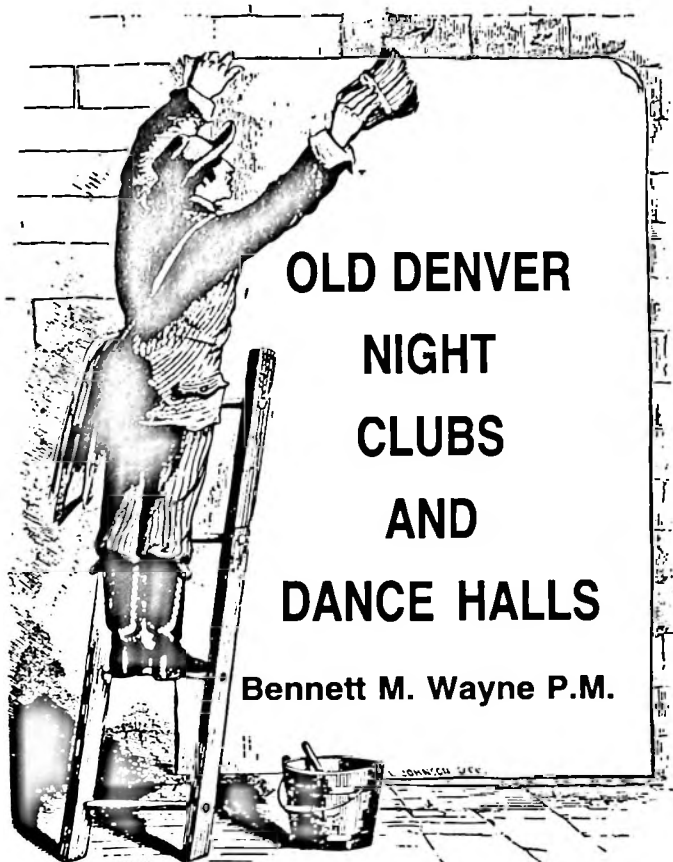
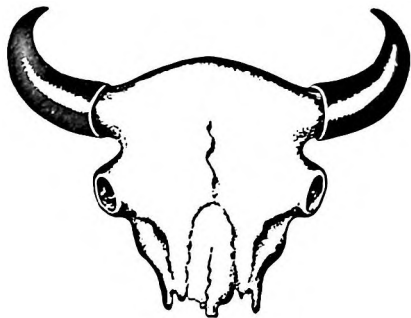


*The* DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1987



**OLD DENVER  
NIGHT  
CLUBS  
AND  
DANCE HALLS**

**Bennett M. Wayne P.M.**

## 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").

## DUES ARE DUE!

Dues in the Denver Westerners were 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.

## CORRECTION

(Inadvertently omitted from Nov-Dec ROUNDUP)

Earl McCoy, author of the paper on Fort Logan in the November-December issue, has lived in Denver since 1959. He studied at Illinois Wesleyan University and the University of Illinois and worked in community service agencies in Chicago. He spent three years as director of a community center in Israel, a volunteer job with the American Friends Service Committee. Earl recently retired after 18½ years as community coordinator at Fort Logan Mental Health Center, which is located on part of the former army post.

## BOUND ROUNDUPS AVAILABLE

The recent yearly volumes including 1982, 1983, 1984, and 1985 (1986 in preparation) are still available, nicely hardbound, each volume separately, from Tallyman Dr. Loren Blaney at the monthly meetings. The price is \$7.00 per volume; add \$1.00 each if ordered by mail.

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

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**A HAPPY NEW YEAR!**  
**Have you paid your dues?**

## OLD DENVER NIGHT CLUBS AND DANCE HALLS

by  
Bennett M. Wayne P.M.

Presented 26 November 1986

During the time our Prohibition Amendment was in effect a number of new businesses were established in Denver. First there was the bootlegger, then the speakeasy. The bottle business flourished and the tinsmith made all forms of liquor stills on order. After Prohibition was repealed the bootleggers still had their clientele but the speakeasies became night clubs. Night clubs sprang up all over the town and outskirts. Some became popular because of their floor shows.

But a lot of them had had previous acclaim during Prohibition. There was the Moonlight Ranch out on the Morrison road, also Rock Rest at the entrance to Mount Vernon Canyon and the Golden road. The Victory Cabaret was off Larimer street around 23rd street or thereabouts as well as the old Tivoli Terrace on the north side of town. There were others, too, but I never had the opportunity to frequent them all! The liquor wasn't very good but it was plentiful. The big demand was for Leadville White Mule which was supposed to be good according to connoisseurs.

The Tropics nightclub was owned and managed by Warren St. Thomas. He built a nice place that had a large stage with a beautiful back drop of the tropics and every half hour they produced a storm with thunder and lightning that was very authentic. One of the first entertainers he had was Tempest Storm, a stripper with all the required equipment! She did bumps and grinds and beautiful turnarounds with very little on. She had a pair of boobs that Dolly Parton would envy. She put tassels on the nipples and could swing them around at great speed and on each eccentric movement she would emit a throaty "Whee." I asked Warren who wrote her script which she pronounced so beautifully, but he didn't seem to know.

The next entertainer he had was Evelyn Treasure Chest West, who was born when meat was cheap. She had the same routine that Tempest had, but with one improvement. Tempest only revolved the tassels from left to right, but Evelyn could revolve the tassels left to right or right to left!

On south Colorado Blvd. was the Morocco Club. They put on good shows. Elaine May and Mike Nichols played there before they hit the big time.

The Ames Brothers sang there and they went over big, but the big holdover was Nan Blackstone who played the piano and sang a few off-color songs but she was never vulgar.

I remember her during the war years. A lot of the military would frequent the place as they had a good dance floor and orchestra. Nan always had the piano in the middle of the floor and tables all around her. One night she was going pretty good but two Army captains who had their table close to her were very noisy and did annoy her. She stopped playing and started tapping on the wooden part of the piano. Looking at the two of them and complimenting them on being captains, she ap-

preciated their coming to see her. Then she said "You know it took an act of Congress to make you captains, but not even an act of Congress could make you gentlemen! They remained quiet after that. I knew Nan pretty well and I have a record album of hers that I cherish.

On east Colfax was the Beacon that Willie Hartzell and Jerry Bakke ran with the help of Willie's wife Patsy who played the organ and piano.

During the war years Ralph Batchelet managed the Blue Bird theatre and Ned Greenslit managed the Aladdin theatre. They were co-chairmen of the War Bond committee and as I had one of the few new convertibles in town, when the notables or movie greats were in town they called on me to transport them. I was escorted to wherever we were going (mostly to and from the airport) by motorcycle policeman and many a fast and wild ride I had trying to keep up with them. We usually took them to the Brown Palace Hotel. I would pick them up and take them, with the help of the motorcycle policeman, to where they were to perform or speak. After the performance we would either go to the Beacon to hoist a few or to Joe Awful Coffee's to eat. We surely had good times at the Beacon.

The Embassy Club was on Broadway near 16th street where Al Silvers held sway. Al was a product of the stage and once toured with the Gus Edwards Revue when Walter Winchell was a performer. Al had written several songs and received royalties from some of them. He also had a floor show. Paul Winchell, the ventriloquist, made his debut at the Embassy. Harry Berris also played piano for Al before Harry hit the big time. He was one of the Rhythm Boys; another was Bing Crosby! A lot of society frequented the place. At one time Al had a singer and piano player named Juan Florin who was from Haiti. He wore a white suit and had the most penetrating eyes I ever saw. The girls said that he could look at them and they felt they were being undressed. Al ultimately sold out for a goodly sum and took off for Las Vegas.

Several years later when I was working at the Pencol Pharmacy, Eleanor Weckbaugh came in and went over to the soda fountain. When she saw me she motioned for me to come over, which I did. She said, "Ben did you hear about Al Silvers?" I said "No." Then she told me they found Al dead in a cheap rooming house in Las Vegas. He died broke!

I know that most of you have heard of Tivoli Terrace, a night club on the hill in north Denver. Hymie Hirshorn was the owner. He ran it during prohibition days, too. He was the king of the night club owners. When he decided to give up at the Tivoli Terrace he opened two new night clubs downtown, with partners. After he got things established he decided to take a trip to Europe. Hymie lived at the Cosmopolitan Hotel and when he returned I saw him in the lobby. He told me about his trip and when he finished he said to me, "Ben, while I was gone my partners took me for \$90,000. To think I taught them all they know about the business, but I did not teach them everything." Then he opened the Algerian Club on the second floor of the building at 17th and Tremont Street. Now, the addition to the Brown Palace Hotel is located there.

He opened with a good crew and a well-known bartender named Billy Gallagher

and also well-known entertainers for his floor show. One was the black singer, Billy Holiday. I met her and she liked to talk to me. One night when I was there she said, "Ben, I have spent a million dollars on liquor and drugs but now I hope I can be on the way up again!

Years ago several of us (we were young then) decided to start an educational club, so we got together and started the Dramulit Circle. We used the first syllables of Drama, Music, and Literature for the name and it wasn't long until we had about 300 members. Hymie was the theatrical director. He could sit at a table, read a play, and enact the lines of each character in the play.

It was at the time of the disastrous Pueblo flood that we rented the Woman's Club theatre on Tremont Street between 15th and 16th Streets. We produced three shows, sold tickets, and all the proceeds went to the Pueblo victims! I might add that the plays were successful. Hirshorn was a terrific director and had fine actors and actresses. Arnold Rose, General Rose's brother, had the lead in some of them.

Getting back to the night clubs, on the north side was Canino's Casino. They had George Morrison and his orchestra for dancing. Farther north on the outskirts was Blondie's; Onnie Lee Gibbons and her husband Pat had one of the most profitable night clubs in town. Henry Kay's orchestra was there and they stayed open after hours. They had a fellow at the door who had a buzzer and if he thought someone was suspicious the buzzer rang and you never saw glasses disappear so fast and the dance floor fill up so quickly! I might add that Onnie and Pat had the Havana Club on Welton street. They changed the name from the Bungalow Inn.

George Manley the prizefighter had a night club on south Broadway. His popularity as a fighter brought him a good crowd almost every night. On east Colfax, almost to Aurora, was the Yucca Club. The fellow who owned it managed to get very fine steaks, which was a big drawing card. On the outskirts of Aurora on east Colfax was the Zanzibar. The last time I was out there the father of the fellow who ran the place said to me, "You know, this place has already cost me \$150,000 and my son still wants to keep it going."

There were several gambling places around Denver and Aurora. Just the other side of Fitzsimons was Wilson's Place and they really flocked in there. He had crap tables, roulette, and blackjack tables and it was always crowded. Speaking of gambling, one of the most popular houses was Blakeland just south of Littleton. Jerry Lasasso and Chalk Cizack ran the place. Everyone knew it was on the up-and-up and it had plenty of clientele from Denver. I guess it was the most popular of all the gaming houses but it did have some competition from Charlie Stevens at Wolhurst which was a beautiful home at one time. Charlie served food at his place and never lacked for customers.

There were so many places around town that it is hard to single out which one was enjoyed the most. The Blue Goose was near the train tracks and I remember going there with several couples. One of the girls ordered a cup of coffee with cream. She got the coffee but it was black so she called the waiter and told him she wanted it with cream. He looked at her with disgust and said "Stare at it." She was looking at it and said "I am." Then he said again "Stare at it," and motioned with his finger going around and round. He didn't speak such a fancy English!

I believe that one of the funniest things I have ever seen was at Blakeland. They had a small bar and some high stools if you wished to sit at the bar. This night I happened to be there with Jack Harper, who owned the Elbert Cheese and Dairy store on east Colfax. Jack was a good gambler and drinker. He was laughing and came over to me to tell me what was so funny. A man fell off a stool and was holding on to it while lying on the floor, trying to put it back on the ceiling!!

The Rossonian Club was on Welton street and Five Points. This was what I believe to be the first black-and-white night club in Denver. They had well-known entertainers. Sarah Vaughn sang there before she started singing the way she does now. I remember being there one night with Willie Hartzell, Jerry Bakke and others when Sarah sang *The Lord's Prayer* with no musical accompaniment. She was great then! The Rossonian was well known for its fried shrimp. They knew how to do it. I used to drop by frequently but the last time I was there with a young lady, we were just going in when a big black man grabbed my arm and said "What are you doing with my girl?" It not only frightened me but the young lady was upset and nervous. We did not stay long and I never went back. That was the first time the young lady had been there and I was certainly embarrassed.

I must mention the Chez Patee, located on the corner where the Hilton Hotel now stands at 16th and Court Place. It was originally called the "Yacht Club"—the interior was built like a yacht. I think the first owner was a whorehouse madam, who acted as hostess. She had one bad habit; when a man came in with his wife she always greeted the male companion by his first name, which upset the distaff side of the party! She didn't do so good with her approach so the men stayed clear of her place. She later sold to Hymie Hirshorn.

The old Park Lane Hotel was a place of fun, dancing, dining, and good music. The "Top of the Park" room was on the top floor with a beautiful view of the city. Many notables played there and later received national recognition. There was Lonesome George Gobel, Shecky Green and many others. On the first floor was a separate bar called the "Popcorn Room" where you knew you were in good company. Everyone came dressed up and it was a pleasure to go there.

Those were the fun days in Denver. There were a lot of places to go and things to do and it didn't cost a fortune! We had good theatre and good entertainers. We did not have to pay \$32.00 for good seats. Of course we did not make the salaries they pay today either, but we had fun and enjoyment!

Many of you probably will not remember very many of the old time ballroom dancing places because they disappeared so rapidly. There is now a resurgence of the old-fashioned ballroom dancing. But where will they dance? All the good old places have gone and I don't know of any new dance halls opening. The traditional ballroom dance gave way to catch-as-catch-can dancing. They now danced mostly by themselves. You really didn't need a partner. Today all the songs are physical, sexual, erotic! The music is loud and the singers love to wiggle, turn, jump and gyrate and do a lot of calisthenics when they deliver a song. They fly all over the stage and scream out the words! They dress in ridiculous costumes. The men's shirts are

unbuttoned to their navels and the women's hair looks as if it had been exposed to the wrath of the gods. I won't try to describe the dresses, if that's what they are.

Years back when a man or woman sang with an orchestra they stayed in one place and sang. The words were romantic and sentimental. Do you remember the songs, *I'll See You In My Dreams*, *Three O'clock In The Morning*, *My Happiness*, *Among My Souvenirs*, *Dardanella*, *Avalon*, *More Than You Know*, *Music*, *Maestro*, *Please?*

When the singer sang in those nostalgic days we gathered around the bandstand to hear them. The men wore suits with a shirt and a tie, the women wore evening gowns, and they sang softly and distinctly. The words to the songs of today leave nothing to the imagination.

Where would you go to dance today? We had the Trocadero at Elitch's, the El Patio at Lakeside, the Rainbow about a block off Broadway about 4th or 5th Avenue. There was the old Winter Garden, Marble Hall, Soderstroms, the Park Lane Hotel, the Cosmopolitan Hotel, and the Brown Palace Hotel. There also were dime-a-dance places like the old Rathskeller in the basement of the old E. and C. Bldg. at 17th and Curtis street.

We had big name bands to dance to: Vincent Lopez, Olson, Guy Lombardo, Sammy Kay, Wayne King, Eddie Howard, Glen Miller, Dick Jurgens, Russ Morgan, Ray Noble, Kay Kayser, Red Nichols, Xavier Cugat, Glen Gray, Blue Baron, Joe Venuti, Tommy Dorsey, Spike Jones, Ted Weems, and Elmo Tanner. I could go on and on, but that was music you could dance to, and good listening also. We danced to soft and melodious music and when they played a waltz the lights were dimmed and a glistening, flickering light threw *its* lights all around the dance hall.

We had no Willie Nelson or Michael Jackson but we listened to Ginnie Simms, Vaughn Monroe, Perry Como, Marilyn Maxwell, and wee Bonnie Baker of "*Oh Johnnie, Oh Johnnie* fame."

The Brown Palace Hotel at one time had the Andrew Sisters and the Cosmopolitan Hotel had Herbie Kay's orchestra with Dorothy Lamour. Would you believe that the Paris Inn at 19th and Lawrence street had a good band, lots of dancing and was very popular?

I guess the best known was Rock Rest on the Golden road. There was Eddie Ott's Broadmoor on Alameda and now the Aviation Club. I must also mention the Airplane Ballroom. We never had to look for a place to go or things to do!

Do you remember dancing to *I'll See You In My Dreams*, *Josephine*, *Good Night Sweetheart*, and *Three O'clock In The Morning?*

*Those Were The Days, My Friend!*





# Westerner's Bookshelf



Apache by Will Levington Comfort. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1931—reprint 1986. 274 pages, paperback \$7.95.

The fictionalized biography of an historical figure is the current rage in TV movies; yet this work, from 1931, shows that this form of entertainment is not new. This book is devoted to the life of Mangus Colorado (Red Sleeve). He was "The King Philip of the Apache nation", wrote Capt. Cremony in 1868. "Beyond all comparison the most famous Apache warrior and statesman of the century." As an historical work, one might be disappointed by the lack of an appendix (though there are a few asides printed as footnotes), but as entertainment it is worthwhile reading. The book sports a handsomely reprinted 1846 oil of Cuchillo Negro (Black Knife) who also plays a big role in the story. On first reading, one may be put off by the 'Indian' manner of presentation with the wide use of Apache and Mexican words. I found the second reading to be more enjoyable after mastering the vernacular.

The writing is as one would expect an Apache to relate things (unhurried and reflective). Whether this is the true 'Apache' way or a sort of 'Walt Disney' style (the noble red man as philosopher), I cannot say. The first half of this book seems to be devoted to philosophy. Some of the lines make strong quotes: ". . . one who gives his thought to the mastering of women will find the problems of men very simple in contrast."; ". . . all his years he had used a white man's psychology upon a red man and . . . it did not fit any more than the pelt of a bear would fit the body of an ox", and finally "That which is finished dies into nothing; only that which is unfinished lives." The second aspect of the book is the futile battle of the Apache to keep soldiers and miners from his lands. As an action novel filled with thought-provoking quotes, I recommend this book (and thank the Nebraska Press for reprinting it). As an accounting of history, however, the average Westerner may not find this book to be annotated enough.

Dr. George W. Krieger

Covered Wagon Women: Diaries and Letters from the Western Trails, 1840-1890, edited and compiled by Kenneth L. Holmes. Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, CA. A projected series of 11 volumes; ill., maps. Hardbound, ca. 300 pages each, \$25.00 per volume.

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Some of the women rode along at whatever ease they could summon, and recorded and commented upon the scenery. Others painstakingly recorded the incidents and the accidents and the number of graves along the route, as well as the condition of the "roads," the weather, the presence or absence of potable water and of animal fodder.

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Hugo von Rodeck, Jr., P.M.

**The Custer Myth: A Source Book of Custeriana** by Col. W.A. Graham. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln & London, 1986. (Facsimile reprint of orig. publ. by Bonanza Books, Stackpole Co., Harrisburg, 1953). 435 pp., maps and many photo ill. \$7.95 paper, \$35.00 hardback.

Custer buffs will welcome the opportunity to obtain this long-out-of-print collection of source materials on the famous battle.

Part I comprises Indian accounts of the battle, including those of Curley and other Crow scouts as well as those of Arikara, Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapaho informants—those whom the author "believed were the most representative and authentic." Additional comments are from Gen. Hugh Scott, Capt. Philo Clark, Gen. Sheridan, and Gen. Ederly.

Parts II and III are "true copies" of very numerous accounts, documents and letters. Part II begins with a discussion of the author's relations with Gen. Godfrey and Godfrey's 'narrative,' with comments by Gen. Frey; also the author's relations with Gen. Ederly. Quoted *in extenso* is much by and about Benteen, his narrative, correspondence with his wife, and a presentation of the Benteen-Goldin letters. Included is Benteen's discussion of the causes of Indian outbreaks.

Part III is truly far-ranging, with references to or by Benteen, Reno, Gen. Rosser, Mark Kellogg, Sgt. John Ryan, Sgt. Kanipe, F.F. Girard, Lt. deRudio, Scout Herendeen, Goldin, and many others. Adding further to this potpourri are a passage on uniforms, equipment and ammunition used in the battle, and finally, "Five Tales With The Real Hollywood Touch."

Part IV discusses the burials of Custer's command and a discussion of the battlefield as it was a year later. Following this, the latter part comprises the Dustin Bibliog-

raphy from the first version in 1908, through the 1939-1950 additions, to an addendum through 1952.

All in all, this melange is something every practicing Custerphile *must* have, and have read.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr.

**Along the Rio Grande: A Pastoral Visit to Southwest New Mexico in 1902** by Monsignor Henry Granjon. Edited by Michael Romero Taylor. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1986. 153 pages, map, photographs. Cloth, \$17.50, paper \$8.95.

Bishop Granjon presents a most interesting picture of the Mesilla Valley as he saw it in 1902. While serving as the Bishop of Tucson, Granjon paid his official visit to the parishes of his diocese that were located in Southwest New Mexico. This included holding services at Las Cruces, La Mesa, San Miguel and other villages.

The account of the visit was published in France in 1903, and this edition was translated by Mary W. de Lopez from the original edition. The book contains a map of the region and twenty photographs from the early twentieth century taken in the Mesilla Valley.

*Along the Rio Grande* is an extremely readable book as the Bishop's style is very good and he was an excellent observer of the people and the way they lived. Even though he was from a distinguished French family he was able to accept noisy confirmation services, poor roads with dust-filled potholes, and limited accommodations. He is very pleased with the attitude of the people toward the Church, and how even though they are very poor, they give all they can including land to the Church. Their attitude toward their religion helped him accept their customs including the Moorish influences in the culture. He shows his willingness to accept some strange situations when he accepts a ride in a boxcar when there is no passenger train available.

The journal gives the reader a good look at the people of this part of New Mexico at the turn of the century. Also, "Granjon had a gift for describing the terrain and the natural surroundings." All of this makes for very pleasant reading.

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Part I comprises Indian accounts of the battle, including those of Curley and other Crow scouts as well as those of Arikara, Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapaho informants—those whom the author "believed were the most representative and authentic." Additional comments are from Gen. Hugh Scott, Capt. Philo Clark, Gen. Sheridan, and Gen. Ederly.

Parts II and III are "true copies" of very numerous accounts, documents and letters. Part II begins with a discussion of the author's relations with Gen. Godfrey and Godfrey's 'narrative,' with comments by Gen. Frey; also the author's relations with Gen. Ederly. Quoted *in extenso* is much by and about Benteen, his narrative, correspondence with his wife, and a presentation of the Benteen-Goldin letters. Included is Benteen's discussion of the causes of Indian outbreaks.

Part III is truly far-ranging, with references to or by Benteen, Reno, Gen. Rosser, Mark Kellogg, Sgt. John Ryan, Sgt. Kanipe, F.F. Girard, Lt. deRudio, Scout Herendeen, Goldin, and many others. Adding further to this potpourri are a passage on uniforms, equipment and ammunition used in the battle, and finally, "Five Tales With The Real Hollywood Touch."

Part IV discusses the burials of Custer's command and a discussion of the battlefield as it was a year later. Following this, the latter part comprises the Dustin Bibliog-

raphy from the first version in 1908, through the 1939-1950 additions, to an addendum through 1952.

All in all, this melange is something *every* practicing Custerophile *must* have, and have read.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr.

**Along the Rio Grande: A Pastoral Visit to Southwest New Mexico in 1902** by Monsignor Henry Granjon. Edited by Michael Romero Taylor. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1986. 153 pages, map, photographs. Cloth, \$17.50, paper \$8.95.

Bishop Granjon presents a most interesting picture of the Mesilla Valley as he saw it in 1902. While serving as the Bishop of Tucson, Granjon paid his official visit to the parishes of his diocese that were located in Southwest New Mexico. This included holding services at Las Cruces, La Mesa, San Miguel and other villages.

The account of the visit was published in France in 1903, and this edition was translated by Mary W. de Lopez from the original edition. The book contains a map of the region and twenty photographs from the early twentieth century taken in the Mesilla Valley.

*Along the Rio Grande* is an extremely readable book as the Bishop's style is very good and he was an excellent observer of the people and the way they lived. Even though he was from a distinguished French family he was able to accept noisy confirmation services, poor roads with dust-filled potholes, and limited accommodations. He is very pleased with the attitude of the people toward the Church, and how even though they are very poor, they give all they can including land to the Church. Their attitude toward their religion helped him accept their customs including the Moorish influences in the culture. He shows his willingness to accept some strange situations when he accepts a ride in a boxcar when there is no passenger train available.

The journal gives the reader a good look at the people of this part of New Mexico at the turn of the century. Also, "Granjon had a gift for describing the terrain and the natural surroundings." All of this makes for very pleasant reading.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

*Platte River Road Narratives (1812-1866)* etc. by Merrill Mattes; foreword by James A. Michener. Univ. of Illinois Press. Champaign, 1986. 528 Pages, 2-column, map. \$95.00

"This massive annotated bibliography of all known significant eyewitness accounts of 19th-century overland travel fills a conspicuous gap in historical literature, and will greatly accelerate future research, writing, and collecting in this important phase of western Americana."

"*Platte River Road Narratives* includes not only all identifiable published overland accounts, but also a far greater number of all identifiable accounts in manuscript form only. The format for over 2,000 entries allows for systematic identification of the author, the form of the account, the chronology and route of passage, overland trip highlights, and Mattes's authoritative commentary and evaluation, as well as identification of the repository of the source material."

From the publisher's announcement

*The American Fur Trade Of The Far West*, by Hiram Martin Chittenden. Introduction and Notes by Stello Vinton, foreword by James P. Ronda. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London. 2 Volumes, paperback; Vol. 1, \$10.95, Vol. 2, \$9.95.

This edition of Chittenden's book has been taken from the 1935 edition printed by the Press of the Pioneers, with slight re-arrangement of the parts contained in the original edition and the addition of a set of notes supplied by the editor for each chapter. In consequence, the reader is supplied with two sets of notes at the end of each chapter, one supplied by the author and a very recent set providing modern interpretations of places and events. This printing is in the popular Bison Edition of the University of Nebraska Press.

The author's notes have mostly to do with sources of the original material, while the editor's notes clear up the matter of more recent research and such things as modern day place names, etc.

For almost a hundred years (Chittenden first published the work in 1902) *The American Fur Trade Of The Far West* has served

as the primary source for its subject. Numerous authors have enlarged on specific adventures but Chittenden has supplied the groundwork for the entire period which ran from about 1807 to 1843—just under forty years—which supplied the trans-Mississippi West with a historical framework.

In general, the book is arranged with parts I and II contained in the first volume, and the remaining parts in the second volume. The first deals with the business arrangements of the fur-gathering industry, including the places occupied by the Astors, Wyeths, Bonneviles, Ashleys, and other early entrepreneurs of the trade, and the history of the fur trade itself. Volume 2 contains the last three parts which deal with contemporary events connected with the fur trade, such as the War of 1812, notable incidents and characters in the history of the fur trade, and a final section covering the country and its inhabitants. This last section contains the geography, hydrography, flora, fauna, and the native tribes involved.

The arrangement is a thorough and logical one. The entire work comes to some 990 pages. Each volume contains its own separate index and set of notes. The illustrations include a map that, unfortunately, is too small to be very readable. However, the other illustrations are contemporary photographs or drawings that are apparently from the earlier edition of the work and serve their purpose well.

This work has stood almost a hundred years of time. It shows a massive weight of research and has done much to place the fur trade of the far west into proper perspective. It is now into an edition that places it within reach of nearly everyone; both the serious reader and the buff can now review the background and adventures of such colorful characters as Jediah Smith, Ezekial Williams, old Hugh Glass, Mike Fink, and John Colter as well as the Indian tribes—Blackfoot, Nez Perce, Mandan, Crow, Arikaree, Cheyenne, Sioux, Bannock—and the geography which often determined the success or failure of both the indigenous population and the fur trade brought in from the outside. Here is an old friend in shiny new clothes. The covers of both volumes are by the artist, John Clymer; romanticised

mountain men in a romanticised setting, giving a proper tone to the whole work.

Mel Griffiths, P.M

**No Time on My Hands**, by Grace Snyder, as told to Nellie Snyder Yost. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1986. (Originally published by The Claxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1963) 545 pages, illustrations, paperback, \$11.95.

" . . . I wished that I might grow up to make the most beautiful quilts in the world, to marry a cowboy, and to look down on the top of a cloud . . . at the time . . . it seemed impossible that any of them could come true."

Grace McCance was three in 1885 when she, her mother, and two sisters got off a train at Cozad, Nebraska. Her father, "Poppy," had arrived earlier to begin improvements on the quarter section he had homesteaded in Dawson County. The one-room soddie was new; the frame house with the parlor the mother dreamed of would not be realized until 1907.

The story of the McCance family is not an unusual one, but with amazing clarity Grace McCance Snyder remembers the events and the people of those early years. The family endured all the hardships of homesteading on the prairie so close to the Nebraska sandhills—prairie fires, drouths, blizzards, births, deaths, lack of medical facilities, rural schools that were difficult to reach and which held classes only a few months a year. But through the chronicle runs the thread of optimism that characterized these pioneers who were not poverty-stricken refugees in any sense. The McCances had left their home and families in Missouri because they felt the need for more space.

Grace was nearly 18 when the course of her life was changed by her teacher, "Miss Gertrude Jeffers of North Platte. It was she who persuaded Grace to become a teacher by attending an eight-week summer institute in North Platte and it was Poppy who borrowed \$35 for her tuition, books, and living expenses. The teaching career was short-lived, however, for in 1903 Grace married Bert Snyder and moved to his cattle ranch northwest of North Platte.

The fortunes of the McCance family slowly improved, and living conditions gradually became more comfortable. But this part of Nebraska was slow to develop when one considers that eastern Nebraska farm families were at this time enjoying improved housing, better roads, and adequate schools. In the early twenties the Snyders temporarily moved to Oregon so their younger daughters could enjoy four years of uninterrupted schooling and it wasn't until after World War II that they could drive to their ranch on a surfaced road. They eventually moved to North Platte, and their modernized ranch is occupied by a son who now "rides his fences" in his own small plane.

By the forties Grace Snyder had achieved national recognition for her original patchwork quilts. Patchwork had occupied frontier women from colonial times; it not only was a means of turning materials at hand into coverlets that provided warmth for their families, but it gave them an opportunity for creative expression as they spent their lonely days on the frontier. Grace's first blocks were sewn at the age of six when she needed to be occupied as she herded her father's cattle. As an adult she refined this uniquely American form of needlework, and her creations are works of art which have been exhibited nationwide, winning countless awards. The exquisite Floral Basket was adapted from a design on a piece of German dinnerware and is on permanent display at the Nebraska State Historical Society Museum. "I made it of triangleshaped pieces so small that eight of them . . . made a block no larger than a two-cent stamp . . ." One male observer said, "that is the Stradivarius of all quilts," The play, *Quilters* by Molly Newman and Barbara Damashek, debuted in 1982 in Denver and is based in part on the life of Grace Snyder.

Grace Snyder achieved her three dreams—she married a cowboy, sewed quilts more beautiful than even she could have envisioned, and saw the top of the clouds as she flew by jetliner to show her masterpieces. She died in 1982 at the age of 100. Her story is eloquent proof that life is best for the person who has "no time on my hands."

Marjorie Wiegert Hutchins

Along the Santa Fe Trail by Joan Myers and Marc Simmons. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1986. 184 pages, map, 55 duotones. Cloth, \$39.95, paper, \$19.95.

In September, 1986, the Santa Fe Trail Symposium was held in Trinidad, Colorado. Joan Myers' photographs of the Santa Fe Trail were exhibited, and Marc Simmons gave the keynote address. The theme of Simmons' talk was how it was the romance of the trail that had brought us all to Trinidad. This theme of romance is also found in both prose and photographs of *Along the Santa Fe Trail*. It is certainly this special emotion that causes one to want to study the history of the trail and to travel it from Missouri to New Mexico.

Joan Myers, who lives in Santa Fe and has photographed the West for over ten years, presents a combination of views of the trail ranging from the site of Old Franklin, Missouri, to an artist doing a painting on the final stretch of the trail just before it reaches the Santa Fe Plaza. There are photographs of people such as Earl Monger and Roe Groom who have helped save parts of the trail, landmarks like Pawnee Rock and Wagon Mound, forts such as Learned and Union, and my favorite place on the trail—San Miguel del Vado.

Other authors have tried a combination of past and present, but often they are not successful. Marc Simmons provides a very skillful blending of accounts of the past by Marian Russell and others with what travel along the trail is like today. He mentions what he considers to be special places to visit, and he points out that nearly all the dangers faced by those early travelers have disappeared except for the rattlesnake, but you can still walk or ride in the footsteps of those who faced those dangers and traveled the trail from 1821 until the coming of the railroad.

The Santa Fe Trail was very different from the other trails such as those to Oregon and California. While the settler or gold seeker often made only one trip over the trail to his destination, the merchant on the Santa Fe Trail often made one or more trips a year with his wagon load of goods. He became very familiar with this route including the camping areas and danger spots. This man

was also going to a foreign country with different customs and a different language.

The effect of this book on me was to create a strong desire to travel the entire trail from Missouri to Santa Fe and not just do the bits and pieces that I have done at times in the past. I will use Marc Simmons' revised edition of *Following the Santa Fe Trail* as my guide, but it was reading *Along the Santa Fe Trail* that brought out the romance of the trail and got me moving. As the marker at Franklin reads, "This trail, one of the great highways of the world stretched nearly one thousand miles from Franklin, Missouri, to Santa Fe, New Mexico, from civilization to sundown," and I want to make the trip.

Ray E. Jenkins, P. M.

Roy Bean: Law West of the Pecos by C.L. Sonnichsen. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1986. 207 pages; paperback; \$9.95.

If one has an interest in the legal history of the American West, he will find that the characters, like the sunsets and vistas, tend to be more colorful and bigger than those found back east. Few will recall the judge who presided at the Salem witch trials, for he only reflected the times. But western judges like Judge Parker or Judge Roy Bean are different, for they seemed to have some control over the times and the events. Like the western sunsets, they filled the wider vistas.

Judge Roy Bean is perhaps the best known Western "jurist" due largely to the Hollywood efforts of Walter Brennan and Paul Newman. These movie portrayals are, of course, hardly exact historical representations. What is more surprising, however, is the fact that the published material on Bean is also very much in the "folklore" category, even though Bean lived into the modern era, dying only in 1903. Thus, the three primary volumes that are relied on by students on Bean—Sonnichsen's *Roy Bean*, Lloyd's *Law West of the Pecos* (1935), and McDaniel's *Vinegarroon* (1936)—all tend to have different anecdotes or different recitations of the same anecdotes.

However, Sonnichsen's book, first appearing in 1943 and now reprinted with an updated preface, stands out from the pack

for two reasons. First, Sonnichsen, as is clear from this book and from his many other fine books, glories in the fact that he deals in a mixture of folklore and history. He likes people and is not ashamed of being interested in what they believe. Sonnichsen realizes that American myths and legends tend to show more about Americans than an empty recitation of dates and names. Second, Sonnichsen, for all his love of folklore, makes a great effort to make his stories as accurate as possible. Whether the sources of his stories are newspapers or old-timers, the author lets the reader know of the verification or lack thereof. Thus, for example, Sonnichsen convinces one of the truth of the well-known there's-no-law-in-Texas-against-killing-a-Chinaman tale. On the other side, this volume does not repeat the error of McDaniel's book in which Bean is credited with the famous sentencing speech of the convicted Mexican murderer, that may or may not have been really imposed by Judge Kirby Benedict of New Mexico or, if you like, Judge Parker of Fort Smith. If the sources on a particular chapter are sparse, as is the case with the story of Bean's Civil War experiences, the book informs the reader of this.

This book is well worth the new printing and the new preface. It is the best all-around book on Roy Bean and his judicial reign in West Texas and belongs in the libraries of those interested in the Western mystique.

John M. Hutchins, C.M.

*Early Times In Texas or The Adventures of Jack Dobell* by John C. Duval. Edited by Mabel Major and Rebecca W. Smith. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 1986. Bison Book edition, 284 pages. Paperback \$7.95.

The first edition of this work was published in 1892, more than 50 years after it began in 1835 at Goliad. The first edition is long out of print; Bison Books is to be commended for now bringing it back to the attention of the general reading public.

Duval has been called "The Robinson Crusoe of Texas." The account of his early adventures has been dubbed "the most literature of all nineteenth-century Texas memoirs." The editors of the present edition

say, "the story would be exciting even if it were not true. Combining as it does the truth of history with the thrill of romance, *Early Time in Texas* is one of the classics of pioneer literature."

In 1835 Duval left Arkansas with his older brother Burr and other adventurous Arkansas young men, to "give the Texians a helping hand on the road to freedom" from Mexican rule. They had organized a volunteer company called "The Mustangs."

The first seven chapters deal with their voyage to Texas, induction into the Texas army, and minor early skirmishes up to Goliad. Just before that unfortunate incident, the "Mustangs", along with other Texan troops were captured by Mexican troops.

On Palm Sunday, 1836, the perfidious Mexican commander massacred almost all of the captured troops. Burr Duval, the "Mustangs" commander (known as Captain D) was killed along with most of his men. John Duval, after a hair-raising escape from death, was luckier. He describes in the remaining fifteen chapters of the book what happened to him. He somehow managed to keep a diary, which served as the basis for *Early Times in Texas*.

During the next month or so he wandered across the Texas landscape dodging the Mexicans and living by his wits. Mexicans were not his only trouble. There were Indians and other sympathetic locals, thirst, river crossings, wolves, rattlesnakes, bears, and a stray dog who took up with him and almost gave him away when he was hiding from scouring troops. Fortunately both he and the dog survived, and in a touching scene at the very end, he finds a good home for the dog when he has to move on. The later years of the dog, called Scout, was long after recounted by his new owner. "Scout lived to a good old age, and died the respected progenitor of a breed of dogs that were highly prized for their valuable qualities."

Although this book was originally written for boys, its good fun, breathtaking adventures, and literary qualities will endure it to all readers young and old.

Mel Griffiths P.M.



**The Protector de Indios in Colonial New Mexico, 1659-1821** by Charles R. Cutter. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1986. 129 pages. Cloth, \$17.50, paper, \$8.95.

Too often books that discuss Spanish-Indian relations deal entirely with the negative aspects of the relationship. This attitude was first presented by Bartolome de Las Casas and became known as the "black legend" of the Spanish conquest and settlement. This negative position is found in most textbooks including those that give little attention to the role of the Spanish in the settlement of the United States.

Charles Cutter, a doctoral candidate at U.N.M. who recently was a Fulbright scholar in Spain, has written a most interesting study of one of the positive aspects of the Spanish-Indian relationship. This is most evident in connection with the more settled Pueblo Indians. As Cutter points out, Spain was the most legal-minded nation in Europe at the time of the discovery and settlement of the New World. Along with the religious institutions, the Spanish attempted to transfer their legal institutions to their colonies. A major problem that they faced and is still faced today is what exactly is the legal status of the native in respect to the government.

The office of Protector of Indians was established to protect the legal rights of the natives including ownership of land. The effectiveness of the office varied greatly according to time and place. At times, the officials of the Church functioned in this role, but a civil official most often had the responsibility. At times the Protector even initiated litigation to uphold the rights of the Indians. The system worked so well overall that the Pueblo Indians learned to use the system to defend encroachment on their land.

The author ran into a problem that plagues all historians who attempt to study the actions of the Spanish in New Mexico during the years before the Pueblo Revolt in 1680. The destruction of documents during the Revolt creates a gap in our knowledge of the actions of the Spanish officials including the Protector de Indios. I certainly hope that this book will be widely read and will help to bring about a more balanced picture of the Spanish settlement of the Southwest.

No other European nation had a Protector of the Indians among their officials in the New World.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Trails Among The Columbine**, Sundance Publications Ltd., Denver, 1986. 160 pages, illustrated, no index, hardbound, \$32.00. (See also ROUNDUP Jan-Feb 1986 pp. 15-16)

Each year Sundance Publications produces a Colorado book for their *Columbine* series. Unlike the 1985 volume this edition contains just four chapters. Each deals with some facet of the life or history of the San Juan country. In common with other Sundance books this one contains handsomely reproduced photographs, many in color.

The first article is called *Fly Fishing in the San Juans*. The author is Steven J. Myers. This account will surely delight the Isaac Waltons among us. Myers writes with a crisp, readable style, telling where he has fished and what was caught. Many detailed macro photographs of flies used by the author enhance the article. Additionally, there are lots of color pictures of some of Colorado's loveliest lakes and streams.

*Three Feet To Silverton* is the title of the longest (78 pages) selection in the book. This is a profusely illustrated account of the history and the charm of the narrow gauge railroad that operates between Durango and Silverton.

Allen Nossaman, former owner of the weekly Silverton Standard, has long been recognized as one of the best informed among San Juan historians. *Silverton: The Mining Town That Wouldn't Quit*, is the title of Nossaman's meticulously researched and well-written contribution to this newest Columbine book.

*Jeepin' the San Juans* by Westerner Ron Ruhoff is the book's last article. It is a comprehensive, up-to-date, overview of the many 4-wheel drive trails of southwest Colorado. Ruhoff has been Jeepin' the San Juans since 1957 and this piece reflects his comprehensive knowledge of that area. Several of the author's handsome photos, some breathtaking, complement the writing.

Robert L. Brown, P.M



## ROSENSTOCK ENDOWMENT FUND

The Denver Westerners is establishing an endowment Fund, intended to make it possible to recognize accomplishments in Western American historical research, publication, or any other activity advancing knowledge and understanding of the history of the American West. The Fund has been named after one of the most scholarly of our Charter Members, Fred A. Rosenstock (1896-1986), distinguished collector, publisher, and dealer in rare books, art, and artifacts with particular reference to the West.

The Posse is currently matching funds donated by the Rosenstock estate. It is intended that only the interest accruing to the Fund is to be expended for awards, and that the principal will be preserved in perpetuity. It is expected that this procedure will result in a gradually increasing Fund which will eventually grow to a respectably sizeable amount.

Contributions to the Fund are sought from members of the Westerners as well as from anyone who may wish to encourage Western American research and scholarship. Contributions are tax deductible—the Denver Westerners is a registered non-profit organization.

Contributors will be recognized at the time of presentation of the awards, hopefully annually, which may take any of a wide variety of forms—certification, publicity, monetary, or any other appropriate form. Please join us in what we hope will become a noteworthy activity.

## BIG BRAND BOOK SALE!!

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

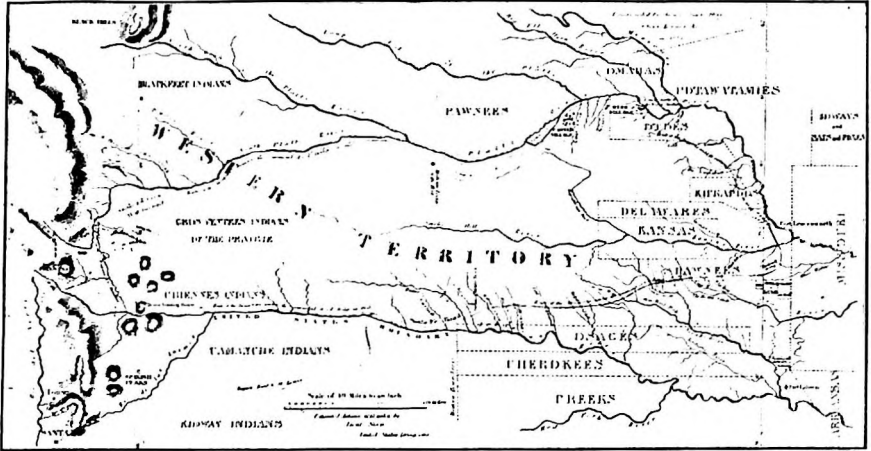
The volume contains 16 articles, including "Civil War in the West," as well as articles by Denver Westerners Blaurock, R.L. Brown, Clausen, Hicks, Pulcipher, Rizzari, Wier, Williams, and others. This is the last BRAND BOOK volume produced by the Denver Westerners and is necessary to complete your set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

In order to reduce and/or close out our overstock this volume 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, Treasurer.

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.

## DUES

Dues are due on 1 January for each ensuing year. The Denver Westerners cannot operate without the prompt collection of annual dues, which are its principal support. Members, of all classes, whose dues are not paid by 1 April may be summarily dropped from the rolls. (See column 1, page 2)



### Map of Col. Dodge's Expedition.

This map was drawn by Lt. Enoch Steen to illustrate the march of the First Dragoons, under Col. Dodge in 1835. Col. Dodge, with 120 men and three field pieces essentially followed Long's route in making the first official visit of the United States to this portion of the western territory since the Long Expedition of 1820. It was something between a show of force and a summer march. Lt. Lancaster Lupton of the expedition was so impressed with what he saw that he left the Army and founded Fort Lupton or Fort Lancaster as it was sometimes called.

The map offers little new cartographic knowledge but is well executed and may be the earliest map to refer to Pike's Peak. It locates the various Indian tribes as they were situated at that time.

The expedition followed the Platte and South Platte Rivers, passing the site of Denver, and followed Plum Creek and Fountain Creek to the Arkansas. They then followed the Arkansas downstream along the U.S.-Mexican border, passed Bent's Fort and returned to Fort Leavenworth via the Santa Fe Trail.

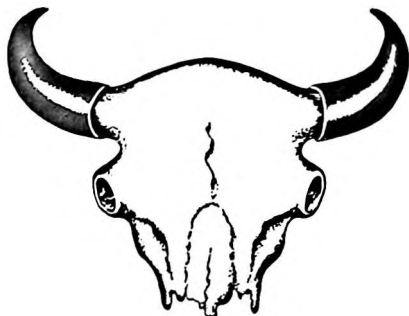
The map was published on a scale of 20 miles to the inch to illustrate Col. Dodge's report and at 40 miles to the inch (this version) as published in the report on military affairs. Both were published in 1836 and are quite scarce today.

Map from Art Source International, Boulder, Colorado, courtesy of Paul F. Mahoney, P.M.

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

MARCH-APRIL 1987



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Edwin A. Bathke

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## OUR AUTHOR

Ed Bathke moved to Colorado 27 years ago from his native state of Wisconsin. Interest in his adopted state and its history is illustrated by his hobbies of jeeping, hiking, and collecting Coloradiana. He is a past sheriff of the Denver Posse of the Westerners and was the first Sheriff of the Pikes Peak Posse of the Westerners. He was the editor of Denver Westerners Brand Book Volume 28, and has contributed articles to other Westerners publications of both the Denver and Pikes Peak Poses. He and his wife, Nancy, presented a program *Spoons Full of Colorado History* to the Denver Posse, and they have presented several programs to the Pikes Peak Posse. The last program that he presented to the Denver Posse was "Mike Burke's Story," Nov.-Dec. 1983.

Ed is a past president of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado, and of the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, and is currently president of the Ghost Town Club (Colorado Springs). An avid collector, he specializes in stereopticon view cards, old photographs, and books and pamphlets of Colorado.

Following seven years' residence in the Denver area, he now lives in Manitou Springs. Ed is a mathematician, and has been a computer specialist the last 20 years for Kaman Sciences Corp., Colorado Springs.

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## THE DENVER WESTERNERS

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HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES?

## THE 94 TUNNEL MINING COMPANY

### Letters From a Small Mine

by

Edwin A. Bathke P.M.  
Presented 28 January 1987

On January 1, 1902, mining manager George Possell sent an open letter to the stockholders of the 94 Tunnel Mining Company:

In the dawn of the first new year, after completing our dry process concentrating mill, we look into the future with confidence, assured that the days of training and pupilage are gone. Severe was the school of experience, but profiting by the teaching of the past year and a half, we will make the future more profitable than it could possibly be were it not for this experience. From whatever standpoint we may view it, our prospects are bright and full of encouragement.

After detailing operations of the previous year, he concluded with the statement:

It is well to bear in mind that MINES ARE MADE not FOUND, and that a mine is not made in a day, and that many good mines have been ruined by the haste of stockholders in demanding dividends before the mine is put in a condition to pay. . .

Myriad are the thrilling, the delightful, the titillating tales of a lucky prospector finding "All California" in his goldpan, of a wandering miner stumbling and digging his pick into the barely exposed vein of a mineral bonanza, or a neophyte mining investor throwing his hat into the air and sinking a shaft into a golden ore body lying beneath his derby.

Sad to say—it didn't happen that way! Prospectors, frequently experienced in mineralogy and schooled in geology, devoted years of their lives searching for elusive signs of mineral wealth while enduring hardship and privation in wild foreboding locales. Even a prospector's "best bet" was a long way from paydirt. The knowledgeable miner had to put in so much hard labor: open tunnels, sink shafts, blast out crosscuts and winzes, dig out stopes—and that was just to find and develop the lead of a mineral vein. That didn't include installing ventilation systems, water pumps, hoisting equipment, ore houses; mucking out the waste rock, tramping ore . . . Then, suitable and economical transportation had to be provided to convey the ore to the mill or smelter. And that initiated a whole new set of problems. Certainly, mining was not a surefire or easy road to wealth.

Suppose the mining investor was fortunate enough to surmount all these physical and mechanical obstacles. Success might still elude him. There were labor problems to contend with, problems that could quickly ruin a mine owner. There were development costs: capital to develop the mine, capital to operate it, capital to pay investors dividends. Very few mines paid from the surface down, paid enough to finance further development. Then there was the problem of inept management, a problem that could easily drain the financial resources of investors, and wreck a mine. Also, greedy stockholders could demand too much too soon, asking for immediate dividends, forcing management to strip a good property of its mineral assets without looking toward a future, more moderate plan. And, of course, a company could fall

prey to legal suits from unscrupulous operators, both within and without the organization, stock manipulations, and other capital-diminishing problems.

We choose to romanticize Colorado's mining history as one glittering success after another; however, such wealthy successes were more often the exception than the rule. Many more hundreds of mining ventures failed to those few that struck true "color." New York and Boston investors were fearfully familiar with that fact, especially in Colorado's early history. Even when all the available information on a venture looked most promising, the tendency was for that project to fail. This is the story of one of those ventures that tried to make a go of it.

The setting of this story is just west of Central City. The Colorado Gold Rush 59ers had followed the first signs of promising float upstream, in search of the mother lode. This led to the founding of Central City and Idaho Springs in 1860. Twenty years passed, however, before there were placer operations on Fall River.

Seven miles west of Central City, a hill—Yankee Hill—was given its name by Union sympathizers during the Civil War. Soon after, a stage road from Central City to Georgetown traversed it. Mining interest in the area did not occur until the early 1980's, when the town of Yankee Hill developed.

The post office at Yankee was established Nov. 2, 1893. In spite of bitter winter weather, the little mining community prospered. The Clear Creek County Directory for 1898 lists 113 names in the town of Yankee Hill, nearly all of them employed. With allowances for wives, children, and other family members, the peak population of Yankee Hill may have been 200. There were many important mining properties around the town, the most notable being the Yankee Consolidated Mining, Milling and Tunnel Company, managed by Capt. H.I. Seeman. But Yankee did not enjoy permanence; the post office closed February 28, 1910, and today traces of the town can be found only with difficulty.

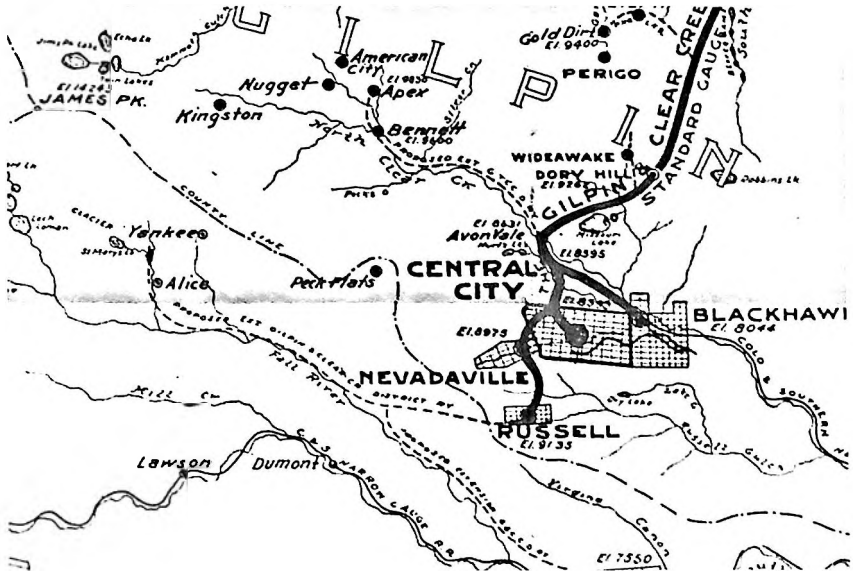
Over Yankee Hill, in the direction of Fall River, the next settlement was Alice. Its initial growth was the result of placer mining on Fall River, but its mainstay was the large Alice mine. A post office was chartered in 1898, but only lasted 10 months. In January 1898, the Alice mine was sold for a quarter million dollars. In 1899, apparently about the time a payment was due, the mine closed, and the town was soon deserted.

But Alice revived, and its post office was reestablished on October 16, 1900. This time the post office stayed open until October 10, 1925. Colorado Business Directories for the years 1911-1914 listed Alice as having a population of 50. The Alice and other mining properties were sufficient to sustain the town. After eleven years without mail service, Alice again had a post office, from December 1936, to January 1939. Today Alice is a ghost town. Though some of its cabins are maintained as summer cottages, the Alice mine glory hole bears witness to a more prosperous era.

During this area's more industrious mining period, the development of a promising prospect a mile northeast of Alice and a mile west of Yankee in 1894 resulted in the community of 94. It consisted primarily of cabins in the proximity of the mine of the same name. Other mines near 94 were the Princess Alice and the Lalla. The town of 94 was never formally incorporated. The nearness of the older, more established camps of Alice and Yankee Hill probably precluded the success of any separate civic designation. Besides, there probably wasn't enough room on the steep hillside for a more fully developed community.

A mining district, known as the Upper Fall River District and also as the Lincoln District, had been formed. Development of various properties was reported in Colo-

rado newspapers and mining journals during the 1890's. The Colorado Bureau of Mines published a list of 241 Clear Creek County mines which had shipped ore in 1895. Included were the Alice, the Stonewall, and the Yankee; however, 94 was not listed as one of the shippers. A large shipment was made from the Lombard, and reportedly a 30-inch vein of solid silver and lead was encountered in the Lombard Tunnel. As a result, mining interests in the vicinity of Fall River were benefiting from the influx of large amounts of Eastern capital. The mining camps prospered. For example, Yankee attained an adequate size to require a school teacher; the second week in November, 1895, Miss Elina Bails of Idaho Springs began teaching the pupils.



Contemporary mining reporters kept the public (including potential investors) informed on local activity. In 1896 the Stonewall was sold to Denver people for \$10,000. An 18-inch strike of solid ore, returning \$100 per ton, was encountered in the main shaft of the Curlew mine. Reports in 1898 claimed that Yankee Hill was on the verge of a great boom, and the Alice mine and mill were about to resume operations. In January 1898 George Crocker of San Francisco bought the Alice Company. Crocker intended to increase the Alice mill from a 150-ton daily capacity to 350 tons. This was to handle the ore from a vein in the Alice which was reported to be 350 feet wide, and 2000 feet long. It was a vein with low-grade ore running between 5 and 10 dollars per ton. The newspaper report continued with other developments in the Fall River District. A new mill, the Cumberland, with a 40-ton daily capacity, had opened, and the Lombard mill had been rebuilt, increasing its capacity from 15 to 35 tons. The Pioneer mill was running part time.

Little mention of the 94 was found in the newspapers. But the Clear Creek Directory for 1898 listed the 94 Tunnel Company in the camp of 94, with John

Wheeler as the manager. The 94 plant was described as a working mill, having 10 stamps, with a 10-ton capacity (water-operated). Then, in July 1899, newspapers reported that the heavy framework for the new mill building of the 94 Tunnel Company had been completed. The building was 24 feet wide and about 80 to 100 feet long. Machinery was still expected from Idaho Springs, and when ready for operation it would run like the celebrated, successful Newton Mill in Idaho Springs. The 94 mill was expected to be operating by September.

Little is known about this 94 Tunnel Company. It was apparently a privately owned company, since it is not listed among the Colorado mining companies incorporated between 1893 and 1898. The mill was not a great success; one of the problems was lack of adequate water.

On May 28, 1900, the organizational meeting of a corporation to be known as the 94 Tunnel Mining Company was held in Denver. Jacob J. Smith was elected president of the company; Theodore Lorig, vice president; and George W. Possell, secretary-treasurer. The elected superintendent was James A. Wheeler; whether he was the same Wheeler as the manager of the preceding 94 mill company, or of any relation, is not known. The company was capitalized with one million shares of common stock, having a par value of one dollar per share. When incorporation papers were filed, Jacob Smith was no longer associated with the operation. Instead, George Francis was the president.

Both Francis and Lorig were residents of La Porte, Indiana. Lorig operated the Lorig Weber Co., a mill, and was a farmer. Francis was a banker and farmer. Additional directors were Martin Weber, of La Porte Roller Mills, and John Ridgway, a capitalist, also of La Porte. Of the five directors, four were from Indiana, and only Possell lived in Denver. Although George Possell's occupation was listed as mining in the incorporation papers, he was also the secretary-treasurer of the Home Dairy Restaurant in Denver.

The incorporation papers described the property as being 9 miles west of Central City, and

easy of access, being only 48 miles from Denver, and may be reached by a two-hours railway journey through the beautiful Clear Creek Canon to Idaho Springs; from the latter a daily mail stage runs to Yankee Post Office. Though ten thousand feet above sea level, Yankee is open the entire year; and good wagon roads connect [it] with Idaho, Springs, Central City and Blackhawk.

The 94 Tunnel Mining Company owned the tunnel site, the Yankee Centennial Lode claim, the Hidden Treasure Lode claim, the May Belle Lode claim, one-half interest in the Stonewall Lode and No. 2 Lodes, one-third interest in the Salamander Lode, 200 feet of the Juno Lode, the La Porte Placer claims No. 1 and 2, and the 94 Placer claim. Development work done by the company was summarized as: 760 feet in the main crosscut of the 94 Tunnel; 464 feet drift on the Yankee Centennial; 325 feet drift on the Stonewall vein, 205 feet upraise on the Stonewall and Yankee Centennial; totaling 1755 feet, plus 2000 feet of trackage. The main building of the concentrating mill was 116 feet by 24 feet, having a boiler and engine room, plus wood room and store room (60 by 22 feet) for concentrates. Machinery in the mill consisted of one 7" by 10" Black crusher, three Waugh high-speed crushing rolls, one revolving ore dryer, four Waugh-Bignell dry concentrating tables, and two Sturtevant blowers.

The incorporation articles refer to the rebuilding of the mill the previous summer, and the change from the wet to the dry process of concentration for ore treatment.



With the wet concentration process, losses were heavy, and savings did not exceed 60 percent of the ore values, whereas with the dry process, savings of 80 to 90 percent were expected.

Adjoining the mill was an ore house 36 by 24 feet, containing eight bins, with a capacity of 300 tons of ore. Furnishing power for the mill were a 60-horse-power boiler and a 50-HP Noyes engine. The tunnel house, 26 by 30 feet, also contained the blacksmith shop. A 20-HP saw mill engine, 25-HP boiler, and air compressor were also located in this building. The company also owned a ten-stamp mill (850 lb), various jigs, concentrating tables, a Fairbanks-Morse pump, four 6-inch blowers, 2000 feet of pipe, two cabins, a saw mill, air drills, a complete assaying outfit, and other mining equipment. From the outside, it appeared the company was starting with a well-equipped mining and milling business.

Appended to the incorporation papers was the financial statement for the period May 1 to August 28, 1901. Receipts consisted of \$11,722 from stock, \$405 from sale of supplies, and \$7992 advanced by the board of directors, for a total of over \$20,000. Expenditures were: \$5,260 for mining and purchasing the mine, \$2,813 for general operating expenses, insurance, taxes, patenting, etc., and \$1,428 of outstanding accounts. The stock of the 94 Tunnel Mining Company was distributed as follows: 400,000 shares for the properties, 30,000 shares for the 20-stamp mill, engine and boiler, and 167,000 shares of treasury stock sold, leaving 203,000 shares of stock remaining in the treasury. Liabilities of the company totaled \$9619. Such a report indicated the company had a solid start, that expenses were considerable, commitments of stock for the property were substantial, and that the board of directors was a determined lot, willing to advance its own funds in an act of faith and commitment.

Within the first year of operation of the 94, George Possell assumed the management of the company. As manager, as well as secretary-treasurer, he reported faithfully, writing frequently to the company president, George Francis of La Porte. George mentioned that Francis should pass the news on to Lorig. Possell wrote less often to Ted Lorig, an interesting anomaly in that Ted Lorig was George Possell's uncle. The letters that were sent to La Porte bear evidence of their origin. Because Possell's major employment was with the Home Dairy Restaurant he lived in Denver, at the Pleasanton Hotel (1901). In subsequent years his address was at the Hotel Albert, Seventeenth and Welton Streets, Denver. Since the business address of the 94 Tunnel Mining Company was Yankee, George spent much time there as well.

Possell worked hard on consolidating and expanding the mining properties of the company. On April 18, 1901 he wrote to Francis concerning a great bargain to be had in obtaining a half-interest in the Stonewall claims. The owners, the Steele brothers, wanted \$2300 for lease, bond, and development work. Frank Steele said that 700 feet of the vein had been explored, and that the vein averaged a two-foot thickness, and assayed over \$10 a ton. George calculated 17,500 tons of ore in sight to be worth over \$175,000. He also calculated that this ore, combined with that in the Yankee Centennial and the Stonewall, would ensure the new mill running at capacity. The rolls and tables in the mill were still being built, and the other necessary changes could be done quickly. So it all looked promising. Possell advanced \$256 of his own money to close the deal, and he hoped that Francis and Lorig would agree to reimburse him. On May 9, Possell replied that he was pleased the La Porte people were satisfied with the Stonewall deal, even though he could not get the original terms.

Possell visited La Porte, briefing the investors, and trying to raise funds for operation and for the purchase of the Stonewall claim. The officers preferred not

selling stock of the company, at a reduced rate, even though Possell would rather have gotten the stock out of the treasury and start with as little debt as possible. As was so often the case, money was needed for machinery. The tables were to be shipped the next week, and the rolls were promised the 25th of the month. With four good men, George could have the mill changed over in "three weeks at the outside." A fine dryer was ready for shipment, and the proposed changes would cost very little money, perhaps \$150.

Possell noted that George Francis wrote of bringing a party to the mine about June 10. The annual meeting was scheduled for June 17, along with a visit to the mines, and a tour of the operating mill. However, if the mill could not be readied in time, George suggested the possibility of postponing the trip and meeting.



THE 94 TUNNEL MILL.

This letter (May 9) also sheds some light on the previous owners of the mine. A Mr. Smith had been discharged from bankruptcy, but Mr. Wheeler was going to sue Smith for his interest in the 95 Tunnel "on the grounds of nonfulfillment of contract" between the two men. Since Possell believed it could be a long time "before this thing is settled [Possell was] in favor of making Smith fight for every share of stock he will ever get, as he surely does not deserve one share of it." George concluded the letter, commenting that the weather was "moderating" at Yankee, and the snow was nearly gone on their side of the hill.

On May 29 George Possell wrote from Yankee, that he was glad to have the meeting postponed. He saw no reason why the machinery would not be in place by June 15, but "it was a job. . . . It was snowing and storming to beat the band that night, and cold and disagreeable." Still, the mines looked good. Possell had been in the Stonewall, where the ore was 2 feet ten inches thick at the breast of the drift, and one of the three assays he took was of a rich streak that gave 18.8 ounces or \$376 in gold, and 6 ounces of silver per ton.

Apparently Possell had invested in and sold stocks in other mines as well, since he wrote "Yes, the Alma has made a good strike, and I am very glad of it as I sold quite a little of the stock of that company at 2 cents. I feel now as if I have done

some good." Promoting the 94 was a continuing task for him. He thought he would have to go to Milwaukee, and if so, would also try to spend a few hours in La Porte.

The frustration of attempting to get the company operating successfully showed as Possell wrote,

it is very unfortunate for us that we have to call on our friends for help so often and that we are so long getting started. But one can not change circumstances. I only wish someone would come out once in a while, and see what an effort we are making to get things going, and see for himself that we have a good thing, that it is only a matter of getting things agoing in good shape.

George's optimism showed as he said,

We will soon change the mind of the doubtful ones. It will not be long before we'll show them that this thing is the best money maker that they ever invested a dollar in.

He pushed the idea of selling 65,000 or 70,000 shares in treasury stock, enough to put the company in good shape, but still retain a majority control. Of Yankee, he related the general optimism, "The camp is very lively and everybody is expecting a great year."

September 17, George thanked Francis for a \$2000 draft and note. He had been busy getting the mill rolls in shape, taking them apart and putting oilers on the bearings, and installing a blower on the crusher floor to blow out the smoke and dust. Achieving sustained mill operation uncovered mechanical quirks and posed new problems, but Possell continued to press forward.

Mr. Brodrick of Elkhart, Indiana, visited the 94, and left satisfied, and with a good impression. Brodrick wanted more stock in the 94, and Possell considered selling 50,000 shares of his own at 30 cents a share. But he felt it might be better for Francis to sell Brodrick 50,000 shares of treasury stock at a bargain 25 cents. Possell had bought 100,000 shares from Wheeler, who was anxious to get some money, so George was willing to sell 50,000 shares if he could get a fair price.

Possell wrote on October 7 that the Smith stock was on public sale, and that it should sell cheaply, for little more than the indebtedness of \$1200, including a \$229 claim of the company against Smith. He closed with,

Trusting you are meeting with success in placing some stock, as I could use some money to advantage. As I must do some work in our tunnel that is on the 94 crosscut. As we are obliged to do some work each six months, and the last work [to maintain the claim] was done in April.

Financing the mining operation was a never-ending problem.

On October 7, Possell wrote that they bought the Smith stock for \$900, but that they had an agreement with the large creditor, Lowell Hardware Company. The 94 would pay the company's claim in full, if the company would not bid against them. With court costs, this would amount to nearly \$1100.

Possell continued,

Our friend Weicher has been crossed in his plans of getting a part of the stock for nothing and the result is he is on the warpath, and is acting as a little boy that has lost in a game of marbles. I understand that he has telegraphed Lorig that unless he has his money by the 10th he would bring suit . . . let him sue . . . He also notified me that we must release him from the notes he signed. This will not be done . . . He has done us no good . . . All he wanted was to make money out

of this. Now that his scheme failed by this stock deal he is ready to down us if he can.

We got our crusher jaws today and will give the mill a trial tomorrow, and I feel confident that we are ready to make a good run now. I hope so from the bottom of my heart. I am almost sick on account of these delays . . . The weather is pretty good. Have had a few blows, and the range is covered with snow; is quite cold.

George Francis received a copy of J. J. Weicher's resignation letter to George Possell, dated October 7, 1901. Weicher had acted as the president of the 94 Tunnel Mining Company for a short period, perhaps April to June, 1901. Weicher had signed notes of \$5000, as president of the 94. The loans had been made by the stockholders of the company. The resignation letter closed with,

There are not brains enough in the "94" combine to pull the wool over my eyes for a moment yet. My resignation as a director will come next, and then my stock will be on the market. Yours truly, J. J. Weicher.

And so, legal squabbles had surfaced among the principals of the 94.

In November and December Possell was busy selling stock. He received \$450, and hoped to sell stock in Omaha. He was confident Eugene Waugh could sell 100,000 shares to "those Eastern parties", and Lorig had gone to Chicago. While Possell was in Milwaukee, Charles Steele wrote to him regarding mill operation. The mill was behaving fine, running all day (Nov. 22) but the screen went to pieces under the rock breaker, so they were going to continue without screening. Assays on the concentrates were running \$80 to the ton, but there wasn't much of this ore. Steele also reported, "pretty tough weather, cold, snow, and blow like H-."

Possell returned to Yankee, and wrote on December 5, that the mill was running fine, and concentrates were assaying at \$108 per ton. But the amount they were running through the mill was too small. Fifty tons of ore in 17 days resulted in a little over four tons of concentrates, worth \$75 a ton. It cost \$22 to \$25 a day to run the mill. At this time, the mill required five men to run, but when the capacity was increased and the tables rebuilt, three men would be able to handle it. Only 50 cords of wood remained, and the mill required over two cords a day. With snow on the ground, they would run out of wood. It would be better to shut down the mill, rebuild the tables, and increase the crushing capacity.

Possell hoped that Lorig would land his thousand-dollar investor. He didn't have money to pay the men, 80 cords of wood were due, and the Fairbanks-Morse Company and Hendrie & Bolthoff had demanded payment on bills totalling \$425. These creditors had heard of the Weicher affair and were afraid. The payroll for the mill for November was \$390.75. On the credit side of the ledger, only six tons of concentrates were on hand, ready to ship.

The December 5 letter closed with the news that they lost the boiler in the tunnel house, but thankfully no one was killed. The crown sheet gave way with 90 pounds of pressure, and they were lucky there was no explosion. A steam pipe would have to be run from the mill boiler to operate the saw mill to cut needed lumber.

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In the dawn of the first new year, after completing our dry process concentrating mill, we look into the future with confidence, assured that the days of training and pupilage are gone. Severe was the school of experience, but profiting by the teaching of the past year and a half, we will make the future more profitable than it could

possibly be were it not for this experience. From whatever standpoint we may view it, our prospects are bright and full of encouragement.

The board of directors deemed it advisable to advance the necessary money at a time when our stock would necessarily have to be sold below the real value thereof on account of the uncompleted condition of our mill, the board well knowing the premium powers of the stock when once the mill was completed, in operation and proven a success.

The mill has been in operation two months and a half, and has demonstrated by this run that the saving of the values of the ore is even better than was hoped for by the management of the company.

This is the first successful dry concentrator plant in the West. Though many vexatious delays occurred in the changing of our water concentrator to the present dry process, the change was forced upon us by reason of the difficulty of obtaining sufficient water . . .

It is well to bear in mind that MINES ARE MADE not FOUND, and that a mine is not made in a day, and that many good mines have been ruined by the haste of stockholders in demanding dividends before the mine is put in a condition to pay . . .

On January 5 Possell wrote that they had Weicher satisfied: they had the note, and Weicher had the machinery. But other legal confrontations appeared. Capt. Seeman, of the Yankee Consolidated, and a well-known mining name in the area, was trying to get a foothold on the 94 side of the hill. A Seeman foreman claimed he had bought the Cold Robin claim from Gen. Varnum, and that therefore he had prior claim on the Stonewall. Varnum, 80 years old, swore in court that he was the locator of the claim, and had sunk the legally required ten-foot shaft, but that the hillside had washed down into it. Possell said that this was a lie, but the jury believed Varnum. Consequently the 94's half-interest in the Stonewall, as well as the 94's tunnel workings were in jeopardy. Possell ended his letter with the comment that he "expected to go to Yankee next week if he could get through. They are having lots of snow."

Early in 1902, the 94 Tunnel Mining Company attempted to obtain financing by selling \$30,000 worth of gold bonds, payable in three years, with seven percent interest. The Western Trust and Guaranty Company was to handle the placement of the bonds. Throughout 1902 Possell had busied himself with getting the mill running. Rollers of adequate weight, to which the ore would not stick, crusher jaws that would last, and other various problems plagued him. Material and labor expenses continued to mount, and he frequently wrote of hopes on the completion of the WT&G bond deal. But that was not to come to pass. Apparently the financial situation of the 94 was too shaky to ever permit a successful sale of the bonds.

Electricity service to the camp would have been a boon to operations. But on January 23, George wrote that the Georgetown Light and Power Company line ran only as far as Empire, which was eight miles away.

On January 27 Possell related the latest trouble with Weicher, who had sold 7,000 shares of 94 stock in Boston at 15 cents a share, and then kept a 50 percent commission instead of the authorized 25 percent. He also had not paid for 500 other shares, and owed the company \$525. Weicher called Possell a "blank blank" liar on the phone. Possell considered suing for the money due. The correspondence closed with the weather: the temperature was 20 degrees below zero in Denver that morning,

so George decided not to try going to Yankee.

The February 5 letter was postmarked "Yankee." George was trying to test the rebuilt tables in the mill, but the weather was so cold that the water for the boiler was frozen. Ice was also a problem in the 94 tunnel. On February 6 Possell submitted a list of company liabilities totaling over \$11,000 (including \$7500 in loans from Lorig and Francis).

In his February 27 letter, Possell thanked George Francis for a draft of \$1000. He also wrote

I suppose you see by the papers that Colorado has gone oil crazy. I never saw such a thing. Almost everybody you see has the fever. As far as I can see it is wildcatting pure and simple.

In the March 24 letter Possell thought the Alfred Preston's advertising promotional idea was a good one. Preston, a resident of Yankee, indicated that he had all the money he needed except \$200; Possell suggested contributing \$25. The mining interests of the area published a pamphlet, *The Yankee Hill Gold Section, Clear Creek County, Colorado*. Possell sent a copy to George Francis, and Francis retained it with his papers and correspondence. Consequently this very rare, illustrated booklet survived, providing important historical information on Yankee Hill.

On April 5 Possell wrote,

Mr. Wheeler is going back to Mexico today. And you will be surprised to hear that Frank Steele [part owner and operator of the Stonewall] is going with him. He has such glowing stories about that country that Frank took the fever. And you will be still more surprised when I tell you that I had a land slide in 94 stock. I bought the balance of the Wheeler stock, 165,000 shares. He made me an offer on the whole bunch that was like finding it and I took him up at once.

During 1902 the same problems continued for the company. Possell tried to sell stock in Omaha, and others tried in Milwaukee and Chicago, all with limited success. The Western Trust and Guaranty delayed on the bonds, and wrote a poor prospectus full of errors. Various mining equipment companies touted their products to the 94, but few seemed satisfactory, and the problems with the rollers, crushers, and tables were endless. In May Possell took a trip to his old town of Los Angeles, attending to private business. Always supporting the 94 company, he stopped in Salt Lake City to inspect more mining equipment.

Meanwhile, the court cases continued. The Smith case was lost (George said, that's the chance, with a bum jury), and they considered an appeal.

Winters were always severe at Yankee, but reports in April were of rapidly melting snow. Then it snowed on the Fourth of July, and on July 5 it snowed all day; it was so cold that water froze into ice a half-inch thick.

The annual meeting, set for June 17, was postponed to August 16, and then postponed again, to October 15 due to a lack of a majority in attendance. In August Possell traveled to La Porte with plans for consolidating the 94 properties with other mines in the basin, increasing the capital stock of the 94 to three million shares, or forming a new company. This venture also failed.

In September Smith brought his fifth suit against Possell and the company. This time Smith brought action for \$20,000, claiming that Possell had refused to issue him 147,994 shares of stock. George offered to do it if Smith would furnish the revenue stamps, since there weren't funds for the stamps. Smith then told Weicher

that if Possell "did not issue that stock he would cut his --- heart out."

George took out time to be a delegate to the Republican convention in Colorado Springs that September. He had written of efforts to consolidate the 94 properties with other claims, and this was still under consideration. But one other mine owner, a Mr. Rundle, wanted 350,000 shares of stock and \$15,000, a price beyond reason. As usual, Possell closed his letter with the latest weather conditions. On September 18 a heavy snow, 18 inches, fell at Yankee. This was a godsend since it would put out the forest fires (there were several bad ones in the state).

On October 3 Possell urged Francis to attend the annual meeting. He wrote,

I am almost led to believe by the tone of your letter that most of you back there feel like abandoning this. I hope this is not the case. We have too much at stake, and all the elements of success are at hand. We can not afford to let this drop now. I am hanging on by the skin of the teeth, and may have to drop soon if you all go back on me. But if I do I know it is no fault of the proposition, but of lack of interest by those interested, and lack of business ability, to carry this through. I know as well as I know myself that with sufficient capital to start this thing agoing it will be a winner. We can not expect to lose all we have put in. This I for one hate to do.

Possell continued the letter with the weather report:

You speak of your rains and no sunshine. We have the "beautiful." It is still coming down, and if it had not melted some I believe we would have three feet of snow. It is well said that this country has but three seasons, July, August, and Winter.

On October 15 Possell attended the annual meeting; no one else was there. He postponed it another ten days. Discouraged, he wrote Francis, listing all of his money, over \$800, that he had poured into the 94 since May 1, plus his own living expenses. He also tried to talk Francis and Lorig out of resigning, and offered to surrender some of his titles. He proposed offering directorships, one to Milwaukee parties, and two to Omaha investors, probably F.J. McShane, and C.L. West.

The 94 directors decided to sell treasury stock to raise needed funds. O.E. Lewis & Company, of Milwaukee, was a financial agent for the 94 Tunnel Mining Company of Colorado at the time, as well as a trustee for the Gold Dollar Mine Development Company of Alaska. Mr. Lewis worked diligently in selling stock, but most sales were for less than 100 shares. In November Possell mentioned that the 94 now had 160 stockholders. A new prospectus was prepared, and Possell favored sending it with the corporation's report, to all of the stockholders.

Financing the 94 Tunnel Mining Company was a never-ending problem. Lewis, from Milwaukee, visited the 94, was favorably impressed, and then proposed consolidating the 94 with the Gold Dollar in Alaska, and selling very low-priced shares through the mail. McShane and West of Omaha were talking to a Chicago attorney about arranging a trust company to issue gold bonds. The plan consisted of the trust company issuing to a purchaser, a non-interest-bearing gold bond, payable in seven years, and 1000 shares of company stock, all for \$300. In seven years the purchaser had the choice of cashing in his \$1,000 bond, or keeping the stock.

In April 1903 Possell wrote of his successful trip to Omaha. Investors there were showing considerable interest in the 94. Possell had \$2400 in hand, and \$950 more coming. He also reported the rumor that a railroad from Central City was being planned. In June Possell wrote to George Francis that he had told the "Omaha boys" that their money would be used for starting the mill and purchasing the Stonewall.

The interest on the old notes was another matter. Possell was already giving up part of his interest and all of his time. He wrote, "Besides I have never asked the company for one cent of interest for money advanced, and as we are all in this thing we must all put our shoulder to the wheel and make it go." Possell's letter turned to other topics. It was going to be a "mean job" to install the rollers. And on this date, June 28, he wrote, "The only kind of harvesting we can do so far is icicles."

On August 2, progress was reported in installing the mill machinery. C. L. West of Omaha had been cast, attempting to raise money to pay old bills, and he was rather blue following his failure. Possell was about ready to quit the operation, and start looking out for himself, since he felt if it hadn't been for him the company would have failed long ago. Some of the stockholders were clamoring for dividends now, and that just wasn't possible until the mill was operating. George was pleased that a telephone was being installed that week. And it was not very expensive, only \$12.00 a quarter. He closed with, "the weather is fine up here now, rather cool. There was ice this morning."

On August 31, the boiler smokestack was raised. On September 21, a crew of nine men put finishing touches on the mill. C. L. West had raised \$6925, and was trying to raise \$2000 more. A letter on November 14 reported, "our mill is in operation." The November 29 letter said,

There were several hitches as usual, but nothing serious . . . Friday afternoon they put through from 3 [o'clock] to 5:30 about 7 tons without a hitch, and that they expected to make several tons of concentrates on Saturday. I see no reason why we should not make more than expenses from now on, in other words it is safe to say that we are on a paying basis (not dividend) right now . . . We are having real winter at Yankee. It was 10 degrees below all day the last time I was up there.

On December 11, Possell wrote that water from the mine was so low that they couldn't run the boiler and also carry out the tailings. So they were carrying out the tailings dry, and were installing a conveyor. "These delays are unpleasant for the reason that they can not be explained to our Eastern stockholders. . . . I believe that I have done my duty by this company, and for all I have done I hear nothing but fault finding." Still, all of the news wasn't bad. Some of the ore in the Stonewall was of such high grade, that they were sorting it, instead of running it all directly through the mill.

On December 30 Possell rued "such everlasting bad luck in getting this thing started last fall. If the mill had run like she does today when we started in Octoberr last, I think we could have paid up almost all we owe." The Stonewall was assaying about \$75 (per ton), and Possell said, "the Stonewall will pull us out of the hole all right." Still he was worried about meeting that month's payroll.

Possell's letter on May 9, 1904, told of three to five feet of snow falling in the mountains the previous week. He apparently had been ill, but now he wrote of being well again. Still, George was terribly nervous, and wished that he could go to a lower altitude for a time. Enclosed with the letter was the report to the stockholders of the 94 Tunnel Mining Company. The report summarized activities of the previous two years. It stated that,

no salaries have ever been paid to any officer or director and your manager has put in four years of his time with the property without a cent of pay. The first object of the management was to open up the ore in the mine . . . The amount opened has been estimated at \$300,000.



After this ore was exhausted, more ore, an estimated one and one-half million dollars worth, would be opened up by driving a new tunnel 650 feet below the present workings. The report stated,

Your directors think the earnings of the mill should be paid to the stockholders as dividends and that the capital stock should be increased to provide money necessary to drive the proposed tunnel.

The letter continued with a chronicle of past events:

In 1902 there was little done towards remodeling of the mill from the fact that parties from Chicago and Milwaukee led us to believe they could sell the stock required to raise what money was needed to repair the mill and provide extra machinery to put the plant into operation. After failing to do as expected these parties had consumed so much of the working season, which is short here, that we were compelled to put off until the next year what ought to have been done in 1902. When we finally began with the assistance of Omaha businessmen, who provided the money to put the mill and mine in shape, we worked under the disadvantages of being at a distance from railroads and supplies of all kinds.

Then a newspaper article from the *Denver Post*, April 16, 1904, was reprinted in the stockholders' report, detailing the proposed Gilpin and Clear Creek District Railroad. The railroad was to run from the Denver, Northwestern and Pacific RR, near Rollinsville, to Central City, through Nevadaville and Idaho Springs, to Yankee Hill. The terminus of the railroad was to be at Glacier City, not over 400 feet from the portal of the company's proposed tunnel. This would enable them to buy coal for steam at less than half the cost of wood.

The annual meeting of the 94 Tunnel Mining Company was to be held at the Albany Hotel in Denver, on June 21, 1904. A vote on the proposal to a 500,000 share increase in capital stock would be taken, to raise money for the new tunnel project. Possell mailed out the meeting notice and proxy forms on May 21. The mill was still closed for the winter (snow was still falling at Yankee). George still had his nervous trouble, and wanted to be over it before going up to the mine. He hoped someone from La Porte would attend the meeting, but if the mill was not operating by then, he considered postponement.

At the annual meeting, the stockholders present felt that the 61,699 shares in the treasury were not sufficient to raise needed funds, and furthermore they did not want to increase the capital stock of the company. Consequently the major stockholders offered to turn in 82,500 shares of their stock, provided C.L. West would ask other stockholders to turn in enough shares to total 100,000, all of which were to be sold to raise the necessary development money. Each share was to be sold for at least 15 cents, with 5 cents to be paid to the stockholder, and the remainder to go into the treasury. All stock not sold by January 1, 1906, was to be returned to its owner.

Meanwhile the Home Dairy Restaurant in Denver was embroiled in its own lawsuits. Possell, secretary of the restaurant company, wrote on November 5 of being upset, as the Home Dairy case was now in the supreme court. Besides this trouble, on his last visit to the 94, he noted that a cave-in in the Stonewall drift had stopped operations. On the good side, though, it had exposed some high-grade ore, and the mill was ready for business. But the stopes in the tunnel had to be retimbered before ore could be taken out. Possell also mentioned that West had visited the mine, and got a good taste of some of the problems being encountered. Possell's letter of January 3, 1905 concluded with the sidelight,

Our Home Dairy affair is not settled and between it and 94 I do get a bad case of blues at times . . . I have been waiting since December 2 to have our case heard in the supreme court, on account of the election fraud cases. The rottenness of the Democratic Party here in Denver is the worst ever heard of. Tomorrow our legislature meets and trouble is looked for. It is quite sure that they will seat the present Governor, Peabody, though the returns show Adams, a Democrat, is elected by 11,000. But it is believed that more than that number of votes were fraudulently cast for Adams in Denver alone. It is a dirty mess.

Historians recall that episode, when Colorado had three governors within 24 hours. Adams was the incumbent governor. Peabody was declared the winner, on the condition that he resign immediately. By constitutional succession, Lieutenant Governor MacDonald became the new governor.

During 1904 C. L. West had been very busy traveling, attempting to raise money and sell stock for the 94. Subsequently he became the manager of the 94 Tunnel Mining Company. On April 23, 1905, West wrote from Omaha that their mines had 300 or 400 tons of ore ready for the mill. He wrote,

The mine is in fine shape, and Yankee is going to see a lot of activity this year. Sceman of the Yankee Consolidated, the Oro Verde, the Puritan, and the Gold Anchor and Sweet Home all have money to push their work as soon as the snow is off some. The new wagon road from Alice to Dumont that the state, county, and Dumont people are building solves the fuel problem for coal will be cheaper than wood.

The Gilpin and Clear Creek District Railroad had failed. Some grading for the railroad was accomplished in 1904 and 1905, but then the project died.

In the fall of 1905, the 94 Tunnel Mining Company was so short of funds that a subscription drive to raise \$6000 from the stockholders was instituted. Subscribers were to pay at least 25 percent of their pledge on first payment, and the remainder in twelve monthly payments. The company would repay the interest-free loans at the end of three years, and also issue four shares of stock for each dollar loaned.

On December 7, 1905, a letter was mailed to each stockholder in which the company admitted that it was practically insolvent, and that either bonds would have to be sold to pay off the indebtedness or the property would be sold for taxes. The majority of stockholders decided to turn in half of their stock to the company treasury. The addresses of those who were not "square enough to do so", were available from the secretary of the company. From 1906 to 1908, the development and mining expenses of the company were met by monthly loans made to the company by its stockholders. The treasurer's report at the annual meeting in Denver, June 16, 1908, showed that from June 1907 to June 1908, \$2439 had been received in loans from the stockholders, and expenses totaled \$2275. At the annual meeting, F. J. McShane, who operated a timber company in Ranchester, Wyoming, was elected president of the 94. George Francis, of La Porte, Indiana, stepped down, becoming the vice president. George Possell remained the secretary and treasurer.

Prior to the annual meeting, on May 9, West wrote to Francis, complaining about major stockholder Ridgway, from La Porte, being a "Shylock," and demanding his pound of flesh. West referred to the individual loans that La Porte investors had made to the company as being ancient history. The Omaha people had come to the rescue of the 94, and were now paying the bills. He believed the various mining claims of the 94 Tunnel Mining Company were still properties with valuable ore.

He also believed, if all interested parties pulled together, the 94 would yet become one of the big mines of Colorado.

Despite all the optimism, enthusiasm, and hard work of Possell, West, and the stockholders of the 94, success continued to elude them. A special meeting of the stockholders was called, to be held in Denver, April 19, 1913. By this time the town of Yankee Hill had dwindled, and the company's business address was changed to Alice, Colorado. The letter to the stockholders stated that the property of the 94 Tunnel Mining Company had been sold for taxes, as three years' taxes were now due. The corporate taxes for 1913 were unpaid. Supply and labor bills were due and yet unpaid and the work for the 1912 assessment had not yet been completed. Since the company had not been able to raise money by the sale of its treasury stock, and the appeal to the stockholders by the board of directors to subscribe to loans of \$20,000 had raised less than one-fourth of that amount, a special meeting was being called to issue \$50,000 worth of bonds, bearing seven percent interest, payable in ten years. The letter closed with the statement, "The Directors believe the 94 property is all right and feel sure, if the necessary money is raised to develop the property, that the stock will be a paying investment." The bonds were authorized at the meeting. The stockholders were given the first opportunity to buy the bonds, and the meeting report painted a glowing picture of a valuable mining property on the brink of success.

For fourteen years, a few loyal stockholders with unwavering faith had struggled to keep the 94 alive. The last-ditch effort to sell bonds, in essence surrendering most of their investment to the prospective bond buyers, was likewise doomed to failure. No further correspondence was filed by George Francis after 1913. The last evidence of the 94 Tunnel Mining Company as a viable corporation faded.

In the *Economic Geology of Gilpin County and Adjacent Parts of Clear Creek County*, published by the United States Geological Survey in 1917, the 94 tunnel is described in detail. The report ends with the paragraph,

The ore from the Stonewall is said to average about one ounce of gold and 10 to 12 ounces in silver. Most of this ore had been treated in the company's mill near the mouth of the tunnel. This mill, however, made only experimental runs, using a dry process of concentration. Smelting ore is hauled by team 12 miles to sampling works in Idaho Springs.

No figures have been found indicating how much ore was ever processed, or if any significant payments ever resulted from the mines. The efforts that dedicated investors expended in attempting to make the 94 Tunnel Mining Company one of the great Colorado mines went for naught. As George Possell had reminded his fellow investors "mines are *made not found*." Only the successful mines have made their mark in history—and they were few. History is not fair to the failures—their contemporaries ignored them, and seldom is anything recorded for historians of coming generations. If George Francis, prominent farmer of La Porte, Indiana, with faith in the mineral wealth on Yankee Hill in Colorado, had not saved all his correspondence with his company, history would have no record of the struggle of these men and their mining operation.





## Westerner's Bookshelf



**Stokes Carson—Twentieth Century Trading on the Navajo Reservation** by Willow Roberts. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1987. 225 pages, photographs. Cloth \$24.95, Paper \$12.95.

Like the majority of the traders to the Navajo, Stokes Carson was a businessman caught between two very different cultures. He was forced to deal with a people with a very different set of values from the dominant Anglo value structure. This cultural confusion became even further complicated with the intervention of radical Native American groups and governmental organizations during the 1960's and 1970's.

This book is exactly what the title indicates in that while it is the story of Stokes Carson and his family who have been traders to the Navajo from 1916 to the present, the book is also a study of twentieth century trading with the Navajo. A very good summary of what it meant to be a trader during this period is presented with an emphasis on the major aspects of this most unique occupation. The changes in the relationship between the trader and the Navajo is most evident today as one travels around the reservation. The emergence of the convenience store along the major reservation highways has increased competition as has the development of major stores in Window Rock and Chinle. The number of traders who function in the old way is being reduced as time goes by, and the old trading post is found in only isolated locations.

Government regulation has increased the number of changes in the system. This is evident in the use of pawn as collateral. The amount of required bookkeeping has resulted in most traders getting out of the pawn business entirely.

The story of Stokes and Jessie Carson and their children and grandchildren covers this most important period of business change. Their life was a reflection of the changes in Navajo life including the program of livestock reduction that the government instituted in the hope of preventing over-graz-

ing. World War II, off-reservation employment, and the development of mineral resources on reservation land also brought many changes.

It is also the story of their personal life including the many problems faced by the isolation of the trading posts. Problems of education for the children and communication in time of crisis also had a strong effect on their relationships with other Anglos. There was a lack of friends outside of the family, and this included friends among the Navajo. The relationship between the Carsons and the Navajo seemed to be very paternalistic with the Navajo in the role of the child.

The one Anglo who seems to have developed a degree of friendship with a few Navajo was Walter Scribner who worked for the Carsons. Mention is made of his being invited to a sing. More information regarding his relationships would have been worthwhile.

Stokes Carson, who ran his trading posts both on and off the reservation for nearly fifty-eight years, died in 1974, but his way of life had changed so that the old ways were gone forever by then. The role played by the trader in the life of the Navajo would never be the same again.

Willow Roberts has done a fine job describing the role of the trader and how it has changed. The trader filled a need of the Navajo and this book fills a need for the reader interested in reservation life.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Alexander Eaglerock, a History of Alexander Aircraft Company** by Col. John A. de Vries, U.S.A.F., Retired. Century One Press, Colorado Springs, 1985. 126 pp, ill., paper bound, \$19.95.

This large format slick paper pamphlet traces the history of one of the Front Range corridor's earliest large scale, but short-lived manufacturing companies. The book is for specialists and seems a bit too expensive for the casual Western history buff. The reader

needs a thorough knowledge of early aircraft engineering and manufacturing to fully appreciate it. The book has many pages filled with pictures and engineering drawings of the various models of Eaglerock aircraft; the text also traces the intricacies of model changes and some of the foibles of the engineers who dreamed them up.

The parent company, the Alexander Film Company, from which was spun off the aircraft manufacturing subsidiary, got its start by two go-getting brothers, J. Don and Don M. Alexander, in Spokane, Washington, in the second decade of the 20th century. The company produced film trailers and advertising short subjects for display in movie houses. By 1923 business had grown so much that the company moved to a more central location at 3385 South Broadway, Englewood, Colorado, from which they could serve their many customers throughout the trans-Mississippi West.

Rumor has it that J. Don Alexander, the older brother, had a brainstorm in 1924—why not teach all their salesmen to fly and provide them with an airplane in which to make their rounds? There were scores of surplus World War I aircraft and engines available at that time, but J. Don was decades ahead of his time. The author of this book says that he has not been able to find a single film salesman, other than the original sales manager, who made his rounds in an Eaglerock or even bought one.

The film company sales manager was sent to Marshall, Missouri, to learn to fly at the Nicholas-Beazley school. A few months later he came back as a new-minted pilot, with a Laird "Swallow" airplane, which the Alexander company had bought from the flying school. Many design features of this first-purchased aircraft went into the subsequent Eaglerock planes manufactured at Englewood and later at Colorado Springs.

A highlight in the evolution of the Eaglerock airplane occurred in 1925, when J. Don hired 19-year-old Al Mooney, who had graduated from Denver's South High the previous springs. Al was a self-taught aeronautical genius. In 1929 he left Alexander to form his own aircraft company, but during his four-year stint he had a profound effect on Eaglerock design. Much later he

designed the Mooney Mite, and the other Mooney models which have become some of the most efficient of small aircraft.

During the eight years between 1924 and 1932, the Alexander Aircraft Company flourished, only to be felled in 1932 by the "great depression." In its short life the company suffered a disastrous fire at its Englewood plant in 1928 that snuffed out 11 lives; a major move of the entire operation from Englewood to Colorado Springs; the failure of the Alexander "Bullet"—a low wing monoplane—to pass certification flight tests; the prototypes would not spin properly under aft loading, going into flat spins which killed two test pilots; a short interlude of glider production in 1932 which failed to catch the public fancy; and eventually bankruptcy in 1932.

The reader must needs be an antique aircraft buff to fully appreciate this well-illustrated booklet which chronicles a little-known and unique facet of Colorado's manufacturing history.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

**A Guide to Ancient Maya Ruins** by C. Bruce Hunter. 2nd Edition. Univ. of Okla. Press, 1986. 369 pp., 137 b&w ill., 24 color, 22 maps and plans, biblio., index. Hardback \$19.95; paper \$12.95.

Of this Guide it can truly be said, don't leave home without it. The story of the rise and fall of the magnificent Maya culture, from about 1500 BC to the irruption of the Spanish Conquistadores in the early 1500s is related in words and illustrated by photographs and descriptions of structures characteristic of each distinctive period. Any visitor with more than superficial interest in the ancient Maya area and its historic culture could achieve an understanding of this impressive period in man's cultural development by viewing the tangible remains with this Guide in hand. No one can fail to be deeply impressed by the accomplishments of this New World civilization so ruthlessly destroyed by its cruelly bigoted European conquerors.

The history of the Maya is complex and not yet completely understood—much of it is still buried and concealed in the jungle. Most of us have no conception of the richness

and accomplishments of this exceptional culture which developed a written (pictorial) language, a mathematics, an astronomy, and a recorded history, the latter almost completely obliterated by the European "conquerors" in the name of God. Possibly this book will not impel anyone with no previous intention to visit Mayaland to do so, but anyone who does visit without the aid of the guidebook will miss much.

The Guide separates this section of Mesoamerica into four principal topographic regions which include modern Yucatan, extreme southwestern Mexico, Belize, Guatemala, most of San Salvador and part of Honduras, and treats separately and analytically some 24 principal archeological sites therein, with descriptions and photographs.

There are travel suggestions and even hints of appropriate clothing and useful accessories. Finally, an 11-page index crowns this already useful book.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr. P.M.

**The Cowman's Southwest, Being the Reminiscences of Oliver Nelson** by Oliver Nelson, edited by Angie Debo. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Bison Book, Lincoln and London, 1987. 343 pp., map, ill., paperback, \$8.95.

The flyleaf of this book gives some additional material about the author: "freighter, camp cook, frontiersman in Kansas, Indian Territory, Texas and Oklahoma 1878-1893." In some ways this says most of what could be said about Nelson. He is an engaging raconteur. His way of saying things is both colloquial and sometimes strange, but once you have the hang of it you will do fine.

Debo does a fine job of providing an exegesis of Nelson's text, and at the same time supplies a running commentary on the historical events which were shaping up at the same time. These are all supplied in a different type of printing from Nelson's text, which makes it easy to follow.

What Nelson calls the Southwest would not qualify as such today. He refers to the cow country which occupied the eastern half of the mid-grass plains on the great plains, embracing eastern and central Kansas, the Oklahoma strip, the Indian reservation, and the eastern part of the Texas panhandle. Mostly it is country out of which the state of Oklahoma was made at the turn of the century. Today this is more Midwest than Southwest.

Nelson's first job was as a freighter into the country south of Caldwell, Kansas. After a few trips he graduated to a cooking job for a cow camp. From this point on he grew up with the county. Although he most often served as a cook, he let this serve as a springboard from which he branched out into cowboying, keeping stage stations, serving as guide for the mail and military forays, and even proving up on a homestead.

Nelson paints a complete picture of cooking utensils, methods of cooking under the primitive conditions extant in most cow camps, and he even parts with a few recipes.

A wild and turbulent frontier fell under his gaze and he was nothing if not observant. He misses none of the daily routines of the cattle frontier—roping, branding, dehorning, castrating, trail herding, and the interpersonal dealings of cowboys and owners. His knowledge of horses and cattle was complete and shared with the reader. His description of the blizzards of 1885-86 which brought the range cattle industry to its knees is epic.

Lawlessness was rampant in this area as farmers and fencing were replacing the open range. Nelson recounts many of these difficulties, but managed to steer shy of most of them. Those in which he took a personal part seemed to permit him to take the place of either elder statesman or non-participant bystander.

Nelson took part in the Cherokee Outlet run of 1893, claiming a plot of land upon which he eventually settled.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

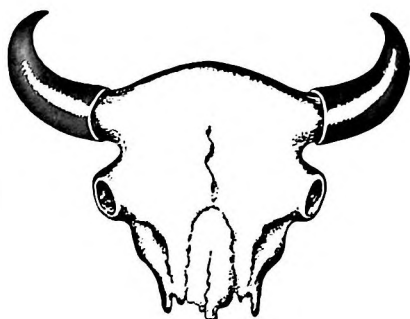
## HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES?



*The* DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

MAY-JUNE 1987



## PASO POR AQUI ON THE JORNADA

Herbert I. Jones



ROBERT A. MARTIN

Pioneer cowboy—business man—public servant of southern New Mexico

### OUR AUTHOR

Herbert I. Jones began a professional career in native rangeland studies after graduation from Colorado State University, entering later into ranch planning service and other duties with the USDA and the US Dept. of the Interior. His experience successively involved watershed conservation affairs and finally the allotment of native lands to park and recreation purposes and the financing of these by local, state and federal government.

These pursuits led to service as Chairman of the Colorado State Board of Parks, Member-Trustee of the Denver Botanic Gardens, legislative assistance to Colorado State University, and most recently to membership on the Board of Directors of the Foundation for Colorado State Parks. He originated the Plains Conservation Center for Colorado.

A Colorado native, graduate of North Denver High School, cattle raiser, and part owner of a Douglas County ranch.

### VALE LELAND CASE

Leland D. Case, founder of the WESTERNERS in Chicago in 1944, died at his home in Tucson, Arizona, on 16 December 1986, at the age of 86, the last of the founding group. The Westerners grew out of the *Friends of the Middle Border*. For those who may not already know, the *Denver Westerners* was the second Corral after the original Chicago group of Westerners. See the *Buckskin Bulletin*, March 1987 for a more complete history of Case.

### 115 WESTERNERS CORRALS

The March 1987 BUCKSKIN BULLETIN (Tucson, AZ) lists 115 Corrals of *Westerners*, 94 of them in 29 of the United States, plus 21 in 11 foreign countries. California and Arizona lead the States with 15 and 12 Corrals respectively, while 13 states have but one Corral each.

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HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES?



## CHARACTERS ON THE SIERRA RANGELAND OF SOUTHERN NEW MEXICO, 1885-1945

Herbert I. Jones, P.M.

Presented 25 February 1987

Stretching westward from about Ft. Stockton, Texas is a strip of country called semi-desert grassland. It averages up to 200 miles or so north of the Mexican border and it makes up a serious part of the geography of southern New Mexico. This is an inhospitable land, low in rainfall, hot and dry. The average precipitation is less than 8 inches in most years, 4 inches in many of them, and 1 or 2 inches oftener than anyone wants to believe. Yet this semi-desert supports a happy company of animals, and a glorious plant cover that from time to time springs forth in a display that melts the hearts of cowmen, artists, and botanists alike.

A territory within this grassland that has been over the years one of the most isolated parts of the nation is roughly a square of 150 miles or so on a side, comprising most of Sierra County, New Mexico, and some portions of adjoining counties. The heart of the area has a colorful name—Jornada—more exactly, Jornada Del Muerto, Journey of Death. First named by the Spanish Conquistadors, its fearsome nature was demonstrated to pre-Civil War troops, explorers, gold seekers, and eventually to those who came seeking homes. The road called Jornada Del Muerto roughly paralleled the Rio Grande well east of the river, and stretched from just south of Albuquerque on the north, southward to Las Cruces.

The Jornada was the route, in by-gone times, to keep away from the Rio Grande and thus to avoid lurking Apaches, river swamps, and tortuous canyons. The caravan of the explorer, Juan de Oñate, stretched out for miles along this route with oxen, foot soldiers, armor-clad horsemen, and settlers, each with a craving for water. These explorers and colonizers introduced a legacy that not only endures until today and has become the scourge of the Jornada, a woody shrub, the Honey Bean Mesquite (*Prosopis juliflora*). Their oxen, loosed in the Rio Grande bottoms to feed and rest up for the Jornada trail, resulted in mesquite beans being sown all along the way. The beans were laid down in the droppings, the perfect medium to etch the bean's tough seed coat to admit moisture, and to insulate the seed from cold and drought until a more favorable time came for plant growth.

*Paso por aqui!* They traveled this way.

Since then, and more so since the arrival of the pioneer ranchers, the mesquite has invaded many thousands of acres. A Dr. Carlton Herbel was to prove the extent of this take-over in 1963 when he located Public Lands Survey records and maps of 1858 which when overlaid with maps of present plant distribution showed that the spread of brush over the Jornada has been enormous. Some 500 separate species of plants inhabit the Jornada. The top 50 or so make this a great country for cattle grazing. The uplands offer incredible landscapes of the most beautiful grass ever pictured. And it is this grass, Black Grama (*Bouteloua eriopoda*), that gives the area its reputation. Another grass called Tobosa (*Hilaria mutica*) clothes lowland places that are likely areas of flood runoff from the hills.

Across the arid Jornada, in a few short years, marched, freighted and fled a cast of characters never equalled on another stage between 1865-1940. In 1867, an ex-

California companyman dug a well to provide water beside the Jornada trail. When the dry hole was 160 feet deep a heavy charge of powder produced 80 feet of water. In no time a little settlement sprang to life at Aleman Springs. In 1882 a 13 year old, wiry lad got his first paying job cleaning muck out of the well.

My friend, Bob Martin, a kid himself in Boston in the 1880's, was "shipped," to Las Vegas, New Mexico, with a ticket pinned to his coat. There he was taken to the Bell Ranch, eventually to become a cowboy. A few years later, after helping trail 3000 steers to Palo Duro Canyon, Bob Martin figured that, at 15, he was ready to see the world. His train ride this time took him north of Aleman to a village called Engle, in the heart of the Jornada. He swung off the train with saddle and bedroll and ran into a young fellow trackside who, by the way, was the one who mucked out the Aleman Well a few years before. He told Bob to throw his bedroll in the hay barn near the tracks where he was bunking. "What's your name?," the fellow asked Bob. "Mine is Gene Rhodes" (in time to become Eugene Manlove Rhodes of Western-story writing fame), and there began a friendship that was to endure for 49 or more years. Even longer—for at Rhodes Pass in the San Andreas in 1934, Bob Martin and Cole Ralliston stood by the open grave prepared for Rhodes, representing the "Good Men and True."

In 1885 with both out of cash, and good cowhands being paid an outrageous \$30 a month, they decided that there was no alternative but to get jobs on a "wagon" or cattle outfit. They were aiming for the Bar Cross outfit, but not before Gene Rhodes conned Bob into emptying his six-shooter into a cottonwood post in the hay barn while Rhodes hid behind it. Bob Martin asked several times over the years a question, "What would make a couple of crazy kids do a thing like that?," adding, "What if the log had been hollow?" At that time, Gene Rhodes had never even tried to write anything down on paper though he lectured hours on end on how he was going to do it someday, and on plots he would unfold. It was a hard birth, though, since so far as is known Rhodes' first material would not see the light of day for years—15 years of rough riding, brushes with the law, fights, politics, privation, and enough other obstacles to make an ordinary man flounder.

Gene Rhodes was given his first introduction to the Denver Corral of the Westerners by our early day member William McLeod Raine. One time when Gene Rhodes hit town he got hold of Raine and they met at the Oxford Hotel and talked the whole night through. Then they went fishing for a day on the streams west of Denver. Recalling Rhodes, Raine later appeared before a great Westerners company including Ed Bemis, Sheriff; Ed Dunklee, Deputy Sheriff; LeRoy Hafen, Henry Toll, Arthur Carhart, Fred Rosenstock, and Dabney Collins among others, to whom we are so indebted. Raine characterized Gene Rhodes as a great talker who hated to write his stories. This was attested to me by Bob Martin, and it is borne out by the poverty Rhodes endured as he struggled to get everything right.

Raine pointed out the sentimental approach that prevailed in the few women Rhodes included in his stories: Rhodes' women were over-sweet, annoyingly chaste, inconceivably pure. Then there were the others. Raine pointed out that the two kinds of women never took a good long look at one another; they lived in different worlds. Raine said, "If Rhodes's good women are not true to life, they are true at least to the ideology of the cow country." Rhodes revered ordinary concepts of value. His villains were bankers, politicians, mortgage holders and all who preyed on the humble. He had a weakness for what the country called bad-men, yet veins of great humor surface through his prejudices. For one quote, "He had a fine face marred

by an expression of unscrupulous integrity."

*Paso por aqui* was among Rhodes' early Jornada stories. It is about a fleeing bank robber who was able to throw off the pursuing posse by riding a steer several miles. Coming upon a dugout he found a Mexican trying to care for children struck by diphtheria. The intruder stayed several days helping nurse the children, and in desperation he lit fires around the dugout to attract the posse. When they arrived, and a doctor and nurse were sent for, the Sheriff was expected to clap the robber in jail. But he got a couple of horses and rode alongside the man to the railroad where he bought a ticket for the desperado-turned-nurse and saw him off on the next train. Returning to camp he was upbraided for not jailing the bank robber. The Sheriff's reply: *Paso por aqui!*, He passed here only once.

When the Civil War ended and veterans benefits, however meager, playing a part, with homesteading, and garrisons to protect settlers and livestock from Indians, the influx of people to central New Mexico began in earnest. In 1870 there were about 150,000 cattle in New Mexico and by 1886 the number was more than a million. With the homestead laws encouraging 40-acre locations at 6-8 mile intervals, with massive overstocking, with drought, with the rapid invasion of pests and predators and the wide fluctuation of forage growth, it is no wonder that fierce competition, feuds, gunfights, and wars resulted.

Conditions were such as to make the possession of favorable water and other natural circumstances such as rimrock the natural settings for individual range units. The idea was to stock your area so heavily as to discourage outsiders from bringing in cattle and, if necessary, to drive out intruders with force, thereby laying the groundwork for two significantly American events: the western gunfight of story and secondly, the incredible overgrazing which when coupled with drought came close to ruining everyone. So within our memory open exploitation, degradation, and critical gunfights ruled. While many of the latter are in the records, recalling a couple will suffice. When Oliver Milton Lee and friends held off Pat Garrett's posse at Wildey Well was one; another concerns the Sierra Land and Cattle Company.

David Milton ("Greeley") Nunn, the patriarch of the Nunn clan, was born in California in 1858, his wife in Texas. Their sons Pryor, Emmett, and Edward, Sr. were all friends of mine. Pryor was a rancher all his life, a Mason, Scottish Rite degree, and a Shriner. Greeley Nunn drove a herd of cattle from Texas and settled on Berrenda Creek.

James R. Latham was born in Live Oak County, Republic of Texas, March 20, 1841. He entered the Confederate Forces at 21. In 1884 he and his brother, John, and their families left for New Mexico. In the spring of '86 his brother-in-law Louis Faulkner, whose mother was a niece of Daniel Boone, scouted for a location, and they swam the Rio Grande with 100 Morgan mares and 2500 cattle. Their destination was Macho Creek not far from the Nunn headquarters. Nellie Lee, son Arch's wife's father, was a cousin of General Robert E. Lee. Lathams bought the Stahite property which in time was to become the center of their ranching empire. The SLC Ranch added 10,000 cows and increased to 1000 mares. Arch and his older brother Jim had 20,000 cows of their own and Nellie Lee Latham ran several hundred cows under her own Diamond H Brand. By this time the SLC was one of the biggest ranches in the Southwest, stretching from Percha Creek below Deming to the Mexican border and from the Rio Grande west to the Continental Divide.

Of the four children of Arch and Nellie, a son A.H. ("Dutch") Latham became

a great friend of mine. Dutch started breaking broncos at 16 and working on the roundup crew. The Lathams and Nunns became partners. On his father's direct orders, Dutch was not allowed to enter into the Nunn-Latham-Sykes feud which erupted after World War One. Out of curiosity Dutch rode to a hilltop not far from North Well, a Nunn homestead, and watched a fight develop. Pryor Nunn was tried for the murder of Hood Sykes and was acquitted in 1922. This whole series of events is considered the last range war in the American West.

The younger people who grew up in this tough county have had their share of ups and downs. We can be justly proud that when the New Mexico National Guard was captured in the Philippines it could count among its members a lot of Sierra County people. If any American men were ready for the tough times of World War Two these cowpunchers were, and for all practical purposes their endurance ended the formative years. *Paso por aqui!*

Another range war was far more extensive and complicated than the SLC affair: A letter written in Engle January 30, 1896, by Gene Rhodes to Myrtle Bailey offers evidence of Rhodes' whereabouts on the day the Fountain Case had its inception and it showed Rhodes far from the scene. The Fountain matter deeply involved his close personal and political friends and he played a not uncreditable personal part in its closing stages. On January 21, 1896, the Grand Jury handed down indictments against Oliver Lee, William McNew, and Jim Gililland charging them with brand-changing and cattle-stealing. Colonel Albert J. Fountain, prominent in politics, social and fraternal affairs, was speaker of the New Mexico Territorial Legislature House, and a "Santa Fe Ring" Republican. Serving as special prosecutor for the New Mexico Stockgrowers' Association, Fountain was instrumental in securing indictments against Lee and friends, all Democrats.

Colonel Fountain and his son, nine, enroute home on January 30, 1896, spent that night with David Sutherland in La Luz. They left next morning and were last seen alive by Saturnino Barela near Luna's Wells on the edge of the White Sands. The search party left Las Cruces on February 2, 1896, to find signs indicating the Fountains had been waylaid and, presumably, killed. Large rewards were offered; one of \$10,000 was tendered by the Masonic Grand lodge of New Mexico of which Colonel Fountain had been an officer.

The lines of cleavage quickly spread beyond Lee-Fountain to become a test of political strength between Republicans and Democrats and a personal contest between the Democrat Albert Bacon Fall and Thomas Benton Catron, Republican chief.

Pat Garrett became a party to the controversy in 1897. The Lee adherents felt simply that Garrett had been hired to solve the Fountain case by killing Oliver Lee. On April 2, 1898, Sheriff Garrett had warrants for the arrest of Lee, McNew, and Gililland, all charged with the murder of the Fountains. Lee and Gililland did not come to town, and it took Garrett some months to go after them. Garrett and his posse opened fire on Lee and others while they were asleep, without prior warning or demand for surrender, on the morning of July 13, at the Wildey Well, then a part of Lee's Dog Canyon Ranch.

Despite the element of surprise, Garrett and his posse came off second best. Deputy Sheriff Kearney was killed and the rest of the attackers had to walk away from the fight with their hands raised. Garrett's reputation suffered, and Lee and Gililland were indicted in Dona Ana County for the murder of Kearney. Gene Rhodes now became directly involved. Lee and Gililland, determined never to surrender to Pat Garrett and risk the time-honored excuse of "Shot while trying to escape," holed

up at Gene Rhodes' Jornada ranch in the San Andreas. Rhodes was with them during most of the months that followed. Charley Graham's ranch in the Caballo Range was their listening post for contacts with the outside world. They roamed the country beyond the reach of Garrett, in Sierra County. Except when they visited the Graham ranch, Rhodes was the man who went to town for supplies as he enjoyed the sustained excitement inherent in such a game of hide-and-seek.

The Legislature created a new county on January 30, 1899, out of portions of Lincoln, Socorro, and Dona Ana. It was named Otero, in honor of Governor Miguel A. Otero, and was a tribute to Albert Fall's capacity for practical politics. The new county took in that portion of the White Sands where the Fountains had disappeared. Thus it gained jurisdiction over further prosecution of the cases against Lee, Gililand, and McNew. Governor Otero appointed George Curry, whom I met many years later and who was an old and personal friend of Lee's, to be Sheriff of the new county. Garrett's warrants were good only if he could catch Lee and Gililand within the reduced boundaries of Dona Ana County before they could surrender to Curry.

Using the Graham ranch as a letter drop, it is said Lee carried on negotiations with Sheriff Curry. His conditions for voluntary surrender were simple: he must not be turned over to Garrett's custody and he must not be jailed in Dona Ana County.

On the morning of March 13, 1889 Lee, Gililand, and Rhodes left the Graham ranch and rode across the Jornada to Aleman station where the Bar Cross wagon was camped. The wagon if placed in a certain way was to spell HELP if there had been any leak. The three men, very bearded and long-haired, wore the battered clothes of exile. Rhodes augmented their natural disguises by giving Gililand a pair of blue glasses and Lee a derby. Before flagging down the southbound train, Lee and Gililand surrendered to Gene Rhodes, who stuffed their guns in the waist of his pants along with his own. On the train the three men sat apart in the smoker.

At Rincon, twenty miles below Aleman and the first scheduled stop inside Dona Ana County, Pat Garrett boarded the train. Rhodes reported: "Only us three were there. Jim sat on the end seat, Oliver across the aisle. Pat stood beside Oliver and looked out the window and meditated—needlessly long it seemed." Giving up to Pat Garrett was absolutely out. Tom Hall, a Lee partisan, also boarded the train at Rincon, but did not enter the smoker at any time. I knew Tom Hall well. At every stop between Rincon and Las Cruces, Garrett cased the train, looking over the new passengers.

When the train reached Las Cruces, Vincent May met Oliver Lee and friends with information for their movements in Las Cruces. The Lee group went immediately to the home of Judge Parker. Judge Parker remanded Lee and Gililand to the custody of Gene Rhodes and Tom Hall on a judicial warrant. They came to trial before Judge Parker in Hillsboro, Sierra County, on May 25, 1899, with most of southern New Mexico in armed attendance.

Two camps were set up, one with wagons on the south side of Hillsboro for Democrat supporters. The Republican bigwigs and their "boys" ambled around another camp north of town. It was equipped with tents and a mess hall. When the trial was over, Albert Fall, who led the defense, presented Lee with a bill for \$60 saying since he had taken most of his meals at the chuckwagon expenses were held to a minimum. The proceedings lasted eighteen trial days. Clark Hurst, an armed Lee partisan and prototype of Rhodes' story character, "Lithpin Tham," was at the trial. When Bob Martin asked what he was doing there, Hurst said "I'm here to make up what the defenth ith thort."

The highlight of Fall's argument was to show that the prosecution of Oliver Lee was a result of a conspiracy to send an innocent man to the gallows, that the District Attorney was involved in the conspiracy; as were the honorable Thomas Catron and, he said, "His Honor on the bench." Judge Parker took immediate and considerable exception.

Albert Fall's summation at the end of the Lee Trial is regarded as a masterpiece of English usage. It is an almost poetic appeal to the feelings of the common men on the jury. Picture-words describe eddying on the bend of a river, where the current is lost and great collections of rotten logs, black moss, old leaves, and filth gather. And in among this, he said, snakes sun on the logs ready to strike the heel of any man venturing that way. Fall alluded to Dona Ana County as just such a place. For, you see, the trial of Oliver Lee and Jim Gilliland was really a great political clash: rich vs. poor, Republican vs. Democrat, old timers vs. newcomers, small ranchers (mostly Texans) vs. great properties, and the strong vs. the weak. Interestingly, years later Fall switched to the other side and when he did it started his slide into trouble.

The jury took only a few minutes to hand down a verdict of not guilty. The bodies of the Fountains have not been found to this day. *Paso por aqui!*

Gene Rhodes was not in evidence at the end. The explanation of his absence seems to be that he was pursuing a long-distance romance that had its inception under circumstances as romantic as either of the two parties concerned could have wished. In California, his mother and an Emma Davison had become fast friends. Miss Davison told Mrs. Rhodes of the tragedy in the life of her sister, May Louise, in New York where May's husband, Fred Purple, had been killed leaving his pregnant widow with a sixteen-month-old son, June 28, 1894. Mrs. Rhodes gave Miss Davison poems written by her talented son and these were mailed to May Purple. Mrs. Rhodes wrote Gene of her friend and of the tragedy. The result was the initiation of correspondence between Mrs. Purple and Gene Rhodes. It gained in intensity for two years until Rhodes decided to go east and see for himself.

Borrowing \$35.00 from Bob Martin, because he had been in a disastrous poker game, Rhodes left Engle about mid-June, 1899, as a "shipper" on a cattle train. Gene reached Appalachin on July 18, 1899. Later May recalled, "I heard the train whistle, craned my neck out of the little upstairs window as the stage ambled up the road. The stage stopped. A solitary passenger stepped out. I scudded down to Spooky Bridge. There I met him."

In less than a month Gene Rhodes and May Purple were married. Four days afterwards he left for New Mexico. May and her children were not to arrive in New Mexico until June 1900. And when they did, the new Mrs. Rhodes found the isolation at the San Andreas ranch more than she could take. Later the same was true in Tularosa where they "made do" in a primitive cabin. She started back home. It would be years before Gene Rhodes would see her again. But his illegible script was always mailed to May who typed the copy and saw to submissions.

There were many men in the country who were far better ropers than Rhodes, better cowboys, better cowmen according to Bob Martin. There were riders just as good as Gene when it came to running out a spoiled horse. But he was a part of the land and the life of that land for twenty-five glorious years, and they made a great impression on him. In a time and place where hard liquor was the familiar of men who worked long, hard, and dangerously for a dollar a day, Rhodes managed one glorious drunk to celebrate the acquittal of his friends, Lee and Gilliland. Otherwise he let liquor alone, finding his diversions in poker, cigarettes, black coffee, and

books. After a terrible gambling fight in Orogrande, he recalled, "While Baker and Brown were patching that lad up, I absentmindedly wandered off to New York." Rhodes left El Paso the morning of the San Francisco earthquake, April 18, 1906, and he did not return for twenty years. Behind him, legends sprang up to explain his going and his absence. There was some measure of fact in several of the tales. The fight at Orogrande was but the catalytic agent of his exile.

In exile he did much of his best work. You'll recall Gene Rhodes' stories included few women and little romance. He explained that he was not competent to handle these subjects, needing to stick close to the things he knew best—the cowboy and rangeland life. In doing so he missed a great chapter he had stood beside during the Lee-Gililand trial.

Soon after the strike of silver at Lake Valley, in the southwest corner of Sierra County, a Mrs. McEvoy moved into the area with two young daughters, to open a boarding house. One of her early boarders was a young engineer from California, Simpson Percy Reid. It seems from the first he fell in love with daughter Margaret and they married September 22, 1879. Though only fifteen, if that is young for those days, Margaret Reid had been born with the natural graciousness of a diplomat, a will of almost impossible determination, and unsurpassed moral strength.

In 1882 the couple and first son were in a tent town that was not to their taste, and sought a piece of ground of their own out on the range. There were plenty of wild flowers, brush, and grass for a few goats. Later they added other tracts and rooms to the cabin as the family grew. Their relatively stable life gave Margaret Reid all the happiness she ever wanted. Meanwhile the twelfth wedding anniversary had been celebrated and the sixth Reid child had been born. Somehow "Slim" Reid took typhoid fever and was dead in a few days in the spring of 1892.

Margaret Reid at 27, a widow with six stair-step children, told friends that she had two hands and would have to use them to make the 137 goat kids support the child kids. She began selling garden produce, goat milk and goat cheese and occasionally a suckling goat. Along about then she heard of a breed, imported from Turkey, called Angora, a goat with long silky hair. Margaret Reid got five or six.

Meanwhile a good many men in the territory were wondering about the possibility of marriage. One day a fellow by the name of Ed Armer was at Saw Pit range and talked to Margaret Reid. The two married on December 22, 1894. A latter child, Edith, Mrs. Joe Pankey, a friend of mine, has her mother's wedding dress from this ceremony. Ed Armer had some money and he gave it to Margaret for more goats. It wasn't long before her herd was browsing 60 square miles of range and she had sent "Toto", her best buck, to a Kansas City show where he won a first prize.

As the herd grew and the Angora fleece became more useful to the textile industry, one of the terrible droughts struck but the goats could hang on. The ranch grew as a result and a spacious residence and an abundance of pens and sheds were built.

In 1901 Margaret Reid Armer paid \$1500 for *Pasha of Columbia*, said to be the finest Angora goat in the world. At the Kansas City show a week later she bid in *Aztec*, the best of show, at \$1375. It was only time before her foresight and knowledge were recognized and she was named Queen of the Angora industry. In later years she gained world acclaim. When the Angora Association was organized Margaret Armer was a Charter Member. At the time she only registered 100 head of her most select animals.

At the World's fair in 1904 the lovely pompadoured blonde was attired in a black mohair dress with collar and cuffs of imported white lace, the latest style, with black kid gloves and hat, carrying a huge lambskin handbag—all the products of her own ranch. By this time Margaret Armer had had three more children, my friend being one.

I first met Margaret Armer at a roundup on the Ladder Ranch along with members of her family. The ranch, by then, was the last portion left of the great John Cross outfit and numbered about 300 sections. The manager at the time was Burton Roach, the State Senator who pushed through the Gene Rhodes Memorial Site legislation. Margaret Reid Armer brought a rare intelligence into the business of livestock production and rangeland use. *Paso por aqui!*

Into the incredible Jornada scene populated with stockmen, warring factions, devious politics, cattle and horse thieves, lawmen, drought, and too many cows strode an unbelievable character, E.O. Wooten. A mild-mannered man compared with his contemporaries, Wooten was one of four professors hired for the first faculty of New Mexico Agricultural College. Wooten was to teach botany and chemistry. At the founding ceremony opening the college in 1889 there were 35 students and 300 townspeople. Col. A.J. Fountain presided. Not a cowboy by any means, Wooten was out on the Jornada before the century began. New Mexico State University has many accomplishments to its credit but none more important than the rangeland studies of Wooten. As early as 1904 Wooten started to gather information on how many cattle should be grazed on the Jornada forage. The range he was able to work on was occupied by the herd of C.T. "Hooks" Turney. After several years these 190,000 acres of public domain 25 miles north of the College comprising the Turney "holding" became the Jornada Range Reserve in 1912. Within the area Turney owned only a few hundred acres; sites of water tanks, springs, corrals and dwellings. All the rest was open Federal Land bought earlier from Texas as part of a state settlement.

Wooten was inadvertently swept into a range war of his own as the Lucero brothers concluded he was a party to stealing country from them for the increase of Turney's place. Finally a government agreement provided that Turney would continue his cattle operations, and Wooten and those to follow would carry out "experiments." Rather than this being a hardship on the rancher it proved to be a godsend and the arrangement continued for many years.

As early as 1907 Wooten's growing report on 31 million acres of New Mexico range was recommending radical changes—that the remaining Public Domain be put under the control of a Presidential cabinet official empowered to make management plans for wise use before total destruction resulted. He emphasized "control" for surely things were "out of control." The basic "grab" theory, to eat down the feed so no other person would be tempted to enter your domain, was in its full flower.

But land negotiation continued to lag until the best grazing lands had been picked over. The passage of the Taylor Grazing Act in 1934 authorized regulation of 80,000,000 acres of western public domain, later increased to 143 million. Whatever detractors may say, there are some endeavors in the public interest that are best done in concert. And in learned opinion, preserving the range resource of the nation is one. Today despite the differences of a few ranchers on isolated questions, deep down they agree almost unanimously that the best has been done.

Enoch W. Nelson went to the Jornada in March of 1920. He is remembered mostly for his exhaustive study of Black Grama, the most valued forage. Nelson described in great detail Black Grama's chief characteristics, growth habits, drought



resistance, high palatability, and year-long forage values over a 13-year span—a valuable tool for all ranchers who need to manage this grass.

Enoch Nelson became the first head of Range Management studies at Colorado State University after being a moving force in the Jornada station's formative years. He spoke often about the Jornada and its wonders and problems to the eight or ten of us who were in his first classes. But like a lot of somewhat irresponsible college types we weren't listening too well!

Jornada personalities I have known are too many to list but consider Edith Armer Pankey, whose husband Joe Pankey was a good friend and a rough rider, who developed a hill ranch to become a leading figure among national cattle producers. Mrs. Grant MacGreagor's mother was the first white girl born in Denver, Colorado. Henry Opegnorth understood more about the art of grazing Black Grama than any rancher I ever knew. On another score his wife was the granddaughter of the Georgian, Green Russell, of Colorado gold country fame. John Calhoun's father was dubbed "Side Hill" Calhoun by his friends Bob Martin and Gene Rhodes since he could ride down any critter on the HOK Hills. Then there was Frank M. Bojerquez who cowboyed in 1880 in the John Cross outfit. He along with Johnny Dines were said by all to be two of the best cowpunchers ever to ride Sierra range. Dines began work at age 14 on the Bar Cross, later managing a number of Sierra ranches. Ancil Gardner, decorated by the French for his service in their WW I Air Wing, had a low view of bureaucrats but became and remained a real friend and booster. Jojo Jojolla was as colorfully named a cowboy as there ever was. Dave Franzen remained as a qualified and decent man who pioneered work with many Sierra and Dona Ana landowners.

One character worth remembering is a man by the name of Hilton who collected hides in a wagon at the turn of the century. Later on he got a truck and his young son didn't ride with him any more. A friend asked about this and the father said the boy was more interested in staying home to study about buildings. He hoped to build one someday. "What's his name the friend asked?" Conrad Hilton!

Among the amazingly prominent people who populated the Jornada country was the lawyer Albert Bacon Fall, fast friend of Oliver Lee and Gene Rhodes and a respected legislator, newspaper developer, rancher, and confidant of the "little" people.

Fall was the first United States Senator from New Mexico, later to become President Warren Harding's Secretary of the Interior. Most people think his resignation from that post was a result of the Teapot Dome oil investigation, but this was not the case, since he entered office in poor health and left for that reason two years before the investigation. Nevertheless the press and a Senate committee had a field day that continued through the middle twenties. Fall was convicted and sentenced to prison for a year and fined \$100,000. He left his Three Rivers Ranch July 31, 1931 to go into confinement in the William Beaumont Hospital, Fort Bliss, Texas. The case had taken seven years of Fall's life, the last of his strength and all his money. Mrs. Fall had been running a restaurant in El Paso to try to hold things together—the last gasp of a defeated army.

When Fall was young he had set off for Sierra country intending to make his fortune in the new mines. He didn't get rich there but he made some interesting contacts. One young man, a mucker working alongside of Fall, was Edward L. Doheny. A friendship formed that lasted all their lives.

After WW I Fall was in serious straits. To raise cash he sold a third interest in his Three Rivers Ranch to Harry F. Sinclair for \$230,000, and he borrowed \$100,000 from his old friend Edward Doheny. In October 1923 he was called before the Senate Committee on Public Lands and Surveys to explain his handling of Naval oil leases while Secretary. Even though Doheny had made the highest bid to extract California oil and Sinclair was top bidder on the Wyoming Field, the newspapers said the transactions were "sub-rosa," "Fall had sold out," "Doheny's loan was a bribe." The fact that Doheny's money was a bonafide loan would be brought out when Fall's inability to pay it back cost him his ranch; all that coming out later. Doheny came to trial in 1930. He was acquitted, prompting Bob Martin to point out the ridiculousness of a situation with Fall judged guilty of accepting the bribe while Doheny was found innocent of offering one. Fall always said that Doheny promised him that he could retain the Three Rivers ranch house and 100 acres no matter what happened. But with Doheny seriously ill his managers foreclosed on all the property, said to be worth close to a million dollars.

In 1942 all those who came to Fall's funeral were conscious of glory departed, a great opportunity missed, a triumph turned to tragedy. So much given; so much accomplished; so little in the end. *Paso por aqui!*

When I went to New Mexico in the Civilian Conservation Corps, I was assigned to a range aid job under the supervision of a boss called "Squat." A curious type, he stood on his chair wherever he was and settled back on his heels, cowboy fashion—thus his nickname. It wasn't long before other work separated me from "Squat" about the time I learned he was the son of Oliver Lee. Oliver Lee died in 1941. His widow gave me oranges from Texas that fall.

I found myself in Sierra County after someone decided I should attempt to gather a group of ranchers who could help further rangeland improvements. Progress was poorly. Then one day I saw loping across the square near Geronimo Springs a sly old boy who said "My name is Bob Martin." Though I didn't know it then, here was the legendary figure of Gene Rhodes fame. Bob Martin of Engle, of cowboying, legislative and business affairs, which all began on the 7TX Wagon over 50 years before. Gene Rhodes wrote many years after he and Bob Martin had been fellow parishioners on the Jornada, "I sure admired to see Bob Martin sauntering along when I was in a tight." So did I, Gene Rhodes.

Bob Martin told me he had a little time and maybe he could help me. With him, I trailed a cloud of caliche dust up and down every road. At stop after stop he explained what we were doing, got signatures supporting the proposal including those of imposing figures such as Thomas Wilson of packinghouse fame; S.S. Lard, Chairman of the Board of Borden Milk; Bissel of the carpet sweeper gang; political figures, and almost every one of the ranchers. Fluent in Spanish, Bob Martin was accepted everywhere, and since I was his friend, so was I.

During the time Bob Martin ran the Engle Stage Line and operated the Cuchillo Store, there was a little kid hanging around whom Bob gave ten cents a day to sweep out. By the time we were collecting signatures, Jerry Apodaca owned the store and he readily signed on. Now that probably would not be much of a story except that his son became the Governor of New Mexico.

A lot of good things began to happen. Ranchers who early on had been surprisingly competitive began to work together. And Bob Martin was "chairman of the board." It pretty much stayed that way even with the coming of WW II until one

dark morning when a good Sierra County friend of mine was in his Guernsey herd barn reaching for the pull-string to an overhead electrical fixture. It was milking time. Just as he pulled the string—he later recalled—the whole world lit up as with an instantaneous rise of 100 suns. The new light quickly faded and Paul Black was left standing there thunderstruck with the dim overhead light bulb casting eerie shadows among the cows.

Paul Black was standing 40 miles across Sierra County, across the Jornada from Trinity, from ground zero. And this desolate, wind-whipped, isolated desert rangeland had been propelled into world renown.

*Paso Por Aqui!*



## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Eugene T. (Gene) Lindberg, long a posse member of the Denver Westerners, died April 22 in Deer Isle, Maine, where he was living in retirement near his daughter, Mrs. Patricia Moffett. He was 88.

Lindberg was born in Pueblo, Colo., Feb. 6, 1899, attended schools there and then the University of Colorado. He became a reporter on *The Pueblo Chieftain*, *The Denver Times*, *The Denver Express* and the *Rocky Mountain News* before he joined the staff of *The Denver Post* in 1929.

Science was his field, and he could explain complex stories simply. He's remembered even better for his verses accompanying western paintings by Paul Gregg—at least 1,000 of these—and later for other short poems printed with fascinating photos in *The Post's Empire* magazine.

Gene is remembered for many other things. In the Westerners he shared his intimate knowledge of the history of Denver, Colorado and the West in many discussions. Members looked forward to his hilarious stories told at mealtime.

He was a genial man but had a will of

steel. In college he joined a fraternity that demanded all pledges go to football games. Gene despised football and refused to attend. For this he was given a sousing in a bathtub full of ice water. Lindberg still wouldn't go. On game days he would fill the tub with ice water while the contest went on, and when the brothers returned he was waiting for them, undressed. "The tub's full, and here I am," he would say. They couldn't break his spirit and he never went to a football game.

I knew Gene well, and occasionally we would cook breakfast at his home—waffles and sausages with strong coffee. Afterward we sat long, talking. Science, current events, people. Gene liked to talk about the Big Bang theory of the formation of the cosmos, the origins of life, and the wonders of the future, with computers, lasers, boundless energy from the atom. But he enjoyed the simple, too—the pecking order of the birds at his backyard bath and the growth and excellence of his vegetables and flowers.

He was a remarkable man.

Bernie Kelly, P.M.





## Westerner's Bookshelf



**Anasazi Ruins of the Southwest in Color** by William M. Ferguson and Arthur H. Rohn. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1987. 296 pages, black-and-white and color photographs, maps. Cloth \$40.00, Paper \$20.00.

If you desire *the* one book about the pre-historic Anasazi for your personal collection, you should purchase *Anasazi Ruins in Color*. During the past few years, I have attempted to read all that is available regarding the Anasazi and to visit as many of the sites as possible. This publication by Ferguson and Rohn covers the topic in a most thorough and readable manner.

The major ruins of the Anasazi who lived in the Four Corners region and later moved to other areas in New Mexico and Arizona are all presented in this book. Along with the fine narrative are the excellent photographs including many color aerial views that provide a perspective of both the architecture of the buildings and their surroundings that is missing in ground level views.

Special emphasis is placed on the areas of Mesa Verde, Chaco Canyon, and Kayenta. I was pleased to see the inclusion of a section dealing with Johnson Canyon which is located on the Mountain Ute Reservation which is located near Mesa Verde National Park. Of special interest in Johnson Canyon is Eagle Nest House with its loops in the walls that still are covered with the original plaster.

There is also mention of some of the lesser-known ruins such as Atsinna at El Morro, Puye on the Santa Clara Reservation, Tyuonyi in Bandelier National Monument and the Salinas Pueblo ruins that include Gran Quivira, Abò and Quarai.

A well-written introduction of seventy-two pages provides a synopsis of much of what is known or guessed regarding the life style of those prehistoric people who reached their cultural peak in the period between 1100 and 1300 A. D. While the authors do mention a few of the newer concepts regarding population, trade and religion,

they hold to the more traditional interpretations which are accepted by the majority of the academic community. A large percentage of this position is based on ethnographic analogy or the life style of present day Pueblo residents. There are a few problems with this method including the impact of other cultures on tribes today, the protectiveness of these people regarding the secret nature of their religion and internal tribal matters, the reduction in population, and no longer having any need to build roads such as those in Chaco Canyon. What it boils down to is that there are no sure answers to many of the questions about the Anasazi. All that can be done in many instances is to make the best guess based on what little information is available.

This is what Ferguson and Rohn have done in their book, and they have done a very good job of presenting what is known about this pre-historic culture. The strongest point of the book is the photographs with only a very few not of top quality. This combination of solid information and excellent photographs has resulted in a publication that belongs in the library of every Westerner.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Mining the Summit; Colorado's Ten Mile District, 1860-1960** by Stanley Dempsey and James E. Fell, Jr. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1986. 320 pp., ill., Index. Hardbound. \$19.95

With thorough research and detail in its presentation of the early period, this new book relates the 100-year history of the mines and associated settlements in the upper reaches of the Ten Mile Valley. Located in the frigid sub-alpine area just below the summit on the north side of the 11,318-foot Fremont Pass, the inhabitants always suffered from deep snows and the long, piercing-cold winters that afflict the high country. Constantly overshadowed by booming Leadville across the Divide, the original surface riches of the claims and mines in the Ten Mile were soon exhausted. Thereafter

the inhabitants struggled endlessly, contending with complex low-grade ores, difficulties in processing and concentrating their materials, and fluctuating prices for their product.

Of course, a few of the entrepreneurs met with success. George B. Robinson, 30-year-old developer of the Robinson mine, grubstaked two prospectors who discovered four rich claims for their benefactor in the summer of 1878. Robinson's subsequent success and prominence led to his election as Lt. Governor of Colorado in early November 1880. His eminence was short-lived, unfortunately, for he was accidentally shot in the night of November 17th by one of his own employees. On guard in the dark behind a barred door to the mine, the trigger-happy guardian had been posted to fend off a feared hijacking of the property by outsiders.

On the other hand, Arthur Redman Wilsley, another of the Ten Mile's notables, emerged as the most important miner in the area by the late 1880's. With unceasing effort he went on to subsequent fame and wealth as the inventor, developer, manufacturer and marketer of the noted Wilsley Table. In its improved variations this ore-dressing and concentrating machine still finds worthwhile use in current times.

To this reviewer the presentation here is disproportionate. Of the 271 pages of text, 225 pages, or 83 percent are devoted to the first 30 years of the Ten Mile. Another 36 pages cover the 30-year period 1890 - 1920, including the first discovery and development of the remarkable molybdenum deposits in Bartlett Mountain, forming the basis for the famed Climax Molybdenum Company. Only ten pages are given to the following five decades to 1970 and a summary of a century of mining in the district. The co-authors, deeply involved in acquiring title to the Ten Mile mining claims, lands and towns for Amax Inc. during this latter period, dismiss the hideous impact of the massive, unsightly tailings dumps now enveloping the Ten Mile area in little more than a single sentence.

Less of the early and more of the later would have struck a better balance and a fuller understanding of the life and fate of the mines and surrounding settlements of

Carbonateville, Robinson, Kokomo and Recen would have been possible.

Jackson Thode, P.M.

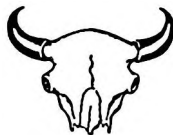
**Ghost Towns of Texas** by T. Lindsay Baker. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1986. 196 pages, ill., and maps, index. Hardbound, \$22.95.

The University of Oklahoma Press has published a series of good quality books on ghost towns in our western states. Included are the fine *Colorado Ghost Towns and Mining Camps* by Sandra Dallas plus volumes on New Mexico, Oklahoma and Arizona. Now, in the latest offering we have Texas. Unlike most other states whose abandoned towns originally existed mostly because of precious metals, those of Texas were primarily agricultural communities, ranch towns, oil camps, military forts, stagecoach stops and a few where silver or mercury was mined.

There are some omissions too. In the Terlingua chapter the writer failed to mention that the town comes back to life each year for the annual Chile Cook-Off. This is an event of considerable local social and cultural significance where chiles of great authority are prepared and consumed by the daring. This event is also a much anticipated boon to nearby dispensers of antacid preparations. But the most glaring omission is the author's failure to include the town of Study Butte. (Texas pronunciation, Stew dee) This abandoned town is near Terlingua and north of Big Bend Park. It contains more adobe buildings than many of the other towns chosen for inclusion.

Baker writes in an easy, readable style. He has organized the book in alphabetical order according to the towns' names. His maps are clear and easy to follow and the photographs, some early, are well reproduced. Afficionados of Southwest history should enjoy this book.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.



**Colorado Gunsmoke** by Kenneth C. Jessen. Pruett Publ. Co., Boulder CO, 1986. 255 pp., many ill., bibliographies, index. Paper, \$12.95.

This recounting of "outlaws and lawmen on the Colorado frontier" relates the stories of some 23 incidents during the latter half of the 1800s, plus about 21 additional in an Epilogue.

There is a plethora of accounts of "bad men," gun slingers, bank and train robbers and other illegally irresponsible activists in the early West to the degree that one may forget, as James Michener reminds us in *Centennial*, that most of our early inhabitants were honest, law-abiding souls who did not do much shooting.

The accounts in this book are brief, some almost to the point of being stenographic. This reviewer is uncertain as to the intent of the book; if it is to record the incidents for the record, some are so briefly recounted as to call for consultation of the resources cited. Often the reader is left wishing for clarification of some detail. It is unrealistic to expect the reader to consult the references cited—this is presumably the very purpose of the book. A further selection of numerous additional accounts of violent illegality and consequent retribution is included in a terminal chapter entitled "Epilogue." It is little wonder that modern readers so often conceive the early West as a wham-bam, shoot-em-up period of total social chaos.

The accounts themselves are absorbing, albeit often over-brief. The character of some suggests that they are notes anticipating a more extended presentation. As it stands, however, it is an entertaining synopsis of some of Colorado's bad actors and dedicated lawmen.

The book is good-looking, well-constructed, and singularly free of typographic and other bobbles. The illustrations are well selected and reproduced. Some of the maps seem not to be really necessary, but may be useful to those readers who are completely unacquainted with the scene. Undoubtedly it will well serve anyone for whom it covers new ground. It is a brief encyclopedia of law-breaking and enforcement in the 19th century West.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr., P.M.

**Apache Shadows** by Albert R. Booky. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1986. 159 pages. Paper, \$10.95.

**The Land** by Robert K. Swisher, Jr. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1987. 169 pages. Paper, \$12.95.

When it comes to studying history, you have the choice of reading scholarly monographs that are well-researched but some times dull reading or go to historical fiction that is sometimes well-researched but usually better written. These two books by Sunstone are in the category of well-written and well-researched.

*Apache Shadows* is the story of two Mescalero Apache warriors who are looking at the forces beyond the control of their people that are bringing about change. In their travels in the attempt to understand what is happening, the two men travel part of the Santa Fe Trail and visit the towns of Las Vegas and Santa Fe, New Mexico. Their adventures give the reader a large amount of information regarding the life-style and customs of the Apache.

The only thing of permanence is *The Land*, as several groups of people move across it at different times in history. This particular piece of property, located south of Santa Fe, has been the home of Pueblo Indians, a Spanish priest, Mexican immigrants, and an Anglo ranching family. The stories of these people are all connected at the conclusion of the book.

Both of these books are well-researched with few mistakes regarding factual information, and both authors have done a very good job of making history both readable and informative. They provide a very pleasant way of learning about the people of New Mexico.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP



*The* DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

JULY-AUGUST 1987



## BRECKENRIDGE AND LEADVILLE IN THE THIRTIES

Charles O. Moore



"Giant" at work placering in Indiana Gulch, near Breckenridge, in 1934.  
Moore photo.

## OUR AUTHORS

Charles O. Moore is a Colorado native, born and brought up at Eldorado Springs, educated at Boulder Prep, the University of Colorado, and the University of Pittsburgh. He experienced a variety of activities including mineral assayer, electrician, research chemist and sugar chemist, and finally settled down for 35 years as tire designer and tire engineer with Dayton Tire Co., and the Gates Rubber Co.

He has been heavily involved in public school affairs, having participated in the formation of Jeffco R-1 District in 1950, and served as a Board Member for many years; Charles O. Moore Junior High School in Arvada is named in his honor.

From 1974 to 1983 he was summer manager of Olinger's Black Lake Lodge, owned by the VanDerbur family. In his spare time he pursues Colorado history, travel, and photography, jeeping, and hiking.

Herbert J. Hackenburg Jr. addressed the Denver Posse on 27 May 1987 on the history of Mountain Bell, the company, under the title of *Muttering Machines to Laser Beams*.

After a career in public relations for various health associations he joined Ohio Bell as news and advertising manager and magazine editor; later with Mountain Bell as news manager. His writing has been recognized by the Freedom Medal from the National Freedom Foundation; the Humanitarian Award for the National Conference of Christians and Jews; and the Gold Quill from the International Association of Business Communicators.

Hackenburg is a photographer, a student of American history, and with his wife a gardener and avid bridge player.

"It is well to recall that more American soldiers were killed by Indians in one day in Custer's Battle of the Little Big Horn than were killed in action during the entire Spanish American War."

R.E. Dupuy & T.N. Dupuy, *Brave Men and Great Captains*, Harper 1959

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HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES?



## BRECKENRIDGE AND LEADVILLE IN THE THIRTIES

Charles O. Moore C.M.  
Presented 22 April 1987

I feel fortunate to have been in Breckenridge and Leadville during the last vestiges of the early boom times and to have known some of the people who lived those times. It all started when my sister was teaching in the Breckenridge High School and ended up marrying a local boy. Also my best friend in college days at CU was from Leadville. Bill Robinson, my brother-in-law, was working for Frank Traylor who controlled the Royal Tiger Mines and was opening up a placer mine at the base of Farncomb Hill at the head of French Gulch. He gave me a job on the crew, first as common laborer, then as pit man, and finally as "giant" man. The wages were \$3.00 a day, 7 days a week and no overtime. To get a day off you had to find a cooperative buddy on another shift and negotiate a trade. You each would then work your shift and his too for 16 hours straight and each would then have one day off. It didn't happen very often as it just wasn't worth the effort.

Hydraulic placer mining as it was done before and after the turn of the century and as we were doing it in the summers of 1933 and 34 would not be allowed today. Washing down the hillside, loading the stream with silt till it would hardly flow and leaving a rock pile where there had been trees, grass, flowers and soil would bring everyone for miles around down on you today. Then, however, in the depths of the depression, and before, it was totally acceptable.

For those of you who may never have seen a hydraulic placer operation, it involves using a high-pressure stream of water to wash down the gold-bearing dirt and carry it into and through a sluice box that will retain the heavier gold behind riffles fastened to the bottom of the box. As the pit progressed more box was added to both front and rear. The nozzle for directing the stream of water was called a giant and had a goose neck swivel joint so that it could be directed up and down as well as 360° in the horizontal plans. A ditch would be dug from a diversion point sufficiently far upstream to deliver water to an elevation considerably higher than the actual working area. There through a head box it would pass into a pipe that led like a powerhouse penstock to the giant. You always had to have more water than the capacity of the pipe and giant nozzle in order to keep a full head. In this case we had approximately a 100-foot head reduced to a 2½" nozzle. This produced enough volume and force to wash down 18-inch boulders as if they were sand grains. This operation was near 11,000 feet altitude and the supply ditch had to cross some pretty rugged hillsides including a 50-yard or so long rockslide. How do you build a watertight ditch across an area of 2" to 4" rocks with no soil? Easy if you know how. Horse manure and sawdust dumped in the ditch at the upper end will progressively seal the interstices in the rocks so that in a surprisingly short time there will be a watertight ditch formed across a rock slide which needs only minimal maintenance.

The greatest hazard to a giant operator is that a pinecone or similar obstruction may come down the ditch, enter the pipe and lodge however briefly in the nozzle. Two things can happen and usually both do. First there is a terrific water hammer that can burst the pipe or tear the joints apart and second, much more dangerous, the giant tends to rotate like a gigantic impulse lawn sprinkler. This happened to

me and as I jumped to get away I saw the pipe and giant coming out of its anchor under a four-foot pile of rocks with the giant swiveling around on its ball joint toward me. I was already on my way so all it did was hit me in the seat with a big boost so that I lit unhurt about 30 feet away. I was lucky. Others before me had been killed by a wild giant.

The crew was generally three men—a giant man and two pit men. The pit men's job was to keep the sluices running free by picking out and stacking to the side those rocks too big to roll free through the sluices. The giant man was boss and was supposed to keep a full head of dirt going through the sluices at all times. Placer gold in nugget form is a fooler in that it is black or brown, not yellow-gold color until it has been treated with acid and heated to red heat in a furnace. All in all it was a most fun job. Name a kid who hasn't got a thump out of washing dirt around with a garden hose. Imagine doing it with a hundred-foot head of water, a 2½" nozzle, and getting paid for it to boot.

Before all the flap about Flying Saucers, UFO's and similar unexplained phenomena, we had an experience that I will never forget. Somewhere around one o'clock on the night shift we observed a light at the pit head maybe 50 to 75 feet away. This appeared to be like one hand-held 2-3 cell flashlight. Since nobody had any business there at that time of night we investigated. We found nothing—no person, no footprints, no noise, no anything. It was an eerie experience; I have never forgotten it, and have no explanation to this day.

Prohibition as such never really existed in any of the mining towns. Whiskey was always available and not bad stuff either. The only acceptable way to drink it was from the bottle or water glass and you chugged it down—no sipping or mixers allowed. This could get pretty hairy if you weren't very, very careful. Bill Robinson and I were one day working for a Mrs. Cochran, repairing a roof on her house. She was a widow lady and well known around town as a good tippler. She insisted on plying us with much in the way of liquid refreshments at frequent intervals. Long before lunch time I could not have hit the roof with a hammer while sitting in the middle of it even if it had been standing still instead of rolling like a ship at sea.

The local source was a log cabin about a mile out of Dillon at a place later known as Wildwood and now underneath the waters of Dillon Reservoir. It was a "knock three times and ask for Joe" operation wherein you paid your money and got a paper sack with a bottle in it but never laid eyes on the vendor.

One day over in Leadville the fire siren shrieked and shortly the firemen and truck went tearing down West 6th Street. Very quickly they returned to the station with a number of kegs on the fire truck, unloaded them, and then returned and doused the fire. First things first obviously, and no questions about proper priorities.

The Safeway Store in Leadville, where my friend Martin Colley worked part time, stocked sugar in one hundred pound sacks and in season would dispose of a rail car or two of grapes, plus yeast enough to bake bread for a city ten times the size of Leadville. But the only comment attached to such a purchase would be "my wife has a real sweet tooth" or "I sure do like grape jelly and grape syrup on my pancakes".

Around any of the old mining towns like Breckenridge or Leadville there were always a few town characters. Leadville's was Baby Doe Tabor. She lived alone at the Matchless Mine and survived on the unspoken but freely given charity of the town. She would come in and get a few groceries at Zaitz's and would say "Put it on my account and I'll pay you when we start the Matchless again." They would go



Breckenridge, Summit County, Colorado, 1932. Altitude 9534 feet.

through the motions, knowing full well it would never happen, but it was their way of dispensing aid, still preserving her self respect. Now she is a legend and the subject of an operetta but then she was just an odd character around town.

Over in Breckenridge there was a man known as Packy, whose real name I do not now remember. He was involved some years earlier in a premature or misfire dynamite explosion in a mine with the result that he was somewhat addled. His pixilation was picking up and sorting in vacant houses such oddments as match sticks, bottles, papers, string and most any kind of loose worthless trash. He was totally harmless and I guess did serve a useful function as he kept the streets clean if nothing else.

The nicknames of these characters usually related to their peculiar different or outstanding trait. Packy was shortened from Packrat. Another was Touchy. This one referred to the fact that he was notoriously light-fingered around other people's property that was loose and could be carried away as trading material in negotiating for a jug of moonshine. Everyone knew it and took steps to watch closely whenever Touchy was around but never went so far as a direct accusation or complaint to the law. If something was missing you pretty well knew where to look.

Around both Breckenridge and Leadville were a number of old time miners with an affliction known then as "Miner's Puff". Today it would be called emphysema or silicosis.

Then there was the Madam who ran the Parlor House which was across the river beyond the railroad tracks west of downtown Breckenridge. She later married a rancher from down the Blue below Dillon and still later returned as "Queen of the Rodeo" at one of the celebrations of annexing Summit County into the U.S.

Then there was John Custer who had a reputation as the meanest man in town. In 1930 or 1931 he bought at a tax sale considerable land at the junction of the Ten Mile and West Ten Mile Creeks. For something in the neighborhood of \$100.00 he had what is now the entire base area of Copper Mountain Ski Resort and the Custer family still owns land on the west of side of I-70.

Before the days of helicopters Public Service Company had patrolmen stationed every 20 to 25 miles along the high-tension power line running from Shoshone or Glenwood Canyon to Denver. Their job was to patrol the line in their sector once a week, summer and winter, rain or shine. The local man in Dillon, named Wurle, along with others, developed a system for winter travel that in his case stretched from Fremont Pass to the top of Argentine Pass. They would use snowshoes going up, dragging skis behind—one tied to each snowshoe. Returning they would don the skies, put the snowshoes on their backs and slide home. They used only one pole, of wood and 6' to 7' long. To slow down you stuck the pole between your legs and sat on it as a brake. To turn you dug it in and dragged it to one side or the other as a sort of an outrigger rudder. This was necessary as with the leather binding in use then you could turn your foot almost 90° without affecting the ski direction at all.

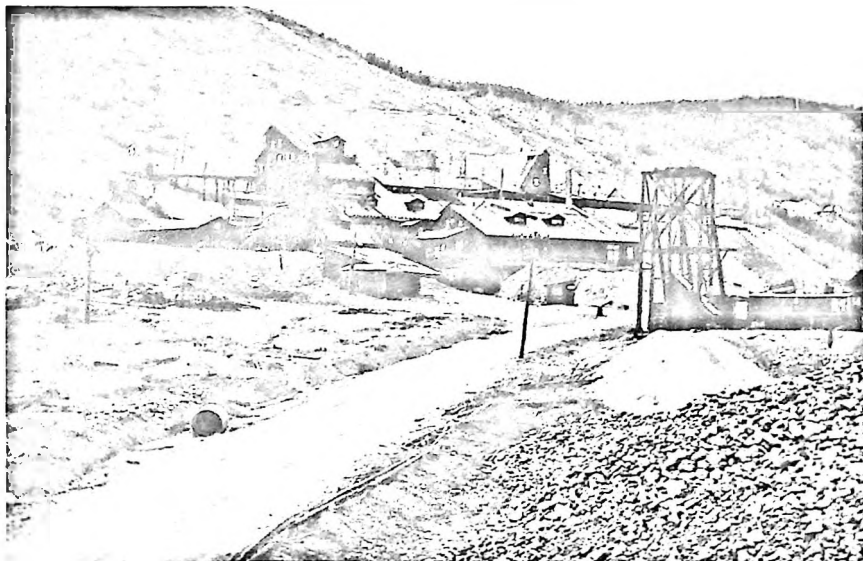
Leadville had another institution that was unique as far as I know and that was the Badger Fight. This was not a regular event but took place somewhat spontaneously whenever a likely candidate from out of town appeared on the scene. Whoever was selected as the pigeon was always a total greenhorn, easily duped and one who had shown more than ordinary interest and curiosity about local color and customs. Once the word was out that a live one was on the line the whole town began to buzz with whispered and secretive conversations about the upcoming badger fight. Everyone in town knew what was going on but never gave the slightest hint publicly, and contact with the pigeon was held to two or three people. After several weeks of this a date was set for the fight. On the selected night there would be thirty to forty men assembled in a barn on the west side of town. Inside on one side of the floor was chained a huge bulldog and on the other was a barrel, covered with a small tarp and with a heavy rope leading out of the top. Scratching sounds could be heard coming from the barrel. After some time for placing bets the chief conspirator asked as a special favor if his protegee could pull out the badger to start the fight as he was a special friend and very interested and had done well in keeping the fight a secret. Just as he was about to pull the badger the cops raided the place and charged him with promoting a badger fight, seized the bulldog and barrel as evidence and tossed him in jail to be held for trial next day.

Of course the jail was stocked with stooges whose stories of past fights and punishments did not help his composure. Next day after the jury was selected and attorneys appointed, the judge explained that since badger fights are illegal and cruel the defendant must stand trial, in the minimum as an accessory, since he held the rope tied to the badger. The defense then asked for proof that there really was a badger before proceeding. Finally the judge ordered the defendant to pull the badger out of the barrel so it can be seen by the jury. After some hesitation he finally pulls hard on the rope and tips the barrel over. Out comes a half dozen mice who provided the noise effects and tied to the rope is the badger—a chamber pot of magnificent proportions, around 18" across and 15" high.

At this instant he realizes he has been had and goes from shock to disbelief to anger to embarrassment and finally to laughter. Sometimes it stopped at the anger phase but usually not. If it ended in laughter as a supreme joke on himself he had

everyone in town as a friend from then on. After the hilarity and ribbing died down he would be the most ardent accomplice for the next victim. If he couldn't accept it as a well-planned and executed farce he usually was too angry or embarrassed to stick around and soon left town.

I witnessed one of these productions, perhaps the last one for all I know, as the major participants are all gone now and I doubt if today you could get that kind of communal cooperation in such a large-scale practical joke without getting sued for defamation of character, harassment, and false arrest.



Wellington Mine and Mill, near Breckenridge, 1932. Produced several millions of dollars of gold and silver; operated sporadically into the late '30s. Pyrites and Galena in the ores produced sulphur dioxide which killed off all vegetation on the nearby hillside. Moore photo.

Along about September 1934 I got a job at the American Smelting and Refining Co. in Leadville as a laborer in the sample mill. Boy, did I learn a lesson as to the meaning of the word "discrimination". I was the lone white Anglo Protestant sent to work with a Spanish-American Catholic crew. This was before the days of the EEOC, Hiring Quotas, and Affirmative Action. Being somewhat naive, it took several weeks for me to realize that I was marked for eradication, either voluntarily upright or involuntarily feet first horizontally. Once the message sank in I left very quickly for another job at the South London over the Alma, first as a helper in the assay office and then as a mucker underground. Since this was a full 24-hour operation the boarding house served breakfast and dinner at every meal. For the first week I didn't know the difference until someone asked me why I was eating at the breakfast instead of the dinner table. I had just assumed they served pancakes at every meal. Pay here was \$5.00 a day from which \$1.25 was subtracted for room and board.

The boarding house used a lot of canned fruit and ordinarily just poured out the liquid in which the fruit was packed. Dewey, the assayer for the mine, thought this was a great waste. He proceeded to set up a brewery using this syrup. After a suitable fermentation period the stuff was all covered with a scum so Dewey decided to filter it through the only available medium he had, a set of brass sizing screens. Apparently he had mostly vinegar as the screens dissolved in the process. It didn't bother Dewey much however as he drank it anyhow, dissolved brass and all with no apparent bad effects.

Some time later I was transferred underground as a mucker in the big raise area. Things went pretty well for a while until I was given the assignment of working in an ore chute from the stope level to the haulage level. This chute was so designed that the slope was insufficient to let the ore run down by itself, and so with a short handled shovel and a paddling motion a man had to keep the ore moving. The chute was too low to stand up in so you had to kneel. After some period of this I lipped off to the shift boss whereupon he fired me and I quit without any definition of who got his licks in first.

Quite by chance in mid-summer of 1935 I met Ev Long in Boulder and discovered he was Chairman of the Colorado Mountain Club Outing and was in need of camp help for three weeks. Offered were food and transportation in return for helping in setting up the camp and being a general handyman while the paying members lived it up. What better way to get into the Gore Range Wilderness on Brush Creek above Black Lake? We left Denver on a Sunday morning in a truck with all the tents and kitchen gear and the hired cook. Besides Ev and the cook there were two other guys, also roustabouts like me. We camped above Lackner's Ranch on Black Creek in the National Forest right at the boundary of the Black Lake property owned privately as an enclave in the forest. The next three days we spent laying out and cutting a horse trail around Black Lake, up Black Creek and then up Brush Creek to the camp site. On Wednesday the pack horses and packer arrived from Aspen and loaded up the gear for camp. The only difference was that we had to help carry all their gear into camp—five miles. They only had to get themselves in. During the actual camp time Sunday to Sunday the camp help could go on all the trips as long as we had the dishes washed and firewood cut, so we really hustled to get everything done in a hurry.

This was pretty primitive country then and any number of virgin summits were available for first ascents. I participated in several. Two climbs of Mt. Powell were the Premier events, one led by Carl Blaurock and one by me. Mt. Powell is not a difficult climb. It's just a darn long way. Anyhow, on top there was a cairn and in looking this over we found an old rusty tin can. Inside, written on a "Gebhard's Chocolate" wrapper was the record of the first ascent by Major Powell and Ned Ferrel (then Editor of the Rocky Mountain News) in 1868. At that point we were the fifth party of record to climb Mt. Powell. It was quite a thrill to find the document and realize how few people had trod this summit. We brought the paper home and deposited it with the State Historical Society for safe-keeping. Some years later in 1942 Ginny and I climbed Mt. Powell again, and even then, some seven years later, only one other ascent was recorded in between.

Mt. Powell now epitomizes the saying that a mountain goes through stages, from Impossible to Climb, to Very Difficult, to Moderate, to an Easy Day for a Lady. More people climb Powell on any given summer weekend now than all the people combined during the 75 years from 1868 to 1943.

In the summer of 1938 we were again in Breckenridge. The dredge, working its way through town just west of Main Street, had suffered an accident and had sunk in its pond the previous fall. Now it was being rebuilt with a new hull and upgraded machinery. My job was that of an electrician's helper to the chief electrician. He was somewhat of a character. Some years previous he had created some spectacular fireworks when he and a helper hacksawed into a 13,000-volt power cable with the power still on. He was never quite the same after that as apparently the charge he got short circuited some things that never did straighten out. He was absolutely fearless around electricity. He would work a 220-volt hot circuit and test with a wet finger to find the neutral wire, while all the time standing in two to three inches of water down in the bilge of the dredge hull.

As you can imagine that scared me so much that I did not even want to stand near him when he was doing this. I had then and still do now, have a very healthy respect for the lethal capabilities of even a 110 AC circuit when improperly handled. It never fazed him however, as he lived to a ripe old age and "died in bed" instead of being electrocuted, as easily could have happened considering his general attitude and lack of concern regarding the dangers of electricity.



This is what's left in Indiana Gulch in 1938 after the hydraulic placering (see cover photo)

Moore photo.

They must have had some high old times in the early days of Beckenridge. During cleanup time after ten days or so of operation and advancing maybe 30 or 40 feet, there would accumulate on the table a water bucket full of bullets of a wide variety of sizes and shapes and calibers from BB shot up to 50 caliber slugs and ball shot. They must have spent a lot of spare time shooting at who knows what, and all just a block off main street.

Public attitude towards the devastating effect on the landscape of both placering and dredging were quite different then. In one of the City Council meeting minutes

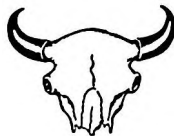
of that era is recorded a discussion about the dredge and the problems of replacing water and sewer lines as the dredge advanced south beside Main street. Included is the statement by one City Council member "Industrial development always takes precedence over scenic beauty." What do you suppose would be the fate of a similar stand today?



Denver & Rio Grande railway in Arkansas Valley just west of Leadville, near Malta, altitude ca. 9500 feet, Lake County, Colorado, 1944. Now one sees jet contrails in the sky instead of smoke on the ground.

Moore photo.

In 1937 a Breckenridge native of my age—24 years at the time—made the prediction that "some day this is going to be sportman's country." How right he was but not in the sense that he envisioned. He thought of it as a hunting and fishing paradise, as we then could not envision in our wildest dreams, the development that is there today. Only a few rotting remnants of the dredges remain and people decry the rock pile tailings on the Blue River, in French Gulch, and up the Swan River. Nevertheless they were "good days" too judged in the context of the times and of those years. I'm happy to have a chance to have lived a small part of them.







## Westerner's Bookshelf



**Edge of Taos Desert: An Escape to Reality** by Mabel Dodge Luhan. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1987. 338 pages. Cloth \$22.50, Paper \$14.95.

This work was first published in 1937 and has long been out of print. It is the fourth and final volume of Mabel Dodge Luhan's autobiography. She has spent her first thirty-eight years in the East and in Europe, trying to decide what exactly she wanted out of life, and her journey to Taos brought her to the realization that Taos was what she wanted. She would spend the rest of her life in Taos, married to her final husband, a Pueblo Indian.

In Taos, Mable Dodge would become a major player in the cultural life of Taos and the Southwest by bringing D. H. Lawrence, Thomas Wolfe and others to her home. Her primary focus was on the Native American, and while her view of the Pueblo Indian was very romanticised, she was able to appreciate what these people had in their lives, and that their strengths were what she had found lacking in others she had known. While she was unable to accept the values of the Pueblo, she was wise enough not to attempt major changes.

Her relationship with Tony Luhan eventually developed into a satisfactory marriage with each having to make the necessary adjustments. Tony Luhan provided her with a type of relationship that she had not experienced with her other husbands and lovers. His way of living was so different from her previous experiences that she allowed him to give some direction to her life. An example of this was in the selection of a site and the building of her home in Taos. Today this home is open to the public and operates as Los Palomas de Taos and is an interesting place to stay.

The descriptions of Taos and the people living there in 1917 make most interesting reading. The search for a place to rent ended with an approach to Arthur Rochford Manby, one of the most unique residents of Taos. Only a Mabel Dodge Sterne would have had the nerve to approach Manby and end up renting most of his home. Manby

was written about by Frank Waters in "To Possess the Land."

*Edge of Taos Desert* looks at this small New Mexican village before the coming of modern roads and tourists. The impact of Taos on the visitor today is still strong, but the impact on Mabel in 1917 turned her life around.

I only wish that the reprint had included the excellent photographs of Taos and its people by Ernest Knee and Ansel Adams that were in the 1937 edition. This new edition does contain a most informative introduction by Lois Rudnick, author of *Mabel Dodge Luhan New Woman, New Worlds* and a foreword by John Collier, Jr., whose father was strongly influenced by Mabel's opinions regarding the government's treatment of the Pueblo Indians, and who later served as Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.  
**First Scalp for Custer; the Skirmish at Warbonnet Creek** by Paul L. Hedren. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London (1980) 1987; Bison Books. 107 pp, 22 ills, 2 maps. Paper \$5.95.

The story that Buffalo Bill Cody met Chief Yellow Hand (Hair?) in hand-to-hand mortal combat with knives, from which Buffalo Bill emerged triumphant with Yellow Hand's scalp, has been current since this reviewer was a small boy (I always visualized them circling each other warily). I even saw it with my own eyes, re-enacted in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show at Chicago about 1905. Subsequently I heard that Cody had dedicated this "first scalp" (after the Little Big Horn) to Custer. I would have preferred to remember it that way but now Paul Hedren, in the frequent fashion of unimaginative historians, puts the record straight. Shucks! Backed up by 40 bibliographic references Hedren tells it like it was.

"On July 17, 1876, three weeks after the defeat of Lt. General George A. Custer at the Little Big Horn, the Fifth Cavalry Regiment skirmished with Cheyenne Indians at Warbonnet [Hat] Creek in northwestern Nebraska. The warrior Yellow Hair was shot at the outset by the regimental scout Buffalo

Bill Cody." The action was encouraging for the Army after a period of military disappointments.

[Bill Cody] "was radiant in his personal success. His shot had felled the only Indian killed in the quick surprise episode. And in a celebrated motion, he neatly scalped the warrior, proclaiming it as the "first for Custer." Bill Cody in a letter to his wife may have laid the groundwork for future reports of the incident when he wrote, "We have had a fight. I killed Yellow Hand a Cheyenne Chief in a single-handed fight."

The Cheyenne Daily Leader on 20 July reported, "The reinforcements for Gen. Sitting Bull from Red Cloud agency, were checked in their march yesterday by the Fifth Cavalry. The Cheyennes and Sioux scattered to the four winds. Gen. Merritt was unable to follow the warriors, and today, probably the agency Indians are again en route for Sitting Bull's camp. It is a pity that only "one good Indian" is the result of this campaign."

A 40-item bibliography testifies to the scholarship invested in this account. An Appendix lists the officers and a few of the other participants. Finally a 3½ page index results in a reference useful to any student of the Indian wars.

It is a pity that some of the scenic photographs of the localities involved are not at all clear; perhaps the quality of the paper has done poor justice to what may originally have been clear pictures. It is also to be preferred that the page numbers of any book be on the *outside* margins of the paper rather than in the center fold where they may be difficult to find.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr. P.M.

Fort Union Trading Post, Fur Trade Empire on the Upper Missouri by Erwin N. Thompson, 1986, Theodore Roosevelt Nature and History Association, Medora, ND, 94 pages. Paperback, \$5.95.

Some of you may remember the author, Erwin Thompson who was, and probably still is, with the National Park Service. I remember him in attendance at some of our meetings during the Press Club era.

The subject is certainly an interesting one, and Thompson has written a pretty good history regarding its establishment, life and involvement with the fur trade (1829-1867).

He has done considerable research and is able to detail numerous incidents which took place in that locale. All in all, it should prove amusing reading to most, although it is only 94 pages long. I found the book well put together with excellent continuity for a "fort history". The only concern I had was that during the course of the narrative, I (in today's perspective) did not know in which state Fort Union was located. This served to confuse me until I found it on a current road map. Needless to say, a map within the book would have been quite useful. It has many illustrations of paintings done by Fort Union visitors, as well as a few early photographs.

For the price, and the work's content, I would recommend it to any historian interested, even though it is only an easy night's fare.

Richard A. Cook P.M.

When Cultures Meet: Remembering San Gabriel Del Yunge Oweenge by Orlando Romero and others. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1987. 96 pages, photographs. Paper \$9.95.

On October 20, 1984, a conference was held at San Juan Pueblo, New Mexico; the papers that were presented during the sessions are published in this work. The papers cover the first capital of New Mexico from both the historical and archaeological perspectives. Jim Sagel concludes the work with a short story about the Turk and a poem about the meeting of the two cultures.

Florence Hawley Ellis deals with the problems of the study and preservation of the site of San Gabriel. This has been a problem because of the land use and the use of the old adobe bricks to produce new bricks. In several cases the discovery of important Spanish artifacts such as an archer's helmet have been preserved by pure luck; the helmet is the oldest piece of Spanish armor ever found in the United States. This paper also discusses the relationship between the lifestyles of the Pueblos and the Spanish as seen in the archaeological information preserved at the site. There is still a tremendous amount of work to be done, including the discovery of the site of the first church.

Marc Simmons and Myra Ellen Jenkins write of the arrival of the Spanish colonizers under the command of Don Juan de Oñate

and the impact on the Pueblo. While Simmons discusses the reasons for settlement, including both religious and profit motives, Jenkins deals with the impact of the Spanish institutions such as the repartimiento, or required labor, by the Indians.

This is an excellent publication for anyone interested in the early history of New Mexico and the establishment of San Gabriel as the capital of New Mexico. Copies should be sent to all textbook publishers who write that Santa Fe was the first capital and was founded by Oñate. The book also has photographs of the archaeological site and some of the artifacts that have been discovered.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**The Custer Story—The Life and Intimate Letters of General George A. Custer and His Wife, Elizabeth**, edited by Marguerite Merington, Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London. first Bison Book printing, 1987. 339 pages, photographs. Paper, \$9.95.

This Custer classic was first published in 1950 by the Devin-Adair Company, but has been unavailable for many years. Again Western and U.S. history buffs owe a debt of thanks to the University of Nebraska for making this book again available at a reasonable price, printed with its usual high standards.

One of the numerous curiosities of the Custer story is that Mrs. Custer, Elizabeth, survived until 1933, outliving nearly all of her husband's colleagues. The code of the officer and gentleman at that time was that they would say nothing that would hurt Elizabeth. Consequently possible criticism of the general died with his fellow officers.

Elizabeth Custer provided that Marguerite Merington, her "dearest friend", receive her letters and personal papers and be her literary amanuensis. This volume is the result of Merington's editing and publishing the material after Elizabeth Custer's death. Since any authentic data on Custer is valued by Custer buffs this reprint should enjoy a brisk sale.

For all of the obvious reasons, the book is quite pro-Custer. Any reader hoping for some spicy items in the husband-wife correspondence will be disappointed. Except for some cute pet names the letters are typical of the strictly moral period in which they were written. They definitely give the

reader an appreciation of the warm affection existing between George and Elizabeth, and many historical anecdotes ignored by more formal historians are mentioned.

This book contains little new information for dedicated Custer buffs. In this reviewer's opinion, Larry Frost, of Monroe, Michigan, covered the subject better in his *General Custer's Libby, The Custer Album*, and his other numerous books. However, this reprint is recommended for a space on any Westerner's bookshelf.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

**Ordeal by Hunger: The Story of the Donner Party** by George R. Stewart. Univ. of Nebraska Press. 1986 reprint. 320 pages. Paperback.

This book is a reprint of a work originally published in 1936 and updated by the author in 1960. What lies between the covers is an engrossing and thorough examination of the events in 1846 that befell an ill-fated caravan of pioneers heading for California. As the author states: "Although the adventure of the Donner Party is . . . a minor incident, its spectacular qualities have caused it to become one of the most widely known of western stories. . . ."

A wagon train of 87 people set out in July of 1846 for California and, through a series of misadventures, were stranded in the mountains by deepening winter snows. From October till April of the following year, when the rescue was completed, the party was encamped in the most miserable of conditions near what is now Donner Lake at the foot of Donner Pass. 47 people survived this ordeal, and then only by eating the remains of their dead companions for lack of other food sources.

The day-to-day account of a pioneering journey to the frontier west would be interesting enough, but adding the element of cannibalism makes this a wholly engrossing story. As the author writes: ". . . The matter of cannibalism seems really to be a kind of taboo in which reason fails to function. It is regarded as one of the unclean things . . . not to be discussed, or even thought of."

The book, as an historical work, is invaluable. The author has taken pains to include maps plus 15 pages of notes, references, and other works on the subject. A more thorough

history would be hard to imagine, what with his 1960 updating of the original. With all this, however, the high point, for me, is the inclusion of several actual dairies and letters authored by various survivors of the ordeal.

To quote the author: "The story of their ordeal is not pleasant . . . but after all, the merely pleasant is thin and bloodless: a picnic in the park scarcely gives humanity a chance to show of what is it capable. . . . through all the story runs a sustaining bond. . . . the sheer will to live."

George W. Krieger D.D.S.

#### Communication re Battle of Beecher Island

I have a slight addendum to the excellent article by Gerald K. Keenan published in the May-June 1986 issue of the ROUNDUP on the Battle of Beecher's Island.

The other side of that engagement was recounted by George Bent, from whose letters and the late George E. Hyde's notes and unfinished narrative I prepared and published *Life of George Bent* in 1968 (University of Oklahoma Press). That other side centers in the Cheyennes, most notably in Roman Nose. The story appears on pages 300 *et seq.*

Roman Nose was a member of the Crooked Lance Society, one of the Cheyenne soldier societies, though he rode much, in the two or three years before his death at Beecher's Island, with the Dog Soldiers. Bent's portrait of him is, I think, rather superbly drawn. Bent knew him intimately. Bent, we need to be reminded, was a half-blood, the son of William Bent of Bent's Old Fort. After the Sand Creek Massacre, however, he declined to be identified in any other way than as a Cheyenne, the son of Owl Woman.

"Standing a few nights ago beside Jerome Bushyhead (Covote Walks By) I had no trouble visualizing Roman Nose and his male tribesmen of a century and a quarter ago. These men were enormous, as is Bushyhead and as was Roman Nose. Field of fire made the difference and it belonged to the whites."

Savoie Lottinville,  
Norman, Oklahoma

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP



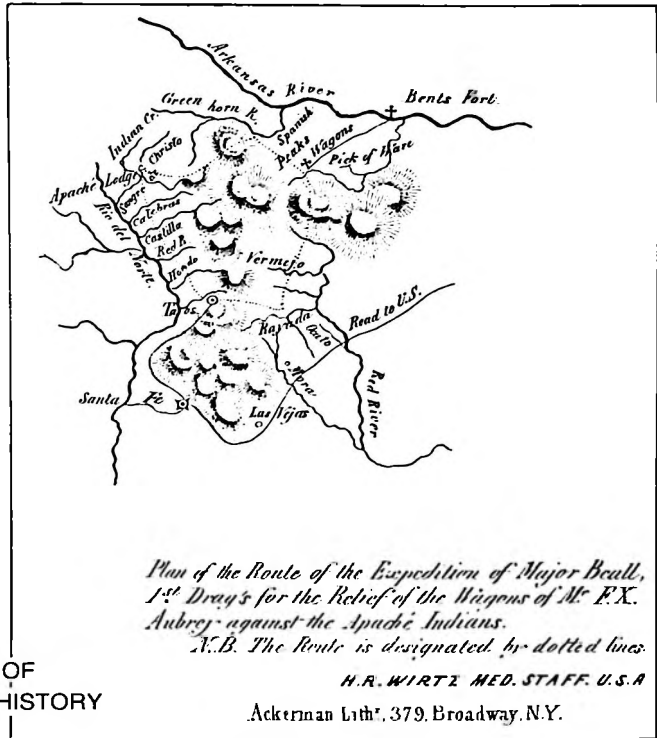
### OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

Dr. Thomas J. Noel is the current outstanding historian for Colorado, and more particularly the Denver area. He has a very sound background for his present activities; even his parentage destined him for scholarship. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a most scholarly atmosphere, of a University of Colorado graduate psychiatrist mother and a Harvard-educated law professor father.

Tom earned a Master's degree in Library Science from Denver University, and another MA and a PhD in history from the University of Colorado in Boulder. Today he is Associate Professor of History and Director of Colorado Studies at CU Denver. He is a Board Member of the Friends of the Denver Public Library and a Denver Landmark Commissioner.

He has authored 26 published articles and 7 books on Colorado history. The year 1987 will see the appearance of three of his books on Colorado history. Tom addressed the Denver Posse on 24 June on "Colorado's Motor Gypsies," which was in effect a history of the automobile in Colorado and its effect on Colorado roads, activities, and tourism, now one of the state's leading industries.





A FRAGMENT OF  
OBSCURE HISTORY

This map appeared in a collection of maps and reports concerning the Mexican War (1845-48) and the conquest of California (1846-47). It was published by the U.S. Government in 1848, without further reference to any such expedition as is suggested by the map. Neither this nor any other contemporary report alludes to such an event. Probably no rescue was actually attempted since there would almost certainly have been some report of it.

Major Beale, best known for his part in the attempt to adapt camels to American desert military service (1855-64) was an explorer of Southwestern trails. F.X. Aubrey was a well-known trader who apparently had some problems with the Indians in this area about this time and presumably the Army was planning to intervene, but failed to do so. The cartographer, H.R. Wirtz, was an Army doctor with some talent as an artist. His work also appears in the U.S. Mexican Boundary Surveys.

The stream shown entering the Arkansas River near Bent's Fort, labeled "Pick of Ware", is the present Purgatoire, in southeastern Colorado. The Spanish named it El Rio de Las Animas en Purgatorio, the river of souls in purgatory, later changed to the French Purgatoire. The French pronunciation of Purgatoire was corrupted by the Americans to "Picketwire", and is here still further corrupted by this mapmaker.

Map and data courtesy of Paul Mahoney, Posse Member, Denver Westerners.



Fred A. Rosenstock P.M. 1895-1985

### ROSENSTOCK ENDOWMENT FUND

The Denver Westerners is establishing an Endowment Fund, intended to make it possible to recognize accomplishments in Western American historical research, publication, or any other activity advancing knowledge and understanding of the history of the American West. The Fund has been named after one of the most scholarly of our Charter Members, Fred A. Rosenstock, distinguished collector, publisher, and dealer in rare books, art, and artifacts with particular reference to the West.

The Posse is currently matching funds donated by the Rosenstock estate. It is intended that only the interest accruing to the Fund is to be expended for awards, and that the principal will be preserved in perpetuity. It is expected that this procedure will result in a gradually increasing Fund which will eventually grow to a respectably sizeable amount.

Contributions to the Fund are sought from members of the Westerners as well as from anyone who may wish to encourage Western American investigation and scholarship. Contributions are tax deductible—the Denver Westerners is a registered non-profit organization.

Contributors will be recognized at the time of presentation of the awards, hopefully annually, which may take any of a wide variety of forms—certification, publicity, monetary, or any other appropriate form. Please join us in what we hope will become a noteworthy activity.

Contributions should be sent directly to our treasurer, Dr. Loren Blaney, 5508 Mansfield Ave., Denver, Colorado 80237. Checks should be payable to Dr. Blaney with a notation that they are contributions to the *Rosenstock Endowment Fund*.

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1987



## THOSE SIDEWINDERS The Shay Locomotive In Colorado

Dan Abbott



Argentine Central Locomotive No. 9 ready to tackle the steep six-percent grade above Waldorf, to the summit of Mt. McClellan (C.E. Boynton photo; M.H. Ferrell coll.)

## OUR AUTHORS

Dan Abbott's interest in railroading stems from having watched the closing years of steam on the Union Pacific mainline while growing up near Henderson, Colorado. He moved there from his native Texas at the age of six. A draftsman by profession, the author has an Associate degree in Architectural Engineering. He has also produced numerous scale drawings and maps for various books and magazines. More than a decade of painstaking research went into his first book *Stairway to the Stars—Colorado's Argentine Central Railway*, published in 1977, and now long out of print. He especially enjoys researching the lesser-known early Colorado short lines. He belongs to several railroad historical organizations, including the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club and, of course, the Denver Westerners.

## SAM AND CARRIE ARNOLD

The 1987 Summer Rendezvous was held at the Fort Restaurant, an authentic replica of Bent's Old Fort on the Arkansas River in southeastern Colorado, built by Sam in 1962 near Morrison, Colorado, in the foothills west of Denver. Following a buffalo dinner, enlivened by comments by our host on the early Western significance of the viands, Sam gave us a most absorbing lecture on "Who Scalped Belzie Dodd OR Food and Drink of the Mountain Men."

Sam Arnold is a native of Pennsylvania, educated at Andover and Yale (English) and with graduate studies at Denver University in American History. He built the Fort Restaurant in 1962, employing a native crew from Taos, New Mexico, who made and used some 80,000 adobe bricks for the walls.

Sam is an accomplished student of early American food, and has traveled and studied abroad, including Asia, South America, the West Indies, and the Soviet Union. He is the author of several books on cookery, has conducted lively programs on radio and TV, and has been consultant to various food-and-drink-related industries. His wife Carrie, in addition to aiding and abetting Sam in their joint activities, is a cartographer and artist, with recent attention to a series of "modern" santos.



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HAVE YOU PAID YOUR DUES?



## THOSE SIDEWINDERS

by

Dan Abbott P.M.

Presented 26 September 1984

With Ephraim Shay's invention of the lopsided, geared locomotive that bears his name, the American lumbering and mining industries were revolutionized. While all of the features were known at the time, Shay was able to obtain a patent on his invention by reason of having created a new and useful result by combining a number of already-known elements. By the time he had filed his application for a patent, March 30, 1881, some ten Shay locomotives had already been built. Shay's patent on his geared locomotive was granted June 14, 1881, and shortly thereafter the Lima Machine Works acquired the sole manufacturing rights.

Early Shays, while appearing very crude, got the job done. The Shay locomotive was so designed that it could operate successfully on rough, unstable trackage, around sharp curves, and up steep grades, with a minimum of difficulty compared with any other type of locomotive. Their principal feature, an unmistakable one, was that their gear mechanism and cylinders were on one side only, giving them a lopsided appearance.

In the beginning, the Shay locomotive was little more than a vertical boiler and a two-cylinder engine mounted at one side of a platform on two four-wheel trucks. A water tank, wood or coal bin, and canopy completed the superstructure. Flexible couplings in the drive shaft of the running gear allowed the trucks to swivel. The weight of the locomotive was equally distributed on all wheels permitting its operation on very light or uneven track. And, because the power developed by the engine was divided equally among the wheels, adhesion was maximum, with the result that the Shay locomotive was unequalled in working on steep grades.

The accessibility of the working parts made maintenance easy—less costly than with conventional side-rod engines. An added advantage of the Shays was that since their top speed was far less than conventional locomotives the chance of a runaway was considerably less also. An odd feature of these Shays was their rapidly barking exhaust which gave the impression of a locomotive racing along at high speed, while in reality the top speed of any Shay was only about twelve miles an hour.

When the Lima Machine Works took over production of the Shay locomotive in the mid 1880's the design quickly improved; a horizontal boiler was added—off center, which only added to the lopsided appearance—and grew to three cylinders and three trucks and eventually even to four-truck models. Frames originally were made of timber; later I-beam frames were used. Then came built-up steel girder frames. Wood brake beams were changed to steel I-beams. The arch-bar truck gave way to a steel side-frame truck. Cabs were changed from wood to steel. Cylinders changed from slide valve to piston valve, and hand brakes gave way to air brakes; oil headlights to electric.

Shays were manufactured in profuse variety and were shipped to twenty-seven different foreign countries. So diverse was their design that among the 2770 Shays turned out by the Lima Locomotive Works from 1880 to 1945, it is difficult to find two engines exactly alike.

## History of the Shay Locomotive in Colorado

The Gilpin Tramway  
 Silverton Railroad  
 Stone Mountain Railroad & Quarry  
 Noland Land & Transfer Company  
 Little Book Cliff Railway  
 Book Cliff Railroad  
 Colorado & Northwestern Railway  
 Argentine Central Railway  
 Uintah Railway  
 New Mexico Lumber Company  
 Treasury Mountain Railroad  
 Trinchera Estate Company

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### The Gilpin Tramway

The Gilpin Tramway was the only two-foot gauge railway in Colorado. Serving as the main artery for the flow of ore from the mines above Central City to the smelters at Black Hawk, the tramway twisted and turned its way over some twenty miles of track—pulled by Shay locomotives.

In all, the Gilpin Tramway owned five Shays, numbered in order of acquisition. The first, named "Gilpin", was shipped from the Lima Machine Works as construction order number 181 on August 10, 1887. The fourteen-ton two-truck Shay arrived in Black Hawk August 26 and went into service on the tramway on September first, as road number one. A class 14-2\* locomotive, the trucks included four 24-inch driving wheels. It had two 7x7-inch cylinders. The tank held 680 gallons of water and one ton of coal.

The Gilpin Tramway's "two-spot", named "Russell" (see p. 7), arrived from Lima as construction order number 199 on March 6, 1888. A class 14-2, it had 24-inch drivers and three 7x7-inch cylinders. With a working order weight of 28,500 pounds, it generated 5350 pounds of tractive effort. Number two held 680 gallons of water and one ton of coal. Its 30-inch wagon-top boiler\* contained 44 tubes, and the firebox was 43x26<sup>7</sup>/<sub>8</sub>-inches.

Both number one and number two were sold to the Silver City Pinos Altos & Mogollon Railroad in August of 1905, after the arrival of heavier motive power from Lima.

Gilpin Tramway number three was shipped from Lima as construction order number 264 on December 14, 1889, and arrived in Black Hawk on January 3, 1890. Named "Quartz Hill", number three was somewhat heavier (about 40,000 pounds in working order) and developed 7835 pounds of tractive effort. This engine contained

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\*CLASS; weight of locomotive in tons + number of trucks (sets of wheels).

48 flues, and the firebox was 50x28 $\frac{7}{8}$ -inches. A class 20-2, it had 24-inch drivers and three 8x8-inch cylinders. Number three held 735 gallons of water and one ton of coal. It generated the same 150 pounds of steam pressure as numbers one and two, and had a diamond smoke stack.

Lima construction order number 594, the Gilpin Tramway's number four was shipped from Lima on January 27, 1900 and arrived on the railroad February 20. It was an almost identical twin of number three, except that the tender had higher sides and consequently held 825 gallons of water.

The last Shay to come to the Gilpin Tramway was shipped from Lima as construction order number 696 on April 23, 1902, and arrived in Black Hawk in March. A class 20-2 engine, it was almost identical to number four with the exception of a tapered stack.

Shay numbers three, four and five were converted to three-foot gauge by the Morse Brothers Machinery Company (an area scrap dealer) in 1917 when the Gilpin Tramway was abandoned. All three locomotives were eventually scrapped in 1938 after rusting away for twenty years.

### Silverton Railroad

Like other narrow-gauge railroads in the mountainous areas of Colorado, the Silverton Railroad possessed steep grades and sharp curves. The track climbed from 9300 feet at Silverton to 11,111 feet at Sheridan Pass, then dropped to 9740 feet at Albany.

The Silverton's Shay, named "Guston," (see p. 11) was shipped from Lima as construction order number 269 on April 19, 1890. A class 32-2, it had 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch drivers and three 10x12-inch cylinders. Its 42-inch (diameter) boiler was a straight wagon-top design\* and contained 127 two-inch flues which were nine feet long. Its 55x38 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch firebox could develop 180 pounds, it generated 16,850 pounds of tractive effort. The tank held 1740 gallons of water and two tons of coal.

This Shay was traded in 1893 to the Rio Grande Southern Railroad, where it became their number thirty-four (second). This engine was used on the five percent grades of the Rio Grande Southern's Black Hawk-Enterprise branch, high above the town of Rico.

It was sold in 1899 to the Siskiwit & Iron River Railroad in Ashland, Wisconsin. That line later sold it to the Thompson Brothers Lumber Company in Doucette, Texas who in turn sold it then to the Fidelity Lumber Company—also in Doucette. It was then sold to the Turkey Creek Lumber Company, located in Waynesboro, Mississippi, and then was sold in 1928 to the Stark & Oldham Brothers Lumber Company—also in Waynesboro.

Stone Mountain Railroad & Quarry  
Noland Land & Transfer Company

The Stone Mountain Railroad & Quarry Company was incorporated in 1890, and built four miles of standard-gauge track from the end of a Chicago Burlington & Quincy spur east of Lyons to the sandstone quarries above the same town. Large tonnages of red sandstone were brought out of the quarries until 1895, when the

\*"straight wagon-top design;" not tapered rear to front.

Noland Land & Transfer Company acquired the railroad. This stone declined in popularity, and the advent of World War I caused the company's demise in 1915.

Stone Mountain Shay number one was shipped from Lima as construction order number 319 on December 17, 1890. A Lima class 28-2, it had 29½-inch drivers and three 10x11-inch cylinders. With a working order weight of about 61,500 pounds, it generated 15,135 pounds of tractive effort. Number one held 1038 gallons of water and 1¼ tons of coal. Its 40-inch boiler contained 96 flues which were nine feet long. The firebox was 54¾x36¾-inches and generated 160 pounds of steam pressure.

After the Noland Land & Transfer Company acquired the Stone Mountain Railroad & Quarry Company in 1895 this Shay was relettered and renumbered as the former company's road number one.

In July, 1905, the Noland Land & Transfer Company took delivery of number two, a Lima class 45-2 Shay—construction order number 1531. Number two was substantially larger than number one. It had 32-inch drivers and three 11x12-inch cylinders. With a working order weight of 87,000 pounds, it generated 20,300 pounds of tractive effort. Larger all the way around, number two held 1750 gallons of water and ¾ tons of coal. Its 44-inch boiler contained 133 flues nine feet long, and the firebox was 72½x40¾-inches. It generated 180 pounds of steam pressure. Both numbers one and two were sold to the Allen Coal Company in late 1915, when the Noland Land & Transfer Company ceased to operate.

The Allen Coal Company during 1916 built several miles of steep and winding track westward from Oak Creek on the Denver & Salt Lake Railroad to the mines at Coal View. Operated for only two years under its original name, it became the Pinnacle Coal Company in 1918. Eight years later the company's name was changed to the Routt Pinnacle Coal Company. It continued coal mining at Coal View until 1934, using the two Shay engines which had worked originally in the stone quarries near Lyons, and which were subsequently dismantled for scrap.

#### Little Book Cliff Railway Book Cliff Railroad

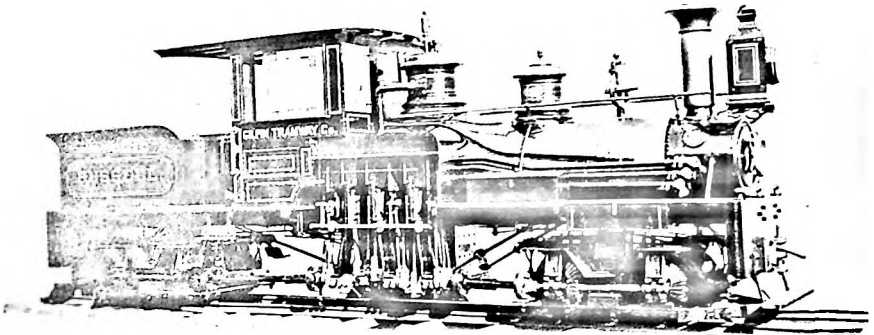
The Little Book Cliff Railway, incorporated in 1889, hauled its loads to Grand Junction, Colorado from an outcropping of coal twelve miles north of that town, on narrow-gauge tracks.

Shay number two (road number)—built for W. F. Carpenter—was shipped from Lima as construction order number 361, on July 22, 1891, and was named "Etta." A class 28-2 locomotive, the trucks were 29½-inch drivers. It had three 10x11-inch cylinders. The tank held 1400 gallons of water and 1¼ tons of coal. With a working order weight of 61,500 pounds, it generated 15,135 pounds of tractive effort. Its 40-inch (diameter) boiler was a straight wagon-top design and contained 96 two-inch flues which were nine feet long. Its 54¾x36¾-inch firebox could develop 160 pounds of working steam pressure.

The Little Book Cliff Railway was reorganized as the Book Cliff Railroad in 1899, which continued to haul coal until 1923, when mining was discontinued. Two years later the trackage was removed. Little Book Cliff number two became Book Cliff number two in 1899 and was sold to the Denver Metal & Machine Company, an area scrap dealer, in 1925. It was subsequently dismantled for scrap.

Book Cliff number four (road number) was shipped from Lima as construction

order number 2145 on March 11, 1909. Number four was substantially smaller than number two. A Lima class 36-2, it had 28-inch drivers and three 10x10-inch cylinders. With a working order weight of 74,000 pounds, it generated 14,850 pounds of tractive effort. Smaller all the way around, number four held 1200 gallons of water and 1¾ tons of coal. Its 40-inch boiler contained 104 flues and the firebox was 54¼x38¾-inches. It generated 180 pounds of steam pressure. Number four was also sold to the Denver Metal & Machine Company in 1926, who subsequently dismantled it for scrap.



Shay Locomotive, Gilpin Tramway "Russell," 1888  
(P.E. Percy)

### Colorado & Northwestern Railway

The narrow-gauge Colorado & Northwestern Railway (incorporated in 1897) connected Boulder with the mines in the mountains west of that city. Between Boulder and Pinnacle the gradient averaged close to four percent, and there was one short section of seven percent.

Shay number twenty-five was shipped from Lima as construction order number 540 on December 11, 1897. A class 45-2 locomotive, it had 32-inch drivers, and three 12x12-inch cylinders. Its 46-inch boiler contained 129 two-inch flues which were nine feet long. Its 72½x40¼-inch firebox could develop 180 pounds of working steam pressure. With a working order weight of 90,000 pounds, it generated 24,100 pounds of tractive effort. Number twenty-five held 2000 gallons of water and 3¼ tons of coal.

This engine was sold in 1917 to the Morse Brothers Machinery Company, a Denver area scrap dealer, who later that same year, sold it to the Little Cottonwood Transportation Company located in Wasatch, Utah, becoming their number two.

That line later sold it to the Alta Scenic Railway, also in Wasatch, where it became that railway's number two until it was sold again in 1925 to the Morse Brothers Machinery Company which eventually scrapped it at the end of a long, and varied career.

### Argentine Central Railway

Construction of a railroad to reach the mines west of Silver Plume began in 1905 with the financial backing of E. J. Wilcox, a mine owner. Switchbacks provided the means for the railroad to make the steep climb through the Colorado Rockies; passengers and freight both from and to the mines provided the reason to build the line, an accomplishment completed through severe terrain, often in the midst of unfavorable winter weather. One year after the construction began, the railroad was completed to the summit of Mount McClellan, the highest point in North America reached by an adhesion railway. By 1911, it had changed owners several times and was shut down by financial troubles that took two years to overcome, and then only briefly for a operating tourist season that lasted only weeks. By January of 1920 dismantling of the railroad was completed and a Shay ascending Mount McClellan on the "Grey's Peak Route" of the Argentine Central was a thing of the past.

In all, the Argentine Central owned seven Shays, numbered in order of acquisition. The first-built for the Waldorf Mining & Milling Company was ordered the day grading began on the railroad—August 1, 1905. Number one was shipped from the Lima Machine Works as construction order number 1561 on August 17. The 37-ton, two-truck Shay arrived in Silver Plume August 30 and went into service on the railroad on September 27, 1905.

A class 37-2 locomotive, the trucks included four 29½-inch driving wheels. It had three 10x12-inch cylinders. The tank held 1560 gallons of water and 1¾ tons of coal, and the smallest engine (weighing 79,000 pounds) on the Argentine Central could generate 16,850 pounds of tractive effort. Its 42-inch (diameter) boiler was a straight wagon-top design and contained 127 two-inch flues which were nine feet long. Its 54¾x37½-inch firebox could develop 180 pounds of working steam pressure.

Like the later engines to arrive on the Argentine Central, number one had two three-inch safety valves, 16-inch round-case oil-burning headlights front and rear, arch-bar trucks, Westinghouse air brakes, a five-inch steam brake cylinder, superheater, Stephenson valve gear, and a cast-iron tapered smokestack.

Number one quickly proved too light for operation on the "Cray's Peak Route," so, when the road was completed in August of 1906 it was sold to the New Mexico Lumber Company, where it became Rio Grande & Pagosa Springs Railway number four. It eventually became Pagosa Lumber Company number four in 1913 and was scrapped in 1918.

The Argentine Central's "two-spot" arrived from Lima as construction order number 1575 on December 12, 1905. Number two was substantially larger than number one. A Lima class 45-2, it had 32-inch drivers and three 11x12-inch cylinders. With a working order weight of 90,000 pounds, it generated 20,310 pounds of tractive effort. Larger all the way around, number two held 1750 gallons of water and 3¾ tons of coal. Its 44-inch boiler contained 133 flues, and the firebox was 72½x40¼-inches. It generated the same 180 pounds of steam pressure as number one and carried the same accessories as number one, but lacked a rear-end light.

In July of 1906 the Argentine Central took delivery of number three, another Lima class 45-2 Shay (construction order number 1674) and the identical twin of number two, except number three had a rear-end light. Both number two and number three were sold to the Uintah Railway in late 1910. Argentine Central number two became Uintah number four. A.C. number three was re-numbered Uintah number five.

Argentine Central number four was shipped from Lima as construction order number 1832 on May 11, 1907, and arrived in Silver Plume on May 23. Another Lima class 45-2, number four was somewhat heavier (about 102,300 pounds in working order) and developed 22,850 pounds of tractive effort. This engine contained 151 flues, and the firebox was  $72\frac{1}{2} \times 46\frac{1}{4}$ -inches. It could generate 200 pounds of steam pressure. Its other major specifications were identical to numbers two and three, and it had an 11-inch tapered smokestack. Number four was sold to the Feather River Lumber Company (in Delleker, California) in May of 1914. It became that railroad's number two until it was sold to Hyman-Michaels, a San Francisco area scrap dealer, on March 30, 1943. It was subsequently dismantled for scrap.

Lima construction order number 1833, the Argentine Central's number five was shipped from Lima May 9, 1907, and arrived on the railroad May 23. Identical to number four, this locomotive was also sold to the Feather River Lumber Company, where it became their number one. The Feather River line sold it to Hyman-Michaels on the same day in 1943—and for the same purpose—as Argentine Central number four.

Argentine Central number six was shipped by Lima as construction order number 2093 on June 15, 1908. A class 47-2, this locomotive was almost an exact duplicate of numbers of four and five (built from Lima plan number 1832), except that the tender had higher sides and consequently held 2400 gallons of water. The additional water also meant heavier weight in working order—105,200 pounds. This engine was sold in August of 1915 to the Marsh Lumber Company located in Loyaltan, California. It was converted to standard-gauge in 1918 and became Clover Valley Lumber Company (also in Loyaltan) number fifty before eventually being dismantled for scrap.

The last Shay to come to the Argentine Central was delivered from Lima as construction order number 2159 on May 8, 1909. A class 50-2 engine, it was almost identical to number six with these exceptions: the boiler was larger— $46\frac{1}{4}$ -inches—with 167 boiler tubes; and the firebox was bigger ( $72\frac{1}{2} \times 48\frac{3}{4}$ -inches, compared to  $72\frac{1}{2} \times 46\frac{1}{4}$ -inches). The overall length of number seven was about one foot more than number six. Number seven was sold in 1918 to the Natalbany (Louisiana) Lumber Company and became number three on the Kentwood Greenburg & Southwestern Railroad. That line converted the engine to standard-gauge and later sold it to the new Orleads Natalbany & Natchez Railway, which eventually scrapped it.

### Uintah Railway

The Uintah Railway was one of the last narrow-gauge lines to be built in the Colorado Rockies, and the only railroad to penetrate the Uintah Basin of western Colorado and eastern Utah. The line was built almost exclusively to carry the unusual mineral Gilsonite. The task was made more difficult by the grade climbing Baxter Pass—five miles of seven and one-half percent with its many sharp curves.

In contrast to many shortline railroads of the same era, the Uintah operated profitably for thirty of its thirty-four years of existence. It was abandoned when traffic became too heavy and other methods of transportation proved more economical than rebuilding the line.

In all, the Uintah Railway owned seven Shays, numbered in order of acquisition. Number one was shipped from Lima as construction order number 888 on May 17, 1904. A class 37-2 locomotive, the trucks included four 29½-inch driving wheels. It had three 10x12-inch cylinders. The tank held 1560 gallons of water and two tons of coal, and the smallest engine (weighing 78,000 pounds) on the Uintah could generate 16,886 pounds of tractive effort. Its 42-inch (diameter) boiler was a straight wagon-top design and contained 127 two-inch flues which were nine feet long. Its 54¼x37½-inch firebox could develop 180 pounds of working steam pressure.

Like the later engines to arrive on the Uintah, number one had two three-inch safety valves, sixteen-inch round-case oil-burning headlights front and rear, arch-bar trucks, Westinghouse air brakes, a five-inch steam brake cylinder, superheater, Stephenson valve gear, and a cast-iron tapered smokestack. Number one remained in service on the Uintah until June 30, 1928, when it was scrapped.

The Uintah's number two was shipped from Lima as construction order number 939 on October 26, 1904. Number two was substantially larger than number one. A Lima class 45-2, it had 32-inch drivers and three 11x12-inch cylinders. With a working order weight of 90,000 pounds, it generated 20,310 pounds of tractive effort. Larger all the way around, number two held 2200 gallons of water and 3¼ tons of coal. Its 44-inch boiler contained 133 flues, and the firebox was 72½ x 40¼ inches. It generated the same 180 pounds of steam pressure as number one.

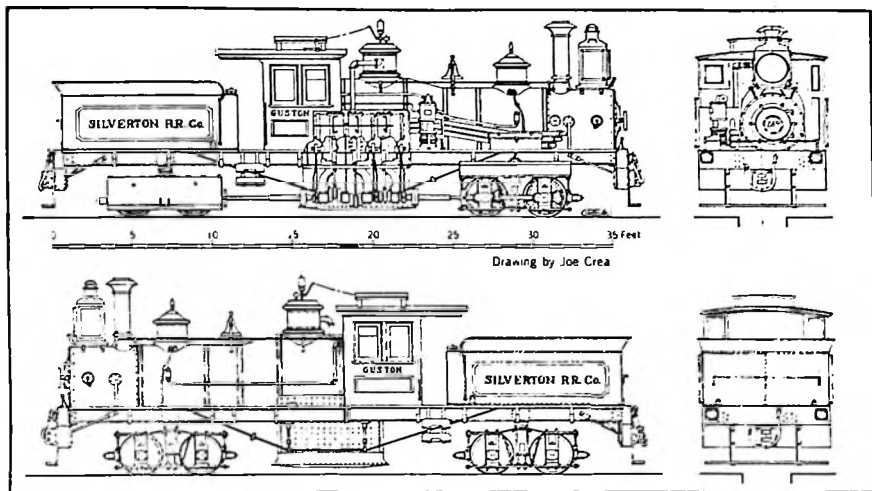
On April 8, 1905 Lima shipped Uintah's number three, another class 45-2 Shay (construction order number 1513) and the identical twin of number two. Both number two and three remained in service on the Uintah for many years. Number two was scrapped between 1935 and 1938, and number three was scrapped in October of 1933.

Both Argentine Central number two and number three Shays had been sold to the Uintah Railway in late 1910. A.C. number two became Uintah number four, and this engine was dismantled by the latter line in April 1928. A.C. number three was re-numbered Uintah number five. It was rebuilt with a new boiler (Lima repair order #R-24240) in November of 1929, and was finally taken out of service and dismantled in November of 1939.

Uintah number six was shipped by Lima as construction order number 3054 on February 3, 1920. A class 50-2, number six was somewhat heavier (about 108,000 pounds in working order) and developed 21,885 pounds of tractive effort. This engine contained 151 flues, and the firebox was 72½x46¼-inches. It could generate 200 pounds of steam pressure. The tank held 2500 gallons of water and four tons of coal. Its other major specifications were identical to numbers one, two and three, and it had a cast-iron tapered smokestack. Number six was sold to the Feather River Lumber Company (in Delleker, California) in May of 1927. It became that railroad's number three (second) until it was sold to Hyman-Michaels, a San Francisco area scrap dealer, in March of 1945. It was subsequently dismantled for scrap.

The last Shay to come to the Uintah came piece-by-piece from Lima. Number seven was assembled in the Uintah shops at Atchee, Colorado in December of 1933, from spare parts and a boiler (Lima order #R-14298). Number seven remained in service on the Uintah until after abandonment in 1939, when it was scrapped.





The Silverton Shay, "Guston," No. 269, 1890.  
 (Courtesy Sundance Publs., redrawn by J. Crea  
 from original by R.E. Sloan)

### New Mexico Lumber Company

The New Mexico Lumber Company had commenced logging in New Mexico, southwest of Trinidad about 1890, then expanded its operation into Colorado, south of Pagosa Springs. For this purpose it was incorporated in 1892 (in Colorado) and constructed a common-carrier railway—The Rio Grande & Pagosa Springs—to bring lumber from logging spurs to the mill at Edna. Many narrow-gauge short branches into the forests were owned and operated by the New Mexico Lumber Company, using its own or leased locomotives. This company also logged south of Lumberton, using the Rio Grande & Southwestern Railroad, and concluded its operations northwest of Dolores in 1932.

New Mexico Lumber Company number five was shipped by Lima as construction order number 1762 on October 26, 1906. A class 65-3, it had 32-inch drivers and three 12x15-inch cylinders. With a working order weight of 137,000 pounds, it generated 33,570 pounds of tractive effort. Its 46-inch (diameter) boiler contained 156 two-inch flues which were eleven feet long. Its 72½x42-inch firebox could develop 200 pounds of working steam pressure. The tank held 3000 gallons of water, and five tons of coal. This engine was used on the Rio Grande & Pagosa Springs Railroad, first at Edith, New Mexico, then later at Dolores. It was leased to the Rio Grande & Southwestern Railroad and used on the Thompson Mesa spur. It was sold to the California Barrel Company located at Olney, Oregon, and became their number five. That line converted the engine to standard gauge—exactly when is not known—and in 1922 it was sold to the Koster Products Company, located in Vernonia, Oregon, as their number five, before eventually being dismantled for scrap.

New Mexico Lumber Company number seven was shipped from Lima as construction order number 3345 on November 11, 1929. Number seven was substantially smaller than number five. A Lima class 60-3, it had 32-inch drivers and 11x12-inch cylinders. With a working order weight of 134,000 pounds, it generated 25,830 pounds of tractive effort. Smaller all the way around, number seven held 2000 gallons of water and 3½ tons of coal. Its 44-inch boiler contained 92 flues which were nine feet long. Its firebox was 72½x46¼-inches, and could generate 200 pounds of working steam pressure. It was sold in December of 1933 to the Hofius Steel & Equipment Company—a Seattle, Washington-area scrap dealer. That concern sold it in July of 1937 to the Oregon Lumber Company, located in Baker, Oregon, where it became number 107, however, it was never re-lettered from its original number seven. The Oregon Lumber Company sold it in 1961 to the Black Hills Central Railroad in Hill City, South Dakota, where it became their number seven.

### Treasury Mountain Railroad

The Treasury Mountain Railroad was owned by the Crystal River Marble Company which was incorporated in 1909. Its three and one-half miles of standard-gauge track, with a double switchback, connected the power plant below the quarry with the Crystal River & San Juan Railroad in the town of Marble. Unfortunately, the marble was inferior to that taken from the Colorado Yule Quarry nearby, and operations ceased in 1915.

Number one was shipped from Lima as construction order number 2052 on August 3, 1909. A class 32-2 locomotive, it had 28-inch drivers, and three 8x12-inch cylinders. The tank held 1000 gallons of water and 1¾ tons of coal. With a working order weight of 63,000 pounds, it generated 15,250 pounds of tractive effort. Its 40-inch boiler was a straight wagon-top design and contained 85 two-inch flues which were nine feet long. Its 54¾x33¾-inch firebox could develop 160 pounds of working steam pressure.

This locomotive remained idle at the power plant from the time the railroad ceased operations in 1915 until it was scrapped in 1948.

### Trinchera Estate Company

The Trinchera Estate Company railroad connected with the Denver & Rio Grande line at Carr, and went southward into the forest about five miles on narrow-gauge track. From 1912 to 1918 a Shay locomotive hauled logs to the sawmill, and lumber to the D.&R.G. After the available timber became exhausted, the railroad was dismantled.

Number one was shipped from Lima as construction order number 2613 on October 10, 1912. A class 36-2 locomotive, it had 29-inch drivers, and three 10x10-cylinders. The tank held 1200 gallons of water and 1¾ tons of coal. With a working order weight of 74,000 pounds, it generated 14,320 pounds of tractive effort. Its 40-inch boiler contained 104 two-inch flues which were nine feet long. Its 54¾x38¾-inch firebox could develop 180 pounds of working steam pressure.

Number one was sold to the United Grain Growers Sawmill, located in Hutton Mills, British Columbia, and converted to standard-gauge in May of 1918. It became that railroad's number one until it was sold to the Canadian Willamette Company, a Vancouver area scrap dealer, where it was subsequently dismantled for scrap.

For a period of sixty-one years, from 1887 to 1948, Colorado was home to twenty-six Shay locomotives which were manufactured at the Lima Machine Works, and one Shay locomotive built from the ground up at the Uintah shops at Atchee, Colorado.

Of these twenty-seven Shays five were two-foot gauge; nineteen were narrow-gauge; and three were standard-gauge. And of these, three of the two-foot gauge were converted to narrow-gauge; and four of the narrow-gauge Shays were converted to standard-gauge.

Gilpin Tramway number one was the only two-cylinder Shay to operate in Colorado, whereas, New Mexico Lumber Company number five and number seven were the only three-truck Shays in Colorado. The New Mexico Lumber Company number five was also the largest Shay to operate in Colorado.

And, if you listen closely, more than half a century after the last of these Shays ran in Colorado, the mountainsides still seem to echo the rapid-fire exhaust of "those sidewinders."

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# Westerner's Bookshelf



Book reviews in this and other issues are based on books sent to the ROUNDUP by book publishers. Those of you who come upon other books on Western history which you can recommend, current or otherwise, are urged to write a review (please observe our form) and submit it to the editor. In this way our readers may find their way to pertinent publications on Western history of particular interest to them which might otherwise escape their attention. We intend that this section be a source of information on the history of the West. Your suggestions are welcomed! The Editor.

**The Texan Santa Fe Trail** by H. Bailey Carroll. Panhandle-Plains Historical Society, Canyon, Texas, 1951. 201 pp., 10 ills., 5 maps, index. Price?

I recently ran across the most informative (at least to me) trail study of a little-known incident of Western exploration which I had never known about. George Wilkins Kendall, editor of the *New Orleans Picayune*, a guest traveler with the operation, described the expedition in 2 volumes in 1844. The presently (however belatedly) reviewed work is a painstaking effort to reconstruct from several separate journals and diaries the exact route traced by the explorers in their attempt to travel, with a party of "over 300" volunteers termed the Santa Fe Pioneers, from the village of Austin, Texas, to Santa Fe, New Mexico, under the auspices of the Republic of Texas, with the object of opening "a trade with the people of that country [New Mexico], and induce them, if possible, to become an integral part of Texas."

The expedition comprised five companies of infantry, one of artillery (with one brass 6-pounder cannon), a train of 21 ox-drawn wagons, and a herd of beef cattle for food. Also accompanying were a number of civil commissioners.

The expedition through untracked wilderness encountered every manner of unexpected difficulties including impassable terrain, excessive heat and cold, aridity with serious lack of water and food, a consequent breakdown of discipline, and some ineptness of the leadership as a result of lack of experience.

Ultimately, in present northeastern New Mexico, the Pioneers inexplicably surrendered to New Mexican officials, without firing a shot, on 5 October 1841.

Hugo von Rodeck, Jr. P. M.

**Life in Custer's Cavalry-Diaries and Letters of Albert and Jennie Barnitz, 1867-1868**, edited by Robert M. Utley, Univ. of Nebraska Press (Bison Books) Lincoln and London, 1987. 302 pp., ills., maps, appendices, bibliography, index. Paper, price \$7.95.

The softbound edition is a reprint of the original published by the Yale University Press, in the series *Yale Western Americana*.

There seems to be a fad for printing or re-printing books which purport to relate some gossip about General Custer, particularly if it tinges on the "kick the dead lion" syndrome. This is another of those books, very well done by the scholarly Bob Utley. A particularly good feature is found in the appendices. There are no footnotes, but every person and place is described at length in the appendices, which in themselves provide a useful encyclopedia. Photos and illustrations are as well done as possible in this type of book.

Albert Barnitz, a Pennsylvanian born in 1835, started out as a poet with a year or two of college, including law study. He toured, giving readings of his poetry, and published some poetry. In 1861 he rather drifted into joining an Ohio cavalry regiment and compiled a very creditable Civil war record, serving with Sheridan and Custer's cavalry, being discharged as a Major. Not finding civilian life very productive, Barnitz pulled some political strings and acquired a commission as a Captain in the new 7th Cavalry. Barnitz at this period bragged of his being in Custer's Cavalry during the Civil War, and wrote a 25-stanza poem entitled "With Custer at Appomatox," and in his application for the cavalry commission stated ". . . I was in Custer's Division, and that ought to settle the matter, and favorably, too!"

As is obvious from Barnitz's letters and journal entries, he had a habit of finding fellow officers, particularly superiors, admirable on first impression, and later deciding they were rather poor specimens. Throughout his short career in the 7th Cavalry, his evaluations of fellow officers cool from laudatory to carping, even though they often appear to be quite considerate and helpful to Barnitz. He seems almost paranoid in blaming his superiors for slights because he did not smoke, drink or carouse as other officers did. His criticisms include almost everyone, from Custer to Godfrey.

Barnitz was severely wounded at the Battle of the Washita, and retired for disability in 1870, receiving a brevet as Colonel.

Barnitz enjoyed retirement until his death in 1912, taking pride in his military career, although he complained bitterly of military service while in the 7th Cavalry.

This is a rather trivial book, about a trivial man who was in Custer's 7th Cavalry for about a year and didn't care much for the service or the personnel, at least until he retired on a disability pension.

W. H. Van Duzer, P. M.

**Las Carneradas: Sheep Trade in New Mexico 1700-1860** by John O. Baxter. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1987. 198 pages, maps, photos, bibliography, index. Cloth \$22.50, paper \$10.95.

The author's purpose in writing this book was "to consider the growth of New Mexico's sheep industry and to evaluate its significance in regional commerce before 1860." To accomplish this goal, John Baxter used a wide selection of both primary and secondary source material including the Spanish, Mexican, and Territorial Archives of New Mexico. He also went to the family papers of several of the families who were important in sheep raising and trading during the period studied. The focus of the book is on the sheep trade and its economic impact on the society of New Mexico.

The sheep industry was built on the churro breed of sheep which proved to be the most adaptable to the climate and the land of New Mexico. It was not a top wool producer, but the product most in demand

was mutton and not wool. The churro was able to make the long trail drives first to Chihuahua and later Durango, Mexico and, after 1849, to the gold fields of California.

One interesting aspect of the trade with the Mexican areas south of New Mexico was that it was based on the barter system with very little hard cash actually changing hands. The cash that did make it to New Mexico ended up in the hands of a few powerful families. Within New Mexico a system known as the *partido* became especially important in the production of the animals. The person known as the *partidario* accepted the responsibility for a certain number of ewes and was required to make an annual payment of lambs and wool to the lender. In some ways, the practice resembled the sharecropper system that developed in the southern part of the United States after the Civil War with the owner putting the work and responsibility for a successful crop on the debtor.

The Mexican War and the gold rush to California switched the movement of the sheep from Chihuahua to California and also brought new people into the trade. A number of non-Hispanics such as Uncle Dick Wootton and Kit Carson led trail drives of thousands of sheep to the gold fields. In return for the sheep the New Mexicans received gold and coin which was a change from the old barter system and brought a large amount of hard cash into New Mexico.

All of this trade came to a halt with the beginning of the Civil War which presented new dangers from the Indians and during the war California developed its own livestock industry. In New Mexico there was a shift from the churro to a better wool-producing breed of sheep.

While it lasted the sheep trade had served as the main export from New Mexico that had produced for the people the things that they needed on their frontier.

This volume which is number thirteen in the joint publication series between the Historical Society of New Mexico and the University of New Mexico Press makes a most important contribution to the agricultural and economic history of New Mexico.

Ray E. Jenkins, P. M.

I Married A Soldier, 1893, by Lydia Spencer Lane; intro by Darlis A. Miller. Univ. of New Mexico Press, 1987, 193 pages. Paper, \$9.95.

This reviewer was somewhat hesitant to read this particular book due to experience with several others written by Army wives on the frontier; however, as I read on, it became a pleasant surprise and refreshing to say the least. Lane's optimistic attitude when undergoing hardship, and the lack of triviality made this journal a pleasure to read. One must remember that it was written in retrospect and hard times are not as well remembered as are the more enjoyable events.

The book is short, easy to read and tremendously interesting. Her descriptive accounts of travel across the frontier southwest and the various military posts encountered along the way are exceptional, and the reader begins to feel that he or she has been transported back to the middle of the nineteenth century to be a witness. Lane is especially adept at describing the quarters which they inhabited, to include the feeling of being "bumped" due to "rank having its privileges." She also is one author who gives credence to the old army saying "the Army takes care of its own."

Since the period is pre-Civil War to post-Civil War, Lane offers a fascinating story of feelings and mixed emotions regarding the various loyalties of brother officers and the thirst for news about the Secession prior to Ft. Sumter. She further relates personal experiences in fleeing the Texans who had invaded New Mexico Territory at the beginning of the war.

All in all, Lane crossed the plains by wagon a total of eight times and became a veteran on the trail. She admonishes the complaints of the younger wives by saying, "Think of what I have told you, my young army friends, and cease to grumble at trifles. Compare your lot with your mothers' and see how much more comfortable you are than she was." Her attitude regarding the Indian is evident by the statement, "There was not much love in those days between a frontiersman and an Indian, and there is not a great deal even now."

During her travels her husband commanded successively both Ft. Marcy and Ft. Union, and Lane recites her problems meeting the social responsibilities of a Commanding Officer's wife at these frontier posts. One of her most noteworthy encounters was with Kit Carson, whom she describes as "a quiet, reticent man."

In reading her adventures, this reviewer can understand why it is considered one of the classic first-hand accounts of army life on the southwest frontier. It is well written and extremely worthwhile, whether just for pleasure, or in quest of academic knowledge. I heartily recommend it to everyone so interested.

Richard A. Cook, P.M.

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# THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP



*The* DENVER WESTERNERS

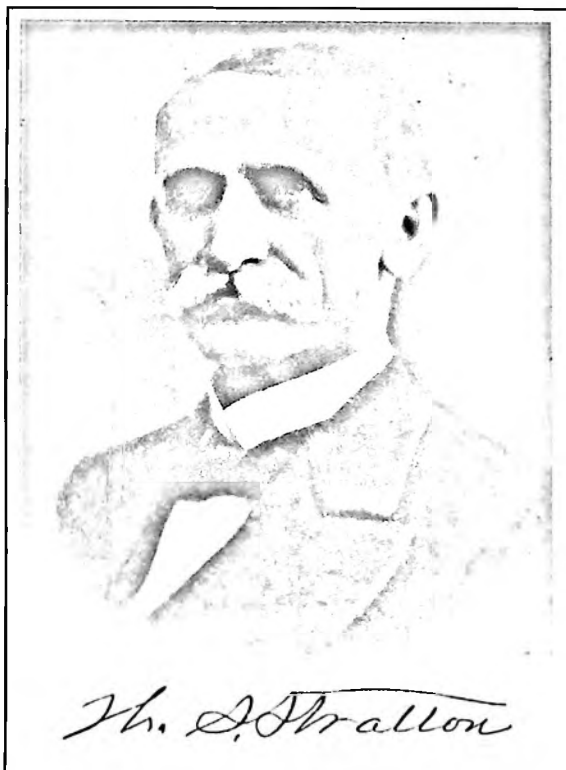
# ROUNDUP

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1987



## CONVEYANCE OF THE GREAT INDEPENDENCE MINE

Brian H. Levine



WINFIELD SCOTT STRATTON  
1848 - 1902

## OUR AUTHOR

Brian Levine was born in Denver. His interest in Colorado mining began with weekend trips to the state's various camps. He ultimately moved from Denver to "The City At The Mines," Victor, Colorado—the heart of the Cripple Creek Gold Mining District.

He has written four books on the Cripple Creek District—*Cities of Gold*, *Lowell Thomas' Victor*, *Guide to the Cripple Creek-Victor Gold Mining District*, and *Cripple Creek Gold*. He has worked for the Victor/Lowell Thomas Museum, is assistant curator of the Cripple Creek District Museum, and was instrumental in forming the Greatest Gold Camp Historical Association, which is now in the process of moving the 150-ton Portland No. 2 hoist to the Gold Coin Mine in the center of Victor.

Brian is also the Associate American editor for the English magazine, *Bond & Banknote News*, where his column "Romance of American Mining" is a regular feature. He also writes a weekly historical column for the Cripple Creek *Gold Rush*, and is on the publications committee of the "Greatest Gold Camp Historical Association."

He is currently working at The Myron Stratton Home, organizing and cataloging the historical material there, and preparing a monograph on the Home's 75th year celebration.

## IN MEMORIAM

Vestal L. Brown was born in Maxwell, New Mexico in 1905. His early years were spent on his father's ranch not far from there. Later he came to Denver and graduated from East High School and the University of Colorado where he played football. He retired some years ago from the Colorado Department of Labor and Employment. During World War II he served his country as a railroad brakeman in Wyoming.

His life was greatly influenced by a love of ranching with which he had been previously associated; the saddle in the garage was his last surviving memento thereof.

He will be remembered by Westerners for his hearty laugh, his almost perfect attendance for over 25 years, the stories he had to tell of his youth in the final days of the Old West and his support of all aspects of the Posse's activities.

Ves's other primary interest was the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club. He is survived by his sister, Ruth B. Saunders of Raton.

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## CONVEYANCE OF THE GREAT INDEPENDENCE MINE

Brian H. Levine

Presented 25 November 1987

It had been the most substantial mining transaction of its kind to that date. Notables on both sides of the Atlantic were involved: mining engineers such as John Hays Hammond and Thomas A. Rickard; the financial institutions of C.J. Hambro & Son and Banque de Paris; attorneys Samuel Untermeyer, Frederick W. Baker, Henry McAllister, and Tyson Dines; even royalty, represented by the Earl of Chesterfield. At the center of this corporate whirl was Winfield Scott Stratton, once a penniless carpenter and prospector.

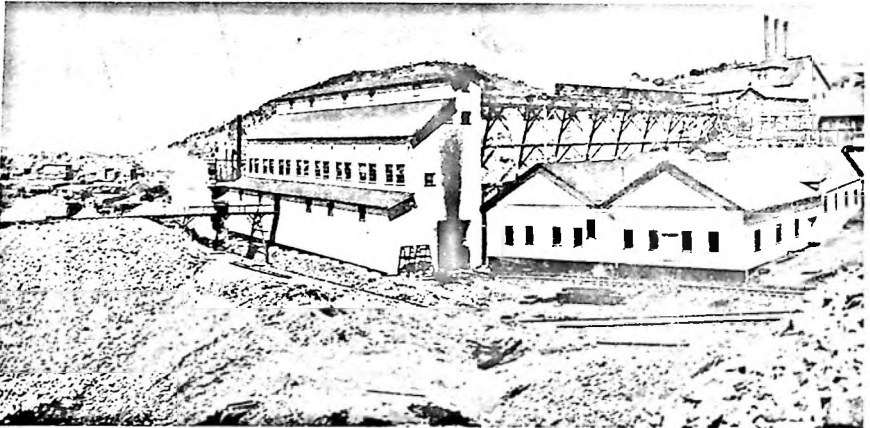
For Stratton, transferring his Independence Mine—one of the most productive properties in Colorado's Cripple Creek-Victor Gold Mining District—to British ownership culminated 25 years of prospecting and mining. This transaction, however, was meant to be a beginning, rather than an end. Long before he'd realized his \$10,000,000 asking price, Stratton had envisioned a plan, both humanitarian in nature and far-reaching in scope—a plan, he felt, that would justify his wealth and existence.

Ever since Stratton's purported "vision" on July 4, 1891, in which he saw the Independence vein encased in Pikes Peak granite and as golden and glorious as the sun, he treated his mine like a sacred cache, cloaking his operations in veil after veil of secrecy. It had taken him seventeen years to locate the Independence Mine. He'd endured poverty, repeated failure, and social ridicule. So after his perseverance had finally won him what he'd ardently sought, the Independence became his shrine and refuge, a reliquary for his dreams.

Everyone in the Cripple Creek-Victor Gold Mining District knew Stratton's history, realized he cherished his mine, understood why he protected the Independence like life's sustenance. That's why, in 1898, all Colorado thought it astounding that Stratton had unexpectedly let a report on his mine be made public, all, that is, except Verner Z. Reed, novelist, mine owner, philosopher, realtor and promoter. Reed knew what Stratton had in mind; he had been discussing the issue with him since 1895. Only now, near the end of 1898—after Dr. David H. Rice's diagnosis of Stratton's cirrhotic condition had been confirmed, was Stratton ready to grant Reed an option to buy the Independence.

They'd met, Stratton and Reed, during the Portland Mine (another important Cripple Creek property) consolidation in 1894; Stratton supplying the necessary funds to support James Burns, John Harnan, and James Doyle through the battle's costly litigation; and Reed providing the decisive corporate strategy and legal talent (C.C. Hamlin of Gunnell & Hamlin). Stratton had especially admired the innovative business tactics Reed had employed during these proceedings, and soon afterward directed influential property owners to Reed's Colorado Springs office. Though genuinely grateful for these clients, Reed was ambitious and wanted most the challenge of selling the Independence. But at the time, Stratton had no intention of parting with his "golden bank vault."

In 1895, the Reed & Hamlin Investment Company was formed with the central intention of promoting Cripple Creek properties. Several months later, in 1896, Reed thought it opportune to have an agency in London, so he opened an office at 58 Lombard Street. London proved a boon for Reed and his company, Cripple Creek prospects being the most attractive to English investors. Among these were Frederick W. Baker and George Butcher of the Venture Corporation.



The Independence Mine in 1900, as it appeared after the London Venture Corporation acquired 1 million shares.

Fred Baker thoroughly researched Reed's business activities before considering any of his mining propositions. He found Reed had taken part in the European incorporation of a number of Cripple Creek mines, including: the Ingham Consolidated Gold Mining Company, Limited, the Prince Albert Mining Company, Limited, the Rebecca Gold Mining Company, Limited, the Rigi Group Gold Mining Company, Limited, and the Victor Gold Mining Company, Limited. Reed was also instrumental in arranging the lease of Spencer Penrose's and Charles Tutt's C.O.D. Mine to a French syndicate. Baker, satisfied with Verner Reed's credentials, inquired about statistics concerning Stratton's Independence Mine.

Baker learned that from 1891 through 1897, Stratton had extracted from his "golden vault" 41,694 tons of ore with a gross value of \$3,837,360 (gold then being traded at \$20.67 a troy ounce). Another 70,000 tons with an estimated gross value of \$6,712,000 had already been blocked out. But Stratton, Reed told Baker, was in no rush to debit his underground bank because Stratton believed—being the owner of 16 other producing Cripple Creek mines, \$3,000,000 in Portland stock and controlling interests in many mills and smelters—he had more money than he knew how to spend. So Stratton took from the Independence only what he needed—usually about \$120,000 in gold a month. At least that was the view Stratton had held before the diagnosis of his fatal illness.

After learning he'd soon succumb to cirrhosis, Stratton sent his personal secretary and trusted business associate, William A. Ramsay, across the Atlantic to give Reed the option he sought. Reed wasted no time initiating negotiations with the Venture Corporation, signing an agreement with its representatives on February 2, 1899.

"Eighth: It is mutually understood that the said option is given for the purpose of enabling the promoter (Reed) by and with the assistance and co-operation of the financial agent (Venture) and its allies, connections and associates, to sell the shares covered by and included in the said option on the London market. . . ."<sup>1</sup>

On February 9, 1899, another contract was signed by Reed and Venture representatives, restating form and content of the February 2 agreement, except with the addition of defined commission percentages. Then, in March 1899, with positive word from Reed, Stratton and Dr. Rice sailed to England.

En route, Stratton was seriously weakened by his cirrhotic condition and fell into a coma. After the ship docked, a grup of specialists rushed him to the Hotel Metropole. Within a few days, Stratton's condition had stabilized, and he was moved to Aix-les Bains in France, and then to Carlsbad. There, he wavered in and out of consciousness, approached death several times, experienced another "vision" concerning his Independence Mine, then regained enough strength to reaffirm his intent to liquidate his "golden vault."

Practically two months passed while Stratton convalesced on the Mediterranean; however, neither he nor Reed were idle during this time. Together, and with Ramsay as a traveling liaison, they worked out the details of the Independence transfer. Both Stratton and Reed were aware of the many technicalities and nuances involved in a transcontinental mining conveyance. And before any further agreements were signed, Stratton had to be confident that liquidating the Independence now would not impinge upon his future plans.

Venture Corporation also wanted to avoid any unforeseen mishaps. Its consultants meticulously studied Thomas A. Rickard's report on the Independence. Rickard, State Geologist of Colorado and Associate of the Royal School of Mines, had examined the 110-acre mine for five weeks, laboriously taking 1,008 thirty-pound ore samples while carefully exploring the 34,450 feet of levels and crosscuts. He found the average gold content to be 4¾ ounces per ton, and estimated at least \$8,000,000 in ore could be extracted from the present workings. His report further stated that the two shafts, the No. 1 then being 920 feet deep and No. 2 being 625, were connected on No. 1's 5th Level; the steam plant consisted of three 300-horsepower Heine water-tube boilers; the hoisting machinery, a Stearns-Roger direct-acting winding engine rated at 225 horsepower, was operational to a depth of 1,500 feet; the pumping plant, two compound Snow pumps stationed at the 900 level, could handle together a maximum flow of 2,000 gallons per minute; the mining equipment included a 3-drill capacity Ingersoll-Sergeant, Class A air compressor and a 6-drill Norwalk compressor; and, electric lighting was supplied to both surface and underground.

Venture accepted Rickard's report but wanted a second inspection. This one was conducted by John Hays Hammond (late of Cecil Rhodes' organization), who, for his own reasons, was pessimistic about the longevity of the Cripple Creek-Victor

Mining District. His inspection took considerably less time than Rickard's, requiring only a few days in the Independence workings. Hammond hastily concluded that the mine's three principal veins—"Independence," "Bobtail" and "Emerson"—had all petered out at the lower levels, a statement harshly contradicting Rickard's opinion that the mine's rich ore would not diminish within the next 1,000 feet of depth.

After comparing both reports, Venture chose to favor Rickard's. Venture then, on April 27, 1899, took the next step: by contract and through its promotional agent, George Butcher, it agreed with Stratton to form another English company, called Stratton's Independence, Limited, for the express purpose of acquiring the Independence Mine. In this same agreement, capitalization of the company was set at 1,100,000 shares, 1,000,000 of which were to be issued to Stratton *in exchange* for the Independence.

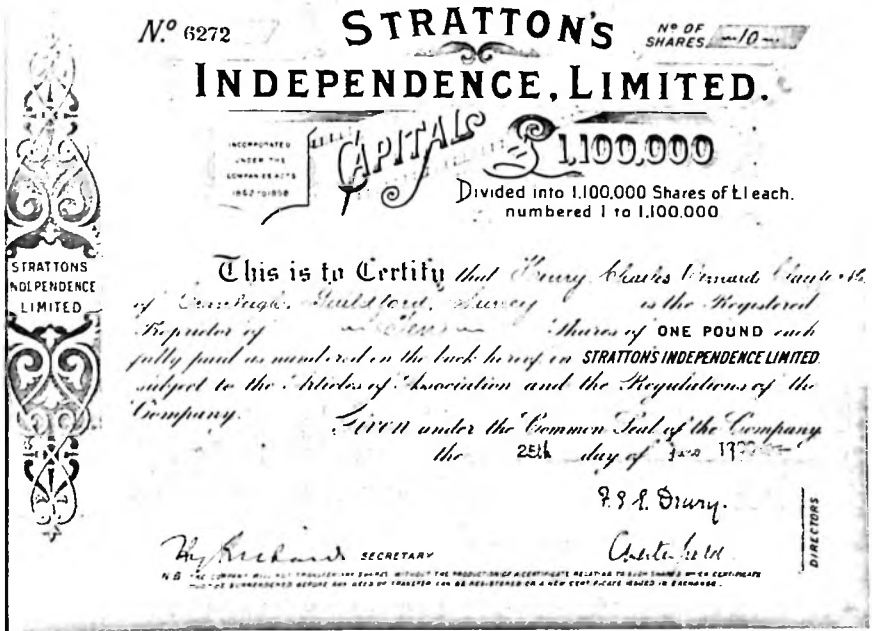
"The consideration for the said sale shall be the sum of one million pounds, to be paid and satisfied by the issue and allotment to the vendor (Stratton) of one million shares of one pound each of and in the said intended company credited as fully paid up to be numbered 1 to 1,000,000 inclusive."<sup>2</sup>

The remaining 100,000 shares were reserved for development capital. Par value for each share was set at one English pound, approximately equal, at the time, to five American dollars. The company's incorporators were designated as: Winfield Scott Stratton, William A. Ramsay, and J.H. Emerson of Colorado Springs, Colorado; W.F. Oriss, 3, Princes Street, E.C., Right Honorable The Earl of Chesterfield, P.C., 16 Pont Street, S.W., Frederick W. Baker, Copse Close, Wimbledon, and F.S.E. Drury, 20, Eastcheap, E.C.

A second April 27, 1899 agreement, after reciting in whole the first agreement of the same date, detailed a number of significant contractual points. First, the 1,000,000 shares of Stratton's Independence, Limited issued in Stratton's name were to be left in a depository (The Anglo-American Debenture Company, Limited) during the 18-month term Venture Corporation had contracted to sell said shares. Second, Stratton was given an 18-month option to purchase the remaining 100,000 working capital shares at £2 each. Third, Stratton was named managing director of Stratton's Independence, Limited for the first two years with an annual compensation of £4,000. Fourth, Stratton was responsible for all incorporation and registration costs of Stratton's Independence, Limited, along with all expenses required for maintaining a London office during the first eighteen months. Finally, it was agreed that Stratton was to be paid by Venture £1.16.0 for each of the first 666,666 shares sold on the London market; and, £2.8.0 for each of the remaining 333,334 shares. Venture was allowed to sell the shares for whatever the market would bear, retaining as its commission any sums it could attain, however, it had to pay Stratton three-fifths of the amount of any share sold above £2.10.0.

Stratton's Independence, Limited was legally organized on April 29, 1899 in accordance with the April 27, 1899 agreements. Then on May 4, 1899, a tripartite agreement, between Stratton's Independence, Limited (hereinafter referred to as the "Purchasing Company"), Stratton and George Butcher, was signed. This agreement, considered the "Principal Agreement," modified and then ratified the entire

set of transactions outlined in previous documentation. In essence, these agreements merely altered Stratton's "ownership and possession" of the Independence Mine. For the conveyance of the Independence into British hands, Stratton received 1,000,000 shares in the Purchasing Company; and thus, Stratton not only had full ownership and voting rights, but complete control of the Purchasing Company as long as he held the majority shares. Furthermore, if the Purchasing Company, as stated in the Principal Agreement, wished to acquire other properties, it had to give Stratton notice of its intent and then obtain his consent before proceeding with the purchase. So, in actuality, even after all the documentation had been legally signed, Stratton still *owned* the Independence.



Certificate from the first issue of shares of Stratton's Great Independence mine, one of the few in the Cripple Creek district owned solely by an individual.

May 23, 1899, the entire transaction was completed with Stratton's legal conveyance of the Independence to the Purchasing Company for 1,000,000 shares in the Purchasing Company;

“. . . that the same (the Capital Stock) was the sole and only consideration which Stratton, or any one representing him, then or at any time received for the mining properties conveyed by him to the corporation . . . that, in allotting and issuing 1,000,000 shares of its capital stock to Stratton, it (the Purchasing Company) parted

with nothing of value, except as the shares had value by reason of the ownership by the corporation of the mining properties it had so acquired. . . ."<sup>3</sup>

Venture quickly began selling Stratton's Independence, Limited stock on the London exchange for twice par value. Stratton, his presence no longer required, left with William Ramsay and Robert Schwarz to tour Europe, leaving Verner Reed to oversee the sale of stock.

The first of Baker's reports to Reed was dated August 31, 1899. In it, Baker stated that shares in Stratton's Independence, Limited were moving and work reports on the mine were favorable. According to Waldemar Lindgren and Frederick Ransome, in their United States Geological Professional Paper No. 54, new hoisting machinery had been installed by the English company and "a very active attack made on the ore reserves. . . ."<sup>4</sup> Baker further stated that the company expected to pay £400,000 in dividends, if the Boer War did not hinder Venture's Transvaal operations.

Not long after the Purchasing Company's takeover, John Hays Hammond replaced Thomas Rickard as consulting engineer. Hammond went to work sinking the No. 1 shaft another five hundred ten feet. The ore reports proved disappointing. So Hammond, anxious to show himself correct about the Independence, revealed his discouraging reports to Bonfils and Tammen of the *Denver Post*. Bonfils and Tammen, revelers in controversy, made sure their September 15, 1899 issue, containing Hammond's denouncement of the Independence's market value, was distributed throughout London.

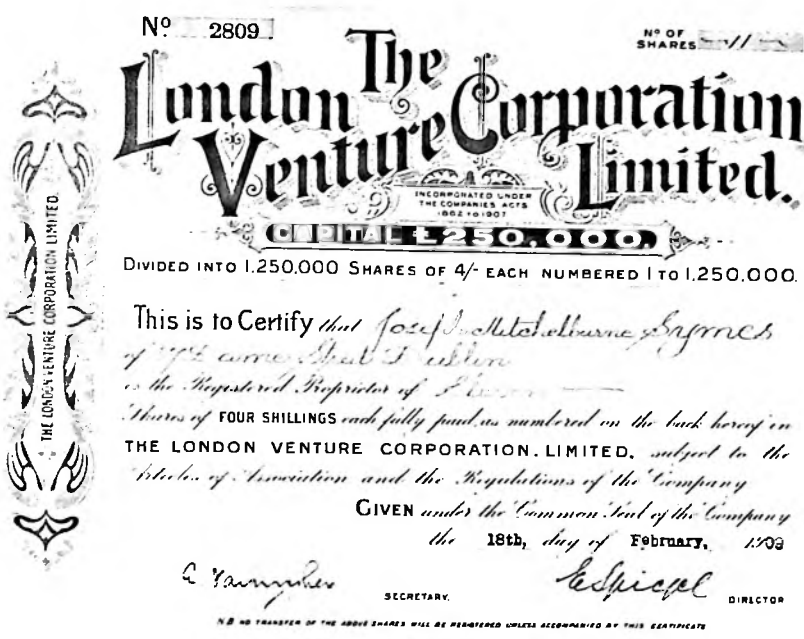
But Stratton's Independence, Limited shares continued to sell—mainly because the company was taking out \$500,000 in gold ore a month and paying stockholders large dividends.

On November 25, 1899, Baker wrote Reed: "You need have no cause for anxiety . . . the deal . . . has caught on thoroughly well now."<sup>5</sup> Venture was selling three thousand shares a day at an average price of £3 each. In fact, trade on Stratton's Independence, Limited stock was so active that Isaac Untermeyer, representative of an influential New York brokerage firm, opened an American issue, starting with 10,000 shares issued in 100-share certificates. Despite Baker's concern over Stratton's "60 percent arrangement," both company and stock appeared vibrant.

January 27, 1900, Baker's letter to Reed read: ". . . nothing but Wars, Rumours of Wars, disasters and victories, disasters again, since we took the deal up. . . ."<sup>6</sup> Contrary to Baker's pessimism, Hambro & Son negotiated for the company lucrative stock deals with both Barings and Banque de Paris. Six months had passed since the British-American transaction had taken place: 592,500 shares had been sold; and, the original shareholders had already made significant profits. Within eleven months of the April 27, 1899 agreements, the company had extracted \$3,387,657 in ore—nearly as much as Stratton had in the entire eight years he'd owned the Independence.

In April 1900, Stratton became anxious to consolidate his resources. He proposed another agreement to Baker, wherein Venture Corporation would purchase his remaining Stratton's Independence, Limited shares to "make up the total inclusive sum of \$10,000,000."<sup>7</sup> Venture agreed to this, and on April 18, 1900 Stratton's monetary interest in the Independence ended forever.

On June 15, 1901, Winfield Stratton announced his "Bowl of Gold" Project, a massive mining development intended to uncover—he claimed to the newspapers—the main geological vents which millions of years ago had formed the Cripple Creek-Victor Gold District. The whole project sounded fantastic, but those personally acquainted with Stratton knew his actual motives in this enormous undertaking were to revive interest and infuse new capital into the faltering gold district. For "He (Stratton) sincerely affirmed that any man like himself who had derived his vast wealth from the natural resources should use it to develop the region from which it had come."<sup>4</sup>



The London Venture Corporation owned mines all over the world, principally in South Africa, Australia-New Zealand, and South America. The Independence was their first in Colorado; later they bought the Camp Bird mine from Thomas Walsh.

Stratton proceeded to spend millions buying Cripple Creek mines. He spent millions more honeycombing Ironclad, Gold and Globe hills with countless shafts and drifts. His plan worked, for Cripple Creek, Colorado was soon hailed as "The Greatest Gold Camp in the World." But on his death on September 14, 1902, much of the activity he'd begun suddenly ceased. When his will was read, it was revealed that the major part of his wealth had been devoted to the formation of the Myron

Stratton Home (named for Stratton's father), an institution to be established to house, cloth, feed, and educate the orphaned, handicapped, and elderly.

In the catalogue of the furnishings and personal affects left in Stratton's modest home—one he'd helped build as a carpenter—at 115 North Weber in Colorado Springs, numerous polychromes of the Independence, in extravagant gilt frames, were listed.

On January 6, 1904, Stratton's Independence, Limited filed suit (Case No. 4,400, Circuit Court, District of Colorado) against the executors of the Stratton Estate for \$6,000,000 in damages. This suit involved a number of claims, but was generally based on the premise that Stratton had "salted" his mine to sell it for \$10,000,000. Guggenheim, Untermeyer & Marshall acted as legal counsel for the English company. Henry McAllister of McAllister & Gandy represented the estate's executors. McAllister refuted all the significant allegations in the plaintiff company's complaint. As to "salting" the Independence, McCallister pointed out that the plaintiff company had and took the opportunity to inspect the mine and "to inspect all books, papers, accounts; assay certificates, mill and smelter returns, ore shipped from the property . . . whereby to form their own opinion relative to the then condition and prospective value of the premises."<sup>9</sup> The defense then proceeded to dispense with the charge of fraud by pointing out that as of August 1, 1903 the company had extracted over \$10,100,000 in ore—over double what Hammond had claimed the Independence was worth; and thus, the plaintiff company had suffered no damages, and without damages there was no cause for legal action.

McAllister then read a statement direct from Thomas Rickard's report on the Independence:

". . . I wish to emphasize my keen appreciation of the farsighted policy and good management evidenced in the conduct of operations from the day when the owner (Stratton) pegged out the first claim . . . it (the Independence) ranks among the most remarkable discoveries made by the miners' pick."<sup>10</sup>

After losing this case, Stratton's Independence, Limited went to the 8th Circuit Court of Appeals (Case No. 2,083). Samuel Untermeyer presented a case similar to that in the Colorado district court. On February 20, 1905, Judge Adams reaffirmed the Colorado court's decision, stating in his opinion that:

". . . Plaintiff, therefore, cannot occupy the attitude in this case of having paid any money to Stratton. It exchanged 1,000,000 shares of its stock for his mine[s]. What money Stratton received came from independent investors in that stock, to whom he may or may not be under obligation."<sup>11</sup>

The 8th Circuit Court also declared: "If that which plaintiff received is equal in value to that which it paid, clearly, plaintiff sustained no injury by the transaction."<sup>12</sup> This decision, however, didn't prevent Venture Corporation from bringing suit against the Stratton Estate.

Venture asked for \$2,040,000 in damages incurred in the sale of Stratton's shares in the plaintiff company. This suit was quickly settled in Tyson Dines' Colorado Springs office. Dines used logic similar to that of McAllister, making clear the point



that Stratton hadn't actually sold his shares to Venture, rather he'd signed an agreement authorizing a group of brokers to sell them. Thus, neither fraud nor misrepresentation could be proved, and therefore no damages could have been sustained by Venture. The suit was dropped before being taken to court.

Stratton's Independence. Limited continued mining through the 1903-04 fiscal year, producing 43,758 tons of ore with a gross value of \$21.70 per ton. Unfortunately, the company's production costs ran about \$24.30 per ton. They started leasing the property during fiscal 1904-05. The first lessees extracted approximately 50,000 tons of ore with a gross value of \$1,978,800. From this, Stratton's Independence, Limited received \$509,250 in royalties with a profit of \$457,093. In November 1905, the company paid \$606,250 in dividends, bringing its total to \$4,627,730.

On June 29, 1915, Stratton's Independence, Limited sold the Independence Mine to the Portland Gold Mining Company for \$325,000. By the late 1920s, the Independence's total production record was \$28,000,000. Today, the mine is idle, as are most of those in the Cripple Creek-Victor Gold Mining District, its gallows frame leaning precipitously southwest, unattended, almost forgotten. Yet, the Myron Stratton Home continues to operate—due to Winfield Scott Stratton's foresight.

#### FOOTNOTES

<sup>1</sup> *Stratton's Independence, Limited v. Dines et al.*, p. 454, 135 Federal Reporter, 8th Cir. 1905.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 458.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 452.

<sup>4</sup> *Geology and Gold Deposits of the Cripple Creek District, Colorado*. Professional U.S.G.S. Paper No. 54, p. 450.

<sup>5</sup> *Midas of the Rockies*. p. 225.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 227.

<sup>7</sup> 135 Federal Reporter, p. 456.

<sup>8</sup> *Midas*, p. 237.

<sup>9</sup> *Stratton's Independence, Limited v. Dines et al.*, p. 973, 126 Federal Reporter, Cir. Court, District of Colorado 1904.

<sup>10</sup> *Stratton's Independence, Limited—Prospectus*, 1899, p. 16.

<sup>11</sup> 135 Federal Reporter, pp. 464-65.

<sup>12</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 460.

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## Westerner's Bookshelf



**Living In The Sky, The Cosmos of the American Indian** by Ray A. Williamson. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1987, 366 pages, \$14.95.

Although the greater part of this book deals with the astronomical concepts of the American Indian, it also deals at length with their religions and mythologies. While at times these latter appear to be excessive digressions (as where the author mentions the stringing of juniper berries as beads to ward off nightmares), they do provide a background and point of reference for the astronomy.

While the title refers broadly to the "American Indian," the author has limited himself to only a few tribes but has dealt in depth with those few. The book appears to be based on much research, both literary and on-site, and is accordingly impressive. The bibliography and notes are extensive and there are many quotations from other, primarily Indian, sources.

The first 36 pages discuss broadly Indian religious concepts, economics, societal organization, and languages, yet while recognizing that the "Native American groups . . . were much more diversified in their cultural practices than the varieties of Europeans," and it also discusses the impact of European culture on them. The next 21 pages present a treatise on basic astronomy with a few Indian legends added for contrast. Then follows 140 pages on the legends of the Southwest Indians and the astronomical, and/or cosmological, implications thereof, together with detailed discussions of the various structures and systems used by different Southwest Indian groups for determining important times of the year, primarily solstices and equinoxes. Some of the sites believed to be observation sites are both described and diagrammed in impressive detail. The groups here dealt with are primarily the Anasazi, Navajo, Zuni and Hopi but reference is also made to a bit of ancient Chinese history in connection with possible representations of a super-nova in some Indian rock art.

The last 121 pages present studies of a scattering of groups in the rest of the country. Attention is directed toward the so-called Medicine Wheels of the Plains Indians, to the practices of the Pawnees, to the Natchez and others in the Southeast, to Cahokia in Illinois, to the Green Corn and Black Drink ceremonies of the Southeast and to the standing stones of the Northeast, primarily New England. A chapter is directed to the California Indians but is in fact mostly a lengthy and detailed discussion of the legends and culture, with possible solstice identifying sites, of the Chumash Indians of the Santa Barbara region. The last 21 pages present a summary of the whole problem of understanding the Native American concept of himself and his relationship to the universe.

While the book purports to provide conclusions for the American Indians broadly, it is actually based on the limited groups above mentioned. Nothing at all is said about, or at most only minor reference is made to, such large groups as the entire body of Northwest Indians, the Sioux (a much larger group than the Pawnee who are dealt with at length) and other "horse Indians," the entire Algonquin nation, the Iroquois and other middle Eastern Indians or the large number in the area of present-day Kentucky and Tennessee. The Creek and the Cherokee are mentioned only briefly. One might wish to know if these omissions are because of lack of knowledge about their religious-astronomical practices (surely the practices of, for example, the Iroquois, the Chippewa and the Cherokee are well known), lack of interest in them by the author, or merely because he had to draw the line somewhere. This reviewer suspects the latter and recognizes that necessity. Nevertheless, I would have been more comfortable with the author's conclusions if he had limited them to the groups studied.

Robert E. Woodhams, P.M.



**My Confessions: The Recollections of a Rogue** by Samuel E. Chamberlain. Univ. of Nebraska Press. Lincoln, 1987. 317 pages, sketches. Paper, \$9.95.

He left his home in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1844 at the age of fifteen and began a life of adventure that carried him down the Mississippi to New Orleans, on to Texas and into the Mexican War. He would return to Boston, get married, and join the Union Army for the duration of the Civil War. After all these adventures, Samuel Chamberlain would die of natural causes just a few days before his seventy-ninth birthday in 1908.

His manuscript was probably written between the years 1855 and 1861 before his action in the Civil War. He never published it, and in the 1940s, the manuscript was discovered in an antique shop. The story of his adventures was finally published in 1956.

To quote the introduction by Roger Butterfield, "this book is a wonderfully fresh and exciting historical discovery." The majority of Chamberlain's recollections deal with that time that he served as a dragoon in the United States Army during the Mexican War from 1846-1848. The manuscript ends with him in the desert heading for California and the gold fields. It is believed that he arrived in California in 1850.

This is certainly the most interesting account of the Mexican War that I have ever read. Chamberlain wrote well, and his ability to sketch the scenes he described is a major plus. This edition contains fifty-five of those sketches.

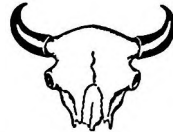
This is the story of the Mexican War from the viewpoint of a regular army enlisted man, with all the actions he was involved in from the battlefield to the bedroom, and he had more than his share of romantic adventures. As a regular, his opinion of the volunteers was expressed quite often. In fact, he and his fellow regulars were often assigned the job of preventing the volunteers from their normal activities of raping and robbing the Mexican civilians. He placed all soldiers in three categories with those who fought well and took chances being the most outstanding. He of course was in this top group.

His descriptions of the Mexico people and the countryside in which the army fought

are most interesting, and his contacts with the people on a personal basis both official and unofficial add to our knowledge of the period. His many amorous activities show him to have been the Don Juan of the Mexican War as he went to the aid of all in distress. He seemed to have been well-rewarded. While there is possibly some exaggeration, he certainly was the type of man to take chances and to get engaged in the events of the time.

Chamberlain's account is one that is both fun to read as well as very informative about the men and events of the Mexican War.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



**New Mexico in the Nineteenth Century: A Pictorial History** by Andrew K. Gregg. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1968, 1978. 208 pages, woodcuts and steel engravings. Paper, \$14.95.

Containing over five hundred woodcuts and steel engravings, the work serves as an excellent source of illustrations about New Mexico in the nineteenth century. All of the pictures are in the public domain and are available for use to illustrate articles and books. The source of each is given along with an explanatory text.

The book will also prove most interesting to those historians who have an interest in people and life styles of the period. A comparison of the changes in buildings proves most intriguing, especially some of those in Santa Fe. It is also a fun book to browse through, as this collection is indicative of what eastern readers believed New Mexico to be. The mesas were higher than reality and the crime scenes were larger than life, but these were the illustrations that sold to the publications of the day.

One word of caution is that while the book is an excellent source of the location of illustrations the text should not be considered as a strong authority regarding the facts of New Mexico history.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**The Trail: A Bibliography of the Travelers on the Overland Trail to California, Oregon, Salt Lake City, and Montana During The Years 1841-1864** by Lannon W. Mintz. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1987, 201 pp., index. Price \$24.95

Lannon Mintz, identified as "secretary and treasurer of the Albuquerque Westerners," and the University of New Mexico Press, have forsaken the charms of their own Southwest to offer a compilation of 513 accounts of travel over a different part of the American West—the great central migration route via the Platte River and South Pass. The selection here has been limited purposely to works in published book form. Authors are listed in straight alphabetical sequence, with the year of overland crossing, publication data, brief editorial comment, and the market value of each according to a code devised by Wright Howes in his *U.S.IANA*.

Conspicuously lacking in this book is any clue as to the library or archive where a copy of each title can be found—a serious omission from the standpoint of scholars who might be interested in the books' contents. However, Mintz's orientation is not toward scholars and researchers but toward book collectors whose "bibles" in this field are eight works identified on page 4 from "C" for Cowan to "Z" for Zamorano. Nevertheless, in an appendix labelled "Additional Reading" the compiler thoughtfully identifies nine scholarly works on the subject, including those of Gregory Franzwa, Aubrey Haines, Irene Paden, and my own *Great Platte River Road* "for the benefit of those interested in more information regarding the overland trail experience."

Right up front I must confess that this same year(1987) I am publishing my own bibliography of central overland narratives (University of Illinois Press) so I might be viewed by some with suspicion, as one inclined to be overcritical of a "rival." I hasten to dispel any such impression by stating categorically that within the framework of his own purpose—to identify a number of evidently *bona fide* "overlands" which I missed altogether! My only consolation for having missed them is the fact that in my bibliography, designed for scholars rather than collectors, nothing is listed unless a

copy thereof is known to exist in an accessible library.

What astonishes me is the number of rare "overlands" which seem not to be in any of the libraries which I visited or contacted during a long nation-wide search. Something else to wonder about is the fact that many of these rare books are so rare that the chance of a collector finding one for sale seems virtually *nil*. Thus the Mintz bibliography may turn out to be more of a curiosity in its own right than a practical guide. Nevertheless, *The Trail*, will remain a valuable checklist for all known published books on the subject, accessible or not. Also useful is his appended list of "Red Herrings" or books which sound like "central overlands" but which in fact represent travel instead by the Southwest, Mexico, Central America, or around Cape Horn.

In conclusion, I have only two small problems with Mintz. Some misspellings occur, i.e., Kate Dunlop (Dunlap), Horace Greeley (Greeley), and James F. Wilkens (Wilkins). Also, I take exception to his map labelling the Oregon Trail and the California Trail in combination as "The Overland Trail." That specific term has been reserved by most historians for the late period road connecting Denver with Salt Lake City via Laramie Plains and Fort Bridger.

Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.



**Law and Community on the Mexican California Frontier** by David J. Langum. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1987. 308 pages. Hardback, \$30.00.

There have been some scholarly books produced that discuss the legal institutions, the judiciary, and the practice of law in the territories of the so-called Anglo-American frontier. However, such examinations of the legal heritage of the Spanish-American or Mexican territories have been merely parts of broader studies of those territories, or only chapters in books on the legal histories of Texas, New Mexico, and California, or brief footnotes in works on mining law, water law, and community property. This volume, as far as California is concerned, rectifies that situation, for Mr. Langum has produced a

detailed and well-researched work that details the legal situation prior to the American conquest during the Mexican War.

The book largely compares and contrasts the situation in Mexican California with the then-current legal atmosphere in the common-law countries of the United States and Great Britain. Expatriates from the English-speaking world, usually businessmen, often complained about the problems they encountered (or imagined) in a province that lacked established courts with well-defined jurisdictional lines, lacked a trained judiciary and bar, and (most outrageous of all) lacked an adversarial perspective in resolving disputes.

Mr. Langum points out that in the criminal area there was much less emphasis in proving a defendant guilty than in establishing the proper penalty. It was pretty much presumed that a defendant was guilty if the case actually made its way to a court after the proper administrative steps were taken. On the other hand penalties were often, by American standards, considered mild, ranging from two month forced labor for horse-stealing to one year in confinement for stealing cattle. Murder could bring a sentence of death, but many other crimes brought only banishment from a particular community. In the civil area, a form of arbitration before an alcalde and representatives of the parties tended to exhibit Solomon-like wisdom in splitting claims and awards.

Thus, in Mexican California, the emphasis of the legal system was on conciliation rather than on the common-law goal of establishing fault. Mr. Langum, in defending the system of the California, demonstrates that the American and British businessmen, for all of their complaints, also used their own type of arbitration and non-legal pressures to encourage compliance with business standards. Thus the Mexican-California legal system was, like its American counterpart, a frontier response that worked well enough for the environment in which it operated.

The book is generally well-written, with its occasional lapses into a too informal prose. (Example: "Recall that the judges were all lay personnel. . .") It is very well researched, much use having been made of original California court records. However, while the book would be a necessary volume for

anyone with an interest in California prior to 1847, its appeal to others would be somewhat limited. The book seems to be generally aimed at legal scholars, attorneys, and those familiar with legal terminology.

John M. Hutchins, P.M.



**Mountaineering in Colorado, the Peaks About Estes Park**, by Frederick W. Chapin. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Bison Books, Lincoln, 1987. 184 pages, ill., appendix. \$21.95 cloth, \$7.95 paper.

In 1889 the Appalachian Mountain Club of Boston published this classic account of the lovely sequestered Estes Park Valley. This was the Estes Park that existed during the latter years of the last century.

This reprint of Chapin's book is faithful to the original except for a lengthy foreword and the addition of a map. It is clearly more than a hiking and climbing guide to the mountains of the present Rocky Mountain National Park. Here too the reader will find a series of delightful and leisurely narratives about old-time mountaineering. Within these pages one meets Joel Estes, the Earl of Dunraven, Theodore Whyte, Abner Sprague, William Henry Jackson, John Wesley Powell and William Newton Byers, among others.

The print is large and the photographs are surprisingly good for that time. As a quarter century member of the Colorado Mountain Club I found Chapin's book fascinating. It is a worthy companion to Louisa Ward Arps' classic *High Country Names*.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.



**Murder on the Santa Fe Trail: An International Incident, 1843** by Marc Simmons. Texas Western Press, El Paso, 1987. 110 pages, ill. Cloth, \$15.00.

Marc Simmons has written another most interesting book about an event that occurred along the Santa Fe Trail. The murder victim was Don Antonio Jose Chavez a well-known Mexican merchant, and the murderers were men who believed that they were acting under a commission issued by the Republic of Texas to attack Mexicans using the Santa Fe Trail. Many people at the time saw

the murder as retaliation for the punishment inflicted on the men of the Texan Santa Fe Expedition of 1841 by their Mexican captors. In truth the murderers were simply thieves who robbed and killed a wealthy merchant.

Simmons presents a thorough study of this incident that involved three nations. The study includes the events that led up to the crime, the murder of Chavez, the pursuit and capture of the murderers, and the trials and execution of two of the leaders.

*Murder on the Santa Fe Trail* is deserving of the 1986 C. L. Sonnichsen Book Award, an important event of the period and warrants this thorough study. The only flaw I can find in the book is the lack of a map showing the location of the murder. Simmons mentions that the location is on Jarvis Creek in Central Kansas; on a map of historic trails of Rice County, Kansas, the site of the murder is located on Jarvis Creek near where State Highway 153 intersects the creek which is a little over five miles from Lyons, Kansas.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

*The Woman's West*, Susan Armitage and Elizabeth Jameson, editors. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1987. 334 pages, index. \$24.95 hardback, \$12.95 paperback.

There has been a recent "glut" of literature concerning women in the West, but this one is refreshingly different. Most prior works rehash the tired old accounts of the escapades of Belle Starr, Mattie Silks, Calamity Jane and others of that ilk. *The Women's West* uses a far different approach. Instead of concentrating on personalities this book takes an in-depth look at the role of frontier women during the various phases of the opening of the West.

For example, there are chapters on *Army Officers' Perceptions of Women*, *The Role of Women in the Fur Trade*, *Violence against Women in the West*, *Love and Marriage on the Frontier*, *Women as Workers and Civilizers*, *Child Rearing in the Mining Camps*, *Immigrant Female Domestic Servants and Waitresses*, *Women in Politics*, *The Women's Suffrage Movement in Colorado* and lots more. Inevitably, there is the usual chapter on prostitution, concentrating on Butte, Montana.

The various chapters have been written by authorities such as Elliott West, Mary Lee Spence and others. This is an attractive and very readable book that should appeal to any person who is interested in the opening of the American West.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.



## OVER THE CORRAL RAIL

### WESTERN LAND MEASUREMENT

A story in the *Denver Post* (Sun. 28 June 1987) reminds us of the establishment in 1856 of the initial point for all land descriptions for some 200 million acres of land including all of Kansas and Nebraska, 90 percent of Wyoming, 75 percent of Colorado, and part of South Dakota. The point is just north across the Nebraska-Kansas state line from Mahaska, Kansas. It marks the intersection of the 40th parallel of latitude north of the equator and the 6th principal meridian west of Greenwich, England. Baseline Road, running east from Boulder, is on the 40th parallel of latitude, whence its name.

### NAMING OF MOUNT ARPS

We have been informed that **Louisa Ward Arps**, long-time member of the Denver Westerners, has been honored by the United States Board On Geographic Names by the naming of Mount Arps, a 12,383-ft peak in Chaffee and Gunnison Counties, Colorado. The peak is 1 mile NNE of Mount Chapman and 1.2 miles east of Mount Poor; 38° 38' 19" N., 106° 22' 45" W (USGS Map-Cumberland Pass).

"Named for Louisa Ward Arps (1901-1986) a distinguished historian, author and librarian in Colorado."

Mount Arps is on the Continental Divide, in the Sawatch Range of southwestern Colorado. In 1978 her suggestions helped in having two nearby mountains, also on the Continental Divide, named for Colorado author-historians Mac C. Poor and Dow Helmers. Mount Arps is one mile west of the ghost town of Hancock and is near Chalk Creek, the subject of Mrs. Arps' first published book. (Information through F. B. Trudgeon, Sponsor, Gunnison Community Historical Marker Project, Denver).