until his retirement in 1975. He was victim of a massive stroke as he was being honored by admission to the National Academy of Arbitrators in Chicago in May 1984. He did not recover, and passed away on 6 June 1984. He is survived by his wife, Ruth W. Nutt, who lives in Denver, and two brothers. His cheery presence at Denver Westerners meetings is sorely missed.

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MINES AND MINERALS OF GILPIN COUNTY, COLORADO

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and

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Gold!!!

That was the cry and the hope for thousands. Many had seen the goose quills full of gold dust brought back east and were told the gold was free for the taking.

One of the people caught up in this search for riches was John Gregory. While wintering in Wyoming, he changed his mind about going to the Fraser River in British Columbia when he heard about the gold strike along the South Platte.

Upon his arrival in the "Pike's Peak gold field", he examined many of the more favorable localities from the Cache la Poudre to Pike's Peak. On one of his trips through Auraria he met George A. Jackson, the actual discoverer of gold-bearing placers in the Rocky Mountains. Jackson told Gregory of the placers on the Vasquez Fork of the South Platte (i.e., Clear Creek), but Gregory, either by accident or design, found himself on a northern branch instead of the main Vasquez Fork.

After prospecting several forks and ravines and following the one which showed the richest color, he wound up in a small ravine just a short distance above the present town of Black Hawk. Before he could examine his find more closely and satisfy himself that he had indeed found gold, he was caught in a heavy snowstorm.

Returning to Golden City, he secured financing and was joined in his next journey, which was destined to be one of the most significant for lode mining in Colorado, by Wilkes Defrees, William Ziegler and others. Arriving at the proper location on May 6, 1859, he instructed Defrees to dig in several places while he (Gregory) examined each shovelful thoroughly. At length he observed what appeared to be very promising ground; he immediately had Defrees fill a gold pan, and taking it to the small ravine for panning obtained almost one-half ounce of gold.

Because of snow and ice, it took until the sixteenth of May to set up sluices and begin an orderly placering operation. On the nineteenth of May there were only seventeen men in the gulch; on the following day there were 150!!! Between May 16 and 23 Gregory was able to work the claim three days, taking out \$972 in gold. This computes to 51.7 troy ounces, which at the present-day price of \$310 per troy ounce, equals approximately \$16,000.

One of the peculiarities noticed in these early mines was that in most of the quartz veins opened and worked in the early part of the summer, a sort of cleft or crevice—the miners qualify it as a "pocket"—appeared at a certain depth, enclosed by a wall of sandstone and filled with a yellowish substance, richly impregnated with flour gold. It consisted of clayish matter, largely intermixed with sandstone and quartz rock in a pulverized condition. It was out of this "pay dirt" that enormous yields were obtained by sluicing.

Excerpted from an article to appear in a future issue of *Mineralogical Record*

Richard Sopris, just above the Gregory Lode, laid out a little town, made two or three streets in it and called it Mountain City; the first house was built on the twenty-second of May, 1859. Mountain City is now absorbed in part by Central City and in part by Black Hawk.

During late May or early June, 1859, William Green Russell returned to Auraria from Georgia with additional provisions for those of his party who had remained in Colorado through the winter of 1858-1859. He traveled over the Old Cherokee trail that was then called the Smoky Hill route. The entire party camped at Denver only a day or two, and then went into the mountains. They began prospecting at a locality approximately two miles southwest of the present town of Central City. About seventy-six ounces of gold were brought out during the first week, and soon this gulch, which was destined to bear Russell's name, had approximately nine-hundred men working in it.

At the same time, perhaps two hundred men were tearing up the tributary gulches—Nevada, Illinois, Missouri Flats—each yielding approximately \$9000 per week. This is about 479 troy ounces, or about \$148,490 worth at \$310 per troy ounce.

There began the development of what has been referred to as "The Mother of the Colorado Mining Camps", for it was primarily from these lode and placer claims that men branched out to other as-yet-undiscovered mining areas of Colorado.

Russell was followed by hundreds of prospectors, and subsequently an area of perhaps ten square miles was filled with miners, mines, and new mining districts: Leavenworth, Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Nevada, Eureka, Pleasant Lake, and Dry Gulches.

David H. Moffat, Jerome B. Chaffee, Henry M. Teller, Edward I. Wolcott, H. A. Wolcott, and Nathaniel P. Hill were all intimately associated with the development of Central City, as well as George M. Pullman of railroad car fame, and Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer, who at one time kept books in the Boston-Colorado smelter at Black Hawk.

About half-way between Gregory Diggins and the community which sprang up in Nevada Gulch (Nevada City or Nevadaville), three ravines come together in a small low flat. One of the first men to pitch a tent here was William N. Byers (later to found the *Rocky Mountain News*). The title of Central City was singularly appropriate, since it occupies a central position between Black Hawk and Nevada, the extremes of settlement in the inhabited ravines. Its origin was explained by Mr. Hugh A. Campbell, an old settler, who related that in 1859 he and Jesse Trotter opened a miner's supply store in a cabin built for the purpose, at the corner where Main and Lawrence streets unite. They put over the door a sign calling it the Central City store, and persuaded the miners and others to change the addresses of the mail matter from the regular post office at Mountain City to Central City, and by persistently pushing it to the front, finally secured its general adoption.

It was quite difficult to determine the value of the gold, due to the variation in purity, the lack of a fixed standard of value, and the absence of banking houses. Miners tended to put a higher value on the gold than anyone else, which is somewhat understandable, since they were the ones by whose labor it was brought forth. They



Gregory Gulch in 1859; from Richardson, *Beyond the Mississippi*, 1867.

worked under what present-day laborers would consider impossible conditions. In the first season blasting powder and fuses were absolutely unobtainable and there was virtually no transportation available to convey quartz rock to the milling area, so lode mining was difficult, to say the least. Placer mining required the miner to stand in the water all day, wielding pick and shovel constantly to "feed" the sluices. Add to those conditions the lack of beasts of burden, due to the exorbitant cost of feeding, and conditions such as scarcity of food and poor housing, and one understands why the miners valued their product.

As the mines were sunk deeper many of the springs and wells dried up. Water for domestic purposes had to be hauled in barrels from outlying sources, and sold from door to door at fifty cents a barrel.

Several quartz mills were erected along North Clear Creek during 1859. These were primitive in design, and included half a dozen Mexican arastras. Some unique contrivances for quartz crushing might have been seen in those days. One Mr. Red exhibited the quality of his genius in a trip hammer pivoted on a stump, the hammer head pounding quartz in a wooden trough. For obvious reasons, this was dubbed the "Woodpecker Mill."

Because of the water supply afforded by North Clear Creek, the mills which burgeoned in less than a year to sixty, together with thirty arastras, were localized in an area of less than two miles along the stream. Their operators and employees lived nearby, and quartz milling was the principal occupation of that section. At that time the area was regarded as the lower outskirts of Gregory Point.

On May 23, 1860, a quartz mill, manufactured in Rock Island, Illinois, was brought to Gregory Diggins by Lee, Judd and Lee, who set it up on North Clear Creek near the center of the settlement. The brand name on the mill was Black Hawk, for the famous Indian chief*, and the community soon became known by that name.



Black Hawk Assay Office. Thomas photo; courtesy George Karakhian.

Both the quartz and placer gold were found to contain a large percentage of silver. However, the miners of the day regarded the silver, as well as the other minerals present in the dirt and ore, as worthless nuisances and discarded everything except the gold.

Much of the oxidized free-milling ore in Gilpin County had been exhausted in 1859, soon after discovery, and placer mining had nearly ceased to exist there by 1863. Varying success was encountered with the difficulties of amalgamation of the sulphides during the four years following discovery, but in 1864 mining literally came to a standstill.

There was an upswing in mining with the introduction of smelting in 1865 and later with the invention of a process for the separating of gold, silver and copper by Richard Pearce, but essentially gold mining in Gilpin County remained static and eventually showed a slow decline.

*Black Sparrow Hawk was the English name of a chief of the Sac Indians, born near present-day Rock Island, Illinois, in 1767. He died near Fort Des Moines, Iowa, October 3, 1838. His leadership of the Sac and Fox tribes in opposition to a treaty with the United States ceding their lands east of the Mississippi River led to the Black Hawk War of 1832, and eventually to the Black Hawk Purchase of their lands in Iowa.

George Aux, one of the early settlers and gold miners, *claims* the first silver strike was made by him and Al Miller from Philadelphia in July of 1859. They abandoned it after about a year as being worthless. This mine, the Dallas, is listed in 1880 as one of the claims of the Midas Gold and Silver Mining Company.

The first authenticated discoveries of silver in Gilpin County were made in May and June, 1878, on Silver Hill, about one mile almost directly north of Black Hawk. Hughesville was the seat of this silver belt and it was here that the Hard Money mine was discovered by the Locke brothers and Hundeman in September, 1878.

The increase in the price of gold several years ago caused many of the old mines to be re-opened, but the recent decrease in that price has slowed activity to a standstill.

ABOUT MINERAL COLLECTING

A crystal is the regular solid form which a chemical substance takes when it passes into the solid state from that of either a liquid or a gas, and it is under such conditions that the molecules are quite free to arrange themselves according to the direction of the attractive forces acting between them.

It is this crystal form of mineral species that is so appealing to the collector. Searching for nature's perfect crystal form in the better than two thousand mineral species is what drives many people to be mineral collectors. The infinite variety of color, shape, size and aesthetics provides the opportunity for all to amass specimens.

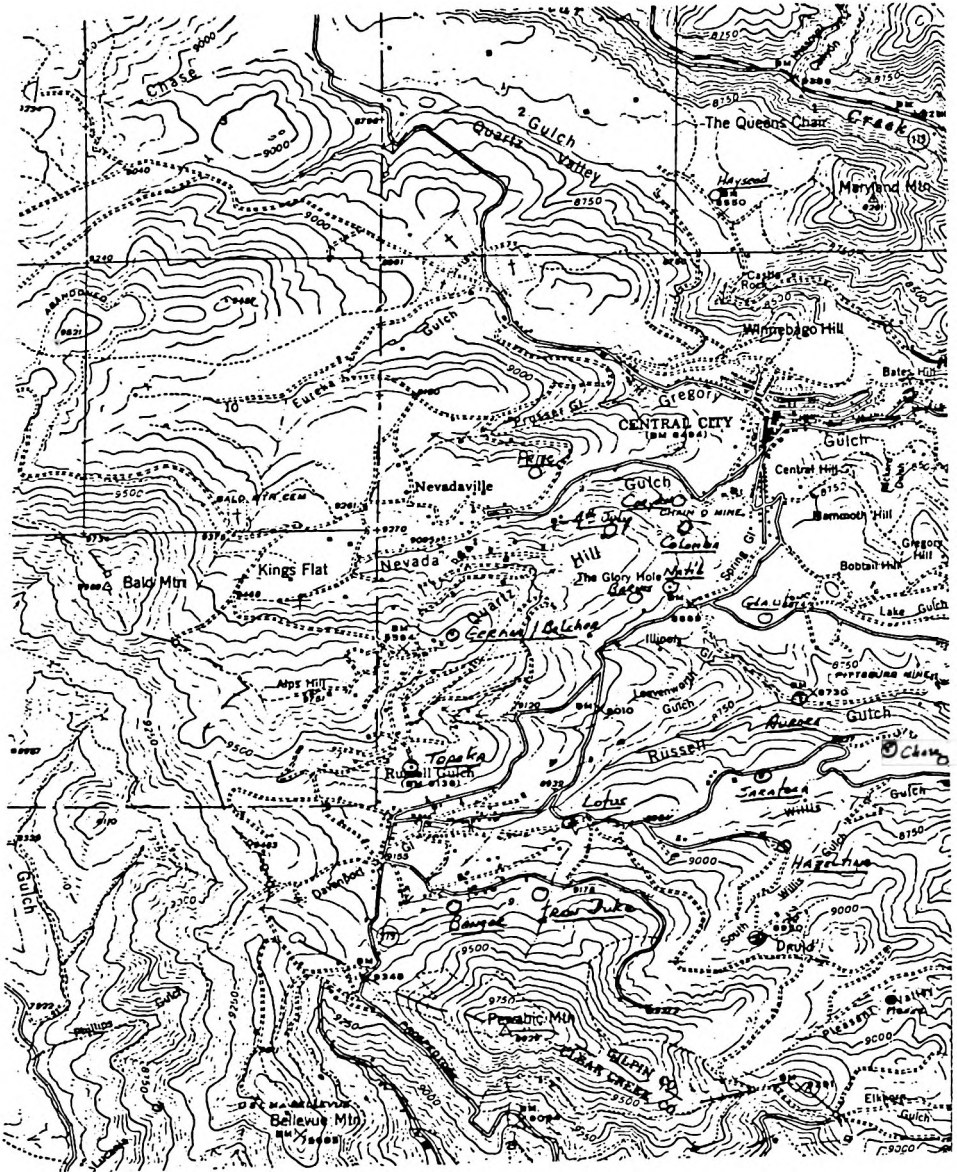
These crystal forms, then, are the type of specimens described in this paper.

ABOUT SOME OF THE MINES

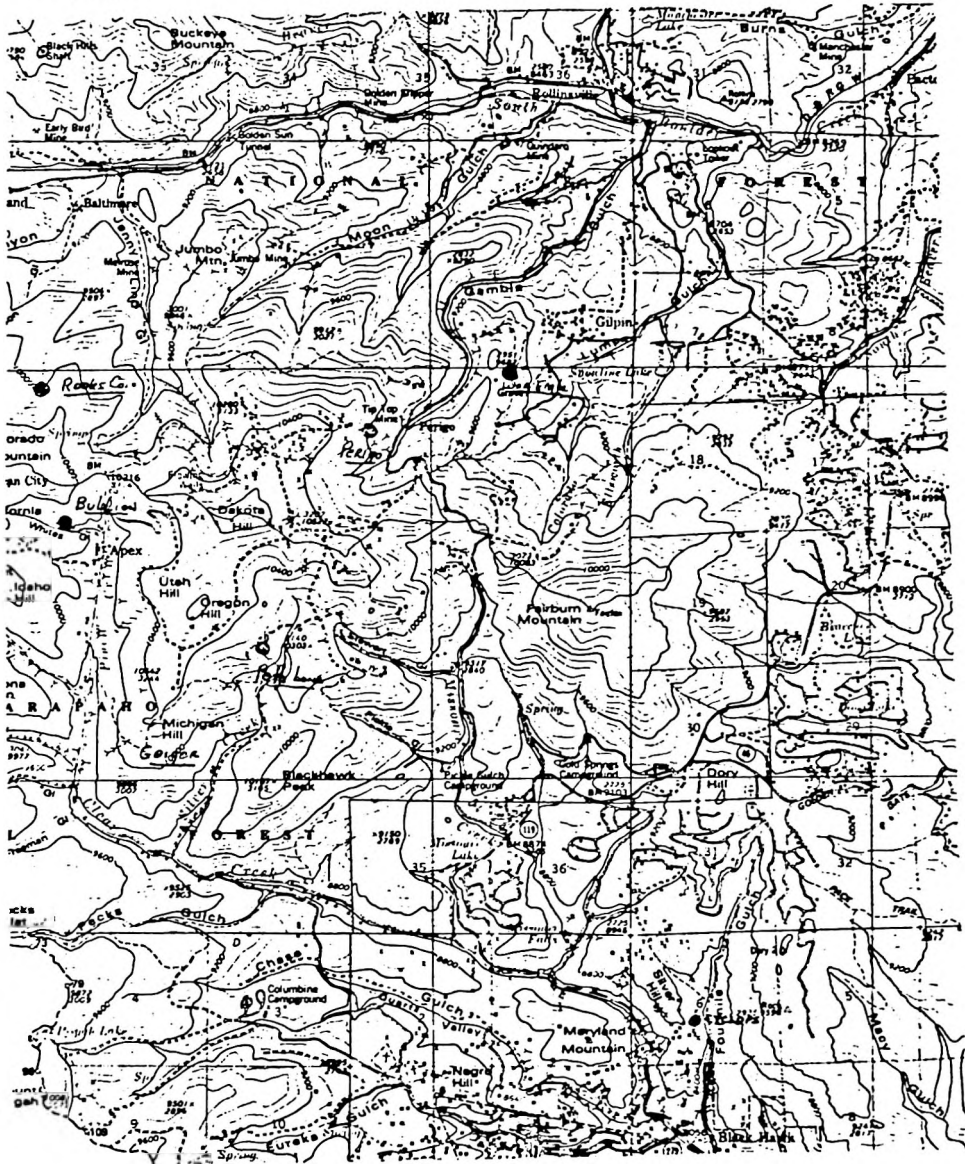
In Gilpin County there are approximately forty mines which have been known to produce crystalline mineral specimens, so an examination of some of these mines is pertinent. A good starting point is with the one which began it all—the Gregory.

After the Gregory's discovery, the Gregory vein was located and claimed for nearly a mile, the claims extending from the summit of Gregory Hill, across Gregory Gulch and over to Bates Hill. Gregory had two claims on the vein southwest of the gulch. Because of his reputation as the original lode gold discoverer in Colorado, he was much in demand as a mining "expert" and was paid as much as \$200 per day for his opinions. When an offer was made on May 29, 1859, by Edward R. Henderson and Amos Gridley to purchase the discovery property, Gregory accepted, probably so he could devote more time to his "consulting" business. The purchasers agreed to pay \$21,000 in installments as produced by the mine, and during the first summer's work they washed out \$18,000. Good production continued and in winter of 1863 the miners came upon a very rich pocket from which Henderson alone received \$6000 per week for several weeks.

In the spring of 1864, Henderson consolidated his property with other claims into the Black Hawk Gold Mining Company, which was then sold to New York capitalists for a cost of \$1000 per foot. The primary officers of this new company were F. H. Judd, W. L. Lee and Mylo Lee, who had earlier brought the Black Hawk mill to the area. In 1867 it was reported that one week's run from eighty stamps on average ore from the Gregory, resulted in 359 ounces of gold being retorted.



From USGS Central City Topographic Map; 1:24,000, 1942.



From USGS Central City Topographic Map; 1:50,000, 1980.

In recent years, the Gregory, as well as numerous other veins adjacent to it, was mined by the Fifty Gold Mines Company. Large amounts of nugget and wire gold came from the Gregory, as well as gold leaves and gold as a pseudomorph after pyrite. The northeast part of the Gregory vein under Bates Hill contained a few vugs lined with crystals of quartz, pyrite and chalcopyrite. Crystals of orthoclase feldspar, both simple and Carlsbad twin, have been found on the summit of Gregory Hill.

Other mines in Gilpin County which have produced crystallized mineral specimens will be listed beginning from the northern border and proceeding to the southern boundary. In the case of several of the more famous mines, a little history will be given, in addition to describing the minerals.

On the very northern edge of the county, north of Tolland about one-half mile, is the Black Hills Shaft, which produced cavities of yellowish quartz with small crystals of barite (barium sulphate).

Straight south across South Boulder Creek, down Jenny Lind Gulch and up a small gulch to the southwest is the Rooks County Mine, which produced pyrite (iron sulfide) veinlets lined with octahedral crystals of pyrite.

Immediately west of Apex, up White's Gulch about one thousand feet, is the Bullion Mine, which produced pyrite cubes with steplike surfaces. This particular variety of pyrite has come to be known as "cathedral window" pyrite, because of its resemblance to the shape of a church window.

The Perigo Mine is directly west of the old town of Perigo. From this mine came pyrite cubes up to three-fourths inch across, and quartz vugs or cavities up to a foot across.

On the saddle of a ridge about a mile northeast of the town of Perigo is the War Eagle Mine. One-half-inch pyrite crystals were found there.

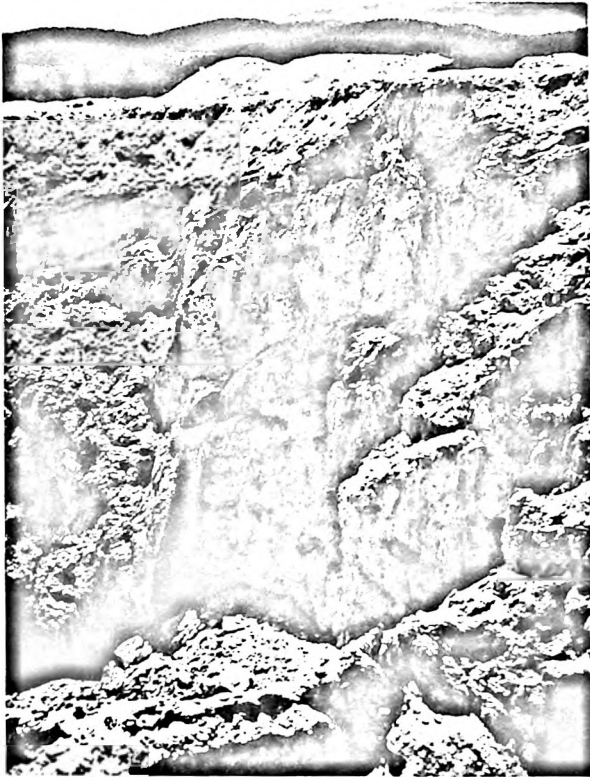
Toward the headwaters of Silver Creek can be found the Pettibone Mine; it had vugs lined with well-formed crystals of galena (lead sulphide), sphalerite (zinc sulphide) and transparent quartz.

On the nose of Michigan Hill, separating Silver Creek and Pine Creek, is found the Geiger Mine, with vugs of quartz crystals.

Up Chase Gulch, rounding "Castle Rock" and turning back north is the Hayseed Vein. From the Hayseed came "step" crystals of galena. Sometimes the galena was found with transparent quartz, chalcopyrite (copper sulfide) and pyrite in vugs.

As mentioned, silver was certainly known to exist early in the mining history of Central City. The Coaley, named for the owner's black horse which was "black as coal", is located in Slaughter House Gulch, a ravine on the north side of Clear Creek about a half-mile below Black Hawk. It was being mined as early as 1868, and in 1870 reported considerable wire silver.

However, it took the discovery of the Cyclops Mine to start the small silver rush in Gilpin County. This mine was discovered May 29, 1878, by Professor S. W. Tyler, an assayer and engineer, and E. A. Lynn, an old-time prospector. In August of that same year the Hard Money Mine was discovered about one and a half miles from the Cyclops. They both paid well and the discovery of these mines, as well as others during the first part of the summer, attracted many prospectors and miners to the



The Patch Glory Hole on Quartz Hill. Thomas photo; courtesy George Karakhian

area. Of the veins discovered, the most valuable seemed to be those of argentiferous galena (i. e., galena with silver), but some ruby silver, grey copper (tetrahedrite) and native silver were found.

The Cyclops ore vein varied in width from a few inches up to three feet, and some parts of it showed ruby silver mineral of unusual size and value, and wire silver. Wire silver was also produced by the Hard Money Mine.

On the eastern nose of Nevada Hill is the Prize Mine, and found there were crystal plates of sphalerite covered with minute crystals of gold and dendritic gold.

The name "Patch" seems to have been associated with Quartz Hill in Gilpin County since the very beginning of the gold rush. An early reporter for the *Rocky Mountain Gold Reporter* indicated in September 10, 1859, "We visited the Patch Diggings this week and find them being worked with energy." The area referred to is approximately one-half mile northeast of the crest of Quartz Hill and at one time was crisscrossed with eighteen separate claims.

In the early 1900's Dr. William Muchow, a dentist, visited the area looking for a source of gold for his dental work. Upon viewing the area and realizing its potential, he started efforts to consolidate the various claims under one title. After four years of work in this venture, he succeeded in his efforts and work was done under the corporate name Chain-of-Mines, Inc.

Ore was processed in the forties, but complaints of contamination of Clear Creek caused the mill to be moved to the southeast side of Quartz Hill. Although it continued to operate for a time, legal and financial difficulties finally caused the milling to stop in the middle sixties. (McCoy, D. Personal Communication, 1985).

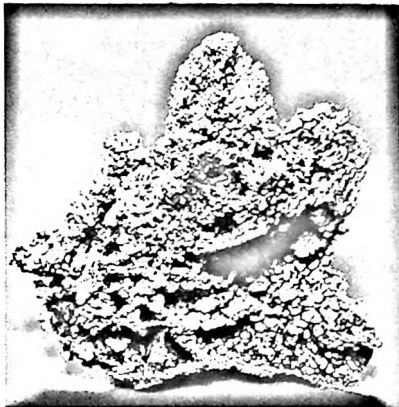
Several natural open fissures occur in the Patch. On the 400-foot level a room forty feet in diameter known as the "Crystal Palace" contains crystals of amethyst quartz. Another open area is known as "Modoc Cavern", probably named for the Modoc claim in that area. A group of three natural fissures occurs in an area known as "The Dome." (McCoy, C. Personal Communication, 1985).

In addition to the amethyst referred to above, much native gold was found in the Patch workings, as well as quartz plates up to a foot across, with one-quarter to one-half inch cubes of pyrite and two-inch black sphalerite groups coated with greenockite.

A number of other mines around the northeastern nose of Quartz Hill also produced mineral specimens. The Fourth of July contained small vugs lined with crystals of galena and sphalerite. In the Corydon was found crystalline pyrite and chalcopyrite with a little white quartz. In places some of the chalcopyrite crystals are coated with a thin black film of chalcocite. The Columbia Tunnel is next around the Hill. It contained incrustations of well-crystallized tennantite and quartz in vugs. Following around the Hill is found the National, which contained many vugs, some lined with quartz up to one-half inch in diameter. The Barnes was noted for vugs lined with quartz and perfect cubes of pyrite.

On the crest of Quartz Hill are the German and Belcher Mines. From these mines came pyrite in well-formed small cubes, lying in a matrix of quartz and altered feldspar.

The Topeka Mine is located north of the old town of Russell Gulch and was one of the more famous mines, because of the free gold it produced. The Topeka was discovered in 1859 by Joseph Hurst, who was a grocery dealer with a store at the junction of Gregory and Lawrence in Central City. In that year prospectors had found a small rich placer in the valley below (i.e., Russell Gulch), the gold not unlikely derived in part from the degradation of the outcrop of the soon-to-be-discovered Topeka. To work this placer, a ditch was dug to Fall River, and in cutting this ditch the workers discovered float, the yellow particles in which were at first supposed to be copper pyrites. When they were actually proved to be free gold, a stampede at once took place to the outcrop of the brown oxidized vein, and it was opened up from end to end by pits and shafts from ten to 125 feet deep. When the unoxidized pyrite, sphalerite and hard quartz were reached below surface action, the work was abandoned, the prospectors of those days having no appliances for treating such a class of ore. Even so, approximately \$300,000 was cleaned up from those early workings.



Crystalline gold from the Topeka Mine, Ca. 1". Shannon photo.



Crystalline and Wire Gold from The Patch on Quartz Hill, Ca. 1". Shannon photo.

With the advent of mills and smelters in the area, work was resumed and additional shafts were sunk to explore the ore body, but it wasn't until 1898 or 1899 that the manager, Mr. Lowe, discovered a split in the Topeka vein on the seventh level. The striking and characteristic feature of this new vein, which eventually would be called the Klondike, was a body of white quartz, from six to eighteen inches thick. Arthur Lakes, for whom the Colorado School of Mines Library was named, reported the find: "Sprinkled over the whole surface of the quartz are the grains and crystals of free gold, not only visible to the eye on close inspection, but plainly seen at a distance of several yards. It is the most wonderful display of free gold in a quartz vein it has ever been our lot to behold, nor is this rich characteristic peculiar to a few isolated spots, but appears to be a more or less continuous feature as far as the vein has been developed. There is no part of the quartz streak but will show free gold or gold values."

Indeed, the first-class ore consisted of coarse metallic gold which was melted down in crucibles into bricks, because it was too rich to sell to the smelters. The rest of the vein below the rich quartz consisted of sphalerite with pyrite and chalcopryrite and some galena, interspersed with a good deal of free gold.

On the south slope of Russell Gulch near its intersection with the Virginia Canyon road, is located the Bangor Mine. This mine contained narrow vugs lined with crystals of quartz and sphalerite, the latter coated with a thin film of quartz.

The Iron Mine is not far from the Bangor on the same slope. In it was found a breccia of gneiss fragments cemented by pyrite in crystals up to a quarter inch, and a veinlet consisting of pyrite in crystals whose maximum size is one-and-a-half inches.

Farther down Russell but close to the stream bed is the Lotus, which produced coarse crystals of pyrite up to two inches across.

At the point where Illinois Gulch joins Russell Gulch from the north is the Aurora Mine, which was discovered by miners working the placers in the bottom of



Sphalerite, Galena, and Pyrite, from Saratoga Mine. John Muntyan photo.



$\frac{3}{4}$ " cubes of Pyrite in white Quartz crystals, from Barnes Mine. Shannon photo.

Russell Gulch. Free gold, in places forming small nuggets, was abundant in the oxidized ore above the second level and was found in small amounts in the unoxidized ore to the greatest depths. In a specimen obtained from the 292 foot level, the gold was irregularly associated with pyrite, tetrahedrite and quartz. At one point on this level, free gold was deposited in a narrow watercourse forming small wires and grains upon quartz crystals.

On the crest of the hill north of the Aurora is the Gladstone, which contained three-quarter inch crystals of pyrite.

At the junction of Russell and Willis Gulches are several mines which were then the major producers in the fluorite (calcium fluoride)-enargite (copper-arsenic sulphide) area. The War Dance contained vugs lined with crystals of pyrite, tennantite (copper-iron-arsenic sulphide) and erangite. It also produced platelike crystals of sylvanite or krennerite (gold tellurides) not more than two millimeters in length. In the Silver Dollar and Hampton Mines were vugs lined with crystals of pyrite, enargite, and tetrahedrite. The Powers was much the same, except it contained much more enargite. Crystalline fluorite was found in the Iroquois.

To the west up Willis Gulch, the Chase Mine is a little beyond the five mines just mentioned. The main Chase vein on the five hundred foot-level east consisted of cubic pyrite in crystals up to two inches in a white clay matrix.

Farther along the same slope is the Saratoga, which is known for the pyrites it produced. However, it also had some fine sphalerite along with the pyrites. "Probably no finer nor more interesting crystals have been procured from any mine in this vicinity than those found last year in the Saratoga. Like specimens from the other mines, the crystals are all in groups, no complete individuals having been developed, though from two-thirds to three-fourths of the entire form of some can be seen. A thin, even deposit of silica is often found encrusting the entire surface, but the crystals, readily freed from this by light tapping or by a little work with a knife point, are left with highly polished faces that for brilliancy are unsurpassed by pyrite from any known locality."

On the nose between Willis and South Willis Gulches is the Hazeltine Mine, in which were found vugs of pyrite and quartz and some enargite and pyrite.

Up South Willis Gulch is the Druid Mine. It produced vugs lined with crystals of galena and sphalerite.

Last, but certainly not least, is the Moose Mine, which is located in Pleasant Valley on the southern edge of Gilpin County. For most of the following information, the authors are indebted to Roger Bennett. The first record available on the Moose is the patent date, 1891. In 1896 the Moose was owned by McGloughlin and was being worked by Butler and Company. At a depth of seventy-five feet in the shaft there were approximately fourteen inches of black magnetic iron which showed 28.4 ounces of gold to the ton. The mine also had a large body of copper-iron which assayed 1.52 ounces gold to the ton, and native copper was also freely found. An assay run for November of that same year indicated the value of the black iron had dropped to between .50 and 1.60 ounces of gold.

The Moose was worked steadily until the early 1900's and then sporadically until the 1930's, when it was closed. Ownership changed numerous times during the ensuing years and in 1975 the mine was purchased by Norm and Roger Bennett, who worked during the summers to reopen it. In 1980 the Moose was leased to Houston Mining and Resources, which opened it during that same summer. Norm and Roger were the first to go completely underground to the 150-foot level, along with another miner. Norm took many samples for assay purposes and Roger photographed the mine. They found an old wooden windlass crank, but it quickly deteriorated when brought up to open air. Roger and Norm found a lot of rhodochrosite in an old stope fill; however, since it had been under water for over fifty years, it was not in good condition. The size and grouping did indicate that there had been some excellent specimens. The Houston Company spent a year working on the mine before the gold market dropped and work stopped. There remains about a month of heavy work to remove the last of the muck, which partially fills a tunnel and stope that lies over the vein at the 150-foot level. The Houston Company continues to lease the mine, and perhaps one day there will be some new rhodochrosite from the Moose.

Perhaps a pleasant way to conclude this narrative and to demonstrate the excitement of the era would be to quote some articles from the newspapers of the day. These stories are especially apropos.

"A miner in the Patch Diggings, near Quartz Hill, last week erected a cabin on what he supposed was the poorest part of the claim. In the absence of shingles he covered the roof with poles and dirt taken from the surface of the ground. The violent hail and rain storm of Thursday somewhat damaged this improvised roof, and on going up to repair it, his eye caught a nugget resting upon it, washed bare by the rain. It proved to be worth \$42.80, and had been thrown upon the top of the house in a shovelful of dirt. Since the occurrence a good many roofs have been examined, but not with similar success." (from *The Mountaineer*).

"A lady of our acquaintance, after reading the above, examined her roof, and took therefrom gold to the amount of \$75. It was in a manufactured form however, and very much resembled a sett (sic) of artificial teeth. The *mouth* of that lead is one

of the prettiest we have ever seen opened, and speaks for itself." (*Rocky Mountain News* Editorial, July 25, 1860).

"Mr. Atkinson, who has been manufacturing bricks the past season, in Lake Gulch, the other day was led by curiosity to 'prospect' one of his bricks to see if there was any gold in it, when to his own surprise and the astonishment of everybody, he obtained a little over one pennyweight of gold. If all his bricks are as valuable, we shall see people tearing down their houses and chimneys for the purpose of getting the precious metal. Verily this is a great country." (*The Weekly Miner's Register*, November 3, 1862).

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WORTHWHILE BOOKS I HAVE STUMBLLED UPON:

The Law Goes West by Forbes Parkhill. Sage Books, Denver, 1956. A most colorful harvest of items from hither and yon by our colleague, Forbes Parkhill, from a variety of sources including Fred Mazzula and the publications of the Denver Westerners. Packed full of interesting items conveying the color of early Denver and Colorado. If you haven't seen it, check it out and read it!

Following the Drum: a Glimpse of Frontier Life by Teresa Griffin Viele. Univ. of Nebr. Press, Lincoln and London, 1984. 273 pp., map of Texas military posts in 1850's. A record of Texas military life before the Civil War, seen through the eyes of an army officer's young wife. Literate, descriptive, full of incident, sensitive, one of only a very few views of army life in the pre-Civil War southern plains. Includes a bibliography of *Army Wives in the Trans-Mississippi West* by Sandra L. Myres.

The Look of the Old West by Foster-Harris. Bonanza Books, N.Y. 1955. Descriptions and illustrations of the *things* of the period from 1864 to 1898; guns, clothing, wagons, etc., etc.

People of the Plains and Mountains, edited by Ray Allen Billington. Greenwood Press Inc., Westport, Conn., 1972(?). Nine essays by various authors, including our Merrill Mattes, plus a bibliography of Everett Dick.

Sun and Saddle Leather: Poems by Badger Clark. Published by Westerners International, Tucson, Ariz., 1983. A centennial edition dedicated to Leland D. Case, co-founder of the Westerners. Very readable western-flavored poetry by the poet-laureate of South Dakota.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1985



"OLD BILL"
by Frederick Remington
(See page 2)

COMMENT
Jack H. Dwyer, P.M.

During the 1860's and '70's, the self-proclaimed monitors of virtue, in addition to the clergy, were the newspaper editors and publishers. Colorado mining communities and towns on the plains had a disproportionate share of journalists. Many were in business only a few issues, while a few lasted decades. A handful are still in existence today. Some were very biased, some were very objective. All of them had a profound effect upon their communities in building community pride.

The two general requirements were the ability to set type for presses which they purchased or brought with them and the ability to be accepted in the community, sometimes very begrudgingly. The newspaper men considered themselves to be the moral conscience of the society in which they published. Elaborate and flowery language was the sign of the educated writer. There was no other mass medium.

We will never know whether true compassion or a shortage of news and/or advertising prompted the editor to insert the following article. The reader should be cautioned that such an article was the exception and not the rule, but very much influenced the glamor and dignity of the woman beneath the life of shame which became popular folklore in Colorado by the turn of the century.

DENVER TIMES, August 16, 1873, Volume 2, NO. 191, Page 4, column 3

OBITUARY NOTICE

The Deprofundis had been sounded from the belfry of our Catholic church. Ten minutes more elapsed, and Ollie Blair, nee Julia Shea, was dead. Lingered through a short but painful illness, the spirit of the frail child of circumstances passed from earth. All that a trio of physicians could do availed her nothing, but the kind and constant attention of those immediately around her, must have been a consolation, where nothing but remorse and suffering was known in her instance. In remembering that the evils of life are but transient, the spiritual comfort afforded by the reverend father must have been an alleviation of grief. With the administration of extreme unction, the last sacrament of the Roman catholic church, a confidence was inspired for a future, unknown to many, and instead of those indications of suffering, on the verge of separation of soul from the body, a face beautiful even unto death, was radiant with a smile of resignation. Ollie Blair was born in the city of St. Louis in 1849. Her parents, who were highly respectable, died while she was yet very young, and an aunt now living in Illinois was intrusted with her care. Surrounded by influences of the higher order; without a mother's love or a father's warning voice, she left that path in life where chastity is a virtue, and turned herself out upon a cheerless world. Her career lasted but six years. In many respects it had been brilliant in its way. At the gilded houses of misfortune, the fragile woman grasped at opportunities for display, but an ever destroying agency held sway, and secret dissipation was a pleasure.

that an incentive such circumstances as the above should be to the many of the world; for not withstanding the conventionalities which oppose. There is no certainty as to the fate that awaits them. If true christian existed in the higher spheres of life in proportion to that which a careful r finds in the lower, more good would be accomplished. At the public cept by Zella Glenmore, and where the deceased lived, a transformation ould be witnessed. The parlors, usually places of dissipation, were no n use. The house no longer open to visitors, but thronged by sympathizing of the world, and every thought bent on the dying sister of misfortune. propriess, the only one who for the last few days could alleviate the gs, watching faithfully by night and day, her ward. But such a thing is when you meet persons of strong sympathetic temperament, with every ding indicating sorrow.

the dead one was not coffined in the city cemetary without a solitary r; but given a christian burial, and a long line of mourners made up the cortege.

Cov.

lling, capitalization and layout are strictly the editor's and not his re- e identity of "Cov." remains a mystery. Identification at the end of a le was generally the exception to the usual practice of the era.

THE COWBOY

boy" is a character unto himself, and peculiar to Texas. He grows up like the Texas half-breed horses, and Texas cattle, without restraint of hout knowledge of the uses and demands of society, and knows nothing cept what little he may hear of it at long range, or learn of it when he its grasp for some violation of its behests. He is a law unto himself and undamental rule and spirit that fills statute books. He not only despises ls it as a tyranny and outrageous invasion of the rights of man. As a s are generous to a fault, true as steel in their friendships, and bitter ath to their enemies. Full of courage, almost remarkably, he is ready e at all times, and scorns danger in all its forms. Broad-brimmed hats, boots, bright-colored shirts, big spurs, fiery; high-headed horses are d joy. Living on horseback almost all the time, sleeping out in all kinds ey are hardy and rugged of constitution, and stand any manner of hardship. When they come into the settlements, they feel out of place el constrained, and filling up with raw whiskey, their chief delight is contempt for the trammels of society, and to raise a "rookus." They nently bad, but are simply illustrations of energy, vim, and courage, irits unconfined and gone to riot."

Sketch of Sam Bass, the Bandit, by Charles L. Martin, Herald Steam se, Dallas, Texas, 1880, New Edition, Univ. Okla. Press, 1956.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Midnight and Noonday, or The Incidental History of Southern Kansas and the Indian Territory, 1871-1890 by G. D. Freeman, edited with an introduction by Richard L. Lane. Univ. Okla. Press, Norman. 304 pp., hardbound, \$24.95.

The site of this history is the little town of Caldwell, Kansas, on the Chisholm Trail a few miles north of the southern Kansas border and about midway east and west of the state. During the period of this narrative land south of the Kansas border was Indian Territory; it was not to become Oklahoma for another thirty years. Cattle herds were still coming up the trail from Texas to the shipping point of Abilene on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, about 100 miles north of Caldwell. Indians and buffalo still roamed the plains to the south, southwest, and west of Caldwell. The little town was on the cutting edge of westward expansion.

This landscape nurtured a volatile mixture of Indians, sod-busters, cowboy drovers, proprietors of "last chance" watering holes on the Kansas side of the border (liquor was forbidden in the Indian Territory), renegades from the law, displaced Civil War veterans, and local vigilantes. Accounts of cold-blooded murder, gunfights, and lynchings are liberally sprinkled throughout these pages.

Freeman came to Caldwell in 1971 from Michigan, a Civil War veteran searching for new opportunities. During the next twenty years, as either an observer or participant in his capacity as town constable, Federal marshal, farmer, blacksmith, or as itinerant photographer, Freeman was close to the events which he describes.

His writing style is flowery, and he often skips over background material or connecting explanations which would have made his meaning clearer.

Richard L. Lane, a professor of English

at the University of Nebraska, Omaha, is the editor of this edition of Freeman's book. He has performed a heroic and invaluable service by providing footnotes to explain, correct, and sometimes apologize for Freeman's frequent lapses of memory or misstatements of facts. Footnotes appear on almost every page of Freeman's 45 short chapters. This reviewer will venture to guess that Lane's fine-print footnotes contain more total wordage than Freeman's original document. The footnotes which appear throughout the book are supplemented by an eleven-page editor's introduction, a chronology of significant events from October of 1870 to May of 1890, when the first edition of *Midnight and Noonday* appeared, a bibliography of documents, books, periodicals, and newspapers consulted during the editing, and a thirteen-page, two-column index.

If you dislike detailed, scholarly work don't despair; you can read Freeman without reference to notes, savoring its Victorian rhetoric and sentimentality, and its shoot-'em-up action. When Freeman records that vigilantes took three accused horse thieves from the Wellington jail and later left four corpses dangling in a Slate Creek grove, Lane's footnotes give the bewildered reader a rational explanation.

Lane's editing is gentle for the most part. He recognizes Freeman for what he is: a Civil War veteran of average schooling, but at the same time a product of the Western frontier, untutored in the graces of literary expression, a keen observer of mankind's foibles, and all too prone to lift material verbatim from newspapers, periodicals, and documents without the courtesy of attribution. Lane never chides him for these lapses. He simply points out the source from which Freeman purloined the material, letting the record speak for itself.

Mel Griffiths P.M.

Longs Peak: A Rocky Mountain Chronicle, by Stephen Trimble. Rocky Mountain Nature Assoc., 1984, 112 pp. Hardcover \$19.95, Paperback \$12.95.

This is an authentic and beautifully illustrated history of the most famous of all "Rocky Mountains." The publisher, an adjunct of Rocky Mountain National Park, is to be complimented for putting up the money necessary for the author to do a first-class job of research, writing, interviewing, picture-collecting, and artwork. Named for Major Stephen H. Long who led the first recorded expedition up the South Platte, in 1820, the mountain's triangular top and diamond-shaped East Face dominate the skyline for all travelers approaching from the east, whether by covered wagon over 100 years ago or by automobile today.

While most people are content to look at Longs Peak from a safe distance, there are a few hardy and romantic souls who have a compulsion to climb to its very top! This book is primarily a history of those climbers, albeit prefaced by about fifty vivid pages of Longs Peak geology and biology.

The first recorded climb to the summit was in 1868, performed by a distinguished pair, Major John Wesley Powell, and the Denver newspaperman, William N. Byers, who approached it from Wild Basin. The spell of Longs' invincibility was broken thenceforward by early tourists and entrepreneurs of nearby Estes Park - notably Enos Mills - who made the ascent via Glacier Gorge or Boulderfield and the famous Keyhole. Serious technical climbs of the near-vertical East Face began in 1922 with Professor Alexander of Princeton, Park Ranger Jack Moomaw, and members of the Colorado Mountain Club (including our own venerable Westerner, Carl Blaurock). From that date on, climbing of the East Face became fairly routine for the elite corps of technical rock climbers, but the National Park Service has made it off limits for the inexperienced.

One of the most curious chapters in Longs Peak's history is that of the Boulderfield Shelter Cabin, erected in 1927 under Superintendent Toll in reaction to "the tragic death of Agnes Vaille" in January, 1925 (the subject of a recent talk to the Denver Wes-

terners by her friend Carl Blaurock). For several summer seasons this primitive "hostelry" served the climbing public with overnight shelter, a stall for horses, and meals made from provisions brought up the trail from base camp on the backs of burros. This reviewer was one of Robert Collier's Longs Peak guides in 1929, when the popular ascent was via a fixed steel cable up the North Face, and in that connection he was interviewed by Mr. Trimble. Under consideration as a future program for the Westerners is the brief but remarkable history of the Collier concession, headquartered at what Robert Ripley called "the highest hotel in the world."

This book is well worth its cost, for its unique and exciting history, and for its illustrations alone - historical photos and lithographs, and modern color photos of professional quality. Among extras are lists of "Notable Longs Peak Firsts" and "Deaths on Longs Peak," totalling 35 of record at time of publication. So if you decide to climb it, be careful!

Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.

Sheridan's Troopers on the Borders: A Winter Campaign on the Plains, by De B. Randolph Keim. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 1985 (Reprinted from 1885 edition published by George Routledge and Sons, London and New York). 308 pages, paperback, \$7.95.

Author Keim, initially a volunteer commissioned officer with the City Zouaves of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, served the remainder of the Civil War as a correspondent for the *New York Herald*. After Appomattox, he stayed with the *Herald* which eventually led to an assignment to cover General Sheridan's winter campaign on the Southern Plains. Keim journeyed to Fort Leavenworth in September, 1868, and finally caught up with Sheridan's headquarters at Fort Hays several days after departing Leavenworth.

From this point on, Keim describes his adventures as a guest of the Army to include buffalo hunts, Army lifestyle and his knowledge of the Indians. Keim takes great pains to give his readers insight by explaining his-

toric facts influencing the present situation (1868). During the time he was at Ft. Wallace, the Battle of Beecher's Island was fought, and the author lost no time in conversing with the survivors at Ft. Wallace. This report is history at its best through primary sources. Most of his manuscript covers Sheridan's trek beginning in November to the south, Fort Dodge, the establishment of Camp Supply, the Battle of the Washita, and his return to Fort Hays in March of 1869.

The author is explicit in his description of the countryside, the hardships suffered and his observations of the Indians encountered. The reader feels himself being transported back in time over a hundred years and tagging along on the expedition being described.

Keim was no liberal, and was convinced that the only way to resolve the Indian problem was to force them on to reservations and keep them there. On the other hand, he did not have many kind words for government policy and handling of the Indians by the Department of Interior. In the reviewer's opinion, this attitude was most likely influenced by his close association with the Army which generally felt the same way. The author frequently digresses into his opinion regarding the administration of Indian affairs which takes a lot from the continuity of Sheridan's Winter Campaign. However, it is a well-written, first-hand account of the Indian Wars and as such, is invaluable to the student concerned with the Indian-fighting Army on the Great Plains. It is also enjoyable to read, and at times, difficult to put down. This book is a must to military historians, and especially to Custerphiles, as the author appears to show some respect for their hero.

Richard A. Cook, P.M.

New Mexico: A New Guide to the Colorful State by Lance Chilton, Katherine Chilton, Polly E. Arango, James Dudley, Nancy Neary, and Patricia Stelzner. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1984. 640 pages, illustrations, maps, bibliography. \$35.00 cloth, \$17.50 paper.

This was first published in 1940 as a volume in the American Guide Series which was a project of the Work Projects Administration. A group of New Mexico writers have

now written the first major revision in forty-four years. While the years have brought change in some areas such as paved roads and increased population, the interesting point made by the new edition is that much of what makes New Mexico a very special place has remained the same.

The authors have written this new edition with "three groups of people in mind: those who are now traveling in New Mexico, those who plan someday to do so, and those who have toured in our state at sometime in the past." Another group of readers would certainly be those people who have an interest in the history of the Southwest as the book is about a state that is a very important part of the region.

The revision follows the format of the original edition, but in many ways, this revision is completely new. The topical chapters retain the same titles, such as history and literature, but the information is more than just an update. The book contains a series of eighteen tours that cover the state by traveling the main highways with the addition of side tours. The new edition does not have the outstanding photographs of Laura Gilpin and Ernest Kneeb, but the photographs contained in the new edition are very good. Carol Cooperrider's strip maps and city maps are a positive addition, and the pen and ink drawings done by Kathrine Chilton make the book something special.

An interesting way to use this new edition is in conjunction with the original edition to discover what changes have occurred throughout New Mexico. It is also worthwhile to compare the chapters on literature to discover what books made both editions and what a large number of excellent books about New Mexico and its people have been written since 1940. The bibliography of the new edition is a good source to use in studying the state.

It is often easy to point out mistakes in any book of this magnitude, and while the authors have done a fine job of checking information, on page 334 reference is made to Mable Dodge Sterne renting a house from Doc Martin when she arrived in Taos. According to Frank Waters in *To Possess the Land*, she rented the home of Arthur Rochford Manby for \$75 a month.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

A Lady's Experiences in the Wild West in 1883 by Rose Pender. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln/London, 1985. Reprint of 1888 ed. published by G. Tucker, London. Foreword by A. B. Guthrie, Jr. 134 pp. \$4.95 paper.

In the Nineteenth Century the international tourists were the British, and Lady Pender was one who had toured African ports in 1878 and then turned her attention to the "Colonies". If there were "Ugly Americans" in the Twentieth Century, Lady Pender would have qualified as an "Ugly Briton" in the Nineteenth.

Traveling with her husband and another male business associate, Rose Pender landed in New York and then traveled to Washington, D. C., St. Louis, San Antonio, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Lake Tahoe, Carson City, Reno, Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, Denver, Fort Laramie, Rapid City, Spearfish, Miles City, then back to New York via Chicago. It is difficult to find anything she did like, for her distastes are many—Indians, Negroes, Irish, Mexicans, cowboys, Americans in general, the American railroad system, hotels, etc., etc. She did like Pikes Peak, American bread, the Cheyenne Club in Cheyenne where upper class British predominated, and some horses her party used. She misspelled many place names, thought Pikes Peak was one of the highest mountains in the U. S.

The surprising thing is that she concludes her travelogue with the statement that her trip was "an experience that I shall always look back upon as one of the most enjoyable of my life".

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

Rebels on the Rio Grande, the Civil War Journal of A. B. Peticolas. Edited by Don F. Alberts. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1984. 187 pages, Ill., maps, Preface, introduction, epilogue, bibliography, index. Cloth, \$19.95, paper, \$9.95.

Alfred B. Peticolas was born in Richmond, Virginia, on May 27, 1838. He was well educated and later taught school while studying law. After being admitted to the bar he moved to Victoria, Texas, to practice law. When Texas seceded from the Union, he

joined the "Victoria Blues," later to be part of Sibley's Brigade, Company C, Fourth Regiment of the Texas Mounted Volunteers.

Peticolas kept journals throughout his life and the editor has used primarily his descriptions of the ill-fated expedition from Texas to Glorieta, New Mexico, and the retreat back to Texas. He was an amateur artist and the book contains numerous sketches of scenes on the campaign.

The editor nicely ties Peticolas' career together by providing an introduction to get Peticolas to Texas, and an epilogue to wind up his career as a lawyer and jurist in Victoria, Texas.

The book provides an interesting eyewitness account of Sibley's campaign in New Mexico, which ended at Glorieta, primarily because Colorado's Colonel Chivington destroyed the Confederate wagon train and its supplies. The descriptions of the battles of Valverde and Glorieta, as well as other skirmishes is fascinating. The editor provides interesting insights—for example, Peticolas, an intelligent and able young Southerner, actually disliked democrats and had no strong feelings about the Southern cause but, like other young men at the time, was bored and looked for adventure and opportunity to travel by enlisting for the war.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

Indians of California: The Changing Image by James J. Rawls. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 294 pages, 28 ill., 3 maps, notes, bibliography, index. Hard cover \$19.95.

Like most of my fellow westerners, I have seen and read of the results of the work of the California tribes of Indians. We are also aware of the early white visitors, "filled with a sense of America's Manifest Destiny" who viewed the Indians as a primitive laboring class, docile and exploitable. One wonders if the missions from Mexico to northern California could have been constructed without their slave labor.

Rawls, an instructor in history at Diablo Valley College, California, traces the evolution of white attitudes toward the Indians. He describes their exploitation as slave labor which contributed to their decline in numbers. For example, during the mission

period the native population between San Francisco and San Diego fell from 72,000 to 18,000, a decline of over 75 percent.

It was not until the 1870s that the Indians were no longer exploited and were no longer perceived by whites as serious threats to the prosperity and development of the state. And, according to the United States census, the size of the California Indian population has risen steadily during the twentieth century. By 1980 California had the largest Indian population of any state in the nation.

This is not a fun book to enjoy during a rainy evening. It is a reference book - a text book. Of its 294 pages, 79 are devoted to notes, bibliography and index. We are told that the Rawls analysis of Indian-white relations in California is based on exhaustive research into thousands of images of individual Indians. The wonder is that he was able to condense it all into a meaningful tome.

L. Coulson Hageman, P.M.

Colorado Ghost Towns and Mining Camps by Sandra Dallas, photographs by Kendal Atchison. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 254 pages, bibliography, index. \$24.95

Just when you think that the subject of Ghost Towns has been exhausted, along comes another fine book. University of Oklahoma Press has already published volumes on the Ghost Towns of Oklahoma, Arizona, and New Mexico. This is the latest work in this growing series.

Sandra Dallas is the well-known author of such books as *Yesterday's Denver, No More Than Five in a Bed, Cherry Creek Gothic, and Vail*. This Ghost Town book is a handsome one, concisely written in the well-known Dallas style. It presents fresh accounts of most everyone's old favorites such as Fulford, Animas Forks, Summitville, Saints John and many more, 147 in all. Also included are some obscure locations such as Valley View Hot Springs and Emma. And there are always new stories. The towns selected are representative, well-balanced, and demonstrate the breadth and depth of feeling that characterized Colorado's mining era.

Kendal Atchison's photographs, 290 of them, are superb, very clear, well composed

and are a complement to the text. She took them with just one camera and a lens of standard focal length. There are early pictures too, showing the towns during a happier time. Fourteen large, well prepared maps show the locations of the many towns by areas.

Although numerous Ghost Town books are already in print, this one adds much to the literature and is a worthy addition to anyone's library. I enjoyed it!

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

The Hopi Way: An Odyssey by Robert Boissiere. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1985. 90 pages, photographs. Paper, 18.95.

The author who came to the United States after World War II lived in the Hopi villages where he was adopted by a Hopi family. The Hopi Way is based on the knowledge that he acquired while being a part of a Hopi family. He has written a previous account of his life with the Hopi and with the people of Taos Pueblo.

The *Hopi Way* deals with a problem that is major among Native Americans. The basic question faced is what direction to follow. Will it be the traditional tribal way or the way of the whites? The result for many Native Americans is one of confusion and a loss of identity which in many cases leads to alcoholism and other major problems for the individual. Those groups and individuals that hold to the traditional way seem to be more successful in facing life and all its problems.

Boissiere's focus is on the problems faced by one Hopi family as they are torn between the two ways. He paints a very accurate picture of this confusion as faced by the daughter who is getting married, the father who needs money to pay for schooling, and the other members of the family who are affected. The author deals with the reality of a situation in which there are few happy endings. One point to remember about any book that deals with the Hopi or the Pueblo is that the author, even one who is adopted, knows only what the people want him to know.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

The Santa Fe and Taos Colonies: Age of the Muses, 1900-1942 by Arrell Morgan Gibson. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1983. 305 pages, photographs, bibliography, hardbound, \$24.95.

The purpose of this book about these two towns in Northern New Mexico is discussed in the preface. "This is a study of Santa Fe and Taos as fine-arts colonies. Their uniqueness in this role - they had the most extended longevity of the muse settlements, their colony population was the largest, they were pluralistic rather than specialized in their support of fine-arts expression, their ambience (natural, ethnic, and cultural environments) was the richest, and their outreach was the most generous of the colonies, in that they embraced Indian and Hispanic artists - will be explored." Gibson accomplishes this very large goal in a most readable manner. This special uniqueness brought a wide variety of men and women with a strong interest in painting, literature and other areas of study. They came because of the good light, the mixture of cultures, and the freedom to live their special life style.

While a number of artists in Taos and Santa Fe are discussed briefly, Gibson deals with three writers in more detail. These are Mary Austin, Mabel Dodge Luhan and D. H. Lawrence. The author might have done a little more research on Mabel Dodge Luhan before painting the picture of her as a "salon-keeper" who failed to make a positive contribution to the "Age of the Muses." Not only did she write several books on the people and the period, she encouraged a large number of others to come to New Mexico and contribute to the literary production. One very important aspect of the aesthetes who lived in Taos and Santa Fe was the involvement in the affairs of their communities, including everything from architectural control to holding public office. While the author ends his study in 1942, many aspects of this period have continued. Writers such as John Nichols in Taos are very much involved in attempting to save the special character of the community.

The Santa Fe and Taos Colonies provides a good over-view of a most interesting aspect of the development of the arts in two very

special communities during a period of forty-two years. It is not an in-depth study such as Laura M. Brikerstaff did in *Pioneer Artists of Taos* which Gibson neglected to include in his bibliography. What this book will do is motivate the reader to discover additional books about the people and their contributions to this very unique situation.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Mexico: A History by Robert Ryal Miller. Univ. of Oklahoma Press: Norman, 1985. 414 pages, ill., maps, appendix, glossary, bibliography, \$19.95 hardback.

In *Mexico: A History*, Professor Miller presents the story of this nation from pre-Columbian to the present in a very readable manner, and this book would serve very well as a college text for a general course in Mexican history. The illustrations, the tables in the appendix, and the glossary all add to the usefulness of this book. The bibliography would prove most helpful for a reader whose interest went deeper. The final chapter entitled "The Modern Era" moves out of the historical into the areas of economics and political science.

One of the major problems an author faces when writing the entire history of a nation is that some aspects of the history are discussed in more detail than others. This often happens because of the author's speciality or because of the amount of material available on a specific topic. In this book, the pre-Columbian period is slighted while the political events after independence from Spain are discussed in depth. The author makes the point that there are no statues of Cortes or any other conquistadors in Mexico, but he fails to stress the reason. The point is that the majority of Mexicans are very proud of their Indian heritage and often ignore the Spanish heritage. Too often North Americans take the viewpoint that certainly the Spanish were more important than the Indians in Mexican history. That is not the viewpoint of the Mexicans.

Another problem in writing the history of Mexico is the facts regarding the Revolution that began in 1910. Until the families that were involved are all gone from the scene, the truth of what happened will not be writ-

ten in Mexico. Who were the heroes and who were the villains is still a matter of dispute in Mexico.

There is a definite need for citizens of the United States to understand a little about our neighbor to the south, and *Mexico, A History* is certainly a good start in that direction.

Ray E. Jenkins, PM

Ten Years in Nevada or Life on the Pacific Coast by Mary McNair Mathews. Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1985. 343 pp., \$22.95 cloth, \$7.50 paperback.

This is an incidental autobiography of Mary Mathews, an elusive figure about whom not a lot is known. One of eight children, she was raised in New York. Her husband may have been a casualty of the Civil War. In 1869 the family received news that Mary's younger brother, a fire-eating Unionist, had died in Nevada, shot and killed by a secessionist he threatened to assault. To determine the accuracy of this report and also to check the value of her brother's mine and mill sites, Mary decided to go to Nevada herself. This book is an account of the slightly less than nine years she spent there.

Why, then, read Mary Mathews? Read her because she was in many ways a typical middle-class woman of her era, with the foibles and strengths of her kind. The agony of her taking leave of her family in New York might have been that of any woman. Her presence in Virginia City belies the old claim that women went west only with their husbands or as prostitutes or school teachers. She went with a mission, to sort out her dead brother's affairs, which she did. But she also made her own way as a small-scale entrepreneur and businesswoman. In that she was not unique, but seldom have such women recounted their experiences. To be sure, *Ten Years in Nevada* is but one slice of the life of Mary Mathews and it leaves much that is incomplete and obscure even about her stay on the Comstock. But at the same time, it is valuable for its details and for its portrayal of the actions and reactions of its author in the complex environment of one of the richest mining towns of the nineteenth century. What Mary Mathews

thought and did, how she responded to everyday problems of health, business, personal relationships, raising a child—all are important in understanding what made nineteenth-century America tick.

Robert Mutchler, P.M.

Bride of the Santa Fe Trail by Jean M. Burroughs. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1984. 120 pages. Paperback, \$9.95.

In June of 1846, Susan Shelby Magoffin left Independence, Missouri, with new husband Samuel on a trip over the Santa Fe Trail to Chihuahua, Mexico. This was a journey of over 1,300 miles under the most difficult conditions. She left a written record of her adventures as the first woman to make this trip. Her account was published in 1926 which was 71 years after her death in St. Louis, Missouri. The most recent publication of the complete account of her journey was done by the University of Nebraska Press in 1982.

While this trip down the Santa Fe Trail was an adventure at any time, it was especially interesting and dangerous for Susan Magoffin as it occurred during the war between Mexico and the United States. Her brother-in-law, James Magoffin, was involved in the dealings with Governor Armijo of New Mexico that resulted in the surrender of the state without a battle. James Magoffin was later imprisoned in Mexico as a spy for the United States. The journal contains an excellent description of Bents Fort and the activities that took place there.

What Jean Burroughs has done is to take the diary of Susan Magoffin and use the material to write a fictional account of her journey. Some of the material from the diary is condensed, but the author has used her knowledge of the area and the customs of the people to provide additional information of interest. The historian interested in the complete diary including the footnotes added by Stella Drumm will need to read the University of Nebraska Press edition, but for those readers who want the story of this very brave young woman written in a most interesting manner, *Bride of the Santa Fe Trail* is certainly the book to read.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

The Shawnee Prophet by David R. Edmunds. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln 1984. 260 pages, illustrations, maps, paperback.

This book is in part a history of the Shawnee Indians from a period immediately following the American Revolution to the middle 1830's and in part a biography of one very influential Shawnee, called "The Prophet", during that same period, the affairs of the two being so intertwined that the story of one is essentially the story of the other. Of this, the author says, "... the Prophet's life was a microcosm of the Indian experience in the Old Northwest during the period 1775-1840."

Even the most casual reader of American history knows of Tecumseh and of his attempts to unite the then-Western Indians to resist the whites. Less well known is his brother, The Prophet, who in many accounts is a sort of shadowy figure in the background. However, this author's research showed that in original documents of the late 1700's and early 1800's, Tecumseh was seldom mentioned and it was The Prophet who essentially inspired Shawnee resistance as well as that of many neighboring tribes.

The author portrays vividly the circumstances within which the characters operated and contrasts well the pragmatism of Tecumseh (to the extent that Tecumseh is dealt with at all) with the emotionalism and religious fervor that dominated The Prophet and was used by him to dominate the tribes. He leads The Prophet through the various twists and turns of both his character and the events of the times, first through his increasing influence following the two defeats in Ohio of the Americans under Harmar and St. Clair, respectively, in 1790 and 1791, some check to this reputation by the Battle of Fallen Timbers in 1794 and the loss of lands by the Indians as a result thereof, wavering of his influence but generally strong until the serious check at the Battle of Tippecanoe in 1811 and the subsequent disaster to the Shawnees and their British allies in the Battle of the Thames in 1813. From here on, The Prophet's course was virtually all downhill. His Indian supporters nearly all abandoned him to return from Canada to

the United States, eventually The Prophet did likewise; later he exerted some influence during the initial Shawnee migration from Ohio to Kansas. But still later, as other Shawnees moved from Ohio to Kansas and were not attached to The Prophet, his influence declined to virtually zero. His last appearance in the limelight was to be painted by George Catlin—which was probably enough by itself to insure that his place in history would never be lost.

The author says in closing, after comparing Tecumseh's warlike ways with The Prophet's mystic ways, "But in the first decade of the nineteenth century his (The Prophet's) teachings struck a responsive chord among his fellow tribesmen and it was (The Prophet) rather than Tecumseh who provided the basis for Indian resistance in the years before the war (of 1812)."

The book is heavily referenced and gives every indication of deep and thorough research throughout.

Robert E. Woodhams, P.M.

A Guide to the Mines of the Cripple Creek District by Bill Munn. Century One Press, Colo. Springs, 1984. 72 pages, maps, photographs, paperback, \$6.95.

Tourists of the Cripple Creek Mining District should find this well arranged guidebook useful. Photographs of the individual mines and numerous maps will enable the reader to answer within a few minutes, "What mine is that one?"

Brief, lively histories are included for the eighty-five mines covered in the booklet. As with so many Colorado guidebooks ever since 1859, this one has been compiled by a "flat land foreigner", a well-site geologist from Enid, Oklahoma. Thanks to his enthusiasm and research, rubberneckers can meditate accurately about some of Colorado's most productive gold mines amid the unusually well-preserved headframes and shaft houses of what was the "World's Greatest Gold Camp."

Thomas J. Noel, PM

**THE DENVER WESTERNERS
R O U N D U P**

CAROLINE BANCROFT (1900-1985)

Again we find it our sad duty to mark the passing of another of our long-time Westerners, Caroline Bancroft, a native and third generation Denverite, who died on 8 October 1985. She was probably our most-read Colorado historian and, with our space limitations, one hardly knows what to say about her. In addition to her copious output in Colorado and Western history she was active in the Central City Opera (a founder), the Colorado Historical Society, the Denver Public Library Western History Section, the Denver Art Museum, and at an early date the Denver Post literary section. She was a specialist on the Tabor story. During her career she touched base with a great many celebrated writers and personalities.

Caroline was a colorful and complex personality, "a vibrant and opinionated woman," sometimes given to personal feuds, but a good friend to those she selected to be so. *Requiescat in pace.*

BOUND ROUNDUPS AVAILABLE

The 1982, 1983, and 1984 *Roundups* have been nicely hardbound, each volume separately, and are available from our Tallyman, Dr. Loren Blaney, at the monthly meetings, at \$7.00 per volume. For those not attending meetings, Dr. Blaney's address may be found in the next column to the right. Mail orders should include \$1.00 per volume for packing and postage. Start now to build your set while they are all available.

MEETING DATES

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

It may also be emphasized that the Summer (August) and Winter (December) Rendezvous are **LADIES' NIGHTS**, and all ladies are welcome and cordially invited.

HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES?**THE DENVER WESTERNERS****R O U N D U P**

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THE COLORADO TERRITORIAL BENCH AND BAR: REFINED OR RUSTIC LAWYERS

by

John Milton Hutchins, C.M.
Presented 25 September 1985

An old-time attorney, Horace Hawkins, when addressing the Colorado Bar Association in 1938, asserted that "Historians have failed to record the name of the lawyer who first invaded the land of mountain and plain now known as Colorado."¹ Mr. Hawkins, like many an advocate, overstated his case. Jerome Smiley, in his monumental work on the history of Denver, stated that the first lawyer and jurist in the Cherry Creek region was Judge George Hicks, Sr., one of the Cherokee Indians in the William Green Russell gold party of 1858.² But the first attorney who came to the diggings to work in his profession was David C. Collier. He also arrived in 1858, and, by the time other lawyers came to the area in 1859, Mr. Collier had established the first Sunday school in the region.³

As is common in any boom area, there were soon lawyers in abundance. The Colorado diggings, by the end of 1859, had a ratio of lawyers to the general population that was higher than the norm in settled regions.⁴ Five law firms found it necessary to advertise for clients in the December 28, 1859 issue of the *Rocky Mountain News*.⁵ Central City and Black Hawk, it was said probably with some exaggeration, that lawyers outnumbered miners two to one.⁶

But early Colorado was hardly a utopia for the bench and bar, especially during the years of 1858 to 1861. Prior to the establishment of Federal territorial authority in mid-1861, Colorado was a nightmare as a legal system.

The first miners and settlers at the confluence of the Platte and Cherry Creek in the fall of 1858 called a meeting "to establish security and to prevent and punish crime."⁷ They established themselves as Arapahoe County, Kansas Territory and voted on a representative to sit in the Kansas legislature. A territorial delegate to Congress was also elected, although that seemingly contradicted the theory of being Arapahoe County, Kansas. In March, 1859, there was held an election for Kansas County officials.

But another mass meeting was held in Auraria in April 1859 that backed statehood status for the as yet totally unorganized region. This meeting resulted in a constitutional convention and a proposed state constitution which was defeated in September 1859 by a vote of 2007 to 649.

Then came the so-called Territory of Jefferson. In October, another election was held in which another representative was elected to the Kansas legislature and another delegate was elected to Congress to represent a new entity called Jefferson Territory. Followup elections later that month produced a legislature for the impromptu territory, and that body adopted full civil and criminal codes.⁸ The territory

The author would like to express his appreciation to Frances Campbell and Martha Campbell of the Colorado Supreme Court Library and to photographer John D. Dailey for their assistance in preparing this article.

was divided into nine counties and provisional governor R. W. Steele appointed a probate judge for each county, who were later to be replaced by elected judges. Justice of the Peace Courts and a Supreme Court were also established. The courtroom procedure adopted, like the name of Jefferson Territory itself, showed the influence of Southern Democrats, for no blacks, mulattoes, or Indians could testify.⁶

Meanwhile, Arapahoe County, Kansas officials had been elected, but they found they had no real power to back up their authority. Likewise, when Jefferson Territory attempted to impose taxes, its legitimacy was rejected by many citizens, especially those in the mountains.

In the absence of real government, various localities took steps to establish some semblance of law and order. In the mining communities sprang up Miners' Courts. First, a meeting of all occupants of a proposed district would be held. At this meeting, the miners would set district limits, adopt a miners' code, create offices, and elect officers. These officials comprised a Miners' Court, which settled all claims and punished offenses in the district. Appeals from the courts would be to a mass meeting, from which there was no further appeal. Some miners' districts might also elect a judge to conduct the Miners' Court.¹⁰ An early resident described the source from which the Miners' Court drew their authority:

I was intensely interested in watching [the miners] as they came from up and down the river to these miners meetings, walking with vigorous step; independence of personal character, evidencing freedom from oppressive taxation and the tyranny of unrighteous laws; each man with a revolver dangling from his belt, rifle over his shoulders, and for a finishing appendage, a knife in his scabbard, thus embodying a walking arsenal, constituting a moving legislature, thus prepared to legislate and enforce law with undelayed or untrammelled facility.¹¹

In Denver and some other locales, only the so-called People's Courts were established. These were *ad hoc* meetings of citizens, who convened on call when some felony, including murder, occurred. These extralegal tribunals were anything but lynch mobs, and they were conducted with basic forms of due process and procedure. Uncle Dick Wooten described the events surrounding Denver's first hanging after the murder of one of its citizens.

A court was organized and a jury of twelve men empaneled. The prisoner was defended by an able lawyer, but according to the custom in those days his confession was admitted as evidence and the verdict of the jury was that he should be hanged at two o'clock in the afternoon of the day of tribunal . . . It was as neat and orderly an execution as ever took place anywhere . . .¹²

In addition to the courts mentioned thus far, there were also claims clubs, municipal courts, courts for Arapahoe County, Kansas, and courts for another provisional territory called Idaho Territory. Forum-shopping litigants and defendants thus had a field day.¹³ It was in this background of a jurisdictional and legal morass that the early Colorado bench and bar had to operate.

In Denver, much of the legal work was due to the wild and violent tendencies

of the community and the attempts of lawabiding citizens to enforce some order. Many People's Courts were convened in 1860. As an example, following a fatal shooting in a saloon, a trial was held in Denver Hall, another saloon, before a thousand spectators. The judge had the sheriff empanel a jury of twenty-four men, who took an oath to do justice. The prosecutor, a Mr. D. C. Collier (perhaps Denver's first lawyer), made an opening statement, followed by an opening by the defense attorney. Witnesses were called and examined and cross-examined. Both lawyers then made closing statements. The jury retired and came back with an unanimous guilty verdict. The sentence was submitted to the crowd and all called out to hang the defendant. The whole trial lasted three hours.¹⁴

It should not be presumed that the use of defense counsel at People's Courts was an empty and ineffectual gesture. When Carroll Wood, one of Denver's notorious gang of "bummers," was tried before a People's Court in 1860, he was defended by several lawyers including the eloquent A. C. Ford. One of the twelve jurors balked at hanging Wood, and Wood was instead banished from Denver.¹⁵ Lawyer Ford had earlier, in April, successfully defended in a People's Court John Scudder for the murder of Peleg Bassett.¹⁶

But lawyer Ford paid a heavy penalty for his oratory and supposed criminal connections. On September 5, 1860, Ford was taken from a coach outside of Denver and shot by persons unknown.¹⁷

The number of attorneys appearing at the People's Courts tends to show both that parties were not underrepresented and lawyers were not overworked. In September, 1860, the murder trial of James Gordon was conducted under the cottonwoods by Wazee Street. The presiding judge was A. C. Hunt, later a territorial governor. Defendant Gordon was represented by five attorneys. There were three prosecutors, including Hiram P. Bennet, later a territorial delegate to Congress. The trial occupied three days, held before a twelve man jury. At his execution, Gordon conceded he'd had a fair trial.¹⁸

The People's Courts themselves produced a temporary need for legal talent. But the resulting hangings tended to quiet things down so much that there was an adverse economic impact on the legal community. In the summer of 1860, an advertisement appeared in the *Rocky Mountain Herald* over the names of eight members of the local bar:

We, the undersigned attorney Counselors at law, convinced by long experience here without Courts, either of Kansas Territory or some other government which certainly does not now exist, the practice is worse than useless both for ourselves and the public - announce by this notice our determination to close our law offices . . . until such time as regular and constitutional tribunals of justice are established in our midst.¹⁹

There was similar surplus of legal talent in the southern part of the region. Attorney Irving Stanton, in addressing the Colorado Bar Association in 1913, recalled how it was:

George A. Hinsdale and Wilbur F. Stone in February, 1861, when I first met them, were practicing law in Canon City, before a People's court, presided

over by a lawyer named John Howard. There were other lawyers in the town at the time, but the gentlemen named had the lion's share of the legal business, and they were not overworked.²⁰

One problem affecting the bar was that there were no real requirements for admission. Virtually anyone with a modicum of education and an alleged good moral character could attempt to practice.²¹ Cyrus Carpenter, later to become a governor of Iowa, was one who joined the gold rush to the Pikes Peak mines. Although he had not been affluent enough to study law, he practiced in the Denver courts in the winter of 1860-1861, with the help of some law books sent by his brother in California.²²

The Miners Courts, which held primarily civil, as opposed to criminal, proceedings, likewise admitted anyone to practice before them without any sort of restriction, testing, or proof of qualifications. For example, a young lawyer from Missouri named Aleck arrived at the Gregory Diggings penniless, friendless and dressed as a tramp. Almost immediately, he was engaged to handle a mining claim in a court being held in a log cabin. Aleck "cut loose, assumed to know all the law and some to spare . . . pounded the table, scattered the papers, sawed the air and pawed the dirt floor like a lassoed steer in a Texas corral."²³ Fortunately for Aleck he won the case and was paid a surprising \$50 in gold dust.

Also, without requirements for admission, neither were there continuing standards to practice. Ethical problems were bound to occur. John D. Young, a miner from Illinois, explained one occasion that arose when a gold seeker got a court judgment against a rancher for lost or stolen mules.

[B]ut the poor fellow could not remain [in Denver] that long under expenses so he entrusted its collection to a lawyer of good standing in the city. . . . His lawyer was to send the price of his mules in a month but he never got a cent of it nor received a bit of information from his lawyer. There is no doubt but what the latter got the money and appropriated it to his own use. A honest man is a rare thing to be found in any place but I think it impossible to find one at all in a gold producing country.²⁴

Barney Ford, an early black emigrant to Colorado, also met up with a cheating attorney in 1860 Denver. The lawyer advised his client to file any mining claim of Ford's in the lawyer's name, in order to better protect it. The lawyer, for his legal services, would charge Ford 20 percent of the mineral proceeds. Ford did make a strike near Breckinridge, filed the claim in the lawyer's name, and awaited the contract the lawyer promised him. A month later, the Denver lawyer began ejectment proceedings against Ford.²⁵

It is probably no surprise that the miners in at least one newly organized district adopted a rule that allowed no lawyer to practice or even reside within the district. This supposedly contributed to the truth-seeking process.²⁶

But problems of quality were not restricted solely to the bar. The jurists of this unorganized period also created substantial problems, both in and out of the courtroom.

Lawyer William P. McClure, a Buchanan appointee as Denver postmaster and the chief justice of the newspaper court of one of the extralegal governmental entities, became offended at a newspaper article written by O. J. Goldrick. At the point of

his revolver, the honorable Judge McClure forced a written retraction from Goldrick. McClure was haled before Denver Municipal Judge Jacob Downing, who ordered the posting of a peacebond. McClure denounced Downing's authority and it was only when armed force backed up the courageous Downing that McClure submitted to the municipal court order. When the Civil War broke out, McClure left Denver to join the Rebel cause.²⁷

Another troublesome judge of southern extraction was Dr. James Stone, who was judge of the Miner's Court in the Mountain City District. Stone, who was also a Jefferson Territorial legislator, challenged territorial secretary Lou Bliss to a duel in March 1860. Although some thought Bliss, being a Northerner, would not fight, he did and the judge ended up Stone-cold and dead.²⁸

Neither were there any formal requirements for judges during this period. When an uneducated nonlawyer rancher was elected probate judge in Pueblo County in 1859 or 1860, he defeated Judge John Howard. When Howard's friend Judge Wilbur Stone asked Howard if the successful candidate had yet qualified for office, Howard replied, "Well, he has filed his bond and taken the oath, but all hell wouldn't qualify him!"²⁹ In fairness to the unnamed rancher jurist, it should be noted that Judge Howard was the one who, when his wife deserted him, divorced her by filing a quit-claim deed as to any interest in her.³⁰

Thus, the lawyers of the region would tend to support any movement for organized government. In the courts of 1858-1861 Colorado it was not even safe to practice. Cyrus Carpenter wrote his wife in Iowa:

Less than a week ago, a man was shot down in the Courtroom where I was speaking and I have become so habitated to such ruffianism that when he was picked up and carried out I went right on with my speech, not stopping five minutes.³¹

Without an organized territorial government there could be no standards, for attorneys or judges, no quality or quantity control, no appellate system, no finality of judgments, no judicial immunity when imposing sentences.

While the bench and bar appear to have worked with and within the provisional legal system of this early period, they yearned for a formal Federal territorial judicial system and were not satisfied with the temporary expedients. One citizen, in the *Rocky Mountain News* in 1860, commented on the attitude of the Denver bar toward a proposed city government:

This appears to be a very acceptable plan of government to the committee who framed it, as well as to all the business and laboring men of that meeting. The only ones made any objection to it were the lawyers—they took sides for and against the plan and consumed the whole evening gassing over it. Now sir, as a laboring man and a mechanic, I protest against having our time consumed at all our public meetings by any such notoriously gassing fraternity as the Lawyers.³²

Finally, early in 1861, Congress, with the absence of the Southern delegations who had opposed both the admission of Kansas as a state and the creation of Colorado

as a territory, established both of those entities. Although Colorado as a territory was formed on February 26, it was not until May, 1861 that Governor Gilpin arrived in Denver. The territory now had a three-member supreme court, and each of these appellate justices were each responsible, as trial judges, for a judicial district. Gilpin assigned the justices to their districts on July 10.

The Supreme Court appointed four lawyers to a committee to review qualifications of attorneys, and 31 applicants were admitted to practice before the court on the second day of the session. Among them were Governor Gilpin, Moses Hallett, and Henry M. Teller.³³

With a territorial government, and a territorial supreme court, there was organized a territorial law library. In preterritorial days, the bench and bar primarily (presumably) relied only on those basic law books that they individually owned. These volumes included, for example, *Blackstone's Commentaries* and *Greenleaf on Evidence*.³⁴

Apparently, the law library was part of the general territorial library until 1872, when it was placed under the control of the supreme court. Volumes were marked with special Territorial Supreme Court bookplates. Although it is difficult to say exactly when certain volumes became part of the territorial law library, it is certain that the pre-1876 library was extensive. There were state reporters from at least the following jurisdictions: Iowa, Maryland, Massachusetts, Missouri, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Vermont, Wisconsin, Georgia, North Carolina, New York, Pennsylvania, Arkansas, Alabama, Illinois, South Carolina, Minnesota, and Rhode Island. The statutory and treatise volumes included items from such jurisdictions as California, Kansas, Ohio, Michigan, Montana Territory, and the Federal Government. It is quite clear, then, that attorneys, at least in Denver, had access to a first class law library for that era.³⁵

President Lincoln's appointments to the Colorado Court were Benjamin Hall of New York as chief justice and S. Newton Pettis of Pennsylvania and Charles Lee Armour of Maryland as associate justices. It did not take long for trouble to develop on the court.

Pettis, after receiving a favorable reception in Colorado, decided that he "would never marry the territory."³⁶ He resigned shortly thereafter without ever holding a single court session in Colorado.

Chief Justice Hall would last but two years on Colorado Territory's high court. His early efforts were directed at attempting to get the judicial machinery moving and also in aiding in the suppression of disloyalty in the territory. These efforts on behalf of the Union were at first praised, and later condemned, by Coloradoans. His reports to President Lincoln reflected poorly on the territory by overestimating Southern sympathies.³⁷

Armour, however, was by far the worst of the original appointees. The members of the bar considered him a talented but cranky tyrant. According to Wilbur F. Stone, a later supreme court justice, Armour "required everyone taking an oath to swear on an old, musty Bible and kiss the begrimed book, regardless of the labial transfusion of prehistoric microbes."³⁸ In September, 1863, lawyer James M. Cavanaugh was so upset at one of the judge's decisions, that he published a handbill

that accused Armour as "infamously tyrannical," of being a "judicial vagabond who pretends to be a judge" and "a liar and a coward."³⁹ Armour was so generally unpopular that, unable to secure his removal, the territorial legislature redistricted him to Conejos and Costilla counties. "But," according to Judge Stone, "with sublime defiance he refused to visit [his district] or resign his office, but smilingly smoked his imported cigars . . . sipped his toddies . . . [and] drew his salary . . ."⁴⁰

Stephen S. Harding of Indiana was Colorado Territory's second chief justice. A contemporary observer had this to say about him:

This Judge Harding is from Indiana, and was sent by Mr. Lincoln to be Governor of Utah, but becoming offensive and ineffective there, he was recalled, and given this judgeship to break his fall. But besides a broken character as a public officer, he brought hither such scandalous, Mormon ways of living, as to shock all shades of public opinion, which is now uniting to drive him out of the territory.⁴¹

Harding allegedly had brought a mistress along from Utah. Judge Stone related that Harding's "venality and general unfitness became so odious that finally the bar organized what now would be termed a boycott against him."⁴² Harding never did resign. He simply left for Indiana one day and never came back.

Colorado's other justices during the territorial period were Moses Hallett, Allan A. Bradford, Charles F. Holly, William H. Gale, William Gorsline, Christian Eyster, James Belford, Ebenezer T. Wells, and Amherst W. Stone. They were an eclectic group.

The appointment of unpopular "carpetbag" justices did tend to strengthen the political forces in the territory that favored statehood, or at least the use of local legal talent on the Federal bench. It was felt that a truly Colorado judiciary would be "both more intelligent and independent than that furnished by the Washington authorities."⁴³

Beginning in 1866, the territorial supreme court had a majority of justices who were either from Colorado or who were generally approved.⁴⁴ Justice Holly, however, found that his Colorado credentials did not prevent trouble for himself of a legal nature. He was indicted in his own judicial district, in Central City, for committing adultery with a doctor's wife. Although he was acquitted due to lack of proof, his judicial career was ruined.⁴⁵

Justice Eyster was more fortunate. An observer in Colorado in 1867 remarked, "He is the most popular official in the Territory. . . . It will be gratifying to his many friends in the East to know that he is deservedly esteemed here both as a citizen and as a judge."⁴⁶ But he was considered soft on crime.

But by far the most outstanding high court jurist was Chief Justice Moses Hallett. Hallett's Colorado legal career spanned half a century, and his story is largely that of the Colorado legal system. A boyhood friend reviewed Hallett's career by saying, "His wise and able decisions, especially in litigation growing out of mining claims, have been accepted by the bench in other states as sound. Judge Hallett has a judicial mind, cold blood judgment, and is impartial and conscientious."⁴⁷ What is more important, while on the Colorado Territorial Supreme Court, Hallett wrote a land-

mark decision which put the western water law of prior appropriation on a solid footing, something for which present water law lawyers, half of whom are in Colorado, should be grateful.⁴⁶ Hallett also collected and digested the first Colorado Supreme Court reports.

Colorado's lower level trial judges during the territorial period also represented a broad range of outlook and experience. For example, Juan N. Gutierrez, Sr. of Trinidad was elected probate judge of Las Animas County in 1867.⁴⁹ In mentioning another judge, an 1872 visitor to Georgetown commented that

The judge of probate, elected by an unprecedented majority, is a young man of twenty-four. Colorado is the paradise of young men; but they must be young men of talent, energy, tact, pluck, and of a fiery yet chivalrous spirit.⁵⁰

Youth and endurance could be necessary requirements for trial judges in the Western territories. An 1860's visitor to Montana, A. K. McClure, told what he saw when viewing proceedings.

I have recently given four day's attendance to our Western court, where justice is judicially administered with variations of which Blackstone never dreamed in his philosophy. . . . Of the facts the jurors are the sole judges, without judicial explanation or any suggestions whatever from the court, and cases go hap-hazard to the juries, and are kicked from post to pillar by windy advocates. . . . If I had been judge the four days I attended court, I am sure that half the bar would have been in jail the first day, and probably the residue would have been stricken from the roll before I had got through. . . . I have found the same loose system of the administration of justice prevailing in Colorado, Utah and Idaho.⁵¹

One factor that probably did not contribute to the dignity and orderliness of court proceedings were the trial settings. For example, trials in both territorial Larimer and Weld counties were held in courthouses that were residential log cabins.⁵² Larimer County Judge John Washburn and his family had to endure heavy cigar smoke as they attempted to sleep upstairs in their cabin above deliberating jurors one night in 1864.⁵³ Even a murder trial held in the old Langrish Theater in Central City in the 1860's suffered from inadequate courtroom facilities. Halfway through the defense argument it was discovered that the floor of the packed house was giving way. Over strenuous defense objection, Judge Bradford cleared the building before disaster struck.⁵⁴

Unfortunately, there was also some proof that the territorial judges were still operating under violent frontier conditions. Probate Judge Elias F. Dyer of Lake County became involved in one of those bloody local disputes such as occurred in Grand Lake, Colorado in 1883, Tombstone, Arizona Territory in 1881, and Lincoln County, New Mexico in 1878. Whether the judge's side was truly more right than the opposition's will probably never now be known,⁵⁵ but the courage of Judge Dyer cannot be questioned. Having been threatened by a vigilante group and forced temporarily to flee Lake County, Dyer returned to his courthouse in Granite to preside over an attempt to bring some of his opponents to trial. The judge's last letter to his father, on July 3, 1875, demonstrated the risk he knew he was taking:

Dear Father, I don't know that the sun will ever rise and set for me again, but I trust in God and his mercy. At eight o'clock I sit in court. The mob have me under guard. . . . There is no cowardice in me, father. I am worthy of you in this respect. . . . [L]ike him who died for all; I die, if die I must, for law, order, and principle; and too, I stand alone.⁵⁶

The judge was shot through the head in his courtroom. His murderers were never officially identified or punished. Although Judge Dyer was said to be somewhat of a wastrel, his death was that of a true hero.

Sometimes the lawyers, too, had to operate within the more violent frontier emotions that lurked just below the veneer of supposedly organized society. In 1865, in the wake of President Lincoln's assassination, an emotional People's Court in Central City was convened to deal with a troublesome Southerner. The rightful authorities, unable to prevent the general course of events, attempted to guide the trial to a nontragic ending. Attorney Charles Post, later to be a Colorado Attorney General, helped in manipulating the mob in deciding not to hang the defendant, but to send him to Denver for lesser punishment.⁵⁷

Similarly, in 1869, in the town of Evans, there was an unprovoked murder of a townsman by a railroad worker. Instead of relying on the legitimate territorial justice system to take its course, a People's Court was organized. This trial was less like a mob than the 1865 affair in Central City. Nevertheless, the young attorney appointed by the Judge could not save the murderer from the resulting "suspended" sentence.⁵⁸ Such People's Courts (and there were some in Denver) at this time in Colorado history were certainly wrong and probably unnecessary, not to mention a question of lost fees to those of us who practice in the appellate area.

The lawyers who made up the bar in Federal territorial times were, like the judges, a mixed and sometimes colorful lot. Only a handful need be mentioned to prove this point.

Some proved their patriotism during the War of the Rebellion. John P. Slough, a Denver attorney originally from Ohio, became Colonel of the First Colorado regiment that defeated the Texans in New Mexico in 1862. Slough left Colorado, however, and eventually became Chief Justice of New Mexico Territory. He was killed by a lawyer named Rynerson in 1867.⁵⁹ Jacob Downing was another Denver lawyer who served as a major with the First Colorado in New Mexico, as well as participating in the Indian Wars of 1864 and 1868. He also was the first to introduce alfalfa into the territory.⁶⁰ S. W. Waggoner, a judge in preterritorial Denver, was a Captain in the 2nd Colorado Cavalry. He was killed in a battle with Quantrill's and Todd's Missouri guerrillas in 1864.⁶¹

The bar of Colorado Territory also had something that had to have been rare for the entire nation, a black attorney. For a few weeks in 1862, a "mulatto" held the appointive office of assistant district attorney for Arapahoe County. He accounted for his dark skin by claiming to be part Indian. He resigned his office to join the gold rush in Montana.⁶²

Of course, the attorneys in Territorial Colorado sometimes suffered from an affliction that traditionally finds the members of the bar vulnerable. Gen. L. Bowen,

of Denver and Pueblo, was a sound lawyer who unfortunately had a "strong propensity for getting drunk, generally at the time he was most needed. . . . [M]any and varied were the plans adopted for sobering him."⁶³

However, with rules of admission, it was also possible to police the bar. At least by 1874, the territorial supreme court issued frameable certificates of admission to practice.⁶⁴ The high court took these certificates of practice seriously. In 1871, the Supreme court determined that Marmaduke Green, duly elected to the office of district attorney of Pueblo County, could not serve, since he was not a licensed attorney.⁶⁵ And, in 1874, the high court disbarred Samuel E. Browne, who had been Colorado's first U.S. Attorney, for failing to pay money over to a client.⁶⁶

Generally, however, the bar of Colorado before statehood was apparently ethical, competent, and rich in background. Justice Stone recalled some members in a 1908 bar address. There was George W. Purkins, a Virginian, "a cultured lawyer of the old school, classical and the most graceful and eloquent speaker we ever had," William S. Rockwell, a former Wisconsin judge; Robert S. Morrison, author of a standard textbook on mining law; George F. Crocker, a former City Attorney of Chicago; Thomas Macon of Canon City, "one of the best criminal lawyers of the West;" and many others.⁶⁷

There were also attorneys to look after the interests of Colorado Territory's Hispanic population. Mariano Larragoite was a native New Mexican who emigrated to Trinidad in 1869. He served in the territorial legislatures of 1872 and 1874.⁶⁸ General Baird, also of Trinidad, was a former attorney general of the Republic of Texas. He was able to represent the Spanish Americans of Trinidad because of his perfect fluency in Spanish.⁶⁹

Apparently, there were no regularly admitted woman attorneys in Colorado before statehood. It is likely that Colorado men generally felt the same as their Montana counterparts: "A woman is a queen in her own home; but we neither want her as a blacksmith, a plough woman, a soldier, a lawyer, a doctor, nor in any such profession or handicraft."⁷⁰ Fortunately, things have substantially changed.

The bench and the bar of territorial Colorado were thus a varied lot. Some were undoubtedly rascals. Some would have been competent in any state in the Union. But they tended to have a spirit that made them realize they were serving in a rather rude but freer transitory period. A group of attorneys, in the summer of 1875, traveled the circuit on the Western Slope with presiding Judge Hallett. Between trials, they fished together, they ate together, they sang together and they roomed together. In one case, a man named Palmer employed attorney George Q. Richmond to replevin a jackass that a poor Mexican claimed was his. The jury declined to award the burro to Palmer and the *pro se* Mexican rode off on the animal. Judge Hallett, aided by the district attorney, then penned a poem, portions of which are as follows:

The leading case in court this term
Presents a question rare;
'Tis not of human rights or wrongs,
Or flagrant crime laid bare;
'Tis not of lands and tenements,

Nor yet of grain nor grass;
 But whether a horseshoe brand was stamped
 Upon old Palmer's—burro.⁷¹

On August 8, 1876, Jonathon W. Webster, clerk of the Colorado Supreme Court and librarian of the law library, received volume 4 of the Nebraska Reports. A printed book plate, proclaiming the volume to be the property of the Supreme Court of Colorado Territory, was duly pasted in the front of the book. Then, an unknown hand wrote above the bookplate, "Colorado State Library." The hand then took pen and underlined, for emphasis, the word "State." The days of the Colorado Territorial Bench and Bar were over.

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- ³⁰Stanton, 170-171.
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- ³²Smiley, 692.
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- ³⁴Stone, 745.
- ³⁵Most of the sets of territorial law books have been sold to various out-of-state law schools and lawyers in the past two years, in order to make room in the present Supreme Court Library.
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Western's Bookshelf



The Medicine Bows, Wyoming's Mountain Country by Scott Thybony, Robert & Elizabeth Rosenberg. Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, 1985. 180 pgs. Ill. Soft cover, \$7.95

In the words of the preface "The authors undertook to write a nontechnical history of the [Medicine Bows National] forest from prehistoric times to the present". They became interested in this when the firm they worked for in 1981 was hired by the Forest Service to prepare an overview of the cultural resources in the area.

The writers have done a fine job of researching the literature and rely heavily on others' writing throughout the book. That pulling together of 72 bibliographical entries makes this a valuable resource, but it also makes it read more like a college term paper than a book. I personally would have liked more maps (only one is to be found buried on p. 123). A more vivid description of the character (and characters) of the area, plus some perspective on the area today would also have been valuable.

While the book is not as indepth as I'd like, the authors have done a quality job of covering all historical aspects pertinent to the area west of Laramie, Wyoming (logging, mining, railroads, towns, ranching, etc.). The sections dealing with the area as a National Forest and with early forest rangers are quite interesting and would make a fine book in their own right. Western history buffs are recommended to this book only in the absence of a more detailed work on the area.

George W. Krieger, D.D.S.

From Scratch—A History of Jefferson County, Colorado, by Members of the Jefferson County Historical Commission. 129 pages, illus., bibliography. \$10.00

After almost ten years in preparation, the Jefferson County Historical Commission has brought out a history of the County. Printing costs and space have kept it much smaller than the original manuscript submitted. Twelve chapters covering Early and Later

Government, Education, Railroads, Water Industries, Newspapers, Farming and Ranching, Law and Order, Culture and Social Life, Churches, and Cemeteries, make up the text.

Although quite a bit of editing was necessary, the original manuscript will be on file in the Clement Colorado Collection in the Lakewood Regional Library at 20th and Miller, Lakewood.

Francis B. Rizzari, P.M.

The Conquest of Michoacan by J. Benedict Warren. Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman, 1985. 352 pages, ill. Hardbound, \$27.50.

Dr. Warren, a professor at the University of Maryland, has written a scholarly work that describes the Spanish conquest of the kingdom of Michoacan during the sixteenth century. This kingdom was located in western Mexico and was governed by a Tarascan ruler known as the Cazonci, who submitted to the demands of Cortes with little resistance. He was a young man who only recently had come into the leadership of his people, and he also was faced with internal problems regarding his rule.

This book is the product of extensive research into the events in Michoacan during the period from 1521 to 1530 and it relies on a number of primary sources including *The Chronicles of Michoacan* which was translated from the original and published by the University of Oklahoma Press as volume 98 in *The Civilization of the American Indian Series*, the records of the trial and execution of the last Cazonci.

The Conquest of Michoacan will have the most appeal to those readers with a strong interest in the impact of Spanish institutions such as the Church and the encomienda on the native peoples. The amount of detailed information presented is at times overwhelming with names of participants, locations, and dates. It is possible that those readers with less need for details would have been better served with chapters written as the final chapter, "Concluding Thoughts" was written.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Western American Literary Criticism by Martin Bucco. Boise State Univ., Boise, Idaho, 1984. 55 pages, paperback, \$2.00.

This publication by Professor Bucco of Colorado State University is number 62 in the *Western Writers Series* published by the Department of English at Boise State University, an overview of several authors who have written about the American West. In looking over the sixty-five studies now available, individual members of the Westerners should be able to discover several of their favorite Western authors and may want to order those pamphlets.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Dia por Dia by Anthony Atwell, Jr. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1985. 76 pages, paperback, \$16.95.

This is a book of photographs of the author's Mexican neighbors and friends in Monterrey, Mexico. The people are seen in their daily activities. These are not tourist photographs of Mexico and its people.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Faith in God and Full Speed Ahead by Grant La Farge. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1985. 159 pages, paperback, \$14.95.

This is a book of dichos (sayings) that the author has collected from the cars, buses and trucks of Mexico. He is a retired physician who now lives in Santa Fe with his wife, an importer of native crafts from Mexico and Central and South America. He became interested in these statements, painted on vehicles, and how they express the position of the owner to a more personal degree than the bumper sticker does on cars in the United States. There are some very interesting dichos to be seen in Latin America.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Harvest of Barren Regrets: The Army Career of Frederick William Benteen, 1834-1898 by Charles K. Mills. Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, CA, 1985, Frontier Military Series XII. 432 pp., 45 illus, 13 maps, 10 appendices, bibliography, notes, index. Hardbound, \$35.00.

This is a searching and absorbing biography of one of the two officers who did not bring

the strength of their seven cavalry companies to the aid of George Armstrong Custer in the hour of his greatest need. The pros and cons of that occasion have been debated *in extenso*, to no universal agreement.

Frederick W. Benteen was an officer of Union troops throughout the Civil War from 1861 to the war's end. Subsequently he saw occupation service in Georgia, and through this entire period advanced from 1st Lieutenant to Major. At the close of the war he automatically reverted to lower rank and became a Captain in the reorganized 7th Cavalry regiment.

After the debacle of the Battle of the Little Big Horn, Benteen continued for many years in active service in the West. During the Civil War and subsequently in the Indian wars he achieved a reputation as an excellent man in combat, being termed by many "the bravest man I ever saw."

Personally Benteen was a most extraordinary character, "a complex man of strong opinion who harbored intense animosity for so many with whom he served. A man who has called hero, undeniably brave in the face of battle, and yet one who silently found the failings of his fellow man all-consuming." His animosities were intense, and not always the consequence of "failings" in the objects of his hatreds. Continually embroiled in controversy, and with a progressive deterioration of his personal character and behavior, his career produced a real "harvest of barren regrets," culminating in a court-martial which sentenced him to dismissal from the U.S. service. This was mitigated by President Cleveland, "in view of his long and honorable service and the reputation he has earned for bravery and soldierly qualities," to suspension from rank and duty for one year at half pay.

This is a well-composed and long-needed insight into Benteen's background and the forces which formed his controversial character and personality. It should be read before any hasty decision about his performance at the Little Big Horn.

Hugo von Rodeck, Jr., P.M.

