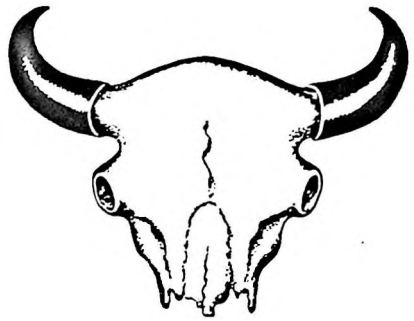


The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1989



BOOKSTORES AND BOOKPEOPLE

Joyce Knauer



1988 FRED A. ROSENSTOCK AWARDS

At the Christmas Rendezvous at the Cherry Creek Inn, Committee Chairman Eugene Rakosnik announced a monetary award to the Steamboat Springs (Colorado) High School in recognition of its impressive magazine "Three Wire Winter" which it has published regularly since 1975 "to preserve the unique history of Northwest Colorado and the people who live there," and which is written by the students. Faculty Advisor William McKelvie was present to represent the group.

Also awarded was a Rosenstock Lifetime Award to longtime Westerner **Merrill Mattes** for his distinguished career of many years with the National Park Service not only with various National Parks and Monuments but also as NPS Historian. His many publications specialized in the historic pathways such as the Oregon and California trails, perhaps culminating in his "Platte River Road." The Denver Westerners thus expresses its pride in this distinguished member.

OUR AUTHOR

Joyce Knauer is the proprietor and general manager of the Tattered Cover Book Store in Cherry Creek in Denver. She has spent most of her working life in the book trade beginning some 27 years ago working in her college store. Prior to her involvement with the Tattered Cover, she owned and managed a small bookstore in a rural/ranching area of Colorado, and worked before that in libraries and an independent suburban store.

Joyce has served in Colorado on the City of Littleton's Library Board and as President and Treasurer of the Mountains and Plains Booksellers Association. She is presently a member of the Board of Directors of the booksellers national trade association. Active in the support of First Amendment rights, Joyce has been honored with the Intellectual Freedom Awards from the Colorado Library Association and the Colorado Educational Media Association. Most of all, however, she enjoys putting people and books together.

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**HAVE YOU
PAID YOUR DUES???**

BOOKSTORES AND BOOKPEOPLE

by

Joyce Knauer

Presented 14 December 1988

Although I'll be concerned here primarily with the Tattered Cover book store and the book industry, it's really about community and the role that we all play, no matter what our line of work, in the life of that community.

To put it very simply I sell books. But that action has a much greater impact than money changing hands in return for goods. The same holds true whether you sell insurance or toothpaste. And I think that it's sometimes all too easy to lose sight of that.

While I admit a bias, I sincerely believe that bookstores and, or course libraries, are a vital and important part of the lives of their communities. We touch people whether they be looking for answers, entertainment, amusement, or information. And it's the people of the community in every facet of their lives who are the fabric, truly the foundation of any library or bookstore.

Certainly books are the reflection of society as well as its vision. We are 'houses of ideas,' representing the philosophical heritage, the present, and the future of our society. It's all there for us to pick and choose, whatever our mood, whatever our need, whatever our choice. Nowhere else is the choice so great and so personal. Yes, we live in a technological age where there is instant entertainment. With the touch of a finger we can bring magic to a screen. But it's not the same kind of magic that involvement with a book brings.

Reading a book allows each of us to have a very personal involvement with the greatest—and, let's face it, the not so great—minds of history, allowing each one of us a chance to bring our own creativity to that interaction, affording us and society the opportunity to build on a good idea, whether it be a better mousetrap, an enhanced computer program, or an improved philosophical ideology.

I think that Emerson said it best.

"What can we see, read, acquire,
but ourselves. Take a book,
my friend, and read your eyes out,
you will never find there what I find."

As library or book store we are the forum for people and ideas to come together.

Of them all, there's one bookstore that I know best and I'd like to talk about it a bit and its part in the life of its community. Yet I can't really talk about the Tattered Cover without first mentioning another bookstore—the Parker Book Shop. It was the first book store I owned, and it didn't make it.

It was a great little store, if I do say so myself. I negotiated the space and the lease, designed the store and my father built the shelves. It developed a small but loyal clientele in an interesting community, but that wasn't enough. It was a casu-

alty of a planned community development that didn't develop. It became obvious that the store wasn't going to make it. So I started looking for a job. I was a single parent with kids to raise. But I wasn't having much luck.

One Sunday morning I was reading Stan Peckham's column in the *Post*. He wrote the usual bookish things but also added that the little bookstore in Cherry Creek, the Tattered Cover, was for sale.

It was a shaky business—risky—but the right components were there: a good location, a decent lease, and a clientele that I could identify with and nurture. The owner wanted out and I wanted in. So I borrowed money from everyone in sight that I could lay the touch on, and made an offer. To make a long story short, after much negotiation the deal was struck. The Parker store was finally closed. Two friends and I packed up the inventory into a U Haul truck and on Labor Day, 1974, in rain and spitting snow, we moved the books over to the Tattered Cover.

Nearly every year brought change. Soon we were outgrowing our space of 950 sq. ft. More space was taken, bit by bit, until finally in January of 1983 we moved across the street into nearly twice the space. As well, the decision was made to keep the Old Store location. After two more years it was clear we needed to make another change bringing both stores together under one roof.

Finally on November 17th, 1986, we moved into our present location—into 40,000 sq. ft.—during the holiday season after just putting in a computer system, and it nearly killed us. We knew it was going to be difficult and our systems really suffered. As a result, I'm afraid, so did some of our customers. But with time, and a lot of effort, we pulled it together. It's a constant challenge, though, and never finished.

As I think about the life of a bookstore, I find that our customers sometimes have an interesting, if not always accurate, picture in their minds of what it entails. We often hear this common refrain: "Oh, I always wanted to own a bookstore. It must be wonderful doing nothing all day long but sitting on a stool talking about the great books."

Well, yes, it's that, but much more than than. It's sweeping floors, cleaning bathrooms, endless detail, tax laws, labor laws, filling out forms, paying bills, *worrying* about paying the bills. I don't think that I really knew what I was getting into more than 25 years ago. Certainly my life was oriented in a different direction. I was expecting to be a teacher. In order to do so, not being from a wealthy family, I always worked my way through school, usually in book stores and libraries.

That was the beginning of a very special journey—a journey through libraries and bookstores, with books—but, also, with the people who move and shape those volumes—AND, MOST OF ALL, with the READERS!

I consider it a privilege to be in this business. In having the opportunity to put books and people together we witness the magic of the reader and the writer coming together.

The work is not without its difficulties. It's physical. Our brains are always in motion if not always on display. It's a humbling experience, too. There are so many

books, so many authors and ideas. More than 50,000 new titles are published each year with 700,000 in print in the backlist. We at the Tattered Cover don't know it all but we are most willing to search for answers and to provide any book. If we don't have a book we will happily order it for our customer. Despite the size of our inventory we take 250 to 300 special orders every day. That's one order every 2.5 minutes we're open. Last year we sold more than a million books with more than 300,000 listed items in stock at any given time. Usually there are 95,000 titles in the store in more than 75 major categories, providing our customer with *Hunks*, *Chunks*, and *Buns*, as well as facsimile editions of the *Great Gatsby* and *1984*. Prices on the books range from 25 cents to \$900 for the *Oxford English Dictionary*. We're a general bookstore with specialties. We stock the best-sellers but most customers choose from the variety of backlist titles in all categories.

As with most general bookstores our inventory reflects the breadth of publishing and is in a constant state of evolution. I never thought that I'd see the day of loose-leaf Bibles, globes with red oceans, and books that float. Nor books about preppies, dead cats, and road kill. But we've had them all.

The taste of the customer changes, too. Ten years ago there was great interest in macramé, now it's quilting. Cook book tastes change too (French, Cajun, Asian), yet much stays the same (*Joy of Cooking*, Betty Crocker and Fannie Farmer). We couldn't give away audio tapes before. Now they are one of our biggest sidelines.

John Cheever changed the market for short stories and I'm told by our mystery buyer that women sleuths are making a comeback, as are women naturalist writers. Today much is being written about Viet Nam which was anathema just a few years ago.

Some topics continue to have a long life. Though the section is slowing a little this year, biographies (political and otherwise) are always of interest. Last year it was *Trump*; Shirley Temple Black as *Child Star* this season. There is an ongoing interest in art. Children's books are booming, while bridge is blossoming. And, of course, regional history is ever popular. We still read about business, but with a different twist, less about getting rich while we sleep. Instead, we are encouraged to *Do What You Love, the Money Will Follow* or to go *In Search of Excellence*, *Megatrends* and *Iacocca*, while *Thriving on Chaos* with Tom Peters.

We are still interested in psychology and sex as we try to determine *Is It Love? Or Is It Addiction?* Are we *Women Who Love Too Much?* Or, as men, are we in need of exploring the *Hazards of Being Male* while on the *Road Less Travelled?*

Some readers are concerned with the next step beyond the basics: a customer inquired if we had the book titled the *Joy of Sex—GRADUATE COURSE!*

We, individually and as a society, are showing through our literature great concern in coping with the problem of alcoholism.

Sports is an abiding interest. There are more titles on hunting—lots more on fishing. And martial arts is popular. And, we landlocked lubbers have an ongoing interest in sailing.

We never seem to lose our sense of humor. Andy Rooney has given *Pieces of His Mind, Word for Word*. Erma Bombeck with her books on *Motherhood, the 2nd*

Oldest Profession, now offers *Families, the Ties that Bind and Gag*. Bill Cosby presents his thoughts on *Fatherhood*. Garfield continues in popularity and we go *In Search of the Far Side* with Gary Larson and enjoy Jim Ungar, Gary Trudeau, and Dave Barry.

These are but a small sampling of the offerings. The marketplace is diverse and the expectations of the customer of most bookstores are very high. Also, for many people a bookstore can be an intimidating place, so we at our store go out of our way to make the customer feel truly 'at home.'

At the Tattered Cover our reality as booksellers is that our customers expect us to *know*. They want lots of information. They want lots of service. While not one of us can know everything, we hope to be a good collective head.

In being of service and giving information we field innumerable questions. You may recall the overworn example of an individual who enters a bookstore and says, "You're going to think that I'm so stupid. I can't remember the title. I don't know the author. But it's this big, blue, and was published last year."

"No, you're not stupid. That's why we're here, to help you find what you need."

Often, it's the challenge of the twisted title. Some years ago I was working at the back of the store. A customer approached requesting *Idlle Skiddle* by James Mason. I puzzled and puzzled—the, ah, *Helter Shelter*, Charles Manson.

We must keep our own wits about us when searching our shelves for titles, too. *Game Bird Carving* was found shelved in meats, when in fact it's a book on whittling duck decoys.

Sometimes the request is unexpectedly troublesome. A husband and wife team came in in a particularly quarrelsome mood one day. The wife, it seemed, didn't care for the joke that her husband had just told her. As Margaret, our trade books buyer, approached them asking if she could be of help the husband responded that "indeed she could." She could listen to the joke and tell them if she thought it was funny, thereby settling the matter between them. Hesitant, Margaret said, "Well, all right, just as long as it's clean." So the story proceeded.

A man was hauled up in a court of law. It seems that he was married to two women at the same time. Clearly unrepentant, he pleaded his case before the judge. "I love both of my wives. I can give up neither. Kate is dear to me. She's sweet, kind and cheerful. I love her so. And Edith, beautiful, intelligent and warm, dear Edith, I love her no less than Kate! Judge, what can I do? I can give up neither!"

The judge spoke sternly to him, admonishing him for such behavior. "In our society such things are not possible. You have committed a grave wrong. **DESPITE THAT THEY ARE TRUE TO YOU, YOU CAN'T HAVE YOUR KATE AND EDITH, TOO!**"

And just last week, a call, "Do you have any books on ostrich farming?" "Sorry, no." Yet, though resisted, it was such a temptation to respond, "but, would *Living with Llamas* do? We've got lots of those!"

There are many elusive questions and the book is always unique.

*I know it's special, but I WANT this book.

*It's a 3.95 romance novel but Auntie Marie must have it.

*It's a text from the American Psychiatric Institute.

*A guide to French road food, please. You know, the one endorsed by the French trucker's union.

*A business pamphlet. I saw an ad for it someplace. It's about estate taxes.

*A book for my son.

*A book for my daughter-in-law. She's nice, but she needs to improve her mind.

*A book for my father. He doesn't read.

*A book for my mother. She loves to read and she's read everything.

*A book for me. The new Michener is what I'm really after. No, not THAT one. The NEW one. I heard that he was writing it. What do you mean, it's not scheduled until the Fall of '89?

*What have you got in the way of really good trash?

*I'd like a good book, perhaps the Booker prize winner this year. Is it published yet?

Or perhaps,

"You can order a book?"

"Yes, we'd be happy to."

"Well, I don't know. Sure, sure, go ahead. And send it. You mean you can send it and bill me? Could you send it to Mom in Ohio and bill me here in Denver? And wrap it? And, could you include a card saying Happy Birthday, Mom, Love, Bill?—But, I don't know the title! She said it was reviewed last month in TIME. You can look it up and call me?"

"Of course."

Or,—a customer called the store one day summer before last in search of a title. The conversation went something like this:

"Say, I really need this book."

"OK, let me check the shelf; if we don't have it, we'll gladly order it for you."

"But, it's out of print."

"Oh, well, in that case we can do an out-of-print search for you."

"No kidding? Sure, go ahead. I want 40 copies! I'm teaching a class."

"Well, we'll do our best, but that's a lot of copies to locate through a search.

When to you need them?"

"In two weeks!"

"Well, sir, we'll gladly implement the search, but these things sometimes take time, and besides, we can't guarantee that there are any out there to be had."

"No, don't worry—you can do it; I can even give you a lead. I heard there some in the basement of a house up in Estes Park."

"Do you know anything more? About the house? About the title?"

"Yeah, it used to be distributed by an outfit called Skyline."

"OK, we'll take it from here."

So we called the distributor who, of course, no longer handled the book but did have access to the author's name and address in Colorado Springs. We called the author's home only to find out that he is now living in a nursing home. We called

the home and the folks there gave us the names of the author's two nieces, one of whom was located in Cheyenne, Wyoming. We called her and, miraculously, she had the name of the person in Estes Park who had the books in the basement—400 of them! The books came in, in time!

I hasten to add that not all of the stories have such a happy ending. But these examples are but a very few of the scores of stories that cross the path of the bookseller every day and illustrate the diversity of need in our reading society.

The human setting, who are the customers? Who are the people asking these questions who are so much a part of our lives?

In the children's section, it might be a little boy dashing in to find *Curious George* or pregnant parents looking for books on natural child birth. It might be worried parents wanting a book on dyslexia or loving parents looking for good books to read to their children. In sports, a runner needing a book on sports medicine or a baseball fan wanting statistics on the World Series. A traveller seeking a good map of London or a book on the treasures of the Louvre. Or it might be the Russian emigre whose face lights up when a staff member can offer a few words in Russian—a 'dobroe utro' in greeting, or a 'cpaceebo' in thanks.

Perhaps it's the distressed woman who called late one Saturday afternoon with a tone of desperation in her voice. She was giving a very important dinner party that evening. Upon opening her cookbook she found a big blotch on the recipe that she needed which had obliterated the measurements of the ingredients. She asked if we had the book in stock. We did, and dutifully read the recipe to her over the phone!

Our customer might also be the anxious writer, certain of success upon obtaining *Writer's Market*, or an uncertain student in need of Turabian, or the unwilling student in search of the thinnest historical novel in existence.

He may be the psychologist wanting the *DSM III* or the troubled wanting a lift or a helping hand. Here there are countless stories. The adult rushing to the children's books in need of one on circus animals for a child who was expected to live a week longer. And the young man, seated in a chair reading the evening long, *How to Survive the Loss of a Love*, with tears streaming down his cheeks. We are very much a part of the life of our community.

As well, there are those who trouble us some. I had a call from a lady who gruffly asked, "Are you the manager?"

"Yes," I mustered.

"Are you going to be there for the next few minutes because I want to come right over and talk to you?"

"Yes, I am and I'll meet you at the door."

And so I did. I could tell who she was as I watched through the window. She steamed through the door with a little boy of about 10 years in tow. As I introduced myself she pushed him at me saying, "OK, you tell the lady what you did." He quietly handed me a book. "I'm sorry I took this book. I didn't pay for it. I'll never do it again."

It was not just a book. It was the *Lingerie Book*!

The staff of a book store who are the folks who care for these people and the books? At our store they are often highly educated, usually articulate, and committed to hard work and high standards, for very little money. In our case they are opinionated, intentionally diverse, representing the former professionals and trades of minister, teacher, engineer, librarian, pharmacist, lawyer, geologist, and cemetery grounds keeper. They are knowledgeable (collectively) and they love to read.

As independent booksellers, in a very real sense, we are an important part of the life of our communities. Yes, we provide information, diversion, but most importantly, we provide the forum for books and people to come together.

There are, of course, joys, very real pleasures in our work. The customer who takes the time to write commending us on getting that special order out to them so quickly (and they don't always get out so quickly). The child whose eye is caught by a special book on the shelf and says to me, "You know that's my very favorite, too!" The father reading to his child who is seated on his lap in the midst of children's day festivities (even while the cookies are ground into the carpet).

There is joy, too, watching the unique interaction when authors and their readers come together, whether it's the feeling of reverence for Buckminster Fuller; hearing the hearty, sometimes blustery, conversations with lawyer, Gerry Spence; talk of the good ol' days with Steve Allen; standing firm in the crush of fans for the popular idols; or seeing the appreciation in the eyes of the fans of Allen Lee, Michael Hague, Tom Noel, Russell Martin, Sandra Dallas or Dan O'Brien. THERE IS MAGIC IN THE AIR.

Our pleasure comes, too, from seeing a healthy balance sheet and a growing business where possible, allowing us to bring even more books and people together.

But most of all, there is a high spirited bubble that rises in each of us (no matter how long we've been at this bookselling business) when we see a customer's face light up and he says, "Oh wow, you've got that book."

Apart from providing books, what else do we bring to the community? The outside activities? The extras? At our store we have children's day, story hours, the summer reading club and scary story contest to name a few.

We go into the community to bring books to the people at conferences and workshops, and we work with the schools.

We bring the community to us when we can with special offerings and special services.

It's a good life, all in all, but certainly not without its frustrations and not without its worries. Its rewards are best gauged in human terms—the social profit. Books *do* make a difference, and bookselling is not just a job. It's a way of life!

As for the future, we have a lot of ideas, some concerns and several challenges. We are always looking for more ways to bring people and books together. There are no sure things, though, and change can be difficult.

I'm reminded of Ian Ballantine (founder of the publishing company which bears his name as well as the founder of Bantam Books, which employs him still today).

Ian was in the middle of the furore some decades ago when the paperback book was first brought to this country. Many booksellers said it would be the end of good publishing. Yet it's the rare reader today who doesn't own at least several classics in paperback editions along with copies of trendier fare.

Today, Ian says that television has been a vital force in book promotion, bringing books to the attention of the public. Yet there are many in our ranks who would argue the opposite, that television has had a negative effect on reading.

So the ideas and challenges abound. Of one thing we at the Tattered Cover can be certain, we'll change and we'll move and if there is one more person and one more book out there that stands a chance of coming together with our help, we will do our very best to accomplish that end. And we are not alone in that intent, nor is it a new idea. There are many good book stores who share this point of view, very many in our own community.

In closing, Barbara Tuchman put it so well—"Without books, history is silent, literature dumb, science crippled, thought and speculation at a standstill. Without books, the development of civilization would have been impossible. They are engines of change, windows on the world, and lighthouses erected in the sea of time. They are companions, teachers, magicians, bankers or the treasures of the mind. BOOKS ARE HUMANITY IN PRINT."



IN MEMORY OF PERRY EBERHART

Perry Eberhart, former Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners and well-remembered by many, passed away at his home in Denver on January 13, 1989. Perry had a distinguished career beginning with service in the US Navy in WW I, graduation from the University of Colorado, study at the Sorbonne in Paris, service as reporter for the Denver Post and later for the International News Service. He taught journalism for Adams County School District 12, and was co-chairman of the Colorado Open Space Coordinating Council, executive director of the South Platte Area Redevelopment Council, and research associate with the Colorado Historical Society. He did public relations for the National Farmers Union and for the Midwest Electric Consumers Association. He was co-founder of the Alferd Packer Society. He authored numerous books on Colorado History, one of which won the Colorado Writers Guild "Top Hand" award for non-fiction. His passing leaves a serious vacancy!

ECHO FROM FRED MAZZULLA

An article in the *Rocky Mountain News* for 24 January 1989 carried a story about the proposed sale of Fred Mazzulla's former home. It describes mural paintings on the basement walls and ceiling, painted by Herndon Davis, picturing numerous Denver celebrities. The future of the paintings is problematic.

BOOK REVIEWERS

It has been suggested, as an aid to our continually faltering treasury, that reviewers of books (recognizing the privilege of retaining the book in their own private libraries) might consider the alternative of returning books to the Posse for auction or making a voluntary contribution to the exchequer for the privilege of retaining the book.

(Turn to page 20)





Westerner's Bookshelf



The Pueblo Indian Revolt of 1696 and the Franciscan Missions in New Mexico by J. Manuel Espinosa. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1988. 366 pages, 8 illustrations, 1 map, bibliography. Cloth, \$27.95.

This is not a book for the general reader, but it will serve as a most useful source of researchers. The letters and writs, by mission friars and Spanish military authorities, provide information on the relationship of the Spanish and the Pueblo Indians that resulted in the revolt of 1696, as well as information on Pueblo and Indian life in general.

The author has included a historical introduction of some fifty-five pages that presents an excellent summary of Spanish exploration and the establishment of the first Spanish colony in New Mexico by Don Juan de Oñate who served as the first governor. As the area was not rich in minerals, a decision was made to support New Mexico as a mission field, and the role of the Franciscan missions is examined by Espinosa.

The major part of the book consists of the documents translated by the author that relate to the period of 1692 to 1697. It was during this time that Diego de Vargas led the military reconquest of New Mexico after the successful Pueblo revolt of 1680. He also put down the revolt of 1696 which was not as well organized as the previous revolt and was not supported by all the Pueblo Indians.

The documents written by Governor Vargas and the Franciscan custodian, Fray Francisco de Vargas, prove to be most interesting reading. There was a great amount of indecision on the part of the leadership as to whether or not missionaries should be brought to places of safety when the revolt threatened. The decision proved to be incorrect and several missionaries died at the hands of the Indians. This was the final revolt of the Pueblo Indians.

The efforts of Espinosa will certainly be appreciated by those researchers who do not read Spanish and by those who do not have access to the documents.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

The Blackfoot Confederacy 1880-1920, A Comparative Study of Canadian and U.S. Indian Policy by Hana Samek, Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1987. 236 pp. 29 photographs, 2 maps. Hardback, \$27.50.

This book deals with differences and similarities between American and Canadian Indian Policy. It is a particularly good study since it deals with a single confederated Indian tribe, the Blackfoot, which had segments in both countries, in both Montana, U.S.A. and Alberta, Canada.

The book contains over 50 pages of detailed notes, annotated by chapter and numbers, bibliography, and index.

Chapters include such topics as a historical overview of Canadian and American Indian Policy and administration; administration of the different reservations; the search for self-support and the development of dependency; the failure of reservation economies; land policy; Indian evangelization and education; law and order; welfare and war.

It was felt by Americans for a long time that Canadian policies toward their wards were more enlightened than those of America. However, the record shows that each government was as guilty of wrongheadedness and outright fraud as was the other. An examination of the two maps at the beginning of the book gives a striking comparison between the size of the original Blackfoot Nation and the sizes of the present day reservations.

Any Westerner who is interested in the story of the white man's dealing with the red man, during the period from the beginning of reservation policy up to World War One, will find this an even-handed researched and scholarly treatise on that subject. I recommend it without reservation (no pun intended) to those interested in this story.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

California Joe by Joe E. Milner and Earle R. Forrest. Univ. of Nebraska Press (Bison Books) Lincoln and London, 1987; original copyright, 1935, Caxton Printers, Ltd. Paperback, \$9.95; 396 pages.

California Joe is the biography of Moses Embree Milner, soldier, Army scout, wagon-train guide, Indian fighter, prospector, rancher, and early-day entrepreneur.

Joe E. Milner, grandson of California Joe (how Moses Milner acquired his nickname is a complete episode by itself) collaborated with newspaperman Earle R. Forrest on the original book, published in 1935. As a young man, Forrest worked as a cowboy in Arizona, and his own wanderings covered much of the Western territory known to California Joe. Forrest's graphic descriptions contribute much to the book.

A separate but pertinent addition to the book is Forrest's appendix on the Custer Battlefield National Cemetery, plus an account of the Battle of the Little Big Horn by Colonel William H. C. Bowen. The Colonel's version of the Custer massacre was probably the most accurate available in 1935.

The new Bison paperback includes a 12-page foreword, complete with footnotes, by Joseph G. Rosa, vice president of the English Westerners' Society, and biographer and authority on Wild Bill Hickok and Buffalo Bill. His incisive criticism lends a needed scholarly note to the biography.

Rosa notes that Joe's appetite for strong drink was almost ignored by the scout's grandson. For example, Custer made Milner chief of scouts in the Washita campaign but promptly demoted him when he celebrated by getting roaring drunk. Custer's own vivid description of California Joe is quoted from the General's book, *Life on the Plains*.

Rosa deplors the biography's lack of documented sources and reliance upon family legend and hearsay, but recommends *California Joe* to all Western history buffs. Some of the book's value lies in the insight it gives into life in the West of the 1860s and 1870s. Milner was a participant in many of the events of those decades, and

the coauthors did an excellent job of setting the scenes and fleshing out the history of the times.

There is no doubt that Moses Milner, bigger than life, was a remarkable man. He was a close friend of Wild Bill Hickok, and youthful protege of such men as Jim Bridger, Jim Baker, and Jim Beckwourth. As trapper, gold-seeker, and guide he knew intimately the country between the Missouri River and the Pacific. He was a crack shot and a skilled Indian fighter, and served as a scout and Indian interpreter for Kearny, Doniphan, Custer, Sheridan, Crook, and others.

Milner was born in a Kentucky log cabin in 1829. He spent more time in the woods than in school, and killed his first deer when he was 12. At age 14, he ran off with his father's Kentucky rifle to St. Louis. There he joined some trappers bound for the North Platte. Milner worked for the American Fur Company as a trapper and hunter at Fort Laramie and Fort Bridger. He killed his first Indians at 15, in a battle with Blackfeet.

In 1846, when he was barely 17, Milner heard about the impending War with Mexico. Eagerly he signed on as a packer and teamster with Brigadier General Stephen W. Kearny's Army of the West. Milner served with Kearny and later with Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan's 1st Missouri Mounted Volunteers.

Cupid slowed Milner's wanderlust for a time. On May 8, 1850, his 21st birthday, he married Nancy Emma Watts. Guiding the wagon train from Missouri himself, he took his bride to the California gold fields and later to Oregon. Nancy bore Moses four sons and proved to be a remarkable woman. Her husband disappeared for months at a time, yet she never complained. Milner's family adored him, and he was proud of his sons. He sometimes took the older boys on his treks.

In 1852, Milner established a ranch in the Willamette Valley, and ran a pack train to the California mines. The late 1850s and early 1860s found him again seeking gold in Washington, Idaho, and Montana. In 1864, while trapping and

hunting along the Yellowstone with some friendly Indians, Milner single-handedly rescued little Maggie Reynolds, a Cheyenne captive.

Later in 1864, California Joe was employed at Fort Lyon as post scout and interpreter. He was asked to help persuade nearby friendly Cheyenne and Arapaho bands to come to the fort as a place of safety. Milner was horrified by subsequent events at Sand Creek. The book gives a detailed account of the massacre.

In 1865, Milner went to Fort Union, New Mexico, where he hired on as Kit Carson's scout. Milner later figured in Carson's fight at Adobe Walls in the Texas Panhandle. Milner then scouted for troops operating against hostiles in Kansas, Indian Territory, and Texas from 1866 to 1871.

California Joe met James B. Hickok at Newton, Kansas in 1868. A warm friendship developed that lasted until Wild Bill's murder in Deadwood, South Dakota, on August 2, 1876.

The bloody year of 1868 saw new warfare with the Cheyenne, Sioux, Arapahoes, and Kiowas. As a result, General Sheridan waged a winter campaign against the hostiles. At Fort Dodge, General Custer engaged California Joe as his chief of scouts, and Milner was an active participant in the battle of the Washita.

In the 1870s Milner was busy as a freighter, rancher, and prospector in Nevada, California, and Wyoming, occasionally visiting his family in Oregon.

In March 1875, gold was discovered in the Black Hills. California Joe and three partners went prospecting, but were chased out by the Sioux. Milner went to Fort Laramie and was immediately made guide for the Jenny Geological and Topographic Surveying Expedition being formed to explore the Black Hills.

California Joe stayed in the Black Hills, staking out a large ranch, later the site of Rapid City. However, gold strikes drew him to Deadwood Gulch, where he was joined by his sons George and Charley. In June 1876, Milner went to Deadwood to

get supplies, and met his old friend, Wild Bill Hickok. The two shared a camp with their partners near Deadwood. The party planned a prospecting trip, but California Joe was kicked and injured by a horse. He was in camp August 22 when Hickok was killed by Jack McCall in Deadwood's 66 Saloon.

California Joe's last Army service was as a scout and interpreter for General George Crook in the expedition against the hostiles in the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming. He was discharged from this duty at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, October 25, 1876. On October 28, Milner was shot in the back and killed by Tom Newcomb, an employee of the post butcher shop. The assassination came as an aftermath of Hickok's murder in Deadwood, and bad blood between Newcomb and Milner. Newcomb was never tried for the killing. Moses "California Joe" Milner was buried at Fort Robinson.

Alan J. Stewart, P.M.

History of Indian Arts: Education in Santa Fe by Winona Garmhausen. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1988. 144 pages, photos, bibliography. Paper, \$15.95.

While this book reads as if it might have been written as a doctoral dissertation, it does contain a wealth of information regarding the attempt of the United States Government to educate the American Indian. The emphasis is on the schools in Santa Fe and the evolution from the *United States Indian Industrial School* to the *Institute of American Indian Arts*. A major factor in this transformation was the increase in the demand for Indian art from visitors to the Southwest. This demand was stimulated by companies such as the Santa Fe Railroad and organizations like the Indian Arts and Crafts Board.

For all intents and purposes, the author completes the story in 1978, but for publication, a final chapter was added that brings the reader up to the present.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

The Bozeman Trail, Highway of History by Robert A. Murray. Pruett Press, Boulder, 1988. 87 pp., ill. \$24.95 hardcover, \$7.95 paperback.

The Bozeman Trail by Hebard and Brininstool (A. H. Clark, Cleveland, 1922) in two volumes is the classic scholarly work on the subject. Realizing this, Bob Murray has not attempted a revision. Instead he has now given us a slender folio-size picture book, doubtless the most comprehensive collection of pictures relating to the Bozeman Trail ever assembled. In addition he provides brief but accurate and satisfying essays on each of fifty subject sub-headings.

The Bozeman Trail branched off from the Oregon-California Trail at Bridger's Ferry on the North Platte, east of present Douglas, Wyoming, then went northward along the east front of the Bighorn Mountains to enter Montana below the mouth of Bighorn Canyon, and from thence westward along the Yellowstone River to Virginia City. Bob calls it "450 miles from the jumping-off point to the early settlements of south central Montana."

This trail was pioneered by John Bozeman in 1863; it was intended as a short-cut alternative to following the Oregon Trail to Idaho, then going northward to Virginia City. Gold-seekers followed this new trail to the Montana mines but they were often harassed and frequently killed by Sioux and Cheyenne Indians. This led to the establishment of Forts Reno, Phil Kearny, and C. F. Smith in 1866. This in turn inflamed the Indians, leading to all-out warfare climaxed by the Fetterman Massacre and the Wagon Box Fight and abandonment of this trail by the Army in 1868. After the Indians were finally subdued in the seventies, of course, this trail was used by ranchers and settlers, but its fame is linked exclusively to the racial conflict along "Bloody Bozeman."

There are five chapters, starting with "The Setting," a bird's-eye view of the trail's history. The following four chapters see the trail northward, from Bridger's Ferry to present Bozeman, Montana. Murray discusses sites along the trail, historical incidents, and personalities.

Particularly impressive is the color plate

on the book cover, a Ken Ralston painting depicting the Army's emotional abandonment of Fort C. F. Smith, Montana, in 1868. Copious b/w illustrations depict other paintings, sketches and photographs both contemporary and modern. Outstanding are the colorful end-maps, showing the complete trail and its principal features, and blow-up maps of each of the four trail sections. Bonuses are a postscript describing route and evidence of the trail today, and suggested reading for those thirsting for more details.

The author, whom I hired as Historian at Pipestone National Monument, became Historian for Fort Laramie, then left the Park Service (a rare happening) to become a contract historian for various agencies and businesses. He lives in Sheridan, Wyoming.

Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.

Cowtown Lawyers, Dodge City and Its Attorneys, 1876-1886 by C. Robert Haywood, 1988. Norman and London: University of Oklahoma Press, 249 pages, cloth-bound, \$24.95.

The author, C. Robert Haywood, is Professor Emeritus of History at Washburn University in Topeka, Kansas, and is rapidly becoming the current historical authority on Dodge City, Kansas. His first book concerns the wagonroad economy in the Dodge City-Texas and Oklahoma panhandle region. The current offering is the story of Dodge City attorneys during the ten-year period it was a cowtown. Professor Haywood, in a letter to this reviewer, stated that he was now working on a social history of Dodge City, which should be published in the near future.

When one thinks of Dodge City in its heyday, there are many images that come to mind, i.e., "Queen of the Cowtowns," "Beautiful Bibulous Babylon of the Frontier," "The Wildest, Wickedest City in the West," "Errol Flynn," "Gunsmoke," "Wyatt Earp," etc. Not much is heard about Dodge City as a town and its decent law abiding citizens.

Professor Haywood in *Cowtown Lawyers*

attempts to show how Dodge City progressed from a wild wide-open frontier town to a respectable community in a period of approximately fourteen years. Dodge City was founded in June, 1872 and was officially incorporated in November, 1875. The railroad had arrived in 1872, and from that time until 1876 it was considered a commercial center for the buffalo trade. Beginning from the time of incorporation until 1886, Dodge City was primarily a "cowtown" where Texas cowmen brought their herds to be sold and shipped east via the Santa Fe Railroad. From 1886 to 1890, the area was in the middle of a land "boom"; but after 1890 the roof caved in, and times were tough until approximately the turn of the century. *Cowtown Lawyers* is a book about the various Dodge City attorneys during the ten year "cowtown" period, and its legal system. Professor Haywood has done considerable research and quotes numerous primary sources. Basically he tells the story of how Dodge City grew up from its frontier days until it became respectable. Of all the lawyers in and out of Dodge City, he concentrated his effort primarily on two of the most well known: Harry E. Gryden and Michael W. Sutton. Bat Masterson is the only notorious character to appear frequently within its pages. My main interest was in my grandfather, Rufus G. Cook, who was involved in the Dodge City legal system in various capacities as Justice of the Peace, Police Judge, U.S. Commissioner, and later, attorney after 1886. I was not disappointed, as he was referenced ten times in *Cowtown Lawyers*. In one quote, "Judge Cook, with a dandy twirl of his silken mustache, gently placed the fine at five dollars and costs, and with a bewitching wave of his gold-headed cane, announced that court was adjourned."

This book is about frontier attorneys, their education, professionalism, political leanings and problems, as well as their successes. The story of the region is also entwined in their passing. Professor Haywood has written a fascinating book that is well researched and unusually fast moving for history of this type. There are several typographic errors (including my grandfather's name in the index), but I fault the

publisher on those. If you are interested in a town like Dodge City, then this is the book for you!

Richard A. Cook, P.M.

Western Women, Their Land, Their Lives Edited by Lillian Schlissel, Vicki L. Ruiz, & Janice Monk. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1988. 354 pages, illustrations, index. Cloth, \$27.50; paperback, \$14.95.

This group of nine essays was first presented at a 1984 conference sponsored by the Southwest Institute for Research on Women. The commentaries which accompany each essay offer, in many cases, important explanations and discussion of the subjects treated.

These pioneer women not only changed the West, but they were as much changed by it as were the men they accompanied. Mormon women as well as the Victorian women of New England brought their social values to the new frontier, and these values were integrated into the lives of the settlers. The social customs of the Indians and Mexicans are explored as well as the effects of intermarriage of these two groups with the Anglo immigrants. The combining of these cultures helped to bring about a new appreciation of the West and helped to produce a liberated and more independent woman than the world had known before. It probably could be argued that this is more than a book about women; it is a history of the West in which women played an important part, possibly a fifty percent part, in the "winning of the West."

For the person who has the time and inclination to learn more about his area, this book will be thought-provoking. However, it is written in such a scholarly fashion that it cannot be classed as recreational or even relaxing informational reading. The essayists treat their subjects ponderously with much attention to minute detail. It is far more at home as a reference to be used as supplemental reading for a college course in Women's Studies than in a home library.

Marjorie Wiegert Hutchins

The Two-Story Outhouse by Norm Weis. The Caxton Printers Limited, Caldwell, Idaho, 1988. Photographs by the author, index, 273 pp. Softcover, \$12.95.

The complete title of this paperback is: "A light hearted tour of the west on a search for the *Two-Story Outhouse*." It lives up to its title. In the benighted days before indoor plumbing in the West, the necessity for two-story outhouses was dictated by deep winter snow. A facility at ground level was likely to be snowed under, or, at least, required much digging. From the oxy-moron "two-story outhouse" it was a scant step to outhouses connected to the second stories of hotels, those built over streams taking care of the disposal problem, two-holers, four-holder, and even eight-holders.

The author uses his search as a reason for visiting the ghost towns in twelve Western states and four provinces of Canada. The text is illustrated by at least 139 black and white photographs of remarkably good quality considering this is a paperback. A high percentage of the photographs depict outhouses although some show other aspects of the ghost-town West.

No book of this sort can be definitive, so the author of this review can cite a number of missed opportunities; an outhouse hanging precariously over a cliff above Ouray, Colorado; the notorious Campbird no-holer at the original upper level before the boarding house burned, which was thirty feet over the creek, approached by a dog-legged snowshed, and where users hung their haunches over a well-worn two by six which ran the whole length of the building; Alaskan road houses, where the waste disposal duty was done by five-gallon gasoline cans which were placed on the frozen river ice to wait for the spring thaw; and the magnificent snowhouse which housed a modern toilet seat out on the Greenland ice cap, to mention a few. Any connoisseur of mining ghost towns can recite numerous examples.

This says nothing of modern day Port-O-Lets which are found on construction sites.

The author of this book has hewed close

to his original premise; he has provided a varied description of two-storied lore throughout the mining West, and at the same time has avoided outright scatology, although he came close in his description of Burke, Idaho, built along what the maps called Canyon Creek but which the locals refer to as S— Creek.

My main quibble with the book is its lack of maps showing the locations of ghost towns mentioned. It was hard to follow the descriptions without maps for orientation. Ghost towns are notoriously hard to find, anyway. Otherwise, this is a pleasurable romp through ghost towns of the West.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

General George Wright, Guardian of the Pacific Coast by Carl P. Schlicke, Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman. Preface by author. 430 pages, 20 illustrations, 5 maps, bibliography, index. Hardbound, \$29.95.

The University of Oklahoma has published a book about a man who was little recognized during his lifetime and is practically unknown today, although he spent 43 years in the United States Army after graduation from West Point, served in the Patriot War on the Canadian border, the Seminole War in Florida, the Mexican War, and was a military commander of the Department of the Pacific during the Civil War. Wright was apparently one of those military officers who did his duty and did it well, but never impressed the top brass or the newspapers enough to become a well known public figure. As a final typical ending, he drowned when the ship he was on, the *Brother Jonathan*, sank off California in 1865 when he was changing his duty station.

Probably Wright's best service came when he planned and carried out the Indian campaign of 1856 through 1858 which ended the Indian dangers in the Washington Territory. Wright found that hanging bad Indians had a very calming influence on the other Indians.

Although officers junior in rank to

Wright and who had served under him rose to general's rank, Wright remained a Colonel until appointed a Brigadier General of Volunteers, a rank he had not sought as he desired a general's star in the regular Army.

Unfortunately, the book is as dull as General Wright and makes rather tedious reading. The author, obviously after enormous research, has described Wright's life from birth to death, and included historical incidents which may or may not be essential to the biography. It is surprising to find some misspelled words or typographical errors in this book, since one expects better from the University of Oklahoma Press.

An item interesting to Denverites is a reference to Brigadier General J. W. Denver being considered for appointment as head of the Pacific Department in 1861, replacing Wright. The author states that Denver had an "unsavory reputation" in California and had killed prominent people in duels. Denver did not receive the appointment.

This book is likely to be of greatest interest to students of the Pacific Northwest during the 1950's and 1860's. Certainly General Wright deserves a biography recognizing his 43 year career of service to his country.

W. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

Historical Atlas of Washington by James W. Scott and Roland L. DeLorme. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1988. 200 pp., 77 maps, bibliography, index. Hardcover, \$27.95.

In some ways this book is as much a geographic atlas as an historical one, but this is a minor quibble. It covers the State of Washington's terrain, climate, vegetation, hydrography, and human occupation from prehistoric times to the present, as well as the current state of the economy, culture, and progress of the state. The maps have been drawn by Ted R. Brandt, with the U.S. Bureau of Mines, Spokane, Washington, and Patrick S Grant, instructor of economics and American history at the Univer-

sity Preparatory Academy, Seattle, Washington.

Each map comprises the left side of the gutter (rotated because of the shape of the state) while the right side of the gutter contains a three-column essay on the meaning of the map, placing it in context. This arrangement makes the atlas easy to use while the essay is being read. Some of the map pages contain four small maps showing different decades or periods.

In the section on urban development are included eight old 19th century panoramic, or birds-eye views of major cities, which were so popular around the turn of the century. Many of these, as well as the few maps of historical locations, are from prominent map collections such as the Library of Congress.

In order to test the usefulness of the book I chose a random subject, such as the so-called "Pig War," which took place in the San Juan Islands between America and Britain in 1859. First off, I couldn't find "Pig War" in the index. However, this deficiency was soon quickly corrected by finding "The San Juan Islands International Boundary Dispute." Evidently, Washingtonians are attempting to live down such pejorative terms as "Pig War," and are opting for much longer descriptive names for past historical events, although most local people use the less academic term. The map was complete, showing the San Juan Islands, Haro Strait, and Rosario Strait, as well as the two claim boundaries made by Great Britain and the United States, the rejected boundary suggested by British commissioner Prevost, and the locations on San Juan Island of the English camp and the American camp. The accompanying description is very complete and accurate, giving dates and names, the pig which was shot, the Emperor of Germany, who settled the dispute, and even Captain George E. Pickett, who occupied the American camp, and later, as a Confederate general led the costly charge at Gettysburg in the Civil War, known as Pickett's Charge.

This is a well-produced book. I recommend it highly.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

Apache Days and After by Thomas Cruse. Univ. of Nebraska Press (Bison Books). Lincoln, 1987. 328 pages, photographs. Cloth, \$27.95, paper, \$9.95.

This book is a gold mine of invaluable information, and, for this reviewer, it was a lost mine awaiting discovery. Others knew of its existence; for example, it is a major source in the Tucson Corral's *Military Forts and Campaigns in the Southwest* (1983). But, because it was published originally by Caxton Printers as recently as 1941, it apparently has been too new to be in the used book stores. Nebraska Press deserves accolades for reprinting this volume.

General Cruse's book recounts his forty years of active duty in the Army, from his West Point graduation in 1879 through his wonderful marriage to his forced retirement in 1918. Although he includes information on his involvement in the Spanish-American War, the Philippine Insurrections, the Boxer Rebellion, and the First World War, by far the best part is his telling of his campaigns in the Southwest during the 1880s. Cruse, as a young lieutenant, headed up the Apache Scouts at the time of the Cibicu incident of 1881. His description of that bloody eruption, where only his first sergeant remained loyal, is gripping and full of foreboding. Also important is Cruse's relation of the 1882 Dry Wash Fight. Cruse's version is so modest that he barely hints that he won the Medal of Honor there; fortunately, his friend, Britton Davis, is more direct about Cruse's heroism in his 1929 book, *The Truth About Geronimo*. Davis, in fact, thought so much of Cruse's viewpoint that he published (with proper credit) Cruse's description of Dry Wash in his Geronimo book.

Apache Days and After also gives much detail about the Apache-fighting Army of the 1880s. It provides the white viewpoint in many of the same incidents covered in Betzinez' *I Fought With Geronimo* (reviewed in the May-June 1988 *Roundup*). It also displays a bit of the bitterness a career soldier feels when he is not promoted as fast nor as far as his contemporaries. The book is even timely: Cruse, as a quartermaster officer, had to contend with Congress and the government contracting system in obtaining

wagons and mules in 1896. He was also caught up in a "scandal" after his military retirement by advising a defense contractor and accepting a gratuity and a position.

The book lacks an index. A new preface would be nice. Its cover displays a colorful Remington painting of the 1860s era cavalry instead of depicting the 1880s (the period of most of the book). But these are minor criticisms. Although Cruse earned but one star, his book rates at least four stars. It is highly recommended.

John M. Hutchins, P.M.

Archeological Surveys of Chaco Canyon, New Mexico by Alden C. Hayes, David M. Brugge, and W. James Judge. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1988. 154 pages, maps, bibliography, photographs. Paper, \$14.95.

While Russell E. Dickenson states in the foreword of the book that "both the layman and the professional archeologist will find much of interest in this report," two of the three reports in the book are directed toward the professional archeologist. The one segment entitled, "A Survey of Chaco Canyon Archeology," by Alden Hayes will prove to be of interest to all readers who desire to know more about the Anasazi in Chaco Canyon.

Hayes' report contains information gained during a "blanket" survey of the cultural resources that exist in the thirty-two square miles of the monument and its several detached areas. The survey was accomplished in 1972. David Grugge uses the information derived from the Hayes survey to discuss the Navajo sites in the study area, and James Judge presents a comparison of the information gained by Hayes with a sampling survey he conducted in 1971.

Hayes' report touches upon a wide range of topics in relation to Chaco Canyon. These include the physical setting of the area, the history of archeology in Chaco Canyon, and the final results of his study in 1972. Many of the questions regarding the Anasazi of Chaco including the connection with Mesoamerica and the possibility of social classes are discussed, and there is a brief mention of the rapid changes that occurred in this area between A.D. 1030 and A.D. 1100.

There is also the question of just how many people lived in Chaco during the major Anasazi time, and the author has developed estimates based on the number of residents per dwelling room which has resulted in lowering the number that had been used in the past by archeologists.

In this report there is a comparison between the Hosta Butte Phase and the Bonito Phase that includes orientation of the pueblos, room size, burials, and several other differences between the two periods.

The photographs included with the reports add to the reader's understanding of the archeological studies of Chaco Canyon.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

The Apache Indians by Frank C. Lockwood. Foreword by Dan L. Thrapp. Univ. of Nebraska Press (1938) 1987. 348 pages. Price?

As stated in the foreword, "When Frank C. Lockwood's *The Apache Indians* was published in 1938 it proved a milestone for the understanding and history of those remarkable people considered by many Americans at the time as "among the most savage and warlike of the frontier saga." In general, this book is an oleo of stories and accounts recorded by the Spaniards and 'Americans' who dealt in some way with Apaches. As such, the book speeds through poorly recorded eras (1540-1835) to concentrate mainly on the characters we know so well today: Cochise, Gen. George Crook, Geronimo, Nachez, & Chatto (though, oddly, very little on Mangas Colorado). With the many movies, TV dramas, and books devoted to these infamous characters, it is interesting to read some straight accounts of their actions from a more 'naive' time.

The best section for me is on the surrender of Geronimo and the forced transport of the Chiracahua to Florida (from their Arizona/New Mexico home). The weakest part of the book is the final chapter seeking to update the history to 1938. Lockwood colors this discussion with what must be seen as his opinion of what the Indian should become; "a fine, intelligent Christian . . . the best example of what education and religion can to for an Apache" and later "they tried to induce them to attend church and become Christians. We shall nearly all agree, I think, that these were

good American ways, well calculated to forward the civilization of these Apaches."

I will recommend this book due to the many Remington drawings, the photos of Apaches and US Army, and interesting accounts, but please bear in mind that this is not the definitive history of the Apache we may want in 1988.

George W. Krieger, D.D.S.

The Trampling Herd, "The Story of the Cattle Range in America" by Paul I. Wellman. First Bison Book printing: 1988 Reprint by University of Nebraska Press, Ill., 433 pgs., index. Originally published: Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott © 1939.

There have been and are being written novels and books that attempt accurately to document parts of our country's history. Paul Wellman has stepped beyond the typical scholarly book and writes with the first-hand knowledge and experience of one of our nation's most interesting eras. This is more than a history of the cattle drives. This is a peek into a period of time that catches the readers' attention with the opening sentence and drives the reader to read on. Paul Wellman has written a classic in narrative form, and brings to life the men and women and the cattle of the West from Texas to Montana, and from Missouri to California.

The reader will find the book difficult to put down because Paul Wellman holds one's attention with little-known facts about the people, places, and animals. It is not only an historical narrative of the cattle, it is more a documentary of those men we call "cowboys." The first cowboys were Mexican-Indian slaves with a brand placed on their cheek to identify their owners. These predecessors of the modern day cowboys herded the Spaniards' cattle in Mexico. As Wellman reveals the story of the earliest cattle drives the reader is captivated by the details that the author has brought to the page. The author has used his personal experiences and the friendships and acquaintances of men and women who lived during the latter part of this era. To write an authoritative book with the impact of a seasoned newspaper man.

Roger P. Michels, C.M.

The Killing of Chief Crazy Horse, edited, with introduction, by Robert A. Clark, commentary by Carroll Friswold. Univ. of Nebraska Press. Original copyright 1976, new edition 1988. 151 pgs.

This is a reprint of a "documentary history" originally available in a limited (300 copy) edition. This new printing adds an historical introduction, a reading list, and an index which greatly enhance the original text.

The focal point of this work is Sept. 5, 1888 when Crazy Horse (age 32) was bayoneted while at Camp Robinson in Nebraska. At several points in the book he is referred to as one of the finest military minds in the Sioux nation. The new introduction relates the history leading up to this event, including the successes Crazy Horse had on June 17 & 25, 1876 against Gen. Crook and Custer's 7th Cavalry, respectively.

The next section of the book is an account related by Chief He-Dog to his son, Rev. Eagle Hawk. This interesting account also gives some points a chief must remember, such as: "If one of his close kin is killed in battle, he must not stop to look, lest he feel the need to retaliate. It is considered disgraceful for him to lose his temper." The next section is devoted to an account of the murder of Crazy Horse told by Sioux interpreter William Garnett. The final sections are devoted to letters between Mr. Garnett and Dr. McGillicuddy (who attended the wounded chief till his death), and biographies of some key roleplayers in the drama.

Not all the writing directly relates to the incident (and sadly many answering letters have been lost), but that conversational, 'shields down' style of writing is what makes this short book a fascinating one-night read. An example of this is in one of Dr. McGillicuddy's letters: "I inclose a newspaper clipping, about the Indian who killed Custer, it certainly took a good many to do it, I suppose another one will come to life after a while, like the old scout who was the sole survivor."

George W. Krieger, D.D.S.



(from page 10)

INCOME TAX DEDUCTION INFORMATION

The Internal Revenue Service has asked that members of all organizations which have received tax exempt status be informed as to the limits of deductibility permitted on the member's returns. In short, Revised Rule 67-246 states:

"To be deductible as a charitable contribution for Federal income tax purposes under section 170 of the Code, a payment to or for the use of a qualified charitable organization must be a gift. To be a gift for such purposes in the present context there must be, among other requirements, a payment of money or transfer of property without adequate consideration.

As a general rule, where a transaction involving a payment is in the form of a purchase of an item of value, the presumption arises that no gift has been made for charitable contribution purposes, the presumption being that they payment in such case is the purchase price."

Therefore, contributions to the Rosenstock Fund are deductible, but other payments to the Posse are not because consideration, i.e. something of value, has been received such as meals, "Roundups," door prizes or other Posse services.

Robert D. Stull, P.M., Trustee

NOMINATIONS FOR THE POSSE

Posse Members should remember that vacancies occur in the 50-man Posse, and nominations which should be made to the Membership Chairman are always in order. Nominators should heed the requirements for Posse membership as presented in the By-Laws, which include **Regular Attendance** at meetings over a period of time; **Active Participation** in Westerners' activities (more than mere attendance); **Presentation of Research Paper(s); Writing and/or Research** in Western history; or other demonstration of active interest and willingness to participate in the study and preservation of the cultural heritage of the American West.

The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

MARCH-APRIL 1989



THE LIFE AND DEATH OF EMILY GRIFFITH YALE HUFFMAN



EMILY GRIFFITH, EDUCATOR
Denver Public Library, Western History Department.

THOMAS MELVIN GRIFFITHS

"Mel" (b. 10 Sept. 1910; d. 14 Feb 1989) was a long-time member of the Denver Westerners, ex-Sheriff and ex-Editor of the Roundup magazine. He will be grievously missed.

He was educated in the Montrose, Colorado, High School, Sacramento Junior College, and the University of Denver, and received the Ph.D. in Geography from Northwestern University. He taught at DU, 1950-1978, also at the Air Force Academy and at the University of Stockholm (1960). He retired as Emeritus Professor of Geography at Denver University.

He served in the Army Air Corps 1941-1946 as Captain, 311th Reconnaissance Wing, in Alaska and Central and South America, also with the US Corps of Engineers in Greenland 1954-1958.

Mel did Geographic research in the USA, Mexico, Greenland, Scandinavia, Canada, England, Scotland, SE Asia, and Australia.

He was author, with Lynnell Rubright, of *Colorado*, Westview Press, Boulder, and of *San Juan Country*, Pruett Press, Boulder. He has had articles in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, *National Geographic*, *Geographical Magazine*, *Natural History*, *Ford Times*, *The American West*, *Old West*, *True West*, *Popular Mechanics*, *Empire Magazine*, *Trail and Timberline*. He made reports to the US Government in support of land claims, for the Pawnees, Nez Perce, Yankton Sioux, Greater Sioux, and Navaho tribes.

He excelled in mountaineering, including first ascents of peaks in the San Juans, and in 1951 of the West Buttresses of Mount McKinley. Articles appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* about a rescue on Shiprock in which he assisted, and in *Rock and Ice* about the San Juan Mountaineers which he, with David Lavender and others, founded.

Mel was an air pilot and sponsored the DU Flying Club for 10 years. On top of all this, he was a member of the 1928 Montrose football team!!

He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Sigma Xi (honorary scientific fraternity), the Posse of the Denver Westerners and Past Sheriff and ex-Editor, a Fellow of the Explorers Club, the William Henry Jackson Photo Club, the Royal Geographical Society, and the Association of American Geographers.

He will be missed, indeed, by a great many, not least by the Denver Westerners!!

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THE LIFE AND DEATH OF EMILY GRIFFITH

by
Yale Huffman C.M.
Presented 22 February 1989

World-renowned Emily Griffith Opportunity School traces its beginnings to a sod schoolhouse on the Nebraska prairie. It was there that teen-age Emily taught reading, writing and arithmetic to the children of pioneers. It was in Broken Bow that Emily learned the primary aim of education: to enable the student to do meaningful work and find a purposeful place in the community. The mission Emily undertook on the prairie was fulfilled in 1916 when she founded Opportunity School in Colorado.

At a recent commencement ceremony at Emily Griffith Opportunity School in Denver, graduate Michaeline Heinicke left her wheelchair in the wings and crossed the stage on crutches to receive her diploma. She stretched up to the microphone and spoke softly. "I practiced for weeks so I could do it." The hand grasping the diploma lifted to brush a tear from her cheek. She managed a smile, got a new grip on her crutches, and turned to begin the long walk off stage. Then she turned back to the microphone and whispered, "Thank you, Miss Emily." There was a moment of quiet while the audience recalled that Emily Griffith was long since dead, a victim of murder decades before. Then the silence was broken by applause, rising in volume as the new alumna disappeared in the wings. Opportunity School graduate Number 1,303,360¹ was entering the mainstream of life.

BEGINNINGS

The wagon carrying missionary Andrew W. Griffith and his family up Nebraska's South Loup Valley in 1884 did not bring the hardiest souls to settle Custer County that year. Andrew, the father, was lame; Martha, the mother, was frail; daughter Florence, 13, was what people called "simple-minded."² Hopes rested on son Charles, 18, and daughter Emily, 16. Little Ethelyn might handle chores suited for an eight-year-old³.

Forty-seven was not the ideal age for Andrew to abandon a law practice in Cincinnati, but he and Martha had decided to join the stream of refugees from the panic that ensued from the railroad debacle and Wall Street fiasco that scandalized the last year of the Chester A. Arthur administration.⁴ The "Great American Desert," as it had been characterized by Major Stephen H. Long in the 1820 report of his exploratory expedition, was filling up.⁵

Major Long's harsh assessment was softened somewhat by Major J.W. Powell's concession in 1879 that farming might be feasible with the 28 inches of annual precipitation falling east of the 100th Meridian.⁶ When Andrew Griffith crossed that line and pushed another five miles up the South Loup River to homestead

160 acres in Arnold Precinct,⁷ he may have been relying on the published opinion of a University of Nebraska professor that rain would follow the plow.⁸ The annual precipitation actually to fall on the western third of Nebraska in this decade would average 18.7 inches.⁹

"Squatters" had arrived in this valley in 1875, when the Frederick Schreyer family settled into their dugout home.¹⁰ Cowboys were still joking about the day they stampeded a herd of longhorn cattle over Fred Schreyer's roof. The last laugh would go to the homesteaders as their barbed wire and windmills punctuated the prairie landscape. The optimism of the settlers was expressed in the name they chose for their Post Office in 1880—Delight, Nebraska.¹¹

The Griffiths arrived just as gunmen in Colorado and Oklahoma were bringing an end to the Olive gang, cattlemen who had terrorized this corner of Custer County in the 1870's. Andrew drove his team ten miles beyond the Olive Ranch and Devil's Gap, where homesteaders Mitchell and Ketchum were shot, hanged and burned by the Olives just six years before. Now came news that I.P. Olive and his son William had been killed in separate quarrels.¹² .44 calibre justice was bringing an end to the era recalled by frontier Judge William Gaslin²⁵ when "all the officials of Custer County either belonged to or were under the influence of the Olive Gang."¹³

Law and order were to come tentatively to the South Loup Valley the year after the Griffiths arrived, when Stephen D. Long was sentenced for killing Joseph Province in a boundary dispute on Spring Creek. Province was gunned down at his plow, leaving a widow and thirteen children. Long's sentence to the State Penitentiary was four years and six months.¹⁴

Nearest hamlet to the Griffith claim was Milldale, three miles east and a half-mile north.¹⁵ The village of Arnold was to rise four miles to the northwest. Today, a motorist pausing at the old Griffith place can commune with Emily in the dawning of a May morning, when the prairie is blessed with silence. The undulating prairie a century ago was swathed pale green in early sunlight. Past blends with present. The caw of a distant crow scratches the stillness; then the world seems quieter than it was before the interruption. Nature is at worship.

The Griffiths set to work on their new home. This was in the spring of 1884.

SETTLING IN

Historian James C. Olson's chronicle of the times describes the yo-yo economy that stressed the pioneers. "The eighties were good years in Nebraska," he writes, "years of progress and prosperity unparalleled in the early history of the state."¹⁶ Eastern financiers provided the loans with which settlers like the Griffiths bought livestock, implements and seed.

The generous rains that fell in the eastern half of Nebraska did not bless the arid western half. Adding to drouth problems were the financial contortions of the grain market. The price of corn which had lured Andrew Griffith from Ohio was down by half in his first crop year, and stayed there for three years. Wheat was

the same. "Before the decade was out," Olson writes, "the speculative prosperity of the middle Eighties had collapsed, leaving in its wake a trail of weed-grown additions, empty buildings and foreclosed farms."¹⁷

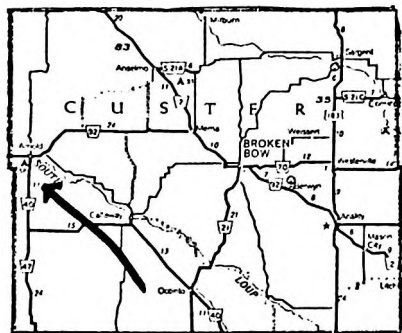
Even as late as 1886, the central part of Nebraska and everything to the westward was, in the main, raw prairie . . . The settlers had to be as ingenious as shipwrecked sailors.

Willa Cather in *The Nation* magazine, 1923.¹⁸

The ingenious Griffiths found jobs, such as they could. Any missionary funds Andrew might have expected from back home stopped as the Ohio Valley floods in the summer of 1884 produced tumult that put the city at the mercy of looting mobs for a week.¹⁹ Charity had to begin at home in Cincinnati.

Andrew became the local Justice of the Peace, paid on a piece-work basis for issuing legal papers and performing weddings. Perceiving a need for religion on the prairie, he also moonlighted as a Sunday School missionary, peddling bible tracts from a one-horse cart.²⁰

Charles somehow became Postmaster of Milldale,²¹ and Emily pondered her options. She had seen the compelling need for education in the immigrant community around her, and she recalled the example of an uncle on the Erie Canal, who used the overnight stops of his barge to offer reading classes to illiterates. He used to post a sign on the bow inviting "all who wish to learn."²²



The 1884 homestead of Andrew W. Griffith is 4 miles southeast of Arnold, Nebraska, and a mile south of the South Loup River. 5,400-square mile Custer County is larger than Connecticut and Rhode Island combined.

"Emily's own education was always interrupted, was always sketchy and unfinished," an admirer wrote about her years later.²³ Nevertheless, Kirby Road School back home in Cincinnati had given her the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic. Tending to the wants of her junior sisters accustomed her to the needs of the young. She had never been to college, but then neither had Grover Cleveland, America's new President.²⁴

Nearby Callaway seemed the best place to begin her search for a school to teach. The Union Pacific had just surveyed a line there, triggering a mini-boom which produced fifty new houses in six weeks. There was a hotel and an opera house, but the opera house was promptly flattened by a hurricane.²⁵ Undismayed, citizens of Callaway boosted their prospects, meanwhile patrolling main street with shotguns to prevent Postmaster Harry O'Neill from spiriting his office away to New Callaway in the dead of night.²⁶ But no iron was laid on the UP grade, and

in 1886 the Burlington ran a competing line through the new Custer County seat—Broken Bow.²⁷

CAREER

When Mrs. Wilson Hewitt's hired girl came upon a broken bow and burned it with the other household rubbish, she was not aware that the relic had given its name to the promising village in 1879.²⁸ By 1887 Broken Bow was home to a thousand people.²⁹ The town square bustled with redolent farm wagons and a few pretentious buggies every Saturday as families drove in from the country. There was even a gas streetlight in front of the hardware store on the east side of the square, and next door was the office of D.M. Amsberry, Custer County Superintendent of Schools.



Sod schoolhouse in Custer County, Nebraska, about 1890. Pupils could have ranged in age from 4 to 24 years. Photo from Solomon Butcher Collection, Nebraska State Historical Society.

Mr. Amsberry's problem was personnel turnover. He had just lost two more teachers to bachelor homesteaders. Mary and Agnes Price were leaving their schoolrooms to marry the Jeffords brothers.³⁰ The Superintendent was receptive when Emily presented herself, and spoke of the two-week course she might take in the "normal training school" he had inaugurated as the entry requirement for a teaching position. With a fortnight of training, expanded later to six weeks, braided girls as young as fifteen were opening sod schoolhouses on the remote prairies.³¹

Emily in the late 'teens could bring confidence into her job interview with the School Board. Three solemn men appraised the petite plainswoman with auburn hair. Her blue eyes returned their gaze as the interview began and her voice was soft as she answered their questions. Emily Griffith would recall the experience

for friends in later years.³² The reading test was passed readily but a scholarly board member taxed her spelling skills to the utmost. He tested her finally with *vicissitudes*, a word with which she had personal experience, and nodded approval when she got it right.

After the arithmetic examination had been survived the third board member spoke. "Write something on the blackboard there." Emily responded with her best handwriting, *I would very much like to teach in your school.*

"I don't like the way you make your S's."

Emily smiled, changed the shape of the offending letter, and got the job. Her teaching career would commence in a one-room sod schoolhouse.³³

Except for her tale of the job interview, and the clock story which will appear later in this chronicle, Emily Griffith was uncommunicative about her teaching years in Custer County. School records which might provide details were lost in 1910 when the courthouse burned. Her contemporaries, however, illuminate those years with vivid recollections.

"A Pioneer Teacher Reminiscences" was Isabel Dodge Cornish's contribution to a Custer County anthology.³⁴ She recalled "boarding around," the system by which unmarried teachers lived with the homesteaders. The customary board and room fee was \$7 per month, paid directly to the host family out of the \$25 earnings of the teacher.³⁵ Integration of the schoolmarm with the community family was assured and the learning process was not confined to the children as immigrant parents absorbed English from their guest. Three of every five Nebraskans at that time were foreign born or of foreign stock.³⁶ "One teacher, now nationally known," Mrs. Cornish recalled in 1936, "found it necessary to officiate at the arrival of a new baby. . . . On the roll of early instructors appears the name of Emily Griffith, the founder of the famous Opportunity School in Denver."

B.C. Jones recalled his first term in a dugout schoolhouse, and the hospitality he enjoyed with a host family.

Each meal consisted of black molasses, fat pork with no lean streaks in it and half an inch of thick black bread and butter.

We slept three in a bed; my student, his father and me. There were always a few chickens roosting at the foot of the bed.³⁷

Mrs. Fred Crawford of Westerville recalled "Emily Griffith, the writer's first teacher. Miss Griffith boarded with Izaak Clark and family, and beside being a successful instructor she was a most lovable character. She is now [1936] internationally known for her famous School of Opportunity in Denver."

Miss Griffith opened her first term in District 119, known as The Sod Schoolhouse and later called Franklin School, near her own home northwest of Callaway. Mrs. Cornish recalls such a schoolhouse. There was a square stove designed to burn wood, of which the prairie provided none, and the freight rate for coal was prohibitive. Fuel might be cowchips, corn-cobs, or twists of hay, which provided miserly BTU's. After 1886, when the price of corn dropped below 20¢ a bushel,³⁸

ears with the kernels still on were piled in the yard for fuel, but had to be brought inside when roving hogs found them. Mrs. Cornish writes:

As there were no desks, the writing lesson was a protracted one, each child in turn sitting on the teacher's chair at her table to laboriously write in a copybook. . . . The floor was dirt and during cold winters the teacher's feet were frosted. Later a quantity of straw was put on the floor which made it warmer but proved a breeding place for fleas. This was not conducive to quiet study but did afford the children some bodily activity.

Inventory for opening day included a table and chair, six wooden benches, and a box of chalk. A six-foot blackboard was provided when funds were available; state aid to all of Custer County in those times was \$250 per year.³⁹ Usually the teacher fashioned a makeshift blackboard from building paper and lampblack.

Mrs. J.C. Kellenbarger's recollection of the plumbing facilities at Dale School was explicit.⁴⁰ "There was a board nailed on stakes driven into the ground at the back of the building. . . . A water bucket stood in the northeast corner."⁴¹

The choice of schoolbooks was largely accidental, but a consensus gradually evolved and in 1891 the schools were authorized to buy from a standardized list of texts. They were:

Harper's *Reader*
 Spencerian *Copy Book*
 Harvey's *Grammar*
 Ray's *Arithmetic*
 McGuffey's *Revised Eclectic Speller*

Teachers who wished to go beyond reading, writing and arithmetic could use *Barnes History of the United States*. The diversity of ages and educational levels among rural pupils was such that separating them by grades was not feasible. Each student began at the level suitable for his need, and progressed through the schoolbooks at his own rate. The immigrants who settled the plains brought little education with them. Students in the remote schoolhouses ranged in age from 4 to 23. Discipline was altogether up to the schoolmistress. One of Emily's early students recalled,⁴²

I suppose you would say she was a good disciplinarian, for I don't remember any disturbance or unfriendliness during her term of school, that passed all too quickly. When you put a leader with a sunny, friendly disposition into a group of ordinary children, discipline is taken for granted.

Perhaps not always. Those were the days of the willow switch and the dunce cap.⁴³ B.C. Jones recalled the troubles of a different schoolmarm.⁴⁴

Some of the older boys became so unruly that at the annual meeting

next Spring the patrons voted to have a man teacher, one who could keep order, by force if necessary.

They got a Mr. John Anderson for the job. He used the force alright, and thrashed several of the boys. One father brought assault charges against Anderson, but the jury acquitted him.

Unruly as the older boys may have been in some schools, they served well in getting their little schoolmates home during the notorious Blizzard of '88. Still known as "the schoolchildren's storm" because it struck without warning on January 12 at the close of the school day, it put the State of Nebraska in deep-freeze for days. Casualty figures were uncertain; some newspapers estimated a thousand deaths, but the railroad and real estate promoters discounted that to one or two hundred.⁴⁵ In Holt County alone, 30 miles north of Custer, twenty people froze to death in fuel-less buildings and in haystacks where they had taken refuge in visibility-zero conditions at 35 below.

It was such weather that Miss Griffith later described for the biographer's notes.⁴⁶

Emily could recall how the wind would shake the schoolhouse. She could remember the snow coming through the walls during a blizzard. She never forgot how the frost level rose on the windows. . . .

School over, she would bundle the children up in their cocoons and send them off home through drifts piled high by the howling wind. Then she would set herself on foot for the house where she happened to be "boarding 'round."

In the fall of 1888, perhaps out of her need for order and punctuality, Emily installed the Griffith family clock in the schoolhouse, where it could also serve the weekly Grange meeting and the Sunday School.⁴⁷ She was outraged when she heard that it was stolen, and shocked when she learned what happened after. The tale is told at length by James Whitehead in *Pioneer History of Custer Country*.⁴⁸

The murder of Hiram Roten and William Ashley by Albert E. Haunstine occurred November 9, 1888. The schoolhouse of the district, of which Roten and Ashley were officers, was located near their homes. A clock and some lumber had been taken from the schoolhouse, and [they] determined they would investigate and detect if possible the culprit.

Following wagon tracks to Haunstine's house, they confronted him and recovered the clock, which he confessed to have stolen.

While they remained within, no words or trouble occurred, but when they left the house and started for their wagon he took down his rifle and shot them while their backs were turned, killing them instantly. He then searched them and secured about \$40 in money, their watches and a rifle and revolver.

Haunstine fled the country, with the Sheriff on his trail. On an outbound train "he was taken by surprise while sitting in the smoker with his rifle across his lap."

The ensuing trial, appeal, sanity hearing and temporary reprieve provided all the drama that anyone in Custer County might ask. After two years of delay, demands for mob retribution caught statewide attention, recalling comment in the Legislature that "the citizens of Custer County are hoodlums and outlaws."⁴⁹

Calm counsel prevailed, and the execution of Haunstine was staged in the yard of the new courthouse in Broken Bow on May 23, 1891. There were two thousand witnesses, including the Roten and Ashley families. Haunstine confessed to a priest and made a scaffold apology to the audience "for all the trouble and expense I have been to the county."

*Sheriff J.B. Jones . . . had to hang the man twice. The rope was cut by unknown parties to assure justice, the man had killed two men so would be hanged twice.*⁵⁰

Double jeopardy, Broken Bow style.

The Griffith clock, which would have been sequestered as evidence all this time, does not appear again. The trial transcript, which might have provided clues, was lost in a general discard of district court records in 1966.⁵¹

Emily Griffith was invited to teach in Westerville, and after one or two years in that school moved on to the Tuckerville School.⁵² Her steady salary was a godsend to her parents, and 1889 brought two family celebrations.

The time had come for Charles to marry. At age 23, he proposed to 20-year-old Minnie Shaw of Milldale, and they were wed at harvest time by the groom's father, Justice of the Peace Andrew W. Griffith.⁵³

Then, notwithstanding a decline in grain prices to decade lows, the family somehow found the resources to perfect the patent to the homestead. Ceremonious Andrew chose Christmas Eve to visit the land office in Broken Bow and get the final receipt.⁵⁴

The new brick grade school in Broken Bow was the showplace of the county. Built of brick at a cost of \$10,000 and furnished lavishly for an additional \$2,000, it had seven classrooms.⁵⁵ The call to teach the third grade in "The Bow" came to Emily as a royal command appearance.

These were years of political ferment in Western Nebraska. The perennial conflict of high interest and freight rates with low prices for grain and livestock stimulated the Farmers Alliance movement, centering in Custer County with 57 local chapters.⁵⁶ They fielded minority candidates for office, published newspapers, and composed rally songs for encouragement. Their opponents in the cities of eastern Nebraska responded with ridicule, parodying the Populist songs:⁵⁷

*I cannot sing the old songs,
My heart is full of woe;
But I can howl calamity
From Hell to Broken Bow.*

The sneers would fade as Populists won control of the Legislature in the 1890 election and elected Broken Bow's Silas Holcomb to the governor's office in 1894.⁵⁸ But idealism could not bring rain to the plains; Nebraska's precipitation in the years 1893-1894 averaged 15 inches statewide.⁵⁹ Community prayers availed little, and \$1,000 worth of gunpowder set off in a line from Long Pine to Harrison brought no drop of rain.⁶⁰

Political activism could not placate the winter gods either. Winter cruelly re-visited the tender crops on May 20, 1894, freezing hopes for a recovery year. Whatever survived, or was re-planted, perished in the notorious furnace wind that swept across the prairie for three days in late July.

*Nebraskans had endured prairie fires, grasshoppers and hailstorms in the past, but nothing quite as devastating as this searing wind had yet visited them. . . . Hardest hit were the farmers of the central and western counties.*⁶¹

Lacking fodder for their livestock, farmers turned the animals out to forage as they might. Without garden produce, farmwives ground their seed corn for flour. A jackrabbit stew could feed a family for a day, if there was a clever trapper or ammunition for the shotgun or a fleet-footed youth. George W. Norris saw a man running in his stockings to pursue a jackrabbit on the open prairie. He captured it after a fifteen-minute chase.⁶²

Many families gave up, abandoning their claims. School districts could not meet their payrolls. Pathetic tales in the eastern press brought famous journalists for on-the-scene reports, and relief trains came for "the starving Nebraskans." Going on welfare was not Emily's style. As the principal bread-winner she had a decisive voice in Griffith councils. Her restless father was not averse to moving on. Together they salvaged what remained of the family's resources, loaded them into Andrew's one-horse cart, and joined the westerly exodus. Perhaps there was opportunity in Denver.

FRESH START

Emily sought work in Denver as an alternate teacher. It was at this time that she got a truly fresh start by moving the date of her birth forward a dozen years.

Ohio⁶³ and Nebraska⁶⁴ census records, which have not heretofore been published, are consistent. Emily K. Griffith was 12 in 1880 and 17 in 1885. That reveals in 1895 a 27-year-old schoolteacher, a spinster image Emily was not yet ready to assume. Biographer Bluemel⁶⁵ left the mystery of her subject's age unresolved.

No one knows exactly when Emily Griffith was born. Denver School records give the date as February 10, 1880, and Emily signed birthday books under the date of February 10, leaving out the year of her birth. "I never tell my age," she once said.

Now that she had rejuvenated herself to age 15, Emily could not claim more

than a year or so of teaching experience. To the Denver authorities she cited 16 months' worth in Broken Bow, and thus began the legend of the 14-year-old sod-house schoolteacher. The myth lives on: by resolution of the Colorado Legislature in 1986, followed by proclamation of Colorado's Governor,^{66,67} Emily Griffith's date of birth remains February 10, 1880, and that's official.

Emily appeared in the 1895 Denver city directory as a teacher at Central School, and Andrew Griffith is listed as a missionary. He continued as nominal head of the household until 1911, residing at seven different addresses during those seventeen years and changing his occupation from missionary back to lawyer as he shifted his office address every year or so. Emily kept his house and cared for her retarded sister, Florence.

By 1896 Emily had earned full teaching status in the Sixth Grade at Central School, where she remained until 1904.⁶⁸ It was then that she had new opportunities for career changes, and the choice she made was to have important long-range results for American education.

Fordyce P. Cleaves was a young Denver teacher in the mid-1890's, working at the Conservatory & College of Music and later at the Denver Normal and Preparatory School. His subject was forensics, as public speaking was then called. He courted Emily and won her promise of marriage. By 1903 he established his own Cleaves Schools of Expression in a downtown office building, and he urged his fiancée to merge her educational career with his at the same time they were to become husband and wife.

Matter-of-fact Emily could not have failed to see that Fordyce demonstrated little stability in his own life. His name, and those of his various dramatic schools, weave in and out of the city directories 1896-1913 with frequent changes of address. Like Andrew Griffith, he relied on his eloquence for a living and offered little promise as a provider. And, as Andrew had often reminded her after the mother's death, there was always poor Florence to care for.

Emily's conflict was sentimentally recalled by a news columnist fifty years later.⁶⁹

Cleaves told his sweetheart that he would not marry her unless the sister was sent away. The engagement was broken. If she had yielded, had rid herself of the burden, they no doubt would have married. She would have had children; probably would have had troubles like any ordinary housewife.

But she spent her long life tending the helpless sister, putting her love and strength into her work as a teacher.

Fordyce dropped out of sight in 1914, reportedly to die alone in San Francisco. There have been vague references to another romantic encounter between Emily and an un-named Army officer, but nothing came of it.

The other career choice for Emily came in 1904. It was an offer to become Assistant State Superintendent of Public Instruction for all of Colorado. She served in



Emily Griffith, acclaimed educator, founder of the Emily Griffith Opportunity School. Vocational training at Opportunity School included a millinery department which won prominence for hats modeled by the founder.

that office for eight years, with two years' time out to teach in Logan School.⁷⁰ Then in 1913 she made a permanent commitment to the needs of Denver's disadvantaged children and took a schoolroom assignment in the poor 24th Street neighborhood. She had come almost full-circle to the wants of her pupils in the sod house years a quarter-century before.

It was in a friendly encounter with a newspaperwoman that Emily Griffith met her big chance. As the two women served free dinners to the poor on Christmas, 1915, the teacher spoke of her lifetime ambition. The journalist, Francis Wayne, reported Emily's appeal in the Denver Post.⁷¹

I wonder if you will let me tell you of a hope I have for the people in

and out of my school—the boys and girls, their parents, too, whose education has been limited? I want to help establish a school where the clock will be stopped from morning 'till midnight. I want the age limit for admission lifted and the classes so organized that a boy or girl working in a bakery, store laundry or any kind of a shop, who has an hour or two to spare, may come to school, study what he or she wants to learn to make life more useful. The same rule goes for older folks, too. I know I will be laughed at, but what of it? I already have a name for that school. It is Opportunity.

Denver's response was prompt and generous. Nine months later Opportunity School opened its doors. The success of that experiment is voluminously chronicled elsewhere, but one special feature needs to be recorded here. It recalls the disciplinary art that had contrasted Emily with some of her sod contemporaries. Here is the policy at Opportunity School, declared by its founder:⁷²

No one in our school is supposed to frown. A smile is as contagious as a yawn. Any one of the staff who is heard to speak a harsh word is subject to immediate dismissal. Nor is a teacher permitted to call attention to a student's weaknesses. Many people have been ridiculed in other classrooms. Here we try to make them happy, believing that when they are happy they are interested and want to learn.

When Emily Griffith retired in 1933 the roll of Opportunity School graduates had reached 135,369.⁷³ Job placement by the school helped them find work in technical services, health, industrial trades, food vending, homemaking, office skills and other non-academic fields of practical use in the community. The school continued to turn out workers at a rate averaging 2,000 a month, and honors kept pouring in to the founder. The State of Colorado issued license tag One for her car and graced a state capitol window with her stained glass portrait. Observers from all the continents came to learn how to adapt Emily Griffith's enlightened methods to their own economies.

The retirement Emily took in 1933 was "early" as measured by the date of birth in her school records, but really at 65 as measured from the census records of Ohio and Nebraska. She retreated with Florence to a makeshift cabin put together near Pinecliffe by Fred W. Lundy, an ardent admirer and former colleague at school. He lived nearby and tended to the sisters' needs. With no electricity, primitive plumbing and a retirement income of \$50 per month, the Griffith women were near reverting to their Custer County days.

Sunday school was kept in the family tradition. Denverites recall trips to the Pinecliffe cottage during the war years for bible class conducted by Miss Emily. Visitors got a cheerful greeting from the little old lady in her saucy hat, and the service opened to the tune of *Brighten the Corner Where You Are*.⁷⁴

"I always suspected that Fred Lundy was in love with Emily all those years. He sure took care of her." Pasquale Marranzino, retired journalist, is recalling in 1987



Fred Lundy, teacher of draftsmanship at Opportunity School, proved to be a most important man in the life of Emily Griffith. Photo Denver Police Department.

the tragic scene he reported from the Pinecliffe cabin on June 20, 1947. The bodies of Emily and Florence were found face down in bloody pools, single bullet wounds in the backs of their heads. On a rustic table were three cuts of apple pie, two small and one large.

Marranzino pondered his file copy of the Rocky Mountain News with the Page One headline:

MERCY MOTIVE IN KILLING OF EMILY GRIFFITH

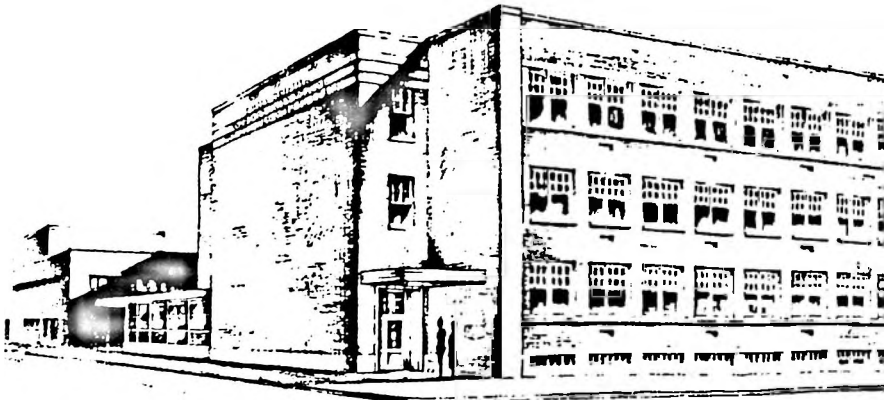
Neighbors and friends of the sisters and Lundy pointed out that Florence Griffith in the past year had become an increasingly heavy burden on the life of Emily Griffith. She had been in ill health for many years and recently had shown signs of failing fast.

Lundy, they said, on many occasions had expressed grief over the "martyr" life which Emily spent in caring for her sister. On occasions he expressed the sentiment that he would rather "see them dead than the way they are living."

Lundy did not live to explain. His body was found in the mountains weeks later, a suicide. "He was sixty-one at the time," Marranzino muses. "I wonder if he ever learned how old Emily really was."

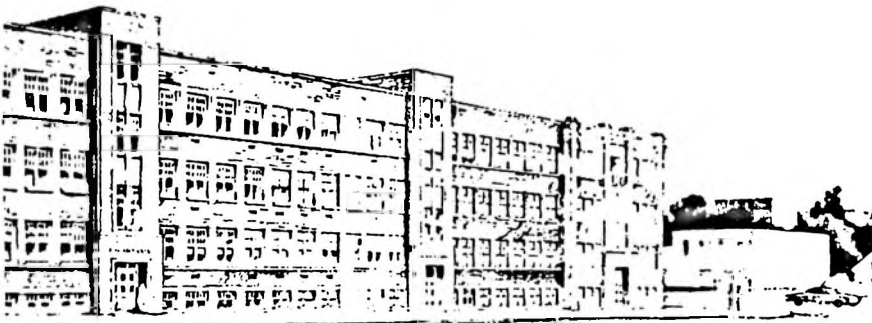
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4. Woodrow Wilson, *History of the American People*, V-169.
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14. *Ibid.*, p. 160.
15. Letter, Phillip K. Gardner, Secretary, Custer County Historical Society, September 20, 1983.
16. *History of Nebraska*, p. 195.
17. *Ibid.*, p. 207.
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19. Woodrow Wilson, *Ibid.*
20. Letter to the Editor, *Custer County Chief*, September 3, 1963.
21. Gardner letter September 20, 1983, *supra*.
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23. *Ibid.*
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25. S.D. Butcher, *Ibid.*, p. 275 (August 8, 1986).
26. *Ibid.*, p. 277.
27. Phillip K. Gardner, *How our Hundred Happened*, Broken Bow, 1886.
28. *Ibid.*, 1879-84.
29. *Ibid.*
30. S.D. Butcher, *Ibid.*, p. 324.
31. "A Pioneer Teacher's Reminiscences" by Isabel Dodge Cornish in *Pioneer Stories of Custer County* (1936), BB, ed. E.R. Purcell).
32. Elinor Bluemel, *Ibid.*
33. Gardner letter, from local sources, although "the school records were all destroyed when fire destroyed our courthouse January 11, 1910." Mr. Gardner's sources locate Emily's teaching assignments in Milldale, Westerville, Tuckerville and Broken Bow.
34. *Pioneer Stories of Custer County*, *supra*.
35. *Ibid.*, p. 105.
36. James C. Olson, *Ibid.*, 154 and 173, 1880 census. 97,414/168,538



Emily Griffith Opportunity School, 13th and Welton, Denver, Colorado. With its satellites throughout the 1916. Illustration Denver Public Schools.

37. *Pioneer Stories*, *Ibid.*, p. 161.
38. James C. Olson, *Ibid.*, p. 207.
39. *Pioneer Stories*, *Ibid.*, p. 106.
40. *Ibid.*, p. 105.
41. *Ibid.*
42. Elinor Bluemel, *Ibid.*, p. 242.
43. *Pioneer Stories*, *Ibid.*, p. 161.
44. *Ibid.*
45. *Roundup: A Nebraska Reader*, p. 266.
46. Elinor Bluemel, *Ibid.*, p. 243.
47. *Ibid.*, p. 244.
48. S.D. Butcher, *Ibid.*, p. 253.
49. State Representative James Whitehead, *Ibid.*
50. Gardner, *Ibid.*, 1891.
51. Statement of Phillip K. Gardner, Clerk of the District Court, 1986.
52. Letter of Phillip K. Gardner, September 20, 1983.
53. Custer County Marriage Docket #2, p. 171, October 13, 1889.
54. Custer County Reg. of Deeds, Book 17, p. 90, December 31, 1889.
55. Gardner, *Ibid.*, 1888. (The site now accommodates the Broken Bow Elk's Club.)
56. Olson, *Ibid.*, p. 217.
57. *Ibid.*, p. 226.
58. *Ibid.*, p. 231.
59. *Ibid.*, p. 230.
60. *Roundup: A Nebraska Reader*, p. 274.
61. *Nebraska History Quarterly*, Spring 1986 Vol. 67, No. 1, p. 32.
62. *Fighting Liberal*, Senator George W. Norris, Collier Books, New York City, 1945, p. 75.
63. 9/14/83 Letter of Phyllis Woodard, Colorado Department of Education, 201 East Colfax, Denver, Colorado 80203. Telephone 866-2604.
64. Note 3, *supra*.
65. Note 22, *supra*.
66. House Resolution 1004, January 10, 1986, Colorado General Assembly.
67. Executive Order of January 23, 1986 by Richard D. Lamm
68. Denver Public School Records, 900 Grant Street, Denver, Colorado 80203.
69. Francis Plumb, "If She Had married," Rocky Mountain News, June 18, 1954.
70. Note 68, *supra*.
71. Denver Post, December 1915, quoted in dedication proceedings at the Colorado State Capitol, February 10, 1986.
72. "The Golden Opportunity" by Elinor Bluemel, Johnson Publishing Company, Boulder, Colorado 1965.
73. See note 1.
74. Interview, personal recollections of Louise Lineberger, Denver Public Schools, 900 Grant Street, Denver, Colorado 80203. Telephone 837-1000.



community, the pioneer vocational school has taught more than a million students since its founding in

EPILOGUE TO GRIFFITH STORY

The Griffith homestead was deeded by Andrew and Martha to their daughter Emily on January 2, 1897. Emily sold the land in 1904 for \$700. Ownership passed through various successors to the present owner, Charles Blowers.¹

The land reverted to pasture and remained so until 1961, when it came into the Blowers farm/ranch operation which now encompasses 7,080 acres, or the equivalent of 11 square miles. By radiophone the Blowers vehicles communicate with each other and the farmhouse, seven miles south of the Griffith tract.

The quarter-section to which the Griffiths carted water in a barrel is now drenched with 800 gallons per minute from a "center pivot" sprinkler irrigation system. An 8-inch pipe a quarter-mile long sweeps around in majestic circles, spraying the corn with water pumped by a 100 h.p. electric motor from a depth of 200 feet. A day or two is needed for the pipe to pivot full circle, depending on the power from the REA, which monitors the current.

Chemical fertilizer is formulated into the jet stream. The same is possible with insecticide and weed killing compounds. The manure-spreaders and long-handled hoes of the good old days are displayed in the Arnold Museum, four miles to the northwest.

The only remnant of Emily's era is an ancient cottonwood tree in one corner. The nearest road of any kind is more than a mile distant. Sunshine refracted by the surging jets of water casts rainbows to shine unseen over the cornrows, standing seven feet high on the Fourth of July.

Back at the farmhouse Charles Blowers, Jr., turns pages of the abstract of title tracing ownership of the Griffith claim down through grandfather Charley Blowers, who came with the pioneers of the 1880's.² He pauses for a second helping of Janet Blowers' gooseberry pie and considers the changes in a century of corn-growing:

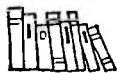
1889	1989
30 bushels per acre	150 bushels per acre
x 20¢ per bushel	x \$2 per bushel
\$6.00 yield per acre	\$300 yield per acre

Even if one allows for the 12 to 1 inflation factor since 1889,³ the Blowers family markets four times the value per acre that the Griffith family could have produced under ideal conditions.

A poignant note is sounded as Mr. Blowers estimates the present market value of comparable land: \$400 to \$450 per acre. The 160 acres Emily sold for \$700 in 1904 are worth \$70,000 today.

NOTES TO THE EPILOGUE:

1. Charles Blowers, Jr., HC79, Box 57, Gothenburg, NE 69138, Tel. (308) 848-2470.
2. Pioneer Stories of Custer County, p. 6.
3. US Dep't of Labor, Bureau of Labor Statistics: *Consumer Price Index*. Mary Ann Brooks, 911 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo. 64106.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Daughters of the Desert: Women Anthropologists and the Native American Southwest, 1880-1980 by Barbara A. Babcock and Nancy J. Parezo. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1988. 256 pages, 183 halftones and line art. Cloth \$39.95, Paper \$19.95.

Women have played a major role in the understanding and interpretation of the Native American culture of the Southwest, and this catalogue presents forty-five of them. It was published in conjunction with an exhibit that is on tour and which I saw at the Anasazi Heritage Center near Dolores, Colorado this past summer. The catalogue does not include the complete exhibit; one of my favorite women, Mable Dodge Luhan of Taos, was not included in the book. Those in the book are the ones who began their careers before 1940 and worked primarily with the Native American cultures of Arizona and New Mexico. Their areas of study ranged from the academic to the arts, but the unifying element is their contribution to the study of the Southwest tribes.

The basic format for each woman is a picture of her, one of her quotes, a short biography, a list of her education and research, and a list of her professional activities. There are usually additional photographs and other information about her career so that each receives three or more pages.

If you have studied the tribes of the Southwest, a majority of the names will ring a bell. The Millicent Rogers Museum in Taos and the Wheelright Museum in Santa Fe have been enjoyed by many visitors, and the photographs of Laura Gilpin and Nancy Wood are special to students of the Navajo and Pueblo tribes. Alice Marriott's "Maria: The Potter of San Ildefonso" gave us a look at a very special woman.

Here in Colorado, Marie Wormington and archaeology are connected in a very close fashion along with Florence Hawley Ellis, now at Ghost Ranch, and Bertha Dutton. There are the anthropologists such as Ruth Benedict and Ruth Underhill and the students of the music of the Pueblos such as Natalie Curtis Burlin and Gertrude Kurath.

These women have not only made a contribution to our knowledge of the people of the Southwest, but they have brought about an increased interest in this region of the nation. Elsie Crews Parsons not only contributed her academic efforts but served as the encouraging force behind several of the others included in the catalogue.

The traveling exhibit and this catalogue are steps in the right direction. The public needs to become aware of their contributions.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Cross a Wide River, by Paul R. Stevenson. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, Real West, Fiction Series, 315 pages. Softbound, \$13.95.

This reviewer reads and reviews mostly books on history, so this fictional work is an unusual experience. It must be said that this is an historical novel, and the history is quite accurate, indicating considerable research by the author.

The story begins in Savannah, Georgia, in 1835 and ends in New Mexico about 1870. It covers almost too much history in too much detail, as it covers the Mexican War, the Civil War, and various skirmishes in between.

Basically, the book describes the lives and vicissitudes of 12-year-old John Bolt, of questionable parentage, raised by a blacksmith, his marriage to a Cherokee Indian girl, and their progeny. The whole tribe, including non-slave blacks, end up ranching near Santa Fe. The central character, and his Indian wife, Clemmy, experience about every kind of adventure possible. Clemmy is almost but not quite raped several times and John is shot, speared, and beaten up before the happy ending in New Mexico.

The author is fascinated with dialect and the reader tires of black, Georgia Cracker, Indian, and Mexican English. The reader soon comes to anticipate coming happenings since the historical events are obvious.

Except for a few misspellings the book is well edited, with readable type. Oh yes! The title comes from the repetition of "crossing a wide river" for the death of a character.

W.H. Van Duzer, P.M.

The Lore of New Mexico by Marta Weigle and Peter White. Univ. of New Mexico press, Albuquerque, 1988. 528 pages, 240 halftones, maps, appendix, notes, index. Cloth \$60.00, Paper \$27.50.

This is a basic reference work that everyone who has an interest in the people of New Mexico will have to use. The book includes three separate indices which are indexed by place, person and subject and should prove to be most helpful to those using the book for reference. In this one volume, the researcher will have basic source material that was previously available only through access to a good library of books about New Mexico. Then there is material that has limited availability that has been included. The photographs are a very strong addition; included are a number of FSA prints from the New Deal days in New Mexico. The federal agencies of that period also provided oral history that is included in this volume. The addition of some 48 pages of notes provides additional information that is most useful.

There are three major divisions in the book; each is a separate study in itself and may be read as such. These divisions are *Between Sipapu and Trinity-Symbol and Theme in New Mexico Folklore*; *Visual, Verbal and Musical Folk Arts of New Mexico*; and *Place, Person and Celebration—New Mexico Folklife*. The first section moves from the Pueblo emergence myth through the Spanish Conquistadors and the Santa Fe Trail and from the El Santuario de Chimayo to the Indian Detours of Fred Harvey's organization. Part two includes topics such as housing styles, customs and traditions of the multi-cultural population, and the music and dancing found in each group of people. The third section includes a most interesting study of community and celebrations with a little of everything from community rites to those parties arranged for the tourist such as the Gallup Inter-tribal Indian Ceremonial.

This is a study of the folk traditions of the Indian, Hispanic, and Anglo cultures of New Mexico that will be found to be most interesting and useful. It is "part history, ethnography, and folklore, and part anthology, exhibition catalogue and guidebook" and should "appeal to the general reader interested in Southwestern and American culture."

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

The Saga of Tom Horn: The Story of a Cattleman's War by Dean F. Krakel, Bison Books, Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1988. 274 pages, photographs. Paper, \$8.95.

Tom Horn. The name still evokes visions of the closing years of the Wild West. Hollywood and television have kept the legend alive during the last decade. There is the sad and melancholy Tom Horn portrayed by Steve McQueen. There is the both cold and honorable Tom Horn portrayed by David Carradine. Then there is the sneering Tom Horn of the courtroom, as portrayed in a recent production out of Wyoming educational television. All of these presentations are accurate to a certain extent. The "real" Tom Horn remains an enigma wrapped up in a riddle.

This book deals with the question of Horn's guilt or innocence in the murder of young Willie Nickell. Americans love books that indicate that a miscarriage of justice has occurred. Thus we have books showing that Dr. Mudd did not help John Wilkes Booth, Bruno Hauptmann did not kidnap the Lindbergh baby, and the Rosenbergs did not betray America. As with many books that use the actual trial testimony as support, this book will not cheer those who believe in the subject's innocence. The author makes it clear that he believes Horn, whom he compares to a coiling rattler, murdered Willie. Evidence that is usually left out of the movies is included in this complete volume. For example, Horn bragged not only to Joe LeFors about the deed, he bragged to others.

Of the many books about Tom Horn and his trial for murder in 1902, this is the best, being both concise and accurate. This is a reprinting of the 1954 original, which was published in Laramie. Since copies of the original are expensive (up to an inflated \$135) and hard to find, Bison Books deserves accolades for republishing it.

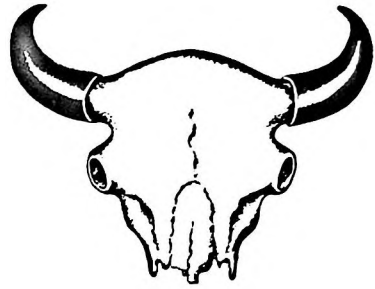
While some readers may not like the technique of presenting large chunks of trial transcripts, as is done here, the book should find an appreciative audience. It is very highly recommended. As is typical with Bison Books, it is well bound and well worth the price. The cover illustration is an appropriate painting by Frank Schoonover.

John M. Hutchins, P.M.

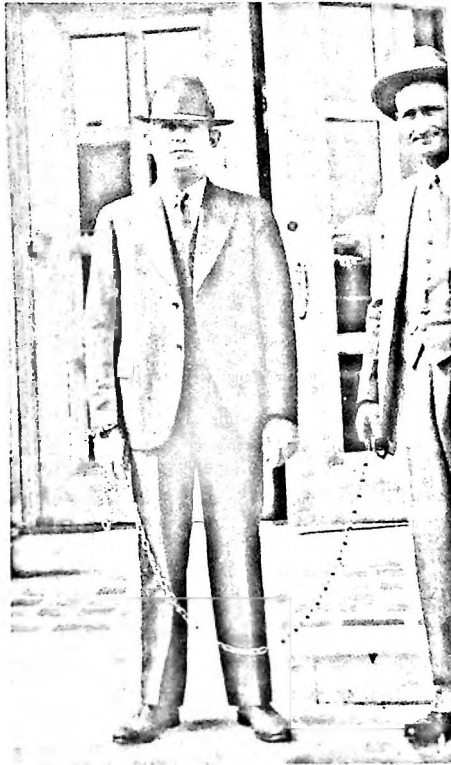
The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

MAY-JUNE 1989



THE FLEAGLE GANG AND THE LAMAR BANK ROBBERY JOHN F. BENNETT



Ralph Fleagle awaiting trial; Sheriff Alderman at right.
Photo courtesy Big Timbers Museum, Lamar.



WILLIAM H. VAN DUZER

We have lost still another good friend. Bill Van Duzer died on Wednesday 22 March 1989, only hours after having attended his last meeting of the Denver Westerners.

Bill was born in Casey, Iowa, in 1920. We all know how well he bore the infirmity which resulted from a polio attack in 1936. While receiving treatment at Warm Springs he met President Franklin D. Roosevelt, and as a result he founded the treatment center there. He had been all-conference tackle on the Casey football team with one game left to play when he was stricken.

He carved a career as an attorney in California after receiving a Bachelors Degree from Grinnell College; and his law degree from the University of Iowa in 1945 where he was research assistant to the dean of the Law School and editor of the school's law review. While in California he served as head attorney of the apparel section of the Southern California Office of Price Administration. He then practiced law in his home town of Casey, Iowa, for 6 years after which he moved to Denver in 1953.

In Denver he was appointed to the City Attorney's staff by Mayor Quigg Newton in 1953 and served during the terms of Mayors Nicholson and Batteredton. He was appointed Deputy City Attorney by Mayor Curriagan in 1965 and served under various mayors until his retirement 1 July 1983 under Mayor McNichols. He wrote contracts for major city construction projects and was legal advisor to the City Council from 1965 to 1972. He was attorney for the Denver Employees Retirement Plan and for several years was Chairman of the Denver City Employees Credit Union.

Bill was a long-time member and Secretary of the Denver Westerners; was Deputy Sheriff in 1976 and Sheriff in 1977. He was a Life Member of the Council on Americas Military Past, the Little Big Horn Associates, Order of Indian Wars, U S Horse Cavalry Association, and the Historical Society of Colorado. He was a member of the

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Masons, Purity Lodge No. 283 in Casey, and was a 32nd degree Mason and a member of El Jebel Shrine in Denver.

Memorial offerings may be made to the Westerners through Dr. Loren Blaney, Treasurer; to the Colorado Historical Society; or to the Assistance League of Denver.

THE FLEAGLE GANG AND THE LAMAR BANK ROBBERY

by

John F. Bennett P.M.

Presented 26 October 1988

Shortly after 1:00 p.m. on Wednesday, May 23, 1928. The employees and of the First National Bank at Lamar, Colorado, were back from lunch. It family-operated country bank, serving Lamar and all of Prowers County. A Parish, age 67, was the President. He was a former State Senator and a town and respected public figure in southeastern Colorado. His son, John F. (Jaddo), was Cashier. He was at his desk behind the railing that separated from the space in front of the officers' offices. E.A. Lundgren, a one-Teller, was behind the teller's cage and Everett A. Kesinger, bookkeeper, the rear where the employees had a work area. Two other employees were bank along with two customers, one Hiss and one Anderson. A.N. Parish beside the railing discussing the price of hogs with Mr. Hill, who was a hog t was a quiet little country bank.

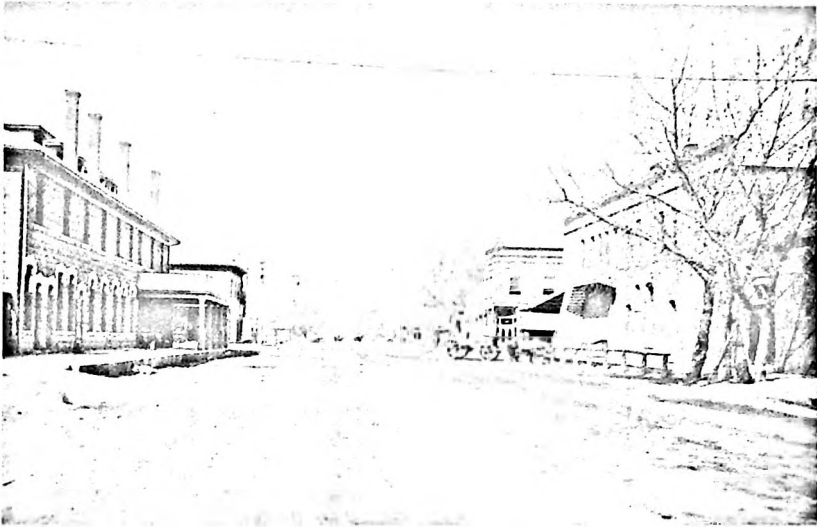
four men came crowding through the front door. The first one, who we nk was Herbert L. Royston, went to A.N. Parish a told him to hold up his The others took up prearranged stations in the bank. One of them hollered, s a stick up — all of you hold up your hands." Instead of obeying, A.N. ran into his private office, which was just a few steps away. Royston shot at times with his .38 revolver, every shot a complete miss. Parish rushed to k, seized his old Colt .45 revolver from a drawer, then stuck his head and rm out of the door of his office. There was Royston, and Parish let him have slug going into his lower jaw and out the left side of his neck, tearing away the lower jawbone in the process. Parish tried to shoot again, but the gun d or jammed. It had probably not been cleaned for many years; the car- were covered with verdigris, a green greasy substance that seems to be the of the lubricant applied to the bullet underneath the jacket of the cartridge g with the brass of the cartridge casing, and while he was momentarily g with his gun, one of the bandits shot him in the middle of the forehead .38 revolver. It is not known which bandit it was, probably Ralph Fleagle. fell to the floor in a pool of blood, his cigar still in his mouth. Two men were ounded, Parish down and dying, Royston bleeding profusely but still on his eanwhile, John F. Parish was making a dash for a closet under the stairs some rifles and shotguns for an emergency were kept. He never made it e just as he was opening the door he was shot in the chest just left of the one, fell to the floor, and expired at once.

he same time these things were transpiring, the bandits were moving or taking their places, and one of them shouted for everyone to lie on the

floor face down. A bank employee failed to get down immediately, and one of the customers who was on the floor shouted at him, "Get down, Bill; they'll shoot you!" Bill did, but so did a third bandit who was called Bill Messick and who thought the order was issued to him by one of his compadres. Bill Messick later turned out to be George Abshier.

Wounded as he was and practically out on his feet, Royston nevertheless continued with his assigned tasks. He went into the senior Parish's office, picked up the Colt .45 where it had been dropped, and came back out in a somewhat dazed condition, stepping over Parish. The other bandits scooped up cash and securities which was safe for them to do because by now the customers and employees were all lying on the floor. The bandits went into the vault as well as into the teller's cage. They seized about \$11,000.00 in cash or currency, \$14,000.00 in Liberty Bonds, \$3,000.00 of which were registered and no good to them, but the rest were negotiable, and \$197,000.00 in Corporate Bonds, most of which could not be cashed by them. In face value, that amounted to \$222,000.00, more or less. That was a lot of money in 1928. Bill Messick (Abshier) had been told to get up off the floor and help, and he did. Somebody hollered, "Time to go." Lundgren, the one-armed teller, was seized as a hostage by Ralph Fleagle, leader of the gang. Messick (Abshier) helped Royston, who was weak from loss of blood. Another bandit, probably Jake Fleagle, not satisfied with the one hostage they already had, seized Kesinger and made him some along. They all went out to the back of the building and piled into a Buick automobile owned by the Fleagles and carrying a set of license plates which Ralph Fleagle had obtained by purchasing a junker automobile, discarding it, but keeping the plates. A doctor from a neighboring office stuck his head out the door and was told to get back in, which he did. The bandits roared off as fast as their Buick would take them. The whole transaction had taken perhaps three or four minutes.

These events were not taking place in a vacuum or in absolute silence. There had been a lot of shooting and perhaps even before it was all over someone had called Sheriff L.E. Alderman who was fortunately in his office. Alderman came over to the bank immediately. A bystander pointed him in the right direction and gave him a license number, and he took off with Hill, the customer who had hollered "Lay down, Bill" to identify the burglars. He took the trail the bandits had started out on, and it was not hard to follow. The trail led over a number of very secondary roads. These were mostly gravel, section-line roads. As the name implies, they followed section lines, and when they came to a turning point the turn was a right angle. Sheriff Alderman found that every time the bandits hit a curve they skidded wide. He followed to the next intersection and located the course in the same way. His automobile was apparently faster than that of the bandits, although I find no record of what he was driving. Little by little he gained on them and try as best they could they couldn't shake him. About fifteen miles northeast of Lamar the bandits went over a little rise and down a hill or dip. At the foot, they stopped their car and piled out pretending to have a flat tire. The sheriff came sailing over the crest, quickly sized up what was going on, braked



View West on Olive Street from Main Street, Lamar, Colorado.
First National Bank is rear building on right. Photo courtesy Big Timbers Museum.

and skidded his car around to a stop, and he and Mr. "Hey Bill Get Down" took to the ditch beside the road. At this point they were about 100 yards away from the bandits who were all standing in the road and who immediately opened fire with rifles, putting bullets into the sheriff's car in an effort to disable it. All the sheriff had was his pistol, and a pistol isn't much use at 100 yards, but he opened fire and popped away. Why didn't the sheriff have a rifle? Well, that's a very reasonable question, and I don't know the answer. His car had a scabbard to hold a rifle, and he usually carried a rifle in the car, but on this particular day the scabbard was empty. Perhaps there wasn't supposed to be a bank robbery on Wednesdays. If he had had the rifle and had fired at the bandits at that range from his place of safety in the ditch, the story would have had a different ending because he could hardly have missed with a rifle at 100 yards. One story is that the sheriff's wife had used the car to take some ladies to a party and removed the rifle as unseemly.

The bandits, not able to finish off the sheriff, piled back into their car, and took off. Alderman and companion did the same, but unfortunately, the gunfire had hit one or two spark plugs on his automobile and it didn't go on all cylinders. The Fleagle car outdistanced him and was soon lost. The sheriff limped back to town.

Somewhere between the bank and the point where the attempted ambush of the sheriff occurred and before Sheriff Alderman came into sight, the bank robbers stopped their car and let Lundgren out in the road to find his way back to Lamar as best he could, but this was done only after someone in the car made the loud remark that, "I got that old sonofabitch for that land deal," apparently for Lund-



Howard L. Royston awaiting trial; he was shot during the holdup by A. Newton Parish, President of the bank. Photo courtesy Big Timbers Museum.

gren's benefit and to be repeated to the authorities to mislead them. To an extent it did because they spent quite a little time hunting for someone who had had an unsatisfactory land deal with A.N. Parish. Why Sheriff Alderman didn't run across Lundgren as he trudged back on foot to Lamar I don't know, but that didn't happen. In the bandit car, Royston was in bad shape and Kesinger was crying and pleading with the gang to spare his life for the sake of his wife and child.

Having shaken the sheriff, they proceeded on across the border into Kansas to a ranch owned by Jake Fleagle, Sr., father of Jake Fleagle, Jr. and Ralph Fleagle, two of the bandits. Ralph more or less took charge. Two of them were dispatched to Dighton to get a doctor for Royston, now in great pain.

About 9:00 p.m. they drove up to the home of Dr. W.W. Wineinger and told him that a boy had been hurt in a tractor accident about ten miles east of Dighton. The doctor got into his own car with one of the bandits to guide him and the two cars went back to the Fleagle ranch. On arriving, he saw that the situation wasn't what had been represented to him but it was too late to raise any effective objection. He told them that they needed a dentist and not his services, but Ralph said, "Do the best you can." The doctor shot Royston full of morphine and bandaged his face after doing what he could to disinfect the wound. The bandits then hobbled the doctor like a horse. The next day they took him out on a road by a gulch or a cliff, had him get out, telling him that they were going to turn him loose, and as he stood there blindfolded, Jake Fleagle shot him in the back of the head with a shotgun. The body either rolled down into the gully or was pushed. The doctor's car, which had been brought along, was pushed over behind him. A day or two after Jake and Abshier got back from killing the doctor, Ralph and Jake got Kesinger into the car, Abshier drove, and they headed south toward Liberal, Kansas. The

Fleagles said he knew too much. They went to a shack by the roadside. Ralph thought it was a good place. So he told Abshier to drive over there. Ralph helped Kesinger get out of the car (he was blindfolded), told Abshier to lead Kesinger over to the shack. Inside the shack Abshier refused to shoot Kesinger so while the victim was still blindfolded Ralph shot him. That was Abshier's story later. Other evidence indicated that Kesinger may have been shot elsewhere and his body taken to the shack, five miles north of the Oklahoma line, to make it appear that they were heading south into Oklahoma. Not until the middle of June was Kesinger's body finally discovered.

Returning to Alderman, he got his disabled car back to Lamar. He called Chief Hugh D. Harper in Colorado Springs. Harper had accumulated a reputation among law enforcement officials throughout the state and indeed throughout the nation. He had been or was soon to be President of the International Association of Chiefs of Police. He had participated in running down several gangs of desperados. Harper couldn't come immediately but he dispatched Detective Sergeant Robert Waith, a hard-boiled, coldblooded, fearless law enforcement official if ever there was one. The next day Waith and Alderman went back to the job of tracking the bandit car and followed it some 200 miles northeast of Lamar, well into Kansas. The whole countryside was then under arms; volunteer possemen were racing around all over and making any further tracking absolutely impossible. Harper finally squelched posse activity to some extent but not completely. In the following days, Sheriff Alderman used a State National Guard airplane and a privately-financed aircraft to search the country from the air. The Colorado Bankers Association had lent its support to the manhunt by posting a considerable reward and by aiding in the expense of the search. A total of \$16,000.00 in rewards was posted by the Association and others.

The massive reward became a problem. Many people who had theories, suspicions, or some notion as to who the perpetrators were came forward with erroneous information. Every lead had to be checked out. About 24 hours after Dr. Wineinger was taken (that would be Thursday evening) his family became disturbed over his absence. Up to that time, they had thought he had gone on to Garden City on some Masonic business which he was due to attend on Thursday. The sheriff in Kansas called Sheriff Alderman in Colorado and told him they had a missing doctor. That was a red flag because it had been feared that this very thing would happen; the bandits would kidnap a doctor to treat the wounded comrade and then dispose of him. They had put out a warning by telephone to neighboring law officers to alert doctors to this possibility but the unfortunate Dr. Wineinger had not been reached. On Friday Alderman went to Dodge City, Kansas, hired an airplane, scoured the country, and eventually came upon Dr. Wineinger's car. By the time his pilot could land, a mob of volunteer posse men, seeing the airplane circling around and knowing that something was there, all rushed to the scene, discovered the car, obliterated all prints left by the bandits (except apparently one which I will mention in a moment) and had removed the body of Dr. Wineinger. The one print that was not removed was that of Jake Fleagle. It was found on one

of the rear windows that had to be raised and lowered by hand either with a strap or by grabbing the window. That print ultimately did lead to the Fleagles and the apprehension of the bandits, but only after a long and twisted trail and at least one terrible error.

The immediate chase was now over. The Fleagles were not under suspicion because the fingerprint was not yet identified. Abshier and Royston were not known. It is quite possible that the three of them who were not wounded mingled with the possemen who were stampeding all over the surrounding countryside. At any rate, Jake Fleagle Jr. and Ralph Fleagle eventually left the area to cash in on their loot. Royston and Abshier were given \$1,200.00 to \$1,500.00 each, and Abshier drove Royston to St. Paul in Royston's Jewett automobile. At St. Paul, Royston underwent a long period of plastic surgery and convalescence costing him \$500.00 out of this share. Then the two disappeared for some time.

Between the time last mentioned and September of 1929, there took place a series of events which will be all the more incredible to you because you have heard how the robbery took place and know the identify of the bandits. Forget for a few moments that you do know who the bandits are and put yourself in the position of the participants who are now trying to hunt them down and as yet have no knowledge of whom they are seeking.

As I have indicated, the authorities were inundated with information, leads, suspicions, and stories from people who had heard of the robbery and wished a portion of the reward or had some other particular personal interest to serve. Among these informants were a number of convicts serving time in various penitentiaries. For one reason or other, some desired to confess to having taken part in the robbery; others claimed special knowledge of the robbery. But one of them, an apparently reliable source, was a man named Charles Kay who was confined in a Southwestern penitentiary. He passed word through his warden that he knew a good deal about the Lamar bank robbery. The warden questioned him and wrote Chief Harper that he believed the man was bona fide and had valuable information to impart. Harper and two other officers left forthwith to interview Kay who was serving 45 to 50 years for the robbery of a bank in Vaughn, New Mexico. Kay stated he knew the facts of the Lamar robbery and that he was supposed to have been in on it. He said the outlaw who conceived the idea of the Lamar robbery also participated in the Vaughn robbery and afterward doublecrossed Kay by turning him in to the authorities for a reward offered. That outlaw drops out of the picture and it is not clear to me why Kay continued to want to disclose his story concerning the Lamar holdup. At any rate he said that he was supposed to be in on it but was caught because of his activities at Vaughn. He said the persons who actually did the Lamar job were one Whitey Walker, the brothers Floyd and Earl Jarrett, and Dick Gregg. All of these people were perfectly viable suspects since they all had criminal records and were either in jail or wanted for prosecution in one place or another. Kay's story that Whitey and the three others did the Lamar bank job seemed perfectly reasonable. The hunt then centered on these four throughout Oklahoma and Texas. In September of 1928 Floyd Jarrett was unfortunate

enough to be turned in by a man who bore him nothing but ill will and was picked up on a ranch near Ardmore, Oklahoma. Sheriff Alderman then took three or four witnesses to Oklahoma City where they identified Jarrett as one of the bank robbers. Extradition papers were prepared and Jarrett was brought back by Chief Harper to Colorado Springs and lodged in the county jail. Shortly thereafter Whitey Walker was discovered in Buffalo, New York, where the local police were after him on another charge. Learning of this, Harper went there and had extradition papers forwarded to him. After a hearing in which three states contested for his possession, Colorado was granted custody of Walker. Harper returned with him to Colorado Springs. The witnesses from Lamar were brought in and they identified Whitey Walker as one of the bank robbers. This left Earl Jarrett and Dick Gregg as unapprehended persons accused by kay. The last two were not found but the investigators were informed by two convicts at the Colorado State Prison that Charles C. Clinton, alias Clarke, who had been confined there, told them that he was going to rob the Lamar bank just as soon as he got out. The time frame seemed to fit because he got out shortly before the robbery. Clinton was found engaging in some nefarious activity in Douglas County, Colorado. The Lamar witnesses were again brought in and they positively identified him as a robber. So now we had three robbers positively identified, all of whom were capable of committing the crime. Then still another definite suspect cropped up. He was one A.A. Oliver, a former convict at the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth who had served time with a candy salesman named Landry. There was evidence that Landry had canvassed small town banks in southeastern Colorado with a possible view to robbing one or more of them. Landry was killed in a robbery attempt but his buddy Oliver was arrested in St. Louis, Missouri, on the request of Denver authorities for trying to cash stolen money orders. His mug shot was shown to the Lamar witnesses who positively identified him and he was extradited. So now, if I have counted correctly, we have six prime suspects, four of whom have been positively identified by Lamar witnesses to the bank robbery itself. The authorities filed robbery and murder charges against the four they had apprehended and who had been identified, Whitey Walker, Floyd Jarrett, Charles Clinton, and A.A. Oliver. The trial was set for September 17, 1929, at Lamar. At this point, the Federal Bureau of Investigation was heard from. Some fingerprint clerk, in comparing prints coming into that office, matched the print found on the rear window of Dr. Wineinger's car with a print of a William Holden and immediately notified Chief Richardson of Garden City, Kansas, who was in charge of the Kansas investigation. This immediately rang a gong loud and clear because Chief Richardson knew William Holden as Jake Fleagle, Jr. If Jake Fleagle's print was on that glass it was a cinch that he had something to do with the robbery and with Dr. Wineinger's murder, and this made a seventh suspect.

This was the first time that any Fleagle had entered the picture. Chief Richardson went to the Fleagle Ranch and picked up Jake, Sr. and two of his sons, Walter and Fred. Ralph and Jake, Jr., of course, were not there. These people were subsequently released when it was found out there was no solid information, although it

was discovered that the Fleagles under various names and in various savings institutions or banks had a number of accounts and they they did correspond with Jake and Ralph through a post office box taken out under an assumed name. Chief Richardson knew Jake Jr. as a draft evader in World War I and was familiar with his alias. Incidentally, Jake Sr. was a cocky little man, addicted to strong drink and gambling, with a loud and positive voice and demeanor but generally thought in the community to be harmless. Mrs. Fleagle was an ardent churchgoer and worker in the local W.C.T.U.

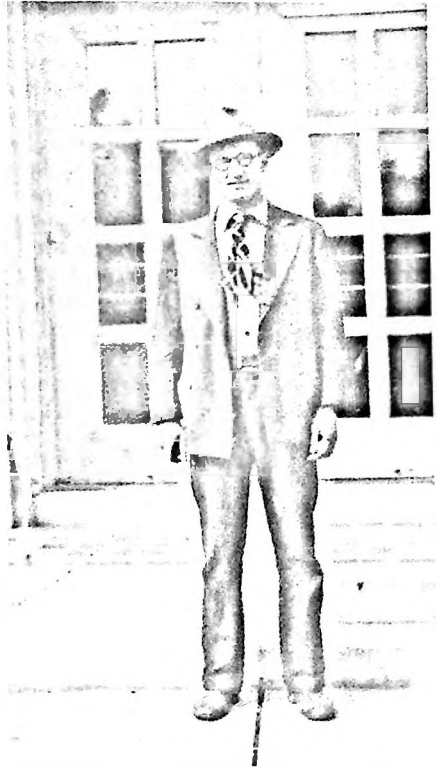
Soon Sheriff Alderman learned that Ralph Fleagle was in Kankakee, Illinois, posing as a successful businessman; he went there, laid a trap for Ralph, and picked him up. They found a home where Jake had been staying but Jake had flown the coop, even leaving the hat in which his last mug shot had been taken. So Ralph was also brought back to Colorado Springs and now, if I have not lost count, we have eight very possible suspects, four of whom are on the ever of their trial for murder.

Obviously, there cannot be eight participants in a four-man bank robbery and to all appearances Jake Fleagle Jr. and probably Ralph were involved. Could it be that two or more of the four men charged with murder and robbery and about to be tried had nothing to do with it? Chief Harper thought that Ralph Fleagle was the key and he worked on Fleagle fruitlessly for hours, Ralph sitting in the prisoner's chair in front of the Chief's desk, and the Chief questioning him. Fleagle maintained a stony silence. He was told that his dad and two brothers, who still lived and worked at or near the ranch, might be charged with complicity in the robbery. Other unpleasant possibilities were suggested to him. At long last, he decided he would talk to a lawyer. After a false start with a Kansas attorney who was called in, he contacted Judge Louis W. Cunningham who was practicing law in Colorado Springs where the interrogation was taking place. Judge Cunningham was a former District Judge in El Paso County and a former Judge of the Colorado Court of Appeals and was highly respected. He had several conferences with Ralph Fleagle and finally indicated to Chief Harper that Ralph might be willing to talk and clear up the whole situation if he was promised immunity from the death penalty and that his two brothers and father at the ranch would not be charged. This was modified so that it was agreed that the two brothers and the father would not be charged if they had not participated, in fact, in the bank robbery. Then everybody else who had anything at all to do with the investigation was called in to meet in Chief Harper's office. This included Malcolm Erickson, District Attorney for Prowers County, Granby Hillyer, a Special Prosecutor for Prowers County, Chief Richardson, who had conducted the Kansas investigation, Attorney General Smith of the State of Kansas, W.D. Hemming, Secretary of the Colorado Bankers Association, Sheriff L.E. Alderman, Judge Cunningham, and several others, sixteen in all. Chief Harper carefully explained the bargain. Ralph was not to receive the death penalty, his father and the two local brothers were not to be charged in connection with this incident unless they had actually participated in the bank robbery. He went around the room asking each person there if this

George Abshier ('Bill Messick') before the trial. Photo courtesy Big Timbers Museum.

was the agreement and it was assented to. Judge Cunningham made it clear that the bargain was that the state would not ask and Ralph Fleagle would not receive the death penalty. The meeting disbanded and, the agreement arrived at, the charges against the four who had been indicted for the robbery and murder at Lamar were dismissed. They were sent their ways to answer other charges in other jurisdictions. Charges were filed against Royston, Abshier, and Jake and Ralph Fleagle. The trials were held separately; first Abshier, then Royston, then Ralph. Two separate juries made short work of Abshier and Royston, convicting them of first degree murder and fixing the penalty at death. When it came Ralph Fleagle's turn, District Attorney Malcolm Erickson and Special Prosecutor Granby Hillyer adopted the attitude that they had not agreed that Ralph Fleagle would not

hang but had only agreed that they would not ask the death penalty. Judge Cunningham produced contradictory evidence from other witnesses who had attended the conference where the agreement was made. The court held it did not matter what the agreement was, only the jury could fix the penalty and agreements made between officials and the defendant were not controlling. This matter has been the subject of considerable discussion as to whether such an agreement should be binding and whether or not the agreement was actually made. I don't propose to get into the ramifications of that controversy. Years later, the legislators passed a statute allowing plea bargaining. I will only say that, so far as I am concerned, I think the prosecutors reneged on an agreement they actually made; even if Hillyer and Erickson only agreed that they would not ask the death penalty, I would still feel they reneged on their agreement because in their opening statement, arguments, and closing statement to the jury they dwelt on the gruesomeness of the offense, the fact that they as prosecutors could not fix the penalty, but that it was solely in the province of the jury and that the jury must decide whether the penal-



ty should be life imprisonment or death. At no point did either of them flatly state, "We have agreed that we will not ask the death penalty. We request that you do not assess the death penalty. It was necessary for us to make this agreement in order to save four men innocent of this crime, and to solve this crime itself." All of which was true and which would have been the forthright position to take. However, be all that as it may, we should probably shed no tears for Ralph Fleagle who was convicted and sentenced to hang. The cases were appealed to the Supreme Court and Justice John L. Adams wrote the opinions in three cases substantially adopting the same attitude as the trial court. So in due course all three of these defendants were taken to Canon City and hanged, Ralph Fleagle on Thursday, July 10, 1930. The papers commented on how he marched bravely to the gallows and told in great detail how he met with his mother, wife, and sister at length in the warden's office on the afternoon of the hanging, and said he acted the man in every way and assisted in the details that enabled the hanging to go off with great precision. The trap was sprung at 9:03 in the evening and he was pronounced dead 12 minutes later. Abshier and Royston were hanged nine days later in close order, Abshier volunteering to go first and Royston telling him as he was taken out of the cell, "Well, Abby, I'll be with you before long."

For artistic verisimilitude, I insert here a description of the gallows at the state penitentiary at this time, taken from "Trappers to Tourists" by Rosemarie Wells Campbell.

Eighteen-ninety saw progress at the penitentiary, too. No longer would executions be public affairs. Only the authorities and official witnesses would see the doomed soul pay the highest price for his crime. An ingenious hanging machine, invented by a convict, replaced the simple gallows. When the condemned, hooded, noosed, and bound, stepped on a platform his weight released a lever. This drew the plug from a water bucket. As the water drained, it permitted a three hundred pound weight to fall, jerking the victim into the air. This do-it-yourself hanging machine was considered humane because the second jerk as the victim came down would surely do him in if the first jerk failed! However, it sometimes merely strangled him. In 1896, Peter Augusta's heart continued to beat for seven minutes after his hanging. This Rube Goldberg device, last used in 1933, took the lives of forty-five murderers before it was replaced by the gas chamber.

The officers, particularly Chief Harper, were bitterly disappointed that the bargain they had made with Ralph Fleagle was not kept. They considered it a point not only of police honor but also as a tool of law enforcement that such bargains should be respected. They had charged four men erroneously, they had no solution to the actual crime and would not have had unless and until Ralph Fleagle had talked. They asked the jury to concur but feeling in Prowers County was so high that this was too much to expect. What could the District Attorneys have done in

the case? They could have filed on Ralph for second-degree murder, which would have carried up to a life penalty but not death, and this they were asked to do but refused.

It is summed up pretty well in testimony of Attorney General Smith of Kansas, who had been in on the investigation, was in the conference where the plea bargain was made, and was also involved because two murders by the Fleagle Gang had been committed in his own jurisdiction. When asked what he would have done, he said, "I would have kept my word."

EPILOGUE

*And that's the tale of the Fleagle Gang,
Who'd rob the bank even if they'd hang.
They came to town, they entered the door,
And yelled at the people, "Lie on the floor,
Face down."*

*A. Newton Parrish went for his gun,
And with that relic he wounded one.
For that brave act they shot him dead,
The 38 bullet went clear through his head —
Into the wall.*

*Before they finished they killed one more,
Picked up the loot and ran out the door,
Got in their Buick and raced away,
And lost their pursuers, a sad, sad day.
But wait.*

*They got to the ranch across the line.
They killed two more to hide their crime.
And left the scene for distant parts,
With no remorse in their black hearts.
Free, they thought.*

*The net of the law spread far and wide.
And three were caught, they could not hide.
And now for them there was no hope,
They came to their end on a hangman's rope.
They paid.*

*The one who remained was caught one day,
They shot him down as he ran away.
And all that's left for me to say,
Is "Robbing banks is damn poor pay."
That's All.*





Westerner's Bookshelf



Aztec Warfare: Imperial Expansion and Political Control by Ross Hassig. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1988. 424 pages, 33 illustrations, chart, 21 maps, glossary, notes, references, index, \$29.95 hard cover.

As fans and students of the western frontier movement our interest in the military tends to concentrate on the Civil War and the Indian wars. A few of our number have in addition addressed the warfare between the various tribes themselves. This book, in two parts, provides a new dimension to warfare in the Americas by providing an account of war in the once flourishing Aztec civilization of southern Mexico and Central America.

The first part discusses the politics, staffing, tactics, and weapons of the Aztec military, including the aftermath particularly of captives and their need for status as well as sacrifice.

The second part of the book is a history of Aztec expansion and the significant contributing kings concluding with the Spanish conquest.

This is not a book on war in the classical mode. It is not something for relaxed reading. The necessary and heavy use of Nahuatl, the Aztec language, is disruptive to one's train of thought unless one is a serious student of the Aztec period and culture. Nevertheless I consider the book a fascinating picture of another facet of American history. I recommend it to the serious student of warfare as well as to the student of the Aztec culture.

Robert D. Stull, P.M.

A Creek Warrior for the Confederacy: The Autobiography of Chief G. W. Grayson edited by W. David Baird. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1988. 171 pp., illus., index. Hardback, \$16.95.

In judging this book, it is important to realize what it is and what it is not. Only then can a fair assessment be made.

It is *not* a general or reliable history of the Civil War in the Indian Territory. Neither is it a particularly informative story

about the role of the "civilized tribes" in that hard-fought sideshow of the American Civil War that occurred in the Old Southwest. For readers who want to understand that little-known theatre of operations, I would recommend Rampp and Rampp on **The Civil War in the Indian Territory** (Presidial Press: 1975) or Wiley Britton's **Memoirs of the Rebellion on the Border, 1863** (1982). I feel that I must say all this because the title and cover artwork (both emphasizing the Civil War) are somewhat misleading.

The book is the published memoir of one of the most active and educated members of the Creek Tribe, at least during his 1843 to 1920 lifetime. Only about one-third of the book relates to George Washington Grayson's wartime services in defense of "southern rights." The rest of the book deals mostly with his personal upbringing before the war and about his involvement in tribal and Indian politics from the end of the war until the end of the Indian Territory.

The recollections, done for his family and not for publication, are most loosely-connected snippets of Grayson's life, which oft-times lack dates and details. Nevertheless, they do shed light on bits of little-known Oklahoma history.

Still, I would particularly and strongly recommend the book for students of the Civil War in the Trans-Mississippi West. It complements the general histories with otherwise unknown anecdotes from a rare viewpoint. For example, one brief reference to a "mulatto" Creek soldier provides some support to those southern historians who try mightily to document cases of blacks fighting for "The Lost Cause" (slavery). On the other hand, also documented is one of those fights (occurring all too often) when black United States soldiers (here the famous 1st Kansas Colored Infantry) were slaughtered without the option of surrender.

As to the editing, there are a few problems with typographical errors and somewhat inconsistent use of brackets. Also, the book admits it deletes, at the behest of

Grayson's descendants, some supposedly embarrassing material apparently of either a sexual or racial nature. While this perhaps can be defended on grounds of old-fashioned good taste, it may be frustrating to legitimate antebellum or Indian scholars (who will have to consult the original manuscripts).

The book is a great price for a hardback nowadays, with low acid paper. But it has one of those new, cheaper, noncloth bindings; a set of four pages became detached during nonabusive reading.

John Milton Hutchins, P.M.

The Northern Navajo Frontier 1860-1900: Expansion Through Adversity by Robert S. McPherson. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1988. 133 pages, two maps. Cloth, \$22.50.

The title and the write-up in the UNM Press catalogue would seem to indicate that the major focus of this book is about the Navajo, but in reality it contains much more. It is really about the Four Corners area of Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Utah and the many different groups that played a role in its settlement. Included in this area is the northern section of the Navajo reservation.

The research for this work included government documents and the special collections of several libraries in Utah. The result is a thorough study of the Mormon settlements in the area and their relationships with the other settlers and the tribes. It is also the study of the interaction that developed between the Navajo and the traders and government agents, and how the Navajo developed skill in dealing with the groups contesting with the tribe for the available land. It was difficult at times to understand the relations that the Navajo had with Paiute and the Ute as their relationships seemed to be in a constant state of flux.

It is of interest that during most of this period the threat of calling for troops from Fort Lewis was often enough to prevent fighting from breaking out. According to the author, the Navajos were successful "by pursuing an aggressive defensive policy," and by using this policy, they were able to avoid most bloodshed and expand their land. They

received the assistance of the federal government in protecting their land from prospectors during the 1890's.

While the book proved interesting and certainly contributes additional information about this area of the Southwest, there was a certain lack of consistency in style in that several chapters seemed to have been written as separate articles for prior publication and were not reworked for the book. The flaw detracts from the overall effect of the information presented, but the reader will accept it for the value of what is presented.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Wise Hombre Quizzes For Westerners by Lannon Mintz. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1989. 47 pages, illustrations. Paper, \$3.95.

The Albuquerque Corral has published this book of sixty-nine quizzes about the West, written by Lannon Mintz, a fifteen year member of the Corral who passed away on August 5th of last year while the book was being prepared for publication. The fine illustrations are the work of William Moyers, a member of the Cowboy Artists of America.

Many of the members of the Posse have seen and probably saved some of Mintz's quizzes from the Buckskin Bulletin where they have been published in the past. It is fun to try to answer questions such as "Black Jack Ketchum was hanged at a. Folsom b. Clayton c. Springer." or "A latigo is found a. in a bottle b. on a saddle c. in a gold mine." and discover whether you are a historical or lackin' in book larnin'.

Lannon Mintz did a good job putting it together, and the Albuquerque Corral is to be commended for publishing it. Get the book and see just how much you know about the West.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



Route Sixty-Six: The Highway and Its People by Susan Croce Kelly and Quinta Scott. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1988. 224 pages, photographs, selected bibliography. Cloth, \$24.95.

This was a special highway in the development of America and its people. Readers of John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath" followed the Joad family along Route 66 in their journey to California. After World War II, Bobby Troup wrote "Get Your Kicks on Route 66" after his journey over the highway, and Nat "King" Cole made the song a hit. In the early 1960's television gave us a weekly series entitled "Route 66" which was concerned with the adventures of two men traveling around the country in their white Corvette. These three artistic contributions along with the stories of many others who traveled the highway from Chicago to Los Angeles and points along the way helped make Route 66 the most famous automobile highway in the United States. It really became the "Main Street of America" until it was replaced by the Interstate System.

Susan Kelly and Quinta Scott traveled the old highway interviewing the people who had stories to tell of their lives along Route 66. Quinta Scott's contribution of a photographic essay of those people and the places along the way from Illinois to the Santa Monica pier will bring back memories of the early days of automobile travel before the towns and the people were bypassed.

This is the story of Cyrus Avery who dreamed of a national highway that would come through Tulsa, Oklahoma, his town, and he worked to make this dream come true. He helped plan, build, and publicize Route 66. This is also the story of a highway development and construction, and the growth of an industry to service the automobile traveling public. Along with an increase in travel came the demand for gasoline, food and shelter for the travelers, and it was this demand that created a multitude of entrepreneurs along Route 66 selling all the standard requirements along with baskets made in Missouri and Indian pots from New Mexico.

It is the story of business and ballyhoo which included such events as the Bunion Derby which was a race from Los Angeles to

New York City in 1927. It was big news along Route 66, and crowds turned out to watch the runners. The race was won by Andy Payne, a Cherokee Indian from Oklahoma, who needed the prize money as hard times had already come to farming areas.

The story of Route 66 is often a personal one, and my own stories include an uncle who dropped out of the University of Oklahoma and headed to California in the late thirties to find a job and spent the rest of his life in the aircraft industry, and my own traveling Route 66 from eastern Missouri to El Reno, Oklahoma in the late forties, with my Mother and sister in a 1941 Mercury. Like Bobby Troup's 1941 Buick, our car needed a lot of oil, and we had to stop about every thirty miles and add a quart of cheap oil. We made it to El Reno, but it was the end of the line for the old car.

If you ever traveled Route 66 or lived along it this book will bring back memories, and if you ever wanted to know how Cline's Corners, New Mexico came to be, you will find the answer in this interesting book.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

General George Wright, Guardian of the Pacific Coast by Carl P. Schlicke, Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman. Preface by author. 430 pages, 20 illustrations, 5 maps, bibliography, index. Hardbound. \$29.95

The University of Oklahoma has published a book about a man who was little recognized during his lifetime and is practically unknown today, although he spent 43 years in the United States Army after graduation from West Point, served in the Patriot War on the Canadian border, the Seminole War in Florida, the Mexican War, and was military commander of the Department of the Pacific during the Civil War. Wright was apparently one of those military officers who did his duty and did it well, but never impressed the top brass or the newspapers enough to become a well known public figure. As a final typical ending, he drowned when the ship he was on, the *Brother Jonathan*, sank off California in 1865 when he was changing his duty station.

Probably Wright's best service came when

he planned and carried out the Indian campaign of 1856 through 1858 which ended the Indian dangers in the Washington Territory. Wright found that hanging bad Indians had a very calming influence on the other Indians.

Although officers junior in rank to Wright and who had served under him rose to general's rank, Wright remained a Colonel until appointed a Brigadier General of Volunteers, a rank he had not sought as he desired a general's star in the regular army.

Unfortunately, the book is as dull as General Wright and makes rather tedious reading. The author, obviously after enormous research, has described Wright's life from birth to death, and included historical incidents which may or may not be essential to the biography. It is surprising to find some misspelled words or typographical errors in this book, since one expects better from the University of Oklahoma Press.

An item interesting to Denverites is a reference to Brigadier General J.W. Denver being considered for appointment as head of the Pacific Department in 1861, replacing Wright. The author states that Denver had an "unsavory reputation" in California and had killed prominent people in duels. Denver did not receive the appointment.

This book is likely to be of greatest interest to students of the Pacific Northwest during the 1850's and 1860's. Certainly General Wright deserves a biography recognizing his 43-year career of service to his country.

Wm. H. Van Duzer, P.M.

Historical Atlas of Washington by James W. Scott and Roland L. DeLorme. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1988. 200 pp., 77 maps, bibliography, index. Hardcover, \$27.95.

In some ways this book is as much a geographic atlas as an historical one, but this is a minor quibble. It covers the State of Washington's terrain, climate, vegetation, hydrography, and human occupation from prehistoric times to the present, as well as the current state of the economy, culture, and progress of the state. The maps have been drawn by Ted R. Brandt, with the U.S.

Bureau of Mines, Spokane, Washington, and Patrick S Grant, instructor of economics and American history at the University Preparatory Academy, Seattle, Washington.

Each map occupies the left side of the gutter (rotated because of the shape of the state) while the right side of the gutter contains a three-column essay on the meaning of the map, placing it in context. This arrangement makes the atlas easy to use since the map is at hand while the essay is being read. Some of the map pages contain four small maps showing different decades or periods.

In the section on urban development are included eight old 19th century panoramic, or birds-eye views of major cities, which were so popular around the turn of the century. Many of these, as well as the few maps of historical locations, are from prominent map collections such as the Library of Congress.

In order to test the usefulness of the book I chose a random subject, such as the so-called "Pig war," which took place in the San Juan Islands between America and Britain in 1859. First off, I couldn't find "Pig War" in the index. However this deficiency was soon quickly corrected by finding "The San Juan Islands International Boundary Dispute." Evidently, Washingtonians are attempting to live down such pejorative terms as "Pig War," and are opting for much longer descriptive names for past historical events, although most local people use the less academic term. The map was complete, showing the San Juan Islands, Haro Strait, and Rosario Strait, as well as the two claim boundaries made by Great Britain and the United States, the rejected boundary suggested by British commissioner Prevost, and the locations on San Juan Island of the English camp and the American camp. The accompanying description is very complete and accurate, giving dates and names, the pig which was shot, the Emperor of Germany, who settled the dispute, and even Captain George E. Pickett, who occupied the American camp, and later, as a Confederate general led the costly charge at Gettysburg in the Civil War known as Pickett's charge.

This is a well-produced book. I recommend it highly.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

Cowtown Lawyers, Dodge City and Its Attorneys, 1876-1886 by C. Robert Haywood, 1988. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman and London. 249 pages. Clothbound. \$24.95.

The author is Professor Emeritus of History at Washburn University in Topeka, Kansas, and is rapidly becoming the current historical authority on Dodge City, Kansas. His first book concerns the wagonroad economy in the Dodge City — Texas and Oklahoma panhandle region. The current offering is the story of Dodge City attorneys during the ten-year period it was a cowtown. Professor Haywood, in a letter to this reviewer, stated that he was now working on a social history of Dodge City which should be published in the near future.

When one thinks of Dodge City in its heyday, there are many images that come to mind, i.e., "Queen of the Cowtowns," "Beautiful Bibulous Babylon of the Frontier," "The Wildest, Wickedest City in the West," "Errol Flynn," "Gunsmoke," "Wyatt Earp," etc. Not much is heard about Dodge City as a town and its decent, law-abiding citizens.

Professor Haywood in *Cowtown Lawyers* attempts to show how Dodge City progressed from a wild, wide-open frontier town to a respectable community in a period of approximately fourteen years. Dodge City was founded in June 1872 and was officially incorporated in November 1875. The railroad had arrived in 1872 and from that time until 1876 it was considered a commercial center for the buffalo trade. Beginning from the time of incorporation until 1886, Dodge City was primarily a "cowtown" where Texas cowmen brought their herds to be sold and shipped east via the Santa Fe Railroad. From 1886 to 1890, the area was in the middle of a land "boom" but after 1890 the roof caved in and times were tough until approximately the turn of the century. *Cowtown Lawyers* is a book about the various Dodge City attorneys during the ten-year "cowtown" period, and its legal system. Professor Haywood has done considerable research and quotes numerous primary sources. Basically he tells the story of how Dodge City grew up from its frontier days until it became respectable. Of all the lawyers in and out of Dodge City, he concentrated his effort primarily on two of

the best known, Harry E. Gryden and Michael W. Sutton. Bat Masterson is the only notorious character to appear frequently within its pages. My main interest was in my grandfather, Rufus G. Cook, who was involved in the Dodge City legal system in various capacities as Justice of the Peace, Police Judge, U.S. Commissioner, and later, attorney after 1886. I was not disappointed, as he was referred to ten times. In one quote, "Judge Cook, with a dandy twirl of his silken mustache, gently placed the fine at five dollars and costs, and with a bewitching wave of his gold-headed cane, announced that court was adjourned."

This book is about frontier attorneys, their education, professionalism, political leanings and problems, as well as their successes. The story of the region is also entwined in their passing. Professor Haywood has written a fascinating book that is well researched and unusually fast-moving for history of this type. There are several typographic errors (including my grandfather's name in the index), but I fault the publisher on those. If you are interested in a factual account of frontier law, the legal system, and its operation in a town like Dodge City, then this is the book for you!

Richard A. Cook, P.M.

Western Women, Their Land, Their Lives edited by Lillian Schlissel, Vicki L. Ruiz, & Janice Monk. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1988. 354 pages, illustrations, index. Cloth, \$27.50; paperback, \$14.95.

This group of nine essays was first presented at a 1984 conference sponsored by the Southwest Institute for Research on Women. The commentaries which accompany each essay offer, in many cases, important explanation and discussion of the subjects treated.

These pioneer women not only changed the West, but they were as much changed by it as were the men they accompanied. Mormon women as well as the Victorian women of New England brought their social values to the new frontier, and these values were integrated into the lives of the settlers. The social customs of the Indians and Mexicans are explored as well as the effects of intermarriage of these two groups with the Anglo immigrants. The combining of these cultures

helped to bring about a new appreciation of the West and helped to produce a liberated and more independent woman than the world had known before. It probably could be argued that this is more than a book about women; it is a history of the West in which women played an important part, possibly a fifty percent part, in the "winning of the West."

For the person who has the time and inclination to learn more about his area, this book will be thought-provoking. However, it is written in such a scholarly fashion that it cannot be classed as recreational or even relaxing informational reading. The essayists treat their subjects ponderously with much attention to minute detail. It is far more at home as a reference to be used a supplemental reading for a college course in Women's Studies than in a home library.

Marjorie Wiegert Hutchins

The Trampling Herd, "The Story of the Cattle Range in America" by Paul I. Wellman. First Bison Book printing: 1988. Reprint by University of Nebraska Press. 433 pgs., ill. by F. Miller, index. Originally published: Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott c1939.

There have been and are being written novels and books that attempt accurately to document parts of our country's history. Paul Wellman has stepped beyond the typical scholarly book and writes with the first-hand knowledge and experience of one of our nation's most interesting eras. This is more than a history of the cattle drives. This is a peek into a period of time that catches the readers' attention with the opening sentence and drives the reader to read on. Paul Wellman has written a classic in narrative form, and brings to life the men and women and the cattle of the West from Texas to Montana, and from Missouri to California.

The reader will find the book difficult to put down because Paul Wellman holds one's attention with little-known facts about the people, places, and animals. It is not only an historical narrative of the cattle, it is more a documentary of those men we call "cowboys." The first cowboys were Mexican-Indian slaves with a brand placed on their cheek to identify their owners. These predecessor of

the modern day cowboys herded the Spaniards' cattle in Mexico. As Wellman reveals the story of the earliest cattle drives. The reader is captivated by the details that the author has brought to the page. The author has used his personal experiences and the friendships and acquaintances of men and women who lived during the latter part of this era, to write an authoritative book with the impact of a seasoned newspaperman.

Roger P. Michels, C.M.

Denver's Capitol Hill by Phil Goodstein. Life Publications, Denver, 1988. 189 pages, maps, photographs, bibliography. Paper, \$19.95.

In recent years, books on several Denver neighborhoods have appeared. While works on Auraria, Globeville, Montclair, North Denver, and University Park are welcome, the city's most historic, vibrant and diverse neighborhood—Capitol Hill—has been overlooked. I'm glad to see that Phil Goodstein has filled this void with a meticulously researched, socially conscious study of "The Hill."

In many aspects, social, political, religious and architectural, Capitol Hill has been Denver's pacesetter for the past century. That neighborhood's characters, buildings, and institutions reflect Denver history as a whole.

Phil has not only long lived on Capitol Hill but also stands out as one of the city's mavericks. In the dozen-plus years I've known him, I've always been able to count on him to take an iconoclastic stand and speak out on various issues regardless of the consequences, especially in light of the fact that Denver history has been largely written for and financed by the city's corporate elite. Goodstein's work is a breath of fresh air. He not only looks at the everyday people of the city, but is critical of the myths that have come down about Denver's past. Although one may not always agree with his analyses or particular interpretations, his voice is needed in the field of Denver history. Through this work on Capitol Hill he has added dynamic new parameters to the city's past and its most important neighborhood.

Tom Noel, P.M.

Nueva Vizcaya: Heartland of the Spanish Frontier by Oakah L. Jones, Jr. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1988. 362 pages, maps photographs, appendices, bibliography, chronology, glossary of Spanish terms. Cloth, \$32.50.

Professor Jones has written a most scholarly study of Nueva Vizcaya, which was the first region of northern Mexico to be explored and settled by sixteenth-century Spanish colonists. Students of Nueva Vizcaya will find this work essential in discovering the economic and political processes used by the Spanish colonial government during this period. The book is based on numerous primary and secondary sources with the principal research being based on archival collections in Spain, Mexico, and the United States.

In the preface, Jones presents an annotated bibliography of previous works that are concerned with the history of Nueva Vizcaya. His book is concerned with the period from 1563, when the first settlement was established, until 1821 when Mexico won its independence from Spain. During this period, the kingdom or province was the "principal administrative, ecclesiastical, economic, and social heartland of Spain's far-flung frontier."

Jones examines a wide variety of subject matter including the relationship of the local government with the government of Spain. This includes the disagreement over where the seat of government should be located. The discussions of the settlement and growth of the cities of Durango and Chihuahua are of special interest as is the study of the relations between the colonists and the Indian tribes such as the Tarahumare and the Apache.

There is a brief discussion of the unofficial and official expeditions into New Mexico and the development of the trade route through Chihuahua to Santa Fe. More information of the political and ecclesiastical relationships between Nueva Vizcaya and Nueva Mexico would have been appreciated, but the subject of this book was Nueva Vizcaya.

For the scholar with a strong interest in the borderlands and northern Mexico, this

book will prove to be very worthwhile in determining relationships and patterns in Spanish expansion and administration.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

The Killing of Chief Crazy Horse edited, with introduction, by Robert A. Clark, commentary by Carroll Friswold. Univ. of Nebraska Press, original copyright 1976, new edition 1988. 151 pgs.

This is a reprint of a "documentary history" originally available in a limited (300 copy) edition. This new printing adds an historical introduction, a reading list, and an index which greatly enhance the original text.

The focal point of this work is Sept. 5, 1877 when Crazy Horse (age 32) was bayoneted while at Camp Robinson in Nebraska. At several points in the book he is referred to as one of the finest military minds in the Sioux nation. The new introduction relates the history leading up to this event, including the successes Crazy Horse had on June 17 & 25, 1876 against Gen. Crook and Custer's 7th Cavalry, respectively.

The next section of the book is an account related by Chief He-Dog to his son, Rev. Eagle Hawk. This interesting account also gives some points a chief must remember, such as: "If one of his close kin is killed in battle, he must not stop to look, lest he feel the need to retaliate. It is considered disgraceful for him to lose his temper." The next section is devoted to an account of the murder of Crazy Horse told by Sioux interpreter William Garnett. The final sections are devoted to letters between Mr. Garnett and Dr. McGillicuddy (who attended the wounded chief till his death), and biographies of some key roleplayers in the drama.

Not all the writing directly relates to the incident (and sadly many answering letters have been lost), but that conversational, 'shields down' style of writing is what makes this short book a fascinating one-night read. An example of this is in one of Dr. McGillicuddy's letters: "I inclose a newspaper clipping, about the Indian who killed Custer, it certainly took a good many to do it, I suppose another one will come to life after a while, like the old scout who was the sole survivor."

George W. Krieger, DDS

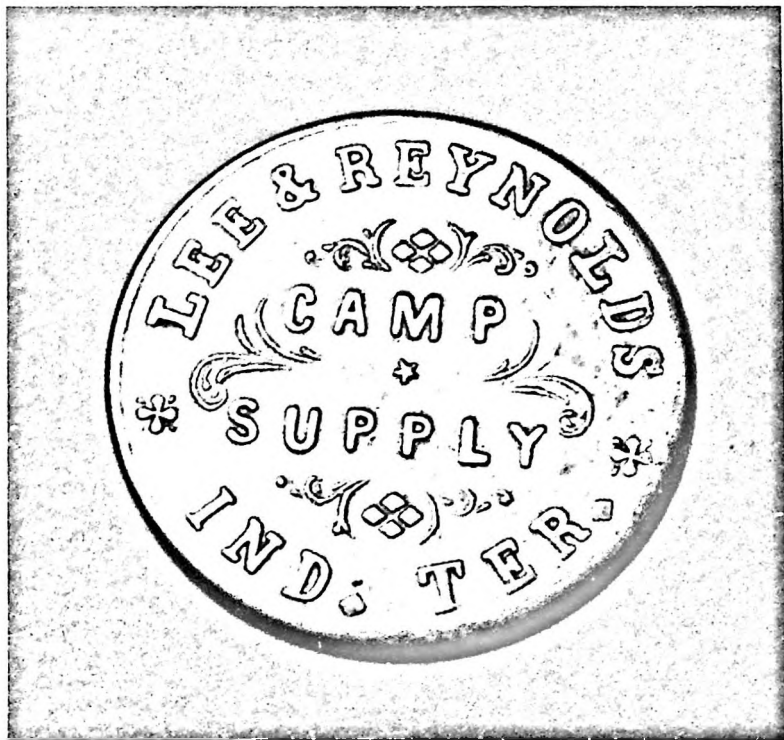
The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

JULY-AUGUST 1989



COLORADO TRADE TOKENS AND SHORT BEER CHECKS ROBERT L. BROWN



Between 1869 and 1882 W.M.D. Lee and A.E. Reynolds used these now-rare brass tokens at their Camp Supply trading post within Cheyenne Indian Territory.

ANOTHER EMPTY SADDLE

Corresponding Member **Ralph M. Botter** died 4 February at his home in Elcphant Butte, New Mexico. He was born in Teague, Texas in 1912 and was well-known to many of our members, having visited Denver frequently. He provided the pen-and-ink sketches for Volumes 30 and 31 of our *Westerners Brand Book*.

He was reporter and photographer for the *Fort Worth Press*. He was a flyer, later an air traffic controller for the Federal Aviation Administration at Fort Worth, El Paso, Seattle, and Albuquerque. In 1958 he became Range Controller at White Sands Missile Range, New Mexico, and in 1969 took part in testing the space vehicle used in the U.S. moon landing. He retired as White Sands site chief in 1969.

He was instrumental in the preservation of the McDonald Ranch House at White Sands, the assembly place for the first atomic bomb test-fired at the Trinity Site.

He served in the U.S. Naval Reserve and the U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary. He was a member of the Aviation Hall of Fame, the Masons, and the Shrine. He is survived by his sister, Mrs. Lucille Burt of Broomfield, Colorado, five daughters including Mary Ellen Jackson of Littleton, 12 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Ave!

OUR AUTHOR

Robert L. Brown with his wife Evelyn have spent years and traveled miles in our mountains exploring ghost towns and historic sites, frequently presenting photographs of the same places taken from the same spot a century or more apart. He teaches history in the Denver Public Schools, the University of Denver, and the University of Colorado.

He is a member of the Colorado Authors League, Western Writers of America, the Colorado Mountain Club, and is a long-time member and ex-Sheriff of the Denver Westerners. In his spare (?) moments he records talking books for the Colorado State Library for the Blind.

He has written three books about ghost towns: *Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns*, *Ghost Towns of the Colorado Rockies*, and *Colorado Ghost Towns — Past and Present*. Other books are *Saloons of the American West*, *Holy Cross, the Mountain and the City*, and *An Empire of Silver. Uphill Both Ways*

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concerns Colorado's hiking trails, while his latest, *The Great Pikes Peak Gold Rush* was published in 1985.

Bob is both an accomplished speaker and an expert photographer, and is one of our most engaging speakers.

COLORADO TRADE TOKENS AND SHORT BEER CHECKS

by

Robert L. Brown P.M.

Presented 22 March 1989

In an historical sense, token coinage goes far back into antiquity. Long before people like ourselves came into the American West, fractional coinage was an accepted medium of exchange. Among early accounts one finds references to trade tokens in circulation as early as the First Century A.D., and to Scottish communion tokens. America's first tokens were cast in England. Mott and Company, a New York jeweler, imported a quantity of copper tokens imprinted with the firm's name and address.

In most cases tokens came into use because of shortages of small denomination coins needed for making change. By definition a token is a piece of convenience or fractional coinage made from some sturdy material, marked appropriately and used in lieu of hard money for barter, advertising, service or other purposes. They were usually, but not always, made of metal, symbols of a medium of exchange issued by non-official sources without any guarantee or authority. They were also known as merchant's money, hard times tokens, seco or trade checks. True to its definition a token was indicative of something else, in most cases the hard money that was in short supply. But they were a currency no government would honor and no bank would redeem.

When the first easterners moved beyond the Missouri River to become westerners, banking was in its infancy. Paper orders to pay the bearer a designated sum often passed from hand to hand for months without being redeemed, thus functioning as legal tender. Individuals or businesses could issue promises to pay with the assurance that few of them would be presented for payment at any one time.

Fur trading posts gave tokens to trappers in exchange for pelts at the annual Rendezvous. Needless to say, this system confined the business of trappers to the place which had issued the tokens. Conversely, the pioneer was provided with an alternative to barter through a lightweight compact unit that was more convenient by far than carrying a pig to be exchanged for supplies. Often too a trader making change was more liberal with trade checks than with money, a distinct advantage to the customer.

In the American Southwest traders became active among Indians at about the same time. Here too tokens became popular, but for a slightly different reason. Indians regarded paper money as worthless. Metal money, whether legal or token, could be melted down for making jewelry. In that area tokens were known as "seco," a Spanish word meaning "dry." Most of these tokens were fabricated in Albuquerque.

The several depressions or panics hurt the West far more than other regions. Our West was a debtor economy, short of both cash and credit. When families arrived on the frontier their economic needs were satisfied by credit from storekeepers. Surpluses of corn, tobacco, furs or pork could be swapped for seeds or cattle. There were only two sources of cash, army payrolls and other incoming migrants. The attitude of Westerners toward banks was dictated by their desire for easy credit. Barter was both essential and unsatisfactory. Paying the preacher in corn or the Yankee peddler in pork was awkward for all concerned. All coins, including those of foreign origin, were eagerly sought. The gold or silver content of any piece was more important than the nationality stamped on its face.

Some western areas printed their own currency. The Mormons did it at both Kirtland, Ohio and at Salt Lake City. One Colorado-born scheme would compel the state to purchase the output of our silver mines for shipment to Mexico for minting into Fandango Dollars, a new legal coinage conceived to keep our silver barons healthy. Fortunately the scheme failed.

Token coinage appeared in the sutler's store at Fort Garland after 1851. Indian traders borrowed the idea from the sutlers. Officially the U.S. Indian Post Office disapproved of the practice. They first tried to abolish the system in 1878 by issuing an order which stated, "Use of tickets or tokens is prohibited." In most cases the order was ignored. A shortage of enforcement officers made compliance impossible. By mutual agreement traders abandoned the practice after 1835, except in off-reservation trading posts.

The year 1862 saw the gradual disappearance of many conventional coins from circulation. Due to an accelerating birth rate coupled with lax immigration laws, America's population expanded beyond the capacity of the few mints authorized to produce small coins at that time. The result was the hard money shortage. Consequently, all metals increased in value. Gold, silver and even copper coins were hoarded to such an extent that merchants found it difficult to make change.

Various attempts were made to cope with this problem. At first ordinary postage stamps were used. However, the flimsy material assured a short circulation life. Late in 1862 a brass encasing was invented for stamps using a mica cover to make the denomination visible. Often merchants advertisements appeared on the reverse side. This scheme was too expensive as the stamp still cost face value while the frame was extra. Other attempts to cope included privately issued fractional coinage, currency, and cardboard script. The most widely accepted substitute was still the token, since they cost the merchant only a half cent apiece.

Something in excess of 10,000 varieties of tokens are known to have been minted during the Civil War years. Called store cards, most were of copper and were the size of today's penny. Nearly all carried patriotic messages. Here in Colorado the war and conditions in the gold camps perpetuated the scarcity of hard money. Through our territorial period and beyond, private mints like the Parsons Mint at Tarryall and others continued to turn out substitute coinage as well as fractional tokens. As increasing numbers of people arrived in the territory the supply of coins grew even smaller. Traders began accepting other traders' tokens, saving



The 12½c Victor-Ajax was from a saloon of the same name in the town of Victor.



This 5c beer token came from the Boggio & Dalsant saloon at Central City.

All photographs by Robert L. Brown; tokens from his collection.

them up until they had a quantity large enough to be redeemed at the establishment of their competitor.

Tokens were used by a rather wide assortment of commercial enterprises. Examples would include livery stables, card rooms, lumber camps, restaurants, cigar stores and pool halls, where tokens were used as a pay-off for winning games. Other uses could be found at amusement parks, trading posts, dairies, prisons, sutler's stores, military posts, toll bridges, cattle companies, company-owned mining camps and schools. Street car companies used cut-out tokens. In mills and refineries the foremen used chits to record the number of wagon loads of concentrate. General stores used tokens to extend credit.

Fraternal organizations, the Masons for example, used tokens as money raisers. Coined at a cost of only a few cents each, Masonic dollars sold for that figure. In the 1920s Colorado's Ku Klux Klan latched onto the same idea, producing unique and now very rare Klan tokens sporting the word Colorado. Below it a flaming cross appeared against a background of our mountains.

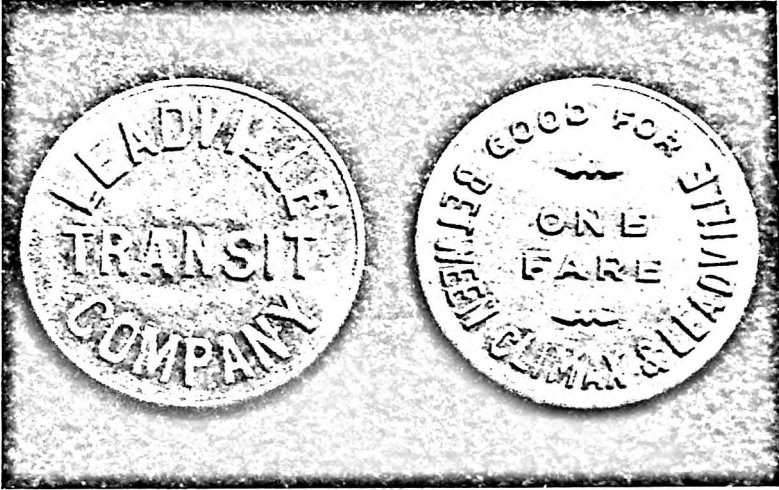
Many railroads used cordwood tokens in several denominations. They were good for one cord, a half cord, etc. The railroad's name appeared on the obverse side and the wood vendor could redeem them for money at the office. Fruit stores offered bargain prices for a dozen apples. But suppose the buyer needs only six. The lesser quantity would be sold for the sale price, provided the consumer would accept tokens instead of change. Both parties benefit. The customer gets the lower price while the merchant binds the customer with tokens redeemable only in his store. He also has the use of the extra cash until the tokens are redeemed.

All across the American West saloons used a variety of tokens known as "bar chits," "beer chits," or a "check for a short beer." Along with the name of the saloon they bore messages such as "good for 5¢ at the bar," "good for one shot of Red Eye," "good for a glass of beer," or some other invitation to partake of an appropriate libation. When the economy became prosperous again in the 1870s the price for a beer increased from 5¢ to 10¢, then to 25¢ for two glasses. As a side effect America acquired a new colloquial expression.

When entering a saloon it was common practice to put down 25¢ for two beers. Since the mugs were large, many customers were unable to drink more than one. So how could the bartender refund 12½¢? To resolve the quandary the 12½¢ token or check for a short beer appeared and was instantly accepted. Thus began one of the most unique types of token currency. In some quarters the short beer check was known as a "bit token" and the term "two bits" became a synonym for 25¢ pieces that has survived to this day.

As long as beers were 15¢ each or two for a quarter, bartenders offered the choice of a dime or a token worth 12½¢ in change. Accepting the token assured another drink. But if the patron accepted the dime he would need to add a nickel to it the next time he was thirsty. Meanwhile the bartender gained the use of the change until the next desperate thirst. There was always the chance that the chit would be lost or that the drinker's wife would find it while looking for change in his pocket. If that happened the barman would never need to redeem it.

Jack Slade was a psychopathic and alcoholic misfit who murdered Jules Beni (or Remi) among others. Slade had his own unique saloon tokens for use when he was broke. Three different versions of Slade's treatment of old Jules persist, including one by Mark Twain. But in all of them Jack cut off Jules' ears and carried them as pocket pieces. In the saloons he frequented in Virginia City, Montana, when Jack lacked money or tokens he merely laid Beni's dried up ears on top of the bar. Terrified barmen who had been regaled with many tales of the outlaw's sadism, accepted the ears without question. Apparently no bartender ever put the ears in the cash drawer as they were still in Jack's pocket when Montana's Vigilantes took him to the tree in Nevada City and hanged him.



This is an example of a transportation token.

Slade's offenses against good taste included riding his horse through crowded saloons while intoxicated, shooting his gun and destroying gaming equipment, fighting and nonpayment of saloon bills. In a saloon-theater he once interrupted the show by yelling profanities and making lewd suggestions to the "actresses." When the owner threw him out Slade stomped up and down the street rendering off-color songs that detailed alleged indelicate relationships between local prostitutes and Vigilante leaders. After destroying a milk wagon he was ordered to leave town. Instead he both defied and defiled the summons after tearing it up. The "local up-lift society" dropped him either from a scaffold or the local hanging tree. There are conflicting accounts. But the saloon escapades of Jack Slade ended at Nevada City and no other tokens like Jack's have ever been used.

Bill Russell, Central City's long-time mayor, insists that tokens in that city's saloons were never used for anything except keeping the bums away from the free



This very simple token came from the town of Robinson in Summit County.

lunch table. In fact, the variety of usages was limited only by the imagination of the bartender.

Perhaps the most unconventional of all service organizations to adopt the token motif was the bordello. But small change was never the issue in such places. The problem is probably best explained by recounting the dilemma of a Denver madam who found herself confronted with declining revenues, although traffic remained brisk. As our friend the late Fred Mazzulla described the situation one evening, it seems that her young "boarders" were inviting patrons to enter their rooms over the roof tops or through second story windows. Once inside the fellow was serviced at discount house rates, by-passing the purse of the proprietress. At times the madam was hard pressed to make her weekly protection payments.

The frustrated "lady of the house" contrived a devious solution. Either iron bars or a wire grating, accounts vary, were installed on all second story windows, leaving the front door as the sole port of entry. Services were rendered only in exchange for tokens purchased from the madam at the door. As each girl came down for her breakfast steak, the number of tokens she returned to the madam determined her pay.

By purchasing tokens in quantity the big user could save money. For example, the going price per visit was \$2, six tokens for \$10, or \$20 for a "baker's dozen." On special Dollar Days one could buy a dozen crib chits for only \$10. Denver scalpers made a fair living buying brothel tokens in large quantities for resale at prices slightly below the rate of exchange at the door. When drunks or other undesirables were refused admittance to a brothel they might pick up a token from a scalper, return to



The Eddy & Post saloon used these tokens in Victor.

the door and noisily demand admission. Most of these tokens carried only the girl's name, a necessary bit of information for the bookkeeper. One showed a woman's head on the obverse side and the house name on the front. Most of the crudely worded versions for sale to the gullible today are forgeries. Remember, this was the Victorian era, obscenities were rarely heard and almost never embossed for posterity. A safe rule of thumb might be that if the wordage on a token seems "too good to be true," it probably is not true.

Nearly all tokens told what they were good for on their reverse side. And they were good for a diverse variety of items such as a block of ice, haircuts, cigars, a stick of powder, soap, streetcar fares or a tune on the banjo. In Utah the self sufficient Mormons issued clearly marked tokens to the needy instead of welfare money, thus assuring that recipients could buy only at the Mormon store, and that the dole would not be redeemed for the hated liquor or tobacco.

And if the purposes of tokens were unusual, their shapes and materials were even more diverse. Although round tokens were the most common, there were also ovals, squares, rectangles and holed varieties, like tiny doughnuts. The latter could be stacked on a spindle or strung on a lace to separate them from other pocket change. Somewhat less common were those issued by the Ajax Saloon at Victor. They sported a square with rounded corners and four protruding central points. Tokens appeared in as many novel and varied shapes as the mind can conceive.

Materials from which tokens were fabricated included wood, pot metal, copper, plastic, nickel, fibre, brass, aluminum, zinc, silver-nickel alloys, tin, bronze and lead. Although known previously, aluminum was not commonly used until 1890s.

Merchant tokens were the trading stamps of their day, used to stimulate and

sometimes to restrict trade. Rarely redeemed for money, they were exchanged solely for goods or services. Trade tokens meant trading, as the name suggested. They were the pocket money of their day. In company owned coal mining towns tokens were often distributed with a worker's pay. As you might expect they were good only at the company store.

Officially our government has never approved of tokens. From time to time conflicting rules have emerged from the Treasury Department. Most have been openly ignored. Here in the West there were too few enforcement officers, and they were usually concerned with problems of a more serious nature.

In the decades after the turn of the last century the number of tokens in circulation accelerated rapidly, reaching a peak in the 1930s. A few are still used today, but they are largely a thing of the past. Because we no longer suffer the shortage of coins, the need for tokens has disappeared. Some streetcar lines still use them and a few restricted parking facilities find them useful. But in most cases today's tokens are an anachronism, quite out of place in our computer-mangled society. Historically they serve as a reminder of a colorful and fascinating phase of economic life in Colorado and the American West.



THE HUGO G. RODECK AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE

The Council of the Mountain-Plains Museums Association has established the Hugo G. Rodeck Award for Excellence, to recognize outstanding individual service to the museum field within the ten-state Mountain-Plains region. The award, first presented in 1988, is named for the co-founder of the Association and first recipient of the award.

GET A NEW MEMBER!

Growth is a sign of vitality, of life itself. It is necessary to all organisms and organizations. The moment we cease to grow we start to die. Growth should be both in terms of purpose and, for an organization, in terms of numbers. Growth in terms of purpose is basically an individual matter; what we get from the organization is entirely up to each and every one of us; no one else can do it for us.

Growth in terms of numbers is something we can all do something about; each of us can tell someone else what the group is, and what it has to offer. Each of us knows at least one good man who could enjoy and benefit from our organization, and who can contribute his gift to it. Invite him to a meeting!

(Paraphrased from *The New Age*, Dec. 1987)

NEW RIDERS ON THE RANGE

Edward S. Helmuth	Castle Rock	Colorado mountain passes
Max Smith	Littleton	1800s Colorado history
James E. Watson	Denver	Cowboys and Indians



Westerner's Bookshelf



Wolf and the Winds by Frank Bird Linderman, introduction by Hugh A. Dempsey. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 232 pp., \$16.95 hardback.

It has been too long since such a writing has been published. When my father first came west in 1901, Frank Bird Linderman was already familiar and friendly with Indians since trapping in Flathead country since March 1885. With the exception of a few friends he made among the Tuscarora Indians, next to whose reservation he was reared, my father was not able to admire the Eastern Indian; his exposure was to the history of the Indians of the Six Nations who fought with the English and the French against his people.

Frank Bird Linderman's experiences were very different. He lived, actually lived, among the Indians, studied them, learned their ways, and grieved for their plight. By 1901 Linderman was a popular and prolific recorder of Indian tales and life on the Northern Plains. His *American*, a biography of Plentycoups, chief of the Crows, remains a classic of literature on the American Indian.

Wolf and the Winds is a fictionalized biography of a Gros Ventre Indian leader. Based on fact, Linderman, with the creation of fiction, could carefully follow his characters' efforts trying to save the Gros Ventres from an inevitable fate. Wolf's story is one of heroism, fidelity, and willing self-sacrifice. We are given a compelling view of Indian life on the Northern Plains—what it was and what it became. We learn to admire them, follow their medicine dreams and mourn them when they die.

I am glad this book is now in my library. It will be read and re-read. I wish that Frank Bird Linderman had written about the Eastern Indians—the members of the Six Nations. Such a book would have changed many opinions.

L. Coulson Hageman, P.M.

The Pueblo Indian Revolt of 1696 and the Franciscan Missions in New Mexico by J. Manuel Espinosa. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1988. 366 pages, 8 illustrations, 1 map, bibliography. Cloth, \$27.95.

This is not a book for the general reader, but it will serve as a most useful source for researchers. The letters and writs by mission friars and Spanish military authorities provide information on the relationship of the Spanish and the Pueblo Indians that resulted in the revolt of 1696, as well as information on Pueblo and Indian life in general. The author has included a historical introduction of some fifty-five pages that presents an excellent summary of Spanish exploration and the establishment of the first Spanish colony in New Mexico by Don Juan de Oñate who served as the first governor. As the area was not rich in minerals, a decision was made to support New Mexico as a mission field, and the role of the Franciscan missions is examined by Espinosa.

The major part of the book consists of the documents translated by the author relating to the period of 1692 to 1697. It was during this time that Diego de Vargas led the military reconquest of New Mexico after the successful Pueblo revolt of 1680. He also put down the revolt of 1696 which was not as well organized as the previous revolt and was not supported by all the Pueblo Indians.

The documents written by Governor Vargas and the Franciscan custodian, Fray Francisco de Vargas prove to be most interesting reading. There was a great amount of indecision on the part of the leadership as to whether or not missionaries should be brought to places of safety when the revolt threatened. The decision proved to be incorrect and several missionaries died at the hands of the Indians. This was the final revolt of the Pueblo Indians.

The efforts of Espinosa will certainly be appreciated by those researchers who do not read Spanish and by those who do not have access to the documents.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Pony Trails in Wyoming (Hoofprints of a Cowboy and U.S. Ranger) by John K. Rollinson. Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1988, reprint of Caxton Printers original, 1941. 425 pps., 20 illus., glossary and index.

Born in 1882, John Rollinson's personal account of his cowboy days in Wyoming is written as though he were telling a story to his family. Rollinson gives a day by day account of his experiences from the moment he steps out of Train Number 3 of the Cheyenne Northern onto the station platform at Wheatland, Wyoming. Having run away from his home in the east at age 16, John Rollinson begins learning the best and worst of the West the moment he walks up the main street of Wheatland. Striking up a conversation with the first man he met, Rollinson finds that his "greenhorn" appearance gives him away immediately. Not afraid to ask questions, the author finds an attentive ear and a willing person to start his education on the ways of the West.

The reader should look at the table of contents, as the chapter titles will impress with the wide variety of experiences and places John Rollinson brings to the page. The use of the glossary of terms and words that the "greenhorn" reader comes upon will greatly add to the enjoyment of this easy-to-read and fascinating look at "cowboy, rancher, horseman, medic, cook, husband, ranger, archeologist, and above all, gentleman."

The reader will meet the people of a period of our history often distorted in movies and other novels. John Rollinson gives the reader a truthful look at the men and women who worked hard to endure the hardships that the fast-growing West offered. The reader will meet people from all walks of life, and share their laughter and tears. The relationship of the author with the cattle and horses he worked with will enable the reader to appreciate the love and respect the cowboy had for the animals. Most of all the reader will learn what life was like in the town, on the trail, on the ranch, and in the wilderness area that was to become Yellowstone National Park.

I found this to be one book that was very hard to put down. What I finished with was a deeper love and understanding of the West that I will carry for a long time. *

Roger P. Michels, C.M.

Death Valley Lore — Classic Tales of Fantasy, Adventure, and Mystery edited by Richard E. Lingenfelter and Richard A. Dwyer. Univ. of Nevada Press, Reno. 339 pages, 9 illus., one map, bibliography. \$22.50.

This reviewer's interest in the Death Valley area was first piqued way back in 1926 when I first read about the ghost towns of Rhyolite and Panamint City in a *True West* magazine. I had just started to collect stamps and the story in the magazine told how the people in the towns had left so fast that their mail was left undelivered in the post office. What a collection of stamps!!!

Since then I have read practically every book on the area, and have visited it twice, first in 1939 in our 1936 Lincoln Zephyr. Cabins at Furnace Creek Ranch were \$2 per person per night. Breakfast from 30¢ to 75¢; lunch 70¢ to \$1.00, and dinner from 90¢ to \$1.25, also a la carte service. We went back in 1967 with a group of four cars and needless to say, what a difference!

The editors have done a fantastic job of finding and researching these stories. Twenty-seven of them are from magazines and newspapers from as far back as 1869. Some of these I recognize as stories I read in other books but I was not about to read all those books to see which ones. Some I had never read before and those that were familiar had events I had never before heard of. There was the story of *The Lost Ledge*, a vein of virgin silver in the foothills of the Panamints, the famous lost Breyfogle Mine, the Lost Goller, and especially Charles Alvord's lost riches which makes you want to pack your bags and head west. Alvord convinced William Manley, who is credited with giving Death Valley its name in 1850, to go with him and a party to look for the outcrop.

The stories cover everything from lost riches to Borax, the twenty-mule team, and some of the most fantastic tales ever told. One in particular is about the inventor who made a suit of close-fitting common sponge. Under the right arm he had a rubber sack filled with water with a tube leading to the top of the hood. By compressing his arm, the liquid would trickle down his so-called "Solar Armor" suit and the evaporation would keep him cool. He started to cross Death Valley to try out his invention. The next day an Indian came into camp and by means of gesturing,

told the men there was trouble. They left to find the poor man and then they did, he was leaning against a rock and was frozen to death; an icicle over a foot long was hanging from his nose! Because he was strapped in his suit tied in the back, he was unable to reach around and release himself and thus froze to death. Upon examination by the ex-officio coroner of Salt Wells in Inyo County, a verdict was rendered that the deceased "... came to his death in Death Valley by being frozen in a sort of coat of sponge called 'Solar Armor' ... being moistened with some frigorific mixture, the precise nature of which we are unacquainted.' Witnesses testified that after he filled his bag with water, he went off a little way and secretly added another mixture to the water.

Then there is the tale of a deposit of a peculiar substance containing 60% water. One man trailed his burro to the place and found him feasting on the lime-like mixture. Then there were the canteen fish of the Amargosa Desert which nature had provided with canteens on their tails. When the river dried up, they would form a hoop and roll across the desert looking for water. The water in the canteens would spill out on them keeping them fresh.

The nine illustrations are pen sketches, except one which is a reproduction of the cover page of the story of *Scotty and his Great Western Drama* by Charles A. Taylor. I would have liked a few contemporary actual photographs with the stories but their omission does not detract from the book. The only photo is on the dust cover and is Frank "Shorty" Harris, one of the last jackass prospectors. All in all, the book is fantastic, and if you are a devotee of Death Valley, you'll love it.

Francis B. Rizzari, P.M.

The Two-Story Outhouse by Norman Weis. The Caxton Printers Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 1988. Photographs by the author, 273 pp., index. Soft cover. \$12.95.

The complete title of this paperback is "A light hearted tour of the west on a search for *The Two-Story Outhouse*." It lives up to its title. In the benighted days before indoor plumbing in the West, the necessity for two-story outhouses was dictated by deep winter

snow. A facility at ground level was likely to be snowed under or at least to require much digging. From the oxy-moron "two-story outhouse" it was a scant step to outhouses connected to the second stories of hotels, to those built over streams taking care of the disposal problem, and to two-holers, four holers, and even eight-holers.

The author uses his search as a reason for visiting ghost towns in twelve Western states and four provinces of Canada. The text is illustrated by some 139 black-and-white photographs of remarkably good quality considering this is a paperback. A high percentage of the photographs depict outhouses although some also show other aspects of the ghost-town West.

No book of this sort can be definitive, so the author of this review can cite a number of missed opportunities; an outhouse hanging precariously over a cliff above Ouray, Colorado; the notorious Campbird no-holer at the original upper level before the boarding house burned, which was thirty feet over the creek, approached by a dog-legged snowshed, and where users hung their haunches over a well-worn 2-by-6 which ran the whole length of the building; Alaskan road houses, where the waste disposal duty was done by five-gallon gasoline cans which were placed on the frozen river ice to wait for the spring thaw; and the magnificent snowhouse which housed a modern toilet seat out on the Greenland ice cap, to mention a few. Any connoisseur of mining ghost towns can recite numerous examples. This says nothing of modern day "Port-O-Lets" which are found on construction sites.

The author of this book has hewed close to his original premise; he has provided a varied description of two-storied lore throughout the mining West and at the same time has avoided outright scatology, although he came close in his description of Burke, Idaho, built along what the maps called Canyon Creek but which the locals referred to as S— Creek.

My main quibble with the book is its lack of maps showing the locations of ghost towns mentioned. It was hard to follow the descriptions without maps for orientation. Ghost towns are notoriously hard to find, anyway. Otherwise, this is a pleasurable romp through ghost towns of the West.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

The Bozeman Trail by Robert A. Murray. Pruett Press, Boulder, 1988. 87 pp., ill. \$24.95 hardcover, \$7.95 paperback.

The Bozeman Trail by Hebard and Brininstool (A.H. Clark, Cleveland, 1922) in two volumes is the classic scholarly work on the subject. Realizing this, Bob Murray has not attempted a revision. Instead he has now given us a slender folio-size picture book, doubtless the most comprehensive collection of pictures relating the the Bozeman Trail ever assembled. In addition he provides brief but accurate and satisfying essays on each of fifty subject sub-headings.

The Bozeman Trail branched off from the Oregon-California Trail at Bridger's Ferry on the North Platte, east of present Douglas, Wyoming, then went northward along the east front of the Bighorn Mountains to enter Montana below the mouth of Bighorn Canyon, and from thence westward along the Yellowstone River to Virginia City. Bob calls it "450 miles from the jumping-off point to the early settlements of south central Montana."

This trail was pioneered by John Bozeman in 1863; it was intended as a short-cut alternative to following the Oregon Trail to Idaho, then going northward to Virginia City. Gold-seekers followed this new trail to the Montana mines but they were often harassed and frequently killed by Sioux and Cheyenne Indians. This led to the establishment of Forts Reno, Phil Kearny, and C.F. Smith in 1866. This in turn inflamed the Indians, leading to all-out warfare climaxed by the Fetterman Massacre and the Wagon Box Fight and abandonment of this trail by the Army in 1868. After the Indians were finally subdued in the seventies, or course, this trail was used by ranchers and settlers, but its fame is linked exclusively to the racial conflict along "Bloody Bozeman."

There are five chapters, starting with "The Setting," a bird's-eye view of the trail's history. The following four chapters see the trail northward, from Bridger's Ferry to present Bozeman, Montana. Murray discusses sites along the trail, historical incidents, and personalities.

Particularly impressive is the color plate on the book cover, a Ken Ralston painting depicting the Army's emotional abandonment of Fort C.F. Smith, Montana, in 1868.

Copious b/w illustrations depict other paintings, sketches and photographs both contemporary and modern. Outstanding are the colorful end-maps, showing the complete trail and its principal features, and blow-up maps of each of the four trail sections. Bonuses are a postscript describing route and evidence of the trail today, and suggested reading for those thirsting for more details.

The author, whom I hired as Historian at Pipestone National Monument, became Historian for Fort Laramie, then left the park Service (a rare happening) to become a contract historian for various agencies and businesses. He lives in Sheridan, Wyoming.

Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.

Fifteen Thousand Miles by Stage by Carrie Adell Strahorn (1854-1925). Univ. of Nebraska Press (Bison Books), Lincoln and London, 1988; first published by Knickerbocker Press, New York, 1911. Clothbound, Vol. 1, \$28.95; Vol. 2, \$26.95. Paperback, Vol. 1, \$9.95; Vol. 2, \$8.95. Vol. 1 (1870-1880), Chapters I-XXIX, 373 pages, 177 illustrations. Numerous photos plus paintings and sketches by Charles M. Russell and others. Vol. 2 (1880-1898), Chapters XXX-XLVIII, 301 pages, 140 additional illustrations, as in Vol. 1.

In 1877, the Union Pacific Railroad hired Robert Strahorn to explore and publicize the West, a pretty tall order for the early-day PR man. Strahorn had been a reporter, assigned to General George Crook's command, covering the Indian Wars and writing dispatches for the *Rocky Mountain News*, *Omaha Republican*, *Chicago Tribune*, and the *New York Times*. After his experiences with General Crook (which included considerable unauthorized combat), Strahorn authored his own book, *A Hand-Book of Wyoming and Guide to the Black Hills and Big Horn Regions for Citizen, Emigrant and Tourist*, and this work attracted the attention of UP officials. He accepted the railroad's offer on condition that he could take his new bride, Carrie Adell Green Strahorn, on the expeditions.

For the next 30 years, Carrie and "Pard," as she called her spouse, lived mainly in stagecoach, saddle, and railroad car, with stop-offs beside the trail, or in mining camps,

boarding houses, and (rarely) early-day hotels. Carrie Strahorn's two-volume opus presents the observations of an educated, witty, and articulate pioneer woman.

The indefatigable author and her husband literally helped to fill in the map of the West, recording the character, resources, and color of big chunks of geography in unexplored and unexploited regions. The account provides intimate detail and gives the reader a sense of immediacy often lacking in more formal historical tomes. The many illustrations in the two volumes unfortunately suffered in reprinting. Numerous photos and paintings by Russell and others reproduced poorly, though discernible. Line drawings and sketches, of course, remain sharp.

The first volume takes the Strahorns on a scout for the growing UP through Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, New Mexico, Montana, Washington, and Oregon. Space does not allow a detailed review, but readers will find early-day impressions of Cheyenne, Denver, Georgetown, Black Hawk and Central City, Gunnison, Colorado Springs and Manitou, Leadville, Middle Park, Lake City, Buena Vista and the Royal Gorge. The first volume also tells of visits to points in Montana, Idaho, and New Mexico.

After reaching the West Coast in 1880, the Strahorns explored other routes, and these adventures are described in the second volume, 1880-1898. (Unnecessarily repetitious are identical prefaces by the author, and introductions by Judith Austin retracing her remarks in Volume 1.) Their travels took them from Tucson to Idaho, Oregon, the Pacific Coast, and Alaska. After a visit to Hawaii, they ended their wanderings to settle in Spokane. By the end of the second volume, even Mrs. Strahorn was wearing down. But after all, 15,000 miles is a long journey!

Alan J. Stewart, P.M.

A Guide Book to Highway 66 by Jack D. Rittenhouse. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1989. 132 pages, maps, drawings. Paper, \$6.95.

This facsimile edition of the travel log originally published in 1946 is a wonderful trip back into the past. Rittenhouse wrote from information that he collected during a 1939

trip in his American Bantam coupe. He sold 3,000 copies for a dollar each in tourist courts and other stops along this famous highway.

This trip back in time follows Route 66 from Chicago to Santa Monica with the mileage listed between successive towns. The listing of places to stay and places to see in each stop have changed somewhat in the last fifty years, the highway no longer exists, and the cities have grown. Albuquerque had a population of only 35,449 back then, and many of the other places along the highway have disappeared. There was a question as to whether or not Meteor Crater had been formed by a meteor.

Advice to the cross-country traveler included the information that "It is not advisable to carry firearms on tourist trips," as well as that most often inaccurate advice to eat where the truckers eat. Recommended reading included *Grapes of Wrath* by John Steinbeck and *Laughing Boy* by Oliver LaFarge.

This is a book of nostalgia that is fun to read and to remember life during a slower, less crowded time in our history. It might also serve as a guidebook today to try to find what is left of Route 66.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

The Adventures of Barney Tullus by Don D. Walker. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1988. 256 pages. Cloth, \$19.95.

Barney Tullus, along with his cowboy buddies in the old bunkhouse, are the creation of Don Walker, Professor Emeritus of English at the University of Utah. This is not the wild West of Louis L'Amour with its gunfights, range wars, and damsels in distress. It is the West of hard work and a lot of boredom. It is this boredom that results in the extra-curricular activities of Barney and the others.

Barney and his fellow wranglers become involved in everything from working in a movie to exorcising the devil in a bull to faking a few murders. Throughout all of these activities, their constant problem is having to explain it all to the owner of the ranch.

There is little high adventure in following the trail of Barney Tullus, but there are certainly a lot of chuckles along the way.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Mayordomo: Chronicle of an Acequia in Northern New Mexico by Stanley Crawford. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1988. 231 pages. Cloth, \$16.95.

It is very evident to me why *Mayordomo* won the 1988 Western States Book Award for Creative NonFiction. Stanley Crawford who previously wrote four novels has written a book that does much more than chronicle a year in the life of an irrigation ditch. It is the story of the people whose lives are connected by the acequia. They are the Anglo author who served as mayordomo or ditch boss, the Hispanics, including the *parcieantes* who use the water, and the *piones* who clear and repair the ditch, and the commissioners who decide ditch policy. The interplay of the different groups and their relationships with each other is one of the major aspects of this book. While Crawford is elected to his position and plays an important role in the community, his being an Anglo prevents his full integration into the community.

Along with being a study of human relationships, this is also a nature study with the effects that the weather, vegetation, and muskrats have on the acequia. The author has a special feeling for the relationship that man has with nature.

An acequia in Northern New Mexico is much more than an irrigation ditch. It plays a symbolic role in tying the community together, and this situation is now threatened by a new policy known as adjudication of water rights which is the Anglo concept of ownership of water. Under the Spanish system of water law, land and water go together and may not be sold separately. This idea seems to be outdated to some, especially urban, developers. With adjudication, the water rights will be sold off and the land will go out of production.

This is what is happening now in Colorado as urban areas buy up water in the area around Greeley and down in the Arkansas Valley. The ultimate effect will be the reduction of land in agricultural production and an increase in land growing Kentucky bluegrass in the cities. Once upon a time the Owens Valley in California was productive until its water was bought up by Los Angeles, and now the Owens Valley is a

desert. When the concept of water ownership changes, Santa Fe and Albuquerque will have the water that they feel they need for growth, but what will be the status of the agricultural land along the Acequia de la Jara?

Mayordomo is an excellent book that expresses a strong feeling for the people and the land of Northern New Mexico. I agree with Tony Hillerman that this book is destined to be treasured as a classic of Western Americana.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



"TWO BITS"

"... in parts of the United States, of a silver coin formerly current (in some states called a Mexican shilling), of the value of 12½ cents; now [1902] chiefly in the West, the sum of 12½ cents."

"With six bits in his pocket and an axe upon his shoulder."

"The Mexican *real* ... is one eighth of a dollar (Mexican peso) and reckoned at 12½ cents. The latter coin, both Spanish and Mexican, circulated largely in the United States down to about 1850, ..."

[The two quotations above from the Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia, 1902]

"*Dos reales*" (two reales), pronounced 'dor-reales,' was a common usage among the 'Mexicans' in southeastern Colorado, at least in my own experience in 1909 and subsequently. Sometimes called 'two bits' by both Mexican and English speakers, it meant the amount of twenty-five cents.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr.



The DENVER WESTERNERS

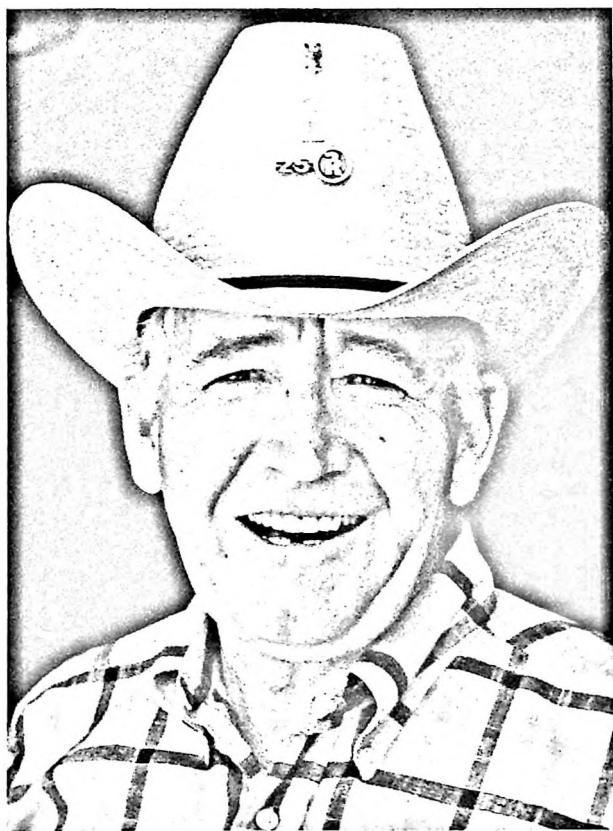
ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1989



SPRINGS FOR THE WAGON AND GREASE FOR THE WHEELS

Pete Smythe



PETE SMYTHE

OUR AUTHOR

Peter D. Smythe (Pete, to you!) was born in Glenrock, Wyoming, where his parents operated a general store, an interesting forerunner of his later career. He grew to become a member of his high school basketball team and learned to play saxophone and clarinet, another foreshadowing of his future history. He organized a high school orchestra, and joined a dramatic group which toured the Wyoming region. Growing out of these, he tried Hollywood, as singing waiter and orchestra member, but returned to Denver to marry Peggy Simpson.

In Denver he organized a dance band, playing Denver and Colorado Springs hotels. He started Denver's first disc jockey show on KMYR; went to KLZ where he became Program Director, leading to national honors. In 1946 he sidetracked, left KLZ, sold his Denver home, and moved to a ranch he bought near Bailey, Colorado, about which experience he wrote his book, *Big City Dropout*. He subsequently converted his ranch to a guest ranch, and went to California to write numerous network productions. He returned to Denver where he established a television show and inaugurated the *General Store* program at mythical "East Tincup," for which he became historic as Mayor.

In 1972 he exploded into public service. He was appointed Arapahoe County Commissioner by Governor Love and was subsequently elected to the position. He became part owner and vice-president of KADX-FM radio station, and became the voice of the First Federal Savings Bank, for which he regularly speaks to this day. He is what he calls "semi-retired" but he travels, plays golf, gardens, reads, rides, and "goofs off" (to use his own phrase, however inappropriate). He continues to speak widely, to free-lance on radio, TV, and movies. His foreign travels encompass Ireland, England and Europe generally, the Caribbean, Mexico, South America, and Hawaii.

Additional credits include three books, a record album, more public service activities than we could possibly mention here, important club memberships, two daughters, and a son. Pete is one of us Westerners since a long time, of which we are plumb proud.

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SPRINGS FOR THE WAGON AND GREASE FOR THE WHEELS

by

Peter D. (Pete) Smythe P.M.

Presented 23 November 1988

It was my good fortune to have been born in Glenrock, Wyoming, July 10, 1911. The little town was named after nearby Rock in The Glen, a natural sandstone monument. Upwards of 350,000 immigrants are estimated to have migrated westward during the mid-1800s through this very valley. American trappers first discovered the route in 1812. So it was named the Trapper's Trail. During the 1820s it was also named the Oregon, California, or Mormon trail, depending on the destination of its travelers.

Originally a pioneer and Indian trading post, the settlement took on the name of "Deer Creek Station" as a relay terminal for the Overland Stage system. In 1860 it became a "home station" for the Pony Express.

My father, David J., was an immigrant. He left Ireland for America in 1886 at the age of 14. He was sponsored by his uncle who gave him a job on his farm in Illinois. In 1890 he headed West and went to work as a laborer, building the Cheyenne and Northern railroad into Wyoming. My mother, Maud, left Iowa with her parents, the Ed Smiths, to travel West to seek their fortunes in Wyoming. They settled on a homestead in Boxelder Park, about 25 miles South of Glenrock. They spent the first winter in a tent, heated by a cookstove.

Our pioneers who came to explore and settle the West used humor as a secret weapon to ease the hardships they experienced. Most of them were homesteaders, miners, farmers, cowboys, and ranchers. Staying alive depended on luck, ingenuity, imagination, and hard work. A love of nature was an important attribute. Knowing how to plant seeds and nurse them to harvest was vital, and the ability to handle sheep, cattle, horses, dogs, and women came in mighty handy.

The battle of the old frontier was a rough and tough one. To take it seriously was to surrender. Women laughed when they could no longer weep. Men laughed when they could no longer swear. Western humor is the result. It is the freshest, wildest humor in the world, even though sometimes there is tragedy behind it. Although many of the early settlers were self-educated, they had a way with words. They could gather them in a single, simple sentence, just like a string of pearls, to make a point.

During the last decade those who practice modern medicine have learned that humor can be of great help in keeping the human body in tune. The ancients knew laughter as a prescription for good health, but now we have proof that a good laugh is more than a medicine. Laughter is a strong, positive emotion.

Norman Cousins helped save his own life with humor and wrote two books about it, *The Anatomy of an Illness* and *The Healing Heart*. He calls laughter "sta-

tionary jogging, an important part of keeping well. He sees laughter as a bullet-proof vest protecting us against the ravages of negative emotion.

There are many varieties of American humor. There is the down-east humor of the Northeast states, Brooklyn humor, the cajun humor of the South, Texas humor and the raunchy humor of Las Vegas. In my opinion Western is the truest.

Many people enjoy collecting, some for profit and some for pleasure. The items they gather include books, stamps, guns, antiques, artwork, dishes, wives and troubles.

At an early age I began collecting humor. I was amused by the way people talked, lacing their conversation with words and phrases that caused me to smile and laugh. In those days people spent more time talking to one another. They would sit around the kitchen, parlor, general store, bunkhouse or the saloon and discuss everything under the sun. They were always organizing pot-luck get-togethers at the church or lodge hall, at one of the parks or someone's home.

Following are some examples from my memory and note books. May they produce a smile or a laugh as they have for me and others.

• • • • •

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

Proverbs 17:22

• • • • •

Hard Times

Hogs are so poor it takes six of them to cast a shadow.

We were too poor to paint and too proud to whitewash.

Our hogs were so poor we had to throw them in the horse tank to soak 'em up so's they's hold slop.

We were so poor we used to have to bait the mousetraps with IOUs.

We were so poor that when Ma lost the stove lid I had to sit on the hole to keep the smoke in.

We were so poor we couldn't even afford used bob-wire.

We were so poor we had to borrow the neighbor's rooster so we'd know what time to get up in the morning.

We were so poor on the farm that my folks gave me a tumbleweed for a plaything.

We were so poor that every Christmas eve my 'ol Daddy went outside and shot off his shotgun, then came in the house and told the children that Santa Claus had committed suicide.

We were so poor we couldn't even afford a mother, so the lady next door had me.

We were so poor we couldn't pay attention.

We were so poor all we had to eat was jackrabbits and cotton-tails. So everytime the dog barked the kids ran under the porch.

Grasshopper Plague: This farmer left his team standing in the field while he went for a drink. The grasshoppers arrived. He rushed back to the field, but when he

got there the grasshoppers had already eaten his team and his harness and were pitching horseshoes to see which should have the farmer.

A pioneer ranchman had lost all his property through droughts and adverse markets. "I'm alright," he said. "I'll come back. When I came out here fifty years ago, I had sixty five cents and the asthma. I still have the asthma."

"The worst crop failure I ever saw was back in '88. The corn crop was almost nothing that year. One day Ma cooked some corn for dinner and Pa ate fourteen acres at one sitting."

Sign on an abandoned house:

One hundred miles to water
Twenty miles to wood
Six inches to hell
God bless our home
Gone to live with the wife's folks.

.

Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter; is he not also the only one that deserves to be laughed at?

.

The Weather — Cold

It was colder than a well digger's rear end.
It was colder than a sled dog's foot.
It was so cold one winter in Glenrock, Wyoming that a 33 degree Mason lost four degrees.

The Weather — Windy

So windy it took 3 of us to hold a saddle blanket over a keyhole.
The wind blew so hard I had to tie my horse's tail down between his legs to keep the wind from blowin' the bit out of his mouth.
The wind blew so hard it blew the postholes out of the ground.
The wind blew a rooster into a jug. We had to break it to get him out.
Talk about wind, there was a knothole at each end of our barn. We used to hang our harness on the draft.
"Have much snow up here?"
"Nope, but there's sure a lot blows through."
There's one nice thing about the wind, you never have to breathe the same air twice.

The Weather — Dry

It's so dry the water is only wet on one side.

A wheat farmer wrote home to his folks in New Jersey:

"Things have gotten so dry in Eastern Colorado, the Baptists are sprinkling, the Methodists are using a damp cloth, and the Presbyterians are using an eye dropper."

You gotta keep an eye on the weather. One day a lightning-rod salesman got caught in open country with a bunch of samples in his arms.

It was so dry the bull frogs didn't learn to swim until they were five years old.

Uglies

Beauty is only skin deep, but ugly goes clear to the bone.

So ugly that when he was a boy they had to dunk him in water and watch for the bubbles so they would know which end to put the diaper on.

So ugly he would spook a herd of stickhorses.

So ugly they used to have to stand him in the corner and feed him with a slingshot.

So ugly that when he was born his folks put him out on the porch for two weeks to see if he was gonna bark or bawl.

I was born a twin and my parents could only afford one, so they threw the ugliest one in the river and that's where I learned to swim.

So ugly that he had bruises all over his body from people touchin' him with ten foot poles.

So ugly that vultures used to fly past him with one wing over their eyes.

So ugly they took the kid everywhere because he was too ugly to kiss goodbye.

So ugly that when he was a baby they had to blindfold his mother before she'd let him suck.

This baby was so ugly that when he was born the doctor looked at his face, turned him over and said, "What do you know, twins."

"I was the runt of the family and so ugly my mother put me out to play in the sandbox and the neighbor's cat covered me up three times."

Grab Bag

As mad as a snake that married a garden hose.

Busier than a one-armed paper hanger with the crabs.

Meaner than a yard dog.

Crazy as a switch engine.

This kid had legs so skinny that they had to tie knots in his legs to make knees.

Unlucky? If I bought a punkin' farm, they'd call off Halloween.

My wife's cookin' is so bad that every Spring the flies take up a collection to fix the screens.

We live so far out of town we have to keep our own tomcat.

We lived so far out of town that when we went to town we had to grease the wagon twice.

He isn't cheap, it's just that he has short arms and carries his money low in his pockets.

I've never gone to bed with an ugly woman, but I've woken up with quite a few.



Pete says he wears the hat outdoors to protect him from the elements and indoors to keep somebody from sittin' on it.

I can read writin', but I can't write readin'.

So crooked he could sleep in the shade of a posthole auger.

He'd fight a rattlesnake and give it two bites to start.

That liquor would draw a blister on a rawhide boot.

My stomach is so empty I feel hungrier than a woodpecker with a migraine headache.

The water was so muddy that the fish had to swim backwards to keep from gettin' mud in their eyes.

She'd marry at the drop of a hat and drop it herself.

He's so ignorant he can't drive nails in the snow.

He was born ignorant and he's been going' down hill ever since.

He was crooked as a barrel of guts.

He's so tall he can hunt geese with a rake.

This town is so small that when a dog has pups, everyone knows who the father is.

This town is so small that the local hooker is a virgin.

Talk? He could talk a dog down off'n a meat wagon.

Her pancakes are so thin, they only got one side.

Coroner's Verdicts

We find that Jack Smith came to his death from heart disease. We found two bullet holes and a dirk knife in that organ, and we recommend that Bill Younger be lynched to prevent spreading of the disease.

The deceased came to his death at the hands of an unknown party who was a damned good pistol shot.

We find that the deceased came to his death by an act of suicide. At a distance of a hundred yard he opened fire with a six-shooter upon a man armed with a rifle.

We found that the body was rich in lead, but too badly punctured to hold whisky.

This man came to his death from emphysema of the lungs, which might have been, and probably was, caused by strangulation, self-inflicted or otherwise.

Any hombre who was crazy enough to call a long-haired, whisky-drinking trapper a liar had, in a strong sense, died of ignorance.

This man died in an ill-advised attempt to stop a pistol bullet while it was still in motion.

Cause of death, autopsy.

Definitions

Paper-backed — Physical weakness. "He was so weak he couldn't lick his upper lip."

Raised on prunes and proverbs — Said of a fastidious and religiously inclined person.

Snake blood — Mean. "He's got snake blood and is so tough he has to sneak up on the dipper to get a drink of water."

Full war-paint — The cowboy's best "Sunday-go-to-Meetin' clothes."

Mormon brakes — A tree tied behind a wagon to retard its speed downhill. This device was first used by Mormon pioneers in crossing the mountains in 1850.

Barkin' at a knot — Trying to accomplish the impossible.

Bar-Dog — A bartender. Many were former cowboys too stove-up for riding.

Cook with cow outfit — Bean artist, belly cheater, grub spoiler, greasy belly, gut robber, dough wrangler.

Saloon arthritis — When every night you get stiff in a different joint.

Sayin's

Arthur Reed, age 123, on drinkin' — "I don't want nothin' in me that makes it so I can't pick up what I drop."

"I feel more like I do right now than I ever have before."

Shepherd: "No matter where you go, there you are."

Oldtime rancher: "I made a deal with my horses. I'll leave them alone if they'll leave me alone."

"I never felt better, had less, and needed more."

Sign behind a bar in Creede:

I know you believe you understand
what you think I said, but I am not
sure you realize that what you heard
is not what I meant.

"I was twelve years old before I knew my name wasn't Git Wood."

"There were 15 kids in our family, so I didn't sleep alone until after I got married."

"Some men are like buttons on a fat man's vest. Always poppin' off."

"It takes 6 cups of town coffee to equal one of horseshoe coffee."

"Just because a trapper is a little 'whiffy' don't mean he's afraid of water. Quite often, he'll use it for a chaser."

"It's the little things that get tangled in your spurs that trip you up."

"If ignorance is bliss, why aren't more folks happy?"

"The most walking a cowboy ever does is around the coffee pot looking for the handle."

"The Lord poured in his brains with a teaspoon and somebody jogged his arm."

"He ought to be playin' with a string of spools."

Advice to newlyweds: "Never shout at each other unless the house is on fire!"

"He's gettin' long in years, but his horns ain't been sawed off."

"She's as pretty as a red heifer in a flower bed."

"He's as useless as a knot in a stake rope."

"He's got a heart in his brisket as big as a saddle blanket."

"Tryin' to reason with him is like throwin' ashes into a high wind."

"Teachin' school is like tryin' to herd a flock of guinea hens in a hailstorm."

Ike Rude describing his cuttin' horse: "You could turn a gunny-sack full of barn cats loose in the middle of the street and he wouldn't allow a single one to get under a house."

"He doesn't care any more for a nickel than he does for his right eye."

Epitaphs

•
GONE BUT NOT FORGIVEN

•
HE WAS QUICK ON THE DRAW
BUT SLOW ON THE TRIGGER

•
An old maid left this request on her tombstone:
"PLEASE DON'T PUT 'MISS' ON MY TOMBSTONE,
I HAVEN'T MISSED AS MUCH AS YOU THINK."

•
WHO SAYS YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU
Old maid's epitaph

•

HERE LIES THE BODY OF DAUGHTER CHARLOTTE
 BORN A VIRGIN AND DIED A HARLOT
 FOR TWELVE LONG YEARS SHE KEPT HER VIRGINITY
 AND THAT'S QUITE A RECORD FOR THIS VICINITY

•
 DON'T MOURN FOR ME NOW
 DON'T MOURN FOR ME NEVER
 I'M GOING TO DO NOTHING
 FOR EVER AND EVER

•
 WHO'S TO COMPLAIN?

•
 HERE LIES THE FATHER OF 29
 HE WOULD HAVE HAD MORE
 BUT HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME

•
 SHE DONE WHAT SHE COULD

•
 TRANSPLANTED

•
 HE CALLED BILL SMITH A LIAR

•
 HERE LIES THE LAST S.O.B.
 WHO LEFT THIS GATE OPEN

•
 I EXPECTED THIS
 BUT NOT QUITE YET

•
 SHOOT 'EM UP JOE
 RUN FOR SHERIFF 1872
 RUN FROM SHERIFF 1876
 BURRIED 1876

•
 HERE LIES LESTER MOORE
 4 SLUGS FROM A 44
 NO LES NO MORE

•
 HERE LIES SAMANTHA PROCTER
 CATCHED A COLD BUT COUDN'T DOCTOR
 SHE COULDN'T STAY, SHE HAD TO GO
 PRAISE GOD FROM WHOM ALL BLESSINGS FLOW

•
 HE ET WHAT WAS SET BEFORE HIM

Twelve miles southwest of Lusk, Wyoming, on the old Cheyenne-Deadwood Stage route is a five-foot sandstone monument. Inscribed thereon is the following:

HERE LIES MOTHER FEATHER-LEGS SHEPERD. SO CALLED, AS IN HER RUFFLED PANTALETTES, SHE LOOKED LIKE A FEATHER-LEGGED CHICKEN IN A HIGH WIND. SHE WAS A ROAD HOUSE MA'AM, AN OUTLAW CONFEDERATE. SHE WAS MURDERED BY DANGEROUS DICK DAVIS THE TERRAPIN IN 1879 FOR A \$1500 CACHE.

A grieving widow buried her husband and ordered his tombstone inscribed:
REST IN PEACE.

Upon learning he had left all his money to his secretary she added —
UNTIL WE MEET AGAIN.



The General Store Set at KOA, Denver. From here Pete broadcast his East Tincup radio and television shows, 1953 to 1969.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Colorado Profiles: Men and Women Who Shaped the Centennial State by John H. Monnett and Michael McCarthy. Cordillera Press, Evergreen, 1987. \$14.95.

Monnett and McCarthy present for us short but very well-written and researched vignettes highlighting some famous and not so famous characters from "Colorado's human tapestry." The authors treat each portrait with a delicate balance, unweaving the ambiguous deeds and tying up the loose ends in the lives of thirty-three people who crisscrossed Colorado history. The authors offer new information and social insights into each personality and do not shrink from judging actions which need condemnation. And yet they always try to look for the positive contribution which a particular figure may have added to Colorado's inheritance.

Readers will probably recognize Alexander Majors, stage-coach owner; Alferd Packer, connoisseur of Democrat cuisine; "Poker Alice" Tubbs, gambler; Otto Mears, road builder; Tom Horn, outlaw; Soapy Smith, con man; Jack Dempsey, heavyweight champion; and Wayne Aspinall, congressman. Some of the lesser known characters were Juan Bautista de Anza, Spanish viceroy of New Mexico who tried to colonize Colorado; Chin Lin Sou, early Chinese pioneer. Susan Magoffin, visitor at Bent's Fort in Southeast Colorado; and many others.

The authors offer an easy-reading look behind the masks of some of the more public figures. For example, they speculate very appropriately about the personal philosophical commitment of John Galen Locke, the 1920's Grand Dragon of Colorado's Ku Klux Klan, to Klan beliefs. Their research and interviews reflect stories I have heard about Locke who made sure his secretary paid her pew rent at Mt. Carmel's Italian Catholic Church in North Denver. Monnett and McCarthy tar-and-feather Locke for his role in the KKK's repressive and brutal actions on all levels of Colorado life.

The authors condemn Governor Elias Ammons for his role in the infamous Ludlow Massacre in which he bent his knee to the mine owners. The authors stretch it some-

what by noting that his obstreperous attitude toward the environment made environmentalists out of Coloradans. I especially enjoyed reading about David Day, "the old warhorse of the San Juans." He must have been Gene Cervi's hero. As the editor of *The Solid Muldoon* Day pushed politicians around, fought for progressive public policies, and criticized other newspapers when they needed it. An excerpt from an editorial written about the Colorado legislature stands true to this day.

Colorado Profiles should grace the bookshelf of every Colorado history buff. The book cross-stitches an excellent representation of men, women, rich, poor, Indian, Black, Hispanic, and Jewish personalities, all of whom did much to give Colorado its texture today.

Dennis Gallagher

Historical Atlas of Texas by A. Ray Stephens and William M. Holmes, Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 156 pps., 64 maps, bibliography, index, \$24.95.

This is a most unusual although enjoyable approach to history. Besides providing a thumbnail sketch of geography and history from Indians and explorers to modern times, including parks, military bases, and political districts, the book has a most novel feature. Each page of text is faced by a map locating the topic under discussion. Many maps show the entire state down to county detail. A few are for specific limited areas such as for the Battle of San Jacinto. For a person who loves maps and their application to history this book is definitely recommended.

Obviously, to reduce the fabled history of Texas to a series of one-page essays cannot make the book a definitive source; it wasn't so intended. Its real value is to serve as a subject index from which to springboard into deeper research.

Nevertheless, even for the casual reader, this book provides a creditable overview of Texas history.

Robert D. Stull, P.M.

The Preservation of the Village: New Mexico Hispanics and the New Deal by Suzanne Forrest. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1989. 271 pages, maps, photographs. Cloth \$35.00, Paper \$17.50.

There are three very different cultures in New Mexico, and this is considered by many people to be the factor that helps make the state a very special place to live. The combination of the Native American, Hispanic and Anglo cultures attracts tourists, artists, and writers to the state, but there is a dark side to this mixture, and this is very evident in this book about the State under the New Deal.

Suzanne Forrest has done an excellent job of researching and writing about what happened to the Hispanic population during the depression and the failure of attempts by the federal government to give relief to these people. The emphasis is on those Hispanic residents of the small villages in Northern New Mexico such as Chimayo and Peñasco. The major weakness of her book is that she attempts to present the big picture, including the intellectual roots of the man-and-nature theme as expressed by the Transcendentalists and others. Her efforts on this topic seem to be straight out of a classroom lecture given in Turnerian Concepts of the West. When she forgets the big picture and concentrates on what happened in New Mexico, the reading becomes extremely interesting and informative.

The Hispanic Heartland as defined in the book is that area from just south of Albuquerque north to Colorado in the Rio Grande drainage area. This is the region that has special attraction for both tourists and new residents today due to the cultural aspects of the area. It is a combination of Pueblo and Hispanic cultures that sets it apart from the rest of the state as well as from the rest of the nation.

During the time of the New Deal, the different groups were often pitted against one another in battles over federal dollars. People such as John Collier lined up on the side of the Pueblos and channeled federal aid to them in large amounts, forgetting about the economic plight of the small farmers in the Hispanic villages. There were the people who wanted to help by saving the old ways of doing things but who ended up limiting the opportunities for the people by restrictions on

the amount and type of education available for Hispanics. Anglos were sent to trade schools that taught farm machinery repair and business courses, while the Hispanic was limited to craft courses. Other examples of discrimination are presented in the text.

Attempts by the federal government were too often doomed to failure for the simple reason that the government officials just did not understand the people and their way of life in the village. The assistance that was given was often too little or too late or not what was really needed. Activities such as the Taos County Cooperative Health Association that really helped were allowed to die. The start of World War II ended the New Deal in New Mexico as it did throughout the United States, and any continuation that was expected after the war ended failed to materialize. The closeness of the people in the villages would never be returned to that earlier time that some authors and artists had romanticized in paint and print. Time had brought too many changes.

Regarding the administration of the New Deal, I might suggest that if Harry Hopkins was the disciple of anyone it was Eleanor and not Franklin Roosevelt.

The author has provided ample footnotes for those interested in further research. The bibliographic essay is most worthwhile and includes information not available in government publications, even in the Library of Congress.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Myth and the History of the Hispanic Southwest by David J. Weber. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1988. 192 pages. Cloth, \$27.50

This volume is the second based on lectures in western culture and history sponsored by Calvin Horn and given at the University of New Mexico. Weber has added five essays to the four lectures that he gave at the University. Several of the nine essays have either been previously published or presented as lectures on other occasions.

A major problem faced by those historians of the Spanish Borderlands is that the contributions of the Spanish and Mexicans to the United States history are either ignored, given short shrift or presented falsely in most

texts. There is a strong east-to-west interpretation of the nation's history with an emphasis on the Puritans and other English settlers and their institutions. The efforts that began with Herbert Eugene Bolton and his study of the Borderlands have not been that successful. This area finally makes it into the history texts as the result of Manifest Destiny which emphasizes the positive aspects of the conquest and the backwardness of the Mexican people and institutions. This helps to increase the development of very negative stereotypes regarding these people and their way of life. This is the major thrust of Weber's essays as he points out the impact of myth in fostering this situation.

I certainly would agree with this position as I have written a number of long letters to the authors and publishers of high school history texts regarding the problem. I have received positive feedback in only one instance and there has been no followup from that response. Perhaps college professors with a strong background in the contributions of the Spanish and Mexicans to the history of the United States should produce an accurate textbook.

The problem of myth, stereotyping, and slanted history exists for a number of reasons including the fact that the general interpretations are based on the viewpoint of British historians from the period in history when the British and the Spanish were mortal enemies. Steward Udall refers to this in *To The Inland Empire*, which also attempts to give the Spanish their rightful place in national history.

This collection of essays contains some very interesting information for those people who want or need a more accurate picture of the Borderlands. I would suggest that this is becoming even more important with the continued growth of our Hispanic population. They deserve the truth regarding their role in the history of the United States.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Heartland New Mexico: Photographs from the Farm Security Administration, 1935-1943 by Nancy Wood. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1989. 144 pages, 127 photographs. Cloth, \$29.95.

During the time of the New Deal, Roy Stryker headed a project for the Farm Security

Administration. The project was to photograph the nation showing the problems and at times the solutions by the common people. In doing this, over 270,000 photos were taken and over 70,000 prints were produced of which nearly 5,000 dealt with subjects in New Mexico. The entire collection was headed for the dump and was saved only by the direct intervention of President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Out of the New Mexico photographs, Nancy Wood with the assistance of John Collier, Jr. and Russell Lee, who were two of the photographers, have selected the 127 that are reproduced in *Heartland New Mexico*.

The author worked with Roy Stryker during the sixties to produce *In This Proud Land*, which stressed the positive side of the nation during the depression and the New Deal. During the eighties, Nancy Wood began to develop the research for this book.

Heartland New Mexico focuses on three topics regarding the state and this period of history. These are the Dust Bowl and resettlement, Pie Town, and Hispanic villages. The text that accompanies the great photographs is a combination of yesterday and today, as Nancy Wood includes the interviews of the thirties with information that she collected in the eighties. The author seems to have the strongest feeling for the Hispanic villages as she includes their early history, information on the loss of their land, and religious aspects of their culture. She sees their way of life as being changed the most by the depression and the New Deal and sees the change as a negative one.

The only fault that I found will not be considered a fault by most readers. As I read along in the book, I kept feeling that I had read much of the information previously and I discovered the reason for this belief when I read the notes on sources at the conclusion of the book. I have read nearly all of her sources including Toby Smith's essay on Pie Town, and just maybe, the author did not use her own words and ideas often enough. This sometimes happens when material is collected from secondary source material. For the person who has not read the source material this will not be a problem, and the book will certainly be worthwhile reading.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Trails Among the Columbine. Russ Collman, guest editor. Sundance Publications, Ltd., Denver, 1989. 192 pages, hardbound, \$33.00.

Back in 1985 Denver's Sundance Publications began publishing annual volumes in this series. Earlier this summer volume five appeared. As usual, the printing and binding are superior, as are the handsomely reproduced maps and photographs, both color and black and white. In keeping with what seems to have become a tradition, this book concentrates on one specific area, the Gunnison country.

Steven Myers wrote and illustrated the fine lead article called *A Paddle on Blue Mesa*. Myers writes lovingly about fishing and of his adventures via canoe in this scenic region of Gunnison County.

Editor Collman produced each of the four remaining chapters. He begins with a detailed piece titled *The Black Canyon of the Gunnison*. It concentrates on the same area as Steven Myers' article, but Collman approaches it in terms of the D&RGW standard gauge railroad line that once pierced this deep gorge. Many pictures, some quite rare, complement this chapter, the book's most extensive.

Collman's next article is a well researched piece called *The Gunnison Country*. Lengthy, detailed captions appear with the many unusual photos that accompany a readable text.

The Rio Grande's Baldwin Branch is the subject of chapter four. It was the line that served the coal mines north of Gunnison between 1911 and 1955. Again, a selection of clear pictures enhances this chapter.

Finally, a very good treatment of the *Gunnison Gold Belt* concludes the book. Incidentally, the so-called gold belt also contained silver, lead, coal, iron and copper. Crested Butte, Ruby, Irwin, Floresta, Iris, Vulcan and Gothic were within this area.

In summary, the latest *Trails Among the Columbine*, Volume 5 of the series, is a comprehensive treatment of one of the most interesting parts of Colorado's Western Slope.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

Cactus Thorn by Mary Austin, with a foreword and afterword by Melody Graulich. Univ. of Nevada Press, Reno, 1988. 125 pages. Cloth, \$14.95.

It has been a few years since a book by Mary Austin has been published for the first time, but a novella which was rejected by Houghton Mifflin around 1927 has now seen the light of day through the efforts of the University of Nevada Press. The work was discovered in the Mary Austin Collection of The Huntington Library.

Mary Austin ranks as one of the best writers of the Southwest. This is certainly the attitude of Lawrence Clark Powell. He stated that "if he had to select a single work to represent the creative literature of the Southwest it would be *The Land of Journey's Ending*. Austin wrote this classic during the same period that she wrote *Cactus Thorn*. These books signify her return to the Southwest after living in New York City for a time. She had returned to the land that she loved.

Cactus Thorn is the story of the meeting of a woman of the West and a famous reformer from the East and the development of a relationship that ends in disaster. To a certain degree, the story is autobiographical as Mary Austin had suffered a disappointment in an affair with Lincoln Steffens and she modeled Grant Arliss the reformer in the novella after what she had seen in Steffens' character.

The plot is very much Mary Austin with the feminist aspect being a major factor in the story of a very different twosome. Dulcie Adelaide is a person of the desert who relies only on herself, and even when life disappoints her, she has the strength to do what she believes is necessary. Grant Arliss is a person who uses others to advance himself or satisfy his needs.

Melody Graulich has added a twenty-two page afterword that explores the relationship between Mary Austin's life and her publications.

There is a continuing interest in Mary Austin and her publications which is evident in new editions of her books and in the recent production of *Land of Little Rain* by KRMA which is the PBS television station in Denver. When all is said and done, *Cactus Thorn* is a good story.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

From page 2

ANOTHER RIDER GONE FROM THE RANGE

William C. Henderson (1916-1989) passed away at age 73 at his home in Colorado Springs. Born in Vaughn, Mississippi, he came to Colorado Springs in 1934 and earned his graduate degree from Colorado College in business administration. He served in the Army Air Corps in WW II, in England, France, and Germany. In addition to Mrs. Catherine Brown Henderson, whom he married in 1941, he is survived by two daughters and four grandchildren.

Bill was very active in civic affairs. As a member of the city council for 12 years, including two terms as Mayor (1959-63), he was a leader in the development of the Springs' Western Slope water supply. Predicting in 1951 the growth of the city; he pressed the development of the Blue River Water Project; in the face of savage local opposition the bonded indebtedness of the city was increased from \$250,000 to \$12.5 million. The promise of the completed water project is credited with bringing the Air Force Academy to the Springs.

He helped organize the Pikes Peak National Bank in 1957 and was President until he retired in 1974 and was a member of the board of directors until his death. He was chairman of the Colorado Springs Community Trust until his death.

He was an active coin collector, including Cripple Creek and Old Colorado City memorabilia. He was instrumental in bringing the national headquarters and museum of the American Numismatic Association to Colorado Springs, and was national treasurer of the ANA for 28 years. He was former chairman of both the board of directors of the Pioneers Museum in the Springs and of the Friends of the Museum. A gallery in the Museum is named in his honor.

Clearly Bill has left his mark. He was a charter member and past Sheriff of the Pikes Peak Posse of the Westerners as well as a long-time Posse member of the Denver Westerners. He will be missed!



NEW RIDERS ON THE RANGE

Charles H. Woolley Denver
Director 4-Mile House
Lee Kizer Julesburg
Historical Sites

Chopunnish: (Nez Perce; also Nimapu, Shahaptan or Sahaptan.)

"The leading tribe of the Shahaptian stock of North American Indians. The Nez Perce (pierced nose) have not for many years pierced their noses for ornamental purposes."

"Their former habitat, in 1804, was western Idaho, northeastern Oregon, and southeastern Washington, on the lower Snake River and its tributaries. They crossed the Rocky Mountains to the headwaters of the Missouri."

"They are the people of Chief Joseph who, during the Nez Perce War, ordered his men not to molest any white non-combatants, including women and children as well as men."

(From the Century Dictionary and Cyclopedia, 1902)

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION			
For the Year Ending _____ 19__			
1. Name of Publication	2. Issue Date	3. Issue Frequency	4. Issue Month
5. Number of Copies	6. Total Number of Copies	7. Paid and Unpaid Subscriptions	8. Paid and Unpaid Circulation
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13. Total Paid and Unpaid Subscriptions	14. Total Paid and Unpaid Circulation	15. Total Paid and Unpaid Subscriptions	16. Total Paid and Unpaid Circulation
17. Total Paid and Unpaid Subscriptions	18. Total Paid and Unpaid Circulation	19. Total Paid and Unpaid Subscriptions	20. Total Paid and Unpaid Circulation
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The DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1989



MEN OF MEDICINE AND MEDICINE MEN Dr. Marvin N. Cameron



Gorgas Hospital, Panama Canal Zone, 1962.

OUR AUTHOR

Marvin N. Cameron: Basic education in Longmont area schools. University of Northmont Colorado, B.S., 1953. University of Colorado, M.D., 1962. Internship, Gorgas Hospital, Panama Canal Zone, 1962-63. Family practice and emergency medicine in Montana, California, and Colorado since. Currently in family practice in Aurora, Colorado.

JOHN HUTCHINS CITED

Posse Member (Major) John M. Hutchins has been awarded the Certificate of Achievement by the Department of the Army for his essay, "The Severn: A Seventeenth Century Lesson in Military Training and Combat Effectiveness."

Although the 1655 Battle of the Severn was large by colonial standards, with approximately 300 combatants engaged, it has been generally forgotten during the past century except by Maryland scholars. It could be called one of the final battles of the English Civil War, since it involved Puritan republicans fighting the more conservative royalist forces of Lord Baltimore. Hutchins' novel thesis is that the Puritans prevailed due to their superior training and their innovative tactical use of musketry and pike. 19th Century scholars (and those more recent) usually have ascribed the victory merely to religious fanaticism.

NEW RIDERS ON OUR RANGE

Robert Gaarder Colorado Springs	Collects books, coins and medals, mining certificates, Indian relics
Raymond J. Morris Byers, Colo.	Western history, books, sports fan
Richard Weingardt Denver, Colo.	Writer, especially history

CORRECTION OF DATE

Membership Chairman, George Godfrey, as a result of browsing in his files of the ROUNDUP, has discovered that the yeardate 1967 for the group photograph of the Denver Westerners on the cover of the July-August 1988 issue *should be* January 1964 *instead of* 1967.

Numa James, who is the second man against the right-hand wall, directly under the picture on the wall, was Sheriff at the time.

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MEN OF MEDICINE AND MEDICINE MEN

by

Dr. Marvin N. Cameron C.M.

Presented 25 October 1989

I once took care of a tough old Texan, and one day, after I had sewn up a particularly large laceration for him, he looked at me seriously and drawled, "Ya know how we take them stitches out down in Texas?"

"No, Clyde," I responded, "tell me."

"Wal," he rambled, ever so slowly, "we jest cut the strang an' then we pull the knot through."

It is my hope to sew up some historic events and some personal experiences without pain and without having to make my point by pulling the knot through. Mark Twain was once asked why he and Rudyard Kipling liked to get together and talk. He replied, "Kipling knows everything in the world worth knowing, and I know the rest."

A few of my overzealous men-of-medicine-colleagues might be secure enough to feel that they know everything about medicine that's worth knowing; the insecure majority of us are working on the rest.

It is my intention here to praise everyone who sincerely tries to cure. There are certainly enough charlatans in every profession to weaken an entire field's credibility. Snake oil peddlers are still diligently at work in our current society just as, I'm sure, they are in the jungle. If one would like to pursue a scientific view of Indian medicine, I would refer that person to Dr. James Weir's excellent treatise, "The Army Doctor Looks At Indian Medicine," which appeared in the ROUNDUP in 1977. Dr. Weir mentions that even though he is critical of many of the Indian methods, Caucasian medicine had little that was better until very recent times.

I would be willing to wager that each person reading this, particularly those who recall the days before antibiotics, could relate one or a dozen remedies that were dubious at best that they, or their relatives, practiced. My own mother, who was among the finest persons I have ever known, treated every illness with the best medicine she had—two drops of kerosene on a teaspoon of sugar. I know one thing about the treatment—it had an exceedingly high recovery rate before the second dose came due. She was indeed a well-intentioned healer. And every jungle medicine man who pulverized cinchona bark and cured his villagers of malaria with generic quinine was, and is, most certainly a healer of magnitude.

When I left the University of Colorado to begin my chosen internship at Gorgas Hospital in the Panama Canal Zone, I was surprised to be asked, hundreds of times as the year went by, to write a prescription for an "R&S" tonic by members of the native population. When it finally occurred to me to ask the pharmacists what that represented, they replied, rhubarb and strychnine tonic. I was, to say the

least, shocked. But it was only a blatant example that many products used in small amounts are medicine and when used in large amounts are poison. So, after the initial shock wore off, I kept on writing R&S tonic out of public demand and to avoid being called a bad medicine man.

My first assignment at Gorgas Hospital was to run the emergency room. I wouldn't say I was worried by this assignment. It was about as sensible and free of ill consequence as telling the second mate to steer the oil tanker Valdez through the Straits of Alaska. Still, I walked in my first day presenting as much bravado as I could muster.

"Good morning, Miss Garcia," I said to the Panamanian nurse who was to work with me that day. "Anything interesting going on?" I asked casually.

"No," she responded, "not much."

I glanced about and saw that all five beds had their curtains drawn around them.

"Maybe I should re-phrase my question, Miss Garcia. Do we have patients to see?"

"Oh, yes" she said brightly. "We have three lacerations, a broken arm, and a snake bite."

Trying to look as calm as she, I suggested we look at the snake-bite victim first. She pulled back the curtain and revealed a strong and seemingly healthy native sitting on the exam table.

"Buenos dias," I said in my finest, newly-polished Spanish.

"Buenos dias," he replied.

"Tiene duele?" I asked, which I had been instructed was the fastest way to find out if someone was in pain.

"Si! Mucho duele in brazo!" As he spoke he tried to raise his right arm which was swollen almost twice normal size, but, since I had come in from his left side, had not been easily seen before. "Mucho duele!" he repeated loudly.

I moved to where I could see the arm better. It was cool, but not cold, to touch. The color was bluish-black, and two large fang marks were visible just above the elbow.

"What kind of snake did this?" I asked the nurse.

"Fer-de-lance," she said.

"Culebra grande!" the man chimed in. "Un momento," he said, and he leaped off his bed and felt around under it until he came up with a bloody sack. Opening it, he showed me the hacked remains of a truly enormous snake.

He reached under the bed again and came up with a huge, blood stained machete, and he began a re-enactment of how he had been simply cutting his way through the jungle when the snake struck him from a low-lying tree branch. He then went into wild contortions of how he had seized the snake by the neck and flung it from him. Then with loud shouts and groans he rushed about the emergency room, his machete in his left hand flashing up and down as he chopped the imaginary fer-de-lance to pieces. He then simply went back to his bed, put his machete away and sat down.

By then every curtain in the E.R. had been thrown back and frightened faces

peered out. One man with a laceration decided it would be healthier to take his chances with nature healing him and he fled the scene entirely.

The nurse went hurrying around the room, closing curtains once more and assuring everyone that all was well.

I went back to the man and applauded his performance. He smiled broadly.



Native Panamanian boy whose leg was amputated after a fer-de-lance bite.

As I went over him in more detail I noticed that he had black stripes across his chest and back. I thought how pit viper venom causes the blood to stop clotting and frequently kills by way of hemorrhage. It did not seem plausible, however, that someone would hemorrhage in stripes.

Again, I threw myself back to the mercy of the nurse.

"Tell me," I asked, "what are these black stripes doing on this man?"

"Well," she said, "he has been treated by the local witch doctor, and his cure of snake bite is to paint black stripes across his body. He told me he had been waiting two days to see if the paint would work. Since he was getting worse, he decided to come in here to see if you could do any better."

"Okay," I said with a long sigh, "I'm finally beginning to put some of this together. Why don't we wash him off and I'll start some test doses of anti-venom?"

"No!" she protested. "Don't wash that man!"

By that time I could see that my first day in medicine was not going too well.

"Why don't we wash that man?" I asked wearily.

"Because if you do, you will be the one who takes away his magic. And, if he dies, his relatives may come looking for you with their machetes."

"I believe we had better treat this man with his paint on after all! Wonderful thought, Miss Garcia!"

So we treated him with his paint on; he got well with his paint on; he went back to the jungle with his paint on, and I never did find out which doctor got any credit for curing him.

As the year went by, however, there were numerous times when we could see that we were the secondary doctors to work on a case. And, some six months later, I was able to bring my rather special knowledge to full power. I was doing my rotation through general surgery and I walked in to the surgical floor to check some of my patients' progress. I was brought up short, however, when I saw what must be a dead body in the first bed. A sheet was pulled up over the face and only a grotesque, black, swollen leg was sticking out toward the bottom. As I stood mulling over the situation the sheet began to move downward from the top, revealing the face of a shyly smiling teen-age boy who had, simply, covered himself up.

"Buenos noches," I said.

"Buenos noches," he replied.

At that time the chief resident came by and I asked what was going on.

"Fer-de-lance bite with secondary gangrene," he said. "We'll take the leg off in thirty minutes."

"Un momento," I said to both of them.

I went to the head of the bed and took hold of the sheet.

"Por favor?" I asked the boy, indicating that I wanted to pull the sheet down.

"Si," he replied.

I pulled the sheet down to his waist and, certainly as suspected, there were the black stripes.

"Got time for a story?" I asked the chief resident.

"No," he replied, in an annoyed way.

"Well, let me make one quick suggestion: don't wash off the paint!"

"Don't have time for stories and don't have time to wash paint, either," he said in the harassed fashion of most chief residents, and he was gone out the door.

I pulled the sheet back up to the boy's chin. "Muchas gracias," I said to him.

"De nada," he smiled back.

Let me say, at this point, that anyone who says the average American is not generous would probably have a serious disagreement with me. That little boy not only had his life saved by a surly American surgeon, but he also was fitted with a perfect prosthesis, through American cash donations, as there was no other money to be had to purchase one. And he went back to the bush walking almost normally. It is my hope that he is alive and well, and, with my blessing at least, is probably still wearing black stripes.

"Manuel," I said to a native that I had just cured of a multitude of parasites, "if you would just wear shoes you will not have these parasites again. Do you believe that?"

"Si, Doctor, but our witch doctor does not believe it. And I have no money to buy shoes. And even if I wore them I would be laughed at by my friends who have no shoes. And my brother would be angry with me because I have shoes and he has

none. So I cannot wear shoes."

And so it went with educating the public. A verse from a supposedly humorous song frequently heard in Panama seemed sadly appropriate to the situation:

No tengo plata,
no tengo papel,
no tengo mujeres,
damn it to hell.

I have no silver
I have no paper money,
I have no girl friends,
damn it to hell.



"ROYAL ROAD OF CROSSES Principal route of the Spanish who traveled the Isthmus from 1530. Used by mule trains with gold from Peru, and by the miners in 1849 en route to California."

Although our main work was with the American employees of the Panama Canal Company, we were allowed to treat Panamanian citizens on many occasions. As I studied the darkness of their skin and their facial features, it became more and more apparent that we were dealing much of the time with a group of very mixed racial backgrounds.

I began to scour history books of the area and an answer soon appeared. The Spanish had tried to live in and dominate the Panama region since 1509. The Spanish conquistadors, with the exception of Balboa, were an exceedingly cruel lot, and slavery was a cornerstone on which much of their wealth relied. They did not mind enslaving the Indian people, but they found one great fault in this. The Indians died quickly in body and spirit when enslaved, giving the Spaniards almost nothing for their trouble. Thousands and thousands of Indians died in a futile attempt to build a twenty-five-mile cobblestone trail across the isthmus to Panama City. To assure a good religious significance to their venture the Spaniards named the trail The Royal Road of the Crosses, and every few hundred yards they added to the dying Indians' burden the task of building a cobblestone cross in the trail. The road was also called The Road of Gold by some and The Road

of Blood by the Indians.

When it became apparent that the road would never be finished if some major steps were not taken, slaves from the Congo were shipped in. They worked out well for a time, but soon began slipping away in the night and never being found again. At that point the Spanish began chaining them together at the right ankle, ten in a group. In addition, the conquistadors tied a ball and chain to the other ankle. In order to move at all, they would have to take three small steps with the left leg and then swing the right leg forward all at once. The Spanish ladies found this rhythmic movement very graceful and invented a dance step to imitate it. Perhaps many of you, at one time or another, danced in a Conga line.

Even this chaining did not succeed with these super-strong people for in the night all ten would pick up their chains as a unit and vanish. In desperation the Spanish tried one last resort—they chained an eleventh man into the group at night, that man being a Spanish guard. This was soon abandoned, however, when all ten plus the guard began to vaporize in the dark.

These groups not only escaped, but they formed tribes of their own. After beating off their chains, they used the chain fragments to make spear points. So armed, they would fall upon the Spaniards at every opportunity, thus making the crossing of the isthmus still more difficult.

These escaped slaves soon intermixed with the Indians of the region, thus creating the great variety of people seen there today. There also ensued a mixing of medicine men—the witch doctors of the Indian and the *boco*, who were the high priests of voodoo. Thus the conquistadors were now entertained by a new sound in their eerie night camps halfway across the continent—the sound of voodoo drum and rituals nearby.

For more than two hundred years Spain dominated Mexico, Central America and South America before any serious challenges were made against that domination.

Sir Francis Drake and Henry Morgan had made inroads in a piracy sense, but England wished for a “real war” against her old enemy who had been benefiting so long in the New World.

Opportunity came in 1738 when an English sailor, who had lost an ear in an English jail years earlier, claimed that he had been taken prisoner by the Spanish who had, in turn, cut off his ear. After recounting this experience in an impassioned speech before Parliament, a member rose and asked how he felt as his ear was being removed.

He replied, “I recommended my soul to my God, and my cause to my country!”

Thus began, as it is still labeled in history books, “the War of Jenkin’s Ear.” With escaped slaves and their descendants attacking from within and England attacking, now with a clear conscience, from sea and land, Spain began to lose more and more control of her domain.

In 1739, Admiral Edmond Vernon brought a fleet of six men-o’-war to Virginia where he recruited two thousand colonials to help him attack Porto Bello, a main loading site for the Spanish on the Atlantic shore. His chief aide in Virginia recruitment was a man named Lawrence Washington, elder brother of George.

The assault was an enormous success and Admiral Vernon returned in triumph to England. Lawrence Washington returned to his home, stricken with fevers from which he would never fully recover, and named his plantation Mt. Vernon. Another family, who lost a son in the battle, named their plantation Porto Bello.

After gold was discovered in California in 1849, there began the rush of miners with which we are all familiar. The trip across our continent was so long and tedious that it was inevitable that the ship journey, with a walk across Panama included, became a standard route.

America's basic dislike of walking was as apparent then as now, and soon negotiators were in Colombia, which then controlled Panama, offering to build a railroad across the isthmus. There was almost no law and order in the Isthmus at that time and many prospectors were killed, beaten, and robbed at will while attempting such a crossing. Part of the negotiations in Colombia were to allow the proposed railroad company to provide its own police work. This was begrudgingly allowed by Colombia. The railroad company acquired the services of a young Texas Ranger, one Ran Runnels, to come down and search out a cure for the problem. He selected a small undercover group which infiltrated the waterfront and marketplaces, bringing together vital information. One morning thirty-seven men were found hanged from the seawall in Panama City. When tranquility was disturbed again in three months, forty-one more were added. In the years 1852 to 1855, while the trans-isthmus railroad was being completed, Runnels dispatched more than one hundred additional "disreputable persons." A type of law and order, not too much different than in other western towns, was established.

A somewhat similar situation in 1901 faced President Teddy Roosevelt when he, in essence, created the Republic of Panama. After negotiations with Colombia had broken down in regard to the building of the Panama Canal, he gave quiet encouragement to a Panamanian group which wished to secede from Colombian control. When Colombian troops arrived at Panama City and demanded to be transported via the American Railroad to fight the insurrectionists, they found the railroad inexplicably, "to be out of coal." Also, inexplicably, the harbor on the Atlantic side was dominated by the U.S. warship, "Nashville." After a few brief skirmishes, the Colombian troops boarded their ships and went home, the Republic of Panama was created, and the Panama Canal was built. When asked why he did not negotiate still more with Colombia, Roosevelt replied that his representatives had tried hard but "you just can't nail currant jelly to the wall."

Men of medicine played a major role in building the Panama Canal, in that the control of malaria and yellow fever were essential factors if the grand scheme was ever to be accomplished. Colonel William Crawford Gorgas and his researchers proved that malaria and yellow fever were caused by mosquitoes. The eradication of these disease carriers was a monumental task. It had been estimated that building the canal would cost 78,000 lives. In reality the number who lost their lives was reduced to 6,300, and these largely due to injury and not illness.

The French, under the supervision of Ferdinand de Lesseps, successfully built the Suez Canal and had few qualms about being able to build a Panama Canal. Starting in the early 1880s and working for eight years, they made little progress

and lost 5,000 men to the fevers. In despair, de Lesseps abandoned the project.

To commemorate my last days in Panama I wanted to buy some sort of memento. What could be more characteristic, I thought, than to have a genuine Panamanian machete. I drove into Panama City and bought a big and ugly machete with case. When I got home and examined it carefully I found stamped in its base, "Made in Connecticut." To add insult to insult, I then looked up the origin of the word "machete" and found that it was not a Panamanian invention at all, but was an instrument brought in by the American prospectors during the 1849 gold rush in their efforts to cut their way across the continent. Even the name was a joke; that they first were made in Massachusetts and the local population, being unable to pronounce the name Massachusetts, simply shortened it to machete.

There are some useful words to know in medicine—such as *megaly* meaning large and *penia* meaning too little of. When I arrived back in the United States I was, as most starting doctors seem to be, in a state of debtomegaly and cashopenia. With those stimuli, plus a wish to learn more about the American West, I accepted a position advertised by another physician to join him in a medical practice in Montana. Not only in Montana, but to work on an Indian reservation in northeastern Montana.

When I arrived, the magnitude of big-sky country became very apparent: flat prairie and desolation as far as the eye might see, capped with a blue sky. I arrived in October and it was already cold. I asked a man on the street what the summers were like and he replied that he didn't know, as he had only been there thirteen months.

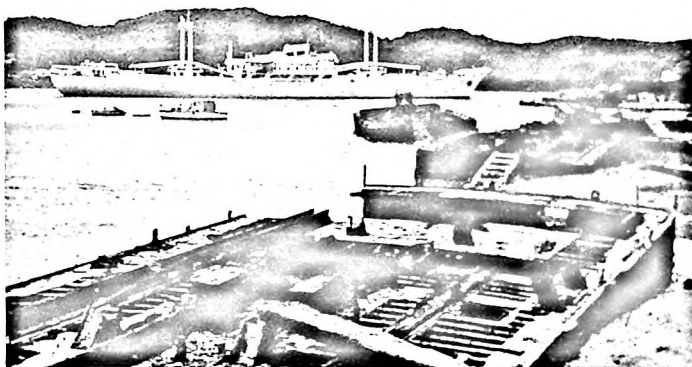
The medical plan was simple: when the Public Health Clinic closed at five, the city became ours to care for until morning. And weekends were ours entirely.

We also worked with the Caucasian population and one of my first requests was to see a quite elderly lady in the nursing home who was feeling poorly. I found a totally alert person with an early pneumonia, which I could cure, and a person with a lifetime of marvelous remembrances which she was willing to share.

One such remembrance was of Sitting Bull, who had lived in a small shelter on a reservation not far from their cabin. This was a time not too long after a certain incident at the Little Big Horn. He would come to visit them from time to time and she remembered the great medicine man well, even though she had been quite young at the time. She recalled that her family was in awe of him and they were somewhat afraid, even though he was always kind and courteous. She said that it was the custom of the Sioux at that time to terminate any visit upon the completion of any meal. So each time anyone saw Sitting Bull coming, no matter what time of day it was, they would begin cooking so he could be served and so he would leave soon. She recounted how they had served him many hurried meals over a period of several years.

The Indians we were with were mostly Sioux. Many worked their own farms and ranches; a few worked in businesses in the town. A large number, however, were caught up in the endless circle of alcoholism.

Nonetheless, in the eighteen months I spent on the reservation I never saw an Indian hurt anyone except another Indian.



Modern freighter navigating the Panama Canal. Foreground: barges used by the French in their ill-fated attempt to build a canal in the 1880 era.

One night my partner was called to the hospital to repair a man's ear that had been nearly cut off in a knife fight. After he had done as much reconstruction of the ear as he could, he went out into the hall where the Indian police were talking quietly to the man the police said had done damage to the ear.

"Why did you cut that man's ear off?" my partner asked him.

"Because he is my friend," was the reply.

"Because he is your friend?" my partner questioned.

"Yes," the Indian replied. "If he had been my enemy, I would have killed him!"

And over the time I spent there, I saw this principle at work many times. Serious injuries were seldom brought to court because only infrequently would anyone press charges against another. Some nights I would be called to see "enemies," as well.

Another evening I had a frantic call from the chief of police. "Please come help us," he said. "There is a man in the house on the other side of town who has taken a bed slat and demolished all the furniture in his house. He says he will use the same bed slat to kill anyone who comes near him."

At that point there was a long pause. Obviously, I was to speak. "What," I said, "am I supposed to do?"

"Well," the policeman responded, "we don't want to hurt the man, so if you would come give him a shot, we can take him to jail."

Another long pause. "Suppose," I suggested, "that you send a car to take me to the right house, then your men will somehow get this man down, and then I'll give him a shot?"

The car arrived almost immediately and we drove to the scene of destruction. There, amid the devastation, stood the man, bed slat cocked and ready.

"What do you think?" asked the policeman.

"I think he will kill anyone who comes near him," I said.

meantime, two very brave policemen were edging close to him. One made ankle-top tackle of the man and the other rushed in and seized the club. Men were all over him at once and he was held firmly to the floor.

"Give him a shot now, doc?" the policeman asked.

"I replied, and I eased my way in among the blue, writhing mass. I gave him a shot and gave my medicine and then backed out.

"Not the right man," I joked weakly. No one laughed.

"A few minutes, when everyone but the slat-wielder got up, I knew I had.

"Should we take him to the hospital?" I suggested.

"I know this man well. He'll be all right in the morning and we'll let him

go home and thanked me. I had a feeling that I had become some kind of a medicine man in their eyes. And, I had a feeling that if this incident had taken place in a large, "civilized" area that there would have been, very likely, some other incident also became apparent that if a Man of Medicine is willing to become a Man of War, on occasion, there are lives that could be spared. In the following months I sewed wounds that I thought I would never see, let alone be able to repair; I saw diseases that I had hoped were obsolete: typhoid fever, tuberculosis, syphilis. I even learned that laws are not always laws.

"A pleasant Indian lady with a bad cough and a new diagnosis of tuberculosis, we have to send you to the state hospital until your TB is no longer

contagious, doctor, but I'm not going."

"You don't understand. The law says you have to go."

"No, you don't understand. I am a citizen of both the United States and Canada under a treaty that was signed long ago. Canada does not have such a rule of law as you have in Canada." And she did.

I learned from Harry, the local mortician, that it is better to have a reputation for being good rather than evil about people. In the fifty years Harry had been in business he went to church every Sunday and praised everyone he met, either personally or professionally. One day a renegade who had done every mean and despicable thing that anyone could ever hope to accomplish was brought in dead to the mortician. A large crowd gathered from all over town to hear this ultimate test of Harry's talent. He even laid that Harry would fail this time. He rubbed his chin and beard and long. "Well," he said in slow and deliberate tones, "Ol' Norman here can do anything a man on this shore could whistle good."

The Saturday Night Knife Club is called "the Saturday Night Knife Club." It has been a problem since time beyond remembering that the injured person will resent any and all of your attempts to repair his (or her) injuries. This started when I began at Denver General Hospital and continues

to this day. I was a very old doctor in town, however, who had the reputation that no one would touch if he was the one sewing them up. Finally I could stand it no more and I went to him in the hallway and asked him right out, "Doc, how is it you can get away with it and never get cussed at. Why, I can't remember a time since

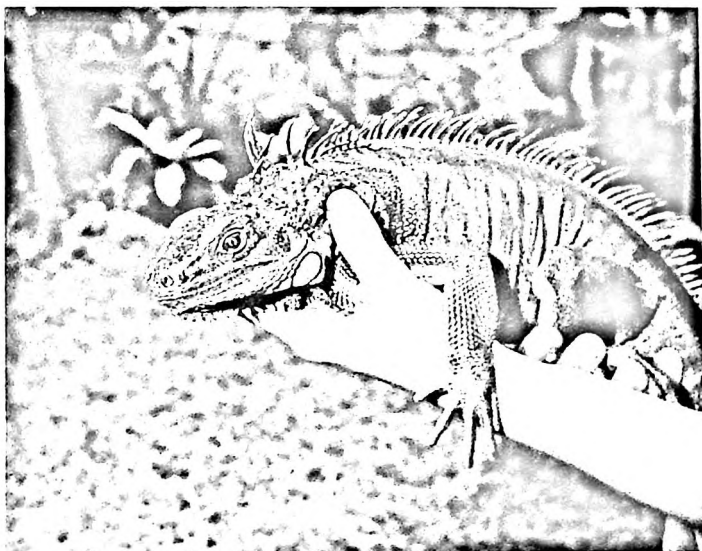
medical school that such persons didn't spit, bite, scratch, and, above all, swear."

"Well," he said with another slow Southern accent, "them boys never cuss when I sew them up."

"I know that, Doc, but why don't they?"

One must know, at this juncture, that Ol' Doc was a real frontier Doc; that he had no sense of humor, and that he expected and demanded respect. One must also know at this point that a towel clip is an instrument with two needle-sharp, curved tips that can be clipped together to hold towels, or any object, in place.

He continued: "The reason is, I guess, that when I came here forty years ago they tried that on me. One day a Caucasian field worker was brought in with a large cut. Well, he was a screamin', and hollerin', an' spittin' and cussin'. I told him to be quiet, but he wouldn't. So I get me a towel clip ready an' I says to that feller,



The iguana, harmless dragon of the jungle.

'Put out your tongue,' an' as he does, I puts my towel clip through it an' then I ties it up to the light with some gauze. He didn't cuss no more. An' it's strange, there ain't ever been anybody since that's cussed when I sew them up."

Years later, while being interviewed at a large hospital before entering the field of major emergency medicine, I was asked if I thought I had seen adequate serious trauma and if I thought I could handle the contrary people that appear at such places on occasion. I meditated for a moment, remembering back over friends who had no ears, of fer-de-lances chopped to bits, and of people who "shore could whistle good." I was sorely tempted to answer a question with a question. "How is your supply of black paint and towel clips?" I wanted to ask. But, I did not.

"Yes," I said. "I think I can handle those situations."

After some ten years, I decided that such was enough time to stay away from the most marvelous state of all, and I returned to Colorado. I would like to close with an old poem written by a man who felt he had been gone so long from a place so beautiful that he was almost angered by such wasted magnificence. It is titled, "Colorado Vendetta."

COLORADO VENDETTA

*Hat tipped back, collapsed against the rock,
I watch the first day of my return ignite
the mountains, and then creep down to melt
the prairie and the throat of the
meadowlark.*

*Since I was here, ten springs have flung
their shooting stars, light years deep, across
the meadows, a lost and laughing galaxy.
Many a north wind has filed its wicked teeth
along the granite bones of great divides, and
ten protesting times have countless lakes
been pressed into their icy cage, and then
quicksilvered out in June, unheard, unseen,
by me.*

*Oh, I have missed you, bitter wilderness!
I've aged, grown wiser, and less wise.
I've broken promises, and several times, my
heart.*

*Now I am gone, people in great cities
say they miss me and are sad.
But you, imperfect Nature—selfish wench—
have missed me not. In cynic ritual you've
trampled summer masterpieces under
winter sleet.*

*Men have thrown themselves as sacrifice
against your cliffs; their ropes limp, torn
and spidery, across the rock. Your avalanche
devoured them and crushed out their breath
to melt a pinch of snow.*

*With all this in mind, I say to you,
get me if you can, O green-robed vixen*

*with your crown of ice!
I know your signs—I'll not be easy game.
I have learned your wanton ways,
and I will plunder your treasures
to avenge my smashed illusions.
I will stamp in tantrums
on your sun-browned shoulders.
I will plunge my ax into your naked ribs
and watch your sparkling wrath spew out.
I know the lurking avalanche.*

*I know where lightning dangles
its fiery noose on the beckoning crags.
I know where ice-chewed rock holds out
its lecherous handshake on the heights
where hawks sweep by on fragrant summer
air.*

*I will go as high as rock or ice can go.
I will listen where the peak tips split the
summer wind.*

*I will hear the infant rivers take
their first stumbling footsteps downward to
the sea.*

*I will watch the day flame out and leave
behind
the gray and sifting ashes of the sunset.*

*These things I must possess,
and I will seize them all.
I am insatiable, and I warn you
to defend yourself, O faithless Queen!
Send out your best and worst to find me!
I have come home.*

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Westerner's Bookshelf



Cowboys, Cooks, and Catastrophes by Reba Pierce Cunningham. Illustrated by Bud McCaulley. The Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, 1988. 138 pp., paperback, \$9.95.

The sixteen chapters of this little softbound book are illustrated by eighteen pen-and-ink drawings, more than half of which are two pages in width; their cartoon-like good humor matches the funny episodes in the text that they illustrate.

Most of these episodes have been taken, with slight modification, from a series of articles which appeared during the last few years in the pages of *True West* and *Old West* magazines.

The principal cast of characters include the new manager of the N Bar N cattle ranch in the Big Horn Basin, near Buffalo, Wyoming, his wife of a few years (the author of this book), their three-year-old son, and the twenty or thirty cowboys working the ranch. The time is 1932; the new manager, his wife and son are fresh from the cornfields of Iowa. The episodes which make up the bulk of the narrative have to do with Mrs. Cunningham's struggles to get a good steady cook for the ranch. The search was not an easy one.

Along the way the author describes, with humor, wit, and affection, her experiences as a ranch wife. The eccentric characters of the Big Horn Country are brought to life as Mrs. Cunningham carries on her search. They include the old boozehound, Pete; Pat, the chicken-wrangler, gardener, and old-time roundup cook; the ex-chef of the Waldorf-Astoria; a mysterious family of outlaws; a sour, humorless schoolmarm; and an exotic dancer who put on her act for the boss and his wife and whose work at the N Bar N, unknown to her employers, was not confined solely to the cookhouse.

Episodes include several with the out-house, a Model T Ford, a hammer-headed outlaw horse, and numberless descriptions of the steak, potatoes, and pie fare which satisfied working cowboys. It brought back to me vivid memories of the cook at the boarding-house of the old upper workings at the Campbell Mine, who had solved the mystery of

cakes at 11,000 feet above sea level, to say nothing of baked beans and apple pies. It may have been the Depression, and wages were minuscule, but at least we got enough to eat and went to bed tired.

You will enjoy this true and affectionate memoir told by a western cattle-ranch housewife.

Mel Griffiths, P.M.

Valley of the Cranes: Exploring Colorado's San Luis Valley by Virginia McConnell Simmons. Roberts Rinehart, Inc., Boulder, 1988. 64 pp., 40 color photos by Robert Rozinski and Wendy Shattil, foreword by Governor Roy Romer. Map, \$25 hardback, \$12.95 paperback.

Virginia McConnell Simmons of Alamosa is the author of the book, *The San Luis Valley*, of the Great Sand Dunes Birders Checklist, of *Alamosa Valley Courier* columns and reviews and/or various other books and several hundred articles. Immersing herself in the crafts as well as the history, natural history, and literature of the San Luis Valley, Virginia also operates the Rabbitbrush Rag Works in conjunction with an Hispanic Textile Weaving Project.

Striving to match the graceful birds and the towering San Juan and Sangre de Cristo Ranges, Simmons has crafted a soaring text for this elegant book. Not only cranes fancy the San Luis Valley. "Each spring and fall clouds of migratory birds follow the Rio Grande along one of the major flyways of the North American continent." Golden and Bald Eagles settle into the valley during what Simmons calls "rock-splitting, cold winter."

Virginia's encyclopedic curiosity leads to commentary on a wide range of activity. "A tent beside a lonely trail, the herder making his rounds on horseback, a dog barking at a stray, the tinkle of a sheep's bell near timberline—these are part of the high country's tranquility. Today, an isolated herder, listening to Juarez on his portable radio in a mountain meadow, is part of our wilderness."

Virginia takes her readers to nooks and crannies of the valley, to magical Old West

towns like Creede, squeezed into its awful canyon, and to Wheeler National Monument, a bizarre volcanic landscape so little visited that it was de-National Monumentized in 1950, reverting to National Forest status. At the world's tallest inland sand dunes, we overhear tourists asking rangers, "How do you get to the beach?"

Tour the ghost town of Bonanza, little-known Harman's Park and the La Garita Hills with their adobe towns. "Just as crops thrived wherever ditch water ran," Simmons writes, "so towns thrived wherever ribbons of railroad track ran."

This is a gorgeous introduction to the largest birds in North America as well as a poetic prose ode to the wonders of the San Luis Valley. Beware, pardner, of spring fever after finishing this literary and photographic delight, wherein Sand Hill and Whooping Cranes with seven-foot wingspread whoop it up in courtship dances, filling the valley with their haunting "garooah."

Tom Noel, P.M.

Colorado Kids Dig Up the Past by Westridge Elementary School Fourth Graders. Westridge Elementary School, 10785 West Alamo Place, Littleton, Colo. 80127; 1989. 80 pp., ills. Paper, \$3.00.

This is a booklet that contains the biographies of 49 personalities, all but a few of whom are associated closely with Colorado history. It is aimed primarily at juvenile reader; what makes it different from many such volumes is that it was researched and written by young people, the fourth graders of Littleton's Westridge Elementary School.

Youth-oriented histories on Colorado are certainly not unknown. Bruce Ewer's *A Child's Story of Colorado* first appeared about 40 years ago and is now back in print. However, whereas Ewer's book deals in generalities and broad historical periods, this fine tome deals in specifics by detailing the lives and adventures of famous Coloradans. The subjects covered include men and women, saints and sinners, soldiers and scientists, gunslingers and governors. Neither does the volume ignore representatives of such diverse ethnic groups as Native-Americans, German-Americans, Spanish-Americans, and Black Americans.

The work is done in a scholarly manner

and presents the life stories in a positive way. It defends the reputations of some old-time heroes, such as Kit Carson and William Cody. On the other hand, William Bent, whose likeness may end up in the U.S. Capitol's Statuary Hall, is determined to be "greedy . . . and not very nice."

Some of the other chapters also may add to the fires of historical debate and controversy, such as the one profiling Mother Cabrini, and the section concluding that Coronado "probably" entered Colorado. The solution to Emily Griffith's murder, however, is left tantalizingly open, the authors being as cautious about the identity of her murderer as Yale Huffman was in his recent paper delivered to the Westerners. My personal favorite biography is that of Jose Martinez, the Medal of Honor winner whose statue now graces Civic Center Park.

The volume is highly recommended. It is profusely illustrated with historical tableaux representing the famous personages and featuring the authors and authoresses in period costume. I intend to get a second copy of the book for the child my wife and I are expecting momentarily; one can't emphasize historical reading too early in life.

John M. Hutchins, P.M.

Historical Atlas of Arkansas by Gerald T. Hanson and Carl H. Moneyhan. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1989. 162 pages, 71+ maps. Cloth, \$29.95.

This is the latest volume in the state atlas series being published by the University of Oklahoma Press, and as in previous volumes, the maps illustrate numerous factors regarding the state's physical and cultural features. The physical features of Arkansas have had a very strong influence on not only the economic but also the political history of the state. Examples of this are evident in the location of the black population and of voting patterns. The state has divided very often on a line running from the northeast corner to the southwest corner, and this can be seen today in the influence of the retirees in the northwest area.

At times there seems to be an imbalance as there are twelve maps on pre-European settlement but only three showing European and American exploration, and I would think that there would be more information avail-

able on exploration. While the Civil War is represented with seven maps, several battles including the Battle of Ditch Bayou were omitted, and the several battle maps were not drawn to the same scale which would have been worthwhile to the reader.

The format is one in which the reader turns the book on its side to read the map with the related information on the facing page. There is a large amount of white space on the facing page in a number of instances, and in many cases additional information would have been appreciated. This is especially true on the maps of the timber industry, farm tenancy, and European ethnic settlements.

I also question some of the information on ethnic settlement as the authors state that all the Italians moved from Chicot County to Washington County which does not allow for the Mazzanti, Alpe, Catalani, and Forte residents of Chicot County at the present time.

Overall, the *Atlas* is a worthwhile contribution to the study of a state that was in the Old Southwest and today is a curious mixture of both the South and the Southwest. It is a state that is often overlooked by the remainder of the nation but has much to offer as is evident in the number of retirees from the Midwest and the number of industries moving to Arkansas.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Archaeological Perspectives On The Battle Of The Little Bighorn, by Douglas D. Scott, Richard A. Fox, Jr., Melissa A. Connor and Dick Harmon. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman and London, 1989. 310 pages. Price, \$24.95.

In June 1876, when George Armstrong Custer led part of the Seventh U.S. Cavalry to their death on the Little Bighorn, he left a legend containing many unknowns. Ever since that time, for more than a century, people have wondered what really happened.

During a grass fire in August 1983, much of the grass and brush was cleared from the land, and permission was received to search the area for artifacts that might help clear up some of the mystery. Consequently, thorough archaeological examination of both battlefields, which included the Custer site as well as the Reno-Bentzen entrenchment on the bluffs, took place in the summer of 1984 and

1985 (over 760 acres).

This book answers some of the questions that have eluded interested historians since that fateful day in 1876. Using metal detectors in a very systematic manner, searchers were able to find more than 5100 artifacts which included cartridge cases, bullets, whole cartridges, human remains, personal equipment, buttons, coins, jewelry, weapons parts, horse remains and leather equipment, and hardware. For example, in correlating the artifacts discovered from the battle with where bodies were found, the authors definitely showed a clear pattern as to where the last efforts of the soldiers were located. Not only did it point out the cavalry positions, but some of the Indian sites as well.

Using a clear and concise method, the authors provide a comprehensive background to the search with an historical overview and research objectives. They describe how the artifacts were gathered and how the information found was interpreted. The study is as thorough as could be expected with numerous charts, maps, drawings, and illustrations. Previous written material is constantly referenced, and in some cases, this reviewer felt that some terminology was a bit too technical for the average history buff. However, the work does indicate such things as how the troopers died, what type of weapons were used on both sides, and probably what happened to the bodies of the men caught in Deep Ravine.

All in all, *Archaeological Perspectives* is a fascinating book of factual information helping to clear up a century-old mystery. The authors have done well with what they had to work with and, in many instances, let the reader make up his own mind after the known information is laid before him. For any student of the Indian Wars, and particularly, those individuals who have an obsession with the Battle of Little Bighorn, this book is a must!

Richard A. Cook, P.M.



Rock Art of Bandelier National Monument by Arthur H. Rohn and William Ferguson. Univ. of New Mexico Press, 1989. 170 pages, 71 color plates, 47 halftones, 70 line illustrations, 3 maps. Cloth \$55.00, Paper \$29.95.

Rohn and Ferguson have combined to produce another outstanding book about what had been left behind by the early residents of the Southwest. While this current work is more specialized than *Anasazi Ruins of the Southwest in Color*, which I have recommended to many book buyers as the best single volume on the subject, *Rock Art of Bandelier National Monument* will certainly be read and enjoyed by those of us with an interest in rock art. The selection of photographs and drawings make it possible to study examples that are not readily accessible, such as that which is located on Department of Energy property. The aerial photographs add a special dimension for understanding locations and construction. Lisa Ferguson's drawings show the figures in a clearer fashion than can be seen in photographs.

Actually, the book describes other sites on Pajarito Plateau other than those in Bandelier. One of those is the cave kiva in Mortanad Canyon in which the rock art may be telling a story of sorts. An interesting possible addition would have been the map of the plateau done by Edgar Hewett and Kenneth Chapman in 1900 which locates the numerous ruins on the plateau.

Rohn offers an introduction of twenty-one pages that includes the geology, climate, animal life and plants of the plateau along with a short study of the people known as the Anasazi who moved into the Pajarito Plateau around 1300 A.D. The information is most useful for those who are not aware of the Basketmaker-Pueblo sequence of the Anasazi.

The rock art found in this area is not the geometric form found in the Four Corners. It seems to be somewhere between the geometric and the more realistic painting of the post-Spanish period. It is clearly a Pajaritan style with an emphasis on the local environment and possible religious activities.

There is still much to be studied regarding this aspect of their life. According to Rohn, the greatest discovery he made was that "the rock art varied in its expression from one functional context to another."

Rock Art of Bandelier National Monument should be added to the library of all those interested in the study of this aspect of early Indian life in the Southwest. One might even refer to this book as a limited edition as only 500 hardback copies and 2000 paperback copies were printed.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

George L. Beam and the Denver & Rio Grande, Vol. II, by Jackson C. Thode. Sundance Publications, Ltd., Denver, 1989. Foreword by Dr. Thomas J. Noel. 280 pages, bibliography and index. \$27.00 hardbound.

George Lytle Beam was a particularly active lensman who exposed great quantities of glass negatives during his 44-year tenure with the Denver and Rio Grande, Colorado's home railroad. Fortunately, these superbly detailed plates still repose in that railroad's archives. This reviewer first became aware of Beam's work more than a decade ago. When Jack Thode produced Volume One of Beam's work, I expressed the hope that a second volume would appear, and here it is.

The book is arranged logically according to the several regions served by the D&RGW. Naturally, it is illustrated with many particularly fine reproductions from the original Beam plates. Also included are a couple of pictures of the photographer himself. I used to wonder what he looked like.

The chapter titles reveal the scope of the book. Chapter one is entitled *Pueblo To Alamosa*. Next comes *Alamosa West and South*, followed by *To Cumbres and Beyond*. Three chapters treat the San Juan area. They are *On To Silverton, San Juan Country* and *North Along The Rio Grande Southern*. One of the pictures shows the Arps Brothers Hardware Store in Ouray, started by the family of Denver Westerner Elwyn Arps.

Five chapters treat the Rio Grande's extensive lines in Utah. They are titled *Grand Junction and the Uintah Basin*, *Main Line West*, *Notorious Soldier Summit, Utah*, *On to Salt Lake City* and *Ogden and Great Salt Lake City*. In conclusion, Chapter 12 is called *To San Francisco on the Western Pacific*. A brief epilogue precedes the bibliography and index.

This is a handsome book, clearly written and complemented by fine maps and voluminous picture captions. By any standard

George Beam's pictures compare favorably with those of our best known picturemakers of the West. His work reflects the fact that his mentor was William H. Jackson.

Since many other Beam plates still repose in the Rio Grande's archives, would it be too much to hope for a third volume?

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

The Border and the Buffalo by John R. Cook, State House Press, P.O. Box 15247, Austin, Texas, 78761; 1989; 362 pp., index, illus., hardback with dj, \$21.95.

This is a facsimile reprint of the 1907 memoirs of a buffalo hunter who took part in the extermination of the great herds on the Staked Plains. State House Press is known for reprinting much on Texana and the Indian Wars and makes available many books that the presses of the universities of Nebraska and Oklahoma don't print.

The volume is a gold mine of information on the daily life of a hunter in the 1870s. While much has been written on the American bison and its hunting, good first-hand accounts are generally not so plentiful. Information can be gleaned from the writings of and about famous hunters such as Custer, Cody, and Bill Dixon, but the perspective of the average hunter is not so easy to come by. Homer Wheeler, in his *Buffalo Days* (Chicago: 1925) has a good chapter on buffalo hunting in the 1870s. Charles Youngblood's *A Mighty Hunter* (Chicago and New York: 1890), about the same period, is not very satisfactory. This volume by Cook, however, is a complete account that goes into the logistics, politics, and risks of the industry and the slaughter.

Also, it is well written. Cook's account of being lost on the Plains without a weapon or a horse is chilling to read. Too, the author tells good things about good people who helped him, people as diverse as homespun settlers from Arkansas and Hispanic hunters from New Mexico.

In addition, the book contains reminiscences of other aspects of Cook's interesting life. There is first-hand or reliable hearsay information on Quantrill's massacre of Unionists at Baxter Springs, on the fate of the bloody Bender family of Kansas, on Major Thornburgh (of Meeker Massacre fame) and his failed efforts against Dull Knife, on Captain Nolan's disastrous scout of the Llano

Estacado, and on the Indian fight at Yellow House or Casa Amarilla.

The book is well bound at a good price. Some of the illustrations, particularly of Indian fights, are very realistic. It has a succinct and helpful new introduction by Westerners International's own Dave Dary, author of books on the old time plains and the buffalo.

John M. Hutchins, P.M.

Shamrock and Sword: The Saint Patrick Battalion in the U.S.-Mexican War by Robert Ryal Miller. 248 pages, illustrations, maps, roster of known San Patricios, bibliography, index. Cloth, \$24.95.

There are a number of interesting aspects to the controversial war with Mexico that the United States fought from April 1846 to May 1848, and one of the most interesting was that group of men who switched their allegiance from the United States to Mexico during the war and formed the Saint Patrick Battalion. The majority of these were immigrants from several nations including Ireland. It was the Irishmen who adopted the name for the battalion, but there were a dozen different nationalities represented in the *San Patricios*. The author has attempted to discover exactly why these men switched sides and what happened to them after the war ended.

There were several reasons that the men gave for their desertion, including better pay in the Mexican Army, land grants, harsh conditions in the United States Army, Mexican women, and drunkenness. No matter what reason they gave, all of those who were captured were convicted of desertion by a military court, and fifty were executed while the others were whipped and branded. John Riley, the leader of the *San Patricios*, was branded with a "D" on both cheeks.

Robert Miller presents a very well-written summary of the war with Mexico, and he has included all that seems to be known about the *San Patricios*. The problem is that there is not really much information available, including their exact contributions to the military actions in which the battalion was involved.

It is a good book to add to your library to provide an account of the Mexican War along with the information about the Saint Patrick Battalion and their contribution to the Mexican military effort.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Views from the Apache Frontier: Report on the Northern Provinces of New Spain; Elizabeth A.H. John (Ed.), John Wheat (Translator); Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman: 1989; illus.; maps; 163 pp.; Hardback, \$21.95.

This book contains the little-known complete report on the military, political, and aboriginal situation in 1799 New Spain, as reported by then Lieutenant Jose Maria Cortes of the Spanish army. Lt. Cortes was an up-and-coming member of the Royal Corps of Engineers when he compiled this collection of his observations and researches, for official use, of Spain's northern colonial possessions. The report is not unlike briefing papers on particular countries or regions that still are prepared by the military to serve as background material in the event that operations later occur within the area.

The book contains much information on the many tribes within Spain's sphere of influence, particularly the Apache peoples. However, other tribes are also included. The report generally is a kinder and gentler approach to the various Indian groups; for example, Cortes describes the "Cumanches" as "intrepid" at war, but hospitable and honest with the Spanish (but not with anyone else).

What was most interesting to this reviewer, however, was Cortes' eye for the military situation at the local presidio level, at the operational level, and at the strategic level. Thus, he describes weaponry and small unit tactics of both the Spanish forces and their aboriginal opponents. He also discusses possible routes of attacks and counterattacks by other nations. He mentions the growing threat of British and American ambitions.

With all the technical terms of a military and anthropological nature to be found in the book, it is obvious that Mr. Wheat is a terrific master of both the Spanish and English languages. The Cortes biographical data and endnotes of Dr. John are very good. She is also the author of a fine book on the American Southwest prior to 1795, *Storms Brewed in Other Men's Worlds* (Texas A & M: 1975).

The book is well bound and a good price. Dr. John, as she did in her previous book, uses modern Native American paintings to illustrate the text. While artistically pleasing, some of the illustrations are out of place, especially, for example, one that shows an

Apache warrior with a repeating rifle. Still, these fine paintings by John Houser (himself an Apache) are hardly a disincentive to buying the book. Nevertheless, it would have been nice if the book included an illustration of a Spanish colonial soldier of the period.

John Milton Hutchins, P.M.

Rocky Mountain Splendor: A Mile by Mile Guide for Rocky Mountain National Park by Doris B. Osterwald. Western Guideways, Ltd., Lakewood, Colo. 1989. 272 pages, photographs, maps, glossary. Paper, \$13.95.

If a visitor to Rocky Mountain N.P. were able to purchase only one book to assist him while visiting the Park, I would recommend that this is the one to purchase. This is also the best buy for the dollar that I have seen in a long time. It would make a great gift for those out-of-state visitors who come to visit and want to know where to go and what to do while in Colorado.

This is one complete travel guide, as the author has included just about everything that a visitor to Rocky Mountain N.P. needs to know, the only exception being a trail guide, but she does mention a few of the better known trails in the park. There is information on the geology of the area, plants and animals to be seen, and on the history, including the early settlers.

The many photographs include current color shots of mountain views, plants and animals, as well as earlier black and white ones of past scenes such as the construction of Trail Ridge Road and the very early tourist resorts such as Spragues Ranch. I especially enjoyed the ones of the lodge at Bear Lake where I worked in the late fifties, and Steads Ranch where I celebrated my twenty-first birthday in a most traditional manner. Both of these fine resorts were destroyed by the Park Service in their back-to-nature movement known as Project 66. These were special places that can never be replaced by the motels in Estes Park.

This is the book to take along as you visit Rocky Mountain N.P.
Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

THE BOULDER COUNTY CORRAL OF THE WESTERNERS

Sheriff Jerry Keenan announces the formation of this new group of Westerners. They meet on the First Thursday of the month (social hour 6-7; dinner at 7:00) at the Plum Tree Inn in Lafayette. Fellow Westerners are invited. For reservations call Donna Hudgel, Trails West Bookstore in Louisville, 666-6107.