

The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

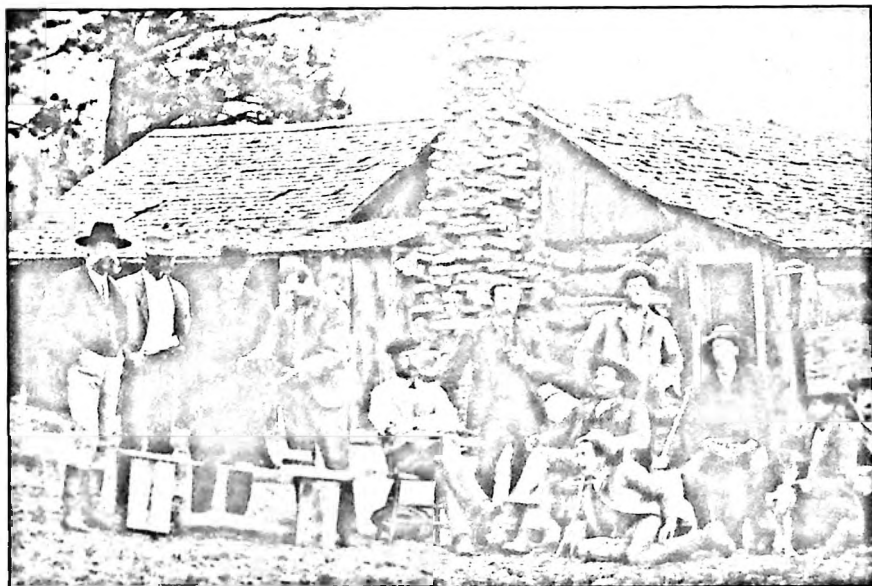
JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1994

BRITISH REMITTANCE MEN IN THE WEST

by Lee Olson, P.M.

**THE SHORT BUT EVENTFUL CAREER
OF EUGENE FIELD IN DENVER**

by Robert L. Brown, P.M.



(Photo from author's collection)

Young British remittance men pose for picture at The Pines Ranch with their host, Reginald Cusack (standing, center). While not a "dude ranch," The Pines, north of Westcliffe, Colo., offered the migrants riding and hunting, and ranch schooling.

About the Authors

Roundup readers get a treat this issue, with a pair of papers presented by two of the Denver Posse's better writers.

Lee Olson, author of *Marmalade & Whiskey: British Remittance Men in the West*, regaled Denver Westerners with humorous abstracts from his book at the Sept. 22, 1993, meeting. Lee is a native of Nebraska, and attended the University of Iowa before earning a journalism degree in 1945 at the University of Colorado-Boulder. He worked for newspapers in Scottsbluff, Neb., and Greeley, Colo., before joining *The Denver Post* in 1947.

In 40 years at *The Post*, Lee wrote many feature stories on Colorado and the West, and was a longtime staff member of *Empire Magazine*. Most recently, he was on *The Post's* editorial page staff. He retired in 1987.

Lee attended several Westerners' meetings in the 1950s, but did not join as a Corresponding Member until March 1992. He became a Posse Member in 1993. Lee resides in Lakewood, and is a member of the Applewood Kiwanis, and the Colorado Chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, honorary journalism society. He and his wife Mary have three children and five grandchildren.

Posse Member Bob Brown spoke to the Denver Westerners on Eugene Field, an early-day Denver newspaperman, on April 28, 1993. His humorous talk about one of Denver's colorful personalities centered on Field's riotous antics during the 1882 visit of Irish playwright Oscar Wilde to the city.

A longtime member of the Westerners (he was Sheriff in 1969), Bob Brown has given numerous talks to the organization—several with his wife Evelyn—covering such topics as Kachina dolls (he's an expert wood-carver), ghost towns, Jeep and hiking trails, Colorado saloons, mercantile tokens and beer checks, and various early-day characters. He has written 10 books, one of them now in its 14th printing.

Bob is a retired Denver Public Schools history teacher, and also taught at Denver University and CU. He and Evelyn have two children and two grandchildren.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

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Alan J. Stewart, 780 Emerald St.,
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Book Reviews

Ray E. Jenkins, 8603 E. Dry Creek Rd., No. 212,
 Englewood, CO 80112. (Phone 770-7929.)

Dues and Other Payments

Robert D. Stull, 8206 Adams Way,
 Denver, CO 80221. (Phone 428-1035.)

Reservations for Meetings

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 Denver, CO 80206. (Phone 321-6181.)

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British Remittance Men in the West



(Photo by author)

Cortachy Castle, Scottish ancestral home of Lyluph Ogilvy of Denver.

By Lee Olson, P.M.

(Presented September 22, 1993)

[The following article by Lee Olson is largely made up of excerpts from his book, *Marmalade & Whiskey: British Remittance Men in the West*. The book was published in May 1993 by Fulcrum Publishing Co. of Golden, Colo., and copies may be obtained from the author, Lee Olson, 2339 Ward Drive, Lakewood CO 80215; telephone 303/233-9325. In researching the book, Olson traveled around the West, and made trips to Canada, Mexico, Britain, and Europe. Since publication of his book, Olson has been a speaker on *Marmalade & Whiskey* in appearances, not only for the Denver Westerners, but numerous service clubs and other organizations throughout Colorado, Wyoming, and elsewhere in the Rocky Mountain West.—Ed.]

AN AMUSING SIDELIGHT of Western history involves the arrival in the 1870s, 80s, and 90s of British gentlemen who, despite having money, were woefully unprepared for the harsh frontier. They stepped off the train with their tailored suits, aristocratic accents, and a firm belief in the natural superiority of the upper classes. Many of these young Britons learned the pitfalls of American democracy the hard way—perhaps by asking a cowboy to carry their luggage after accosting him as, "My good man. . ."

They arrived in diverse places: the Plains cattle country, the mining camps, and in communities with strong British influence. But they often lapsed into loneliness. The late

Steve Frazee of Salida, a writer and student of Western lore, noted that every Colorado town of any size had at least one remittance man. And Colorado was by no means unique. It's safe to say that hundreds of these young men migrated to the American West and western Canada.

In fact, they were present wherever British influence and investment were strong: Asia, Africa, Australia, and South America. For reasons of brevity, *Marmalade & Whiskey* deals only with the Western frontier, including the Canadian provinces.

We need some definitions:

Remittance Man — *The American Heritage Dictionary* defines him as: "A person living abroad on funds from home, especially in former times." William H. Forbis in *The Cowboys* expands the term by saying they were "ne'er-do-well offspring of titled families banished to the Plains with regular remittances, to stay until they either disappeared or straightened up and returned home. The typical remittance man was usually besotted and anonymous."

Primogeniture — This is a key word because it explains why the young gentlemen came in such numbers. It means inheritance by the eldest son. For hundreds of years the large British estates were passed down within the families: from eldest son to eldest son. Primogeniture kept titles intact and provided stability, but at a heavy cost to younger—or second—sons. Inheriting no land, they often were sent abroad with the promise of remittances.

Possibly it was an Australian—with his contempt for things British—who coined the phrase, "remittance man." A British migrant in New Mexico, John L. Sinclair, told me he didn't hear the phrase until about 1920.

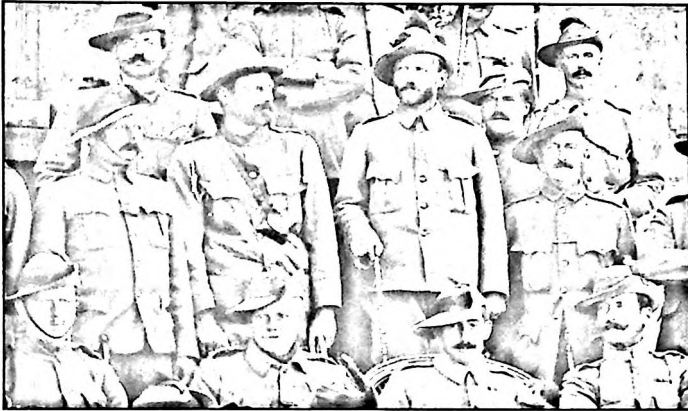
Hamlin Garland, 1921 Pulitzer Prize-winning novelist, portrayed a fictional young Briton who came to Colorado to study cattle ranching and failed pathetically. So the label slowly gained usage. James Michener picked up the theme in his *Tales of the South Pacific*. Michener wrote of a tragic island planter, blacksheep of a British family, who gave clandestine reports by shortwave radio to the U.S. Navy, telling of Japanese troop movements. The Japanese inevitably tracked him to the jungle island where he lived, and beheaded him. Literature's verdict: A remittance man must end in tragedy.

British inheritance laws finally were changed in 1925 but World War I—with its demands for manpower—a few years earlier had effectively ended the tradition of migrating second sons. British aristocrats continued to have influence in government only as they were effective leaders and lawmakers.

"Remittance man" was often used as an insult or expression of exasperation. Women on the frontier tended to be more forgiving than their husbands. But that was because they hadn't tried to employ a remittance man, with the usual results. Stories abound from the Great Plains of wheat ranchers putting up signs: "Harvest hands needed—Englishmen not wanted." Cattlemen told similar stories. John J. Fox, traveling in Wyoming, wrote of a pampered schoolboy who angered his boss, a ranch foreman, by insisting on time off from the roundup so he could relax and smoke. He was fired.

However, not all these migrant Britons fit a common pattern. Who was a remittance man? Eldest sons could be just as irresponsible as any second son. The Earl of Aylesford, disgraced in England, drank himself to death in Big Spring, Texas, as quickly as any younger son. But his circumstance was slightly different: he had only daughters at home. Thus, the title and resources of the estate would move sideways when he died—a male cousin or an uncle would be the next earl. So Aylesford went to Texas with a vague plan to start a cattle ranch for his daughters' future endowment. He failed.

Another Western legend, Sir St. George Gore, an Irish baronet, was another eldest son who spent money as foolishly as any remittance man. But he was in full control of his own estate when he lavished huge sums on a massive hunting expedition in the West.



(Photo from Jack Ogilvy collection)

Lyulph Ogilvy (center with chest strap), son of Earl of Airlie, fought in the Boer War, before coming to Colorado where he became a rancher, and later a Denver newspaperman.

In a display of temper, he burned his entire wagon train when freighters would not meet his price to carry his trophies and animal skins back to St. Louis.

There's further confusion in the fact that many second sons were addressed as "lord," simply because Americans assumed their dress and genteel manners entitled them to such rank. Thus, a Scotsman named Lyulph Ogilvy became a prominent farm writer for *The Denver Post* as "Lord" Ogilvy. He was not a lord, but the second son of the eighth Earl of Airlie of Scotland. And in the Nebraska Panhandle, natives referred to the well-educated Henry Haig as "Lord" Haig, who was merely landed gentry.

But a well-turned phrase has a life of its own, and "remittance man" encompasses the colorful diversity displayed by these young men. After all, they had many things in common: gentlemanly training, a good education, and a penchant for eccentricity and failure. Another link was a hunger for imported marmalade, chocolate, British books and periodicals—and, of course, Scotch whiskey.

Like so many other young adventurers, their rosy expectations came to very little. The truth then—as now—is that welfare seldom works, even for the wealthy. Young Englishmen were no exception. When their inadequacies loomed, they often turned to drink. Sometimes they found common lodging with other young Britons on the theory that, "We'll live on my remittance this month. . . and yours the next. . . ." Until time ran out.

The Colorado author, Anne Ellis, wrote movingly of Britons in her book, *Life of an Ordinary Woman*. In describing her childhood in the Colorado mining camp of Bonanza in the 1880s, she said:

We had a colony of Englishmen, all educated, and with some money; I knew some of these were remittance men. I would hang around their cabin and they would lend me books, and treat me with their food sent from England. Here I first saw chocolate, orange marmalade and Worcestershire sauce. These men always expected to strike it rich and lived from year to year on hope. . . ."

One of these, Butterfield, once had over a million dollars, and spent it in France

gambling. He lived among us for years, but all at once he started to drink. . . . He got lower and lower. . . . Sickness came to him and he was sent away to die.

So the remittance men who had arrived full of enthusiasm quietly grew old, still savoring their British marmalade and Scotch whiskey.

Another young girl of that time—Irene McCormick—told about a Wyoming remittance man, Clement Bengough, from a wealthy family in Britain's Cotswold Hills. Bengough lived as a hermit west of Laramie. He chased coyotes with a pack of savage Siberian wolfhounds. When she was about 10 years old in 1910 Irene, who lived nearby, had a chance to see his shack one wintry day. Now an elderly woman living in Denver, she told of the visit:

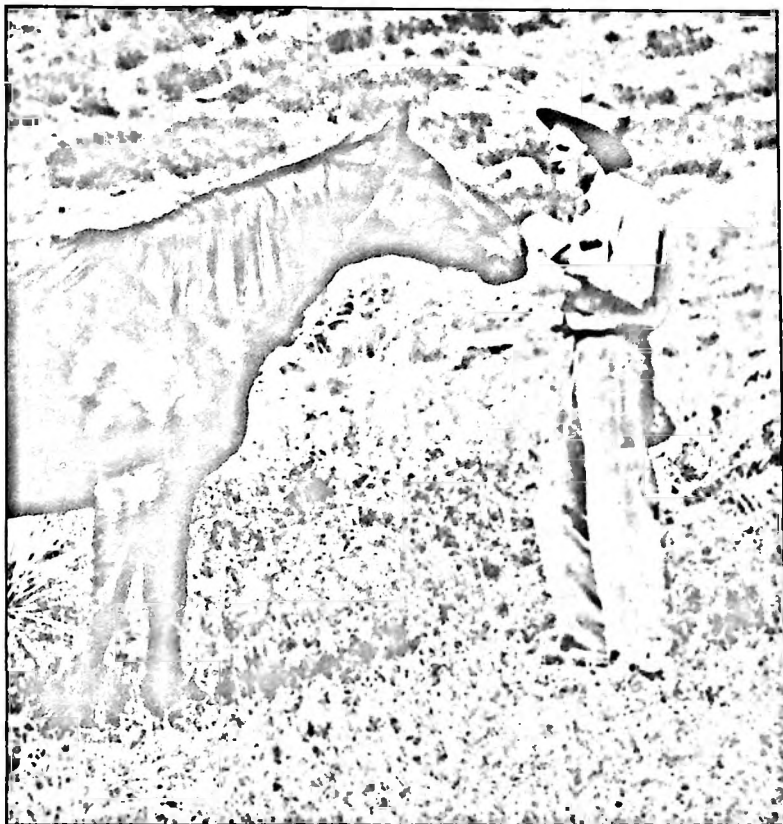
It was a single room, rectangular, with a dirt floor. Bengough was there, being very nice, and there were lots of books. He was good looking with very blue eyes. He was about 6 feet tall and dressed in khaki pants and English boots that were pretty well beat-up. And for outdoor work he always wore a flat cap, not a Stetson.

But the thing I'll never forget is the stench. He hunted animals for profit and he stretched the skins flesh-side out over boards to dry. And these were stored in one end of the room and the smell was terrible.



(Photo from author's collection)

Clement C. Bengough, Wyoming remittance man, had this passport photo made in 1933, when he made his final trip home to see his family in Britain, in the Cotswold Hills. Bengough lived as a hermit, west of Laramie, where he chased coyotes with a pack of Siberian wolfhounds.



(Photo from Jack Ogilvy collection)

Lylph Ogilvy was a horse-lover throughout his life. This picture was taken after his retirement from *The Denver Post*, when he lived in Boulder with his son Jack, a retired University of Colorado English professor.

It's stories—and vignettes like these—which give character and flavor to these migrants. Here are a few such items from *Marmalade & Whiskey*:

There came to a Wyoming ranch house on foot a tall, dusty Englishman. Under his arm was a little sewing machine. He asked for work.

"Ranch work?" asked the owner.

"No," said the Englishman. "I'm rather tired of that. Sewing is what I want. I'm rather good at sewing. I'll keep all your clothes, and saddles and things, and everybody else's in order."

And he did. But at the end of five years he turned up for supper one night and said,

"Sorry! I got a letter this afternoon and I'm afraid I'll have to be going. My father's dead, and I suppose I'm in for a title or something."

Ridiculing remittance men became a parlor sport in Alberta. It's hard to believe such tall stories. Did a foolish remittance man really hitch a mule between the handles of a walking plow—rather than to the drawbar? Local folklore says he did.

Then there's the young Briton who apologized for coming in late in the evening after rounding up the rancher's sheep. He said he had a deuce of a time herding the young ones. "Young ones?" asked the rancher. "I don't have any young ones." But he looked and sure enough, there were some jackrabbits in the pen with the sheep. The Briton thought the hares were lambs. Or so the story goes.

A similar story of naiveté comes from Colorado's Wet Mountain Valley where a young fellow was assigned to plant cabbage sets. He had a pet lamb and didn't notice until he was at the end of the row that the lamb had followed him, devouring every cabbage as he planted it.

Billy Cochrane, son of a wealthy British family, was sitting on his corral fence in Alberta one day, watching two expensive imported bulls fight each other. His banker happened by and said: "Why, Billy, if you don't stop it one of those bulls will kill the other." Billy responded: "It doesn't matter. We've got to have some excitement here somehow. Sure enough, one of the bulls was gored to death.

The Cochranes are an old and distinguished family. I met one of them in the Oxford area on a trip to Britain. When I told him the story, he said: "I understand that. Billy was practicing natural selection—survival of the fittest."

A young remittance man wrote his father in London that he had purchased a ranch stocked with 800 gophers. He said he needed 1,000 pounds immediately to fatten the gophers for market. Not knowing what a gopher was the father, a physician, sent the money.

Here's a story told from Texas to Alberta:

An Englishman buying cattle wanted a head count to insure accuracy. He asked the rancher to drive the cattle through a gate so each animal could be tallied. He didn't notice that the rancher was driving the herd around a small hill and back through the gate again, for a second tally.

"Lord" Ogilvy, the *Denver Post* writer mentioned earlier, was hell-on-wheels with horses. He once tried to jump a whole rig—a team of horses and the carriage they were hitched to—over an irrigation canal. It just doesn't work—the wagon can't jump—and Ogilvy killed a horse finding it out. Once in Cheyenne, Ogilvy rented a carriage and horses. When he returned to the livery stable he whipped the horses into a near gallop as he entered the barn. Result, a damaged barn and one dead horse. Ogilvy gave the man a thousand dollars. "Your horse was worth only \$100, but keep the rest for damage to your stable," he said.

Alfred Rowe of Clarendon, Texas (who died in the sinking of the Titanic), once rode 15 miles in the middle of the night to get sherbet for a wine drink he craved. When the Earl of Aylesford was told in Big Spring, Texas, that the hotel was full—he bought the hotel for \$3,000, a goodly sum in those days.

One young man billed his aunt in London twice for items he purchased for his Canadian ranch. He split the take with the merchant, spending his share at the nearest bar.

Another young man panicked when his mother wrote that she planned to visit his ranch to see what he was doing with his money. He was drinking it. But he had a stroke of genius. He persuaded his neighbor to switch ranches so the mother would believe the neighbor's excellent improvements were her son's. Everything came off fine—with the neighbor even posing as the butler. When the mother was leaving, she said to her son:

"What's a jag-on? I heard one of your cowhands say it's a wonder you didn't have a jag

on. What's a jag-on?"

"Oh," said the son hastily. "It's a kind of white shirt. He thought I should have worn one in honor of your visit."

One of the better-known remittance men in the Southwest is Darell Duppa, who had a classical education and named the city of Phoenix. Another was Sir Cecil Moon who became a rancher in the Fort Collins area. He married an Irish washerwoman who accompanied him to England to claim his title. She had little polish—and scandalized the family by using her Colorado quarter horse to go fox hunting, dressed in ranching clothes. When they split up in 1909, court filings revealed that Lady Moon customarily made her baronet husband do the dishes on their ranch northwest of Fort Collins.

Another was Sir Genille Cave-Brown-Cave who probably was the only titled Englishman ever to confess chicken stealing in Colorado—near Montrose. He worked there as a cowboy, and joined some other hands in carrying off a Scotsman's henhouse, including the chickens, which they ate at leisure.

By the 1900s, remittance men were blamed for almost everything—even including giving Britain a bad name. A Canadian historian divided them into what he called the "drifting incompetent and the positive rotter." As if that weren't enough, he said:

Their principal function was to bring Englishmen into disrepute. In this they achieved an abounding success. . . . Yet they were often sinned against as well as sinning. . . and deserved sympathy quite as much as blame.

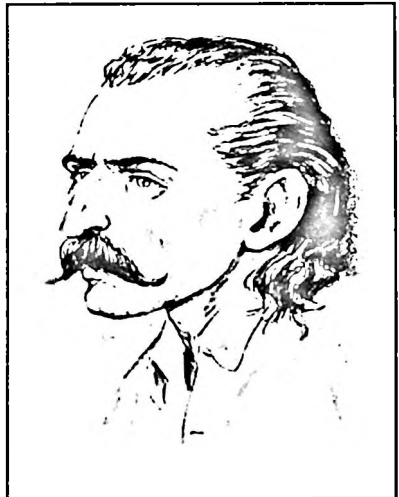
It would be a mistake to accept the harsher judgment. They made tremendous contributions to this country. Schools were set up to teach them agriculture. Culturally, the Hunt Club Ball at the British colony at Victoria, Kansas, was probably the finest social event Kansas had seen up to that time. The largest ranches were British-financed.

And don't forget their humor, described as a "subtle and nimble British wit." Illustrated by the story of a remittance man on a large Western ranch. Asked by a newcomer where the lavatory was, he surveyed the rolling range and, with a wave of his hand, replied:

"Lavatory? Why, my good man, it's all lavatory."

(From author's collection)

Darell Duppa, scion of a landed British family, was first sent to New Zealand, to seek his fortune as a sheep rancher. Failing at that, he settled in Arizona, where he became an Indian fighter and land promoter. Arizona honors him as the well-educated Englishman who named Phoenix and Tempe, and helped establish irrigation farming.



A DUTCH LULLABY

by Eugene Field

Wynken, Blunken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of crystal light
Into a sea of dew,
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring fish
That live in this beautiful sea;
Nets of silver and gold have we!"
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sang a song,
As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew.
The little stars were the herring fish
That lived in that beautiful sea—
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,—
Never afeared are we!"
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
To the stars in the twinkling foam,—
Then down from the skies came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea;
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

*Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
O wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three:—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.*



(Photo by Alan J. Stewart)

Denver Mayor Robert Speer commissioned Mabel Landrum Torry of Sterling, Colo., to execute a \$10,000 life-sized copy of a statue of "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod." When the 7-foot-high work was completed in 1919 and installed in Washington Park, it was believed to be the first monument dedicated to Eugene Field.



(Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library)

Eugene Field was Denver's "jocular journalist" during his brief tenure (1881-1883) on the *Denver Tribune*.

The Short But Eventful Career of Eugene Field in Denver

by

Robert L. Brown, P.M.

(Presented April 28, 1993)

EUGENE FIELD WAS EASILY the most jocular journalist to appear among the ranks of Denver's Fourth Estate. He established for all time the tradition of the columnist as an indispensable supernumerary on the staff of American newspapers. Although his tenure on the Denver scene was brief—1881-1883—he left behind a legacy that was colorful, to say the least.

Field was born in St. Louis in 1850. His mother died when Eugene was only 6. His father, Russell Field, was the attorney who unsuccessfully defended the slave Dred Scott.

[The U.S. Supreme Court ruled on March 6, 1857, that Dred Scott, a Negro, did not become free when taken to a free state, and also that the Missouri Compromise on slavery was unconstitutional.—Ed.] Shortly after his mother's death, the boy was sent to live with a cousin, Mary Field French, at Amherst, Mass. This was his home until 1869.

Field made a trip to Europe in 1872. Shortly after his return in 1873, he married Julia Comstock. Julia bore him eight children. Following a couple of attempts at a college career, Eugene began working for newspapers, a calling that he pursued throughout his too-brief lifetime. He worked for Missouri newspapers in St. Louis, St. Joseph, and Kansas City, until he was recruited as managing editor of the *Denver Tribune*, at the princely salary of \$40 a week.

In appearance, Field was tall and gangling, with sunken eyes. He had a vibrant bass voice. Eugene slept but little. Much of his writing was done on a lapboard, often in bed. His handwriting was tiny. For relaxation, he frequently walked on Denver's Prospect Hill—today's Cheesman Park. At one time or another, he lived in several boardinghouses, for reasons that will soon be apparent. Upon arriving home at 4 a.m., he liked to unwind by playing loudly on the piano. Bathing seemed to inspire his creative genius. While soaking in the tub, he scribbled verses and cartoons on those bathroom walls in reach from the tub. As a consequence, he moved frequently.

Late in 1881, Field moved his family to a small frame home at 307 W. Colfax Ave. One of his best-known poems, "Little Boy Blue," was written in the bedroom of the West Colfax house in just two hours. A son, who inspired the poem, had died there of the croup. Eugene Field loved books and spent much of his salary on them. When Julia chided him he replied that, "Only those wives of bibliomaniacs who share their husband's enthusiasm will be admitted to heaven."

Eugene Field was a sophist and a prankster. Tales of the multitude of practical jokes born of his inventive mind are repeated to this day. Sometimes he published his worst articles and poems under the names of prominent Denver persons—without their permission or prior consultation. When a story was needed to boost circulation, he penned total fabrications. One such yarn was a titillating account of interviews with 12 of Brigham Young's wives. He authored a regular column, entitled "The Old Gossip," filled with speculation about widely known Denver personalities. Field was once asked by a black politician to write some good lines for use in introducing an important white political figure. Field wrote: "Although he has a white skin, his heart is as black as any of ours." On another occasion he wrote that the rival *Rocky Mountain News* "Cut its Advertising Rates and was so Mean that it would Skin a Skunk to Save a Scent." (Capitals are Field's.)

Field also instituted a second regular column in the *Tribune* and called it "The Nonpareil." It featured a cockroach that had become Field's friend after John Arkin became the editor of the rival *News*. It seems that Arkin instituted a penurious system of economy in regard to over-use of library paste in the editorial room. The result, Field insisted, was the untimely death of more than a million roaches. Field's nearly emaciated but friendly and informative bug had crawled over to the *Tribune's* offices at 1447-51 Lawrence Street where library paste was abundant. Gene Field's "Colorado Roach" quickly became one of the paper's fixtures. Editor Field used the bug's confidences to needle Arkin and the *News*. Kemp Cooper, a *News* employee, was a man of considerable chilly, aloof dignity. Field wrote that after Cooper had taken the warm mineral waters at Manitou Springs, the place was used as a skating rink later that very night.

The often-repeated account of Gene Field writing one of his most touching childhood poems while recovering from a hangover at Mattie Silks' parlor house is untrue. Likewise spurious are the several hilarious tales of Field's frequent sojourns to Gold Hill's old Goldminer Hotel. Gold Hill enjoyed its reputation as a family town which frequently

eschewed saloons in local elections. Supposedly, this preference offended the bibulous editor-poet, who was prone to check into the hotel bearing a valise filled with various intoxicating spirits. In his room he would become properly drunk as a silent protest toward the temperance town. In some versions the accounts go a step further, speculating that some of Field's finest children's poems were written while inebriated in Gold Hill.

Eugene Field enjoyed a profound disdain for overly pretentious persons. At a formal banquet in Colorado Springs, he inserted a large firecracker into the dressing cavity of a stuffed turkey. A cigarette became his slow fuse. It exploded just as the ostentatious hostess solemnly entered the dining room. In a slightly different account of the same affair, the turkey burst noisily as the host, in a freshly starched shirt, raised the carving knife. In both accounts, stuffing was distributed over walls and ceiling.

A Field associate once invented a chemical bomb to smother fires. Gene had arranged a conflagration in an old shack on Welton Street. The building was set ablaze, but as more and more bombs were thrown, the fire burned with increased intensity. Field had arranged the substitution of kerosene for the fire-retardant chemical. The fun-loving *Tribune* editor was adored in Denver. One of the *Tribune*'s lady reporters once speculated that only his adoring public saved Field from hanging.

Ex-governor John Evans was a frequent target for Field's satire. In the *Tribune*, Evans was referred to as "Good Deacon John." In one story, Evans was reported as being present in a theater, a place no good 1880s Methodist would dare frequent in those days. Evans threatened Field with jail. Louisa Ward Arps reported that Evans actually had Field locked up. In his rejoinder, Eugene used negative innuendo. "At risk of 10 years in the penitentiary [*sic*], we will state that Deacon John was not at the theater last night."

Gene Field spent much time in the basement of Wolfe Londoner's Denver grocery store, where Denver's Press Club had its beginning. He played endless jokes on his good friend Londoner. One day, with no prior warning, he inserted a notice in his column that at 10 o'clock that morning any Negro who cared to call at Londoner's store would be given a large watermelon. Londoner was forced to purchase an entire carload of the melons to placate the crowd that filled the street when he opened his door for business. Londoner later credited the hoax with winning an election for him. Wolfe Londoner was elected Denver's eighth mayor in 1888, some years after Field had departed for Chicago.

At the dedication of Denver's Tabor Grand Opera House, Eugene sat in Box F. The master of ceremonies read a rather banal piece of poetry dedicated to H.A.W. Tabor. It was so bad that Field had to be physically restrained from hurling his chair onto the stage, in hopes of hitting the pompous speaker. When the actress Minnie Fisk took a curtain call at the Tabor Theater, Eugene threw a large bouquet of violets onto the stage. A string was attached. When the actress bent over to pick up the floral tribute, Gene yanked the string while the audience went wild.

Field was an unpretentious sort of person. He disliked overbearing people. With this in mind, he had a seemingly identical pair of chairs for visitors positioned on either side of his desk. One was a regular chair, to which most persons were directed. The second had been so contrived that it fell apart when someone he disliked sat on it, dumping them unceremoniously onto the floor. A couple of accounts describe the chair as having no seat, a condition disguised by what appeared to be a carelessly placed newspaper. Upon sitting, the result was a loss of dignity, to put it mildly. Field caught H.A.W. Tabor on the trick chair at least twice.

Senator Tabor was a favorite target of Field's satire. When Tabor entered the U.S. Senate to serve an undistinguished 30 days, Eugene, with tongue in cheek, wrote of the vast parade of prominent Americans who came to celebrate. He described a speech by the senator that was the most eloquent since the time of the Clay-Webster debate. When Tabor's brief term ended, Field told how Washington, D.C., flags were flown at half-staff and of



(Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library)

Field frequently targeted John Evans, ex-governor of Colorado, with his satire, referring to him as "Good Deacon John."

how the entire nation rose up, bewailing the departure of this great statesman and patriot now leaving the scene of his labors and triumphs. Needless to say, the piece was a total fabrication. Field was probably responsible for the story that Tabor ordered Shakespeare's portrait removed from his opera house. Allegedly, Tabor wanted to know who Shakespeare was and, "what the hell did he ever do for Colorado?" Tabor then ordered, "Take him down and put my picture up there."

No account of the Denver antics of Gene Field would be complete without noting what occurred during the celebrated visit to the city by Oscar Wilde. The Irish playwright was known to be an avowed apostle of aestheticism, and was deported from Great Britain for homosexual activities in a London hotel room with a minor member of the aristocracy.

Wilde's tour of the United States occurred in the spring of 1882. It had been arranged under the auspices of Richard D'Oyly Carte, English opera impresario. A couple of speeches in Denver were included in the itinerary. For Wilde's stay, a special suite had been renovated in the Windsor Hotel, complete with a dainty pink wallpaper and a lily

design. He was scheduled to speak twice in the Tabor Grand Opera House, on April 12 and April 15. What happened resulted in Eugene Field's finest practical joke.

Predictably, Denver's lorgnette set was ecstatic. They scurried about, pretending to learn more of the person who was supposed to bring a touch of superficial culture to the Queen City of the Plains. Public prints of the time showed the Irish playwright with very long hair, ladies white silk stockings and velvet knee britches. Most Wilde pictures show him gazing raptly at a pure-white lily, the symbol of his "aestheticism."

Down in Denver's "tenderloin" on Market Street, Minnie Clifford, a well known "Bride of the Multitude," decided to attend Oscar's lecture to observe for herself what it was that drove Oscar wild. An Irish cop, defensive about his homeland and fellow Irishman, overheard Minnie's remark and tossed her into the slammer on a trumped-up charge. A *Rocky Mountain News* headline trumpeted "Arrested for Aestheticism." Minnie attended the lecture with a sunflower in her hair.

On the evening of the distinguished man of letters' arrival, Field wrote solemnly, "It is said that Colonel Arkin will introduce Oscar Wilde to the Denver public tomorrow night. Will he wear a breech clout or a sunflower?" Wilde's train arrived on schedule and he delivered the April 12 lecture. The Tabor's stage contained only a round table supporting a delicate vase containing a single white lily. One critic said that Oscar spoke "in an uninteresting monotone, failing to move his audience, except toward the exit."

Following the speech, Wilde accepted H.A.W. Tabor's invitation to visit Leadville on the 13th and to see the Matchless Mine. When the two men entered the shaft Wilde was attired in Tabor's own protective suit of India rubber. Wilde noted that it was warm, but that it should have had a purple satin lining. While in the Cloud City, some of the locals tried to get Oscar drunk prior to his speech at Leadville's Tabor Opera House. Wilde drank all of them under the table. Long afterward Leadville drinkers spoke with awe and respect of the Irishman's mighty capacity.

The return trip to Denver was planned to allow time for Wilde to be paraded around the city. The train was mysteriously delayed. Apparently an unanticipated April snow squall had moved in and, as a result, the train was quite late. What transpired next has been the subject of much controversy.

I first heard the story from the late Thomas Hornsby Ferril one night at the Denver Press Club. Other accounts may be found in W. Storrs Lee's book, *Colorado*; in Robert L. Perkin's *The First Hundred Years*; in Bill Brenneman's *Miracle on Cherry Creek*; in Louisa Ward Arps' *Denver in Slices*; and in *The Wildest of the West* by the late Forbes Parkhill. The accounts do not agree.

In one version, a large crowd had assembled along the streets for a free look at the celebrity, now referred to as the "Second Coming of Oscar." Field and O.H. Rothaker, the *Tribune's* editor in chief, were waiting at Denver's station for the Leadville train. An official welcoming committee had retired to a nearby saloon to pass the time.

Bob Perkin's account tells us that Wilde's advance man suggested a masquerade to avoid disappointing the crowds. Gene Field jumped at the idea.

Field and Rothaker slipped away to Charpiot's Hotel where they reserved a room in the name of O. Wilde, Esq., of England. Field procured a wig from a nearby shop that catered regularly to the girls of Market Street. Next came the bottle-green overcoat, yellow kid gloves, a floppy hat and other items of a typical Wilde attire. Rothaker then dressed up as Oscar, with Field's assistance. An open carriage was ordered for a drive around downtown Denver. Field introduced the ersatz Wilde to people along 16th Street. At one point an invitation to dinner was tendered and accepted.

In a second version of the incident it was Eugene Field, himself, who impersonated the lily lover. He entered a tallyho at the station that had been reserved for the tour. Along the route he waved a white lily languidly at the best-looking males. He carried a book in

one limp hand and the lily in the other. A large white lacy handkerchief appeared from his jacket and was manipulated daintily from time to time in the approved la-de-da manner. He occasionally rested his head on his hand in a typical Wilde pose. At other times he fluttered his fingertips at the assembled onlookers. When the entourage arrived at the *Tribune* office, business manager J.V. Skiff pecked under the floppy hat and recognized Gene. Skiff hurled a broom at him. The wig was knocked off and the elaborate hoax was exposed.

The real Wilde arrived barely in time for his lecture. After hearing about the preceding events he departed hastily on the 10:30 train. In his *Memoirs of America*, the Denver stop was conveniently ignored.

Eugene Field will always be best remembered for his children's verses. "The Duel," "Little Boy Blue" and "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" were great favorites. Curiously, Field declared flatly in the 1902 foreword of the *Complete Tribune Primer*, "I do not love all children." The *Primer* was published after his death.

Denver and Colorado still honor the memory of Eugene Field for his spirited writing and ingenious practical jokes. He left Denver for Chicago in 1883. At the time he was just 33 years old. Two years later the *Tribune* was merged with the *Denver Republican*.

On Friday, April 23, 1993, I received a letter from fellow Posseman Dr. Henry Toll, offering a personal tour of the Eugene Field home. While there Dr. Toll produced the necessary libation and we toasted Field's memory. Before leaving I was able to examine an original letter written in Gene Field's tiny, precise penmanship.

Judge Charles H. Toll, Henry Toll's grandfather, was a close friend of Eugene Field, and was the principal character in a very funny short story by the poet, titled "The Catnip Garden." Dr. Toll also made available a letter Field had written to Judge Toll. Field was residing in Chicago at the time. With permission I shall quote a portion of the letter.

My dear Toll:

It was good of you to send me that encouraging little note, and I am grateful to you for it. I have made few acquaintances here, and the consequence is that I am at times wretchedly lonesome—not to say homesick. I suspect it will be a long while before I get out of the habit of regarding Denver as my home. And yet I cannot deny that this is a great deal better point for me than Denver ever could become.

Later in his letter Field noted, surely with tongue in cheek, "Strangely enough, Tabor did not call on me when he passed through Chicago."

Gene Field's health broke in 1883. Throughout a lengthy recovery he was tormented by melancholia. Dr. Lemen, Gene's Denver physician, made a peculiar diagnosis, stating, "What ailed Field was cheese." Eugene Field died of heart failure at age 45 in 1895.

Some years later Mayor Robert Speer became intrigued by a small statute of "Wynken, Blynken and Nod" that he had seen in Chicago. Speer commissioned Mabel Landrum Torry of Sterling to execute a life-sized copy of the smaller statue. Its cost was \$10,000. Upon completion in 1919, it was placed in Washington Park. Mayor Speer took much pride in the fact that Denver was the first city to erect a monument to Field.

Mrs. J.J. Brown, the "Unsinkable Molly," learned many of the Field poems and loved to recite them. She confided to friends that the first money she ever made in Leadville came from miners who rolled coins onto a stage when she recited the poems. Following the steamship Titanic's disaster, she recited them again before some 2,000 people in the ballroom in New York's Waldorf Astoria Hotel.

When Mrs. Brown learned that the Field home on West Colfax was to be torn down, she purchased it and presented it to the city of Denver. City Librarian Malcolm G. Wyer had the home moved to Washington Park in 1930, next to the Torry Monument. There it



(Photo by Alan J. Stewart)

The house where Field and his family lived on West Colfax Avenue was rescued from destruction by the "Unsinkable" Molly Brown, then moved in 1930 to Washington Park to become the Eugene Field Branch of the Denver Public Library.

became the Eugene Field Branch of the Denver Public Library. It now serves as headquarters for Denver's Park People. A handsome Eugene Field Library now stands on South University Boulevard.

Considering the brief time span during which Eugene Field lived among us, he certainly left his mark on Denver with a lasting legacy of good writing, good humor, and wonderfully original practical jokes.

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1993 Rosenstock Awards Made

Fred A. Rosenstock Awards for 1993 were announced at the annual Winter Rendezvous of the Denver Westerners, Dec. 14 at the Lowry Air Force Base Officers Club in Aurora.

Dr. Hugo G. von Rodeck Jr., a former Sheriff and longtime member of the Denver Westerners, was presented the Fred A. Rosenstock Lifetime Achievement Award by Ray E. Jenkins, 1982 Sheriff and a member of the Awards Committee.

A \$500 Rosenstock Award for Outstanding Contributions to Rocky Mountain History was announced by Dr. Tom J. Noel, 1989 Sheriff and Awards Committee member, for the Elbert County Historical Society.

Eugene J. Rakosnik, chairman of the Rosenstock Endowment Fund and 1986 Sheriff, traced the history of the awards program, made possible through bequests by the late Fred Rosenstock, a charter member of the Denver Westerners.

Noel, a University of Colorado-Denver history professor, author and columnist for *The Denver Post*, summarized achievements of the honorees.

He noted that the Elbert County Historical Society was founded in 1957, primarily

as a social group. A more serious purpose was initiated in 1991 when the society undertook an ambitious two-year project, "Window to the Past." With the help of more than 4,000 volunteer hours, society fund-raising, and a \$32,810 grant from the Colorado Endowment for the Humanities, the project was completed in June 1993.

Researchers studied old maps, manuscripts, census records, county newspapers, books and articles. Society members conducted oral-history interviews, took research outings, and met with local citizens.

The "Window" project resulted in restoration of the 1921 Kiowa High School, for use as the Elbert County Museum; production of a photographic exhibit on Elbert County from the project's collection, plus a "Window to the Past" video tape and slide-lecture; and publication of *Elbert County: Window to the Past*, a 21-page brochure, with a map and many early-day photos.

Honored members included Joe Martell, Elbert County Historical Society president; Betty Janssen, project director; John Hoffhines, fiscal agent; and Lee Whiteley, research coordinator.

Over the Corral Rail

Dr. Hugo G. von Rodeck, 28-year member of the Denver Westerners and longtime editor of *The Roundup* magazine, has received the 1993 Fred A. Rosenstock Lifetime Achievement Award.

In accepting the award at the Winter Rendezvous Dec. 14, Hugo expressed his appreciation to the Denver Westerners for the honor, remarking that his editorship of *The Roundup* was one of the most enjoyable experiences of his career. In attendance at the ceremony were Sally Lewis von Rodeck, a Westerners Corresponding Member, and Hugo's daughters by his first wife, Jean and Anne.

Hugo grew up near Sugar City, Colo.,

five miles east of Ordway on Colorado 96, on a piece of homestead land. Some of that land he still retains, unplowed and in its pristine prairie state. At age 19 in 1921, he entered the University of Colorado, where he earned his B.S. and M.S. degrees in biology. He then taught at CU and began work on his doctorate in ecology at the University of Minnesota.

During World War II, he served in the Army Air Corps as a meteorologist, and was a bombardier school instructor. (One of his training flights happened to wind up in Minneapolis, where he was completing work on his dissertation!) After the war, he conducted orientation classes for Ger-

(Over the Corral Rail)

man prisoners of war.

Hugo returned to Boulder to become director of the University of Colorado Museum. He developed a code of ethical conduct and guidelines for the museum, remodeling the facility into a permanent CU asset.

Following are excerpts from a sketch of Dr. von Rodeck's subsequent career by Dr. Tom J. Noel, 1989 Sheriff and Awards Committee member.

He [Dr. von Rodeck] became an international leader in muscology, serving as a charter member and president of the American Association of Science Museums and as vice president of the International Council of Natural History Museums. He authored the *Directory of Natural Science and Museums of the World* (Bucharest, 1971).

Professor von Rodeck also helped local museums. He co-founded the Mountain-Plains Regional Museum Conference in 1953, presided over the Colorado-Wyoming Academy of Science, served on the founding board of the Adams County Historical Society Museum, and chaired CU's Institute of Arctic and Alpine Research from 1951 to 1971.

Hugo has published numerous articles on archaeology, ecology, entomology, muscology, paleontology, and zoology, and booklets on Colorado amphibians, mammals and turtles. He edited the *University of Colorado Studies* from 1937 to 1943. This journal published scholarly articles in fields ranging from archaeology to zoology, helping to establish the University of Colorado as a credible school. Upon his retirement in 1971, CU honored Prof. von Rodeck with the title of Professor Emeritus of Natural History. . . .

Hugo has traveled the globe as a visiting lecturer and consultant, from

Singapore to Rio de Janeiro, from the University of Toronto's Royal Ontario Museum to the University of Leicester, where he spent a year as a visiting professor of muscology. His many honors include fellowship in the Entomological Society of America, and a life membership in the American Society of Mammalogists.

Following his retirement, Dr. von Rodeck continued as director emeritus of the CU museum and has been a museum consultant and member of numerous professional organizations.

Despite his busy academic career, Hugo has made many contributions to the Denver Westerners since joining in May 1965. His areas of special interest are early natural history, the Mimbres Indians, New Mexico pre-history, and Gen. George Armstrong Custer. He has spoken to the Westerners on the Mimbres culture and other subjects.

For 11 years—from 1980 to 1991—Hugo edited *The Roundup* magazine, the longest tenure of any of the publication's several editors. A significant contribution was his compilation of a continuing index to the contents of every issue of the publication during his editorship. (The indexing is now a formally established procedure, for the following editors.)

Hugo also achieved the distinction of holding two posts simultaneously for the Westerners when, in 1988, he took on the duties of Sheriff of the Posse while continuing as Registrar of Marks and Brands (*Roundup* editor).

* * *

New officers for the Denver Westerners were installed for 1994 at the Winter Rendezvous.

John Hutchins moves up from Deputy Sheriff to Sheriff. John is assistant U.S. Attorney in Denver. Previously, he was assistant and first assistant Colorado Attorney General.

A graduate of Northglenn High School,

he attended the University of Colorado, earning a B.A. and law degrees. Before joining the Colorado Attorney General's staff, he had his own law practice in Meeker, Colo., and later was assistant city attorney in El Paso Texas.

John's talks before the Westerners were "Colorado's Territorial Bench and Bar," and "The Jekyll-Hyde Gunman of the Johnson County War of 1892."

He and his wife Dale, and son Adam reside in Lakewood.

The other 1994 officers include **Theodore P. "Ted" Krieger**, formerly Chuck Wrangler, moving up to Deputy Sheriff and Program Chairman. **Earl McCoy** continues as Roundup Foreman (secretary); **Robert D. "Bob" Stull** remains Tallyman and Trustee (treasurer); **Alan Stewart** is again Registrar of Marks & Brands and Publications Chairman; **Keith H. Fessenden** is the new Chuck Wrangler.

Other officers are **Eugene Rakosnik**, Rosenstock Awards Chairman; **Mark Hutchins**, Archivist; **Roger Michels**, Membership Chairman; and **Robert Lane**, Keeper of the Possibles Bag.

* * *

Three new Corresponding Members have been added to the roster of the Denver Westerners. (The following information is provided, solely as submitted in applications from the new members.)

□ **Stephen A. Bain**, 671 Humboldt St., Denver 80218, son of **Francis M. "Fran" Bain**, longtime Posse and Reserve Member, is carrying on the family tradition. He indicates an interest in mountaineering and Colorado history. He plans an article on the 1902 Cripple Creek labor unrest.

□ **S. Lebrun Hutchison**, 4730 S. Delaware St., Littleton CO 80120, has joined the Westerners, after introduction to the organization by Posse Member **Max Smith**. A native of Philadelphia, Miss., he was graduated from Mississippi State University in 1954.

He worked for the U.S. Department of

the Interior, Bureau of Indians Affairs, from 1954 to 1972, then joined the National Park Service. He worked at national parks in Arizona, Nevada, California, and Hawaii. He lists fishing, skiing, and community work as his interests.

□ **Stephen Warren Kelly**, 12114 Melody Drive, # 13-204, Westminster CO 80234, has joined the Denver Westerners, through the auspices of Posse Member **Mark Hutchins**, Posse Archivist.

Steve was born in Chicago, in 1951. He was graduated from Northglenn High School in 1969, and earned a B.A. degree in social science and history from the University of Northern Colorado. He has been a member of the Naval Reserve since 1984, and is enrolled in the Intelligence Specialist program at the Naval Reserve Readiness Center, Buckley Air National Guard Base.

Steve holds teaching certificates for middle school and high school levels and has taught social studies and science for the past eight years in public and private schools in Nebraska and Colorado. He presently is on the staff of the Denver High School educational clinic, Auraria Campus.

He has worked as a volunteer for the Colorado Historical Society, and the Lowry Heritage Museum. Steve has been active in an effort to make the Lowry facility a permanent aerospace museum, after the base is closed this year.

He is also studying social and economic changes in the Rocky Mountain region after World War II, and is interested in the history of World War II and the Cold War, and in travel and photography of Western landscapes.

* * *

Corresponding Member **Raphael "Ray" Moses** has informed *The Roundup* that he has a complete set of *Brand Books*, dating to 1945, through Vol. 31, the most-recent edition. Interested members may write him at 7060 Roaring Fork Trail, Boulder CO 80301, or phone him at (303)530-3889.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Reviews published in *The Roundup* are largely related to books submitted by publishers to the Denver Westemers. 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*

Los Comanches: The Horse People, 1751-1845 by Stanley Noyes. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1993. 25 half-tones, 3 maps, bibliography, index; 352 pages. Clothbound, \$39.95.

This group of Shoshone people moved out of the mountains of present-day Wyoming onto the plains in the late seventeenth century and established their territory, encompassing present-day southern Oklahoma, eastern New Mexico, and most of central and northwest Texas. The move onto the plains was the result of their acquisition of the horse, enabling them to become great buffalo hunters and highly mobile warriors.

One of the major problems for someone writing about a tribal group is that nearly all the available information was produced by someone other than a tribal member. In the case of the Comanches, the records of the United States, Texas, Spain, and Mexico are the major sources for researchers. Regarding the daily life of the Comanches, some of the best information came from captives the tribe had taken in their raids. Their descriptions, along with those provided by men who traded with the Comanches, are used by the author throughout the book to provide social and cultural vignettes that are, in many ways, the most interesting aspects of *Los Comanches*. Of course the Comancheros traded the most with the Comanches, and those traders did not leave written records. We are fortunate that the Writers' Project interviewed a man in the 1930s who had gone on trading trips with his uncle and provided information on the Comancheros.

In their relations with the various governmental groups the tribe came in contact with during the period discussed, they made some very sharp distinctions. With the Hispanic governments of Santa Fe and San Antonio, the Comanches established a warm relationship. For example, during a starving time on the Plains in 1787 and 1788, the government and the people of Santa Fe shipped pack trains of corn to the Comanche rancherias. In the summer of 1788, the governor gave an additional 200 bushels of corn, and the people of the city contributed another 160 bushels from their stores. Yet, their relations with the government in San Antonio were strained most of the time. Illustrating just how the Comanche differentiated between white men is an event that occurred one night when Kiowa warriors silently moved on a camp of white men thinking that they were Texans. One warrior notched his arrow on his bowstring, but at the last minute, he decided not to shoot his target. The warrior built a pile of rocks and left. The next day the Kiowas were happy that they had not killed the men in Lt. J.W. Abert's survey party. The Kiowas were the strongest allies of the Comanches, and held the same attitudes toward Texans.

The author also does an excellent job explaining the relationships among the different tribes in the area and how those relationships tended to change at times. I was especially interested in the hatred between the Comanches and the Osage as I spent the first few years of my life living with the Osage in Oklahoma.

What Noyes has provided with *Los Comanches* is a very complete study of a

group of people considered to have been the outstanding horsemen of the Plains. They were also unique in many other ways. I strongly believe that you must learn about a tribe and not learn about "Indians" or "Native Americans." The Comanches had their own special way of living.

The author has written a most interesting book about a most interesting people that should be included in the library of anyone interested in Southwest history.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

The Dawn of the World, Myths and Tales of the Miwok Indians of California, collected and edited by C. Hart Merriam. Bison Book edition. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 1993. Map, 15 illustrations, introduction by Lowell J. Bean, bibliography of California Mythology; index; 273 pages. Paperback, \$9.95; clothbound, \$30.

This is a reprint of a book first published in 1910 by H. Clark Co. of Cleveland, then titled, *The Dawn of the World, Myths and Weird Tales Told by the Mewan Indians of California*. The book is organized into two parts, "Ancient Myths" and "Present Day Myths." Part I, Ancient Myths, is organized into 33 of the creation stories of the Mewan Indians. Part II, Present Day Myths, is organized according to the beliefs of the Mewan Indians into four sections. These sections address animals, ghosts and the signs of death; natural phenomena; and witches, pygmies, giants, and other fabulous beings.

In two final chapters the animals and plants listed in the myths are associated with their scientific name. The reader should be aware that, other than for the introduction, this book is an exact reprint of the earlier edition and the word usage has not been changed from the 1910 edition. The bibliography has not been updated, either, and contains no books or articles printed later than 1909. The able introduction does mention three more current books and several anthropologists whose recent work is worthy of study,

should the reader be so inclined. This intriguing book of source material on the Miwok is an excellent reference for those interested in the myths and folklore of California Indians. Our thanks to the University of Nebraska Press for republishing a hard-to-find reference work.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

Song of Sorrow—Massacre at Sand Creek by Patrick M. Mendoza. Willow Wind Publishing Co., Denver, 1993. Paperback, \$10.95.

Patrick M. Mendoza has made his living for the past 17 years as a professional storyteller and singer. For the past seven years he has spent many hours, and traveled thousands of miles researching *Song of Sorrow*, his first book.

During this time Mendoza lived and visited with many of the descendants of the victims and perpetrators of the Sand Creek tragedy. He has been adopted (honorary) by the Cheyenne Tribe, and has been awarded his first Eagle Feather.

This small book is an interesting, easy read. The author tells the story of the often-overlooked Indian side of the Sand Creek episode.

Mendoza starts with a good description of the life of the "Tsis Tsis Tas" on the Great Plains. We are introduced to many of the leaders and members of the Cheyenne Tribe. He then gives a brief history of the settlement of Colorado. We meet the Bents, Jim Beckwourth, John Milton Chivington, John Evans, and others.

The plight of the Indians, whose land and way of life were sacrificed to allow settlement of the Plains by the whites, the building of the railroads, and the decimation of the buffalo herds are all well-documented. The problems of the region's military forces resulting from the Civil War and the Indian situation in Colorado are traced.

These stories all lead up to Nov. 29, 1864, when Chief Black Kettle and his group are attacked by a volunteer force under Colonel Chivington at Sand Creek.

The Indians' view of the battle is well-told.

Mendoza then tells of the trials and tribulations of the Cheyenne Indians, of the Indian wars, and attacks on the settlers, forts, and battles with the military that take place during the next 12 years. The battle and sacking of Camp Rankin and Julesburg are documented. He also tells of Indian attempts to come to a peaceful settlement during this time.

A chapter near the end of the book tells the story of the survivors—Indians, military, and civilian—of the event. It is interesting to see how society treated these people. Some thought Chivington was a hero, and others thought him a murderer. Gov. John Evans' political career came to an end. And Charlie Bent renounced his white heritage and became one of the most wanted men in the West.

There are two highlights in the book. The little four-line verses that are the start of each chapter create the mood for the story to come:

Chapter 8 DEATH'S BLACK CAPE

Between the first light and the dawn,
He charged his army down
And put the village to the sword,
And in blood, his glory found.

The second highlight is the ending of the story. It is quite moving, and only an author who worked in depth with primary sources of information could have found and written this ending.

Rising from the mists of morn
As the dawn's light makes its stand,
The wind still sings of sorrow born,
On the banks of the Big Sand.

Song of Sorrow is documented with footnotes. The author gives the meaning and pronunciation of some Indian words, and sources of the entry. This might be from a personal interview with one of the descendants, or from letters or journals.

This book is well-written by a talented storyteller. It gives a quick view of the

Sand Creek tragedy. It is told from a different viewpoint than we usually get of this period in history.

—Ken Gaunt, C.M.

Flooding the Courtrooms—Law and Water in the Far West by M. Catherine Miller. Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1993. 176 pages. Clothbound, \$45.

There are two principal doctrines of water law in the United States: the riparian doctrine and the appropriation doctrine (sometimes called the Colorado doctrine).

Riparianism came to us from the common law of England and the civil law of France and Spain. In the United States, the water law of the eastern half of the country is riparian, and the Mountain States follow the appropriation doctrine. The tier of states including North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Oklahoma, and Texas, and the states of Alaska, Washington, Oregon, California, and Hawaii have grafted the riparian doctrine onto the appropriation doctrine in varying degrees.

This book is about riparianism in California, and the efforts of one major landowner, Miller & Lux (which we will abbreviate to Miller), to retain its riparian rights, while seeking to gain the benefits of the appropriation doctrine, as well—a sort of "eat-your-cake-and-have-it-too" attitude.

Miller did a good job, too. It acquired more than one million acres, and controlled almost as much more. It used its enormous wealth and vast power to control legislation and to wear out opponents with lawsuit after lawsuit.

The mind-numbing recitation of the political ploys and the endless litigation lead one to believe that only a descendant of the immigrant butcher, Henry Miller, could survive the research required to put this narrative together. But the head of the Nebraska Press assured me that M. Catherine Miller is not a descendant of Henry, but a professor at Texas Tech.

One acquires riparian rights by owning land traversed by a stream. The water can

only be used on lands adjoining the stream. The water right is an incident of ownership and is not lost by nonuse. It is not transferable to land away from the stream and the use of riparian rights must be reasonable.

But Miller was not content with its riparian rights. It wanted more. So it entered into a series of contracts with Southern California Edison which gave the ranchers storage rights—unknown to riparianism.

Miller was also instrumental in the organization of the San Joaquin and Kern River Canal and Irrigation Co., referred to in the book as SJ&KRC&ICO, as unpronounceable an acronym as one will ever encounter. The canal company was organized to acquire appropriative rights to supplement Miller's riparian rights, to use the company's charges to irrigators both as a source of income and as a measure of control.

The concluding chapter is the jewel of the book and demonstrates that wealth and power—and the willingness to use both to oppress those with less—can truly shape public policy.

After the post-World War I depression, Miller's financial condition was desperate, and this dedicated foe of big government was, ironically, rescued by the Bureau of Reclamation, using taxpayers' money to build the Central Valley Project.

This is a difficult book, but a worthwhile one.

—Raphael J. Moses, C.M.

Trials and Triumphs: A Colorado Portrait of the Great Depression by Steven J. Leonard, with Farm Security Administration photographs. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1993. 160 photographs, bibliography, index; 324 pages. Clothbound, \$29.95

A former business professor at CU Boulder stated that the values held by an individual were usually "locked" by the time the person was 10 years old, and only a significant emotional event could change

those values. The 1930s Depression shaped and changed the values of much of the U.S. population, and in this book, Steve Leonard has captured this catastrophe in text and Farm Security Administration photographs as it impacted Colorado.

The New Deal and President Franklin Roosevelt had Sen. Edward Costigan as a strong supporter, but Gov./Sen. Edwin Johnson attacked the New Deal, and as a political conservative and racist, "Big Ed" represented the views of Coloradans to a greater degree than did Costigan. The result of many of the New Deal programs was to benefit the well-to-do, with little help for minorities and poor whites.

C.E. Lunker approached FDR in the campaign of 1932, saying, "I'm a farmer, just a common dirt farmer. If you don't help us, Mr. Roosevelt, we're sunk." Lunker harvested a \$16,000 wheat crop in 1936 with New Deal assistance. I would suggest that Mr. Lunker was not a "common dirt farmer" but one of a number of well-to-do landowners who benefitted much more from the New Deal programs than did the farm laborers.

In this time, the Farm Security Administration sent out photographers to record people and places throughout the nation. Their photos emphasized the positive aspects of the 1930s and 1940s. One interesting thing that I noticed was that when Arthur Rothstein had a shot of Anglos at work, the person's name was included in the caption. When the picture was of a Hispano, the identification was "Spanish-American rehabilitation client, potato picker, Spanish-American farm laborer," indicating racial attitudes of the period.

In regard to Roy Stryker, who headed up the FSA photographic program, I might suggest that he grew up in Montrose rather than being "bred" there.

Over-all, the author and photos seem to hit harder on the triumphs than the trials of the period. The repression of organized labor by the state government and industry is illustrated by the actions taken at Green Mountain Dam site and elsewhere. The failure of the New Deal to include minori-

ties equally in the programs reflected the attitudes of many government leaders.

According to the author, "By giving the state an infrastructure of highways, reservoirs and clean drinking water, by restoring its farms and protecting its grazing land, by sustaining its mining industry, the New Deal positioned Colorado to boom during and after World War II." There was also a change in attitudes toward the role of state and federal governments in the lives of the citizens.

Steve Leonard began the research for this book some 17 years ago, and in reading the book, it is evident that his time was well-spent. He has produced a book that anyone with an interest in Colorado history will enjoy.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.

Captain Jack Crawford, Buckskin Poet, Scout, and Showman by Darlis A. Miller. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1993. Preface, epilogue, end notes, bibliography, index, photographs and map; 320 pages. Clothbound, \$38.95.

John Wallace Crawford—known to a generation of Americans as Captain Jack Crawford the Poet Scout—entertained throughout the United States, England and the Yukon. He is reported to have been one of America's most popular performers and storytellers of the nineteenth century. Captain Jack's introduction to public speaking and his lifelong love of the theater began as a co-star with Buffalo Bill Cody in the years prior to the latter's broad recognition and the renowned Wild West Shows.

Throughout Captain Jack's life, he reenacted and recounted incidents drawn from his experiences as a scout with the Army sent against the Sioux after the Battle of the Little Big Horn. His travels brought him in contact with many of the "heroes" of the time. He befriended presidents, showmen, journalists and the common man. His poetry, storytelling, and acting ability gained him entry to all levels of society.

In this first biography of Crawford, Darlis Miller describes Captain Jack as "product of his time . . . displaying qualities typical of nineteenth-century men of action—burning ambition, enormous physical stamina, the propensity to take risks." Miller recounts Crawford's experiences as a scout, poet, entertainer, rancher, miner, temperance advocate, and dreamer.

What sets Captain Jack and this book apart is that, unlike the other icons of the West who are usually the subjects of a book, Crawford never made it big. He chased his El Dorado throughout the West and into the Yukon without finding it or gaining the kind of recognition he sought. Yet Crawford was a consummate optimist, telling a reporter once, "Much of the misery and disaffection comes from artificial gloom of which many people seem to have a fondness." Crawford's failures seemed only to set the stage for the next get rich scheme or wild adventure, leading him from the gold fields of South Dakota to copper mines and ranches of New Mexico and the placers of the Yukon. Darlis Miller states that "Crawford's own career, with its failures and disappointments, gives a more honest representation of life in the West than the images he projected on stage and in print."

Darlis Miller benefitted greatly in putting Captain Jack Crawford's story together from the efforts of Captain Jack the writer and poet. The book is filled with excerpts from Crawford's poems and writings, as well as numerous photos and illustrations, much of it preserved in the Rio Grande Historical Collections at New Mexico State University Library.

Miller includes extensive end notes (57 pages) which are both helpful and, at times, confusing in format and content. Since many of the source documents were collected by Captain Jack and members of his family, a sympathetic account of the public personality is presented. The reader is left to ponder the man behind the public persona. Miller presents us with a Captain Jack Crawford as defined in his own hand: ". . . a kind, witty, upright, and unselfish

man, one who would not knowingly misrepresent anything." Put this book on your worth-reading list. It provides additional insight into the spirit of wanderlust of the era and breathes life into some of the legends of the late nineteenth century.

—Earl McCoy, P.M.

North American Cattle-Ranching Frontiers: Origins, Diffusion, and Differentiation by Terry G. Jordan. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1993. Illustrations, photos, maps, charts, notes, and index; 439 pages. Clothbound, \$35.

Jordan has created a comprehensive study of cattle ranching in the Old World and New, and has reinterpreted and recast the information. He delineates the American adaptations of ranching, beginning with European expansion into the Caribbean through Mexico, the American South, and the West. By 1850, three distinct ranching cultures existed: Midwestern, Californian, and Texan.

The reinterpretation of how ranching evolved in the New World is broad, including discussions of grazing and foraging and their relation to vegetation and climate—cultural ecology—cultural diffusion and local innovation.

The visuals are helpful and relevant. Jordan obviously used his Web Chair endowment fund well, traveling to resources and spending countless hours in research.

If you have a real interest in the history of cattle ranching, this book will cover the subject for you. However, if you are only a little interested, you will find more information than you really want.

—Max D. Smith, P.M.

Battles and Skirmishes of the Great Sioux War, 1876-1877: The Military View, edited by Jerome A. Greene. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman. Illustrated with photographs and maps, index; 228 pages. Clothbound, \$24.95.

This is not just another Custer book, although there seems to be a resurgence of

interest in the Battle of the Little Big Horn. One can divide Little Big Horn books into three general categories. The first category concentrates on the battle, itself, and/or on General Custer. This category has existed from the beginning, and has been covered by such writers as Frederick Whittaker, Robert Utley, Thomas Marquis, and many others—including those who have dug into the story in an archaeological sense.

The second category deals with the individual "secondary" battles and "supporting" military figures who came into prominence before and after the Fight of the Greasy Grass. Many books, some of them recent, deal with such subjects as Reynold's Fight, War Bonnet Creek, Slim Buttes, General Mackenzie, General Crook, and General Miles. Jerry Greene has produced some of this type.

Finally, the third fairly recent category delves into strategic or operational studies. These put the entire Sioux War into context and include John Grey's *Centennial Campaign*, Wayne Sarf's *The Little Big Horn Campaign*, and Greene's own *Yellowstone Command*.

This book does not fit exactly into any of the three categories. Although *Battles and Skirmishes* obviously deals with the big strategic picture, it does so by reprinting first-person accounts of the many skirmishes, marches, and fights in the two-year Sioux War. Since these are materials that Greene used in his previous works, the reader is able to synthesize the materials and come to his or her own conclusions. Although a few of the accounts are well-known, most are from lesser-known reports, recollections, and newspaper articles. Thus this book provides the reader with the benefit of Greene's prior searches. While the writer of a future article on the Sioux War should still run down other sources, such as "The Freeman Journal," Lieutenant Bradley's "March of the Montana Column," and Private Smith's "Sagebrush Soldier," this single volume contains many colorful quotations.

This book is indispensable for the Custer

and Little Big Horn collector. It has a wonderful color illustration on the dust jacket, and is well-bound. If you have an interest in the military in the West, you should buy this book.

One observation on quoting the volume as a source: Oklahoma purports to copyright the entire work, yet many (not all) of the articles were previously published and long ago entered the public domain, as this reviewer understands the law. Credit certainly should be given to the "new" source as published by the University of Oklahoma, and the reprinting and format are newly copyrighted, but the copyright page should credit the original published source, as does Greene in the volume, itself.

—John M. Hutchins, P.M.

America's Ancient Treasures by Franklin and Mary Folsom. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1993. Fourth edition. Photographs, drawings; 485 pages. Clothbound, \$37.50; paperback, \$19.95.

This is a book that I cannot recommend. There are numerous problems, beginning with the title which is inaccurate in that the territorial area of America is not just the United States and Canada. The book does not include "all of the archaeological sites that have been prepared for public view in North America." Along with sites in Mexico—which is a part of North America—all the sites in the United States are not included.

A very important omission is that, except for a map of the Chacoan Region, there are no other maps in the book.

There are numerous errors of fact concerning sites listed in the book. The Hopi Snake Dance is now closed to visitors. The authors' interpretation of what happened at the Chimney Rock site is not the same as what Florence Lister has stated in her latest book. The Lowry Pueblo is now closed to the public, and the only section of the kiva mural is on a table in a back room in the Anasazi Heritage Center, not in the ruin. Not all the tombs were robbed at Casa Malpais as a major section was not

discovered by the pot hunters in the early 1960s, and that section of burials is now under the control of the Hopi and Zuni tribal governments, as provided for under Arizona law. Also several sites near Casa Malpais open to the public are not listed in the book. The cave in which Richard Wetherill made his major Basketmaker discovery is not located in Grand Gulch as stated in the book. The Basketmaker discovery was made in Cave 7 which is located in Whiskers Draw north of Bluff, Utah. I have been to Cave 7 with Fred Blackburn and Winston Hurst who established the location of the cave, as described by Hurst in *Anasazi Basketmaker: Papers from the 1990 Wetherill-Grand Gulch Symposium*. There are additional problems with the information in *America's Ancient Treasures*.

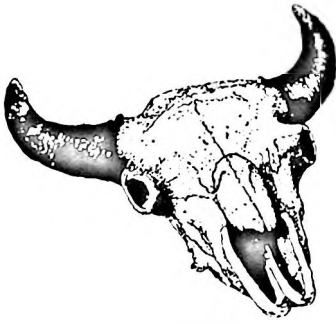
I also question why there is so little information regarding sites on Wetherill Mesa in the section on Mesa Verde National Park. No mention is made of Step House, Badger House, or the several overlooks in the visitors' area of Wetherill Mesa. It is possible that the authors have never been in that area of the park.

There is also a real lack of information regarding sites in the Ute Mountain Ute Tribal Park, adjacent to Mesa Verde National Park. Nine Mile Canyon in central Utah—a most important petroglyph site—is barely mentioned and is incorrectly located. It is on Utah 53 between Wellington and Myton, not Price and Myton.

Photographs used in the book are mainly from government agencies, with none taken by the authors. I would suggest that the information in this book, like the photographs, was compiled from other sources and not by actual visits to the sites by the authors. And I could list other aspects of the book that I believe are inaccurate.

A book that would do justice to all the Native American sites in the United States would be too huge to carry around. If you plan to visit archaeological sites in a particular area of the country, then find a good book dealing with that area.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

MARCH-APRIL 1994

**JUST WHERE IS UTE PASS?
AND OTHER CONTROVERSIES**

by Edward S. Helmuth, P.M.



(Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library)

Chief Ouray, principal leader of Colorado Utes, with friend Otto Mears, builder of toll routes and railroads.

About the Author

Edward S. Helmuth, Posse Member and the Denver Westerners' acknowledged expert on mountain passes, did an encore, with his paper entitled, "Just Where Is Ute Pass? and Other Controversies," at the Feb. 24, 1994, meeting. His previous talk for the Westerners—"Sangre de Cristo: Colorado's Forgotten Pass"—was presented Oct. 24, 1990.

Ed is a native of Ohio, and worked for Marathon Oil Co. as an engineer/scientist for 30 years, before retiring in 1991. He holds a B.S. degree in business statistics from the University of Colorado, and a Masters in business administration from Bowling Green (Ohio) State University.

He has been a member of the Society of Petroleum Engineers and has had papers published by SPE. In addition to the Denver Posse of the Westerners, Ed is a member of the Pikes Peak Posse in Colorado Springs. (He resides in Buena Vista, Colo.)

Ed and his wife Gloria were drawn to Colorado after a 1956 visit to the state. Their interests in Colorado history go back to the early 1980s when they began exploring and cataloging the state's mountain passes. Previous researchers have documented fewer than 300 passes. The Helmuths have located 469.

This project has led to extensive research on the history of the passes. The work will culminate in a series of books detailing that research. The first in the series, *The Passes of Colorado*, will be released in June by Pruett Publishing of Boulder, Colo. (Pre-publication orders may be sent to Ed Helmuth, P.O. Box 847, Buena Vista, CO 81211.)

In another part of the project, Ed is working with the U.S. Geological Survey Board on Geographic Names for official recognition of many as-yet-unnamed Colorado passes.

Ed's hobbies include fishing, photography, skiing, and woodworking. The Helmuths have two children: Kim Zehender of St. Croix, U.S. Virgin Islands; and Ron of Denver, plus two grandsons.

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(Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library)

On Aug. 29, 1912, dignitaries gathered to dedicate Ute Pass and Trail west of Manitou Springs, Colo. Buckskin Charley, successor to Ute Chief Ouray, confers with ex-Gov. Alva Adams (right), before ceremonies.

Just Where Is Ute Pass? *and Other Controversies*

by Edward S. Helmuth, P.M.

(Presented February 23, 1994)

VARIOUS TRIBES of Native Americans known as the Utes roamed widely for years throughout the area now named Colorado, before white explorers came. The Utes' travels in search of the necessities of life produced many trails, as they frequently retraced paths. Trappers and explorers later followed these various trails and invariably called them "Ute Trail," in recognition of the makers and users of the trail.

There are many Ute Trails throughout Colorado, from what is now Rocky Mountain National Park south to the Four Corners area. Often these trails went over a mountain ridge, as the Utes moved from valley to valley while hunting deer, elk, and buffalo. Many of these crossings became known as Ute Pass since they were on a Ute Trail.



(Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library)

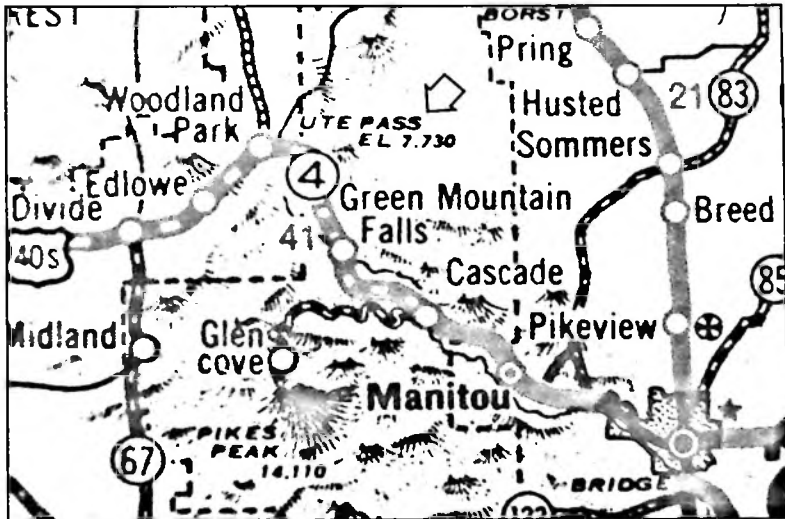
Beginning in the 1860s, freight wagons used the Ute Pass road west of Manitou Springs. Photo shows eight empty wagons descending the pass.

There are no fewer than seven Ute Passes to be found in Colorado today. Therefore, when relating your travels, it is not sufficient to state that you "went over Ute Pass." You must identify which Ute Pass was traversed. If seven current Ute Passes aren't enough, then consider that at least five other crossings were called Ute Pass at some time in their existence. Four well-known passes—Boreas, Hoosier, Independence, and Kenosha—had that distinction. Also, a lesser-known crossing, Lake Pass, was once called Ute Pass. The latter was an important pass in its day but is now relatively unknown. Cottonwood and Independence passes now serve its locale.

Perhaps the best known of today's Ute Passes is the one west of Colorado Springs on highway U.S. 24. The Utes used this pass extensively. They regularly traveled it to reach the eastern Plains area for hunting, trading, and an occasional skirmish with other Indian tribes. Also, the Utes were frequent users of the mineral springs at Manitou, as they believed the waters had healing powers.

In the early 1800s, trappers began to use the trail to take their pelts from the prime beaver area of South Park to Bent's Fort on the upper Arkansas River. Until the gold rush, there was little to beckon the early settlers into the mountains and the trail remained used primarily by Indians.

In 1859, the famous couple, H. A. W. and Augusta Tabor, were among the first who documented taking a wagon over the trail. They reported that the pass was so steep that each night they could look back down the pass and see smoke from the previous night's campfire. It took them two weeks to travel over the pass to reach Leadville. One year later, the trail was improved into a wagon road. This road was heavily used for several years, as it was the best horse or wagon route for gold-seekers moving into the South Park area. Freight wagons made regular use of the road.



(From Author's Collection)

In 1933, Sinclair Oil Co. distributed road map showing Ute Pass as east of Woodland Park.

The Colorado Territory was established in 1861 and as counties were formed, the importance of the Colorado Springs Ute Pass became evident. The county in which the crossing was located was named El Paso or "the pass." As early as 1873, a railroad over the pass was considered, but it wasn't until 1887 that one was built to provide service to the mining camps west of the pass. Around 1910 an auto road was built over the pass.

Assume that this first Ute Pass is the one of primary interest. The question of its location still remains unanswered, because the exact site of the pass summit has been placed at different spots over the years.

The original Ute Pass trail from Manitou Springs west into the mountains did not follow the same route as today's U.S. 24. The trail was mostly south of what is now the highway route, going up and down through several canyons branching off Fountain Creek. When the trail was improved for wagon traffic and later for rails, the builders followed the more constant grade along Fountain Creek.

An 1888 map entitled, "Map of the Constructed Line of the Colorado Midland Railway from Manitou to Florissant," shows Ute Pass to be just west of Woodland Park. An 1899 *Colorado Midland Handbook for Tourists* talks about the railroad making a steady uphill grade until it reached a level plain on the top of Hayden's Divide (an alternative name applied to this Ute Pass). This is the present location of the town of Divide, and at that date, the railroad had decided that was the summit.

In subsequent years, the summit of the pass was shifted to different locations, according to who was publishing the information. A 1933 Rand McNally map distributed by Sinclair Oil Co. places Ute Pass just east of Woodland Park, and gives an elevation of 7,730 feet. An article in the March 11, 1934, Colorado Springs *Sunday Gazette Telegraph* was headed, "What's This? Ute Pass Isn't Ute Pass! Real Site 20 Miles West Near Divide." However, the article does cite a Pike National Forest supervisor who claimed the pass was about 1½ miles west of Woodland Park.

Another Rand McNally map from the 1940s shows Ute Pass between Manitou Springs and Cascade with an elevation of 6,800 feet. This location was used on various oil company maps through the 1960s.

The Colorado state highway department published road maps for tourists as early as 1938. These maps did not recognize Ute Pass until 1960, when the designation first appeared east of Cascade, just as on the oil company maps. It continued to be shown at this location until 1981. The National Forest Service seems to have sidestepped the issue for years. Pike National Forest maps as late as the 1985 revision did not allude to a Ute Pass anywhere along U.S. 24.

In 1981 the Colorado Department of Highways decided to place a sign at Ute Pass, since they had signs at the summits of other major passes located on paved highways within the state. They maintained that the summit was at Cascade, but knew there were other opinions, and asked for help. A number of historians from the Colorado Springs area responded, and the consensus was that the summit was at the town of Divide.

The Colorado highway department accepted this view and made an application to the U.S. Geological Survey's Board on Geographic Names to designate officially the location near Divide as Ute Pass. In September 1982, the board approved the request. Now Ute Pass is officially located and named on current maps—both Colorado highway maps and U.S. Forest Service maps.

The second of our seven Ute Passes is about 15 miles north of Silverthorne, on a side road just east of Colorado Highway 9. The pass is a crossing between the Blue River and Williams Fork River valleys. A July 1866 account records the passage of a party over this pass. The prominent trail markings were tracks made by the lodgepoles of Indian travois. This pass has an elevation of 9,568 ft. and may be located readily on most highway maps.

A third Ute Pass is the only one positioned on the Continental Divide. It is north of Steamboat Springs in the Mt. Zirkel Wilderness Area. At 11,000 ft. it is a high pass, and was never greatly used by early white settlers. Its location is shown on the Routt National Forest map, and



(Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library)

Buckskin Charley succeeded Ouray as chief of the Utes, after Ouray died in 1880. This picture of Buckskin Charley and his wife To-wee was taken in 1899.

on the USGS topographic map. The pass is near, but not on, the Continental Divide Trail. Because of its location in a wilderness area, it does not get many visitors.

A fourth Ute Pass, also infrequently used today, is located in the Medicine Bow Mountain Range, east of Walden. This pass divides the North Platte and Laramie rivers. Today the only access to the summit at 9,869 ft. is a long hike on foot. However, this was not always the case, as a wagon road was built over the pass in the late 1800s. The west approach to the pass uses this wagon road through the Colorado State Forest, but is now closed to vehicle access. There are several accounts of Indians using the pass to raid the then-new settlements in the Fort Collins area, and returning to safety in North Park. On one occasion though, a settler, Mariano Medina, gave chase, engaged the Utes near the top of the pass, and retook some stolen horses. The pass is marked on both Forest Service and USGS topographic maps.

The fifth Ute Pass is near Saguache at the north end of the San Luis Valley. Although originally used as a trail by Indians, it became a wagon road connecting Saguache with the mining district of Bonanza. Today this pass may be crossed at 9,944 ft. using a four-wheel-drive vehicle. The south access is marked by a sign on Colorado 114, a couple of miles west of Saguache.

Today many people unknowingly cross the sixth Ute Pass. It is at the east edge of Durango, and connects the Animas River and the Florida River. At 7,420 ft. it is the lowest of the seven Ute passes and is in a populated area on a paved highway, County Road 240. A March 1867 report by Lt. Col. E. H. Bergemann mentions a well-used Indian trail here and noted it as a major connector to the Animas River area from points east. He referred to it as Ute Pass. Its existence is not preserved today, as it is not named on maps.

The seventh Ute Pass is in the Weminuche Wilderness Area in southwest Colorado. Robert Ormes and others have identified it as Ute Pass although there are some who use an alternative name of Starvation Pass. They probably prefer this name to reduce the confusion of Ute passes, and this pass does separate Starvation Gulch and West Ute Creek. The pass is in a very rugged, remote area and, with an elevation of 12,702 ft., is the highest of all the Ute passes.

* * *

Other controversies concerning mountain passes have surfaced at various times in the past. In central Colorado, two well-known passes, Monarch and Marshall, have been competitors at times. First, a look at Marshall, as it is the older of the two.

Another name for Marshall Pass could be "Toothache Pass." In 1873, the leader of one of the Army's Wheeler Survey parties, Lt. William L. Marshall, developed a severe toothache while mapping the San Juan Mountains. The only dentists in the Colorado Territory at that time were on the Front Range. Marshall and a traveling companion, Dave Mears, headed east toward Denver. The intense pain made Marshall decide to seek a shortcut, rather than going over Cochetopa Pass—the established route.

When Capt. John Gunnison went through this country in 1853, he had noted the favorable geographic terrain to expect a pass in the area. While one had not been yet mapped, it was believed to exist. Marshall found and used the relatively easy crossing which now bears his name. Being a dedicated cartographer—and in spite of his pain—Marshall took an extra day at the summit to survey the new pass he had discovered, before proceeding to a dentist.

By 1877, Marshall Pass appeared on maps of the region. Otto Mears began construction of a toll road over the pass in that year. However, it was not until the spring of 1880 that the road was generally suitable for travel by all modes of transportation.

This is the time when Monarch Pass came into existence. There could be a minor controversy as to "which Monarch?" as there have been three distinct crossings of the Continental Divide in this area. The first and the oldest Monarch Pass—which has been called Old, Old Monarch Pass, or Original Monarch Pass—is at the western edge of the current boundary of the Monarch Ski Area and today is accessible only on foot.

This route was first used extensively by white men in 1879 when exploration for minerals began in earnest. Nicholas C. Creede located a silver mine in the area in 1878 and a camp named Chaffee City sprang up. Creede moved on and the name of the camp and mine became the same: Monarch. The pass above the two sites was then named for them.

In 1880, a toll road was constructed on the rough trail established by the miners. That road was built by Hugh Boon, a Civil War veteran, who lived at nearby Poncha Springs, where he is buried.

The first controversy involving the two Continental Divide crossings, which are only 10 miles apart, was in 1880 when the Denver & Rio Grande Railway was seeking a route from Salida to Gunnison. Survey teams spent the summer on both passes, evaluating each route. The routes were amazingly similar in distance, gradient, and projected cost to build. The road over Monarch Pass was the route most used by miners; however, the Marshall Pass crossing where Mears had built his toll road was 700 feet lower.



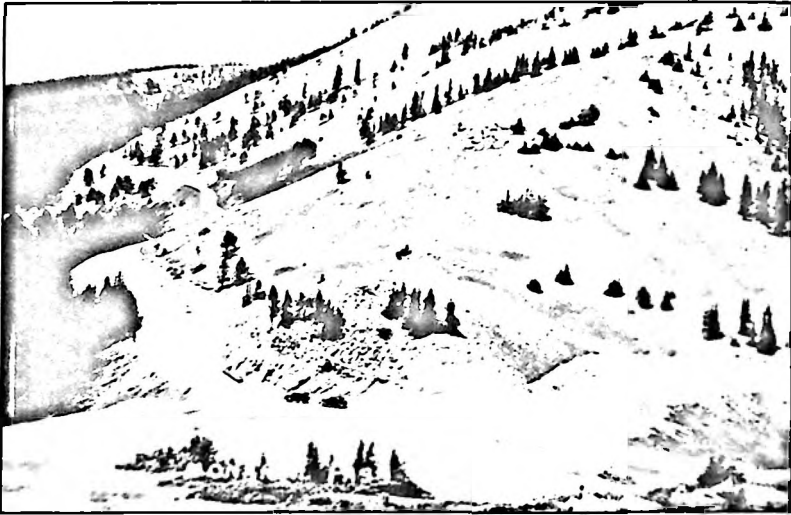
(From Author's Collection)

Tourist ad in the 1920s promoted use of Monarch Pass.

Mears, seeing that a railroad and the improved road over Monarch Pass would cut into his revenue, decided to sell out. For \$13,000 the D&RG purchased Mears' road, giving them the graded route which the railroad would follow. Tracks were laid and Aug. 6, 1881, saw the first rail service to Gunnison. Marshall Pass had won this first contest. Business on the two passes continued for years. Marshall was the rail crossing and Monarch handled other traffic.

The second Monarch Pass is now officially named Old Monarch Pass. Construction was started in 1919 to offer a slightly lower crossing of the divide. The road is passable during the summer months and may be located by the signs just east of the top of today's Monarch Pass.

The second controversy for this pair of passes occurred in the late 1930s when a national panel looked for the proper route for U.S. 50 across Colorado. The highway was crossing Old Monarch Pass at this time, and the railroad had developed the route over Marshall Pass into a major



(From Author's Collection)

Picture of Old Monarch Pass was taken in the 1920s, soon after road was opened. Heavy snows were a challenge on the pass.

rail thoroughfare. Most engineering surveys, the Colorado governors of the time, and many public groups favored leaving Old Monarch in place, and putting a new major highway over Marshall Pass. Marshall Pass was 500 feet lower, the top was more open, and it was suggested that snow would be less of a factor.

However, one person, Charles D. Vail, chief engineer of the Colorado Department of Highways, had other ideas. He had been instrumental in developing techniques to keep the state's high mountain passes open during the winter. However, there was one pass where he had not been successful: Monarch Pass. This route continually filled with snow, forcing drivers to take a major detour over Poncha and Cochetopa passes. Vail took this as a challenge to develop a route in the Monarch area which could be kept open. He didn't want to admit defeat by going elsewhere with U.S. 50.

Residents of the region pleaded for a road over Marshall Pass, which was envisioned as more direct and a better all-weather route. Allegations were made that money designated for Marshall Pass construction was spent on other projects. A real battle ensued, summarized by the following headlines from various newspapers:

(Elk Mountain Pilot, Crested Butte, April 16, 1936) "Marshall Pass Is Approved Highway—\$1 Million Allocated to New Highway Over Range"

(The Denver Post, July 17, 1936) "Million Dollar Road Planned Across Divide—Johnson Orders Survey of Substitute for Route Over Monarch Pass"

(Rocky Mountain News, Jan. 24, 1937) "Controversy Is Let Loose on Marshall Pass Highway"

(Denver Democrat, June 19, 1937) "Vail Taboos the New Marshall Pass Road"

(News Champion, Gunnison, Dec. 23, 1937) "Construction of Marshall Pass Route Urged by Cañon [Cañon City] Boosters, in Letter to Governor Ammons"

(Rocky Mountain News, Jan. 20, 1938) "New Route Over Monarch Proposed—Ammons Reveals Plan to End Pass Controversy"

(The Denver Post, May 8, 1938) "New Impetus Given Campaign for Road Over Marshall Pass—Vail Still Committed to Monarch Route Thru Unsettled Area, But Powerful Administration Forces Are Working for Other Line"

(The Denver Post, July 20, 1938) "Agate Creek Pass is Favored for Highway 50"

(Rocky Mountain News, July 21, 1938) "Ed Johnson Urges Suit in Road Fight—Group Studies Plan for \$1.25 Million Ammons Action"

(The Denver Post, July 25, 1938) "State Has a Road to Build But Has No Place to Put It"

(Rocky Mountain News, Sept. 19, 1938) "Monarch Pass Wins Highway"

The new highway opened in November 1939. Highway department signs appeared at the top with the words "VAIL PASS" and the controversy continued. Even though it was a new spot and a new road, it was still Monarch Pass to people of the area, and they became vocal about it. Irrate locals performed some early-day graffiti by painting out the word Vail, or covering the "P" on Pass with black paint.

Vail maintained that the county commissioners had suggested the name "Vail Pass," and he was merely following their wishes.

However, he did try again (and again), by naming the location as Agate Pass, Agate Creek Pass or Monarch-Agate Pass, as the western drainage of this crossing was Agate Creek. Through it all, locals continued to use the name Monarch. Eventually, local pressure won out and the name Monarch Pass was agreed upon. On March 7, 1945, it was officially named by the USGS Board on Geographic Names. This name controversy made the newspapers also.

(The Denver Post, Oct. 31, 1939) "Grins and Groans Greet 'Vail Pass' Highway Signs—Governor Has Heard of Monarch Rechristening and Is Investigating"

(The Denver Post, Nov. 18, 1939) "Row Over Name Still Rages as Pass Is Opened—'Vail' Signs are Smeared and Mapmakers Stick to 'Monarch-Agate'"

(Durango Herald Democrat, Dec. 5, 1939) "Governor's Order Ends Strange Political Feud Between Highway Engineer and Road Association"—"Gov. Ralph Carr ended Colorado's bizarre political feud over the naming of a mountain pass today by signing an executive order designating as 'Monarch Pass' the summit of U.S. 50's new route over the CD west of Salida. . . ."

One relic of this controversy remains, unfortunately in a place where few people have the opportunity to see it. The Continental Divide Trail runs between Monarch and Marshall passes



(From Author's Collection)

Weathered Forest Service sign is more than 50 years old, and still points the way to Marshall/Agate Creek passes. Sign still stood on Continental Divide Trail in 1993.

and closely follows the ridge line of the Continental Divide. This trail is also known as the Monarch Crest Trail in this area. Along this trail, south of Monarch Pass, is an intersection with another trail which descends east along South Fooses Creek. At this intersection there is a weathered Forest Service sign which tells that Marshall Pass is six miles to the south and Agate Creek Pass is five miles to the north. This sign must be more than 50 years old.

Charles Vail did get a pass named for him and he didn't have to wait very long. In the late 1930s, a new road was under construction to connect Dillon with the Eagle River Valley just west of Minturn. Before this new road, U.S. 6 ran south from Dillon over Fremont Pass to Leadville and then over Tennessee Pass to head west again. This new road shows on the 1940 state highway department map, and the range crossing is named Vail Pass.

Vail Pass would become part of another controversy in the 1960s. Similarly, this new controversy would be fueled by another chief engineer of the state highway department. This time his name was Charles E. Shumate.

* * *

In the early 1960s, planning was under way for the path which Interstate 70 would take through Colorado's Rockies. The charge from the Bureau of Public Roads in Washington, D. C., was "to connect principal metropolitan cities by routes as direct as possible." The Denver-to-Grand Junction corridor had been selected as the general route to follow through Colorado.

To build the interstate route by following U.S. 6 through the chosen corridor seemed to bother some, as it was a little circuitous in spots. Specifically, in Summit County, the U.S. 6 route pro-

ceeded southwest from Silverthorne to Wheeler Junction where it turned northwest to the ski community of Vail. A direct line between Silverthorne and Vail would save about 10 miles of highway. Ideas for this direct route had been brewing in the minds of officials within the State Highway Department for some time.

One drawback to the cutoff route was that a portion of it lay within the Gore Range-Eagles Nest Primitive Area, established in 1933. In 1964 the National Wilderness Act was passed. That act, which created wilderness areas throughout the entire nation, evidently had input from Colorado's highway department, as it contained one, and only one, provision for potential withdrawal from wilderness status. The act stated that 7,000 acres of the Eagles Nest Wilderness Area could be removed from wilderness classification if the Secretary of Agriculture "determines that such action is in the public interest."

Planning for the new route, first called Buffalo-Red since it passed between Buffalo and Red mountains, went on for years with only an occasional rumor getting out to the public. However, a public hearing was necessary before the route could be finalized and land could be withdrawn from the wilderness area. Officials planned on a brief meeting in a small room in the tiny town of Frisco to get approval for what they considered to be a formality. That meeting held on Oct. 20, 1966, wasn't the rubber stamp officials had expected.

The editor of the *Summit County Journal*, Frank Brown Jr., had begun a campaign to save the wilderness and to have I-70 built along the U.S. 6 route. The interest generated required the meeting place to be changed to the high school gym, to provide more space. More than 200 individuals showed up for the hearing, and of those who spoke, 70 percent opposed the Buffalo-Red route.

The fight was on, and it continued for almost two years. Various conservation groups within the state and across the nation took up the battle, in an effort to overturn the wishes of the Colorado Department of Highways and the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads.

Colorado's U.S. Sen. Peter Dominick (R) became a strong supporter of bypassing the wilderness area, and he was joined by Colorado Lt. Gov. Mark Hogan (D). *The Denver Post* and *Rocky Mountain News* both came out against the Red Buffalo route, as it became known. Support for the wilderness route consisted mainly of Shumate, some trucking firms, and a few West Slope towns.

The arguments for the route proposed by the highway department were few. It would be 10 miles shorter which would produce future savings to users in the form of reduced operating expenses. Other "pro" arguments, if any existed, were too minor to receive mention.

Arguments for the Vail Pass route were more numerous:

- The wilderness area would not be violated.
- The estimated cost of the Red Buffalo route was \$42 million, while improving Vail Pass to interstate standards would cost only \$20 million.
- Vehicles would have to gain more elevation on the new route. Red Buffalo Pass was more than 1,000 feet higher than Vail Pass. The Red Buffalo route was not planned to go over the top of the pass, as a 6,000-foot-long tunnel was to be built at a lower elevation. However, the tunnel portals would still be about 200 feet higher than the Vail Pass summit.
- The average grade on the proposed new route would be greater, as more elevation would be gained over a shorter distance.
- Many snow avalanche areas of unknown magnitude were present on the Red Buffalo route. Three snow sheds were planned for the west side but none was budgeted for the east side where at least nine known slide areas existed in the path of the new roadway.
- Wild animal habitat would be disturbed by the new Red Buffalo road, as it passed through a currently undeveloped area.
- The Vail Pass route would be ready for traffic before the Red Buffalo route could be completed, as the new route would require years of impact research before construction could begin.



(From Author's Collection)

Looking east from top of Red Buffalo Pass. Buffalo Mountain is on the right.

During this same time period the boring for the initial Straight Creek—later named Eisenhower—tunnel on I-70 under the Continental Divide got under way. Bids for that project had come in higher than estimated. As approaches to the tunnel were graded, many mud slides were produced causing huge scars along the roadside. These factors of cost and spoiling of the environment were pointed out by Editor Brown in his continuing campaign against Red Buffalo. Brown and Shumate debated the issues on Denver TV Channel 9's program, "Controversy."

The state highway department remained unmoved by the mounting public opposition. The ir attitude was that they were the experts on road building, and what they suggested was the way it should be.

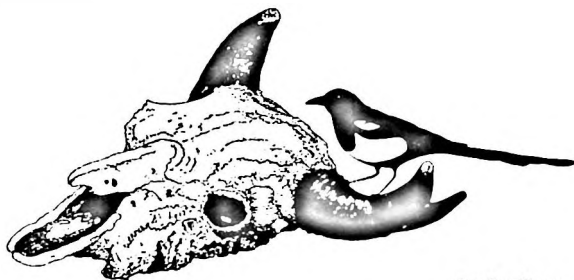
The final decision was to be made by U. S. Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman. After arguments by both sides were reviewed, on May 17, 1968, the decision came down that I-70 would not go through the Eagles Nest Wilderness Area. Summit County residents celebrated. It was considered a victory for the "small people" and an example of what democracy in action can accomplish.

This controversy is almost forgotten. A majority of today's travelers on I-70 don't know about the extra \$2.80 (current IRS value) it costs them to take the longer Vail Pass route. Also, few hikers who use the foot trail over Red Buffalo Pass are aware that a highway almost went through the area. But, if asked, they would say they were glad it didn't.

Colorado's mountain passes have many interesting anecdotes in their history. Seven Ute Passes, the Marshall - Monarch - U.S. 50 issue, and the decision to use Vail Pass for I-70 are but a few.

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Westerner's Bookshelf



I want to take this opportunity to thank all those people who have volunteered to write book reviews for *The Roundup* during the 14 years that I served as Book Review Chairman. I have enjoyed the job, and I am glad that only a small percentage failed to turn in their reviews. I know that everyone will make that special effort to get their reviews to Posse Member Earl McCoy, who has taken on the job.

I hope to write an occasional review in the future, and mail it to Earl from my new home in Montrose, Colo. I decided that I wanted to live on the other side of the mountains, and discover life in a small town again.

I will certainly miss those monthly meetings and listening to talks about the West, but I will still have my copy of *The Roundup*, when it comes in the mail every two months.

—Ray E. Jenkins, Reserve Member

We are sorry to publish the brief note above from Book Review Chairman Ray Jenkins, who has served ably in that post since 1981, and while Sheriff in 1982. Ray is changing his Posse Member status to Reserve and moving to Montrose, Colo., in line with his retirement from teaching in Denver. Ray deserves the heartfelt thanks of the Denver Westerners for doing a hard job very well. Keep in touch Ray! — Alan J. Stewart, Editor

Culture and Contact: Charles C. Di Peso's Gran Chichimeca edited by Anne I. Woosley and John C. Ravesloot. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1994. Photographs, maps, bibliography, index; 327 pages. Cloth-bound, \$40.

In the fall of 1937, William S. Fulton established the Amerind Foundation as a private archaeological research facility near Dragoon, Ariz., and in 1948, he hired Charles Di Peso as an archaeologist working for the foundation at Babocomari. Di Peso continued his connection with the foundation, becoming its director in 1954. He continued in this position until his death in 1983. He received the first doctorate in anthropology awarded by the University of Arizona—after winning a coin toss with Joe Ben Wheat to see who

would have the honor.

Di Peso's first excavations were at Babocomari Village in the San Pedro River Valley, and he continued to work in southern Arizona for a decade. He moved across the border into Mexico, while stressing just how artificial it was to have the border dividing archaeological research. In his work, the border disappeared, and the Southwest United States and Northern Mexico became the Gran Chichimeca. He saw the center of Mesoamerica as being the Mesa Central with the greatest number of Mesoamerican traits occurring in the Gran Chichimeca. The spread of Mixteca-Puebla style into the north had occurred as a consequence of the expansion of the Toltec empire.

The activity linking the Mesoamerican world system was economic in nature, with

the key actors being the *pochteca* or long-distance traders. These men constituted a class with special privileges, and were much more than merchants. According to Di Peso, these *pochteca* built Casas Grandes as an outpost for trade in the northern area of the Gran Chichimeca. The result was that ideas as well as trade goods began to flow throughout the area, in both directions.

Di Peso's theory and data from his work at Casas Grandes had a major impact on prehistorians working in the southwestern United States and northern Mexico. His ideas were debated and a split developed between those archaeologists who accepted his position, and those who, while they admired his work at Casas Grandes, took exception with some aspects of his thesis.

This book was the result of a seminar conducted by the Amerind Foundation in 1988, some six years after the death of Charles Di Peso. His theories about contact, conquest, and cultural change were examined by 15 individuals. While the seminar honored the man who had put forth the idea of cultural interaction in Mesoamerica, it was also a critical examination of his theories using new data and new approaches.

There are 13 chapters in this book, with the first three providing biographical background information. These are followed by two chapters presenting prehistoric events in the U.S. Southwest, and on the northern Mesoamerican frontier. The next six chapters are new studies, some coming from Di Peso's work at Casas Grandes. The final chapters are summaries of the papers as observed from the northern and southern perspectives.

The ideas expressed by Charles Di Peso and approached by the individual participants in the seminar are essential in attempting to comprehend the prehistoric interaction that occurred in the region. The questions of whether irrigation practices and the domestication of the turkey came from the north are most interesting. I would like to see more work done on the idea that environmental changes around Chaco Canyon forced a shift of the major trade center south to Casas Grandes. As always in archaeology, there are more questions than answers, and this fact is espe-

cially true in regard to northern Mexico.

This book will appeal to those with a strong interest in the prehistoric cultural interchange that existed in Gran Chichimeca. That, along with the discussion of the work of Charles Di Peso and his impact on the archaeology of the region, make this a worthwhile book.

—Ray E. Jenkins, Reserve

Land Grants and Lawsuits in Northern New Mexico by Malcolm Ebright. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1994. 49 halftones, 13 maps, selected bibliography, index; 256 pages. Clothbound, \$50; paperback, \$24.95.

Malcolm Ebright has written 12 essays, discussing both the general subject of land grants in northern New Mexico, and specific grants and their history. Eight of the essays are published for the first time, while the other four are revisions of previously published works.

Even though the author is a lawyer, he takes a revisionist position regarding the ethical standards of such attorneys as Thomas B. Catron, Alois B. Renehan, Charles Catron, and Alonzo McMillan. He views their actions as being unethical or fraudulent—and, at times, even worse. An example is the representation by Napoleon Bonaparte Laughlin of the Jacona Heirs. Laughlin took a third of the grant as his fee, even though the agreement with the grant's original attorneys had called for a fee of one-fourth of the grant.

Nor were his legal actions regarding the grant in the best interest of the grantees. In the case of the Jacona Grant, one man, Cosme Herrera, discovered what Laughlin was attempting, and was able to organize the grant residents to purchase the grant. In this unique case, the people living on the grant were able to use the New Mexico court system to their advantage.

In most land-grant litigation in New Mexico, the losers were the people who had received the original grants from Spain or Mexico, and the winners were the lawyers, public officials, and speculators. One of the major reasons for this was the unfair adjudication of

land grants, in part because of the conflict between the Hispanic and the Anglo legal systems. This is especially evident in the lack of understanding by United States courts and officials regarding the "common land" of the land grant—even though this form of land tenure was known in English common law.

Malcolm Ebricht concludes this book with what I consider to be two major points. One is that the concept of privatization of land that has taken place in New Mexico may now be extended to include the privatization of water, removing it from common use. John Nichols and Stanley Crawford see this movement as a threat to the survival of Hispanic culture in northern New Mexico.

The other point is that what the legal system decided in the past in regard to the land grants has an impact on the people of northern New Mexico today who would like to cut firewood or graze their sheep on what was once a grant's common lands.

Of course, maybe the entire matter is moot. What power did the governments of Spain and Mexico have anyhow to give away land belonging to the Pueblo people?

—Ray E. Jenkins, Reserve

The Northern Cheyenne Indian Reservation, 1877-1900 by Orlan Svingen. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1993. 197 pages. Clothbound, \$22.50.

As is stated in the preface: "This study focuses on the administrative history of the Tongue River Indian Reservation between 1877 and 1900. (The) outcry against the reservation formed an anti-Indian theme that dominated Northern Cheyenne history during these years. Against strong white opposition, the Cheyenne remained unchanged in their determination to make their home in the Tongue River country."

The author taught at the St. Labre Indian School (near Ashland, Mont.) in 1969, and developed an interest in the Northern Cheyenne. That has led him to write extensively about this group of people—or so it says in the preface. This book is, however, less about the Indians than about governmental bureau-

cracy.

After a quick discussion of the early history of the Cheyenne, the author explains how hostile the Northern Cheyenne were to Southern Cheyenne. This meant little to an Indian Bureau that saw a Cheyenne as a Cheyenne, regardless of background. Because of this, the Northern Cheyenne were moved south in August of 1877 to the Cheyenne-Arapaho Agency at Ft. Reno, Okla. This immediately led to friction between the two groups of Cheyenne. Over time, various bands attempted to flee to either Montana, or South Dakota. In some cases, the Indians were captured and returned. In other episodes, they were sent to Ft. Keogh in Montana or the Pine Ridge Agency in South Dakota. This divided the tribe among three places, making the Indians even more unhappy.

In 1883, Congress finally authorized the return of the Northern Cheyenne from Ft. Reno to either Ft. Keogh, or Pine Ridge.

"The Cheyenne temporarily accepted the division of their people between Ft. Keogh and the Pine Ridge Agency, but the problem of establishing one permanent residence remained," the author notes.

The next step was finding land for the Indians.

"The military at Ft. Keogh still classified the Northern Cheyenne as prisoners of war. Despite this categorization, the authorities sought to locate their 'prisoners' on Rosebud Creek and the Tongue River Valley, in accordance with the Indian Homestead Act of 1875," the author states.

This was a fine idea, but as the land was unsurveyed, white settlers also claimed some of the area, creating years of conflict.

The Pine Ridge Cheyenne were also having problems. They were forced to share space with the Sioux, a tribe with which they had little in common. They soon put pressure on the government to reunite them with their brethren at Tongue River.

In 1900, Congress finally established the Tongue River Indian Reservation where all the Northern Cheyenne could live as a unit. This was accomplished with little bloodshed, in spite of the strong friction between the Indians and the white settlers in Montana.

Dealing with a conquered people within the U.S. boundaries must have been a difficult task, but in hindsight, it sure seems amazing to survey the bureaucratic tomfoolery that clouded a simple result for too many years.

The book is quite interesting and well-written and researched. It is recommended with a few minor exceptions. It would have been worthwhile to include pictures of key characters and locations to liven the text. More and better maps would also allow the reader to follow the action more closely. (The map on page 45, for instance, is nearly unreadable.)

The story virtually ignores any Indian perspective. While we read much about government communiques on what to do with the Indians, there is no actual discussion with the Indians reported. Admittedly this is not a surprise, since a researcher generally must rely on limited published sources.

—George W. Krieger, P.M.

Archaeology, History, and Custer's Last Battle by Richard Allan Fox. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1993. Photographs, maps, index, dust jacket; 411 pages. Cloth-bound, \$29.95.

This reviewer usually likes books on the Little Big Horn, as evidenced by his personal collection. (I cannot be accused of not having financially supported Professor Fox in the past, with purchases of *Archaeological Insights Into the Custer Battle* by Fox and Scott, and *Archaeological Perspectives on the Battle of the Little Bighorn* by Fox, et al.) I do not denigrate the use of archaeology in fleshing out history, as was done in that classic on seventeenth century Virginia by Noel Hume, *Martin's Hundred*.

Nevertheless, while Fox's latest book has some good points, I would not recommend it for enjoyment, and would not recommend getting it if one has to choose between this book and one on Custer's fight with some "soul" and some humility in it.

As for the good points, Fox has a good chapter on the historical (as opposed to archaeological) version of the Custer fight, demonstrating that the professor can write fairly

well. He also has done some good work in discussing his views of the varied literature on the Little Big Horn. And without a doubt, this book gives the recent archaeological work on the site much emphasis. Probably the best part of the book for most readers will be the detailed discussion on the seemingly haphazard placement of battlefield markers.

What is disconcerting is the arrogance of the work. Both the author and the writer of the foreword stress, incorrectly, that this type of battlefield study is "new" and "unique." While I am sure that professional archaeologists may look down their noses at some amateur "pot-hunters" who have preceded them, certainly J.W. Vaughn and many others have attempted to use archaeology in historical interpretation and in reconstructing (or constructing) what happened during particular Indian fights.

The author emphasizes that native versions of what happened have been wrongly cast aside. But when his conclusion that there was no skirmish line at a particular point is contradicted by General McClelland (who was with the Montana column), Fox dismisses that observation as erroneous. The author, because of what he sees as imperfections in human perception (and historical method), seems to want to reduce history to a bondage to "scientific" archaeology. It is like wanting to construct a skeleton of a Tyrannosaurus by picking up a few scattered bones.

I think, as the Bible says about all of us, writers are judged by their words and by their words are condemned. Fox's book is typified by his statement (on page 15):

Archaeological deductions reveal that defeat of the battalion led by General Custer arose directly from a frequent though dysfunctional process in warfare, the transition from tactical stability to disintegration.

While that may be, to use the West Point cliché, "Intuitively obvious to the casual observer," it certainly is not a type of battle analysis that would appeal to anyone who loves history. "Too many angry Indians" is just as correct an analysis, in fewer words.

Maybe, when this reviewer gets to heav-

en—if book critics can get to heaven—he will rent the video of what actually happened at the Little Big Horn, having been fascinated by the battle for 30 years. Maybe Fox will be proven correct in his analysis, for his methodology has something to it. But his "all or nothing" attitude evokes no sympathy in the reader.

—John Milton Hutchins, P.M.

Historical Atlas of the Outlaw West by Richard Patterson. Johnson Books, Johnson Publishing Co., Boulder, Colo., 1988 (3rd printing). Preface, notes (by 18 states), bibliography, index; 104 sketches and photos, and 32 maps; 232 pages. Paperback, \$16.95.

"Comprehensive" might be the best one-word description of Richard Patterson's *Historical Atlas of the Outlaw West*. This 8½ X 11-in. paperback was first published by Johnson Publishing Co. in Boulder, Colo., in 1985, and has since gone through three printings—and is still available.

Author Patterson, who resides near Indianapolis, has written several books on Western history, and is a senior editor for a legal publishing house. He credits his inspiration for the atlas to Jim Dullenty, then editor of *True West* magazine, and more recently proprietor of Rocky Mountain House Books in Hamilton, Mont.

The atlas is a state-by-state and town-by-town guide to acts of outlawry committed west of the Mississippi. Train robberies, bank robberies, holdups, gunfights and shootouts are detailed.

Credits on the more than 100 illustrations give an idea of the author's thoroughness: more than a dozen state historical societies, various universities, public libraries in Denver, Los Angeles, El Paso and the State of Texas, and St. Joseph, Mo.; collections of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific railroad museums; Pinkerton's National Detective Agency; Wells Fargo Bank History Room; the Dalton Museum in Coffeyville, Kans.; Clay County (Mo.) Department of Parks, Recreation and Historical Sites (James Farm near Kearney, Mo.), and many others, including

the private collections of Jim Dullenty, Charles C. Goodhall, J.B. Rice, Robert Rybolt, and Glenn Shirley. Full-page state maps of the 1870s-1880s era lead off each of the 18 geographic sections. Smaller, locator maps are helpful.

Patterson's historical capsules are lively, detailed, and add much color and interest to what could have been a dry compendium. A minor note of criticism might be that the pictures of dead outlaws—either "bullet-riddled" or hung by the neck—grow a little tiresome, and gruesome, by the end of the book. But that's the way it was. In the West.

—Alan J. Stewart, Ed.

Forgotten Frontier: The Story of South-eastern New Mexico by Carole Larson. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1993. Map, index; 320 pages. Clothbound, \$35; paperback, \$16.95.

The strength of this book is in Chapters 8 and 9, in which the author tells of the lives of Joseph Lea, Martin Corn, John Poe, J.P. White, and J.J. Hagerman. These are men who many readers of New Mexico history have not yet discovered. Some Colorado readers are aware of J.J. Hagerman's contributions to Colorado history, through the efforts of former Denver Posse Member John Lipsey, whose book on Hagerman was used extensively by Larson.

This book is a general history of part of New Mexico, based almost entirely on secondary sources—fine for a general history written for someone with little knowledge of the area. If you are seeking new information about the Lincoln County War and its participants, this is not the book for you.

In the foreword to the book, Spencer Wilson suggests that this book could prove useful as a textbook for junior and senior high school students. The reading level is much too high for such grade levels, but the book often does read like a textbook.

If you know little of New Mexico history—especially the southeast part—you would find this book worthwhile reading.

—Ray E. Jenkins, P.M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

MAY-JUNE 1994

COLORADO'S ODD COUPLE

*The 1872 Visit of Grand Duke Alexis
and Gen. George A. Custer to the Mile High City*

by Robert G. "Bob" Palmer, C.M.



About the Author

Robert G. "Bob" Palmer, widely known Denver television newsman, spoke Dec. 14, 1993, at the Winter Rendezvous of the Denver Westerners on "Colorado's Odd Couple: The 1872 Visit of Grand Duke Alexis and Gen. George A. Custer to the Mile High City."

A lifelong student of Custeriana, Palmer is a member of the Little Big Horn Associates and the Battlefield Historical Society. He has written numerous articles on Custer and the Indian Wars.

A Denver native, Palmer attended Denver West and Lafayette high schools, and earned a B.A. in journalism from the University of Colorado. Loretto Heights College awarded him an honorary doctorate in humanities in 1968.

Bob has the distinction of having delivered newscasts every weekday evening in Colorado since 1963. He began his career at KOA-TV (now KCNC-TV) in 1957 as a reporter, advancing to acting news director and chief anchorman. In 1968, he joined KMGH-TV Channel 7 as senior editor and anchorman, then returned to Channel 4 in 1982. He currently co-anchors the station's 5 p.m. news.

Palmer's honors are extensive. Most recently, he won the 1994 Governor's Award from the Colorado Chapter of the National Academy of Television Arts and Sciences. The Colorado Broadcasters Association named him "Broadcaster of the

(Please turn to Page 18.)

On the Cover

In January 1872 Lt. Col. George A. Custer (left) and Grand Duke Alexis posed for this picture in Denver following buffalo hunt south of North Platte, Neb. Custer holds buffalo tail trophy in his right hand. (Original photo by "Scholter," courtesy Custer Battlefield National Monument and Western History Department, Denver Public Library.)

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Submissions for THE ROUNDUP

Alan J. Stewart, 780 Emerald St.,
 Broomfield, CO 80020. (Phone 466-2014.)

Book Reviews

Earl McCoy, 2710 S. Lowell Blvd.,
 Denver, CO 80236. (Phone 936-5546.)

Dues and Other Payments

Robert D. Stull, 8206 Adams Way,
 Denver, CO 80221. (Phone 428-1035.)

Reservations for Meetings

Keith H. Fessenden, 764 Garfield St.,
 Denver, CO 80206. (Phone 321-6181.)

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(Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society and Western History Dept., Denver Public Library.)

The Imperial hunting party stopped in Topeka, where Lee J. Knight took this photo. From left, back row: Frank Thompson, Dr. Vladimir Kadrin, Lt. Col. George "Sandy" Forsyth, County Olsonfieff, Army Surgeon Morris J. Asch, Maj. Nelson B. Sweitzer, Russian naval Lt. Tudor [Tudeer]; middle row: Russian New York Consul General Waldemar Bodisco, Russian Councillor of State W.F. Machin, Lt. Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, Grand Duke Alexis, Vice Admiral P.H. Possiet, Lt. Col. George A. Custer; front row: Lt. Col. James W. Forsyth, Russian naval Lt. Sterlegoff, Lt. Col. Michael V. Sheridan.

Colorado's Odd Couple

The 1872 Visit of Grand Duke Alexis and Gen. George A. Custer to the Mile High City

by Robert G. "Bob" Palmer, C.M.

(Presented December 14, 1993)

THE FLEDGLING CITY had never been so thrilled. Denverites were atwitter in December of 1871 with news that the Grand Duke Alexis, third son of the Russian Czar, would visit their fast-growing little city on Cherry Creek as part of his royal tour of America. A January social event of such magnitude would warm the citizens' spirits and "put Denver on the map."

Along Larimer Street, plans were laid for a dazzling Ducal Ball to honor the 22-year-old son of Czar Alexander II. Though just a youngster—a "sprig of nobility," according to the *Rocky*

Mountain News—Alexis would easily rank as the most distinguished visitor in Denver's dozen years of existence.

And not only that, Alexis would be accompanied by an entourage that included a Russian ambassador, an admiral of the Czar's navy, 12 distinguished aides to the Royal Court, and prominent American military figures, including Gen. Philip Sheridan and "Boy General" George Armstrong Custer of the famed Seventh Cavalry. Here was a chance for the "Queen City of the Plains," as Denver was already calling itself, to pull out all the stops.

Time was short, however. The Grand Duke was already touring the big cities of the Eastern United States, having been sent by his father on a round-the-world expedition. Ostensibly, the global tour was to widen the young man's horizons before he assumed serious responsibilities at home. In truth, the handsome prince had been entangled in a messy love affair with a beautiful commoner. His father thought a two-year junket to foreign lands would be an excellent "cooling off" period.

Alexis had arrived in New York City Nov. 20, 1871, on the Russian frigate *Svetlana*. U.S. warships in the harbor gave him a 21-gun salute. Once ashore, the towering prince was greeted by huge crowds. New Yorkers cheered and waved U.S. and Russian flags as Alexis proclaimed, in heavily accented English, "... the friendship between America and Russia is as strong as it will be lasting, and nothing can disturb it."

Part of the excitement surrounding his visit stemmed from rumors that the mutton-chopped prince had come to America seeking a bride. As a result, the crowds he encountered included an unusually large percentage of the city's most lovely, eligible maidens. During the parade up Broadway, young women were seen fainting on the sidewalks. A newspaper reporter spoke of the adulation of the crowds and described what he called "the waving stream of shining bayonets, gorgeous uniforms, and emblazoned banners" that accompanied the gilded carriage bearing Alexis and the New York mayor along the thoroughfare. "And from every housetop," the reporter wrote, "fair hands waved flags and handkerchiefs and cheered the young duke in his triumphant progress."

The parade was the kickoff to a whirlwind of tours, receptions and elegant social events that delighted New Yorkers.

From New York City, Alexis and his 14-man entourage of nobles, aides, and diplomats journeyed to Washington, D.C., and more receptions. President and Mrs. Grant greeted the prince at the White House, and led the royal party inside for a meeting with assembled Cabinet members, legislative leaders and their wives, and guests. In the Red Parlor, Alexis fixed on Mrs. Grant. With boyish enthusiasm he confessed his fascination with America and told her something of his family's fairy-tale life in St. Petersburg. He flattered the President with his knowledge of the Civil War and Grant's great battles with Robert E. Lee. Finally, he told the President of his burning desire to see something of the American Frontier and, if possible, go buffalo hunting. Grant told him it would be arranged.

As usual, however, the Grand Duke's broadest smiles were reserved for the pretty daughters of the dignitaries, who flocked about him like doves. Occasionally, when his attentions to a particular girl grew too eager, an aide would tactfully intervene. Usually, such duties fell to the aristocrat in charge of the tour, Admiral P.H. Possiet, who had been Alexis' social and political mentor for many years. On other occasions it was the Duke's English-born tutor, W.F. Machin, who separated His Highness from some moon-struck damsel. (Machin was also designated Russian Councillor of State.) Usually, both aides had their work cut out for them.

From Washington, the Ducal Tour swept through Philadelphia, Boston, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Louis, Milwaukee, and Chicago. In the latter city, a newspaper writer said, "Chicago lay in ruins at his feet." The good-looking, young royalist seemed determined, in the writer's words, "to shake the hand of every male in the country and dance with every pretty girl." Whether Alexis ever eluded his chaperons long enough to lure a lady to his chambers no one knows, but he did get his wish to go buffalo hunting.

Soon after the Grand Duke's departure from the White House, orders had gone to first the State Department and, from there, to the War Department. Everything was to be done to arrange a safe and successful buffalo hunt for the son of the Czar. The President wanted red-carpet treatment for the young man whose father, only a few years earlier, had sold the United States a parcel of land called "Alaska" for \$7,200,000. Grant was eager to strengthen ties with a ruler who could part with so much for so little.

In St. Louis, Lt. Gen. Philip Sheridan, whose soldiers policed 2½ million square miles of the frontier, was instructed to arrange a lavish, Western boondoggle for the Russian prince. Cost was no object. Here was a chance, Sheridan thought, to have a little fun, himself. From his headquarters, Sheridan set the telegraph lines to humming. There would be a buffalo hunt. The hunt would be staged near North Platte in Nebraska. Sheridan, himself, would accompany the Ducal Party, along with his popular brother, Col. Mike Sheridan, as aide-de-camp. Although the Plains were largely peaceful at the time, Sheridan also ordered two companies of the Second Cavalry, under Brig. Gen. Innis Palmer, to provide security by setting up camp in advance near North Platte, where they would be joined by the others on Jan. 18.

Since plans also called for the dignitaries to visit Denver following the hunt, the party would include a man Coloradans knew and admired, Lt. Col. George "Sandy" Forsyth. Four years earlier, Forsyth and a detachment of 51 civilian scouts had fought off more than 500 Sioux and Cheyenne warriors in eastern Colorado at Beecher Island, with heavy losses on both sides.

Finally, Sheridan determined to trot out two of the most renowned young men the West could offer: The "Boy General," George Armstrong Custer, and the famed Buffalo Bill. William F. Cody was scouting with the Fifth Cavalry when he got Sheridan's wire to drop everything and hitchhail it for Ft. McPherson, Neb., where he would be taken aboard the Ducal train.

If Bill Cody was pleased, Custer was ecstatic over the "out of nowhere" invitation. This, because for five months the restless cavalryman had been stuck in the sleepy, Southern hamlet of Elizabethtown, Ky. His Seventh Cavalry Regiment had been pulled out of Ft. Hays, Kans., and broken up for garrison duty at half-a-dozen posts in Kentucky and South Carolina, where their primary duties consisted of suppressing the Ku Klux Klan and running down moonshiners. Within hours, Custer's beautiful wife Elizabeth was helping her "Autie" pack his bags. They made plans for Elizabeth, or "Libbie," to join the Ducal Party after it left Denver and headed back East, if Custer could talk General Sheridan into letting him stay with the Russians until they left the country.

It was a genuinely happy man who threw his buckskins, guns, and baggage aboard a train and headed for Omaha to join Sheridan and the Grand Duke for an elegant adventure at government expense.

The Russians, meanwhile, were winding up their tour of Chicago, which had been left in ruins by the Great Fire of only two months before. As soon as possible, they made their way to St. Louis and on to Omaha for the gathering of the buffalo hunters.

The train, on the St. Joseph Road, was made up of five Pullman cars, two sleeping carriages, two parlor carriages, one diner, and several baggage cars. Sheridan and his staff of half a dozen came aboard in Omaha, as did Custer. The next day they stopped at Ft. McPherson to pick up Buffalo Bill and a fellow scout, John B. Omohundro Jr., better known as "Texas Jack." At midday Jan. 13, 1872, the rollicking trainload of hunters reached North Platte. There, in comparatively mild weather, they clambered into wagons for the 50-mile ride to a camp on Red Willow Creek, which was christened "Camp Alexis." Waiting for them were some 140 men of the Second Cavalry and, across the creek, 100 or more Sioux Indians, led by Brulé Chief Spotted Tail, one of Custer's old adversaries.

Buffalo Bill had enticed Spotted Tail and his people to join the camp so Alexis could see real, live Indians. For their part, the Sioux were interested in adding to their stores of buffalo meat.

A photograph of the scene at Camp Alexis—though none was taken—would have shown an amazing congregation. Here, in the middle of winter, in a remote corner of the West was a



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

William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody was scouting for the Fifth Cavalry when he was ordered to join the Grand Duke's hunting party in Nebraska. Photograph was taken in 1872.

gathering of Russian aristocrats and royalty, American Indians, U.S. military leaders, and legendary civilians: Red Men, White Men, and European bluebloods. Yet, by all accounts, they got along fabulously.

The encamped cavalry detachment greeted the new arrivals with a lavish dinner, served in field tents strung together to form a dining hall. At dark, the scene was lit by a great bonfire and, beneath the stars, the Russians joined the soldiers in song. Spotted Tail and chosen warriors joined the firelit brotherhood, examining the party's guns and equipment, while conversing in sign language with Custer and Buffalo Bill. The Russians, fascinated with the Indians' paraphernalia, began trading clothing, food, and ammunition for feathered headdresses, and bows and arrows. It was a good start to what became a storybook outing in the Old West.

Jan. 14 dawned clear and cold. Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack were up early, scouting the distant hills. By 8 a.m. they were back with word of a small herd of buffalo 10 miles off. "Accordingly," said a biographer, "the hunters were soon in their saddles, armed to the teeth. Custer, to whom was assigned the duty of initiating his Imperial Highness into the mysteries of buffalo hunting, (was) the most dashing cavalry officer in the service . . . next to General Sheridan."

The two-day hunt was a big success. How many buffalo were taken was not recorded, but enough, apparently, to satisfy everyone involved. Alexis turned out to be an excellent and fearless horseman. "Nearly as good a rider as I am," Custer later told his wife. Using Buffalo Bill's famous horse, "Buckskin Joe," the Grand Duke took three buffalo tongues and tails, plus the head of the largest animal, which later adorned a wall in his royal quarters at St. Petersburg. Alexis also watched in awe as Spotted Tail's braves rode through the herd bringing down buffalo

with bows and arrows.

The final night, nearly all the Indians joined in a raucous celebration, highlighted by the promised Sioux war dance.

Together with the prince, Sheridan, Custer, and Buffalo Bill were the centers of attention, creating what amounted to a reception line—shaking hands, exchanging compliments and laughter, enjoying the rare sense of good will that infected Indians and White Men alike.

And even here, Alexis found a girl to ogle. Along with others, he was vying for the attentions of Spotted Tail's teenage daughter, who was both beautiful and flirtatious. A written account of the evening described her:

She is a modest maiden of some 16 summers, and that she is comely, is clear from the fact that some of the members of our party were evidently more interested in her than in the sanguinary stories of the warriors who were shouting and stamping in a circle.

Custer drew attention by presenting her with a set of earrings. It was noted that Miss Spotted Tail left the White Man's camp with a blanket full of gifts, clothing, food, and trinkets.

Both days of the hunt, Custer and the Grand Duke rode side by side. In the evenings, Custer explained Indian customs and sign language, and thrilled the young Romanov with accounts of Indian battles. Custer was probably the most interesting American Alexis had met. It was apparent the blacksmith's son from Ohio and the Czar's progeny of St. Petersburg were kindred spirits. Each was fascinated by guns, horses, and beautiful women. And they shared a reckless enthusiasm for danger. It is probable that before meeting Custer, Alexis expected to encounter a prancing, arrogant Prussian of the sort that filled his father's court. Instead, he found a frank, fun-loving cavalier, as full of mischief as himself. On the other hand, Custer admired the Duke's geniality and zest for adventure. Repeatedly Alexis made Custer promise he would someday visit Russia, where they would tackle wild boars and hunt European bison (aurochs) in the Caucasus.

Breakfast came early, Jan. 16. As the soldiers ate, they watched the Sioux village moving off to the east. By 9 a.m., the White Men, too, had struck camp. The wagon train, with Buffalo Bill and the cavalry out front, headed for North Platte.

Stories were later told of a happening on the way to the railhead when Buffalo Bill gave the Grand Duke a demonstration of his skills as a wagon driver. With Alexis, Custer, Forsyth, and several others as passengers, Cody whipped his horses into a run and took off over a rutted trail at top speed with everyone hanging on for his life. The Russians, entrusted with the Duke's safety, must have been aghast as the wagon careened over the countryside, the horses at a dead runaway.

"Every once in a while," said Cody, "the hind wheels would strike a rut and take a bound and not touch the ground for 15 or 20 feet." Proving his skills, however, Cody stayed with it, and after the most hair-raising ride anyone had ever experienced, brought the wagon to a halt. He later estimated he had covered six miles in about three minutes. If true, the wagon would have been going 120 miles an hour, a fairly typical exaggeration, it is said, for Buffalo Bill. He also quoted Grand Duke Alexis as saying that he, Alexis, would rather return to Russia by way of Alaska and swim the Bering Sea, than repeat his ride with William F. Cody.

Whatever the case, the hunting party reached North Platte by midafternoon to find the Pullman cars waiting. Sheridan wired his old friend in Denver, former Territorial Gov. John Evans, that they were bound for Cheyenne and would be in Denver the next afternoon. Evans, who had built the line from Denver to Cheyenne a few years earlier, dispatched one of his Denver Pacific locomotives to Cheyenne to meet them and bring them on to the Mile High City.

Custer also sent a telegraph from North Platte to his wife in Kentucky:

... hunt a splendid success. Grand Duke killed three buffalo. I killed my horse. Gen. Sheridan and staff and myself invited to accompany him to Denver and the mountains. Return via Kansas Pacific. We leave tonight. Will telegraph from Denver.

The reference to killing his horse was a joke. Years earlier, while hunting buffalo in Kansas, Custer had accidentally shot his wife's favorite horse, Custis Lee. He was riding the horse in



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

A band of Chief Spotted Tail's Brulé Sioux joined in the buffalo hunt.

pursuit of a buffalo, but as he leveled his pistol to fire, the horse suddenly threw his head and took the slug right between the ears. Custer was catapulted 20 or 30 feet through the air, hit the ground dazed but not seriously hurt, and had to walk miles back to camp. Ever after, Libbie teased him about killing Custis Lee.

At North Platte there were goodbyes to be said. The cavalry detachment was headed back to Ft. McPherson, as were Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack. Before leaving, Cody accepted a "priceless" fur coat from Alexis, plus a gold-and-diamond stickpin.

Rolling west toward Cheyenne, the Russians and their now-bonded Yankee friends strolled from car to car exchanging jokes, drinks, and laughter. The Grand Duke was soon bellowing what had become his favorite American tune, Lydia Thompson's "If Ever I Cease to Love," which, according to Elizabeth Custer, who heard him singing it later in Kentucky, came out: "Eef eveh I zeese to luff."

The stopover in Cheyenne the morning of Jan. 17 was supposed to be brief, for the Duke was expected in Denver the same afternoon. But an accident which could have been serious created delays. As the train was backing in the Cheyenne rail yards, two of the Pullman cars derailed. The rear truck on the car occupied by the Russians came off the tracks, jolting the occupants. General Sheridan's car, however, nearly turned on its side. Sheridan and a dozen others were sent sprawling, but no one was seriously hurt.

As described in the newspapers, "The Duke's car was soon got upon the track again; but General Sheridan's was in worse condition and not got upon the rails for several hours. The general insisted the Duke continue on to Denver, promising to follow as soon as his car was in condition to move."

Unaware of delays in Cheyenne, some 4,000 people had gathered at the Denver Depot for the Duke's expected arrival at 5 p.m. The crowd represented nearly half the town's population. Denverites realized nothing could equal the opulent celebrations accorded the Duke on his Eastern tour, but as the *Rocky Mountain News* put it, at least Denver's welcome would be sincere:

Our Western people are plain and matter-of-fact. They know their worth and are always ready to show it the regard it merits. It may be done in a humble way, but the recipient knows that the honors are heartfelt and that they spring from a sincere nature.

Unfortunately, most of Denver's "sincere and humble" folk grew tired of waiting after three hours in the cold and went home. Only about 1,500 remained when, at 8:30 p.m., the train finally arrived. Minutes later, the most exotic visitor the city had ever seen stood before them on the gaslit platform; an event grandiloquently described by *Rocky Mountain News* editor William Byers:

The Grand Duke put a finishing touch upon his pearl-colored glove, buttoned his great coat, lit a cigarette and stepped upon the platform, followed by Admiral Possiet, Governor (Edward) McCook and the Hon. John Evans. The Duke advanced with a military air, gazing neither right nor left, apparently oblivious of the fact that he had stepped into the edge of a crowd of staring Westerners.

The Westerners not only stared, they cheered, screamed, and clapped enthusiastically, some singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." Governor McCook shouted a welcome while the "sprig of nobility" smiled and waved to the crowd, uttering words of appreciation that were lost in the uproar.

To Alexis, crowds were crowds, yet there was no mistaking the enthusiasm of Denverites who surged alongside the carriage that bore him into the center of town. A grinning Tom Smith, who owned the clarence [carriage] in which the Duke was riding, guided a set of matched grays through the throngs of welcomers whooping and hollering on both sides of the street. To the Russians, their first look at a Western boom town had to have been impressive.

Indeed, Denver in 1872 was in a marvelous period of growth and prosperity. In his book, *A Gallery of Dudes*, author Marshall Sprague described the community that greeted Alexis:

If the Grand Duke expected a shack town of pistol-packing men and hurdy-gurdy women he must have been surprised. [The city] bloomed with mining prosperity which had tripled its population and wealth in two years. Elements of Denver's modernity were everywhere—a new horse-drawn streetcar line, public schools, Charpiot's fine French restaurant, a roller-skating rink, circulating library, the John Evans Colorado Seminary, and large frame and brick houses; steam-heated and gaslit.

The cheering that echoed along the Duke's route came to a crescendo as Tom Smith drew the grays up to the boardwalk in front of the 4-year-old American House Hotel at 16th and Blake streets, the best the city could offer. Police cleared the entrance as the Duke's carriage and three others in the procession deposited the delegation at the door. Escorted by State Treasurer George Clark, the visitors trooped to the second floor and vanished into their rooms.

It was nearly midnight when the forgotten second train arrived, bearing the military contingent. Only a few hundred hangers-on met the party at the depot and dutifully applauded as they were welcomed by Mayor Joseph E. Bates. The Grand Duke's entourage had taken all 13 available rooms at the American House, so General Sheridan, his brother Mike, Colonel Forsyth, Custer, and the others were booked into the smaller Sargent's Hotel nearby.

This was Custer's first (and last) visit to Denver. He had led the Seventh Cavalry over hundreds of miles of the Plains, guarding the roads and stage stops that made it possible for Denver to exist in the 1860s. One wonders what his thoughts must have been as a carriage drew him through the city he had risked his life to protect. He rode in the rear of a three-carriage procession through the darkened streets, hardly recognized. Perhaps he wondered how many of the roistering Denverites he could see in the saloons were former members of the Seventh Cavalry. Desertion rates had been high in those days. Custer had even been court-martialed for having some deserters shot. But hundreds of "snow bunnies"—men who enlisted with the first frost and vanished in the spring—managed to escape the Army and join the gold-seekers in Denver.

Sargent's Hotel, at 18th and Larimer streets, was clean and comfortable. Just across the street was the home of the city's first Episcopal minister, the Rev. John H. Kehler, whose son Jack had been sheriff of both Jefferson and Arapahoe counties. When built in 1859, the Kehler house was the first brick home in Denver, although now there were many. The house would later be razed to make way for a famous hostelry: the Windsor Hotel.

After checking in, the bandy-legged Sheridan led his distinguished friends into Sargent's dining room where, before an admiring crowd, they were served the best the house had to offer. Fielding questions from onlookers, Custer found himself overshadowed by the illustrious Sheridan and his popular brother, both of whom were fawned over by newspaper reporters and Denver dignitaries. In the papers next morning the Sheridans were generously quoted, while Custer was scarcely mentioned. The *Rocky Mountain News* even got his name wrong, identifying him as Gen. George W. Custer, instead of George A., for Armstrong. At the same time, the newspaper had this to say about Phil Sheridan:

Gen. Sheridan is too well known in the West to need any comment from us. His bravery and dash, his enviable record, his high position and his being "Little Phil" alone warrant him the utmost respect and warm feelings of Western people.

Ignored by the media, Custer was nevertheless up bright and early the morning of Jan 18. Finishing breakfast, he set out along Larimer Street looking for a telegraph office. Finding one, he wired Libbie:

Ball tonight. To Golden City and mountains tomorrow. Start in the evening for Kit Carson.

Then to Topeka. All well.

Of the Grand Duke Alexis, nothing was seen until shortly after noon when he opened his suite to greet a delegation from the Territorial Legislature, led by Governor McCook. With the ever-present Admiral Possiet, the Duke greeted each man pleasantly, intoning "Nize to zee you. . . sank you. . . da, nize to zee you."

Among the lawmakers were several men of Mexican descent, the first Hispanics Alexis had

ever seen. The Duke quizzed Governor McCook about these dark and handsome, Spanish-speaking men: Where did they come from? What kind of people were they?

By this time, editor Byers had seen enough of the Grant Duke to favor his readers with the lowdown on the prince's personality:

Alexis is a young man of stately mien, courtly bearing, intellectual demeanor and apparently little given to the frivolities of life, but rather of an investigative and practical turn of mind. He cares more for a clear insight into our customs, resources and manufacturing interests than for all the fuss made over him.

If they read Byers' personality profile on the Duke, Admiral Possiet and the Duke's other "handlers" must have chuckled at the description of their fun-loving, skirt-chasing charge. Custer's wife Elizabeth had a much more accurate impression when she wrote, in later years, "Alexis' favorite diversions were wine, women and song, and especially women. The only scientific topic that interested him was anatomy. . . that of pretty girls."

Fortunately, a lot of pretty girls were expected at the Ducal Ball that evening. But first, Alexis—who must have groaned at the thought—had to take another city tour. Denver had made great strides and city fathers were eager to show it off. The population was pushing 10,000 (it would be 35,000 in eight years), and there were even predictions that someday more people would live in Denver than in the mining towns to the west. Several trains a day rolled into the city, filled with merchandise and new inhabitants. Most of the arrivals were men, some with families, looking for work in the mines and mills. But with them came a colorful assortment of farmers, gamblers, businessmen, and whores. Anything was possible, it was said, for someone with grit and a willingness to work.

For investors, opportunities were especially attractive. What was lacking in the territories was capital. The interest on money lent was 3 percent *a month*! Depending upon the terms, a \$1,000 loan could return up to \$300 a year.

For a time on the morning of Jan. 18, it looked as though the Duke's city tour might be snowed out. But there was no such luck for Alexis. By early afternoon the snow had ended and there was nothing for it but to bundle up and act princely.

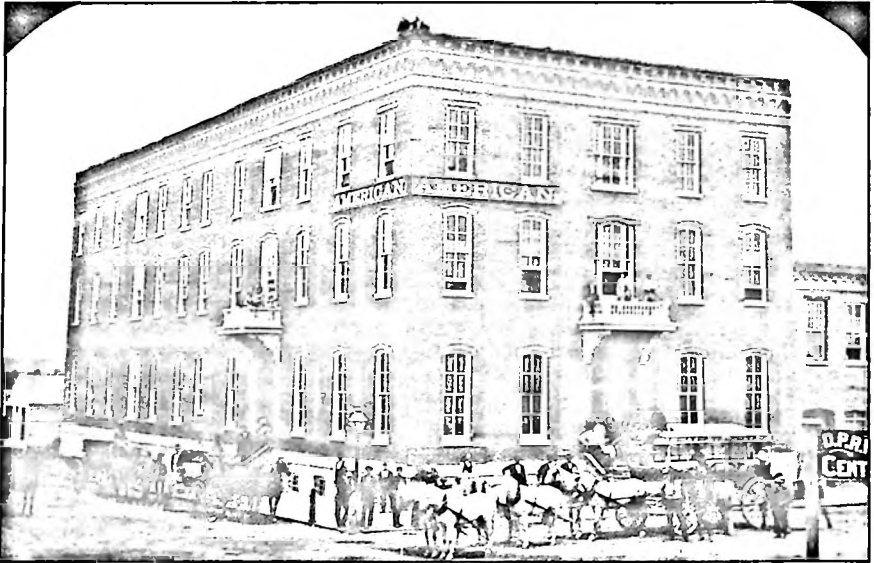
Mayor Bates, who led the tour, rode with Alexis and Admiral Possiet in the first carriage of a five-vehicle procession. First came a stop to see the Legislature in session, followed by a visit to the Denver Branch of the U.S. Mint. Denverites cheered and shouted words of welcome as the carriages wound through the streets.

Mayor Bates included in the tour a stop at his new brewery, the Denver Ale Co. Alexis quaffed a glass and pronounced it quite good. At the city waterworks, he also sampled the product, called "Adam's Ale," and praised it, as well. Custer was waiting for Alexis at a photography studio later that afternoon. There the two friends had a picture taken in their hunting garb. Custer, wearing a fur cap given him by the Duke, held his .50-70 caliber modified trapdoor Springfield in one hand, and a buffalo tail in the other. The Duke wore his green hunting costume, enhanced by a bone-handled revolver at his belt. An hour later, they were in the duke's suite at the hotel enjoying a dinner of buffalo steak and wine.

Years were to pass before Denverites experienced anything approaching the glamour of the Ducal Ball that night at the American House. It was the grandest social event in city history. For weeks, seamstresses had been plying needle and thread to costly fabrics. Some of the city's matrons had sent to St. Louis or beyond for suitable gowns and furs. The Russians were aglitter in courtly, military, or formal attire—gold-draped tunics with brass buttons and scarlet sashes—while the American officers broke out dress uniforms and swords.

In charge of arrangements was the city's Pioneer Club, made up of Denver's social gentry. By 8 p.m., nearly 300 people filled the dining hall, which had been cleared of tables and decorated with gay banners and flags. Breathlessly, the *Rocky Mountain News* reported:

Everything of the past must be wiped out entirely and the leaders of fashion will take a fresh start upon the pathway of joyous dissipation.



(Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library)

The Ducal Ball took place at Denver's American House, occupied by Alexis' entourage.

Beneath the gas lights of chandeliers, the Duke, tall and handsome as ever, entered the room escorting the governor's wife, who exhibited a daring off-the-shoulder, low-cut gown that raised the eyebrows of an applauding crowd. Behind them, sweeping into the ballroom came Governor McCook, himself, escorting Mrs. Shaffenburg, wife of the U.S. Marshal. General Sheridan was with Mrs. Phelps [probably the wife of prominent Denver attorney A.C. Phelps], and on the arm of Admiral Possiet was Mrs. George Randolph of Central City. The dignitaries led the entire swooning throng in an opening quadrille.

In the words of one beholder, "It was an instant fairy-tale of merriment," all the more wonderful in a small frontier community starved for culture and elegance. Once shed of Mrs. McCook, Alexis delighted everyone by turning himself over "in charming submission" to the lovely damsels of Denver.

According to editor Byers, the girls came from every direction:

To be sure, there was a rush and a crush, a jam and push, but all had a chance to meet the lion of the evening and hold him in pretty close but rather pleasing quarters.

After each dance, the *Rocky Mountain News* reported, Alexis found himself surrounded by breathless young ladies who "happened to wander by" in hopes they might be selected for the next dance. Few were disappointed, said author Marshall Sprague:

Before the ball ended, long after midnight, [the Duke] was dancing passably if not nimbly. He was even flirting a little with a Miss Monk, aged 15, and Miss Fleury of Golden, whom he declared to be the prettiest girl at the ball.

Remarkably, Custer wasn't there that night. At least he wasn't mentioned in any of the accounts of the evening. His absence is interesting because Custer was a key figure in the Duke's

entourage, loved the company of women, and welcomed opportunities to mix with rich and influential civilians. The likeliest explanation is that Autie didn't bring a dress uniform.

The dancing at the American House went on until nearly 2 a.m., when the Duke finally wilted, offered his thanks and apologies, and retired to his rooms. It had been a marvelous night for the little city on the Platte. Editor Byers observed:

For we have had a Ducal Ball; we have had a live duke; the ladies have danced with him and tried to talk to him; and men have shaken his hand and gazed with wonder upon his imperial form.

Most of the city slept late the following morning, Jan. 19, but the visitors set out early by train for Golden City, the prosperous mining center in the foothills 17 miles to the west. Golden City was the gateway to the fabled Gregory Diggings in Clear Creek Canyon. Gold had been found there in 1858, setting off the Pikes Peak Gold Rush of '59. Custer was more than curious. A few years earlier, he'd bought some Colorado mining stock and was eager to see what was being done with his money.

The day was bitterly cold. Arriving in Golden City, the travelers were taken from the train and put in carriages and buggies for the trip up Clear Creek on the rocky roadbed of the Colorado Central Railroad. A light snow was falling and steam blossomed from the nostrils of the laboring horses. Their faces buried in scarves and blankets, the freezing tourists must have wondered at the wisdom of January sight-seeing in the Rockies.

"The ride . . . was somewhat cold and unpleasant," said the *Rocky Mountain News*, "but the visitors were charmed with the gorgeous scenery. Alexis commented he wouldn't like to ride down the canyon in a narrow-gauge car."

Eight or ten miles later, they were afoot in the snow, exploring the entrance to a mine where, ". . . the wonderful fertility of the gold, silver, and coal mines was described to the observing Russian tourist." But a few minutes of watching ore cars being dragged from the adit was all anyone could take. Quickly the freezing group was hustled off to Huntsman's Rancho to warm up. A popular "truck stop" of the times, Huntsman's boasted good food, strong drink, and a furnace-like blaze in the fireplace. Soon Sheridan's staff was entertaining the Russians with old Army songs. Alexis, familiar with the winters of St. Petersburg, proclaimed Colorado weather rather balmy. In the words of a participant, ". . . there were loud praises of Colorado, and, with frostbitten ears, [we] insisted the day was one of the most charming of the season."

Still, it was deemed wise to head back before nightfall. On the way, the caravan stopped to view two distant peaks which were thereupon christened "Peak Alexis" and "Sheridan's Peak," names that unfortunately lasted only until the mountains were out of sight.

The steam-heated train offered a warm sanctuary as the party trooped aboard at 4:30 that afternoon to head back to Denver. Little time remained to prepare for their final departure at 10 o'clock that night for the little town of Kit Carson on the eastern Plains.

For Custer, the trip was turning out beautifully. Next to soldiering, his favorite pursuits were hunting and socializing with the elite. Now he was not only the best friend the Grand Duke had in America, but Alexis had talked General Sheridan into letting Custer accompany the Duke all the way back to New Orleans. Custer could hardly wait to wire Libbie that she would join the tour in Louisville. Even more exciting, Custer had won assurances from Sheridan that, as soon as possible, the Seventh Cavalry would be sprung from peace-keeping duties in the South and reassigned to the Missouri River frontier. Sheridan confirmed that trouble with the Sioux was inevitable in the gold-rich Black Hills. The general said a new fort was planned near Bismarck, on the Missouri River. Custer was assured that his regiment would be the first to occupy the new post—Ft. Abraham Lincoln. If the Sioux went on the warpath, Custer would be needed.

It was a genial group of officers who gathered in Sargent's dining room that night for their last meal in Denver. Relaxing at the table, they were toasted by Denver dignitaries who told them how much their visit had meant to the city. For their part, the soldiers proclaimed Denver to be the emerging jewel of the West, and pledged to return. In the lobby and outside the hotel, lesser folks milled about, stealing a final look at the famous men who'd paid them a call.

As they dined, the visitors talked of the buffalo hunt scheduled the next morning. Custer, it seems, had run into a cowboy-musician after the Ducal Ball named Chalkley "Chalk" Beeson, who lived in Kit Carson. He told Custer the area was teeming with buffalo drifting southward toward the Arkansas River. In return for a ride home on the Ducal Train, Beeson offered to guide the party to the buffalo. It was an offer the hunters couldn't refuse.

Before the group left for Golden City that morning, Sheridan had wired Col. Floyd Jones at Ft. Wallace, Kans., telling him to meet the train in Kit Carson with 75 horses, 10 wagons, and whatever else was required. They were going to have a buffalo hunt.

Soon after 10 p.m., Jan. 19, couplings clanked, rails rattled and, in a miasma of smoke and steam, the train with its famed passengers drew slowly away from the Denver Depot. In his bunk, the rhythmic clatter of the rails in his ears, Custer was assuredly asleep within minutes. He was famous in the Army for being able to sleep anywhere, anytime, and under any conditions. Custer was scarcely 32 years old. At an age when most Army officers were just getting a good start, he had already served as a major general; had led thousands of men in great battles; had never been defeated; and was a national hero. But Custer believed the best was yet to come.

To his wife and other intimates, he confessed a belief that all his achievements were preordained. It was, he said, as if the gods had chosen him for immortality, for some purpose beyond his ken. All he could be sure of, he said, was that he would never be forgotten.

All was excitement the next morning in the tiny settlement of Kit Carson, 150 miles southeast of Denver. The train arrived about 4 a.m. and by first light, breakfast was being served in the dining car to a boisterous crowd of fur-clad hunters. The larder of the train had yielded a breakfast of champagne, caviar, and buffalo steaks—an epicurean beginning for what became one of the wildest, most reckless melees ever staged on the Plains.

Colonel Jones had arrived the night before with the wagons and horses. By 7 a.m., all was ready. More than 100 men were on horseback, while others—including railroaders, townsfolk, and soldiers from Ft. Wallace—jammed the wagons which soon bristled with guns. Custer, in buckskins, rode about exhorting the crowd and showing off his horsemanship. Finally, with the Grand Duke at his side, Custer fired his pistol in the air and galloped off to the southwest. The others struck out in a din of clattering wagons, shots, and hoofbeats.

Chalk Beeson, who was supposed to be the guide, had lent his horse to Custer and found himself in one of the wagons, drawn by two slow-footed mules. The dust, he recalled, was so dense, wagons nearly collided with one another, and with men on horseback.

Intuitively Custer led the horde straight to the quarry. On the brow of a hill seven or eight miles from town, he called a halt. In the distance were thousands of buffalo in several vast herds. Beeson likened it to watching a black tide of water flowing to the sea. Few had seen anything like it. Waiting for the others to come up, Custer finally turned to Alexis. The Duke was seen to nod his head. With another pistol shot, they were off on a breathtaking, disorganized charge down the hill and out on the flats. Men were screaming at the top of their lungs.

A good account of the hunt was later provided by the editor of *The Grand Duke Alexis in the U.S.A.*, William W. Tucker, who wrote in 1872 that the Kit Carson hunt made Alexis' earlier experiences in Nebraska look pretty tame:

... the horses (being ridden by Custer and Alexis) were accustomed to the chase and seemed inspired with as much enthusiasm as their riders. They fairly flew through the air ... at length it became apparent that both the Duke and the experienced Custer had lost all control of them.

General Sheridan soon became an active participant and the trio poured a shower of bullets into the ranks and flanks of the stampeding animals. The experiences were becoming unusually exciting, even for such veteran sportsmen as Sheridan and Custer.

The terrified buffalo broke in all directions, one group turning directly toward the men coming up in wagons. They were met with a fusillade of fire.

Beeson's wagon was late getting into the fray. "When we arrived," he later recalled, "we saw two or three wounded buffalo trying to get away. We started to get a shot at them, and just then

the whole crowd of hunters came charging over the hill."

The Grand Duke had singled out a massive bull. Tearing alongside the animal, he emptied his .45 into its flanks with no apparent effect. Tucker told what happened next:

[The shots] only seemed to enrage the old fellow, as he did not appear to be injured in the slightest, but evidently cherished an ill feeling toward the disappointed Russian. He looked him full in the face, pawed the earth for a moment and then made a furious charge for his Imperial Highness.

Alexis' superior horsemanship was very useful and barely saved him from a fate that an amateur would have likely suffered.

At one point, Chalk Beeson recalled, Sheridan and his companions came under a hail of fire from men on the side of a far ridge. "They jumped from their horses, seeking cover," Beeson said, "but Sheridan was too short in the legs to run, and threw himself in the buffalo grass. When he got to his feet, he was the maddest man I ever saw."

As the buffalo scattered, so did their pursuers. It became a contest of endurance. When the riders would stop to rest, the buffalo would do the same. After a few minutes, the men would resume the chase and the exhausted bison would once more begin running. Custer and the Grand Duke engaged in three, long chases after the initial attack. The Duke claimed at least a dozen animals by the time his horse, and all the others, just gave out.

The hunt had lasted more than six hours and covered perhaps 50 square miles. Thousands of rounds of ammunition had been fired, and by various accounts, upwards of 200 buffalo were slain. By some miracle, no one had been hurt. Everyone agreed it was the biggest, craziest buffalo hunt he'd ever seen or heard about. What no one realized was that it was possibly the last great buffalo slaughter on the Colorado Plains. Historical accounts of the years following 1872 carry no mention of buffalo herds in such numbers as those that greeted the Grand Duke. Three days after the Duke's train had pulled out of Kit Carson and crossed into Kansas, men in wagons were still harvesting tongues and hides on the hunting grounds.

* * *

The carnage at Kit Carson marked an end to the visit of the Grand Duke and Custer to Colorado. Neither would return. For another month, with Custer now the ranking American escort (Sheridan and his staff left the tour at Topeka), the Russians traveled east and southeast, taking in the sights through Kansas, Missouri, Kentucky, Louisiana, and finally, Florida. On Feb. 21, 1872, Alexis, a lieutenant in his father's navy, returned to the frigate *Svetlana* at Pensacola and set sail the following day for Havana. He assured Custer his days in Nebraska and Colorado had been the highlights of his American experience.

Elizabeth Custer joined the group in Louisville, serving as hostess of a steamboat ride down the Mississippi to New Orleans. Her primary responsibility, she wrote, was to supply "girls, girls and more girls" to keep his Royal Highness entertained.

From New Orleans the Custers returned to the hated Elizabethtown, Ky., where they waited nearly a year for Sheridan's promised orders sending the Seventh Cavalry back to the frontier. They enjoyed two happy years at Ft. Abraham Lincoln before Custer left for the Little Big Horn in the spring of 1876. There in Montana he found that "preordained fate" which, indeed, assured his lasting fame.

Alexis, third son of the Czar, lived until 1908, distinguishing himself only as one of the great European playboys of his era. Although there were rumors of a wife and son he was forbidden to acknowledge, he never officially married, but spent most of his life in Paris and other European capitals, courting beautiful and aristocratic women.

Custer had been dead five years when Alexis was appointed by his father to be High Admiral of the Russian Navy, a largely ceremonial post but one giving him entrée to the courts of Europe. It was one of the Czar's last appointments before his death. That same year, 1881, Czar Alexander II was assassinated. The new Czar was Alexis' brother, Alexander III, who died 13 years

later. Ascending the throne in 1894 was Alexis' nephew, the ill-fated Nicholas II, the last of the Russian kings.

Through all this, Alexis remained High Admiral. He was in Paris in 1905 when word reached him of the destruction of Russia's Baltic Fleet off Japan during the Russo-Japanese War. Although the dissolute Alexis had had no part in the planning or execution of the disaster, he resigned as High Admiral.

As Europe drifted toward World War One and Russia slid inexorably toward revolution, the Grand Duke lingered in the parlors, ballrooms, and boudoirs of Paris. On Nov. 11, 1908, he died of pneumonia at his apartment, in the arms of a French actress, Madame Balista. He was buried in the Romanov Mausoleum at St. Petersburg.

Col. Mike Sheridan, who had been with General Custer in Denver, led a body-recovery party to the Little Big Horn in July 1877, 13 months after the battle that enshrined Custer and doomed the victorious Indians. There, on a bleak knoll above the river, Sheridan's men exhumed some bones and putrefied remains, believed to be those of Custer, and shipped them back to West Point for burial.

William F. Cody, of course, is presumably at peace under several tons of concrete atop Lookout Mountain west of Denver, where he died in poverty in 1917.

But once upon a time, during a brief moment in history, Cody, Custer, and Alexis rode together in the West, alive and beautiful. Until her death in 1933, Elizabeth Custer remembered the description of the trio as they appeared in 1872.

The officers, though accustomed to fine physical development, told me that it was something to remember to have seen the three youthful, powerful, well proportioned men leading the cavalcade. The general, about 32, weighing possibly 167 pounds (and) Buffalo Bill, 25, and over six feet tall, were both in buckskins. The Grand Duke, 22, had a green belted riding costume. . . a Smith and Wesson pistol with the arms of Russia and America entwined on the handle, and a boar knife in his belt.

It was Elizabeth's cherished memory of a unique page in the history of the American West.

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Over the Corral Rail

Work is moving ahead on the Denver Westerners Golden Anniversary *Brand Book*. Plans now call for a press run of 1,000 copies of the book, which will have some 480 pages or more, with a 16-page full-color section of Western art by Gerard Curtis Delano (courtesy of longtime Posse Member Dick Bowman).

A selection committee has compiled a list of chapters for the book, drawing from a broad cross section of *Roundup* articles published between 1975 and the present. In most cases, each chapter will be well-illustrated.

One innovation making the book's publication financially possible is utilization of a group of volunteer editorial assistants. They will help input text on personal IBM-compatible computers, using WordPerfect Version 5.1. Their computer output of the various articles will then be edited, and processed into type for the book.

Members volunteering for inputting, thus far, include Ed and Nancy Bathke, Keith Fessenden, Ed and Gloria Helmuth, John Hutchins, Jim Krebs, Pat Lane, Lee and Mary Olson, Lyn Ridder—and, of course, ye *Roundup* editor and his editor-in-chief, Alan and Elinor Stewart.

Members who have the proper computer hardware/software (virus-free, *PLEASE*) and would like to do a chapter or two are asked to notify *Brand Book* editors Lee Olson, 2339 Ward Drive, Lakewood CO 80215 (phone 233-9325); or Alan Stewart, P.O. Box 240, Broomfield CO 80038-0240 (phone 466-2014).

Those persons assisting in this phase of the book's production will be listed and credited in the *Anniversary Brand Book*, when published.

* * *

Four new corresponding members have been reported by Membership Chairman Roger Michels. *The information below was obtained solely from applications by the new members.*

□ **Betty Jo ("B.J.") Michels**, 980 Garrison St., Lakewood CO 80215, has, naturally, learned all about the Westerners through the activities of her husband Roger. B.J. is inter-

ested in Denver, the gold rush of 1859, and mountain men.

□ **Kay Don Morison**, brother of ex-Sheriff Jack Morison, is a native of Sterling, Colo. He was reared in Denver and graduated from South High School, and the University of Northern Colorado. Since 1955, he has been involved with wheat farming in northeast Colorado, and has an active interest in the local history of Fleming.

Kay is a skilled welder and has created two historical monuments, as well as some of Fleming's Christmas decorations. One of his unique monuments represents the westward movement by local settlers. It is a combination steam locomotive, early automobile, and covered wagon—made from parts donated by the local residents. The "machine" is on display in the Fleming Town Park, next to the restored CB&Q Depot. (Sounds like it would be worth a trip out I-76 to Sterling and over to Fleming, just to view this creation!)

Kay's primary interest in Colorado history is that of the eastern plains. He and his wife Fran have three grown children and three grandchildren.

□ **John J. O'Brien Jr.**, 6692 S. Sherman St., Littleton CO 80121, learned about the Westerners from Posse Member Max Smith.

He is a member of the Friends of the Littleton Library and Museum.

John was born in Telluride, Colo., in 1939. He was graduated from St. Francis de Sales High School, Denver, in 1957, and the University of Colorado at Boulder in 1962, where he earned B.S. degrees in history and political science.

He worked for Allstate Insurance Co., 1968-1993, and presently is in the Home Insurance Co. claims department. He served with the Colorado Army National Guard, 1962-1968.

John enjoys biking, reading, and four-wheeling. His interests in Western history include early settlements and military posts, and, particularly, the life and times of George Armstrong Custer.

□ **Marvin "Marv" Tull**, 3864 W. County Road 72, Fort Collins CO 80524, learned

about the Westerners from Posse Members Merrill Mattes and Alan Stewart. He is interested in the history of the Overland Trail, particularly the route in Colorado. He is now working on applications to the National Historical Register for acceptance of various sites on the Overland. His hobbies and other interests include hiking and camping.

* * *

The Denver Westerners has received a note from Gerard Sandoval, Centennial High School teacher in San Luis, CO 81152; P.O. Box 350. His letter is self-explanatory:

Dear Mr. Stewart: I would like to take this opportunity to thank you very much for sending the issues of The Denver Westerners' *Roundup*. For some reason, resources on Colorado history seem to be hard-to-come-by, and I really appreciate any material that I can get my hands on.

These issues of *The Roundup* will certainly enhance my current curriculum and are greatly appreciated. Thanks again for the materials, and if you run across materials which you think might be useful to my Colorado history class, please send them over.

It's tough enough to interest a bunch of teenagers in history—even Colorado history in their own backyard—without having adequate learning materials. (*The Roundups* sent included issues particularly appropriate to southern Colorado, such as "Sangre de Cristo: Colorado's Forgotten Pass," and "The Battle of Glorieta Pass.") Those members who have historical materials they believe might be of interest to Sandoval's students are urged to send items along. (The school year is at an end, but teachers do have to plan the curricula for the coming term.)

* * *

The 1994 convention of the Western Outlaw-Lawman History Association (WOLA) will be July 20-24 in Deadwood, S.D. (The organization held its 1993 gathering in Denver.) The four-day event will convene in a Deadwood hotel-casino, with registration from noon to 6 p.m. on the first day. The annual awards banquet will be July 23. Convention highlights include a reenactment of

the hanging of Jack McCall, a bus tour to Belle Fourche (where the Wild Bunch robbed the bank), and visits to the Heritage Center at Spearfish and to Sundance, Wyo., plus a barbecue at the Devil's Tower. For more information on WOLA and the convention, write: WOLA, 500 W. Walnut St., Rawlins WY 82301 (phone 406/363-2662).

* * *

The Denver Westerners has granted permission to the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History, Inc. (NOLA), a nonprofit organization associated with the University of Wyoming, to reprint 10 articles by Philip J. Rasch, published 1955-1967, in *The Roundup* and *Brand Books*.

Bill Reynolds of Bakersfield, Calif., a NOLA board member and a Denver Westerners Corresponding Member, stated that they have found 170 articles published in some 40 years by Rasch. Several of these articles, including the 10 Denver Westerners papers, will be compiled in a book or books.

"Phil has Parkinson's disease and is not able to pursue any activity these days," Reynolds wrote. "He has given us permission to proceed with the book."

Reynolds added that, "In our judgment, Mr. Rasch is a premier writer and researcher right up there with the best. It is unfortunate that he never published a book."

About the Author

(Continued from Page 2.)

Year" in 1986. In 1985, he received CU's Norlin Award. In 1983, Sigma Delta Chi, honorary journalism society, cited him as "Colorado's Top Commentator." And in 1982, he won an Emmy Award for best regional news writing. He has also taught journalism at CU and Colorado State University, and is on the advisory board of the CU School of Journalism and Mass Communications. He is a past-president of the Denver Press Club.

A four-year Navy veteran, Palmer served aboard the aircraft carrier USS *Lexington*.

Bob and his wife Gloria reside in Jefferson County. They have three children and four grandchildren.



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*

John Sutter and a Wider West, edited by Kenneth N. Owens. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 1994. Photo of John A. Sutter on flyleaf, plus map of "Sutter's California," and charcoal drawing of Sutter's Fort (dust jacket features color lithograph of Gen. John A. Sutter's Saw Mill at Coloma); preface, list of contributors, index; 138 pages. Cloth-bound, \$22.50.

Kenneth N. Owens, professor of history at California State University, Sacramento, has organized for publication a series of lectures by five historians, commemorating the 150th anniversary of Sutter's arrival in the Sacramento region—although, because of "complications in scheduling," the lectures were delivered a year after the event.

The first 25 pages of the book consist of a reprint of John Sutter's diary (previously published in a limited edition in 1932), recounting his American experiences. This introduction is then followed by the presentations of the five historians, who consider various aspects of Sutter's life.

The editor sums up the lectures thus: "Demythologizing Sutter while giving him a more secure place in Western history, the collective portrait exemplifies revisionist scholarship at its best." This reviewer will not comment on the revisionist slant of the contents of this book. Except to note that it is now thought by some pedants as politically correct to take historical figures out of the context of their times, while interjecting their own often outrageous and unsupported observations.

The lecturers and their topics are Howard R. Lamar of Yale University: "John Augustus Sutter, Wilderness Entrepreneur;" Albert L. Hurtado, Arizona State University: "John A. Sutter and the Indian Business;" Iris H. W.

Engstrand, University of San Diego: "John Sutter: A Biographical Examination;" Richard White, University of Washington: "John Sutter and the Natural World;" and Patricia Nelson Limerick, University of Colorado: "John Sutter: Prototype for Failure."

Readers of *The Roundup* book reviews have encountered Ms Limerick's work before. In the lecture presented in this collection, she makes a rather far-fetched and incongruous comparison of John Sutter with Neil Bush: "[Sutter] womanized and drank and bragged and lied in the grandest manner . . . outdid Colorado's own Neil Bush in financial ineptness, and who lost his empire in a way that does indeed make him a prototype for failure."

Editor Owens describes Ms Limerick's own *Trails: Toward a New Western History* (1991) as "a collection of interpretive essays that indicate the major reappraisal now under way in historical thought about the American West."

Selah. This book might be of some value to the amateur historian for its footnotes and bibliographical references. But at \$22.50 for 138 pages (including index), there are probably better ways to build your library.

—Alan J. Stewart, Ed.

Across the Plains by William Smedley. Johnson Books, Boulder, 1994. 3 illustrations, 86 pages. Paperback, \$9.95.

We traveled the Oregon Trail from Independence, Mo., to its terminus during its sesquicentennial year (1993), thereby gaining great empathy for the monumental adventure experienced by the pioneer travelers on this journey. Our feelings were enhanced by concurrently reading the since-published diaries

of those pioneers. Merrill Mattes, the authority on the Oregon-California Trail, points out in the foreword to *Across the Plains*, the majority of the journals, and the focus on the trails' history, were from the 1840s and into the 1850s. And most were written by women.

Across the Plains provides different aspects to the study of the Oregon Trail. It was written by a young man, 26, in 1862, in the middle years of the trail, and as one who undertook the trip for the adventure of it, rather than as an emigre to a new life. He frequently traveled with just one companion, and the perils he encountered were for the most part limited to Indians. Interestingly, aside from the journal itself, William Smedley returned to the East, and then to Colorado. The original journal is archived at the Colorado State Historical Society, and his family was instrumental in the 1916 publication of the journal as well as this edition.

The narration flows smoothly and interestingly, so that it holds the reader's attention, and the relatively short journal makes an enjoyable evening's reading for the Western enthusiast.

—Nancy E. Bathke, P.M.

—Edwin A. Bathke, P.M.

The Mind of a Fox by Howard E. Greager. B&B Printers, Inc., Gunnison, Colo. 199 pages. \$15.95.

Practical jokes are no longer funny in urban America, where slipping an off-color romantic note into someone's computer might be a federal offense. But with books like this, we can turn back the clock to the days when practical jokes, even painful ones, were a community staple.

Howard Greager, veteran cowboy author from Norwood in southwest Colorado, has salted this small book of ranch country anecdotes with delightful cowboy humor. Example:

An old-time Colorado rancher, Pat Edgell, hated skunks and shot them on sight. One evening when Pat had joined a ranchhouse group at dinner, two cowboy pranksters spirited his black hat outside and tied a white band over the crown, stem to stern. Then

with darkness falling they used a 150-foot length of binder twine to pull the hat jerkily across the grass outside the dining room window. When Pat's attention was directed to the window he grabbed a shotgun, rushed to the door and blasted his own hat full of holes.

Some jokes were dangerous, as when cowboys talked to a young lad proud of his new lariat into lassoing a bull he couldn't handle. They then rode off as the boy and his horse were dragged into the brush by the bull. Greager says a standard prank was to drape a bearskin over a large object so a tenderfoot would confront it in the dark.

A comprehensive list of southwestern Colorado cattle brands, illustrated with sketches, adds historical value to Greager's book. Old-time photos add charm to the pages. In a previous book, *The Hell that Was Paradox*, Greager focused on less amusing experiences: murders. Born in Placerville in 1924, Greager is related to some of the cowmen involved in early-day killings. He thus gives valuable insight to the history of the violence-prone Colorado-Utah border country.

—Lee Olson, P.M.

The Destruction of California Indians by Robert F. Heizer. Univ. of Nebraska Press. 321 pages. Paperback, \$12.95.

This is a valuable collection of historical documents, letters, and newspaper articles dealing with U.S. treatment of Indians in California from 1847 to 1865. Usually, the papers are dreary recitations of abuse, although quite often U.S. Army officers angrily tried to arrest corrupt Indian agents. But bureaucracy usually triumphed. In one case a young officer was reminded by his superior that he had no power to arrest civilians.

The author, an anthropologist, assembled the material to show how Europeans—Spaniards and Anglo-Americans—reduced California's Indian population from 300,000 to 30,000 by 1860. The accounts have all the more impact because they were written at the time this haphazard genocide was taking place.

—Lee Olson, P.M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

JULY-AUGUST 1994

EARLY COLORADO TOOTH TINKERERS

(And the Fight Against Painless Parker)

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



(Courtesy Denver Public Library)

Painless Parker drew big crowds with his dental medicine shows. When Parker yanked a molar, he would stomp his foot and the band would play, drowning out the patient's yells.

About the Author

No more appropriate author could be found for "Early Colorado Tooth Tinkers and the Fight Against Painless Parker" than Dr. George W. Krieger, Elizabeth, Colo., dentist, who presented his toothsome paper to the Denver Westerners at their April 27, 1994, meeting.

It was the second appearance before the group for George, who presented a paper at the November 1991 meeting on the life of George W. Kelly, early Colorado horticulturist.

George, who resides in Parker, Colo., is a Posse Member, and is the son of Theodore Krieger, deputy sheriff of the Denver Posse, and Dorothy Krieger, the third Posse Member in the family. George was born in Valley Forge, Pa., in 1953. The Krieger family moved to Littleton, Colo., in 1959, and to Broomfield, Colo., in 1961. George was graduated from Broomfield High School and in 1974 received a degree in environmental biology from the University of Colorado. He received his D.D.S. degree in 1979 from the CU School of Dentistry. He practiced dentistry in Brush, Colo., for four years, then moved back to the Denver area in 1983. In addition to his practice at Elizabeth, he served as a faculty member at the CU School of Dentistry, 1983-1989.

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

Over the Corral Rail

Two Corresponding Members have been accepted as Posse Members for the Denver Westerners.

Ken Gaunt, 2203 S. Holly St. #3, Denver 80222, could be classified as an "old-timer" of the Denver Westerners, having joined as a Corresponding Member around 1955. He presented a paper, "Colorado Hospitals of the 1800s," to the Denver Westerners in 1974, but is probably better remembered for his dramatized, costumed portrayal of bunco artist Soapy Smith, in his presentation Feb. 24, 1993, "Soapy Smith Returns to Denver."

(Please turn to Page 18.)

THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

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Alan J. Stewart, 780 Emerald St.,
 Broomfield, CO 80020. (Phone 466-2014.)

Book Reviews

Earl McCoy, 2710 S. Lowell Blvd.,
 Denver, CO 80236. (Phone 936-5546.)

Dues and Other Payments

Robert D. Stull, 8206 Adams Way,
 Denver, CO 80221. (Phone 428-1035.)

Reservations for Meetings

Keith H. Fessenden, 764 Garfield St.,
 Denver, CO 80206. (Phone 321-6181.)

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(From *A History of Dentistry in Colorado 1859-1959*; Courtesy H.F. Hoffman)

This nattily attired group is the Colorado State Dental Association, at their 14th Annual Meeting, assembled in 1900 on the steps of Bowen's Hotel in Boulder. William P. Smedley, second from the right, front row (full white beard), was CSDA's first president.

Early Colorado Tooth Tinkerers (And the Fight Against Painless Parker)

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

(Presented April 27, 1994)

THE FIRST RECORDED practicing dentist in Denver was Eugene A. Crocker. Little is known of him, except that his office was on Larimer Street between F and G (or today's 15th and 16th streets). By 1868, Dr. Crocker had left Colorado Territory for parts unknown. The first published reference to dental care, however, was in the Dec. 14, 1859, *Rocky Mountain News*. J.W. Smith, M.D., was located one door east of the Apollo Hall (1425 Larimer St.). His ad stated that "Dr. Smith is prepared to perform any DENTAL operation desired." This points up the interchangeability of the various health resources, at that time. Physicians—or barbers—often extracted teeth, while some dentists took care of some injuries. In fact, Dr. Mallory Catlett, fresh out of dental college, found this out firsthand in Victor. Because of a lack of physicians, Dr. Catlett ended up treating many of the injured, and helped identify bodies following the 1904 Independence Mine Depot dynamiting. He did similar duty the following year, after an Independence Mine accident.

In truth, there were other dental practitioners in Colorado before Drs. Crocker and Smith.

Some Indian Remedies

Cow Parsnip — raw root pieces inserted into tooth cavities to stop pain.

Indian Gum Plant — cottony fuzz from the base of the plant inserted into cavities.

Indian Tobacco — poultice of leaves placed along gum for toothache.

Little Rabbit Brush — finely mashed leaves were inserted into cavities.

Locoweed — decoction of boiled root used for toothaches and granulated eyelids.

Penstemon — root portion chewed and inserted into cavity.

Prickly Ash (Toothache Tree) — mainly east of Mississippi — chew bark for relief.

Prickly Poppy — root portion chewed and inserted into cavity.

Smokebush — chew stems to relieve toothache.

Sweetroot — piece of raw root applied to aching tooth.

Utah Juniper — leaves pounded, moistened and tied in a cloth with a hot rock then held on jaw for swollen sore gums and toothache relief.

Willow — mashed roots applied to gums to relieve toothache.

Yarrow — green leaves could be chewed to relieve pain.

Yellow Prince's Plume — pulped root inserted into tooth cavities or along gums.

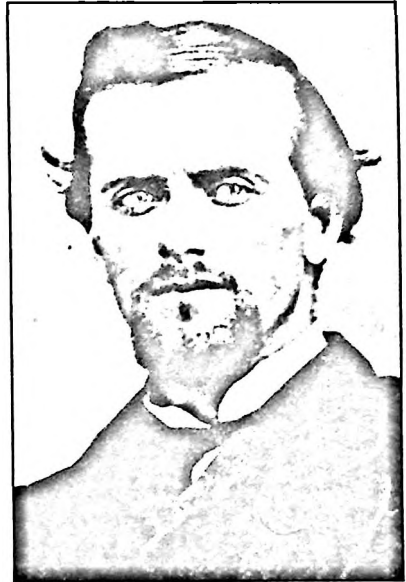
—From *Medicinal Uses of Plants by Indian Tribes of Nevada*, 1957, Train, Heinrichs, and Archer.

The Indians certainly must have required some sort of dental treatment, even if it simply consisted of the plucking out of a loose tooth. When a problem arose that was more major, the Indians consulted their Medicine Man for help. In 1855, the Rev. William Leah of Omaha, Neb., described a Pawnee Medicine Man's treatment of an aching wisdom tooth. "He danced around the patient in a semicircle, rattling a gourd . . . he took a small stone knife and cut an 'X' on Running Wolf's cheek, directly over the throbbing tooth. He sucked at the cut lightly . . . pretended to draw out the fang . . . then dashed it into the fire. 'The Evil Spirits cannot use it again,' he said triumphantly." On the off chance that this sort of treatment did not solve the problem, teeth were extracted by pounding them with a stone against a stick as a wedge. Another way to pull a tooth was to tie a buckskin thong to it, then fix the other end to some immobile object (such as a tree), jerking the sufferer's head away from it. In some tribes, a red-hot leather-working awl was poked into a cavity to reduce pain. Most anything that could be mashed up and pushed into the tooth, or chewed on, was tried to fight dental pain. One book about the tribes of Nevada lists 14 different plants used for toothache relief, such as yarrow, prickly poppy, locoweed, and penstemon. Other Indian dental customs included not throwing something on the fire that had been chewed, lest the fire chew one's teeth, and immediately spitting upon seeing a shooting star to prevent tooth loss.

The Sept. 24, 1861, issue of the *Rocky Mountain News* contains ads for Dr. W.W. Thompson and Dr. W.F. Griswold. By the Dec. 9 issue, only Dr. Griswold was listed, one door east of the

Broadwell House at G (16th) and Larimer streets. Dr. Griswold came from Leavenworth, Kans., to Denver, then soon moved on to Montana in search of gold. Such was the transient nature of frontier dentistry, with many of the practitioners attracted to Colorado by gold mining, not by teeth. Eastern dental students would often put aside their studies for a year or two, and travel to the Rocky Mountain gold camps to seek their fortunes. When gold did not appear in every pan or shovelful, these argonauts often turned to streetcorner dentistry to subsist, before returning to school.

That there were, indeed, dentists in mountain communities is evident from a Jan. 2, 1864, *Rocky Mountain News* ad for Dr. Isaac B. Brunel. Dr. Brunel's office was on Main Street in Central City, two doors down from the bakery. This same paper, by the way, carried an ad for a Dr. L.W. Frary, located near the corner of Larimer and F (15th) streets. The first city directory for Denver, published in 1866, listed two dentists: Eugene Crocker and Charles P. Moffett. Dr. Moffett had an office in the Medical Block of Larimer Street (between F and G), until his death in February 1884. The *First Annual Rocky Mountain Directory and Colorado Gazetteer* in 1871 listed five Denver dentists, serving 9,000 people. Their names were C.P. Moffett, R.C. Mowbray, J.H. Sutfin, B.W. Rogers, and William Smedley. The last two brought some true professional stability to Denver dentistry with their partnership in 1870.



Dr. William Smedley, left, had a long and influential career in Denver, and in 1887 became the first president of the Colorado State Dental Association. Eugene A. Crocker is believed to have been the first practicing dentist in Colorado, and was listed in Denver's first City Directory in 1866.

Dr. B. Wesley Rogers came West to improve his health, as did so many other Colorado pioneers. He set up practice on May 25, 1867, in a 9-by-13-ft. room at G and Larimer streets. In November 1870 he went into partnership with Dr. William Smedley, an 1866 graduate of the University of Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery. Dr. Smedley was a truly adventurous soul, having taken a wagon-train journey in 1862 from Council Bluffs, Iowa, to Oregon—just to try it. From the west fork of the Green River in Wyoming, he and his friend David W. Culp left their wagon train to go it alone—the train was too slow for them.

The wagon train was subsequently wiped out by Indians, while Culp and Smedley were able to make it to Salem, Ore. The 2,000-mile trip took five months, recorded by Smedley in a fascinating journal. [See book review, *Across the Plains*, May-June 1994 *Roundup*.] The Sept. 28, 1862, entry described travel through the Cascade Mountains:

Persons unacquainted with mountain roads could scarcely believe it possible for wagon and team to go down, without all being demolished together—and their passage can only be effected by removing all but one yoke of cattle, and rough-locking all four of the wheels, or by attaching a treetop behind the wagon to drag after and hold it back.

Dr. Smedley had a long and influential career in Denver, in 1887 becoming the first president of the Colorado State Dental Association. His sons Will and Clyde also had distinguished dental careers, as have his grandsons Charles and John. Dr. John Smedley is a highly respected Denver dentist and teacher, while Charles Smedley is a Littleton practitioner immortalized as "Hard-rock" Smedley, East Tincup's favorite dentist, on Pete Smythe's old Denver radio broadcasts.

While it is not recorded, perhaps it was Dr. William Smedley who took care of the famous toothache that led to the discovery of Marshall Pass in 1873. While commanding a party of the Wheeler Survey of the Rocky Mountains, William Louis Marshall was struck by "one of the worst toothaches that ever befell a mortal." The survey party was near present Silverton in the San Juan Mountains. They were some 300 miles from any Denver dentist who could relieve the pain that would not allow Marshall to open his mouth or move his jaw.

The main party was to follow Cochetopa Pass, 60 miles northeast of Silverton, while Marshall sought a quicker route. He and packer Dave Mears set off on mules heading for a depression in the divide that Marshall had recalled seeing. Fighting bad weather and fallen timber for six days, they traveled 12 miles to the top. Ignoring the tooth pain, Marshall carefully charted the pass that would bear his name and be used eight years later by the Denver & Rio Grande Railway (17 miles southwest of Salida at 10,846 ft.).

Mears and Marshall then headed on to Denver, beating the rest of the party by four days and saving 125 miles.

Dr. Reuben B. Weiser came to Georgetown in 1872. At various times he served as a state senator, chief of the Georgetown Champion Volunteer Fire Department, and dean of the Denver Dental School. His May 24, 1877, ad in the *Georgetown Courier* stated:

The care of the teeth is too often neglected. Filling is neglected till too late. Dr. R.B. Weiser, whose dentistry work in this town for the past five years has given universal satisfaction, is one who keeps up with the times, his work table being supplied with all the approved modern instruments. For sets of teeth, he has the celluloid base, a composition taking the place of other bases, and much cheaper. Chloroform and ether used when desired.

The ad of his competitor, Dr. G.W. Avery, stated simply, "Anaesthetics administered when practicable." At high altitudes, gaseous anesthetics were certainly less dependable. The first anesthetic would have been whisky, administered in large doses. Later, chloroform on a cloth was used to knock out a patient for a few minutes. Another was ether, poured over a cone-

shaped mask.

Nitrous oxide—laughing gas—was produced by heating ammonium nitrate, and the gas was then stored in tanks. The general anesthetic effect lasted for only 90 seconds and was dangerous, as it basically asphyxiated patients, causing them to turn blue. This was later made safer by the addition of oxygen, to reduce its effect.

Local anesthetics, injected to numb an area, came along in 1884 with the use of cocaine. The story is related of a South Platte mountain dentist who gave cocaine to a lady to extract her tooth. When the procedure was done, the patient felt weak, and the dentist had coffee brought to her. While easily accepting the use of cocaine for her teeth, the lady refused the coffee, stating that she never drank anything stronger than beer after breakfast.

Dr. John Grannis came to Colorado Springs in 1886 from Ohio, seeking a cure for his tuberculosis. This tall, self-effacing man would be remembered today only as the second Colorado State Dental Association president, had not "Crazy Bob" Womack stopped in Grannis' office for a filling. Bob had found some float ore, and was convinced that gold had to exist in the Cripple Creek area.

Womack became a frequent visitor to Grannis' North Tejon house and on Dec. 2, 1889, gold fever grabbed him. Dr. Grannis, though far from being a rich man, was persuaded to borrow \$500 at 7 percent interest to grubstake Bob, in exchange for one-half interest in anything found. In October 1890, Bob Womack discovered a 2-foot-wide shaft of rock on his Grand View claim, which later became the El Paso Lode. More money was needed to develop the vein, but little interest from mining men was forthcoming. In 1891, Womack again asked Dr. Grannis for money. The dentist reluctantly borrowed \$600 more from the Exchange National Bank at 12 percent interest, using his dental equipment as collateral.

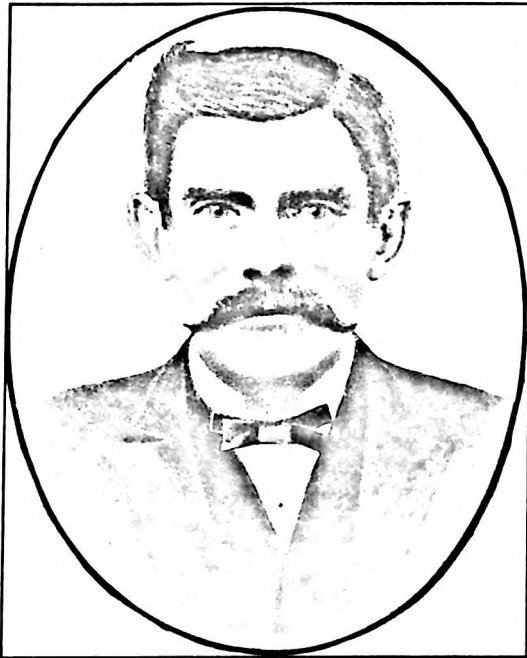
At the end of 1891, Grannis bought out Bob's half interest in the El Paso Lode for \$300, then sold a four-fifths stake to Claire Frisbee for \$8,000 in early 1892. The Cripple Creek/Victor gold rush had finally hit, making Dr. Grannis a wealthy man. After losing all his El Paso Lode profits to bad mining ventures in Arizona and Mexico, Dr. Grannis returned to dentistry in Colorado Springs, where he died in 1911.

Dr. John H. "Doc" Holliday of Atlanta received his two-year dental degree in 1872 from the Pennsylvania Dental College in Philadelphia (one article says the Baltimore Dental College). Because of tuberculosis, this 5-foot-10 rail-thin man ventured West in search of improved health. By the time Doc Holliday arrived in Denver, using the assumed name Tom McKey, dentistry was no longer his chosen profession. The year was 1876, and as a faro dealer and killer, he hit the mining towns of Central City, Leadville, and Idaho Springs. After getting into legal trouble in Denver, Doc moved on to Deadwood, S.D.; Cheyenne, Wyo.; and Ft. Griffin, Texas, where in 1878 he met Wyatt Earp.

After notorious stops in Dodge City, Kans., and Tombstone, Ariz., Doc Holliday returned to Denver where he was arrested in 1882. Following release from jail in May of that year, Doc continued gambling and drinking in Denver and environs. He traveled by stage from Leadville to Glenwood Springs with Wyatt Earp, to mete out revenge to an old foe. Arriving in Glenwood Springs in May 1887, Doc Holliday died on Nov. 8. While his tombstone overlooks the town of Glenwood Springs, controversy exists as to the actual location of Holliday's remains.

On page 6 of the 1895 *Field & Farm* #475 F 16, is a short anecdote. "Frontier Dentistry:"

Years ago a group of cowboys rode into Pueblo and, while cantering down Santa Fe Avenue, came to a sign "Painless Dentistry." They emptied their guns into it, and then one of the company dismounted and went in to get a sore tooth attended to. The dentist was a quiet-looking young



(Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library)

Dr. John H. "Doc" Holliday of Atlanta, Ga., received a dental degree in 1872, and for a time was a faro dealer in Denver. He returned to Denver in 1882 and was later arrested. He died of tuberculosis in Glenwood Springs, Colo., in 1887.

man. "See here!" shouted the cowboy, as he advanced toward the chair, "I want a tooth fixed, and I don't want any hightoned prices charged, either." He threw himself into the chair, laid his gun across his lap, and told the dentist that if he hurt him he would shoot the top of his head off.

"Very well," replied the dentist with a slight laugh, "then you must take gas, for this is a bad tooth and will give trouble." The cowboy swore, but finally yielded and presently was insensible. The man of the forceps pulled the tooth and then, before his customer regained consciousness, he securely tied him hand and foot to the chair. Then taking the bully's gun the dentist took up his position where the patient could see him when he came to. As the cowboy struggled back to consciousness, the first thing of which he was sensible was the dentist pointing the revolver at him, and saying, in quiet tones: "Now, then, don't move. Just open your mouth as wide as possible, and I will shoot the bad tooth off. This is a painless process. No danger, sir, unless you happen to swallow the bullet. Are you ready? Then here goes! One, two, three." Bang went the gun, knocking a hole in the wall behind the chair, and the dentist rushed forward, holding out the tooth in his hand to show to the bully, who roared for mercy. The dentist cut his bonds on condition that he should restore the sign outside the office. After paying five dollars for the tooth, the cowboy departed, convinced that even a tenderfoot may have nerve.

Dr. R.J. Forhan told the story in the 1956 New York *Brand Book* of how he came to practice dentistry in Cripple Creek. In 1894 at the age of 27, he was a successful Denver dentist with a

wife and an infant daughter.

One evening, Dr. Forhan was enjoying the view of his soon-to-be completed six-room dream house, when he was approached by a man wishing to buy it. Somewhat surprised, Dr. Forhan asked the outrageous price of \$9,000 and was stunned when the stranger started peeling off \$500 bills from a wad in his pocket. The buyer stated that he had made his fortune in Cripple Creek, buying and selling claims. With the intent of getting more easy money, Dr. Forhan moved his dental office to Cripple Creek, a town he described as "nothing more than a double row of shacks, two blocks long, lining a road blasted out of rock." With his office located over the Post Office, he could survey the "main recreational activities of Cripple Creek: mining, drinking and gambling."

Most of his dental work consisted of extracting teeth. This he found so difficult to do on these burly miners that he had a special set of forceps made with longer and stronger beaks.

Dr. Forhan found that the high altitude made the use of laughing gas unpredictable. Patients often stopped breathing, so he developed a technique of rhythmically stepping on the rubber gas bag to keep the patient alive. This once shocked a husband and wife who had brought their mother in for an extraction. When the patient started turning blue, the husband and wife fainted dead away on top of the dentist as he started stepping on the rubber bag.

Dr. Forhan had developed a toothpaste he wanted to market by mail, called Forhan's Pyor-rhea Preparation. This, plus the fact that his wife and daughter had remained in Denver, led to his leaving Cripple Creek—though he had a busy practice. After moves to California and Texas, Dr. Forhan ended up in New York City where he sold his paste formula for \$10 million.

A mountain dentist of a different style was Waltus Jewel Watkins. He is known by his letters, published in the fall 1967 *Colorado Magazine*.

Waltus was born in 1852 near Lawson, Mo. He did not find his calling to dentistry till the mid-1890s, after trying several other jobs. Bitten by the gold bug, in 1895 he and his wife Minnie headed to southwestern Colorado. Immediate wealth did not come their way, and this discouraged Minnie. She returned East with the promise from her husband that he would follow soon. W.J. did not keep his promise, however, and instead sold their household goods for \$35. Minnie was never seen again, while Dr. Watkins took up life as an itinerant dentist for the next 30 years.

Armed with a questionable temporary license, Watkins went to Jimtown (near Creede) in December 1898. The following excerpted letters were addressed to his brothers in Missouri:

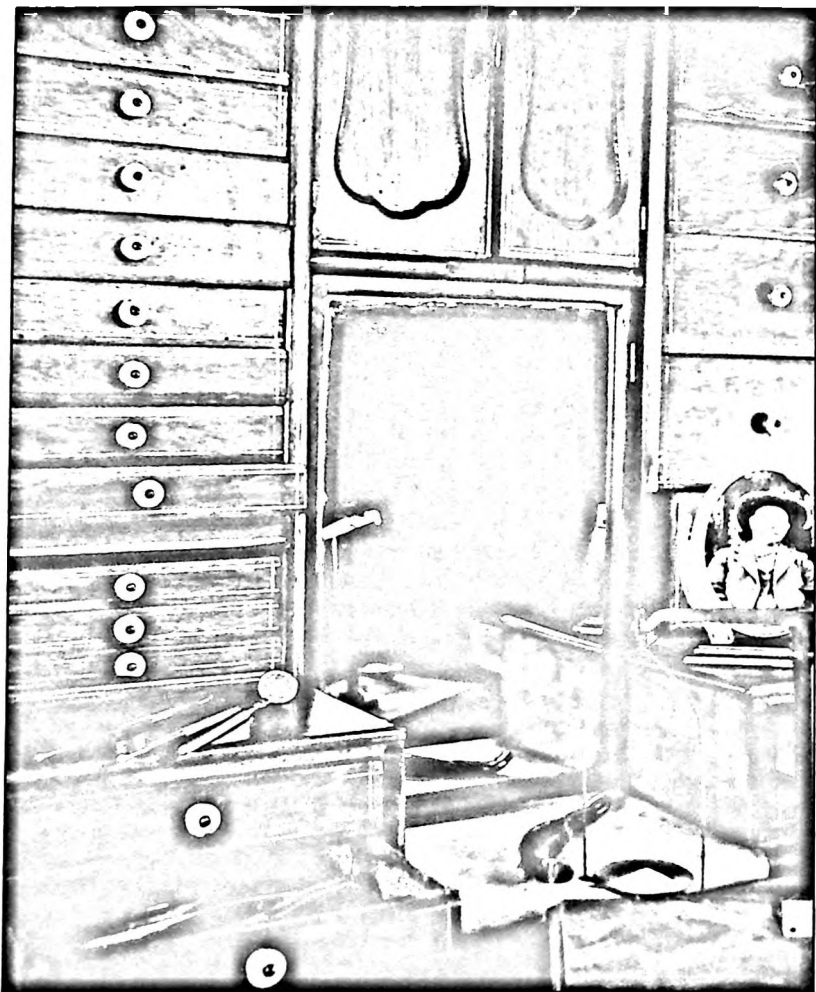
Dec. 18, 1898 — "I think I can do well here in the practice of dentistry. These miners get from \$3 to \$5 per day. . . . There is a dentist here. . . . Some of the people here won't let this dentist work for them. He gets drunk and raises Old Ned."

On March 9, 1899, Watkins wrote that he had two 32-candle power incandescent lights in front of his chair. The reason for the lights was that, like most other mining camp dentists, Dr. Watkins kept night hours to accommodate the miners. His Sept. 25, 1899, letter said:

I go prospecting every Sunday and Wednesday. I have a half-interest in two claims which I think will bring me some money next year. . . . I have to practice dentistry to make a living. . . . Dentistry is dull. . . . I think I will have to go to Denver in December and stand my examination. I don't think I can hoodoo the dental board any longer.

In December he did go to Denver and passed his examination to practice legally in Colorado. By early 1900, Dr. Watkins had given up mining as too dangerous. In September he moved his base of operations to Craig, while making side trips to Hotchkiss, Steamboat Springs, and Baggs, Wyo. On Jan. 4, 1902, he reported having a tooth problem of his own.

"I got my teeth mended in Denver, and the day I got to Craig, I broke one of the crowns off.



Dental cabinet of Dr. Waltus Jewel Watkins held forceps and other tools, supplies. Watkins' picture is at right on counter, in the museum display.

No I didn't say a word, but if I had had hold of that dentist I would have walked his log."

The Sept. 21, 1904, entry indicated a run-in with a competitor: "Went to Hayden and found a dentist had been there for a month. . . I looked him up and found he had no license to practice and told him he had better 'git' but he. . . just staid until I had him arrested."

By 1907, Dr. Watkins indicated an interest in Nevada mining claims, but revealed his feeling when he said: "I could make money in that country if I would stay there, but I would rather be a poor dentist in Colorado than be wealthy and have to live in that country."

To get an idea of the dental prices of the early days, it's interesting to look at Dr. G. W. Stone's Jan. 1, 1895, *Rocky Mountain News* ad. In his office at 17th and Curtis streets, he charged 50 cents to \$1 for any filling except gold—gold was \$1 and up. There was a difference in price, also, in extractions: with anesthetic 50 cents, and without, 25 cents. Gold and porcelain crowns were \$5. The ad goes on to state that "by using our own local anesthetic we can and do fill or extract teeth without pain."

Dental equipment and materials were generally very different from what we have today. The dental chairs of the day required the practitioner to stand up, and could be basic or elaborate. It is said that one Meeker dentist had a saddle fitted as a chair to help his cowboy patients relax. A piece of equipment once very popular was the dental cuspidor (or spitsink). The first fountain cuspidor in Colorado was owned by Dr. J.M. Downing, who sold it to Theodore Ashley, who sold it to Henry F. Hoffman on April 1, 1900.

Dental amalgam fillings came to the United States in 1833, and early Colorado dentists often took filings from silver coins to mix with mercury. The excess mercury was then squeezed out in a chamois skin, using pliers. This fact bothered Dr. Will Eames of Glenwood Springs, who in 1959 published a paper in the *Journal of the American Dental Association* on the one-to-one-amalgam ratio.

Because of the mineral wealth near many Colorado towns, it is said that dentists would use gold that they had panned themselves to fill teeth. Dental gold was purchased from the mint and made into sheet for different uses.

Herman Blaurock, a Denver manufacturing jeweler, was a pioneer user of Colorado dental gold. By 1904, he was producing dental gold full-time. He was assisted by his son, the late Carl Blaurock, a former Denver Westerner. Carl took over the business in 1923, and retired in 1972.

Dental drills were foot-operated, slow-speed contraptions that heated up, and rattled the patient's tooth. Some hand instruments, such as extraction forceps, have actually changed very little over the years.

X-rays were discovered by William Roentgen in 1896, but it took 13 years before Dr. Arthur H. Ketchum, the first Colorado orthodontist, acquired Colorado's first X-ray machine. At first, X-rays were produced by revolving 8-by-10 in. glass plates that created static electricity. It took 5 to 15 minutes to expose a film, and 30 to 60 minutes to develop it.

One other important discovery was what Colorado Springs Dentist Fredrick S. McKay dubbed "Colorado Brown Stain." Upon arriving in Colorado Springs in 1901, Dr. McKay soon noticed many people native to the area had teeth which were permanently brown-mottled. The "Father of American Dentistry," G.V. Black, at McKay's behest, even made a trip to Colorado in 1909 to investigate and report on the affliction. It was not until the early 1930s that Alcoa chemist H.V. Churchill determined some Colorado water contained high levels of fluoride. This was the cause of the stains, but it took a few years longer before it was determined that fluoride in the water inhibited dental decay. In 1951, Public Health Dentist Dr. Robert Downes made Grand Junction the first city in Colorado to have artificially fluoridated water.

Organized dentistry came to Colorado on April 5, 1887, when 10 dentists met in Denver to charter the Colorado State Dental Association (State was later dropped from the title). Dr. William Smedley was elected president. Yearly meetings have been held ever since. In 1910, the National Dental Association (later called the American Dental Association) met in Colorado.

In August 1887, the trustees of the University of Denver approved the installation of the Denver Dental School in the Haish Building, at the northeast corner of 14th and Arapahoe streets. The first class of five was graduated in 1889. In April 1896, the University of Colorado established a competing school at 18th and Stout streets. After the University of Denver brought suit against this new school, the University of Colorado school ceased operation. It was reestablished in 1897 as the Colorado College of Dental Surgery at 18th and Larimer streets. In 1901, the two schools merged, using the Haish Building as a home until 1911, when they moved one block west to 1320 Arapahoe St.

The University of Denver closed the school in 1932 as it was a money-loser and Colorado was without a dental school until the University of Colorado opened the present school in 1973. (The author was in the third class.)

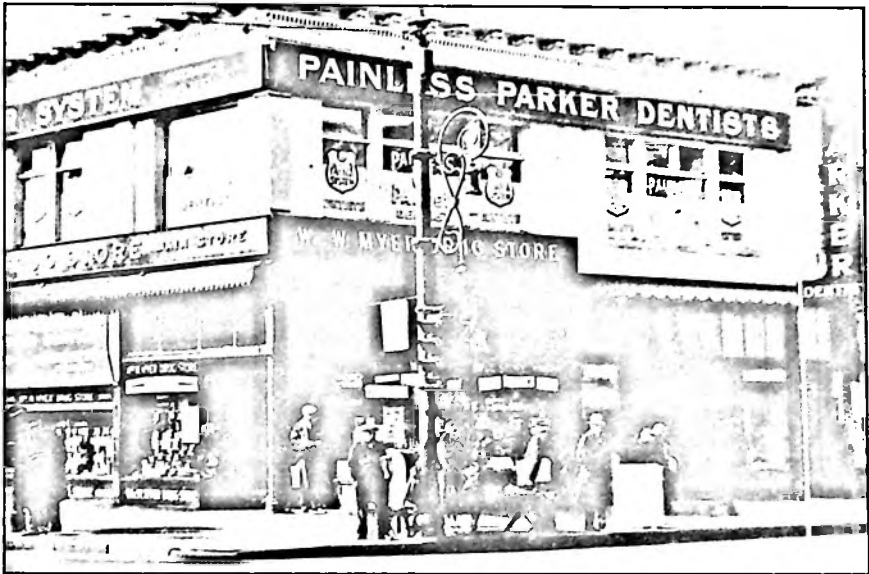
Legal protection from unprincipled dentists was provided by a state practice act as early as 1888. This action led to the fight against Painless Parker. Painless Parker was not truly a Colorado dentist, although he did stage a few tooth extraction exhibitions in the state. However, it was in Colorado that he met his Waterloo, so to speak.

Edgar Randolph Parker was born, in 1872, in Tynemouth Creek, New Brunswick, Canada. His powers of salesmanship manifested early when, at age 7, he sold the playground of one of the many schools he was ejected from to a fellow student for 25 cents. Another school expelled Edgar for drawing advanced and explicit pictures on the blackboard. At age 15, he was packed off to Acadia University in Nova Scotia to study for the ministry. A few weeks later, Edgar was



(From A History of Dentistry in Colorado, 1859-1959; Courtesy H.F. Hoffman)

The Cripple Creek Short Line hauled this group between Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek, for the Colorado State Dental Association's 1902 annual picnic. (William Smedley is the white-bearded gentleman atop the engine's boiler.)



(From A History of Dentistry in Colorado, 1858-1958)

Parker's offices were at 15th and Welton streets in Denver from 1923 to 1926.

returned home with a letter from the school stating that "An ordinary interest in young women is to be expected in healthy young men, but to say that Edgar Parker reaches the extraordinary in this respect is understatement of the grossest kind."

During the next few years, Edgar worked on a schooner, was ejected from another seminary (for spreading "worldly unrest"), and traveled the Canadian backwoods as a horse-and-wagon peddler.

At age 17, Parker found his calling when he was admitted to the New York College of Dentistry. When he was caught practicing illegal door-to-door extractions (to keep the bills paid), he was expelled. This fact hadn't been reported to the Philadelphia Dental College, however, when they admitted him. He was graduated in 1892.

Returning to Canada as Dr. Parker, money did not immediately roll into his coffers. Thinking that pain was the problem, Edgar had a local druggist mix up cocaine and other painkillers (which he dubbed "hydrocain"). He tried it first on a dog, then on himself, with successful results. Then, ethical practice was thrown out the door.

Dr. Parker decided to adopt the style of the fire-and-brimstone, streetcorner preachers:

We found each other right there—those wonderful rubes and I. They needed dentistry worse than I needed money, if such a thing was possible. Without hesitation I let them have the sermon. I offered to pay \$5, which I didn't have, to anybody who felt the slightest pain having a tooth removed, and pretty soon they were snapping at the bait like wildcats in a chophouse. Well, friend, I took in \$8 that night with no refunds. Also I took 33 teeth out of 12 patients and nobody

screamed. Why, I'll never know. I ran out of hydrocain on the seventh patient.

This style did not sit well with the local dentists, who had Parker arrested. Getting out of town seemed the best course of action, so Parker outfitted a red wagon with signs and headed for the wilderness of Canada.

His trademark top hat acquired the first of several bullet holes in one small town, when Parker made the mistake of telling the locals (gathered around his wagon) that the dental trust had driven him to this godforsaken town. Immediately, a pistol shot blasted Parker's hat off his head and a voice rang out: "I'm Parson J.B. Towers and I don't aim to hear this fair territory called godless by a little runt in the pay of Satan."

Over time, Parker built up a "Dental-Medicine Show" with Indian dancers, sword swallows, bearded ladies, Irish tenors, and hootchy-kootchy dancers to liven up his street corner tooth pulling.

In 1895, he moved to New York, resolving to try it as an ethical dentist. He married Frances Wolfe and once again found himself unable to pay the bills. On the sly from his new bride, he contacted William Beebe, a 300-pound former circus agent, who advised him to adopt the name PAINLESS Parker.

In addition to the other acts, Dr. Parker added a brass band to the troop. While a confederate in the crowd would become the first person in Parker's chair and would fake having a tooth pulled, real patients could not be counted on to not scream and fuss. Because of this, Parker would stamp his foot when he was about to pull the tooth, and the brass band would launch into a rousing tune guaranteed to drown out any noise.

Within 10 months, Painless Parker had hired 14 more dentists to handle three chairs each, and revenues had risen to \$5,000 a day. His signs certainly could not be ignored, proclaiming such things as "Painless Parker—I Am Positively IT In Painless Dentistry" in huge letters. He hired tightrope walkers and human flies to shout his praises from the sides of his buildings. Parker had acrobats, dancing girls, thespians, jugglers, minstrels, choral groups, and a 15-piece brass band to draw attention. He would also fling coins out of a bucket to the crowds.

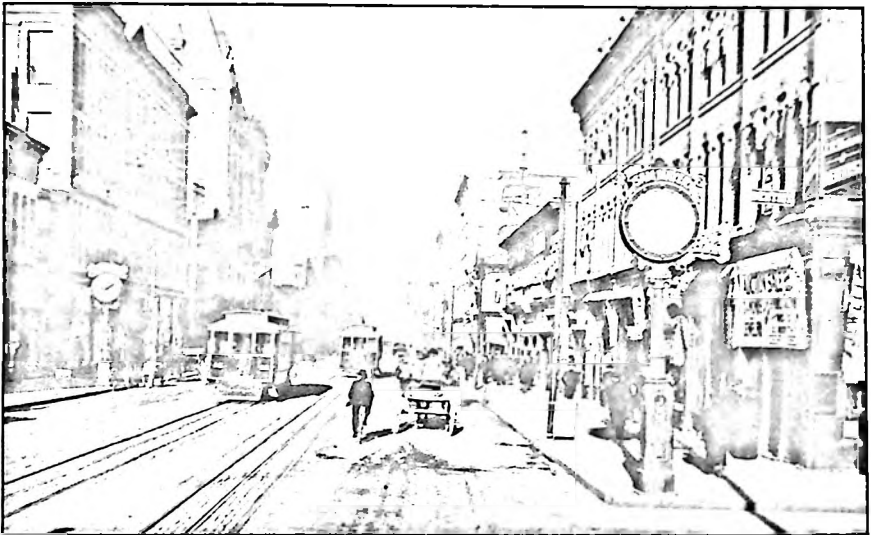
By 1904, Parker was a millionaire and a nervous wreck. He decided to take his troop on the road again, one day extracting 357 teeth which he had made into a necklace. This didn't solve the stress problem, and the following year he decided to retire to Los Angeles. At 33, he didn't stay retired for long, and soon acquired a new brass band, mind readers, jugglers, and acrobats.

By 1910, Painless had amassed a new fortune and new enemies, as evidenced by a scathing anti-Parker piece in the Sept. 1910 issue of *Hampton's Magazine*, titled "Tooth Tinkerers."

With movies bringing down the curtain on many circuses, Painless realized a dream in 1913 when he acquired his own Parker Dental Circus, for peanuts. In addition to the usual circus trappings, there were placards and banners adorned with Parker's crest—his Vandyke-bearded face superimposed on a molar. The bandstand was made to resemble a giant set of jaws ready to eat the musicians.

Between performances, Dr. Parker would dive into his sermon on the evils of dental disease and the Dental Trust (the ADA). He would urge the masses to follow him to his dental/medical tent before tooth miseries got the best of them. Said Parker, "When they did follow me, a disturbing question was settled in my mind. I knew that the folks we used to call rubes, the finest people this country has ever produced, were still abroad in our land."

Parker often performed for the press, fixing his circus animals' teeth (including placing a giant gold inlay in the tooth of a hippopotamus). He was a sad man when Mrs. Parker forced him to sell the circus.



(From *Denver, A Pictorial History*, Pruett Publishing)

This 1900 view from 16th and Champa streets includes many landmark Denver buildings. (Joslin's Store remains at location on left by streetcar, with Tabor Theater beyond.) Note signs on building at right for J.B. Macarey, dentist.


After a 1915 move to San Francisco, Edgar Parker legally became Painless Parker to avoid the legal tangle created by operating under an assumed name. Painless lived 50 miles south of San Francisco, in the Santa Clara Valley on a 300-acre spread he named Valle Vista. He also bought a yacht which he dubbed *Idalia*. Painless dreamed of expanding his franchises into every corner of the United States, and in 1922 he rented a suite of rooms at 15th and Welton streets in Denver. The fight had begun.

Colorado law required dentists to be licensed in the state before they could practice, so Painless advertised and threw parties for seniors at the University of Denver Dental School in search of employees. This didn't work out so well, and it is said that when Painless Parker's office opened on Dec. 1, 1923, it was with dried-out alcoholic dentists. Things were not smooth enough for his liking, so in 1926, Painless sought to change the law to allow any out-of-state dentist to practice in Colorado.

Parker threw his weight behind Amendment 6 to the tune of more than \$100,000. He bought newspaper ads, and even had his own publication, *Dental Liberty*. He compared himself to David fighting the Goliath of the Dental Trust.

The story is told that as Parker spoke to Denver residents, Dr. A.H. Ketchum dropped a bag of water from his 12-story office building on Parker's head. Parker began loudly decrying the monopoly that would resort to such violence. *The Catholic Register* and *The Denver Post* came out against Parker and, in spite of parades led by Painless' red sedan, the people defeated the amendment by 50,000 votes. At the same time, the California State Board suspended Parker's

**David
AND
Goliath!**



The public is being denied the right to economical Dental Service by a clique of Professional Caretakers.

The Colorado Dental Trust says in effect that you are so simple minded you cannot determine right from wrong, or what is good or bad for your own welfare.

The Trust insists upon playing Guardian to you—telling you what to do and how to do it; who must do your dental work and how much you must pay for it.

This trust is a gigantic fraud. It is built upon "mystery" stuff, star-chamber tactics and backstairs diplomacy. It is afraid to come out in the open and discuss dentistry and the care of the teeth for your benefit; afraid if it does this that you may find out too much about what goes on behind the curtains.

This Dental Trust is a big, overfed, puffed-up giant like Goliath of bible fame; just as merciless, just as arrogant as Goliath ever was. The public needs a "David" to put this Trust down and out and Painless Parker WITH THE AID OF YOUR VOTE is the man who will do the job.

Go to the polls today and VOTE FOR Amendment No. 6. Put good dentistry within the reach of all at a fair price; and put Goliath and his gang where they belong.

**PAINLESS PARKER,
Honest Dentistry.**

Vote 'YES'

on Amendment No. 6
It's to Your Own Best Interests to Do So

Post
Illustration

"David and Goliath" ad ran in Nov. 2, 1926, *Denver Post*.

license for five years, for aiding an unlicensed person to practice dentistry—the Painless Parker franchise.

Parker closed his Denver office and returned to California. "I was surprised they didn't raise my hair. They just took my canteen and turned me loose in the desert."

While this ended his plans for total U.S. expansion, Painless certainly needed no sympathy. His yearly gross was said at one time to be \$3.5 million. After Parker sold Valle Vista and Mrs. Parker died (in 1945), he took up residence in his Market Street San Francisco office. He died there on Nov. 8, 1952, at age 80.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I would like to acknowledge several persons and sources of help in preparation of this paper.

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Over the Corral Rail

(Continued from Page 2.)

Ken retired as chief pharmacist of St. Luke's Hospital, and has been licensed by the Colorado State Board of Pharmacy for more than 55 years. He claims he was born "at an early age" in Colorado Springs and is a fourth-generation native. His mother arrived in Colorado Springs in 1895 and her family worked for Gen. William Jackson Palmer. "There are two more generations of the family now in Colorado," Ken adds.

Gaunt is a World War II veteran, having served with the 168th Field Artillery Battalion of the Colorado National Guard.

Ken says he has many interests and hobbies besides Western history, including travel, photography, ice-dancing, ancient coin collecting, and raising emus and llamas.

John Daniel Dailey, also accepted as a new Posse Member, presented his paper May 26, 1993, on the Tombstone, A.T., shootout at the O.K. Corral: "The Gunfight Next to Fly's Boardinghouse."

A native of Hornell, N.Y., John resides in Aurora, and became a Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners in 1993. He is deputy attorney general in charge of the Criminal Enforcement Section, Colorado Attorney General's Office.

John received a bachelor's degree in political science from Bucknell University and J.D. from Syracuse University College of Law. He and his wife Elaine have two daughters, Erin and Brianna.

* * *

Kirk Whiteley, 20190 E. Edinborough Place, Parker CO 80134, has returned to the fold of the Denver Posse, as a Corresponding Member, renewing his membership of the 1950s and 1960s. "I moved out of Colorado in 1970 and lost contact with the Denver Pos-

se," he notes. His father, Dr. Philip W. Whiteley, was sheriff of the Denver Posse in 1953,

Kirk tells us he has a complete set of *Brand Books* (1945-1974) he is willing to sell. Anyone interested can telephone him at 841-9638.

* * *

The Roundup endeavors to keep track of all new Corresponding Members, as they pay their dues and join the Denver Posse of the Westerners. In the past, however, some new members have "slipped through the cracks," and their memberships have gone unacknowledged. It's not that they are unappreciated, but sometimes our "system" has gone awry, and for some reason, no information was provided to the editor. If you know of a new member who has not yet been mentioned in "Over the Corral Rail," please let us know, and we'll get an information form to that person, pronto. (The address is in our Masthead on Page 2.) And many thanks!

* * *

Inquiry has been received from Rex D. Gaskins of Boulder, Colo., about Mt. Manitou. Rex is a native of Manitou Springs, where his mother still resides. Partly from nostalgia, Rex says, and partly historical curiosity, he would like to learn more about the area. We referred him to Ed Bathke, longtime Denver Westerner, and a resident of Manitou Springs. However, other members who have information on Mt. Manitou can write Gaskins at 3790 Darley Ave., Boulder 80303, or phone 499-7597.

Needless to say, we've sent Rex some copies of *The Roundup* and a Membership Application. Every new member counts!



Westerner's Bookshelf



Reviews published in *The Roundup* are largely related to nonfiction 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*

A Dose of Frontier Soldiering by E.A. Bode; edited by Thomas T. Smith. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 1994. 188 pages. Clothbound, \$29.95.

A Dose of Frontier Soldiering is the memoirs of E.A. Bode, who served in the Sixteenth Infantry Regiment from 1877 to 1892. When he enlisted in New Orleans, the Army of the frontier was in a transitional period as most of the wars with the Indians, with the exception of the Apache, were winding down. The Army was being transformed into a centralized entity which eventually fought in the Spanish-American War of 1898. Therefore, Bode was able to see the last of the frontier and recorded his thoughts, varying from garrison duty to naturalist observations in the wild.

E.A. Bode enlisted in the Army in New Orleans in February 1877, and in June of that year was on his way by train to Ft. Sill, Indian Territory. His observations concerning the trip are interesting and extremely descriptive. As typical with any soldier, whether it be on the frontier, or in the twentieth century, he continually griped about the authority and "power" of the officers over him. In some cases he was very specific about those who, in his opinion, were incompetent. For example, when speaking of Lt. Col. John W. Davidson, Nineteenth Cavalry, he stated, "This gentleman was an opium and morphine eater under the strict leadership of his wife." Bode also made friends with some of the Indians living around Ft. Sill and does not leave their nor-

mal life habits out of his comments. Another one of his complaints indicated that infantry companies did more "laboring" than soldiering compared with cavalry units. One of his duties was to help build a telegraph line from Ft. Sill to Ft. Reno with iron poles, and he aptly describes those experiences.

In 1879, Bode's company was assigned to guard a supply train destined for the Texas panhandle. The unit later wound up at Ft. Gibson, where he remained until 1880. The company was then ordered by train to New Mexico, to participate in the Victorio Campaign. During this time, his comments and observations show a more realistic picture of a soldier's life on campaign than this reviewer has ever seen before. Ft. Craig, Ft. Bayard, and Ft. Cummings were included in his travels. Bode spent the remainder of his military service at Ft. Davis and Ft. McKavett, Texas, from 1881 to 1882, and served that time either in garrison detail or patrol. In February 1882, he was due to be promoted to sergeant, but was discharged as his five-year enlistment came to an end. From various letters and notes, it appears Bode worked for the government as a civilian for awhile, became a businessman by the end of that decade and traveled frequently in the vicinity of Chicago and Dayton, Ohio. Nothing more is known. The editor concludes with the statement, "Corporal Emil A. Bode saw his duty and did it; he was a good soldier."

For an actual view of a soldier's daily life in the era during the close of the Southwest fron-

tier, this book is extremely worthwhile, as it was well done and enjoyable to read. The editor has certainly done a great job and has included appropriate pictures and suitable maps to follow Bode's adventures as a soldier. This reviewer considers *A Dose of Frontier Soldiering* one of the best primary sources of a soldier's life that I have read.

—Richard A. Cook, P.M.

The Home Ranch by Ralph Moody. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1994. (Reprint.) 277 pages. Paperback, \$10.95.

Mary Emma & Company by Ralph Moody. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1994. (Reprint.) 233 pages. Paperback, \$9.95.

These are two of the five autobiographical books by Ralph Moody. Ken Pitman reviewed *Little Britches* in the January-February 1992 issue of *Roundup* and I did *Man of the Family* and *The Fields of Home* in the September-October 1993 issues.

I recently received a letter from a teacher who heard of my connection with Ralph Moody. He has read all of the Moody books to his classes and wanted to know more about the man. I was very pleased to know of another teacher who has recognized the importance of Ralph's messages to today's society.

The Home Ranch picks up *Little Britches* in his 12th year of life. He works on a cattle ranch near Pike's Peak in Colorado. He has to show that he is capable of enduring the trials and tribulations of ranch life—keeping up with the older cowboys, defying the elements, and his pursuit of the blue outlaw horse.

Mary Emma & Company leaves the format of dealing with *Little Britches*, and picks up the life of his widowed mother. At this point, Mary Emma and her six children have moved to Massachusetts during the winter of 1912. Ralph is now 13 and he recalls how they survived that first depressing winter.

As in all of these books, Ralph brings us a refreshing look at a family that struggles with everyday life under many devastating circumstances. But rather than being depressing reading, you find their love, humor, and honesty leave you rooting for them and feeling that being economically deprived is not the end but can be the springboard to a fuller life, one built on a framework that should be instilled in young people today.

I asked Ralph how much of his stories were real and how much were embellished. He said that the messages are from the family values and most of the characters were real people. However, all writers must embellish a little here and there because we can't be that interesting all the time.

I hope that more teachers, parents, and other family members pick up on these books and make them part of their familial libraries. Ralph has captured the basics of what can keep families together during difficult times. It may just be possible that today's kids might realize that they have things pretty good compared with Ralph's childhood. And, with a little discussion in the family after reading these books, maybe the messages can be put into our lives today.

—Max Smith, P.M.

Overland in 1846: Diaries and Letters of the California-Oregon Trail edited by Dale Morgan. Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1994. (Original two-volume edition published by Talisman Press, Georgetown, Calif., 1963.) Paperback, \$14.95 each of two volumes.

The year 1846, though only one of 25 years of westward migration by covered wagon (1841-1866), deserves special recognition, even though 1846 emigrants numbered no more than 3,000, compared with the tens of thousands who plodded west, beginning with the California gold rush of 1849.

In 1846 there was prophecy resulting from two international events, somewhat coinci-

dent with the 1846 migration, which gives a special magic to the later-revealed testimonies of these emigrants. First was the treaty with Great Britain that settled forever the long-disputed northern boundary of Oregon Territory. Second was victory in the war with Mexico, resulting in U.S. acquisition of both the great Southwest, as well as that mysterious unsurveyed hunk of land bordering also on the Pacific Ocean, which became California Territory. Bernard DeVoto wrote in his *Year of Decision* (1846) that these momentous events, combined with the heroism of covered wagon emigrants struggling westward toward both Oregon and California—which became great melodrama with reports of the Donner party's disaster—provided a new dimension of national consciousness, as American "from sea to shining sea." Thus when the nation was threatened by a catastrophe of Civil War, there emerged a powerful conviction—articulated by the iron will of Abraham Lincoln—that this new transcontinental nation should not be "Balkanized," and that the secession of slave-holding states had to be defeated, even at a great sacrifice of human lives.

Volume 1 contains Dale Morgan's magnificent introduction, an overview of the diaries and letters of a dozen or so emigrants, plus the contemporary T.H. Jefferson map of the Western trails. (It has been theorized that this Jefferson, never heard from again, was an illegitimate son of the great Thomas Jefferson himself, author of the Declaration of Independence, the man who, as our third president, masterminded the acquisition of the vast Louisiana Territory.)

Volume 2 contains a second "Introduction," more contemporary overland testimonies, Shiveley's *Guide to Oregon and California*, 1846, and Morgan's own map of what he insists on calling "the California-Oregon Trail" despite the fact that remote Oregon had been visited first by early American fur traders as well as the earliest American family

emigrants, 1842-45. Incidentally, the colorful cover-page pictures of these two volumes are stunningly beautiful!

My two volumes of this work, published in 1963, were valued at \$160 by the appraiser of my personal library, donated in 1989 to the National Frontier Trails Center in Independence, Mo. These two new paperback volumes, in combination, cost \$30, which I would classify as a good investment.

—Merrill J. Mattes, P.M.

The Great American Outlaw, A Legacy of Fact and Fiction by Frank Richard Prassel. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman and London, September 1993. An outlaw chronology, preface, appendix, endnotes, bibliography, index; 23 illustrations; 428 pages. Cloth-bound, \$29.95.

What a pleasure it was to read this compilation of criminals, and learn their role in Western society. The author begins this outlaw chronology with the evolution of outlawry in Medieval Europe, then proceeds to visit the pirates of the Spanish Main before returning to merry old England for a jaunt with the highwaymen. Finally, we journey to the North American colonies where the author begins his discussion of outlawry in America with Bacon's Rebellion in 1676. Throughout the rest of the book, he presents all aspects of American Outlawry, from 1676 to the 1980s.

Many of the chapters center on the typical image of an outlaw, the Anglo-Saxon male and the figures of legend, but no group is left unscathed or law-abiding, as he describes outlaws of other backgrounds in chapters with headings, such as "The Molls" (women), "El Patrio" (Hispanic) and "The Renegade" (Indian, Black, Chinese and Mormon). The last three chapters include an interesting view of motion pictures from the 1920s to the present, and their role in forming the popular image of the American outlaw.

While an impossible task, this volume

nonetheless appears to mention most American outlaws of at least regional notoriety, and many of their nemeses, lawmen. While I am unable to agree with all of Mr. Prassel's conclusions, I am impressed with his knowledge of outlawry in American and its British and European roots. The tale as presented by the author is a tale worth reading. The organization of the book is difficult to describe. In addition to the ethnic grouping mentioned above, he groups like topics together, such as train robbers, bank robbers, gangsters, and so on. In an interesting appendix, *The Ballads*, he lists the words to familiar songs about outlaws.

This volume is the first one that I will refer to whenever I am seeking a quick, brief overview of an outlaw, a crime, or an era. The notes, bibliography, and index are of the quality one hopes to find in many books, but unfortunately seldom does. For those interested in the history of crime, outlaws, lawmen, and their effect upon America and the West, I heartily recommend *The Great American Outlaw*.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

Contemporary New Mexico, 1940-1990, edited by Richard W. Etuiain. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1994. Editor's preface, bibliographies, index; 24 illustrations; 210 pages. Paperback, \$19.95.

This book is a compilation of six essays among those presented at a February 1992 conference on the campus of the University of New Mexico. Many changes have occurred in this sparsely populated state over the past 50 years. Once thought of as a cultural, intellectual, and economic backwater, New Mexico is now a state with some of the finest cultural facilities and artists—Santa Fe Opera, Desert Chorale, and Georgia O'Keeffe, Peter Hurd, and R.C. Gorman—and research facilities such as Los Alamos, White Sands, and Sandia Laboratories.

These essays provide a general overview of many factors that have affected New Mexico and its citizens during the past half century. Each of the six essays addresses a different aspect of New Mexico's development since 1940. The first essay, by Gerald Nash, is a summary of New Mexican history since 1940. The next essay, by F. Chris Garcia, delves into the pervasive and personal effect politics has had on New Mexico and its citizens. This is followed by Michael Welsh's essay on the effect environment, culture, and perception have had on New Mexico's economy as it has changed over the past 50 years. The fourth essay, by Virginia Scharff, is an interesting ethnographic discussion of the changes and trauma the family has undergone since the beginning of World War II.

Rosale Okro's essay, indicating the reality that is New Mexico, is rooted in the sum of the collective multicultural and ethnically diverse experiences of its residents. She discusses the tradition, historic and modern cultural mix of New Mexico's ethnic groups.

The final essay, by Ferine M. Szasz, is a discussion of the cultures of New Mexico and how the last half century has changed the state's traditional society of "Three Cultures"—Indian, Hispanic and Anglo-pioneer—to one which includes all of the many cultures now found in New Mexico.

Each essay ends with a comprehensive bibliography suitable for those who desire to read further on the subject.

This collection provides the reader with an introduction to how and why New Mexico has changed in the past 50 years. Change some details and many of the circumstances outlined could be representative of any of the states in the Rocky Mountain and Intermountain West. Despite often being written in "politically correct" phraseology, this is a book definitely useful as a reference in studying ethnic and cultural groups in America—especially Indian and Hispanic. This book can also be of value to those with an

interest in recent New Mexican or Western American history.

—Keith and Marge Fessenden

Indians in Prison by Elizabeth S. Grob-smith. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1994. Appendices, references, photographs; 187 pages. Clothbound, \$37.50.

In Nebraska, as in other states, Native Americans are incarcerated in correctional facilities at a rate higher than their proportion of the population. This study examines the facilities and programs in the Nebraska correctional system, with attention to the Indians in the prisons. In 1972, Indian inmates filed suit to guarantee their rights to practice religious and cultural activities while in correctional facilities. The consent decree, one of the first in the country for American Indians, specified that the prisoners are entitled to wear their hair long, as is traditional, and to have access to sweat lodges or the Native American Church for religious observances. Other elements of the agreement include increase in the number of Native American employees in the correctional facilities, improved educational programs, and increased sensitivity to Indian culture on the part of employees.

Some improvements in services for Indian prisoners have resulted, although there are limitations imposed by a traditional correctional system. Many of the Indian inmates have problems with alcohol and other drug abuse—problems which are common in their home communities where unemployment is high. The usual counseling and treatment programs are not effective for the Native Americans, especially when they return to communities where patterns of abuse prevail. A survey of correctional facilities in other states, and their experiences with Indian prisoners indicates the common limitations in successful rehabilitation.

This is a significant study of Indians in

prison, based on a detailed look at programs in one state. Lack of attention to the cultural differences was corrected only after actions by the courts.

The author recognizes the current atmosphere in all states in which levels of funding will be reduced and emphasis will go to punishment rather than rehabilitation. These changes will threaten gains made in recognizing differences and looking for ways to end the revolving door for Indian prisoners.

—Earl McCoy, P.M.

Pioneer Days in the Early Southwest by Grant Foreman; new introduction by Donald E. Worcester. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Bison Book edition, Lincoln, 1994. Illustrations, index; 345 pages. Paperback \$14.95.

In his book *Pioneer Days in the Early Southwest*, Grant Foreman writes not of the Southwest that many may know as the states of New Mexico and Arizona, but rather the region that lay beyond Fort Smith, Ark. The area that Foreman refers to as the old Southwest would eventually become the state of Oklahoma. For the most part, the book concentrates on the Three Forks, where the Verdigris, Grand, and Arkansas rivers meet—a location that would see much trading and military activity.

Foreman's book spans the period from the early explorations of the French and Spanish of the late seventeenth century to the beginning of the U.S. War with Mexico in the mid-1840s. He tells the reader about the explorers, traders, and those that dealt in the fur trade. On the heels of these people came the military who established such frontier posts as Ft. Smith and Ft. Gibson. The Army sent out several expeditions to make peaceful overtures to the Western Plains tribes. At the same time it wanted to impress them with the power of the United States in the East.

When this book was first published in 1926, it would be the first of many written by Fore-

man, a former lawyer, about Oklahoma and its Indians. In telling this story of the early Southwest, he mentions personages who had a prominent part in opening this part of the West, some of whom had fallen into obscurity until Foreman put their names in print again.

The book describes the treaties with the Indians. The respected and influential fur-trade family of Chouteau was called upon many times to lend assistance in negotiating with the various tribes of the region.

Also chronicled are the military expeditions and visits made by writer Washington Irving and painter George Catlin. It was while accompanying the expedition led by Col. Henry Dodge that Catlin witnessed the killing of buffalo by the officers and men "to a most cruel and wanton extent . . . without stopping to cut out the meat."

Pioneer Days in the Early Southwest is one of those Western history books that many will find an interesting and informative study of the early Southwest before permanent white settlement.

—Mark E. Hutchins, P.M.

The Pueblo Revolt by Robert Silverberg. Introduction by Marc Simmons. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Bison Book edition Lincoln, 1994. Bibliography and index; 204 pages. Paperback, \$8.95.

This book, first published in 1970, is well worth reprinting. The successful uprising of the local indigenous populations against the Spanish invaders in New Mexico and northern Arizona in 1680 was a significant revolution. However, the reconquest of the pueblos in the 1690s restored Spanish control of much of the area. Silverberg reports the invasion by forces led by Don Juan Oñate to "settle" the area of northern New Spain in 1598, with the friars establishing churches at each Indian pueblo to displace the native religions. Local residents were expected to provide the materials and labor for construction of the churches,

as well as provide food and other materials for the Spanish settlers. The government added demands for tribute in labor and food for their officials, and put in place the "encomienda" system which virtually enslaved Indians residing on lands donated to important supporters of the governor, although the King in Spain had forbidden the practice.

In the pueblos, the government appointed officials to fit the Spanish style of organization, ignoring the previously organized systems of government which the pueblos had used for centuries. At times there was competition between church and government for the labor and tribute from the Indians, and representatives of the governor encouraged the pueblos to continue their kachina dances which the friars were working hard to eliminate.

Finally, with a severe drought affecting the area in the 1660s and 1670s but with the demands for food and other goods continuing, an unprecedented cooperation among most of the Rio Grande pueblos in New Mexico plus the Zunis and the Hopis in Arizona led to the revolt in August 1680. Friars and settlers were killed and churches destroyed, especially in the northern part of the region. Unexpected leadership, such as that of Pope (po-PAY) from San Juan Pueblo, helped organize the revolt.

This book is well-written and easy to follow, describing the various factors which led to Indian unrest and finally to violent action. The information has been gathered from a variety of sources and is an objective summary of the history of the people and times. In 1980, 10 years after the first publication of this book, Indian pueblos in the Southwest celebrated the 300th anniversary of their successful revolution as a source of pride in their heritage. Anyone with an interest in the pueblo culture of the Southwest should be familiar with this clear report of the 1680 revolt and its aftermath.

—Earl McCoy, P.M.

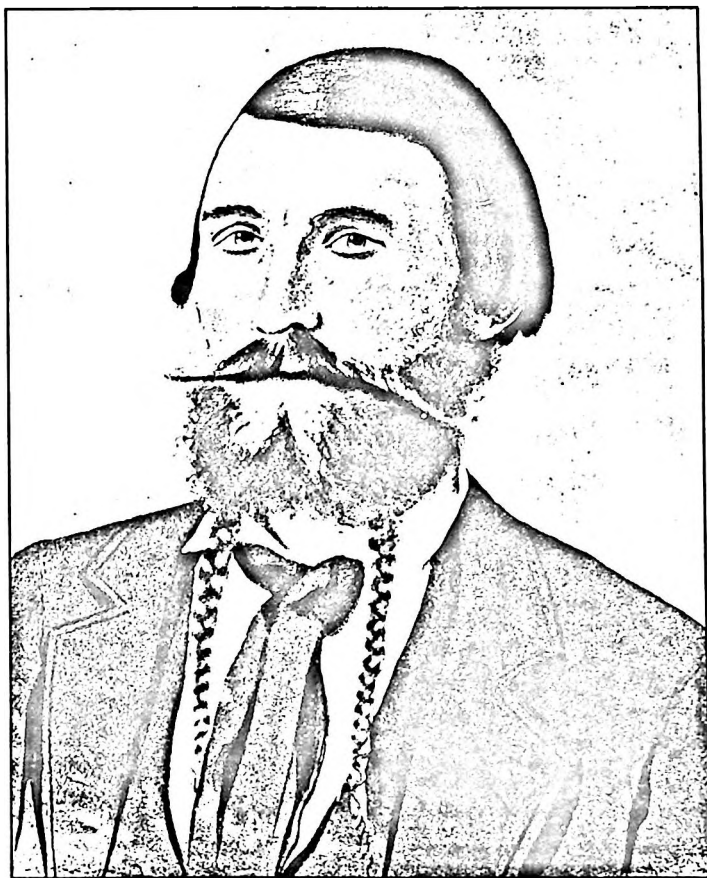


The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1994

WHAT HAPPENED AT RUSSELLVILLE

by Clyde W. Jones, C.M.



(From Jerome Smiley's History of Denver, 1901)

Crayon portrait of William Green Russell was believed made about 1857.

About the Author

Clyde W. Jones, Corresponding Member, Parker, Colo., talked on Russellville, Colo., at the March 23, 1994, meeting of the Denver Westerners.

Clyde was born Sept. 15, 1928, in Tulsa, Okla. He is part Cherokee and Choctaw Indian, but predominantly of English and Scotch-Irish descent. He attended Tulsa Central High School, and majored in journalism at the University of Tulsa. He also completed creative writing courses at the Instituto Allende in San Miguel de Allende, Mexico, the University of Colorado, Denver University, and the Santa Barbara (Calif.) Writers Conference.

Jones began a long career in the oil business in 1947 as an oil-field roughneck, moving up to oil scout and landman for major oil companies. He then became an oil-lease broker and finally an independent oil producer. He was later president of two petroleum firms. He is now semi-retired, managing his own oil properties.

Some of Jones' articles have been published in such magazines and newspapers as *Rocky Mountain Country*, *Odyssey*, *Apartment Life*, *Leisure Living*, *Oil and Gas Investor*, *Startling Detective*, *West Coast Writers Conspiracy*, *The Denver Post*, *Rocky Mountain News*, and *Daily News Press*. He wrote the first treatment script for the movie, "The Last of the Daltons." Most recently, he co-authored an article on the Denver and New Orleans Railroad for *Parker Country Magazine*.

Jones is immediate past-president of the Parker Area Historical Society and is chairman of the Douglas County Historic Preservation Board. Some organizations he has lectured before include: Metropolitan State College, Elbert County Historical Society, Historic Frankstown, Inc., Castle Rock Historical Society, Parker Town Council and Planning Commission, and Ponderosa High School.

Clyde is a member of Rocky Mountain Petroleum Pioneers, Colorado Historical Society, and the Council of America's Military Past. His interests include Southwestern art, writing, and photography.

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Sketch of Russell brothers by Ben Carlton Mead from *Green Russell and Gold* by Elma Dill Russell Spencer; Univ. of Texas Press, Austin, 1966. Note William Green Russell, center, with twin braids in his beard.

WHAT HAPPENED AT RUSSELLVILLE

by Clyde W. Jones, C.M.

(Presented March 23, 1994)

When a Confederate flag was run up over early Denver's Wallingford & Murphy General Store on April 24, 1861, its brazen bearers might have been influenced by the knowledge that a sizable cache of weapons and ammunition was stashed for their cause at Russellville, some 35 miles south of town. Military artifacts recently discovered and two years research of Civil War-era history have brought to light the distinct possibility that Russellville was once a major Confederate stronghold, a rendezvous point where guns and ammunition were purchased and recruits were bivouacked and trained.

Colorado historians have long been enamored with Russellville's rich past, and for good reason—it's the site of much history. Early Indians of the Late Woodland Period are said to have

resided there. Later, Plains Indians of the Crow, Sioux, Cheyenne, Arapaho, and Kiowa tribes traveled through the area, to trade horses with the Comanches of northern Texas. The trail that developed became known as the Trapper's Trail when mountain men such as Jim Bridger, Jedediah Smith, and Kit Carson used it while searching out beaver. "Uncle Dick" Wootton is known to have run a weekly express between Fort St. Vrain on the South Platte River and Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River via Cherry Creek, as early as 1842.

John Beck and a group of Cherokee Indians from Oklahoma traveled the Arkansas River route and came through the region on their way to the California Gold Rush in 1850. Thereafter, the trail became known as the Cherokee Trail. Throughout history, it has been called by many names: Trapper's Trail, Old Divide Trail, Military Trail, Jimmy Camp Trail, Cherokee Trail, Territorial Road, and Road to Ft. Wise (also known as Ft. Lyon) on the Arkansas River.

The abundance of water, food, and shelter has always attracted man and wild animals, alike, to Russellville. It has been a natural resting spot on the trail—a sanctuary—where one could camp, hunt, and feel fairly secure. Capt. R. B. Marcy wrote that his military party took the trail in May of 1858—this after enduring a 60-hour blizzard that caused the death of dozens of animals and two men while traveling over the divide. Following Marcy's footsteps, William Green Russell with his brothers Levi and Oliver accompanied by John Beck and a party of Cherokees, returned to Colorado in June 1858. They came back to check out some gold showings earlier recorded (1850) at Ralston Creek.

Fortuitously, one of the men panned the stream at Russellville for color and, surprisingly, found some. However, the Russells, being experienced gold miners, considered the find lacking so moved on. Ralston Creek, long anticipated as a bonanza, was the party's real goal, but it soon proved a bust. Word of the Russellville gold discovery and another the Russell party later made near Dry Creek and the Platte (Placer Camp), spread like a prairie fire among other traveling parties the summer and fall of 1858. Embellished beyond recognition, the story moved east and found thousands of eager listeners in the jumping-off towns of eastern Kansas and Nebraska. Inflamed with "gold fever," they came, many ill-prepared for the hardships that awaited them. "Pike's Peak or Bust"—the Colorado gold rush was on.

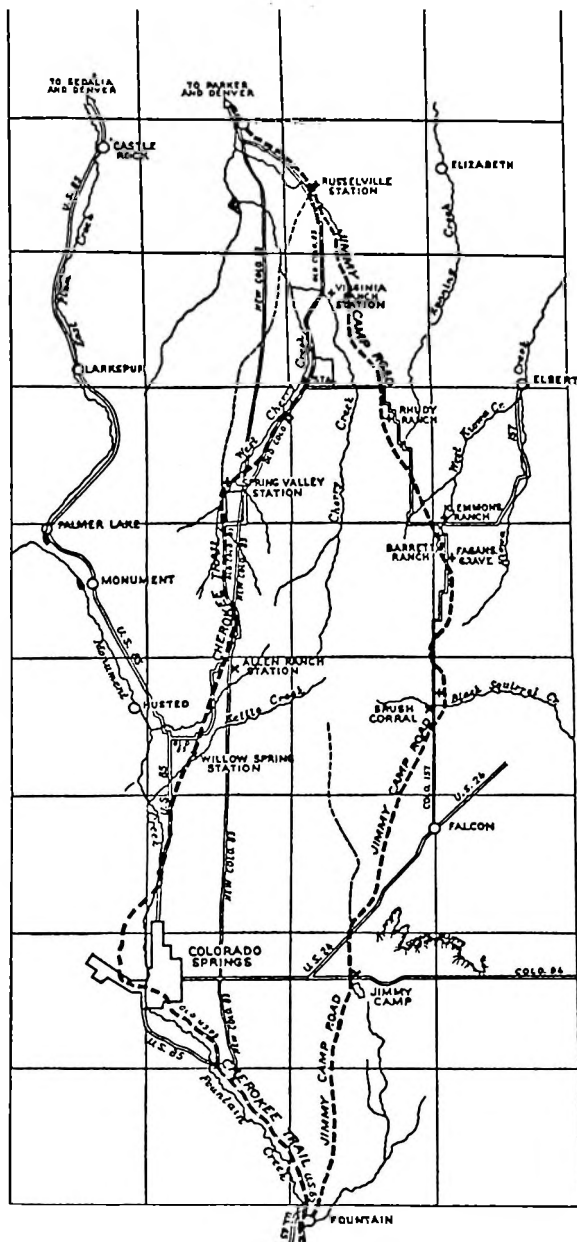
History indicates some placer-type mining was carried out at Russellville over the last half of 1858 and the first half of 1859, but when word got out of the rich gold discoveries made at Clear Creek by John Gregory and at Chicago Creek by George Jackson, there was a mass exodus of prospectors to the mountains.

A sawmill owned by Cooper & Wyatt began operating at Russellville in April 1859, and furnished the first lumber utilized by a budding Auraria and Denver City. Its recorded delivery was made on April 21, 1859, to Wootton and Pollock for a two-story house at 11th and Market streets. Five more sawmills eventually located in the Russellville area, two of them as late as the 1880s. Additionally, there were facilities for making charcoal located in nearby pineries.

There was a small settlement of log houses (nine being built and three inhabited) located at Russellville in late June of 1859. And after 1862, a large barn, stockade, corral for horses, and log tavern and hotel served as a stage station at Russellville for the Santa Fe Stage Line operated by Tavern & Sanderson.

The first official government surveyor notes, dated July 25, 1866, state: "Russellville a settlement of two or three families is situate in the SW/4 of Section 17."

There are two spellings for California Ranche in the literature, the other being California Ranch. The man who built and named the ranch northwest of Russellville, Charles F. Parkhurst, came to Colorado from California. The Spanish presence in California probably influenced



Map shows Jimmy Camp Road and Cherokee Trail as separate, but the two trail routes were identical (on right or east side of map). Western trail should be labeled the Colorado City Road, according to official surveyor notes made in July 1866.

(Map from Dr. Margaret Long's The Smoky Hill Trail)

Parkhurst to call it a ranche, but then many early Colorado ranches had the "e" added. The *Rocky Mountain News* of Jan. 22, 1875, reported that the hotel known as California Ranche had been destroyed by fire, caught from a defective flue.

Parkhurst sold the California Ranche to James Frank Gardner in 1865, and then moved to Denver, where he built the famous Tremont House hotel.

Gardner was postmaster at Russellville when the post office was established on May 22, 1862. It was discontinued on Sept. 8, 1862, and Gardner moved the post office to his one-room cabin—he called it Frankstown—described in the literature as being four miles north of present-day Frankstown. This cabin was also the first county seat in Douglas County. Gardner sold the cabin (he only had squatter's rights) in 1863, and moved himself and the county seat to California Ranche.

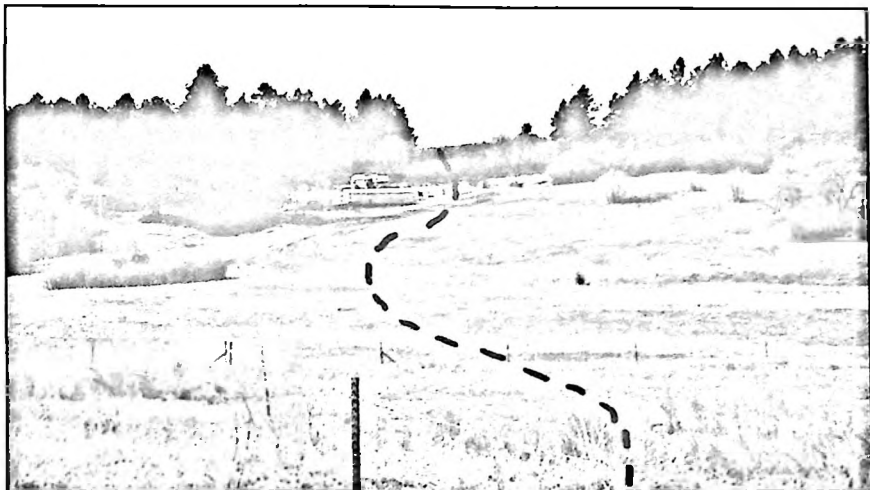
California Ranche remained the county seat until 1874, when the county government was moved to Castle Rock. One can thus find four separate names associated with Franktown: first, California Ranche, then Parkhurst, then Frankstown, and finally Franktown. (Federal policy dropped possessives from official post office names in the early 1880s.)

Jacob Schutz and his brother, Benjamine, and another man named Jacob Bower, were the first three white settlers to establish homesteads near Russellville. There is a fairly long history of the Schutz family and their activities in the vicinity spanning the years 1859-1933, as they struggled to survive and build one of the largest family-owned cattle ranches in Colorado. Surprisingly, only 10 mining claims were recorded in the Russellville area.

Contemporary Russellville is now an 800-acre development with some 125 custom homes built on five-acre parcels. Besides the connecting gravel roads, Douglas County owns an 80-acre open-space park area in Russellville Gulch, a northwest-southeast trending gulch running through the development. A meandering, spring-fed creek (formerly called the headwaters of Cherry Creek, and now just "Russellville Gulch") bisects the gulch and is a tributary of the Cherry Creek drainage. The area's rocky slopes and lush valley floors are heavily wooded mostly with ponderosa pines (second growth), some Douglas fir, cedar, and scrub oak. This pinery is considered a northern extension of the Black Forest.

In June 1992, some 246 artifacts were unearthed in Russellville Gulch by members of the Eureka! Treasure Hunters Club of Denver. In the fall of 1993, the Douglas County Historic Preservation Board was given the opportunity to conduct an emergency survey of a vacant home site where construction was imminent. Ninety-five historic and 98 prehistoric artifacts were mapped and recovered. In May 1986, 19 items were found by the Cherry Creek Valley Historical Society in a metal-detecting grid survey they conducted at the site of the old Russellville stage stop. Thus far, a grand total of 458 artifacts have been surrendered to the Douglas County Historic Preservation Board. Kent Brandebery, board member of the Colorado Gun Collectors Club, has identified many of these artifacts as being from the Civil War era. Of special interest was the fact that 73 of these items were identified as .58-caliber bullets, 500 grain, for rifle musket, all unspent.

A magazine article provided by Brandebery, "The Story of Buck and Ball," published in the May 1993 issue of *American Rifleman*, stated, "The droves of recruits flocking to Federal and Confederate colors at the outbreak of the Civil War clamored for .58-caliber rifle muskets, the most modern military arms available." The article also noted that Gen. James W. Ripley, Union Chief of Ordnance, tried to limit issuance of his 40,000 .58-caliber rifle muskets to the Regular Army and volunteers who enlisted for three years. He believed that only well-trained soldiers



(Photos by author)

In picture above, dotted line indicates where old Cherokee Trail entered Russellville area from Arkansas River route to the south. Photo below shows where gold was discovered in Russell Gulch on June 22, 1858, by the Green Russell party of Auraria, Ga., returning to Colorado after prospecting in California.





(Photo courtesy Colorado Historical Society)

William Green Russell—usually known as Green Russell—led prospecting party which found some color at Russellville on June 22, 1858. However the strike was not sufficient to keep the group in the area, and they moved on to Ralston Creek, which also proved to be another bust.



(Photos courtesy Colorado Historical Society)

Joseph Oliver Russell, left, and Dr. Levi Jasper Russell came with their brother Green in 1858 to Colorado from Auraria, Ga., by way of California, in search of gold.

could take advantage of the greater accuracy and range of the rifle musket.

Early Colorado Territory was peopled by those of many nationalities and cultures whose weaponry, such as it was, could best be described as a hodgepodge of pistols, shotguns, and old rifles. Why was this valuable .58-caliber ammunition for such a then-modern weapon cached at Russellville? Had it been clandestinely hidden or did it inadvertently fall from a wagon? Both Union military and Confederate sympathizers are known to have openly advertised in 1861 that they were in the market to buy guns and ammunition of any make or caliber; both sides needed ordnance desperately for their war efforts.

Other firearms experts who examined the artifacts for the most part agree with the identifications made by Brandebery, including Don Rickey Jr., renowned authority on the military history of the American West, and Andrew E. Masich, vice president of the Colorado Historical Society.

Primary source literature describes Russellville as having been a Confederate rendezvous. An old Indian fighter and ex-Texas Ranger, Capt. Abram W. McKee, also referred to as Joel McKee, was said to be the leader. One story has McKee trying to corner the market in Denver City on percussion caps, a shrewd plan if it had worked, rendering Union ammunition worthless without the necessary firing caps.

Another story notes that some 40 of McKee's cohorts were arrested while trying to leave for Texas to join Confederate General [Henry H.] Sibley's army. Territorial Governor Gilpin issued an order on Sept. 29, 1861, to arrest McKee. Subsequently, he and two of his followers were jailed at Denver on a charge of raising troops in Colorado Territory for an unlawful purpose.

All this Confederate involvement should not be surprising because, at that time in history, one source estimates that about one-third of the entire population of Colorado Territory was sympathetic to the South, including such famous pioneers as Uncle Dick Wootton and William Green Russell and his brothers Oliver and Levi. Even William P. McClure, President Buchanan's appointee as Denver's postmaster, was a Confederate sympathizer. So was John C. Moore, mayor-elect of Denver, and Charlie Harrison, owner of the infamous Criterion Saloon and leader of the lawless hoodlums—the Bummers.

Besides Russellville, other known Confederate hangouts were at Booneville (now Boone), Pueblo, Mace's Hole (now Beulah), Golden City, and Trinidad. A secret Rebel organization, the Knights of the Golden Circle, maintained headquarters near Pueblo and smuggled arms, ammunition, and supplies to the Confederacy via relay stations they established in the Arkansas River Valley and elsewhere.

An historic incident that occurred at Russellville was covered well by author Frank Hall in his *History of the State of Colorado*, published in 1889. The incident involved five members of a band of Texan guerrillas, led by a desperado named Jim Reynolds. Reynolds, who in 1860 was a laborer in the rich placer mines of Park County, Colo., went south at the outbreak of the Civil War and recruited a gang of outlaws. Hall says the gang numbered 22 men when they left Rabbit Ear Creek, Texas, and were as rough, uncouth, and brutal a band of renegades as ever entered upon a mission of evil-doing. They evidently operated independently of authority of either civil or military branches of the Confederate government.

In 1864 the gang began robbing ranches, stage stations, and mail coaches in the South Park area near Fairplay. A shootout led to the subsequent capture of five of the marauders, including Jim Reynolds, who was severely wounded in his right arm. They were turned over to Marshal Alexander C. Hunt, later the territorial governor of Colorado, who took them to Denver and placed them in the military prison. There they were tried in secret by the military authorities, who wanted to shoot them, but the Union officers were advised that the authority to order this rested solely with the department commander in Leavenworth—who happened to be out on an Indian-hunting expedition in western Kansas.

Captain Cree of Company A, Third Colorado Cavalry, was instructed to move the prisoners to Ft. Lyon on the Arkansas for further handling, and to shoot the rebels if they attempted to escape. During transport to the fort, the wagon containing the prisoners and their guards fell behind the mounted escort as they neared the old Russellville town site. The guerrillas made a concerted attempt to escape, but the escort fired upon and killed them all. Leaving the bodies where they fell, the command returned to Denver and reported what had happened.

Historian Hall says the actual facts attending this tragedy were kept profoundly secret and statements given to the press were shadowy in the extreme. It was commonly believed that Captain Cree received verbal orders from his superior officer, Col. John M. Chivington, to dispatch the prisoners along the way. Interestingly enough, the 240 miles to Ft. Lyon was a nine-day trip, but even so there were no rations drawn for the prisoners. U.S. Attorney Browne wrote to General Curtis of the matter: ". . . the whole five were butchered, and their bodies, with shackles on their legs, were left unburied on the plains, and yet remain there unless devoured by the beasts of prey that don't wear shoulder-straps. . . ."

Uncle Dick Wootton, the famed trader, frontiersman, scout, and Indian fighter, related a different account in his autobiography. He said while accompanying the family of a deceased friend from Pueblo to Denver in October 1864, they noticed ravens hovering over a spot near the road. Investigating, they found a grisly sight.



(Photos by author)

Top picture shows spring house on Russellville Ranch, believed to have been built in 1862, and what may be the oldest apple tree (right) in Douglas County. Bottom photo shows a more distant view of the spring house, and a modern-day barn. Hotel once stood on hill behind the buildings.



"In a small grove, and driving to one side, we found there the skeletons of four [sic] men, bound with ropes to as many trees," said Wootton. "The flesh had been picked clean from the bones, but a bullet hole in each skull showed how the men had met their death. Each skeleton stood in a pair of boots, which was all that was left in the way of clothing. . . . We learned afterwards that the skeletons were those of the notorious 'Jim' Runnels [sic] and three of his band of robbers who had been captured and summarily executed only a short time ago."

It is interesting to speculate why Russellville was chosen as the Reynolds gang slaying site. Was it because Russellville was a known Confederate rendezvous, and a way for the Union troops to openly flaunt the bodies of these Texas guerrillas, perhaps instilling fear in other Southern sympathizers? Note, too, that the one traveler who did venture that way and observed and wrote about the remains was Uncle Dick Wootton, a blatant pro-Southerner.

Another interesting fact is that the Confederates wrote an obscure provision into their statutes covering the use of guerrilla fighters. Known as the Partisan Ranger Act, it embraced outlaws like Bloody Bill Anderson, William Clarke Quantrill, and Jim Reynolds, and considered them loyal patriots.

Our research thus far indicates there may be several, perhaps as many as a dozen or more, old unmarked graves at Russellville. One site is reported to be a mass grave where bones and shackles were observed following an erosional rain storm; although presently buried, some residents believe this is the remains of the Reynolds gang.

There is only one pioneer-era grave that has been officially identified. This was unearthed in 1987 by a resident who was excavating for a swimming pool. The skeleton (unknown) wore stitched leather boots, a bandanna, a tattered red shirt, and a hat. Douglas County Coroner Mark Stover, noting the boots had stitching rather than nails, deemed the corpse to have been buried about 80 years ago (circa 1907). Permission was granted for the resident to rebury the old cowboy in a new grave some 20 yards from the pool, where he remains today.

Russellville does not have a public cemetery, but a fairly large one exists in Franktown, some six miles away. Residents of Russellville are entitled to free burial in this cemetery since they are considered residents of the Franktown area.

During the Indian uprising in 1864, five so-called forts were located in Douglas County. For the most part, these stockades were constructed around existing buildings and were made of logs 8 to 10 inches in diameter, placed vertically side by side so the settlers could shoot between them. Ft. Washington was on the Ben Quick ranch beside West Plum Creek; Ft. Lincoln was at Huntsville on East Plum Creek; another was at Spring Valley; and two were near present-day Franktown. The larger one at Franktown was California Ranche, a stockade which was extended down to Cherry Creek for a water supply, located near the intersection of today's Colorado highways 83 and 86. A smaller one, called "Indian Fort," intended for those who could not make it into California Ranche, was strictly a rock-walled refuge constructed along the breaks some two miles west of town. Anyone from Russellville seeking protection from Indian attack in those days would skedaddle for California Ranche.

In 1864, a contingent of settlers from the Franktown area joined the 100-day Colorado Third Volunteer Regiment organized by Governor Evans to help reinforce the regular troops. Frank Gardner was chosen their commander. The Gardner cavalry company went to Camp Wheeler (Lincoln Park) in Denver for training and then served the remainder of their commitment (August through November) at California Ranche. Some 45 people fortified the stockade with arms issued by the governor. Squads were sent out to gather the crops, and cattle were rounded up and corralled at night; livestock and feed were kept in the stockade, depending on available

space.

One incident at this time in history worth mentioning may or may not have involved Confederate insurgents. Four men, Lawrence Welty, George Engl, Caspar Courts, and Conrad Moschel, were detailed from California Rancho to go into the Lake Gulch area on Aug. 4, 1864, and collect Mr. Engl's stock, a valuable herd of Shorthorns. While gathering the herd, they were attacked by about 30 Indians. Being some distance apart, the white men could not get together for defense, so immediately put their horses in a dead run to escape. Welty and Moschel went opposite directions to draw off the Indians while Engl and Courts escaped to Plum Creek and returned to California Rancho the same evening. Welty's horse fell with him and he crawled into the brush and hid, the Indians getting away with his horse. He arrived back at the stockade early in the morning, clothes torn and looking scared—fortunate to be alive. A party of six was detailed to search for Moschel. His body was found six days later. He had been shot in the forehead and an arrow pierced his back. A two-inch band of flesh had been stripped from his forehead to the nape of his neck, the Cheyenne manner of scalping. Moschel was buried where found and a memorial carved in the rock cliff above the grave. (It can be seen today on Lake Gulch Road across from the old GE Ranch headquarters, now owned and operated by the Winkler family.)

Conrad Moschel's granddaughter, Mrs. Alice Moschel Yeakel of Arvada, Colo., wrote a letter on March 6, 1940, describing the foregoing incident. However, she further states that, from his hiding place, Welty saw one or two bad white men riding with the Indians and inciting them to hostility. In view of the Confederate presence at Russellville, we must consider the possibility that the two bad white men described could have been secessionists bivouacked at the Russellville rendezvous, approximately four miles due east of the murder site.

No military battles are known to have been fought in the vicinity of Russellville. However, one reference stated that Mrs. Coberly's husband was killed at the battle of Franktown. A search for further information on such a battle was fruitless, and we are of the opinion there was none.

Additional research indicates there are other important historic sites at Russellville worthy of investigation: placer mining sites, two intact log cabins, sawmill foundations, hand-dug wells, tepee rings, original land survey rock markers, blacksmith shop site, stage station, and an old hotel site. There are also traces of the Territorial Road and the Santa Fe Stage Line Trail. It may also be possible to determine the exact site where gold was first panned by the Green Russell party.

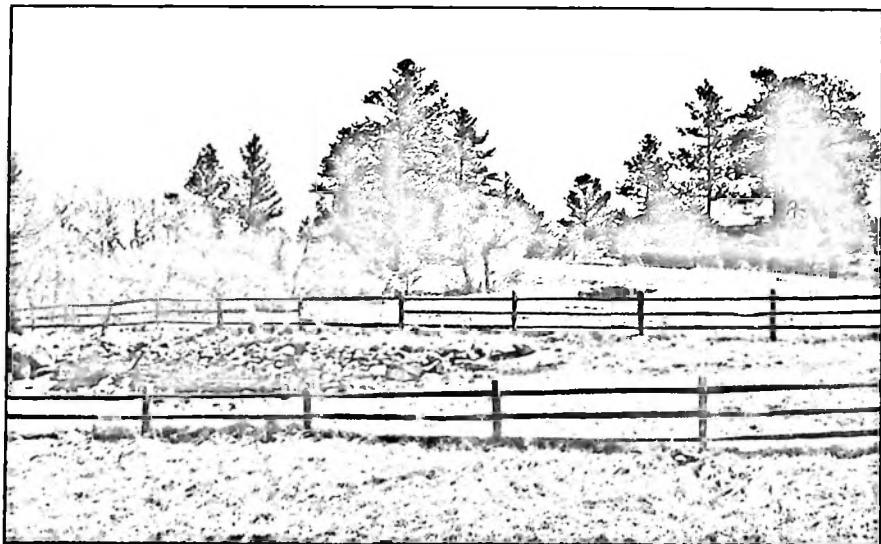
An area resident who happens to be the great-granddaughter of Jacob Schutz, one of the first three settlers to establish themselves at Russellville, has provided us with a letter that helps to explain how Jacob and his brother Benjamine built one of the largest family-owned cattle ranches in Colorado. In describing conversations with her grandmother, Edith Campbell Routon, she said, "On many occasions, she mentioned that her grandfather Jacob, and her uncle Benjamine, had conducted business with and had sold cattle to the Confederate Army as they rode through Russellville or camped in the area." This information certainly supports the notion of Confederate activity at Russellville.

In January 1993, we advised Stanley Plant, then president of the Russellville Home and Property Owner's Association (RHPO), that the Douglas County Historic Preservation Board (DCHPB) was interested in conducting a metal-detector survey on the DC Parks & Open Space lands (about 80-acres) at Russellville. We asked him to poll his membership and determine if a majority of the residents approved or disapproved our proposal. We also invited the residents to advise us if they would like to have their own property examined. We further suggested that



Photos by author)

In 1862, the Santa Fe Stage Line established a stage stop and hotel on the site now occupied by Russellville Ranch. The hotel was on a hill behind the present house. Hotel (bottom photo) burned in the early 1960s, but site is still evident.



they might want to consider the prospect of Russellville being designated a National Historic District.

Subsequently a survey was prepared and mailed to all residents and lot owners; more than 80 responded. Mr. Plant advised us on April 12, 1993, that RHPO members responding to the survey indicated approximately 72 percent were in favor of pursuing historic designation. Since that date, other residents have notified us they had been undecided pending additional information, but now favored the proposal. As a result, DCHPB can now include some 400 acres in the survey.

We have met with officials of the Colorado Historical Society and learned what is involved in establishing Russellville as a National Historic District. Basically, available history must support such a request. We further learned that an unorganized dash to unearth artifacts in Russellville Gulch might actually destroy our chances of establishing a National Historic District. So, with much good advice from the Colorado Historical Society, we returned to the drawing board to develop a more feasible plan.

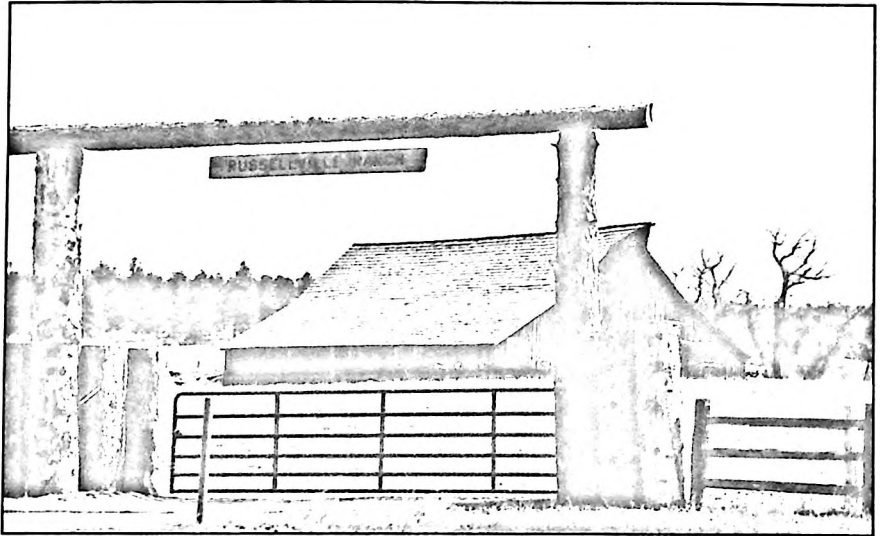
The following priorities and objectives have now been established:

- Maintain the integrity of the proposed district.
- Apply for gambling-tax grant to finance project.
- Apply for Colorado State Archaeological Permit.
- Hold project school—Kevin Black, Assistant State Archaeologist.
- Complete metal detecting survey, ground penetrating radar survey for graves, and archaeological field work.
- Complete historical research and archaeological lab work including identification, mapping, and cataloging of all artifacts.
- Prepare final project report and publish results.
- Apply for National Historic District listing.
- Return all artifacts to legal owners.

To facilitate the priorities and objectives, we have chosen two experienced archaeologists to implement the plan: Barbara T. Whiton of Louviers, Colo., who has an M.A. in anthropology from the University of Montana, to act as principal investigator and Project Archaeologist; and Norma Miller of Parker, Colo., who has a B.A. in anthropology from Metropolitan State College of Denver, to act as crew chief. The two prepared a project budget and application for the gambling tax grant (filed March 1, 1994) and a Research Design for the Colorado State Archaeological Permit.

The Douglas County Historic Preservation Board has been awarded a \$10,000 grant from the fiscal year 1994 funds of the State Historical Fund (gambling tax), administered by the Colorado Historical Society. The grant will be applied to Russellville archaeological survey. Additionally, a \$2,500 cash grant has been secured from Douglas County, and \$18,840 in in-kind services as matching funds, making the project total \$31,340. A preliminary training class for interested volunteers started May 7, 1994, and the archaeological survey is well under way. Hundreds of artifacts, many identified as Civil War era items, have been found. Four of the nine original goals have already been met, and the five remaining will be satisfied.

In-depth research has led us to speculate as to what happened at Russellville. We know that Col. John Chivington and his 100-day volunteers (Third Regiment) were reported to have bivouacked in the Bijou Basin for some 30 days, prior to heading for Sand Creek and the sub-



(Photos by author)

Stage-stop barn on Russellville Ranch is believed to have been built in 1862. Some 19 artifacts of the Civil War era were unearthed near this barn in 1986 by the Cherry Creek Valley Historical Society. In picture below, Russellville entrance sign stands in front of Lot 19 (Picnic Rock), where 95 historic and 98 prehistoric artifacts were recovered and mapped in 1993 by the Douglas County Historic Preservation Board.



sequent massacre of Indians they perpetrated there in 1864. Could part of that time been spent in camp at Russellville? Perhaps new firearms were issued and the soldiers discarded bullets they no longer needed. Russellville would have been on the trail heading south.

Our research has also clarified some issues concerning the Confederate States and its grand design for winning the Civil War. The South needed open seaports to move goods and California offered these at San Francisco and San Diego; seaports on the East Coast and Gulf Coast were blockaded by the Yankee Navy. The secessionists hoped to finance much of their efforts by taking over the goldfields in Colorado and California. They dispatched envoys to the Indian tribes and also to Mexico, and felt that they had won them as allies. Additionally, the Mormons of Utah who had been persecuted for years by the U.S. government were considered sympathetic to the Confederate cause and the Southerners thought they would help fight.

When the Confederates sent Gen. Henry H. Sibley from Texas into New Mexico to capture that territory in 1862, they fully expected to move on north into Colorado Territory and conquer it. The South was counting on picking up a multitude of volunteers from New Mexico, Colorado, and California as their invasion army moved forward. With help from the Indians, Mexicans, and Mormons, they calculated their grandiose scheme would succeed.

If the Confederates had not been stopped by Union forces at Glorieta Pass in New Mexico, the outcome of the Civil War might have been different.

Just where little Russellville fitted into the South's plans is unknown. Possibly, it was to be General Sibley's last bivouac before marching on Denver and the Clear Creek gold fields.

With a lot of hard work and some good fortune, we hope to unravel some of these mysteries.

Over the Corral Rail

Dr. Tom Noel, a past-sheriff of the Denver Posse of the Westerners and chair of the history department at the University of Colorado at Denver, has announced a two-day session, "Panning the Past," for Sept. 24-25 at Breckenridge, Colo. (a 1½-hour drive west from Denver, via Interstate 70 and Colorado 9). Sessions will open with a coffee at Colorado Mountain College, 103 S. Harrison St., in Breckenridge, hosted by the Summit Historical Society. The program will include 15 or so talks, seminars, and tours in the area. The speakers roster includes several members of the Denver Posse: Noel, Sandra Dallas, Eleanor Gehres. The events will conclude with a talk by Sen. Dennis Gallagher, a Corresponding Member, atop Boreas Pass: "Ode to Old Boreas and the Blizzard Blasted DSP&P." The pre-registration fee is \$20 (\$5 for students). Those attending must provide their

own lodging and meals. For more information telephone 556-4830.

* * *

Information has been provided to *The Roundup* on three new Posse Members and four Corresponding Members not previously published.

The three new Posse Members were elevated from Corresponding Member on May 25, 1994, following nominations by Posse Members Nancy Bathke, John Hutchins (sheriff), Jon Almgren (past sheriff), and Ted Krieger (deputy sheriff). The new Posse Members are:

□ Dorothy Krieger, 280 E. 11th Ave., Broomfield CO 80020, wife of Deputy Sheriff Ted Krieger and the mother of George Krieger. She joins her husband and son as a Posse Member of the Denver Westerners. She has been a Corresponding Member since

January 1993. Her complete biography was published in the March-April 1993 issue of *The Roundup*.

□ **Robert E.A. Lee**, 2022 W. 101 Ave., Thornton CO 80221. Bob is a longtime Corresponding Member—since the days of meetings at the Denver Press Club. Born to American parents in 1912 in Manitoba Canada, he was graduated from East High School in Denver. He was a bookkeeper at Denver U.S. National Bank, then became an auditor for the U.S. Army Ordnance Department, and later field auditor at the Remington Arms Plant in Denver. He was subsequently a wage-and-hour investigator for the U.S. Department of Labor, and an investigator and hearing officer for the National Labor Relations Board in Denver. He has been a management evaluator for the Small Business Administration and arbitrator for the Better Business Bureau. He has also served on the Northglenn Planning Commission.

□ **W. Bruce Gillis Jr.**, 2804 E. Peakview Ave., Littleton CO 80121. Bruce has been a Corresponding Member since 1965. He was born in Garner, Iowa, in 1923, the son of a Presbyterian minister. An Air Corps veteran, he was a radio operator on B-17s during World War II. Bruce received an undergraduate degree at Dubuque (Iowa) and an M.A. in sociology from the University of Iowa at Iowa City. Bruce became a field examiner for the National Labor Relations Board, then earned a law degree at Indiana University. In Denver he was NLRB assistant regional attorney, and later regional director until his retirement in 1990.

New corresponding members are:

□ **R. Mark Clements**, 2791 E. Caley Ave., Littleton, CO 80121. Mark indicates he learned about the Westerners from **Dave Campa**, son of **Arthur L. Campa**, former Posse Member. His interests in Western history include cattle drives, early exploration of the West, and the Sioux tribes. His hobbies are camping and restoring old Buicks.

□ **James L. "Jim" and Susan Krebs**, 1925 Xanthia St., Denver 80220. They learned of the Westerners from Posse Members **Bob Lane** and **Tom Noel**. They have an interest in back-roads exploration, and the history of the Iron Chest Mine and Utah's Mormon Trail, and their hobby is 4-wheeling. (Jim and his wife are also giving a much-needed boost to typesetting for the Golden Anniversary *Brand Book*.)

□ **William D. "Bill" Reynolds**, 2312 Oakwood Drive, Bakersfield CA 93304-5438. He states that he learned of the Westerners while doing research, and through his collections. Bill was previously mentioned in this column in the May-June 1994 *Roundup* because of his interest in the writings of **Philip J. Rasch**, an early-day Denver Westerners author published in *Brand Books* and issues of *The Roundup*.

Bill is a board member of the National Association for Outlaw and Lawman History, Inc., and has written numerous articles on many characters of the Old West, such as **Frank Baker**, **Oliver Lee**, **Jim McDaniels**, **James Y. Bell**, and others. His interest is in the history of New Mexico, and he has published Vol. 1 of *Trouble in New Mexico: The Outlaws, Gunmen, Desperados, Murders and Lawmen for 50 Turbulent Years*. (Available from the author for \$16.50.)

□ **Lyn Ryder**, Post Office Box 764, Niwot CO 80544. Lyn learned about the Denver Westerners from **Margaret Coel**, **Merrill Mattes**, and **Barbara Zimmerman**. She has a particular interest in the Indian Wars of the 1860s (especially 1864-1865) and later. Her hobbies include photography, computers, and folk music.

Lyn is deputy sheriff of the Boulder Corral of the Westerns. She is the author of *Captives of the Little Blue Raid* and spoke to the Denver Westerners Nov. 24, 1993, on "Nancy Morton, Victim of the Plum Creek Massacre of 1864." (She is also one of the volunteer typesetters for the upcoming *Brand Book*.)



Westerner's Bookshelf



Reviews published in *The Roundup* are largely related to nonfiction 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 Passes of Colorado by Ed and Gloria Helmuth. Pruett Publishing Co., Boulder, Colo., 1994. 317 pages. Paperback, \$25.

"I think I can, I think I can, I think I can." How well we all remember the heroic efforts of the small locomotive to get the train over the pass in the childhood classic, "The Little Engine That Could." I have been fascinated with passes as long as I can remember. From the concern of my father in the early 1940s of getting our overloaded 1937 Ford over 11,312 ft. Monarch Pass without vapor-locking, up to two days ago as I watched the temperature gauge on my motorhome as I climbed the west approach to the Eisenhower Tunnel under Loveland Pass.

A pass is a challenge to climb or descend, and an awesome experience when you are on top. To write a book on passes is also a challenge and the Helmuths have achieved their goal in high gear—with no vapor locks.

Following a preface by Robert L. Brown and an introduction on how to use the book by the Helmuths, 469 Colorado passes are alphabetically listed, located, and described. Included throughout the book are excellent photographs taken by the authors. In the back of the book are key maps that provide the reader with the general pass location. As a quick reference guide, the book is invaluable, but when one takes time to read the excellent pass descriptions, you find you are reading the book from cover to cover, pass to pass.

What the authors define as a pass is the

division point between watersheds. These range from the Continental Divide passes which separate the waters flowing to the Atlantic and Pacific, to the almost unnoticed divides such as Pawnee Pass west of Sterling which separates Sand and Pawnee creeks.

Whether you are a hiker or a trucker, a 4-wheeler or a cyclist, or if you just want to sit down and read a well-written and researched labor of love, this is one book you will want to add to your collection. As the little engine said going down the pass—and as I'm sure the Helmuths must now feel—"I thought I could, I thought I could, I thought I could."

—Jack Morison, P.M.

Bluefeather Fellini in the Sacred Realm by Max Evans. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1994. 368 pages. Clothbound, \$19.95.

This is the concluding segment of the novel that Max Evans has spent more than 40 years writing. After the publication last year of the first part [See review of *Bluefeather Fellini* p. 23, Nov.-Dec. 1993 *Roundup*], Max promised that Part 2 would be much longer and more mystical. He was certainly telling the truth regarding the mystical aspect, as the reader follows Bluefeather's travels into unexplored areas of the earth. As to increased length, I must guess that the editor cut a few pages, as this book is only 35 pages longer than the first book. This reduction in pages is probably the reason that Dr. Merphyn and Tulip Everhaven who were to meet up with Bluefeather

again do not appear in *Bluefeather Fellini in the Sacred Realm*.

As we left Bluefeather in the previous book, he had spent most of his money on Dr. Merphyn's plan to extract the oil of sagebrush for its curative powers, and he was trying to establish a relationship with Marsha, the adopted daughter of Ricardo Korbell. As the conclusion of Bluefeather's story opens in this second book, he has hit bottom economically and is losing his home, cars, and all of his other assets. Then a note arrives inviting him to visit Korbell. He decides to accept the invitation and is very pleased when Marsha arrives in a limousine to take him to Korbell's party. At the party, Korbell extends Bluefeather a business proposition in which he will work with Marsha to discover the location of 60 cases of Mouton Rothchild 1880 which were once owned by Joshua Tilton. This very wealthy individual had been murdered in Silver City, N.M., during the 1940s and his fortune and the wine were still missing. Bluefeather accepts the job because he needs the money and wants to be with Marsha, and with his acceptance, his big adventure begins.

The first part of the adventure is pure Max Evans with characters like Willy Ruger and his sister Flo who are trying to hold on to their place on Zia Creek and send Flo's daughter to college. Willy and Flo are your basic hard-living, hard-drinking people who are having a hard time making a go of it. And Bluefeather hopes to help them save their place and send Sally to college. Using old maps of Joshua Tilton's holdings, the team begins to check out possible locations where the wine might have been hidden. The search changes when Marsha and Bluefeather connect with Dolby and Sherry and discover the meaning of subterranean in Dancing Bear's message.

This is where the story departs from Max Evans' previous books about the West and its inhabitants. This is the adventure that had been predicted by Bluefeather's spirit guide,

Dancing Bear, and it certainly goes into another realm of life. The places they go and the life forms that Bluefeather and the others meet will challenge the imagination of the reader. According to the jacket blurb, this "offers a wondrous, revealing look at what might have created the world and what may bring it to an end." I am not exactly certain where this subterranean world matches up with the previous worlds of the Zuni, Hopi, or Pueblo from which the people came up to the fifth world. Maybe there is somewhat of a relationship with the tunnel and the *sipapu* or emergence hole, but the reader can make his own decision about it.

I can only wonder about the part of Bluefeather's life that was left on the cutting-room floor, but I guess that editing of such a long manuscript was required.

—Ray E. Jenkins, R.M.

A Vast Amount of Trouble (A History of the Spring Creek Raid) by John W. Davis. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1993. 36 illustrations, 309 pages. Clothbound, \$22.50.

There continues to be an interest with the legal system (witness an entire cable TV channel devoted to actual cases of law). While this reviewer's opinion is that what the world really needs are more shows about great dentists (L.A. DDS, *The People's Dentist*, etc.), the fact is that many of us still harbor a hidden desire to play at being Perry Mason. Written by a senior partner in a Worland, Wyo., law firm, this book is great stuff for students of the West, who also happen to revel in actual court proceedings.

For the 1990 Wyoming Centennial, the Washakie County Bar Association (of which Davis was president) recreated the case of *State vs. Brink*. "the trial that arose out of the infamous Spring Creek Raid. That 1909 sheep raid is still a topic of great interest." What made this reenactment possible was

finding the long-lost minutes of the grand jury called during this crisis. These and other trial records, coupled with newspaper coverage of the time, make it possible to have a clear accounting of what went on back then, without any actual interviewing.

The Big Horn Basin was opened up to cattlemen in 1879. By 1886, things were conspiring to squeeze out many of these cattlemen—hot, dry weather, lowered beef prices, increasing numbers of settlers. The worst affront many of these ranchers saw was the invasion of sheepherders onto what many felt was their own private cattle range. The federal government didn't police land use, so cattlemen had divided up public lands for grazing—without any legal basis. When the sheepmen started encroaching on the established ranges, the cattlemen felt a need to mete out private justice (witness the Johnson County Range War in 1892). Some of this was founded in the concern that sheep would graze deeper than cattle, and render the land useless. Some of the hatred, however, was pure prejudice (many sheepmen were Mexican or Mormon). Sheep were killed, wagons were burned, and people murdered, yet few were brought to justice for these crimes. That changed in 1909.

On April 3, 1909, Sheriff Alston received a call that three men had been killed south of Ten Sleep (on Spring Creek). Wagons had been burned and animals killed. The description of the crime scene is given in great detail as set forth in the grand jury minutes. The young county attorney, Percy Metz, summed up many ranchers' feelings about the event in a letter to Gov. B.B. Brooks: "Many people who would refrain from stealing a horse or cow have no scruples about burning a sheep-wagon."

Metz and Alston were able to place two men in custody with circumstantial evidence, but they needed a stronger case so they impaneled a grand jury, and seemingly called the whole area to testify. "The prosecution put

out enough subpoenas to create an effect like that of a bomb in a chicken coop—it was going to rain feathers for a long time."

Much time is spent, in the book, going over individual testimony before the grand jury, which courtroom addicts will find fascinating. (Others may wish the author had merely summarized the facts, but that is not the style of this book.)

Seven men were ultimately implicated by the grand jury, with the strongest case pointing to Herb Brink (a cowboy) as the killer. Teams of powerful attorneys were brought in by the cattlemen, and by the sheepmen. Brink was the first man to be tried, and interest in the case ran high.

"The *Rocky Mountain News* claimed that 700 people were crowded into the courtroom, which seems an exaggeration," Davis wrote. Great detail is given individual testimony in the case, and Davis does a wonderful job of explaining the import of various points, and defining unfamiliar terms.

"The prosecution had a plan of action and the first part was to establish the *corpus delicti*. 'Corpus Delicti' is Latin, and it refers to proof of the essential fact that a crime has been committed."

The author, as an attorney, also does a nifty job of giving us an idea of what some of these people may have been feeling, such as when he reveals how one of the state's lawyers, E.E. Enterline, reacted. "Enterline was angry. He was not out of control, but he had that motivating irritation that sometimes seizes a trial lawyer when he believes his opponent has made an unfair argument."

Brink was found guilty of first-degree murder which caused the other defendants to panic and to plead guilty to lesser charges, rather than face the mandatory death sentence for first-degree murder. While this was a victory for "law and order," it is interesting to note that Brink's death sentence was changed to life in prison, and by the end of 1914, none of the convicted men was behind bars (all having

died, escaped from jail, or been pardoned).

It appears that a 20-year or even a life term meant no more in 1909 than it often does in 1994. At least the author points out that Herb Brink deserved to stay in jail, as his life was later punctuated by more misdeeds followed by more jail time.

The sheep raids mostly stopped after the convictions in Ten Sleep, and the changing times were summed up nicely by a fellow inmate of one of the convicted raiders, Milton Alexander:

"He no doubt thought that he had done right, and while he had lived the greater part of his life in a day when each man was a law unto himself, that day had passed by unnoticed by the old cow man."

—George W. Krieger, P.M.

Black Elk: Holy Man of the Oglala by Michael F. Steltenkamp. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman and London, 1993. Bibliography, notes, index, 17 figures, 2 maps; 211 pages. Clothbound, \$19.95.

Those interested in Black Elk are familiar with the book of visions, *Black Elk Speaks* by John Neihardt, first published in 1932. This book dealt with Black Elk's vision of the meaning of life as it was for the Indians of the Western Plains. Black Elk was present at the Battle of the Little Big Horn at age 13, and witnessed the terrible massacre of the Indians at Wounded Knee in 1890.

Next we had Joseph Epes Brown's *The Sacred Pipe* (1953). Both Brown and Neihardt portray Black Elk as a man living in his memories of pre-reservation life. They depict him solely as a nineteenth-century figure. We have a 40-year gap before it is realized that Black Elk did not vanish, but turned his talents and prestige in the reservation community to his adopted Christian doctrine. He was formally invested with the office of catechist in the Catholic Church.

Steltenkamp was teaching at the Red Cloud Indian High School when he met Lucy, Black Elk's daughter. She lived near Manderson, S.D., on the Pine Ridge Reservation. Steltenkamp tried to get down on paper these missing years of Black Elk. Lucy knew little about her father's life as a young man, but was anxious to have his life fully recorded. She felt that her father was being misunderstood and that people were using the material from *Black Elk Speaks* and *The Sacred Pipe* in a way he never intended.

Steltenkamp worked feverishly to get his interviews of Lucy and of the intimates of Black Elk. Many were infirm and fast slipping away.

This book presents the fact that Black Elk, the holy man, lived well beyond the Wounded Knee tragedy and he did so with great vigor and purpose. It shows his adjustment and influence in the new social order of the Lakota.

A play by Chris Sergel based on Neihardt's book was performed in the early 1980s starring David Carradine, but was performed as early as 1976. The Denver Center for Performing Arts did a sold-out run of the play in 1993 and is bringing it back for the 1994 season. I saw the uncut version of close to three hours and wish I had reread *Black Elk Speaks* and this book. The man should not be lost in theatrics.

This book brings closure to the life of a very remarkable man.

—Max D. Smith, P.M.

Maya Sculpture of Copan: The Iconography by Claude-Francois Baudez. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 1994. Photographs, drawings, map, references, index; 312 pages. Clothbound, \$60.

The Maya site of Copan in Honduras is considered of special significance because of the artistry of its freestanding and architectural

al sculpture. In fact, a museum of Copan sculpture was scheduled to open this summer at the site of the ruins. To protect many pieces of the sculpture from further deterioration, the originals are being moved into the museum, and are being replaced with reproductions. There will also be an exact reproduction of the temple Rosalila in the museum as this once-buried temple is scheduled to be reburied sometime soon. An earlier attempt to protect some of the freestanding architecture and the Hieroglyphic Stairway with shelters was not satisfactory.

To fully comprehend the meaning of the sculptures, one needs to have an understanding of both the iconography and the epigraphy, and Claude-Francois Baudez has done an excellent job of explanation. According to the author, "the purpose of this study of the sculpture of Copan was first to analyze images in order to reveal their meaning in a well-defined historical and sociocultural unit. Emphasis was on content rather than on style and aesthetics." At Copan, the text and the image usually occupy separate spaces, and the emphasis in this publication is on the image. It is easy for the Western eye to make wrong identifications which often leads to incorrect interpretations. This is seen in regard to stele "H," which the author states is either a woman or a man disguised as a woman, but according to an archaeologist at the site, the figure is 18 Rabbit who is showing his completeness as an individual with his female side. Another sculpture where the interpretation has recently changed, is Altar "Q" which was originally seen as a gathering of astronomers but is now believed to show all the officially recognized rulers of Copan at the time the altar was carved.

In the section on architectural sculpture, the descriptions of ball courts and markers are especially interesting. A unique feature is the Hieroglyphic Stairway which relates the history of Copan, but the emphasis in *Maya Sculpture of Copan* is on the six figures located on

the stairway. One problem is evident in the description and interpretation of these six figures. In the intervening period between when the author was last in Copan and January 1994, there have been additional restorations of several of these six figures, especially the standing figure at the top of the stairway. These changes certainly could have an impact on the interpretation.

Part II of the book is a synthesis of the major themes of the iconography including the history of the sculptures, religion, and politics of Copan. This section also contains a chart showing the distribution of selected time-sensitive iconographic elements on the monuments and architectural sculpture which should prove very helpful to researchers.

The drawings of Barbara Fash and others add greatly to the understanding of the sculpture of Copan, especially the stelae. As a result of deterioration, it is sometimes very difficult to see the images, but the drawings let the reader see more of the image than one could normally see at the site.

This book certainly belongs in the library of every archaeologist studying the Maya, as well as university libraries. It is somewhat too specialized for the casual student of the Maya, but anyone with an interest in Copan or the Maya would find the photographs, drawings, and the interpretations most interesting.

—Ray E. Jenkins, R.M.

John Muir: Life and Work, edited by Sally M. Miller. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1993. 324 pages. Clothbound, \$29.95.

About 40 years ago my grandmother gave me a copy of *The Wilderness World of John Muir*, edited by Edwin W. Teale. That book was a collection of excerpts from John Muir's writings. I so enjoyed the book that it was with interest I read and reviewed the Sally Miller edition. This book contains a variety

of essays on the life of John Muir, as written by others. There are 13 chapters by 13 writers covering this complex man, from his religious beliefs to his travels abroad.

To most people, the name John Muir is synonymous with Yosemite National Park. He is known as the father and the founder of this national treasure. In this book we find there was much more to this man, who is considered one of the great naturalists. His boyhood life, the stormy relationship with his father, his religious views, his love of climbing, the lure of the wilderness all are included. Although I found a couple of chapters a bit dull, I was well rewarded with the chapters on his vertical sauntering and the chapter covering his 1885 trip to Yellowstone. I found his comparison of Yosemite to Yellowstone to be that of heaven to hell. The geysers, steaming basins, and bubbling mud pots were looked at as the surface of the devil's playground.

All in all, Ms Miller did a fine job in collecting these writings, and as one reads through the book you get an insight that explains the fascinating life of this great man. John Muir was 76 when he died, and that was 80 years ago. In this age of environmental concern, it is refreshing to read of this pioneer naturalist, and what he did to help pave the way.

—Jack Morison, P.M.

Entrada: The Legacy of Spain & Mexico in the United States by Bernard L. Fontana. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1994. 22 color plates, 97 halftones, 6 maps; 320 pages. Clothbound, \$47.50. Published in cooperation with the Southwest Parks and Monuments Association.

"Entrada" was used by the sixteenth century Spanish to indicate formal entry into a new land. This very attractive book tells not only of the entry of Spain, and later Mexico, into what is now the United States, it gives in de-

tail a history of the units and their leaders and their purposes in settling on the North American continent.

Along the way, Bernard Fontana clears up some errors or distortions which have been common in our reconstruction of history. For example, Ponce de Leon was not looking for the Fountain of Youth in Florida but for more lands to conquer and probably for more slaves to sell. This detailed but immensely interesting book gives a thorough understanding of the Spanish and Mexican settlements, their relationships with indigenous populations and with other European intruders such as England, France, and Russia, and events leading to the end of Spanish and Mexican control of the lands. Fontana states that in California, "Mexicans began to repeat the mistake they had made earlier in Texas: they encouraged foreigners to become naturalized Mexican citizens and to remain in California."

As settlements are described, relevant National Park Service sites which include the original sites or are nearby are mentioned, and any still-existing structures or ruins are identified. The six maps give general information about areas and periods of settlement, beginning with Florida and including the Gulf Coast west of Florida, Texas, the Southwest, California, and even sites in the American Northwest and Alaska. It would be helpful to have more detailed maps to identify specific locations, along with National Park Service units which are mentioned.

This volume has a wealth of information to use for reference. There are notes to give sources for citations for information and quotations in the text. There is a good index, and the bibliography is extensive. Stimulated by the 500th anniversary of Columbus' trips to the North American area, *Entrada* is a welcome and well-done review of the involvement of Spain and Mexico in areas now part of the United States.

—Earl McCoy, P.M.

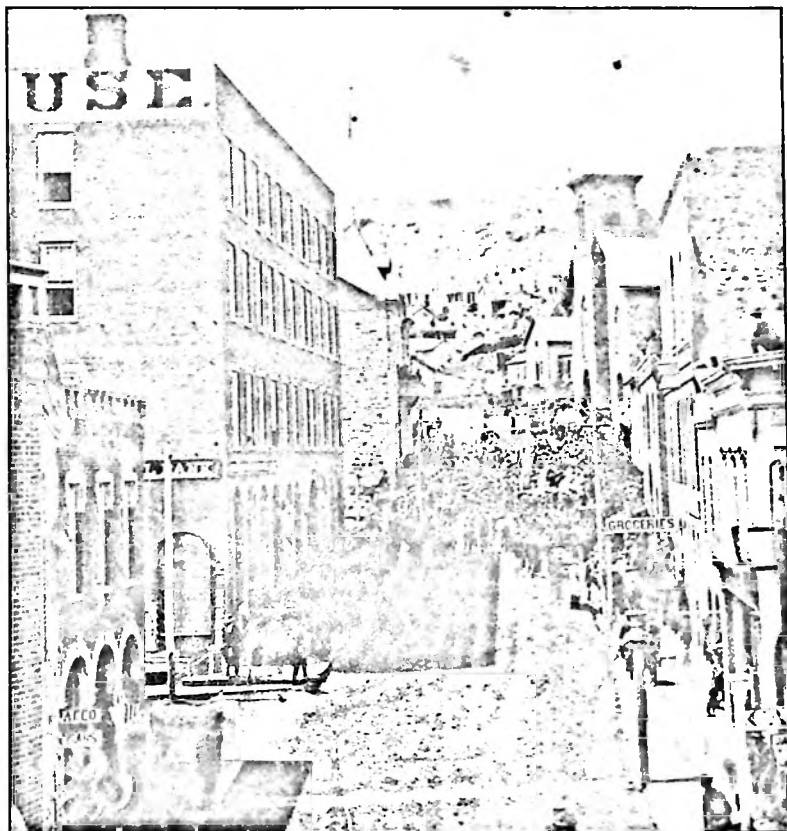


The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1994

A COLORADO FRIENDSHIP

by Nancy E. Bathke, P.M., and Edwin A. Bathke, P.M.



Central City view in 1870s shows Teller House on left, St. James Methodist Church on right. Opera House is behind Teller House.

Over the Corral Rail

New Denver Westerners officers elected for 1995—the organization's 50th Anniversary year—are, Sheriff, Theodore P. "Ted" Krieger of Broomfield; Deputy Sheriff and program chairman, Ken Gaunt of Denver. Other officers, all reappointed, will be: Earl McCoy, roundup foreman (secretary) and book review chairman; Robert D. Stull, tallyman and trustee; Alan J. Stewart, registrar of marks and brands (*Roundup* editor and publications chairman); Keith H. Fessenden, chuck wrangler; Eugene Rakosnik, Rosenstock Awards chairman; Mark Hutchins, archivist; Edwin A. Bathke, membership chairman; and Robert Lane, keeper of the possibles bag. (John M. Hutchins will be the immediate past-sheriff.)

In other year-end honors, Posse Member Richard Conn will receive the Fred A. (Please turn to Page 20.)

THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

Vol. L



Number 6

November-
December

1994

1994 OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Sheriff: John Hulchins
Deputy Sheriff, Program Chairman: Ted Krieger
Past Sheriff: Jack Morison
Roundup Foreman: (Secretary) Earl McCoy
Tallyman and Trustee: (Treasurer) Robert D. Stull
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Chuck Wrangler: Keith H. Fessenden
Rosenstock Awards Chairman: Eugene Rakosnik
Archivist: Mark Hutchins
Membership Chairman: Edwin A. Bathke
Keeper of the Possibles Bag: Robert Lane

Submissions for THE ROUNDUP

Alan J. Stewart, 780 Emerald St.,
Broomfield, CO 80020. (Phone 466-2014.)

Book Reviews

Earl McCoy, 2710 S. Lowell Blvd.,
Denver, CO 80236. (Phone 936-5546.)

Dues and Other Payments

Robert D. Stull, 8206 Adams Way,
Denver, CO 80221. (Phone 428-1035.)

Reservations for Meetings

Keith H. Fessenden, 764 Garfield St.,
Denver, CO 80206. (Phone 321-6181.)

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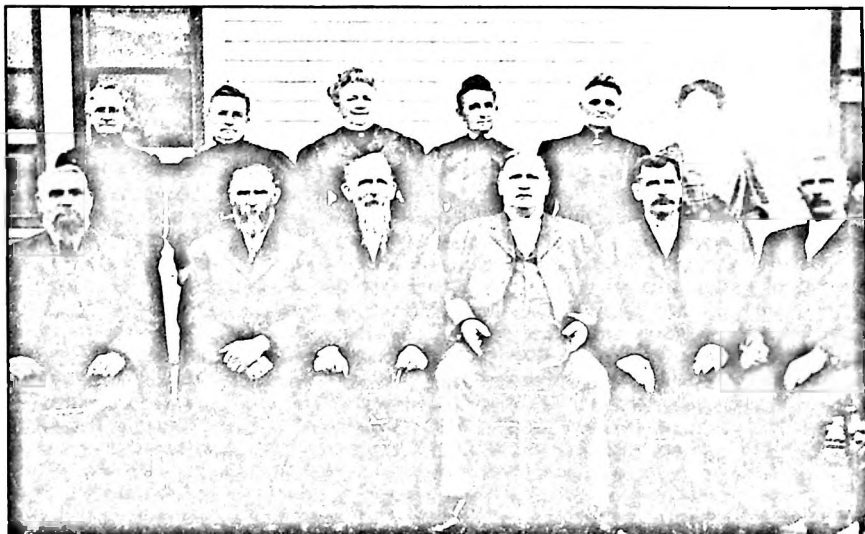
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23. Issue Content (Check one)					
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24. Issue Content (Check one)					
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25. Issue Content (Check one)					
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74. Issue Content (Check one)					



(Authors' Collection)

William Urquhart Price (far left, front row) had six sisters and five brothers, all in photo.

A Colorado Friendship

by

Nancy E. Bathke, P.M., and

Edwin A. Bathke, P.M.

(Presented Sept. 28, 1994)

THE UNITED STATES CENSUS of Colorado dated June 16, 1870, in Gilpin County, Nevada City, listed Price, William, and McFarlane, Peter. Further information given was:

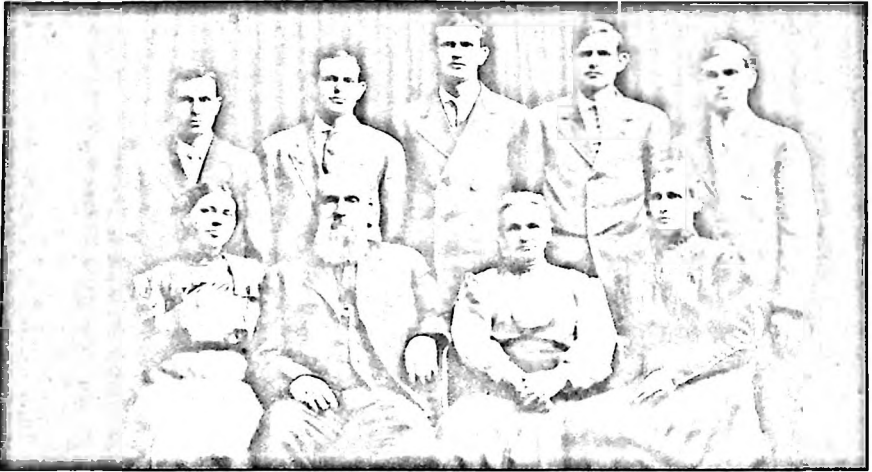
William Price, age 30, carpenter, Prince Edward Island

Peter McFarlane, age 24, carpenter, P.E.I.

Henry Rodgers, age 40, miner, England

Eliza Rodgers, age 40, housekeeper, England.

The Price and McFarlane families were lifelong friends, from Prince Edward Island, to the Midwest, to Colorado, and similarities between the families were numerous. Peter Barclay



(Authors' Collection)

W.U. Price family picture includes, front row, Gladys Price, W.U. Price, Blanche Price, and Edna Price Pinkerton, author Ed Bathke's grandmother.

McFarlane was born in Bedeque, P.E.I., on May 9, 1848, one of 10 children of a Scottish farming family. William Urquhart Price was born in Bedeque, P.E.I., on July 25, 1839, one of 10 children of a Scottish and English farming family. In Peter McFarlane's diary from Oct. 15, 1870, he writes about a group of six young men "all between the ages 20 and 30 and all brothers or cousins or the dearest of friends from their youth up who were born within two miles of each other." He was referring to himself, his brother William O. McFarlane, his cousins William J. and Peter B. Barclay, William Price, and Eugene Lackey. Because of the difficulties of making a living in the harsh environment of Prince Edward Island and the abundance of young men seeking employment, the years 1867-1869 saw this group of friends and their siblings leave the island to make their fortunes elsewhere.

McFarlane family members are prominent in the history of Central City and Denver, and much has been written about them, in particular the book by H. William Axford, *Gilpin County Gold*. But the subject of this paper is another of the P.E.I. friends, William Urquhart Price.

Following the death of his father in 1867, William Urquhart Price, his mother and 10 brothers and sisters emigrated to Iowa County, Wis. His oldest sister Margaret, who was married, remained on Prince Edward Island for several years before joining the rest of the family in Wisconsin. One other sister died at age 2 in 1859. Other relatives had previously moved to southern Wisconsin and northern Illinois.

The McFarlane brothers and cousins left soon after the Prices, stopping in Ohio to stay with their relatives before arriving in the Central City area. Some members of the McFarlane family remained on the island, and a few members returned there in later years.

Using letters found in William Price's trunk, and excerpts from the diary of Peter McFarlane,

events of the year 1870 can be pieced together.

On Jan. 1, 1870, Peter wrote, "Will [McFarlane] got two letter[s] last night and not one of us got any. I think I will give up this act of letter writing."

Could one of those letters have been from Will Price inquiring about work in Colorado? Being the eldest of the Prices, he had to assume the responsibility of providing for this fatherless family. And where else to ply one's trade of carpentry, but in a rapidly growing mining town?

The exact dates of arrival of any of these young men in Central City are obscure. However, William O. McFarlane wrote this letter to Will Price.

Central City Col Ter
Saturday night
Jan. 22nd 1870

My Dear Friend Will

I received your letter to night I can assure you I was glad to hear from you once more. I am very bad with the Rheumatism yet. I intended to go to New Mexico next Monday but I am so bad I am afraid to try it for I cant sleep in bed at nights. and I am afraid if I was to go on horse back. I could not stand to go far, and it is about 300 miles. I am going to take up land and go farming. For I am afraid I cant live in those mountains for it is such a place for Rheumatism. But we are doing very well. This winter—lots of work. But money is very scase just at the present time. Peter McFarlane has been awful bad with the Rheumatism but he is able to work again, but he is not well by a long ways. I had a lot of letters from home this week. fine times there, no snow [News from P.E.I. follows.] Mother has wrote for me to go home. Will you go with me say quick while I am in the notion. We will see our girls. I hear Isaac Wright goes to see Kath. C.—now he had best mind how he walks. for I can shoot him as often as he likes to try it. And I guess Ill surprise him some time if he dont mind him self. Aint I cute. Lib Clark wrote to Peter Barclay to come down there and take Will Price a long with us. so you see you are not forgotten yet. I beleave she said Mr. Price yet. I think she was only fooling us for she did not mean it. But I think the old man did for he called you Mr. Price. I had a letter from Jenny Barclay last night. Malcolm McFarlane has gone out to the White Pine (Colorado) gold diggins but we have not had any word from him since he got there. . . . Now Will Ill let you know what to do in the spring I think we are going to have lots of work to do. we have work on hand at present to the amount of 8 or 10000\$. but that is nothing out here for it takes a lot of money to do a very small job. There is hundreds of men here out of employment. but I suppose will go to work in the spring.

Write soon. W. McFarlane

P. S. The boys are all out just now and I am all alone. But I feel very comfortable. good night and may god Bless you Amen from W. McF.

The McFarlanes and the Prices showed the interests of young men and shared the "back home news" among the residents of the new lands.

Spring came to Colorado and so did Will Price. Old island friends lived and worked together and suffered sorrow. The McFarlane brothers received the news of their mother's death on March 24, 1870. Lucinda Price wrote a letter to her son Will in Colorado on May 25, 1870, concerning that death and other news.

Hydes Mills [Wis]
May the 25th 1870

My Dear son William

I sit down to write you a letter which I should have done before Emily got a letter from you last night and we was very glad to hear from you and to hear that you was well as it found us for which blessings we have reason to be found thankfull I miss you a great deal I think of you wash day and mending days who does it for you O I was so sorry to hear of the Death of Dear Mrs McFarlane she was very Dear to me by the ties of love and friendship and there is but few left like her. I am shure it wo write be a heavy blow to the poor boys but it is the way we must all go sooner or later and it is a lone and solom call to prepare to meet our god I am glad you have got such a good place to board and I hope god will keep you from falling into profane and wicket practiceses O William strive to have the fear of god alway[s] before you I do not forget you in my prayers but you must learn to pray for yourself. [His mother follows with family news.] Blanch was her all night till after dinner Freddy [youngest brother] thinks you have forgot him you wrote to Wes [another brother] and dident say aney thing to him he wants me to tell you about his things he has 17 goslings 9 lambs and a folc he has a pet lamb there was a book seller hear this morning and he gave him and Ardilla [sister] a picce and fred thinks you might send them a frame for them on the cars Phebe wants you to send her Blems address give my love to Elen if you see her Lewis got home monday and James Martell came with him Alexander took some wheat to Arena [nearby town] yesterday it was 80 cents I want you to write to Margaret tell Will Mc F. to write to me Give my love to him and Peter no more for this time so good by from your affectionate Mother

Lucinda Price
to William U. Price

Nearly all the family members mentioned in Lucinda's letter wrote to Will while he worked in Colorado. He saved those letters. His brother Sol asked many questions in his letter of June 9, 1870,

how does Pete get along and Will B and W Mc and all the folks and how do you like the peak and what are you working at and how much do you get a day and what sort of shance for a smith to pound out a life in that part of the earths surface and is it a good healthy climate and do you work at you trad or in the mines

Letters that Will Price wrote answering those questions and others must not have been saved. However, during the 1870s the McFarlane partners reported paying \$2 to \$3 per day for carpenters.

Even Will's cousin Ed McQuinn wrote to the Colorado worker. On June 12, 1870, Ed asked "how are you[r] meals" and he reported on conditions at home, "by the bye that famous cow of yours has gave us a calf" and "what I have wrote has been done with the sharp end of a stick for I have nothing better." The letters often provided insights into the privations of pioneer life a century ago.

As mentioned by Will McFarlane, rheumatism was a problem for both the McFarlane boys, especially during the early spring of 1870. In May 1870 Will McFarlane, Will Barclay and Eugene Lackey were in Fountain, Colo., working on a house. Peter joined them to test the

curative powers of the nearby springs at Manitou. Will McFarlane wrote a letter from the Fountain location to the Central City members of their company. Will Price saved that letter, and perhaps he was one of the few left behind in Central City to carry on the work there.

Fountain Post Office
May 15th

Messrs. Barclay & Co.

What are you doing or are you all dead or why dont you write to a fellow. I have not had any letters from any of you for a long time. but I hope you are all alive. and well as I be. I did not have any letter from Peter on Saturday morning but I had on Wednesday he said he was a little better. I tried to get some way to go up there to day [to Manitou] but I could not. We are getting along first-rate now we get to work early in the morning and work till eight-O'clock. Eugene is to work he wanted to work to day but I dont like to work on Sunday if I can help it. [The P.E.I. boys exhibited a strong religious faith.] Mrs. Lerche has not got home yet and we are very near starved to death Eugene has been at me to let him go to Terrills but I dont want to have any fuss if I can help it Charly is painting to day. Henry Kellogg is here now I think he is a first-rate fellow.

I had a lot of letters from home They are all getting over the measles and I had a letter from Aunt Paggey some of our folks in Pomry are not very well. Now boys keep up your Spirits for we Will soon be able to leave Mrs. Jamcland of milk and Butter but I have not seen any butter lately but I expect there must be some down here some place if I could find it.—I wonder if you could not send down some sand Paper By mail say some 2 or 2 1/2d dont care which. I have none to finish the stairs and ther is none harder than denur

I guess thats all this time with bes to Will P. [Next sentence is not legible.]

Wm McFarlane

The rheumatism caused comments in many letters written during that struggle with the disease. In May 20, 1870, Louisa Price wrote:

you wanted to know about your stock are as well as can be expected. It is a very bad job about McFarlane boy and having Rheumatism so much I feel very sorry for them tell Peter he had better come out here and I will cure him. . . . I had a letter from Wm 2 or 3 days ago but have not answered it yet I must much obliged for those postage stamps for money is awful scarce I expect you will get fat on your job. . . .

From the correspondence, it appears that at one time at least one of the Price girls would marry one of the McFarlane boys. And that one of the Price boys, probably Will, might marry Kate McFarlane. Will's sisters were always playing the matchmaker, judging from this letter from Will's sister Carrie, written June 22, 1870:

You must give my kind Regard to all my kind friends in Central tell Pete he never wrote that letter to me yet and Kitty Philips She is a pretty girl She would make Peter a good wife. Bina says she will Board the three of you for \$9 a week.

Work was the rule of the day, but there were a few moments of joy in between jobs. Peter's diary of Sunday, August 7, 1870, says, "W. J. Barclay, Eugene Lackey, William Price and myself



Interior view of St. James Methodist Church in Central City. (Note Christmas tree at far end of main aisle.)

went out to Bald Mountain to pick raspberries. I got enough for Will McFarlane and Peter B. and myself, and the rest did not get any."

Not wishing to board any longer, or having a slack in the company's contracts, the McFarlanes began building their own home. It was on Eureka Street about two blocks up the hill from the Opera House. It is still standing today, and is part of the Central City Opera Association property. On Aug. 19, 1870, Peter wrote in his daybook that, "Eugene and I worked on our own house today." Later, on August 22, he refers to their house. Finally, on Oct. 15, 1870, an entry reads, "Moved into our own house today. Eat supper for the first time in our lives in our own house, and Will Barclay cooked it. Peter Barclay, William McFarlane, William Barclay, William

Price, Eugene Lackey, Peter McFarlane were the ones who partook of the glorious repast."

On the same street across from the Opera House is the St. James Methodist Church. On Oct. 19, 1870, the diary reported, "Worked on the Church doors today, mortising and ripping." This building was not finished while Will Price was in Central City.

Other Central City contracts that Barclay & Company had in 1870 included a saloon and billiard parlor, the Post Office, a brick store on Main Street, a school, and several houses. In Nevadaville that same year, they built the Chatfield stamp mill, the W. B. Rockwell stamp mill, and the Jo Harper stamp mill. Many houses in the Nevadaville area were built by this group, including the house belonging to miner Henry Rodgers and his wife, with whom Peter and Will Price lived when the 1870 census was taken.

Even friends remaining in Prince Edward Island continued to write to the island boys. Lise, a young lady friend, wrote to Will Price on Sept. 30, 1870:

I do not speak from what I know about your company for I am not personally acquainted with any of them except Peter McF and him only slightly, but I have always heard them well spoken of. There is some talk of James Mc[Farlane] going out to Central City (to spend the Winter) for the good of his health. Andrew [McFarlane] (as I suppose you are aware) works with Albert McC. [McCallum]. When are you coming home after Kate McF.

And so another McFarlane brother arrived in Central City. On Dec. 23, 1870, Peter entered in his diary, "James B. McFarlane arrived in Central City tonight—and Oh my the taken of joy on each one's countenance. Here sits Will Price listening and laughing eager to catch every bit of news in order to convey it home."

January 1871 a change was made in the partnership of Barclay & Company. Sunday, Jan. 8, 1871, activities seemed normal as Peter wrote, "Will Price, Will Mc and myself went down to church in the morning. Sunday School afternoon. Peter B. cooked turkey for dinner." By the end of the month Will Price had returned to Wisconsin never to return to Colorado. Peter wrote on Jan. 12, 1871, that "forced circumstances compelled them to move to different spheres of labor." Besides company changes, family pressures were evident from the numerous entries in the letters Will received. Also there was a young lady named Blanche Dobney, later Will's wife, who may have been the cause of Will's departure. Will's sisters constantly referred to Blanche and teased Will and described Blanche's every move, in letters written to Will while he was still in Colorado.

August 15, 1870, Louisa Price had written:

Blanche starts for Michigan next Tuesday. I suppose she will get a beau down there but I dont expect she will get married for she is so particular. . . . I heard by James Hydes letter that you purchased that watch if I get a school this winter I will buy it from you Have you purchased any furs from the Indians yet and can you get it cheap.

In September, Emily Price wrote:

Blanche and Fan was there [it was a church meeting] but they did not stay to class. . . . Blanche was here she said she got a letter from Michigan which had the question popped what do you think of that but she was never going to answer it I bet she did What do you think every letter I write to you they say I tell you every thing now you must not let on. Ed is talking of going [to a camp

meeting] if he goes he wants me to go with him but I have nothing nice to wear nor never will I stay hear if I work my finger nails off. I sometimes think I am foolish to stay hear then the other way and what would mother do if I was not hear and if I can do any thing to help Aleck I will willing do and trust to Providence to provide but it is kind of hard to go bear footed all these cold mornings and evenings.

Priscilla Price wrote to her brother on July 30, 1870, to say, "Give my regards to Wm and Peter Mc. . . . The money was very exceptable but you need not send any more want to keep that what you got just to have handy. . . . Write soon and tell me all the news how you get along."

The very next day, his sister Emily wrote Will, asking him to "write to Fred"; he was only 6 years old. And the "picture you sent he thought that you was making fun of him . . . and got the money Now Will I have got my ears bored and you must send me some earrings I heard Will McFarlane sent Kate and Hat beautiful ones. . . . I am expecting Blanch and Fan up soon."

These young brothers and sisters made so many demands on their oldest brother. Emily, only 17 years old, asked for the most things. She wrote on Oct. 20, 1870:

I received your letter some time ago but I had the toothake so bad that I could not write Alick, Laura and I went to Mazomanie [nearby town] Alick got to filled Laura got one and I myself got four drawed dont you think I had pluck I never said a word and the Dentist said he never pulled four such hard teeth I am going down to get six filled when Alick gets some money it is a dollar a piece then I had a large boil under my right arm and that kept me from writing a while and now I have got the shits the worst kind. . . .

This young girl later became a school teacher. She went on:

Will you may see James McF. for Miss S said that he was going to Colorado for the good of his health I hope he will call hear. . . . Will Bishop told me to ask you if you would sell your stove if you would not sell if you would rent it. . . . Shill [sister Priscilla] is home she has not got a school Wese [sister Louisa] has the school at the station. . . . Wes [a brother] is to buy a pig with that money you sent.

An unsigned letter on Oct. 9, 1870, probably from one of the girls, said:

So if you com home perhaps you will get the job of building [a house]. . . . You can tell Peter that He was so long answering the last letter that I am afraid he would not write again and it is very humiliating to write the last letter Have you bought-any beaver skins Bina told me if you could bring two real good ones that she would buy them from you. . . . I suppose you have heard of Blanche's arrival she is quite refined in her manner since she came home. . . . I want to know how much the watch costs and if you can send me a little money for I borrowed ten dollars from Sam Williams and he will want it I guess you dont owe much more than that I am going to pay you for the watch out of my winter wages and I want you to help me to buy Bina's Melodcom for you can drive a harder bargain than I can.

One more request from little sister Emily on Oct. 26, 1870, was, "If you come home go to Avoca and get one 2 yard of flashey plaid delann or any kind of plaid to trim a black dress."

Now if Will had not been pressured enough, he received one undated letter written by one of

his sisters which really must have had a great influence upon his decision to return home. It said:

Now about Blanche I fear she is a "gone case" for she has a beau I saw her up to church with him the other Sunday it is no use trying to guard that girl she is to frachious she wont be drove and when you coax her she kicks up and runs off however seeing as you are so interesting and so saucy [as Fan says] about you I presume she will wait until fall for you. Harriet told me that she believed Blanch would be an old maid for Fan always drives [Blanche's] beaus off she is so impudent and saucy.

After Will came home, his sisters, Louisa, Priscilla, and Emily, and his cousin Bina left for Nebraska to teach. They wrote, "I had a very nice letter from Peter McFarlane the other day he complains of his correspondents using him bad as usual I got my Picture to send out there I suppose they will make fun of it like they used to my letters I guess I will give Pete a hint of it when I write."

And the girls' matchmaking went on from Nebraska when Will was asked, "by the way Blanche what kind of Price do you bring now?"

On Sunday, Feb. 19, 1871, among Peter's entries in his diary, he said, "Wrote a letter to Will Price after dinner." The most interesting letters from Colorado are three letters written by W. O. McFarlane to Will Price between 1872 and 1874. Their friendship continued over the miles and until death:

Central City, Colo

Aug. 1st 1872

Friend Will,

I will write a short letter to you tonight to let you know that we are all alive and getting along about as usual. We have got Andrew with us now. he likes the place very well. . . . Well I suppose you would like to know what kind of times we have out here. Well I must say that they are dirt poor. Although we have lots of work but—there is no money nor is there much of a chance of money this summer unless the Rail Road bonds are voted We are to have an election tomorrow and they want 250,000 dollars voted Chance we will have the Rr to Central by June 73 but they are only 10 miles from here now but if we dont vote the two hundred and fifty thousand. dollars they will go to Geo town for they will give 300,000 but I think they will be carried We are Building a church for the Presbyterians now they got Pahanus Stable and we are fixing it up into a church. We have the ME Church finished a dedication last Sunday which they got about five thousand dollars out of the congregation how is that for High take we have not got our pay out of them yet. Well it seems that I only have a half sheet of paper but I guess you wont care for I dont think youll be able to read it Anyhow Remember me to all inquiring of friends and be a good Boy to take care of your self and Be sure and keep away from the girls thats if you take my advice. . . .

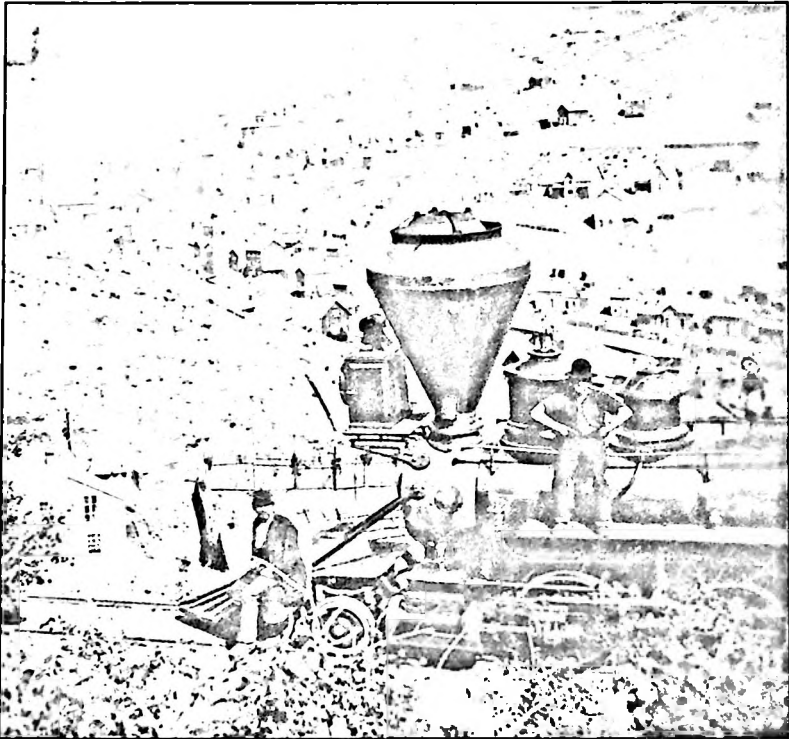
W McFarlane

Central City - Col

Feb. 17th 1873

Dear Friend Will

I received your very welcome letter to night and as you want me to write soon I guess Ill write to night - we are all about as usual. Although I have ent been very well all winter but I have



(Photo by J. Collier)

The railroad finally did come to Central City, as this early-day photo attests.

worked all the time You ask if I am not about tired batching well I dont know what to say I think If I had an Island girl I wouldnt be afraid to give it up. but I am afraid of the Yankee girls for they are ent to be trusted as for our houses I cant tell for W. L. Newell has the Gardiner house Rented and we have the half of this rented to a man by the name of Laren he has a young wife all very fine - but such a thing might be that one of them would move out - and then I should like to get you a long side of us with a young Wife as to the Rent we have always get for the whole house area twenty dollars a month I am very very sorry for my own sake that Louisa [Will Price's sister] is going to get married but if she is getting a good man I expect she is doing the best thing She has eat wrote to me for quite a while but if she does get married I pray God that she will get a man that will be worthy of her as for Blanch I would like to get ber Photo & she will surely grant it on account of me being an old friend of yours. So you have had the Epizootic in Wisconsin So have we but there is none of it here now - as for Peter B & his wife they are over at Idaho or rather Spanish Bar. Peter has got in Boss of the Whale Mill get six dollars a day nothing to do as for Will he is home yet but says he will be back in March. . . . Bill Brown is going to sell the farm or

*(Photos by J. Collier)*

Will McFarlane decided to marry Libbie Hale of Rochester, N.Y., and they were wed in 1875. He sent these photos to his friend, W.U. Price.

James says as for the times out here they are very poor I never saw any thing like it out here before. but we have never been a day Idle this winter U. D. Owen has gone mining W. H. Long is going to be bad as fast as he can. We had a big fire here about two weeks ago 16 houses burnt the Episcopal church caught fire and burnt out both sides of the street up as far as W. H. Lappans Hardware Store. Ab McCallum says he is coming out to Denver in the spring but if he couldnt stand to work in Boston he had best stay home. . . . Now I had best say something about my self Will I have made up my mind that I have got to move not - that - I have got as much money as I want but on account of my health. but I am not sure which way Ill go but I think west is the way for young men to go. but there may be such a thing as that Ill not have to go very far for I have got a very good Doctor & I think he can cure me if I only live long enough - you may ask - and what - is the matter well its that breaking out that I have always had on my hands and face. . . . Now I think I have answered all the questions that you asked me and all the news that I can think of I have wrote we are to have the Rail Road up to Central by June. but I would not care if they wouldnt come any nearer with it. for we are not over a mile from the Depot now Give my love to all your folks hoping to hear from you soon I remain your old friend.

W. O. McFarlane

The most delightful letter written by Will McFarlane is one that tells about his marriage-to-be. Between these last two letters Will Price and Blanche Dobney were married. So the last of the good friends finally takes a wife, and proudly too:

Central City Council Chamber
Sep 2nd 1874

My Dear Friend

As I am at Council meeting and I have nothing to do I write to you You see we have to sit here all day. but we have not got anything to do but the Law requires us to put in one day but - dont provide for any pay - Well Will - I suppose you want to hear how I am getting along Just about as usual. Any more than that I am about getting a wife. we have not as much work as we ought to have. for there is lots contracting and some of them are working for nothing and finding themselves Peter McF. is over at Caribou, we have a job at the Caribou Mine. but he will be their only a month or two. and Andy and I are working away here as fast as I can but there is no money to be made. but by next summer I think we will have a better show for all those fellows will be busted. there is quite a number of buildings going up and they are all brick and good buildings. I think that by fall we will have a better town than we had before the fire [the big Central City fire of 1874] well let me see had I best tell you all the news. I suppose I had although I have not mentioned it to any one yet. I am going to get married this winter say the last of January or Feb or some time this winter and I dont care how soon now. who is the girl; question well I'll tell you. do you mind. Professor Hale that had charge of the Central School. well his brother had a Daughter Libbie and that she is the girl Libbie E Hale Rochester New York. She is a school teacher has been here two years is a small girl but good, smart and I will say she is the noblest work of God and if you dont believe me you had best write to her and find out Any how Will, I am going to hitch-up and be done of it. I have some notion of building a house. some where in town but I am not sure where yet. we have a ----- and Ill have to stop writing but you see I have written you more in this letter than I ever write to you but as you got a wife yourself you ought to expect me to get one. We have just had a lively time but its quite again. I tell you this Council is a great Place to have big fights. — but we can stand it. I had a notion of going home a while ago but I cant go now for I cant go without my girl & she cant go

Yours,

W. O. McFarlane Central City

In 1873 William Urquhart Price married Blanche Dobney. They lived in DeKalb County, Ill., for a short period of time, but finally returned to the family farm in Wisconsin. There they raised two girls and five sons. When the boys were old enough, they ran the farm. Will Price kept day books of his building activities in Iowa Co., Wis., which included barns, churches, and bridges. Many of these structures are still standing.

Will Price died in 1928. His oldest daughter was Edna Price Pinkerton, grandmother of the author. Edna died the year before the author's birth. But Edna's brothers and sisters attended the annual Price family reunion until their deaths.

The youngest daughter of Will Price was alive when this paper was researched. She was Gladys Price who lived in a small house in Lone Rock, Wis., that Will Price had built for his retirement. Gladys, age 92, at her death in March 1980, had in her possession a trunk belonging to Will Price. Under a lining, concealed in a recess for more than 100 years, she found the letters used in this paper. Of these, the McFarlane letters are now in the possession of the author.

The McFarlane boys began their Central City business career as carpenters. They soon expanded into being general contractors. The St. James Methodist Church mentioned earlier, and the oldest Protestant church in Colorado still in use, had been started in 1864. The structure reposed unfinished for more than four years, and was referred to as "The Ruins." In the fall of

William Urquhart Price, in picture taken in later years. Will Price died in 1928. His oldest daughter, Edna Price Pinkerton, was Ed Bathke's grandmother, and died before his birth.



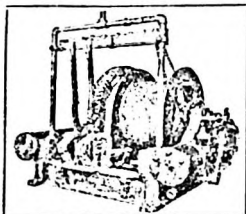
1870 the McFarlanes' firm of Barclay and Company finished the church. The McFarlane-Barclay partnership lasted from 1869 to 1872, terminated primarily by Peter Barclay's losing battle with Demon Rum.

In 1872 McFarlane and Company erected a large custom stamp mill, with a 50-stamp battery, in Black Hawk for George Randolph. They had worked on stamp mills previously, but this was probably their first complete job of planning and erecting a mill. In addition to their carpentry shop, they also operated a foundry, where the stamps were made. In 1882 they purchased the Hendrie and Bolthoff foundry and machine shop in Denver. In 1892 they built a 120-stamp mill for the Gold King Mine in Telluride, for \$800,000. The Jackson machine shops in Denver were purchased in 1893. Among their many mining machinery products was the Gilpin County Bumping Table, which had a worldwide market.

The young McFarlanes were given a contract to finish the Central City Opera House, after others had erected the stone walls. In later years Peter played a prominent role in maintaining the structure, and eventually he gained possession of it. Peter McFarlane's heirs presented the Opera House to the University of Denver.

The summer of 1928 Peter McFarlane returned to Prince Edward Island for his last visit. He wrote about that journey and about his reflections to Will's sister Margaret Price Shaw, who lived

in Manitou Springs, Colo. The Prices and the McFarlanes, although never linked by marriage, remained lifelong friends. Peter's letter was written on the stationery of the McFarlane Foundry:



McFarlane & Co.,

PROPRIETORS OF

Central City and Black Hawk

FOUNDRIES AND MACHINE SHOPS.

ESTABLISHED 1869

Manufacturers of the G. H. Edge Concentrators, Bull Run & Stamp Mills, Concentrators
and Mining Machinery. STEAM AND ELECTRIC HOISTS.

Central City, Colorado, August

Primer Edward Island - my dear

Dear Margaret Shaw,

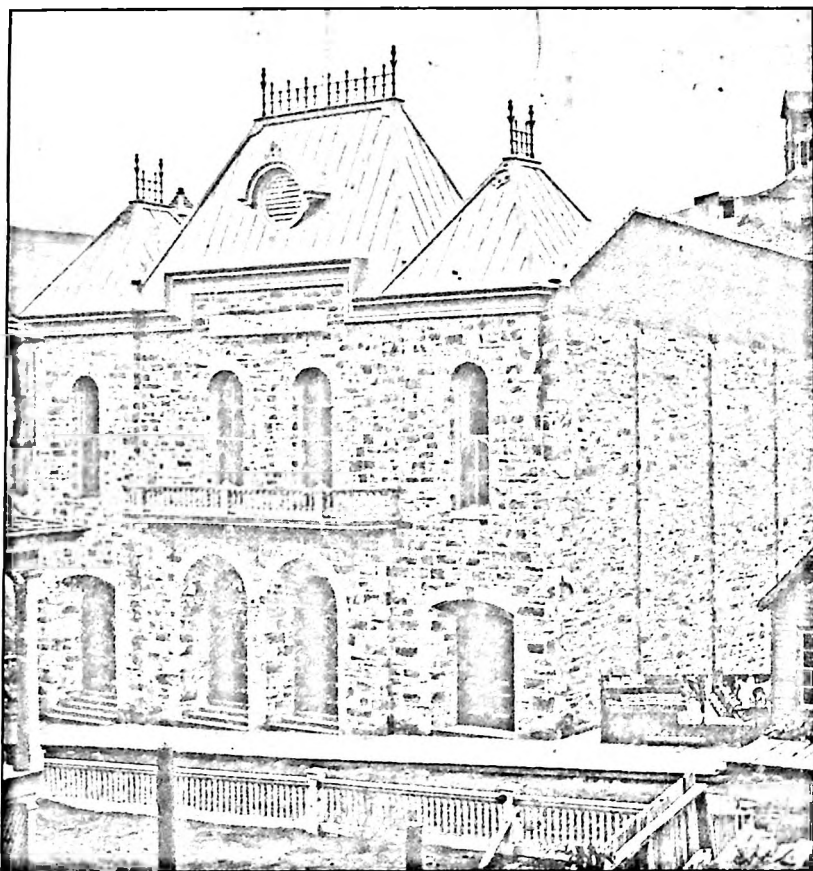
Well - here I am sure enough and having the
time of my life. Think - if it, I went to Pattersons church
this morning, but dont tell anybody, and I saw
people I have not seen for sixty years and I know
them in an instant and saw so many others ^{whom} I dont
I know of - a few minutes, I held a sort of a receipt
outside the church door and discovered more relatives
than I thought I had. But on the other hand we drove
down to Mae Gallums Point yesterday and stopped at
Peter McRass old home to call on Jane the kitchen
and what a noise I saw. It made me so sick to see
her I would not go inside of ^{the} old John Macs home
when I get down there, yet the horse was all
some all horse. They are all dead - except Jane and
she certainly ought to be, and at back the gypsies, they
are all dead. Strangers occupy the place, by name
of Leird. The woman gave us a loaf of bread and it was
good bread. At your old home your house still stands
and is the same, but the barn is somewhat remodelled

August
Prince Edward Island

Dear Margaret Shaw,

Well here I am sure enough and having the time of my life. Think of it. I went to Pattersons church this morning, but dont tell anybody, and I saw people I have not seen for sixty years and I knew them in an instant and saw so many others whom I knew after a few minutes. I held a sort of a reception outside the church door and discovered more relatives than I thought I had. But on the other hand we drove down to MacCallums Point yesterday and stopped at Peter McRaes ald house to call on Jane MacCullum and what a wreck I saw. It made me so sick to see her I would not go inside of the old John Mac C. home when I got down there, yet the house was the same old house. They are all dead except Jane and she certainly ought to be, and at Uncle Duggys, they to are all dead. Strangers occupy the place, by the name of Laird. The woman gave us a loaf of bread and it was good bread. At your old home your house still stands and is the same, but the barn is somewhat remodelled. Someone occupys it but I did not go inside, for I was afraid I would meet another Jane MacCallum but I surely did want to go in. I contented myself with standing outside and calling to Sol [Solomon Price], and listened for an answer, and then I called to Alix but got no reply Then I called to Louisa and I was sure she would answer and come a running, and Caroline and Emily—each in their turn—but all alike gave no reply or signal of life. The only indication of life was the echo of my own voice. I thought Sol might be at the barn with your Father unloading hay so I trudged down to the barn. The big door was yet there but if Sol were there he was out of sight. At least I got no answer. Then I imagined they were all angry at me about something, but I could not figure what it could be for I was not guilty of any misde-meanor. I knew if your mother was there and heard my call she would come out and welcome me. But all alike, she too was silent. I imagined I might be dreaming for it was the first time in my life I ever got such a rebuke I stepped out to climb over the fence to take a photo of the place only to make the discovery that I had forgotten to bring along my Kodak. I got though a mental view of the place, but the poorest or the best view I could get was in reality an unwelcome one and I was compelled to leave your old dear home, a sad man with the only sign of life any where was the echo of my own wailing voice. I tried to sing but my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. I went back over the folds of my memory and remembered. that written on one of the leaves of a school book I have now away out in Central City, Colo. were the words "Mr. Prices family left today for Hydes Mill, Iowa County, Wisconsin." Then I awakened and it was only a dream, but it was surely a pleasant dream when I first called and first knew the Price family, but a sad one when I turned on my heels and bade it "good bye forever" a few days ago and now once more it is only a memory

I have been told many times why Jane MacCullum lives at McRaes old house but dont know at this time After we left your old home we journeyed on down the road, and passed the spot where Jimmy Russels house once stood but there is not now a trace or vestige left to indicate the spot. They tell me here some of the Russel children are yet alive in the U. S. somewhere. Further on the way we came to the old John MacCallum place. The old house still is there, nobody living in it—all vacant and I did not get out of my car to go in. Jane gave me such a shock that I was afraid to enter for fear the old man should be there and take a shot at me. But Jane told me they were yet all alive and living at the old homestead, but O how desolate, how barren, and how tranquil. We then headed for Uncle Duggys, and while the old house is still there, a new party occupied it. I went inside however to refresh my memory but it too was sure enough only a memory. I think Russel is the only remaining one alive and he is living in Penticton, Oregon. I



Other builders erected the stone shell of the Central City Opera House, but the young McFarlanes were given the job of finishing the building. Peter McFarlane in later years maintained the structure, eventually acquiring it.

could see Mrs. Duggy sitting there in her chair and reaching after her bad boy Russell with the crook of her cane but he was too smart for her and I could hear the clang of Uncle Duggys anvil ringing but his old shop has entirely disappeared without a trace. . . .

I have told you lots of stuff in this some of which will interest you and much of it will not. It is hard for me to realize that you went away from hear so early. I think—it was in 1866. Anyway it was when I was going to school. I can yet see the old steamboat coming out of the harbor that carried you away and can remember how sorry I was. But sure enough it was the last of the Prices.

Well, I am glad you are yet alive and I am going to see you next summer. Now about the McFarlanes. Of my own children Fred and Yetta are here with me at George (my brothers) Today they are at Rustica [north side of the Island] and are fishing. George has 3 autos and its no task to go 50 miles and back again in one day. . . .

Farms are blooming like the roses. Big pretentious dwellings on every farm. Six or seven beds in every house Water pumped up in every house. Plumbing modern Everywhere, Everywhere unheard prosperity ----- fish Foxes, Potatoes. The most gorgeously beautiful sunset one ever saw. We never saw anything like it in Colo. There were 82 autos brought over from all over the world the day we crossed. and 400 passengers. Three big steamers are now on the job and all busy. I am going to Bedeque cemetery where your father reposes before I leave and will write you again. Meantime, dont be angered at this long drawn out affair. I did not mean to write so much.

Well, good bye.

Peter McFarlane

So ends the reminiscences of an old man to his childhood friend. Peter McFarlane was unable to make his visit to Margaret Price Shaw in Manitou in the summer of 1929. He died on May 1, 1929, in Denver at the home of his daughter, on the eve of his 81st year. Will Price had died the year before. The story of island boys coming to a mining camp in Colorado Territory, some staying and one leaving, draws to a close.

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About the Authors—Nancy and Ed Bathke

Ed and Nancy Bathke of Manitou Springs have teamed up to bring the Denver Westerners another fascinating program, "A Colorado Friendship," presented at the Sept. 28, 1994, meeting.

The Bathkes are well known among Westerners, both in the Denver Posse and Pikes Peak Posse in Colorado Springs. They have lived in Colorado for 34 years, the past 25 in Manitou Springs. Ed became a Corresponding Member of the Denver Posse in 1965; a Posse Member in 1970; Deputy Sheriff in 1971 and Sheriff in 1972. He was also editor of the

1972 *Brand Book*. Nancy was one of the first four women Corresponding Members to join the Denver Posse, following Bylaws changes in October 1992. She joined Ed as a Posse Member in 1993.

Ed and Nancy have authored two *Round-up/Brand Book* articles, and have presented other programs for the Denver Westerners, including, "A.G. Wallihan, Colorado's Pioneer Nature Photographer," in June 1992. (The Wallihan article is also included in the upcoming *Golden Anniversary Brand Book*.)

(Please turn to Page 21.)

Over the Corral Rail

(Continued from Page 2.)

Rosenstock 1994 Lifetime Award for Contributions to Colorado History, in ceremonies at the annual Winter Rendezvous Dec. 14. Conn is retired as curator of Native American art for the Denver Art Museum. He was the subject of a recent Denver Post column by Dr. Tom Noel, Posse Member and former Sheriff, and CU-Denver history professor. (Further details of Conn's career will be presented in the forthcoming January-February 1995 *Roundup*.)

And speaking of honors, two Coloradans—one of them Posse Member Lee Olson—have been honored by the Western American History Association, both receiving the 1993 Co-Founders Award in Non-Fiction. Stephen J. Leonard, history professor at Metropolitan State College in Denver, received first prize for his book, *Trials and Triumphs: A Portrait of the Great Colorado Depression*. Olson's third-place award was for his book, *Marmalade and Whiskey: British Remittance Men in the West*.

* * *

Members and subscribers will note something extra in this issue of *The Roundup*. First is a return envelope for payment of annual dues. Tallyman Bob Stull asks that you give this your prompt attention! Secondly, you will find an order form and descriptive material about the Denver Westerns *Golden Anniversary Brand Book*, stapled in the middle of the magazine. *Now is the time to get your order in*—and save \$5 thereby! This book will make a marvelous gift for any Western history buff. And *Brand Book No. 32* will become a collector's volume, commemorating our 50th Anniversary. Order your copies now. (Please note that payment of dues and *Brand Book* purchase[s] should be made with separate checks.)

Looking further ahead, a Lecture Series commemorating the Denver Westerners' 50th Anniversary has been announced by Jon Almgren and Earl McCoy, Posse Members who

head the Lecture Committee. Schedule for the series will run monthly, May through October, and will feature members of the Denver Westerners as speakers.

Individual lecture tickets will be \$4, and tickets for the series of six lectures will be \$20. All of the lectures will be presented in the Fort Logan Auditorium (Colorado Mental Health Institute), 3550 W. Oxford Ave. There will be ample free parking.

All the lectures will begin at 7 p.m. The schedule of dates, speakers, and their topics will be:

May 9, Robert L. Brown: *Denver, Portrait of a Pioneer City*.

June 13, Dr. Thomas J. Noel: *Colorado—A Liquid History of the Highest State*.

July 11, Eleanor M. Gchres: *Josephine Roche*.

August 8, Jack L. Morison: *Early Colorado Auto Trails*.

Sept. 12, Dennis Gallagher: *The Ku Klux Klan in Colorado*.

Oct. 12, Edward S. Helmuth: *The Gateways of Colorado*.

A copy of the Lecture Series program, and a form for ordering tickets will be included in the March-April 1995 issue of *The Roundup*. Persons with questions about the Lecture Series may call the Rev. Jon Almgren at 469-3579, or Earl McCoy at 936-5546.

* * *

Colorado lost one of its most distinguished authors, in the death Sept. 9 of Marshall Sprague, 85, in Colorado Springs. Sprague was the author of more than a dozen books on Western history, including *Money Mountain, Massacre: The Tragedy at White River, Newport in the Rockies, So Vast, So Beautiful a Land*, and an autobiography, due out late this year. A Pulitzer Prize nominee, Sprague also held awards from the Colorado

Authors League and Colorado College (Benjamin McKie Rastall Award).

Ed Bathke, Manitou Springs Posse Member, recalls that Sprague was, for a time, a Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners. In a 1960 program, Sprague read the first chapter of his work in progress, *Little London and the Bell Memoirs*. In 1967, he authored an article for the December *Roundup*, "Healers in Pikes Peak's History," and the byline showed him to be a Corresponding Member.

Ed also recalls a time when Dr. Lester Williams of Colorado Springs, a former Sheriff, and the late John Lipsey, a Posse Member, started out in Lipsey's vintage auto, taking Sprague to Denver for a Westerners' meeting. Somewhere around Larkspur, the car's driveshaft broke, stranding the trio. Leaving Lipsey, Sprague and Williams hitchhiked on to Denver, and made the meeting! Bathke further identified Lipsey as a Colorado Springs rare-book dealer, and credits him with starting the practice of asking the speaker tough questions following presentation of a paper. Lipsey also edited the 1962 *Brand Book*.

Sprague was also a board member of the Denver Press Club and the Colorado Historical Society.

* * *

The Utah State Historical Society's October newsletter reports on the Wasatch Westerners, a Salt Lake City-based corral. Sheriff Jeffery O. Johnson has invited Western history buffs to attend the organization's regular monthly meetings every fourth Thursday at Lamb's Restaurant, 169 S. Main. Their social hour begins at 6 p.m., dinner at 7 p.m., and program at 8 p.m. Westerners visiting in Salt Lake City can reach Johnson at the Utah State Archives, 538-3012; or at home, 364-9735.

Wyoming Annals, that state's historical journal, is now soliciting manuscripts and book reviews. The quarterly is the principal publication of the Wyoming State Historical Society, with a membership of 2,300. For

more information, contact *Wyoming Annals*, Mark Junge, editor; and/or Carl Hallberg, book review editor, at the Wyoming Department of Commerce, Barrett Building, Cheyenne 82002 (phone 307/777-7019).

Ed Helmuth, formerly of Buena Vista, Colo., and now a peripatetic Posse Member living in a motorhome with his wife Gloria (current address, Livingston, Texas). He noted an omission (he freely admits it was his slipup) in his Ute Pass(es) article in the March-April '94 *Roundup*. Pictures used on pages 9 and 10 should have been credited to Donna Nevens. Ed and *The Roundup* regret the error.

About the Authors

(Continued from Page 19.)

Ed is retired as a computer analyst for Kaman Sciences. He holds degrees in mathematics from the University of Wisconsin and a master's in applied mathematics from the University of Colorado. Nancy, also retired, has been an elementary school teacher in Air Force Academy Dist. 20, El Paso County. Her last assignment was teaching computer skills to pupils, kindergarten through fifth grade, at Woodmen-Roberts Elementary School. She has a B.S. in education from the University of Wisconsin and a master's from CU. She is listed in *Who's Who of American Women* and *Who's Who in the West*.

Ed and Nancy are co-authors of *The West in Postage Stamps*, and have had articles published in Denver Westerners' *Brand Books*, and issues of *The Roundup*. Both are listed in *Contemporary Authors*. Their hobbies include traveling, hiking, and collecting Colorado artifacts. Nancy collects Colorado souvenir spoons and souvenir glass, and sheet music. Ed collects old books about Colorado, and old photos and stereoptican views.

The Bathkes are members and past-presidents of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado, the Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs, the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, and past-sheriffs of the Pikes Peak Posse of the Westerners.



Westerner's Bookshelf



Reviews published in *The Roundup* are largely related to nonfiction 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*

Sandpapers, the Lives and Letters of Eugene Manlove Rhodes and Charles Fletcher Lummis by Frank M. Clark. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, N.M., 1994. Bibliography and index; 159 pages. Paperback, \$14.95.

Eugene Manlove Rhodes was born in Nebraska, but his family moved to New Mexico when Gene was not yet in his teens, and his life and writings are identified with the "Land of Enchantment." Rhodes, at age 16, "found his first love, horse wrangling," working on ranches in New Mexico. He had acquired a love of literature from his mother's teaching, and he began writing poems, short stories, and novels dealing with life in the West.

Charles Fletcher Lummis was an Easterner who walked from Cincinnati to Los Angeles to a job as city editor of the *Los Angeles Times*. Later he became publisher of a small magazine about America's Southwest and West. On his walk to California, he passed through New Mexico, beginning his fascination with the landscape and the people. Lummis bought some of Gene Rhodes' poems and stories for publication in *Land of Sunshine* magazine with a small payment and lots of encouragement in Rhodes' writing career. Rhodes was a fiction writer with a distinctive style, while Lummis as editor, essayist, and crusader pressed for the quality he knew Rhodes could produce.

This book gives the life story of each of these men, with their difficulties and successes in their lives and in their work. Letters exchanged by them, referring to personal events and literary activities, are included. People interested in the Southwest should be familiar with these two men who helped to make known the real Southwest, and this book is a

good summary of their lives and literature.

—Earl McCoy, P.M.

Backtracks: Time Travels Through New Mexico by Arnold Vigil. Foreword by Marc Simmons. *New Mexico Magazine*, by Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1994. 200 halftones, 1 map; 164 pages. Paperback, \$13.95.

This book matches "then and now" photographs of small towns and cities in New Mexico, pairing old photographs with the present-day scenes from the same viewpoints, as Denver Westerners Posse Member Bob Brown has done for years in his books and lectures about Colorado history. The towns are grouped by geographic area, and the map early in the book indicates the sites clearly. The pictures of small towns often show that "progress" has left many of the buildings empty today. Towns that developed as railroad centers are often left with little activity, and Harvey House hotels are gone along with the railway routes.

Las Vegas, N.M., has managed to preserve significant Victorian buildings around its original plaza, while the pictures show that the Victorian buildings on the south side of the Santa Fe plaza have been converted to Territorial-appearing structures to maintain the desired ambiance in the center of the city. Photographs from Albuquerque and Las Cruces illustrate the effects of urban-renewal solutions to deteriorating city centers with parking lots replacing early structures.

Historic pictures are from the archives of *New Mexico Magazine* and the Museum of New Mexico, some dated before the turn of the century, but others going back only to the

1940s. The author states that the original intent for the book was to be entertaining, but later the educational value was recognized. This book is of interest to those who enjoy touring and visiting in New Mexico, with many typical examples of changes in society throughout the West. As Marc Simmons points out in his foreword, some of the rural scenes show that lush vegetation in the Rio Grande Valley is "largely a 20th-century phenomenon." *Backtracks* is a pleasant, nostalgic look at New Mexico's yesterdays and today.

—Earl McCoy, P.M.

Bill Doolin, Outlaw, Oklahoma Territory
by Col. Bailey C. Hanes. Univ. of Oklahoma Press. 234 pages. Paperback, \$12.95

First published in 1968, this paperback is a reissue of the durable story of one of the West's less vicious of the old-time outlaws, Bill Doolin. He never achieved the notoriety of the Daltons but neither was he careless. He quit the Daltons shortly before that foolhardy gang met its Waterloo trying to rob two banks at once in Coffeyville, Kans., on Oct. 4, 1892.

The biographer says Doolin was careful in planning his holdups. The bandit was a crack shot but avoided gunplay except when a mass shootout resulted from a holdup. The author admires his subject to the point where he has Doolin about to quit banditry shortly before an ambush ended his life: the \$5,000 reward placed on his head did the trick. Colonel Hanes, a native Oklahoman, includes much fascinating outlaw history in this book, including the grim fact that nearly all of the 20 men who rode with Bill Doolin died, as he did, of bullet wounds. That statistic, he notes, is quite typical of the outlaw era in the West.

—Lee Olson, P.M.

Chiefs, Agents, and Soldiers: Conflict on the Navajo Frontier, 1868-1882 by William Haas Moore, Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1994. Illustrations, bibliography, index; 355 pages. Hardbound, \$45.

Many students of Southwestern history are familiar with the Navajo's captivity at Bosque

Redondo, but perhaps fewer know what this tribe experienced after their release and return to the reservation set aside for them. This book deals with that period in which control of many tribes passed from the U.S. Army to civilian hands, with several organized church groups playing important roles. For the Navajos, this was a time of adjusting to the expectations and requirements of these factions, as well as making a basic living—given their reduced circumstances and the problems of the arid Southwest.

Moore argues that the Navajos did succeed in the face of all obstacles because of their ability to adjust to changed conditions, and because of the diplomatic skills of such leaders as Manuelito and Ganado Mucho. The Navajos returned from captivity to a reservation which was not wholly their traditional home, with land not suited to their pastoral-farming economy. With great patience, their leaders over time managed to convince the government that they would do better in adjacent areas where grazing and water were more abundant. The Navajos also had to contend with several ill-chosen agents who showed little compassion for their charges, and were impatient that they would not overnight turn into dark-skinned Midwestern farmers.

Moore has done here a very creditable job of research and presentation of this less-familiar period. He has brought into play both Navajo goals and considerations, plus those of various governmental and other agencies.

It is ironic to note how much some of the events described mirror more recent times. For example, few non-native people seem to understand the Navajo system of achieving agreement by consensus—that is, continuing discussion until everyone is satisfied with the result instead of calling for a simple majority election. This brings to mind the recent difficulties in Somalia and the awareness that came too late this was not a democratic society but rather one which functioned along tribal lines. Similarly, the religious right was evident then as today. The capable and knowledgeable trader Thomas Keam was repeatedly prevented by church authorities from becoming the Navajos' agent because he was married to a Navajo woman.

Finally, one wonders why this book, although well worth reading, is so expensive. There are only a few pages of black-and-white photos, and production costs must have been modest. This overpricing will likely prevent the book from enjoying the circulation it merits.

—Richard Conn, P.M.

Fourteen Families in Pueblo Pottery by Rick Dillingham. Univ. of New Mexico Press, 1994. Foreword by J.J. Brody. 268 color plates, 185 halftones; 304 pages. Hardbound, \$75; paperback \$37.50.

In 1974 an exhibit of Pueblo Indian pottery at the Maxwell Museum of Anthropology demonstrated work by members of seven families from four pueblos. An accompanying small book, *Seven Families in Pueblo Pottery*, has sold well (80,000 copies). That book is 7 inches by 7 inches, with 112 pages. Pictures of potters and pottery are mostly in black-and-white except for one color plate of a piece of pottery from each family.

Rick Dillingham, curator for the 1974 exhibit, has produced a much larger and more impressive book covering an additional seven families and three more pueblos. Included now are the Chino and Lewis families from Acoma; Herrera family from Cochiti; Chappella, Nampeyo, and Navasie families from Hopi-Tewa; the Chavarria, Gutierrez, and Tafoya families from Santa Clara; Melchor and Tenorio families from Santo Domingo; Gonzales and Martinez families from San Ildefonso; and the Medina family from Zia Pueblo. The pages of the new book are twice as large (10 inches by 10 inches) and there are almost three times as many pages. All the pictures of pottery are in color. Genealogy charts for the families have been extended to include the younger generations who have become active in pottery making since the earlier book appeared.

This is a beautiful book, with photographs of most of the potters, whose work is shown along with statements from them about their pottery and their plans for the future. As they indicate where and from whom they learned to use the clay, it is shown that family mem-

bers learned the methods and designs used in the craft from parents, grandparents or other relatives. Differences of viewpoint are expressed about staying with traditional designs and forms versus introducing new techniques and styles. Members of one family express their disdain for some pueblo potters who are using kilns rather than continuing to use outdoor fires in the traditional manner.

Rick Dillingham, who died earlier this year, was a skilled ceramist and collector of pottery; examples of his extensive collection are among the pictures used to illustrate work of many potters. Other pottery was made available for pictures by family members, collectors, and galleries. *Fourteen Families in Pueblo Pottery* is an excellent guide to the work and philosophy of potters who are carrying on and expanding the traditions of their families.

—Earl McCoy, P.M.

Phoenix in the Twentieth Century edited by G. Wesley Johnson Jr. The Univ. Press, Norman, Okla., 1993. Maps, illustrations; 288 pages. Hardbound, \$21.95.

Phoenix, Ariz., and its surrounding metropolitan area is one of the nation's fastest-growing urban centers. As with much of the West, it is relatively new, having its beginnings in 1870. The book centers on the modern city. While the site of Phoenix is the home of the ancient Hohokam civilization and has been a part of the post-Civil War Western civilization, there has been little to record why a small isolated community in the midst of the Sonoran Desert would grow to the remarkable city of today.

The book combines essays by a number of authors on facets of Phoenix history to explain the whys of this development.

Five broad categories or parts were used to organize the essays:

Part One — "The Social Fabric of Phoenix" is detailed by essays on Directing Elites; Catalysts for Social Change; Phoenix Women in the Development of Public Policy; Territorial Beginnings.

Part Two — "Ethnic Communities" includes Phoenix and the Indians (1867-1930),

and the Transformation of the Ethnic Community; Phoenix's Italians (1880 to 1980).

Part Three — "Economic Growth and Development" is defined by three essays: The Promotion of Phoenix, An Overview of Economic Development in Phoenix in the 1920s, and a Record or Revitalization, Financial Leadership in Phoenix.

Part Four — "The Importance of Water" is explained by In Pursuit of a Reservoir, and Community Growth and Water Policy.

Part Five — "Community Policy on Politics, Labor and Transportation" is covered by The Election of 1949; Transformation of Municipal Government in Phoenix, the Bug in the Desert; The Labor Movement in Phoenix, 1940-1950; and Public Transportation and Streets in Phoenix 1950-1980.

The diverse essays are drawn together in a conclusion by the editor, and further supported by a concise summary history of Phoenix starting with 1865 and identifying significant years through 1981.

All essays are thoroughly footnoted, and an overall bibliography is included.

The book proved to be very readable and presents an approach that may be valuable in filling other voids in Western history.

—Robert D. Stull, P.M.

High Country Names: Rocky Mountain National Park and Indian Peaks by Louisa Ward Arps and Elinor Eppich Kingery. Johnson Books, 1994. 198 pages. Paperback, \$12.95.

If you are the type that likes to know the names of geological formations and who named them, then *High Country Names* is for you. The book looks back in time at the people responsible for naming more than 600 mountains, lakes, valleys, creeks, waterfalls, passes, and ponds in and south of Rocky Mountain National Park. *High Country Names* is not the first to be published about Rocky Mountain National Park and its geographic features. The first was published by the Colorado Mountain Club in 1965: *High Country Names*. A revised edition was published by the Rocky Mountain Nature Asso-

ciation in 1972.

The current volume is divided into three categories: The Namers, Key to Place Names, and Dictionary of Place Names.

The text is accompanied by nine colored topographical maps showing parts of the Mummy Range, Never Summer, Grand Lake, Forest Canyon, Estes Park, Lake Granby, Indian Peaks, Wild Basin, and Glacier Gorge. The book is small enough to take along on hikes for quick reference.

—Robert Lane, P.M.

Digging Up Butch and Sundance by Anne Meadows. St. Martin's Press, New York, N.Y., 1994. 388 pages. \$24.95.

Relentless pursuit by Pinkerton detectives in 1901 drove outlaws Robert LeRoy Parker and Harry A. Longabaugh—also known as Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid—from the United States to Argentina where they ranched peaceably for several years. But they returned to their outlaw ways and were killed by a posse Nov. 8, 1908, after robbing a Bolivian mine payroll.

Yet doubts persisted. Stories of their "escape" cropped up for years in Bolivia. And back home, historians began giving credence to numerous Elvis-like "sightings" of the pair. Butch was "seen" digging up loot he'd left in his native Utah, and Longabaugh allegedly fathered a "Sundance Jr." in California. William T. Phillips, a Spokane, Wash., businessman who died in 1937, let people (police not included) believe he was Butch.

This book riddles those theories. Anne Meadows and her historian-husband Dan Buck made five research trips to South America to trace the outlaws' movements. She has thus produced the first thorough account of the 1908 robbery, along with Bolivian documents concerning the manhunt which ended in the tiny village of San Vicente, where a posse cornered the bandits in an inn and shot them. Meadows says the outlaws died at night and could scarcely have made the care-free charge shown in the 1969 movie, "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." But having killed a posseman, the outlaws must have realized that death was near.

Did Butch kill a wounded Sundance and then himself? Meadows says it's possible. Despite a widely televised documentary on the exhumation of a body at San Vicente, which proved negative, Meadows believes the two outlaws are buried at San Vicente.

Meadows also did much U.S. research to unmask the Butch and Sundance impostors. William T. Phillips' birth certificate, for example, was found in Michigan, not Utah. Meadows and Buck thus appear to have finished the Pinkerton's century-old task of running two of America's best-known outlaws to earth, literally. The weary ghosts of Butch and Sundance may, in fact, be turning around in the saddle to ask—as they did of the pursuing movie Pinkertons—"Who ARE these guys?"

Meadows is a lawyer-turned-writer whose well-buttressed evidence will be hard to overturn. She lives in Washington with husband Dan, who is administrative assistant to U.S. Rep. Pat Schroeder, Colorado Democrat. Their teamwork is impressive. A Pinkerton "wanted" poster might even describe them as "dangerous" in a debate and "ruthless" in their pursuit of facts, good qualities to have if you're tracking down outlaws.

—Lee Olson, P.M.

The West of Wild Bill Hickok by Joseph G. Rosa. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman and London, 1982. First paperback printing, 1994. Illustrated with photographs; index. Paperback, \$24.95.

In the preface of his book, *The West of Wild Bill Hickok*, historian and biographer Joseph G. Rosa explains that he wanted to reproduce in one volume all the known portraits of Wild Bill Hickok, together with a selection of photographs of his family, his friends, his foes, and the places that knew him. The book came about as a result of the comments and reviews he received from the publication of the second edition of *They Called Him Wild Bill* in 1974. Rosa tells that bringing these photographs together in a book was somewhat of a problem. There was little information on when or where pictures of Wild Bill were made or by whom. After much

research, the author has been able to provide more background material for the portraits shown in the book.

What makes this short pictorial biography of one of the West's most legendary figures interesting are the photographic images of James Butler Hickok, known throughout the world as Wild Bill Hickok. For a man who was a legend in his own lifetime, and was photographed at different periods of his life, the reader sees him age through the lens of the camera. The author presents the text in a very capsulized chronological form that is tied in with the captions.

For those seeking a more detailed and thorough study of Wild Bill Hickok, they should refer to Rosa's earlier book. For those who have the 1974 volume, *The West of Wild Bill Hickok* makes a good companion book.

—Mark E. Hutchins, P.M.

Those Castles of Wood: The Story of Early Lodges of Rocky Mountain National Park and Pioneer Days of Estes Park, Colorado by Henry F. Pedersen Jr. Pedersen, Estes Park, 1993. Photographs; 297 pages. Paperback, \$18.95.

Once upon a time, people came to Rocky Mountain Park as guests, not tourists. They settled into their favorite lodge for anywhere from a month to the entire season, and had their special horse to ride and their reserved table for three meals a day unless they decided to pick up a trail lunch for their hike or horseback ride. These guests came back year after year, as did the Gable sisters from Des Moines, Iowa, who returned for 50 consecutive seasons at Stead's, and they rode their horses every day of each visit.

The period of the lodges was a special time which has ended. Gone are the families who first came to their lodges in the park as children, returned as adults with their own children, and finally returned with their grandchildren. All of this was destroyed when the National Park Service in all its wisdom instituted "Mission 66," a program which brought about the removal of all "Those Castles of Wood" from the park.

These resorts were special places. Some of

them started as homesteads, and evolved into guest lodges. The guests came to these lodges in the park to hike, ride horses, renew friendships and enjoy the beautiful scenery. They did not need luxurious accommodations with whirlpools and cable television. In fact, they did not have telephones, radios, or televisions in their room, and sometimes the bathroom was down the hall. The author refers to the lodge workers as 90-day wonders taking a break from their studies, because most of these young men and women were college students from all over the nation. I was one of those 90-day wonders and worked at two of the lodges mentioned in the book. I had several different jobs at different times—bus boy, dishwasher, desk clerk, and assistant bartender. It was a wonderful time, and I still remember with special feelings the fun of the steak fries and parties, and the people I met—guests, employers, and co-workers. I was part of a very special experience.

The end of this era came in the early 1960s as the last of the lodges inside the park were either torn down or burned down by the Park Service. In many instances, it is impossible today to recognize where there once was a lodge and cabins. Maybe the lodges would not have made it much longer, as vacation patterns were changing from a long stay in one place, to seeing as many places as possible in one or two weeks. These new vacationers were often of a somewhat lower economic class than those who had been the guests at the lodges. Modern tourists are campers who want to save money by bringing groceries from home and cooking their own meals.

Even the college workers in the Estes Park area have changed. Several years after I had worked in the lodges, I was back in Estes talking with the owner of one of the 90-day wonder hangouts. He mentioned that during my time, the students went all-out having a good time and really spent the money, but students had changed and were trying to save the money they were making. Of course with the new tourists and no lodges, the workers were not making as much money.

As the author states, "This is a brief recollection, not an exhaustive survey, of a more gentle and uncrowded time in our history

when one would come to this land in the clouds, filled with fish, fun and friendship, and sleep close to the stars in log structures that now exist only in our rich, nostalgically preserved memories." It was a gentler time when NPS rangers did not have to carry side-arms, and it was certainly much less crowded than today. The last time I hiked Long's Peak just a few years ago, I did it at night to avoid the crowds. The time of gentleness and uncrowded trails just might be one of those special situations where the good old days were really better.

Henry Pedersen has done a great job telling the story of Estes Park and Rocky Mountain National Park, including the story of the establishment and history of the town and the park. The accompanying pictures will bring back memories to those who were guests or workers in the lodges.

In mentioning some of the lodges and businesses outside the park, Pedersen discusses Riverside Park and the Dark Horse among others. I still have the drink menu and the booklet, "The Story of the Horses" from the Dark Horse where I spent a few hours.

These lodges were special places established by special people, and it's all gone now. Pedersen has written the final word on this era of Rocky Mountain National Park and the many, many people involved. I only wish that the book had an index.

I received my copy of the book by calling MacDonalds Book Store in Estes Park and ordering one, and I suggest you check with your local book seller or give MacDonalds a call because it is certainly a book that you will enjoy reading.

—Ray E. Jenkins, R.M.

The Orphan Trains: Placing Out in America, by Marilyn Irvin Holt. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, March 18, 1994. 248 pages, 13 illustrations, introduction, epilogue, endnotes, bibliography, index. Paperback, \$9.95.

The Orphan Trains: Placing Out in America begins with a discussion of how it was to live in the cities of the northeastern United States in the late 1800s and early 1900s. Mari-

lyn Irvin Holt reviews the temperate and social ills of the era: living conditions and their effect upon children; crime and jail, and the often terrible working conditions for the poor; the low wages for long hours spent working six or seven days a week, when jobs were available; and abusive children's work days.

The author discusses the evolution of care for children in orphanages, and the change from indenturing/apprenticing out to bounding/placing out; also the bounding out rural choosing process, and who was chosen to be placed and why. We learn in depth about the main organizer and user of "placing out" for children, the New York Children's Aid Society, and the primary minor users, the New York Home for the Friendless, the Boston Children's Mission, New England Home for Little Wanderers (Boston), the Vermillion County (Illinois) Aid Society, the New York Juvenile Asylum, the Five Points Mission (New York) and the Five Points House of Industry (New York). We also learn about the "placing out" of adults by groups such as the Women's Protective Emigration Society of New York and the Philadelphia Women's Industrial Aid Association.

"Bounding out", "orphan trains", "placing out"—we've heard these terms used, but do we really know what they refer to? Through my genealogy research I thought I understood about "orphan trains," but after reading this book I now know much more.

I highly recommend this volume to those interested in the social climate, the treatment of children, and orphanages in the late 1800s and around the turn of the century. The end-notes, epilogue, and bibliography are all good. It is engrossing to learn how the treatment of children less than 100 years ago was so different from today.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

An Owl on Every Post by Sanora Babb. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1994. 230 pages. Paperback, \$14.95.

This summer while traveling in eastern Colorado, I saw an owl on a fence post. This magnificent bird turned his head and watched the car as it passed by. In more than 30 years

of enjoying nature, this was the only owl I had observed so closely. In her book, *An Owl on Every Post*, Sanora Babb wrote, "An owl sat on every post. . . on every slender post like a night-blooming flower." In 1913 Sanora and her family, consisting of her father and her mother and her little sister, came to the plains of Colorado to practice dry-land farming. They lived with her paternal grandfather in a one-room dugout, near the tiny village of Two Buttes.

Not only has the wildlife of the area changed in the ensuing years but other conventions as well. For example, Sanora had to sleep with her grandfather, and her sister slept with her parents. The girls were home-schooled by the extended family, utilizing a copy of the book, *The Adventures of Kit Carson*, and copies of *The Denver Post*—permanently attached to the walls of the dugout. The home was infested with bedbugs and even a rat. And the family almost starved to death one year when hail destroyed the crop of broomcorn. A baby brother was born and died in the terrible living conditions. Today Social Services would charge similar people in like circumstances with child abuse or at the least child neglect. But this family had self-respect, a drive to better their lot, love, and determination.

After four horrible years, the family gave up and moved eastward to a small Kansas town. The girls attended public schools and college, became successful writers, and Sanora wrote this memoir of her years in "Owl country." She concluded an afterword, "Long ago in 'Owl country' when I was seven or eight, one evening at dusk I was standing in the bare yard, looking over the great distance to the horizon, as I often did, wondering, dreaming. I recall thinking: one day I will lift up the sky and go into the world, and wander all over that world." And she did.

This reprint tells a compelling story of life on the frontier in a poignant manner that makes the reader eager to complete the book. The recollections of a young girl in Colorado are a worthy addition to the state's history and this reviewer heartily recommends this book.

—Nancy Bathke, P.M.