



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

January - February 2005

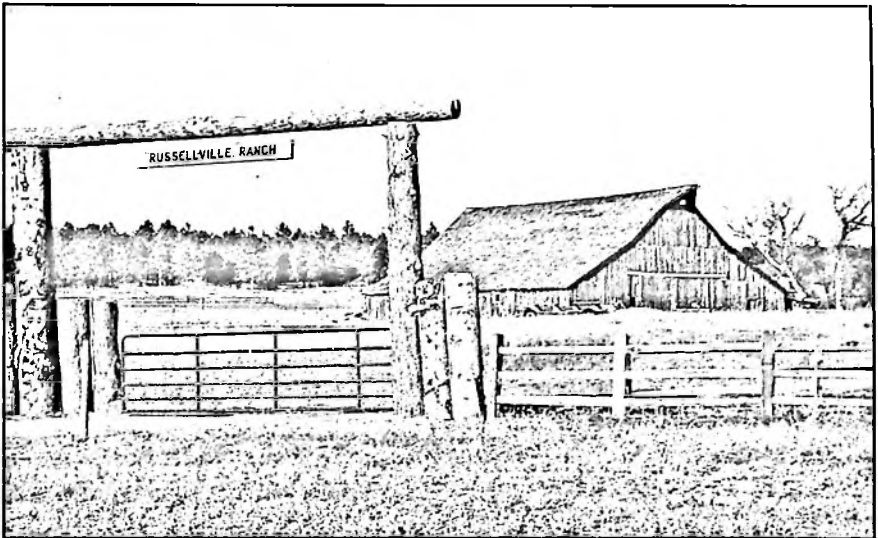


Photo by author

Russellville Ranch

Return to Russellville
by Clyde W. Jones, P.M.
(presented September 22, 2004)

Our Author

Clyde Jones of Parker, CO was born in Tulsa, OK, which explains his long career in the oil business. He began in 1947 as an oil-field roughneck, moving up to oil scout and on to landman. He became an oil-lease broker and finally an independent oil producer.

Clyde has had many articles published in Denver's dailies, as well and many other local and national magazines. He has extensive knowledge of the Douglas County and surrounding areas.

Clyde is a longtime member of the Denver Posse, and has held offices in the Parker Area Historical Society and the Douglas County Historic Preservation Board. He has lectured to many historical entities including: Metropolitan State College, Elbert County Historical Society, Historic Frankstown, Castle Rock Historical Society, and Ponderosa High School. He was published in the *Roundup* in 1994 with the Paper, "What happened at Russellville."

Mr. Jones' interests include Southwestern art, writing, photography, and, certainly, Russellville.



THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

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Return to Russellville

by Clyde W. Jones, P.M.
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I presented a program on Russellville to the Denver Westerners in 1994 titled, "What Happened At Russellville." At that juncture the Douglas County Historic Preservation Board (DCHPB), which I chair, was engaged in an extensive archaeological survey of the Russellville area. We were about half finished when I gave that program. I would like to have you accompany me for a return to Russellville. Perhaps the reportings of our search will help you to find your Russellville.

"Russellville area" is used locally and in our reports as a general term to describe a geographic area which lies six to ten miles southeast of present-day Franktown. It is centered for the most part around Russellville Gulch. Russellville got its start when gold was discovered there on June 22, 1858, by the Green Russell party out of Georgia. By 1862, Russellville contained some 12 clustered log buildings that were in various stages of completion: a stage station-post office, stage barn, spring house, ice house and hotel; and the fledgling hamlet was known as "Russellville."

Contemporary Russellville is now an 800-acre development with some 150 custom homes built on 5-acre parcels. Besides owning right-of-way on all the neighborhood gravel roads, Douglas County owns a 74-acre open space park area in Russellville Gulch, a northwest-southeast trending gulch running through the development. A meandering, spring-fed creek bisects

the gulch and is a tributary of Cherry Creek. Early on, the gulch was called the headwater of Cherry Creek, but now just "Russellville Gulch." The area's rocky slopes and lush valley floors are heavily wooded, mostly with ponderosa pine, some Douglas fir, cedar, and scrub oak; it is an incredibly beautiful place and often referred to that way in early writings. It had water, and grass for stock, wood for fire, and wild game for food, all the necessities for a good camp. This pinery is considered a northern extension of the Black Forest.

Early Indians of the Late Woodland Period are believed to have resided here. We certainly found lithic evidence they had been present. Later, Plains Indians of the Crow, Cheyenne, Arapaho, Sioux, and Kiowa tribes traveled through the Russellville area to trade for horses with the Comanches of northern Texas. The trail that developed became known as the Trapper's Trail. Throughout history, it has been called many names: Trapper's Trail, Old Divide Trail, Military Trail, Jimmy Camp Trail, Cherokee Trail, Territorial Road, and Road to Ft. Lyon (formerly Ft. Wise) on the Arkansas River. One branch of the trail that turned south of the main trail at Russellville was called the Colorado City Road.

Usage of this trail is very aptly described by Richard and Mary Ann Gehling in a Trails Association hand-out: "Traffic on the Cherokee Trail was more diverse than that on more widely known routes...it must be remembered that the Cherokee Trail...was never

primarily an emigrant route like the Oregon Trail, nor primarily a route of commerce like the great Santa Fe Trail. Instead, it remained primarily the trail of the adventurer: the nomadic Indian, the Spanish militia, the Rocky Mountain fur trapper, the Indian trader, the explorer, the dragoon from Leavenworth, the cattle & sheep drover, and the gold seeker."

The DCHPB became involved at Russellville in 1992 after complaints were registered with the county against members of the Eureka! Treasure Hunters Club of Denver. Eureka! was unearthing and carrying off artifacts they had found while utilizing metal detectors at Russellville. There were reports that some of the artifacts were being offered for sale at flea markets. Our county sheriff telephoned a few Eureka! members and let them know it was illegal to use metal detectors in Douglas County on county or private lands without first obtaining a permit. He also demanded they surrender the artifacts taken or face arrest. DCHPB is a volunteer organization, but because we are an arm of the county government, the sheriff asked us to arrange a meeting with Eureka! and secure the artifacts. We did this in June 1992, and Eureka! members surrendered some 246 artifacts, mostly bullets. We later learned that the 246 items were just a fraction of the amount they had actually found. Researching other sites in the area, we found that in May 1986, 19 items were found by the Cherry Creek Valley Historical Society in a metal-detecting grid survey they conducted at the site of the old Russellville stage stop. We contacted them and soon obtained those 19 items.

In the fall of 1993, the Douglas County Historic Preservation Board was given the opportunity to conduct an emergency survey of a vacant Russellville home site (called picnic rock) where construction was imminent. Ninety-five historic and 98 prehistoric artifacts were mapped and recovered. You might be interested to know that we invited the Eureka! club to join us in our search of picnic rock and they sent out three or so members.

A close examination of the 458 artifacts collected from all sources revealed the fact that 73 of these items were identified as .58-caliber bullets, 500 grain, for rifle musket, all unspent. This was Civil War era ordnance and we had to ask ourselves, why is it here? Was it discarded or spilled from a wagon? Were newer guns of a different caliber issued or exchanged? These provocative items really aroused our curiosity and we set out to fill in the blanks.

Hundreds of hours were spent researching, reading everything on the subject we could get our hands on, and dozens of experts were questioned. We soon learned that at that time in history (1861-1865) about one-third of the entire population of Colorado Territory was sympathetic to the South, including such famous pioneers as Uncle Dick Wootton and William Green Russell and his brothers Oliver and Levi. Many other prospectors and miners who had come from the gold mines in northern Georgia were also Southern sympathizers. A gang of lawless hoodlums (called bummers) in Denver who hung out at the infamous Criterion Saloon and led by the owner Charlie Harrison were all considered Confederates. Russellville



Russellville spring house

Photo by author

was a place Confederates openly advertised in area newspapers (and posted signs along trails) as a destination where they would buy guns of any kind. One could also enlist in the Confederate army there; we found it described as a Confederate hangout many times. We also found that the Union army had often bivouacked there. It was a 9-day trip or 240 miles from Denver to Ft. Lyon, and Russellville was 1-day's ride from town, a good place to hold camp the first or last night out.

Enthusiastic and eager over finding something of major historical significance in our own backyard, we began to consider what we could do about it. We concluded there might possibly be evidence remaining that a sizable cache of weapons and ammunition had been stashed at Russellville for the Confederate cause. And, there were

graves that needed to be located, especially those of the Jim Reynolds gang (Confederate guerrillas) who were buried somewhere in the Russellville area. Finally deciding upon an archaeological survey, DCHPB retained the services of three professional archaeologists: Barbara Whiton, Norma Miller, and Ruth Bandy. The three archaeologists trained and supervised volunteers, including metal detector operators, drawn primarily from local historical societies and the Colorado Archaeological Society. Because DCHPB serves at the pleasure of the three county commissioners, permission was requested from them and was duly granted. The first order of business was creating the Research Design, which is a plan of what you intend to do, why you are doing it, what you expect to find, and what you will do with whatever you find. A permit for a test excavation was

obtained from the State Archaeologist. The 74-acre open space park was chosen as our first target. We needed funds to finance the project so filed a grant request with the State Historical Fund.

The Russellville Archaeological Project became a formal archaeological and historical survey of both public and privately held land in the Russellville area. Phase I of the project involved investigation of the 74-acre park, as well as limited investigation of two small privately-held parcels. Phase I field work was conducted during the fall of 1993 and the spring, summer and fall of 1994 and 1995. This phase was supported by a \$10,000 grant from the State Historical Fund (Project No. 94-02-009) as well as by a contribution of \$2,500 from the Douglas County Board of Commissioners. Phase II was conducted in 1996 and 1997 and focused on investigation of private land, including the reported site of the old Russellville "town center." Phase II of the project received a \$30,000 grant from the State Historical Fund (Project No. 95-02-079) plus a contribution of \$3,000 from the Douglas County Board of Commissioners. The monies from both grants were used primarily to pay the salaries of our three archaeologists.

Because of the dense vegetation in the Russellville area, this project could not have been undertaken without the use of metal detectors. By far the most effective machines for initial identification of metal "targets" proved to be White's Eagle Spectrum and XLT models. These digital, computer-controlled instruments were used with a 9-inch loop. Most operators tune their machines to detect certain items (jewelry or coins, for example) filtering

out signals that represent "trash." For the Russellville Project, a custom program was developed which yields a signal when any type of ferrous material is encountered. The fine-tuning of the instrument made it necessary for the machine operator to wear headphones. For pinpointing, a variety of machine types were tried; the small hand-held Merlin Super Pro Electronic Pinpointing Probe proved to be the best.

The first thing we did in the park was to establish grid points with the assistance of a surveyor using Sokkia Total Station surveying equipment. Grid points set later were located with global positioning satellite (GPS) surveying equipment, again with the assistance of a surveyor. Wood stakes with coordinates written on them were placed at grid corner points. The basic collection unit was a 200-foot square grid, marked by placing string around the perimeter. A thorough pedestrian survey was then made with a 3-member crew walking the surface 10 to 15 feet apart until 100 percent of the grid was searched. All surface artifacts were flagged and later recorded by the archaeologists, including faunal samples.

Two metal detector operators swept each grid (one north/south, the other east/west) and placed pin flags at locations of metal targets. A recovery crew, normally consisting of a digger, recorder, and back-up metal detector operator working with an electronic pinpointing probe, then dug and collected the target. Once removed from the soil, the artifact was tentatively identified and assigned a field number by the recorder. The recorder then entered identification information on the Artifact Inventory Record,

*Photo by author*

The Russellville Archaeological Project becomes a formal survey

including field number, depth, specimen type, grid, and date. The artifact was placed into a paper bag labeled with information corresponding to the Artifact Inventory Record. Soil and vegetation were backfilled, the field number written on the pin flag, and the pin flag placed into the hole at the point where the artifact was removed. Photographs were recorded on the Photographic Log.

Mapping of artifacts was accomplished at the end of each day. A Brunton pocket transit was placed on a tripod at each grid unit's datum (the southwest corner of the grid unit unless otherwise noted; the datum location was changed on occasion in order to improve line-of-sight mapping in uneven topography). A 300-foot tape measure, anchored at the datum stake, was stretched from the datum to a stadia rod held at each pin flag location. Horizontal provenance of each artifact

was recorded on the Artifact Inventory Record. Measurements included azimuth and distance from the datum.

Information from the Artifact Inventory Record was entered into a database program called Q & A. Once data entry was complete, a hard copy was printed in the form of a 3" x 5" card for each artifact. Drawings of diagnostic and/or unique artifacts and additional notes are added to the card during the process of laboratory analysis. From the database program, the data can be exported directly to VP Planner, a spreadsheet program. The spreadsheet program mathematically converts azimuth and distance measurements into northing and easting measurements, a conversion necessary for exporting the data into Surfer, the mapping software. Sixteen different symbols are available in Surfer to designate different categories of artifacts. A map can be generated which

depicts all the artifact categories within a grid unit or the map can reflect one or more types of artifact categories, e.g. bullets or square nails. We have the ability with this computer program to pull a bullet, any bullet, from our inventory, find the assigned number, and pull up the map that not only shows us where it was found, but how deep, the direction it was pointed, and the azimuth; in other words, we could find the exact spot we'd taken it from and return it there, just as we found it, if we wanted to.

Now for the results. What did we find?

Probably the most impressive items found were a large assortment of ammunition, both fired and unspent. Over 3,000 items were recovered, much of it being ammunition: .22 cal. bullets, .32 cal. rim-fire cartridges, .44 cal. pistol ammo, .54 cal. ammo, .58 cal. Starr carbine ammo, .58 cal. Minié ball ammo, .69 cal. Minié ball bullets. Additionally, we found both military and civilian metal buttons, wire roller buckles, tobacco tags, eating and cooking utensils, tin cans, tin can lids, nails (round and square), horse shoes, mule shoes, oxen shoes, horseshoe nails, cast iron fragments, percussion caps, modern shotgun ammo, fence staples, an assortment of fencing wire, a six-link harness chain, hand-forged hook, General Service tunic button, hook and eye from great coat or cape, tent stake, picket pin, sharp end of sword, etc., etc.

Our Research Design had set out that the population of most mining-related and frontier towns was marked by a preponderance of adult males. We had anticipated that artifacts such as axes, shovels, gold pans, weapons and

ammunition, and pieces of heavy equipment would be found and that our sites were unlikely to contain artifacts traditionally associated with the presence of women, e.g. thimbles, china dishes, children's toys. etc. To our surprise, we found female hair fasteners such as "bobby" pins, barrettes and hair pins. Also, there were an engraved jewelry pin, brass buckle for a shoe or hat band, civilian cast roller buckle, and most interesting, women's garter fasteners, used to fasten silk stockings to a garter belt. We really scratched our heads on the garter belt fasteners. Did some of the soldiers sneak women into their camp? It was perplexing until we read an autobiographical sketch by a woman who had followed her husband as he moved with the Union army during the Civil War. She was hired as a laundress and was able to follow him from camp to camp, but never close to the action. Perhaps washerwomen had been present at Russellville.

Something totally unexpected as a hardware find was a fuel gauge for a 1917 Buick car or truck. We also found a hub cap and a wheel bearing for a 1925 Model-T Ford.

Early one morning I received a call from a Russellville resident telling me about a metal object found on her lot; she wanted someone to look at it and possibly identify it. I took Kent Brandebery, a gun expert, with me and he identified the metal object as being a rifle barrel of 1860's vintage. After cleaning the item, he said it was a Leman plains rifle, a heavy percussion .58 cal. weapon used mainly by trappers, Indians and big game hunters. J. Henry Leman & Son of Lancaster, Pennsylvania set up a gunmaking shop in 1834 and began selling the Leman

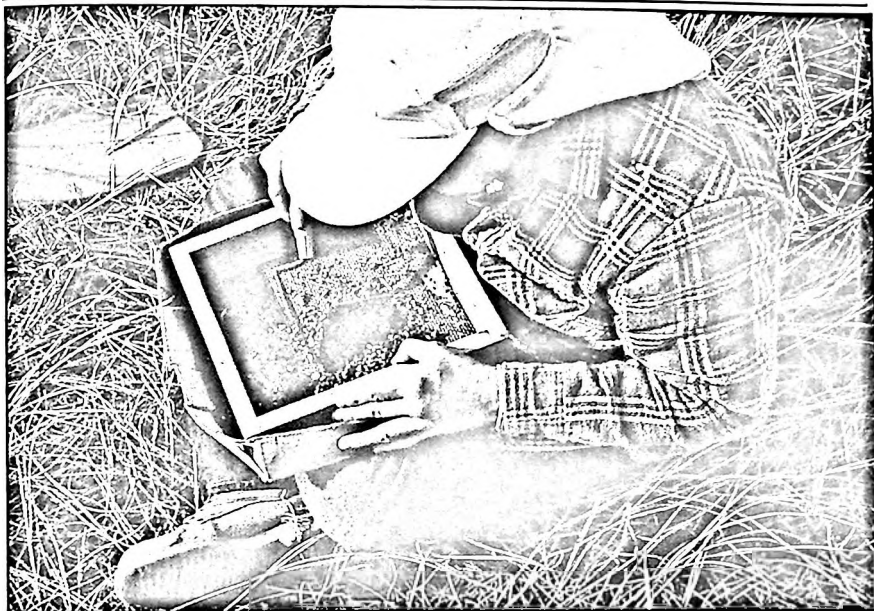


Photo by author

rifle to Indian tribes through U.S. Indian Bureau contracts. By 1860 his rifles were best sellers in the Indian trade.

A subsequent metal detection survey in the same area with our team of archaeologists lending their expertise, resulted in the recovery of another rifle barrel as well as more rifle parts and charred wood. It took awhile, but identification was finally established by Andrew Masich, who at the time was vice president of the Colorado Historical Society. Andy identified it as an Austrian-made "Garibaldi rifle." During the Civil War, federal government agencies purchased large quantities of foreign guns. The Garibaldi was an old .71 caliber tube-lock gun, converted to percussion and rifled with 12 grooves after importation to the U.S. It used a conical bullet.

In compliance with the requirements of our two separate grants, project reports were filed with the State Historical Fund, namely: "Final Report, Phase 1, Russellville Archaeological Project, Douglas County, Colorado" and "Final Report, Phases I and II, Russellville Archaeological Project, Douglas County, Colorado." These are very thorough reports, about the size of Denver telephone books, expertly crafted by our three archaeologists. They contain special sections on the following subjects: soil samples (like charcoal), lithic or stone, tin cans, nail table, modern artifacts, unique artifacts, special samples, faunal analysis, blood residue analysis, computer program, firearms analysis, and results and evaluation; there are also several maps, charts, tables, copies of military communiqués, and photos. I recom-

mend them to anyone doing research on Russellville. Both reports are on file at the Colorado Historical Society library in Denver and at the Douglas Public Library facilities in Castle Rock, Parker and Highlands Ranch.

A Ground Penetrating Radar (GPR) survey was conducted at the site where local lore places the burial location of the 5-member Reynolds Gang. GPR was chosen as an investigative tool because of its non-invasive nature. This is the tool that was used in the mountains near Lake City to locate the remains of those victims of the alleged cannibal Alfred Packer. We used Geo-Recovery Systems, Inc. out of Golden, Colorado, with Mr. Don Heimmer as operator. The machine indicated anomalies here, but the results were considered inconclusive due to rough ground and tree roots.

We next tried working with bloodhounds at the alleged burial site. Today's media refers to them as cadaver dogs. Yogi, a bloodhound with a good record of finds, and his master were officers of the Aurora Police Department and were actually residents of Russellville when we worked there. The other dog was Becky, a bloodhound from the Jefferson County Sheriff's Office. We first took the dogs to a known burial site in Russellville where a homeowner had discovered the remains of a body while excavating for a swimming pool. The remains were checked by the county coroner, then reinterred some 20 yards away from the pool with a heavy load of river rock spread on top. Yogi and Becky were worked separately so there would be no interference from each other. The masters of bloodhounds train their dogs to give their own individual signal

when they target something. In Yogi's case, he promptly climbed to the top of the rock pile and sat down while looking pleased at his master. That was his signal that a cadaver had been found and Yogi got a treat from his master for his efforts. Becky laid down on her stomach on the rocks when it was her turn to signal a target.

The dogs were next taken to the property believed to be the Reynolds gang burial plot. Both dogs reacted positively to some seven targets on the property. At one point a large cottonwood tree held Yogi's attention; he stood on his back legs and searched upwards. His master said something about there being a possibility that a body had been buried beneath the tree when it was young, 135 years ago, and that the cadaver scent was coming up through the roots and collecting in the tree trunk. The property owner's wife piped up and said, "I don't believe that for a second. My dogs pee on that tree everyday. That's what he's sniffing out."

It was a real hoot to work with the bloodhounds. Unfortunately, both dogs are now deceased. As tools for research, they work very hard at what they do, and, believe me, they'll run you to death if you let them. Yogi was absolutely awesome.

In April 1996, we contacted the State Archaeologist and asked for permission to check out the Reynolds gang site and determine for certain whether or not there are graves there. We were told it would take three kinds of permits in advance of any excavation:

1. Written permission for grave identification and exhumation from



Yogi, wonder dog

Photo by author

descendant(s) of Jim Reynolds and his “gang”;

2. Written permission for all archaeological work from the land-owner; and

3. An archaeological excavation permit from our office, with the application for such a permit accompanied by a research design which addresses research topics associated with the potential presence of unmarked graves.

We were also advised that any further surface reconnaissance with metal detectors should, in the absence of an excavation permit, be limited to the upper 20 cm of topsoil in terms of target identification. Jim Reynolds’ last known address was Rabbit Ears Creek, Texas; we tried to find such a town, but failed to locate it. The only thing close to it we found was a mountain in northeastern New Mexico named Rabbit Ears. We also toyed with the idea of excavation at 20 cm and decided to abandon the idea. That is only about 8 inches and it would be impossible to

bury any mature male at that shallow a depth. So, we’ve elected to leave the Jim Reynolds gang alone until someone comes up with a more sophisticated piece of equipment that will allow us to determine grave sites without excavating for them. No doubt that time will come.

Not everyone was happy to see us in Russellville. We held meetings with their homeowners association and worked side-by-side with members of their historical society. We negotiated with those who wanted their land detected and always obtained written agreements (License) with homeowners before we went onto their property. All but a few agreed to donate any artifacts found to DCHPB. In spite of our good PR work, we found our Port-a-potty turned over and tossed into the creek one morning. Inside was a surprise, a dead skunk.

A total of 21 sites in the Russellville area were evaluated by archaeological survey. We didn’t find evidence of any large cache of weap-

ons, but we did locate and identify the two rifle weapons from the Civil War era. They were found one-half mile east of the Russellville stage stop in Reed Hollow, a drainage that runs parallel to Russellville Gulch and an area known (in the literature) for Confederate activity. They could have been purchased by Southern sympathizers and hidden there, but more likely were stolen by members of the 3rd regiment of the Colorado cavalry when they were mustered out of the service after the Sand Creek massacre. Guns like these were issued by the Union army to the 100-day volunteers and military records show some were not returned as they should have been. At this juncture we must state that no empirical evidence recovered thus far supports the theory that Russellville was a haven or training ground for Confederate sympathizers during the Civil War.

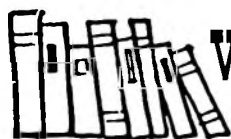
One anecdote of interest: we were measuring out an old hand-dug well one day that was situated next to the creek across the road from Russellville ranch; I had driven my Toyota Landcruiser down and parked nearby. Two of our archaeologists and the property owner were working with me. Four horses belonging to the owner were feeding nearby. Several bushes loaded with chokecherries were growing in the area and the horses were scoffing down large amounts of the berries. We paid them no further attention until we heard metal scraping noises coming from the area of my car. The four steeds had given up the chokecherries for large bites out of my car. One took a chunk out of the bug shield, bloodied his mouth, and then took a nice bite out of my left rear view

mirror. The ranch owner ran at them and tried to shoo them away, but they thought it was all great fun. They'd scamper off and kick in the air only to return and put some more teeth marks in the car. It became a wonderful game to them and I thought it was pretty funny until I walked over and saw all the damage they'd done. It amounted to \$2,023.91 worth. Try explaining that to your insurance agent. My body repair guys say horses and cows commonly enjoy the taste of paint from ranch pickups. I figured these sons-of-mares got high off the chokecherries.

The Russellville Archaeological Project has increased the public's awareness and appreciation of one of Colorado's earliest settlements. We feel that the information gathered at Russellville makes a strong contribution to data gaps in defined themes of the Gold Rush and Territorial Period (1859-1876), Years of Conflict (1860-1869) and Trails and Transportation (1859-1870). We recommend without qualification that the Russellville area be considered eligible for nomination as an archaeological district to the State Historic Register and National Register of Historic Places.

References

Final Report, Phases I and II, Russellville Archaeological Project, Douglas County, Colorado, Barbara Till Whiton, Norma D. Miller, and Ruth E. Bandy; Douglas County Historic Preservation Board, 1998.



Westerners Bookshelf



The Corpse on Boomerang Road, Telluride's War on Labor 1899-1908, by Maryjoy Martin. Western Reflections Publishing Company, Montrose, 2004. 377 pp. 80 illustrations, maps, and photographs, endnotes, bibliography, index. Cloth, \$29.95.

When William Barney vanished in Telluride in 1901, lawmen and mine owners immediately concluded that he had been brutally murdered by the Western Federation of Miners and buried someplace along Boomerang Road.

The Barney mystery started when the new manager of the Smuggler-Union Mine, Arthur Collins, announced that a significant portion of the mining would be on a contract basis where miners would be paid on the amount of ore they dug out in a month rather than on the standard three dollars a day. If a miner failed to meet his quota, he received nothing for his work. The union wanted the system modified so that if a miner did not meet his quota he would be paid anyway, but at a lower rate. The company held firm and the union struck on May 1, 1901. At the time Barney was working as a stonemason and guard.

Then on June 24, Barney failed to return to work. Stringing together unrelated events, believing the wrong people, and jumping to conclusions, the authorities thought that foul play was responsible. That fueled even more rumors and false statements, especially from the anti-union contingent that desperately wanted to pin at least one crime on the union. About a week later violence broke out at the mine between union and non-union forces. Two people were killed before a truce was called. The union and owners finally worked out a compromise and everything was peaceful, at least on the surface.

However, manager Collins was seething. The settlement allowed the union to become more powerful and their leader, Vincent St. John, even more popular. Collins retaliated by raising prices for the boarding house and for the powder and other supplies the miners had to purchase. This accomplished nothing, so the Barney mystery was brought back to life and the union again accused of murder.

Animosities evaporated when fire erupted in the mine. Union and non-union, miner and manager frantically worked together to save trapped men. Despite heroic efforts, eighteen men died. Following an investigation it was concluded that the mine had complied with the law in terms of safety and that they were not at fault. But some felt that the company should have done more and tensions began to build. Yet reaction to the fire had changed labor-management relations. Manager Collins negotiated a three-year contract with the union that gave them almost everything they wanted. Peace had finally arrived, but editor Francis Curry of the *Telluride Journal* had no use for unions and kept the distrust alive with inflamma-

tory articles. Barney had been absent from public attention for some time, so he was used once again for another round of negative publicity for the union.

Labor-management relations took a nasty turn when manager Collins was shot and killed. The assailant escaped into the night and there wasn't even a vague description to go on. Those against the union blamed them, particularly St. John, although there was no evidence that he or any union member was involved. Yet St. John was arrested and charged with a variety of crimes, including murder. The case was dismissed.

This was just the start of a decade of labor strife in Telluride. Author Maryjoy Martin has meticulously researched all aspects of the "war" between labor and management and has written a detailed history of the dispute that reads more like a mystery than a history. There is plenty of action and suspense as the author reconstructs, from the union point of view, the people, events, vitriolic relations between a few "plutocrats" and the union leadership, and the injustice that ended only when the mines started to close.

Throughout all of this Barney was alive and well, and completely unaware of the controversy over his murder that never happened.

--Richard Barth, P. M.

Civil War and Revolution on the Rio Grande Frontier, A Narrative and Photographic History: by Jerry Thompson and Lawrence T Jones III. Austin: Texas State Historical Association, 2004. 174 pp. Photos, map, footnotes, bibliography, index. Hardback.

American Civil War, Mexican Civil War, foreign armies, cotton smuggling, arms trade, Reconstruction, hurricanes, Buffalo Soldiers, cross-border raids.... The lower Rio Grande from Laredo to its mouth experienced all these and more from 1861-1867.

Towns on both sides of the lower river changed hands many times. Among those giving and taking: Confederate and Union forces; Mexican Imperialists and Liberals; French and Austrian troops; and some groups we would recognize today as gangs. The US Civil War never overtly spilled over the border. That said, more than once sympathizers fought and maneuvered on Mexican soil.

The cotton and arms trade flourished: the former crossed south to Bagdad (a town on the Gulf of Mexico), and the latter crossed north into Texas and thence on to the Confederacy. Some of the cotton ended up in Europe and England, some in New England....

With detailed narratives and fine contemporary photographs, the authors have shed light on a little known theater of the American Civil War with the region's many personalities, complications and ramifications. Many of the photographs have never been published, and they are worth the wait. The only map, small and local, is a disappointment. Otherwise this is an informative and detailed work on an interesting and oft ignored part of Southwestern history.

--Stan Moore P.M.

Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid as I Knew Them: Reminiscences of John P. Meadows, Edited by John P. Wilson. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2004. 192 pp. Endnotes, references, index, 22 photographs, 2 maps. Cloth, \$21.95.

"The time ain't long enough to tell all I know about Billy the Kid," stated John Meadows. His remarks were in response to a 1930 movie about the notorious outlaw. Meadows' recollections and Hollywood's version were at odds, so whenever someone would listen--newspaper reporters, historians, and audiences large and small--Meadows told his story of William Bonney, Pat Garrett, and other Western characters. While he never recorded his reminiscences, other did and John P. Wilson compiled Meadows' event-oriented stories into a book.

Although only two chapters are devoted exclusively to Billy the Kid, they cover all the important events of his short life from the viewpoint of a friend. Meadows liked the Kid from the start and chose to concentrate on his good traits. "I didn't know then he had killed any men . . .

and I don't care even to this day." Later on in the book he added, "He done some things that nobody could endorse, and I certainly do not." Meadows provides a personal account of his relationship with Bonney and describes his friend's role in the Lincoln County War. He

also liked Garrett and stated "that I never met in my life a man who was any more truthful, any more honorable, or any better citizen than he." Meadows held that Garrett killed Billy the Kid in self-defense. While telling these stories Meadows gets a few of the facts mixed up. Wilson untangles the errors and provides additional information in a well-researched endnote section.

Meadows spent most of his life in the southeastern corner of New Mexico traveling from one job to another. He never made much money during his checkered career as a farmer, cowboy, hunter, bartender, guide, and deputy sheriff under Pat Garrett. But he remembered the people he met and recalled their troubles. Rustlers, feuds, battles over water, Indian conflicts, murders, and thefts are chronicled by Meadows. His reminiscences are insightful, positive in tone, and best of all, a first-hand account of western characters in the later part of the nineteenth century. Meadows was a skilled narrator and, with a few exceptions, an accurate one. Although he had fifty years to work on the dialogue and details, his stories ring true and give the reader a somewhat different view than is found in the history books. Editor Wilson had done an excellent job in weaving together the thirty-nine newspaper articles and a seventy-eight page manuscript that recorded the reminiscences of Meadows.

The easy flowing narrative from John Meadows is fun to read, informative, and a significant addition to the history of New Mexico. I think you would enjoy reading it.

...His reminiscences are insightful, positive and best of all a first-hand account...

--Richard Barth P. M.

Soldier-Artist of the Great Reconnaissance, John C. Tidball and the 35th Parallel Pacific Railroad Survey: by Eugene C. Tidball (Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2004. 226 pp. Photos, map, bibliography, index. Hardback.

The 1850's saw many national debates. Probably the only one not revolving around slavery was where to run a railroad to the Pacific. The enormous political and economic benefits going to the town and region having the road caused all and sundry to champion their location. To develop information, the Pierce administration under the supervision of Secretary of War Jefferson Davis sent out four expeditions. These were to explore, map, and take specific note of possible railroad routes. The northern was to run from St Paul to Seattle; the central route from Kansas City west; a southerly route along the 35th parallel from Ft Smith Arkansas to Los Angeles; and a southern route along the 32nd parallel. All went out in 1853.

The Lieutenant in charge of the 35th parallel expedition was one Amiel Weeks Whipple. Lieutenant John C. Tidball commanded the military escort. Whipple led the group across unknown desert territory occupied by less than

...this book describes an overlooked but significant reconnaissance...

friendly natives. Imagine driving sheep, goats, mules, and wagons, in winter, from western New Mexico across northern Arizona to LA before any significant settlement or development. It is to Whipple's credit that only one man was lost and much knowledge gained. A Corps of Discovery this was not,

but it was a well managed and effective excursion through very difficult country.

Tidball competently looked to the group's security and ably sketched a number of scenes as well. His observations of the group's main personalities and the group dynamics are revealing. His descriptions of landscape are transporting - you almost feel you are there.

The author, a distant relative of Lt. Tidball, uses contemporary accounts, the official reports, and recently unearthed letters and diaries. This book describes an overlooked but significant reconnaissance. It is a good read for those interested in early explorations.

--Stan Moore P.M.



The Texas Rangers and the Mexican Revolution, The Bloodiest Decade, 1910 – 1920: by, Charles H. Harris III and Louis R. Sadler. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2004. 671 pgs incl. index. Cloth, paper.

Charles H. Harris and Louis R. Sadler are emeritus professors at New Mexico State University, Las Cruces and they have co-authored several books including *The Archaeologist Was A Spy: Sylvanus G. Morley and the Office of Naval Intelligence*. This newest history of the early Texas Rangers brings to Western history a fresh view of the Texas Rangers with long overlooked documents and records found during the authors' research.

Since 1823, the fabled Texas Rangers have had a legendary history in bringing law and order to Texas citizens and continue to enforce the state laws to the present time. From 1823 to 1935 the Texas Rangers were directed by the Governor's office, then, in 1935 the Texas Rangers became a part of the Texas Department of Public Safety, yet they still maintain their own identity as Texas Rangers. Their reputations are well-earned, but are conversational, and depending on what side of the fence you are standing on, the Texas Rangers were viewed with admiration, or fear.

The Texas Rangers were accused of many more killings than their manpower and placement could allow and this book points out that the Texas Rangers were only a small contingent of a much larger assortment of military and law officers operating along the border of Texas and Mexico during the Mexican Revolution, some of which resulted in acts of brutality and atrocities against Mexicans, both of Mexico and American citizenship. The Texas Rangers have been accused of more of these acts of violence, especially against the Mexican people, than they could have done, and this book brings to light facts and figures to show that the Rangers were not guilty of some of the acts they were accused of. At the same time, though, the Rangers did resort, at times, to unnecessary violence and death. This book does not excuse those actions; it simply provides us a much larger and accurate picture, from which we can draw our own conclusions.

As part of the Mexican Revolution, a plan was promulgated by the regime of Venustiano Carranza and his military officers and men. This book's research brings to a different light the "Plan de San Diego" directed by the "First Chief of the Constitutionalist" Carranza and implemented by his subordinate generals Nafarrate and Lopez. The "Plan de San Diego" called for the death of all white males sixteen and older, without consideration or mitigation, in the states bordering Mexico. This plan was actively pursued by the Carranza regime, governing from Mexico City, but such plans have a tendency to cut both ways. The Texas Rangers were given credit, or chastised, for their part in breaking up the Plan de San Diego and many Hispanics in the borderlands, still, harbor a longstanding resentment against the Texas Rangers.

The details provided in this book read like a novel with all the twists and turns of a broad and intriguing plot. The real-life characters explode onto the scene in action-packed scenes reminding me of the entire Western shoot-em-up movie with the likes of Bob Steele, Buster Crabbe, Tom Mix, Hopalong Cassidy, Gene Autry,

and Roy Rogers, even the early John Wayne, of my Saturday afternoon matinee childhood. Except, in this book the storyline is one of documented facts. The book is not a dry, pedantic-driven report, rather a superbly crafted historical reference to the history of the Texas Rangers from 1910 through 1920 and is impressive, if not majestic, with its presentation of the factual data.

The first contemporary conveniences to arrive along the Rio Grande were the railroads and the telegraph, then the light bulb, followed by the automobile and telephones, of which each plays a important component in the undulating contours of this book.

A full index along with many excellent photographs and illustrations, plus a listing of the Texas Ranger force, adds to the completeness of this book. The research by the authors is impeccable and their conclusions are based on notarized and verifiable documents and records. As part of our Western history, this book will be a prized addition to the library of Western history readers, students, and teachers.

--Michael F. Crowe, C.M.

Arizona's War Town, Flagstaff, Navajo Ordnance Depot, and World War II:
by John S Westerlund. Tucson: University of Arizona Press, 2003. 304 pp.
Photos, maps, bibliography, index. Paperback.

In 1940, Flagstaff, Arizona was a ranching and lumbering burg with a small state college. Like many US towns it underwent dramatic and at times traumatic growth before and during World War II.

Westerlund chronicles the changes. These include:

- * The development and operations of the Navajo Ordnance Depot, including recruitment of native Americans to staff the facility;
- * Use of POW labor at the facility;
- * An officer development program - V12 - run by the US Navy at Arizona State Teachers College (now Northern Arizona University);
- * The effects on Flagstaff itself of an influx of builders, laborers, soldiers, Navajos, Hopis, POW's, and many other people;
- * Post war developments and attitudes.

It is always interesting to see how an insular community fares when grappling with tremendous and unexpected forces from without. In this case, Flagstaff faced upheaval and change ingeniously, evenhandedly, and with minimal strife and fraud.

Mr. Westerlund clearly, fairly, and readably describes how the town faced and met the challenges of the war. This is a good read for those interested in the home front in the 1940's.

--Stan Moore, P.M.

The Life of the Marlows: A True Story of Frontier Life of Early Days: by William Rathmell, edited by Robert K. DeArment. University of North Texas, Denton, Texas, 2004. 206 pages. Introduction; index; bibliography; footnotes; illustrated with photographs and maps. Cloth, dustjacket, \$27.95.

This book is presented by that indefatigable researcher and chronicler of violence and gunfighters in the American West, Robert K. DeArment. DeArment has written numerous books previously and similarly has edited the reminiscences of a Texas Ranger. This is another feather in DeArment's Stetson.

This is a reprinting, with DeArment's helpful and scholarly notes, of a Western classic, the 1931 edition of the story of the Marlow brothers of Texas. The reprinting alone is a definite public service for the likes of the Westerners. While this reviewer never has seen a copy of the first, 1892, edition, he does know that he had to pay \$250 about seven years ago for the 1931 publication (although, based upon investment value, he should have bought the original Custer photograph in the same catalogue, instead).

Be that as it may, this volume, which was published originally (both in 1892 and 1931) in beautiful Ouray, Colorado, tells, in this reviewer's opinion, the story of some of the gamest men who ever lived and died in the Lone Star State. The version of the tale set out in this book, which portrayed the view of the Marlow family, was the basis for John Wayne's movie, *The Sons of Katie Elder*. In brief, the brothers, in a county-type war that took place in Graham, Young County, Texas, were accused of acts of thievery and violence. They were indicted and, while shackled together, were set upon by a mob, aided by the local Texas peace officers. The resulting shootout was one of the most horrific and amazing in frontier annals. As is typical, the legal ramifications that resulted from the gunfight dragged on for years. Characters involved in the resulting legal tangles included such worthies as Captain Bill McDonald of the Texas Rangers, Sheriff Doc Shores of Colorado, the United States Marshals Service, and the United States Supreme Court.

Like the Johnson County War in Wyoming, the story of the Marlows still makes people mad down Texas way. (The reviewer works with a relative of the Marlows, and she certainly is hot under the collar about it.) DeArment, with his input, brings a needed balance to the story. As in most conflicts, one can pick and choose who was right and who was wrong. However, the write-up by the Supreme Court, exclusive of the legalese, found at *Logan v. United States*, 144 U.S. 263 (1892), certainly tells a chilling story that supports the Marlow side.

Naturally enough for a DeArment book, this one is highly recommended. I hope the author, a gentleman and a veteran of World War II, keeps on with his good work for years to come.

...the reprinting alone is a definite public service for the likes of the Westerners...

--John Hutchins, P.M.

Wild Bill Hickok, Gunfighter: by Joseph G. Rosa. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma, 2003. 216 pages. Index; bibliography; chapter notes; many illustrations, photos, and diagrams. Paper, \$17.95.

This book is by that gentlemanly Englishman, Joseph Rosa, who is the leading scholar (worldwide) on James Butler Hickok. Since 1964, Rosa, who also has been a dedicated Westerner, has written many volumes on American gunfighters, particularly on the real "Wild Bill." This volume, which primarily (but not exclusively) details the various gunfights of Hickok, is typical of the scholarly work by Rosa.

As a reader of Rosa's books knows, Rosa's journeys into history are voyages of discovery, both for the writer and the reader. Rosa typically discusses his conclusions and sets out his proof; he never lectures. And he enjoys the earthly never-ending search for truth. Thus, although his first book on Wild Bill appeared in 1964, Rosa kept searching and, in 1974, published a second edition which corrected conclusions he made (often tentatively) in the first edition. Unlike the all-too-typical Western history fanatic, who conducts search-and-destroy missions (searching for trivia *ad infinitum* and destroying opposing views), Rosa's forte has been to write rationally and with a certain gentility. This volume continues that tradition.

In the book, the author discusses what is known about Hickok's life, death, and burials. It also introduces the reader to the particular weaponry employed and to the art of gunfighting. However, the bulk of the volume sets out the facts (and the legends) regarding the shootouts involving Hickok, exclusive of the ones which occurred against Confederate rebels or Plains Indians. Thus, there is a detailed discussion of the Springfield, Missouri, fight with Dave Tutt, which probably is one of the few times a gunfight was anything like a face-to-face duel. The other legendary encounters, with Seventh Cavalrymen, with John Wesley Hardin, and with Jack McCall, are similarly discussed in non-tedious detail.

For a true biography of Hickok, I would recommend the 1974 edition of Rosa's *They Called Him Wild Bill*. But for an easy way to learn about Hickok (and more accurate than watching Gary Cooper in *The Plainsman*), this would be the way to go.

The book is highly recommended. I would hesitate to say, however, that this is the last word on Wild Bill. I want Mr. Rosa to keep looking for more.

--John Hutchins, P.M.





The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

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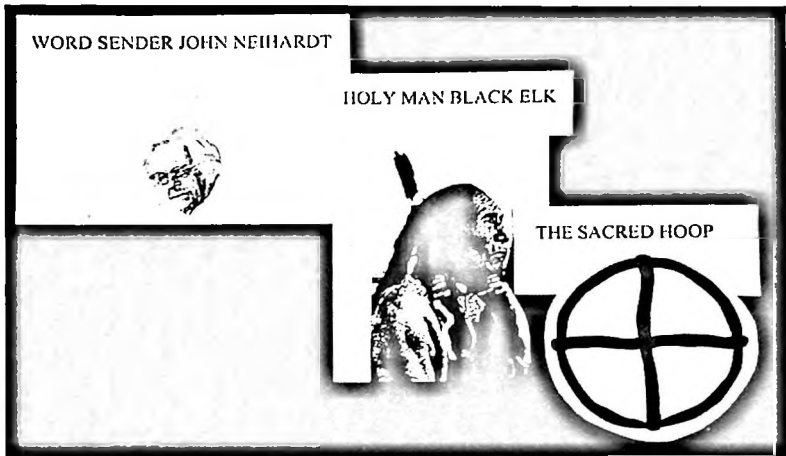


Illustration by author

**Word Sender John Neihardt, Holy Man
Black Elk, and the Sacred Hoop**

**by Bob Terwilleger, P.M.
(presented October 27, 2004)**

Our Author

Bob Terwilliger arrived in Colorado in 1968 to live the rest of his life. Castle Rock has been base camp ever since for travel he and wife Carol (of nearly 40 years) have enjoyed nationally and internationally. For example, 2004 found them participating in Lewis and Clark Bicentennial activities from Hartford, IL to Bismark, ND.

This paper is the second Bob has presented to the Westerners. The first was titled, *Homesteading: the free land idea*.

"In an earlier life," Bob was the department chair and teacher of English at Douglas County High School where he co-designed a ground-breaking curriculum in the early 1970s. One of the first elective courses included was his "Literature of the American West." Among the authors and works studied was Nebraska Poet Laureate and Westerners' (Chicago) charter member John Neihardt, (1881-1973) and his now classic *Black Elk Speaks*.

Bob is a member of the John G. Neihardt Foundation located at the Neihardt State Historical Site in Bancroft, NE. Sheriff of the Denver Posse in 2003, Bob is a 60th Anniversary edition Brand Book committee member and member of the Douglas County Historic Preservations Board.

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Word Sender John Neihardt, Holy Man Black Elk, and the Sacred Hoop

by Bob Terwilleger, P.M.
(presented October 27, 2004)

These three entities... Neihardt the skilled, Homeric author, Black Elk the Oglala Sioux/Lakota medicine man, and the Sacred Hoop concept as disclosed by Black Elk... all converged beginning in early May 1931. The result was not only the most influential book concerning Native American culture written to that time but an internationally treasured spiritual and historical document by peoples from all backgrounds to this very day.

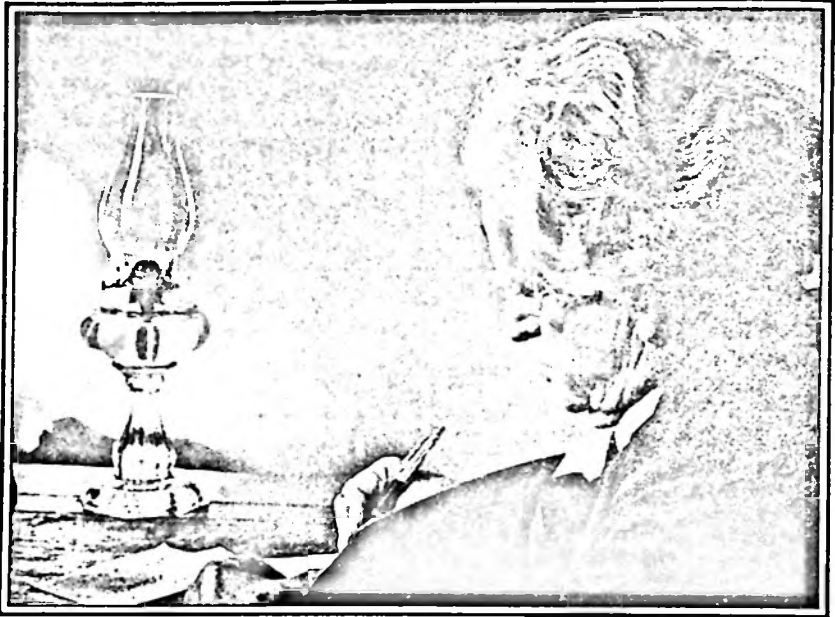
Let us begin our consideration with an introduction to the Word Sender, John Neihardt. The name Word Sender, was given to Neihardt by Black Elk himself who said of his diminutive five-foot friend, "He is a word sender. This world is like a garden and over it go his words like rain, and where they go they leave everything greener. After his words have passed, the memory of them shall stand long in the West like a flaming rainbow."

Born in early January 1881, in a one-room cabin near Sharpsburg, Illinois, Neihardt at five years of age found himself and two older sisters, Lulu and Grace, in the company of their parents moving to his maternal grandfather's house in northeast Kansas, near Stockton. From there, just two years later, the new home became Kansas City. At the impressionable age of ten, John was taken by his father to the top of a bluff in Kansas City to look

down on the Missouri River in flood. John never forgot the exhilaration of that experience; it marked the beginning of his fascination with the river and those who traveled it including Lewis & Clark, other explorers, mountain men, and trappers. Their exploits inspired his masterpiece, the closest America has come to having its own odyssey, or epic, and entitled *Cycle of the West*.

That same year, 1891, two more momentous incidents took place. First, his eccentric father, himself the youngest of seventeen children, un-schooled and unskilled, never able to hold for the long-term any kind of gainful employment, left the family in Kansas City never to be seen or heard again. Secondly, mother and three children moved to Wayne, Nebraska, fondly remembered by Neihardt as his "hill of vision", for there, at the age of eleven in a fevered dream, he received his calling to become a poet.

At the age of 16, in 1897, he graduated with a B.S. degree from what is now known as Wayne State. This he asserted in his very readable autobiography *All Is but a Beginning*, had lifted him "to a higher, creative level of being." That fact is endorsed by the appearance that same year, at the age of 16, of his first book *The Divine Enchantment* which was published before he was 20!



Jno. G. Neihardt

Neihardt next taught in two country schools, then moved again in 1900 when 19 years old to Bancroft, Nebraska, to work with a trader among the helpless and poverty-stricken Omaha and Winnebago Indians. He became an authority on their traditions and customs as a result of deep, respectful and long-term conversations and involvement with those peoples. The tales he heard found collected form in his book, *Indian Tales & Others*, published in 1926.

From September 1903 to January 1905 he was co-owner and editor of the weekly newspaper

“Bancroft Blade” while simultaneously publishing volumes of lyric poetry that established him as one of America’s most gifted young poets.

In 1908, Neihardt made an event-filled trip down the Missouri River, beginning at Ft. Benton, Montana to Sioux City in a hand-crafted vessel, all of which was chronicled in 1910 in his work *The River and I*. Also in 1908 he married the sculptress Mona Martinsen, a student of Rodin. She knew Neihardt only by correspondence instigated by his book of poetry *A Bundle of Myrrh*, before they decided to marry. Twenty-four hours before

meeting her face-to-face, John acquired a marriage license, they met on the platform of the depot in Omaha and eventually parented four children. They remained together in bliss just short of 50 years when Mona died as the result of injuries in an auto accident in 1958. John Neihardt began his great epic work at age 31 in 1912. Entitled *A Cycle of the West*, he worked on it for the next 29-year period which involved, by his calculation, 18 years of actual work. *A Cycle of the West* is honored by many critics as among the greatest poetic achievements in the English language, earning Neihardt the label "the American Homer". During the composition period of this epic, he was made Poet Laureate of Nebraska by legislative action, the first such designation in Nebraska. That title was augmented in 1982 to Poet Laureate in Perpetuity. From 1926 to 1938 he was also literary editor of the "St. Louis Post-Dispatch." *A Cycle of the West* was completed in 1941.

Neihardt was a founding member, along with Elmo Scott Watson, of the Westerners. He was selected foremost poet of the nation by the Poetry Center, New York, in 1936; was the first civilian member of the Order of Indian Wars of the United States; has a bronze bust in the State Capitol building in Lincoln, Nebraska, and is honored with the first Sunday in each August named Neihardt Day in Nebraska. These selected honors and achievements are, in my opinion, overshadowed by *A Cycle of the West* being selected in 1953 as one of the three thousand of the "Worlds' Best Books" in the 3000 years from Homer to Hemingway. All totaled, he authored

some 25 other volumes of poetry, fiction, and philosophy.

The seminal occurrence of the author's life took place in 1930 when Neihardt met the great Lakota holy man, Black Elk. Neihardt went to the Pine Ridge Reservation in southern South Dakota to gather material for *The Song of the Messiah*, one of the five books in *The Cycle of the West*, concerning Wovoka and the Ghost Dance. The Field Agent-in-Charge at Pine Ridge Agency, W.B. Courtright, referred Neihardt to the aging Black Elk. Black Elk lived 20 miles east of the Agency near Manderson, South Dakota. He had experienced the Ghost Dance movement which culminated at Wounded Knee in December 1890. It was logical therefore, for Neihardt to attempt to interview the usually reticent and withdrawn Black Elk.

The holy man, however, surprised Neihardt at that first meeting by seeming to expect him. He said Neihardt had been "sent" to hear sacred matters of the Sioux and give them in turn to the world. For a holy man to disclose his power vision, intended for the purpose of helping his own people, to a white man was definitely unusual if not, in fact, unique. Interviews were initiated the following May 1932, and the resulting book, *Black Elk Speaks*, became his most widely acclaimed prose work. It has been translated into at least eight other languages than English and can be found today in every bookstore and gift shop at cultural or historical sites throughout the American West. This year alone I have seen it from Albuquerque, New Mexico to Bismarck and Washburn, North Dakota, and from Oklahoma



City, Oklahoma, to Phoenix, Arizona.

In 1942, Neihardt worked for the Bureau of Indian Affairs. They commissioned him to write a cultural history of the Sioux people. Further interviews of Lakota elders led to his novel, *When the Tree Flowered*, published in 1951... a loving and respectful legacy to a great people.

At age 67 in 1948, he received an appointment to teach at the University of Missouri where his classes filled an entire auditorium. In 1969 at age 88 and with failing eyesight, he returned to Lincoln, Nebraska, to work on and complete the first volume of his autobiography while concurrently reciting his poetry all across the region. At 91, on June 12, 1972, this national treasure held a nation-wide audience spellbound for 90 minutes on the televised Dick Cavett Show. To this day, I treasure the audio recording I made that night of the interview. This absolutely marvelous human being sat with Cavett, recalling historical events and reciting long

passages of poetry by memory, all the while clearly demonstrating that while the flesh was weak, the mental acuity and recall was nothing short of awesome.

John Neihardt was working on the second volume of his autobiography Entitled *Patterns and Coincidences* at the age of 92 when he died Saturday, November 3, 1973, at the home of his daughter, Hilda, in Columbia, Missouri. Most appropriately, when the flesh finally failed, his ashes were mingled with his beloved Mona's and scattered from an airplane into the Missouri River... the same Missouri River that was his initial source of inspiration 82 years earlier.

Lucile Aly, a contributor to the volume *A Literary History of the American West*, wrote on page 739 in 1987 "John G. Neihardt... found his direction early and never abandoned it. The rugged spirit of the West invigorates all his work, for Neihardt believed in the ultimate validity of the Western myth, the possibility in a land of vast resources of achieving a wiser society willing to scrap old corruptions and start fresh. He believed firmly that in the westering movement America had found its identity through open-hearted courage and faith in the future."

These observations conclude, for now, our "Word Sender" phase of the journey with the epic poet of the West, the teacher-historian, the philosopher, the adventurer, and the friend of the Native American.

Black Elk

Eighteen years before the birth of John Neihardt, an Oglala Lakota boy was born on the Little Power River in



Black Elk

1863. At the age of nine, Black Elk received a great vision after collapsing from a mysterious illness that would leave him unconscious for 12 days. While laying inert in a tipi, the vision of two cloud-borne men came before him singing "All over the sky a sacred voice is calling you". Responding to their summons, he followed them up and into the sky, beholding wondrous images that became the basis for his guiding vision for the rest of his days.

Three years later, in 1876, he witnessed first-hand the Battle of the Greasy-Grass or, in Anglo parlance, the Battle of the Little Bighorn. By the age of 19, he was a recognized shaman or holy man among the Oglala. Four years later, he traveled to Europe with William F. Cody's group, meeting Queen Victoria in the process.

These same years were a volatile, trying time in Native American history west of the Mississippi. The old

way of life was coming increasingly under fire by outsiders as white settlers and traders pressed westward, invading native residents' homelands. Older practices and ways of thinking, viewing, and speaking about the world were undergoing change for many reasons. Among those reasons were the introduction of diseases which took a severe toll on the older population, the imposition of foreign religious beliefs as well as contrary economic, social and political systems. Certainly eventual confinement to reservations and the insidious boarding schools added to the change of life-ways juggernaut.

As a holy man in these cataclysmic times, Black Elk's responsibility was to maintain focus consistently on the welfare and future of his people. With spirituality infused by hopefulness and symbolized by the sacred hoop and the flowering tree, Black Elk was continually devoted to finding a way for his people to live fulfilling lives. The strong determination to endure while facing threatening cultural changes was at the core of his existence and purpose until the end when, on August 19, 1950, he died near Manderson, South Dakota, after 87 years.

Only the body passed, however. Through the books growing from the interviews with Neihardt, namely the aforementioned, as well as *The Sacred Pipe* recorded and edited by Joseph Epes Brown (an account of the seven rites of the Oglala Sioux), Black Elk made the world at large heirs of his spiritual wisdom. The printed word ensured that the rituals of Native empowerment would not be dependent solely on oral tradition any longer.

What an immeasurable and valuable legacy from Black Elk as we shall observe when considering the final phase of our thoughtful journey: The Sacred Hoop.

The Sacred Hoop

The Plains Indian people considered the circle an ideal form. Having neither beginning nor end, it reflected the eternal continuity of life. Further, like the reassuring bonds of family or tribal affiliation, a circle was all-encompassing. In the context of the plains landscape, these comparisons rake on greater significance. On the open plains, one can see in all directions a continuous horizon which is essentially level. All points appear equally distant, and there is an impression of living inside a circular field of vision and experience.

The Plains people drew upon the circle form in many ways. They lived in conical homes with circular bases which they, in turn, often arranged into camps in a ring formation. Circles also appear in the design of ritual props like the magic hoops carried in major religious ceremonies. On the secular level, the shape occurs in recreational equipment and in household objects like food bowls.

The concept of the circle as a perfect shape, however, was most pervasive on the intellectual level where the universe was seen as a series of concentric horizons, beginning with the home and extending progressively and finally to the infinite. These circles correspond to the individual's growing perceptions as he progressed from infancy to old age. Life began within the circle of the family, moved to the



Enid Neihardt, Black Elk, Ben Black Elk, Standing Bear
and John G. Neihardt

circle of the tribe, then to the larger circle yet of alien tribes and people, then to a fourth and larger circle including all humanity.

An important extension of the circle of humanity was the circle of the natural world, which included all other life forms. Finally, the greatest of all circles comprised the unknowable world containing beings and forces which man could neither see nor control. The Plains people made their paramount ritual approach to these forces in the circular Sun Dance lodge each midsummer. The circle or symbolic hoop of the universe is an ancient concept that has been used by many peoples "in their struggle to understand this life in which we two-leggeds find ourselves" as Neihardt's daughter, Hilda, wrote in her booklet "The Sacred

Hoop". Hilda was the recording secretary for her father during that summer of 1932 with Black Elk. Because of its direct simplicity I am going to quote further from Hilda Neihardt's booklet to convey the beauty and life-usable meaning of The Sacred Hoop.

Black Elk spoke saying "Imagine a hoop so large that everything is in it...all two-leggeds, the fishes of the streams, the wings of the air, and all green things that grow. Everything is together in this great hoop. Across this hoop, running from the east where the days of men begin to the west where the days of men end, is the hard Black Road of Worldly Difficulties. We all must pass along this road, for it represents the world of everyday life. It is not easy to live in this world." The old holy man continued, "If the Black Road



AN INDIAN WAY OF
WRITING A NAME. IT
INDICATES BLACK ELK.

were the only one along which we may pass, then this life would not mean much. But there is another road and it is the Good Red Road of Spiritual Understanding. It begins in the south where lives the power to grow and proceeds to the north, the region of white hairs and death. Where this Good Red Road crosses the Hard Black Road, that place is holy, and there springs the Tree of Life which shall fill with leaves and blooms and singing birds.”

After a long, thoughtful pause. Black Elk spoke again, saying “To understand the Hoop, we must speak of the four quarters of the universe and the six directions. There is a way the sacred pipe is offered in prayer. Holding the pipe in the right hand with its pipe stone bowl down, we begin by offering the mouthpiece to the west where the Thunderbeings live. The color for the west is blue or black, and because the Thunderbeings have the power to make live or to destroy, the symbols that represent the west are a cup of water and a bow and arrow.

We then proceed around the Hoop to the north where the Great

White Giant lives in power and whence comes the great white cleansing winds. The symbols for the north are the white goose wing and a sacred herb. The color for this quarter is white.

Next we offer the pipe to the power of the east, whence comes the light of day and where the daybreak star lives. From the light of the east comes wisdom and understanding, and from understanding, peace. The symbols for the east are the daybreak star and the pipe, and color for this quarter is red.

From the east we go again in a clockwise direction and offer the pipe to the south whence come the summer and the power to grow. The color for this quarter is yellow, and the symbol for the south is the red flowering stick. The sacred red stick represents the cottonwood tree which, the holy man said was the center of the life of the Sioux nation. In his vision Black Elk was told to plant the stick in the middle of the Hoop where it might flourish and shelter a prospering people. Black Elk sadly observed, “The tree never had a chance to bloom...”

Finally, we raise the Sacred Pipe to the sky to Wakon Tonka, the Great Mysterious One, and then to Mother Earth, ‘the only mother who has shown mercy to your children’.”

From *Black Elk Speaks* comes another observation about the circle striking a responsive chord in me to the extent that I have these words framed: “You have noticed that everything an Indian does is in a circle, and this is because the Power of the World always works in circles, and everything tries to be round. In the old days when we were a strong and happy people, all our power came to us from the sacred hoop

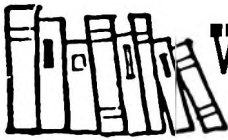
of the nation and so long as the hoop was unbroken the people flourished. The flowering tree was the living center of the hoop, and the circle of the four quarters nourished it. The east gave peace and light, the south gave warmth, the west gave rain, and the north with its cold and mighty wind gave strength and endurance. Everything the Power of the World does is done in a circle. The sky is round and I have heard that the earth is round like a ball and so are all the stars. The wind, in its greatest power, whirls. Birds make their nests in circles. The sun comes forth and goes down again in a circle. The moon does the same, and both are round. Even the seasons form a great circle in their changing, and always come back again to where they were. The life of a man is a circle from childhood to childhood and so it is in everything where power moves."

At the conclusion of John Neihardt's *Black Elk Speaks* we read the following words: "I did not know then how much was ended. When I look back now from this high hill of my old age, I can still see the butchered women and children lying heaped and scattered all along the crooked gulch (at Wounded Knee) as plain as when I saw them with eyes still young. And I can see something else died there in the bloody mud, and was buried in the blizzard. A people's dream died there. It was a beautiful dream. And I, to whom so great a vision was given in my youth. You see me now a pitiful old man who has done nothing, for the nation's hoop is broken and scattered. There is no center any longer, and the sacred tree is dead."

One can easily understand

Black Elk's dispirited assessment of the broken hoop when viewed from his perspective of the late 19th and first half of the 20th centuries. His were the people nation-wide who lost their lands, were relocated to reservations and were pressured to change their very religions, languages, and ways of life. The amount of healing that must occur is staggering. Dialog is the first step, education and resulting sensitivity are the second and third steps in initiating the cure. At the beginning of the 21st century we must not delay longer in humanizing the peoples of the past and present as well as educating our youth on all sides of the cultural and ethnic prism. This continuing self-destructive divisiveness, rooted in sheer ignorance with its wailing bastard child prejudice in tow, must be replaced in a way that does equal justice to the dignity, integrity, and rights of all concerned. When that begins to happen, the hoop will be mended, the tree will flower, and the circle of cultures will restore the hoop.





Westerners Bookshelf



Incidents of Travel and Adventure in the Far West – With Colonel Fremont’s Last Expedition”, Across The Rocky Mountains: Including Three Months’ Residence In Utah, And A Perilous Trip Across The Great American Desert To The Pacific: by Solomon Nunes Carvalho, Introduction by Ava F. Kahn. University Of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, BISON imprint. First Published 1858, Introduction and Map c2004 by the Board of Regents of the University of Nebraska. Paper, 130 pgs.

Solomon Nunes Carvalho (1815-1897) was the first Jewish writer, of the Sephardic sect, to publish accounts of the Great American West and he was one of the first to photograph the American West, but only one of his photographic plates is known to survive. Colonel Fremont (1813-1890) invited Carvalho to join his fifth expedition as an artist, in an attempt to find the best overland route to California.

Colonel Fremont financed the expedition along with Thomas Hart Benton who

...Carvalho writes of polygamy and this journal contains first-hand accounts of the practice...

was a US Senator of Missouri and was Colonel Fremont’s father-in-law. They were seeking a practical central railroad route to the west coast and traveled through the winter to prove the route’s use in the deepest winter weather. The expedition left the Missouri River on Sept. 14, 1853 and the party of 22

men spent six months together crossing the Great Plains and the mountainous West along the thirty-eight parallel in the cold winter of 1853-54.

The Fifth Expeditions’ route began nearest to Westport, Kansas and traveled across central Kansas picking up the Arkansas River near the present-day Colorado-Kansas state line. Colonel Fremont’s party crossed the southern Colorado Rocky Mountains and continued to near Parowan, Utah, passing through the present-day Las Vegas, Nevada area and ending the Fifth Expedition, at Los Angeles, California.

The party of 22 men encountered a cold and snow-filled trek across the southern Colorado Rocky Mountains, across central Utah and the Utah Wasatch Range and into the town of Parowan, of central west Utah. He and several others, needing to recuperate, parted company with the Fifth Expedition and traveled by wagon north to Salt Lake City, Utah. As Carvalho convalesced in Salt Lake City he became friends with Brigham Young on a personal level, and pursued his arts under the affable influence of Mr. Young.

Carvalho writes of polygamy and this journal contains first-hand accounts of the practice, and shows us that he clearly disapproved of polygamy, but not of Mormonism as a viable religion. His journal notes the vibrant life and growth of

Salt Lake City as the largest city, at the time, between the Missouri River and the California coast.

He then journeyed southwest, following Colonel Fremont's party into Los Angeles, California, not without mishaps and troubles along the way.

His account of the hardships and travails, with some braggadocio thrown in, is an important element to the whole of this Fifth Expedition's exploration of the American West, but the lost daguerreotypes, along with other missing artifacts of this scientific expedition, may have affected the eventful placement of the Golden Spike.

This book deserves to be read by the Westerners as it is a part of the written history of the American West.

--John Hutchins, P.M.

Lewis and Clark on the Great Plains, A Natural History: by Paul A Johnsgard. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2003. 143 pp. 39 illustrations, 5 maps, references, index to places, plants and animals. Paperback, \$19.95.

This handy volume identifies and illustrates over 100 specimens of the flora and fauna described by Captains Lewis and Clark on their epic Voyage of Discovery as they passed through what are now the "Great Plains States" of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, South Dakota, North Dakota and Montana east of the Three Rivers area. Maps help to orient the reader as the Corps of Discovery and the narrative progress from the junction of the Kansas River with the Missouri, where the explorers first began to encounter new species of plants and animals. The author notes where Lewis, Clark and the others first described a specimen and the journey continues to the Three Rivers area west of present-day Great Falls, Montana.

Paul Johnsgard also describes the importance of the plants and animals to the Native Americans at the time, as well as the current status of the various species. The impact of subsequent generations of settlers and hunters is discussed. Johnsgard's illustrations are excellent and somewhat resemble the illustrations in the journals of Lewis and Clark. It is important to emphasize that this publication is about the plants and wildlife encountered on the expedition and not about the individuals.

At the end of the book is a very handy guide to the many sites of biological and historical interest to persons who may be interested in retracing the route of the explorers. This may be of more interest now as we are in the midst of the Bicentennial celebration of the Voyage of Discovery, originally in 1803-06. This book is highly recommended to readers interested in some of the details of the Lewis and Clark Expedition and to those interested in the appearance and disappearance of much of our Western wildlife.

--Larry Reno, P.M.

Last of the Old-Time Outlaws: The George West Musgrave Story: by Karen Holliday Tanner and John D. Tanner, Jr. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 2002. 374 pages, 36 B&W photos, two maps, end notes, bibliography, index. Hard cover only, \$39.95.

This extensively researched and end-noted volume about one of the last of the range "cowboy outlaws" is a very well written and meticulously documented saga of this heretofore relatively unknown desperado. Karen Holliday Tanner is already the successful author of a biography of her relative: *Doc Holliday: A Family Portrait*, also published by the University of Oklahoma Press. Here, the Tanners have unearthed a wealth of information about a distant relative of John Tanner. The Tanners have written extensively for *True West* and *Wild West* magazines, as well as for the publications of the Western Outlaw Lawman History Association (WOLA) and the National Association For Outlaw and Lawman History (NOLA). Anyone interested in the outlaws and lawmen of the Arizona and New Mexico Territories will enjoy this book.

...the Tanners are to be complimented on the depth and accuracy of their research...

George Musgrave was born in Atascosa County, Texas on May 27, 1877. He quickly gravitated to a life of crime, as did at least two of his brothers. By the age of 17, he was not only working as a cowboy for the big ranches in New Mexico, but was rustling cattle on the side. In 1894, he was rustling

cattle and horses in the Roswell area for a former Texas Ranger named George Parker. Parker double-crossed Musgrave, swapped him stolen horses for stolen cattle, then convinced him to leave the area. Musgrave went to Arizona and resumed his cowboying and rustling ways.

In the summer of 1896, Musgrave, with two of his cowboy friends, Code Young and Bob Hayes, joined up with Will Christian, who was the original Black Jack, and Will's brother Bob, two outlaws who had fled from Oklahoma Territory one jump ahead of the law. The gang was called the "High Fives" after a popular Western card game of the day, but these five were also referred to as the "Black Jack Gang". Commencing on July 20, 1896, at Separ, N.M.T., there followed an almost unparalleled crime spree for 16 months in southwestern New Mexico and southeastern Arizona. The list of attempted or completed crimes boggles the mind. It includes over 25 attempted or successful robberies, several shootouts and several men killed on both sides. Most of the robberies were penny-ante hold-ups of stores, post offices, stages, saloons, express offices and the like. Musgrave did settle the score with George Parker, seeking him out and shooting him down in cold blood. The gang also accomplished the feat of holding up both the eastbound and westbound stages between White Oaks and San Antonio, New Mexico, twice within a span of three weeks. The gang also attempted the first bank robbery in Arizona at Nogales on August 6, 1896, and, after the trailing posses had killed Young, Hayes and Black Jack in various gunfights, Musgrave, Bob Christian and three new

recruits pulled off the biggest heist ever suffered by the Santa Fe Railroad. The haul has been estimated as between \$80,000 and \$100,000. After that, the surviving members of the gang scattered and went their separate ways. The Tanners document each of these robberies and also identify and separate fact from fiction in the confusion between Black Jack Christian and Black Jack Tom Ketchum.

The more interesting parts of the gang's crime spree are related to the distances covered by the gang and the doggedness of the pursuers. At some times there were at least six separate posses on the trail of the High Fives. Indian trackers accompanied some of the posses and even cavalry troopers were involved. Yet the gang continued to receive food, shelter and "exchanged" horses from the ranches in the area. The general animosity towards lawmen in the West, as well as fear of retribution due to the fact that cowboys, ranchers and settlers, lived so far from settled authority, is evident in the lack of cooperation given to the lawmen. Many of the lawmen were bunglingly inept, if not dishonest. Nonetheless, the determined efforts in pursuit by Sheriffs Les Dow, Fred Higgins, Charlie Ballard, and Horace Loomis are notable. Higgins was in on the fights that killed Hayes and Black Jack. Among the other famous lawmen who chased the High Fives without success were Fred Dodge, C.S. Fly, John Slaughter, Jeff Milton, Dee Harkey and Billy Breakenridge.

After the robbery of the Santa Fe, Musgrave established himself in Nebraska. He was finally arrested for the murder of Parker in 1909. The Tanners' understandable bias for their kinsman only comes through in the discussion of the original murder, then the trial and acquittal of Musgrave. He had an excellent attorney and this may be the first recorded case of using the victim's character as a defense for the defendant.

After his acquittal, Musgrave followed the example of many other Western outlaws and exiled himself to Paraguay where he cowboyped, ranched, rustled, and resumed his former ways. Musgrave finally died of old age in 1947, certainly one of the last of the documented old-time outlaws. He had outlived all of his famous contemporaries such as Butch, Sundance, Kid Curry and others. Persons interested in descriptions of the actual life on the Southwest Frontier will also enjoy this book. The Tanners are to be complimented on the depth and accuracy of their research. The photos, most of which have not been published before, are excellent. The Tanners' endnotes and bibliography provide a very valuable source and primer for information and citations about research into the field of outlaw and lawman history, as well as ranching and early life, in the American Southwest.

--Larry Reno, C.M.



Westerners International

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The Sutter family and the origins of gold-rush Sacramento: by John A. Sutter, Jr., edited by Allan R. Ottley, University of Oklahoma Press, 2002. 176 pp. 3 illustrations, 1 photo, bibliography, index. Paperback, \$17.95.

When James Marshall found gold on John A. Sutter, Sr.'s property in 1848, the Sutter family should have become the wealthiest family in California. Instead, due to the greed and mismanagement of the father, who miscalculated and went heavily into debt, and the naivete of the son, the Sutter family realized very little out of its vast original holdings in the area.

This is a reissue of a volume originally published in a very small printing by the Sacramento Book Collectors Club in 1941. The first 77 pages of this book is a biography of John A. Sutter, Jr. and a description of his father's susceptibility to the machinations of aggressive crooks and entrepreneurs. Be sure to read the *Preface* and the *Introduction*, both of which set the scene for the events that follow and accurately describe California, from its Mexican roots through the arrival of the Americans who settled there under Mexican land grants and then into the boom years after gold was discovered.

Sutter, Sr. was already heavily in debt and had lost most of his land holdings when Sutter, Jr. arrived from Switzerland in the latter part of 1848. Sutter, Sr. had deserted his family in Switzerland in 1834, one step ahead of his creditors. This book briefly describes his travels and his ascension to vast holdings under a Mexican land grant in the area of what is now Sacramento. Sutter finally sent for his family in 1848, shortly before the discovery of gold on his land.

By 1852, Sutter, Jr. had platted the City of Sacramento, but still had been unable to pay off the numerous creditors. Beset by all of these problems, John went to Mexico, where he married a wealthy daughter of a respected Mexican family, became the American consul in Acapulco and prospered. He returned to Sacramento in 1855 and attempted to reclaim his family's assets, alleging that he and his father were swindled. At that time, he gave his long *Statement Regarding Early California Experiences* that is really the basis for this story and is also repeated in the last 48 pages of the book. The *Statement* details how the Sutter properties were lost and how he was drugged and swindled. His effort to reclaim the family's holdings failed and he returned to Mexico for the remainder of his life.

Anyone interested in the gold rush or the early history of California should read this book. The story is well documented and detailed. Many of the more prominent California names are presented, most of them not in favorable terms. It was probably the biggest explosion of land grabbing and speculation in American history. Although John A. Sutter, Jr. and his family realized very little of what should have been a very large fortune from their holdings, John should be remembered for his very excellent planning of the City of Sacramento. It was John A. Sutter, Jr. who laid out the City and preserved its very impressive open areas for parks, schools and the Capitol.

--Larry Reno, C.M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

May - June 2005



Emma Homan Thayer's illustration plate of the Colorado Columbine

Pioneer Posy Painters in Print
by Nancy Bathke, P.M.
and Ed Bathke, P. M.
(presented August 25, 2004)

Our Authors



The Bathkes have been Colorado residents for 44 years, and after living in Manitou Springs for 33 years, they are now residents of Douglas County. Their interest in Colorado and the West is indicated by their hobbies of traveling, hiking, and collecting Colorado artifacts. Nancy is a collector of antique souvenir spoons, sheet music, and souvenir glass of Colorado, and Ed collects old photographs and stereoviews of Colorado, and books of Colorado. They are members of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado, the Ghost Town Club of Colorado Springs, and the Pikes Peak Posse of the Westerners.

Ed joined the Denver Westerners as a corresponding member in 1965, and became a Posse Member in 1970. He served as sheriff in 1972. Nancy was the second woman elected to membership in the Denver Posse (1993), and in 2000 she was the second woman to serve as sheriff of the Denver Westerners. They are co-authors of *The West in Postage Stamps*, have had articles published in the Brand Books and the Roundup magazine, and Ed edited Volume 28 of the Denver Westerners Brand Books.

Ed Bathke is a mathematician, and retired as a computer analyst at Kaman Sciences, in Colorado Springs. He holds B.S. and M.S. degrees, in mathematics, from the University of Wisconsin, and an M.S. in applied mathematics from the University of Colorado. Nancy is a retired elementary school teacher. Her last assignment was teaching computer skills to kindergarten through fifth grade at Woodmen-Roberts Elementary, Air Academy District 20, in El Paso County. She has a B.S. in education from the University of Wisconsin, and an M.A. in education from the University of Colorado. Nancy is listed in *Who's Who of American Women*, and *Who's Who in the West*. and both Ed and Nancy are listed in *Contemporary Authors*.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

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Pioneer Posy Painters in Print

by Nancy Bathke, P. M.

and Ed Bathke, P. M.

(presented August 25, 2004)

Colorado's state flower was first recorded by Dr. Edwin James in 1820, while he was a member of the Long Expedition. His first specimen was collected near Palmer Lake, on the Palmer Divide. Since that time the columbine has been universally loved and admired. School children chose the columbine to be our state flower, by their votes on April 17, 1891, Arbor Day, in a state-wide competition. A few years later the state legislature selected the columbine as our official state flower. That was followed, in 1921, by the selection of A. J. Fynn's song "Where the Columbines Grow", as our state song – more than appropriate, but musically and popularly less known.

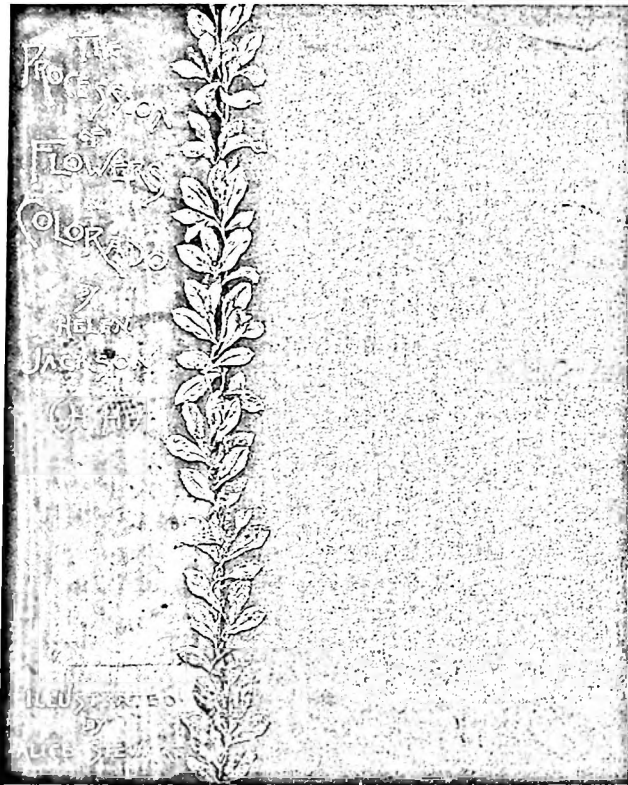
Our personal appreciation of this flower was enhanced when we first saw a beautiful lithograph of the columbine. Obtaining that picture became our quest and the impetus for further research on early artists and books featuring the columbine. As we became more familiar with the history and literature of Colorado, we collected the prose and poetry regaling the columbine's blue and white colors. That activity led to our paper.

This paper will present three artists and the publications they created. The first, Alice Stewart Hill, was born about 1850, to George H., and Sarah McFetridge Stewart, and was their third daughter born in New York. Her father was an avid business entrepreneur. While he was in New York he was

primarily in the woolen industry. In 1852 he moved his family to Beaver Dam, Wis. George's typical activities ensued. He built and ran the first woolen mill in Beaver Dam, and he was also into farming, raising seeds, and dealing in real estate. Other activities included the local school board, the Presbyterian church board, Sunday school leadership, the cemetery board, and local Republican politics. In 1855 the Stewarts' fourth daughter, Marcia, was born. The girls attended school in Beaver Dam. In 1860 Helen, the oldest daughter, died.

Alice's ability in art was documented in the newspapers; she entered projects in the Dodge County Fair and the Wisconsin State Fair. Probably when Alice was a late teen she advanced her art education, at the National Academy of Design and the Cooper Institute in New York, as well as in Chicago.

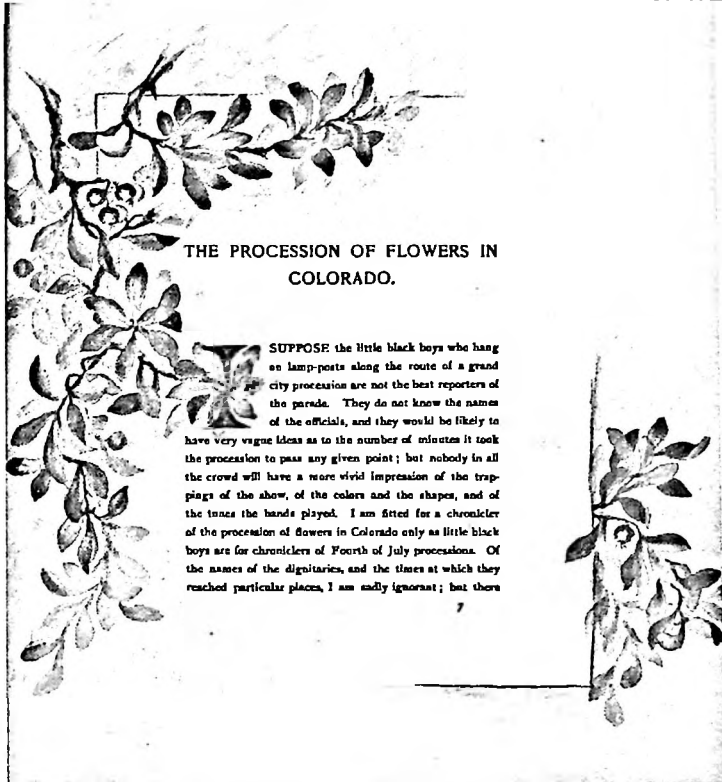
In the early 1870s George Stewart was advised by his doctors to go to Colorado for his health. Asthma was the diagnosis, and he prepared to go to Pueblo. In 1872 he took the train to Denver and then headed south. He got as far as that new little settlement on the Denver & Rio Grande railroad, Colorado Springs, and there he saw great potential for a businessman willing to take a risk. George instantly bought property, and returned to Wisconsin for seeds to sell in Colorado Springs. Since his health improved after one winter in



Procession of Flowers in Colorado, by Helen Hunt Jackson, illustrated by Alice Stewart Hill

the Springs, he went back to Wisconsin. To his dismay his health deteriorated, so a complete and final move was made to Colorado Springs. His family arrived after he got his affairs in order, and by 1873 Colorado Springs had a new family. George became very active, as the president of a bank, in real estate ventures, founding the Presbyterian church, a member of the school board, in Republican politics, elected a justice of the peace, on the Deaf and Blind School board, and in temperance organizations. What did his wife and daughters do? They did what proper

ladies of the times did and they did not get into the newspapers. However Alice was somewhat like her father. She began painting, did a portrait of the county clerk, won awards in the first El Paso County Fair, taught art lessons in Colorado Springs and Denver, sold her art in a shop, and was involved in church activities. She also went to Chicago for further art studies at the school of art with Mrs. Scott. Her friends were the art and literature people of early Colorado Springs. Among her friends were artist Thomas Parrish and authors Helen Hunt Jackson, Virginia



The first page of *Procession of Flowers in Colorado*, displaying Alice's watercolor of Kinnikinnik

Donaghe McClurg, and Susan Coolidge. In 1886 Alice married Francis B. Hill, a gentleman not unlike her father – his activities included real estate, sheep ranching, Caledonia Society, Library Board, and Dumb Friends League.

Five books containing Alice's artwork were published. First, there were two books of poetry by V. D. McClurg (the woman who worked to protect and preserve Mesa Verde); one book of poems by Susan Coolidge (author of the *What Katy Did* series, two of which are set in Colorado, and close friend of Helen Hunt – H. H.).

When H. H. died, Alice inherited the rights to *Procession of Flowers in Colorado*, originally a chapter in H. H.'s book, *Bits of Travel at Home*. Alice had the text printed on a heavy "Whatman" watercolor paper, and she decorated every page with watercolors of Colorado wild flowers. Roberts Bros., Boston, published the book in a limited edition of 100, each copy being painted, numbered, and signed by Alice Stewart Hill. The books vary, some having additional full-page illustrations. This was an expensive and laborious undertaking, started by Alice



Alice's watercolor of Anemone

in 1886 and finished in May 1888. The book cost \$25, a substantial sum in the 1880s, but it was very well received. This publication was Alice's most notable work.

In 1895 Alice selected 365 poems and the Gowdy Press of Colorado Springs printed a small book titled *A Day and a Flower*. Both copies that we have seen have a paper cover, and heavy paper pages for artwork, but none have been painted. Alice went to a sanitarium in Dansville, N. Y., and died in 1896 from liver cancer. Apparently she did not feel well enough to have time

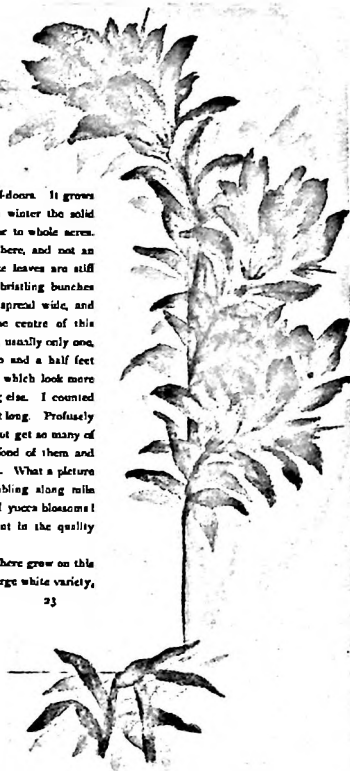
for her last project. Surviving works other than her book illustrations are scarce. The Pioneer Museum in Colorado Springs has three flower watercolors, the Denver Public Library has a small collection of Alice Stewart work, and one oil painting is in a private collection.

Alice and Francis Hill had no children. Her sister Hattie (Harriet) never married. Alice is buried with her husband Francis, her mother Sarah, and sister Hattie in the Colorado Springs Evergreen Cemetery. Her father George was interred in Beaver Dam, Wis., with

yuccas by the hundred in full flower out-of-doors. It grows in such abundance on this mesa that in winter the solid green of its leaves gives a tone of color to whole acres. Spanish bayonet is its common name here, and not an inappropriate one, for the long, blade-like leaves are stiff and pointed as rapiers. They grow in bristling bunches directly from the root; the outer ones spread wide, and sometimes lie on the ground; from the centre of this "chevaux de frise" rise the flower-spikes, usually only one, sometimes two or three, from one to two and a half feet high, set thick with creamy white cups which look more like a magnolia flower than like any thing else. I counted once seventy-two on a spike about two feet long. Profusely as the yucca grows on this mesa, we do not get so many of them as we would like, for the cows are fond of them and eat the blossoms as fast as they come out. What a pleasure it is, to be sure,—a vagrant cow rambling along mile after mile, munching the tops of spikes of yucca blossoms! There ought to be something transcendent in the quality of her milk after such a day as that.

Beside the eschallais and the yucca, there grow on this mesa many of the vetches, especially a large white variety,

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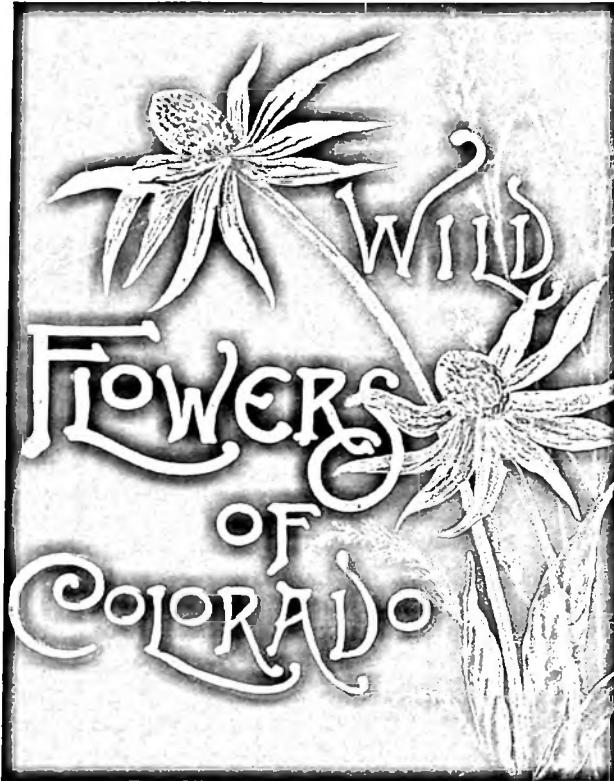


Procession of Flowers in Colorado, page illustrated with Painter's Brush (Indian Paintbrush)

her sister Helen. The remaining sibling, Marcia, married Joseph Church Helm, a lawyer, a Colorado supreme court justice, and the Republican candidate for Governor of Colorado vs. Davis Waite (Helm lost). They had no children. Joseph and Marcia Helm are buried in Fairmount Cemetery in Denver. Today the remaining traces of the Stewart family are the art works and books of Alice Stewart Hill, rare and valuable memorabilia.

Emma Homan Graves Thayer, our second artist, was born in New York on Feb. 13, 1842, to George and Emma

Homan. Emma had five siblings. Her father was a somewhat wealthy businessman who owned horses and livery stables. Research indicates that a portrait of Emma as a small child was in an art exhibition. While in the East Emma attend Rutgers Women's College. In 1859 she married George Graves. She had a son Byron in 1861 and a daughter Amy in 1863. Then, George died in 1863, leaving Emma a very young widow with two children. From census records it appears her family moved to Omaha, Neb. She is listed with them once in the Omaha city



The cover of *Wild Flowers of Colorado*, by Emma Homan Thayer

directories. It is known that she attended the National Academy of Art in New York, and was a founder and exhibitor in the Student Art League there. That institution began in 1875, which places Emma in New York in the mid-1870s. .

In 1877 she married Elmer A. Thayer, a hotel manager from Chicago. They were married in Omaha. Two children were born to the Thayers, but they did not survive. In 1882 the Thayers moved to Colorado. E. A. Thayer was the manager of the Rio Grande Hotel and Eating Houses in Leadville, Pueblo, Alamosa, Salida,

Buena Vista, Montrose, Glenwood Springs, Sterling, as well as others. They visited the hotels in Colorado Springs in 1883. For the next 15 years they lived in Salida, at the Monte Cristo Hotel. Life there was busy, and filled with emotional ups and downs. Both of Emma's children from her first marriage, Byron and Amy, married. Amy married the Rev. John Wallis Ohl, an Episcopalian. They had two daughters, and following the birth of the second child, Amy and the baby died. Byron's wife Bertha also died. Through these emotional times, Emma painted and



Wild Flowers of Colorado plate showing the Painter's Brush (Indian Paintbrush)

wrote. In 1885 Emma published her first book, *Wild Flowers of Colorado*, and later she painted stained-glass windows in memory of daughter Amy, and daughter-in-law Bertha, in Salida's Episcopal Church of the Ascension.

As Emma Homan Thayer and Alice Stewart Hill were in Colorado Springs at the same time, they did meet. It is unknown if they knew each other beforehand. Emma both bought and borrowed study prints from Alice. Following the publication of Emma's book, Alice S. Hill wrote a letter to the editor of the *Colorado Springs Gazette*.

She felt Emma had copied her study prints. Charges were made, and whether these were ever filed or a court case resulted, can not be determined. The two artists corresponded. Probably as a result of this correspondence, in 1887 Emma's book was re-titled *Wild Flowers of the Rocky Mountains*. This second book was identical in every way with the first book, except for the cover and title page.

E. A. Thayer was elected president of the Hotel Men of Colorado. Emma and Elmer traveled to California and in 1889, *The Wild Flowers of the*



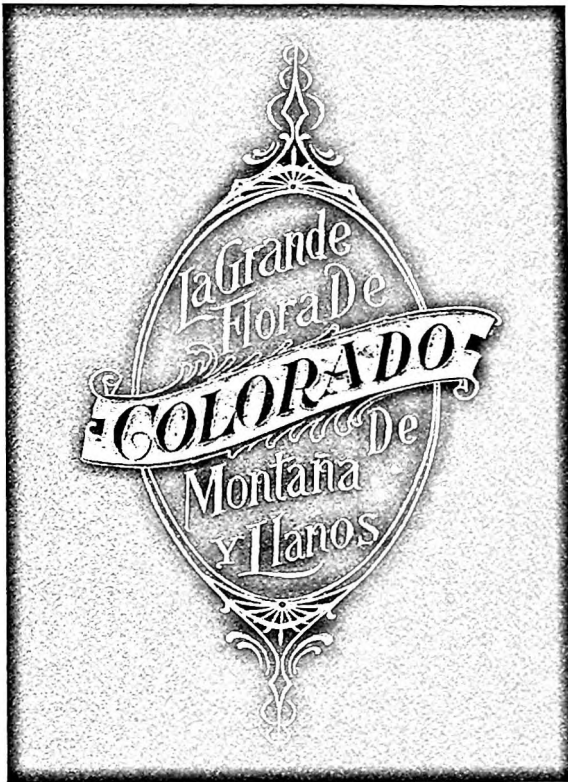
The lithograph of Emma's rendition of gentians

Pacific Coast was published.

In 1899 the Thayers moved to Glenwood Springs where Elmer managed at different times the Hotel Glenwood and the Hotel Colorado. Emma was very active in Glenwood, writing several novels: *The English-American*; *Petronilla, the Sister*; *Dorothy Scudder's Science*; *The Mortgage Foreclosed: the Story of the Farm*, and a rare little book titled *The Legend of Glenwood Springs*. She illustrated *Petronilla* and it was reported to have 50 editions (although technically these should be referred to as printings),

the book being a very popular, melodramatic story.

In the early 1900s the Thayers moved to Denver. Emma was very active in charity work, the Episcopal church and acting. In 1909, following surgery, Emma died in Denver. Elmer died in 1915. Her granddaughter, Emma Okl Walker, inherited over \$100,000 from Elmer's estate. Emma and Elmer were buried in Omaha in the Homan plot, along with Emma's parents, four siblings, nieces and nephews, and her daughter Amy and granddaughter Amy. The three wild



Portfolio cover of *La Grande Flora De Colorado De Montaña Y Llanos*

flower books by Emma Thayer can be found on the antiquarian book market, at rather high prices, but her novels are very difficult to acquire, although not particularly expensive.

Our third, and final, flower artist, Sarah Bennett Walker, is known today for her collaboration on a large portfolio, entitled *La Grande Flora de Colorado de Montaña y Llanos*, published in 1901 in a numbered edition limited to 500 copies. Frank S. Thayer, no relation to Emma's family, was a Denver businessman. He published postcards, booklets for the railroad

trade, and promotional items of Colorado. Around the turn of the century he put together a small group for this beautiful folio. He chose Otto Achleitner as the artist, although in the folio he is listed as Oscar. Of German heritage, Otto was born in Greece, in Nov. 1854. He obtained his art education in Athens, Rome, and other European capitals. About 1882 he came to the United States. He moved west, marrying Anna in Iowa in 1887. He and Anna had three daughters. Upon arriving in Denver he was listed in business directories as a photographer, but we have never seen



La Grande Flora plate 6, of Penstemon

any photos attributed to him. According to his obituary, he had art work in galleries throughout the U. S. But only one painting of his has been found, and that is in the University of Colorado library. It is a beautiful watercolor, a scene of Rainbow Falls, Manitou Springs, with blue wild flowers around it. Perhaps further research may locate more examples of Achleitner's artworks.

Otto spent months painting 12 beautiful paintings of Colorado wild flowers. The one of columbines was used by Thayer in many other publications. Otto and Anna divorced in 1910.

Otto died in 1932 and was buried in Crown Hill Cemetery. Anna died in 1937, and is buried next to her ex-husband. The three daughters married. Of note is the marriage of Florence, to Lester Varian, son of architect Ernst Varian. Lester was also an architect in Denver, and additionally was an accomplished artist. Lithographs of his works are occasionally available today.

Otto's completed artwork was sent to the lithographers where a stipler converted each painting to a publishable piece of art. The stipler, or lithographic artist, was Percy W.



Plate 4, of Tiger Lilies

Franklin. Percy was born in England, married and divorced there, and emigrated to the United States in 1892. He came to Denver, and lived in the Montclair area. He worked for the Denver Lithographing Co. He married a second time, to Karlene Coleman. They had no children. Little else is known of his life. Percy died in 1947, and Karlene in 1931, and they rest in Fairmount Cemetery.

The last person Frank S. Thayer chose for his portfolio team was Sarah Bennett Walker. She wrote the description of each flower, accompanied

with an appropriate quote relating to that flower. Sarah, who in this publication was an author, was also an artist of a different type.

Sarah Bennett was born on April 23, 1860, in Kalamazoo, Mich. She was educated there. She married Willis Walker on Sept. 10, 1879, and then moved to Colorado in 1888. Willis became clerk of the court for Douglas County, at Castle Rock, Colo. They purchased land now in Castle Pines North, and their homestead is part of third hole of the golf course. Before coming to Colorado they had a child



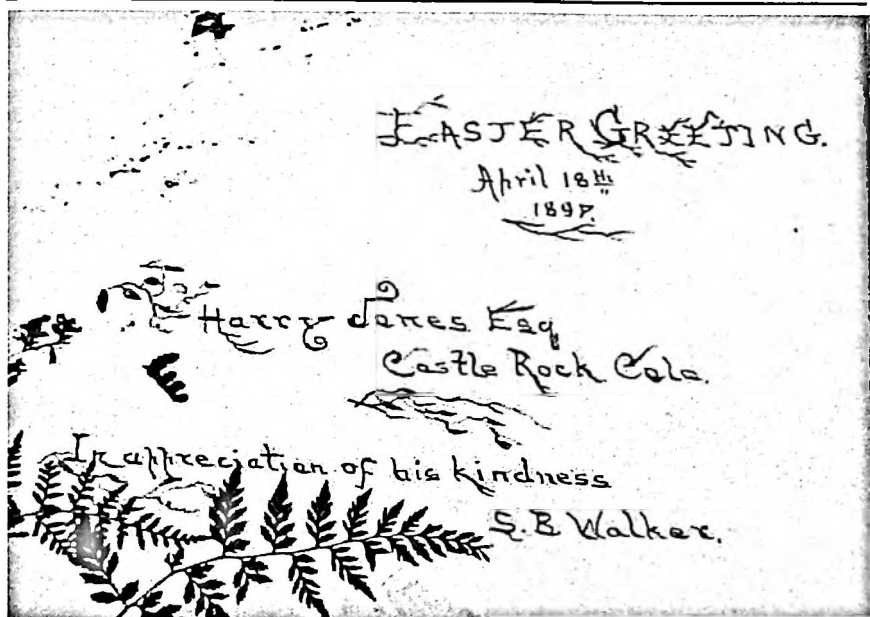
Plate 10, Otto Achleitner's rendition of the Rocky Mountain Columbine

who died in infancy. In 1891 a son Dexter was born and in 1896 a daughter Enid arrived. Sarah, however, was not just a mother, wife, and helpmate. She started her work with Colorado wild flowers. She began to collect, catalog, propagate, cultivate, press flowers, and sell seeds, plants, books, and albums. One book she gave to Gen. Sherman and she received an autographed photo and letter from him. Willis and Sarah prepared displays for the Worlds Fair in Chicago in 1893. Willis displayed minerals, rocks, and Indian artifacts. Sarah had a large space at the fair to

display her craft. Both attended the World's Fair, and they both won awards for their work.

The Walker children attended Douglas County schools until 1909 when they and Sarah moved to Denver. Willis remained on the ranch. No evidence of a divorce was found.

Sarah built up her business in north Denver. In her 50-by-100-foot yard, surrounding her house, she had over 300 varieties of plants. She provided wild flowers and seeds for places around the world. Sarah prepared a wild flower garden at Elitches, and it was



Title page of Sarah Bennett Walker's pressed-flower album *Easter Greetings, April 18, 1898* presented to Harry Jones, Castle Rock

dedicated to her. She also provided wild flowers for Berkeley Park and the median of Monaco Parkway. She was known as Mrs. Colorado Wild Flower. She wrote an article for the *Denver Facts* magazine and was interviewed in the *Denver Post* about her wild flowers. She found a new plant, the *helianthemum canadense*, which she was allowed to name for herself. What happened to her flower's name is not known. One of her beautiful books of pressed flowers is in the Douglas County Library collection. A collection of her specimens is at CU, and was referenced in a 2005 publication. Sarah died in 1921. Willis remarried and died in 1931. Willis is buried in Kalamazoo, Mich., and Sarah is buried in Crown Hill Cemetery, Lakewood,

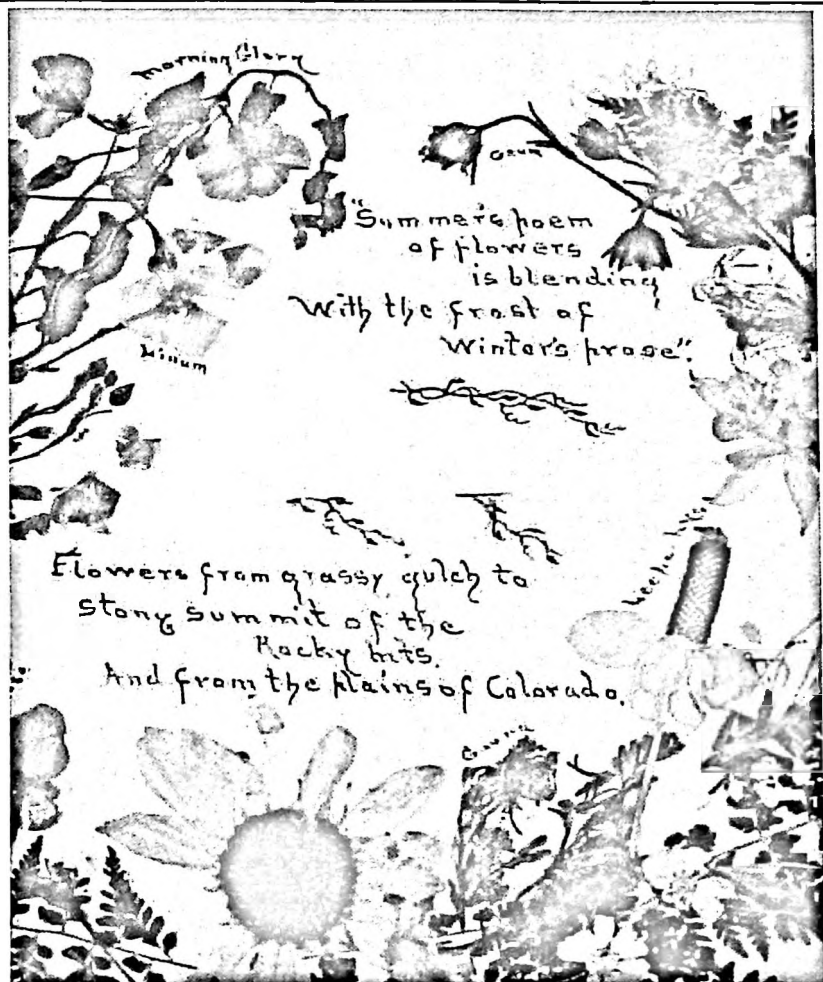
with her daughter, granddaughter, and sister.

The lives and activities of these three lady artists of Colorado, Alice Stewart Hill, Emma Homan Thayer, and Sarah Bennett Walker, have been described. They were of similar age, came to Colorado about the same time, and had similar official signatures of three names, all using their maiden names as middle names. These ladies were all very well educated for this period. They were well traveled, as in the case of Emma who traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and even cruised the Caribbean. They all had a love of prose, poetry and flowers. They were well-read, and they wrote well. They produced books that filled a niche



Sample page of Sarah Bennett Walker's pressed floral art

before standard flower identification books appeared. The beauty of their artwork is illustrated. Sarah Bennett Walker was concerned about wild flowers being protected, and being in the wild for future generations. She and her son wrote articles supporting this effort. Now that we have laws protecting endangered species of wild flowers, wouldn't these artists of the past be surprised to see the present generation saving paintings, books, and albums that they created, and consequently also preserving the wild flowers.



Closeup of typical page of Sarah's work, displaying floral arrangements, identifications, collection locations and poetry

Photographs of the S.B. Walker pressed flower album are courtesy of the Phillip S. Miller Library, Castle Rock, Colorado.

Over the corral rail

Welcome new Posse Members

The Denver Posse of Westerners would like to proudly welcome the following Corresponding Members who have become Posse Members:

Jason Stadt, Doris Osterwald, John Stewart and Nanette Simonds

Welcome new Corresponding Members

The Denver Posse of Westerners would like to welcome the following new Corresponding Members:

Rod E. Greiner of Denver, Colorado. Rod is interested in Denver and Colorado history, and is the owner of the historic Zang Mansion. Rod was referred by Tom Noel and Cliff Dougal.

Jim Cummings of Denver, Colorado. Jim enjoys Colorado history, Denver specifically, and is the Adjunct Professor of History at Metropolitan State College and Community College of Denver. Jim was referred by Johanna Harden.

Norman and Beth Brown of Littleton, Colorado. Norm and Beth enjoy Victorian era, Southern Colorado history. Norm is the Director of The Friends of Historic Ft. Logan. The Browns were referred by Gene Rakosnik.

Janet Greiner of Lakewood, Colorado. Janet is interested in Colorado history and was referred by Charles Hanson.

William Johnson of Aurora, Colorado. William is interested in railroads and the Plains Indians. He was referred by Dennis Hagen.

Keith Bean of Canon City, Colorado. Keith is interested in Colorado history and railroads. Keith was referred by Max Smith and Tom Noel.

Daniel Shosky of Denver, Colorado. Daniel is interested in environmental history and was referred by Barbara Gibson.

Annie Donofrio of Littleton, Colorado. Annie is interested in military and Indian wars and was referred by Roger Hanson.

M. Ralph Angulo of Denver, Colorado. Mr. Angulo is interested in military history of the West and was referred by Keith Fessenden.

George Dawkins of Highlands Ranch, Colorado. George has an interest in the histories of Texas, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. He is a Docent at the Amon Carter Museum in Ft. Worth, Texas. George was referred by Dot Krieger.

Happenings in the corral

Norman Meyer, C.M., was recently featured on the History Channel's "Heavy Movers" when a large barn on his ranch near Conifer was moved as one piece from an outlying area to another place that was nearer his home.

Delores Ebner, former Posse Member, who had presented a paper to the Posse on the restoration of the Bradley Perley house ruins in the Ken-Caryl Ranch area, had an article in the May, 2005 publication of *Colorado History NOW*, that reviewed the history and restoration of this historical Colorado home.

New Posse Member John Stewart published a book on Tom Walsh.

Posse Member Sandra Dallas published a book *New Mercy*.

Our final auction of the year will be held in September.

Apologies: There have been a few book reviews credited to the wrong authors in the last two issues. We regret these errors and apologize for any inconvenience.

The Sutter Family and the Origins of Gold-rush Sacramento: by John A. Sutter, Jr., edited by Allan R. Ottley, University of Oklahoma Press, 2002. 176 pp. 3 illustrations, 1 photo, bibliography, index. Paperback, \$17.95.

When James Marshall found gold on John A. Sutter, Sr.'s property in 1848, the Sutter family should have become the wealthiest family in California. Instead, due to the greed and mismanagement of the father, who miscalculated and went heavily into debt, and the naivete of the son, the Sutter family realized very little out of its vast original holdings in the area.

This is a reissue of a volume originally published in a very small printing by the Sacramento Book Collectors Club in 1941. The first 77 pages of this book is a biography of John A. Sutter, Jr. and a description of his father's susceptibility to the machinations of aggressive crooks and entrepreneurs. Be sure to read the *Preface* and the *Introduction*, both of which set the scene for the events that follow and accurately describe California.

Sutter, Sr. was already heavily in debt and had lost most of his land holdings when Sutter, Jr. arrived from Switzerland in the latter part of 1848. Sutter, Sr. had deserted his family in Switzerland in 1834, one step ahead of his creditors. This book briefly describes his travels and his ascension to vast holdings under a Mexican land grant in the area of what is now Sacramento. Sutter finally sent for his family in 1848, shortly before the discovery of gold on his land. His oldest son, John A. Sutter, Jr. (actually Johann Augustus, born one day after the marriage of his parents), was the first to arrive a few months later, after gold was discovered. He found that his father was already deeply in debt. He also found that he was in charge of the family holdings. John A. Sutter, Jr. then tried desperately to extract the family's property from the aggressive men seeking to grab it, but he, too, was swindled and possibly drugged by his adversaries.

By 1852, Sutter, Jr. had platted the City of Sacramento, but still had been unable to pay off the numerous creditors. His father was uncooperative and continued to pledge more of the family assets to the land speculators. Beset by all of these problems, John went to Mexico, where he married a wealthy daughter of a respected Mexican family, became the American consul in Acapulco and prospered. He returned to Sacramento in 1855 and attempted to reclaim his family's assets, alleging that he and his father were swindled. At that time, he gave his long *Statement Regarding Early California Experiences* that is really the basis for this story and is also repeated in the last 48 pages of the book. The Statement details how the Sutter properties were lost and how he was drugged and swindled. His effort to reclaim the family's holdings failed and he returned to Mexico for the remainder of his life.

Anyone interested in the gold rush or the early history of California should read this book. Many of the more prominent California names are presented, most of them not in favorable terms. Although John A. Sutter, Jr. and his family realized very little of what should have been a very large fortune from their holdings, John should be remembered for his very excellent planning of the City of Sacramento.

--Larry Reno, P.M.

Why the West was Wild, by Nyle H. Miller and Joseph W. Snell. University of Oklahoma Press, 1963, 2003 edition. 704 pp. 59 Illustrations, 4 line drawings, index (34 pp). Paper. \$29.95

In the late 1950s and 1960s, at the height of the time of the TV Western, the authors became very disappointed in TV's portrayals of the life and people in the towns of the pioneer West. As *Gunsmoke*, *Bat Masterson* and *Wyatt Earp* were among the favorite shows at the time, the authors determined to set the record straight. Accordingly, they performed exhaustive research into the seven major cattle drive towns in Kansas. These cowtowns were the major shipping points for the cattle driven up from Texas to the Kansas railroad trailheads between 1867-1885, after which the railroad network expanded to include other shipping points in or closer to Texas.

The authors believed that television and novels had skewed the history of the West to emphasize the violent aspects of the times to the exclusion of the normal everyday lives of the inhabitants. Accordingly they pored over all of the newspapers and records still remaining from the towns of Abilene, Caldwell, Dodge City, Ellsworth, Hays, Newton and Wichita, to glean every contemporaneous mention of police or law activity mentioned in those newspapers and also in the files of the Kansas State Historical Society, in the various county and city records, in private collections and elsewhere, including correspondence and diaries.

After a relatively short introduction to set the stage and the plot of the times, 57 characters are profiled in alphabetical order. Needless to say, the longer profiles are about Buffalo Bill Cody, Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickok, Doc Holliday, Bat Masterson, Luke Short and Bill Tilghman. It is interesting to read the contemporary accounts of their deeds and the descriptions of these men by the observers at the time. Many of the lesser known lawmen served only briefly, but did valuable police work and then disappeared from the scene. Several really good sheriffs and marshals were killed in the line of duty.

The authors look beyond the more notorious characters and profile many unfamiliar names. The regular, daily life in the towns is also described very well and is important to their history. This book is highly recommended to anyone writing history or historical fiction as it accurately depicts life on the frontier. It also illustrates that the townspeople were not the "milquetoasts" portrayed by Hollywood and the "Spaghetti Westerns". Most of the men were veterans of the Civil War. They possessed arms and knew how to use them when needed. This is best illustrated by the story of Henry Brown, the Marshal of Caldwell. He had supposedly ridden with Billy the Kid in New Mexico, but had settled down. For several years, he had performed excellent enforcement of the law in Caldwell, with a number of arrests, several gunfights, prevention of fights, etc. However, he and his Assistant Marshal Ben Wheeler decided to rob the bank at Medicine Lodge, Kansas a town about fifty miles from Caldwell. Accompanied by two Texas cowboys working on local ranches, the four men entered the bank at Medicine Lodge on April 30, 1884. Something went wrong inside the bank and the President and Cashier were killed. Those shots roused the town and the robbers made a hasty

departure from the town. A posse was quickly formed that trailed, surrounded and captured the desperados. The four men were returned to town. That night, a mob stormed the jail and overpowered the local city marshal and his men. The four bank robbers attempted to get away, but Henry Brown was riddled with buckshot and bullets and died on the spot. The other three were promptly hung at the nearest elm tree. This is not quite the picture portrayed of townspeople in so many Western movies and novels.

Henry Brown was not the only lawman profiled who “went bad” or played both sides of the law. Many of the men also dabbled in other pursuits such as dealing cards at the saloons, owning houses of ill-repute, etc. Thus other facets of the activities in the towns are described.

A very detailed Index is very helpful and occupies over 30 pages of the volume. Although not specifically profiled, the great-grandfather of our *Westerners*’ Dick Cook (Rufus G. Cook) is cited 26 times in the Index. This book is highly recommended, not only for persons doing research into any of the lawmen, outlaws or criminals active at any time in Kansas, but also to persons writing about the pioneer life in the West during the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century.

--Larry Reno, P.M.

Interpreters with Lewis and Clark: The Story of Sacagawea and Toussaint Charbonneau by W. Dale Nelson, U. North Texas Press, Denton, TX, 2003. 155 pages. Illustrations, photos, maps, bibliography, index. Paper \$14.95.

This relatively short book is an excellent summary of the lives of Toussaint Charbonneau, his young Shoshone Indian wife Sacagawea, and their son, Jean Baptiste Charbonneau, called “Pomp” or “Pompey” by William Clark. This book is especially interesting as we are in the midst of the Bicentennial celebration of the Lewis and Clark Voyage of Discovery. W. Dale Nelson, a former White House correspondent for the Associated Press has done a good job sorting fact from fiction about these somewhat controversial, enigmatic, figures.

The author’s primary purpose appears to be to rehabilitate Toussaint from the less than praiseworthy assessment of him by most chroniclers of the expedition and the scathing pronouncement by William Clark that Toussaint was a man of “no particular merit....” The role of Sacagawea is certainly discussed, but for once it is not exaggerated. Sacagawea did help the explorers by identifying edible roots and herbs. She was instrumental in guiding the explorers in the area of the Shoshones. Her assistance with that tribe and her relationship to her brother Chief Cameahwait were most important, but Nelson did not fall victim to glorifying Sacagawea’s role any more than it actually was.

Clark, in his journal, criticized Toussaint as possibly being abusive to Sacagawea. During her severe and near-fatal illness, Clark wrote that - “If she dies it will be the fault of her husband as I am now convinced.” For some reason the author posits that Clark meant to write that it was not Toussaint’s fault, but that

interpretation seems very far-fetched. The author omits mention of the incident where Clark chastised Toussaint for striking Sacagawea during dinner.

The author does note Toussaint's many deficiencies and mishaps, particularly his lack of river skills. Twice he nearly capsized Expedition boats. However, he was evidently a pretty fair cook, and he did have knowledge of the languages of several of the Plains Indian tribes. His lack of English was a handicap for much of the trip. Translating was very cumbersome. Toussaint would talk with the Indians, then tell Rene Jusseume in French what had been said. Jusseume would then translate it into broken English for the captains. If sign language was involved, it was even more complicated. The captains evidently preferred the translations from George Drouillard, who spoke English. Toussaint was a very good bargainer and the author notes several instances where he struck better bargains with the Indians than the captains were able to do.

Following the Expedition, the Charbonneaus remained in the vicinity of the Mandans for several years. Pomp was sent to be raised by Clark in St. Louis in 1809 when he was five years old. Sacagawea apparently died at Ft. Manuel in December of 1811, according to one version of her death. There is also mention of a daughter born to the couple named Lisette who may also have been raised for a time by Clark.

For the rest of his life, Toussaint continued to interpret for the various fur traders and explorers along the Missouri River and its tributaries. His English improved and the author cites many instances where Toussaint rendered valuable services to his employers. He had several more Indian wives after Sacagawea. At the age of 76, he married a 14-year-old Indian girl. His actual date and place of death are unknown.

For a half-breed boy born in a Mandan village on the unexplored frontier in 1804, Jean Baptiste Charbonneau ("Pomp") had a most interesting life. Raised by Clark and schooled in St. Louis, he became fluent in English, French and several Indian languages. In 1823 he was hired as an interpreter for Duke Paul William Freidrich Herzog of Wurttemberg who received official approval to retrace the Lewis and Clark trail to the Mandan settlements. The friendship between Pomp and the Duke developed and the Duke took Pomp with him when he returned to Austria. Pomp lived there for several years and added German to the languages he had mastered.

Returning to America, Pomp went on several trading ventures. In 1848 he became one of the two guides for the Mormon Battalion on its historic, arduous and unprecedented march from Iowa to California during the Mexican-American War. Pomp's leadership was instrumental in guiding the Mormons successfully, as he was able to find water holes and other means of sustenance. Pomp, who had been married and divorced, married again in California and participated in the "Gold Rush" there for a few years. Being unsuccessful in striking it rich, Pomp worked for a time as a hotel clerk in Auburn, California. When he heard news of a new strike near Virginia City, Montana, in 1866, Pomp joined a group of prospectors and headed for the new strike. He nearly drowned crossing a river near Danner, Oregon.

As a result, he caught pneumonia and died there, where he is buried.

In the interesting *Epilogue*, Nelson discusses the alternative theory that Sacagawea did not die at Fort Manuel in 1811, but instead lived to be almost 100 years old and died on the Wind River Reservation in Wyoming in 1884. The theory is presented very well and the authorities for it are discussed. The author does not state his own views on the matter and it is left to the reader to form his or her own opinion on the issue.

Unfortunately the author does not go into much detail about the roles and results of the interpreters on the Expedition. As many of the problems encountered by the Captains were the results of faulty translations by Toussaint, Drouillard and Jusseaume, the critical role of the interpreters needs more examination.

The bibliography of books and articles is very impressive and illustrates the depth of the author's research. It is also a great listing of materials and resources for scholars or readers interested in the Lewis and Clark Voyage of Discovery. This is an excellent read and certainly belongs on the bookshelf of anyone interested in Lewis and Clark.

--Larry Reno, P.M.

Army Architecture in the West, Forts Laramie, Bridger and D.A. Russell, 1849-1912, by Alison K Hoagland. University of Oklahoma Press, 2004. 288. Illustrations, photos, maps, bibliography, footnotes, index. Hardbound.

This is a thorough study of buildings at army frontier posts. Three forts in particular are examined but the lessons drawn can be generalized for army facilities throughout the West. The Department of War directives of how they were to be designed and built are contrasted with how the officer on site actually did the job. Materials deemed appropriate by someone in an office at Army headquarters along the Potomac were seldom available on site. Needless to say there were discrepancies and disagreements!

Frontier posts were generally established with the understanding they would be abandoned or returned to civilian use in a few short decades. The author examines in great and well documented detail how the forts in question were acquired or established and how they grew.

Ultimately Forts Laramie and Bridger were returned to civilian use and Fort D.A. Russell became the missile base of Fort Warren.

If architecture, construction details, and the arcane communications between the Quartermaster General and Chief of the Army are of interest, this is a book to read. It views the move west from an interesting and seldom considered angle.

--Stan Moore, P.M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

July - August 2005



Alias Emma S. Soule

**Corrected Historical Fictions Surrounding
Silas Soule and the Sand Creek Massacre**

by Pam Milavec, C. M.

(presented November 24, 2004)



Pam Milavec (left) with Martha Smith, Silas Soule's grandniece, inside the Coal Creek Library, the oldest library in Kansas, dated 1859

Our Author

Pam Milavec first learned about Sand Creek, Silas Soule and the Hungates at the age of twelve and it has been an interest, as well as a recurrent theme throughout her life.

Pam considers her son, Mitch, her greatest accomplishment to date and is proud of the fact that she was able to be a full-time mother and active volunteer during his childhood.

Until recent years, life has served as her classroom and she has made the most of it, learning as much from her mistakes as her successes. Pam is now actively pursuing her formal education and having the time of her life. She is currently working on a biography of Silas Soule and is compiling research on other Sand Creek participants.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

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Alias Emma S. Soule Corrected Historical Fictions Surrounding Silas Soule and the Sand Creek Massacre

by Pam Milavec, C. M.
(presented November 24, 2004)

The young woman sat in disbelief by her fallen hero. Death had found him just hours before on the dusty streets of Denver City. The young woman had greeted the morning of 23 April, 1865 as a bright-eyed newly-wed, but would end that same day a disheveled widow with tear-swollen eyes.¹ Hersa Coberly married the dashing young officer, Silas Soule, just twenty-two days earlier, April Fools' Day, 1865.²

She and Silas had traveled to Denver with friends the Thursday before, attended the theatre two nights in a row, married in the morning and returned to the boarding house run by Hersa's mother, 28 miles south of Denver that same evening.³ The fresh-faced young women of Colorado Territory must have mourned the loss of the charming prankster who, as one of Colorado's most eligible bachelors, had made quite an impression on them.

By the time of their marriage, Silas was known for more than just his way with the ladies and his sense of humor. The preceding November, on the 29th day, Silas had been among those present at the now infamous Sand Creek massacre. Silas was a subordinate of Colonel Chivington and Major Anthony who were the commanding officers of the attack on Black Kettle and Left Hand's camp near present day Eads, CO.⁴



Courtesy of the Anne E. Hemphill Collection

Above: Hersa Coberly before her marriage to Silas. Below: Hersa as a widow, four days after Silas' murder



Courtesy of the Anne E. Hemphill Collection

Hersa and Silas April 24th 65

Soule would write his impressions of the massacre to Ned Wynkoop, former commander of Fort Lyon who, as the man responsible for peace initiatives, held a personal interest in the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians who were attacked: "I tell you Ned it was hard to see little children on their knees have their brains beat out by men professing to be civilized. One squaw was wounded and a fellow took a hatchet to finish her, she held her arms up to defend her and he cut one arm off, and held the other with one hand and dashed the hatchet through her brain..."⁵

This letter was just one piece of the kindling that led to the blazing controversy that still surrounds Sand Creek. Silas was not a lone voice of dissention; his letter was not the only one, nor was it the first. Criticism of Chivington's conduct began immediately after the massacre and the news had reached Washington even before the Third Regiment returned to Denver.⁶

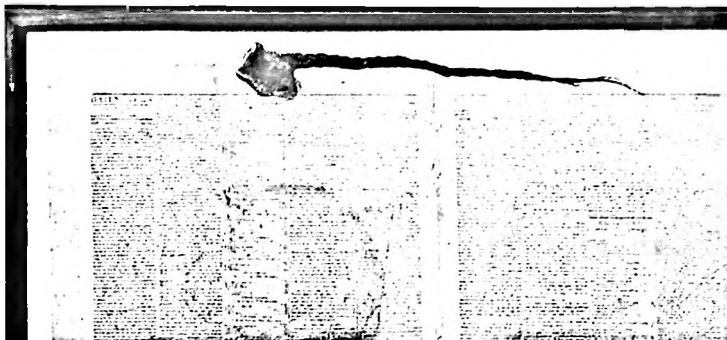
The dividing line in the controversy was between those who had known the Indians at Fort Lyon, or were familiar with their situation, and supporters of Chivington and the Colorado Third. Most, if not all, of the junior officers of the 1st Colorado who had been stationed at Fort Lyon, among whom Silas was one, condemned Chivington's actions even before the attack was made.⁷ It was only after assurances from Major Anthony that the target of the expedition was the hostile bands to the north that they agreed to go along. Among the other dissenters were men with high connections including Samuel Tappan; an old enemy of Chivington's, Chief Justice Stephen Harding; A.C. Hunt,

United States marshal for the district of Colorado; Jesse Leavenworth, and even Chivington's admitted accomplice, Major Scott Anthony.⁸

Jesse Leavenworth wrote to Commissioner Dole about Chivington's conduct, saying in essence that Chivington had killed all the chiefs who had been at peace with the whites. He also expressed his fear that Chivington's actions would result in increased violence from those Indians already recognized as hostiles. In a preemptive move to temper some of the forthcoming hostilities, he further advised that, "the parties who were the cause of this wicked treatment of the Indians be powerfully dealt with."⁹

Though Chivington had amassed many enemies by 1864, it is difficult to make the argument that the atrocities at Sand Creek were invented by those antagonistic toward him. The *Daily Mining Journal* recorded that "A good many of the Third Regiment boys are returning to their old haunts. Some of them do not scruple to say that the big battle of Sand Creek was a cold-blooded massacre." At the same time, the account places blame firmly upon Chivington's shoulders, "it must be remembered that the individual who gave the order for its commission is alone in blame for it. 'Tis the soldier's part to obey without question."¹⁰ The *Rocky Mountain News*, also writing during the early glory days of the 3rd Regiment's arrival back in Denver, reported with relish that "Cheyenne scalps are getting as thick here now as toads in Egypt. Everybody has got one, and is anxious to get another to send east."¹¹

Three of the main dissenters were



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western History Photography Collection

Framed reproduction of a December 17, 1864 newspaper article about Sand Creek with a scalp of a Native American. The picture was taken sometime in the 1920s and the source is listed as City Hall

considered to be the Colonel's men; Wynkoop, Soule, and Anthony,¹² while many of the strongest supporters of the massacre went out of their way to attest to the justice of just such an act. Morse Coffin stated that "it was the purpose during that battle to kill old and young of both sexes. This is the fact of the case, and it is useless to shirk it, or to pretend it was all accidental."¹³ Major Anthony, under oath, testified to the atrocities while incriminating himself. He expressed no remorse for the killing of the Indians he admitted were friendly, only that Chivington hadn't followed through with his promise to also annihilate the hostile bands.¹⁴ None of these accounts come from those opposed to Sand Creek, nor are they isolated reports.

The same problem arises when arguing that the investigation was conducted by those antagonistic to Chivington. At least one newspaper article confronted this issue, accusing other papers of misleading readers. It states, "That the investigation commit-

tee is personally hostile to Chivington, is not true. Col. Tappan is an enemy to Chivington, Stillwell is a friend, and Jacobs is impartial in this regard."¹⁵

Silas had first hand knowledge of the arrangements made for the Indians attacked that November. He had been among those present at the Camp Weld Conference the previous September.¹⁶ The transcript of this meeting was recorded by Simeon Whitely. Though the *Rocky Mountain News* would later develop journalistic amnesia regarding the disposition of these Indians, they reported the gist of this meeting in an article dated 29 September 1864. The article states that Governor Evans told the Indians that "they must now submit to those [military] authorities and lay down their arms before any peace can be declared." The article continues on an upbeat note: "The Indians not only seemed satisfied with this proposition but expressed a willingness to place their tribes on the side of the government and aid in the war against the hostile tribes of the plains...."



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western History Photography Collection

Colonel John M. Chivington

Colonel Chivington told them [the Cheyenne and Arapaho chiefs present] that an unconditional surrender and laying down of their arms was the first step for them to take, after which, such other arrangements as might be deemed proper would be made. He referred the whole matter to Major Wynkoop, in command at Fort Lyon, who was much nearer to their reservation and hunting grounds, and more familiar with their disposition, wants and necessities.

Maintaining the optimistic theme of the article, the *Rocky Mountain News* informed its readers that "Every one present seemed to be satisfied with the course taken in this most important and critical interview."¹⁷

After returning to Fort Lyon and accommodating his Cheyenne and Arapaho charges, Major Wynkoop was relieved of his duties at the fort. He was replaced with Major Scott Anthony on the grounds that he had acted without proper authority in handing out provisions to these Indians and allowing them entrance to the fort.¹⁸ General Curtis would later remark on the subject of Wynkoop and the protection of the Cheyenne and Arapaho at Sand Creek. He stated that both Major Wynkoop and Major Anthony had overstepped their boundaries when they promised the Indians protection, but that once made those promises "should have been respected, and any violation

of known arrangements of that sort should be severely rebuked."¹⁹

On 8 January 1865 Silas wrote his mother, Sarah Low Soule:
I hope the authorities at Washington will investigate the killings of these Indians. I think they will be apt to hoist some of our high officials. I would not fire on the Indians with my Company and the Colonel (Chivington) said he would have me cashiered, but he is out of the service before me and I think that I stand better than does he in regard to his great Indian fight."²⁰

Silas' objection to the events at Sand Creek had been immediate. Chivington's 16 December report to General Curtis clearly confirms Silas' active opposition to the events at Sand Creek. Chivington wrote, "the conduct of Capt. Silas S. Soule, Company D, First Cavalry of Colorado, was at least ill-advised, he saying that he thanked God that he had killed no Indians and like expressions, proving him more in sympathy with these Indians than with the whites."²¹

Silas got his wish for an investigation. There would be not one, but three investigations of Chivington's actions at Sand Creek. Just two days after Silas wrote his mother, the motion was passed in the House of Representatives for an investigation by the Committee on the Conduct of the War. Another investigation, this one a Military Commission, convened in Denver City on 9 February 1865 "to investigate the conduct of the late Colonel J. M. Chivington, first regiment Colorado cavalry, in his...campaign against the Indians." The third was an investigation by the Joint Special Committee whose

purpose was to investigate the treatment and condition of Indian tribes. They began taking testimony on the 7 March.²²

The testimony in all of these investigations was well under way when Silas and Hersa pledged their vows in a Denver bitterly divided into two camps, pro- or anti- Chivington. Silas, now the provost marshal of the district, had already given his seven-day-long testimony to the military commission. The commission questioned Silas for two days, followed afterward by a four-day cross examination by Chivington²³ and finished with a day-long reexamination by the commission.²⁴

Silas had given this testimony despite various threats on his life and two actual assassination attempts. These threats and attempts on his life are a well documented fact. On 24 February 1865, the *Daily Mining Journal* reported that "assassins have twice attempted the life of Capt. Soule within six weeks; Soule is a witness who expects to testify before the Court of Inquiry and his testimony is evidently feared; hence he is shot at nights in the suburbs of Denver."²⁵ Earlier, on 9 February, there had been a meeting at the Denver Theatre to obtain volunteers to fight Indians. Many of the members of the 3rd Regiment were there. Colonel Chivington was called upon the stage and "requested his name be put down for five hundred dollars." In the speech given by Chivington that night he is credited with saying that he advocated not only the killing of Indians, but also "all the Indians' confederates."²⁶

The recorded minutes of the military commission for 24 April 1865

reads:

Captain Silas S. Soule, veteran battalion first Colorado cavalry, having (while in the performance of his duty as provost marshal) been assassinated in the streets of this city, in respect to the memory of the deceased, adjourned until 9 a.m. tomorrow...²⁷

The assassins had been lying in wait near the Presbyterian Church which stood on F Street (now 15th) between Arapahoe and Lawrence.²⁸ Silas, as provost marshal had gone to inspect shots he had heard fired from that direction. Silas was able to shoot one of the men in the hand before a bullet entered near his cheek, killing him instantly. This happened, according to reports, directly in front of Dr. Cunningham's house, which stood on the corner of 15th and Arapahoe.²⁹ A blood trail led to the military camp where two men of the 2nd Colorado Cavalry, Charles W. Squiers and William Morrow, had earlier confessed to killing a man.³⁰ That was the last anyone admitted to having seen the two until Squiers was discovered in Las Vegas, New Mexico where First Lieutenant James Cannon was sent to arrest him.³¹

It wasn't hard to figure where Cannon stood on the issue of Chivington. He had also testified against him.³² Three days after arresting Squiers, Cannon was found dead under suspicious circumstances in his hotel room at the Tremont House.³³ Ironically, Squiers managed to escape from prison and from justice in October, but not before enlisting the backing of several prominent citizens and officers.³⁴ Generals Sickles and Pope wrote

letters warning that proper treatment be given to Squiers, who had complained of being shackled and lice-infested.³⁵ With no prisoner to court martial, proceedings for the murder of Soule and for desertion were dismissed. No one was ever tried for the deaths of the two young officers.

At least two reports surfaced years later of the possible fate of Squiers and Morrow. One report was that a Civil War veteran in California confessed to having killed Soule and the other report, published in the 18 July 1879 *Black Hills Daily Times*, that the murderer of Silas Soule was in the Illinois Penitentiary for burglary. Neither report gave any names.³⁶

The Commission of the Conduct of War determined, as Joseph Holt, Judge Advocate General stated, that the actions at Sand Creek were: cowardly and cold-blooded slaughter, sufficient to cover its perpetrators with indelible infamy and the face of every American with shame and indignation.³⁷

This was a strong assessment made in a day and age when many considered Indians little more than vermin.³⁸ Despite the commission's findings, no charges were ever filed against Chivington who had already resigned his position and was therefore beyond their authority. In many circles today, Chivington continues to elude punishment.

And our young hero, Silas Soule? His memory has found that a reputation is a fragile thing and history, a faithless lover. Today's hero can become tomorrow's nemesis. During the military commission's proceedings,



Courtesy of the Anne E. Hemphill Collection

Silas' father, Amasa Soule and Silas' mother, Sophia Low Soule

Chivington had presented a deposition by Lipman Meyer which accused Silas of "drunkenness, theft and neglect of duty" in the month of December.³⁹ This deposition received an objection by Samuel Tappan, president of the military commission on the grounds that it bore no relevance to Sand Creek and that the deposition had "been taken for the purpose of blackening the character of Captain Soule." Attached to Tappan's objection was the statement of George Price that he had given testimony "before a...coroner's jury...over the body of Captain Silas S. Soule" that Silas had confided in him "during the latter part of March....that he fully expected to be killed on account of [his] testimony; that he was also fully satisfied, after they had killed him, his character would be assailed, and an attempt made to destroy his (Soule's) testimony."⁴⁰

Though Sand Creek has been viewed officially as a massacre for 140 years, it is disheartening to discover that Colorado and the West are still bitterly divided into pro- or anti-Chivington camps, or for those who prefer, pro- or anti- Sand Creek camps. Whatever the label, those who take the pro-Chivington or pro- Sand Creek stance continue to assail the character of Silas Soule.

An article in the December 2003 issue of *Wild West* titled, "The Real Villains of Sand Creek" and a book by the same author make very strong accusations against Silas.⁴¹ Among the allegations leveled against Silas is that he was a bigamist. The source of this misinformation is a copy of a marriage certificate inserted between the many pages of Soule's file archived at the Colorado Historical Society.⁴² Close examination of the document shows it

to be a handwritten copy of a marriage certificate between Emma S. Bright and Silas S. Soule. Even closer examination shows that this copy and the accompanying deposition are only a few of many pages from Silas Soule's pension file.⁴³ The rest of the file is not to be found in possession of the Colorado State Historical Society, but can easily be obtained through the National Archives in Washington D. C. Incidentally, this marriage was not recorded until 1903, 38 years after Silas' death. It was not registered at the time, nor did any newspaper announce the event.⁴⁴

Hidden within the pages of Silas Soule's pension file is the sad story of Emma Bright. Her tragic story, as related by Emma herself, begins in Iowa. She marries Jacob Bright while still an adolescent of 15. The Brights have a daughter together before he makes his way to Central City to earn his fortune. Later, he does do well enough to send for his young wife and child. After making a six-week journey, Emma and her daughter arrive in Central City just in time to attend Jacob's funeral. He had died of dysentery while she was enroute. Friends of her husband Jacob were able to collaborate this story.⁴⁵

In her many depositions, Emma claims to have married Silas later that same year, 28 November 1863, living as man and wife until 3 April 1865 when she claims to have left Colorado Territory to visit her mother in Iowa.⁴⁶ Emma further states that she never remarried after Soule's death.⁴⁷

Further reading of the pension file shows, however, that Emma married a George Bennett in Iowa in 1870.⁴⁸ It is at this point, her testimony begins to

unravel. George Bennett gives a deposition which states that he had never known Emma by the name of Soule and had no knowledge of any marriage to Silas. Not only is she unable to provide an original certificate of her marriage to Silas, but she is unable to produce one person who had known her during her alleged marriage.⁴⁹ Neither is she able to provide any information about the "husband" she had supposedly been married to for two years that could not be obtained from a newspaper clipping. She knows only that Silas was born in Bath, ME and that he had a brother.⁵⁰

Her story begins to change each time she makes a new deposition. She had no children with Silas in one while in another, she did, a child she claims to have given birth to at the home of her first husband's family.⁵¹ Her maiden name was either Wells, Martin, or Murphy, dependent on which deposition is examined. At one point, when she is confronted with the discrepancies in her story, a frustrated Emma states that "the only thing you might to let me do is to take all these papers out and let me put in others."⁵²

After a thorough investigation of her claim,⁵³ Special Examiner J. H. Hines stated in his report to the Secretary of the Interior that Emma Bennett, alias Emma S. Soule "was never married to said officer at any time or place" and that it was "plain that she designed the scheme of attempting to defraud the Government." Subsequently, a warrant was issued for her arrest. Later, her attorney was able to secure a *nolle prosequi* based on the finding of Thomas E. McArdle, M. D. that "in his judgment the defendant is

mentally unsound...and that the belief "she entertains of being the widow of an officer in the Civil War by the name of Soule is an hallucination."⁵⁴

Another story that is often repeated by both critics and supporters of Silas is his supposed attempt to break John Brown out of jail. Though this story is retold time and again as fact, it is without substance. Silas inherited his abolitionist beliefs from his parents. His father, Amasa Soule, was an outspoken abolitionist who moved his family to Kansas to support the free-soil movement. The Soule home was an Underground Railroad station as recalled by Annie Soule Prentiss, Silas' sister. She also remembered the visits made to their home by John Brown and related one particular incident that shows Silas' direct involvement with Brown and the Underground movement. She stated that on one occasion, "Brown came to [their] cabin...with thirteen slaves, men, women and children" which he had brought from Missouri. Silas then took all 13 of the slaves to a safe hiding place eight miles away where "they were taken still further toward freedom by another agent of the Underground."⁵⁵

Annie also recorded with pride Silas' involvement with the "Immortal Ten," the name bestowed upon the members of the party who rescued Dr. John Doy from a Missouri prison. Dr. Doy was overtaken by a party of "20 mounted and armed men from Missouri" while he was "guiding sixteen escaped slaves...to a station on the Underground railway." Dr. Doy was apprehended and taken to Missouri while the 16 people he had taken charge of were resold into slavery. According

to Annie, Silas played a major role in the escape. She related that her "brother went into the jail first and reconnoitered and that night the party bound one of their number, pretended he was a horse thief and said they wanted to lodge him in jail for safekeeping until morning." It was through this means that the party was able to overpower the jailer, escaping with Dr. Doy "out and across the river into Kansas." Annie boasts of her brother's involvement, "The exploit has been called the most daring and chivalrous of all the deeds of free-state men."⁵⁶ Other versions of this story tell how Silas, pretending to be a drunken Irishman managed to get himself locked up in the jail.⁵⁷

This last scenario is also the twist given to the John Brown escape plan. According to this story, Silas again plays the drunken Irishman, charms the jailer and his family and is allowed access to Brown in the Charlestown jail. In this story, Silas' plans are not thwarted by officials, but by John Brown himself who refuses to leave because the jailer had treated him well, he wanted no further bloodshed, and because he realized that he was "worth more to die than to live."⁵⁸ And so, a disappointed Silas was forced to leave the jail empty-handed with the knowledge that John Brown was destined to meet his fate at the gallows.

If this story were true, Silas would have been a very lucky young man to escape the gallows himself. There are many reasons to suspect the validity of the story, however. First, there is such a small gap of time between the raid of Harper's Ferry on 16 October and Brown's execution on 2 December 1859.⁵⁹ In addition, as late as 26

October, Brown required a "litter" to transport him. Governor Wise of Virginia had been warned of the possibility of an escape attempt and as a precaution against either a breakout, or a lynching, he ordered Virginia troops to Charlestown to guard the prisoner. It is highly unlikely, whatever his sympathies may have been, that even Silas' infamous charms could have gained access to John Brown under these circumstances. On the day of Brown's execution, 1500 soldiers stood on guard to insure that no civilian be admitted or allowed within hearing distance of the gallows without express permission.⁶⁰

The John Brown story likely originated from a combination of Silas' participation in the Doy Rescue and a failed plot to rescue two of Brown's accomplices, Stevens and Hazlett.⁶¹ Thomas Wentworth Higginson claims to have been involved with a plot to do just that. Not only does Higginson mention Silas in his account,⁶² but a letter written by Silas definitively places him back East at the appropriate time, late February. Also in his letters, Silas mentions many of the same connections as Higginson does⁶³, such as the Boston publishers, Thayer & Eldridge and Walt Whitman. After Silas' arrival in Colorado Territory, he writes a letter to "Friend Walt" and opens with "Perhaps you have forgotten a wild harum scareum young man who used to linger around Thayer and Eldridge's Publishing office, Boston, in the spring of 1860."⁶⁴ Silas also wrote a letter addressed to "Messrs Thayer Eldridge Hinton &c" in which he writes in code referring to mysterious men as "G", "S" and "M".⁶⁵ Silas' decision to

visit back East also seems to have been made with some haste.⁶⁶ Higginson states that their rendezvous point was Harrisburg PA,⁶⁷ and it is from this location Soule writes his 21 February 1860 letter.⁶⁸

As for the allegation, maintained since the massacre, that Silas was hostile to Chivington before the Sand Creek affair, there is no evidence whatsoever. In fact, evidence would suggest otherwise. Silas, an avid letter writer, is his best advocate. On 3 January 1864, he writes to Chivington from Fort Garland informing the Colonel of the situation at that post. He states, "It is plain to see that he [Lieutenant Moore] is down on you and both he and the rest of our officers here as near as I can see are somewhat jealous of Shaffer and myself and some other officers." He adds confidentially that he thinks "there are some girls at the post."⁶⁹ In another letter, written just the month before the massacre, Silas, trying to find a way around Major Wynkoop who has denied him permission to return to Denver, asks Chivington, "If I am not ordered to Denver by the next mail, Colonel, you would confer a favor on me by writing a few lines in answer to this. I am very desirous to get my business affairs...settled as soon as possible as I wish to make application about next February for a furlough to go to Maine to see my Mother and Sister." He adds, "Any thing I can do for you officially or unofficially I shall always be pleased to do."⁷⁰ In yet another letter, written this time to his sister Annie, he writes of Chivington, "Our Col is a Methodist Preacher and whenever he sees me drinking, gambling, stealing or murder-



Courtesy of the Anne E. Hemphill Collection

Silas Soule

ing he says he will write to Mother or my sister Annie so I have to go straight.”⁷¹ There is not a hint of criticism or contempt for Chivington in any of Silas’ letters until after Sand Creek.

A less important fiction, but probably the most common is the pronunciation of Silas’ last name. Should the name be pronounced “Sool,” “Soul” or Soolay? This is easily solved. Not only do members of Silas’ family pronounce the name, “Soul,” but the correct pronunciation is recorded in several poems and riddles written for the meeting of the Coal Creek Social Library Association when Silas, his brother, William, and his

sister, Annie were all members. One poem reads “...on foot for miles and miles they’d go, to catch a glimpse of calico. Silas the witty, Bill the bold, Brave as the bravest and double soled....” While a riddle asks, “Why is a certain Young lady like a pair of boots? She has two Soules.” And another asks, “Why is our President and Society Synonymous?” Both are the “Soule of Wit.”⁷²

It is an injustice to condemn without evidence a man of Silas Soule’s unblemished military record who was killed in the line of duty.⁷³ Rather, he should be honored for his faithful service to the United States.⁷⁴ Silas had earned for his unblemished record, a promotion to the rank of Brevet Major, “to date from March 13, 1865.”⁷⁵

It is an equal injustice to condemn Silas Soule, the man. A shattered reputation is often difficult to piece back together. But again, Silas is his own best advocate. He was a man who had put his life on the line at the tender age of 17 to fight against the institution of slavery, a man who faithfully recorded the loving relationship he shared with his mother and sisters through his letters, and a man whose promise was cut short at the young age of 26. The newspaper articles in which he was featured prior to Sand Creek and his letters give some insight into the man who, at least in legend, could charm even the jailer of John Brown.

It is easy to visualize the truth in the statement he makes in one of his letters to his sister Annie, “I am the same Boy, Annie, as I used for to be. In fact I imagine that I am only 17 years old.”⁷⁶ This same mischievous boy can

In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia,

HOLDING A CRIMINAL TERM.

RECEIVED
NOV 7 1894
S. E. D.

The United States

vs
Emma S. Bennett
Emma S. Soule

Criminal No. 24475

Indicted for Violation of Act of July 7, 1890

The President of the United States,

To the United States Marshal for the District of Columbia, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to take the defendant Emma S. Bennett alias Emma S. Soule if to be found in your District, and you have before the Criminal Court for the said District of Columbia on the _____ day of _____ 1894 (immediately) to answer the United States touching the offense charged against her.

Hereof fail not, and have there then this writ, so indorsed as to show how you have executed it.

HARRY M. CLABAUGH

Witness, the HONORABLE James E. Lamb Chief Justice of said Court, the

25 day of November A. D. 1894

By R. Quinn Clerk.
W. H. Strick Assistant Clerk.

Courtesy National Archives, Washington D.C.

Emma Bennett, alias Emma S. Soule bench warrant from the Silas S. Soule pension file

be found in the 2 June 1864 letter to his mother: "I may go to fight Indians. If I do, I will write first so you can be worrying while I am gone"⁷⁷ and in other letters which he signs, "your sonny" and "your sonny wonny, Sila."⁷⁸

History written by men will never change the historic reality that Hersa was recognized as Hersa Soule until her marriage to Alfred Lee.⁷⁹ She had a lifelong friendship with Silas' family in whose photo album pictures of her children can be found.⁸⁰ Silas' pension file is filled with numerous depositions of people who knew the young couple during the short time they had together.⁸¹ The truth of the non-fiction version is that Silas and Hersa's life together was much too short. Hersa stood beside Silas' friends and fellow

officers just three days after Silas' murder in an over-packed church "draped in weeds before the orange blossoms scarce had time to wither."⁸² There she said goodbye to her "Silie" and to her dreams of building a life with him.⁸³ The *Rocky Mountain News*, while offering condolences included the reminder "that murder may sleep a season but never always, since Heaven watches with a righteous eye the malefactor's march."⁸⁴ Conspicuously missing from this assembly was John M. Chivington.⁸⁵

On the day Silas died, his mother, Sophia Low Soule recorded in her diary, "Staid at home in the forenoon went to meting in the Afternoon Mr. King preached." On the day he was buried, she had gone visiting and had a

guest over for dinner. She recorded no premonitions and she continued to write her diary--a diary that reads as a list poem of activity. Then, on 8 May, ten days after her son had been murdered, she wrote, "Ironed all the forenoon in the afternoon had a letter come bringing the dreadful news of Silas Death." The following day, she wrote, "Don't know what to do with myself," one day of stunned inactivity the only testimony to a mother's grief and to her realization that there would be no more letters from her "sonny wonny, Sile."⁸⁶

Endnotes

¹ *Rocky Mountain News*, 24 April 1865; Raymond Carey Collection. Silas' body was taken to Officer's Headquarters. I have taken poetic license in my opening. There is no evidence that Hersa was present at headquarters and if she did visit, Silas was already dead. A gunshot killed him instantly.

² Colorado State Archives.

³ Silas S. Soule Pension File, depositions of Ward Denison and Margaret Denison. The Coberly House was known as Halfway House because it was located half way between Colorado City and Denver. It was also known as Pretty, or Purty Woman Ranch. It was located by Spring Creek, a tributary of Plum Creek, about eight miles to the southwest of Castle Rock (Robert G. Carey Collection, Box 5 ff 1).

⁴ For information on the location of the massacre read Jerome Greene and Douglas Scott's book, *Finding Sand Creek: History, Archeology, and the 1864 Massacre Site*, visit the National Park Service Website, or the ongoing debate on the Kiowa County Website's Sand Creek Discussion Forum.

⁵ Anne E. Hemphill Collection; Raymond

G. Carey Collection, Box 5 ff13.

⁶ *Rocky Mountain News* 29 December 1865.

⁷ Carroll, 94, 96 The Carroll book is a compilation of the testimonies and other pertinent documents from the three investigations, given in their entirety.

⁸ Roberts 460. The men who opposed Chivington came from groups representing both military men and pioneers.

⁹ Hoig 127; Roberts 398

¹⁰ *Daily Mining Journal* 30 December 1864.

¹¹ *Rocky Mountain News* 22 December 1864.

¹² Roberts 476; Anne E. Hemphill Collection; Raymond G. Carey Collection. A letter from Silas to Colonel Chivington states, "It is plain to see that he [Lt. Moore] is down on you and both he and the rest of our officers here as near as I can see are somewhat jealous of Shaffer and myself and some other officers..."

¹³ Coffin 28.

¹⁴ Carroll 22-35, Testimony of *Major Scott Anthony*. It is interesting to compare the similarities between the testimony given by Anthony of the treatment he witnessed of an Indian child on the day of the massacre with an account, written several years after Sand Creek, by an often used source, Irving Howbert. Howbert was an 18 year old private when he participated in Sand Creek. "There was one little child, probably three years old, just big enough to walk through the sand. The Indians had gone ahead, and this little child was behind following after them. The little fellow was perfectly naked, traveling on the sand. I saw one man get off his horse, at a distance of about seventy-five yards, and draw up his rifle and fire--he missed the child. Another man came up and said, "Let me try the son of a bitch; I can hit him." He got down off his horse, kneeled down and fired at the little child, but he missed him.



Courtesy Denver Public Library Western History Photography Collection

15th and Arapahoe Streets, 1864

A third man came up and made a similar remark, and fired, and the little fellow dropped.” --*Testimony of Major Scott J. Anthony*, 14 March 1865. At one place an Indian child three or four years of age ran out to us, holding up its hands and crying piteously. At first I was inclined to take it up, but changed my mind when it occurred to me that I should have no means of caring for the little fellow. I knew that there were Indians concealed within a couple of hundred yards of where we were, who certainly would look after him as soon as we were out of the way; consequently we left him to be cared for by his own people. Every one of our party expressed sympathy for the little fellow and no one dreamed of harming him.”--Irving Howbert, *Memories of a Lifetime in the Pike’s Peak Region*, p.128

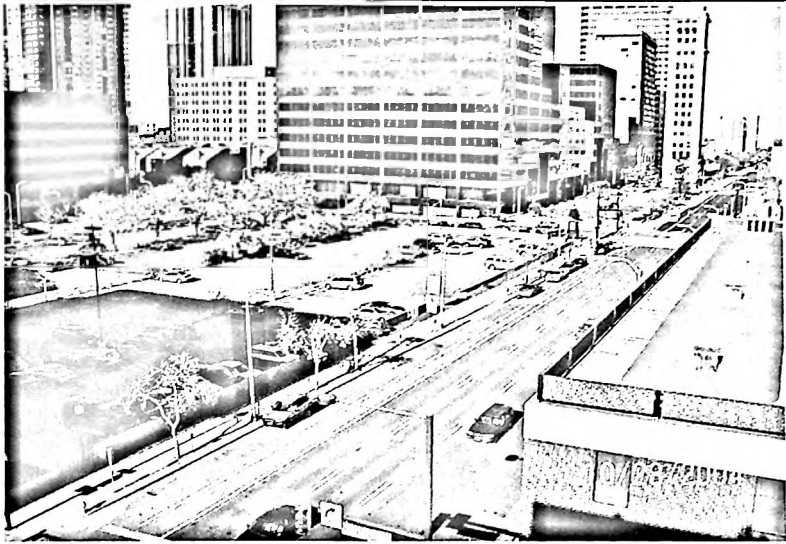
¹⁵ *Daily Mining Journal*, 9 June 1865.

¹⁶ A monument stone stands today at 8th and Vallejo which marks the location of

Camp Weld.

¹⁷ *Rocky Mountain News* 29 September 1864.

¹⁸ Hoig 127; Carroll 282-286. During Wynkoop’s testimony, he furnished papers that he had presented to General Curtis after his removal from Fort Lyon. He states that the papers were “signed by all the officers at Fort Lyon, which was to the effect that they indorsed my whole action with regard to the Indians and thought that I had acted for the best interests of the service as well as for the benefit of the people of the country, which action was indorsed by Major Scott J. Anthony, who agreed with all that was therein stated, and ended by stating that he considered that Major Wynkoop had acted for the best.” Wynkoop also furnished a paper signed by the “citizens of the Arkansas Valley, of Colorado Territory” expressing their “hearty sympathy in [Wynkoop’s] laudable efforts to prevent further danger and



Courtesy Richard Nilles

15th and Arapahoe Streets, 2004

bloodshed.”

¹⁹United States War Department Series I XCVIII, Pt. 1.

²⁰Anne E. Hemphill Collection; Raymond G. Carey Collection, Box 5, ff 13. 8 January 1865 Silas Soule to Sophia Low Soule.

²¹United States War Department, Series I, XLI, Part I, 948-950, letter from Colonel Chivington to General Curtis, 16 December 1884.

²²Carroll, *introduction*.

²³Howbert and others have made the claim that Chivington had not been fairly represented, but Chivington called witnesses, entered evidence, received counsel and often cross-examined witnesses himself.

²⁴Carroll, “Testimony of Silas Soule” 198-219.

²⁵*Daily Mining Journal*, 24 February 1865. The article accuses the *Rocky*

Mountain News, of being “now and always his [Chivington’s] organ” and of “as good as counsel[ing] assassination.” This article associates Chivington with the assassination attempts on Soule even before Silas is finally murdered, though the paper qualifies this implication by stating that “We do not say that Chivington, or the *News* have instigated this extreme proceeding, but taken in connection with the daily fulminations--of that press against what it terms ‘the inquisition’, ‘the menagerie’, it looks as though these men not only did not want investigation, but were determined there should be none.” Silas had already given his testimony 15-21 February. This time frame is often used as a defense against any possible Chivington involvement in the assassination attempts on Soule. That defense is based on the argument that fear of Silas’ testimony could no longer have been the motivating factor. However, the article states that the attempts had occurred “within six weeks”

of 24 February. This means that the attacks could have happened prior to, or even during the period of time he was giving testimony. Neither would this argument eliminate revenge as a motive.

²⁶ *Rocky Mountain News*, 9 February 1865.

Both Tappan and Wynkoop held Chivington either directly or indirectly responsible for Silas' murder.

²⁷ Carroll 349.

²⁸ *The Daily Mining Journal*, 24 April 1865; Cooper, Arthur B.

²⁹ Hoig, Michno and Roberts all incorrectly place his death at 15th and Lawrence.

According to reports in the *Rocky Mountain News* and *The Daily Mining Journal*, Silas was killed directly in front of Dr. Cunningham's house. An advertisement placed by Dr. Cunningham in the *Rocky Mountain News* (various dates) gives the location of his house as 15th and Arapahoe. After completing my research on the exact location, and upon reporting my "discovery" to Vonnie Perkins, I learned that she had drawn the same conclusion, published in her article, "Silas Soule, His Widow Heresa and the rest of the story."

³⁰ *Rocky Mountain News* 24 April 1865; *Daily Mining Journal* 24 April 1865, 25 April 1865. The 25 April *Daily Mining Journal* reintroduces the question of a Chivington connection. The article states, "Well, an order for an investigation was procured, the commission met and these assassination attacks commenced on Soule.... We leave the public to draw their own conclusions, referring them to the fate of Hendersons at Camp Weld in 1862 and to the shooting of Reynolds and his guerrillas last summer." It was common knowledge at the time that Chivington had been involved in both of the fore-mentioned incidents.

³¹ Carroll, "Testimony of James D. Cannon" 300-305. James Cannon Pension File.

³² C. S. Burdsal, Isaac L. Evans, John E. force, James H. Young, W. H. Valentine,

and Simeon Whitely, all present at Cannon's inquest determined that he "came to his death from congestion of the brain." The cause of the congestion was undetermined, though Dr. Lester's testimony suggested that it might have been caused by "narcotic poisoning, alcoholic stimulants or apoplexy induced by narcotics or stimulants taken in excessive quantities" into the stomach. Dr. McClain, who tested the contents of Cannon's stomach discovered no evidence of any such poisons, though he did identify the contents of a small packet, found in Cannon's room, to be morphine. Morphine was a legal substance at the time and was commonly used as a pain killer. The discovery of morphine in Cannon's room is not, as some suggest, evidence that Cannon was an addict, or, if foul play were involved, that the morphine was not placed there by someone else. The testimonies of Mrs. Laura V. Paul and Mrs. Leola Blair state that there was "groaning and rapping as against the bed or walls" coming from Cannon's room around 8 p.m. the night before his body was discovered.

³³ James Cannon Pension File.

³⁴ *Daily Mining Journal* 12 October 1865.

"It is supposed he was aided from the outside, as the large padlock at the back of the door was picked."

³⁵ Raymond G. Carey Collection, Box 5 ff 8. Squiers had previously served in the 174th New York Regiment as a Captain during the Peninsular Campaign. At the time of Silas' murder, he was an unassigned Private in the 2nd Colorado Cavalry.

³⁶ *Ibid.*

³⁷ Carroll 374-377.

³⁸ Not everyone shared this viewpoint. An editorial which appeared in the *Daily Mining Journal* four days after the Hungate murders shows that human rights is not a new issue, "Then too there appears to be no material difference between the murder of an Indian Squaw with her children and the

murder of a white woman with her children. If it is strictly legal and within the limits of military law to burn Indian wigwams and kill in cold blood Indian women and children, then it appears that the Indian, having the rights of a belligerent shall take exemplary vengeance by retaliation—the laws that know no refined limits. If the abuses of the military authorities has brought this upon us we must prepare for it....May we not question the wisdom which under military rule has first precipitated us suddenly into an Indian war....”

³⁹ Carroll 374 Lipman’s affidavit was made 7 April “in the absence of the military authority” at the Headquarters District of Colorado in the presence of Chivington’s counsel and Assistant Commissary of Musters and Judge Advocate, John C. Anderson. It wasn’t entered into evidence, however, until 27 April.

⁴⁰ Carroll 378-79, “Affidavits of Lipman Meyer and George Price.”

⁴¹ Michno. Michno takes little stock in the official findings of the investigations. He states that the difference between the ‘new politically correct history’ and his viewpoint ‘stems from one person looking at the past through today’s eyes and one trying to explain it in yesterday’s terms.’ He adds that today’s heroes such as Silas gain their reputation from the ‘new Western history that projects our modern sensibilities into the past.’ As a result anyone who ‘appears to be ‘against’ the U.S. military and white frontiersman and ‘for’ a poor minority is typed as ‘good.’ Michno’s quotes are from the editor, Gregory Lalire’s, comments on page 6 of the December 2003 issue of *Wild West*. The problem with Michno’s argument is that the findings of the commission and Soules’ brave stance against those more powerful than himself ARE yesterday’s views. The government’s, and therefore, the military perspective of Sand Creek is that it was a massacre. This is not a new

label given by “pc-thinking” historians.

⁴² Greg Michno personal interview, also Greg Michno response Kiowa County Website, Article 290 27 July-2 August, titled “Michno Book,” “Soule and Emma,” “Emma Bennett alias Emma S. Soule.”

⁴³ Colorado State Historical Society.

⁴⁴ Gilpin County Historical Society, Colorado State Historical Society, Silas S. Soule Pension File, *Daily Miners Register*.

⁴⁵ Silas Soule Pension File, depositions of Hannibal Pool and Jesse P. Waterman

⁴⁶ The date 3 April would indicate that the Soule household had one too many Soule brides in residence. Hersa and Silas were married 1 April.

⁴⁷ *Ibid*.

⁴⁸ *Ibid*. Even if she had been married to Silas, she would not have been entitled to his pension as a result of her marriage to George.

⁴⁹ *Ibid*. An affidavit signed by Rose A. Draper and Margaret Buntin of Waterloo, Iowa stated that “they have been well and personally acquainted with Emma from the time after the death of “her late husband Silas S. Soule.” In later depositions this affidavit is proven fraudulent. Margaret Buntin, admitting that she signed some paper for Emma states that “This is the first that I ever saw the writing in the body of the affidavit and I never knew until now what the paper contained. I never knew anything about Capt. Soule or the date of his death. I was not born in 1865 when you say he died. I know nothing as to whether she was remarried.” Similarly, Mrs. Draper, who rented a room to Emma, admits feeling compassion for her and signing some paper, but says that “The body of the affidavit was written, probably, by someone in Chicago... I know nothing about it. I never heard it read before now that I remember. It is not true in any respect. I could not say from personal knowledge that she never remarried as I did not know her until she came to board



Courtesy Richard Nilles

Silas' marker at Riverside Cemetery

with us.”

⁵⁰ Silas was in constant contact with his family through letters, and for at least part of the time of their alleged marriage, his brother William Lloyd Garrison Soule lived in Denver. Based on the depositions given by friends, newspaper accounts and his letters, it can be safely concluded that Silas' personality was not one of brooding secrecy. It seems unlikely that Emma knew Soule on any long-term basis.

⁵¹ Silas S. Soule Pension File. William H. Bright, the brother of Emma's first husband, states in his deposition that Emma did not give birth to a baby at the Bright home, though she did bring her daughter, Ida, to live with them for some time. Mr. Bright also stated that he had never known Emma by the name of Soule and that he had personal knowledge of her marriage to George Bennett.

⁵² Ibid.

⁵³ Emma filed for Silas' pension in 1901.

The investigation lasted until 1905. Hersa had died in 1879..

⁵⁴ Ibid. Emma's request to enter other papers for statements she'd already made, her elaborate efforts at forgery and efforts to escape to New York suggest, however, that she was aware of reality and was deliberately committing fraud.

⁵⁵ *Kansas City Star* 13 January 1929

⁵⁶ Ibid.

⁵⁷ Raymond G. Carey Collection, Box 5 ff10, ff11.

⁵⁸ Ibid; Michno 86, Michno quotes Silas as saying 'Just remember--you can't save someone who refuses to be saved.' There is no historical source for this quote, rather it can be found on page 49 of Bruce Cutler's fictional work, *The Massacre at Sand Creek: Narrative Voices*. Bruce Cutler is a Professor of English and a well-known poet. His fictional source is quoted throughout Michno's book as fact.

⁵⁹ Coal Creek Library. The By-laws of the Coal Creek Library Social Association were passed on 22 November 1859. Silas is listed as a paid member, but it does not state those who were in attendance. Silas is mentioned in the minutes of the first meeting for which records exist, 19 December 1859, so there remains the remotest possibility that he could have been back East during this time. However, Silas conclusively makes a trip East in February as one of "Montgomery's men" as part of a plan to help two of Brown's accomplices escape (Higginson 233; Anne E. Hemphill Collection; Raymond G. Carey Collection). With no evidence placing him near Charlestown, WV during the time John Brown was held there, it seems unlikely that he would have made two trips in such close succession. Coal Creek Library is the oldest library in Kansas, established 1859. The tiny red building is open only on Sundays from 12-5 during the warm months of the year. Martha Smith, Silas Soule's grandniece, who turns 100 on 15

September 2005, has been the librarian since 1926.

⁶⁰ John Brown/Boyd B. Stutler Collection, letters of Governor Wise. West Virginia Division of Archives; Redpath 286-288.

⁶¹ Aaron D. Stevens and Albert Hazlett were executed 16 March 1860 for their role in the Harper's Ferry raid.

⁶² Higginson 233.

⁶³ Ibid. 230, Higginson writes, "Thayer and Eldridge, two young publishers in Boston, also took an interest in raising funds for this purpose; and the fact is fixed in my memory by the circumstance that on visiting their shop one day, during the negotiations, I met for the first and only time Walt Whitman."

⁶⁴ Anne E. Hemphill Collection; Feinburg Collection. Silas Soule to Walt Whitman 8 January 1862.

⁶⁵ Ibid; Feinburg Collection, Silas Soule to Messrs Thayer Eldridge Hinton &c 9 May 1860.

⁶⁶ Coal Creek Library. The minutes for the 7 February meeting of the Coal Creek Library Social Association records that Silas volunteered to work on a committee to plan events for a fair to be held 14 of February. His absence at the 14 February meeting and the subsequent dating of a letter written in Harrisburg 21 February seem to indicate that he left some time during that week. Silas inquires about the festival in the letter.

⁶⁷ Higginson 233.

⁶⁸ Anne E. Hemphill Collection; Raymond Carey Collection., Box 5 ff 13. Silas Soule to Colonel Chivington 11 October 1865.

⁶⁹ Ibid. 3 January 1864 Silas Soule to Colonel Chivington.

⁷⁰ Anne E. Hemphill Collection; Raymond G. Carey Collection, Box 5 ff13, Silas Soule to Colonel Chivington 11 October 1864.

⁷¹ Ibid. Silas Soule to Annie Soule 16 July 1864.

⁷² Anne E. Hemphill Collection; Raymond Carey Collection, Box 5 ff10; LaVonne Perkins; Coal Creek Library.

⁷³ Silas Soule Service Record.

⁷⁴ Silas has been receiving some of this deserved recognition over the past several years. Senator Ben Nighthorse Campbell, addressing the Senate 6 October 1998 on the "National Historic Site Study Act of 1998," spoke respectfully of Silas. He stated, "I want to pay a long overdue tribute to one young Coloradan, Captain Silas S. Soule, whose actions over 130 years ago saved many innocent Cheyenne and Arapaho lives on that fateful day at Sand Creek (page: S11580).

Also, the Northern Cheyenne Sand Creek Spiritual Healing Run has stopped by Silas' gravesite at Riverside Cemetery to honor him and Joseph Cramer with a ceremony the last few years. The Annual Sand Creek Spiritual Healing Run is held in November close to the date of the massacre.

⁷⁵ Ibid; Library of Congress, 12 March 1866. Silas' murder occurred on 23 April 1865.

⁷⁶ Anne E. Hemphill Collection; Raymond G. Carey Collection, Box 5 ff113, Silas Soule to Annie Soule 16 July 1864.

⁷⁷ Ibid. Silas Soule to Sophia Low Soule 2 June 1864.

⁷⁸ Ibid. Silas Soule to Sophia Low Soule, various dates.

⁷⁹ A Charles Ambrook wrote a letter to the Commissioner of Pension from Boulder 4 February 1879 with the concern that Hersa was still receiving Silas' pension even though she had remarried eight years previous. He writes that he "understood it to be against the law to do so" and makes the further claim that his "informant claim[ed] to have attained the information from Mrs. Lee herself." The pension file shows that Hersa was granted a pension in May 1866 and continued to draw a pension until 4 December 1871. Hersa married Alfred E. Lee 14 December 1871 (Perkins

15). Hersa died just three months after Mr. Ambrook wrote his letter, 11 May 1879. Another interesting note about Ambrook's letter is that he refers to Silas as "Capt (or Major)." Either Ambrook or his informant must have been in a position to know of Soule's advancement to Brevet Major.

⁸⁰ Anne E. Hemphill Collection. Also included in the collection is a touching letter written to Annie Soule after Silas' death. It is written while Hersa is visiting their brother, William. She writes, "'I like Will and Mary, very very much but I don't think that Will is much like Silie, he is not so full of fun, but his eyes and hair are very much like My Silie's and I have no doubt but he is as good and I love him dearly but oh dear Annie no one can feel as I do. He was my future hope...I am afraid I shall make them unhappy. I would rather die than to. I think because it is my fate to be unhappy it--is not--right that I should make others unhappy on my account.'" She adds at the end of the letter, "I send you two of Silies' Photographs that he had taken just before he was killed. They were not finished at the time." Silas' mother, Sophia Low Soule, also records Hersa's visit with her in Maine in her diary.

⁸¹ Silas Soule Pension File.

⁸² *Rocky Mountain News* 27 April 1865.

⁸³ Silas was originally buried at Mount Prospect Cemetery, which was located where Cheeseman Park is today. Silas was

relocated to Riverside Cemetery in 1886, where his military marker stands today. His original marker did not make the journey with him to Riverside. Hersa placed a thank you in the *Rocky Mountain News* for the original monument, "extending her heartfelt thanks to the officers and members of the First Colorado, and all the others, who have so kindly and thoughtfully placed the beautiful and enduring monument over the remains of her deceased husband, Capt. Silas S. Soule." It is not known what happened to this monument, though there is a mention of "a large marble shaft" that was "erected to his memory, by the survivors of the First Colorado Regiment" on page 353 of the *History, Biography and Genealogy of the Families Named Soule, Sowle and Soulis, Volume 1*. This account, published in 1926, goes on to state that the monument "is still standing in the older Evergreen Cemetery, but has not been kept in good condition."

⁸⁴ *Rocky Mountain News* 27 April 1865.

⁸⁵ Roberts 491. According to Roberts, Chivington spent the day set aside to honor his one-time friend answering "questions sent to him by the Joint Committee on the Conduct of War."

⁸⁶ Anne E. Hemphill Collection, diary of Sophia Low Soule.



Sand Creek marker,
State Capitol

Courtesy Richard Nilles

Over the corral rail

Welcome new Corresponding Members

Betty Alexander, no information given.

Patty Zarlengo of Arvada. Patty's interests include Colorado's history, camping, the mountains and reading.

Barbara Fleching of Aurora. Barbara enjoys Colorado's mountains and history.

Debra Faulkner of Thornton. Debra is interested in Colorado women's history and is on the Board of the Colorado Women's Hall of Fame.

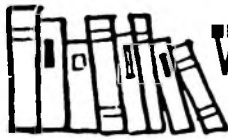
Steve Deitemeyer of Wheat Ridge. Steve enjoys Lewis and Clark history and is Director of the Heritage Program of the Rocky Mtn. Region of the Forest Service.

Happenings in the corral

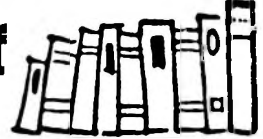
Westerners International announced that **Dr. Giles D. Toll, C.M.** of the Denver Posse is the recipient of the Second Prize "Coke Award" for his article *Now we are entering that Other World*, the account of his uncle Roger Wolcott. (Rocky Mountain National Park by Giles will be the subject of the next *Roundup*.)

Barbara Gibson, P.M., has been appointed Executive Director of the Four Mile Historic Park.

Jeff Broome, P.M., was interviewed on the Mike Rosen Show on radio station KOA August 24, 2005, to discuss his book, *Dog Soldier Justice: The Ordeal of Susanne Alderdice in the Kansas Indian War*.



Westerners Bookshelf



SACRED STONES: Colorado's Red Rocks Park & Amphitheatre, by Thomas J. Noel. Denver Division of Theatres and Arenas, 2004. Illustrations, time line and appendices. 129 pages. Hardbound, \$34.95.

If you have any aspirations to write about the Red Rocks Park and Amphitheatre, stop! The quintessential tome has been done by the literarily prolific Dr. Noel. From the chronological timeline in the front to the appendices and the beautiful illustrations, photographs and book design you will enjoy having this book front and center on the coffee table.

The chapters of this book are concise and the illustrations varied and abundant. Dr. Noel has organized this material so you start with the geology of the area and proceed through the era of the dinosaurs, the arrival of the prehistoric peoples, the influx of the white man and his need to mine the sandstone for the

...you will enjoy having this
book front and center on
the coffee table...

building of a nearby growing city. However, it soon became obvious to the populous that this area had a beauty that needed to be preserved for the future enjoyment of the people. Enter John Brisben Walker, Sr.

The Walker family used its money and ingenuity to perpetuate entertainment in the area. The Walkers dabbled in everything from amusement parks to an opera showboat. However, the Red Rocks were never far from J. B. Senior's aspirations. On August 18, 1928, Walker's dreams finally came true when the City and County of Denver purchased 110 acres for \$50,000. Thus, the Red Rocks became the "crown jewel of a Denver Mountain Parks system."

The author brings forth a cast of characters that figured in Red Rocks history. Names like Mayor Benjamin Stapleton, Mayor Robert Speer, Fredrick Law Olmsted, Jr., Charles Boettcher, Bertha Mae LaGrow, Burnham Hoyt, Helen Black and Wilbert R. Rosche, to name just a few.

Dr. Noel takes us through the development of the amphitheater and other proposed ventures of the area, some good, some not so good or lasting.

In 1936 the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corp) was approved to start building the amphitheatre. This program not only helped bring this beautiful space into fruition but helped many young men and their families survive the hardships of that time. The workers tested the acoustics of the amphitheatre by spinning a coin on stage and others listening on the last row to hear it fall.

The section on the music from 1950 to 1970 really brought back happy memories for me. I arrived from the flat lands of Oklahoma to attend the University of Denver and immediately fell in love with the Red Rocks. I was in awe of the

surroundings and the way they enhanced the performance whether it be a ballet or a solo singer. The breathtaking early morning Easter services are forever in one's soul.

The performance dates and performers listed in Appendix A were most enjoyable. It starts with the opening on May 31, 1936 to October 2, 2004. I found myself saying, "Oh, yeah, I remember when I saw that." It was fun to find out exactly what date I was there and the performance I saw.

Appendix B shows the land owners and transfers by date from July 1, 1872 until the year 2001. This information is supported from the Jefferson County property records.

Many readers will enjoy Appendix C which shows an aerial view of the park and numbers that correspond to a list of the major rock formations with their historical and alternative names.

If you haven't been to the newly restored visitor center and Ship Rock Grille, I am sure after reading Chapter XI you will be on your way up the hill. I appreciate Dr. Noel's wonderful style of presenting historical fact with clarity, brevity, fluidity and impeccable research. This book would be an excellent companion when you take a trip to the Morrison and Red Rocks area.

I feel that no 'red' blooded Coloradoan's library should be without this volume about the Red Rocks Park and Amphitheater!

--Max D. Smith, P.M

Women and Gender in the American West, Edited by Mary Ann Irwin and James F. Brooks. University of New Mexico Press, 2004. 437 pages, including 111 pages of back notes for the essays. Paperback, \$22.95. Royalties from the sale of the book go to the Jensen-Miller Prize Fund for the Coalition of Western Women's History.

This book is a compilation of 14 prize-winning essays awarded to Western women writers and one male writer who won the Coalition for Western Women's Joan Jensen-Darlis Miller Prize for outstanding scholarship on women's experiences in the North American West. Each writer is a noted professor who teaches in colleges and universities throughout the United States and Canada.

All of the essays are beautifully written and carefully researched with extensive documentation in back notes. The essays range from women's experiences as plural Mormon wives, women settlers throughout the West, Indian women exploited in British Columbia, to problems of the Navajo women weavers. These essays offer a rare compilation of many segments of women's history.

--Doris B. Osterwald, P.M.

UFO's Over Galisteo And Other Stories of New Mexico's History, by Robert J. Torrez. University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 2004. 169 pp. Glossary of Spanish terms, biographies, index. Paper.

Retired New Mexico historian, Robert J. Torrez, compiles a collection of stories and events previously untold that he retrieved from the New Mexico state records and archives. Robert Torrez was born in Las Ojos, New Mexico, where, as a child, his family filled his mind with stories of their life experiences thus peaking his love for New Mexico's Spanish, Mexican, and territorial history.

UFO's Over Galisteo is comprised of 16 short stories which give a taste of life during the early days of New Mexico. You may start with any of the stories for a quick read, although be forewarned, it is difficult not to read on to the book's end. Unless you have a grasp for Spanish, it would be helpful to refer to the glossary of Spanish terms. Brief summaries of a few of the stories follow:

The *Weekly New Mexico* reported on March 26, 1880 "a mysterious aerial phantom!" known today as "UFO". The air machine shaped like a fish was reported to contain occupants, speaking a strange language and having a great time with laughter and music. The occupants dropped objects with messages, one which ultimately led to a foreigner's marital bliss in the distant state of New York. The U.S. mail ledger book records the competition for passengers and freight; trips seven days long were reduced to three days with meals and lodging. Much like advertisements today, safety, speed, and comfort were touted as the ultimate means of transportation.

Stories of arranged marriages, love triangles and espousal murders fill many pages. One story is about a mother, her daughter, and the brutal murder of the daughter's husband. Hanged by their necks, the two women were brought to justice for their violent sin.

And still another story graphically develops the life of Theodore Baker. On the scaffold, Baker had to be hanged twice. His crime: the bloody killing of his lover's husband.

Two women crossed the line of sanity. Through deceit, rat poisoning and dark foreboding thoughts, these women ended one man's life. A week of eternity, the poison was slow in its effects, but eventually ended the man's life. Like apparitions, the conspiring women vanished, locked up for eternal punishment.

In one story, the local news media explodes reports on an Indian rampage one day in May 1910. Proven to be an exaggeration, the rampage was in actuality, a minor incident and much anxiety was spread through the United States due to the lack of truth in the media's reports. Labor disputes, revolts, neighborly water rights, brawls, and the biased records are a refreshing reminder; the more things change, the more they remain the same.

Every story, enveloped with the reality of human pain, passion, blood, first and last breaths, draws the reader deeper and deeper into the heart of New Mexico and her people of long ago.

--Ed Sobota, C.M.

Arizona's War Town, Flagstaff, Navajo Ordnance Depot, and World War II, by John S. Westerlund. University of Arizona Press, 2004. 446 pp. Photos, maps, bibliography, index. Paper.

In 1940, Flagstaff Arizona was a ranching and lumbering burg with a small state college. Like many US towns it underwent dramatic, and at times traumatic growth before and during World War II.

Westerlund chronicles the changes. These include:

- * The development and operations of the Navajo Ordnance Depot, including recruitment of native Americans to staff the facility.
- * Use of POW labor at the facility.
- * An officer development program - V12 - run by the US Navy at Arizona State Teachers College (now Northern Arizona University).
- * The effects on Flagstaff itself of an influx of builders, laborers, soldiers, Navajos, Hopis, POW's, and many other people.
- * Post war developments and attitudes.

It is always interesting to see how an insular community fares when grappling with tremendous and unexpected forces from without. In this case, Flagstaff faced upheaval and change ingeniously, evenhandedly, and with minimal strife and fraud.

Mr. Westerlund clearly, fairly, and readably describes how the town faced and met the challenges of the war. This is a good read for those interested in the home front in the 1940s.

--Stan Moore, P.M.

Custer and Me, A Historian's Memoir, by Robert M. Utley. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, 2004. 237 pp. Photos, list of books and brochures by the author and index. Cloth, \$37.95.

To this reviewer, Robert Utley is the dean of historians when it comes to the Indian Wars. I first met the author when he was Sheriff of the Potomac Corral of the Westerners in December 1973. He was working for the National Park Service at the time. Since then, we have renewed our acquaintance in 1980 in Oklahoma City, Santa Fe, New Mexico in 1981, and lastly at Fort Collins, Colorado when he was introducing his then latest work, *Cavalier in Buckskin*, circa 1988.

The title of this book, his autobiography, is somewhat deceiving. Although he relates at the beginning Custer was his hero in his early life, and of working at the Little Big Horn Battlefield for six summers as a seasonal Park Ranger between 1946 and 1952, he never worked there again. During this time, he also managed to meet various Custer descendants and to visit Custer's hometown of Monroe, Michigan. Other than writing several books on Custer, his career took him elsewhere. As a coincidence, I worked as a wrangler on a dude ranch about 100 miles south of the Little Big Horn during the summers of 1949 to 1951, but I had no interest in Indian Wars history at that time.

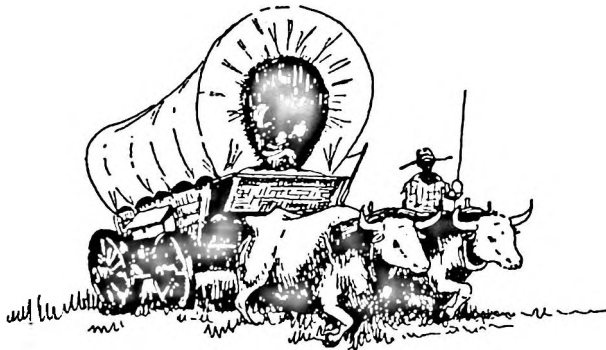
The author's summers at the battlefield induced him to seek a career with the National Park Service where he eventually attained the position of Chief Historian with a stint in the United States Army along the way. Utley earned a Masters degree in history at the University of Indiana in 1952, and since has become a prolific and esteemed writer of narrative history involving the American West. He joined the Potomac Corral at their organizational meeting in 1955, and was one of the Corral's founders. At the outset, Utley states:

"this book is not just about Custer and me, although that is a theme that pervades it and appears intermittently from beginning to end. I have had other relationships and experiences that I want to write about. Those readers interested in the U.S. Army of the 1950's, the National Park Service, the national historic preservation program, the writing and publishing of narrative history, or autobiographical details may jump over Custer and stick with those passages".

That's about it in a nutshell, except that he helped organize the Western History Association and was one of its first presidents.

I found this autobiography to be fascinating and at times could not put it down. Utley, through most of the book, offers his views on the workings of the National Park Service and its problems during six administrations. Among books that he has written, the narratives on the Indian Wars stand out, but he has also written award-winning biographies on Sitting Bull and Billy the Kid. The mountain men and the Texas Rangers are other subjects he has dwelled upon. This, his autobiography, is highly recommended for those who enjoy reading his work as much as I do. They will be pleasantly surprised.

--Richard A. Cook, P. M.





The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

September - October 2005



Toll family photo

Roger W. Toll in his forties

**Roger Wolcott Toll
and Rocky Mountain National Park**

by Giles Toll, C.M.

(presented April 27, 2005)



Our Author

Giles Toll, a nephew of Roger W. Toll, is a graduate of Williams College, holds an M.D. from Harvard Medical School, and is a retired pathologist who lives in Golden. He has climbed all the Colorado Fourteeners at least twice. His travels out of the country include ascents of Kilimanjaro and Mt. Elbrus, as well as five treks in the Himalayas and Karakorams. He is a member of the Colorado Mountain Club.

He is also the son of Henry W. Toll, Sr., and brother of Henry Toll, Jr., both well known Westerners. He has appreciated being a Corresponding Member for many years.

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Roger Wolcott Toll and Rocky Mountain National Park

by Giles Toll, C.M.
(presented April 27, 2005)

At the highest spot on Rocky Mountain National Park's Trail Ridge Road drivers who take a break from their cars find a little trail leading to a solitary rock outcrop. Rising from the surrounding tundra at an altitude of 12,310 feet high, it presents on its top a mountain locator identifying the landmarks in a 360-degree panorama of dramatic alpine scenery. On the side of this outcrop, part way up the natural steps leading to its top, is a simple bronze plaque which reads:

"The mountain index placed on this rock is a memorial to Roger Wolcott Toll - Superintendent of Mount Rainier National Park 1919-1921 - of Rocky Mountain National Park 1921-1928 - of Yellowstone National Park 1929-1936 - Mountaineer - Civil Engineer - Naturalist - Whose love of the high country was manifested by making it more accessible to you and your friends"

The site of the memorial is one of the most spectacular in all of Rocky Mountain National Park. It is also one of the most accessible. That it should dwell in such a setting was no accident. For, ever since his youth, reaching the most magnificent spots in the area that would become Rocky Mountain National Park was Toll's passion. And

as the park's superintendent, getting other people there was his mission.

Roger Wolcott Toll was born in Denver in 1883, the second of four sons of Charles Hansen Toll and Katharine Wolcott Toll. This photo (next page) was taken in 1896 and shows the four boys. Roger is second from the left. His mother was Katharine Wolcott, one of five Wolcott siblings who came to Colorado beginning in the 1870's. His parents named his oldest brother after his father, Charles Hansen Toll, but his mother saw to it that her next three sons all had "Wolcott" as a middle name; as first name, she gave them either the first or middle name of her two brothers who were also in Colorado.

Roger Toll's first home was a small corner house surrounded by a white picket fence at 1801 Welton St., where Roger, as well as his older brother were born. The family then moved to a small brick house on the east side of Grant St., the second house south of 18th Ave., and about 1892 moved again to the southwest corner of Colfax Ave. and Gaylord St.¹ Roger attended the Denver Public Schools, and graduated from Manual Training High School in 1901. He then enrolled in Denver University for one year.

Katharine Wolcott Toll was remarkable in her ability to travel with her sons while they were growing up, first evidenced by a seven-week trip in



Toll family photo

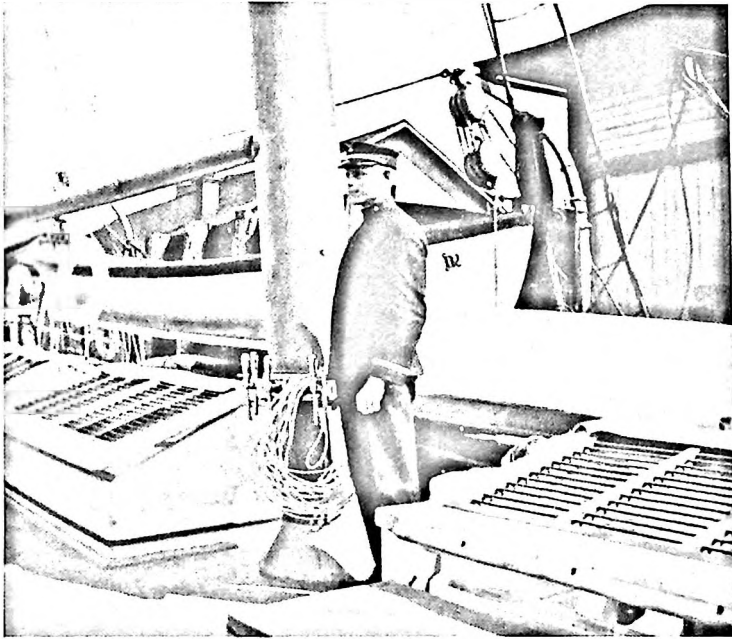
Photo taken in 1896 of Roger and his three brothers in evident chronological order. Charles H. Toll, Jr. ("Carl"), the oldest, is on the far left, then in sequence from left to right are Roger, Henry and Oliver

1884 when she took Roger, age 1, and Carl, age 2, through Ohio, upper New York state, and Connecticut to visit Wolcott and Toll relatives. In 1889 she took her then three sons, including two-year-old Henry, to Maine and Connecticut for the summer, again visiting relatives. In 1897 she took all four sons (now including Oliver who was 6 at the time) to northern Michigan for the summer. In June 1899, she began a one-year trip, again with all four boys, beginning with the summer traveling in Great Britain. They then went to Paris where she enrolled Roger and his brothers in school for the academic year, and had them tutored in French.

They traveled in Switzerland and Germany, and returned to Denver in June, 1900.²

Throughout his boyhood, Roger's father, Charles H. Toll was very busy practicing law and thus could never join the family in their trips. His career came to a tragic and premature end in 1901 when he died very suddenly while at work at the age of 51.

Roger finished his year at the University of Denver in 1902 and entered Columbia University. He joined the Engineering Society and was elected vice president of the sophomore class; he also served on the board of the school yearbook, the *Columbian*.



R.W.T. family photo

R.W.T. in uniform on the deck of the U.S.S. MacArthur with the Coast and Geodetic Survey in Cook Inlet, Alaska, 1908

Fittingly, his quote for his yearbook biography was: "Continued cheerfulness is the true sign of wisdom." Toll earned his B.S. in engineering from Columbia in 1906.³ He spent a full year after graduation traveling around the world with his brother Carl. On his return, he worked as an engineer for the Massachusetts Department of Health.

By March 1908 Toll had been accepted by the Coast and Geodetic Survey as an aide. He stayed at the Washington office of the Survey only briefly. In a letter to his mother, he described the next development: I telegraphed you this evening that I was to leave tomorrow for Seattle, and

will tell you the rest of the story now. This afternoon I was working, Capt. Gilbert (who has charge of the boats of the Coast Survey fleet) came in and said, "Toll, can you go to Alaska this afternoon?" I thought he was joking and said "No sir, but I can go tomorrow afternoon," and he said, "Well, I'll give you till noon." This assignment is the very one I would choose if I had the pick of the whole lot, as the work is to be quite varied, some on land and some in boats.

The ship, the S.S. MacArthur (named after the father of General Douglas MacArthur), was assigned to survey in the southern half of the Cook

Inlet, sailing out of Seattle and arriving in Alaska in April 1908.

The expedition's headquarters was the town of Seldovia, on the eastern side of the mouth of the Cook Inlet. One of the principal projects was a hydrographic survey of Seldovia Harbor, which required 2800 soundings, in which Roger was involved. Another of Toll's jobs was locating and building triangulation signals at sites along the coast. And he took his turn standing watch on board ship when the *MacArthur* was under way.

For recreation, he was equipped for bottom fishing and trolling for salmon. As for hunting, he recorded: "Over my bunk is the arsenal—Two shot guns and two rifles."⁴ His six-month assignment had him back in Denver in early October 1908. On his return, Toll began a position as engineer with the Denver Tramway Company. He held the job for seven years, serving as chief engineer for the last three years' worth.

In April 1912 the Colorado Mountain Club came into being at a meeting organized by James Grafton Rogers (who became dean of the University of Colorado Law School and chairman of the Colorado Historical Society) and Mary Sabin (who taught Latin and mathematics at the old East Denver High School). Among the 24 founding members was Roger Toll, who served on the organization's first board of directors and was an early vice president. This group of mountaineering enthusiasts aimed to provide a safe and informed way for people to enjoy the mountains and participate in the protection of the mountain environment.

In one of its first forest-preservation

moves, the club joined with other groups and individuals working for the designation of Rocky Mountain National Park; the designation came in 1915.⁵

"He was a charter member, one of the 24 organizers, a member of the first board of directors, leader of many trips and active member of the earliest outing committees," club co-founder George C. Barnard and his wife, Emma R. Barnard, later wrote of Roger Toll. "He originated our system of trip reports, and designed the Club's peak register cylinders made of bronze, which proved so satisfactory on all 14,000-ft. peaks."⁶ Toll contributed occasional descriptions of mountain ascents to *Trail and Timberline*, the club's periodical.

It was then that Toll began compiling the first of his two books.⁷ Published by the National Park Service in 1919 as *Mountaineering in the Rocky Mountain National Park*, Toll's first book is both a precursor to today's hiking guidebooks and a contemplation on the virtues of wilderness exploration. He opens with meditation on climbing:

...In the open, one learns the character of his companions with more rapidity and certainty than in the more conventional life of cities. A friend is defined as one with whom you would like to go camping again. Strong and weak characteristics rapidly develop. Selfishness cannot be hidden. True and lasting friendship is often built up in a short time.

Then follow thirty pages of advice-

much of it just as relevant today as it was then—about equipment, food, weather protection, and the essentials for safe and enjoyable climbs in Colorado's high country.

A table lists the 84 named peaks over 11,000 feet high in what was the Longs Peak quadrangle. (In his own copy, Toll took a pencil to the list as he hiked the peaks, eventually checking off all 46 in Rocky Mountain National Park and 29 others.) At a time when such information was largely word-of-mouth, Toll and 16 fellow Colorado Mountain Club members describe and provide photographs for 34 climbs and three circle trips. Their write-ups are models of route descriptions: For each, a tabular "Log of trip" shows the time landmarks are reached, length of stops, elevation at each landmark, and its distance from the last mentioned place. Toll intersperses careful directions for reaching trailheads and lists nearby lodging establishments.

The extent of Toll's hiking in the Rocky Mountain National Park area is indicated by his personal map of the Rocky Mountain National Park 15-minute quad on which he marked in pencil all the hikes he made.

In his book, Toll reveals the particular appeal Longs Peak had for him, extolling its features more than any other mountain's:

Longs Peak is the king of the Rocky Mountain National Park. It is more than a hundred feet higher than Pikes Peak. Mount Meeker, Mount Lady Washington, and Longs Peak form an encircling ring of granite cliffs that nearly surround Chasm Lake and produce one of the

wildest and most impressive spots in the Colorado Mountains.

In October 1916, when he left the Denver Tramway Company, Toll joined Sweet, Causey, Foster & Co. to sell investment bonds. The United States entered World War I and in November 1917 the Army commissioned Toll as a captain in the Ordnance Department. Senator John F. Shafroth had written one of Toll's letters of recommendation to the Secretary of War. (Toll took advantage of being in Washington to work with the National Park Service in the publication of *Mountaineering*.) Toll worked his way to the rank of major by the war's end.

In his work with the Army, Toll also struck up an acquaintance with Horace Albright, assistant director of the Park Service, whom he had met earlier in Colorado. As Albright later related, "During the war, a very personable young major who was stationed in Washington, Roger Toll, had come around the Interior Department to talk about national parks. He was one of three mountaineering sons of a pioneer Colorado family that had been active in creating Rocky Mountain National Park. I had kept in touch with Toll after he had left the army and moved to Hawaii (Author's note: that this probably should be "was visiting Hawaii for a vacation and to study volcanoes."), so I suggested to Mather that he contact him

while in the Islands as a possible candidate for the superintendent's position at Mount Rainier National Park, which was then vacant. Mather was quite impressed with young Toll, and hired him for the job."⁸

Family versions differ as to whether Mather and Toll met while climbing Mauna Loa or whether Mather, driving along a lightly traveled road, recognized Toll from a previous meeting and stopped to talk with him. At any rate, they found each other and Mather hired Toll for his first position with the National Park Service. Toll served as superintendent at Mount Rainier from 1919 to 1921. During his tenure he made the first ascent of Rainier's challenging Kautz Glacier.

As assistant director of the National Park Service, Horace Albright was a key partner to director Stephen Mather. In 1915 and 1916 Albright was invaluable in getting congressional approval for the creation of the National Park Service. Albright was the one who stayed in Washington while Mather traveled the country, using his charisma and personal wealth to generate public approval for the service. In early 1917 an episode of severe depression incapacitated Mather; it lasted twenty-one months. As the United States got involved in World War I, Albright, as the solo director until Mather's return, was responsible for the resultant funding and personnel shortages. It was during that time, when Albright was single-handedly directing the National Park Service, that Toll visited the Department of Interior and Albright

identified him as a potential superintendent.⁹

In September 1916, 15 months after Rocky Mountain Park was established, "Chief Ranger in Charge" L. Claude Way took over park directorship; his title later became "Superintendent." In experience with the Army that included service in the Spanish American War, Way had reached the rank of captain. He then worked as a forest ranger at the Grand Canyon. As the first superintendent of Rocky Mountain National Park, Way got the contentious task of imposing and explaining national park stipulations to the region's residents, garnering the inevitable criticism in the process. In October 1921, during a reassignment to Hawaii National Park as superintendent, Way vacationed in Arizona; he bought a cattle ranch and resigned from the Park Service.^{10 11}

Author, naturalist, and mountaineer Roger Toll was Horace Albright's natural choice as Way's replacement. Toll's tour as superintendent of Rocky Mountain National Park was to run through early 1929.

"One item of no mean importance was the almost immediate establishment of the friendliest cooperation between the Park Service and other governmental agencies," the Barnards wrote. "A difference of opinion, to him, never meant antagonism. Those who at times opposed his plans frankly state that never was his judgment or action based on self consideration; always he was guided by what he felt was right." They add that, "In all his treatment of individuals he chose the course which was the most considerate and the kindest."¹²

On a similar note, Madeline



Courtesy Rocky Mountain National Park

The Boulder Field Shelter Cabin included a stove, table, benches and chairs on the first floor, and two bed spaces on the second floor accessed by a ladder through a trap door. Shown is a Colorado Mountain Club group, and the photo was taken by Roger W. Toll on 31 July 1927.

Framson writes in the *Estes Park Trail*:

The vibrant young Park was beset with problems associated with birth pangs of vitriolic controversies. This physically striking man with steady demeanor, bringing measured plausibility, never shied away from controversy. His character augmented with human understanding, this polished gentleman with dignity and presence was indeed expert in persuasiveness for compromise and change between parties. Armed with intellectual imagination and integrity, this affable diplomat was able to quell friction and unrest and draw people to his point of view.¹³

Toll's arrival as superintendent was

timely. It coincided with the rising popularity of the national parks. Rocky Mountain's established reputation and Toll's administrative talents and enthusiasm for the area converged in seven years of major, progressive changes.¹⁴ All the while, Toll continued writing to publicize the mountains and the park, as this from an article in *Municipal Facts* of 1928:

Look! The grand old peak stands there so majestically. He has watched the sun rise day after day, year after year, for centuries, who will say how many? No wonder he has such a solemn dignity! Follow the slope with your eye, on and on, up and up, to the summit towering several thousand feet above us. The mountain is so great-man is so small. Do you



Courtesy Rocky Mountain National Park

suppose we will ever stand up there on the highest point-it seems so inaccessible, remote and so far above us.¹⁵

In *Mountain Magazine*¹⁶, as well as in *Estes Park Trail*¹⁷, Toll published a description of ten days of hiking in Rocky Mountain National Park. The experience, he wrote, is “not for a tenderfoot, but assumes you are a good hiker, have had experience in the mountains...and that you can go through a little hardship, for the sake of the objective that you started for.” Then follow careful, tourist-tempting descriptions of some of the park’s finest hikes and climbs.

As an increasingly mobile public began motoring to the new national park, Toll’s administration undertook construction projects on Longs Peak

The Agnes Vaile Memorial Storm Shelter located beside the Keyhole stands near where Agnes Vaile died on 12 January 1925.

The plaque to her is shown directly below the window, where it is still present. Photo taken on 5 October 1930.

with these early tourists in mind. In August 1925 Toll oversaw the placement of steel cables on the treacherous north face of the peak.^{18&19} Both cables were removed in 1973 as required by the Wilderness Preservation Act of 1964.

In 1926 Toll designed the Boulder Field Shelter Cabin, basing the design on facilities he had seen in Europe. This cabin was completed in 1927. As Toll wrote, “The lessee will furnish anything from a cup of coffee to dinner, bed and breakfast.” The masonry cabin provided eating facilities on the first floor and sleep areas on the low-ceilinged second floor. Adjacent to it were a stable and latrine. As the walls were continuously cracking-apparently because of gradual movement in the boulders-the shelter stopped serving as a concession in 1935; the shelter and stable were subsequently removed.^{20&21}

A third construction project on Longs Peak, the Agnes Vaile Storm Shelter at the Keyhole, still stands today. Denver Architect Arthur Fisher designed the shelter on the lines of ancient dwellings in Apulia, Italy; it was built in 1926 and 1927.²²

The tragedy surrounding this structure intimately involved Toll. Agnes Vaile was an experienced mountaineer, a long-time member of

the Colorado Mountain Club, and a respected and beloved member of the Denver community, where she served as Chamber of Commerce secretary. In the fall of 1924, she and a young Swiss guide, Walter Kiener, decided to attempt the east face of Longs. They tried once in October, again in November, and a third time in December. Each attempt was frustrated by bad weather, route-finding difficulties, or equipment problems. Despite pleas from Agnes's family, friends, and fellow club members, she and Kiener made another attempt, reaching the Timberline Cabin the night of January 10, 1925, accompanied by Elinor Eppich Kingry. Kiener and Vaile started for the peak after breakfast the morning of January 11. As they climbed, the weather deteriorated. They finally summated at 4 A.M. on January 12 (the first wintertime summit via that route). They descended the north face. At this point Agnes was exhausted. Toward the bottom of the north face she fell, slid 150 feet, and although apparently not injured, had difficulty walking thereafter. Powerless to go on, she stopped to rest, and Kiener went for help. Kiener and another man were able to return to Agnes in spite of a severe storm, but found her dead. Among the accounts of this event, two are those of James Pickering²³ and Janet Robertson²⁴.

Compounding the tragedy, rescuer Herbert Sortland, innkeeper for the Longs Peak Inn, was found dead a short distance from the inn after turning back from the rescue expedition. The controversy remains as to whether it was Vaile or Kiener who pushed the ill-fated decision to try the climb. As park superintendent, Roger Toll oversaw the

rescue operation and was among the 12 men who recovered Agnes's body later in the week. He was a close associate and friend of Vaile's through the Colorado Mountain Club. He was also her first cousin.

An inscription on the plaque at the Vaile Storm Shelter reads: Agnes Wolcott Vaile - This shelter commemorates a Colorado Mountaineer, conquered by winter after scaling the precipice, January 12th, 1925; and one who lost his life in an effort to save her - Herbert Sortland. (Please see Footnote on page 16.)

It was during his tenure at "Rocky" that Toll compiled his second book, *The Mountain Peaks of Colorado*.²⁵ This directory of all of the named points of elevation in Colorado - peaks and mountains, ridges and hills - published in 1923 by the Colorado Mountain Club. The booklet is typical of Toll's comprehensive and orderly approach to the task. As Toll writes in his introduction, "The following lists of mountains and peaks in Colorado have been prepared in order to collect in an available form the latest information regarding the elevation of these peaks, their names and location." Again collating previously unavailable details while expanding on them for posterity, Toll determined the number of named peaks and relative order of height. His objective was an "alphabetical list, as complete as possible, for the purpose of determining to what extent the names of the mountains are duplicated, and for use in future naming of mountains."

In the process of compiling the features' names, Toll mused on his findings:

There is an unfortunate amount of duplication in the names of mountains as well as other topographic features. For example, there are 17 Bald Mountains in Colorado, and if we include the Bald Peaks, Baldys, and the like, there are 36 points sharing this designation. Similarly there are 26 mountains named "Red" and 22 named "Sheep," and there is considerable repetition of such names as Black, Blue, Green, Bear, Eagle, Elk, Lookout, Sugarloaf, Table, Twin, and Sawtooth. Where there is so much duplication the name ceases to be a distinctive designation and indicates a regrettable lack of originality.

For years, motorists relied on the Fall River Road to get them across the park. Nearly as old as the park itself, the road linked Estes Park and Grand Lake via a scenic drive over the Continental Divide. Long discussed was the notion of supplementing that increasingly traveled road with a highway over the Continental Divide using the Trail

Ridge route. In his first annual report in 1922 Toll included the project in his budgetary needs.²⁶ This was at a time when the Park Service was still so limited financially that it was hard to find funds to maintain the roads already in existence. In August 1923 he again included the project in his budgetary estimate for 1925 in a letter to Horace Albright as field assistant to the director.²⁷ In 1926, he noted that surveying for Trail Ridge Road had begun; it continued in 1927. At the time Toll completed his tour at Rocky Mountain in early 1929, the funding was in place. The construction of Trail Ridge Road began that summer under Superintendent Edmund Rogers.

Toll was persistent and foresighted in making Trail Ridge Road happen. The project demonstrates his belief, along with Albright and Mather, that when appropriate a very limited portion of a national park could be used for a highway to give those visitors who were unable to hike or ride horseback a chance to see some of the incredible beauty of the parks. Trail Ridge Road stands as an example of the early National Park Service leaders' balancing of conservation goals with recreational use.

In early 1929, Horace Albright was called from Yellowstone to take over the directorship of the Park Service from an ailing Stephen Mather. Toll took the superintendent's position in Yellowstone, where he continued until his untimely death in 1936. In his seven years at Yellowstone, Toll showed the administrative talents he had



Toll family photo

demonstrated at Rocky Mountain. He also continued his dedication to preservation of the environment.

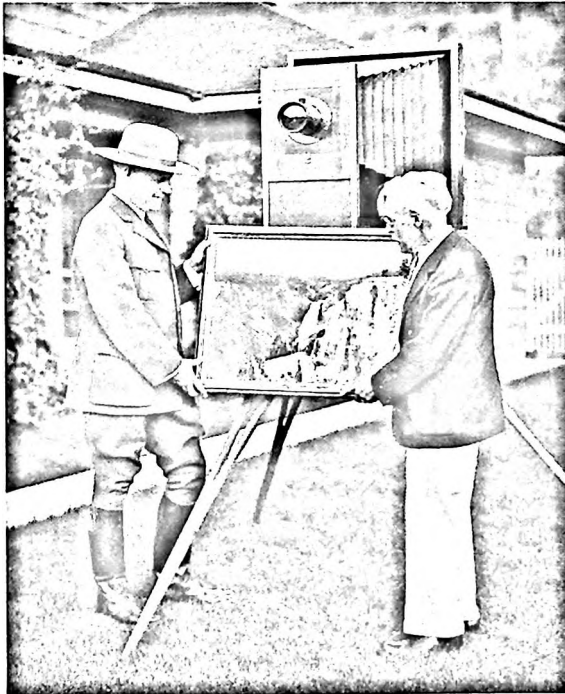
A family photo taken in 1930 (previous page) shows Toll, Roger's three children, Henry Toll (Roger's brother and the author's father), and Henry's three children at the time.

Toll was an early and articulate spokesman for conservation. The author recalls a family visit to Yellowstone when he was a seven-year-old boy, during which Toll expressed deep concern over visitors' impact on the park. Into a beautiful, deep, blue thermal pool someone had thrown a large wooden beam. The sight elicited a speech from the superintendent about the problems of preserving the treasures of the national parks in the

face of increasing pressure. Another day, at the Obsidian Cliff, he posed the hypothetical scenario of every visitor taking home just one piece of obsidian. With enough time and increasing numbers of visitors, of course, there would eventually be no obsidian cliff for visitors to admire.

As superintendent of Yellowstone, one of Toll's responsibilities was to host visiting dignitaries. In the family archives is a photo (below) of famous and influential western photographer William Henry Jackson, taken on a visit to the park. In the photograph, Jackson and Toll flank one of the 1871 photographs of Jackson's that helped convince Congress to approve Yellowstone as a national park the following year.

Superintendent Toll had a collateral



Toll family photo

job during the slow winter season: to take part in the teams evaluating sites proposed for status as national parks or monuments. The arrangement began during his final year at Rocky Mountain in 1928 and continued throughout his tour at Yellowstone. In a letter to the director of the national Park Service on March 11, 1935, Toll wrote: "Attached is a list of existing national parks and monuments on which are checked the 98 areas that I have visited. Familiarity with the existing areas has frequently proven very helpful in determining the comparative value of proposed areas." Toll also listed the many proposed areas to which he had made on-site inspections. In Toll's inimitably thorough and systematic fashion, his report on Big Bend National Park alone takes up 40 pages.²⁸

In a letter to the New York *Herald Tribune* written a few days after Toll's death,²⁹ Horace Albright, who had retired as director of the Park Service two and a half years before, wrote this of Toll's career during his last eight years:

During the winter months Mr. Toll has been assigned to investigations of proposed new parks and monuments. No man in official life has seen more of the remote spots of our country, the strange, the little-known places. The regions difficult of access were all visited by Major Toll, and inspected on foot, on horseback and from the air. He studied the Everglades of Florida. He explored, photographed and described in reports most of the canyons of the Colorado, from the headwaters high in the

Rockies to the California line.

His report on the Big Bend region of Texas was the basis for authorizing the Big Bend National Park. The Barnards, in their "*Trail and Timberline*" profile of Toll, add: "A tireless worker and wizard for detail, he has compiled hundreds of reports of inestimable value . . . No other man has the first-hand knowledge of our national scenic resources which was his."³⁰

In February 1936, Toll returned to Texas's Big Bend as part of a six-man commission to study possible sites along the Mexican-American border as international parks and wildlife refuges. Toll was en route from Big Bend to the border mountain district of Arizona, near Deming, New Mexico, on February 25, 1936. An oncoming vehicle had a blowout in its left rear tire; it swerved, hitting Toll's car head on.³¹ Riding with him was George Wright, director of wildlife research for the Park Service. Toll was killed on impact; George Wright died shortly after in the Deming hospital. Unharmful but witnessing the tragedy were the remaining members of the commission, who were following closely in another car.

Letters of condolence, today in the Toll family's possession, poured in to Toll's widow, Marguerite Cass Toll.

From Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Interior: "Mr. Toll's excellent official record in the Department of the Interior over a long period of years speaks for itself but more than this his high personal standing among those with whom he was associated was of such quality that his loss will be felt keenly.

It is no exaggeration to say that we will have great difficulty in filling his place because he had carved out for himself through the years a distinctive position by reason of his personal qualities."³²

From Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Stanford University and former Secretary of the Interior: "He was one of the most effective men in the whole National Park Service and will be greatly missed. I am sure that you can be somewhat comforted by pride in all that he achieved and by many happy memories. He did so much to please others and yet maintained the high standard of the organization of which he was so proud."³³

From Peter Norbeck, Senator from South Dakota and a staunch supporter of the National Park Service in Congress: "Mr. Toll was a great man and true friend. His death is a great loss not only to me personally, but also to the Park Service, to which he devoted his life. His work in connection with the Parks was splendid and will live on through the years, and there will be those who will enjoy life a little more because of his efforts."³⁴

From James Grafton Rogers, founder of the Colorado Mountain Club and master of Timothy Dwight College, Yale University: "Roger was all that I valued and honored in a man - able, sympathetic, clear-headed, straight forward, industrious - quite outstanding in any group of Americans."³⁵

And from Joseph Joffe, acting superintendent of Yellowstone National Park: "Of all my experience I have never had the pleasure of working with a kinder, more thoughtful, and more considerate man than Mr. Toll ... He seldom lost his temper and to me was

the ideal of what a man should be. I know many others feel about him as I do. Mr. Toll should have died without leaving an enemy as I know that in his heart he never at any time meant to harm an individual."³⁶

Aubrey L. Haines expressed an added thought that was held by many who knew Toll: "A career ended prematurely by accident is forever haunted by speculation; yet one cannot entirely put aside the feeling that the National Park Service lost a future director in the death of Roger Toll."³⁷

Toll left behind other, more tangible legacies. First, he named Mount Columbia in the Sawatch after his alma mater. While climbing Mount Harvard in 1916, he identified a peak to the southeast that his observations suggested was over 14,000 feet in elevation, and separated by a ridge of length and vertical drop that qualified it as its own peak. He suggested the name "Columbia" to fit the theme of the adjacent Collegiate Peaks. The Colorado Mountain Club accepted the name in 1922, and in 1928 the U.S. Geographic Board had adopted "Mount Columbia" as the official name.³⁸

The second is Mount Toll in the Indian Peaks Wilderness, a mountain that Toll had climbed in August 1926. Following his death, some of Toll's good friends in the Colorado Mountain Club replaced the name of Paiute Horn with "Mount Toll," the official name as of 1941.³⁹

Third is Toll Mountain in Big Bend National Park. As Toll had recommended Big Bend for national park status, and as he was killed having just visited there with the international parks commission, it was appropriate

that this mountain - one of the more conspicuous peaks forming the Chisos Basin - should bear his name.⁴⁰

Less tangible is Roger Toll's most important legacy, which he left in company with Mather, Albright, and other Park Service pioneers. That legacy was the balance of conservation with carefully selected ways for the public to enjoy the precious environment and stunning beauty of the national parks. There seems to be no better example of this balance than Trail Ridge Road - which has given so many thousands of visitors a chance to see the big views and tundra while massive areas of the park remain roadless and remote. How appropriate that the memorial to Toll should be located beside it.

(Footnote referenced on page 11)

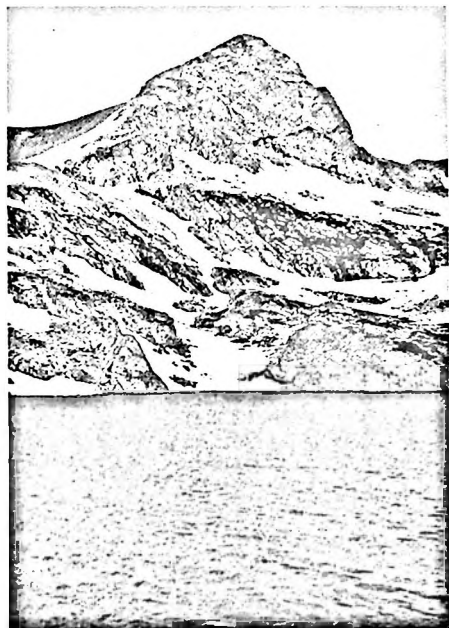
This sad event involved the family of the author as well. His mother, Cyrena Martin Toll, received her education at Smith College. Her assigned roommate at Smith was Agnes, and the two became fast friends. In the summer after their junior year (1911), Vaile invited Cyrena Martin to visit her in Denver. She introduced her to another cousin, Henry W. Toll, whom Cyrena later married.¹⁸



Toll family photo

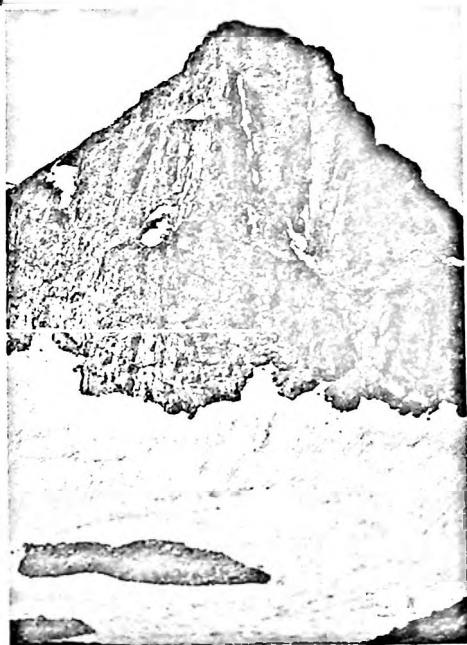
Panorama from Red Rock Lake: Mt. Toll is the pyramidal peak at the near right.

All are photos of Mt. Toll taken by Roger Toll in 1926.



Mount Toll from Blue Lake

Toll family photos

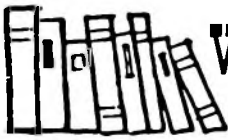


North face of Mount Toll

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Westerners Bookshelf



Colorado Avalanche Disasters by John W. Jenkins. Ouray Colorado: Western Reflections Publishing Company. 2001, Photos extensive bibliography, index. Paper (price not listed).

One warm spring day in 1956, I was driving from Durango Colorado to Montrose via the Million Dollar Highway. As I drove up the pass, chunks of ice and rocks were cascading down upon the highway. Living in Colorado all my life I was aware of avalanche danger. I asked myself, "What am I doing here?" About ten years later I was climbing a 14,000-foot peak and came to a spot where I had to traverse a 50-foot snowfield. About 200 yards above me was a overhanging cornice and below me stretched a quarter-mile snow field. Again I asked, "What am I doing here?" If I had read Mr. Jenkins book first, I would never have asked, I would have been as far away as Nebraska.

Mr. Jenkins has done an outstanding job and has spent hundreds of hours doing research on this subject. In his bibliography he has listed 368 reference sources, mostly newspapers. Let me quote one example of his findings. "The slide descended over 5000 vertical feet in a run extending over four and a third miles. The slide crossed the valley floor a distance of one and a half miles and ran thousands of feet up the opposite space side—its plume of snow blotting out the sun. The slide's speed was estimated at 225 five miles per hour or three and three-quarter miles per minute."

The first part of Mr. Jenkin's book goes into the world history of avalanches. From early recorded time there have been snow slides that have wiped out as many as 400 people at a time. The greatest disaster so far in Colorado has been the loss of 13 lives at the famous Woodstock slide on the west side of Altman Pass below the Alpine Tunnel. Woodstock was a railroad station and boarding house for the Denver, South Park, and Pacific Railroad.

The author shows a fine knowledge of the history of Colorado. I was unable to fine any misinformation. There are a few photographs showing the results of a snow slide. One might be surprised to find that there have been over 500 snow slide deaths during the past hundred and fifty years here in Colorado. This does not take into consideration all the deaths that were never recorded. Details of the slides that are included in the book are mostly from newspaper clippings and state primarily names and edited facts. It would have been better reading if one knew more of the stories of the disasters but seldom does the white death leave survivors.

This is a very fine reference book with some good reading.

--*Jack L. Morison, P.M.*

Below the Rimrocks: A Story of the Early Days in Paradox Valley, Colorado, by Kathryn McGaughey. Western Reflections Publishing Company, Montrose, CO, 2003. 135 p. 25 photos. Paperback, \$12.95.

Paradox Valley, the stony dead end of western Montrose County, is chronicled in Kathryn McGaughey's *Below the Rimrocks: A Story of the Early Days in Paradox Valley, Colorado*. McGaughey, whose father-in-law homesteaded in the Paradox Valley in 1908, tells the story of three generations in that remote desert which lacked electricity until 1957. She has bittersweet memories of the struggle to survive in a hard land where "we learned survival skills and self-denial that would stay with us throughout our lives." (p.95)

A man works from sunup to sundown, but a woman's work is never done: Kathryn's day starts with cleaning out the chamber pot (an old coffee can) and fetching ditch water for cooking, cleaning and laundry before the animals muddy it. She cans 1,000 quarts of fruits and vegetables a year, enlivening this Irish family's daily diet of fried potatoes for breakfast, boiled or mashed potatoes for midday dinner and left over potato cakes or soup for supper. She sews her daughter's bloomers from "Pride of the Rockies" and other flour sacks that sometimes showed through the bleaching on bulging body parts. Kathryn fancies her overall apron (made from her husband's old jeans) with good sized pockets that "not only kept your dress clean, but was good for shoeing hens from the garden, as a basket for gathering the eggs or for scooping up baby chicks and getting them inside when it was raining or storming. Children like the feel of a mom's apron when it is wrapped around them when they are cold." (p. 114)

The stony Bedrock cemetery contains, according to Kathryn, one Lemuel "Slim" Hecox who lies holding his head under his arm. Desperados had cut off his head, which was discovered after the rest of Slim had been buried in a casket short on head room. Other bad characters, including Butch Cassidy and the Hole in the Wall Gang, who frequented this badland are covered more extensively in Howard E. Greager's book, *The Hell that Was Paradox* (Boulder: Johnson, 1992) which brands Paradox Valley as "The Slaughterhouse of the West."

McGaughey's book discusses the Hanging Flume built 1889-1890 for \$100,000 to take San Miguel River water ten miles to the Lone Tree Placer gold mining site. According to Kathryn a caretaker daily walked the entire length of the rickety wooden flume to clean out debris including trout. A remarkable engineering accomplishment, the flume was hung along a cliff 150 to 400 feet above the Dolores River. Workers had to be lowered over the cliff in baskets to hand drill holes and pound steel rods into sheer rock to construct the flume. Although the flume delivered water and water pressure to blast out the gold, the mine busted by 1895. Today the flume is a National Register site being studied and stabilized with the help of the Colorado Historical Society's State Historical Fund.

...rings true... as a vivid
account of life on one of
Colorado's harshest
frontiers...

The stage to the Bedrock General Store, an 1890 relic not on the State Register of Historic Places, brought along with the mail the Sears Roebuck catalogs cherished by the McCaughey women for their shopping sprees in "wish books" jammed with impossibly expensive treasures. Saving enough to mail order a battery powered radio transformed their lives as the family huddled around the radio as President Roosevelt discussed the Great Depression and, later, the War, before listening to Fibber Magee and Molly.

Kathryn's husband, Bill, worked for other farmers and ranchers until the day he could finally buy his own place. He also found work with the New Deal's WPA quarrying stone to build the Nucla School. Other young men found work with the CCC transforming old mining wagon ruts and cattle trails into roads in the remote valley never reached by a railroad or a four-lane highway.

One of the most barren, lonely and remote spots in Colorado, the Paradox Valley with its red rimrock does have a silver lining on the western horizon dominated by Utah's snow-capped Manti La Sal Mountains. And spirited women like Kathryn McCaughey softened the hard paradoxes of this peculiar valley. Her book lacks a map, index, and bibliography, but rings true as an unrefined, but vivid, account of life on one of Colorado's harshest frontiers.

--Tom Noel, P.M.



Westerners International

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Over the corral rail

Welcome new Posse Members

New members elected to the Posse are:

Charles D. Hanson. Chuck moved to Denver from his birthplace in Maryland 26 years ago. He is an 8th-generation Washingtonian and grandson of a DAR national regent. His present work is as an historian with the National Park Service.

Roger Hanson. Roger spent eight years in the Air Force, then worked as a Minuteman missile targeting officer in technical engineering. He has been employed at Martin Marietta (now Lockheed Martin) on classified satellite projects. He has been a member of the Denver Westerners for four and a half years. He enjoys most areas of Western history and is particularly interested in military history and the Plains Indian wars.

Dennis Hagen. Dennis graduated with a BA in political science from the University of North Dakota. He served several years in the Vietnam war as an intelligence officer. He works as an archivist at the Denver Public Library Western History Department. Dennis has been a member of the Denver Westerners for over four years. He enjoys all areas of Western history including frontier Army and mountain men.

We regret to inform the Posse about the passing of long-time member Robert Brown, who was a cornerstone of the Westerners and a prolific author. He authored what has become a cult book, *Jeep Trails to Colorado Ghost Towns*. Bob passed away Oct. 28, 2005.

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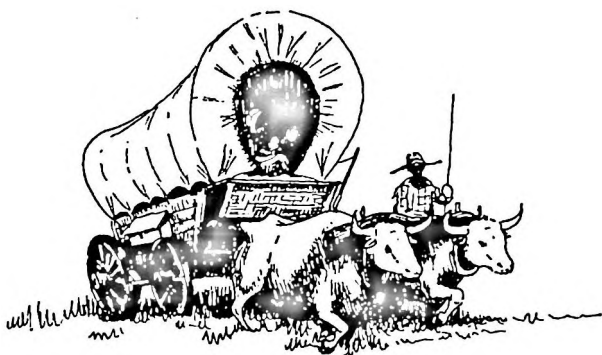
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The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

November - December 2005

A Bloomer Girl on Pikes Peak
Story written by Agnes Wright Spring
as told by Historical Story Teller
Winnie Burdan, P.M., May 25, 2005





Our Presenter

Winnie Burdan was born and raised on the West Coast and was a member of the Seattle Mountaineers, climbing in the Cascade and British Columbia Mountains. She became the 77th woman in the U.S. to become a National Ski Patrol member, and was a 1st Lt. in the USAF Nurse Corps, when she met and married John, an AF Officer.

She is a wife, mother of six children, an avid downhill skier and lover of the outdoors. She was an emergency room nurse, is a Certified Travel Consultant and a cookbook author.

As a traveler and lover of history, she was always surprised when visiting historical places to note that women and their contributions to a particular era were seldom mentioned. During the 1980s Women's Studies became popular in the U.S. colleges and with that, books and diaries, written by women in all walks of life, appeared out of closets, boxes and dresser drawers. These books depicted the women's lives, struggles, sorrows and adventures.

After husband John's retirement she began a study of these intrepid women and decided that people needed to be made aware of the wonderful legacy that women left behind. She felt it was important that women were acknowledged and given recognition for their contributions in all fields of endeavor. The best and most interesting way, she felt, would be to recreate these stories as an historical storyteller giving programs to a wide variety of interested groups. Thus was born Winnie Burdan, Historical Storyteller.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

VOL. LXI NO. 6



November - December 2005

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A Bloomer Girl on Pikes Peak

Story written by Agnes Wright Spring

as told by Historical Story Teller

Winnie Burdan, P.M.
(presented May 25, 2005)

My name is Julia Archibald Holmes and I was born in Noel, Nova Scotia, in 1836 to John and Jane Archibald. I was the second of their eight children. My father was an excellent carpenter, but times became very difficult and when I was ten he moved us to Worcester County, Mass. Life had been rather quiet and dull in Nova Scotia but with the move to Massachusetts, life changed. We moved next door to Mr. Ely Thayer, who was an ardent anti-slavery advocate, and my father soon shared his views and it wasn't long before our home became a station on the Underground Railroad. My mother went to a tea at our church one day, and met Susan B. Anthony, one of the founders of the women's suffrage movement. Miss Anthony wanted women to have the right to vote, handle their own property, have custody of their children when they divorced, etc. My mother immediately became an avid supporter of this revolutionary idea. She began giving teas and talks to all types of people, working very hard to get women the right to vote and suddenly our lives became very full and interesting.

In 1854 the US Government decided that the new states joining the union would have the right of self determination as to whether they would

be a Free-State or a Pro-Slave state. Kansas and Nebraska were the next two states that would be joining the Union and all eyes were on them. If there were enough anti-slavery men in the state when it came time to vote, it would become a free state. If there were more men voting for slavery, then it would be a Pro-Slave state. Women did not have the right to vote on such issues because Congress thought the importance and understanding of such issues was beyond the understanding of women.

The Massachusetts legislature chartered "The New England Emigrant Aid Company," an abolitionists group, organized to send families out to "colonize" the eastern portion of Kansas. It was not surprising that my father decided to join this group. Even Susan Anthony's two brothers made the journey. In 1854 the men were sent to Mt. Oread, Kansas (the name was later changed to Lawrence, Kansas.) The new little settlement became the headquarters of the New England Emigrant Aid Society and was soon in the thick of the Free-State and Pro-Slavery men with plots and counter plots. Since there were no stores, all building materials and other goods had to be hauled in by wagons. It was decided that families would join the

men the following year when a town would be better established. During that year, Father was able to build a three-room cabin with a small cellar. So between the house, his wagon and a large tent we had room for all ten of us. I can't tell you how thrilled we were to see Father again and begin our new life.

In the East at this time, the middle and upper-class women were under the protection of their fathers, brothers, grandfathers or other males within their families. They decided how the women could conduct themselves, where they should live, whether or not they could work and their lives were very restricted. Unfortunately no one bothered to wonder how widows, mill girls and immigrant girls were getting along without male guidance. We girls were very fortunate to be living in the West because we enjoyed far more freedom than the middle and upper-class women in the East enjoyed. In Kansas, we girls learned to swim, we helped plow, plant, ride bareback and we never knew how many there would be for dinner, because once again our home was a station on the Underground Railroad. So we always had more work than we could get finished in a day, but we loved it. We enjoyed a freedom that middle and upper-class Eastern women and girls could only dream about.

Believed in Women's rights

My mother continued to be a staunch believer in women's rights and it was natural that we girls also became believers in "equal rights for women". Whenever Susan Anthony visited her two brothers in Lawrence, she and Mother worked very hard speaking to all types of groups to further the

women's rights movement in Kansas.

About this time a young man named James Holmes traveled out from Long Island to Kansas. He had heard of the anti-slavery struggle, and decided he wanted to be a part of it. Shortly after he arrived in Lawrence he met my father, who invited him to our home for the first of many dinners. James also met young Frederick Brown and the two of them became close friends. Frederick's father was John Brown, who some accused of having his own army in Osawatimie, Kansas. If you had a farm or ranch in eastern Kansas life was very dangerous and difficult because the Missouri men would ride over, vote illegally in elections, burn crops, barns, steal cattle, etc., hoping to run the "abolitionists" out. Many outrages were committed on both sides, towns were ransacked and people killed but the abolitionists stayed. Every time the Missourians rode into Kansas, John Brown and his men returned the favor, and there seemed to be a continuous war going on. Soon James and Frederick were riding out to confront the Missourians to protect the Kansas settlers. They often came to Lawrence and my father would always invite them over for a home-cooked dinner. I began to admire James very much, but I did worry about him. One day on a raid, Frederick was shot and killed, and John Brown was devastated; his oldest son and his right arm was gone. It wasn't too long before James became one of John Brown's trusted Lieutenants and he continued to annoy the Missouri border area. Finally, Governor Geary of the Kansas Territory ordered out the militia and charged them with capturing James and bringing him to

Lecompton, the territorial capital, for trial. They captured James, however they were unable to get him to Lecompton because he managed to escape that first night, sliding down an embankment, crossing a river, and off to the southeast, to Emporia, where he had friends. He soon fell in love with the countryside and discovered that the soil around Emporia was very rich and black, and had never seen a plow. He decided it would be a wonderful area to start his own farm. He took up a claim about three miles from Emporia in the heart of the blue-stem and prairie-grass country. He built a three-room cabin, planted fruit trees, and began plowing and planting. During the preceding years, we had seen each other as much as possible and exchanged letters as frequently as we could and by 1857 we were in love and he asked me to marry him. We were united in marriage October 1857, in a small family wedding, and we left immediately after the wedding breakfast in our wagon enroute to our new home on the prairie.

New life at new farm

Have any of you ever ridden in a wagon across the unmarked prairie? Well, take my word for it, it's difficult, leaving you sore, bruised and tired at the end of the day. I had to bend and stoop over a cooking fire with dirt, rain, soot and smoke blowing in my face, but it was our honeymoon and everything seemed very romantic. When we arrived at the farm, I fell in love with the setting, and we began making additional improvements. We built a small shed in the field for the horses and the cow, some pens for the chickens we had brought back, and I began

turning over the soil near the house for my garden. We worked very hard, building fences, planting, etc, and fell into bed exhausted but happy each night. We were young and in good health, as were our friends, and we were building for a new life for ourselves and our future family.

In 1858, after our spring planting was finished, James thought that we should return to Lawrence and see the family, and there were issues coming up in the territorial legislature that we were interested in. So off we went and imagine our surprise when we arrived at the house to learn that everyone was excited about the arrival of two Delaware Indians from the Pikes Peak area of the Kansas territory. Red Leaf and Little Beaver were walking around town showing off gold nuggets in their hands, saying they had been found at Pikes Peak. They said the gold was just lying on the ground waiting to be picked up. The whole town was excited because we were the first town coming east they had come to and we thought we were the first in the US to know of this gold strike. It wasn't too long before Mr. James Easter, a local butcher, announced that he was going to take his wagon and go west to pick up all of the gold that was lying around before others found out about it. Well, James and I did not even have to discuss it. We just looked at each other and knew that we were going to be a part of that wagon train, whether we found gold or not. When my brother Albert heard about this he decided to take his wagon and team and join us.

When a family decided to go west they took either the California or Oregon Trails, which were emigrant

trails, or the Santa Fe Trail which was principally a trader's trail from Missouri to Santa Fe. There were certain provisions pioneers had to have before a wagon master would allow them to join a wagon train. After all there were no towns to replenish supplies where they were going so you had to make certain you had enough supplies. A few of the things that they had to have per adult were 150 pounds of flour, 30-40 pounds of dried vegetables and fruit, 10 pounds of tea, and 15 pounds of coffee. 20 pounds of rice, 20 pounds beans, 20 gals. of whiskey, (for medicinal purposes only). Don't laugh; remember that 90% of the medicines at that time, had a whiskey base to them. You needed corn meal, soda, and molasses. These were just a few of the food items that were needed, plus warm clothes, needles and pins (which were very precious), blankets etc.

New fashion for the times

While James and Albert brought our supplies, I, in typical female fashion, had to decide what I was going to wear, what I wanted to take with me, and how I wanted to get out there, either by wagon or walking. Mother also suggested I should keep a journal about our adventures, because the family and our friends in the suffrage movement back East would be very interested in my adventure. The easiest decision to make was the knowledge that I was going to walk out to Pikes Peak, no riding in a wagon and being black and blue at the end of the day. The problems of what to wear loomed the largest. Women in those days, wore skirts with three or four yards of material in them, and you can imagine

how dirty the hems became, dragging on the ground, through mud, dirt, stickers, thistles and you know what else. I wasn't certain how to overcome this problem when Mother showed me an article she had received from Susan Anthony, written by Amelia Bloomer in Seneca, New York. For a number of years Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the founder of the Women's Suffrage movement, had worn a special costume she had designed. She had seven children, and going up and down stairs with her arms loaded, she decided that long dresses were just too dangerous. She borrowed a pair of her husband Henry's pants, tied it up with a belt, and shortened her dresses, so they came below the knee. Sometimes she wore a belt, other times she left the belt off, especially when she was pregnant. Soon her mother, sisters, and friends were all wearing this dress, because it was so comfortable and very safe when your arms were full of children. Her friend Amelia Bloomer, the publisher of *The Lily*, the first publication devoted to women's rights and temperance, published Elizabeth's pattern, and there after it was known as the Bloomer outfit. When Mother showed me the bloomer pattern, we knew it would be the perfect dress for me and I didn't have to go out and buy material, because I could use my kitchen curtain material. We knew that if I wrote a pair of James's pants, and wore my boots, I would be able to go anywhere comfortably. By the time the outfit was made, the men had the provisions brought, and we said good-bye to the family, telling them we would only be gone 4-5 months, and then we would be home. We told Mr. Easter we would meet him

about June 5 at Council Grove, and off we went to close up the farm.

It took several days to get to the farm, and I had to cook over an open fire on a windy day, and another day it rained, and I decided then and there that I wanted to take my Sibley stove with me. When we arrived at the farm, I asked James and Albert to pack my stove. Well, you would have thought I had asked them to fly to the moon. They said no, it was too heavy, and bulky but I told them that I was willing to cook for a while on an open fire, but I wasn't going to do it for months on end in the snow, wind, rain, dust, etc., so they had just better put the stove in the wagon and they did. I took all of the bedding, clothes, and kitchen items we had in the farmhouse. We knew we were only going to be gone four or five months, but we felt we should be prepared for anything. I did pack up all of our wedding gifts and my wedding dress and put it in a trunk in the bedroom, but everything else went with us. Albert built some cages for our chickens, and they were slung under the wagon. I said that when they stopped laying, we could eat them, and cow was tied to the rear and when she stopped giving milk, we could probably butcher her. The neighbors said that they would watch the house, and harvest any crops we had. So on June 2 we locked the door of the farmhouse, and off we went. I was prepared to walk, but it was so hot and humid I could only walk about two miles that first day. I truly thought I was going to melt, but I persisted and after about 10 days, I could walk 10-12 miles a day, or whatever the distance that we traveled daily.

We caught up with the train about

four days later, close to Council Grove. When we began the trip the only thing the men knew was they had to go down the Santa Fe Trail to a place called Bent's Fort in the Kansas Territory. They were told that at Bent's Fort people would tell them which way to travel to Pikes Peak. Council Grove was a jumping-off place for the Santa Fe Trail, and the Oregon and California Trails. The Santa Fe Trail was really a trader's trail, with few emigrants on it at that time and the California and Oregon Trails started from there, but branched off from each other further on. Wagons would come out from Independence, or Westport, Missouri, and by the time they reached Council Grove, the emigrants were ready to repack their wagons, buy last-minute supplies, and perhaps join a train going in their direction. You could call this the shake-down part of the trek.

Desired to share the burden

As I walked along I thought long and hard about what I would be expected to contribute to the wagon train, and I decided that I would request joining James when he was on night guard. There was no reason why I couldn't share this experience with him. Here is what I wrote in my diary: Believing as I do in the right of woman to equal privileges with man, I think that when it is in our power we should, in order to promote our own independence, at least be willing to share the hardships which commonly fall to the lot of man.

Accordingly, after we had met the guard master I told him that I desired to have my watch assigned with my husband. The guard master, a courtly

gentleman from Virginia, was of the opinion that it would be a disgrace to the gentlemen of the company for them to permit a woman to stand on guard. He believed that a woman is an angel, without any sense, needing the legislation of her brothers to keep her in her place. That restraint removed, she would immediately usurp his position and then not only be no longer an angel but unwomanly.

This was 1858, not the dark ages, but I felt I had at least tried to put forth my willingness to participate while a member of the train. Later James and Albert told me that I had really embarrassed them in front of the train and please try not to do so again.

Nothing in common

When we had reached the train I was so pleased to learn that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Middleton and their child had joined the train. There was another woman going along. I thought how wonderful it would be to have a female companion. You know, you do get tired of being in the company of men all of the time, after all we women do have different interests. Mrs. Middleton, proved to be a woman unable to appreciate freedom or reform. She denied herself the liberty to rove at pleasure, confining herself to the long days of feminine impotence in the hot covered wagon. She sat in her wagon daily complete with gloves and hat, with absolutely no conversation, except, "my husband said this--and he believes that" and always ending with "don't you have a dress you could wear, instead of that costume because you are causing talk among the men?" I couldn't understand this statement

because as you notice I am well covered. I soon realized that we would never be congenial and did not share any interests at all, so we left each other alone as much as possible.

Every day I had certain duties beyond the cooking. I picked up wood and buffalo chips for fires. I gathered wild onions, garlic, and watercress along the banks, berries, and even dandelion greens. I loved seeing all of the beautiful flowers and wild animals during the day. We would wake at 4 A.M., have breakfast, either a hot or cold one, and then the train was underway by 6 A.M. We never stopped for lunch, however every evening I cooked a very large dinner either on the stove which the men brought out or over an open fire. I made certain we had leftovers for breakfast, that we could eat either hot or cold, and I always baked bannocks, pones or small Johnny or journey cakes for the next day. The bannocks were nothing more than flour, water, and a little salt. I made them either into pones, and cooked them in the stove, or on a griddle until brown. They were small round and chewy, and with beef jerky, dried fruit, and water, they did make an adequate lunch. Johnny or journey cakes were just as simple to make using three handfuls of corn meal and one handful of flour, a pinch of salt and boiling water for the small round "cookies". They were cooked in a black skillet or the oven and were simple to carry in our pocket for snacks. We began looking for a space to stop about 3 P.M., somewhere with water and grass for the animals. I know I am bragging when I say, I became very proud of my cooking skills over an open fire.

Summer was upon us, but we

seemed to be leaving the humidity behind that bothered me in Kansas. We were gradually going higher, and that was pleasant. The water levels in the rivers and streams of course were getting lower, and it became increasingly difficult to bathe, wash my hair, or even wash clothes. My hair was so stiff with dirt that I couldn't get a comb through it. We stopped briefly at Ft. Dodge and those Army wives were wonderful. They had learned that two women were in the train, so they had heated large amounts of water and when Mrs. Middleton and I arrived we were invited to take hot baths, wash our hair and wash out a few things. They were wonderful women, full of pluck, and as they said, they had made the trip themselves, and knew how important getting clean again meant.

Pikes Peak in view

We arrived at Bent's Fort about June 28, and the place was full of noise, guns going off, various games being played and a lot of drinking going on. It seemed they were celebrating the Fourth of July early this year. There was an Indian camp outside the fort, and the huge Conestoga traders' wagons were parked around the fort. James and I went inside the fort and found it very interesting. Along the inner walls, (there were no windows looking out) were all of these small rooms. The majority of them were storage rooms, full of everything you could imagine and other rooms were used for sleeping. You could rent space on the floor of these rooms to sleep, but could you imagine the smell of those men, the snoring, groaning, moaning and coughing you would have to listen

to? I was very thankful that I had a snug wagon to sleep in that night. We brought two lovely pairs of moccasins which we enjoyed wearing through the years. James decided that he would park us about two miles out on the prairie, and I was very thankful about that. Most of the men were so glad to see "civilization," that they had begun celebrating the Fourth early and became very drunk, and many were not well when we departed the next day. We were told to head to the northwest, and in about 7-10 days we would begin seeing Pikes Peak. Well you can imagine the excitement everyone felt as we drew closer to our destination.

When we arrived at the base of the mountain, there was a river, called the Boiling Creek (later known as Fountain Creek) running along the base. We followed it around, until we found a beautiful meadow, with gorgeous red rocks just a short distance away. It was a beautiful sight. Some of the men were so excited about looking for gold that they just dropped their reins on their teams, grabbed shovels and ran off to get the gold. You must understand, that no one in this group had the least idea how to look for gold, or what to look for, all they knew was they had only to bend down and pick it up the gold nuggets. James and Albert wanted to leave after unyoking the animals, and I said no way. I wanted the camp set up first; the gold would wait. We parked both wagons parallel to each other, put a canvas between the wagons, and brought out my stove and I could cook under cover, out of the elements. Then I said they could go find their gold. Needless to say there wasn't any gold lying around in the quantity they had

expected, but a few small nuggets were found in the water that first night.

For the next week I was very busy about the camp. I unpacked both wagons, washed all of our clothes and blankets, took several baths, baked bread and cakes, cooked good meals, and finally one evening after dinner, I announced to James and Albert, that I had done everything I needed to do, and tomorrow I was ready to join them in looking for gold. Well, you would have thought they were choking on their food. They both said, absolutely not, I would make them the laughing stock of the camp. It was not a job for a woman, and they absolutely forbid my looking for gold. I could not change their minds at all. So began the most boring period of my life. There was nothing for me to do, except collect some flowers, bake, walk around within sight of camp, writing letters, and making journal entries, and look up at Pikes Peak. It was boring, boring, boring!

Invited to make the climb

One evening five of the men announced they were going to go up Pikes Peak, and the next morning off they went. We were camped at the base of the mountain, looking up at it each day, and it did look very close. After about five days they returned, and one of the men said, "Miz Holmes, I could see clear to Lawrence where my wife was hanging up clothes." We both got a big laugh out of it. But they said that the scenery was wonderful. They could see forever to the east, and the mountains in the west were spectacular, jagged and most were snow covered. After dinner that night, James looked across the fire at me, and said, "I know

you have been bored with all of the inactivity, how would you like to climb Pikes Peak?" I got up and kissed him on both cheeks. I was thrilled with the idea. When the camp heard that we were going to go up to the summit, J.D. Miller and George Peck volunteered to go back up with us, and show us the route they used a couple of days before. The next morning I began collecting our gear. I had a water-proof blanket, into which I put nine loaves of bread, two quilts, clothing, tin plate, spoon and cup and writing materials, dried fruit, vegetables and rice and beef jerky. It weighed 17 pounds. James's pack weighed 35 pounds and was composed of 10 loaves of bread, one pound hog meat, three-fourths-pound coffee, tin plate, cup and spoon, four quilts, clothing, and a volume of Emerson's essays and a 1/2-gallon tin pail and coffee pot. His pack was also wrapped in an oiled blanket. The following morning we departed, and wouldn't you know we were all so excited that we forgot one very important thing, that was to fill our canteens with water, so after three hours, the men had to go back down to the nearest stream and fill them up.

The camps on the mountains were beautiful, always in a meadow, surrounded by pine trees, and clear running water close by. I had discovered that if you boiled water, and dropped beef jerky into it and letting it simmer, added a handful of dried veggies and some rice to it, you had a sustaining broth. Along with our bread and dried fruit, we felt we were eating like kings. We spent several days at one of the camps becoming accustomed to the altitude. On the morning of August 5

we were above the treeline and Mr. Miller suggested we wear our moccasins instead of our boots, because we were going over a large rock field to the top and our boots would not give us good purchase on the rocks. It was cold and cloudy so we didn't tarry on the way up. Upon reaching the summit, we were disappointed because the clouds were coming in from the west, and while we could look far out on to the prairie, it wasn't the scene that the other party saw. To the west, we had glimpses of the beautiful jagged peaks, covered with snow, and finally it did begin to snow, so we read one of our favorite Emerson poems, and I wrote a brief note to my mother in my journal in which I said "I have accomplished the task which I marked out for myself and now feel amply repaid for all of my toll and fatigue. Nearly everyone tried to discouraged me from attempting it but I believed that I should succeed and now here I am and I feel that I would not have missed this glorious sight for anything at all. In all probability I am the first woman who had ever stood upon the summit of this mountain and gazed upon this wonderous scene which my eyes now behold."

The snow began coming down harder, so we left the summit, and hurried on to our camp, picked up our packs, and began the descent to the bottom. We arrived about two days later, and I must tell you that I was so thankful that Mr. Miller and Mr. Peck went up the mountain with us, because I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that no one would have believed, that I climbed the mountain if they had not been with us.

Several days later the camp broke

up, because of course the men didn't find the gold they had expected. Some returned to Lawrence, others went up to Cherry Creek and Auraria. The Middletons went to Pueblo for the winter, where their second son was born, the first white child to be born in Pueblo. We three decided that we would spend the winter in Taos. We loved it out West, and had always heard about Taos, so off we went. Upon arrival, James became a clerk for Mr. Joseph, a prosperous merchant, and I taught school for his children. By the next spring I was pregnant, and I wanted an American doctor to deliver me, so we decided to move to Barclay's Fort outside of Ft. Union. Again James became a clerk for Mr. Doyle and I again taught school. Albert became a teamster traveling out to the various ranches with supplies. In the early summer our first son, Ernest Julio, was born at Ft. Union. In the fall James decided that he wanted a job with the territorial government in New Mexico, so we moved to Santa Fe. James was unsuccessful in being appointed to a job in Santa Fe, which was not surprising to me. He had a poor command of the Spanish language, and most importantly he was an outsider. Why should the New Mexicans hire a stranger? During that year he held a number of clerking jobs until he decided in April 1861, that we should journey to Washington D.C. and he would try for an appointment through the US government. So I closed up our small house, and we journeyed up the Santa Fe Trail. It was a much different trip this time, because Ernest and I were confined for the most part to the wagon. You can imagine trying to keep an active two-

year-old happy in a crowded wagon, it was a difficult trip although the wagon train set a trip record, making it to Independence in 13 days. We left the train at Council Grove and went on to Lawrence, where we left Ernest with my parents, and then departed immediately for Washington.

Became special correspondent

We arrived in Washington D.C. April 1861, to find it under wartime conditions. There were soldiers everywhere and there was a general air of uncertainty and fear in the city. Everyone was afraid that Robert E. Lee would attack Washington and capture Abraham Lincoln. It felt like the whole world had moved into Washington. Rooms were very difficult to find, and we were fortunate to find two small rooms in a private home. James was busy trying to arrange his appointment, and I occupied my time, visiting Women's Suffrage meetings, and renewing friendships while we waited. At one of these meetings I met Horace Greeley, who when he learned that I was returning to Santa Fe, asked me if I would be a special correspondent for his *New York Herald Tribune*. I was thrilled to be asked, as I did love to write. James received his appointment as Secretary of the Territory of New Mexico. We started for Santa Fe immediately stopping for three days in Lawrence to pick up Ernest and visit the family before taking the long journey down the trail to Santa Fe.

I have to confess that James was not welcomed in Santa Fe, and there was much grumbling about his appointment. But he held the job for a year. During that year I had a son Charles,

became more proficient in Spanish and continued to write for the *New York Herald Tribune*. It was always a thrill to see my work in print. After James left the Secretary's job, my uncle Patrick O'Brien and my brother Frederick brought a printing press to Santa Fe by mule team, and with the help of James the *Santa Fe Republican* was born.

We stayed in Santa Fe for several more years and then we moved to Alabama to stay with relatives in 1864 where Jane and Phoebe were born. By 1867 we were living in Murfreesboro, Tenn. and it was a bitter time for us, as we lost Charlie and little Jane. In 1869 we moved on to Washington D.C. and shortly after our arrival James and I were divorced, a most unusual occurrence in those days. When a woman divorced, most people considered her an outcast, but my sisters in the Suffrage movement supported me and helped me over the rough spots. I became a single mother, working and raising two children by myself. James returned to Lawrence where he hung up his shingle as a lawyer. I held several government jobs, first as Chief of the Division of Spanish correspondence in the Dept. of Education. Then I moved to the Department of the Interior and later was Clerk of Abstracts of the Division of Education. I continued my interest in the women's movement and along with my mother gave speeches at several of the National Conventions. My writing continued to be very important to me and I had a number of poems and articles published in various newspapers and magazines. Phoebe became a teacher in Washington D.C., until she retired.

After his schooling was over, Ernest returned to Trinidad, Colo., where his uncles Albert and Caleb had started a school. Albert and several partners built the first brick office building, and Albert married Paloma Baca, whose father owned a large Spanish land grant. Unfortunately she passed away a year after their marriage, but their home is on the National Historic Register in Trinidad. After my father passed away, my mother and younger sister moved to Trinidad. Mother continued her life-long interest in the women's reform movement and attended many meetings and giving teas in the Colorado area.

I had a young reporter ask me once if I realized at the time I climbed Pikes Peak that women were beginning to climb in the Alps, and did that have anything to do with my decision to attempt to go to the top?

I remember telling him, that I didn't have any interest in, or any idea what was happening in that part of the world. I was in the West, where we were busy staying alive, there was no way to communicate with the rest of the world, and besides, I was camped at the base of Pikes Peak for almost three weeks, completely bored, and when the opportunity came to climb the mountain, I did it because I was healthy and looking for adventure. It was as simple as that!

Julia passed away January 19, 1887 in Washington D.C.



Westerners' Summer Fun



The July Posse meeting was well attended at the home of Florence Staadt



Sheriff Don Staadt and PM Vonnie Perkins enjoy some of Don's dad's handywork



Good friends share good times at the Posse Meeting

Westerners' Summer Fun



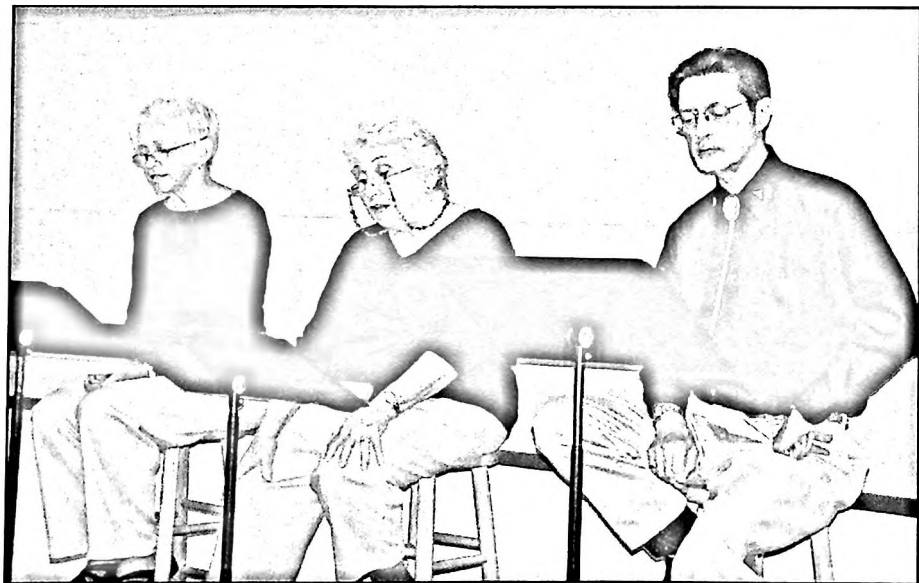
Westerners enjoy the Littleton Museum, site of the August Rendezvous



Ken Gaunt and Steve Weil enjoy the displays at the Littleton Museum



One of the farm displays at the Littleton Museum



Storytellers enact the writings of Posse Member Max Smith, right, at the August Rendezvous

Over the corral rail

Former Editor passes

Alan J. Stewart, Reserve Member retired from *The Denver Post*, passed away December 11, 2005. Alan became a corresponding member in 1971 and became a Posse Member in 1972. He took over editing the *Roundup* in 1972 and for 1973. In 1974, he edited the *Brand Book Vol. XXX* and *Vol. XXXI* in 1975. He became the Registrar of Marks and Brands, (*Roundup* Editor) in 1991 until 1996. In 1994 he edited the *Golden Anniversary Brand Book Vol. XXXII*. Alan most recently lived in Arizona.

Welcome new Corresponding Members

We have added new Corresponding Members: Jim Wynn, (info not available); Mike Strunk of Evergreen, interested in the history of trails, roads and ranches, as a referral from Norm Meyer; Sue Luxa of Littleton, who has written three Colorado fiction books, as a referral from Max Smith.



Westerners International

Corresponding Membership in the Denver Posse does not include membership in the Westerners International. If you wish to receive the *Buckskin Bulletin*, you may purchase a subscription for \$5.00/year. Contact Westerners International, c/o National Cowboy Hall of Fame, 1700 NE 63rd St., Oklahoma City, OK 73111. 800-541-4650



Westerners Bookshelf



Annals of the Former World, John McPhee. 1998, Farrar, Straus and Giroux, New York. Cloth, Paper. 695 pages, index.

The author, John McPhee, has published, to wide acclaim, previous books of both fiction and non-fiction. In this book the author has produced a collection of five essays which richly educates and entertains the reader. He brings us along on his geologic journey across America from the East Coast to the West Coast.

In mesmerizing language he explains the wonders of the American landscape from the most ancient times to our contemporary times. Geology is a descriptive science and its four-dimensional recapitulations of space and time are captured by John McPhee in language that explains the how and why of our great westward expansion.

John McPhee does not journey alone. He has the company of noted and well respected scientists, such as U.S.G.S. geologist Anita Harris, pre-eminent Rocky Mountain geologist David Love (d 2002), tectonicist Eldridge Moore and geologist Kenneth S. Deffeyes, who explain the geology along the 40th parallel in a way that makes you want to go out and see what John McPhee writes about so eloquently.

He began his journey in 1978 in the company of imminent geologists and it was meant to be a sort of cross section of North America on and away from Interstate 80. The narrative journey is not linear. It jumps about the country as the country has jumped about. John McPhee and his scientists draw us along on a wild and exhilarating trip through the tumultuous geologic lifespan of the North American Continent. The text takes us from the New Jersey shores to the California coast turning our earth inside out, top down and bottoms up. The paths west are now highways and the railroads are now shadowed by the contrails of high-flying jets, and John McPhee makes the trips richly exciting.

Each of its five parts of this book stands alone, yet, belong to each other just as twins are separate, but joined. This book, like the twins, can be read in its separate intrinsic parts or as one whole set piece. The writer explains that he is trying to have it both ways, that the science of our earth is dynamic and cannot be contained in a straight-forward chronologic fashion, and he does so as an artist of the written word.

To the student of Western history this book is a must for the deep understanding of not only our country and its origins, but why and how our forebears settled into the country the way that they did, since geology was a factor in travel, settlement, and development of the West.

--Michael F. Crowe, C.M.

On The Bloody Road to Jesus: Christianity and the Chiricahua Apaches, by Hanrietta Stockel. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2004. 336 pages, 63 half tones, maps, index, notes, bibliography. Hard cover \$24.95.

For most people the term "Chiricahua Apache" conjures up the vision of very war-like people swooping down on some wagon train, army detachment or ranch. Behind the facade are a people with a complex religious belief based on a single deity, Ussen, coupled with a practical ability to assimilate various concepts learned from others. The thrust of this book is how the people, specifically of the Chiricahua band, have dealt with their exposure to Christianity during three finite historic periods.

First there is the Jesuit period running from roughly the late 1530s to 1768. This era represents the Spanish Colonial frontier where not only were the Jesuits missionaries but a part of Spanish political and cultural imperialism. It concluded with the expulsion of the Jesuits from Mexico for a variety of basically political reasons. Many of the famous mission ruins are representative of the efforts of the Jesuits.

The second period is that of the Franciscans wherein it was assumed these religious workers were more enlightened with a higher morality than anyone else. The Franciscan era began to unravel where there was pressure to take missions from the order and replace the friars by ordinary priests and convert to the parish system thereby transferring the costs of missions from the central government to the parish inhabitants. Unfortunately there was a complete collapse of the mission system with the end of the war of independence of Spain. One outstanding element of this collapse was the cessation of trained Franciscan clergy with the severance of Spanish support thus there was no longer a supply of trained friars as replacements.

From the independence of Mexico to the war with the United States in 1846, peace with the Chiricahua throughout northern Mexico collapsed. Then with the transfer of 1.2 million square miles of Apache territory to the United States as a result of the Mexican surrender plus 24,142,400 acres of the Gadsden Purchase, the Chiricahuas were faced with an entirely new set of circumstances.

Thus the control of Indian affairs by the United States became the third period of exposure to Christianity by the Chiricahua. Even this period reflects a different approach to a Christian experience as reflected by changing federal policies.

Initially it was the intent to place Indians on reservations to learn farming and to receive aid from Christian organizations which would establish churches and schools. After much corruption it became the plan to assign Christian Indian Agents. Most were Protestant, while some agents were Catholic. Quakers were recruited for their opposition to all strife, violence and war. Other Protestant sects made it known they too wished to take part. The famed agent John Clum was Dutch Reformed.

Despite the best effort of agents Chiricahuas refused to remain permanently on reservations and continued to raid, steal, fight and raise havoc in both the United States and Mexico. This all ended with Geronimo's surrender in 1886 resulting in

27 years of captivity for all Chiricahua.

During this period as prisoners of war the Chiricahuas were exposed to both Catholic and Protestant influences. During the time of imprisonment in forts in Florida the Sisters of St. Joseph stepped in to look after the children while at Fort Marion. From 1879 to 1918 many Chiricahua children were exposed to the protestant approach to Christianity as part of their being "civilized" at the Carlisle Indian Industrial School in Pennsylvania. The conclusion of the confinement of the Chiricahuas was at Ft. Sill, Okla. Initially children were aided by St. Patrick's Mission at nearby Andarko. Soon the Dutch Reformed Church began to make a significant impact which continues to this time. Ultimately, the majority of Chiricahuas returned to New Mexico, living on the Mescalero Apache Reservation where they were served by the St. Joseph Mission for Catholic converts, while the Reformed Church in America (Dutch Reformed Church) looked after those accepting protestant teachings.

For this period of nearly 400 years the Apaches have survived by their capacity to adopt what they feel is practical and to appear to adopt as necessary to impress those from outside forces including Christianity. However, in conclusion I quote directly from the author: Summing it all up the late Asa Daklugie, a highly respected leader of the middle of the Twentieth century, told author Eve Bell, "My people never liked to talk about our religion because it is the only thing we possess of which the whites have not robbed us. We preserve it for ourselves and our children". Again quoting the author, "Who could really know" what was in the deepest part of the Chiricahua's hearts..."

--Bob Stull, P.M.

Isabella Greenway, An Enterprising Woman, by Kristie Miller. University of Arizona Press, 2004. 307 pp, photos, bibliography, footnotes, index. Hard cover.

The subject of this biography was an interesting and energetic woman who had a tough start. She grew up poor, nursed one husband with tuberculosis for years before he died, and then outlived two other husbands. Also, she rubbed shoulders with the Roosevelts and was friends with many other politically or socially prominent persons. She herself was active in politics and business.

Her father, who died young, homesteaded in the Dakotas as a neighbor of Theodore Roosevelt who became a friend and mentor to Isabella. In turn that brought a connection with Eleanor, Franklin, and their circle. And so it went.

Greenway was the first woman to serve in the House of Representatives from Arizona; she did this at the nadir of the Depression. She also ran ranches, inns, mines, and various other businesses as well as serving in numerous civic efforts and on political boards and campaigns.

This is an interesting view of life, marriage, business and politics through an able and busy woman's eyes. The author is sympathetic. It is hard not to be, given the barriers women faced in the early 20th century. That said, this is a well documented and researched book about an interesting time in American life and politics.

--Stan Moore, P.M.