

*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1993

**WOMEN WITH DUST  
ON THEIR PETTICOATS**

by Carol Cox



*(Painting by Carol Cox)*

Jennie Rogers operated the House of Mirrors.

## Over the Corral Rail

Two new Posse members and 11 new Corresponding members have been announced by Jack Morison, sheriff of the Denver Posse of the Westerners.

"The Denver Westerners executive committee is gratified that recent policy changes and revisions in our organization's bylaws seem to have stimulated wide interest in membership in the Denver Westerners," Morison said. "Probably never before in the 47-year-history of the Denver Westerners have we received at one time so many new members—several of whom are prominent professionals in the field of Western history."

Morison said most of the new members have been enrolled since the Oct. 28 meeting last year, when, for the first time, women were welcome to attend general meetings, with full status as Corresponding members.

In addition, the Denver Westerners passed another milestone with final approval at the Jan. 27, 1993, meeting of the organization's first woman member of the Posse, Eleanor M. Gehres.

Mrs. Gehres was nominated to Posse membership by Tom Noel, 1989 sheriff, and other Posse members. As manager of the Denver Public Library's Western History Department, she has given much friendly guidance and assistance to many Denver Westerners in their research efforts. She also teaches Colorado history at Metropolitan State College, and for eight years has conducted a cable TV interview show, "Conversations."

In December 1977, she presented a paper for the Denver Westerners, speaking on, "Mr. Ford, Negro Suffrage, and his Turbulent Excellency, Alexander Cummings." She has been the author of numerous articles for various Western history publications and organizations, and is senior editor of an anthology, *The Colorado Book*, scheduled for publication by Fulcrum Publishing, Inc., of Golden, Colo.

Eleanor Gehres was born in Riverside, N.J., the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wilton Mount, and was reared in Portsmouth, Va., where she

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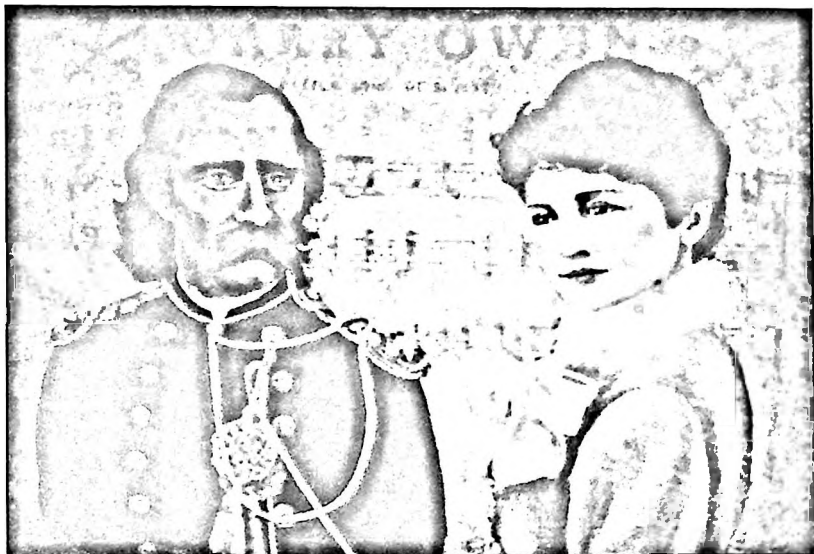
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(Painting by Carol Cox)

George Armstrong Custer's Libble was the prettiest girl in Monroe, Mich.

## Women With Dust On Their Petticoats by Carol Cox

(Presented December 15, 1992)

*Carol Cox, Lakewood, Colo., artist and author, presented her program on famous—and infamous—women of the West at the Winter Rendezvous of the Denver Westerners Dec. 15, 1992, at the Lowry Air Force Base Officers Club in Aurora, Colo. Her talk was accompanied by a display of her portraits. (All pictures with this article are her work.)*

*Truly a child of the West, Carol grew up on a ranch on the Belle Fourche River, 45 miles east of Sturgis, S.D., in the Black Hills. The ranch was homesteaded by her grandfather in 1886, and her family knew many of the legendary characters of the region, such as Poker Alice and Badger Clark. Carol's mother was a school teacher and her father worked on several turn-of-the-century ranches. As a girl, Carol was fascinated by the stories her family told about the old settlers. She later became acquainted with persons who had known Elizabeth Custer, Calamity Jane, and Buffalo Bill Cody.*

*As a child she learned first-hand the trials of ranching, and saw "liberated" women helping with haying, branding, milking, and raising gardens, chickens, and kids. With their men they shared the hardships of drouth and depression, and the rewards of their hard life.*

*Her knowledge of frontier times and people comes through visits to historical sites, personal interviews, and research at libraries and museums in Montana, Wyoming, South Dakota, and*

*Colorado. Realizing that women of the Western frontier had been sadly neglected by Western artists, she was determined to correct this oversight.*

*Working largely in oils, in 1969 she began painting women prominent in Western history—some of them with "dust on their petticoats." Her work has been sold to Western galleries, private collectors, corporations and greeting-card companies. She has been a member of the Women Artists of the American West, and her painting, "Libbie," appeared in a volume of American Artists of Renown.*

*A resident of Lakewood since 1974, she and her husband Earl, a mining engineer, previously lived in Montana, Wyoming, and South Dakota.*

I WANT TO SHARE with you bits and pieces of some extraordinary women's lives. I hope you will take a few steps in their moccasins and shoes that left footprints on this land. And also so that you will have a deeper appreciation of the contributions they made in the settlement of the West.

Visualize a young Indian woman who is reunited with her brother and others of her people. She is standing by a cozy fire in the Three Forks country of Montana. She is known to us as Sacajawea, or Bird Woman.

Picture a young Irish girl from Hannibal, Mo., Maggie Tobin, trodding the boardwalks of Leadville, Colo., during the silver boom. She went on to become known as the Unsinkable Molly Brown.

There was the young bride from Monroe, Mich., who bore many hardships and faced many perils to be near her beloved husband. While he was on a U.S. Cavalry campaign in Kansas, she would ride 40 miles a day to be with him. She was widowed after 12 years of marriage, and Elizabeth (Libbie) Custer spent the rest of her life extolling the virtues of her beloved "Autie."

I hope you will feel you have made some new remarkable friends, just as I have.

This is the legacy of **Sacajawea, or Bird Woman (1790-1812??)**.

The teenage Shoshoni Indian girl, carrying her baby, was guide and interpreter for Lewis and Clark on their 1804-1806 expedition from St. Louis to the Pacific Coast. Joining the expedition early in 1805 at its winter quarters, at Ft. Mandan near present-day Bismarck, N.D., she successfully guided them through Indian country, up the Missouri River, over the Rocky Mountains and down the Columbia River to reach the Pacific in November 1805.

Her knowledge of gathering wild food, arranging for the purchase of horses, and serving as an ambassadress to tribes along the way helped to assure the success of the expedition. The party returned to the Bismarck area in August 1806, where Sacajawea, son Pomp, and husband Charboneau left the expedition. The circumstances of Sacajawea's death are uncertain. There is strong evidence that she died of a "fever" in 1812 at Ft. Manuel [one of several posts and "forts" established by fur trader Manuel Lisa] on the Missouri River in what is now north-central South Dakota. Other reports claim she lived out her last years on the Wind River Reservation in Wyoming and died there in 1884. Regardless of her final resting place, Sacajawea was one of the most influential women in western American history.

There is another extraordinary Indian woman who left her imprint on our history.

**The-Eagle-Woman-That-All-look-At, Wambdi Autapcwin, (1820-1888)**, was a full-blooded Sioux of the Unkpapa and Two Kettle tribes, and daughter of the distinguished chief of the Teton Sioux, Two Lance. Her maternal grandfather was Iron Hill.

The-Eagle-Woman-That-All-Look-At was born in 1820 at the mouth of Chain-de-Roche, on the east side of the Missouri River, the youngest of eight children. She was given the name "Matilda" at baptism. Her first husband was Honoré Picotte, a white trader on the Missouri near Ft. Pierre. Picotte was from St. Louis and a member of the aristocratic Picotte family. He was with the American Fur Co. for many years.

The second husband of The-Eagle-Woman was Charles E. Galpin, often called "Major" because of his prominence in the fur trade. Galpin, born and educated in the East, served the American Fur Co. for 23 years, first as clerk at Ft. Laramie, then as post trader at Ft. Pierre.

In 1862, Galpin joined Joseph La Barge, famous Missouri riverboat pilot, and others in setting up a fur trading company to compete with the American Fur Co. Major Galpin and family traveled upriver to establish Ft. La Barge, Montana Territory. Returning to Ft. Pierre in the fall of 1862, Mrs. Galpin was instrumental in the rescue of captive white women and children from warring Santee Indians at the mouth of the Grand River.

This remarkable woman, with impeccable connections by blood and marriage to Sioux tribes and white traders, was respected by both races. Her ability to calm the Indians along the Missouri River saved many lives.

Mrs. Galpin was a friend of Father De Smet, the famed missionary, and at his request, she joined him in a visit to Sitting Bull. The purpose was to obtain the signatures of the chiefs on a treaty to bring the tribes to large reservations in Dakota Territory. Only shrewd diplomatic maneuvers by The-Eagle-Woman prevented a pitched battle on that journey. She was successful in getting some of the hostiles to return to Ft. Rice, but Sitting Bull was not among them.

In 1872 the U.S. government asked Mrs. Galpin to select representatives of the Sioux Nation to visit Washington. She chose 13 Sioux chieftains to accompany her to the capital, where they toured the city and met President Grant.

The-Eagle-Woman-That-All-Look-At died at Cannon Ball on the Missouri River Dec. 18, 1888, surrounded by her children. Thus passed one of the most illustrious women of her times, worthy of joining the great Sacajawea in the Hall of Fame for Indian Women. (The displayed painting—not shown here—was made from a photo in the 1892 book, *Once Their Home*, by F.C. Holley.)

**Elizabeth Custer's** fortune was closely intertwined with the Indian people.

Libbie Custer is described as slim and girlish looking, with limpid brown eyes and smooth, soft skin. She had a dainty, feminine manner, yet radiated a strong character.

George Armstrong Custer married the prettiest girl in Monroe, Mich., in 1864. From that time on she never left his side, except when he was on campaign. When they had a meal alone, they sat side by side rather than at opposite sides of the table.

She shared with her loving general the many dangers they encountered on the plains. Mrs. Custer wrote that during a march overland between Yankton and Ft. Rice, Dakota Territory, she counted more rattlesnakes than she had in five years in Kansas and Texas. When the column camped at night, the enlisted men would systematically cut away the underbrush and beat the ground in order to drive out and kill the snakes. She wrote that the soldiers killed as many as 40 snakes in one evening.

Among the constant trials of Elizabeth's life were Custer's dogs. A canine army literally overran their quarters. "A crescent of dogs always hung around the kitchen door," she wrote. To feed them, she kept "meat, bones, and grease, but they prefer dainties from the family table." She shared the tent with the whole pack and said, "If I secured a place in the bed, I was fortunate."

Elizabeth Custer probably accompanied her husband more often than did any other officer's wife, but remained behind on occasion. She described how bereft she felt at such times.

"It is infinitely worse to be left behind, a prey to all the horrors of imagining what may happen to the one you love. You eat your heart slowly out with anxiety and to endure such suspense is simply the hardest of all trials that come to a soldier's wife."

On the morning of July 6, 1876, Capt. William S. McCaskey, Dr. Johnson, V.D. Middleton, C.L. Surley, and two medical assistants appeared at Mrs. Custer's back door at Ft. Abraham Lincoln. Elizabeth Custer, clad in her dressing gown, came down to receive them in the parlor. She and members of her intimate circle learned of their widowhood together.

Elizabeth and George were probably the most romantic husband and wife on the Indian fighting frontier. After George was killed at the Little Big Horn, his Libbie devoted the rest of her life to writing books extolling her beloved Autie's admirable qualities.

The next five women had their destinies tied closely to Colorado. One, Silver Heels, had a mountain named for her.

**Silver Heels** was named by the miners at Buckskin Joe, south of Breckenridge.

Legend has it that when a smallpox epidemic struck Buckskin Joe in the early 1860s, a popular dance-hall girl with glittering silver slippers won the everlasting gratitude of miners by nursing the sick. When the epidemic broke, she left town without a word to anyone. The grateful miners honored her memory by naming the highest peak—13,822 feet—in the area Mt. Silverheels.

Another was the epitome of Victorian beauty, **Baby Doe Tabor**.

Lizzie McCourt was born in Oshkosh, Wis. She married a ne'er-do-well, William Harvey Doe, and came west with him to Colorado in the 1870s. They settled in Central City where, according to legend, the appreciative miners referred to Mrs. Doe as "beautiful baby"—hence her name. After a few years of marriage, she divorced Doe and went to live in exciting Leadville, where H. A. W. Tabor saw her and became captivated. As a newspaper described her, she was "without doubt the handsomest woman in Colorado. She is young, tall, and well-proportioned, with a complexion so clear it reminds one of rose blush mingling with the pure white lily; a great wealth of light blondish brown hair, large dreamy blue eyes, and a shoulder and bust that no other Colorado Venus can compare with."

Baby Doe married Tabor in a dazzling ceremony at the Willard Hotel in Washington, D.C., where Tabor was serving a 30-day term as U.S. senator from Colorado. He bought her a \$7,000 wedding gown and a \$90,000 diamond necklace. President Chester A. Arthur was in attendance, and said, "I have never seen a more beautiful bride."

Tabor lavished immense sums upon Baby Doe: jewels, clothes, carriages, and an ornate mansion with Italian villa-style architecture. He commissioned five oil portraits of her. She bore Tabor two daughters, Lillie and Rose Mary, known as Silver Dollar.

The silver panic and poor investments wiped out the Tabor fortune and the jewels, carriages and villa were sold at auction.

Tabor and Baby Doe with their daughters lived in a small room in a hotel. He took a job as postmaster of Denver. He died there in 1899. Among his last words to Baby Doe were "Hang on to the Matchless," his one remaining mining property, which he thought might make her rich again.

She moved into a dilapidated tool shed near the headframe of the Matchless Mine. Year after year she lived there, pumping water from the mine, hoping that it would



*(Painting by Carol Cox)*

Baby Doe, bride of Horace Tabor.

once again produce the wealth that Tabor had assured her was there.

Baby Doe was last seen alive on Feb. 20, 1935. Two weeks later her frozen body was found on the floor of the tool shed where she lived out her life, ever faithful to her "Silver King," who had admonished her with "Hang on to the Matchless."

**Molly Brown** sought to be more than she was, to force her way up from poverty to high status.

Maggie Tobin Brown's life is an epic story of a small-town girl who made it big. Born to a family of modest means in Missouri, she followed her brother to the mining town of Leadville, where she met and married mine manager Jim Brown.

Brown's shrewd management resulted in mine ownership that made him wealthy. Molly's Denver home had decorative stone lions in front. After moving to Denver, she was determined to break into local society. She was snubbed by the social matrons of Denver until she achieved national fame in 1912 by taking command of a lifeboat when the White Star liner Titanic hit an iceberg and sank. Her response to reporters who asked her how she had survived was, "I'm unsinkable."

At her death in 1932, her wealth had been dissipated by flamboyant living and generosity to friends.

The next two women were referred to as "business women."

**Mattie Silks** (1846-1929), known as Queen of the Tenderloin, had plied her trade in Missouri, Dodge City, and Colorado mining camps before setting up business on Market Street in 1876 in Denver. The pretty blonde madam used the name to draw attention to, and highlight, the elaborate silk gowns she wore. Her escapades were the talk of the town.

When one of the "girls" became involved with Mattie's paramour, Cort Thompson, Mattie challenged the girl to a duel with pistols. The only injury was a flesh wound to Cort, who had been Mattie's second.

Business competition in Denver was spirited, but Mattie prospered and even had a business venture in the Klondike during the Alaskan gold rush. Mattie left a \$4,000 estate when she died in 1929.

Next was **Jennie Rogers**. She was known by several names: Jennie Calvington, Jennie Wood, or Jennie Fitzgerald. But most of all she was known as a woman of action. If there wasn't movement and turmoil around her, she would create it.

Jennie Rogers was a dashing brunette madam from Pittsburgh who arrived in Denver in 1880, and was a strong competitor to Mattie Silks, the reigning madam. Jennie's luxurious house on Market Street was known as the House of Mirrors. The famous parlor was furnished with plate-glass mirrors covering the walls and ceiling of the spectacular room.

Following her death in 1909, the house was bought by her competitor, Mattie Silks.

Two other ladies were also legends of the Old West.

**Calamity Jane**—Martha Jane Canary Burke—(1852?-1903) was born in Missouri. Thereafter Western historians have played fast and loose (no pun intended) when writing about Calamity Jane. The stories abound.

She was a scout for Generals Custer and Cooke (or a military camp follower); she dressed in buckskin and was an expert at drinking, cussing, and handling a bull train; she was called "Calamity" because she was always available to nurse men when calamity struck in the form of injuries or smallpox epidemics (or calamity would strike a lonely trooper a short time after a romantic interlude with Jane); she and Wild Bill Hickok married and had a child (or she never met Wild Bill); her daughter was reared by the nuns at St. Martin's Academy, Sturgis, S. D.; she worked/played in all the historic mining/military camps in the West; she was (or was not) a member of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show; and on and on. Her story is complicated by other "Calamity Janes" in the West, each with her own reputation to uphold.





*(Painting by Carol Cox)*

Calamity Jane: Martha Jane Canary Burke.

The facts seem to be that Calamity Jane was a kind-hearted, hard-drinking woman who usually dressed as a man, and could handle a gun or a team of oxen as well as most frontiersmen. Her restless nature took her to many Western towns and mining/military camps.

She died at age 51 at Terry, a mining camp near Deadwood, S.D., in 1903, and is buried next to Wild Bill Hickok in the Mt. Moriah Cemetery, on a mountain overlooking Deadwood.

(The painting is from a photo taken by L. A. Huffman at Miles City, Mont., in 1880.)

And there was **Poker Alice** (1851-1930).

Alice Ivers Duffield Tubbs Huckert came to America from England at an early age. The death of her first husband in Colorado led to gambling to support herself.

Her restless nature took her to mining and military camps in the frontier West where she plied her trade. Along the way she acquired a liking for big, black cigars and the stogies became her trademark. The gold strike at Deadwood, Dakota Territory, found Alice among the new arrivals.

In later years Alice opened a "house of entertainment" at Sturgis, S.D. It was within walking distance of Ft. Meade and its lusty cavalrymen. One night during the boisterous activities, a shot rang out and a trooper fell dead. During her trial at Sturgis, the judge asked Poker Alice to describe the layout of her casino-brothel. Alice replied, "Hell, Judge, you've been to my place enough to know where every door and window is." She was acquitted.

Her "house" has now been moved, renovated, and located adjacent to a Sturgis motel. Tourists can get a vicarious thrill by spending a night in the small second-floor rooms that saw so much activity when Alice was the proprietor.

Of course there were many courageous, less flamboyant women who were equal partners with their husbands. Creating homes, rearing their families, and enduring many hardships, they did it with a stoic courage that would rival that of any man. The women who came with their families to homestead were a hearty breed, reflected in my paintings, "Waiting for a Chinook," "Shenandoah," and "The Rancher's Wife."

The deadly desolation of a snowbound homestead on the Great Plains in the 1880s called for great inner strength. The women were usually from the settled Eastern states and came West as wives of adventurous men eager to carve out a ranch or farm on the frontier.

The sod dugout was snug in winter but sheltered rodents, vermin, and leaked muddy water when the snow melted. The isolation of miles from mail, supplies, doctors, and schools was faced with a prayer that the warm winds of a chinook would break the icy grip of winter. The homesteader's wife is portrayed, "Waiting for a Chinook."

Some homesteaders on the dry, treeless plains returned to civilization before they "proved up" on their homestead claim. The bitter humor of their hard life was reflected in this grim doggerel:

*Twenty miles from water,  
Forty miles from wood.  
I'm leaving the S O B,  
And I'm leaving it for good.*

The desolation faced by the homesteader on the High Plains came as a shock to women who had been reared in the verdant East. The austere economy seldom allowed them to return to visit family and friends. The letters written by these women to Eastern family members made a brave attempt to put the best light on a life style that sometimes became almost unbearable. Most of these women made the best of their new lives and worked by the side of their man to rear a family and carve a home from an inhospitable land. Their descendants proudly show pictures of grandma in front of her sod claim shack, or branding cattle, or doing laundry on a washboard.

In my painting, "Shenandoah," the woman with the faraway look in her eyes may be thinking of severed ties with home and family that are gone forever. This is brought out poignantly in the haunting refrain from the song of the Shenandoah River in Virginia:

*Oh, Shenandoah, how I long to hear you,  
Far away, you rolling river.  
Oh, Shenandoah, how I long to hear you,  
But I'm bound, I'm bound away.  
'Cross the wide Missouri.*

In the painting, "The Rancher's Wife," we see the portrait of a careworn woman. For a time she was simply the wife of a rancher, cooking, washing, and running the ranch house. Being a mother of his children. Suddenly it was different. Her husband's encounter with an angry bull made her a widow. But that was long ago. She still runs the ranch, and at a profit. In her introspective moments she looks out on the breaks and hills and seems to hear a familiar deep voice, "Woman, you've done a hell of a job."

Sharing some of the adventures of these women with dust on their petticoats is my love letter to them—these interesting and courageous women who came West along with the mountain men, scouts, cavalymen, miners, cowboys, and ranchers. Pioneers all, paving the way for all who came later. What a legacy they have given us.



Less flamboyant were the wives of homesteaders and ranchers. Painting by Carol Cox, "Waiting for a Chinook" gives a sense of the isolation of the Great Plains. A homesteader's wife waits atop their soddy dugout for a warming wind to break winter's grip.

# Memories of Leland Case

by

Bess G. (BeeGee) Weyler Arbuckle

(Submitted at Denver Westerners' 1992 Winter Rendezvous)

Two 1944 Chicago founders of the Westerners, Leland D. Case and Elmo T. Scott Watson, came to Denver and assisted with the formal organization of the Denver Posse of the Westerners on Jan. 26, 1945. Case died at his home in Tucson, Ariz., Dec. 16, 1986, at the age of 86. He was the last survivor of a group of men who initiated what grew to be an international organization encompassing corals in the United States, Mexico, Europe, Great Britain, and Japan. The Westerners idea stemmed from the Friends of the Middle Border, which Case organized in South Dakota to study and promote the West's cultural heritage.

Case was born in Wesley, Iowa, May 8, 1900. He moved with his family to Sturgis, S.D., and was later graduated from Rapid City High School and attended Dakota Wesleyan University in Mitchell, S.D. He received his bachelor of arts degree from Macalester College in St. Paul, Minn., in 1922. He taught at St. Cloud, Minn., 1922-1923, before becoming city editor of the *Lead, S.D., Daily Call*. He earned his master's degree from Northwestern University in 1926, and became an assistant professor at Northwestern's Medill School of Journalism. During a three-year period he was also a reporter and city editor of the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*.

Leland Case and his brother, Francis—later U.S. senator for South Dakota—were publishers of the Hot Springs, S.D., *Evening Star* from 1928 to 1934. Rotary International named Leland Case as editor for their worldwide magazine, *The Rotarian*, a post he held until 1950. He was later founder-editor of *Together* magazine, a family journal for the Methodist Church. He was co-author of a long-used journalism textbook, *Editing the Day's News*, and author or co-author of several other books on journalism, and on Western history and international affairs.

Leland Case "retired" in 1965 and he and Josephine "Joan," his wife of 34 years—a folksinger the Oglala Sioux named Zitkaziwin (Yellow Singing Bird)—moved to Stockton, Calif. In 1968 they returned to Tucson to a desert home they had purchased years earlier. Case brought the Westerners International headquarters with him and recruited a staff of volunteers to carry on such activities as publishing the *Buckskin Bulletin*. [NOTE: Headquarters for Westerners International was moved in 1988 from Tucson to Oklahoma City, to designated space in the Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center.]

For his long years of activity in promoting the Westerners, Case was considered president emeritus and "Keeper of the Pitchfork"—the latter title for his efforts to spur action on whatever topic might be of current interest.

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WHEN CAROL COX asked me if I would talk to the Denver Westerners about my Uncle Leland Case, I was pleased and flattered to have a chance to tell about someone who had always been a special person in my life. Thinking about him and writing about him have given me many happy memories, ones that I will always cherish.

Bad roads and the holiday season prevented my coming to Denver for the Winter Rendezvous. Carol suggested that I write something about Leland.

I do not pretend to be the writer that my mother or Leland were, but I will tell you informally about a person who was very dear to my heart.

Leland had his first introduction to South Dakota in 1909 when he came with his mother, brother, and sisters to "Scooptown," the local name for Sturgis, a western

South Dakota boom town, filled with settlers and soldiers from Ft. Meade. From this rugged beginning, he went on to become an outstanding journalist and a lover of Western lore. Even to the last, he had me trying to track down the identity of some pictures he had found in his travels through the Black Hills. My life has been fuller and brighter because of Leland, and I will always cherish his memory.

I can see Leland yet, sitting in our "front window." My parents had built our family home on 20 acres of land in the middle of a small town in western South Dakota, Belle Fourche, where I still live. They had faced the house to the southwest, and placed a very large picture window looking out on a lake and a pasture. This window gave a feeling of being outside, while you were actually inside. Leland loved to sit in a chair facing the window while visiting. He had great respect for my mother. My parents had bought the *Daily Post* in Belle Fourche, and mother wrote editorials.

In the autographed copy of Leland's book, *Editing The Day's News*, he wrote, "To Irma who lives in Buckskin country, but who does not write in Buckskin style. With unrated admiration and expectation from Leland." Dated Aug. 1, 1943.

Leland had revised *Editing the Day's News*, originally written by George C. Bastian. The credit line of the book described Leland as formerly of the staff of the *New York Herald Tribune*, formerly Assistant Professor, Medill School of Journalism; Editor, *The Rotarian Magazine*. Of course, these were only a few of his accomplishments.

The book I treasure most is *Lee's Official Guide Book to The Black Hills and Bad Lands*, published in 1949 by The Black Hills and Badlands Association. In the acknowledgments, Leland wrote, "It is impossible adequately to credit all of the people who have helped to write this little book. They include scores of folk known to the author during his boyhood and later newspapering years in the Hills." He goes on to thank those who helped. However, this copy was always special to me because he had autographed it "To BeeGee. The family's Einstein who also is a No. 1 Class A Chauffeur. Leland Case." He had come to Belle Fourche the summer he was working on the "little book" to get information about the Hills' towns. He used our home as his headquarters, and I would drive him to various towns to visit with people about their communities and what he would say about them in his book. Leland had a special admiration for me because I was finishing a chemistry course at Dakota Wesleyan University. It was funny because I admired him for his ability to talk and write, and he admired me because I could do math and chemistry. It made for a wonderful friendship.

As I write, I can see Leland beside me giving me little help but lots of encouragement. He was tall and slender, and so very dignified. (He perhaps was not so tall, but he always seemed that way to me.) He had a dignity about him mixed with a friendliness that could not be equaled. Leland loved people and everyone was a potential story or had something interesting to add to the knowledge Leland had or was seeking. In addition, he was always thinking of ways to promote historical knowledge of the areas he loved so dearly. He was always afraid some historical event would become lost. His visions about writing and preserving history are documented in his accomplishments.

Perhaps I was so impressed by Leland because he was so different from his brother, U.S. Sen. Francis Case. Both were friendly and outgoing and Francis, too, had visions of the future and did many great things for South Dakota. However, Francis lacked the little something extra that Leland had. Looking at family pictures, I can see that Leland looked a lot like his father, and Francis like his mother.

Leland's background must have played a large part in his stature. The Cases were of English descent, and his mother's family came to New England in the 1650s. They moved from New England to Mankato, Minn., where a family business was started. The Case family does not have a clear background, but Jonathan Case was living in

New York by the 1750s. He had a large family, with 12 boys. One of these sons, Jerome I., established a farm machinery company still bearing the family name. Another brother settled in Iowa, and this was Leland's branch of the family.

Leland's father was a Methodist minister. He served several small churches in western Iowa, reflected in the birthplaces of his children: Francis in Everly; Leland in Wesley on May 8, 1900; Caroline in Swaledale; and Esther in Marathon.

In 1909 the Rev. Mr. Case received a letter from the superintendent of the Black Hills Mission Conference to serve in Sturgis, S.D. Here he became a circuit rider.

These years were difficult for the family. Leland learned what it was to live in a drought, to have inadequate water and bad roads, and what the West was really like in a growing community. In 1913, Leland's father took a pastorate in Hot Springs, S.D. The father was gone a good deal of the time, but was able to give his children a good Christian background in the philosophy of the Methodist church, with religious and moral codes that were to guide them during their entire lives.

Leland was graduated from Rapid City High School and went on to attend Dakota Wesleyan University. He earned his bachelor's degree from Macalester College in St. Paul, Minn., and a master's degree from Northwestern University in Evanston, Ill. He completed graduate courses in sociology, anthropology and American history at the University of Minnesota, University of Chicago, and Northwestern. Leland also received honorary degrees from Dakota Wesleyan University, Northwestern University, Simpson College, Morningside College, and McKendree College. In his early years, he was city editor of the Lead, S.D., *Daily Call*, and later pooled resources with his brother and a friend to buy one-fourth interest in the *Rapid City Journal* which they later sold. Leland and his brother then bought the *Hot Springs Times-Herald* and *Hot Springs Star*. In 1931 these papers were sold. Leland was absent from South Dakota much of this time, making a career in journalism. He became city editor of the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune*. While there, he interviewed Charles Lindbergh after the aviator's 1927 history-making hop across the Atlantic.

In 1927, Leland taught in the Medill School of Journalism at Northwestern University. However, he preferred "doing," and became editor of *The Rotarian*, official magazine of Rotary International. He also started a new family magazine, *Together*, for the Methodist Church, and was editorial director for that and *The Christian Advocate*.

Leland married Josephine Altman of Evanston, Ill., on July 28, 1931. The Cases loved France, southern Arizona and the Great American Desert, and the Black Hills, which he rated as "the most favored spot of geography in the world."

In 1939, Leland started Friends of the Middle Border, which has a museum and study center at Dakota Wesleyan University in Mitchell. This museum has many outstanding Western artifacts, as well as publications and pictures by such painters as Harvey Dunn. The entire Case family was devoted to Dakota Wesleyan, a Methodist college.

In 1944, he and Elmo Scott Watson started in Chicago the first Corral of Westerners International, described as a "cross between a Rotary club and a county historical society."

On April 30, 1976, Leland gave to the Black Hills University in Spearfish more than 3,000 of his personal volumes of Western history, which the library incorporated in a Library of Western Historical Studies.

Leland's brother Francis became a U.S. senator; and his sister Carol married and resides in Hot Springs, where she has been responsible for carrying on the traditions of historical research and preservation. Leland's sister Joyce married an attorney and they settled in Hot Springs, where she works with him in his law practice. His youngest sister, Josephine Esther, married and lived in Le Sueur, Minn.

## Rosenstock Honors Awarded for 1992

Francis B. Rizzari, author, longtime Denver Westerner and a Posse member; and the Cozens Ranch House Museum at Winter Park, Colo., are recipients of the 1993 Fred A. Rosenstock awards. Both awards were made possible through bequests of the late Fred Rosenstock, widely known book dealer and Western Americana collector, and 1952 sheriff of the Denver Westerners.

The awards were announced at the Westerners' 1992 Winter Rendezvous Dec. 15 at the Lowry Air Force Base Officers Club in Aurora, Colo. Eugene Rakosnik, chairman of the Rosenstock Endowment Fund, said Rizzari received the Lifetime Achievement Award from the fund, and the Cozens Ranch House Museum was named winner of the Fred A. Rosenstock Award. The Cozens facility joined two similar award winners, the Comanche Crossing Museum (1990) and the Melvin Schoolhouse Museum (1991).

Because of poor health, Rizzari was unable to attend to receive the award, but his tape-recorded acceptance was played for the group by, Robert L. "Bob" Brown, Posse member and past-sheriff. Brown made the presentation, reviewing Rizzari's accomplishments:

Both Francis and his wife, Freda, are Colorado natives. They celebrated their 57th wedding anniversary in June 1992. Francis graduated from Arvada High School and attended the Colorado School of Mines where he played in the band and was a member of Kappa Kappa Psi. For several years he was employed by the Adolph Coors Co. and is still active in the Coors Oldtimers Group.

In World War II he served in the Army Air Corps as a weather observer. For the greater part of his life, Francis worked in the Topographic Division of the U.S. Geological Survey. He retired in 1971.

Throughout his lifetime Francis has been fascinated by Colorado's unique history, particularly the railroads, early trails and ghost towns. Through jeeping, hiking and researching, he has become an authority and a historian of note. Fortunately for those of us who have called on Francis and Freda as resource

persons, they have amassed a vast collection of artifacts, photographs and particularly rare stereo views. Also fortunately, Francis has a nearly photographic memory, enabling him to recall years later where he went and how he got there. Literally hundreds of the Rizzari pictures have been shared with Westerners in books too numerous to mention. Both newspapers, particularly Frances Melrose [of the *Rocky Mountain News*] consult him frequently.

Mr. Rizzari has presented many illustrated lectures for the [Colorado] Historical Society, Denver's Public Library, the University of Colorado, and many other groups and conferences.

Among professional associations he is a Life Member of Colorado's Historical Society. He holds memberships in the Colorado Ghost Town Club, the Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs and the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club. Francis is a past member of the Jefferson County Historical Commission. In 1987 he was inducted into the prestigious Jefferson County Historical Commission's Hall of Fame. Counting years of service, he is now the senior member of the Denver Posse of the Westerners, where he has held nearly every job and presented at least 16 papers, as well as editing the *Brand Book* in 1964.

Among other accomplishments, in 1950 he republished the 1935 book, *Aspen on the Roaring Fork*. A second republication was the very rare Williams' *Guide to the San Juan Mines*. With Posse members Dick Ronzio and Charles Ryland, the Cubar Association was formed to edit and republish the scarce 1885 edition of *Croft's Grip-Sack Guide of Colorado*.

Down through the years Francis and Freda have proofread and edited numerous books for other Colorado authors. For all of the foregoing reasons, Francis Rizzari is to receive the Rosenstock Lifetime Achievement Award.

Tom Noel, a Posse member and past sheriff, detailed the \$1,000 award to the Grand County Historical Association for its \$300,000 restoration of the William Zane Cozens ranch house. Present to accept the award were Rob-

ert and Reggie Black and Jean Miller of the Grand County Historical Association advisory board. President of the association is Don Chaloupka of Fraser, Colo. The ranch house, on U.S. 40 between Fraser and Winter Park, is on the National Register of Historic Sites. Following are Noel's presentation remarks:

Grand County's vernacular log-and-frame ancestral architecture is displayed at the Cozens Ranch Museum. Cozens, the fearless pioneer sheriff of Central City, married Mary York, the first white woman in these parts. She insisted that they leave the wild mining town for a better place to raise a family. Across Berthoud pass in then-unsettled Grand County, the Cozens clan started this pioneer cattle, hay, and potato ranch. The original notched-log house under board-and-batten siding, was enlarged in 1876 with a large rear stage stop and small south-side post office.

Cozens also opened shop at what became the first hub of Grand County. Travelers used the six tiny, windowless rooms over the stage stop as a hotel.

Old Sheriff "Billy" accepted stagecoaches, but balked at railroads. From his rocking chair on the front porch, he supposedly fired on the railroad survey crew, shooting out their stakes as fast they planted them in his hay meadow. That is why, the tale goes, the railroad tracks are still out of firing distance from the Cozens Ranch, hidden across the valley in the woods.

In 1990, the Grand County Historical Association renovated the complex, converting it to a first-rate museum. One upstairs room is dedicated to the 1923-1990 period when it served as a Jesuit Retreat Center after Mary Cozens, a devout Catholic, donated it to the Jesuits upon her death.

The unusually sensitive restoration retained the cold-storage room, post office equipment, and backyard family cemetery. The rooms have been painted and papered to duplicate the original interior design, leaving samples of the original lath-and-plaster walls and wallpaper. [Visitors should] note the splendid scale model of the ranch and outbuildings at their peak around 1900 when this was a 600-acre spread.



### *The Good Old Days. . .*

Jackson C. "Jack Thode" was sheriff of the Denver Westerners. The year was 1974. The meeting place was the Denver Press Club (upstairs). Posse Member Robert S. "Bob" Pulcifer is accepting a speaker's plaque after presenting a paper. (Check your files—you never know what will turn up.) Jackson was the recipient of the 1991 Fred A. Rosenstock Lifetime Achievement Award.



# Over the Corral Rail

(Continued from Page 2.)

attended public schools. In 1952 she earned a B.A. degree in history and English from the Mary Washington College of Liberal Arts, University of Virginia at Charlottesville. She taught school in Portsmouth and in 1959 came to Colorado Springs as an elementary and secondary school teacher. She later moved to Denver and taught in the Denver Public Schools and at the University of Denver. In 1960, she married James Gehres, a Denver attorney.

In 1968, Mrs. Gehres earned a master's degree in librarianship from DU, and in 1972 a master's in history from that school. In 1982, she was awarded a Certificate of Management from the DU School of Business.

In April 1974, Mrs. Gehres joined the staff of the Denver Public Library and since that time has been head of the Western History Department.

Mrs. Gehres is listed in *Who's Who in the American West, 1992-1993*. Among her many professional and honorary memberships, she is a board member of the Colorado Women's Hall of Fame, the Telecommunications History Group Inc., and has been a member of the Colorado Historical Records Advisory Board since 1976 when she was appointed by then-Gov. Dick Lamm. She is president of the Colorado Preservation Alliance.

Her other memberships include the American Library Association, Colorado Library Association, Western History Association, and the Colorado Mountain Club. She is a past-sheriff of the Colorado Corral of the Westerners.

In other membership action, Lee Olson, a Corresponding member since March 1992, has been elevated to Posse member, following his nomination by Alan J. Stewart and other Posse members. A former journalist, Olson retired from *The Denver Post* in 1987 where, most recently, he was an editorial writer. While at *The Post*, he wrote many feature stories on Colorado and its history, and was a longtime staff member of *Empire Magazine*.

He wrote much of the contents of *Rush to the Rockies*, a *Denver Post* book published in 1959, commemorating Colorado's Centennial celebration. He was a frequent guest at meetings of the Westerners in the 1950s.

Olson's book, *Marmalade and Whiskey—British Remittance Men in the West*, will be published by Fulcrum Publishing in April of this year.

His professional memberships include Sigma Delta Chi, honorary journalism society. Olson's history interests are the mining and cattle industries. His hobbies are photography and writing.

Following are new Corresponding members accepted by the Posse. (*Information published is based solely upon those facts provided on the member's application blank as submitted to the Denver Westerners.*)

- Sandra Dallas Atchison, Denver. Introduced to Westerners by Lee Olson. Married to Robert T. Atchison; two daughters, Dana and Kendal. Native of Washington, D.C. Attended public schools in Denver and Salt Lake City. Received B.A. degree in 1960 from the University of Denver. A *Denver Post* book reviewer since 1961, she has been a regional book columnist ("Books on the West") for *The Post* since 1980. After her graduation from DU, she was a department store publicity assistant and an advertising agency copywriter. During 1961-1963 and 1967-1968 she was an editorial assistant for *Business Week* magazine; 1956-1966, assistant editor of DU's alumni magazine. She returned to *Business Week* and was Denver bureau chief, 1969-1985. She then became the magazine's senior correspondent in Denver, 1986-1989. She has been a free-lance writer since 1991. Mrs. Atchison lists 10 published volumes:

*Gaslights & Gingerbread* (Sage, 1964; Swallow, revised edition, 1984); *No More Than Five in a Bed* (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1967); *Gold and Gothic* (Lick Skillet Press, 1967); *Vail* (Pruett, 1969); *Cherry Creek*

*Gothic* (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1971); *Yesterday's Denver* (Seemann, 1974); *Colorado Ghost Towns and Mining Camps* (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1985); *Colorado Homes* (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1986); and *Buster Midnight's Cafe* (first fiction book, Random House, 1990).

Memberships include Denver Woman's Press Club, National Book Critics Circle, Western Writers of America, Women's Forum of Colorado, and board member of Historic Denver and Visiting Nurse Association.

Awards include Western Heritage Wrangler Award from the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center and "Colorado's Exceptional Chronicler of Western History" (1986) by the Women's Library Association.

- **Nancy Bathke**, Colorado Springs. Wife of past-sheriff Ed Bathke. She and her husband were co-authors of the lead article, "A.G. Wallihan, Colorado's Pioneer Nature Photographer," in the November-December 1992 *Roundup*. A biographical sketch of the Bathkes appeared in that issue (Page 13), in conjunction with the article. She was one of the first four women to submit paid applications as Corresponding members.

- **Robert K. De Arment**, Sylvania, Ohio. Introduced to Westerners by John Hutchins. Interested in outlaws, lawmen, and gunfighters. Native of Johnstown, Pa. Received B.A. in arts and sciences majoring in English literature and history, University of Toledo (Ohio). Married with four grown children and seven grandchildren. Three years combat service with Army in Europe during World War II. Had 38 years employment with a major automotive-parts firm, retiring in 1988 as its director of distribution.

DeArment has had many articles published in such Western periodicals as *True West*, *Frontier Times*, *Old West*, and *Tombstone Epitaph* (national edition).

Books published: *Bat Masterson: The Man and the Legend* (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1979; reissued as paperback 1989); *Knights of the Green Cloth: The Saga of the Frontier Gamblers* (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1982; reissued as paperback, 1990); *George Scar-*

*borough: The Life and Death of a Lawman on the Closing Frontier* (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1992). He was also editor for *Early Days in Texas: A Trip to Hell and Heaven* by Jim McIntire (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1992).

Memberships include the Western Writers of America, and historical societies in Arizona, Colorado, Kansas, and Texas.

- **Dennis Gallagher**, Denver. Introduced to Westerners by Tom Noel. He has written two *Roundup* book reviews: *The Great Platte River Road*, and *Colorado Profiles*. A state senator, Gallagher is author of the Gallagher Amendment. He has also been a member of the Colorado History Group, and the advisory committee for the Department of History, University of Colorado, Denver. Hobbies include calligraphy (currently being utilized to enter the names on certificates of new members for the Denver Westerners).

- **Dale Hayhurst**, Denver. Learned about the Westerners from *The Roundup*. Interested in history of Colorado and New Mexico. He was born in Torrance, Calif., and reared in David City, Neb. He has been a Denver resident since 1965, and has four children. Received B.A. with anthropology major in 1970 from University of Colorado. Self-employed as petroleum landman for 15 years, with 12 years spent "on the road" throughout the Rocky Mountains.

For two seasons participated in archaeological excavating at Mesa Verde National Park, working through the University of Colorado. Other interests include reading, fishing, and collecting medals and decorations.

- **Clyde W. Jones**, Parker. Learned of Westerners through members Loyd Glasier, Kent Brandeberry, and Bob Shultz. Born in Tulsa, Okla., attended Tulsa Central High School and University of Tulsa, majoring in journalism. Also attended Instituto Allende in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, studying creative writing. Also completed creative writing courses at University of Colorado, and won award at Santa Barbara Writers Conference in California. Started in 1947 as oil field roughneck, moving up to oil scout and landman for petroleum producers, then became independent oil-lease broker and producer.

Later president of two petroleum companies, now semi-retired as president of Clyde W. Jones, Inc. "I'm part Cherokee Indian, but predominantly English and Scotch-Irish."

Articles published in *Rocky Mountain Country*, *Odyssey*, *Apartment Life*, *Leisure Living*, *Startling Detective*, *West Coast Writers Conspiracy*, *The Denver Post*, *Rocky Mountain News* and *Daily News Press*.

Wrote first treatment script for movie, "The Last of the Daltons." For past three years has produced monthly newsletter for Parker Area Historical Society, and has planned monthly programs for society; most recently, wrote article on the Denver and New Orleans Railroad for *Parker Country Magazine*. Presently chairman of the Douglas County Historic Preservation Board and Parker Area Historical Society.

Hobbies and interests include writing and photography.

- **Erma D. Morison**, Denver. Wife of Jack Morison, new sheriff of the Denver Posse. She is a past-president of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado; has helped plan programs and caravans or field trips pertaining to Western history. Her historical interests include ghost towns, railroads, rivers, and battlegrounds. Hobbies and other interests include travel, swimming, sewing, and photography.

- **John O'Dell**, Arvada. Learned of Westerners from Tom Noel and Jackson Thode. Published articles on the Peck House Hotel in Empire, Colo., and the Argo Mill and Tunnel in Idaho Springs, Colo. Interests and hobbies include backpacking and skiing.

- **Patricia Quade**, Denver. Learned about Westerners through husband Omar Quade, and other members. A native of Billings, Mont., she and her husband are parents of four grown children. She earned a B.A. degree from the University of Denver. She was nominated by the Colorado Historical Society for Channel 9's "Those Who Care Award." Past-president of Colorado Ghost Town Club; vice president, volunteers, Colorado Historical Society; in charge of Centennial guides for CHS in 1976. Areas of interest are history, and women in Colorado history. Hobbies include keeping scrapbooks, traveling, crafts, birds, and "portraying Augusta Tabor."

- **Florence Staadt**, Aurora. Learned about Westerners from husband Bob, ex-sheriff, and many other members. "I have hosted the dinner for the policy meetings of the Denver Westerners [Posse] for the past six years. Areas of interest are Western history, ghost towns. Hobbies include antique collecting.

- **Marilyn Mae "Lynn" Stull**, Denver. Learned about Westerners from husband Bob, a Posse member and Tallyman/Trustee. Past-president of the Colorado Ghost Town Club. She has participated in researching, preparation, presentation of programs on railroads, ghost towns, and Indians. Areas of interest: ghost towns, mining camps, railroads, Southwestern Indians. Her hobbies include photography, Indian culture (collecting Kachinas) and ghost town exploration.

- **University of Utah Libraries** at Salt Lake City. Renewed as Corresponding member, through 1992-1993.





## 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 American Alps: The San Juan Mountains of Southwest Colorado** by Donald L. Baars. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. Illustrations, photographs, tables, glossary and index; 194 pages. Paperback, \$15.95.

This book explores Colorado's San Juan Mountains from a geologist's view. To appreciate this book the reader must have some interest in geology—either a light interest or a deep-seated professional interest. There is something for both levels.

The author has divided the book into two parts: a primer of the geologic formation of the mountains and a tour guide of the area's geologic features.

The first part of the book begins almost 2 billion years ago and traces the development of the mountains up to the present. This section is a complete geologic text with extensive figures and photographs to explain the mountain-building process in layman's terms. However, the many terms, rock types, geologic ages, and so on can confuse the neophyte geologist.

For most nonprofessional geologists, the second part of the book holds greater interest. Here the author takes the reader down roads, hiking up trails and even riding the Durango-Silverton narrow-gauge railroad, explaining the related geology. The drive along the San Juan Skyway, a National Scenic Byway, is explained at many milepost locations to give a continual geology lesson along this beauti-

ful, historic and geologic-rich route. Here the points presented in the first part of the book are put into practical, current-day visible examples.

Besides serving as a geology reference, this book has a section on "Four Corner Region Place Names" with bits of information for those interested in southwestern Colorado geographic history.

—Edward S. Helmuth, P.M.

**The Last Water Hole in the West, The Colorado-Big Thompson Project and the Northern Colorado Water Conservancy District** by Daniel Tyler. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1992. Photographs, maps and index; 613 pages. Clothbound, \$39.95; paperback \$19.95.

Daniel Tyler, a history professor at Colorado State University, was commissioned by the Northern Colorado Water Conservancy District to write its 50-year history. He was given access to all NCWCD files, including minutes of meetings, correspondence, internal memos, reports, studies, speeches, and newspaper articles. He had freedom to interpret and report as he saw appropriate. This freedom enabled him to give both sides of the story—and any water project in Colorado definitely has two (or more) sides.

The Colorado-Big Thompson project was conceived to provide the farmers of northern Colorado with water from the Western Slope

of the state. Water would come from the Colorado River (the last water hole), and move through a 13-mile tunnel under the Continental Divide. The NCWCD was created to oversee the design, construction, and funding of the project which would become the largest trans-mountain water diversion project in the nation. The project has continued to develop, even up to the current time, with the recent completion of the Windy Gap Reservoir near Granby.

The book provides the reader with an unbiased account of the controversies, implications and decisions of the project. Pros and cons are fully explored. The book also covers many associated water projects and the Colorado-Big Thompson project's impact. Two of the associated projects are the Lake Powell-Glen Canyon Dam and Dillon Reservoir. Power struggles, lawsuits and environmental factors are combined to give the reader the total story of the evolution of policy for the movement of water out of its natural basin.

The length of the book (613 pages) indicates the amount of material included—and the time required to comprehend the text. Readers who complete this book will certainly become more knowledgeable about Colorado water rights.

The book includes an adequate number of maps and illustrations, and a glossary helps with terminology. The text is footnoted, and the bibliography allows those interested to delve deeper into this complex subject.

—Edward S. Helmuth, P.M.

**On Rims and Ridges: The Los Alamos Area Since 1880** by Hal K. Rothman. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1992. Photographs, maps, bibliographic essay; 398 pages. Clothbound, \$45.

As I read this book, I wondered just how the title was selected. Most of the book is concerned with the relationship of the different agencies of the federal government to the land and people of the Pajarito Plateau in Northern New Mexico. Maybe the title should have been *The Feds and the Pajarito Plateau*, but a

possible clue as to why the name of the plateau was not included in the title is found in the book. During the battle over establishing a national park in Frijoles Canyon, one the sticking points was whether it should be called Pajarito N.P. or Cliff Cities N.P., as Pajarito was a difficult word for the Anglo to pronounce.

The author sees this area of Northern New Mexico as representative of what has happened throughout the Western United States as the often-conflicting demands on the land have increased. He states that "without realistic mechanism to solve the problems that hurried change inherently creates, other previously isolated parts of the nation face a brutal and dislocating process of rapid integration into the mainstream. The story of the Pajarito Plateau is a harbinger of an ominous future in the West."

One of the most interesting aspects of the book deals with Edgar Hewett, one of the most widely known figures in archaeology in the Southwest. The bibliography mentions that there is not a "substantive biography" of Hewett and Beatrice Chauvenet's *Hewett and Friends* is only a beginning. One aspect of Hewett's influence Rothman neglected to mention was that Hewett was chairman of the Committee of Nomenclature, establishing the architectural style that is the law in Santa Fe today. Rothman seemed to have a difficult time evaluating the impact of Hewett's activities on the Pajarito Plateau.

A number of federal agencies including the National Park Service, the Forest Service, and the Civilian Conservation Corps are evaluated. In time, the Atomic Energy Commission came on the scene with its laboratories at Los Alamos; and the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers impacted Bandelier National Monument with the building of the Cochiti Dam. This book provides an intensive study of the federal government's role in the controversies over the use of the Pajarito Plateau. One interesting battle fought there is also being fought throughout the West: wilderness designation for large areas of government land.

The author evaluates the impact of various groups—from homesteaders to atomic scien-

tists—on the Pajarito Plateau, and projects the impact for the entire West. There is minimal information regarding the Hispanic and Native American populations, as the emphasis is post-1880. However, the author notes that when change impacted both groups, the Native American were more forceful and did a much better job of protecting their rights.

All in all, I recommend this book to those interested in Edgar Hewett and archaeology on the plateau, as well as those interested in the infighting among federal agencies.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Colorado: A History in Photographs** by Richard N. Ellis and Duane A. Smith. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1991. 250 photographs, two maps, index; 266 pages. Cloth-bound, \$24.95.

Richard Ellis, director of the Center of Southwest Studies at Fort Lewis College in Durango; and Duane Smith, history professor at Fort Lewis, teamed up to put together this remarkable collection of pictures, ranging in time span from William Bent and Jim Beckworth [Beckwourth] to the Denver Broncos and Durango soldiers returning home from the Persian Gulf operation. The approximately 250 photos were selected from libraries, archives, museums and private collections. The pictures illustrate each geographical locale in the state, and the book is divided into five chronological chapters—two-thirds focusing on the twentieth century.

The chapters are: "I. Nothing Is Impossible" (1859-1890); "II. Never Come Back to Them" (1890-1914); "III. A Time to Break Down and A Time to Build Up" (1914-1941); "IV. Welcome to the New Colorado" (1941-1970); and "V. A Future Not by Default but by Design" (1970-1991). Each chapter opens with a succinct and colorful history, introducing an assortment of pertinent photographs, mostly from Colorado sources.

Tom Noel, former sheriff of the Denver Westerners, a history professor at the University of Colorado-Denver, and himself a distinguished historian, author, and columnist,

commented (on the book's dust jacket): "With many heretofore unpublished photos and crackerjack commentary, the duo from Fort Lewis College offers unusually broad coverage of the highest state. Unlike many photo historians, Ellis and Smith do not neglect the twentieth century or Colorado's backwaters."

While the book is entertaining, and includes enough hard facts to escape the "coffee table" classification, it falls short of being a comprehensive history of the state. There are some references, for example, to William Byers and his *Rocky Mountain News*, but nothing is noted about that colorful pair of pirates, Fred G. Bonfils and Harry H. Tammen, and their founding of *The Denver Post*. In fact there is little mention at all of *The Post*, and its modern-day distinguished publisher and journalist, Palmer Hoyt. And somehow "Unsinkable" Molly Brown was sunk, in oblivion.

The volume's collection of photographs is interesting, and, at the price, the book is worth adding to your library.

—Alan J. Stewart, Ed.

**Annie Oakley of the Wild West** by Walter Havighurst. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1992. 246 pages. Paperback, \$10.95.

This is a new release of the Havighurst's 1954 biography of Annie Oakley. The introduction by Christine Bold is a short thesis in itself.

Most of us think of Annie Oakley in terms of Ethel Merman or Betty Hutton from stage and screen. Havighurst writes of Annie in a more personal, narrative style. He tries to convey her through feelings she might have had and interprets them for us. He invents dialogue for her and merges his voice into hers.

Although Havighurst researched deeply and interviewed many relatives, friends, and observers of Annie, one wonders if the real Annie can ever be captured. She invented stories about herself, as did the press and publicity managers of her shows, so where and how do we separate fact from fiction to find the real Phoebe Ann Moses?

Havighurst tracks the movements of Annie and the shows in a fascinating story, but I kept wondering if I was reading another "script" where the main character is pieced together for yet another entertainment. Annie changed her name, her birth date and many others added and/or subtracted to the conundrum.

Of the 15 illustrations in the book, only a few are directly related to Annie Oakley.

Make this light reading on a snowy evening but expect no final solution of "who was Annie Oakley?"

—Max D. Smith, P.M.

**Singing an Indian Song: A Biography of D'Arcy McNickle** by Dorothy R. Parker. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1992. Photographs, bibliography of published works by D'Arcy McNickle; 326 pages. Clothbound, \$35.

Prior to reading this book, I knew of D'Arcy McNickle only as the author of several fictional books about Native Americans, published by the University of New Mexico Press. I know of the man's ethnically mixed background, his education, his work in the Bureau of Indian Affairs and the National Congress of American Indians, and as a historian and anthropologist. I read about his relationships or lack thereof with his three wives and the cool relationship with the members of his family. I was unable to discover the driving force—if there was one—behind D'Arcy McNickle. He was part Cree and on the rolls of the Flathead Tribe of Montana, but he did not seem to really identify with his personal heritage, but with the more inclusive Native Americans.

The author presents a thorough study of McNickle's process in writing several of his books, including *Runner in the Sun* and *The Surrounded*. There are real swings in this biography as the author deals with the writer and the doer. This represents the actual life interests of McNickle who lived several roles.

In the chapter, "The Legacy," Dorothy Parker asks the question, "What exactly was

D'Arcy McNickle's contribution to American Indians in the modern world?" She answers by saying that "without his willingness to assume leadership and responsibility for these various projects, they would not have happened as they did; they would perhaps not have happened at all." His strength was in leading, inspiring, raising the necessary funds and working hard.

One of the major criticisms of McNickle's biography of Oliver LaFarge was that McNickle should have interviewed more people, and I now wonder whether there was a possible source that Parker might have missed in her research for this book that would have filled in some major blank areas.

This book does round out some of the areas in the study of the Native American organizations, including their methods and goals.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Mill & Mine, The CF&I in the Twentieth Century** by H. Lee Scamehorn. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 1992. Introduction, 34 photographs, 1 map, 3 appendices, notes, bibliographical essay, index; 247 pages. Clothbound, \$37.50.

Colorado Fuel and Iron Co., better known since the 1960s as CF&I Steel Corp., has impacted the Rocky Mountain West for more than 100 years. The author, Lee Scamehorn, in 1976 published the first volume of his history of CF&I, *Pioneer Steelmaker in the West: The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, 1872-1903*. While this volume continues that history with a primary focus upon the twentieth century, it also stands alone, telling the story of the firm from 1872 to the late 1980s.

Much of the book is organized by periods in the company's history. One chapter is devoted to the strike of 1913-1914, a significant event in the firm's history. Other chapters are devoted to specific aspects of CF&I's operations, such as company towns, company stores, and the Rockefeller Industrial Representation Plan. This book is an excellent general reference, providing an overview of CF&I's operations that is more forgiving of big business

than many in today's era of political correctness.

Unfortunately, the author did not address other aspects of the firm's operations—the coal and iron mines, the quarries, the coke plants, the steel manufacturing operations, and the Colorado and Wyoming Railway Co.—with the same completeness as company towns and stores.

Three appendices provide the date of each town, mine, and store founding and closure. This information is useful but limited in scope. Maps, by specific time period, of the locations of the iron mines, quarries, coke plants, coal mines, town, stores, and gas stations operated by CF&I would have added much to the book.

*Mill & Mine* is an excellent overview of CF&I from the company's viewpoint. The price of \$37.50 is high but the cloth binding is excellent and the book is printed on quality paper. I would recommend this book to those interested in a concise overview of a company which has had a significant impact upon the industrial and economic development of the Rocky Mountain West.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

**An Illustrated History of New Mexico** by Thomas E. Chavez. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1992. 217 photographs; 270 pages. Clothbound, \$27.50.

When I receive a book such as this one for review, there is good news and bad news. The good news is that with pictures and short quotations it will not take long to read. The bad news is that a book of photographs and quotations is very difficult to review.

The author states that, "In a sense, this work is not so much intended to feed the reader with information as it is to stimulate questions, connections, and ideas from the words and images of yesteryear's New Mexicans. This is a very different way of looking at history." The press release makes the point that this volume "will inform and inspire both the novice and scholar of history interested in New Mexico's still largely undiscovered past."

I might tend to agree more with the first statement regarding words and images than with the second, as I believe New Mexico's past has been researched with a completeness not found in other states.

The selection of photos is most interesting, and many are not commonly seen in published works. In an ethnic count, the largest category would be Hispanic, with Native American in second place, and Anglo third. I would guess that this is the result of trying to present unpublished photographs, and most familiar Native American and Anglo pictures have been published previously. Personally, I found the photographs of the Hispanic population especially interesting. Most of the quotations are from the standard works, from Hammond to Lummis to Calvin.

Along with a brief 17-page prologue overview of the history of New Mexico, this book certainly would be an adequate introduction to the history and the people of the state, but I wish the author had included a good bibliography for readers who want to continue their study of this most interesting state.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Red White Blue and God Bless You: A Portrait of Northern New Mexico** by Alex Harris. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. 81 full-color photographs, 8 duotones; 128 pages. Clothbound, \$45.

Alex Harris has collaborated on two previous publications of UNM Press. With Robert Coles doing the writing and Harris doing the photographs, the *Old Ones of New Mexico* provided the reader with a look at what it was like to grow old in New Mexico. Harris and William deBuys produced an earlier book, *River of Traps*, that I have recommended to many people. The writing and the photographs in this second book combine to give an accurate view of life in a small village in Northern New Mexico and the impact of one man on both deBuys and Harris.

In his current effort, Harris continues his look at the people of Northern New Mexico, using photographs he took over a number of



years, and moving from the exclusive use of black-and-white photographs to color. I found a number of photographs especially interesting, including the one of the church for the set of the film, *The Milagro Beanfield War*, my favorite fiction book and movie about New Mexico. There is also a photo of the village of Cundiyo which included the Exxon station where I first learned the need to shovel snow off the dirt, to prevent the area from turning to mud. There is a good mixture of photographs including landscapes, exteriors and interiors of homes, and views taken from inside the low-rider's car looking out.

Several of the photographs were previously published in *The Essential Landscape* in 1985 and the *River of Traps* in 1991. It would have been a plus if the author could have used different pictures for this book. I had several questions regarding the selection of photographs as I read the book, especially the inclusion of the chronological sequence of Quirino Gurule's bedroom over a three-year period. Why include the right exterior, left exterior and complete front of Amadeo Sandoval's house? I wonder why Harris used so many shots of just a few houses, instead of providing a wider variety. I can recall many more rooms and houses in Northern New Mexico that could have been included for a more comprehensive look at the people and their culture. My final question is why there were 12 blank pages in the pictorial section of the book?

When I first received my copy of this book, I looked at the photos and then I read the book. I would suggest that it is best to read before looking at the photographs to better grasp what the author is trying to accomplish.

I find it difficult to recommend this book.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Handcarts to Zion. The Story of a Unique Western Migration, 1856-1860** by LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London. Contemporary journals, accounts, reports, and rosters of members of the 10 handcart companies. Map, photos, index; 328 pages. Paperback, \$12.95.

This elegant book is a "re-do" 40 years later of Hafen's master's thesis, "The Handcart Migration." His mother at the age of 6 in 1860 came from Switzerland to walk from Iowa City to Salt Lake City. The narrative does an excellent job of distilling from accompanying sources a believable, coherent, and apparently objective account of an incredible series of 10 handcart companies crossing the plains and mountains to Salt Lake City.

More than 10 years ago, I observed a statue of a "Handcart Family" in Temple Square in Salt Lake City. The Pioneer Museum just north of the center of town has many records, e.g., bills of lading, indenture agreements to repay the Perpetual Emigration Fund (PEF) with labor for the cost of passage, documents specifying requirements for provisions and "medical comforts" which relate to the handcart migration. I also observed a luxurious, plush, red-velvet armchair, with a sign stating that this was the chair in which Brigham Young rode in his private car on the Union Pacific Railroad. Certainly an anomalous artifact compared with the statue of the Handcart Families and the events described in this book.

However, Young apparently deserves the credit for initiation of the PEF. His plan, approved in 1849 by the General Conference of the Church, was intended to attract the maximum number of emigrants at the least cost. Hence the decision to use handcarts. The literature and rationale of the advantages of the handcart to cross some 1,300 miles of prairie in midsummer were somewhat like a pitch by today's used-car salesmen extolling the virtues of unworthy vehicles.

The narratives and journals of these companies indicate a harrowing experience. The lateness of departure of the fourth and fifth caravans and snowstorms in the Rockies presented the emigrants with amazingly difficult conditions requiring herculean efforts both by the emigrants and their rescuers from Salt Lake City.

The only real failure in the handcart caravans involved the fourth and fifth companies. They left Iowa City in 1856, very late in the season, and arrived in Salt Lake City on Nov.

9 and 30, with 67 and 145 to 150 deaths, respectively.

The total effort over the four-year period involved 10 handcart companies of almost 3,000 persons with a loss of life of about 250. Discounting the tragic losses of the fourth and fifth caravans, the toll was minimal considering the hardships involved. It is an amazing picture of obviously dedicated people in one of the most unusual hejiras in our Western history.

LeRoy Hafen came to the Colorado State Historical Society in 1924 as state historian and editor of the society's historical journal, *The Colorado Magazine*. He retired in 1954. Hafen was one of the founders of the Denver Posse of the Westerners.

—W. Bruce Gillis, C.M.

**Desert Lawman: The High Sheriffs of New Mexico and Arizona, 1846-1912** by Larry D. Ball. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. Maps, photos, bibliography, appendices; 426 pages. Clothbound, \$45.

The sheriff is one of many government officials we inherited from the English, and those who have held this office played major roles in the settlement of the West. Larry Ball has done a most thorough job of researching lawmen in New Mexico and Arizona, from the time the region became a part of the United States until the two territories achieved statehood.

The sheriff's job was certainly not an easy one. He was expected to play several roles while holding this elected office, including everything from law enforcement to jailer, to tax collector, to maintaining medical quarantines along with other assigned tasks. Often the county of jurisdiction was larger than many eastern states.

It is interesting how rapidly the former citizens of Mexico adapted to this innovation and were soon being elected to office, especially in New Mexico where there was a higher percentage of Mexicans than in Arizona. All the new sheriffs faced similar problems: construction of a jail; the search for sureties on

the required bonds; selection of efficient and trustworthy subordinates; and collecting fees in lieu of salary.

Often the question of whether a potential law-enforcement officer had a "quick gun" might be a factor in an election. This actually referred not to the quick draw, but a "willingness to shoot sooner." The situation of a sheriff facing the outlaws in a showdown on mainstreet as seen in the movie, "High Noon," just was not the case at all. In nearly all situations, the lawman would not try to outdraw the criminal but would use a shotgun or rifle to gain an advantage.

Most disagreeable of the sheriff's responsibilities was protecting prisoners from lynch mobs often composed of local community leaders. Many times the sheriff avoided a confrontation by just not being around the jail when the mob arrived.

Another stressful aspect of being sheriff was the deathwatch. As Ball stated, "Of his many duties, the sheriff disliked most the task of hanging condemned men." In fact, the sheriff often tried to hire someone else to pull the lever by which the condemned was "Jerked to Jesus." At times the hangman was inept and men were choked to death or, as in the case of Black Jack Ketchum, decapitated through a miscalculation of weight and length of the drop. Included in the book are three appendices listing the men who served as sheriff during the time. The legal hangings and the lynchings are especially interesting.

Ball has done a thorough job of research to produce an accurate and readable book about the role played by these men in the counties of New Mexico and Arizona.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Hardrock Gold** by Tom Morrison. Illustrations by Cherry Hunter. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman. 23 illustrations; 304 pages. Hardbound, \$24.95.

Is mining dead? Contrary to what might be supposed from the current state of the industry in the West, mining is not dead. *Hardrock Gold* is an autobiography which traces a min-

er in his travels from 1972 to 1987. During these 15 years he moves from mines in Cornwall, England, to Germany, then northern Canada; and to Colorado, British Columbia, and Newfoundland.

The book begins with his hiring on as a novice miner in South Crofty, the original home country of the Cornish miners of western lore. He then works as a miner in Ramselsberg in the Hartz Mountains in Germany, in the Porcupine in northern Manitoba, and in Yellowknife in the Northwest Territories of Canada, while attending the Camborne School of Mines in Cornwall, England. Upon graduating as a mining engineer he moves to North America where he works as a miner, then a shift foreman, and finally a mine captain. Calling it "deep enough," he becomes a mining consultant and finally a contractor acting as his own field superintendent.

A reader of this book gains an entry-level course in mining terminology, safety, and techniques. The author familiarizes the reader with mining in each location by summarizing the history of mining there, and providing a brief history of mines visited. The reader is left with a feeling of firsthand knowledge of the mines in Cornwall, Germany, Canada, and the western United States.

Having been reared in small mining camps and having worked in the mining industry, I found that reading this volume brought back memories of a life which now exists in fewer and fewer places. The book reminded me of a classic in this field, *Deep Enough*, by Frank Crampton. While not quite the equal of that volume, this book is one of the best general-interest books on mining written in the past 40 years. *Hardrock Gold* is recommended as an excellent volume. The book should have a place in the library of all who love mining.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

**Taos: A Memory** by Miriam Hapgood Dewitt. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. One photograph, 145 pages. Cloth-bound, \$16.95.

Miriam Hapgood, 23, arrived in Taos,

N.M., in the summer of 1929 to visit her parents' friend, Mable Dodge Luhan. Miriam loved Taos so much that she stayed on for 12 years. During that time she went from being a depressed young woman to becoming owner of an adobe home in need of a lot of work, the wife of an older man who was not cut out for marriage, and mother of two boys. Her life in Taos revolved around Mable and the people who came to Taos to be near Mable. She had little contact with the Hispanic population and visited the Taos Pueblo as a tourist. I guess that things don't really change, as the majority of Anglos in Taos today seem to have their own social circle.

The introduction was written by Lois Rudnick who wrote *Mable Dodge Luhan: New Woman, New Worlds*, and I would guess became aware of Miriam during her research for the book about Mable. She mentions being with Miriam in 1983, seven years before Miriam's death. In the introduction, Rudnick discusses Miriam's family background including the political and social positions taken by her parents. They were certainly not your typical American family of the period.

In the afterword, Edward Bright, Miriam's son, continues the story after Miriam leaves Taos until her death in 1990. She had originally planned to write about her entire life but only completed the Taos section before her death. From the brief outline provided by Edward, her entire life story would have been interesting reading.

I found her story of Taos in the 1930s most engaging when she talked about Mable Luhan, Tony Luhan, Georgia O'Keefe, Dorothy Brett, Spud Johnson, Frieda Lawrence and many others. I would have liked to have known more about the trip that she and her husband took to Mexico, including the drive from Mexico City to Oaxaca.

If you have a strong interest in Taos and in Mable, you will find this book appealing. I certainly did, but then I have that strong interest. I stayed in Mable's house when attending several institutes. One year, I spent several days before Christmas by myself in the house that Mable and Tony built, and thought about all the famous people who had preceded

ed me as guests. Now I can think of Miriam Hapgood's time there.

I do wish that all nonfiction books were required to have an index—including this one.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Whatever Happened to Billy the Kid?** by Helen Airy. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, N.M., 1993. Photographs, illustrations, maps; 175 pages. Paperback, \$12.95.

*Whatever Happened to Billy the Kid?* is yet another one of those books disputing history as we were originally taught. For example, books and historians have claimed Butch Cassidy did not die during a gunfight with police and army troops in Bolivia, but rather died of old age back in the United States under an assumed name. The same has been said about such other notorious gunmen and criminals as Jessie James and John Wilkes Booth.

Now Helen Airy has come forth with a book that tells what may have transpired after Billy the Kid's confrontation with Pat Garrett. As explained by Airy, following the event of July 14, 1881, in which Garrett was supposed to have shot the Kid in Fort Sumner, N.M., a young man, recovering from a severe chest wound and a Mexican girl were quietly married. The bridegroom gave his name as John Miller. Traveling by night to avoid attention, the couple found their way to a then-sparsely-settled area of New Mexico near the small town of Ramah. They lived here for the next 37 years on a small ranch. During those years the couple made many friends. To many of his neighbors, Miller seemed a kindly gentleman. He delighted fre-

quently in showing off his expertise with a gun—a skill some said the Kid was known for—and telling them he was Billy the Kid.

Call this reviewer old-fashioned, but I found Helen Airy's book hard to swallow. Many of the author's sources are interviews with persons whose parents, grandparents, or great-grandparents knew John Miller and wife. Many of those who met Miller were convinced that he looked like Billy the Kid, and therefore he must be Billy the Kid.

Fearful that the law was still looking for him, Miller told his friends not to reveal who he was until after his death. In 1918, because of health reasons, Mr. and Mrs. Miller left New Mexico for Arizona. It is interesting to note that after this move, Miller began to change the story of his identity and background. The author feels this was done to throw the law off his trail. It could also mean that, as Miller grew older, he had trouble keeping things straight in his mind.

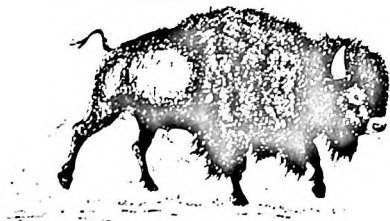
It is possible that John Miller may have been a friend of Billy the Kid, because this is one story he related in Arizona. It is hard to believe he really was who he claimed to be. It could very well be that whoever he was, he wanted to perpetuate the legend of Billy the Kid. Therefore, Miller concocted this story.

As the saying goes, if a person tells a story about one's self long enough, he begins to believe it himself.

According to historian and recent biographer of Billy the Kid, Robert M. Utley, "There isn't a shred of evidence, not a credible piece of paper, that Billy the Kid didn't die on July 14, 1881, or that these other guys were Billy the Kid."

John Miller, the man Helen Airy believes to have been Billy the Kid, died in 1937.

—Mark E. Hutchins, P.M.



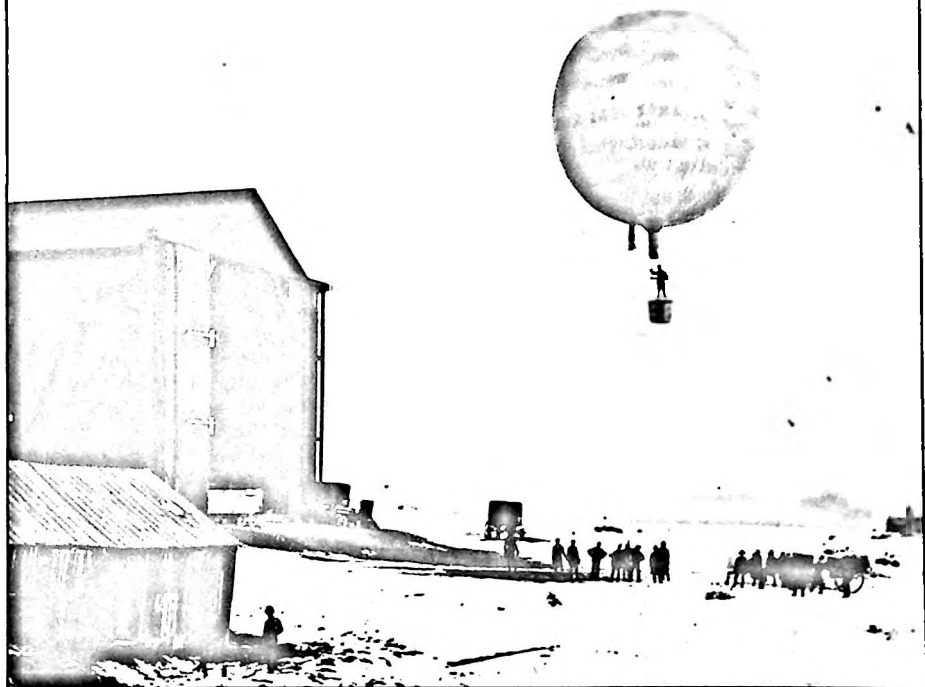


*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

MARCH-APRIL 1993

**ADVENTURES OF  
IVY BALDWIN,  
AERIALIST**

by Earl McCoy, P.M.



*(National Archives Photo)*

Ivy Baldwin with balloon he fabricated at Ft. Logan in 1890s.

## Over the Corral Rail

One of the early-day artifacts of the Denver Westerners has been rescued by Sheriff Jack Morison from oblivion: Old Joe, the buffalo skull which used to "preside" at meetings of the Posse, dating back to days at the Denver Press Club.

Old Joe was presented to the Posse in 1970 as its totem by Dr. Nollie Mumey, one of the organization's founding fathers and sheriff. Dr. Mumey, noted physician, Western historian, author, and collector, died in Denver Jan. 22, 1984, at the age of 92. The skull hung over the doorway to the Denver Press Club's upstairs meeting room, when Westerners gathered. In 1985, when Dick Akeroyd Jr. was sheriff, a plastic carrying case was constructed for the heavy artifact.

Sheriff Jack tracked the buffalo skull to the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library, stored there after Press Club meetings were discontinued. Apparently DPL ran out of storage space, and Old Joe was shipped off to the Ross-Barnum Library  
*(Please turn to Page 13.)*

### About the Author

Earl McCoy, Roundup Foreman and a Posse Member of the Denver Westerners since 1987, presented his paper, "Adventures of Ivy Baldwin, Aerialist," on March 25, 1992. It was his second visit to the Westerners' podium. His previous paper on the history of Ft. Logan, "From Infantry to Air Corps," was given before the group Feb. 26, 1986.

A native of Illinois, Earl attended Illinois Wesleyan University and the University of Illinois. He worked at community centers, including Chicago's Hull House, and in 1956 received a master's degree in social work from the University of Illinois.

From 1956 to 1959, he was a volunteer with the American Friends Service Committee, directing a center in an Arab community in Acre, Israel.

Earl came to Denver in 1959 to work at the Auraria Community Center. From 1968 to 1987, he was community coordinator for the Fort Logan Mental Health Center.

He is currently chairman and one of the founders of the Friends of Historic Ft. Logan.

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

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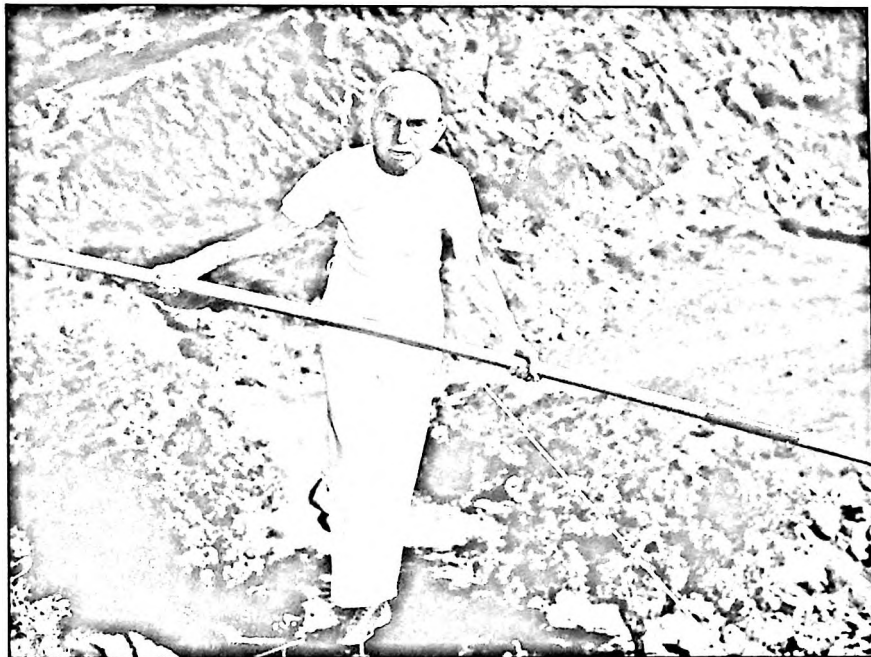
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*(Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library)*

Ivy Baldwin practices above Eldorado Canyon for his last high-wire walk at age 82.

## Adventures of Ivy Baldwin, Aerialist

by  
Earl McCoy, P.M.

(Presented March 25, 1992)

**I**VY BALDWIN—a high-wire walker, balloonist, trapeze performer, airplane pilot—was a guest at the home of Fred and Jo Mazzulla in September 1953, when Baldwin was 87 years old. A group had gathered to interview Baldwin about his life's experiences in Colorado, and around the world. A tape recording of the interview is now in the Amon W. Carter Museum collection in Fort Worth, Texas, and a copy of the tape was made available to the author of this paper. With the museum's permission, excerpts have been retaped and reorganized for this presentation.

So many stories have been repeated about Ivy Baldwin, and so many articles printed in newspapers and magazines—both locally and across the country—that it is difficult to pin down some facts, especially when interesting scribes such as Gene Fowler have been involved, sometimes confusing facts with legends and introducing new myths.

Other persons present for the taped interview, in addition to the Mazzullas, included

Judge Phillip B. Gilliam, Charlotte Gilliam, Eleanor Carr, M.M. Covode, Emmy Covode, Susie Covode, and Arlene Mazzulla. Much of this paper consists of Baldwin and others telling in their own words about his adventures.

Judge Gilliam introduced Ivy Baldwin by describing how Baldwin would entertain crowds with a balloon ascension.

**GILLIAM:** . . . he was probably the world's greatest stunt man. He's been known all over the world for his outstanding feats. . . . If you can, visualize the picture in the early days at Elitch Gardens, the history of Denver. You'd go out there on Sunday afternoon and you'd see thousands of people watching for Ivy Baldwin to perform. . . . First they would build this trench about 15 feet long, and at the end of the trench would be the balloon. They'd build a fire and through the fire with the tunnel, or the chimney, they would fill the hot-air balloon with hot air. Now all these balloons were made by Ivy and his wife, handmade balloons.

**JO MAZZULLA:** Of what were the balloons made, Mr. Baldwin?

**BALDWIN:** They were made out of sea-island cotton. Yes, something like a bed sheet. The hot-air balloons were made that way, not the gas balloons. Gas balloons were made out of pongee silk and oil them, but the hot-air balloon is made out of just the same stuff as a bed sheet is, and then we put them over a stack and built a fire in the trench and let the soot stop up the pores, you know. When we got them stopped up, then we've got a good balloon that will go up about 3,000 feet.

**GILLIAM:** It would be about 20 men that would hold the balloon right before the ascension. You can visualize how dramatic it would be. Then all of a sudden the balloon would go up and 19 men would let go of the balloon. There was one man that was caught in a rope and he would go up with the balloon. And of course all the people would get the impression that one of the spectators was caught. Ivy Baldwin was hanging onto the balloon with one rope about 30 feet from the balloon, and he'd go up there in the air hanging on by one rope, up about 3,000 feet in the air.

**BALDWIN:** I'd climb up there, this rope, up to the trapeze bar and then I'd catch my parachute trapeze and slide off of the bar and pull the parachute out of a sack. I'd drop about 60 feet and the parachute'll open.

**GILLIAM:** Coming down, Fred, he'd hang by his knees and then by his feet. What was that you were telling me, you could only make one mistake in that work?

**BALDWIN:** That's all. That's why it's the greatest poison in the world, because it only takes one drop to kill you.

**F. MAZZULLA:** How many ascensions did you make, Ivy?

**BALDWIN:** I made 2,700. I've been all through this country, down South America, over through Japan, China, and India, Java—those countries over there.

Ivy Baldwin first became known in Denver in May 1890 when he performed balloon ascensions at Elitch Gardens during the opening month of the new amusement park. But he had begun his performing career as an aerialist with a circus at a younger age. Fred Mazzulla asked Baldwin about his early years.

**F. MAZZULLA:** Were you born with the name of Baldwin?

**BALDWIN:** No, my right name is William Ivy, but I took that name Baldwin, I think it was 1887. Somewhere along there. I forget the date I really did take the name.

**F. MAZZULLA:** What was the occasion?

**BALDWIN:** Well, the way it was, the other two that used to be with me with the circus, their names were Baldwin. They were the Baldwins, and they didn't want the third man to be any different so we just made it all three Baldwins. We were doing flying acts then, you



know, you've seen the flying trapeze. That's what we were doing with the circus.

**F. MAZZULLA:** Where were you born, Ivy?

**BALDWIN:** I was born in Houston, Texas.

**JO MAZZULLA:** Your first love was the tightrope, was it not?

**BALDWIN:** Yes, yes. Tightrope was first.

**JO MAZZULLA:** You were how old?

**BALDWIN:** Thirteen. I ran away from home along about that time.

Other sources report Baldwin's beginning as an aerialist at age 8, 10, 11, 12, or 13.<sup>1</sup> Howard L. Scamehorn indicates that he used the name William DeIvy as a performer in his earlier years.<sup>2</sup> He had worked in circuses with Tom and Sam Baldwin, and in 1889 they asked Ivy to join them at their headquarters in Quincy, Ill., as a performer with balloon ascensions. Tom Baldwin had reached a weight of 210 pounds and that was too much for the limited lift of hot-air balloons then. They toured as the Baldwins, and it was then Ivy Baldwin adopted the name he used the rest of his life. Ivy, at 5 feet 3½ inches and a weight of 112 pounds when fully grown, had had some experience with ballooning previously. Again the stories differ as to when he started. Gene Fowler, in *A Solo in Tom-Toms*, writes that Ivy did a balloon ascension in Houston before he ran off with the circus.<sup>3</sup> Fred Mazzulla asked Ivy about his initial balloon experience.

**F. MAZZULLA:** And when did you make your first balloon ascension?

**BALDWIN:** That was along about in, I think it was in 1879 at Terre Haute, Ind. One of the regular men with the circus that used to make the balloon ascension, he got on a drunk, didn't show up, so the manager asked me if I could go up and I went up with the balloon, and after that I took to ballooning.

If 1879 is the correct year, Baldwin was only 13 years old, since he was born in 1866. A Houston newspaper, in a 1905 interview with Baldwin, recounts a similar story of Ivy replacing a reluctant aeronaut without indicating the year or whether the scheduled performer was sober or not. The paper goes on to say of Baldwin, "He knew absolutely nothing about a balloon, but he had the nerve, and that is the stuff that aeronauts are made of."<sup>4</sup> In more recent years astronauts, also, have been identified as having the "right stuff."

In order to attract paying customers to watch balloon ascensions, performers added other acts such as acrobatics on a trapeze suspended from the balloon basket. Tom Baldwin, with Ivy, invented the parachute act in connection with ballooning in America. Judge Gilliam and Baldwin talk about it.

**GILLIAM:** Ivy, in parachuting, it's quite familiar today, but when did you do your first parachuting?

**BALDWIN:** When did I first? That was in '87.

**GILLIAM:** Was that some of the first parachuting in the world?

**BALDWIN:** That's the first. That was among the first. Tom was the first, made the first leap.

**GILLIAM:** That's Tom Baldwin, the one you used to work with.

**BALDWIN:** Yeah. We were together. I was away at the time when he made the first leap and then we came together why. . .

**GILLIAM:** How would you know that the parachute would work?

**BALDWIN:** Why, we—we'd take a sandbag equal to our weight and take it up in the balloon and fasten that sandbag onto the parachute and then we'd throw the whole business out of the basket. And one of us would stay down below and see how heavy it would

hit the ground.

**GILLIAM:** And you decided to do it yourself.

**BALDWIN:** We'd decide to do it ourselves.

In 1890 the Baldwins traveled to Japan with their exhibitions of balloons and jumps. In addition, Ivy Baldwin leaped from a 120-foot tower into a net.

**BALDWIN:** Oh. When I was in Tokyo I advertised a tower dive of 150 feet. Well, the laws in Japan, whatever you'd advertise you got to do. Well, I was only doing a dive of 120.

**GILLIAM:** Now, Ivy, would you describe what that dive would be? Would that be 150 feet, into what?

**BALDWIN:** Into a net.

**GILLIAM:** How high was the net?

**BALDWIN:** It was 10 feet from the ground.

**GILLIAM:** How big was the net?

**BALDWIN:** The net is 8 feet wide and 40 feet in length.

**GILLIAM:** And you'd jump 150 feet. . .

**BALDWIN:** Right into the center of it.

**GILLIAM:** How would you do that without hurting yourself?

**BALDWIN:** I don't know. I did it right along. I started in at a low height and kept getting higher all the time. When I got to 120 feet I thought that was high enough.

**GILLIAM:** But you advertised 150 feet. How do you explain that?

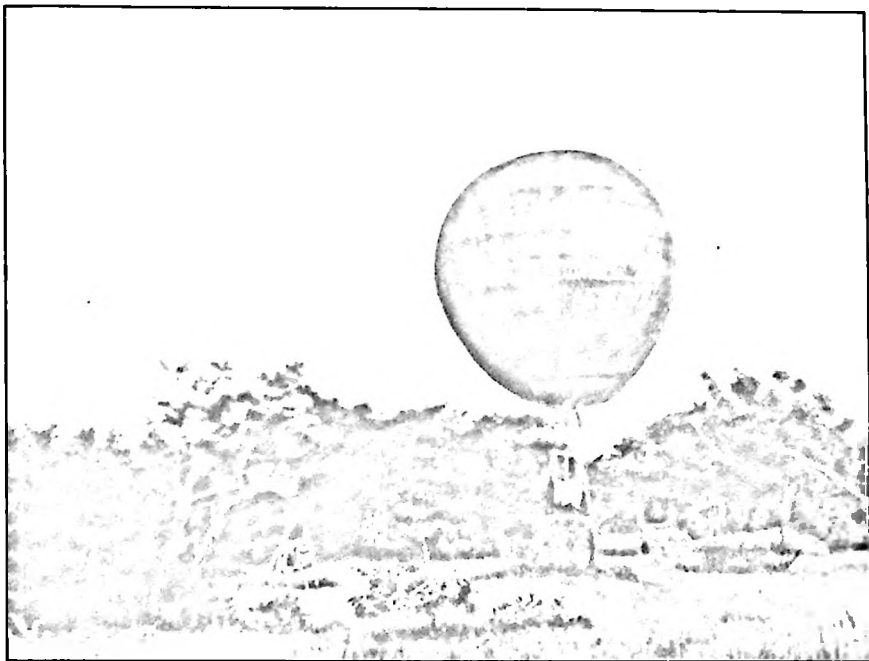
**BALDWIN:** I advertised 150 feet. And the Japs wouldn't have it that way, I had to do 150. I did it, but I only did it once. I didn't advertise it any more.

**JO MAZZULLA:** That other 30 feet would make a lot of difference.

**BALDWIN:** Oh, it makes a lot of difference. Yes, it does.

Following the Baldwin's successful exhibition in Japan in 1891, they continued on to Shanghai and Hong Kong, Rangoon, Java, and India. In 1891 and 1892 Tom and Ivy Baldwin went to Mexico where they performed balloon ascensions and leaps in front of enthusiastic spectators, and also took a local wedding party aloft in a balloon.<sup>5</sup> In 1893 Ivy Baldwin left his partnership with Tom Baldwin and moved to Denver, where he lived the next 60 years of his life.

Baldwin continued with his ballooning and aerialist performances in Denver. The U.S. Army Signal Corps ordered a balloon made in France to be used for Signal Corps demonstrations at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. It arrived too late to be used during the Exposition, but Tom Baldwin demonstrated its use before the Army sent it to Ft. Riley, Kan. Captain Glassford of the Signal Corps at Ft. Logan near Denver persuaded the Army to move the balloon to Ft. Logan, and in 1894 Ivy Baldwin was inducted as a sergeant to be in charge of the balloon.<sup>6</sup> When the craft was destroyed by wind in 1895, the Army reported there were no funds to buy a new one. Baldwin persuaded the Army to make \$700 available, and he and his wife cut and sewed pongee silk at their home. Baldwin covered the silk with varnish to make it more airtight, and with the rope webbing and basket from the original craft, the observation balloon was back in business. The Army balloon, unlike the cotton envelopes filled with smoky hot air, was inflated with hydrogen which had to be manufactured and compressed into tanks at the military post. Sometimes Baldwin used gas from the gas mains to fill a balloon, such as the one made by Baldwin and used by photographer Harry Buckwalter in the summer of 1894. Baldwin also made the balloon which Buckwalter used when he attempted (unsuccessfully, because of high winds) to photograph the Georgetown Loop in 1901.



(National Archives Photo)

Ivy Baldwin's balloon, now named *The Santiago*, in Cuba in 1898.

Even as Captain Glassford and Sergeant Baldwin planned and cared for the Army balloon, their thoughts were of the future and the aeroplane, eight years before the Wright brothers made their first flight. In a newspaper interview in January 1895, Glassford discussed the work of Hiram S. Maxim in England who had solved most of the problems of flight, except how to steer an aircraft. "Captain Glassford thinks he has a man (meaning Sergeant Baldwin) who is especially adapted to make the supreme test." For his part, Baldwin was quoted as saying "I feel sure that I can skate through the air," and was willing to try it "provided Captain Glassford is scientifically satisfied that the machine is reasonably safe." These are the words of an adventurer with "the stuff aeronauts are made of," but also of a sergeant with great faith in his superior officer. Less than 15 years later, Baldwin made and flew his own airplane.

The Spanish-American War broke out in 1898, nourished by the enthusiasm of Teddy Roosevelt and William Randolph Hearst. Baldwin and his balloon were sent to New York State to watch for the Spanish fleet, and then to Tampa, Fla., for shipment on to Cuba. The number of volunteers far exceeded the capacity of ships to move them to the island, and the Signal Corps balloon lay in the sun, awaiting space on a vessel. When the balloon reached the island, Baldwin had to spend some time patching the holes, and on June 30 was ready to take the balloon aloft. As a tethered aerostat used for observation, it was raised behind the lines, and three ascensions were made on this day. Baldwin

went aloft with Major Maxfield on the first flight, but not on the second or third. The next day Major Maxfield and Lt. Col. Derby, chief engineering officer for General Shafter, U.S. Army commander in Cuba, went up in the balloon.<sup>7</sup> Derby ordered the balloon to be moved closer to the front. The balloon ropes became tangled in brush along a river, leaving it about 50 feet off the ground. The balloon was shot down by Spanish troops only 650 yards away. Baldwin's reports of the balloon's rise and fall at that time confirm that he was in the ground crew, not in the balloon's basket. The *Quincy* [Ill.] *Morning Whig* on Oct. 28, 1898,<sup>8</sup> printed excerpts from a letter to Tom Baldwin, in which Ivy Baldwin wrote, "On the 1st of July I did not go up, as the major wanted to take an engineering officer with him and I was left below to look after the cable. . . ."

Some months later there were many news stories about soldiers who reported having been in the basket when the balloon was shot down. For example, *The Aeronautical Journal* reprinted a story from a New York paper by a man who said he was the "telegraph operator who went up in the war balloon at El Caney and Santiago" and was injured by the gunfire which destroyed it.

By February 1908, Baldwin's recollections had moved him into the basket of the balloon for the fateful final ascension. He included this statement in an article he wrote for the journal *Aeronautics*<sup>9</sup> concerning events on July 1: "The balloon was then put up about a quarter of a mile in rear of the base of the hill, with Major Maxfield, Colonel Derby and Sergeant Ivy Baldwin in the basket. . . ." Baldwin described the day in the 1948 interview.

**F. MAZZULLA:** Ivy, the last time that I saw you, I gave you some pictures of a balloon used in the Spanish-American War.

**BALDWIN:** I've got it up there in a frame.

**F. MAZZULLA:** Did you have anything to do with that balloon?

**BALDWIN:** I was the one that built that balloon and operated it.

**F. MAZZULLA:** Tell us about that, will you?

**BALDWIN:** That balloon was the one that I went up 2,400 feet [in] so I could see over the mountain and into the harbor and tell whether Cavera's [Cervera's] fleet was in the harbor. Well, I did that. That is, Major Maxfield did the work. I only handled the balloon. Then on the way down, when we got about 300 feet from the ground the Spaniards turned their small arms on us and just riddled us—my balloon was—with bullets. It would go through the balloon and make an "L" hole, just a kind of "L" hole about an inch long where they'd go in. They just popped full of it. It didn't make us come down very much faster, we just come down, didn't hurt any of us. Major Maxfield was in the balloon with me.

Later Baldwin added to the story.

**BALDWIN:** They wouldn't of got us down then if it hadn't been that the officer below, who was a colonel, he ordered us to come right down with the balloon that he wanted to go up in it. He wouldn't let us take the balloon back, he wanted us to come right down there at that spot. He didn't wait long, as just as soon as they turned them small arms on us he hiked out. I never seen a man . . . seen him yet.

Many stories have been printed about Baldwin being shot down in the balloon, in spite of official reports that he was not in the basket at that time. And Baldwin apparently began to believe the stories himself.

That was the end of the balloon business at Ft. Logan. Baldwin fulfilled his enlistment until 1900 and then devoted full time to his other activities. Jo Mazzulla asked about

further Army involvement.

**JO MAZZULLA:** Mr. Baldwin, did you ever make an effort to join the American Army at World War One?

**BALDWIN:** World War One. No, no. I didn't make the . . . they wanted me but I went to work and made a mistake by telling them a balloon would be shot to pieces before it would ever accomplish anything, and the Goodyear Rubber Company got ahold of that letter and they kept me out of the Army. Cause they were making balloons for the Army and weren't no good, but didn't do no good at all. They found out afterwards that I was right but they wouldn't let me go back in.

Tom Baldwin, however, volunteered for the aviation section of the Army, and became the officer in charge of balloon inspection for the procurement division. He went to work for the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company after the war.

In the summer of 1906 Ivy Baldwin demonstrated a dirigible at Elitch Gardens, one which he had made, combining the lighter-than-air bag with an engine-driven propeller.<sup>11</sup> The following year he began a long association with the Eldorado Springs resort near Boulder. Frank Fowler, stepfather of writer Gene Fowler, with three partners purchased the site in 1904 and developed a family-oriented resort utilizing the healing waters of the springs. Fowler and Baldwin strung a cable across the mouth of the canyon, stabilizing it with 32 ropes. It was more or less 600 feet high and 600 feet long. Baldwin in an interview said 582 feet in height and 632 feet across. An article in *The*



(Author's Collection)

Popular 1912 postcard shows Ivy Baldwin 582 ft. above Eldorado Canyon.

*Boulder Daily Camera* in 1977 lists 685 feet high and 672 feet long. Other distances were given, including 582 feet high and 530 feet long, printed on a color picture-postcard of Baldwin walking the wire. Judge Gilliam asked about the wire-walking.

**GILLIAM:** Let's talk about the tightwire for a minute. How many times did you walk across Eldorado Canyon?

**BALDWIN:** 86.

**GILLIAM:** And that's how high in the air?

**BALDWIN:** That's 582 feet in height and 635 feet across.

**GILLIAM:** Was that the highest point you ever walked a tightwire?

**BALDWIN:** That's the highest point but not the longest. I made a longer walk at Hot Springs, S.D., but the walk there at Hot Springs, S.D., was 820 feet across but only 450 feet high.

**GILLIAM:** Only 450 feet high. Was there a net under there?

**BALDWIN:** No, nothing but rocks. They're about as soft as I could get.

From 1909 to 1913 Baldwin worked with airplanes, often at Denver's Manhattan Beach resort at what is now called Sloans Lake. Fred Mazzulla raised the subject of airplanes.

**F. MAZZULLA:** When was your first airplane ride?

**BALDWIN:** Well, that I made myself, in my own plane.

**F. MAZZULLA:** Tell me about that.

**BALDWIN:** That was in San Francisco. There was three of us got together, and we built a plane that was a copy of the Curtis. And it was up to me to fly it. They were carpenters and I wasn't, and they turned the plane over to me to fly it. I made a number of small flights in it, you know, say up to 100 feet or something of that kind, and maybe fly for two or three minutes. Some days we couldn't fly a-tall. If the day was hot, the sun was shining good and hot, it was hard to get off the ground. But if it was a cloudy day, or a rainy day, it was easy to fly. You could fly much easier then.

**F. MAZZULLA:** Could you explain the reason for that?

**BALDWIN:** Well, the air is heavier. It is easier for the plane to take hold of it. Raise easier.

**F. MAZZULLA:** Was that shortly after the Wright brothers, and Curtis?

**BALDWIN:** Yeah. It was a copy of their planes. The last plane I flew was a copy of the Wright plane. I flew it off the lake at Manhattan Beach. Some call it Sloans Lake, you know. Well, I flew a hydroplane off of that. I flew all around that lake.

**F. MAZZULLA:** About how long ago?

**BALDWIN:** That was 1913. And then, after I perfected the plane and wanted to take it out and work fairs and carnivals with it, why, the manager of what he called, let's see, what was the . . . the General Aviation Company, well, he was the manager. And he wouldn't let me take the plane away from Manhattan Beach, and so him and I got into quite an argument and I quit the company altogether. I haven't touched a plane since. I got disgusted with him. I went back to tightrope walking and ballooning.

Fred Mazzulla wanted to know about shows with which Baldwin worked, including questions about Buffalo Bill.

**F. MAZZULLA:** Did you ever travel with Cody?

**BALDWIN:** No, no, I was too young for that. I knew him but I was most too young for to get with his show. Then his show was different from my work anyhow. He was more for

Indian fights, you know, and things of that kind, and I wasn't in that game.

Mazzulla later in the interview was apparently showing pictures, and returned to the subject of Cody.

**F. MAZZULLA:** There's Buffalo Bill. Did you ever meet Buffalo Bill, Ivy?

**BALDWIN:** Buffalo Bill? I seen him years ago. That's a picture of him years ago. But before he died he didn't have a beard or any whiskers, or any mustache.

**F. MAZZULLA:** He didn't?

**BALDWIN:** No. He used to have a false one he put on when he was with the Sells-Floto show.

Jo Mazzulla asked Ivy Baldwin about his last walk at Eldorado Canyon.

**JO MAZZULLA:** How old were you when you made your last tightwire walk?

**BALDWIN:** 75, Uh, 82.

Baldwin did make his last walk on the wire at Eldorado Canyon on his 82nd birthday, for what some people said was his 88th crossing. A wire at 125 feet above the ground, and 300 feet long, had been erected for the occasion. His daughter and Jack Fowler, operator of the resort at that time, determined that this would be Baldwin's last demonstration of his wire-walking skill because of concerns for his advancing age.

Throughout his adventurous life there were occasional problems and injuries. For example, he once ran afoul of the law in Baltimore.

**BALDWIN:** In Baltimore, I was arrested in Baltimore there for . . . they got a mistake, some of them said tightrope, it wasn't a tightrope, it was an aerial act I was doing, and the law in Baltimore that anyone doing an aerial act has got to have a net under them. Well, I didn't know the law, so they pulled me in and fined me \$35. So I went down to where there was a lot of fishermen and I bought an old fishing net and I put it under the trapeze that night and the officers was there ready to arrest me, but they didn't say a word.

**F. MAZZULLA:** Did you put the net on the ground?

**BALDWIN:** Right on the ground. The law don't say you got to put it off the ground. That's where I had 'em. I looked up the law. Yes, I had an attorney, he come and told me himself about it, you know.

He was knocked from the trapeze under the balloon and broke some bones during an ascent at Elich Gardens, when the trapeze went through some trees. Sometimes the parachute landings were in unexpected places.

**F. MAZZULLA:** Ivy, you were telling me about the time you landed in a tree full of apes or monkeys.

**BALDWIN:** Yeah.

**F. MAZZULLA:** Where was that?

**BALDWIN:** That was in Java.

**F. MAZZULLA:** What happened?

**BALDWIN:** They run from me, but it was like a cyclone to hear the noise that they made going through the trees and things.

**F. MAZZULLA:** Were you coming down on a parachute?

**BALDWIN:** Yes. I came down in a parachute and I came right down in the woods there where they were at and the trees were just full of them. They were little, not very big monks,

you know. But they're awful scary and they just scream.

Mazzulla reminded Baldwin of another mishap in landing.

**F. MAZZULLA:** How about the cactus landing? How about the time you landed in the cactus field?

**BALDWIN:** That was at San Luis Potosi, in Mexico. I made a balloon ascension from the bull pen where they had bullfights. I drifted right over San Luis and I was right over a cactus field but I didn't know it was cactus. I cut loose and I come down and come down right among those cactus. My back was full of 'em. I laid purt near all night with a Mexican melting cattle grease on my back, scraped it off with a case knife to get the thorns out of my back.

Baldwin's balloons and the dirigible exploded on occasion. A guy rope for his high wire was cut by a drunk in Texas, resulting in broken bones for the aerialist. All of these injuries and accidents did not deter Baldwin in his love of an adventurous life.

Ivy Baldwin lived many years at Eldorado Canyon, staying there alone after the death of his wife. He died in bed at his home in the canyon on Oct. 8, 1953, at the age of 87—exactly one month after the Mazzulla interview. Gene Fowler wrote a tribute to Baldwin which appeared in the newspaper the next day. The article ended with these words: "He was a sweet man, temperate in his living and his talk. . . . There will never be another like Ivy Baldwin, in Colorado or anywhere else."<sup>12</sup>

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# Over the Corral Rail

(Continued from Page 2.)

branch. There it was reclaimed by Morison, and Old Joe made his return appearance at the February meeting of the Denver Westerners.

The Denver Posse didn't originate the use of the bony buffalo mascot, however. In Chicago, where the Westerners was founded, the idea was carried much further. According to an article by Don Russell in the Summer 1971 issue of *Buckskin Bulletin*, things were really formalized.

If you've howded with Chicago Westerners, you've seen it happen. Everyone stands in Napoleonic stance, right hand over the heart. As the sheriff counts, "One, two, THREE!" the two newest members heist the "veil" from the bison skull on the wall, and all yell:

**"Hello JOE, you old buffalo!"**

They grin, they sit, they grin some more—and then the meeting gets going. One dinner and a speech (with probably an argument or two) later, and the ritual is repeated in reverse with "Adios JOE, you old buffalo!" . . .

The Chicago Westerners salute to Old Joe dates back to 1956-57. One roundup night, co-founder Leland D. Case scribbled a note that was passed up to Sheriff John Jameson, suggesting that the white skull on the wall be named after a remembered sing-song childhood rhyme: *Joe, Joe broke his toe, riding on a buffalo!* . . . So the Old Joe opening gambit was adopted that very night. . . .

Russell recalled that the Chicago Corral acquired the skull in January 1947 from Edmund B. Rogers, superintendent of Yellowstone Park, and a speaker for the group. Chicago's Old Joe disappeared in 1959, but later turned up again in Oklahoma, and in 1960 was returned to Chicago.

Members of the Denver Westerners are joining in efforts to save and restore a building at Ft. Logan, used originally as quarters for bachelor officers. Earl McCoy, the Posse's Roundup foreman (secretary), became interested in the history of Ft. Logan while community coordinator for the Fort Logan Com-

munity Health Center (1968-1987). He presented a paper on the old military post (see, "From Infantry to Air Corps: Ft. Logan," November-December 1986 *Roundup*).

Following his retirement, he founded Friends of Historic Ft. Logan, and is presently chairman of the organization seeking to raise funds to preserve and restore the building. He has been encouraged and assisted in the project by various Posse members, including Jim Bowers, who is serving as treasurer of "Friends of Historic Fort Logan," and by former sheriff, Dr. Tom Noel. Most recent activity was a fund-raiser and talk by Noel, who is a professor of history at the University of Colorado, Denver. In a meeting Feb. 3 at Woody's Club, Tom spoke on "Fort Logan's Liquid Legends—Facts and Fiction About Saloons in the Fort Logan Area." (Seems like a highly appropriate meeting place!) Any Posse member interested in assisting Earl with the project will be greeted warmly, Earl says.

The parade of new members continues for the Denver Westerners, with five approved applications passed along by Tallyman Bob Stull and Membership Chairman Roger Michels. (Information published is based solely upon facts provided on the member's application blank as submitted to the Denver Westerners.)

—John D. Dailey, 13192 E. Louisiana Ave., Aurora, Colo. Introduced to the Denver Westerners by Posse Member John M. Hutchins, and has attended several regular meetings as a guest; also wrote a guest book review for *The Roundup*. Interests include gunfighters, Indian battles, Colorado and Southwestern history; particular interest and possible paper on the gunfight at the OK Corral in Tombstone, Ariz.

John is a deputy attorney general in charge of the Criminal Enforcement Section, Colorado Attorney General's Office. In 1992, he received the Distinguished Faculty Award, Colorado District Attorneys' Council.

A native of New York, he was born Feb. 16, 1952, in Hornell, and attended Hornell High

## Be a Friend of The Roundup

The Executive Board of the Denver Posse of the Westerners has voted to establish a new fund to help defray costs of publishing *The Roundup*, the organization's bimonthly magazine, to be designated as FOR, or "Friends of *The Roundup*."

Jon Almgren, immediate past-sheriff, introduced the idea of FOR, pointing out that annual dues do not cover *Roundup* expenses, despite use of new cost-saving methods.

"The Denver Posse is one of the few groups of Westerners still publishing a periodical," he said. "*The Roundup* links together all Denver Westerners—in Colorado, and out-of-state, too. Our publication also furnishes an outlet for members and others to display their research and writing skills, benefitting all Western history buffs. *The Roundup* may be found in many institutional libraries, including the Library of Congress."

He urged members to donate any amount, from \$10 and up. "Let's support this fine publication to ensure its continuation. *The Roundup* is what makes the Denver Westerners special," he said.

Donations may be mailed to Robert Stull, Tallyman, 8206 Adams Way, Denver CO 80221, or presented at any monthly meeting. Checks should be made payable to the Denver Westerners, designating "FOR."

School. He received a B.A. in political science from Bucknell University, and J.D. from Syracuse University College of Law. In high school, he was a member of Hornell's Hall of Fame as a participant in football, wrestling, baseball, and track; at Bucknell he was named to the University's Hall of Fame as a member of the football team.

On Aug. 7, 1982, he married Elaine Lois Lamping in Boulder, Colo. They have two daughters, Erin, 9, and Brianna, 6.

—**Bruce Hartel**, 7081 S. Windsor St., Littleton, Colo. Introduced to the Westerners by Posse Member Merrill Mattes.

Bruce's interests include ghost towns and mining camps; Otto Mears' roads, and other old mining roads and wagon roads. His hobbies and interests include international big-game hunting.

—**Dorothy "Dot" Krieger**, 280 E. 11th Ave., Broomfield, Colo. Wife of Posse Member Ted Krieger, chuck wrangler for the Denver Westerners. Well known to many members as Ted's "assistant in charge of reservations," and for the creation of beautiful centerpieces for the annual Summer and Winter

Rendezvous. Dot has an interest in women's history in the West, and ghost towns. She has been president of the Rocky Mountain Conference Women, United Church of Christ, and was the 1985 recipient of the conference's "Celebrating the Gifts of Laywomen" Award. Her hobbies include fabric art and quilting.

Dorothy Margaret Lowe was born Dec. 18, 1932, in Philadelphia. She married Theodore P. Krieger on April 15, 1951, in Washington, D.C. Dot and Ted have two children, Dr. George W. Krieger and Cheryl J. Krieger, both of Parker, Colo.

—**Robert D. McPhee**, 1255 Galapago St., Apt. 707, Denver. Introduced to the Westerners by Roy Mitchell. Robert is interested in trapping, mining, and railroading, and hobbies include history and photography. He has compiled a bibliography of his "favorite Western genre books." He has been a Colorado Land Board commissioner.

—**Paul A. "Pat" Taylor**, 16716 E. Napa Drive, Aurora, Colo. Pat was introduced to the Westerners by Posse Member Gene Rakosnik. He has an interest in railroads, and his hobbies include model railroading, photogra-

phy, skiing, and mountain-bike riding.

Pat was born Feb. 4, 1937, in Dickinson, N.D., and attended school in Glenwood Springs, Colo., and Bismarck, N.D. He attended the University of North Dakota, majoring in business administration.

He enlisted in the Army in 1959, and served 13 months in Korea. He was discharged in 1962, and moved to Denver. After taking flight training, he was involved for 20 years in aviation as an instructor and charter and cor-

porate pilot. He was later a pilot with Frontier Airlines, and is now with Continental Airlines, based in Denver as a first officer on MD-80 aircraft. His wife Ellen is production manager for a manufacturer of a veterinary biologic product. They share interests in scuba diving, mountain-bike riding, skiing, photography, and touring Colorado.

Pat is also a member of the Colorado Railroad Museum and is interested in Colorado narrow-gauge railroading.

## Death Claims Two Denver Westerners

The Denver Westerners has lost two Colorado members with the deaths of Carl Blaurock, 98, of Aurora, Feb. 1; and Dr. Henry V. Unfug, 66, of Fort Collins, Jan. 24.

Carl Blaurock was the oldest member of the Denver Posse, and the last surviving founder of the Colorado Mountain Club. He was preceded in death by his wife Louise, who died Feb. 28, 1992, at the age of 98. Last year's March-April *Roundup* published Mrs. Blaurock's obituary, plus a complete biographical sketch of Carl.

Carl was born in Denver April 22, 1894, and was a graduate of North High School and the Colorado School of Mines. He retired in 1972, after working in the family business, manufacturing dental goldwork. A devoted mountaineer, Carl was the first person to climb all of Colorado's 51 "fourteener" peaks. He climbed Pikes Peak in 1909 at the age of 15, and his last peak, Notch Mountain, in 1973, at age 79. Carl was a longtime Posse Member, and received the Denver Westerners' Lifetime Achievement Award in 1990.

Funeral services for Carl Blaurock were conducted Feb. 9 by the Rev. Canon David Forbes Morgan of St. John's Episcopal Cathedral, and inurnment was in the Fairmount Mausoleum. Survivors include a niece, Mrs. Shirley Bradley of Aurora, and a nephew, Frank Collins of Alexandria, Va.

Dr. Unfug, a Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners, was also a member of the Fort Collins Corral. He died Jan. 24 after an

illness of several months with cancer. Services were Jan. 27 at the First United Presbyterian Church of Fort Collins, and burial was at Resthaven Memory Gardens.

Dr. Unfug was born July 26, 1926, in Pueblo, Colo., and was graduated from Sterling (Colo.) High School in 1944. He served in the Navy in World War II, and in 1948 received a bachelor of arts degree from the University of Colorado. He received his medical degree from the University of Pennsylvania in 1952.

Dr. Unfug married Mildred Hybiak on Aug. 28, 1950, in Pueblo. He interned at Salt Lake County General Hospital in Utah, and had a one-year residency at the University of Colorado Medical Center in Denver, and a two-year residency at the Denver Veterans Administration Hospital.

Dr. Unfug established his medical practice in Fort Collins in 1956. He became chief of staff at Poudre Valley Hospital in 1981. He was a member of the Larimer County Medical Society, the Colorado Medical Society and American Medical Association, as well as other medical groups.

He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Beta Pi, and Alpha Epsilon Delta, and of the First United Presbyterian Church in Fort Collins.

In addition to his widow, Dr. Unfug is survived by three sons, Birch of Fort Collins; Charles of Greeley, Colo.; and Robert, Seattle, Wash.; five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren; and a sister, Eleanor Lyons of Cortez, Colo.



# 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*

**Ticket to Toltec** by Doris B. Osterwald. Western Guideways, Ltd., Lakewood, Colo., 1992. Maps, photographs, bibliography; 128 pages. Paperback, \$9.95.

In 1970 the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad received permission to abandon the 200 miles of its 3-foot gauge, 90-year-old line between Alamosa and Durango, Colo. The states of Colorado and New Mexico were prevailed upon to join in preserving part of the line by purchasing the scenically attractive 64 miles of track over Cumbres Pass between Antonito, Colo., and Chama, N.M. Motive power and rolling stock included in the transaction made it possible to promote the goal of establishing a living museum of narrow-gauge railroading. In the years since those uncertain and uneasy times, the unremitting efforts of countless dedicated volunteers and professionals have resulted in today's successful Cumbres & Toltec Scenic Railroad operation, often described as one of "America's best working museums."

In 1976, Denver Westerner Doris B. Osterwald released her first mile-by-mile guidebook to this popular train ride. So many changes and improvements have been made on the C&T in the intervening years, however, that a Second Edition has now been produced. Jam-packed with information, this sprightly presentation not only updates the mile-by-mile guides along the line—both westbound and eastbound—with copious explanatory maps and photographs, but also discusses the history, former and current operations, and the remarkable range of equipment now in service.

As the next best thing to an actual ride over the railroad, and certainly an attractive, lively invitation to undertake such an adventure, this latest addition to the author's well-known and well-received guidebooks fully warrants the attention of railroad fans,

addicts of the narrow gauge, and all who find enjoyment in such out-of-the-way railroading adventures. Recommended without reservation!

—Jackson C. Thode, P.M.

**The Gathering of Zion: The Story of the Mormon Trail** by Wallace Stegner. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 1992. Maps, illustrations, bibliography, index. Paperback, \$12.95. Also included is a "Portfolio of Mormon Trail Engravings" by Frederick Hawkins Piercy and Thomas Moran.

Originally published by McGraw-Hill in 1964 as part of the American Trails Series, this classic work has now been republished as a reasonably priced paperback, complete with excellent illustrations. Almost 30 years old, this book remains one of the most readable and well researched histories of the Mormon Trail and of the people who exited Nauvoo, Ill., in the winter, spring, and early summer of 1846. The book chronicles not only the group's activities, but the actions of many individuals—the extraordinary and the ordinary, the favored and the pariah, the destitute and the wealthy, the church's hierarchy and the nearly apostatized. It tells the story of the men, women, and children who were forced because of their religious activities to travel the Mormon Trail to the western portion of the continent.

While telling this story, the author addresses most aspects of the Mormon exodus and the internal and external pressures of the time. He discusses how the Mormons were influenced by these pressures and how they affected outside groups. Skillfully woven into this story of the gathering of the Mormons to Utah is a discussion of the availability of most, and inaccessibility of some, source material on this peri-

od. The author has used sensitivity, compassion, and facts to show the leaders and members of the Mormon Church as the men and women they were—warts and all—not the legends they have since become. Amazingly, these individuals appear larger than the legends as a result of this humanity.

The first two-thirds of the book addresses the initial five years of the life of what was to be known as the Mormon Trail. These five years cover the period between the exodus of the Mormons from Nauvoo until the final arrival of the last of the refugees in what is now known as Salt Lake City, Utah. The Mormon Trail was in constant and continual use until the transcontinental railroad reached Utah in 1869. The final third discusses the remaining approximate 25-year life of the Mormon Trail. It includes discussions of the use of the Perpetual Emigration Fund to facilitate the movement of Mormon converts from Europe along the trail to Salt Lake City, the tragedy of the handcart companies in 1856 [See review of *Handcarts to Zion. The Story of a Unique Western Migration, 1856-1860* by LeRoy R. and Ann W. Hafen, page 25, January-February 1993 *Roundup*], and other memorable historical activities along the Mormon Trail. The closing chapter is a discussion of what the Mormon Trail is like today (or was, in 1964).

The book ends with a bibliography and an index. The bibliography is an interesting discussion and listing of source materials, their availability and bias. This is a book which this reviewer has long enjoyed and appreciated. *The Gathering of Zion, The Story of the Mormon Trail* is highly recommended as reading that is enjoyable to both the historian and the casual reader.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

**To Reclaim a Divided West: Water, Law and Public Policy, 1848-1902** by Donald J. Pisani, Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. 487 pages. Clothbound \$40. Paperbound \$19.95.

Dr. Donald Pisani, the Merrick Professor of History at the University of Oklahoma, has written an exhaustive account of the struggle among proponents of three different approaches to the development of the arid West: the cessionists, the federalists, and those who wanted a combination of state and federal control.

The adherents of each camp were passionate in their zeal, and had little interest in compromise.

The author starts with the use of water in the placer mines of California, and details the evolution of the three philosophies. Pisani is scholarly almost to a fault—he has no fewer than 1,064 footnotes (even descending at one point, to citing an article of mine), but he is worth the effort.

No one will read the book without discovering interesting details of the history of the West. The author emphasizes, as he must, the personalities involved. Strong individuals like John Wesley Powell, Elwood Mead, Wilham Morris Stewart, Frederick H. Newell, and George H. Maxwell left their imprint on the development of irrigation in the West.

But it is interesting to observe that none of those was instrumental in forging the compromises that led to the passage of the Reclamation Act of 1902, the ending point of the book.

The conference group producing the final draft was composed of a 17-member committee—a senator or congressman from each of the states west of the Mississippi River.

Newly elected President Theodore Roosevelt, who had a warm spot in his heart derived from the years he spent in the West, abetted by the conservationist zeal of Gifford Pinchot, wanted the government to move on reclamation, but he had his own ideas on what the bill should contain.

Pisani says:

At the end of March and beginning of April, Roosevelt called leading western members of the House and Senate to the White House, along with Pinchot and Maxwell, and insisted he would veto the legislation; which had passed the Senate on March 2, unless basic changes were made. He demanded that the secretary of interior be given the power to withdraw from entry *all* lands within a project, not just those needed for reservoirs and ditches, and that the land should be reserved *before* formal land surveys were made. Land should be subject to entry only under the Homestead Act shorn of the commutation clause. And to prevent speculation in water rights, no water should be sold except to those who lived on the land.

The book ends with the passage of the Reclamation Act, and one can reasonably assume that a sequel, reporting the rise and fall of the Bureau of Reclamation, is on Pisani's drawing board.

We hope so, because the 100 years since the adoption of the Reclamation Act deserve the same painstaking, thoughtful attention the author has given *To Reclaim a Divided West*.

—Raphael J. Moses, C.M.

**Three Years With Quantrill, A True Story Told by His Scout, John McCorkle** by O.S. Barton, with notes by Albert Castel and a commentary by Herman Hattaway. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman and London, 1993. One map, seven photographs, endnotes, index; 232 pages. Clothbound with jacket, \$18.95.

Hundreds and probably thousands of memoirs were written and published by participants who survived the War Between the States. Some were written by individuals who saw action as irregulars or guerrillas in the West. *Three Years With Quantrill* is reputed to be the best of these. It was originally published in 1914 by the Armstrong Herald Printing of Armstrong, Mo., and was reprinted in 1966 by the Buffalo-Head Press of New York.

The 186 pages of McCorkle's narrative, as told by Barton, are interesting reading. Unfortunately, this narrative has some inaccuracies. Some occurrences are reported as if McCorkle were actually present, yet it has since been established that he was not. He obviously is retelling those accounts from memory, based upon stories he heard during the war. This can result in errors when the story is told close to 50 years later. Fortunately for the reader, when this occurs the endnotes of accomplished Civil War historian Albert Castel assist the reader in identifying the proper individuals, actions, and circumstances.

The introductory commentary by Herman Hattaway skillfully sets the scene of McCorkle's narrative. The commentary is divided into several sections which assist even the neophyte Civil War buff in understanding the story which follows.

The commentary begins with the pertinent questions, "Who was Quantrill?" and "Who followed Quantrill?" Hattaway then addresses the two authors in sections titled, "Who was O.S. Barton?" and "Who was John McCorkle?" The commentary concludes with an interesting section: "Other Books

About Quantrill." For those who have an interest in pursuing the subject further, this last section is a suitable substitute for a bibliography.

I enjoyed reading this book. It immediately sent me to my bookshelf to review those books I have which were mentioned in the introductory commentary (and some that weren't) and to the library to check out several more which I don't have. The University of Oklahoma Press has done a service by republishing this out-of-print and scarce work in a format which assists the reader to understand the times and the historical truth. This book, with the introductory commentary and endnotes, is a worthwhile addition to the library of those interested in the Civil War in the West and the history of Missouri.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

**The Battle of Beecher Island and the Indian War of 1867-1869** by John H. Monnett. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot; 1992. 200 pages. Clothbound, \$22.50.

For those individuals interested in Indian fights that took place within the boundaries of the State or Territory of Colorado, this one will be difficult to pass up. Comparing it to the offensive Battle of Summit Springs, the defensive Battle of Beecher Island is as popular, if not more so. Both fights involved the Cheyenne Dog Soldiers and took place within a year's time; the Beecher Island battle being on Sept. 17-21, 1868; and Summit Springs on July 11, 1869.

The author in his introduction states that, "General Nelson A. Miles called the Battle of Beecher Island . . . one of the most remarkable affairs with Indians in the history of the American Frontier," and then goes on to justify that remark. Much has been written about Beecher Island and this is the latest to be published, 124 years after the fact. Monnett ably demonstrates how the battle fits into the Indian War of 1867-1869 by setting the stage and explaining the circumstances involved. Not only does he superbly discuss those factors contributing to hostilities, Indian encounters, Army campaigns, justification for the company of scouts, events leading up to the battle, and of course, the battle itself, but continues on to its aftermath which culminates at Summit Springs. In other words, the reader is involved in the entire picture, and not just the fight at

### Beecher Island.

The author's use of primary source material is extensive and adds to the credibility of the narrative. In some instances, the book reads like a novel. For example, at the beginning Monnett states, "On a warm evening in late September 1868, Maj. Henry Inman sat quietly in his office at Ft. Harker, Kan., musing over a pipeful of 'Lone Jack'. He was thinking about Maj. Gen. Phillip Sheridan's impending winter campaign against the Southern Plains Tribes, some details of which had been planned in the seclusion of Inman's quarters the previous night." The book is properly footnoted from Inman's *Tales of the Trail* (1898) and gives the reader a feeling of being there. In other cases, he does the same for the Indian side which is also well documented.

At one point, the author states there were about 140 lodges of "Southern" Oglalas under Bad Wound. This reviewer was not aware there were "Southern" Sioux. Another comment refers to Custer's arrest for leaving his command, abusing his animals, and cruelty to deserters, commenting that he was made the scapegoat for the Army's failures on the Central Plains in 1867.

Again footnoted, and using Leckie's *Military Conquest of the Plains* as authority, the author passes on an opinion with which this reviewer does not agree. Disregarding several trivial items as illustrated, Monnett's *Battle of Beecher Island* is an outstanding piece of work. It is very difficult to put down, and the story from beginning to end is well worth the book's purchase price. This reviewer gives author Monnett a hearty "well done." The book will stand as one of the best accounts of this famous battle and the War of 1867-1869 ever written.

—Richard A. Cook, P.M.

**Earth and Sky: Visions of the Cosmos in Native American Folklore** edited by Ray A. Williamson and Claire R. Farrar. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. 37 illustrations; 320 pages. Clothbound, \$32.50.

This volume addresses the astronomical knowledge and beliefs of various American Indian groups. An introductory essay presents basic information about the movements of sun, moon, and the major constellations which most readers will find necessary to understand the mythical interpretations Indian peoples built around them. Here, this unin-

formed reviewer can only say that the information offered is clear and logical. Evaluations of accuracy are deferred to more knowledgeable persons. Following this there are 15 chapters written by as many authors, describing the celestial lore and knowledge of specific Indian groups from most parts of North America. The book closes with a final synthesis discussing the present state of knowledge and pointing out directions for further study.

A great strength of the book is the cohesiveness of the various essays. So many compilations of this kind fall apart because of the different interests, approaches, and styles of the several authors. Williamson and Farrar somehow kept them all on track. Each author provides the same basic information in such a direct, objective way that this book could be a text for a course on ethnoastronomy.

Another important aspect of the book is the stimulating nature of the information given, that is, it stimulates thought. For example, the chapter on the Alabama tribe shows how myths serve as explanations of, and metaphors for, things non-technical people could not otherwise explain. One can also come to see that their myths were just as logical and useful as those we have inherited from the Classical World. For instance, a Blackfoot Indian has just as much justification in calling that group of stars over there The Lost Children as we have in calling it The Pleiades.

All in all, the book is well done and definitely worth reading. The chapters on the Pawnee, the Mescalero Apache, and the Alabama are especially recommended.

—Richard Conn, P.M.

**A.P. Giannini and the Bank of America** by Gerald D. Nash. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1992. 13 illustrations, bibliographical essay; 162 pages. Clothbound, \$24.95.

This is a small but very readable book. The author sets the scene by saying that the book is the story of the West's leading banker of the 20th century and, "Yet it is not really so much the story of a banker as it is the tale of a dreamer, or of a man who relentlessly and often ruthlessly pursued the American Dream and found realization and self-fulfillment in it."

This dream began with Giannini working in his father's fruit brokerage business in the Italian sec-

tion of San Francisco and followed him through an aggressive selling campaign that resulted in the business expanding dramatically. He began lending money as an accommodation to those fruit farmers who were Giannini suppliers, but this activity took on more and more importance in the company until Giannini established a formal bank that specialized in serving the Italian community. In the fruit business, Giannini had realized the potential and stability of having many small accounts rather than a few large accounts, and deliberately aimed his growing bank in that direction. He saw the advantage of a "mass market rather than a class market."

He had the imagination and courage to try something different in banking, such as establishing branch banks in small towns. This was considered to be totally impractical by other bankers. He also backed new ventures, such as the financing of Walt Disney's production of a full-length cartoon movie about some dwarfs and a young girl, Snow White. He financed David O. Selznick and his new film company in the risky and expensive filming of "Gone With the Wind."

On the other hand, he was conservative where it counted in often appraising real estate offered as security for loans at only one-tenth of the market value. This practice enabled him to avoid the disaster that hit many other banks during the Great Depression of the 1930s. His innovations in banking included employing multi-lingual bank personnel, and producing advertising and banking-related materials in the multiple languages present in California at the time.

This continuing combination of imagination, courageous innovation and conservatism resulted in the further expansion of the bank both nationally and internationally until it was a major player on the financial scene.

The author's style may be a bit eulogistic, as is common among biographers, but it is also clear and concise. This is a well-researched book that many readers will find very interesting.

—Robert E. Woodhams, P.M.

**Glory, Glory Glorieta: The Gettysburg of the West** by Robert Scott. Johnson Books, Boulder, Colo., 1992. Index, maps, and bibliography, dust jacket; 246 pages. Clothbound, \$21.95.

The Civil War in the Trans-Mississippi West has

hardly been ignored in recent years. Alvin Joseph's detailed book on the western campaigns came out two years ago. Whitford's classic volume on the Colorado Volunteers in New Mexico is currently in print (in paperback). And, of course, our own Ken Pitman delivered a paper on the New Mexico campaign at the Denver Westerner's January 1991 meeting.

This book particularly would be good for three types of readers: first, it would be excellent for college students, for it packs a lot of information into one volume; second, it is a necessary addition for those attempting to collect all work printed on the New Mexico campaign; third, it would be the perfect gift for Civil War buffs in the East who know little of the struggle for the Southwest.

However, the book does have its drawbacks. Its main thesis—enthusiastically if not persuasively argued—is that Glorieta Pass was the "Gettysburg of the West." While other historians call Westport, Mo., by that title, and Glorieta the "Gettysburg of the Southwest," this is not the problem. While it is true that Texans downplay the significance of their "nondefeat retreat," building the Battle at Apache Canyon into a "but for" battle of the war is probably overstating it, especially with the California Column approaching El Paso. If the Coloradans had been defeated in New Mexico, the Texans likely would have faced Californians, Kansans, Iowans, and more Coloradans later in 1862.

Also, the book lacks footnotes. While this may sound academically elitist, it is not meant to be. Scott quotes a lot of historians and participants, yet his bibliography is quite ordinary, and it lacks very basic sources on the Texans' side of the story. Thus, one wonders where some of the many quotations come from. Verification is impossible.

The book, like a history lesson, tends to repeat points, with apparent padding. Some of the background statements seem suspect. For example, did New Mexico really have a "dozen cities" to be captured? Did the Mormons really think the Mountain Meadows emigrant train was a military force? Was the Unionist Andrew Johnson mentioned in the book from Mississippi (as stated), or was it Andrew Johnson of east Tennessee?

Nevertheless, despite lapses into modern rhetoric, the book is well-written. Descriptions of battles are lively and well organized. This volume is highly recommended.

—John Hutchins, P.M.





*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

MAY-JUNE 1993

## THE GUNFIGHT NEXT TO FLY'S BOARDINGHOUSE

by John Daniel Dailey, C.M.

This painting of two genteel Tombstone gunfighters, Wyatt Earp and John Henry "Doc" Holliday, is by Ernest Lisle Reedstrom, for his *Historic Dress of the Old West* (published by Blandford Press, 1986). (Note Wyatt's star, and Doc's sawed-off shotgun.) The original painting is now owned by John M. Hutchins of the Denver Westerners.



## About the Author

Speaker John D. Dailey of Aurora, Colo., is off to a fast start with the Denver Westerners—his new membership was just listed in the March-April '93 *Roundup* (p. 13). He gives his interests as gunfighters and gunfights—particularly the gunfight at the O.K. Corral—Indian battles, and Colorado and Southwestern history.

He is deputy attorney general, in charge of the Criminal Enforcement Section, Colorado Attorney General's Office.

A native of Hornell, N.Y., John received a bachelor's degree in political science from Bucknell University, and J.D. from Syracuse University College of Law. He married Elaine Lois Lamping of Boulder, Colo., in 1982, and they have two daughters, Erin, age 9, and Brianna, 6.

In preparation of "The Gunfight Next to Fly's Boardinghouse," John wishes "to acknowledge the many, many arduous hours put in on this project by my mother-in-law, Marleen Lamping. Without her persistence, this project would never have been completed. I also wish to thank John Hutchins, program chairman, for the timely scheduling of my talk."

## Over the Corral Rail

The Western Outlaw-Lawman History Association (WOLA), headquartered at Rawlins, Wyo., will hold its third annual convention in Denver July 22-24 at the Hotel Denver. The three-day event will conclude with "Tombstone Day," in recognition of renewed interest in the era of the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral, the Earp brothers, John Henry "Doc" Holliday, and others.

Convention speakers will be **Wallace E. Clayton**, editor and publisher of the *Tombstone Epitaph*, on "Tombstone: Myth and Reality;" **Michael M. Hickey**, author and publisher, on "The O.K. Corral Affair—The Debate Continues;" **Red Marie Traywick**, co-owner of Red Marie's bookstore in Tombstone, on "Hell's Belles of Tombstone;" **Tim**

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*(Photo by Alan J. Stewart)*

This restoration is on the site of original O.K. Corral in Tombstone. Sign identifies the owner as John Montgomery, stating "HORSES, MULES BOUGHT, SOLD & TRADED."

## The Gunfight Next to Fly's Boardinghouse

by

John Daniel Dailey, C.M.

(Presented May 26, 1993)

**W**EDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1881. Tombstone, Arizona Territory. Nine men and two horses stand in or at the entry to a 15-foot-wide lot off Fremont Street. Within half a minute's time, 25 to 30 gunshots would be fired; both horses and two men would run away; three men would lie dead or dying; three more would be wounded; and, only one man would emerge unscathed, having endured what would become the most famous gunfight in frontier Western history: "The gunfight next to Fly's Boardinghouse."

That's right. The gunfight next to Fly's Boardinghouse. What most people think of today as "the Gunfight at the O.K. Corral" did not occur at the O.K. Corral. Indeed, it may have occurred precisely because men left that corral. In any event, the clash between the rival Earp and Clanton gangs actually took place in and near a vacant space 90 feet west of the O.K. Corral's back entrance. More specifically, this vacant space was between Third and Fourth streets, off Fremont Street, west of photographer Camillus Fly's Boardinghouse and east of W.A. Harwood's home.<sup>1</sup>

Until the 1920s and '30s, the gunfight next to Fly's Boardinghouse was largely known simply as the Tombstone Street Fight. However, publication of Stuart Lake's *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshal* (Cambridge, Mass., 1931), not only popularized the fight as occurring at the O.K. Corral, but also romanticized the lives of Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday. Since publication of Lake's book, the gunfight has been the subject of at least 11 movies and hundreds of books and articles; indeed, two more movies about the fight are scheduled to begin production this summer.<sup>2</sup> There are a number of reasons why the gunfight continues to intrigue the American public. For its time it was an incomparable half-minute of explosive, raw violence. Underlying the clash were several classic frontier animosities: "lawman against outlaw, cardsharp against cowboy, and citified carpetbagger against weather-beaten settler."<sup>3</sup> Why the gunfight occurred, and whether the outcome was murder or justifiable homicide remain subjects of great controversy.

Two names usually come to mind in connection with the so-called "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral:" Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday. "Wyatt Earp, frontier marshal, is to millions today the epitome of the fearless, incorruptible, straight-shooting lawmen who brought law and order to the West—from the wild and woolly cow towns of Kansas to rip-roaring Tombstone, Arizona," writes W. Weir in *Written with Lead: Legendary American Gunfights*.<sup>4</sup> Stuart Lake noted Earp "had a reputation for calmness and lawfulness" and supposedly was "already . . . famous as a gunfighter" by the time he arrived in Tombstone.<sup>5</sup> Doc Holliday, on the other hand, was best known for his disregard of both the law and the value of human life. "The best authorities" of his time credited him with killing 16 men.<sup>6</sup>

When in early December 1879 Wyatt Earp arrived in Tombstone, he was neither a famous gunman nor a particularly virtuous lawman. He had, for instance, been involved in only one shooting scrape. He and two other men shot at and winged a drunken cowhand in Dodge City, Kans.<sup>7</sup> Furthermore, he had been "treading the thin line between law and lawlessness, respectability and notoriety" for some time.<sup>8</sup> After running from an 1871 Indian Territory charge of horse-stealing, he made a living as a buffalo hunter before becoming a professional gambler.<sup>9</sup> In the mid-1870s he became "a minor frontier policeman"<sup>10</sup> in Wichita and Dodge City, Kans., in part to supplement his gambling income and, in part, to provide official protection for his family's gambling and pimping activities. His brothers James and Morgan were also gamblers,<sup>11</sup> and Earp women were regularly arrested and fined for prostitution in Wichita until Wyatt was hired onto the local police force.<sup>12</sup> He was dismissed from Wichita's police force and run out of town on a vagrancy charge after he beat up his boss' political rival.<sup>13</sup> "That he shook down saloon owners for protection money [and] . . . occasionally worked girls in the brothels, . . . no one denies," writes L.C. Metz in *The Shooters*.<sup>14</sup> Indeed, in Dodge City he and his friends were known as "the Fighting Pumps" because of "their affinity for Dodge's brothels and their liaisons with young women of dubious social standing," notes P.M. Marks.<sup>15</sup> Wyatt arrived in Tombstone with a commonlaw wife—Celia Ann "Mattie" Blaylock.<sup>16</sup> Paragon of virtue that he was, however, Wyatt deserted her for a younger, better-looking woman he found there.

Contrary to popular belief, John Henry "Doc" Holliday did not arrive in Tombstone with Wyatt Earp. Rather, he arrived in the summer or fall of 1880 from Las Vegas, N.M.<sup>17</sup> Holliday and Earp were fast friends, probably because of some incident where Doc saved Wyatt's life.<sup>18</sup> Born and reared in Georgia, Doc had come west in the mid-1870s to stay the effects of tuberculosis. Gradually, however, he relinquished the dental practice—origin of his nickname—in favor of increased alcoholic intake and gambling. He was indeed a killer, but not to the extent people thought. This frail 5-ft. 10-in., 130-pound man<sup>19</sup> may have killed only one man before coming to Tombstone and, in his entire life, he was individually responsible for killing at most three men,

and for wounding only another four or five.<sup>20</sup> Though he was, in fact, a poor shot (particularly when intoxicated),<sup>21</sup> Doc successfully cultivated the image of a touchy drunk who had little to lose by resorting to gunplay when crossed.<sup>22</sup>

When four Earp brothers—James, Virgil, Wyatt, and Morgan—arrived with their families in the booming silver camp of Tombstone in late 1879 and early 1880, they came, not to bring law and order, but to make fortunes. Their long-term prospects rode on the 10 mining claims, the dozen town lots, and the numerous water rights they obtained, as well as on their gambling and saloon-keeping activities.<sup>23</sup> They also hoped to capture, through either appointment or election, local and county law-enforcement positions.

Contrary to widespread belief, Virgil Earp, not Wyatt, arrived in Tombstone commissioned as a deputy U.S. marshal.<sup>24</sup> The position, however, carried little power and pay. In contrast, the Tombstone town marshal's position paid \$100 a month, a share of taxes collected, and was a position of authority in the community.<sup>25</sup> Virgil Earp tried unsuccessfully twice to be elected town marshal before being appointed to that position in June 1881 when Marshal Ben Sippy failed to return from an authorized leave of absence.<sup>26</sup>

Wyatt Earp also had law enforcement aspirations. In February 1881, Cochise County was organized with Tombstone as its county seat. The new county sheriff's job was valued at \$40,000 a year, as the sheriff was also assessor and tax collector, and the board of supervisors allowed him 10 percent for collections.<sup>27</sup> Wyatt Earp wanted to be appointed sheriff of the new county. Being a northern Republican, he readily aligned himself with the predominantly pro-Republican business element of the Tombstone community. However, those who lived outside town were predominantly pro-southern Democrats, and Territorial Governor John C. Fremont bowed to the general Democratic sentiment of the new county and the territory in appointing Democrat John Behan.<sup>28</sup>

Behan had promised Wyatt a place in his office but, "something later transpired" that caused him to change his mind.<sup>29</sup> That "something" was Wyatt's having stolen Behan's girl—young and beautiful Josephine Sarah Marcus.<sup>30</sup> Behan harbored ill will toward Wyatt because of Josie's change of affections, while Wyatt returned the feeling over being denied a place in Behan's office. Wyatt decided to run for sheriff in the next election.

John Behan's political—and economic—future in Cochise County depended in part, at least, upon his gaining and retaining the favor of a loosely knit association of about 50 small ranchers and former cowhands who made their living primarily rustling cattle from large ranches and from Mexico.<sup>31</sup> These men were known, alternatively, as "Cowboys" or "Rustlers."<sup>32</sup> Until his death in August 1881, rancher Newman H. "Old Man" Clanton informally headed up this group of men. Clanton and his sons—"blowhard" Joseph Isaac "Ike", and "big, loutish" William "Billy" Harrison—not only rustled cattle themselves but made their ranch (12-14 miles southwest of Tombstone and a few miles above Charleston) available as a refuge for Cowboys, with a holding pen for stolen cattle. The Clantons' friends, the McLaury brothers—"short and cocky" Robert "Frank" Findley, and "quiet," "pleasant," "reserved," and "hard-work[ing]" Thomas "Tom" Clark—held their ranch in the nearby Sulphur Spring Valley available for similar purposes.<sup>33</sup>

Initially, the Earps, too, were friendly toward the Cowboys.<sup>34</sup> However, a series of incidents severely strained this friendship. Wyatt Earp believed Billy Clanton stole his horse; under Virgil's authority as deputy U.S. marshal, the Earps investigated the McLaury's in connection with some stolen mules, and Wyatt rather forcefully arrested Cowboy "Curly Bill" Brocius in October 1880 when Bill killed the then-town-marshal, Fred White.<sup>35</sup> Although Brocius was ultimately officially cleared of any wrong-doing, this killing sparked calls for a vigilante movement and an organized

attempt by leading businessmen to blame the Cowboys for crime problems.<sup>36</sup> The pro-Republican *Tombstone Epitaph* led the campaign against the Cowboys. Its Democratic counterpart, the *Nugget*, however, disparaged the idea of a Cowboy threat to the community, and smeared the Earps by casting suspicion upon Doc Holliday in connection with the March 15, 1881, attempted holdup of a stage to Benson.<sup>37</sup> Soon, rumors circulated that the Earps, themselves, were involved.<sup>38</sup>

Wyatt Earp could not hope to become sheriff so long as suspicions lingered about himself, his family, or his friend. Consequently, in June 1881, he and brothers Morgan and Virgil approached Cowboys Ike Clanton, Frank McLaury, and Joe Hill, and offered them either \$3,600 or \$6,000 in reward money if they would lure the real would-be robbers—fellow Cowboys Billy Leonard, Harry Head, and Jim Crane—to a place where the Earps could capture—or according to Ike, eternally silence—them.<sup>39</sup> The agreement was to be kept secret, otherwise the Earps wouldn't get credit for their sleuthing and Ike, Frank, and Joe would suffer deadly reprisal from others in the larger Cowboy group. Ike later vehemently denied that a deal had been made, but Wyatt claimed it was not completed only because Leonard and Head died that month in New Mexico at the hands of the Hazlett brothers, and Crane was killed by Mexicans with "Old Man" Clanton in August in Guadalupe Canyon.<sup>40</sup>

The Earp and Clanton gangs each grew anxious about the other's exposing its involvement in a deal. In mid-September 1881, however, another incident further fueled the fire between the two gangs. Behan's deputy, Frank Stilwell, and Peter Spencer, Stilwell's partner in a Bisbee livery stable business, were arrested in connection with a holdup of the Bisbee stage earlier that month. The Clantons and the McLaurys were friends of Stilwell and Spencer, and they resented the Earps' arrest and prosecution of the pair.<sup>41</sup> Indeed, Frank McLaury, with three other Cowboys, caught Morgan Earp alone in Tombstone and gave him a tongue-lashing over the arrests, telling Morgan that he would never take Frank if he came after him.<sup>42</sup>

The Cowboys may well "have been spooked by rumblings concerning . . . new vigilante organization efforts, with the Earps as enforcers," according to Marks, in *Die in the West*.<sup>43</sup> In August 1881 the *Epitaph* had called for vigilante justice in response to two violent incidents allegedly perpetrated by "Murdering Cowboys."<sup>44</sup> The Earps had publicly tried to link Stilwell and Spencer to the Cowboys,<sup>45</sup> and Frank McLaury bluntly accused (now) Town Marshal Virgil Earp of trying to raise a vigilance committee "to hang us boys." Frank, who claimed to have gotten his information from Behan, told Virgil he would "never surrender [his] arms" and would "rather die fighting than be strangled."<sup>46</sup>

Ike Clanton "cracked" when a drunken Wells Fargo agent surmised that he and some of his friends had been willing to give Leonard, Head, and Crane over to the law. In early October, Ike accused Wyatt of telling both the agent and Doc Holliday about the "deal."<sup>47</sup> Wyatt denied this, and promised to have Doc vouch for him when he returned from gambling in Tucson.<sup>48</sup> Feeling the "deal" could no longer be kept secret, however, Ike insisted on denying it publicly and "shouting all over town that Earp was telling lies about him."<sup>49</sup> According to Wyatt's lover, Josie Marcus, "Ike . . . as usual exercised his mouth instead of his brain" and "it was Ike's public denials of guilt and nothing else that alerted the general public to what he'd been doing."<sup>50</sup>

For one reason or another, rumors circulated regarding Ike's willingness to betray his fellow Cowboys. According to Wyatt, Ike and his cohorts threatened the Earps.<sup>51</sup> On Oct. 22, 1881, Doc and Morgan Earp returned to Tombstone from Tucson.

On the morning of Oct. 25, the Clantons and McLaurys took time out from rounding up cattle in the Sulphur Spring Valley to breakfast at Jack Chandler's milk ranch at the foot of the

Dragoon Mountains.<sup>52</sup> The Cowboys needed supplies, and Tom McLaury had cattle business to conduct with a Tombstone butcher. Consequently, after breakfast Ike Clanton and Tom McLaury left their brothers, drove a wagon into Tombstone, and left the wagon and team at the West End (not the O.K.) Corral.<sup>53</sup>

At 1 a.m. the next morning, Doc Holliday and Morgan Earp teamed up on an unarmed Ike in the Alhambra Saloon, verbally abusing him and challenging him to go and get his gun. Ike did so, but somehow managed to avoid Doc and Morgan for the rest of the night, contenting himself with drinking heavily, playing poker, and separately informing Wyatt and Virgil Earp that they too should be prepared to fight in the morning. Indeed, that morning—while Wyatt and Virgil slept—a drunken and sleep-worn Ike roamed the streets armed with rifle and six shooter, expecting to meet Doc Holliday and telling those who'd listen how he'd been insulted and how the "ball would open" when the Earps and Holliday took to the streets.<sup>54</sup>

Alerted about Ike's threats, Virgil Earp early that afternoon came up from behind Ike on Fourth Street and, when Ike tried to pull his pistol, "buffaloed" him—struck him over the head with his gun barrel—and hauled him off to court on a charge of carrying concealed weapons within the city limits. Wyatt Earp, who had told Ike the previous night that he would not shoot anyone if he could help it because there was no money in it,<sup>55</sup> now had a change of heart. Preferring a fight in the open to being ambushed, Wyatt tried to provoke a violent confrontation, first with Ike at the courthouse, and then, a few moments later, with Tom McLaury out in the street.<sup>56</sup> Wyatt had been backed by his brothers inside the courthouse, and gotten the drop on Tom in the street. Ike wisely declined to fight, and Tom too was "buffaloed" when he failed to respond to Wyatt's challenge. Ike's guns were deposited at the Grand Hotel by Virgil Earp following the court hearing, and Tom turned his pistol in at the Capitol Saloon sometime between 1 and 2 p.m. that day.<sup>57</sup>

Around 2 p.m., Billy Clanton and Frank McLaury rode into Tombstone. Billy may have had no other errand than a morning-after mission to collect Ike,<sup>58</sup> and Frank had some business to attend to at Bauer's Meat Market.<sup>59</sup> Little did they realize that they had only half an hour to live. Doc Holliday inexplicably met them in the middle of Allen Street, near the Grand Hotel, and shook hands with Billy Clanton, telling him how pleased he was to meet him.<sup>60</sup> Frank and Billy were about to take a drink in the Grand Hotel, when they were apprised of the day's events. Frank announced that they would not drink and that he would "get the boys out of town."

Frank and Billy found Ike unsuccessfully trying to persuade the owner of a gun shop to sell him a pistol. Joined in the gun shop by Tom, the Cowboys must have talked amongst themselves before watching Wyatt Earp—who was not a member of the regular police force—make Frank remove his horse from the city sidewalk. The Cowboys then split up, with Ike going to the Occidental Saloon and Tom to Everhardy's Butcher Shop.<sup>61</sup> Perhaps Ike and Tom went to these "friendly" places to rearm themselves;<sup>62</sup> or, perhaps in Ike's case, to obtain a bottle of whiskey,<sup>63</sup> and in Tom's case, to receive payment on a herd of cattle.<sup>64</sup> In any event, the Clantons, McLaury's, and one of their friends, Billy Claiborne, met up again in Behan and Dunbar's Corral. The five men—leading Billy's and Frank's horses—crossed Allen Street and went through the O.K. Corral to Fremont Street.<sup>65</sup> There they headed west, Frank and possibly Tom McLaury dropping off at Bauer's Meat Market while the others went down the street two more buildings before stopping at the vacant lot next to Fly's Boardinghouse.<sup>66</sup>

One or more of the Cowboys had been overheard at the front of the O.K. Corral threatening to kill Virgil Earp on sight, and the other Earps as well.<sup>67</sup> Virgil Earp had stood with Doc Holliday at Hafford's Corner on Fourth and Allen, watching the Cowboys' movements and

receiving reports of their threats. Amidst a crowd, Virgil angrily refused Sheriff Behan's suggestion to disarm the Cowboys, saying "those men have made their threats" and he either "would give them a chance to make a fight" or "kill them on sight."<sup>68</sup> Later, cooling down over a drink with Behan in Hafford's Saloon, however, Virgil told a representative of a citizen's committee he would not trouble the Cowboys if they stayed off the street and in the O.K. Corral.<sup>69</sup>

Believing he could gain some political mileage by defusing the situation, himself, Behan went alone to talk to the Cowboys. He found Frank and possibly Tom McLaury discussing business

*"I told him I would not fight no one  
if I could get away from it, because  
there was no money in it."*

— A Gambler

*"You need not be afraid, Johnny,  
we are not going to have any trou-  
ble."*

—A Cowboy

with Bauer's butcher, and took Frank (and possibly Tom) down below Fly's to discuss matters with the rest of the group. One of the Cowboys—probably Ike—told Behan, "You need not be afraid, Johnny, we are not going to have any trouble."<sup>70</sup> Indeed, Ike and Tom claimed they had no weapons, and Billy Clanton stated he would leave town peacefully. Only Frank indicated he would not lay off his arms until the Earps were disarmed, or he finished his business in town.

Back at Hafford's Corner, Virgil Earp learned that the Cowboys were no longer in the corral, but on Fremont Street. Acting officially as chief of police and deputy U.S. marshal, he called upon his brothers and Doc to assist him in disarming the Clantons and McLaury's.<sup>71</sup> He had previously obtained a shotgun from the Wells Fargo office.<sup>72</sup> Not wishing to cause excitement by publicly brandishing the gun on the streets, however, he swapped it for Doc's cane, and had Doc place it under the long overcoat he—but only he—was wearing.<sup>73</sup> All four men in the Earp party were otherwise armed with single action Colt revolvers: Virgil and Wyatt had their Colts pushed down in their waistbands, while Morg carried his in his right pocket, and Doc his in a coat pocket.<sup>74</sup> Thus armed, the four men walked down to the corner of Fourth and Fremont, from where, looking west, they could see Behan and some of the Cowboys standing near Fly's building. Later testimony had it that "the faces of the three Earps were set inflexibly, [while] Holliday was whistling to himself" as they walked down the sidewalk toward the lot.<sup>75</sup>

Johnny Behan had just searched Ike for weapons and eyeballed Tom for the same, when he looked up and saw the Earp party coming. (Behan had found no firearms on Ike, and believed Tom had none, either). Behan ordered the Cowboys to stay put while he went to halt the Earps and Holliday. As Behan left them, the Cowboys stepped back into the lot out of sight of the Earp party. Behan met the Earps and Holliday about 20 to 23 paces from the vacant lot, somewhere close to Bauer's Butcher Shop.<sup>76</sup> Before Behan reached them, however, a witness standing inside the shop overheard Morgan Earp say to Doc Holliday, "Let them have it," and Doc respond, "All right."<sup>77</sup> This exchange was not overheard by either Virgil or Wyatt.

Just before reaching the oncoming Earp party, Behan raised his hands and told the Earps and Holliday to "not go down there," there was likely to be trouble, he was there to disarm the Cowboys, and, as "sheriff of this county," he "want[ed] this thing stopped."<sup>78</sup>

Virgil and Wyatt Earp responded, in part at least, as if Behan had told them he had *already* disarmed the Cowboys. According to inquest testimony, Virgil shoved the gun he'd had his hand on "clean around to [his] left hip and changed [his] walking stick to [his] right hand."<sup>79</sup> Similarly,



Wyatt "took [his] pistol, which [he] then had in [his] hand, under [his] coat, and put it in [his] overcoat pocket."<sup>80</sup>

The Earp party brushed past Behan toward the lot.<sup>81</sup> Some of them either arrived at the lot with guns already in hand, or "pulled their pistols as they got there."<sup>82</sup> Doc and Morgan Earp had their weapons out; Wyatt Earp was grasping the gun in his coat pocket; and Virgil Earp was holding a cane in his hand.

On the Cowboy side, Frank McLaury and Billy Clanton were wearing single action Colt sidearms; two Winchester rifles were visible in scabbards on their horses; and, Tom McLaury might have had a gun under his blouse.<sup>83</sup>

To this day, no one is certain about the exact positions of the parties. Hickey, in his *Street Fight in Tombstone Near the O.K. Corral*, says all of the Cowboys except Ike had been standing along the wall of Harwood's house, next door to Fly's. Some of them, however, stepped out away from the house when the Earp party spread itself out across the entrance to the lot. More than likely, 33-year-old Wyatt faced 34-year-old Ike; 38-year-old Virgil confronted both 28-year-old Tom and 19-year-old Billy Clanton; 30-year-old Morgan Earp stood "obliquely opposite" Billy Clanton; and 30-year-old Doc Holliday faced 33-year-old Frank McLaury. Billy Claiborne, 21, stood a little apart from his friends, and deeper in the lot.<sup>84</sup>

The Earps and Holliday stood very close to the Clantons and McLaurys: only 3 to, at most, 12 feet separated the two groups, according to inquest testimony.<sup>85</sup> Wyatt and/or Morgan Earp issued a verbal challenge to the Cowboys to fight, while Virgil Earp simultaneously barked out a command, "Throw up your hands! I have come to disarm you!" According to Virgil and Wyatt Earp, Tom McLaury immediately threw his hand to his right hip while Frank McLaury and Billy Clanton both went for their guns. Virgil supposedly yelled "Hold, I don't mean that!" while Wyatt outdrew and shot Frank McLaury.<sup>86</sup> However, Cowboy sympathizers said the Earp party opened fire after Tom McLaury stated he was unarmed and whipped open his blouse to prove that fact; after Ike and Frank put up their hands; and, after Billy Clanton put up his hands and yelled, "Don't shoot me. I don't want to fight."<sup>87</sup>

The truth lies somewhere between these opposite versions of the event. Wyatt Earp neither outdrew Frank McLaury, nor fired any of the fight's opening shots.<sup>88</sup> Similarly, the Cowboys neither went for their guns, nor held their hands up in the air as directed. Billy Clanton probably indicated he did not wish to fight. But Doc Holliday and Morgan Earp had already cocked their guns and it was they, rather than the Cowboys, Virgil Earp addressed when he cried out, "Hold . . . I don't mean that!"<sup>89</sup>

Doc put a round into Frank McLaury's belly, while Morgan nearly simultaneously shot Billy Clanton in the chest. Frank staggered out into the street, still holding the reins of his terrified horse and groping for his pistol. Billy fell back onto the wall of the Harwood house, where Morgan Earp quickly shot him again, this time in his right wrist.<sup>90</sup> Wyatt Earp now pulled his gun out of his coat pocket and confronted Ike. Ike grabbed Wyatt's gun hand, and the two men wrestled alongside Fly's building. Wyatt's gun discharged, the bullet skimming the pant leg of Billy Claiborne, who was fleeing for the rear of Fly's Boardinghouse.<sup>91</sup> Ike either broke free or was pushed away by Wyatt, and ran around the front corner of Fly's. Shots passed by him as he jumped into Fly's front door. (These shots have been attributed to Doc Holliday or to possibly stray bullets fired by Ike's own companions).<sup>92</sup> Ike ran through Fly's Boardinghouse and out the back door, veering off into another lot and through to Allen Street, never to return to the fight. Cowboy partisans would claim that the Earp party fired from 5 to 10 shots before either Billy Clanton and Frank McLaury could respond.<sup>93</sup> But two unbiased witnesses related that



*(Photo by author.)*

Signs show positions of Frank McLaury, Ike Clanton, Tom McLaury, and Billy Claiborne in shootout.

Frank McLaury had drawn his gun, and the now-left-handed Billy Clanton was "in the act of shooting" after only three or four shots had been fired.<sup>94</sup> In addition, Earp adherents claimed that someone favorable to the Cowboys—perhaps Behan, Billy Allen, Claiborne, or even Ike—fired a sneak shot from the passageway behind Fly's house.<sup>95</sup> Finally, Virgil Earp said Tom McLaury tried unsuccessfully to pull a rifle off Billy Clanton's shying horse, then used the horse for cover, firing a pistol over its back.<sup>96</sup>

Indeed, Morgan Earp was knocked down by a bullet striking his right shoulder, shot, some say, by Tom McLaury or Billy Clanton.<sup>97</sup> Morgan got back up and resumed firing. Wyatt may have turned his attention to Tom; Doc certainly did, switching from pistol to shotgun to blast a now-exposed Tom at nearly point blank range.<sup>98</sup> Tom staggered down to the corner of Third and Fremont, where he collapsed.

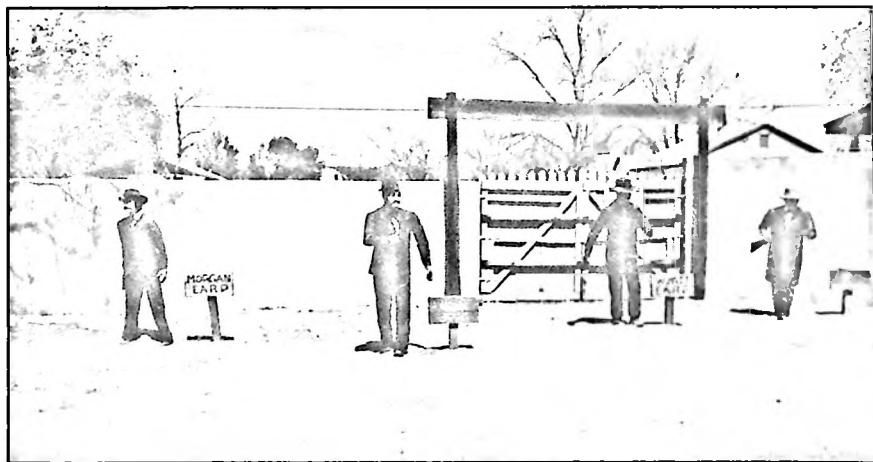
By this time, Virgil Earp had shifted the cane to his left hand and pulled out his gun with his right hand. Perhaps before he could even get into action, however, he was knocked off his feet by a shot—some say, by Billy Clanton, others by Frank McLaury—in his right calf.<sup>99</sup> Virgil rose and fired once at Frank McLaury before exchanging sets of three shots each with Billy Clanton, who had slid down the side of the Harwood house and was steadying his gun on his knee.<sup>100</sup> Virgil's first shot may have struck Billy in the belly.<sup>101</sup>

Back in the street, Doc had thrown down the shotgun and once again pulled his pistol. Frank McLaury stood alone in the middle of the street, having lost control of his terrified horse. Yelling to Doc (who may have been only 10 to 12 feet away), "I have got you now!," Frank fired and hit

him on the gun scabbard on his hip, "leaving a superficial wound," according to inquest testimony.<sup>102</sup> Frank then retreated toward the opposite (or north) side of Fremont Street.<sup>103</sup> As he got near the corner of an adobe building on the opposite side of the street, he stopped and stood with a pistol across his arm, in the act of shooting.<sup>104</sup> At about this time, Morgan and Doc, from out in the street, and Wyatt, from within the lot, nearly simultaneously fired at Frank.<sup>105</sup> One shot hit Frank below the right ear and he toppled over on the sidewalk<sup>106</sup> just about the time Billy Clanton's strength appeared to fail him. Billy was lying on his back, his head slightly raised, trying to cock an empty revolver, when Camillus Fly himself came across the lot from his boardinghouse to take the pistol from him.<sup>107</sup> As Fly reached down for the pistol, Billy pleaded "Give me some more cartridges."<sup>108</sup>

The gunfight was over. In the half minute it lasted,<sup>109</sup> 25 to 30 shots had been fired.<sup>110</sup> Virgil Earp, Morgan Earp, and Doc Holliday had been wounded; and Frank McLaury had died on the north side sidewalk of Fremont Street. Tom McLaury died within six to seven minutes of being taken into the house on the corner of Third and Fremont streets; and, Billy Clanton died within the hour in that same house. No arms were reported found on or near Tom McLaury's body.<sup>111</sup>

Some say the Clantons and McLaury's were out to kill the Earps and Holliday, either in retaliation for the events of the previous 13 hours or to silence talk about Cowboy friends Leonard, Head, and Crane. Possibly so, but not that day in Tombstone. W.M. Raine, in *Famous Sheriffs & Western Outlaws*, states, "It must have occurred to the Cowboys that they were not equipped for a clash."<sup>112</sup> And, they were not expecting a fight that day. Otherwise, those that were armed would not have allowed the Earp party to get the drop on them. They could have very easily drawn their pistols and/or rifles at least as soon as Behan left them, according to William Breakenridge (*Helldorado*).<sup>113</sup> They were not, however, about to open fire on the



(Photo by author.)

Morgan, Virgil, and Wyatt Earp stand beside Doc Holliday.

Earp party because the Earps and Holliday were, ostensibly, under the aegis of Virgil Earp's authority as town marshal or chief of police.

"Even in the so-called Wild West, shooting members of the police force was not lightly accepted. It could lead to a necktie party in a town like Tombstone, which had a vigilante organization. . .," observes Hickey, in *Street Fight in Tombstone Near the O.K. Corral*.<sup>114</sup>

The Cowboys were probably simply waiting—and talking "trash"—until Frank McLaury finished his business. Indeed, "[I]t appears that [their leaving town] quite likely would have occurred if [they] . . . had been left alone awhile longer . . .," according to J.M. Earp and G.G. Boyer.<sup>115</sup>

Some say the Earps intended to eliminate the Clantons and McLaurys before they gave the Earps away as stage robbers. This, however, is an equally unlikely scenario. It is highly doubtful that the Earps were "involved in so chancy and illegal an enterprise [as robbery] when they were making money and building reputations by legitimate means, according to P.M. Marks."<sup>116</sup> Wyatt Earp probably believed he could enhance his law and order reputation—and therefore advance his political ambition to become sheriff—through a confrontation with the Cowboys. But he preferred dealing with troublemakers through rough talk and/or treatment much as he and Virgil had doled out to Ike and Tom earlier that day.<sup>117</sup> Similarly, that Virgil Earp "did not expect trouble and intended to arrest, not kill, the Clantons and McLaurys," is most markedly demonstrated by the fact that he carried Doc's cane to the lot: "A cane is a strange weapon indeed for a man to carry in his gun hand if he is bent on murder," states A.E. Turner in *The Earps Talk*.<sup>118</sup>

The gunfight could have started as an accident. The Cowboys may have been somewhat unnerved when the two hotheads in the Earp group—Doc Holliday and Morgan Earp—showed up with guns in their hands. If Frank and Billy put their hands down near their guns, and Tom McLaury reached for his blouse to show he was not armed, Doc and Morgan may have simply mistaken their intent and started shooting, Marks notes.<sup>119</sup>

More likely, however, the fight was caused by the prearranged plan by Doc and Morgan to bring the conflict to a bloody conclusion. Remember, they had baited Ike the night before at the Alhambra Saloon; Morgan had joined Wyatt in baiting Ike in court; Doc knew Ike had been hunting him that morning; Doc had gone out of his way to be nice to Billy Clanton; Morgan and Doc had agreed—just seconds before reaching the lot—to "let [the Cowboys] have it!"; both men had their guns out; and Morgan probably issued a challenge to the Cowboys to make a fight. It was not, then, Virgil Earp's call to disarm which caused Tom McLaury to go for his blouse, or Frank or Billy Clanton to go for their guns, but Doc's and Morg's cocking of their guns despite Virgil's demand to stop. Doc and Morg simply were "tired of the threats and mouth they'd been receiving for months and decided to bring the business to a head," J.M. Earp and G.G. Boyer conclude.<sup>120</sup>

Earp adherents feel that the results "can hardly be considered murder," since "the shooting developed out of a legitimate police action" against armed men who either were resisting arrest or were "probably ready to draw their guns at the first evidence of an advantage," according to the inquest.<sup>121</sup>

Perhaps it was not murder under the unwritten Code of the West, where if one shot an armed man, "even if he was facing the wrong way or sound asleep," he would "probably get away with a plea of self-defence [sic] at . . . trial," says R. May (*The Story of the Wild West*).<sup>122</sup> However, it was murder under the written law of the Territory.

Admittedly, Tombstone Justice of the Peace Wells Spicer found after conducting a preliminary



(Photo by author)

Headboards mark authenticated burial sites in Tombstone Boothill.

hearing, that the Earps and Holliday were "fully justified in committing these homicides . . . it [was] a necessary act, done in the discharge of an official duty."<sup>123</sup> But Spicer's decision turned on Wyatt Earp's lie that the Cowboys had drawn first.<sup>124</sup> The Cowboys were not about to have drawn first. They were outgunned; moreover, as experienced gunmen, they knew they had no chance of beating other experienced gunmen with guns already in their hand; and, finally, they faced a necktie party if, through some miracle, they succeeded. Doc and Morgan were not, under Territorial Statutes, acting in pursuit of public duty or in self-defense, since, with respect to the former, they made no "reasonable effort" to disarm and arrest the Cowboys, and, with respect to the latter, they acted not in response to "urgent and pressing danger" but "in a spirit of revenge."<sup>125</sup> Legally speaking, Doc and Morgan committed first degree ("willful, deliberate, and premeditated") murder—a crime punishable, upon conviction, by an automatic sentence of death by hanging.<sup>126</sup>

Virgil and Wyatt Earp, however, were "unwilling participants" who felt they "had no choice but to fight" once the shooting started (*The Earps Talk*).<sup>127</sup> They were not responsible for Doc's and Morgan's crimes. Yet, they might have committed lesser crimes of their own. Virgil probably did inflict a mortal wound on Billy Clanton, and Wyatt surely tried to inflict similar ones on Billy Clanton and Frank McLaury and perhaps their brothers, as well. Lacking legal justification or extenuating circumstances, Virgil, would have been responsible for committing second degree (intentional, but unpremeditated) murder, and Wyatt either as an accessory thereto or, in his own right, of assault with attempt to commit murder.<sup>128</sup>

Wyatt testified at the inquest, it was "a fight for life, and I drew in defense of my own life and the lives of my brothers and Doc Holliday."<sup>129</sup> Legal experts hold, however, that in order to rely on the privileges of self-defense and defense of others, "it is necessary that the adversary's force be, or at least that the defendant reasonably believe it to be, 'unlawful' force—meaning, in general, that it be a crime or tort (generally assault and battery) for the adversary to use force."<sup>130</sup> Here, Virgil and Wyatt were not, in fact, responding to the use of *unlawful* force on the part of the Clantons and McLaurys: the Clantons and McLaurys were entitled, under the doctrine of "apparent necessity," to use force even against Wyatt and Virgil.<sup>131</sup> The issue, though, was whether Wyatt and Virgil could have reasonably (though ultimately incorrectly) believed that the Cowboys' use of force against them would be "unlawful" because they (Virgil and Wyatt) had not started the fight. *Criminal Law* (Perkins & Boyce) recognizes that "in the excitement of the moment [one] is not required to judge these matters with precise calculation,"<sup>132</sup> it would not have been unreasonable for Wyatt and Virgil to believe that the Cowboys should not have been using deadly force against them. Under the circumstances, Virgil and Wyatt's reliance on the instinct for self-preservation may have produced a legal anomaly, *i.e.*, a situation where both sides of a fight were justified in trying to kill one another, and whoever walked away from the fight alive was both lucky and free.<sup>133</sup>

Free, that is, unless, as here, the survivors perjured themselves in court to conceal the crimes of their colleagues: Virgil and Wyatt ought to have been imprisoned for a term of up to 14 years for perjury, and up to 2 years (with a maximum fine of \$5,000) for being accessories after-the-fact to murder.<sup>134</sup> While they, along with Morgan and Doc, escaped the consequences of the law, they could not avoid part of the Code of the West. For, while a killer might successfully plead self-defense in court, he still faced the possibility that, out-of-court, his victim's friends might shoot him.<sup>135</sup> Indeed, within five months of the gunfight, Cowboy sympathizers separately ambushed Virgil and Morgan Earp, severely wounding the former and killing the latter.<sup>136</sup> Morgan's assassination, in turn, sparked "as cold-blooded a manhunt as was ever staged in all the Western country," according to R.E. Erwin (*The Truth About Wyatt Earp*).<sup>137</sup> Wyatt, Doc, and several of their friends killed four suspects in the Earp shootings—including Frank Stilwell and "Curly Bill" Brocius<sup>138</sup>—before departing for Colorado one step ahead of the law.

The story of the Gunfight Next to Fly's Boardinghouse is not a morality play. Neither the Earps and Holliday, nor the Clantons and McLaurys, deserve to be labeled simply "good" or "bad" men. These two gangs of men went at cross-purposes with one another over how to best exploit the opportunities of boomtown Tombstone and, as Josie Marcus observed, the fight "was the tragic outcome of some very complicated struggles for political and economic power."<sup>139</sup>

Stripping away the morality themes of the gunfight in no way undermines our fascination with it. For, regardless of the labels one attaches to the participants in the fight, the moment of, and the conduct in, the fight itself will continue to appeal to us—bullets flying all around; adrenaline pumping in each man's veins; the desperate, indeed heroic, fight put up by Billy Clanton and Frank McLaury after they'd been mortally wounded; the grit of Morgan and Virgil Earp in resuming the fight after they too had been wounded; and the report of Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday firing rapidly, the former "as cool as a cucumber," and the latter "as calm as though at target practice."<sup>140</sup> These images cannot help but stir an appreciation deep within us for what those men must have experienced in that horrific half-minute near Fly's Boardinghouse.

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## ENDNOTES AND REFERENCES

1. J.M. Earp and G.G. Boyer, *I Married Wyatt Earp*, pp.91, 93, 96 n. 20 (Tucson, Ariz.: 1986); A.E. Turner, *The Earps Talk*, pp. 7, 26-27 (College Station, Texas: 1981) (hereafter, *Earps Talk*); A.E. Turner, *The O.K. Corral Inquest*, p. 27 n. 2 (College Station, Texas: 1980) (hereafter, *Inquest*). The gunfight may have obtained its more popular name, either because of Wyatt Earp's imperfect recollection of where it occurred, Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, p. 91, or because of the erroneous beliefs that Earp's adversaries, the Clantons and McLaury's, either strategically chose the corral for a battleground, see Stuart Lake, *Wyatt Earp, Frontier Marshall*, p. 287 (Cambridge, Mass.: 1931), or were in the process of retrieving their horses from the O.K. Corral when confronted by the Earps, see W.M. Raine, *Famous Sheriffs & Western Outlaws*, pp. 107-8 (Garden City, N.Y.: 1929).
2. *Rocky Mountain News*, Sunday Magazine, p. 8-M (Denver: Oct. 20, 1991); *Denver Post*, Sunday Magazine, p. 8 (Denver: May 23, 1993).
3. Time-Life, *The Gunfighters*, p. 15 (Alexandria, Va.: 1986).
4. W. Weir, *Written With Lead: Legendary American Gunfights*, p. 110 (Hamden, Conn.: 1992). See also Lake, *op. cit.*, (Earp "won . . . frontier wide recognition as the most proficient peace-officer, the greatest gun-fighting marshal that the Old West knew.").
5. These two quotes are, respectively, from U.S. Marshal's Service, Portfolio of *The Gunfighters: Lawmen of the Old West* (Trumbull, Conn.: 1989) and P.I. Wellman, *Glory, God and Gold*, p. 415 (Garden City, N.Y.: 1954). See also U.S. Marshal's Portfolio, *op. cit.* (Earp was "maybe the only man to be rightfully called 'the

- fastest gun in the West."); J.M. Myers, *The Last Chance*, p. 64 (Lincoln, Neb.: 1973) (Earp was "better than very good" with a gun).
6. J.J. Gaddy, *Dust to Dust*, p. 91 (Fort Collins, Colo.: 1977) (quoting Dec. 25, 1887, issue of the *Denver Republican*).
  7. R.E. Erwin, *The Truth About Wyatt Earp*, pp. 118-22 (Carpinteria, Calif.: 1992). The young cowhand—George Hoy or Hoyt—died a month later of gangrene. P.M. Marks, *And Die in the West*, p. 86 (New York, N.Y.: 1989).
  8. Marks, *op. cit.*, p. 33.
  9. Weir, *op. cit.*, pp. 110-12.
  10. See J.D. Horan, *The Authentic West; The Lawmen*, p. 189 (New York, N.Y.: 1980);
  11. Marks, *op. cit.*, pp. 30-32.
  12. H.E. Chrisman, *1001 Most-Asked Questions About the American West*, pp. 207-8 (Athens, Ohio: 1982).
  13. Horan, *op. cit.*, pp. 194-95.
  14. L.C. Metz, *The Shooters*, p. 276 (El Paso, Texas: 1976).
  15. Marks, *op. cit.*, pp. 81-82. See R.K. DeArment, *Knights of the Green Cloth*, p. 102 (Norman, Okla.: 1990).
  16. Earp and Boyer *op. cit.*, 38 n. 4; pp. 43-44 n. 23. Some have speculated that Celia Blaylock was the "Sallie" Earp who had been charged in Wichita with prostitution and running a bawdy house. Marks, *op. cit.*, p. 34. See also Nyle H. Miller and Joseph W. Snell, *Great Gunfighters of the Kansas Cowtowns*, pp. 78-79 (Lincoln, Neb.: 1967).
  17. Marks, *op. cit.*, p. 100; Erwin, *op. cit.*, p. 160.
  18. *Earps Talk, op. cit.*, p. 5; Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, p. 61.
  19. R.K. DeArment, *Bat Masterson*, p. 226 (Norman, Okla.: 1979).
  20. Holliday is alleged to have killed one Mike Gordon in Las Vegas, N.M., in 1879, and he did kill Tom, and possibly Frank, McLaury in Tombstone in October 1881. He also participated in the Earp vendetta raids of March 1882 which resulted in the deaths of probably four men. Additionally, he (1) possibly cut up a Bud Ryan with a knife in Denver in 1876; (2) grazed Charlie White's back with a bullet in Las Vegas, N.M., in 1879; (3) shot saloon owner Mike Joyce in the hand and (4) Joyce's bartender in the foot, in Tombstone in April 1881; and (5) shot Billy Allen in the right arm in Leadville, Colo., on Aug. 19, 1884. See, P. Jahns, *The Frontier World of Doc Holliday*, pp. 83-84, 141, 173, 267-74 (Lincoln, Neb.: 1979); *Earps Talk, op. cit.*, p. 115 n. 10; *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 154 n. 4; B. O'Neal, *Encyclopedia of Western Gunfighters*, p. 145 (Norman, Okla.: 1979).
  21. Jahns, *op. cit.*, xi; *Earps Talk, op. cit.*, pp. 19-20 n. 8.
  22. "Outside of us boys," Virgil Earp wrote, "I don't think [Doc] had a friend in the Territory." *Earps Talk, op. cit.*, p. 104.
  23. *Earps Talk, op. cit.*, p. 23 n. 12; pp. 92-94 n. 4; Weir, *op. cit.*, pp. 112-13.
  24. *Earps Talk, op. cit.*, p. 22 n. 11.
  25. Marks, *op. cit.*, pp. 113-114.
  26. *Ibid.*, pp. 114, 117, 155, 159.
  27. William M. Breakenridge, *Helldorado*, p. 102 (Glorietta, N.M.: 1970).
  28. F. Waters, *The Earp Brothers of Tombstone*, p. 102 (Lincoln, Neb.: 1976); Marks *op. cit.*, p. 120. Many of the Democrats "who had lived and worked in the territory for a long time and shared a ranching orientation" viewed the Earps and other Republican businessmen as "carpetbaggers." *Ibid.* p. 147.
  29. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 143 (testimony of John Behan).
  30. Erwin, *op. cit.*, pp. 185-87. When Miss Marcus first met Behan in 1879, she was 18 and he was 34. Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.* p. 20 n. 19. Wyatt Earp was 13 years older than she was. *Ibid.* at p. 77.
  31. Time-Life, *op. cit.*, p. 22; Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, pp. 25-26, 65-66, 78.
  32. *E.g.*, Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, p. 65; *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 154 n. 8; Erwin, *op. cit.*, p. 188.
  33. The descriptions of these four men are Josie Marcus'. See Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, pp. 66, 68. For the locations and uses of the Clanton and McLaury ranches, see Marks, *op. cit.*, pp. 27-29, 95, 127; Breakenridge, *op. cit.*, pp. 103, 105; Erwin, *op. cit.*, 192, 201; *Earps Talk, op. cit.*, p. 59 n. 4; *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 154, 171



n. 1.

34. Breaknridge, *op. cit.*, p. 101. "Like Behan, Wyatt Earp had political reasons to cultivate [the cowboys'] acquaintance. . . ." Marks, *op. cit.*, p. 128.
35. Time-Life, *op. cit.*, pp. 20-22; Erwin, *op. cit.*, pp. 165-75.
36. Marks, *op. cit.*, pp. 33, 54-55, 110-11, 169.
37. Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, pp. 35-36, pp. 75-76 n.17, p. 83.
38. Time-Life, *op. cit.*, p. 22; O'Neal, *op. cit.*, pp. 62-63. Ike Clanton would later claim that the Earps confessed this to him. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 105-06, 116.
39. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 104-06, 116, 118, 156-58, 167, 197 (testimony of Ike Clanton, Wyatt Earp, Virgil Earp). Ike Clanton had other reasons for wanting Leonard out of the way. He desired a ranch Leonard owned or controlled in New Mexico, and "had actually moved some of his cattle to the place because he felt Leonard would have to leave the country because of his involvement in the Benson stage robbery." *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 120 n. 9.
40. Rosa, *The Gunfighter*, p. 134 (Norman, Okla.: 1979); Waters, *op. cit.*, pp. 139-40, 144.
41. Time-Life, *op. cit.*, p. 22. Wyatt found this difficult to fathom, since he and his brothers were only part of the posse involved in Stillwell, and Spencer's arrest. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 159. However, after local charges were dismissed against these two, the Earps had them rearrested in early October on a federal charge of robbing the mails. Jahns, *op. cit.*, pp. 181-82.
42. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 159 (testimony of Wyatt Earp).
43. Marks, *op. cit.*, p. 181.
44. D.D. Martin, *Tombstone's Epitaph*, pp. 149-50 (Albuquerque, N.M.: 1963).
45. Weir, *op. cit.*, p. 118. "Neither Stillwell nor Spencer was a cowboy, however." *Ibid.*
46. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 196 (testimony of Virgil Earp).
47. The date is determined by Wyatt Earp's mid-November testimony about a conversation he had with Ike about "five or six weeks ago." *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 155, 159.
48. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 158-59.
49. Rosa, *op. cit.*, p. 134.
50. Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, p. 85.
51. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 158.
52. Chandler's milk ranch was 10-12 miles east of Tombstone. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 102; Marks, *op. cit.*, p. 194.
53. *Earps Talk, op. cit.*, p. 25 n. 15; *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 120 n. 4.
54. *Inquest, op. cit.* pp. 33, 62, 102, 173-74, 203 (testimony of Ike Clanton, R.F. Hafford, E.F. Boyle, Julius Kelley), p. 206 n. 4. Ike also went looking for Doc at Fly's Boardinghouse, where Doc was staying, but Doc was not up and about yet. *Ibid.*, pp. 62-63 n. 2.
55. *Ibid.*, p. 160 (testimony of Wyatt Earp).
56. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 98-99, 122-23, 126-27, 162, 204-05 (testimony of Ike Clanton, A. Bauer, J.H. Balcher, Thomas Keefe, Wyatt Earp, and R.J. Campbell).
57. *Ibid.*, pp. 75, 124, 192 (testimony of Andrew Mchan, A. Bauer, and Virgil Earp).
58. Time-Life, *op. cit.*, p. 22.
59. The McLaurys had had "a misunderstanding with Bauer's Meat Market about some money." According to Bauer's butcher, "Frank was in debt to our firm." *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 68 (testimony of James Kehoe).
60. *Ibid.*, pp. 34, 55 (testimony of Ike Clanton and Billy Allen). As his subsequent actions demonstrated, Doc may have gone "out of his way to be pleasant to a young man whose brother had been out hunting him with a gun" to mislead Billy about his ultimate intentions. Marks, *op. cit.*, p. 208.
61. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 37, 211, 217 (testimony of P.H. Fellehy, Albert Billickie, and Ernest Storm).
62. M. Hickey, *Street Fight in Tombstone Near the O.K. Corral*, p. 87 (U.S.A.: 1991). See also Earps Talk, *op. cit.*, p. 64. Indeed two witnesses would later recount how Tom went into the butcher shop with a "flat" right-hand pocket but came back out with a protruding pocket, "as if there was a revolver therein." *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 211, 214 (testimony of Albert Billickie, J.B.W. Gardiner).
63. The Cowboys were supposedly subsequently seen "passing the well known frontier bottle around pretty

- actively...," Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, pp. 88-89. Doc and Morgan may have been drinking too. *Ibid.*, p. 89.
64. Tom had \$2923.45 in cash, checks, and certificates of deposit on him. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 133 n.2; Erwin, *op. cit.*, p. 265. And, the butcher in Everhardy's shop testified Tom "did not get any" weapons "there that [he] saw." *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 217 (testimony of Ernest Storm). However, Tom's money may have been carried in a money belt rather than in a pocket. *Ibid.*, p. 70 n.1.
65. Billy Clanton and Frank McLaury had just arrived in town and had not had the opportunity to stable their horses at either Behan & Dunbar's or the O.K. Corral. *Ibid.*, p. 120 n.3.
66. Why did the Cowboys stop next to Fly's? Some have suggested they were waiting for one of Fly's lodgers—Doc Holliday—to return to his room. *Earps Talk, op. cit.*, p. 26 n. 16, p. 83. More likely, however, they were simply waiting for Frank and Tom to finish their business at Bauer's.
67. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 182 (testimony of H.F. Sills).
68. *Ibid.*, pp. 37, 137 (testimony of P.H. Fellehy, John Behan).
69. *Ibid.*, pp. 37, 140-41, 195 (testimony of P.H. Fellehy, John Behan, Virgil Earp).
70. *Ibid.*, pp. 29, 41 (testimony of R.F. Coleman, William Cuddy).
71. *Ibid.*, pp. 190, 196 (testimony of Virgil Earp).
72. Many have claimed that this was a "sawed-off" shotgun. See, e.g., Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, p. 88, Hickey, *op. cit.*, p. 21; Weir, *op. cit.*, pp. 109, 120; Lake, *op. cit.*, p. 286. Some have claimed it was a 10-gauge weapon. E.g., Weir, *op. cit.*, p. 120. However, "Wells Fargo used very few sawed-off shotguns, with the average barrel length being about 24 inches," and, the gun Virgil obtained was probably a 12-gauge weapon. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 54 n. 1.
73. The day was extremely brisk and windy, and Doc's tuberculosis was acting up; the Earps wore short coats—mackinaws. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 67 n. 1. Holliday concealed the gun by carrying it "on the left side, with his arm thrown over it, under his overcoat." *Ibid.*, *op. cit.*, pp. 25, 66 (testimony of Behan and Martha King).
74. See generally Weir, *op. cit.*, pp. 109, 120. See also *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 72, 193 (testimony of Wesley Fuller, Virgil Earp), p. 74 n. 2; Marks, *op. cit.*, p. 215.
75. The legend: Myers, *op. cit.*, p. 159. Walking down the sidewalk: *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 40, 56, 163 (testimony of Martha J. King, Billy Allen, Wyatt Earp).
76. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 93, 138, 193 (testimony of Ike Clanton, John Behan, Virgil Earp).
77. *Ibid.*, pp. 40, 66 (testimony of Martha King), p. 40 n. 2, p. 68 n. 4.
78. *Ibid.*, pp. 83, 138, 176 (testimony of Billy Claiborne, John Behan, R.S. Hatch).
79. *Ibid.*, p. 193 (testimony of Virgil Earp).
80. *Ibid.*, p. 164 (testimony of Wyatt Earp).
81. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 138 (testimony of John Behan). Indeed, Behan's intervention may have contributed to causing the gunfight. For political reasons, the Earps could not afford to let him "emerge from all of this as a hero." Hickey, *op. cit.*, p. 109.
82. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 35, 47, 76, 82, 93 (testimony of Ike Clanton, Billy Claiborne, John Behan).
83. Sheriff Behan had written that his search of Tom had not been thorough; Tom could have had "a weapon in his waistband covered by his long blouse and vest." *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 147, 154 n. 7, 202 n. 3. For how the parties were otherwise armed, see *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 90 n. 2, pp. 124-25 n. 1, p. 133 n. 4, pp. 135-36 n. 1; Weir, *op. cit.*, p. 109.
84. See Hickey, *op. cit.*, IV-VI, pp. 24-25, 75-76; Marks, *op. cit.*, p. 220.
85. Ike said Morgan was 2-3 feet away from Billy Clanton, and Virgil and Doc 6 feet from the McLaury; Addie Bourland thought Doc stood within 2-3 feet of Frank McLaury. Otherwise, Billy Claiborne indicated the two groups were separated by only 4 feet, Behan said 5-6 1/2 feet, R.S. Hatch said 8-10 feet, Billy Allen (by extrapolation) said 10 feet, and R.F. Coleman said 10-12 feet. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 31, 35, 47, 58, 149, 176, 207. See also, e.g., Raine, *op. cit.*, p. 108 (parties "standing within six feet of each other"); Time-Life, *op. cit.*, p. 27 (the two groups were "no more than six feet apart"); R. May, *The Story of the Wild West* p. 117 (New York, N.Y.: 1978) (the two groups were "six to eight feet" apart).
86. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 164, 193 (testimony of Wyatt and Virgil Earp); Marks, *op. cit.*, p. 223.
87. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 56-58, 76, 94-95, 138-39.

88. Gun experts have shown that "a person who starts to draw after his opponent has started has to be almost twice as fast as his opponent to 'beat the drop.' . . . Among experienced gunmen, like all those in the O.K. Corral fight, nobody is that fast or even close to that fast." Weir, *op. cit.*, p. 121.
89. Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, pp. 89-90; *Earps Talk*, pp. 27-30 n. 17; *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 172-73 n. 9; Hickey, *op. cit.*, p. 26.
90. Hickey, *op. cit.*, p. 27; Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, p. 90; *Earps Talk, op. cit.* p. 30; *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 70 n. 4, p. 189 n. 5.
91. Hickey, *op. cit.*, p. 27. Behan, who had taken cover in or near Fly's Boardinghouse soon after the shooting commenced, *Ibid*, p. 25; *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 154 n. 6, p. 179 nn. 4 and 5, pulled Claiborne into Fly's.
92. Marks, *op. cit.*, p. 230; *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 32 n. 3.
93. Marks, *op. cit.*, p. 228. See also *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 71-72 (Wesley Fuller says 6-7 shots before Billy draws, 7-8 before Frank docs), p. 77 (Billy Claiborne says 6-8 shots fired before Cowboys respond), p. 139 (Behan says 8-10 shots fired before he saw guns in hands of Cowboys).
94. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 69, 176 (testimony of James Keboe, R.S. Hatch).
95. Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, p. 90; See also *Earps Talk, op. cit.*, p. 9; Hickey, *op. cit.*, p. 79; *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 61 n. 6.
96. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 193 (testimony of Virgil Earp), p. 90 n. 1.
97. E.g. Hickey, *op. cit.*, pp. 37, 86, 100-01 (Tom McLaury); Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, p. 90 (same); Marks, *op. cit.*, p. 230 (Billy Clanton); F.S. Calhoun *The Lawmen* p. 194 (Middlesex, England: 1991) (same); Metz, *op. cit.*, p. 286 (same).
98. Hickey *op. cit.*, pp. 37, 41, 90, 91. See Marks p. 227.
99. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 182, 201 (testimony of H.F. Sills, Virgil Earp); Hickey, *op. cit.*, pp. 27-41. The Shooter: See Marks, *op. cit.*, p. 230 (Billy Clanton); Metz, *op. cit.* p. 286 (same); Hickey, *op. cit.*, pp. 41, 88-89 (Frank McLaury).
100. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 43, 77-78 (testimony of C.H. Light, Billy Claiborne).
101. Hickey, *op. cit.*, pp. 42-43.
102. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 30, 176-77 (testimony of R.F. Coleman, R.S. Hatch).
103. *Ibid.*, pp. 77, 79, 177 (testimony of Billy Claiborne, R.S. Hatch).
104. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 177 (testimony of R.S. Hatch).
105. Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, p. 92. See *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 79 (Claiborne supposedly saw Wyatt shooting at Frank), p. 177 (R.S. Hatch sees Morgan and Doc shooting in Frank's direction).
106. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 38, 134, 139 (testimony of P.H. Fellehy, Coroner Matthews, John Behan). Behan heard Morgan Earp exclaim, "I got him!" *Ibid.*, at p. 139.
107. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 30, 177-78 (testimony of R.F. Coleman and R.S. Hatch). See also Hickey, *op. cit.*, p. 100 (Billy's emptied revolver).
108. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 178 (testimony of R.S. Hatch).
109. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 44 (C.H. Light. 10-15 seconds), p. 147 (Behan. 20-30 seconds), p. 101 (Turner. no more than 30 seconds); Erwin, *op. cit.*, p. 265; (Nugget reports 25 seconds); Raine, *op. cit.* p. 109 ("scarcely thirty seconds"); Rosa, *op. cit.*, p. 133 ("about thirty seconds"); O'Neal, *op. cit.*, p. 63 (30 seconds); Hickey, *op. cit.*, pp. 3, 74, (30 seconds); Waters, *op. cit.*, p. 150 (30 seconds); *Rocky Mountain News, op. cit.* (30 seconds); Calhoun, *op. cit.*, p. 194 (31 seconds); Time-Life, *op. cit.*, p. 15 (slightly more than half a minute); Metz, *op. cit.*, p. 287 ("less than a minute"); May, *op. cit.*, p. 117 ("less than a minute"); P.I. Wellman, *op. cit.*, p. 417 (60 seconds).
110. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 44 (testimony of C.H. Light). See also Erwin, *op. cit.*, p. 265 (Nugget reported "some 30 shots" were fired).
111. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 57, 128-29 (testimony of Billy Allen, Thomas Keefe). Earp allies insisted, however, that someone, possibly Behan himself, made off with Tom's pistol to discredit the Earps. Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, p. 97; *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 202 n. 3. See also Erwin, *op. cit.*, pp. 349-54. There are many who believe, however, that Tom was unarmed. E.g., O'Neal, *op. cit.*, p. 210; Metz, *op. cit.*, p. 286; Weir, *op. cit.*, p. 121.
112. Raine, *op. cit.*, p. 107.

113. Breakenridge, *op. cit.*, pp. 152-53.
114. Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, p. 89. See Hickey, *op. cit.*, p. 108.
115. Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, p. 88. See also *Rocky Mountain News, op. cit.*
116. Marks, *op. cit.*, p. 297. Ike Clanton's claim—that the Earps admitted having used stage robberies to cover moneys they and a Wells Fargo agent previously "piped off"—is implausible. If it were true, the authorities should have found an empty, rather than full strongbox after the bungled March 15, 1881, attempted holdup of the Benson stage. *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 120-22 nn. 10 and 14.
117. *Earps Talk, op. cit.*, p. 29 n. 17, p. 64 n. 11; *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 172 n. 9.
118. *Earps Talk, op. cit.*, p. 82 n. 6.
119. Marks, *op. cit.*, p. 300; Hickey, *op. cit.*, p. 110.
120. Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, p. 90. See also *ibid.*, p. 95 n. 18 (Doc and Morgan shared "equally deadly intent"); *Earps Talk, op. cit.*, p. 29 n. 17 (Doc and Morgan "were mad at the cowboys and had made up their minds to carry the fight to them"); *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 173 n. 9 (Doc and Morgan "had decided on the way to the vacant lot to kill the 'cowboys' and immediately went into action to get the job done.").
121. The quotes are respectively, from Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, p. 95 n. 18; *Inquest, op. cit.*, pp. 51-52; and, Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, p. 95 n. 18.
122. May, *op. cit.*, p. 10.
123. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 225.
124. *Ibid.*, p. 223.
125. *Ariz. Terr. Comp. Stat.* §§ 265-68 (1877) (hereafter, "Ariz. Stat.").
126. *Ibid.*, §§ 257, 860.
127. *Earps Talk, op. cit.*, p. 27 n. 17.
128. *Ariz. Stat.* §§ 248, 257, 286. See also W. LaFave and A.W. Scott Jr., *Criminal Law* p. 648 (St. Paul, Minn.: 1986) (noting that, under statutes like Arizona's, intentional but unpremeditated murder qualified only as second degree murder).
129. *Inquest, op. cit.*, p. 166 (testimony of Wyatt Earp).
130. LaFave and Scott, *op. cit.*, p. 455.
131. Under this doctrine, the right exists to use force necessary to repel those one reasonably perceives are acting in concert in using unlawful physical force against him or her. *E.g., People v. Jones*, 675 P.2d 9, 13-14 (Colo. 1984); *Young v. People*, 47 Colo. 352, 107 P. 274, 275-76 (1910).
132. R.M. Perkins and R.N. Boyce, *Criminal Law* p. 1115 (Mincola, N.Y.: 1982)
133. Even if Virgil and Wyatt could be adjudged to have had an unreasonable belief in the right to defend themselves, their honest belief in such right, while insufficient to wholly justify their actions, would have nonetheless mitigated their crimes to manslaughter, see *Ariz. Stat.* § 259 (killing without adequate justification but where there's been "an attempt by the person killed to commit a serious personal injury on the person killing"); *People v. Flannel*, 603 P.2d 1, 7 (Cal. 1979), and to unlawful use of weapons. See *Ariz. Stat.* § 387.
134. *Ariz. Stat.* §§ 249, 320.
135. May, *op. cit.* p. 10.
136. Erwin, *op. cit.*, pp. 372-76, 395-98.
137. R.K. DeArment, *Bat Masterson, op. cit.*, p. 224.
138. Erwin, *op. cit.*, pp. 395-409.
139. Earp and Boyer, *op. cit.*, p. 72.
140. D.D. Martin, *op. cit.* p. 188.

# Over the Corral Rail

(Continued from Page 2.)

Hushion, Summerland, Calif., attorney, producer of a video on the O.K. Corral gunfight, on "Probable Cause at the O.K. Corral;" and Richard E. Erwin, retired lawyer of Carpinteria, Calif., author of *The Truth About Wyatt Earp*, speaking on that same topic.

Readers interested in the convention and WOLA can write to the organization at 500 W. Walnut St., Rawlins, WY 82301, or phone (406) 363-2662. Denver Westerners can also obtain information from Deputy Sheriff John M. Hutchins, a WOLA member.

**Jim Dullenty**, owner of Rocky Mountain House, seller of books, antiques, art, and collectibles, in Hamilton, Mont., is spreading the word about the Denver Westerners. He has purchased copies for resale of the March-April 1992 *Roundup*, carrying John Hutchins' paper on "The Jekyll-Hyde Gunman of the Johnson County War of 1892." (We can offer a few copies of most recent issues of *The Roundup* for sale at \$1 a copy—which just about covers the cost of publication. The offer is open to members and to others by special arrangement.)

A wave of the editorial quill is due to Sandra Dallas Atchison, regional book columnist for *The Denver Post*, and a recent addition to the Denver Westerners' membership roster. Her Sunday column in *The Post* should certainly keep readers current with worthwhile offerings in Western literature. Her recent reviews include *Leadville U.S.A.*, *Deep Enough*, *Tales of the Grizzly*, *The American West in the Nineteenth Century*, *Weather Pioneers: The Signal Corps Station at Pikes Peak*, *Lucky the Navajo Singer*, *Quannah Parker, Comanche Chief*, *Chronicle of the Indian Wars*, *The Battle of Beecher Island and the Indian War of 1867-69*, *Tribal Wars of the Southern Plains*, *Following the Indians Wars*, *North American Indian Life*, and *From the Heart of Crow Country*.

Our special congratulations, also, to Posse Member Lee Olson on publication of his book (\$16.95, Fulcrum Press, Golden, Colo.)

about English remittance men, *Marmalade & Whiskey*. A detailed review of Lee's book was written by Sandra for *The Post*. The bibliophiles among us should snap this up—and don't forget the author's autograph!

We hope that the rail(road) buffs among us read Tom Noel's recent column, "op ed," *Denver Post*, about the Colorado Railroad Historical Foundation and Colorado Railroad Museum, on Colorado 58, at North Table Mountain in Golden. The column included many interesting anecdotes about the organization, its history, publications, and members—many of them Westerners, such as former sheriff, Jackson Thode. (We won't comment on Tom's pinpointing the museum's location as "just east of the Coors Brewery.")

Six new Corresponding Members have been entered by Membership Chairman Roger Michels. In some cases, new members did not furnish biographical data for *The Roundup*. The following information was obtained solely from information on the member's applications:

□ Wayne Gilbert, 785 S. Flamingo Court, Denver 80222. Wayne is assistant director of Four Mile Historic Park in Denver, and was introduced to the Westerners by Dr. Henry Toll and Loyd Glasier. He indicates a particular interest in the history along Cherry Creek and the Smoky Hill Trail. Wayne collects old radios and watches.

□ Mary O.H. Pratchett, 6864 W. 69th Place, Arvada 80003. She learned of the Westerners through Bob Akerley and Ray Jenkins. She has an interest in history of the Southwest—Hispanic, Pueblo, and Mission periods. She is at present a volunteer researcher for the Denver Museum of Natural History, and did similar work in the past for the Denver Art Museum. She lists her hobbies as "many."

□ Sally Rodeck, 11107 Elati St., Northglenn 80234. She first became acquainted with the Denver Westerners in the 1950s, through contact with Forbes Parkhill (1946 sheriff) and other members. She is the wife of Hugo

**Rodeck**, past-sheriff and previous editor of *The Roundup*. She lists as particular interests the California gold rush and the Civil War.

Sally Rodeck has been a museum assistant, Laboratory of Anthropology, Museum of New Mexico in Santa Fe; museum assistant, Chappel House, Denver Art Museum; and curator of collections, Colorado Historical Society. Currently she is historian for the Mile High Chapter of the American Red Cross and for Kappa Kappa Gamma. For more than 10 years, she has headed the Adams County Public Library System annual book sale.

A native of Denver, she attended Colorado College and Denver University, majoring in anthropology, specializing in Southwestern ethnology.

□ **Leroy "Lee" Whiteley**, 6077 S. Elizabeth Way, Littleton 80121. Lee learned about the Westerners from a real authority—Posse Member **Merrill Mattes**. Lee is interested in the early trails in the West, and transportation in eastern Colorado, and is a member of the Oregon-California Trails Association.

He is concentrating on the Cherokee Trail, and in 1994 plans to publish a set of maps showing the 1849-50 route of the Cherokee Indians to the gold fields of California.

His hobbies include photography, Western U.S. travel, and collecting early radios and phonographs.

Lee has been director of Elbert County's historical research project, funded by the Colorado Endowment for the Humanities. He is "semi-retired" after 20 years with the City and County of Denver, and has been a computer programmer/analyst. A native of Denver, he is married to Jane Whiteley. He is a graduate of Englewood High School and Denver University. Lee is an Army Vietnam veteran.

He is an active member in the Elbert County, Parker Area, and Cherry Creek Valley historical societies, as well as the Colorado Historical Society and the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club.

Memberships have also been entered for **Jean K. Bain**, 755 Gaylord St., Denver, wife of Posse Member **Fran Bain**; and for **Al Baumbach**, 3029 S. Monroe St., Denver. However, as yet, no biographical information has been received.

## Are We a Posse, Or a Corral?

Almost since its birth, the Denver Posse of the Westerners has had an identity problem. Are we a Posse or a Corral?

The Chicago Westerners, our parent organization, came together under Leland Case as a *Corral* on Feb. 25, 1944. (See "Memories of Leland Case," Page 12, January-February 1993 *Roundup*.) Case helped the Denver Westerners—second such group in the country—organize Jan. 26, 1945, but they called themselves a *Posse*. And the organization is officially registered with the State of Colorado as the Denver Posse of The Westerners, Inc.

Other Colorado Westerners are organized by Corrals (Boulder County, the Colorado Corral in Denver, Durango, Fort Collins, and Loveland)—except for the Pikes Peak Posse in Colorado Springs.

Elsewhere, St. Louis and Los Angeles Westerners were organized as Corrals, but New York City is a Posse! Oklahoma City has two Posses, one of them the Women's Posse; and Tahlequah, Okla., has the Indian Nation Posse. The Kansas City Posse straddles the state line of Kansas and Missouri. The Kansas Corral spreads over five cities, with rotating meeting sites: Abilene, Hays, Manhattan, Topeka, and Wichita.

Most of the other organizations call themselves Corrals. But some are neither. In Salt Lake City, there are two groups: the Utah Westerners and the Wasatch Westerners. El Paso for awhile called itself a Remuda, but is now a Corral. The Redwoods Coast Westerners call themselves an Outpost.

When Denver Westerners discussed the matter recently, one oldtimer favored keeping the "Posse" designation, muttering, "A Corral is a fence to pen up animals." (And maybe that would be appropriate!)

It's all a matter of semantics, of course. But sometimes it gets confusing. When the Denver Westerners refer to the executive committee and governing body as the *Posse*, it then becomes the *Denver Posse Posse*! What's YOUR opinion?



# 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*

**Schoolwomen of the Prairies & Plains** by Mary Hurlbut Cordier. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, N.M., 1992. Illustrations; 365 pages. Clothbound, \$32.50.

"We are taking steps," said Mr. Taylor. "Bear Creek ain't going to be hasty about a schoolmarm." — *The Virginian*

Did literature of the West, as exemplified by Owen Wister in this quote stereotype the frontier school teacher? Mary Hurlbut Cordier wrote a superb book about *real* school women, which indeed suggests that early-day fiction was very accurate in portraying the beginnings of education on the prairies and plains.

This book is divided into two sections. Part I is the historical explanation or treatise of the feminization of education after the Civil War. It also tells about the education of early teachers, living conditions, school settings, curriculum, and community and daily life. Early "schoolmarms" opened new roads for women to follow, and they developed multiple roles as daughters, mothers, wives, and educators. Part II uses excerpts from five early educators' diaries, letters, and mementoes to show the growth of education and of women's rights.

After reading each teacher's own words, one discovers that they varied as much as would any five teachers chosen today to describe education. They differed in school size, school type, length of teaching experience, size of classes, level of classes, background education, and continuing education. Diaries allowed these women to share their trials, successes, joys and sorrows of teaching and living on the frontier.

Enjoyable to this fellow educator were the words of Bessie M. Tucker Gilmer, in the

spring of 1918:

This has been such a hot windy day and the children were restless. . . . Everything I told them to do I had to tell three or four times. . . . There are too many pupils here to do them justice.

Bessie's words could be from any stressed out educator in any period of history; they showed her frustration. But in September, the next year, she wrote:

I have 43 pupils now and more coming. Quite a joke for the gal who thought 30 was too many. The children are all very nice children and I like them all immensely.

As an educator, I found the diaries to be the most delightful sections of the book, but all readers of Western history will enjoy this well written, well documented and thorough discussion of schoolwomen on the prairies and plains.

—Nancy E. Bathke, C.M.

**Zuni Ceremonialism: Three Studies** by Ruth L. Bunzel, with an introduction by Nancy J. Parezo. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1992. 408 pages. Paperback, \$18.95.

Recently, I listened to a speaker from Zuni Pueblo discuss the different groups of people who have come to Zuni over the years, from Coronado to the present, and how nearly all have been welcomed. Even Coronado would have received a warm welcome if he had not arrived in the middle of a major religious event at the pueblo. According to the speaker, if Coronado's expedition had arrived a week earlier or a week later, there would not have

been a battle. After his talk, I asked him about one group that he had neglected to mention who had come often to the pueblo—the anthropologists. He stated that the people of the pueblo had a difficult time refusing those who came to study their society. Over the years, Zuni had been studied and studied again by a continuing train of anthropologists, and it was Ruth L. Bunzel's time in 1924 when Franz Boas sent her to "do a project on the relationship of the artist to her work."

The three works—"Introduction to Zuni Ceremonialism," "Zuni Origin Myths," and "Zuni Ritual Poetry"—are included in the present publication, all originally published by the Bureau of American Ethnology in 1932.

In addition to Bunzel's three works, Nancy Parezo has written an informative introduction. Ms Parezo believes that Bunzel's writings are "attempts to understand Zuni religion and world view. While limited, as is the understanding of all outsiders, it is important because it is a framework that captures much of the beauty of Zuni life."

This work is for those readers who seek to understand as much as they can about the Zuni and are willing to spend the time necessary to reread each section. This book will provide a strong foundation for such understanding.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**The Fur Trade of the American West, 1807-1840 - A Geographical Synthesis** by David J. Wishart. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1979. Preface to the Bison Book edition—1992. Bibliography, index; 237 pages. Paperback, \$10.95.

Having reviewed a book with an in-depth discussion of one small part of this whole subject, *Astoria and Empire* by James Ronda (reviewed in March-April 1992 *Roundup*), it seems safe to say that Wishart's book makes a decent, if quick, introduction to the Western fur trade of the early 19th century. However, the reader may wish to seek out the Ronda book or some other work listed in Wishart's

bibliography, for more depth of history and storytelling.

This book does not seek to tell romantic tales of the old West, but, rather, to analyze "the interrelationships between the biological, physical, and cultural environments of the fur trade." Wishart divides the Western U.S. fur trade into two geographically distinct systems: the Rocky Mountain system based on beaver; and the Upper Missouri relying mainly on bison. The book looks at each system, and how it functioned, without attempting to write definitive history.

At times the book reads like a college text: "As Biosphere people the trappers and traders possessed a license for unconstrained exploitation that was untenable for a people totally dependent on the ecosystem." This may sometimes rob the book of some of its clarity of thought, but there is no doubt that the author makes some valid points. He states that "the Rocky Mountain Trapping System decayed not only because its main fur-bearer, the beaver, was depleted but also because the main source of provisionment, the mountain bison, was destroyed." With regard to the Upper Missouri system, he notes that "the production of robes was limited not by the number of bison that the men could kill. . . , but by the quantity of hides that the [native] women could dress."

Day to day life of the average worker in the fur trade is discussed as is the usual cast of players (Lisa, Astor, Ashley, Sublette, Smith, etc.). At times Wishart philosophizes a bit, such as when he discusses how "indiscriminate use of alcohol in the fur trade may have damaged the Indian societies as seriously as the smallpox epidemics." He also seems guilty of over-generalization on a few points such as when he notes that "the fur trade. . . undermined the Indians' ways of life." On the next page of text, however, he quotes an estimate that only one-fourth of the total bison kill went to the fur trade while the remainder was used in traditional ways (food, leather, etc.). This reveals little about the devastation of the fur trade for the Indians. A more valid statement would have perhaps been that the fur trade was the first sustained contact the Indians had with Euro-Americans in the West and



this led to inevitable lifestyle changes (both good and bad).

The author does a nice job of contrasting two fairly dissimilar systems of fur trading (beaver vs. bison) and that may well be the book's strongest value. "Compared to the durable Upper Missouri Fur Trade, the Rocky Mountain Trapping System was a brief, intense episode in the history of the West."

Finally, it is interesting to think of the trappers as workers, and not as romantic personages, earning a living in the "fur rush" and supplying valuable geographical information to open up the American West to future settlers.

—George W. Krieger, C.M.

**The Legend of Baby Doe: The Life and Times of the Silver Queen of the West** by John Burke; introduction by Duane A. Smith. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1989. Originally published in 1974 by Putnam of New York. Illustrations, notes on sources, selected bibliography, acknowledgments, index; 248 pages. Paperback, \$8.95.

John Burke was one of the first writers to sample the new Horace Tabor collection of the Colorado Historical Society, in 1969. Burke was one of the several pseudonyms of Richard O'Connor (1915-1975), former newspaperman and prolific writer who published biographies, mysteries, and popular histories.

Reading about Baby Doe—whose original name was Elizabeth Nellis McCourt and then Elizabeth Nellis Doe after her first marriage to Harvey Doe—is like entering the arena of a Greek play. There are both triumph and tragedy in this enticing story.

Baby Doe rose from her first unfortunate marriage to become one of the richest women in Colorado, but because she flouted the sexual mores of her day, she was never fully accepted by Denver society. Tabor gave up a great deal to marry Baby Doe. His reward was a loss of social standing, any realistic hope for political office, and his reputation as one of Colorado's leading businessmen. Yet, there is no question as one reads Burke's book, that Baby Doe loved Horace Tabor

with a never-ending passion, not only until his death, but hers as well, in 1935.

Burke writes one of the best books on this topic, based upon excellent historical resources and facts, except that he did fall into the Bonnie-Bancroft misreading of "Hang onto the Matchless." As Duane Smith points out in his introduction, by the time of Horace Tabor's death, the mine had long been mortgaged, leased, and on paper sold to several companies, and stock sold to the public. Baby Doe did eventually live and die there, but only after the intervention of some friends and business associates (J.K. Mullen), who allowed her to remain.

The overall progression goes well, with Book I, "Shameless Hussy;" Book II, "Silver Queen;" and Book III, "Guardian of the Magic Mountain." While Baby Doe's glory years lasted only a decade or so, Burke, in his book, helps to reclaim that glory and devoted love in his intriguing style. Meanwhile, there is Augusta Tabor lying all alone in Riverside Cemetery, still buying forget-me-nots! This is a book with good illustrations and excellent notes on the sources, that will keep your interest and reawaken the charm, romance, and excitement of latter nineteenth century Colorado, and into this century.

—Jon Almgren, P.M.

**Cochise, Chiricahua Apache Chief** by Edwin R. Sweeny. First edition. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1991. Extensive notes and index; 501 pages. Clothbound, price not available.

This book is Vol. 240 in *The Civilization of the American Indian* series. The author has researched Cochise since 1975, and with the publication of his first book has established the work as a standard for others to follow. *Cochise* is more than a biography of the man. It is the history of a people who were intelligent, resourceful, and abused both by their own leaders and the "white man."

The author's research had to deal with fact, fiction and hearsay. Hollywood's depiction of Indians, especially their leaders, did not make the author's task any easier. However, he has

risen above these obstacles to write what surely is the most complete reference on Cochise and his people

Cochise was thought to be the Apache's most resourceful, brutal, and feared leader. Upon the execution of his brother by the Americans, Cochise declared war. For more than a decade, he led his people on a relentless campaign, crossing borders between Mexico and the United States. This reader was impressed by the way Cochise and his people made the best use of terrain, animals, food, and other resources to survive great hardships. Cochise was wounded many times, but was captured only once.

Finally, faced with overwhelming military superiority, Cochise agreed to peace and to move his people onto an American reservation. After moving onto the reservation, renegade bands of Apaches continued forays into Mexico and Arizona. The Chiricahuas were blamed for many of the raids. However, Cochise disavowed his people's participation and faithfully kept the peace until his passing in 1874.

—Roger Michels, P.M.

**Kachina Tales from the Indian Pueblos** collected by Gene Meany Hodge. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, N.M., 1993. Kachina sketches, notes, bibliography; 64 pages. Paperback, \$8.95.

When it comes to Kachinas, many non-Indians think of them as carved works of art that are neat to collect, and today some Kachinas are even being carved by Indians whose tribes don't acknowledge the spiritual role of Kachinas. Barry Goldwater and John Wayne had very large collections that are now in the Heard Museum in Phoenix and the National Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City, respectively. I have a feeling that Barry Goldwater did have a strong understanding of the role played by the Kachina in the lives of the Pueblo Indians.

In the introduction to this book, the statement is made that, "Buyers and collectors of Kachinas have an obligation to remember that each has a legend, a function and a place

in the pantheon of Indian mythology. Knowing the legend makes the ownership of a Kachina more viable. It adds another dimension to the figure so that it has more meaning than that of a doll sitting on a shelf or table." I agree completely with this philosophy as I sit in my study and look at the Kachinas with the understanding that each of them plays a special role in the life of the Hopi or Zuni.

In societies that have no written language, the role of the storyteller is extremely important because he or she passes on to the next generation the traditions of the tribe. A major factor in remembering the stories is that they must be interesting, as is evident in this collection of tales of how things came to be in the world. In these stories, you discover why Kachinas wear feathers, how Tibkuyi created the game animals, why the war chiefs abandoned latiku, how the rattlesnakes came to be what they are and other events from the past.

I found this book to be most interesting because I enjoy reading Indian myths, and I have a special feeling for the Kachinas.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Quanah Parker, Comanche Chief** by William T. Hagan. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman and London, 1993. Illustrations, list of sources, index, 2 maps; 133 pages. Cloth-bound, \$17.95.

This biography of the last Comanche chief is an easy-to-read history of an Indian leader who represented the plight of the Native American caught between the traditional ways of life and the disruption caused by westward expansion of the American population. The son of Cynthia Ann Parker, a white captive, and a Comanche father, Quanah became a leader of a band of the Comanche tribe and participated in fights against settlers and the military to protect what had been the living and hunting areas of his tribe. At last, in 1875, Quanah led his band to the Indian agency at Ft. Sill, I.T., resigned to accepting reservation life. Later the agent designated Quanah as Chief of all the Comanche bands, because he had accepted the reality that accommodation with the white government was necessary.

Quanah counseled the Comanches to cooperate.

As the author points out, no records of Quanah's life before he came to the reservation are available, and any later writing about him is by whites. Through the agency, Quanah attempted to contact his mother's family. He received no response, but adopted his mother's last name as his own for the rest of his life. He was an able spokesman for his tribe, and learned the methods of political and financial dealings with cattlemen and others, accepting contributions for his help in arranging leases of reservation land for cattle grazing. Quanah made many trips to Washington to lobby for benefits for his people, but he was only able to delay rather than prevent the allotment of tracts to reservation residents, which opened the remaining reservation land for white settlement.

This is an even-handed account of Quanah Parker's life, telling of his strengths and weaknesses in negotiating between his two cultures. Although the list of sources with the author's comments about them is helpful, the lack of footnotes makes it difficult to identify specific sources for some statements.

—Earl McCoy, P.M.

**The Most Promising Young Officer: A Life of Ranald Slidell Mackenzie** by Michael D. Pierce. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1993. Illustrated with photographs and maps, index; 288 pages. Clothbound, \$24.95.

Fortunately for the reader interested in the Indian Wars, scholars and writers have now turned their attention to the lives of some of the secondary officers involved in the conflicts. "Secondary officers" is a term that includes a diverse group, none of whom is named George Armstrong Custer. Thus, recent years have seen works on such individuals as John Bourke, Nelson Miles, Charles King, and Frank Baldwin.

Ranald Mackenzie is among that group of commanding officers who, for some reason or another, lacked a major chronicler until this year. Now, there are two books published on

him, one the subject of this review and another one published by State House Press in Austin, Texas, and written by Charles Robinson.

General Mackenzie deserves the attention. For example, about 12 years ago my brother and I purchased, at a relatively modest price, an original Civil War promotion certificate for then Captain Mackenzie of the Engineers. I have no doubt that we got it so cheaply because the Eastern auction house that offered it obviously only knew Mackenzie as a general officer of volunteers, being ignorant of his fame on the frontier.

As another example, most Westerners know of the daily crowds at "Custer Battlefield" in Montana. Yet when I visited the site of Mackenzie's victory in beautiful Palo Duro Canyon in 1977, there was no one else there.

This book is a big step toward rectifying the situation. Professor Pierce has impressively covered all aspects of "Bad Hand's" career. He certainly has hit about all of the obscure sources that I know (and then plenty more). We now know of every horse that was killed in action under Mackenzie and (I believe) every horse that was stolen by the Indians. This book is a "keeper." It is well-bound and has a wonderful painting of the Palo Duro fight on the cover. The volume belongs on the shelf of all who fancy themselves American cavalry historians.

However, there is a down side to this book by an obviously qualified academician. If Frederic Remington knew horses, Pierce does not demonstrate that he knows soldiers. If the John Ford movies sentimentalized the "Old Time Army" (which preceded even the "Brown Shoe Army"), this book goes to the other extreme. It analyzes way too much and, to my thinking, the analysis often comes up short. The writer doesn't understand men in uniform. Pierce insists that Mackenzie was strict but not cruel, and then gives examples of Mackenzie's harsh justice, which varied with the person involved. The professor misunderstands such things as the "informal" rituals (which is an oxymoron) at regimental dining-ins and he discounts memoirs when he, apparently, doesn't understand the actions of men in the field. He mentions particular Indians having a tendency to fire too high in bat-

tle; one well-read on military affairs or one who has fired on a rifle range knows that *most* troops tend to fire too high. Finally, in keeping with contemporary authors who seem to discount that there was a time when many persons did exercise moral self-control, the author speculates greatly about the possibility of the general's sexual escapades, but provides no real evidence.

The work is a fine and informative book. I now know much more about Mackenzie—but I like him less. I now know that Mackenzie was more like Custer and Kilpatrick. But I fear that the book thus will contribute to the modern trend among the growing non-veteran educational and political elite to believe that they can read a book on Clausewitz and then conduct a successful campaign in the Balkans. It need not be so; Stephen Crane understood men in uniform because he was not detached and did not treat them like bugs to be viewed under a microscope.

I am now ordering Charles Robinson's Mackenzie book entitled *Bad Hand* to see how it compares.

—John M. Hutchins, P.M.

**Anasazi Places: The Photographic Vision of William Current** by Jeffrey Cook with the foreword by Karen Current Sinsheimer. The Univ. of Texas Press, Austin, 1993. 106 black-and-white photographs, 7 maps; 152 pages. Clothbound, \$45.

William Current became interested in the Four Corners region of the Southwestern United States in the 1960s and photographed the better known Anasazi ruins. Many of these photographs were printed in *Pueblo Architecture of the Southwest*, published in 1971 by the Amon Carter Museum with the University of Texas Press. This publication has long been out of print.

Current used only his two 2¼-in. Rolleiflexes in taking the photographs, and none of his 2¼-in. negatives was cropped in the darkroom. He did enlarge to a 10½-in.-square print and would at times create a larger scene by fitting two 10½-in. prints together. There are several of these two-page spreads in the book.

A short biography written by Current's widow is presented in the introduction. His experiences with some national park officials are mentioned including their refusal to allow him special permission to photograph Mesa Verde ruins. In June 1965, Current was invited along with photographer Ansel Adams to a dinner at the White House to celebrate the first "Festival of the Arts." William Current died on Aug. 25, 1986, at the age of 64.

Jeffrey Cook, a professor of architecture at Arizona State University, presents a discussion of the Anasazi and their architecture. His is the standard view of what was written about Anasazi several years ago, and fails to include more recent information. Cook points out the specifics of Anasazi building methods and design, mentioning that one of the earliest methods—wattle and daub—was used at Keet Seel, one of the last works completed prior to migration from the area.

The wonderful photographs of William R. Current are the real strength of this work. He captured the feel of the country, showing how so often the work of the Anasazi is overwhelmed by nature. In his photographs, you have to look for the detail within the huge mass of stone. In one view in Canyon de Chelly, it is easy to miss completely the Anasazi ruins hidden away under a ledge. Often it is necessary to study the picture to discover the pictographs and the other works of man present.

The first time through the book I read the text and photo captions along with looking at the pictures. The second time, I limited my efforts to the photographs, and I believe they can stand alone, especially if one already knows the different ruins.

Someone decided to include Sinagua and Salado in this work on the Anasazi. Their reasoning was that there seemed to be some Anasazi influence in the architecture of those two areas. That represents some interesting thinking, at the very least. I suspect photographs of those two areas were available, and the decision was made to use them. Whatever, the two areas were not Anasazi, but I believe that Current's photographs of Sinagua and Salado justify the inclusion.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

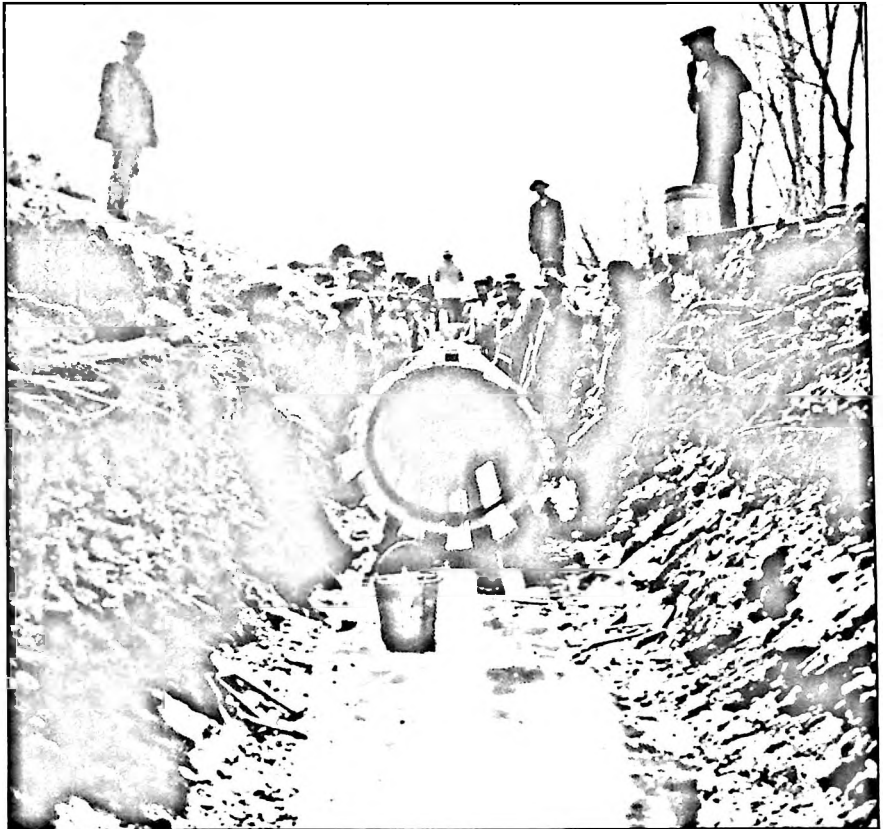


*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

JULY-AUGUST 1993

**DENVER AND WATER**

by Carl E.C. Carlson, P.M.



Workmen prepare to assemble wooden staves in early Denver water main.

## George Godfrey Dies at 85

George P. Godfrey, 85, esteemed Posse Member, former sheriff, and membership chairman of the Denver Westerners, died July 6, 1993, in Denver. He was born Oct. 12, 1907, in Upland, Neb.

George is survived by Susan, his wife of almost 52 years. He was retired, having worked as a pressman at the U.S. Mint for 31 years. He was a veteran of World War II, and was an armament sergeant in the Army Air Corps, stationed at Tinker, Okla., AFB.

Services were conducted at the Moore Memorial Chapel, Moore-Howard Mortuary, in Denver, followed by interment at Crown Hill Cemetery. Military honors were provided by Denver's Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham American Legion Post No. 1.

Officiating at services were Pastor Alan J. Sorem of Central Presbyterian Church, Sorem; and the Rev. Jon Almgren, pastor of United Church of Christ in Broomfield, and a past-sheriff of the Denver Westerners.

George and Sue were members of Central Presbyterian Church and active in Sunday School, Couples Club, and other church groups. Both were also deeply involved with Salvation Army work, giving up their holidays to help feed the hungry at Christmas and Thanksgiving. In addition, they worked at Presbyterian Hospital during holidays, to allow staff members some time off.

George also worked as a volunteer for 22 years at the Denver Museum of Natural History. He was an active member of the Colorado Ghost Town Club, as well as the Denver Westerners. His hobbies included collecting minerals, photography, and taking pictures of Southwestern rock art.

George Godfrey was introduced to the Denver Westerners by Dr. Nollie Mumey, and became a Corresponding Member in December 1952.

"At that time, there were 18 charter members still attending Posse meetings," he later recalled. "I was so lucky to have had  
(Please turn to Page 13.)

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

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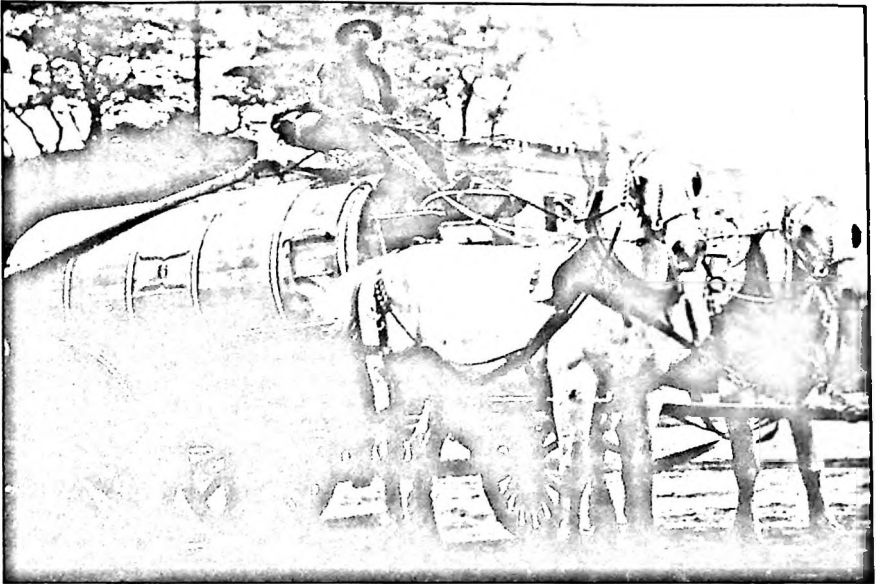
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Water was sold to early Denver customers from horse-drawn tank wagons.

## Denver and Water

by

Carl E.C. Carlson, P.M.

(Presented Jan. 27, 1993)

**T**HE STORY OF the Denver Waterworks is a long one, and would fill many volumes. Water history of Denver starts with the Cherry Creek settlements, and continues to the present day—with projects that stagger the imagination. This paper will cover just some of the highlights. There is no complete published history on Denver water, and this is unfortunate because the system is interesting and unique. The people of Denver have never fully appreciated their water system, as they truly should. Without the abundant water we now enjoy, the city would be a dreary place. With few trees and no lawns, it would be a virtual "dust bowl." Early history books bear this out. They speak of the "verdantless dreariness of the pioneer town."

Most cities have grown and prospered because of safe harbors, or being located on important waterways or upon natural trade routes, the courses of which have been controlled by favorable topographical conditions. Not so Denver. It has thrived in spite of nature. The gold seekers of 1858 established the foundations of a city in what was then a virtual desert, upon the banks of a shallow and fluctuating stream. The frontier settlement

was isolated by 800 miles of arid prairie to the east, and on the west by a huge mountain barrier. In spite of this we now see a thriving city, where water is the prime factor in its growth and continued existence.

The first settlers were duped by the harmless-appearing small streams, and located their homes and places of business along waterways, only to see them wiped out by floods. In May 1864, a flash flood roared down from mountain canyons following torrential rain, overflowing both Cherry Creek and the South Platte River. This was just one of the difficulties faced by the pioneers.

The gold which served as a magnet for westward migration was deposited in rugged mountain gulches, difficult to access. All supplies—including food—had to be hauled across the plains through Indian country by ox or mule teams. In researching the first part of this history, one wonders how Denver did survive. The struggle of the North and South absorbed the attention of the government to the exclusion of most everything else during this period. The Civil War had a terrific impact on the political, economic, and social life of the territory. Indian raids during the 1860s should have been enough to discourage the young city. The crowning blow should have been the decision of the Union Pacific Railroad to build north of Denver through Cheyenne. Growth in Denver was slow. In 1860, the population was 4,749, and in 1870 it was 4,759. But from the first, these pioneers realized Denver's growth would be regulated by water and transportation.

The first water company was organized in February 1859: the "Auraria and Cherry Creek Water Co.," planned to convey water into Auraria via a ditch from a reservoir above that town. It does not appear that the company was a success, even though the city directors offered the company one entire block in the City of Auraria.

Many short water ditches were built in Auraria. In November 1859, the *Rocky Mountain News* reported:

The Capitol Hydraulic Co. was organized Nov. 30, 1859, with a capital stock of a half-million dollars, for the purpose of bringing water from the South Platte River, six miles above Auraria, by a ditch across the plains into Denver, Auraria, and Highland, in order to supply the city, farmers, and miners along the lines of the ditch with water.

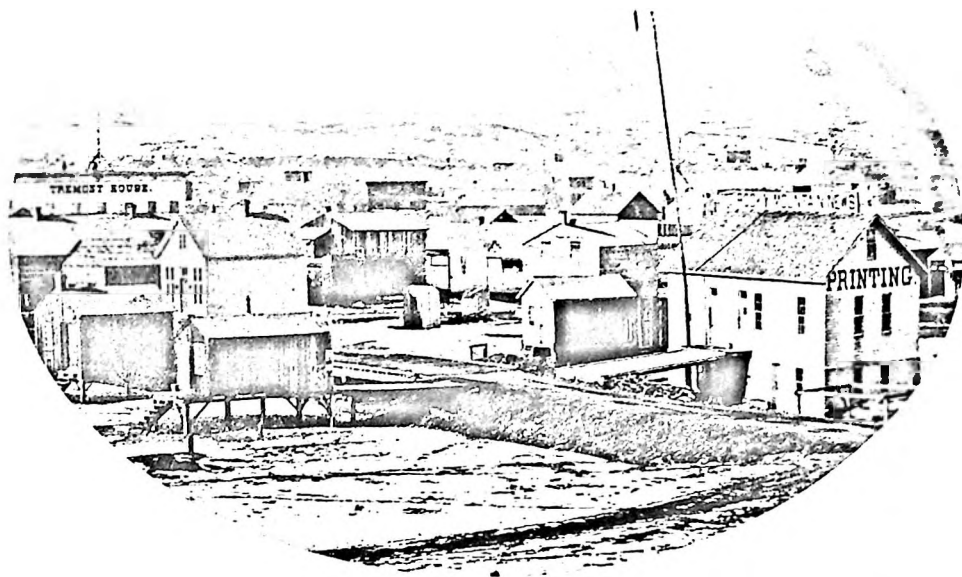
The Territory of Kansas granted this ditch company the entire flow of the South Platte River. Later court cases reduced this to 30 second-feet. (A second-foot equals one cubic foot per second.) The company intended to bring water to high ground overlooking Denver, now the State Capitol site. After many false starts, problems, shifting of interest, and so forth, it was completed to Denver in 1865. A large mechanical ditching machine was imported and the *News* reported that "when worked by eight or ten yoke of cattle, it will do the work of a hundred men per day."

In 1866, the Territorial Legislature granted Denver City the power "to provide for and regulate the manner of introducing water into the city for irrigation and other purposes." On April 16, 1869, the Council granted to the Platte Water Ditch Co. an irrigation franchise. This franchise gave the company the "privilege and right of way in all streets in the City of Denver to build ditches, flumes, and viaducts for the purpose of conveying water from said company's main ditch through Denver for irrigating and other purposes." (In 1875, Denver purchased the Platte River Ditch for irrigation purposes for \$60,000.)

During the 1860s, one of the events helping create a demand for a water system was the great fire of April 19, 1863. During that night, the business district of Denver was reduced to ashes. The Cherry Creek flood of May 19, 1864, also helped establish the need for a good water system.

Even though the Capitol Hydraulic Co.—or the City Ditch as it came to be known—





*(Courtesy Colorado Historical Society)*

Rocky Mountain News building was in area destroyed by the 1864 Cherry Creek flood.

carried water in the gutters for irrigation, more problems arose. The newspapers of the day were full of stories of the unsanitary conditions caused by free-roaming hogs and cattle in the city. In the winter when the danger of fire was greatest, the frozen ditches could not supply water. Shallow wells were also unsuccessful and contaminated by outdoor privies.

The first true water company was organized on Oct. 30, 1870, under the management of Col. James Archer, who was president. David H. Moffat was treasurer, and R.R. McCormik, secretary. The three, with Jerome B. Chaffee, Wilson Waddingham, E.M. McCook, E.F. Hallack, F.Z. Soloman, Walter S. Cheesman, and Daniel Witter constituted the Board of Directors.

On Jan. 10, 1872, the company began supplying water under pressure to the city. The company had a contract with the city to lay pipes in the streets and furnish fire hydrants. They were to be paid \$150 a year for each hydrant. On Jan. 22, 1872, power was given to incorporated cities in the territory to grant rights-of-way for utilities.

The Denver City Water Co. constructed a large cribbed well at 15th Street and the South Platte River, where Cherry Creek enters the Platte, and water was pumped from this well. The well was 30 feet by 50 feet inside measurement, and ran down into the river sands to a considerable depth. The pumping plant, piping, fire hydrants, and other equipment were

furnished by the Holly Co. of Lock Port, N.Y.

On Jan. 6, 1872, the formal test of the waterworks was held. The *News* reported this event in an editorial headed, "The Holly Water Works," on Jan. 7, 1872, in the following laudatory terms:

Yesterday afternoon a grand experimental test was made of the Holly Waterworks System which has just been introduced into our city. The result was most satisfactory to the thousands of taxpayers and excessively gratifying to the score of stockholders who gathered to see how the old thing works.

Further in this article the *News* states: "The Company, by the contract, were obliged to throw six streams at one time 100 feet into the air, and this was done with the utmost ease."

Clyde L. King in his book, *The History of Government of Denver with Special Reference to its Relations with Public Service Corporations*, states that, "The Charter of 1874 granted to the city power to own waterworks of any description, so the city could grant or deny a franchise or build its own water system." The company obtained a franchise from the city on May 9, 1874, giving it sole right to lay pipes for the distribution of water within the city limits for 17 years.

By the end of 1877, the company was supplying water through 18 miles of water mains, to 158 fire hydrants and approximately 1,000 taps. The *Denver Daily Times* on Dec. 31, 1877, stated, "There is probably not a city in the Union that has a better water service than Denver."

During these years, Denver did have problems. A Dr. William H. Whitehead, a member of the City Council, brought to that body the long-neglected sewage and drainage problems of a young and growing city. Part of a report given to the Council stated, "In view of the porous nature of our soil, and the natural tendency of the filth of the city, in the absence of sewers, to soak through and discharge into the Platte River near the site of the Holly waterworks, this very important question is suggested: Are these works in the proper place? In the course of a few years we may, unless suitable precautions are taken, be made to drink from the Platte River, diluted with the excremental filth and foul drainage of the most populous part of Denver, pumped back into it by the Holly Works."

The 15th Street pumping plant had a capacity of 2½ million gallons a day, and in 1875 was enlarged to 5 million gallons a day. This was inadequate to meet the demands of 1878.

In order to finance and build a new plant, a corporation called "The Denver City Irrigation and Water Company" was formed on Nov. 23, 1878, by the same gentlemen who controlled the Denver City Water Co.

This new company built an intake dam a short distance south of Alameda Avenue on the South Platte River. They conveyed water through a ditch to the vicinity of 11th and Shoshone streets to a reservoir, named Lake Archer after the companies' president. At this time the Lake Archer pumping plant was one mile beyond the city limits. The plant had a capacity of 5 million gallons daily, and was doubled in size in 1882.

On Nov. 6, 1882, principals of the Denver City Water Co. and the Denver City Irrigation and Water Co. consolidated the two firms into the Denver Water Co., with Archer as president. Archer died shortly thereafter and his widow succeeded to his interests and dissension soon developed in the merged companies between the "Archer" interests on the one hand, and the men grouped under what were known as the Moffat-Cheesman interests. Before the friction developed, however, an auxiliary company, the Domestic Water Co., was formed to construct a system of water galleries, nine miles above Denver, in the bed of Cherry Creek. This increased the daily capacity of the plant to 7 million gallons. To meet the water needs of growing suburban towns and to secure needed capital for expan-

sion of the system, the Beaver Brook Water Co. was incorporated in 1886. Three days after its incorporation, the company secured from Highland, a suburb to the north of Denver, an exclusive franchise for supplying that town with water.

Another subsidiary concern, the Mountain Water Co., was formed to furnish water to Barnum, an independent village on the city's western boundary.

The 1880s were a boom decade in Colorado history. The remarkable growth of the state was apparent on every hand—town founding, expansion of farming, railroad construction, mining development, and general industrial growth.

The state population doubled in 10 years, while Denver tripled in its count—a gain of 71,684 people during the decade. Perhaps the growth is best reflected by railroad mileage—from 1,570 miles in 1880 to 4,176 miles in 1890.

The 1880s started with a drought. The flow of the South Platte River was low, so Lake Archer and the 15th Street Pump Plant were linked up with a 22-inch wood-stave pipe.

On March 9, 1883, while boring for coal near Ellsworth Avenue and Federal Boulevard, artesian water was accidentally discovered. A number of wells were drilled, and, for a time, were very successful. However, the wells soon failed, and the artesian-water excitement faded.

Throughout this period, Francis P. McManus of Reading, Pa., Mrs. Archer's brother who came to Denver to handle her affairs, opposed expansion. It soon became apparent that the water company under his influence would not keep pace with development of the city. The prospect was intolerable to Cheesman and Moffat. The interests they represented offered Mrs. Archer the alternative of buying or selling for \$4 million. She elected to buy, and the Moffat-Cheesman interests withdrew from the company. (Note: In his history, King places the price at \$450,000.)

At this point, Cheesman became the dominant figure in the history of Denver water supply, and it was mainly he who formulated and executed plans for a great expansion of service. Moffat-Cheesman interests formed the Domestic Water Co. in March 1886. For about three years, great secrecy prevailed because of the need to secure certain water rights before the opposition could learn of their plans. A new corporation, the Citizens Water Co., was formed on March 30, 1889, with capital stock of \$3 million.

The Mountain Water Works Construction Co. was the agency through which all building operations were conducted, under Cheesman's direction. The plan of the Citizens Water Co. called for a gravity system to draw water from the mouth of Platte Canyon, 22 miles distant from Denver. So rapidly was construction pushed that service to the city began in October 1889, immediately adding 8.4 million gallons daily to the supply. In addition, one of the main complaints—impurity of water—was largely removed. During 1892 and 1893, a second pipeline was laid up Platte Canyon and a mechanical filter plant, the first in the country, was established at the canyon's mouth.

In the meantime, the "other" water company had undergone a transformation. A new corporation, the Denver City Waterworks Co., was formed through the merger of the Beaver Brook, Denver Water, and Mountain Water companies. This set the stage for a long, drawn-out political and legal battle, among various cities and towns for exclusive water franchises. The fight was carried on by the American Waterworks Co. of New Jersey which, during 1890-1891, began absorbing the Denver City Waterworks Co.

When American Waterworks took over, a price-cutting war began. In 1892, this startling news story appeared: "Water for Nothing. The Citizens Company offers its patrons an unparalleled gratuity. No charge till further notice. The acme of a short competition is reached. Denver is the only city in the world that can claim a distinction of having received gratuitous water from the supplying company on account of competition."

An 1891 newspaper article, with unusual clairvoyance, accurately predicted the end of the battle, the winner, and the reason for winning, when it said, "The simple truth is that

the Denver Water Co., with its expensive pumping system, cannot compete with the gravity supply of the Citizens Water Co."

And that is precisely what occurred. During the fight, the Citizens Water Co. continued to build, completing a 30-inch wood-stave conduit, 23 miles long, to convey water to Ashland Reservoir at 29th and Fenton streets in Edgewater, from which point it was distributed by gravity to downtown Denver. The company built a second conduit to Capitol Hill Reservoir at Ninth and Josephine streets; built a mechanical filtration plant; and acquired the Marston Lake site, enlarging it to a billion-gallon reservoir. Plans and surveys were also started for the construction of Lake Cheesman, still a key unit in the Denver system.

Both companies had been granted 20-year franchises by the city in 1889 and 1890. These were important because it gave the winner the right to sue either franchise, and the city the right to purchase the company at the expiration of the franchise.

The American Co. went into receivership, and several understandings were reached between the two competing firms. On April 6, 1894, the free water practice was stopped. An agreement was reached that the property of the New Jersey firm be sold for \$1,010,000, at a perfunctory foreclosure sale on April 21, 1894. The purchaser, the Citizens Water Co., thereby secured the monopoly it had sought since its organization.

On Oct. 18, 1894, a new corporation was formed, the Denver Union Water Co., encompassing all existing private companies. The peace did not last long. Soon Denver Union was involved in rate, franchise, and other bitter arguments—unresolved until public ownership occurred in 1918, after extended litigation.

Articles of incorporation of the Denver Union Water Co. declared, among many other statements of purposes, that it was to acquire by purchase "all property, rights, franchises, and privileges . . . rights, interests, and assets (of various companies) and maintain and operate the waterworks so acquired." All the franchises granted to any of the predecessor companies thus became the "property" of the new company, including the franchise granted by Denver in 1890 to the Denver Water Co. In granting this franchise, the city adopted an ordinance on April 10, 1890, which provided that "at any time after five years from this date, the City Council may require said company to fix schedule rates for private consumers equivalent to the average rate prevailing in the cities of Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati for the same service."

The five-year rate term expired in 1895, and the Council asked the Denver Union Water Co. to abide by this agreement and reset rates. The company contended that "the provision was wholly impracticable in that Chicago rates were based on frontage and fixtures used; the Cincinnati rates on floor area and fixtures; the St. Louis rates upon location of property, number of rooms and fixtures used; and that the three methods could not be reconciled or averaged."

The company set rates which it claimed were at least 20 percent lower and the matter rested there until the election of 1897, when the water question was the dominant issue.

Mayor Thomas S. McMurray was re-elected on this issue, and the Council immediately passed an ordinance declaring the company "had failed and refused to comply with the resolution of the City Council of Oct. 2, 1895," and was then charging rates in defiance of the requirement of the Council. The City Council demanded compliance within 10 days, the company refused, and suit was brought by the city in District Court of Arapahoe County. The Court supported the company, a decision that was upheld by the Colorado Supreme Court. McMurray was defeated for re-election in 1899 and not until 1910 was the control of the city's government by its public utilities again seriously threatened.

There was an unsuccessful attempt to secure municipal ownership of the water-supply system in the autumn of 1899, when the City Council submitted to the electorate a proposed bond issue of \$4.7 million, either to purchase the existing system or to construct new



Denver workers tighten hoops on staves of curving wooden water main.

works. (The company had offered to sell for \$9 million, but the city maintained the system's worth was less than \$4 million.)

The voters approved the bond issue on Nov. 7, 1899, by a vote of 5,420 to 2,976, but on Feb. 4, 1901, the U.S. Circuit Court for the District of Colorado ruled the bonds were invalid on three grounds: 1. They were voted at a special election. 2. The two propositions to purchase or to construct were not submitted separately. 3. The city, during the life of the company's franchise, could not construct new and competing works. Thus, attempts at municipal ownership ended for all practical purposes until 1907.

The 20-year franchise of 1890 provided for a method of acquisition in case the city elected to purchase the private plant and a price could not be agreed upon. The formula called for a fair cash value to be determined by arbitration by five disinterested persons, none of whom could be residents of Denver—two to be appointed by the company, two to be chosen by the city, and the fifth to be named by the first four appointees.

(Note: It was during this period of turmoil that the Rush Amendment was passed by the Colorado Legislature on March 7, 1901, and signed by Gov. James B. Orman on March 19, 1901. As Article XX of the State Constitution, it was adopted by Colorado voters in the November 1902 election, 51,534 to 33,983. Its constitutionality ultimately was upheld. Denver's first Charter was adopted on March 19, 1904, with Robert W. Speer being the first mayor elected under this new type of home-rule government.)

Three events occurred in 1907 that revived the question of municipal ownership. First was the death on May 31 of Walter S. Cheesman, the driving force in the company. He was

succeeded as president by David H. Moffat, who did not oppose the sale of the company as vigorously as had Cheesman. Second was a statement by Mayor Robert W. Speer in July that he favored municipal ownership. And third was the adverse Supreme Court decision handed down in September in the Denver v. Union Water Co. rate case.

In a letter dated July 9, 1907, to the Denver Union Water Co., Mayor Speer indicated he supported municipal ownership, provided the water utility would be run by a group of businessmen—a concept ultimately approved in 1918, and continuing to the present day. In his letter, Speer stated, "I am in favor of the City of Denver purchasing the water plant, provided, (a.) it can be purchased at a fair, reasonable price; (b.) it can be managed by a non-political board of businessmen, our Charter can be so changed at the next election; and (c.) a full investigation will show that the city can give a better service at as low rates, if not lower than those offered by your company."

Even though the city had not decided upon municipal ownership, and even though the company's franchise did not expire until 1910, these events precipitated an agreement between the city and the company. Five appraisers (M.S. Holman, John R. Freeman, C.L. Harrison, Allen Hasen, and Frederick P. Stearns) were chosen as outlined in the franchise agreement and authorized by ordinance to appraise the company property.

A year-and-a-half later, on March 20, 1909, the group reported and fixed "the fair cash value of the property, business and rights . . . which are in any way connected with or related to the Denver Union Water Company, or held by its allied or auxiliary corporations or associations, or persons connected with it, or necessary or useful for its protection, maintenance and operation, at the sum of \$14,400,000."

The report aroused public interest and some indignation, particularly so since part of the appraised value included \$1.2 million "for business and going concern value and the value of the business during the remainder of the present franchise term."

The Water Consumers Protective Association was organized "for the purpose of gathering all possible information bearing on the water question."

Water was the key issue in the election of 1910, and a citizen-initiated amendment calling for creation of a Public Utilities Commission carried by a vote of 11,582 to 10,076. Commissioners elected on the same May 17 ballot were A. Lincoln Fellows, Judge Edwin VanCise, and Armour C. Anderson. Voters rejected the company's proposed 20-year franchise by a vote of 15,107 to 9,943.

The initiated amendment authorized the commissioners to offer \$7 million for the plant and if this were rejected, to build a new plant for \$8 million, provided voters approved a bond issue for Sept. 6, 1910.

That bond issue was approved, 7,032 to 2,334. The vote was light because of a court suit filed by the New York Trust Co. against the city to prevent issuance of the bonds, on the grounds that the franchise of 1890 obligated the city either to purchase the company at an appraised valuation, or to grant a new franchise. The Denver Union Water Co. filed a similar suit, and the two were joined.

Decisions adverse to the city were reached by the U.S. District Court of Appeals and were appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court. On May 26, 1913, the U.S. Supreme Court in a unanimous decision supporting Justice Van Devanter, dissolved the District Court injunction, and cleared the way for Denver to purchase the Denver Union plant at its appraised value of \$14.4 million; renew the company's 1890 franchise; or build its own plant.

Following this decision, the city's Public Utilities Commission appointed a committee headed by its engineer member, L. Lincoln Fellows, plus Edmond C. Van Diest of Colorado Springs, and Charles P. Allen, former chief engineer of the Denver Union Water Co., to estimate the value of the plant as well as the cost, if the city were to build its own. In its report of January 1914, the committee set the value of the private plant at \$10,045,000

(no value was set on water rights or "going concern"), and estimated new plant construction costs at \$12.75 million.

On March 3, 1914, the City Council, after prolonged debate with the company about rates—and while negotiations for purchase continued—adopted an ordinance reducing the company's schedule of rates by approximately 20 percent, an action which infuriated the company and prompted it to immediately challenge the ordinance as unconstitutional and confiscatory in Federal District Court. The Court appointed W.J. Chinn of Colorado Springs as special master to hear the water-rate case. He made his report on Oct. 5, 1915, declaring the rate reduction invalid and unjust and placing the private plant value at \$13,415,899. The master was upheld by U.S. District Judge Robert E. Lewis, a decision that was appealed to the U.S. Supreme Court.

While the appeal was pending, the city and the company continued to negotiate. An agreement was reached whereby the city would abandon plans to build its own plant and would purchase the private company at the price set by the U.S. Supreme Court in the case on appeal.

In a 6 to 3 decision authored by Justice Pitney (Justices Holmes, Brandeis, and Clarke dissenting), the high court basically upheld the District Court decision and agreed with the price set for purchase of the plant by the Master.

On the question of water rights, the Supreme Court said value could be fixed by contract "between the one who diverts and the one who beneficially applies the water" and urged the "proper application" of Colorado law (citing *City of Denver v. Brown*, 56 Colo. 216) to determine value since "water rights in question are owned by the complainant."

Per the agreement previously reached by the city and the company, a special election was held on Aug. 6, 1918, at which time the people voted to purchase the private company (6,061 to 1,782); issue bonds in the amount of \$13,970,000 (6,248 to 1,800); and abolish the Public Utilities Commission and turn the newly acquired water system over to a Board of Water Commissioners (7,296 to 2,340).

An editorial in *Municipal Facts*, following the election, hailed the end of "thirty years of civic strife. The peaceful election on August 6 . . . was so free from the bitterness that characterized previous water elections that it seems to augur well for the future operation of the plant."

Shortly after midnight on Friday, Nov. 1, 1918, Denver became the owner of its own water plant, an event chronicled by a Denver newspaper as follows:

At 12 midnight last night, those interested began gathering in the company office of the Shirley Hotel. At 12:15 this morning with all present the actual work of transferring the property from a corporation to a municipality was begun and in 55 minutes was completed.

The actual price—after additions for betterments and deductions for depreciation and many other adjustments—was \$13,922,836.60 which left the Board of Commissioners with "only \$424 cash with which to start business."

Denver's first water commissioners were elected by the people, but the charter amendment adopted provided for commissioners thereafter to be appointed by the mayor. The board's first president was Findlay L. MacFarland, an automobile dealer and president of the Civic and Commercial Association. Other members were Charles H. Reynolds, vice-president, president of Western Steam Laundry; Benjamin A. Sweet, secretary, real estate man and a builder; Frank L. Woodward, lawyer; and John C. Skinner of the Western Chemical Co.

The creation of the nonpolitical board to manage the municipal water supply system was a reaction to partisan politics, according to one Denver historian, who maintained:

... that the [Denver Union Water] company had deeply interested itself in every election since the adoption of the Charter, and that the leading city officials, the mayor and the majority of the council, were officials wholly acceptable to the Water Company, are facts that cannot be questioned, and no one at all intimate with Denver affairs has ever denied them.

A recent study of the Denver Board of Water Commissioners by James L. Cox ["A Metropolitan Water Supply: The Denver Experience"] tends to agree with that analysis:

The framers of the Charter Amendment creating the Denver Water Board were painfully aware of the influence that the Denver Union Water Company had exercised in city government and they were determined to create an agency that would be removed, as far as possible from politics. By creating a board, rather than a department, directly responsible to the mayor, it was hoped that the influence of the mayor upon board politics would be reduced. Although the mayor was granted the authority to appoint board members, he was not given specific removal power. Also, the terms of commissioners were for a longer period than that of the mayor, requiring the mayor to serve more than one term of office in order to appoint a majority of the board members. The council was not given a role in the appointment of commissioners, and as a consequence was also hindered in exercising direct influence on the board.

Cox believes the framers were successful:

The Denver Water Board succeeded in maintaining its independence from the city administration and city council. Even though some mayors have been able to appoint a majority of the board members, they have not found it possible to exercise any considerable control or direction over the decisions of the Board.

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## About the Author: Carl E.C. Carlson

Carl E.C. Carlson, a Posse Member of the Denver Westerners, is the author of "Denver and Water."

A native of Denver, he attended Barnum School, West Denver High School, and was graduated from the Colorado School of Mines. His interest in, and knowledge of, the Denver Water Board is almost hereditary. There has been a Carlson serving in the Denver Water Department continuously since 1920.

Carl's father worked for the Denver Water Board from 1920 to 1951. Carl started with the Denver Water Board in 1949, and retired in 1986. For 30 of those 38 years, he was director of plant operations and maintenance. Carl's son Norm is continuing the family tradition, having joined the Water Board in 1985 as a hydrologist.

An Army Air Corps veteran of World War II, Carl was a B-26 pilot with the Ninth Air Force in Europe.

Carl has one son and three grandchildren. He is an active member of the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, Ghost Town Club, and Bear Valley Optimists. He was introduced to the Denver Westerners by Jack Thode, and shares Jack's interest in Western and railroad history. Carl has been a Posse Member since November 1992.



# Over the Corral Rail

□George W. Krieger, 40, a dentist in Elizabeth, Colo., and the son of Westerners Dorothy (C.M.) and Ted (P.M.) Krieger, has been elected as a Posse Member. He has been a Corresponding Member since November 1991, when he joined the Westerners through the auspices of his father, Posse Members Tom Noel and Bob Brown, and others.

Dr. Krieger spoke to the Denver Posse Nov. 27, 1991, on the life of the late George W. Kelly, early-day Colorado horticulturist. The paper was published in the January-February 1992 *Roundup*, under the title, "Four Brown Fingers and a Green Thumb."

George 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.

George was graduated from Broomfield High School, and in 1974 earned a B.A. in environmental biology from the University of Colorado. He received a D.D.S. degree in 1979 from the University of Colorado School of Dentistry. He previously practiced in Brush. He lists his hobbies as trains and music.

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

Three additional Corresponding Members have been entered by Membership Chairman Roger Michels. Information below was obtained solely from the members' application blanks, as submitted.

□Richard R. Evans, 5690 W. Plymouth Drive, Littleton, CO 80123. Dick was introduced to the Denver Westerners by Posse Member Merrill Mattes. His interests in Western history include the art of Charles Russell and Frederic Remington, and the history of Wyoming. His hobbies include painting. He is a past-president of the Englewood Lions Club.

□John J. O'Connor, 13800 E. Marina

Drive, Apt. 602, Aurora, CO 80014-3786. John was introduced to the Westerners by Posse Member Bob Brown. He is interested in Colorado history and ghost towns. His other interests include travel.

□Barbara Zimmerman, 1057 S. Troy St., No. 315, Aurora, CO 80012. Barbara has been sheriff of the Boulder Corral of the Westerners. She has published articles on Gibbon's Montana Column, Monahsetah (Custer Symposium), and has spoken on the Ghost Dance religion, frontier women, Gen. O.O. Howard, and Gen. Ranald S. Mackenzie. She lists movies as one of her other interests.

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## George Godfrey Dies

*(Continued from Page 2.)*

the chance to associate with them."

One of his notable accomplishments for the Denver Westerners was the indexing of *Brand Books*, Volumes 17 through 27, published as a special issue of *The Roundup* for July-August 1973.

George achieved Posse status in 1971 and served as deputy sheriff in 1979 and sheriff in 1980. He was appointed membership chairman in 1981 by then-Sheriff Mel Griffiths. George served in that position until 1991, when he became chairman emeritus.

He was well known among Westerners for his sense of humor, and ready supply of jokes to regale the members. In addition, he was always on hand to represent the organization at services for departed members, and to visit those unable to attend meetings because of ill health.

"George was faithful in his attendance, when his health permitted," Rev. Almgren commented. "He had a tremendous mind for recalling anniversaries, birthdays, special events, and people, and deeply loved and remembered his times with the Westerners. He will be greatly missed by our organization."



## 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 Journals of the Lewis & Clark Expedition, Vol. 8** edited by Gary E. Moulton. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1993. Maps, sources cited; 466 pages. Clothbound, \$55.

When I was in graduate school and needed to research the Lewis and Clark Expedition, I went to the *Original Journals of Lewis and Clark* edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, published in 1904-05. This was considered the best source available in our university library. In 1983, the University of Nebraska Press began the publication of what is probably the final word on the expedition as described by Lewis and Clark and the men with them—unless there is a fantastic discovery of a lost journal.

This new series began with the publication of the Atlas of the expedition, containing 129 photographs of the original maps, published in a volume measuring 13½ inches by 19½ inches. Since the publication of that first volume in 1983, seven other volumes have been produced before publication of Vol. 8 this April. Three more volumes are scheduled of journals of Charles Floyd, John Ordway, Patrick Gass, and Joseph Whitehouse, as well as one volume on the natural history of the expedition. This series is taking a very long time to complete, but the results have been worth the wait. One result of the time span is that the cost has increased from about \$30 a volume to the current price of \$55.

Vol. 1 sold for \$100, as it was an oversized book. I placed a standing order for the series and have received a 15 percent discount which has helped. It is only with the assistance of the National Endowment

for the Humanities, the Lewis and Clark Trail Heritage Foundation, and others that publication has been possible.

Vol. 8 brings the expedition from Camp Chopunnish on the Clearwater River in present day Idaho back home to St. Louis, from June 10 to Sept. 26, 1806. During this segment of the journey, several interesting events occurred. The single incident of violence took place when Lewis and his men had to prevent the stealing of their horses and guns by a small group of Blackfeet and were forced to kill two of the Indians. Several days later, one of the expedition's hunters mistook Lewis for an elk and shot him in the thigh. It was also during this final leg of the trip that John Colter received permission to join with a couple of hunters and return up river. When the expedition arrived at St. Louis on Sep. 23, 1806, at noon, Clark stated that "we were met by all the village and received a harty welcom from its inhabitants &."

The effort that has gone into this series is most evident in the footnotes that add so much to the reader's understanding of this great journey into the wilderness.

Lewis and Clark and their men accomplished something that is unique in United States history as they journeyed to the Pacific and back. Jefferson had given them an enormous list of tasks and what assistance he could provide as President, but it was up to them to get it done, and they did perform in a most successful manner, and with the loss of only one man.

This series certainly belongs in the library of anyone who has a serious interest in the West of the United States.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**A Complete Life of General George A. Custer** by Frederick Whittaker; introduction to Vol. 1 by Gregory J.W. Urwin; introduction to Vol. 2 by Robert M. Utley. Univ. of Nebraska Press (Bison Books), Lincoln, 1993. Illustrations, index; 648 pages total. Paperback, \$12.95, ea. vol.

Though he authored many potboilers as well as several full-length novels, Frederick Whittaker is best remembered for writing *A Complete Life of General George A. Custer*.

Originally printed as a single volume, this book has the distinction of being the very first bibliography ever written of the famous soldier, coming out just six months after the disaster at the Little Bighorn. In rushing the book into print, Whittaker inserted large excerpts from Custer's Civil War memoirs and his 1874 book, *My Life on the Plains*. He also received assistance from Elizabeth B. Custer. Publicly, she would deny any collaboration. However, Mrs. Custer realized that Whittaker would help in clearing her dead husband's tarnished military reputation. A devoted admirer of Custer and a former Union cavalryman, Whittaker wanted his massive biography to be a lasting tribute to "one of the few really great men that America has produced." As a result, the author created an image of George Armstrong Custer that lasted well into the twentieth century. Custer is portrayed as a man with "no spot on his armor." To quote historian Robert M. Utley, "Whittaker created a demigod."

For the next several decades, almost every book published about the subject would view Custer as Whittaker saw him, in some cases even plagiarizing whole parts of his biography. Then in 1934 the hero image of Custer would do a complete about-face when Frederick F. Van de Water came out with his book, *Glory Hunter*.

Not until 1959, when Jay Monaghan's *Custer: The Life of General George Armstrong Custer*, appeared would there be what was considered a nonpartisan account of Custer's life. This would be followed by Utley's *Cavalier in Buckskin* in

1988.

Since Frederick Whittaker's book on Custer was the first publication to launch the legend of the nation's foremost Civil War hero and Indian fighter, it was also the first to start a controversy, unabated to this day. In the chapter devoted to Custer's last battle at the Little Bighorn, Whittaker states in no uncertain terms that Custer was defeated because of "Reno's incapacity and Benteen's disobedience." The author charges Reno with "gross cowardice" for not pressing his attack on the Indian village. In concluding the chapter, Whittaker states that a court of inquiry should be held to decide whether his conclusions were valid. He also says that, "The nation demands such a court." A court of inquiry was convened, but at the request of Reno.

Some felt Whittaker stirred this controversy simply to boost sales of his book. It could be said, Frederick Whittaker and his book, more than any other influence, brought about the Reno Court of Inquiry. Meeting for a full month in 1879, the Court, after cross-examining many participants who were at the Little Bighorn, exonerated Reno of any great wrongdoing. Whittaker, who was also at the inquiry, tried to influence the Court but failed, since the only opinion he had to offer was his own.

It is interesting to note that both Major Reno and his chief accuser, Frederick Whittaker, were to have ill-fated ends. Reno was dismissed from the Army for, among other things, conduct unbecoming an officer, largely because of his drinking. He was living almost at the poverty level when he died on March 1, 1889, in Washington, D.C., of complications from tongue cancer resulting from excessive smoking.

Whittaker continued to crank out dime novels and became a spiritualist. Nearly insane, he became more and more eccentric and irascible. Growing paranoid that his life was in danger, Whittaker took to carrying a loaded pistol for defense. On May 13, 1889, while descending a flight of stairs

in his home, his cane caught in the railing. Whittaker stumbled, and in the fall the pistol discharged, hitting him in the head. Within 30 minutes he was dead.

Frederick Whittaker's *A Complete Life of General George A. Custer* is one of those books that no serious student of Custeriana should be without. Though it is flawed in presenting an accurate portrayal, it is a major contribution to the myth and history that surrounded its subject for many years.

—Mark Hutchins, P.M.

**Wind in a Jar** by John Farella. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1993. 179 pages. Clothbound, \$24.95.

I have acquired the habit of reading several books at the same time, and as I was reading *Wind in a Jar*, I was also reading three other books. Whenever I read a book, I try to determine the author's purpose in writing it, and in the three other books that I was reading, one author wanted to write an interesting work of fiction that would appeal to a wide audience; a second wanted her readers to understand just what it was like to be a nurse in an ICU in an Army hospital in Vietnam during the war; and the final author wanted his readers to become knowledgeable regarding Maya ruins and travel in Yucatan during the 1840s. My problem is that after reading *Wind in a Jar*, I had not discovered the author's major purpose.

On the jacket of the book is the statement, "This is a book about doing anthropology, and particularly about doing it among the Navajo." The author uses his experiences as an anthropologist working with the Navajo to illustrate his basic premise that anthropology field work is often very absurd. This was often the result of the Navajo telling you whatever they thought you wanted to hear and changing the account of an event completely if asked. There was something of a why-both attitude on the part of the author.

Farella uses the case studies of several Navajo families to aid in illustrating his

point regarding the validity of anthropological field research. As you read along, there would suddenly be a most interesting paragraph or two, and then there was a move in some different direction and your interest disappeared. The most rewarding parts of the book to me were the descriptions of the daily routine in the Navajo life, but too often the emphasis was on the negative forces that destroyed people and families.

On the jacket, Charlotte Frisbie referred to this work as "an incredibly powerful book that defies categorization." I would certainly agree that it is difficult to place this book in a particular category. It is not a book about the Navajo people. It is a book that is strongly critical of anthropology. Maybe this book should be read by those college students that are majoring in anthropology.

*Wind in a Jar* is about the author's experiences in his chosen field. He did not use outside sources, and the book therefore has no bibliography, but I really wish that he had included an index.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Nelson A. Miles and the Twilight of the Frontier Army** by Robert Wooster. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1993. Illustrated with photographs and maps; index; 391 pages. Clothbound, \$35.

As a recent *Roundup* review on a book dealing with Ranald Mackenzie asserted, scholars and writers have now turned their attention to the lives of some of the secondary officers involved in the Indian wars. This assertion goes double or triple, when it comes to Nelson Miles. Of course, Miles, unlike Mackenzie and other officers, helped future biographers with his numerous letters and reminiscences, and by living to a ripe old age. The last couple of years have seen Jerry Greene's excellent study on Miles and the Sioux War of 1876-1877, and Nebraska's reprinting of Miles' memoirs. However, there is thus a great risk that new books will simply replot old ground.

This book does not just replot old

ground. Although Virginia Johnson's 1962 book, *The Unregimented General: A Biography of Nelson A. Miles*, covered much of the same ground and did it well, this book by Professor Wooster goes beyond the standard biography of Miles, with extensive use of Miles' letters and other writings. The work explains the politics of the old-time Army, and how a non-West Pointer and largely uneducated soldier like Miles ended up outlasting virtually all his competition. I never was a great admirer of Miles, but this book made me more sympathetic to him. He learned early on (during the Civil War) that, in addition to being competent, an ambitious officer had to make friends and influence presidents.

The book objectively gives both sides of the many controversies in which Miles was involved. For example, we learn much about the problems between Miles and Lieutenant Gatewood, in the last Geronimo campaign. Gatewood, it turns out, was not without some blame in his fall from grace. The reader also learns that the pro-Custer and anti-Custer factions in the Army were still fighting it out for control, 15 years after Custer's death. The book shows that the military was not just the one, big duty-bound (though uneasy) family, as portrayed by John Ford in his movies. The Army was (as it still is, I'm afraid) subject to petty rivalries and jealousies.

The book has a minimum of "politically-correct" comments. (Although I wonder why Professor Wooster seems uneasy that Miles was so "nationalistic." I would assume we want our nation's officers to be nationalistic.) Overall it is a wonderful book and worth the steep price.

The jacket has the color painting by Remington called "Through the Smoke Sprang the Daring Soldier." This is a fine portrayal of winter fighting, but it is at least the third major book jacket to feature that painting in the past 15 years. But, as they say, one can't judge a book by its cover. This book is not just a retreat.

The book reveals Miles not just as a hero, and not just as an ambitious officer.

It shows him as a human being, who died, not in battle, but while attending a circus with his grandchildren. We all might wish for such an end.

—John M. Hutchins, P.M.

**Fighting Fire in Colorado Springs** by Lester L. Williams. Academy Printing, Inc., Colorado Springs, 1992. Photographs, index; 224 pages. Clothbound, \$35.

During the 1970s, Les Williams, Reserve Member and former sheriff of the Denver Westerners, spoke about his relative, C.N. Cotton, who was a trader with the Navajo, and in 1989 Les wrote a book about this widely known merchant. Now Les has returned to his favorite topic, fighting fires. In the past, this strong interest in firefighting was evident in the articles he wrote for the Denver Westerners' *Brand Books* about the fires in Cripple Creek and the volunteer firemen in Colorado Springs.

This fire-engine red book is a model of local historical writing, with its index and well-illustrated text. The red cover is only a hint at the exciting, well-told story within.

The book is based on primary sources, including logbooks dating back to 1904, and interviews with retired smokeaters. The index makes this book a valuable reference in the study of Colorado Springs.

The book may be purchased by sending \$35 plus \$4 for postage to Dr. Lester Williams, 1615 North Cascade Ave., Colorado Springs, CO 80907.

—Tom Noel, P.M.

**Capitalism on the Frontier: Billings and the Yellowstone Valley in the Nineteenth Century** by Carroll Van West. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1993. Notes, bibliography, index, and 16 pages of photos; 281 pages. Clothbound, \$37.50.

While *Capitalism on the Frontier* does discuss the changing economic bases of the Yellowstone Valley and Billings (circa 1800s), this interesting history deserves a

less-pedantic title. Something like *Trapping, Trading, Treasures and Trains: The Changing Economic Base of the Yellowstone Valley (1800-1900)* might tell the tale better. No matter, Van West has crafted a fine book devoted to the area surrounding present day Billings, Mont., and how this town that "initially strived to become the 'second Denver' of the West" came to be.

The early part of the book distills other printed works on the fur trade of the early 1800s (including David Wishart's book, *The Fur Trade of the American West 1807-1840*, reviewed in the May-June 1993 *Roundup*). Van West's discussion of J.J. Astor's American Fur Co. is very clear and concise (as are the discussions of Lewis and Clark, Colter, Lisa, and all the other usual subjects). This section takes up only a small part of the text, however, with the bulk devoted to the latter one-third of the nineteenth century.

The gold-mining rush followed, to help open up the area to settlers. "The fever first touched Thomas Curry . . . (in 1864) . . . and he promptly established Yellowstone City along Emigrant Gulch (not far from today's Chico Hot Springs)." Feeling pressed by the new settlers, "bands of Sioux and Cheyenne warriors regularly attacked travelers." On the other hand, the Crow Indians welcomed the white settlers as a buffer against these two more-aggressive tribes.

"In 1873, the closeness of this relationship infuriated an Interior Department inspector, who ordered the Crows out of the fort and forced employees to either legally marry Crow women or leave them," the author states.

Things were apparently not too prosperous in the area at that time. "The year 1874 marked the end of the first decade of settlement activity along the Yellowstone. When the gold rush ended along Emigrant Gulch, everyone had packed their belongings and abandoned Yellowstone City."

Growth next centered on the Clark's Ford Bottom, seemingly tied to transportation. A leading figure was "Bud"

McAdow, who named the principal town "Coulson," after S.B. Coulson, head of the Coulson Line Steamboat Co.

"S.B. Coulson's boats were the only eastern transportation link in the region, and Bud desperately wanted a steamboat base for his property," Van West notes.

The town of Coulson grew steadily, becoming the main settlement for the region, encouraging new immigration. According to Thomas P. McElrath, editor in 1879 of the *Miles City Yellowstone Journal*: ". . . I am glad to say, a better class of people are prospecting for homes in the Yellowstone Valley, than the original element of 'wood hawks,' saloon-keepers, and refugees. . . ." The transportation base changed again in the early 1880s with the approaching tracks of the Northern Pacific. Business people were shocked, however, when the railroad chose not to go to Coulson.

"Ignoring the already-thriving frontier town of Coulson, the eastern capitalists had suddenly created *the* city of the Clark's Ford Bottom—and to add insult to injury, they named the town in honor of the one man, Frederick Billings, who had done the most to wreck the hopes of McAdow, Alderson, and the others of Coulson," Van West states.

At the time, Billings was president of the Northern Pacific, and decided to take personal advantage of the route by buying up land and creating a city thereon.

"The final death blow for Coulson came on June 13 (1882) when the town lost its post office designation. Today the Coulson townsite has no buildings, or remnants of buildings, and serves as a Billings City Park," Van West said.

This section of the book seems to be the most interesting, with the rest detailing the growth of Billings. The period from 1890 to 1907 is covered quickly, then stops rather abruptly. The only other quibble this reviewer has is not really an indictment of the book. It would be nice if historians would place their stories in a proper global perspective. An occasional discussion of what was going on in the rest of the coun-

try at the same time, that might have some influence on the story, would be nice. No matter, this well-researched book deserves to be read by Western history buffs.

—George W. Krieger, P.M.

**Leadville, U.S.A.** by Ed B. Larch and Robert Nichols. Johnson Books, Boulder, Colo., 1993. Index, 294 pages. Cloth-bound, \$22.95.

This book is not just another history of America's highest incorporated city. Larch and Nichols have approached Leadville's story through colorful accounts of the early, and of some more recent, persons who lived there. Within these pages you will encounter businessman Frank Zaitz, the violent whore-chasing Marshal Martin Duggan, prostitute Molly May, and many others. Occasionally you will read about H.A.W. Tabor, who owned two warehouses in addition to his other enterprises. Between pages 225 and 253 there are biographical sketches of an assortment of personages, including a long-time member of the Denver Posse of the Westerners, Don Griswold, co-author of *The Carbonate Camp Called Leadville*.

Gambler John Larch crossed Mosquito Pass with his family in 1877. At that time there was no Leadville. Larch's family halted in the first settlement to appear in the upper Arkansas Valley, a small place called Oro City. Leadville seems to have evolved out of nearby Oro City in 1878-79. Horace Tabor was elected its first mayor. Ed Larch's Aunt Mamie became the Cloud City's first teacher. His Aunt Edie practiced the world's oldest profession at State Street's rowdy Pioneer Saloon.

In common with contemporary communities, there were ethnic divisions in Leadville. The Irish lived on the east side; Swedes resided on Chicken Hill; and Austrians settled on the west side of town. Larch tells a story of a miner who took his family to Pennsylvania to escape the cold. But old habits die hard. While he was employed in the coal mines, the man's wife threatened to quit packing his lunch unless

he stopped high-grading lumps of coal in his lunch box. One entire chapter is devoted to an hilarious account of a bulldog and badger fight scam.

There are a couple of errors, both minor. In Chapter 26, Larch writes of Evelyn Walsh McLean. Actually she spelled her name Evalyn. The old bromide about Tabor and the portrait of Shakespeare in his Opera House appears again. Usually attributed to Denver, Larch writes that it happened in Leadville. If it really happened, it would have been in character with Tabor's personality.

This is a delightful book, a different and refreshing story told from the nineteenth century miner's point of view. This reviewer recommends it.

—Robert L. Brown, P.M.

**Rocky Mountain National Park: Day-hiker's Guide** by Jerome Malitz. Johnson Books, Boulder, 1993. More than 100 color photographs, maps; 144 pages. Paperback, \$15.95.

Jerome Malitz is a professor of mathematics at the University of Colorado-Boulder, and an avid hiker. His "A Scenic Guide to 33 Favorite Hikes Including Long's Peak" is a welcome addition to the material available to the person who wants to enjoy a very special part of Colorado.

I believe that I have done about 29 or 30 of the hikes described in this book, and the author has done an excellent job explaining the directions for the hike and what the hiker will see along the way. A very helpful addition to similar books is the inclusion of information about traversing some of the trails in the winter. The photographs are a real plus, including some of the different mountain flowers. When I am hiking with friends, they always want to know the names of the different flowers along the trail, and I am usually blank except for paintbrush and columbine.

In 1958, while working up at Bear Lake, I took all of the trails in that area, including the Hallett Peak route. The author mentions signs near Tyndall Glacier warn

ing of the "extreme hazard involved in too close a look." I do not think that those signs were there in 1958 when I took a most unexpected slide, and was lucky enough to stop by spinning and digging in my heels and elbows, before I went too far. On the trail to Sky Pond is Timberline Falls, about which the author cautions the hiker "to choose your steps carefully and watch your footing." From past experience, I can say that those are words to remember. I will also mention just how much fun it was to hike some of the trails at night, when there is a full moon.

For each hike, the author begins with the basic but important information regarding the trailhead and how to get to it, the one way distance of the hike, the altitude gain, and the elevation at destination.

The maps in the guide are taken from *Trails Illustrated's* Rocky Mountain National Park map, and I suggest that you purchase the map before starting your hiking. My rule is to always have good maps of the area in which I am hiking.

I will recommend this book to anyone who wants to go hiking in Rocky Mountain National Park. It would make a nice gift for that person who has just moved to Colorado and wants to hike in some interesting area.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Colorado Place Names** by William Bright. Johnson Books, Boulder, Colo., 1993. Maps and bibliography; 162 pages. Paperback \$11.95.

In 1954, J. Frank Dawson wrote a 54-page book called *Place Names in Colorado*. It sold for \$1. I recall inviting the author to speak to history classes at my school. Fortunately our teetotaling principal failed to discover that Dawson was with the Colorado Brewer's Foundation.

In 1977, one-time Westerner George Eichler turned out a 109-page adaptation of Dawson's work. It was called *Colorado Place Names* and sold for \$4.

This most recent work carries the identical title. Written by William Bright, it

contains 162 pages and retails at \$11.95. It is a far more attractive book. I chose the letters "M" and "S" at random to compare the three books.

Dawson's book contained 46 entries beginning with "M." Curiously, Eichler listed only 42, while Bright found an impressive 89 names in the "M" category.

Turning to "S," Dawson had 53 entries; Eichler produced 52; and Bright lists 109.

This most recent *Colorado Place Names* contains a wide variety of cities and towns, passes, lakes, rivers, and mountain peaks. For convenience, a pronunciation guide appears with each entry. Such data as location, elevation, history, founding dates, and name origins make this book a valuable asset for reference work, as well as casual reading.

I enjoyed Bright's labors and shall refer to it often in the future.

—Robert L. Brown, P.M.

**Utes: The Mountain People** by Jan Pettit. Johnson Books, Boulder, Colo., 1990. (2nd ed.) Index, 2 maps, 114 photos, and 4 sketches; 174 pages. Paperback, \$11.95.

Jan Pettit, executive director, Ute Pass Museum, and founder, Ute Pass Historical Society, has worked with the Ute people since 1974. She traces the Utes for nearly 10,000 years from prehistoric times to present-day culture. The reader is offered an excellent collection of rare, historic photos of early Utes and important leaders, many taken in the 1870s by John Hillers, photographer with the Powell Expedition.

Chapter headings are "In the Beginning," "Tepee Culture," "Ute Lifestyle," "Traditions," "Cultures in Conflict," "The Reservation Years," and "Today's Utes." Artwork, stories, songs, dances and religious beliefs, hunting and horsemanship, battles, and treaties round out the history.

This book is reasonably priced and will make an excellent reference for those who have an interest in Native American culture, and in a tribe prominent in Colorado and Southwestern history.

—Alan J. Stewart, Ed.





*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1993

**THE SOUTH PLATTE TRAIL: COLORADO CUTOFF  
OF THE OREGON-CALIFORNIA TRAIL**

by Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.



*(Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library)*

Woodcut, "The Wheelbarrow Emigrant," from April 30, 1859, issue,  
*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

## About the Author

Posse Member Merrill J. Mattes was the speaker for the Annual Summer Rendezvous of the Denver Westerners Aug. 28, at the Ramada Hotel in Westminster. Title of his paper was "Oregon Trail Cutoff: the South Platte Trail."

Merrill has a membership span in the Westerners of 48 years. He became a Corresponding Member in 1945, continuing during residency in Nebraska and California. He was named to the Posse of the Westerners after moving to Denver in 1972. He later became sheriff in 1979.

Merrill also helped to found the Omaha and San Francisco Westerners, and was the first sheriff of the San Francisco Corral.

Mattes was a National Park Service historian from 1935 to 1975, involved in research, interpretation, and planning. One of his major projects was the restoration of  
*(Please turn to Page 19.)*

# THE DENVER WESTERNERS R O U N D U P

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### 1993 OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

**Sheriff:** Jack Morison  
**Deputy Sheriff, Program Chairman:** John Hulchins  
**Past Sheriff:** The Rev. Jon Almgren  
**Roundup Foreman: (Secretary)** Earl McCoy  
**Tallyman and Trustee: (Treasurer)** Robert D. Stull  
**Registrar of Marks & Brands: Publications**  
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Lithograph, "Crossing the Plains," is from *Harper's Weekly* for Aug. 18, 1859.

## The South Platte Trail: Colorado Cutoff of the Oregon-California Trail

by

**Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.**

(Presented Aug. 28, 1993)

**J**UST AS THE EARLY gold rush to California led quickly to the settlement and rise of that great state, so the misnamed "Pikes Peak gold rush" led to the discovery that the Pikes Peak region (which soon became Colorado Territory) had potential far beyond mining for gold. In fact, the gold rush of the fifty-niners itself turned out to be a big fizzle. Although a lucky few found nuggets, many were quickly disillusioned and returned home, while others remained when they realized Colorado had other attractions that promised a living. After 1859, some important gold strikes were made. Mining towns boomed, capital became available, heavy machinery was brought in and some mine operators truly prospered, but the original gold rush of 1859 became the stuff of legend.

When I lived in western Nebraska years ago, Scottsbluff's Chamber of Commerce circulated a brochure publicizing the North Platte Valley as "America's Valley of the Nile," but I have not heard that term applied to either the North Platte or the South Platte during the past 50 years. Yet think of this apt comparison. Without the Platte, there would be

no water for agricultural irrigation, no water to power industry, no significant population and certainly no Denver nor any of the smaller communities that now exist along the river's banks. We take our blessings for granted. We soar through the skies or speed smoothly over concrete highways, forgetting that river valleys determined the course of our first primitive roads. More to the point, we are inclined to forget that the South Platte Valley was Colorado's first great highway, bringing civilization at last to the High Plains and to the very foot of the Rocky Mountains.

There is no mystery about the location of the South Platte Trail. For approximately 350 miles it followed the south side of the river, beginning at the forks of the North and South Platte at the present city of North Platte in Nebraska. It continued past present Julesburg to the vicinity of present Denver, where the river emerges from the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. In terms of Colorado history, it was about 250 miles from Julesburg to Denver. But in fact, when the so-called Pikes Peak gold rush was triggered in 1858, Denver did not exist nor did Colorado exist, even as a territory. Until 1861 it was only Nebraska Territory and south of it Kansas Territory, all the way from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains.

For the first 100 miles, the South Platte Trail to Colorado coincided with the old Oregon-California Trail which, until 1858, followed the South Platte to a point near present Brule, Neb., where it crossed the South Platte and turned northwestward to reach the North Platte at Ash Hollow. After 1858, most of those who were California-bound, as well as all who were bound for Colorado, continued on up the South Platte to present Julesburg. There, all Californians crossed the river and soon started north to reach the North Platte at Court House Rock, near present Bridgeport, Neb. So from Julesburg southwestward the South Platte Trail came into its own as the great migration route to Colorado, having been followed before 1858 only by explorers and fur traders.

"South Platte Trail" is the most acceptable term for this migration route, not only because it is the most descriptive, but also because during all migration years through 1866, this was the term most often used by emigrants, themselves. However, much confusion has resulted from other terms being applied to this trail both by historians and some emigrants.

Originally, in 1858, the trail was called the "Pikes Peak Trail," even though it did not come within 75 miles of Pikes Peak. Because Colorado as a geographical area had not been invented yet, "Pikes Peak Trail" was adopted, since that majestic mountain was the most conspicuous feature shown on available maps, based on the explorations of Zebulon Pike in 1807 and Stephen H. Long in 1820.

Later, with the birth of Denver, the trail was more commonly known as "the Denver Road," while stage company proprietors and passengers called it "the Overland Trail." So South Platte Trail, Pikes Peak Trail, Denver Road, or Overland Trail were all used for the same basic route.

This trail dominated Colorado history from 1858 through 1867, or from the discovery of gold on Cherry Creek to the arrival of the last stagecoach in Denver. During the years of covered wagons and stagecoaches it was the one and only primary travel route to Colorado Territory, newborn Denver's vital lifeline to the distant United States. The old South Platte Trail, measured by the extent of its use and its crucial importance to the survival of the new territory, was unquestionably the most important trail in Colorado history. Today, Interstate 76 closely parallels much of this historic trail.

In terms of western American history, the South Platte Trail, to judge by migration numbers alone, should be in the same league as the Oregon and California trails, but it has not been given the national recognition it deserves. Textbook historians tend to dwell on just four major and justly famous trails: the Oregon Trail, the California Trail, the Santa Fe Trail, and the Mormon Trail to Salt Lake City.

The astonishing thing is that the average Colorado resident today knows little or nothing about the South Platte Trail because it has been neglected by both historians and popular writers who seem much more enchanted by the legendary Santa Fe Trail, which only skirts the southeastern corner of the state. While the Santa Fe Trail was undeniably important in the early history of the southwestern United States as a trade route, it was far less important to Colorado as a migration and transportation corridor than the South Platte Trail.

Neglect of the South Platte Trail is partly because physical traces of it have largely disappeared under twentieth century roads and agriculture, and there is a painful lack of historical signs or markers to remind us of this historic highway.

In a current school textbook, *A Colorado History*, the terms South Platte Trail, Pikes Peak Trail or Denver Road are nowhere to be found in the index! On the other hand, the index has 11 references to the Santa Fe Trail. The authors do recognize that there actually was travel along the South Platte, but they are hazy about its importance and its proper identity. They concede only that, in comparison with the Santa Fe and Smoky Hill routes, the one via the South Platte "was probably the most heavily traveled," even though they fail to give this road a name. That is better than no recognition at all, but it is a weak and misleading generalization. Just as the term "Oregon Trail" has become a widely recognized and popular, though somewhat inadequate, term for the main Platte route via the North Platte to South Pass in Wyoming, the term "South Platte Trail" deserves wider recognition and respect as the proper historical term for Colorado's first genuine thoroughfare. I suggest that the failure of competent historians to dignify the South Platte Trail with a name points up the problem.

For whatever deplorable combination of reasons, this historic trail has somehow gone out of focus, and it is time to adjust the lens and restore our vision of the South Platte Trail as Colorado's true highway of empire. It is only recently that two excellent and highly accurate books have been written about this route—*Forgotten People: A History of the South Platte Trail* by Nell Brown Propst, and *Destination Denver: The South Platte Trail* by Doris Monahan.

Early travelers on the South Platte Trail did not begin their journey at the forks of the Platte or at Julesburg. Their actual starting point might have been any of several jumping-off places along the Missouri River. All of them followed the main Platte after coming together at Ft. Kearny in central Nebraska; their average distance from the Missouri River to Denver would have been around 600 miles.

The Santa Fe Trail followed the Arkansas River and was a long detour for Easterners going to the gold fields of the central Rockies. The weight of negative evidence shows that relatively few argonauts attempted to reach Denver by that route, but if they did so they had to continue past Bent's Fort to Pueblo, then turn north on the old trail that had been used by trappers between Bent's Fort on the Arkansas and Ft. Laramie on the North Platte. This was known originally as the Trappers' Trail, but after 1858 it became known as the Cherokee Trail, named for the Indians who followed it to the goldfields. This trail would approximate the route of present Interstate 25, roughly paralleling the South Platte for about 75 miles from Denver to the vicinity of Greeley. Later, when freight trains and stagecoaches started running between Denver and Salt Lake City, that route via the Laramie Plains was sometimes called the Overland Trail.

Another migration route, the Smoky Hill Trail, ran from eastern Kansas jumping-off points through central Kansas via the river of that name until it petered out on the Colorado plains, and proceeded thence via Cherry Creek to Denver. It was shorter than the Platte route and was more direct geographically, but was more difficult because of scarce grass, wood, and water.

To summarize, during a 10-year period, for every single emigrant who reached Denver

via the Smoky Hill or Santa Fe trails there were 10 or more who followed the Platte and South Platte. Far from the textbook historians' assertion that the South Platte "probably" had more travel than other routes, the fact is that it had close to a monopoly on travel to Denver. Its volume of travel was at least 10 times greater than the volume of travel over all other alternate routes combined. If not exactly a "royal road," certainly it was the only way offering a reliable water supply, the protection of numerous fellow emigrants and, in time, ample roadside facilities.

I have calculated that a half-million people migrated west along the main Platte from 1841 to 1866. I estimate that, through 1866, about one-third of the total—roughly 166,000—passing Ft. Kearny turned left above the forks of the Platte to reach Denver.

Today, if one intended to follow the approximate route of the South Platte Trail, one would start either at Ft. Kearny or North Platte in Nebraska, and travel westward along Interstate 80 until it crosses the Nebraska-Colorado line near Julesburg. From there the route follows Interstate 76 to Wiggins, 14 miles west of Fort Morgan. Then it follows U.S. 34, at a right angle to the mountains, to its intersection with U.S. 85 and from there south via Greeley to Denver. This was the main trail from 1858 until 1867. The traveler expecting to see any trail traces or significant landmarks will be disappointed. The vestiges largely disappeared after Indian wars, road-building, and agriculture eradicated the evidence. Unfortunately, there are few historical markers.

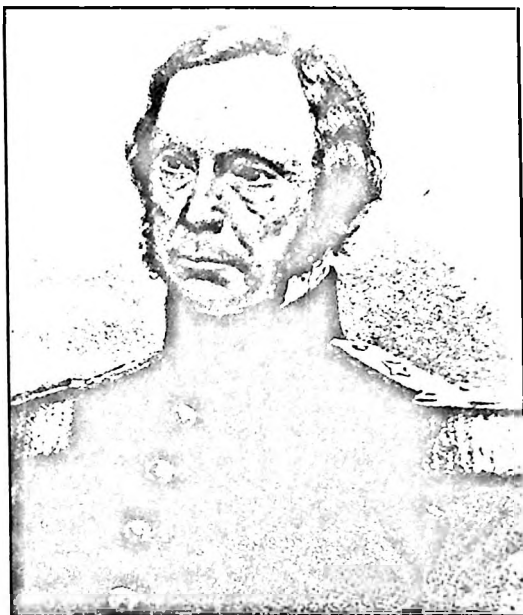
In emigrant days the only important variation from the main river route was the so-called Denver Cutoff. This represented an effort to cut off about 45 miles from the river distance between the Fort Morgan vicinity and Denver, thus eliminating the big bend that swings toward present Greeley. This cutoff began near the mouth of Bijou Creek and went southwesterly toward Denver, cutting across the headwaters of Kiowa Creek before swinging almost due west to reach Denver, roughly in line with present Colfax Avenue. Dr. Margaret Long did the early field work on this branch of the South Platte Trail and mislabeled it "the Fort Morgan Cutoff." She even found evidence of both an "old cutoff" and a "new cutoff." If any evidence survives today it remains to be discovered. At any rate, this cutoff was in operation intermittently for a few years, sometimes involving the collection of tolls to compensate for alleged "improvements" such as sodding sandy stretches. These improvements were of a dubious nature, and most emigrants and stage drivers found it expedient to take the longer river route all the way, rather than take their chances on this dry cutoff.

Who were the first Americans to follow the South Platte? Certainly the first of any reliable record were Lt. Stephen H. Long and his company of 20 men, who started from a point north of present Omaha in 1820, a year after his abortive effort to reach the Upper Missouri on the steamer *Western Engineer*. They followed the Platte and South Platte mile for mile, right through present Denver. Before heading up Plum Creek toward Pikes Peak and the Arkansas River, the party camped at the mouth of South Platte Canyon. They ran up the American flag on a hilltop, probably one which today overlooks the Martin Marietta plant and the upper end of the Chatfield Reservoir.

Stephen Long gets credit for blazing the South Platte Trail, but, ironically, his fame has been tarnished by his quite honest observation that the South Platte Valley seemed to be a dreary wasteland. In his widely published report, he labeled these western plains "the Great American Desert," thus offending later residents benefitting from federal reclamation projects which Long could not possibly have envisioned.

During the next 20 years fur trappers and traders appeared on the scene; but, except for Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River, they operated mainly in the northern Rockies and along the North Platte, symbolized by their annual mountain rendezvous and the establishment of Ft. Laramie on the North Platte. However, there was some intercourse between Bent's Fort and Ft. Laramie via the north-south Trappers' Trail, and when beaver got

Lt. (later Col.) Stephen H. Long followed the South Platte route in 1820, and labeled the western plains "the Great American Desert." (Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library)



scarce in the northern Rockies, there was some exploration of beaver streams in the central Rockies. This led to the establishment of a series of adobe trading posts on the South Platte: Forts Vasquez, Lupton, Jackson and Lookout, the latter also known as Ft. St. Vrain. All were founded between 1835 and 1838, and all were defunct by the early 1840s when the fur trade died. All of these forts were clustered along the southward bend of the South Platte, below present Greeley, so all were on the later South Platte Trail of 1858, although by then in ruins.

The great migration to Colorado followed the discovery of gold in 1858. Prior to that time all the heavy westward traffic was via Wyoming along the North Platte, bypassing future Colorado Territory. South Pass, at the head of the Sweetwater River, a tributary of the North Platte, was the only way across the Continental Divide then known to be negotiable by wagons. The Colorado Rockies were presumed to be impassable to wagons. After gold was discovered on Cherry Creek, the Rockies were penetrated only for mining purposes, and there was no decent road across them until the twentieth century.

The Green-Russell party, credited with the discovery of Colorado gold, did come north from the Arkansas River, but the later stampede followed the South Platte Trail because the main Platte road to Oregon, California, and Utah had demonstrated its unique virtues.

It was a simple matter during the Pikes Peak gold rush to stick with the reliable Platte, then stay on the South Platte and go directly to the nearest mountains where the gold was. If you could get rich in Colorado, why go all the way to California?

Only a handful of people reached Cherry Creek in 1858. One of them was a Nebraskan, Anselm Barker. On the way he met "an old French trader" and his squaw "showing off gold specimens." At Cherry Creek he saw markers staked out by an absentee prospector

for a town to be called St. Charles, a project of William Larimer of Lawrence, Kans. Barker claims that the cabin he built that winter was "the first building to be erected in the nearby platted town of Auraria," on the left bank of the South Platte.

Sam Curtis of Omaha ran into Cherry Creek miners "going to the states for the winter, displaying their gold dust." It was too cold to do any prospecting so Sam built a cabin of cottonwood logs while the Auraria Town Company was "whipsawing logs in anticipation of a building boom."

H.D. Downs was a third prospector from Omaha, among the first to reach what he called "the Nebraska gold mines," but he found only a dreary wilderness with a few cold, hungry men. He was smart enough to return promptly to Omaha to avoid freezing or starving to death. Because news of Cherry Creek gold did not reach the Missouri River settlements until autumn, the gold rush in 1858 was an abortive one. Denver was not yet even dreamed of, and the first small batch of would-be miners was a sorry spectacle.

The real Pikes Peak gold rush belonged to the fifty-miners, vast numbers of them swarming along the Platte. How many were there? The Colorado textbook historians guess 50,000 coming by all known trails. Some contemporary travelers themselves estimated as many as 125,000 coming by the Platte River alone. My best estimate, based on collective impressions of emigrants themselves and newspaper reports, is that the number who actually reached Cherry Creek in 1859 may have been in the neighborhood of 80,000; but the evidence suggests that perhaps half of these men, after a brief and discouraging fling at mining, returned home before winter set in. That leaves out of account another 40,000 or 50,000 who started for Colorado but quit somewhere in Nebraska or eastern Colorado when confronted with reports that Pikes Peak was a "humbug"—that gold was not lying around on the ground after all. Thus my conclusion is that, in 1859, perhaps more than 100,000 started for Colorado, but if you subtract those who quit before reaching their goal and those who returned east after a brief fling at prospecting, those who reached Colorado and stayed in 1859 probably numbered not more than 40,000.

Bear in mind that in 1858 the South Platte Trail was only a faint trace. Early in 1859 E.A. Bowen refers for the first time to "the new road up the South Platte" but with the heavy two-way traffic of that season it quickly became a very well defined thoroughfare. One emigrant describes it as much as 60 feet wide and "hard as an eastern turnpike." The Rev. William H. Goode, heading for the mines to save souls and praising the route like a chamber of commerce spokesman, said the river "probably affords on its banks more miles of good natural highway than any other stream in the known world."

One of the numerous outfits departing from Omaha early in 1859 included two notable recorders, William F. Byers and John L. Daily. They found that the Cherry Creek settlement had been transformed into the rival communities of Denver and Auraria. They had brought a printing press with them and immediately launched the *Rocky Mountain News*, its first edition appearing on April 27, 1859. Byers soon returned to Omaha for his wife and children, making the round trip of 1,200 miles in a remarkably fast 27 days.

Daniel Witter headed for the new Eldorado with violin, guns and a dog. He mentions stumbling upon "a large encampment of Indians waiting to be paid by the U.S." William Salisbury places this "great Indian village" at Fremont's Orchard, which was not actually an orchard but an unusually large cottonwood grove east of Kiowa Creek. Joseph E. Johnson describes the onrushing stream of travelers as "a pageant with confused Indians as onlookers." He speaks of U.S. Army units, presumably escorting peace commissioners to treat with these same Indians.

A correspondent for the *St. Louis Republican* described the gold-seekers' three basic kinds of transportation according to their economic level: the relatively prosperous with animal-drawn wagons; the less affluent with "handcarts or wheelbarrows;" and "the poorest, I fear, take it on foot," usually with a skimpy backpack and no comprehension



whatever of the hardships involved in a 600-mile hike across Stephen Long's "Great American Desert."

The 1859 migration was unique for its disproportionate number of backtrackers. The much-longer California Trail had its share, but never did they outnumber those bound for Pikes Peak who suddenly stopped, turned around, then back-pedaled for home. This migration in reverse is without historical parallel. All turnarounds or "stampedeers" are described by others as being in desperate straits, begging for handouts, sometimes jeering at or threatening the oncoming optimists and swearing to hang the promoters of a gigantic hoax if they could be identified and caught. George L. Pope describes this east-bound rabble as "a beaten, hungry, and haggard lot." In their extremity they committed crimes; we read accounts of assault, robbery, and murder. Whether rumors of starvation and cannibalism had foundation in fact, the homeward stampede of fifty-niners was a grim episode in frontier history.

A bit of comic relief was the "South Platte Navy," hundreds of small boats or rafts launched by returnees in an effort to paddle downstream instead of plodding on sore feet. While there is evidence that a few lucky ones may have returned all the way to civilization by this method, the great majority soon gave up on the unequal struggle against sandbars of the fickle, fluctuating Platte.

Meanwhile, embryonic Denver sprouted like a weed. Gold or no gold. Denver was now on the map, and the South Platte Trail had become the great highway to a new inland empire. Its promising future was forecast by Horace Greeley, famed journalist from Boston, who arrived there on the Pikes Peak Express, then continued on to Ft. Laramie and California. He made no prediction of Denver becoming a sky-scraping metropolis, but he was the ultimate optimist about the region: "It is my strong belief that gold is scarcely less abundant in the Rocky Mountains than in California."

Until Colorado Territory was created in January 1861, the terminus of the South Platte Trail was actually in Kansas Territory, not Nebraska Territory as some loyal Omahans have claimed. The embryonic city was named for James W. Denver, governor of Kansas Territory, and thus the South Platte Trail came to be known also as the Denver Road. In 1849, Denver, himself, followed the Platte and North Platte to California, but there is no record of his ever having followed the South Platte Trail or any other route to the city named in his honor.

The period from 1860 until 1863 could be called "the Era of Comparative Peace," when Denver grew, with the increasing importance of the South Platte Trail as its primary link to civilization. Relationships with the Indian tribes became increasingly fragile, but the general atmosphere was one of tolerance and guarded optimism.

I have calculated travel numbers up the main Platte during this four-year period at about 150,000, more than half of whom chose to keep on toward the southwest and ascend the South Platte to Denver. After the pell-mell rush to Pikes Peak in 1859, and its astonishing reversal as a stampede homeward, subsequent migrations were less feverish. The growing population of Colorado seemed more inclined to stay put, probably becoming aware that the territory had many attractions other than the elusive gold.

There is ample testimony about conditions on the South Platte Trail in 1860. George Clark calls Ft. Kearny "the junction of all roads leading to the mines" including the one from Omaha, which had to ford the two-mile wide Platte to get to the south side. He found the road lined with buffalo carcasses, Indian camps and "billions of buffalo gnats," which caused swollen faces. Helen Clark, who wore the new-style bloomers of that period, found the road swarming with Indians, all peaceful but begging. Denver itself was teeming with Arapahos, celebrating a victory over the Utes. They kept the whole town awake through the night with their dancing and yelling to the cadence of tom-toms. Washington Conley found the trees of Fremont's Orchard, approximately half way between Fort

Morgan and present Greeley, destroyed by "last spring's stampeders." He describes an old fur post ruin as "the council grounds of Sioux, Comanche, and Kiowa" and says that the citizens of Denver are "apprehensive of an attack. . . ."

William Geer found the plains "black with buffalo" and reports that a fight between emigrants and Indians was narrowly averted when the Indian chief, who had bid up to 40 horses for the daughter of the wagon boss, discovered that the wagon boss was only joking. I have read of other wagon trains being placed in jeopardy because some clown made fun of Indian braves who were deadly serious. Just how serious and deadly they could be would soon become apparent.

On a different note, Charles J. Hambleton ran into Indians who freely rented out their squaws for the white man's pleasure in exchange for whiskey and tobacco. Mollie Sanford, an emigrant lady riding horseback ahead of her company, found herself suddenly surrounded by a circle of bronzed warriors. They were merely curious about a lone white woman, but they gave her such a fright that she decided, "Hereafter I shall meekly follow in the rear." George Mohler left Omaha, which he describes as a dull place since half of its population had already left for Denver. Before arriving in Denver he eulogized it as being in the center of the "land of gold;" but when he got there he found it swamped with dazed emigrants wondering just where all the gold was.

From April 1860 to October 1861 the fleet Pony Express ran between St. Joseph, Mo., and Sacramento, Calif., via the main Platte and North Platte. It did, however, first follow the South Platte as far as Julesburg. To that extent it was true that the Pony Express ran through Colorado, but you might say it barely touched base there, just cutting off the northeast corner, because like all others going to California, it crossed the South Platte at Julesburg, followed Lodgepole Creek to near present Sidney, Neb., then went north to reach North Platte.

The first authorized stagecoach and mail service to Denver was routed in 1859 from Leavenworth, Kans., via the Republican River through Kansas and southwestern Nebraska, but that route proved to be impractical and was soon replaced with a line from Atchison, Kans., via the Platte and South Platte to Denver. The best description of the route and its stage stations is by Frank A. Root. In 1863, he was an express messenger. He rode shotgun in the dead of winter, wearing buffalo overshoes and swathes of blankets and buffalo robes. Ft. Kearny was the end of the first division, Julesburg marked the end of the second, and Denver the third.

An important intermediate stop in the last division was Latham, originally called Cherokee City, where the Salt Lake and California stages (in 1862 switched down from the North Platte because of Indian troubles) crossed the South Platte to follow the Cache la Poudre River to Camp Collins and the Laramie Plains.

The present town of Julesburg is on the north side of the river, where it was relocated when the railroad was built, but the original, historic Julesburg was on the south side, adjacent to today's Interstate 76. The place was first called Overland City by the 1859 stageline operator. In 1860 Dr. C.M. Clark simply labels it "Upper crossing," meaning the point where traffic bound for Ft. Laramie and points west crossed the South Platte.

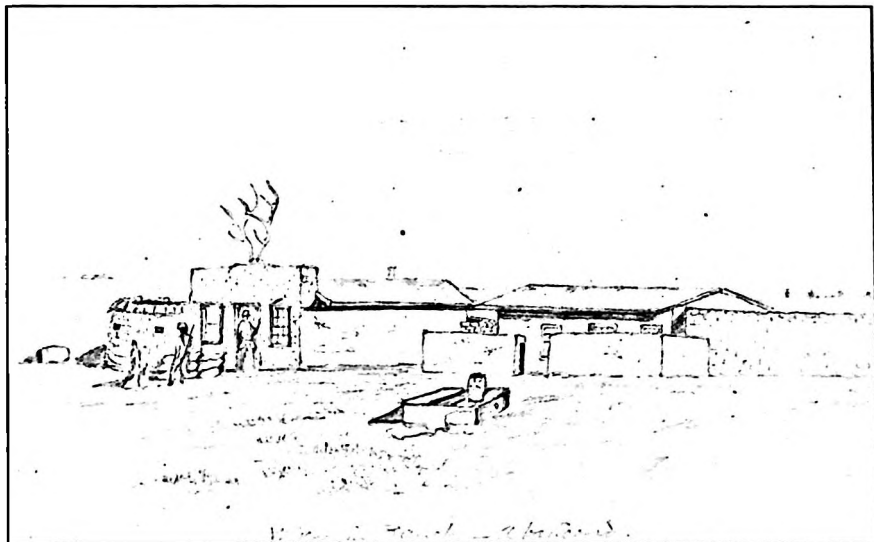
The origin of the name Julesburg is a mystery. According to legend, it was named for Jules Beni, who supposedly had a trading post there and who achieved a dubious immortality by incurring the enmity of Jack Slade who killed him in a shoot-out, then cut off his ears and used one of them for a watch fob. (Visitors can buy a replica of Jules' famous ear at the Julesburg Museum, which occupies the abandoned Union Pacific passenger depot.) The problem is that I have yet to find an authoritative source that clearly identifies Jules Beni at this place or any other place. In fact, Dr. Clark says that in 1860 there was a Frenchman living there, but his name was "Beaubien," which is hardly recognizable as "Beni."

Folklore aside, Julesburg was of critical importance to the South Platte Trail. It was the place of divergence from the later-period California Trail and thus became a primary junction point for the Pony Express, the transcontinental telegraph, overland stage lines and for military operations during the Indian wars.

Dr. Clark describes the road beyond Julesburg as rugged, with stretches of sandhills that buried the wheels and strained the animals. Other reports relate that sometimes stage drivers would require passengers to get out and walk so horses could make headway. Clark avoided the much-maligned Denver Cutoff, which had almost no water, little grass and a terrible stench, being lined with the carcasses of animals. Between Ft. St. Vrain and Denver, begging Arapahos were so thick, "we finally applied the lash to several, which drove them away."

In 1861, the Rev. Amos Billingsley took a coach of the Western Stage Line from Omaha to Ft. Kearny and there caught the Atchison stage to Denver, finding himself in the company of the Rev. J.H. Chivington, six other men, a lady, and a small boy. After a fare of greasy indigestibles offered at most stations, they feasted sumptuously at the Lillian Springs Station on antelope, ham, eggs and honey, all for 75 cents. His trip from Omaha took 6½ days.

In 1863 Fitz Hugh Ludlow rode west on a mail wagon. At one point he and fellow passengers had to overpower and expel a drunken driver who endangered their lives. At Ft. Kearny they had to fight with transfers from Omaha to get seats on the Denver run.



(Merrill J. Mattes Collection)

The Wisconsin Ranch was one of the fortified road ranches along the trail. Sketch was made after the ranch was abandoned.

Jacklow put up at the Planter's Hotel, including Cherry Creek, a chameleon of a stream, by turns a mere trickle or a raging, murderous flood.

That same year Maurice O. Monte, an English sightseer, also took the mail and stage route. He reports that the viable telegraph line began at Ft. Kearny, coming in from Omaha, and ending at Julesburg. From there it turned north toward Ft. Larabee. Denver, it seems, was not blessed with a telegraph line along the South Platte until 1864, just in time for the line to become a favorite target of hostile Indians, and unscrupulous emigrants who found telegraph poles a handy substitute for scarce firewood. Morris noted that Denver, in 1864, boasted new brick buildings and a population of 5,000, a faint promise of the future metropolis.

Passengers testified that the expensive stagecoach, with its \$100-or-more fare, from Atchison to Denver was no joyride. They often suffered from cramped positions in the overcrowded stages, as well as from heat or cold, dust, and the sickening sway of the Concord "cradles on wheels." Samuel Sherwell, a lowly bullwhacker, sympathized with the passengers. He reports that on a passing stage, "The heads and limbs of the jaded occupants were sticking out of windows in all sorts of dejected attitudes."

In their aforementioned books, Propst and Monahan identify about 30 road ranches and stage stations between Julesburg and Denver. These had colorful names like Antelope Station, Lillian Springs, Wisconsin Ranch, Moore and Kelly's, Godfrey's Ranch, Junction Station, and Eagle's Nest. Most of these ranches figured melodramatically in the Indian wars.

Between 1863 and 1876, Plains Indian warfare involved primarily the Sioux and Cheyenne. Some of their most vicious attacks occurred first along the South Platte Trail, 1864-1865, disrupting traffic, raiding road ranches and stage stations, and threatening Denver with severe shortages. However, most vulnerable and terrorized were the innocent trail travelers. Without benefit of sod-wall fortifications which protected the station-keepers, those on the trail had no choice when attacked but to circle their wagons for a defensive stand, or flee for their lives.

When the Colorado Territory was created in 1861, Gov. John Evans gave high priority to easing the tensions between red men and white, hoping, unrealistically, to ensure permanent peace by persuading the Indians to confine themselves to reservations. A few minor chiefs agreed to parley, and some put their cross marks on documents they did not understand, but the main chiefs and warriors wanted no part of the white man's proposal. They preferred to hunt and roam as they pleased. More incidents led to a series of atrocities in 1864. The massacre of the Hungate family on Box Elder Creek near Denver, and of an entire emigrant train of Iowans at Plum Creek west of Ft. Kearny, coupled with the kidnapping and rape of white women at Plum Creek and on Nebraska's Little Blue River, created a frenzy on the frontier. Colorado Volunteers and regular Army troops from Ft. Kearny were the first to respond. Fortified posts were established at Camp Wardwell (later named Ft. Morgan) and Ft. Rankin at Julesburg, which was soon succeeded by nearby Ft. Sedgwick. Indian raids and military pursuits and reprisals, all on a small scale, were climaxed by one horrendous clash on Sand Creek in southeastern Colorado—not on the South Platte Trail but with results that quickly led to the devastation of the South Platte posts and ranches early in 1865.

At Sand Creek near Ft. Lyon the Indian agent had authorized an encampment of peaceful factions of Cheyenne and Arapahos, under the protection of the American flag. Volunteers led by the Reverend now Colonel Chivington, whom we encountered earlier on a stagecoach, ignored the flag and made a ruthless surprise attack on the Indian camp, killing approximately 150 men, women, and children. They returned to Denver with scalps and various anatomical parts as souvenirs. Though Denver rejoiced, the Congress of the United States condemned this massacre, while the reaction of the Cheyenne and



(Merrill J. Mattes Collection)

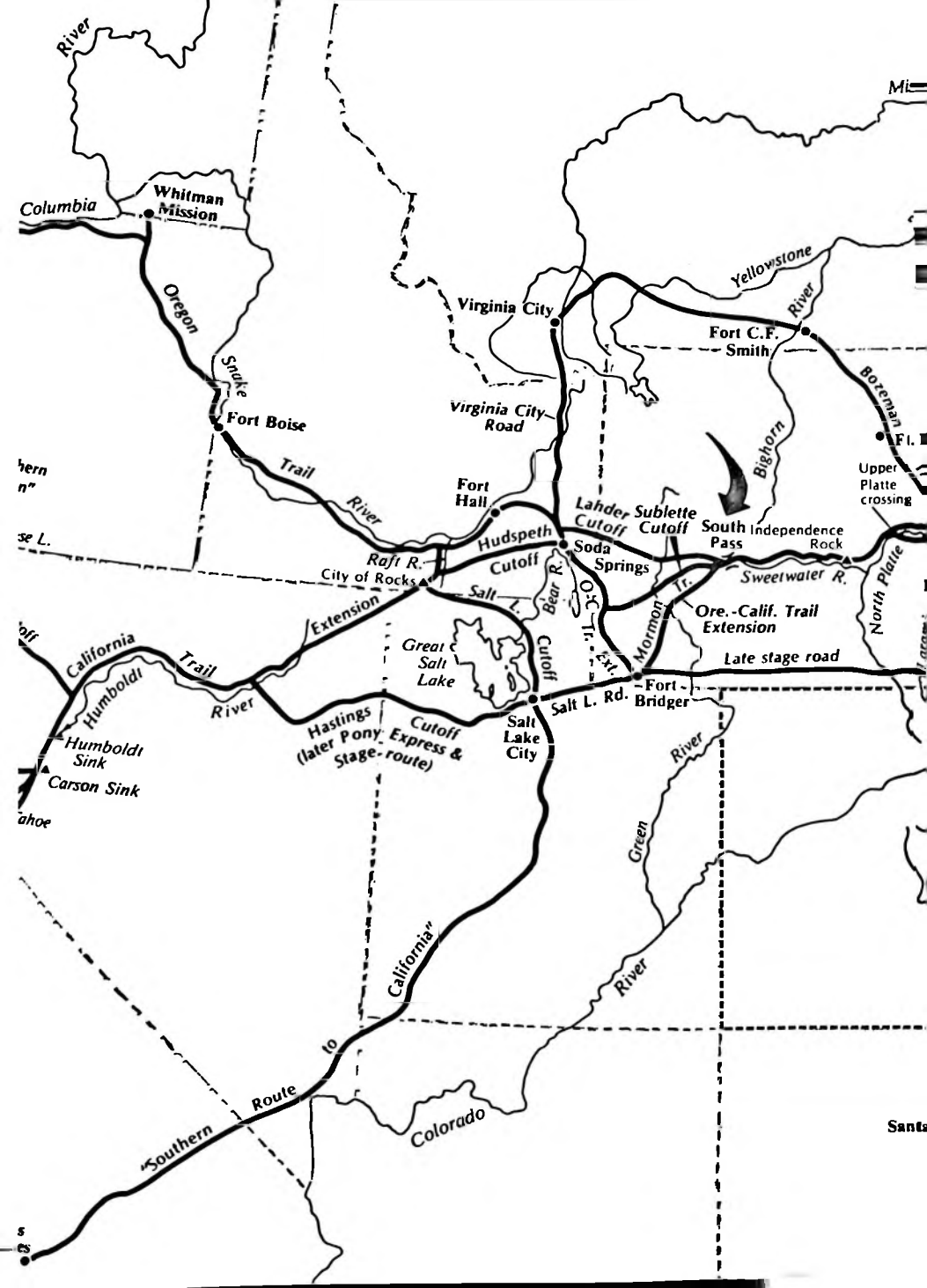
Drawing by a modern artist depicts looting of Julesburg after an Indian attack.

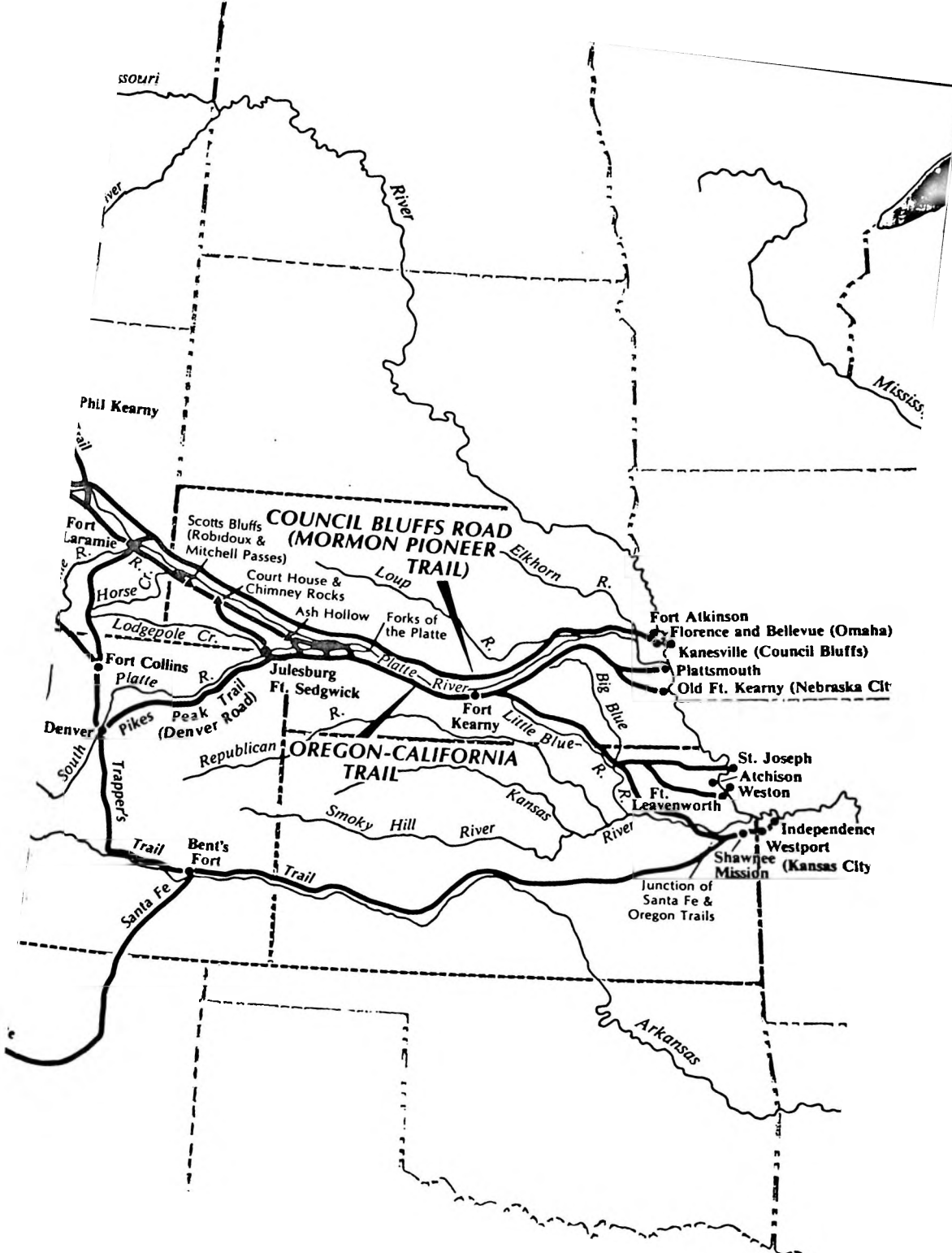
Sioux—allies of the Arapahos—was a declaration of war, focusing on Denver's lifeline, the South Platte Trail. I refer those keen on all the gory details to Propst or Monahan.

In January 1865, Camp Rankin was commanded by Maj. Nicholas O'Brien, reporting to headquarters at Ft. Kearny. One mile east of Camp Rankin was Julesburg, consisting of the Overland Stage Co. complex, the telegraph office, the best stocked store east of Denver, and an adjacent ranch. A vengeful horde of Indians erupted from ambush in the nearby hills, first chasing an oncoming stagecoach, and then surrounding two wagon trains. O'Brien sent 30 men, aided by civilian volunteers, to escort the trains. It soon became apparent that the soldiers would be overwhelmed by a vastly superior force. During their retreat to the stockade, 15 soldiers and five civilian volunteers were killed and left on the field. The Indians then looted Julesburg, making off with a bonanza of supplies and provisions. The abandoned stagecoach yielded a treasure chest full of greenbacks which the Indians chopped up and scattered to the four winds. Thereafter, they moved downriver to destroy ranches and stage stations that they might have overlooked previously, slaughtering all white men and capturing any white women encountered.

In 1864, even before the all-out raids for revenge brought on by the Sand Creek Massacre, South Platte travel diaries reflect the dangers of the road. Jared Brush, a freighter, found some stations burned, wagons abandoned, and occupants slaughtered. Emma Hill met a train of seven wagons that had been besieged, their women hiding in mining machinery boilers for survival. She also describes the remains of one party of "dude Bostonians," massacred and mutilated. George Greenslit, starting from Denver's Planter Hotel by stage, encountered Sioux warriors "painted freshly blood red." His stage was not molested, but barricaded station-keepers and an occasional scalped corpse told of lightning-like raids.

In January 1865, C.B. Hadley, heading west from Omaha with a load of apples packed





Missouri

river

River

Mississ.

Phil Kearny

Fort Laramie R.

**COUNCIL BLUFFS ROAD (MORMON PIONEER TRAIL)**

Scotts Bluffs (Robidoux & Mitchell Passes)

Court House & Chimney Rocks

Ash Hollow

Forks of the Platte

Elkhorn R.

Fort Atkinson

Florence and Bellevue (Omaha)

Kanesville (Council Bluffs)

Plattsmouth

Old Ft. Kearny (Nebraska Cit)

Horse R.

Lodgepole Cr.

Fort Collins R.

Julesburg Ft. Sedgwick

Platte River

Fort Kearny

Big Blue R.

Denver

Pikes Peak Trail (Denver Road)

Republican R.

**OREGON-CALIFORNIA TRAIL**

Little Blue R.

St. Joseph

Atchison

Weston

Ft. Leavenworth

Independence

Westport (Kansas City)

Shawnee Mission

Junction of Santa Fe & Oregon Trails

Smoky Hill River

Kansas River

Platte River

Trappers' Trail

Bent's Fort

Trail

Santa Fe Trail

Arkansas

in bran, noted that the road had been swept clean of forage, and hay ranches had been destroyed. He reached Julesburg soon after the massive attack there and was compelled to remain because the place had been under constant siege. Finally permitted to continue in company with other armed civilians, he experienced a running fight with Indians before he reached Denver, where he sold his precious apples for \$20 a bushel.

Bound by stage from Atchison to Denver, the Honorable Schuyler Colfax—for whom Colfax Avenue was named—noted that Julesburg had been burned to the ground in a second raid on that doomed community. At American Ranch he saw the graves of nine men killed by Indians. Monahan and Propst both record the stark tragedy of the Morris family victimized there: the proprietor and his hired men slain and mutilated, and his wife Sarah assaulted then abducted with her two small children. The children were later killed. Sarah, after suffering unimaginable cruelties, was released for ransom at Ft. Rice on the Missouri River, a haggard ghost of a woman haunted by horrible memories.

On a second stagecoach ride from Atchison to Denver, Frank Root, company guard "trusting to Providence," found the landscape barren but dotted with the remains or graves of people "butchered along the route." His coach was unmolested, but the journey in late winter was like "whistling in the graveyard." Reaching Julesburg in a blizzard, he found it destroyed and deserted. At abandoned ranches he found grisly reminders of carnage, including an Indian who had been incinerated to the point of being barely recognizable as a human being.

Charles E. Young, falling in with a government train with cavalry escort, said that the South Platte was so desolate that it ". . . seemed like Siberia." At Julesburg, what was left of it, there was "a new cemetery, large for so young and small a town." As far as Fremont's Orchard, there was a succession of burned-out ranches, some of them being pointlessly guarded by Colorado Volunteers.

Halie Hodder, heading east from Denver as a passenger in a government wagon, and Charles Ruggles and Francis C. Young at Ft. Kearny, both with freight outfits, reported being detained at starting points until large trains with 100 armed civilians could be assembled with military escort. In retrospect, such precautions were superfluous by the spring of 1865, because after the Indian attacks of January and February most, if not all, the hostiles had moved north to Sioux hunting grounds in Wyoming to escape the white man's wrath.

Young observed that most ranches or stations had been built of "sod slabs, laid grass-side down." These sod walls, wrongly called "adobe" by many observers, were usually two feet thick, and had portholes or gun slots. The walls, themselves, could not be burned. Young called them "the best fortifications ever devised." While some hapless victims were caught outside, these walls prevented the South Platte death toll from rising far above a total I estimate at around 300. This tally includes corpses of emigrants, or graves reported in emigrant diaries; however, it does not include those hapless emigrants or freighters who undoubtedly died at the hands of Indians, but whose numbers and identities are forever lost.

It is bitterly ironic, of course, that generally speaking, the white victims of the South Platte Indian raids had no part in, and possibly had never even heard about the Sand Creek Massacre of October 1864. Conversely, if any of the military participants in that massacre ever received retribution from Indians seeking revenge, such a fact is unrecorded for posterity.

In 1866, stage passenger Theodore Davis traveled with a rifle cradled in his lap to repel Indian attack, but he did not need it. James Meline thought the Sioux and Cheyenne were lying low. In fact, in 1866 many of them were at Ft. Laramie on the North Platte, trying in vain to negotiate a peace treaty with the United States commissioners.

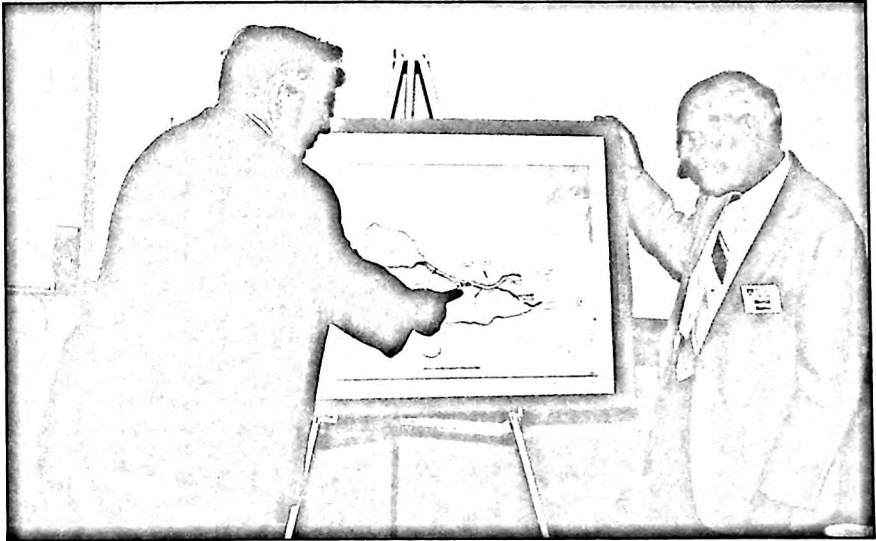
Until 1877 there would be little peace on the northern plains. There were many more



outbreaks of hostility, and in 1876 a full-scale war would reach its climax on the Little Bighorn River in Montana. For all practical purposes, the Sioux-Cheyenne war along the South Platte Trail in Colorado ended 10 years earlier.

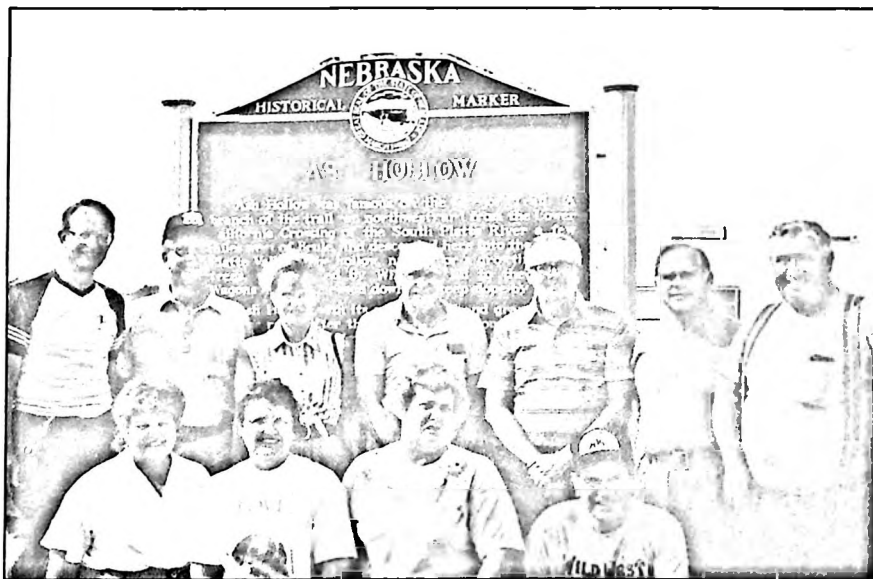
Elizabeth Keyes read the future in 1866 when she discovered the old Julesburg site deserted, and "buildings going up for a new town on the north side of the river." This new town was to become a construction camp of the Union Pacific Railroad, advancing due west to the staked-out town of Cheyenne, less than 100 miles north of Denver. Thus, the South Platte Trail, as a major transportation route, would soon become only a memory. However, for more than a decade, this trail was the main artery of migration to the Colorado Territory. The trail was also the primary route of commerce and communication nourishing the new settlements at the foot of the Rockies, enabling them to achieve statehood in 1876.

It is high time to restore the memory and revive the inspiration of the almost-forgotten, long-neglected South Platte Trail.



*(Photo by Alan J. Stewart)*

Denver Westerners Sheriff Jack Morison (left) examines trail map with author Merrill Mattes.



(Photo courtesy Jack Morison)

This group of hardy Westerners was among those who made a trek—by auto, van, camper or covered wagon—down at least part of the Oregon Trail. This past summer marked the 150th anniversary of the Oregon Trail. Standing in front of the Ash Hollow marker on the North Platte River in Nebraska are, from left (back row), Ed Bathke, Omar Quade, Pat Quade, Carl Carlson, Tom Lawry, Bob Lewsader, Jack Morison; front row, Erma Morison, Nancy Bathke, Dot Krieger, and Ted Krieger.

## Over the Corral Rail

*The Roundup* endeavors to stay current on all new Corresponding and Posse Members. However, if you know of any deficiency in such recognition, please inform the editor, or Membership Chairman Roger Michels (telephone, 232-7055).

Two such omissions have been drawn to our attention. Carl E.C. Carlson, a Corresponding Member since 1988, and Omar Quade, who joined as a Corresponding Member in 1990, were both named to the Posse in 1992.

A complete biographical sketch of Carlson was published in connection with his

paper, "Denver and Water," in the July-August '93 *Roundup*. Carl lives at 2794 S. Eaton Way, Denver 80227 (telephone 985-0975).

Quade resides at 2904 S. Newton St., Denver 80236 (phone 936-0103). His wife Pat is a Corresponding Member, and is notable for her performances as Augusta Tabor.

Omar Quade, a native of Columbus, Ohio, resided in Denver until age 6, then lived in Washington, D.C., the Philippines, and San Antonio, before returning to Colorado. He was graduated from East Den-

ver High School and the University of Denver, and served in the Army Air Corps during World War II. For five years he was an officer in the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey. He later joined Stearns-Roger Corp. in Denver, retiring after 27 years. He is a Registered Professional Engineer in Colorado.

Omar is a member of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado (past-vice president), Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, Colorado and Aurora historical societies, Raptor Education Foundation, Colorado Carvers Club, and is a volunteer in the Barr Lake Eagle Watch.

Planning for the Denver Westerners' commemorative *Golden Anniversary Brand Book* is under way, with Lee Olson, Posse Member, as chairman. Posse Member Dick Bowman and Alan Stewart, *Roundup* editor and a past *Brand Book* editor, are also consultants. Denver

Westerners are urged to submit their ideas on contents of the book, to be selected from articles previously published in *The Roundup*, and in earlier *Brand Books*. Unpublished articles may also be considered. Olson's address is 2339 Ward Drive, Lakewood 80215 (telephone 233-9325).

Members of the Denver Westerners are urged to support Westerners International, with payment of \$1 a year membership dues plus a subscription to WI's publication, *Buckskin Bulletin* (four issues a year). Payment of the \$1 should be submitted to Earl McCoy, Roundup Foreman (secretary), 2710 S. Lowell Blvd., Denver 80236. WI is offering members back issues of the *Buckskin Bulletin* at \$3.50 for pre-1970 issues; \$2 for 1970s issues; \$1.50 for 1980s copies; and \$1.25 for issues published in the 1990s. Not all issues are available, and some are "rare and collector's items."

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## About the Author, Merrill Mattes

(Continued from Page 2.)

Ft. Laramie in Wyoming. He was stationed successively at Yellowstone Park, Scotts Bluff and Omaha in Nebraska, San Francisco, and in Denver, where he was Chief of the Office of Historic Preservation for all areas of the National Park System.

A favorite speaker for the Westerners, Mattes has published many articles and book reviews. Previous papers presented to the Denver Posse include, "Missouri River Expedition 1965" (1982) and "War Club and Parasol: Frontier Army Officers' Wives" (1984).

His published books include *Indians, Infants & Infantry*, published by another Westerner, the late Fred Rosenstock; *Colter's Hell & Jackson's Hole*, for more than 20 years a best-seller for visitors at Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Park; and *The Great Platte River Road*, winner of three national awards.

His most recent work is the epic *Platte River Road Narratives*, a compilation and bibliography of Oregon Trail diaries and

journals, first-hand accounts by covered-wagon pioneers on the Platte River Trail to Oregon, California, Utah, and Colorado.

In the Introduction to *Platte River Road Narratives*, popular historical novelist James Michener wrote:

I found Mattes to be not the academic scholar I had supposed, holding a chair in Western history at some good university, but a long-time employee of the National Park Service. As such, he served in many of the places about which he had written, so that his unusual accumulation of knowledge is a rare combination of practical, hands-on experience and scholarly research. I suspect that Mattes is unique in having this dual background, and that no one else but he could have written this book.

Mattes is a co-founder and director emeritus of the Oregon-California Trails Association, and has donated his private library to the organization, headquartered in Independence, Mo.



## 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*

**60 Years of Southwestern Archaeology: A History of the Pecos Conference** by Richard B. Woodbury. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1993. Photographs, maps, references, index; 524 pages. Clothbound, \$29.95.

If you have any interest in Southwestern archaeology and archaeologists, then this is a book you do not want to miss. In it, you will discover the personalities of many of the people you have read about, or who wrote books you have read. You will also read about people with whom you have had personal contact in other places, and about events in the Southwest.

In 1927, Alfred V. Kidder invited fellow field archaeologists with an interest in the Southwest to gather together at the pueblo ruin at Pecos, N.M., to share what they were doing and what they were discovering about the people who had once inhabited the region. There were no official records kept, but Woodbury has attempted to determine who was there and provide a short biographical sketch of each of the participants. The second conference was held in 1929, and except for a five-year gap, 1932-36, and the war years of 1942-45, the conference has taken place annually.

The setting has been as far east as Trinidad, Colo.; as far south as Kino Bay, Mexico; as far west as Prescott, Ariz.; and as far north as Blanding, Utah. The majority of the conferences have taken place in New Mexico and Arizona, and the 1993 conference was in Springerville, Ariz.

There has never been a formal organization with officers and rules. The conference has depended on ad hoc and interim

committees, formed on a one-year basis, to plan for the next year's conference. Over the years, the number of participants has grown which has resulted in a debate over the advantages of small-group over large-group meetings. Another early issue was whether students would be allowed to attend and whether attendance should be by invitation, only. Once in the early years, certain archaeologists who were not invited were informed after joining the line for dinner that they would not be allowed to eat with the other participants, but would have to find food in the little village of Pecos.

Some people really enjoyed being a part of the Pecos Conference and came year after year. Others, such as Edgar Lee Hewett, came only to the first meeting, and never returned. Hewett lost control of the Laboratory of Anthropology in Santa Fe to Kidder's friends and colleagues. Hewett considered the Southwest his own personal preserve when it came to archaeology, and he did not want anyone else invading his territory.

It was stated that the conference was held where "the wind could blow the cobwebs from one's mind." This seems to be a major criterion for the selection of conference sites, as only about a dozen times has it been held in a city. Of course the "wide open-spaces" may be better for the enjoyment of the conference attendees, as there were several times when the parties got out of hand, and a warning had to be issued for the next year's meeting.

This year (1993) the Pecos Conference was in Springerville, Ariz., at the site of Casa Malpais, and the wind did blow the

cobwebs from a few minds as there were numerous presentations during the two days that were most informative. A theory concerning what might have happened to the Mogollon and Hohokam cultures was advanced by one speaker. He suggested that heavy rainfall caused flooding which resulted in excessive erosion and a lowering of the water table in the Mogollon region. This heavy rainfall also brought about sweeping destruction of the Hohokam irrigation system. This is the purpose of the conference: introducing a new idea to debate.

Richard B. Woodbury has used all the sources available, including interviewing a number of participants, to develop a complete picture of what has certainly been a major factor in the development of Southwestern archaeology.

This is not a book for everyone, but I found it enjoyable reading, and very informative.

—Ray Jenkins, P.M.

**Elizabeth Bacon Custer and the Making of a Myth** by Shirley A. Leckie. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman and London, 1993. 313 pages. Clothbound, \$26.95.

At last an author has tackled what most historians knew, and until now, have not done much about. Author Leckie's biography of Elizabeth Custer and her account of the celebrated widow's campaign to keep her late husband a hero before the American public fills a void.

Part One—almost two-thirds of the book—concerns itself with Elizabeth Bacon Custer's early life, courtship by George Armstrong Custer, and her experiences as an Army wife until his death in 1876. Part Two relates the grieving widow's activities from 1876 until her death some 57 years later, just short of her 91st birthday on April 4, 1933. According to the author, by the time she died, she had achieved economic security, recognition as an author and lecturer, but most of all, she had built the "Custer Legend." Her "Boy

General" was in retrospect, "a brilliant military commander, a solid Christian, a patriot, and a family man without personal failings." Not until her death did military historians and leaders feel free to speak out as to their true feelings; and by that time, most contemporaries were gone, as she had outlived the majority.

Leckie's account is extremely well written and so insightful, it is difficult to put it down. One comment by the author was very typical of Libbie's thinking during the period Custer was alive. Leckie states:

As Libbie struggled to adapt to regular Army life, the divisions among officers disturbed her. She attributed much of the dissension to divergent backgrounds, jealousy or uneasiness over serving under a youthful commander, and tension between West Pointers and those from the volunteer ranks. Her husband, she maintained, understood those problems and sought to win his officers' trust through fairness and impartiality. In truth, Armstrong (Custer) was himself, a major source of conflict within the regiment. He elicited infatuated praise or vindictive condemnation from others, never indifference. Two cliques formed immediately.

From this reviewer's viewpoint, author Leckie has "hit the nail on the head."

The meat of her account is in Part Two where the author elaborates on how Libbie furthered her deceased husband's cause at every opportunity. Her books, *Boots and Saddles*, *Tenting on the Plains*, and *Following the Guidon*, were the weapons she used.

The latter covered the period of time following Custer's court-martial, but the trial was never once mentioned. She edited his many letters to show him in a favorable light, as well. Her publications made Libbie popular on the lecturers' circuit and while she chose this vocation to help earn her livelihood, she used it to the utmost advantage in depicting her "Autie" as the hero she would have liked to remember. One observer perceived her "so beloved in the Army of that day, that by a sort of common consent . . . (Custer's) misdeeds

were not given much publicity."

Others had planned to speak out, but those who might have shed light on the facts were less likely to say anything that might offend Elizabeth in her advanced age. After Elizabeth's death, the floodgates opened and continue to this day. Leckie does an admirable job recounting most of these latter-day detractors, as well.

For those readers wanting something to sink their teeth into, *Elizabeth Bacon Custer and the Making of a Myth* is "the rest of the story" and should be mandatory for all interested in the "Custer Legend."

—Richard A. Cook, P.M.

**Bell Ranch: Cattle Ranching in the Southwest, 1824-1947** by David Remley. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1993. Photographs, notes, index, one map; 409 pages. Clothbound, \$39.95.

David Remley has done an outstanding job of research in collecting the information for this book, and he also has organized the facts in a very readable manner. Using the "Red River Valley Collection" in the University of New Mexico library in Albuquerque as his primary source, the author has added information about the ranch, the owners, and the managers from numerous other sources including interviews with the relatives of the men involved with the ranch. Researchers can thank Albert K. Mitchell for the Red River collection. When he retired as general manager of the Bell Ranch in 1947, he loaded up all the records, including information on the Pablo Montoya Grant, the correspondence of the Bell managers covering the years 1894-1943, and all the operations records, and all of this was given to the University of New Mexico where today it takes up some 90 feet of shelf space.

This is the story of one of the largest ranches in New Mexico, the story of the men who owned and ran the ranch, and the story of cattle raising in New Mexico and surrounding states. The ranch was originally two Mexican land grants, the Baca

Location No. Two and the Pablo Montoya Grant, and all this was increased by additional purchases by Wilson Waddingham, one of the real wheeler-dealers of the West. As was too often the story of New Mexican land grants, the grantees lost out to the lawyers and courts. In this case, it was John S. Watts, the lawyer for the Montoya heirs, who started the process by taking a large part of the grant as his fee.

Without a doubt, the most interesting person connected to the history of the Bell Ranch was Wilson Waddingham, who rose from bartender to financier and was into projects throughout the country, from Leadville to Kansas City. He established the ranch even though his final plan was to subdivide it into irrigated farms. When his empire failed, a group of investors in Connecticut took over the ranch and supervised it until the property was sold in 1947. It was these investors who hired Arthur J. Tisdall (1893-1898), Charles M. O'Donnell (1909-1933), and Albert K. Mitchell (1933-1947) as general managers, giving them the freedom to develop a great cow-and-calf business. As it turned out, these men made one wrong decision when they went to raising Shorthorn cattle. The cattle buyers began to show a preference for Herefords, and the ranch had to sell off its prize Shorthorn herd. One problem faced by Arthur Tisdall was getting the Mexican settlers off the ranch property. He solved this problem in a non-violent manner by paying them more money than their claim was worth, and helping them settle on open land just outside the ranch boundaries. A byproduct of this action was the development of a strong positive attitude toward the Bell Ranch by these Mexicans and respect for property. A strong factor in the peaceful removal could have been that the grant had been given to an individual and not a community, and therefore there were no communal lands for them to attempt to keep.

In the introduction, the author gives the reader a brief summary of the major points of the book, and suggests areas needing additional research, including several of

the men discussed in the book. I would certainly like to know more about Watts and Waddingham, and also what happened to Mike Slattery, the first manager of the Bell.

The Bell Ranch is a business history of one of the major enterprises in the state of New Mexico, and even though the ranch was sold and divided into smaller units in 1947, the brand is still being burned into calves today. David Remley has written a book on ranching that I can recommend without qualification to readers with a strong interest in the history of the Rocky Mountain West.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Under Fire with the Tenth U.S. Cavalry** by Hershel V. Cashin, Charles Alexander, William T. Anderson, Arthur M. Brown, and Horace W. Bivins in 1899. Edited with an introduction by Richard N. Ellis. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1993. 110 illustrations, maps; 370 pages. Cloth-bound, \$29.95; paperback, \$14.95.

Having read the collected works of Mark Twain (not to mention Longfellow, Thoreau, and others), you feel confident that there is still worth in reprinting 100-year-old books. The language may be archaic at times, and some of the ideas may seem a bit out of place in our "enlightened age," but great literature remains great, no matter the age.

However, *Under Fire* ain't great literature—though it qualifies as old.

In 1993, it may be politically prudent for a company to republish a book about the black U.S. soldiers who fought in Cuba in the 1898 war against Spain, but the newly added introduction obviously recognizes the problems this book has when it states, ". . . the book is not particularly well organized." This is an understatement.

While most of the officers were white (including a young Lt. John J. Pershing), there is no denying that the companies of black soldiers—so recently removed from slavery—fought valiantly for their country

in the taking of San Juan Hill. It is no fault of those black soldiers that their story is so poorly represented by this book. Most of the narratives, from the soldiers own experiences in Cuba, could have been reorganized and inserted in a new book thus rendering the account much more interesting. What we are left with, instead, is a hodgepodge that serves no one. (The cover is ugly, too.)

Perhaps some historical perspective can be gained from such lines as: "The men of the South know that the prominent characteristic of the old Negro slave was loyalty—a loyalty touching in its beauty and simplicity," but it sounds a bit out of place in 1993 (and that is when it is being read—like it or not). While it may be unfair to review an 1899 book on 1993 terms, it is hard to read some passages. Indeed, many of the people writing in this book seem to want to portray the blacks as "super-Negro."

For example, "While the Negro possesses in a large degree that altruistic sympathy admired by the noblest and best men in the world, he is nevertheless relentless and unsympathetic when called on to defend his country's honor."

Once past the early drivel—precious little actually about the 10th Cavalry—there are actually some very entertaining bits, including a clear narrative by Sgt. Horace W. Bivins.

"After we reached camp the boys made coffee in their tin cups, ate their two hard-tacks and a slice of bacon, after which we were told that we would advance on Santiago early in the morning. The boys were cheerful and whistled 'The Star Spangled Banner' and sang 'A Hot Time in Cuba To-Morrow'."

The officers' reports about the campaign are most interesting, if a bit repetitive, and so is a speech given by John J. Pershing at the Hyde Park M.E. Church in Chicago, Nov. 27, 1898. These, with Sergeant Bivins' account and a few of the more germane pictures, would have made a nice, short book.

You might even be willing to leave in

Nelson A. Miles' warning against alcohol:

"The history of other armies has demonstrated that in a hot climate, abstinence from the use of intoxicating drinks is essential to continual health and efficiency."

About half of the pictures seem to have little to do with the text—for instance, *Sitting Bull*—and may have thrilled an 1899 reader (who had never seen a picture of an Indian), but have nothing to offer in a 1993 reprint.

That pretty well sums up the book: half wheat, half chaff. If you buy it, prepare to sort it out, or choke on the dryness.

—George W. Krieger, P.M.

**The Colorado Book**, edited by Eleanor M. Gehres, Sandra Dallas, Maxine Benson, and Stanley Cuba. Fulcrum Publishing, Golden, Colo. Photos, sketches, index; 414 pages. Hardbound, \$27.95.

Inspired by Montana's monumental anthology, *The Last Best Place*, this parallel work for Colorado was launched in 1990 by Bob Baron, a relative newcomer to the ranks of Colorado's nonfiction publishers. Three years later, Baron's answer to Montana is off the press—handsomely and expertly presented.

More than 150 passages written about Colorado—and not necessarily by trained writers—give a broad sampling of Colorado and its history. The book's contrasts are sometimes amusing, as for example when Bobby Unser explains why Pikes Peak is important to auto racing a few pages after Katharine Lee Bates has ennobled its "purple mountain majesties."

One can always quarrel with the slippery process of selection. Why so much on the Denver People's Fair? Will it someday rise to equal the historical magnificence of the Leadville Ice Palace? And where is Edith Eudora Kohl, a *Denver Post* writer whose determined crusading helped establish Colorado's Governor's Mansion? Her calloused hands came late to a typewriter (she was first a homesteader on the Great

Plains) but she made up for it, just as did Anne Ellis, who is properly included.

But whimsy has its place. Oscar Wilde wrote nothing comparable to "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" in Colorado and yet his very presence here must be recognized. Like General Grant, he got drunk in Colorado, and that counts for something.

The real value of *The Colorado Book* will be as reference. So many people from so many places on earth have come here to marvel at our mix of mountains, mining, climate, and wide-open spaces that our history is important. A guidebook to Colorado's past and present—written by these visitors—is invaluable. The editors of the Fulcrum volume include two members of the Westerners: Eleanor M. Gehres, who manages the Western History Department at the Denver Public Library; and Sandra Dallas, who has written 10 books on the West, including *Buster Midnight's Cafe*.

—Lee Olson, P.M.

**Man of the Family** by Ralph Moody. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1993. (Reprint.) 272 pages. Paperback, \$9.95

**The Fields of Home** by Ralph Moody. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1993. (Reprint.) 335 pages. Paperback, \$9.95.

These are the second and third volumes of an autobiographical trilogy. *Little Britches* was reviewed by Westerner Kenneth Pitman in the Jan.-Feb. 1992 *Round-up*.

I will be honest and admit my bias. I knew Ralph Moody and campaigned to change the name of South Elementary School in Littleton to Ralph Moody Elementary. This was accomplished in the fall of 1987. Ralph lived just a few blocks from the site of the school.

*Man of the Family* continues Ralph's story after the death of his father. He is 11 years old and the oldest child. His triumphs and disappointments in helping his mother deal with everyday survival are heart-warming without being sloppily sen-



timental.

**Fields of Home** begins in 1912, as the Moody family moves to Massachusetts. Ralph has difficulty adjusting to Boston, and goes to his grandfather's farm in Maine. Ralph's budding teenage emotions and his grandfather's erratic behavior bring many clashes and adjustments for both.

All of these books are great for classroom reading (third grade and up) as well as family reading. There are many lessons to be learned for today's youth and their parents. Loyalty, honesty, responsibility, compassion, dignity, respect, and patience are but a few of the sociological values brought out in Moody's writing.

Parents, grandparents, aunts, or uncles should put these books on a child's gift list, or, better yet, read with them.

—Max D. Smith, P.M.

**The Last Cowboys: Closing the Open Range in Southeastern New Mexico, 1890's-1920's** by Connie Brooks. The Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1993. Photographs, maps, bibliography, index; 140 pages. Clothbound, \$22.50.

Books about the open-range cattle industry and the men involved in it have held a special interest for me since the day I selected that particular frontier of the westward movement for intensive study while taking a course taught by Turrentine Jackson, then a visiting professor at the University of Colorado. I read everything available in CU's Norlin Library and spent a lot of time writing about the subject. Later, I would spend even more time with this frontier while studying under Lewis Atherton at the University of Missouri. One of my fellow MU graduate students was Jerry Steffen, now at the University of Oklahoma. The author of this book expresses her gratitude to him in the acknowledgments.

I was eager to read this book for additional information about the cowboys of southeastern New Mexico, but the purpose

of the author was to substantially revise stereotypes about cowboys using information from southeast New Mexico. She based her conclusions on data from 32 men connected with Lea County. Another historian at OU credited by the author is William W. Savage Jr., but in one footnote, Savage states that, "It should be emphasized that the sample of open-range cowboys who came to Lea County to make their homes may be neither statistically significant nor representative."

I believe this is where Ms Brooks' attempt to destroy stereotypes fails. It is difficult to cause a major shift in historical attitudes, based on 32 men at the tail end of the open range. When I define the high point of the open-range cattle industry, it is prior to 1886, in a time of major foreign investment and long drives. Lack of fencing did not mean that the open-range cattle industry was still a major force.

Certainly there were cowboys who settled down, got married, had children and went into other careers. However, the exact percentage of all the men who worked the open range who did this is undetermined. Jack Schaefer told about the end of the open range and its impact on two of the cowboys in his novel, *Monte Walsh*. In Schaefer's book, one man marries and begins to run a store in town, but Monte Walsh just cannot take that route. The open-range cowboy did not have the opportunity very often to move up in society. Lewis Atherton saw the cattle kings as being the important figures on the open-range frontier, while the cowboys were just hired hands. But one way for an employee to move up was through promotion to foreman.

Ms Brooks states that cowboys often got a start in ranching by running their own brand on the ranch for which they rode. This was not allowed on the vast majority of ranches, for obvious reasons, and on the XIT ranch, an employee was not even allowed to have his own horse.

Richard King, founder of the King Ranch empire in Texas, actually sold his cattle to the trail boss before the drive

began, and the money the trail boss made was dependent upon just how many head he got to market. A good drive could help a man get started on his own ranch.

Ms Brooks also mentions that the men in Lea County were not much for religion. Again, Atherton found that, although the rancher believed in God, the activities of organized religion belonged to their wives. I doubt that during the major years of the open-range cattle industry, the average cowboy would have been welcome in most churches. Churches were across the "deadline" in the Kansas cattle towns.

I recently spent a few days with Dick Nostrand from the University of Oklahoma, who is also mentioned in the acknowledgments by the author. I was attending a conference on "The New Chicano History" in Greeley, Colo., at which he was a presenter. It was possible to see Nostrand's influence in the book, as Ms Brooks used information from the 1910 Census, attempting to determine occupational names in ranching. Nostrand also found the 1910 Census to be very useful in his earlier research.

The author did not accomplish her goal of revising the stereotype of the open-range cowboy. In attempting to prove her point, she often stretched a long way from fact to conclusion. The information that she collected on the cowboys of Lea County, N.M., was interesting. I only wish that more had been done with these men and their lives, without trying to build or destroy stereotypes.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Yosemite, The Embattled Wilderness** by Alfred Runte. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 1993. Many photos, 271 pages. Paperback, \$14.95.

This book could be a wonderful text for a student seeking the origin of Yosemite National Park. Not to be confused with a tourist guide, this book covers such topics as:

- "What Yosemite *ought* to be and what

it in fact became as each generation of Americans re-evaluated the park's purpose and future."

- The environmental history.
- The debate regarding the bears in the park.
- Fire ecology practiced in the past and the future of fire ecology.
- And natural resources, people and events and the redirection in management.

The book begins with the description of Yosemite's wonders. Accounts include the arrival of the first tourists in 1855, and the first settler in the valley. Several of the photographs show such scenes as Half Dome at 8,842 ft. elevation rising from the floor of the valley; Yosemite Falls—actually three separate cascades; the view from Glacier Point; the giant sequoias of the Mariposa Grove; photos of Frederick Law Olmsted, the first chairman of the Yosemite Park Commission; and one of John Muir accompanying President Theodore Roosevelt through Yosemite in May 1903.

In addition there are colored photos of paintings by Albert Bierstadt and Thomas Hill; colored examples of Southern Pacific brochures; early auto brochures; and the 1904 cover of *Sunset* magazine.

The book explains the transition from military to National Park Service management and the little immediate effect on the resource policy in Yosemite. However, from roads and bridges to camps and hotels, the park was structured to accommodate growing numbers of tourists. Many pages carry information about the founders of Camp Curry in 1899. Government regulations imposed during the late 1920s and the 1930s finally banned automobiles and campers from using open meadows. The luxurious Ahwahnee Hotel which opened in 1927 is discussed in detail.

The book ends with the Epilogue: Reassessment and Future:

"Every conflict in Yosemite's history, and therefore every suggestion of these conflicts yet to come, can be traced to some compromise of the ideal that a national park first and foremost should exist

for the protection of its natural heritage."  
—Erma Morison, C.M.

**White Sands: The History of a National Monument** by Dietmar Schneider-Hector. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1993. Photographs, bibliography, index; 281 pages. Paperback, \$17.50.

This is the complete story of White Sands National Monument (WSNM) including the geologic formation, the flora and fauna, the history of the area, and the creation of the monument. A major portion of the book is concerned with the political activities that involved A.B. Fall and other members of New Mexico's congressional delegation in developing a possible national park in the area.

A major role was played by a local resident, both in formation and early direction of the monument. Tom Charles lobbied for the establishment of the monument and was its first custodian. After resigning that position, Charles ran the concession at WSNM where he provided tows over the dunes on sand boards, along with refreshments.

One of the book's most interesting aspects is the WSNM conflict between the military and the National Park Service. The author hopes that, with the end of the Cold War, the military presence at White Sands will decline and more of the area will be opened to public use. I for one would enjoy the opportunity to visit the grave of Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Western fiction writer, which is in an off-limits area of the missile range.

I do wish that the construction of the individual chapters had more of a chronological order, as the author jumps around on dates as well as topics. The editors could have done a better job of proofreading as, for the first time ever in a New Mexico Press book, I found sentences with large gaps resulting from mistakes made in word-processing, and there are pages on which the printing ends three lines or so from the established bottom of the page.

Twice I have been in Alamogordo heading for the WSNM and have been sidetracked. After reading this book, I will certainly attempt to finally visit the monument the next time I am in that area of New Mexico.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Many More Mountains, Vol. 2, Ruts Into Silverton** by Allen Nossaman. Sundance Publications Ltd., Denver, 1993. Index, maps, illustrations; 352 pages. Hardbound, \$39.

Vol. 1 of Judge Nossaman's history of his town of Silverton contained 10 chapters. So Vol. 2, unconventional though it may be, opens with Chapter 11. The author uses 1876, Colorado's year of statehood, as a starting date for his ambitious narrative.

The opening chapter gives a detailed description of Silverton as it appeared in Colorado's Centennial year. There were some 70 buildings, mostly along Reese Street. Included among them was a bakery, barber shop, a newspaper, (*The La Plata Miner*), a hotel, and an assortment of private dwellings. About 40 additional structures appeared by the end of that year, including eight saloons and two brothels. Jane Bowen was the town's first madam.

A surprising variety of persons familiar to a student of Colorado history appeared in the San Juans. Included among them was Tom Bowen, an attorney and political figure who owned the Little Annie Mine at Summitville; Reverends George and Alexander Darley who built churches and rode circuit among the mountain towns; and "Noisy Tom" Thomas Pollock, Denver's first hangman. Pollock's wife was Sarah Chivington, daughter of the Rev. John M. Chivington of Sand Creek fame—or infamy. H.A.W. Tabor purchased a mine in Alaska Basin. John Moss, founder of Parrott City, also appeared, as did Otto Mears.

This reviewer particularly appreciated

Chapter 15 and its account of Animas Fords, the first San Juan ghost town I ever saw. The chapter is lengthy, filling pages 169 through 226. Nossaman has included a very comprehensive street plan of the town. To his everlasting credit, he has disposed of that old bromide about the Walsh house. This still-imposing structure was neither built nor lived in by Thomas Walsh. Instead, a miner named William Duncan either built it or contracted for it as a home for his family.

This impressive volume contains many excellent maps and tables. The author somehow located numerous photographs of San Juan pioneers, and they appear throughout the book. Extensive footnotes are worthy of a "read" in their own right. As one might expect from any Sundance book, the numerous photographs by Nossaman and Dell McCoy enhance the book's desirability. Many of them are in color, and are truly beautiful.

In conclusion, this is a well-written volume, scholarly but very readable. I truly enjoyed time spent reading it.

—Robert L. Brown, P.M.

**Survival of the Spirit: Chiricahua Apaches in Captivity** by H. Henrietta Stockel. Univ. of Nevada Press, Reno, 1993. 36 black-and-white photographs; bibliography, index; 360 pages. Clothbound, \$24.95.

After the surrender of the Chiricahua Apaches in 1886, the United States government proved to be a poor winner. The government's relationship with this tribe required punishment of the Indians, not simply restriction to a reservation. These Apaches had proven to be the most difficult tribe in the Southwest to defeat. They had made the U.S. Army look less than adequate, and there was a strong desire on the part of the victors to destroy these people. While there was not an official

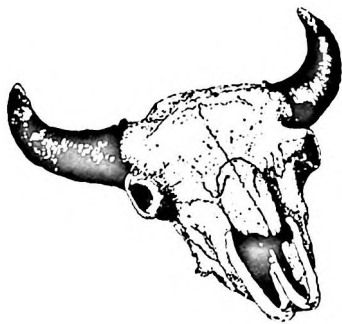
"final solution," the attitude of President Grover Cleveland and other members of the government was one of not caring about the suffering the Chiricahua had to face, and the number of Apache deaths resulting from this government attitude. The promises of Gen. Nelson A. Miles at the surrender were ignored by the rest of the Army and federal government.

Henrietta Stockel has told the story of the Chiricahua, from their surrender to imprisonment first at Ft. Marion and Ft. Pickens in Florida, and then at Mount Vernon, Ala., and finally at Ft. Sill, Okla. Her major thrust is the impact of "white man's diseases" upon these Native Americans, who had little or no resistance to such sickness. The failure of tribal methods to prevent and treat these diseases is another important aspect of the book. The herbs available to the Apaches in Arizona and northern Mexico just did not exist in Florida and Georgia, and too often, substitute remedies backfired and killed the patient.

One of the greatest tragedies regarding the treatment of these Apaches befell children who were sent to school in Carlisle, Pa., where so many contracted tuberculosis, and as they were dying, these children were put on trains to Florida and Georgia. Some died on the train while many others died shortly after arrival. This disease was a major killer of the Chiricahua, but instead of sending Indians to the dry Southwest where doctors throughout the United States were sending their patients, the Chiricahua with tuberculosis were kept in the worst kind of environment and died all too often.

This treatment of prisoners of war and their families must rank as one of the saddest events in the history of our nation, and Henrietta Stockel has told it as it happened. This is what she promised an elderly Chiricahua man at the end of her interview with him, and she certainly kept her promise.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1993

**THE EVOLUTION OF THE DANITES  
AND THE MORMON WAR OF 1838**

by Keith Fessenden, P.M.



*(Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library)*

This sketch depicts the October 30, 1838, massacre at Hauns Mill in Caldwell County, Missouri, where 18 Mormons were killed, and 12 to 15 wounded.

## Over the Corral Rail

Over the Corral Rail leads off this issue with the yearly plea for **DUES PAYMENT**. To facilitate your payment, you will find an addressed envelope, with a detachable flap setting forth various charges and membership categories.

Both Corresponding Member dues of \$20 and Posse dues of \$30 go primarily to cover the costs of an annual subscription to *The Roundup*, plus other expenses.

Three additional Corresponding Members have been reported by Membership Chairman **Roger Michels**. The following information was obtained from application blanks submitted by the new members:

□ **Mrs. Sue Godfrey**, 111 Emerson St., Apt. No. 623, Denver 80010. Sue is the widow of longtime Denver Westerner, **George Godfrey** (see July-August 1993 *Roundup*). George was sheriff of the Denver Posse in 1980, and later Membership Chairman, and chairman emeritus for a number of years. Sue lists her interests as ghost towns and general Western history.

□ **Robert W. Larson**, 3022 S. Wheeling Way, No. 204, Aurora 80014-3631. He was introduced to the Westerners by **Tom Noel**, former sheriff, and by fellow members of the Western History Association. His interests include Indian history, the American Southwest, and the Populist movement in the West. He enjoys reading, hiking, and touring Indian battle sites.

Bob is presently writing a biography of Sioux Chief Red Cloud. His published works include, *New Mexico's Quest for Statehood*, *New Mexico Populism*, *Populism in the Mountain West* and a history of the University of Northern Colorado, *Shaping Educational Change*.

He is a past-president of the Colorado History Group (1988-1991), and has been an editorial consultant for the *New Mexico Historical Review* (1976-1989). For the past 20 years, he has been a trustee for University Press of Colorado.

He was a teacher and administrator in  
(Please turn to Page 20.)

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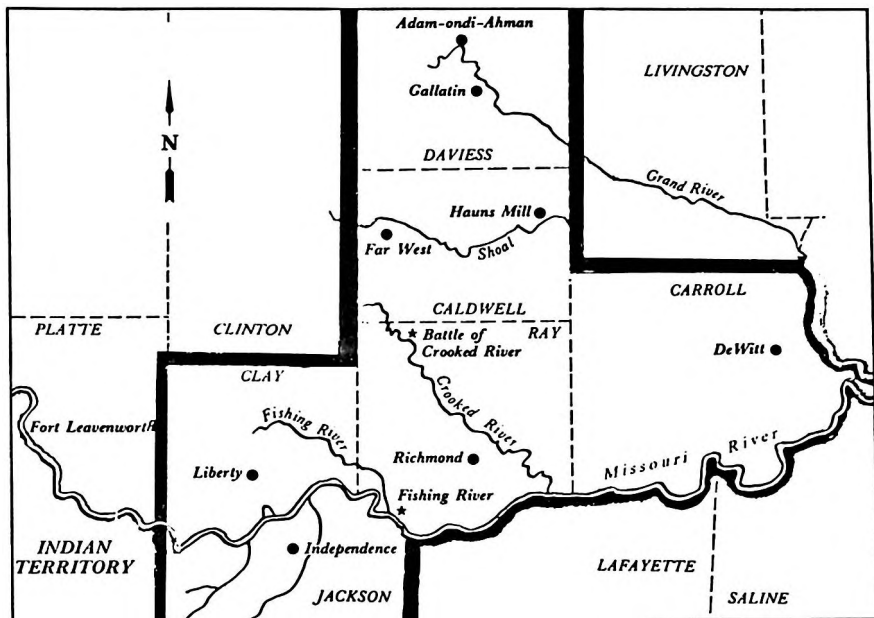
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(Map prepared by author.)

Map shows northern Missouri counties and towns involved in Mormon unrest.

## The Evolution of the Danites and the Mormon War of 1838

by

Keith Fessenden, P.M.

(Presented October 28, 1992)

**A**FTER THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, the infant United States was going through growing pains. Much of the ferment occurred on the ever-advancing frontier. Some went West to seek free land, rich furs, precious metals, or some other quick wealth. Some in the tradition of the earliest American immigrants sought religious truth and freedom.

One area of unrest was in upstate New York, the scene of constant religious turmoil. Here the Smith family settled in the early 1800s.<sup>1</sup> Many in the area were practitioners of or believers in folk magic, using seer stones, divining rods, and talismans. Settlers had moved to the area from many different regions. This mixing brought many clashes of

beliefs. Individuals would join one religion, then later, another, and still later yet another, searching for the denomination offering the "true" way. Established Protestant churches fought among themselves over teachings and biblical interpretations. New churches found favor with individuals bothered by the constant sectarian conflict then in vogue with the old denominations.<sup>2</sup> Some of these individuals were to form new offshoots of older religions. Others broke from Calvinism and revivalism to join new religions such as Alexander Campbell's church, the Disciples of Christ, or Campbellites.

In April 1830, yet another of these new churches was founded by Joseph Smith near Palmyra, N. Y. The new church's membership grew slowly, and as time went by, more and more of the region's "gentiles" (non-Mormons) opposed the Mormons. The young church began to send many of its new members out within days of their conversion to proselytize throughout the eastern half of the infant nation. In the Campbellite congregation of Sidney Rigdon in Mentor, Ohio, the Mormons found many converts. Hundreds more converted to Mormonism within weeks in northeastern Ohio, in the area around Kirtland. Finding the climate much more hospitable in Ohio than in New York, the church acted upon the advice of Rigdon and relocated to Kirtland in early 1831.

In the summer of 1831 the Mormons' failed Mission to the Indians settled on the western frontier of Missouri in what later became Jackson County. It was revealed by Joseph Smith that Independence would be the central gathering place for New Jerusalem or "Zion." Zion was to be the location of the "second coming."

In Missouri, few troubles developed initially among the Mormons and their gentile neighbors. However, as more and more Mormons settled in the area friction grew, and tension arose for many reasons:

- The political potential of Mormonism's steady growth.
- The constant Mormon purchase of all available land, coupled with early squatters' fears that the Mormons would buy their as yet-untitled land at government auction.
- Land speculators' fears that a Mormon presence would depreciate land values.
- The Mormon newspaper's antagonism toward other denominations, coupled with those denominations opposing the Mormons' presence.

The Mormons were tolerated by most of their neighbors until the editor of their newspaper, *The Evening and the Morning Star*, stirred the wrath of many Missourians by publishing explicit instructions and legal requirements for free Negroes to immigrate to the state. Missouri had been admitted to the Union as a slave state, under the historic Missouri Compromise. The older settlers were afraid that this peculiar institution was now endangered by the possibility of a mass immigration of free Negroes to the state. Now the anti-Mormons had a rallying point, one which would excite most of the gentile population of Jackson County, Mo., and beyond. On July 30, 1833, the anti-Mormons met at the courthouse in Independence to protest Mormon settlement in western Missouri. Their list of charges against the Mormon settlers included blasphemy, the pretense of receiving revelations directly from God, the pretense of speaking unknown tongues "by direct inspirations;" the corruption of slaves; the boast that their church would take over the country, and conduct posing a menace to public morals.<sup>3</sup>

They demanded that the Mormons stop immigration into Jackson County; that the Mormon newspaper cease publication immediately; that Mormons already in the area should agree to leave the county after being allowed to close their affairs without substantial property loss; and that the Mormon leaders should use their influence to stop further immigration by their Eastern members.<sup>4</sup>

When the Mormons rejected these terms, several were beaten and given a coat of tar and feathers. The Mormon printing press and the store of Gilbert and Whitney were destroyed. Finally, under duress, the local Mormon leaders agreed to evacuate Jackson County, one-half to leave by Jan. 1, 1834, and the balance by April 1. However, on Oct.



20, 1833, believing an agreement made under duress was not binding, the Mormons issued a public proclamation that they would stay in Jackson County and defend their property.

Less than two weeks later, a mob attacked Mormons in the settlement of Big Blue, west of Independence. The local representatives of the legal system clearly took the side of the mob when complaints were made. (For example, on Nov. 1, 1833, four Mormons took an individual caught vandalizing a Mormon's house in Independence before a magistrate to have charges brought against him. He charged the Mormons with false imprisonment and they were jailed and the culprit went free.)

Several clashes between the two sides took place in early November. However, the numbers and the ability to wage guerrilla warfare overwhelmingly favored the anti-Mormons. After a bloody fight on Nov. 4, the Mormons agreed to relocate from their Jackson County Zion to Clay County.

The Mormons were caught in a spiritual dilemma, perhaps best stated by a leader of the church, Oliver Cowdery:

You will undoubtedly see that it is of but *little* consequence to proclaim the everlasting gospel to men, and warn them to flee to Zion for refuge, when there is no Zion, but that which is in possession of the wicked. Lo, Zion must be redeemed, and then the Saints can have a place to flee to for safety.<sup>5</sup>

Mormon settlers continued to locate in western Missouri over the next six years. In Clay County, they were welcomed from December 1833 to early 1836.

In 1836 disturbances took place in Liberty, Clay County, similar to those occurring in Jackson County in 1833.<sup>6</sup> Finally, in an attempt to halt the continual conflict between Mormons and non-Mormons, Alexander W. Doniphan sponsored a bill in the Missouri State Legislature to organize Caldwell County as a Mormon county, from the northern portion of Ray County. In December 1836, the bill passed. Gentile settlers already in Caldwell County sold their land to Mormons and moved. New Mormon settlements were being founded not only in Caldwell, but in Carroll and Daviess counties, as well.

Meantime, the situation in the Ohio Mormon settlements was becoming worse. Finally, in early 1838, church leaders Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon fled to Missouri, following failure of the Bank of Kirtland.

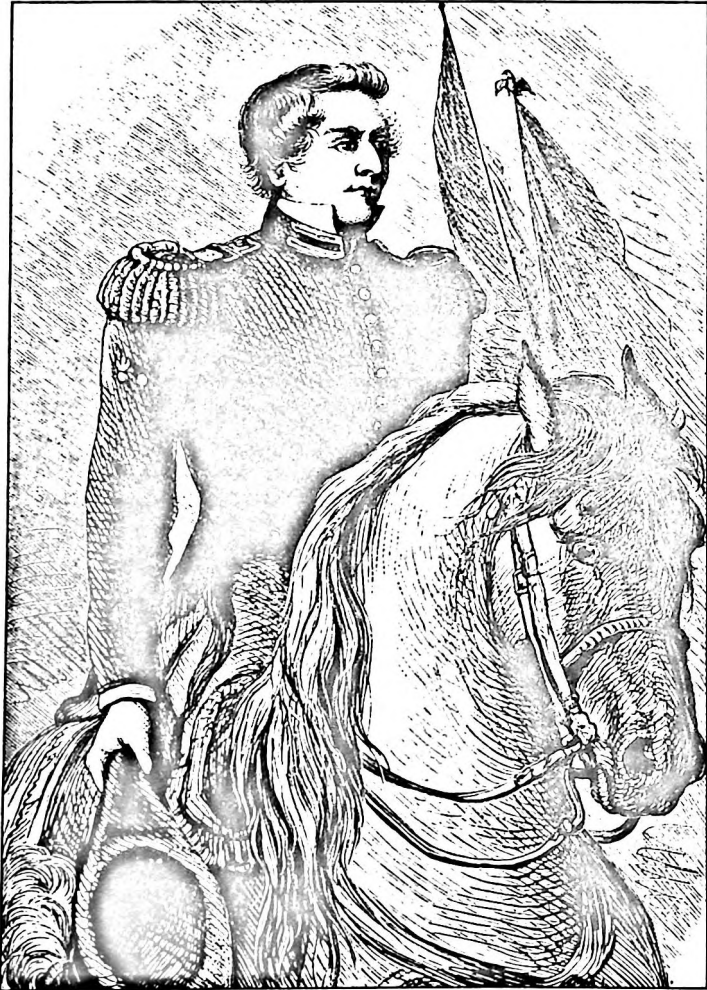
Dr. Sampson Avard was born Oct. 23, year unknown, on the Isle of Guernsey, England. He emigrated to the United States prior to 1835 where he became a Campbellite preacher and a physician. He was baptized as a Mormon in October 1835 and was immediately ordained as an elder and appointed president of his local branch. By June of 1838, Doctor Avard had served on a mission and was a member of the High Council<sup>7</sup> in Far West, Mo., organizing the "Danites."

Among other leaders of the Danite movement was the previously mentioned Sidney Rigdon, born in Pennsylvania in 1793. He was a prominent Baptist minister who became a leader in the Campbellite movement. He converted to Mormonism in November 1830. From 1831 until shortly after the death of Joseph Smith in 1844, he remained a dominant figure in the Mormon Church.

Rigdon is described by contemporaries as an "orator of no inconsiderable abilities, his personal influence with an audience was very great. . . . While speaking, open and winning, with a little case of melancholy . . . his language copious, fluent in utterance, with articulation clear and musical."<sup>8</sup>

He remained a leader in the Mormon Church until late in 1844 and was Joseph Smith's running mate when Smith ran for U.S. president that year. Shortly after Joseph Smith's death, Rigdon was excommunicated from the Mormon Church during the struggle to choose Smith's successor.

David W. Patten was born in Theresa, N. Y., and married in 1828. He was baptized a Mormon in 1832 by his brother, John. He became a member of the original Quorum or



*(Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library)*

Lt. Gen. Joseph Smith is depicted in Mormon Legion uniform, in Nauvoo, Ill., about 1842.

Council of the Twelve in 1835. In 1838 he, Brigham Young, and Thomas B. Marsh, were the "Presidents Pro Tem" of the Mormon church in Missouri. Patten was a captain in the Danites, and renowned for his bravery. His abilities as a Danite leader caused him to be known as "Captain Fearnought."

For close to a year, most Mormon settlers in Missouri resided in Caldwell County. Then in May 1838, Joseph Smith laid out a town in central Daviess County, which he named Adam-ondi-Ahman, hereinafter referred to as Diahmon. Recognize that in 1838, Missouri had a population of 325,000, about 10,000 of these Mormons. Most settlers were in eastern Missouri, while the western counties had a relatively small population and much vacant land. Carroll County's population was 1,800; Clinton County, 2,200; Daviess County, 3,000; Chariton County, 3,400; and Ray County, 4,500.<sup>9</sup> By late 1838, it was estimated that Daviess County had more than two Mormons to each gentile. Through their immigration policy of gathering in one area, the Mormons were obviously in the process of taking over the region. This raised considerable consternation among the gentile population of western Missouri for the same reasons as it had earlier in Jackson and Clay counties. Once their presence was established in an area, Mormons formed their own society, traded only at Mormon-owned establishments, voted in a block as their church advised, and generally proceeded to exclude gentile neighbors while dominating local civic affairs.

Shortly after Joseph Smith's arrival in Far West from Ohio, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, and other dissenters to the Mormon Church were excommunicated. However, instead of leaving the area, they remained in Far West to oppose Joseph Smith. It soon was rumored among the Saints that the dissenters were plotting to destroy the church.

Sidney Rigdon's oratorical skills helped resolve this situation to the Mormons' liking, but precipitated troubles in Missouri with his famous "Salt Sermon," delivered on June 19, 1838. In this sermon, Rigdon drew his inspiration from the text of Matthew 5:13 when he stated, "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? It is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men. . . ."<sup>10</sup>

He proceeded to conclude his speech with the words:

If the county cannot be freed of these men in any other way, I will assist to trample them down or erect a gallows on the square of Far West and hang them up as they did the gamblers at Vicksburg, and it would be an act at which the angels would smile with approbation.<sup>11</sup>

In his direct and powerful way he was advising the dissenters to leave or face the consequences.

Shortly before Rigdon's "Salt Sermon" was given, the organization which ultimately became the "Danites" is believed to have been formed.<sup>12</sup> They were known by several different names—initially "Brothers of Gideon,"<sup>13</sup> then "Daughters of Zion,"<sup>14</sup> then "Sons of Dan" or "Danites."<sup>15</sup> The gentiles soon changed this to "Damnites."<sup>16</sup> The organization is usually referred to by the generic term, Danites. The Brothers of Gideon was organized with "the original object . . . to drive from the county of Caldwell all those who dissented from the Mormon church."<sup>17</sup>

According to the suspect testimony of Dr. Sampson Avard,<sup>18</sup> members were required to subscribe to a covenant. The covenant or oath as revealed in an anti-Mormon expose of the 1840s was, "Now, I do solemnly swear, by the eternal Jehovah, that I will decree to bear and conceal, and never reveal, this secret, at the peril of committing perjury, and the pains of death, and my body to be shot and laid in the dust."<sup>19</sup>

Mormon Bishop John D. Lee stated in his memoirs:

The members of this order were placed under the most sacred obligations that language could invent. They were sworn to stand by and sustain each other. Sustain, protect,

defend, and obey the leaders of the church, under any and all circumstances unto death; and to disobey the orders of the leaders of the church, or divulge the name of a Danite to an outsider, or to make public any of the secrets of the order of Danites, was to be punished with death. And I can say of a truth, many have paid the penalty for failure to keep their covenants.<sup>20</sup>

The members of the organization had a sign of recognition which was also used as a signal of distress. According to Lee, "When the sign was given it must be responded to and obeyed, even at the risk or certainty of death. The Danite that would refuse to respect the token, and comply with all its requirements, was stamped with dishonor, infamy, shame, disgrace, and his fate for cowardice and treachery was death."<sup>21</sup>

Lee said the sign was made by placing the hand on the right side of the face, with the points of the fingers upwards, shoving the hand upwards until the ear is snug up between the thumb and fore-finger.<sup>22</sup> Another source said that the hand must strike the right thigh before moving to the face.<sup>23</sup>

In late June, about the same time as the "Salt Sermon," a document was prepared and signed by Doctor Avard and 83 others, including Smith's brother and counselor, Hyrum Smith; several Far West high councilmen; and the sheriff of Caldwell County. The document was sent to the five dissenters, Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer, John Whitmer, William W. Phelps, and Lyman E. Johnson. They were given three days to leave the county undisturbed, and advised "if you do not depart, we will use means in our power to cause you to depart, for go you shall."<sup>24</sup>

With the dissenters' departure the Brothers of Gideon no longer had a reason to exist. At a late June meeting of the Danites, held shortly after the dissenters had left, Doctor Avard addressed at a meeting the organization's new purpose, "That we might be perfectly organized to defend ourselves against mobs; that we were all to be governed by the presidency, and do whatever they required, and uphold them; that we were not to judge for ourselves whether it were right or wrong. . . ."<sup>25</sup>

At this point, most historians believe the Danites were referred to as the "Daughters of Zion."

During this time, the organization grew, and it is thought that most members of the Mormon Militia were also Danites.<sup>26</sup> There was now a Danite band in Far West and one in Diahmon. Danite officers in Far West were George W. Robertson, colonel; Philo Dibble, lieutenant colonel; Seymour W. Robertson, major; and Reed Peck, adjutant. The leader of the Diahmon Danites was Lyman Wight. Above these local officers were Jared Carter, captain general (he also had the title, Captain General of the Lord's Hosts); Cornelius P. Lott, major general; and Dr. Sampson Avard, brigadier general.<sup>27</sup> Elias Higbee was also at one time captain general of the organization.

Doctor Avard was the primary organizer and driving force behind the Danites. The force was organized into companies of tens, fifties, and hundreds. Each company had a captain.

The church hierarchy, it is now believed, did not actively direct the Danites' actions, but it had knowledge of, and actively encouraged the organization's activities.<sup>28</sup>

Then on July 4, 1838, Sidney Rigdon gave a Mormon Declaration of Independence. His speech ended with:

We take God and all the holy angels to witness this day, that we warn all men in the name of Jesus Christ, to come on us no more forever, for from this hour, we will bear it no more, our rights shall no more be trampled on with impunity. The man or set of men, who attempts it, does it at the expense of their lives. And that mob that comes on us to disturb us, it shall be between us and them a war of extermination . . . for we will carry the seat of war to their own houses, and their own families, and one party or the other shall be utterly destroyed. Remember it then all MEN.

No man shall be at liberty to come into our streets, to threaten us with mobs, for if he docs, he shall atone for it before he leaves the place . . .

We therefore, take all men to record this day, that we proclaim our liberty this day, as did our fathers. And we pledge this day to one another, our fortunes, our lives, and our sacred honors, to be delivered from the persecutions which we have had to endure, for the last nine years, or nearly that . . .

We this day then proclaim ourselves free, with a purpose and a determination that never can be broken. No never! No never!! NO NEVER!!!<sup>29</sup>

The first serious sign of conflict began in early July when two Mormon families moved to the town of DeWitt in Carroll County at the request of local townspeople. The townspeople wished to enhance the town's importance and expand its population. Most of the population of Carroll County were not pleased, and began meeting to find a solution. They did not act physically against the Mormons but they placed the issue upon the August ballot for a vote. Citizens could vote for the Mormons to remain, or to leave Carroll County. The mandate of the voters was overwhelmingly in favor of the Mormons leaving. The Mormons refused to leave. Mormons from the East continued to immigrate into DeWitt. Soon more than 100 Mormons were living in DeWitt.<sup>30</sup>

The first significant trouble took place at Gallatin, Mo., the county seat of Daviess County, on election day, Aug. 6. The differential in population mentioned earlier had the effect of practically guaranteeing election of the candidates favored by the Mormons.

Excitement was especially high because this was the first time the citizens of Daviess County could elect their own officials. The anti-Mormon forces had determined to keep the Mormons from voting, by violence if necessary.

On the day of the election, trouble started when, as the Mormons went to the polls, a drunken brute by the name of Richard Weldon stepped up to a little Mormon preacher by the name of Brown and said:

"Are you a Mormon preacher, sir?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Do you Mormons believe in healing the sick by laying on of hands, speaking in tongues, and casting out devils?"

"We do," said Brown.

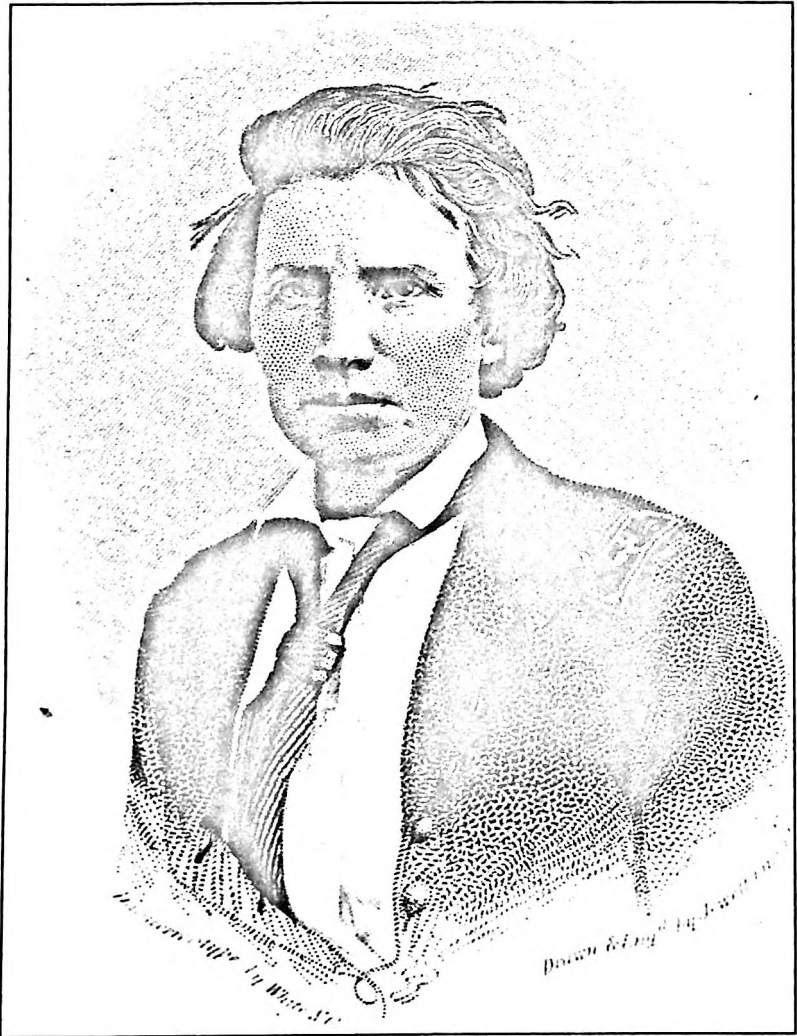
Weldon then said, "You are a d--d liar. Joseph Smith is a d--d imposter." With this he attacked Brown, and beat him severely.<sup>31</sup>

Only four or five individuals were involved when "the Danite sign of distress was . . . given by one of them, John L. Butler, one of the captains of the host of Israel."<sup>32</sup> This served to quickly escalate the violence, as most of the Mormons joined the fray. The fight was soon over, with the Mormons claiming victory. They retained the ground as the anti-Mormons retreated. One would suspect the Mormons were able to cast their ballots, but this is unclear.

Word of the trouble soon reached Far West. In response, Joseph Smith organized and led an armed band of close to 150 men to Daviess County. This band was composed primarily of Danites. They soon learned the rumors had been exaggerated and visited non-Mormon citizens of the county in an attempt to quiet and discourage anticipated mob action against them. Accounts differ but it appears they visited a leader of the anti-Mormon faction, Judge Adam Black, twice in an attempt to get him to sign a statement. The second visit was by more than 100 armed men.

The Mormons who were present claimed they did not force Black to sign anything. He did make the following signed statement:

I, Adam Black, a Justice of the Peace of Daviess County, do hereby Sertify to the people, coled Mromin, that he is bunted to support the constitution of this state, and of the United State, and he is not attached to any mob, nor will not attach himself to any such



*(Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library)*

Gen. Alexander Doniphan helped defuse situation in Daviess County.

people, and so long as they will not molest me, I will not molest them. This the 8th day of August, 1838. Adam Black, J.P.<sup>33</sup>

Others, including the county sheriff, were also visited and other statements were also signed, probably also unwillingly, under similar circumstances.

During the remainder of August and into September, rumors continued to fly on both sides. Indian unrest on the western border of Missouri prompted rumors that the Mormons were in cahoots with the Indians and the gentiles were about to be attacked from two sides. Dissenters from the Mormon settlements further caused unrest with partially true accounts of Mormon activities, with especially vivid stories of Danite rampages.

Mormons on the other hand were kept in a state of concern and apprehension by accounts of mob formation and activity in bordering counties. Since they felt Joseph Smith and others had done nothing wrong in their visits to Judge Black and the others, the Mormons further viewed the consistent attempts to arrest them as persecution.<sup>34</sup>

Joseph Smith, Lyman Wight, and others were charged with insurrection and on Sept. 7, 1838, a hearing was held by Circuit Court Judge Austin A. King. The defendants were ordered to stand trial for a misdemeanor at the next examination of the Grand Jury.

Within a couple of days anti-Mormons in Daviess, Clinton and Livingston counties began to harass Mormon settlers, ordering them from their homes. Some gentile settlers in Daviess County left fearing they would become caught in the middle of the trouble. Most of the Mormons fled to Diahmon to find safety under the leadership of the head of the local Danite band, Lyman Wight.

Judge King called out the State Militia on Sept. 10 to quell civil disturbances in Caldwell, Daviess and Carroll counties.<sup>35</sup>

Meanwhile, in Carroll County efforts increased to force the Mormon settlers to leave DeWitt. On Sept. 12, an armed force of about 60 rode to DeWitt and ordered the Mormons to leave. They refused. Before they could attack the Mormons, however, they and another 90 men had to respond to pleas for assistance from Daviess County.

In Daviess County the militia under Generals Atchison and Doniphan successfully calmed the opposing sides, defused the situation, and ensured a fair preliminary hearing for a group of Mormons accused of complicity in the Judge Black incident.

With calm restored in Daviess County, trouble again broke out in Carroll County. New Mormon settlers were arriving daily. On Sept. 20 the anti-Mormons who had returned from Daviess County rode into DeWitt and ordered the Mormons to leave within 10 days. Then Joseph Smith sent 200 new immigrants from Canada to DeWitt and the anti-Mormons were further upset. Their forces grew with reinforcements from Howard, Clay, Livingston, Ray, Saline, and Jackson counties. On Oct. 1, 1838, the anti-Mormons attacked DeWitt and placed the Mormons there under siege.

Seeing no help in sight, the Mormons on Oct. 10 accepted a compromise. They agreed to sell all of their property to non-Mormons for cost plus 10 percent, and to be paid for their moving expenses into, and out of the county. They would move out of the county, pledge never to return, and pay for any livestock harmed during the siege. On Oct. 11, they left the county.

Successful in Carroll County the anti-Mormons prepared to hurry to Daviess County to force the Mormons to leave there also. The anti-Mormons had a reason for the Mormons to leave besides just hate or fear—*greed*. The lands in Daviess County were to become officially available for public purchase on Nov. 12, 1838. Without any Mormon residents, all of the property would be available for preemption by others.

Meanwhile, the Mormons in Far West and Diahmon were being rallied by Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon to defend their homes. The Danite leaders were called together by Dr. Sampson Avard who outlined his perception of their duties in the upcoming war:

My Brethren, as you have chosen to be our leading men, our captains to rule over this

last kingdom of Jesus Christ . . . , I have called you here today to teach you and instruct you in the things that pertain to your duty, and to show you what your privileges are and what they will soon be.

Know ye not brethren that it soon will be your privilege to take your respective companies and go out on a Scout on the borders of the settlements, and take to yourselves spoils of the goods of the ungodly gentiles, for it is written "the riches of the Gentiles shall be consecrated to my people, the House of Israel;" thus while away the Gentiles by robbing and plundering them of their property and in this way we will build up the Kingdom of God. . . .<sup>36</sup>

By Oct. 16, more than 500 Mormon soldiers were stationed in Diahmon awaiting the anti-Mormon forces' attack. Then on Oct. 18, the Mormons went on the offensive.

David W. Patten, or "Captain Fearnaught," led 150 armed men to Gallatin in Daviess County. The few remaining Missourians fled ahead of the overwhelming force. The Mormons occupied the town and plundered its stores. They tossed the goods into the street where they were loaded into wagons and onto horses to be taken to Diahmon. They left the town ablaze. Meanwhile, similar groups raided elsewhere in Daviess County, and even went into Carroll County. A party visited Millport and found it deserted. Upon the residents' return, a unit of Danites was sent back to plunder the town.

Many of the Missourians whose homes and businesses were plundered had been friends to the Mormons or, if not friends, they at least had been neutral. These raids occupied the Danite bands, and their purpose changed from defensive to offensive. At this time, the final name change from Daughters of Zion to Danite was made.

The raids angered the settlers of Daviess County and anti-Mormon mobs began to retaliate at night. For the next week, both sides continued a civil war, raiding each other's homes and fields. By week's end, the Mormons had driven the opposing forces from Daviess County. They had also driven almost every gentile settler—friend and foe—from the county.

On Oct. 20, 1838, the Mormons established a new group, also organized into tens, fifties, and hundreds, which became known as the "Army of Israel." Much discussion has taken place as to whether this is was a new military organization separate from the Danites. The leading officers of each group were different. Doctor Avard isn't known to have been an officer of the Army of Israel. At least one historian states the Danite organization was augmented to become the Army of Israel, thus forming one group.<sup>37</sup> Many contemporary Mormon accounts written by members of the Danites treat the organizations as one and the same. Mormon soldiers in the Army of Israel continued to practice their Danite formations, and to use their secret signs.

On Oct. 22, Joseph Smith and the Caldwell County troops returned to Far West. Meanwhile, word of the trouble in Daviess County disturbed neighbors in surrounding counties. Rumors convinced some that the Danites intended to sweep through and plunder the northwestern Missouri counties in retaliation for their losses in Jackson and Clay counties.

In Livingston County, armed anti-Mormon mobs formed and local militia companies were called up. These forces were soon joined by others from Carroll and Daviess counties. The groups actively harassed every Mormon settler and immigrant they could find. In Clinton County, Col. Neil Gilliam organized more than 200 men. He led them through Carroll and Daviess counties into northern Caldwell County. They drove Mormon settlers from their homes as they traveled and may have looted, burned, and plundered. These actions were not sanctioned nor authorized by militia leaders above the local level.

In Ray County, a Methodist minister, Capt. Samuel Bogart, called out his company to protect the county. This company was authorized by General Atchison to patrol the northern border of Ray County. Numbering at least 50, they traveled on Oct. 23 through



northern Ray County, disarming all the Mormon settlers they could find and ordering them from the county. Within two days, Ray County no longer had any Mormon settlers. Captain Bogart continued to the county line and crossed into southern Caldwell County. Contrary to his orders, he continued these activities in Caldwell County. Then late in the day on Oct. 24 in Caldwell County, they captured two Mormon spies and brought them back to their camp.

The same day two Mormon apostles, Thomas B. Marsh, who was the president of the Council of the Twelve, and Orson Hyde, a member of the Twelve, disturbed by the new attitude and aggressive, militant spirit in the Mormon settlements, secretly traveled to Richmond in Ray County, with their families and other dissenters. They signed affidavits detailing Mormon military operations in Daviess County; confirmed the existence and activities of the Danites; and told of the threats against the dissenters and others who did not wish to take up arms.<sup>38</sup>

Also on Oct. 24, a committee from Ray County sent to investigate the rumors in Daviess County returned to Richmond. They reported that for once the rumors weren't exaggerated. The dissenters' affidavits and the committees' report caused a near-panic in Ray County. It was widely believed the Mormons were planning an immediate invasion of Ray County. Non-Mormon settlers in northern Ray County fled south. Letters and a formal petition for assistance were sent to the governor. Captain Bogart received word from Richmond, and immediately moved his camp to a ford on the Crooked River.

Meanwhile, the Mormons in Far West were receiving word of Captain Bogart's movements and thought that they were about to be attacked at Far West. About midnight, word reached Far West that the two captured spies were to be executed early in the morning. More than 50 men were raised and placed under the command of "Captain Fearnought," David W. Patten. Many of his men were Danites who had been with him on the Gallatin raid. They left for the Crooked River immediately, hoping to surprise the Missourians and save the prisoners without bloodshed. They gathered other volunteers along the way, and they numbered around 80 men when they reached Crooked River at about 3 a.m. on Oct. 25. Missouri sentries spotted the Mormons as they approached, and a battle ensued. Captain Bogart's troops were routed, suffering one dead and six wounded. The Mormon forces had three dead, including Captain Fearnought, and seven wounded.

The Missouri militia was routed so thoroughly that its fleeing members reported to all they met that the unit was almost wiped out. The seemingly unprovoked attack on state troops terrified Missouri settlers, who envisioned hordes of Danite soldiers sweeping down on them.<sup>39</sup>

The settlers in Carroll County feared the Mormons would soon be retaliating for having been driven from DeWitt, earlier. After hearing the news of the battle at Crooked River, Missouri militia Generals Atchison, Doniphan, and Parks wrote to the commander of federal troops at Ft. Leavenworth, requesting weapons to issue to civilians. The three stated:

We regret that the State of country in Upper Missouri is such as to make it necessary for each man to become a soldier, and each town to be guarded to protect them from arson and plunder. The citizens of Daviess, Carroll and some other northern counties have raised mob after mob for the last two months for the purpose of driving a community of fanatics (called Mormons) from those counties and from the State. Those things have at length goaded the Mormons into a state of desperation that has now made them aggressors instead of acting on the defensive. This places the citizens of this whole community in the unpleasant attitude that the civil and decent part of the community have now to engage in war to arrest a torrent that has been let loose by a cowardly mob, and from which they have dastardly fled on the first show of danger.<sup>40</sup>

The Missouri militia raised more than 2,000 men within several days of the battle at

Crooked River. Some gathered at Richmond in Ray County to form an expedition to attack the Mormons; some remained in their own counties to guard against expected Mormon attacks; and others harassed and drove Mormon settlers from their homes.

On Oct. 27, 1838, after having heard many rumors, listening to and reading conflicting reports from northwestern Missouri, then receiving the letters and the petition for protection from Ray County, Governor Boggs instructed militia Gen. John B. Clark to use the state militia to restore order. The governor's infamous "Order of Extermination" instructed General Clark that,

... I have received . . . information of the most appalling character, which entirely changes the face of things, and places the Mormons in the attitude of an open and avowed defiance of the laws, and of having made war upon the people of this State. Your orders are, therefore, to hasten your operations with all possible speed. The Mormons must be treated as enemies, they must be exterminated or driven from the state if necessary for the public good. Their outrages are beyond all description. . . .

Meanwhile, Joseph Smith was bringing all the Mormons from the outlying settlements to the two major population centers, Diahmon and Far West, to prepare for defense against the mobs. Diahmon with 40 or fewer houses now had more than 1,000 residents. Far West with a normal population of around 2,000 now had close to 4,000 residents. The Mormons had about 300 men in Diahmon and about 700 men in Far West under arms. Around Oct. 29, the Mormons began to realize that the opposing forces might be Missouri state militia, not anti-Mormon mobs. But by this time who the opposing forces were really did not matter.

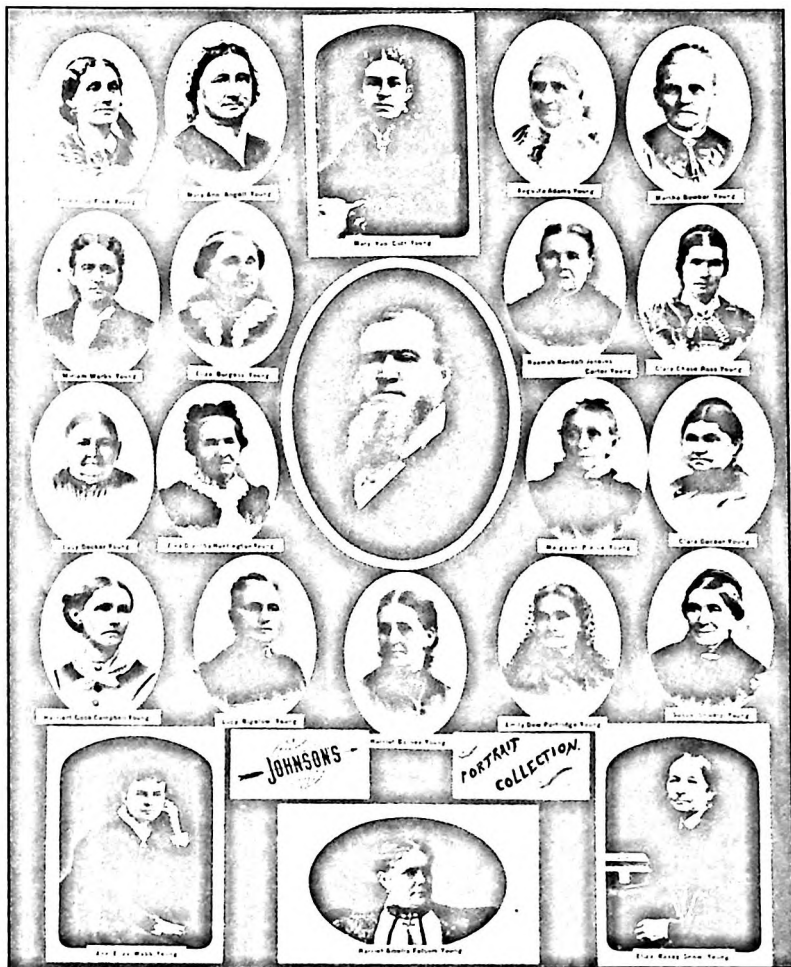
Hauns Mill, a settlement of about 30 families, was built around a mill owned by Jacob Haun near the Caldwell and Livingston County line. On Oct. 28, Mormons residing at Hauns Mill believed they had made a local peace agreement with militia leaders.<sup>41</sup> John D. Lee reported that on the same day, Jacob Haun visited Far West and discussed with Joseph Smith his policy ordering all the outlying settlers to come to Far West. According to Lee, Joseph Smith advised him that they should move into Far West, "if you wished to save your lives."<sup>42</sup> They remained at Hauns Mill. On the afternoon of Oct. 30, approximately 200 members of the state militia from Livingston, Daviess and Carroll counties attacked the settlement. Fleeing, 18 of the Mormons took refuge in a blacksmith shop. The building had large, unchinked cracks between its logs and turned into a death trap. Everyone who had taken refuge in the shop died, including a 10-year-old boy who was discovered hiding and was executed on the spot. The man who killed him is reported to have said, "Nits will make lice, and if he had lived he would have become a Mormon." In all, 18 died and 12 to 15 were wounded at Hauns Mill that day.

The Mormons gathered at Diahmon and Far West to make their stand. Their situation grew hopeless as state militia troops under the command of a long-time anti-Mormon, Maj. Gen. Samuel Lucas, surrounded Far West on Halloween day 1838. The Mormons began negotiations with the militia.

After hearing the news of the Hauns Mill massacre, Joseph Smith pressed his negotiating team to find a solution. The terms offered by General Lucas were not favorable:

1. To give up their leaders to be tried for treason and punished. (This also included those who had taken part in the Crooked River battle and the Daviess County raids.)
2. All Mormon property was to be confiscated to indemnify claims for damages.
3. All Mormon weapons were to be surrendered.
4. All Mormons not arrested were to leave the state of Missouri, protected on the way out by the militia.

The alternative to agreeing to these demands was annihilation. General Lucas said he would give Mormons until the next day to make a decision about the terms, if they provided five hostages—Joseph Smith, Sydney Rigdon, Lyman Wight, Parley P. Pratt, and



*(Courtesy Colorado Historical Society)*

Photo montage made about 1900 shows Brigham Young and his 21 wives. Work was copyrighted by Johnson Co., Salt Lake City.

George W. Robinson—to be taken. If the Mormons surrendered, General Lucas did not want to discover the Mormon leaders had fled. If the hostages were not provided, the militia would attack within an hour. The five men agreed to be held as hostages. Expecting the surrender, approximately 70 who had been at Crooked River or who were involved

in the Daviess County raids did flee that night.<sup>43</sup>

The next morning, Joseph Smith sent word to Far West for Col. George Hinkle to surrender. The Mormons surrendered that morning. That evening, the Missouri militia held a court-martial of seven of the Mormon leaders. This court-martial quickly ruled that the prisoners were guilty. General Lucas ordered Brig. Gen. Alexander Doniphan to, ". . . take Joseph Smith and the other prisoners into the public square in Far West, and shoot them at 9 a.m. tomorrow morning."

General Doniphan advised General Lucas, "It is cold-blooded murder. I will not obey your order. My brigade shall march for Liberty tomorrow morning, at 8 o'clock; and if you execute these men, I will hold you responsible before an earthly tribunal, so help me God."<sup>44</sup> Lucas reconsidered and countermanded the order.

On the morning of Nov. 2, the Mormons, under the terms of the surrender agreement, signed away their property (both real and personal) to pay for the expenses of the war. With the Mormon soldiers disarmed and the others fleeing, looting—and worse—by the anti-Mormon forces started immediately. At least one historian states, "Far West was literally stripped."<sup>45</sup>

It has been reported that the Missouri militia committed many violent acts, including widespread plundering and burning of homes, destruction of crops, property and livestock, and murdering and beating of Mormons, before the surrender at Far West. It has been found that, except for a few instances—Hauns Mill being the worst by far—this just did not happen, before the surrender at Far West. After the surrender, brazen theft, widespread plundering, and violence against Mormons by the militia and anti-Mormon mobs took place. Reports of rape during this time have been repeatedly mentioned, but it is extremely hard to establish the accuracy of this.

After the surrender, anti-Mormon feelings generated by the mobs and the anti-Mormons in northwest Missouri rapidly faded in most of Missouri and the rest of the country. This calming down coupled with publicity about the Mormon War raised questions about the activities of the anti-Mormons. This made the continued holding of Mormon prisoners for trial a constant embarrassment for Missouri officials. Finally in April 1839, the prisoners were allowed to "escape" to Illinois, to join the Mormons there.

The Danites as an organization faded out of existence in October 1838, before the end of the Mormon War in Missouri—lost as an entity in the Army of Israel defending Diahmon and Far West.

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7. Stephen LeSueur, *The 1838 Mormon War in Missouri*, (Columbia: Univ. of Missouri Press, 1987) p. 45.

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10. Ray B. West, Jr., *Kingdom of the Saints, The Story of Brigham Young and the Mormons*. (New York: The Viking Press, 1957) p. 79.
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13. Leland H. Gentry, "The Danite Band of 1838," in *BYU Studies 14 (Summer 1974)*, (Provo: Brigham Young Univ. Press, 1974) p. 429.
14. Harold Schindler, *Orrin Porter Rockwell, Man of God, Son of Thunder*, (Salt Lake City: Univ. of Utah Press, 1983) p. 31.
15. Bailey, *op. cit.*, pp. 48-49.
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17. U. S. Senate. 26th Congress. 2nd Session. Document showing the testimony given before the judge of the Fifth Judicial Circuit in the State of Missouri, on the trial of Joseph Smith Jr. and others, for high treason, and other crimes against that state. (S. Doc. No. 189) (Washington: Blair & Rives, 1841) (Serial Set 378), p. 1. Hereafter referred to as *Testimony*.
18. As is pointed out by Dr. Gentry on page 421, in a footnote to his article, "The Danite Band of 1838," in *BYU Studies 14, Summer 1974*, "That the testimony in this document is generally unfavorable to Joseph Smith derives from its being drawn more in part from prejudiced witnesses, and from the fact that favorable testimony was an act of courage, being given largely 'at the point of a bayonet'."
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23. Swartzell, *op. cit.*, p. 22.
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29. To read the entire speech, see *Brigham Young University Studies 14 (Summer 1974)*, pp. 517-527.
30. LeSueur, *op. cit.*, pp. 54-58.
31. Lee, *op. cit.*, p. 58.
32. *Ibid.*, p. 59.
33. Joseph Smith, *History of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints*, 7 vols. (Salt Lake City: Deseret Book Co., 1978). Hereafter called "History".

34. For an excellent discussion of this time frame refer to LeSueur, *op. cit.*, pp. 68-83; Bailey, *op. cit.*, pp. 56-63; or Schindler, *op. cit.*, pp. 15-57.
35. Sources differ but apparently Judge King called out the militia on Sept. 10 and Governor Boggs called out additional militia on Sept. 18 in response to communications from General Atchison and Judge King. Then on Sept. 24 in receipt of further communications from General Atchison, Governor Boggs discharged those troops he had called out on the 18th. Most sources, however, state that Governor Boggs called out the militia.
36. LeSueur, *op. cit.*, pp. 114-115.
37. McCandless, *op. cit.*, p. 109.
38. LeSueur, *op. cit.*, p. 133; Bailey, *op. cit.*, p. 64.
39. LeSueur, *op. cit.*, p. 144; Bailey, *op. cit.*, p. 63.
40. LeSueur, *op. cit.*, p. 145. His footnote states that this is from a letter from David R. Atchison and Alexander W. Doniphan to Lt. Col. R. B. Mason, Oct. 27, 1838. Photocopy, LDS Archives.
41. Allen and Leonard, *op. cit.*, p. 127; Smith, Lucy Mack, *History of Joseph Smith, by his Mother Lucy Mack Smith, with notes and comments by Preston Nibley*, (Salt Lake City: Bookcraft, 1958) p. 271.
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43. LeSueur, *op. cit.*, p. 174.
44. Allen and Leonard, *op. cit.*, p. 128. The footnote states this was from "History." Another version of this incident is found in Smith, *op. cit.*, pp. 274-275.
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## About the Author, Keith Fessenden

Keith Fessenden, a Posse Member of the Denver Westerners, first spoke to the Denver Posse in February 1990, on "The History of the Gilsonite Industry of the Uintah Basin. His paper on "The Danites" was presented Oct. 28, 1992.

Keith, one of those rare Colorado natives, was born June 24, 1954, in Glenwood Springs, and was reared in the mining towns of Gilman, Colo., and Bonanza, Utah. He attended Utah State University in Logan, earning a Bachelor of Science in Agricultural Economics.

He worked in the oil fields and mines of northeast Utah; as a carpenter in Wyoming; as a farm and ranch hand in Utah,

Colorado, and northern British Columbia; for the U.S. Department of Agriculture as an agricultural commodity grader in Texas, and as a meat inspector in Colorado. After serving as a security and telecommunications analyst for the U.S. Internal Revenue Service, he became an IRS revenue officer.

Keith has had a longtime interest in history, genealogy and archaeology, and is publications chairman for the Colorado Genealogy Society. He collects books on genealogy and Western history, tools, and shot glasses.

Keith and his wife Marge have two daughters, Megan, 5, and Kerry 3.

## *In the Interest of Accuracy*

The need for historical accuracy is arousing increasing concern among Western historians and authors, who cite glaring errors being committed by movie and television script writers, and the current crop of "revisionist" historians and other purveyors of popular literature.

Westerners International's newsletter, the *Buckskin Bulletin*, has devoted two lengthy articles to the subject. The latest in the Fall 1993 issue offers comments by Jan Pettit, author (see book review of her *Utes: The Mountain People*, Johnson Books, Boulder, Colo., July-August 1993 *Roundup*), founder of the Ute Pass Historical Society and executive director of the Ute Pass Museum.

Robert L. "Bob" Brown, widely known Colorado historian and author, and long-time Posse Member, former sheriff, and frequent speaker for the Denver Westerners, is well qualified to expound on the subject of historical accuracy. Bob has provided the following comments:

On the front page of the Summer 1993 issue of the *Buckskin Bulletin*, there is an article stressing the importance of historical accuracy. Some geographic names need attention as well. The following are a few Colorado items which need correction:

The large body of water in North Denver is *Sloan* Lake, not Sloans Lake. The U.S. Geological Survey quadrangle maps show the name correctly, as does a large sign on Sheridan Boulevard's east side.

The handsome mountain south of Ouray is Mount *Abram*, not Mount Abrams. It was named for an early Ouray resident, Abram Cutler. Again the USGS maps show it correctly as *Mount Abram*.

In the ghost town of Animas Forks, an impressive two-story home may still be seen. This abandoned structure has been widely referred to as the Walsh House. Thomas Walsh once lived in the town when he had an option on the Early Bird Mine, but he never lived in that house. Instead, the home was built in 1879 by, or for, William Duncan and his family.

Judge Allen Nossaman of Silverton, a meticulous researcher, is the one who laid this much-repeated old bromide to rest.

And then there is the matter of the correct spelling of the name of Colorado's most famous or infamous cannibal, *Alfred Packer*.

It is not Alferd and never was. A number of our Westerners' Posse Members feel that the late Fred Mazzulla started this one in order to twit the late Caroline Bancroft. (There was no love lost between them.) There is a laundry slip from Cañon City, and a signature on Packer's second confession where he spelled his name Alferd. Curiously, he spelled his name correctly—*Alfred*—at the start of the latter document.

Packer's name appears as *Alfred* on his birth certificate, from Allegheny County, Pa.; it's *Alfred* on his Civil War records, and on his Civil War disability checks, also his endorsements on the reverse. Court records in Gunnison and Saguache counties and the records of Sheriff Doc Shores show his name as *Alfred*. The same is true of the county records in Sheridan and Littleton. Gunnison photographer Frank Deane, who took the most-reproduced likeness of Packer, also spells it *Alfred*.

Colorado authors Wilson Rockwell, Red Fenwick, Gene Fowler, and San Juan historian Nossaman all list him as *Alfred*. The late historians Agnes Wright Spring and Louisa Ward Arps used *Alfred* as his name, as did Mrs. Lionel Ross Anthony (*Denver Post* columnist Polly Pry).

Finally, the official transcript of the trial in Hinsdale County as well as the grave marker in Littleton's Prince Avenue Cemetery show his name as *Alfred Packer*.

We give Jan Pettit the last word, in her comments in the *Buckskin Bulletin* regarding historical accuracy by TV and movie script writers:

Seems like all historians would like history to be portrayed in an accurate way. That would be wonderful!

Sure I've shuddered and paced the floor  
(Continued on Page 20.)

# Over the Corral Rail

(Continued from Page 2.)

the Denver Public Schools (1950-1958), and a professor of history at the University of Northern Colorado (1960-1990). He holds B.A. and M.A. degrees from the University of Denver, and a Ph.D. from the University of New Mexico. He attended Denver Public Schools (Park Hill, Smiley, and East High) and served in the U.S. Navy, 1945-1946.

His honors and awards include grants from the American Philosophical Society, Ford Foundation, and the Newberry Fellowship in State and Local History (1977).

Bob and his wife, nee Peggy A. Logan, have one son and one daughter, and three grandchildren.

□ **William B. Williams**, Post Office Box 382, Sterling 80751. Bill is returning to "the fold" of the Denver Posse, having been a member in the 1960s. He heard more about the Westerners from **Kay D. Morison**, brother of **Jack Morison**, our present sheriff. Bill lists his interests as the history of the High Plains, and local history. He writes a weekly column for the *Sterling Journal Advocate*, and has won several awards for best column from the Colorado Press Association. His hobbies include writing and golf.

Bill is a native of Sterling, is married and has two grown children. He admits he is known around Sterling as "Sweet Old Bill . . . with some misguided souls using just the abbreviation." He has been in real estate sales 39 years. In addition, he has worked on newspapers in Colorado and Wyoming and was in public relations for Public Service Co. of Colorado.

He served 46 months in the Navy during World War II as a weatherman, and earned his combat air-crew wings while flying with the Black Cats Squadron in the South Pacific Theater. Bill was graduated in 1949 from the University of Colorado with a degree in journalism. He has been mayor of Sterling and a member of the City Council; a Logan County commissioner; and a board member of the Colorado Municipal League of Cities.



Denver Westerners' Deputy Sheriff John Hutchins displays Danielson Award plaque, presented recently by Westerners International for his program, "The Jekyll-Hyde Gunman of the Johnson County War of 1892." His paper was published in March-April 1992 *Roundup*.

## Accuracy—

(Continued from Page 19.)

over some wayward facts in a television or movie program. After calming down, I feel grateful that portrayal of some fact of history was even attempted. There is an adage by Anatole France that has become my motto when trying to interest people in history:

"Do not try to gratify your vanity by teaching a great many things. It is enough to open minds, do not overload them. Awaken peoples' curiosity. Put there just a spark. If there is some good inflammable stuff, it will catch fire."

Let's hope for the sparks—the facts can come later!





# 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*

**Fighting Fire in Colorado Springs** by Lester L. Williams. Academy Printing, Inc., Colorado Springs, 1992. (Book available from author: 1615 N. Cascade Ave., Colorado Springs 80907; \$35 plus \$4 shipping-handling.) Photos, index; 224 pages. Clothbound, \$35.

This book previously received a positive review in the July-August 1993 *Roundup*, but the reviewer lacked the technical background of aficionados in firefighting history. The following comments by the author, Dr. Les Williams, may be of help to our reviewers in the future:

I have been a member of the Denver Posse since the early 1950s. I have contributed a number of papers which were delivered at meetings of the Posse and published in the *Roundup* and in *Brand Books*. I was also deputy sheriff twice and about 1971 was sheriff of the Posse. I felt that my book *Fighting Fire in Colorado Springs* deserved a more thorough review than it received. I got the impression the reviewer had not read the book, in fact had given it no more than a brief glance. Many non-fire-oriented people have read the book and found it interesting and informative, and noted that it contained a lot of general history of Colorado Springs. There is a picture of General Palmer laying out the town, and a copy of the first plat of the town, done in 1871. There are several pictures of the first Antlers Hotel, and a detailed account of the conflagration which destroyed that building in 1898. To assist Colorado Springs at that fire, help was sent by special train from Denver and from Pueblo.

The book contains some material that

has never been in such a book before. There is a description of how a three-horse hitch was made and how fast such a hitch could be made. Several years ago a book was written about chemical engines, but there is not a description of how such engines worked or how they were used. There is a description of how some of our larger fires were fought, problems encountered, lessons to be learned, and usually with a map of the fireground. The appendix contains a roster of all the people who have worked for the paid fire department since 1894, yearly fire losses since 1894, and even a roster of the fire horses, with names, weight, age, cost, and when known, their fate. . . .

Doctor Williams also provided a review of the book by Thomas Scott, as published in *Engine!—Engine!*, publication of the Society for the Preservation and Appreciation of Antique Motor Fire Apparatus in America. That review follows:

SPAAMFAA member Dr. Lester Williams has written *Fire Fighting in Colorado Springs*, a history of the Colorado Springs, CO Fire Department. The 8½" x 11" hardbound volume, which has 224 pages of text plus 60 pages of appendices, is one of the most complete fire department histories written for a city comparable in size to Colorado Springs. The principal reason for this book's excellence is the author—his interest, knowledge of the fire service, and his first-hand association with the CSFD for four decades as a medical officer and fire buff.

The 20 chapters are arranged chronologically with the first 10 chapters covering the early years through 1930. Each of the succeeding 10 chapters covers the tenure of

a chief. Information about the fires, the firemen, and the fire apparatus are included in each chapter. Colorado Springs, founded in 1871, developed quickly and several factors—the type of construction, the climate (periods of high wind), and the water supply, provided the necessary components for major fires. The most notable fire was the Antlers Conflagration of 1898, which has a chapter of its own. The author has provided details of the earlier years through the meticulous interviewing of eye witnesses and the in-depth researching of local newspapers and other records.

The accounts of fires in the later years are based on the author's own experience and provide the minute details wanted by the more avid buffs, such as times of alarms, spotting of equipment, engine bookups, pump pressures, etc. Full-page hand-drawn maps are given for the major fires showing apparatus locations, buildings, and lines laid.

Black-and-white pictures show apparatus, fires, and firemen. More of the pictures are devoted to early apparatus. The first motorized rig was a 1910 Gramm, followed by a 1912 Knox, and then a 1914 White. Most of the succeeding rigs for the next half century were predominantly American-LaFrance with the exception of a 1916 Ahrens-Fox NS3. Pictures of some major fires are provided, although more space is devoted to complete narratives and maps than to pictures.

Eight appendices provide extensive listing of information, such as horses by name and size, fire alarm box locations, a complete roster of CSFD members since the department was established, and a listing of apparatus used by the CSFD with summary specifications. Additional information on the purchase, history, and final disposition of many of the rigs is given in the text.

This book cannot be skimmed through in a single sitting. This comprehensive history should be read carefully and digested a few chapters at a time. . . . Considering the quality, depth, and cost of *Fire Fighting in Colorado Springs* as compared to many yearbooks currently being published, this book is a super buy!!

**Footloose on the Santa Fe Trail** by Stephen May. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1993. Photographs; 152 pages. Clothbound, \$19.95. Paperback, \$12.95.

On July 8, 1993, Tom Zoeliner completed his solo walk of the Santa Fe Trail from Independence, Mo., to Santa Fe, N.M. If he writes a book about his experiences, I would most certainly read it. Stephen May's trip was from Bent's Old Fort near La Junta, Colo., to Santa Fe, N.M. He did not hike the trail, and in fact, hitched rides whenever he could. He stayed on the highways most of the time, and even when the original trail lay nearby over Raton Pass, he did not hike it.

It is evident in reading this book that May is not a historian nor a geographer, and the pictures he took for the book indicate that he is not a professional photographer. I could spend a lot of time on the photographs, but the major problem is a lack of contrast. Distant shots of mountains are difficult to capture, and his shots are just like those taken by most tourists.

May's historical comments reveal some history that is new and different. For example, exactly when did the Mexicans attack California by sea during the Mexican War? The United States had a group of ships off Monterey that landed forces, but the Mexican Navy was not around. As a geographer, he has San Miguel located on "a narrow frontage road." It is located on New Mexico Highway 3, a few miles from Interstate 25.

The author states, "This book is aimed primarily at young people who live in the West." I could not recommend this book for any high school library. He also writes regarding historical figures that, "I have in some episodes fictionalized their actions, thoughts, and feeling." Thus the reader has no knowledge of whether what he is reading about Francis Parkman and other travelers in the West really happened.

Being familiar with Taos and other places the author visited, I question a number of his statements. In referring to Taos Pueblo, he describes it as being "small and

compact" by Pueblo Indian building standards, but Taos Pueblo is usually considered to be the largest multi-story building in any pueblo in New Mexico. The mountain behind the pueblo, where lies the famous Blue Lake is Taos Peak and not Pueblo Peak. Especially interesting was his portrayal of Santa Fe with its "crumbling artists' hovels on Canyon Road." The statement will surely surprise those people who live up Canyon Road.

The author mentions that in Rayado, N.M., he "came upon Kit Carson's white-washed adobe." Carson's home disappeared many years ago, and today there is a living museum in Rayado where Carson's period of history is represented, but it was built in the 1950s and is run by Philmont Scout Ranch. The only original home that still stands in Rayado was owned by Lucien Maxwell.

Finally, a photograph in the book shows the entrance to Susan Magoffin's room at Bent's Fort, but the room is on the ground floor, and the living quarters were on the second floor for the most part. The room Mrs. Magoffin stayed in while at the fort was on the second floor, at a front corner of the fort, according to National Park Service publications.

There were several other points that are questionable as to historical or geographic accuracy, but I will simply state that this book was a disappointment to someone who loves both the Santa Fe Trail and New Mexico.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**The Little Bighorn Campaign: March-September 1876** by Wayne Michael Sarf. Combined Books, Conshohocken, Pa., 1993. Illustrated with photographs and maps; index; 312 pages. Clothbound, \$22.95.

What makes this particular account of the events that made up the Little Bighorn campaign stand out, is that it is neither pro nor con. Wayne Sarf describes it in a straightforward manner, unlike many previous books on the subject that have tried

to lay blame on those involved. In describing the actions of Custer, Reno, and Ben-tzen on June 25, Sarf says simply, "It was a breakdown in communication which might stand as a plausible symbol of the entire campaign." This is also not one of those revisionist or politically correct attempts to rewrite history. Sarf covers the 1876 campaign from the early planning and opening battle on the Powder River to the inconclusive results following Slim Buttes.

This book is one of several that are part of the "Great Campaigns" series. One of the features of this book is the numerous "sidebars" with background information on the major military and Sioux participants; the types of weapons both sides used; the frontier Army; and much more. The only thing missing is a bibliography. This reviewer suspects that the author utilized quite a number of major and minor sources including those most recently published. The author also gives a list of books and movies to read, see, or avoid (this is intended for the person new to this subject).

Wayne Michael Sarf's *The Little Bighorn Campaign* is especially attractive looking because of its full-color jacket illustration depicting the final resistance on Custer Hill.

—Mark E. Hutchins, P.M.

**Bluefeather Fellini** by Max Evans. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1993. 333 pages. Clothbound, \$19.95.

We do not often review fiction in these pages, but there are several special reasons for making an exception in the case of *Bluefeather Fellini*. To begin with, this is the first work of fiction ever published by the University Press of Colorado; secondly, this is a most engaging book; and lastly, *Bluefeather Fellini* was written by Max Evans, a Westerner who has that special feel for the region and its people. (A fourth reason is that I am a real fan of everything Max has written.)

The writing of *Bluefeather Fellini* took

Max Evans 43 years, with a large number of notes written on any available paper—including bar napkins in the earlier years. In a way, it all began during the battle for Normandy in 1944 when Max made a horse-trade with the Great Spirit to prevent being stung to death by bees. When he reached more than 1,000 pages, the decision was made to divide the book into two volumes. The second volume will be published in the fall of 1994 by the University Press of Colorado, and I for one will have a tough time waiting until I finally discover what Dancing Bear's prediction means for Bluefeather. According to Max, the first volume is a relatively straight telling of events, but in the longer, final volume, things really take some far-out turns.

Max Evans has written some 16 books, and has created such wonderful characters as Dusty Rhodes and Wrangler Lewis in *The Rounders*, but he has never before produced characters who approached Bluefeather Fellini and those he comes to know throughout his life. Bluefeather—or Blue—is the result of a marriage between a Taos Pueblo woman and an Italian coal miner from Raton, but as he learns from the old prospector, Grinder the Gringo, he is Bluefeather Fellini—a single individual and not a mixture of identities.

Blue's Taos clan and his Italian family both try to influence his decisions, but he is his own person. His adventures as he moves through life include being a prospector in New Mexico, a gambler in Nevada, and a miner in Colorado before joining the Army in World War II. The description of his part in the invasion at Normandy and the drive into Germany are extremely realistic, and all based on the experiences of Evans in World War II. His picture of what people in war do and feel matches up with William Manchester's description of combat in *Goodby Darkness*, which I considered to be the best I had ever read. War is a dirty, scary situation, with little if any glory for all concerned.

There is a mystical quality that surfaces

at times in this book, especially in the conversations between Blue and his spirit guide, Dancing Bear. It reminds me of the conversations between the angel and Milagro's oldest citizen, in *The Milagro Beanfield War*. Maybe there is something in the air of New Mexico that adds this special dimension to the people and the books they write. Dancing Bear comes when Blue feels out of control and needs some assistance. One of Dancing Bear's predictions which had not yet been fulfilled when I completed the book indicated to me that there must be another book coming. This was confirmed by Dale Walker in his review in the *Rocky Mountain News*, and by Max, during his visit to Denver's Tattered Cover Bookstore.

The mystical aspect is also seen in other characters, including Dr. Merphyn and his aunt, Tulip Everhaven, and in events such as the special drink that Blue and Mary prepare for the men who are planning to murder them. This is one book in which the reader must take the time to understand what is happening. It is a work of fiction that demands that the reader not get caught up in the flow of the story and miss a change in direction.

Reprints of Max Evans' works published by the University of New Mexico Press in 1983-1984 were reviewed in *The Roundup*, as was *Super Bull*, published by UNM Press in 1986. These were published while the current director of the University Press of Colorado headed up UNM Press and during the period when he and Max hunted and killed a mountain lion without ever leaving the Baca Bar in Albuquerque. But that is another story.

Max Evans was born in Ropesville, Texas, and his many occupations before becoming a writer gave him the background necessary to write about ranching, mining, and other things. He started his career in Taos as an artist, and he was good. However, he no longer paints, which is a real loss—to the public, and to Max, as he felt painting relaxed him. He said that "writing is a real chore for me."

C.L. Sonnichsen wrote, "Max Evans is

known and beloved by far too few people." *Bluefeather Fellini* should increase those numbers.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Long Vistas: Women and Families in Colorado Homesteads** by Katherine Harris. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1993. Photographs, index; 175 pages. Clothbound, \$24.95.

*Long Vistas* originally saw the light of day as a university dissertation, but Katherine Harris became so engrossed with the subject that she expanded it into her present book-length treatment of the homestead movement as it pertains to Colorado.

The Homestead Act of 1862 was designed to help settle the Western states by offering 160 acres of free land to those courageous enough to make the trek to the then-frontier states, and who would be persevering enough to fulfill requirements to "prove" the land. The act was primarily designed to move traditional families from the increasingly over-populated Eastern states, to fertile, virgin land between the Mississippi and Missouri rivers. There, the allotted acres could support a hardworking family.

However, the homestead movement was not so successful in semiarid Colorado, where 160 acres was insufficient to sustain a family. For the most part, Colorado was settled by other means—with the help of the railroads, who sold their railroad-bordering lands to settlers; by men and women who filed for 640 acres under the Desert Land Act; and by the appropriation of public land for grazing. The means were varied and sometimes ingenious, and always there was the overriding need for water.

Harris in no way downplays the role of the homesteading male, but she emphasizes the part played by women. Not only were women the mainstays in maintaining their families' well-being by serving as homemakers, nurses, gardeners, and farm laborers in an unfriendly environment, but they often filed homestead claims in their own

names. In many instances, a young woman would file a claim adjacent to that of her fiancé or her husband, in order to double the amount of family land.

Older women also filed, and widows came West in order to become property owners in one of the few ways then open to them. Statistics indicate that 78 percent of the women filing were spinsters. These women proved up their land under extreme hardships, but after such accomplishment, they could count themselves among "capitalists" and property owners. Sometimes the land was sold shortly after it became theirs, but some of the land might remain in families for generations.

The author has meticulously researched the records of northeastern Colorado counties, and has also drawn on interviews from some of the surviving homesteaders, as well as their descendants. Her tribute to rural women includes those of today, since many of them are driving tractors and generally doing all they can to further the success of the family's farm/ranch operation.

Second, third, and fourth-generation rural Coloradans will find in this book a thoughtful and analytical portrayal of the lives of their antecedents. In fact, it is not unlikely that some of them may even be included in this in-depth study.

—Marjorie Wiegert Hutchins,  
Guest Reviewer

**In the Shadow of the Rocks** by Florence Lister. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1993. Maps, drawings, black-and-white photographs, color photographs; 159 pages. Clothbound, \$22.50.

If you have not visited the Chimney Rock Anasazi ruins west of Pagosa Springs, Colo., you have missed an interesting experience. The U.S. Forest Service manages the site and gives tours during the summer. Reservations must be made at the Forest Service office in Pagosa Springs. A large pueblo ruin stands on the ridge beneath the pinnacles, and there are several large kivas and other room blocks in the

general area. These ruins date from the eleventh century and are connected to the Chaco Phenomenon. There are many unanswered questions about the area, including the relationship of the ruins on Chimney Rock Mesa and the ruins down along the Piedra River. For example, just what purpose did the small hole ground in the rock serve? Similar holes have been discovered at other Chaco sites, and there is no evidence that they were used for grinding any product.

Florence Lister discusses not only the ruins at Chimney Rock, but presents the archaeology of the entire Chimney Rock District in southern Colorado. Official study of the Piedra Valley began in 1921 under the direction of J.A. Jeancon, at Chimney Rock, and moved down to ruins on both sides of the Piedra River. In 1923, Jeancon sent a survey party under the direction of Frank Roberts to record all prehistoric sites in an area of 150 square miles along the San Juan River. The greatest concentration of ruins discovered was in the Piedra River Valley with some 30 mounds found on Stollsteimer Mesa southwest of Chimney Rock. When Jeancon resigned from the Colorado Historical Society in 1928, the society's focus shifted to the Four Corners, but Frank Roberts continued to work on the Southern Ute Reservation including Stollsteimer Mesa.

The greatest push in the area occurred from 1957 to 1962, when teams of archaeologists investigated the land to be flooded by the Navajo Dam on the San Juan River.

Lister has summarized the knowledge gained by these teams in a chronological listing from Paleo-Indian to early Pueblo II. It is probable that this backwater region would have not received such intensive investigation without the flooding of the sites. However, the sites were destroyed by the flooding, just as in the building of Glen Canyon Dam, where much interesting rock art was lost forever.

If you have an interest in the Anasazi, then this is certainly a book that you will want to add to your library. Florence

Lister has presented the archaeology of the Chimney Rock district in a most engaging manner. The eight color photographs—especially the aerial shots—are a plus factor.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**Brothers on the Santa Fe and Chihuahua Trails** edited and annotated by Mark L. Gardner. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1993. Illustrations, maps, bibliography; 224 pages. Clothbound, \$24.95.

This most interesting book adds to our information regarding events on the Santa Fe Trail and its extension south to Chihuahua during the invasion of Mexico by the Army of the West. Included in this book about the Glasgow brothers of St. Louis, Mo., are the letters written by Edward J. and William H. Glasgow to their family members during the period of 1846 to 1848; an excerpt from William Glasgow's "Memorandums" covering the same time period; letters from Edward Glasgow to William E. Connelley, 1906-1907. Historian Connelley had questioned Edward regarding the time period when Edward was a partner with Dr. Henry Connelley in the Mexican trade; and in the appendix, an interview with Edward Glasgow about his days on the Santa Fe Trail, published in the *St. Louis Daily Globe-Democrat* on March 11, 1906. The sum of the parts is a very complete picture of the brothers' days in the Mexican trade and the events surrounding them.

Mark Gardner's introduction of 73 pages including notes is a comprehensive history of the Glasgow family prior to the trail days of William and Edward, and completes the story of their lives after their return from Mexico until their deaths. This introduction provides the reader with the necessary background to thoroughly understand the information contained in the remainder of the book.

Gardner recounts an event unique in the history of the United States. In 1846, a large number of merchants from the United States traveled with the U.S. Army in the invasion of Mexico, in order to do

business with the Mexican people that the United States was attempting to conquer. The merchants actually became a part of the Army during the battle of Sacramento near the city of Chihuahua but did not participate in the actual fighting. To top it all, after the Army left them unprotected in Chihuahua, the merchants negotiated a trade agreement with officials of the Mexican government who had returned to Chihuahua.

It would be a mistake for any reader to skip the endnotes, as the editor has included information essential to acquiring a thorough understanding of the lives of the two brothers and the events in which they participated. Mark Gardner has done a very complete job of historical scholarship, as is evident in the annotations. This book along with other accounts of life on the Santa Fe Trail such as those by Susan Magoffin and James Well all seem to come together to provide a very satisfactory study of a major event in U.S. history. The letters of the Glasgow brothers provide that personal element that makes history come alive for the reader.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**John Colter, His Years in the Rockies** by Burton Harris, with an introduction by David Lavender. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1993. Notes, bibliography, and index; 180 pages. Paperback, \$8.95.

Lacking verifiable material, the author educated himself on the fur trade, researching every aspect of the people and their ways. Using material from the Lewis and Clark Expedition, which was the most accessible and verifiable, Burton Harris set out to write a story which reads easily and takes the reader back to the early days of the West.

John Colter's remarkable journey is said to have covered up to 500 miles, most of it made by him alone. Colter would return from time to time to the trading posts which had sprouted up along the rivers, only to set out again on his remarkable trek. Unfortunately for those who seek to

document the history of the West, there exists very little in the form of written information. We do know that Colter conferred with William Clark after Colter's trek ended at the mouth of the Platte River in 1807. Clark's map which he sketched on the expedition up the Missouri has several changes that could only have been made based upon the report Colter gave Clark.

While this is a relatively short book, the reader is taken on a remarkably vivid journey with John Colter. All the elements of the early West are here, and the reader will sense the awe, pain, ecstasy, love, and laughter of Colter's trek through history.

—Roger P. Michels, P.M.

**The North Frontier of New Spain** by Peter Gerhard. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman; 1993. Five figures, 92 maps, 35 tables, glossary, notes, bibliography, index; 472 pages. Clothbound, \$37.50.

This is the revised edition of a work first published by Princeton University Press in 1982. This volume is the third in a series, with the first two books limited geographically to what is now central and southeastern Mexico. The time period covered in this volume is the colonial period ending in 1821, with the independence of Mexico from Spain. The account traces the Spanish movement north from Central Mexico into the region of the Chichimec groups of Indians.

This book concentrates on the older provinces of Nueva Galicia, Nueva Vizcaya, and Sinaloa y Sonora, with minor attention to those *gobiernos* that comprise what is now New Mexico and California. In the more settled provinces or governments, such as Nueva Galicia and Nueva Vizcaya, a separate chapter is devoted to each *alcaldia* mayor within the *gobiernos*.

In the introduction, the author establishes the pattern followed throughout the book, including a section on sources in each chapter. The location of some of the source material makes interesting reading, as does the purchase of official government records by U.S. universities.

Each chapter includes geographical descriptions, native languages, native and Spanish history, *encomiendas*, church population, and settlements, and sources. The informational charts and graphs showing the decline of the native population are of special interest. This decline was most often the result of the European diseases introduced by the Spanish.

As stated by the *Journal of Latin American Studies*, "This magisterial survey now forms an indispensable reference work on colonial Mexico, the starting point for all future research." The usefulness of this reference work was certainly the reason behind the publication of this revised edition by the University of Oklahoma Press.

There is a definite need to understand patterns of settlement in those areas of Mexico that did not become part of the United States, for a complete grasp of the economic, political, and social complexities of the colonial period. This book provides a strong beginning for that understanding.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

**An Archaeological Guide to Mexico's Yucatan Peninsula** by Joyce Kelly. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman; 1993. 23 color photographs, 207 black-and-white photos, 13 maps, 7 drawings, glossary, selected readings, index; 384 pages. Cloth-bound, \$50; paperback, \$19.95.

Several years ago, Joyce Kelly wrote a Complete Visitor's Guide to Mesoamerican Ruins, now out of print. In her new guide, she kept her rating system and again included only those sites she had visited. She limited the area covered to the Yucatan Peninsula, and included area maps. Use of such maps was suggested by readers and reviewers of her previous work. The maps make the current book very usable on trips to the ruins.

This guidebook provides such practical information as where to find gasoline, ice, food, lodging, and other necessities. Exact directions on how to reach each site, and the condition of the roads are also given. The author lets the reader know when a

native guide is necessary, and even lists the names of possible guides to contact, especially in remote locations. Under "General Advice and Miscellaneous Notes," the author provides information about guides, traveling to isolated sites, whether to wear hiking boots or tennis shoes, photo equipment and other necessary gear.

Kelly's rating system of ruins is based on the importance of a site in ancient times; degree of preservation or restoration; ease of access, and visual rewards. Museums are also rated.

Photographs taken by the author and her husband show the reader just what there is to see at that site, and also demonstrate the author's expertise in choice of cameras and lenses. The color plates and the drawings at the beginning of each section add much to the book.

One other important aspect of each site description is the information presented under "Recent History." Here Kelly writes about such topics as when the site was discovered and by whom; who has worked the site; and what interesting discoveries have been made there. Many of the sites go back to Stevens and Catherwood who traveled the Yucatan in the early 1840s, but some sites were only discovered in the past 20 years. Balamku, for example, was officially discovered in November 1990.

If all you plan to do is tour Chichen Itza and Uxmal, then you do not need this book. However, if you plan to visit Mayan ruins in the Yucatan, this book is a must for you.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

