

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1990



## SOME NORTHERN DOUGLAS COUNTY RANCHES

Wayne, Dale, and Max Smith, P.M.s



CHEROKEE RANCH HOUSE ("CHARLFORD CASTLE")

Built in the 1920s by Charles Johnson.

Photographer unknown.

## OUR AUTHORS

When the **Smith Brothers** were boys on their parents' ranch in Oklahoma, there wasn't any magic entertainment like television. To while away the long hours after chores they sketched the scenes around them and became observers and chroniclers of their environment.



**Wayne** is the "trained artist" of the three. He attended the Kansas City Art Institute and relayed the skills learned there to his brothers.

Although Wayne works in many mediums, he is presently enjoying the contrasts in lights and darks that oils can offer in landscapes. This technique intrigues the eye to experience a greater depth. Many of his latest pieces depict scenes near his home in Douglas County, Colorado.

**Dale** has always preferred the three dimensional side of art. His early experimentation started in carved leather and wood carvings. The next progression was to bronze. Dale has a keen eye for details that makes his subject matter truly realistic-representative. He studies the anatomy of his own horse to make sure every muscle is correct and that the flavor of the moment is frozen. He is so intent on perfection that he goes to the expert on the breed of horse for final approval.



**Max** has had a fascination with textures of weathered wood and rocks which leads him naturally into sketches and pyrographs of old barns and ghost town buildings. His sketch pad has been along side him in a saddlebag, backpack, canoe, and the family 4x4 for years. Much of the artist's work has found its way from Littleton, Colorado to all parts of the country and the world. Foreign visitors and students find Max's work appealingly realistic and often choose sketches to take home as mementos of their Rocky Mountain visit.

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## SOME NORTHERN DOUGLAS COUNTY, COLORADO RANCHES

by

Wayne, Dale, and Max Smith

Presented 27 August 1989

The northern part of Douglas County has echoed from prehistoric times to the migration of nomadic Indians. For over 12,000 years the early Folsom hunters followed along the foothills of the Rocky Mountains and roamed the plains hunting. Eventually the prehistoric hunter disappeared giving way to the migrating tribes: Utes, Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Pawnees, and Sioux. In the early part of the 17th century three principal tribes stayed in the area; the Arapahoe, Cheyenne, and Ute. The first non-Indians in the region could possibly have been the Spanish explorers, but there never was an established permanent settlement in what we now know as Douglas County.

A number of years ago there was a rumor that a Spanish helmet had been found in northern Douglas County or southern Jefferson County, but the private party did not come forth to substantiate the find. This part of Douglas County was claimed by France, as part of their Louisiana, prior to 1753. At that time they gave up the territory to Spain, the terms of the Treaty of Paris. In 1800, with Napoleon dominating continental Europe, the area again became French, under the Treaty of San Ildefonso. In 1803, Napoleon abruptly sold the Louisiana Territory to the United States. There followed long drawn-out exploration by Zebulon Pike in 1807, Major Stephen Long in 1820. Long followed the Front Range south from the Platte River and may have made the first official visit to this area or at least close to it. Others to follow were Dodge in 1835 and Fremont in 1840 to 1853.

This land was trod by trappers and hunters and then invaded by the gold seekers. In 1858, William Green Russell's party from Auraria, Georgia, discovered their first glitterings of gold where the Cherokee Trail crossed Russell Gulch in future Douglas County. This discovery and subsequent settlement of Russellville was christened the birth of Colorado.

Oddly enough, lumber was the first real draw to this area. Just down the hill from Daniels Park at the base of Riley Hill was the sawmill, Oake's Mill, also known as Oakville. It almost became the county seat of Douglas County, but through some political favoritism at the last minute Franktown won the honor.

Across the road from Oak's Mill was the Pretty Woman Ranch. Elizabeth Richardson was known as a beauty and also ran a popular stage stop. Her husband, Sylvester, was also well known, but for his laziness. With all the lumber around him he preferred to burn fence posts for warmth rather than cut timber. Elizabeth would not turn people away from her food but would charge those who could pay double to make up for ones who could not pay. She must have had a pretty smile to get away with that!

Her neighbor, Mr. Oakes and his partner, Mr. Smith, wrote an appendix to a guide for gold seekers which brought around 150,000 people in this direction. They were accused of playing a hoax and had numerous effigy burials made of them across the area and were in danger of being shot or hanged. I'm sure Mr. Oakes would rather be

remembered as the man who established one of the first sawmills that helped to build Denver.

Douglas County was named for Stephen A. Douglas, the famed statesman and orator, who died in 1861. This was when the 17 counties of Colorado Territory were formed. James Frank Gardner, the founder of Franktown, became known as the Father of Douglas County, a county that was 172 miles from east to west from the Kansas border, and 30 miles from north to south.

The caves, timber, and rock-ridden terrain became hiding places for outlaws, and posses hanged them where they were found or buried them where they fell. The Indians also used the area for refuge. They fought among themselves but took out their frustrations on the white settlers. Kit Carson was called upon to help mediate these disputes. He was very ill but came to this area with Major Oakes and built his last campfire close to what is now Daniel's Park. Bob McQuarie of the Littleton Museum says that Kit Carson's last camp fires are a little like 'George Washington Slept Here' in the east. In 1923 the Territorial Daughters of Colorado dedicated a tablet that reads in part, "This tablet marks the spot where Kit Carson accompanied by his friend Maj. D.C. Oakes, built his last camp, May 1868." Kit Carson traveled on to Ft. Lyons and died on May 24, 1868. I for one will not dispute the Territorial Daughters of Colorado about his last campfire.

Few found their fortunes here, but the real wealth was being overlooked until a different breed of people came in . . . the ranchers and farmers.

One of the ranches well known in this area is the one across from Johnson's Corner on Highway 85. It was homesteaded by the Hansborough family, but later improved by John and Mary Blunt. It is now a part of the Cherokee Ranch owned by Tweet Kimball.

Charles Johnson, with the help of Charles Wilcox, selected a site to build the Charlford Castle on the property. It can be seen from east of Johnson's Corner by a trained eye. It blends very well with its surroundings. The intention was to make a replica of a Scottish hunting lodge of the fifteenth century, the difference being that the architect completed the work of 500 years in two. The architect was Burnham Hoyt. He later designed the Red Rocks amphitheater.

The stone for Charlford, named for his son Charles and step-son Gifford, was quarried on the site. The roof, however, is Vermont slate. The Great Hall has a high, vaulted oak ceiling with carved wood beams. The huge fireplace dominates one end of the hall. A craftsman was hired to carve the fireplace and eight cornices around the room. After completing the mantel and one cornice, he went on a bender and returned three weeks later. He and Hoyt had an argument and the craftman left. Only one cornice is carved. Johnson chose each tile at the factory to decorate the fireplace in the dining room. It is blue and white and was gazed upon by Princess Anne during a dinner at the ranch. The Johnsons lived there until 1943. It stood vacant for five years until Tweet Kimball bought it and developed her world renowned herd of Santa Gertrudis cattle.

Coming back over Wildcat Mountain we see the remains of the Underwood-Griggs homestead. It is visible to the south of MacArther Ranch Road. It was homesteaded in 1870. It was also known as the Pine Tree Ranch. It ran 50 to 80 head of milk cows, large herds of beef cattle and mustangs. It became a part of the Phipps Ranch in 1924.

The Phipps Ranch is probably the best known ranch in the area. The mansion has been open to the public for special occasions and was used in the TV series of

*CENTENNIAL.* I used it for an American Cablevision production of *CAMELOT* in 1985. Parts of the ranch were homesteaded by many people over the early years. David Gragory filed on 80 acres in 1867. There are around 189 filings made on what is now Highlands Ranch. A number of companies also owned property here . . . the Union Pacific Railroad, Pueblo and Arkansas Valley Railroad, and the Kansas Pacific Railroad. Very few traces of the original owners exist.

In 1890, two men, John Springer and John Welte, began increasing their holdings. Springer bought land while Welte homesteaded. Springer began construction on the Headquarters Ranch in 1891 and continued to add to it for the next 30 years. He completed 60 percent of the present structure.

Waite Phillips, one of the founders of the Phillips Petroleum Co., bought out Welte and Springer and in 1920 bought the Sunlands Ranch from Annie Clifton Hughes. Phillips sold out to Wolhurst Stock Farms for \$425,000. The president of the company was Frank E. Kistler. Kistler had ups and downs with the ranch for a number of years and by 1937 he sold out to Lawrence Phipps Jr. The price of the ranch as listed in the records was \$100. It was obviously used to escape the curious and the ever prying press and who knows why else?

The Phipps were avid fans of the sport of hunting. They initiated the coyote hunt in the style of the English fox hunt. The coyote usually won. The hounds kept their noses to the ground and the wily coyote could usually be seen observing the action from a hilltop.

Phipps added the Cheese Ranch to the property. After his death in 1976, Marvin Davis made a quick turn-around with the property and sold it in 1977 to Highland Venture Corporation. The rest is . . . as we say . . . history.



Big Dry Creek "Cheese Ranch." Photo made sometime in the 1950s; all the buildings were removed in 1986. Photo courtesy Littleton Historical Museum.

## BIG DRY CREEK CHEESE RANCH

The site of the "Cheese Ranch" was about 6½ miles southeast of Littleton, Colorado. A gentleman by the name of Lafayette Suits filed on a claim in 1870 on what later became known as the Cheese Ranch.

John (Johannes/Johan) Welte immigrated to the United States from Austria and came to Colorado sometime in the late 1870s or early 1880s. He and his brother-in-law, Plazeds Gasnor, homesteaded 160 acres "of semi-arid land", eighteen miles south of Denver and seventeen miles north of Castle Rock. This was in 1877.

Welte and Gasnor bought twenty-one milk cows, with a loan at eighteen percent interest, and after building a log house began a dairy which produced "brick" and limburger cheese. A boiler was installed to provide hot water heat for the cheese factory, and for the frame house that they later built. An ingenious use of pipes conveyed the water from the boiler to the house and the factory, and back to the boiler for reheating. Some coal was used, but cowchips were the main source of fuel during the early years.

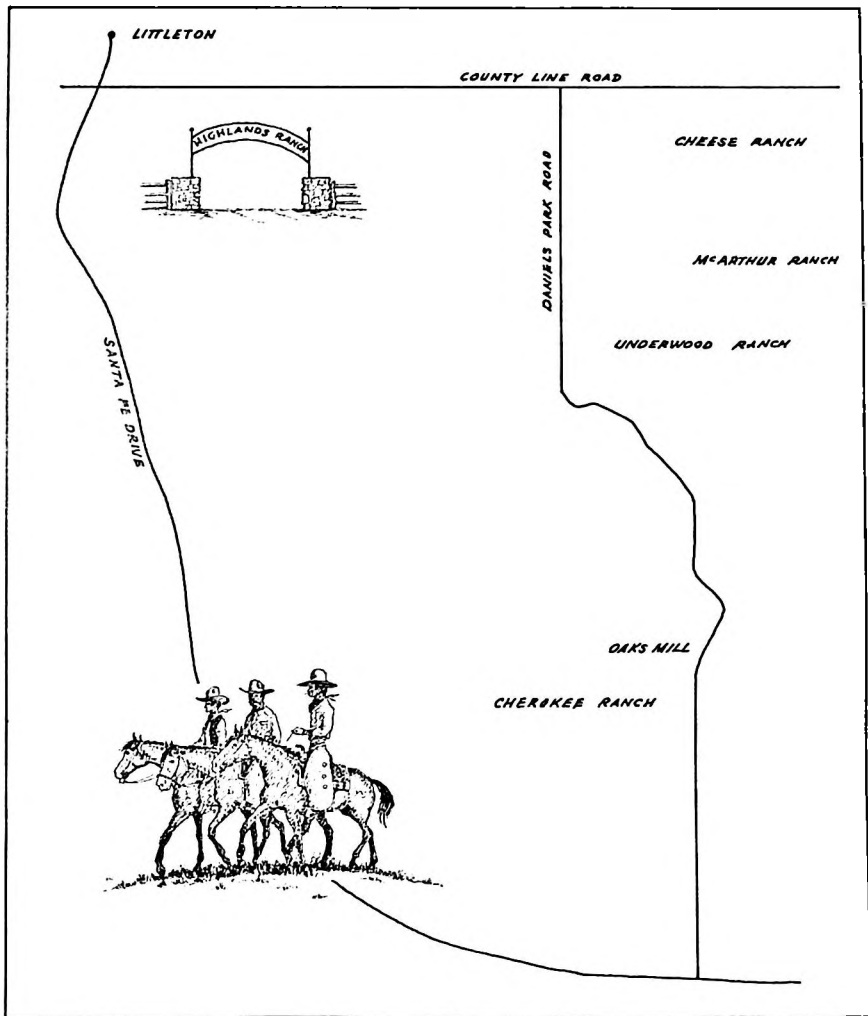
In spite of the desert-like conditions of their land, they planted a variety of shade and fruit trees, and so started one of the first orchards in the county.

As the farm and cheese factory prospered, a hog house, a slaughterhouse, poultry houses, graneries, an ice house, a bunkhouse for hired hands, a large milking barn, loafing sheds for the cows, a coal shed, and a carpenter and blacksmith shop were added. Welte also built a reservoir of native stone and mortar that was filled from a well by a windmill. It supplied the boiler pipe system and served to power a feed grinder to grind feed for the cows and hogs. The ranch became so mechanized and efficient in the 1890s that it began attracting visitors from other sections of the county and state, and especially from nearby schools.

In 1906 a reporter from the *Scientific Farmer* investigated Mr. Welte's "dry farming" techniques and the fact that he did not irrigate his orchards. The ten acres of non-irrigated orchard, consisting of apple, cherry, plum, and pear trees, demonstrated the feasibility of dry-farming in Douglas County, and Welte was frequently asked to describe his farming methods to his many visitors. His diligence and tenacity set an example that encouraged many county settlers to imitate his energy as well as his methods. By 1906 Welte was producing alfalfa, wheat, barley, corn, and mangel-wurzels, in addition to fruit and dairy products, and he had enlarged his 160-acre homestead into a successful 3,330-acre ranch. Mr. Gasnor died in 1883 and his wife sold out to Mr. Welte in 1908.

By 1911 Phillip Renner owned the ranch. He had purchased it from his father-in-law, John Welte. At this time Mr. and Mrs. Welte, Phillip and Ida Renner and their two daughters, Theresea and Margaretha, and their two nieces, Katherine and Margaret Renner, and two hired hands lived at the ranch. At this time they milked 150 cows by hand. The days work began at 5:00 a.m. and continued until 9:00 p.m. Wages were one dollar a day, plus room and board. The cheese was wrapped in a heavy waxed paper, then in lead foil to keep it fresh and from drying out. The brick cheese was sold in 5 lb. bricks and the limburger cheese was sold in 2 lb. bricks. The cheese was sold to stores and on special orders to private individuals. Also, many people came out to the Cheese Ranch on Sundays to buy cheese.

During the summer months the Cheese Ranch was noted for huge picnics under the large cottonwood trees, given by the Swiss and German populations of Denver in



the early 1900s. Phillip Renner retired in 1942 and sold the ranch to Mr. Lawrence Phipps. At that time it became part of the Highlands Ranch.

The main Cheese Ranch house was impressive for its day. It was a large 10-room, two-story structure with a full attic and a full basement where the cheese was stored. There was a large north wing that was the cheese factory. The barn was also huge with many stanchions for holding the milk cows. Feeding of the cows while milking was done from feed carts running on tracks between the rows of stanchions. The large feed grinder was also installed inside the barn. The east side had many stalls for draft horses, and there were also calf pens inside.

Under the carpenter and blacksmith shop was an old dugout made of native stone and large timbers. Possibly this was where they stored their cheese during the early years. A small stream ran by within 4 feet of the door.

Two large ponds, fed by Big Dry Creek and natural springs, had been constructed south of the buildings. During the winter months ice was cut from these ponds and stored in an ice house close by for use during the summer months.

The inside of the ranch house was well finished and many of the walls were adorned with beautiful murals of Colorado scenes.

By 1986, weather, neglect and vandals had taken their toll of most of the buildings. The house fared best because it was occupied a good deal of the time, but vandals had destroyed all the murals, windows and doors. The ranch became a great liability to the owners, at that time Mission Viejo, and they had everything torn down and hauled to a landfill. All that is left are the beautiful cottonwood trees.

#### RENNER - Henry

*Henry Renner, a cousin of Phillip Renner of the Cheese Ranch, also homesteaded 160 acres in Douglas County in the year 1900 on the southeast corner of Daniels Park Road and County Line Road. He worked at Zang's Brewery as a cooper while also proving up his claim. He drove a horse and buggy to Cherylynn and then rode the horse-drawn street car to work. His son, Frank, lived on the place until his death in 1970. Frank said he and his father spent a year digging a 90 ft. water well and could only get enough water for household use and to water the one horse and one cow. Highway C-470 now cuts through this place.*

#### KLINES

*The Klins were Henry Renner's in-laws and lived on the 160 acres adjoining Henry on the south. They farmed about half of the land and milked cows as did most of the farmers in those early years. This house is still standing. The first floor was built of native rock and the second floor was of frame construction. The stone-mason dated a stone above the south door - 1890. Frank Renner was born in the house in 1895. Underwood Jewell was the next owner and remained there until the 1950s at which time he sold all but 5 acres to a group of land speculators.*

*In 1967 my wife, Trudy, and our daughter, Shauna, bought the 5 acres which had been deeded to Jewell's daughter, Flora, and her husband. They had moved a house from Englewood onto the property and lived there several years before selling it to the Lacys, the couple from which we purchased the property. We lived there until 1986 at which time we sold it and built our home at McArthur Ranch.*



## McARTHUR RANCH

The McArthur Ranch was formerly known as the Harry Sahy Ranch. Mark and Edith McArthur bought the ranch in the 1920s; it consisted of approximately 930 acres.

Mr. McArthur worked for Ingersoll-Rand selling mining equipment and was away from home a good deal of the time, so Mrs. McArthur and a hired hand actually ran the ranch most of the time.

My brother Dale and I knew Mrs. McArthur in the 1950s. She was widowed at that time but still ran the ranch. Dale and I were operating two Sinclair service stations in Littleton and Englewood when we became acquainted with Mrs. McArthur, and she was one of our favorite customers. Many times we came to the ranch to pick up one of her vehicles for service. Sometimes she would stop by the Littleton station for gas on her way home after picking up feed or salt, etc., at the feed store, and there was always a faithful Colt .45 laying on the pickup seat. She said she had a great deal of trouble with poachers.

A friend of Mrs. McArthur related a story about her to my brother Max. The roads were little more than a trail from the ranch to the County Line Road, so whenever she had some social event to attend in town, she usually left in her ranch clothes, packed her dress clothes in the vehicle and stopped on the County Line Road, as there was little traffic then, changed to her dress clothing complete with hat and white gloves. This was truly a beautiful, lovely lady.

The ranch house is still in use today. William Myrick, the developer of McArthur Ranch subdivision, lives there at present. The home was originally constructed of large logs and was two-storied. The McArthurs remodeled it to some extent and added some modern conveniences as well as a beautiful fireplace made from rocks that Mr. McArthur had collected from several states during his travels selling mining equipment. Mr. Myrick also remodeled and added onto the house, but basically it is still a beautiful log house.

### SOURCES:

*Douglas County Historical Society - J. Marr*

*"Our Heritage - People of Douglas County"*

*Douglas County Historical Society*

*Conversations with foremen of the Highlands Ranch*

*(Bob Swafford - Bud Morgan)*

*Conversations with Frank Renner, Mrs. McArthur,*

*William Myrick, Dan and Sara Gohr*

*Littleton Museum - Robert J. McQuarie, Director.*





Highlands Ranch house, 1989. Originally built by John Springer. Photo by Dale Smith.



### Suggestions for ROUNDUP Contributors

*Consult a recent issue of the ROUNDUP for style. Anything for publication in the ROUNDUP, including titles, should be typed in capitals and lower case letters (not all capitals), double-spaced, on 8½ x 11 inch white paper, paragraphs indented, with a minimum of one inch margin on all sides.*

Do not capitalize whole words and *do not underline anything*; these are the Editor's responsibility to indicate type styles and to ensure adherence to ROUNDUP style.

For *REVIEWS* observe a recent copy of the ROUNDUP for style, for title (*not all capitals*) and author name, publisher's name and location, year of publication, number of pages, illustrated?, tables?, maps etc.?, and prices bound and paperback.

Reviews are frequently too long, but also can be unnecessarily short. Strike a happy medium—from one to two double-spaced pages, favoring the former. It is your Editor's policy *not* to edit your copy—if we do not have space for a too-long review we must put it aside for a future issue. Don't try to reproduce the book—rather tell succinctly what the book is about; how much it covers, and how well it is done, with pertinent comment on content, style, clarity, and errors. Do not discourage the reader from wanting to read the book for himself, merely indicate enough to let him estimate whether he would like to see it or not.

H. von Rodeck Jr., Editor



## Westerner's Bookshelf



**Sagebrush Soldier**, by Sherry L. Smith, 1989; Norman and London: University of Oklahoma Press, 147 pages. Price \$18.95.

The title of this book is enough to attract the Indian wars history buff, but in addition, the jacket has a full color print of a Remington frontier army painting. This should be enough to sell the book without even opening it. The sub-title proclaims "Private William Earl Smith's View of the Sioux War of 1876". Immediately, this brings to mind the Battle of the Little Bighorn with which it does not concern itself. The book narration begins in October 1876 with another of General George Crook's campaigns.

The author is a descendant of the main character whose diary was used as a basis for the book. It is an interesting description of a private soldier's viewpoint, and also has some close-up opinions of some of the central figures in the campaign. For example, Smith was chosen as one of Colonel Ranald Mackenzie's orderlies. Not only does Trooper Smith talk about the prominent figures, but the author uses simultaneous material written by Colonel Richard I. Dodge, who commanded the infantry and artillery, and notes by Lt. John Bourke, aide to General Crook. Dodge's opinion of Crook does not flatter the old Indian fighter, and gives the reader a new perspective as to his reputation.

Author Smith basically uses the misspelling and actual language of her ancestor in direct quotes. While this may give it originality, it caused this reader to stumble over some of the material, even though it is interpreted frequently. As soldiers have constantly griped about conditions from time immemorial, Private Smith is no excep-

tion. Not only does he complain about his lot, but about the First Sergeant, etc. What makes matters worse, Author Smith takes up his cause and has a few derogatory remarks about the "cattle system" in the military among enlisted men, noncommissioned officers and officers. It is plain to see she is no military historian nor has she served in the military where discipline is paramount to success. There is an excellent account of the raid on Dull Knife's Northern Cheyenne village and the footnotes throughout are worth reading by themselves.

At the conclusion, the author follows up, on not only what happened to Private Smith's later life, but to Mackenzie's and the First Sergeant's as well. Aside from being an easy book to read, and because of her "modern day thinking" I expected to see something about the "noble redskin", but didn't; however, this reviewer felt the book well worthwhile for those interested.

Richard A. Cook, P.M.

**Cheyennes and Horse Soldiers, The 1857 Expedition and the Battle of Solomon's Fork**, by William Y. Chalfant, 1989; Norman and London: University of Oklahoma Press, 36 pages. Price \$24.95.

This recently published book is a chronicle of events before and after one of the first battles between the U.S. Army and the Cheyennes. It is one of the least known conflicts as it occurred several years before the Civil War. In fact, a number of its participants on the Army side went on to greater glory in both the Confederate and Union armies. One such individual, who was wounded in the battle, was a cavalry lieutenant by the name of J.E.B. Stuart.

The author has done a superb job of recounting the expedition under the command of Col. E.V. Sumner. Not only does he give a vivid description of day by day activities and hardships of each element, but it is written in a style similar to a novel which keeps the reader in suspense as to what will happen next. In addition to pictures of the main characters, the text is supplemented by frequent illustrations of places and incidents encountered during the march. During the course of the expedition from May 18, 1857 to early September, 1857, the command was divided and further sub-divided on numerous occasions, and the author deftly keeps the reader informed as to what occurred to each of the expedition's segments. Of course, the climax of the narrative is the cavalry charge with sabers flashing against a similar number of Cheyennes on July 29, 1857. It is as though the script was written for a Hollywood western with John Wayne playing the role of Col. Sumner.

Although the author has an extensive bibliography and uses the official communications and reports to the maximum, this reviewer felt that the Indian side of the story was somewhat embellished to give it equal status. For example, just before the battle, the author states:

"Riding away from the village, they (the Indian force) left the valley of the Saline moving a little east of north. Three or four miles of travel brought them to a small lake with clear water, situated on the upland, where they had a sweeping view of the plains. The rays of the rising sun struck the water, making it sparkle and dance; truly this was a place of magic."

Since this was part of a quote footnoted, it is difficult to determine who was responsible for the tale. However; there

is an excellent appendix giving background of both the First U.S. Cavalry Regiment and the Cheyennes. Other materials included in the appendix are the official communications, reports, and schedules of daily marches.

Overall, *Cheyennes and Horse Soldiers* fills an Indian Wars void between the Mexican War and the Civil War. It is an outstanding account of the 1857 Cheyenne Expedition and is a major contribution to the annals of Indian Wars history. Furthermore, it is enjoyable to read; and this reviewer enthusiastically recommends it to all those individuals interested in the Indian Wars.

Richard A. Cook P.M.

**Growing Up With the Country** by Elliott West. University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1969. 262 pages, 39 illustrations, bibliography and index. Cloth, \$32.50.

The author sets out to do for pioneer children what other writers have long done for pioneer men and more recently done for pioneer women. He presents a view of the western migration as seen through the eyes of a particular group - children younger than sixteen.

For his material, West has drawn on journals and letters written by young people and on oral reminiscences of those who knew the frontier as children. The book has been thoroughly researched and meticulously documented with footnotes referring to hundreds of sources. One major drawback in reading this book is the fact that incidents have been related so briefly and so rapidly (sometimes three or four stories in one paragraph) that the reader loses the full impact of the events being referred to.

The children may have endured all the hardships visited on their parents, but the journals and letters reveal them to have been very appreciative of

the beauties of the prairies and the mountains. The families may not have been able to transport many of their worldly possessions, but they brought with them their cultural values which helped to shape the West. Schools were often the last structures to be built, and teachers were scarce, but parents taught children from their precious books, and an organ or banjo provided music for the settlers. Health care was minimal and epidemics were frequent, but these extreme conditions rarely prompted families to return East.

It would be fallacious to assume that all families were models of propriety and espoused only Biblical virtues, but West conveys his opinion that the majority of the families in the western migration represented a dependable middle class who wanted to seek a better life. He admits to concentrating on white, native-born citizens because they are the ones most studied by other historians.

At the end of each chapter, the author profiles one particular pioneer who spent his/her childhood in the West. Two familiar subjects are Mari Sandoz and Fiorello La Guardia whose father was an army musician with the 11th Infantry; the other children represent families ranging from abject poverty to moderate affluence.

The children quoted in this book may have been short on education, but they were long on experience. They became conditioned to take on the rugged life of the frontier and founded a generation of citizens who would be more at home in this new environment than had been their pioneering parents.

The numerous black-and-white illustrations from various western historical societies have been very well chosen and provide us with an additional dimension to the view of life described by Elliott West.

Marjorie Wiegert Hutchins

**The Birth of Colorado: A Civil War Perspective** by Duane A. Smith. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1989. 268 pages, illus., index, hardback, dj, \$21.95.

Information about Colorado and Coloradoans in the Civil War is as scattered as were the military actions. Information about the 1st Colorado and the New Mexico campaign is to be found in Hollister's *Boldly They Rode* (1949) and Whitford's *Colorado Volunteers in the Civil War* (1906). For the Missouri fighting of the 2nd Colorado Cavalry, good sources are Baskins' *History of the Arkansas Valley* (1881) and Williams' scarce *Three Years and a Half in the Army* (1885). Then, of course, there are the numerous books touching on the 3rd Colorado's "altercation" at Sand Creek. About the only book that attempted an overview of Colorado during 1861-1865 is Colton's *The Civil War in the Western Territories* (1959), which fortunately is now back in print.

That situation has now changed. There is now an exhaustively researched and well-written volume on Colorado Territory during the war years, and Professor Smith has produced it. It is obvious that Dr. Smith not only perused virtually all of the published books and reminiscences of the era, he also probably risked blindness by reading countless newspapers on microfilm.

Dr. Smith acknowledges that his book is not a military history of Colorado in the war. Rather, it is more a book about the war in Colorado. It is a social history that addresses the politics, the morals, and the economics of life on the frontier, with a nice sprinkling of violence thrown in for good measure.

For a collector of Colorado history or a student of the Civil War in the Far West, the book is an absolute must. It appears to be aimed both at the serious student and at the casual reader of

Western history, for it is crammed with details and yet interspersed with general explanatory passages about Civil War history.

The book is a sympathetic portrayal of Civil War Coloradoans. It avoids the clever vindictiveness and the catty remarks about personalities to be found in most other works. Prof. Smith does not attempt to be overly judgmental. He, for example, recognizes that the exact truth of Sand Creek "will never be known."

The book may not be everybody's cup of tea. Some portions are written with clear prose and simple clarity. Other portions of the book, however, seem to be taken from lectures aimed at keeping undergraduates awake. Sometimes the book suffers from an excessive (and repetitive) use of adjectives, adverbs, and verbs. Thus, one individual is "prim and proper," a welcome is "rousing" (on page 12), a mountain tour is a "rousing" success (on page 13), Central City is "perched" and "cuddled" in its location, a newspaper "battered" Gilpin (page 24), Canby's troops were "battered" (page 25), an editor is "opinionated," and the efficiency of women was "ruthless." The notorious Charley Harrison of Denver, in a space of about 150 words, is described as New York born, a soft-spoken Southerner, a Western gambler, and one who came out of Utah. Mr. Harrison sounds like a presidential candidate trying to be all things to all people and seeking votes in all regions of the country.

But such criticism is somewhat unfair, for the book generally balances details and good writing very well. It is well bound at a fair price. The book is highly recommended.

John Milton Hutchins, P.M.



**San Gabriel del Yungue** by Florence Hawley Ellis. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1989. 96 pages, photographs. Paper, \$10.95.

**Cerrillos: Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow** by Jacqueline E. Lawson. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1989. 78 pages, photographs. Paper, \$8.95.

**Yesterday in Santa Fe** by Marc Simmons. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1989. 74 pages, photographs. Paper, \$6.95.

**Southwestern Ornamentation and Design** by Anne Taylor. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1989. 103 pages, photographs, drawings. Paper, \$16.95.

Sunstone Press continues to publish a selection of books that are of interest to readers who love to read about the places and the people of New Mexico. This group contains material of interest regarding architecture, archaeology, history and a visit to one of New Mexico's most interesting small towns.

In 1959, Florence Hawley Ellis was invited to bring her summer archaeology project to San Juan Pueblo to dig into what was the first Spanish settlement in New Mexico. While much of interest was found of this town established by Juan de Oñate, there had also been too much destruction by members of the pueblo who had farmed the land and used it for adobe bricks. A companion to this book is *When Cultures Meet* which is a collection of papers that were presented in 1984 and dealt with the history of the town.

Jacqueline Lawson has produced the type of book that a visitor to Cerrillos will find most helpful as they walk around the town. If you need a little more in the way of Cerrillos' history, I suggest Marc Simmons book, *Turquoise and Six Guns*.

Speaking of Marc Simmons, his collection of Santa Fe tales is just good reading. The history of Santa Fe is represented from settlement to 1895, and the book includes both the well-known

stories and a few that I had not heard. My favorite was the tale of the crooked house election contest which involved New Mexico's most famous governor, Manuel Armijo.

Anne Taylor's subject is the architecture of John Gaw Meem whose collection of papers is housed in the Zimmerman Library at UNM in Albuquerque. Her book provides a wide selection of

Meem's drawings as well as photographs of buildings designed by him. With the current demand for Southwest or Santa Fe style architecture, the book should prove to be interesting to a large number of readers. I suggested it to a friend whose interest was in building the style of fireplace found in the southwest.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



## NEW POSSE MEMBERS

### Mark Hutchins

Born in Washington, D.C., he was introduced to history at an early age when the family took trips to Civil War battlefields and other historic spots within a day or two distance from the family home in Falls Church, VA. In 1961 the family moved to the Denver area. As mark grew older, his interest in history grew, especially history of the American West.

Following his graduation from Northglenn High School, he attended Community College of Denver receiving an Associate Degree in 1974. In 1977 he received a B.A. degree from Metropolitan State College where he majored in history. Worked for nearly six years in the administrative office of the Adams County Library.

In 1984 and 1985 he did regular volunteer work at the Colorado Historical Society library. Since 1985 he has been

working at the AT&T plant in Westminster. Mark will be pursuing his interest in history this summer when he will take part in a Smithsonian Re-search Expedition program at the National Air and Space Museum in Washington from July 23 to August 5.

### Bob Lane

A Denver Native. Enlisted Navy 72-76 in South Pacific. Worked a number of years at the solar collection plant at Green Bay Wisconsin. Member 4-wheel Jeep club. Was president and historian.

Worked with the South Park Historical Society's adapt a Trail program. Worked on the Needles Eye Tunnel project and helped with opening celebration. Worked on a transcription of the Sees and Sailor familys of Virginia, on display at the Historical Society of Virginia.

## 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.

## Fred A. Rosenstock Awards 1989

### Frances Melrose

Frances Melrose was born in Denver with family roots going back to the early Colorado gold rush days. Ms. Melrose attended East Denver High School and the University of Denver, receiving the Phi Beta Kappa Key and a degree in journalism.

For nearly fifty years Frances Melrose has served the people with the Rocky Mountain News. During the early years she started as an assistant to Molly Mayfield (Mrs. Jack Foster) and soon moved on to become a general assignment reporter. Another assignment was to start a movie section, theater coverage, and finally a travel section.

Ms. Melrose was writing "Rocky Mountain Memories", a weekly column at the time of her retirement and was asked to continue this column. It still appears every Sunday in the magazine section of the Rocky Mountain News. The book *Rocky Mountain Memories*, a collection of 80 of the weekly columns was published by the News and is still available at the News and local bookstores.

### Lifetime Achievement Award Robert "Bob" Brown

Author, lecturer, explorer, researcher, photographer, Bob Brown has spent more than three decades in gathering materials for his books and lectures. Ghost towns, historic sites, and old trails are familiar haunts of Bob Brown.

Books written by Bob Brown include *Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns* (now in its 14th printing), *Ghost Towns of the Colorado Rockies*, *Colorado Ghost Towns - Past and Present*, *Saloons of the American West*, *Holy Cross - The Mountain and the City*, *An Empire of Silver*, *Uphill Both Ways*, and the latest book *The Great Pikes Peak Gold Rush*. A ninth book *Colorado On Foot* has been accepted for publication.

Bob Brown holds memberships in the Colorado Authors League, Western Writers of America, and Denver Posse of the Westerners where he served as Sheriff in 1969. Bob has spent more than thirty years teaching history to high school and college students. The Westerners has enjoyed fifteen programs starting in 1962. Bob has also been on twenty-one one-hour radio shows with Peter Boyles and has done nine lectures in the Imax Theatre for the Denver Museum of Natural History and several others in their Ricketson Auditorium.



The Denver Westerners encourages your participation in the endowment fund and nominations for future award recipients.



*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

MARCH-APRIL 1990



**CIRCUIT RIDERS  
FROM THE ALLEGHENEYS TO THE ROCKIES**  
Robert Lane



A "SADDLE-BAGS MAN."

## IN MEMORIAM

Posseman L. Coulson Hageman, born in Niagara Falls, N.Y., died 17 December 1989 after a long bout with cancer. He attended Cornell University and graduated from Alfred University with a degree in Ceramics. He served in the OSS in WWII and following the war moved to Denver to work for Coors Porcelain Company where he became Regional Sales Manager and Advertising Manager, winning numerous design awards including recognition by the New York Art Directors Club.

In 1962 he was elected President of the Industrial Advertisers of Colorado. In the mid-1960s he was advertising advisor for the Colorado Industrial Development Commission. At the time of his death he was President of his own company, Tartan Industries, Littleton, Colorado, an executive recruiting firm.

Hageman was a Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners from 1965, and was elected Posse Member in 1974. With Alan Swallow he co-edited the last issue of our *Brand Book*, in 1977. In 1963 he became a member of the Masons, holding dual membership in Parkhill Lodge 148, Denver, and Friendship Lodge 33 in Southington, CT.

Coulson is survived by his wife Cleone, a son and a daughter, as well as four grandchildren and two brothers.

He will be sadly missed by his friends in the Denver Westerners for his friendship and his unfailing smile. We express our sincere condolences to his family.

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**Dues**

Don't forget your dues!! Your Denver Westerners cannot operate without them. To stimulate your interest, the cut-off date is April First, after which the name(s) of those delinquent MAY be dropped. Don't get lost; we need YOU. Rejoin us!!

Also, bring in a new member. We need new blood, new ideas, new enthusiasms. Spread the word!!

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS

## R O U N D U P

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**DUES WERE DUE  
JANUARY FIRST**

**POSSE AND RESERVE \$30.00**  
**Corresponding \$20.00**

## CIRCUIT RIDERS

### From The Alleghenys To The Rockies

by

Robert Lane, C.M.

Presented 24 May 1989

Today we take for granted all the hospitals, shelters, charity work, and countless hours of religious guidance the pioneering circuit riders worked relentlessly and unselfishly to achieve. Missionary life was one of poverty, hardship and despair, many times life-threatening in the small camps at the edge of the wilderness. Self-sacrificing for the comfort of others was the priority over all other circumstances. It was not uncommon to be summoned in the middle of the night to minister to the sick or dying one hundred fifty miles away, taking three days or more to arrive, that is, if the weather and the condition of the trail were good. Many times it was too late to comfort the dying. All that could be done was a proper burial.

The missionary was unquestionably the backbone of the new frontier. No matter how tiny a settlement, the preacher would always leave any appointment. Be it an hour's ride or a day's, no-one was forgotten. Each geographic region was unique in that the traditional procedures used in the East did not always apply on the Plains or in the Rocky Mountains. The Plains had scorching heat, tornadoes, flash floods, huge Prairie fires and for a period, hostile Indians. The Rocky Mountains were less forgiving than the Plains. Huge snow slides in the winter, along with bonechilling temperatures would kill if one were not properly prepared. Narrow trails were barely wide enough for a mule to cross. Drop-offs a quarter of a mile deep cradled the bleached bones of man and beast.

A successful circuit rider could mount a stump or log and expound without a manuscript, upon any occasion. Many congregations failed to unite due to the inability of the preacher to hold their attention, or to be versatile in his speeches. These preachers were certainly not from the old school. Traveling from settlement to settlement was very dangerous at times. In the summer, rain storms would cause the rivers to rise out of their banks and flood the lowlands making it almost impossible to cross. He might have to strip himself and his horse, then carry his clothes and riding equipment across, returning to fetch his horse. If the horse was not a strong swimmer chances were he could be lost to the swift current! Sometimes the rider might take the wrong trail, ending up lost for hours or days. Many times the trail vanished in the tall grasslands after a heavy rain or for lack of use. It was a real treat to have his buggy ferried across a river or for someone with a boat to be willing to carry it across free. Many nights were spent under a tree or in his buggy, eating berries or nuts. If one were lucky some game might be caught; more often than not he went hungry.

His supplies consisted of a flint and steel, tinder, testament and hymn book. If he was out of coffee, he would drink buttermilk or sage tea. He ate deer, bear, or wild turkey, using forked sticks or butcher knife for utensils. He walked and slept on dirt floors too often to count. If the parson were to stay in a cabin for any length of time, he might use canvas bags for a carpet.

Once the circuit rider knew his district it was possible to time his evening stops and rest in a cabin along his route. At the end of every meal a prayer and bible reading was

held lasting well into the wee hours of the following morning if a soul needed to be saved. If no-one was home it was acceptable to use the cabin for the night, have a meal, and leave a gratuity. If he should sleep outdoors a small fire was made for warmth, using his saddle for a pillow and buffalo hide blanket for a cover. In some cases in the winter it was so cold it was impossible to sleep through the night for fear of freezing to death. To prevent this he would cover his horse with a blanket and pace back and forth until daylight arrived.

Sometimes the circuit rider arrived at an appointment where the entire settlement was too ill to leave the comfort and safety of their homes. The minister would go from cabin to cabin to minister to their needs. At times there were not enough healthy bodies even to help the preacher bury the dead!

Because the population was so scattered across the new frontier, revival meetings were the best way to gather numbers of people in one place to spread the word of God and be converted. Up to as many as forty missionaries would attend the revival at one time or another. To protect the people from sudden rain or snowstorm a huge tent was erected. These could hold as many as five thousand people at a time. Small huts and sheds might be built of logs and covered with clapboards or shingles. Liquor was not allowed in the camp so tents were often erected a short distance away: these canvas tents were a sanctuary of the Devil and were run by the camp "rabble and rowdies."

The rowdies would attend for the sole purpose of disrupting the meetings. They came drunk and armed with clubs, knives, horsewhips, and grab bags of pranks. The rabble swore to break up the meetings by such pranks as throwing frogs or firecrackers into the crowd during the high points of the sermon. Other times they would disturb the congregation by harassing the ladies, tugging on a lady's dress or playing with her hat. These guys were like a pesky fly you can't get rid of. After the meeting ended and the camp fires were extinguished, wagons full of unsuspecting sleepers were pushed into a creek or swamp, where most of their belongings became soaked and ruined! The preachers' tents were always a prime target under the cover of darkness. Sometimes their tents were showered with pebbles, stakes were uprooted and the tent then collapsed upon them, causing a great deal of confusion; no doubt a high point for the rabble!

When the rowdies were caught they were fined and marched off to a vacant tent and put under guard till the following morning. They were then tried to the limits of the law in that county. Depending on the number of offenders fines could bring a large sum of money to the county.

Revival meetings might last anywhere from two to four months at a time. During the revival hundreds were converted to one denomination or another. During a very electrifying sermon hundreds would drop to their knees for forgiveness of their sins and open their hearts to the Lord. Some sermons would stir the congregation into a frantic outburst of shouting for forgiveness! Others cursed the preacher outright and swore to whip him to within an inch of his life or run him out of camp. Some sermons were so intense that several people might come down with a violent shaking known as the "jerks," a motion in which the body becomes uncontrollable with muscle spasms. The head and arms would begin to sway from one side to the other, then the whole body was in motion. The more they resisted, the more the jerking increased. This muscular twitching affected the saints as well as the sinners. If they would not resist, and would pray in good earnest, the jerking would soon stop. This aberration had many unsatisfactory explanations; some believed it was a satanic act to discredit the work of the Lord. Others believed it to be the work of the Lord to open the eyes and

minds of his flock to the true Gospel. Perhaps there was some truth in each of the explanations. In some cases as many as five hundred people would be jerking at once. Attended by young ladies dressed in their beautiful prunella silks and fine bonnets, it was quite a show to see caps and combs flying in all directions, long flowing hair flying through the air like a whip.

One of the great pious circuit riders of the Methodist Episcopal denomination was Reverend Peter Cartwright, born along the banks of the James River, in Amherst County, Virginia, on September 1, 1785. Reverend Cartwright began his ministry at the age of sixteen after attending several revival meetings in Kentucky, and soon afterward his license was granted. His first missionary work took him through Tennessee and to Ohio and Illinois.



**THE LATE PETER CARTWRIGHT, D.D.,**  
Of the Illinois Conference.

One of the earliest Methodist circuit riders. Born in Virginia  
1 September 1785; died in Illinois 1857. Began preaching at age 18;  
said to have delivered 14,600 sermons over 53 years.

Reverend Cartwright tells about an incident entailing the jerks: a very large scruffy-looking man entered the small church where he was preaching, carrying a bottle of whiskey. He began to curse Reverend Cartwright and all religious activities. Soon the spiteful man began to jerk. He turned and ran outside, but the jerking became stronger and was too powerful for the man to run away from. He stopped among some saplings, took out his bottle and swore he would drink the damned jerks to death! The jerking increased and he was unable to get the bottle to his mouth. By this time a large crowd gathered to see this violent agitation. In the jerking he struck the bottle on a sapling and broke it; this enraged the man even more! His cursing increased and so did his jerking. Suddenly the jerking snapped his neck, he fell to the ground and expired!

Many times after the preacher finished his appointment another circuit rider would rush into the community and try to take the flock under *his* arms. The Baptists were best known for this. The Baptist preachers would come riding in singing their songs, "Water!, Water! You must follow your blessed Lord down into the water." This is better known as long-rolling. One such long-rolling itinerant was a long-legged, illiterate, ignorant old fellow, whose name will remain anonymous. This Baptist minister set an appointment saying he was "going to blow the Methodist sky-high." Reverend Cartwright got wind of this and decided to go meet this hell-fire Baptist. Cartwright slipped in after the sermon began. He carried pen and paper to write his will if indeed he was to be blown sky-high! The preacher commenced the battle by warning all good Christians to beware of these Methodist preachers. They wore black broadcloth coats, silk jackets and fur topped boots, had a watch in their pocket and rode fine fat horses. Then he continued to tell how they were able to wear such fine clothes. "It is easy to see," he said, "the Methodist preachers take in twenty-five cents for every person who joins their church and twenty-five cents for every baby sprinkled, making them a member, too. On top of this," raising his voice, "each member is to pay a dollar annually, as you can see this constitutes a great deal of money!" he paused a moment to catch his breath and look over the startled congregation. "But," he said, "here is poor me. If I can get a wool hat and a wallet of dumplings I am content. Now brethren, these Methodist preachers often remind me in the doctrine they preach of the manner in which certain men catch monkeys in far off countries. These monkeys are very fond of black haws [eastern shrub of the honey-suckle family]. These monkey catchers go and scatter black haws around the roots of the trees in which these monkeys live. Then they retire while the monkeys come down and devour the haws. Next these monkey catchers bring sheep-saffron and spread it round the roots of the trees and then leave. These poor, simple monkeys eat up the saffron. The saffron makes the monkeys so sick they can't climb. Then the men return and catch them!" He stopped once again to catch his breath, then said, "My brethren it is so! They preach some truth, come with their sheep saffron or rotten doctrine and the poor simple people swallow the false doctrine like the poor simple monkeys." Being a true Christian that he was, he finished by letting anyone present come forward and reply to his sermon. Well this was just what Reverend Cartwright was waiting for. He jumped up as if he had sat on a thorn. He marched down the aisle to the stand and wasted no time on nailing all the lies to the counter. Pouring round after round on him so hot and so fast that the false missionary of God wasted no time but beat a hasty retreat through the door, never to return.

Other self-proclaimed messengers of God were also into taking the congregation's money intended for a new chapel or other charitable work. The money was to be entrusted to the preacher but when enough was raised, the phony would abscond with

the money, never to be seen again. One such phony missionary was A. Sargent, a Universalist. Mr. Sargent proclaimed himself the Millennial Messenger of the Halcyon Church. Sargent was in Marietta, Ohio, in 1805 when he crossed paths with Reverend Cartwright. Sargent would fall into a trance and see visions and talk to angels. When the time was right Sargent would walk away, fall and lay until a crowd gathered. He would then come to and tell what mighty things he had seen and heard. On one occasion Sargent took some gunpowder down to the river and stood by a stump. A flash was seen by many at the camp, down went Sargent! A crowd soon gathered and Sargent came to, stood up slowly as if dazed by the event. "I have a message from God to you," he shouted. God had supposedly come down to him in this flash of light. By this time Reverend Cartwright went down to the crowd to see this proclaimed Millennial. Cartwright smelled sulphur in the air and stepped up to the stump. There he saw a cigar lying beside the burnt sulphur. He then asked Sargent if an angel had appeared to him in a flash of light. "Yes," replied Sargent, "why do you ask such a foolish question?" he asked. "If an angel has spoken to you at all he was from the lake that burns with fire and brimstone! I smell sulphur in the air!" Cartwright replied. By this time the people standing round saw what an impostor Sargent really was, and he was quickly escorted out of the camp. It was known that the Presbyterian and Congregational ministers were afraid of Mr. Sargent.

Hymn books were very scarce on the new frontier so "lining" a hymn was not uncommon. Before a song was sung the preacher would read aloud the words of the hymn to his congregation and in return they would sing it back. It was a great day when the preacher would receive a shipment of books from the home mission in the east.

The most important property the preacher took care of was the altar supplies. In the diary of Reverend Karl G. Krebs, Lutheran, the entry for Wednesday, September 21, 1865, tells about an incident on the prairie. Reverend Krebs and a friend named Peter were traveling with a wagon train heading to Ft. Laramie. That night Peter withdrew a string from the wagon, it got tangled around the lock of his gun, and the gun exploded. The ball went through the box with the altar supplies and smashed a piece from the foot of the candle holder. The broken piece bounced back and smashed a piece from the cross. Peter was lucky not to be injured by the flying pieces.

Sometimes the sleeping accommodations were at best a crowded dusty tavern or waiting room already full of other travelers. One night Reverend Krebs and his two brethren had to spend a night in such a tavern. The tavern had eight beds, but all were taken. The only space left was in the tiny waiting room. Some people were wrapped in buffalo robes with their saddle under their head for a pillow. The smell was quite pungent. The only spot left for Reverend Krebs was next to a young Negro man. The man was very gay and sang the Union song late into the night. The reason for the singing was because the next day was election day for a new president.

In 1860 Denver, the Queen City of the Plains, was but a tiny settlement of tents and a handful of buildings on the corner of G Street and Blake Street. People would crowd the intersection to hear the preachers' sermons on the evil ways of men and how they must repent or the devil would sure as hell take their lost souls! Between the years 1870 and 1888 Denver City had more churches in proportion to its population than any other city in the Union.

More often than not the proprietor of the local saloon would allow the preacher one hour on Sunday to deliver his sermon. In most mining camps and tiny towns the saloon was the main gathering place to hear the preacher, a hole for the vilest of sins,

vice, and crime, dark, dirty and steaming with the sickening odors from empty beer kegs. Obnoxious receptacles in the back, dust so thick a cloud hung close to the floor. The sparkle of gold dust could be seen in the cracks of the floor, and yet the minister could put the soul of man at ease for a short time with a sense of well-being, of comfort, and of unity. The mighty pistol was silenced by the words of God.

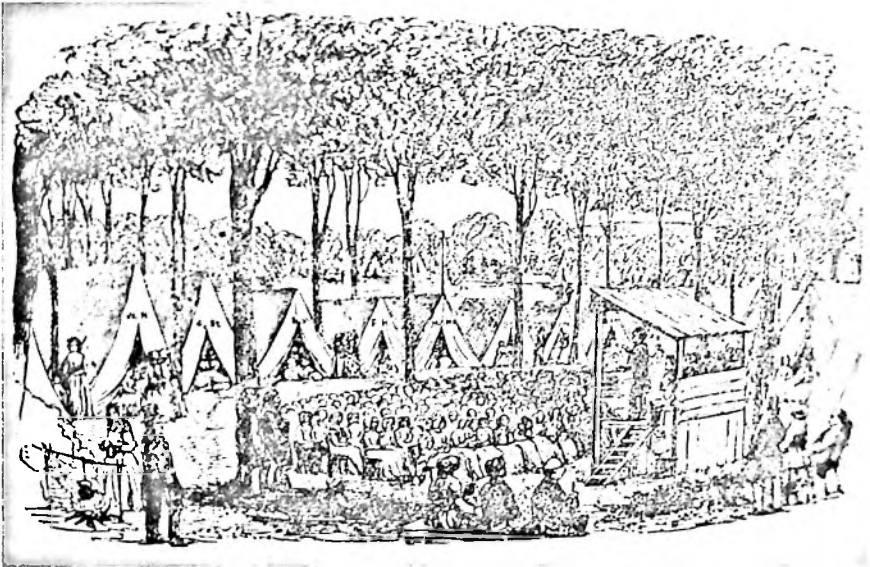
Saloons were a constant reminder that the devil was always near, as Reverend G. W. McPherson of the Evangelical faith found when he stepped off the train at Pine Grove, Colorado. As he walked across the street to the boarding house he was met by a small, pale, sad-faced woman named Mrs. Seldon. Reverend McPherson asked why the sadness? Mrs. Seldon replied, "My husband died a drunkard and a suicide! The poor man in a state of delirium took our only loving child, a sweet little boy of five years, and bashed his brains out on the floor of a grog ship!" She paused for a moment to catch her breath then continued. "At midnight I took my angel child and went to look for his poor father and found him in a saloon. When he saw us, he grabbed the dear boy and killed him on the spot! Then he put the revolver to his own head and blew out his brains. The shock nearly killed me. For two years I was in a state of prostration, unable to walk or work." She stopped to wipe the tears from her face. "Here I am trying to make an honest living and every time I look out the front window the first object that greets me is that institution of hell!" Mrs. Seldon's voice trembled and her face turned as pale as death when she finished her tragic story.

When Reverend A.T. Rankin, Presbyterian, arrived in Denver City, Tuesday, July 31, 1860 at 4 P.M. he went directly to the print shop of William Byers to have notices printed for the following Sunday services. Reverend Rankin received a very rude awakening to the new frontier! A man rushed in, caught Byers by the collar, drew his pistol and threatened to murder him on the spot because of an article he had printed earlier. Several guns were drawn behind the counter in a stand-off. The disgruntled man and Byers left. Later two men returned and shot at the men in the office but missed. They were pursued up the street where one was shot to death. Reverend Rankin was summoned to appear as a witness at the trial. He was afraid this would cause a poor turnout for his first sermon, but this was not so; his sermon was given to a full house.

Hold-ups were a frequent event between Central City and Nevadaville. Many preachers refused to carry any kind of weapon to protect themselves from danger. Reverend William Crawford, Congregational, carried a very pretty Smith & Wesson pistol given by a good brother of the church. If Crawford was to give a very heated speech that might rile the congregation he would carry his pistol to the altar and let it be known he would not tolerate disorderly conduct in the house of the Lord. Part of his circuit consisted of Gilpin County, Central City, Nevadaville, Idaho Springs and Georgetown. Reverend Crawford always asked a friend to ride with him whenever he traveled to Nevadaville.

The mountain circuits were by far the greatest challenge and the most difficult to work in. The high, narrow shelf trails rose far above timberline. The air was very thin to someone not used to it. High winds, blowing snow, thunder storms, mud slides, and pot holes plagued these trails. The high rugged San Juans of Southwestern Colorado were the most unforgiving to any traveler using the narrow trails. Such passes as Red Mountain Pass, Bear Creek Pass, Cinnamon Pass, Engineer Pass and many lesser known foot trails were used by Reverend J. J. Gibbons, Catholic, between Ouray, Telluride, Silverton, Lake City and Animas Fork. Many times Reverend Gibbons had to lead his horse over the passes due to its falling to its knees several times because the





A camp revival meeting. Probably a scene in Kentucky in the early 1700s.

conditions were so bad. One pass had a steep precipice which caused several deaths of man and beast. At times the bones of as many as a dozen animals could be seen at the bottom bleaching in the sun. This pass today is on the Million Dollar Highway, U.S. 550.

Bishop George Maxwell Randall, Episcopalian, served a vast area covering Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico from 1865 to 1873. He went back east many times to raise money for his churches and recruited new missionaries to return to the Pike's Peak territory. Ten churches were consecrated by Bishop Randall between Laramie, Wyoming and Pueblo, Colorado. He created Wolf Hall, the famous girl's school, a boy's school, and a seminary and college south of Golden later to be known as the Colorado School of Mines.

In 1882 Father James E. Chapuis, a French Canadian began his pastorate at Breckenridge. Father Chapuis had the great vision to establish a hospital and school in Breckenridge. He asked the Benedictine Sisters to help and soon afterward Saint Joseph Hospital and Saint Gertrude Academy were established.

One of Denver's best known preachers was Reverend Thomas Uzzell. His brother Charles had asked Tom to come to Denver to take over for him because of his illness. Soon after, Tom opened a dispensary for the poor. Prescriptions averaged over fifteen thousand per year. This dispensary was free of charge to the public. In just that first year, savings alone to the poor reached \$25,269. Reverend Uzzell also provided a free employment service to many businesses in Denver. He introduced a school for domestic science and a boarding house for a boy's club. The first kindergarten and night school were also established. The church helped collect unpaid wages for

laborers and started the Berkeley Institute for confirmed alcoholics.

Reverend Uzzell built a public bath house with a swimming pool and gymnasium. In the basement of the church a free second-hand clothing store was set up for those who could not afford to pay for clothing. For those in distress and needing transportation the fare was half price to almost any point in the country. At Christmas a free dinner was provided for 2,000 of the poorest children in the basement of the People's Tabernacle located at Twentieth and Blake Streets. Like Charles, Tom accepted no salary for his work: his income came solely from contributions from all over the country. When Reverend Thomas Uzzell died he wished to have these words for his epitaph, "He did his level best!"



\*All illustrations from *Illustrated History of Methodism* by Rev. W. H. Daniels. Hitchcock and Waldon, Cincinnati, 1879; 782 pp.



### SOURCE MATERIALS

*Diary of Reverend Amos Stephens Billingsley 4-3-1861 to 10-1862, Presbyterian Box V. Colorado Historical Society Library*

*Echoes From Peak & Plain or Tales of Life, War, Travel & Colorado Methodism* by Issac Haight Beardsley, Cincinnati Ohio, Curtis & Semmons 1898

*Gleaming From Western Prairies* by Reverend W. E. Youngman, Cambridge, July 1882

*History of the Early Settlements of Denver 1599-1860* by Nolie Mumey M.S. M.B. M.S.C. (MED) F.A.C.S., Arthur H. Clark Company

*In the San Juan* Sketched by Reverend J.J. Gibbons, Christian Press Association 1898

*Miners, Merchants & Missionaries: The Roles of Missionaries & Pioneer Churches In Colorado Gold Rush & Its Aftermath 1858-1870* by Alice Cowan Cochran, Scarecrow Press, Inc. & The American Theological Library Association, Metuchen N.J. & London 1980

*A Mother of Churches: The First Baptist Church of Denver*, by Eugene Parsons, Manuscripts 1, 4 and 5, Colorado Historical Society Library

*Notes Of A Missionary Priest In The Rocky Mountains*, by Reverend J. J. Gibbons, Christian Press Association 1898

*A Parson's Adventures*, by G. W. McPherson, Yonkers Book Company 1925

*Peter Cartwright: Autobiography; The Backwoods Preacher*, Cranston & Curtis 1898

*The Diary of Reverend Karl C. Krebs from September 14, 1865 to Saturday, November 12, 1865*. In the possession of Sister Magdalena Krebs, Deaconess Home, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

See also Rev. John L. Dyer, the *Snowshoe Itinerant* by Robert L. Brown, DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP, July-August 1986.





## Westerner's Bookshelf



**Remote Beyond Compare: Letters of don Diego de Vargas to His Family from New Spain and New Mexico, 1675-1706** by John L. Kessell, editor. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1989. 605 pages, ill. Cloth, \$32.50.

Included in this work are sixty-four letters dealing with the life and death of don Diego de Vargas in the New World. The information from these letters is presented in a short biography of de Vargas in the original Spanish and in the English translation.

Diego de Vargas played a most important role in the history of New Mexico in that he led the successful reconquest after the Pueblo Revolt of 1680, and twice served terms as governor. The reconquest is now remembered each year as a part of the Santa Fe Fiesta.

The letters contain little information regarding the reconquest or life in New Mexico during his terms as governor. This will be found in the Journals of don Diego de Vargas which will be published by UNM Press in the future. These are family letters that deal with family matters, especially finances, including a dowry for his daughter, rents from his properties, and support for the other members of his family. Court politics are a major concern, with constant appeals to his son-in-law for assistance in this regard. Don Diego wanted higher positions in the government of the New World, but he was doomed never to receive a promotion. Another major disappointment in his life was never to be a member of the Order of Santiago.

While the letters are interesting reading, this is not the book for anyone wanting information about New Mexican history.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Indians, Infants and Infantry** by Merrill Mattes. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1960. 273 pp. bibliography, index, photos, \$8.95.

This book is an account of the frontier life of an honest to goodness American hero, Andrew S. Burt and his hearty family. A couple of things make this book unique. First, Burt was an infantry officer on the Western plains instead of the more glamorous cavalry. Also, the entire book is based on writings of Burt's wife, Elizabeth.

It is always a pleasure to read Merrill Mattes' works and this is no exception. Between Elizabeth Burt's remembrances, Mattes gives us historical notes on other events of the time and more information that a proper woman of the times might not see fit to repeat.

Andrew Burt was a distinguished volunteer officer in the Civil War, who became a Regular Army officer. "Brave Andy Burt," as his contemporaries called him, met most western notables in his career and seemed to serve in many famous hostile areas, including Fort C.F. Smith and Fort Bridger. The accounts of these places and meetings with hostiles are made more exciting in other histories, but what is great is the reporting of everyday life. This shows everyone who lived on the frontier at that time to be something of a hero.

This is a book first published in 1960 by Fred Rosenstock, reprinted in 1988. Denver Westerners who enjoyed the Merrill Mattes Christmas presentation of a few years ago, will find this an interesting slant on a little publicized Western personality.

James Osborn, C.M.



**Soldiers and Settlers: Military Supply in the Southwest, 1861-1885** by Darlis A. Miller. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1989. 544 pages, photographs, appendices, notes, index. Cloth, \$45.00.

In his preface, the author states that this book is somewhat of a continuation of Robert Frazier's book, *Forts and Supplies*, regarding the economic impact of the army in the Southwest. Frazier dealt with the period from the Mexican War to the start of the Civil War while Miller picks up the account from that point and carries it to the winding down of the Indian wars and the coming of the railroad. There are of course major differences in the two books.

*Soldiers and Settlers* is not a book that will be of great interest to those readers who have a strong interest in military activities in the Southwest, as it deals with the more mundane activities of the supply system. It is an economic history in the truest sense as the pages are filled with data on prices of products and the amounts that were contracted. At times these figures seem overwhelming. That is not to say that there is little of interest outside of economics. One tidbit of interesting information was an attempt by the army to interest their horses in eating beans. The experiment was a failure.

Government spending has always played a major role in the economics of the entire West including the Southwest. Richard King depended on government contracts for his steamboats even before his cattle business. This was seen not only in the purchase of food, forage, and fuel in the Southwest but also in the employment of civilians and the purchase of building materials.

The final chapter "Fraud, Theft, and Military Expenditures" illustrates that the problems of that period are still around today. Sometimes these problems are the result of the actions of the bureaucracy or sometimes just plain greed. At times

the wrong person was put in charge as was the case of Lt. Henry O. Flippen who had not been trained in how to handle accounts and ended up being dismissed from the service.

The author has done a thorough job of researching her topic, and the book deserves a place in any research library, but unless you have a very strong interest in economic history, you will not enjoy reading *Soldiers and Settlers*.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Josey Wales: Two Westerns** by Forrest Carter. *Gone to Texas* and *The Vengeance Trail of Josey Wales* with afterword by Lawrence Clayton. Univ. of New Mexico Press. Paper, 1989. 419 pages. \$14.95.

Once in a great while this reviewer likes to relax with a good western novel, especially one that involves a lot of gunplay. Such action is to be found in these two stories by Forrest Carter, one of which was filmed as *The Outlaw Josey Wales*, starring and directed by Clint Eastwood.

The stories complement one another. In the first, *Gone to Texas*, we are introduced to the character Josey Wales, ex-confederate guerrilla lieutenant who refused amnesty, turned bank robber, and is an expert with his Colt 44s. The reader follows Josey's trail south from Missouri into the Cherokee nations and into Texas, where he hopes to elude pursuit by countless posses of Federal troops and civilians by crossing into Mexico. Along the way he encounters numerous people, those wanting to collect the reward by capturing him and putting him six feet under as well as those who want to help him.

The second story, *The Vengeance Trail of Josey Wales*, is a well-written sequel to the first, and mentions characters introduced in *Gone to Texas*. This story carries on the outlaw hero's adventures which take place in about the same time period as the first story, and it takes him south of the Rio Grande.

The author as a novelist knew his material well. Both his stories are filled with detailed descriptions of geography, history, and folklife. Perhaps because of his part-Cherokee heritage, Carter is able to describe the irresponsibility of the government in *Gone to Texas*. In the second story he tells of the corruption of the Catholic Church in Mexico and the brutality of the Mexican Rurales. In this way he displays his feelings of the treatment of the Indians, be they Commanche or Apache. Regardless of the personal feelings of the reader, these two well-written western novels are worth the time it takes to read them.

It should be noted that at the time of his death in 1979, Forrest Carter had completed only four books, three of which pertain to the Old West.

Mark Hutchins, P.M.

**Colorado: A Summer Trip** by Bayard Taylor. Edited by William W. Savage and John H. Lazalier. Univ. of Colorado Press, 1989. 189 pp. Hardcover \$19.95, paper \$9.95.

Bayard Taylor (1825-1878) fancied himself a poet, a novelist, and a translator who only wrote travel books when he needed the money. But in fact, his literary career grew from his travel reportage, beginning at age 19 when he bankrolled a two-year tour of Europe by securing advances for letters he proposed to send back to the *Saturday Evening Post* and Horace Greeley's *New York Tribune*. Over the years he journeyed to Africa, Russia, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and Ethiopia, and in 1853 with Commodore Matthew C. Perry to Japan, entertaining a generation of sedentary Americans with vicarious adventures.

*Colorado: A Summer Trip*, first published in 1867, consists of a series of letters Taylor wrote for the *Tribune* in June and July, 1866. He traveled from Kansas City to Denver via Smoky Hill Fork, and returned via the Platte to Omaha, all by

overland stage just before that mode of travel became obsolete because of encroaching railroads. For trail history devotees his overland adventures are fascinating, but the main focus of this work is his grand tour of the mountain communities, by horseback, in the distinguished company of William Holbrook Beard, a popular American painter, and the ubiquitous William Newton Byers, publisher of the *Rocky Mountain News*.

Taylor offers sparkling commentary on Golden, Black Hawk, Central City, Oro City, Canyon City, Middle Park and South Park, with a final side trip to "Boulder Valley" via the "Salt Lake Stage Road," swarming with huge freight trains hauled by oxen, and still-westering emigrants, their wagon covers emblazoned by inscriptions such as "The Red Bull," and "Mind Your Own Business." His last eulogy is for "Colorado as a Summer Resort." He found it ravishing, destined to become to America what Switzerland was to Europe. Accordingly, he thus eulogizes his first and last view of the Rockies from a rise west of Kiowa Creek:

". . . From the breezy ridge . . . you look upon 150 miles of the snowy range, from the Sangre de Cristo to the spurs away toward Laramie. In the variety and harmony of form, in effect against the dark-blue sky, in breadth and grandeur, I know no external picture of the Alps which can be placed beside it. If you could take away the valley of the Rhone and unite the Alps of Savoy with the Bernese Oberland, you might get a tolerable view of the Rocky Mountains. Pikes Peak would represent the Jungfrau; a nameless snowy giant in front of you, Monte Rosa; and Longs Peak, Mont Blanc . . . The average height of the Rocky Mountains surpasses that of the Alps."

Taylor's style is as fresh and engaging—and as thoroughly captivating—as it was nearly 150 years ago.

Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.

**Let Justice Be Done: Crime and Politics in Early San Francisco** by Kevin J. Mullin. Univ. of Nevada Press, Reno, 1989. 322 pages, 13 ill., map, appendix, notes, index. Cloth, \$24.95.

Books about United States history often contain information that is inaccurate and these inaccuracies are then repeated in subsequent works, and at times even when the facts have been corrected the inaccuracies are continued. This is seen in discussions of the importance of Sacagawea to the Lewis and Clark expedition and in the blaming of the financial panic of the early 1890s on the repeal of the Sherman Silver Purchase Act. The standard interpretation of events in San Francisco in the early 1850's focuses on the amount of crime and the need for citizens to take action with the breakdown of civil authority.

Kevin Mullen, a former San Francisco police officer who retired as deputy chief, has written a most interesting book in which he attempts to show whether or not the standard interpretations are accurate. He has done for San Francisco what Robert Dykstra did for the Kansas cowtowns in proving that there was a great disparity between the actual number of murders and those numbers used by many historians.

The author presents information based on extensive research to show that events as pictured by earlier authors, including Bancroft, were not always accurate. He also raises some interesting questions such as who may have started some of the early fires in the city. The blame has always been placed on the criminal element, but there seems to be a relationship of sorts between the merchants with a surplus of merchandise and the fires. Some of the fires were, of course, accidental and not set by anyone.

Other questions concerning the involvement of government officials and business leaders in certain activities are most intriguing. This includes Sam Bran-

nan and some of the others connected with the Committee of Vigilance. What exactly was their purpose in forming this organization?

I was pleased to discover that John Jenkins, the first criminal tried and hanged by the Committee, was really named Simpson according to one of the newspapers.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**This Is A Strange Country, Letters Of A Westering Family, 1880-1906.** Edited and annotated by Byrd Gibbens, Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1988. 438 pages, illus. Cloth, \$29.95.

The title of this compelling book is extracted from a letter among the many written by Charles and Maggie Brown at the close of the nineteenth century. Charles Brown, a graduate of the Medical School of Virginia, and from a proud Virginia family, went west in 1880 in hopes of a new life and fortune. He wrote to his young wife before she joined him; during their marriage she spent periods in Virginia, and they wrote regularly. Other family members added letters. This correspondence has survived, providing a window into the real West.

The Browns' attempts at living and working in the "New West"—in southern Colorado and in New Mexico—provide poignant details of the problems facing those trying to get a start and make a go of it in the small mining towns. Obtaining and maintaining any sort of living shelter in rural nineteenth-century America brought about problems far removed from today. Meeting simple needs was never easy. The death of a darling daughter at the age of eight is a heart-rending episode. Charles usually tried to find wealth by being involved in mining, but his efforts proved futile. Finally he got steady income as a railroad mail clerk in southern New Mexico.

The letters of the Brown family provide the reader with a deep insight into

their lives. These epistles contain a frankness and openness of thought and feelings which seem more a part of our "modern" age. After all, this was the Victorian Age!

Byrd Gibbens performs an outstanding job in researching the background of the family, including contacting family descendants, and provides well-written summaries and analyses of each grouping of letters. Unfortunately, after one has read her interesting introduction in each chapter, the later reading of the actual letters gives one a feeling of "deja vu," and in a way spoils the impact of having read their content.

Edwin A. Bathke, P.M.

**This Stubborn Soil, A Frontier Boyhood** by William A. Owens. Vintage Books, New York, 1989. First printed 1966 by William A. Owen. 307 pages. Paperback, \$8.95.

Few autobiographies are so engrossing, so absorbing, that the reader finds them difficult to put down before finishing. *This Stubborn Soil* is too long to read at one sitting, but its magnetism draws us back, and the last page leaves us feeling that we want to know more of the author. It is told in objective, forthright, unemotional prose, but the words are so well chosen that the picture of grinding poverty, back-breaking toil, and unschooled family background is so clear that we are truly transported to that place and time.

Young William Owens' mother was suffering labor pains as her husband lay dying of meningitis in an adjoining room. The year was 1905, and the place was a backward rural area in northeast Texas where an existence was wrung from the soil by the most primitive means. The family consisted of four older children and was almost matriarchal in its organization. Most of the men in the extended family had died of disease or accident leaving mother, grandmother, and aunts

to make important decisions. Fortunately for the Owens family, these women were a strong moral force. Although they were often illiterate, they had a great respect for education, for honesty, and for pride in work well done.

We follow the moves of the family, always trying to improve themselves but usually finding they were falling further behind. Often they lived in ramshackle cabins not as good as those of the ex-slaves who had moved to the region years before. The children attended the mediocre schools when they could, but more often than not Fall and Spring found them at work in the cotton and corn fields.

Before he was 16 William had been able to go to Dallas where he found minimal employment, but he saw enough of the world that he knew he had to gain an education which would enable him to become a teacher. At the age of 17 he had no more than an eighth grade education (much of it gleaned from reading all the books he could lay his hands on), but he was able to pass an entrance examination which gained his enrollment in a backwater college near his home. The story concludes with this success, but we feel confident that his future is assured. The conclusion is sure to leave the reader with the feeling that he has been in the presence of a person who was able to reach beyond his heredity and environment to achieve a goal that had seemed all but impossible.

William Owens has written a sequel to this book, *A Season of Weathering*, which we hope will be reprinted. He has authored 14 books and has taught at Paris (Texas) Junior College, Southern Methodist and Iowa State Universities, as well as summer sessions at Columbia University.

Marjorie Wiegert Hutchins



**C.N. Cotton and His Navajo Blankets** by Lester L. Williams. Avanyu Publishing, Albuquerque, 1989. 112 pages, photographs. Paper, \$19.95.

Back in March, 1977, Posse Member and former Sheriff Les Williams presented a paper to the Denver Westerners on his Great-Uncle C. N. Cotton. In this current publication, Les has added three of Cotton's Navajo blanket catalogs printed between 1896 and 1919. These contain information about the different grades of blankets, a history of Navajo weaving, and a number of interesting photographs of blankets and of the business areas of the Cotton enterprise in Gallup.

C. N. Cotton came west from Ohio in 1881 and became a telegraph operator for the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad. He soon returned to Ohio to get married, and brought his new bride home to his boxcar home located on the siding at Wingate, New Mexico. He then entered into a partnership with Juan Lorenzo Hubble in 1884. They established trading posts on the Navajo reservation. Cotton continued as an Indian trader, and in 1889 he developed a wholesale business in Gallup which he continued until his death in 1934. His big advantage was his exclusive regional control of Arbuckle's coffee and Pendleton blankets which were the brands most desired by the Navajo.

The author has accomplished his goal of letting people know about C. N. Cotton and his important role both as an Indian trader and as a force for the improvement in Navajo weaving, along with Lorenzo Hubble.

I enjoyed the talk when Les presented it over twelve years ago, and I only wish that there were more information available about C. N. Cotton and his daily dealings with the Navajo. The few descriptions presented in this work are most interesting.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Medicine Man** by Owen Tully Stratton; edited by Owen S. Stratton, Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman and London, 1989. 272 pgs., 3 ill., 4 maps, index. Cloth \$19.95.

This is an entertaining, convincingly accurate, recently discovered diary of Doctor Stratton's many peregrine paths from grafter medicine man to respectable Physician and Surgeon; as he migrated to numerous locales from east of the Mississippi River to the Pacific coast, from 1898 to 1950; edited by his loving son who just happens to be Ralph Emerson Professor Emeritus of Political Science in Wellesley College.

Prepare yourself, as you must, for a few hours of delightful reading that blends rural colloquialisms with literate prose. Many of you will recall the rural communities in which Mr. and later Dr. Stratton administered at first to the gullible and later to the sick. Some of you will enjoy that gullibility of the clientele seeking sweet oblivion as antidote to their sad life styles in a bottle of bitter red medicine. All of you will enjoy the metamorphosis of a basically honest achiever from con artist on the tailgate of the medicine wagon to credible country doctor on his kitchen operating table.

Loren F. Blaney, M.D., P.M.



### NEW RIDERS ON THE RANGE

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*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

MAY-JUNE 1990



**THEATRE IN DENVER  
1859-1881  
JAMES OSBORN**



Harry Richmond, early Denver actor

### OUR AUTHOR

**Jim Osborn** was born in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1951. He graduated from West Des Moines Valley High School and attended Iowa State University. He graduated with a major in Psychology and a minor in Journalism. He also met his wife Lorraine and they were married in 1981. According to family lore, Lorraine is a descendent of one of the principals in the 1857 Spirit Lake Massacre.

Jim is an independent film producer and his Denver company is Rockywood Productions. He has done work on such films as "Missouri [Turkey] Wings," "The Return," and "Manchurian Avenger." He has also produced many television commercials. He has won seven Alfies, which are the Oscars or Emmies of the commercial film world, as well as a Grand Alfie for United Bank's "Over 55 Campaign."

Jim and Lorraine collect guns and other militaria, particularly anything stamped with "U.S." Jim is especially interested in the history of the United States Cavalry, the Civil War, and the Indian fight at Beecher's Island.

### AUTHORS' NOTE

Authors who need more than the regularly-provided 10 copies of their paper in the ROUNDUP should notify the Editor well in advance of publication. There may be a charge for these extra copies.

### CORRECTION OF DATE

Membership Chairman George Godfrey, as a result of browsing in his files of the ROUNDUP has discovered that the year date 1967 for the group photograph of the Denver Westerners on the cover of the July-August 1988 issue of the ROUNDUP *should be* January 1964 instead of 1967. Numa James was Sheriff, and in the photograph is the second man against the right-hand wall, directly under the picture on the wall.

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

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### CORRECTION

The obituary for L. Coulson Hageman, ROUNDUP of March-April 1990, page 2, par. 3, line 3-4, should read "With Alan Stewart he co-edited the last issue of our Brand Book." [not with Alan Swallow]

## THEATRE IN DENVER, 1858-1881

by

James Osborn, P.M.

Presented 24 January 1990

The tents, log cabins, and dirt streets that were to become Denver offered little entertainment in 1859 besides the usual Taos Lightning and a game of chance dealt on the head of a barrel. This state of affairs prompted General William Larimer to write to his wife in the winter of 1858-9, "Tell Col. Thorne that Charley Blake is building a new house, 90 feet by 60 feet. He says it will make a good theatre building. . ."<sup>1</sup>

The building was constructed by Blake and William in the spring of 1859 to be used as a hotel, but soon became a gambling hall and saloon. This palace for tenderfoot gold seekers ended up being 100 feet long and 40 feet wide, with a dirt floor and canvas roof and windows. The first entertainments in the hall were bands and theatre shows that were equally as crude as the surroundings. This building, known as Denver Hall, was on present day Blake Street between 14th and 15th. It was sold and became the famous stable and livery called the Elephant. On May 23, 1862 the name was changed to the Elephant Corral. One of its many incarnations exists today as an office building.<sup>2</sup>

As the town grew, so did competition for Denver Hall. A gambling hall called Cibola Hall was built at the corner of Ferry and 4th Street in Auraria. However, civilization had arrived when Barney and Company constructed the Apollo Hotel, the first with wood floors. It served as a combination restaurant, gambling hall, and saloon. The second floor, known as Apollo Hall, served as the site for the first truly professional theatre performances. General Larimer's wife did contact Colonel Charles R. Thorne as the letter instructed. Col. Thorne managed a Chicago theatre at this time and had been involved in theatre in New York since the 1820s, including the National Theatre in 1854. Lured by the gilt of gold-laden, theatre-starved patrons, Thorne arrived in Denver in 1859. Arrangements were made with the Apollo Hall owner Libeus Barney, and a temporary stage was set up at one end of the hall. The following is a review from the October 6, 1859 issue of *The Rocky Mountain News*:

Thorne's theatre opened on Monday evening last night with the "Cross of Gold," followed by a popular song by Miss Wakely; a favorite dance by M'lle Haydee; concluding with the farce of the "Two Gregories." The whole performance was excellent and unexceptional. Colonel Thorne can hardly be excelled in any country, and he is most ably supported by his company of stars. Miss Wakely's singing is excellent, and M'lle Haydee, as a danseuse, has no superior. There was an overflowing house, and frequent loud applause. Upon being called out, Col. T. assured his audience it was his design to spend the winter here, and erect a commodious and elegant theatre in the spring. On Tuesday evening was played the "Old Guard," dancing, singing, and the "Swiss Cottage" in conclusion. There was a good house and rapturous applause. Last evening was given the "Idiot Witness" and the farce of a "Kiss in the Dark" with like good success. Our people are most fortunate in the establishment of a theatre at this time—and that theatre Thorne's—to help

the long winter months to pass pleasantly. We hope that they will see to it that he receives the patronage he deserves.<sup>3</sup>



Apollo Theatre, white building second from left, 1860s

Obviously, the performances by the Thorne Star Company were a big success. Libeus Barney wrote this account: Last night was ushered in an event of paramount importance to Pike's Peakers. Mr. Charles Thorne, the far-famed itinerant theatrical showman, with a company of eleven performers, six males and five females, made their debut at "Apollo Hall" before a large though not remarkably select, audience. Admittance, one dollar; comfortable accommodations for three hundred and fifty; receipts \$400.00, which tells well for the patronage, if not for the appreciation, of art in this semi-barbarous region.<sup>4</sup>

Barney doesn't seem to appreciate his clientele's level of refinement even though they were happy to part with some "dust" for almost any diversion. In fact, gold dust was the common form of currency and a scales was in use at the ticket office. Mr. Barney claimed that one day in need of a beaver hat, he swept the dirt from the ticket office floor into a gold pan and collected \$13.56 in weight. Theatre performances at Apollo Hall above the saloon and casino were not a genteel affair. Clinking glasses, the crack of billiard balls, wild songs and laughter from below, interrupted performances. At this time candles lit the stage. So during love scenes, if patrons were not distracted by stagehands who blew out candles and relit them to create moody lighting, they may have been by the occasional gunshot. Sometimes the distractions were in the theatre. Such as this report from *The Rocky Mountain News*:

We are sorry to say that the audience was somewhat disturbed on Tuesday evening last, by the pranks of a drunken man, who is hereby notified that a

rigid police is established, and he and all such will be summarily ejected if good order is not kept.

Apparently Col. Thorne had enough of this sort of audience and left Denver for good after only two weeks. His troupe remained active in Denver under Mademoiselle Haydee. The next local sensation was comedy actor Mike J. Dougherty. Dougherty was an eastern actor who came to the region to mine. Mining wasn't working out so he went on stage at the Apollo Hall in the play "Perfection" as well as another, "The Omnibus." Dougherty was a huge hit, especially while performing the comic song "Paddy's Wedding" which brought down the house. Apparently, he excelled as an Irish drunk or as an old gentleman. Dougherty stayed on the Denver stage scene until his death in 1865. During this time he received many benefits.

A benefit was a common practice in the 1800s to financially reward popular actors and actresses. The theatre manager paid the expenses for a performance. The actor receiving the benefit would perform his favorite roles and keep the gate receipts. Some benefits were held for two or three minor actors at one time. Benefits were always well publicized in newspapers as good P.R. for the theatre.

Another popular entertainment of this era were minstrel shows. These were black-face white singers with banjos and mostly rowdy songs, but were very popular, more popular than theatre performances. In 1860 the most renowned of the minstrel acts were the Cibola Minstrels and the Converse and Petrie Ethiopian Minstrels.

The most popular showman arrived next, in fact a man known as the father of Denver theatre. He was John S. Langrishe, born in Ireland in 1829, he came to America in 1845. His first U.S. performance was "The Irish Attorney" at the Cheatam Theatre in New York City. Langrishe was from a theatre family and Langrishe was probably not his real name. While in the east he married the great-granddaughter of Ethan Allen, Jeanette Allen. Organizing a theatre troupe in 1859, Langrishe toured western military posts. Arriving in September 1860, he gave his first performance. The short plays that night were "His Last Legs" and "Fifteen Years of Labour Lost" which was probably a temperance play. Temperance plays were very common at that time. One of my favorite titles is "The Youth Who Never Saw a Woman." I wouldn't want to guess as to its subject matter.

Langrishe's troupe was a great success and a six-night stand became permanent. He took over the Apollo Hall in 1860, replacing the candles on stage with oil lamps, a major technological advance. John and Jeanette Langrishe were the scions of Denver theatre until 1876, when he became editor of the *Black Hills Daily Pioneer*. He returned to Denver for theatre purposes from time to time and signed the Colorado Pioneer Society register in 1882. Langrishe retired to Wardner, Idaho and died in 1895.

Another theatre that deserves mention was the Platte Valley Theatre at the corner of 16th and Lawrence. It was 90 x 50 feet with a 30-foot stage, and seating for 1500. *The Rocky Mountain News* praised its decor with this statement: "The finish throughout corresponds with the magnitude of the building. The walls and ceiling are plastered with a glittering hard finish, and the wood shines in paint and gildings."<sup>5</sup> The building was later renamed the Denver Theatre.

With new professional facilities and eastern theatre troupes came more civilization and organization. As in most theatres there was a "green room," or actors lounge, next to the stage. Theatre managers posted rules for their actors in the green room. The following are a few of the most interesting of them:



John Langrishe, 1829-1895

#### Green Room Rules

1. Any member of the company unable, from the effects of stimulants to perform, or appear, at rehearsal shall forfeit a week's salary, or be liable to be discharged.
2. For making the stage wait — three dollars.
3. Performer rehearsing from a book or part after proper time has been allowed for study shall forfeit five dollars.
4. A performer introducing his own language or improper jests not in the author, or swearing in his part, shall forfeit five dollars.

5. Performer who makes alteration in dress without consent of the manager or refuses to wear the costume selected shall forfeit three dollars.
6. Performer restoring what has been cut by the manager will forfeit five dollars.
7. No actor to address the audience without consent of the manager.

Also, here are some theatre salaries of the 1870s:

Actors, walking, gentleman or lady	\$20/week
Old man or woman	\$24-40/week
Low grade talent	\$10-25/week
Extras off the street	\$3-4/week
Stage carpenters/scene shifters	\$10-50/week
Ballet girls	\$8-10/week
Ushers and dressers	\$5-6/week

Besides Langrishe and others who put together legitimate theatre, "variety halls" were very popular. Variety halls combined gambling, drinks, girly shows and theatrical performances. The earliest of these was the Criterion Concert Hall, in 1861. There were many others, but newspapers wouldn't accept advertising from most of these "Dens of Iniquity." However, this is a description published by *The Denver Post*:

16th STREET THEATRE.

LANGRISHE & PIERCE, Managers.

**TO-NIGHT!**  
**LAST NIGHTS**  
Of the Great Emotional Artists.

**Miss MAUD GRANGER**

This evening will be presented DION BOLLICHAULTS new and highly successful comedy of

**FORBIDDEN FRUIT!**

CHARACTERS:

ZULU, .....	MISS MAUD GRANGER
MR. SERGEANT BUSTER, (Senior Captain)	MR. LANGRISHE
MR. CATO LOVE, (Junior Captain)	MR. OGDEN STEVENS
CAPTAIN DEBRINGER	MR. WRIGHT HUNTINGTON
JOHN	MR. KING HEDLEY
SWALBACH, (German head waiter)	MR. J. H. HAZELTON
ROBERT	MR. U. HERNANDEZ
HEATH	MR. R. FLOREDOE
RAHWAY PORTER	MR. MASON
CONDUCTOR	MR. WEST
CAPTAIN	MR. SMERSON
MRS. CATO LOVE, (Mrs. Love)	MISS ILLIAN JOYCE
MRS. ABABELLA RUSTEK	MRS. NELIA ROBINSON
MISS JULIA FERKINS, (Dresser)	MISS TESSIE DEAGLE

Period theatre poster featuring John Langrishe

In Crossing to the opposite side of Blake Street, or on the south side, west of F (15th), we are attracted by the glare of instruments and glare of lights, to another extensive establishment, known as the "Cricket." Besides a large hall and stage and bar room, the "Cricket" has an extensive room devoted to all the games of chance that were ever invented, and back of the hall a sort of hypothetical "Green Room" — concentrated to purposes which we leave to our readers to imagine.

The "Cricket" is a half-way "standard" place of amusement. There is no ostensible price of admittance, but anyone who indulges in the so called "games of chance" is certain to

pay very dearly for indulging in the experiment. The "Cricket" is an "all night" resort, and is generally thronged with a strange admixture of people.<sup>6</sup>

We find very few facts about the performers or performances at variety halls, but this description is from *The Denver Post*:

Monday afternoon there would be a conference and at night the show, without rehearsal or script. This training taught actors to recognize possibilities, and they improve the part of their act which seemed to get the most response. Women had to "work" boxes and get the men to order expensive drinks. At this time vaudeville acts got sixty dollars a team for a weeks work.<sup>7</sup>

In the 1870s many people were trying to get rid of vice in the growing city of Denver. Gambling was finally outlawed in Denver in 1873, which dealt a blow to variety halls. One of the main crusaders of the time was William N. Byers, publisher of *The Rocky Mountain News*. It is not clear to me if this was because of his puritan zeal or his zeal to sell papers. In any case, the following is an example of the kind of article he was fond of publishing to support the anti-vice campaign.



Governor's Guard Hall, 15th and Curtis Streets, built 1873

A row occurred at the Cricket Hall last night, which resulted in a well-known sport named Barnum getting pretty badly hurt. He was endeavoring to get up a row between a couple of the girls employed in the hall, and upon being ordered to quit by officer Stout, made an attempt to draw his revolver, but the officer was too quick for him and brought him to terms by striking him



two or three ugly blows over the head. The girl put in an appearance and was fined \$40 and costs. Barnum was unable to appear. He occasions our officers a great deal of trouble and they would feel greatly obliged if he would make himself scarce hereabouts.



Wallhalla Hall, 16th and Curtis Streets, 1875

Another of the famous variety halls was the Occidental. Here is its description: A few steps farther westward brings us to the "Occidental Hall" at the north-west corner of Blake and G (16th) streets. Going up a single flight of stairs we enter a large hall blazing with light and flashy ornamentation. Here we find another commodious "bar" and a stage. Placards of "Beer 10c" appear among the gaslights, and the numerous "Beer Girls" promenaded the halls as waiters. About the walls are hung bulletin boards in flaring colors with the following advertisement: "More talent, Miss So and So, the great Prima Donna, late of Winter Garden, serio-comic singer danseuse, will appear every evening."<sup>9</sup>

Other tamer types of entertainment were available as well. Previously mentioned Black-face comedy minstrels, magicians, and lecturers entertained early Denverites; even P.T. Barnum made an appearance at the Denver Theatre on June 18, 1870<sup>10</sup> presenting his popular lecture, "How to Be Healthy, Happy, and Rich." History doesn't record whether any one in the audience actually became healthy, happy, or rich, but I am sure everyone was thoroughly entertained.

Byers' campaign for upstanding entertainment ended in a new opera house called the Governor's Guard Hall, in February 1883, at a cost of \$26,000. The new building was located at 15th and Curtis Streets. This was a magnificent structure which served as an armory as well as opera house. The armory was for a group called the Governor's Guards, who raised the money for the building. These people were a sort of pre-statehood National Guard.

The Guard's opera house was a financial disaster. The management suffered with a lack of experience and the bad economy of the 1870s. In 1876 the Guard's opera house got a new lease on life, when Nate Forrester, a renowned actor and theatre manager leased the Guard's opera house and renamed it Forrester's Opera House. He put together the finest casts available and was the top impresario of the 1870s.

That is, until H.A.W. Tabor, who we all know built the opera house in Leadville, arrived in Denver. Tabor proceeded to build the finest theatre anywhere for the times. On September 6, 1881 the Tabor Grand Opera House opened with Emma Abbott and her company appearing in "Maritana." The Tabor Grand was the talk of theatre circles nationwide and as a result drew the best actors and actresses of the day, from Sarah Bernhardt to Fanny's Female Minstrels. The lavish decor boasted cherry furnishings, red damask hangings, and soft lighting. This tribute to theatrical luxury marked the end of pioneer theatre in Denver.

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### NEW RIDERS ON OUR RANGE

**Lloyd Glasier**  
Parker, Colorado

Early history of the Cherry Creek Valley by use of dendrochronology of old buildings. Published "The Lost Locomotive In The Kiowa."

**Omar Quade**  
Denver

Colorado history; birds of prey; railroads; traveling and camping.

**Robert V. Schultz**  
Franktown

Owens and operates working cattle ranch; raises Texas Longhorn cattle and Plains buffalos; collects Plains Indian materials and early cowboy saddles and gear.





## Westerner's Bookshelf



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

**Frontiers in Conflict: The Old Southwest** by Thomas D. Clark and John W. Guice. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1989. 350 pages, maps. Cloth \$32.50, paper \$15.95.

This is the latest volume in the *Histories of the American Frontier* series that was begun by Ray Allen Billington during the mid-sixties. Each volume in this series was to offer "a lively but authentic account of one period in the occupation of the North American continent. Prepared by recognized authorities, they are designed to be read separately, for each tells the complete story of one phase of westward expansion. Together they will form the first integrated, multi-volume history of the American Frontier." This statement introduced the series, and while the original title of this volume was changed over the years the original intent is evident, especially the "lively but authentic account."

Far too often our concept of the frontier refers to the region west of the hundredth meridian, and yet the frontier of the Old Southwest lasted for many years and had a strong impact on the history of the United States. The area of the Old Southwest is defined as including the modern-day states located between South Carolina and Louisiana. This was the land of the Cherokee, Creek, Seminole, Chickasaw, and Choctaw.

This is a revisionist history in the different interpretations given to several subjects including the role played by Andrew Jackson in the Indian removal.

There is also brought into question such topics as the amount of violence on the Natchez Trace. While we often think of cattle drives up through Oklahoma to Kansas, the reader will discover the cattle industry that developed in this land of rivers, creeks, and swamps.

In the chapter entitled, "Eclipsing Ancient Nations," the roles played by James McDonald and Thomas L. McKenney in helping the tribes that were being forced to leave their land are discussed in some detail along with information regarding the financial return that the Chickasaw tribe received for their land. In connection with this tribal removal, the National Park Service is now in the process of locating the actual routes taken by the tribes to reach present-day Oklahoma.

The chapters that deal with relations between the United States and other nations are of interest, but I found those chapters dealing with the social history of the region to be especially rewarding. In checking out the extensive bibliography, I ran across one that I would recommend for studying the area, and it is *The Flush Times of Alabama and Mississippi*.

This book certainly meets the criteria that Billington established for the series. You can see the special expertise of Thomas Clark in this work as it is up to the high standards that he has set in his previous twenty books.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**The Old-Time Cowhand** by Ramon F. Adams. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1989. 354 pgs. A Bison Book. Illustrated by Nick Eggenhofer. Originally published by MacMillan 1961.

When first printed in 1961, *The Old-Time Cowhand* was called the "encyclopedia of the cowboy and the cattle business." I could not agree more, and I would recommend this book for anyone of any age who wants an authentic and fact-filled reference.

Adams has written his book in a novel way, that is, "In writin' this'n, I could maybe slick up my grammar some, but because it's 'bout the old-time cowhand I want to write it in his own language jes' like he talked at the old chuck wagon." (From the author's foreword.)

The author has divided the book into three parts. Part one is simply titled "THE COWHAND." In this section, Adams describes what the cowhand did, what he did it with, why he did it, and when he did it.

Section two is titled "AT WORK," and this is the part of the book that gets to the business part of the cowhand's life. Each man in the cattle business had a title and with that title came responsibilities. One thing that impressed me is the way they worked as a team. Each man depended upon the other to do his job he was hired for, and there was no place for a man who could not carry out his chores and meet his responsibilities. The cowhand's work was hard and sometimes dangerous, and the author spares no words to describe in detail all aspects of the cowhand's life while at work.

Part three, "AT PLAY," describes how the old-time cowhand spent his hard-earned, meager, salary (\$30-\$40 a month) and his "spare time," which he had very little of, but when he had it he made every minute count. He might choose to participate in a local rodeo, bend his elbow to drown the dust from the trail, maybe a fling with one of the

local saloon gals, or maybe get dressed out in his best duds and head for the barn dance that some local rancher held.

The cowhand often depicted in movies and TV is not what Ramon Adams describes in this book. Perhaps the author's Afterword says it best. "Life was somethin' besides blood, bullets and barrooms. . . . Shore, he wanted to have his fun before the old feller with the hay hook come 'long. . . . Usually he had more friends than there's fiddlers in hell . . . He had his faults, but in my opinion his virtues outweighed these, and I know that for shore that we'll never see his like again on the American scene."

Roger P. Michels, P.M.

**Colorado Catholicism and the Archdiocese of Denver, 1857-1989** by Thomas J. Noel. Introduction by Archbishop Francis J. Stafford. University Press of Colorado, Ni Wot, 1989. 470 pages with index, illustrated, hardbound, \$39.95

In 1706 the first Catholic mission was set up by people of Spanish extraction in what is now Colorado. Before 1860 Bishop Jean Lamy of Santa Fe presided over the Vicarate of New Mexico, Arizona and Utah. With the 1859 discovery of gold in western Kansas Territory, Lamy sent Fr. Joseph Machebeouf north in the following year. Shortly afterward the Pikes Peak Region was added to Lamy's domain. Machebeouf was assigned all of present Colorado and Utah as his parish. Later, he became Denver's first Bishop.

Five others have served in this important office in the years since Machebeouf's tenure. Bishop Nicholas Matz, who founded the *Denver Catholic Register*, followed Fr. Machebeouf. His time in office encompassed the years between 1889 and 1917. In many ways

Bishop Henry Tihen, 1917-30, faced some of the most difficult times for Colorado Catholicism. Dr. John Galen Locke and Gov. Clarence Morley headed up the Ku Klux Klan and took over the state government. Both Jews and Catholics were subjected to discrimination and abuse during the 1920s.

Bishop Urban J. Vehr was a builder, vastly expanding the parochial school system within the city and the state. During his administration some 400 new church buildings were completed. Archbishop James Casey is remembered as a social activist. He spoke out vehemently against our "police action" in Viet Nam. Concurrently, he championed the cause of Denver's homeless. As the metropolitan area grew with the arrival of persons of diverse cultures, several new parishes were created to meet the needs of these different heritages.

These several dissimilar ethnic parishes are treated in the latter part of this ambitious book. *Colorado Catholicism* is a large, 8½ x 11-inch volume, an impressive and comprehensive work. Many illustrations complement the author's clear and readable text. Dr. Noel has done a painstaking piece of researching his subject and has treated it in a fresh and engaging way. Finally, in addition to being a history of a major faith, this impressive volume contains a lot of Colorado and Western History as well.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

**Many More Mountains, Volume 1: Silverton's Roots** by Allen Nossaman. Sundance Publications, Ltd., Denver, 1989. 352 pages, bibliography, index. \$39 hardbound.

Allen Nossaman is a Colorado native who has made his home in Silverton for more than two decades. He has worked

as a newspaper publisher, as the Rio Grande railway station agent, and currently as a county judge. His knowledge of Silverton and Southwestern Colorado history is encyclopedic. *Many More Mountains* is replete with fascinating, sometimes obscure information. A substantial number of the accounts were new to this reviewer.

The narrative begins with the earliest native Americans, the Spanish contributions, fur trappers and traders, and chronicles both official and unofficial American explorers. Nossaman's treatment of the Charles Baker expedition is one of the most comprehensive I have read. It includes a complete roster of the participants. Large, clear chronological maps trace the progress of these earliest regional explorations.

Quite properly, the bulk of the book details the mining history of the San Juan country. Attention is given to the better-known San Juan County personalities, both famous and infamous. To his everlasting credit the author spells Alfred Packer's name correctly (not Alferd). He also spells Mount Abram properly (not Abrams). This lovely mountain was named for Abram Cutler, an early county judge and justice of the peace.

An impressive number of illustrations, a Sundance tradition, are handsomely reproduced. Many are in color. All footnotes are very detailed. A particularly useful Place Name Correlation appears at the back of the book, just before the voluminous bibliography.

All things considered, this is a handsome volume, both scholarly and readable. Allen Nossaman writes very good history, remarkably free of those nit-picking items that are so dear to reviewers. Since the title carries the designation of a first volume, we should be able to anticipate a second book of comparable quality.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

**The Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo** by Richard Griswold del Castillo. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1990. 266 pages, maps, photographs, appendices, bibliography. Cloth, \$22.95.

The war between the United States and Mexico that began in 1846 was concluded in 1848 with the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. In terms of territory, the United States took what became the states of California, Utah, Nevada and parts of Arizona, New Mexico and Colorado. In 1853, the rest of what is now Arizona and New Mexico was bought by the United States in the Gadsden Purchase. For the territory and other claims, the United States paid Mexico over twenty-five million dollars. There have been a number of questions regarding the border between the two nations including the El Chamizal settlement in 1963.

The major problems that began with promises in the treaty and continue to this day are those that dealt with the civil and property rights of the Mexicans whose land was now located in the United States. The questions that arose from community ownership of land and ownership based on Mexican and Spanish land grants were decided in United States courts. The new legal system was extremely confusing to these new citizens and worked against them in the majority of cases. There was often a lack of documentation, which prevented the Mexican from proving his case, and there was often discrimination in these courts based on language and custom.

The treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo and the results of that treaty are treated with great thoroughness by the author. That his research was extensive is evident by the number of primary and secondary sources included in the bibliography, and there is also a list of United States court cases that have been directed at interpretation of the treaty. The complete treaty is also included, and it

should be studied by those interested in the relations between the two nations.

The author believes strongly that there is a need for the United States to live up to the treaty in regard to its treatment of certain minority groups.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Water and the Future of the Southwest**, edited by Zachary Smith, Univ. of New Mexico Public Policy Series, Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1989. 279 pages.

When seventeen college professors take turns examining an admittedly cloudy crystal ball, and attempt to predict the water problems of the future, it is not likely to produce a clear, uniform guide for action.

This is, roughly, what has been attempted in *Water and the Future of the Southwest*, with uneven success.

Articles ranging from a somewhat mechanical catalog of responses to a questionnaire furnished by water officials to an imaginative and challenging look at "Water and the Future of Non-Indian Federal Lands in the Southwest" by Daniel McCool of the University of Utah will be of interest only to those who have a very real concern about the future use of our limited water supplies.

Although there seems to be some uncertainty about the geographical area included in the term "Southwest" (Utah is included sometimes and excluded sometimes), a very wide variety of problems is addressed.

There is not much unanimity, although most authors conclude that there are three main sources of concern: (1) federal control of allocation of scarce supplies, (2) pollution, and (3) the measures needed to assure that all problems, including area-of-origin and environmental concerns, are addressed in the reallocation of water supplies that inevitably results from the continued

growth in population in the so-called Sunbelt states.

As noted, the appeal of this volume is limited. However, those with the interest and tenacity to examine it carefully will come away rewarded by their efforts, albeit still uncertain as to the picture displayed in the crystal ball.

Raphael J. Moses, C.M.

**The Chiricahua Apache, 1846-1876: From War to Reservation** by D.C. Cole. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1988. 219 pages, maps, photographs, index. Cloth, \$32.50.

While the University of Oklahoma Press is well known for its high quality volumes on the various tribes of the American Indians, this entry into that field is also top notch. Professor Cole, who is himself of Apache extraction, has put a lot of work into a book on the Chiricahuas that covers much ground. This makes the book an interesting synthesis, for some of the writing seems to be in typical academic jargon, reflecting Dr. Cole's social scientist background. These portions of the book contain much anthropological data which may appeal more to college students than to the average reader of Western history.

Yet the book, in detailing the brief experience of a separate Chiricahua reserve, also contains many of the standard anecdotes found in other volumes on the Chiricahuas, which broadens the appeal of the book.

For example, Dr. Cole provides much information on Tom Jeffords, the true-life model for Jimmy Stewart in his movie, *Broken Arrow*. Jeffords, the friend of Cochise, is portrayed sympathetically, and by the time he was replaced by John Clum as the Indian agent, the experiment of the Chiricahua reservation was over, and that people was moved to be with other Apaches at San Carlos.

If one wishes a single volume that contains probably the best collection of information on a proud Apache people, this is it. It is well bound and has an appealing, yet simple, jacket. It is recommended for the Westerner bookshelf.

John M. Hutchins, P.M.

**The Saint Francis Murals of Santa Fe** by Carl Shepard. Sunstone Press, 1989. 96 pages, photographs. Paper, \$9.95.

If you have ever been in the Saint Francis Auditorium of the Museum of Fine Arts in Santa Fe and studied the murals in that auditorium, you might have wondered about the subject matter and the artist. Carl Shepard has done a fine job in discovering the answers to these and other questions about the murals.

This book is based on research that included numerous letters about the project from the artist, Donald Beauregard, to his sponsor, Frank Springer. Sadly, Donald Beauregard died before he could complete the murals, and they were finished by Kenneth M. Chapman. It is likely that the specific choice of scenes was made by Edgar Lee Hewett, who was the Director of the Museum of New Mexico.

The next time I visit Santa Fe I plan to drop by the Museum of Fine Arts and look at the murals with a new appreciation.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**High Noon In Lincoln: Violence on the Western Frontier** by Robert M. Utley. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1990. 265 pages, maps, illustrations. Paper, \$13.95.

The hardcover edition which was published in 1987 was reviewed by W.H. Van Duzer in the January-February, 1988 issue. His comment was that this book was "the best book on the subject and highly recommended."

**On Time for Disaster, The Rescue of Custer's Command** by Edward J. McClernand, Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 1989, 176 pages. \$6.95 paperback.

The cover on this book has a reproduction of the painting "Saving Their Lieutenant" by Charles Schreyvogel which caught this reviewer's immediate attention. The book was originally published in 1969 by Arthur H. Clark Company under the title of *With the Indian and Buffalo in Montana, 1870-1878*. Before that, it appeared in the "Cavalry Journal" as three installments beginning in October 1926, the year the author died.

McClernand starts his story as a Second Lieutenant in 1870, joining the Second U.S. Cavalry at Ft. Ellis, Montana Territory. Fresh out of the U.S. Military Academy at West Point, he relates his adventures and describes the countryside with some skill as he eventually takes on the duties of surveyor along the Musselshell until becoming temporary Chief Engineer of the expedition in 1872. Of course, contact with hostile Indians highlights his diary. The major portion of the author's narrative regards the Sioux Campaign of 1876 and his part involving the Montana column until reaching the battlefield at the Little Big Horn. He states that "I was not only among the first to visit the fatal field where Custer fell, but I also superintended the making of a considerable portion of the map thereof that will be found with the report of Lieutenant Maguire, Chief Engineer, Department of Dakota." With that, McClernand reviews the activities of Custer's march before and during the battle. At the end of this account, the author conjectures what happened to Custer's command by the position of dead troopers and their horses. He does not delve into the condition or appearance of their remains. One interesting point made is quoted

for the reader of this review. "I think no thoughtful and unprejudiced man could have examined the last positions held by Custer, as marked by the dead, without being convinced that he was thinking clearly, fast and courageously. I said to myself, as did others doubtless, here a hero died." The rest of this episode concerns the care of Reno-Benteen survivors and the march to the steamer "Far West."

From page 115 to 164, the "Journal of March" by Lieutenant McClernand from April 1 to September 29, 1876 is officially reproduced as it appeared in the official report. Added to that are reports by Lieutenant George D. Wallace, Seventh U.S. Cavalry, and Sergeant James E. Wilson, Corps of Engineers (who stayed with the steamer "Far West").

The final chapter involves the Nez Perce Campaign and the surrender of Chief Joseph in 1877, at Bear Paw Mountain.

The author eventually became a Brigadier General and retired in 1912. He later was recalled to active duty during World War I. *On Time for Disaster* is easy and fascinating to read, and is yet another perspective on the Battle of the Little Big Horn from the viewpoint of an individual who came upon it a day or so after. There are a few photographs and maps that add to the narrative. All in all, it is very much worthwhile for those so interested.

Richard A. Cook, P.M.

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

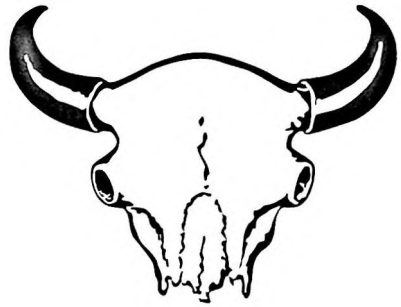




*The* DENVER WESTERNERS

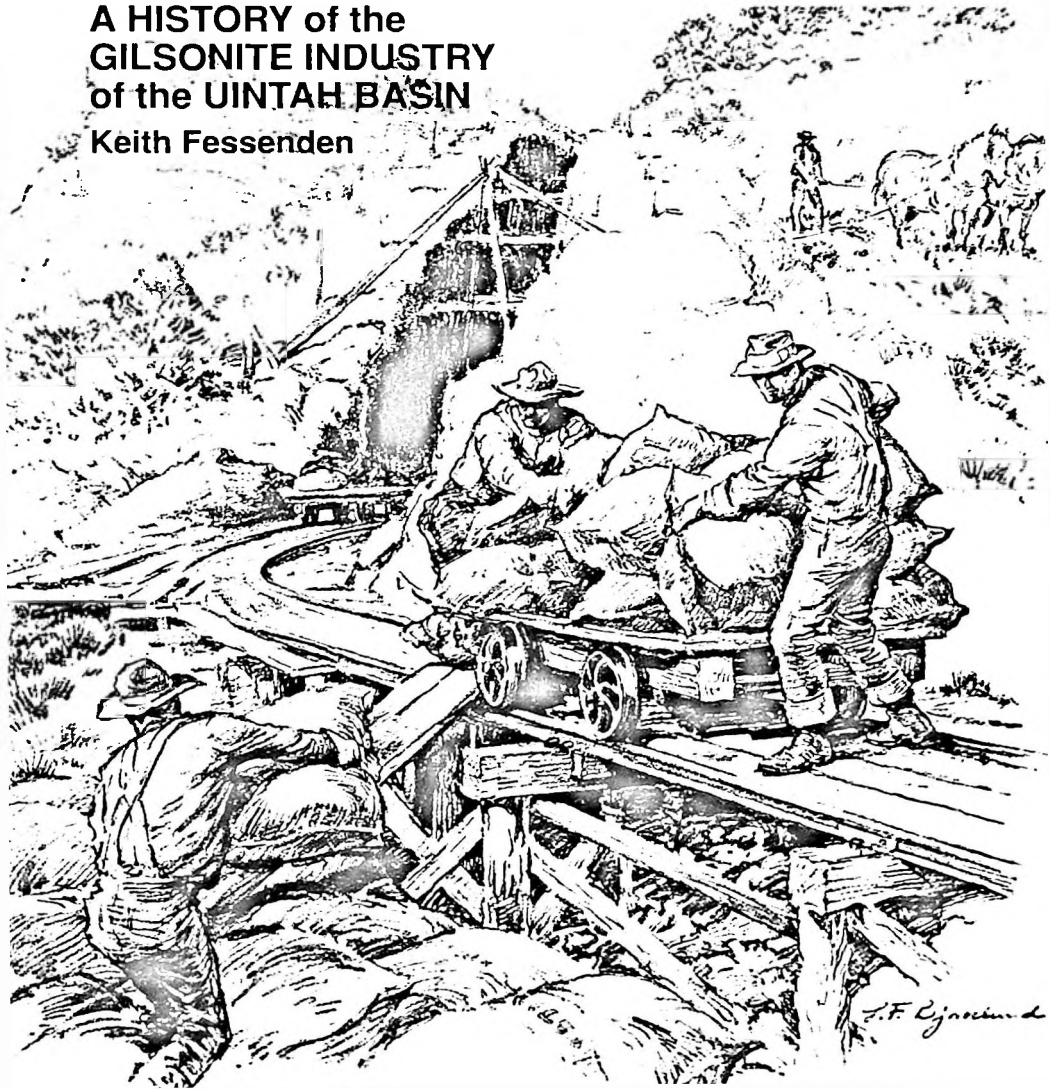
# ROUNDUP

JULY-AUGUST 1990



**A HISTORY of the  
GILSONITE INDUSTRY  
of the UINTAH BASIN**

**Keith Fessenden**



## OUR AUTHOR

Keith was born June 24, 1954 in Glenwood Springs, Colorado and grew up in the mining towns of Gilman, Colorado and Bonanza, Utah. He attended Utah State University in Logan where he received a Bachelor of Science degree in Agricultural Economics. While in college he was President of Alpha Omicron chapter of Alpha Gamma Rho fraternity.

He has worked in the oil fields and mines of northeastern Utah, as a carpenter in Wyoming, as a farm and ranch hand in Utah, Colorado, and northern British Columbia, for the USDA as an Agricultural Commodity Grader in Texas, and as a meat inspector in Colorado. After serving as a Security and Telecommunications Analyst at the Internal Revenue Service's Automated Collection Site, Keith is currently a Revenue Officer with the IRS.

Keith and his wife Marge have two daughters, Megan, 3 years, and Kerry, 1 year.

Keith collects stamps, specializing in United States Postage and Revenue stamps and in Christmas Seals. He also collects shot glasses, tools, and books. Although it has long been a joke in his family that he cannot pass a bookstore without stopping, this tendency has weakened since his family has grown. He has fostered a lifelong interest in history, genealogy, and archaeology.

**Elwyn Albert Arps**

Elwyn Albert Arps of Denver, a photographer and mountaineer, died June 9 in Denver. He was 89.

He was born June 4, 1901, in Ouray. Arps was past president of the Colorado Mountain Club and the William H. Jackson Club. He also belonged to the Colorado Historical Society and the Westerners. He climbed all of Colorado's 14,000-foot peaks and photographed Colorado ghost towns.

He is survived by nieces and nephews.

*The Denver Post*

# THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

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**COVER:** A drawing of early Gilsonite miners by Lorence F. Bjorklund, commissioned by the American Gilsonite Company.

## A History of the Gilsonite Industry of the Uintah Basin

by  
Keith Fessenden, P.M.

Presented February 28, 1990

The Uintah Basin is located on the northern border of Utah and Colorado, east of the Wasatch Mountains, south of the Uinta Mountains, north of the Bookcliffs and west of the Rockies. Located within the Uintah Basin is an asphaltite mined nowhere else in the world, Gilsonite.

Gilsonite is one of several mineable hydrocarbons found within the Uintah Basin, the others being Elaterite, Wurzilite, and Ozocerite.

Nearly all Utah gilsonite is found in vertical fissure-like veins oriented generally north-west to southeast. The width of the veins varies from a fraction of an inch to twenty-eight feet and the depth of the veins varies from 100 to 3000 feet.

Gilsonite is a lightweight, lustrous black mineral that can easily be crushed into a chocolate colored powder. It is a solid but relatively soft, hydrocarbon that resembles the volcanic glass, obsidian. Looking like coal it melts instead of burns. It contains hardly any sulfur or ash and is about as pure as a natural substance can be. Gilsonite is a bitumen (soluble in carbon disulphide) and an asphaltite (its fusing point is above 230 degrees Fahrenheit). It has an average melting point of 230 to 375 degrees Fahrenheit but some is claimed to melt at as high as 600 degrees. When gilsonite ore melts between 250 and 300 degrees Fahrenheit it is considered to be "select" ore. If the melting point is above 300 degrees it is called "standard" or "jet" ore.

One report states gilsonite is possibly known in only a few locations, the Uinta Basin of Utah and Colorado, Wheeler and Crook Counties of Oregon and Archangel Province in Russia. Other sources claim that gilsonite is found only within the confines of the Uintah Basin. Given the close similarities between some hydrocarbons and asphaltites this may well be true. Either way gilsonite currently is mined only in Utah.

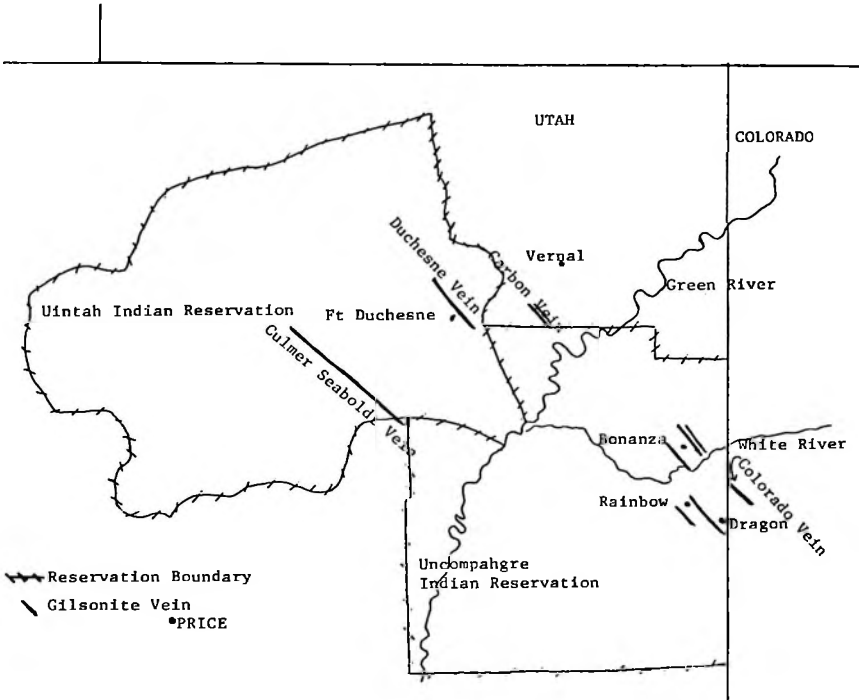
According to marketing papers of the American Gilsonite Company some of the qualities of gilsonite are: it is black, lustrous, pure, uniform, waterproof, acid, alkali and sun resistant. It has high insulating value against electric current. It contains no wax or greasy substance. It is stable and very hard. It has a very high melting point. It can be combined readily and thoroughly with all asphalts, bitumens, and all the usual paint solvents, and it is a perfect blender.

When gilsonite was first mined its primary uses were in paints and varnishes. By 1907 the local newspaper *The Vernal Express* stated gilsonite had 52 byproducts. The uses include 13 different kinds of oils; cement for paving streets; varnishes; coating for barbed wire fences; a coating for brick and masonry seawalls; a coating for paving brick; acid-proof lining for chemical tanks; roofing pitch; insulating electric wires; smokestack paint; a coating for poles, posts, and ties; a lubricant for heavy machinery; a torpedo-proof pile coating; a covering for wood block paving; rubber belting; rubber for boots, shoes and all kinds of goods; pipe coating; reservoir coating; floorings, roofings, railroad coatings, and ink.

In 1983 the largest producer of gilsonite listed the following as major uses of the ore. "... approximately two pounds are used per car in autobody sealer and radiator paint, it is a binder in high-quality home siding, it is an ingredient in rotogravure inks, it is an important component in oil well drilling fluids and cements, it is an additive in sand molds used by the foundry industry, it is used in explosives and is even in the gold leaf paint used on fine china."

At one time, perhaps still today, every automobile manufactured in the United States contained an auto body sealer made from gilsonite. Rotogravure ink is used in magazines with glossy photos such as in *Playboy*. So remember the next time you're reading a *Playboy* while waiting at the airport or the barbershop that you are looking at gilsonite.

By the 1860's hunters, prospectors and travelers had made it known that they had observed a dark substance resembling coal inside the Uintah Indian Reservation. In the mid-1860's the mineral collection of a professor at Columbia College School of Mines contained a sample of "an unusual variety of asphaltum." A paper on the sample was



UTAH UTE INDIAN RESERVATIONS IN RELATIONSHIP TO GILSONITE VEINS

(based on Rawlins, 1894, Map of Utah)

given by Dr. Henry Wurtz in 1869 to the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He described it as "Uintahite, a variety of the same species as the Grahamite of Ritchie County, West Virginia."

In 1869 a quantity of gilsonite ore was brought to the Whiterocks Indian Agency blacksmith by Ute Indians. The substance matched the description they had been given by the blacksmith of coal. The blacksmith was in for a shock when he attempted to burn the ore in his forge. Once ignited the ore burned at a high temperature, gave off a heavy black smoke and a strong petroleum odor as it melted and ran flaming from the forge almost burning down the blacksmith shop in the process.

Gilsonite was discovered on the Uncompahgre Indian Reservation comparatively late, 1888. Cowboys of the AH and K ranches on their annual roundup discovered the first gilsonite near the White River on the Uncompahgre Reservation. They immediately located and filed claims, so the date can be pinned down with relative certainty. The discovery of gilsonite was an occurrence that was to happen many times between 1860 and 1900.

Contrary to a popular misconception Sam Gilson was not the discoverer of gilsonite. He was, however, one of the first of the men whose intense labors, optimism, and promotion of the asphaltite succeeded in developing a market for the ore. He also had gilsonite named after him at the founding of the Gilson Manufacturing Co. He offered a silver dollar if they named the asphaltite after him. Obviously it worked.

There were two difficult problems confronting the individuals who wished to develop gilsonite as a marketable product in the late 1880's. First, there were no economical means of transportation for the ore. The nearest railroad was the Union Pacific in Wyoming, a distance 150 miles from the nearest vein of gilsonite. The shortest route to it across the Uinta Mountains was far too hazardous and expensive to be economically feasible.

Of even greater difficulty was the fact that almost all gilsonite lands discovered were on either the Uintah or the Uncompahgre Indian Reservations. This problem would be solved in four different ways between 1886 and 1910.

The transportation problem appeared to be solved for the immediate future in 1886 when the D&RGW Railroad completed their main line through Price, Utah, thus bringing a railroad within 75 miles of the nearest vein. Since a serviceable wagon road existed from Fort Duchesne to Price, transportation of the ore from the veins to market was now feasible and economical.

The earliest gilsonite mining operations will be discussed by their location, the vein that the development took place on, and the company that did the developing. After 1903 the discussion will center on the mining companies as they developed their properties and operations.

On January 9, 1886, Bert Seabolt located the first recorded claims on the Carbon Vein on the Uintah Indian Reservation. Seabolt then spent a considerable amount of time forming an interested group of individuals, including Sam Gilson, who began assessment work on the claims. The Indian Agent notified them they were trespassing and ordered them off the reservation. They decided they could either give up their thoughts of mining gilsonite or convince Congress to remove some land from the reservation. Checking out the political situation in Washington D.C. the group chose the latter alternative. They raised \$25,000 to fight the cause in Congress and finally on May 24, 1888 Congress removed a triangular "Strip" of about 7,000 acres from the eastern end of the Uintah Reservation. This Act of Congress included a "preferred right of entry" recognizing claims, such as Seabolt's groups, filed prior to 1888. The first method of getting around the land ownership problem to gilsonite development had taken place.

With the Strip and the Carbon Vein now off the reservation and the Gilsonite Manufacturing Company organized in Salt Lake City by Gilson, Seabolt and Associates, they were now ready to mine the Carbon Vein and promote gilsonite. The company's laboratory had proved gilsonite was suitable for paints, varnishes and lacquers. The first gilsonite the company sold brought \$120 per ton. In 1888 the company shipped gilsonite at \$80 per ton on the railroad from Price, Utah. Then in 1889 the Gilsonite Manufacturing Company sold its claims to the Gilson Asphaltum Company.

Four other gilsonite mining operations also began prior to 1903 and the opening of the Uncompahgre Indian Reservation. They took place on the Culmer, Seabolt, Duchesne, and Black Diamond Veins.

The second gilsonite vein to be mined was the Black Diamond Vein in Rio Blanco County, Colorado (Remington, 1959). This vein is known as the Weaver Vein in Utah. Once it has crossed over the White River into Colorado it becomes known as the Black Diamond or Colorado Vein and diminishes in width and grade of ore. This vein is the only known vein of commercial quality in Colorado. This vein had the advantage of being located on neither the Uintah nor the Uncompahgre Indian Reservations.

Around 1890 the first ore was hauled to the D&RGW Railroad in Rifle, Colorado by traveling a circuitous route: north to the White River, then east to Meeker, Colorado, then south to Rifle, Colorado, a total distance of 150 miles. The Colorado Gilsonite Company organized by St. V. LeSieur was working the vein by 1894. LeSieur has been called "the founder of the asphaltum industry in the United States" exaggerating his contributions but indicating the extent of his activity in the industry. By 1895 the vein had two shafts worked to a depth of 100 feet and active claim work for a length of at least two miles. LeSieur's participation however did not improve the quality of the ore or shorten the distance to the railroad. His attempts to "rejuvenate" gilsonite by melting and rehardening the ore failed so he left to other and more promising asphalt lands to the southwest.

Charlie Goslin of Vernal, Utah began operations on the vein around 1897. He had a road built up Douglas Creek over Douglas Pass into Fruita, Colorado and to the D&RGW Railroad. This route was a shorter haul to the railroad by approximately 45 miles, a great improvement over the old route through Meeker to Rifle. The Gilson Asphaltum Company worked the vein from approximately 1900 to 1904. All work on the vein ceased in 1904 with the completion of the Uintah Railway to Dragon, Utah. No mining has occurred on the vein since 1904.

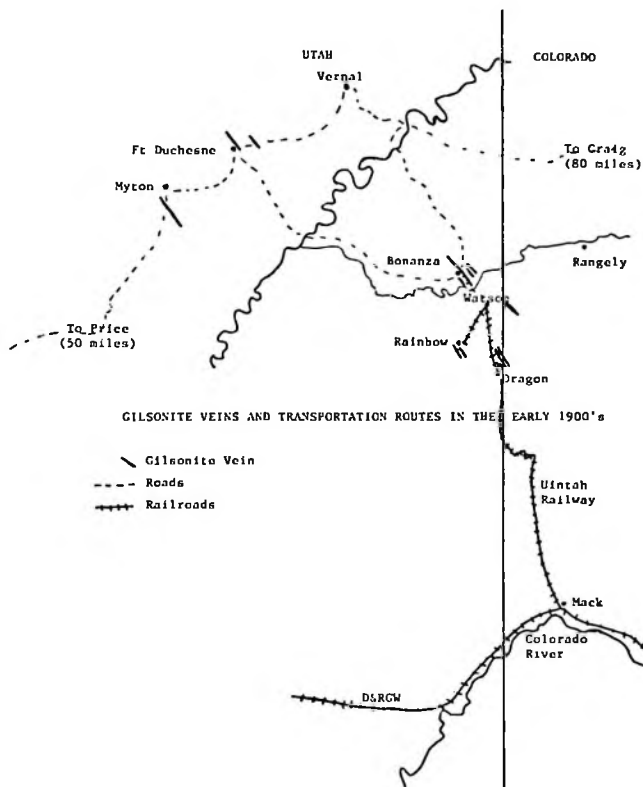
Due to its location on the border of the Uintah Indian Reservation, the Culmer vein was mined only sporadically by various individuals until 1894 when the Assyrian Asphalt Co. of Chicago began development work and sank shafts at various points along the vein. The company and various local citizens had persuaded Federal surveyors to make a jog in the western boundary line of the Uncompahgre Indian Reservation of only one mile to the east. This jog left the Culmer Vein outside the reservation and legally available for development. A second way had been found to get around the location of the ore veins.

In September of 1896, individuals associated with the company filed three claims on the Culmer Vein. The company proceeded to develop two mines on the 3 claims, the Pariette Mine and the 1500 Mine. The Pariette Mine's shaft was down to 200 feet with drifts 150 feet each way by 1900. The ore was transported 75 miles by wagon from the mine to the railhead at Price. Later, transportation by truck allowed the ore to be economically transported to Heber, Provo, or Price, Utah.

The Assyrian Asphalt Co. proceeded into bankruptcy in 1901 and was absorbed in 1902 by the American Asphalt and Rubber Company. Mining continued until around

1908. After several different owners and operators the Raven Mining Company purchased the Pariette and 1500 Mines in 1942.

Major J. P. Myton, Indian Agent, set up negotiations in 1898 between representatives of the Raven Mining Company, an Illinois corporation, and the Uintah and White River



Utes. The company's representatives made an offer to the Ute Indians for mining-lease arrangements. The Indians accepted the offer and petitioned Congress to accept the lease arrangements. Under pressure from both the Indians and local non-Indians, Congress passed an Act in 1902 granting the Raven Mining Company a very unusual grant of special privilege which allowed them to locate 100 mining claims on the Uintah Indian Reservation. Plans were for 50 elaterite claims, 25 gilsonite claims and 25 precious metal claims. The company actually located only 62 claims. Yet a third method had been found of getting around the ore's location on the Uintah and Uncompahgre Indian Reservations.

The Raven Mining Company's initial gilsonite mining was on the Duchesne Vein where they filed ten lode claims. The company established the Duchesne Mine on the

vein which the locals immediately referred to as the Raven Mine. The Raven Mining Co. has been the sole important operating company on the Duchesne Vein. By 1942 it had sunk 14 major shafts on the vein from 100 to 700 feet in depth. Most mining on the vein was performed by contractors under the supervision of company officials. The Duchesne Mine operated from 1904 to 1942 when the company shifted operations to the Paricette Mine.

In 1887 C. O. Baxter located five claims on the Seabolt Vein and relocated them again in 1889 and 1906 due to the uncertain situation created by the questionable ownership of the ground. In 1897 several individuals were ejected from the reservation by federal authorities for mining on the Seabolt Vein. Shipments of ore were being made by 1906 to a roofing and paint plant in Denver, Colorado.

The Castle Peak Asphalt Mining Company of Denver, Colorado, purchased the mine in 1908. The Company's president was E. J. Yetter who had earlier been involved with a Denver company in the development of elaterite and gilsonite claims in Utah, the Elaterite Rubber and Manufacturing Company. The company worked the mine for approximately four years, then deactivated the mine until 1915, when it leased the mine to the Uintah Asphalt Mining Company in care of an L. W. Partridge of Denver. This company sank the shaft down to 400 feet where the vein narrowed to two feet. Many different leases followed until 1937 when Ray Davis leased the mine and sank the shaft to 1,135 feet. Davis ran drifts every 75 feet attempting to locate a better quality ore and a wider vein. He found the vein widened to 28 feet. In 1945 the Castle Peak Number 2 shaft was sunk. An average of 20 tons in daily production was achieved in 1946.

The Gilson Asphaltum Company had a unique beginning. As part of his promotion of gilsonite, Bert Seabolt of the Gilson Manufacturing Co. gave several pounds of gilsonite and a bottle of varnish to a visiting friend, C. E. Soest, who was Vice President of Anheuser-Busch Brewing Company. Mr. Soest returned to St. Louis and varnished a safe in the company treasurer's office. Adolphuis Busch became interested and soon sent for a Mrs. Murphy (whose deceased husband had been a close personal friend), owner of a varnish company. She also varnished her safe with the varnish and while doing so C. O. Baxter came into the store to purchase varnish for his picture frame business. At Busch's request he was soon on his way to the wilds of Utah to examine the source of the varnish. Baxter returned to St. Louis only to reappear with Adolphuis Busch's personal counsel, Charles Nagel. A quick purchase of the six claims owned by the Gilsonite Manufacturing Co. resulted, as well as the purchase of two other privately-operated claims located on the Carbon Vein. In the same year the Gilson Asphaltum Company of Missouri was incorporated to develop the eight gilsonite claims.

One of Adolphuis Busch's first attempted uses of gilsonite was to line beer kegs, unfortunately according to one source it flaked off and ruined the beer.

The company combined the eight claims and established the St. Louis Mine. This mine was an open cut which would eventually follow the vein for over a half mile. As the mine was an open cut candles were not needed until considerable depth was reached. The miners would cut a shallow trench along one wall, chip the ore out of the vein, it would then slide down the slope to the bottom of the shaft where it was sewn into 200 pound bags and hoisted to the surface via a horse-drawn cable. The mine required little timber as only stulls were needed every 5 to 20 feet apart to keep the walls from closing in. As late as 1943 a report to the Gilson Manufacturing Company's successor, the American Gilsonite Company, at Bonanza, Utah, would recommend complete mechanization of mining operations as the mine workings and methods of operation had remained the same ever since the mining of gilsonite started. Until the St. Louis Mine was closed in 1904 it shipped approximately 200 to 300 tons of ore per month.



Off the mining claims existed the rest of the Strip on which there were at least one store and two saloons. These establishments soon generated a lawlessness and immorality on the Strip seldom enjoyed in the rest of the state of Utah, due to the Strip now being off the Indian and military reservations, yet remaining a part of federal lands. It therefore was not under the control of the officials at the Indian Agency at Whiterocks, Utah, or the army at Fort Duchesne, Utah. As federal land it was not subject to control by state or local authorities either. It was literally a territory without law enforcement. A local newspaper *The Vernal Express* stated in 1894, "The strip soon became the location of a tough class of squatters, men and women without means of existing except gambling, selling whiskey to the Indians, and prostitution." These activities continued until the land was sold by the government in May of 1906 for \$1.25 per acre.

While the St. Louis Mine prospered, the company was actively working to acquire claims to the White River gilsonite discovered in 1888 on the Uncompahgre Indian Reservation. By the mid-1890's the veins were covered with mining claims, sometimes several deep. The multiple filings were due primarily to the Indian Agent's police destroying mineral claim markers as they came upon them. On behalf of the Gilson Asphaltum Company, C. O. Baxter had by 1902 purchased almost all the claims of the first locators within the odd-number sections. He was most meticulous and bought out all claimants to a claim regardless of who had filed first. The company had a crew working in 1901 who did nothing except the required assessment work on these 200+ claims.

In 1895 the Indian Agent was advised to begin making land allotments to the Ute Indians with the understanding that all unallotted lands were to be opened to white settlement. The allotments proceeded very slowly with the Indians refusing to accept or pay for the allotments. Finally under much pressure Congress in 1897 passed an Act requiring all allotments be made by April Fool's Day, 1898, at which time all lands not allotted would be opened to settlement. However, title was reserved to all of the "gilsonite, asphalt or other like substances." The Indian Commission succeeded in delaying until 1902 when they began making allotments and by 1903 had completed all the Uncompahgre Reservation allotments. The federal government on March 3, 1903 opened to settlement all those sections on the former Uncompahgre Indian Reservation which did not contain asphalt, gilsonite, elaterite or other like substances. Sections which contained those minerals could be claimed only if four conditions were met: first, they must be located within odd numbered sections; second, the claims had been located and properly recorded prior to 1891; third, the location was the first claim recorded prior to 1891; and fourth, a new location was made within 90 days of the opening of the Reservation. Any minerals within the even-numbered sections were to be sold later at a public sale.

The public sale was proclaimed in 1906 by President Theodore Roosevelt and 75 forty-acre parcels were sold in September. Bargain-basement prices existed and the Gilson Asphaltum Co. purchased the portion of the Independence Vein that had not been claimed prior to the sale, for \$126 an acre.

In 1900, the Gilson Asphaltum Co. was incorporated in New Jersey and purchased the assets of the Gilson Asphaltum Co. of Missouri. After one entity and several name changes the Gilson Asphaltum Company's successor, the Barber Asphalt Corporation, withdrew from business in Utah in 1946, forming a new company, the American Gilsonite Company, one-half owned by Barber Asphalt and one-half owned by Standard Oil of California. When the Barber Oil Company dissolved in the early 1980's, Standard Oil of California (later Chevron Corporation) purchased the other half of American Gilsonite Co. which is now operated as a division of Chevron Corporation through Chevron Resources Company.

Returning to 1903 when the Uncompahgre Indian Reservation was opened, the Gilson Asphaltum Co. selected for initial development the vein closest to the Book Cliffs and the D&RGW Railroad. Planning on a large long-term scale, the parent company, The General Asphalt Company, planned another subsidiary—The Uintah Railway Company—and constructed a railroad from the D&RGW railroad line near Grand Junction, Colorado to Dragon, Utah. This railway may be familiar to some of you as the railroad which used specially built articulated Baldwin engines to negotiate its 7.5% grades and extremely narrow radius curves. Thus they not only developed a means to ship their own and competitor's ore out of the Uintah Basin but provided transportation of most if not all commodities and communication into and out of the Uintah Basin via the railway, toll roads, stage lines, freight lines, telephone and telegraph lines. The Uintah Railway was completed in 1904 from Mack, Colorado to Dragon, Utah.

Mining began at the Black Dragon Mine in 1902 on the Black Dragon Vein, stockpiling ore for the railroad as well as shipping it by wagon to Crevasse, Colorado. The Black Dragon Mine operated continuously until 1912 when operations were shifted to the Rainbow Vein. The Uintah Railway had extended a branch there to Rainbow, Utah, through Watson, Utah, in 1911. The Black Dragon Mine shipped between 2,000 and 3,000 tons of ore per month during these ten years. Operating on the same vein was the Country Boy Mine which opened in 1908. Also operating contemporaneously was the Temple Mine on the southeast end of the Rainbow Vein. This mine opened in 1910 and closed in approximately 1913. Other mines that opened and operated in the vicinity of the Temple Mine on the Rainbow Vein were the Temple Rock which operated from 1911 to 1914, and the Norvel Mine. Two-thirds of the Norvel mine were owned by the Gilson Asphaltum Co. and one-third by their primary competitor who operated the mine, the American Asphalt Company.

Operations were shifted in 1912 to the Rainbow Mine which was located on the northwestern ten claims of the Rainbow Vein and supplied the Gilson Asphaltum Co. with most of its gilsonite between 1912 and 1935. It is said that during this time the Rainbow Mine produced 75% of the gilsonite in the district. The Rainbow Mine was reopened for brief periods in the 1950's and 1970's by contract miners for American Gilsonite Company but for all practical purposes it was closed in 1938. Northwest of Rainbow, Utah on the Pride-of-the-West Vein was the Brown Bear Mine which produced no select ore and never was a major producer.

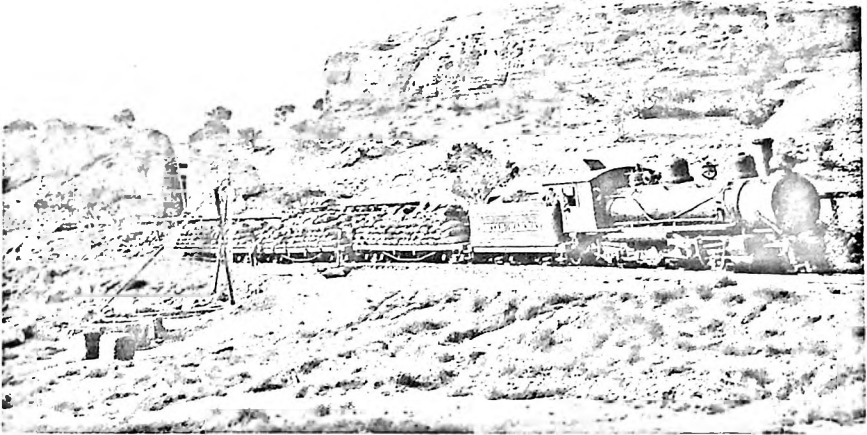
North of the White River the company operated the Bonanza Mine on the Little Bonanza Vein from 1904 to 1914. They would haul the ore to the railroad at Watson by wagon. This mine was reopened in 1935 when the Rainbow Mine was nearing the end of its economical production. By 1938 the Gilson Asphaltum Co. had moved its operations to Bonanza, Utah, and the Uintah Railway was ceasing operations.

The American Asphalt Association was incorporated in 1902 in Missouri by the former stockholders of the original Gilson Asphaltum Company. The company had acquired only a few gilsonite claims prior to the opening of the Uncompahgre Indian Reservation in 1903 but still managed to become the primary competitor of the Gilson Asphaltum Co. The company's major holdings were the one-third of the Norvel Mine mentioned previously and three holdings north of the White River, a claim northwest of the Gilson Asphaltum Company's claims on the Little Bonanza Vein, a claim on the northwest end of the Independence Vein, and claims on the Cowboy Vein.

In 1903 the Association opened the Bandana Mine on the Cowboy Vein. The mine offered "jet" ore, not select, and after initial development work was operated intermittently, usually only when "jet" ore was requested by a buyer. This mine was acquired by

the American Gilsonite Company in 1953. Later in 1903 the Association opened the Norvel Mine on the Rainbow Vein. This mine was a big producer from its opening until 1914 when production dwindled and the mine was closed.

The Little Bonanza Mine was opened in 1908 on the northwest end of the Little Bonanza Vein and operated continuously until 1917 when its operations were supplanted by the Association's lease of the Black Dragon Vein from the Gilson Asphaltum Co. This



Rainbow Mine: Engine 30 leaving loading tippie.

lease began in 1916 and for four years the Black Dragon Mine was reworked. The Association reopened the Country Boy Mine on the Black Dragon Vein in 1918 and operated continuously until 1930. Then in 1922 the Association opened two new mines, the Warner-Quinlan Mine on the northwest end of the Cowboy Vein and the Rector Mine on the Black Dragon Vein. The Warner-Quinlan Mine's production was again sporadic due to the inferior standard grade of ore in the Cowboy Vein. The Association met with success with the opening of the Rector Mine however, as the ore was Select grade. This mine was operated continuously until 1938 when it was no longer economical as the Uintah Railway had halted its operation.

The old railway bed is now a road across Baxter Pass and it is an all-day trip from Grand Junction, Colorado, to Bonanza, Utah. Railroad spikes can still be found on the old road and occasionally in travelers' tires.

Sometime in the 1920's the Association also opened the Independence Mine on the Independence Vein north of the White River. This mine has operated continuously from the 1920's until the present date.

In 1920 an officer of the American Asphalt Association, S. P. Barron, quarreled with the other officers of the Association and left the firm. He immediately formed his own company, the Uintah Gilsonite Company, incorporated in Missouri. The company's hold-

ings were the Little Black Diamond Mine on the Duchesne Vein, a strip on the Uintah Vein and claims on the Harrison Vein. The company developed the Harrison Mine on the Harrison Vein which produced an inferior grade of ore and by 1928 the mine was no longer producing.

In the 1920's the company opened the Little Emma Mine on the Uintah Vein and by 1928 had worked it to over 700 feet. The ore at the Little Emma Mine was also "jet" ore with a high melting point. The company sold this ore as "Brilliant Black," charging a premium price and through a marketing triumph created a market which had not existed prior to then.

Currently two companies are active in mining gilsonite in the Uintah Basin, the Gilson Asphaltum Company's successor the American Gilsonite Company, and Ziegler Chemical Company which began mining operations in the 1950's.

The American Gilsonite Co. in 1983 operated 11 mines at Bonanza, Utah, and had offices in Bonanza and Salt Lake City, Utah, and in Craig, Colorado, with over 25% of all production going overseas. Production in the 1980's varied between 60,000 and 100,000 tons per year depending upon the world economy.

Currently the Ziegler Chemical Company operates those mining properties purchased by Gordon S. Ziegler and associates in the 1950's. These properties include all of the American Asphalt Association's holdings except the Bandana and Norvel Mines which were sold to the American Gilsonite Company, and the Castle Peak Mine with its five claims on the Seabolt Vein. The company has at various times operated the Little Emma, Little Bonanza, Independence, Warner-Quinlan, and Castle Peak Mines. The company's ore is processed at a plant at Little Bonanza, Utah. The company also operates a manufacturing plant in New Market, New Jersey, where they blend the gilsonite into many products. Appropriately enough the company has developed a way to use gilsonite to line beer vats without any flaking off into the beer.

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# Westerner's Bookshelf



**U-bet: A Greenhorn in Old Montana** by John R. Barrows. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln & London, 1990. 282 pages, paperback, \$8.95.

Aficionados of Western history should salute the University of Nebraska Press for an ongoing commitment to the reissuance of such vintage works as this 1934 bundle of bunkhouse yarns. Each reissue has featured a handsomely rugged color cover and a new introduction which adds to the enjoyment and understanding of each work. With the new introductions' power of hindsight and scholarly analysis, the readers' understanding of the old text is greatly enhanced. This book seems more interesting, for example, knowing that the aging author was persuaded by his wife to record these stories of his youth as a diversion from his increasing blindness.

The introduction informs us that U-bet was a stage-hotel stop founded by the author's father in 1879, not far from the present town of Judith Gap in central Montana. "In 1880, at age sixteen, John Barrows . . . traveled to Bismarck, N. Dakota, by train and from there to Fort Benton on the steamer Key West. . . . John signed on in August 1880 as a cowboy for the DHS ranch, then just setting up in central Montana." (p. 2)

Mr. Barrows seems to have been concerned with removing the fictional 'dime novel' features attributed to the life of a cowboy, while at the same time tickling the readers' funnybone. The descriptive language is fun and down to earth. "The frantic horse struck the half-aroused cow as she was rising in leisurely bovine fashion, and Ray, like an erratic projectile, was catapulted through the sagebrush and cactus for an incredible distance, sus-

tained in his flight by a flow of oburgatory language I have never heard equaled." A masterwork? Perhaps not. Fun to read? You bet!

George W. Krieger, DDS

**Geronimo and the End of the Apache Wars**; C. L. Sonnichsen (ed.). Univ. of Nebraska Press (Bison Books). Lincoln, 1990. 136 pages, photographs, paperback, \$6.95.

This little volume is the latest to the credit of that dean of western history and folklore, C. L. Sonnichsen. Mr. Sonnichsen's past contributions have included studies on Texas feuds, Judge Roy Bean, and Billy the Kid. While this book includes only one article written by Mr. Sonnichsen himself, that article is his award-winning "From Savage to Saint: A New Image for Geronimo."

The volume contains an excellent potpourri of other articles about Geronimo. There is one that delves into Geronimo's claims about his peaceful family being wantonly massacred by Mexicans. Another is an Apache's view of Geronimo's last raid in 1886. The basic books about the Apache wars, a list apparently compiled by Sonnichsen, makes up another interesting chapter. Lieutenant Gatewood's account of the surrender of Geronimo, which surprisingly is difficult to find; a version appeared in John Carroll's now hard-to-find 1975 book, *The Papers of the Order of the Indian Wars*, by itself worth the modest price of the tome.

The book is highly recommended for those interested in the Apache wars. The cover displays an excellent painting of Geronimo by Guy Manning.

John M. Hutchins, P. M.

**And Die in the West** by Paula Mitchell Marks. William Morris & Co., New York, 1989. 480 pages, illustrations, hardback, \$22.95.

In *And Die in the West*, Paula Mitchell Marks tells, in a scholarly yet absorbingly interesting way, the story of the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral and its bloody aftermath. Previous literature on the subject tended to portray the Earp brothers and "Doc" Holliday either as fearless lawmen defending themselves and the town of Tombstone from the dangerous, cattle-rustling Clanton "gang" (e.g. Stuart Lake's *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal* [1931], John Myers Myers' *The Last Chance* [1950]) or as cold-blooded murderers of a largely unarmed, unresisting, and relatively harmless bunch of cowboys (e.g. Frank Waters' *The Earp Brothers of Tombstone* [1960], William M. Breakenridge's *Hell'dorado* [1928]). Ms. Marks' analysis of the [in]famous "street fight" is not simplistic; she demonstrates remarkable objectivity with respect to the participants in the battle and the vendettas that followed.

The Earps, for instance, were neither simple lawmen nor out-and-out murderers, but Northern Republican saloon keepers, gamblers, and real estate and mining claim investors; the Clantons and the McLaurys were neither town bullies nor harmless cowboys, but rancher-rustlers who were well-liked by a substantial segment of Tombstone's population and whose business interests steadily gravitated away from those of the Earps and toward the Earps' main political rival, the Democrat Sheriff of Cochise County. According to Ms. Marks, there were no pure heroes or villains, saints or sinners, in the Tombstone-Cochise County troubles of 1881-82: just increasingly clashing economic and political interests which were resolved through violent measures.

Ms. Marks is to be commended for her exhaustive research and synthesis of innumerable primary and secondary

sources on this subject. She is also to be commended for the thoroughly enjoyable manner in which she presents her material. Her colorful depiction of the times, the town, and their main and collateral characters, makes the reader look forward to his or her daily dose of the Tombstone saga and genuinely sorry to reach its final page. Overall, it is probably one of the very best books yet written on the subject—a "must" for anyone interested in frontier history of the American southwest.

John Daniel Dailey, Guest Reviewer

**Cochiti: A New Mexico Pueblo, Past and Present** by Charles H. Lange. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1990. 647 pages, drawings, photographs, appendices. Paper, \$22.50.

This book was first published by the University of Texas Press in 1959, and the field research for the book was done during the period of 1946-1953. What this means for the reader is that the "present" in the title was forty-four to thirty-seven years ago. The book really deals with the distant past of Bandelier and the less-distant past of Lange. The author refers to this in a brief introduction and mentions several items of information about the Pueblo that are more current, including the loss of agricultural land due to the increasing size of Cochiti Lake. Because of the length of time since the field research was done, I would suggest that there may have been numerous changes in the people of Cochiti.

Using several informants over a period of years, the author was able to discover a tremendous amount of information regarding relationships within the Pueblo and how these have changed over a period of time. He describes in great detail the way of life of the Pueblo's residents, including the unique relationships of several Hispanic families that have lived in the pueblo. There is information regarding the farming and non-farming

economies and their political, social, and ceremonial organizations. In forty-four appendices, there are lists of the members of the different societies, elected officials, and home ownership.

A complete study of ceremonial organization includes much information from the journals of Adolph Bandelier which were not published when this book was written. The leadership positions are explained, with the office of cacique being considered by the Conservatives to be the most important position in the pueblo.

Among the appendices are two of special interest. Appendix number ten contains several interesting tribal stories and number twenty has several witchcraft tales which illustrate the role that witchcraft has played in the Pueblo.

If specific information is required about any aspect of Cochiti, this is where to find it. While there were certain things about which the informants pleaded ignorance, they were able to supply the author with the information that he desired, and he assembled it in a most useful manner.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Spanish Bluecoats: The Catalonian Volunteers in Northwestern New Spain 1767-1810** by Joseph P. Sanchez. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1990. 214 pages, 3 figures, 13 maps, bibliography. Cloth \$30.00, Paper \$15.95.

Joseph P. Sanchez, who is the Director of the National Park Service's Spanish Colonial Research Center, has written a most interesting work regarding the last attempts by Spain to protect its North American empire. After the Treaty of Paris concluded the Seven Years War, known in United States history as the French and Indian War, Carlos II of Spain instituted a series of reforms that included the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spanish colonies and the reorganization of professional troops for the defense of

the empire. It was this second reform that brought the Catalonian Volunteers to the New World where they served for nearly five decades as defenders and colonizers.

It is difficult to single out sections of this book for special attention, but of special interest to me were the military tactics used by the Catalonian Volunteers in their battles against several different tribes in Sonora. One individual described in full is Pedro de Alberni who began his military career in Spain at the age of twelve and completed it as the commandant of Monterey with his death in 1802. Along the way, he rose from cadet to Lieutenant Colonel and served in several locations including Nootka in present-day British Columbia, where he established a Spanish fort. He later would serve as commandant of the San Francisco Presidio.

The final battles of the Catalonian Volunteers were fought against the Mexican rebels. After being absorbed by other units during the war, they ceased to exist by the time that Mexico won its independence in 1821.

This book is published in observance of the 500th anniversary of Spain's discovery of the New World, and it is my hope that this book and others like it will finally force the authors of United States history textbooks to do something about their east coast tilt that now exists and recognize the fact that a lot of history was going on in places other than the thirteen British colonies. The northern movement by Spain was of too great an importance to be ignored, and this story of the Catalonian volunteers makes that very clear.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



**Reluctant Frontiersman: James Ross Larkin on the Santa Fe Trail, 1856-57**, edited and annotated by Barton H. Barbour. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1990. 218 pages, halftones, bibliography. Cloth \$24.95, paper \$14.95.

In 1856, James Ross Larkin, a twenty-five-year-old resident of St. Louis, Missouri, headed west over the Santa Fe Trail in an attempt to improve his very poor health. He had heard the stories of others whose health had improved, and as he had visited several "fashionable watering places" in the North and South, it may have seemed that the healthful climate of the West was his last chance.

He traveled in the wagon train of William Bent who was then operating out of Bent's New Fort; he had abandoned his more famous post several years earlier. By traveling with Bent, Larkin had an opportunity to gain considerable knowledge about the Trail and its history. His diary does not indicate that he took advantage of this opportunity.

Larkin was from a well-to-do family in St. Louis, and his connections provided him with introductions to the important Anglo leaders in Santa Fe. By keeping a diary he was following a practice that was common among literate travelers of the period, but his entries for the most part are very brief and do not tell us as much as we would like about the people that he met.

Barbour has taken the 107-page diary that he discovered in the collection of material at Bent's Old Fort National Historic Site and has added additional information about Larkin and his family as well as information about St. Louis, Santa Fe, medical problems of the period, and general information about the Trail. There are several interesting questions about Larkin to which the editor was unable to find the answers, including whether or not Larkin made any other trips to Santa Fe. One part of the book that the reader should not overlook is the

editor's annotation to the diary which is most informative.

This is a book that should be added to the collection of all readers who have an interest in the Santa Fe Trail.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Historical Atlas of the American West** by Warren A. Beck and Ynez D. Haase. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1989, 200 pages, 78 maps, appendix, references, index. \$29.95.

States included in this work are: Colorado, Wyoming, Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, North and South Dakota, Montana, Utah, Idaho, Nevada, California, Oregon and Washington—the 17 contiguous states west of the 100th meridian, defining the American West. The time frame includes the prehistoric to 1980.

This concise text also presents a comprehensive geological look at the unique characteristics of this region. And, in view of recent natural calamities in the United States—e.g., floods, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions—a ready reference to *Catastrophic Natural Events* is presented. Other random subject samples are: railroads, Indians, agriculture, military locations and operations, land grants, together with a wide variety of other topics. A brief discussion of each subject is presented on the page opposite the map. However, some of these maps are very general and lacking in specific detail; for instance, city locations.

In their preface the authors did indicate they placed less emphasis on subjects they considered to be adequately covered in other previously published atlases, but they did stress the Texas land grants that have been neglected to date.

This atlas is a *must* for serious students, rail-buffs, trail-buffs and anyone with general interest in the west.

Stephen W. Pahs, P.M.



**Shield of Republic/Sword of Empire: A Bibliography of United States Military Affairs, 1783-1846.** compiled by John C. Fredriksen. Greenwood Press, New York, 1990. 446 pages. Cloth, \$65.

A bibliography fills a very special need and is seldom a book that will be purchased by many readers. This is a reference work that will be found in Norlin Library at the University of Colorado, in the Denver Public Library, and in a few instances in the private library of someone with a special interest in a particular period of history.

Actually, this work contains topics that are sometimes not considered to be military in nature such as the Lewis and Clark Expedition and the expeditions of John C. Fremont. Also it is easy for many people to exclude the U.S. Navy during this time period and think of military as meaning only the Army.

The book is divided into five divisions. The first part is a chronological study from Shay's Rebellion through the Aroostook War, while the second part is concerned with specific U.S. Army topics such as frontier exploration and army forts. The U.S. Navy is the third section, with the fourth having the Militia, Canada, and Indians as its subjects. The biographies that are found in the last section include military figures such as Robert E. Lee and George Washington as well as several on the periphery like Edgar A. Poe and Joel R. Poinsett.

The thing to consider in studying a bibliography is that there are always going to be gaps that can be pointed out. In the section about Fremont, it should be noted that volume three of the *Expeditions of John C. Fremont* was published in 1984 but is not included. There is also a question about the omission of any reference to the large amount of material contained in the quarterly publication of the Lewis and Clark Heritage Trail Foundation.

It is easy to discover these gaps, but what is important about this book is that the compiler has included a very large number of references to aid the researcher in his quest for information. There are also extensive author and subject indexes included which make this work an even more useful tool. If this is your area of history this bibliography is what you need in your library.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Of Arms I Sing** by Joseph J. Bohnaker. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1990. Paper, \$10.95.

In the preface this book is referred to as a "historical novel." He states that "no claim is made on history or historical accuracy," and I would certainly have to agree with the statement.

Using the epic poem about the Spanish entrada into New Mexico that was written by Gaspar Perez de Villagra, the author has built a story about Villagra and his activities both in Mexico and New Mexico that plays very loosely with the facts. Bohnaker's descriptions of the Pueblo people are unique, to say the least.

If you have an interest in this period in New Mexico's history, I would recommend that you read the Quivera Society edition of Villagra and George Hammond's two volumes on Don Juan de Oñate. These are two of the sources used by Bohnaker and they are superior to the fictional effort.

While a number of books based on historical fact have added to the knowledge of the general public, this work is not one to recommend to a friend who has an interest in New Mexican history.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



**Designs and Factions: Politics, Religion and Ceramics on the Hopi Third Mesa** by Lydia L. Wyckoff. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1990, 150 pages, appendices, bibliography. Paper, \$24.95.

Wyckoff's text was part of a doctoral dissertation in anthropology, testing a hypothesis that there is a relationship between ceramic decoration and world view in various cultures, including cultures in the American Southwest. Most of the first half of the book is a review of the history of Hopi-Anglo relations. Early application of the terms "Friendlies" and "Hostiles" was used to identify those Hopis who cooperated with or rejected demands such as mandatory school attendance away from the villages as imposed by agents of the invading American government.

Today the label "Progressives" is used to designate Hopis who have accepted the cash economy style of life, often with jobs outside the villages or producing pottery for sale to traders and tourists. "Traditionalists" on the other hand continue with subsistence farming as a way of life; pottery produced by these Hopis is primarily for domestic use and for distribution to satisfy ceremonial and social requirements. A few pieces of Traditionalist pottery are made for barter with traders. Traditionalists still advocate local village government by religious leaders while Progressives work with and control the tribal council which resulted from 1930s efforts to give greater autonomy to Indian tribes. In Hopi history, the concept of a "tribe" was secondary to the importance of local villages.

Most Hopi pottery is identified with the First Mesa villages (on the eastern edge of the reservation), in part because Thomas Kean established his trading post near First Mesa in 1875 where he accepted and sold pottery from the nearby villages. The predominant style of pot and the decoration that was used was "Polacca Polychrome" based on early Hopi forms with some influ-

ence from Zuni ceramics, and was produced on all three mesas of the reservation. Residents of the village of Hano on First Mesa, who are not Hopi, began to make and sell the Polacca Polychrome pottery instead of their traditional undecorated Tewa pots, bringing resentment from the Hopis because of the Tewa's financial success. Kean suggested producing pots with designs like those he had found on shards from the ruins at Sikyatki village, and Nampeyo from Hano and others were able to produce cash income from the "new" style which was popular with tourists. (Other writers have reported that ethnologist Jesse Fewkes recommended to Nampeyo that she copy Sikyatki designs.)

Third Mesa, farthest from Keams Canyon and the government services which developed there, is now split between Traditionalist villages (Oraibi and Hotevilla) and Progressive villages (Bacavi and Kykotsmovi or New Oraibi). Wyckoff's study confirmed that potters from Traditionalist families and villages produced pots with decorations, when any painting was used, which used discrete symbols and figures with space around them. They considered the Sikyatki Revival style (of Nampeyo and Progressives) as cluttered and "un-Hopi", and the making of pottery primarily for cash sales as unacceptable. (A shop near Oraibi is beginning to sell a few pots from that village.) Progressive potters tended to use the First Mesa style of decoration, based on the Sikyatki Revival designs, but were able to use these designs if they had married Progressives from First Mesa and if the pots were sold as First Mesa pottery. Two other Progressive potters on Third Mesa developed unique designs which were different from First Mesa styles.

This is an interesting study of the religious and political factors which differentiate factions within a culture group, resulting in identifiably different ceramics. Wyckoff's study also suggested that similar observable distinctions could be noted in children's drawings and the arrangement of

furniture in the homes. To what extent Hopis can, or want to, maintain their cultural distinctiveness depends to some extent on whether they can retain their way of life for any period in the future, with enough flexibility to allow differences to coexist.

Earl McCoy, P.M.

**The Healer: The Story of Francis Schlatter**, edited by Norman Cleaveland. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1989. 118 pages, photographs. Paper. \$14.95.

This work is about a very strange person who first arrived in Denver in 1892. He was a German immigrant shoemaker and a devout Catholic who was on a special mission for the "Father." This mission required him to wander about the country and even to be thrown in jail in Arkansas. In the villages of New Mexico, he was known as El Sanador, The Healer.

This is a collection of articles about Schlatter and his own story of the wandering. He finally disappeared from a ranch in New Mexico and his body and copper rod were discovered in Mexico. There is a real mystery about this man and his ability to heal the sick and crippled.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



**Southern California's Best Ghost Towns** by Philip Varney. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1990. 137 pages, index, appendix, maps, illus. and biblio. Hardbound, \$24.95.

Philip Varney is the author of two other ghost town books. One deals with locations in Arizona while the other concerns New Mexico. Varney defines a ghost town as "one with a population markedly decreased from its peak." In this book he includes more than sixty examples, including some that are completely devoid of population and several that are only empty sites today. Included are ghost towns located in four Southern California areas. Inyo County, the Mojave Desert, Death Valley, and Kern River. A few others are neighbors of San Diego and sprawling Los Angeles. Clear instructions and easy-to-follow maps appear with each chapter to assist the reader in reaching sometimes-obscure locations. Each chapter includes a brief history of the town, its colorful personalities, and what happened there in the last century.

Although an excellent assortment of clear early photographs are readily available, the author chose instead to illustrate his book using only contemporary views. Many are close-ups of mining equipment, stonework, etc. The only color picture, a handsome view of the outdoor display at Eastern California's museum, appears on the book's dust jacket. Varney writes well and his book is worth reading.

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

"The American system was devised by the ablest group of men who ever appeared at the same time in the same century throughout the history of the world. Just as former times produced masterpieces of literature, philosophy, and art, just as our own period is producing masterpieces in science and commercial organization, so the architects of the American plan of self-disciplined liberty produced a masterpiece of a free government."  
*Senator Albert J. Beveridge*

**Women of the New Mexico Frontier, 1846-1912** by Cheryl J. Foote. Univ. Press of Colorado, Nivot, 1990. 224 pages, photographs, bibliography. Cloth, \$19.95.

Cheryl Foote has done an excellent job both in researching and in writing about the Anglo women who were making their contribution to the settlement of the Southwest from 1846 to 1912. She has used sources that have been too often neglected by other writers including diaries, letters, memoirs, church records, and correspondence and government documents. In the past, historians have either completely neglected the women who are discussed in this book or have relegated them to a footnote. This treatment is not only unfair but presents an incomplete story of the settlement of the Southwest.

While the first two chapters provide a general discussion of the wives of missionaries in New Mexico and of army wives in the Southwest, the other four chapters are concerned with specific women. Catholic New Mexico must have seemed to be a fertile field for Protestant missionaries until they arrived and experienced a cultural shock. Both Hispanic and Pueblo cultures were different from anything they had experienced previously including the language of the Indians.

Ellen Williams, who served as a laun-

dress and a nurse for the Second Colorado Cavalry, wrote a seldom-read book about her experiences, and later in life she corresponded with the government regarding her pension for being a nurse. The information regarding the physical abuse that Josephine Clifford received during her marriage to an Army officer was found in fictionalized accounts that she later wrote for publication.

The last two women were a mission teacher in the Hispanic villages of northern New Mexico and the first woman anthropologist in the Southwest. Alice Blake had to become more than a mission teacher in her isolated village of Trementina and, at times, she served as a nurse, a minister, and a postmaster. All of these jobs help break down the cultural barriers that separated the mission teachers from the Hispanics. Matilda Cox Stevens was not a woman who would take no for an answer whether it came from John Wesley Powell or Zuni leaders as she studied the Zuni and others.

"These Anglo women represented American institutions during a critical period in the history of the Southwest," and Cheryl Foote has put their experiences together in a very well-written book that should hold the interest of anyone who is intrigued about the lives of women. I would strongly suggest that the footnotes be read.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



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SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1990



**THE JULESBURG INDIAN ATTACKS**  
**JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1865**

Mark E. Hutchins



**NEW RIDERS ON OUR RANGE**

**Leo A. Stambaugh**

Georgetown, Colo.

Past Pres. R.M. Tool Collectors; member Mining Artifact Assoc.; Ephemera Society; Colo. Bottle Club. Collects Georgetown Mining artifacts; Clear Creek County Historical items. Special interests Western Mining and Colorado Transportation.

**Norma Cartwright-Stone**

Franktown, Colo.

Owner SCARBROUGH ANTIQUES; trustee Douglas County Public Library System; Board of Directors Franktown Fire Protection District; founding member Historic Franktown Inc. Published in Shetland Sheepdog magazines; preparing article on Roger W. Woodbury (Great Grandfather's brother, seeking papers, letters, etc.). Has submitted application to Natl. Register of Historic Places for Franktown Grange. Special interests in history of Colorado, Denver, Douglas County, esp. Franktown and Parker, and New Mexico. Collects books and pictures on Western America; working on family genealogy.

**THE DENVER WESTERNERS**

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## THE JULESBURG INDIAN ATTACKS

January 7 and February 2, 1865

by

Mark E. Hutchins P.M.

Presented 28 June 1989

In the early morning hours of November 29, 1864, Chief Black Kettle's Cheyenne and Arapahoe village on Sand Creek was attacked by troops of the Third Colorado Cavalry under the command of Colonel John M. Chivington. The "Hundred Day Service" regiment had hardly returned to Fort Lyon when Indian fugitives from the battlefield were already moving northward. After a hard journey for many of them, they joined the Cheyenne camp at the head of the Smoky Hill River.

A council was held and it was decided that a war pipe would be sent to the Sioux and Northern Arapahoes. An invitation would be sent to these two tribes to join the Cheyennes in a war against the whites. It was at this time that Black Kettle had been temporarily replaced by his people. His place had been taken by two other Cheyennes, one of whose father had been killed at Sand Creek.

The first to receive the pipe bearers were Pawnee Killer's Oglala and Spotted Tail's Brule Sioux camps on the Solomon Fork. Next were the Northern Arapahoes on the Republican. The chiefs of both these groups welcomed the opportunity to smoke the pipe. The Northern Arapahoes had come south from their land north of the Platte to visit the Southern Arapahoes. When they learned that tribe was wintering south of the Arkansas River, the northern group went into camp on the Republican. Among the many warriors who joined these various camps located in these regions was a young Oglala named Crazy Horse. One local historian mentions in her account of the Julesburg attacks that Sitting Bull was present as well.

In the first weeks of December the three tribes met on Beaver Creek where between 800 and 900 lodges were assembled. This massive village consisted of Southern Cheyennes, Northern Arapahoes, Oglalas, and Brule Sioux. The village possibly contained about 150 lodges of Oglalas, 250 of Brules, and 80 of Northern Arapahoes. Southern Cheyennes made up the remainder. At the end of December the Indians moved to Cherry Creek, a tributary of the Republican River. It was here that George Bent arrived, joining his brother, Charley, who was already in the village. George and Charley were the sons of William Bent, one of the cofounders of Bent's Fort on the Arkansas. Since their father had married into the Cheyenne tribe the two young men had spent a considerable amount of time with these people.

At the beginning of the new year an important council was held. A decision was made to attack the stage and telegraph station at Julesburg on the South Platte. Julesburg was chosen for two reasons: the first and most important reason was that the Indians were badly in need of food, and the second was for revenge for the Sand Creek attack. About a thousand warriors were selected and ready to march. Women and ponies would be used to carry away the plunder. Both of the Bent brothers planned to join the massive Indian force.

Black Kettle had not joined the movement northward. Many of the Cheyennes had

become angry with him after the Sand Creek battle. They held him responsible for having had faith in the promises the white men gave, but his people dropped the matter after a few days. Saying goodbye to his friends and relatives, Black Kettle with a small band of followers chose to go south below the Arkansas.

About the fifth of January the Indian procession left Cherry Creek. Since it was the Sioux chiefs who had accepted the offer of the war pipe from the Cheyennes, they led the march with the warriors behind in orderly columns. The men of the soldier societies protected the front, rear, and flanks. This particular formation was not used for protection against attacks but to keep any rash young warriors from slipping away and by premature activity giving any advance warning to those whites in the vicinity of their intended target. Once more the Indians went into camp, this time some place on Whiteman's Fork, a branch of the Republican. Not far from here was another spot which would become well known in a few years named Summit Springs. At the camp on Whiteman's Fork the final details were made for the attack on Julesburg.

Julesburg, or Old Julesburg as some have referred to it since the present town lies some distance from the first location, was on the south side of the South Platte River near the mouth of Lodgepole Creek, in the extreme northeast corner of Colorado about two hundred miles from Denver. During the 1850's much of the westward movement on the Oregon and California trail forded the Platte at this place giving it the names Upper Crossing or California Crossing of the South Platte. A stage station was established by the Overland Stage Company next to the trading store run by Jules Beni or Reni.

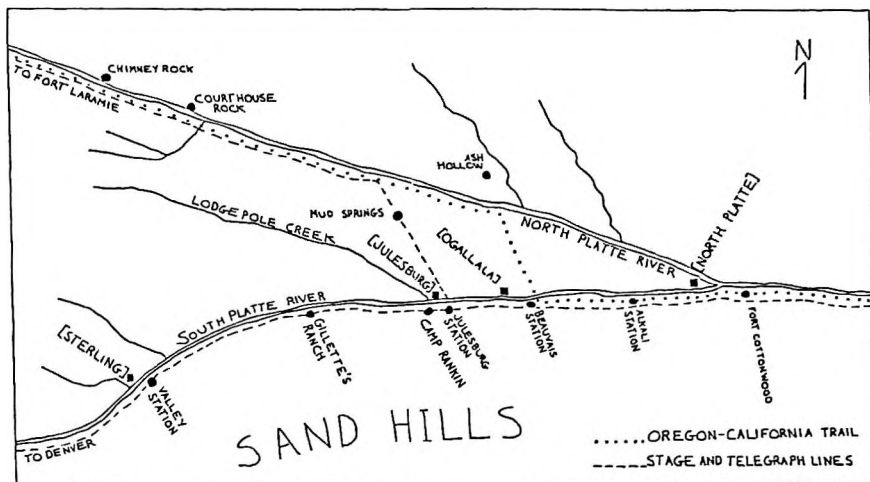
Julesburg was situated in a level valley some distance from the river. The valley was several miles wide with sand hills both to the north and south not too far distant. George Bent gave a good description of what the Platte was like at this time. He mentioned it as being "about two thousand feet wide, dotted with small islands covered with bushes and other vegetation. The banks are low and there is very little water in the river, often less than a foot, and in the highest stages of the river, about three or four feet." No trees lined the river here so timber had to be hauled from Cottonwood Canyon many miles away near Camp Cottonwood, later Fort McPherson, Nebraska.

By 1865 Julesburg was a vital link on the stage line. The Overland Company had built a large station house along with an eating house, stable, blacksmith and repair shop, granary, and storehouse. The rear of the buildings were all enclosed by a large sod corral. Besides the property owned by the stage company, there was a large merchandise store which sold all types of goods to people on the trail. Last, but not least, was the telegraph office. Almost all the buildings were constructed of cedar.

After the beginning of the Indian troubles the previous summer, a small post had been built not far from the group of buildings just across the mouth of Lodgepole Creek. The post was named Camp Rankin, but after September 1865, it became officially Fort Sedgwick. It measured only 360 feet by 240 feet. The interior consisted of a stable, barracks, headquarters, and quartermaster depot made of cottonwood and cedar logs brought from Cottonwood Canyon. The walls surrounding these buildings were of sod and had rectangular lookout towers at the southeast and northwest corners. At this time the fort was garrisoned by troopers of Company F, Seventh Iowa Volunteer Cavalry commanded by Captain Nicholas J. O'Brien and assisted by Second Lt. Eugene F. Ware. O'Brien and Ware proved to be a good team; they were about the same age and both experienced officers.

Nicholas J. O'Brien, a native of Ireland, was 25 when he received his appointment as





Julesburg Area in 1875, Showing Camp Rankin

captain January 17, 1863. He also had an older brother, George M. O'Brien who was a major in the same regiment. Eugene Fitch Ware was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1841. Before joining the Seventh Iowa on February 14, 1863, he had already done extensive campaigning in both infantry and cavalry.

O'Brien and Ware felt the best location for building the fort was where Samuel Bancroft had his ranch. At this time, Bancroft was serving as postmaster of Julesburg. After receiving permission from headquarters at Fort Kearney and concluding a successful agreement with Bancroft, the troops took over the ownership of the completed buildings and proceeded to enlarge and strengthen the quarters. While the fort was being completed, the men cut large quantities of hay for storage and stacked it in the north-west corner of the fort.

The Seventh Iowa men were uniformed much like all the mounted regiments then serving under the Union. More than likely they wore in the field a dark blue plain "sack" coat (fatigue jacket) with a falling collar or the shell jacket with stiff upright collar. A forage cap or broad-brimmed hat and light blue trousers completed the uniform. They were armed with the Gallagher single shot carbine, 1860 army Colt revolver, and a heavy dragoon saber. If the officers and men could afford them, they would substitute for the inferior Gallagher a repeating firearm such as the Henry or Spencer.

At daylight on January 7, 1865, the Indian camp began to make their final preparations for the advance on Julesburg. As the warriors applied war paint and donned feather war bonnets, the women prepared the pack ponies to move into the settlement as soon as resistance had ceased. The war chiefs knew that the soldiers would stay behind the fort's walls if they were aware of the size of the force arrayed against them. It was decided that if a small picked group of warriors could lure the soldiers out into the open and lead them into the sandhills, the main body of hidden warriors could cut them off and kill them all. In keeping with this plan of attack, Big Crow, leader of the

Cheyenne Crooked Lance Society was chosen to lead the decoy party. He took ten picked warriors with him. They hid in a large ravine which extended from the sandhill bluffs down to the river bank. This ravine was called Devil's Dive, a stretch of ground that was so rough that it took travelers most of one day to cross.

The decoy party had hardly entered the ravine when a stagecoach approached from the east. The opportunity for attack was too much to resist for some of the young warriors. As the coach sped close by the ravine opening, a number of arrows were shot in its direction, and Big Crow and his decoys gave chase. However, when the stage reached the station, Big Crow gave up the chase and led his group toward two Denver-bound trains a short distance away. They circled the wagons and taunted the men with shouts and more arrows.

When the *Rocky Mountain News* interviewed O'Brien for their November 26, 1915, edition, he stated that the first warning was when the stage dashed up to the station and the driver had arrows sticking into the heavy buffalo coat he wore, but he was more scared than hurt. When the Indians began molesting the wagon trains, this galvanized the garrison at Rankin into action. Within a short time Captain O'Brien and 38 troopers rode out to give assistance to them. As to the number of O'Brien's force, sources differ. Some accounts say O'Brien had 38 men; Lieutenant Ware gives the number of men as 60. Lieutenant Ware was not present as he was on detached duty at Fort Kearney.

Also joining them was Colonel Samuel W. Summers, commander of the Seventh Iowa who was visiting the post, and a number of civilians. As the column began to pursue Big Crow's warriors toward the hills, the teamsters of the besieged wagons withdrew to a nearby ranch with several casualties. When O'Brien and his men were near the hills, the main body of the Indians poured down out of them.

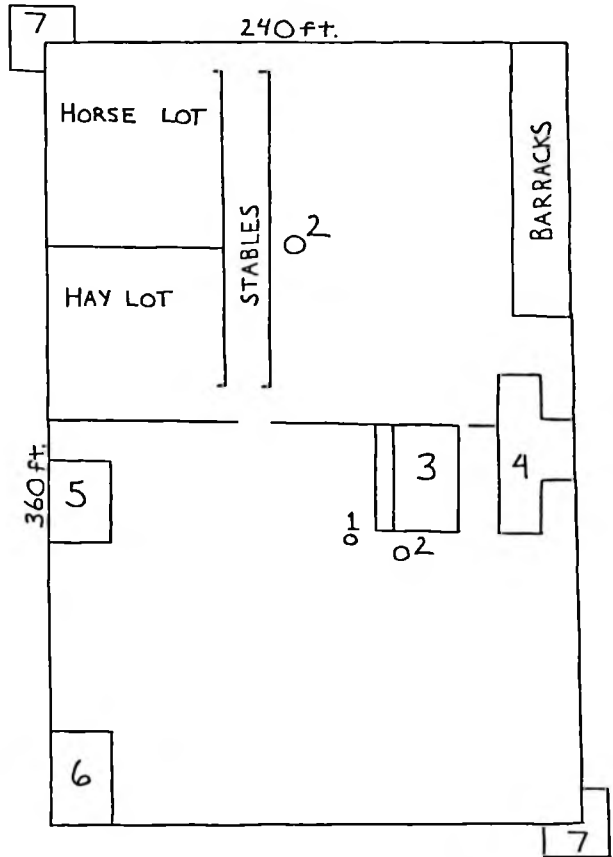
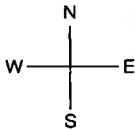
It did not take long to see that the soldiers would be overwhelmed. Colonel Summers quickly ordered a retreat, shouting to Captain O'Brien to take some of his men back to the post and man the howitzer. He and several others would cover their withdrawal. Some of the men were on foot as their horses had been killed. Fourteen men had been killed and a number were wounded. Because of the desperate situation, the dead were left on the field while the remainder of the troops barely made it back to the fort. While this was going on, the employees of the station had made a dash for the fort.

With the soldiers no longer a threat, the Indians began their pillaging. After mutilating the bodies of the dead soldiers and teamsters, the greater number of Indians moved on to the main purpose of their attack. They started packing up as many supplies as they could, carrying them away from the now deserted buildings of Julesburg. What the warriors and women did not take with them, they destroyed. Windows and furniture were broken, bolts of cloth from the store were thrown out on the ground, and some of the colored cloth was even tied to horses' tails. Even money from the abandoned stagecoach was chopped up and thrown to the winds. Several times the women loaded the ponies and took them to the hills and returned for more loot. The warriors wanted to set fire to the buildings, but they were deterred from doing so by the chiefs who said they would probably return again after the warehouses were restocked. The damage at Julesburg had been limited to broken windows, furniture, and other items that could be replaced.

When the Indians withdrew into the sandhills, Captain O'Brien and his men took stock of the damage done and the casualties inflicted on his force as well as those of the Indians. Of the 38 soldiers who rode out of Rankin, 14 were killed, among them one sergeant and two corporals, and as many men were wounded. He also mentioned that

Fort at Camp Rankin;  
From a Plan By Eugene Ware

1. Flagstaff
2. Wells
3. Headquarters
4. Quartermaster
5. Magazines
6. Sentinel Box
7. Sod Bastions



as many as 30 to 46 Indians were killed, some of these due to the fort's brand-new Parrott fieldpiece. George Bent mentions that no Indians were killed.

Again the sources differ as to the number of casualties. Ware says that one sergeant, three corporals, and ten privates were killed. Still further, a newspaper reported shortly after the fight that a number of citizens joined the soldiers in the fight and that 14 troopers and four citizens were killed, making a total of 18. These figures coincide with the number of fresh graves George Bent remembers seeing outside the stockade during the second attack a few weeks later.

The majority of the Indian force returned to camp on Cherry Creek. It took them three days to make the trip because the ponies were loaded with so much loot. After a couple of days of celebration and feasting, a council decided that they would all move north of the Platte to join the northern tribes on the Powder River. During the next

weeks while numerous bands of warriors raided east and west of Julesburg, the village crossing the ice-covered Platte 23 miles west of that place and made camp. Besides striking stage stations, ranches and stores felt their sting as well.

One of the places subjected to repeated attack was the ranch of Holon Godfrey. His ranch was strongly fortified with sod and adobe. He also dug tunnels and built a hiding place for his family. Godfrey went so far as to put up a sign with "Fort Wicked" painted on it. When asked the reason for such a name, he replied, "The Cheyennes and Sioux know well enough, I guess."

Not just the large Indian village, but the smaller ones as well, were quickly stocked with the belongings taken from the whites. George Bent said he never saw so much plunder in an Indian village as there was in the one along the river. There was lots of fresh beef, wagonloads of bacon, hams, big bags of flour, sugar, rice, cornmeal, shelled corn, tins and hogheads of molasses, canned meats and fruits, clothing, dress goods and silks, and hardware. A good many of these things the Indians had never seen before. Several wagon trains containing mining equipment and whiskey bound for the Colorado gold miners had been taken. By the end of January the Indians felt it was time to move on, but first they would pay Julesburg another visit.

On January 28, at Camp Cottonwood, Captain O'Brien received a telegram from Fort Rankin. The message said that Indians were plundering everywhere. The stage stations between Julesburg and Valley Station 50 miles west were burned and destroyed. All travel was stopped, and many people were killed. He was ordered to return to his post at once with Lt. Ware, a squad of 10 men, and a howitzer. Captain O'Brien and his small party quickly headed west. At Alkali stage station when they arrived on January 30, O'Brien found a company of Seventh Iowa cavalry along with a west-bound stage that was being held there for safety. The captain in charge lent O'Brien an additional 10 men, and two stage company officials also wanted to go along. These officials were Andrew Hughes and an assistant superintendent identified only as a Mr. Clift.

On the last day of the month O'Brien's group, including the stage, passed Beauvais Station, about 20 miles east of Julesburg. Since it was so poorly defended, six soldiers were left at the station. On reaching Dick Van Cleve's ranch, four more men were dropped off, and it was decided to take Mrs. Van Cleve in the coach which would supposedly be out of danger. After leaving Van Cleve's, the party overtook a train of 19 wagons which increased their numbers.

At about 2:00 p.m., February 2, the party reached the Devil's Dive where smoke was observed billowing over Julesburg. The following paragraphs are taken from the November 26, 1915, *Rocky Mountain News* recollections of Captain O'Brien.

From concealment the captain could see that Indians covered the area in all directions, circling their horses around the station and other burning buildings at close range. They were around the fort but at a longer range, remembering the howitzer was there. O'Brien estimated that about a thousand warriors were taking part in the attack. Going back to his group, he told them the situation they faced. Rather than going back the way they had come, their only chance was to make a dash for Rankin. The Indians were unaware that they were nearby. They were obscured because the wind was blowing the smoke from the burning buildings in their direction, and the weather was somewhat hazy.

Ordering the howitzer loaded with canister, O'Brien had a soldier carry a friction primer so he could fire the gun from horseback. Before they started, he made final

preparations for the others in the group. Lt. Ware was to ride in the front followed by four troopers. Then came the captain and the gun squad. Last was the stagecoach with the driver in the front box accompanied by the two company officials on top and Mrs. Van Cleve inside for a total of 15. Surprisingly, in his book, *The Indian War of 1864*, Lt. Ware does not mention Mrs. Van Cleve. O'Brien commented that Mrs. Van Cleve was the bravest woman he ever saw. To this, she replied, "Captain, I want you to give me a revolver. I am going to take part in this fight." O'Brien said, "I handed her one and I must say she made the best use of it, firing first out of one window, then out of the other after the dash was on its way." Giving Hughes last-minute instructions, O'Brien said, "Andy, we probably won't live through this, but I want to sell our lives as dearly as possible," to which Hughes replied, "Go ahead, Captain, I'm ready to sell."

Once everything was ready, they proceeded. At first the group moved at a slow rate until they came into full view of the warriors near the settlement. They apparently took the Indians by surprise with their appearance for the red men acted confused at first. Drawing closer to the fort, the howitzer was fired at Indians gathering ahead of them. Still a mile from safety with hostiles on both sides, O'Brien ordered the men to draw sabers as they pushed on. With Indians determined to bar the way to the fort, the officer in charge of Rankin rushed out his fieldpiece and fired until the way was clear for O'Brien. With their arrival, there was great rejoicing within the fort for the Indians had been in the area most of the day.

In her book, *Destination: Denver City*, Doris Monahan tells that this dramatic entrance into Julesburg did not actually happen. She states that when O'Brien and his command first saw the smoke rising from the burning buildings, the 19 wagons circled for defense at a safe distance from the Indians. The fort's artillery piece kept the Indians at bay while O'Brien and his party entered the fort with no interference from the Indians.

The ransacking of the buildings and warehouses was eventually finished, and the Indians left them in smoldering ruins. However, the Indians did not immediately leave for they proceeded to make camp a short distance away near the present site of Ovid, Colorado, and spent the night dancing and shouting wildly. As had been done during the January 7 attack, it was wisely decided not to send a force out and drive off the Indians. Instead, the occupants would make the best possible defense with what they had at hand. There were about 100 soldiers and 50 citizens crowded into the small fort.

Captain O'Brien placed both soldiers and civilians in strategic locations to guard the walls. One of the howitzers was placed on the roof of the stables. The highest point within the fort to observe the activities of the Indians was the top of the 80-ton haystack in the northwest corner. To protect themselves from the cold weather, O'Brien and Ware dug down into the top of the haystack and kept watch through field glasses. To prevent attack from fire arrows, kettles of water were placed along the top of the sod walls.

While the two men were closely following the celebration outside the walls, a fire arrow arched into the sky and landed in the hay nearby. Within an instant, Trooper Jimmie O'Brien (apparently no relation to the captain) put out the flames with a well directed cup of water. For the rest of the night everyone kept on extreme alert.

The Indians had cut down telegraph poles for several miles on either side of Julesburg. These poles were used for a large bonfire that was kept burning for most of the night.

In the morning Lieutenant Ware went to the spot after the Indians departed before daylight, and he found the cause for the late night celebration. The Indians had con-

sumed much of the whiskey they captured, and the bottles were left scattered on the prairie. Captain O'Brien's dog, Kearney, was discovered hanging from a telegraph pole with its throat slashed.

The reason for the Indian's departure up Lodgepole Creek was soon apparent. Just after dark Colonel Robert R. Livingston arrived with about 400 troops made up of Seventh Iowa and First Nebraska Veteran Volunteer cavalymen. According to Lieutenant Ware, there was much rejoicing by the civilians in the fort, who by means of concealed supplies, got "gloriously drunk and had to be put in the guardhouse."

So ended perhaps the most exciting days of Julesburg's history. Later in June Brigadier General Patrick E. Connor, who had succeeded General Robert Mitchell as military district commander, led an expedition of 1,000 troops to punish the Indians that had attacked Julesburg. Connor's force met the Indians 15 miles from the present-day location of Sheridan, Wyoming. The Indians were severely beaten and scattered. Their encampment and large quantities of equipment and food were destroyed.

In 1866 Captain Nicholas J. O'Brien resigned from the army and married in Iowa the same year. He returned to Julesburg where he opened a general store and became mayor of the town. Later he moved to Wyoming and was on the commission that approved the building of the state capitol. He also was the first Republican sheriff of Laramie County. In 1897 he became a permanent resident of Denver.

Lieutenant Eugene F. Ware left the army shortly after these events with the rank of captain. He eventually became a historian and a U.S. pension commissioner. He died in 1911. It is interesting to note that Ware, like a lot of westerners of his time, did not have a very high opinion of Indians. His thoughts probably did not change any when in 1883 he received word that Federal Judge H. C. McComas and Mrs. McComas were killed by Apaches 20 miles north of Lordsburg, Arizona. Mrs. McComas was Eugene's sister.

As for George Bent, after raiding several years with his mother's people, he returned to help his father, William Bent, work for peace. He passed away in 1918.

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## Westerner's Bookshelf



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

**Hurrah For My New Free Country**, by Leon Charles Fouquet (ed. by Rosalie Fouquet Davis and Mathilde Fouquet Ruggles). Univ. of Okla. Press, Norman, 1990. 212 pages, photographs, index. Cloth with dj, \$24.95.

Despairing of getting a book to review that had blood and guts and shoot-em-ups, I almost gave this tome short shrift. It was not that I was biased against the locales of the book, for I have works in my collection dealing with Kansas and Oklahoma. Indeed, I have, and had read, Leon Fouquet's 1922 contribution to the Kansas State Historical Society called "Buffalo Days." I therefore was convinced that all Fouquet had to say that was worthwhile had been written in 1922. This book, created from the complete life story that Fouquet wrote, also in the 1920's, appeared at first merely to be the product of admiring granddaughters who were into genealogy. I was skeptical that the book was one which deserved to be published and intended to say so in a gentle review.

I was wrong. This book, which relates the trials and tribulations of a French immigrant who arrived in his new free country in 1868, very much deserved to be published. While Fouquet was involved in few truly exciting escapades (and he does mention some incidents with buffalo, Indians, bad men and some famous Western figures), his narrative takes one through the day-to-day hardships of the frontier. The book is full of pathos, including storms, fires, thefts, illnesses, hunger and (worst of

all) the death of children. It is the true story of the "Little House on the Prairie."

This is not to say that the book does not have some specific, rather than general, historical appeal. Fouquet provides some insights on an Oklahoma land run (showing it to be inherently unfair and susceptible to corruption). He also tells, like Frank Norris did in *The Octopus*, of the unwarranted power of the railroads. Fouquet details an actual war that broke out between his town and the arrogant local monopoly of the railroaders.

The book is therefore highly recommended as a "sleeper." It is one that may very well become a classic and required reading in college classrooms, for it tells the ordinary life of "Everyman" and "Everywoman" (Fouquet's wife Mathilde) on the Great Plains. I would urge, for best effect, that one read the book from beginning to end, over just a couple of evenings.

The book is well-bound at a fair price. It has relevant family photographs strategically placed.

Now, if I could just get a good shoot-em-up on the Indian wars to review.

John M. Hutchins, P.M.



**From Yorktown to Santiago With the Sixth Cavalry** by Lt. Col. W. H. Carter. State House Press, P.O. Box 15247, Austin, Texas, 78761, 1989. 329 pages, ill., index. Cloth, \$24.95.

This reprint of a 1900 classic on the United States Cavalry appeared late last year just in time for Christmas. Although the original volume often is listed in bibliographies on the Indian Wars, this reviewer has never seen it in a catalogue and has only seen it once in all of his perusals of obscure bookstores. Fortunately this reviewer bought the beat-up autographed copy for about 95 dollars; the publisher of the reprint here later told the reviewer of selling the original from which the reprint was made (and not autographed) for a thousand dollars. (Now if only the reviewer could figure out where his copy is in his remodeled house.)

The new introduction by cavalry historian John M. Carroll explains the rarity of the book. Shortly after it was published in Baltimore, a fire destroyed most of the copies of the book. Although Lt. Col. Carter wrote other books, *From Yorktown to Santiago* was never reprinted by him.

The book details the history of the Sixth Cavalry from the Battle of Yorktown, Virginia, in 1862, to the Spanish-American War. Carter served in the regiment in Arizona during the Apache Wars. His book thus complements those written by his fellow officers Britton Davis of the 3rd Cavalry (author of *The Truth About Geronimo*) and Thomas Cruse of the Sixth (author of *Apache Days and After*). Carter, in fact, mentions both of those worthies. More importantly, the book contrasts with the views of H.H. McConnell in his classic *Five Years a Cavalryman* which portrays the enlisted perspective of the Sixth Cavalry. For example, McConnell presents Major Benjamin Hutchins as a less-than-courageous pursuer of Indians

in northern Texas. Carter presents Major Hutchins as a competent officer and brave veteran of the Civil War who, along with Lieutenants Coats and Whiteside, was commended for his good conduct. (Obviously Carter's assessment of Major Hutchins is the more accurate.)

The book also details the many engagements of the Sixth. *Skirmishes in the Civil War* and Lieutenant Henely's bloody fight on Sappa Creek in 1875 are among those included.

*From Yorktown to Santiago With the Sixth U.S. Cavalry* is more than recommended; it is an absolute necessity for the library of anyone who fancies himself or herself a collector of Indian War material. It ranks up there with such books as Price's *Across the Continent With the Fifth Cavalry*. It comes well-bound with a nice dust jacket.

John M. Hutchins, P.M.



## THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP



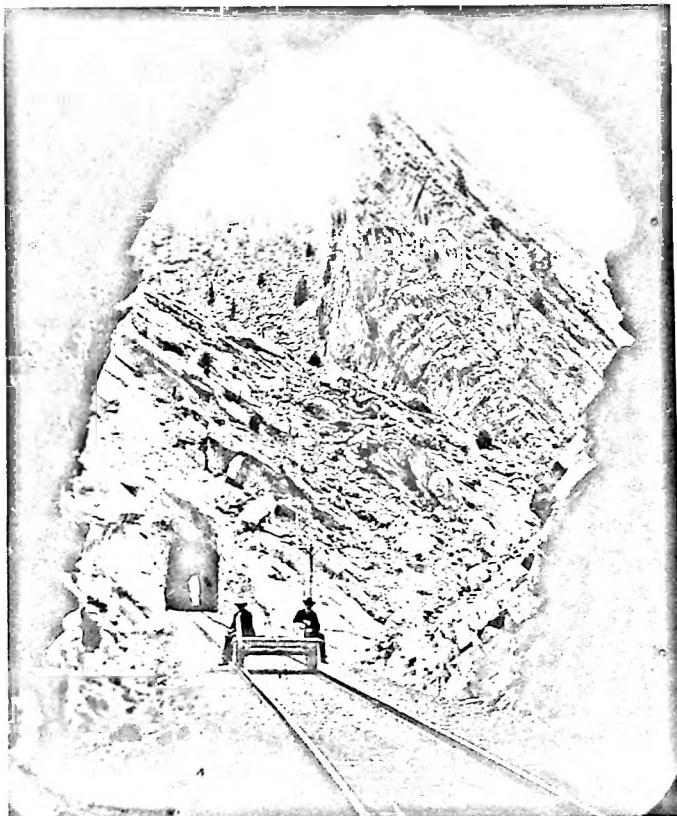


*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1990



**A LANTERN SLIDE TOUR OF COLORADO  
FROM THE WORK OF L.C. McCLURE  
Roger and Richard Michels**



Tunnel No. 5 from No. 4: Moffat Road

## ANOTHER BRAND BOOK?

After a fifteen-year hiatus, publication of a *Brand Book*—Vol. 32 in the series dating to 1945 is being explored by the Denver Westerners.

The 1975 *Brand Book* combined Volumes 30 and 31, with Alan J. Stewart and the late Coulson Hageman as co-editors. Financial obstacles then ended the series which had been continuous since the Denver Corral's founding.

Current Sheriff John F. Bennett said that, because of certain bequests and financial gains, funding now appears adequate to underwrite another *Brand Book*.

"It is our hope that this 32nd edition can mark resumption of the series," Bennett said. "The Denver Corral has made a valuable contribution to the store of Western historical knowledge, through the many original papers and articles presented by our members. The *Brand Book* is the best avenue to make this body of work widely accessible."

Bennett has named Posse members Alan Stewart and Eugene Rakosnik to head planning for the book. The sheriff urged all Denver Corral members—Corresponding, Posse, or Reserve—to submit their suggestions for Vol. No. 32.

"We're asking for ideas on articles, illustrations, design, mechanical production, possible printers and/or publishers—anything to help make the book a success," he said. "We are fortunate to have much interesting material to draw from. But we must also seek the best way to produce and market this new *Brand Book*."

Ideas may be submitted to Stewart or Rakosnik, or mailed to Stewart at P.O. Box 240, Broomfield, CO 80038.

## AVE

It has been both a pleasure and a privilege to have edited the Denver Westerners *Roundup* for these 11 years (1980-1990). I am proud to have been trusted to set a record for long continuous service in this mission, and it is with both confidence in my successor and with personal relief that I pass on the pencil. Thanks.

Hugo von Rodeck Jr.

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

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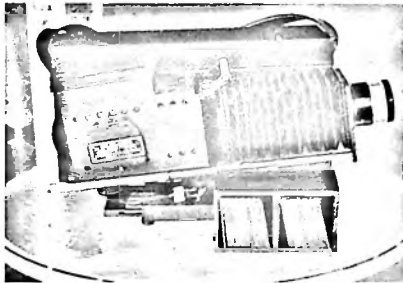
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## A LANTERN SLIDE TOUR OF COLORADO, FROM THE WORK OF L.C. McCLURE

by  
Roger Michels, P.M., and Richard Michels  
Presented September 27, 1989

The collection of lantern slides discussed here was purchased by my father, Richard Michels, twenty years ago at a flea market. Our family was unable to fully enjoy and appreciate the genius and artistry of McClure because we had no way to project the slides. That was until a year ago when I came across a long black metal box at a building remodel site. I opened the box and inside was what I first thought was an old electric spotlight. I was told it would be okay to take it with me as it was headed for the dump. Opening the box at home, I removed a "Delineascope Model D" stereopticon, the technical name given to lantern slide projectors. It was manufactured by the



The Spencer Delineascope  
for 3 1/4"x4" glass slides.

Spencer Lens Company of Buffalo, New York. It is in perfect condition, and has been used only a few times. There is no patent plate, and in spite of a patent search at the Denver City Library, I have been unable to locate a patent on this machine. The earliest reference to the Spencer Lens Company I found was 1899, but no patent. The projection bulb, a 500 watt General Electric, filament was unbroken. The box also contained a spare bulb in its original carton along with the electrical cord. The cord shattered when I attempted to unwind it; however, I did have an extension cord that matched the original.

The slide changer holds two slides, and is engineered so that it lifts the slide to be removed allowing the next slide to be inserted easily. It is finely crafted of wood, and is held in place by a thumbscrew. When not in use, it stores in the base of the projector. After determining that the bulb filament was unbroken and plugging in the cord, I placed a slide in the carrier. By adjusting the bellows and focusing the lens, McClure's photo of the Welcome Arch that used to stand in front of the Union Station filled the screen. (See photo)

### THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Louis Charles McClure was born in Quincy, Illinois on May 18, 1867. His father died when Louis was very young. In 1881, at age fourteen, Louis' mother decided to move Louis and his brother to Denver, which boasted a population of 35,000. Jobs were easy to come by for Louis and his brother as Denver had become the banking and commerce center of the mountain west. Louis quickly determined that being a store clerk was not for him, and sought employment in his real field of interest, photography.

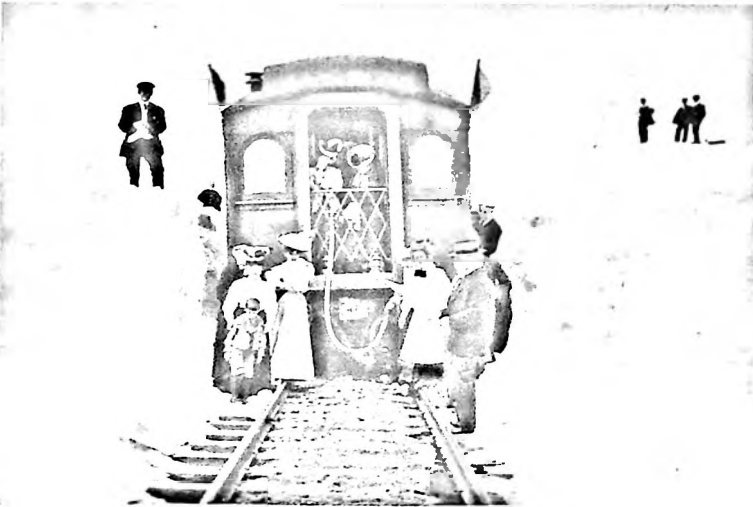
Louis secured a position with none other than William Henry Jackson who had a studio at 414 Larimer Street. Jackson trained McClure as a photo printer, and Louis proved to be a quick learner. McClure was soon sent on assignments to record a photo history of the buildings, people, and machines of Denver and the surrounding area. In

the Jones' book, "Photo by McClure," Louis recalled that his salary was 18 dollars a week. It should be remembered that in those early days of photography, the film was 8" x 10" glass plates, and preparing and fixing the negatives required several bottles of chemicals. All of the equipment including the camera and development lab had to be transported to the site. McClure recalled in the book that the equipment weighed between 60 to 80 pounds depending on the number of photos that were to be taken.

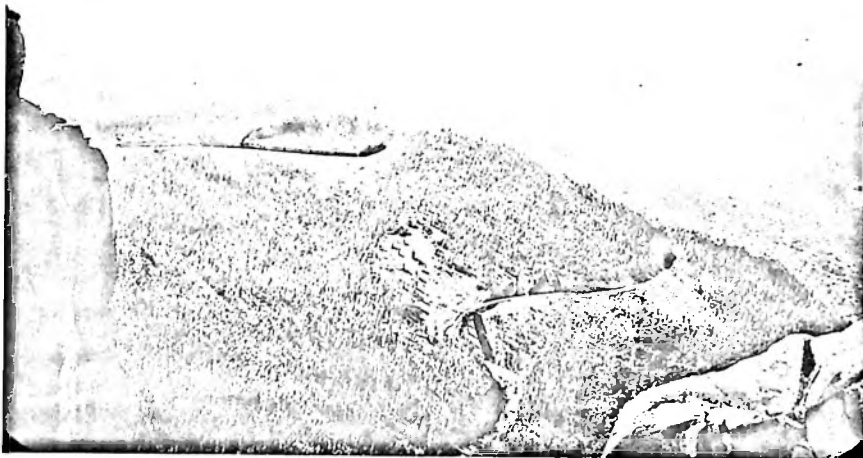
The collodion process that McClure used to produce his photos was developed by an English sculptor and photographer, Frederick Scott, in March of 1851. Collodion, a solution of ether and guncotton, was poured onto a carefully cleaned glass plate, and after the ether had almost evaporated, the plate was immersed into a solution of silver nitrate, forming light-sensitive silver iodide in the collodion film. Still moist, the plate was inserted into the camera for exposure. The exposed plate, still moist, was then given a bath in pyrogallic acid which was followed by fixing and washing. McClure then etched the number and brief description on the negative. The glass negative plate was then left to dry.

McClure met and married Ada Shrock, daughter of prominent building contractor John Shrock, on April 20, 1892. This was while Louis was supplementing his income as a grocery manager. The newlyweds moved into the Shrock family home at 2104 Glenarri Place, and there they lived out the rest of their lives.

When Jackson sold his business to the Detroit Publishing Company in 1897, Louis stayed on even though business had steadily declined due to the 1893 silver panic. McClure went to work selling photographic supplies for the Standard Fire Brick Company to supplement his income. In 1899, Jackson merged his company with the Smith Photographic Company and soon after Jackson's name was removed and thus came the end of an era. Shortly afterwards, Louis ended his association with the studio and opened his own.



Snow Cut on Rollins Pass: The Moffat Road. 26 June 1908.



Mountaintop to Mountaintop on the CSCCGDSL

### HOW THE LANTERN SLIDE WAS MADE

The slides were made by the H.D. Smith Company of Denver, the Photocraft Shop of Colorado Springs, and there is even one with a label that reads, "Made by L.C. McClure Commercial and Railroad Photographer." The process used to make lantern slides was described to me by Hal Gould of Camera Obscura on Bannock Street in Denver. Lantern slides were made by shining light through the original glass plate negative which was held in place in an enlarger. By using a reducing lens, the image was projected onto a 3 1/4" x 4" glass plate which had been prepared with silver nitrate. This produced a black and white positive. After drying, the positive was then hand painted.

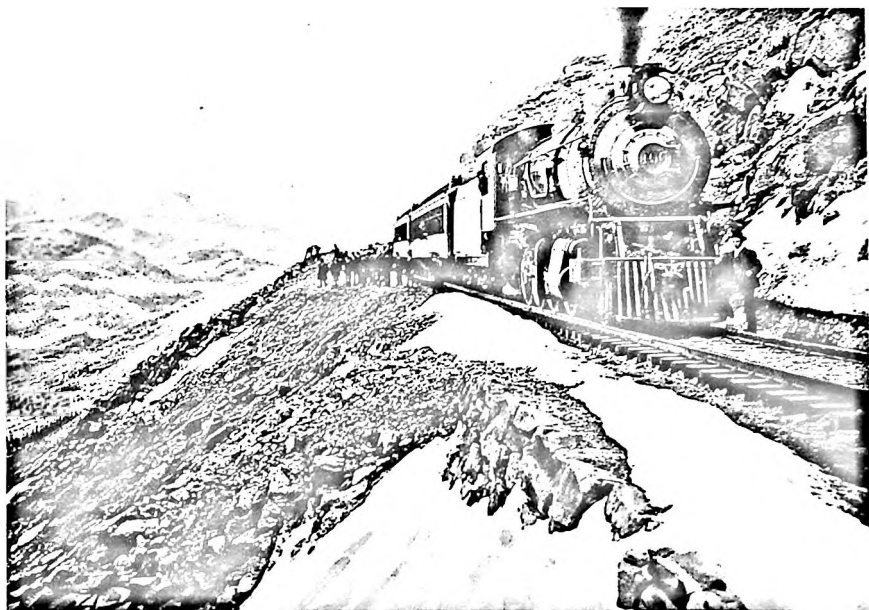
Hand painting lantern slides was an arduous process. Watercolors and Gypsy dyes were used to color the slides. Silver deposited after the slide had been fixed and washed is heaviest in the shadows. Since there is color in shadows, the colorist (the term given to those who colored lantern slides and photos) had to exercise careful judgment in selecting the correct color strength so that the shadows and colors projected properly onto the screen. Gypsy dyes added to the problem as they were thinned with solvents and dried very quickly allowing very little time to blend the colors.

The colored positive slide was now ready for a cover plate and binding. First a mask was prepared that left open the size and area of the positive that the lab wanted to be projected. The mask covered up the inscription that the photographer had put on the negative. If the mask did not cover the inscription, the colorist would paint out the



Anaconda or Elkton, on the Colorado Springs - Cripple Creek Gold District Short Line.

inscription. After the mask had been prepared, it was placed on the positive plate. A cover plate of the same size as the positive print was placed over the positive plate. A special adhesive-backed binding was placed around the the edge of the plates and then a paper label was placed on the cover plate. The label identified the company or person who had made the slide, and had an area for a handwritten description of the photo.



View East from the "Phantom Bridge," Rollins Pass. June 26, 1908.

### THE COLLECTION

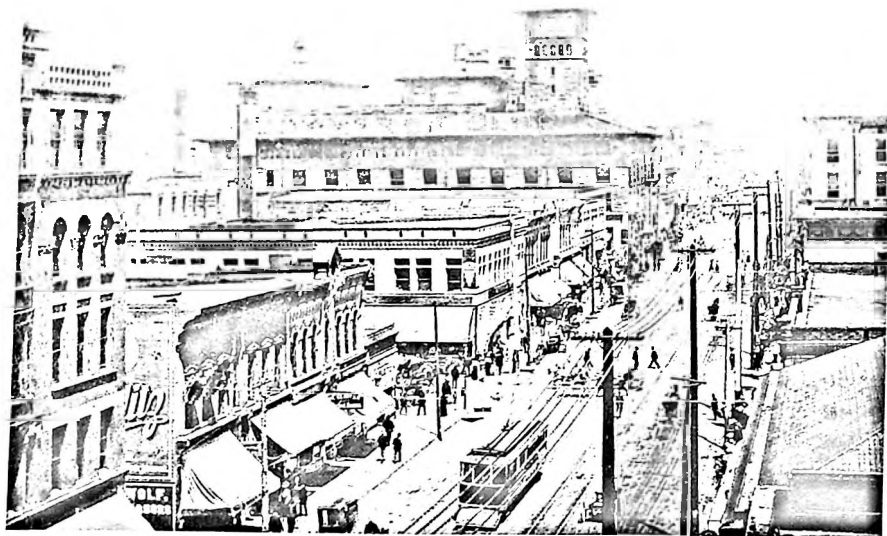
This collection of lantern slides is a broad sampling of the artistic and photographic genius of L.C. McClure. The slides have been divided into groups either geographically or by railroad.

The first group of slides was taken on a trip north and west from Denver, and contain views of farmland, the Big Thompson Canyon, and the Estes Park area which show that it was indeed a recreation area long before it became a town. There is one slide of the "Hercules Towers" in the Big Thompson Canyon which are not currently visible since the highway was rerouted after the flood.

The next group of slides are views taken along the Moffat Railroad. One of the slides has "Snow Cut June 26, 1908" written on the label. In the Jones' book, "Photo by McClure," they identify the date at around 1910. I tried to resolve this discrepancy by



Leadville and Mount Massive.



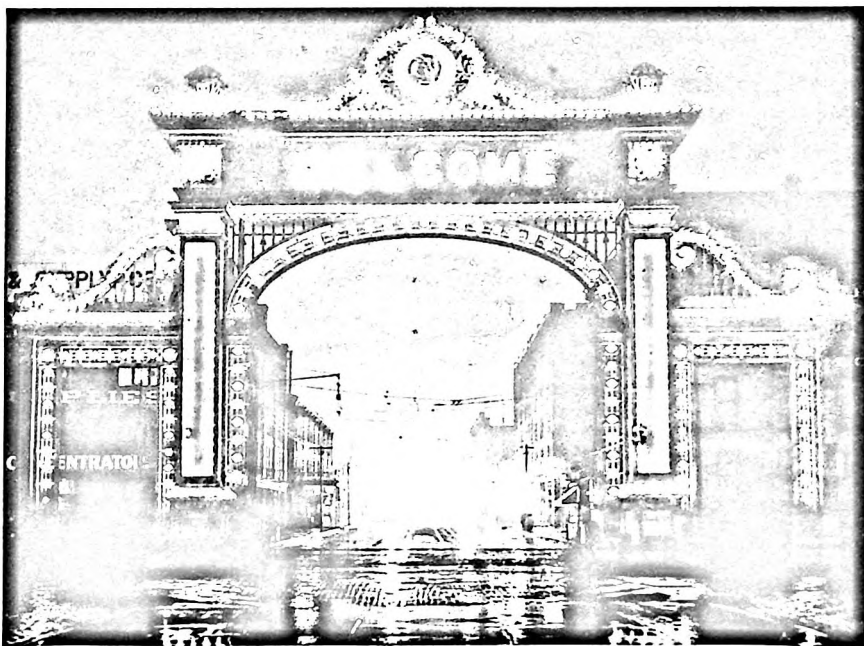
Main Street, Pueblo, Colorado, about 1901.



going to the Western History Department at the Denver City Library. McClure donated his collection of over 4,000 glass plate negatives and other equipment to the department. I was privileged to look through several volumes of prints that the department had made from the original plates. I found the photo of this slide and others taken the same day; however, no dates were to be found on any of the photos. This brings up an interesting point. As mentioned before, McClure, as well as other early photographers, etched a number and description on the negative. The log or list that McClure kept has not been located. The Western History Department has done an excellent job of classifying the negatives by railroads, geographic areas, and subject matter.

The Colorado Midland Railroad is represented in the next group of slides. Views of Crystal Park south of Glenwood Springs, Leadville and Mt. Massive, and the Rendi area are contained in this group. There are two slides that appear to be photos taken of paintings, one of the Mount of the Holy Cross and one of a "doubleheader" (two engines) climbing out of Hellsgate Canyon.

The next and smallest group of slides is from the Colorado Springs Cripple Creek Short Line railroad. There are views of mountaintop to mountaintop and the town either of Anaconda or Elkton.



The Welcome Arch at Denver Union Station: View up 17th Street.  
Built in 1906 at a cost of \$22,000.00 — Torn down in 1931. "It had become a traffic hazard."

The Pueblo area is the subject of our next group of slides with views of downtown circa 1901, the Colorado Coal and Iron Plant (now CF&I), and Lake Minnequa and Hospital. Two slides, both labeled "Sunset on Lake Minnequa," show the artistic license that the colorist took at times. One slide is a sunset; however, the other is obviously the moon over the lake at night. Further investigation reveals that these are the same view, but the colorist, using color and a pin, has created the two separate images. The moonbeams are etched onto the lake, and the "stars" are really spots that have been removed by using a pin.

Traveling northward we arrive in Colorado Springs. This group of slides has views of the Garden of the Gods, the Pike's Peak Region, and the most famous view of the Antlers Hotel taken around 1905, looking west on Pike's Peak Avenue.

Our tour comes to an end with some of McClure's work done in the Denver area. Photos of the Mint, State Capitol, Auditorium, Masonic Temple, and the one mentioned earlier, the Welcome Arch looking up 17th Street at night.

We appreciate the corrections given at the meeting, and although some labels may have misleading information, nothing can take away from the genius and artistry that has been produced on these slides. My father and I hope to add to our collection, and would appreciate any information others may have on lantern slides, projectors, and the manufacturers, photographers, and artisans who produced them.

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*The Art of Coloring Photographic Prints* by J. Carroll Tobias. The Plimpton Press, 1934. 108 pp.

*George Eastman and the Early Photographers* by Brian Coe, with a foreword by Dr. Roy Strong, Director, National Portrait Gallery. Part of the "Pioneers of Science and Discovery" series. Priory Press Limited, 1973. 96 pp.

### NEW RIDERS ON OUR RANGE

**James O. Donohue** 6605 South Ogden Street Littleton, Colorado 80121

Social Studies and Special Education teacher in Cherry Creek School District No. 5. Especially interested in Southwestern colonial history, Southwestern literature, historical novels, foreign travel, drawing, photography, and classical guitar.

**Lee Kizer** 604 West 4th Street Julesburg, Colorado 80737

"My place is called the Old Ford Garage." Associated with the Sedgwick County Historical Society. Especially interested in a picture collection of the area and other literature.

**Charles H. Wooley** 759 Detroit Street Denver, Colorado 80206

Director/Curator of 4-mile House historical park; has published the *4-mile Express Quarterly*, *Valley Journal*. (5 years), contributions to *Denver's 4-mile House* and *Colorado's Cowntown*, *Stagecoaches Along Cherry Creek*. Interests include historical real estate preservation, kayaking, hiking, skiing, and reading.

## CARL BLAUROCK

In our highest state, Carl Albert Blaurock is the grand old man of the mountains. Born in Denver April 22, 1894, he graduated from North High School and the Colorado School of Mines (1916). He joined his father, Herman, in the family firm at 1526 Champa Street, which crafted gold and silver for dentists and jewelers.



"My first climb," Carl recalled in 1990, "came at age 15 when my father and my uncle took me up Pike's Peak on a night climb along the Pike's Peak Cog Railway to see the sunrise. That was my first 14er."

At age 29, Carl and his climbing partner Bill Ervin became the first persons to climb all the mountains over 14,000 feet in Colorado. A few years later, he became one of the first to climb all of the 14ers in the U.S. Climbing before the days of down parkas, he lined his army surplus trousers and shirt with newspapers to cut the wind chill. After making dangerous climbs that sometimes required days of difficult technical climbing Carl would celebrate on top with a handstand.

Standing upside down on top of a mountain made the world clearer to him. Carl said half jokingly in 1990: "There I was, with my feet higher than anybody on

the mountain, and all the world stretched out in front of me . . . all the geology and all those beauties of nature. I was part of it, and it was part of me."

Carl learned advanced snow and ice climbing techniques in the Swiss Alps. He climbed with some of the world's great mountaineers, including Professor Albert Allingwood, an Oxford scholar who taught economics at Colorado College. Carl shared his skills and knowledge with many others through the Colorado Mountain Club of which he was a charter member. Organized in 1912, the Colorado Mountain Club still introduces any and all who are interested to the joys, dangers, and magic of the mountains.

Carl promoted skiing as well as mountaineering, helping to pioneer what has since become a major industry. "In 1913, Denver had its great blizzard — 48 inches," he recalled in 1990, telling the tale from a crystal clear memory. "Carl Howelson came down from Steamboat Springs to ski-jump at Inspiration Point Park. I went out to watch and took a good look at his factory-made skis. Then I went home and made myself a pair out of eight-foot oak slats that I steamed and bent in my mother's kitchen. I used 8-foot by 4-inch by 1-inch quarter-sawn red oak. I shaved and carved them to look like the hickory skis made in factories. We began skiing at Rillet Hill on Lookout Mountain. Then we went up to Genesee Mountain for ski jumping. I used those darned homemade skis for four years until I broke one of 'em ski jumping in Estes Park."

From the start, the Colorado Mountain Club welcomed women who had spearheaded its funding. "In fact, some of the women like Agnes Vaillie were stronger climbers than many of the men," Carl recalled in 1990. One of the lady mountaineers was Louise Forsyth, a tiny kindergarten teacher from Chicago who summited in Colorado. Louise and Carl were married in 1926 in Chicago after Carl came back from climbing in the Alps. Sixty-four years later, in retirement at

Windsor Gardens in Denver, they still dote on each other. "My last climb," Carl reminisced in 1990, "came in 1973. Bob Brown, several others, and I climbed Notch Mountain to photograph the Mount of the Holy Cross from the exact rock where William H. Jackson had taken his famous photos a century earlier."

"I first met Jackson at the dedication of Grand Teton National Park in 1924," recalled Blaurock, one of the first to climb the Tetons. Carl is a founding member of the Jackson Camera Club formed in 1938, as well as a member of the Denver Posse of the Westerners since 1947.

"Now I get my exercise in a rocking chair." Jokingly, he attributed his 96 years to "not letting anyone tell me what I can do, and to smoking and drinking (a nightly pipe and highball). I do a lot of reading and I worked on a book [*A Climber's Climber: On the Trail with Carl Blaurock* (Evergreen: Cordillera Press, 1984)]. I would love to be up there climbing again. Think of all that I've seen, the nature, the geology, the scenery. But I have had my quota — 67 years of mountain climbing."

Tom Noel



## WILLIAM C. HENDERSON PASSES ON

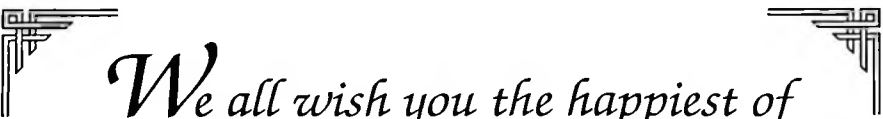
One of our more eminent Posse members, as well as a charter member of the Pikes Peak Posse of the Colorado Springs Westerners has passed on. Bill Henderson (1916–1989) was a prominent banker in Colorado Springs, having been a founder of the Pikes Peak National Bank in 1957, President until his retirement in 1974 and a director until his death. He served on the Colorado Springs City Council, Mayor from 1959 to 1963 when he declined to run for re-election.

He was especially active in water preservation and helped secure the Blue River Water Project. The promise of the completion of this project is credited with


luring the U.S. Air Force Academy to Colorado Spring.

He served in WWII in the U.S. Army Air Corps in England, France, and Germany. He was a former chairman of the Colorado Springs Pioneers Museum and the Friends of the Museum. As an active collector of coins, Cripple Creek and Colorado City numismatics, he was instrumental in bringing the national headquarters and Museum of the American Numismatic Association to Colorado Springs, and was national Treasurer for 28 years.

Many of us in the Denver Westerners regret we were not better acquainted with him; we missed a great deal! R.I.P., Bill!



*We all wish you the happiest of  
holidays and the best of everything  
for the years to come*





## Westerner's Bookshelf



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

**The Rise and Fall of Jesse James** by Robertus Love. Univ. of Nebraska Press, first Bison Book paperback printing 1990, 446 pages. Original hard cover published in 1926 by G.P. Putnam.

Robertus Love has written a narrative that takes the reader on a rollercoaster ride as he details the ups and downs of the life of Jesse James. Historically as accurate as possible, the author has related the escapades of Jesse, his brother Frank, and the other men and women connected with this notorious outlaw, husband, citizen, and Civil War guerrilla fighter, all with candor.

The author was a newspaperman from St. Louis who had the bandit beat. In relating the various events of Jesse James' life, the author writes some of them in a plain matter of fact manner. In others he writes using all the details, some hearsay and some true, that helped to give Jesse James a reputation of both villain and victim.

While there are many books that have been written about Jesse James, most of which tend to glorify him, Robertus Love has accomplished the task of giving the reader a human view of Jesse James. At times the author gets caught up in the legend and shows his feelings, pro or con, of Jesse depending upon the situation.

When written, *The Rise and Fall of Jesse James* was hailed as the "most significant book ever written" as an "authentic version" of the story (not history) of Jesse James. With a flair and energy that gets the reader caught up immediately in the legend, Robertus Love has written a book that is best enjoyed with some fresh popcorn, slippers on, and a comfortable place to read.

Roger P. Michels, P.M.

**The Little Big Horn, 1876: The Official Communications, Documents and Reports** compiled and annotated by Loyd J. Overfield II. Univ. of Nebraska (Bison Books), Lincoln, 1990. 203 pages, index. Paperback, \$8.95.

This little book is a reprint which was originally published by Arthur H. Clark Company in 1971. Although Tal Luther did not include it in his *Custer High Spots* (1972), Overfield's volume deserves to be considered a "High Spot."

The concept of the book is amazingly simple (and that is probably one reason it was not thought of until 1971). Mr. Overfield collected many of the orders and reports, made before and after the Battle of the Little Big Horn, and placed them in one volume. Thus, while many books, for example, discuss and partially quote General Terry's field orders of the campaign, this volume contains them in full. One also can find in the book the first hurried reports and letters written after the fight, and then compare them to those written by career officers after recollection. A reader can thus ponder whether Major Reno's letter, written more than two weeks after the battle, complaining about the cavalry carbines, was truly a letter to help future soldiers or a "C.Y.A." letter (to use modern military terminology).

The book, while it may be accused of being padded with such things as lists of engagements and personnel, is highly recommended. The cover portrays a well-known painting of "Custer's Last Stand" by Theodore Pitman. The book would make a nice companion volume to Graham's *The Custer Myth* (1953), another source book. Overfield's book, like one of General Custer's steeds, is "Dandy."

John M. Hutchins, P.M.

**Buffalo Days: The Personal Narrative of a Cattleman, Indian Fighter and Army Officer** by Colonel Homer W. Wheeler. Bison Books, Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1990. 369 pages, illustrated, index. Paper. \$11.95.

The University of Nebraska has reprinted this book that has long deserved reprinting, at least in the mind of this reviewer. The volume originally appeared in 1923 as *The Frontier Trail, or From Cowboy to Colonel: An Authentic Narrative of Forty-three Years in the Old West as Cattleman, Indian Fighter and Army Officer*. This reviewer proudly owns a battered autographed copy of this first edition. The book was then reissued, in a slightly different version and format, as *Buffalo Days: Forty Years in the Old West: The Personal Narrative of a Cattleman, Indian Fighter and Army Officer* (1925). It is this second edition from which the present facsimile is taken.

Homer Wheeler was a man of the plains. His experiences, which are well told, included stints as a buffalo hunter, as a cattleman, as a civilian scout, and as an officer in the Fifth Cavalry. He participated, at least in a minor way, in many of the exciting times from the 1860's through the 1890's. He met many plains personalities, including Hickok and Cody.

The new printing has an introduction by Thomas W. Dunlay, author of the 1982 *Wolves for the Blue Soldiers*, about the U.S. Army's Indian scouts. These new introductions are appreciated, but for once the expertise of the 1990 commentator of this volume seems to get in the way of a full appreciation of Wheeler's work. Mr. Dunlay emphasizes in his introduction, to the virtual exclusion of other aspects, Wheeler's exploits as the leader of Company A of the Indian Scouts. Also, Dunlay's brief exposition is

somewhat heavy into pseudo-psychology about white-red relations. He also takes, completely out of context, an unpleasant 1885 statement by a Major Beaumont about Indians; Dunlay omits to mention that Beaumont was talking about Indians who, in modern parlance, committed war crimes while under a real or figurative flag of truce.

For this book is much more than a treatise on Indian auxiliaries. It has many incidents that make the book worth the moderate price. For example, Wheeler's discussion of his participation in the controversial Sappa Creek fight of 1875 is the main source of information about Lieutenant Henely's bloody skirmish that some have termed a massacre. It was this brave deed as a civilian that earned Wheeler his highly unusual commission into the regular army. Wheeler also wrote of his experiences in helping to rebury Custer's men in 1877.

Also, from a historiographical point of view, there is Wheeler's professional-army view of the small skirmish between cattlemen and Indians near Nebraska's Birdwood Creek in 1878. When Wheeler's version is contrasted with John Bratt's telling in his *Trails of Yesterday* (Bison Books, 1980), one begins to understand why nobody will ever be able to reach unanimous agreement on any military history.

The volume even reprints, with some decrease in sharpness, an excellent illustration of the Custer Fight that was originally done for Wheeler's work. This illustration is also to be found in Don Russell's *Custer's Last* (1968).

The book is highly recommended for anyone remotely interested in the wrestling of the plains from the native inhabitants by the insatiable whites, whether the latter were buffalo hunters, cowboys, or cavalrymen.

John Milton Hutchins, P.M.

**Buffalo Days: The Personal Narrative of a Cattleman, Indian Fighter & Army Officer** by Colonel Homer W. Wheeler. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 1990. (Reprinted from the 1925 edition published by Bobbs-Merrill, Indianapolis). 361 pages, paperback, \$11.95.

For this reviewer, it was the first time I ever heard of Col. Homer W. Wheeler, which was surprising as he supposedly served a total of thirty-eight years with the Fifth and Eleventh U.S. Cavalry Regiments.

According to the author's statement from 1868 until 1890 he spent most of his time on the western plains as a cattleman, post trader, scout, Indian agent and Army officer. Primarily, this reviewer got the impression the author did everything there was to do on the frontier. Whether the reader believes him or not, it is an interesting account. One of the bright points of the narrative is his description of various locales and characters around Fort Wallace during July, 1868. For instance, he met both Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok at Ft. Wallace when they were employed by the government as scouts. Although the author wasn't there, he related the Beecher Island Fight conducted in September, 1868, as told to him by contemporary associates. His experiences include many personal adventures and reminds the reader of stories told around campfires from time immemorial. Even his duration as a miner in the Colorado San Juans does not escape his memories. Since the account was published in 1925, this reviewer wonders how many of these tales are embellished by time.

It was interesting to note that in one of the accompanying illustrations an Indian dressed in feather bonnet is designated as Crazy Horse, yet to modern

historians there is no known photograph of the famous Ogallala Sioux warrior chief. October, 1875 saw the direct commissioning of Wheeler into the Army, and at that point on his Army adventures as a soldier commenced. He goes on to narrate his personal actions in the Dull Knife fight in November, 1876, and other assorted skirmishes with the hostiles. One of the noteworthy parts of his experience is his personal opinion about contemporary battles such as the Fetterman Massacre and the Little Big Horn. His comment about George Armstrong Custer is fascinating:

General Custer was a man who was extremely fond of notoriety, inclined to spectacular display, impulsive, impetuous and daring. There was no such word as fear in his vocabulary. I have heard it said in his defense and have seen it published in the papers, that he would not have made the attack on Sitting Bull's village had he known that it contained so many hostiles. But those who so contend did not know the man.

In 1892, Wheeler was appointed Indian Agent for Cheyennes and Arapahoes in the Indian Territory for which he served a short period of time. He then participated in the Spanish-American War, but did not go to Cuba, being sent instead to Puerto Rico in 1898. Promoted to Colonel in March, 1911, Wheeler retired in September of that year.

For a somewhat obscure frontier personality Homer Wheeler got around, and since his writing moves along as well, and he had an opinion on most frontier era activities, this reviewer recommends *Buffalo Days* for those who like adventure. They will not be bored.

Richard A. Cook, P.M.

**The Nightway: A History and a History of Documentation of a Navajo Ceremonial** by James C. Faris. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1990. 300 pages, color plates, bibliography. Cloth \$35.00.

Tony Hillerman has introduced numerous readers to several Navajo ceremonials through the actions of his two Navajo policemen, and that information is sufficient for most people who have an interest in the Navajo and the Southwest. What James C. Faris has accomplished is to produce a most scholarly work for those who have a deeper interest in the ceremonials of the Navajo and in the history of the Nightway ceremonial.

The complete narrative of the Nightway ceremonial as given to Mary Wheelwright and Franc Newcomb by Hosteen Klah in 1928 is the section of the book that the majority of readers will find the most interesting. A close second will be the twenty-two color plates of previously unpublished sand-painting reproductions, but most of the rest of the book will be of interest to the more specialized reader including the anthropologist and others.

I do not want to suggest that any reader skip the other sections of this book as there are items of interest throughout but, for example, the charts of the historical and present medicine men are not that interesting.

This book is aimed at a specific audience but the information about the Nightway will prove interesting to anyone with an interest in the Navajo.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**River of Traps** by William deBuys and Alex Harris. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1990. 238 pages, photographs. Cloth, \$19.95.

I have read several hundred books about New Mexico and its people, and the ones that stand out in my mind are those with people as their focus. I am thinking of books such as *People of the Valley*, *Mayordomo*, *A Taos Mosaic*, and *No Life For a Lady*. Now I will add *River of Traps* to that list of special books.

It is a book about three men living in the small village of El Valle located on the Rio de las Trampas in the mountains of northern

New Mexico. The three are Jacabo Romero, an old farmer ex-sheepherder, William deBuys, a writer, and Alex Harris, a photographer. While it is a story about the meeting of Hispanic and Anglo cultures and how the different values of each were mixed, the focus for me was Jacabo Romero and what he had to offer to these young college graduates from the East. Jacabo Romero's view of what was important and not so important both impressed and at times frustrated his Anglo neighbors, but it certainly made life more interesting.

While the writer and photographer have each previously produced an interesting book about New Mexico, neither work can approach the level of this current effort. Jacabo Romero is such a real person that you want to know more about him and you race on to the conclusion of *River of Traps*. As you read about him, you study the photographs taken by Alex Harris to try to add to your understanding of this most interesting man.

This is the book that I will purchase for Christmas giving to friends who have that special feeling for New Mexico and its people.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Chicano Politics: Reality and Promise, 1940-1990** by Juan Gomez Quinones. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1990. 265 pages, Cloth \$29.95, Paper \$15.95.

This book is concerned with history more recent than that we usually review but the subject is one of great importance, as the number of people involved in Chicano politics increases throughout the Southwest including Colorado. With the election of Federico Peña as Mayor of Denver, the increased role in politics and government is becoming more evident.

The author's presentation of the last fifty years of the *movimiento* is very accurate, and this very accuracy conveys the wide number and variety of organizations that have created confusion which has resulted in a lack of unity and direction. This is seen also in the fact that while some people felt at home in the Reagan administration, it is very evident the low regard that the author has for those people.



The chapter entitled, "Current Perspectives: Empowerment," seems to have the best focus. Here is information regarding the amount of education and the average age of Mexicans in the United States and what these statistics mean for the future of Chicano politics. I found the discussion of the Chicano Mexicano relationship to be very interesting including the concept of the "Spanish myth" as to what is worthwhile in the culture.

One major problem in discussing people with Spanish surnames is exactly what ethnic name to use. The author refers to the commonly used *Hispanic* as "a transparent ploy, undercutting the ethnic revitalization movement" which was promulgated by the dominant society in the seventies. He uses *Mexican* to refer to the majority of the people.

This is a book that should be read by those who are interested in the political future as well as the political past. It deals with both the reality and the promise of the Chicano movement.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Frommer's Denver, Boulder and Colorado Springs** by Louis Friedland. Prentice Hall, New York, 1990. 230 pages, maps. Paper, \$7.95.

Arthur Frommer's travel books have aided travelers in their journeys throughout the world, and this publication, one of his most recent, deals with our part of the world. The focus is on the three cities, but a number of side trips to other Colorado locations, including Vail and Steamboat Springs, are included.

This small book contains a great deal of information that will enable both the visitor and the resident to have a more enjoyable time. There are, of course, good descriptions of places to eat and places to stay, but it is the additional information that makes the book worth buying. This is found in the sections on orientation to the city, how to get around, and fast facts such as health tips and liquor laws. There is a very comprehensive section on what to see and do in each city.

Even though I have visited Colorado Springs for over thirty-five years, I found the

book very helpful recently when trying to decide on what restaurant would be best for lunch and the locations of several places that I wanted to visit.

While on this topic, I would like to recommend another Frommer book *This Is The New World of Travel* which, unlike most travel books, gives all sorts of information on how to save money and how to take a trip that will be more rewarding than the typical sightseeing "if it is Tuesday it must be France."

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**The Secret Worlds of Colin Fletcher** by Colin Fletcher. Random House, New York, 1990. 268 pages. Paper, \$9.95.

Colin Fletcher is the author of seven other books about his walks in the wilderness including *The Man who Walked Through Time*. This is the story of his best known adventure when he hiked the length of Grand Canyon National Park within the rim. His current work consists of eight disconnected essays about his hiking trips.

To him the wilderness is seen as a point that divides his normal lifestyle from one that he enjoys. He writes about the special line of demarcation that he crosses when he begins a hiking trip. To do this, he believes that it is necessary to be alone with nature and to have no other individual intrude on his space. This attitude was shown in his refusing to locate areas he wrote about because others might go there to hike and by his attitude toward some hunters who tried to camp near him in Alaska.

I love to hike in the mountains of the West, and sometimes hike and camp by myself, but the times that I have hiked and camped with my friends have been most rewarding. When I find a good place to go in the wilderness, I make a point of letting others know about the place so that they can share my enjoyment of the wilderness. It is evident that my philosophy does not agree with that of Colin Fletcher, but there were places that he described that would be good hiking, with the scenery and wildlife, and I would like to see them someday.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Manuel Alvarez, 1794-1856: A Southwestern Biography** by Thomas E. Chavez. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1990. 243 pages, maps, photographs. Cloth, \$24.95.

Tom Chavez is known to many of the Westerners in Denver as a result of two fine talks he presented concerning the acquisition of the Segesser skin painting by the Palace of the Governors Museum in Santa Fe where he serves as Director. His efforts to bring the paintings back to New Mexico are appreciated by anyone who has visited the museum to view them. This book is his first, and he selected a most interesting subject in Manuel Alvarez, whose nationality was changeable according to the situation.

A good biography such as this serves two purposes. It tells the reader about the life of a person, and it also places that person in the historical events going on during his life. In many ways, Manuel Alvarez, who was born in Spain in 1794, came to Mexico in 1818, entered the United States at New York City in 1823, headed to St. Louis, and entered New Mexico over the Santa Fe Trail in 1824, represented the junction of the Spanish-Mexican culture moving northward with the English-United States culture moving westward. His citizenship was Spanish, Mexican, and United States, and his culture was most certainly a mixture.

Manuel Alvarez became one of the most successful merchants using the Santa Fe Trail, building one of the most rewarding commercial enterprises in New Mexico. His business records, now found in the New Mexico State Records Center and Archives in Santa Fe, provide proof of his success. Among other information located in these records are accounts of money owed to him and the large amount of hard specie that he had available.

In many ways, Alvarez's most interesting role was that of United States Consul in Santa Fe. The problem that he had with this position was that while he often assisted U.S. citizens with their problems in New Mexico he very frequently had no official standing with either the government of the U.S. or of Mexico. His appointment and his citizenship were in an almost constant state of confusion which Governor Manuel Armijo used to his advantage.

One of the most rewarding sections of the book was that which dealt with the relations between Alvarez and Armijo. Tom Chavez is a little easier on Armijo than most of the writers of this period in New Mexican history. In the majority of books, the Governor is pictured in a most negative manner with no redeeming features. It is my personal view that the view held by Chavez is probably more accurate.

The confusion that developed in New Mexico with the invasion of General Kearny (spelled from Clarke's biography) and his Army of the West resulted in political conflicts over the status of the government in the conquered area. Was the army in command of the civilian government? Was New Mexico going to become a state? Was New Mexico a territory? These were questions that divided the people, and Manuel Alvarez played a most significant role in the controversy.

Tom Chavez has done a thorough job of both research and writing, but one statement that I would question was that Jedediah Smith was part of the management of the American Fur Company. Smith was a partner with William Ashley in the Rocky Mountain Fur Company and later bought the company along with his new partners, William Sublette and David Jackson. The American Fur Company founded by John Jacob Astor was their enemy.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**New Mexican Tinwork, 1840-1940** by Lane Coulter and Maurice Dixon Jr. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1990. 208 pages, photographs, bibliography. Cloth, \$35.00.

With the publication of this book, a major gap in the knowledge of Hispanic crafts in New Mexico has been bridged. Until this publication, the information available on this unique folk art was limited to a few published articles and brief descriptions in books by Dickey and Boyd. Collectors of Indian and Hispanic crafts have only recently become interested again in collecting tinwork as the Santa Fe Style has become the "in thing." This happened before in the early years of the twentieth century in what was called the Spanish Pueblo Revival which

developed when recently-arrived Anglos became interested in establishing a Santa Fe style in art and architecture. This architectural style has carried down to the present in building codes in Santa Fe.

The authors have presented a history of this craft in New Mexico although their original plan was to include Colorado, Arizona, California and Texas tinwork. What they discovered was that tinwork was a New Mexico craft with little or no documented tinwork in the other areas.

The history of the craft probably had its start when a few pieces came into New Mexico over the trail from Chichichu, but the real beginning got its push because of the Santa Fe Trail and the introduction of the tin can. It was the practice of recycling the tin cans that established this craft as frames for mirrors and religious prints, sconces, crosses and boxes. Many examples of tinwork include the word lard or brand names somewhere on the piece, and several examples included artwork from the can into the finish craft product.

A major aspect of the author's effort is an attempt to place the examples of tinwork into categories based on the location where they were produced. This is a very difficult job as identification has to be based on similar styles of work because so few pieces are signed. Their research did identify a few of the artists and their particular pieces, but for the most part the authors had to depend on their own skills of identification.

Included in the book are numerous photographs of frames, sconces, and other examples of tinwork, including sixteen color plates. These examples are from collections both public and private and located in a number of areas of the southwest. They provide a wonderful study of the culture of New Mexico in this early period with its emphasis on religious artifacts found in the homes as well as in the churches and moradas.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Cushing at Zuni: The Correspondence and Journals of Frank Hamilton Cushing, 1879-1884** edited by Jesse Green. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1990. 450 pages, photographs, drawings, maps, notes, and bibliography. Cloth, \$45.00.

A review of this book in the most recent issue of *Book Notes* stated that anyone who reads this entire book must either be very interested in Frank Cushing or the Zuni. I must fit the description as I enjoyed reading the entire book. Maybe my interest began when I read *My Adventures in Zuni* which was written by Cushing and first published in *Atlantic Magazine* in 1882-83, and I now wanted to find out more about the man and the Zuni. My time was well spent as I read the letters both from and to Cushing as well as his diaries.

There is a vast amount of information about the years that Cushing spent with the Zuni, and his view was unique in that he lived with them and even became an active member of the tribe. He arrived at Zuni and pushed his way into a private home in the pueblo and refused to be put out, and then after being made a member of the tribe, he took his position as a member of the Priesthood of the Bow most seriously. The editor surmises that the Zuni decided that they could use this person who had connections to Washington, and therefore, they allowed him to see and participate in tribal activities that were restricted from others.

Spencer Baird of the Smithsonian sent Cushing west and continued as his boss until Cushing was transferred to the Bureau of Ethnology under John W. Powell. Many of the letters are to these men, but there is also correspondence with military officers, Indian agents, and fellow anthropologists such as Adolph Bandelier, which made for very interesting reading.

Cushing suffered physically from his adventures among the Zuni, and he let everyone know about the contribution of his health that he was making for science. The Zuni also suffered with Frank Cushing's disruptions of tribal life including his taking notes during ceremonies. In his position as First War Chief, Cushing led an expedition after Navajo raiders who had killed a Zuni and stolen horses, but the Navajos escaped.

This is certainly more than a reference work. It is the story of a most interesting person who was able to discover and record information about the Zuni. It was an experience not to be duplicated.

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

# "FIDDLERS' GREEN"



Halfway down the trail to Hell,  
In a shady meadow green,  
Are the Souls of all dead troopers  
camped

Near a good old-time canteen,  
And this eternal resting place  
Is known as Fiddlers' Green.

Marching past, straight through to Hell,  
The Infantry are seen,  
Accompanied by the Engineers,  
Artillery and Marine,  
For none but the shades of  
Cavalrymen  
Dismount at Fiddlers' Green.

Though some go curving down the trail  
To seek a warmer scene,  
No trooper ever gets to Hell  
Ere he's emptied his canteen,  
And so rides back to drink again  
With friends at Fiddlers' Green.

And so when man and horse go down  
Beneath a saber keen,  
Or in a roaring charge of fierce mêlée  
You stop a bullet clean,  
And the hostiles come to get your  
scalp,

Just empty your canteen,  
And put your pistol to your head  
And go to Fiddlers' Green.