

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1986



## CARRY NATION VIGILANTE IN PETTICOATS Robert L. Brown, P.M.



## FOR SERIOUS CONSIDERATION

We hope that most of you will have responded generously to the suggestion on your dues notice labeled "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 also 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.

## 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.

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## HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES?



## CARRY NATION, VIGILANTE IN PETTICOATS

by

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

Presented 23 October 1985

Carry Amelia Nation has long been a source of morbid fascination for Western historians. She was born Carry Moore on November 25, 1846 at Dix River, Garrard County, Kentucky, one of six children. Her mother was strange. For instance, shortly after Carry's birth Mrs. Moore announced that she was a lady-in-waiting to Queen Victoria. A bit later she proclaimed to her astounded family that she was Queen Victoria. Long royal gowns soon replaced house dresses and aprons as she began to act out her delusion. And there was the time she drove the family buggy out of the dooryard, revealing that she was off for a state visit to the King of Belgium. The Moore's sister believed that she was a weathervane.

George Moore was a milquetoast who, understandably, always wanted to be somewhere else. They moved to Danville, to Cass County, to Midway. At a revival meeting twelve year old Carry was dunked in an icy stream by the exhorter. She had a severe cold at the time and was allegedly bedridden for the next five years. Unable to attend school, she spent much of her time reading the Bible and religious treatises. There were visions in which she was visited by snakes and angels. Long conversations were held with the reptiles.

While recovering, she succumbed to an overwhelming delusion that she was being called to spread the gospel. On warm Sunday afternoons she practiced on captive audiences of black slaves, lecturing them on sin and God. Carry's father had an urge too. Suddenly he moved the farm to a farm in Grayson County, Texas. While the farm failed, Carry regained her health.

Back in Missouri again, Carry did the cooking and chores while her mother continued as Queen Victoria. So much for childhood and late teens environmental influences.

Into this muddle of domestic confusion came a new boarder, the local school teacher, an ex-Civil War surgeon named Dr. Charles Gloyd. Although trained as a physician, Gloyd had a drinking problem, and so made a better living as a pedagogue.

Just before Mrs. Moore was committed to the Missouri State Hospital for the Insane, she forbade Carry and Dr. Gloyd ever to be alone together in the same room. But the house was a small one and many farcical situations ensued with hasty exits by one party or the other. Ultimately Carry and Gloyd tired of playing games. On November 21, 1867, just four days prior to her twenty-first birthday, Carry and Dr. Gloyd were married. The groom was a dedicated rum pot of heroic proportions and was intoxicated during the service.

Gloyd spent only enough time at home to induce Carry's first pregnancy. She, in turn, spent many a night in the saloons seeking her alcohol-loving husband. Carry named their baby daughter Charlien. Always a sickly child, festering sores destroyed

one side of her cheek, leaving the teeth permanently exposed. Both her physician and her clergyman advised Carry that it would be merciful to let the child die. Carry refused to give up, and began a prayer marathon. Charlien lived, but was terribly disfigured. Charles was rarely aware of his daughter's problems. He drank himself to death in the 1870's. Carry later described their relationship by saying, "he filled a drunkard's grave."



Almost at once Dr. Gloyd's elderly mother moved in. Somehow Carry saved the money for a Normal School degree and supported her daughter and mother-in-law by teaching school. She was fired for arguing with a member of the school board about how one should pronounce the letter "a." But now a second husband was about to enter her life.

Like Gloyd, the Rev. David A. Nation was a Civil War veteran. Carry's active search for a replacement husband had ended at Holden, Missouri. There she saw the man she wanted. He was standing in a door with his back to her. David Nation was a widower, an attorney, a minister in the Christian Church, and old enough to be her father. They were married in 1877 over the objections and advice of her friends. The Nations moved to Texas where David

promptly got into a fight with a neighbor who retaliated by pushing all of Nation's farming implements into the San Bernardo River.

Next the family moved to Columbia, Texas, where David resumed the practice of law. Carry became the tenant operator of a Texas fleabag hotel. It attracted few guests, and David's law practice in a place that had never understood nor respected the law, yielded a lesser number of paying clients. Around-the-clock hard work and the wretched climate threw Carry into fits of depression. Her memory failed. At times she was unable to recall her own name. Fearful nightmares alternated with insomnia. Many sleepless nights were spent staring at a rowdy saloon across the street, wondering what might have been if liquor had not claimed Dr. Gloyd. She recovered enough to accept a job managing a better hostelry at Richmond, Texas. To complicate matters, Carry's aged father now moved in on them. Charlien got married and the newlyweds also moved in. Carry's delusions understandably returned. With increasing frequency she was seen wandering Richmond's streets, asking pedestrians "Do you love God?"

In 1899 Nation moved his family to Medicine Lodge, Kansas. Surprisingly, the marriage lasted for a stormy quarter of a century. Carry never thought of David as

an equal. In public he always walked behind his wife. In public processions, if Mrs. Nation was not at the head of it, she would organize another procession. Poor troubled David began to kneel more frequently in prayer. What could be done with a wife who rarely came home? Somehow, Carry convinced her husband that she was receiving revelations directly from Jesus Christ. She began planning the texts for his sermon. If he deviated, she would rise from the front pew to correct him. By this time she had already begun her anti-liquor campaigns. Finally, while she was breaking up the thirst-quenchers at Columbus, Ohio, in 1901, he sued for divorce. No longer could he abide the humiliation of being called "Mr. Carry Nation." Their divorce was granted in October of 1903.

Carry Nation's personality was filled with paradoxes. If she was not mentally ill, she undeniably had a highly developed neurosis. Her pet hates were quite eclectic. Certainly she had suffered enough to cause a complete and irreversible disorder or two. She violently opposed alcohol, tobacco, the female bosom, free love, the Masonic Lodge, corsets, Theodore Roosevelt, William McKinley, and fashions for women. She often exhorted ladies to "shun the frivolous and immodest fashions of the world" and to teach their children to do the same. She abhorred Theodore Roosevelt because he had signed a decree permitting licensed saloons in Alaska and because he allowed alcohol to be served on his campaign train, even in "dry" Kansas. There were by Mrs. Nation's own count, 113 houses of ill repute within six blocks of the White House, obviously Roosevelt's fault. Additionally, sixty saloons had flourished in Panama while the canal was being completed. The canal, therefore, was a bad thing, and it was all Roosevelt's fault. The charge that she once campaigned to put underwear on horses was never proved.

One Medicine Lodge resident recalls Carry as "coarse, crude, unladylike and masculine." Another remembers that she was, "a lovely person, well liked and respected by her peers." A third told how she taught Sunday School there on a regular basis. A neighbor remembered that Carry had a most pleasant singing voice until she was whipped around the neck during a saloon smashing. Her voice was harsh thereafter.

Mrs. Nation believed that she was a regular recipient of Heavenly guidance. Once during a drought she called a prayer meeting in the Methodist Church. When she adjourned a few drops of rain fell. A soft, gentle rain continued for the next three days. The event did little to diminish her ego. Her entire life was filled with paradoxes. Although she has been pictured as a religious fanatic, she was unable to conform to any organized church doctrine. Privately Carry confided that she considered clergymen to be "stumbling blocks to the advancement of Christ's kingdom on earth." One church excommunicated her for working among the Market Street girls in Denver.

As her visions increased in frenzy and frequency she applied for sainthood within a number of recognized sects. All rejected her claims. At times she lost touch with reality and would lock herself in the cellar for several days at a time. The family upstairs could hear her singing, loud imprecations, shrieks and howls. When it ended she would come out with the delusion that she had been chosen to fight illicit sex, alcohol or tobacco.

It would be fun to give more time to the freuderies and metaphysics of Mrs. Nation's personality, but her saloon smashings are more dramatic and tangible. At age 54 she embarked upon the behavior patterns that would make her name a household word.

Ever since 1884 Kansas had outlawed both the brewing and sale of intoxicants. Nevertheless, Carry's town of Medicine Lodge sported seven operating saloons in complete defiance of the statutes. Mrs. Nation believed that anything she favored was right and those things which she opposed were, therefore, entirely wrong.

Thirsty Kansans subverted their law through drug stores where alcohol was dispensed "for medicinal purposes." Pharmacists sold whiskey as a remedy for leprosy and bubonic plague. Weekly or monthly fines assured that the authorities would not close them down.

It was in Medicine Lodge in 1895 that Carry Nation first allied herself with the Women's Christian Temperance Union. While serving as their jail evangelist she delivered powerful speeches, blinding displays of forensic virtuosity, to captive audiences concerning the "demon rum." During prayer meetings at church she often launched strident recitations of the names of local whiskey sellers, demanding to know why they were permitted to defy the statutes. Occasionally she would stroll into speakeasies with the arrogance of a matador, kneeling beside beer barrels to pray in her loudest manner. Carry Nation was fast becoming a vigilante in petticoats.

At nearby Kiowa, saloons were also tolerated. One fine spring day in 1899 Carry drove her horse and wagon into town, loaded her apron with rocks and advanced on the Lone Eagle for her first saloon smashing. She surged through the swinging doors while belting out choruses of "Oh Where is My Wandering Boy Tonight." Standing among the dumbfounded men she launched her first rock with a wild overhand swing, demolishing the bar mirror. In such a confining place each throw scored. When it was over she stood among the debris daring the authorities to arrest her. When the marshal hesitated she goaded herself to tornadic passion, gave him a tongue lashing, and drove her buggy home.

Here as later she was probably saved by the element of surprise, and a lot of raw nerve. In that staunchly Victorian era, how did one cope with a woman who insisted on invading traditional male strongholds? Once inside, while chanting prayers and hymns, Carry proceeded to disport herself in a most un-Christian manner, howling and stomping into flinders every known ethic of barroom comportment.

Rocks, a wheezy little hand organ, and shrill prayer meetings both served her well and confused the opposition. She was now fifty four years old. That same year Carry recruited a lady confederate to help her carry the organ down to Mort Strong's saloon. A large crowd of about 200 women and children followed along to see the fun. Occasionally they joined in on a chorus or two of the favorite hymns of the Anti-Saloon League. A few evil barkeepers retaliated by offering free drinks to anyone who would join in chanting jovial and indecent choruses to the hymns.

When sufficiently motivated the crusader herself stormed the swinging doors. Mort ejected her. Outside she alternated between singing and cursing. Carry had a lively and comprehensive vocabulary that would have done credit to a muleskinner.

By now a fair sized crowd had occupied the street. Some sang with Mrs. Nation. Following a number of abortive attempts to get inside the thirst parlor, she and her friend left for home still belting out their hymns. When the rumor spread around Medicine Lodge that he had either beaten or whipped Mrs. Nation, Strong caved in and left town.

Now flushed with conquest, Henry Durst's saloon was next on her list. This time she chose the wife of a local drunk as her companion. Durst heard them coming and barred the door. The crusader and her entourage knelt in the street to pray and sing. As their imprecations swelled in volume Durst's patrons left by the rear door. By this time the usual assortment of voyeurs and curiosity seekers had formed sullen lines along the wooden sidewalks across the street.

Now Durst made a tactical error. He lowered the barricade and stuck his head outside the fortress to check on the progress of the disturbance. Carry was lurking close by and nailed him by the shirt. Being the larger of the two, she shook him like a terrier shakes a rat. Repeatedly she bounced him off the wall while threatening him with loud bi-weekly prayer meetings in the street. Then she beat him about the head with her umbrella while shrieking at the top of her voice. After being thrown, clawed, beaten and kidney punched, Durst too left town.

Medicine Lodge businessmen had grown accustomed to making several stops each day at the O.L. Day drug store. Day kept an oak barrel of fine California brandy on tap for "medicinal purposes" and other emergencies. When Carry heard about it she and two companions charged into the back room, howling that brandy was the "Devil's brew." Day yelled for the police as the big woman mounted the keg. When Marshal Gano arrived she was sitting astride the barrel. She stiff-armed Day across the room without even rising from her perch. Gano threw a head lock on her and promptly heard a ripping noise as his coat was stripped from his back by Carry's two confederates. Gano, wedged between the girdled and indignant housewives, retreated toward the street. "Women," shouted their leader, "here is the whiskey." Day tried to explain that it was medicinal brandy, but Carry brushed him aside shrieking in richest sonorities, "roll out the broth of Hell." Once the ten-gallon keg was in the street she pounced on it and demolished it with a sledge hammer, striking it with such force that the liquor squirted several feet into the air.

A loud and expectant cheer rose from the crowd as they rushed forward to sample the loot. But Carry leaped into the fray with a broom, sweeping the liquid into the gutter. As she set the liquid ablaze, mixed hurrahs and groans indicated the duality of the mob's feelings. Flushed with victory, she now entered and smashed the three remaining saloons, leaving Medicine Lodge males with no place to drink for the first time since Kansas had gone dry.

Next on the smasher's agenda was the frontier town of Wichita. In late December of 1900 she drove her buggy to the entrance of Carey's saloon. She hurtled through the doors, entering the antique barroom moist with hate. After demolishing the bottled goods she ripped a suggestive painting to shreds. Carey howled for the police and Carry was arrested. While they forceably escorted her to the slammer she boxed the sheriff's ears repeatedly.

The lawman tried kindness, offering to release her so she could spend New Years with her family. In return she was to promise to stay out of Wichita, but she refused. Her only promise was that she would reduce every saloon in town to rubble as soon as she could get her hands on enough rocks. She was confined for three weeks.

Her jailer, a physically small person, became the perpetual brunt of her insults. She constantly referred to him as a "shrimp" until he left the rear door unlocked one night and begged her to leave. When two reporters came to call she dressed them down verbally for smoking in her presence. In confidence she once revealed that her pet hate was tobacco, and that she considered it hereditary, "like a birthmark." Any number of accounts describe how Mrs. Nation would snatch cigars or pipes from the mouths of users. One story details how she emerged from a hotel elevator in Denver and grabbed the cigar from the mouth of a startled drummer. A Kansas neighbor of the Nations insisted that this was done only because smokers, lacking consideration for the rights and comfort of others, would deliberately blow their offensive smoke in her face. Carry once described smoking as "taking the short cut to eternal damnation by the nicotine route."

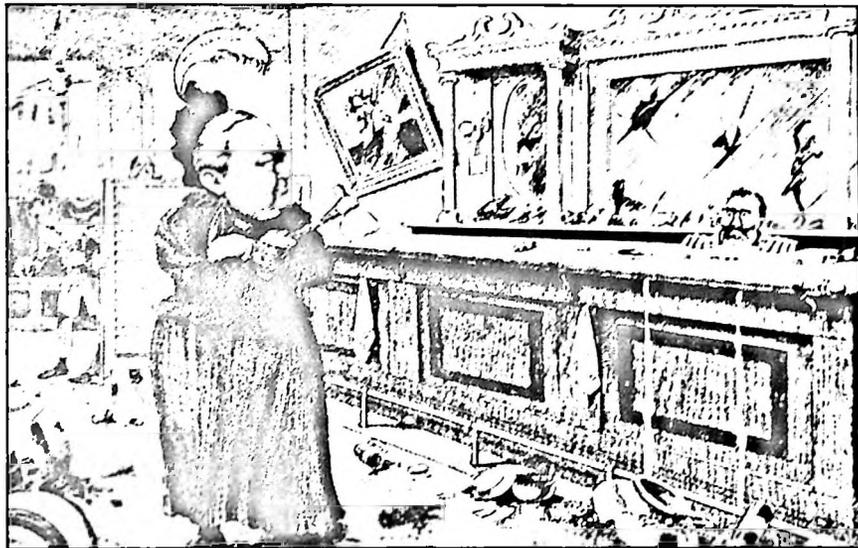
Mrs. Nation's first weapon was the umbrella, followed by billiard balls, bricks, rocks, a sledge hammer, and finally the dollar hatchet. It was in Wichita that she discovered the hatchet. On January 21, 1901 she purchased the first of many that she would use. Her first two hatchet smashings were at James Burne's and at John Hareg's saloons on Douglas Avenue. Later, an admirer gave her a gigantic battle-axe used by an English knight during the Crusades.

Next she invaded the saloon of the town's hotel and reduced it to a ruin of broken glass in less than an hour. She shattered a \$1500 Victorian mirror, put a rock through a painting of nude Cleopatra, hacked deep clefts into the costly cherrywood bar, and demolished a fine crystal chandelier. As the authorities marched her off to jail she sang "Stand Up, Stand Up For Jesus". While confined she regaled the other prisoners with a round robin of hymns.

Although she had wrecked Carey's saloon and destroyed much personal property, the businesses were illegal under Kansas law. If they punished Carry her supporters would demand punishment for the saloonkeeper too. But if Mr. Carey was arrested, Wichita police would lose their lucrative fine money from all bar owners, and their places to drink as well. To resolve the quandary all charges were dropped and Carry was released on January 12, 1901. Just nine days later she returned to address the W.C.T.U. in convention. Her oratory so inflamed the white-ribboned delegates that a battalion, with Carry in the lead, went into downtown Wichita and smashed two more saloons. The foray ended when a bartender leveled a revolver at Mrs. Nation's head, and the ladies retreated.

Following a hasty regrouping of her forces she led a second assault on the Carey saloon, and was again arrested. Her bail was \$1000. On January 23, she entered Enterprise, Kansas, was deluged with rotten eggs and got a black eye from the enraged mistress of a saloonkeeper. A counter-attack was launched by the wives, mothers and sweethearts of saloonkeepers. They fought a street battle outside John Shilling's place. There were probably no winners.

In Topeka, a few days later, she barged into the legislature and demolished the bar in the Senate building. To ward off further attacks Topeka saloon men hired the largest ex-slaves they could find to guard their bars. One account has them armed with bludgeons and clubs.



Carry's paid lecture tours were held between crusades. The "Kansas Tornado" spoke in Canada, Mexico, England and Scotland. In America she toured with a Chatauqua company. Her act was much the same wherever she went. If a church choir was available it was used to "warm up" the crowd. Then Carry would mount the rostrum to deliver a no-holds-barred fire and brimstone speech. Then she would lead her audience in a hymn sing, with a final token attack on the closest saloon. Carry always insisted on being allowed to take the first swing with her hatchet.

If a raid resulted in her arrest, the W.C.T.U. bailed her out and sent her home to recuperate. Many times her only rest came in jails. In one town the authorities attempted to keep the smasher out of circulation by putting a smallpox quarantine on the cell where she was confined, but her friends of the W.C.T.U. gathered outside the lock-up and held loud round-robin prayer vigils until she was freed. In all she was locked up twenty-seven times in six years. Once she shouted out from her cell, "I am the prophet of God almighty. I have been sent by God to save the souls of the wicked from eternal damnation."

When lecture fees alone did not suffice she paid her expenses by selling little pewter souvenir hatchets, manufactured by a toymaker in Rhode Island. Her influence was felt far beyond the range of her voice. Carry's success bred a rash of people who copied her behavior. Among her imitators was Miss Blanche Boies who attacked the

painting of Custer's Last Stand with an axe to remove the brewer's imprint from the bottom of the frame. Mrs. May Sheriff put together a company of fifty ladies called the "Flying Squadron of Jesus" to raid saloons along the Oklahoma border. Myra McHenry often disguised herself as a man so as to be able to enter saloons unnoticed before beginning her smashing.

In Boston a Mrs. Mary Green, claiming to be Mrs. Nation, entered and caused considerable damage to a saloon. She lofted a billiard ball through a mirror and threw a plate of the free lunch into the barman's face. Farther east, five W.C.T.U. ladies wrecked two bars in Dalton, Arkansas. In Oyster Bay, New York, a black man named Benjamin Levy ransacked a bar, claiming inspiration from Carry Nation.

In 1907 Carry was ejected forcefully when she tried to enter the U.S. Senate. At Yale University the most notorious campus drunks were secretly recruited to serve as her escorts. But she smelled the grape on their breaths and stormed into the president's office to protest the insult. Whenever the Kansas Tornado touched down long enough to return home, delegations of white ribboned W.C.T.U. ladies carried symbolic hatchets as they marched to the depot to meet her.

Because the crusader crusaded in Denver too, a brief account is probably in order. It was in August of 1906 that she signed into the Midland Hotel. At the first of her public lectures men were excluded. The other was held in the public room of the Oxford Hotel. There she snatched a cigar from the face of a drummer and delivered a scathing lecture, an ear shattering tirade about tobacco addiction. An unfortunate bellboy, unable to contain his mirth, got his ears boxed.

Carry handed out souvenir pewter hatchets to the bevy of schoolboys that dogged her steps in search of excitement. She was heard to exclaim, "if we cant save the old hogs then we'll save the young pigs." On Market Street she read a list of City Fathers who owned interests in the brothels. The girls were denounced as "poor fools who have come to this sad pass by wearing peekaboo blouses with pink and blue ribbons on their underwear to attract the attention of bad men with rotten minds."

Then came the eventful night of August 18th, surely one of the most amusing moments in Denver's lively history. At 9:30 P.M. Mrs. Nation stormed out of the hotel and took her place at the head of a procession of about 100 temperance women for a march to the cribs of Market Street. The *Denver Post* account of the imbroglio described a crowd of 7,000 that blocked the route of tramway cars.

Robert Carter, acting police chief, ordered his officers to arrest her if any disturbance ensued. Patrolman Kaylor arrested her and put her in a drug store at 21st and Larimer. Although she never got to the tenderloin district, the girls interrupted their horizontal work and came out in droves to see the celebrity. While a police cordon tried to get her into the paddy wagon she unleashed a verbal barrage for the benefit of the crib girls.

"Shame, shame," she whooped, "wipe that red paint from your mouths. Quit this life and refuse to sell your bodies to lewd men."

It took a dozen officers to control the mob while they pushed Carry into the paddy wagon. While being booked she identified herself as "Carry Nation, widow, prophet of God, enemy of alcohol." The charge read, "Disturbing the peace and

inciting a riot." Guards in the bull pen tried in vain to keep her from reading aloud from the Sermon on the Mount. Other inmates sang several hymns while a crowd of white ribboners gathered outside. When they let her out the next day she boarded the train for Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek to do it all over again.

Upon returning to Kansas Carry sold her house in Medicine Lodge and moved to Kansas City to start a refuge for wives and widows of drunkards. As a retirement home for herself she bought a little farm near Eureka, Arkansas. In December of 1910 she became ill while lecturing in St. Louis. She was taken to the Evergreen hospital at Leavenworth. On January 13, 1911, Mrs. Nation collapsed again while speaking at Eureka Springs, Missouri. She passed her hand across her forehead and said, "I have done what I could."

Five months later she was dead. The coroner's report gave the cause of death as "nervous trouble due to unusual activities which caused a weakening of the heart." But there is another version, and the dates make it feasible. This account places Mrs. Nation's last saloon smashing in Butte, Montana, on January 6, 1910. Unknown to Carry the saloon was owned by a female brawler named Irish May Maloy. When Carry routinely began smashing liquor bottles and ripping the girlie paintings, May jumped her and administered a thorough clobbering. Carry departed, badly beaten, to the farm in Arkansas. She never recovered. Her date of death was July 2, 1911.

Carry's body was returned to Balton, Missouri, and placed in an unmarked grave beside her mother. Twelve years later a group of friends collected money for a granite marker. It bears this inscription. "Faithful to the cause of prohibition, she hath done what she could." In his *Emporia Gazette*, William Allen White wrote, "She has aroused the law abiding people of Kansas to the disgrace of law-breakers—partly by her own lawlessness."

The little home at Medicine Lodge has been refurbished now by her friends and opened to the public. Inside one may view her tiny street organ, one of her hatchets and her bible. A nearby American Legion post chartered itself in 1919 as Carry Nation Post #1. There have been setbacks too. In Evanston, Illinois, home of the W.C.T.U., they began issuing liquor licenses in 1972. In Wichita a handsomely inscribed fountain was erected on the site of her first arrest. Ironically, it was smashed by an oversize runaway beer truck.

But Kansas is still dry, and from the W.C.T.U. at Medicine Lodge came the following poetic tribute.

Toll the bell softly and sing a sweet song,  
Hushed be the voice of the world's mighty throng,  
Step very lightly with slow gentle tread,  
The Brave Home Defender, Carry Nation is dead.

Carry Nation's life style has vastly enriched both the history and the folklore of our American West.





# Westerner's Bookshelf



**The Grizzly in the Southwest** by David E. Brown. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1985. 274 pages, photographs, maps, bibliography. Hardbound, \$19.95.

The grizzly has disappeared from the Southwest, and unless care is taken, this great bear may soon be gone from the Northern Rockies and the Yellowstone area which are its last ranges in the United States outside of Alaska. Many of the same problems face the grizzly today that faced the bear in the Southwest including over-estimation of his numbers and federal policy toward him. Other major problems are the reduction of his habitat by logging and increased pressure from people enjoying his range.

The grizzly disappeared from the Southwest with the last one being killed on September 23, 1979, near Blue Lake in Conejos County, Colorado. David Brown has joined the effort to bring back the bear to the Gila Wilderness in New Mexico, and has run into many of the old attitudes held by stockgrowers against the grizzly.

The problem of conflict between bear and stockgrowers was brought about by the destruction of herbaceous vegetation by the homesteaders, loggers and sheep raisers that often forced the grizzly to turn to other sources of food. Often bears were accused of killing livestock that had died from other causes, because of their eating the carcass. The stockgrowers turned to state and local governments for control through the use of bounties and professional hunters, and finally the Federal Government was called upon to help destroy the grizzly. The U.S. Biological Survey established the Predatory Animal and Rodent Control branch which played a major role in exterminating the grizzly in the Southwest. One of the strong supporters of the actions of this organization was J. Stokely Ligon who hired the best bear hunters available to kill the grizzly as well as mountain lions and other predators. Three years after beginning the operation against predators, Ligon changed his mind about the need to kill all the bears.

The author presents a very complete study of the grizzly, his contact with man, and the

results of this contact. Information is given about the great bear hunters, the life style of the grizzly, and the history of the bear in the Southwest. The book is well-researched and should prove interesting to anyone with an interest in the fate of the grizzly in our nation.

The question of whether or not the grizzly will be able to survive in the United States outside Alaska is one that a number of books and organizations have addressed. The major problems of reduction of the grizzly's habitat and the increasing contact between people and bears are the areas to be discussed. There is a need to recognize that when a person goes into bear country he or she is taking a risk, and if they are attacked by a grizzly, it is just that person's tough luck! When one enters bear territory, all proper precautions must be taken including letting the bear know that you are coming. It would be a very sad thing to witness the final destruction of the grizzly bear in the Yellowstone and Glacier areas, but unless changes are made in government policy, it will happen.

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 ills, 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 been 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.

**The Kachina and the White Man**, by Frederick J. Dockstader. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque. Revised edition, 1985. 202 pages, index, \$19.95 hardbound, \$10.95 paper.

The Hopi way represents an harmonious but precarious relationship between these highly civilized people and nature. Their unique religion reflects their needs as well as being a bulwark against the uncertainties of life. The Kachina Cult and its rituals are the foremost observances in the Hopi religious calendar, a time when dancers take on spiritual qualities by placing masks on their heads. At the same time it is understood that the Kachinas are not "gods," but intermediaries who transmit the prayers of the people to the appropriate deities.

Outside influences began with the coming of the Spanish, whose intolerance of native ways gave the Hopi an abiding hatred of all

whites. Next came Roman Catholic attacks on the Kachina Cult, likewise unsuccessful. In 1821 William Becknell became the first American white man seen by the Hopi when he opened the Santa Fe Trail. Then in 1866-67 there came another facet of white civilization, an epidemic of smallpox. The Hopi made a curious distinction between the Americans and the Spanish. The Americans, they said, *paid* for their food and water.

By 1870 we had established the first Hopi Agency, followed closely by the arrival of missionaries, both Protestant and Catholic. By 1944 their efforts had yielded 30 converts to Christianity. In 1895 the first Indian schools were set up. Their ridicule of native ways caused the Hopi to turn away from white influences until the policy of ridicule was reversed in 1933.

In this very sympathetic revised edition Prof. Dockstader examines, explores and documents what has happened since two very different cultures first came into close contact. This is a fascinating book, I liked it.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

**Buck Barry, Texas Ranger and Frontiersman**, Edited by James R. Greer. Univ. of Neb. Press, Lincoln, 254 pages, 4 illustrations, (First Bison Book Printing 1978). paperback \$6.96

James Buckner Barry of North Carolina is the hero of this book. Barry served in 3 of North Carolina's armies. Following the Mexican War settlers flocked to Texas. As a result, organizations such as the Texas Rangers and Texas Frontier Regiment were formed. Barry and his wife owned slaves, stock and land. This enabled him to get on the road to prosperity before the Civil War. Barry's fame rests not upon flaming deeds, but upon being a solid citizen, one of the substantial pioneers who kept their word, worked hard, fought Indians, loved their families and their state. Colonel Barry retained his military papers, military post book, his diaries, and his official and personal correspondence, and during his writing period he was able to refer to these data.

The book will be of great interest to those interested in early Texas history. Since it is written in diary form, those who want a story will be disappointed.

Robert C. Accola, C.M.

**Rebellion in Rio Arriba - 1837** by Janet Lecompte. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1985. 186 pages, ill. Cloth \$19.95, Paper \$9.95.

In August, 1837, the people of northern New Mexico revolted against the governor and the new constitution of Mexico. In the revolt Governor Albino Perez and sixteen of his supporters were killed and when the revolt finally ended, Manuel Armijo was the governor and military leader of New Mexico. Janet Lecompte uses accounts of the participants to present a most interesting study of a major event in the history of New Mexico in the decade before the Anglo-American takeover in 1846.

This is the seventh title to be published in a joint effort between the Historical Society of New Mexico and the University of New Mexico Press, and continues adding to the knowledge of New Mexico history.

When Mexico won its independence from Spain in 1821, the impact on New Mexico was minor because of distance and lack of interest. This continued to be the case for the next fifteen years, and during that period the people of New Mexico developed their own ways of government and taxation. With the arrival of Governor Albino Perez in 1836 and his attempts to make changes, including those required by the new Mexican constitution, the citizens of New Mexico's northern province, Rio Arriba, revolted. His arrival signaled to all that the Supreme Government was going to end its neglect of the area which had included a neglect to tax.

The residents of the area, both Hispanic and Pueblo Indian, looked for reasons for rebellion and found them in the life style of the governor and his associates. The threat of having to pay taxes was especially chilling to all as there was very little money available in the province. The rebellion was successful with Governor Perez losing the short battle against the rebels near San Ildefonso and losing his head when captured near Santa Fe. The rebels entered Santa Fe and proclaimed Jose Gonzales, a man with very little ability, as the new governor. A rebellion within the rebellion involved the Church. Padre Martinez of Taos was forced to sign an agreement to perform sacraments without the usual fees and to allow the dead to be buried in the church.

The rebellion came to a close with the defeat of the rebel force at Pojoaque, north of Santa Fe, on January 27, 1838. At this battle former governor Jose Gonzales was killed. Lecompte's account of the rebellion is very interesting, and her inclusion of the documents on which she bases her account makes the book even more worthwhile. One of the documents printed in full is a listing of the personal effects of Governor Perez and the disposition of the effects after his death. This information reveals the life style of the governor and his associates.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**San Juan Country** by Thomas M. Griffiths. Pruett Publ. Co., Boulder, CO, 1984. xv + 246 pp., copiously illustrated, bibliography, index. Hardbound \$34.95.

It is difficult to characterize this *magnum opus*. It is a fascinatingly searching presentation of everything and anything you may have wanted to know about this section of southwestern Colorado and wondered where to look. This is the place!

Beginning with an introductory resume from the first historic exploration, continuing with its aboriginal inhabitants and its European development, to a summary of its present condition and the threats to its integrity, the author briefly introduces a veritable encyclopedia of information on the San Juan Country (named for its commanding mountains).

Griffiths is a master at the relationship between scenery and its underlying structural geology and his explanations of land forms (scenery) serve equally well as a textbook or as a layman's guide, so lucidly does he derive the one from the other. He then goes on to relate the effect of the San Juans' topography on air movements and weather, whose influences he graphically exemplifies from his own experiences. His descriptions of the wildlife and its relationship to the character of the environment, physical, plant, and animal, are augmented by photographs both black-and-white and in color.

The Indian history of the region is blended into the early, and subsequent, European infiltration and into modern times, from the early white explorers, the military developments, the mappers, and a very full account of mining, followed by the modern demographic evolution of the area. Resource development leads via

irrigation, agriculture and animal husbandry, to the establishment of towns and schools, and inevitably to recreational climbing in which subject the author is an authentic authority.

There is scarcely any aspect of the San Juan area, past or present, human or otherwise, which has been neglected in this compendious, if necessarily cursory, survey of an area which is fortunately not quite entirely "developed." One hesitates to recommend more visitation, despite its marvels and charms, for fear that may accelerate its inevitable decline into overpopulation and extinction. But *do* visit the area with Griffiths' book in hand (don't try to carry it in pocket) while it is still much as the author here describes.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.

**Custer's Fall; the Indian Side of the Story** by David Humphrys Miller, Univ. of Nebraska Press, 271 pages, ill. by the author, maps, preface, sources. Cloth, \$21.50, paper, \$7.95.

This book was originally published in 1957, and reprinted this year by the University of Nebraska Press. It is questionable whether the University should have bothered. With all of the recent scholarly research done on the Battle of the Little Big Horn, particularly the archeological investigation by the National Park Service and Dr. Doug Scott, this book should be considered historical fiction at best. The author has an interesting technique—the story of the battle from the hostiles' viewpoint—and he purports to know all about the Indians, the battlefield, and the battle. The reader is put on his guard early in the book when the author, in describing what is going on in the United States in June, 1876, states that Calamity Jane "lay in a Deadwood bagnio—two years before she had guided Custer's Black Hills Gold Discovery Expedition—". This would be a surprise to the members of that expedition. The author states that he got the "truth" about the battle from surviving Indians. These Indians were all either in or approaching the 100 year age mark, and even Indians memories fail.

Inaccuracies abound in the book. Miller states that Custer's body, after the battle, was carefully removed to the Steamer "Far West", along with the wounded. Actually, Custer was buried where he fell and his bones were removed for burial at West Point several years later. Miller describes the Indians' scrap with Crook at the

Rosebud a few days previous, as a great Indian victory, when historians know that at best it was a draw, and the Indians withdrew from the scene. Sitting Bull is described as a really swell fellow who prayed for the killed cavalrymen and did not intend to fight if only Custer had approached him in a nice way. Miller says the Indians had only a few obsolete firearms, though recent archeological excavations have proved that the Indians had more and better weapons than the 7th Cavalry. Miller repeats the old fairy story of Custer mating with a Cheyenne princess after the Washita Battle and siring a son, in fact, stating that mother and son were at the battle and mourned over Custer's body. Further, it is stated that Custer probably committed suicide and that many of the 7th Cavalry men also took their own lives. Miller quotes the Indians as saying that many soldiers were drunk, although how they managed to maintain a liquor supply that far from civilization is a mystery. Miller also repeats the tale that Custer told his scouts that he could be president of the United States, a legend put to rest by a recent book.

All in all, this is not a book to read for fact and information, but perhaps for amusement.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

**Trails Among the Columbine - A Colorado High Country Anthology** Sundance Publications, Denver, 1985, 160 Pages. Cloth \$35.00; Softback \$25.00.

This is a Colorado anthology featuring a collection of original articles, stories, and photos of the High Country. Written to inform and entertain, it is an enjoyable armchair experience for any reader interested in the history and lore that went into Colorado's rich heritage of a vanishing pioneer culture but also a chronicle of the state's places of unspoiled beauty. Not only are the vacational topics important elements, but the social, political, economic, travel, and cultural issues also receive detailed attention.

This handsome book is profusely illustrated with both color and black-and-white photographs especially selected to dramatize each particular feature. It is the first in a series of Sundance Books presenting a comprehensive treatment of Colorado. This collection is an ideal text for historians, educators and students.

Written with the field observer in mind, Editor Meyers has selected known contributors, all well established in their field. Each of the chapters covers a distinct regional aspect of Colorado. Among the authors are two of our fellow Westerners, Robert L. Brown and Stan Zamonski. Among the choice articles are *A Mount Evans Wilderness Adventure*, *Rocky Mountain National Park*, *The Richest Square Mile on Earth*, *Northwest Colorado—The Bad Guys are Gone, but the Beauty Remains*. It also includes extensive material on the *Durango and Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad*, and *The Magnificent San Juans*. I do not know of any other recent book that presents such a rich and diverse "anthology" on Colorado. At today's book prices, *Trails Among the Columbines* is well worth the price.

Stan Zamonski, P.M.

**Firearms of the American West, 1803-1865** by Louis A. Garavaglia and Charles G. Worman, Univ. New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1984. Abundantly illustrated. 402, 9 x 12 pages. Hardbound, \$35.00.

The material is very well organized into six parts offering a succinct historical review accented toward Western migration.

Garavaglia was a former assistant technical editor to the *American Rifleman* and is currently a free-lance writer in Colorado. Worman, a former editor of *Hobbies Magazine* is currently Chief, Research Division USAF Museum, Wright Patterson AFB.

The data are extensively and orderly presented, combining technical and historical facts into a single volume, afford interesting reading and a desirable reference for the collector and historian alike. The 37 pages of Notes and Bibliography provide exhaustive sources for further information. The ample Index and clear Table of Contents permit the reader to quickly find his interest.

Loren F. Blaney, P.M.

**Pioneer Artists of Taos** by Laura M. Bickerstaff. Old West Publ. Company, Denver, 1983. 336 pages, 55 color and 45 black-and-white illustrations. Hardbound, \$25.00.

The fame of Taos, New Mexico, as an artist colony today is well known, but the names of those artists whose work first brought notice to the area are often forgotten. In 1955, Laura Bickerstaff attempted to remedy this lack by

writing a book containing short biographies of six of these artists of Taos. While her work, including an introduction by Ernest Blumenschein who was one of the six artists, was not widely circulated, it was one of the major sources of information available on the subject. What made her effort very special was that she was able to interview some of the artists, members of their families, and their friends.

The current edition is much more than a new printing as the people at Old West Publishing Company have expanded the work by the addition of two chapters regarding the Taos Society of Artists and chapters about four other Taos artists of the period. In the selection of illustrations for the new edition, the publisher selected the very best works of the artists. Some of these paintings have never before been included in a publication and several have not been seen by the general public for more than fifty years. The paintings illustrate both the great talents of the artists and a special attitude toward Taos and its people.

In several ways this book presents an excellent look at art and the life of the artists in the United States during the period that began a few years before the start of the new century until the 1950's. The travels to Europe for study and the struggles to sell their work were the constants that ran through the lives of the artists. Their formation of the Taos Artists Society had as its major functions providing an organization to provide a link between Taos and the art markets, and a reduction in the feeling of isolation by these artists on the frontier. The attempts to sell paintings by mounting exhibits around the country were not very successful. This along with the conflict in personalities resulted in the death of the Society in 1927.

With six of the artists being described by Bickerstaff and four by other writers, there is a certain lack of emphasis in selecting the important factors in the life of each artist. The original chapters seem to take a more human-interest approach to the lives of the men while the chapter on Walter Ufer deals more with the techniques of painting and style. This chapter about Ufer is the longest and most detailed of all.

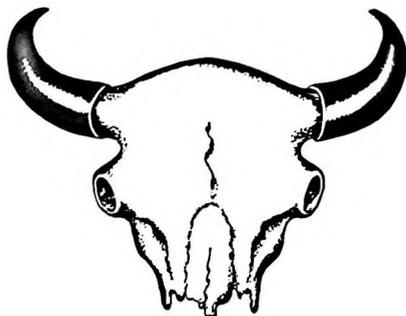
Ray. E. Jenkins, P.M.



*The* DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

MARCH-APRIL 1986



## CANYONS OF THE COLORADO REVISITED

Henry W. Toll Jr., P.M.



**Fred A. Rosenstock (1896-1986).** Charter Member of the Denver Westerners, Sheriff in 1952, Fred Rosenstock was an active member and supporter of the Westerners for the past 40 years. As an avid book collector, Western Americana book-dealer and publisher, Rosenstock's knowledge of the West and its literature was widely known to historians and dealers throughout the United States. Awarded the degree Doctor of Humanities by Brigham Young University in 1971 Fred continued in the rare book business until 1975 when Rosenstock Books was sold.

At the young age of 80 Rosenstock Arts was formed dealing in Western arts.

Mr. Rosenstock died quietly at his home Feb. 15, 1986. A sad day for Western history, he will be missed by all who knew him.

#### 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.

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS

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HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES?



## CANYONS OF THE COLORADO REVISITED

by

Henry W. Toll Jr., P.M.

Presented 27 November 1985

Residents of our territory and State have played a variety of roles in the history of the exploration, study, and running of the Colorado River which shares our name. Some became famous through their involvement and a few, infamous. History has dealt kindly with some and harshly with others. This paper proposes to revisit the Canyons of the Colorado noting the lesser known involvement of Coloradans in its history.

All Western historians and river buffs recognize the *Canyons of the Colorado* portion of the title.<sup>1</sup> Of the myriad books published about the river, this stands with its predecessor, *Explorations of the Colorado River of the West* as the landmark for the historian, geologist, river runner, or writer. Powell's original report, which has been characterized as the "Smithsonian Report," was published after the completion of Powell's 1871 - 1872 trip through the Canyons.<sup>2</sup>

Regardless of how one calculates the numbers (and there is room for argument) at least half of the original Powell crew came from Colorado. That first trip in 1869 had been planned to last ten months, but was truncated to 98 exhausting days of a trial by water occasioned by the loss of one of four boats laden with crucial supplies. The site of the mishap, christened Disaster Falls, is in Colorado's Lodore Canyon.

The oarsmen of the ill-fated, imaginatively titled, "No Name," were Coloradan Oramel G. and, his brother, Seneca Howland. O.G. Howland, the elder of the two brothers, was a printer and editor by trade. He came to Denver in 1860 and worked with William Byers at the *Rocky Mountain News*. Of him, William Culp Darrah writes:

"No member of the Powell expedition of 1869 is more misunderstood than the elder Howland. He has many interests including: business agent for a Methodist Episcopal Sunday School magazine called "The Sunday School Casket," The Denver Typographical Union No. 49, and the "Nonpareil Prospecting & Mining Company." Howland was Vice-President of the Typographical Union in 1867 and was also the Secretary and a member of the Board of Trustees of the Nonpareil Prospecting & Mining Company. In other words, Mr. Howland was an active member in the business and social affairs of the city of Denver. He was apparently active also as an outdoorsman. He served as a guide for Major Powell in Colorado in 1868. He came to the Powell party with Mr. Byers, who had determined to attempt the ascent of Long's Peak with the Major after several previous unsuccessful attempts. Howland was never a mountaineer in the usual sense of the word."<sup>3</sup>

Seneca Howland came West from the family home in Pomfret, Vermont, in 1868 and joined the Powell expedition of that year with his brother. Although Howland may have been recruited here, history credits him to Vermont.<sup>3</sup>

Powell led field trips in Colorado in the summers of 1867 and 1868. In the course of his travels around the state in 1868, he made the first recorded ascent of

Long's Peak via an arduous route from the Grand Lake area. It was a difficult route and one seldom followed today. The most complete account of that summer is given in a book, *The Professor Goes West*, which is of special interest to Westerners because the volume was compiled by our founder, Elmo Scott Watson. Watson gathered the material from the records of his Alma Mater, Illinois Wesleyan University, where Powell was Professor of Geology previous to his explorations of the Colorado River.<sup>4</sup> Powell later became Professor of Geology at Illinois State Normal University and Curator of the Natural History Museum at Normal. He resigned in 1872 to go to Washington, taking with him some of the expeditions' collections now lodged at the Smithsonian which some believe should have stayed with the college in Illinois.<sup>5</sup> Both universities and the Illinois Natural History Society helped finance the first trip. The Smithsonian did contribute many of the scientific instruments used and receives primary credit in the report.

It was Powell's association with William Byers that led to the association of the most important Coloradan who made that first canyon expedition. Byers' brother-in-law was Jack Sumner who ran a trading post near Hot Sulphur Springs. Powell and Byers visited the trading post in the summer of 1868 and the Long's Peak climb was launched from that site. Sumner was a guide for that trip. He was also valuable to the first Powell expedition and has the significant distinction of being the only member of that first expedition invited to go on the second!<sup>6</sup> Although invited, he did not go. It was Sumner who recruited William Dunn for the expedition. Dunn was a mountaineer then living in Colorado, but little is known of his antecedents and his future at that point is well-known, but short.<sup>7</sup>

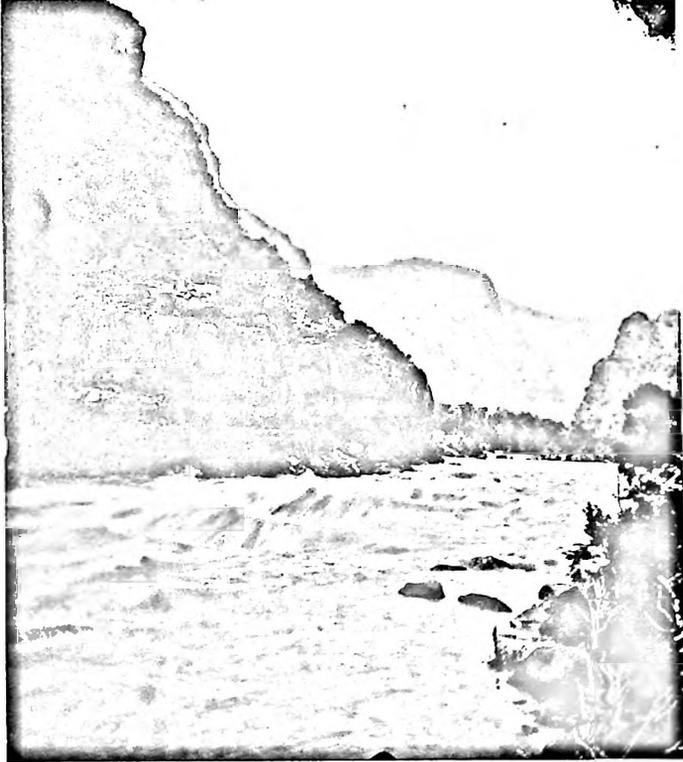
On August 28, 1869, three days before the expedition emerged from the Grand Canyon, the Howlands and Dunn left the first Powell expedition at what has since that day been known as Separation Canyon to go overland to the Mormon settlements. In that attempt, they encountered hostile Shivwit Indians who killed them in the alleged and mistaken belief that they were prospectors who had violated an Indian squaw. Fate and history have treated this threesome harshly. In later years, the Howlands and Dunn were characterized as deserters, although the diaries of that time and Powell's Preface to *Canyons of the Colorado*, indicate otherwise. Not only was Oramel Howland misunderstood by his companions, peers, and history, but by the Indians as well.

The personnel for Powell's second expedition were recruited primarily from the mid-West and no Coloradans were among the crew. I note two things in passing which are of interest, although they do not bear on the main topic. Both the "Smithsonian Report" and *The Canyons of the Colorado*, published 20 years later (after Powell's retirement as Chief of the U. S. Geological Survey) meld events of both trips into one apparent adventure. Powell never really acknowledged the contributions of the second trip which ultimately led Frederick Dellenbaugh to publish his book, *A Canyon Voyage*, documenting the traverse of 1871 and 1872.<sup>9</sup>

The next major attempt on the canyon was not to come for approximately 18 years and Coloradans played a major part in that effort. Frank Brown, of Denver, secured Eastern investors and in 1889 commenced a survey of the canyons west from

Grand Junction hoping to establish a water-level railroad route to California.

After a very rough time in Cataract Canyon, Brown, his chief engineer, Robert Brewster Stanton, and their crew left Lee's Ferry for the run through Marble Gorge and Grand Canyon on July 9, 1889. Brown drowned at the foot of Soap Creek on July 10, 1889, and five days later, a second boat carrying Hansborough and Richards capsized at what is today Mile 25 Rapid, resulting in their deaths as well. Command



Disaster Rapids in Canyon Of Lodore.

Courtesy U.S. Geol. Surv. E. O. Beaman photo 1871. Second Powell Expedition.

of the expedition had passed to Robert Brewster Stanton upon Brown's death and with the loss of Hansborough and Richards, the expedition's supplies were cached at what is today known as Stanton's Cave and the party then left the river.<sup>10</sup>

In December of 1889, Stanton returned determined to finish the survey and to accelerate it with serial point-to-point photographs of the canyon. The photographer for that trip and the preceding trip was Franklin A. Nims of Colorado Springs.



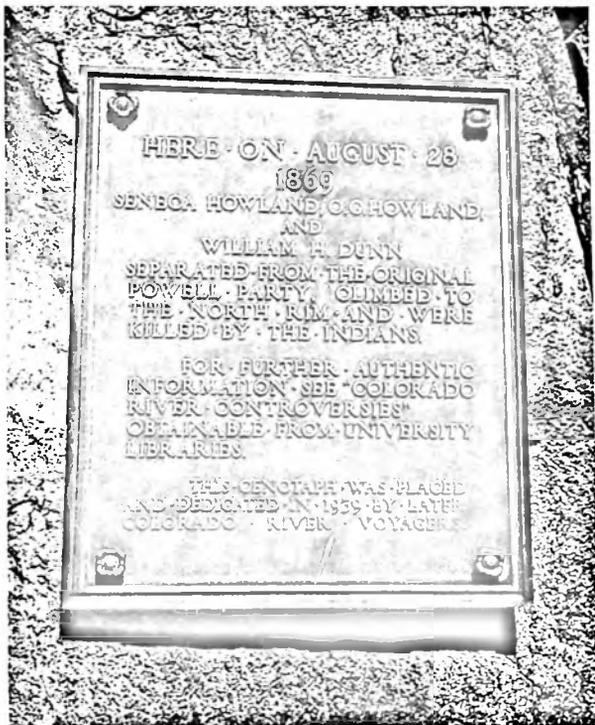
Major Powell's Party at Ashley Falls.

Red Canyon, Green River, Daggett County, Utah after portage of the boats, 1871. Beaman photo.

Disaster again struck when, three days into the canyon, Nims sustained severe injuries including a leg fracture in a fall of some 22 feet from a rock which he was using as a photographic station. The date is easy to remember as fate picked New Year's Day of 1890 for Nims' calamity. Unconscious and bleeding from his ears and his mouth, having sustained a basilar skull fracture, Nims was carried up a side canyon by his colleagues who hoisted his improvised stretcher up 1,700 vertical feet to the canyon rim. Ropes were required for the steeper portion of the trip. Transported by buckboard wagon from the rim to Lee's Ferry, he regained consciousness days later lying on the floor of Warren Johnson's ranch cookhouse. He returned to Colorado Springs after a period of convalescence in Winslow permitted him to do so. A workman's compensation note contrasting those days to this says that he was stricken from the company payroll on the day of the fall and received neither wages nor

medical expenses for his near fatal experience.<sup>11</sup>

The railroad was never built, although the work of Surveyor Frank C. Kendrick, another Denverite, carried the line west of Grand Junction 160.78 miles to the junction of the Grand and the Green, at the head of Cataract Canyon. Stanton's arduous work of carrying a survey line through Cataract Canyon (which came to be known as the "Graveyard of the Colorado"), Glen Canyon, and the Grand Canyon, was all for naught so far as railroad construction was concerned.



Plaque at Separation Canyon.

Dr. David Claasen photo.

At least two other Denverites accompanied the expedition. They were lawyers J. N. Hughes and E. A. Reynolds. Stanton's field book lists them as President Brown's guests who were "expected to do their share of the work." In some accounts, they appear under the generic listing of "the two lawyers." Apparently they came mostly for the trip and were not held in high regard by working members of the crew. Hughes and two others left the expedition at Hite, Utah. Reynolds departed at Lee's Ferry.

From the railroad survey came two classics of river history: *Colorado River Controversies* and *Down the Colorado*, both written by Stanton.<sup>8,10</sup> The former includes one of many detailed studies of the claim of James O'White who for some years was thought to have traversed the Grand Canyon on raft, having been dragged half starved, and incoherent from his crude raft at Callville, Utah, on September 8, 1887. White was later to become a resident of Trinidad. His account of his trip was a source of great interest to General Palmer of Colorado Springs who was then in the process of investigating transcontinental railroad routes. Dr. Parry, who worked on these surveys, and Bell, who documented White's claims in the two volume edition of *New Tracks in North America*, were participants in the Palmer Surveys. Senator Shafroth of Colorado introduced a Memorial to Congress which recognized White as "First Through the Grand Canyon."<sup>12</sup> The preponderance of the evidence which has been rehashed many times through the years indicates this is not the first time and probably not the last that Congress may have been in error.

With Stanton's second trip, the exploration of the canyon was essentially complete. A succession of runs were made for trapping, mining, adventure and recreation in the ensuing years. David Lavender (a Telluride native) has given excellent accounts of these trips and I refer you to his recent publication: *River Runners of the Grand Canyon*.<sup>13</sup>

After Stanton, there were changes in boat design and in running technique which decreased the mortality rate, although sporadic deaths continued to occur.<sup>14</sup>

At the end of World War II, fewer than 100 persons had made the Grand Canyon portion of the traverse.

A third epoch in Western river running began after World War II with the appearance on the market of war-surplus rubber rafts and bridge building pontoons of various types. By 1967, commercial river runners using primarily various modifications of these craft had escalated the commercial usage in the Grand Canyon alone to literally thousands per year and by 1972, the figures had reached 16,432!

During these post-war years, the entire perspective changed. Whereas previously minor errors in navigation often resulted in calamity, today, the river forgives the operator of a rubber raft for all but the most blatant of errors. Present day outboard motors, more powerful and reliable than their pre-war counterparts render various pontoon assemblages of more than 30 feet sufficiently maneuverable for running rapids. While the benefits of gasoline engine technology are controversial as applied to the canyons, it should be noted that prior to the Glen Canyon Dam, a number of highwater runs were made by inboard engine craft. Not the least of these was the running of the canyon in cabin cruisers by the Rigg brothers of Grand Junction in 1952. The year previous, Bob and Jim Riggs had also made a record transit of the canyon under oars in Cataract boats with a time of 38 hours from Lee's Ferry to Diamond Creek and two and one-half days to Pierce Ferry. That record was ultimately whittled to just over 36 hours from Lee's Ferry to the Grand Wash in 1983 by Grua, Petschek and Reynolds, using dories equipped with car batteries to power searchlights and by running the lower less violent reaches of the river at night.<sup>13</sup> Contrast their transit of a matter of hours with Powell's 28 days of extreme

hardship and anxiety!

A brief note on up-river runs. In 1858, Lt. Ives came up-river under steam as far as the Black Canyon and by skiff to Vegas Wash below the Grand Canyon. Over land, he had entered the lower Grand Canyon at Diamond Creek and made his famous pronouncement that nature intended the canyon to be "forever unvisited and undisturbed."<sup>15</sup> What would be his amazement to know that jet driven boats breached the upstream Grand Canyon barrier in 1960? Subsequently, Bill Somerville of Lakewood took a jet driven craft up Cataract Canyon in June of 1965 thereby completing the last leg of upstream navigation from the river's mouth to the junction with the Green.<sup>17</sup>

The phenomenal changes of the past four decades have greatly changed historic perspectives. The back-breaking and time-consuming practices of lining and portage are seldom seen today. A knowledge of escape routes is a thing of the past. Rapids which were still considered unrunnable 60 years ago are run today on an almost daily basis. Hydrologists have emasculated the river's awesome power. The gasoline engine has violated the magnificent solitude of the canyons. In spite of this, the romance of the earlier history remains. Though relatively unrecognized, a considerable number of the participants in the significant nineteenth century expeditions came from the state which gives the river its headwaters and shares its name.

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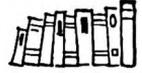
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In 1953, Francis Farquhar published his *Bibliography of the Colorado River and Grand Canyon*. (Dawson, Los Angeles), which remains an excellent check list for early history and contains 125 references. For a totally comprehensive work, the reader is referred to *Bibliography of the Grand Canyon, 1540-1980*, compiled by Spamer and others (Grand Canyon Natural History Assn., Grand Canyon, 1981), which by my casual count contains about 3,700 references.



# Westerner's Bookshelf



**A Fitting Death for Billy the Kid**, by Ramon F. Adams. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1981 (Reprint from 1960 edition). Illustrations, 310 pages, paperback \$7.95.

In the early 1930s my grandfather in Central Illinois assured me that Billy the Kid was the worst outlaw ever known, that he was killed at 21 years of age, and at that time had killed 21 men, excluding Indians and Mexicans. In latter years I've been somewhat skeptical of Grandad's information and Ramon F. Adams indicates the information was substantially inaccurate. The facts appear more likely to be that one Henry McCarty was born in New York City, his widowed mother married one William Antrim in New Mexico, and McCarty killed six or seven people, mostly with the help of others and in less than courageous circumstances. Rather than a glamour Robin Hood figure it appears more likely that he was a thief, coward, assassin, and a cold-blooded murderer.

This reprinting of Adams' 1960 book methodically examines the various sources of stories about Billy the Kid, effectively debunks most of them, and sets forth the most probable truth of this most interesting of American folk heroes (or villains). The author meticulously traces the sources of Billy the Kid stories from the "dime novelists" fiction writers in the *Police Gazette*, newspaper reporting (frequently inaccurate), magazine "histories", books by old timers embellishing their recollections, and clothbound books produced by a wide variety of people who should have known better but generally reported fictionalized hearsay accounts. The detail of Adams' research shows a remarkable similarity of later accounts to prior stories of questionable authenticity, and a remarkable difference between various accounts.

Adams concludes that Wash Upton, friend of Pat Garrett and writer of the classic "authentic" story of Billy the Kid, colored his account to justify Garrett's actions; that Charley Siringo, Emerson Hough, and Wal-

ter Noble Burns each wrote substantially fictionalized stories of Billy the Kid. Adams notes that in recent years there have been efforts by writers to bring more objectivity to the narration of his life, pleading for more accuracy in reporting on our western "heroes". He recites two articles which appeared previously in the *Brand Books of the Denver Posse of the Westerners*, one his own article in 1952 entitled "With Our Rocking Chair Historians", and a 1955 article by Phil Rasch entitled "Five Days of Battle" dealing with Billy the Kid's participation in the Lincoln County War.

In modern parlance, Adams is a whistle blower bringing objectivity to works of chroniclers (whom Adams distinguishes from historians) who have too uncritically accepted reports and/or who have embellished accounts from their imaginations. An interesting book for Westerners interested in Billy the Kid or in Adams methods of researching and ascertaining the probable truth of matters.

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

**People of the Moonshell; A Western River Journal** by Nancy M. Peterson, ill. by Asa Battles; foreword by Merrill Mattes. Renaissance House, Frederick, Colo., 1984. 165 pp., copiously ill., bibliog., index. Hardbound \$22.95; paper \$14.95.

"Moonshell" refers to the South Platte River which defines the overland route called the *Great Platte River Road* by Merrill Mattes in his definitive historical work of that title. The present account, in giant time leaps, recounts selected events in the history of this famous American river, as they involved a variety of people from the aboriginal Indians to the homesteaders of the late 19th century. Most of us today are entirely unaware of the rich history along the course of this "dull and uninteresting" river which for many of our tourists merely separates the green and inviting Mississippi Valley from the exciting Rocky Mountains. Nancy Peterson's lively accounts of a century and a half

of human activity enliven this quiet area with brilliant flashes of human effort, anguish, and accomplishment very much as the events of English history enliven an otherwise quiet, peaceful, and sedate English countryside.

The author's retelling of 40 events which took place along the Platte, mostly recast in her own words, are skillfully selected and as skillfully recounted. Anyone who today considers the Platte dull might think differently if it were viewed from this deeper perspective. The imaginative drawings by Asa Battles further brighten this attractive book. Those living along the Platte owe it to themselves to let this work enlighten their lives.

I have never come across the name "Moonshell" applied to the Platte. In any case it is not necessary to call on the Pacific Ocean for the origin of such a name; the beautiful, large and pearly Unionid clamshells once abundant in our Plains streams offer a source much nearer and much more moonlike.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.

**Wilderness: A New Mexico Legacy** by Corry McDonald. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1985. 135 pages, photographs, maps. Paper, \$15.95.

The battle to save certain areas by giving them a wilderness designation began in New Mexico on June 3, 1924, with the establishment of the Gila National Wilderness. In New Mexico the fight was led by Aldo Leopold; in other states, men such as Bob Marshall helped preserve the wilderness. Today those areas which have received wilderness designation must continue to be protected and other areas added to the list.

In this publication, the author has focused on the fourteen newer wilderness areas in New Mexico as he states that too much use of the Gila and Pecos National Wilderness has harmed them. Each area is discussed in a separate chapter with emphasis on the history, geology, and other unique aspects of that area. The accounts are often of a personal nature as McDonald talks about his hunting expedition and hikes, and he mentions his involvement in The New Mexican Wilderness Committee.

While some trails and hikes are mentioned, the book is not a trail guide to wilderness areas. In fact, the maps in the book are not useful at all, but sources for suitable maps of each area are listed. One map that would certainly have been a positive addition would have been a map of New Mexico showing the location of each area.

The information presented on the history of each area is both interesting and informative with some areas being discussed in more detail. One of the major problems of the book is the uneven approach to each wilderness area, with some aspects being ignored.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Cerrillos Adventure at the Bar T H Ranch** by Maggie Day Trigg. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1985. 133 pages, illustrations, paperback. \$9.95.

There is a very interesting village located fourteen miles south of Santa Fe on State Highway 14, but to Maggie Day and her family who arrived there in the middle of the night in 1946, Cerrillos was the middle of nowhere. The tale of her adjustment to the Bar T H Ranch and the semi-restoration of the famous Palace Hotel makes some very entertaining reading.

Maggie's brother, Henry, had purchased the ranch, containing some 17,350 acres, from the Santa Fe Railroad for \$26,000, and Nellie, their mother, had purchased The Palace Hotel for a very small sum. The purchase price included the junk that filled most of the rooms, and assorted ghosts. The inventory of ghosts included Mr. Gottschalk who had hanged himself in his room years before the ownership by Nellie.

The combined adventures of trying to run a cattle ranch and attempting to make the old hotel livable kept all of the family on the run. The end result for Maggie was a spinal operation and a retreat to Phoenix to recover. While her body gave out under the stress and strain of the ranching and restoration, her adventures provided some very wonderful memories of her time on the Bar T H. This well-written account of one family's adventures in New Mexico in the period immediately after World War II provides entertainment as well as valuable information on the town and the people.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

*Life In The Rocky Mountains, A Diary of Wanderings on the Sources of the Rivers Missouri, Columbia, and Colorado, 1830-1853, with Supplementary Writings and a Detailed Map of the Fur Country*, by Warren Angus Ferris. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Leroy R. Hafen, *Biography of Ferris* by Paul C. Phillips. Old West Publishing Company, Denver, New Revised Edition, 1983, 444 pages, \$35.00.

The first edition of Ferris's diary, published in 1940, has become a classic of Western fur trade literature, and has long been out of print. The first edition was incomplete; it had been compiled from files of an obscure Buffalo, New York literary magazine from which some key issues were missing. Through the diligent efforts of our fellow Westerner, Fred Rosenstock, the missing material has been found and is incorporated in this new edition, supplemented by letters, biographical material, and Ferris's manuscript sketch map of the northwestern U.S. fur trading region. This new edition is as complete as any latter day compilation of Ferris's work is likely to be.

Warren Angus Ferris was born of sturdy Scotch stock on the western New York frontier in 1810. He died in 1873 at his own farm within the boundaries of what would become present-day Dallas, Texas. Although he died at the age of 63, relatively young by modern standards, his biographer, Dr. Paul C. Phillips, tells us, "The author of this narrative, *Life in the Rocky Mountains*, was a man of many and varied attainments, and the story of himself and family is an epitome of the history of the American frontier."

Ferris begins his diary in this fashion: "Westward! Hol It is the sixteenth of the second month, A. D. 1830, and I have joined a trapping, trading, hunting expedition to the Rocky Mountains." This same youthful enthusiasm continues through the rest of the narrative. He takes the reader up the Platte from St. Louis, over South Pass to Green River, thence to numerous wintering and rendezvous sites on the headwaters of the Missouri, Columbia, and Colorado Rivers. He displays a keen knowledge of Indians. Along the way he met most of the company

and free trappers who worked that area. He knew and worked with such great masters of the fur trade as Andrew Drips, Lucian Fontenelle, Joseph Robidoux, and William Henry Vanderburgh. He also met Jim Bridger, Thomas Fitzpatrick, Robert Campbell, Henry Fraeb, and William and Milton Sublette. He knew Bonneville, Nathaniel Wyeth, Captain John Gant [Gantt], and other independent traders. Ferris's biographer, Phillips, notes: "Another man whom he met, and evidently greatly admired, but does not mention in his narrative, was Sir William Drummond Stewart, the famous English explorer and hunter."

This narrative reads well. It shows evidence of having been compiled from what must have been voluminous field notes. It can be deduced from Ferris's writings that he had enjoyed an above average general education before the age of nineteen, when he departed for the mountains. His biographer notes: "His writings show that he read extensively and on many subjects, and he possessed an interest in 'rare books.'" His allusions to history indicate a knowledge of men of the ancient and medieval periods, and also of the explorers of the far West. Musicians and actors, who were famous in Europe but unknown in America, except to the few who read extensively, appear on the pages of his narrative."

Ferris left the fur trade in 1835. The first installment of his *Life in the Rocky Mountains* appeared in an obscure Buffalo, N.Y. periodical called *The Western Library Messenger* in 1842. It has been unavailable to modern readers until well into the 20th century. We owe Fred Rosenstock and his editors and researchers a vote of thanks for rescuing this important work from undeserved oblivion.

The introduction to this volume points out that "... the most significant feature of Ferris's narrative and map is their documentary priority, both in geographical description of the central Rockies and the portrayal of the early life in this region. His contributions in these areas are outstanding."

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

**Pioneer Trails West** by the Western Writers of America, Don Worcester, editor. Caxton Printers Inc., Caldwell, Idaho, 1985. 292 pp., ill., index. Hardbound; price?

The virtue of this book is that it serves as a good primer for beginning students of Western trails. Other merits include a good assortment of illustration, maps to accompany each of the nineteen trail essays, and competent prose as might be expected of the collective authors, members of the Western Writers of America. Also, the book has a handsome format and commendably bold type. The problems I have with this book are those of thematic integrity and historical accuracy.

The common theme as suggested by title and jacket blurb ("American pioneers seeking land and opportunity") does not square with essays about the Cherokee Indians' "Trail of Tears" from Georgia to Oklahoma, cattle trails north from Texas, or the "Apache and Comanche Plunder Trails." On the other hand there is one glaring and deplorable omission from a book purporting to give a bird's-eye view of the main trails west. Left out entirely is the greatest western trail of them all, the California Gold Rush Trail of 1849 and the early fifties. True, this trail largely coincided with the earlier Oregon Trail as far as South Pass, and the Oregon Trail map does tack on "California Trail" beyond Fort Hall, but the editors seem to suggest that this trail was merely an unimportant branch of the Oregon Trail.

What we have here is not any defect of professional writing but a question of uniform scholarship level, where the emphasis tends to be on writing for writing's sake rather than writing motivated by a concern for historical accuracy. Of course there was no intent by the editors to downgrade the California Trail. In all probability they were under the spell of the common fallacy that when you say "Oregon Trail" you are saying everything that needs to be said about the great central or Platte route westward. Apopos of this point, one of the objects of the new Oregon-California Trails Association, in addition to trail preservation itself, is to promote better recognition of the California Trail as a distinct entity, and to promote establishment of a California National His-

toric Trail, something that has already been done for the Oregon and Mormon Trails.

Several of the essays here, such as those of W. Michael Mathes on "The California Mission Trail," and Harlan Hague on "The Southern Route," do reflect a full mastery of subject matter. George Ellsworth does justice to the Mormon Trail but his map with "Mormon Trails" going in all directions is confusing. Also, Michael Stephen misleads the reader by having his map of the Bozeman Trail begin at Fort Sedgwick, Colorado. Its actual beginning was at Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, where soldiers and prospectors had to leave the mainline Platte route to head for Virginia City, Montana.

"The Oregon Trail" by Kit Collings is the longest of the essays and is well supported by numerous quotations from emigrant diaries although, regretfully, not all of his sources are identified. He shares with the editor a veneration for "ruts along the Oregon Trail . . . meaningful symbols rivalling footprints on the moon," and he writes eloquently in praise of the emigrants' own symbol, the ox or mule-drawn covered wagon, as mobile home, hospital, and fortress. However, Colling's knowledge of trail geography is somewhat limited; he has Utah-bound Mormons leaving the Oregon Trail to go south from Fort Hall, whereas they in fact turned south from South Pass and reached Salt Lake by way of Fort Bridger. Also, his essay is marred by copy errors: "Spauldings" instead of Spaldings (the famous missionaries of 1836); "Jersey Looney" for Jesse Looney; "Mary Argo" for Mary Ringo; and "Mary E. Warren" instead of Mary E. Warner.

Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.

**Red Power The American Indian's Fight for Freedom**, by Alvin M. Josephy Jr., Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 1971, 245 Pages, index, Paperback, \$7.50

Red Power as it has been taken up by Indians throughout the United States today reflects a determined and patriotic fight for freedom from injustice and bondage, freedom from patronization and oppression, freedom from what the white man cannot and will not solve.

For almost five hundred years Indians have been fighting defensively for their right to exist—for their lands, their means of livelihood, their organizations and societies, their beliefs, their ways of life, their personal security, their very lives. Those who still remain after so many generations of physical and cultural genocide continue to be oppressed by shattering problems, most of them created by the intruder, conqueror, and dispossessor—the white man.

Each chapter is written by a nationally known authority. Included are such political figures as U.S. Presidents and Senators.

Robert C. Accola, C.M.

**I Stand By Sand Creek, A Defense of Colonel John M. Chivington and the Third Colorado Cavalry**, by William R. Dunn, Lt. Colonel. Old Army Press, Ft. Collins, Colo., 1985. 158 pages, photographs, illustrations, maps, bibliography, index. Softbound, \$7.95.

Colonel Dunn has written a book that needed to be written and, since it is about a period of Colorado history that has been distorted in books, movies and television, should be read by Coloradans. Most Coloradans, I am sure, have a feeling of shame about Sand Creek and would rather not think about it. If they read this book, they may well change that opinion and share the views of Agnes Wright Spring and other historians that while such incidents were unfortunate, a true understanding of the facts will give an honest appraisal of the time, the place and the circumstances.

The author can certainly not be considered prejudiced against Indians since he spent his youth on the Fort Berthold Reservation where his grandfather was Indian Agent, worked with Sioux at the Standing Rock Reservation, and adopted two Arapaho and Cheyenne Indian children whose great grandfather was Spotted Wolf.

The book consists of the verbatim account of the Battle of Sand Creek by a participant, Private Howbert of Company C, Third Colorado Volunteer Cavalry; the account of Jacob Piatt Dunn, Jr., a historian who wrote of it in the 1880's while it was still fresh in the minds of Coloradans; Governor John Evans' reply to the Committee on the Conduct of the War; Colonel Chivington's own rebuttal;

and the author's chronological listing of events leading up to the battle.

The author makes an excellent case for the operations of the Coloradans against the hostile Indians in 1864, and any fair-minded reader will have a great deal to consider before condemning those whom Agnes Wright Spring describes as "some of the best men of early Colorado". It is hard to believe that men such as Governor John Evans, who helped found Northwestern University and Evanston, Illinois; established the University of Denver and paid for the erection of Grace Methodist Church in Denver; John Chivington, a minister and elder of the Methodist Church; Major General Samuel Curtis, commander of the Military Department of Kansas; and others, would conspire to murder innocent Indians just for the hell of it.

The author documents the jealousies, rivalries, and different philosophies of the officers and Indian Agents involved, and points out the attitude of the Eastern press and residents who, after decimating or driving westward the Indians of the East could cry crocodile tears over maltreatment of Indians in the West. The report of the Congressional Committee on the Conduct of the War is often pointed to as the conviction of the Coloradans involved with the Sand Creek affair, but when we consider that these gentlemen were easterners who knew nothing of western conditions, who took testimony only from enemies of Chivington, Evans, etc., it is easy to see how they arrived at their decision. Also, we should remember that this same committee caused Abraham Lincoln considerable embarrassment, and there is some thought that some of this same committee or its sympathizers were involved in the Lincoln assassination.

Read the book and then decide for yourself whether you "stand by Sand Creek".

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

**The Great Pikes Peak Gold Rush**, by Robert L. Brown. Caxton Printers Inc., Caldwell, ID, 1985. 124 pp., ill., index. Cloth \$12.95.

The Pikes Peak gold rush was the key event that brought settlers to Colorado and eventually resulted in territorial status and statehood. Although there had been many travelers in the past and many of the Pikes

Peakers quickly returned home disappointed, enough stayed to form the nucleus of settlement in Colorado. Since it is so important, one would think that most people would know of the key events but that is hardly the case. Little has been written about it in recent years and no popular summary has ever been written as well done as this delightful book which summarizes the events before the rush and through the first few years of Colorado's existence. We get to know who came, where they came from, how they got here, where they went and what they did after they arrived. In the course of the narrative we meet the dreamers, the business men, the empire builders and the seedier flotsam of the frontier, and through it all Colorado's earliest years emerge.

Obviously I enjoyed the book and wished it were twice as long. Without footnotes or bibliography it is perhaps not a book for scholars although no factual errors struck this reviewer.

Rather it is written in the author's popular style for a general audience. It is ideal for a newcomer who wants to learn of our early history or, for that matter, an oldtimer with a new interest in history. If it were the first book someone read on the subject they would be off to a good start.

Paul F. Mahoney, P.M.

**The Shoshoni - Crow Sun Dance** by Fred W. Voget. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1984. 248 pages, 24 illustrations, 11 figures, 2 maps, Appendix A, B, and C. Price?

*The Shoshoni - Crow Sun Dance* has particular value for those who desire a highly technical dissertation on the Sun Dance of the Shoshoni Indians. In 1941 Crow Indians from Montana sought out leaders of the Sun Dance among the Wind River Shoshoni in Wyoming and under the direction of John Truhujó made the ceremony a part of their lives.

The Crows abandoned their own Sun Dance about 1875 after a ceremony that ended disastrously. The Crows were little affected by the widespread Ghost Dance movements among the Western tribes in the 1890's.

The return of the Sun Dance acted as a catalyst for a reassertion of cultural identity among the Crows. This book, Volume 170 in *The Civilization of the American Indian Series*, is the first full-length authoritative treatment of the Crow Sun Dance, putting it into perspective both historically and within the framework of modern Crow Society.

Robert C. Accola, C.M.

**Buck Barry, Texas Ranger and Frontiersman**, Edited by James R. Greer. Univ. of Neb. Press, Lincoln, 254 pages, 4 illustrations, (First Bison Book Printing 1978). paperback \$6.96

James Buckner Barry of North Carolina is the hero of this book. Barry served in 3 of North Carolina's armies. Following the Mexican War settlers flocked to Texas. As a result, organizations such as the Texas Rangers and Texas Frontier Regiment were formed. Barry and his wife owned slaves, stock and land. This enabled him to get on the road to prosperity before the Civil War. Barry's fame rests not upon flaming deeds, but upon being a solid citizen, one of the substantial pioneers who kept their word, worked hard, fought Indians, loved their families and their state. Colonel Barry retained his military papers, military post book, his diaries, and his official and personal correspondence, and during his writing period he was able to refer to these data.

The book will be of great interest to those interested in early Texas history. Since it is written in diary form, those who want a story will be disappointed.

Robert C. Accola, C.M.

**Super Bull and Other True Escapades** by Max Evans. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1986. 187 pages, photographs, hardbound, \$16.95.

Max Evans, whose works of western fiction include "The Rounders" and "The High Low Country", has put together thirteen of his articles from *The Denver Post*, *Southern Horseman* and other publications. His story of Super Bull was the winner of the WWA Golden Spur Award for the best non-fiction story in 1983, and it is easy to see why. The account of rancher versus young bull will bring laughs to the reader.

Several of the articles are autobiographical. Max Evans grew up on ranches in New

Mexico and later earned his keep by hunting coyotes. His interest in good horses is evident in articles such as "Showdown at Hollywood Park" which was selected by the Cowboy Hall of Fame as the best magazine article of the year in 1984.

Especially poignant are Evans' recollections about his good friend Sam Peckinpah, the well-known director of movies such as "The Wild Bunch." It is always enjoyable to read a collection of articles which are all interesting and well-written, and in this collection there isn't a loser in the bunch.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Ways of Indian Magic** by Teresa Van Etten. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1985. 91 pages, illustrations, paper, \$8.95.

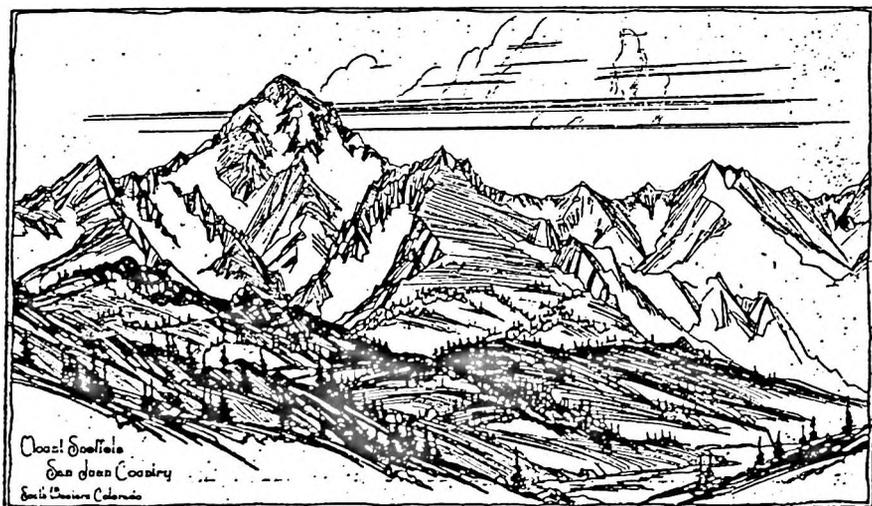
By studying the legends of a culture, a reader may be able to glimpse what is important to that culture. Teresa Van Etten has

provided glimpses of the culture of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. These six stories were told to her while she was working at the San Juan Mercantile at the San Juan Pueblo, located north of Santa Fe near Espanola.

The stories have a very special quality that creates an atmosphere of strange and magical nature. It is not always possible to understand what the story teller is pointing out because of the cultural differences, but one can read it again and try to build a bridge between the cultures.

Several years ago, the San Juan Mercantile burned down the day before I planned to visit this special store, and I regret that I never had the opportunity to see this place with all the Indian crafts it contained. Fred Cisneros' illustrations add to the enjoyment of the book.

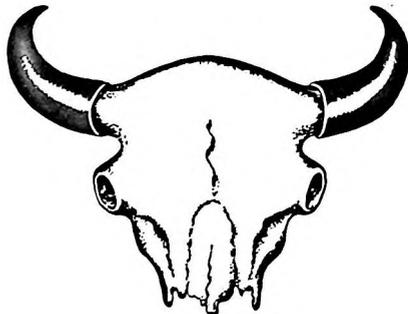
Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



*The* DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

MAY-JUNE 1986



## STAND ON THE ARIKAREE Another Look at Beecher Island

Gerald K. Keenan, C.M.



"BEECHER ISLAND BATTLE"

Robert O. Lindneux

1871-1970

## OUR COVER

The painting shown on our cover was done about 1926-7 by Robert Lindneux, who was a Works Progress Administration historical artist. The painting is in the collections of the Colorado Historical Society, where the artist was associated for a number of years. Lindneux is represented in many local collections, notably by his equestrian portrait of Buffalo Bill Cody in the Buffalo Bill Museum on Lookout Mountain, west of Denver, and by numerous wildlife paintings which were used by the Colorado fish and game department in their magazine.

It is told that the Beecher Island painting occupied 6 months time, complicated by rain at the site and by the problems of recruiting models, uniforms, and equipment, all in the interests of authenticity. It is reported that the late Westerner Leroy Hafen was instrumental in getting the Beecher Island painting deposited in the Colorado Historical Society museum collections, from which it is used here by permission.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., Editor

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## HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES?

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

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## STAND ON THE ARIKAREE

### Another Look at Beecher Island

Gerald K. Keenan, C.M.

Presented 22 January 1986

The Battle of Beecher Island was one of those classic confrontations between the Plains Indian and the post-Civil War army. The affair contains all of the ingredients necessary for a typical western thriller or Hollywood action film, complete even to the extent of the cavalry's timely relief of the Island's defenders.

Beecher Island—and I shall henceforth refer to it without the apostrophe since that seems to be the more or less official choice—had much in common with at least two other notable engagements from approximately the same time period. The Wagon Box and Hayfield Fights of August 1867 each pitted a small group of defenders, well armed and strongly positioned, against a numerically superior force of Indian attackers. In each instance, the defenders inflicted heavy casualties on the attackers, while experiencing comparatively few losses themselves, and maintaining the integrity of their defensive position.

Tactically, each of these battles demonstrated how a strong defensive posture could offset an attacker's numerically superior numbers, a concept demonstrated very effectively by a group of buffalo hunters at the Battle of Adobe Walls in the Texas Panhandle in the spring of 1874, and which the British Army would have done well to heed against the Zulus at Isandlana, South Africa five years later.

Strictly speaking, Beecher Island was not defended by a detachment of regular army troops, but rather by a contingent of citizen soldiers—irregulars if you will—under regular army command. The concept itself was not new, an earlier variation on the theme being that of the famed "Roger's Rangers" battalion of Colonial days. But Forsyth's scouts would carve their own niche in history as we shall presently see.

As with all the Indian-White conflicts, Beecher Island was the product of a clash of cultures, but more specifically, it had its genesis in the Treaty of Medicine Lodge, signed in the fall of 1867. Like those treaties that preceded it and those that followed, Medicine Lodge was perhaps more notable for what it failed to bring about, namely peace on the frontier.

Although the Treaty was actually signed in the fall of 1867, Congress did not complete the ratification process until the following spring, by which time the tribes had begun to grow restless. Annuities promised by the Treaty—especially weapons for hunting—had failed to arrive, and whatever faith the tribes might have had in the White Man's paper promises vanished like a thin wasp of campfire smoke.

The situation grew volatile. As a herald of what was to come, the Cheyennes launched a strike against their old enemies the Kaw, then located on a reservation near Council Grove, Kansas.

Strangely, the Indian Office, however, did not view the situation as serious, and in August, issued the weapons that had originally been promised by the Treaty. Within a matter of days, the Cheyennes launched a number of raids in the Saline

and Solomon River valleys, and along the Santa Fe and Smoky Hill trails in Kansas and Colorado.

With the frontier reeling from Indian raids and depredations, the Governors of Kansas and Colorado requested Federal assistance in dealing with the problem. Responding to the situation was a real challenge for the post-Civil War army, severely limited as it was in manpower. Recently appointed commander of the Military Department of Missouri, Major General Philip Henry Sheridan had but 2,600 men in a department embracing the states of Missouri, Kansas, Indian Territory and New Mexico.

Nevertheless, the frontier had to be made safe! Sheridan's immediate superior, Lieutenant General William T. Sherman, commanding the even larger Division of the Missouri, directed Sheridan to pull out all stops in settling the Indian problem.

Establishing a field headquarters at Fort Hayes, Kansas, Sheridan took stock of the situation. He did not have enough troops to send a detachment to the scene of every raid. The state of Kansas had offered to raise a volunteer regiment, but it would not be available in time to deal with the present emergency. In an effort to meet this immediate need, Sheridan decided to organize a special strike force, one that could be organized quickly and possessed the ability to strike hard and fast.

Accordingly, on 24 August 1868, Major and Brevet Colonel George Alexander "Sandy" Forsyth was directed to assemble fifty seasoned frontiersmen for this special force. Forsyth would command, assisted by Lieutenant Frederick H. Beecher, Third Infantry. Abner S. "Sharp" Grover was named chief of scouts and the surgeon was J. H. Mooers.

Forsyth had no difficulty finding volunteers. Some thirty signed on at Fort Harker, and another twenty at Fort Hayes. It seems to be generally agreed that all of these men were veteran frontiersmen, and that many had Civil War experience to boot. Perhaps this was true for most of the men, but scout Sigman Schlesinger, later remembered not being "used to the saddle," and that his "equipment was always where it should not have been," suggested that one among them, at least, was perhaps not all that experienced. Nevertheless, it does appear that most of the scouts did in fact deserve to be called frontiersmen.

Each man carried a Spencer 7-shot repeating carbine and a Colt percussion Army revolver, with 140 rounds of ammunition for the former and 30 for the latter. A pack train of four mules carried 4000 rounds of reserve ammunition, plus extra coffee, salt, and medical rations. The scouts were signed on as employees of the Quartermaster's Department, for which they would receive the grand amount of \$1.00 per day, plus \$.35 per day for their horse. The army would provide rations and equipment.

By way of some background, George Alexander "Sandy" Forsyth was born in Muncy, Pennsylvania in 1837, making him thirty-one at this point in his career. He had enlisted in the Chicago Dragoons at the outset of the Civil War, serving three months in this capacity. Later commissioned a lieutenant in an Illinois volunteer cavalry regiment, he went on to participate in sixteen engagements, being brevetted Colonel for gallant and meritorious service at the Battle of Five Forks. Among other Civil War accomplishments he served on Sheridan's staff, and made that famous ride

to Winchester. In later years he authored an account of his military service entitled "Thrilling Days in Army Life" published in 1900. Forsyth died in 1915 at age seventy-eight.

Forsyth's second in command, Lieutenant Frederick H. Beecher, was a nephew of Henry Ward Beecher, the nationally known abolitionist preacher, and Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Born in Louisiana, Beecher joined the army in Massachusetts, serving throughout the Civil War. He received a disabling knee wound at Gettysburg, which forced him to walk with a limp thereafter. By all accounts he seems to have been a fine soldier and well liked. He was twenty-seven at the time of Beecher Island.

Among the others, Surgeon John H. Mooers was a trained physician, who had established a medical practice at Hays City. Chief Scout Abner S. "Sharp" Grover was an experienced plainsman and Indian fighter. First Sgt. W. H. McCall had been a brigadier general of Pennsylvania volunteers during the Civil War. Indeed, most of the scouts had served as officers during the war, and in the three years since Appomattox had acquired frontier experience as hunters, trappers and Indian fighters.

On 29 August 1868, barely five days after receiving his directive from Sheridan, Forsyth led his command out of Ft. Hays on a 7-day march to the northwest, reaching Ft. Wallace, astride the Smoky Hill Road, not far from the Colorado border. Built to protect travellers along the Smoky Hill Trail, Fort Wallace had been getting a real workout of late. However, as the post was garrisoned only by infantry, there was no chance to pursue hostile raiders. Thus, Forsyth's scouts were welcomed with open arms, as was a pair of companies of the Tenth Cavalry.

On 7 September, hostiles attacked a working party near Sheridan, the western terminus of the Kansas-Pacific Railroad, a short distance northeast of Fort Wallace. A company of the Tenth Cavalry was sent in pursuit, but the raiders escaped.

There was scarcely any let-up. On the fifteenth this same detachment, having been sent to clear the road west to Denver, was attacked by an estimated one hundred hostiles. The troopers managed to repel their attackers, but were subsequently forced to return to Fort Wallace. While all of this was going on, another detachment of the Tenth was pursuing yet another hostile force that had run off some 1,200 horses, mules and cattle 4 miles west of Ft. Wallace.

Meanwhile, Forsyth was about to respond to a call from the governor of Colorado Territory, who also needed help dealing with Indian raiders. However, even before he had a chance to get underway, Forsyth was advised that hostiles had attacked another freighter's train near Sheridan, killing two more teamsters. Responding immediately, Forsyth and his scouts reached the scene several hours later, and picked up the trail, following it northwest to the Beaver Creek Fork of the Republican River, where it dissolved.

A council of war with his staff resulted in a consensus that the raiders would probably pick up reinforcements at their villages and return in strength before the column could catch them. Forsyth, however, decided to continue the pursuit regardless. "You signed on to fight Indians," he told them, and that's where the matter ended.

During the next seventy-two hours, the column searched the country between the North and South Forks of the Republican for Indian sign without much success.



LOCATION OF BEECHER ISLAND BATTLEFIELD IN NORTHEASTERN COLORADO.  
WITH PERMISSION OF HAMMOND ALMANAC, MAPLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

Finally, on 14 September they discovered a small trail that led up the Arikaree Fork.

As they followed the trail it grew wider, and it soon became obvious that this had not been made by any small party of Indians. Some of the scouts began to question the wisdom of pursuing so many with so few, especially in view of the fact that supplies were beginning to run low. But once again, Forsyth expressed his determination to make contact with the hostiles.

On the afternoon of the sixteenth the scouts camped in a small valley along the north bank of the Arikaree. In the middle of the stream, approximately 70 yards from either bank, was a small island, about 200 feet long and 40 feet wide. The water that flowed past each side of the little island amounted to little more than a trickle, for at this time of year, the Arikaree was more dry than wet.

Forsyth's description gives us a pretty clear picture of the site.

"The island was raised about a foot above the water at its head, while on either side of it was flowing a stream of say, fifteen feet in width, and with an average depth of less than five inches, that came together at the foot of the island, which here sloped down to the level of the bed of the main stream. Long sage grass grew on its head, and a thicket of alder and willows shot up four or five feet in height about the center, while just at its foot stood a young cottonwood tree of about twenty feet in height."

Unknown to the scouts, two large villages of Sioux, under Pawnee Killer, and another consisting mainly of Cheyenne Dog Soldiers, including Tall Bull and Roman

Nose, together with a few Northern Arapahoes were camped but a dozen miles downstream.

Indian scouts had earlier reported that Forsyth's command was in the field . . . somewhere, but since the original sighting had been made, the Indians had lost contact. Thus, Forsyth did not know exactly where the Indians were, and they were not sure where he was.

About mid-morning, an Indian war party moved out of the village and headed up-river, in search of Forsyth's command, which they judged to be soldiers. Suspecting that it was Forsyth's intention to attack the village, they proposed to beat him to the draw. By late afternoon (and no doubt much to their relief) it had become evident that Forsyth's line of march was away from the village rather than toward it. Nevertheless, his precise location still had not been discovered. Accordingly, since it was now growing dark, the hostiles elected to camp for the night, and continue the search in the morning. However, well before the arrival of the new day, a group of eight young warriors, fired with the impatience of youth, decided to get an early start, and struck off in the general direction it was assumed would lead them to the white soldiers.

Meanwhile, at the scouts' camp, horses had been picketed and sentries posted. Again, Forsyth sets the scene for us.

"I had seen personally to the posting of our sentries," Forsyth reported, "and had given especial instructions not only to hobble the horses, but directed that every scout should be especially careful to see that his horse's lariat was perfectly knotted; and further than that, before lying down to sleep, he was to inspect his picket pin, and see that it was firmly driven into the ground. In case of an attack, each man was to seize his horse's lariat as soon as he grasped his rifle, and to stand by his horse to prevent a stampede, for I was somewhat apprehensive of an attack at daylight."

Forsyth's concern was not misplaced. At daybreak, the eight young bucks who started out early had not only discovered the scouts' camp, but suddenly descended on it, yelling and waving blankets in an attempt to stampede the horse herd.

Just moments before the attack, Forsyth later recalled spotting an object moving along the horizon. Simultaneously, one of the sentries spotted the movement.

"An instant later," said Forsyth, "the soft thud of unshod horses' hoofs upon the turf came to our ears, and peering just above the crest of the rising ground between us and the horizon, we caught sight of waving feathers crowning the scalp locks of three mounted warriors. The sharp crack of our rifles rang out almost simultaneously, and, with the cry of 'Indians! Turn out! Indians,' we ran backwards towards our camp, firing as we ran at a group of mounted warriors . . .,"

The surprise was not complete, but neither was it totally ineffective. A quick response on the part of the scouts. A volley dropped one of the raiders from the back of his pony, but the hostiles, in turn managed to run off four mules and a pair of horses that had not been securely picketed.

Wasting no time, Forsyth quickly had his scouts standing to horse, ready to move out. With no way of knowing what lay beyond the pale of the little island, Forsyth was taking no chances. Suddenly, as the light of the new day began to grow, Sharp Grover spotted Indians. The main war party had arrived!

"The ground seemed to grow them," wrote Forsyth, "They appeared to start out of the very earth. On foot and on horseback, from over the hills, out of the thickets, from the bed of the stream, from the north, south and west, along the opposite bank, and out of the long grass on every side of us."

Recognizing that their present position was not a good one from which to repel an attack, Forsyth quickly ordered the command to move out to the little island. Protected by the covering fire of Grover, Beecher and a few others, the rest of the scouts, leading their horses, crossed over to the island on foot.

Once on the island, Forsyth instructed the men to secure their mounts, form a circular perimeter, and dig rifle pits in the sand. While the scouts were digging in, the main body of hostiles remained out of range. A few of the more daring braves moved in and took up positions in the long grass along the river banks, from where they began to fire at the defenders.

Wasting no time, the scouts set to work digging rifle pits, using any kind of implement available: knife, cup, bare hands, whatever got the job done. The hostiles, meanwhile, kept up their fire, and by mid-morning most of the horses and mules had been killed or wounded. None would survive, but the dead beasts provided breastworks for the defenders, and thus made a significant contribution to the cause.

The Indians seemed to have been well armed, according to Forsyth, who recalled that "in the matter of arms and ammunition they were our equals in every respect. The Springfield breechloaders they had captured at Fort Phil Kearny formed part of their equipment, as well as Henry, Remington and Spencer rifles . . ."

While directing the defense of the island, Forsyth sustained a wound in the right thigh, which he later recalled as being the most painful he ever received. Joining Doctor Mooers in a rifle pit, Forsyth continued to exercise command, cautioning the men to take their time and make certain they had a target before firing. But then, as if one leg wound weren't enough, Forsyth, while raising himself up to observe the situation a little better, took another shot, this time breaking the left leg. Incredible as it seems, the man was able to retain both composure and command. In addition to Forsyth, Surgeon Mooers received a mortal wound in the head, though it would be his misfortune to linger for three days before succumbing to the effects of the hostile bullet. The day was not yet over for Forsyth, who next found himself on the receiving end of a head wound, which fortunately was not serious, but did produce a pretty good headache.

Presently, the hostiles decided the time had come for a determined assault. Gathering upstream, several hundred thundered down on the little island and its defenders. Working the actions on their Spencers, the scouts met the onslaught with a withering fire that broke the charge and split it in two, sending one group around one side of the island, the other group around the opposite side. One lone warrior, undeterred by the heavy fire, managed to ride completely through the defenders without so much as a nick.

Through the remainder of the day, hard fighting continued, with the Indians launching a second charge in the mid-afternoon, and a third in the early evening. Fortunately for the defenders the hostiles seemed content to back off as the day drew to a close.

Now, for the first time, Forsyth had an opportunity to take stock of his situation, and found it not at all encouraging. The command had sustained casualties amounting to nearly fifty percent. Among others, Beecher was dead, and Doctor Mooers was dying. They had been at the end of their rations when the battle began, and in addition, the medical supplies had been on one of the mules run off in the dawn attack.

Still, there were things to be grateful for. Their defensive position was strong, and they had plenty of ammunition. The day itself had been intensely hot, "blisteringly so," Forsyth recalled, "and our fight had been from early dawn without water or food of any kind, and we were well nigh spent with the excitement of the day." Presently, perhaps as if in answer to someone's prayer, a light rain began to fall, "and never was night or rain more welcome," said Forsyth.

From the hills to the north, the scouts could hear the Indians wailing over their own dead, not the least of who was Roman Nose, a highly respected Cheyenne Dog Soldier. The story surrounding the death of Roman Nose is one of the interesting sidelights of the Beecher Island fight.

Roman Nose had a war bonnet that protected him in battle. However, prior to the fight, he violated the integrity of the bonnet's medicine by eating meat removed from a dish with an iron implement, rather than a sharpened stick. An elaborate purification ceremony was required to restore the bonnet's protective properties, but there was not enough time to complete such a ceremony before the battle.

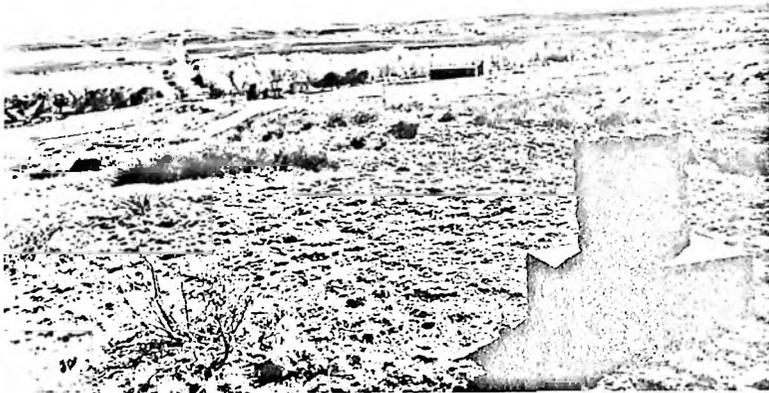
Despite the relative strength of their position and an abundance of ammunition, Forsyth recognized that their situation was precarious at best. The nearest help was at Fort Wallace, estimated to be some eighty-five miles away. Even if word could be gotten through, it would take a couple of days for a relief column to reach them. Still, they did not exactly have a wide range of options from which to select.

Several of the scouts volunteered to try and reach Fort Wallace. Forsyth's choice was the veteran Pierre Trudeau and young Jack Stillwell. Shortly after midnight the pair left on their mission. Behind them, their comrades on the island took advantage of the darkness to strengthen the rifle pits, and cut strips of meat from the dead horses for food.

With the return of daylight, the fighting resumed, though not quite with the intensity of the first day. Other than one small charge that was turned back, the attackers seemed contented to fire on the scouts from concealed positions. That evening, concerned that Trudeau and Stillwell might not have made it past the Indian lines, Forsyth sent a second team, but these soon returned, having been unable to slip through.

On day three, the attackers continued their desultory fire on the scouts, but Forsyth observed what appeared to be a withdrawal of the Indian non-combatants that had been observing the affair from the bluffs to the north. Did it mean the attackers were getting ready to pull out? The scouts could only hope.

Still concerned as to the fate of Trudeau and Stillwell, Forsyth sent a third set of scouts to Fort Wallace. By now, the absence of medical attention and supplies posed as much or more a problem than the hostiles. The wounded suffered intensely, and the putrefying horseflesh was about all the defenders had to sustain themselves with, other than one unlucky coyote, who made the mistake of venturing too close,



MONUMENT OF SQUAW HILL FROM WHERE INDIAN WOMEN AND CHILDREN WATCHED.  
VIEW OF THE BATTLEFIELD AREA, THE RIVER DEFINED BY THE TREES.

JOHN BUCHANAN PHOTO, COURTESY W. H. VAN DUZER

and wound up partially satisfying a few appetites.

The pattern of day four proved to be pretty much a repeat of the previous two days, with the hostiles continuing to snipe at the scouts from concealed positions. And by day five, the main body of Indians had moved on, leaving only a token force behind to harass the defenders, and forty-eight hours later they too were gone.

Help was on the way. Stillwell and Trudeau had succeeded in reaching Fort Wallace on 22 September, following a five-day odyssey that is a story unto itself. At one point, fearing detection by a group of Cheyennes, the duo hid in a nearby buffalo carcass, only to be suddenly confronted by a rattlesnake. The story has it that young Stillwell persuaded the snake to seek a healthier environment by squirting a stream of tobacco juice squarely into the reptile's face.

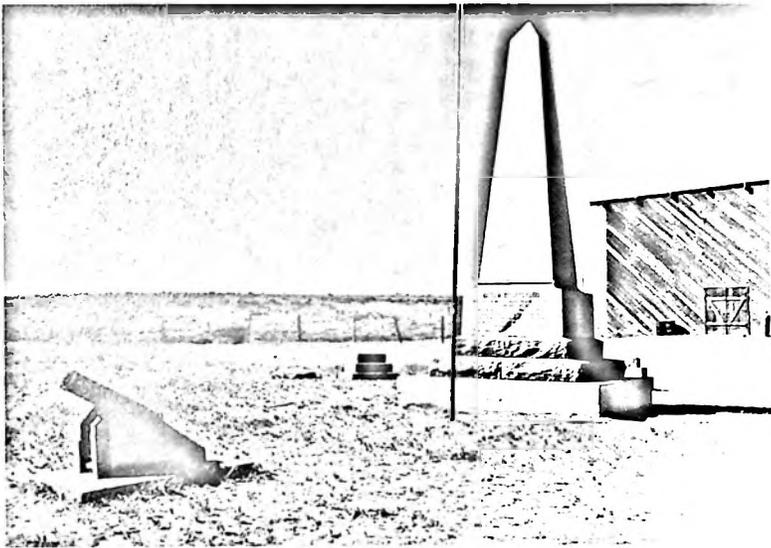
Upon the arrival of the scouts at Fort Wallace, the post commander, Colonel Bankhead immediately wired Sheridan, who directed him to spare no effort in getting help to Forsyth. Bankhead in turn promptly sent a courier to locate Lieutenant Colonel Louis Carpenter and order him to proceed to Forsyth's relief. Meanwhile, General Luther Bradley had also been directed to march from Fort Sedgwick, near Julesburg, while Bankhead himself planned to lead still a third column.

Departing from Fort Wallace on 23 September, Bankhead united with Bradley's column on the twenty-fifth and the combined force reached Forsyth's position only to discover that the scouts had been relieved the day before by Colonel Carpenter.

Having been located by the courier from Fort Wallace on the twenty-third Carpenter with a force of 70 men, scouts and a surgeon, struck out immediately,

with barely the foggiest notion of where to find Forsyth. He was successful, however, reaching the island in the Arikaree on 25 September.

The moment of relief was an emotional one, and "A day long to be remembered by our little band of heroes." wrote scout C. B. Whitney. "Oh the unspeakable joy! Shouts of joy and tears were freely commingled. Such a shaking of hands is seldom witnessed. Soon our hands were filled with something for the inner man, both in the shape of victuals and stimulants. The day passed off in joy and gladness among friends who condoled with us over our hardships and shouted for joy at our success against the enemy." For his part, Forsyth was discovered "lying in a place scooped out in the sand," pretending to read a book. However, "I had all I could do to keep from breaking down," Forsyth wrote, "as I was sore and feverish and tired and hungry, and I had been under a heavy strain." Considering his condition, that would seem to be a classic understatement.



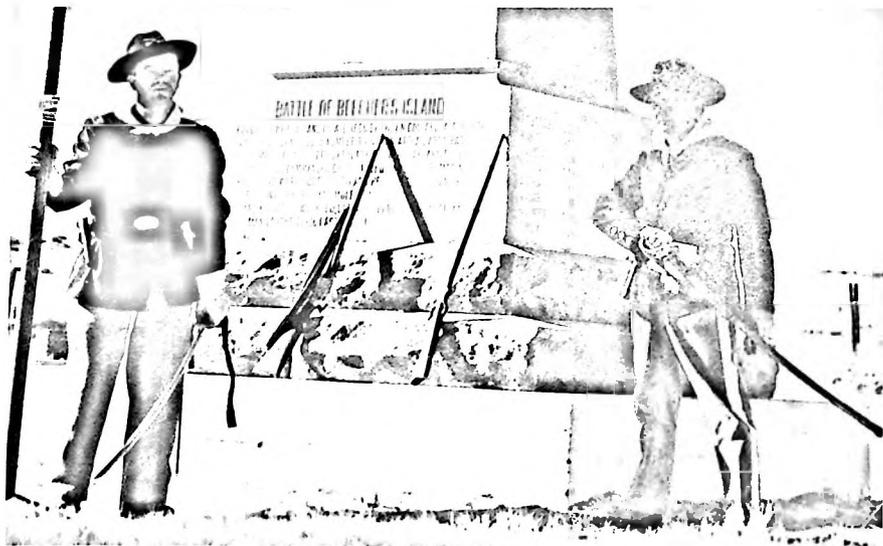
BATTLEFIELD MONUMENT, SHOWING AUDITORIUM, GRAVE MARKERS (GRAVES EMPTY), AND BRASS CANNON WHICH ARE NO LONGER AT THE SITE. BUCHANAN PHOTO, COURTESY W. H. VAN DUZER.

Although the Battle of Beecher Island did demonstrate what a small number of defenders could accomplish against a superior number of Indian attackers, the most striking thing about the battle is the limit to which the human body and spirit was pushed and still managed to emerge triumphant after nine gruelling days. Forsyth's losses amounted to four killed and seventeen wounded, roughly half his command. Estimates of Indian losses range from 9 to over 100. The strength of the Indian attackers likewise varies from a low of 350 to over 1,000.

In 1898, thirty years after the Battle, three scouts returned to the scene, and so far as we know they were the first to do so. Accompanied by a local rancher, the three proceeded to gather stones for a memorial.

The visit inspired future gatherings, and in 1903 the Beecher Island Memorial Association was officially born and incorporated under the laws of Colorado. Colorado and Kansas each appropriated \$2,500 for a permanent marker that was erected in 1905. An annual reunion is held each year on the weekend closest to the anniversary of the Battle.

On Memorial Day, 1935, (at that time Decoration Day) a devastating flood roared through the Republican River Valley, sweeping all before it, including the Beecher Island marker. Part of the original monument was subsequently recovered; new pieces were added, and the whole was reassembled on higher ground, where it presently stands, a solemn reminder that the peaceful site we view today was not quite so peaceful one September long since passed. They are all gone now, those "Rough Riders of '68," together with their Sioux and Cheyenne foe. Yes, and the little island, too, is no more. But the memory of Beecher Island will remain forever a part of our heritage.



BASE OF MEMORIAL MONUMENT. LEFT—WILLIAM H. VAN DUZER, P.M.; RIGHT—JOHN W. BUCHANAN, C.M. BUCHANAN PHOTO, COURTESY W. H. VAN DUZER.



AFTER THE BATTLE OF BEECHER ISLAND  
LT. BEECHER, SURGEON MOOERS AND SCOUT WILSON  
STILL MISSING

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

On January 22, 1986, Gerald Keenan gave an interesting and well documented talk to the Denver Posse of the Westerners entitled "Stand on the Arikaree—Another Look at Beecher Island". In relation to this talk and to add a little more to the story, I submit the following, verbatim from U.S. Army records originally at Fort Wallace, Kansas.

Captain Edmond Butler, 5th Infantry, was ordered to take a detachment from Fort Wallace and proceed to Beecher Island to remove the bodies of the dead of the Forsyth campaign who were buried there after the battle. Captain Butler, incidentally, was a Medal of Honor winner and a career officer in the army. The detachment left Fort Wallace on November 20, 1868, performed its duty, and returned to the fort. Captain Butler filed the following report, together with the report of Asst. Surgeon T. Turner of the U.S. Army, which also appears below.

Fort Wallace, Kas.  
Dec. 28th, 1868

Lieutenant A. Lewis  
5th Infantry, Post Adjutant  
Headquarters Fort Wallace, Kas.

Sir:

I have the honor to make the following report of my march to the Arikaree Fork of the Republican River, in accordance with G.O. No. 179 Hdqrs. Fort Wallace, Kansas, O.G.

My detachment was composed as follows: Viz. Lieutenant O.G. Wood and 45 men of Co. "C" 5th Infantry (my company), Lieutenant Hugh Johnson, Lieutenant Tom R. Riley and 41 men of Company "B" 5th Infantry, Asst. Surgeon T. H. Turner, Hospital Steward H. C. Clark u.s.d. Mr. Sharp Grover and five mounted scouts.

I made a verbal communication to the Post Commander for some cavalry but he was unable to furnish any. It was his opinion as well as that of Mr. Sharp Grover Chief Scout that we should not meet any Indians.

I left the Post on 20th instant and camped at Lake Creek. The average depth of snow was four inches. In the ravines the snow was 13 inches deep. It was hard work for the mules, some of which had been out with the cavalry in the late snow storm and were barely able to draw the loads. On the 22nd I marched to the dry Fork of the Beaver. The snow was about 6 inches in general depth and in ravines from 2 to 3 feet. It was very cold, and a dry biting snow fell. Near Whetstone Creek the scouts reported a trail of 30 mounted Indians going thence to the Indian graves on the Republican. It was found that either these Indians or others had removed all the bones of Indians thence. The Republican was frozen and I had to cut a way through the ice.

On 23rd I broke camp at 6:30 A.M. and marched through a country full of ravines. Two miles & a half from Arikaree Fork, the scouts reported having seen three Indians. Shortly after Mr. Grover brought to me an Agallallah Sioux Chief, represented as "Black Bull" or "Cut Arm", who, Mr. Grover stated had made him friendly signs, which he Grover had returned.

Mr. Grover said this Indian told him there were 110 lodges within a few miles and 190 within 22 miles; but he wished "peace." He had inquired our numbers and Grover stated he told him we were 250 strong. I caused Grover to say from me to the Indian that I had come

for a certain purpose, which I intended to execute if it cost me every man and that I would shoot every Indian that came within range. "Cut Arm" was then dismissed. A few Indians appeared here and there on the hill in front of me. I closed up my wagons in two lines, deployed my men and was ready for a fight. The Indians, however, disappeared. I marched in the same order to Arickaree Fork, about two miles off, in a ravine on the other side of the Creek I saw what I supposed to be some Indians picking up stray ponies and galloping off with them. I now felt very keenly the want of the cavalry. Mr. Grover was of opinion that there were at the least from 70 to 80 lodges within four or five miles.

My design was, first of all, to get to the graves and secure the remains, then, to fight my way out, if necessary, and if possible. The presence of Indians in great numbers and within a days ride was sufficiently evident. I camped within 40 yards of the place where Lieutenant Beecher &c were buried. For details of the exhumation of the remains, &c, I respectfully refer to Doctor Turner's report, which is appended. The pantaloons and the saddle blanket are positively identified by Mr. Sharp Grover as those in which Lieutenant Beecher was buried. The pieces of a handkerchief found are positively stated by Grover to be portions of Grahams handkerchief, which he wrapped around Lieutenant Beecher's wrists to bind his hands upon his breast when he Grover performed last rites for that officer. Wilson and Culver were buried in the same grave.—Wilson nearer the surface. The Indians knowing the usual mode of interment among the whites, and finding one body did not discover Farley's grave. The "gun" mentioned is a Spencer Carbine which was in good condition and was doubtless taken by the Indians.

After the removal of Lieutenant Beecher's remains had been ascertained a party of mounted Indians, about 40 in number appeared on a bluff about 800 yards from my camp. I threw out the men remaining in camp as skirmishers. The Indians descended the bluff and came in the direction of my camp. As a last means of obtaining some information of the fate of Lieutenant Beecher's remains, I concluded to question those Indians on the embankment.

I sent Grover to meet them and he brought them in. He represented them to me as "Poor Bull", a Sioux and "Black Crow", a Cheyenne. They, also, wished "peace". I asked them what had been done with the remains of Lieutenant Beecher &c, whether they had been taken. The Indians said the remains of four Indians had been removed, but they were not aware that those of the whites had been disinterred. They were then ordered to leave camp and informed that they would be shot if they came within range. My men were instructed not to fire until I gave the order.

As I noticed some of the Indians moving toward the left, I sent Lieut. O.G. Wood 5th Infantry with 10 men of my company ("C" 5th Infty) to the right to cover Doctor Turner (who was still working among the graves) and the wood and water parties. The Indians rode slowly away and were about 300 yards from my camp when three of the scouts raised their carbines at them. I bade them "stop that" when the party on the right, mistaking my words for an order to fire delivered a volley which caused the Indians on the bluff to scatter instantaneously and the two chiefs to dash off at full speed in their direction. It was not long however until our fire was returned, the Indians fired, according to the estimate of my officers, about 30 shots, without effect however, most of them passing over my wagons.

My men fired about 75 shots, with what result I cannot say, as the distance was too great. A desultory fire was kept up for about three quarters of an hour. In the meantime we completed our work among the graves, got in wood, filled our water kegs and prepared for an attack towards sundown. None was made, however, conceived that the Indians would collect reinforcements and come back upon us. I broke camp at 9 P.M. left the old Forsyth battle ground when the Indians commanding my position nearly on all sides could pick off my animals one by one. Marched out of the ravines and camped about three miles to the S.E. on a flat prairie without an obstruction in range. If the Indians were to have the superiority of numbers, I determined I should have the choice of ground. We remained here until half past seven next morning. The Indians did not put in an appearance.

Our return march to Fort Wallace was without an extraordinary incident. We had to cut

through the ice on the Republican as before. We saw large numbers of buffaloes going and returning.

Every officer, enlisted man, scout and employee belonging to my detachment used his best executions and I did not hear a single complaint though our march was not without some hardships.

There is not a piece of wood on my route from Fort Wallace to the Arrickaree Fork, and the snow diminished the resources of the buffalo chip.

It is Grovers opinion that there were about 800 lodges in the region of country we visited, making a force of 2400 or 2500 warriors. I am satisfied there were enough to come down on us with overwhelming numbers if they had time to concentrate.

Very respectfully  
Your Ohd Servant  
(signed) E. Butler  
Capt. 5th Infty  
Comd. the Detachment

Camp Detachment U.S. Troops  
Arrickaree Fork Republican River  
Dec. 23, 1868

Capt. E. Butler  
5th Inf. Commanding:

Sir:

I have the honor to state as follows as to the result of the efforts made under my direction to exhume and secure the remains of Lt. Beecher and Dr. Moore with Scouts Culver, Farley and Wilson of Colonel Forsyth's command, killed in the Arrickaree forks, Sept. 17, 1868, and buried in the field. The location of their graves was designated by Scout Sharp, whose participation in the engagement as well as his subsequent presence at the burial of the dead renders him a reliable authority. The ground was strewn with old clothing, relics of a fight, among which in the vicinity of Lt. Beecher's grave, a pair of pantaloons which I think were worn by him and in which he is said to have been buried was found; also portions of a handkerchief identified as his. Portions of a shirt such as that in which Dr. Moore was buried were also observed. The appearance of the spot designated as Lt. Beecher's grave was such as to lead all to suppose that it, has been molested, and the body removed. In removing the soil very small fragments of the same handkerchief were secured, and at the depth of thirty inches was found of clot of hair which from my own knowledge I would pronounce to have been Lt. Beecher's. At a point still lower a saddle blanket such as that in which he was buried was found in a decayed condition. The date at which the remains were removed I am unable to state. In the search for the remains of Dr. Moores which was a very thorough one, nothing was found save the remains of a blanket and a pistol left in that location by Colonel Forsyth. A prolonged search failed to find a gun known to have been left in the same locality. Farley and Culver were found in their graves and secured, though Wilson said to have been buried with the former, was not there. After repeated assurances by Sharp, and thorough inspection of the locality by yourself, the work was abandoned, the remains being properly cared for, and such relics as seemed desirable retained.

I am, Sir  
Very respectfully,  
Your Obt. Serv't.  
(Sgd) T. Turner  
Asst. Surg. U.S. Army

It is obvious that Lt. Beecher, Surgeon Mooers and Scout Wilson are still missing. The bodies of Scouts Farley and Grover were removed to Fort Wallace for burial, and later interred in the national cemetery at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, when Fort Wallace was abandoned. I am indebted to Dan and Mary Casey, of Denver, who furnished me with the reproduced original reports of Captain Butler and Asst. Surgeon Turner. Mary Casey is a direct descendant of Captain Butler. For further reading I suggest "The Beecher Island Annual", 1930 edition, published by the Beecher Island Memorial Association, and "Fort Wallace Kansas", 1955 edition, published by the Fort Wallace Memorial Association.



### BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

I have been reading a paperback about the Beecher Island affair [*Action At Beecher Island*, by Dee Brown (author of *Bury My Heart At Wounded Knee*), Curtis Books (Modern Literary Editions Publ. Co., N.Y. 1967)], that impresses me in its realistic reconstruction of what it must have been like to have been present at the battle.

I recommend it, to flesh out the skeletons of less colorful historical treatments.

#### Additional References

Gaines, A. P., *The Battle of Beecher's Island*. Denver Westerners BRAND BOOK, vol. 25, 1969, p.11.

Same—Denver Westerners ROUNDUP, vol. XXV; July-August no. 4, 1969. (Highly recommended. HvR Jr.)

Forsyth, George A. *A Frontier Battle*. Harper's Magazine, 1895.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr. P.M.



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**Hispanos: Historic Leaders in New Mexico** by Lynn I. Perrigo. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1985. 94 pages, illustrated. Paperback, \$9.95.

Juan de Onate, colonizer; Luis Maria C. de Baca, settler; Gertrudis Bacelo, gambler and Miguel A. Otero, Jr., territorial governor are just a few of the New Mexicans that you will read about in this very interesting book. *Hispanos* will serve as an introduction to New Mexico history and should encourage the reader to discover more information about these individuals.

Lynn I. Perrigo, Emeritus Professor of History at New Mexico Highlands University and author of six books on the Southwest including *Gateway to Glorieta*, has selected

some historic person or family to represent different periods in the history of the state. While some of the people are well known such as Don Diego de Vargas who led the reconquest of New Mexico in 1693, others such as Pedro Bautista Pino who represented New Mexico in the Spanish cortes in 1812 are not often discussed in books about the state. Several women are mentioned including the famous Dona Tules who loaned money to General Kearny to pay his United States troops after the occupation of Santa Fe and Adelina Otero-Warren who worked in the movement to give women the right to vote.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

## WHO DUNNIT?

Loren F. Blancy, P.M.

From any assessment, the Battle of Beecher Island demonstrated the advantage of well-trained, well-motivated, well-led, men with optimum fire power, against a determined attacking adversary outnumbering them ten or twenty to one.

Review of the diaries, publications, and letters of Major Forsyth and the Scouts, written mostly many years later, infuses uncertainties that must frustrate historians.

The mission of the Scouts, writes A. P. Gaines in the 1969 Brand Book, was "to observe the movements of the Indians and keep things under control until the Federal soldiers arrived to take over the job". Forsyth, with meager experience of Indian warfare (his words) overruled the caution of more knowledgeable Sharp Grover and others, impugned their valor, and hotly pursued, without adequate rations of food, what appeared to be a far superior force of Indians.

Credit for moving to the "strategic island" on the morning of the battle was claimed by Forsyth, Grover, Murphy, and Stillwell.

The emphasis on the prolonged diet of putrid mule and horse meat is challenged by the statement that enough steaks were cut and jerked (dried) from the Indian-killed animals to last a week. But boiled, spoiled meat flavored with gun powder was resorted to on the eighth and ninth days.

Did the Spencer rifle or carbine magazine hold seven or six rounds? Forsyth would appear to be unique in stating six. However, Spencer cartridge designs varied in length by  $\frac{5}{32}$  of an inch and possibly fewer longer cartridges could be accommodated in the magazine. The discrepancy might also have been the result of malfunction of the magazine follower spring.

Did the Arickaree run west to east or north to south? It flows from west to east and Peate's map rather than Forsyth's was correct.

Forsyth states "in the matter of arms and ammunition they [the Indians] were our equals in every respect". Simon Matson quotes Indian sources who claimed most of their guns were old muzzle loaders. George Grinnell concurs.

The recognition of Roman Nose is in dispute. Forsyth's account implies affirmation with much fanfare; the Scouts state it was not until after the rescue that his body was identified.

Forsyth reports George W. Chalmers as killed in his battle message to Colonel Bankhead, and twenty-five years later that Chalmers Smith was killed. The former was not a Scout, the latter was not the casualty, it was G.W. Culver. Smith lived until March 31, 1919.

For an incredible story, read "History of a Slave Written by Himself at the Age of 89 Years". Ruben Waller wrote a convincing account of his Civil War experiences; and later with the 10th Cavalry, of an investigation of Scout Sharp Grover, accused of having murdered William Comstock. After the Battle, Sharp was killed in a sod house saloon at Pond Creek—Waller said by one of the Scouts who knew all about how Comstock was killed.

My late friend and a former Westerner, Henry Folmer, had a saying—"Of course you don't know what happened, you were there."



# Westerner's Bookshelf



**The Essential Landscape, The New Mexico Photographic Survey**, with essays by J. B. Jackson. Edited by Steven A. Yates, Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1985. 148 pp., \$45.00.

The price of this work puts it in the category of coffee table books, although its pretensions fall short of the level at which its editors aimed. To this reviewer it appears to have a split personality; on the one hand it serves as a showpiece for the photographic project of the Museum of Fine Arts, Museum of New Mexico, and on the other it makes use of some eight or nine essays by the cultural geographer J. B. Jackson, to serve as introduction to the picture sections. The mixture is not always a happy one.

Jackson's essays were almost all excerpted from an obscure publication, *Landscape*, which ran from 1952 to 1968, of which Jackson was the founding editor and publisher. They seem to have been chosen haphazardly, cover a broad range of environments from the high plains landscape to the urban and cultural landscape to a beautifully-written essay on the Chihuahua landscape, which Jackson evokes as what New Mexico might have been had it remained in Mexican hands. But one keeps asking the question, "How is this pertinent to the group of pictures which are exhibited with each essay?" One misses cohesion and order in this book.

A catalogue of the New Mexico Photographic Survey appears in an appendix, which reproduces, in black and white, with technical data, the photographs contributed by the twelve photographers on the project. From this collection were chosen the photographs which appear in this book. Their photographic values and reproduction are excellent, running all the way from exceptional aerial color prints of present-day Indian pueblos and Anasazi ruins, to bleak panoramas of endless, featureless plains, to candid black and white photos of Hispanics night-cruising the streets of Santa Fe and Albuquerque. One intriguing aerial color photo is entitled, "*Football Practice at Laguna Pueblo, 1982.*" It was printed on the

back face of the book's dust cover, and shows nine sedans and pick-ups arrayed around the near end of a rutted, red-earth field beside the local fair grounds and rodeo arena. Between the near and far toothpick-sized goal posts Lilliputian red-and-blue-jerseyed players are arrayed in two lines across the field for a kick-off.

Since the locales of all the pictures are named, the lack of any map of the state will be felt by all except the most knowledgeable readers. Of course, the reader can supply his own road map or atlas but there is no assurance that it will contain all of the localities mentioned in the picture captions.

It is regrettable that such memorable material that might have been fashioned into an outstanding cohesive work turns out to be neither "flesh, fowl, nor good red herring."

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

**Silver Images of Colorado, Volume I**, by Richard A. Ronzio. Sundance Books, Denver, 1986. 256 pages, index. Hardbound, \$34.00.

For several decades early photographs from the extensive Ronzio collection have enhanced fine books by some of Colorado's best known writers. Now, at the urging of Sundance Books, Mr. Ronzio has compiled an intriguing volume of his own. It is a Denver Album, containing some 247 hand-somely reproduced photographs by such renowned lensmen as William H. Jackson, H. H. Buckwalter, William C. Chamberlain, Joseph Collier, Alex Martin, L. C. McClure and many others. All have been carefully reproduced from silver based negatives to create the meticulously detailed printing plates.

In addition, the book contains as a first chapter a photo-offset reproduction of the very scarce 1909 History of Denver by D. O. Wilhelm, complete with the sepia-toned advertisements of the period. Another prize is a reprint of the equally rare 1866 Denver Business Directory. Other chapters are titled *A Metropolis Matures*, *Denver's Train*

*Station, A Transit Network, Civic Structures and Industry and Commerce.* A number of Denver street maps, both conventional and pictorial, are included.

Silver Images of Colorado is an impressive book, well printed and bound appropriately in a striking silver finish. When you consider the quality in comparison with the price of books today, this volume is easily worth its modest price. This reviewer eagerly awaits the publication of a second volume.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

*New Mexicans in Cameo and Camera* edited by Marta Weigle. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1985. 228 pages, photographs. Cloth, \$29.95, Paper, \$14.95.

In 1978, Marta Weigle assisted Lorin W. Brown in the publication of the material he had collected about life in a section of Northern New Mexico while working for the Federal Writers Project during the 1930's. This was published as *Hispanic Folklife of New Mexico*. In her most recent work, Marta Weigle has put together the efforts of over forty writers and photographers who worked for federal agencies in New Mexico during the depression years of the 1930's. Biographical sketches of these people are included in the book. Along with Lorin Brown, there are artists such as Herbert Danton and photographers such as Dorothea Lange and Arthur Rothstein. Reyes Martinez was fired by the officials of the Federal Writers Project because his writing ability did not equal his ability to collect interesting information about the folklore and customs of the Hispanics.

Several of the photographs in the book are taken from a study of El Cerrito, New Mexico done for the Department of Agriculture in 1942. This study by Irving Rusinow was one of a series of community studies that were to represent six typical areas of the United States. The community, which no longer really exists, was located 28 miles south of Las Vegas, New Mexico.

This work is divided into five sections of which one section is concerned with Hispanic Lifeways, and the other sections with the western, northeastern and southeastern sections of New Mexico and "Literary Tularosa." The primary interview about

Tularosa was provided by Bella Ostic regarding Eugene Manlove Rhodes. She had known the Rhodes family including Gene whom she considered a strange boy in many ways. He had remained friendly with Bella Ostic and answered a letter she wrote to me in care of his publisher after she read some of his works. In the section about Northern New Mexico, Catalina Viareal of Alcalde who was eighty at the time of the interview was living in the two rooms that were still habitable of what had been the large adobe home of her parents. She was holding on to the family land by renting it out for one share of the food that is produced. Mary Elbe C. de Baca talked with her grandmother, Guadalupe Lupita Gallegos, about her most interesting life in which she went from being one of the *ricos* to poverty.

The Southwestern section contains the stories of farmers, ranchers, buffalo hunters and many others. The topics range from the first automobile to cross the Mescalero Sands from Texas to Roswell in 1908 to Old Hot-Tamale Charlie Fowler who hunted buffalo on the Staked Plains in the 1870's.

There are very few positive aspects to the depression of the 1930's, but the hiring of writers and photographers by the Farm Security Administration and other federal agencies preserved a vital part of our national past that would otherwise have been lost.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

*Eskimo Year.* By George Miksch Sutton, illustrated with Drawings and Photographs by the Author, Second Edition, 1985, Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 321 pp., \$14.95.

Life among the Eskimos of Arctic North America has seldom been described with as much loving care as Sutton has displayed here. He liked and respected the Eskimos and his feeling of comradeship for them comes through everywhere in this book.

In August of 1929, Sutton, a trained ornithologist and all-round natural scientist, went ashore from the Hudson's Bay Company's supply ship *Nascopie*, at the company post on the south shore of Southampton Island, which lies in the northern entrance to Hudson Bay. Sutton's primary task was to collect and measure bird and mammal specimens, draw, paint, and photograph live and

dead specimens, prepare the collections for shipment back to the States, and keep a complete journal of his findings.

Although he collected many of the specimens in the field himself, he had to depend on Eskimo hunters to bring in others, and he was also dependent on Eskimo help for dog team travel in the winter time and boat travel in the summer. The narrative is straightforward and devoid of scientific jargon although he places in footnotes the scientific names of all birds and animals pictured or mentioned, and translates all Eskimo terms in the text. He uses a great many Eskimo terms, but rather than slowing the narrative, they give a quaint authenticity to the story.

Sutton made a number of hunting and collecting trips with native hunters who knew scarcely a word of English, while his Eskimo was at best only rudimentary. He relates being blizzard-bound in a snow igloo with two Eskimo companions for the better part of a week.

The chapter entitled, "A Dissertation upon Huskies," was for me one of the highlights of the book. It agreed almost completely with my observation of sled dogs in Alaska:

"If *Kingmik* (the Eskimo name for huskie or sled dog) survives the vicissitudes of babyhood he fares forth with his mother to learn what every pup must know. The rules of his world, he soon finds, are about as follows: First (and this is most important), if you come upon anything edible, be it sealskin boot, walrus-hide whip, grease-soaked rag, blood-covered chip, mouse, fish, seal, or whale, eat all of it *if possible*, and as soon as possible, for you may never have the chance again. Second, if a dog bites you, you need not necessarily bite him in return, for you may waste time in chasing him. Bite any dog you can, and bite him hard, then duck for your life. Third, howl upon all possible occasions. Fourth, in choosing a place to nap, selected the most frequently used thoroughfare you can find. This is sure to lead to admirable trouble."

There is a generous sprinkling of Sutton's sketches in the text, and two sections of black and white photographs. My only quibble with the book is the lack of an index. But the author never intended it as a scholarly work, so I am willing to accept it as a good, lively narrative, which contains a wealth of information about one scholar's year among the friendly natives who inhabit Canada's

northern islands—a way of life which is rapidly disappearing under the noisy onslaughts of the snowmobile, airplane, and outboard motor.

As my northern friends would say, "This is the pure quill!" I recommend it highly.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

**Frontier Regulars, the United States Army and the Indian, 1866-1891**, by Robert M. Utley, Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 462 pages, illustrations, maps, footnotes, bibliography, index. Paper, \$12.95.

In 1967 Utley published *Frontiersmen in Blue*, which covered the period 1848-1865 and told the story of the U.S. Army and its relations with Indians on the Western frontier. In 1973 Macmillan published *Frontier Regulars*, now out of print, which brought the saga through 1891, when it is generally accepted that the frontier ended. This reprint provides Westerners an opportunity to acquire the volume at a reasonable price and the University of Nebraska is to be complimented not only on publishing such a valuable work but doing it in such a fine way—beautiful clear type, fine clear maps of the theaters of operations, and well-reproduced photographs and drawings.

Too much cannot be said of Utley's professional background, scholarship, research, well-balanced attitude, and beautiful prose. If one wanted to own only one book on this period of history in the West, he should own this book.

While Utley understands and sympathizes with the situation fate provided the American Indian, he also appreciates the unimagineable problems confronted by the Indian-fighting army—handed an impossible task and enormous responsibilities by a dilatory government and an unsympathetic Eastern press behind it on the home front. How the regulars completed their mission makes fascinating reading.

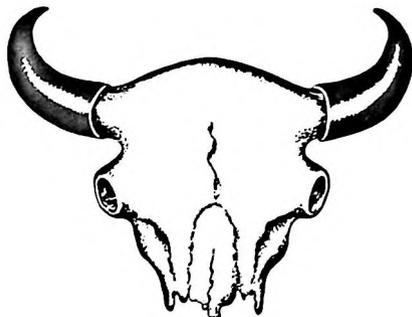
W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.



*The* DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

JULY-AUGUST 1986



**REV. JOHN L. DYER**  
**THE SNOWSHOE ITINERANT**  
**ROBERT L. BROWN**



Rev. John L. Dyer 1812-1901 (From Dyer, 1890)

**Big Brand Book Sale!**

We have accumulated an overstock of BRAND BOOK Volume 30 & 31 (combined volume 1974 & 1975) 1977, edited by Alan J. Stewart & L. Coulson Hageman; 408 pages, profusely illustrated.

The volume contains 16 articles, including "Civil War in the West" by E. B. Long as well as articles by Denver Westerners Blaurock, R. L. Brown, Clausen, Hicks, Pulcifer, Rizzari, Wier, Williams, and others. This is the last volume produced by the Denver Westerners and is necessary to complete your set if you do not already have it. Future volumes are uncertain.

In order to reduce and/or close out our overstock this volume only is offered at \$5.00 per copy at the meetings. By mail please add \$2.00 per volume for postage and packing. Mail orders should be addressed to Dr. Loren Blaney at the address shown in the next column to the right.

Members attending Denver meetings are requested to notify Dr. Blaney as to the number of copies desired so that he can come prepared to serve you at the next following meeting.

**MERRILL MATTES ON LONGS PEAK**

In case you missed a fascinating footnote on Colorado history we call your attention to Issue No.1 for 1986 of *Colorado Heritage*, published by the Colorado Historical Society. This article by Westerner Merrill J. Mattes is entitled "The Boulderfield Hotel: A Distant Summer in the Shadow of Longs Peak." It is the story of Merrill's extraordinary adventures in 1929, at age 18, revolving around his employment as a Longs Peak guide by the National Park Service concessioner. The "hotel" was the Boulderfield Shelter Cabin at an elevation of 12,700 feet. It was built in 1927 as the result of the Agnes Vaille tragedy described by Carl Blaurock in an earlier issue of *The Roundup*; ten years later it was dynamited out of existence because of structural damage by this shifting "rock glacier."

**CORRECTION**

By inadvertence (carelessness?) numbers 2 (March-April) and 3 (May-June) of the current volume of the ROUNDUP (XLII) were misnumbered as volume XLI on the mastheads on page 2. Please make the correction in your copies.

**BOUND ROUNDUPS AVAILABLE**

The recent volumes of the ROUNDUP, including 1982, 1983, 1984, and now 1985, are available, nicely hardbound, each volume separately, making a neat addition to your personal library. These may be had, as long as they last, from your Tallyman, Dr. Loren Blaney, at the monthly meetings, or by mail. Dr. Blaney's address may be found in the column to your right. The volumes are \$7.00 each, plus \$1.00 each for postage and packing for mail orders. Order now while they are all still available.

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

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**HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES?**

## REV. JOHN L. DYER, THE SNOWSHOE ITINERANT

by

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

Presented 28 May 1986

The Rev. John L. Dyer was the best know and easily the most beloved of Colorado's 19th century circuit riding clergymen. By association he came to be identified with the foundation of Methodism in the new territory of Colorado. On foot, by muleback, on snowshoes and once in an emergency he fastened a pack saddle on a cow to attend his circuit. He was called Father Dyer although the title was not used in the Episcopal or Catholic context. The origins of this appellation are obscure. One early source implied that the term was used because Dyer was regarded as a father to his flock or that he was nearly a surrogate parent to the far-from-home miner. Rev. Mark Feister feels that the people of Breckenridge lovingly bestowed the name on Father Dyer. But there is another possibility. In the last century it was common practice to refer to all older persons as mother or father. Carry Nation, who began her anti-saloon crusades when she was in her 60's, was called Mother Nation, even by her enemies. John Dyer was well along in years when he first entered Colorado.

Dyer was a native of rural Ohio, born on March 16th, 1812 near the town of Chillicothe. At the tender age of six he was already employed as a farm hand. His employer paid him in whisky. "I was born with a love for whisky," he recalled, "but after getting stone drunk in a flax field at the age of ten I swore off for the next 80 years." He joined the Methodist church at the age of 20 in 1832. But he came to know God in the bottom of a lead mine at Potosi, Wisconsin in 1849. He never fully recovered from exposure to lead poisoning, and impaired eyesight plagued the remainder of his life.

John Dyer married for the first time in 1833. A native of Maine, her name was Harriet Foster and she had been living on a nearby farm. During their 14 years of life together she bore him five children, three sons and two daughters. Harriet passed away in 1847. Because his young children desperately needed a mother, Dyer remarried too hastily. It soon developed that his new wife was still married to her second husband. Disillusioned, Dyer obtained an annulment. More that two decades would pass before he married again.

In 1853, at age 41, Dyer was admitted to the Methodist Conference at Fillmore, Minnesota. A contemporary account that appears in the history of Fillmore County describe him as being "harsh, crude and uncouth." Three years later he founded the small town of Lenora, Minnesota and started a Methodist church there. Although it was formerly believed that Dyer was a lay preacher, the product of a camp meeting conversion, Dr. Martin Rist found a record that he was ordained by the West Wisconsin Conference of the Methodist Church in 1855.

At this point in his life Rev. Dyer recalled. "I made up my mind to see Pikes Peak." He was now 49 years old and nearly blind. With only \$14.75 in his pocket he set out for the West with full trust that the Lord would provide. He left Lenora

on May 9, 1861, on foot. Except for a short lift with a stranger, he walked most of the 700 miles from Omaha to Cherry Creek. The ordeal cut his weight from 192 to 163 pounds by the time he trudged into Denver on June 20th. His son, Elias, had been there since 1860. Dyer's first assignment was to serve the raw new camp of Buckskin Joe in South Park. Following a reunion with his son, Dyer traded his watch for \$20 worth of flour, side bacon, dried apples, sugar, salt, coffee and a few cans of fruit.

Father Dyer remained in Denver for only one day. He left on June 21 and walked the nearly 100 miles to Buckskin Joe. The following February he traveled on foot to Denver in two and a half days to hear Rev. John M. Chivington preach. Col. Chivington spotted him in the congregation and yielded the pulpit to Dyer. In the following four months he traveled some 400 miles on foot, preaching three times weekly and receiving a total of \$43 from collections. Both his hat and his boots were patched. He often walked the entire distance from Fairplay to Denver to save the 75¢ coach fare. He thought nothing of hiking from Denver to Central City or Breckenridge with only a few hours of sleep. Aside from walking Rev. Dyer traveled another 10,000 miles on horse or muleback in his first two years of serving Colorado settlements. On one occasion he shoveled snow for three and a half days to go three miles.

During the South Park assignment he preached regularly at Buckskin Joe, Dudley, Fairplay, Alma, Hamilton, Tarryall, London Junction, Mosquito, Montgomery and Quartzville. Lacking a church or appropriate building he preached in tents, on street corners, in private homes, in gambling halls, and even in saloons, or wherever he could gather a crowd. Once in a Fairplay barroom he requested that the owner remove a sign advertising "Good Whisky." The bartender replied that he would be glad to cooperate since they were out of that brand anyway.

The following story came from Fred Mazzulla and although I have been unable to confirm it from any other source, it is too good to overlook. At nearby Dudley, Dyer usually conducted services in a tent. On one occasion he was preaching from Isaiah and had planned to serve communion. A quantity of bread lay on a plate atop a makeshift altar behind the pulpit. Suddenly the tiny congregation burst forth in gales of laughter, an uncommon reaction to a text from Isaiah. With impaired vision, Dyer could observe no basis for levity until he chanced to turn around. Behind him a mule had pushed its head in between the rear tent flaps and was devouring the bread.

Father Dyer's sermons often followed patriotic themes, particularly between 1861 and 1865 when they were influenced by the Civil War. Although he possessed a deep compassion for human frailties, according to a contemporary he "preached the Word burning hot, emphasizing the wrath as well as the love of God." Following a series of sermons entitled "The Five Great Sins of Breckenridge," he was able to secure a Sunday closing of the town's many saloons. On Monday the local paper lamented, "Twas a dry one, no place to go except to church." The four other sins were card playing, dancing, indifference, and sabbath desecration. Dyer preached Hellfire and Damnation. He could use his fists too, and on one occasion he half choked a somewhat reluctant convert for not praying loudly enough.

John Dyer accepted the first of two assignments to Summit County's circuit in

July of 1863. His regular preaching stations were Park City, American Gulch, Delaware Flats, Galena Gulch, Lincoln City, Mayo Gulch, Preston and Breckenridge. He made the rounds regularly each two weeks. Later that same year he walked over 100 miles to attend the Methodist Rocky Mountain Conference in Denver. Before leaving he was assigned to serve the new Lake County in addition to continuing in Park County. In Lake County his circuit included both Oro Cities, Cache Creek, Leadville and most of the satellite towns, including Robinson and Kokomo.

By the end of December of 1863 Dyer was nearly out of money. The pittance he was paid by the church and poor returns from collections were inadequate to sustain his active schedule. So he sought the mail-carrying contract, carrying letters, packages and gold dust from Buckskin Joe across 13,000-foot high Mosquito Pass to Cache Creek and Oro City. Twice each week he made the 37 mile trek. He was literally a one-man pack mule. The pay was \$18 weekly. In winter he made the trip on snowshoes. Once while making his circuit he was shot at from ambush for having been a witness to murder. Dyer always felt that God would protect him. The fact that the bullet missed him strengthened his conviction. Somehow he still found time to preach three times each week.

Dyer's snowshoes were of the Norwegian type, or skis. He made them himself, four inches wide and nine to eleven feet in length. Sensibly, he usually traveled at night to avoid snowslides. He was caught once and buried in six to eight feet of snow. He prayed first, then dug himself out and proceeded to deliver the mail. His career as a postman lasted from 1863 through 1864, earning him the title of Snowshoe Itinerant.

Dyer's fierce determination and unusual mode of travel brought him national recognition earlier in this century. In its issue of January 13, 1936, TIME Magazine noted that Rev. John Dyer, a Methodist clergyman, had carried the mail to his parishioners on skis in the early 1850's, thus introducing skiing to the nation. Typically for TIME, the article was in the sports section. Furthermore, Dyer wasn't even here in the 1850's. He was still in Minnesota. Obviously he didn't introduce skiing to the nation, or even to Colorado. But he seems to have been the first skier known to us by name.

In March of 1865 Father Dyer was assigned to a circuit in northern New Mexico; there he held the first Protestant service on the Maxwell Grant. Although he was infringing on the territory of Father Machebeuf, Dyer converted hundreds of former Catholics to Methodism. Among them were soldiers, farmers, miners, gamblers and, he claimed proudly, "One Romish priest." Dyer held Father Machebeuf in high esteem, calling him "A great worker." "But," said Dyer, "I have the advantage of a good wife to help me." It might be appropriate to note here that Father Dyer had remained a widower for more than two decades. In November of 1870 he married Miss Lucinda Ranking of Douglas County. Church duties in New Mexico were concluded in 1874 when he was recalled to accept charge of the new Erie-Plattville-Fort Lupton circuit.

On July 4, 1875 the Dyers were enjoying a well-deserved rest in Spring Valley, near the present Air Force Academy. Unfortunately, that very day Dyer's son, Elias, now a 39-year-old Lake County judge, was brutally murdered in his own courtroom

at Granite. Judge Dyer had the misfortune to be assigned to adjudicate a dispute between two area ranchers over water rights. Both had threatened to kill him if the decision went against their side. Surprisingly, his killers granted him a last wish that he be permitted to write a final letter to his father. It said in part:

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. God comfort you and keep you always. I die, if die I must, for law, order and principle; and too, I stand alone.

Your loving and true, and I hope in some respects, worthy son,

Elias Dyer

Father Dyer's assignment was short-lived in northern Colorado. He returned to South Park in July of 1876 where he continued to serve until 1879 when he was sent over to Breckenridge for a second time. During his South Park tenure he often climbed 14,172 foot high Mount Bross and 14,286 foot Mount Lincoln to preach for the workers at the Moose Mine. He was 66 years old at the time. From the base of the mountain to the first shaft was a distance of five miles. The last structures were just 300 feet below the summit.

The following year Dyer was given charge of the Breckenridge district again. Despite his years he still covered most of his circuit on snowshoes. He regularly crossed both French and Georgia Passes to reach his preaching stations. At age 68 he built his first church. The year was 1880 and it still stands in Breckenridge. Because it had no bell, in 1886 Dyer began ringing the fire alarm for church purposes, until the town trustees revoked the privilege. So he rang it again the next Sunday anyway. A steeple with its own bell was added to the little church in 1890. But in 1891 the bell was destroyed by vandals. Another now hangs in its place.

Dyer concluded the Summit County assignment when he was in his 73rd year, but he continued to preach there occasionally until he was 76 as they had no regular pastor. During this latter period he was constantly troubled by the "lower elements" who kept stealing the church organ for dancing. Dyer called it their "bacchanals." As a devout 19th century Methodist he regarded dancing as an instrument of the devil and a sure road to damnation.

While living in Breckenridge Father Dyer tried his hand at mining. He either discovered or acquired a mine called the Warrior's Mark. The year was 1881. It was modestly successful and he once had 50 men working there. A small community called Dyersville grew up along a creek just below the mine. County records showed ten Republicans and seven Democrats registered at Dyersville for the election of 1882. In common with most mines the Warrior's Mark failed and Dyer lost his investment. He said later that wire working, whisky, cards mismanagement and fast women ruined the average mining property. The remains of Dyersville can still be seen below Boreas Pass, near the foot of Indiana Gulch.

After leaving Breckenridge Dyer retired to Denver. He lived at 712 Glenarm Place for a time, then he moved to University Park. During his active career he had preached in more new towns than any other Colorado clergyman. Colorado's State Senate appointed him their chaplain in 1885 and his stained glass likeness now



The remaining structures at Dyersville, below Boreas Pass, in 1971. R. L. Brown photo.

appears in the capitol dome. Three years later his wife passed away. Father Dyer made a last nostalgic visit to the Breckenridge church in 1899, two years before his death. To John L. Dyer the deity was always very real, and on June 17th, 1901 he went home to his maker. One of his last utterances asked forgiveness for those who had slain his son. He was in his 90th year at the time of his passing.

At Breckenridge the original 1880 church has been moved and expanded but is still used. In summer the ladies bring wild flowers to place behind the altar. Services are held early so that the minister may leave for Leadville to preach the 11:00 o'clock sermon. 13,855 foot high Mount Dyer, near Fairplay, also honors his name. Both Colorado and Methodism are better for the fact that this remarkable, humble and dedicated man passed our way.

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# Westerner's Bookshelf



**Paper Medicine Man; John Gregory Bourke and His American West.** by Joseph C. Porter. Univ. of Oklahoma Press; Norman and London, 1986: 352 pages. 11 color plates, 25 b. & w. ills., 6 maps, notes, bibliography, index. Hardback, \$29.95.

John Gregory Bourke is well known among western frontier aficionados for his popular *On the Border with Crook*, but how many know that he was much more a scientist than an historian? According to Evan S. Connell, author of *Son of the Morning Star*, *Paper Medicine Man* is the "definitive history" of John Gregory Bourke.

In the opinion of this reviewer, Porter has written the ultimate biography of a fascinating individual who tirelessly devoted his life, and sacrificed his health, not to mention a successful Army career in the study of Indian culture of the plains and the great Southwest.

In August, 1861, the sixteen-year-old Bourke joined the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteer Cavalry and saw action in the Battles of Chickamauga and Chattanooga. In 1865 he entered the Military Academy at West Point, and graduated in 1869, whereupon he was assigned as a second lieutenant to the Third Cavalry in New Mexico Territory. From that point on, he began taking voluminous notes of everything he witnessed. His first military duties were against the Apaches, and by 1871, Bourke became an aide-de-camp to Lt. Col., soon to be Brigadier General George Crook, and his career in the Army took off in a totally different direction. During this time he formed deep friendships with various Apache warriors. After campaigning in the Great Sioux War of 1876 in which he participated in the "Reynolds Fight", "The Battle of Rosebud" and "Mackenzie's Attack on Dull Knife's Cheyennes", Bourke became a student of Indian culture. His relationship with Indian scouts and those on the reservations had a deep effect on his changed attitude toward them. In addition to keeping notes, he col-

lected artifacts which he sent to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C. Military duties did not lessen Bourke's preoccupation with ethnology or his concern for their problems with civilization.

Major John Wesley Powell of the Smithsonian Institution's Bureau of Ethnology, Brigadier General George Crook, Lieutenant General Philip Sheridan, Secretary of War William Endicott and Francis Parkman were all his patrons at one time or another, and Bourke was in the unusual position of working for the Bureau of Ethnology while being paid by the Army.

Porter uses Bourke's notes extremely well in describing such events as the Sioux Sun Dance and the Hopi Snake Dance. Bourke also accompanied Crook in the campaigns against Geronimo from 1883 to 1886.

Eventually, Crook's influence with Washington faded, and so did that of Bourke as he fought for the lost causes of his vanquished Indian friends. Bourke was not promoted past Captain and was overly bitter about his stalled military career. He died in 1896 at the age of 49.

Porter's efforts show that Bourke was an outstanding officer and a brilliant scholar who was very much concerned over his nation's treatment of native Americans. The information coming from Bourke's extensive diaries is excellent source material when considering his own observations and that of his many Indian friends from various tribes.

This book is a must for Indian War and ethnology students alike. It is the kind of book a reader does not put down until the last page has been turned. Porter's work is entitled *Paper Medicine Man* because that was the name Bourke received from the Indians of the Southwest due to his continual note taking. It is absolutely fascinating, a pleasure to read, and somewhat updates Helen Hunt Jackson's classic, *A Century of Dishonor*.

Richard A Cook, P.M.

**Travels In The Interior of America In The Years 1809, 1810, and 1811**, by John Bradbury. Foreword by Donald Jackson. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1986. 320 pp. Map. Paperback \$7.95.

This is a welcome reprint of volume 5 of *Early Western Travels*, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites (Cleveland, 1905), itself a reprint of the original London edition of 1819. It would be difficult to overestimate the historical importance of this book, a classic work on early American exploration, the fur trade, and Indian tribes. Although Bradbury reached New Orleans in 1809, his *Travels* are concerned primarily with events of 1811, between St. Louis and the Upper Missouri.

This work is historically important because it is an eyewitness account of the first two significant Missouri River expeditions after the return of Lewis and Clark in 1806. One led by Manuel Lisa of the Missouri Fur Company extended the fur trade on the Upper Missouri. The other led by Wilson Price Hunt of the American Fur Company traversed the continent to establish a trading post on the Pacific Coast. Because of the rivalry between the two companies they raced upriver in their clumsy keelboats in an atmosphere of barely subdued hostility.

Bradbury was a passenger with Hunt, while another cultured traveler, Henry Marie Brackenridge (author of *Journal Of a Voyage Up The Missouri River*) rode with Lisa. Between two observers the daily progress of the rival expeditions is recorded. From these vivid accounts emerge pictures of *voyageurs* struggling against the powerful current, hunting forays, Indian councils, and instances of enmity between the leaders. However, at the mouth of Grand River, South Dakota, the Hunt expedition abandoned their boats and started overland toward the Black Hills, the Teton Mountains, and the Pacific drainage, to reach the mouth of the Columbia River on a grueling journey which represented the second American crossing of continental United States. Meanwhile, Lisa and company continued upriver to make fur trade and exploration history in the Montana region.

While Brackenridge continued upriver with Lisa as far as the Mandan villages, Bradbury turned back on a keelboat to St. Louis.

Later he descended the Mississippi River in the first steamboat to successfully navigate its way to New Orleans, and he also recorded the great New Madrid earthquake of 1811. To consolidate his claim as a primary historian it should be noted that on the lower reaches of the Missouri River Bradbury interviewed two legendary frontiersmen—old Daniel Boone and not so old but well-worn John Colter. It was Bradbury who first revealed to the world the latter's spectacular escape from hostile Blackfeet, and his description of "Colter's Hell."

Six appendices include a vocabulary of some words in the Osage language, the text of the Big Elk oration, a narrative of the Hunt Expedition, a description of Missouri Territory, and a catalog of the plants encountered

Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.

**A Treasury of Nebraska Pioneer Folklore** compiled by Roger L. Welsh. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1984. 391 pages, paperback, \$9.95.

The importance of folklore to the historian ought not to be underestimated and the dividing line between folklore and "pure fact" is not always clear. Some folklorists, such as J. Frank Dobie and C. L. Sonnichsen, have successfully woven historical tales around folklore and legend. This book by Professor Welsh, however, does not attempt to present anything approaching a history of particular people or events. It is instead a collection of customs, songs, tall tales, children's games, proverbs, and other such snippets of Nebraska life prior to 1900. These informational fragments run from the truly interesting customs that probably were representative of the state at large (such as the shivaree) to the probably trivial eccentricities of a few (such as folk cures for warts). While the work is hampered by the lack of a complete index, it is useful in providing background necessary for one who is attempting to understand Nebraska Plains culture. I fortunately, have had a Nebraska grandmother who always "kept the latch-string out" and provided similar information firsthand.

John M. Hutchins, C.M.

Nelson A. Miles; *A Documentary Biography of His Military Career, 1861-1903*, edited by Brian C. Pohanka, in coll. with John M. Carroll; foreword by Robert M. Utley. Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, CA, 1985. 327 pp., 18 ill., index. Hardbound \$35.00.

Lieutenant General Nelson Appleton Miles was one of the most effective although frequently the least noticed officer in post-Civil War military affairs. Some of this neglect may have arisen, according to Utley, from Miles' career, "disfigured by controversy and endless discord with associates . . . vanity and ambition powered a fierce competitiveness that drove him to revel tastelessly in his own genuine abilities and successes . . . a classic study in warped personality obscuring notable achievement." However, most of this book, compiled from Miles' service record by Pohanka, emphasizes the very real contributions by this "remarkable—and often unsung—soldier-hero."

Miles' record is one of the most lustrous in the military history of his era. Civil War hero—Major General and Corps Commander by age 26—most consistently successful commander and Indian fighter of all the post-war years, head of the U.S. Army in the Spanish-American War, and finally Lieutenant General and the last General-In-Chief in the army's history, Miles was conspicuously successful in cleaning up after others less successful. He terminated and tidied up the 1876 Sioux Campaign, the Nez Perce Campaign with Chief Joseph, and the Apache Campaign after the failure of General Crook.

The book has been crafted from a manuscript in the West Point archive, a chronology of the military record of the General, "probably compiled by some family member." This origin colors a large part of the book which is almost smothering in the volume of documentation, but which is saved by the skill with which it has been presented. The result is a remarkably graphic study of a remarkable soldier with a remarkable record of genuine achievement.

The 6½ page index is itself a key to American post-Civil War military history. The book will undoubtedly be the required basis

for any definitive biography of General Miles.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.

President Washington's Indian War: *The Struggle For The Old Northwest, 1790-1795*, by Wiley Sword. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1985. 399 pp., ill., notes, bibliography, index, maps. Hardbound \$24.95.

This is a fascinating account of an Indian war which is not generally or adequately covered in school books. Centered largely in the Ohio River country, including modern Ohio, Indiana, western Pennsylvania, northern Kentucky and adjacent Illinois, it was visited by George Washington on a surveying expedition in 1770.

Following its post-Revolutionary cession to the new United States a tide of settlers flooded this wilderness area. so that by 1790 the Indians' hunting grounds south of the Ohio River had been settled. Post-war arrangements with the British had guaranteed the lands north of the Ohio River as permanent Indian territory. Conflict was inevitable as American settlers encroached, while tradition, propinquity, and lingering wartime rancor made Indian allies of the British in the Great Lakes area, as they strove to protect their remunerative fur trade.

The following years were marked by continuous warfare. Attempts by American military expeditions under Governor Arthur St. Clair and General Josiah Harmar suffered "possibly the worst defeat at the hands of Indians in the history of the United States Army." Finally, however, the Indians were compelled to yield control of the midcontinent and were pushed westward to begin the long process which ended in their ultimate conquest in the post-Civil War period.

The story is so well told as to conceal a multitude of typographic errors, misspellings, and mis-usages. To make mention of them need be no more than a suggestion for better editing, since they do not really seriously interfere with the story. The book sheds a strong light on a brief but important moment in our national history, not usually so well presented. Students of our "Indian Wars" should start here where the process of "manifest destiny" took form.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.

**Hovels, Haciendas, and House Calls - The Life of Carl H. Gellenthien, M.D.** by Dorothy Simpson Beimer. The Sun Stone Press, Santa Fe, 1986. 309 pp., illustrated, photographs, index. Paperback \$16.95.

This is a lively and sympathetic biography of an eminent pioneer New Mexico physician who first came to the state in 1924, desperately ill with tuberculosis of the lungs, contracted during his senior year at the University of Illinois Medical School. At the Valmore Tuberculosis Hospital, on bed rest and in the high dry mountain climate of New Mexico, his condition gradually improved. In the first year he became engaged to Alice Brown, the hospital dietitian. A year later he was able to resume his medical studies. After graduation with the degree M. D., and a year's internship, Dr. Gellenthien returned to marry Alice and remain as staff physician. (His Chicago doctors at this time predicted that he would be dead in two years.)

Intelligent, hard-working, and devoted to his patients, he stayed on to become Medical Director of the hospital at age 27. He did postgraduate study in tuberculosis and internal medicine at Trudeau Sanatorium and Harvard Medical School. Later he served as consultant throughout the state, and was for several years Surgeon for the Santa Fe Railroad. With his chief, Dr. William T. Brown, the only physicians in the county, he carried on a busy family practice. He never hesitated to go to sick patients when called, often under difficult conditions, such as the half-mile climb up a canyon wall to attend a sick farmer living in a cave. Once, in a dark farm house after the lamps ran out of kerosene, he delivered a baby by the light of his Model T headlights aimed through the open back door.

In 1956 a major disaster occurred a few miles from Valmore. At 3 a.m. the Santa Fe passenger streamliner, the Chief, west-bound at 70 miles per hour, ran head on into a mail train parked on a siding. Called from the hospital, Dr. G. was the first physician on the scene to treat injured passengers and the 22 trainmen killed. Playing a key part in national discussions of delivery of medical care, he became good friends with President Eisenhower. Later, he was called

as consultant when the President had his heart attack. Dr. Gellenthien was sent to Haiti to supervise rescue work during the disastrous hurricane Hazel. At the time of the publication of this book he is the oldest practicing physician in the State, still making house calls when needed. The author has depicted well the important parts played by tuberculosis, and by a distinguished physician, in this little known corner of New Mexico.

Robert K. Brown, P.M.

**The State Parks of Arizona** by John V. Young. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1986. 204 pages, photographs. Paper, \$11.95.

The state park system of Arizona did not get its start until 1958 when the first park was opened at Tubac Presidio. As of 1985, the state had opened nineteen parks that can be categorized as either historical or recreational. The parks are located throughout the state from Riordan State Historic Park in Flagstaff to Patagonia Lake State Park near the Mexican border.

Each park in the system is discussed in a separate chapter, and the information presented is most often of a historical nature even in the chapters regarding the recreational parks. An example of this is the information about Alamo Lake State Park. A discussion of Bill Williams and his career in the West is the major focus. Bill Williams was the guide who led John C. Fremont's expedition into the southern Colorado mountains in 1848.

The state of Arizona is continuing to add to the park system, and six additional parks were authorized during 1985 by the state legislature. The stated purpose of the Arizona Parks Board is "conserving and managing Arizona's historic places, historic sites, and recreational, scenic and natural areas." The state parks have proven to be very popular as evident in that the annual visitor total approaches the total population of the state.

This book would certainly help in planning a trip to Arizona while giving the reader interesting brief accounts of Arizona history. Maybe it is not too late for the state of Colorado to develop a few historic parks as a part of the state park system.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

The Folklore of Spain in the American Southwest: Traditional Spanish Folk Literature in Northern New Mexico and Southern Colorado by Aurelio M. Espinosa, edited by J. Manuel Espinosa. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1985. 310 pages, photographs, bibliography. Hardbound, \$24.95.

This contribution to an understanding of the importance of the Spanish culture to the development of the culture of the Southwest United States results from the combined efforts of a father and his son. J. Manuel Espinosa presents in Part One of the book a short biography of his father who was a professor in the Spanish department at Stanford University in the 1930's and 1940's. Part Two is the folklore study done by Aurelio Espinosa in New Mexico and Colorado during the 1930's that has never before been published. Also included are two appendices dealing with the Spanish dialect as spoken in the region and with Spanish tradition among the Pueblo Indians.

The biography of Aurelio M. Espinosa is really more of an academic rather than a personal nature. The emphasis is on the methodology use in the collection and in the study both in Europe and in the United States of folk literature. Aurelio attempted to prove the strong connection between the exact folk tales told in the villages of New Mexico and the tales told in the villages of Spain. He stated that the reason for this similarity was the isolation of the settlers in Northern New Mexico and Southern Colorado. Not only had this isolation preserved the folk literature but had preserved the characteristics of fifteenth and sixteenth-century Spanish. His efforts from 1916 to 1930 focused on the comparative study of the origin of the folk literature he had collected. Before the days of the tape recorder, Aurelio wrote down the material as it was recited to him. His narrators came from all walks of life and from both New Mexico and Colorado and included many relatives and personal friends.

Part Two written by Aurelio contains highlights of all the major types of traditional Spanish folk literature and is illustrated by examples in Spanish and English translation. The examples range from corridos and coplas

populares to the longer folktales such as "The Three Manofashicos." In the discussion of religious folk drama, several of the dramas discussed are still presented in parts of Northern New Mexico. The play *Los Pastores* is very often a part of the celebration of Midnight Mass on Christmas Eve, and in *Las Posades*, the people of the mountain villages act out the search by Mary and Joseph for a place to rest.

When Aurelio states that a certain belief is held by the people, it should be remembered that he wrote this during the 1930's and that there certainly have been changes in the region since. The major changes have occurred since World War II. Another book I would recommend for the more general reader regarding the impact of the Spanish culture of the United States is *Hispanic Culture in the Southwest* which was written by Arthur L. Campa who served as Sheriff of the Denver Westerners in 1967.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**New Mexico Women: Intercultural Perspectives** edited by Joan M. Jensen and Darlis A. Miller. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1986. 409 pages, photographs. \$29.95, paper \$14.95.

*New Mexico Women* serves two major purposes regarding the role of women in the history of New Mexico. The book's thirteen essays, five of which have been previously published in history journals, help fill a void in historical publications regarding the role of women in the development of the region. Reading these essays will provide a base upon which other studies using the extensive references furnished with each essay will be able to expand current studies by the incorporation of the roles played by individual women.

According to the editors, this collection of essays was to "draw broadly on the methods of anthropology, history, cultural geography, sociology, literature, art and political science but also to focus on how the work of women in different cultures changed in one relatively small geographical area over a long chronological span." The time span includes the period of the arrival of the Spanish during the sixteenth century until the present, and the three major cultural

groups, Native American, Hispano and Anglo, are all represented.

Some of the essays proved to be of greater interest to the reviewer than others. Several of lesser interest include the essay about canning under the direction of the Agricultural Extension Service and the essay dealing with the quantification of the economics of pottery production at Acoma Pueblo. At Acoma, the author's research discovers that the women made pottery to sell to the tourist and that the additional income from the sale of the pottery was welcomed in their households. The many very interesting essays include "The Independent Women of Hispanic New Mexico," "Cross-Cultural Marriages in the Southwest," and "Women of Lincoln Country, 1860-1900." The essay about cross-cultural marriages describes the impact of the Anglo male on the Mexican social structure of New Mexico and that the Anglo-Hispano unions hastened the rate of Americanization of the region. One of the neglected persons in the material written about Lincoln County has been Susan McSween Barber, but the article about the county does an excellent job in correcting this neglect.

If you have an interest in the history of New Mexico and the Southwest, this book should be in your library. The footnotes included with each article should prove most helpful to anyone doing research about New Mexico.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Cherokee Tragedy: The Ridge Family and the Decimation of a People.** by Thurman Wilkins, Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1986. 402 pp., 24 illustrations, 6 maps, notes, bibliography, index, \$24.95 hardback.

When someone thinks of the Cherokees and their tragic demise, one automatically envisions the "Trail of Tears" and Andrew Jackson's Indian Removal Policy. Wilkins only devotes one chapter to the "Trail of Tears" in *Cherokee Tragedy*, and it is anticlimactic at that. He devotes most of his effort to the history of the Cherokee Nation and the social and political events leading up to their infamous and tragic removal.

The first edition of *Cherokee Tragedy* was

published in 1970, but was revised, according to the author, to eliminate excess details, correct a few factual errors, reconsider specific developments and take advantage of material that recent research has brought to light.

This reviewer has always been interested in the history of the Cherokee people because of a limited amount of Cherokee blood, but has never read this particular rendition. The Ridge family played a key part in the Cherokee story and Wilkins uses them to relate his tragedy. Most historians view the Cherokees as the most civilized of the five civilized nations, and are not aware that they performed bloodthirsty attacks upon early white settlers and were involved in a number of battles with white militia along the Appalachian Range from Georgia to Tennessee. On the other hand, everybody is familiar with the Creek War and the Cherokee participation on Jackson's side at the Battle of Horseshoe Bend in 1814.

Up to this point, the author is easy to read and it is difficult to put the book down due to the action being described. However, education of the people is another matter, and Wilkins elaborates, explaining how, where and when the Cherokees were educated. Of course, this is necessary to set the stage for their social status and the advanced education level of their leaders as they negotiated with representatives of the Federal Government and fought the incursions on their homes by the State of Georgia.

In essence, the theme of *Cherokee Tragedy* is twofold. First, the stubbornness of Andrew Jackson in not assisting them in retaining lands that rightfully belonged to them, and his Indian Removal Policy; and secondly, the gradual division of the Cherokee leadership between those who foresaw what was happening to their people and those who wanted to hold their homeland no matter what the cost.

Wilkins ranks with the best of scholars having to do with the history of our native Americans. It is a sad story with a tragic ending, but this is what life is all about. *Cherokee Tragedy* is highly recommended for historians and those who are interested in Southeastern U.S. and Cherokee history.

Richard A. Cook, P.M.

**Will James: The Spirit Of The Cowboy.** J.M. Neil, Editor A.P. Hays, Curator. Published by Nicolaysen Art Museum, Casper, Wyoming. Distributed by University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln. 85 pages. paperback, \$12.95.

Joseph Ernest Nephthali Dufault was born on June 6, 1892 to French Canadian parents, Jean and Josephine Dufault. Young Ernest became fascinated with the exploits of frontier heroes made larger than life by the periodicals and novels of the time. Moreover, he exhibited a talent for drawing cowboys and horses with an accuracy that belied his years and astounded his parents.

The lure of the frontier became so strong that his parents—most reluctantly—gave in to his pleadings and decided to let him go West. At the age of fifteen Ernest moved to western Canada, began to learn a new tongue and work at odd jobs on provincial ranches. After a scrape with the law Ernest Dufault left his native Canada and rode into the western United States trailing a succession of aliases—one of which was James. And so Will James was created. A drifter, a cowboy, a cattle rustler, a Hollywood stunt man, an author, and an artist. It was his talent as an author and artist that resulted in this book. It was written to be a catalog to contribute to an exhibition of Will James' work. In the preface of this volume, J.M. Neil credits James with dramatically influencing twentieth century American conceptions of the cowboy and his West.

"The scale of his influence can be matched by only a handful of other artists, most notably Charles Russell and Frederic Remington." The book contains a generous sampling of Will James work as an artist. The exhibit contains 10 oil paintings, 7 watercolors, 37 pencil drawings, 35 pen-and-ink drawings, one large charcoal, 5 illustrated letters and during his professional period from 1920 to 1924, Will James wrote 27 books. All of these are listed in this catalog.

A considerable amount of research had to be done to develop this volume. 48 footnotes confirm this research as well as providing us with the sources. Of interest to the Westerners is that Bob Cormack's "A Cowboy For 50 Years" published in the December, 1962

*Roundup* was referred to twice in the notes.

It is unfortunate that interest in Will James has waned. It was hoped that the exhibit would contribute to a renewed interest in and understanding of James' life and work. This catalog should certainly make its own contribution. In its 85 pages it corrects many of the fabrications about Will James—many of which he himself created. James issued not from one but from two beginnings, one real the other apocryphal.

I heartily recommend this volume. As James Nelson mentions in his contribution, "... as long as the cowboy remains a popular figure in the American imagination, Will James will have a devoted group of readers."

L. Coulson Hageman, P.M.

**Longhorn Cowboy**, by James H. Cook and illustrated by Herbert Stoops. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman. \$14.95 First published in 1942, this is the first printing of the new edition.

Born in 1857, James Cook started his western career in 1872 when he was only fifteen years old and became a herder of a bunch of Texas longhorns. His pay was twenty-five dollars a month, and he was furnished with a tent, provisions, horses and saddles. Thus began a career as a "brushpopper"—a cowboy who became an expert marksman, who acquired the Mexican vaqueros' skills and incredible dexterity with the riata and other brush-country survival equipment that he describes so well. Of interest to me, and to many others, is Cook's description of the making of some of this equipment—from the killing of the beef, to the skinning, and the treating of the green hide, and then in some detail, the cutting, fitting, and braiding to manufacture the rawhide hobbles, reatas, quirts, reins, and more Cook describes how to use, and how not to use, such equipment.

This first-hand account of one who had been there and who proved most capable of describing the early West proved to be most enjoyable and most entertaining. The drawings by Herbert Stoops complement Cook's narrative—they are as descriptive and as full of action as Cook's writing.

Before writing *Longhorn Cowboy*, Cook wrote *Fifty Years on the Old Frontier* (Yale

Univ. Press, 1923; Univ. of Oklahoma Press 1957) which, we are told, remains one of the classics of the Old West. In *Longhorn Cowboy*, Cook recounts his youthful experiences, as well as some episodes he had not detailed in his earlier work. The Cook story was filled in and extended by his son, Harold Cook, in *Tales of the A Ranch* (Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1968). Together these books are a remarkable trilogy of western America.

L. Coulson Hageman, P.M.

**Enchantment and Exploitation: the Life and Hard Times of a New Mexico Mountain Range** by William deBuys. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1985. 394 pages, illustrations, bibliography. Paper, \$14.95.

The story of the Sangre de Cristo mountains of northern New Mexico and the Hispanos who live in those mountains is one of hard and tragic times. Because of the tragedy of the area, it seems appropriate that the author found the money that he needed to continue this study by receiving a reward for finding a down airplane containing four bodies on the East Fork of the Santa Barbara in the Sangre de Cristo mountains. This reward helped make possible a most interesting book dealing with the natural history of the area and the impact of three cultures on it.

If you have read and studied the history of Northern New Mexico the first section of the book will hold little that is new for you, but if you lack this information, then you will find the first section a very well-written summary of the major historical events. A certain amount of natural history is also included in this section. Historical topics of special interest are a brief study of the Penitent Brotherhood, Giovanni Maria Agostini, the hermit of Hermit Peak near Las Vegas, and George Beatty, a most interesting prospector.

In the section entitled Collectivity, deBuys speaks to that group of readers who love the Sangre de Cristos and the people who live in the small mountain villages such as Las Trampas and Cundiyo. He describes the conflict of cultures and how this conflict has included how the land should be used. In

this, the ideas of the Anglo seems to have won out over those of the Hispano.

The Hispano culture in this area of New Mexico came under attack soon after the United States acquired New Mexico in the war with Mexico. One of the major points of misunderstanding was the question of the ajido or community land held in common. The failure of the United States to maintain this provision of Spanish and Mexican law caused a major problem in the way of life for all the villagers on a grant. deBuys provides a very thorough study of this problem in his discussion of what happened with the Las Trampas Grant.

Other changes came about as the result of overgrazing, deforestation, and erosion. Some saw the solution to these problems to be more regulation of the land by the Forest Service, but these new regulations regarding customs that had been in effect for centuries were protested violently at times. One of the major points of conflict was and is over who receives grazing permits for cattle. This is more than an economics issue as the actual number of cattle owned by most villagers is very small. The question is one of status; being a rancher means "being able to drive down the main road of the village with saddled horses in the back of the pickup and thereby to demonstrate that one is a man of land and of property—no small thing in a region where welfare is a leading source of income," and two of the best paying occupations are teaching and working for the Forest Service. These limitations on the use of the national forests was one of the sore points that helped bring on the courthouse raid in Tierra Amarilla in 1967.

This very good study of the Sangre de Cristos and the people who live in these mountains helps to understand the cultural conflicts. It is sad to state that this culture seems to be fighting a losing battle with change, and while assistance arrived to help save the culture of the Pueblos the odds do not look good for the Hispano and the way of life in the mountain villages.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



**The Last Frontier; a History of the Yukon Basin of Canada and Alaska.** By Melody Webb. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque. First Edition, 1985. Paperback, 416 pp., \$12.95.

This book uses Frederick Jackson Turner's thesis of successive frontiers as a unifying theme. Instead of taking the Yukon Basin in Alaska alone, or the upper basin in Canada separately, the author has taken the entire basin and dealt with it without its overgloss of geographic regionalism. Politics has been conveniently discarded. The result is a regionalism which comes much closer to reality than geographic entities would have permitted.

Leaving aside the introductory and closing chapters, the remainder of the material is contained within eleven chapters. Each of these deals with a particular type of frontier. For example, the headings contain such considerations as: The Russian and English Frontiers; The Trader's Frontier; The Early Miner's Frontier; The Explorer's Frontier; The Klondike; The Soldier's Frontier; The Missionary's Frontier; The Settler's Frontier; The Transportation Frontier; etc. One difficulty of such a treatment is that the chronological order of events must be repeated, sometimes more than once. These duplications are, however, cut to a minimum and seldom intrude on the narrative.

This work shows the mark of having been made over from a college doctoral dissertation. More than 104 pages at the back are given over to almost 50 pages of notes for separate chapters, 40 pages of annotated bibliography, and an 18-page index. This serves the meticulous historian well, which is more than can always be said for the casual reader. Nevertheless, the casual reader will get enough from just browsing or ignoring the notes and bibliography or just reading through the chronological or topical stories.

"Frederick Jackson Turner," as an introduction to this work says, "maintained that moving and changing frontiers shaped the people and institutions of the United States as they were forced to form new perceptions and adjust to the new environments." Melody Webb has done Turner as well as the casual reader a great service in this book. She has researched the book carefully, which

will please the dyed-in-the-wool historian, but at the same time has left in enough anecdote and narrative to make the subject matter come alive. Made-over dissertations aren't always this way. I recommend it highly.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

**Billy The Kid, A Handbook,** by Jon Tuska. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London. First Bison Book Printing 1986. 235 pages. Photographs. 1 map. Appendices. Index. Soft-bound, \$7.95.

This book was originally published by the Greenwood Press in 1983. The University of Nebraska has now published a soft-bound edition in its Bison Books Series at a reasonable price.

Author Tuska has done an enormous amount of research on Henry McCarty, the real name of the outlaw generally known as "Billy the Kid". We must assume that Tuska is honest about this youthful outlaw who for some reason has become a sort of American Robin Hood. Tuska reviews everything ever written about the Kid. He tells all of the facts about him, covers the historians' reports on the Kid, describes the Kid in fiction, in films, adds "Billy the Kid Miscellany", and a chronology of the Kid. It really is more than you want to know about a New Mexican juvenile delinquent.

Photographs are few and limited to movie stills of Hollywood stories of the Kid. Tuska throws in foreign language phrases so we know he is familiar with Latin, Greek, French, German, and Spanish. His accounts of the Lincoln County War are worth the price of the book. He quotes a professor Steckmesser who said that "people . . . have a right to know whether they are reading fact or fiction, and the historian has a responsibility to draw the line which separates the two". This rule should be observed by Michener, television and movies, and writers who produce popular books and programs which the public accepts as truth, no matter how mythical and imaginative they may be.

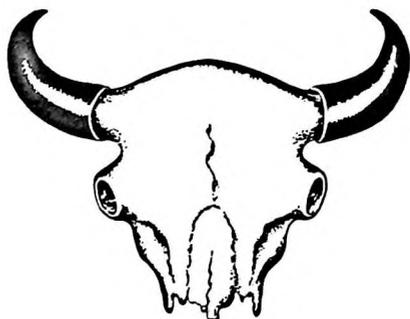
Was Henry McCarty, a/k/a Billy Bonney, a/k/a Billy the Kid a good guy or a bad guy? I guess we'll never know—this author doesn't.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1986



## GOLD, WHISKEY AND WOMEN

William C. Henderson



The tombstone which was placed upon the unmarked grave of Blanche Burton seventy-four years after her death.



## GOLD, WHISKEY AND WOMEN

by

William C. Henderson P.M.

Presented 25 June 1986

To allay your fears, I wish to state that the women referred to in this subject were *not* sweethearts, wives or mothers! Now as some may have guessed, I *am* referring to the "Ladies of the Evening," "Brides of the Multitudes," "Soiled Doves," "Erring Sisters," "Ladies of Pleasure," "Fair but Frail," "Fallen Angels," "Girls of Desperate Fortunes," "Painted Jezebels," "Sisters in Shame," "Painted Ladies," "Fallen Women," "Scarlet Daughters of Prosperity"—they were known by many different names, but they all meant the same.

Further, the ones I have concentrated upon are those who exhibited compassion and concern for their less fortunate fellow-man. I include the story of the "Queen of The Tenderloin" in Old Colorado City, and how, in trying to help a blind man, she lost her life. I purposely omit any reference to the leading Madams of Denver, they have been widely publicized in such books as Forbes Parkhill's *Wildest of The West* and Max Miller's *Holladay Street*.

Space does not permit a complete coverage of this subject, perhaps I should have entitled it "Some Selected Stories of Gold, Whiskey and Women," or "Some of My Favorite Tall Tales." My particular subjects were chosen because they denote a chronological sequence of events as they occurred. For the record, it should be noted that on Christmas Eve, 1858, Uncle Dick Wooten arrived in Denver with six heavily-loaded carts drawn by oxen. Supposedly, these carts contained trading goods, and it was his intention to go out on the plains and do some trading with the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians. Surprisingly, a large part of his merchandise consisted of "Taos Lightning," a type of whiskey made from wheat grown in the vicinity of Taos, New Mexico. It was further embellished with plugs of chewing tobacco, black pepper, and gunpowder, resulting in rather a potent brew!

Following a Christmas celebration in 1858, Uncle Dick placed boards atop two barrels and thus began the first commercial enterprise in Colorado. He later constructed a building in which he opened his Western Saloon, the first in Colorado.

After the discoveries of George Jackson and John Gregory in the Clear Creek Canyon area, thousands were streaming into the mountains to the west, resulting in the "Gold Rush to the Rockies!" Shortly, Black Hawk, Central City, Idaho Springs, Empire, Georgetown were all booming. Within a short time it became evident that Black Hawk, Central City, Idaho Springs and Georgetown were showing significant signs of becoming permanent mining camps and towns. The wood-sided tents quickly gave way to more imposing and permanent types of buildings. When the population of Georgetown reached 4,500, they already had 31 saloons. One of the earliest was Gabarino's. The "Ladies of the Evening" were also making significant inroads with five large "houses" on Brownell Street. During the boom times in Central City, the

"Queen of the Demimonde" was Laura Evens, who later moved her operations to Leadville and subsequently to Salida where she remained until she died. I should have more to say about Laura Evens. She had an interesting life and was a friend to many unfortunates.

It is a matter of record that many of the first religious services were conducted in saloons. During the early boom times Rev. George Balcom, a Baptist minister from New York, arrived in Central City. He later held a number of revival meetings: two in Black Hawk saloons, one each in Jones' Concert Saloon, Schmitz's Saloon, and Pitts' Saloon in Central City. There are many stories of the early-day ministers conducting services in saloons. One I particularly liked was Rev. George M. Darley, an early-day Presbyterian minister down in the San Juan Mountain area, particularly in Lake City. I was amused at his stating, "it was sometimes necessary to employ a little muscular Christianity!" He must have been quite a man!

I think it appropriate at this time to state that the saloons in our mining camps and towns were unexcelled as multi-functional facilities. Church services were often conducted in them; in addition, they were often a stage station, a courtroom, a funeral parlor, a post office and bank, a surgical ward following a knifing or shooting, with whiskey serving as both an anesthetic and an antiseptic (no doubt the doctor or surgeon used some to steady his hand), and last but not least, a place for plain drinking.

I was about to move on over the mountains and up to Leadville, but before doing so let's go a little southeast of the top of Loveland Pass to the old mining town of Montezuma. There was a "Fallen Angel" there named "Dixie" Smith, and I can state emphatically that many of the miners truly regarded her as an angel. If a miner was alone and had been injured in an accident, she would take food to him and render all care possible—she was the camp's Florence Nightingale. She was always helping someone. Her compassion and caring was not limited just to the humans.

At one time, Montezuma was besieged with mice and rats, whereupon a number of cats were brought in to solve the problem. Within a relatively short period of time, the cats *did* succeed in eradicating the mice and rats, and the residents stopped feeding the cats. This ungrateful act caused many heartaches for Dixie and she began ordering canned milk by the case to feed the cats.

The crusading churchwomen of Montezuma went to a City Council meeting and demanded they run Dixie out of the camp. The council appointed a committee to investigate the problem and report back with the necessary recommendation. At this time, there was only one thing Montezuma could point to with civic pride and that was their baseball team. It was well-known fact that whenever there was a home game, "Dixie" was always in attendance and was a one-person cheering squad unto herself.

When the appointed committee got into their investigation they were chagrined to learn that "Dixie" had provided everything for their baseball team: all the uniforms, gloves, balls and bats. In view of their findings, they recommended no action be taken. Dixie then continued her peaceful pursuits. She seldom employed more than three "girls."

With the nickname "Dixie," I think it logical to assume she may have had a southern heritage. Some of the nicknames to be found among the "Soiled Doves"

are rather interesting: I am sure all of you are familiar with "Silverheels" from the Buckskin Joe, Alma and Fairplay area. Another interesting story is that of "Red Stockings" of Leadville—"Slanting Annie," "The Morman Queen," "Creede Lilly," and "Timberline" (6 ft. 3 in.), all of Creede. In Cripple Creek, we had "Leo the Lion," "French Marie," "Scarface Liz," and "Liverlip." Up in Buena Vista at the "Palace of Joy" was "Cockeyed-Liz." Today this place is still standing and is known as Palace Arms.

There are some interesting stories regarding the various nicknames I have mentioned. In the *Denver Post* I learned of a new one, one I had not previously encountered. There was a book review of a newly-published book, entitled *I Remember Tin Cup*, written by Eleanor Perry of Littleton. The review tells of a young prostitute in Tincup named "Oh Be Joyful." It would be interesting to know how she acquired this nickname. The review further stated this young lady was under contract to a madam named "Deadwood, Sal"—I am sure we may logically assume she migrated from Deadwood, South Dakota.

Very few, if any, of these "Ladies of the Evening" used their real names—"Dixie Smith's" name was supposedly Ada Smith, but we have no evidence this was her true name.

One perhaps should concentrate on Leadville. Gold *did* start it all in early 1860 when Abe Lee made his significant discovery in California Gulch, resulting in the founding of Oro City, now the southern edge of Leadville. It is somewhat ironic that the discovery of gold resulted in what is now known as the "World's Greatest Silver Camp. Leadville better exemplifies the development of the saloon and houses of ill-repute than any other known western mining town.

One of Leadville's first saloons was the canvas-and-plank facility called "Parker's Saloon." Thousands continued to pour into Leadville, necessitating additional "Thirst Parlors." A Leadville journalist reported there were 249 saloons, clubs and gambling halls serving alcoholic beverages in 1879. Since this was a highly competitive business, many different programs and inducements were instituted to encourage patronage. The first procedure was to provide a musician, usually and hopefully, a piano player. Later, one or two other musicians might be added, at times, resulting in a small orchestra or band.

The saloons began to employ young females to assist in "serving" the miners, and this too proved to produce favorable results. An early-day advertisement in the *Leadville Chronicle* read as follows:

Wanted—Fifty Waiter Girls!  
Pay in gold promptly every week.  
Must appear in short clothing  
or no engagement!

The larger saloons eventually developed into concert theaters, and often employed novelty and vaudeville acts. During the 1890s, there were five large saloons which had brass or silver cornet bands. Actually, the two terms "brass and silver cornet" are synonymous—it is interesting, and surprising to note how many of these bands were in Colorado. In some instances, individual mines had their own bands, such as the Mary Murphy Mine at Romley near St. Elmo, the Rawley Mine at

Bonanza, and the Old Gold Coin Mine in Victor. Records state that the bands from the saloons would parade nightly upon the streets of Leadville and that invariably a large number of men would follow them back to the saloon, resulting in additional business for the saloon. Those saloons with entertainment, be it stage show, women in a variety of capacities, or a band, were usually successful in bringing in additional customers. Some of the barmaids and "Ladies of the Evening" did what they could to assure the miners that the weight of their silver did not burden them on the way home.

In some respects, I have placed the cart ahead of the horse in that I have failed to make a few general remarks regarding saloons. While no single criterion would be either accurate or adequate in describing the early-day Colorado saloon, there are some generalizations shared by a majority of these "Thirst Emporiums." The bar usually ran along the wall of the room's longest dimension, and usually on the left side. Many of the bars were hand-carved from oak or mahogany, sometimes walnut, to suggest the quality of the establishment. Most of the saloons sported a large plate-glass mirror.

In nearly all saloons, a major attraction was a large painting, some even life-size, of an adequately endowed lady, and as might be expected, without clothes. However, not all of the saloon art was devoted to the undraped female. Many of the favorite paintings were of historical interest and significance, such as pictures of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and the flag of the United States. Interestingly, one of the most popular pictures in the 1890s was of *Custer's Last Stand*, painted by Cassilly Adams and distributed by the Anheuser-Busch Company of St. Louis. Out-right pornography was rarely ever seen!

I should mention a couple of the "Ladies of the Lamplight" in Leadville: in the early 1880s; Winnie Purdy operated a "house" that was regarded as the finest between the Mississippi River and the West Coast, and was considered the silver camp's major scenic attraction. Visitors to the town were even urged to visit Winnie Purdy's if only to have a glass of wine, thereby affording themselves an opportunity to view the opulent furnishings of this establishment. There were oriental tapestries adorning the walls, Czechoslovakian glass chandeliers, velvet carpeting throughout the house, and other expensive furnishings in every room. The people of Leadville often wondered how Winnie could afford such fabulous furnishings. An answer to this question came from an unexpected source. Early in January 1881, Mr. Frank W. DeWalt, president of the First National Bank, suddenly disappeared one weekend. An investigation into, and an audit of, the bank revealed a tremendous shortage of bank funds. It developed that Mr. DeWalt had used bank funds to provide the fabulous furnishings in Winnie Purdy's "house." Due to the bank's severe shortage of funds, it was placed in receivership on January 24, 1881.

I have previously mentioned the number of saloons in Leadville during the boom times—you can readily see there was quite a demand for alcoholic beverages. I am reminded of a news item which appeared in the *White Pine Cone* (the newspaper published at White Pine, located in the Tomichi Mining District down in Gunnison County) during the first part of October 1885. The news item read as follows:

“During the last week of September, White Pine incurred a very severe and agonizing famine—for three whole days there was not a drop of whiskey in town. Had there not been a bountiful supply of bottled beer and peach brandy, there would have been a veritable panic!”

Before leaving Leadville, I want specifically to mention another “Lady of the Evening,” Mollie May—a harlot with a heart of gold! She came to Leadville in 1878 and was probably its most philanthropic resident. She was ever ready to help the sick, injured or other unfortunates. She was a liberal contributor to the churches and hospitals. She died in 1887 and the newspapers of the day stated that the town had admired Mollie. Her funeral procession to the cemetery was one of the largest in the camp’s history. Her eulogy in the Leadville *Herald Democrat* took the form of a six-verse poem—at this time, I would like to read the second verse of that poem:

“Talk if you will of her,  
But speak not ill of her—  
The sins of the living are not of the dead.  
Remember her charity,  
Forget all disparity;

Let her judges be they whom she sheltered and fed!”

I would especially like to call your attention to the third line of this verse, “*The sins of the living are not of the dead.*” I shall have more to say about this when discussing a “Scarlet Lady” in Old Colorado City.

According to some of the old Leadville miners, the worst catastrophe they ever experienced was prohibition—they thought this was even worse than the demonetization of silver. They said it was “an abomination imposed upon them by sanctimonious Easterners.”

During the course of my searching for interesting stories, I encountered a few amusing anecdotes. One in particular concerned an early-day prospector in Leadville. It seems he had discovered a rather rich claim which he sold for a considerable amount of money, whereupon, he shortly disappeared from the local scene. A couple of years later he returned and while walking down Harrison Avenue, met a friend from years gone by. While visiting, the old prospector informed his friend that he was again flat broke! The friend, having known of the large amount of money he had received for his claim, made inquiry as to what had happened to all of his money. The old prospector looked down for a moment, then looked at his friend and replied, “Oh, I spent most of it on whiskey and women—then I just wasted the rest.”

My friend Robert L. Brown and I share a common interest: the collecting of old trade tokens and saloon tokens. Some time ago, a ninety-year-old friend gave me an old saloon token, saying it was from Eldorado, Colorado. This is a very ordinary looking token, aluminum, 28 mm in diameter, with the obverse reading “Monte Carlo.” The reverse states “Good for one drink.” The party who gave me this token said it had been given to him by his father who had been in Eldorado.

I then proceeded to check the Colorado Token Catalogue, compiled by Jim Wright and Lee Nott. They stated there was not an Eldorado in Colorado but such

is not true. In the first place, Old Colorado City was first named Eldorado City, and secondly, west of Boulder on Middle Boulder Creek was another Eldorado. This was located in what was known as the Happy Valley Mining District, which in the beginning (around 1898) was proclaimed to be another Cripple Creek. This was an overly optimistic prediction. However, it was a rather prosperous mining area for a number of years. There were six stage coaches per day coming into Eldorado, and these were usually full.

One of the largest mine operations was the Tiger Mine which had its payrolls shipped in by stagecoach. Upon one occasion the payroll failed to arrive when expected, nor did it arrive the following day. Needless to say, this almost created a riot among the miners. A thorough investigation revealed the payroll was inadvertently sent to Eldorado, California. The postal authorities then directed that the Colorado site would have to institute a name change, resulting in *Eldora*—now a well-known ski area.

Now, back to my token story: I mentioned Eldorado was located on Middle Boulder Creek—more correctly I should have stated the town was divided by this particular creek. Located on one side of this creek were the homes, churches, schools and regular business establishments. On the other side of the creek were twenty-one saloons and numerous parlor houses. The largest of these questionable establishments was the Monte Carlo Saloon, housed in an imposing two-story structure. Up until a certain morning the staid, staunch, upright citizens exhibited a tolerant attitude.

One morning these citizens were shocked beyond description. A large billboard had been erected next to the Monte Carlo. This billboard contained an almost life-size, scantily-clad female with the following sign:

“Fourteen Beautiful Girls to Serve You  
The Monte Carlo”

The church women immediately launched a crusade, going before the city council demanding they do something about the dens of iniquity on the other side of the creek. The council instructed their one-man police force, a city marshal, to keep his eyes on things. A night or two later, he observed three scantily-attired young ladies going into the Monte Carlo. He hurried to the rear of the saloon, slipped through a back door and proceeded to arrest the three offending females.

The following afternoon the three “Ladies of the Evening” were brought into the small courtroom to appear before the local magistrate. Needless to say, news of this impending event had been widely discussed in town, resulting in the courtroom being packed. At this time, I think it appropriate to remind you that back in the 1890s, there were very few occupations available to women and one of these was that of dressmaker.

The presiding magistrate was a one-man show unto himself. He acted as the bailiff, administering the oath to the three young ladies. He then proceeded to do the interrogating: he looked at the first young lady and asked what her name was, and she told him. He then asked what her occupation was, and she replied, “dressmaker.” Her answer caused some snickering from the audience. He then looked at the second young lady, and asked what her name was—she told him. He then inquired what her occupation was, and she responded, “dressmaker.” Her reply

caused even more laughter than that of the first girl. He then looked at the third girl and asked what her name was, and she made an immediate reply. He then directed the usual question regarding her occupation but she did not reply immediately. She looked down at the floor, moved about a time or two, and finally, looking up at the judge, answered, "Your honor, I am a chippy!" Her answer really upset the audience, and the judge had to pound his gavel to restore order. With somewhat of a smirk upon his own face, he looked at the young lady and asked, "Well, how's business, 'Chippy'?" She then stood erect, looked directed at the judge and replied, "Bad, Your Honor, in fact awfully bad—there's too damn many dressmakers in town!"

I regret time does not permit additional exploration of Leadville—nor a visit to Breckenridge and stories of Minnie Crowell. I have to skip the stories of "Cock-eyed Liz" of Buena Vista, a visit with the "Mormon Queen" of Creede, a trip to Blair Street in Silverton, or to Durant Avenue in Aspen. We shall omit going to Laura Evens in Salida on Front Street—this time we shall also omit a visit to Myers Avenue in Cripple Creek and the stories of Lola Livingston and Pearl Devere. We shall also omit a visit to "Hell's Acres" in Lake City—instead, we shall go to Old Colorado City, now a part of West Colorado Springs. I have been involved in this particular area as a property owner and businessman for forty years. During this period I have become interested in, and intrigued by, its early-day happenings.

As you may know, for a few days it served as our Territorial Capital, and had there been adequate accommodations during a legislative meeting, it might have been the capital of Colorado today. Colorado City had many ups and downs. Any semblance of economic stability did not develop until construction of the Midland Railroad, the discovery of gold in Cripple Creek, and the construction and operation of the Colorado City Glass Works. Things really began to boom in Old Colorado City—on the south side of what is now West Colorado Avenue there were 24 saloons. In what is now the 2600 and 2700 blocks of West Cucharras Avenue (it was then Washington Avenue—the 600 and 700 blocks), there were a number of "houses of ill-repute."

During this boom-time, Colorado City was known as "Old Town," and among the elite of Colorado Springs, it had a rather infamous reputation. Visiting with old-timers within the Colorado City area, they were quick to tell you it was the "blue-bloods" from Colorado Springs that contributed to this questionable reputation. There is a reasonable explanation for this: when General Palmer founded Colorado Springs and established the Colorado Springs Company, the deeds to all the property sold contained a "reversionary clause," stating that if alcoholic beverages were ever manufactured or sold upon the premises the property would revert back to the Colorado Springs Company. In view of this fact, there were no saloons in Colorado Springs, consequently, the "blue-bloods" had to come to Colorado City to quench their thirst and raise hell!

Also during this time, there was a very active WCTU chapter in Colorado City and they were constantly campaigning against the saloons. The most formidable opposition came from Rev. Duncan Lamont of the First Baptist Church. The old church building is still standing on the southeast corner of North 24th Street and Pikes Peak Avenue. The church itself is now known as Bethany Baptist Church and

is housed in a fine brick building at 1930 West Colorado Avenue. Almost every Sunday, Rev. Lamont would urge the members of his congregation to pray for the eradication of the "Sodom and Gomorrah" that existed on Colorado Avenue and Washington Avenue. Some of the old miners at that time stated they doubted whether the prayers would ever be answered.



The First Baptist Church of Colorado City; Rev. Duncan Lamont, Minister, in 1905.

On the evening of January 8, 1909, it appeared their prayers *would* be answered. A fire developed in one of the wooden parlor houses, located only half a block from the fire station. Although the firemen arrived within a very short time, due to a hard cold wind blowing that night they were losing battle. At the height of the conflagration Rev. Lamont arrived upon the scene and began running up and down the street, waving his arms, and shouting: "Praise the Lord, our prayers have been answered!" One fireman, Jack Davenport, knowing of all the good some of the Madams and "girls" had done in helping the community unfortunates—and too, seeing they were losing the battle with the fire, turned his hose on Rev. Lamont. Records indicate the minister was "almost a block of ice when rescued by members of his congregation."

In my earlier remarks, I made reference to the "Queen of the Tenderloin" in Old Colorado City. This lady's name was Laura Bell McDaniel, best known as just Laura Bell. Her establishment was one that was totally destroyed by the fire, and too, her many philanthropic activities were well-known to Jack Davenport when he turned his hose upon Rev. Lamont. She was probably the most generous person in helping the sick and needy of Colorado City. It can now be said that her compassion and concern for a less fortunate fellow man, resulted in her death.

Following the devastating fire, Laura Bell rebuilt with a large, two-story brick building. This building is still standing at 2616 West Cucharas, and is now the older part of the Norton Nursing Home. Although she did not drive, she owned one of the early-day automobiles in Colorado City. Her neice, Laura Pierson, drove the

automobile for Laura Bell.

There was a local resident in Colorado City, Robert W. McCarty, who had been blinded in a mining accident. Laura Bell had assisted in the care of this man for over six years, although at times he worked as a bartender. Even though he was blind, he had the reputation of being an excellent bartender. Laura Bell learned that a very prominent eye surgeon had come to Denver. She called the eye surgeon and made an appointment for Bob McCarty, hoping that the eye surgeon could help the old boy. With her niece driving, they departed for Denver. Just south of Castle Rock they were involved in a terrible accident, the niece was killed instantly and Laura Bell was seriously injured—ironically, Mr. McCarty was not even scratched.

Two doctors were hastily summoned from Castle rock, and seeing how severely injured Laura Bell was, stated that she had best be taken back to Colorado Springs. She was placed aboard the next Rio Grande train, and upon arriving in Colorado Springs shortly after 2:00 p.m. was hurriedly taken to Bethel Hospital (now Memorial Hospital) where she expired at 5:30 p.m. that afternoon. I feel that this story proves the point that her concern for a less fortunate person did result in her death!

There are many other stories of Old Colorado City I could relate, but I will conclude with one more. Two years ago last November I was scheduled to give a talk to the Garden of the Gods Rotary Club at noon on a Tuesday. On Friday preceding this presentation I was in the Pioneers' Museum and Mrs. Rosemary Hetzler, historian for the museum, knowing of my particular interest in Old Colorado City and the "Ladies of the Evening," said to me, "Bill, among your girlfriends in Old Colorado City, do you have the name Blanche Burton?" I immediately told her, "No!" She then provided me with information which told of her dying from burns received following the explosion of a kerosene lamp. Too, she stated Blanche Burton had ordered coal for two needy families the day before she died, and that her funeral services were held Christmas Eve (December 24), 1909. With knowledge of this specific date, I proceeded to Penrose Library to check the newspaper files.

After obtaining this information I hurried home, procured my cameras and hastened over to the Fairview Cemetery to get a picture of her tombstone. I contacted the man in charge of the cemetery—he checked the records and replied, "Yep, she was buried Christmas Eve 1909, and her grave would be just up the hill." He and I proceeded up the hill, and I was disappointed to discover her grave was unmarked. Following this discovery, the wheels began to turn.

First of all, I decided her grave should be marked and drew a design for a tombstone. Next, I decided to change my proposed talk for the Rotary Club the following Tuesday. On Monday preceding my talk, I went to the Wilhelm Monument Company and ordered the tombstone. In telling "Bud" Wilhelm, the proprietor, the story of Blanche Burton, he stated he would like to participate in this project and would donate the stone if we (the Rotary Club) would pay for its engraving and erection. I had already decided I would do it myself, but I had ideas to make it a Rotary Club project. (I should state at this time that the heart-shaped tombstone on Pearl Devere's grave at Cripple Creek was also the handiwork of "Bud" Wilhelm.)

I completely changed my presentation for the Rotary Club the following Tuesday.

In the course of my presentation I reminded them of the many club projects we had been involved with, and how it was impossible ever to receive any coverage from the news media. I then told them at the conclusion of my presentation I was going to propose a club project, which with a proper press release the news media *would* cover. I further stated I would make sure we had the proper press release—that I would do it myself!

I then told the story of Blanche Burton, and concluded by stating that I thought she had exemplified "community service" and further, that her grave should be marked. I then proposed we make it a club project. With four ministers and a school principal in our membership, it was not a unanimous decision, but there were about nine fellows who assisted me in the project. One of the ministers told me confidentially, he thought it was a great idea, but for obvious reasons, he could not be involved.

The tombstone was prepared, the press releases were made, and the scheduled unveiling was December 20th, the date of her death. At eleven a.m., with the temperature 18 degrees below zero, and with the wind blowing extremely hard, the unveiling ceremony took place. Incidentally, *all* the news media (as predicted) were present, including three television stations. One member of the news media said the chill factor that morning was 40 below! I am sure it was, and I now refer to that as our "Arctic Operation!"

I would like to make a final statement or two. I had already verified the fact that Blanche Burton *was* the pioneer Madam of Cripple Creek. Several months ago, I decided to read again Marshall Sprague's book *Money Mountain*. I had forgotten it, but he makes reference to her being the first "one" in Cripple Creek, and her association with Bob Womack, the discoverer of gold in Cripple Creek. Sprague refers to her as Blanche Barton, but I can prove her name was Burton. Last, but not least, I do not apologize for my interest in the "Soiled Doves" of the past. I submit they justify a spot in our historical past—some have even been memorialized in verse and song.

### The Girl Who Couldn't Go Home

This is the tale of a different house—  
 "The Homestead" was its name—  
 which brought a famous mining town  
 a different kind of fame.

And those who lived at the Homestead?  
 Well, they were different too,  
 for they were the girls who couldn't go home  
 the way most girls can do.

They just stayed on at The Homestead,  
 and each in her special way,  
 played at the game of living,  
 and flung her life away.

They say that the gayest of them all  
 was a girl called Pearl de Vere,  
 who had masked her shame with a  
 trumped-up name,  
 and a gaudy, bright veneer,

It is said Pearl had a special friend—  
 they never tell his name—  
 although the Homestead knew him well,  
 this too, was part of the game.

He showered Pearl with costly gifts—  
 trinkets for her room,  
 taffeta gowns, and high kid shoes,  
 and a hat with an ostrich plume.

And then, to make her happy,  
 he planned a special ball  
 for all the girls at the Homestead,  
 and he said, "Come one, come all!"

Now parties at the Homestead  
 weren't socially correct—  
 no gilt-edged invitations  
 sent out to the elect.

But there were flowers from the south,  
 music from Denver town,  
 fancy foods with foreign names,  
 and for Pearl, a handsome gown  
 sent all the way from Paris,  
 made of pink chiffon,  
 trimmed with lace and sequins,  
 and Pearl put it on,  
 and laughed and danced the whole night  
 through,  
 (at least, that's what they tell),

and seemed as gay and light of heart  
 as a reigning social belle.

Then, all at once, they missed her—  
 her friend said, "Where's my Pearl?"  
 And he climbed the famous Homestead  
 stairs,  
 looking for his girl.

You know the rest of the story  
 how he "couldn't understand"  
 why he found her, dead, on her fancy bed,  
 the poison still in her hand.

On a summer's day they dug a grave  
 in the windswept, rocky loam,  
 and there she sleeps, in her Paris gown,  
 the girl who couldn't go home.

(Re: Pearl Devere of  
 the Homestead in Cripple Creek)  
 By: Maxine Brown Phillips

### Mollie May

Think of her mournfully,  
 Sadly, not scornfully—  
 What she has been is nothing to you.  
 No one should weep for her,  
 Now there is sleep for her—  
 Under the evergreens, daisies and dew.

Talk if you will of her,  
 But speak not ill of her—  
 The sins of the living are not of the dead.  
 Remember her charity,  
 Forget all disparity;  
 Let her judges be they whom she sheltered  
 and fed.

Keep her impurity  
 In dark obscurity,  
 Only remember the good she has done.  
 She to the dregs has quaffed  
 All of life's bitter draught—  
 Who knows what crown her kindness has  
 won?

Though she has been denied,  
 The tears of a little child  
 May wash from the record much of her sin;  
 Whilst others weep and wait  
 Outside of Heaven's gate,  
 Angels may come to her and lead her in.

When at the judgment throne,  
 The master claims his own,  
 Dividing the bad from the good and the true.  
 There pure and spotless,  
 Her rank shall not be less  
 Than will be given, perhaps, to you.

Then do not sneer at her,  
 Or scornfully jeer at her—  
 Death came to her, and will come to you.  
 Will there be scoffing or weeping,  
 When, like her, you are sleeping  
 Under the evergreens, daisies and dew?

Leadville Herald Democrat, 1887





# Westerner's Bookshelf



**A Zuni Atlas** by T. J. Ferguson and E. Richard Hart. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1985. 154 pages, illustrations, maps, bibliography. Hardbound, \$24.95.

In 1540 Zunis battled Spanish forces under the command of Don Francisco Vasquez de Coronado near the Zuni village of Hawikku and lost their only battle with the Spanish. This information along with a great deal more is contained in *A Zuni Atlas*. If the writers of the current PBS series about Texas had used this information in their second program, they would not have shown the battle as being between the Spanish and the people of Acoma Pueblo.

Ferguson and Hart originally collected the information about Zunis and their history as material to be submitted to the United States Court of Claims to substantiate the Zuni claim for compensation for land that had been taken from the tribe. The authors testified during the trial in which many of the forty-four maps printed in the book were submitted as evidence of Zuni ownership and use in the past. A major decision was made by the tribal elders to reveal the locations of over two hundred shrines and other special tribal areas in Arizona and New Mexico. In the first appendix, each of these special areas is listed as to location and use. Several of these sites have multiple uses. An example of this type of site is Kiluwala:wa which is used for the collection of special herbs and clays, for grazing and for religious purposes. Every four years, the Zuni leaders go to this site to ask for rain, and the site is especially important to the Mudheads, a tribal group. It is also believed that all Zunis will go to Koluwala:wa after their death.

This is a valuable resource book for all those interested in studying the history and the culture of the Zunis. Some of the topics in the book will have limited appeal, but the general reader will find that the majority in the book are of interest. Several of the topics of interest to me included the maps of trails and trade relationships, the 1892 map of the more important ruins near Zuni and the 1916 map of the houses and clans.

The painting reproduced on the jacket is "Water-strider Amidst the Ocean" by Alex Seowtawa, and this painting illustrates the location of the Zuni land according to their legends. It is a very striking painting.

The book also contains forty-one photographs that contribute much to an understanding of the Zuni way of life and the surroundings. These photographs were collected from a number of sources. This book certainly offers an excellent summary of Zuni tribal history, ethnology, archaeology and contemporary development and it would be a strong addition to the library of anyone who has an interest in the Zuni people and the Southwest.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Tecumpseh's Last Stand.** by John Sugden. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman and London, 1985. 298 pages. Illustrations, maps, epilogue, appendix, abbreviations, notes, bibliography, index. \$19.95, hardbound.

It is refreshing to note that the English, noted for spending years or a lifetime researching an obscure insect, animal, or subject, are still at it. John Sugden, of Hull, England, has expended an enormous amount of time and energy to produce this book. The research has been tremendous. Unfortunately, the author could have boiled the book down to a short and interesting article.

In a rather remote area of the War of 1812, the Americans launched several campaigns against the British in Canada in the Canadian- and British-held territory around and north of Detroit. In 1813, General William Henry Harrison launched an attack against the British and their Indian allies. The British and Indians were under General Henry Procter, who abandoned Fort Malden and retreated to the village of Amherstburg. At what we call the Battle of the Thames and the author calls the battle of Amherstburg, the British and Indians were defeated. Tecumpseh, the leader of the Shawnees and Indian allies was killed,

and the British and Indians retreated, being pretty much out of the war in this area. The British later courtmartialled General Procter, resulting in a mild reprimand, although Perry's victory on the Great Lakes limited Procter's actions in defending against Harrison.

Although there is a wealth of incidental information in the book, the only two main events are why Procter retreated as he did, and who killed Tecumseh. The author approaches these two items from all different angles, repeats, repeats, and comes to no conclusions. Procter probably just wasn't capable of handling the situation, and American Richard Mentor Johnson probably shot the Shawnee Tecumseh, although many others claimed the honor.

The author may have felt there were some parallels here with the Battle of the Little Bighorn—who killed the most glamorous actor; Custer, Tecumseh; the court martial of a prime actor; Reno, Procter.

The reader cannot help but note the attitude of Easterners toward exterminating or removing the Indians in the old Northwest and settling the Indian lands compared to their criticism of the same action in the West a few decades later.

This book conforms to the high publishing standards of the University of Oklahoma and exhibits a high degree of scholarship on the part of the author. However, the reader will finish the book with a feeling of overkill.

W.H. Van Duzer, P.M.

*Sixty-six Years in Custer's Shadow* by Henry & Don Weibert. Falcon Press Publ. Co., Box 279, Billings, Mont., 1985. 174 pp, maps, several aerial-photo maps, illustrations, 24 portraits, large aerial-photo map in pocket. Paperback, \$7.95.

Not since Kuhlman's *Legend Into History* (1951) has there been a comparably meticulous moment-by-moment examination of the evidence for the course of Custer's movements from the time he parted from Reno until he and his immediate command were annihilated.

Author Henry Weibert has spent almost his entire life in the Little Big Horn Valley, and his amanuensis son Don is also a rancher in the area. As a consequence of this intimate

knowledge of the terrain, and because of his inevitable involvement in his many years of awareness of the events which took place there and the published accounts which ensued, Henry was led to a lifetime of meticulous examination of the actual ground and the summation of his conclusions in the present book.

Beginning with his relocation of the Crows Nest and the first use of the metal detector on the LBH battle area, which he used to trace the movements and actions of the troops, Weibert has developed a powerful case for a radical revision of Custer's course from his separation from Reno to the place of his defeat. This forms the main thesis of the book and involves the abandonment of the theory that he advanced against the Indian village to the mouth of Medicine Tail Coulee. Largely as a consequence of this revision, Weibert re-interprets essentially all the accounts of the troop movements which ended at the grave markers set in place after Terry's troops arrived.

Weibert cites history to support some redesignations of sites such as the "Nye-Cartwright Ridge" for which he supports the alternative name "Blummers Ridge" for its first discoverer. He speaks very frankly in criticism of National Park Service interpretations in its museum exhibits and its interpretive publications in the light of new evidence. His analysis of the oft-reported failure of the extractor of the Springfield carbine practically absolves the weapon of this fault. His analysis of "Who really planned the battle?" is intriguing.

Finally, in a short chapter at the end of the book Weibert presents a case for a brand-new answer to the question, "Who killed Custer?" I must not here divulge his solution.

The photographs are a bit indistinct as is the lettering on the regional map in the pocket, but they are usable. 24 portraits of Custer and associates are welcome. In all, I anticipate that this highly meritorious work will provoke some admirably stimulating discussions for a considerable time.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.



**Bishop Lamy's Santa Fe Cathedral** by Bruce Ellis. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1985. 208 pages, illustrations, bibliography. Paper, \$10.95.

The impact of Bishop Baptiste Lamy on the Roman Catholic institutions of New Mexico has been written about in Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop* and Paul Horgan's *Lamy of Santa Fe* as well as others, but Bruce Ellis, the retired director of the Museum of New Mexico, has selected the construction of the cathedral to illustrate this moment of change in the Church. Using his knowledge of recent excavations along with a thorough study of Spanish documents, church records, and other sources, Ellis presents the story of the old Parroquia built in 1714 and the cathedral which was begun in 1869. The floor plans and the photographs in the book aid the reader in discovering the extent to which parts of the Parroquia were incorporated in the cathedral. The major value of the book is the information regarding the church buildings in Santa Fe prior to the arrival of Bishop Lamy. Using the reports of Dominguez, Chacon, Vergara, Guevara and Fernandez, Ellis provides a contemporary account of the convent and Parroquia from 1776 to 1826. This information comprises the majority of the book.

In the archaeological notes, Ellis presents a very interesting summary of two brief studies done on the cathedral. For two weeks in early 1957, the author and Stanley A. Stubbs were allowed to work in the cathedral's old north chapel. Their discovery of missing burials mentioned in church records and the finding of a mass reburial in a reduced nave indicated to them that the original sanctuary site had been left outside of the remodeled chapel's walls. During a project in which a part of the old main sanctuary of the Parroquia was torn down in 1967, volunteers including the author were allowed one weekend to discover what they could about the building. In this brief time, several discoveries caused certain questions to be raised about the construction of the building, but there was just not enough time to settle on any answers to these questions.

The book should appeal to those interested in the architectural history of New

Mexico before the arrival of the Anglos and Bishop Lamy as well as those who enjoy reading about the cultural history of the state.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Summer People Winter People: A Guide to Pueblos in the Santa Fe Area** by Sandra A. Edelman. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1986. 32 pages, photographs. Paper, \$4.95

This brief booklet serves as a very adequate introduction to the Pueblo Indians of Northern New Mexico. It includes short articles about their history, religion, economy, and other aspects of the culture. Each Pueblo is featured in a separate article in which the author mentions special points such as the famous artists from each Pueblo and any unique historical facts about the Pueblo.

If your knowledge of these Indians is limited, this is certainly a good source to introduce you to a very interesting people. I hope that you would go on to books such as *The Man Who Killed the Deer*, *Masked Gods, Maria: The Potter of San Ildefonso*, *The Pueblo Indian World and Revolt of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico*.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**New Mexico Rocks and Minerals: The Collecting Guide** by Frank S. Kimbler and Robert J. Narsavage, Jr. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1986. 71 pages, maps. Paper, \$8.95.

If rock and mineral collecting is your hobby and you plan to pursue it in New Mexico, you will need to acquire a copy of this publication. Both authors are collectors and students of geology, and these interests sparked the writing of the guide. With over one hundred twenty-five sites listed, the collector should have ample opportunity to discover a site that contains the rock or mineral he is seeking. Directions are given on how to reach the sites, along with any access problems such as the site being on private property or that a four-wheel drive is needed to reach the site. This booklet will certainly save a collector a lot of time.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



*The* DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1986



## FROM INFANTRY TO AIR CORPS History of Fort Logan

Earl McCoy



John F. Hill of H Troop, 14th Cavalry at Fort Logan, 1902.  
photo Ft. Logan Ment. H'l'th Center Coll.

**DUES ARE DUE!**

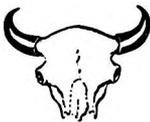
Dues in the Denver Westerners are due on 1 January 1987. The report is that owing to favorable financial events, there will be no increase over 1986 dues which were, you may recall, \$27.00 for Posse Members and \$17.00 for Corresponding Members. Unless you attend monthly meetings, send your 1987 dues directly to our Tallyman (Treasurer) at the address listed in the column to your right. Delay not, our welfare depends on YOU.

**OUR AUTHOR**

Bennett Wayne is a genuine old-timer, having arrived in Denver in 1919. He has previously presented two subjects to the Denver Group (ROUNDUP, July-August 1982, on characters and events in downtown Denver in the "old days," and in the November-December 1984 issue on old Denver "beaneries").

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## FROM INFANTRY TO AIR CORPS-

### History of Fort Logan

by  
Earl McCoy, C.M.  
Presented 26 February 1986

Early military posts in Colorado were situated along the trade and settlement routes to provide safety between the towns. During the Civil War, Denver had camps for volunteer troops; Camp Weld just east of the Platte River, Camp Wheeler where Lincoln Park is now, and the Denver Depot and Arsenal at Eleventh and Larimer in the building that later became the Lindell Hotel. But repeated requests from Denver and other cities in Colorado to have posts of the Regular Army established nearby were refused; General Sherman, General of the Army, expected towns to be able to provide their own troops if threatened by Indian raids. He wrote, "Denver needs no protection. She should raise on an hours notice 1,000 men, and instead of protection she can and should protect the neighboring settlements."<sup>1</sup>

By 1883, when General Sherman retired and turned over the leadership of the Army to Lieutenant General Phil Sheridan, even Sherman agreed that the "small posts along wagon and stage routes of travel [were] no longer needed." For economy, and access to railroads capable of sending troops to any given point of danger at a speed of five hundred miles a day, a distance that formerly took a full month of marching, it was recommended that forts be consolidated near cities.<sup>2</sup>

Apparently early in 1886 citizens associated with the Chamber of Commerce again organized a campaign to obtain a military post at Denver. Senator Henry M. Teller introduced S.2477 on May 19, 1886, to authorize a post and to appropriate \$250,000 for construction. In July of 1886 William Endicott, Secretary of War, submitted a statement in support of the Teller proposal to the Committee on Military Affairs, including these comments:

"The subject-matter of this bill invites, in its consideration, the question of aban-

donment of numerous small posts that are no longer necessary and the concentration of larger forces at strategic points near the frontier, or at points of railroad intersection. . . .

"There can be no doubt that such a policy would prove highly advantageous to the military service, and result in greater economy, and I think . . . that Denver should be one of the points at which one of the permanent military posts of the country should be located. . . . If such an appropriation is made, and a military post near Denver established, the following smaller posts could be disposed of, as no longer needed for military purposes, viz: Fort Lyon, Colorado; Union, New Mexico; Fred. Steele, Wyoming, and the cantonment on the Uncompahgre, Colorado."<sup>3</sup>

Other reports have also listed Forts Garland, Lewis and Uncompahgre as posts to be replaced by the new camp near Denver. Fort Garland had closed in 1883; Fort Lewis lasted until 1891. Fort Uncompahgre (also called Fort Robidoux) had closed in 1845; the name was confused with the cantonment on the Uncompahgre, also called Fort Crawford. A letter from General Sheridan, endorsing the Denver area camp, accompanied Secretary Endicott's statement.

At the same time that Senator Teller's bill was being discussed, Congress was considering an offer of land for a post near Chicago, to be donated by the Chicago Commercial Club. The camp near Chicago was delayed because of concerns that concentration of troops near Chicago was related to the recent Haymarket riot and intended to suppress the growing development of the Knights of Labor. S.2477, creating the fort at Denver, passed the House of Representatives on February 2, 1877; Judge George Symes, Congressional delegate from Denver, told the newspaper that he had "succeeded after a heroic struggle in securing the passage of the bill . . . assuring his colleagues that troops located near Denver would be used "to suppress Indian troubles arising in any part of the Western States and Territories . . ." and not to control labor union activity.<sup>4</sup> (No one else noticed the "heroic struggle" of Judge Symes). Although policing labor disputes and strikebreaking were not the major reasons for approving the new post, the Army did take on these functions from time to time until the end of the 19th Century.<sup>5</sup>

President Cleveland signed the bill on February 17. It provided that a military post would be established on a tract of land of at least 640 acres, to be donated, with the state to cede jurisdiction to the federal government. The site was to be selected by the Lieutenant General of the Army, with an appropriation of \$100,000 for construction of "necessary buildings, quarters, barracks and stables" (down from the \$250,000 first requested).

Members of the Denver committee, chaired by J.A. Thatcher and including Henry R. Wolcott, ex-Senator N.P. Hill and ex-Governor Grant, were busy promoting the establishment of the fort that winter, and after the legislation was approved the Committee located eleven sites for General Sheridan to consider. The clear preference of Denverites was a tract of land adjacent to Sloan Lake, and it was pointed out that it would be easier to "keep away the saloons and other nuisances" if the camp were close to Denver.<sup>6</sup> On March 20, General Sheridan and his party came to Denver,

and spent the next four days touring the proposed tracts. After his departure he sent a letter to the Committee announcing his selection of the "Johnson Tract," about eight miles south of the city, giving his reasons for the choice: a never-failing stream of clear and pure water running through [Bear Creek]; a railway running through the northern edge [the Morrison branch of the Denver, South Park and Pacific Railroad]; a beautiful plateau for a parade and buildings; possibilities of artesian wells; and good views of the mountains and plains.<sup>7</sup> Frank Hall, in his 1899 *History of the State of Colorado*, stated that "General Sheridan's object in placing it there was to prevent, as far as possible, the soldiers from coming into the city and spending their money in dissipation."<sup>8</sup>



Officers Quarters constructed 1890; Major Dwight Eisenhower and family lived in this unit Dec. 1924 to August 1925. Corp of Engineers photo.

Committees were organized to solicit funds in Denver and the area near the post to purchase the land. The cost of the property was \$33,619, contributed by a total of 104 businesses and individuals, with donations ranging from \$3,000 (from the Union Pacific Railroad) down to \$10. At last, on October 22, 1887, Company A of the 18th Infantry arrived from Fort Hays as the first troops assigned to the post. For some reason, the soldiers camped about a mile from the military reservation, on the Howard Ranch. The next day Company E of the 18th Infantry came from Fort Leavenworth to join the first arrivals, and on October 25 Major George K. Brady reached Denver from Fort Crawford as the first commander of the "Camp Near the City of Denver." The soldiers camped in 26 tents on the bank of Bear Creek, with Sibley stoves to provide heat as "the snow was flying in feathery clouds and the wind was whistling a tune of 'Icy, Icy, Drear and Shivery,'" according to a newspaper report. Food was prepared on cook-stoves cut into the bank of the creek, with a menu of bacon, canned vegetables, fried potatoes, hardtack with bacon gravy and onions, and black coffee. Major Brady was staying at the Albany Hotel, and said

that he and the troops would move onto the post on October 26.<sup>9</sup> The monthly report for October 1887 stated: "October 31st permanent camp was made on the U.S. Military Reservation about nine miles S.W. of Denver, Colorado." In November, Captain L.E. Campbell arrived from Fort Leavenworth to become Quartermaster of the post and to supervise the building program. Temporary barracks were completed on December 24, in time for Christmas, and the Guard House was finished December 31, in time for New Year's Eve. F. J. Grodavent was engaged as architect to design the buildings. The *Denver Republican*, on July 1, 1888, in reporting that plans for the buildings had been approved and that bids for construction would be opened in a few days, stated that "the Army Post will present a fine appearance, and will become one of the leading attractions and pleasure resorts of Denver." (A 1942 history of the fort characterized the barracks and officers' quarters as "quite uninspired architecturally.")<sup>10</sup> The 1888 newspaper went on to say that the post "will add certainly to the business of the city nearly half a million dollars annually, but the social attractions will also be a prominent feature." It was estimated that planned construction would require \$300,000 in addition to the \$100,000 originally appropriated.

Work on building barracks and officers' quarters began in 1888—ten barracks for six companies of infantry and four companies of cavalry, as well as duplex officers' quarters. Also in 1888 the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad built a spur line to the fort. The first infantry barracks were completed in May, 1889.

Although the post was officially labeled "Camp Near the City of Denver," it had frequently been called Sheridan Post or Fort Sheridan. Before his death in August, 1888, General Sheridan indicated his preference that the post north of Chicago should bear his name. That post had been informally called Fort Logan, after John Alexander Logan, the Illinois senator who had been instrumental in gaining congressional approval to accept the donated land for the fort. Logan had distinguished himself in the Civil War, quickly rising to the rank of General with the volunteer troops. After the war he was again elected to Congress, and later became a Senator. In 1884 he was the candidate for Vice-President on the Republican ticket, as a running mate with James G. Blaine.

General Logan was one of the organizers of the Grand Army of the Republic in 1868, and served as the first commander of the GAR for three two-year terms. He issued an order to GAR units that May 30, 1868, should be observed as Decoration Day to honor soldiers who had died in the war, thereby establishing Decoration Day as a national holiday.

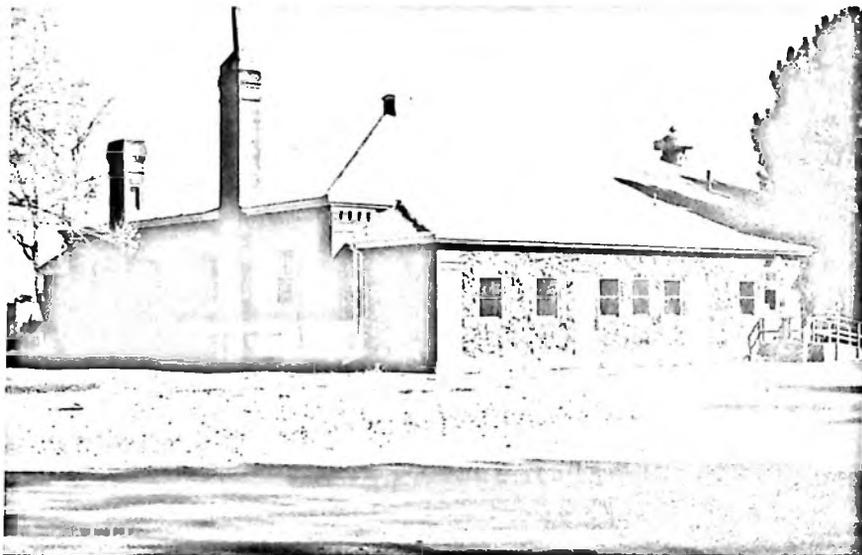
Logan had visited Colorado in 1873. His wife wrote that "while there he joined a party of capitalists, who were making prospecting tours over the mountains and along Cripple Creek . . ." <sup>11</sup> Logan invested in the Evening Star mine at Leadville, but refused to pay a second assessment as a stockholder and consequently did not participate in enormous profits the mine later produced. In 1874 he either paid \$40,000 for a one-seventh interest in the Dives mines at Silver Plume, or paid \$100,000 for 100 feet of the lode. The following summer Logan was actively involved as an attorney for the Dives mine in bitter litigation with the Pelican mine.



Commanding Officer's Quarters at Fort Logan, constructed in 1891.

At any rate, on April 8, 1889, the post near Denver was named Fort Logan. On May 1, Companies D and F of the Seventh Infantry left Fort Laramie, Wyoming, and marched 206 miles to Fort Logan. They arrived May 16; the previous day the two companies of the 18th Infantry, who had been at the post for more than a year and a half, finally moved into permanent quarters on the grounds. The decision had been made that Fort Laramie would be closed down, and on October 17, 1889, Colonel Henry Clay Merriam was ordered to go from Fort Laramie, where he had been commander, to Fort Logan to find out if construction there would allow the remaining troops to be transferred from Wyoming before winter. Colonel Merriam became the commanding officer of Fort Logan on October 18, 1889, and served there for eight years, longer than any other commander in the history of the fort. Other troops from Fort Laramie also came to Fort Logan that October, but this time

the soldiers marched only twenty-two miles to the Bordeaux station, where they boarded a train that took them through Cheyenne to Denver. The last Fort Laramie soldiers arrived at Fort Logan in March, 1890. Among the units coming from Fort Laramie was a band, and the Monthly Return for May, 1890, reported for the first time that troops participated in a parade in Denver, this time on Memorial Day.



Fort Logan Guardhouse constructed 1891, now used as a vocational workshop.

December, 1890, saw the first attempt at military action by troops from Fort Logan. Colonel Merriam left with six companies by train for South Dakota to participate in the Army's assignment to control Sitting Bull and the Ghost Dances. Merriam's train went by way of Omaha to pick up an additional company of soldiers from Fort Leavenworth, and then proceeded to Fort Sully. They were delayed in crossing to the west side of the Missouri River for several days because of ice, and consequently were too late to take part in the Wounded Knee hostilities. Colonel Merriam told the newspaper that his units did help to round up some of Sitting Bull's band of Sioux who were trying to flee after Sitting Bull's death. Most of the troops returned to Denver late in January, 1891. The last two companies stayed at Fort Sully to guard 236 Indian prisoners until February 6, and then left by train for Denver. They reached Fort Logan on February 10, having been snowbound at Julesburg for 24 hours.

An 1893 magazine gave a progress report on developments at the fort. Facilities had been prepared for cavalry units to be added to the fort, although the first cavalry troops did not arrive until October, 1894. There were also accommodations for a

“proposed Company of Indians” to be recruited among the Apaches.

“The orders are to accept only unmarried men, not over thirty-five years of age; but foot-soldiering has little charm for an Indian whose idea of felicity is a pony, a gun and unlimited range. As a scout, he has all these with rations thrown in; even in the Cavalry, there are advantages to counterbalance the manifest disadvantage of restraint; but so far the Infantry has seemed to offer few attractions. How these wild men, who have known no other covering than the blue sky above them, or the temporary shelter of a *tepee*, will conduct themselves in these, to them, palatial surroundings, is an anxious inquiry. Ladies who have known them only as cruel and relentless foes shudder and draw their little ones closer to them; officers shrug their shoulders and speak of the new barracks as the “Kindergarten,” and all feel it to be a hazardous experiment.”<sup>12</sup>

With attitudes such as these expressed, it is not surprising that the Company of Indians was never accomplished.

Routine life at the fort included laborious drills and exercises. In the summer, all the garrison was on the rifle range by 5:30 a.m., and often practiced firing until noon. Signal drills with flags, heliograph and telegraph were part of the schedule for all units. School classes were conducted three hours a day during eight months of the year, for those enlisted men who wanted to learn the three R's, or who were ordered to attend because they were “grossly ignorant.” Practice marches to areas east of Englewood, to Palmer Lake, or even to Colorado Springs were included in the training. Sunday evening dress parades brought visitors to the post to view the drills, and occasional military balls contributed to the cultural life of the community. The post canteen in the early years provided a place for soldiers to relax with snacks, soft drinks, and beer, but efforts by temperance forces and nearby saloonkeepers convinced the Army that no alcoholic beverages should be sold on the military reservation.

1894 brought more action for troops from Fort Logan, although not the usual military engagement. On the night of March 15 five companies were sent to Denver “to have the troops in readiness to quell anticipated riot, and to protect public property.” The occasion was Governor Waite's siege of City Hall; on the morning of the 18th troops returned to the post. On July 2 the same five companies of the 7th Infantry were ordered to Trinidad and Raton “to enforce mandates of the U.S. Courts, protect property in hands of Receivers of U.S. Courts, prevent obstructions of said property and transmissions of U.S. Mails.” This was a time when the Pullman strike which had begun in Chicago had reached Colorado, and the railroads were shut down in Trinidad. The next month Company D was sent to New Castle to assist the militia stationed there.

A *Denver Post* headline in 1978 proclaimed “Fort Logan Birthplace of U.S. Air Force”—with only a bit of exaggeration.<sup>13</sup> The article referred to the first appearance of the Air Corps at Fort Logan in 1894 when the fort became the base for the Signal Corps balloon, which had been located at Fort Riley. The balloon, named the General Myer after the Army surgeon who was the first chief signal officer, was constructed in France in 1893. The covering was made of “goldbeater's skin” which came from

the lining of intestines of oxen or cattle. It was inflated with hydrogen, which was made by a gas generator which added sulfuric acid to iron filings; compression equipment put the hydrogen gas in steel tubes for storage. To handle the balloon at Fort Logan, 28-year-old Ivy Baldwin was induced to enlist as a sergeant. Baldwin, whose name was originally William Ivy, performed as an acrobat and wire-walker as a teenager, and joined with Thomas Baldwin Brothers, and Ivy Baldwin continued to use that name the rest of his life. He appeared in Denver in 1890 for a balloon performance at the opening of Elitch Gardens, and settled in Denver in 1893. Even as a sergeant at Fort Logan, in charge of the balloon, Baldwin continued to perform at Elitch Gardens and was the high-wire walker at Eldorado Canyon after it opened as a resort.

Captain William Glassford, chief signal officer at Fort Logan in 1894, announced plans to have a second and larger balloon built, but in 1895 the Army's only balloon was destroyed in a strong wind. The Signal Corps had no money to replace the General Myer, and Captain Glassford finally convinced the Army to make \$700 available to purchase pongee silk. Sergeant Baldwin and his wife cut and sewed the silk into a new envelope, made more air-tight with varnish, and used the basket and rigging from the old balloon.

Balloons had been used by armies in Europe since the latter part of the 18th century, providing aerial surveillance of the opposing forces and territories. Observation balloons were in use in this country in the Civil War. Telegraph wires were added along the 2,000 to 3,000 foot cables which kept the craft tethered and retrievable, allowing messages to be sent from the aerial observers. Picture taking from balloons was tried by several photographers, and the Rocky Mountain *News* in 1897 reported on plans by officers at Fort Logan to take moving pictures from the balloon.<sup>14</sup>

April, 1898, was the start of the Spanish-American War. Troops from Fort Logan went to Cuba and the Philippines. The Fort Logan balloon was moved to the East Coast to watch in case of an attack by the Spanish fleet. Sergeant Baldwin and his balloon were then sent to Tampa to be loaded for transport to Cuba. Confusion reigned as troops and supplies tried to find passage. Baldwin's balloon, now named the *Santiago*, suffered from lying in the sun; when it was spread out, the varnish had melted and become sticky, tearing holes in the cloth which had to be patched. Lieutenant-Colonel Maxfield of the Signal Corps reported, "It was in such condition that had the ascents to be made in time of peace it would have been felt unsafe to use."<sup>15</sup>

Three ascents were made the first day the *Santiago* was used in Cuba, from a distance of more than a mile from the Spanish forces. The next day the balloon was moved forward to get a closer look, and the cable snagged in trees while the basket was only 50 feet in the air. Spanish artillery punctured the already-leaking gas-filled bag. Stephen Crane described the result: "The balloon was dying, dying a gigantic and public death before the eyes of the two armies. It quivered, sank, faded into the trees amid the flurry of a battle that was suddenly like a storm."<sup>16</sup>

The balloon and basket were retrieved and returned to the U.S., but the day of balloons at Fort Logan was past. Ivy Baldwin left the Army in 1901 when his

second enlistment was up, and went on to flying airplanes; his last high-wire walk at Eldorado Canyon was performed when he was 84 years old.

Fort Logan was changing with the times. In 1904 electric lights were installed in the buildings, replacing coal oil lamps which were standard sources of light in Army posts. Army policy had denied the use of electricity at any fort until it could be available at all of them, including frontier posts far from a power supply. But, at last, electricity would "displace the dull glow of the smudgy oil lamp that has held sway over the darkness for many years."<sup>17</sup> Two direct telephone lines to Denver were hooked up in 1910, and from 1912 the monthly post returns were typewritten, greatly improving their readability.

Expansion of the Fort grounds occurred in 1908, when \$110,000 was appropriated by Congress to purchase lands adjacent to the post for additional drill grounds and a reservoir. The additional 340 acres brought the reservation total to 980 acres. But the September, 1909, Monthly Return reported: "The Post of Fort Logan, Colo. was discontinued Sept. 2-09 and the Recruit Depot Fort Logan, Colo. established." Fort Logan was not a significant Army post after 1910. Its status as a recruit depot continued through World War I and until February 24, 1922. When it was reinstated as a training post it had only 300 or 400 soldiers stationed there, compared with 700 to 800 in earlier years. Newspapers from time to time reported plans to expand or close the post. Among the actions recommended to retain the Fort were lobbying Congress to increase the size of the standing army and providing an all-weather road to the post.

Major Dwight Eisenhower was assigned to recruiting duty at Fort Logan in December, 1924, which would ordinarily have been "close to an insult"<sup>18</sup> for someone with his rank and experience. The assignment had been engineered by General Conner, under whom Eisenhower had served in Panama and who was using his connections to have Eisenhower put temporarily under the Adjutant General's office in order that he could be assigned to the Command and General Staff School at Leavenworth. With Fort Logan so close to Denver and Mamie's home, it was a pleasant time for Mamie. The Eisenhowers stayed at Fort Logan until August, 1925, when Ike reported to Leavenworth.

Improvements in the buildings and grounds came after the Second Engineers took over the Fort in 1927. During the 1930s a million dollars in WPA funds produced construction and rehabilitation, including new duplexes for non-commissioned officers. Units of CCC, ROTC, CMTC and other programs were located on the grounds.

In 1939 the Eighteenth Engineers replaced the Second Engineers, and early in 1941 these units left as the post became a sub-post of Lowry Field (the second coming of the Air Corps). Frame barracks and classrooms for training clerks for the Air Force were constructed. The post was also used for induction into the Army, and in 1944 it became a convalescent center for the Air Force. German prisoners of war were located on the grounds at one time during the war. More than 5,500 persons lived at the Fort at the peak of occupancy.

As the war came to a close, Fort Logan was a separation center. The Fort was declared surplus effective May 7, 1946, and much of the land was sold to private developers, or transferred to adjacent municipalities for school and park use. In July,

1946, about 580 acres were transferred to the Veterans Administration, which continued to use the 326 general medical beds in the hospital for veterans of all wars. The temporary frame barracks on the ground were leased to the Denver Housing Authority to be rented to eligible tenants to help relieve the housing shortage in the area. With the opening of the new VA Hospital in Denver in 1951, and the closing of the barracks as public housing, the Veterans Administration relinquished control of the land.



Bachelor Officers Quarters completed 1897 with a ballroom added in the 1940s.

A variety of proposals were made by diverse interest groups for the use of the facilities: veterans housing, rehabilitation center, and a TB hospital for the Indian Bureau. In fact, transfer of a portion of the facility to the Indian Bureau was apparently initiated, amid protests from veterans' groups and others that a fort created to fight Indians should not be given back to them. Finally, in December, 1959, an agreement was signed between Governor McNichols and the federal government for donation of 308 acres to the State of Colorado. This was later reduced to about 232 acres with the transfer of a little more than 75 acres to the National Cemetery. The State took possession of the land and buildings on April 1, 1960, and title was given to the newly-created Department of Institutions for use by the state hospital being developed in the Denver area—Fort Logan Mental Health Center. The first patients were admitted on July 17, 1961, and during the 1960s buildings were constructed for inpatient treatment and for administrative and support services.

Many of the original Fort buildings remain, used as residential facilities or offices by the mental health center, by other state agencies, and by educational and human service agencies. The 32 acre parade ground remains as an open space, well-used by residents on the grounds and by youth soccer programs from the southwest metropolitan area. The nearby National Cemetery, which began as a 3.2 acre post cemetery in 1889, now has 214 acres available for current and future use.

Both the Infantry and Air Corps are gone, but the name of Fort Logan carries on.

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Fort Logan Parade Ground, World War I.

photo Colo. Hist. Soc.



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**An Army Doctor's Wife on the Frontier, The Letters of Emily McCorkle FitzGerald from Alaska and the Far West, 1874-78** edited by Abe Laufe with foreword by Joan I. Biddle. University of Nebraska Press, 1986, Lincoln and London: 352 pages. Paperback \$9.95.

Upon browsing through this book, I discovered a first hand account of the Nez Perce War of 1877, and absolutely had to read it. To some extent that was a mistake. This particular work is mostly made up of letters written by Emily FitzGerald, an army surgeon's wife. In the beginning, it was interesting as she told her mother about their ocean voyage from New York to Panama, across the Isthmus by train to the Pacific, and another ocean voyage to San Francisco. Then they went on by sea to Portland, and to Sitka, Alaska. This reviewer had never seen an account of such travel which most military personnel and their families going to the West Coast had to experience.

From then on her letters are concerned with trifles and are boring to say the least. All she talks about is trouble with her servants, things she wants sent from the east, and her children. Of course, this is what a reader might expect as she had no way of knowing that her letters would be published a century later. While in Sitka, Emily did manage to touch on her surroundings and the local Indian populace. In 1876, her husband was assigned to Fort Lapwai, Idaho Territory and they happened to be there when negotiations with the Nez Perce were being conducted. She does manage to give the reader an insight as to the appearance of individual Indians, but overall, her description is biased because she detested them. Finally, in October, 1877, the book winds up with their assignment to Ft. Boise, Idaho Territory. During the Nez Perce War and the Bannock Uprising of 1878 that followed, there are a few letters sent her from her husband on campaign. This is excellent primary source material from a soldier's viewpoint. However, the impression I re-

ceived from Emily's writings is that she frequently had her facts mixed up. To be fair, historians, in retrospect, know what happened, whereas she was dealing with all kinds of rumors, and frightened both for herself and her family.

There are bright spots for the historian in her letters but for the most part it is the same mundane things any housewife and mother on the frontier might write home about. The reader must determine for himself whether it's worth the time and effort to read.

Richard A. Cook, P.M.

**Trail of the Snake: From Big Bend to Baja** by Michael A. Williamson. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1986. 127 pages, photographs. Paper, \$10.95.

Many Westerners venture into the backcountry to study Indian ruins, abandoned railroad lines and historic trails, but most of these hardy explorers do all they can to avoid seeing any snakes. Michael Williamson is exactly the opposite in that he has been pursuing reptiles since his youth. His goal is to collect rather than kill the specimens that he finds throughout the Southwest. Even though Williamson has been bitten several times, usually while taking close-up photographs of the reptile, he is still going strong.

While I have many interests, being in close proximity to things that crawl is certainly not one of those interests. I did find the book most interesting and informative. Anyone who does venture into the backcountry does need to be aware of what he might run into and be somewhat prepared. *Trial of the Snake* contains information about reptiles that will prove useful if you happen to see something crawling your way.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



**New Courses For The Colorado River—Major Issues for the Next Century** edited by Gary D. Weatherford and F. Lee Brown, Univ. of New Mexico Press, 1983. 231 pages, 4 figures, 4 tables, 1 appendix. \$35.00 cloth; \$17.50 paper.

On November 15, 1922, at the Bishop's Lodge just north of Santa Fe, after fifteen negotiation sessions, representatives of the seven Colorado River basin states reached agreement on the Colorado River Compact. 61 years later, a group of knowledgeable political figures—lawyers, engineers, economists, and environmentalists—met at the same place, and for four days in a working symposium, assessed the current situation on the Colorado and looked into the clouded crystal ball to see the future of this vital resource.

Reviewing an anthology is difficult—reviewing the proceedings of a four-day symposium is well-nigh impossible.

Suffice it to say, this collection of ten papers, plus a foreword and an epilogue, is an important and stimulating review of the history of the Colorado River, the so-called "law of the river," the successes and failures in controlling its mighty flow, the almost unbelievable story of development not only in its basin, but in areas outside the basin in reliance on Colorado River water. When one adds to this assessment of experts in the political, engineering, economic, and environmental fields as to the probable future of this enormous region, one has a volume of immense impact, full of meat for future rumination.

The Colorado, probably the most damned, damned, cussed and discussed river in the world has many problems facing it and the areas its water serves. Two of the most important unsolved matters are the Indian claims and the salinity question.

Should there be a free market in Colorado River basin water? What will this kind of a market do to agriculture in the basin? Is the use of this resource justified to grow crops already in excess?

None of these questions will resolve themselves. Whether they are resolved wisely depends upon informed decision makers. This small volume will help decision makers and every one else who reads it understand

the problems and help pave the way to rational decisions.

Raphael J. Moses, C.M.

**Four Fighters of Lincoln County** by Robert M. Utley. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1986. 116 pages, maps. Cloth, \$19.95.

The author, who served as Chief Historian of the National Park Service and is now retired and living in Santa Fe, was selected to present the first series of Calvin P. Horn Lectures in Western History and Culture. This series of four lectures was given in November, 1985, at the University of New Mexico, and the book is a printing of the slightly revised lectures. This presents a small problem of redundancy as some of the same information is presented in several of the chapters. While this does not present a problem in lectures given on separate evenings, it is an annoyance in a book that can easily be read in one sitting. The repetition should have been edited out of the book.

The event was the Lincoln County War and the four participants that were the subjects of the lectures were Alexander McSween, Billy the Kid, Lieutenant Colonel Nathan A.M. Dudley and Governor Lew Wallace. One must wonder at times when books about the Lincoln County War and the people involved in it will end. It is my opinion that there are many people and events in New Mexico history of more importance who deserve the study of a historian the caliber of Robert Utley. One interesting point that the author makes about Billy the Kid is that "Had he never found his way to Lincoln County, the course of the war would almost certainly have remained essentially as history had recorded it." This statement is so very accurate that you wonder why anyone bothers to discuss the minor outlaw.

The other three men certainly played larger roles in the affair, and while the roles played by McSween and Wallace have been adequately discussed in the past, the chapter on the role of Colonel Dudley did present some new and interesting information regarding his activities in the "war" and other events in his military career.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**The Red River-Twining Area: A New Mexico Mining Story** by Jim Berry Pearson. University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1986. 221 pages, photographs. Cloth \$19.95, paper \$10.95.

The story of hard rock mining is usually one of boom and bust, but in Northern New Mexico during the period from the 1860s to the 1920s the booms were not that great and bust came quickly in most cases. Most of the deposits of gold, silver and copper that were discovered were low-grade, and the only mineral discovery that was long-lasting was the discovery of molybdenum.

This area from Twining to Red River included a number of short-lived towns such as La Belle, Amizette and Elizabethtown. Miners and investment money came into the area from Colorado and from the East, but the return on the money was zero for most investors. Money was poured into mines, machinery, mills and a forty-mile system of flumes and canals to bring water to the mines, but like most ventures in the district, the flume never was able to provide the amount of water that was needed for the miners.

All that was needed to start a new settlement was for someone to make any sort of discovery. The word would spread and miners would rush in to the new town. All that was needed was to have a railroad build to the town so that the concentrates could be shipped to the smelter in Denver or Leadville. In all cases the vein would play out, the railroads never arrived, and the miners would move on to the next strike.

The tourist industry got off to a slow start, but with the end of World War II, Texans discovered just how nice it was to leave hot Texas for a few weeks in cool New Mexico. This summer tourist later became a year-round tourist when Ernie Blake introduced skiing to Twining.

Jim Pearson gives the reader a lot of information about the booms and busts in this area of New Mexico, but he leaves out the social history of the district in most cases. His discussion of the tourist industry is very cursory and should either have been developed or left out of a book on mining. In referring to Otto Mears, as President of the Denver and Rio Grande's Rio Grande South-

ern, inspecting Amizette in early 1894 and promising a railroad, the author is somewhat inaccurate in that by early 1894 the Rio Grande Southern was in receivership and Otto Mears was no longer in control of the railroad. It is very unlikely that Mears would have been able to build a railroad to anywhere at that time. This information is found in *Silver San Juan* by Mallory Hope Ferrell.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**George L. Beam and the Denver & Rio Grande** by Jackson C. Thode. Sundance Books, Denver, 1986. 280 pages, illustrated, index, hard cover, \$22.

George Lytle Beam worked for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad for forty years, between 1892 and 1934. During that time he exposed some 2,098 incredibly detailed 8x10 glass plates and another 4,979 other negatives of Colorado and other western locations in which the railroad was interested. As Chief Budget Officer of the D.&R.G.W. Jack Thode had access to this voluminous collection and has authored this quality book in an effort to bring a nearly unknown lensman to the belated prominence his fine work deserves.

Beam photographed Theodore Roosevelt in 1905, William Howard Taft in 1909 and Tom Mix in 1926. He also pointed his lens at countless early day Colorado communities like Leadville, Palmer Lake, Pueblo, Colorado Springs, Cripple Creek, Canon City, Marble, and Denver, among others. Beam also photographed a great variety of railroad scenes, recording excellent close-up views of early day locomotives that are sure to please our many rail fans.

Author Thode has written extensive, clearly worded, captions to describe each of the 274 handsomely reproduced photos. Regrettably, the many beautiful plates that Beam exposed in Colorado's San Juan country are not included in this book. But there may be hope since the handsome front cover carries the designation of Volume I. This reviewer once saw the Beam San Juan pictures and fervently hopes that there may be a Volume II of Beam's photographs in the near future.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

**The Explorations of the La Vérendryes in the Northern Plains, 1738-43** by G. Hubert Smith, ed. by W. Raymond Wood. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 1980. 160 pp, notes, index, ills. and maps. Hardbound \$13.95.

Pierre Gaultier de Varennes, the Sieur de la Vérendrye, was born in Trois Rivieres, Quebec, in 1685. Following a military career in Europe he returned to Canada in 1711 to continue the interest of his father, governor of Three Rivers, in the fur trade.

A renewal of interest in the fur trade in 1727 stimulated activity in systematic exploration and occupation of the areas west of Lake Superior. La Vérendrye, with the aid of four sons, a nephew, and business associates, became manager of this region in behalf of France for some 20 years. Rather early in his career the French throne had developed an interest in the concept of a westward-flowing "River of the West" which should arise not far from the Lake of the Woods and which should empty into the "Western Sea." La Vérendrye was charged with the discovery and exploration, at his own expense, of these waters from which it was expected, by the throne, continued supplies of furs might support the opening of a route to the Orient.

Exploration soon became La Vérendrye's primary interest which he pursued to his ultimate ruin. In the process, with the active help of his sons and his nephew he established numerous fur-trading posts in southern Ontario and far to the north throughout present Manitoba. He extended his activities still farther to the west and carried out (later continued by two of his sons) the first exploration of the Upper Missouri River basin, which produced the first descriptions of the northern Great Plains including much of western North and South Dakota and northeastern Wyoming and the people there, well before the Lewis and Clark explorations. There is still some uncertainty as to the precise areas visited but it seems well established that they got within view of the Big Horn Mountains (or the Black Hills?) and as far southeast as Fort Pierre, South Dakota, where he buried a lead plate to establish French possession.

He ultimately fell out of favor, having en-

deavored to carry out the royal wishes with no financial support. Upon his dismissal he was given the rank of Captain. On the eve of his death he was awarded by another royal administration the Cross of Saint Louis. He died nearly in poverty, having expended his considerable fortune in the service of France.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.

**Alias Billy The Kid: The Man Behind The Legend** by Donald Cline. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1986. 145 pp., ill. \$12.95 paperback.

This small volume is still another book among the more than two hundred books and thousands of magazine and newspaper articles that have been published on the life and legend of Billy the Kid. Probably the only people whose life stories have surpassed that of Billy would be George Washington, Abe Lincoln and Buffalo Bill. And if the western buff is to learn at least a few more new facts, it is reason enough that still another "Billy The Kid" book finds a small niche on the library shelf.

The author has presented a number of convincing arguments demonstrating the pros and cons regarding the impact the Kid had upon the environment of the Western frontier. He has expertly researched the subject, evidenced by ample historical documentation. The book is clearly and effectively written, although the context jumps about from chapter to chapter. Like, for instance, the Kid is long dead when the writer injects a flash back to a shooting incident that had transpired two years before. Pat Garrett shot him, dead-dead-dead. Billy was in the habit of telling judges go-to-hell-hell-hell.

Much of the material has been repeated time and again. If anything, there are two very interesting facts: one points the finger at the "Cattle King," John Chisum, as being the one who footed the \$500 prize money to a gun-for-hire responsible for the killing of Sheriff Brady; point two is that the so-called attorney, McSween, was an out-and-out scavenger-shyster who deserved everything that he got. Stanley Zamonski, P.M. **The Old West Quiz and Fact Book** by Rod Cragg. Harper and Row, NY, 1986. 230

pages, ill., bibliography, index. \$15.95 cloth, \$8.95 paper.

How long did the shoot-out at the O.K. Corral last? Who was the last soldier to hear Custer speak at the Battle of the Little Big Horn? Where was the first Western filmed? The answer to these and other questions pertaining to the history of the trans-Mississippi West can be found in *The Old West Quiz and Fact Book*.

For Western Americana scholars and laymen alike this is a fun book to read. Its pages are filled with little known and in some cases well known and in some cases well known but easily forgotten historical facts about people and events that are a part of our heritage. The author has thoughtfully arranged his topics into nine readable sections containing questions and answers about such diverse topics as "Badmen, Lawmen and Shootists," "Mountnimen, Frontiersmen and Trailblazers," "Indian-Fighting Army" and "Hollywood's Wild West." Although some of the history related on its pages can easily be questioned by and large the author's historical facts can be relied upon for accuracy.

For instance (page 9) it is stated that Jesse James first bank robbery was that of the Clay County Savings Bank and Loan Association on February 13, 1866. The fact is, it is not known if Jesse was involved in this robbery or not. It is thought that his older brother Frank was in on the actual holdup inside the bank while the bank was being held up Jesse was outside holding the horses for their intended getaway. This is considered to be "the first daylight bank robbery held in the United States." The author also (page 102) seems to confuse the town of Westport, Mo. with Westport Landing, a site four miles to its north on the Missouri river. The latter eventually evolved into what is now known as Kansas City, Mo. absorbing the town of Westport, Mo. making it a part of its own in 1897. The above is not intended to negate Mr. Gragg's work but to point out as all history buffs know—history is filled with both facts and fiction. There is a fine art in knowing how to separate the two when writing about them.

By the way, if you're wondering about the answers to the questions raised at the begin-

ning of this review—the gunfight at the O.K. Corral lasted thirty seconds. The first Western was filmed "on location" near Dover, New Jersey in 1903. It took two days to "shoot" the film. The last surviving trooper to hear Custer speak was 7th Cavalry private Giovanni Martini who was dispatched by Custer with a final message moments before his command engaged in battle with the Indians.

Fred L. Lee,

Kansas City Posse of the Westerners

**How To See Real De Santa Fe** by Louann Jordan. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1986. 32 pages, illustrated. Paper, \$4.95.

This is a wonderful guide to Santa Fe and the other attractions of Northern New Mexico. The walking tour will aid the first-time visitor plus those who have missed some of the special places of the center of the city. A number of the points of interest in the vicinity of Santa Fe are mentioned including several of my favorites such as the Old Cienega Village Museum at El Rancho de las Colondrinas, the town of Cerrillos and my favorite restaurant—Rancho de Chimayo. The author's pen and ink sketches make this more than just another guide to Santa Fe.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**With Custer's Cavalry**, by Katherine Gibson Fougera, from the memoirs of the late Katherine Gibson, widow of Captain Francis M. Gibson of the Seventh Cavalry, U.S.A. (Retired). Illustrated with photographs. Univ. of Nebraska Press (Bison Books), Lincoln and London, 1986. 285 pages. \$23.85, cloth, \$7.95, paper.

Again, Bison Books has done Western historians a favor by re-printing a book out of print, in this case since 1942. Mrs. Fougera gives the reader a different viewpoint. In writing as though her mother were the narrator, the reader follows an innocent young eastern lady across the United States to Fort Abraham Lincoln at Bismarck, North Dakota, a few years prior to the fight on the Little Big Horn. Katherine Garrett was visiting her sister, Mollie Garrett, who was married to Lt. Donald McIntosh, 7th Cavalry, who was to go with Custer in 1876. Kate's adventures traveling by train and stagecoach, meeting Indians, cowboys, vil-

lains and highwaymen, provides a good picture of the West at this time. Kate's life at Fort Abraham Lincoln, Fort Rice, and Jackson Barracks, New Orleans, her meeting and marrying young Lt. Gibson, socializing with the Custers and the doomed officers of the Seventh Cavalry, all give a vivid picture of army life on the frontier at this time.

Lt. Gibson survived the Bighorn battle by transferring from Custer's companies to Benteen's. His description of the battle in a letter to Kate written on government issue toilet paper gives a good participant's side of the story. Gibson's statement that the hostiles had more and better guns than the army, dismissed for years by many historians, has been proven true by recent archeological digs at the battlefield.

Daughter Fougere's book makes the reader believe that it was actually written by Kate Gibson. A bit flowery in language and construction, it still provides an interesting and enjoyable, slightly different side of one of Western history's most fascinating events.

W.H. Van Duzer, P.M.

**Sheriff William Brady: Tragic Hero Of The Lincoln County War** by Donald R. Lavash. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1986. 128 pp., ill. \$10.95 paperback.

There have been many published accounts of the Lincoln County War and with these accounts, the mention of Sheriff William Brady. Now at last, Don Lavash, historian with the New Mexico State Archives, has written a more realistic evaluation of Brady's part in the Lincoln County War.

During the years following the Civil War, New Mexico became a hotbed of crime and violence unheard of in any other part of the United States. Flooded with cast-off politicians, ambitious lawyers working hand-in-hand with wealthy land grabbers, quick-fingered gamblers, and fast-draw gunslingers from every part of the country, they congregated within the few inhabited centers that spotted the vast, wide open space that was New Mexico.

Here, gun law was all that everyone understood after the American occupation. Of all the places, Lincoln became the bloodiest shootout within the territory.

Murder by ambush, land fraud, cattle and horse stealing, were so rampant that a general exodus was forced on the people from the county that was larger than most Eastern states. Outlaws, including Billy the Kid, John Kinney and a dozen or more of the worst gunfighters of the period swarmed in to join hands for a share of the spoils, along with the dishonest citizens. A state of anarchy prevailed that forced the hand of the President of the United States to take action to stem the tide of "rule-by-gun-law."

In this small 128-page book, Lavash gives us some insight as to whether Sheriff Brady was a willing pawn in the hands of crooked politicians or if he was an honest man dedicated to law and order. Whatever his actions in his attempts to stem the tide of anarchy, Brady's efforts ended with a bullet from Billy the Kid's gun.

Author and historian, Lavash, writes more than a biography of one of the principals in the bloody Lincoln County War, and gives us the history of a fascinating era in the Southwest.

**Lawmen And Robbers** by Carl W. Breihan. Caxton Printers Caldwell, Idaho, 1986. 128 pp., ill. paperback \$14.95.

The characters portrayed in this colorful paperback are all notable or notorious men of the Old West. There are volumes written about these "sheriffs and robbers," but Carl W. Breihan, no stranger to western buffs, has managed to do an excellent job in his series of vignette sketches of these personalities "when men and guns spoke loud and often." To the neophyte, this book will serve a praiseworthy purpose.

The book ranges from stagecoach robber, Black Bart, through train hold-up artist, Bill Doolen, to such weirdos as Al Jennings—the outlaw who ran for governor. Naturally, there is Henry Plummer, who built his own scaffold; Pony Express Stationmaster Jack Slade of Julesburg fame, and the colorful Butch Cassidy.

On the "good guys" side, there is Big Jim Courtright, Burt Mossman and the Hanging Judge Parker. This work is spiced with a little international flavor with such characters as Pancho Villa and Emilio Kosterlitzky, the Mexican Cossack.

Stanley Zamonski, P.M.

Hopis, Tewas and the American Road, edited by Willard Walker and Lydia L. Wycokoff. Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., 1983. 189 pages, photographs. Paper, \$15.95.

In 1927, Professor Carey Melville was given a sabbatical leave from Clark University and decided to spend part of the year touring the United States with his wife and three children. By accident, not design, the family ended up visiting missionary friends at Polacca on the Hopi Reservation for three weeks, their longest stay during their entire trip.

During the visit, the Melvilles collected a number of articles that represented the Hopi way of life including some very nice pottery. After their return home, the family continued to add to their collection with purchases from Indian traders and from Hopi friends. All of this was added to Plains Indians material that had been collected by Mrs. Melville's father.

The collection of one hundred eighty-one objects of Plains, Pueblo, Pima and Navajo origin along with documentation was donated to Wesleyan University in 1976 by Mr. Carey E. Melville. A catalog of the collection is included in this book.

Also in the book are chapters regarding the movement of Indian crafts to the status of art and the story of the Sikyatki Revival in pottery. In a chapter in which Robert E. Cleaves discusses the impact of the "American Road" on the Hopi, the topics include missionaries, Indian agents, the Indian Reorganization Act and the Hopi Constitution. The attitude of the conservative Hopi toward the Constitution is helpful in understanding the current confrontation between the Hopi and the Navajo.

Willard Walker's description of the role of the Tewas in the Hopi community was most interesting. It helped me understand the different attitude found on First Mesa compared with Second and Third Mesas. The influence of the Tewa people of Hano whose ancestors came from near Santa Fe in 1696, fleeing from the Spanish, has had a major impact on the Hopi who arrived on their Mesas in the early fourteenth century from Kawestema. This impact is evident in that it was a Tewa named Nampeyo who

brought about the Sikyatki Revival. The Tewa village was also the most receptive to mission and government schools.

It would be most interesting to discover the role of the Tewa in the current Hopi-Navajo conflict. This book, now being distributed by the University of New Mexico Press is one that anyone interested in Hopi art and history should read.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

U.S. Army Uniforms and Equipment, 1889 by the Quartermaster General of the Army; foreword by Jerome A. Greene, 1986. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London. 371 pages. \$9.95 paperback.

This book was originally published in 1889 at the Philadelphia Depot by direction of the Army Quartermaster General. Its title at that time was: *Specifications for Clothing and Garrison Equipage, and Clothing and Equipage Materials*. Greene, who is one of the more prominent Army historians of that period provides a brief, comprehensive history of nonstandardized clothing and equipment procurement policy until 1889 in the short foreword. He states that this book "marked a milestone in the development of standards and specifications for clothing and equipment . . . by the War Department." This particular publication for some reason until now, has never been reprinted and consists of specifications and drawings of almost everything issued at that time, to include tents, poles, stoves, overalls, flags, chevrons, buttons, musical instruments (drums and bugles), chairs, bunks, bedding, gauntlets, headgear, footwear, tools and much more (approximately 156 items in all). The drawings are well done and exhibit much detail of the article illustrated. The specifications are fairly simple and understandable, but one can see the Federal bureaucratic language has not changed much in almost one hundred years.

For the serious student or collector of Army uniforms and equipment of the period, this book is a must. For others, it is interesting and should be included in all libraries specifically concentrating on the U.S. Army toward the end of the nineteenth century.

Richard A. Cook P.M.