

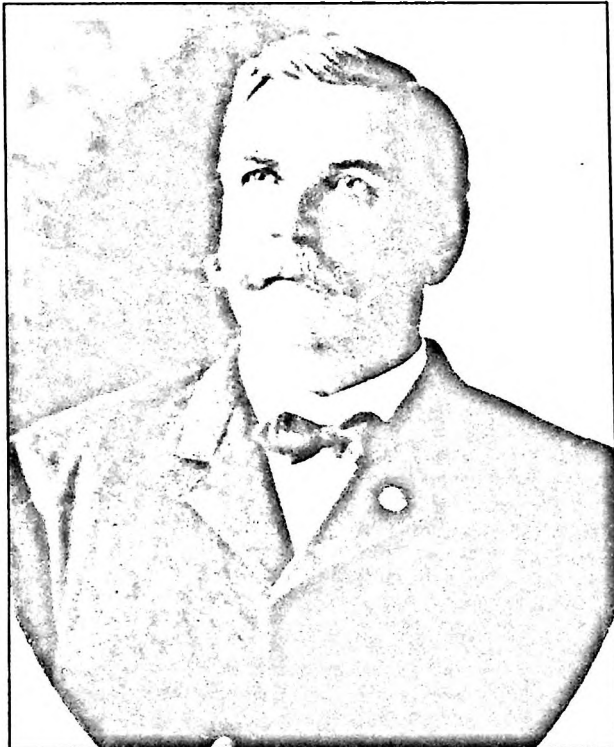


*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

JANUARY-FEBRUARY 1996

**RUFUS G. COOK,  
FRONTIER JUSTICE OF THE PEACE**

by Richard A. Cook, P.M.



*(From Author's Collection)*

Judge Rufus G. Cook, one of Dodge City's founders.

## Over the Corral Rail

"Changing the folio" used to be cause for celebration in periodical publishing, marking the successful ending of one volume number, and the start of a new one—or, for *The Roundup*, the start of a new year. So welcome to 1996, and Vol. LII, or 52, issue No. 1! We hope that, by now, you're dating your checks and letters with 1996. And speaking of checks, your dues are in arrears if you didn't get a check to Bob Stull by Jan. 1. It's not too late, of course, but the Denver Westerners' expenses are on a steady rise.

\* \* \*

Our membership is now near 250. We encourage active members to be on the alert for other Western history enthusiasts, and to bring such candidates along as guests, for one of our regular monthly meetings. The word-of-mouth approach to promoting the Denver Westerners is slow, but a sure way for us to achieve a viable organization. New membership forms and application blanks are now available, and can be obtained at any of the monthly meetings, or by calling *The Roundup* editor (see masthead). (If you take any of the forms, please make use of them.)

\* \* \*

Four new Corresponding Members have been reported by Membership Chairman Ed Bathke:

□ **Nanette K. Simonds**, 1020 15th St., #25-A, Denver 80202-2311. Mrs. Simonds learned of the Denver Westerners from Mrs. **Barbara Griffiths**, widow of the late **McI Griffiths** (1981 Sheriff). Mrs. Simonds is interested in the cultural history of Colorado in the 1800s, and plans an article on the history of the circus in the state. She has a master of humanities degree in American cultural history, and has been extensively involved in Colorado cultural activities. Her hobbies include quilting and watercolors.

□ **R. Mark McGoff**, 8202 Dudley Way, Arvada CO 80005. Posse Member **Lee Whiteley**, told Mark about the Denver  
(Please turn to Page 30)

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP

VOL. LII

January-  
February



Number 1

1996

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# Rufus G. Cook, Frontier Justice of the Peace

by

Richard A. Cook, P.M.

(Presented Nov. 22, 1995)

*Several years ago, while visiting the Denver Library's Western History Collection, I offhandedly mentioned my grandfather had been a founder of Dodge City, Kans., in 1872. Barbara Walton, one of the assistant librarians, left the room for a moment and came back with an envelope. To my surprise, it contained a picture of Rufus G. Cook, my grandfather. The picture was a duplicate of one I had at home.*

*My first recollection of my grandfather—not in person, because he died 10 years before I was born—was on a visit to Dodge City with my family in 1943, when I was 9 years old. My father had taken me to see the tourist attraction of "Boot Hill." (It wasn't the original Boot Hill, but had been put up for tourists, just like the modern-day "Front Street" in Dodge City.)*

*There was an elderly gentleman in charge of the souvenir stand and he wasn't taking much interest in his visitors. My father asked him how long he had been around Dodge, and the old man from his seated position stated, "All my life, why?" My father said, "Maybe you knew my father." The old fellow replied, "Who was he?"*

*When my father said "Judge Cook," the old fellow leaped out of his chair and said, "Your father saved my life."*

*It seems that this individual had been accused of murder, and my grandfather had thrown it out of court as a case of self-defense! This incident initiated my interest in my grandfather, which was further intensified during the television series "Gunsmoke." I stated then, and have ever since, that my grandfather must be turning over in his grave because of the fabrications of Hollywood. It was then I decided to find out what Dodge City was really like in the late nineteenth century, and to try to determine my grandfather's part in it. That is one of the reasons for this paper.*

---

**T**HE COOK FAMILY arrived in the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam in the early-to middle-seventeenth century. By 1664, when New Amsterdam became New York, the family had relocated to the colony of Pennsylvania as "Pennsylvania Dutch."

According to my grandmother, the Cook family owned the entire area where the city of Philadelphia is now. Unfortunately, they were loyalists (Tories) during the American Revolution. As a result of the rebel victory, the Cook property was confiscated and they fled to Canada. Sometime during the colonial period, the family name was changed from Dutch to the English equivalent of Cook.

During the War of 1812, the Cooks helped defend their homeland and assisted in stopping the American annexation of Canada. Rufus George Cook was born Oct. 3, 1843, near North Williamsburg, Canada West (Ontario Province). Family records reveal he was one of eight brothers. As a youngster, he moved with his family by way of Wisconsin to Iowa where they farmed near Johnstown and Lynworthy, Iowa. At age 18 with two older brothers, John W. and Ira J., Rufus enlisted as a volunteer in the Thirty-first Iowa Infantry Regiment on Aug. 24, 1862.

According to the *Roster and Record of Iowa Soldiers in the War of Rebellion*: "None have a more honorable record of service than her 31st Regiment of Infantry."<sup>2</sup>

The Thirty-first Iowa Infantry history is as follows:

Organized at Davenport and mustered in October 1862. Moved to Helena, Ark., Nov. 1-20, 1862. Attached to 3d Brigade, 1st Division, District of Eastern Arkansas, 13th Army Corps (Old) Department of Tennessee, to December 1862. 2d Brigade, 4th Division, Sherman's Yazoo expedition to January 1863. 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 15th Army Corps, Department of Tennessee, to September 1864. 3d Brigade, 2d Division, 25th Army Corps to June 1865.

#### SERVICE:

Hovey's expedition from Helena, Ark., to Coldwater, Miss., Nov. 27-Dec. 5, 1862. Sherman's Yazoo, Dec. 22, 1862 to Jan. 2, 1863. Chickasaw Bayou, Dec. 20-28, 1862. Chickasaw Bluffs, Dec. 29. Expedition to Arkansas Post, Jan. 3-10, 1863. Assault on and capture of Ft. Hindman, Arkansas Post, Jan. 10-11. Moved to Young's Point, La., Jan. 17-23 and duty there till April 1863. Expedition to Greenville, Black Bayou, and Deer Creek, April 2-14. Deer Creek, April 7. Black Bayou, April 10. Demonstration on Haines and Snyder's Bluffs, April 28-May 2. Moved to join Army in rear of Vicksburg, Miss., via Richmond and Grand Gulf, May 2-14. Fourteen Mile Creek, May 12-13. Jackson, Miss., May 14. Siege of Vicksburg, May 18-July 4. Assaults on Vicksburg, May 19 and 22. Advance on Jackson, Miss., July 5-10. Siege of Jackson, July 10-17. Briar Creek, near Canton, July 17. At Big Black till Sept. 22. Moved to Memphis, thence march to Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 23-Nov. 21. Operations on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad in Alabama, Oct. 20-29. Cherokee Station, Oct. 21-29. Cane Creek, Oct. 26. Tuscumbia, Oct. 26-27, Battles of Chattanooga, Nov. 23-27; Lookout Mountain, Nov. 23-24; Mission Ridge, Nov. 25; Ring-gold Gap, Taylor's Ridge, Nov. 27. March to relief of Knoxville, Nov. 28-Dec. 8. Garrison duty in Alabama till April 1864. Atlanta Campaign, May 1 to Sept. 8. Demonstration on Resaca, May 14-15. Operations on the line of Pumpkin Vine Creek and battles about Dallas. New Hope Church and Allatoona Hills, May 25-June 5. Operations about Marietta and against Kenesaw Mountain, June 10-July 2. Bushy Mountain, June 15-17. Assault on Kenesaw, June 27. Nickojack Creek, July 2-5. Chattahoochie River, July 6-17. Battle of Atlanta, July 22. Siege of Atlanta, July 22-Aug. 25. Ezra Chapel, Hood's second sortie, July 28. Flank movement on Jonesboro, Aug. 25-30. Battle of Jonesboro, August 31-Sept. 1. Lovejoy Station, Sept. 2-6. Pursuit of Hood into Alabama, Oct. 1-26. Ship's Gap, Oct. 16. March to the sea, Nov. 15-Dec. 10. Griswoldsville, Nov. 23. Siege of Savannah, Dec. 10-21. Campaign of the Carolinas, Jan. to April 1865. Reconnaissance to Salkehatchie River, Jan. 25. Salkehatchie Swamp. S.C., Feb. 3-5. South Edisto River, Feb. 9. North Edisto River, Feb. 12-13. Columbia, Feb. 15-17. Lynch's Creek, Feb. 25-26. Battle of Bentonville, N.C., March 20-21. Occupation of Goldsboro, March 24. Advance on Raleigh, April 9-13. Occupation of Raleigh, April 14. Bennett's House, April 26. Surrender of Johnston and his Army. March to Washington, D.C., via Richmond, Va., April 29-May 20. Grand Review, May 24. Mustered out, June 27, 1865. Regiment lost during service, 1 officer and 27 EM killed and mortally wounded and 3 officers, 272 EM by disease, Total 303.<sup>3</sup>



*(Author's Collection)*

Photo, taken about 1922, shows author's Father, Rufus G. Cook Jr., Grandmother Rose Cook, Grandfather Rufus Cook, and Aunt Dorothy. Rufus Cook died in 1924, just before his 81st birthday.

One of the regiment's enlisted men killed was Rufus' brother John in the Siege of Atlanta. He died of wounds Sept. 9, 1864.<sup>4</sup>

During the Siege of Vicksburg May 18-July 4, 1863, Rufus stated that frequently there were lulls in the fighting, and the combatants would yell over to the other side, saying, "You won't shoot, you sure you won't shoot?" and when satisfied that there would be no fire from the other side, they met in "no man's land" to converse, swap items such as tobacco, news, and stories.

Grandfather Cook was a lady's man throughout his life, and at age 21 during the Civil War, he was no different. One family story relates that, during the "March to the Sea" with General Sherman, Rufus came across another Union soldier in an isolated farm house taking the last bit of cornmeal the occupant had for herself and her children. It should be noted that Sherman had given the order for the Army to forage for itself as he had purposely cut his own supply lines.

Rufus, being of a large frame, took the other soldier by the scruff of the neck and seat of the pants, and bodily threw him out of the house before going on his way. After the war was over, Rufus participated in the Grand Review of the Army of the West on May 24, 1865, in Washington, D.C. He was discharged June 27, 1865, in Louisville, Ky., and returned to his home in Iowa.

On March 15, 1866, Rufus G. Cook married Amanda Darling in Monticello, Iowa. To this union was born a daughter, who died in 1867. Rufus was separated from his first wife in 1868, was divorced a short time later, and took a second wife, Martha Smith, in Fairplay, Wis., on July 9, 1871. Five children from that marriage were born in Dodge City, Kans.

Between 1867 and 1868, Rufus worked part-time for the Kansas Pacific Rail-

road as a blacksmith and meat hunter. This was the same time William F. Cody hunted buffalo for the Kansas Pacific and earned his nickname of "Buffalo Bill." The two men became fast friends. After leaving the employ of the railroad, Rufus Cook became a hide hunter as so many did, and told my father that "at one time he shot over 100 buffalo from one stand." Later he became a "bonepicker," hauling buffalo bones to the nearest railroad to be shipped east to be used for fertilizer, corset stays, anti-salt coagulants, and so forth.

It was about this time (circa 1870) that Rufus first saw the site of Dodge City. He told my father that "there were only two tents beside the trail (Santa Fe) and both of them were saloons." Ft. Dodge, five miles east of Dodge City, was established in 1865, and Dodge City wasn't laid out and incorporated until 1872. In *Dodge City, Cowboy Capital* published in 1913, Robert M. Wright, another and principal founder of Dodge City, related a story regarding the freighting of supplies from Ft. Dodge to Camp Supply, Indian Territory. By then, Rufus owned his own wagon and had become a teamster. Wright wrote:

(Fall-Winter, 1872)

In the summer and fall of 1872, I was freighting supplies from Ft. Dodge to Camp Supply, I.T. Up to the middle of December we had had no cold weather—plenty of grass all along the route. I loaded some twenty-mule wagons with corn, along about the twentieth of December, and the outfit crossed the river at Fort Dodge, and went into camp that night at Five-mile Hollow, about five miles from Fort Dodge. It had been a warm, pleasant day, and the sun disappeared in a clear sky. Along in the night the wind whipped around in the north and a blizzard set in. By morning the draw that we were camped in was full of snow, and the air so full that one could not see from one wagon to the other. The men with the outfit were all old experienced plainsmen, but the suddenness and severity of the storm rendered them almost helpless. They had brought along only wood enough for breakfast, and that was soon exhausted. They then tried burning corn, but with poor success. As a last resort, they began burning the wagons. They used economy in their fire, but the second day saw no prospect of letting up of the storm, in fact, it was getting worse hourly. It was then that P.G. [Rufus G.] Cook, now living at Trinidad, and another whose name escapes me, volunteered to make an effort to reach Fort Dodge, only five miles distant, for succor. They bundled up in a way that it seemed impossible for them to suffer, and, each mounting a mule, started for the fort. The first few hours, Cook has told me, they guided the mules, and then recognizing they were lost, they gave the animals a loose rein and trusted to their instinct. This was very hard for them to do, as they were almost convinced that they were going wrong all the time. But they soon got so numb with cold that they lost their sense of being. They reached the fort in this condition after being out eight hours. They each had to be thawed out of their saddles. Cook, being a very strong, vigorous man, had suffered the least, and soon was in a condition to tell of the troubles of his comrades. Major E.B. Kirk, the Quartermaster of the fort, immediately detailed a relief party, and, with Cook at their head, started for the camp. The storm by this time had spent itself, and the relief party, with an ample supply of wood, reached them without great hardship, and the entire outfit, minus the three wagons

which had been burned for fuel, were brought back to the Fort. Cook's companion was so badly frostbitten that amputation of one of his limbs was necessary to save his life.<sup>5</sup>

Grandfather told my aunt that the only reason he volunteered to go for help is that they had promised not to burn his wagon, but they did so as soon as he was out of sight. My father showed me the spot where his father and the other volunteer had arrived on their mules behind the barracks at Ft. Dodge.

Rufus Cook was one of the founding fathers of Dodge City and during his residence there from 1872-1890 held a number of positions, both public and private. Public jobs, elected and appointed, included: Justice of the Peace, Police Judge and temporary Police Judge, City Clerk, City Treasurer, District Court Judge, Court Commissioner and U.S. Commissioner. He also was acting Coroner and a Notary Public from time to time. In private, he was a real-estate agent, half-owner of the Opera House Restaurant, housemover, roofer, and, from 1887 on, a practicing attorney. As a volunteer, he was secretary of the local volunteer fire company. He was also a member of the Masonic Lodge, York Rite; International Order of Odd Fellows and the Grand Army of the Republic (GAR). Most of his time was spent as a Justice of the Peace, thence the title: Judge Cook. This account is largely focused on that position while he was in Dodge City.

In C. Robert Haywood's book, *Cowtown Lawyers*, he states:

The Justice-of-the-Peace Courts, although they represented the lowest state unit, the township, were constitutional courts of much importance on the frontier. Each township could elect two justices of the peace for two year terms, with the Governor filling vacancies that might occur between elections. The powers of the court were impressive, including original jurisdiction in petty civil and criminal suits, holding preliminary examinations preparatory to handing cases to the grand jury or referring them to district court, confining the insane, acting as coroner, collecting assessments made on the premium notes of the insured, and staying execution of judgments. The JP also could perform marriages and administer oaths. Matters of great importance came first to the attention of the JP. At inquests, he determined the cause of death, the initial need to consider a charge, also the appropriateness of jail or bail. In civil suits, the JPs handled cases in which sizable amounts of money were in dispute. When the county commission refused to pay a warrant to H.P. Myton, he sought redress from Justice of the Peace R.G. Cook, who awarded him the full amount of \$299.30 plus 7 percent interest from the date of issue. A number of similar cases were acted on by Cook and other JPs. Compensation was by fee; the rate was established by state statute. Police courts resembled JP Courts and a JP could serve as Police Judge in the absence of the official. State statutes provided that "the Police Judge shall be a Conservator of the Peace, and shall have exclusive original jurisdiction to hear and determine all offenses against the ordinance of the city." As with JPs, no legal training was required of police judges, and they were compensated with fees based on the same schedule as that used for JPs.<sup>6</sup>

On April 9, 1878, City Marshal Ed Masterson, brother of Sheriff Bat Masterson, was murdered in the streets of Dodge. One of the local newspapers (unknown) reported on April 16 as follows:

## MARSHAL IS MURDERED DEATH SHOT BY PISTOL TOTING DRUNK

On the evening of the 9th, inst. at 10 o'clock p.m., six pistol shots "rang out" on the night on the south side of the R.R. track in Dodge City. Hurrying to the spot to ascertain the cause and result of the shooting, we found them to be as follows: a party of six "cowboys" who had arrived in town in the evening, had been enjoying themselves with dancing and drinking, some of them evidently getting too much liquor for their own good and the city's good. Marshal Masterson and Policeman Haywood, being the custodians of the public peace of the city, were present, prepared to prevent any disturbance or trouble among the boys. One of the boys named Jack Wagner, becoming more intoxicated than the others, got to be very noisy. About this time, the City Marshal observed that he was carrying a six-shooter, contrary

**AT LAST**  
*THE MAN TO RID US OF*  
**DESPERADOES,**  
**GUN SLINGERS**  
 and assorted  
**RIFFRAFF**

**ELECTION**  
 NOV. 6,  
 1877

**ELECT**  
*Untarnished,*  
*Straight-shooting*  
**BAT**  
**MASTERSON**  
**SHERIFF**

of Ford County  
 and Dodge  
 City, Kansas

**PLEASE**  
 Grin  
 You  
 Politic  
 Ax

**VOTE**

(Author's Collection)

William B. "Bat" Masterson was elected sheriff of Ford County in November 1877.



to a city ordinance, and proceeded to disarm him, which he accomplished without much trouble, and turned the pistol over to Wagner's boss, A.M. Walker.

The dance went on and all appeared to be peace and harmony. The Marshal stepped out the front door to the sidewalk where he again met Wagner, and saw that Wagner was again in possession of his pistol. He at once attempted to take it from him, a scuffle ensued, a general rush was made from inside the hall to the sidewalk; Policeman Haywood stepped forward to assist the Marshal, but just as he did so, two other "cowmen" drew their pistols upon him and held him in position. One of them snapped a pistol in his face, which fortunately, missed fire.

About this time a pistol was discharged and Marshal Masterson was shot through the abdomen. Five shots followed in quick succession. A general rush was made from the scene, and all was over.

Wagner being shot, ran into Peacock's Saloon and fell upon the floor where he remained until carried away by his friends. He was fatally shot through the abdomen. He died on the evening of the 10th, and was buried on the hill near town at 4 p.m. on the eleventh. Walker, the boss herder, ran through Peacock's Saloon and fell some distance in the rear of the saloon from whence he was carried by his friends to a room over Wright, Beverly & Co.'s Store, where he now lies in a very precarious condition, shot once through the left lung and twice through the right arm.

### IN AGONY

Marshal Masterson walked across the street and entered Hoover's Saloon. In the agonies of death he said to George Hinkle, "George, I'm shot," and sank on the floor. His clothes were still on fire from the discharge of the pistol, which had been placed against the right side of his abdomen and "turned loose," making a hole large enough for the introduction of the whole pistol. The ball passed completely through him, leaving him no possible chance for life. He was carried to his brother's room where in half an hour he died. . . .

### LET FOUR GO

"Four Cowboys" were arrested as accessories to the murder of our marshal, but all were after the fullest and most complete investigation discharged by Judge R.G. Cook, as it was established that they were to blame only for being in bad company.

Wagner when dying said that he had shot Marshal Masterson, and there is now but little doubt in the minds of any but that it was he who killed our marshal. . . . [On the Tenth] the [funeral] procession marched to the military cemetery at Fort Dodge, where the last sad rites were performed to one of the best and most generous men that God ever fashioned. . . .

A week later, an arrest was made of a man who would become one of the more famous lawmen in the West. His name was William Mathew "Bill" Tilghman Jr., and was reported in the *Ford County Globe*.

Bill Tilghman was arrested again, this time for horse thievery, and his accuser was Sheriff Bat Masterson. [Note: in February 1878, he had been arrested for train robbery, but the charge was dismissed because of no evidence.]

On the 16th inst. several parties arrived in town looking for two horses, which had been stolen from M.A. Couch of Ness County. The horses were found in H.B. Bell's [a good friend of my Grandfather] livery stable, in possession of Jack Martin and Wm. H. Tilghman, who claimed to be owners of the property. A warrant was sworn out before Justice R.G. Cook, and the preliminary examination came off at once. Martin was bound over for the district court, while Tilghman was discharged. . . .<sup>7</sup>

Three months later, Dodge City's successor Marshal Harry T. McCarty was murdered and it was reported by a local paper (unknown) like this:

### KILL MARSHAL FOULLY MURDERED!

Saturday at 3:30 A.M., two pistol shots fired in quick succession were heard issuing from the Long Branch Saloon, the first of which it was soon found had summoned the genial, warm-hearted Harry T. McCarty, ex-county surveyor and deputy U.S. Marshal for Ford County, from this world to another. The circumstances seem as follows: "Mack" had just came up the street and stepped into the "Long Branch." While leaning on the counter talking to Mr. Jackson, a half-drunken desperado named Thomas Roach snatched "Mack's" pistol (a .45-caliber Colt) from the scabbard, and as "Mack" turned to see who had so nimbly disarmed him, the assassin, giving the weapon a flourish or two, fired the fatal shot. The ball penetrated the right groin severing the femoral artery, thence passing in through the thigh lodged in the floor. The deceased staggered toward the door where he fell. . . . Another shot was almost instantaneously fired at Roach by a bystander, the ball grazing his right side. Roach falling, called out "I am shot" and dropped to the floor thus saving himself from the immediate penalty of his crime from the leveled revolvers about him. In the meantime, medical assistance had been promptly summoned to the aid of his unfortunate victim, but it was soon found that he had passed the point when human aid, however skilled, could be of assistance. He was removed to the rooms of Charles Ronan to breathe his last few minutes, recovering consciousness but for a brief period of time. . . .

An inquest was held in the forenoon and a verdict rendered in accordance with the facts, and in the afternoon as quietly as possible (it being the desire of the officers to prevent anything that could tend to excite the already agitated crowd) an examination was held before R.G. Cook, Esq., at which time the prisoner was charged with murder in the first degree. Upon being brought up, the charge was read to him and he was fully instructed as to his rights etc., by M.W. Sutton, County Attorney, and upon expressing it as his wish to waive an examination, he was recommended to await trial at the next term of court.

In *Bat Masterson, The Man and the Legend*, author Robert K. DeArment states that the accused was bound over for trial by Judge R.G. Cook on a charge of first-degree murder. The following January, the accused was tried in District Court where he pleaded guilty to manslaughter and received a sentence of 12 years and three months in the Kansas State Penitentiary. DeArment also states that Roach was also known as Thomas O'Haran and "Limping Tom."<sup>8</sup>

Occasionally, my grandfather left town for other purposes, and one such visit

was noted in a local newspaper (unknown) on Sept. 3, 1878:

M. Collar, Judge Cook, F.J. Leonard and A.H. Snyder went to the Bismark Camp meeting for the purpose of properly representing the resources of our county and showing the products to strangers from the eastern states who will be in attendance. Our county has an exhibition at the meeting, such products as cannot be equal, if not superior to the balance of the state. Such a show can not but dispel the "desired allusion" of eastern people concerning our portion of Kansas.

An item in the *Ford County Globe* on Sept. 17, 1878, noted that Sheriff Masterson arrested a couple of con men on or about Sept. 10, who later escaped because of inadequate security:

On Tuesday evening last, two of those notorious and well known confidence men, Bill Bell and "the Handsome Kid" who have been for the past few months working the unsophisticated land seekers who visited Dodge, were captured upon the complaint of E. Markel (a respectable and honest man who had come here for the purpose of securing a home), charging them with passing off upon him something purporting to be a \$20 gold piece which in reality was a gilded "spiel marke." The evidence was so conclusive, and witnesses so numerous to the transaction, that Bell and "the Kid" were "booked" for the penitentiary if they stood trial. They tried to compromise, but without avail; then they tried to talk Judge Cook into a small bail bond, but the Judge, seeing his duty in the premises, said "\$2,000 each with the best of security." A commitment was made out and placed in the hands of the Sheriff, who, instead of listening to the commands of commitment or the mandates of the law, "to put his prisoners in jail," placed them in care of a deputy, Duffey, who permitted them to walk the streets in his charge. Next morning the prisoners were gone!<sup>9</sup>

It appears Deputy William Duffey placed them under a charge of a "Red" thought to be a member of the confidence gang. There is no mention of whether the escapees were ever apprehended.

Cook didn't let his official duties get in the way of his private enterprises, as an advertisement in the *Ford County Globe* on Oct. 1, 1878, attests:

**LAND OFFICE  
R.G. COOK**

Has opened out a general land office on R.R. Square in Dodge City, Kansas, and will make filings and locations on Osage or government lands, in Ford, Clark, Meade, Foote, Buffalo and Hodgeman Counties.

**SOLDIER'S HOMESTEADS,  
A SPECIALTY**

Send your discharge or power of attorney to me, if you want to secure good land. I guarantee satisfaction.

**R.G. Cook  
Dodge City, Kansas**

One of the more "infamous" acts that occurred in Dodge City at this time was the killing of Dora Hand, a very popular dance-hall singer. You may or may not remember a film produced in the early 1940s entitled, "A Woman of the Town."

It starred Claire Trevor as Dora Hand and Albert Dekker as Bat Masterson, and involved them in a love affair. In the end of the movie version, she died in a fire. So much for Hollywood. In *Dodge City, Queen of the Cowtowns*, Stanley Vestal tells the story this way with notices from the *Dodge City Globe* of Oct. 8, 1878:

In the summer of 1878, the mayor of Dodge, James H. "Dog" Kelley, one of the proprietors of the Alhambra Saloon and Gambling House, one day thought it was necessary to bounce a visiting Texan, James W. "Spike" Kennedy.

... on July 29, 1878, he was arrested by Wyatt Earp for carrying a pistol to which he pleaded guilty and was fined. On Aug. 17, he was arrested for being disorderly by Marshal Charles Bassett.

Meanwhile, Kelley had fallen ill, and was taken to the hospital at Ft. Dodge for treatment. Before leaving, he rented his living quarters to Dora Hand and another singer by the name of Fannie Garretson. Dora Hand alias Fannie Keenan was foully murdered while in bed and fast asleep. . . . On Friday morning about four o'clock, two shots were fired into a small frame building situated back of the railroad track and back of the Western House. It was occupied by Miss Fannie Garretson and Miss Fannie Keenan. The building was divided into two rooms by a plastered partition, Miss Keenan occupying the back room. The first shot, after passing through the front door, struck the floor, passed through the carpet and facing of the partition, and lodged in the next room. The second shot also passed through the door, but apparently more elevated, striking the first bed, passing over Miss Garretson who occupied the bed, through two quilts, through the plastered partition, and after passing through the bed clothing of the second bed, struck Fannie Keenan in the right side under the arm, killing her instantly. The party who committed this cowardly act must have been on horseback and close to the door when the two shots were fired. From what we can learn, those shots were intended for another party who has been absent for a week and who formerly occupied the first room. Thus, the assassin misses his intended victim and kills another while fast asleep who never spoke a word after she was shot.

The paper also quotes the verdict of the Coroner's inquest:

The state of Kansas, Ford County, S.S. an inquisition holden at Dodge City in said county on the fourth day of October A.D. 1878 before me as Justice of the Peace for Dodge Township, said county acting as Coroner on the body of Fannie Keenan, there lying dead, by the jurors whose names are herein to subscribed. Said jurors on their oath do say that Fannie Keenan came to her death by gunshot wound and that in their opinion, the gunshot wound was produced by a bullet discharged from a gun in the hands of one James Kennedy, in testimony whereof the said jurors here unto set their hands, the day and year aforesaid. P.L. Beatty, Foreman; John B. Jeans, J.H. Cornell, W. Staiter, Thomas McIntire, John Loughheed, Attest: R.G. Cook, Justice of the Peace, Acting Coroner for Dodge Township, Said County.<sup>10</sup>

Vestal goes on to say that Mayor James H. Kelley sent a posse after Kennedy with Wyatt Earp at its head as he, as City Marshal and Deputy U.S. Marshal, "had demonstrated his ability to cope with Texas gunmen." The posse in addition to Wyatt Earp, included Bat Masterson, Charlie Bassett, and Bill Tilghman. Quite a formidable quartet. They took a shortcut south and after riding day and night

for more than 70 miles were waiting for Kennedy at the Cimarron Ford near Wagon Bed Springs. They wanted to take him alive. Upon sighting the posse, Kennedy turned to flee, but Masterson shot at him with a rifle, apparently to no avail, and Earp shot his horse. Upon pulling Kennedy from under the horse, it was discovered Masterson's bullet had shattered the fugitive's right arm. Kennedy assumed Kelley was dead, but upon learning that he had killed a woman cursed Masterson for not being a better shot.<sup>11</sup>

On Oct. 28, 1878, Kennedy was able to undergo a preliminary arraignment before Judge Cook, held in Sheriff Masterson's office. No spectators were admitted and no record of evidence exists. Kennedy was acquitted for lack of evidence, which was unpopular among Dodge City citizens. They felt that Spike Kennedy's wealthy father had dug deep into his pockets to save his son.<sup>12</sup> The proceedings had only taken a few minutes, but it was no great miscarriage of justice for the killing of Dora Hand had been accidental.<sup>13</sup> A local newspaper (unknown) in early November, simply stated that:

Kennedy, the man who was arrested for the murder of Fannie Keenan, was examined last week before Judge Cook and acquitted. His trial took place in the Sheriff's office, which was too small to admit spectators. We do not know what the evidence was, or upon what grounds he was acquitted. But he is free to go on his way rejoicing whenever he gets ready.

Robert DeArment in his biography of Bat Masterson states that Kennedy left Dodge City with his father and returned to Texas. According to DeArment, Robert Wright recalled that Kennedy managed to kill several more people, but finally met his death at the hands of another gunman. This was refuted by a Dr. Henry F. Hoyt who said that he was brought home to Tascosa, Texas, with his shoulder and (good) arm shot to pieces, and that he only lived another one or two years.<sup>14</sup>

In December 1878, according to Frederic Young in his Dodge City Centennial history:

Marshal Charles Bassett resigned as City Marshal shortly after the county election. Jim Masterson was appointed in his place, and Neil Brown as Masterson's assistant. D.M. Frost, editor of the *Globe*, who campaigned so outspokenly against Bat's re-election, found himself in hot water within the month. Bat, acting in his position as Deputy U.S. Marshal, with the help of his friend, R.G. Cook, a local Justice of the Peace and United States Commissioner, swore out a warrant for Frost's arrest on the charge of buying stolen property. The property was allegedly purchased a year and half earlier from the Quartermaster's Department at Ft. Elliott, Texas. The value of the goods was alleged to be \$140; Cook set bond at \$5,000. After some inconvenience, expense, and embarrassment to Frost, the case was dropped.<sup>15</sup>

Meanwhile, things went on as usual in Dodge City and January 1879 was no different. Sheriff Masterson arrested one Dutch Henry who was notorious for horse and mule stealing and frequent escapes from the law. As he appeared at a preliminary hearing before Justice Cook the *Ford County Globe* (Jan. 13, 1879) noted:<sup>16</sup>

A large crowd assembled at the courthouse yesterday to hear the preliminary examination of Dutch Henry, who was arrested on a charge of grand

larceny about a year and a half ago, but who at that time made his escape through the key-hole of the jail door. He was again arrested and brought here from Trinidad, Colo., by Sheriff Masterson. He waived a preliminary examination and the court bound him over for his appearance at the next term of the District Court in the sum of \$600 in default of which he was committed [to] jail.<sup>17</sup>

The trial took two days and the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty."<sup>18</sup>

In May 1877, approximately 1,000 Northern Cheyenne had been moved from the Red Cloud Agency in Nebraska to a reservation in Indian Territory. Rather than starve, 300 of them left their reservation in the fall of 1878 and returned 1,500 miles back to Nebraska. They evaded troops in Kansas and Nebraska where they split into two groups. The band under Dull Knife was captured and they were taken back to Ft. Robinson. This resulted in the infamous "Cheyenne Breakout" on Jan. 9, 1879. The survivors were again captured after being decimated during the breakout and at a stand on Warbonnet Creek on Jan. 22, 1879.<sup>19</sup> During their flight from Indian Territory, some depredations had been committed against Kansas citizens. After their capture, this led to legal proceedings against the Northern Cheyenne by the State of Kansas. According to Craig Miner in *West of Wichita*,

Legal proceedings by the state of Kansas against the Northern Cheyenne began in Nov. (1878), shortly after the capture of the Dull Knife Band. The precedent was a case in which Chiefs Big Tree and Satanta (Kiowa) had been turned over to Texas Civil Courts in 1872 and imprisoned there. In mid-January 1879, a case was filed before Ford County, Kansas, Justice of the Peace, R.G. Cook: the state of Kansas, Plaintiff, versus Dull Knife and one hundred and fifty male Indians, commonly known as Warriors, whose names are unknown. The numbers had to be reduced after the killings at Ft. Robinson because only seven of the Dull Knife Warriors survived the outbreak, several of them wounded. But these "Seven Bucks" as Kansas papers called them, were to face trial in Dodge City and represent for the settlers the responsible party now dead.<sup>20</sup>

It should be noted that Sheriff Masterson left Dodge City to pick up the prisoners at Leavenworth in order to return them for trial at Dodge. He had difficulty in protecting the prisoners from the populace along the way, arriving on Feb. 11, 1879. Because of problems safeguarding the accused, a change of venue moved the trial to Lawrence. Because of a lack of evidence, and failure of lawyers to appear at the proper time, the case was dismissed on Oct. 13, 1879.<sup>21</sup>

Although my grandfather was not a full-fledged attorney until 1887, he was in business with private attorneys. Appearing in both the *Ford County Globe* and *Dodge City Times* was the notice that "Attorney George A. Kellogg had returned to Ford County and opened an office with Police Judge R.G. Cook."<sup>22</sup>

An interesting story concerning a bare-handed street fight appeared in the *Ford County Globe* in June 1879, in which my grandfather participated. The *Globe* reported it, tongue-in-cheek:

Slugging on the public streets. . . . Last Saturday evening about half past seven o'clock on Front Street in the City of Dodge City, noted for its churches and numerous worshippers of the Divine, as well as a few who bow the knee to Mammon, was fought one of the most desperate yet bloodless



(Author's Collection)

Seven Cheyenne warriors, survivors of the last Indian raid in Kansas and the Ft. Robinson breakout, were photographed on the steps of the Ford County courthouse on April 30, 1879. Bearded man at top is Franklin G. Adams. Others have been identified as (top row) Tangled Hair (or Frizzle Hair or Wakabish), Left Hand (or Manitou or Rain in the Face), Crow (or Old Crow), Porcupine (or Left Hand or White Antelope); bottom row, Wild Hog, interpreter George Reynolds, Old Man (or Noisy Walker), Blacksmith (or Muskekon). (Adams became first secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society.)

battles that the *Globe* has ever had the honor of recording in the annals of Dodge City. . . . One of the principals of this awful tragedy. . . was R.G. Cook, Justice of the Peace, "A man of mighty prowess and great personal strength. . . . A tyrant grim o'er King and Swain. And never until the eventful day had he met a foeman worthy of his steel." The other participant was an unknown visitor from Garden City, also of giant frame and proud and noble bearing. It was not until late afternoon that the two powerful men met face to face. A few words of insult were exchanged, the gage of battle was thrown, each measured his antagonist for one supreme moment, and then like the collision of two planets, they closed in deadly

combat. The sky at this moment seemed to darken as tufts of hair, discarded articles of clothing and other et ceteras filled the air. How the struggle might have ended no one knows for just as the decisive round was being fought, the crowd separated and Mr. P.L. Beatty, Foreman of the Dodge City Fire Company, rushed to the scene of battle, seized the two contestants by the napes of the neck and held them out suspended at arm's length until the Kansas Zephyrs cooled their boyish passions and they promised to fight no more. Cook's assailant was then hauled up before the Police Court and mulcted to the tune of three dollars and costs, amounting in all to about eleven dollars.<sup>23</sup>

This was just one occasion he was known to have brawled.

Other duties common to a Justice of the Peace included marriage ceremonies. One such ceremony was noted in the *Dodge City Globe* on Aug. 19, 1879, two months after the street fight.

A later marriage between Henry Kellian, a soldier from Camp Supply, and Mattie Bell was described under the heading, "A Convivial Wedding Party." It was a civil ceremony performed by a Justice of the Peace. The setting was one of the hotels where guests and other spectators assembled early and soon "exhibited signs of conviviality" to the point where two "muscular guests" were required to support the groom who had consumed too much liquid conviviality. After great difficulty, and Judge R.G. Cook's losing his temper, the couple was declared husband and wife. Refreshments consisted of candy distributed by the bride and bottle(s) . . . of beer issued to the guests in "reckless abundance." The party ended with "the happy couple. . . engaged the bridal chamber at the Week's House for thirty days, in which to spend their honeymoon. No philosophical discussion of progress or civilization. Rabelais had brought Bacchus with him to the party."<sup>24</sup>

More notices appeared in the *Dodge City Times* in September 1879.<sup>25</sup>

Sheriff Masterson and officers captured in the city, Friday last two horsethieves who had stolen stock nine miles north of Great Bend. The prisoners had a preliminary examination before Justice Cook, and were held over in the sum of \$800 each, but were subsequently taken to Great Bend, where they will no doubt be held for trial.

On Sunday, two more persons were arrested, charged with horse stealing, and having in their possession fourteen head of horses, supposed to be stolen, which they had secreted on the range south. The prisoners were taken before Justice Cook, on Monday, but the trial was postponed for ten days.

On Wednesday, Sheriff Masterson received a dispatch from J.B. Matthews, at Fort Griffin, Texas, telling him to hold the two men arrested by him on Sunday.

Finally, a happy news item showed up in the *Globe* on Nov. 18, 1879. "To Mr and Mrs. R.G. Cook, on the 15th Inst, a bouncing baby that weighed 8½ lbs. It's a girl and the Judge is as happy as a clam."

It wasn't too long after that happy event that another newspaper article dated March 9, 1880, stated that Judge Cook and family had moved to a new residence on Gospel Ridge.

During the fall of 1880, an event was reported in both the *Dodge City Times* and *Dodge City Ford County Globe* between September 1880 and January 1881.<sup>26</sup>



One of the most dramatic and sincere testimonies of faith in the even-handed nature of justice in Dodge City was given in the dead of night in one of the lime-kiln cells by a black man charged with killing a white cowboy. Earlier in the year, William Allen, a black cowboy from Texas, had quarreled with a white member of a crew in a cow camp on the Cimarron River. . . . Angry words escalated into shooting and the white cowboy was killed. As a stranger with the added liability of being black, Allen was in a precarious position. During the preliminary hearing before Dodge City Justice of the Peace, R.G. Cook, witnesses testified for and against Allen although the evidence for the defense tended strongly to justify "homicide." But since the evidence was divided, William was bound over to the next session of the District Court.

While he was awaiting trial, two other prisoners broke jail and tried to persuade Allen to join them. Most cowboys and certainly most blacks in similar circumstances would have taken the opportunity for instant freedom. Allen chose to stay in his cell, preferring to take his chances with the legal system. In that decision, Allen bet his life, at least many years of his life, on the color-blind Justice of the District Court. It was as strong endorsement as any man could give.

Subsequent events would justify Allen's trust in the system, but only after much time, inconvenience, and doubt. At one point he was convicted of third-degree murder.<sup>27</sup>

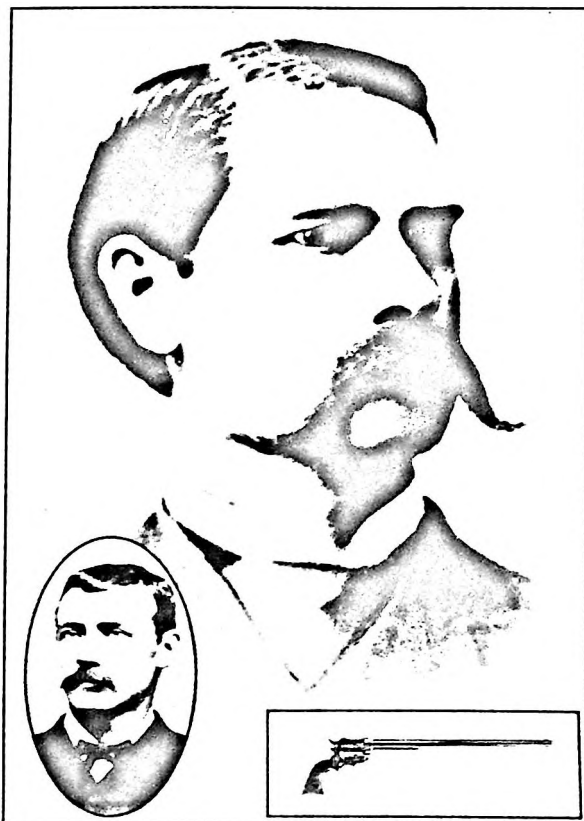
Wyatt Earp had left Dodge City in the fall of 1879, and it is widely known that he ended up in Tombstone, Arizona Territory, shortly thereafter, where on Oct. 26, 1881, he, his two brothers, Virgil and Morgan, and Doc Holliday were involved in the famous "gunfight at the OK Corral." Immediately after, they were arrested for the murder of the "cowboys," Billy Clanton, and Frank and Tom McLowry. Upon hearing this, the Dodge City "fathers" sent a letter to Tombstone which was published in the *Tombstone Nugget* on Nov. 18, 1881, to wit:

To All Whom it May Concern, Greeting:

We, the undersigned, citizens of Dodge City, Ford County, Kansas and vicinity, do by these certify that we are personally acquainted with Wyatt Earp, late of this city; that he came here in the year 1876, that during the years 1877, 1878 and 1879, that he was Marshal of our city; that he left our place in the fall of 1879; that during his whole stay here he occupied a high social position, and was regarded and looked upon as a high-minded honorable citizen; that as Marshal of our city, he was ever vigilant in the discharge of his duties, and while kind and courteous to all, he was brave, unflinching and on all occasions proved himself the right man in the right place. Hearing that he is now under arrest, charged with complicity in the killing of three men termed cowboys, from our knowledge of him, we do not believe that he would wantonly take the life of his fellow man, and that, if he was implicated, he only took life in the discharge of his sacred duties to the people, and earnestly appeal to the citizens of Tombstone, Arizona, to use all means to secure him a fair and impartial trial, fully confident that when tried, he will be fully vindicated, and exonerated of any crime.

The signers included R.G. Cook, U.S. Commissioner. It was witnessed and sealed by H.P. Myton, Clerk of the District Court, Nov. 4, 1881. As is well publicized, Wyatt Earp and company were acquitted by Justice Wells Spicer.

C. Robert Haywood, in his account of *Cowtown Lawyers*, uses an example of



(Author's Collection)

Wyatt Earp roamed the frontier towns of the West, and was a policeman in Wichita (1875-1876) and marshal or assistant marshal at Dodge City, 1876-1877 and 1878-1879, moving on to Las Vegas, N.M., and Tombstone, Ariz. in 1880. Inset picture is believed to be an earlier picture of Earp. At bottom is Earp's "Buntline Special," a long-barreled Colt revolver one of five supposedly given by dime-novel author Ned Buntline to Dodge City lawmen.

a minor case that could be just as fascinating as a major one. This particular case was reported in the *Ford County Globe* in March 1882. According to Haywood, Attorney T.S. Jones was retained by a Mrs. F.L. Pierce of Lakin to defend her in the Dodge City JP Court against the charge of assault with intent to kill. Haywood further states that the case was tried with great tact and patience before

Judge Rufus G. Cook. It seems that in Lakin, the victim was a Mr. Dillon who published the local paper. Madame Pierce accused Dillon of using her for a target in his satirical comments to the public. She had approached him about it, as it had been going on for about a year or two, of which he denied. She immediately and physically tore into him, upon which time he called for assistance. The assistance arrived and she was escorted out of "harms way." As she left, she stopped to pick up a stone which she threw at her nemesis. A complaint was filed against Mrs. Pierce by Mr. Dillon and she was arrested. Dillon said at the time of the scuffle, he saw a pistol concealed in her belt which she said would be used to settle his hash on certain conditions.<sup>28</sup> The *Globe* then reported:

The defendant, Mrs. Pierce, who is as pleasant, intelligent and handsome a lady as ever Dodge City can boast, was very unanimously proven guilty. Judge Cook, with a dandy twirl of his silken mustache, gently placed the fine at five dollars and costs, and with a bewitching wave of his gold-headed cane, announced, that court was adjourned.<sup>29</sup>

In March 1883, a Republican Party caucus was conducted to determine candidates for the city election. C. Robert Haywood in *Cowtown Lawyers* stated that R.G. Cook, who had been Justice of the Peace, wanted the Police Judgeship, and he was supported by several members. However, the nominating committee chose Robert Burns and its justification was threefold. One, Burns' physical difficulties, the state of his wife's poverty, and lastly, Cook was already employed. Bat Masterson considered that to be a weakness, and in his one time "Vox Populi" wrote a poem about it:<sup>30</sup>

How poor was little Bobby Burns  
That people paid his way  
About as poor as he is vile  
That's what the people say  
How come he got the votes  
That elected him that day?  
He limps and squints and has  
Sore eyes upon election day.

In spite of the poem, Burns defeated the Democratic candidate.<sup>31</sup>

In August 1883, Police Judge Burns was arrested as reported in the *Dodge City Times*.

Police Judge Burns was arrested and brought yesterday, before Justice Cook, on complaint sworn out by Luke Short in which he is charged with misconduct in office and the collection of illegal fees. Judge Burns has incurred the enmity of those who unfortunately come under his official jurisdiction. He has spared no one, having inflicted heavy fines upon everyone brought before him for violation of law.

There is a certain clique in this city that feel the legal halter drawing tighter and tighter, with as ultimate tightening of grasp never to be loosened. The law is coming down upon indecent conduct and illegitimate traffic, and the handwriting is so plain that some means must be used to thwart the swift and impending justice. The arrest of Judge Burns will not accomplish the purpose desired. On the contrary, law-breakers will feel the full power of justice. Threats of assassination will not deter the administration of the law.<sup>32</sup>



*(Author's Collection)*

Luke Short supporters posed for a picture in June 1883, often referred to as the "Dodge City Peace Commission." Back row, from left are W.H. Harris, Short, W.B. "Bat" Masterson, W.F. Petillon, Clerk of the District Court; front row from left, C.E. Charlie Bassett, Wyatt Earp, M.F. McLain, and Neil Brown.

Burns' arrest was most likely the result of the "Dodge City Saloon Wars" between supporters of Mayor Larry Deger and saloon owner Luke Short, who was backed by Masterson. The latter was no longer a resident or official of Dodge City. Short was also a notorious gunman. The results of Burns' arrest are unknown to this writer.

"Another Killing" was a newspaper headline the following month, on Sept. 4:

G.C. Smith, Foreman of the Dominion Cattle Company, was shot and instantly killed by Al Thurman on little Wolf Creek on Saturday, Sept. 1, in a dispute about ownership of a portion of the range. It is said that Smith was riding alone when Thurman approached with some friends and told Smith he should move his ranch. Smith said he would not do it. Thurman said, "If you don't move, I will move you." Smith said, "Don't do that, it will cause trouble." Thurman responded by saying, "If you mean trouble between you and I, it might as well begin right here." Thurman then shot Smith, killing him instantly. The ball entered Smith's head at the butt of the right ear and came out at the temple.

A warrant was issued by U.S. Commissioner R.G. Cook and Deputy Marshal H.B. Bell, accompanied by Nelson Cary, started for Fort Supply Sunday night to arrest all parties connected with the shooting.

Judge Cook's court became rather busy in October 1883 as reported by the

*Ford County Globe* Oct. 9. The "Cannonball" train had stopped in Coolidge for about 10 minutes when three masked men attempted to rob it. Two assaulted the express car, and a third man took on the engineer and fireman. The engineer was killed and the fireman wounded, but the robbery was botched. The fireman thought he could identify the murderer. The trial of the suspects was reported as follows:

Judge Cook's court was in session each day since last Monday, before whom were arraigned four parties brought here charged with complicity in the attempted train robbery at Coolidge a week ago Friday night. The names of the individuals are Mack Dean, Henry Doneley, Lon Chambers and Jim Looney. County Attorney J.T. Whitclaw prosecuting, and H.E. Gryden defending three of the prisoners, and E.D. Swan, the other. The case has been continued from day to day and but little evidence has been developed up to Saturday as to who the real parties were in this drama. The cases were again called yesterday and dismissed for want of evidence.

At the same time a double murder was reported by a local paper.

#### DOUBLE MURDER

On Sunday night about eleven o'clock, a serious affray occurred at the "Negro Dance Hall."

One William Hillton, alias "Nigger Bill," and William Smith (Colored), were the participants. Smith was one of the proprietors of the place and Hillton was in attendance engaging in the dance. We understand that he became displeased at one of the female inmates and was about to administer a chastisement to her when Smith approached, and requested that no disturbance be created. Thereupon Hillton drew his pistol and shot Smith, and either Smith, or some of his friends, shot Hillton. It resulted in the death of both. Both bodies in the same funeral train, followed by many colored friends, were taken to their burial places Monday afternoon.

Judge Cook called a Coroner's jury and viewed the bodies, and on account of other business, adjourned over until today, so nothing definite as yet is ascertained. All reports confirm the fact that "Negro Bill" was a man of record, and the same person who rode into Camp Supply, and firing right and left, drove the people from the grounds. And then throwing his lasso over a cannon, tried to pull it over. He is credited with having killed another negro south of here, but this supposed was done in self-defense. Smith is also a man on record. What they were, or with what loss the community has met in the death of these two men, we cannot say. They are dead. Peace be to their ashes and let a warning be drawn from their lives.

On March 25, 1884, there were two more deaths, but this time by suicide. The local newspaper (unknown) notice started out with a poem:

Two more unfortunate  
Weary of "Dives"  
Rashly importunate  
Took their own lives.

On last Thursday afternoon, a well known character of this city, known as Dublin Jack, ended his life by committing suicide. As the west bound passenger train was pulling into the yard he jumped on the track in front of the engine, and the result was as above stated. His body was terribly mangled, almost beyond recognition.

On Sunday morning, a lewd character, whose real name is unknown, but

who is known among her class as "Tid-Bit May" finished her earthly career by taking her own life. An examination held over the body by Judge Cook, revealed the fact that laudanum was the deadly destroyer.

Thus, within a week, two souls have passed away leaving us to surmise as to the real cause of their rash acts; cast out upon the world, they fall into the very depths and drags of vice, until at last—perhaps to hide their shame from a dear friend or parent—they take their lives and thus seek peace in death. Tis a sad story indeed.

That July the *Dodge City Democrat* ran an article entitled:

#### ANOTHER SHOOTING

About 9 o'clock last night the city was thrown into considerable excitement by the report that Deputy Marshal Thos. Nixon had shot ex-Marshal Dave Mather. Investigation showed that Nixon had fired one shot from his six shooter at Mather from the foot of the Opera House stairs, Mather at the time standing at the head of the stairs. The bullet went wild, and struck the woodwork of the porch. Mather's face was considerably powder burned, and the little finger of his left hand was injured by a splinter. The shooting was the result of an old feud, and as both men tell different stories about the shooting, and there were no witnesses, it is impossible to state who provoked the quarrel. Sheriff Sughrue promptly disarmed Nixon and he was taken to jail. Mather claimed to have been unarmed, while Nixon claims Dave reached for his gun before he attempted to draw his own. Mather says he will make no complaint, but from all appearances, the end is not yet.

Nixon gave bonds before Judge Cook in the sum of \$800 for his appearance at the next term of court. The charge is assault with intent to kill.

Nixon appeared before Judge Cook July 21, 1884, and because Mather refused to make a statement, was released. That evening, Mather came up behind Nixon, who was on duty, and fired four shots into him as he turned. Mather stood trial later that December, and the jury acquitted him after 30 minutes deliberation.<sup>35</sup>

Author Robert DeArment states Masterson in 1884 was still involved in the politics of Dodge City. He wrote that the *Dodge City Democrat* gleefully reported that "Sheriff Sughrue, Judge R.G. Cook, Bat Masterson and a dozen others, the backbone of the Republican Party in this County, would support Democratic Gov. George G. Glick in his bid for re-election."<sup>30</sup>

The end of July 1884, citizens of Dodge read that:

Mike Sughrue has moved his residence to the city from his ranch 12 miles east of town. R.G. Cook superintended the job and the building came in right side up. When you want to move and take your home with you, get Judge Cook to do business.

A house-mover too!

On Aug. 16, the *Dodge City Democrat* stated:

#### A FIGHT FOR POSSESSION

Ollie Hart and Mollie Hart, who both as we understand it, claim the right of possession to the heart and necessary appendages of their "lover," attempted to settle the mooted question by a free-for-all cat fight. They failed, but Judge R.G. Cook gave a clear intimation in open court, by making Ollie's fine \$5 and costs, and Mollie's \$10 and costs.<sup>37</sup>



(Author's Collection)

Dave "Mysterious Dave" Mather became assistant marshal in Dodge City in June 1883, but had been on both sides of the law as a suspected horse thief and train robber, and killed at least three men in his career.

Masterson was still attracting trouble, and this time it came in the form of a short-order cook in one of the Front Street restaurants.

The cook's name was A.J. Howard, and he had been around Dodge City for awhile. He claimed to be an attorney, but had not practiced law in Dodge. He also had been a clerk at the Great Western Hotel owned by Sam Galland, another of Bat's enemies. As reported in the Sept. 27, 1884, *Kansas Cowboy*, he was "determined to make mince-meat of Mr. Bat Masterson." The report went on to state that, "he selected as a very appropriate instrument for that purpose, a carving knife, from a foot to 18 inches long."

Howard found Bat in a saloon, and as he opened his assault, someone yelled a warning. Then the stalwart form of Masterson rose in its "majesty." The paper further reported that Bat was unarmed and that he seized a chair and "decked" Howard. Howard was arrested and taken before Judge Cook, where he was admonished and given a \$25 fine. "But for the want of the requisite funds, Esq. Cook cooked the goose of the cook by sending him to the lockup to work out the fine."

DeArment states that it was unlikely that Masterson appeared in public without a sidearm, but used the handiest object he could reach. Howard would probably have been ill-advised to use a gun.<sup>38</sup>

On Nov. 15, 1884, the *Dodge City Democrat* reported "Police Court Doings."

The following cases have come up before Judge Cook since last Monday.

City of Dodge vs. E.J. Julian has attracted considerable attention in the court during the past week. It seems that several cowboys came into his place with their girls to get supper, and after eating the same, they refused to pay up. Mr. Julian said that someone would have to pay, whereupon they undertook to clean out the restaurant, and the result was that two of them got knocked down, the third taken to his heels, after getting outside, they sent several bullets through the windows and then ran. The Marshal [Bill Tilghman] arrested Mr. Julian, and after the case was tried, the Judge fined him \$10 and costs. A bond was immediately given and the case appealed.<sup>39</sup>

A year-and-a-half later Julian was reported shot and killed by Ben Daniels, a private citizen. Nothing more was heard about the three cowboys.<sup>40</sup>

As the new year passed, the *Dodge City Democrat* stated in January 1885 that, "When R.G. Cook's land agency began expanding, he brought in an attorney named R.G. Pendleton to handle legal matters." C. Robert Haywood, in *Cowtown Lawyers*, reported that "while Cook had been closely associated with the legal system in Dodge, he had not passed the bar."<sup>41</sup> This was not corrected until November 1887.

The April 7, 1885, *Globe Livestock Journal* reported:

There has been so much said about the robbery a few nights ago, that we are unable to tell anything about it, and ought not to be blamed either, for Judge Cook, before whom the parties who were charged with the crime were taken, said he could make nothing out of it, and all he knows is that somebody had some money taken away from them. Marshal Tilghman did everything in his power to ferret out the guilty party.<sup>42</sup>

Judge Cook was still in the real estate business on the side, and the following advertisement appeared in the local press on April 21, 1885:

R.G. COOK                      M.S. CULVER  
U.S. COMMISSIONER      ATTY. AT LAW  
REAL ESTATE AND LAND AGENTS  
DO A GENERAL BUSINESS IN REAL ESTATE

STOCK RANCHES FOR SALE, SURVEYING AND LOCATING  
ADJNT LAND - A SPECIALTY  
COMPLETE ABSTRACTS AND PLATT OF LANDS IN THE LAND DISTRICT  
OFFICE IN GLOBE BUILDING

A week later, the newspaper carried a notice that he had been busy as Justice of the Peace on a happier note:

Judge Cook has married two or three couples in the past week. He is an old timer at tying the knot, and can perform the ceremony without batting an eye.

Author Haywood indicates that attorney Martin Culver was part of the anti-Luke Short faction in the bloodless Dodge City Saloon War. He also held the chairmanship of the Democratic County Committee and had influenced Governor Glick to reverse his support for the Bat Masterson-Luke Short contingent. After that died down, Culver joined R.G. Cook, U.S. Land Commissioner, as a partner



in a real estate firm (see advertisement). Culver traveled to Washington to persuade the government to set aside a three-to-six-mile strip for the trail along Colorado's eastern border. In so doing, he laid out a town to be named "Trail City" and an improvement company that planned a Dodge City-type town to receive the trail herds from Texas, as the Santa Fe Railroad moved west. Lots were to sell for \$100-\$150 apiece. Soon Cook and Culver, as the *Kansas Cowboy* put it, "were up to their elbows in sales."<sup>43</sup>

The "wild and woolly" days of Dodge were beginning to slack off by the spring of 1885, but there was still an occasional shooting, as evidenced by the report of a coroner's inquest in the *Globe Livestock Journal* on May 19, 1885:

State of Kansas, SS  
County of Ford

An inquisition holden at Dodge City in Ford County, on the 11th and 14th days of May 1885, before me, R. G. Cook, J. P., Dodge Township, Ford County, and acting coroner of said county, on the body of D. Barnes, there lying dead, by the jurors whose names are hereto subscribed.

The said jurors on their oaths do say that the deceased, D. Barnes, came to his death on the 10th day of May, 1885, from a gun shot wound received at the hands of David Mather and Josiah Mather, by means of revolvers by them fired, and that the said shooting was feloniously done.

In witness whereof the said jurors have hereto set their hands this fourteenth day of May, 1885.

FOREMAN H.C. Baker  
A.C. Langley  
A. McCloud  
Andy Falkner  
G.T. Logan  
B.J. Jackson

ATTEST: R.G. Cook, Justice of the Peace, Acting as Coroner.<sup>44</sup>

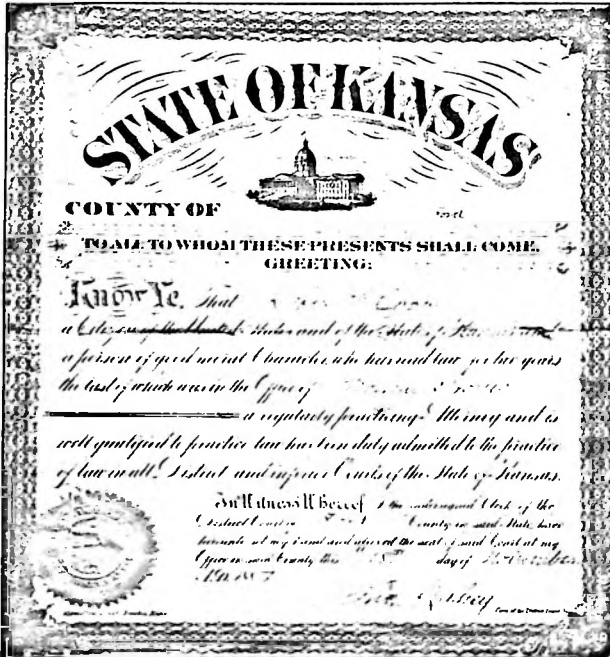
D. Barnes had been killed at the Junction Saloon in a card game with Dave Mather. According to Nyle H. Miller and Joseph W. Snell in *Great Gunfighters of the Kansas Cowntowns*, the Mather brothers and Barnes brothers were armed, and D. Barnes shot Dave Mather. John Barnes attempted to shoot but was stopped by Sheriff Sughrue. Dave Mather's brother Josiah shot from behind the bar and killed D. Barnes. The Mather brothers never stood trial as they jumped their \$3,000 bonds and fled Dodge City. Later, information was received that Dave Mather became marshal of New Kiowa in the middle of August, and then disappeared forever.<sup>45</sup>

Grandfather was still in his house-moving business in July and the local newspaper on the 14th reported that "Judge R.G. Cook is the 'Boss Dam' house-mover. If you don't believe it, ask Thompson Rankin."

The wild era of Dodge was pretty much at an end by 1886. However, in November of that year there was one more killing on Front Street. Ben Daniels, a saloon keeper, shot and killed Ed Julian, owner of a local restaurant. Since Julian was somewhat of a town bully, most of the community sympathized with Daniels. The *Globe Livestock Journal* printed District Judge R.G. Cook's complete charge to the jury and carefully summarized the trial's final statements by each side.

Daniels was acquitted after jury deliberation.<sup>46</sup>

On Nov. 18, 1887, Judge Cook finally received a certificate from the State of Kansas to practice law. He had read law for the required amount of time in the Dodge City office of T.S. Jones.



(Author's Collection)

Certificate to practice law in the State of Kansas was issued to Rufus G. Cook on Nov. 18, 1887.

Following are some newspaper notices and reports from unknown and undated sources. Also, there are a few more family stories regarding my grandfather's time in Dodge City. The newspaper accounts follow:

#### Body Found

On Sunday evening, July 20th, the dead body of an unknown man was discovered in the river about 20 miles below Dodge City. Judge Cook, of this city, was immediately telegraphed for, and on his arrival there, an inquest was held over the remains. It was ascertained that the man was one who had been detained in this city in some manner, on Friday, July 11th, and had telegraphed to the conductor of the train, he came in to leave his satchel and coat at Kinsley, the same having been left on the train. The conductor did not, however, receive the dispatch in time, but left the things at Larned. By letters upon his person, his name was found to be Pietri Barodina, an Italian, who had done considerable writing for newspapers

throughout the country, and a man who had a family in Italy where he had been sending money about every month. After an examination of his satchel, a letter was written to his wife by Judge Cook informing her of the sad affair. \$1.80 in money was all that could be found in his pockets, and a suspicion of murder was at first entertained, but as no marks of violence were found on the body, it is supposed he committed suicide, but for what reason, it is unknown.

R.G. Cook, Land Agent, has the following receipts from the U.S. Land Office, Larned Kansas: Timber Culture, J.M. Stevenson and Thomas Hassel; Homestead for Thomas Hassel. The above named parties can obtain said receipts by calling on R.G. Cook and paying for this notice.

United States Commissioner Cook, Deputy U.S. Marshal H.B. Bell and Attorney Burns returned last Thursday from attendance on the United State Court at Leavenworth.

A lively rough and tumble fight occurred Friday night at the Long Branch. One Brannon catching it on the head from a six-shooter, and Mr. Sughrue having his eyes somewhat damaged. Squire Cook made it \$11.50 for S. And acquitted B.

[Cook received] Painful Wound in right hand from pistol discharge in the hands of Pot Rustlers.

Pursuant to adjournment from September 25, the ex-soldiers of Ford County met at the Court House last evening. On motion, J.S. Welch was elected Chairman and J.W. Wilson, Secretary. A committee consisting of J.S. Welch, P. Sughrue, Capt. Deints and R.G. Cook was appointed to draft a petition to the Department Commander for a charter for a post of The Grand Army of the Republic. It was ordered that the petitions be left at the office of Captain Welch for signatures. On motion, the meeting then adjourned.

Family stories handed down include the following:

My Aunt Margaret, from my grandfather's second marriage, told me that one day as a little girl she was looking for her father by peeking under saloon doors. This time, she found him in his office talking to a stranger. She wanted a penny for some candy, but her father told her to go away and that he was busy. The visitor beckoned to her and she went over to him, whereupon he placed her on his lap for a moment, dug into his pocket, and produced a coin. She went on her way and later found out it was Buffalo Bill Cody who had stopped by for a visit. Aunt Margaret, when grown, had no use for her father because he did not treat her mother well, and had two mistresses in Dodge City.

During one time or another, Dodge City had two tame buffaloes that wandered the streets. One day, when my grandfather was repairing shingles on a roof, he spotted one of the animals about to charge a child. He immediately threw his shingle hammer, hitting the animal in the hind quarter and diverting its attention from the child. The buffalo carried the scar from the hammer thereafter.

Another story was told regarding a visiting prizefighter. It seems that the promoter offered \$100 to anyone who could stay in the ring with the boxer for two rounds. Grandfather accepted the challenge and after the first round, they carried

the prizefighter out of the ring. From what my father said, not only bare knuckles were used, but biting and kicking were involved.

It was also told that my grandfather during the "wild" history of Dodge carried two revolvers high on his waist, both butts forward. He also was supposed to have brought the first breech-loading shotgun across the Mississippi. It was a 10-gauge and had Damascus barrels.

In 1890, my grandfather moved to Colorado where on July 1, 1891, he was appointed U.S. Commissioner for the District of Colorado to reside at Trinidad. He was also a Justice of the Peace at that location for part or all of that tenure of his stay. Other than that, I do not yet know what his activities were there.

In October 1904, he moved back to Dodge City and took up residence in the Kansas State Old Soldiers Home at Ft. Dodge, which had so been converted in 1888. Records at Ft. Dodge indicate that he stayed there until May 1907, disappeared for a year, then reapplied for admission in June 1908. In 1911, he married my Grandmother, Rose, a widow of another old soldier, and sired my father two years later at the age of 69. Another child, a daughter, Dorothy, was born in 1917 when he was 73.

It's interesting to note that when my father was old enough, he asked his mother "how come Poppa was so old when I and my sister were born?" His mother replied "Humph, if he had had his way, he would have had a dozen more."

Rufus G. Cook died just before his 81st birthday in 1924 and was interred in the Ft. Dodge Cemetery. Grandfather's marker reads:

**RUFUS G. COOK**  
Co H 31st Iowa Inf

On a visit to Dodge City in 1980, I noticed that there was no picture of Judge Cook in the Boot Hill Museum on Front Street. (It formerly was called the Chalk Beeson Museum and Mr. Beeson was one of my Grandfather's friends.) A short time later, I sent a copy of his portrait to them and I received an appreciative response.

## Endnotes

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5. Robert M. Wright, *Dodge City, The Cowboy Capital and the Great Southwest*.
6. C. Robert Haywood, *Cowtown Lawyers, Dodge City and Its Attorneys 1876-1886* (Norman and London: Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1988).
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8. Robert K. DeArment, *Bat Masterson, The Man and the Legend* (Norman: Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1979).
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Press, 1952).

11. *Ibid.*
12. Harry Sinclair Drago, *Great American Cattle Trails* (New York: Bramhall House, 1965).
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14. DeArment, *op. cit.*
15. Fredrick R. Young, *Dodge City, Up Through a Century in Story and Pictures* (Dodge City, Kans.: Boot Hill Museum, 1972).
16. Miller and Snell, *op. cit.*
17. *Ibid.*
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19. Frank N. Schubert, *Buffalo Soldiers, Braves and the Brass, The Story of Ft. Robinson, Nebraska* (Shippensburg, Pa: The White Man Publishing Co., 1993).
20. Craig Miner, *West of Wichita, Settling the High Plains of Kansas, 1867-1890* (Lawrence: Univ. of Kansas Press, 1986).
21. *Ibid.*
22. Haywood, *op. cit.*
23. Young, *op. cit.*
24. C. Robert Haywood, *Victorian West, Class and Culture in Kansas Cattle Towns* (Lawrence: Univ. of Kansas Press, 1991).
25. Vestal, *op. cit.*
26. Haywood, *Cowtown Lawyers, op. cit.*
27. *Ibid.*
28. Haywood, *Cowtown Lawyers, op. cit.*
29. *Ibid.*
30. *Ibid.*
31. *Ibid.*
32. Miller and Snell, *op. cit.*
33. *Ibid.*
34. Joseph A. Rosa, *The Gunfighter: Man or Myth?* (Norman: Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1964).
35. *Ibid.*
36. DeArment, *op. cit.*
37. Miller and Snell, *op. cit.*
38. DeArment, *op. cit.*
39. Miller and Snell, *op. cit.*
40. *Ibid.*
41. Haywood, *Cowtown Lawyers, op. cit.*
42. Miller and Snell, *op. cit.*
43. Haywood, *Cowtown Lawyers, op. cit.*
44. Miller and Snell, *op. cit.*
45. *Ibid.*
46. Haywood, *Cowtown Lawyers, op. cit.*

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## About the Author

Dick Cook was born at Long Beach, Calif., in 1934 to a Navy family. He and his mother, and later a sister, followed the fleet and other tours of duty from coast to coast. Dick attended 15 schools before being graduated from high school at Yokohama, Japan, in 1952. During his teen years and before college graduation, Dick worked as a wrangler on a dude ranch in Wyoming for three years, was a cowboy on a working cattle ranch in New Mexico, and was also an assistant outfitter in Idaho's primitive area.

Dick completed his undergraduate degree in business administration at New Mexico Military Institute and the University of Idaho. From the latter institution, he was commissioned a second lieutenant in the U.S. Army, assigned to the Armor Branch and completed training as an Army Ranger. In 1977, he retired with the rank of lieutenant colonel after a distinguished 21½ year career which included service in Germany, Korea, two tours in Vietnam, and various Army posts throughout the United States. He was graduated from the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College at Ft. Leavenworth, Kans. His decorations include the Legion of Merit, Bronze Star with Oak Leaf Cluster, and the Army Commendation Medal.

In 1977, he earned a master of arts degree in American history from Old Dominion University at Norfolk, Va. In 1978, Dick participated in the television

## (About the Author — )

production, "Centennial," where he took part in the TV version of the "Sand Creek Massacre." That same year, he joined the Denver Posse of the Westerners as a Corresponding Member. He was elected a Posse Member in 1981, and was Sheriff in 1983. Dick is also a member of the Boulder Westerners, the Western Outlaw - Lawman History Association, the Order of the Indian Wars, the Colorado Horsemen's Council, the U.S. Army Ranger Association, the Association of the U.S. Army, the Retired Officers Association, the U.S. Cavalry Association, and the National Rifle Association. He is a member of the Masonic Lodge and Shrine.

From 1979 until December 1994, Dick was director of the Department of Emergency Preparedness for Jefferson County, and is now retired. He and his wife Stacy have two grown children and reside in Westminster, Colo.

Prior to the program on his grandfather, Rufus G. Cook, Dick presented two papers for the Denver Westerners. "The Nez Percé War of 1877," published in the 50th Anniversary *Brand Book*, was given on Jan. 21, 1981. The second, "Andrew Jackson's Indian Removal Policy," was presented on April 25, 1984.

## Over the Corral Rail

(Continued from Page 2)

Westerners. Mark has an interest in Colorado history and politics, and the towns and roadways of the eastern plains. His activities include chairmanship of the Colorado Endowment for the Humanities.

Mark holds a master of education degree from Northeastern University in Boston, and a B.A. from St. Mary's College, Winona, Minn. He has been employed by the Colorado Department of Corrections, 1973-1995. He is a member of the Arvada Center for the Arts and Humanities, and has held a wide range of public offices in Fremont County, Cañon City, and Buena Vista. In addition to a number of professional memberships, he has been a member of the Colorado Historical Society, the Fremont-Custer Historical Association, and the Denver Museum of Natural History. He is also a member of the Sunrise Rotary Club of Arvada.

□O.R. "Roy" Wright, 116 Beryl Way, Broomfield, Colo. 80020. Roy is a 27-year member and captain in the Colorado State Patrol. He was introduced to the Denver Westerners by Corresponding Member Allan Stalker. Roy's interests center on Colorado's narrow-gauge rail-

roads. His hobbies include amateur radio, skiing, and fishing. He was born in Salida, Colo. He and his wife Diann Jo (Ayers) have two children, Christine and Thomas. Roy served in the U.S. Air Force from 1957 to 1963, with the 25th Air Division, 84th Fighter Group; 497th Fighter Interceptor Squadron, Geiger Field, Spokane, Wash.; and the 84th Fighter Group, Wendover Air Force Base, Utah.

□Ron Sladek, Post Office Box 1404, Fort Collins CO 80522. Ron learned of the Westerners through Posse Member Tom Noel. Ron has published material on early Colorado film production, temperance/prohibition in Boulder, restoration of the Rialto Theater in Loveland, and plans to publish information on early *Denver Post* paperboys. He was a board member of the Historic Rialto Theater Restoration group in Loveland. He is a board member of the Poudre Landmark Foundation for Fort Collins and is a restoration consultant for the Golden Hill Cemetery in Lakewood. He is working on the Boulder County Historic Sites Survey. Ron has a master's degree in Modern American History from the University of Colorado.

## Rosenstock Presentations Made

The end of the 50th Anniversary Year of the Denver Posse of the Westerners came fittingly with presentation of the 1995 Fred A. Rosenstock Awards at the annual Winter Rendezvous, Dec. 13 at the Ramada Denver Midtown.

Honored with the 1995 Fred A. Rosenstock Award for Outstanding Contributions to Colorado History was the Douglas County Historic Preservation Board. Posse Member Clyde Jones, founding chairman in 1992 of the Douglas County organization, accepted the award.

Edwin A. Bathke of Manitou Springs received the 1995 Fred A. Rosenstock Award for Lifetime Achievement in Western History. A Corresponding Member of the Denver Posse since 1964, and a Posse Member since 1969, Ed was Sheriff in 1972, the same year he edited Vol. 28 of the *Brand Book*. He is presently Membership Chairman of the organization, and has been joined as a Posse Member by Nancy, his wife. Ed holds B.S. and M.S. degrees in mathematics from the University of Wisconsin and an M.A. in applied mathematics from the University of Colorado. He is retired as a computer analyst for Kaman Sciences in Colorado Springs.

Dr. Thomas J. Noel, Rosenstock Award Committee chairman, cited Douglas County's rapid growth—fastest of any U.S. urban area—as an endangerment to its historic sites and trails, “. . . consuming its early ranches and farms. . . growth that has erased or threatens much of the county's visible heritage. . .”

He added that, confronted with “terrific development pressures, the DCHPB sometimes can only record demolitions and losses, trying to document with historical research and photographs the sites being lost” to new development.

Noel noted accomplishments of the 18-member Historic Preservation Board, guided by a 10-point program:

Surveying historic properties throughout the county; researching the archaeology of Russellville, first white settlement in the county; assisting local history groups in funding studies, preservation, and/or historic listings; obtaining a \$100,000 State Historical Fund grant for interpretation of the bone beds at Lamb Spring;

Also, securing a \$5,000 grant to study conversion of Cantril School into a county museum; setting up a roadside interpretive sign program; taking inventory of cemeteries and grave markers in the county; preparing site-survey brochures for schools, libraries, and interested citizens and tourists; preparing tours and programs to celebrate county attractions; and promoting public awareness and education with field trips, site tours, and participation in National Historic Preservation Week.

Noel reviewed Bathke's work for the Denver Westerners, noting he “has devoted his life to researching, writing, and collecting Colorado history. . . .”

Bathke was also founding sheriff of the Pikes Peak Posse (1977), and has presided over the Ghost Town clubs of Colorado and Colorado Springs; and the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region. He is also active in the historical societies of Old Colorado City, and of Manitou Springs. He and his wife Nancy have written numerous articles for the *Brand Book* and *The Roundup*, and in 1972 published their book, *The West in Postage Stamps*.

## Ed Bathke Recalls Westerners Years

Edwin A. Bathke was honored at the Winter Rendezvous of the Denver Westerners with the Fred A. Rosenstock Award for Lifetime Achievement in Western History. In accepting the award, Ed recalled how he became interested in Western history and the Denver Westerners. His recollections will be of interest to all members.

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... In February 1961, we [Ed and wife Nancy] attended our first meeting of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado. The president was a Denver High School teacher, Robert L. Brown. We enjoyed the program and group and immediately became members. Soon afterward, the monthly program consisted of quiz night, at which members brought interesting current slides, and the group competed in identifying the ghost towns shown. Seated in front of us were two guys, Dick Ronzio and Francis Rizzari. They enthusiastically discussed each slide, and Francis would say something like, "I know what town that is, Dick. That building is in a stereo view taken in 1880 by Jackson." Nancy whispered to me, "I got to get to know *these* guys."

I got to know Francis a lot better when, in 1964, he was editing Volume 20 of the Denver Westerners' *Brand Book*. I was busy that spring studying for my master's exam in applied mathematics at the University of Colorado. . . .

Rizzari brought me this article on the Bassick mine, explaining that it was a very interesting story, and he would like to include it in the *Brand Book*, but that it was quite short, and he just felt there had to be more of a story there. The subject of Edmund Bassick with his fabulous gold mine at Querida in the Wet Mountain Valley was fascinating, and I spent many hours at the Denver Public Library researching it. Finally enough of a story evolved that Francis was satisfied, and it was included in the *Brand Book*. I barely squeaked by my master's exams . . . but, I was hooked on historic research and writing of Western history!

In those days, the mid-60s, a carpool of Westerners from Jefferson County attended the monthly meetings of the Denver Westerners. Posse members from Golden, Dick Ronzio and Charlie Ryland, would meet with Francis Rizzari, and then they would pick up Guy Herstrom. I lived in Lakewood near Guy, so I was invited to tag along. So, as a young corresponding member, I got to know the operations and the early posse of the Denver Westerners. Among the founding posse members listed in 1945, a total of 21 names, I got to know Ed Bemis, Art Carhart, Tom Ferril, LeRoy Hafen, Paul Harrison, Nolie Mumey, Forbes Parkhill, and Fred Rosenstock, over a third of that founding group.

It has been a privilege to have been a member of the Denver Westerners for these many years, and I feel as if I am somewhat of a bridge between the old and the new. When I became a posse member in 1969, of the 69 members listed then (in the 1968 *Brand Book*), only seven others are still members today.

In an organization dedicated to history, what can be more appropriate than to be able to maintain tradition? And yet, tradition is not necessarily good or right, and we can always profit by changing, and try to do better. The revitalization of the Denver Westerners in the past two years is due, in no small part, to



admitting women to the formerly all-male regular posse. Now starting its second half-century, this is a group that I have been proud to be a member of, enjoyed performing several duties, and look forward to being a useful member of for many more years.

Referring to the "new" Westerners, I am particularly pleased that my wife Nancy is now also a posse member of the Westerners. She has certainly supported and helped me in many ways, going back to doing all the photocopy work for the 1972 *Brand Book*, over 20 years ago, to currently getting the meeting notices in the mail. So I owe her a special thank-you. And finally, I want to recognize the Denver Posse member of longest duration, and our only honorary posse member, Francis Rizzari. He has been my inspiration, my guiding light, my mentor, my resource guide and advisor. Francis, I owe it all to you!

I deeply appreciate receiving the Rosenstock Award from the Denver Posse of the Westerners, and I thank you very much.

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### Don Griswold Dies at 85

Donald L. Griswold, historian and author, died Dec. 14 at his home in Wheat Ridge, Colo. Memorial services were Dec. 28 at the Church of Christ in Arvada, followed by cremation. He was preceded in death by his wife Jean (Harvey) Griswold, and is survived by two nephews, James Rothney of Twin Lakes, Colo., and Scott Rothney of North Carolina.

Don, most recently a Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners, had been a Posse Member, joining the organization in 1956. He was a published historian, and contributed several articles to *The Roundup* and to several *Brand Books*, including Vol. 24. He and Jean published two books: *A Carbonate Camp Called Leadville* (1953) and *Colorado: A Century of Cities* (1958). Don completed work on a third book shortly before his death, to be released this year: *A History of Leadville and Lake County, Colorado*.

Donald Griswold was born Aug. 5, 1910, in Olney Springs, Colo. He was an Army veteran of World War II, and in 1946 married Jean Harvey in Leadville. He earned a bachelor's degree from the University of Denver, and a master's from Columbia University.

Don taught in Leadville High School before moving to Denver, where he taught at Morey Junior High and North High School.



## 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*

**Bravos of the West** by John M. Myers. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Bison Book edition, Lincoln, 1995. Bibliography and leading characters and events index; 467 pages. Paperback, \$15.

*Bravos of the West* covers a great deal of territory in 427 pages. The scene is set in 1813 Nashville (with Andrew Jackson and Thomas Benton as initial players), then moves throughout the West to its final resting place of "Little Santa Fe," Mo., in 1881 (with the death of Jim Bridger). This edition is a reprint of a book originally published in 1962 as *The Deaths of the Bravos*. There are a great many characters to keep track of in the course of this tale. Fortunately, the author has seen fit to include 20 pages, at the end of the saga, listing all the leading characters and events related chapter by chapter.

The basis of the book is the fur trade, the struggle for Texas, and any other good stories that involve mountain men. The legendary are all here: Jean Lafitte, Jim Bowie, Mike Fink, Kit Carson, and so on. The book seems to work as pure entertainment, with the substance left to more in-depth treatises.

Some of the writing is a bit obtuse in its colloquial style, and you sometimes wish the author would just get down to the business of telling the story: "The story of the Bravos of the West is history's unicorn, if something outsized and hairy to show the half strain of mammoth." I almost felt like I needed translation on passages like that.

Other passages are just plain fun: "Of no historical character, perhaps, have more contradictory things been asserted. He was said by some to be so untrustworthy that it wasn't safe to let him get behind one if provisions

were short and quadrupeds weren't available." (This about William Sherley Williams.)

If Western yarns seem improbably fascinating to you, how can you not get a kick out of a story such as the following:

Perhaps it was too cold for germs to be about. Or perhaps microbes balked at the thought of invading a carcass as tough, and neighboring a spirit as ornery, as that of Tom Smith. . . . Tom used the knife which had cut off his real leg to carve a wooden substitute. When he began trying it out, "peg-leg" Smith had come into being.

Don't expect intense scientific inquiry, but you might find this book to be an entertaining read before bed for a week or so.

—George W. Krieger, P.M.

**The Adventures of Moccasin Joe: The True Story of Sgt. George S. Howard** by Susan C. Reneau. Foreword by Jerome Greene. Blue Mountain Publishing, Missoula, Mont., 1994. Illustrated with photographs, drawings and a map; index; 205 pages. Paperback \$19.95 (with discount for multiple copies).

I suppose some academicians and book collectors might turn up their noses and say that this is a book by an amateur historian, published by a small, regional printer. I say, simply, if you are interested in the Sioux War of 1876 or in the common soldier in the Indian Wars, buy this book. It is a gem put together by someone who cares.

The core of the book is the diary of George M. "Moccasin Joe" Howard, a member of the Fourth United States Cavalry. The diary describes what it was like to go through the campaign in the summer of 1876. It contains the typical entries about bunkies, grazing,

camping, hunting, fishing, and (of course) marching. Probably the most significant entries, however, are the accounts telling of the Battle of the Rosebud, on June 17, 1876, and of the Battle of Slim Buttes, on Sept. 9, 1876. Additionally, the book contains the poetry of this extraordinary soldier, who went by the name of "Moccasin Joe." This volume is a nice addition to those who already have such books as Greene's *Battles and Skirmishes of the Great Sioux War, 1876-1877: The Military View* and Schneider's *The Freeman Journal*. Howard's diary is proof that there still is wonderful primary material to be discovered.

Finally, as Jerry Greene notes in his foreword, this volume obviously is a "labor of love" on the part of Ms Reneau. Having obtained the diary from one of Howard's children, she embarked on an intellectual and literary journey to discover the facts behind both the diary and the rather tragic story of Sergeant Howard. The narrative the author provides is not that typically found in most history books, but it imparts an excitement that we Westerners share and understand. Furthermore, it is not a "preachy" or "politically correct" narrative such as is found in recent works, e.g. Sherry Smith's *Sagebrush Soldier: Private William Earl Smith's View of the Sioux War of 1876* (Univ. of Oklahoma 1989). This book is highly recommended.

—John M. Hutchins, P.M.

**O'Keeffe and Mc, A Treasured Friendship** by Ralph Looney. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1995. Illustrated; 121 pages. Cloth-bound, \$22.50

Everyone hearing about artist Georgia O'Keeffe has read the carefully scripted version of her that she wanted the people to know. Georgia O'Keeffe had a style of her own, which she disclosed to the public, from her dress, to her house and its furnishings, to her photographs, and many aspects of her life, including her beautiful works of art.

Along came Ralph Looney, retired editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, who established a simple, friendly relationship with the allusive artist. He interviewed her several times, visited her home, and photographed her, originally for a magazine article. After

Georgia O'Keeffe's death, he realized that he had wonderful material, unknown to most biographers. And this book was the result. It is not a full-length biography of the lady, but simply a warm remembrance of a private friendship. The illustrations are photos that Ralph Looney took, among them a most delightful photo of a smiling Georgia O'Keeffe.

This book is short and easy to read. It gives the reader a different insight into the character of this acclaimed artist. The reader can tell that this was truly a treasured friendship of a newspaperman and an artist.

—Nancy E. Bathke, P.M.

**Cinders and Smoke, a Mile by Mile Guide for the Durango and Silverton Narrow Gauge Railroad** by Doris B. Osterwald. Western Guideways Ltd., 1995. Seventh edition, maps, photographs, references, index; 168 pages. Paperback, \$7.95

As one of the few who has not taken the scenic train ride from Durango to Silverton, I found Doris Osterwald's book recounting the mile-by-mile ride, with detailed maps corresponding to the mileposts, to be like a camera unfolding the beauties of nature, geography, railroading, and history, alike! This is certainly a book everyone would like, or should I say is necessary, to totally enjoy the Durango-Silverton narrow-gauge journey. In fact, it was after Doris and her family took an outing on the train in 1964 that she sensed the need for a guidebook (completed some 10 months later) for the railroading experience.

Within this book there is a little something to meet everyone's interest. If one is interested in the geology of the Animas Cañon, there is a section detailing the oldest Precambrian rocks in the cañon to the red, oxidized volcanic rocks in the peaks of the Silverton area, to the glaciated horns of the Needle Mountains. The histories of Durango, Rockwood, Needleton, and Silverton are there, also. Likewise, there is a special section on railroading on the Silverton branch, with information on locomotives, cars, special cars, floods and winter snows, plus the last years of the Denver & Rio Grande Western ownership and its new owner, William E. Bradshaw Jr., in 1981. Included in the book is one of the five pictures taken

by William Jackson in 1882 when he traveled the track to Silverton on the *South Arkansas* engine. His photograph is an unusual view of the "work" train on the Animas River bridge below Tacoma. And, of course, there is a short section on mining in the south Silverton District.

This book captures the wild and scenic spirit of the history and geography of the land in the San Juans, and certainly depicts a historic railroad, the Denver & Rio Grande route from Durango to Silverton, in remarkable detail and splendor! The colored pictures near the end of the book add interest to the Durango roundhouse fire, showing before-and-after scenes of the historic roundhouse. Doris Osterwald, who is well-versed in the scenic railroads for tourists in Colorado, has done all of us a favor in this inclusive story of the Durango-to-Silverton run. I found it delightful and exciting reading—one of those books where one can't wait to turn the page. And for a breathtaking scene, look at the color picture on page 63 of the iron-rich minerals from mine drainages that have been carried into the Animas River!

—Jon Almgren, P.M.

**The Lightning Field, Travels in and Around New Mexico** by Robert Eaton. Johnson Books, Boulder, Colo., 1995. 234 pages. Paperback, \$14.95.

Robert Eaton relates in a comfortable manner his experiences revisiting many of the sites around New Mexico which he has grown to appreciate since coming to the state nearly 20 years earlier. Woven together are his current meanderings, his personal reminiscences, and bits of history on each area.

Chapters cover Chaco Canyon; the Monastery of Christ in the Desert; the north-eastern plains; Gallup and the Navajo country; Angel Fire and the Vietnam memorial; the Four Corners; and the southwestern border country.

His work experiences, and consequently the stories, describe some of the more remote, and fascinating parts of New Mexico. The book's title comes from an unusual sculpture near Quemado.

The author's style is easy reading, his per-

sonal philosophy and humor coloring his impressions just enough to present interesting episodes, not expounding any particular cause, other than his regard for nature, the land, and its diverse inhabitants.

Readers who appreciate the varied charms of the "enchanted state" will enjoy reading this book.

—Edwin A. Bathke, P.M.

**Frederick Chapin's Colorado, The Peaks about Estes Park and Other Writings:** James Pickering, editor. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1995. Includes bibliographical references, notes, index, and pictures; 220 pages. Paperback, \$19.95

Most of this book was originally published in Boston in 1889 as *Mountaineering in Colorado: The Peaks about Estes Park*. This new edition also contains other selections which Chapin wrote after climbing in southern Colorado, and pictures that have never been published before.

The introduction gives a brief history of Chapin's life and his mountaineering—first in the eastern United States, then in the Alps, and five trips to Colorado. He spent the summers and autumns of 1886-1890 in Colorado. He documented many of his climbs for the Appalachian Mountain Club of Boston. He writes very complete descriptions of the climb, trails, landscape, views, and fauna. During explorations in Colorado, he began carrying a large dry-plate camera and tripod. The pictures he took are remarkably good.

The reader should follow the notes of each chapter closely for they add much to the narrative and provide orientation as to the new names of the landmarks. My wish was for a map of the Estes Park area in which his climbs took place.

The *Other Writings* part of the book contains unpublished writings and pictures of Chapin's mountaineering in the Pikes Peak area, the San Juan mountains, and Sierra Blanca area in the San Luis Valley.

Those who know or do any hiking or climbing in these areas will find the writings as correct today as they were when written more than 100 years ago.

—Kenneth Gaunt, P.M.

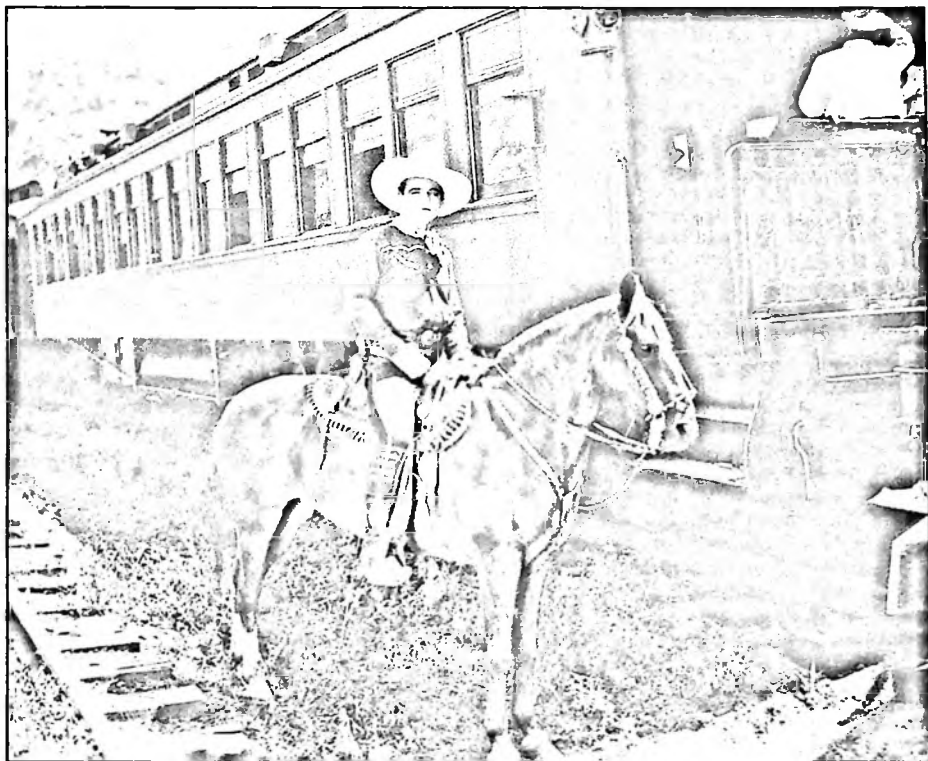


*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

MARCH, APRIL 1996

**TOM MIX IN COLORADO**

by David Emrich, P.M.



*(Collection of Jackson Thode)*

Tom Mix, Fox Moving Picture Co. cowboy star, with his horse Tony, during filming in 1926 of "The Great K&A Train Robbery." Location was along the main line of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad in Glenwood Canyon, Colo. (George L. Beam Photo.)

## Over the Corral Rail

Merrill Mattes, distinguished National Park Service historian and longtime Posse Member of the Denver Westerners, announced at the March meeting he will be leaving Colorado sometime next fall. His tentative plans are to move to the Dallas area.

Merrill Mattes has made a tremendous contribution to the stature of the Westerners, as a worldwide organization. His work for the Park Service in the restoration of Fort Laramie is a landmark achievement. And he has been the driving force in establishing the Oregon-California Trails Association, headquartered in Independence, Mo. OCTA's museum and library have been enhanced greatly by the gift of Merrill's personal library, and should become an increasingly important trails research center.

Merrill Mattes will be sorely missed by the Denver Posse, and by all Westerners. God speed, Merrill!

\* \* \*

Westerners International has set a May 31 deadline for entries in its annual awards program. Forms and additional information will be available from Sheriff Ken Gaunt at the next general meeting, April 24. The Head's Up awards categories include one for Corrals organized before 1973—i.e., Denver, 1945.

An award will be made for the Best Book published in 1995; another, the "Coke" Wood Award, will be given for the best monograph or article by a Westerner; and the Phillip A. Danielson Award will go to a Corral (or Posse) for the best presentation delivered during 1995.

Denver Posse members whose papers were published in *The Roundup* during 1995 may obtain extra copies (four are required for entries) from the editor, at the April meeting. However, unpublished papers are also eligible.

Sheriff Gaunt reminds members, too, that the annual \$2 dues for WI's *Buckskin Bulletin* will be payable at the April meeting.

(Please turn to Page 14)

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS

# ROUNDUP



VOL. LII

Number 1

March-April

1996

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# Tom Mix in Colorado

by

David Emrich, P.M.

(Presented January 24, 1996)

**T**OM MIX IS A TRUE legend of the Western movies, and maybe he could be called a true legend of the West. Tom Mix was born in El Paso, Texas, in 1879. He was one-eighth Cherokee Indian, and his great-grandfather, who lived in the White Eagle Reserve, first translated the Bible into the Osage language.

His father, Captain Mix of the U.S. Seventh Cavalry, participated in Texas battles. Tom spoke Spanish and at least four distinct Indian dialects fluently. He joined Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders in their actions in Cuba in 1898. He later participated in quelling the Philippine Insurrection of 1899, and fought in the Boxer Rebellion in China in 1900. He shipped horses for the British to South Africa in the Boer War in 1901.

Tom Mix was a lawman in Colorado, Arizona, and New Mexico, and was also a Texas Ranger. Then, Tom Mix got into the movies. It was a life every boy and girl watching Tom Mix movies, seeing him at the circus, or listening to him on the radio could only dream about. Tom Mix and his press agents could also only dream of it. *None of the above facts is true!* This is a biography of a legend, not too different from any other "golden-era" movie star or mythical figure of the American West.

Tom Mix was actually born in Mix Run, Pa., in 1880. He did participate in the Spanish-American War, but served in a heavy-artillery battery protecting the coast of Dela-



(Author's Collection)

Tom Mix in cowboy attire, wearing shirt with logo of the Selig Co.

ware. He likely heard some stories about the Philippine Insurrection from his friend Buck Jones, who was there—but Tom Mix wasn't. His long-time friend Will Rogers probably told stories about days shipping horses during the Boer War, but Tom didn't ship any. Finally, he was a Texas Ranger—but only an honorary one. So, the true facts don't quite support the legend.

On the other hand, Tom Mix was a remarkable individual. He was a deputy sheriff in Dewey, Okla., for a short time. He did help start the event that is now called the Calgary Stampede in Alberta, in 1912. He was a rodeo champion as well as the movie star who brought joy and entertainment to millions of people worldwide.

Tom Mix was the highest-paid movie star in 1927. He was still one of the 10 most popular movie stars in 1929, when he was considered to be past his prime. His popularity was also shown by the fact that the radio program that bore his name outlived him by 10 years. But Mix didn't start out his adult life to be famous; he did not plan to be a star in popular culture.

Tom Mix's love of the West developed as a youth in Pennsylvania. It is said that, as a boy of 10, he saw a performance of Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, and his love for the West was born. Since his father worked as the superintendent of the stables for a lumber tycoon, Tom had the opportunity to ride and work with horses, mules, and stable ponies. After his military service—actually he deserted—Tom and his wife Grace Allin moved to Guthrie, Okla., in the fall of 1902. From 1902 until 1913, Tom officially called Oklahoma "home." After his marriage to Grace Allin was annulled, he married Kitty Jewel Perrine in 1905. He worked for the Miller Brothers' 101 Ranch as a stock handler and eventually was a performer between 1906 and 1908 with the Miller Brothers Wild West Show. This life-style was the cause of yet another divorce. Tom left the Miller Brothers show at the end of 1908, and took some time off from the physical hardships of the traveling Wild West act.

During this break he renewed his acquaintanceship with Olive Stokes (he had been introduced to her by Will Rogers in 1904). In a short time Olive became Tom's wife, and they joined the Widerman Wild West Show in Amarillo, Texas. The two of them left the Widerman company in Denver, after being turned down for a raise. They then traveled to Seattle, Wash., to start their own show. After their performances were interrupted off-and-on by rain, Tom Mix's first attempt at owning a Wild West show ended after he only barely broke even.

The Mixes then joined the Will A Dickey Circle D Wild West Show. It was with this outfit that Mix appeared in his first movie, "Ranch Life in the Great Southwest," made near Dewey, Okla., in 1909. In this film, Tom was featured in a bronco-busting scene.

The Selig Company—which made the "Ranch Life" film—was impressed enough with Mix's abilities that he was signed to appear in a number of other motion pictures shot in Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, and Florida. Most were Westerns, but there were others, for example, a jungle movie and one Tudor English melodrama. This kind of work did not make Mix feel comfortable, but the money was good and steady. The Miller Brothers had paid only \$35 a week, while Selig paid between \$50 and \$100 weekly. For the Mixes, the movie business was only a temporary job to help them to save money to buy a ranch or perhaps try again to own a Wild West show. So, the couple both signed contracts with Selig for another year.

Tom and Olive joined a troupe of actors and headed to Colorado in August 1911. As *The Denver Post* reported on Aug. 6, 1911:



Producer J. A. Golden, of the Selig Polyscope Picture Company of Chicago, with several fine biograph plays to bring out with proper settings, brought his company of twenty to Colorado, having in mind the use of several mountain sections where scenery of the grand and suitable kind would be at hand.

On arriving at Denver he was asked by Myrtle Stedman, leading lady of the company, wife of Marshall Stedman, an official of the Selig company, and daughter-in-law of Capt. E. M. Stedman, U.S.N. retired, the founder of American City, to go up with her to the place in the great altitudes where she had spent a good deal of her early life and consider that region before he looked elsewhere.

Along with Mrs. Stedman, the troupe included Thomas J. Carrigan as leading man; William Duncan, second male lead; Otis B. "Obie" Thayer, character actor; Edward Kull, cameraman; and, as trick riders, Tom Mix and his wife Olive. The company based themselves in American City for five weeks and made three movies while there.



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

A young Myrtle Stedman on location in American City, Colo.

All of the movies of this era were one or two reels long. Although in the next two or three years this would change, most movie companies felt that the 10- to 25-minute length of these movies was the maximum time audience members were willing to sit. The stories were very simple—really more of a situation than a story. An example of this simple style is the Selig troupe's first released film, "Told In Colorado," as described by the publicity one-sheet:

Edythe Bellaires [Myrtle Stedman], a guest at a Colorado Hotel, is engaged to be married to Percy DeYoung [Thomas Carrigan], a wealthy Eastern fop who is given to flirting. John Hunter [William Duncan], a mining engineer, loves Kate Dawson [Olive Stokes], a dashing Western belle. Edythe's horse runs away, and she is saved by John Hunter.

Kate sees Edythe and John walking together and becomes very jealous. She determines to teach John a lesson and flirts with Percy. John sees his sweetheart flirting and determines to teach her a lesson; he flirts with Edythe. John meets Percy on top of a cliff. Words lead to a fight, and in a thrilling scene Percy falls over the cliff. John, believing Percy dead, runs away. Percy has fallen into a clump of bushes and is rescued. John returns, and coming face to face with Percy, believes that he is seeing a ghost, and he runs away, followed by Kate, who captures him. Kate explains and the lovers are happy.

Wonderfully picturesque spots have been chosen for settings for the picture-play. The run-away, the fight on the cliff, and the rescue of Percy will prove to be real thrillers.

It is interesting to note here that Tom Mix played a very small part in the film—Bill Higgins, a miner—while Olive played the second lead-female part. In the second film made in Gilpin County, "Why the Sheriff Is a Bachelor," Tom played the sheriff while Olive seems to have played the part of a man! It's no wonder the movie-people were considered to be a little wild.

After making a third movie—"Western Hearts"—in and around American City, on Sept. 8 the Selig company moved on. Their intent was to move throughout Colorado, but their next stop found them a "home" for the rest of 1911 and the summer and fall of 1912 in Cañon City. The company's "character actor," Obie Thayer, had acted in Cañon City during his pre-movie days and Tom Mix had won the Royal Gorge Rodeo championship there in 1909. They were probably the people who suggested Cañon City. With the Arkansas River, the Royal Gorge, and the area's open topography, a more varied backdrop was available for the Westerns to come.

Shortly after arriving, producer Joseph Golden along with lead-actor Thomas Carrigan left the company. Thayer took over the directing assignment, and William Duncan and Tom Mix then shared the lead-actor roles.

The company made at least seven movies between mid-September and mid-November 1911. Locations included the Garden Park area (northeast of town), the Hot Springs Hotel (at the mouth of the Royal Gorge), Skyline Drive, the streets of Cañon City and Florence, and various interior locations. They made romance films, action films, "evil-Indian" films, and comic films. They built sets or shot on "locations." It was here that the boundary between the Old West portrayed in the movies and the wild side of filmmakers of the silent era was obscured.

A bar might be used as a location for a movie during the day and the cowboy/actors might return to that same bar to drink away the night. One of the many Tom Mix

# TOLD IN COLORADO

A Western Comedy Drama, Played in the Mountains of Colorado

Written and Produced by JOSEPH A. GOLDEN



## CAST

PERCY DEYOUNG	E. J. Carrigan	KATE DAWSON	Billie Stokes
EDYTHE BELLAIRES	Myrtle Westman	PAPA BELLAIRES	Eric B. Thayer
JOHN HUNTER	William B. Duncan	"BELL" HOLLINS	A. Miner Tom Mix

BOOKS AND PAPERS AT HOTEL DEL MONTE, COLO.

**E**DYTHE BELLAIRES, a guest at a Colorado Hotel, is engaged to be married to Percy DeYoung, a wealthy Eastern fop who is given to flirting. John Hunter, a mining engineer, loves Kate Dawson, a dashing Western belle. Edythe's horse runs away, and she is saved by John Hunter.

Kate Dawson sees Edythe and John walking together and becomes very jealous. She determines to teach John a lesson and flirts with Percy. John sees his sweetheart flirting and determines to teach her a lesson; he flirts with Edythe.

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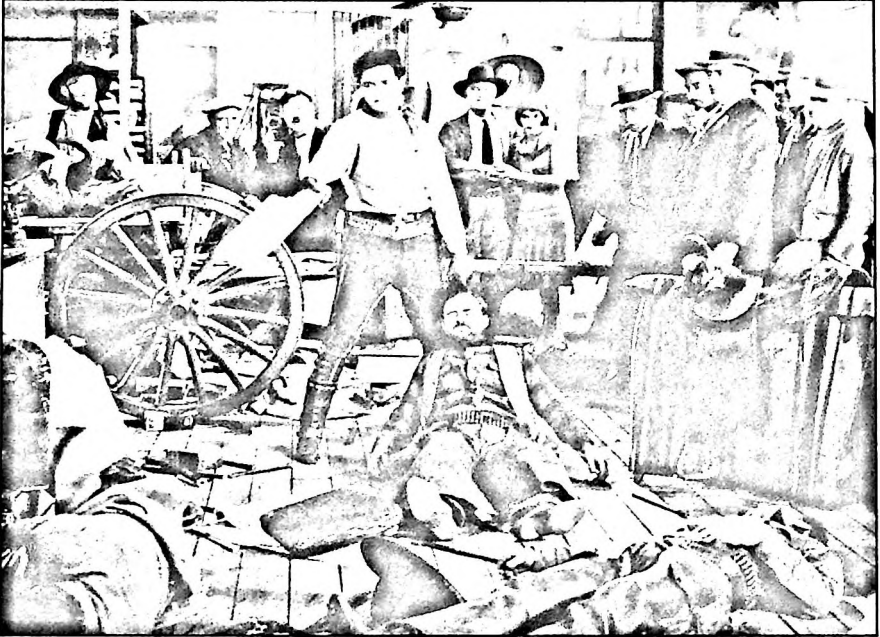
Wonderfully picturesque spots have been chosen for settings for this picture-play. The run-away, the fight on the cliff, and the rescue of Percy will prove to be real thrillers.



# SELIG



stories passed down tells how locals—such as Woody Higgins—used to place lemons on shot glasses at one end of the bar. The boys would then take turns trying to shoot the lemons off the glasses. The loser had the honor of buying the drinks. The stories continue that, “One customer failed to be frightened when Mix pulled his gun on him. He stared Mix down and coolly said, ‘I think I’ll shoot the buttons off your shirt.’ Mix put away his gun. The two became friends before the evening was out.” (From *Trappers to Tourists*, Rosemae Wells Campbell; the Filter Press, Palmer Lake, Colo., 1972.)



(Author's Collection)

Tom Mix stands in the center of scene in a 1920s Fox Movie Co. film.

There's also the story told about a night that Olive Mix went out to look for her too-long-gone husband. Tom was said to have run into the Elk's Club and then out a window while a doorman slowed down Olive. Tom found refuge by hiding in the awning while Olive stood guard outside, waiting for him to appear. The standoff was broken only when an employee coming on duty decided to unroll the awning, dumping Tom to the ground, right in front of his angry wife.

And it is easy to see why these men might want to drink into the night. This era of movie-making before unions was a dangerous one. While making "The Telltale Knife," tragedy almost struck. *The Cañon City Record* of Oct. 12, 1911, tells the story:

The two outlaws, who were represented by Tom Mix and Charlie Farrar, rode their horses at break-neck speed down the side of the mountains on the south side of the [Arkansas] river, some four or five hundred yards above the mouth of Grape Creek and plunged into its current from a rock fully ten feet above the bank; creating a mighty splash in water as they did so. A few minutes later the sheriff and a posse followed and repeated the same performance, a regular fusillade of shots being fired by the pursued and the pursuers to give a realism to the scene. . . .

The great volume of water pouring out of Grape Creek forces its way at right angles almost across the river and imperils the life of any living thing that gets into it except waterfowl. A sandbar has been created by its current for, perhaps, a quarter of the distance across the river on its eastern border and it was to that haven of refuge that Mix and Farrar were swimming their horses when the latter nearly lost his life. Farrar in some manner got too far out from the bank and was swept around the end of the bar by the rushing waters, and horse and rider were repeatedly submerged in a swirling current that nothing could withstand.

*The Florence Daily Citizen* (Oct. 11, 1911) continues:

Both horse and rider were drowning. Occasionally the rider's head appeared above water for a moment and it was during one of these moments that the big Mexican who is one of the aggregation threw a lariat about 100 feet and made one of the neatest ties on record, then he landed the desperado while the crowd cheered.

Another story in *The Cañon City Record* related Nov. 16, 1911, that:

Another "stunt" done by Mr. Mix at the show grounds on Friday was the "bulldogging" of a large steer in something like twelve seconds, which, perhaps, in celerity has never been equalled in Colorado. . . . In the instance alluded to Mr. Mix was driven in an automobile at a high rate of speed to within a few feet of the steer selected for the experiment when he leaped from the machine to the back of the animal and threw it to the ground in the manner described. The whole thing was done so quickly as to astonish spectators. . . . Many of the sports "pulled off" by Mr. Mix and his associates here for photographic reproduction are hazardous in the extreme and require a degree of skill that is truly marvelous.

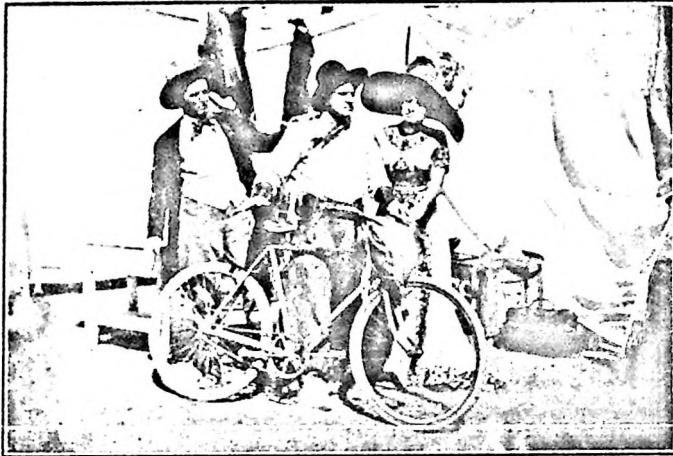
This danger in making these movies is evident in the fact that Tom Mix, Bill Duncan, and Myrtle Stedman all spent time in the hospital in Cañon City. In "The Bully of Bingo Gulch," Tom Mix, playing a ranch owner, played the entire film with his arm in a sling. Since there is no reason that the character he played should have his arm in a sling, it is assumed that he was hurt a short time before making the movie.

The weather in Colorado did not allow the company to make Westerns during the winter months, so they were split up to make melodramas at a Chicago studio. While many of the same people were with the troupe when it returned in June 1912, there were a number of changes. Tom and Olive Mix did not sign new contracts. Tom was still not sure about the movie business.

In March 1912, Mix went with Guy Weadick to Calgary to help Weadick start work on what became the first Calgary Stampede. It was there that Mix was to join a Wild West Show that Fred T. Cummins was putting together for a tour of the United States starting in April. After Mix was seriously injured in the show, he and Olive returned "home" to Dewey, Okla., where their first child was born on July 13, 1912. Mix did not return to the Selig company until November or December 1912. In the last couple of

# The Bully of Bingo Gulch

STRING WESTERN COMEDY DRAMA. PREMIERE IN DENVER, COLORADO  
Written and Produced by U. B. HEAYER



## CAST

WILLIAM M. FLETCHER as Pop Lynd, Ranch Foreman  
 WALTER BRADY as Easy Thompson, Cowboy Bicycle King  
 WALTER BRADY as Wild Jim, generally intoxicated and a bully  
 LARRY LIND as Jess, Foreman  
 JAMES EARL RAY as Jim, Foreman  
 TOMMY MCGEE as Jess, Foreman  
 MARYE NEWMAN as Jess, Foreman

**H**IRAM HUGHES, foreman on "Pop Lynd's" ranch in Bingo Gulch, has quit his job. He has had enough of "Wild Jim," the pest of the ranch; lazy, generally intoxicated, and a bully. Pop places a sign on the Post Office, advertising for a new foreman. "Easy" Thompson, the star performer of the "Circle Bar Ranch" show, resigns his job. "Easy" is a small man, but has a reputation as a weight-lifter and as the "Cowboy Bicycle King." He reads Pop Lynd's sign, and decides to tackle the job. At the ranch, Pop tries to make Jim go to work, but is knocked down. Jim then attempts to caress Jess. At this moment "Easy" rides in, rescues Jess, and knocks the bully down.

Pop discharges Wild Jim and "Easy" gets the job as foreman, and, incidentally, falls in love with Jess. Later, Wild Jim sends a note saying that he is on the way to "get" the foreman. "Easy" starts off alone to meet Jim. Pop and Jess organize a rescuing party, but finds "Easy" has made Jim a tame bully indeed.



Mrs. Marye Newman

# SELIG



months of that year, the Selig company completed the remainder of the 50 or so movies they made in Colorado. The troupe moved on to Prescott, Ariz., in January 1913, and consolidated with the rest of the Selig Company in Hollywood in 1914.

Tom Mix continued to make movies for Selig through 1917, starting in 1913 to write and direct them, himself. It was when he moved to the Fox Company in 1917 (later 20th Century Fox) that Mix began his rapid rise to stardom. He made from 4 to 10 movies each year from 1918 through 1928. In July 1926, he returned to Colorado to make "The Great K & A Train Robbery."

Tom Mix arrived in Glenwood Springs with an entourage of 54 on July 8, 1926. Their equipment filled two baggage cars. Staying for three weeks, Mix and company shot the film, but they also staged a rodeo and performed a variety show. Tom Mix, however, did not participate in the rodeo. He was injured while making this movie when he fell 20 feet near a Denver & Rio Grande Western tunnel to the railbed below. He still was doing stunts, a practice that most movie studios would, in a short time, no longer allow.

The *Glenwood Post* reported on July 17, 1926:

The picture called for Mix to jump from a moving train and catch this tunnel "tell-tale," hanging there until the train could back up after him. The train ran farther beyond the scene than was planned, and Mix, because of an injured arm, lost his hold and fell to the track.

This same injury made the company decide not to shoot any substantial amount of footage in the Royal Gorge. While at least the first scene of the film was filmed from the top of the Royal Gorge, it appears that no shots with Tom Mix were made there. The newspaper in Cañon City had a number of reports that Mix and company were on their way. Unfortunately for Tom's old friends in Cañon City, the film was finished in Glenwood Canyon.

The advancements in filmmaking are obvious when looking at the "Bully of Bingo Gulch" and "The Great K & A Train Robbery." While both films have some humor in them, the amount of action in the latter film is much greater. While there are elements of the traditional Western genre in "The Bully of Bingo Gulch," they are full-blown in "The Great K & A Train Robbery." The first film is nothing more than a footnote in the career of Tom Mix and the history of the Western, but "The Great K & A Train Robbery" shows both at their best. Tom Mix's humor and athleticism truly set him apart from other Western stars.

As Olive Stokes Mix said in her 1957 book about her ex-husband, *The Fabulous Tom Mix* (Eric Heath, Prentice Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1957):

Foremost in Tom's mind, far above the desire to make money, was his anxiety to show the public what the winning of the West really meant. It was his wish to preserve the old ways, to display them and to communicate their meaning. He offered himself to the public as a genuine example of a way of life.

The way of life that Tom Mix hoped to portray has become completely entangled in most people's minds with the films that he and others have made. The history of the West is blurred with what filmmakers wanted that history to be.

The movies that Tom Mix and the Selig Company made in Colorado were made in the time when this blurring of the West and the Western was at its greatest. There are



*(Collection of Jackson Thode)*

Tom Mix on Tony during filming of "The Great K&A Train Robbery" in Glenwood Canyon, Colo.

other examples from the same period.

Bill Tilghman, a former Dodge City marshal, formed the Eagle Film Company and made "The Passing of the Oklahoma Outlaws" in 1915. "Arkansas Tom," the only survivor of the Doolin gang, played himself in the movie. Bandit Al Jennings portrayed himself in another movie Tilghman made in 1908: "The Bank Robbery."

Emmett Dalton also had the foresight in 1915 to make a movie of his gang's past. Even Wyatt Earp was an extra in 1915 in "The Half-Breed," starring Douglas Fairbanks.

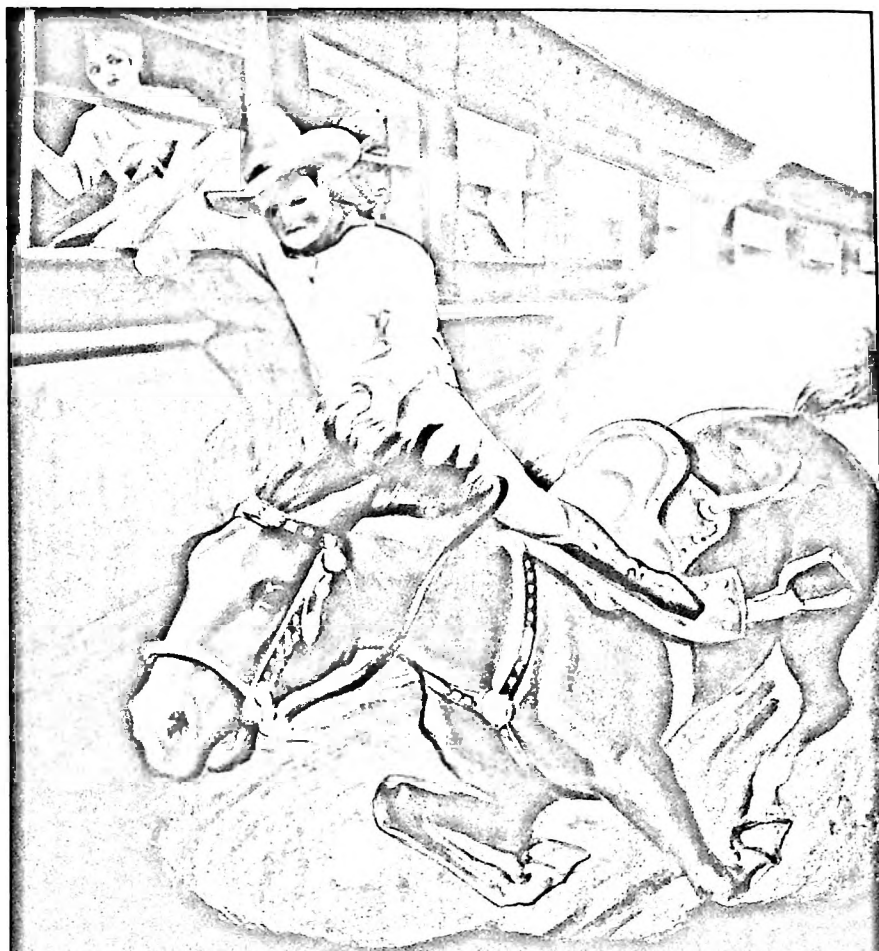
To bring all of this full circle, William S. Hart—another of the great silent cowboy stars—and Tom Mix were pall-bearers at Earp's funeral in 1929.

Shortly after the film companies settled in California—in the mid-teens—the Western became more of the entertainment medium as we know it. By the time "The Great K & A Train Robbery" was made, The Western was full-grown.

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*(Editor's Note: Unless otherwise indicated, illustrations with this article are from the author's collection.)*





WILLIAM FOX  
presents

**Tom Mix** with TONY  
the Wonder Horse

IN  
**the GREAT K&A TRAIN ROBBERY**

- The Finest Western Thriller of the Finest Western Star -

## About the Author

"Tom Mix in Colorado," the subject of this issue of *The Roundup*, was presented by Posse Member David Emrich on Jan. 24, 1996. David's Tom Mix paper represents a further step in his research of early Western filmmaking, and follows up his 1990 presentation: "Early Colorado Filmmaking and the Colorado Motion Picture Company." The 1990 paper also comprised a chapter in the Denver Westerners' *Golden Anniversary Brand Book*.

David Emrich joined the Denver Westerners in 1988, and became a Posse Member in 1991. He is the owner of Post Modern Audio, a Denver film and video editing company. A fourth-generation Coloradan, he developed a strong interest in Colorado and Western history, listening to stories told by his parents and grandparents. He has been joined in the Denver Westerners by his brother Ron, now a resident of Chicago.

David earned a bachelor's degree in economics and political science from the University of Colorado, and met his wife Mary shortly after his CU graduation. He has followed in the footsteps of his father Paul, in the motion picture business. David has produced feature films and television shows for PBS, Discovery, and ESP, as well as hundreds of TV commercials and business videos.

David plans to continue his research on early Colorado filmmaking, and hopes some day to produce a documentary on Western history.

## Over the Corral Rail

(Continued from Page 2)

Corresponding Member **Johanna Har- den**, archivist and local historian for the Douglas Public Library District, said the library will celebrate National Historic Preservation Week May 12-19 with the last of three local-history programs.

The free program is scheduled for 7 p.m. May 18 in Kirk Hall at the Douglas County Fairgrounds in Castle Rock.

Robert Heapes, retired Douglas County businessman and engineer, will present a multi-media account of "The 1820 Stephen Long Expedition," tracing the exploration from near present-day Omaha across the prairies into Douglas County and along West Plum Creek.

Johanna said the research project won a grant from the Colorado Endowment for the Humanities, making possible a video and teaching guide for Colorado high schools.

Topics of the two other programs in the series were "View from the Cab: Perspectives of a Santa Fe Engineer," and "Faith in High Places: Historic Country Churches of Colorado."

The Denver Westerners have gained six new Corresponding Members, according to a report by **Ed Bathke**, membership chairman.

□ **Gordon C. Bassett**, 1922 Kodiak Drive, Colorado Springs, CO 80910, was brought to the Denver Westerners by Posse Member **John Bennett**. Gordon has an interest in railroads and Western and military history.

He has published various articles on the Santa Fe Railway, and is working on a major piece on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe in Arizona.

Gordon is a charter member of the Pikes Peak Posse of the Westerners, where he has been Tallyman for 13 years, and has presented five programs on Western railroads and other topics. He has been a member of the National Railway Historical Society for 23 years and is a past-president and director of the Colorado Midland Chapter.

A native of Great Falls, Mont., Gordon grew up in Saint Paul, Minn., and was graduated in 1956 from the University of Minnesota in mechanical engineering. In 1977 he earned

a master's of science degree in management from the University of Northern Colorado.

Gordon served with the Army Ordnance Corps in Germany, Korea, and Saudi Arabia. He taught American military history at Texas Western College, El Paso. Retired from the Army as a major, he has resided in Colorado Springs since 1971.

His wife Carolyn has two sons and a daughter, and Gordon has two daughters.

□ Dale L. Bokowski, 1045 W. 154th Ave., Broomfield, CO 80020, learned of the Denver Westerners from Corresponding Member Alan Stalker, and Posse Member Jon Almgren.

Dale's areas of interest are old mining towns, railroads, and prominent citizens and inhabitants of Colorado; also genealogy, ghost-town tours, computers, rockhounding, woodworking, and gardening. He is rated as a master gardener by Colorado State University.

A native of Fremont, Neb., he and his wife Diane have a son Kirk, 37; and a daughter Nancy, 32. Dale holds a bachelor's in chemistry, physics, and math; and a master's degree in organic chemistry from the University of Nebraska. He retired from Rocky Flats Atomic Weapons plant (Dow Chemical/Rockwell International/EG&G) in 1992, where for more than 30 years he was a radio chemist. He was elected to membership in Phi Lambda Upsilon, national chemistry honorary society; and Sigma Psi, national science honorary.

□ Bonnie Campbell, 1492 E. Girard Place, #532; Englewood, CO 80110. Bonnie learned about the Denver Westerners from friends in Arizona. Her areas of interest include the literature of the American West and lives of Western figures.

Bonnie has published or plans articles on women of the West, particularly Colorado, then Mexico and Arizona, and wives of such Western figures as Charles Bent, Kit Carson, and George A. Custer.

She is enrolled in a graduate liberal arts course at Denver University, with emphasis on the culture of the American West, and Western writers.

Bonnie's hobbies include writing, Western writers, hiking, and folk dancing. She adds

that she is a "Scottophile."

□ Margaret Kelly, 90 Corona St. #1408, Denver, CO 80218, learned about the Westerners attending meetings with her husband Bernard "Bernie" Kelly, longtime member. She and Bernie were married in 1981.

Margaret is interested in the history of military forts, Native Americans, and the Lewis and Clark Expedition.

A native of Bismarck, N.D., she was graduated from the University of Northern Colorado at Greeley in 1950, and earned her master's in education from that school in 1978. She has taught classes at the Standing Rock Indian Reservation at Fort Yates, N.D.; at Cannonball, N.D.; for Air Force Dependent Schools in West Germany; and in the Denver Public Schools.

□ Standish K. "Stan" Penton, 5200 W. Coal Mine Ave., Littleton, CO 80123-6833. Stan was introduced to the Denver Westerners by Posse Member Wayne Smith.

Stan was previously a member of the Los Angeles Corral of the Westerners. He is interested in Buffalo Bill and the Wild West shows. His other interests are horses and collecting Western Americana.

□ Joan C. White, 655 Glencoe St., Denver, CO 80220. Joan learned of the Denver Westerners through member Bernie Kelly, and as a guest at some of the monthly meetings. She is interested in the settling of the West and in nineteenth century Colorado history.

Joan White has a B.A. in history from the University of Colorado, and has done graduate work as a fellow at Northwestern University. She has also earned a law degree from the University of Denver College of Law.

Joan was a longtime writer and editor for *The Denver Post*, and was the first woman assistant managing editor at the newspaper. After leaving *The Post* in 1986, she clerked on the 10th Circuit Court of Appeals, then became an appellate attorney for the Denver District Attorney. She was the Denver DA's executive officer 1989-1993 before leaving to form her own business, Executive Editors. She offers writing and editing services, and trains and tutors individuals in those areas.

Joan's hobbies are writing and walking. She is presently working on a novel.



(From Dr. Robert W. Mulchler Collection)

Informal photo of Thomas Hornsby Ferril appeared in the 1973 *Brand Book* published by the Denver Westerners.

# A Tribute to Tom Ferril

By ALAN J. STEWART,  
Editor, Denver Westerners Roundup

Fulcrum Publishing Inc., Golden, Colo., this year will publish *Thomas Hornsby Ferril and the American West*. The anthology, produced as a centennial memorial to Colorado's Poet Laureate and edited by Robert Baron, Stephen J. Leonard, and Thomas J. Noel, will present many of Ferril's poems and essays.

The Colorado History Group, headed by Noel, a Posse Member of the Denver Westerners, also paid tribute to Ferril with a "100th Birthday Party" April 6. The day's agenda culminated at the City Park Pavilion in the dedication by Denver Mayor Wellington Webb of Ferril Lake, formerly City Park's Big Lake. Events concluded with a tour of Ferril House at 2123 Downing St.

Tom—he used the formal Thomas Hornsby only in print—Ferril was a Posse Member of the Denver Westerners and played a prominent role in the organization throughout his life. At the time of his death at 92, he was the last of the Denver Posse's 21 charter members and 11 founders. His poetry found its way into Denver Westerners' *Brand Books* and *The Roundup*.

Tom died in his home on Oct. 27, 1988, and artist Anne Ferril Folsom closed the place after her father's death. The house was reborn in 1996 as the Colorado Center for the Book, part of a national organization to promote literacy and reading. The site has also been designated a historic Denver landmark, and a literary landmark of the American Library Association.

In the 1973 *Brand Book*, edited by Dr. Robert W. Mutchler, was this introduction:

Thomas Hornsby Ferril has been described as "the most honored poet of the Rocky Mountain West," a recognition based on national awards, citations, and honorary degrees.

Selections from his poems introduce the papers in this *Brand Book*. None was written expressly for this purpose. Thanks to the timelessness and variety of his work over many years, it was possible to select passages keyed to the subject matter of the various chapters.

One of Ferril's poems, "Two Rivers," is inscribed in bronze on a marker at the confluence of the South Plate River and Cherry Creek. The poem was quoted in the *Brand Book* chapter, "The Denver I Remember," by the late Fred A. Rosenstock:

*Two rivers that were here before there was  
A city here still come together: one  
Is a mountain river flowing into the prairie;  
One is a prairie river flowing toward  
The mountains but feeling them and turning back  
The way some of the people who came here did.*

*Most of the time these people hardly seemed  
To realize they wanted to be remembered  
Because the mountains told them not to die.*

*I wasn't here, yet I remember them,  
That first night long ago, those wagon people*

*Who pushed aside enough of the cottonwoods  
To build our city where the blueness rested.*

*They were with me, they told me afterward,  
When I stood on a splintered wooden viaduct  
Before it changed to steel and I to man.  
They told me while I stared down at the water:  
If you will stay we will not go away.*

The book's Epilogue presents the appropriate "Something Starting Over":

*You don't see buffalo skulls very much any more  
On the Chugwater buttes or down the Cheyenne plains,  
And when you roll at twilight over a draw,  
With ages in your heart and hills in your eyes,  
You can get about as much from a Model-T,  
Stripped and forgotten in a sage arroyo.  
As you can from asking the blue peaks over and over:  
"Will something old come back again tonight?  
Send something back to tell me what I want."*

*I do not know how long forever is,  
But today is going to be long long ago,  
There will be flint to find, and chariot wheels,  
And silver saxophones the angels played,  
So I ask myself if I can still remember  
How a myth began this morning and how the people  
Seemed hardly to know that something was starting over.*

The Denver Press Club at 1330 Glenarm Place was the longtime home of the Denver Westerners, and Ferril made the club his sanctuary. His frequent strolls in Washington Park often ended with lunch at the Denver Press Club, seated at a back-corner table. The table now has a bronze tablet inscribed, "Thomas Hornsby Ferril Memorial Table," with a line from one of his poems: *Dare I believe more dreams than I can prove.* On the wall in the Press Club's "rogues gallery" is a drawing of Ferril by Paul Conrad, *Denver Post* cartoonist. And in the basement is the "Thomas Hornsby Ferril Memorial Pool Table."

Tom Ferril lived and died in the three-story stone-and-brick house on Downing Street, built in 1889 by his great aunt and uncle, John and Joanna Palmer. In 1900, Joanna's niece and her husband, Alice and Will Ferril, and their three young children moved in with the Palmers. Some 21 years later, the Ferrils' son Tom married and brought his wife Helen to live there, along with his parents and relatives. Tom and Helen's only child, Anne, was born there in 1922.

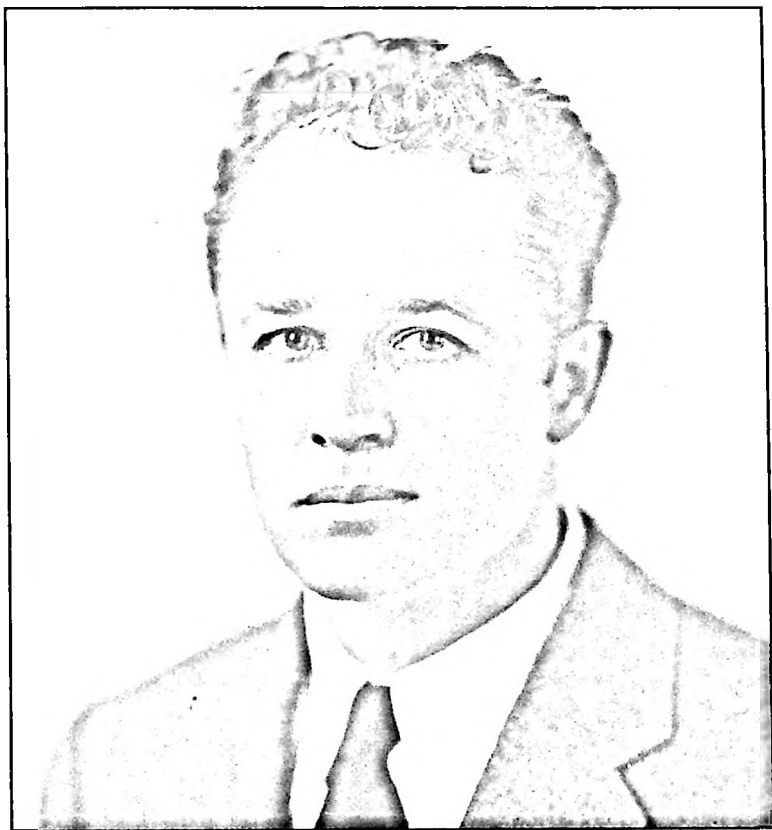
The Ferril home was crowded with books and memorabilia. The tiny Victorian rooms were lined with shelves from Tom's father, Will C. Ferril, a bibliophile, as well as an author and journalist, and secretary of the Colorado Historical Society. He collected some 3,000 books, each subsequently inscribed by him with "Thomas Hornsby Ferril from Will C. Ferril."

Tom Ferril was born in Denver on Feb. 24, 1896, and began rhyming at the precocious age of 3. His first poem was published in 1906, when he was 10. (He had sent a

verse, "A Mountain Thought," in a letter to an uncle in Auburn, N.Y., and it was printed in a local newspaper.)

"Poetry is something you're stuck with," Tom once said. "You've got to do it whether you want to or not."

Tom attended Denver schools and was graduated from Colorado College in 1918. After college, he served as an Army officer in World War I, then returned to Denver and became a newspaper reporter, first for the old *Denver Times*, then the *Rocky Mountain News*. He was a newspaper theater critic until owners of some Champa Street movie houses hired him away as a "press agent," a move designed, Tom recalled, to halt his mostly unfavorable reviews.



(Courtesy Western History Dept., Denver Public Library)

Tom Ferril was about 41 years of age in this 1937 portrait.

Ferril's first volume of poetry, *High Passage*, was published in 1926, and won the Yale University's Young Poets Award. That same year, he went to work for the Great Western Sugar Co., again as a "press agent." He continued at Great Western for 42 years, writing and editing the company's monthly journal, *Through the Leaves*.

Ferril's subsequent poetry volumes included *New and Selected Poems* (1927), *Westering* (1934), *Trial by Time* (1936, 1944), *Words for Denver and Other Poems* (1966), and *Anvil of Roses* (1983)

A play, "Magenta," first presented at the Central City Opera House, is still performed in Denver. Another play, "... And Perhaps Happiness," won a \$10,000 *Denver Post* award in 1957. He also contributed to many national magazines and published two volumes of his collected newspaper columns.

Ferril's writing was praised by such contemporaries as Carl Sandburg, John Ciardi, and Carl Van Doren. Former NBC correspondent and author Edwin Newman praised the clarity and precision of Ferril's work and said, "He illuminates the lives we lead, because of the way he writes."

Robert Frost once wrote of Ferril:

*A man is as tall as his height  
Plus the height of his home town.  
I know a Denverite  
Who, measured from sea to crown,  
Is one mile, five-foot ten  
And he swings a commensurate pen.*

Former Gov. Dick Lamm in 1979 conferred on Tom the official title of poet laureate for Ferril's contribution to Colorado's cultural heritage. In 1985, the Thomas Hornsby Ferril Collection was dedicated in the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library.

Time is the frequent theme for Ferril's work. Under the gilt dome of Colorado's Capitol, his poetry limnes the murals. Most memorable are two lines, taken from a longer poem:

*Beyond the sunset is tomorrow's wisdom,  
Today is going to be long, long ago.*

Ferril, like many early Coloradans, worried about Denver's future. He was critical of thoughtless demolitions, and in 1978 became a member of the Denver Landmark Preservation Commission.

"Do you like what they're doing to Denver?" he once asked a visitor. "I don't like it at all. This growth is malignant. We have all these skyscrapers with so much empty space in them . . . I sometimes think that someday, people may prowl through these skyscrapers the way we prowl through Mesa Verde, saying, 'What sort of people built these strange buildings? Why did they do it?'"

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Portions of the foregoing article were taken from "Tom Ferril's Sense of Place," by Dr. Tom Noel, written for *Thomas Hornsby Ferril and the American West* (Golden, Colo.: Fulcrum Publishing, 1996), and from *Roundup* files, including *Denver Post* articles by Bill Hornby, retired editor; Jack Kising, *Post* columnist; and a 1985 Associated Press feature by S.J. Guffey.





## 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*

**Sweet Medicine: Sites of Indian Massacres, Battlefields, and Treaties.** Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1995. Photographs by Drex Brooks; essay by Patricia Nelson Limerick; foreword by James Welch; 60 duotone photographs; 163 pages. Cloth-bound, \$50.

The misleading main title implies that this is a book dealing with Cheyenne Indian traditional religious beliefs, but the subtitle more accurately describes what is to be found here. Drex Brooks has for some years been photographing sites of Indian and European interaction ranging from Plymouth Rock in 1620 up to the displacement of the Palouse people in the middle twentieth century. The photographs themselves are handsome and professionally done, although what one sees often suggests little of the important events associated with these places. For example, at the Greenville Treaty site we see four boys on a well-manicured lawn who have just caught a fish. Obviously, Brooks cannot make the sites look as they did in earlier days, and perhaps this is his message: that the bloody fields have been cleared and cleaned and that important events have been conveniently forgotten.

If that is not his message, it is certainly that of Patricia Limerick. Her thoughtful essay addresses several concerns historians feel today in studying and writing about the interactions of native and invading peoples in the New World. One remembers how this convoluted history has been distorted by one faction or another. In the middle nineteenth century, there was Col. Richard Dodge referring to

“the red devils” motivated only by blood-lust and savagery. Then came Helen Hunt Jackson and Oliver LaFarge with a diametrically opposite view. Ms Limerick does make several important points in her argument for a balanced view among these more one-sided perspectives. For example, she points out that in most wars, atrocities may be committed freely by both (or all) sides, making it harder to see clear-cut villains or victims.

To develop her views, she proposes “A Twelve Point Guide to War.” These are statements not so much of military tactics, but of what Carl von Clausewitz termed “the diplomacy of warfare.” For instance, her first suggestion is that there will have been considerable interaction before war actually breaks out. She illustrates each of her suggestions with an event from the Modoc War of 1872-1873. Later, she points out the difficulty of surrender and cessation of hostilities.

She also makes the often-overlooked point that in the nineteenth century, at least, there was seldom unanimity among either Indian or American populations. Indians were often just as happy to ally against traditional enemies, and in frontier European society some were far more ready to arm the Indians than to displace them.

An Indian friend once observed, “It’s the victors who write the history books!” How right he was! Limerick obviously realizes this and makes her bottom line a demand that history must be seen—and written—as encompassing all the people involved. Most historians today would accept that concept. However, there is more they need to consider.

It should always be borne in mind that a different group of people, shaped by different culture and perceptions, are apt not to react as the "visiting society" assumes they will. And, when they do react, it may be for reasons of which the "visitors" are totally ignorant. Try offering a nice pork sandwich to your Moslem guests, to see how this works! Limerick touches on this point of misunderstanding another society's sensibilities, but does not really develop it.

There is another basic notion which most historians recognize but seldom discuss at any length. Simply put, it says that land and resources not occupied or administered by Europeans are not occupied at all. There is a near-ludicrous example of this in our history.

When Lewis and Clark visited the Mandan villages in present-day North Dakota and there encountered agents of the Northwest Fur Company from Canada, an argument ensued over who was wrongfully trespassing upon whose land. No doubt, the Mandans were amused!

This book is certainly recommended to all historians whether their main thrust is the Indian War period or not. Perhaps it ought to be required reading for history students in the hope of broadening their cultural perspectives and sharpening their historical eyesight!

—Richard Conn, P.M.

**Lost in the Yellowstone. Truman Everts' Thirty-Seven Days of Peril.** Edited by Lee M. Whittlesey. Univ. of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, 1995. 62 pages. Paperback, \$10.95.

The foreword, written by Tom Tankersley, explains how Truman Everts entered Yellowstone as a member of the Washburn-Langford-Doane expedition in late summer 1870.

I agree that the story of "Thirty-Seven Days of Peril" should be saved and read by each generation. I only spent two days with a small group of friends in Yellowstone during February, and we weren't lost. I can't help but wonder how anyone alone for more than a month in the wilderness could survive.

I was amazed to learn about the food sources Everts found to sustain himself. I al-

ways considered the thistle, for example, to be an unwanted weed. After reading this book you will consider that statement differently.

Thank goodness the author was in an area with hot springs which enabled him to keep warm and to cook food. Remember, too, all the wild animals he had to escape from or avoid. He also had anxiety about seeing Indians. Having lost his horse the first day, which included losing most of his equipment, he had nothing but the clothes on his back.

The black-and-white photos in the book are fine. Some pictures are dark, but those of the members of the expedition are very good. Truman Everts was eventually rescued by two mountaineers—Jack Baronett and George Pritchett—accompanied, at least initially, by two Crow Indians.

I found the book very interesting, well narrated and worth the price of purchase.

—Erma Morison, C.M.

**Along Ancient Trails, The Mallet Expedition of 1729** by Donald J. Blakeslee. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1995. Appendixes, references, index, 39 maps, eight photos, two illustrations; 330 pages. Clothbound, \$39.95.

*Along Ancient Trails* is a welcome, refreshing, well-written look at a topic too often presented in a manner interesting only to academicians. In three introductory chapters and 52 pages, the author prepares the reader for the adventure ahead. The first chapter gives an excellent overview of early Spanish and French settlements in the present United States and Canada.

The next chapter outlines how Frenchmen were involved with the Mallet Expedition and the Spanish they met in New Mexico. The chapter concludes with a brief discussion of each Indian tribe the expedition encountered. The third chapter discusses the few documents extant from the Mallet Expedition.

The next three chapters address the journey of the expedition from Illinois through Nebraska, Kansas, and Oklahoma to New Mexico. A final chapter covers the expedition's return from New Mexico to the Midwest. These four chapters are accompanied by 19 maps of the expedition's route, plus maps of

specific areas of the trail, and copies of other explorers' and expeditions' maps. The book concludes with an examination of subsequent attempts to visit New Mexico from 1741 through 1756.

The book contains three valuable appendices, with copies of documents not readily available to readers. The first appendix includes copies of documents from 1740; the second appendix has documents from the Fabry Expedition (1741-42); and the third presents documents extant from the 1750 expedition.

In many years of research for the book, Blakeslee traveled many miles tracing the routes of these early travelers to Santa Fe from the Midwest. The author has combined academic and field research to produce an interesting, well-written work on exploration in the early American West, a breath of fresh air for what is, unfortunately, too often a boring subject.

As the author states in the preface, "It is the adventure of piecing together this sprawling puzzle, the hard work and hot days, the hidden clues, the kindhearted help of strangers, and the blind luck that I want to share with you." The reader is indeed fortunate that Blakeslee has shared the results of his journey along "Ancient Trails."

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

**The Discovery of the Oregon Trail: Robert Stuart's Narratives of His Overland Trip Eastward from Astoria in 1812-1813.** Edited by Philip Ashton Rollins; introduction by Howard Lamar. Univ. of Nebraska Press (Bison Books), Lincoln and London, 1995. Photographs, maps, index; 391 pages. Paperback, \$18.95.

Despite its title, this book is not, in the reviewer's opinion, as much an Oregon Trail genre book as it is a fur-trapping or mountain man book. Thus, if one is looking for a companion work to Parkman's *The Oregon Trail*, this book is not it. This volume would better fit, in with such fur trade accounts as Washington Irving's *Astoria*, Ronda's *Astoria and Empire*, and Franchere's *Adventure at Astoria*.

The title of the book, which is a reprint of the 1935 printing with a new introduction, comes from the fact that Robert Stuart and his companions, having abandoned the ill-fated post at Astoria in then disputed Oregon, headed eastward toward the states in an expedition that would chart out the future Oregon Trail. The book, which combines Stuart's journal, Stuart's postscripts, and Rollins' extensive notes, thus details such things as the topography, the critters met (including beaver), the constant threat from the dangerous Blackfoot, and the obvious travails in the struggle to reach civilization. The reading of the narratives will make one appreciate early travel in the Far West as only familiarity with contemporary, first-person accounts can accomplish. Also, the volume provides some needed corroboration of Coyner's 1847 classic, *The Lost Trappers*.

However, the book is for the serious student of the fur trade, rather than for one seeking a general overview of the business. For an overview, such works as Chittenden's *The American Fur Trade of the Far West*, Berry's *A Majority of Scoundrels*, and Blevins' *Give Your Heart to the Hawks* would be in order. This volume, on the other hand, would be indispensable for one who intended to do some writing on his or her own. If one has a serious collection of books covering the fur trade (as the reviewer fancies he does), the book is a "must," even at the steep price for a paperback. It has an appropriate and colorful cover provided by Mort Kuenstler.

Finally, Nebraska cannot be praised too much for its many reprintings of fur-trade and mountain-man classics. Even those that were published as recently as 20 to 35 years ago now bring premium prices in their original hardback editions, when they can be located. For example, LeRoy Hafén's set which he edited on the mountain man, now costs about \$1,500. The 10-volume set apparently is gradually being reprinted in total by Nebraska. The University of Nebraska brings to middle-class students of the fur trade the ability to have a fine collection in the genre. The school should be credited for such efforts to educate a national population that is in need of re-learning its history and its true roots.

— John M. Hutchins, P.M.

**Cultures in Conflict, A Documentary History of the Mormon War in Illinois** by John E. Hallwas and Roger D. Launius, Utah State Univ. Press, Logan, 1995. Bibliographic notes, index, 11 photos, one map; 369 pages. \$37.95.

The authors of many of the books on Mormons and mormonism begin with an opinion and a predrawn conclusion before they have even placed a pen to paper. However, there are at least two sides to every story and many views of what happened. This book presents many views of both Mormons and non-Mormons through the use of historical documents, articles, and letters.

In the aftermath of the Mormon War of 1838, the Mormons were forced out of Missouri during the winter of 1838-39. Most Mormons settled in western Illinois in the area near Nauvoo. Welcomed initially with sympathy and understanding, soon the religious and cultural differences which led to the problems in Missouri surfaced in Illinois, and by the winter of 1845-46 the Mormons were forced to move yet again. This book explores the events, perceptions, and views of the early to mid-1840s that forced this exodus.

Gathered here are the views of Mormon and non-Mormon, famous and unknown, rich and poor alike. The authors have divided the book into six parts: the Coming of the Mormons; the Origins of the Conflict; the Trouble in Nauvoo; the Murders in Carthage, [Mo.]; the Trial and the Violence and the Exodus, and the Battle of Nauvoo. The authors begin each part with a short introduction to place the articles in the context of the times. Then each article has its own short introduction giving a little of the background of the document and its author. The book contains 90 historical documents. Many of these are referred to in other books on the Mormons in Illinois and yet are not easily found, complete. Included are copies of such documents as the Nauvoo City Charter, first-hand accounts of Mormon theft, an Iowa sheriff's view of the Mormons, an exposé of Mormon polygamy, the Nauvoo *Expositor*, the last speech of Joseph Smith, Eliza Snow's poem, "Let Us Go," Thomas Sharp on the Hancock County conflict, and many more, ending with a tourist's

view of Hancock County in 1852.

For the harder-to-find documents, such as the one-issue Nauvoo *Expositor*, the book describes repositories where they can be found. My only complaint about this book is that, because of length, some items were edited. The Nauvoo City Charter portion includes only nine sections, out of 28.

Fortunately for the reader, this book is much more than just a collection of 90 dusty 150-year-old documents. The introductions to the book, to the six parts of the book, and to each individual article, put each document in perspective of the times and the context of the Mormon War in Illinois.

*Cultures in Conflict* and Samuel W. Taylor's *Nightfall at Nauvoo* are two books that should be read first when beginning a study to understand the Mormons in Illinois.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

**The Life and Adventures of Nat Love** by Nat Love. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1995. 162 pages. Paperback, \$9.

This tale brings to mind Ken Kesey's quote, "But this is the truth even if it didn't happen." It is one man's account of his life and exploits in the post-Civil War West. Nat Love was a natural storyteller, and the book is in three parts. He was born a slave who turned farmer. As a young man he headed west and became a cowboy, driving cattle and reading brands. When the West started to close in, he took a job on the railroad.

Love was born in Tennessee in June 1854. He worked as an ordinary field slave until freed in the war. His family stayed on, farming tobacco on the plantation, but his father died in about 1866. They struggled for several years, living very much hand-to-mouth. When 15, Nat decided to leave home. He was poor, but his resolution of that problem is typical of his tale: a horse was being raffled at half a dollar a chance; he sold chickens to raise 50 cents and bought a ticket. He won the horse, worth \$50. But "as I needed the money more than the horse, I sold the horse back." Love bought another ticket, won, and sold the horse back yet again. He left some of the winnings with his mother and headed west

with the balance.

He went to Dodge City where he hired on with a ranch crew from "the Pan Handle Country of Texas." Love describes his many exploits of the next years: breaking horses, stopping stampedes, carousing in town at the end of a cattle drive, surviving blizzards, crossing trails with Billy the Kid, and generally having adventures. He became known as "Deadwood Dick" for his prowess in roping and riding a mustang in Deadwood, S.D. Captured by "Yellow Dog's Tribe" in October 1876, he lived with them for several months before plotting and making an escape. Cattle drives to Mexico and falling for a beautiful señorita. And so forth.

But barbed wire and the steam locomotive put an end to the cowpuncher's untrammelled freedom. Love gave up the ranching life in 1890. Marrying and moving to Denver, he worked as a greengrocer for about a year, but the sedentary life was not for him. So he signed on with the railroad (which line he never says). In the final chapter he shares dreary industry statistics and amusing anecdotes of the life of a Pullman porter. He ends the story and leaves us in 1908.

This book is an entertaining, occasionally fanciful account. It tells of an eventful life, exciting times, famous places and infamous people. The author was an intelligent, observant man with an eye for detail and a flair for the facts and the tall tale.

—Stan Moore, C.M.

**Bloody Valverde: A Civil War Battle on the Rio Grande** by John Taylor. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1995. 185 pages. Clothbound, \$29.95.

An extremely ambitious military campaign was undertaken in the winter of 1862 in New Mexico. This campaign was spearheaded by Brig. Gen. Henry Sibley of the Texas Confederates. Sibley had many years of experience in the Union Army before relinquishing his commission and proclaiming his allegiance to the Southern cause in the Great American Rebellion.

This book is a description of this military expedition north from Texas and, specifically,

a discussion of one of the most significant battles in that military action. Sibley and his supporters had almost quixotic objectives in this military operation. General Sibley imagined his Texas Confederates would be able to march northward through New Mexico, subduing Union forces along the way. He and his troops would capture Ft. Union and travel effortlessly into Colorado, capturing the gold fields to provide wealth for the South. Then he would concentrate on the territories in the west of Colorado and secure these regions all the way to California for the Confederacy.

One of the battles that these Texans engaged in was at Valverde, N.M., which is on the Rio Grande River. In this book, John Taylor has offered a very detailed account of that battle. He has depicted well the battle from both sides of the conflict. In details that are clear and very understandable, he describes the movements of both the Union and Confederate forces, the reasons for attack strategies and defensive maneuvers, and the end results of those military actions. Taylor explores the curious behavior of Colonel Canby who commanded the more numerous Union forces.

He also described the personality of General Sibley, a very complex soldier who obviously had the ability to command and convince others of military plans and desires.

He was very ingenious and, interestingly, invented a tent and a stove which were used by both sides of the Civil War conflict. He also was an alcoholic, who mysteriously would be unavailable during critical times in various battles. At Valverde, for example, he relinquished command to Col. Tom Green early in the afternoon during the military engagement.

Although this book is not a lengthy discourse of the events at Valverde, it appears to be very well researched. Obvious care was taken to ensure accuracy in the detailed depiction of the events of this conflict. It also was written in a very interesting manner. The old lithographs of the leaders of both sides of this conflict and the illustrations of the various stages of the battle further enhance the understanding of the events of this tumultuous campaign.

—Ken Pitman, P.M.

**This Fragile Land** by Paul A. Johnsgard. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1995. 256 pages. Clothbound, \$35.

When you follow the well-watered Platte River Valley across Nebraska, you skirt the south edge of the Nebraska Sandhills. They realize that to the north is the largest area of sand dunes in the Western Hemisphere. What's deceptive is that these dunes, ranging up to 450 feet in height, are camouflaged with grass and other plants over an area nearly as large as Georgia. Drive a tent peg anywhere, and you'll soon be pounding sand.

Well-grounded in geology, botany and biology—and full of history—this volume nevertheless reads like one man's love affair with a beautiful land transformed from desert into grassland. The writer explains how the sand was deposited, how the wind shaped the dunes, and how man has changed it little.

Johnsgard, a biology professor at the University of Nebraska, is an ornithologist who provides pen-and-ink illustrations of Sandhills wildlife to go with his text. Informed discussion of the area's economics and development rounds out a beautiful package which should be on every Western reference shelf.

—Lee Olson, P.M.

**Action Before Westport, 1864** by Howard N. Monnett, edited by John N. Monnett. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1995. 24 photos, 240 pages. Paperback, \$19.95.

It is a little-known fact that the last offensive movement of the Confederacy during the Civil War took place west of the Mississippi. In *Action Before Westport*, Howard Monnett provides a detailed account of the invasion of the North. The Confederacy, desperate in 1864 on the eastern front, turned its eyes westward. During the summer and fall of 1864, the Rebel army under Maj. Gen. Sterling Price moved up from Arkansas to Missouri in an attempt to capture Ft. Leavenworth. Price then planned to swing east to cut off Sherman's supply train.

Even Captain Beham, who proposed the idea of the invasion to Confederate President Jefferson Davis, admitted that "this may seem

a wild plan." On Aug. 4, 1864, Price received orders to lead the "Army of the Missouri" on an invasion which "from the standpoint of logistics, miles traveled and number of engagements fought, equaled or exceeded any other raid the Civil War produced."

Price's attack on Ft. Davidson alerted the Union Army to the raid. Alfred S. Pleasonton, commander of the Provisional Cavalry Division of the Army of the Department of Missouri, gathered forces from Kansas, Colorado, and Missouri to stop the Confederates. After a series of small engagements, the two opposing cavalry forces met at Westport, Mo., on Oct. 22, 1864. The Union troops successfully turned back the invasion at this time. It was only through Northern miscommunications and brilliant rear-guard action by Gen. Joseph Shelby that most of the Confederate Army escaped from the battle.

While the campaign had little importance in the outcome of the Civil War, it may have influenced white-Indian relations on the Western frontier. Maj. Gen. S.R. Curtis, in command of the whole area extending well into Colorado, was consumed with thwarting the Confederate invasion. This opened up the door for Col. John M. Chivington to direct the "infamous" Sand Creek massacre. To fill the vacancy left by troops fighting at Westport, Chivington raised Colorado volunteers who lived in a climate of fear and hatred toward the Indians. It is impossible to know what effect the absence of General Curtis and regular Army troops may have had in the chain of events resulting in the Sand Creek massacre. However, Monnett raises the intriguing issue of cause-and-effect between the Civil War and events on the Colorado frontier.

—Todd Nelson, C.M.

**Camping Out in the Yellowstone, 1882** by Mary Bradshaw Richards, edited by William W. Slaughter. Univ. of Utah Press, Salt Lake City, 1994. Illustrated, 108 pages. Paperback, \$10.95.

During a recent winter trip to Yellowstone, the reviewers went outside late one evening to watch Old Faithful erupt. We were the only

two people there. There was a beautiful ring around the moon, a shooting star, and the solitude and grandeur of this natural wonderland. We commented on the early explorers and visitors, and thought they must have had a similar glorious experience.

More than 100 years before, Mary Bradshaw Richards and her husband, Jesse Mayne Richards, had fulfilled a goal by traveling to Yellowstone. They were among the first to be drawn to this awe-inspiring land by the reports of the Hayden Survey party.

They traveled by rail to Salt Lake City, and there purchased their provisions, and hired a wagon and guides. The Richards were experienced travelers, and Mrs. Richards' comments on the journey were well-sprinkled with comparisons to other world sights. They were venturing into raw wilderness, at an advanced age for that era—she was 57 and he was 53 years old.

The letters of Mary Richards ably describe their traveling and camping experiences, as well as the virgin fantasyland of the Yellowstone. In the introduction, William Slaughter sets the scene for the times and provides a good introduction to this couple. Excellent photographs of appropriate vintage complement the text. The book reads easily. It produces a good introduction of one of the greatest of our natural parks to the uninitiated reader. Simultaneously, it provides the details of a Yellowstone experience that many of us who have recently enjoyed the crowded park can only dream about, historically.

—Nancy E. Bathke, P.M.

—Edwin A. Bathke, P.M.

**Trickster in the Land of Dreams** by Zeese Papanikolas. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1995. Notes, index, no illustrations; 184 pages. Clothbound, \$22.50.

In many Native American mythologies there appears a character described as "The Trickster," a mischievous (usually nonhuman) creature who wandered about in mythic times working both beneficial and destructive things to all he meets. He might, for example, cause a specific animal to take on its present form but he could (and often did) steal food or play

the seducer.

Papanikolas begins this unusual book with some accounts of Coyote, the Trickster in Shoshoni legend. Specifically, he retells these stories as they were known to the Gosiute, a Shoshonian-speaking group in Nevada. But from this beginning, he continues to bring out a seemingly disconnected group of people who he feels have played the same role in nineteenth and twentieth century American society as did Coyote, once upon a time. These include P.T. Barnum, the Wizard of Oz and his creator, the IWW movement, and the movers and shakers of Las Vegas! The author's central thesis is that The Trickster concept represents the naughty little imp inside of us all: the one who ignored taboos, who kicked over the traces, and is like Red Skelton's little boy, the one who "dood it!" Papanikolas then goes on to explain why he feels such characters are necessary in dealing with the world around us and the alienation he believes many feel in today's society.

Readers grounded in history may not be convinced by this philosophical interpretation. The author does not say in so many words that he is reading history, both legendary and factual, as a continuum in which human foibles and antics recur almost predictably. But he is, and he makes a provocative case for it. Few historians see things exactly this way and may find difficulty in relating missile silos to the dispossessed Gosiutes. But Papanikolas does make the point that Barnum, L. Frank Baum, and the others can be seen in more than one way. And Papanikolas *can* write! His narratives and arguments flow along effortlessly. In sum, here is a book that is different, but thought-provoking and therefore well recommended.

—Richard Conn, P.M.

**The Way West (Essays on the Central Plains)** by Elliott West. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1995. Bibliography, notes, index; 244 pages. Paperback, \$19.95.

"These essays are expanded versions of the ninth annual Calvin Horn Lectures on Western History and Culture, given at the University of New Mexico in the fall of 1993." The

setting is that part of the North American Great Plains that lies west of the 98th meridian, east of the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains, south of the Platte River, and north of the Arkansas River.

This is not an in-depth historical investigation of an event. The author looks at a region and discusses four aspects: land, animals, families, stories. The essays stimulate thought, and raise interesting issues not generally discussed in these contexts.

In the land essay, the author discusses how the influx of so many people and their animals into the Great Plains of the 1800s shaped the environment:

"We are used to thinking of Plains Indians as nomadic hunters who patterned their lives to follow the herds of bison. . . . It is just as accurate to imagine them as arranging their movements according to what their horses had to have."

In the animals essay, the author attempts to determine the cause of the decline in the numbers of bison. While out-of-control hunting by whites has been blamed, West looks in other directions:

"If instead we consider Indians at least as significant in shaping events of the day. . . other answers begin to emerge."

The author's conclusion finally is that, "Emigrants struck their killing blow by preempting a critical environment and by devouring its vital resources. . . . Buffaloes were dying, then, partly for the same reasons that Indians and overlanders were facing their own troubles. . . the changes they brought destroyed the animals' most limited resource that supported them at the chanciest time of the year."

The families section discusses the differences between the white and Indian communities: "The white population profile—low mortality and high fertility—was the mirror image to that of the natives. When the two are seen as competing systems of creating and

maintaining people, the advantage could hardly be clearer."

In the final stories section, the author states that, "Westerners did not arise in the West and go eastward to tell the world about the country and its people. They were born in the East, then marched beyond the Missouri and proceeded to change things."

If you desire something that allows you to check your brain cells at the door, skip this book; but if you need a thought-stimulating kick in the frontal lobe, buy this book!

—George W. Krieger, P.M.

**Great Cars of the Great Plains** by Curt McConnell. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1995. 267 pages. Clothbound, \$40.

Thousands of mechanical-minded people in the wagon, bicycle, and machine businesses tried their hand at making automobiles. This was the cutting edge of a new industry in a new century, and many wanted to be a part of it.

This book is about five auto companies and their struggles to design, build, and market quality cars and trucks in communities where their companies were located. These companies were not in the usual auto-manufacturing states. They were: The Great Smith of Topeka, Kans.; Luverne of Luverne, Minn.; Patriot of Lincoln, Neb.; Spaulding of Grinnell, Iowa; and Moon of St. Louis, Mo.

McConnell uses a full chapter to describe in detail, each of the manufacturer's efforts, up to the time of their demise in the depression, at which time some went into the auto-parts business.

The author has done an admirable job of researching this book, and it is well documented with many fascinating pictures.

*Great Cars* will appeal to the many auto enthusiasts, history buffs, and business and industrial historians. I thoroughly enjoyed it.

—C.R. "Bob" Staadt, P.M.









*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

MAY-JUNE 1996

**THE CHEROKEE TRAIL**  
*BENT'S OLD FORT TO FORT BRIDGER*

by Lee Whiteley, P.M.



*(Photo by Lee Whiteley)*

Point of Rock in El Paso County (Colo.) was a Cherokee Trail landmark at West Kiowa Creek.

## Over the Corral Rail

Two new book catalogs have come in to *The Roundup*, and likely many members of the Denver Westerners have received the same information. (And maybe some of you quickly discarded the catalogs as just more "junk mail.")

The University of New Mexico Press has produced a 46-page compilation for the Fall 1996 issue, and you'll have a hard time tossing it away. Its contents include a wide range of titles, many of them about the cultures and crafts of Native Americans, but some on other subjects, e.g., *A Dragoon in New Mexico, 1850-1856* by James A. Bennett. And there is one by an old friend, Marc Simmons, with a collection of essays on *The Old Trail to Santa Fe*. There is also a selected backlist of 60-some titles which probably includes a number of books you would like to have. If you didn't get this catalog, you can get it plus a complete "Books in Print" list by calling 1-800-249-7737, or writing the University of New Mexico Press, 1720 Lomas Blvd. NE, Albuquerque, NM 87131-1591.

The other catalog is from the University Press of Colorado (P.O. Box 849, Niwot, CO 80544). While not as imposing as the New Mexico listings, the Colorado selections will be of interest, leading off with William Ferguson's impressive (300 pages with 300 color photos) *The Anasazi of Mesa Verde and the Four Corners* and concluding with a variety of journals and an extensive backlist.

*An Illustrated History of New Mexico* by Thomas E. Chávez, director of the Palace of the Governors Museum in Santa Fe and a native New Mexican, is offered. Dr. Chávez spoke at the 1986 Summer Rendezvous for the Denver Westerners, talking on "The Segesser Paintings."

Alan J. Kania, a Corresponding Member since 1995, is the author of *John Otto—Trials and Trails*, telling about turn-of-the-century Grand Junction and the "founding father" of the Colorado National Monument. Kania, an author and journalist, has been editor/publisher since 1993 of *The Colorado Prospector*.

(Please turn to Page 25)

## THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

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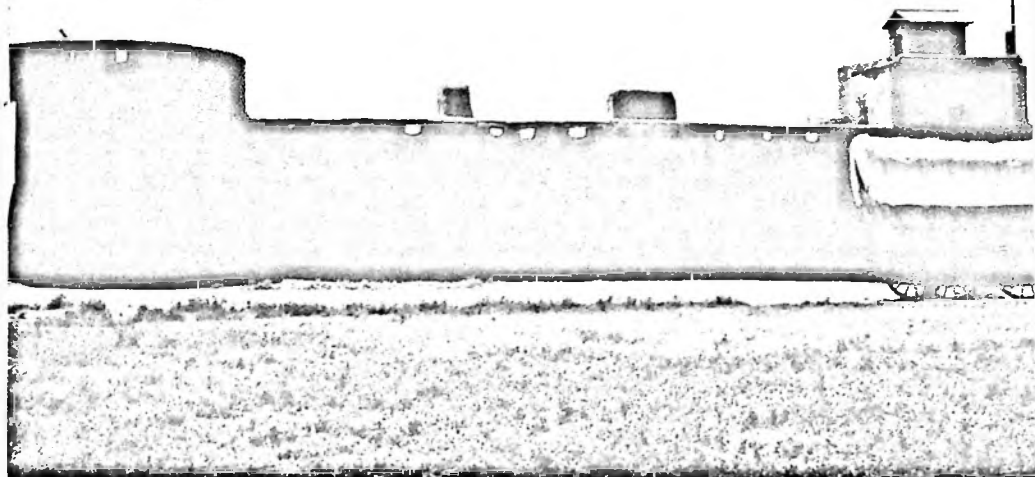
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# The Cherokee Trail

## *Bent's Old Fort to Fort Bridger*



Bent's Old Fort on Santa Fe Trail Mountain Branch marked turning point on 1849-1850 Cherokee Trail.

by

**Lee Whiteley, P.M.**

(Presented February 28, 1996)

**T**HE CHEROKEE TRAIL. We have all heard of it, but there is little information and a lot of misinformation on the trail. Searching "Cherokee Trail" in the Denver Public Library's CARL computer catalog results in 16 entries. Enter "Santa Fe Trail" and there are 207 hits; "Oregon Trail," 263. Of the 16 entries on the Cherokee Trail, 13 refer to the "Trail of Tears," the forced removal of the Cherokee Indians from Georgia, Tennessee, and Alabama to Oklahoma in 1838. This is not the *Cherokee Trail*. The 14th entry refers to the Appalachian Trail. The 15th reference is to the fictional book by Louis L'Amour, "The Cherokee Trail." His map shows "Cherokee Trail" and in parentheses, "Overland Stage Route."

The 16th entry, an 1859 map drawn by Capt. Randolph B. Marcy, points us to part of the trail in Colorado.

The Cherokee Trail was named for groups of Cherokee Indians who traveled from northeastern Oklahoma to the gold fields of California in 1849 and 1850. They were members of several wagon trains which traveled north, where they hit the well-established Santa Fe Trail eight miles east of McPherson, Kans., then west along the Santa Fe Trail past Bent's Old Fort in Colorado. They then left the Santa Fe Trail and traveled northwest to Ft. Bridger, Wyo. Here they joined the established Hastings Cutoff through Utah, and finally followed various branches of the California Trail to the gold fields.

The Cherokee Trail is the portion of the route traveled by the 1849-1850 Cherokee between Bent's Old Fort and the Santa Fe Trail, and Ft. Bridger and the Oregon-California-Hastings Cutoff trails. But parts of this north-south connector evolved from other earlier trail segments, used for many purposes by many users.

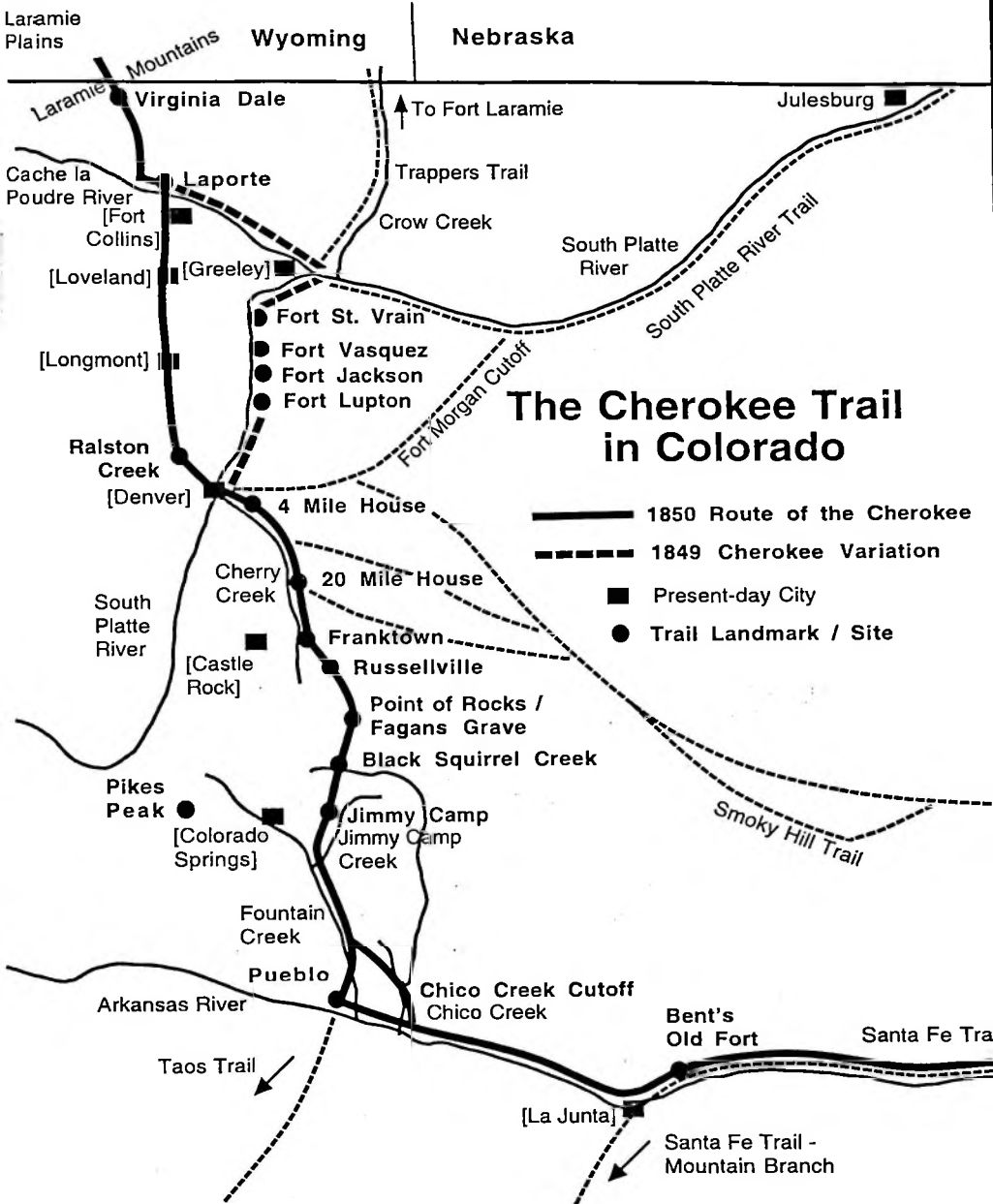
Each trail segment carried various names. Other parts of the trail were blazed by the Cherokee. Parts of the 1849-1850 routes were subsequently used for other purposes and had other names. And the 1849 and 1850 groups did not travel the same exact route.

Before 1833, most long-distance trails bypassed Colorado. The Rocky Mountains were too much of an obstacle for wagons. The Santa Fe Trail Cimarron Branch, primarily a commercial trade route, was pioneered by William Becknell in 1822. The trail cut across the extreme southeastern corner of Colorado. The Oregon Trail, the primary 1840s emigrant trail to the West Coast, passed north of Colorado. It followed the North Platte River and crossed the Continental Divide at South Pass in Wyoming.

The few early travelers in eastern Colorado usually followed the waterways, where they found game, water, and wood. Zebulon Pike in 1806, Jacob Fowler in 1821, and others followed up the Arkansas River to the Rocky Mountains. Maj. Stephen H. Long in 1820 traced the South Platte River to the Rocky Mountains. William Ashley, fur trader, in the winter of 1824-1825 traveled up the South Platte and Cache la Poudre rivers before turning north into Wyoming. Parts of these trails and waterways evolved into the Cherokee Trail.

Fur trappers, mountain men, and traders had need to travel from the Arkansas River and the Platte River to points north and south. This necessitated crossing Colorado's Arkansas-Platte Divide—today often called the Palmer Divide. This divide, north and northeast of Colorado Springs, is a high plateau running east from the Rocky Mountains. It is the headwaters of Fountain, Black Squirrel, Big Sandy, and other creeks running south into the Arkansas River; and Plum, Cherry, Running, Kiowa and other creeks flowing north to the South Platte River.

The Taos/Trappers Trail traversed the Arkansas-Platte Divide. This trail started in Taos, N.M., traveled north through Colorado's San Luis Valley, crossed Sangre de Cristo Pass west of Walsenburg, and proceeded to Pueblo on the Arkansas River. North of Pueblo, the Taos/Trappers Trail was to become the Cherokee Trail.



Laramie Plains

Wyoming

Nebraska

Virginia Dale

Julesburg

Cache la Poudre River  
[Fort Collins]

Laporte

Trappers Trail

Crow Creek

South Platte River

South Platte River Trail

[Loveland]

[Greeley]

Fort St. Vrain

Fort Vasquez

Fort Jackson

Fort Lupton

Fort Morgan Cutoff

# The Cherokee Trail in Colorado

— 1850 Route of the Cherokee

- - - 1849 Cherokee Variation

■ Present-day City

● Trail Landmark / Site

Ralston Creek

[Denver]

4 Mile House

Cherry Creek

20 Mile House

South Platte River

[Castle Rock]

Franktown

Russellville

Point of Rocks / Fagans Grave

Black Squirrel Creek

Pikes Peak

[Colorado Springs]

Jimmy Camp  
Jimmy Camp Creek

Fountain Creek

Pueblo

Chico Creek Cutoff  
Chico Creek

Bent's Old Fort

Santa Fe Trail

Arkansas River

Taos Trail

[La Junta]

Santa Fe Trail - Mountain Branch



Ft. Vasquez walls (reconstructed in 1930s) mark site one mile south of Platteville on South Platte River branch of Cherokee Trail.

The trail followed up the east bank of Fountain Creek to present-day Fountain, then northeast to Jimmy Camp, a famous campsite eight miles east of downtown Colorado Springs. Jimmy Camp, Jimmy Camp Creek, and the Jimmy Camp Trail were named for Jimmy Daugherty, a trader murdered there in the late 1830s. Thus the trail across the Divide is also known as the Jimmy Camp Trail. This trail of many names then continued north and entered the Black Forest, the forested area of the Divide. It crossed Black Squirrel Creek and the Arkansas-Platte Divide. The trail then passed Point of Rocks, a landmark and campsite on West Kiowa Creek; then down Cherry Creek to present-day Denver and the South Platte River. The Trappers Trail/Cherokee Trail then continued north along the South Platte River to the mouth of the Cache la Poudre River east of present-day Greeley. The Trappers Trail—but not the Cherokee Trail—then continued north along Crow Creek into Wyoming.

The establishment of trading posts in the mid-1830s brought wagons to eastern Colorado and transformed many “trails” into “roads.”

Bent’s “Old” Fort was built in the fall of 1833. The fort drew traffic up the Arkansas River and firmly established the Mountain Branch of the Santa Fe Trail. The Mountain Branch went up the Arkansas River to present-day La Junta, seven miles west of Bent’s Old Fort, then crossed the Arkansas River and headed southwest over Raton Pass into New Mexico.

Four forts were then built on the South Platte River north of present-day Denver:

- Ft. Lupton, established by Lancaster Lupton, 1836.
- Ft. Jackson, established by Peter Sarpy and Henry Fraeb, 1837.
- Ft. Vasquez, established by Louis Vasquez and Andrew Sublette, 1837.
- Ft. St. Vrain, established by The Bent and St. Vrain Co., 1837.

To supply these forts, freight wagons traveled west along the Santa Fe Trail Mountain Branch past Bent's Old Fort, continued along the Arkansas River to Pueblo, then north along the Trappers Trail to the forts—the same route the Cherokee of 1849 were to take.

E. Willard Smith, a civil engineer and architect, traveled from Independence, Mo., to Ft. Davy Crockett in Browns Hole, Colo., in 1839. His journal states:

Left Independence Aug 6th, 1839. The party, at starting, consisted of 32 persons, under the command of Messrs. Vasquez & Sublette. There were four wagons loaded with goods, to be used in the Indian Trade, drawn by six mules each. . . . There were also, with us a Mr. Thompson who had a trading post on the Western side of the Mountains.

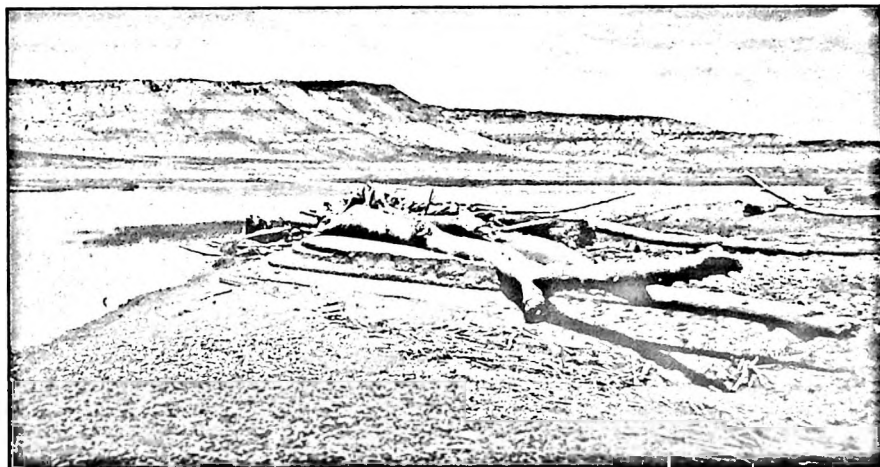
The party was traveling the Santa Fe Trail when on Aug. 31, Smith stated:

Mr. Lupton encamped with us today as well as last night. He is trying to keep up with us, but probably will not succeed, as our mules can travel much faster than his oxen.

Three days later, Smith passed Bent's Old Fort and continued along the Cherokee Trail to Ft. Vasquez, arriving Sept. 13.

To-day about four o'clock, we passed Mr. Lupton's fort. A little after five we reached the fort of Messrs. Sublette & Vasquez, the place of our destination. Our arrival caused considerable stir among the inmates. A great many free trappers are here at present.

On Sept. 16, Smith left Ft. Vasquez and traveled with pack animals to Ft. Crockett in Browns Hole in northwestern Colorado, arriving Oct. 1. His route took him over much of the trail used by the 1850 Cherokee in southern Wyoming and northwestern Colorado. His journal mentions:



Cherokee Trail branch stayed atop Cherokee Rim (at left) along Little Snake River (west of present-day Baggs, Wyo.).



Cache-la Poudre . . . hills piled on hills [Laramie Mountains] . . . Laramie's Fork . . . a very large valley, called the Park [North Park] . . . "The Divide" . . . Snake river . . . some Sulphur Springs . . . a stream called the "Vermillion."

All of these "landmarks" were mentioned in diaries of the Cherokee parties of 1850.

Lt. William B. Franklin kept a journal of his march to South Pass with Brig. Gen. Stephen Watts Kearny's troops in 1845. While traveling from Ft. Laramie to Bent's Old Fort, Franklin stated:

We turned off from Crow Creek about 11 miles from our mornings camp, and struck the Cache creek near its mouth. . . . Our march to-day was along the Platte. . . . We very soon struck a road which has been made by the waggons from Bents Fort, and followed this road with but little variation from it until we reached the Fort.

About 6 miles from camp we passed St. Vrains Fort and 6 miles further another old one of the Bents'. A few miles brought us to Luptons Fort and we passed two others during the day. They are all deserted now, the trade having become too small to support them.

The expedition continued south on the Cherokee Trail; the journal mentioned:

Cherry C. . . . stream which is I believe the Kioway . . . The point at which we struck the last Creek is called Jimmie's camp . . . Fontaine qui bouii.

John Brown, traveling with the "Mississippi Saints," a group of Mormons en route to the Salt Lake Valley in 1846, said:

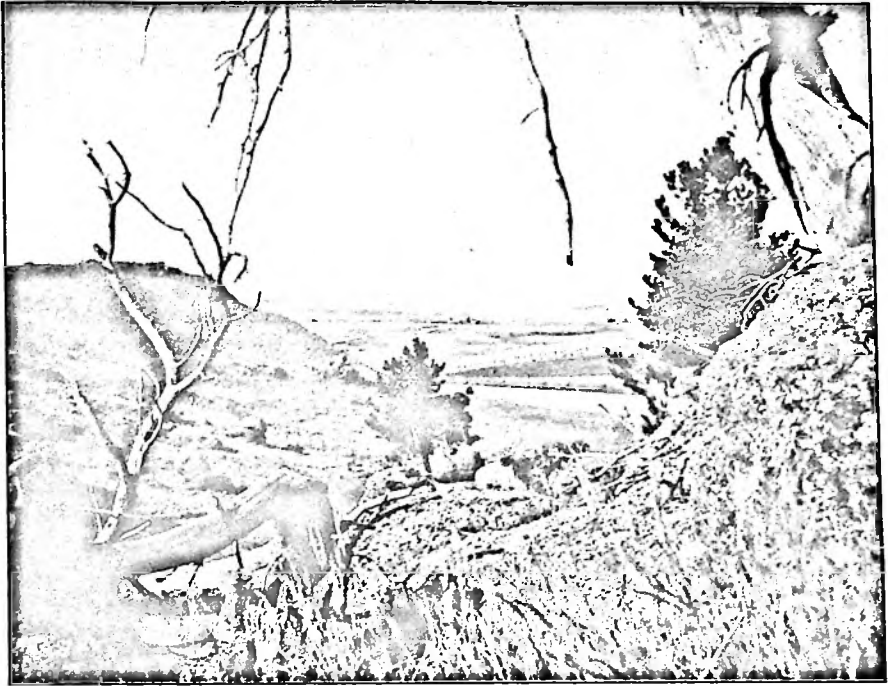
A few miles below Laramie, we met with Mr. John Renshaw. . . . Said that he heard the Mormons were going up the South Fork of the Platte. We held a council and concluded to go no further west but to find a place for the company to winter on the east side of the mountains. Mr. Renshaw said that the head of Arkansas River was the best place. . . . We crossed the South Fork the 27th of July a few miles below St. Vrains Fort. Here, we struck a wagon trail that led to Pueblo made by the traders. We reached Pueblo on the 7th of August. We found some six or eight mountaineers in the fort with their families.

After spending the winter near Pueblo, the Mormons continued on their journey to the Salt Lake Valley, again crossing the Arkansas/Platte Divide via the Cherokee Trail. John Steele said:

After bidding adieu to our long camp at Pueblo, we crossed the Arkansas River. The first day we made 8 miles, the next 23 miles, and camped James Camp him that James's Peak was named for. Next day we made 30 miles over a beautiful prairie, thence to point of rocks to Cherry Creek, 189 miles. . . . Camped on the south fork of the Platte, eight days out from Winter Quarters we came on to Cache La Poudre, or where the powder had been cached. . . . We passed four trading houses and found a six-pound cannon there.

Steele's James's Peak is today's Pikes Peak. The peak was named James Peak by the Stephen Long expedition in 1820 to honor Edwin James, expedition geologist and botanist, and the first known white person to climb the peak.

Other individuals who traveled the Cherokee Trail between the forts of the South Platte and Bent's Old Fort and left excellent journals were Frederick Wis-



From summit of Laramie Mountains, looking northwest into Laramie Plains. Trail split near Tie Siding, Wyo., in distance.

lizenus, 1839; Rufus Sage, 1842; and Francis Parkman, 1846.

John Rankin Pyeatt traveled from Arkansas to California with the Lewis Evans Cherokee Party in 1849. He described the trail and the crossing of the South Platte River below the mouth of the Cache la Poudre River east of present-day Greeley:

From Pueblo to St. Vrain on the south fork of the Platte, a distance of 140 miles, we had a good road and down the Platte to the mouth of another stream that runs in on the other side of the Platte 17 miles, we had a old trail. We had to go below the mouth of this stream to avoid having to ferry it and the Platte both being swimming. We made a ferry boat. . . This boat was large enough to carry the largest of our wagons without unloading them. When we were done crossing we drew the boat out on the north side of the river and left it for the benefit of the men that should come along this road. This took four days. We set out from this place without road, trail or guide through the plains and hills.

Five weeks later, Pyeatt reported:

This Bridger's Fort is 48 miles from Green River and 440 miles from the

South Fork of the Platte. 36 miles of this distance we had a road and the balance we had to make our own road, without trail or guide through mountains and plains. Thus you will see why we have bin so long gittin hear.

The 1849 Cherokee party did not have a guide but they probably had a copy of Lt. John C. Fremont's map and/or journal, for they closely followed his 1843 route from the Cache la Poudre to the Rawlins, Wyo., area. Diary reference is made to a "Fremont's Camp" near Elk Mountain, Wyo. The 1849 Cherokee route went up the Cache la Poudre River past present-day Laporte, then closely followed today's U.S. 287 across the Laramie Mountains into the Laramie Plains of Wyoming. The Laramie Mountains were often referred to as the "Black Hills." Much of this route was closely followed by the later Overland Stage Lines.

Capt. Howard Stansbury, returning east after his Great Salt Lake survey expedition, recorded in his journal Sept. 23, 1850:

We arrived at the bank of a small stream putting out of the pass between Medicine Bow Butte & the main range South thro which Fremont passed in 18 [blank] & afterward Evens team of 47 wagons. As Fremont had represented this pass as very rough & Bridger declared it extremely difficult for wagons, I determined to examine the route farther north. We nooned upon the banks of this little stream which we gave the name of Pass Creek.

Stansbury, with guide Jim Bridger, then passed north of Elk Mountain, his Medicine Bow Butte, as did the Overland Trail in the 1860s. Elk Mountain is south of Interstate 80, midway between Laramie and Rawlins.

Albert Carrington, with the Stansbury expedition, mentioned the Evans trail while traveling in the area east of Bridger's Pass:

... start for the gap south of Medicine Butte & in about 2 miles strike Evans' road on our left & soon leave it on our right, of course from this point to Evans; Fork of the Bitter, the Evans' road must have passed across the plateau of table country & divide north of our track, & Bridger says it is very poorly grassed & watered.

The 1849 Cherokee band crossed Wyoming's Red Desert, well north of Bridger Pass, the route taken by Howard Stansbury and the Overland Trail of the 1860s. After crossing the Red Desert, the Cherokee Trail hit Bitter Creek and rejoined the Stansbury-Overland route at Point of Rocks, 25 miles east of Rock Springs. Lt. John Gunnison, also on the Stansbury expedition, commented on the Evans road while traveling along Bitter Creek at Point of Rocks:

At the "Bend" S. we leave the Evans track altogether which takes a more Northerly & worse route - Up a branch.

The 1849 Cherokee route joined the established Oregon Trail near Granger, Wyo., and followed it to Ft. Bridger.

In 1850, other parties of Cherokee traveled the trail to California. In Colorado, the trail coincided with the 1849 Cherokee route until they reached the South Platte at present-day Denver. One exception was the 1850 Cherokee party which took what was to become known as the Chico Creek Cutoff. This trail left the Arkansas River at the mouth of Chico Creek, 12 miles east of Pueblo, and rejoined

the main trail 14 miles north of Pueblo on Fountain Creek.

James Mitchell, traveling with a Cherokee party, stated:

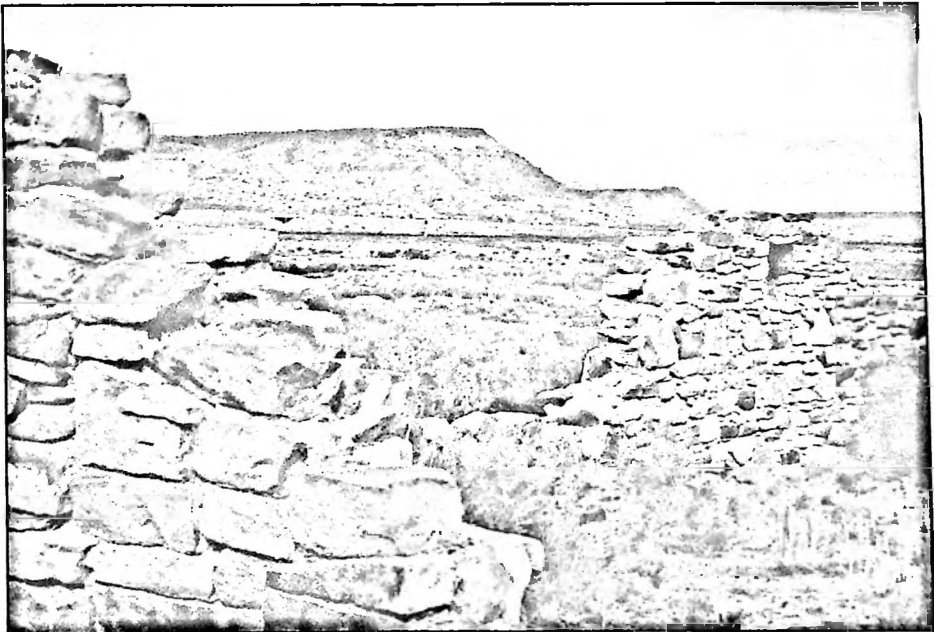
We got to the platt river this evening about 3 o'clock and went to hunting a crossing place . . . appears to be a great hunting place and a place resorted by traders 3 old forts now abandoned are not far below here . . . at this place we are it is Supposed 40 or 50 miles above where Evens crossed this river last Season and will Save that much distance or more by crossing here . . . Started without a road nearly north and Soon came to another bad Stream

The Cherokee crossed the South Platte River just below the mouth of Cherry Creek. John Lowery Brown, a Cherokee, said:

Came to the South fork of Platt River. Made a raft & commenced crossing the waggons . . . Left the Platt and traveled 6 miles to Creek . . . we called this Ralston's Creek because a man of that name found gold here.

June 22: Lay Bye. Gold found.

The 1850 Cherokee were the first to take wagons along what is today U.S. 287, crossed St. Vrain Creek at present-day Longmont, crossed the Big Thompson River at Namaqua Park in present-day Loveland, then crossed the Cache la Poudre at present-day Laporte. Here the 1850 route merged with the 1849 trail. In the Laramie Plains of southern Wyoming, the 1850 route again split off the '49



Ruins of Point of Rocks Stage Station east of Rock Springs, Wyo., mark point where 1849 northern branch of trail hit Bitter Creek after crossing the Red Desert.



Sheep graze on the Laramie Plains near Sportsman Lake. Here in 1850, the southern fork of the trail branched off from 1849 route.

trail. James Mitchell again:

Got over the hills into the Laramie plains . . . we passed a waggon trail  
Supposed to be Evans trail made last year our guide would not travel it far  
because he thought he could go a nearer way.

The guide was Ben Simon, a veteran mountain man, and he led the 1850 Cherokee ox train over a route through southern Wyoming which became known as the Cherokee Trail. This route had been used by others, including E. Willard Smith's pack train of 1839, in traveling between the Browns Hole area of Colorado and Utah, and the South Platte River.

While the 1849 Cherokee route rounded the northern end of the Medicine Bow Range (but south of Elk Mountain), the 1850 Cherokee route cut west upon entering the Laramie Plains, and crossed the Medicine Bow Range near the Colorado-Wyoming border. It then reentered Colorado and cut across the northern edge of North Park.

Reference to the Cherokee Trail in this area was made by Ferdinand V. Hayden. In August 1868, he made a tour with a party of Army officers. He stated:

Our course along the Cherokee trail was about southwest from the Big Laramie River, over ridge after ridge, and after traveling twenty-five miles we entered the North Park.

The 1850 Cherokee route then went northwest to cross the Continental Divide at the north end of the Sierra Madre mountain range.

The trail continued west, over the largely unpopulated and undeveloped landscape of southern Wyoming.

John Lowery Brown stated on July 13, 1850, "Traveled until sometime in the night when we came to Sulphur Springs. Not fit for man or beast to drink."

W.A. Richards, on the south boundary survey of Wyoming in 1873, said:

Camped at 223rd M. C. on small sulphur spring . . . An old road runs west about 20 chains north of this camp . . . Suppose it to be the old Cherokee Trail . . . it runs nearly west and we must follow it to get through the country.

Their "Sulphur Springs" is known today as "Powder Springs" and is 30 miles northeast of Browns Park, Colo.

The Cherokee Trail, as with most trails, was a two-way trail, much traffic flowing from west to east, although more journals were kept by those traveling west.

The amount of traffic on the Cherokee Trail before the Colorado gold rush is noted by Ellen Hundley, who was traveling west to east in 1856.

June 29 . . . met 3 trains from Arkansas. Going to California with sheep and cattle we came on 30 miles and camped in the black hills

July 2 . . . camped on a small creek . . . there was a cherokee train camped just below us

July 5 . . . lying bye on the Platte . . . met 2 arkansas trains

July 7 . . . met 2 arkansas trains with about 1,000 head of cattle . . . camped on cherry creek

July 8 . . . traveled 15 miles and camped at the head of cherry creek passed a mexican camp on C C

July 10 . . . met 3 arkansas trains with more than 1000 head of cattle we came on and nooned on the fountain Cabuoba

The year 1858 brought several parties, including Cherokee, to the Colorado Front Range. Their mission was to explore more thoroughly the area for gold. Many of these gold-seekers had previously passed through the area, via the Cherokee Trail, on their way to California gold fields.

Augustus Voorhees, member of an 1858 Lawrence, Kans., party noted on July 4th while on Fountain Creek:

Struck the road from taos to Fort Bridger.

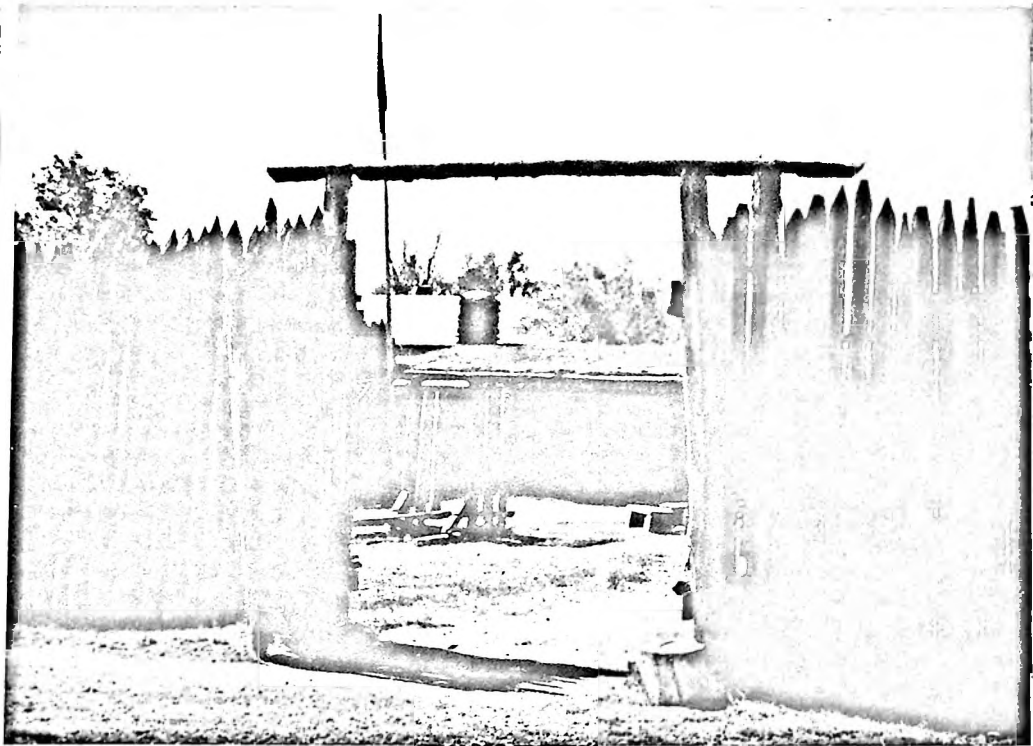
[July] 8 . . . We left the Cherokee trail to the right, and followed the creek to the foot of the mountain [Pikes Peak].

[July] 10 . . . The mountain was covered with hail. We got to the top at 3 o'clock, but it was so cloudy we could not see the country beyond.

[July] 12. We broke up camp and struck east for the old road. We got to what is called Jims Camp. There is a fine spring and lots of pine wood there. It is on the Cherokee trail, to Calaforny.

Luke Tierney, in his *History of the Gold Discoveries on the South Platte* stated on June 21, 1858:

We passed a perpendicular rock, five hundred feet high, at the base of which was a tomb of recent origin, occupied by some unfortunate itinerant. At its



Ft. Bridger marks point where southern branch of Cherokee Trail joined Oregon-California Trail.

head stood a wooden cross, bearing the inscription, "Charles Michael Fagan - 1858."

Fagan was a civilian teamster with the Col. William Loring/Capt. Randolph B. Marcy military expedition, and froze to death in a snowstorm on May 2, 1858.

With the discovery of gold in Colorado in 1858 and the rush of 1859, the Cherokee Trail segment along the Arkansas River and across the Arkansas/Platte Divide was heavily used. The South Platte River-Cherry Creek confluence became a destination, not just a site, for people passing through.

Luke Tierney continues, June 24, 1858:

One of the towns located, is worthy of special notice. It is called AURARIA. It is situated on the junction of Cherry Creek and South Platte river, on the great military road leading from the territories of New Mexico and southern Kansas, to Salt Lake City, Fort Laramie, and all the northwestern forts. . . . continued our march, reaching our destination—RALSTON'S CREEK, about six o'clock P.M. Here, according to the statements of the returned

Californians, we were in the immediate vicinity of the gold mines.

William Parsons published his *The New Gold Mines of Western Kansas* guide book in 1859, one of several which appeared as the result of the Colorado gold discoveries. Concerning the routes, he stated:

Routes: Of these there are three: first, by way of the Santa Fe road to the point where it crosses the Arkansas river: thence up the Arkansas, by way of Bent's Fort, Fontaine qui Bouille, and Jim's Camp, to Cherry Creek, and known as the "southern" or "Santa Fe" route.

Second . . . by way of Fort Kearny to the crossing of the Platte, and up said river to Cherry Creek, and known as the northern route.

Third . . . up the Smoky Hill Fork, across to the head-waters of the tributaries of the Platte, to Cherry creek, and known as the "middle" or "Smoky Hill" route.

The *Rocky Mountain News* of April 11, 1860, summarized these same three routes:

Three roads will be traveled next summer. The Arkansas, by those from the South and Southwest, the Smoky Hill by the foolhardy and insane, and the Platte by the great mass of the emigration.

The Smoky Hill Trail crossed the high plains of eastern Colorado. The early branch of the trail was called the Middle or "Starvation" branch, for it lacked water and game. In Arapahoe County, it followed down both today's Smoky Hill Road and Piney Creek, and struck Cherry Creek and the Cherokee Trail within Cherry Creek Reservoir State Park. It then followed the Cherokee Trail into Denver. The South Platte Route coincided with the 1849 Cherokee route from the mouth of the Cache la Poudre upstream to Denver. Thus virtually all travel to Colorado gold fields followed at least a portion of the Cherokee Trail.

George Willing, a geologist and physician from St. Louis, traveled the southern route to the gold fields in 1859.

June 1st . . . The road we have traveled is the great Cherokee trail to California, over which all travel from the Southern States must cross the continent

June 6th . . . reach Pueblo, a miserable village of about thirty log huts . . . The men at present are in the mines

June 7 . . . Fall into the Fort Union and Laramie trail . . . Met a train of Mexican carts returning from Auraria, whither they had gone with flour

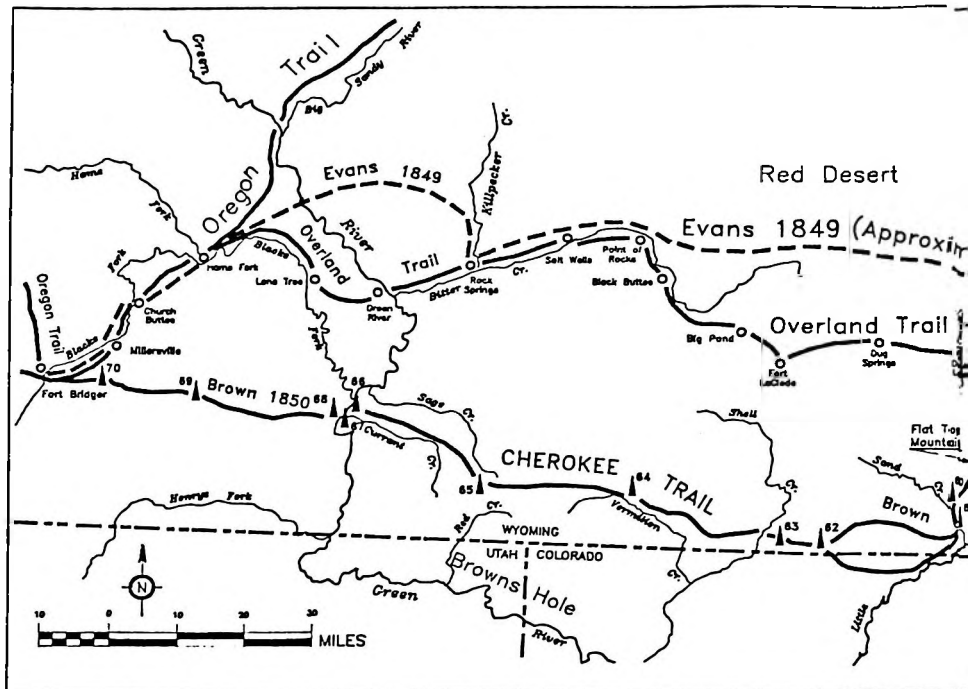
June 9 . . . leave the Fountain river . . . strike across the hills for the head of Cherry Creek. . . . At Jim's Spring, fifty miles south of Auraria, on Thursday, June 9th, we deposited in their last resting place, the remains of Thomas Alexander

June 10 . . . Pass the grave of a man named Fagan . . . Pass a large flock of sheep destined for Auraria. Met a trader returning to New Mexico. Had taken flour to the mines . . . In camp at last on head waters of the long-sought, anxiously looked for Cherry Creek . . . All about us is another grand pine forest, and in the midst of it is a new town called Russelville. Here there is a steam sawmill in operation

June 12 . . . Camp at 6 P.M., in the midst of a thunder storm, at the forks of the Smoky Hill route, and 12 miles from Denver

June 13 . . . at noon reached Denver City, the goal toward which we had so long been wending a weary way.





Russellville is situated on Russellville Gulch, a tributary of Cherry Creek. But the 1866 General Land Office surveyor notes listed the waterway as "East Cherry Creek." Thus the mention of "head of Cherry Creek" puts the traveler in the Russellville area.

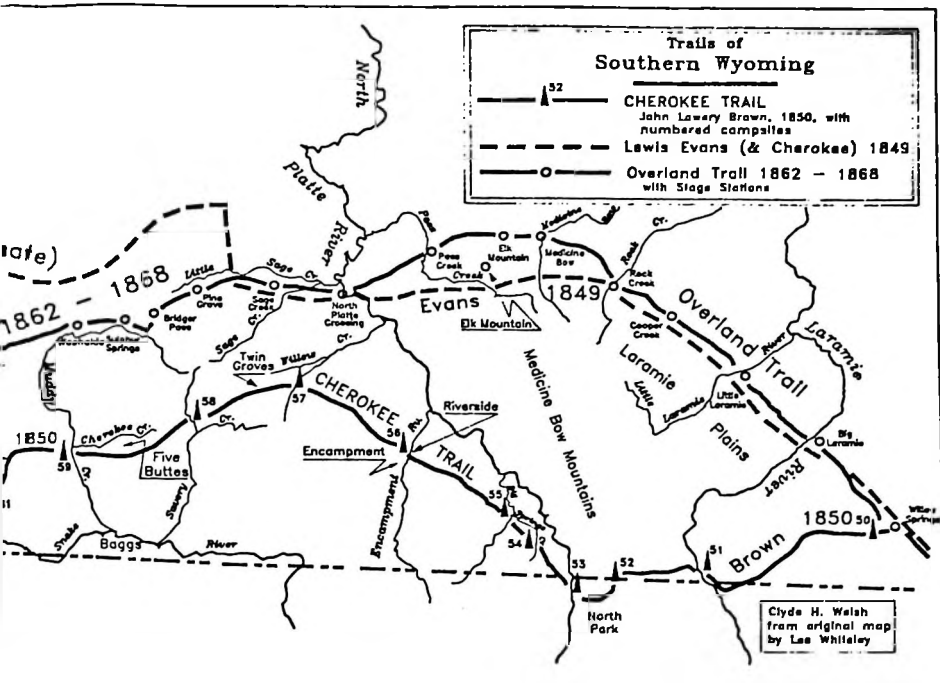
Even though Denver was now a destination, travelers were still continuing west from Denver. Horace Greeley, editor of the *New York Tribune*, mentioned in his 1859 overland journey:

I left Denver at 3 p.m. . . there are two roads thence to this point: that usually preferred follows down the east fork of the South Platte some forty miles, crossing that river near St. Vrain's Fort . . . learned that the South Platte was entirely too high to be forded near St. Vrain's Fort, or anywhere else . . . had no choice but to take the upper or mountain route. So we crossed the Platte directly at Denver . . . we pushed on 10 miles and camped . . . Four or five men who, having taken a look at the gold region, had decided to push on for California, most of them, I believe, through what is known as the Cherokee Trail, which forms a part of the shortest practical route from Denver to Salt Lake.

In 1860, the Central Overland California & Pikes Peak Express Co. received the contract to carry the U.S. mail from Missouri to Salt Lake City, following the North Platte River and South Pass, Wyo., route to Ft. Bridger.

In 1862, Ben Holladay purchased the line and renamed it the Overland Stage Lines.

Also in 1862, the route was moved south because of Indian troubles. The main



route followed up Lodgepole Creek. Denver was on a branch line from Julesburg, running up the South Platte.

Frank Root, mail agent for the Holladay lines, tells of the next change:

The Overland stage route changed its route from Lodge Pole creek, opposite Julesburg, to near the site of Cherokee City postoffice — [now] Latham. . . . The new crossing of the south fork of the Platte was a short distance below the mouth of the Cache la Poudre. . . . After the change to the new route the stages forded the South Platte at Latham station and followed up the Cherokee trail along the Cache la Poudre to LaPorte.

The Overland Stage now followed the 1849 Cherokee route up the Cache la Poudre River and into the Laramie Plains. A branch line still ran to Denver down the South Platte.

In 1864 the main line Overland Stage route was moved again, to pass through Denver. The route followed the Fort Morgan Cutoff, leaving the South Platte River near Fort Morgan and traveled overland to enter Denver from the east. The route then crossed the South Platte River at Denver and followed the 1850 Cherokee route north through LaPorte, and into Wyoming.

The coming of the railroads cut into the usage of the Cherokee Trail as a long-distance trail. The Union Pacific completed its transcontinental line across Wyoming in 1869. It closely followed the 1849 Cherokee route from Rawlins west to Ft. Bridger. Denver's first railroad, the Denver Pacific, linked the city with Cheyenne on the Union Pacific. This line followed the 1849 Cherokee Route from Platteville to Denver. The Denver & Rio Grande completed its Denver-to-Pueblo

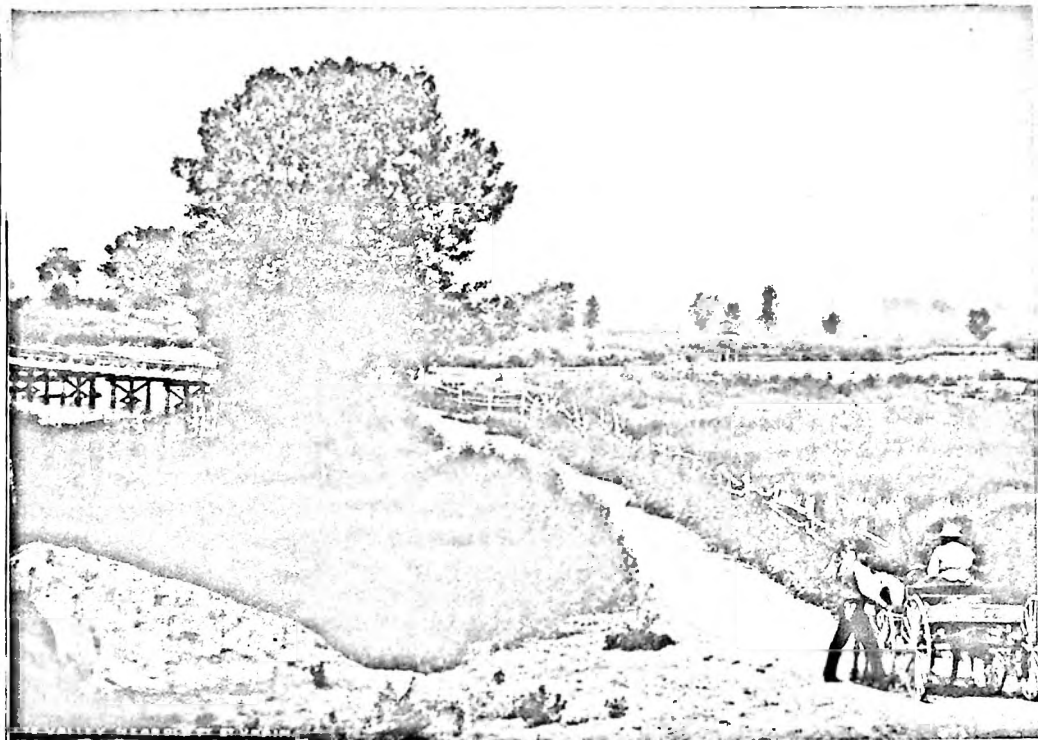


Photo is labeled, "Platte Valley near old Ft. St. Vrain." On back is written, "Probably taken about 1880 . . . near Slofflers Ranch."

line in 1872, reducing the importance and usage of the Cherokee Trail south of Denver.

The Cherokee Trail in Colorado can be traced by traveling west from Bent's Old Fort. The Santa Fe Trail Mountain Branch closely follows Colorado 194 to North La Junta. Here, the Santa Fe Trail crossed the Arkansas River and headed southwest. The Cherokee Trail continued west, following along the north bank of the Arkansas River. Few landmarks were recorded in this area, most of the attention being directed to the wonderful views of the Rocky Mountains to the west. Colorado 96 closely follows the Cherokee Trail from Olney Springs west to Pueblo.

In Pueblo, the site of the 1842 trading post is on the grounds of the El Pueblo Museum at 324 W. 1st Street. Foundations and artifacts are being uncovered during an on again-off again archaeological dig conducted by the University

of Southern Colorado.

At Pueblo, the Cherokee Trail left the Arkansas River and followed up the east bank of Fountain Creek to the town of Fountain. Overton Road, north out of Pueblo, and Old Pueblo Road, south of Fountain, closely follow the trail. (This "back road" is a scenic alternative to Interstate 25, which runs west of Fountain Creek.)

After crossing Jimmy Camp Creek the Cherokee Trail left Fountain Creek. Eight miles east of downtown Colorado Springs, the trail reached Jimmy Camp. A historical marker, removed by vandals years ago, stood along U.S. 24, south of Constitution Avenue. The sign read:

*One mile southeast are the spring and site of Jimmy's camp, named for Jimmy (last name undetermined), an early trapper who was murdered there. A famous camp site on the trail connecting the Arkansas and Platte Rivers, and variously known as "Trappers Trail," and "Jimmy's Camp Trail." Site visited by Rufus Sage (1842), Francis Parkman (1846), Mormons (1847) and by many gold seekers of 1858-59.*

Jimmy Camp is now part of the large Banning-Lewis Ranch. The city of Colorado Springs has title of some land here; hopefully part of this scenic area will be left as open space.

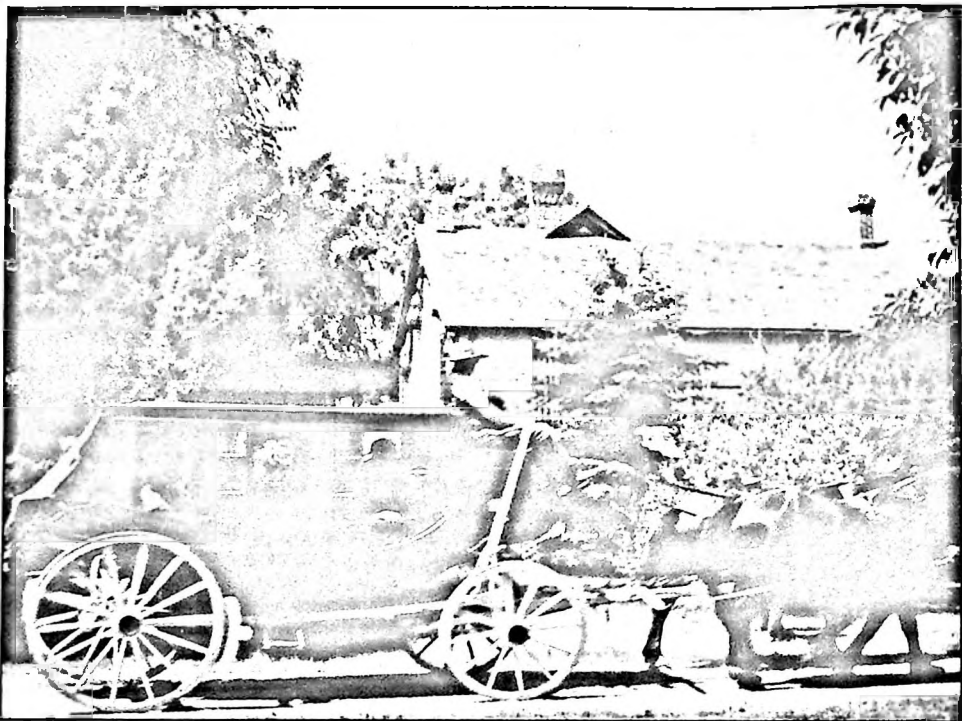
The Cherokee Trail continued north, closely following Meridian Road north of Falcon. The trail entered the Black Forest, known as the "Pineries" in trail days. After crossing the Arkansas/Platte Divide (elevation 7,500 feet), the Cherokee Trail passed "Point of Rocks," a famous landmark and camping site. At the base of Point of Rocks is Fagan's grave.

The trail continued northwest, crossing the southwestern corner of Elbert County, and continued to Russellville. An article, "What Happened at Russellville," written by Posse Member Clyde W. Jones, appeared in the September-October 1994 *Roundup*. Local groups are pursuing National Historic District status for the Russellville area.

The Cherokee trail followed Cherry Creek from Franktown to its confluence with the South Platte River in Denver. The town of Parker developed around the 20 Mile House, where the South Branch of the Smoky Hill Trail merged with the Cherokee Trail. The last stage stop on the combined Smoky Hill/Cherokee Trail was Four Mile House, the oldest standing house in Denver.

The 1849 Cherokee trail followed the South Platte River north out of the Denver area, following Brighton Boulevard and Old Brighton Road. This 1849 route passed the four forts of the 1830s and early 1840s.

The South Platte Valley Historical Society has plans to reconstruct Ft. Lupton, which is one-half mile northwest of downtown Fort Lupton. The exact site of Ft. Jackson is unknown. Ft. Vasquez sits between traffic lanes of U.S. 85, a mile south of Platteville. The walls of Ft. Vasquez were rebuilt in the 1930s as a WPA project, and today the Colorado Historical Society has a small museum there. A



Four Mile House, 715 S. Forest St., is the oldest standing house in Denver. Built in 1859, it was a stop on the combined Cherokee Trail and Smoky Hill Trail (south branch).

marker sits on the site of Ft. St. Vrain, four miles due west of Gilcrest.

The 1850 Cherokee crossed the South Platte River below the mouth of Cherry Creek. A marker in Inspiration Park, west of 49th Street and Sheridan Boulevard, tells of Ralston and the Cherokee:

*One mile north of this point gold was discovered on June 22, 1850, by a party of California-bound Cherokees. The discovery was made by Lewis Ralston, whose name was given to the creek (a branch of Clear Creek). Reports of the find brought the prospecting parties of 1858, whose discoveries caused the Pikes Peak Gold Rush of 1859, which resulted in the permanent settlement of Colorado*

The Arvada Historical Society has been successful in getting the Ralston gold-discovery site listed on the State Register of Historic Sites.

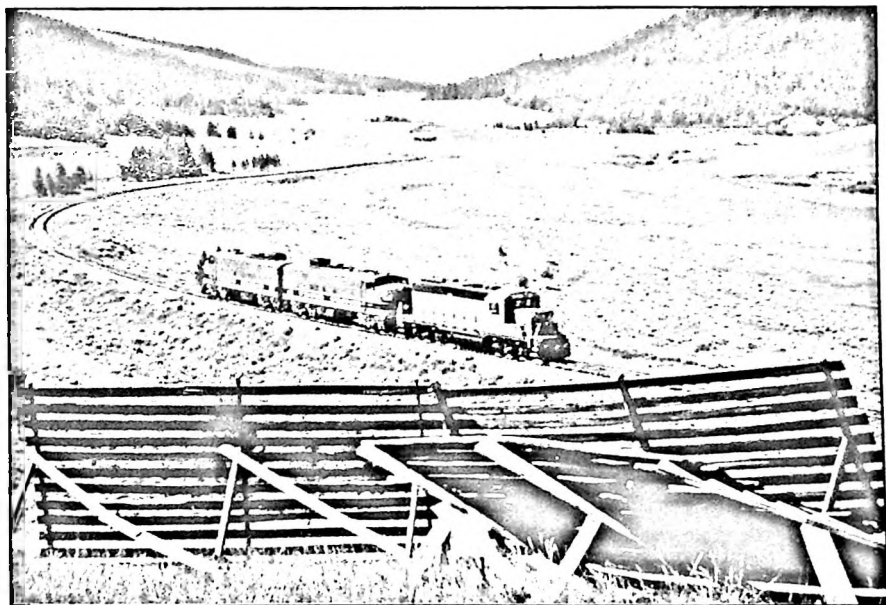
The Cherokee Trail, 1850 branch, closely followed today's U.S. 287 through Longmont and Loveland. At Laporte, the 1850 Cherokee crossed the Cache la

Poudre River and merged with the 1849 route. Three miles northwest of Laporte, at Teds Place, the trail left the Cache la Poudre and headed north, still following closely U.S. 287. The trail then crossed the Laramie Mountains into Wyoming. The historical marker at Virginia Dale, four miles south of the Colorado-Wyoming border, reads:

*Overland route to California. Station established by Joseph A. Slade and named for his wife, Virginia. Located on the Cherokee Trail of 1849. Favorite campsite for emigrants.*

To recap the Cherokee Trail of today in Wyoming, the combined 1849-1850 trail entered Wyoming from Colorado one mile east of U.S. 287. At Tie Siding, 16 miles south of Laramie, the trail split.

The 1849 Lewis Evans Cherokee expedition continued northwest across the Laramie Plains to pass south of Elk Mountain, at the north end of the Medicine Bow mountain range. This Northern Branch of the Cherokee Trail was subsequently used in part for the Overland Trail in the 1860s, both passing 11 miles west of Laramie. The northern branch crossed the North Platte River one-half mile north of Pick Bridge, eight miles northwest of Saratoga. This is five miles



(Photo by Jim Jones)

Now-abandoned Wyoming-Colorado Scenic Railroad runs through Kings Canyon (upper right). The Cherokee trail southern branch entered North Park, around the mountain at upper-right.



John C. Fremont in 1844 and the Cherokee in 1849 followed down Pass Creek (foreground) south of Elk Mountain (left), now eight miles south of Interstate 80 between Laramie and Rawlins, Wyo.

upstream from the Overland Trail crossing at Johnson Island. The trail continued northwest to Rawlins; then west across the Red Desert. The Union Pacific Railroad, the first transcontinental railroad; the Lincoln Highway, first transcontinental auto road; and Interstate 80 all follow closely the 1849 branch of the Cherokee Trail west of Ft. Bridger.

The 1850 Cherokee Southern Route turned west at Tie Siding and skirted the southern edge of the Laramie Plains. The Laramie River crossing was a mile-and-a-half north of the Colorado-Wyoming border, six miles south of Woods Landing. West of the river the trail entered the Medicine Bow Range, following closely Forest Service Road No. 526 between the historic Boswell Ranch and the Wyo-colo-Mountain Home area on Wyoming Highway 230. This crossing of the Medicine Bow Range is the highest elevation on the Cherokee Trail, at 8,870 feet. The Cherokee Trail Southern Branch crossed the extreme northern end of North Park, then turned northwest to the Encampment-Riverside area in Wyoming.

The Cherokee Trail Southern Branch crossed the Continental Divide at the north end of the Sierra Madre Mountain Range, at a point called Twin Groves, elevation 8,100 feet, 20 miles west-southwest of Saratoga. Twin Groves is 18 miles

southeast of Bridger Pass, where the Overland Trail crossed the Continental Divide.

The trail continued west, across southern Wyoming. The trail crossed Wyoming 789 and Muddy Creek 14 miles due north of Baggs, Wyo.

The Cherokee Trail Southern Branch crossed the Green River just below the mouth of Currant Creek, north of Buckboard Crossing in the Flaming Gorge National Recreation Area.

The Cherokee Trail then arrived at Ft. Bridger. Here the trail hit the Oregon-California-Hastings Cutoff. Ft. Bridger today is a State Historic Site. Excavations have revealed the site of the original trading post, now reconstructed nearby. Some of the buildings erected during the Army occupation of 1858 to 1890 have been preserved.

Ft. Bridger is the end of the trail segment called the Cherokee Trail, but the Cherokee of 1849-1850 had another 1,000 miles to travel, to reach the California gold fields.

*(Editor's Note: Unless otherwise indicated, illustrations with this article are from the author's collection.)*

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## About the Author

Posse Member Lee Whiteley made an encore appearance before the Denver Westerners Feb. 28, in presenting his paper: "The Cherokee Trail, from Bent's Old Fort to Fort Bridger." He previously gave a paper June 22, 1994, on, "Running Creek: Elbert County's Stream of History," published in the May-June 1995 *Roundup*.

Lee joined the Denver Westerners in 1993 and was elevated to the Posse the following year. A native of Denver, he attended Englewood public schools and was graduated from Denver University. He is "semi-retired" from a 20-year career as a computer programmer-analyst for the City and County of Denver. Lee's wife Jane teaches fourth grade in Aurora, and has published children-activity articles relating to Colorado trails.

Lee is active in Colorado, Elbert County, Parker-area, and Cherry Creek Valley historical societies, as well as the Rocky Mountain Railroad Club and Oregon-California Trails Association. He helped establish the Elbert County Historical Museum and was research coordinator for the Colorado Endowment for the Humanities-funded history project, "Elbert County: Window to the Past." This project won the Denver Westerners' 1993 Fred A. Rosenstock Award. He is co-author of a forthcoming book, *Cherokee Trail(s): Routes to the California Gold Rush*.

Lee became interested in eastern Colorado history because his great-grandparents homesteaded on the Cherokee Trail. The homestead is mentioned in Margaret Long's book, *The Smoky Hill Trail*.

## Over the Corral Rail

(Continued from Page 2)

Four new Corresponding Members have been logged by Ed Bathke, membership chairman of the Denver Westerners.

□Cindy Reidhead, Post Office Box 4, Townville, S.C. 29689, will have to be reported as a new "mystery member." Tallyman Bob Stull received Cindy's dues payment with a cryptic note, "I saw a copy of the January/February *Roundup*. Great. Count me in!" Accompanying her note was a card, listing, "S. J. Reidhead, Travel Photography; Non-fiction & Fiction; Travel, Historical, Space . . ." We don't know who gave her the *Roundup*, or how it got to South Carolina (pretty far East for a Westerner), but we'd like to welcome her, with a good ole "Howdy!" (That note on the card about "Space" makes us wonder. Could it be . . . ?? Naw!) We'll send her a membership form for more information.

□Woodson "Woody" Taylor, 1401 E. Girard Ave., #13-287, Englewood CO 80110, has been a Westerner in El Corral de Santa Fe, so he's no greenhorn! A native of Baton Rouge, La., Woody received a bachelor of university studies in 1982 from the University of Albuquerque, with emphasis on history and French. He previously attended New Mexico Highlands University at Las Vegas, N.M.; Southeastern Louisiana University, Hammond, La.; and the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque. In 1984, he received a degree in microcomputer management from Parks College in Albuquerque.

He has worked as a volunteer at the History Library in the Palace of the Governors at Santa Fe, and as a guide at El Rancho de las Golondrinas in Santa Fe; also, for the Wheelwright Museum of the American Indian at Santa Fe. He was a clerk in the office of Gov. Garrey Carruthers of New Mexico.

He studied Japanese for seven years, including a program at UNM at Los Alamos. In 1987 he taught English in Nakamura, Japan, and in 1992, was certified as a tutor in English as A Second Language by Literacy Volunteers of America, at Santa Fe.

"I hope to teach English to Japanese people in Denver, and to take more Japanese

lessons" he said. He plans to obtain a master's in English as a Second Language from the CU Denver.

□Judith Toliver (Museum of Western Art) 1727 Tremont Place, Denver 80202, learned of the Denver Westerners through Sheriff Ken Gaunt, and others. Her interests are classic and contemporary Western and American Indian Art, and the Trans-Mississippi West and Northern Colorado. Her hobbies are genealogy, anthropology, archaeology, and raising horses.

□Eva Hodges Watt, 718 Kinnikinnik Hill Road, Golden, CO 80401, has attended Denver Westerners' meetings as a guest of Lee Olson. She has retired after 40 years as a reporter and editor for *The Denver Post*. She has published or plans articles on the Tabor family, Miss Helen Bonfils, and Antoinette Perry (the "Tony" Awards).

Her interests in Western history include Colorado and New Mexico and their peoples.

Her other likes include travel, research, and playing bridge.

\* \* \*

The death Feb. 8 of Elizabeth Jones Blaney, 80, of Denver, widow of the late Dr. Loren F. Blaney, has been reported by Denver newspapers. Burial services for Mrs. Blaney were in Fort Logan National Cemetery. Dr. Blaney, who died Aug. 14, 1991, at age 78, was a Posse Member and tallyman (1983-1990) for the Denver Westerners. He was a physician and retired major in the Army Medical Corps.

Mrs. Blaney was born Aug. 1, 1914, in St. Louis. She married Loren Frances Blaney on Feb. 14, 1931.

She was a signature member of the Colorado Watercolor Society, the Council of Abandoned Military Posts, Fitzsimons Army Medical Center Officers Club, and the Friends of Historic Fort Logan.

She is survived by three sons, Loren Jr., Marshall, and Peter; a brother, Senter Marshall Jones Jr.; a sister, Cornelia Jones Cope-land; and six grandchildren.

## Charter Member Merrill J. Mattes Dies at Age 85

Merrill J. Mattes, 85, nationally recognized historian and last of the charter members of the Denver Posse of the Westerners, died May 5, just prior to Sunday church services at the First Presbyterian Church of Littleton. Memorial services were conducted at the church on May 8, by Dr. Jonathan Masters Hole, pastor. There was cremation.

Survivors include Merrill's wife of 53 years, Clara Ritschard Mattes; their sons, Warren of Omaha and John of Dallas; and Merrill's son by an earlier marriage, David, of Pacifica, Calif.; a sister, Betty Crahan, Bellingham, Wash.; a brother Paul Mattes, Kansas City Mo.; eight grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. His first wife, Eleonor Shutt Mattes, died in 1941.

Merrill J. Mattes was born Nov. 16, 1910, in Congress Park, Ill. He earned a bachelor's degree from the University of Missouri; a master's from the University of Kansas, and was awarded a graduate fellowship at Yale University.

Merrill was a longtime member of the Littleton Rotary Club and Arapahoe Community College Town and Gown Society; the Western History Association; the Oregon-California Trails Association; and a charter member of the Denver, Omaha, and San Francisco Westerners.

Merrill Mattes was a National Park Service (NPS) historian from 1935 to 1975, involved in research, interpretation, and planning.

He was a member of the Denver Westerners for 51 years, joining as a charter member when the Posse was organized in 1945. At the time, he had taken his first National Park Service job as superintendent of Scotts Bluff National Monument in



Merrill J. Mattes  
Western historian, friend.

western Nebraska. He learned about the Westerners from Denver bookseller and another charter member, the late Fred A. Rosenstock.

Merrill continued as a Denver Corresponding Member during residency in Nebraska and California. He also helped organize the Omaha Westerners while stationed there as NPS Regional Historian. When later transferred to San Francisco, he helped form the Westerners' Corral there, becoming its first sheriff.

With his final transfer in 1972 to the NPS Denver Service Center as chief of historic preservation for the United States, he was quickly named a Posse Member of the Denver Westerners, becoming sheriff in 1979.

In 1958, Merrill Mattes was named Nebraska's Civil Servant of the Year. In 1959, he received the Distinguished Service Award from the U.S. Department of the Interior.

In 1966, he became chief of history at the Western Service Center in San Fran-

cisco. In 1972 he came to Denver as chief of historic preservation for the United States, at the NPS Western Service Center, retiring in 1975. Jerry Green, NPS research historian at the center, said his colleagues credited Merrill Mattes with "almost single-handedly saving Ft. Laramie from destruction."

Merrill Mattes was the preeminent authority on U.S. overland migration in the nineteenth century. His meticulously researched books included *Indians, Infants & Infantry: Andrew and Elizabeth Burt on the Frontier*, published in 1960 by Old West; *Colter's Hell & Jackson's Hole* (Yellowstone Library, 1961), and *The Great Platte River Road*, winner of three national awards. The latter title, now in its fourth edition, was first published in 1969, with the Nebraska Historical Society.

His last book was the epic *Platte River Road Narratives*, a compilation and bibliography of Oregon Trail diaries and journals, first-hand accounts kept by more than 2,000 covered-wagon pioneers on the Platte River Trail.

Mattes was co-founder and director emeritus of the Oregon-California Trails Association, and donated his private library—several thousand volumes on Western history—to the organization, headquartered in Independence, Mo. Housed at the National Frontier Trail Center, the collection has been designated the Merrill J. Mattes Research Library.

During his 40 years as a historian with the National Park Service, Merrill Mattes was involved in historic park planning and preservation at such sites as Ft. Laramie and Bent's Old Fort, but his keenest personal interest was always in the westward migrations up the Platte River Valley corridor to South Pass. Between 1812 and 1866, more than 350,000 settlers traveled the great central Overland Route to Oregon, California, Utah, Colorado, Montana, and other Western states and territo-

ries.

Retiring in 1975, he received a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities to write his research masterpiece, *Platte River Road Narratives* (Univ. of Illinois, 1988). The National Cowboy Hall of Fame awarded Merrill its Wrangler Award for both *The Great Platte River Road* and *Platte River Road Narratives*.

The National Frontier Trails Association presented Merrill its Award of Distinction and Westerners International's *Buckskin Bulletin* called him a "living legend."

Merrill published many articles and book reviews for the Denver Posse. Two of his papers were republished in the Denver Westerners' Golden Anniversary *Brand Book*: "War Clubs and Parasols" and "Seeing the Elephant."

He gave his last paper before the Denver Westerners at the Aug. 28, 1993, Summer Rendezvous—"The South Platte Trail: Colorado Cutoff of the Oregon-California Trail." However, he remained an active member until his death. He is remembered by his friends for his help and encouragement in their research projects.

Reporting on Merrill's plans to move to Dallas, *The Roundup* commented in the March-April 1996 issue:

Merrill Mattes has made a tremendous contribution to the stature of the Westerners, as a worldwide organization. His work for the Park Service in the restoration of Ft. Laramie is a landmark achievement. And he has been the driving force in establishing the Oregon-California Trails Association. OCTA's library and museum have been greatly enhanced by the gift of Merrill's personal library, and should become an increasingly important trails research center.

Again we say, Merrill Mattes will be sorely missed. By all 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*

**Archaeology, History, and Custer's Last Battle**, video with Richard A. Fox. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman and London, 1995. 40 minutes. \$29.95.

George Armstrong Custer led his Seventh Cavalry to the "Greasy Grass," better known today as the Little Bighorn, on June 25, 1876, and into legend and immortality. Since that day, there has been much speculation and conjecture as to what really happened to Custer's battalion.

During a grass fire in August 1983, much of the grass and brush were cleared from the battle site, and permission was granted for the use of metal detectors in search for artifacts of the battle. As a result, three books were written from 1987 to 1993. The first, published in 1987, and entitled *Archaeological Insights into the Custer Battle* by Douglas D. Scott and Richard A. Fox, basically described the methodology of the search and artifacts found. In 1989, a second book, *Archaeological Perspectives on the Battle of the Little Big Horn* was published. Its authors included 'hose of the first publication and added Melissa A. Connor and Dick Harmon. Harmon also contributed to the first book. This work studied the movement of military as well as Indian, deduced by where the artifacts were found, not only from the 1984 search, but 1985 as well. In 1993, the final book was published. Its title, *Archaeology, History and Custer's Last Battle*, the same as the video, takes the 1989 book a step further and analyzes movement across the battlefield. Lastly, as an extension of the final work, a video was produced to illustrate the findings.

The video is a professional production. Whereas the 1989 work and to some extent

the 1993 publication, were a bit technical, the video can be understood easily by the laymen and history buff. Using a historical perspective to set the scene, views of the landscape, Indian accounts, paintings, prints, maps, and living history scenes are utilized extremely well to demonstrate what is known about the battle. Fox proceeds to liken the whole affair to a "crime scene" and to let the evidence (artifacts and location found) do the talking. In other words, the viewer is watching a full investigation unfold before his or her eyes. Historical eyewitness accounts are woven into what the evidence shows. Bullets, cartridge cases, and other artifacts are examined throughout. By the skillful use of computer technology, the artifact locations are interfaced with outstanding terrain graphics to give the viewer an appreciation for movement on the field of battle and terrain obstacles.

What is deduced is that there was no "last stand," and although there was some defensive action on the part of the troops, most of the evidence shows defensive action! For the most part, due to "firing pin signatures" and type of cartridge and bullet (the Indians had 41 different calibers while the Army had two), the computer has tracked a number of specific firearms across the battlefield. Using the known tactics of the day, Fox has put together a fascinating picture of what really happened that fateful summer day in 1876. A pattern of skirmish lines, stable positions and disintegration evolve into panic for the Seventh Cavalry troopers.

The video runs a fast 40 minutes, and while there are a couple of historical inaccuracies, too minor to mention here, the viewer will have no doubt as to how Custer's troops met their end at the Little Big Horn. For

those that have an interest in the Custer legend and in this battle, this video is a must!

— Richard A. Cook, P.M.

**Outpost of the Sioux Wars: A History of Fort Robinson** by Frank N. Schubert. Univ. of Nebraska Press (Bison Books), Lincoln, 1995. Illustrated with photographs and maps, index; 250 pages. Paperback, \$12.95

I imagine I am as qualified as the next person to do a review on a history of Ft. Robinson, Neb. My father diverted our family to that state historical park first about 1962. We saw where Crazy Horse—then not widely known either as a malt liquor or a monumental mountain—was bayoneted.

When I ran for a minor political office early in my varied career, my brochure featured a photo, taken at Ft. Robinson, of me on a horse from the post stables.

Finally, I am somewhat familiar with the genre of books on forts, having a rather extensive collection.

With all that in mind, it must be admitted that histories of Western military posts have come a long way since the numerous books by Herbert M. Hart. Hart loved his hobby, which was to travel about the country visiting the sites of famous and little-known forts. But his books, as pointed out by one of our past speakers, sometimes printed unverified (and inaccurate) stories about the posts. Hart was a professional military officer but an amateur historian.

Frank Schubert, on the other hand, is a professional historian. His book is solidly researched and uses primary sources, such as official reports, court proceedings, and contemporary newspapers. He takes the history of the post from the 1870 to its use to incarcerate prisoners in World War II.

The book has some pleasant surprises. It is refreshing, for example, that the author takes a more balanced view than Marie Sandoz of Captain Wessells and the Cheyenne outbreak of 1878-1879.

But, unfortunately, the good and balanced writing in the book constitutes only about half the volume. Western history books today, in order to get published, seem to be

sprinkled liberally with political correctness and/or radicalism.

Schubert emphasizes (and even sometimes exaggerates) very real racial problems in the Army and in society, but he blithely and briefly skips over the fact that schools in Crawford, Neb., were integrated (page 116). He gratuitously throws in a comment about "the white man's burden" (page 35). The book thus becomes more pointedly political than objectively historical.

But most of his radicalism concerns a socialist viewpoint of the military that sounds almost Marxist. He reduces the system of rank in the military to a "military caste system" (page 64). He concludes that differences between the civilian and military communities were "class distinctions" (page 55). When Schubert (at page 35) calls soldiers "strike-breakers" in the fight between "miners and their capitalists adversaries," he cites as a source, not a military or Western historian, but a history of the IWW. When he quotes an Army doctor, Schubert notes his "class bias" (page 68).

Schubert has been a historian of the U.S. Army for years, yet he doesn't seem to understand (or attempt to sympathize with) the problems of command. He is even rather critical of the generally respected Guy Henry. It may be no coincidence that this book was originally published in 1993 as *Buffalo Soldiers, Braves and the Brass*.

Additionally, he is given to the use of stilted, yet meaningless, "academic language." In criticizing officers, Schubert writes, "Moreover, the exercise of their power restricted the function of the adult human beings who served under them" (page 68). And, in describing living on a military installation, Schubert notes that "residence on post also offered soldiers a community based on occupational cohesion, long friendship, and even intermarriage" (page 68).

While this book includes some good history, and is recommended for that reason, it is a shame that much Western military history currently indicates that professional historians have no real understanding of soldiers. Herbert Hart had his limits, but he could not be faulted for that.

— John M. Hutchins, P.M.

**Albert Eugene Reynolds, Colorado's Mining King** by Lee Scamehorn. Univ. of Oklahoma Press, Norman and London, 1995. Maps, photographs, notes, and bibliography; 308 pages. Clothbound, \$37.95.

As your reviewer's interest in the ghost mining towns of the West began to focus more into the mines that supported the communities, a friend with similar interests mentioned that an A. E. Reynolds was a prominent owner of mines near Ouray and Creede. In the following years more bits and pieces of the man's activities came out. Now, thanks to Professor Scamehorn's 13-year effort, Reynolds' complete life comes to light.

Albert Eugene Reynolds was born Feb. 13, 1840, in Newfane, Niagara County, New York. Following the Civil War, Reynolds left home to seek his fortune west of the Mississippi River.

Reynolds immediately entered the mercantile business as employee, owner, and agent of various firms. These endeavors led to his first contact with Colorado as agent for a merchant, taking charge of the post trader's store at Ft. Lyon, Colorado Territory. Before the close of 1867 he was the owner. While at this post he met John A. Thatcher, who became a lifelong friend and supporter, and later a prominent Pueblo banker.

As Reynolds pursued business opportunities with the Army and the Cheyenne and Arapaho, he formed a partnership with a rival trader, W.M.D. Lee. The firm of Lee and Reynolds, for the next 12 years, had a near monopoly on mercantile business in the northern section of the Indian Territory. In addition to the usual mercantile pursuits, the firm engaged in freighting, wood cutting, the grazing and slaughter of cattle, ran saloons and pool halls, and served as postmasters for Forts Supply and Elliott.

With heavy profits from the various trading-related endeavors, Lee and Reynolds developed a large ranch in the Texas Panhandle, purchased large quantities of securities, and invested in Colorado and Utah mineral lands.

In 1882, as a result of a quarrel, Lee and Reynolds dissolved their partnership. Reynolds continued in merchandising and freighting for several years before concentrating

wholly on mining and the milling of ore.

The silver mines of Lake City, Colo., were Reynolds' first interests which spread to Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, and Ontario, Canada. The Palmetto, Frank Hough, and Belle of the West mines, all in the Lake City area, proved to be less than successful.

Moving west to Ouray and the mines at Mt. Sneffels, Reynolds had his greatest bonanza in the famed Virginius Mine and the subsequent Revenue Tunnel. These activities included experimenting with electric power, involvement with getting the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad into Ouray and working into the Telluride area culminating with the Cimmaron Mill above Pandora, Colo.

Gold discoveries around Platoro and Summitville attracted Reynolds' attention, but the rich surface-oxidized ores played out and the sulfide ores below could not be treated effectively.

Reynolds' investments at nearby Creede proved to be more valuable. These included the famed Commodore, Last Chance, Bachelor, Sunnyside, New York, and Pittsburg mines, to name a few.

In his never-ending quest for investments, Reynolds investigated claims on Red Elephant Mountain in Clear Creek County and acquired the Emma Mine at Dunton in Dolores County, near Rico, Colo.

By 1891, Reynolds was into the Gunnison country, starting with the Gold Cup Mine near famed Tin Cup, Colo. During the following two decades he acquired control of more than 600 claims.

As his mining fortunes began to wane, Reynolds turned to agricultural land in the Arkansas River Valley. After running cattle on the land he organized what became the Fort Lyon Canal Company. The land was then divided into irrigated farms. This effort was not successful.

One of the more fascinating threads to this story is the complicated tale of mining finances and the conclusion to Reynolds' life and career where he was in the position of owning vast assets very few of which could be converted to cash.

The book concludes with the efforts of his daughter Anna Reynolds Morse Garrey and

her husbands to sort out and save her father's vast holdings.

—Robert D. Stull, P.M.

**Mountain Meadows Witness, The Life and Times of Bishop Philip Klingensmith** by Anna Jean Backus. Arthur H. Clark Company, Spokane, Wash., 1995. Bibliography, footnotes, index, 21 photos, 2 maps, 18 appendixes; 302 pages. Clothbound, \$32.50.

This is a biography of an individual who has been placed, by contemporary and subsequent accounts, in the center of the Mountain Meadows massacre of 1858. Philip Klingensmith was born in Westmoreland County, Pa., about 1814. When he was 23 he moved to Indiana, where in 1841 he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints.

In 1844 he and his first wife, Hannah, moved to Nauvoo, Ill. They left Nauvoo during the great Mormon exodus of 1846. After a lengthy sojourn in Garden Grove, Iowa, helping other saints on the way to Utah, Philip and his family arrived in the Salt Lake Valley in 1849. They remained in the Salt Lake Valley only for a short three-month period before they moved south to Sanpete. In the next eight years, Philip Klingensmith and his families lived in Sanpete, Manti, Parowan, and Cedar City. In Cedar City he served as Bishop for several years. Prior to the massacre he married twice more. After the Mountain Meadows massacre, Philip remained in Cedar City until 1859 when he was released as Bishop.

He spent most of the rest of his life in hiding in southern Utah, northern Arizona, and eastern Nevada. Bishop Klingensmith apostatized from the Mormon Church while in hiding. Then while living in Nevada in 1871, he provided one of the first affidavits about the massacre given by a participant and as a result it was widely published in newspapers. Then, in 1875, he testified for the prosecution in John D. Lee's first trial. He died, in hiding, sometime between 1880 and 1900, somewhere between Sonora, N.M., and southern Utah. The time and place of his death are unclear, but it is clear that he died alone,

homeless, away from his three wives and families. In contemporary accounts, he is also referred to as P.K. Smith, Bishop Smith, and Philip Klingensmith.

This book is more than just a skilled account of a man swept away and ultimately ruined by one act, an act perhaps not of his making. Mrs. Backus has combined family stories and records, genealogical and historical research, contemporary accounts, and the transcript of John D. Lee's first trial to produce an interesting look at one of the worst American tragedies of the 19th century and about a man who was there. The reader receives a glimpse of a man who was one among many carried away by religious and war hysteria, fear and knowledge of past persecutions; but who was affected differently than most, because of his visibility and leadership role.

After the story of Bishop Klingensmith's life and times has been told, this book contains transcriptions of contemporary accounts, letters, affidavits, etc., which reflect upon the life of Philip Klingensmith and the Mountain Meadows massacre in 18 appendixes. Few books address Mormonism without bias. Despite this book's subtle bias toward the LDS Church, it is definitely worth reading. But, if you aren't already familiar with the circumstances of the Mountain Meadows massacre, I would recommend reading a good summary of it first, such as Juanita Brook's *The Mountain Meadow Massacre*.

If this book has a flaw, it is the omission of books from the bibliography which should be listed there. Some books are mentioned in footnotes, but not in the bibliography, such as the above-mentioned work by Juanita Brooks. Other books, such as William Wise's *Massacre at Mountain Meadows, An American Legend and a Monumental Crime*—with its obvious anti-Mormon bias—should be there but aren't.

This book is an interesting glimpse of an individual who lived in difficult times. It provides insight to the Mountain Meadows Massacre and into the difficulties on the southern Utah frontier. *Mountain Meadows Witness* is a book which is not easily put down, definitely compelling reading.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.



**The Prairie Schoolhouse** by John Martin Campbell, foreword by Tony Hillerman. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1996. Illustrated; 150 pages. Paperback, \$29.95.

John Martin Campbell has produced a photo-essay about the little one-room schoolhouses that remain in the areas settled during the Western homestead era. His text—intentionally short because the emphasis is on the photography—stresses three major points. First, Campbell discusses the westward migration of the farmers who came to settle. Next, he describes the architecture, interior design and functions of the prairie schoolhouse. Finally he tells about the causes for the end of the era.

The main features of the book, however, are the beautiful black-and-white photographs of small schools, educational artifacts and surrounding landscape. Each photo is accompanied by a small amount of text, with location and additional information about these bygone structures.

The foreword by Tony Hillerman is a delightful introduction. Hillerman relates his experiences as a child attending a one-room school and the athletic endeavors of his baseball team.

The Smithsonian Institution has a traveling exhibition of Campbell's photography. The only Colorado showing will be at the Pioneers Museum in Colorado Springs in late 1997 and early 1998. This retired school teacher heartily recommends reading the book, as well as seeing the exhibit.

—Nancy Bathke, P.M.

**Roping the Wind, a Personal History of Cowboys and the Land** by Lyman Hafen. Utah State Univ. Press, Logan, 1995. 149 pages. Paperback, \$14.95.

The title of this book belies the true nature of what has been written in an easy-to-read style. Lyman Hafen is a fifth-generation member of a family that settled in southern Utah in the late 1860s. He was a Utah state high school rodeo champion and nationally ranked collegiate rodeo competitor for Dixie

College and for Brigham Young University, graduating in 1979 with a degree in communication. His degree, coupled with the education he received at home, has honed his writing skills resulting in numerous awards.

The setting for this book is an area in southern Utah known as "the Strip," a piece of land so drought-stricken that one old-timer stated, "We've got frogs upwards of seven years old that haven't learned to swim." A land where dreams and reality crash together like thunder. Few escape, most because they choose to stay and eke out a living.

Lyman Hafen has intertwined two stories in this remarkable book, one with only two characters. Afton Lee, a blackbush cowboy, sets out with William, a journalist and defender of the environment, on a journey that takes them into Burnt Canyon to track down some stray cattle. What unfolds is a clash of the dying breed known as "cowboys" and the BLM/environmentalists. Afton calls them "environmentists" because "most of 'em lack the 'mental' part." Afton and William's oft humorous story is told in pieces before each chapter of the book.

Each chapter is a gem, written about the people and events Hafen lived and worked with from childhood to adulthood. His story is about cowboys, religion, family, government regulations, and the effect they have had on a way of life. The author does not claim to have all the answers, but he does know how to ask intelligent questions. This debate is ongoing, with no end in sight.

This book can easily be read in an evening; however, a warning—readers will find themselves being challenged to think about themselves, their families, and their way of life then and now. I, for one, thank Lyman Hafen for helping me do this.

—Roger P. Michels, P.M.





*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

JULY-AUGUST 1996

**A CAVALRYMAN'S CAVALRYMAN**

by James W. Osborn, P.M.



*(Author's Collection)*

Col. Edward M. Hayes as commanding officer of Thirteenth Cavalry.

## Over the Corral Rail

One of our predecessors who was charged with editing *The Roundup* once remarked that about the only time he heard from the Denver Westerners' membership was when the publication contained an inadvertent error. He didn't mind too much, however, because he was thus reassured that *The Roundup* was at least being read!

The current *Roundup* editor has received a postcard from West Slope Reserve Member Ray Jenkins, former Sheriff and book review chairman, who now resides in Montrose. His brief message states, "Just to be accurate, Merrill [Mattes] was not one of the 20 charter members. [As stated in Mattes' obituary in the May-June '96 *Roundup*.] He became an early corresponding member. I checked the list in the March 1, 1945, issue of the Brand Book. By the time the 1945 Brand Book was issued, there were 27 members, but no Merrill." [To avoid further confusion, the early *Roundup* issues were called *Brand Books*.]

Admittedly, our use of "charter member" was incorrect. But regardless of titles, Merrill was certainly one of our important founders, who helped guide the Denver Posse in its infancy.

A brief "history" of the Denver Westerners shows that the initial meeting was held in July 1944, for charter members. However, the second organizational meeting was on Jan. 26, 1945 (our official birth date).

Those who attended the 1944 meeting included Edwin Bemis, Herbert Brayer, Dr. George Curfman, Levette Davidson, Maurice Davies, Edward V. Dunklee, Thomas H. Ferril, LeRoy Hafen, Paul Harrison, Forbes Parkhill, Virgil Peterson, Fred Rosenstock, Charles Roth, Frederic Voelker, Elmo Watson (of the Chicago chapter of The Westerners), and Arthur Zeuch.

Acting Sheriff Herb Brayer called the meeting to order, reviewing actions at the July 1944 meeting, and introducing the 16 listed above. He then stated that, in addition to those present, the following invited

*(Please turn to Page 16)*

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### 1996 OFFICERS AND COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

Sheriff: Kenneth L. Gaunt

Deputy Sheriff, Program Chairman: Keith H. Fessenden

Pass Sheriff: Ted Krieger

Roundup Foreman: (Secretary) Kenneth Pilman

Tallyman and Trustee: (Treasurer) Robert D. Stull

Registrar of Marks & Brands; Publications

Chairman: (Editor) Alan J. Stewart

Chuck Wrangler: Richard Conn

Rosenstock Awards Chairman: Eugene Rakosnik

Archivist: Mark Hutchins

Membership Chairman: Edwin A. Balhke

Keeper of the Possibles Bag: Robert Lane

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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

Richard Conn, 1280 Lafayette St., No. 505, Denver,  
CO 80218 (Phone 832-6336)

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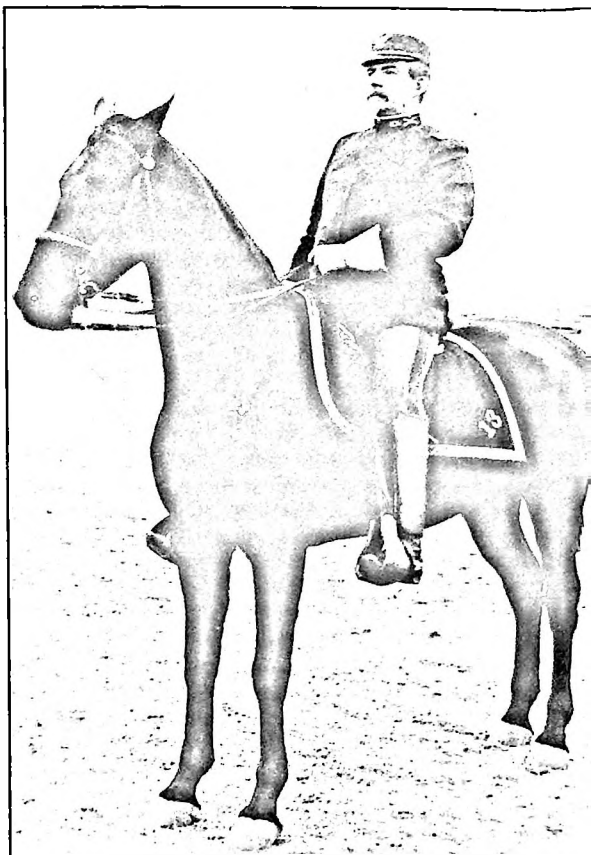
*Edward M. Hayes*



*A Cavalryman's  
Cavalryman*

by

James W. Osborn, P.M.  
(Presented March 27, 1996)



Col. Edward M. Hayes prepares to review  
Thirteenth Cavalry troops, 1901.

**T**HERE WAS SOMETHING about frontier life in Ohio before the Civil War that spawned great generals such as Grant and Sherman and future Presidents Hayes and Garfield. It also produced cavalry officers, notably Phil Sheridan, Ben Grierson, and George Armstrong Custer. However, another cavalry officer, much less known but equal to the rest, was Edward M. Hayes.

Edward M. Hayes was only 13 years old when he lied about his age and enlisted in the Army at Cleveland, Ohio, Aug. 28, 1855. He underwent training at Carlisle Barracks, Pa., and Jefferson Barracks, Mo., until 1856 when he was assigned to the Second Cavalry, joining Company H and later Company B as a bugler. The Second Cavalry was stationed in Texas to quell Comanche Indians wreaking havoc among ranchers and homesteaders. One desperate letter to Gov. Hardin R. Runnels of Texas stated:

Now the woods is full of indian sine in one mile of my house. I dare not to leave my house to go one mile on aney business for fear my family is murder(r) before I can get back. I pay my taxes as other citisons for protection and has failed to get it.

The Second Cavalry was up to the task of confronting the Comanches. In fact at least 10 officers of the Second would become generals just a couple years later, during the Civil War. Robert E. Lee was the Second's lieutenant colonel, joined by other future Confederate generals: William J. Hardee, Earl Van Dorn, Albert Sidney Johnston, Edmund Kirby Smith, John Bell Hood, and Fitzhugh Lee. Union generals included George H. Thomas, considered to be the number-three man in the Union Army, and Cavalry Lt. John Buford of Gettysburg fame, all officers in the Second Cavalry. Bugler Hayes would cross paths with these officers for the next 50 years.

A battalion of the Second Cavalry under Major Hardee manned Camp Cooler, Texas, in 1856 to protect the El Paso-Red River Trail. From this camp, Bugler Hayes and Company B engaged Comanches on a regular basis:

—First, in an attack on a Wichita Village where 56 Indians were killed and Major Van Dorn was wounded;

—Next, in the Nescutanga Valley with 17 cavalry casualties including Capt. Kirby Smith and 2nd Lt. Fitzhugh Lee;

—Also, in an action under Lieutenant Lee at Pecan Bayou, Texas, Hayes was specially mentioned in department general orders for good conduct in January 1860. Hayes' last engagement was with Maj. George Thomas near the head of Clear Ford, Brazos River, Aug. 26 and 27, 1860. One day later, Hayes' enlistment expired.

So at the ripe old age of 18, Edward M. Hayes "retired" from the cavalry, his discharge certificate noting him to be "Active, brave and intelligent." He then returned home to Ohio to enroll in school. School and civilian life lasted a mere eight months, before the Civil War interrupted his plans.

Back in the Army, Edward Hayes entered the Military Telegraph Service and was assigned to the Army of West Virginia. During this period he was engaged in battles in West Virginia, most notably as a volunteer. He took charge of two guns and helped to repulse Confederates near Fairmont, Va. He was then attached to Mitchell's division of Gen. Don Carlos Buell's army at Huntsville, Ala., and was severely wounded in a skirmish at Fayetteville, Tenn., August 1862. Upon recovery from wounds, Hayes was appointed a second lieutenant in the Tenth Ohio Cavalry. He later was promoted to first lieutenant, then captain on March 24, 1864. He served with the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Cumberland and participated with his regiment in the action at Liberty Gap and in many other cavalry skirmishes around Murfreesboro in the winter and spring of 1863. During this time Hayes was reunited with his old major of the Second Cavalry in Texas, George Thomas, now a major general and commander of the Army of the Cumberland.

Upon the reorganization of the Cavalry Corps, his regiment was assigned to the Third Division and he participated in Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman's campaigns until the end of the war. Hayes served as an aide-de-camp for Gen. Judson Kilpatrick from May 1864 to July 1865. Kilpatrick's nickname was "kill cavalry" because of his hard-driving style. Hayes was made a brevet major of Volunteers, March 13, 1865, for gallant and meritorious services during the campaigns in Georgia and the Carolinas,

War Department,  
Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands.  
Washington, Dec 7 4 1865.

New E. M. Stanton  
Secretary of War.

Sir:

Permit me to recommend for examination for the regular service, by the Board just constituted, Maj. E. M. Hayes, who served on the staff of Gen. J. Kilpatrick with honor to himself & to the Government, during the late war. I frequently met Maj. Hayes, and often during action, and believe him a brave man and good officer.

Respectfully

O. O. Howard  
Maj. Gen. Comdr

(Author's Collection)

1865 note recommending Edward M. Hayes from Maj. Gen. O. O. Howard.

including the surrender of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston. Hayes was mustered out of service on July 24, 1865.

At war's end, Edward Hayes sought a commission in the Regular Army. His records in the National Archives include a letter of recommendation from Gen. O. O. Howard, a future superintendent of West Point and an Indian Wars general.

Hayes was appointed second lieutenant, Fifth Cavalry on Feb. 23, 1866, and had charge of ordnance and commissary stores at Harpers Ferry from May to August 1866. This was the start of Edward's third military career, at only 25 years of age. He joined his company at Winchester, Va. Having been promoted to first lieutenant on Aug. 20,

# OATH OF OFFICE.

One to accompany the accept-  
officer appointed or commis-  
the oath itself to be adminis-  
tered into the service



ance of every commissioned  
alone by the President, and  
terred to every officer must  
of the United States.

*Edw. M. Hayes*, having been appointed  
a *2nd Lieut.* in the **MILITARY**  
**SERVICE** of the United States, do solemnly swear that I have  
never voluntarily **BORNE ARMS** against the United States since I  
have been a citizen thereof; that I have voluntarily given no **AID**,  
**COUNTENANCE, COUNSEL, or ENCOURAGEMENT** to persons engaged in **ARMED HOSTILITY**  
thereto; that I have neither sought, nor accepted, nor attempted  
to exercise the functions of **ANY OFFICE WHATSOEVER**, under any  
authority, or pretended authority, in **HOSTILITY** to the United States;  
that I have not yielded a voluntary **SUPPORT** to any **PRETENDED**  
**GOVERNMENT, AUTHORITY, POWER, or CONSTITUTION** within the United States,  
**HOSTILE or INIMICAL** thereto. And I do further swear that, to  
the best of my knowledge and ability, I will **SUPPORT and DEFEND**  
the **CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES** against all enemies, **FOREIGN and**  
**DOMESTIC**; that I will bear true **FAITH and ALLEGIANCE** to the same;  
that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or  
purpose of evasion: and that I will **WELL and FAITHFULLY** discharge the  
**DUTIES** of the **OFFICE** on which I am about to enter: So help me God.

*Edw. M. Hayes*  
*2nd Lieut 5th U.S. Cav.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me, at *Washington D.C.*  
this *14th* day of *April*, 1866.



*J. M. Samack, Jr.*  
*Washington D.C.*

[A. O. O. No. 25.]

Edward M. Hayes was sworn in with Fifth Cavalry in 1866.

1866, he was assigned to reconstruction duty in North Carolina. He served at Raleigh, commanding Ft. Hatteras and Morganton commissary and was quartermaster until September 1868, when he was transferred to frontier service.

Hayes took advantage of the comfortable peace-time service in North Carolina to marry Harriet Gertrude McElrath, an 18-year-old native of Morganton, N.C. (Lieutenant Hayes seems to have been an able strategist in love and war!) Then he was off again to Colorado and Kansas as battalion quartermaster of the Fifth Cavalry in campaigns against hostile Sioux and Cheyenne tribes from October 1868 to April 1869.

Hayes was cited for bravery in Colorado and Kansas, but not until many years later did he receive his brevet for an action at Beaver Creek and Prairie Dog Creek, Kans. His commander, renowned Cavalry officer E.A. Carr wrote the following account of Hayes' participation in the action:

On the next day, October 6, 1868, I having determined to abandon part of the wagons, ordered Lt. Hayes to remain behind with 5 or 6 men and see that their destruction was complete. When he attempted to rejoin the command it was engaged with a large body of Indians, who had taken up positions on its front flanks and rear, cutting him off. The command was moving forward in pursuit of the Indian's main village and Lt. Hayes with his small party gallantly charged through the hostiles disabling two and killing three ponies. He then retook charge of his train; but on the same evening after a march of more than 40 miles with continuous skirmishing one of the wagons broke down and Lt. Hayes remained with it till it was repaired; with a platoon of Cavalry under Lt. Schenoffsky. While detained with the wagon, the Indians charged repeatedly and in the most determined manner; but were most gallantly repulsed by Lt. Hayes and escort, and a number were killed and wounded and the wagon brought forward.

Hoping that the above will be sufficient to satisfy the law which requires "gallant service in action" I am, Very Respectfully

E.A. Carr  
Brigadier and Brevet Major General  
Retired

After these Indian encounters, Hayes was stationed at Ft. Lyon, Colo., and by May 1869 at Ft. McPherson, Neb. He was next in the field in September on the Republican River Expedition as quartermaster from June 9 to Aug. 24, 1869, and was engaged in the affair at Rock Creek, the famous battle at Summit Springs, Colo, and the skirmishes in the sand hills south of Julesburg, Colo. When not in the field, Hayes was quartermaster at Ft. McPherson. His last engagement in this post came while commanding a detachment of the Fifth Cavalry in an affair with hostile Sioux at Birdwood Creek, Neb., in May 1871.

Edward Hayes got a break from Indian hostilities in the fall of 1871 when he was chosen to escort General Sheridan in the West. As luck would have it for Hayes, Grand Duke Alexis came west in January 1872 for his fabled buffalo hunt with Sheridan, Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer, and Fifth Cavalry Scout William F. "Buffalo Bill" Cody. Lt. Hayes served as quartermaster for the expedition that made a stop in Denver. (For an excellent account of the Grand Duke's expedition, read Posse Member Bob Palmer's article in the 50th Anniversary *Denver Westerner's Brand Book*.)



After the buffalo-hunt frolic, Hayes became aide-de-camp to Brevet Maj. Gen. William Emory commanding the Department of the Gulf. Hayes spent three years in New Orleans in this post and was promoted to captain in 1874.

He then reported to Ft. Leavenworth, and while awaiting the arrival of his company from Arizona, he served as quartermaster for a battalion of the Sixth Cavalry en route from Ft. Lyon to Santa Fe, N.M. He returned with the First Battalion of the regiment to Ft. Lyon, where he joined his company in September 1875, and conducted it to Camp Supply, Indian Territory, now the state of Oklahoma, where he was stationed with occasional forays in the field chasing Osage Indians.

In June 1876, Captain Hayes proceeded to Cheyenne, Wyo., and served during the 1876 Sioux campaign. He was in the field on the Big Horn and Yellowstone expeditions, engaged in actions at Slim Buttes, Owl Creek, Dakota Territory, and the War Bonnet Creek Incident where Buffalo Bill killed Yellow Hand, exclaiming, "The first scalp for Custer" all in full view of the regiment.

When the expedition was abandoned in October, Hayes took command of troops at Ft. McPherson until August 1877, when he was detached to Chicago during the railway riots. When the labor strife ended, he returned to the West, and command of Camp Brown, Wyo. Here he remained until his appointment as recorder of a board of officers in Washington, D.C., to examine candidates for superintendents of national cemeteries. He continued in that duty until June 1880. He then rejoined his company at Ft. Laramie, Wyo., and transferred to Ft. Washakie, Wyo. Duty was routine until August and September 1883, when he commanded an escort for President Chester Allen Arthur during the president's visit to Yellowstone Park.

From there, Captain Hayes went on recruiting service at Charlotte, N.C., until the fall of 1884. The next year saw him commanding troops in Wyoming and Indian Territory, and frequently in the field quelling settler disturbances in Oklahoma. As the Indian Wars came to a close, Hayes remained with the Fifth Cavalry until Oct. 30, 1893, when he was appointed major of the Seventh Cavalry and commander of Ft. Clark, Texas, until March 1895. Major Hayes then went on detached duty with the National Guard of North Carolina, his wife's home state.

It would appear that Hayes' career was winding down, until 1898 and the war with Spain.

Initially, Hayes was assigned to duty with the Second Cavalry Brigade, Fifth Army Corps, and spent 1898 and most of 1899 in the southern United States, and en route to the Philippines via Havana, Cuba. By this time, Hayes had risen to lieutenant colonel of the Fourth Cavalry. The following report is from operations of Brig. Gen. Theodore Schwan's Expeditionary Brigade in the Philippine Insurrection, January and February 1900:

Hayes' Cavalry, at all times part of the field and moving force, was noted throughout the campaign for the celerity of its movements and punctuality with which it appeared at a given point at a designated hour. Altogether it marched 311 miles, both squadrons on occasion making 44 miles in 26 consecutive hours; and one

# OATH OF OFFICE.



Use to accompany the acceptance of every commissioned officer appointed or commissioned by the President in the Army of the United States.

I, Edward M. Hayes, having been  
appointed a Colonel of Cavalry  
in the military service of the United States, do solemnly swear  
(or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution  
of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic;  
that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that  
I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation  
or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully  
discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter:  
To help me God.

EM Hayes  
Colonel 13<sup>th</sup> Cavalry

Sworn to and subscribed before me, at Fort Meade D.P.  
this 23<sup>rd</sup> day of September, 1901.

W. H. Searson  
Capt. 13<sup>th</sup> Cav. Adj.  
Judge-advocate Gen. Court. Martial

Edward M. Hayes became colonel of Thirteenth Cavalry in 1901.

squadron at another time accomplishing, inclusive of a flanking operation, executed a 46 mile march within 15 hours.

And this praise for a 58-year-old man with 43 years of field service behind him. An amazing feat for a man of any age. The report continues: "Hayes' Cavalry appeared so suddenly and unexpectedly before Indang, looked upon by Spaniards and Insurgents as a strategic point, that the Insurgent Commander had no opportunity for concentrating a sufficient force there to make more than a feeble resistance."

Colonel Hayes' record in the Philippine Campaign is reflected in the commendations from his superior officers.

From Maj. Gen. E.S. Otis:

In an expedition to and around Santa Cruz, Luzon, Philippine Islands, engaged insurgents at and drove them out of Lucena, Trayabas and adjacent towns; rescued 20 Spanish prisoners and five women. Enemy dispersed. Hayes' casualties slight.

General Schwan's comment:

As commander of the Cavalry of Schwan's Expeditionary Brigade, Lt. Col. Hayes took a prominent part in and contributed in a marked degree to the success. The successful combats incident thereto stamp Lt. Col. Hayes as the thorough cavalryman. The undersigned can not speak too highly of the loyalty and ability with which during the eventful period he was supported by Lt. Col. Hayes.

Hayes was cited for combat bravery for the fourth time in a fourth war. Commanding Gen. Henry W. Lawton's statement is as follows:

To be brevetted colonel of the Army, for gallant and meritorious services in the repulse of a night attack upon his command at Talavera, Nueva Ecija, Luzon, P.I November 7, 1899, and for his rapid march over a difficult trail, surrounding and capturing 150 bolomen, telegraph station, and supplies in the important mountain pass at Carranglan, November 9, 1899.

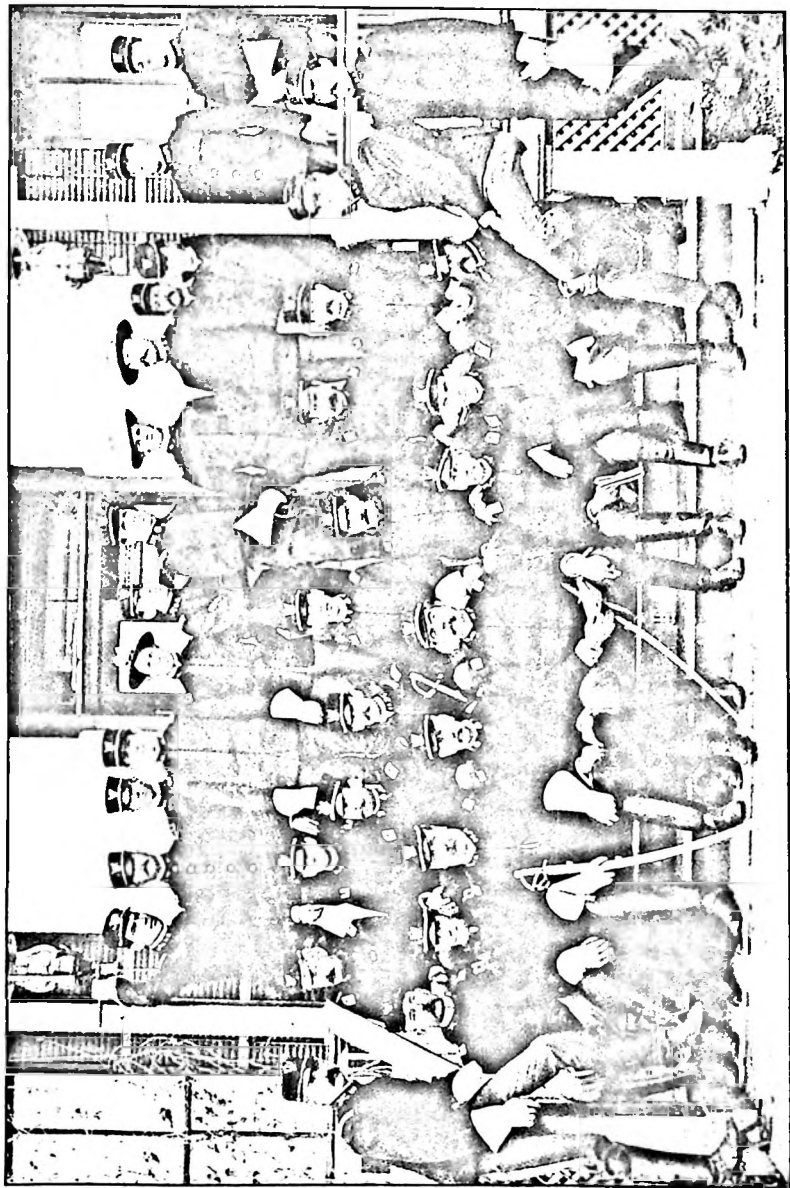
The turn of the century brought an end to Hayes' war service, but not his honors. Upon returning to the United States, he was made the first colonel of the newly constituted Thirteenth Cavalry at Ft. Meade, S.D., May 1, 1901.

Later that year an article appeared in the *New York Times* which began this way:

Early next month the President will have to appoint two new Brigadier Generals to fill vacancies that will be created by retirements. There are many requests for these promotions, and behind every request there are strong influences, social, political, and personal. There are some excellent men among the candidates for promotion. One of them will interest the President greatly as being the most thoroughly seasoned and natural Cavalryman in the Army. Col. Edward M. Hayes, now in command of the 13th U.S. Cavalry at Fort Meade, South Dakota, may be inconveniently distant from the White House or the War Department, but his record is accessible, and if the President has read it he has become acquainted with the history of a "Rough Rider" who has been in the saddle practically since he was 13 years of age.

The *Times* article then outlines his career. This quote from the article's finish is worth repeating. It says:

"The place for a Cavalryman," Hayes said to General Bates, when that officer warned him of his tendency to recklessly expose himself, "is in the saddle. If he is to be killed that's where he should be when the time comes."



*(Photo courtesy U.S. Army Military History Institute)*

Col. Edward M. Hayes (front row center, sixth from left) poses in 1901 photo with Thirteenth Cavalry officers.

In 1902 a movement began to recommend Colonel Hayes for promotion to brigadier general. Among those who wrote recommendations was Fitzhugh Lee who had been Bugler Hayes' company second lieutenant in the old Second Cavalry in the late 1850s. Fitzhugh Lee, although a Confederate general during the Civil War, was made a brigadier general of the U.S. Army for the Spanish-American War. On his recommendation letter in the National Archives is a hand-written note by President Theodore Roosevelt asking the Secretary of War for immediate action on the promotion. Jan. 15, 1903, Edward M. Hayes was promoted to brigadier general. Eleven days later he resigned from the Army after a career spanning 48 years and four wars. General Hayes was truly a Cavalryman's Cavalryman. He died in 1912 near his wife's family home in North Carolina.

But even after death, Hayes was to receive one more honor. When searching his service record, I came across Mrs. Hayes' application for a \$50 military widow pension. A letter in response informs North Carolina Senator Simmons, that "\$30.00 is allowed a general under existing laws." The next document in the file is from the Chief Clerk of the Senate directing a new payment of \$50 to General Hayes' widow by an act of Congress. A grateful Congress remembered a Cavalry hero that we have now all but forgotten.



Author Jim Osborn and wife Lorraine in U.S. Cavalry attire.

## About the Author

Posse Member James W. Osborn is a familiar speaker for the Denver Westerners. A paper by Jim, "Theatre in Denver, 1859-1881," was featured in the *Golden Anniversary Brand Book*. His talk, "Edward M. Hayes, A Cavalryman's Cavalryman," was presented before the Denver Posse on March 27 of this year.

A native of Iowa, Jim was graduated from Des Moines Valley High School and Iowa State University, with majors in psychology and journalism. Jim and his wife Lorraine, a dedicated assistant in his historical research, moved to Denver in 1981. He formed his own television production company, Rockywood Productions Inc., and he has produced or worked on several films and television commercials. Jim Osborn has won seven "Alfies" (the commercial film world's equivalent of an "Emmy" or an "Oscar").

According to his *Brand Book* biography, history has been a passion for Jim from an early age, culminating over the years in a Western and U.S. Cavalry artifact and militaria collections. Jim reports both he and his collections are dusted off and kept in order by his saintly wife Lorraine.

## Sources and Acknowledgments

I would like to thank Walter Budd of Durham, N. C., for locating the Hayes Cavalry uniform, and allowing me to add it to my collection. This brought to light the story of Edward M. Hayes.

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Documents appearing with this article were reproduced by the National Archives, as provided by the author. Photos are credited to the U.S. Army Military History Institute.

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## Tom Mix — The Last Word?

In a follow-up to Posse Member David Emrich's excellent paper on "Tom Mix in Colorado" (presented on Jan. 24, and published in the March-April '96 *Roundup*), Ex-Sheriff Ted Krieger has provided *The Roundup* with clippings of articles from the *Arizona Republic*, Phoenix newspaper, detailing a controversy over Mix's death.

On March 15, 1996, the *Republic* published a feature by staff writer Bill Jones. Portions of that article follow:

Legends die legendary deaths. Take Tom Mix. The cowboy superstar of the silent screen died in 1940 when his car ran off the road on a lonely stretch of Arizona highway south of Florence.

That much is known. But try to look at details of his death, and this simple tragedy turns murky.

For instance, what kind of car was the 60-year-old actor driving? One Phoenix columnist who claimed to have covered the accident, said Mix always drove a Stutz Bearcat.

Another writer placed Mix in "a glistening green Rolls-Royce speedster" that failed to navigate a bridge detour.

No, the death car was "a Packard roadster which had a pair of longhorn horns across the hood," a third writer claimed.

Jim Easterbrook, who hosts a two-hour Sunday show called "Legends of the West" for KXCI-FM radio in Tucson, is trying to sort fact from fiction in the death of Mix. To that end Easterbrook has been talking to friends and acquaintances of the star . . . and hopes to publish his version of events surrounding Mix's death in a Western magazine. In his research, he's come across a small mountain of information concerning Mix's death on Oct. 12, 1940. One story had Mix trailering his famous steed as he sped along the highway. In this tale, Tony the Wonder Horse miraculously survives the crash.

Some stories claim it was a flying suitcase that broke Mix's neck, while others say it was a trunk laden with silver dollars. Some accounts say there were witnesses, others say no one saw the accident. Some say the superstar was drunk, others say he was suicidal.

Let's start with the car, Easterbrook says. It was a 1937 Cord Phaeton convertible. Yellow. The flashy automobile was as well known in the area as its driver. Mix drove it at maniacal speeds, sober or not.

On the afternoon of Oct. 12, Easterbrook figures, Mix probably was hung over. He'd spent the previous night at the Santa Rita Hotel in Tucson, where he'd listened to a band whose members knew his daughter, who lived in Texas.

"So he had them up to his room, and they had some drinks, and he probably got sloshed," Easterbrook says.

By the time he checked out of the Santa Rita that day, Mix had decided on a change of plans. The previous day, he'd told a friend, Walt Coburn, that he would join him

and another friend, Ed Echols, for lunch on Coburn's 16-acre ranch near the Santa Catalina Mountains, before driving to Florence and then to Hollywood.

But it was late when Mix awoke. He decided to skip lunch with Coburn and Echols. As he checked out of the Santa Rita, Mix asked the day clerk to call Coburn and pass on his apologies.

In his Cord, Mix headed north on U.S. 89. He stopped at Oracle Junction, where he called Echols, an ex-rodeo champion and former sheriff of Pima County, and told him he couldn't make lunch. Easterbrook says Mix probably had a bite to eat and a few drinks with a friend who ran a casino-cafe in Oracle Junction.

Back on the road, Mix aimed his Cord toward Florence, where he planned to visit Harry Knight, who worked a cattle ranch with Twain and Bill Clemens, descendants of Mark Twain.

Around 2 p.m., members of a road crew saw a yellow car traveling at an extraordinary speed along the unpaved road. One crewman attempted to red-flag the driver, who seemed oblivious to the caution signs.

Mix's Cord veered off the road into a dry wash. As its wheels struck rough terrain, a locker trunk flew forward from the back seat and struck the star on the back of his head. Mix got out of his car, Easterbrook says, took a step and collapsed. The star of nearly 400 Western movies lay dead of a broken neck.

Easterbrook discounts rumors that the actor took his own life. True, Mix had problems. He was, Easterbrook believes, an alcoholic. He also was dealing with alimony lawsuits (he was on his fifth marriage) and a film career that skidded to a stop with the advent of sound.

"But he had much to live for," Easterbrook says. "He still had many friends, a successful Wild West show, and he was still a very wealthy man."

Easterbrook said he believes his account of events concerning Mix's death successfully separates fact from fiction. But he admits that a little mythology will always cling to a legend of Mix's magnitude.

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Easterbrook did not, however, have the last word on the end of Tom Mix. Following is a letter to the *Arizona Republic*, published March 27, 1996, from Ray C. Smucker of Phoenix:

. . . Since I am the last person in this world to talk with Tom Mix, I'll tell you the true story.

In 1940, I traveled around the country as an entertainer with Horace Heidt and his orchestra. I developed a spot on my lung and went to Tucson to get well. This was when they built the Old Tucson movie set and filmed the movie "Arizona," starring Jean Arthur and William Holden.

I stayed at the Elks Sanitarium and some afternoons a friend and I would go down to the Santa Rita Hotel bar where there were often a number of celebrities. One day we walked in and saw Nick Hall, the hotel manager, well known in the area, sitting at a



table with Tom Mix. Nick invited us over to meet the Western film star, who proved to be a most personable and pleasant celebrity. We talked of horses, and since he, too, was a farm boy, we hit it off quite well.

Nick asked us what we wanted to drink. I ordered a Coke and was surprised to hear Tom Mix say, "Bring me another Coke, too." (I mention this because after his accident, Mix had been accused of being drunk.) Then Mix added, "I have to drive up to Florence and on into Phoenix for a dinner engagement." Since I had told him I was just filling in time until I could go back on the road, Mix suggested, "Why don't you ride up to Phoenix with me and take the bus back?" I thanked him but explained I had to return to the sanitarium.

With that, we walked out to his car, which was parked by the curb west of the hotel. His car was an Auburn Roadster with the top down, and it had a Holstein leather interior. I'm not sure but I think it had a set of steer horns on the radiator. Mix put his suitcase on the ledge behind the driver's seat, threw his white hat onto the passenger seat, shook my hand, stepped into the Auburn, smiled that congenial, mischievous smile I had seen so often on the silent screen, waved and was gone.

On KTAR's 9 p.m. program, newscaster John Harrington's lead story said that Tom Mix was killed in a one-car accident on his way to Florence. They said he was speeding on that narrow, paved road and hit one of the dips that all roads into Arizona had at that time, lost control of the car, and had gone to the big rodeo in the sky.

I can assure you that Tom Mix was sober when he died. He was driving an Auburn sports car and seemed to be a hell of a nice guy. Once in a while I think that if I had gone with him back in 1940, I might have been famous for just a day or two, but then I think, no, it wouldn't have been worth it.

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## Over the Corral Rail

*(Continued from Page 2)*

men had signified a desire to join with the Denver Westerners' charter group. This list of 10 additional members included Hicks Cadle, John Caine III, Arthur Carhart, Robert Ellison, Lawrence Mott, E.W. Milligan, Dr. Nolie Mumey, William MacLeod Raine, Wallace B. Turner, and B.Z. Wood.

Thus, as of Jan. 26, 1945, there were 26 "charter members" (excluding Elmo Scott Watson, who started the whole Westerners idea!).

As for Merrill Mattes, he missed being a "charter" member by nine months, and was introduced to the Westerners by charter member Fred Rosenstock. At the Oct. 26, 1945, meeting, Mattes was introduced by Herb

Brayer as the superintendent of the Scotts Bluff (Neb.) National Monument, and his membership in the Westerners dated from that meeting.

We stand corrected.

\* \* \*

Perusing the Minutes of the Oct. 26, 1945, meeting also clarifies the early convoluted confusion on the *Brand Book*. At that meeting, Registrar of Marks and Brands Brayer proposed that a book encompassing all of the papers given during 1945 be published as a *Brand Book* volume. Cost was estimated by Bradford-Robinson Printing Co.

(Arthur Zeuch) at \$625 for 300 numbered copies, to sell at \$3.50 each. Each member would receive a copy without charge. To state the obvious, times have certainly changed.

Speaking of the *Brand Book*, members are reminded that their help is necessary in sales of the *Golden Anniversary Brand Book*. It is not the job of just the editors or Posse officers. It's not really that difficult to sell this beautiful volume. One Posse Member has managed to sell more than two-dozen books within a limited circle of friends, all non-Westerners.

There are many untapped possibilities remaining. For example, more than 20 public libraries in the Denver area have not yet been solicited and shown a copy of the *Anniversary Brand Book*. Most area librarians, however, are quite familiar with *Brand Books* as a history reference, and many libraries throughout the state have already purchased copies of the new book. Certainly every library in the Denver area should have the volume available on shelf for patrons.

Some suggestions have been made about cutting the price of the *Anniversary Brand Book*, just to get rid of the 300 or so remaining books in a hurry. This was done on the 1976 volume (XXX-XXXI), offering the books to members at \$5 each. The last check made at antiquarian bookstores showed the price for that volume is now up to about \$45 to \$55. It would indeed seem foolish to offer books at give-away prices, throwing away our published assets, just for short-term convenience.

Similarly, many back issues of *The Round-up* are being stored by the current editor. It is hoped that the Denver Westerners' archival space, soon to be available at Ft. Logan, can be utilized both for *Brand Books*, and *Round-ups*, to conserve these assets.

Readers desiring to acquire a complete set of *Brand Books*, starting with the 1945 volume, through the current Vol. 32, should contact R.J. Moses in Boulder (phone 303/530-3889; 7060 Roaring Fork Trail, Boulder 80301).

Moses is a former Corresponding Member who spoke before the Westerners on the subject of water rights. He is no longer able to attend the Denver meetings. Call or write him

for information on his collection, and the asking price.

\* \* \*

Those Denver Westerners who are able to attend the regular meetings should inquire about others less fortunate, particularly those who are older or, for other reasons, are no longer able to drive themselves at night. Your offer of transportation might make it possible for them to come to some of the meetings. If you think you can help, check with Sheriff Ken Gaunt for names of those who could use a ride.

\* \* \*

New members have been reported by Membership Chairman Ed Bathke. On the academic side is the University of Arizona Library at Tucson. Two new Corresponding Members are:

□ Diane M. Almgren, 185 Hemlock Way, Broomfield CO 80020. Diane became acquainted with the Denver Westerners through the activities of her husband, the Rev. Jon Almgren, a past-sheriff of the Posse. Her interest in Western history centers on multicultural history as it relates to children and interesting them in history. A teacher, she has a hobby of reading (especially the arts in history) and genealogy.

□ Jacqueline "Jackie" Davis, 6840 E. Powers Ave., Englewood CO 80111, was the co-speaker for the Denver Posse at the June 26 meeting. She learned of the Westerners from Diane Bakke, Corresponding Member, who joined Jackie in presenting their talk on "Places Around the Bases."

Married with two sons, Jackie has B.A. and M.S. degrees from the University of Illinois at Champaign. She is a member of the Colorado Authors League, and winner of their Top Hand Award for adult non-fiction. She has published articles on Denver and horses for Maverick Press, and is coauthor with Diane Bakke of *Places Around the Bases*, published by Westcliffe Publishing.

She has worked with the Colorado Historical Society as a lecturer and tour guide. Her other interests include out-of-print Western history books.



## 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*

**Perilous Passage: A Narrative of the Montana Gold Rush, 1862-1863** by Edwin Ruthven Purple, edited by Kenneth N. Owens. Montana Historical Society, Helena, 1995. Illustrations, map, index; 211 pages. Clothbound, \$25.95; paperback, \$15.95.

*Perilous Passage* is another of those recent books demonstrating that there still is primary source material waiting to be rediscovered and published for the first time. This account of Montana in the early days was found by Prof. Kenneth Owens in the confines of the New York Historical Society, a fine repository that is, unfortunately (according to a recent article in the *New York Times*), having to sell off much of its non-New York collection in order to make ends meet.

Edwin Purple was a native New Yorker who followed the gold rushes and the booms to California, Utah, Idaho, and Montana. His reminiscences, written sometime before his untimely death in 1879, concern his adventures (primarily as a merchant) in Salt Lake City, in Idaho, and in Montana. Therefore, he was never able to give his views of the Morrisite Troubles in Utah (involving a sect of Mormons which was crushed by Brigham Young's adherents), of such important personalities as "Wild Bill" Hickman and Granville Stuart, and (most importantly) of the early part of the Henry Plummer troubles in the Montana gold fields.

It is the Plummer troubles that would appeal to most. This book is a necessary addition to a collection that deals with the vigi-

lantes of gold-rush Montana. Thus, it will complement such standard works as Dimsdale's *Vigilantes of Montana*, Langford's *Vigilante Days and Ways*, the reminiscences of X. Beidler, and Callaway's *Montana's Righteous Hangman*. However, since Purple had an early (and negative) view of Plummer, the book tends to weaken the recent revisionist view of the Montana vigilantes put forth by those very pleasant and capable historians R. Mather and F. Boswell (in their books *Hanging the Sheriff* and *Vigilante Victims*). As in Wyoming with respect to murderer Tom Horn, there was a recent fake retrial and a misguided effort to "pardon" Henry Plummer in Montana. This book should weaken that movement a bit.

The book is highly recommended.

—John M. Hutchins, P.M.

**Cavalry Yellow & Infantry Blue, Army Officers in Arizona Between 1851 and 1886** by Constance Wynn Altshuler, 1991 (published 1996), Tucson: Arizona Historical Society. 385 pages. Clothbound, \$45.

One look at the title, *Cavalry Yellow and Infantry Blue*, may frighten some interested readers away because this reviewer can think of no more boring subject than a list of Army officers and their personal statistics. But author Constance Altshuler has created quite a surprise instead. Using a prerequisite of each having to serve at least one month in Arizona Territory in order to qualify for the listing, she has collected approximately 840 mini-

biographies. There are many recognizable names such as George Crook, Nelson Miles, John Bourke, Lewis Armisted, and Arthur MacArthur, but there are hundreds more that are not as famous. The wonderful part about this work is the story told about each one of the entrants: who they were, when and where they were born, what they did and where they served other than in Arizona Territory. Of course the reference gives date and location of death, as well.

Listed in alphabetical order, anyone could pick a name and have a start to a more detailed biography if they so choose. In itself, *Cavalry Yellow and Infantry Blue* is an excellent resource and could be interesting bedside reading, whether it is read from start to finish or randomly. This book is heartily recommended for the serious student of the Southwest Indian Wars.

—Richard A. Cook, P.M.

**Ernie Pyle in the American Southwest** by Richard Melzer. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, N.M., 1996. Illustrated; 176 pages. Paperback, \$18.95.

To at least one generation, Ernie Pyle will always be a gentle and mature journalist who profiled young GIs on the battlefields of World War II. Yet his life was a torment and he was only 44 when a sniper's bullet killed him in April 1945, on the island of Ie Shima in the battle for Okinawa.

Ernest Taylor Pyle, born in 1900, was a wandering Indiana farm boy whose brief bout with fame was heavily burdened. One bright spot came in 1940 when he moved to the U.S. Southwest and built the only house he ever owned on the outskirts of Albuquerque. It was to be his desert refuge against a clamorous world. It also became the tragic stage where his wife's alcohol-ridden mental illness sank to disaster.

Pyle left Indiana University just shy of graduation and wrote and edited for several newspapers, finally becoming a columnist for

the *Washington Daily News*, a Scripps-Howard paper. His "on the road" human-interest columns, launched in 1935, became a hit in Scripps-Howard's 23 papers, making his name a household word.

This New Mexico-oriented book deals with the man, only peripherally with his journalism. Author Richard Melzer says Pyle's friendly charm masked personal misery. His wife Jerry, whom he had married in 1925, developed mental problems which lapsed into unremitting alcoholism. She traveled with him on coast-to-coast tours covering a grueling 250,000 miles; he slept in 800 hotels. But Melzer stops short of blaming the gypsy life for her illness.

Pyle, himself, was almost a mental case. The author, a history professor at the University of New Mexico's Valencia campus, suggests a modern concept for Pyle's troubles: professional burnout. Pyle came to hate the well-meaning harassment by fans and tourists who besieged his house, even at night. He still loved the Southwest, but his dream house soon became a prison. Albuquerque friends worked to shield his privacy when he returned from European battlefields in 1943 and 1944. By then, he was famous not only for columns but as a book author, whose *Story of G.I. Joe* was then being scripted in Hollywood.

Friends could do little, however, for Jerry and she went from doctor to doctor, clinic to clinic. Pyle once broke down the bathroom door to find her covered with blood from self-inflicted stab wounds. Yet he wrote to her faithfully. On his fatal trip to the Pacific he wrote: "We'll live simply when I get back—and we'll have time for ourselves. . . ." Jerry outlived him by barely six months, a victim of fatal uremic poisoning Nov. 23, 1945.

The book has typos—you don't play "croquette" on the lawn and it's "Adolf" (Hitler), not "Adolph." Notes and bibliography are excellent. Twenty-four historical photos illustrate the text.

—Lee Olson, P.M.

**Antrim is My Stepfather's Name: The Boyhood of Billy the Kid** by Jerry Weddle. Foreword by Robert M. Utley. Univ. of New Mexico/Arizona Historical Society, Albuquerque, 1993/1996. Photographs, maps, endnotes, bibliography, index; 96 pages. Paperback, \$16.95.

As noted in a previous review about this New Mexico character, the three biggest names in gunfighter history are likely Wyatt Earp, Jesse James, and Billy the Kid. Indeed, the very mention of those names evokes some mighty bitter debates. In fact, and this relates to the curious origin of this book (published by the Arizona Historical Society in 1993 and reissued by New Mexico University in 1996), this reviewer thinks he recalls some bitter diatribes a couple of years ago about this particular book by one or more of those most deadly of creatures, the semi-professional amateur gunfighter historians. In this reviewer's opinion (and what does *he* know, anyway?), those attacks were unwarranted. This is an excellent little volume.

Certainly, there is no shortage of books about either Billy the Kid or the Lincoln County War. Many have appeared in the past several years, including a couple by the writer of the foreword, Robert Utley. However, this one is different, for it concentrates only on the first 16 years of Billy's life.

The book thus describes the difficult childhood of Billy McCarty, who, upon the remarriage of his widowed mother, became known as Henry Antrim (at least to his mother). Modern sociologists could ascribe Billy's ultimate notoriety to being from a rather dysfunctional family and to a lacking of a sense of identity. Traditionalists could ascribe it to Billy's exposure to gambling and low companions. In any event, this volume tries to detail all the escapades and problems that the young man (soon to become a young thug) faced on the frontier.

Jerry Weddle, who cites some opposing evidence to his conclusions, has done an excel-

lent job in attempting to document the early years of Billy the Kid. His footnotes and bibliography enhance his credibility and tend to show that he is interested in the truth and has "no axe to grind" or secret agenda in the gunfighter-historian wars.

The book is recommended.

—John M. Hutchins, P.M.

**Covered Wagon Women: Diaries & Letters from the Western Trails, 1840-1849.** Edited and compiled by Kenneth L. Holmes, Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1995. Illustrated; 280 pages. Paperback, \$12.

*Covered Wagon Women* was originally published in 1983 as part of an 11-volume set. Each of the succeeding volumes would cover the next time period using the records of personal experiences of the women who travel the various trails during westward expansion. So far only the first book of this set has been released as a paperback.

Utilizing letters as well as excerpts from diaries of the earliest women travelers, the compiler showed a wide range of ladies. These women were teenagers to grandmothers, traveling various Western trails. Diaries from this decade are exceedingly rare, so the editor included the letters to let the ladies tell their stories.

Each of the ladies included in the volume made it to her destination. These written accounts also made it to the present, emphasizing both the strength of character of the writers and the importance of the written word.

Of all of the selections in this book, this reviewer really enjoyed the chapter of Louisiana Strentzel. Louisiana went from the middle of Texas to southern California. Her family's route took her through El Paso to Tucson, and then crossing the Colorado River near the Gila River into California and across desert areas. The Strentzels had a map and compass, but no one in their party had ever been on that trail before. This trail has re-

ceived little recognition, compared with more well known routes. These pioneers discovered practical ways to travel across the hot, dry areas, such as traveling only during the coolest parts of the day. They journeyed from one patch of grass to the next, and emptied the wagons of heavy items to ensure that the animals would be able to take them to their new home.

Kenneth Holmes accompanied each of the letters and diaries with a short biography of the author. For example, we read that Louisiana moved north and settled in the Alhambra Valley where she and her husband became the first to successfully grow orange trees in northern California. Her only surviving child, a daughter, married John Muir, the famous naturalist and author. Louisiana lived to age 76, certainly a grand age for that period of history.

All of the 12 identified ladies in this book had fabulous experiences that they wrote about as they went West. Each story is inspiring to read—but that is for you to do. Concluding the introduction to his book, Kenneth Holmes quoted a pioneer lawyer, who said, “. . . and I think the time has come when we should give due credit to the Pilgrim Mothers for they not only endured all the hardships of the Pilgrim Fathers, but, in addition, endured the Pilgrim Fathers besides.”

—Nancy E. Bathke, P.M.

**Where Rivers Meet: Lorc from the Colorado Frontier** by Muriel Marshall. Texas A&M Univ. Press, College Station, 1996. Bibliography, index, 18 black-and-white photographs, one map; 282 pages. Clothbound, \$32.95; paperback, \$16.95.

With the publication of *Where Rivers Meet*, Muriel Marshall has given anyone interested in the history of the Western Slope of Colorado another book worth adding to their library. Her first book looked at the Uncompahgre Plateau; her second dealt with the history of the Escalante Canyon just north of

Delta, Colo.; and the present work centers on the town of Delta where the Gunnison and Uncompahgre rivers meet. There is a little duplication among the three but not enough to create a problem. Much of the material for this book was originally collected for articles published in the *Delta County Independent* and other newspapers and magazines during the period from 1965 to 1987.

This area of Colorado was occupied by the Utes until the miners and the settlers decided that they wanted it, and then the drive to remove the Native Americans from the area began. While we most often associate the term “Sooners” with the Oklahoma land rush, there were “sooners” in the Uncompahgre Valley before the U.S. Army had totally removed the Utes. It is with the arrival of the first settlers that Delta was founded at the confluence of the two rivers. Using local sources including interviews and newspaper accounts, the author introduces the reader to the founders of Delta, the early farmers, the outlaws, and all the others who made the city their home.

There are individual chapters centered on such topics as transportation, farming, economics, and recent changes in Delta. One of the most interesting chapters describes the hard times that came to Delta during the depression of the 1920s and 1930s.

The strength of this book is the stories about the individuals and groups who made Delta what it is today. This is the story of the Woman's Club that forced the city to replace the boardwalks with concrete sidewalks and raised the money for a library. It is the story of the Nutter women who have maintained the quality of the library from the beginning to the present, and Esther Stephens who stopped the city from closing the library in 1969 by pointing out a clause in the contract that the city had made with the Carnegie Foundation when the library was first established. It is the story of Jack Dempsey and his family during their time in the Delta area, and the stories of the businesses that once operat-

the town, and those businesses that are  
 and, such as Davis Clothing which  
 in 1912.

ould be easy to focus on a few histori-  
 s such as that the Dolores is the River  
 ws not pains, that Charles Bent was  
 a Taos not Santa Fe, and that the  
 Riders charged up Kettle Hill and not  
 Hill in Cuba; but Muriel Marshall is  
 a local history. She has done a very  
 adable job of telling the story of Delta,

—Ray E. Jenkins, R.M.

*Old Santa Fe Trail* by Stanley Vestal;  
 tion by Marc Simmons. Bison Books  
 Univ. of Nebraska, Lincoln. Paper-  
 print, 1996, of 1939 original cloth-  
 edition (Houghton Mifflin Co., Bos-  
 ss.). Full-color cover painting by  
 ymer: "The Boys at Bent's Fort;"  
 d trail map; preface; appendix, notes;  
 gy of trail; stops and trail mileage,  
 aveling trail (1822-1843) from Josiah  
*The Commerce of the Prairies*, bibli-  
 and index; 304 pages. Paperback,

*Old Santa Fe Trail* by Stanley Vestal  
 plume of Walter Stanley Campbell,  
 7) presents an opportunity to acquire  
 e classic "trail" books, at an econom-  
 . The new introduction for this pa-  
 edition by Marc Simmons, South-  
 author and Santa Fe Trail authority,  
 capsule history of the trail dating to  
 d William Becknell's venture from  
 , Mo.

ons, in his introduction to the book,  
 ts that it is probably one of Vestal's  
 ughton Mifflin went through four  
 t runs, and Bantam Books in 1957  
 d the only previous paperback ver-

ons relates that Vestal, an English  
 and creative writing instructor at  
 ersity of Oklahoma, in his career

produced histories, biographies, novels and  
 short stories, and numerous articles. Sim-  
 mons states that Vestal, early on, decided  
 against developing *The Old Santa Fe Trail*  
 chronologically, to avoid "bookishness" and,  
 instead, resorted to a topical or geographical  
 approach, with themes and places as they  
 might have appeared to a traveler on the trail.

"*The Old Santa Fe Trail* . . . ought not to  
 be classified as a narrative history. Founder  
 William Becknell, for instance, is scarcely  
 mentioned."

Vestal has taken selected episodes, turning  
 them into exciting reading with fiction tech-  
 niques, while adhering to historical facts as  
 much as possible. The 22 chapters of the  
 book are organized into seven sections: "The  
 Prairie Ocean," "Council Grove," "Grand  
 Arkansas," "The Fork in the Trail," "The  
 Desert Route," "The Mountain Route," and  
 "La Fonda," or the End of the Trail. A two-  
 page map of the trail sets the scene for the  
 text.

Simmons points out that "interest in the  
 Santa Fe Trail has grown enormously,  
 spurred by its elevation to . . . a National His-  
 toric Trail in 1987." He notes that sites have  
 been restored or marked and many interested  
 visitors drive the trail [including some mem-  
 bers of the Denver Westerners] searching for  
 points of interest. He adds that the re-release  
 of Vestal's book is a fitting way to mark the  
 175th anniversary of the opening of the Santa  
 Fe Trail.

—Alan J. Stewart, Ed.

**Daltons! The Raid on Coffeyville, Kansas**  
 by Robert Barr Smith. Univ. of Oklahoma  
 Press, Norman, 1996. Illustrated with photo-  
 graphs and a map; index, bibliography, and  
 endnotes; 287 pages. Clothbound, \$24.95.

The Daltons' raid on Coffeyville is a famil-  
 iar subject for me. I began collecting material  
 on the Dalton boys when in 1981 I acquired  
 an autographed copy of Emmett Dalton's  
*When the Daltons Rode*. In 1992, I went to

Coffeyville, with fellow Posse Member Keith Fessenden, for the centennial of the raid. And last year I visited Adair, Okla., where hardly anyone knows of the raid there which predated that at Coffeyville.

While I would hesitate to call this book by Col. Robert Barr Smith the definitive work on the Coffeyville Raid, I would not pause in calling it exhaustive and well-nigh complete. Smith's book tells the story of the Daltons and how they "hoped to make a fortune by mean and evil deeds on that peaceful, sunny day in '92," as balladeer Rodney Lay sang at the centennial almost four years ago.

The author demonstrates a familiarity with almost all of the literature and theories about the Daltons and the raid, and addresses almost all of the various versions of the raid.

Smith's writing is entertaining, although it tends to digress. He is also fair in his assessments and in his criticisms. His style is rather conversational and informal in tone. And he makes many excellent asides, but I would have relegated them to footnotes or endnotes.

This latest attempt makes use of much recent writing, research, and speculation, but Harold Preece's *The Dalton Gang* (1963) still is not surpassed. Although Preece's work has been criticized by later writers, his first-hand access to oldtimers, gives his book some added weight.

Smith, also—as does Coffeyville even today—attempts to highlight the defenders of the law on that beautiful Oct. 5, rather than the criminals. He does not succeed completely.

Smith, after presenting both sides of every point, has to pick and choose what to believe from the various eyewitnesses, including Emmett Dalton. He largely does a good job of this, although I disagree with some of his tentative conclusions, such as the purported warning of the town and the alleged "sixth rider." I would also disagree with his somewhat glowing assessment of Lue Barndollar's recent book, *What Really Happened on October 5, 1892*. While I am glad to own a copy,

it obviously was put together hurriedly for the centennial.

My final criticism is that Smith mistranslates a German phrase on page xiii. While this may not seem important, it does emphasize that, with languages and with historical research, where to place the emphasis is a critical and somewhat elusive element.

The book has an appropriate (although garish) illustration on the jacket, which I believe was original in a magazine article in recent years. Overall, the book is recommended highly. Buy it soon. This one will be a collector's item.

—John M. Hutchins, P.M.

**At Hard Labor: Inmate Labor at the Colorado State Penitentiary, 1871-1940** by Elinor Myers McGinn. American Univ. Studies, Peter Lang Publishing Inc., New York, 1993. Photographs, tables, appendix, notes, bibliography; 171 pages. Hardback, \$39.95.

*At Hard Labor* presents an amazingly thorough view of penal systems of other states, and of the Colorado system, principally Cañon City, from 1871 to 1940, just before the beginning of World War I. It documents, with very extensive footnotes, much of the minutia of the prison operation and the factors impinging upon it, with supporting evidence in tables, notes, and reports from a wide variety of sources.

It discusses some of the precedent from other jurisdictions, the change of punishment from the brutal flogging, hanging, etc., to incarceration, and then the attempts at rehabilitation, through HARD LABOR of course, and the acquiring of skills useful in later freedom. It notes that discrimination against women was evident in early penology, and describes the changing complexion of the prison population. Through all of the time involved, the Legislature and the various wardens—frequently at odds as to what to do—aimed generally at requiring the prisons to be self-supporting. To a certain extent they were



successful economically and ostensibly by way of rehabilitation through hard work. The Cañon City prison early on used its most easily available resource of rocks, constructing virtually all of the prison buildings and walls. The prison later contributed substantially to the resources of the state, particularly for tourists, in the construction of the Skyline Drive on the west side of Cañon City, a road to the Royal Gorge, canals, and many roads in various parts of the state.

Colorado won some distinction in the administration of prisons by its success in honoring road gangs, contributing to the resources of the state and obtaining for prisoners the benefits of a rigorous outdoor life away from the prison with very few escapes. This was generally accomplished with minimal costs for guards and administrators. The goal of prisons being self-supporting was initially satisfied by the limitation of prison labor used for such construction at a time when there was little competition for the work by outside private companies and by labor—organized, and otherwise.

However, when it appeared that the prison was in competition with outside businesses and labor, both in road building and in the wide variety of other pursuits undertaken by the wardens, the Legislature placed limitations upon prison operations. Ultimately not only the State Legislature but the federal government placed severe limitations upon the operation of prisons and upon the traditional effort to make prisons self-supporting.

The prior efforts at constructive administration of the prison system, i.e., self-supporting with hard labor providing a rehabilitative effect, all seemed to have failed because of conflict with the interests of outside businesses and labor. Further, even the salutary successful efforts toward these goals were limited in that they did not cover many of the prisoners and were seasonal in many situations.

Viewing the present operation of our penal system, with incarcerations expanding yearly and virtually all politicians making points by

opting for longer prison sentences, it is clear that no effective solution has been offered, unless farming criminals out to Texas and other jurisdictions is seen as a valid solution. The interests of business and of labor are valid ones which any responsible legislator should and must take into account. However, as the author concludes, some alternative to our present system should be found and the information contained in *At Hard Labor* should be a good starting point for reviewing Colorado's past experience in attempting to deal with the problems.

—W. Bruce Gillis Jr., P.M.

**Hard Traveling: A Portrait of Work Life in the New Northwest** by Carlos A. Schwantes. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1995. Preface, 188 photographs, three tables, notes, index; 234 pages. Clothbound, \$45.

The most notable feature of *Hard Traveling* is the collection of superb photographs supported by extensive captions. If you read these captions you have read half the book.

There is limited continuing text, as such. Other than the previously mentioned captions, the balance of the publication is a series of sidebars consisting of quotes from a variety of sources such as newspapers, trade publications, governmental hearings, and prominent authors, all discussing the conditions under which people had to work.

Within the broad scope of Western history, this book would have to fall into the arena of social studies. For some, the book might appear to be another in a recent rash of publications debunking the mystique of the "West." However, the most ardent fan of "Manifest Destiny" knows it was no walk in the park, so to speak, nor was it necessarily always fair.

Nevertheless, this book is recommended for the die-hard Western fan for the photographs, alone, and if you aren't careful, you'll be wrapped up in the text, too.

—Robert D. Stull, P.M.



*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1996

**RED CLOUD: WARRIOR  
AS WELL AS LEADER**

by

**Robert W. Larson, C.M.**



*(Photo by J.E. Meddaugh, Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society)*

Past his prime, Red Cloud remained the dominant Oglala leader.

# About the Author

Corresponding Member Robert W. "Bob" Larson presented his talk, "Red Cloud," before the Denver Westerners at the Sept. 25, 1996, meeting of the organization at the Executive Tower Inn in downtown Denver.

Larson said he began his research on Red Cloud, the Lakota Sioux leader, shortly after retiring from the University of Northern Colorado at Greeley, where he taught history from 1960 to 1990. He said the biographical history will be published

(Please turn to Page 28.)

# THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

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# Red Cloud: Warrior as Well as Leader



(Author's Collection)

Drawing of the Fetterman fight appeared in *Harper's Weekly* on March 23, 1867, three months after Red Cloud's victory over troops from Ft. Phil Kearny.

by

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(Presented Sept. 25, 1996)

**O**N DECEMBER 22, 1866, some 20 months after the end of the Civil War, an overconfident Army captain, William Judd Fetterman, pursued a decoy force of taunting Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapaho warriors into a lethal ambush, resulting in his death and the deaths of the 80 men under his command.

The bloody trap, sprung on a lonely ridge at the edge of the Bighorn Mountains, captured the nation's attention more than any of the other violent encounters with Plains tribes following Colorado's infamous Sand Creek Massacre.<sup>1</sup> Never had the United States Army been so soundly defeated on the Western Plains. The disastrous setback, which became known as the Fetterman Massacre, also brought national attention to a Lakota Sioux warrior who had vigorously opposed the government's misguided attempt to make the Bozeman Trail a federal road through the Sioux's much-beloved Powder River country. The new leader was *Makhpinya-luta*, which, when translated into English, means Red

Cloud. His name, heretofore little-known outside the Sioux world, would soon become attached to the prolonged conflict which followed Fetterman's demise. This struggle would become known throughout the country as Red Cloud's War.

For many years, the commanding Sioux's fame as a diplomat and an astute political leader for the Western Sioux (or the Lakotas as they preferred to call themselves) became increasingly recognized.<sup>2</sup> After all, he had compiled an enviable record in his confrontation with the Army. Was he not the man who stalked out of that June 1866 meeting at Ft. Laramie after a 700-man force under Col. Henry Carrington awkwardly arrived on a mission to fortify the Bozeman Trail, even before the federal government gained permission from the Indian negotiators at the fort to do so?

Was he not the war chief who gave direction to the successful effort of the Sioux and their Cheyenne and Arapaho allies to close the Bozeman Trail to the brisk emigrant traffic moving from the Oregon Trail to the gold diggings of Montana?

In fact, when the Army garrisoned such new posts along the trail as Ft. Phil Kearny, at the edge of the Bighorns, and Ft. C.F. Smith, 60 miles to the north in Montana, it was Red Cloud who engineered the series of attacks which besieged these lonely fortifications, a successful move that gave the Sioux another decade to hunt the buffalo and other bountiful game along the Powder River.

Red Cloud's War compelled the government to reconsider its decision to federalize the Bozeman Trail. This extraordinary Indian leader, whose status then was no higher than a war chief for the Oglalas, southernmost of the seven Lakota tribes, refused to terminate hostilities against the Army until it had totally abandoned Forts Kearny and Smith.<sup>4</sup>

In truth it was only after gleeful parties of Sioux and Cheyenne warriors burned down the two hated forts that the magnitude of Red Cloud's accomplishments could be fully appreciated. This Sioux leader had become one of the few Indians to win a major war against the United States government.

Moreover, Red Cloud's surprising willfulness paved the way for the 1868 Treaty of Fort Laramie, which left the Powder River country as unceded Indian territory, giving the Lakota Sioux an immense reservation in what would become the states of North and South Dakota.<sup>5</sup>

But Red Cloud's political leadership extended well beyond these substantial triumphs. For almost a quarter of a century, his voice was the most prominent of all the Western Sioux. At each of the four agencies where his Oglala Sioux were compelled to live, Red Cloud served as their most forceful leader, resisting those changes he regarded as harmful to his people.<sup>6</sup>

Although he was strongly sympathetic, he did not participate in the Great Sioux War of 1876-1877. He knew from his numerous visits to Washington the futility of resistance against the overwhelming forces of the United States. Still, through his leadership, he successfully opposed the removal of his people in 1877 to a detested reservation along the Missouri River.

He also fought, without success, the partition of the Great Sioux Reservation in western Dakota, as part of the controversial Dawes General Allotment Act of 1887. And he tried, again without success, to defuse the violence generated in 1890 by the Ghost Dance movement, which resulted in the tragic and futile

**Battle of Wounded Knee Creek.<sup>7</sup>**

Without question, the most common image of Red Cloud to emerge from these momentous events was that of a political leader. He was a strong and forthright man who could provide wise direction against the relentless expansionist policies of the United States government. Indeed, the political persona of this willful chief has rarely been questioned. His voice was often regarded as the voice of his people, an almost unheard of phenomenon among the Lakotas, who were known for their fierce independence.

Capt. William Judd Fetterman died with 80 of his men Dec. 22, 1866, in an ambush near Ft. Phil Kearny.



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

Even today, the only major criticism of Red Cloud's leadership was his absence from the Battle of the Little Bighorn, where his people made their last stand against the tide of settlement. Yet even the sting of this reproach, most often articulated by Native American activists, has been largely negated by his dominant role in the war—now widely referred to as Red Cloud's War—fought along the eastern flank of the Bighorn Mountains. Curiously, though, even in this major Indian conflict, Red Cloud's political role in the closure of the Bozeman Trail is stressed almost as much as his military one.

For too long, historians and Western history buffs have largely overlooked Red Cloud's exceptional prowess as a warrior. Certainly students of Western history have long known that he was a fierce leader who excelled in warfare, but documenting details have probably not been vigorously pursued. A sustained focus on Red Cloud's combat record, his other role in Sioux history, is very much in order. Proof of that oft-cited claim that he garnered 80 coups during his fighting years, for instance, could certainly strengthen his reputation as a

warrior. Earning coups by besting an enemy in combat, stealing his horse, or performing some other deed of courage as often as 80 times, in fact would make Red Cloud a warrior second only to Crazy Horse among the Lakota Sioux.

Even the formidable Sitting Bull could only count 45 coups, a record so important to him that he drew pictographs of many of them as one way to show his pride. But Red Cloud, as a political leader often compelled to deal with whites after he became a treaty or reservation Indian, was reluctant to boast about the coups he reportedly won. One reason for this caution was the persistent questions about his warlike feats from white detractors, many of whom wanted to prove that most of his victims were white. In fact, the closest Red Cloud ever came to admitting his exceptional fierceness as a warrior occurred during a question-and-answer session with a tactless white teacher from the East, to whom he confessed being involved in as many as 80 skirmishes or battles.<sup>8</sup>

Also convincing as evidence of Red Cloud's prowess in battle was the position of honor he ultimately achieved among his people.

In a warrior culture such as that of the Lakota Sioux, the most renowned fighting man often became the tribal "role model." Although Red Cloud was an unusually cerebral leader, a man who became a persuasive orator as well as a shrewd negotiator, his initial prominence was largely as a war leader for the Oglala Sioux. Had he not first established himself as an exceptional warrior, it is doubtful that he could have achieved the power and prestige he eventually enjoyed.

Some solid information about Red Cloud's warrior role has already been gleaned from the 89 interviews conducted by Judge Eli S. Ricker on the Pine Ridge Reservation during the first decade of this century. This testimony by both white and Indian participants has revealed much about the Sioux experience during the late nineteenth century.<sup>9</sup> More pertinent to Red Cloud's fighting prowess, however, is the Sioux chief's long-neglected autobiography, which covers the first half of his life, when he reached his prime as a warrior. Although Red Cloud related the facts that formed his often-stormy career in a series of 1893 interviews, his testimony was regarded, until recently, as a smattering of questionable reminiscences.

Because the original typed manuscript by Addison E. Sheldon, one-time superintendent of the Nebraska State Historical Society, was composed in the third person, Red Cloud's role was obscured as he related what was, in many ways, a classic nineteenth century Native American autobiography.<sup>10</sup> But two years ago, another researcher from the Nebraska State Historical Society, R. Eli Paul, authenticated that Sheldon's manuscript was indeed Red Cloud's own story, as told to an old friend at the Pine Ridge Post Office. The friend, Sam Deon, had the help of two collaborators in preserving these memories for posterity.<sup>11</sup>

What has emerged from Red Cloud's own account is, without a doubt, the best documentation of his career as a warrior. When his recollections are added to those of other warriors, such as American Horse, one can see why Red Cloud was able to use his formidable years as a warrior to advance his career as a political leader.



(1880 Photo by Charles M. Bell, Courtesy Colorado Historical Society)

*Makhpia-luta*, or Red Cloud, became widely known as the Sioux chief who closed the Bozeman Trail.

The exceptional tenacity that characterized much of Red Cloud's life was probably linked to the difficult circumstances of his early years. Red Cloud was born on the banks of Blue Water Creek in present-day western Nebraska in 1821. At the time, this area was a neutral hunting ground, a dangerous arena for tribal competition where encounters — especially with the Pawnees — were always possible. In the month of May, however, when Red Cloud's mother,



Walks-as-She-Thinks, gave birth to this future leader of the Sioux, the Pawnees were still planting corn far to the east, along the Platte and Loup rivers.<sup>12</sup> However, the Lakotas in Red Cloud's camp were strictly nomadic hunters. Their days were often consumed in the all-important search for buffalo. Yet they were willing to exchange trade goods with those ubiquitous white traders from Ft. Laramie (then called Ft. William). Among the most popular items of exchange, as far as this band was concerned, was whiskey, a trade item for which Red Cloud's father, a Brulé warrior named Lone Man, developed a special fondness. Tragically enough, Red Cloud's father was dead from alcoholism when the boy was only 5 years old.



*(Photo Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society)*

Encampment of Red Dog, a Red Cloud supporter, was photographed for 1876 stereopticon slide. Village was much like the one of Red Cloud's youth.

After his father's death, Red Cloud's mother took him and his brother and sister to the camp of a Sioux leader named Smoke, later called Old Smoke. Old Smoke's band was primarily made up of restless Lakotas from the north called Kiyuksas, who had wandered southward to live among the Oglalas. Although young Red Cloud's status in Old Smoke's band was seriously compromised by his father's disgrace, his maternal uncles were willing to look after him as best they could. But intervention in his behalf was rarely needed. In fact, in the rigorous training for young Sioux warriors, Red Cloud proved so tough and competitive that one maternal uncle, White Hawk, had to warn the boy from time to time to control his aggressiveness. Yet White Hawk, a formidable warrior in his own right, paid his nephew the supreme compliment: he turned

his own rank over to Red Cloud in recognition of the young man's extraordinary potential as a leader.<sup>13</sup>

To achieve recognition in this rough-hewn curriculum, Red Cloud had to excel in many skills and feats of strength. In the especially popular sport of throwing the javelin, for example, Red Cloud had to prove that he could hurl a lance farther than most of his peers. More important, the young warrior and his fellow trainees had to become excellent horsemen. Young Sioux were given ponies at an early age and were expected to control their animals almost immediately.

The sturdy Red Cloud also had to prove his survival skills. In the most challenging test of all for young Sioux warriors, he and his companions had to survive a trip into the wilderness, alone, before they could become full-fledged warriors.<sup>14</sup>

The fruits of Red Cloud's rigorous instruction were tested early. At age 16, when Old Smoke's band was encamped on the North Platte River above Ft. Laramie, Red Cloud's 26-year-old cousin, also named Red Cloud, was killed in a bloody encounter with a party of Pawnee warriors. Red Cloud grimly resolved to avenge his cousin's death. When a party of Sioux warriors was sent to retaliate, there were loud jeers because young Red Cloud had not yet arrived. But the catcalls soon ended when Red Cloud appeared on a spotted horse covered with war paint, proudly leading another horse as backup. Moreover, the determined teenager not only became a prominent participant in the violent skirmish that followed, but took a Pawnee scalp, as well. He could now count his first coup.<sup>15</sup>

In the years that followed, Red Cloud's role as a warrior gained widespread recognition among many Lakota fighting men. Approximately a year after he avenged his cousin's death, probably in 1838, Red Cloud was engaged in a fight with the Crows, who, along with the Pawnees, were his people's bitterest foes. Routing the enemy on this occasion, Red Cloud's band overtook 14 Crows, lying exhausted in the snow, resigned to a warrior's death. But Red Cloud did not want to kill them outright. Instead he earned his coups by striking three of them with a bow, risking possible fatal retaliation in the process. It was often considered braver among the Plains tribes to touch a warrior in combat rather than kill him.<sup>16</sup>

As Red Cloud approached his 20s, he began to demonstrate a resourcefulness to match his courage. On a horse-stealing expedition against the Crows, far to the north near the Yellowstone River, Red Cloud became impatient with some of his cautious comrades-in-arms, who kept to the valleys and ravines to avoid detection. He persuaded a brash young Miniconjou warrior to join him in a separate action. Together they moved ahead of the main body, where they found a herd of 50 Crow horses guarded by one unsuspecting sentry. Red Cloud rushed the unfortunate Crow guard, fatally stabbing him and seizing the prized animals from the herd. Both warriors expected to be whipped, or "soldiered," for this unauthorized mission, but Man-Afraid of His-Horses and Brave Bear, the two prominent leaders of the expedition, refused to punish them. After all, these two had captured a sizable herd without alerting the large Crow camp. In fact, as a result of this expedition, the band of Sioux warriors returned

with 300 Crow horses. Red Cloud's role had been crucial. He had captured a large share of these animals, and had earned another coup in the process.<sup>17</sup>

At the same time Red Cloud was winning early honors, he was experiencing the always-present dangers involved in counting coup. One such venture almost resulted in his death. The near-fatal injury occurred during a raid on a Pawnee village along the Middle Loup River in central Nebraska, in which Red Cloud—possibly for the first time—was acting as an expedition leader.

The raid went badly from the start, revealing that Red Cloud had miscalculated the strength of his enemies. During the conflict, the still-young warrior became separated from his comrades and, in a subsequent encounter, was struck below the rib cage by a well-placed arrow. One of his well-meaning companions almost ended Red Cloud's life by abruptly pulling the arrow out, causing the lethal wound to hemorrhage badly. But Red Cloud overcame the life-threatening injury, surviving the 15 agonizing days it took for him and his party to return home.

For the next two months, Red Cloud hovered between life and death.<sup>18</sup> His ultimate recovery was a tribute to his steely will and rugged constitution. When he finally regained his strength, this athletic, muscular Sioux warrior, who was about 6 feet in height, was as intimidating as ever.

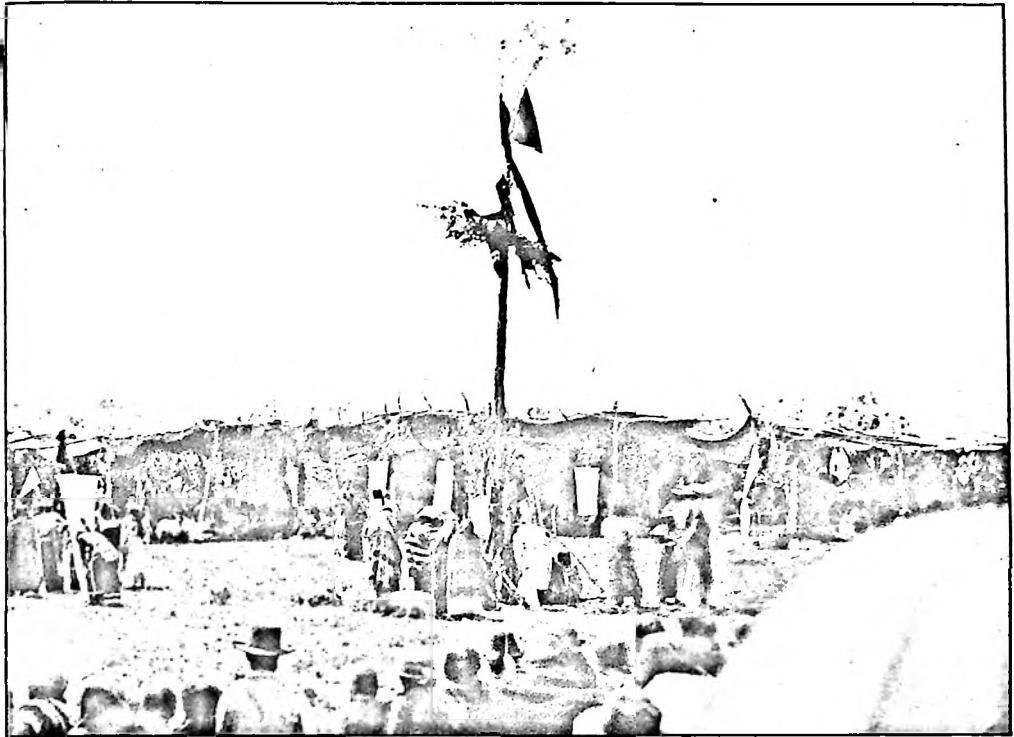
Perhaps the most vivid characterization of Red Cloud's fighting quality was provided by his friend, Capt. James H. Cook, who once likened the warrior's suppleness and power to that of a stealthy tiger.<sup>19</sup>

That Red Cloud was a formidable foe cannot be denied. American Horse told Judge Ricker in an interview, given 90 years ago, that this sturdy companion in warfare once killed four Pawnee warriors singlehandedly in one battle. Such incidents were apparently not that uncharacteristic. For example, the resourceful Red Cloud stampeded 50 Crow horses, killing the boy who was herding them and killing the war leader who was pursuing Red Cloud and his party to retrieve the animals.<sup>20</sup>

He not only won coups against the Crows, Pawnees, and Utes, but also against such fierce tribes as the Shoshones, Gros Ventres, and Arikaras. His unusual success in these endeavors made him a natural leader, one who was increasingly chosen to head expeditions, whether for horse-stealing or some other important purpose. As time passed, his claims for leadership were rarely challenged.

Once, when a warrior named Black Eagle tried to replace him at the head of his party, Red Cloud and his friends surrounded the man and his fellow conspirators and sent them back to camp in disgrace.<sup>21</sup> The rising Lakota warrior was soon leading war parties with such regularity that his system eventually became the model for other Oglala forays. Red Cloud's smaller, more mobile war parties of seven or eight were almost routinely utilized by his people in their raids against enemy tribes.<sup>22</sup>

Red Cloud's reputation as a warrior grew to be widespread. In the late 1850s, he made an unsuccessful raid against an Arikara village. He sought refuge with a rather isolated group of Brulé Sioux living along the Missouri River. His delighted hosts knew who he was, even though most of his acts of valor were performed on the High Plains, many miles to the west.<sup>23</sup>



*(Photo Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society)*

Lakotas perform tribal Sun Dance south of Pine Ridge in 1883. Both as a warrior and a chief, Red Cloud danced around a sacred cottonwood pole, as in the photo.

Given his supreme self-confidence and rapid ascendancy in tribal affairs, Red Cloud was bound to be envied. Indeed, as the years passed, significant controversy emerged over his reputation as a warrior. One criticism—especially popular among white detractors—was that he was excessively cruel in battle.

An especially harrowing episode cited as an example involved a Ute warrior, struggling to keep himself and his wounded horse from drowning in a river. A mounted Red Cloud dashed into the water and pulled the desperate Ute to shore, where he scalped him without any apparent compunction.<sup>24</sup> It was a merciless act, yet intertribal warfare was often fought without quarter. Moreover, despite its ritualistic elements, these episodes of combat among the Plains tribes often represented struggles for survival in the tough environment of the Great Plains, making it difficult to judge them too harshly. Nevertheless, one has to agree with Captain Cook that Red Cloud was truly a “terror” in battle.<sup>25</sup>

A more clear-cut cause for the bitterness toward Red Cloud was his role in the death of Bull Bear. During Red Cloud's early years, Bull Bear was the Oglala's most dominant chief. Much like Red Cloud, this man exercised unusual powers, considering how stridently independent most Lakotas were. He almost became the sole intermediary in all trade matters between his tribe and those increasingly active white traders infiltrating Sioux country. He was sometimes accused by his enemies of being drunk with power. The polygamous Bull Bear was even charged with ignoring such tribal practices as compensating families properly when he took a daughter as a mate.

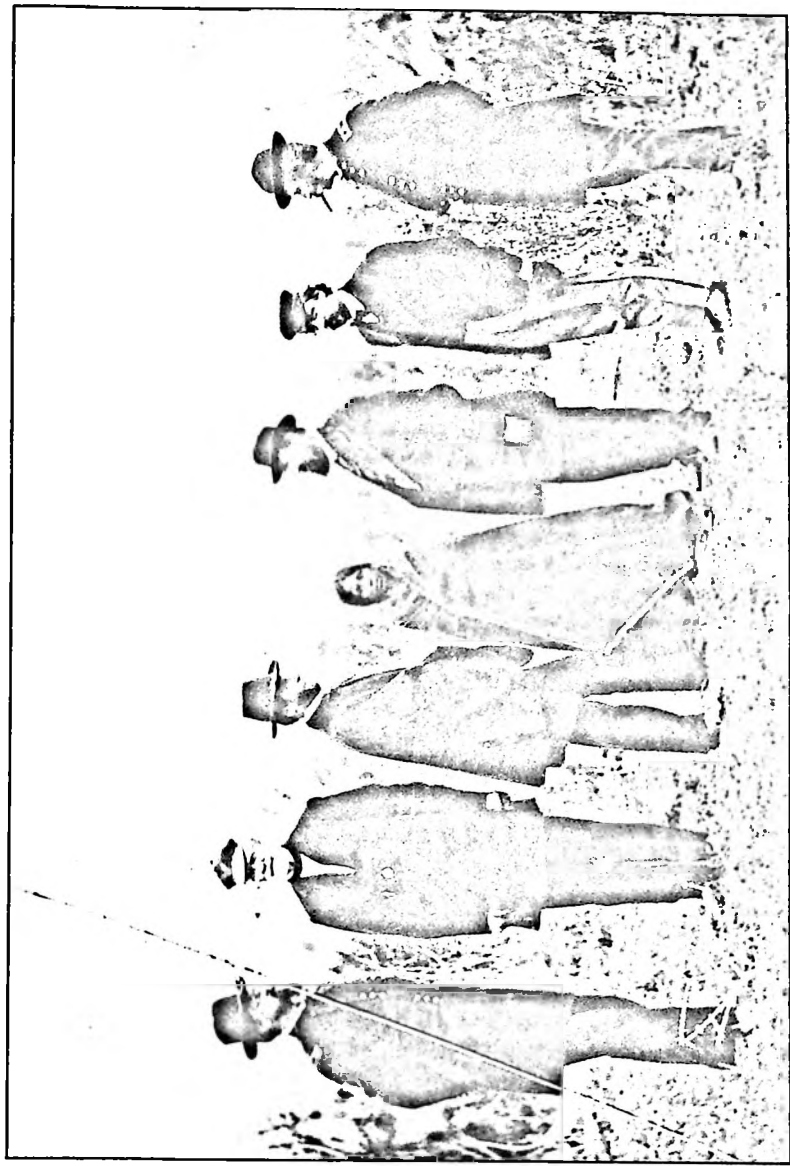
He would not tolerate potential rivals. Consequently, when the plump and cheerful Old Smoke began developing good relations with the white traders, Bull Bear felt threatened. He retaliated by visiting Old Smoke's camp, and challenging him to combat. When the intimidated chief refused to come out of his lodge and fight, Bull Bear killed his favorite horse. It was just one of the incidents that caused Red Cloud to hate this man, who had also killed his favorite uncle, White Hawk, in a drunken brawl.<sup>26</sup>

This incident over Old Smoke's horse was also a humiliation for the Bad Faces, Red Cloud's people, who had adopted and reared him when he was a fatherless child. Old Smoke's philandering son, incidentally, is probably the source for their less-than-flattering name. This henpecked man, who became Old Smoke's successor, was continually being berated by his wife for unfaithfulness in their marriage. Because of his alleged indiscretions, she loudly and publicly accused him of having "a bad face." The unfortunate name eventually became attached to all the members of Red Cloud's band.<sup>27</sup>

According to Red Cloud's version of Bull Bear's death, it occurred when the brashly arrogant chief's party arrived at Old Smoke's camp on Wyoming's Chugwater Creek sometime around the year 1841. The reason for this visit—decidedly not a friendly one—was the abduction of one of Bull Bear's kin. The young maiden had been taken by a smitten young Bad Face warrior who wanted to marry her, a practice often tolerated if both families could reach an accommodation. Unfortunately, Bull Bear disliked the young man. The heated discussion which followed Bull Bear's arrival was accompanied by much excessive drinking. The angry words exchanged eventually resulted in a bloody confrontation in which the would-be bridegroom's father was killed. A much more important casualty in this tragic melee, however, was Bull Bear, who was knocked to the ground when a bullet struck him in the leg.

Red Cloud, who could be very opportunistic, took advantage of the chaos when he ran over to the fallen chief and shot him in the head, saying, "You are the cause of this."<sup>28</sup>

The death of Bull Bear at the hands of Red Cloud and his friends would have a significant impact. Red Cloud became an immediate celebrity, albeit a very controversial one. Certainly among his Bad Faces, the young warrior, who had already established an admirable combat record, became even more of a hero. After all, his Oglala band had significantly increased its power and prestige because of Bull Bear's death. But the overall effect of this divisive incident on all the Oglalas was not good. Bull Bear's people were never able to find a leader to match Bull Bear's effectiveness. Wandering without much direction, Bull Bear's followers tended to put as much distance between themselves and the distrusted Bad Faces as they could. Eventually this once-dominant



*(Photo Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society)*

U.S. peace commission members in 1868 negotiated the Treaty of Fort Laramie necessitated by Red Cloud's War. From left are Gen. Alfred H. Terry, Gen. William S. Harney, Gen. William Tecumseh Sherman, an unidentified Indian woman, Nathaniel G. Taylor, Samuel F. Tappan, and Col. Christopher C. Augur.

band, still nursing a bitter grudge over the loss of their leader, ended up in the Republican River Valley, where bountiful herds of buffalo still roamed. As for the Bad Faces, their activities over the next two decades tended to take them northward, where they eventually chose the game-rich Powder River country as their hunting ground.<sup>29</sup>

Interestingly enough, Red Cloud's people were among the last of the Oglala or Brulé Sioux to leave the friendly environs around Ft. Laramie. Indeed Red Cloud became a familiar sight at the Army post. His insight into the thinking of whites, who would later become his chief adversaries, can probably be attributed to the time he spent at the fort. He developed good relationships with white traders, and even with a few officers and men assigned to the post.

By the late 1850s, Red Cloud and most of his Bad Faces had left Ft. Laramie, migrating northward to challenge the Crows for control of the Powder River country. One of Red Cloud's last important roles in intertribal warfare occurred when he led his people in a major struggle against the Crows in 1861-1862, in which the important Crow chief, Little Rabbit, was killed.<sup>30</sup>

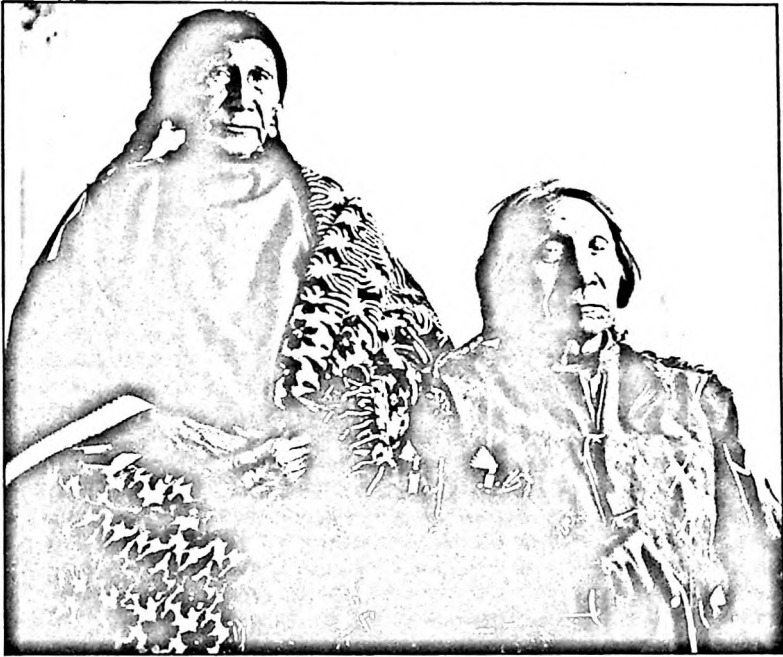
By the end of the Civil War, however, Red Cloud, now in his mid-40s, realized that he was past his fighting prime. No longer could he be the reckless participant in hand-to-hand combat, risking everything at the head of a horse-stealing party or spearheading a decoy force sent to lure the enemy into a deadly ambush. Age was gradually forcing him into different responsibilities, such as those of a political leader or a military strategist. Moreover, the members of his band were beginning to redefine his status. Increasingly, he was becoming their war chief, the man who directed their overall activities in times of danger.

When this new tribal perception became formalized is still a subject of dispute. Red Cloud, in his autobiography, described an elaborate pipe ceremony held in his honor during the mid-1850s, in which he was supposedly installed as a chief.<sup>31</sup>

Whether this elevation to power took the form of a "shirtwearer" or some other kind of chief has never been satisfactorily clarified. For an ambitious young warrior who largely based his career on bravery of the four great Sioux virtues—the other three being fortitude, generosity, and wisdom—the status of shirtwearer would have brought him significant honor. Rarely more than four warriors from each Lakota tribe were allowed to wear the distinctive garb of a shirtwearer.<sup>32</sup> Indeed, according to historian George E. Hyde, Red Cloud's standing by 1865, the year war erupted along the Bozeman Trail, was no higher than that of a shirtwearer. In fact, Crazy Horse's illustrious biographer, Mari Sandoz, hardly a subtle critic of Red Cloud, claimed in one of her writings that Red Cloud was passed over for shirtwearer that year.<sup>33</sup>

Regardless of this confusion over his status, Red Cloud was the leader who symbolically drew that line in the sand in 1866, warning the Army at Ft. Laramie that his Lakotas would never tolerate emigrants on the Bozeman Trail. His role here has never been seriously questioned, nor has his leadership in the conflict that followed.

Although some historians believe he spent most of his time planning strategy along the Tongue or Powder rivers during the most serious fighting, there is strong evidence that he was much more active than that. For example, Red



*(Photo by Mrs. R.H. Blanchard, Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society)*

Red Cloud and his wife Pretty Owl were photographed during their twilight years. Even then, Red Cloud remained politically influential.

Cloud was sighted on a hill giving hand signals for an unsuccessful attempt to ambush soldiers from Ft. Phil Kearny about two weeks before Fetterman's demise. He was also seen on a nearby rise with a party of leaders, directing an attack on those defenders huddled behind their wagon boxes during the bloody Wagon Box Fight of August 1867.<sup>34</sup>

Only his role in the Fetterman Fight has been seriously questioned. Although many Oglala warriors involved in that ambush were to maintain that Red Cloud was there, they had to acknowledge that the great Miniconjou warrior High-Back-Bone was the chief strategist who directed his protégé, Crazy Horse, to draw the foolhardy Fetterman into the Sioux's fatal trap.

As for the Miniconjous at the battle, they have steadfastly denied that Red Cloud was there, thus contradicting their dominating Oglala ally, who would insist throughout his life that he was an active participant.<sup>35</sup>

Despite the controversy surrounding Red Cloud's involvement in the war over the Bozeman Trail, this conflict would be his last one against the United States Army. For the remainder of his life, he would use his persuasiveness and diplomatic skills to maintain the favorable terms his people had won in the Treaty of Fort Laramie, finding that it was as difficult to guarantee compliance



to these terms as it was to win them. But with the support of his friends and family, including his loyal wife Pretty Owl, he remained an influential person. In fact, his high visibility as a political leader would continue for another quarter of a century following the Fetterman and Wagon Box fights, a significant achievement, although one which left the glories of battle to such Lakota leaders as Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, and Gall. As a result, Red Cloud's record as a warrior was eclipsed and sometimes forgotten. Yet even a casual perusal of his life would reveal that this able chief was an exceptional warrior as well as a leader.

## Endnotes

1. There are numerous published accounts of the Fetterman fight. An older one, which focuses on the Indian view, is George E. Hyde, *Red Cloud's Folk: A History of the Oglala Sioux Indians*. (Norman: Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1937), pp. 145-149. A much newer one is Elbert D. Belish, "American Horse (*Wasechun-Tashunka*): The Man Who Killed Fetterman," *Annals of Wyoming* 63 (Spring 1991), pp. 54-67, which presents a convincing alternative to the long-held belief that Fetterman and Capt. Frederick E. Brown shot each other to avoid torture and death at the hands of their enemies. Red Cloud once insisted that there were as many as 100 men fighting under Fetterman that day, regardless of the number of casualties counted. Thus the Sioux called the battle the "Fight of One Hundred." (Red Cloud's interview with Eli S. Ricker, Nov. 24, 1906, Eli S. Ricker Collection, Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.)
2. The name *Lakota* means "ally" in the Siouan language. The Sioux on the High Plains, who migrated from northern Minnesota about two centuries ago, have long called themselves by this name.
3. For differing accounts of Red Cloud's decisive role in breaking up the conference, see James C. Olson, *Red Cloud and the Sioux Problem* (Lincoln: Univ. of Nebraska Press, 1965), pp. 35-38.
4. The othersix Lakota tribes were the Blackfeet, Brulé, Hunkpapa, Miniconjou, Sans Arc, and Two Kettle.
5. Provisions of the treaty are reproduced in the appendix of Olson, *op. cit.*, pp. 341-349.
6. Red Cloud's leadership role at these agencies is dealt with in detail by Olson (*op. cit.*) and in the author's forthcoming book on the Sioux chief.
7. Still a standard account of the Ghost Dance and the Battle of Wounded Knee Creek in 1890 is Robert M. Utley's *The Last Days of the Sioux*. (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1963), pp. 60-230 and *passim*.
8. Sitting Bull's typical Sioux obsession with coup-counting is demonstrated on such pages as 5, 18, and 243-244 in Robert M. Utley's *The Lance and the Shield: The Life and Times of Sitting Bull* (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1993).
9. The Eli S. Ricker Collection is housed at the Nebraska State Historical Society in Lincoln.
10. Addison E. Sheldon's 135-page manuscript, as dictated by Red Cloud and titled, "Red Cloud, Chief of the Sioux," is in the archives of the Nebraska State Historical Society.
11. See R. Eli Paul, "Recovering Red Cloud's Autobiography," in *Montana: The Magazine of Western History*, No.44 (Summer 1944), pp. 2-17. The Montana Historical Society Press will soon publish Paul's edited account of this autobiography.

12. Sheldon (as told by Red Cloud), *op. cit.*, 1. For a discussion of Sioux hunting grounds at the time of Red Cloud's birth, see Richard White, "The Expansion of Western Sioux in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries," *The Journal of American History*, No. 65 (September 1978), pp. 334-340.
13. Hyde, *op. cit.*, pp. 34, 36, 305, 317.
14. For a good discussion of the early training of Sioux warriors, see Doane Robinson, "The Education of an Indian Boy," Doane Robinson Papers, South Dakota State Historical Society, Pierre. This paper was also published in Collections, South Dakota Department of History, No. 12 (1924), pp. 156-178.
15. Sheldon, *op. cit.*, pp. 4-7.
16. *Ibid.* p. 11.
17. *Ibid.*, pp. 16-21.
18. *Ibid.*, pp. 35-39.
19. James H. Cook, *Fifty Years on the Old Frontier as Cowboy, Hunter, Guide, Scout, and Ranchman* (Norman: Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1957), p. 202.
20. Undated interview by Ricker (probably 1906), Eli S. Ricker Collection, *loc. cit.*
21. Sheldon, *op. cit.*, pp. 22-24.
22. *Ibid.*, p.22.
23. *Ibid.*, pp. 88-89.
24. Undated interview with American Horse, Eli S. Ricker Collection.
25. Cook, *loc. cit.*
26. Hyde, *Red Cloud's Folk*, pp. 53, 305.
27. *Ibid.*, p. 87. Red Cloud apparently did not accept this attribution. He insisted that his people acquired the name because of a tendency to hang their heads in a serious, dejected fashion, a pose that made their faces look bad. Red Cloud's interview with Ricker, Nov. 24, 1906. [Eli S. Ricker Collection, Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.]
28. Sheldon, *op. cit.*, pp. 32-34. [Hyde presents several other versions of Bull Bear's controversial death. See *Red Cloud's Folk*, pp. 53-55.]
29. Hyde, *op. cit.*, pp. 54-55; Olson, *Red Cloud and the Sioux Problem*, pp. 21-22.
30. Hyde, *op. cit.*, pp. 87-88, 92.
31. Sheldon, *op. cit.*, pp. 67-70.
32. For a good discussion of the four Sioux virtues and the respected status of the shirtwearer, see Royal B. Hassrick, *The Sioux: Life and Customs of a Warrior Society* (Norman, Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1964), pp. 26-27, 32-39, 227.
33. Hyde, *op. cit.*, p. 97; Olson, *op. cit.*, p. 24.
34. Hyde, *op. cit.*, p. 146; Ralph K. Andrist, *The Long Death: The Last Days of the Plains Indians* (New York: Collier Books, 1969), pp. 128-131. For a more complete account of the Wagon Box Fight, see Jerry Keenan, *The Wagon Box Fight*, third edition (Boulder, Colo.: Lightning Tree Press, 1992), pp. 1-45.
35. Hyde, *op. cit.*, pp. 146-147.

## Death Claims Three Westerners

Death has claimed three Denver Westerners with links to the organization's earlier days.

### Dr. Lester L. Williams, 82

Dr. Lester L. Williams, a member of the Denver Posse of the Westerners since 1954, and Sheriff in 1971, was found dead at his Colorado Springs home Aug. 30.

As a Reserve Member, Les contributed two chapters to the Golden Anniversary *Brand Book*: "C.N. Cotton and His Navajo Blankets," and "Old Mose, the Great Grizzly." He presented several programs for the Denver Westerners and his paper, "Horse Drawn Days of the Colorado Springs Fire Department," appeared in the 1976-1977 *Brand Book* (Vol. XXX).

Dr. Williams authored two books, including one on C.N. Cotton, and *Fighting Fire in Colorado Springs*. The latter volume was a work in progress from 1950 until its publication in 1992.

Lester Williams was born Aug. 3, 1914, in Mt. Vernon, Ohio. He was graduated from Mt. Vernon High School in 1932, and earned B.S. and M.D. degrees from Western Reserve University in Cleveland. During World War II, he served as an Air Force flight surgeon, 1942-1946, and was awarded a Bronze Star and the Air Medal. Williams entered private practice in Colorado Springs in 1946, and retired in 1982.

In addition to his activities in the Denver Posse, he helped organize the Pikes Peak Posse in 1976, where he was sheriff. He was named an honorary member of the organization, one of only six members so-honored. He was also a past-president of the Historical Society of the Pikes Peak Region, which he helped to organize in 1974. Dr. Williams was the subject of a lengthy obituary in the Colorado Springs *Gazette-Telegraph* which described him as the self-appointed Springs Fire Department historian and physician—a "fire fighter at heart." The article continued:

"His love was history and medicine, but Williams' true passion was helping fight fires. Since he came to Colorado Springs in 1946 he ran to every major fire. . . . Fire fighters remembered his red car, siren on top, his radio, his code number '63.' He was at so many fires, the City Council decided to appoint him official Fire Department Physician in 1953. . . .

"Williams went to every fire station opening from Station 4, decades ago, to Station 17, last month."

After retiring as a doctor in 1982, Les kept busy visiting nursing homes. He also founded the Fire Department Museum at the department's training center. In 1984, he received the Vesta Bowden Award of the Colorado Health Care Association, its highest award, for "Service to Nursing Homes."

Funeral services at Grace Episcopal Church were attended by more than 1,000 fire fighters from the region, medical associates, family, and friends. The casket arrived at the church by horse-drawn hose wagon, passing under an American flag flown between two ladder trucks. Williams had helped fund restoration of the antique wagon. After the funeral, pipers played "Amazing Grace" in the churchyard; a 21-gun salute was fired; and "the last alarm" was tolled seven times on a fire bell, a tradition at fire-fighters' funerals.

## William G. Brenneman, 73

William G. "Bill" Brenneman, 73, a former Posse Member of the Denver Westerners, and a retired newspaper editor and columnist, and public relations consultant, died July 23, 1996, in Denver.

Brenneman was a member of the Denver Westerners from 1960 to 1974. He was born March 20, 1923, in Bloomington, Ill. During World War II, he served in the Pacific Theater. After the war, he married Miriam McVey and attended the University of Missouri. He was graduated in 1948 with degrees in journalism and art. He came to Denver to work at the *Rocky Mountain News* as a reporter, and later was a columnist and city editor. He left the *News* in 1958 to become public relations director for the Colorado Convention and Visitors Bureau. He was later executive editor of *Colorado Magazine*. Brenneman was a PR consultant from 1966 until retiring in 1981.

In addition to his widow, Brenneman is survived by two sons: Richard of Aurora, and David, Denver; four grandchildren; and two sisters.

## Dr. George H. Curfman Jr., 81

Dr. George H. Curfman Jr., a Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners, died Aug. 7, 1996, at the age of 81. He was born May 16, 1915, in Salida, Colo. He was graduated from Virginia Military Institute and Johns Hopkins School of Medicine. During World War II, he served in the Army, and came to Denver in 1947. His father, Dr. George Curfman Sr., was a charter member of the Denver Westerners.

An oncologist, Dr. Curfman was president of the Denver County Medical Society in 1970-1971, and was active in the American Cancer Society and the Boy Scouts of America. He was an elder at Montview Boulevard Presbyterian Church and was on the volunteer faculty at the University of Colorado Health Sciences Center. He was a volunteer for Recording for the Blind and Dyslexic, and for the Western History Department of the Denver Public Library.

Survivors include Dr. Curfman's widow, Hope; four sons: George III, James, Paul, and Robert; four grandsons; and a sister.

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## Over the Corral Rail—

### *Denver Posse Members Earn WI Honors*

Denver Westerners Sheriff Ken Gaunt has received word from Burnis Argo, editor of Westerners International's *Buckskin Bulletin* newsletter, of honors won by the Denver Posse in the 1995 Westerners International Awards Program. Corresponding Member Robert Larson, in attendance at WI's annual breakfast meeting Oct. 5 and the Western History Association convention in Lincoln, Neb., accepted the Denver Westerners awards in behalf of the Posse.

Richard A. "Dick" Cook's "Rufus G. Cook, Frontier Justice of the Peace," published in the January-February 1996 *Roundup*, won first place in the Phillip A. Danielson Awards for best presentation or program delivered to a Corral [Posse] during 1995. The award carries a \$100 cash prize. Third place in the same category went to Dr.

Henry W. Toll Jr. for "Letters of A Young Lawyer," January-February 1995 *Roundup*. Both authors are Posse Members, and presented their programs during 1995.

In another category, the Denver Posse's *Golden Anniversary Brand Book* took third place in the Co-Founder's Best Book awards, for nonfiction books published during 1995 with 96 or more pages on Western history, biography or of social significance. These awards in the past have frequently gone to "theme" books focusing on a single aspect of Western history—e.g., gold-rush accounts, stories of Western outlaws and lawmen, early trails, or so-called Indian wars—produced by commercial or scholastic publishers. The book was compiled and edited by *Roundup* editor Alan J. Stewart, and Posse Member Lee Olson.

\* \* \*

Four Posse Members have been named by Sheriff **Ken Gaunt** to investigative publication of a *Brand Book* to honor the late **Merrill J. Mattes**, who died May 5 of this year. (See obituary in the May-June 1996 *Roundup*.) Committee members working on the project are **John Hutchins**, **Earl McCoy**, **Roger Michels**, and **Lee Whiteley**. Members who have ideas and suggestions for such a book are urged to contact Gaunt or anyone on the committee.

\* \* \*

Reserve Member **Marvin Cameron** is on "detached duty" working for the Public Health Service, Department of Health & Human Services, at the Kyle, S.D., Health Center, about half way between Pine Ridge and Rosebud, in the heart of the Sioux Reservation country. (His address, if you care to write to him, is Marvin N. Cameron, M.D.; P.O. Box 540; Kyle SD 57752.)

Marv recently wrote, inquiring about the availability of back copies of the November-December 1989 *Roundup*, which published his talk to the Denver Westerners: "Men of Medicine and Medicine Men." A thorough search of our "archives" uncovered only two copies. Any member having a spare copy or copies of this issue should contact him. (After all, Marv was kind enough to distribute free copies of his humorous book on trout fishing, *Meandering Streams*, to all

the members in attendance at a 1995 meeting!)

\* \* \*

**Keith Fessenden**, Deputy Sheriff and program chairman, has announced speakers and subjects for three remaining regular meetings for 1996. Posse Member **Richard Conn** will speak Oct. 23 on "The Boston Men in the Northwest."

Corresponding Member **James Ozment** will give the Nov. 27 program on "Colorado Postmarks and Places." **Dorothy Dines** will speak at the Winter Rendezvous Dec. 11 on "The Art of Charles Partridge Adams."

\* \* \*

The recent death of **Dr. George Curfman Jr.** at age 81 stirs tales of the early days of the Denver Westerners. We're indebted to **Dr. Henry Toll**, Posse Member, ex-sheriff and second-generation member, for information on **Dr. George Curfman Sr.** Unfortunately, little information is in the files on the membership of his son, **George Junior**.

The elder **Curfman** was one of the founders of the Denver Westerners and a 1945 Charter Member. **Dr. Toll** has provided *The Roundup* with excerpts from the organization's first *Brand Book* (1945), giving a feel of the camaraderie and atmosphere of the early meetings.

Here is the introduction to one *Brand Book* chapter:

### Truth Is Stranger Than Fiction

Dr. George Curfman, in an extemporaneous and unscheduled demonstration at the July meeting of the Westerners, finally convinced Posseman Ralph Mayo of the medical properties of the leech as well as the centuries-old practice of trepanning. The whole thing started at the June meeting at which Ralph Mayo was inducted as a new member. Somehow Ralph was seated next to those two *raconteurs par excellence*, George Curfman and John T. Caine III. Aided and abetted by Roundup Foreman Virgil Peterson, the discussion turned to the use of leeches for medical purposes. Ralph's incredulity became outright suspicion when the discussion turned to the trepanning of skulls among the Incas and other native Americans. Ralph frankly charged that he was being initiated, which only led to the stories becoming larger and even more incredulous.

Our good doctor decided to prove his case and at the July meeting—held at the Chief Hosa Lodge in Genessee Mountain Park—produced two leeches and demonstrated their use. Dr. Curfman also demonstrated (upon an end-board from an apple box) the use of a trephine. The demonstration and discussion were the cause of a good deal of interest on the part of all present and it might be added that Posseman Mayo was not the only one whose knowledge was increased. Nonplussed but not defeated, Mayo composed the following public reply to his gloating tormentors:

*"Who speaks the truth stabs falsehood."*—James Russell Lowell.

There is strong evidence that there is need for a keener distinction between that which is true or false among men who are highly esteemed. Hence this essay devoted to easing the torment of those who may later embrace an invitation to join the Westerners.

One would reasonably expect the Westerners, especially the older members, men who have achieved some eminence

and distinction, men interested in intellectual and cultural pursuits, to be searchers after facts and to rigidly adhere to the truth. In fact sheriffs and possemen are public defenders of veracity. As a new member, having been privileged to attend two meetings, the writer must confess that the slimy serpent of doubt is crawling around inside.

Truth is a statement which corresponds to reality. Observe that it is not enough that it appear to be reality, it must correspond thereto. Of course truth may be strange, stranger than fiction, but hardly as strange as some of the tales told to this new member. Surely a line must be drawn somewhere; there must be some limit to how strange truth can be and still be truth. Truth is powerful and according to the poets must eventually prevail, but it often hurts and can even lose one's friends.

One of our national advertisers of counter-odorants reminds us that "even his best friends won't tell" the truth.

Turning now to falsehood, we find it means that which is not real, incorrect, untrue, or just plain hokey. In some states, it may even be called a lie, but in others, notably Kentucky, no person now living has ever used that word. There are times when men are driven by desperation to turn to falsehood. A preacher friend has quoted the Bible as saying that a lie "is an abomination unto the Lord and an ever present help in time of trouble."

Too often the line between true and false is difficult to discern. Consider, for instance, the information which appears on income tax returns, or perhaps we had better not. A safer illustration occurred at the June meeting, when an eminent doctor, an old member, discussed with a prominent stockshow manager, within this member's hearing (or intentionally so he would hear it) interesting historic occurrences. As the dinner progressed these experiences increased in hearer interest; at first almost imperceptibly but later in spectacular fashion.

*(To be continued.)*



## 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*

**Enos Mills: Citizen of Nature** by Alexander Drummond. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1995. Index, endnotes, illustrations; 433 pages. Hardbound, \$34.95.

Among Colorado's mountain men, Enos Mills stood tallest—at 5-foot-5. He weighed 125 pounds, was prematurely bald, and usually dressed in a dark wool suit and knickers. This unlikely hero has finally received a critical, full-length biography.

Alexander Drummond, a Boulder, Colo., native and former director of communications of the National Center for Atmospheric Research, opens this book apologizing for his amateur status as a historian. Yet he does a professional job of research, analysis, and fitting Mills into the broad national perspective of the U.S. conservation movement.

Some readers may find more perspective and analysis than they want. After Mills dies and is buried (on page 314), Drummond continues for another four chapters analyzing Mills as a romantic, a naturalist, a nature interpreter, and within the stream of twentieth-century conservation.

Enos Mills should be a candidate for the other Colorado statue next to Dr. Florence Sabin in the U.S. Capitol. More than anyone else, he explored and publicized Colorado's mountains, championing their preservation as the state's great recreational and scenic treasure. Before Mills, the Colorado Rockies were regarded as something to hunt, mine, lumber, graze, and otherwise exploit. In 17 books, hundreds of articles, and 2,000 speech-

es, Mills gloried in the mountains and advocated creation of Rocky Mountain National Park. [See review of *Radiant Days - Writings by Enos Mills* in July-Aug. 1995 *Roundup*, p. 28.]

Like so many others, Mills came to Colorado in search of a healthier climate. Colorado cured his digestive problems and gave him an insatiable appetite for the out-of-doors. As a teenager, he built the homestead cabin, which is now a museum, memorial gravesite, and nature center, on Colorado 7, nine miles south of Estes Park.

Mills befriended and emulated John Muir, the high priest of the wilderness movement and founder of the Sierra Club. "I owe everything to Muir," Mills once reflected. "If it hadn't been for him, I would have been a mere gypsy."

Muir, in turn, wrote to Mills, "I always feel good when I look your way: for you are making good on a noble career. I glory in your success as a writer & lecturer and in saving God's parks for the welfare of humanity."

The writings and lectures of Mills drew national popular attention because of his own extraordinary career. He guided 257 ascents of Longs Peak from his inn and nature retreat at the base of that 14,255-foot-high skyscraper. Mills also explored the winter Rockies as Colorado's official snow observer, measuring snow depths along the Continental Divide from Wyoming to New Mexico, to help predict the amount of spring and summer runoff. Mills traveled alone in what he called the "frozen magic" of the high winter Rockies,

sometimes for a week at a time, with no tent, and little equipment, surviving on raisins, aspen bark, and other natural delicacies he extolled.

This man's incredible endurance, reckless disregard for natural dangers, and fearless love of all things wild made him irresistible to the media and general public. The kid from Kansas gloried in racing avalanches, stalking grizzly bears, and climbing to the top of a spruce to dance with the tree during high winds and thunderstorms.

Drummond suspects that Mills may have romanticized some of the more incredible, solitary wilderness adventures that make Mills' books and articles hair-raising. He also shows how Mills was his own worst enemy—a combative, cocky character, who could not get along with his own brother or with the National Park Service. Mills ended his life embittered by the Park Service policy of establishing a single park concession, thus excluding Mills from leading commercial tours into Rocky Mountain National Park after he had presided at its dedication in 1915.

Drummond argues that Mills, unlike Muir, was a "populist" who encouraged the masses to enjoy the mountains. But Muir worried more about the wild animals and mountain environment, than about amusing the masses.

Mills' daughter wrote a eulogistic biography, for which Drummond provides this long-overdue corrective. Mills' family members have long guarded the man's papers and his reputation, discouraging objective history which would show that Mills, like many such geniuses, could be outrageously arrogant and oppositional.

Drummond obviously admires and appreciates Mills, but is not blind to his faults and self-serving speeches and publications.

Mills' significance is well-clarified in this book. One of his greatest strengths was popularizing nature and nature study. He excelled in biographies of trees, and in explaining such wonders as snowflakes, with their varying

forms and moisture content. He defended grizzly bears as "walking mouse traps" and introduced visitors to his pet grizzly cubs. Mills reassured the general public, and especially women's groups, that they were much safer in a wild mountain environment than on city streets.

Mills' talk, "Our Friends the Trees," was in special demand all over the country. He spoke of the terrible degradation of America's forests and—with verbal and financial encouragement from President Theodore Roosevelt and his forester Gifford Pinchot—crusaded for designation of national forests, which were not popular in such pro-development Western states as Colorado.

The work of Enos Mills is among the most important done by any twentieth-century Coloradan, and this overdue biography is an important, balanced, thoughtful look at the life and times of a now-forgotten giant.

Judge Ben Lindsey, who presided at the funeral of his friend and fellow reformer, put it well:

Mills, his work and what he stood for, cannot be too much known and understood. It means far more to our children than the work of men after whom many of our mountain peaks have been named. Some of these men, like Zebulon Pike, discovered the bodies of our mountains. Mills discovered their souls.

—Thomas J. Noel, P.M.

**The March to Monterrey: The Diary of Lieutenant Rankin Dilworth, U.S. Army,** edited by Lawrence R. Clayton and Joseph E. Chance. Illustrations by Wil Martin. Texas Western Press, the Univ. of Texas at El Paso, 1996. Map, notes, bibliography; 119 pages. Paperback, \$12.50.

Simply put, as the title page of this publication says, this is "A Narrative of Troop Movements and Observations on Daily Life with Gen. Zachary Taylor's Army During the



Invasion of Mexico, from April 28, 1846, to September 19, 1846."

Lt. Rankin Dilworth, a graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, very possibly was looking forward to a long and distinguished career in the U.S. Army. Nothing is known about his early life, but records show that he was born on Feb. 19, 1822, in Mills Grove, Ohio. After contacting the secretary of war, informing him of his desire to be admitted to West Point, and Dilworth's mother certified her consent in writing, he entered the academy on July 1, 1840. Upon completion of four years at the Point, Dilworth was placed grade-wise 13th of 25 in the class of 1844.

Two years later, while assigned to the First Infantry Regiment at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., Dilworth began to record his thoughts in a diary. Within a short time he found himself and several companies of the regiment as a part of General Taylor's "army of observation" along the lower Rio Grande River in an area of dispute with Mexico. By the time Dilworth arrived on the scene, Taylor had already engaged the Mexican army at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. The same day Dilworth disembarked on Texas soil, President Polk signed the declaration of war against Mexico. Lt. Rankin Dilworth would be going to war for the first time in his life.

Like many Army officers who kept diaries during the nineteenth century, Dilworth was observant of things both military and cultural. Even though he had a girl back home, Dilworth, along with many another Anglo, was intrigued by the beauty of the Mexican women. He also makes note of the terrain features, trees and plants, and houses of the local inhabitants. Dilworth's diary spans only five months; it ends abruptly on the day General Taylor's Army reached Monterrey, Mexico. On the third day of the five-day battle, Lt. Rankin Dilworth was mortally wounded when he was struck by a cannonball, dying six days later at age 24. In his book, *So Far From God, The U.S. War with Mexico 1846-*

*1848*, historian John S.D. Eisenhower included this footnote on the battle of Monterrey, quoted from Kenly's *Memoirs of a Maryland Volunteer*:

... Still we advanced; another shot from the citadel, and the leg of Lieutenant Dilworth, of the First Infantry, was taken off as he stepped. If the gun which had fired that shot had been aimed the eighth of an inch more to the left, there is no telling how many would have been crippled.

There was once a time when this reviewer shied away from historical accounts written as diaries. However one can learn a lot of what the diarist was thinking and doing at the time. For those interested in diaries that are military chronicles, they will find this short work well worth reading.

—Mark E. Hutchins, P.M.

*Our Landlady* by L. Frank Baum, edited and annotated by Nancy Tystad Koupal. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1996. Illustrations, notes, glossary, bibliography and index; 285 pages. Hardbound, \$35.

*Our Landlady* is not a novel by L. Frank Baum, the internationally loved author of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*. Rather the book is the first complete edition of the columns he wrote for the *Aberdeen* (S.D.) *Saturday Pioneer* newspaper. These columns appeared from January 1890 to February 1891, long before Baum gained international fame with his *Oz*, published in 1900. Nancy Koupal is an oft-published writer and student of Baum. She is the director of the research and publishing program of the South Dakota Historical Society.

The setting for the columns is a boarding-house run by Sairy Ann Bilkins, the name being one of Baum's puns, as it would be expected of a landlady to "bilk" the boarders. The boarders in this house, all male, include "the colonel," who loved to smoke cigars and for whom Mrs. Bilkins poorly hid her passion;

Tom, the store clerk who was always behind in his rent; and "Doc," whose soft heart easily brought him to tears upon hearing of another human's problems.

The columns allowed Baum to use Mrs. Bilkins as his mouthpiece to speak to the times and events of the late 1800s. Aberdeen, S.D., was being touted as the great center of transportation and gateway to the West, but it was caught up in the boom-and-bust cycle and it was during the hard times that Mrs. Bilkins was at her best. It was during a summer of drought and stagnant business that Mrs. Bilkins tried to stir her boarders into action on Aug. 2, 1890, saying "Rustlers don't know what dull times is, it's only such perfeshinal men as you, doc, or such loan agents as the colonel (as hain't had nothin' to loan in six months) or sich worthless clerks as Tom, who spends his time waitin' fer the customers as don't come, that finds times dull. The farmer what's harvestin' has to rustle after he cuts one stalk o' wheat to reach another 'afere he loses sight of it."

Nancy Koupal has made an important contribution to Western history with the publication of these columns. She has prefaced each column with her comments, giving the reader an understanding of the times, the slang, the circumstances, and the place these took place. With these aspects, she has brought the characters back to life, and the result is an easy-to-read, satirical look at life at the close of the 1800s.

—Roger P. Michels, P.M.

**Desert Lawmen: The High Sheriffs of New Mexico and Arizona, 1846-1912** by Larry D. Ball. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1996. Photographs, maps, index, bibliography; 414 pages. New paperback printing, \$19.95.

Larry Ball is an unusual member of the often non-fraternal fraternity of writers on Western lawmen and outlaws. Unlike most of that ilk, he is a professional historian, and a

professor at Arkansas State University. As such, he does much good work that is balanced and even noncontroversial. I heard him deliver a talk (that touched on the taking of part of the Sam Bass Gang) which was an example of good research, good organization, and good telling. However, most of the other amateurs present seemed bored at the workmanlike product that did not attack other writers or other views. Hopefully, readers of this book will recognize Professor Ball's abilities.

Each chapter in the volume analyzes a particular aspect of the somewhat mythical office of sheriff. Thus, there are chapters on the difficulties of getting elected, on the job of being the county jailer, on the grim duty of carrying out death sentences, and on the difficult and tedious task of tax collecting. The book, therefore, is like a textbook—albeit a well-written one—on the duties of Southwestern sheriffs in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

Of course, the book has good information which will satisfy the more traditional, "shoot-em-up" crowd. Many famous sheriffs and deputies, including Johnny Behan, Elfege Baca, Bob Paul, and Pat Garrett, are mentioned throughout the book.

While, as a book collector, I would recommend getting the 1992 hardback edition, this paperback is highly recommended for those who want to look at such local lawmen in depth.

—John M. Hutchins, P.M.

**Fire Mountain, A Nation's Heritage in Jeopardy** by William K. Medlin. Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, N.M., 1996. Nine photos, five maps, references, notes; 142 pages. Paperback, \$14.95.

*Fire Mountain* is the enlightening story of Lassen Volcanic National Park. It begins with a brief overview of the history of the "Lands of Lassen" and their original inhabitants, the Indians native to northern Califor-

nia. This overview ends with the surrender of the last known Stone Age man, Ishi, in 1911. The balance of the book addresses the history of Lassen Volcanic National Park. The book's major thrust is the relationship between the park staff and the National Park Service headquarters staff, and its effect upon the park's development.

The book highlights the frustrations of a small, remote park with illogical decisions from above: "unbenign" neglect by Washington; disappointment with budgets small when compared with other parks; illogical, short-sighted planning and instructions from headquarters, all combining to produce too little of everything for the small park.

A lot of interesting history and information are packed into this relatively small, 142-page book. Unfortunately, the "politically correct" bias of the author appears all too frequently. Many facts and situations are presented with a consistent and at times almost overwhelming bias. Nonetheless, if the reader can get past this bias, *Fire Mountain, A Nation's Heritage in Jeopardy* presents a revealing and worthwhile view of the National Park Service and the operation of a small park. *Fire Mountain* is advertised as "an absorbing, controversial and ultimately tragic story" that explores "concerns and conflicts about natural beauty in the United States." While the book does not meet this lofty goal, it is worth reading. Hopefully, the circulation of this book will not just be limited to those who agree with its bias, as the information is worthy of dissemination.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

**The Western San Juan Mountains, Their Geology, Ecology, and Human History**, edited by Rob Blair. Univ. Press of Colorado, Niwot, 1996. Illustrated; 406 pages. Hard-bound, \$39.95; paperback, \$22.95.

This book is an extensive guide to the ecological, geological, and historical aspects

of a unique area in Colorado: the state's southwestern region. This information was compiled by Rob Blair, managing editor for the University Press of Colorado, with technical assistance by Tom Casey, William Romme, and Richard Ellis.

Each chapter was authored by various experts on specific topics. This region includes the towns of Durango, Silverton, Telluride, Cortez, and Mancos, and is connected by a 235-mile highway known as the San Juan Skyway. This guide explores the geographical development through the eons of time, culminating in the current land forms of that region. The various biological communities within this diverse region are expertly discussed. Historical relationships are then developed.

These relationships include: 1. the various Indian groups that once freely roamed the stark mountains, arid plains, and scenic valleys; 2. the incursion of Spanish explorers; and 3. various groups of miners who explored the entire region.

The last part of this book explains points of note in and around the San Juan Mountains. Personally, this part is of great interest as specific regions are illustrated that are in close proximity to various highways in that area. For example, a picture of the Earthship home of Dennis Weaver is illustrated with an explanation about his home. Many geological formations are pointed out in this section.

Many authors contributed their expertise to this book, making it an excellent overall view. Obviously there would not be space for the full explanation of geological or biological phenomena endemic to this area, nor would there be great perspective in understanding the various groups of people that inhabited this region. However, anyone who might visit, camp, hike, or live in this part of Colorado would find this book to be invaluable. The reader would have an excellent initial explanation of many aspects of this region and then might want to seek further information.

—Kenneth Pitman, P.M.

**I See by Your Outfit: Historic Cowboy Gear of the Northern Plains** by Tom Lindmier and Steve Mount. High Plains Press, Glendo, Wyo., 1996. Photos and drawings. Paperback, \$16.95.

Hollywood distorted the Old West in many ways. It cast horses as stars of the silver screen when, in reality, mules deserve nearly equal billing for hauling the weight of the frontier. Brave gunfighters? Much of the killing was done from ambush.

While *I See by Your Outfit* is a delightful, well-illustrated cataloging of the guns, boots, hats, saddles, clothing (including underwear) and other cowboy gear, it highlights the ongoing gap between Hollywood tinsel and rangeland reality with understated but devastating clarity.

Take clothing, for example. Wool—not denim—was the trouser material of choice among the range crews for many decades. In the 1870s cowboys arriving in Wyoming from Texas wore even simpler garb: clothing made by their mothers. It was only at the turn of the century that cotton Levis—previously thought to be fit only for farmers—gained cowboy acceptance.

A major milestone came when John B. Stetson, a hatter's son from Philadelphia, came to Colorado for his health and returned home with the basic design for the Western-style hat. Fur felt was the material of choice: it withstood rain and wind better than anything else.

The authors provide excellent descriptions of saddlery, guns, and ropes. The latter section compares various lariats. The Mexican maguey rope was easy to throw but "stiff as a poker in damp weather." Hair ropes woven from horses' tails were good lead ropes but not strong enough for roping. American hemp and manila lariats were cheap, strong, and easily accessible. The authors give details on how to process and braid rawhide for a Mexican reata or lariat.

Lots of pictures and a good index make

*I See by Your Outfit* a worthy addition to any Western shelf. Lindmier and Mount, Wyoming natives, spent many hours sorting through historic photos to present this broad, marvelous picture of what cowboys looked like in the late Victorian year. It is a refreshing relief from what's seen in movie theaters.

—Lee Olson, P.M.

**Paths of Life: American Indians of the Southwest and Northern Mexico**, edited by Thomas E. Sheridan and Nancy J. Parezo. Univ. of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1996. 66 black-and-white photographs, 57 color photographs; 360 pages. Hardbound, \$45; paperback, \$17.95.

In 1995 the Arizona State Museum at the University of Arizona in Tucson opened an impressive new exhibit of the cultures of native peoples in the Arizona region. *Paths of Life* is a collection of 10 chapters, covering 15 tribes, mostly written by museum staff members. "Southwest" in the subtitle is restricted to Indian groups in Arizona, along with some from northern Mexico, to complement the exhibits.

The "Paths of Life" theme emphasizes how each tribe has managed to endure in spite of changes forced by altered climatic, social, and economic conditions. The traditional lands of all these groups have been invaded by outsiders who take the lands for mining, timbering, and other uses. Once isolated populations could use vast areas for agriculture and hunting and gathering activities, but now have restricted lands, with fewer resources for their subsistence economies.

Each chapter gives a clear and up-to-date history of a tribe, or a related group of tribes, giving attention to a cultural motif of significance to the tribe. For example, sheep raising is central to the Dine (Navajo) way of life, from herding to shearing to production of their famed blankets and rugs. "Sidebars" highlight special aspects of their current life styles, such as Yavapai making baskets and

Raramuri (Tarahumaras) running in the Leadville 100-mile race.

This book is a significant contribution to the literature on Southwestern Indian history.  
—Earl McCoy, P.M.

**James J. Hill** by Michael P. Malone. Univ. of Oklahoma, Norman and London, 1996. Bibliographic essay, index, 14 photos, 2 maps; 306 pages. Hardbound, \$29.95.

James J. Hill was a unique individual whose business activities greatly aided the settlement of the Northwest. His actions reached throughout the regions and had a profound impact upon those who lived there. Through these actions the Northwest was opened to the "interstate" of the nineteenth century—the railroad—and ultimately resulted in the orderly development of states from Minnesota to Washington.

Michael Malone has written a fine, concise history of the life of James Hill. As a very readable history of an outstanding individual, this volume represents the type of easily read fun history that should be recommended to all high school and college students. Having a class read several books of this caliber should get any student feeling better about history.

The book flows easily from Hill's childhood through his life. Seldom does a book explore the activities of a businessman and his cronies in a manner that is such a joy to read. But most importantly, readers suddenly realize that they have learned why Hill's business activities were so successful and why he undertook the activities he did, when he did.

The bibliographic essay is of value for those who want to explore further the life of James J. Hill, the Great Northern Railroad and the Northwest.

This book is Volume 12 of the Oklahoma Western Biographies series. If all of the volumes are as well-written, informative, and readable as this one, the series will be a great success and an enjoyable reading experience.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

## About the Author

(Continued from Page 2)

in April 1997 by the University of Oklahoma Press, as part of its Oklahoma Western Biographies series.

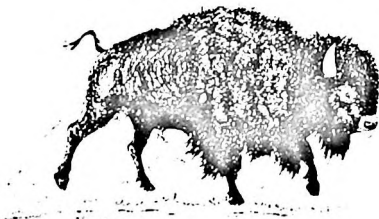
Bob's previous published works include *New Mexico's Quest for Statehood, 1846-1912* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1968); *New Mexico Populism, a Study of Radical Protest in a Western Territory* (Boulder: Colorado Associated University Press, 1974); *Populism in the Mountain West* (University of New Mexico Press, 1986); and *Shaping Educational Change: The First Century of the University of Northern Colorado at Greeley* (Colorado Associated University Press, 1989). He has also authored numerous articles and book reviews for various journals.

Additionally, he was a trustee for the University Press of Colorado (1973-1993) and served on the editorial board of the *New Mexico Historical Review*.

Larson was introduced to the Denver Westerners by Posse Member Tom Noel, and became a Corresponding Member in October 1993. He was president of the Colorado History Group (1988-1991), and is a longtime member of the Western History Association.

A native of Denver, he was educated in Denver Schools. He served in the Navy in World War II, then attended Denver University, earning both bachelor of arts and masters degrees. He was a teacher and administrator in the Denver Public Schools for eight years, and in 1961 received a Ph.D. in Western history from the University of New Mexico. He became a professor at UNC in 1960.

Bob married Peggy A. Logan in 1987, and has a son, a daughter, and three grandchildren.





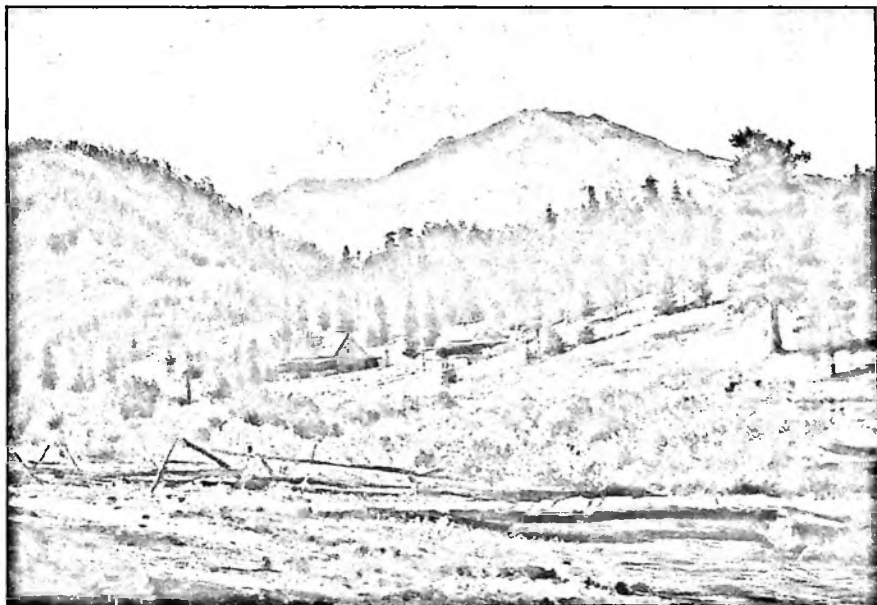
*The* DENVER WESTERNERS  
**ROUNDUP**

NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1996

**ESTABROOK PARK ON THE DENVER,  
SOUTH PARK & PACIFIC**

by

**W. Bart Berger, C.M.**



*(Berger Family Collection)*

Charles Partridge Adams' 1892 painting of Estabrook was commissioned by Margaret Kountze Berger.

## About the Author

W. Bart Berger is a 46-year-old, fourth-generation Coloradan. His ancestry includes the Kountze family (founders of the Colorado National Bank), Governors Alva Adams and Billy Adams, U.S. Senator Alva B. Adams and Brig. Gen. Henry Clay Merriam (the first commanding officer at Ft. Logan). His father was Merriam "Bam" Berger. His brother is William M.B. Berger, founder of Berger Associates which manages the Berger Funds.

Bart has spent his adult life in a variety of business enterprises from picture framing to restaurants to real estate. Currently he is on the boards of the University Club, the Cactus Club, the Colorado Arlberg Club, the Friends of Historic Fort Logan (chairman), the Berger Foundation, United Mortgage Co., the Colorado Historical Society, the Berger Land Co. and several others.

He is also a member of the Park County Historical Society. He has been a Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners since 1991.

He has compiled a personal genealogical history of practically every branch of his family, comprising more than 2,000 persons, and going as far back as Olaf, King of Sweden, and John Lackland, signer of the Magna Carta.

His interest in Colorado and its people and history is a lifelong passion. He has two children, a daughter Leanna and a son Charles, who is in the seventh generation of Bergers with the middle name "Bart."

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# THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

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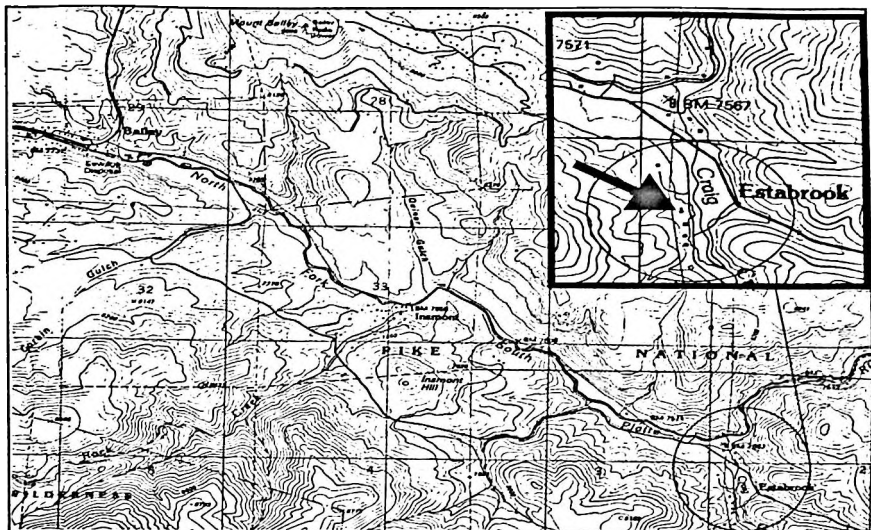
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Estabrook site on Craig Creek, superimposed on Pike National Forest Map.

## Estabrook Park on the Denver, South Park & Pacific

By

W. Bart Berger, C.M.

(Presented April 24, 1996)

**I**N 1959 I WAS a scrawny little 10-year-old. On Saturday mornings, life for me was a little different than for most. Instead of sleeping late and looking forward to a day of bike-riding or watching “Fred and Fay” on a black-and-white TV, we got up early (generally before 8 a.m.) and began loading up my Dad’s 1955 Buick to go to Estabrook. My older brother helped carry suitcases and boxes of food. My teenage sister spent the time either dawdling around or complaining that she was going to miss “the most important” party of the summer. I kept busy making sure that our dog had someone to talk to, and generally getting in the way.

Estabrook was a family place, two hours away from Denver near the curious little town of Bailey. Estabrook held different charms for each of us. For my brother, it was an opportunity to ride horses and play cowboy. For my sister, it was the chance to go into a deep pout about not being with her friends—enough so she could be sent to her room for the entire weekend, to sulk and to smoke. For me, it was a chance to play with the caretaker’s son and get dirty.

My father, Merriam Bart “Bam” Berger, got a chance to get away from the Colorado



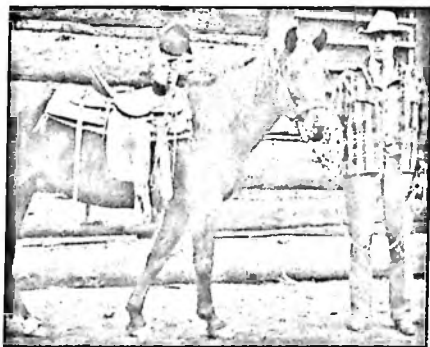
National Bank. Dad had worked there since 1917, when he came back to Denver from high school in Salisbury, Conn. It was kind of the family business. Every male family member had worked there forever. But for Dad, the bank was a love-hate relationship, and Estabrook was his escape. There he could work with horses, and be a rancher. For my mother, I haven't a clue what she got out of it. She loved my father. So it worked out.

I didn't know what Estabrook was then. I didn't know how big it was, where it came from, much less who in the heck Uncle Fred was. What I knew was that it was huge and old, and there were endless things to do. I could hike around, ride horses. I could dig a hole to China. I could check out the chickens, play in the blacksmith's shop, or crawl around in the hayloft in the barn. I could go along the railroad grade and look for old spikes and stuff. If it was raining, I could lurk around in our six-bedroom cabin and explore, and look at old picture albums full of sepia-toned photos of unknown people dressed in turn-of-the-century clothes. I knew that there were trees and birds and butterflies and grasshoppers everywhere. I knew that there was nothing like the vanilla-sweet smell of a ponderosa forest on a summer afternoon. I knew that my Dad put a second transmission in his 1927 Buick so, with both of them in reverse, the car would drive slowly forward, and when Dad was alone, he could open gates and have the car move through by itself.

I knew I could catch fish out of Craig Creek, which ran in front of the four houses, and barn and blacksmith's shop, and burbled and ran cold with the color of thin root beer.

I knew that there was a wonderful and mysterious gizmo that sat on the edge of the creek, just down from the pond, made of iron, that had a big mushroom-shaped thing on the top, that somehow brought water from the pond, spun it around in a magical swelling of mechanics and noise until something would drop, the water would splash, and through these repeated motions, small amounts of water were forced up a pipe to two tanks on the hill behind the houses, holding our drinking water. I also knew that when we got there, there was never any water, because the thing had silted up and stopped during the week, and I knew that Dad was not thrilled and he was certainly not shy about letting his feelings show on the subject. In fact, it was only many years later that I discovered as an adult that the thing was really just called "the Ram," and all those years I thought it was called the "Goddam Ram."

There were four houses there. We stayed in one; the caretakers, Frank and Sammy



*(Author's Collection)*

Merriam Bart "Bam" Berger at Estabrook.

Poston, with their three children, in another; my brother Bill and his family used the third; and there was another very grand house where Jack and Margaret Chambers lived. They used to come by. I knew she was a cousin, too. But I didn't know how.

And in the 1950s, we had a neighbor who would come over to visit and talk, and drink a little whiskey and joke with us all. I liked him, and he was really nice. In fact, he was famous. I had heard him on the radio and I had even seen him on television. He was the real live mayor of a little town called East Tin Cup, and his name was Pete Smythe. He owned the Rivercliff Ranch property down on the Platte. He and a partner had bought it years before. During something called "The War," Pete was trying desperately to run it as a dude ranch. Pete had a "Ram," too, but he was funnier than Dad about it. Pete's wife was the nicest woman you could ever want to meet. I always kind of thought that she wanted to be in Denver more than Rivercliff.

Somehow I felt there was a story behind Rivercliff, and all these cousins, and somehow I knew it had to do with Estabrook, and a railroad, and ultimately, Uncle Fred. But I was a kid. I knew nothing about my own family, much less about Colorado. I certainly had no idea that what I thought was just a place in the country where I went to play could really represent a merging of people and events in Colorado's history.

That was 41 years ago. I have found out a lot about Estabrook since then. I even found out about Uncle Fred.

Believe it or not, it all began with W.A.H. Loveland. It was his Colorado Central Railroad to the mining regions up Clear Creek that made it all possible. If John Evans had not lost to Loveland in the attempt to get there first, Golden would probably be the capital of Colorado. It was the diversion of John Evans' efforts to the mining regions around Fairplay, and his competition with Loveland that benefitted Denver and led to the creation of the Denver, South Park & Pacific.

In Denver, Evans created alliances with some prominent people, the likes of banker David Moffat, civil engineer Leonard Eicholtz, attorney Bela Hughes, druggist Walter Cheesman, businessmen John Hughes and Henry Crow, and banker Charles Kountze.

Formed originally as the Denver South Park & Pacific *Railway* Co., on Oct. 1, 1872, it was reorganized as the Denver, South Park & Pacific *Railroad* on June 14, 1873. The capitalization of \$3.5 million would ostensibly enable the company to build a route, as described in part in the Articles of Association, "From the City of Denver to Morrison . . . and also to and through the Platte Canyon and on the most feasible route to the South Park . . . thence across the valley of the Arkansas River and through the Poncha Pass and across the San Luis Valley to the San Juan mining district . . . to be extended thence to the Pacific Ocean . . . also to Dudley, and Horseshoe . . ." In fact, the articles listed two routes to the Pacific. It was legally the Denver, South Park & Pacific, but the general public—skeptically and more realistically—came to refer to the venture as "the Denver & South Park," or D&SP.

By the spring of 1874, grading, under the guidance of Leonard Eicholtz, was under way both for the first leg of the project to Morrison, and also up the Platte Canyon. Track-laying began on May 18, 1874, and by June 20, it was complete to Morrison. But

this 16 miles was going to be the easy part for a while. The Denver Railway Association, the original construction firm, had exhausted its resources on the Morrison branch of the line.

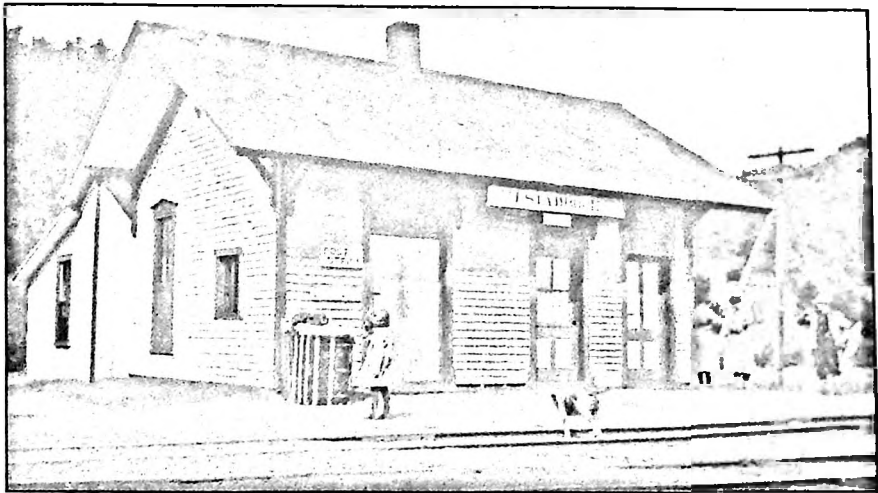
The Panic of 1873 marked a period of financial depression in Colorado, and made additional financing difficult to obtain. After great effort by Evans, a new company, the Denver Railway and Enterprise Co., was organized and capitalized with \$500,000 on Oct. 12, 1874. But by July 1876, not much more had been done beyond operating the Denver-to-Morrison line, and it became necessary to create a new company, the Denver and San Juan Construction Co.. This enterprise collapsed in the fall of 1877, primarily because of expense of construction up the tight Platte Canyon. Just the estimates for grading were expensive in 1874 dollars: \$4,000 for the first mile, \$24,000 for the next three, \$77,000 for the next four-and-a-half. And this didn't involve track or the cost of the engines and rolling stock.

As access to money eventually eased, and the fourth construction company, the Denver & South Park Railroad Construction and Land Co., was formed, it enabled track-laying to resume in 1878. By June 17, the DSP&P had reached Buffalo Creek. Nine days later, the end of the tracks reached Pine Grove (now just called Pine). By October the road was open to W.L. Bailey's Ranch, 53.7 miles from the depot in Denver. By Jan. 17, 1879, the end of the track was finally at Hall's Valley, poised to ascend Kenosha Pass and exit the Platte River drainage. It had been a tough six years.

The Denver & South Park epitomized the kind of economic pragmatism that was typical in the West in the late 1800s. For example, John Evans' banker-brother in Cincinnati, was a partner in an iron foundry there. Cheesman and Moffat were sources of great wealth and influence. Charles Kountze was the Colorado National Bank Kountze of the Kountze Brothers, bankers and investors in Omaha, Cheyenne, Texas, and New York.

The principals not only owned the railroad, but they also owned the various construction companies which were paid with stock in the railroad they built. They owned the banks and borrowed money from them for financing. They owned the ironworks and sold themselves the rails. They owned the mercantile companies which supplied the tools and other equipment. They owned the land, and controlled the routes of the railroad over it. Don't you just suppose they owned some of the mines they were going to? Even if this railroad struggled, the investors would make money.

Judging by 1996 standards, practically every one of them would have been in clear violation of every Securities and Exchange Commission regulation in the book dealing with insider trading and stock manipulation. Securities laws about disclosure and risk of ownership were flagrantly disregarded. Banking regulations with regard to lending themselves money were ignored. Land-use permits were never filed. EPA regulations and Environmental Impact Statements on billowing smoke and hot cinders were never followed. 401 Dredge-and-Fill permits were never pulled to do work on the river. EEOC violations were rampant. OSHA protections for workers were disregarded. Minimum-wage laws were ignored. FICA, FUTA, Social Security contributions,

*(Author's Collection)*

Denver &amp; South Park depot at Estabrook about 1885.

Medicare, Medicaid, Worker's Comp and other deductions were never made or reported. Enforcement of drug laws was neglected, any and all Bureau of Alcohol Tobacco and Firearms regulations were flatly ignored. And it's doubtful whether any one of them paid a dime of income tax.

All along the DSP&P—as was the practice in those times—everywhere there was a flat spot, a town site was platted. Up the Platte Canyon route, town sites were established at the station stops at Deansburg (Strontia Springs), South Platte, Dawson's, Buffalo, Pine Grove, Crosson's, Estabrook Park, Bailey's, Slaughter's (Shawnee), Meadows, Grant, and Hall's Valley (Webster). County records reveal their ownerships. Other developments such as Insmont and Cycle Park sprang up, and were classic examples of American real-estate marketing.

Harry Inasley, for example, filed plats in 1905 in Park County for the subdivisions of Insmont and Cycle Park. Luxuriously carved out of the bucolic wilderness, home sites of 25 by 150 feet were offered for sale. Brochures picturing pretty girls riding big-wheeled bicycles through sylvan glades were employed to sell to gullible people anxious for a piece of the action. Some of the tracts hung on the sides of a rock outcropping, one edge indeed at the water's edge and great for fishing, the other 120 feet above.

Now entered George C. Schleier, who owned a lot of land in downtown Denver, and elsewhere. He built the first two-story house in Denver, and it was his wife who gave the money to start the Denver Art Museum. (This was commemorated for a while by the museum naming a gallery wing after her.)

In one transaction, in Township 8 South, Range 72 West, specifically, Schleier bought from seven different people land amounting to nearly 900 acres. Research in Fairplay of the title shows that his purchase deeds were dated Jan. 15, 1874. Curiously enough, the original patents from the United States are all dated six full weeks after that, on Feb. 28 and March 1.

It is unlikely that Messrs. Long, Wise, Phillips, Lake, Braun, Lawn, and Adams—the names on the original patents—intended to settle there and raise families. Mr. Wise's 120-acre piece, for example, runs up Craig Creek, a tributary of the North Fork of the South Platte, where the land at the northern end generally has a 30-degree slope, and the southern end runs at times upward of 65 degrees up the canyon wall. There is no flat part of it big enough to provide more than a foot trail up the creek.

Why did these men homestead here? Why did Schleier buy them out? When this property changed hands again a scant 90 days later, on April 14, for the tidy sum of \$2,000, or \$2.31 per acre, it was clear that Schleier had a buyer, and used straw men to amass land.

Most of the property was rugged, but one part was meadowed. The Adams piece that was in the S1/2 NE1/4 & N1/2 SW1/4 of Sec. 3 was the centerpiece, and the rest of the land to the north and south secured control of the Craig drainage and the ridge line on both sides. This parcel, with 40 acres of meadow and gentle ponderosa-covered hillsides controlled more than one-half mile of the North Fork of the South Platte River. Right along the path of the DSP&P.

On that spring day in Colorado Territory 122 years ago, much Colorado history coalesced. Schleier sold 80 acres of this property to Joseph A. Estabrook who had been in the livery business in Denver since 1865 with a stable at 1547 Market St. He purchased the land for grazing and breeding horses. Here a DSP&P station house was built and it was for him that Estabrook Park was named. The station house still remains, used as a private residence.

The other 865.09 acres were sold to Charles Kountze and William Berger, my great-grandfather.

As one of the founders and (surprise!) treasurer of the Denver, South Park & Pacific, Charles Brewer Kountze, the youngest brother of the Kountze Brothers, ended up the richest. After Augustus and Herman and Luther went back to Omaha and New York, Charles became the president of the Colorado National Bank, and he ran the place until his death in 1911.

Charles' name appears with great regularity in the Clerk and Recorder's land records in Arapahoe, Summit, Jefferson, and Park counties along with his brother-in-law William Berger, who was the cashier of the CNB until his death in 1890. In the tradition of the Kountze family, the real estate and business interests that any were in, all were in. Here it was manifest.

Charles' wife, Mary Ensign Estabrook, was the sister of Joseph A. Estabrook, and the niece of the Estabrook half of the Struby-Estabrook Mercantile Co. (Charles' own niece Laura M. Ruth married Fredrick Francis Struby.)



Charles Brewer Kountze and Mary Ensign Estabrook.

When Joseph sold his acres in 1879 to Kountze and Berger (for \$1,500—three times what he paid for it) the family began to acquire what now stands as a sanctuary of just less than 2,000 acres on the Front Range. It is here that the Estabrook National Historic District was designated in 1980. The district contains about 200 acres, with vari-

ous buildings and outbuildings, all built in the rustic style popular in the late 1800s and early 1900s as part of the “back-to-nature” movement, one of the few indigenous American architectural styles.

Here, where the railroad would finally leave the Platte Canyon, they found the place most suited to their recreational needs. Close, and yet very far away, this was to be the most convenient and most commodious location where the family could escape the summer heat and smells of early-day Denver. Only three hours from the city on the new train, they could fish and loaf and entertain.

The original cabin on the land was a single-room 14 by 25-ft. log structure, dating to about 1872. This eventually became the year-round home for the caretaker.

A huge log barn and blacksmith’s shop were built about 1878 when work also started on a summer home for William and Margaret Berger.

This began as a simple structure with a living room and a single upstairs bedroom. A kitchen was added about 1890 with a bedroom above and a dining room with two bedrooms above. Between 1905 and 1915, another two bedrooms, one up, one down, and two inside bathrooms with running water were built. Up until the 1930s there were big tents behind the house for the cook and the other staff members needed by my great-grandmother. (Margaret Berger loved to entertain.)

*The Denver Times* reported in 1901:

Mrs. Wm. Bart Berger owns a charming place at Estabrook in the Platte canyon.

Here the entire Berger family spends its summers, and here fashionable house parties are given for the exclusive set. The cottage stands quite alone up a canyon at some distance from the station, and is built in one of the most picturesque nooks anywhere along the Platte. The cabin is large and fitted out with every convenience for entertaining lavishly and well.

It must have been grand, because the family was certainly an integral part of Denver society. Margaret had five sons and two daughters. Her eldest son, Charles Bart Berger, married Crawford Hill’s daughter Gertrude (later to become Mrs. Lucius Cuthbert). George Bart married Carry Merriam, daughter of Brig. Gen. Henry Clay Merriam, first commanding officer of Ft. Logan. William Bart and sister Gertrude Bart married Ethel Sayre and brother Robert Sayre. Augustus Bart married Rosemary Maxwell, and Margaret Bart was married to James Brown of Texas. Walter Fredrick



(Author's Collection)

The Berger house, circa 1885; Millard house at right.

Bart Berger (UNCLE FRED!) was married to Rebecca Gibbons Smith, the "Belle of Wilmington."

*The Denver Post* once referred to the Berger clan as having "their names all neatly 'Barted' in the middle."

Although there isn't any staff, now, and the tents are gone, this house still is used to house the family of the president of the Berger Land Co., a family holding company that manages the residual estate of Margaret Kountze Berger.

Another house, built about the same time, but which burned down in the 'teens, housed the Millard family. They had three sons, cousins through Clementine Kountze and descendants of either Ezra or Joseph Millard, both mayors of Omaha between 1869 and 1872.

The house, affectionately referred to as "the Ranch House," was started in 1901 when my Great-Aunt Margaret Bart Berger married Jamot Brown and began to have babies. This house continues to house members of the Brown family to this day.

The last house was built as a summer house by Charles Kountze during the summers of 1902 and 1903. In keeping with the area's architectural style, this house is rustically covered with wood slabs, but has a vast veranda with a wonderful view, sufficient for very stylish Kountze summer parties. Built in the style that Charles was used to, the place cost \$52,000, and typically, he saved every receipt. It will give you an idea of the style of the place to know that the carpenters in those days were paid 50 cents a day for

their labor. This house now sits on the last 4.5 acres remaining in the Kountze family. After 1911, when Charles Kountze died, his sister Margaret Berger began acquiring his interest in the Estabrook property except for this one piece. It was subsequently owned by his daughter Florence Best for a number of years, and is currently owned by Charles' granddaughter Margaret Chambers Kolte.

A plethora of outbuildings, servants' quarters, and garages also were built in the early 1900s. A laundry and small corral were down by the creek. Tennis courts were even put in. Of course there was the blacksmith's shop and an ice house to store the ice cut from the pond in the winter. There also appeared at that time a simple log two-room cabin. When my great-grandmother desired to have no one upstream from her on Craig Creek, she bought an 80-acre piece in 1911 known as "Scotts" which now adjoins the Lost Creek Wilderness Area. The records show that on this tract a man named Kuykendahl had contracted to build cabins for a hunting and fishing retreat back in 1899. He built roads for Mr. Scott for \$1.00 a day, and a dozen or so cabins for \$1.50 a day. When Margaret bought it, she had all the cabins pulled down, save one, and had it reconstructed at the lower end of what we call "Chicken Coop Gulch."

Stables and barns were built as well down near the river, where Charles J. Kelly had built his house, called "Roselawn." When this house was built in the 1890s, it was a rustic, two-story affair. Later it was covered by a stone facade and expanded, some say, by David Moffat (who shows up briefly in the chain of title). It was owned as part of the Kountze Investment Co. for a while, and it was my great-grandmother who for some unknown reason fell under the charm of one of her sons and sold it to him: Walter Fredrick Bart Berger. (Remember Uncle Fred?) It was Fred, then, who moved to Vancouver in the 1940s and sold the place to Pete Smythe. Currently, it is owned by Bob Sutherland, of the Sutherland Lumber Co. family of Kansas City, Mo.

Down the Platte River is the last remaining bridge of the Denver, South Park & Pacific in its original location. There is another old railroad bridge in Bailey, but it was moved from Strontia Springs. When the realities of the Depression made it clear that the DSP&P, then the Colorado Southern, could no longer survive, its 63-year life came to an end. The last excursion train rolled on April 4, 1937, just before the rights-of-way were abandoned, and the trackage pulled up and sold for scrap. Many people contend that it was sold to the Japanese. My father bought the bridge for \$45 in 1938.

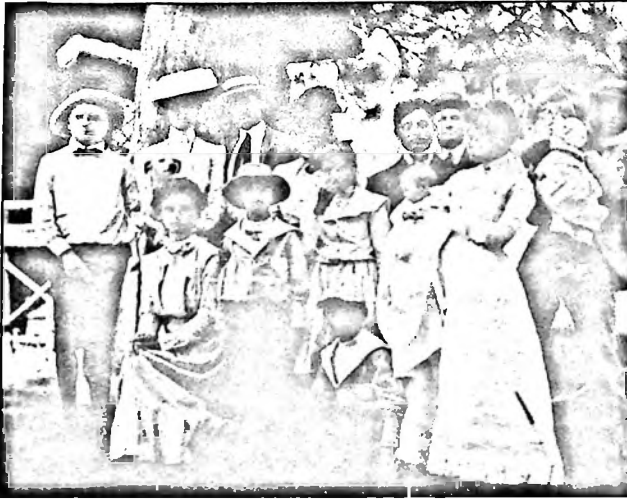
Basically, Estabrook remains unchanged. Nothing new has been built there since the



*(Berger Family Collection)*

Margaret Kountze Berger.



*(Author's Collection)*

The Bergers and Millards at Estabrook in summer, 1901.

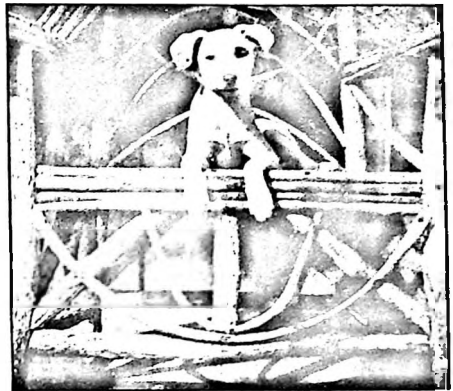
1920s. The family continues to use it, maintain it, and to share it with friends as they always have.

There is much more that I could tell you about Estabrook. I could tell you about the twin spruce trees, named Gus and Margaret after the Berger twins. I could tell you about Antoine Edward, the trapper who built his two-room cabin on the wrong land, and over the course of the year got it to the right spot himself by cutting it in half and moving the half he didn't live in. I could tell you how he died and they found him frozen in that cabin in the spring. I could tell you about "Churchill" who sewed himself into his B.V.D.s in the fall and operated his sawmill all winter before he changed them in the spring. I could tell you about Cecil Deane, the logger for the railroad and surveyor and the controversy of the short chain. (Five links can make a difference!) I could tell you about Frank Vavra, and how I used to go up to the studio of Albert Bancroft [a brother of Carolyn Bancroft] near Welling Lake. I could tell you about how Thomas Hornsby Ferril wrote about Estabrook, and the first fish he ever caught out of Craig Creek up at Scotts. There are lots of stories, and lots of lies. Only some of it is history.

Estabrook still shows up on the maps. The U.S. Post Office made the Estabrook name official, operating continuously (with one single month's exception) from August 1880 to November 1937. And yes, an Estabrook Park was indeed planned and platted. Mercifully it never came to fruition. (A lot would have been lost to the mists of time if the place had been broken up.)



Gertrude Cuthbert, Harriet Struby and Uncle Fred (at 18), back row. Stair-step from rear, Margaret, "Truchie," Sam Millard, Charlotte.



"Tatters," an Estabrook favorite, in 1895.



Author W. Bart Berger, "at age 10 and scrawny."



Author, left, and brother William M.B. Berger.

*(All pictures from Author's Collection.)*

Various schemes have come and gone that have endangered this place. In a 1933 letter to his mother, Uncle Fred suggested that most of the place be sold for development, and that my father convert the barn into his house. In 1953, when the Berger Realty and Securities Co. was reorganized as the Berger Land Co., my father researched plans to break it up and somehow liquidate it. But for the efforts of my brother, William Merriam Bart Berger, it would have happened. In the mid 1980s the Metro Water Providers revealed that an Estabrook Dam would be the alternative project to a Two Forks Dam. Now, the U.S. Forest Service is proposing the designation of the North Fork as "Wild and Scenic," paving the way for public access across private land. We expect that eventually we will see a "Fair Fishing" amendment on the ballot to allow people to fish in rivers as they flow on private property.

Keeping Estabrook together for the future is a lifelong job for me and my brother Bill. We both are in a long line of scrawny 10-year-olds who have played at Estabrook. After six generations in Estabrook, we have a sense of family and of history; a sense of the wildness and of man's relationship to nature that is now rare. I understand more now than I did, but I know one thing that I have always known, that Estabrook Park on the Denver, South Park & Pacific is important in the history of the West, and worth preserving.

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*Merry Christmas!*

## Over the Corral Rail

Posse Members of the Denver Westerners voted unanimously to approve the slate of nominated officers for 1997, at the Nov. 27 meeting at the Executive Tower Inn, Denver. Sheriff **Ken Gaunt** announced the following nominees were elected:

For new Sheriff, **Kcith Fessenden**, moving up from Deputy Sheriff; Deputy Sheriff and Program Chairman, **Max Smith**; Tallyman and Trustee (Treasurer), **Barbara Zimmerman**; Chuck Wrangler, **Roger Michels**. (It was duly noted that **Barbara Zimmerman** became the first woman officer to be elected by the Denver Westerners.)

Continuing in office through 1997 will be Roundup Foreman (Secretary), **Kenneth Pitman**; Rosenstock Awards Chairman, **Eugene Rakosnik**; Archivist, **Mark Hutchins**; and Keeper of the Possibles Bag, **Robert Lane**.

Gaunt said the position of Registrar of Marks & Brands (Publications Chairman and Editor) will remain open pending consideration of various options to fill the post being vacated with the resignation of **Alan J. Stewart**, who, after eight years will give up the editorship. **Alan and Elinor Stewart, C.M.**, will be moving to Arizona sometime in 1997.

There were no nominations from the floor, and the slate was unanimously elected.

\* \* \*

In other developments, **Barbara D. Zimmerman** was elevated to Posse Member. Past-Sheriff of the Boulder Corral, she has been a Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners since 1993 (see "Over the Corral Rail," July-August 1993 *Roundup*).

Also joining the ranks of Posse Mem-

bers is **Sandra Dallas**, who became a Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners in 1992. A complete biographical sketch of **Sandra** was carried in "Over the Corral Rail," in the January-February 1993 *Roundup*.

\* \* \*

The Denver Westerners has welcomed a new Corresponding Member, **Dean Knudsen**, 1310 Sixteenth Ave., Scottsbluff, Neb. Dean was introduced to the Denver Posse of the Westerners by Posse Member **Jack Morison**. The Nebraskan lists his interests as the Civil War on the Frontier.

He has published, or plans articles on the Seventh Iowa Cavalry Regiment at Julesburg, Horse Creek, Ft. Cottonwood, and the Little Big Horn. Dean has worked as a "V.I.P." at the Custer Battlefield and is currently a historian with the National Park Service at Scotts Bluff National Monument.

\* \* \*

It's always nice to get a little attention—some call it *public relations*! Whatever, the Denver Westerners has been getting some great PR. Not the least of it is the article in the Summer/Fall '96 *Buckskin Bulletin* newsletter of Westerners International, listing the awards won by the Posse for the Golden Anniversary *Brand Book*, Vol. 32, and papers by Posse Members **Dick Cook** and **Henry Toll**, as published in *The Roundup*.

The *BB* also carried nearly a full column inside (bylined by Posse Member **Lee Olson**), describing contents of the *Brand Book*. (The Sept.-Oct. '96 *Roundup* listed our awards.)

Then came the Arthur H. Clark Co.'s fall catalog with six listings of Denver Westerners' *Brand Books*, starting with Vol. 7 (1951), edited by the late Nolie Mumey, and now priced at \$120, culminating with the Golden Anniversary *Brand Book* (still \$50).

Not to mention the "full treatment" given Posse Member **Sandra Dallas** by P.M. **Tom Noel** in his recent *Denver Post* Empire Magazine column. (She deserved every word of praise, and the Denver Westerners is fortunate to have Sandra as a notable member.)

Last, but certainly not least, was a word of praise in a recent Dick Kreck *Denver Post* column for "... ex-Posters **Lee Olson** and **Alan J. Stewart**, whose Golden Anniversary Brand Book won a third-place award from the Western History Association. . . ."

**Joyce Meskis**, owner of Denver's renowned Tattered Cover bookstore and a former member of the Denver Westerners, appeared with her picture in the same column, with congratulations on her recently expanded "book emporium," and a new three-story facility in Lower Downtown Denver, joining the Cherry Creek operation.

\* \* \*

**Keith Fessenden** is winding up his work as program chairman and Deputy Sheriff in a "blaze of glory" with excellent programs slated for the rest of 1996 and into 1997.

In November, the Posse heard **Jim Ozment**, Corresponding Member, talk on "Postmarks and Places."

The Winter Rendezvous Dec. 11 (at Wyndham Gardens, 1475 S. Colorado Blvd.) will feature a program on "The Art of Charles Partridge Adams" by **Dorothy Dines**, wife of Corresponding Member **Bruce Dines**.

Programs already listed for 1997 include Posse Member **Eleanor Gehres** speaking on "My Love Affair With the Mountains," and **Erma Morison, C.M.**, who will talk on "The Lucky 13 and the Mt. Harris Coal Mine Disaster."

To top off these attractions, soon-to-be Past Sheriff **Ken Gaunt** is arranging another two-hour tour for members March 8 in the Denver Public Library's Western History Department, focusing on Western art.

\* \* \*

*The San Luis Valley Historian* continues to be one of the best bargains around, in historical publications. Annual membership in the San Luis Valley Historical Society is \$12 and includes a subscription to the society's quarterly. The fourth number of each year includes an index to material published during the year. The well-written articles are usually accompanied by numerous illustrations, often including a full-color photo on the cover.

The No. 3 issue of 1996 features "Cemeteries in Alamosa County and Conejos County," by **Fran Huffman** and **Irene Scidmore**. A Colorado Historical Society grant aided the work in Alamosa and Conejos counties, completing a project locating, photographing, and researching data in all six counties in the valley (also including Rio Grande, Saguache, Costilla, and Mineral counties).

The society began publishing its quarterlies in 1969, and many issues are still available, at \$4 each, or four or more at \$3.50 each.

For more information on membership in the society and the quarterly, write to **Frances McCullough**, Editor, *The Historian*, Post Office Box 982, Alamosa CO 81101.



## 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 Island of California: A History of the Myth** by Dora Beale Polk. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1995. Illustrated; 398 pages. Paperback, \$15.

Tales of travelers, before and after Marco Polo, had speculated and imagined the lands of the Indies, declaring there were 7,488 or 12,700 islands with unlimited valuable goods to be gathered for the European markets. Columbus was aware of these myths, and about the time of his sailing trips to find the wealth of the Indies the fifth volume of a romance of Amadis de Gaul was published in Spain. This book, entitled *The Labors of the Very Brave Knight Esplandian*, included the story of an island inhabited by Amazon-type women led by a queen named Califa, for whom the island of California was named. Various tales of the female-controlled island were well known, with differing reports of the consequences for men who arrived uninvited on the island.

Hernan Cortes looked for islands to conquer after he was replaced as the invader of Mexico. The peninsula now called Baja California appeared to be the end of an island, and the mouth of the Colorado River as it emptied into the Sea of Cortes (or Gulf of California), looked like part of a passage separating California from the mainland of North America. Even after travelers crossed the deserts of the present American Southwest, and reported that California was attached to the continent, faith in the myth continued.

Other explorers hunted for the Northwest Passage which crossed the continent, and the British talked of using a strait north of North America to reach the South Seas, or Pacific

Ocean, to establish colonies on islands there.

Dora Beale Polk's book recounts in detail the history of the myth of the island realm which inspired travelers and conquerors, and stimulated competition among nations seeking island territories. Over several centuries, the belief reemerged that California was an island, in spite of other evidence, and without knowledge of tectonic plate theories which may set the area loose in the future. This book is a fascinating review of explorers who reached the Western Hemisphere without knowing where they were, guided by legends and speculations which intrigued and confused their explorations and their race to claim lands for their monarchs and for themselves. Especially of interest is the author's study of the persistence and reappearance of myths such as that of the Island of California.

—Earl McCoy, P.M.

**In Mountain Shadows, A History of Idaho** by Carlos A. Schwantes. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1991. Latest Bison Books Printing, 1996. 254 pages. Paperback, \$20.

Idaho is one of the least-known states, in respect to its history, people, geography, and resources. This reviewer jumped at the opportunity to review this recent effort at telling Idaho's story because it was home from 1954 until 1977. In addition, it was dedicated to Siegfried Rolland, one of my history teachers while I was a student at the University of Idaho.

This book is in a large paperback format, and contains a number of photographs and maps in its 254 pages. The time span is from 1805, when Lewis and Clark first set foot in what is now Idaho, until the present. It is the

story of the people who immigrated there, why they came, their problems and successes, and what makes Idaho what it is today. It is really a history of two distinctly separate areas—north and south Idaho. Those familiar with the state outline know that in the north is a panhandle, consisting of mountains and high grassy plains. In the center, there is an almost inaccessible region of mountain wilderness, while in the south, there exists a high desert plain, much of it now irrigated. Therefore, transportation, culture and commerce are different in the north and the south. At one time in its history, north Idaho almost became a part of the state of Washington.

As in all good general histories, a great number of subjects is discussed, and this history is no exception. Those who want special areas discussed in detail won't find them, although most everything is touched upon. That, in itself, is a pretty good task, considering the length of the book.

The Mormon Church had a big part in settling south Idaho which eventually gave rise to anti-Mormonism in politics. This particular aspect is covered quite well by the author, and was another of the major differences between the northern and southern parts of the state. Each of the 18 chapters has its own subject title. There are frequent interesting notes along the way, but of the numerous photographs, there are several which bear no caption, detracting from their value.

Even though this reviewer has been a resident of both north and south Idaho, and a university graduate to boot, I learned a number of facts I had not known. While *In Mountain Shadows* is not for everyone, it is a good, short and concise history of the Gem State.

—Richard A. Cook, P.M.

**Covered Wagon Women — Diaries and Letters from the Western Trails, 1850 Vol. II**, edited and compiled by Kenneth L. Holmes; introduction by Lillian Schliessel. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1996. Photographs and index; 302 pages. Paperback, \$13.

This book is reprinted from volume two (1983) of the original 11-volume edition, titled

*Covered Wagon Women: Diaries and Letters from the Western Trails, 1840-1890*, published by Arthur H. Clark Co., Glendale, Calif. The pagination is unchanged and no material has been omitted in this Bison Books edition. [See review of Vol. I by Nancy Bathke, pp. 20-21, July-August 1996 *Roundup*.]

*Covered Wagon Women* contains six diaries. The first was written by Anna Marie Morris, a military wife going to Santa Fe via the Santa Fe Trail. Traveling as a wife of the commander, she was given constant attention which included the services of a maid, and the prerogative of riding in the ambulance wagon when she wasn't riding side-saddle. She did none of the cooking or laundry. Mrs. Morris had it much easier than the women whose experiences are recounted in the other diaries. She is very precise, giving the hour when an event occurred, followed by "Ocl" (o'clock). Anna Marie describes Santa Fe as the most miserable, squalid-looking place she had ever beheld—except the Plaza. She wasn't at all impressed that everything was made of adobe.

The second woman, Mary M. Colby, wrote two private letters to close relatives, never dreaming they would be published and become a part of her country's history. The first letter was written during their journey, and isn't very long. The second letter was written two years later and tells of her satisfaction with life in the Oregon Territory.

The diary of Margaret A. Frink is the longest in this book. After much urging from family members, her husband, Ledyard Frank, thought it appropriate to publish her diary after her death in 1897. The book is now rare, and permission was given by the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library of Yale University to transcribe their micro-filmed copy.

The Frinks had their light wagon designed expressly for the trip. There were many compartments, and it was lined with green cloth with three or four large pockets on each side to hold such conveniences as combs, brushes, mirrors, etc.

Before leaving, they had the lumber for their house shipped around Cape Horn to Sacramento, as lumber was \$400 per thousand in California and only \$3 in Indiana. It took one year for the lumber to arrive in Sacramen-

to. While they were traveling, they harvested grass when there was plenty, and dried it for their horses and cattle to eat when grazing was poor.

The fourth diary was written by Sarah Davis on her way from Missouri to California. When writing the diary, she misspelled words, used no punctuation and no capitals. It was a little harder to read, but she expressed herself in an intriguing and unexpected manner.

All along the way, Sara counted the number of graves and noted them in her diary. Most of the deaths were from cholera, which plagued all the trains heading west.

Sophia Lois Goodridge wrote the next diary. A Mormon who traveled to Salt Lake City, Utah, from Massachusetts, she was the eldest daughter of Benjamin and Penelope Goodridge. She became the second wife of a much older man after reaching Salt Lake, and two of her sisters became the third and fourth wives of Sophia's husband, Leonard Hardy. Among the four wives, they had 18 children, and today there is a large Hardy Family Association of America.

Lucena Parsons wrote the sixth diary. She was a bride who, the day after her marriage, left for California. Her diary began with the crossing of the Missouri River at Martins Ferry. (Entries from Janesville, Wis., to the crossing of the Missouri aren't included.)

Here again, the diary had many misspellings. This seems surprising, as Lucena was a teacher before she was married.

When they reached California, the couple became farmers. They had seven children, and apparently they did well at farming, because the 1870 census shows real estate and personal assets valued at \$80,000. Mrs. Parsons died on June 23, 1905 of "fatty degeneration of the heart."

—Marilyn (Lynn) Stull, C.M.

**Fort Meade and the Black Hills** by Robert Lee. Bison Books, Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1996. Illustrated with photographs, maps, index; 321 pages. Paperback, \$14.95; clothbound, \$40.

In 1994, I attended an historical conference in Deadwood, S.D., with my brother Mark,

and young son Adam. Adam and I decided to take a side trip to "Mountain Rushmore" (as he called it). Fortunately, we also stopped in Sturgis and visited Ft. Meade. We were lucky enough to witness an evening retreat ceremony by members of the South Dakota National Guard at summer camp. We discovered at Ft. Meade a well-preserved frontier post, with nearby cemetery. It is this post Lee has successfully chronicled.

The book contains a good discussion of how government projects of that day (and probably this day) were located, and the story of the location of the fort (involving politics, land prices, Indian scares, and financial speculation) is similar to that given by our own Earl McCoy in his paper on Ft. Logan some 10 years ago. Lee's writing on this is straightforward and to-the-point, but at page 19, he repeats (apparently without any documentation) a claim that General Sheridan's choice in the matter was influenced, not only by his own speculation in Rapid City, but with an alleged "gift" of his town lots.

Journalists currently condemn such undocumented tales when they bear on favorite politicians, and perhaps such claims in historical articles (especially of professional caliber) ought to be relegated to footnotes, not the text.

The book contains a lengthy discussion of the court-martial of Maj. Marcus Reno, involving his infatuation at Ft. Meade with the daughter of the colonel of the Seventh Cavalry. Lee has done a fair job in presenting both sides of the controversy and discussing the strange inconsistencies of military justice.

The volume has a fair discussion of the Sioux Outbreak of 1890-91 and the mess at Wounded Knee. Lee is to be commended for being balanced and avoiding attempts at political correctness. However, it is rather typical of today that he notes (at page 117) the Indian casualties at Wounded Knee first, while the soldier deaths and wounded are noted as "also" occurring. Such, often, is the fate of those who die in the service of their country. On the other hand, the author also successfully touches (very gently) upon the story-behind-the-story of all of those Medal of Honor winners.

Also given separate emphasis by Lee are



the alleged murders occurring during the Sioux Outbreak. In unrelated (in a legal sense) incidents, Few Tails was killed by whites and Lieutenant Casey was killed by Indians. Lee, once again, has written a balanced and fair account of the killings and subsequent legal proceedings.

Additionally, the volume has a good chapter on Troop L of the Third, Sixth and Eighth Cavalry. This was the Army experiment dealing with Indian soldiers and previously discussed by such writers as Don Ricky and Gen. Hugh Scott.

The book includes information on the post's decline in later years. It mentions World War II use for holding German prisoners; its use by the Veteran's Administration, and by the South Dakota National Guard. It also briefly notes the efforts toward historic preservation.

The book is highly recommended. It is written in a workmanlike style that is easy to follow, inoffensive, and accurate. At times, however, the author exhibits a somewhat limited knowledge. For example, he mentions the connection of Sam Sturgis (the commander of the Seventh U.S. Cavalry) and Jack Sturgis (for whom the town is named) with George Custer, but doesn't give a footnote to Judge Jefferson Kidder (the Dakota congressional delegate) to indicate his Custer connection. [Kidder's son, of course, was massacred in 1867 and Custer helped the grieving father recover the remains.]

However, these are minor criticisms. This book is written as such a book should be written. It is a good telling of history by someone with good instincts about the military.

—John M. Hutchins, P.M.

**The Nebraska Sandhills: The Human Landscape** by Charles P. Barron McIntosh. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1996. Clothbound, \$50 before Dec. 31, 1996; \$65 thereafter.

Western land history is largely the history of Congress' attempts to settle the West through railroad land grants, the Homestead Act of 1862, and subsequent legislative modifications tailored to arid regions west of the 100th meridian. This book's focus on the

Sandhills of Nebraska is a good place to review that history.

McIntosh goes into detail on the individuals and groups—colonies of Boston Irishmen, immigrant Scandinavians and Jews and Blacks (the latter after the Civil War)—who tried to farm the area with scant success. The Sandhills looked green but that was just a veneer. Plow it and you were into dry sand which quickly disappeared with the wind. A homestead tract of just 160 acres simply wasn't profitable.

In 1904 heavy lobbying by Nebraska politicians led to passage of the Kinkaid Act, allowing Nebraska settlers to claim 640 acres. Those with 160 acres were given 90 days to attach an additional 480 acres to their original tract. Land holdings quickly expanded, giving a strong impetus to ranching. Profits from cattle ultimately made Sandhill's counties some of the wealthiest in the United States.

McIntosh incorporates a great deal of ethnic history in his book and even includes maps locating individual farm families as well as the colonies. McIntosh's printing isn't fancy. He has produced a working book full of historical names, dates, and acreages. The early chapters focus on the Indians who occupied the area for thousands of years—their trails, flint diggings, hunting projectile points, and hunting camps.

With 266 11 by 8 1/2-inch pages, *The Nebraska Sandhills* is not a book to be picked up lightly. But its detailed narrative contains many rewards for the student of Western history.

—Lee Olson, P.M.

**A Place Called Grand Canyon—Contested Geographies** by Barbara J. Morehouse. Univ. of Arizona Press, Tucson, 1996. 163 pages plus 37 pages of notes and references. Paperback, \$19.95; clothbound, \$40.

This book captures your attention with its history of struggles for land control of the Greater Grand Canyon area. It relates other places around the world in the news, and the recently announced Grand Staircase/Escalante National Monument (*Denver Post*, 9/22/96).

Morehouse has a long-standing interest in natural-resource management. A geographer by training, she combines a lively interest in politics, culture, and environmental science with a curiosity about how the Western landscape has evolved.

Her account brings together the physical environment with five distinct climatic zones, bisected by an almost impenetrable chasm, and the people who desire to utilize or protect its resources.

She presents a thoroughly researched and referenced history of the parties involved—five Indian reservations, lands managed by the National Park Service, Forest Service, the BLM, BIA, the states of Arizona and Utah, politicians, conservation and environmental groups, railroad interests, cattle barons, and human settlements—in their contest over the lands, water, and other resources. The struggle for use versus protection continues, even now.

People indigenous to the area neither recognized nor needed any “definitive boundaries,” but as the settlers arrived the United States began having difficulties in laying claim to the land. The settlers operated on the assumption that a property right was established through possession.

The public support generated by naturalist John Muir and others resulted in President Theodore Roosevelt first establishing the Grand Canyon Game Preserve in 1906, followed in 1908 by Presidential Proclamation designating this disputed area a National Monument, based upon its prehistoric archaeology and unique geology. (President Clinton used this legal precedent in establishing the new National Monument in Utah.)

Morehouse utilizes her ability as a geographer to give greater meaning as to how “boundaries” evolve. In telling the history of this area called “The Greater Grand Canyon,” she uses the dynamic concept of *absolute, relative and representational space* to present an entirely different perspective of the forces involved and resulting events. [Italicized portions are quotes from the book.]

To the point:

*Arguments can be made for and against all sides. Perhaps the lesson to be learned of places like Grand Canyon is*

*that there is no longer “someplace else” to which undesirable uses can be relocated. The frontier closed more than a hundred years ago. What is left is to learn how to share the spaces that we have created, to learn how to make decisions and manage resources in such a way that the maximum number of future options remain open, at the least possible cost.*

Population growth is spilling over into the few remaining “open spaces” and a hostile environment is no longer a deterrent to development with today’s technology. Morehouse points out the dynamism of recent international events far removed from Grand Canyon, such as the dismantling of the Berlin Wall, the tragic war in Eastern Europe, and free trade across our own borders to illustrate that the learning of new ways to live together is vitally important.

The final sentence of the book summarizes a fundamental approach for meeting the challenges brought on by a worldwide population explosion.

*Only by capturing the process of spatial definition, partitioning, and delineation in all of its richness, dynamism, and diversity can we begin to understand the complexity of our very human relationships with the spaces we occupy, the resources we use, and the places we value.*

The reviewer found the book to be straightforward and unbiased in its presentation. Having worked with Indian tribes at the local and Washington levels and participated in the “Year 2000 Master Plan” for Grand Canyon National Park, numerous significant events and contributors were accurately mentioned, though not all were included. Morehouse correctly identified the actions that changed the direction and professional effectiveness of our National Park Service. The world’s foremost authority on management of natural and historical treasures was emasculated by presidential appointees without any idea of NPS’ mission.

This book is recommended for reflective reading by citizens concerned about the optimum use of our nation’s natural resources.

—S. Lebrun Hutchison, C.M.

**Two Great Scouts and Their Pawnee Battalion** by George Bird Grinnell. Originally published by Arthur H. Clark Co. in 1928; reprinted 1973 by Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln; latest Bison Books Printing, 1996, with foreword by James T. King. Paperback, \$12.

George Bird Grinnell is noted for his books on the Cheyenne Indians, but many historians are not aware of his first book *Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales*, which helps provide expertise in this particular endeavor. The foreword by James T. King highlights a short biography of Grinnell's life, 1849-1938.

Frank and Luther North are famous for their scouting exploits during the Indian Wars on the plains, and this account tells their stories, from before the Civil War until 1882. The material for this narrative is based upon information which comes from both the North brothers, themselves, and to some extent, the Pawnees. Frank's memoirs had been dictated to an Alfred Sorenson in the early 1880s, and then published in serial form in the *Omaha Bee* newspaper after his death. Luther put his recollections in writing in the early 1920s; but it wasn't until 1961, 26 years after his death, that it was published as *Man of the Plains*. Grinnell published both together in 1928, and the result was this work.

The story begins with the North family, Thomas and Jane, their three boys, and two younger daughters. James, the oldest son, worked in the Colorado mines and then returned to Ohio before joining his father in Omaha in 1855. In 1856, the rest of the family journeyed to Omaha as well. While James and his father were involved in various commercial interests, first Frank, and then Luther, took on jobs that gave them their frontier know-how, and consequently their special relationship with the Pawnees.

Grinnell, as background, writes of early first meetings between the Pawnees and Europeans, going back to Coronado's explorations in 1541. Of special interest are his accounts of the age-old hatred between the Pawnees and the Sioux. Of course, the remainder of the book is devoted to the adventures of Frank and Luther North, the enlistment on various occasions of Pawnees into military scouting

battalions, and the success enjoyed benefitting the frontier Army. Of special note is the protection of the Union Pacific Railroad building westward. Included are their experiences with the Conner expeditions in 1865; the Battle of Plum Creek; the Battle of Summit Springs under Carr; and the attack on Dull Knife's village with Mackenzie in November 1876, after Custer's defeat at the Little Big Horn.

All in all, this book proved very interesting and difficult to put down. Grinnell's style is easy to follow and understand. To this reviewer, not knowing much about the North brothers, it filled a void and therefore was well worth the time. Other readers may not agree, but this is a first-hand account and should be considered a classic. This is a must for those fascinated with Plains warfare during Indian Wars.

—Richard A. Cook. P.M.

**The Civil War in Apacheland: Sergeant George Hand's Diary: California, Arizona, West Texas, New Mexico, 1861-1864**, edited by Neil B. Carmony. High-Lonesome Books, Silver City, N.M., 1996; distributed by Johnson Books, Boulder, Colo. Photographs and drawings, index, bibliography, glossary; 218 pages. Clothbound, \$21.95; paperback, \$12.95.

As many students of the Civil War in the West already know, it was not just the Colorado Volunteers that caused the rebs to skeedaddle out of New Mexico. For, out of the Far West, there was coming the California Column under Brig. Gen. James H. Carleton. There are a few good books on the California Column and its rather dreary, although critical, service to the country. Of course, the somewhat hard-to-obtain books by Aurora Hunt probably provide the best "big picture" of the Californians. Similarly, there has been a book or two about the impact of the Californians in post-Civil War New Mexico (including participation in the Lincoln County War and other such deadly disputes).

This book, however, is a gem, for it prints the diary (obviously added to after the initial entries) of one of the California enlisted men. Thus one can get a very good description of events (such as the Fight at Picacho Pass and

the arrest of the Showalter Party), personalities (such as General Carleton and Lt. Albert Fountain), and the everyday aspects of soldiering (such as lousy officers, drunkenness, courts martial, guard duty, accidents, insanity, and so on).

Being somewhat familiar with the genre of Civil War diaries, I rate this one in at least the upper 20 percent, being well-written and produced by an observant (albeit opinionated) man.

This is the second book edited by Carmony to contain portions of the diary of George Hand. Students of the Earp brothers and Tombstone, Ariz., will know that the same publisher came out in 1994 with *Whiskey, Six-guns and Red-light Ladies*, which contained Hand's diary for the years he was a saloon-keeper in Tucson.

For an intelligent soldier's view of life in the ranks of the Civil War, buy this book. The fact that it deals with a forgotten theater of war only adds to its desirability. While there is a "typo" or two, and the illustrations are mostly unremarkable, the book is highly recommended.

—John M. Hutchins, P.M.

**Crimes & Misdeeds: Headlines from Arizona's Past** by W. Lane Rodgers. Northland Publishing, Flagstaff, Ariz., 1995. Bibliography, index, 22 black-and-white photos; 155 pages. Paperback, \$9.95.

This book's 14 chapters—the shortest with three pages, the longest, 25 pages—chronicles an assortment of colorful characters and incidents in Arizona's past. The book is not about the Earps, or the Apaches, or the early settlement of Arizona, although one story centers on an 1891 gunfight in Tucson between a lawyer and a doctor. Indeed, most of the incidents occurred in the 1920s and 30s.

The stories are diverse in nature: some are humorous, including the capture of the Dillinger gang in then small-town Tucson; the Houdini-like escapes of mail bandit Roy P. Gardner; and the mysterious disappearance of nationally renowned evangelist Aimee Semple McPherson (was she kidnapped or simply on a lovers' lark?); and, some are very grim (including those involving Eva Dugan, the only

woman executed in Arizona: young Albert White, who, after engaging in a crime spree, was killed by members of the very same family which some years earlier had persuaded him against running away from home; Starr Daley, who fatally miscalculated community reaction to the killing of a motorist and the raping of the motorist's wife; and of a Bonnie-and-Clyde type couple (Irene Schroeder and Glenn Dague) who were ultimately captured and returned to Pennsylvania for execution through the courage and "street smarts" of a local deputy sheriff.

Then there are stories of a bungled train robbery, of a philanthropist's unpunished killing of her husband, of cut-up corpses from bizarre love triangles, of last-minute sanity hearings to save the lives of condemned killers, and even a poignant report about a state-coordinated raid on a small polygamist settlement.

This book is not only valuable for the breadth of information it contains, but it is highly entertaining. It constantly draws the reader to the next chapter. It is jam-packed with humor, tragedy, and sorrow. The reader cannot help but laugh, or feel sad, angry, or outraged. This quality makes me believe that W. Lane Rodgers' book is a real gem.

—John D. Dailey, P.M.

**Daughter of the Regiment** by Mary Leefe Laurence; edited by Thomas T. Smith. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1996. Illustrated, 208 pages. Clothbound, \$35.

While doing research on families and their activities at early military forts, Thomas T. Smith found an unpublished manuscript at the U.S. Military Academy library at West Point. It added to his research, but it was so compelling, he felt it should be a book all by itself. Mary Leefe Laurence's written memories of her childhood thus developed into the book, *Daughter of the Regiment*.

Mary's father was stationed at forts in Kansas, Oklahoma, New York, Texas, Alabama, and Michigan from 1878 until 1898. This covered her life from age 6 to 26. Mary recounted adventures of her brothers and sister as they grew up in the Wild West. Until she was 16, her hair was cut short so Indians

would not know that she was a girl. Among Mary's unusual experiences, she saw Geronimo, and recounted her father's story about conducting Chief Joseph back to his people.

Mary wrote about her schooling, her musical education, and the ordinary activities of children at a military installation.

In presenting this realistic and exciting account of youth on the frontier, editor Thomas T. Smith annotated the manuscript with details and corroborating evidence. He confirms some facts, adding information; in other instances he cites conflicting material.

This book is wonderful to read just for the adventures of a young girl in the West during the westward expansion. But for the devotee of military history, Smith's footnotes are a valuable addition to the military history of the West.

—Nancy E. Bathke, P.M.

**Wild West Shows and the Images of American Indians, 1883-1933** by L.G. Moses. Univ. of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1996. 73 photos, bibliography, notes, index; 384 pages. Clothbound, \$39.95.

*Wild West Shows* provides a fresh look at a subject long treated inappropriately. For years, American Indians in Wild West shows have been described in literature as either the "noble savage" or as "Lo," the poor mistreated Indian. Neither description is accurate. Not even the new "politically correct" treatments of the American Indian handle the subject appropriately. In this book, L.G. Moses addresses approximately 50 years of Indian participation in "Wild West" shows. A serious scholar without an axe to grind, Moses gives an excellent overview. Then he skillfully provides information on specific periods and incidents, with examples of Indian participation in public appearances.

As part of the overview, the book begins with Indian appearances before these "Wild West" shows began. The first "public" appearance was made by nine Indians taken by Columbus to Spain after his first voyage. It then proceeds to Indians taking part in Buffalo Bill's famous show in its early days. Subsequent chapters cover specific periods with Indians overseas in 1889-1890, in London in

1887, and the Ghost Dancers of London, 1891-1892. There is an intriguing discussion of the Wild West Show in its prime, from 1900-1917.

Moses also addresses the seldom-covered federal government's attempts to present alternate Indian images to the American public. This reviewer found particularly interesting the chapter on attempts of Indian reformers to change the image of the American Indian which they felt was adversely affected by their appearances in Wild West shows.

This book also examines off-shoots of the traditional Wild West shows such as Indian appearances in fairs and expositions: Chicago's Columbian Exposition in 1893, the Pan-American Exposition in 1903, and early attempts to portray the West in films in the early 1900s. A subject not usually associated with Wild West shows, Indian education and reform is skillfully addressed through a discussion of show-Indian students in St. Louis.

The book concludes with a chapter on the decline of the Wild West shows, 1917-1933, and an epilogue. The notes are well done and extensive, and the bibliography is quite comprehensive. L.G. Moses has provided a fresh and interesting analysis of a familiar topic, instead of just another revisionist history.

In conclusion, the epilogue points out, "For 50 years, the only place to be an Indian—and defiantly so—and still remain relatively free from the interference of missionaries, teachers, agents, humanitarians and politicians was in the Wild West show." An interesting book and well worth the reader's time.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

**The Outlaw Trail: A History of Butch Cassidy & His Wild Bunch** by Charles Kelly; introduction by Daniel Buck and Anne Meadows. Univ. of Nebraska Press (Bison Books), Lincoln, 1996. Illustrated with photographs and maps, index; 374 pages. Paperback, \$14.

In 1938 Charles Kelly published his most memorable book, *Outlaw Trail, A History of Butch Cassidy and His Wild Bunch, Hole-in-the-Wall, Brown's Hole, Robber's Roost*. To some, the title may seem a bit misleading. Kelly not only chronicles Butch Cassidy and

his Wild Bunch, but even more.

The story covers the bandit trail across Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico. According to Daniel Buck and Anne Meadows, commercial publishers turned down the manuscript. One editor thought it was poorly organized and told Kelly there was not enough on Butch Cassidy.

Kelly told the story of just about everyone who settled near, or passed through the Hole-in-the-Wall, Brown's Hole, and Robber's Roost. He also mentions Tom Horn and the Johnson County War. Many of those who came to the region made their living at robbery and cattle rustling.

When Kelly began the research for his book in the mid-1930s, many of the principals were still alive, including the bank-and-train robber Watt Warner. For some, those outlaw times were still too recent a memory, and they were very reluctant to bring it up. As a result the author had to rely on newspaper accounts and second-hand information. In 1959 Kelly's book was updated and revised under its present title by Bonanza Books.

Despite Kelly's inaccuracies and mistakes in telling the story of Butch Cassidy and the Wild Bunch, this is one of the books that recent Cassidy historians—including Anne Meadows in her book *Digging Up Butch and Sundance*—will most certainly include in their research. One mistake Kelly made was referring to Butch's real name as George Leroy Parker instead of Robert Leroy Parker and giving his birthplace as Circle Valley, Utah. (Parker was born in Beaver, Utah.) These errors were repeated by western historian James D. Horan and western novelist Will Henry. Be that as it may, anyone with an interest in outlaw and/or lawman history of the Old West—in particular Butch Cassidy and the era of the Wild Bunch—should not pass this book up.

—Mark E. Hutchins, P.M.

**Digging Up Butch & Sundance** by Anne Meadows. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln, 1996. 390 pages. Paperback, \$19.95.

Issued as a hardback in 1994 by St. Martin's Press, this volume is still getting atten-

tion. It argues persuasively that outlaws Butch Cassidy and Harry Longbaugh (*Sundance*) really did die in South America. They did not escape in a hail of bullets to live out quiet lives in Montana, California, or wherever. The previous Meadows book, however, contained 100 pages that needed updating because of ongoing body exhumations and scientific analysis. Far worse, Ms Meadows didn't get to read proof of her own book (the typos aren't that noticeable) so the University of Nebraska now has fixed both problems, at a \$5 saving from the original price.

—Lee Olson, P.M.

**Kit Carson Days, 1809-1868, Adventures in the Path of Empire** by Edwin L. Sabin. Univ. of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London. First published 1914; revised edition with new matter published 1935, of which this 1995 edition is a two-volume reprint. Appendix, bibliography, note and index at end of Volume 2; 20 full-page drawings by Howard Simon; six-page introduction by Marc Simons; 996 pages. Each volume is \$16.

This long-out-of-print book is to be welcomed as one of those basic works on Kit Carson to which later authors return again and again. The 81-page appendix is full of valuable documentation, and the notes are full and indispensable. I hesitate to use the word "scholarly" in connection with this work, but in a way it is the most scholarly and complete of any book on the subject I have found. Sabin was a journalist; he had also written extensively on Western subjects. He turned his attention almost exclusively in later life to Kit Carson. Sabin collected a mass of data from official records, correspondence, journals, and interviews. This is a solid piece of work in all respects, save one—Sabin's acceptance of the fables of one "Major" Oliver Perry Wiggins, that garrulous Baron Munchausen of the Old West. The book is both entertaining and informational, combining the easy flowing style of the newspaper correspondent with the careful research of the historian.

Born in Missouri in 1809 and dying at Ft. Lyon, Colo., in 1868, Carson's life and activities covered most phases of the discovery,

opening, and settlement of the West from Missouri to the Pacific Coast, and from the Canadian border to Texas. Carson was a trapper in the mountain wilderness, an Army and Navy guide, an Army general, both Indian friend and foe, teamster on the Santa Fe Trail, Indian agent, and husband of two Indian women. (The first one died after bearing Carson two daughters; the second divorced him by the Indian custom of excluding him from the campfire and lodge.) His last wife, Josefa, was of a substantial but not affluent Taos Mexican family. Be her Carson had seven children. He was well-liked by his associates, and as one of his mess mates at Ft. Union wrote, "A man of the most kindly and gentle spirit; unassuming, quiet, and the last person that one would suppose to be possessed of the qualities that made him famous." He was illiterate until the last part of his career when he picked up some ability to read and write through his Army contacts and duties.

Footnotes are copious and interesting, place with all other addenda at the end of the second volume where an extensive bibliography brought down to 1935 is also included, plus 95 pages of Appendix. The Appendix, itself, makes for good reading.

Most unfortunately there are no maps, so the reader must use his own.

There remains to be mentioned the Oliver Perry Wiggins matter. Marc Simmons in his Introduction to the book covers this problem. When Sabin was working on this book, original sources and witnesses were becoming scarce. Wiggins was available and willing to tell all about events of which he actually had no knowledge, whatever.

Of interest to Westerners is the quote from Simmons' Introduction, "Western writers Lorene and Kenny Englert in 1964 published an article proving that the 'Major' was an imaginative impostor who had never laid eyes on Kit Carson." ("Oliver Perry Wiggins; Fantastic, Bombastic Frontiersman," Denver Westerners *Roundup*, February 1964.) Englert was a member of the Denver Posse, and the material was later expanded and published in a booklet under the same title by Filter Press in Monument, Colo. The booklet is now out of print.

However all this may be, Sabin was careful to credit all quotes by source, so it is easy to disregard anything originating with Wiggins, without damaging Sabin's text.

Of additional interest to Denver Westerners is a piece by the late Dr. Harvey Carter in *The Denver Westerners Brand Book*, Vol. 28, 1972, p. 95. "The Curious Case of the Slandered Scout, the Aggressive Anthropologist, the Delinquent Dean, and the Acquiescent Army," which treats of a small hubbub that arose at Colorado College when an overly "politically correct" professor of anthropology—who has several drops of Indian blood in her veins—took exception to Kit's picture hanging in one of the campus buildings. And also of interest is Dr. Carter's book *Dear Old Kit* (Univ. of Oklahoma Press, 1968) with some new or different material, and a complete edition of the Carson memoirs edited by Professor Carter.

—John F. Bennett, P.M.

**Kingdom on the Mississippi Revisited, Nauvoo in Mormon History**, edited by Roger D. Launius and John E. Hallwas. Univ. of Illinois Press, Urbana and Chicago, 1996. Bibliographical essays, notes with each essay, index; 282 pages. Clothbound, \$36.50, paperback, \$16.95.

A book originally published more than 30 years ago, *Kingdom on the Mississippi* is the original work about the history of Nauvoo and the Mormons in Illinois. This book *Kingdom on the Mississippi Revisited, Nauvoo in Mormon History*, should also become well known, for it is much more than just a supplement to the former volume and is an excellent work in its own right. It contains 14 essays on many facets of Nauvoo's history, such as a non-Mormon view of Nauvoo, the political Kingdom of God; the relationship between Brigham Young and Emma Smith; Mormon polygamy; the unique Nauvoo Legion, and politics in Utopia. Especially well-written and researched is an essay on the "infamous" Nauvoo city charter, which shows that while the charter seems very peculiar today, it was not considered that strange 120 years ago.

Also, worthy of special notice is a study of

the last years in Nauvoo, titled "assassination to Expulsion: Two Years of District, Hostility, and Violence." It corrects the popular misconception that the Mormons left Nauvoo for Utah immediately after the martyrdom of Joseph Smith Jr., rather than almost two years later. The final essay in the book discusses Nauvoo and Joseph Smith III, the leader for 54 years of the second largest Mormon-related denomination, the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints, often referred to as RLDS. The RLDS church was initially formed by followers of Joseph Smith Jr. who disagreed with Brigham Young, and who chose to remain in the Nauvoo, Ill., and Independence, Mo., areas when Brigham Young led the Mormons to Utah.

These essays were chosen from many published on Nauvoo since 1960. Since their original publication each one has been updated and rewritten for this book. The editors have chosen well.

A common topic of every book about Nauvoo and Joseph Smith is Nauvoo's one-issue paper, *The Expositor*. The destruction of its printing press on June 10, 1844, ultimately led to the arrest and death of Joseph Smith 17 days later. This essay discusses the other—usually unmentioned—newspapers and printing offices also located in Nauvoo from 1839 to 1846, and the individuals involved.

*Kingdom on the Mississippi Revisited* includes an index of all the essays, and the editors have provided a comprehensive bibliography. This book is a keeper, and its essays cover old ground in a fresh way. They serve as a starting point for those interested not only in Mormon history but in the history of the Illini state.

—Keith Fessenden, P.M.

**Centuries of Hands: An Architectural History of St. Francis of Assisi Church by Van Dorn Hooker, with Corina A. Santisteven.** Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, N.M., 1996. Photographs and drawings; 160 pages. paperback, \$18.95.

One of the most frequent subjects for photographers and artists in the Southwest is the Saint Francis of Assisi Church in Ranchos de

Taos, four miles south of Taos, N.M. Van Dorn Hooker, retired architect for the University of New Mexico, presents an interesting history of the settlement of the community and the erection of the classic adobe church building. Church records are incomplete, but apparently the structure was completed about 1815 in the center of a plaza which was built before 1780. Men of the parish made the adobe bricks of local clay with straw, and women were responsible for putting the adobe mud coats on the walls using sheepskin to smooth the final coat. Over time, repairs were not made and the building deteriorated.

In the 1960s, on the recommendation of outside "experts," the exterior walls were covered with a hard-finish stucco, which was expected to eliminate the need for frequent resurfacing of the outside walls. Roof and interior repairs were also made. As some critics predicted, water entered the walls through cracks in the stucco and dissolved the adobe bricks. (At about the same time, the San Lorenzo church in the nearby pueblo for Picuris was surfaced with stucco, and its walls also dissolved because of leaks. Residents have made new adobe bricks and are recruiting volunteers this year to rebuild their church.)

Parishioners of the Ranchos de Taos church rebuilt the historic building, and they now replaster the exterior walls every year (men as well as women participate, these days). Sometimes, the old ways are the only ways.

This book has many drawings and photographs—both old and recent—with copies of architectural drawings of the St. Francis Church made by the Historic American Buildings Survey in 1934. Brief histories of adobe chapels in the Taos area are included, some of which are melting down to the earth from which they were built. Corina A. Santisteven, archivist for Saint Francis of Assisi Church, contributes history from the records which she has gathered and researched.

*Centuries of Hands* is an interesting history of the church which most of us who live in the Denver area have seen in our excursions to Taos. The many drawings and photographs supplement the well-written text.

—Earl McCoy, P.M.



## *Truth is Stranger Than Fiction*

*(The following concludes the account of the induction of Ralph Mayo as a Posseman of the Denver Westerners, as reported in the September-October 1996 Roundup, taken from the 1945 Brand Book.)*

Finally the doctor [Charter member George Curfman Sr.] without change of expression opened the subject of the practice of the healing arts among the Indians of early days and stated that clear evidence of trephining had been found. We can't all have so much education, so although to that point of silent reserve expected of a new member had been observed, he asked what was meant by trephining. With professional solemnity he was told that it was a surgical procedure of releasing cerebral pressure by removing a disk of bone from the skull. Oh, yes! It is accepted practice today using a sort of compass-like reamer (this made plainer by a demonstration on a slice of bread). By way of confirmation one of the members who in private life is accepted as reliable, volunteered that he had seen an old Indian skull with six or seven such disks removed, the last one being fatal. (What a headache that warrior must have had.)

The learned discussion turned (or twisted) then to unusual treatment of bruises and inflammation by attaching leeches to the affected parts and letting this simple-minded animal do the work of drawing off the impurities while the doctor draws the pay. By this time it was observed that the new member's lower jaw was hanging limp (justifiably he thinks), so, as before, the questionable procedure was employed by confirmations by older members; one, an honored educator, volunteered that he could remember seeing a barber for a fee apply a leech to his customer's black eye. Another stated that leeches are used by physicians today. Why, said our doctor, they can be bought in drugstores right here in Denver.

There is no telling how far matters would have gone if the meeting had not been called to order to start the program. The new member found time to call attention to the obvious fact that his 21st birthday was behind him (in fact, way behind) thus implying the double meaning that either he possessed a maturity that could not be deceived by tall tales, or, on the small chance that there might be some

truth in what had been said, that of course he understood.

The learned doctor, apparently sensing that things had gone so far that further affirmative evidence was necessary, came to the July meeting with an old trephining instrument and a pair of leeches in a bottle. These he demonstrated to the new member in the presence and with the approval of all the older Westerners. The trephiner looked like a rusty woodworking tool and the whole display could have been made more convincing if evidence were produced showing in what drugstore or dirty water hole the leeches had been found.

To return to the essence of this essay, what are the reliable and infallible tests of that which is true or false? Is the reputation of the teller enough? To be true, must it be reasonably plausible? Surely a new member cannot be expected to come equipped with a lie-detector. Usually the teller's face will give a clue, but when in recent years did our doctor's face change expression? There is no way to tell whether his hole card is an ace or a deuce.

It is regretted that this discussion must be closed without reaching a clear conclusion. That is sad, but the happy thought has just occurred to the writer that soon he, too, will be a seasoned member, free to revel with the others in complete irresponsibility.

*Happy  
New Year!*