

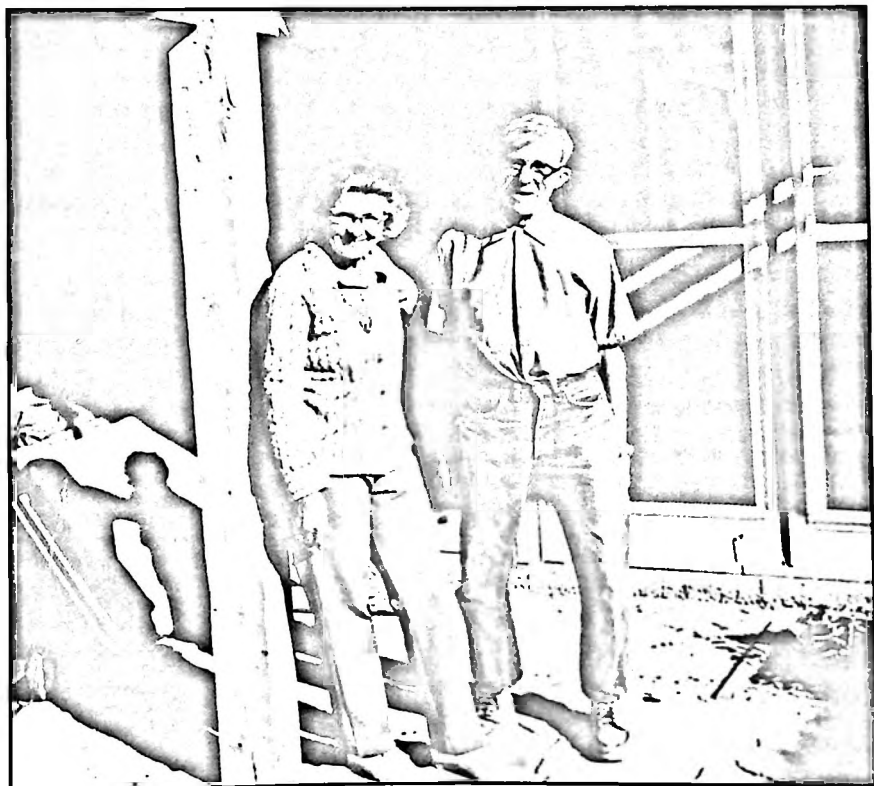


The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1992

**FOUR BROWN FINGERS AND
A GREEN THUMB**

by Dr. George W. Krieger, C.M.



Sue and George Kelly at their McElmo Ranch in McElmo Canyon, near Cortez, Colo.

Ex-C.M. John Ayer Jr. dies

John Ayer Jr., a former Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners, and retired Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad executive, died Nov. 13, 1991, at his Denver residence.

He was born Oct. 6, 1912, in Newton, Mass., and was a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. After working for the Pennsylvania Railroad in Chicago, he moved to Denver in 1938, and went to work in the D&RG signal department. He married Rosemary Horstmann of Denver on Sept. 14, 1940.

Ayer was promoted to D&RG vice president in charge of operations in 1965. He retired in 1976. He served on the Denver Career Service Board and was a member of several organizations, including the MIT Club of Colorado; MIT Educational Council; the Masonic Lodge and El Jebel Shrine.

Ayer is survived by his widow; two daughters, Susan Ayer of Denver and Mary Butkovich, Wyoming; a son, John Ayer III of Frederick, Colo.; and three grandsons.

About the Author

George W. Krieger, a dentist in Elizabeth, Colo., is the author of the featured article in this issue of *The Roundup*, "Four Brown Fingers and A Green Thumb," recalling the life and accomplishments of George W. Kelly. The author is also a new Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners.

Dr. Krieger, 39, was born in Valley Forge, Pa., and moved to Littleton, Colo., with his parents, Dorothy and Theodore Krieger, in 1959. The family moved to Broomfield in 1961, where George was graduated from Broomfield High School.

He was graduated from the University of Colorado in 1974 with a B.A. in environmental biology. He received his D.D.S in 1979 from the University of Colorado School of Dentistry.

Dr. Krieger practiced dentistry in Brush, Colo., for four years, before moving to Elizabeth, Colo., where he has maintained his practice for the past 8 1/2 years.

George and his wife Aimee have two daughters, Brenna and Hilary.

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Four Brown Fingers And A Green Thumb

By

Dr. George W. Krieger, C.M.

(Presented November 27, 1991)

When thinking of those who have shaped the history of the Rocky Mountain region, it's tempting to discuss only those personages who by now have virtually passed into the realm of folklore. Realistically, however, the heritage of the West owes as much of a debt to Denver Westerners like Carl Blaurock, Bob Brown, or Pete Smythe, as it does to Buffalo Bill, Zebulon Pike, or Soapy Smith. All that is lacking, perhaps, is a noisy publicity agent. Thus, through this paper, I hope to be a noisy champion of a man who came West not to dig gold and silver, or to fight Indians, but instead, to dig plants and shrubs, and to fight for the conservation of water and the appreciation that growing plants in Colorado is not the same as in Connecticut.

WHEN GEORGE WHITFIELD KELLY died Aug. 10, 1991, at age 97, the *Denver Post* mourned the passing of a man they called "the father of Rocky Mountain horticulture." They also mentioned that he was a founder and the first director of the Denver Botanic Gardens; author of countless articles and 10 horticultural books; originator of the Green Thumb radio show; first editor of *Green Thumb* magazine; a nurseryman; and the first full-time horticulturist with the Colorado Forestry and Horticulture Association.

What was not mentioned is that most of George Kelly's achievements occurred at an age when the average person would be contemplating retirement. When Kelly did retire at age 72, he and wife Sue started a new career: excavating Anasazi ruins on their property in McElmo Canyon.

Forty years after Kelly published his first book, *Rocky Mountain Horticulture Is Different*, Coloradoans still need to learn there are beauty and value in our native plants. After all, just a year or so ago some Eastern big shot proposed that our state should be turned into a vast, barren buffalo wallow, presumably since—to his narrow mind—nothing of value (meaning Eastern plants) will grow in our semi-arid climate.

Let's consider the early days of horticulture in Colorado. Horticulture, simply, is the art of growing plants, and it is an art very dependent on water for its existence. As a picture frame complements and even improves the picture enclosed, the landscape architect, nurseryman, or gardener seeks to beautify the mundane in a naturally harmonious, lasting way.

Bernice Petersen wrote an article for the Autumn 1976 *Green Thumb* magazine on "Colorado's Horticultural Pioneers," crediting Wilson Perrin with the region's first commercial nursery in 1869 or 1870, at what is today Lakeside Park.

The *Denver City Directory* of 1876 listed only one nursery, the Platte Valley Nursery, at Larimer Street and the Platte River. It was operated by Louis Pierson.

One of the most influential of the early exponents of planting in the state was William Newton Byers who arrived in Denver by wagon train in 1859, and later used his *Rocky Mountain News* office to exhibit agricultural products. At his home on South Washington Street, Byers experimented with different varieties of trees which carried over when Byers Junior High School was built at that location. However, when a state horticultural society was formed in 1880, Byers lost out in the presidency by eight votes to D.S. Grimes.

At an 1885 meeting of the society, Nelson Millett spoke on "Horticultural Humbugs" and did a nice job of summarizing why people even today (over 100 years later) value gardening:

In spite of all its drawbacks and discouragements, the pursuit of horticulture . . . takes us away from the smoke and tumult of cities, the uncertainties of commerce, the strife of factions; out into the clear sunshine among the flowers and trees. The influence exerted upon the character by constant communion with nature is great and always a good one. A man cannot be wholly bad who loves a flower or is capable of a full appreciation of the glory of one of our royal sunsets.

Starting in 1893, Darwin M. Andrews spread knowledge of many Colorado native plants from his small Boulder nursery at Fourth Street and Arapahoe Avenue. Later he moved his Rockmont Nursery to 23rd Street and Bluebell Avenue, where he spent much time breeding plants. He offered hints on growing these plants in his well-written catalogs. Andrews had much to do with popularizing internationally Colorado's blue spruce and Rocky Mountain columbine.

Also deserving of mention is the Wilmore family. W.S. Wilmore believed he was the first person in Denver to peddle flowers in 1883, as there were then no floral shops. From his home at West 38th Avenue and Wadsworth Boulevard, Wilmore published his dahlia catalog. By 1924, Wilmore's sons Scott and Charles had started a nursery at that location.

One of the earliest Colorado nurseries was started in 1890 by George Braun, the Curtis Park Floral Gardens at University Boulevard and First Street—now a part of the Denver Country Club. Saco Reink DeBoer had his first Denver job there, grafting roses, in 1909.

Other horticultural pioneers included the Elitch family, George Carlson, and Northern Nursery. DeBoer had a strong influence on George Kelly and it is a travesty that no Denver landmark is named for this great landscape architect and city planner. Like so many others who shaped the region, this Dutch native came to the American West because of ill health.

With support mainly by Mayor Robert Speer and later Mayor Ben Stapleton, DeBoer laid out much of Denver's present-day beautiful parks and boulevards, including Speer Boulevard, Denver City Park, Civic Center Park, the road up Lookout Mountain, Sixth Avenue, Washington Park, Cheesman Park, and the Sunken Gardens near West High School.

DeBoer also planned areas of Estes Park, Grand Junction, Longmont, and other Colorado towns, as well as Boulder City, Nev. He was also the consultant for state planning in Utah, New Mexico, and Wyoming, with the National Resources Planning Board.

This was George Kelly's world, starting in 1919, but his antecedents should be considered. Kelly's ancestors came to America as part of a shipload of immigrants from Scotland and Ireland. In October 1775, the ship anchored in the bay at St. Johns, Newfoundland. Aboard was George Kelly's great-great-grandfather. One of that man's heirs, Reason Kelly, eventually crossed into the United States and settled near what is now Bowling Green in the Black



George W. Kelly on a hike in the mountains, about 1946, age 52.

Swamps of Ohio. His son Alfred taught grade-school mathematics. Alfred Kelly had a family of seven, and the oldest boy, Alfred Newton (A.N.) Kelly, fathered six boys including the third-born, George.

At age 19, A.N. Kelly left home to take a business course in which he excelled mainly at penmanship. With this background, at age 22 he ambitiously founded his own business college, the North American Normal University of Fostoria, Ohio. The school's low tuition for a time attracted a large enrollment including Florella Pamela Leopard. Scandalously, the school's headmaster wooed and wed young Miss Leopard, enticing her from her dream of bringing culture to Africa. The school failed, and after losing his home, A.N. Kelly decided to take up preaching. He first enrolled at the Chicago Theological Seminary, later changing to the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. He was then ordained in the United Brethren Church, later converting to the Baptist Church. The new pastor started his preaching career in Upper Michigan. He was not a success, so while his wife and two sons (Charles Spurgeon and Phillip Paul Bliss Kelly) returned to Ohio, the hopeful cleric set out on a preaching pilgrimage to Florida, Mississippi, and Alabama. While in the Florida swamps, the Rev. Mr. Kelly claimed to have had a vision from the Lord, directing him to burn his ordination papers and abandon orthodox religion. He claimed that only he possessed the true gospel and that other ministers were representatives of the devil, twisting the word of God for profit and leading their followers to hell.

A.N. Kelly cast about for disciples and found one in Galion, Ohio, when a groceryman named McCalla gave the preacher \$100 to buy printing equipment to publish religious tracts.

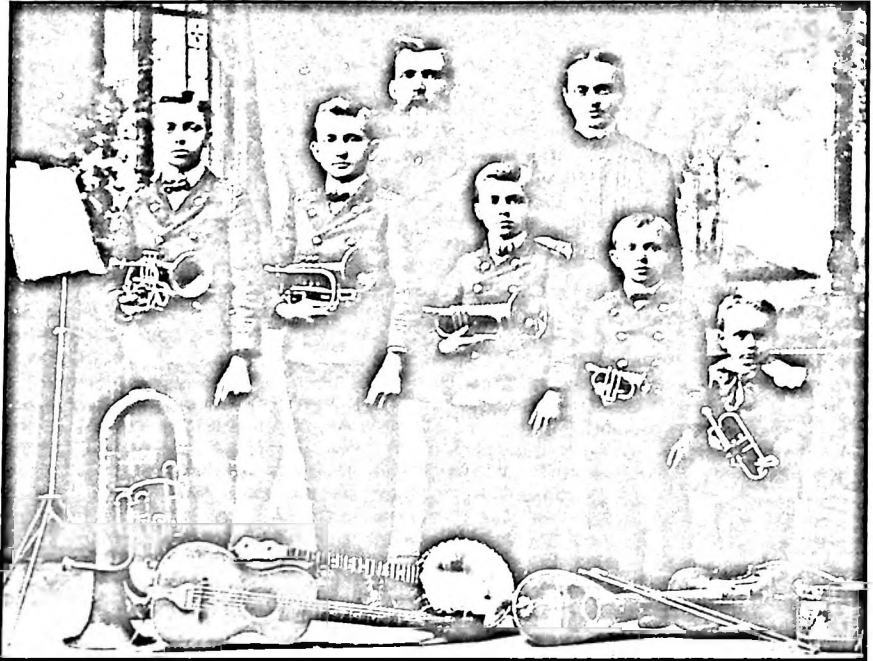
A third Kelly son was born at Scotch Ridge, Ohio, on May 8, 1894. Each of A.N. Kelly's sons was named after a prominent evangelist. George Whitfield Kelly seems to have been named for George Whitefield, an 18th century Methodist revivalist. Eldest brother Charles, on the occasion of George's 74th birthday, related this story of George's birth:

Mother got the idea that I should be sent away until the event was over. Grandpap Kelly hitched up the old gray mare and drove me to the Leopard farm near Attica. It was customary in those days for travelers to stop at any farmhouse on the road and ask to stay for the night. It was considered bad manners for any farmer to refuse lodging. When I got back I was introduced to you [George] and of course asked where babies come from. Mother told me the Lord made them out of dust. So that morning I went out to the potato patch near the house and went up and down each row looking for the hole where the Lord got the dust to make you, but there wasn't a hole so I guess you were made out of thin air.

A.N. Kelly became a believer in divine healing and practiced the laying on of hands after reading John Dowie's publication, *Leaves of Healing*. He hoped to organize a gospel train to spread his word, but because of a lack of funds, he could only come up with a gospel wagon. This did not work out well as on his first journey to convert the masses, A.N. Kelly was egged out of Bloomville, Ohio. In later tellings, this event became one of Kelly's miracles. He claimed that the Hand of God deflected all those eggs in midflight so as to miss a man of the true word (though son Charles, along for the trip, simply remembers poor aim and weak arms).

Because of his many mail-order converts in Chicago, and the promise of a chance to meet John Alexander Dowie on his own turf, A.N. moved his family to the Windy City. With the addition of two more sons, John Alfred and Ira David Sankey Kelly, there were now more mouths to feed. With some training on musical instruments, the children started helping to put food on the table, performing as the "Five Boys Who Sing and Play." This became a successful drawing card for religious services, though their musical understanding was questionable considering that, when asked to name his favorite song, John cited the one about the "cross-eyed bear," meaning "The Consecrated Cross I Bear."

John Alexander Dowie started a religious colony, dubbed Zion City, and this became a major point of jealousy for A.N. Kelly. He spent a weekend once, praying for God to destroy Dowie. When this didn't work, Kelly cast about for a place where he, too, could found a town. He located a 500-acre site at Tidwell Siding, five miles south of Dickson, Tenn. After printing a prospectus to be sent out to advertise his vision, the printing equipment was sold to purchase the land at \$1 an acre. The colony was named Beulah Land, denoting a special relationship or "marriage" to the Lord.



"The Five Little Boys Who Sing and Play," in Chicago in the early 1900s. From left are Charlie and Bliss Kelly; father, A.N. Kelly; George; mother, Florella Pamela Lepard Kelly; and John and Sankey.

At that time, 1904, timber was being cut and stacked to dry at Tidwell Switch on a branch of the Nashville, Chattanooga, and St. Louis Railroad. In 1910, at age 16, George got his first paying job (50 cents a day) loading timber on railcars.

Needless to say, the locals did not welcome these zealots from the North and attempted to drive them off in various ways. However, the land Kelly sold was so poor for farming, the colonists were easily discouraged.

A.N. Kelly had built first a grocery store, and then a rock house when his wife inherited some money. He was able to sell and resell land several times as colonists, who had sunk their life savings into the venture, gave up and abandoned their parcels.

Around this time, A.N. Kelly read a book on mesmerism and discovered he could augment his divine healing with hypnotism. Armed with this new skill, Kelly went on the road for long periods of time, attempting to spread his influence and, it has been speculated, to sow some wild oats. These long stretches away from the family didn't help their household bonds much, and this, coupled with the fact that this supposed peaceful man of God was actually an abusive parent, sparked some violent fights.

In 1905, A.N. Kelly struck his wife who was taking care of their sixth son, Dwight Lymon Moody Kelly. The two oldest boys quickly defended their mother and a major fistfight ensued. After binding their father and relieving him of his weapon (a shotgun barrel), they went to Dickson to swear out a warrant for his arrest on the charge of attempted murder. The case was dismissed, but both older

boys moved to Salina, Kan., and took printing jobs. Eventually, Charles became a printer in Salt Lake City, then superintendent of Capitol Reef. He wrote several Western history books, including *Holy Murder—The Story of Porter Rockwell*, *Outlaw Trail—A Story of Butch Cassidy and His Wild Bunch*, *Salt Desert Trails*, and *Old Greenwood*. Bliss went on to a successful career as a lawyer in Oklahoma City.

George Kelly's mother passed on her love of nature to him, and, while in Tennessee, he sought to become a forest ranger via a mail-order course from the American Farmers' School. After the first three lessons, he switched to landscaping. His only other formal education was a few months in 1909 at Valparaiso University in Indiana, which ended when the money gave out.

The end of George's relationship with his father came in 1911 when A.N. came back to Beulah Land from one of his preaching trips to Iowa, accompanied by a convert/girlfriend named Mrs. McShear. The preacher felt his wife wasn't doing enough for Mrs. McShear, and started beating George's mother. George immediately came to her aid and, according to his Oct. 8, 1911, diary entry, "spat it out proper in a big fight with papa."

A.N. Kelly turned tail and ran to Minneapolis, Kan., where he went behind his wife's back and mortgaged their home for \$2,000. When he found that he needed Mrs. Kelly to sign the deed, he offered her half of the money, which she took to be rid of her husband. The end of Beulah Land came when the remaining family auctioned off all their possessions and moved to Salina with Charles and Bliss Kelly.

At Salina, George had an assortment of farm jobs, then in 1913 he went to work for the Union Pacific Railroad as a seal boy at \$1.20 a day. His job consisted of opening and sweeping empty freight cars at the start of the day, and closing and sealing car doors at the end of the day. George said that, at first, he was the butt of jokes from the old-time railroaders, including being asked to produce seal records for flatcars (which have no doors).

Around this time, A.N. Kelly made his last appearance when he showed up to beg his family for money, claiming to be in some sort of trouble. Charles ran him out of town. The family later declared A.N. to be dead whenever they were asked, but in reality, he roamed the United States for 25 more years. He traveled with a girlfriend as a hypnotist for a time, and then, when she left him, he linked up with a woman astrologer. When she died, he went to Florida in a failed attempt to assemble a gospel ship. The end of the trail for Alfred Newton Kelly came in a boarding house in Worcester, Mass., on Aug. 1, 1936, where he was inventing an astrological machine he claimed would reveal the hidden secrets of the universe at the touch of a button.

During George's five years with the Union Pacific, he moved up from assistant yard clerk to baggage clerk. High point in his job was serving as baggage man in September 1913 on a special train to Denver, sponsored by the railroad and International Harvester to distribute literature at each station along the line.

In 1914, George, interested in helping kids, organized a troop of boys he called the Little Braves. This became Boy Scout Troop No. 1 the following year when George, at 21, was old enough to be a scoutmaster. This interest in Scouting continued for many years.

George's love of the soil finally got the best of him, and on Oct. 1, 1917, he quit the railroad to work for Walter's Greenhouse in Salina at half the pay (but, George claimed, twice the satisfaction). While learning all that Mr. Walter could teach about plants, George spent his time with the Scouts and dating Miss Jenny Cleveland. George wanted to advance further educationally than Mr. Walter could take him, so after a long search, he moved to Denver. On April 23, 1919, George started a new job, potting plants in the Greenhouses at Elitch Gardens.

Supposedly, Jenny sat pining in Salina, so, with some prodding from his mother, George returned to marry Miss Cleveland on June 30, 1919, at the old mill on the banks of the Smoky Hill River. From the first, this was evidently not a joyous union. Every few days, George noted in his diary how Jenny was sick or peevish. As he thought fresh air would do Jenny good, and because he felt cooped up potting plants all day in a greenhouse, George took a position with the Redlands Company of Grand Junction, Colo., after being their guest at the stock show in Denver. His new job required him to poison prairie dogs for \$1.75 a day, and to act as community agricultural agent and landscape advisor.

The Redlands Project, headed by Charles Rump (later an official with the Public Service Company of Colorado), consisted of 6,000 acres of arable land they helped to put into cultivation. This was to allow the sale of irrigation water from a network of trenches the group had blasted at the foot of what is now the Colorado National Monument.

The project also sold electrical power, and George described the situation as like Southern sharecropping. While there, George got to know the eccentric John Otto who had been the prime force behind establishment of the Colorado National Monument. Otto had also laid out the Serpents Trail to Glade Park.

George was obligated to buy a two-acre plot of ground on which the Redlands Co. would build a house, to be paid for over a 20-year period. The price of the house ended up doubling, and George later gave up on the whole project.

Very soon after moving to Grand Junction, George organized a community band and hiking group of boys he called the Seminoles. Many years later, one of these boys recalled playing in the band under Kelly's direction for the community's first Easter sunrise service, about 1922. George Kelly is also remembered as the first mail carrier on the Redlands for \$9 a week. George lost this job after only six months as he wasn't a World War I veteran. In 1917 he had been classified 3A as the sole support of a mother and brother under 16.

On George's 28th birthday, Jenny prematurely went into labor and delivered a 3 1/2 pound boy they named Winston Cleveland Kelly. This boy ended up being reared by George's mother, as Jenny, the probable victim of surgical malpractice, suffered a paralytic stroke on Oct. 23, 1922. She eventually returned to Salina and lived out her remaining 17 years with her parents.

When the Redlands job soured, George quit and on Feb. 11, 1924, went to work for the Grand Junction Seed Co. This, plus selling honey and working night baggage at the train depot, was not enough to pay the mortgage, so George sold everything and moved his mother and son back to Denver.

On Jan. 14, 1926, George went to work for Frank Dykstra at the Denver Wholesale Florists on 15th Street in the basement of a building that later housed the *Denver Post*. This assembly-line work involved selecting and packing cut flowers for delivery. The lack of a challenge (and a clash with Dykstra) led George to quit in June to take a job in lower downtown at the Rocky Mountain Seed Co. By his own admission, George was not a wonderful salesman, but spent nearly a year on the road peddling seeds in every small town in the Rocky Mountain West.

During all these years, George had continued his mail-order landscaping and drafting courses, and this finally paid off on April 12, 1927, when he was hired by the Denver Public Schools as a landscape gardener. Perhaps the most important contact of George's life came in working with Walter Pesman, landscape architect for the school systems. Pesman had worked in practice with S.R. DeBoer and, like him, was a Dutchman who came to the United States because of ill health.

This was an era when beautifully designed buildings and well landscaped grounds were the norm at schools. George's copy of the May 1930 *School Review* shows the importance placed on landscaping. East High is an example of a school from a bygone era, and George said South High was more of a true botanical garden than the facility on York Street—probably because of diverse native plantings, still evident today even if lacking in care.

When the Great Depression hit hard, George again was without a job. Using his last \$50, he bought a saw, a ladder, and a small trailer, and went into business as a tree trimmer and landscape gardener. Walter Pesman continued to give George as much work through the schools as was in the budget. At the end of 1929, Pesman decided to bankroll George in a business venture they called Arapahoe Acres, "way out in the country" at 4849 S. Santa Fe Drive in Littleton. The \$3,000 note was signed for 17 acres of land on Feb. 8, 1930. Soon a few hundred seedlings (bought at 4 cents a piece) were heeled in and watered by hand with a five-gallon bucket, filled at Big Dry Creek. George, his mother, and son Winston lived for a time in a small basement, but when South Santa Fe was widened right over this shanty, they had architect Jared Morse design a place that they built for only \$600.

George Kelly, who Westerner Loyd Glasier says could climb like a goat, was a member of the Colorado Mountain Club. In 1930, George got the idea to invite all Denver high school kids to join a



Two youthful volunteers clean up around marker of the Colorado Forestry & Horticulture Association in Denver's Colorado Botanical Reserve. Sign designates specimens of Colorado Silver Cedar.

new group, to be called the Juniors. Their first trip was to the Cameron Pass area for 10 days. This activity led to George's first radio talks on stations KOA and KEXF.

While waiting for his plant stock to mature, George continued his tree trimming and landscaping. Finally, in 1932, the Arapahoe Acres Nursery was opened for business, and George's diary marked this momentous day: "April 10, 1932—Got signs up and started operations. Sold nothing."

Every day in April was the same story. Finally, the May 1 entry trumpeted the sale of \$8.10 worth of goods. While not an auspicious beginning, Arapahoe Acres continued as a fruitful business until 1944. The Indian-on-horseback logo was Kelly's copy of the statue in Denver's Civic Center Park.

George believed that his Littleton property had seen some interesting history over the years. A wealth of old bullets came out of the cottonwoods cleared away to make more room. He also claims that wagon-trail ruts were visible in the ground before plowing. It is even possible that Kit Carson may have camped here at the junction of the South Platte and Big Dry Creek.

As each year drew to a close, George spent a lot of time on two important projects. One was designing and writing a new annual catalog for the nursery. This became more and more an informational source for growing plants successfully in Colorado, and a mini-textbook on botany. The other project was begun in 1934 at Walter Pesman's urging and lasted throughout George's life—the handcrafting of Christmas cards containing original verse, philosophy, photos, and drawings.

Throughout his life, George loved to work with young people and give them what he called the straight dope and a code of ethics. However, rearing his own son turned out to be major disappointment. Starting with a Halloween arrest at age 17, Winston always seemed to be in some sort of alcohol-fueled trouble with the law. The only high point for Winston's life occurred during World War II when his mechanical abilities were useful in repairing captured German tanks, and in the invasion of Sicily. (Just before George's death in August 1991, he was unsure whether his son was alive or dead, and showed little interest.)

Through Pesman's work with the Colorado State Highway Department, George got involved with roadside parks and highway beautification. Later, in 1936, he also worked on landscaping Crown Hill Cemetery. The following year, his diary mentions for the first time doing a "green thumb" talk on

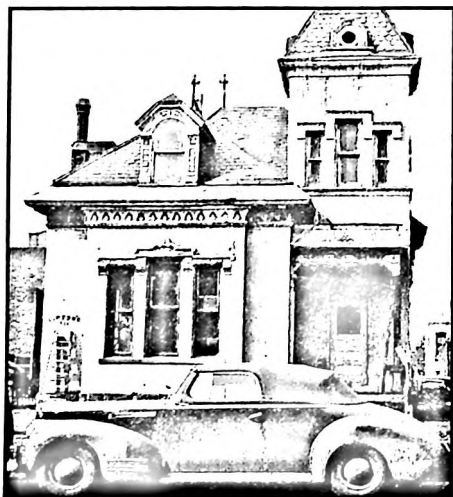
KOA Radio. He also spent much time speaking at various garden clubs. It was evident that George had received a legacy from his father. People hearing him speak attested to his convincing manner in preaching the gospel of Rocky Mountain horticulture.

George Kelly's writing career also began at this time when Houston Waring at the *Littleton Independent* began running his series of "Good Garden" articles. In the first installment, dated Aug. 12, 1938, Kelly stated that Henry Van Dyke's "God of The Open Air" expressed his feelings exactly:

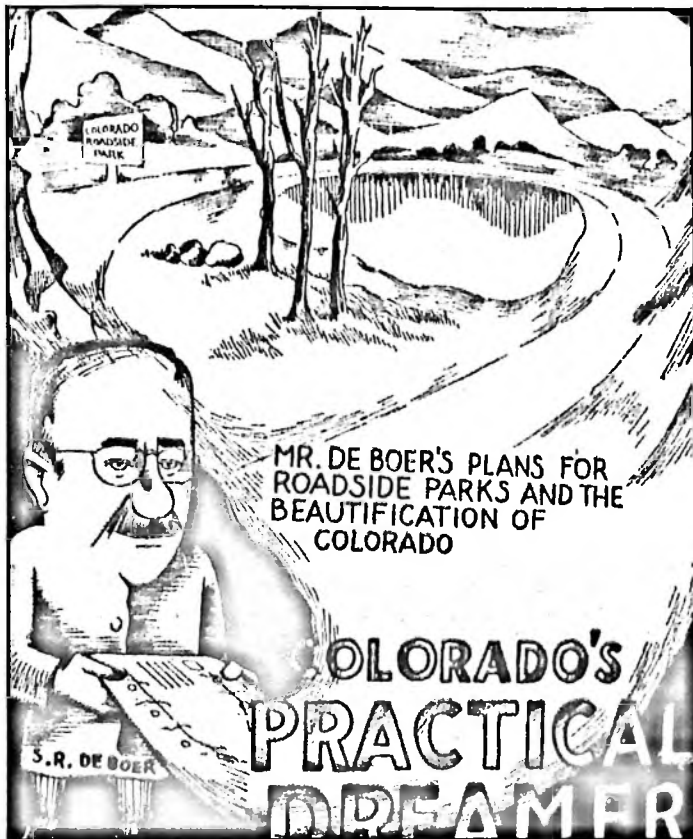
These are the things I prize and hold of dearest worth,
 Light of the sapphire skies, peace of the silent hills,
 shelter of forests, comfort of the grass,
 music of birds, murmur of little rills,
 Shadow of clouds that swiftly pass, and
 after showers that smell of flowers
 and of the Good Brown Earth, and
 Best of all along the way friendship and mirth.

In addition to running a nursery, George Kelly gave talks on radio stations KVOD and KOA; had his first annual corn feed in 1941; did some outside landscaping (including Pete Smythe's house and the Country Kitchen—now the North Woods Inn); and worked toward his goal of a Nurseryman's Association. This goal came to fruition in 1943 when the Colorado Forestry Association (started in 1894) and the Denver Society for Ornamental Horticulture (vintage 1916, boasting S.R. DeBoer as president) merged to form the Colorado Forestry and Horticulture Association with Walter Pesman as president. Through this new group, Kelly became an editor (in addition to writing articles) when the first *Green Thumb* magazine was mailed on April 11, 1944. He served in this capacity until quitting the association in May 1955. Today the *Green Thumb* remains the publication of CFHA's successor, the Denver Botanic Gardens at 909 York St. The association worked out of George's house at first (the old Arapahoe Acres building). Then a landscape architect, a Mr. McCrary, donated space in his Denver office at 16th Street and Broadway.

In 1946 the group came up with its "angel," Gladys Cheesman Evans. Mrs. Evans had a love of plants and, as an heiress of two influential Colorado families, she was in position to donate money and the use of an old Victorian house at 1355 Bannock St. to further this cause. She was immedi-



Victorian house at 1355 Bannock St. (before renovation), donated in 1946 by Gladys Cheesman Evans to become "Horticulture House," headquarters for the Colorado Forestry & Horticulture Association.



ately made association president and her former home became Horticulture House. This building was eventually razed and is today a parking lot behind the old Denver Railway Co. power building.

As the first full-time horticulturist with the Colorado Forestry and Horticulture Association, George Kelly devoted all his time (for very little money) to writing, editing, lecturing, and broadcasting on radio stations KFEL, KLZ, KOA, and KVOD. Over the years, he wrote many newspaper articles on gardening, living in Colorado, and philosophy. Some of these were, "Under Colorado Skies" which appeared in the *Rocky Mountain News* (1947-49); a section in Ralph Partridge's column at the *Denver Post*, plus a 1953 *Post* column "Peaks and Patios;" and "Four Brown Fingers and A Green Thumb," a 1953-54 column in the *New York Times*.

He changed newspapers often, angered by editing of his words, or an irregular publishing schedule.

The years 1950-51 were eventful. In 1950, Kelly was involved in fighting the United States government over a plan to place two dams in the then-little-known Dinosaur National Monument. By organizing conservation groups such as the Sierra Club and the Izaak Walton League into a unified front, the dam project was defeated in 1956, in exchange for one in Glen Canyon. The 1952 *Brand*



George and Sue Kelly on a hike about 1955, pause to check photographic equipment.

Book of the Denver Westerners has an article, "Badman's Last Hangout" by Arthur H. Carhart that speaks to this issue.

Another good work on the subject is Russell Martin's book, *A Story That Stands Like A Dam—Glen Canyon and the Struggle for the Soul of the West*.

Kelly was broadcasting weekly on KOA when Don Peach suggested that perhaps George should organize the gardening talks into a book. Helen Fowler, Mrs. Churchill Owen, Peach, and Kelly each put up \$200, and in 1951, *Rocky Mountain Horticulture Is Different* was published. At a dollar a copy, the book was a tremendous success, selling out quickly with much help from the Denver Dry Goods Co. (What apparently makes Rocky Mountain horticulture "different" is that the average rainfall is only 12 inches a year, and the humidity is low. During the winter the sun often shines hot enough to dry out plants, and the soil is lacking in humus and can be alkaline.)

Kelly's book has been the bible of Colorado gardeners over the years under the first title; then in a later version, *Good Gardens For the Sunshine State* (1957); and finally as *Rocky Mountain Horticulture* published by Pruett Press. (Pruett is updating the book for a new edition due out in April 1992.)

Another 1951 event was the first meeting, Feb. 27, of the Botanic Gardens Foundation of

Denver Inc. Mrs. Evans gave DeBoer \$10,000 toward a botanic garden which was immediately started in Denver City Park, southwest of the Museum of Natural History. By 1958, vandalism of the site had become such a problem that it was moved to an 18-acre site, formerly Mt. Calvary Cemetery. By this time Mrs. Evans had lost interest and the James Waring family became the force behind the project.

The last big event of 1951 for Kelly was the hiring of a secretary, Augusta Amelia "Sue" Johnson, who was to become George's second wife. George and Sue were on a business trip when her husband Glen died of an apparent heart attack. After a brief courtship, Sue became Mrs. George Kelly on May 16, 1952, and a great marriage ensued.

George had absolutely no use for money, while Sue kept the wolf from the door over the years. George had no concern about his physical looks, while Sue had a graceful elegance, working over the years to improve his appearance. Kelly had an explosive temper that caused him to be dropped by several organizations, while Sue always had a smile for the world and could defuse George's moods.

An argument over the use of the name "Green Thumb" with a radio program hosted by someone other than George, plus a cut in the publishing budget of *Green Thumb* magazine caused Kelly to quit the CFHA in 1955. He wrote a letter accusing the group of selling their souls for money. Just before this George had switched his radio program to KLZ, giving him a chance to also do a Saturday television program.

Leaving Horticulture House, George and Sue decided to set up the Cottonwood Garden Shop at the same location as the old Arapahoe Acres. Sue had some nursery experience, and had helped organize the first Look and Learn garden tours. She was also a respected judge of rose shows, and was a major asset in the new business. My father, Theodore "Ted" Krieger, recalls his first meeting with George Kelly at the shop, and thinking that this unkempt man must be the hired help; then getting \$100 worth of gardening knowledge for the price of a 50-cent plant. Kelly was no businessman and would often give two plants for the price of one, cutting back one for future growth and leaving one to be enjoyed sooner.

Kelly's broadcasts continued, first with KOA's Home and Garden show in 1956; then the Mile High Gardening show on KRMA-TV assisted by Sue in 1960. During this time, Kelly was a landscape consultant for the Marathon Oil Co. grounds; the Martin Marietta plant; NCAR in Boulder, Colo.; the Air Force Academy; Ft. Logan; Snowmass; I-70 interchanges at Vail, Colo.; the Charleford Castle above Sedalia, Colo.; and Allan Phipps' home at LaGarita Ranch in Creede, Colo.

While Kelly was still at Horticulture House, the Steamboat Springs Chamber of Commerce came to him with a plan for a yearly event to commemorate the annual fall color change of Colorado aspen. From 1949 to 1960, people were brought by the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad or bus to Steamboat Springs to enjoy the fall colors, and to hear a lecture by George Kelly. This wonderful event died out when interest in skiing overshadowed the interest in trees.

Over the years, Kelly had a love of photography, and accumulated an extensive collection of plant photos on glass slides, now housed in the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library. Some of these photos were of unusual driftwood, shaped like animals. Many other photos were lent to magazines for publication.

Other ventures Kelly was involved in were the *Ortho Garden Book* in 1963-64; the *Reader's Digest Garden Book* in 1965; and a series of file cards in 1964-65 with illustrations by Joyce Thode. Starting in 1934, Kelly gave lectures on landscaping and gardening through various schools and churches, climaxing in 1961 and 1962 when he taught a class on wildflowers through the University of Colorado Extension Center. A major project through these years for Kelly was the fathering and managing of the Colorado Garden and Home Show, still continuing today.

Just after the South Platte flood of 1965, the Kellys sold their shop, planning to retire. They first tried a place near Dillon, Colo., but Sue couldn't tolerate the altitude. They then purchased 100 acres in semiarid McElmo Canyon west of Cortez, Colo., where they built a stucco hacienda (designed again by Jared Morse, who did Arapahoe Acres). Sleeping Ute Mountain was visible through the dining room window.

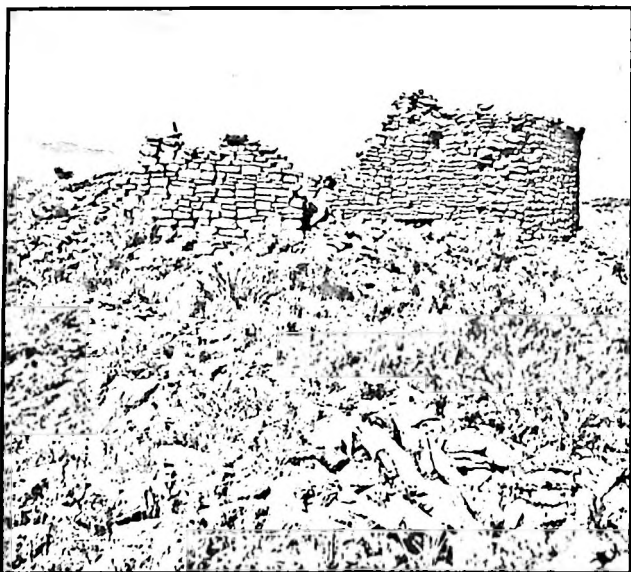


Photo taken by W.H. Jackson on 1874 Colorado expedition shows Anasazi tower ruins at the head McElmo Creek.

This area promised George the chance to experiment with desert plants and archaeology. The location was just west of Moqui Point, a feature photographed by William H. Jackson in 1874 for the Hayden Survey. The ruins of a tower located there were the subject of an article George wrote for *Colorado Magazine*. He speculated that such towers were used as lookouts by the Anasazi (or Moqui) and had direct visibility to other towers and dwellings back up the canyon.

From his study, Kelly set his sights on a variety of targets. What he referred to as "gyp" ads for questionable garden products always had fueled his ire, and he practiced a continuous letter-writing campaign to these companies and to the media, seeking to correct these perceived wrongs. He also managed to find time to write more books:

A Way to Beauty, Trees For the Rocky Mountains, Flowers For the Rocky Mountains, Shrubs For the Rocky Mountains, Ground Covers For the Rocky Mountains, The Things I Prize, Good Gardens With Less Water, Grow Your Own Food, Useful Native Plants For the Four Corners Area, The Good Things, Along the Trail, and Woody Plants of Colorado.

His articles included a series for *Flower and Garden* (1962-69); the *Colorado Graphic* (1969-70); and the *Montezuma Valley Journal*. Kelly also put out a plethora of his own publications, including: "George Kelly's World," "Rocky Mountain Gardening," "Teenagers' World," and "Ideas For Plant Lovers."

The little town of Cortez was blessed with Kelly's expertise, e.g., his radio show on KVFC (1968-71); his master plan for beautification of the town (including the fountain he built from flagstones); and landscaping plans for banks, homes, the Justice Complex, electric company, and Oljeto Navajo Mission.

The agriculture didn't suffer, as Kelly experimented with the native plants, sending many varieties to Harry Swift to sell in his nursery. He also attempted to reintroduce the fruit industry to the Four



George Kelly loved working with young people, and visiting school children were always welcome at McElmo Ranch, and archaeological sites in the canyon. Here, in March 1975, he explains how a now-broken metate and mano were used by Indians to grind grain.

Corners region. He grew beautiful apples in his orchard, but it proved to be too much of a task for one family and their long-suffering friends who helped to pick, sort, and store the harvest.

The biggest task the Kellys undertook at McElmo, however, was excavating the Moqui Indian ruins they found buried on their property under tons of red soil. A fine article about the Kellys in the Feb. 8, 1970, *Empire Magazine* of the *Denver Post* said that they had then uncovered 25 rooms dating to perhaps the 12th century. The Indians who populated the canyon in A.D. 1000 are referred to as the Anasazi, the Moqui, or the Old Ones, and the Hopis may be their descendants.

Certainly George Kelly was not a trained archaeologist, but he did know how to use a shovel and how to ask the right questions (particularly of a Hopi couple, Homer and Mabel Homeemptewa). Before long, schools were using the excavations as a training site, especially students from the Cherry Creek School District, Graland Country Day School, and the Colorado Academy.

George Kelly found much to appreciate in the Hopi way of living. The Hopi believe that God, or the Great Spirit, is everywhere and in everything, and they use but one word for beauty, God, nature, life, death, and the universe. They believe that we may get by with breaking the laws of man, but will always pay for breaking the laws of nature. They believe that man was put here to live with the plants around him, not to eliminate or dominate them. This last fitted in with Kelly's belief that Colorado gardeners should use native plants and not treat them like weeds, as many newcomers to the state do.

One of George Kelly's prized accomplishments was in reconstructing one of the kivas that he uncovered. Following is a transcription of an interview recorded by Ted and Dot Krieger in George Kelly's kiva in May 1977:

We didn't know we had all these ruins on the place when we came here. We saw one wall up on the cliff which the old-timers told us that they had taken a couple of burials out of, and must have been used for storage originally. We have uncovered nine different sites and have excavated four kivas, and about 35 rooms altogether, I guess. We have done that in 12 years. We haven't worked constantly on it, but we came down here to experiment with horticulture. We have diluted our horticulture considerably with ar-

chaeology since, and we have been compelled to learn more of what we are working with here. Al Lancaster, who knows more about archaeology of this country than anybody else, gave us some good advice at first, and told us what we could expect—the kivas being to the southeast of the rooms, the dump being still farther southeast, and something about what we might expect in the kiva (but ended up by saying the only sure thing about any of this stuff is that no two are going to be alike. We have found that to be very true. Of the four kivas we have excavated, every one was different (even though they all have certain similarities). The present-day Hopi tell us that the things that are fixed in a kiva are that the cold-air intake must be on the south; the sipapu must be on the north; the ladder must be just a little north of the center up through the hole; the fireplace must be just a little south of the center (almost under the hole); and the deflector somewhere in between there.

Those are fixed things, but the number of pilasters was normally six, but can be four or eight. The height of the bench, the way the banquette is built, the size of the fireplace—there is a lot of variation that can be in the building of the kiva. Now the sipapu was their connection with the underworld gods. According to their traditions . . . they came up many thousands/hundreds of years ago from the underworld through a kind of a Jack-and-the-Beanstalk story, and so they sent their messages back down in this hole. Now it sounds silly, but it is no more silly than some of the customs we have (for instance, communion and so forth) that represent something that we want to remember. When they had a message to send to the gods (when they wanted rain, or the women wanted babies or whatever) they would make up that message and . . . they would tie it up with feathers and either lay it on the stone or drop it in the sipapu. The sipapu—and there are three pronunciations for it: sipapu, sipopu, or sipoponi—but, anyhow, it is a word taken from the Hopis which simply means bellybutton, and they somehow connected it with the origin of the Earth. The things we have excavated have probably been, as the archaeologists call it, the Late Pueblo; Pueblo Three or Four.

Though we do have on our place here the remains of the Basketmaker or Pitthouse, we haven't excavated them, and that would go back several thousand years. The people who lived on this place, as near as we can figure, came down here from the upper bean country about 1200 years ago, lived in the cliffs, and then, gradually, worked up the creek to Mesa Verde. By 1300 they had all left this country, all those from the bean country, all those that were in the cliffs, all those that were in McElmo, all those that were in Mesa Verde, all those from this whole country, and they never came back.

They did come back to establish the Hopi, the Zuni, and the Havasupai villages, but never back here.

The average pottery, whole or broken, pretty well stays in one pattern of Pueblo Four, probably back some 800 to 1200 years ago, mostly black-on-white pottery. Now we found one black-on-red pot, but that evidently was a brought-in, traded-for piece of pottery. We find some broken sherds of that kind of pottery, but not very often. The two main kinds of pottery that we find are the polished pottery (polished inside and out, painted and used for storage) and the corrugated which was used for cooking as the utility pot. The corrugated was not near as nicely made and it breaks so that you can't put it together very well. It kind of shatters when it breaks, but the other you can find good pieces all over. We found pieces in four or five rooms that made one pot. The pieces were found at different depths and, yet, they all fit together, and when they fit together, they fit together. There is no question about it. There is one piece in ten million and they fit together or they don't. It's a lot of fun putting those together. It's a jigsaw puzzle that you work only once, but it is a lot of fun. We have found at ceremonial burials, some whole pots and not cracked at all. This is a lot of fun to try to reconstruct the lives of these people that lived on this ground a thousand years ago and see what we can learn from their life that might help us a little bit if we had sense enough to learn from it.

The upkeep became too much for George and Sue Kelly and when he accidentally started a fire and ruined part of the apple orchard, they decided to sell and move to a new place in McElmo Canyon. The house and grounds were converted in 1981 to a working museum and bed-and-breakfast called Kelly Place, now owned by Rod Carriker, at 14663 County Road G, Cortez, Colo. 81321. (If you stop there, you might wish to visit the M&M Truck Stop and say "Hi" to Mark Larson and see the George Kelly Dining Room.)

At 87, George still had enough energy to plant more, and to gather rocks and build a pumphouse for a well—disguised as a Moqui Indian ruin. Sue continued to work with roses, and was preparing to judge another rose show when she died in early July 1987.

Over the last four years of his life, George's health and mind began to deteriorate and, without Sue's love and guidance, he managed to alienate many of his friends and remaining family. The only glories remaining for this once dynamic man were collecting accolades in print and receiving awards for a lifetime of achievement.



In one of their last pictures together, George and Sue Kelly pose for a photographer in 1986. At age 92, George Kelly was honored by the American Association of Nurserymen for his lifelong contributions in his field. It was probably his most treasured award.

Midori Johnson and her husband Karl became interested in the philosophy and poetry of George Kelly. After a visit in 1987, Midori translated some of this work into her native Japanese, and had it published in the Spring 1988 edition of *Asunotomo (Tomorrow's Friend)*, Japan's oldest women's magazine.

Kelly claimed to have received more than 76 awards by 1987. Some of the groups and awards honoring him were:

In 1954, the Johnny Appleseed Award from the Men's Garden Club; 1957, the American Horticulture Council for his work with the *Green Thumb* magazine; 1960, the Landscape Contractors gave him their Genius Award; 1965, the Colorado Nurseryman's Association named him Outstand-

ing Nurseryman of the Year; 1968, Cortez named him Man of the Year; 1971, the Future Farmers of America gave him their Beaver Award; 1975, the American Rose Society named him the Outstanding Rosarian.

Also, 1977, the Garden Writer's of America honored him for service to horticulture; 1984, a pastel of George Kelly was done by Olga Miniclier and donated by Jared Morse to the Botanic Gardens, recognizing Kelly as a founder; 1986, the American Society of Landscape Architects awarded him the Jane Silverstein Ries Award.

George Kelly, like DeBoer, had done wonderful things without the benefit of a college degree, yet he always felt that the lack of a formal education had cost him much of the recognition his work deserved. Fort Lewis College in Durango, Colo., took care of this problem in 1990 when they awarded him their first-ever honorary degree, in Southwestern Horticulture.

When George died in August 1991, his grandniece, Karen Kelly Prologo, and my parents, Dot and Ted Krieger, organized a sad service for both Sue and George Kelly at Battle Rock Cemetery.

The Kellys' extensive Indian rug collection has been donated to the Littleton Historical Museum where there also is a memorial rose garden in their names. (Persons wishing to contribute to this memorial may contact the Littleton Historical Museum by phoning 303/795-3950.) Aside from this, only an Arbor Day tree planted in Cortez in his honor in 1987; the books he wrote, and Kelly Place memorialize George Kelly's life. However, the intangible knowledge and beauty he passed on to countless other gardeners help make the Rocky Mountain West a jewel of nature.

Following is a bit of song written by George Kelly, in joyful tribute to Colorado, the state he loved:

COLO

There's a land that is more than sweet, there's a state that is most complete,
 Where the north, and the south, and the east, and the west, and the earth and the sky meet.
 It's the heart of the U.S.A., it's my home where I love to play.
 In the sun or in the shadow, just to live in Colorado
 Fills my heart and makes me glad of what I say—
 (CHORUS) C - O HeL - LO Hooray - De O
 I'm a mile high feelin' fine,
 'cause I just got back, from my mile-high shack,
 In this healthy, wealthy, wonder state o'mine.
 As I stop — look — listen
 Not a hilltop's missin' and the sun just loves to shine.
 It's CO-LO - Hip, Hip, Hooray-de-O
 Tell the world I'm feelin' fine.

—George Whitfield Kelly

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All illustrations used are from George Kelly's private collection.

—George W. Krieger

Rosenstock Awards for 1991 Announced

The Cherry Creek Valley Historical Society and Jackson C. "Jack" Thode have been named as recipients of the 1991 Fred A. Rosenstock Awards.

Announcements of the awards came at the Winter Rendezvous of the Denver Westerners Dec. 17 at the Lowry Air Force Base Officers Club in Aurora.

Eugene Rakosnik, chairman of the Rosenstock Endowment Fund, said that many nominations were received for both the Lifetime Achievement and the Rosenstock Prize honors, and several persons and organizations would have been deserving of the award. The Fred A. Rosenstock Award was established as a memorial to Fred Rosenstock (1895-1986), a Denver Westerners' charter member.

Rosenstock was a mainstay in the Westerners for more than 40 years, and served as sheriff in 1952. He contributed to the preservation of Western lore as a collector and seller of Western art and literature, and published, collected, and donated valuable artifacts and books to libraries and institutions of learning.

Jack Thode was honored with the 1991 Rosenstock Lifetime Achievement Award. Thode was sheriff of the Denver Westerners in 1974 and editor of the 1970 *Brand Book*. Dr. Tom Noel, 1989 sheriff, author, columnist, and a history professor at the University of Colorado, Denver, described Thode as "the world's foremost authority on the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad." Thode is the author of *William Henry Jackson's Rocky Mountain Railroad Album*, and the two-volume *George L. Beam and the Denver & Rio Grande*. He has also produced many articles, pamphlets and book reviews and, according to Noel, "shared his rail tales, railroadiana, and photos with hundreds, ranging from the immortal Lucius Beebe to the lowliest freshman student of Colorado history."

Jackson C. Thode was born in Denver on July 16, 1916. He is a graduate of East High School and the University of Denver. He went to work on the railroad to help put his younger brother Paul through college and medical school. Thode spent 42 years with the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad, retiring as chief budget officer.

Joyce Tracy and Jackson Thode were married in 1943. Their eldest son, Lt. Col. Paul T. Thode, is an Air Force Academy graduate and pilot. Their youngest son, Maj. Kirk J. Thode, is an Air Force navigator. Their daughter, Tracy Thode D'Angelo of Denver, is married and has one child, and works in health care.

Clarice Crowle, collections chairman for the Cherry Creek Historical Society, accepted the Rosenstock Prize awarded for that organization's preservation and restoration of the Melvin Schoolhouse, now used as a museum and library.

John Melvin came to Colorado in the 1859 gold rush, and settled on the Smoky Hill Trail with his family at 12-Mile House. A small community of 25 families settled in the area, and established a school and the town of Melvin.

The old frame schoolhouse had a colorful history. In 1950 when Cherry Creek Dam was built, the resulting reservoir flooded the site, and the building was hauled to the southwest corner of Quincy Avenue and Parker Road. The school cupola was removed and the building converted to a tavern, the Emerald Isle. In 1975, the CCVHS was formed to move the old school to its present location on the Smoky Hill High School campus, and restoration was completed in 1982.

The Melvin School in 1986 became Aurora's first municipally designated Historic Landmark.

After its success with the Melvin School, CCVHS salvaged another historic structure, the 1874 Cherry Creek School, moving it to the Cherry Creek High School campus.

Both of the old schools have been restored as local museums. The Melvin School has two classrooms, one housing maps, documents, and photographs related to the area. The museum also has a collection of books and periodicals, and is used for revolving exhibits. The other old classroom is complete with a costumed teacher. There, visiting school groups can experience being in a 1920s-era classroom.

Mrs. Crowle said the \$1,000 award will be used to improve the school's museum and library, and to make the collections accessible to the public. (More information may be obtained by calling Mrs. Crowle at 690-5005.)



Westerner's Bookshelf



Jesse Chisholm, Ambassador of the Plains by Stan Hoig. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1991. 226 pages, 16 photos, 11 drawings, and one map. Preface and prologue; endnotes by chapters; bibliography; and index. Clothbound, \$25

The University Press of Colorado, comprising nine Colorado institutions of higher education, has published this biography of one of the frontier West's most widely recognizable figures.

Stan Hoig is professor emeritus of journalism at Central State University in Edmond, Okla. He is the author of several award-winning books and articles on the American West (e.g., *The Battle of the Washita*, *Peace Chiefs of the Cheyennes*, *The Humor of the American Cowboy*, and *The Sand Creek Massacre*).

In the story of Jesse Chisholm, Hoig has written a thoroughly researched biography separating fact from fiction, to present a clear picture of Chisholm's many roles.

Numerous Southwestern landmarks—and a famous cattle trail between Texas and Kansas—bear Chisholm's name. Yet he achieved much before the cattle industry was born. He was a trailblazer, scout, friend of Indian chiefs, linguist of Indian languages, trader, and mediator between the Plains Indians, the encroaching U.S. government, and the Republic of Texas.

Chisholm was descended on one side from Cherokee Chief Corn Tassel and on the other from a flamboyant Southern Scot. He spent his childhood among the Cherokees in Arkansas Territory and thus gained a unique perspective.

Chisholm left no diary, letters, or personal documents, and the resulting void was filled by legend and half-truths. Hoig has utilized a wealth of source materials, including early state and federal documents, newspaper accounts, trade and military records and correspondence. He has produced a long-overdue biography of an important Southwestern frontiersman.

—Alan J. Stewart, Ed.

Navajo Sandpainting: From Religious Act to Commercial Art by Nancy J. Parezo. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque; 1991. 191 pages, plus appendices and bibliography. Maps, 70 photographs (9 in color). Paperback, \$19.95

This is the first paperback edition of a study published in 1983. Nancy Parezo briefly describes the Navajo use of sandpainting in religious ceremonies,

with dry-painting techniques long used by Pueblo Indians before the Navajos arrived in the Southwest. For religious purposes, Navajo sandpaintings were considered to have strong powers which had to be employed carefully, and the sacred paintings were destroyed when the night's ceremony ended.

The author has presented an interesting, readable study of the process by which Navajo society first agreed to allow permanent drawings of sandpaintings to be made—to record designs and ceremonies that were being forgotten, and to instruct non-Navajos about the culture.

Next came a method of making permanent sandpaintings, by gluing sand on boards, developed by Anglo artists residing in the area. "Secularization" of the sand pictures was followed by commercialization of the craft, using designs unrelated to the original religious purposes.

Seventy photographs illustrate the changes in sandpainting designs, although the pictures are rather small, as in the original edition. Parezo interviewed sandpainters and operators of trading posts, galleries, and gift shops to obtain information about the development of the commercial products.

Statistical tables and other data are well-presented in the text and in appendices, documenting how cultural symbols have become popular art. This book is important for anyone interested in Native American culture, and especially those who study or collect Indian crafts from the Southwest.

—Earl McCoy, P.M.

In Search of the Golden West: The Tourist in Western America by Earl Pomeroy. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, reprint of 1957 edition. 1990 preface by author. Illustrated. Paperback \$9.95.

This well written account of the early Western tourists is light reading and very entertaining. Although written 35 years ago, it is still as interesting as when it was first published—maybe even more so since our transportation modes are ever-changing and the "open spaces" are filling in. The book is very well documented and has some nostalgic photographs of good quality.

At a time when only the wealthy could vacation and travel in the West, there were the Hotel del Monte, El Tovar, Hotel Del Coronado, and other hostleries of that caliber. To many of these early travelers, the West was not all that "golden" and it was a good many years before it achieved the reputation as "the place to visit." Many of the early travelers compared this region with Europe, and the

West did not start to meet the expected standards. To quote some early observations from these early travelers:

"The only good thing yet discovered in the Rocky Mountains," remarked an early excursionist, "was a government subsidy. . . ."

"They are as far from beauty as haggardness is remote from health."

"What a tremendous old stoneyard!"

When Henry Ford produced an automobile affordable for all, the West was opened up as a new playground and everybody went. This book covers the wide range of tourism plus many fine specific experiences the tourist could achieve, from *Railroad Travel for the Aristocrats* to Dr. H. Nelson Jackson's nine-week crossing of the continent by auto in 1903. Included are the health-seekers, dudes, real estate speculators, nabobs, and the naturalists. The call of the Golden West was there, and for those of us in a later era, this book allows a return to a time when the West was developed to be toured, and how it was won.

—Jack Morison, P.M.

John Charles Fremont: Character as Destiny by Andrew Rolle. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman; 1991. 367 pages, photographs, bibliography. Clothbound, \$29.95

One of the most interesting explorers of the West was the "Pathfinder," John Charles Fremont, who led five expeditions to the Rockies and on to California. His sponsor was his father-in-law, Sen. Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri. The relationship between the two men was not always smooth, starting with Fremont running off with Benton's daughter Jessie. Not only was Fremont famous as an explorer and involved in the Bear Flag Revolt in California, he was the first Republican candidate for president; a Civil War general in the Union Army; and territorial governor of Arizona.

This book is stated to be a comprehensive biography that interprets the career of Fremont "with a cautious psychiatric approach." The author "sees the key to Fremont's enigmatic personality in the circumstances of his birth and early childhood. Left fatherless at an early age, the 'Pathfinder' acted out the unresolved struggle with his missing parent throughout his career, seeking strong surrogates who could give him support, yet against whom he rebelled."

While this position is often stated throughout the book, the author leaves the psychiatric evaluation of Fremont until the final chapter, "An Appraisal of Personality." It would seem somewhat difficult to execute an accurate evaluation of purposes behind a person's actions at a distance of more than 100 years, but it is an interesting attempt.

Fremont had many positive events in his career, but they were often overshadowed by the terrible

choices he made, in everything from obeying orders to business investments. Very often his goals were correct, but his methods left much to be desired, for example, when he ordered the emancipation of slaves in Missouri at a very awkward time for President Lincoln. In this book especially, Fremont does not come across as a very likable person, as he is revealed cheating on his wife, and having little consideration for others around him.

I would enjoy hearing Marc Simmons' reply to Andrew Rolle regarding the role of Kit Carson in the exploration and settlement of the West. Rolle refers to Carson as Fremont's "hit man" when it came to killing Indians. It could just be that the author was attempting to achieve "political correctness" by attacking Carson for killing people who were attempting to kill members of the exploring party.

I personally side with Simmons and view Kit Carson as an outstanding pioneer. In describing the failure of Fremont's fourth expedition, the author mentions Carson being served chocolate in bed by his wife, and why this statement was included confuses me as Carson had nothing to do with the fourth expedition.

In mentioning Bent's Fort, Rolle states that it was abandoned after "repeated Comanche raids." In all the literature about the fort, there are no references to any attacks while the fort was in use, and there is also evidence that William Bent did not blow up the fort when he moved downstream.

I also question the author's evaluation of General Grant. Very few Civil War historians refer to "Butcher" Grant as possessing "strategic brilliance."

I am also curious regarding New Mexico's Territorial Governor Lew Wallace's "skill in handling the bandit Billy the Kid" as I don't believe the arrangement that Wallace attempted to construct ever succeeded.

If one has an interest in the life and times of one of the most important men in U.S. history during this period, then you certainly should read this book. While the author points out every wart on Fremont's body, the evidence is there that Fremont did have a major impact on the history of the nation.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Without Quarter. The Wichita Expedition and the Fight on Crooked Creek by William Y. Chalfant. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman and London, 1991. 143 pages. Clothbound, \$19.95.

This is the second book written by William Chalfant. The first was *Cheyennes and Horse Soldiers, The 1857 Expedition and the Battle of Solomon's Fork* published in 1959. It is refreshing to read accounts of Indian fights before the Civil War period, as post-Civil War era accounts are somewhat excessive. *Without Quarter* concerns the 2nd U.S. Cavalry (later redesignated the 5th U.S. Cavalry) and its

mission to punish the Indians, mainly Comanches and Kiowas, who were raiding Texas settlements in 1855. The author deals with two such expeditions. One, the march from Ft. Belknap resulting in the Battle at Wichita Village on Oct. 1, 1855; and the second, the Fight on Crooked Creek, May 13, 1859. The accounts are told in detail from official reports (contained in the appendix) and from letters and diaries of participants.

The author builds a foundation at the beginning regarding the history of the area, and the situation at the time of the battles. He further describes the Comanche "way of life" and the different bands of the tribe. There are a few illustrations and sufficient maps to aid the reader.

It is interesting to note the number of future Confederate army leaders in the 2nd Cavalry. Lt. Col. Robert E. Lee commanded the regiment and others included Fitzhugh Lee, Robert E. Lee's nephew and the grandson of "Lighthouse Harry" Lee, and Edmund Kirby Smith. Another prominent name was that of William B. Royall, who stayed with the Union and later became famous as an "Indian fighter" in the 3rd, 4th, and 5th Cavalry regiments.

The book is fast-moving and rather detailed, but easily readable. The author states in the prologue that the Comanches were only fighting back against the immigrants, gold-seekers, hunters, and other whites who were a threat because of superior numbers and weapons. Yet throughout his text, he reiterates the Comanches' love for fighting.

For the Indian Wars buff and historian, this reviewer highly recommends *Without Quarter*.

—Richard A. Cook, P.M.

The Anasazi and the Viking by A. Tanner Smith. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, N.M., 1991. 133 pages. Paperback, \$10.95.

This is the second work of fiction that I have recently read that has a Viking interacting with the Anasazi. The other book also had a trader from Mexico who was a Kokopelli type. I guess the reason behind the presence of a Viking is that these explorers were in North America toward the end of the Anasazi period at Mesa Verde. The method of examining the life of these early settlers of the Southwest began with the *Delight Makers* by Adolf F. Bandelier, published in 1890.

As a result of an increase in knowledge regarding the Anasazi, Smith has produced a more accurate picture.

The story begins with Thovar, the Viking, being injured by a fall and being taken to a cliff dwelling, known today as Spruce Tree House. He has numerous adventures before leaving the Mesa Verde area because of an extended drought.

Smith has written an interesting story which

would do an adequate job of introducing the reader to the early settlers of the Four Corners area. The reading level seemed to me to be maybe young adult as the vocabulary was somewhat simple. The story has a lot of action which should have a strong appeal for a young person, or even an older person.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Roy Bean, Law West of the Pecos by C.L. Sonnichsen. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London; 1991. 207 pages, preface, 10 photographs, bibliography. Paperback, \$9.95

This book was first published in 1943 and the University of Nebraska has now reprinted it in a Bison Book paperback edition. The photographs help make this book worth reading. The author presents both the good and bad sides of Roy Bean. He does not attempt to create a folk hero as some other writers have done. Neither does the author contend Bean was as unsavory as some history buffs would lead us to believe.

Roy Bean's life, before he became the "Law West of the Pecos," is well covered. His early life leads one to wonder how he could have become a justice of the peace; obviously no character checking was done. The justice meted out by Bean was sometimes valid by today's standards, but often questionable, and usually colorful. He had a tough job to do and he did it his way, which frequently served to help keep peace because people were reluctant to be brought before him for any reason.

The book is interesting and fast reading; it leaves the reader with an understanding of the time and personality of Bean. This leads to the comforting feeling that Bean was a one-of-a-kind JP.

—Edward S. Helmuth, P.M.

It's Your Misfortune and None of My Own: A New History of the American West by Richard White. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman; 1991. 664 pages. Photographs, maps, selected bibliographies. Clothbound, \$39.95.

I must admit to a negative reaction when I read this book's acknowledgments that Patty Limerick "has to bear part of the responsibility for this book." She, of course, is that paragon of "political correctness" at the University of Colorado, Boulder, and I expected White's book would be another example of this extremely negative view of the history of the American West.

The publisher's description called it a "controversial book," and Peter Iverson at Arizona State University stated that "the book represents a striking contrast to the conventional view of Western history and the usual Western history text."

I am not certain just how controversial the book is, but it is certainly a different approach from that taken by Ray Allen Billington and other authors of texts about the West. White paints a picture with broad strokes emphasizing major movements in Western history by studying major sociological changes. He does not spend much time with the individual actors in the drama.

It is always possible to cite some points of questionable accuracy in any book, and this is especially true in a survey text. I would question the author's view of economic events in Northern New Mexico and would suggest that he consult Alvar W. Carlson's *Spanish-American Homeland* regarding the loss of communal land. At times, White does seem to emphasize the negative aspects of events, such as the deserved attack on the attitude of Governor Maw of Utah regarding the Japanese-American internment, while neglecting to mention the attempts of Governor Carr of Colorado to aid those Japanese-Americans assigned to his state.

In regard to Colorado, a picture showing work on the Colorado-Big Thompson Project would suggest that it was a post World War II project, when in fact it was begun in 1938 and completed in 1947.

As historians attempt to include minorities, they often cover events and people of marginal importance, but, except for a few instances, White avoids this trap. He accurately relates what happened in the West to establish the use of the land and resources, and how institutions would impact that use. The major institution in the West was and is the federal government. This has been true, whether the government was buying cattle from Charlie Goodnight, or developing the atomic bomb in Los Alamos, or the Army Corps of Engineers was turning the rivers of the West into a series of lakes. It is a story of winners and losers, not necessarily heroes and villains.

The chapter, "The West and the Nation," has a misleading title in that it is totally concerned with the role of minority groups in the West during the past few decades. I would suggest that there has been more happening than indicated. Either more information should have been included, or the title of the chapter changed. The final chapter, "The Imagined West," struck me as a leftover lecture that was just added to the book.

By the time I completed reading this book, I had overcome my initial reaction to Limerick's name at the beginning. This is a well-written book that should be read to have a more complete picture of how the West developed. There is much more to the story than the Goodnight-Loving Trail, the Battle of the Little Big Horn, and the California Gold Rush. In the final analysis, Richard White has written a history that needed to be written.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Horace Tabor, His Life and the Legend by Duane A. Smith. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1989. 412 pages, 25 illustrations, index, footnotes, bibliography. Paperback, \$14.95.

Finally—a comprehensive and documented biography on one of Colorado's most interesting citizens—Horace Tabor—a "legend in his own time!"

Duane A. Smith is a professor of history at Ft. Lewis State College, Durango, Colo. A graduate of the University of Colorado, Dr. Smith has been at Ft. Lewis since 1964. He was the recipient of the Colorado Endowment for the Humanities' 1989 Award for Outstanding Achievement in the Humanities. He was the 1987 winner of the Denver Westemers' Fred A. Rosenstock Award.

The author's style of writing makes for easy reading, considering the factual presentation. Truth instead of gossip. This book is another Western history work that is a guarantee of valid history as well as of fine book-making.

A "must read" for all Colorado history buffs!

—Steve Pabs, P.M.

Going to Meet a Man: Denver's Last Legal Public Execution 27 July 1886 by William M. King. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1990. 168 pages, dust jacket, illustrated, index. Clothbound, \$19.95.

Power corrupts, and book reviewers should keep in mind that they have the power to hurt. I had put off doing the review of this "politically correct" book, for "what goes around, comes around." This book is many things, but it is not good history. The work is aimed at propagandizing, not in seeking the truth, for, as the author claims, in "historical research . . . there are no truths, only opinions that are subject to change."

The book centers around Andrew Green, a petty criminal who murdered a Denver streetcar operator in 1886. Green was caught, convicted, and hanged. He was, without a doubt, guilty. He also happened to be a black man. Since the subject hardly was deserving of even a small book, the author has padded the tome with sociological jargon and propaganda against "white" legal institutions, against felony murder, and against capital punishment. When the author sticks to the facts, he does well, and has done a credible job of researching—although I chased down a random footnote and he had oversteated the source. But his writing is permeated with complaints about the "capitalist" system.

The author argues that a black man who has not been part of the political and power structure ought not to be subject to its punishments. Even the argument is not unique. In 1926, two Missouri hillbillies brutally murdered an old man in Grand County,

Colo. Liberals at the time argued that they ought not to be executed, since their background and mores were not those of "middle America." Also, the author here, in posing the case in almost Marxist terms, forgets that the victim was a working-class man who obviously also was not part of the power elite. Finally, the book has the same problem in evoking sympathy that the movie, "Breaker Morant," did. It simply is hard to say that a man did not get justice when he was guilty of murder.

Just as I stopped buying a series of legal classics that had the tirades of Alan Dershowitz as prefaces, I would not buy this book, but I know plenty of defense lawyers who would enjoy it. If one seeks a book with better arguments against public executions, I would recommend *The Woman Who Murdered Black Satin* by Albert Borowitz (Ohio State, 1981). If one wants a better perspective on the murder committed by Andrew Green, I would recommend one of the editions of David Cook's *Hands Up!* If one wishes to read another book involving a black man held accountable for the killing of whites, I would suggest *The Legend of Daniel Williams* by Peter Freuchen (Julian Messner, 1956). I am not convinced of the accuracy of Freuchen's account of a black Canadian trapper, but at least it lacks the blatant political agenda of *Going to Meet a Man*.

—John M. Hutchins, P.M.

Juanita Brooks: Mormon Woman Historian by Levi S. Peterson, with foreword by Charles S. Peterson, woodblock prints by Royden Carl. Univ. of Utah Press, Salt Lake City; 1988. 505 pages, 21 photographs, notes, bibliography, index. Clothbound. No price available.

This excellent book is Vol. 5 in the *Utah Centennial Series*. Editor Charles S. Peterson says the series aims "at commemorating the centennial of Utah stathood (1996) by looking at Utah history in the broad context of the state's federal experience."

Mrs. Brooks has long been admired as the author and editor of many articles and books on the history of the Intermountain West, including *John Doyle Lee: Zealot—Pioneer Builder—Scapgoat; Emma Lee; Dudley Leavitt: Pioneer to Southern Utah; On the Mormon Frontier: The Diary of Hosca Stout—1844-1861; A Mormon Chronicle: The Diaries of John D. Lee—1848-1876; Quicksand and Cactus: A Memoir of the Southern Mormon Frontier*; and a truly remarkable book, *The Mountain Meadows Massacre*, which in this reviewer's opinion is her best book.

In this work, Peterson reveals the life of a remarkable woman whose writings led to a more accurate history of the Intermountain West. Juanita Brooks was born in southwestern Utah on Jan. 15, 1898. Peterson leads us through her life as a student, teacher, church worker, wife, mother, and finally his-

torian. The author ends the book in the 1980's when she entered a retirement home. He explores Mrs. Brooks' relationships with her colleagues and the society and church with which she spent her life.

It's wonderful to read about an individual who decides to seek a new career at midlife, and to excel so well. This book is not only an excellent biography of an exceptional individual, but it also explains the unique life-style and culture in rural Utah in a manner readily understandable to every reader, Mormon and non-Mormon alike. As a former resident of rural Utah and longtime reader of Juanita Brooks' writings, I found this book highly enjoyable and almost impossible to put down. Anyone who has enjoyed her work or is interested in the history of Utah and its society or "federal experience" should read this book.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

Little Britches by Ralph Moody. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln; 1991 (Reprint). 260 pages. Paperback, \$9.95.

What was life like at the turn of the century for a young boy and his family who moved from a small city in the East to the "wolds" of the Western Plains just outside Denver? *Little Britches* is the autobiography of the little boy, Ralph Moody. It depicts the rigors of moving west to a new way of living in a strange land. Through the author's view, we share in the experiences of that youth who was uprooted from New Hampshire and moved to a small ranch not far from Ft. Logan.

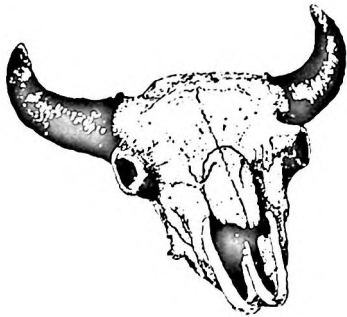
Although this classic book is mainly for young readers (I read it first when I was 12), anyone would appreciate what the West—and especially, what the southwestern part of Denver—must have looked like to a young boy.

It is easy to share the disappointment of the author and his mother in viewing their dilapidated, simple home and barren land for the first time. The reader will root for the author who painfully tries to fit into a new school, especially when his mother makes him wear a Buster Brown suit. How did young Ralph become a friend of Two Dog who lived in the wilderness beyond the foothills, close to Morrison? Learning responsibility at a young age—sometimes failing, but being willing to persevere—is described in many chapters of the book.

An underlying well-developed message was the strong character of Ralph's parents. His mother was highly organized, strict, fair, and loving. His father was very capable and effused ethical values.

Regardless of age, anyone can gain an appreciation for the way of life when Ft. Logan was a small community, removed from the city of Denver, and with no settlements to the west except a few isolated ranches.

—Kenneth Pitman, P.M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

MARCH-APRIL 1992

**THE JEKYLL-HYDE GUNMAN OF
THE JOHNSON COUNTY WAR OF 1892**

by John M. Hutchins, P.M.



(Author's Collection)

Joe Horner, also known as Frank Canton (from Canton's *Frontier Trails*). Original picture is captioned "Sheriff Frank M. Canton of Johnson County, Wyoming."

About the Author

We liked Jack Morison's introduction of Posse Member John M. Hutchins when John presented his paper Jan. 22 on Wyoming's Johnson County War:

"What I like about John Hutchins is his enthusiasm and humor. Too many of us come to these meetings, eat the meal, listen to the speaker, and go home without showing any emotion or apparent interest in the evening. John comes in with a twinkle in his eye and an attitude of 'WOW'—I just discovered Western History."

John is not only an able speaker—he previously spoke to the Westerners in 1985 on "Colorado's Territorial Bench and Bar"—but is already well along in a remarkable legal career.

A native Virginian, John and his family moved to Colorado in 1950. He was graduated in 1969 from Northglenn High School, then attended the University of Colorado, winning a B.A. degree, Phi Beta Kappa. He earned his law degree from CU in 1976.

John became assistant U.S. Attorney in Denver in 1990, after having served eight years as assistant and, later, first assistant Colorado Attorney General. In 1981, he had his own law practice in Meeker, Colo., and subsequently was assistant city attorney in El Paso, Texas.

A major in the U.S. Army Reserve, John was assistant staff Judge Advocate and defense counsel, 1st Cavalry Division, Ft. Hood, Texas, 1977-1981.

John was an elected member of the Northglenn Charter Commission in 1975—serving along with another distinguished Westerner, Hugo von Rodeck Jr.—and later was a Northglenn city councilman, 1976-1977.

If John had any more accomplishments, we would not have the space to list them all. However, we must note that he and his wife Dale have a son, Adam Edward.

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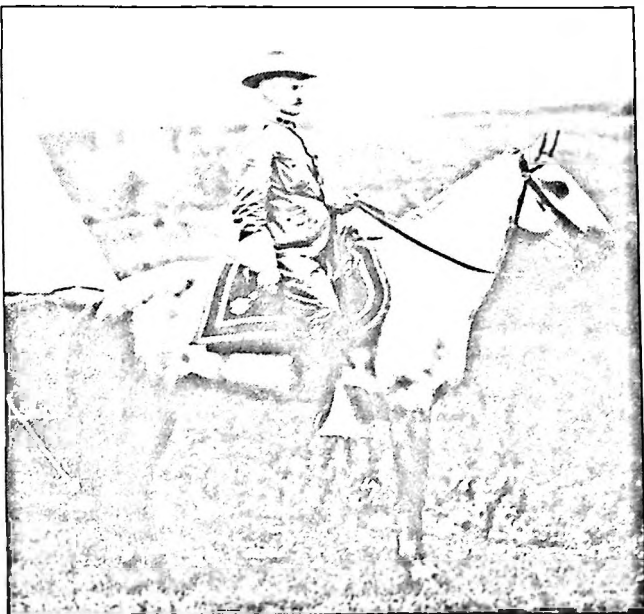
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The Jekyll-Hyde Gunman of the Johnson County War of 1892



(Author's Collection)

Adj. Gen. Frank M. Canton of Oklahoma, 1910 (from
Canton's *Frontier Trails*, published in 1930).

By
John M. Hutchins, P.M.

(Presented January 22, 1992)

IS THE TALE of a gunfighter who was in more gunfights than Wyatt Earp. Was a bounty hunter who was a more successful man-killer than Tom Horn. Was luckier in turning legitimate than John Wesley Hardin. And, in a way, was more perplexing than that of Butch Cassidy. His name was Joe Horner. Students of the American West know parts of Horner's career. Yet, why, there is no full-length biography of his life. To begin to piece Horner's career, one must follow a tortuous trail across four frontiers.

Horner's birthplace is controversial. Horner, both in an 1890 publication and autobiography, claimed he was born in Virginia.¹ This assertion has been followed by virtually every historian.² However, it is more likely that Horner, whose father was a native Virginian, was born about 1849 somewhere in the probably Iowa or Missouri.³

During the Civil War, the Horners resided in Missouri, a wartime surrounding that

bred the violent likes of Jesse James and Tom Horn. Joe Horner's father, Dr. J.H. Horner, served with the Confederate forces, dying in 1864. John Wesley Horner, Joe's elder brother, also served with the South, but survived the war and was discharged in Texas. He moved his mother and the rest of the family to Denton, Texas, in 1866.⁴

If Missouri was the "frying pan," Texas at this time was the "fire." Not only was the reconstructing state plagued by desperadoes and by discontented white and black United States soldiers, it was also subject to vicious Indian warfare. Joe Horner left Denton County for the even-wilder Jack County in 1867. Tradition holds that he joined a Texas Ranger unit about this time,⁵ although it almost certainly was an informally raised ranger company of the old type, unencumbered with paperwork and pay.⁶

About 1870, Joe Horner went up the trail to Abilene, Kan., with a herd of about 1,500 cattle belonging to Burke Burnett.⁷ The drive encountered the typical problems: river crossings, lightning, surly Indians, and stampedes. However, the drive ended successfully in Kansas. Horner, writing years later, claimed that he went on another trail drive from Abilene to North Platte, Neb.⁸—but a major Indian incident he described happened at least three years after he was supposed to have been there.⁹

After returning to Texas, Horner was involved in the trial of two Indian chiefs, Satanta and Big Tree, for the 1871 Warren Wagon Train Massacre. Horner was selected by Jack County Sheriff Lee Crutchfield as one of the bailiffs guarding the Indian prisoners.¹⁰ It was not because of fear of the Indians that a man of Horner's growing reputation was selected. As Capt. Robert Carter noted in his book, *On the Border with Mackenzie*, the guards were needed to insure that no vengeful Texan would assassinate the Kiowas going between the jail and the courthouse.¹¹

Horner, also in 1871, became a partner in a ranch north of Jacksboro.¹² This was when many supposedly respectable ranchers were involved in criminal activity. It was not easy then to distinguish the lawless from the law-abiding, and it probably would be impossible now to determine in what activities Joe Horner was involved. About this time, there was a gang of desperadoes headquartered in Jacksboro who stole horses, who committed "other desperate deeds," and who reportedly even disguised themselves as raiding Indians.¹³

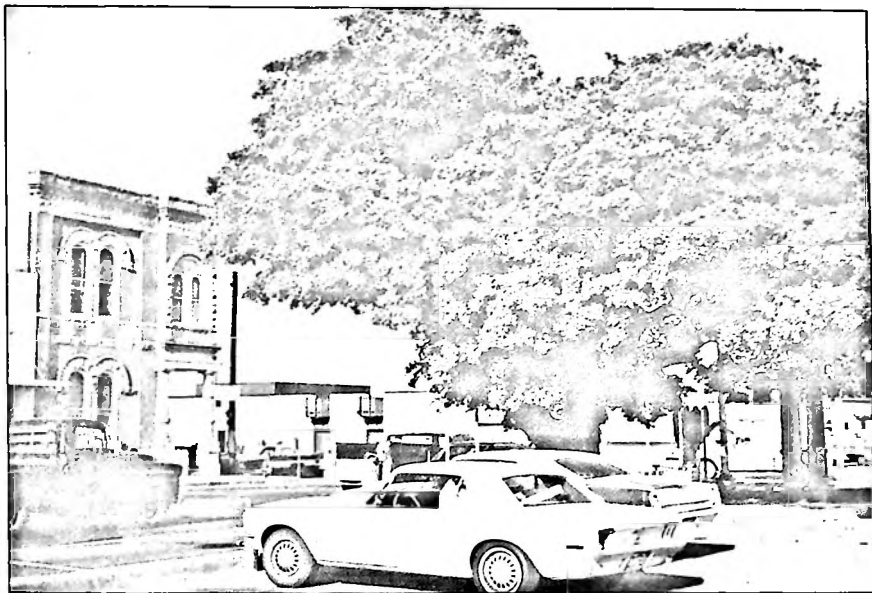
Horner did lead some toughs, and they generally left the town of Jacksboro alone, for City Marshal Bill Gilson was big enough and proficient enough to earn their respect.¹⁴ Gilson threw Horner in the city jail at least once.¹⁵ On another occasion, however, Horner did cause a major disturbance in town, and he also earned the first known notch on the butt of his revolver.

In 1873, three companies of the 10th Cavalry were stationed at Ft. Richardson.¹⁶ One day in the fall of 1874, Horner was in a saloon frequented by some of the black troopers.¹⁷ He supposedly was informed that he would have to stand everyone to a round of drinks. Horner demurred and started shooting at the cavalrymen. Two troopers were killed, and the rest retreated to the fort. Joe Horner reconvened his recreational activities in the Wichita Saloon.¹⁸

Shortly thereafter, a white noncommissioned officer returned to Jacksboro with a detachment of six black soldiers, armed with rifles. Joe Horner and a friend, Joe Watson, squatted down in front of the saloon and drove the Army men back.¹⁹

More troopers joined the fray with their rifles, and Horner mounted his horse and began firing with his Winchester, supposedly killing another cavalryman. When Horner's horse was hit and went down, the soldiers withdrew to the fort.²⁰

Later in the day, as Horner and one of his cowboys were riding the cowboy's horse back to the ranch, they got into a running gunfight with pursuing white troopers. The cowboy was wounded and surrendered. Horner, at the urging of the cowboy, made his escape to the ranch. The wounded ranchhand, one Frank Lake, recovered



(1977 Photo by Author)

Town Square of Comanche, Texas, with historic live oak that predates the Horner Gang bank robbery.

and was not prosecuted. Horner, represented by an attorney, negotiated a sort of a truce with the Army and also escaped prosecution.²¹

If Horner learned any lesson, it was not to cause trouble too close to home. Rumors persisted around Jacksboro that he was involved in some dirty business and was a robber and a true "bad man."²² Horner and his bunch supposedly were responsible for several murders in Texas, including that of an elderly couple.²³

On Jan. 6, 1878, things started to unravel for Horner. On that day, three young men robbed the bank in Comanche, Texas. Although Horner apparently later claimed that he could not have been in on the robbery because he was just then romantically involved with a young lady,²⁴ a resident of Jacksboro happened to be in Comanche that day and saw Horner and his friends commit the robbery.²⁵

Horner was trailed to San Antonio, where he was arrested. He was tried and convicted in March 1877, and sentenced to 10 years imprisonment.²⁶ However, Horner and a compatriot soon broke out of the San Antonio jail and robbed a stage. Horner was caught again and received another 10 years confinement.²⁷

Horner was sent to the Texas state prison in Huntsville. In 1879, supposedly with the help of a young woman, he escaped.²⁸ He disappeared, and Joe Horner was not seen again in Texas.

In the 1870s and 1880s, the Territory of Wyoming was the abode of many displaced Texans, and it is likely they formed an informal but supportive network. In 1876, Fred G.S. Hesse, originally from England, moved from Texas to Wyoming. A few years thereafter, he settled in the new town of Buffalo, in Johnson County.²⁹

In 1879, Texan Sam Moses came up to Wyoming with a herd and stayed in the

region to become a sheriff and stock inspector.³⁰ Also in 1879, another Texan, James Murray, drifted north into the Territory. He was hired in 1884 as a stock detective for the Wyoming Stock Growers Association. The association apparently did not care that his real name was James Dahlman, and he had left Texas after shooting his brother-in-law.³¹

About this time, Joe Horner, alias Frank Canton, appeared. Canton, a man with cold gray eyes, apparently did not admit to being from Texas.³² Canton also was hired on as a stock detective by the Wyoming association.³³ He soon earned a reputation as a ruthless manhunter.

One Wyomingite who knew him said, "Canton was out to collect rewards. He was always looking for someone, always suspicious of a stranger, always wanting to get something on somebody. . . . All he thought about was guns and killing . . ." ³⁴

In 1880, by his own account, Canton secured a homestead near Buffalo in Johnson County.³⁵ He was still an employee of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association,³⁶ a fact which apparently was not generally known.³⁷ In 1882, he was elected sheriff of the county.³⁸ He also married a local girl, Annie Wilkerson.³⁹ They first set up housekeeping in a line shack, and later constructed a log house for the ranch.⁴⁰

As sheriff, Canton's duties sometimes coincided with the goals of the Wyoming Stock Growers Association. For example, in January 1884, he chased down and arrested Haines and Baker, two cattle thieves who had taken 70 head from the Little Venture Cattle Co.⁴¹

Canton may have sometimes confused his corporate and public duty, as reflected in what happened when he lodged Roach Chapman in the Buffalo jail on an Idaho charge of murder, and a Montana charge of horse theft. Chapman, formerly foreman for the Frontier Land and Cattle Co., somehow escaped, armed and on a fast horse.⁴²

While sheriff, however, Canton became best known for bringing in murderer "Teton" Jackson. Canton dwelt at length on the episode in his memoirs,⁴³ and most historians relate the story as an example of his courage and tenacity.⁴⁴ However, a major history of the Teton Valley, published before Canton's autobiography, describes the apprehension of Jackson in detail, and does not mention Canton at all.⁴⁵ A more recent Jackson Hole historian has concluded that Canton's claims regarding Teton Jackson are unproved.⁴⁶ Apparently—linking this with the limited information provided by a family friend of the Cantons in Wyoming—Frank Canton's contribution to the capture of the notorious outlaw was that Jackson was turned over to Johnson County Sheriff Canton, and Canton transported him to jail.⁴⁷

Frank Canton was, by all indications, a loving father and husband. Two daughters, Ruby and Helen, eventually were born to the Canton couple.⁴⁸ Once, when Mrs. Canton was in a buckboard with one of her daughters, the horses ran away with the wagon. Fortunately Charley Basch, a neighbor, stopped the runaway team before the mother and child were killed. Sheriff Canton told Basch that he would never forget that Basch saved his little girl.⁴⁹

Canton was re-elected as sheriff in 1884.⁵⁰

"In 1886," he later wrote, "I was strongly urged by the citizens of Johnson County to accept the office as sheriff for a third term. But . . . I retired from public life and moved out to my ranch with my young wife, and little daughter, Ruby."⁵¹ Once more, Canton omitted some key information. The county was starting to split over the dispute between the big and small ranchers, and Canton was defeated in his bid for re-election.⁵² It probably did not help the sheriff among his constituents that, prior to the election, he was given a vote of appreciation by the Wyoming Stock Growers Association for his work against criminals.⁵³

As statehood for the territory approached, the division between the corporate "whitecap" cattlemen and the independent "rustler" ranchers grew.

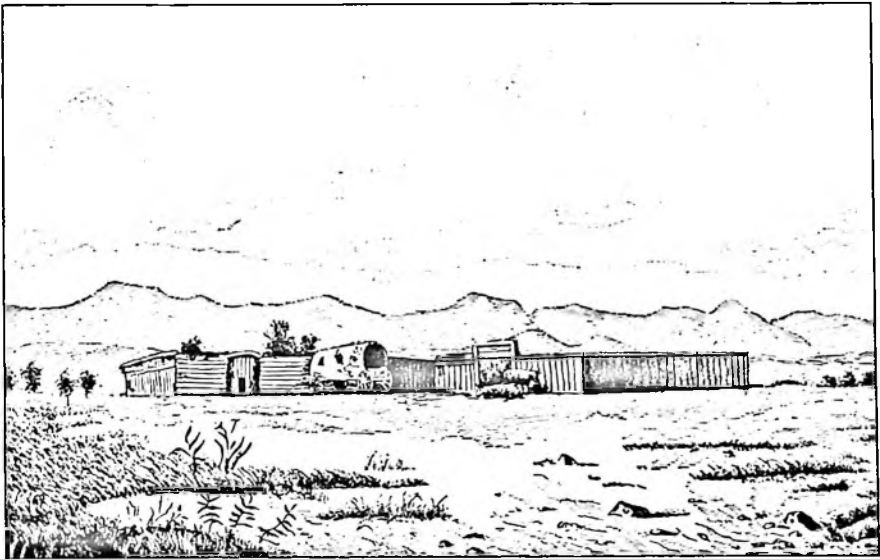
In the summer of 1889, Kate Watson and Jim Averell were lynched in south-central Wyoming. Witnesses to the abduction and murders, who were sympathetic to the small ranchers, disappeared, and no true bill was issued by the Carbon County grand jury.⁵⁴ The arrogance of the big cattle interests grew, as evidenced by the callous recollection of Charles Guernsey, who was a Wyoming legislator at the time of the crime. He wrote:

Averill [sic] was a Yale graduate, a civil engineer, capable and of good address. Kate, in her twenties, was far from being a bad-looking woman and was very bright. But both got off on the wrong foot, and ultimately both careers were ended abruptly by being deprived of all footing.⁵⁵

Statehood arrived for Wyoming in 1890, but peace on the range kept its distance. Living on the Middle Fork of the Powder River was a reputed rustler-leader, Nate Champion.⁵⁶ On Nov. 1, 1891, at about sunrise, he and his companions, staying overnight in a cabin, were attacked by four assailants. The four attackers were driven off, leaving a near-new Winchester rifle by the cabin. The weapon belonged to Frank Canton.⁵⁷

An ambush of another reputed rustler, Ranger Jones, was more successful. On Nov. 28, 1891, Jones was shot and killed while driving his buckboard home from Buffalo.⁵⁸ After his body was found almost a week later, the leading suspects were Fred Hesse and Frank Canton.⁵⁹

Feuds are well known opportunities for settling old scores. Living outside of Buffalo



(Author's Collection)

Buffalo, Wyoming, as it appeared when Frank Canton was sheriff of Johnson County. (From Bancroft's *History of Nevada, Colorado and Wyoming*, published in 1890.)

was a well-educated stockman named John Tisdale. Tisdale was a Texan who was not implicated in rustling activity. However, shortly after he arrived in Johnson County, he saw Frank Canton, and almost killed him on the spot. Tisdale had recognized Joe Horner, the alleged killer of Tisdale's two elderly friends.⁶⁰ Tisdale cooled down; but on Nov. 30, 1891, riding from Buffalo to his ranch in his buckboard, bearing Christmas gifts for his children, John Tisdale was shot from ambush.

Unfortunately for Tisdale's killer, Charley Basch heard the shots on the road ahead. When Basch approached close to a buckboard that had been driven off into the brush, he saw Frank Canton watching him. Canton told Basch to move along and to keep his mouth shut.⁶¹ Basch rode into Buffalo and thought about what he had seen. Soon thereafter word was brought that Tisdale was found dead in his wagon.⁶²

Basch later was intimidated by Canton and perhaps narrowly missed assassination, himself.⁶³ Frank Canton was charged with murder, but Basch's loss of memory at the preliminary hearing, coupled with numerous alibi witnesses, caused the case against Canton to be at least temporarily dismissed.⁶⁴ Canton left the area and went to Chicago with his family; while there his daughter Helen died of diphtheria.⁶⁵ A charge of murder was later refiled against Canton, but it apparently was dropped in the swirl of following events.⁶⁶

In the summer of 1891, Maj. Frank Wolcott, a Civil War veteran and a cattleman, had broached the subject of a possible invasion of Johnson County in a talk with the president of the stock growers association, John Clay.⁶⁷ Clay later claimed that he tried to discourage Wolcott and that he (Clay) was as innocent as "an unborn babe" in the instigation and planning of what followed.⁶⁸ Clay's choice of words is curious, for he had been reared in Calvinist Scotland, where the innocence of the unborn was hardly a doctrine of faith.⁶⁹ In any event, Clay determined to take a convenient vacation to Europe.⁷⁰

In early March 1892, a number of desperate cattlemen met in Cheyenne to discuss an invasion of Johnson County. A list of about 70 "known" rustlers was drawn up. Care was supposedly taken to omit the names of those merely suspected of thievery. The list, however, included Johnson County Sheriff Red Angus and the three members of the board of county commissioners.⁷¹ Some \$100,000 was raised to bankroll the expedition and to hire professional gunmen from Texas.⁷² The governor's office arranged that local units of the National Guard could not be mustered without authorization from Cheyenne.⁷³

The Texans were recruited with little difficulty by Tom Smith, a deputy sheriff from Fort Bend County.⁷⁴ The 24 Texans arrived in Denver on April 4, 1892.⁷⁵ They were met by Wolcott, the chosen leader of the expedition, and were joined by two-dozen Wyoming cattlemen, including Canton.⁷⁶ There was even an expedition surgeon and a Chicago reporter.⁷⁷

The invasion force, committed to secrecy, rode a special train north out of Denver. To some, it appeared that the true leader of the force was Frank Canton, for he and Tom Smith appeared to be friends and Smith supposedly had been involved in the attack on Champion's cabin.⁷⁸ Certainly the two Texans had shared some other similar experiences. In 1889, Smith was a Texas deputy sheriff during the notorious Jaybird-Woodpecker feud between white supremacist Democrats and "black Republicans," and had made a stand in a street gunfight that was every bit as bold as Joe Horner's in Jacksboro in 1874.⁷⁹

The invaders' special train made a brief stop in Cheyenne, then in Douglas. North of Douglas the telegraph wires were cut. The expedition left the train outside of Casper and took to their horses, heading northwest.⁸⁰ North of Casper, they ran into a boy from Buffalo named Joe Todd, who quickly took in the situation. Since Canton and young Todd's father were hardly friends, Joe thought that he would be killed. However, to his surprise, Canton said, "We don't want this boy, let him go."⁸¹

After two days of hard riding, informants told the invasion force that a number of rustlers had been seen at Nate Champion's cabin at the KC Ranch. Although the original plan had been to occupy Buffalo first, this tempting prize was too much to forsake. The force headed for Champion's place.

The invaders arrived at the cabin just before dawn on April 9. Two trappers had spent the night with Champion and his partner Nick Ray. When the trappers left the cabin at sunrise, they were seized by Wolcott's men.⁸² When Ray appeared at the door, he was shot down. Champion dragged his fatally wounded partner into the cabin, and began one of the most heroic gunfight standoffs of the West.⁸³

All day, the cattlemen and their hired guns blazed at the cabin, with Champion returning the fire and jotting down items in his diary. Champion wounded a young man known as the Texas Kid and a couple of others, although not seriously.⁸⁴ Ray died early in the day at about 9 o'clock. Champion wrote in his diary late in the day that one of the attackers looked like Frank Canton.⁸⁵ Just before he was killed, at about 3 p.m., Champion wrote that the house had been fired. He then closed with, "Goodbye, boys, if I never see you again. Nathan D. Champion."⁸⁶ The newspaper reporter accompanying the expedition called Champion the bravest man in Johnson County.⁸⁷

The body of Champion was examined by the invaders. Although they left a placard on Champion as a warning to other cattle thieves, even they did not have the stomach to destroy his notebook diary. Someone, however, did cut out the name of Frank Canton.⁸⁸

Unbeknownst to the cattlemen, the fight at the KC Ranch was their "Alamo," with the Texas gunmen playing the role of Santa Anna. They had been seen by one of the rustler faction, and even during the gun battle, word was spreading throughout the county that there was an invasion going on. In the streets of Buffalo, rifles were being handed out and riders were being sent to recruit volunteers.⁸⁹

Knowing that they had been discovered, the invaders made their second major strategic blunder. Over the objections of Canton and Hesse, who wanted to march rapidly on Buffalo, Wolcott gave in to those who wanted to take a more leisurely pace.⁹⁰ The expedition headed to the friendly TA Ranch, about 14 miles from Buffalo.⁹¹

What happened next is fairly well-known. The invasion force, instead of finding a quick respite at the TA Ranch, came under siege by hundreds of Johnson County residents. Canton, in his autobiography, assumes a somewhat heroic role,⁹² but it may be justified, for Wolcott had lost effective command of his force to Canton.⁹³ Despite Canton's later statements that the invaders could have broken through the rustlers' lines at any time,⁹⁴ things were not going well. Fortunately, the cattlemen had their usual friends in high places, who, when they found out what had happened to the invasion, persuaded President Harrison to send cavalry units from Ft. McKinney to rescue the besieged. The troopers arrived on April 13.⁹⁵ Amazingly, for all the gunfire during the week, the fatal casualties for the invaders were limited to two Texans who had accidentally shot themselves.⁹⁶

The story of what followed unfortunately is not uncommon in legal annals. The invaders were perfunctorily incarcerated at Ft. D.A. Russell for trial in Cheyenne. It was hardly "in durance vile." Frank Canton once supposedly dropped the revolver he was allowed to carry, shooting himself in the foot, and he had to be carried into court.⁹⁷ The two main witnesses to the murder of Ray and later killing of Champion, trappers William Walker and Ben Jones, were kidnapped and taken out of state.⁹⁸ When Johnson County could no longer pay the bill for the imprisonment of the defendants, the case again them was dropped through the means of a technical judgment of acquittal.⁹⁹

However, the Wyoming prospects of Frank Canton were certainly dimmed. Owen

Wister, traveling in Wyoming in July 1893, probably heard the popular view when a stagecoach driver informed him that the leaders of the Johnson County Invasion, including Wister's friend Canton, should be killed.¹⁰⁰ Also, according to Canton's own assessment, the expenses of the invasion had left him broke.¹⁰¹

Canton briefly worked for P.B. Weare in Nebraska.¹⁰² For more permanent employment, Canton turned to the Indian Territory. However, there was still the outstanding legal problem with Texas. Canton—alias Joe Horner—had been uncovered in faraway Wyoming, and he certainly would be spotted across the Red River in Oklahoma. Canton boldly went to call on Texas Gov. Jim Hogg for a pardon, supposedly taking with him a revolver so that if he didn't get a new life, Texas would at least get a new governor.¹⁰³ There is also a story that Canton asked for the pardon on behalf of the "probably deceased" Joe Horner, only telling the governor the truth after the pardon was issued.¹⁰⁴ Both stories are probably apocryphal. Joe Horner had killed black Yankee soldiers, a fact which probably did not bother the governor who introduced Jim Crow laws to the Lone Star State.¹⁰⁵

Canton and his family moved to Pawnee, Okla., in 1894. He hired on as a deputy sheriff under one Frank Lake—the same Frank Lake who had fought beside Joe Horner in 1874.¹⁰⁶ As was a custom of the time, he was also appointed a deputy U.S. marshal, serving under E.D. Nix.¹⁰⁷

Some of Canton's own statements in his memoirs, when carefully read, are revealing in demonstrating the serious nature of his competitiveness. For example, apparently frustrated by Marshal Heck Thomas in an attempt to collect a reward on certain desperadoes, Canton and a posse supposedly trailed Thomas, hoping to ambush him and his men.¹⁰⁸ Also, Canton killed, among others, one Lon McCool and one Bill Dunn; both were shot with hidden weapons while Canton appeared to be unarmed.¹⁰⁹

The killing of William B. "Bill" Dunn is a mystery in itself. Dunn, according to Marshal Bill Tilghman's wife, had, himself, been hired as a deputy U.S. marshal.¹¹⁰ However, Glenn Shirley, as thorough a gunfighter historian as there is, has written that Justice Department records do not support the claim that Dunn was a lawman.¹¹¹ This seems to be in error. The annual report of the U.S. Attorney General shows that one W.T. Dunn [sic] was sworn in (and "terminated") as an emergency field deputy the very day that Bill Dunn was killed by Canton, Nov. 6, 1896.¹¹² But whether Dunn was killed by Canton while attempting to carry out his official duties (against Canton) likely will never be known.

Canton, in his recollections, stated that the excitement of his job was all gone and the work had become monotonous by 1897.¹¹³ However, historian William Hunt recently discovered that Canton, along with other deputy U.S. marshals, was implicated in an 1897 scandal over false expense claims.¹¹⁴ Canton resigned to avoid the finale of the investigation. On his behalf, it is only fair to say that the biographer of Bob Hutchins, another noted deputy U.S. marshal in the Territory, has defended the practice of claiming all the expenses to which the lawmen were entitled, even when actual disbursements were not made.¹¹⁵ And, even at the time, it was well known that the deputies in the Territory were not paid any more than deputies in more settled and less expensive parts of the nation.¹¹⁶ On the other hand, Canton claimed expenses significantly larger than those of such deputies as Tilghman and Heck Thomas.¹¹⁷

Also in Canton's defense, his boss, E.D. Nix, later wrote in his book *Oklahombres*, "Frank Canton established a reputation as a fearless officer that gave him an honored place in the regard of Oklahoma citizens."¹¹⁸ However, this rather detached assessment came shortly after Canton had died and long after he had served under Nix.

There was one more frontier for Canton to conquer. This time, like John Wayne, he

went north to Alaska. Through the influence of P.B. Weare, Canton received assurances of an appointment as a deputy U.S. marshal, headquartered in Circle City, Alaska.¹¹⁹ Weare was also to pay Canton an additional salary to look out for his business interests in the interior.¹²⁰ After a rugged trip to Alaska, Canton, according to his memoirs, spent at least as much time prospecting as he did with official duties.¹²¹

Once again, Canton's memoirs are suspect when it comes to the truth. William Hunt, in his 1987 book, *Distant Justice: Policing the Alaska Frontier*, has done a good job of researching and chronicling Canton's activities. However, Hunt, unfamiliar with the true range of Canton's earlier adventures, gives him much benefit of the doubt.¹²² On the other hand, Pierre Berton, in his 1958 book *Klondike*, accused Canton (through his alleged ghostwriter), of writing "sheer fiction," at least in his description of the town of Dawson.¹²³

Unfortunately for Canton, the Oklahoma scandal caught up with him and he was discharged.¹²⁴ In his *Frontier Trails*, Canton was again discreet. "The United States Surgeon of the Medical Department," he wrote, "advised me to leave Alaska as soon as possible, and go out to the States where I could get treatment for my [snowblinded] eyes."¹²⁵ Canton had collected a mere \$439.60 for his services.¹²⁶

Canton was once more unemployed. He returned for a while to Buffalo, Wyo. If things had cooled down there, he certainly had not simmered down much. Canton took to drinking a lot, and he was in a saloon when an old enemy, Will Foster, walked in. When Foster refused to drink with Canton, Canton drew his pistol. Foster, however, beat him to the draw and started hitting Canton on the head with his gun, almost killing him. Later, after Canton had recovered, the two met on Buffalo's main street, but neither one drew on the other.¹²⁷

Canton and his wife returned to Oklahoma in 1900, where he became a law officer in Comanche County.¹²⁸ He also served as an inspector for a livestock association.¹²⁹

Finally, in 1907, Canton obtained his long-sought-for sinecure. In that year he was named adjutant general of Oklahoma, although he had virtually no military experience.¹³⁰ He participated in an official although minor capacity in such incidents as the manhunt for Henry Start¹³¹ and the so-called Crazy Snake Indian Uprising.¹³²

But he still had some of the old vinegar in his veins. In April 1914, Tulsans ignored the state ban on gambling and horseracing and scheduled a horserace. Governor Cruce sent in Adjutant General Canton, backed up with two companies of the National Guard. Canton, ignoring a state Supreme Court injunction against the use of troops, had the guardsmen fire a volley over the heads of the horses at the starting line. The crowd believed Canton when he said the next shots would not be in the air, and the races were canceled.¹³³

General Canton retired in 1917, after attempting to assist the Oklahoma guardsmen to mobilize for duty in France.¹³⁴ He passed away in Edmond, Okla., on Sept. 17, 1927.¹³⁵

The assessments of Canton are as varied as the frontiers on which he lived. Harry Sinclair Drago wrote, "Frank Canton was a merciless, congenital, emotionless killer. . . . Even Jesse James was kind to his mother."¹³⁶

Glenn Shirley once wrote that "Frank Canton [was a] fearless United States marshal."¹³⁷

Maurice Frink called him a "Jekyll and Hyde of the Plains."¹³⁸

Edward Everett Dale, who edited Canton's reminiscences and supposedly would have known more about him than any other historian, said that Canton was "[h]onored and respected through the length and breadth of a vast region."¹³⁹

Probably the best estimate has come from the pen of Frank Prassel, who said that Canton was "[m]ysterious and somewhat sinister . . . leaving behind a multitude of

legends and unanswered questions." 140

It is hoped this article has answered some questions, even though it has posed some new and perplexing ones about Canton, his memoirs, and the editor of those memoirs. But those questions are left for another day.

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Over the Corral Rail

The Rev. Jon Almgren, sheriff of the Denver Posse of the Westerners, has initiated planning for the organization's 50th Anniversary Year (1995). Tentatively scheduled is an anniversary edition of *The Brand Book*. The *BB* has been dormant since 1976 (shelved largely because of high printing costs) when Vols. 30 and 31 were combined under the editorship of Alan J. Stewart, present *Roundup* editor; and the late L. Coulson Hageman. The special edition will combine some of the outstanding papers that have been presented before the Denver Westerners since 1975, as well as some new material. Members are urged to make suggestions for contents of the *Anniversary Brand Book*, and to submit ideas for any appropriate activities to mark our 50th year.

Speaking of past (and future) programs, Deputy Sheriff Jack Morison, program chairman, has complete indices to *Roundup* and *Brand Book* articles. He recently reviewed some past topics for the organization.

In January 1946—the first January paper—Edmund B. Rogers spoke on “Yellowstone National Park.” Forty years ago, Dr. LeRoy Hafen's subject was “Colorado Mountain Men.” In January 1962, Vincil Lester spoke on, “Lo, the Rich Indian.” Ten years ago, Robert L. Brown gave his paper, “Kachinas: What They Are and Mean.” (This past February, Bob was again our speaker, on “The Great Pikes Peak Gold Rush.”)

The Denver Posse of the Westerners has voted in three new Corresponding Members.

Dr. George W. Krieger, Elizabeth dentist, has been approved as a new member, with sponsorship by Ted Krieger, Bob Brown, and Tom Noel. George is the son of Dot and Ted Krieger. Ted is familiar to all as Chuck Wrangler for the Westerners, and Dot is equally well known as Ted's chief phone-answerer and reservation taker, and for her centerpiece creations for Rendezvous banquets. George was the author of the biographical paper on George Kelly, “Four Brown Fingers and a Green Thumb,” in the January-February 1992 *Roundup*. He lists his other interests as Colorado history, railroads, music, mining discoveries, and various Colorado personalities. He has also written numerous book reviews for *The Roundup*.

LeRoy Schonberger of Broomfield, retired insurance administrator for National Farmers Union Life, was accepted as a new member under sponsorship by Ted Krieger and Alan Stewart. LeRoy's hobbies and interests include photography and Western art.

Lee Olson of Lakewood, author and retired journalist, has also been accepted as a Corresponding Member, under Stewart's sponsorship. Lee, a longtime staff member of *The Denver Post*, retired from the newspaper as an editorial writer in 1987. While at *The Post*, he was the author of many feature stories on Colorado and its history. He wrote much of the 1959 *Rush to the Rockies*, a volume produced by the newspaper in recognition of Colorado's Centennial, and in the 1950s was a frequent guest at meetings of the Westerners. He is presently working on a book about British remittance men in the West. His other interests are mining and the cattle industry, and photography.

Over the Corral Rail

Dr. Tom Noel, a past-sheriff of the Denver Westerners, accomplished author, and history professor at the University of Colorado, Denver, continues to accumulate accolades. He was recently presented with an Award of Merit from the American Association for State and Local History, at the 112th Annual Meeting of the Colorado Historical Society. The latest honor was for his research and interpretation of Denver's history. Tom is also winning increasing recognition for his series of entertaining columns on Colorado history appearing periodically on the *Denver Post's* op-ed page. Some of his recent columns have dealt with the history of Henry C. Brown and the Brown Palace hotel; Denver's first stock show and the first meeting in 1898 of the National Livestock Association; and Uncle Dick Wootton's 1858 Christmas Party.

Jackson C. "Jack" Thode, 1974 sheriff of the Denver Westerners, was honored with the 1991 Rosenstock Lifetime Achievement Award at the organization's recent Winter Rendezvous. In reminiscing about his longtime career with the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad, Jack commented: "Old railroaders never die. They just lose track!"

And that reminds us of a stinging comment by the late **Fred Mazzulla**, Denver attorney, a founding member of the Westerners—and professional curmudgeon. The worst thing he could say about a group of recalcitrant members was that they were "acting like a gawddamned bunch of effete Easterners!"

Eugene Rakosnik, chairman of the Rosenstock Awards Committee, has announced nominations are now being accepted for the 1992 Fred A. Rosenstock Awards. (See the January-February 1992 Roundup for information on the 1991 awards.) Members may contact Rakosnik at the

address and telephone number listed in *The Roundup* masthead.

Members of the Denver Westerners extend their sympathy to Posse Member **Carl Blaurock** in the death of his wife Louise, 98, on Feb. 28. She was born April 15, 1893, in Chicago. Carl and his wife had been married some 66 years.

Services for Mrs. Blaurock were conducted by the Rev. Canon David Forbes Morgan of St. John's Episcopal Cathedral, and inurnment was at the Fairmount Mausoleum. In addition to Carl, Mrs. Blaurock's survivors include a nephew, Frank Collins of Alexandria, Va., and several other nephews and nieces.

Carl observed his 98th birthday on April 22. A longtime Posse member, he received the Denver Westerners' Lifetime Achievement Award in 1990.

Carl Blaurock was born in Denver in 1894, attended public schools and was graduated from North Denver High School and the Colorado School of Mines. With a background in metallurgy, he went to work for his father, manufacturing dental goldwork and refining precious-metals scrap, continuing in that business until retiring in 1972.

An avid outdoorsman, Carl has been a devoted mountaineer and was the first person to climb all of Colorado's 51 "fourteeners" peaks, a feat he accomplished by 1921. He is the last remaining charter member of the Colorado Mountain Club, formed in 1912; and the oldest living graduate of Mines. Carl climbed Pikes Peak in 1909 at age 15, and his last peak, Notch Mountain, in 1973 at age 79.

Blaurock spoke to the Denver Westerners in 1981 on "Tragedy on Longs Peak." His paper, "William Henry Jackson, Pioneer Photographer," appeared in Vol. 31 of *The Brand Book*. He is co-author with Walter R. Borneman of *Climbing Guide to Colorado's Fourteeners*, and collaborated with Barbara Euser in his autobiography, *A Climber's Climber*.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Reviews published in *The Roundup* are largely related to books submitted by publishers to the Denver Westerners. However, all members are urged to review any books related to Western history which they would like to recommend—current or otherwise. In this way, *Roundup* readers may learn about works relating to their areas of particular interest which might otherwise escape their notice. It is hoped this section will be a widening source of information on all aspects of the history of the West. —*The Editor*

Astoria and Empire by James P. Ronda. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln; 1990. 400 pages. Clothbound, price unavailable.

James Ronda's stated purpose for writing this book is no less grandiose than John Jacob Astor's vision of Astoria. "This book seeks to explore Astoria as part of a large and complex struggle for national sovereignty in the Northwest," the dust jacket explains. Certainly, the book does that, but there are two questions to be addressed.

First, does it do an accurate job of exploring the history of its subject? The answer seems to be yes, judging by the 13 pages of bibliography.

Second, is the book interesting? That is a bit more difficult to answer. Since the book is not a discussion of John Jacob Astor—after all it was merely his vision, not his life's work—it becomes difficult to maintain a focus on any one character. It is hard to keep track of who is who after a while. This is not the author's fault, per se, but it might have been better to keep reminding the reader as to who some of the personages were. In historical writing, it is obviously necessary to use diaries and printed accounts for factual information. This seems to bog the book down in unnecessary details, at times. Within this account, though, is an interesting story of "the first American venture in the West since Lewis and Clark."

Astor sent a ship full of people to establish Astoria along with a group of "overlanders" who were looking for that one through waterway to link everything up along the Snake and the Columbia rivers.

"From its site near what is now Smith Point, Oregon, Astoria overlooked the Columbia and commanded the entrance to a river that Astor confidently predicted would be the key to the entire Northwest."

This venture had a fairly short life (1810-1813) perhaps because of the War of 1812,

but was at least a step toward opening the Pacific Northwest to trade with Russia and China.

The book certainly goes into great detail, and it is worthwhile for the reader interested in Astoria and that era. For casual reading, the book may not be your cup of tea (very few pictures). Still, it at least is more historically worthwhile than Washington Irving's over-romanticized 1836 book *Astoria, Or Anecdotes of An Enterprise Beyond the Rocky Mountains*.

—George W. Krieger, C.M.

Once a Coal Miner: The Story of Colorado's Northern Coal Field by Phyllis Smith. Pruett Publishing Co., Boulder, Colo.; 1989. 249 pages, photographs, maps, glossary, appendix, notes, bibliography, index. Clothbound, \$26.95.

In books addressing Colorado mining and/or labor history in the American West, the southern Colorado coalfields and the Ludlow Massacre are usually mentioned. Seldom mentioned in these books is the northern Colorado coalfield in Weld, Adams and Boulder counties northwest of Denver. *Once a Coal Miner* helps to fill this gap of neglect.

In this volume the author addresses the union organization of mines in northern Colorado. She describes how union organizers established techniques used later in the southern Colorado mines. Described in detail are labor relations, working conditions, strikes, labor organizations, and mining companies of the northern Colorado coalfield from the 1880's to the mid-1900's.

Mining methods are clearly explained by the author. She describes the mundane aspects of a miner's life, as well as the more dramatic fires and explosions which occurred in the coal mines. Whether she's discussing the difficulties and methods of blasting soft coal to avoid turning it to powder, or the life of a mine mule

underground, she holds the reader's interest.

Once a Coal Miner also explores the economic development of the northern Colorado coalfield. It addresses not only mining, but the founding and development of towns in the area such as Erie, Louisville, Canfield, Lafayette, Dacono, Frederick, Firestone, Serene, Superior, Marshall and Broomfield. The social, religious, and economic climate of these towns is explained. The author has included many glimpses into the lives of the miners and their families. She describes many facets in the life of a miner's family, including schools, churches, social organizations, and the ever-present company store.

Of interest to many will be the author's discussion of the various miners' origins. The reader observes the "melting pot" in action through the changes in the miners' nationalities and the evolution of their jobs over the years. The immigrant miners' preference for living in close proximity with others from the "old country" or at least the same part of the world is explained in the development of the various towns and their neighborhoods.

This publication is well-written, in a style which flows well. *Once a Coal Miner* warrants the attention of those interested in Western mining or in the local history of Boulder, Weld and Adams counties. I enjoyed this book so much that I not only purchased a copy for myself, but purchased two more to give as presents to the mining engineers in my family.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

Settlers' Children: Growing Up on the Great Plains by Elizabeth Hampsten. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman; 1991. 262 pages, dust jacket, index. Clothbound, \$22.95.

This is a handsome, well-bound book with a beautiful jacket displaying an appropriate painting of a plains farmer and child. However, although it touts itself as a book about children on the Great Plains, it really is not. True, there are discussions about children, but these are somewhat detached in perspective. The author even goes into detail about early efforts against child labor, and most of this discussion portrays a

national—not Western—viewpoint. The author's view about children is basically that no loving parent would risk them by moving West.

This book is really about plains women, and the author is at her best in telling their stories, mostly relating to the Dakotas. However, the book has a definite "feminist" slant, particularly in the beginning and at the end, when the author analyzes conditions. She lapses into modern pseudo-sociological jargon when, for example, she tells that "women [did not] necessarily [feel] victimized by child care, although some certainly were." The author appears sarcastic about a wife who believed her husband to be "unusually kind." The author is also sexist, herself, when she stereotypes all men and all women, stating, "Parents grieved unendurably at the deaths of children, and mothers most of all. . . ."

And, naturally enough in being "politically correct," the author connects sexist oppression with racial oppression. She writes of women's fears for their children when it came to Indians as "deeply embedded racist feelings."

Another woman, the author implies, was not really reflecting her true feelings with her fear of the Native Americans, but was only repeating the "general prejudices of the time."

As the descendant of a pioneer whose wife was shot down in a genuine Indian massacre and whose baby boy was brained by an invading Canadian Indian, this reviewer is happy to learn that the frontier fears were greatly overstated.

This book will appeal most to those who share the "brutal conquest" view of the American West. For a better understanding of actual life in the Dakotas, this reviewer would recommend Walker Wyman's *Nothing But Prairie and Sky: Life on the Dakota Range in the Early Days* (Univ. of Okla., 1956).

For a realistic view on how rough it was to be a child in the Dakotas, Clarence Taber's *Breaking Sad on the Prairies: A Story of Early Days in Dakota* (World Book Co., 1924) probably cannot be outdone. And for a contemporary woman's view of another woman's life as a "mother of the Badlands," one should read Estelline Bennett's *Old Deadwood Days* (Univ. of Neb., 1982). These books are classics with a humanity that will survive generations. Unfortunately, *Settlers' Children* is not of the genre.

—John M. Hutchins, P.M.

Insight Guides: Native America, edited by John Gattuso. Prentice-Hall Travel, New York; 1991. 389 pages, photographs, maps. Paperback, \$19.95.

This book is a combination of great photographs, tribal histories, and what to see and do regarding Native Americans. It is not evenly balanced, as those tribes in the West (except for those in California) receive the major attention. It is also not a complete history, as those tribes that no longer exist are not discussed, but that is appropriate, as the book is written as a travel guide, and not to give the reader a complete history of Native Americans.

The historical treatment is fairly basic with certain individuals getting special attention, including Maria Martinez, Red Cloud, Geronimo and others. The discussion of the Anasazi is somewhat inaccurate regarding the meaning of the word, and the reasons for leaving Mesa Verde and Chaco Canyon, but on the whole the remainder of the information is acceptable.

There are several worthwhile special sections about such subjects as Navajo sand painting, sweat lodges, Hopi kachina carving, and totem poles. One interesting special essay concerned a woman who, like many others, is caught between the two worlds of her Navajo heritage and the white society which surrounds her. This is a major problem faced by Native Americans who often are the losers one way or another, no matter which world they choose. Do you try to retain your identity and starve?

The color photographs are worth the cost of the book, and a number of historical black-and-white photographs are also included. One of my favorites is the picture of Blackfeet Chief Wildshoe and family in an automobile. This picture reminded me of some taken by my father of his Osage friends in their big touring cars during the 1920's and 30's.

This book will satisfy several different types of readers including those who want to visit Native American sites, and those who want an introduction to the history and culture of Native Americans.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

The Eagle Bird: Mapping a New West by Charles F. Wilkinson. Pantheon Books, New York, 1992. 221 pages, maps, bibliography. Clothbound, \$20.

Charles F. Wilkinson is a law professor at

the University of Colorado and serves on the governing council of the Wilderness Society. He has been the author or co-author of seven previous books. This book contains 12 of Wilkinson's essays dealing with many of the crucial questions the West faces today. Eleven of the essays have been previously published, but the author reworked them for this book "by combining sections from different essays and writing many new passages." Some of the selections have appeared on the op-ed pages of *The Denver Post*.

The major thrust of this collection of essays is that there is a very immediate need to look at the institutions and policies instrumental in determining our quality of life, and deciding what to continue and what to change. The author suggests that there is a real need to continue the reservation system, as the Indians need a separate place to preserve their culture. Probably the greatest changes are needed in the attitudes that drive federal agencies such as the Bureau of Land Management, the Forest Service, and the Army Corps of Engineers. These agencies have historically viewed their roles as developing the West by providing assistance to specific industries such as ranching, farming, and lumbering. This has resulted in the destruction of the land through overgrazing, clear-cutting, and by building dams on as many rivers as possible.

As the author points out, the West is now one of the most urban areas of the United States when you consider the small percentage of people in the western states that live outside of a standard metropolitan statistical area. This has created a decidedly different attitude toward the use of natural resources. We see this in the controversy over the Two Forks Dam; the attempt of Colorado Interstate Gas to gain control of water in the Arkansas Valley; the conflicts over use of the federal forests; and the battle over the reintroduction of the wolf into the Yellowstone ecosystem.

There is a quote from Wallace Stegner's *The Sound of Mountain Water* that seems to say it all: When the West "finally learns that cooperation, not rugged individualism, is the pattern that most characterized and preserves it, then it will have achieved itself and outlived its origins. Then it has a chance to create a society to match its scenery." We must change our basic attitude from "to hell with everyone else as long as I get mine" to a realization that only

by protecting the rights of all and cooperating with each other can we really have the good life.

I certainly agree with Wallace Stegner and others that this book has a message that we need to heed regarding the future of the West and that just maybe that future will be a good one for us all. I only wish that it had an index.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Badge and Buckshot: Lawlessness in Old California by John Boessenecker. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1988. 333 pages, index, maps and photographs, dust jacket. Clothbound, \$22.95.

This book is a must for any true gunfighter enthusiast. The author's goal is to give wider notice to the largely ignored realm of California lawmen, badmen, and notable gunfights or feuds. In this he has succeeded, telling well-written and carefully researched stories on such topics as Bill Miner ("The Gray Fox" of motion-picture fame), the redoubtable Sheriff John Boggs (the nemesis of Rattlesnake Dick), and California's equivalent to Colorado's Reynolds' Gang of Rebel highwaymen.

If there is a criticism of the book, it is that it's too detailed for the casual reader. The author's writing style is that of his legal profession: very factual, very much footnoted with sources. A Stuart Lake or a Walter Noble Burns he is not, and that is good from a historian's point of view—if not from the folklorist's point of view.

The book is highly recommended and will become a collector's item. The dust jacket has an appropriate color illustration.

—John M. Hutchins, P.M.

Missouri 49er: The Journal of William W. Hunter on the Southern Gold Trail, edited and annotated by David Robrock. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. 329 pages. Clothbound, \$32.50.

This is the journal of a gold-seeker who traveled from Missouri to California in 1849 over the southern route, describing life as he found it along the Santa Fe Trail, the Camino Real, and the route taken by Cooke and Kearny. Posse member Merrill Mattes has identified 375 journals and diaries relating to the northern route in 1849, while Patricia Elter's research has found only 57 relating to the southern route in that year. The discovery of William W. Hunter's

journal by David P. Robrock in the special collections of the University of Arizona library has increased the number to 58.

William Hunter is somewhat of a mystery, in that Robrock's research has failed to discover any background about the man including just how he happened to be in Callaway County, Mo. Once he made it to California, the mystery continues in that he disappears, and all that remains is his journal with a note, not in his handwriting, stating that: "Papers taken from chest sold at auction to pay charges. San Francisco. June 16, 1852." He tells us next-to-nothing about himself in the journal. That Hunter had an above-average educational background is evident in his use of language, and he was well traveled, as he mentions having lived in the West Indies, Natchez and New Orleans. His experiences are contained in 16 folios and two separate sheets purchased from a book dealer by the University of Arizona in 1971.

Like so many citizens of the United States, Hunter did not have many positive things to say about the citizens or the communities of New Mexico. He found the Mexican people to be dirty, lazy, of low morals, and dishonest, and his description of the adobe structures was anything but complimentary. He had the typical superior attitude too often found in the U.S. citizen who makes contact with another culture. His comments regarding the several Native American tribes that he met along the trail were not very positive, either.

One very important point brought out by Robrock is that it cost money to go to California. People who were broke and out of work did not join in the gold rushes as is sometimes stated by those with inaccurate information. It is the old argument with the thesis put forth by Frederick Jackson Turner and/or his disciples that the westward movement served as an escape valve for those down-and-out in the East. Research has proven this was not the case.

This is a very interesting book, especially when Hunter faces such ethical questions as to whether the men in the wagon train had the right to put a murderer on trial, and then to inflict punishment, and his comments regarding the decision to use the southern route instead of the more popular northern route. This should meet several reader interests, including the Santa Fe Trail, New Mexico, Southern Arizona, and the rush to the California gold fields.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

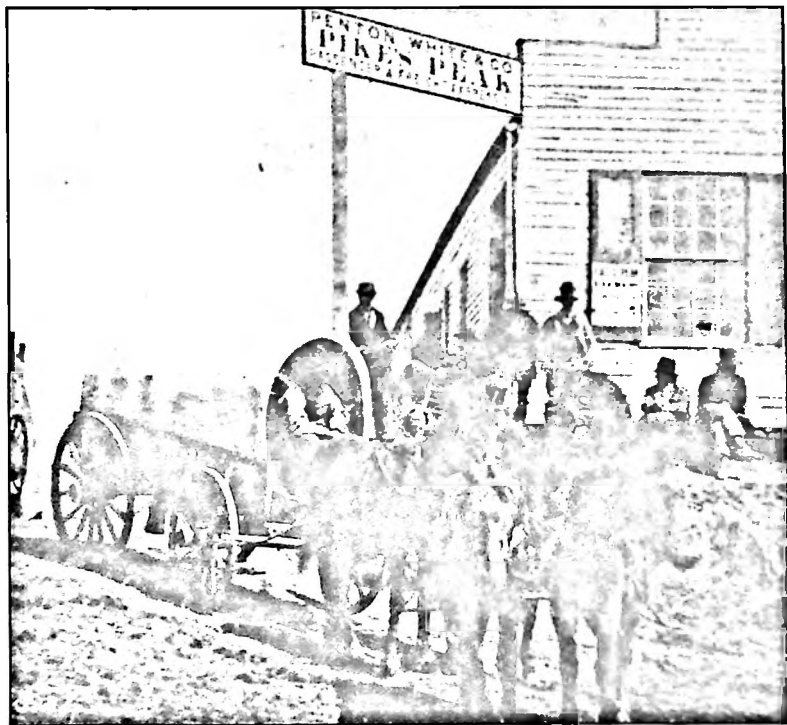
MAY-JUNE 1992

THE GREAT PIKES PEAK GOLD RUSH

by Robert L. Brown, P.M.

**GOLD ASSAY BALANCES AND
THE WILLIAM AINSWORTH CO. OF DENVER**

by John M. Shannon, P.M.



Kansas State Historical Society

This mule-drawn wagon is ready to depart for Cherry Creek, C.T. Note two signs advertising Pikes Peak. Picture is half of a stereopticon view.

About the Authors

Talks by Denver Posse members Robert L. Brown and John M. Shannon were given before the Westerners one year apart, but both papers centered on aspects of a pivotal event in Colorado history—the discovery and mining of gold in the Rockies.

Bob Brown probably holds the record for number of talks given before the Denver Westerners, and more than a dozen of his papers have appeared in issues of *The Roundup*. He is the author of 10 books on ghost towns, hiking, saloons, and gold rushes. He was sheriff in 1969 of the Denver Westerners, and is a member of the Colorado Authors League, Colorado Mountain Club, Colorado Historical Society, Ghost Town Club of Colorado, and the Western Writers of America. A retired Denver Public Schools history teacher, he has also taught at Denver University, and the University of Colorado. He and his wife Evelyn have two children and two grandchildren.

John M. Shannon, Lakewood, Colo., joined the Denver Westerners in 1986, and has been a Posse member since 1990. He has a bachelor's degree from McNeese State University, Lake Charles, La., and a master's of music education from Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge. He was band director and music teacher at several high schools in Louisiana, and in Colorado at Sterling and Northglenn high schools.

He then earned a master's in basic science at the University of Colorado, and became director of music at Colorado School of Mines, and a member of the geology faculty.

Shannon has been a natural gas consultant, and consultant and director of the National Mining Hall of Fame at Leadville, Colo.

John has given two previous talks before the Westerners.

John and his wife Geraldine have two daughters.

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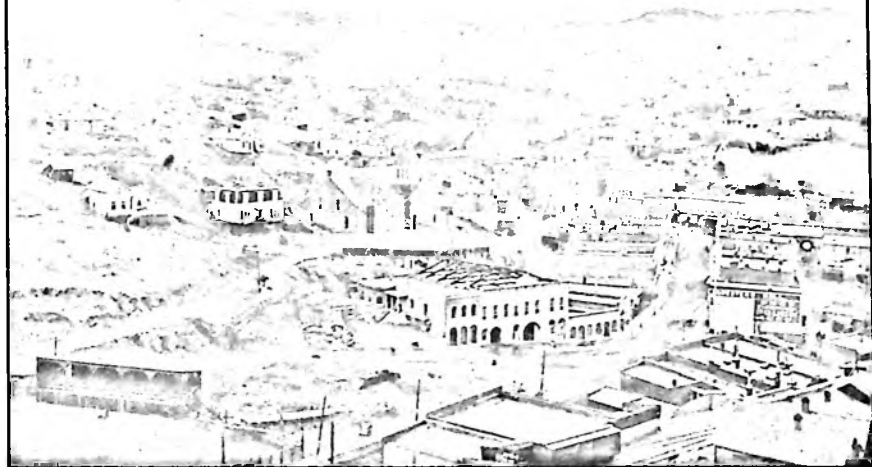
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The Great Pikes Peak Gold Rush



From the Collection of Evelyn and Robert L. Brown

In this 1890s view of Central City, the roof is being finished on the Armory. Methodist and Catholic churches are visible above it. Softball field is at lower left.

By

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

(Presented Feb. 26, 1992)

RUMORS OF GOLD in western Kansas Territory were surprisingly common well before the documented discoveries of 1858-59. Some of the rumors were merely tales carelessly related by Native Americans when it suited their purposes. Other accounts seem to have originated with mountain men, early trappers and Indian traders.

One of the earliest references may be read in Lt. Zebulon Pike's journals. In 1807, Pike was temporarily detained by the Spanish in Santa Fe. There he encountered mountain man James Purcell who showed him some gold particles he had picked up along the river in South Park. While future Territorial Gov. William Gilpin was traveling with John C. Fremont in 1843, he reported gold finds along Cherry Creek. Gilpin repeated the story frequently with increasing enthusiasm.

One of the more curious aspects of each one of America's silver or gold rushes was the fact that they occurred either during or immediately following major national depressions, or panics. The disastrous Panic of 1857 left many families impoverished and eager for a fresh start in the West and Colorado, or nearly anywhere else. With few welfare or public-assistance programs, many people were hard-pressed to make ends meet.

Another unusual aspect of Colorado's 1859 gold rush was in its name. Although gold was found in present Gilpin, Clear Creek, and Park counties, the most widely

known landmark was still that mountain used by Lieutenant Pike during his 1806-07 expedition to explore a part of the Louisiana Territory. Since Pikes Peak had become more familiar to Americans than any other natural feature of western Kansas, the onslaught of gold-hungry people became the Pikes Peak Gold Rush, and is still known by that name to this day—notwithstanding the more-than-100 miles separating the mountains from the gold diggings.

Chronologically, the first gold was found on Ralston Creek in June 1850. Next came the placer-gold discovery at Russellville on June 22, 1858, about 35 miles south of present Denver and 10 miles from Franktown. It was only a small deposit, just a placer unearthed by William Green Russell's party from Georgia. Several diaries of gold rushers refer to the "booming town of Russellville," but by June 1859, the diary of A.M. Gass refers to the location as a near-ghost town. Most of its miners were gone by 1860, although Charles Harvey panned gold there between 1870 and 1932. Albert Sanford, assistant curator for Colorado State Historical Society under Dr. Hafen, visited Harvey in 1930 and located the precise site of Colorado's gold discovery.

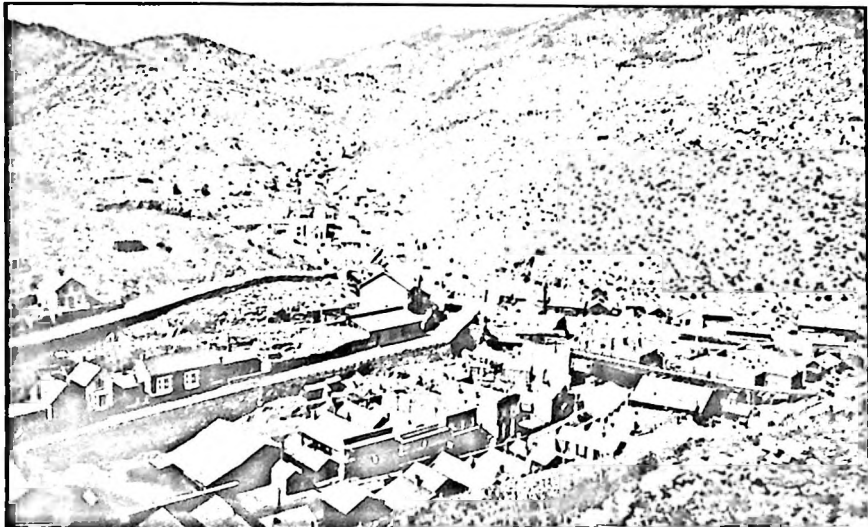
Next came a second small placer find at the junction of Little Dry Creek with the South Platte River, made by the Lawrence-Easter Party from Kansas. A short-lived community named Montana City was founded there on Sep. 7, 1858. It lasted for less than a year. No formal boundaries were ever adopted. Montana City's residents moved north to start another town, called St. Charles.

Two far more substantial discoveries were made early the following year, giving credence to the golden rumors that were already spreading to the East. In December 1858, George Jackson left his camp at Arapahoe City and headed into the mountains with his dog, Drum, probably on a hunting expedition. On Jan. 5, 1859, he located a rich gold placer at the point where West Chicago Creek flows into the Vasquez Fork, today's South Clear Creek, within contemporary Idaho Springs. Jackson's find was kept secret until March when he made the mistake of paying for supplies with gold from his placer. The word was out and spread like measles in a kindergarten.

Two months later, red-haired John Gregory of Georgia listened to rumors of the Jackson find and started up the Clear Creek Valley. At the Forks he wondered which way to go. His gold pan yielded more color on the North Fork, so he followed up that branch of the stream. In Prosser Gulch, above present Black Hawk, he followed a quartz lead into the first lode or vein discovery of gold in the territory. The date was May 6, 1859. A town called Mountain City grew up around the Gregory Lode. Nine days later the rich Bates Mine was found; then the Smith on May 20; the Dean and Castro on May 22; the Gunnell, Kansas and Burroughs on May 25. Truly the Central City area was becoming the "Richest Square Mile on Earth."

In the beginning, Denver City was the principal outfitting point. In its stores, one could purchase mining supplies, food, clothing, female companionship, and alcoholic spirits—notably Taos Lightning. Just before Christmas, Richens S. "Uncle Dick" Wootton freighted barrels of this crude New Mexico corn whiskey into Denver City, as stock for his Western Saloon. This may account in part for the fact that Denver celebrated its first Christmas with a public wrestling match.

Inevitably, word that gold had been found in western Kansas reached the East. Out-of-work laborers and dispossessed farmers listened avidly. Prospects seemed to grow brighter with each retelling. By spring, thousands of unemployed persons—and some adventurers with little to lose—decided to cross the prairies. Westport Landing, Omaha, Kaneshville, and Independence were among the better-favored embarkation points. Six-hundred wagons left Omaha in May 1859. Conservatively, at least 150,000, mostly men, departed in the spring of 1859. Most were comparatively young. At least a third turned back before they ever saw the Rockies. A second wave, including some families, followed in 1860. Even the words "Pikes Peak" were exciting, representing the connotation of instant wealth.



In top picture from the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library, the early view of Black Hawk was from the grade of the Colorado Central Railroad, looking down into Gregory Gulch. Note the school and church at center. In lower picture, taken by author, a current view of Black Hawk is from same location.





From the Collection of Evelyn and Robert L. Brown

The Gregory Mine at Mountain City is the slash at right of center. A Colorado Central train appears above the mine, headed up toward Central City. Note the curious triangular street plot of Mountain City. H.H. Lake was the photographer.

An impressive number of guidebooks appeared, purporting to describe the easiest and best routes to Cherry Creek. Most were written by eastern hacks who had never visited the West. Among other bits of misinformation, they described nonexistent water holes. I once asked Francis Rizzari why only a handful of guidebooks have survived. His theory is that when people found them worthless, they used them as tinder to start cooking fires. (In all fairness, John Fremont's guide to the Oregon Trail, actually written by his wife, was excellent.)

Those who could afford it traveled in covered wagons. The Conestoga, Murphy, and Studebaker were preferred. Less-fortunate persons rode horses or mules. Some pushed Mormon-type handcarts, piled high with their belongings. Many, like the energetic Rev. John L. Dyer, walked nearly the entire 700 miles to the mountains. One top-hatted dude was observed departing from Westport in a fringe-topped buggy pulled by two strong men. Observing that no tent reposed in the back of the conveyance, one person inquired, "Where will you stay at night?"

The dude replied that they would stay in hotels, as would any civilized person. Asked about food, he told his tormentors that they would eat in restaurants along the way. One Wyoming prospector arrived in a small wagon, pulled by two Newfoundland dogs.

And then there were the wind wagons. At least three are known to have attempted

the crossing. Irving Howbert described the one that passed their wagon on the Platte River Trail. Two men were seated in it, while a single canvas sail provided the motive power when the prairie zephyrs blew. The best documented account is of the one constructed in Westport by a New England seaman. He removed all but one seat from a buckboard, bolted a pole to the floorboards and installed a ship's wheel with ropes running to the front axle to turn the wheels. Each evening the local Hiram came down to the waterfront "to see the idiot."

One day at about 2 p.m. the winds reached his satisfaction. He hoisted his sea bag into the wagon bed, raised the sail, and was on his way. Colorado folklore holds that he made the crossing in six days. If he traveled 14 hours a day his speed would have been 8-9 miles an hour for the 700 miles. Compared with the average 10 to 12 miles a day for ox-drawn wagon, that's flying!

The Denver Times for Jan. 25, 1900, carries the story of Samuel Peppard, who fabricated a wind wagon with two sails. His neighbors dubbed it "Peppard's Folly." He is said to have covered 50 miles the first day. At one point a band of Sioux gave chase. Peppard merely raised the second sail, leaving his pursuers behind in a cloud of dust. One can only speculate at the treatment accorded these Native Americans when they related their experience back at the home village.

Irving Howbert noted that there were few families in the 1859 migration. But the 1860 rush included a modest number of family units, recognizable by the crates of poultry lashed to the sides of their wagons. Most travelers included tents and the versatile Dutch ovens in their duffel. Cooking on the trail was accomplished over dried buffalo-chip fires. Louisa Ward Arps told me that the willow and cottonwood groves that now line western waterways did not exist at that time.

Hard liquor was readily available at trailside saloons. It was widely believed that whiskey was an effective antidote for snakebite. And so, it was rumored, westbound wagons carried in their cargos a case of whiskey, and a box of snakes. Another of Louisa Arps' stories told how a Nebraska dairy farmer deplored the lack of butter in gold-rush towns. Just after Christmas, he loaded a wagon with that commodity and set out for Denver City. An unexpected January thaw shattered his dreams. An enormous rancid-smelling grease spot remained visible on the prairie for weeks.

Since even the primitive roads—so ably documented by Jack Morison a year or so ago—did not exist in 1859, the "Peakers" traveled a variety of other trails. Some followed paths north from Santa Fe that had been used by Conquistadores in the 1500s. An early trapper's trail by way of Taos and another from the Arkansas River to Ft. Laramie provided access to Cherry Creek from the south. These were less-well-known than the already-established Oregon and Santa Fe trails, which carried the bulk of the traffic.

For the first 40 miles west of Independence, both trails used the same route. West of present Topeka they split. The Santa Fe route angled southwest toward the Arkansas River, while the Oregon Road branched northwest into Nebraska. Curiously, the Mormon Trail paralleled the Oregon Trail in many places, but was little used by the '59ers. About six weeks of life on the trail was required to reach Julesburg.

A third route which carried much traffic from the Midwest was the subject of a definitive book, *The Great Platte River Road*, by our own Dr. Merrill Mattes. This one was pretty much a Nebraska City-to-Denver affair. Nebraska City became a premier outfitting point, complete with warehouses brimming with goods and many saloons. Dr. Mattes estimates that some 80,000 persons in about 1,300 wagons traveled this way during the Rush. Likewise, a lot of "go backs" returned home by this trail. A few floated back down the river on homemade rafts.

Between the Oregon and Santa Fe trails, the shorter but dangerous Smoky Hill

Trail followed the Republican and Smoky Hill rivers across Kansas and eastern Colorado, descending through Parker and reaching Denver City by way of Cherry Creek. The generally inhospitable country, the presence of Indians, and the lack of water have been suggested as reasons why the loss of life on this route exceeded that on the Santa Fe and Oregon trails combined. The gruesome tale of the ill-fated Blue Brothers Party, replete with cannibalism, occurred on the Smoky Hill Trail.

Motive power for the migrant's wagons was largely a matter of choice. Generally, the ox was the preferred beast of burden on the Oregon Trail. For one thing, oxen were less attractive than mules or horses to the Sioux and Cheyenne, who had the buffalo available with less hassle. Oxen were durable, strong, and fared well while moving wagons at the rate of 10 to 12 miles each day.

Although oxen were sometimes used on the Santa Fe route, the mule was preferable. Alkali in the desert country tended to irritate the cloven hoofs of the ox, while the solid-hoofed mule fared much better. Freighters often killed their oxen when they could no longer walk, wrapping the green hides around the hoofs of the surviving beasts. But the ox's hoof flexes and soon wore through the hides, which had to be changed twice daily. Horses were faster than mules and were popular with riders on the trails, but horses were used only in limited numbers to pull wagons, contrary to Hollywood myths. This is not to imply that horses were not used, but the ox or mule were preferred by experienced trail hands.

In addition to Denver City, three additional supply towns existed at points closer to the principal diggings. Where Interstate 70 now crosses the Morrison Hogback Road there was a small settlement called Mount Vernon. Here Robert W. Steele, first and only governor of the illegal Territory of Jefferson, made his home. One stone house still survives there. It was the home of stone cutter George Morrison, whose name is perpetuated by the nearby town. From Mount Vernon the Denver City, Mount Vernon and Gregory Toll Road followed the spine of the canyon westward, below present I-70. Near the top of the grade it turned north, descending into Clear Creek Canyon by way of Big Hill.

Apex, the second supply town, stood where one finds Heritage Square today. From the landfill that now supports the little railroad, the Apex and Gregory Toll Road climbed up through the canyon to the west. It crossed the Paradise Hills complex to intersect with the Chimney Gulch Toll Road, which climbed up around Mount Zion from Golden.

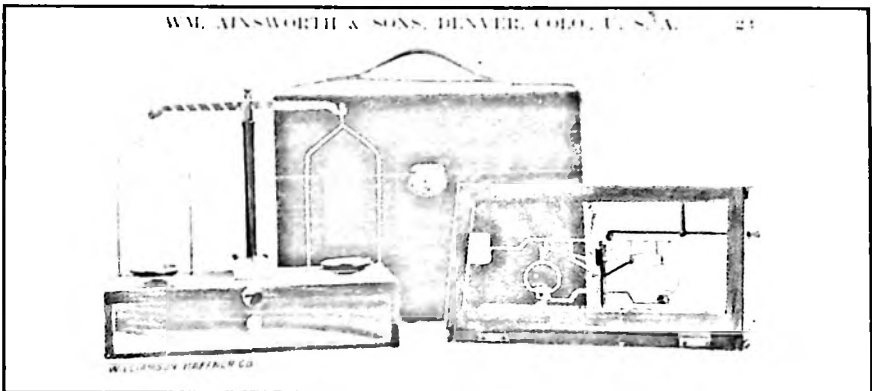
Golden Gate City, incorporated in 1862, was the third supply town. It was situated slightly northwest of present Golden. Its access road followed Golden Gate Canyon to the top of Guy Hill and was known as the Golden Gate and Gregory Toll Road. From the summit of Guy Hill it ran downgrade into Black Hawk.

The overall significance of the Pikes Peak Gold Rush was that it brought large numbers of people into the Rocky Mountain West. Of those who started out from Omaha or Independence, somewhere between a third and a half stayed in the new land that, except for gold, would have remained unpopulated for at least another decade. Fewer than 10 per cent found any gold. The others who remained became farmers, stablemen, stagecoach drivers, saloonkeepers, merchants, or followed any of many other pursuits. The late Ray Billington stated that five service persons working above ground were required to supply the needs of each hard-rock miner in the pits.

Denver was born as a consequence of the 1859 rush, as were Central City, Black Hawk, and the several towns of Gilpin County. Nearby, in Clear Creek County, another network of camps grew up around George Jackson's discovery at present Idaho Springs. As the Front Range area filled up, people migrated into Boulder County to start communities like Gold Hill, Sunshine, and Boulder City. Others crossed Ute and Kenosha passes to find more gold in South Park, perhaps near the

places where James Purcell picked up those nuggets that confounded Zebulon Pike. Within the park, gold towns like Fairplay, Alma, Montgomery, Buckskin Joe, and Tarryall were born. There was even a mint at Tarryall, run by Parsons and Company, who minted little gold bars which served as substitute coinage.

Over in present Summit County, rich gold placers showed up at Breckenridge. Other towns were Parkville, Swandyke, and Lincoln City. Incidentally, Breckenridge was in Utah in 1859. Boulder was a part of Nebraska. Denver was within Arapahoe County, Kansas, while southern Colorado belonged to New Mexico. Land appropriated from these four territories was used to create the new Colorado Territory in February 1861. Finally, Colorado achieved statehood in 1876. And somehow it all began with a gold rush. Truly the Pikes Peak Region would never be a frontier again.



From the Author's Collection

The Ainsworth Portable Assay and Pulp Balance, from a trade card.

Gold Assay Balances and The William Ainsworth Co. of Denver

By

John M. Shannon, P.M.

(Presented April 24, 1991)

THE ASSAY BALANCE is one of the few wooden-cased balances constructed primarily to weigh the gold button, which was the end result of the gold assay. This balance had to be extremely accurate, since it was at this point that a mine could be judged a worthwhile venture, or just another hole in the ground.

Construction of these special assay balances began in Europe. In the United States, the balances represented a business opportunity into which only a few ventured.

There were four assay balance companies in the East: Volland, Kohlbusch, Becker, and Troemner. Western mining development produced five companies, perhaps the foremost being the William Ainsworth Co. in Colorado.

William Ainsworth, founder of William Ainsworth & Sons, Inc., was born Jan. 22, 1850, in Lancashire, England. He was brought to America in 1853 by his mother, but

... and ... an orphan. (It is uncertain whether his mother ... she found a good home for William, ... by an ... farm chores and worked in the fields to pay for his

... even as a small boy and continuing through the ... he was interested in all things mechanical ... In his early teens, he was apprenticed to a ... After completing his apprenticeship, he apparently ... repairing clocks. He hit on a then-novel activity, one ... in advertising. He mastered the guitar, and ... entertaining groups of people and often getting

... the first ... came to Ainsworth's neighborhood in Wisconsin, the ... They sent for Ainsworth and after ... he proceeded to assemble them. When he finished, the

... Ainsworth obtained a job in the Elgin watch factory at Elgin, Ill. ... one of his duties was that of a ... installed and adjusted the hair springs of the watches, ... Later he probably graduated to more varied jobs requiring ... Evidence of his design and tool-making ability ... in the Ainsworth factory in Denver, in tools he made to manufacture ... Some of these tools were still in use in the factory as late as 1965, ... still has one of the original lathes, built before 1800.

Ainsworth's next move was to Calumet, Ill., to work for a distilling company. In ... were required to gain positions of high responsibility. However, his employers were so impressed by his mechanical ability that he was made chief engineer at a very young age. He stayed at Calumet for several years, ... where he met and married Elma E. Eastman, of New York who had gone to Wisconsin to visit a sister. In 1874, the young couple came west, passed through Denver and settled in Central City, where they were soon well established.

In Central City, Ainsworth turned to watchmaking to earn a living, working for various jewelers. He soon developed a specialty cleaning and repairing Swiss repeaters. A Swiss repeater is a very fine handmade watch which struck the hours, half-hours and quarter-hours.)

Ainsworth came into contact with a variety of people, mostly miners and assayers, and it was probably an association that eventually led him into the balance business. One source indicates that Richard Pearce, head metallurgist at the Boston and Colorado Smelter, needed an assay balance fixed one day and asked Ainsworth to give it a try, to avoid having to send it back to England for repair.

That repair work may have marked the start of the Ainsworth Balance Co. Ainsworth attempted repairs of the assay balances and in time learned the "secrets of the watch." Assay balances were in great demand at that time, and Ainsworth decided they could just as well be made in Colorado as in England, Philadelphia or New York. His conclusion that watchmaking was better work than watch-repairing.

As a result, Ainsworth and his wife began making decorative chains from the waste silver being produced at mines in the area. At least for a short time, those chains were fashionable among the socially prominent in Central City.

In 1877, Ainsworth moved to Denver, probably to be closer to suppliers of materials



From the Author's Collection

This picture of the Ainsworth factory at 348 16th St. was taken about 1886.

he needed to make balances, and to try to capitalize on his abilities as a watchmaker, repairman, and machinist. Although his primary source of income was watchmaking and machining, he continued to develop his balance trade. The Denver City Directory of 1879 lists William Ainsworth as a watchmaker for A.B. Ingols Jewelry at 263 and 265 15th St., and in 1880 and 1881 lists him as an owner in the Swain & Ainsworth Machine Shop at 474 Larimer St.

It was not until 1882 that Ainsworth struck out on his own as a watchmaker at 248 16th St. and he continued there in that capacity until 1887. He then moved to new quarters at 2151 Lawrence St., destined to be the home of the Ainsworth Balance Co. for some time.

It was in 1879 while serving as a watchmaker for A.B. Ingols that Ainsworth probably made his first balance. He began by buying a small hand planer and on this planer machined the bed of a small engine lathe. He built the lathe in its entirety, then began the slow process of making his own taps and dies, establishing his own standards of sizes and thread forms.

The first balance parts were turned out on the small lathe with a great deal of hand work. The brass beams were laid out and sawed with a jeweler's saw. The balance cases were made of high-grade mahogany and finished with the French polish technique.

One of Ainsworth's outstanding contributions to assay balance design was to continually shorten the balance beam, making its operation more and more rapid. (The shorter the beam, the faster the oscillations, but the less sensitivity.) Ten-inch beams were used in the early days because the adjustment of the knife edges did not need to be as accurate on a long beam as on shorter beams, and adjustments were much easi-



From the Author's Collection

The Ainsworth family lived adjacent to the plant. Picture was taken about 1920.

er. The long beams were, however, very slow in their oscillations. After much experimentation, it was learned that the very short beams were not as dependable and stable as a five-inch length, eventually adopted as a standard. However, as late as 1920 both four-inch and six-inch beams were available.

The first balance Ainsworth actually completed was probably built late in 1879. Balance manufacturing and the William Ainsworth Co. started in 1880. Personnel consisted of William Ainsworth, an apprentice, a cabinetmaker, and a mechanic. Ainsworth balances were almost immediately preferred by the local assayers, but the problem of building sufficient volume to support a family with his infant industry was difficult. Ainsworth had to hire out his services to keep the balance business going. This may be why directories listed him as a watchmaker and machinist. The early Ainsworth factory was at 348 16th St., only a few doors away from where he worked as a watchmaker. It was also in the 1880s that Ainsworth became known for his ability to clean and repair time locks in bank vaults. He developed a good business maintaining the time locks in all the leading banks in the Denver area.

There were a number of individuals who worked for Ainsworth in those early years. However, five men were especially important to this story of assay-balance makers.

In 1890 one of Ainsworth's employees was George P. Keller. Keller only stayed for two years, watching and learning and perhaps developing some ideas of his own, but not wanting to share them. In 1892 he left Denver for Salt Lake City, Utah, and in 1894 established the Keller Balance Co.

In late 1893, Elmer L. Smith was employed by the Colorado Stove Repair Co. Possibly hearing of the opening created by Keller's departure, he applied for the job



From the Author's Collection

In 1991, the tower of the original Ainsworth factory is barely visible at the rear, almost swallowed up in the modern addition to the plant.

and joined the William Ainsworth Co. as a machinist. Another machinist, Fred W. Thompson, also began working for Ainsworth about the same time.

During the next three years Smith and Thompson developed a friendship, learned all about balance-making, and talked occasionally about having their own company. Finally, in 1896 they left Ainsworth and went into business on their own as the Smith & Thompson Balance Co. Their company seemed to thrive and we can find their competitive ads along with Ainsworth, Troemner, Keller, Kohlbusch, Becker, Volland and Denver Balance Co. in the early mining journals.

Smith and Thompson continued in business until 1902 when Smith left the company and it became known as the Thompson Balance Co. Fred Thompson carried on the business until his death in 1947.

Not long after Smith and Thompson formed their company in 1896, Albert Dahlberg started working for Ainsworth. In 1901, Dahlberg made friends with Hugo Franow, whom Ainsworth had hired as an additional balance maker. In 1903, Dahlberg and Franow also left Ainsworth, forming the Denver Balance Co. This company existed 13 years, until 1916 when it was dissolved. Franow was not heard of again, but Dahlberg worked as a machinist in various jobs and finally returned to the Ainsworth Co. in 1925. The Denver Balance Co. also seems to have competed favorably with the other balance companies as their ads appeared in the mining journals and their balances were apparently respected in the assaying industry.

In 1894, the Ainsworth Co. began the manufacture of the Brunton Pocket Transit, and until the present, this has remained a major manufacturing item. The small instrument was used by the U.S. Army in both World Wars. The success of the Bruntons may have led to Ainsworth's producing surveying instruments in 1903 or 1904. The transit division was sold to Harry Glantz in Denver in 1938.

In 1900, William Ainsworth's two sons, Robert G. and Alfred W. Ainsworth, joined the company and it became William Ainsworth and Sons, Inc.

In 1910, the company turned to manufacturing analytical balances, to meet the needs of an increasing number of chemical laboratories. Mining was in decline and assaying more often being done in a central office.

William Ainsworth died in 1919 but the company continued under the guidance of his two sons. From 1918 to the early 1930s, the company ventured into many diverse projects: automobile transmissions, spotlights, tire gauges, automobile signalling devices, perfume atomizers, toilet flush valves, moving-picture machines, smoking pipes, furnace grates, valve facing tools for automobiles, seismographs, radio parts, and carbide mining lamps.

When the Manhattan Atomic Bomb Project was started, the Ainsworth factory was asked whether it could make a balance sensitive to one-millionth of a gram. The company designed and produced a micro-balance so sensitive that it could weigh a 20-gram load with a sensitivity of .001 milligram, or one part in 20 million. This is equivalent to measuring a distance of 500 miles with a possible margin of error not exceeding 1.5 inches.

In later years, the Ainsworth factory developed a machine to measure the loss of weight of a drop of alcohol as it evaporated; balances that could assist in research with materials used in a vacuum; and a balance for the Food and Drug Administration to measure the amount of nicotine in tobacco.

In 1965, a major change took place when Xavier Science bought the controlling interest in the Ainsworth Co. Subsequently, the Ainsworth Co. went through a number of different ownerships, at one time even belonging to the Tastee-Freeze Co. However, fairly recently the rights to the Ainsworth name have been bought by the Denver Instrument Co. and company officials state they hope to restore the Ainsworth name to its former prominence in the balance industry.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Reviews published in *The Roundup* are largely related to books submitted by publishers to the Denver Westerners. However, all members are urged to review any books related to Western history which they would like to recommend—current or otherwise. In this way, *Roundup* readers may learn about works relating to their areas of particular interest which might otherwise escape their notice. It is hoped this section will be a widening source of information on all aspects of the history of the West. —*The Editor*

Cheyenne Autumn by Mari Sandoz. A Bison Book by the Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 1992. Reprint of 1953 McGraw-Hill edition. 275 pages, maps, and illustrations. Paperback, \$9.95; clothbound, \$25.

Five times the Cheyenne people fled northward after an adverse confrontation with the advancing white culture. These clashes were at Bent's Fort in 1857; Sand Creek in 1863; the Washita Raid by Custer in 1868; Middle Sapa Creek in 1875; and concluding with the flight from the Indian Territory to the Yellowstone in 1878-1879. This book is the story of the last and final struggle of the Cheyenne to return to their homeland.

Leaving their lodges standing and fires burning as a deception, Dull Knife and Little Wolf led their band of remaining Cheyenne into the night of Sept. 9, 1878, leaving behind the privations of Ft. Sill, Indian Territory. The flight north was marked by continuous running battles with various units of the frontier Army. In mid-October on White Tail Creek, the two leaders decided to divide their people.

The separation led to the almost-immediate capture of Dull Knife and his group on Chadron Creek. Internment followed at Ft. Robinson, Neb., pending transfer back to the reservation at Ft. Sill. Fear of this return to the south resulted in Dull Knife's break from Ft. Robinson on Jan. 9, 1879, with tragic consequences for the Cheyenne involved.

During the same period, Little Wolf and his people camped peacefully in Lost Chokecherry Valley. Moving north in February, Little Wolf surrendered without a fight to Lt. W.P. Clark on March 25, 1879.

The long trek was over. The Cheyenne went on to Ft. Keogh and reservation life.

This book which reads like a novel tells the Cheyenne story without maudlin or revi-

sionist sentiment. It is simply very readable history of the last flight of the Cheyenne, as seen from the perspective of their culture.

—Robert D. Stull, P.M.

Big Falling Snow: A Tewa-Hopi Indian's Life and Times and the History and Traditions of His People by Albert Yava. Edited and annotated by Harold Courlander. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. 139 pages, appendices, illustrations. Paperback, \$11.95.

This is a reprint of a book first published in 1978. Albert Yava (his names were given to him by teachers who could not understand his Indian name, which meant Big Falling Snow) was born of Hopi and Tewa parents. His mother was Tewa, descendant of villagers in the Rio Grande Valley, who were asked to move to the Hopi region to protect the Tewas against raiders from other tribes. Albert Yava was known as a Tewa because clan identity is inherited from the mother. Although the Tewa village is on First (or East) Mesa in the Hopi reservation, it is separate from nearby Hopi pueblos and maintains its own language. Later, at the insistence of his Hopi father, Yava was initiated into one of the Hopi kiva societies and learned traditions and culture of the tribe.

Albert Yava (1888-1980) lived through a period of many changes in the life and culture of the Hopi people. He relates legends of migrations of the clans to the Hopi lands and stories of mythological ancestors of the clans and tribe. He also recounts more recent history, such as the breakup of the Oraibi village in 1906 and the still-unsettled Hopi-Navajo land dispute. He is always careful, however, not to reveal details of the religious ceremonies which are secret and sacred.

Yava is able to describe the history and traditions both as an insider (Hopi) and an

outside observer (Tewa). *Big Falling Snow* is a well-written history of the Hopi society as seen and understood by one who was able to analyze what was happening while he participated in the culture.

—Earl McCoy, P.M.

To the Foot of the Rainbow: A Tale of Twenty-Five Hundred Miles of Wandering on Horseback Through the Southwest Enchanted Land by Clyde Kluckhohn. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. 286 pages, author's photographs, map. Paperback, \$25.95.

This is one of those books that, once you start reading, you don't want to put down until you finish. The book also proves that God looks after fools, because the author and his trail buddy, Roy Anderson, made every mistake in the book and yet survived their journey without any serious injury.

Clyde Kluckhohn, who went on to become a widely-known anthropologist, was a young man in 1925 when he decided to take a trip on horseback around the Southwest. Of course, his Princeton University background had not prepared him for the problems that he would face, and in fact, he really did not know very much about riding a horse. He set out alone with his two horses from a ranch near Ramah, N.M., on a journey that would take him to Santa Fe, Taos, and Farmington, N.M.; Mesa Verde; across the Navajo Reservation with stops at Canyon de Chelly and Kayenta; Rainbow Natural Bridge; Grand Canyon; and finally to near Gallup at a Navajo ceremonial.

He did meet a stranger, Roy Anderson, between Santa Fe and Albuquerque, and they stayed together for the remainder of the adventure. A couple of men working at Mesa Verde National Park promised to join up for the trip to Rainbow Bridge but were unable to make the journey.

I enjoyed Kluckhohn's comments about Santa Fe which he considered was being ruined in 1925 by tourists, as I consider that it has been ruined today. In his time, the culture was still Hispanic with most people speaking Spanish—certainly not the case today. He had very little good to say about the Pueblo people, whether at Taos or any other pueblo except maybe Laguna. His attitude was reflected in refusing to pay the fee at Acoma and trying to sneak pictures of the dances at several other pueblos. However, he

had nothing but praise for the Navajo, for everything from their looks to their hospitality.

That times were changing is reflected in the tourist scene he found at Grand Canyon, and a few years later when a new route was laid out to Rainbow Bridge. He died in 1960 and didn't have to witness how easily one can visit this famous natural wonder today, with just a boat ride and quarter-mile hike.

I don't think that I would have enjoyed some of the things that the pair had to face, but the tough times were certainly repaid by what they saw and by the wonderful people they met along the way.

I can certainly recommend this book for enjoyable reading, as well as learning a little about everything from horse trading to Navajo culture in 1925.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Billy the Kid, a Short and Violent Life by Robert M. Utley, Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London. Clothbound, 1989; Paperback, 1991. 302 pages, 30 photographs, 5 maps, notes, sources, index. Reviewed paperback, \$10.95.

Over the years, as the "good old days" of the Wild, Wild West have faded into distant memories, stories about some individuals have grown to almost mythic proportions as they have been told and retold. Of these individuals perhaps Billy the Kid's legend has been inflated to the most unbelievable proportions.

As my interest in Western history developed over the years, I can recall reading many books about the Lincoln County (New Mexico) War. Such books as *The Saga of Billy the Kid* by Walter Noble Burns; *Pat Garrett: The Story of a Western Lawman* by Leon Metz; and a pamphlet, *The Story of Billy the Kid, New Mexico's Number One Desperado* by J.W. Hendro, easily come to mind. Now Robert Utley has written what may well be the most unbiased, well-researched and accurate portrayal to date of the individual popularly referred to as "Billy the Kid."

The myth about Billy the Kid has grown over the past 100-plus years until it has totally hidden the identity of the real individual behind the legend. Utley explains the Kid's actions and reactions to events in Lincoln County in a style that strips away the myth and exposes the real individual.

Billy the Kid is shown to be a young man who is drawn into a life of crime, an individual who kills yet is respected, not just feared, by many in New Mexico.

We follow Henry McCarty's probable origins in New York City's Irish slums to his death in New Mexico as Billy the Kid. The Kid is revealed as a product of his inexperience, his times, and his youth—no more, no less. This book is remarkable because in this time of "political correctness," the author has given us a book which peels away the myth and leaves the results of the author's research, open and unbiased, for those of all opinions to appreciate. When an event is unclear or controversial, the author presents all sides of an issue, together with his conclusions on what he believes really occurred. He distinguishes fact from opinion in a manner which only enhances the end result, a remarkably well-written contribution to Western history.

As do all good histories, this book has an excellent bibliography. The source section thoroughly discusses source material about Billy the Kid and the Lincoln County war. The section lists where original source material can be found. It also gives the author's opinions of the strengths and weaknesses of each repository's collections.

In the final chapter of the book we find Billy the Kid, the person, compared with Billy the Kid, the myth. Utley illustrates the growth of the Kid's hero and anti-hero images over the past 110 years. The myth of Billy the Kid is shown as it developed over time by reviewing what has been printed, sung and pictured of him. The review takes the reader from the quick "biographies" issued shortly after the Kid's death; the publication in 1882 of Pat Garrett's book, *The Authentic Life of Billy the Kid . . .*, to Walter Noble Burns' work, *The Saga of Billy the Kid*, published in 1926; and to the many songs and movies about him. The chapter ends in what may well be the best five-and-one-half page synopsis of William Bonney and his times yet written.

The book ends with these words, "Only in a quick reliance on violence did the frontier differ from the nation as a whole in the relentless quest for power and wealth . . . More than a century after his death, Billy the Kid still rides across America's mental landscape, symbolizing an enduring national ambivalence toward corruption and violence. For a life that ended at 21, that is a powerful and disturbing legacy."

This volume is recommended reading for both the serious historian and anyone who would just like to view a myth life-size.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

The Explorations of William H. Ashley and Jedediah Smith, 1822-1829, with the original journals edited by Harrison Clifford Dale. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, first Bison Book printing, 1991. Introduction by James P. Ronda. 360 pages, maps, illustrations, extensive annotations, bibliography and index. Paperback, \$11.95

The University of Nebraska Press has performed a favor and service to students and lovers of Western history with this Bison Book printing of Harrison Clifford Dale's work, originally published in 1941 by A.H. Clark as *The Ashley-Smith Explorations and the Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific, 1822-1829*.

The volume begins with a review of the fur trade and western discovery up to 1822. It then progresses to Ashley's narrative and journal covering his travels on the Missouri, Yellowstone, Big Horn and Green rivers in conjunction with the fur trade. This is followed by the Smith narrative which complements that of Ashley completing the discovery and utilization of a central route to the Pacific. Smith's second expedition through California to Ft. Vancouver and the fragmentary journals of Harrison G. Rogers, killed by Indians on that expedition, complete the accounts. These explorations added greatly to the knowledge of the geography of the West and the finding of the central route to the Pacific.

The book has special interest for Ashley's account of his descent of the Upper Green River in 1825, 44 years before Powell. The reactions to the early presence of Americans in California and the tribulations of the early explorers on the trail are interesting reflections of a day long gone. Also worthy of note is the number of Indian tribes these men encountered in their travels and Smith's death at the hands of Comanches on the Cimarron River after surviving previous encounters.

The extensive annotation of this volume makes it possible to identify all of the principal campsites of the various expeditions. The annotations also meticulously record source material and make this volume an important book for library collections on Western exploration and the fur trade.

—Henry W. Toll Jr., P.M.

Early Days in Texas: A Trip to Hell and Heaven by Jim McIntire. Edited by Robert K. DeArment. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman; 1992. 184 pp., dust jacket, index. Clothbound, \$22.95.

I first became vaguely familiar with this classic tome of Texas ranging and gunfighting about 1963, when *Frontier Times* or *True West* had an excerpt relating McIntire's "near-death" or "out-of-body" experience when he was stricken with near-fatal smallpox. That is how McIntire came up with his unusual title for his book, first published in 1902. (I know some of you will think perhaps it relates to a Texan moving to Colorado.) Ironically, the final chapters, dealing with McIntire's new-found "religion" based on his experience, seem timely and "New Age." But since McIntire seemed still to be proud of his previous wild life, which included some delightful incidents as killing and skinning a "squaw" to make a purse, I think the "Old Time Religion" has much more to recommend it.

The book is recommended, however, not for McIntire's religious philosophy, but because he was an old-time Texan who served as a Texas Ranger and a companion of sheriffs and gunmen. Thus he gives first-hand insight of the lawless days in Texas when Comanches and Kiowas raided, and the likes of John Larn and John Selman robbed. McIntire also knew Jim Courtright well, and McIntire and Courtright both had to flee from murder charges. I personally think the greatest contribution of McIntire's memoirs is his account of the Indian fight at Lost Valley in 1874, where the Texas Rangers barely survived a drubbing by Kiowas under Lone Wolf.

This book—despite the rather unappealing character McIntire reveals throughout—is absolutely recommended for those who read and collect books on gunfighters and Texas Rangers. Don't wait too long for this one to go out of print, for the 1902 edition is very rare; Editor DeArment states that no copies have appeared for sale for years. (Actually, I purchased one about two years ago, paying more for it than any other book I own, except for a handwritten Civil War diary.)

It is a shame that this edition lacks the primitive yet sharp illustrations of the original. However, the notes by DeArment,

author of books about Bat Masterson, frontier gambling, and George Scarborough, are the best annotations I have ever seen. The 40 pages of notes are the equivalent of a well-researched pamphlet. Also, the quality of paper in the new edition is better and lacks the acidity of the paper in the original. The dust jacket has an appropriate and colorful illustration.

The University of Oklahoma deserves credit for bringing out a new edition of this book (even though many of McIntire's opinions were far from "politically correct" in genteel circles, even in 1902). Robert DeArment deserves credit for an excellent job of editing and annotating. The volume is highly recommended.

—John M. Hutchins, P.M.

The Ghost-Dance Religion and the Sioux Outbreak of 1890 by James Mooney. Univ. of Nebraska Bison Books, Lincoln; 1991. Approximately 500 pages. Index, maps, photographs, and color plates. Paperback, \$25.

This is a reprinting of James Mooney's anthropological study for the Smithsonian Institution of the Ghost-Dance Religion and the unfortunate incident at Wounded Knee, originally published in 1896. Since the volume has important historical information on the massacre, it is a must for any collector of books on the Indian Wars, even if one does not want to read the anthropological portions about Native American religions, music, and mythology.

This volume has been in print since 1973 as a Dover publication. Although the Dover issue appears to have cheaper paper, cheaper binding, and no color plates, it is still several dollars less expensive (about \$10, I believe). Also, while the Dover edition has a back-of-the-book commentary that calls the Ghost Dance a "pathetic cult," the newer Bison edition has an introduction by Ramond DeMallie which is politically correct and emphasizes Mooney's attempt to have the Ghost Dance recognized as a legitimate religion.

Thus, in keeping with this election year, the reader has a clear choice, both in price and political perspective. I guess I will keep both editions, just to be lukewarm, like the folks in ancient Corinth.

—John M. Hutchins, P.M.

Crazy Horse: The Strange Man of the Oglalas by Mari Sandoz. Introduction by Stephen Oates. Univ. of Nebraska Bison Books, Lincoln, 1992. 428 pp. Paperback 50th Anniversary Edition, \$11.95.

To Kill an Eagle: Indian Views on the Last Days of Crazy Horse by Edward Kadlecck and Mabel Kadlecck. Johnson Books, Boulder, Colo., 1991. 170 pp., index. Paperback, \$9.95.

I admit that I am not a great admirer of Crazy Horse. My folks took me to Ft. Robinson when I was about 12, and I stood where Crazy Horse was killed in 1877. They also took me a few times to where a whole mountain is being reduced to his supposed likeness. While that project makes about as much sense to me as Stone Mountain in Georgia, Crazy Horse was a hero to his people—every bit as much as General Custer was to some of his. Crazy Horse deserves his biographies.

Mari Sandoz's book is a classic. First published in 1942, it is supposed to be her masterpiece. I am not a great fan of Ms. Sandoz as a historian. For example, in *The Buffalo Hunters* (1954), she made very sloppy mistakes mixing Wild Bill Hickok with another Wild Bill who murdered Indians. In that and other books, she liked to repeat rumors as stated facts. *Crazy Horse: The Strange Man of the Oglalas* cannot be considered good history, for although her bibliography is impressive, she hardly ever uses footnotes to verify much of substance. Unlike Barbara Tuchman, who wrote that if she said that the birds were singing on a particular morning, it was because a source stated that they were singing, with Ms. Sandoz one is never sure whether something is what did happen, or only what should have happened. The book thus is more like a novel than a biography.

However, if it is a novel, it is a great novel, and deserves to be read. Ms. Sandoz successfully has told the general story of Crazy Horse from his viewpoint, and from the viewpoint of his people. Everything is there: the Grattan Massacre, the Fetterman Massacre, and the Little Big Horn. Also, there is the anger over the Sand Creek Massacre, the anger over ungrateful white friends, the anger over the unjust treatment, and the sadness of Crazy Horse's unnecessary death.

Ms. Sandoz's book is well-written, which much history is not. I would recommend it highly for the general reader and for those who want to see life while in another's moccasins. It deserves to be a classic.

While Mari Sandoz's book cannot be used by skeptical historians as a sourcebook, such is not the case with the book by the Kadleccks. Their book, much of which certainly borders on folklore, is a delightful compendium of recollections by members of the Sioux tribe of their traditions about Crazy Horse. Thus, the book can be used in further writings about the great warrior.

Additionally, the Kadleccks attempt to do what Ms. Sandoz failed to do (according to the introduction in Ms. Sandoz's book). They have located possible sites for Crazy Horse's initial and final resting places. While this solution is probably as elusive as the search for Amelia Earhart, it is well thought out.

I highly recommend *To Kill an Eagle* to those who want to develop their own ideas about Crazy Horse.

—John Hutchins, P.M.

Counting Coup and Cutting Horses: Intertribal Warfare on the Northern Plains 1738-1889 by Anthony McGinnis. Cordillera Press, Evergreen, Colo., 1990. 258 pages. Preface, bibliography, index. Paperback, \$14.95.

The goals of this work are to document intertribal fighting among Plains and adjacent Indian tribes during the period 1738-1889, and to explain motives of the conflict, as well as the influences Europeans had upon this part of native culture. A preface sets the scene when Europeans first appeared and began to document hostilities, followed by 10 chapters covering specific periods.

The book is an excellent historical review of Plains Indian military history, going into considerable detail on events and their consequences. It brings home one often-forgotten point: the extent to which native tribes moved over the Plains, changing their home ranges and freely displacing one another. McGinnis reminds us that those tribes we think of as long-established residents may, in fact, have been fairly recent arrivals. The book also does an excellent job of showing and evaluating European influences on native warfare. First, Europeans brought in

new elements such as horses and firearms, and shortly thereafter became the strong enemy against whom the Indians could not prevail.

The author repeatedly lists several causes of war, such as desire for more land, and the importance of individual battle glory in native society. Most scholars would agree, but would add other factors. First it should be remembered that the historic Plains tribes arrived with a long tradition of attacking their neighbors. Most of these tribes came from the eastern United States, where inter-village and intertribal conflicts had long been institutionalized into an integral part of native culture. Then, beginning in the late seventeenth century, eastern tribes were experiencing crowding from fledgling European populations along the Atlantic Coast. This pressure grew steadily and had a ripple effect, forcing former woodland dwellers out onto the Plains as the Ojibwa and others were in their turn pushed west into Minnesota and western Ontario. Having experienced this jostling, the Sioux and others had no hesitation about displacing the people they found already living on the Plains.

Another generally accepted factor is the emotionally freeing nature of warfare. Most tribal societies prescribed a rigid code of polite behavior from which there was relief in battle. One could do to an enemy all those things one would like to do to one's mother-in-law, and so on. This notion has also been extended to the women who did not go into battle. When captives were brought back to a village, it was usually the women who administered the torture, relieving their pent-up aggressions in the process.

Books dealing with Plains Indian history always bring up the question of whether emphasis upon warfare distorts a true assessment of the old-time life. Warfare is certainly more exciting than making arrowheads or tanning bison hides, and those Plains Indians whose personal narratives have been recorded tend to emphasize their zest for battle. Perhaps we shall never have a balanced picture of pre-Reservation Plains Indian life, with warfare set into its true perspective against other tribal activities. The danger here is that an uninformed person coming to this book and others like it could easily reach the conclusion that Plains Indians were out fighting somebody all the time.

—Richard Conn, P.M.

Abuelitos: Stories of the Rio Puerco Valley collected and edited by Nasario Garcia. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. 327 pages, photographs, map. Clothbound, \$22.50; paperback, \$12.95.

The Rio Puerco Valley northwest of Albuquerque is where Nasario Garcia grew up in the atmosphere of an extended family, and was able years later to find the people who had survived in this inhospitable land. He recorded their memories both of the real events in their lives, and of the morality stories that the earliest settlers brought from Spain. Nine of the people he interviewed had died by the time he completed his book.

It is mentioned that this book presents a true picture of the hard life these people faced, and does not try to sugar-coat reality. I would suggest that these men, women, and children did have difficult lives, but they also had a sense of family and community too often missing today. I was reminded of what a gentleman in Las Vegas, N.M., had to say about growing up on a farm far to the south of the town. He said that the only cash the family ever saw was when they sold a few steers, and the money went to pay land taxes and to purchase a few items like coffee and sugar. They grew their own food, made some of their own clothing or traded for it, and provided their own free recreation. They loved and cared for each other, and enjoyed life. I guess that this might describe the people of the Rio Puerco Valley. They just didn't need a lot of stuff to be happy.

All the stories in this book are presented both in Spanish and in English, with a glossary giving the standard Spanish word for the regional word used in the valley. There are times when the Spanish version of the story seems more descriptive than the English translation.

I have a special feeling about the lives of these people and how they made it in a hostile environment. Their stories should interest anyone who shares my attitude toward the Hispanic culture of New Mexico. The old photographs also show what was important to them by their clothing and by their activities, including first Communion for some and the sharing of liquor for others.

Nasario Garcia certainly deserves a vote of appreciation for collecting this oral history and sharing it with the reader. Too often, the way of life of a people is not recorded, and society is the loser. In this case, we won.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

JULY-AUGUST 1992

**THE SANTA FE TRAIL:
ROAD OF COMMERCE AND ADVENTURE**

by Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**BOGGSVILLE: FIRST NON-FORTIFIED PERMANENT
SETTLEMENT IN SOUTHEAST COLORADO**

by Philip L. Petersen

(Photo by the Author)

Memorial statue, "Madonna of the Trail," was erected in Council Grove, Kans., by the Daughters of the American Revolution on the site of the old Santa Fe Trail rendezvous campground. The monument honors courageous pioneer women who created their homes in face of the hardships of the American West. (DAR erected the monument in each of the 12 states through which the National Old Trails Road passes.)



About the Authors

Members of the Denver Westerners had another lucky juxtaposition of programs in recent presentations by Ray E. Jenkins and Philip L. Petersen. Jenkins, a Posse Member and former sheriff, spoke April 22 on "The Santa Fe Trail—People, Places and Events;" and on May 27, Petersen spoke on "Boggsville—First Non-Fortified Permanent Settlement" (in Colorado).

Jenkins is familiar to members as the organization's longtime Book Reviews chairman, and was sheriff in 1982.

Now retired, Ray has been a planning facilitator for the Aurora Public Schools. He was born in Oklahoma City in 1936, and for a time resided on the Osage Indian Reservation. He was reared in Oklahoma, Arkansas, and Missouri. He attended college at Louisiana Tech, and the universities of Central Arkansas, Colorado, and Missouri, where he earned a masters degree in history.

Petersen is owner/operator of Petersen Surveying, Inc., in La Junta, Colo., and is part-time administrator of the Boggsville project. He is also a member of the Colorado Board of Registration for Professional Engineers and Professional Land Surveyors.

Petersen attended Bent County High School and Otero Junior College at La Junta. He began his professional career in Westminster, Colo., where he and his wife Sue and their three daughters resided until 1971. At that time, the family moved back to La Junta.

He is a past-president of the Pioneer Historical Society of Bent County, and was founding president of the Otero Museum Association in La Junta. He is also past-director of the Mountain Branch Chapter of the Santa Fe Trail Association and has researched southeast Colorado history for the past 12 years.

For the past three years, Petersen has investigated the people and events surrounding Boggsville. He says Bent County is full of untold stories worthy of compiling.

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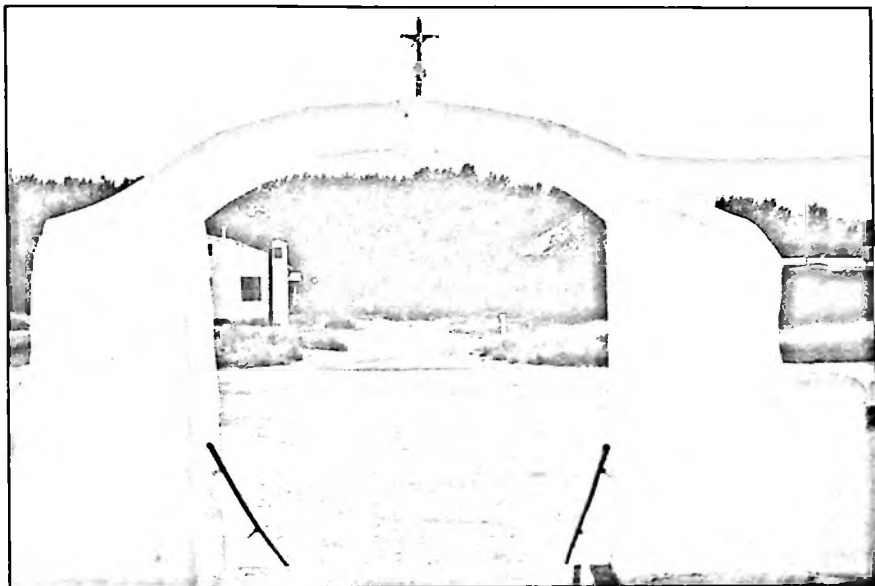
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(Photo by the Author)

Plastered arch is at the entrance to San Miguel del Vado, N.M. San Miguel was the first settlement on the Santa Fe Trail encountered upon entry to New Mexico—not Las Vegas, as commonly reported.

The Santa Fe Trail: Road of Commerce and Adventure

By

Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

(Presented April 22, 1992)

ON MAY 8, 1987, the President of the United States signed the bill that established the Santa Fe National Historic Trail to include both major branches or a total of 950 miles.

The major force behind the recognition of the importance of the trail was the Santa Fe Trail Association, established in September 1986 at the Trinidad Symposium as the Santa Fe Trail Council. While a number of individuals in the organization played major roles, the single most important person was Marc Simmons, who became the association's first president. There is a growing effort to inform the public about the historical significance of the trail, and to place informational markers along the route.

This paper seeks to introduce the reader to some of the people, places, and events associated with the history of the Santa Fe Trail. The trail was not a settlers' highway as was the Oregon Trail. It was a route for mountain men, commerce, military

expeditions, gold-seekers, health-seekers, and early-day tourists. The Santa Fe Trail came into use in 1821 and provided a road for the transportation of people and merchandise until it was completely replaced by the Santa Fe Railroad in 1880.

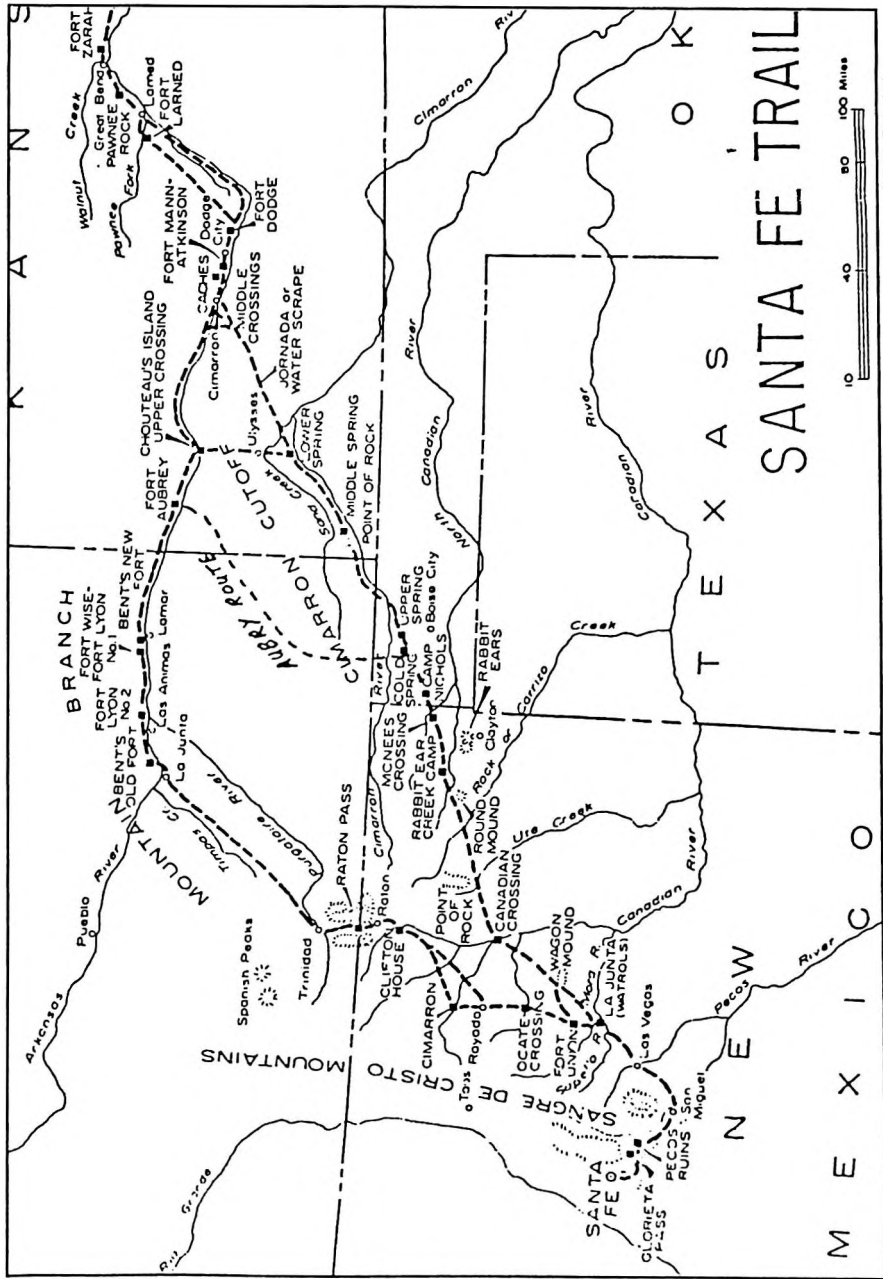
The first trip over the trail was in February 1821, when William Becknell of Franklin, Mo., who had fallen on hard times, advertised for men to join a westward expedition to trade for horses and mules, and to catch wild animals. Becknell had no plan to trade in New Mexico, as the reception given in the past to outsiders by Spanish authorities usually included being put in jail and having any trade goods confiscated. When Becknell's party ran into some soldiers from New Mexico, the men from Missouri were pleasantly surprised to be invited to Santa Fe to sell their goods. This new attitude was the result of Mexico having just won its independence and deciding to open its borders to foreign trade. Becknell and his men were back in Missouri by January 1822, with a very large profit and a message from the Mexican governor in Santa Fe saying that American traders were now welcome. William Becknell became known as the "Father of the Santa Fe Trail," but fame is often a matter of timing. His group was in Santa Fe only weeks before two other trading parties from the United States arrived there. Being first is what counts. Today, William Becknell lies buried in a grave in a field some five miles west of Clarksville, Texas, which proves that fame often does not last all that long.

On May 22, 1822, Becknell left on his second trip to Santa Fe, but this time he had made several changes, including switching from packmules to three wagons pulled by mules. He followed a new route that became known as the Cimarron Cutoff, instead of going over the Sangre de Cristos, as he had done on his first trip. The exact location of this route was not settled until the wet year of 1834, when wagons on the cutoff left ruts that all future caravans could follow. The new route was faster, but travelers faced a lack of water and increased attacks from the Indians. There was no real solution to the need for water, but to meet Indian attacks, traders formed large caravans such as one that traveled west in May 1824, with 81 men, 234 wagons, 156 horses and mules, and one piece of field artillery.

As time went on, many merchants bypassed Santa Fe and took their merchandise on down the El Camino Real to Chihuahua, where one trader made \$190,000 from an investment of \$35,000. Cloth was an important item and often made up the bulk of the goods hauled down the trail. In return for their goods, the traders received gold, silver, mules, donkeys, and specialized products of Mexico. After the United States victory in the Mexican-American War, the small traders on the Santa Fe Trail were replaced by larger freight companies such as Russell, Majors and Waddell who received their start in the Santa Fe trade.

By 1850, mail service was established along the trail, and by the 1860s, there was daily stage service. As time went by, Independence replaced Old Franklin, and it was replaced, in turn, by Westport. Later, as the railroad was built, the caravans started from Hays, Kans., in 1868; Kit Carson, Colo., in 1871; and Las Vegas, N.M., in 1879. During this period, Miguel Otero, a merchant, moved his headquarters seven times to keep his firm at the trailhead. It all came to an end when the first locomotive reached Santa Fe on Feb. 16, 1880, over a branch line from Lamy, N.M..

The primary function of the Santa Fe Trail was commerce, and there were a number of men who led caravans over the trail including James Webb, Albert Speyer and Charles and William Bent; but one of the most interesting was Francois X. Aubry who had been born in Quebec, and had come to St. Louis to make his fortune. His career on the Santa Fe Trail began in 1846 when he arranged for his trade goods to be carried in another trader's wagon to Santa Fe. Aubry made a profit of several thousand dollars on his small investment. He also began keeping a journal of his travels and writing letters to the newspapers in which he shared his adventures on the trail with their readers. In 1847, he borrowed money from associates in St. Louis and made his



(Author's Collection)

Map of portion of Santa Fe Trail details area of the Cimarron Crossing and Aubrey's route.



(Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society)

Francis or Francois X. Aubry (1824-1854), early-day Santa Fe trader and holder of speed records for the prairie crossing.

first independent trip to Santa Fe. He first made two trips in one year and then expanded to three trips a year, and along the way, made a small fortune. The slow pace of the caravan was not for him, and he would leave the wagons and ride ahead. In May 1848, on one trip from Santa Fe back to Independence, Aubry and six others rode ahead, but after 300 miles the others gave up, and he went on alone. On this ride, Aubry killed three horses and two mules by hard riding; went three days without food; was captured and robbed by Comanches; escaped and walked 40 miles to Ft. Mann for a fresh mount; and reached Independence on May 28, in eight days and ten hours.

When he arrived in Santa Fe, he usually made arrangements to wholesale his merchandise to avoid wasting time in the town, waiting around to sell his goods at retail.

In September 1848, Aubry established a new record time for horseback travel between Santa Fe and Independence that still stands. He covered the 780 miles in five days and 16 hours using a relay of horses. It is said that when he arrived in Independence on Sept. 17, it was discovered that his blood had caked him to the saddle. In 1851, he discovered a trail west of Chouteau's Island to Bear Creek and on to Cold Spring that was a major improvement moving from the mountain branch to the Cimarron Cutoff. He later trailed sheep to California and also became involved in the controversy over the location for the transcontinental railroad. He advocated the 35th Parallel which got him into an argument with Richard Weightman who favored the 32nd Parallel. The result was a saloon battle in which Weightman threw his whiskey

into Aubry's eyes. Aubry drew his five-shooter which he prematurely discharged into the ceiling, and Weightman pulled his bowie knife and stabbed Aubry who died in about 10 minutes. Francois Aubry was 30 years old.

A jury decided that Aubry was killed by Weightman in self-defense, and Weightman was set free, but the account of the fight stayed with him until his death fighting for the Confederacy at the Battle of Wilson's Creek in Missouri.

The activity of the U.S. Army on the trail began in 1829 when Maj. Bennet Riley and four companies of the 6th Infantry were ordered to provide an escort for a caravan. Having no funds to purchase horses or mules to pull the Army's wagons, Riley decided to experiment with oxen which were cheaper. They had never been used as draft animals on the Great Plains, but the experiment worked, and Charles Bent even borrowed one yoke to pull one of his wagons on to Santa Fe. The Army escort stopped on the north bank of the Arkansas River as the caravan crossed into New Mexico, but when Indians attacked the caravan a few miles south of the crossing, the troops crossed the river and fought off the attack. They stayed with the caravan for two more days of travel before returning to the north bank of the river. The troops camped near Chouteau's Island and awaited the return of the traders. During their wait, they withstood several Indian attacks and discovered that infantry was not the solution to the Indian problem.

In 1843 the problem was Texans not Indians. The government of the new nation of Texas had authorized attacks on Mexican merchants traveling the Santa Fe Trail, and the effort was led by Jacob Snively. The attackers were to split any financial gains with the Texas government, but this did not seem to be the plan envisioned by most of the attackers. (One attack was written about in *Murder on the Santa Fe Trail* by Marc Simmons.) In late February 1843, a wealthy Mexican merchant, Antonio José Chavez, left Santa Fe with a small party on a fast trip to St. Louis to purchase merchandise. His party consisted of himself and 20 men, two wagons, and 55 mules. However, 15 of the men turned back because of the harsh weather and threat of Indian attack. Chavez was forced to abandon one of his wagons and push on with only five servants. Near Pawnee Rock, Chavez sent a servant on a mule ahead to Independence for assistance. This man was captured by a party of Texans led by John McDaniel and forced to give information about the Chavez party. The Texans rode into the Chavez camp and quickly captured the Mexicans. There was a division of loot including specie, gold bullion, and furs with each man getting about \$500. At this point, more than half of the Texans said that they did not want to murder Chavez and rode out. Those who remained drew lots to see who would kill Chavez, and he was taken out of camp and killed by John McDaniel and Joseph Brown. In searching the body, the men discovered a money belt containing 39 gold doubloons, and when they searched the wagon, another \$2,000 in gold dust was discovered. The servants were searched and then released to walk back to Santa Fe from near present-day Lyons, Kans.

A posse led by William Gilpin came upon the scene of the crime and immediately began the search for the gang. The McDaniel brothers and seven others were captured and placed on trial in U.S. Circuit Court in St. Louis. The four charged only with larceny got off lightly, but David and John McDaniel and Joseph Brown were sentenced to hang. The execution was delayed by President Tyler, who pardoned David McDaniel. The other two men were then executed.

On June 29, 1843, another group of Texans was encountered by Capt. Philip St. George Cooke and six companies of the 1st Dragoons who demanded that the Texans lay down their arms. Wisely, the Texans surrendered to Cooke and disbanded, with some of the Texans heading for Missouri and the remainder back to Texas. Cooke was ordered out in the fall to make certain there would be no more attacks on Mexican merchants by Texans. His actions were appreciated by both the Mexican officials in

Santa Fe and the Mexican traders.

The major military activity on the Santa Fe Trail was in 1846 when Col. Stephen Watts Kearny led the Army of the West down the trail to conquer New Mexico, and then march on to California. (That event is worthy of an entire paper, and therefore, it will only be mentioned here.) After the War with Mexico, the Army established a number of forts on and near the Santa Fe Trail. In fact, supplies for these forts became a major part of the goods hauled over the trail. These posts included Ft. Mann, Camp McKay, Camp Nichols, Ft. Riley, Ft. Larned, Ft. Wise, Ft. Zarah, Ft. Dodge, and Ft. Union.

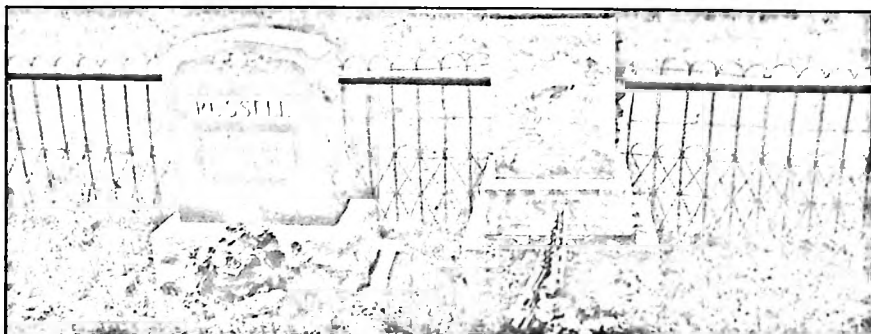
Traveling the Santa Fe Trail was often a dangerous journey especially if the party were small in number. There had been a number of Indian raids in the area around Wagon Mound including attacks on Aubry and on Jim Beckwourth, and Indians had raided within four miles of Las Vegas, N.M. Harry C. Myers in the February 1992 issue of *Wagon Tracks* tells about one of the attacks in his article, "Massacre on the Santa Fe Trail: Mr. White's Company of Unfortunates."

In June 1848, a group of traders had been attacked while crossing Manco Burro Pass east of Raton Pass, and two orphans, Mary age 4 and James age 6, had been captured by the attackers. Their father had been killed by Comanches near Pawnee Rock the year before. Several months later, the story had a happy ending when Taos merchants ransomed the children for \$160.

Another event did not end as happily the next year when James White, a successful trader, decided to take his wife and daughter with him to Santa Fe. They were traveling with Francois Aubry's caravan, and Aubry's wagonmaster, William Calloway, decided to go ahead of the caravan to acquire some fresh mules. Probably as a result of the harsh weather, White decided to join Calloway to get his family to Santa Fe and out of the cold. Around Oct. 24, Jicarilla Apaches attacked and killed all of the men in the group near Point of Rocks in Colfax County, N.M. The body of Mrs. White's black female servant was discovered a short distance from the bodies of the men, some days later.

A force of 90 men from Taos was organized to attempt to rescue Mrs. White and her daughter, and this group was soon joined by Kit Carson. On Nov. 9 the camp of the Apaches was discovered, and the tracking began. On Nov. 17 an attack was made on the Indians, and when the Apaches fled, the body of Mrs. White was found with an arrow in her back. She had received "brutal and horrible treatment [and] her death should never be regretted by her friends." This was the statement made by one of the men in the rescue party. The Whites' daughter Virginia was never found. There are a number of inaccurate accounts of this event including one by Uncle Dick Wootton, who claimed to have been in the rescue party and that the White family had been traveling in a stage coach.

There are two most interesting accounts of travel on the Santa Fe Trail, both written by women. Susan Magoffin kept a travel diary, recording her trip to Santa Fe and on to Chihuahua before sailing from Matamoras back to the United States. Until recently, she was considered to be the first white woman to travel from the United States to Santa Fe over the Santa Fe Trail. Now, however, there is evidence that another woman preceded her and operated a hotel for a time in Santa Fe. Susan was 18 years old and had been the bride of Samuel Magoffin for all of eight months when she left Independence on June 11, 1846. Samuel and his brother James were successful traders, and Susan traveled in style with a small tent, a carriage, a maid, a driver and two servant boys. She was traveling the trail at the same time as the Army of the West under Colonel Kearny, and her brother-in-law was involved in the negotiations with New Mexico's Governor Manuel Armijo, resulting in the bloodless conquest of Santa Fe. Because of an accident while crossing Ash Creek in Kansas, Susan suffered a miscarriage and was forced to spend several days at Bent's Fort. She has provided

*(Photo by the Author)*

Headstone on the left marks the final resting place of Marian (or Marion) Russell in family plot in Stonewall, Colo., cemetery.

historians with an excellent description of the fort and the people who were there at the time. Before she sailed from Mexico, she suffered a bout of yellow fever, and the overall effect of the journey on her health was a factor in her death in 1855.

The second account of travel over the Santa Fe Trail is my favorite. It is the story of Marian Sloan Russell as she related it to her daughter-in-law in the 1930s. Her father was an Army surgeon who was killed at the Battle of Monterey during the Mexican War, and her stepfather was killed by Indians while on a scouting expedition. The result of all this was a desire on the part of her mother to join relatives in California. Having very little money, Mrs. Sloan, Marian's mother, worked out an arrangement with three young Army officers on their way to Ft. Union. She would cook for them and they would pay the cost of transportation and food for her and her two young children. The caravan was under the command of Francois Aubry and took two months to reach Ft. Union. Aubry was taking 200 horses to Ft. Union, but when they were stolen by Indians at Pawnee Rock, the entire caravan was held up until a group of men could return to Missouri and obtain replacements.

Marian Sloan Russell's descriptions of the prairie grass and flowers, the fierce thunderstorms, and the herds of buffalo are great to read today. The charm of the trail as she described it makes it possible to understand why a number of men and several women—including Marian's mother—made the journey several times. Marian also tells about the problems faced by the travelers including a real shortage of water at times.

The little family went on to Albuquerque where Mrs. Sloan rented a house and took in boarders. The family came to love New Mexico and its people, but in August 1856 they left for Ft. Leavenworth with a small caravan of only 20 wagons. There was a scare from some Apaches, and at Pawnee Rock, Marian's brother Will found two trappers dead in their cabin, their bodies still warm. The caravan was forced to stay at Diamond Springs, and after a time, Mrs. Sloan and Marian walked on to Council Grove some 16 miles away. The family lived in Leavenworth for four years; then in 1860 returned to live in Santa Fe for one year before heading to Kansas City in 1861. There Will joined the Union Army and the family did not see him again for some 50 years as his career after the Civil War took him to numerous places.

In 1862, Marian made her last trip in a caravan over the Santa Fe Trail, but her mother would make several more as the lure of the trail drew her back.

Marian met Lt. Richard Russell at Ft. Union in 1864, and six months after they met, they were married there. Marian went with her new husband when he was sta-

tioned at Camp Nichols under the command of Kit Carson, and after he resigned from the Army, they lived in Tecolote, N.M., and ran a trading post along the Santa Fe Trail. In 1871, the Russells moved to the Stonewall Valley Ranch west of Trinidad in Colorado. Richard was killed during the fighting over the Maxwell Land Grant in 1888.

At age 89 in 1934, Marian visited many of the places along the trail that had a place in her memories, including Ft. Union where she had been married; Camp Nichols where only a dent in the grass indicated the dugout where she and her new husband had lived; and Santa Fe, where the gateway arch was long gone. Marian died on Dec. 25, 1936, the result of injuries suffered in an auto accident.

The Santa Fe Trail was important for many reasons, and Marc Simmons lists three in *Along the Santa Fe Trail*: the trail helped shape the conception of Americans about the far side of the continent; it was an appropriate place for adventurous and enterprising men; and it helped dispel the idea of the Great American Desert and demonstrated the ease with which the United States might conquer the Southwest.

These are certainly important reasons, but I go more for the special feeling that surrounds the trail, and Marian Russell said it best.

"There have been many things in my life that I have striven to forget, but not those journeys over the Santa Fe Trail." She will always be Kit Carson's "Little Maid Marian."

At the first trail symposium in Trinidad in 1986, Marc Simmons in his keynote address stated that "the Santa Fe Trail lives on!" I would have to echo his statement as I have traveled the trail from Old Franklin to Santa Fe over both the Mountain and Cimarron branches, and I plan to head out over the trail a few more times because it has a special place in my heart.

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Boggsville: First Non-Fortified Permanent Settlement in Southeast Colorado

By
Philip L. Petersen
(Presented May 27, 1992)

Most people blamed it on Stephen H. Long; this naming of the land from present central Kansas to the Rocky Mountains as "The Great American Desert." Or perhaps it was always known by any visitor to this area that it was a worthless and inhospitable land.

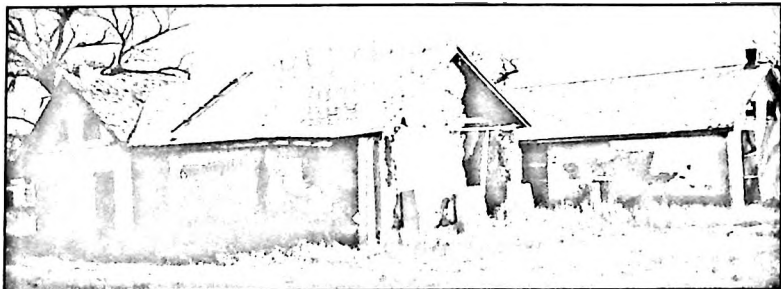
When Zebulon M. Pike ventured into the area of the Purgatoire Valley near its confluence with the Arkansas River on Nov. 15, 1806—within mere minutes of viewing the peak which now carries his name—he may have thought the same as Long. Pike was certainly not the first explorer here, as the Spanish had control of all the land south of the Arkansas River since earlier times. Pike, in his hurried trip, did not see the country here for what it really was or could be. The awe of the Rocky Mountains diverted his attention, as it still does to the traveler today. This story is not about Pike or those people who chose to slip by. This story is about a few people who knew this part of the country and began early settlement—not because it was easy, but because they had developed a real understanding of the country and its potential.

THOMAS O. BOGGS BEGAN his life on the western frontier of Missouri, on the Neosho River among the Osage Indians on Aug. 21, 1824. The oldest of the children from the second marriage of Lilburn Wycliff Boggs, Thomas Oliver enjoyed some family notoriety long before he, himself, became known on the Western frontier. Lilburn, born in December 1785 in Lexington, Ky., had served in the War of 1812 under Governor Shelby before removing himself to St. Louis in 1815 or 1816. His first marriage, to Juliannah Bent in 1817, would reveal an early connection between the



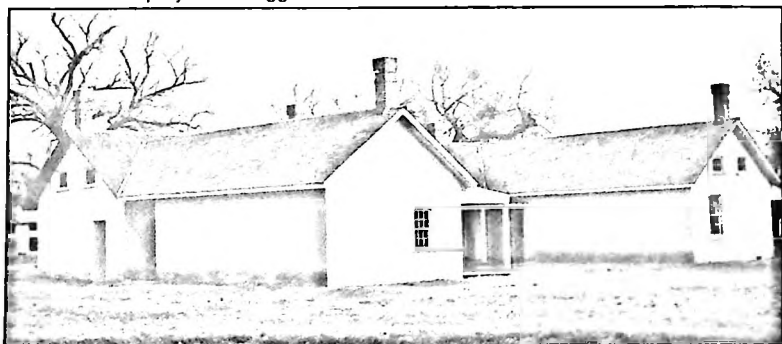
(Courtesy Missouri Historical Society)

Photo by Alexander Gardner is No. 47 from *Across the Continent on the Kansas Pacific Railroad (Route of the 35th Parallel)*, showing the "Boggs Rancho on the Purgatory in Southern Colorado, 530 miles from the Missouri River." Cattle, a haystack, and two carretas of hay are at the left of the several ranch buildings.



(Photos by the Author)

Picture above shows the Boggs House as it appeared in February 1987. In the last picture below, the main house has been rebuilt in the ongoing restoration project at Boggsville.



Bent and Boggs family. Juliannah was the eldest daughter of Judge Silas Bent and sister to Charles and William Bent of later Bent, St. Vrain & Co. fame. From this marriage came two sons. Juliannah died in September 1820 when the two sons were very young.

Lilburn married a second time to Panthea Grant Boone on July 29, 1823. She was the granddaughter of Daniel Boone of Kentucky. To them was born Tom and later six brothers and three sisters. The world of Indian life and trading exposed itself to young Tom practically from the beginning. Tom spent much of his youth with his uncle, Albert G. Boone, near Independence, Mo. At this early age, he saw many a trade caravan outfitted for the Santa Fe Trail. His father went on to become governor of Missouri, but Tom set his sights on the West.

At about age 17, Tom joined one of [James W.] Magoffin's wagon trains headed for Santa Fe. On the way, he met someone he knew and left the train and headed to Bent's Fort. He got a job with Bent and St. Vrain trading with the Indians. He worked as a trader, teamster, and stock foreman for the Bents until about 1850. While at Bent's Fort, he became friends with Kit Carson. He and Carson shared many adventures together, yet we find little mention of Boggs by writers about Carson. While working stock for the Bents, Tom had an opportunity to learn about the harshness of the region between Taos and Bent's Fort. He learned to understand the forbidding country and how to make use of it for his own benefit. He worked with John Hatcher in establishing a farm east of present Trinidad, Colo., and on Ponil Creek in

New Mexico, and learned that irrigation would change this desolate land.

Tom became a first-rate plainsman. In 1846 in Taos, he married the stepdaughter of Charles Bent, Rumalda Luna. Rumalda was also the niece of Kit Carson's wife, Josefa. Rumalda was with Charles Bent when the Taos uprising took his life in January 1847. During this siege, Tom was running dispatches for the Army which was engaged in the War With Mexico.

After the war, Tom and his family went to California for a few years. His father and other members of the family had moved to the Sonoma Valley in 1846. Tom also spent time working with Lucien Maxwell and was considered by Maxwell as one of the best stockmen he knew. Tom had by now gained much experience living on the plains and dealing with the Indians of the region. He always dealt with them fairly. It soon became apparent that Tom should search for a place to settle down—a place he could call home.

Tom was encouraged by his old friend William Bent to move to a site near Bent's Ranch in about 1862. The ranch and stockade had been occupied by William Bent since about 1858. He had retired from trading at Bent's New Fort at Big Timbers and was settling at the mouth of the Purgatoire. Ceran St. Vrain and Cordillo Vigil had obtained a large grant of land known as the Las Animas Grant, comprising more than 4 million acres, from the governor of Mexico in 1843. Although Vigil was an uncle to Rumalda Boggs, it was St. Vrain who offered Boggs a part of the grant on which to settle. It would be years before Boggs could perfect title, but claiming more than 2,000 acres of the grant is exactly what Boggs did.

When Boggs came to the Purgatoire River to settle, he brought others with him. L.A. Allen and Charles Ritc and family joined Boggs. Both of these men had been involved with Boggs in Taos and had been in the mercantile business. Ritc was also Boggs' brother-in-law. The men first built log huts and cabins, or *jacals*. Perhaps they first occupied older buildings previously used as stock line camps from the period Boggs was stock foreman for Bent. They were built close to a sharp bend in the Purgatoire on relatively low land.

After settling in they began at once to build a ditch to divert water from five miles upstream. By 1868, more than 1,000 acres was under irrigation.

The settlers had no real trouble with the Indians, and built no fortifications. However, in September 1868, there was a raid on Boggsville. Part of the land Boggs was occupying had been set aside in 1861 as an Indian Reservation by the United States. It is evident that the United States was not recognizing the Las Animas Land Grant, including Boggs' tract.

Boggs and his friends were doing well, raising mostly sheep, cattle, and feed crops. By 1866 it was also evident that the Purgatoire River would soon take away the banks which held the first settlement of cabins. Boggs built a large, adobe New Mexican style house upon higher ground to the west of the original settlement. He added rooms to the house in about 1868.

In the spring of 1867, the Ft. Lyon (formerly Ft. Wise) Military Reservation was moved, and a new facility was built on the north side of the Arkansas River, about four miles from Boggs' Ranch. The ranch was now called Boggsville.

The Army's move brought more prosperity and people to the Boggsville area. An old friend and trader soon arrived from his ranch near Old Ft. Lyon. John W. Prowers had worked in the vicinity since about 1856, first taking a position with the Indian agent at Bent's New Fort. Prowers had been sutler at Old Ft. Lyon and by 1863 was becoming well established in the cattle business. In 1861 he married Amache Och-Kenee who was the daughter of a sub-chief of the Southern Cheyenne. The chief was called One-Eye by the white people, and was killed at the Sand Creek Massacre in November 1864.

Prowers built a large two-story adobe house near Boggs in 1867 and moved there, though he controlled many interests elsewhere. During the time Prowers occupied the house, it was used as the first courthouse for Bent County in 1870. It served as a school until the first public school could be built at Boggsville in 1871. Either it was a general store, or Prowers may have had another store building nearby.

Prowers left Boggsville and moved to West Las Animas in early 1874 where he continued forwarding freight from the end of the railroad on the Santa Fe Trail.

The early story of Boggsville would not be complete without the mention of one of the most famous personages of the West. In the late fall of 1867, Kit Carson moved to Boggsville. He was not new to the site, for he had claimed other lands in the vicinity and also kept cattle near Boggs. He moved to a house belonging to Boggs in order to be near Ft. Lyon. The doctor at Ft. Lyon could care for Carson's failing health while he was among friends and relatives. His wife Josefa was expecting their seventh child. On April 13, 1868, she gave birth to a daughter, Josefita, but Carson's wife never recovered. She died on April 27. Kit was becoming more ill daily and was soon moved to the doctor's house at Ft. Lyon. He died on May 23, 1868. Carson and his wife were buried at Boggsville, and were later moved to Taos. Boggs took six of the seven Carson children into his home and reared them until they went off to school or elsewhere.

Boggsville served as a center of trade, culture, education, and protection in a hostile land until other towns began to develop. It served its purpose well, but progress elsewhere turned Boggsville into just another ranch operation by the mid-1870s. Boggs left in 1877, but held on to the land until 1882.

By the early 1950s, Boggsville was in poor shape. Since then, the Pioneer Historical Society of Bent County has tried to acquire the site to protect it. By December 1985, that dream finally came true. Through a generous gift, 110 acres including the historic site became theirs. But decay had taken its toll. The Boggs house was mostly all there, but in very poor shape. Only one-third of the huge Prowers house remained and it was in worse shape than the Boggs structure. All the other early buildings—more than 20—that once graced Boggsville are now gone.

The society formed the Boggsville Revitalization Committee to oversee preservation of this important historic site. A long-range plan to preserve and rebuild important elements of the site was prepared.

After much effort by the all-volunteer committee, some money was raised, and restoration of the Boggs house began. By early spring of 1991, the structural components of the Boggs House exterior was complete except for final finishes. The process by which this was accomplished, while maintaining the historical integrity, would make a story unto itself. To say the least, it was a fascinating project for the committee. As this was going on, the site was prepared to accommodate tourists, and an interpretative walking trail was built. Signs were erected which explain part of the Boggsville story and the visitor gets a good feel for the beauty of this land.

The site was listed on the National Register of Historic Places, and is the first site in Colorado certified under the National Santa Fe Trail System by the National Park Service. When preservation is completed, Boggsville will be a participatory site where visitors can experience the life of common people of the 1860s and 1870s. The story of the prominent characters and of everyday people at Boggsville will be told.

Work continues, although funds remain scarce. The committee had protected the Prowers House and is presently conducting archaeological investigations to relocate the missing two-thirds of the structure. Other activities also continue. The interest to preserve that which cannot reoccur is the reason to continue. Proving that Stephen Long and others were mistaken is also a reason to continue. Perhaps you should come and see for yourself.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Reviews published in *The Roundup* are largely related to books submitted by publishers to the Denver Westerners. However, all members are urged to review any books related to Western history which they would like to recommend—current or otherwise. In this way, *Roundup* readers may learn about works relating to their areas of particular interest which might otherwise escape their notice. It is hoped this section will be a widening source of information on all aspects of the history of the West. —*The Editor*

The Parks and Mountains of Colorado. A Summer Vacation in the Switzerland of America by Samuel Bowles. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman and London; 1992. 248 pages, chapter notes, and index. Clothbound, \$22.95.

Originally published in 1869, this reprint details a four-week visit to Colorado Territory by the author, Vice President Schuyler Colfax, Lt. Gov. William Bross of Illinois, and a party of nine others. They left their Pullman coach in Cheyenne for a 20-hour stagecoach ride to Denver, arriving on Saturday, Aug. 6.

Samuel Bowles was the editor of *The Springfield Republican* at the time. He wrote in the genre of his era, using many commas, colons and semi-colons. His descriptions of Denver and of the several small towns visited will be of interest to modern students of history.

At various times they were joined by Gov. A.C. Hunt, John Evans, W.N. Byers, Commodore Stephen Decatur, Charley Utter and John Wesley Powell. They camped out for the greater part of their sojourn. Among other places, they visited Idaho Springs, Fall River, Georgetown, Empire, Black Hawk, and Central City. Bowles observed that Denver's Methodists had the most beautiful church and wore the best clothes. He opined that Black Hawk and Central City "may be good places to get gold, but there can be no genuine homes there, as the valley is a mere ravine."

Leaving the ladies in Denver, the men crossed Berthoud Pass to spend three days in Middle Park. While there Bowles said that the mineral springs "provided one with a hot sitz bath and a douche together." They departed over Boulder (Rollins) Pass on Aug. 17. Bowles described a blizzard on the summit at 13,000 feet (actual altitude, 11,600).

With Governor Hunt and the ladies, they entered South Park. There were occasional

Indian scares but nothing serious. While there they observed the towns of Tarryall, Hamilton, Fairplay, and Montgomery before crossing over to Oro City and Breckenridge. Upon climbing Mt. Lincoln, Bowles claimed to see Denver, "glistening in the golden sunshine in the distance." (Denver is not visible from Mt. Lincoln.)

Editor Bowles resurrects the much-repeated story of Schuyler Colfax's proposal of marriage to Ellen (Nellie) Wade atop Mt. Lincoln. Allegedly, Colfax and Bowles ascended Lincoln from Montgomery—the most difficult approach possible.

Despite this reviewer's nit-picking, this is a grand little book. The voluminous chapter notes by Editor James Pickering are worthy of note. I really enjoyed this book, and no doubt will read it again.

—Robert L. Brown, P.M.

The Lincoln County War by Frederick Nolan. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1992. 624 pages, 86 illustrations, 3 maps, biographies, chronology, notes, bibliography, index. Clothbound, \$49.95.

If you have ever had any questions about the Lincoln County War that took place in southern New Mexico and produced that historic figure, Billy the Kid, then this book should provide the answers to your questions. The author spent 30 years researching and four years writing, and while he makes the statement that "I would not be so foolish as to suggest it is the last word on the subject," I would suggest that there are not many words about this great American conflict hanging around to add. Nolan suggests one area of possible research might be the Hispanic view of the conflict, but I doubt that any researcher could find much information on that topic.

Nolan sees this conflict in southern New Mexico as an extension of American business practices in which the only things that

counted were power and money and that McSween, Tunstall, Murphy and Dolan were just following the examples of Jay Gould and other "Robber Barons." The author believes that this type of conflict where one group tries to muscle in on another, resulting in violence and death, is a familiar aspect of U.S. history.

In the Lincoln County conflict there were no heroes, and the winners discovered that what they had won really was not the riches envisioned. Nolan suggests that the real heroes were the ordinary people of Lincoln County who hung on through it all and continued to work the land and rear their children. I do not know whether they were heroes or just did not have the money to move elsewhere.

The most important characters in this book were Tunstall and McSween with Billy the Kid playing a minor role. All three of these men died from gunfire, and it could be stated that they were all murdered. Some of the most interesting reading in the book is the letters of John Tunstall to his family, especially those to his father. Reading them along with Nolan's comments gives a most interesting profile of this Englishman who was searching for his fortune in the West. Also of interest are letters written by Alexander McSween and Robert Widenmann to Tunstall's father, after his son was murdered.

This is certainly a well-researched book which will serve as a reference when questions arise regarding this period of New Mexico history. Events in Lincoln County had an impact in both Santa Fe and Washington, D.C., and involved a number of politicians including the Santa Fe Ring and Thomas B. Catron and several government bureaucrats. There are biographies of everyone involved in this conflict in Appendix 1, and Appendix 2 is a complete chronology from 1816 when Henry Beckwith was born in Ashland, Ala., to July 14, 1881, when Sheriff Pat Garrett killed Billy the Kid at Ft. Sumner.

Another major plus is the photographs of people and places, many not previously published.

Leon Metz has commented that "Frederick Nolan has located statements from everybody short of God, and he relates the Lincoln County War and Billy the Kid's gritty drama as it has never been detailed before." But the role of Billy the Kid in the entire drama is a very minor role. It is likely that if Billy had

not been on the scene in New Mexico he would have never been missed.

As Nolan states in the conclusion, "The Lincoln County War established nothing and proved nothing. It did not end so much as sputter out in a gradual, almost reluctant disengagement. Nobody won, everybody lost: Tunstall and McSween their lives and property; Murphy and Dolan their business; half a hundred others their livelihood." But it certainly makes for interesting reading.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

The Travels of Jedediah Smith: A Documentary Outline, Including His Journal by Maurice S. Sullivan. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1992. 210 pages, illustrations, endnotes. Paperback, \$9.95.

When this book was first published in 1934, the student of Western exploration was very much aware of Lewis and Clark, Fremont, and Kit Carson, but very little was known about Jedediah Smith. More would have been known except for the fact that the journals that Smith had kept during his eight years in the West had been destroyed in several fires around the nation. The author decided to track down as many descendants of Jedediah Smith's brothers and sisters as could be found, and after traveling throughout the nation, Sullivan was able to discover a verbatim copy of a portion of the notes dealing with Smith's entry into the fur trade, and his journey to California including problems he encountered with different Indian tribes.

Also included in Sullivan's book is the diary of Alexander McLeod, who led a Hudson's Bay Company expedition to recover the property of Jedediah Smith and his men, taken after an attack by Indians on the Umpqua River in Oregon.

Smith's last trip west on the Santa Fe Trail resulted in his death. He was killed by Comanche Indians while he was searching for water along the Cimarron Cutoff. His relatives were able to purchase his personal possessions from Comancheros who traded with the Indians. A couple of letters from Smith's relatives described the event.

About 10 years ago, a series of films was made for television entitled "Ten Who Dared." One of the 10 was Jedediah Smith. It is evident that the script for the film was taken from Sullivan's book,

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1992

A MILE-HIGH HAUNTING

by Robert Lane, P.M.



(Photo by Robert Lane)

Keating house, 1207 Pennsylvania St., became haunted after its conversion to the Buena Vista Hotel.

About the Author

Robert Lane, a Posse member of the Denver Westerners since July 1989, presented his paper, "A Mile-High Haunting," before the organization Oct. 23, 1991, appropriately just before Halloween. It was his second paper presented to the group, the first being given in September 1990, on the "Clendenin/Muddy Creek Massacre of July 15, 1763."

Bob is best known to members as keeper of the Possibles Bag, a function he discharges at the monthly meetings. A native of Denver, he served in the Navy in the South Pacific, 1972-76. His historical projects include a transcription of the records of the Sees and Sailor families of Virginia, in a display by the Historical Society of Virginia.

He is a member of the 4-Wheel Jeep Club, and is a past-president of that group. He worked with the South Park Historical Society's Adopt-A-Trail program, and on the Needles Eye Tunnel project.

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(Photo by the Author)

Haunted Croke-Patterson-Campbell mansion is at 1075 Pennsylvania St. in Denver.

A Mile-High Haunting

By

Robert Lane, P.M.
(Presented Oct. 23, 1991)

WHAT ARE GHOSTS? Are they images from the deepest corner of our mind, or is there really something to these manifestations? Ghosts are the supposed disembodied spirit of not only a dead person, but of our beloved pets and just about any other creature wanting to be seen.

Hollywood brings us such blockbuster movies as "Ghostbusters" or "Poltergeist." Or, going back to 1937, the classic "Topper."

Author Steven King has certainly mastered the art of making the hair on our neck rise with his ghostly novels.

Washington Irving's classic story, "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," scared poor Ichabod Crane with a headless horseman chasing him through a covered bridge. "A Christmas Carol" by Charles Dickens tells the story of a miser changing his attitude about Christmas after a long night with spirits.

Paranormal occurrences have been recorded throughout history. Every culture and nation has its ghosts or spirits in one form or another. Ghosts are a controversial form of psychic manifestations and are met with great skepticism except by those who have experienced them.

Like clouds, spirits have no boundaries. They move at free will and stay as long as they wish. Ghosts have been seen worldwide in cemeteries, castles, mansions, mining camps, farms, and even outhouses!

The West is full of folklore and spirits. Native American Indians have several spirits to help them through life and beyond.

Miners have a spirit called a Tommyknocker, a benevolent ghost. Years ago they were associated with the Cornish miners. The Cornishmen brought their folk tales to the West. Tommyknockers are fellow miners who have met an untimely death. Their appearance was a warning to miners of imminent danger.

Most spirits are associated with old buildings or spooky, dusty mansions. Hotels and theaters also have unpaying guests floating about, causing mischief from time to time.

The word "poltergeist" comes from German, meaning "to make noise or rumble." The word first appeared in American usage in approximately 1848 in a book by Mrs. Crowe, *The Night Side of Nature*. In an 1852 article, the *Boston Pilot* had this to say about poltergeists:

The Germans have long been familiar with a mischievous devil called the "Poltergeist" whose delight it appears to be to enter houses and turn everything upside down, doing more mischief in an hour than a thousand monkeys would do in a day. It is not well to listen to these things, but really some respectable witnesses have testified that this same monkey-ghost has troubled several families in England and America within the last few years.

Simply stated, a poltergeist is a racketing spirit. In most instances these invisible spirits manifest themselves by throwing things about, banging pots and pans, flickering lights off and on. Opening doors previously closed and locked is not uncommon. These ghosts are more or less high-spirited pranksters.

Closer to home, Denver's famous Capitol Hill is well known for its haunted mansions. Most are concentrated along Pennsylvania Street between East Colfax Avenue and East Eighth Avenue.

Starting with one of Capitol Hill's more stately buildings, the Colorado State Capitol is believed to be haunted. Not by countless bills killed on the floor, but by three ghosts. In 1914 the Colorado National Guard was sent out to skirmish with forces of the notorious Espinosa Gang. Three members of the gang were killed and beheaded near Ft. Garland. Their heads were brought to Denver for identification by Tom Tobin, a frontiersman and Indian fighter, to collect a reward. The heads were given to the Colorado State Museum, but the museum had no need for them and they were stashed in a tunnel storage area under the capitol. It has been said that the heads can be seen floating around the halls late at night. This story can not be verified by any documents.

The Denver Post has a different story about Tom Tobin. March 31, 1919, it is said Tobin cut off the head of one of the Espinosas in order to secure the \$1,500 reward

offered by the state and friends of the victims. The head was taken to Ft. Garland, then afterward to Pueblo and now occupies a place in a ghoulish collection of noted skulls of murderers.

Two blocks south of the capitol is a famous tourist attraction, the Molly Brown House, 1340 Pennsylvania St. This house has two famous ghosts.

Purchased by James J. Brown in 1894, the mansion was designed in the Queen Anne Revival style by William Lang, Denver's best-known residential architect of the time. Some say the house is haunted.

Staff and some visitors from time to time have smelled the aroma from a cigar, believed to come from a favorite cigar Mr. Brown loved to smoke. The smell comes from the basement, yet no one is allowed to smoke in the house.

At other times Molly, herself, has been seen in a white dress wandering the upper floors. (If she is looking for her husband someone should tell her to go to the basement.) The two spirits must be at peace, knowing their house is well-protected and maintained with loving care.

Another haunted mansion in the area is the Keating House at 1207 Pennsylvania St. This house is probably the least-haunted of all the mansions along Pennsylvania. The house was built in the Romanesque Revival style. The mansion was completed in 1892 and purchased by Jeffrey and Mary Keating. Keating was a land speculator and lumber-mill operator. Keating spent \$8,000 to build the house, but paid \$19,000 for the land. The Keatings lived in the mansion until 1899, when they had to move to more humble accommodations. The 1893 silver panic led to Keating's economic downfall.

In 1920 the mansion was converted into the Buena Vista Hotel, and shortly thereafter, spirits began to appear. Later on, several seances were held in the basement to contact the spirits in the house. In 1979 the house was purchased by Peter Konrad and his partners. Today the house is occupied by attorneys, accountants and people-oriented businesses. Things seem to be quiet, now that the mansion is a Denver landmark.

The Dunning House at 1200 Pennsylvania St. is reputed to be haunted. The Tudor-style dwelling of rustic Castle Rock lava stone with parapets was designed by architects Lang and Pugh.

Walter Dunning and his wife Jennie had the mansion designed in the style of his native England. The Dunnings occupied the mansion until 1889 when they sold it to Mitchell Benedict. Nothing of spectral interest occurred during the time the Dunnings lived in the house, or when Benedict resided there. In the 1930s, the place was purchased by Agnes Westcott, a liberated divorcee who used and discarded lovers frequently. Rumors—unsubstantiated, but persistent—claimed Agnes turned the mansion into a brothel. When repairs were needed, fees were presumed to be paid by bartering.

The house was quiet for 75 years. In 1964, Leland Rudofsky purchased the mansion and moved his realty company into the basement. The upper floors were occupied by residential tenants. Then things began to happen. Some of the tenants complained of personal property being moved about from time to time by unseen, presumably friendly spirits. Today the ghost of the mansion is thought to be a male, appearing only around other men.

One of the most noted hauntings of all the buildings on Pennsylvania occurred in the castle-like mansion at 1075—also listed as 428 E. 11th Ave.—the Croke-Patterson-Campbell Mansion. This house is most noted for its tortured spirits. Built in 1891 by architect Edgar Hodgson, the structure was modeled on a chateau in the Loire Valley, France. The mansion comprises 8,000 square feet, and was designed for Thomas B. Croke, a Denver businessman.

At the turn of the century, Croke sold the mansion to Thomas Patterson, a lawyer,

U.S. senator, and publisher of the *Rocky Mountain News*. There were no ghosts apparent at the time of the sale. Patterson was a workaholic, and it is presumed he worked himself to death, succumbing to apoplexy. Patterson willed the mansion to his daughter and son-in-law, Richard Campbell. During the years the Campbells occupied the mansion, nothing unusual occurred.

Spectral events began to occur after the mansion was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sudan. A pioneer physician, Sudan's work frequently took him away from his wife and 2-year-old daughter. The child died mysteriously, and Sudan's wife, consumed by the loss of her dear child and her loneliness, committed suicide by taking cyanide.

It was reported that Patterson's ghost stalks the halls at night. In 1973, real estate investor Mary Rae purchased the mansion from A.C. Sudan, Jr. Ms Rae turned the structure into seven apartments. Soon after the apartments were occupied, the tenants told Ms Rae that the building was haunted. They spoke of hearing a baby crying late at night. This was quite strange because none of the tenants had a baby. Could these ghostly cries have come from the Sudan child?

Late one night, Mary Rae received a hysterical call from one of her tenants, begging her to come over immediately. When she arrived, the young couple's apartment had been ransacked. It could not have been by vandals, because the couple was home at the time. Everything was turned upside down, and the brass fireplace was ripped away from the wall. Mary Rae and her tenants believed the incident was the work of a very upset poltergeist. The couple vacated the apartment with haste that night, never to return.

After that incident, Ms Rae immediately put the mansion on the market. After some time the house was sold to Richard Stubbs, who, in turn, sold it to Trenton Parker. Parker became wrapped up with the mansion and its hauntings. During this time, he left a guard dog in the house to protect against unwanted intruders. Soon thereafter, the dog was found dead on the grass after jumping out of a third-story window. The death of the dog was not a one-time incident. Two more guard dogs also jumped to their deaths from a third-story window. Some psychics, as well as those without psychic powers, who have ventured to the basement have felt a cold spot that could not be explained.

After the deaths of the dogs, parapsychologists were asked to contact the spirits, in hope of understanding their presence. During a seance in the grand foyer, contact was established with a number of spirits. Two of the spirits were a young nursemaid and a young man who had lived there earlier. The ghosts directed the parapsychologists to the basement, where a young girl was believed to be entombed beneath the floor. Upon further investigation, the basement floor was found to be undisturbed. However, investigators found a hidden secret room that had been bricked up sometime earlier, for unknown reasons. Today the mansion is vacant.

Other hauntings have been reported along Pennsylvania Street, in the majestic Grant-Humphreys Mansion at 770 Pennsylvania. The mansion is designed in the Beaux-Arts Classical style of Colonial Revival and Italian Renaissance, by architects Boal and Harnois for James B. Grant, third governor of Colorado. Later the mansion was purchased by Col. Albert E. Humphreys, an oil magnate, in 1917.

The stately house was free of spirits while the Humphreys lived there and entertained guests. One evening in May 1927, Albert "accidentally" shot himself in the head while cleaning one of his firearms, in one of the rooms on the third floor. This untimely departure of the colonel seems to have left him stalking the mansion from time to time. Albert is a playful spirit. He has been known to move office equipment around, and on one occasion he spooked a wedding party preparing for the spirited event.

Spokeswoman Jean Settles said two young women were changing into their dresses



(Photo by the Author)

The Grant-Humphreys mansion at 770 Pennsylvania St. was designed and built for James B. Grant, Colorado's third governor.

in one of the upstairs bedrooms when Albert suddenly appeared before them, then disappeared just as quickly. The two ladies came screaming down the staircase, shouting, "There's a ghost upstairs in the bedroom." The wedding went on, but with a shaky bride and her attendants.

Another story comes from a housekeeper. Late one night when she was cleaning up the ballroom in the basement after a party, a ghostly orchestra suddenly appeared, playing before a well-dressed crowd of dancers.

Not all of Denver's haunted mansions are on Pennsylvania Street. One haunted house, the Reynolds Cottage, is at 1209 Logan St. This beautiful place has all the makings for a Hollywood movie. In 1896, James B. Reynolds and his wife Madge bought the property to entertain Denver's powerful elite in the fashion of the Million Dollar Row on Pennsylvania Street.

Reynolds was the manager of the lubricating oil department of the continental Oil Co. Madge was involved in the life of high society. During a four-year period, she crusaded to free Antone Woode, an 11-year-old boy, from the State Penitentiary, where he was serving a 25-year sentence for killing a man. It is unclear why Madge fought so hard for

this boy. She had exhausted all avenues until she enlisted the aid of Fred Bonfils. In 1905, Woode was paroled and over the next three years Madge had a strong attraction for Bonfils. One early morning in February 1908, Madge and Fred had been out horseback riding. That afternoon Madge unexpectedly committed suicide at home. This tragic affair ended so suddenly that it is believed that it is Madge's spirit that lurks on the back staircase in a long, white dress. The house is now a dress shop.

The Peabody Mansion at 1128 Grant St. was built in 1889 for William Whitehead, a Denver physician, at a cost of \$15,000. Soon thereafter, James H. Peabody, a former Colorado governor, purchased the mansion and resided there until 1905. There are no reports of any haunting until the house became a site of a number of restaurants and nightclubs, such as the Bombay Club, Señor Peabody's, Albies, and—appropriately—Spirits on Grant.

It is unclear when ghosts started appearing in the house. Michael Vernon, owner of the Bombay Club, told about knives flying off counters, and pots and pans crashing to the floor. In 1982, doors began to slam shut for no apparent reason. One chandelier would glow on and off, and yet an electrician could find no wires connected to it.

One evening, a young lady returned to her seat after visiting the restroom. Shaking and pale, she reported the frightening sight of seeing a man hanging from the ceiling. When the manager investigated, the man was no longer there.

After the mansion was renamed Señor Peabody's, an employee was cleaning up at the end of a busy night. Suddenly the kitchen freezer door flew open and a large bag of frozen french fries was tossed through the air toward her. Another time, books from a shelf in the bar started to fall one by one on customers.

Many psychics have ventured about the mansion, trying to understand the persistent spirits. Joseph Rock, a widely known psychic, was asked to contact the spirits. As he walked about the house, he said he was picking up strong vibrations on the third floor. In one bedroom he saw a woman with long wavy hair, wearing a white negligee.

Many of the employees over the years have talked about a young woman wandering about the building, apparently pleased to see so many people in the mansion. Other psychics have reported bad "vibes," claiming to have detected a possible suicide, and hearing a baby crying behind the bar. No explanations were ever found.

Public buildings also have spirits lurking about. Denver's beautiful Union Station has a spirit walking late at night among the empty train platforms and tunnels. The ghost is known as The Lieutenant. He is blamed for rattling dishes off racks. It is believed he is one of the many young men who left Denver on a troop train but did not return, at least in the flesh.

Even the homeless have ghosts. In 1924, James Geihlsler and his wife moved into an apartment on the ground floor of a building at 13th and Champa streets. Their first night was the most nerve-racking night they had ever experienced. All night long in the apartment above, a loud party shook their ceiling. The following morning, Geihlsler hurried to the upper apartment to complain about the noise. He knocked on the door several times, but there was no answer. He knocked louder, but still no one answered the door. He grabbed the knob and opened the door and, to his surprise, found an empty, cold room with no sign that anyone had been there the night before. Geihlsler thought he would stop the partying by wiring the windows and doors shut, but the next night, "All hell broke loose upstairs again," he said. The party was so big and loud, it moved down the stairs and right into their living room, scaring the Geihslers right out of bed. As soon as Geihlsler turned on a light the uproar stopped! He looked about the apartment and noted that nothing had been disturbed. Mrs. Geihlsler complained the following morning to the landlord that the apartment building was haunted, and they

were not going to stay one more night. The landlord agreed and let the couple move out.

One of Littleton's widely known restaurants is believed to be haunted. The North Woods Inn on South Santa Fe Drive is one of the most unusual haunted buildings in the Denver metropolitan area. The restaurant's site was vacant until Ret. Col. King Hudson purchased the land and constructed a small log-cabin eatery. In 1962 Hudson sold the restaurant to Fred Maten, who remodeled and added to the small cabin. He named the restaurant the North Woods Inn.

Soon, strange things began to happen after the restaurant closed for the evening. At first, Maten noted little things like candles re-lighting after they were extinguished. Pinching the wick was no help. One night the curtains at the end of the dining room suddenly blew straight out and began waving. The doors and windows were closed and locked.

In 1969, the police were making their nightly patrol of the parking lot when suddenly the two officers heard someone running inside and then much banging and clattering as pots and pans crashed to the kitchen floor. The officers decided to call for backup. Quickly patrol cars responded and, in a matter of minutes at least a dozen cars crowded the parking lot while the police surrounded the restaurant. Every window and door were covered. Maten arrived soon after and let the officers in. Every corner of the building was searched thoroughly. After 45 minutes, there was still no sign of an intruder. When they entered the kitchen, police discovered all the pots and pans were undisturbed. In fact, nothing in the restaurant had been touched.

Another disturbance happened a few months later. Again two officers entered the restaurant to investigate loud noises. Once more a thorough search was made and nothing had been moved. But when they checked the attic a half footprint was spotted, leading into a wall. This half foot print was never explained.

Remember, the next time you visit one of these apparitional mansions, don't be surprised if you feel as if some phantom is watching you.

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Westerner's Bookshelf



Reviews published in the *Roundup* are largely related to books submitted by publishers to the Denver Westerners. However, all members are urged to review any books related to Western history which they would like to recommend—current or otherwise. In this way, *Roundup* readers may learn about works relating to their areas of particular interest which might otherwise escape their notice. It is hoped this section will be a widening source of information on all aspects of the history of the West. — *The Editor*

Moctezuma's Mexico by David Carrasco and Eduardo Matos Moctezuma. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1992. 202 pages, 150 color photographs, glossary. Clothbound, \$45.

The Denver Museum of Natural History now has one of the most important exhibits that it has ever held, lasting until Feb. 21, 1993. The focus of the exhibit is on the life of the Aztecs in the city of Tenochtitlan at the time of the arrival of Hernan Cortes. Many of the over 300 artifacts on display at the exhibit have been selected from temple offerings discovered during the excavation of the Great Temple of Tenochtitlan, now called the Templo Mayor. This archaeological work was under the direction of Eduardo Matos Moctezuma, who now serves as the director of the Museo del Templo Mayor. He was the author of the section of this book, "Aztec History and Cosmovision," which gives the reader an excellent introduction to Aztec society including the stories about Huitzilopochtli and the death of his sister, Coyolxauhqui. It was the discovery of the Coyolxauhqui stone in 1978 by workmen that led to the excavation of the Great Temple.

David Carrasco, a professor in CU-Boulder's religious studies department and director of the CU Mesoamerican Archive and Research Project, was one of those instrumental in obtaining the Aztec exhibit for Denver. His chapter in the book, "Toward the Splendid City: Knowing the Worlds of Moctezuma," discusses a number of aspects regarding the Aztec civilization including the level of civilization that the Aztec Empire had attained by 1521, when the empire was destroyed by Hernan Cortes and his indigenous allies.

The other two authors, Anthony Aveni and Elizabeth Hill Boone, write about Aztec astronomy and ritual and the relationship of land and community.

The more I read about the Aztec culture the more I am impressed by their trading system, the city of Tenochtitlan, the agriculture system and how all this was developed in such a short time. The Aztec people got their start on land that no other group wanted, and when all was said and done, the Aztecs had the majority of Mesoamerica's people sending them tribute.

This book is a perfect companion to the exhibit at the Museum of Natural History and should be read before visiting the exhibit, but do not look for the Tlaloc ceramic vessel pictured on the book jacket as it was too fragile to bring to Denver. Many of the other artifacts pictured are on display along with items produced by museum employees and volunteers to enhance the exhibit, to show what life was like in Tenochtitlan before the Europeans arrived.

This is one exhibit that you do not want to let slip by you, and this book will certainly add to your appreciation of the Aztec exhibit and their world.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Sacred Trust: The Birth and Development of Fort Lewis College by Duane A. Smith. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1991. 173 pages, illustrations. Clothbound, \$19.95. Paperback, \$12.95.

The history of Fort Lewis College is ably presented by Duane Smith, professor of histo-

ry at that college. But Fort Lewis was so much more than an educational institution. Its establishment as an Army post in 1880, and then the founding of an Indian boarding school in 1892 enhanced the Western flavor of its history. The State of Colorado acquired the property in 1911, providing that there would be tuition-free education for Indian students. The transformation into a junior college in 1933, and eventually into today's institution of higher learning with a hard-earned and well-deserved reputation was not an easy task; often when the prospects for the institution appeared bleak, a dedicated individual would rise to meet the challenge. The unique background of Fort Lewis, the true Western roots of its history, the struggle for each step in its growth, and the attainment of a unique liberal arts college of renown that fills a modern-day role while maintaining its heritage in Indian education, all combine to produce a history of much wider appeal than the typical chronicling of a college. In *Sacred Trust*, as in the many other Western histories authored by Professor Smith, the research and writing style are combined to provide reading enjoyment. A good selection of photographs representative of all the years of Fort Lewis enhance the text. This reviewer cautions readers not to overlook *Sacred Trust* for good historical reading.

—Edwin A. Bathke, P.M.

Pueblo Indian Folk-Stories by Charles F. Lummis. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1992. 287 pages, illustrations. Paperback, \$8.96

This collection of stories was first published as *The Man Who Married the Moon* in 1894, and was issued 16 years later with the current title. The 32 myths in this collection center around Isleta Pueblo which is located just south of Albuquerque. Charles Lummis lived in this pueblo from 1886 to 1892. His years at Isleta were most interesting, especially since the people there believed him either to be a witch or to have been bewitched because of

the paralysis that he suffered as a result of a stroke.

These stories are a part of the religion of the people of Isleta, and when the publication came to the attention of the pueblo leaders in 1927, they attempted to determine who told the stories to Lummis. After deciding that the major informant had died and that the stories were not that revealing, the matter was dropped. There is a continuing effort on the part of the people of the pueblos to keep their beliefs to themselves and not share them with outsiders. This attitude is evident at the ceremonies held each summer at the Blue Lake by the people of Taos Pueblo.

Along with being fun to read, these folk stories give the reader a view of the values held by the people as to how to live with their fellow man, with their gods, and with nature. These stories were used to teach both values and the history to the young people of the pueblo. Because of this, the stories have proved especially interesting to anthropologists.

These stories could certainly be read to young children both for entertainment and for learning about another culture. Many of the values taught would not be out of place in our society today. In truth, the stories are good for all ages.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Fighting Men of the Indian Wars by Bill O'Neal. Barbed Wire Press, Stillwater, Okla., 1992. 232 pages. Clothbound, \$26.95.

This particular work is touted, "A biographical encyclopedia of the mountain men, soldiers, cowboys and pioneers who took up arms during America's westward expansion." As a matter of fact, there are 105 short biographical sketches which include most of the famous "Indian fighters of the nineteenth century." These accounts provide dates of birth and death, a short discussion of the individual's early years and a small, but concise history of combat action against the Indians. At the end of each biography is a list of source material for further information. This review-

er was surprised by the number of unfamiliar biographies, such as Capt. John S. Ford of the Texas Rangers, while others like Charles Francis King or "Liver Eating" Johnson were not noted. Be that as it may, the list is fairly comprehensive.

There are other features of the book which should be mentioned. At the very beginning is a chronological list of Indian fights by year and location. Another table shows Indian War fatalities by year on both sides. Of course, we all know the number of Indian fatalities in many instances is a matter of conjecture. There are also several chapters pertaining to extraordinary deeds of both individual Indians and Indian fighters which prove to be very interesting reading. Another chapter presents Medal of Honor winners by regiments and miscellaneous Army units. For example, we learn that cavalry regiments won 326 medals, while infantry regiments received 60. Medal of Honor recipients are also categorized by state and year, with accounts of how the medal was won.

There are also 35 photographs in this large-format book, and it is evident the author put extensive research into his effort which is billed as a follow-up to an earlier work, *The Encyclopedia of Western Gunfighters*. Bearing this out, there is a fine bibliography at the end. An enjoyable book, *Fighting Men of the Indian Wars* is also an indispensable reference on the Indian Wars, and it is highly recommended for all those so interested.

—Richard A. Cook, P.M.

Old Oraibi: A Study of the Hopi Indians of Third Mesa by Mischa Titiev. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. 255 pages, bibliography and index. Paperback, \$18.95.

This classic study of Oraibi, reputedly the oldest continuously occupied settlement in the United States, was first published in 1944. Titiev lived in the village during the summer of 1932, and returned to stay there about eight months in 1933 and 1934. He described thoroughly the village life, and especially the cere-

monial system on which the religious and social life of the Hopis is based.

A significant incident in the history of Oraibi was the breakup of the village in 1906, because of conflict between the traditionalists (or "Hostiles") and the progressives (or "Friendlies"). The traditionalists were literally pushed out of the community, following several years of disagreements and competing ceremonies, complicated by interventions on the part of Indian agents and other outsiders. Titiev states that the disintegration of the pueblo resulted from instability of the Hopi social system in which loyalty is first to the person's claim, not to the village or the Hopi tribe.

Titiev's book is based on interviews with leaders of the community and on carefully recorded observations. He tells of the dwindling population and influence of Oraibi, which was considered the chief village of the Hopi culture. Even the limited ceremonial dance schedule of Oraibi has been greatly diminished since his study was made. Of the 13 kivas (ceremonial chambers) which Titiev listed, only three are active today. Kachina dancers come from other villages to assist with the few dances still presented. And this year almost all the villages are excluding non-Indians from the pueblos when the dances are given. *Old Oraibi* is an important study for anyone who has an interest in the Hopi culture, reviewing explanations of the origins and continuation of ceremonies central to Hopi life, and changes brought about by encroachments of outsiders and necessary accommodations to modern society.

—Earl McCoy, P.M.

The Hispano Homeland by Richard L. Nostrand. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1992. 296 pages, 18 illustrations, 42 maps, bibliography. Clothbound, \$29.95.

Northern New Mexico is a unique place because of the scenic beauty and the people and their culture. I expected this book to provide the answer to a number of my questions regarding the differences between this part of New Mexico and the southern part of the

state around Las Cruces. For example, why is the crime rate so much higher in Santa Fe and Albuquerque than in Las Cruces? The reason that this book failed to answer my questions is found in the statement, "a carefully researched documentation of the Hispanos' experience in *geographical terms*," from the OU Press news release.

Professor Nostrand relied to a great extent upon census data, using it to compare decades, illustrating why this area of the United States is so "purely ethnic." His many maps show the population shifts that occurred, including the increase in nonhispano Catholic clergymen from 1850 to 1900. The village of El Cerrito was used to illustrate the movement from the small villages to urban areas such as Pueblo, Colo. The study of this village began with the Department of Agriculture's program looking at rural communities from several sections of the nation. In 1941, Olen Leonard and C.P. Lommis published the results, and in 1980, Nostrand lived in El Cerrito to study the emigration of the population that had occurred since the earlier studies.

Nostrand uses a map borrowed from *The Spanish-American Homeland: Four Centuries in New Mexico's Rio Arriba* by Alvar Carlson to explain the long-lot land pattern common in that area. In his book, Carlson proved that, even without the loss of the common land, the farming economy could not have continued to support the Hispano families. Nostrand sees this loss of common land as a major factor in the destruction of the culture, forcing people off the land and into the urban areas.

As I read this book, I made numerous check marks by items I questioned, but after later referring to them, I decided none of these points was really that important. The basic problem I have with the book is that all the tables and maps do not really give the reader the flavor of the culture that has existed and will continue to exist because of special efforts by church and community leaders. Maps, tables, and numbers have never worked for me when it comes to learning about real people and their culture, but of course that is why I am a historian and not a geographer.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Personal Recollections and Observations of General Nelson A. Miles by Nelson A. Miles, introduction to new edition by Robert Wooster. Vol. I and II. Univ. of Nebraska Bison Books, Lincoln, 1992. 591 pages total, illustrations. Paperback, \$11.95 per volume.

General Miles has hardly been ignored by historians in recent years. In 1962 there appeared Virginia Johnson's *The Unregimented General*. In 1985 was published *Nelson A. Miles: A Documentary Biography* edited by Brian Pohanka. And, of course, late last year was Jerry Greene's excellent book, *Yellowstone Command: Colonel Nelson A. Miles and the Great Sioux War, 1876-1877*.

This is a reprinting of General Miles' memoirs, initially published in 1896. The turn-of-the-century editions now sell for \$100 to \$175.

The book, as written by Miles, was a potpourri of information, not all firsthand to the general. Thus, there is information relating to the supposed ancient habits of the American Indians, stories of the settlement of New England, information relating to the Civil War in the West, and, of course, the observations and opinions of Miles regarding numerous Indian campaigns. Probably of the broadest interest is the discussion of the general's ideas about Custer's last expedition. Miles was one who fell on the side of Custer's defenders; he certainly was not one of the detractors of Yellow Hair.

Even gunfighter enthusiasts will find something of interest in these two volumes. Miles briefly declared, in his discussion of the Apache campaign against Geronimo, that Tom Horn was a "gallant" and important part of the war.

It is a shame that the work by Miles had to be reprinted into two paperbacks, but a single hardback reprint obviously would cost at least \$60. Also, Nebraska has kept in all of the many illustrations (some by Remington) and has put full-color Remington pictures on the covers.

The writing, historical opinions, and attitudes of Miles are today somewhat dated, but the two volumes are highly recommended.

—John Hutchins, P.M.

The Gray Fox: The True Story of Bill Miner—The Last of the Old-Time Bandits by Mark Dugan and John Boessenecker. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman and London, 1992. 260 pages, photographs, illustrations, chronology, appendix, notes, bibliography, index. Clothbound, \$24.95

This reviewer first became aware of Bill Miner while watching the 1983 film, "The Gray Fox." It portrayed the exploits of an aging train robber during the early years of the 20th century.

The story of Bill Miner is that of a man who was described as a kindly gentleman, conman, drug user, homosexual, and active as a habitual criminal for more than 40 years. Early on in the book, the authors tell that it is at times hard to separate fact from fiction about Bill Miner, because he made up much of the fiction himself.

As stated in the book, Bill Miner has been pretty much neglected by historians of the American West. More people are familiar with such names as Sam Bass and Black Jack Ketchum who were active in certain regions of the West, because they have had many books written about them. Bill Miner was well known throughout the western United States, the Deep South and in Canada as well.

The two authors have done an excellent job in recounting the life of a man who loved to be elusive. He began his criminal career as a horse thief, then moved up the ladder to rob stagecoaches and when they became outdated, he held up trains. In 1911 when Bill robbed a train in Georgia, he earned the title, "Last of the Old Time Bandits." During all those years when Miner was active as a bandit, he spent more than 30 years in prison, which shows he was also good at being caught. He did manage to escape from prison in Canada as part of a plan with prison authorities and the Canadian Pacific Railway for the return of \$300,000 in securities. Miner recovered the loot from the train holdup he had buried near Seattle, then using one of seven of his aliases, he went to Denver, where he lived quite well until the money ran out.

To many, Bill Miner was seen as, and close-

ly compared with, Robin Hood. He never killed anyone, and he robbed only corporations. In referring to this, he said that corporations robbed the common man.

This book is recommended reading not only for those who are serious students of "Old Time Bandits," but for those who want to read a very good book about a man whose life story is long overdue.

—Mark E. Hutchins, P.M.

The Luckiest Outlaw: The Life and Legends of Doc Middleton by Harold Hutton. Univ. of Nebraska Bison Books, Lincoln, 1992. Originally published in 1974 by Swallow Press. 290 pages. Paperback, \$11.95.

As a child on a farm near Nebraska's Winnebago Indian Reservation, I heard many family stories about range country thievery. Once, when my father was marketing cattle in Sioux City, Iowa, someone stole a prize boar from our farm at night. My Uncle Herman Doxtad lost a light-gray mare. He learned later she had been sold 25 miles away, after being dyed a darker color.

I recall getting goose pimples when my parents showed me the smashed locks in Oakdale, Neb., where thieves had broken into my Uncle Don Warner's bank or post office (I've forgotten which). Oakdale isn't far from Norfolk, so I suppose Johnny Carson—who grew up there—heard similar stories.

What most adults took for granted was that we lived on the edge of a series of outlaw-infested river valleys, full of caves and timber—a difficult place for lawmen to penetrate and carry off a surprise raid. The Elkhorn and Niobrara Rivers were ideal cover for horse thieves, most of whom were on-the-run whites stealing animals from ranchers and wandering Indian bands.

This book gives "credit" for this lawlessness—which continued into the 1920s—to the pioneering leadership of Doc Middleton, a renegade Texan (real name James Riley) who drifted north with the cattle herds. Author Hutton, himself a Nebraska rancher, details the outlaw's incredible luck in surviving pur-

suit by vigilantes, gunshot wounds and incarceration when lynching was always a possibility. Middleton's luck never failed: he died in bed of natural causes in Chadron, Neb., at the then "old age" of 63.

But it wasn't all luck. Doc Middleton kept up his public relations: he was part Robin Hood. He never forgot which housewife needed a certain color of thread, which family had children short of toys. And even when he cleaned out a rancher's corrals, he often left behind a team of scrub horses so his victim could at least plant and harvest a crop.

But Middleton, who married and reared a family during his career with a six-gun, mainly survived because he was smart enough to use a dozen aliases, spread false stories about his whereabouts, and develop the sixth sense to leave town a few minutes before the posse arrived. Hutton's narrative deserves one reviewer's conclusion: "If Nebraska has one legendary figure, it is Doc Middleton."

—Lee Olson, C.M.

None to Give Away by Elsie Doig Townsend. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1992. 222 pages, three photographs. Paperback, \$9.95

When Elsie Doig married her Montana rancher in the mid 1930s, life held the promise of routine normalcy. Of course the births of five children in four years—one "single" and two sets of twins—was a bit out of the ordinary, but the couple expected to overcome the usual obstacles that accompanied life in that rather remote rural environment. Life changed completely when Jim Doig died as the result of an accident when the youngest babies were only 3 months old.

Overnight the traditional wife was forced to make hard decisions for the rearing of her children. Fortunately, she had the support of family and friends, but she alone would be responsible for their future. One alternative suggested to her was offering at least one child for adoption. This plan *did* have merit, not only for the mother and her remaining children, but especially for the child she had de-

cidated could be adopted by her childless brother and sister-in-law. But when little Margie seemingly survived a serious illness only because of her mother's presence, Elsie realized that she had "None to Give Away."

The book describes in interesting detail the problems and triumphs of the Doig family after the indomitable mother's return to teaching. They moved from one Montana town to another, living in one rented house after another as better teaching positions became available. Eventually Elsie took the family back home to Missouri where she earned her master's degree which put her on the road to a successful teaching career. As all good stories should, this one ends with a marriage. After World War II, Elsie married an old Montana friend and the family returned to that state. Without once using the term "family values," the author makes us aware of what that expression really means.

Hasn't it been said that within every family lie the ingredients for at least one story? Whether that story has interest to others depends on the teller. To this reviewer, who personally remembers rural life, the Depression, and the experiences of a small-town teacher during World War II, the story ended all too soon.

—Marjorie Wiegert Hutchins,
Guest Reviewer

Alfred Vincent Kidder and The Development of Americanist Archaeology by Douglas R. Givens. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. 230 pages, photographs, bibliography. Clothbound, \$29.95.

At the outset, it should be stated that this book is not a biography of A.V. Kidder but a long look at his contributions to archaeology. His efforts took archaeology from the level of collecting artifacts to studying a culture through the discovery of what was left behind. The previous attitude toward archaeology was seen in statements made within the Carnegie Institute of Washington that it had no business being involved in archaeology, as it had no museum in which to place collections.

Another major contribution by Kidder was the introduction of the stratigraphic techniques of Egyptologist George A. Reisner to Southwestern archaeology. Kidder was thus able to establish the chronology as well as the cultural development of the site. His first efforts emphasized using ceramics.

His first field season at Pecos Pueblo was a time for him not only to begin his study of the site, but to develop his methods of interpretation of what was found. Of Kidder's archaeological work, the years at Pecos are discussed in greatest detail by Givens.

In 1929, Kidder became the administrator of the Carnegie Institute's Maya program, where he moved to enlarge the study to include a multidisciplinary approach to include specialists in biology, geology, meteorology, history, and other subjects. "It was Kidder's retrospective opinion, in the late 1950's that this conception of an over-all approach to Maya culture history and the natural environmental setting of this history was his most significant contribution to anthropology," Givens commented.

After World War II, a new president of the Carnegie Institute was an advocate of hard sciences, and archaeology was not included in that category. At this point in time, "archaeology was seen as chiefly the pursuit of adventurous young men of good family and private income." The writing was on the wall, and in 1950 Kidder retired.

One of the most interesting bits of information in the book concerns the formation of the Institute for Andean Research. It proves that quick thinking can save important ideas.

I wish that there had been more information included regarding Kidder's activities in the Southwest, such as his work in the Basket-maker period with Samuel Guernsey. Appendix One based on Kidder's diary of 1907 and his unpublished memoirs of 1957 did provide a brief look at his first effort in Southwest archaeology at what is now Hovenweep National Monument.

This is a worthwhile book for those interested in archaeology, the Southwest, and Alfred Vincent Kidder.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

By Force of Arms: The Journals of don Diego de Vargas, 1691-1693, edited by John L. Kessell and Rick Hendricks. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. 684 pages, illustrations, maps, glossary, works cited. Clothbound, \$32.50

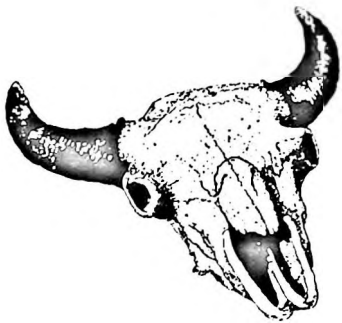
This is the second published volume in *The Journals of don Diego de Vargas*, and while the first volume was concerned with the personal correspondence of de Vargas, this book describes the 1692 reconnaissance prior to the reconquest of New Mexico. Also included are the investigation of a possible mercury mine in the Sierra Azul, and the conflict between the Franciscans and the governor, seemingly a common occurrence in the history of New Mexico. A wide variety of material is presented in this volume, including reports, testimony, viceregal orders, and the decisions of royal councils, but it is the daily campaign journals of de Vargas that are of the greatest interest.

The reconnaissance was an attempt to establish friendly relations with the Pueblos and to assure the people that the Spanish did not intend to punish anyone for the uprising and slaying of Spanish settlers. One method used to illustrate that Spanish attitudes had changed was for de Vargas to pay for items acquired from the Pueblo people. At every Pueblo, de Vargas attempted to calm the fears of the people and to show a new Spanish attitude toward their religion.

In the 47-page introduction, the editors set the historical stage regarding the 1680 Pueblo Revolt and what has happened in El Paso to those who fled New Mexico. Also the events in New Mexico are placed within the broader context of the Spanish in the New World.

This book will provide the researcher with a tremendous amount of information regarding the situation and de Vargas. It is not a book to be read for enjoyment, and was never meant to fill a popular slot. I found the sections on the reconnaissance to be the most interesting reading, and that on the mercury mine the least. However, a library of New Mexico books must include *The Journals of don Diego de Vargas*, to be complete.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1992

**A.G. WALLIHAN, COLORADO'S
PIONEER NATURE PHOTOGRAPHER**

by Edwin A. Bathke, P.M.



A.G. Wallihan shot wild-game photos with tripod camera.

Over the Corral Rail

Attendance of seven women guests at the Oct. 28, 1992, meeting of the Denver Posse of the Westerners marked a milestone in the history of the 47-year-old organization, ending its men-only meetings and other all-male traditions.

The event was the outcome of a policy meeting July 22 followed with a vote by Posse and Reserve members, supporting four amendments to bylaws:

- Increase the limit on the Posse membership [from 50] to 65. (Approved 42-3.)

- Remove the all-male gender distinctions from the membership. (Approved 33-13.)

- Require a three-fourths affirmative vote on nominations to the Posse. (Approved 42-2.)

- Eliminate reference to financial obligations to the Denver Westerners or Westerners International for Corresponding Members, except for dues. (Approved 40-4.)

The women attending the October meeting were Marilyn Stull, Nancy Bathke, Sandra Dallas Atchison, Dale Hutchins, Eleanor Gehres, Paula Fessenden, and Marge Fessenden. (Of the seven, four have submitted paid applications as Corresponding Members: Atchison, Bathke, Gehres, and Stull.)

The Rev. Jon Almgren, 1992 sheriff, ex-
(Please turn to Page 14.)

Enclosed in the envelope with your current copy of *Roundup* you will find an updated brochure about the Denver Westerners, complete with a membership application. We urge you to pass this along to a friend with an interest in Western history. (Let us know if you need more copies.) The Denver Posse must have new members if we are to stay alive as a viable group. Equally important is a self-explanatory envelope for dues payment. Please send in your check promptly. The official deadline is Jan. 1, 1993. Thanks!

THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

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Photo of leaping cougar was Wallihan's most famous shot.

A.G. Wallihan, Colorado's Pioneer Nature Photographer

By

Edwin A. Bathke, P.M.

(Presented June 24, 1992)

MR. WALLIHAN'S PHOTOGRAPHS of wild game possess such peculiar value that all lovers, whether of hunting or of natural history, should be glad to see them preserved in permanent form. The art and practice of photographing wild animals in their native haunts has made great progress in recent years. It is itself a branch of sport, and hunting with the camera has many points of superiority, when compared to hunting with a rifle. But, even under favorable conditions, very few men have the skill, the patience, the woodcraft and the plainscraft which enabled Mr. Wallihan to accomplish so much; and, moreover, the conditions as regards most of our

big game animals are continually changing for the worse. The difficulties of getting really good and characteristic photographs are such as to be practically insuperable. . . . It has never been my good fortune to see as interesting a collection of game pictures as those that have been taken by Mr. & Mrs. Wallihan, and I am equally pleased with the simplicity with which they tell their most interesting stories of the ways in which they got these photographs."

These words were written by Theodore Roosevelt, a renowned champion of promoting, preserving, and partaking in nature. He penned his observations and admiration of the Wallihans' photography in 1894 and in 1901, in his introductions to both books authored by the Wallihans.



Allen G. Wallihan and Mary A. Wallihan, in later years.

This paper intends to identify the Wallihans, certainly obscure characters in the history of photography and in the history of Colorado. Turning first to photography, the beginnings are traced back to 1839 when Louis-Jacques-Mande Daguerre of France and Henry Fox Talbot of England discovered the fundamentals of the photographic imaging process. The "new art" slowly developed during its infancy in the 1840s, when men of science considered photographs, while "pretty" or "ingenious," not to be worth serious attention. However, the concept of a "picture" being worth a thousand words appealed to people, and by the 1850s was catching on rapidly. During the second half of the nineteenth century, the profession of photography prospered and became firmly established. Extensive photo studios were common in all major cities, and itinerant

photographers brought their trade to the most rural of communities.

This development of photography coincided with the settlement of Colorado. Those entrepreneurs with the capabilities of capturing people and scenes on paper cards readily provided photos to people wanting to record their locales and events, for themselves and for distant friends and relatives. Famous photographers in frontier Colorado were, first and foremost, William Henry Jackson, and then Charles Weitfle, William Chamberlain, Joseph Collier, James Thurlow, Ben Gurnsey, William Hook, and Joe Sturdevant, to name a few. These were all professionals, attempting to make a living at providing photographs to the public. The subject of this paper was essentially on the fringes of these endeavors.

And yet Allen Grant Wallihan made his mark in photographic history in Colorado, doing something no one else had succeeded in doing before. A. G. Wallihan was probably the first photographer in the world to photograph wildlife in its natural habitat. Even the premier photographer, W. H. Jackson, for all his excellent photography, used posed specimens when producing animal pictures.

The story of Wallihan is generally obscured in modern-day analysis of Colorado history. And yet when we probe into his background, his life in the early West is truly representative of frontier adventure.

Allen Grant Wallihan was born in Footville, Grant County, Wis., on June 15, 1859, the youngest of 11 children. His early years were spent on a Wisconsin farm, and in 1870 he accompanied his parents to Denver. In the spring of 1871 the family moved to Divide, and had the post office at Southwater, four miles below Monument. The book *Colorado Post Offices* lists Southwater as having been established on Jan. 8, 1872, and being in service until Oct. 1, 1878. It was moved from Basset's Mills, which had provided service since June 15, 1869. When the Southwater office was closed in 1878, it was moved to Husted. (The community at Southwater is familiar to us as Borst's.)

While Allen, the youngest child, was living with his parents in El Paso County, older siblings were making lives for themselves in Colorado. Most notable of these was Samuel. He became an editor in Denver, and, with T. O. Bigney, edited *The Rocky Mountain Directory and Colorado Gazetteer for 1871*. This very significant work among early Colorado directories was published by S. S. Wallihan & Company in Denver in 1871.

In 1876 the family returned to Wisconsin. (It appears that no long-term successor was found for the post office). But, to quote A. G., "I was too much saturated with love of the mountains to stay there so in '79 I returned to Husted and on to Leadville." That his brother George was the editor of the *Leadville Chronicle* in 1879 may have been a factor in drawing him to the silver camp.

In 1879 A. G. Wallihan was a young man of 20, away from home and on his own for the first time. He kept a diary of his adventures during this first year alone. In 1945 his widow presented that diary to the State Historical Society of Colorado. This small annual diary, measuring 3 by 7 3/4 inches, and bound in purple cloth, presents poignant insights into life in Leadville in 1880 and into the daily activities of a 20-year-old there. Although the diary was printed for the year 1879 as "The Perpetual Diary," his first entry is "Thursday, January 1, 1880: Commenced the new year by working all day at the Red Headed Mary claim at Adelaide. 1 shift."

Wallihan was quite a mine laborer during January to June. He recorded the shifts he worked at each mine, sometimes working two shifts in a day. He mentions several prominent Leadville mines by name, such as the Iron Mine on Breece Hill, the Little Evans, the Highland Chief, the Triangle and the Sherman. Putting in, firing, and clearing out shots in the mines were some of his mining efforts, and he reported each.

Typically, A. G. Wallihan lived in a cabin near the mines he worked on, and trips into the town of Leadville were an important part of his daily life. On Jan. 3, he wrote: "One shift. Went to town in evening. Rec'd letter from Percy. Wrote to Father. Bo't a knife and pair of overalls," and on Jan. 6, "Went to town. Deposited \$12 in bank."

Wallihan was a careful manager of his money, and regularly did business at a bank. On Jan. 20, he recorded, "Took out a policy for \$1,000. Deposited it in Merchants and Mechanics Bank." In January 1880 he began recording income and expenditures in the back of his diary. Entries for wages, board, the knife and overalls, oysters, stockings, payments on a revolver and cartridges, a clock, and doctor's bills are all duly recorded in January and February. Then, in March the entries are briefer, and, as is the case with most of us, and in spite of good intentions, the accounting ceased at the end of the month.

Life in the mining camp was not easy, and the entries starting on Jan. 30 indicated some of the daily travails:

"Friday, January 30. Worked in Dick's place, and was taken sick in the evening. Shivered all night. One shift.

"Saturday, January 31. Took two drinks of brandy. Got up about 11:30. George and Dr. Crook came up in evening. Doctor gave me some medicine. Ate some pears.

"Sunday, February 1. Slept very well. Felt some better. One o'clock and no medicine. Sent C. E. C. down at 7:45. Ike came with the medicine at 8.

"Monday, February 2. Took the medicine in the morning, worked all night. Took no. 2 at 12:30. King came up with Corbett at 11. Sore throat nearly gone.

"Tuesday, February 3. Got up feeling better. Throat sore again. Ate more for breakfast than I have since I have been sick. Ate some supper.

"Wednesday, February 4. Throat very sore. Couldn't get my mouth open wide enough to eat anything but spoon victuals for breakfast.

"Thursday, February 5. Feel better, sore throat nearly well.

"Friday, February 6. Well enough to go to town."

The weather was regularly commented on, such as: "Friday, February 27. A raw, cold day. Put in three shots and cleared them out. Sent letter to George [his brother]." And, "Thursday, March 4. A terrible storm," then "April 5, snowed," "April 6, snowed," and "April 7, snowed very hard." On May 8 it "snowed all night," and on May 9, it "snowed all day." After the spring, entries were often "C & C," for clear and cloudy.

Timbering in the mines was an additional task. Allen and his co-workers both cut and placed the timbers in the mines. They also surveyed, and sharpened picks and drills. But it was not "all work and no play." There were frequent trips to the saloon, at least weekly. This was not just riotous living, however. The saloon was the frontier meeting place, and here they picked up their mail and sent their letters. Still, their lives were normal: "July 4. Charlie and I cleaned out the G. L. shaft. Geo. didn't come. Charlie went to town on the stage. I got drunk. No beer. C & C." But such activity by Wallihan was infrequent.

On June 15, 1880, was the simple entry, "We all went fishing. Caught 16. No word from Geo. My 21st birthday. Clear." Hunting and fishing were a daily part of life. In the spring they often shot at snowshoe rabbits, and sometimes got one. The first mention of fishing was on May 23, on the Pacific slope. In June fishing became a frequent activity. June, July, and August the major work efforts were cutting timbers and catching fish, which were sold in Leadville. On July 22, the entry read, "Came to town. Arrived about 9. Made the restaurant suffer. Sold our fish for 50 cents, 14 1/2 lb." On July 31, they received 45 cents for their fish. Then, on Aug. 1, the diary read, "Sunday. Did nothing. Went to circus in evening with Welty."

On Aug. 8 the group took a contract for 1,000 ties at 15 cents. By the end of the month they had cut nearly 300 ties. But it apparently was not a job they relished: "Thursday, August 13. Made 13 ties and quit. Charlie got homesick and we made up our minds to throw up the contract." By the end of August Allen had left Leadville.

On Aug. 29, A. G. Wallihan camped at Malta, south of Leadville. On the 30th his camp was below Granite, the 31st at the head of Browns Canyon, Sept. 1 at Poncha Springs, Sept. 2 below Monarch Junction, and on the 4th he returned to Maysville.

In September, the Wisconsin farm boy put the experiences of his youth to use. On Sept. 5 he recorded in his diary, "Struck a job just after leaving town at \$30 per month." The next days were spent cutting and shocking oats, hauling hay, and digging potatoes.

In early October Wallihan hunted deer around Maysville. On Oct. 9 he started for Divide, and saw two mountain sheep, taking seven shots at them. On Monday, Oct. 18, he wrote; "I was sick," and on the 19th, "Still sick." Then on Nov. 1 was the entry, "Came to Colorado Springs," followed by Nov. 2, "Dr. Kimball pronounced it mountain fever."

Diary entries became sparse toward the end of 1880. On Dec. 25, Allen Wallihan recorded his Christmas gifts: "Got a silk handkerchief, pair of gloves, pair of socks, and a pocket drinking cup." The last entry of the year read, "Thursday, December 31. Rec'd letter from Father containing \$45." With that, any known recording of the daily activities of A. G. Wallihan ended.

A. G. Wallihan provided a biographical summary in his first book, *Hoofs, Claws, and Antlers of the Rocky Mountains*, published in 1894. After arriving in Colorado Springs following most of 1880 in Leadville, he hunted antelope for a month. Then he returned to Husted, although he didn't indicate whether any of the rest of the family lived there, or if they still had a home there. He drifted into the mountains in the fall of 1881, to Alpine in the spring, and then in 1882 settled in Lily Park, Routt County, in northwestern Colorado.

Sometime in the early 1880s, probably soon after moving to Lily Park, Allen met a young woman, Mary Augusta (Higgins) Farnham, and her brother, Tom Higgins. She was also a native of Wisconsin, having been born in Milwaukee County. Her father had moved to Milwaukee in 1835 from Franklin, Mass. On her mother's side she was of old Revolutionary stock of English descent, the Rawsons. In 1885, in Rawlins, Wyo., she became Mary A. Wallihan, wife of Allen Grant Wallihan.

The Wallihans lived in Lily Park until June 1885, when they moved to Sulphur, Wyo. Their sojourn in Wyoming was brief, and in October 1885 they moved to Lay, Colo. This was to be their home for the remainder of A. G. Wallihan's life. Their ranch house was the sole building, comprising the "town" of Lay.

During the days of the U.S. Army expedition to Meeker, some troops stayed overnight in the vicinity. A Lt. McCauley of the 3rd U. S. Cavalry referred to the place as Lay. The lieutenant's fiancée was Miss Olive Lay of Chicago. When McCauley's superior officer asked him why the name, he replied, "Did you ever hear of the great General Lay?" The colonel didn't want to admit unfamiliarity with history, so he said "Yes, of course," and the name was officially accepted.

Lay became a government ranch following the Army expedition to Meeker. The ranch served a double purpose, being a roadhouse catering to travelers' needs, and a post office. The Lay Post Office was established on Aug. 1, 1881. Early in 1886 A. G. was appointed the Lay postmaster. He was to hold this position until his death in December 1935, being one of the longest-tenured postmasters in the nation at that time.

The young A. G. Wallihan had recorded his hunting attempts in his diary, shooting at rabbits, a wildcat, and a weasel. Between leaving Leadville and arriving in Colorado

Springs he hunted both deer and mountain sheep. The hunting efforts he recorded seemed to mark him as a beginner, but when he got to Colorado Springs, he hunted antelope for a month. In *Hoofs, Claws, and Antlers*, he claimed: "While a good shot at antelope, I could not kill a deer until I had fired six shots, all less than sixty yards away and standing. I killed one, and was thereafter all right on deer shooting."

Mrs. Wallihan also related her hunting experiences in their first book. She described her father as a very good hunter of many game species. As to her hunting, she wrote: "Though interested in this kind of shooting I never had an opportunity to try my skill until I came west, and about the time I was married. My brother and Mr. Wallihan wanted me to learn to shoot." She fired a revolver a few times and a gun once, and then tried the Parker shotgun on cottontail rabbits. At first she couldn't hold it, but soon she was skillful enough to hit a goose at 60 yards and an elevation of 75 feet, pleasing all three of them. The next spring she got her first deer, and soon she was also an adept hunter.

The Wallihans lived in some of the most prolific deer and antelope country in the West. A.G. gave credit to Mrs. Wallihan for the idea of photographing wild game on



The Wallihans lived in the heart of big game country.

the hoof. One day while crouched in the sagebrush studying a colony of ants at work, she looked up to find herself closely surrounded by a herd of mule deer. That gave her the idea of using a blind and a camera.

Mary Wallihan gazed at the deer for a long time, and then remembering her rifle, raised it, and the deer all ran off. She did bag one when they were about 100 yards away, but said, as she was dressing the deer, "If I had a camera then, I could have gotten a wonderful picture of them so close." The following summer two young missionaries on vacation stopped by, one had a camera, and Mrs. Wallihan bargained for it, paying for the camera in part with buckskin gloves she had made from buckskin Allen had tanned.

The Wallihans set out to learn the techniques of photography, not only loading, focusing the camera, and exposing the plate, but also the chemical procedures of mixing developers and fixing baths, washing and drying plates, printing proofs, and mounting finished prints on cards. After all, they were far removed in a wilderness area, with no other photography business around. They developed their techniques, immediately realizing that a hand-held camera would be useless and could only provide an image too small to be of value. So A. G. lugged around heavy tripod cameras, set up his equipment by game trails, and patiently waited. He started using 4x6½, and then 8x10 plates, and up to 1894 was using Carbutt's cut film, and then changed to Cramer's Crown plates because they were speedier—and speed was essential for animal photos. In their book, *Camera Shots at Big Game*, he describes his cameras, and refinement of necessary photographic techniques as he became more successful. That he truly became a proficient professional photographer is evidenced by the images that have survived. Not only was he a nature photographer, but he also recorded images in Craig and Steamboat Springs—street scenes, businesses, and building interiors.

Charles B. Roth, Colorado historian and an early member of the Denver Posse of the Westerners, interviewed A. G. Wallihan during the early 1930s. The written responses of Wallihan to Roth's questions were published in the September 1944 issue of the State Historical Society's *Colorado Magazine* as an article attributed posthumously to Wallihan, with introduction by Roth. Wallihan wrote that he made his first attempt to get close enough to shy deer to get photographs in October 1888.

On the other hand, in the Wallihans' second book, *Camera Shots at Big Game*, copyrighted in 1901, Wallihan stated that he made his first attempts in the autumn of 1889. William T. Hornaday, in his 1925 book, *A Wild-Animal Roundup*, reported that "The photographing of wild game received its first great impulse in America" from the Wallihans, but that their first negatives were made in October 1890. While this may seem to be a bit of quibbling about dates, the claim to being first lies in the balance. George Shiras III, noted nature photographer for the National Geographic Society, wrote in his 1935 two-volume work, *Hunting Wild Life with Camera and Flashlights*, that on July 8, 1889, he tried to take photographs of deer by flashlight. Both attempts at photos were spoiled, but he refined his technique, and the next season he was successful. A photo of a deer taken in June 1890 is reproduced in the volume. Shiras did not physically take the photo himself, but rigged his camera so that the deer tripped a wire and took his own picture. From this start, Shiras went on to become the premier nature photographer for the National Geographic Society. His first photos were published in the Society's journals in 1906, and Shiras contributed regularly for the next 30 years.

Thus, the question of who was truly the first to photograph wild animals, free in their natural settings, can not be answered with an degree of certainty. However, it appears that the pioneering efforts of both photographers have merit and appropriately deserve recognition. Arguments can be made giving the benefit of the doubt to the Wallihans,

but regardless of the decision, their groundbreaking photography is worthy of recognition, and deserving of more credit than has thus far been given. Perhaps we can cap our case with A. G. Wallihan's own words in the September 1944 issue of the *Colorado Magazine*:

Dr. Hornaday has stated that I was the first to photograph wild game, and as far as I know the statement is true. My photographs were all taken from live wild game, as wild as game can be, not in any preserves, and further I or my wife were with the cameras and made the exposures at all times. There were not set cameras for the game to touch off the shutters by breaking a thread, nor were they baited with delicacies at any time, but they were taken by sheer skill and persistence, under all kinds of hardships, freezing cold in winter, and the hottest suns of summer days.

The Wallihans' first photographs were of deer, and the mule deer were their most popular subjects. As their photo business expanded, they numbered and copyrighted the various images. Most of the printed captions on the negatives appear to be dated 1894, 1895, and 1896. At first, the backs of the photo cards were penned, for example, "Deer No. 21, Copyrighted, A. G. Wallihan Photo, Lay, Col." A rubber stamp was made, and a back imprint on cards of "A. G. Wallihan, Photographer, Lay, Colorado" has survived. Eventually, sales of photos attained such volume that custom-printed cards were made, and these cards listed the number of images available for each animal species. Successive orders of cards contained updates of the number of photos available. The last of these cards reads:

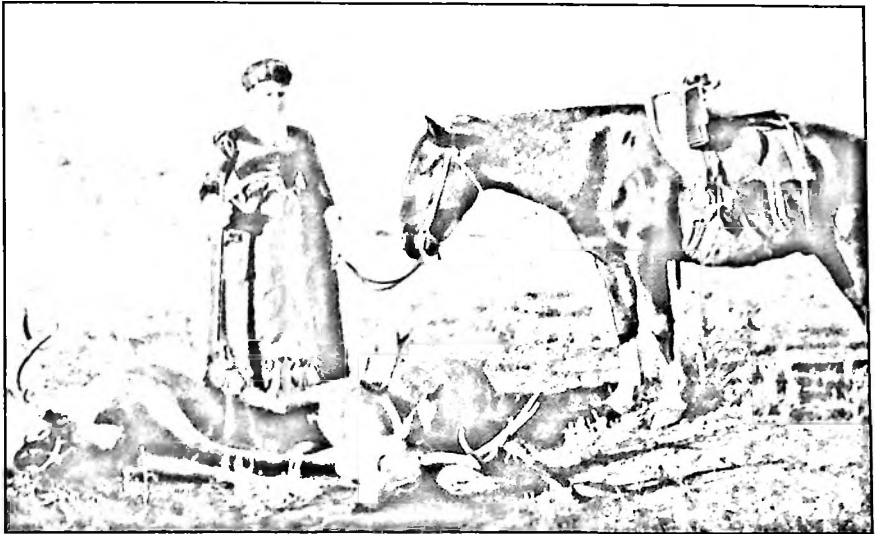
WALLIHAN'S BIG GAME PHOTOGRAPHS
TAKEN FROM LIVE WILD GAME
 Consisting of 53 Deer, 13 Elk, 13 Antelope, 30 Mountain Lions,
 1 Coyote, 7 Wild Cats, 3 Rattlesnakes, 2 Sage Hens,
 3 Jack Rabbits, 1 Snowshoe Rabbit, 1 Cottontail Rabbit,
 1 Grouse, 11 Bear, 2 Ducks, 1 Badger
 - 141 in the Set -
 53 8x10; Balance 5x8.

PRICES- 8X10 SIZE, \$6 PER DOZEN 5X8 SIZE, \$3 PER DOZEN.

A. G. WALLIHAN, LAY, ROUTT COUNTY, COLORADO.

The first book that the Wallihans authored, *Hoofs, Claws, and Antlers of the Rocky Mountains*, was published in 1894 by Frank S. Thayer, in Denver. Following the introduction by Theodore Roosevelt, the Wallihans presented a short biography of themselves, then proceeded to provide rich details—expeditionary, photographic and nature—on taking many of the photographs reproduced in the book.

An article in the *Rocky Mountain News* on June 30, 1895, featuring Mrs. Wallihan, described this book and stated that the Wallihans were working on a new book, for which Thayer was paying \$1,000 for 24 photographs. A second edition of *Hoofs, Claws,*



Mrs. Wallihan's prowess with a rifle became widely know.

and Antlers was published by Thayer in 1904, and in this edition the very brief introduction was written by "Buffalo Bill" Cody.

Mary Wallihan's prowess with a rifle was becoming widely known, and two of the photo plates in *Hoofs, Claws, and Antlers* are captioned, first, "Doubles at One Shot," showing Mrs. Wallihan with the two large buck mule deer that she had bagged with one shot, and secondly, "Mrs. Wallihan's 30th Deer," showing her standing with her rifle over the fallen buck.

The Wallihans photographed practically all species of Western wild game, both large and small, but they achieved their most renowned photographs of cougars. To do this, Wallihan built two stout boxes, one for the camera and the other for the plate holders and lenses, and fitted them with padding, so that they could be fastened to a packhorse. The packhorse would have to be led on a hot trail after the hounds and mountain lions, and the boxes had to be lashed securely on the horse so that, no matter how fast they went, or if the horse fell and rolled over, the equipment would not be damaged.

The most exciting picture that A. G. made was of a cougar leaping from the tree, the photograph catching her in midair. The dogs had treed a very wild and shy female mountain lion. The dogs were pursuing the cougar from tree to tree, and had cornered her in a small tree. The hunters reconnoitered and Wallihan found he could get very close behind another small tree. Then the three other men began yelling and throwing clubs at the cougar from the far side. The mountain lion started for Wallihan's side, he sidestepped out into full clear view, she made the leap, the camera was trained on her, and the shutter released. The cougar struck the ground so close to Wallihan that he wrote, "I could have knocked a homerun if I had been possessed of a baseball bat, and not the camera."



Cougars were often targeted in Wallihan action shots.

The photograph of the leaping cougar, taken in 1895, would be A. G. Wallihan's most famous, and for it he would be awarded a gold medal at the Paris Exposition.

The second book authored by Allen Grant Wallihan, *Camera Shots at Big Game*, was published by Doubleday, Page & Co. of New York. The copyright page bore a date of 1901, and a printing date of 1904, but the title page had a publisher's date of 1906. This rather large book, 11 by 8 inches and well over an inch thick, contains just 77 pages of text, but the inclusion of 22 stunning full-page photogravures, as well as 45 other photographic reproductions make the book a showpiece of the Wallihans' wildlife photography. Wallihan describes his camera techniques as well as experiences on the trail in acquiring the many animal images. Again, A.G.'s friend Theodore Roosevelt provided the introduction, and Teddy wrote eight pages praising Wallihan's work.

While Roosevelt admired the Wallihans' photography and they were friends, it is not known as to whether they ever met. Roosevelt participated in two Colorado hunts. In 1901 he hunted cougars around Meeker, and in 1905 hunted bears near Glenwood Springs. Wallihan's primary guide in cougar hunting was William Wells, although he mentioned John Goff and his pack of hounds. John Goff was Teddy's guide in 1905.

Mary Wallihan shared in her husband's work and fame. In August 1901, she spoke at the Quarto-Centennial Congress of Women, at the Antlers Hotel in Colorado Springs. An extensive article in the *Rocky Mountain News* told of her life in Lay, her hunting exploits, and her contributions in wildlife photography.

A. G. Wallihan was ill for a number of years when Charlie Roth knew him. A. G. knew the end was not far away, and deliberately set about making plans. He constructed his own casket, and placed it in a shed for the time when it would be needed. He gave Mrs. Wallihan specific directions on how he should be buried. He wanted no preacher, but a lawyer friend from Steamboat Springs was to officiate. He selected a burial spot on a hill on his old homestead. In December 1935 he passed away, and a pioneer's funeral was conducted for a real pioneer.

Mrs. Wallihan moved to Los Angeles, and before her death in 1945 she gave many of her husband's possessions to the State Historical Society of Colorado. Among the items were his 1879 diary, his spurs, watch, three handkerchiefs, trunk, and an Indian blanket, as well as copies of both of his books. The previous year, A. G. Wallihan's nephew had given to the society Wallihan's large camera and tripod, hunting knife, and gloves.

Charles B. Roth also donated the .40-70 Remington-Heppburn rifle that Wallihan used, and a group of Wallihan's photographs.

With these mementos and the photographs and books of Allen and Mary Wallihan, their remarkable pioneering efforts in wildlife photography combine in a tribute to their work, and as documentation for recognition of their achievements.

About the Authors—Nancy and Ed Bathke

Edwin A. "Ed" Bathke presented an illustrated talk on "A. G. Wallihan, Colorado's Pioneer Photographer," at the June 24, 1992, meeting of the Denver Westerners.

Ed has a long and distinguished record in the Denver Posse. He joined as a Corresponding Member in 1965, was voted a Posse Member in 1970, served as deputy sheriff in 1971 and sheriff in 1972. He was editor of the 1972 *Brand Book*.

Ed and his wife Nancy reside in Manitou Springs, and are a much-respected duo in researching and writing articles, and presenting programs. They teamed up to write two *Roundup-Brand Book* articles: "The Heroes of the Bon Air," and "The Pike Centennial Celebration," and also presented a program together, "Spoons Full of Colorado History," for the 1970 Summer Rendezvous.

Ed has also done "solo" programs and *Roundup* articles: "Mike Burke's Story" and "The 94 Tunnel Mining Company, Letters from a Small Mine."

Ed Bathke is a mathematician and is retired as a computer analyst for Kaman Sciences in Colorado Springs. He holds degrees in mathematics from the University of Wisconsin and a master's in applied mathematics from the University of Colorado.

Nancy is a teacher at Woodmen-Roberts Elementary School, Air Force Academy Dist. 20, El Paso County. She has a B.S. degree in education from the University of Wisconsin, and a master's from the University of Colorado. She is listed in *Who's Who of American Women* and *Who's Who in the West*.

The Bathkes' interest in Colorado and the West is also indicated by their hobbies of traveling, hiking, and collecting Colorado artifacts. Nancy is a collector of antique souvenir spoons of Colorado and Ed collects old photographs and stereoptican views and books about Colorado.

With the Denver Westerners' recent change in membership restrictions, Nancy anticipates becoming a Corresponding Member. The husband-and-wife duo are also members of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado (past-presidents), the Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs, the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, and the Pikes Peak Posse of the Westerners (past-sheriffs).

Ed and Nancy are co-authors of *The West in Postage Stamps* and both are listed in *Contemporary Authors*.

Over the Corral Rail

(Continued from Page 2.)

plained the amendment removing gender restrictions.

"This change removes the male-only gender limits for membership in all four classes: Posse, Reserve, Honorary, and Corresponding. For example, *fifty males* now reads *fifty members*. All titles such as Tally Man and Roundup Foreman remain unchanged."

He noted that the Denver Westerners have been unable to promote membership and attendance openly and through the media "because of the danger of being called a discriminating body."

"In today's thinking, *personhood* rather than gender distinctions predominate. Service clubs, for example, are under the law prohibited from making gender distinctions."

The sheriff said the bylaws changeover is being accompanied by a drive to enlarge the membership and to increase public awareness of the organization and its objectives: "... to investigate, discuss, and publish the facts and the color relating to the historical, social, political, economic, and religious background and evolution of the Western regions of the United States."

"In the 1970s, the Denver Westerners had more than 800 members, but our numbers have steadily dwindled, now down to around 200," he said.

Also at the October meeting, unopposed nominations were reported for 1993 officers.

Jack Morison will move up from Deputy Sheriff to Sheriff; John Hutchins was named for the Deputy Sheriff post, and will also be program chairman. All other officers will continue: Earl McCoy, Roundup Foreman; Robert Stull, Tallyman and Trustee; Alan Stewart, Registrar of Marks & Brands; Ted Krieger, Chuck Wrangler; Eugene Rakosnik, Rosentock Awards Chairman; Steve Pahs, Archivist; Roger Michels, Membership Chairman; and Robert Lane, Keeper of the Possibles Bag. Ray Jenkins will continue in charge of book reviews.

As a "fan" of Theodore Roosevelt—and in honor of Teddy's birthday (Oct. 27, 1858), Posse Member and author, Bob Brown, gave a short talk on the "bully" president's life, prior to the regular October program. It was an interesting and welcome aside from the main event of the evening.

Johnson Publishing has sent us an inquiry from Jess Julian regarding old editions of the Denver Westerners *Brand Book*. "I have two of the books, 1967 and 1970, and would like to obtain more of them." Members knowing of *BB* collections or individual copies for sale can write Jess Julian at 1116 Lodge Ave., Evansville, Indiana (IN), 47714. Or alert your favorite book dealer!





Westerner's Bookshelf



Reviews published in the *Roundup* are largely related to books submitted by publishers to the Denver Westerners. However, all members are urged to review any books related to Western history which they would like to recommend—current or otherwise. In this way, *Roundup* readers may learn about works relating to their areas of particular interest which might otherwise escape their notice. It is hoped this section will be a widening source of information on all aspects of the history of the West. — *The Editor*

Coping with Texas and Other Staggering Feets by Lowell Christensen, illustrated by "Bubba" Maynard. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, 1992. 94 pages, illustrations, map. Paperback, \$8.95.

If there is one thing that all the states surrounding Texas have in common, it is their desire to poke fun at Texas and Texans. It is as if the entire state is one big Aggie joke, and it is open season on all the larger-than-life activities of the residents.

The book is dedicated to the author's Texas friends such as J.R., Gator and others who believe that "Texas is heaven on earth," a place where REAL men are free to pursue the American dream (which consists of annually spending at least two weeks vacation in Colorado).

The purpose behind this book is to provide a reference source for the potential tourist to Texas, presently being recruited by ads on TV and in magazines to explore the many different facets of the state. It will prepare you for the cultural events such as "The Sutton County Goat Burnin' and Roping in Sonora" and "The Rattlesnake Roundup in Big Spring," and explain the most common wildlife next to tarantulas, the three-inch cockroach. The author really doesn't do justice to the problem faced in southeast Texas: mildew. Just put a pair of damp boots in the closet for a couple of days, and it is a given that they will develop a fuzzy new color.

I could explain even more about Bubba and his friends, but I suggest that you give this book to your Colorado neighbors who have met up with Texans in the mountains.

—Ray E. Jenkins. P.M.

Hell on the Border: He Hanged Eighty-Eight Men by S.W. Harman. Univ. of Nebraska Books, Lincoln, 1992. 728 pages, photographs, index. Paperback, \$19.95.

First published in 1898, *Hell on the Border* was the first major account telling the history of Arkansas' Western District Court under the jurisdiction of Judge Isaac C. Parker. This jurisdiction also included the large area west of Fort Smith known as the Indian Territory.

Judge Parker presided over the federal court in Fort Smith from 1875 to 1896. The author estimated that during Parker's 21 years on the bench at Fort Smith, he handed down death sentences to 172 lawbreakers, 88 of them hanged. (Actually, 70 went to the gallows according to Glenn Shirley's *Law West of Fort Smith* printed in 1957.) The author brought together in this book much interesting background material about some of the criminals who appeared before the judge: Cherokee Bill, Bill Cook, Belle Starr, Henry Starr, as well as the infamous Buck Gang.

Of special interest to this reviewer was Harman's reason for writing this book. He emphasized that many of the men and women discussed in these pages went bad because they did not have the benefit of a loving mother and a strict father. One chapter he titles, "Spared the Rod and Spoiled the Child," and this he felt often led to a life of crime. Harman also attacks the saloons for selling strong drink, causing these people to act as they did. Finally, he says women of ill repute contributed to acts of crime. As an example, he begins one chapter with, "Wine and women will ruin the best of men." In short, the author felt that anyone thinking of

starting a life of crime (at least back in 1898) should first consult this book.

Harman's book would be a welcome addition to the library of anyone interested in Western lore, frontier justice, or Judge Parker. It should be noted that this is the first time since 1898 that *Hell on the Border* has been reprinted in its unabridged version. An abridged edition was printed in 1953 by Frank L. Van Eaton and can be obtained in some old—and used—book stores dealing in Western Americana.

—Mark E. Hutchins, P.M.

George Scarborough: The Life and Death of a Lawman on the Closing Frontier by Robert K. DeArment. Foreword by Leon C. Metz. Univ. of Oklahoma Press: Norman and London, 1992. 322 pages, 45 photographs, 3 maps, foreword, notes, bibliography, index. Hardbound, \$24.95.

In this biography of George Scarborough, Robert DeArment adeptly presents the life story of an individual representative of his time—the closing of the frontier. In his brief life, Scarborough was a cowboy, constable, sheriff, manhunter, deputy United States marshal, and range detective. He died young, at age 40, leaving six of his seven children still in school, yet in his short life span he had an impact upon the "calming down" of the Southwest. Without the help of Scarborough and others like him, the last of the Wild West would have been wild much longer.

Most of the book—202 pages—is devoted to the last seven-plus years of George Scarborough's life from 1893 to 1900, from his appointment as deputy U.S. marshal stationed in El Paso, Texas, through his death in Arizona at the Triangle Springs fight. El Paso was, according to DeArment, the center of the last refuge of the Western gunfighting outlaw and lawman. While a marshal, George Scarborough was involved in much of the activity in El Paso. During his three years there, Scarborough was involved in half of the fatal encounters among members of this group. The author has included limited, yet comprehen-

sive, biographies of gunfighters Scarborough came in contact with, such as John Selman, Boz Outlaw, Martin Mroz, John Wesley Hardin, and Jeff Milton. Also found in this volume is an interesting discussion of the circumstances and controversy surrounding the death of John Selman.

The author has used both primary and secondary sources to fully develop his subject. Robert K. DeArment, author of what has been referred to as the definitive biography of Bat Masterson, has written another biography of note. This volume is highly recommended as an addition to the library of those interested in lawmen, outlaws, Texas, the Southwest and the "taming" of the Wild West.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

Rocky Mountain West: Colorado, Wyoming and Montana, 1859 - 1915 by Duane A. Smith. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. 290 pages, photographs, epilogue, notes, essay on bibliography, index. Clothbound, \$32.50; paperback, \$16.95. A part of the Histories of the American Frontier series.

At first glance one wonders how a single volume could possibly cover the history of the states of Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana for any period of time. Rest assured it does, by limiting discussion to that period from the first significant frontier mining in 1859, until there became a desire to preserve the lost frontier by establishing the first National Parks in 1915.

By establishing these parameters it soon becomes evident that the three states faced the same basic type of problems together and at about the same points in time and thus could be reviewed as a whole.

Central through the book is the effect of mining from the first placers through to the empires from gold, silver, copper and even coal. Included are the booms and busts, the politics of the monetization of gold vs. silver, the change from prospector to hired industrial worker and resultant unionization, and the ultimate conversion of mining to that of the

typical corporate industry. Amazingly, the misdeeds of the mining industry created an environmental awareness long before its current popular appeal. It is fascinating that from the very first, miners, their families and suppliers strived to copy the urban East in architecture and amenities. With the drive to civilize, the frontier in this region disappeared rapidly.

While the residents of Colorado, Wyoming, and Montana sought to emulate the eastern urban setting, the selfsame easterners with a healthy sprinkling of Europeans started to come west to see the sights. Hence tourism became a significant industry as railroads spread throughout the region with the resultant ease of travel.

The federal government has been an issue within the three-state region from the beginning. First it was the turbulence from political appointees both good and bad (usually the latter), down through alternate demands for less federal interference to requests for more federal assistance.

Concurrent with the miners came the rancher and farmer. While ranching still continues, the rise and fall of the cattle kings, brought down by the disastrous winter of 1885-86 and the end of the open range, seemed the most dramatic.

With less fanfare, the dry-land farmers who, quite by accident, started farming during a wet cycle, had their downfall in subsequent more-typical periods of drought. To survive, irrigation was developed and from the need for water also shared with the miners came the famous Doctrine of Prior Appropriation (first in time first in right).

Finally by the middle of the second decade of the twentieth century, from the desire to save and protect examples of the wilderness that once was, there was established the National Park System represented by the crown jewels of Rocky Mountain, Glacier and Yellowstone national parks.

This very readable book is highly recommended to the novice as well as accomplished western historian for its identification and blending of the many facets of the development of the states of Colorado, Wyoming,

and Montana during the last half of the nineteenth and first decade of the twentieth centuries.

—Robert D. Stull, P.M.

A Field Guide to Rock Art Symbols of the Greater Southwest by Alex Patterson. Johnson Printing Company, Boulder, Colo. 1992. 271 pages, photographs, drawings, maps. Paperback, \$15.95.

The study of rock art in archaeology is questionable in the eyes of some archaeologists for a number of reasons, including the difficulty in establishing dates, deciding upon the meaning, and discovering just why they did all this pecking. All of this aside, it is extremely interesting to look at rock art and try to answer those questions.

What Patterson has accomplished in this book is to provide an excellent collection of educated guesses for anyone who is interested in rock art to take along in their pack when they visit their next site. He first divides the figures into three major groupings in a finder located at the beginning of the book. They are humanlike, animallike, and abstract. I do know of a few individuals who would question putting the label of abstract on any rock art figures, but it does work for me. The author also includes an alphabetical index of ascribed meaning of rock art symbols and an alphabetical index by symbol description. The major segment of the book consists of detailed listing of each ascribed meaning with examples from various sites and comments from different authorities.

One word of caution is that in visiting rock art sites you will find many examples that really don't fit into any category except "unident" which of course stands for unidentified. Also, not everyone sees the same thing when they look at the same piece of rock art. There is a tremendous amount of room for different interpretations, but that just provides some fun.

I just returned from a rock art field school at Three Rivers, N. M., and I would like to point out a couple of minor mistakes in this

publication. Three Rivers is not a state park; it is a Bureau of Land Management site and contains a picnic area not a campground, and having hiked from that picnic ground to the far end of the ridge for a number of mornings, I have to say that the area is not two miles long as stated in the book—although some days it felt like it was more than two miles on the way back. It is more like a little over a mile even beyond the B.L.M. fence onto state land. I am glad that the author wasn't around when I cut down bushes and weeds to clear the view of the rock art for the photographer and sketch artists, but it will all grow back to help conceal the rattlesnakes.

If you develop an interest in rock art, you will find it a rewarding experience. I keep thinking that someday I will discover something that will answer the many mysteries about this form of expression, and while this book isn't the "Rosetta Stone" and answer to all the questions, it will certainly make your study of rock art more interesting.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

The Invisible Empire in the West, Toward a New Historical Appraisal of the Ku Klux Klan of the 1920s edited by Shawn Lay, Univ. of Illinois Press: Urbana and Chicago, 1992. 230 pages, introduction, conclusion, notes, index. Hardbound, \$32.50.

This book pursues the emergence and decline of the Ku Klux Klan in the 1920s through brief historical studies of the Klan in six cities of the western United States: Denver; Anaheim, Calif.; El Paso, Texas; Eugene and La Grande, Ore.; and Salt Lake City, Utah.

To the reader's surprise, the book is an interesting study of the second stage of the Ku Klux Klan in the West, primarily during the early 1920s. This volume addresses the formation, appeal, influence and decline of the Klan during this period.

Fortunately, the Klan never, with only a few exceptions, had the influence in the western United States that it had elsewhere. Unfortunately, for several years Denver and Colorado were exceptions. Interestingly enough, the

volume implies that in the 1920s the Ku Klux Klan didn't, at least in the West, emphasize the discriminatory practices for which it is now noted. In some areas, the Klan was highly successful because of its stressing family values, civic involvement, and other popular social and political causes. Fortunately, the Klan's flame burned out quickly in the West.

Each of the contributors to this volume has written either a book or a doctoral dissertation on the Ku Klux Klan and/or right wing extremism in the geographical area of their expertise. The volume is an excellently written and highly provocative history of an unsavory social and political phenomenon. It is recommended reading for all who wonder how it happened before, and whether it could ever happen again.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

Flow of the River by the Hispanic Culture Foundation. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. 62 pages, illustrations. Paperback, \$19.95.

New Mexico is a unique place, because of the cultures that have impacted the region over the years, but there is a danger that this special combination of Indian and Hispanic cultures may be in some danger of disappearing. It is for this reason that the Hispanic Culture Foundation was organized in 1983, and became operational in 1986. In 1988, the original purpose of *Flow of the River* was "to provide potential donors with greater understanding of the richness of New Mexico's unique Hispanic arts and humanities." Because of the demand for copies, the book has been reissued.

The content of the book is presented in both Spanish and English and presents a brief history of the state, with a timeline and examples of what constitutes Hispanic culture. One interesting aspect of the timeline is that the census numbers show that between 1912 and 1980 the percentage of Hispanics in the population declined about 59 percent to 36.6 percent, and I am certain the trend is continuing as 1990 census figures show that Hispanics are

not the majority in Santa Fe for the first time in hundreds of years.

The short essays and the illustrations provide an excellent introduction to several aspects of the Hispanic culture of New Mexico. This includes the music and the drama, as well as the folk art. Most of the people who read this short work should be encouraged to move on to the many works with greater detail regarding the culture of New Mexico. It is a special place because of the people, their history, and a way of life that is endangered.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

A Narrative of the Life of Mrs. Mary Jemison by James E. Seaver, edited by June Namias. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1992. 205 pages, illustrations, maps, bibliography. Clothbound, \$24.95.

My interest in Mary Jemison began a number of years ago when I visited Letchworth State Park, south of Rochester, N.Y., and while admiring the scenery, I also came across a museum with information about Mary Jemison, with her statue nearby. I was very interested in reading this book to find out more about the woman who spent most of her life with the Seneca.

The account of her life was first told to Dr. James E. Seaver in 1824, and has gone through a number of editions, with material being added. June Namias has returned to the original edition in an attempt to capture as much as possible a picture of Mary in her own words. Considering Mary's lack of a formal education, it is obvious that the good doctor put her recollections into his own words a great deal of the time.

Mary's story began with her birth on the ship bringing her family across the Atlantic from Ireland to settle on a farm in Pennsylvania. It was during the French and Indian War that Mary and her family were captured at their home, just north of present-day Gettysburg. Their captors were French and Shawnee. From her description, Mary's father just lost all of his ability to resist. Her mother

realized that Mary, who was 15 at the time and might not be murdered by their captors, gave her daughter some valuable survival advice. Mary and a young boy were removed from the rest of the captives, and later Mary saw the Shawnees cleaning fresh scalps, including ones she recognized as belonging to her family. She decided to put it behind her and try to survive, and at Ft. Duquesne, Mary was traded to two Seneca sisters to replace their brother who had been killed.

Her life with the Senecas continued, with her marriage to Sheninjee, who died a couple of years later; her marriage to Hiokatoo; the birth of seven children; her acquiring land at Gardeau on the Genessee River; and finally her death in 1833 at about the age of 90. She certainly lived through some interesting times including the American Revolution, during which the Iroquois nation's allegiance was split between the colonies and Great Britain.

What makes this edition especially worthwhile is that June Namias has provided an excellent introduction of some 43 pages, including additional information about this period of history, the Senecas, and Mary Jemison's story.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Albuquerque by Rudolfo Anaya. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. 280 pages. Clothbound, \$19.95.

Rudolfo Anaya has put the "r" back in Albuquerque and in doing so has written a story about the people and problems of present day New Mexico that is almost impossible to put down. It is a story one should read non-stop for many reasons, including the very special feeling that the author has for his characters and their relationships.

This is the story of the distinct cultural groups that make up the city and the impact that these groups have economically, politically, and socially from the barrio to the pueblo to the country club district.

The story revolves around Abran Gonzalez who meets his biological mother as she is dy-

ing of cancer and begins the search for the man who was his biological father. He becomes involved in the schemes of developer Frank Dominic, "A wannabe Spanish blue-blood," who dreams of turning Albuquerque into a gambling center with Venice-like canals.

"Anaya draws on his trademark of magic realism but adds a touch of madcap adventure and political satire in this journey to the heart of Aztlan." When the characters converse with Coyote, dona Loneliness and Juan and Al, there is a special feeling that you just don't discover in too many other places.

There are several levels to this story, and the more the reader knows about New Mexican culture, the more levels he will be able to reach. It helps to understand the role played by the curandera in the barrio to appreciate the interaction between dona Tules and the people who come to her. The role of the coyote as a trickster is a special one, and Joe needed a few tricks and a little support.

Years ago when I read *Bless Me, Ultima*, I knew that I was reading a classic, and now after reading *Albuquerque* I agree with *Library Journal* that "The work has an intense spirituality that ultimately makes it mesmerizing."

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Discover Indian Reservations USA: A Visitor's Welcome Guide edited by Veronica E. Tiller. Council Publications, Denver, 1992. 414 pages, maps, photographs. Paperback, \$19.95

Recently, I attended a symposium in Albuquerque which was entitled, "A Meeting of Two Worlds"—of Europeans and Native Americans. Veronica Tiller spoke on "Native American Women and the Southwest." I noticed she had several copies of a book with her, and I later asked to look at one, then purchased a copy in the book sales room.

The book contained information not usually found in such a convenient format. This guide was developed by a consortium of tribes to provide accurate and current information

about the Indian tribes, groups or bands who are self-governing, either federally recognized (as are 305) or state recognized (13 in number) and have a land base or coherent community.

The book is helpful in planning visits to specific reservations and can also serve as a reference on the present situation of the different tribes and groups. It includes details about tribes in New Mexico and Arizona, and the Navajo Nation—soon to be renamed the Diné Nation.

The book omits mention of the proper attitude for a visitor viewing ceremonies. Tourists often do not understand the religious nature of what is going on with the dance. That is the major reason that tour groups are not welcome at the Shalako Ceremony at Zuni.

This is certainly a book I would recommend to those interested in Indians throughout the United States.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Kid Curry: The Life and Times of Harvey Logan and the Wild Bunch, An Old West Narrative by F. Bruce Lamb. Johnson Books, Boulder, Colo., 1991. 369 pages, introduction, endnotes, bibliography, index. Paperback, \$11.95.

Over the years, interest in the Wild Bunch has seldom waned. This volume is good reading for those interested in the history of the Wild Bunch. Footnoted, the book reads like a well-written autobiography. The reader is forced to keep in mind that the book is not a history or an autobiography, but only a well researched and written novel.

The basis for the book is stories which the author was told by his father and other family members, of the days when Harvey Logan visited and stayed with the family on their ranch in the isolated mountains of Colorado. The book covers the life of Kid Curry from cradle to grave, and is well worth the effort it takes to remember it is only a novel.

Lamb's book is excellent reading for those who need something for those cold winter nights.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.