



The DENVER WESTERNERS
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*Author's photo at Sgt. Floyd Museum,
Sioux City, IA*

**Sergeants Charles Floyd and
Nathaniel Pryor
Cousins on the Lewis & Clark Voyage of
Discovery**

**by Lawrence R. Reno, P.M.
(presented June 22, 2005)**



Our author

Larry R. Reno, Denver Westerners Posse member, is a third-generation Coloradan. He has a degree in Industrial Engineering from Yale University, where he excelled in varsity track and football.

His military career included two years in Germany as a field artillery captain. After working four years for the Martin Company, he obtained a degree from the University of Colorado Law School. He then practiced law for 40 years and is now semi-retired.

Larry was president of the Children's Hospital Board and of the University Club, current Chancellor of the Colorado Society of the Sons of the Revolution and current board member of the boards of the Trout and Salmon Foundation and the Western Outlaw and Lawman History Association. His knowledge of military and Western American history is extensive.

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Sergeants Charles Floyd and Nathaniel Pryor Cousins on the Lewis & Clark Voyage of Discovery

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According to the relationship calculator of my *Family Tree Maker*, I am a first cousin, four times removed, of these two very interesting individuals. To date, no one has written very complete biographies for either man.

Floyd Family Genealogy

My Floyd ancestors arrived in the Virginia Colony from Wales or England before 1650. The family first settled upon the Eastern Shore of Virginia before moving to central and western Virginia in the early 1700s. The Floyds were a large family and quickly dispersed themselves from Virginia south to Georgia. I will not go into detail about the various branches of the family, but will start with William Floyd, born about 1720 in Accomac County, Virginia. He is the progenitor of the Virginia-Kentucky branch of the family.

William Floyd married Abadiah Davis in the autumn of 1747. Family tradition holds that Abadiah was descended from Powhatan, the noted Algonquian. William had a little education and became the Amherst County, Virginia surveyor and also a captain in the county militia, during the French and Indian War, and until the outbreak of the Revolution. William

and Abadiah had ten children. John Floyd, the oldest son of William and Abadiah, was also a surveyor and went out to the western part of Virginia that is now Kentucky in the mid-1770s, where he became a close friend and ally of Daniel Boone. In fact, at the time that Boone's daughter and another girl were abducted by Shawnee Indians and carried away, John Floyd accompanied Boone and the other father when they trailed the Indians for some 60 miles, then fought with the Indians and retrieved the girls alive.

At the outbreak of the Revolution, John Floyd was appointed a Colonel of the Jefferson County Militia and was responsible for the defense of the Beargrass Stations and the tiny settlement of Louisville from 1779 to 1783. As such, he worked closely with General George Rogers Clark and the Floyd family in Kentucky became closely allied with the Clark family. At the time, that part of Virginia was involved in brutal frontier warfare with the British and the Indians. In 1783, while returning from a meeting, a party of Shawnees ambushed Colonel John Floyd and his younger brother, Charles, my great-great-grandfather. John was shot and about to fall from his horse when Charles jumped off his own and

mounted behind John, holding him in his arms. They rode to safety, but John died two days later. At the time, John's wife was pregnant with their third child. If Charles had been the victim, I wouldn't be here, as Charles was unmarried then. John Floyd's line is probably the most illustrious branch of our family. One of his sons, also named John Floyd, became a prominent physician in Virginia, a Congressman and a governor of the state of Virginia. His son, John Buchanan Floyd, also was a Congressman, a Virginia governor, the Secretary of War under President Buchanan and a Confederate general in the Civil War.

Most of the rest of the Floyd family came west to join Colonel John Floyd at least by 1779. His sister, Nancy Floyd, married John Pryor in Virginia, but they were in the Louisville area by 1779. They were the parents of Nathaniel Hale Pryor of the Expedition. Another sibling, Robert Clark Floyd also accompanied Colonel John to the western settlements. He was the father of Charles Floyd of the Expedition. As indicated, my ancestor, another Charles Floyd, was in the area and served with his brother in the militia during the Revolution.

Charles Floyd

Charles Floyd was born in 1782 at or near Floyd's Station (then Virginia), in the vicinity of what is now Louisville. Charles was one of the children of Robert Clark Floyd and Lilleyan Hampton. Robert Clark Floyd served under General George Rogers Clark during the Revolution. About 1799, the new settlement of Clarksville (now Indiana) was established across the

Ohio River from Louisville. Robert Clark Floyd moved his family across to Clarksville where he and his oldest son, Davis Floyd, ran a ferrying operation. When Clark County was formed in 1801, Charles Floyd though only 19 years of age was appointed or elected as the first Constable of Clarksville Township. This indicates that he must have been very highly respected at such a young age by his neighbors.

Later in 1801, Charles Floyd was awarded a mail contract from the Postmaster General of the United States to deliver mail from the Clarksville area to Vincennes, a distance of about 100 miles. Charles received an annual salary of \$660 from this mail contract, which included extra hazardous duty pay of \$60 per year, as the route along the Buffalo Trace to Vincennes was beset with bandits and hostile Indians. In 2003 I visited the Carnegie Library at New Albany, Indiana, where they have a Floyd Family Exhibit in one wing. In referring to young Charles Floyd, the exhibit aptly noted that: "These two positions - constable and mail carrier - demonstrated that Floyd could be trusted to exert authority over other men and handle himself in the wilderness. For his age, he was undoubtedly a very mature and confident individual." As William Clark was living in the small community of Clarksville (named for his brother) at the time, William Clark undoubtedly knew Charles Floyd and was aware of his character and accomplishments.

In the summer of 1803, Meriwether Lewis instructed William Clark to "find and engage some good hunters, stout, healthy, unmarried men, accustomed to the woods and capable of bearing

bodily fatigue in a pretty considerable degree." In early August, after interviewing over 100 men, Clark selected only Charles Floyd and the Field brothers, Joseph and Reubin. Their selection was conditional, pending the approval of Lewis who arrived at Clarksville on October 15, 1803. In late August 1803, Clark wrote to Lewis about these recruits in his usual original style complete with misspellings, as follows:

"The Young men that I have engaged or rather promised to take on this expedition are the best woodsmen and Hunters, of young men in this part of the Country. I have had many applications from stout likely fellows but have refused to retain some & put others off."

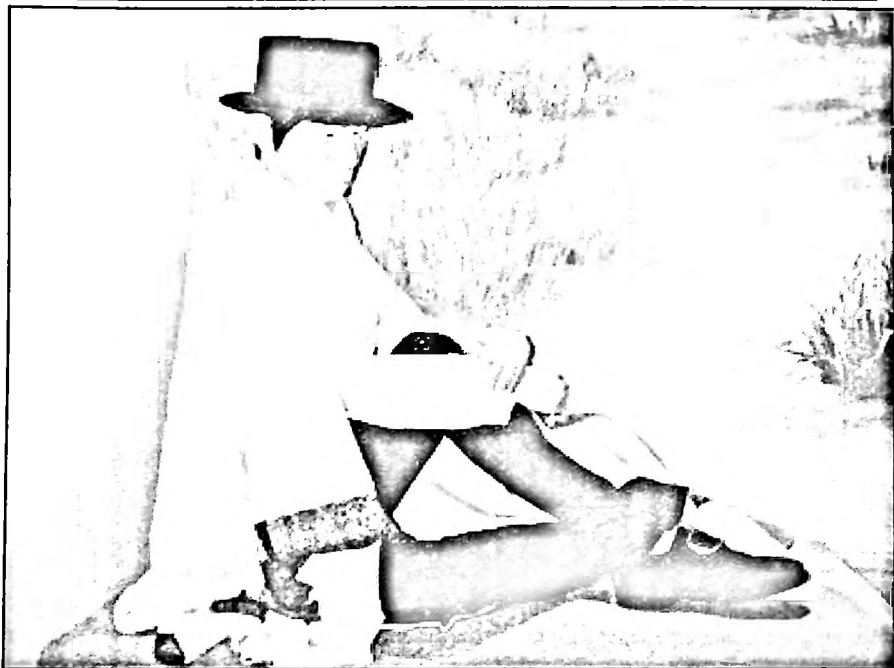
When Lewis arrived on October 15, Lewis immediately approved the enlistments of Floyd and the Fields, plus John Colter, on that date, with the enlistments of Floyd and the Fields effective retroactively to August 1. George Gibson, George Shannon and John Shields were enlisted on the 19 and Nathaniel Pryor and William Bratton were officially enlisted on the 20th. This completed the so-called "Nine Young Men of Kentucky," actually a misnomer as Colter and Shannon had accompanied Lewis down the Ohio from Pittsburgh.

The members of this small flotilla journeyed down the Ohio to its confluence with the Mississippi, then went up the Mississippi to a point a little above St. Louis at Camp River Dubois, where they wintered and prepared for the long trek ahead of them. By this time they had also

enlisted more men, primarily from the Regular Army. On April 1, 1804, Clark issued a detachment order designating John Ordway, Charles Floyd and Nathaniel Pryor as sergeants, equal in rank and pay. In Ordway's case, this was simply a confirmation of the rank he already held in the Regular Army before joining the Expedition. The military members of the Expedition were then divided into three squads, with a sergeant in charge of each one. It is significant that Charles Floyd was appointed a sergeant, as he was just 21 or 22 years of age and, next to Shannon, probably the second youngest member of the permanent party.

Clark wrote that Floyd was a man "of much merit." As instructed by the Captains, Sergeant Floyd kept an uninterrupted daily journal from May 18, 1804, to August 18, 1804, just two days before his death. Similar to the journals of the Captains and the other Expedition members, Floyd's journal is replete with misspellings, poor grammar and poor syntax. Floyd did make several observations regarding the land through which they passed and commented on the excellent quality of the soil. On June 7, 1804, he reported seeing Indian pictographs and thought them to be "pictures of the Devil and other things." His entry of August 7 is the only detailed report of the desertion of Private Moses Reed. Floyd's poor spelling is illustrated by his entry that Reed "Desarte from us with out aney Jest Case." That is, that he deserted without any just cause.

Sergeant Floyd died on August 20, 1804, of what Clark described as a "billiose collick." Most observers have assumed that this was probably appen-



Author's photo at Lewis & Clark Interpretive Center, Sioux City, IA

Sgt. Floyd in poor health

dicitis. He was buried with full military honors on a high bluff over the Missouri River. The location was about one-half mile below the mouth of a small river that the Captains named for Floyd. That river, at Sioux City, Iowa, still bears his name. His grave was marked with a "Seeder" post and Clark's journal entry of the 20th noted the ceremony and that "This man at all times gave us proofs of his firmness and Determined resolution to due Service to his Country and honor to himself." For his services of one year and 18 days, Sergeant Floyd's family received \$86.33. After his death, most of Floyd's personal effects were given to his cousin, Nathaniel Pryor.

When the Expedition returned to the site of Floyd's burial in 1806, they found that the grave had been disturbed and opened by Indians, so they buried him a little deeper. The site became a landmark for travelers. George Catlin painted a scene from the bluff in the 1830s, as did Carl Bodmer somewhat later. In 1857, a spring flood eroded much of Floyd's bluff. Part of his skeleton was exposed and some of his bones had fallen into the river. A local group retrieved as much of Floyd's remains as they could find and reburied him in a second grave on a prominent bluff about 600 feet east of the original grave.

Floyd's second grave was evidently

not well defined or marked and was forgotten. It was not until the publication of his journal in 1894 that interest in Sergeant Floyd was rekindled. The second grave was located and opened and his remains were identified. The Floyd Memorial Association was formed in 1895 to raise funds for a fitting memorial. Construction of the monument began in May 1900, and it was dedicated on Memorial Day, May 30, 1901. The monument is a very impressive 100-high foot obelisk, nine-foot square at the base, second in height only to the Washington Monument. The bones and skull of Sergeant Floyd were placed in urns and are buried in the concrete core of the monument. In my opinion it is the most impressive memorial to have been erected relative to any of the members of the Expedition, including the Captains.

Fortunately, in 1895, some one had the foresight to take photographs and measurements of Sergeant Floyd's bones, including his skull and lower jaw. A plaster cast of his skull was made. That cast and the photos and measurements of Floyd's surviving bones, were used by Ms. Sharon Long, a forensic anthropologist at Wyoming University, to make a forensic reconstruction of Sergeant Floyd in 2000, indicating that he was six feet tall. Complete manikins of Floyd, based upon Ms. Long's reconstruction, have been installed at the Sergeant Floyd Museum and the Lewis and Clark Interpretive Center, both in Sioux City and in the Carnegie Library Museum in New Albany, Indiana.

There are no contemporaneous descriptions of either Charles Floyd or Nathaniel Pryor. However, it is be-

lieved that a description of their uncle Col. John Floyd would have fitted most of the Floyd relatives of that time. In the appendix to *The Life of Daniel Boone*, Col. Floyd is described as "upwards of six feet high, somewhat slender, straight as an Indian and almost as dark as one, indicative of his aboriginal descent; brilliant black eyes and very black straight hair, presenting altogether a handsome appearance. He possessed a fine natural understanding, great integrity of character, and displayed on all occasions cool, undaunted courage and a heart full of the milk of human kindness. He and his connections suffered greatly from the Indians. Five of his relatives of the Davis family were killed by them [and three of his Floyd relatives]... but he lived long enough to make a name that shall long remain illustrious in the early annals of the West."

Nathaniel Hale Pryor

Nathaniel Hale Pryor was born in Amherst County, Virginia about 1775, a son of John Pryor and Nancy Floyd. The family migrated to the Louisville area with other Floyds at least by 1779. John Pryor served as a spy or scout under George Rogers Clark and probably accompanied Clark and his army in the expeditions against Vincennes and Kaskaskia.

Very little is known about Nancy Floyd and John Pryor. We do not know the dates of their births, the dates of their deaths, or the places of their burials. We do know that they were both deceased at least by July 1791, as young Nat Pryor and a brother were placed as orphans with a local resident, by the Orphans' Court of Jefferson

County. There were four other children of John and Nancy Pryor, presumably older than Nat and his brother.

Nat Pryor married Peggy Patton on May 17, 1798. She was the daughter of a prominent pioneer in the area of Louisville, James Patton, a close friend of George Rogers Clark. It is presumed that Peggy died before Nat was selected for the Expedition, due to Lewis's instructions to enlist only unmarried men. I have already covered the selection of the first nine men for the Expedition by the Captains, one of whom was Nat Pryor.

Sergeant Pryor's Service on the Voyage of Discovery (1803-1806)

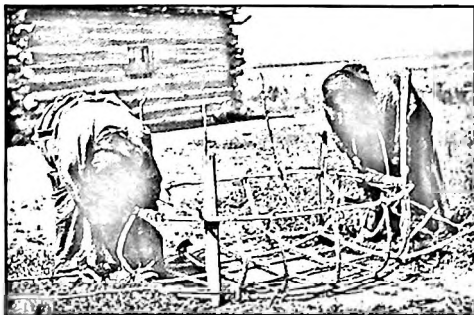
Nathaniel Pryor's actions on the Voyage of Discovery are well documented in the journals of Lewis, Clark and the others. I noticed that the indices in Gary Moulton's 13-volume set refer to Pryor at least twice as many times as they refer to Sacagawea. The Captains considered Pryor to be "a man of character and ability." He was frequently assigned to special duties of Army administration and discipline. Pryor was appointed as the presiding authority in the court martial proceedings against Privates Collins and Hall for being drunk while on duty. They were found guilty and Collins received 100 lashes on his bare back, while Hall received 50.

Throughout the Expedition it appears that the Captains placed a great deal of trust in Pryor's ability and judgement. More than any of the other subordinate men, Pryor was given special duties and important missions away from the main body. Pryor was sent to the Yankton Sioux to invite

their chiefs to visit the Captains, the first meeting the Captains had with Indians. Pryor discovered the first salt spring encountered on the Expedition, an essential commodity. He must have been a good hunter, as he was frequently sent out to hunt by himself or to accompany other hunters. In September 1804, his quick action averted a major disaster when he discovered that the river had shifted and was eroding the sand bar on which the voyagers were camped. At the critical fork of the Missouri, it was information from Pryor, reporting the northward trend of the Marias River that led the Captains to select the correct fork to continue up the Missouri.

Unfortunately Pryor dislocated his shoulder in July 1805, and that injury continued to plague him for the rest of the journey and in later life. Pryor was among the small group that accompanied Clark for the first view of the Pacific. As they wintered at Fort Clatsop, Pryor was frequently sent out to hunt, to retrieve canoes, to trade with the Indians, to retrieve some of the men lured away from the Fort by women, and similar duties.

On the return trip, Pryor continued to perform his many duties. He was with Clark's detachment when they reached the Yellowstone River and no longer needed the horses they had gotten from the Shoshones. The Crow Indians, known as among the best horse stealers of all of the Plains Indians, had already stolen half of the Expedition's horses while Clark camped at the Yellowstone. He then detached Pryor and three³ men to take the remaining 24 horses across country to the Mandan



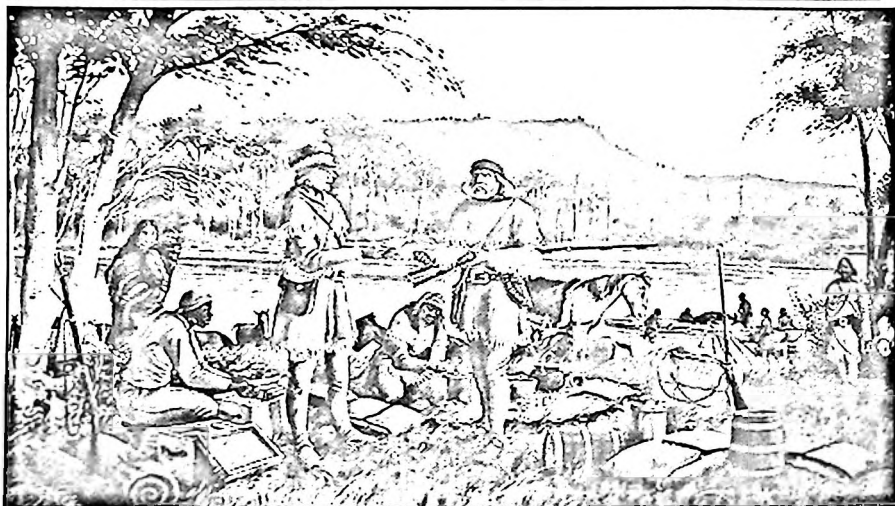
Time-Life, The Old West Series

Making a "Bull Boat"

Villages. He also entrusted Pryor with an important message to an Englishman who traded with the Mandans and Hidatsas. The first night after crossing the river, the Crows struck again and stole all of the remaining horses. Pryor and his men, followed them for about 10 miles on foot, but gave up the chase. Returning to the river, they killed buffaloes and built two bullboats. Using the bullboats, they easily caught up with Clark several days later, passing Pompey's Pillar (east of present-day Billings), where Clark had left his signature and the date, the only permanent vestige of the Expedition discovered so far. Pryor and his men pronounced the bullboats as better handling than the canoes. Pryor then accompanied the Expedition down the Missouri to St. Louis where the Corps of Discovery was disbanded. Pryor was discharged on October 1, 1806. For his service of almost three years, Pryor received \$557.00, plus a certificate entitling him to a tract of 320 acres to be selected in the Louisiana Purchase land west of the Mississippi. The land warrant was recorded as "satisfied" and it is assumed that Pryor sold or assigned his warrant.

Ensign Pryor Assigned to Escort Mandan Chief Sheheke to his Home (1807)

Nathaniel Pryor reenlisted in the Army on February 27, 1807, at St. Louis, receiving the officer's rank of Ensign. One of his first duties as an Ensign was to lead an expedition to return Mandan Chief Sheheke and his family to the Mandans. Sheheke and his family had been among the group of Mandan, Osage and other Indian Chiefs that had accompanied Lewis and Clark back to Washington to meet with President Jefferson. While there, the portraits of Chief Sheheke and his wife, Yellow Corn, were painted by Charles Balthazar Julien Febret de Saint Memin. A large party of soldiers under Pryor and traders under A. P. Chouteau was formed. The entire party comprised about 90 persons and set out from St. Louis on May 18, 1807, for the journey of about 1700 miles up the Missouri. On September 9, after proceeding some 1500 miles upriver, the expedition was met by a large band of about 600 heavily armed Arikara and Sioux Indians. The Indians ordered Pryor to land and trade with them, but Pryor sensed that they were hostile and refused to put in. Chouteau and his trading party did put in and attempted to trade but the Indians turned hostile and a fight erupted into a floating battle. Chouteau retreated to his keelboat and then both Pryor and Chouteau took their boats downstream beset from both banks by rifle fire and arrows. Chouteau's trading party had three dead and six wounded, with one of the dead men presumed to be Joshua Field from the Expedition. Pryor had three men wounded, including his



Robert F. Morgan and the Lewis & Clark Trail Heritage Foundation

"Take the horses to the Mandans"

Expedition friend George Shannon, whose leg required amputation. It was almost two years before Sheheke and his family were taken back to the Mandans. That required a much larger force and it cost almost as much to return Sheheke and his family to the Mandans as the entire expenses of the Expedition to the Pacific.

Pryor remained in the Army, stationed at Fort Belle Fontaine, the first American army post west of the Mississippi. On one assignment, ordered by Meriwether Lewis, Pryor led a party of soldiers to escort William Clark and his family from the mouth of the Ohio to St. Louis. Promoted to Second Lieutenant in 1808, Pryor was second in command of a force to build Fort Madison, one of the forts built upriver to have a military presence in the area to oppose the encroachments of British traders and perhaps the British military. Pryor resigned his commission

and left the Army again, effective April 1, 1810.

Pryor's Trading House Near the Galena Lead Mines (1810-1811)

After leaving the Army, Pryor joined the "Lead Rush" and went to the area of what is now Galena, Illinois, across the Mississippi River from Dubuque. It's hard for us now to think of lead as a precious metal, but it was in the early 1800s. Pryor established a trading house and a lead smelter furnace operation at a place called by its French name "Toledo Mort." Pryor was apparently successful as he had several employees and traded with several Indian tribes, especially the Sac and Fox tribes, with which he had a trading license issued by William Clark, then the Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Louisiana Territory.

During the summer of 1811, Clark,

who was also a Brigadier General in command of the Louisiana Territory Militia, became alarmed by the news that Tecumseh and his brother were attempting to establish a confederation of Indian tribes with the avowed intention to drive all of the whites back beyond the Appalachians. Tecumseh was a strong leader and organizer and hoped to unite all of the tribes from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. William Henry Harrison, the Governor of the Northwest or Indiana Territory, shared Clark's concern. Clark contacted Nathaniel Pryor and requested Pryor to spy on Tecumseh's camp and gather information. Pryor did so, and his information prompted Harrison to raise an army of about 1,000 men and march to Tecumseh's camp on the Tippecanoe River in Indiana. Tecumseh was not present at the time, but his one-eyed brother, known as the Prophet, led his large gathering of warriors in a surprise attack against Harrison's army at 4:00 in the morning of November 7, 1811. The Prophet, through incantations, trances and superstitious propaganda, had convinced his Indians that they were invulnerable to the guns of Harrison's troops. They quickly found out otherwise and the Indians suffered a disastrous defeat. This battle, plus later defeats of the Indians and their British allies during the War of 1812, opened the western frontier to the Americans for all time.

Nat Pryor was not present at the battle, as he had returned to Toledo Mort. An unfortunate circumstance at Tippecanoe was that a Winnebago hunting party returning from Michigan arrived at the Prophet's camp the day before the battle. The Winnebagos took

part in the battle and lost 25 of their best warriors. The Winnebagos, who had previously been friendly with Pryor, learned of Pryor's involvement. On January 1, 1812, a large armed party of Winnebagos attacked Pryor's post and smelter at Toledo Mort. They killed two of Pryor's men, slaughtered his livestock, destroyed his smelter and post, and held him prisoner for most of a day. An Indian woman aided Pryor and no doubt saved his life, by not telling the Winnebagos the name of their captive. First, she told the Winnebagos that the man (Pryor) was English, not American. Then, while the Winnebagos debated this, the woman aided Pryor to escape shortly before the Winnebagos decided to kill him. Pryor escaped by crossing the Mississippi on chunks of ice as the river was almost totally frozen. Pryor hid out on the Iowa side with French families and then made it to St. Louis by late spring. Some years later, Pryor submitted a claim to the government for in excess of \$5,000 as his damages for the losses incurred by him. Affidavits supporting his claim by others from the area verify his claim and the foregoing facts regarding Pryor's assistance to Clark and Harrison.

Pryor and the War of 1812 (1812-1815)

During the War of 1812, Pryor reenlisted in the Army as a Second Lieutenant. He served in the 44th Infantry Regiment, one of the units under the command of Andrew Jackson. He was promoted to First Lieutenant on August 30, 1813, and to Captain on October 1, 1814. He was known as "Captain Pryor" for the rest of his life.

Serving under Jackson, he no doubt took part in Jackson's southern campaigns. Davy Crockett and Sam Houston also served in Jackson's army and, as the force was small, the three men probably got to know each other.

Pryor was at the Battle of New Orleans on January 8, 1815, serving in Jackson's army of about 4,000 men, including Regular Army, militia, pirates and civilians. The effective British force in the battle is estimated at 10,000, most of whom were battle-hardened veterans of the Napoleonic wars. It was a slaughter of epic proportions. The British suffered 2,000 men dead, including their two highest-ranking Generals. Five hundred Brits were captured and untold number were wounded. The losses suffered by the motley collection of Americans were just seven dead and six wounded. The Floyd/Pryor family was very well represented at the Battle of New Orleans. I have verified that both of Pryor's brothers and three of his cousins were among the Kentucky contingent that rafted down the Ohio and Mississippi in answer to Jackson's call for volunteers. Included among those cousins was Davis Floyd, the older brother of Sergeant Charles Floyd of the Expedition.

Captain Pryor to the Arkansas and Indian Territories (1815-1819)

Pryor was honorably discharged from the Army in June 1815. We are unsure of his precise movements, but he did end up at Arkansas Post on the Arkansas River in late 1815 or 1816. That post was about 20 miles up from the mouth of the Arkansas River. He



Louis F. Burns, History of the Osage People
Osage lands before the Louisiana Purchase

formed a trading partnership there with Samuel Richards and got back into the business of trading with the Indians. Soon thereafter, the two men moved their operation further up the Arkansas to the area known as "Three Forks," approximately 700 miles up the Arkansas River from the Mississippi. This is the area where the Verdigris, Grand and Arkansas Rivers come together, roughly in the area of present-day Muskogee. As my maternal Floyd family was from southern Kansas just across the border from Oklahoma, I should mention that there is some dispute as to the names and pronunciation of these rivers. In Kansas, it is Arkansas instead of Arkansas; Verdigris instead of Verdigrée; and the Neosho instead of the Grand.

By some time in 1817, Pryor had married the daughter of the prominent Osage chief Clermont, or Claremore. From that time on, Pryor was closely allied with the Osage Nation.



Louis F. Burns, History of the Osage People
Osage lands, early 1800s

The Osage Nation

At the time of the Louisiana Purchase, the Osage Nation was probably the largest, strongest and most war-like Indian tribe west of the Mississippi. From 1500 to 1800 the Osage had expanded their territory. This expansion belies the premise that Indians were never territorial. The land controlled and claimed by the Osage was almost as large as the American Northwest Territory at the time.

Officials in Washington were well aware of the necessity to keep the Osages on friendly terms with Americans so that the Osage would not ally themselves with the British. The importance of that is emphasized by the fact that the first delegation of Indian chiefs sent to Washington from west of the Mississippi was the Osage delegation sent to meet with President Jefferson in 1804. Jefferson welcomed the delegation of 12 Osage chiefs and two boys. Saint Memin painted the portrait of one of the Osage chiefs. The people in Washington were amazed by

the size and appearance of the Osage men. Navy Secretary Robert Smith described them as "... the most gigantic men we have ever seen." President Jefferson even wrote that: "They are the finest men we have ever seen."

At the time, the average height of the Osage male was six feet, two or three inches, with some men being as much as seven feet tall. This size gave them advantages in

the hunt and in war and the Osage even practiced a modified form of selective breeding to insure this height and size.

As shown on the next map, the Osage claimed control over most of Missouri and Arkansas, the southern half of Kansas, the northern half of Oklahoma and even into southeastern Colorado. A quote from the Osage author Louis F. Burns is apt:

"In a one hundred twenty-five year period, 1678-1803, the Osages performed a feat no other American Indians duplicated. They stopped the westward expansion of the Euro-American peoples (the Spanish, French and the Americans) and simultaneously tripled the size of their own domain."

Due to their expansionist tendencies, the Osage were almost constantly at war with the neighboring tribes, including Missouris, Pawnees, Kansas, Sac and Fox, Apache, Comanche, Cheyenne, Caddo, Quapaw, and others. That the Osage more than held their

own attests to their strength and domination. In 1791, the Osage even crossed the Mississippi and participated with the coalition of tribes that inflicted the disastrous defeat upon General St. Clair's American Army at the Wabash River in present-day Indiana. This was the worst defeat ever suffered by an American Army in the Indian wars, almost triple the number of men killed with Custer at the Little Big Horn.

Unfortunately, the Osage proved to be poor negotiators and did not fare well in their dealings with the United States. By 1839, in four treaties, the Osage ceded several million acres of their territory to the US for compensation of less than five cents an acre. Sometimes, by the terms of the treaty, no payments were received, as the compensation was the paying off of claims against the Osage by other Indians and whites. In one especially egregious deal, the Osage were paid \$54,000 for approximately 1,200,000 acres in Arkansas and Oklahoma. That is about four-and-one-half cents an acre. The US then sold the land to the Cherokees for \$2,000,000. The Osage were not one of the so-called "Five Civilized Tribes" and were considered to be untamed, uncivilized and dangerous by the officials in Washington. Accordingly the five "civilized" tribes were treated more favorably than the Osage. The US failed to enforce the various treaties to prevent encroachments into the Osage lands by white settlers and the neighboring tribes, thus encouraging such encroachments.

Captain Pryor and the Osage at Three Forks

As previously stated, Pryor was in

the Three Forks area by at least 1817 and had married Ah Sin Ka, the daughter of Chief Clermont. Later baptismal records verify that the first child of Pryor and Ah Sin Ka was born by September of 1818. Chief Clermont was a prominent Osage chief and had accompanied William Clark and other Osage Chiefs when Clark took them to Washington in the summer of 1812 to meet with President Madison.

The western Cherokees began moving across the Mississippi and into the Osage lands in 1810. The two tribes then began hostilities that continued for about 50 years. Those hostilities erupted in the fall of 1817. A large war party of approximately 600 armed men, including eastern and western Cherokees, Choctaws, Shawnees, Delawares, Caddos, Tonkawas, Comanches, Coshattas and a sizable body of white men, raided Clermont's village while the Osage warriors were away on their fall buffalo hunt. The raid was especially treacherous as the Cherokees approached the village under the pretext of having a peace parley, but primarily to make sure that the Osage warriors were not present. An old Osage chief told the Cherokees the peace parley could not be held until the return of the main body of chiefs and warriors. That old chief was then invited to the Cherokee camp where he was fed and regaled, usually a sign of peace. The next day the old chief was killed and scalped and the Cherokees and their allies attacked Clermont's unprotected village, killing over 80 old men, women and children, and taking over 100 prisoners. They also looted and set fire to the village, destroying all of the provisions that were sorely needed by

the Osage for the winter. The similarity to the attack at Sand Creek is also noteworthy. The Cherokees celebrated this surprise attack upon the relatively defenseless Osage as a great victory. Because of this and other depredations, the Osage prepared for an all-out war against the Cherokees the following year. To prevent the war, Captain Pryor went to Fort Smith and prevailed upon its commander, Major Bradford, to go with him to Clermont's village and talk with the chiefs. Bradford did so and war was averted when Pryor and Bradford were able to have most of the Osage prisoners returned in 1819. The Cherokees' failure to return all of the prisoners, however, led to continued bitterness between the two tribes.

The famous English naturalist, Thomas Nuttall, in his *Journals*, mentioned meeting Pryor and Richards while "descending the Arkansas on their way to New Orleans with cargoes of furs and peltries gotten in trade with the Osages." Richards must have died in 1819 and Pryor then went into partnership with another trader named Hugh Glenn. Pryor's good reputation is shown by another quote from an early historian:

"Captain Pryor figured prominently in the affairs of the region surrounding the Three Forks, for he was especially held in high esteem by the Osages."

Pryor's Assistance to Establish Protestant Missions (1819-1823)

Also in 1819, Captain Pryor assisted two Protestant ministers in locating a site for the Union Mission. The ministers then returned to the East and brought out about 20 people,

including their families and other teachers. The Union Mission opened in 1821 and was the first school in Oklahoma; had the first printing press and printed the first book in Oklahoma; held the first protestant wedding; established the first church; and several other firsts. A few years later, the mission was moved and Pryor again assisted in locating the second site, known as Hopewell Mission.

Mayes County, Oklahoma has a number of historic sites. The enmity between the Osage and the Cherokees even continued into the Civil War, with the Osage being decidedly Union and the Cherokees, under General Stand Watie, fighting for the Confederacy.

Nathaniel Pryor's Dealings With the Cherokees and Other Tribes

In February 1820, one of Chief Clermont's sons, Bad-Tempered-Buffalo, let his warriors kill three Cherokee bear hunters who had intruded onto Osage land and killed sows and cubs as well as boars. That was not the Osage practice. The small party of about four Osage then went to Pryor's trading post at Three Forks. A large war party of about 25 Cherokees also went to Pryor's and assumed that they would capture the Osage when they left the post. To distract the Cherokees and permit the Osage to escape, Pryor and his employee showed the Cherokees a shipment of new shiny copper kettles that had recently arrived and were highly prized by the Indians. Bad-Tempered-Buffalo and his men escaped and outrode the Cherokees as the Osage were better mounted. The Cherokees returned to Pryor's post later that night and robbed it of about 150 pounds of

furs. The Cherokees were under the leadership of their most prominent and most feared war chief, Dutch, so Pryor's intervention was a very brave act. Dutch was an implacable enemy of the Osage and was said to have killed over 26 of them in his numerous confrontations with the Osage. McKenney and Hall painted Dutch's portrait ("Tah-chee"), about 1830. George Catlin traveled with Dutch for several months in 1834 and also painted his portrait ("Tuch-ee"). Catlin wrote of his great admiration for Dutch. This confrontation between Pryor and Dutch demonstrates Pryor's courage and his resourcefulness in avoiding a very serious situation that could have inflamed the war between the tribes. It also illustrates the fine line required to be walked by traders and other white settlers on the fringes of the western frontier.

Nathaniel Pryor's Assistance to Traders and Explorers

On September 27, 1821, Mexico proclaimed its independence from Spain and began to encourage trade with the US. Anticipating this news several American traders mounted expeditions to Santa Fe in 1821 in order to be the first traders to reach that historic town. Most of these trading parties took the route up the Arkansas and then overland, roughly along what became known as the Santa Fe Trail. The first trading party, led by General Thomas James and John McKnight, reached Pryor's trading post at Three Forks in late August 1821. James had been told that the Arkansas was navigable to a point within 60 miles of Taos. Pryor told him he was misin-

formed, but James and McKnight ignored Pryor's advice and set off in their large, heavily laden dugout canoes. Two days later James sent back to Pryor requesting horses and assistance. Pryor led a party of Osage braves and sufficient horses to help James, who then continued overland to Taos and Santa Fe. At the time, Three Forks was the upstream limit of navigability on the Arkansas. General James did supply some insight into Pryor's departure from military service, when James wrote in his journal as follows:

"On reduction of the Army after the war, Pryor was discharged to make room for some parlor soldier and sunshine patriot, and turned out in his old age upon the world's wide common. I found him here among the Osages with whom he had taken refuge from his country's ingratitude, and was living as one of the tribe, where he may yet be, unless death has discharged the debt his country owed him."

About a month after the departure of the James-McKnight expedition, another trading party reached Pryor's trading post at Three Forks, led by Major Jacob Fowler. Pryor's trading partner, Hugh Glenn, decided to join Fowler's expedition and help guide it. The Fowler-Glenn expedition reached the area of present-day Pueblo in late November, where some of the party wintered and trapped, while others went on to Taos and Santa Fe. Both the James-McKnight and the Fowler-Glenn trading expeditions were very successful and the both returned to St. Louis in the summer of 1822.

Nathaniel Pryor's New Trading Store at Pryor Creek

Sometime after 1821, Pryor moved his trading store to a location closer to Clermont's village. This location was on Pryor Creek, near where it joins the Grand (or Neosho) River, between Union Mission and a trading post established by the Chouteaus near present-day Salina, Oklahoma. Later, the town of Pryor was located about seven miles from the site of Pryor's trading post and the town proudly proclaims that it "was named for the redoubtable Nathaniel Pryor, pioneer Indian trader and subagent to the warlike Osages." It should also be noted that Pryor had been a friend, ally and sometime business competitor of the Chouteaus since meeting them in St. Louis during and after the Voyage of Discovery.

Osage Conflicts With White Settlers and Nearby Tribes

In November 1823, Chief Clermont's son, Bad-Tempered-Buffalo, once again caused trouble. This time, he and his men killed five hunters from Arkansas who were trespassing on Osage lands in violation of an 1822 treaty. The event may not have caused so much trouble had not the Osage looted the camp, taken 30 horses from the hunters, and killed and decapitated a Major Welborn of the US Army, either recently retired or on leave. The Army and the settlers in the area pressured Col. Arbuckle, the commander at Fort Smith, to demand the surrender of the "murderers" or to take them by force.

To diffuse the situation, Captain Pryor took Chief Clermont to Fort

Smith to meet with Col. Arbuckle. One historian has written, "Capt. Pryor, a trader friend of the Osages, wanted the matter of the white hunters settled so there would be peace." Arbuckle conveyed fears of an attack to General Winfield Scott who ordered Arbuckle to establish another fort further up the Arkansas River near Three forks. Pryor assisted Arbuckle in locating and establishing the fort, named Fort Gibson, above present-day Muskogee.

In June, 1824, some 500 Osages came to Fort Gibson and delivered six men, including Bad-Tempered-Buffalo, to Col. Arbuckle as the leaders and perpetrators of the killing of the white trespassers. Pryor had been instrumental in this. The tribal leaders had ordered the six men to even accept a verdict of death. One of the Union Mission missionaries observed the event and wrote in his journal:

"...to see six brave men come forward, and voluntarily submit to become prisoners; to be put in irons; and sent away to be tried for their lives; to see this done with firmness and decision, by the unanimous consent of the Nation, and without a single sign from their affectionate wives ...to see the senses of honor manifested on the part of the criminals, and the desire to [do] justice in the Nation, was indeed affecting to every spectator."

One man escaped on the way to Little Rock where the remaining five were tried. Three were acquitted, but Bad-Tempered-Buffalo and another were sentenced to death. Their executions were postponed, however, and President John Quincy Adams par-



"Osage Treaty of 1825" - Mike Wimmer, Art Treasurers of the Oklahoma State Capitol

Signing of the Osage Treaty in 1825 at Clark's office

doned the two men on March 21, 1825.

Also in 1825, Chief Clermont went to St. Louis with a group of Osage chiefs and signed another treaty with William Clark. Artist Michael Wimmer has depicted that signing. The painting shows Chief Clermont, William Clark and Pierre Chouteau, the Osage agent at the time, together with other Osage chiefs.

In 1827, another dispute flared up between the Osages and the Cherokees. A large Cherokee war party, intent upon attacking the Osages, was intercepted near Fort Gibson and the Fort Gibson post sutler, "with the influence of Captain Pryor, succeeded in preventing them from making an attack." Later, the Cherokees "prevailed upon their mutual friend Captain Nathaniel Pryor to go to the Osage Nation to counsel with them" on peace negotiations between the tribes. The Cherokees had Pryor convey that "they wished to

become friends - 'that when we meet, we can smoke together and shake hands as Brothers.'"

Sometime in the mid-1820s, the Choctaws crossed the Mississippi, violating treaties, and took some Osage prisoners. Nathaniel Pryor worked with the Choctaw Indian Agent to obtain the release of the prisoners and facilitated peace negotiations between these tribes.

There was continual strife during this period between the Osage Nation and the eastern tribes being relocated into the land of the Osage, as well as the Osage' traditional enemies among the Plains Indians. In an article about the history of Fort Gibson, Charles W. Sasser enumerated several serious fights between the Osage on one hand and the Cherokee, Choctaw, Delaware, Pawnee, and Comanche on the other. Captain Pryor was frequently called upon to negotiate for peace on behalf of the Osage.

The Last Days of Captain Nathaniel Hale Pryor

During all of this period from at least 1817-1830, Nathaniel Pryor was no more than an "unofficial sub-agent" for the Osage, serving as a volunteer without pay. Nonetheless, he apparently rendered considerably more effective service to the Osage than any of the official agents appointed by Washington. Whenever there was a vacancy for the post of Agent or Sub-Agent, his friends, including William Clark, usually nominated Pryor, but others with more political "pull," or better connections, received the appointments.

By 1829, Sam Houston had resigned as the Governor of Tennessee and had come to the Indian Territory. He married a Cherokee and also renewed his friendship with Nathaniel Pryor, as Houston lived for a time on the Grand (Neosho) River a short distance from Pryor's trading post. When a vacancy occurred for the post of Osage sub-agent, Houston wrote an excellent recommendation letter to President Andrew Jackson on December 15, 1830, as follows:

"I have the honor to address you upon the subject of one of your old soldiers at the Battle of New Orleans. I allude to Capt. Nathaniel Pryor, who has for several years past, resided with the Osages as a sub-agent, by appointment of Gov. Clark, but without any permanent appointment from the Government. He was the first man who volunteered to accompany Lewis and Clark on their tour to the Pacific Ocean... [A]t the commencement of the last war entered the Army again and was a Captain in the 44th Regiment under

you at New Orleans; and a *braver* man never fought under the wings of your Eagles. He has done more to tame and pacificate the dispositions of the Osages to the whites, and surrounding tribes of Indians than all other men and has done more in promoting the authority of the U. States and compelling the Osages to comply with the demands from Colonel Arbuckle than any person could have supposed. Capt. Pryor is a man of amiable character and disposition - of fine sense, strict honor - perfectly temperate in his habits - and unremitting in his attention to business." (The emphasis is Houston's).

On the same date, Houston also wrote to General John H. Eaton, the Secretary of War, as follows:

"It is impossible for me ever to wish or solicit any patronage from the Government for myself or anyone connected with me, but when I see a *brave, honest, honorable and faithful servant of that country which I once claimed as my own, in poverty with spirit half broken by neglect, I must be permitted to ask something in his behalf.* Could any just man know him as I do, who had power to offer reparation for what he has done for his country, what he has suffered, I am sure he would not be allowed to languish in circumstances hardly comfortable. I trust to God that he will be no longer neglected by his country." (The emphasis is Houston's).

Pryor's hard circumstances were probably a mirror image of what had

happened to the Osage. On January 22, 1831, Pryor wrote to William Clark, no longer Governor of Missouri, but the Superintendent of Indian Affairs west of the Mississippi. With regard to the Osage Village on the Verdigris, which would have included Clermont's village, Pryor perceptively reported that:

"...the Osages appear to be a very unhappy people, and I think it is altogether attributable to the emigration of so many Red People to the West. The Game is entirely destroyed and they see that they must now cultivate the soil for a subsistence. They are extremely poor and they feel their inability to do any thing for themselves without the assistance of the Govt who, they are anxious would enable them to commence farming by furnishing them with the necessary means and would like to have among them persons to instruct their young to spin and weave."

During the winter of 1831, Pryor contracted some sort of illness, probably pneumonia, and the condition lingered. On May 1 and 5, 1831, Pryor assisted at a peace conference between Clermont's Band of Osage and the Cherokees at Fort Gibson. On May 7, 1831, Nathaniel Pryor was finally appointed as the permanent sub-agent for the Osage of the Verdigris, Clermont's Band, at an annual salary of \$500. On May 10, 1831, Captain Pryor, as a witness, signed a treaty between the Creek and all bands of the Osage Nation at Fort Gibson. He was in failing health, however, and died on June 9, 1831. We do not know if he or

his heirs ever received any part of his annual salary.

Captain Pryor was buried without ceremony on his own land at Pryor Creek. Similar to the burial of his cousin, Charles Floyd, Pryor's original grave marker was evidently lost and his grave was forgotten. Fortunately, in 1934, the Oklahoma Historical Society found someone who remembered the location of the grave. The site was located and the Society received a permanent marker from the War Department that was placed upon the grave. In 1982, Pryor's remains were exhumed and reburied under a beautiful granite memorial slab in the cemetery in his namesake town of Pryor, Mayes County, Oklahoma. Pryor's probate estate listed his claim against the Government for his losses at his Galena lead smelter and trading post. Pryor's heirs received notice a year after his death that the claim had been disallowed.

Nathaniel Pryor's Osage Wife, Children and Descendants

As stated, Pryor had married Ah Sin Ka and had four children. In order they were Marie, Wa Hula Sha, William (known as Quiver) and Mary Jane. Ah Sin Ka and her daughters Marie and Mary Jane died in the 1840s, probably from an epidemic of smallpox or cholera. Both Marie and Mary Jane had married, but apparently died without issue. There are strong lines of descent from William (Quiver) Pryor and his sister, Wa Hula Sha Pryor. Nathaniel Pryor's descendants have played an important role in the history of the Osage Nation. James Bigheart was a grandson of Nathaniel Pryor and was a



Author's photo

Pryor's Monument - Cemetery at Pryor, Okla.

principal Chief of the Osages in the late 1800s, as was Fred Lookout, the husband of Julia Pryor Mongrain, a granddaughter of Pryor. Julia was also one of the most celebrated Osage artists. Some of her objects were on display last year at the St. Louis Art Museum. In 1896, Chief James Bigheart was instrumental in working out an oil and gas lease covering the entire Osage Reservation. As a result of the ensuing oil exploration and production, the Osage were probably the most successful and wealthy tribe prior to the advent of casinos.

In recent years, the Red Eagle family has been prominent in the affairs and governance of the Osage. Henry Red Eagle was a principal chief in the

early 1900s; his son Edward Red Eagle was an assistant chief until his death in 1999, and Edward's son, Eddy, is the Director of the Osage Cultural Heritage Center. In the summer of 2004, two Osage cousins contacted me and we met and had a small reunion in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, last November.

A Possible Son of Nathaniel Hale Pryor

I will mention only briefly that Mrs. Betty Thomas, the Director of the Mayes County Historical Society in Pryor, Oklahoma, strongly believes that a son was born to Nathaniel Pryor and his first wife, Peggy Patton. However, she has been unable to furnish the genealogical documentation to me to support that belief, so I am reserving judgement on the possibility. That possible son is variously referred to as "Nathaniel Miguel Pryor" or "Louis Nathaniel Pryor." There is a record that a "Luis Nathaniel Miguel Pryor" passed through the Three Forks and Pryor Creek areas in the mid-1820s, but there are too many discrepancies in the story to satisfy me. That Pryor went first to Santa Fe with the Fowler-Glenn expedition described above; stayed in Santa Fe for three or four years; then returned to the Three Forks area. In 1828, he went to Santa Fe again with the Pattie expedition. He then led a party of men to California where he became a silversmith, settled, married twice, had children, and died in about 1850 in Los Angeles.

The LDS International Genealogical Index (IGI) in the Mormon records at Salt Lake lists a "Miguel Luis Nathaniel Pryor" born about 1806, in Louisville, Kentucky. This is the man



Author's photo

Photo of the first reunion of our branches of the Floyd/Pryor families since 1815, if not 1804. Pictured with the author (right) are Linda Thiry and Eddy Red Eagle, (center left) with my Floyd cousins Jim Mordy (left) of the Kansas City area and John Floyd (center right) of Sedan, Kansas. My mother and her family were from Sedan, which is only about 40 miles from Pawhuska, the tribal seat of the Osage Nation. Although my great-grandfather, Martin Van Buren Floyd, settled there in 1870, none of our family knew for sure that we had Osage relatives until that contact from Eddy and Linda in 2004.

described above, who went to California. His parents are listed as Miguel Nathaniel Pryor and Mary Davis, of Louisville, Kentucky. I have been unable to find any record of any "Miguel (or Michael) Nathaniel Pryor" in the Louisville area during the period of 1790-1810. Nor have I been able to determine the identity of "Mary Davis." The 1806 birth date and the names of the parents would seem to preclude this

man from being the son of Nathaniel Hale Pryor. However, the undocumented IGI records are known to contain many errors. I base my conclusion against the finding of descent upon the fact that Lewis and Clark intended to select only single, unencumbered men for the Expedition; the Patton family genealogy does not list any such child; and, there is no evidence that Nathaniel Hale Pryor had any relation-

ship with a son during the period from 1803 until at least after 1815.

Nathaniel Hale Pryor's Legacy and Place in History

Perhaps no other member of the Lewis and Clark Expedition has had more places named for him, other than the captains themselves. In Montana, Pryor was the namesake for the town of Pryor, the Pryor Mountains, Pryor Creek, and the Pryor Mountain Wild Horse Preserve. In Oklahoma, the town of Pryor and Pryor Creek are named for him.

It is astonishing to think of all of the famous men and women encountered by Nathaniel Hale Pryor during his lifelong odyssey. How many other

men in history had the opportunity to associate with, be involved with, or to spend time with the likes of Lewis, Clark, the other men of the Expedition, Sacagawea, Pomp, various Indian chiefs, including Sheheke, Clermont, and Dutch, General George Rogers Clark, William Henry Harrison, Tecumseh, the Prophet, Andrew Jackson, Sam Houston, Davy Crockett, Thomas Nuttall, early traders and explorers, etc., not to mention the momentous events in which he was involved, such as the Voyage of Discovery, and the Battles of Tippecanoe and of New Orleans. Nathaniel Hale Pryor did indeed lead a very full, albeit unappreciated and unrecompensed life.



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

2005 Rosenstock Award Astor House, Golden Colorado



**Astor House Executive Director
Shannon Voirol accepts the 2005
Rosenstock Award**

The 1867 Astor House Museum is on the National Register of Historic Places. Relatively fancy for the time, it was built to house the Colorado Territory's legislators when "Golden City" was the Territorial Capital. When Denver became the capital, the Astor House began operating as a boarding house.

History has since flowed out of the Astor House and into the surrounding town. New owners restored the old Loveland Block as the Old Capitol Grill (now being rehabilitated after the fire of November 3, 2005, to reopen in 2006). Washington Avenue, Golden Main Street, has been elegantly restored. Once trashy, dump-lined Clear Creek, where Tom Golden camped back in 1859, has been reincarnated as the Clear Creek History Park. Operated by the City of

Golden and the Astor House crew, led by executive director Shannon Voirol, the historic park stretches for two blocks along the Clear Creek pedestrian/bike path. It contains the old Guy Hill School, a blacksmith shop, two log cabins, two barns, a bee house and a chicken coop. Among 20,000 annual visitors are swarms of school kids who learn lessons of long ago in the one-room school, gather fresh eggs, collect honeycomb, and harvest crops and cut flowers from the park's heirloom gardens.

Astor House offers a Tea Time lecture series, Summer Solstice celebration, Buffalo Bill Days, and 1800s Arts and Trades Fair, Cemetery Strolls and Olde Golden Candlelight Walk, as well as Hands-on History summer sessions. Astor House, which is on the National Register of Historic Places, presents American Victorian furnishings from the late 1800s, a self-guided audio tour, and several changing exhibits such as their current stereopticon show. After narrowly escaping demolition, Astor House has helped make Golden one of Colorado's best restored, history-friendly communities, thus earning the Denver Posse's admiration and support with the 2005 Rosenstock Award.

The Museum is available for group tours, special event rental, and private teas. The Astor House Museum has a Victorian Gift Shop full of delightful gift items.



Earl McCoy

2005 Fred A Rosenstock Award for Lifetime Achievement in Western History, presented to Earl McCoy

Earl McCoy was born in Mt. Sterling, Illinois on August 7, 1924, the son of a printer at the local newspaper. After graduating from Illinois Wesleyan University in Sociology and English he worked in a residential facility near Chicago for children with heart disease. He was on the staff of community centers in Chicago, including four years living and working in Hull House, the most famous settlement house and community

center in the world. Earl completed a Masters in Social Work at the University of Illinois, then volunteered with the American Friends Service Committee for three years in Israel, arriving there a couple of months before the Suez War began. He directed a community center in a predominantly Arab area in the old city section of Acre, an ancient port city on the Mediterranean

Earl moved to Denver in 1959 as Program Director at the Auraria Community Center, in a heavily Hispanic neighborhood. In 1962 he married Wanda DePizzol, also a Master's-degree social worker. Wanda had spent a year at a community center in Paris. They adopted two children, Eric and Anthony. From 1968 to 1987, Earl was Fort Logan Mental Health Center's Assistant Chief and then Chief of the Community Services Department. He researched the history of the old army base, recycled in 1960 as a state mental hospital. After the army closed frontier military posts, this was the only garrisoned post in Colorado. This base opened in 1887 and housed a variety of units including infantry, cavalry, army engineers and a sub-base of Lowry Field. The Dwight D. Eisenhower family lived at Fort Logan in 1924-25. Earl led in founding the Friends of Historic Fort Logan in the fort's centennial year of 1987 and served as the first president of that group.

Earl joined the Denver Posse of Westerners in 1984 and became a Posse member in 1987. He was *Roundup* Foreman (secretary) from 1991 to 1995, later Book Review Chairman for *Roundup* and is currently archivist for the Posse. His extensive research led to "From Infantry to Air Corps: History of Fort Logan," Nov.-Dec. 1986 *Roundup*. Ivy Baldwin, who became Fort Logan's balloon sergeant in 1894, inspired Earl's "Adventures of Ivy Baldwin, Aerialist" for the March-April, 1993 *Roundup*, followed by "Judge Rucker and the Fort Logan Water War," in the July-August, 1999 *Roundup*.

Army Architecture in the West. Forts Laramie, Bridger and D.A. Russell, 1849-1912 by Alison K Hoagland. University of Oklahoma Press, 2004. 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 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.

O! Max Evans, The First Thousand Years, by Slim Randles. University of New Mexico Press, 2004. 338 pp, illustrations, photos. Paper, \$24.95.

Max Evans, 80 years old this past August 29, 2004, lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico with his wife of fifty years, Pat. His reputation as a writer is recognized on the international scene and this biography traces his growth as an artist and writer from his Ropes, Texas, rambunctious childhood through the present home in Albuquerque, New Mexico. A citizen of the Southwest, his stories are permeated with the Western landscape and lives, and humor of the Southwesterner. From Texas to Albuquerque was not a quiet journey and this biography of Max Evans' adventures in a life of art is chronicled by Slim Randles.

The biography of Max Evans' life as an artist and as a writer is centered on his life in the American Southwest, but his stories, novellas, and novels are not written as a paean-to-self, but rather speak to the heart of all people. His art is steeped in the mystical spirits of the landscape which his characters dance into and out of the scenes as in a rollicking old-time square dance.

Full of personal photographs and references to his more than twenty publications, this book provides an intimate and thorough study of O! Max Evans and his art. The book draws the reader into a greater appreciation of Max Evans and his stories, novellas, novels, and screenplays. For the reader the book is hard to put down and deserves a place in library of Western historians and students of Western history.

--Michael F. Crowe, C.M.

Madam Millie, Bordellos from Silver City to Ketchikan, by Max Evans. Introduction by Andrew Gulliford, Epilogue by Susan Berry, University of New Mexico Press, 2002. Albuquerque. 315 pages. 79 halftone photos and illustrations. \$17.95.

This biography of Mildred Clark Cusey, known as Silver City Mille, written by her friend Max Evans, details both her life, and life in West from the 1920s to the mid 1970s. Her practices as a Madam of the West paints a picture of a businesswoman who was one of the most successful bordello executives of the time. Max Evans takes us on a life-long journey from her childhood as Willette Angela Fantetti to her death just before Christmas 1993 at the age of 87.

Her life began with a warm, loving family in turn-of-the-century Kentucky with her sister, Florence. Her parents farmed the land, paying the yearly rent in advance with cash, primarily for tobacco, but when Millie was six years old, the swine flu epidemic of 1918 felled both her mother and father. Millie and her sister Florence as orphans were shuffled from one foster home to the next and the tough life of the foster homes remained with Millie throughout her life.

Her life story, as gritty and profane as it may have been, which took Mr. Evans more than twenty years to complete, covers an important period in the history of the American West. Through the Depression of the 1930s, World War II, the Korean War and the Vietnam War, her "houses" provided the services that some required and that the law frowned upon.

Her "houses" no longer stand, but many people still remember Millie with both fondness and respect, the same as she showed her 'girls' and friends. We get an unshielded interior look at the friends, the people, the houses, the politicians, the lawyers, and the judges who Millie learned to use in the furtherance of her business, all of which were a source of pride to Silver City Millie.

Silver City Millie did not explode upon the scene of the West as much as she evolved as part of the West. This biography details her life as a Madam, as a woman, and as a businessperson operating on the edges of the ever-changing laws in the developing West. Her cleverness and resourcefulness carried with her from childhood through her adult years and combined with her fun-loving nature provide the reader and the student of history with an entertaining book from the prolific pen of Max Evans.

...many people still
remember Millie with both
fondness and respect...

--Michael F. Crowe, C.M.



SUNSET LIMITED, The Southern Pacific Railroad And The Development Of The American West 1850-1930, by Richard J. Orsi. University of California Press, Berkeley, Los Angeles, London. 613 pp. incl index, with 58 illustrations and 4 maps. Cloth, paper, \$29.95.

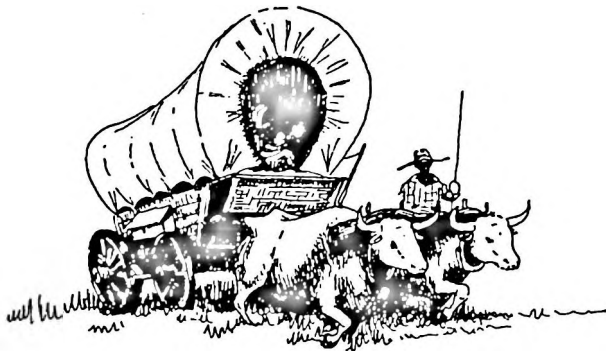
Richard J. Orsi is Professor Emeritus of History at California State University, Hayward, and in this book he combines scholarship and art to produce a book of the highest standards and one which both the student and the professional can aspire to achieve in their own works. Dr. Orsi was given unfettered access to the official archives of the Southern Pacific Railroad and spent 13 years putting this important book together. He built a book that appeals to a broad spectrum of readers and he draws them into the book as a falcon to a pigeon.

From the start, all the railroads had enemies within and without who, in many cases, were able to damage the railroads' intents and purposes. Dr. Orsi shows us that the Southern Pacific Railroad's agenda was not as nefarious as the detractors made them out to be. He uses the internal documents of the Southern Pacific Railroad to show us how the SP's highest level executives strove to combat such damage, while maintaining the Southern Pacific Railroad's integrity.

His book looks at the impact that the Southern Pacific Railroad had on the early formative years of the American Southwest, ranging from establishing family farms to building towns and cities. To the end, Dr. Orsi shows us just how important the Southern Pacific was to the West and why.

Dry and tedious facts are converted to a lodestone of multifaceted gems, and from which we can forge fresh research and dissemination. As a result, this book deserves a place on the reading table of all readers who have an interest in history.

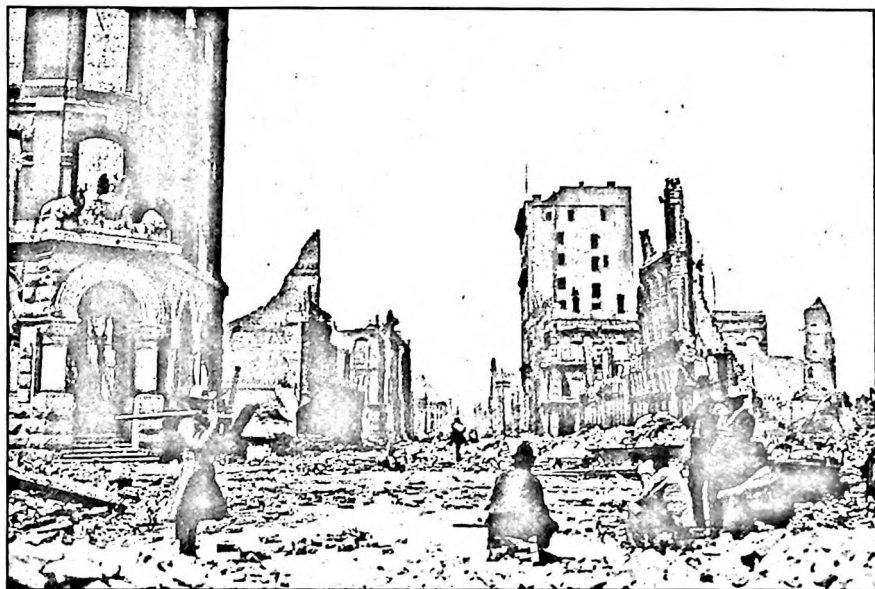
--Michael F. Crowe, C.M.





The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

March - April 2006



Leo C. Osteyee

Looking North on Sansome St. from Bush St.

San Francisco Earthquake of April 18, 1906

by Bob Lane, P.M.

(presented October 19, 2005)



Our author

Bob Lane has been a Posse Member since 1989. Bob took a few years off to move to Yuba City, Calif. and became a Reserve Member. He returned to Colorado in July 2005 and reestablished himself as a Posse Member. He is a Denver native and graduated from the DPS at South High School. He served in the Navy in the South Pacific at the end of the Vietnam War.

This is Bob's sixth paper presented to the Denver Westerners. Bob and his wife, Pat, live in Aurora.



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San Francisco Earthquake of April 18, 1906

by Bob Lane, P.M.

(presented October 19, 2005)

San Francisco occupies the imperial gateway of the Pacific. Her splendid harbor is one of the finest in the world. The Pacific Ocean extends inland southward for about 40 miles with a width varying from six to twelve miles. To the north is San Pablo Bay, ten miles long and reaching to the Suisun Bay, eight miles long. The Golden Gate is a channel five miles long, connecting to the Pacific Ocean. The bay became an important depot for mining supplies and departures to the gold fields of the Sierra Nevada Mountains when gold was discovered at Sutter's Mill. This set in motion the rapid growth of fortune hunters and wealthy barons.

Historian John S. Hittell, visited the city in 1878, and dubbed it "Chrysolopolis", the city of gold. His description was quite accurate. San Francisco, is indeed a city of gold, by gold, and for gold.

Built on the end of a peninsula or tongue of soft terra firma the land consists of mud flats, which were filled in when large commercial buildings were erected on this soft foundation, from Telegraph Hill to Mission Creek. Adjoining this land is comparatively level ground composed of sand and clay.

In 1849, the greater part of the lower section of the city was a bay. Later it was "made ground" consisting of un-engineered fill of sand, abandoned furniture, unsold and spoiled merchandise, rocks, empty bottles, garbage, and rotting wood from past fires and abandoned sailing ships left by their

crews seeking their fortune in the Sierra Nevada mines. As the city grew, nearly all the large buildings in this section were built on piles driven into the sand and mud or raised upon wooden foundations. Some creeks that flowed to the bay were filled in. The Grand Opera House was built over the bed of St. Anne's Creek and City Hall was built over a bog, slough and marsh, known as the Pipeville Slough.

In the early days the city had been laid out with little attention to geography, its growth following the original contours of the land. Streets were laid out with the steepest angles, on Telegraph Hill, Russian Hill and Nob Hill. To the east are Mount Olympus and Strawberry Hill. Beyond these are Twin Peaks and Bernal Heights. Farther to the east is Rincon Hill. By 1853, the final grading scheme had been adopted. The present level of San Francisco is about nine feet above or below the natural surface, totaling about 3,000 acres. The necessary changes used 21,000,000 cubic yards of dirt and garbage. The city grew rapidly over the next few years. By the turn of the century, it encompassed 220 miles of paved streets, containing 50,494 framed and 3,881 stone and brick buildings, 77 cable railways, 62 hotels, four large libraries, 180 miles of electric wiring, 16 theaters, five daily newspapers and 28 public parks. The city directory of 1904 listed the population at 485,000. This was probably a considerable exaggeration.

In 1905 ninety percent of the structures in the city, including some that were four and five stories high, were wooden framed. There were 48 steel-framed so-called fireproof structures. By 1906, one-sixth of the population lived on "man-made" ground.

On April 16, 1906, the Metropolitan Opera Company had its opening performance of Carl Goldmark's "Queen of Sheba."

On the evening of the 17th carriages of well-dressed opera goers were heading to the Grand Opera House to see Enrico Caruso, Don Jose, in Bizet's *Carmen*. Others were on their way to see Victor Herbert's "Babes in Toyland" at the Columbia Theater on Powell Street while still others chose to see young John Barrymore in Richard Harding Davis' "The Dictator." The less affluent went to the Orpheum to see an evening of vaudeville for as little as ten cents.

In the early morning hours of April 18, Fire Chief Dennis T. Sullivan, was awakened by the fire alarm. He quickly rushed his horse-drawn steamer to the scene of a blaze in the Mission District. Fire Chief Terrence Owens, of the Denver Fire Department, who was staying at the Grand Hotel, accompanied him at 1:30 a.m. As soon as the fire was extinguished, they were called to another at a wire factory out in North Beach. After the second fire was out Chief Sullivan returned to his apartment on the third floor of the Chemical Company No. 3 station, at 410-412 Bush Street.

Shortly after 2 a.m. in another part of the city, James Hopper, a reporter for the *Call* newspaper was on his way home. As he walked up Nep-

tune Street, he noticed the stillness of the sea breeze that usually blew through the city in the early morning hours. The usual damp early morning fog was missing. In most cases, a cool northwesterly breeze blows from the ocean toward San Francisco. An unknown poet once said: "coming events cast their shadows before." How true this was. James Hopper, describes his first few moments before the earthquake. As he approached a livery stable between Powell and Mason Street, he heard a horse "scream with a sudden, shrill cry." He asked the stableman lolling in a darkened doorway what was the matter. The stableman's reply was, "Restless tonight! Don't know why!" Hopper poked his head through the doorway to see the thunder of a score of hoofs crashing in tattoo against the stalls.

A few blocks away Second Assistant Fire Chief John Conlon Sr., was awakened by the restlessness of the horses quartered below his bedroom.

At this same time, Patrolman Leonard Ingham heard the sounds of a milk cart rattling down the street as the milkman tried to pacify his excited horse.

A few minutes after 5 a.m., six to nine miles deep at a point south of Lake Merced or just off the northern San Mateo County, the coastline snapped like a thick elastic band stretched far beyond its endurance.

One-hundred-fifty miles out on the Pacific Ocean northwest of San Francisco the steamer *John A. Campbell* steaming along suddenly shuddered. Her bow rose exposing the waterline, then crashed back into the sea. The crew jumped out of their bunks in alarm. They thought the ship had struck

a derelict or possibly a whale. The men peered into the sea in all directions looking for any signs of debris. Captain Svenson, was equally puzzled. In his logbook, he entered: "Sudden motion, unexplained. The shock felt as if the vessel struck...and then appeared to drag over soft ground."

What the crew of the *John A. Campbell* had not realized was they experienced a kickback from one of the thousands of seismic shock waves created by the San Andreas Fault slipping. Seismographs were suddenly quivering as far away as Cape Town, South Africa, London, Tokyo, Berlin, and Moscow. The quake was well on its way at a speed of two miles per second.

When the shock passed under the *Argo* steamer it was 40 fathoms below. The impact on the ship's hull was equal to a depth charge at point-blank range. Steel plates buckled. Bolts flew out of their riveting. The "mad moment" was gone before anybody on the *Argo* could respond.

The quake continued to furrow through the seabed until it came ashore wrecking the small town of Fort Bragg. Five-hundred-year-old trees were uprooted and split like saplings.

The shock wave went back into the ocean and continued to move down the coast where it came out of the ocean just slightly north of the Point Arena Lighthouse at 7,000 miles an hour. The 110-foot-high structure began to sway like a blade of grass in a strong breeze. In a split second, the beacon's lantern cracked in several pieces falling on to the iron floor in a shower of broken glass.

Continuing down the coast the earthquake struck the Point Reyes

Lighthouse and train depot where Fireman Andy McNab, was stoking the locomotive's boiler in preparation for the daily commuter run into San Francisco. Suddenly the engine and its four cars jackknifed into the air as the track buckled toppling the iron horse on to its side throwing McNab yards away, still clutching his shovel but uninjured.

Next, the shock wave struck the Skinner dairy farm at Olema. In a split second, the landscape was realigned. The farmhouse and granary shifted south a few feet. A mile down the road at the Shafter ranch the quake cut straight through the corral. The ground opened directly beneath a cow dropping her head-first into the gap. As quickly as the ground opened, it closed again leaving only its quivering tail visible.

The shockwave reached the "City by the Bay" at precisely 13 minutes and 38 seconds after 5 a.m. Police Sergeant Jesse Cook, on duty in the produce market, noticed a panic among the horses around him. Years later he recalled: "there was a deep rumble, deep and terrible, and then I could see it actually coming up Washington Street. The whole street was undulating. It was as if the waves of the ocean were coming toward me, billowing as they came." Suddenly, man and animal were crushed beneath falling brick walls on the street where Sergeant Cook stood. The tower bell of old St. Mary's Church in Chinatown, clanged senselessly, soon joined by the city's other church bells.

The first wave lasted 20 to 25 seconds. A second shock wave accrued ten seconds later. This violent shock wave lasted some 45 to 60 seconds and was so strong it was felt as far away as Coos Bay, Oregon to the north and

as far south as San Juan Bautista and Los Angeles, California and inland as far as central Nevada. The Mercalli Intensities reading were 7 to 9 paralleling the length of the rupture, which stretched 290 miles. This covered an area of about 375,000 square miles, half of which was in the Pacific Ocean. The sheer size of the quake makes it one of the most significant in history.

Professor George Davidson, of the University of California, says: "The earthquake came from north to south, and the only description I am able to give of its effect is that it seemed like a terrier shaking a rat. The first 60 seconds were the most severe. From that time on it decreased gradually for about 30 seconds. There was then the slightest perceptible lull. The shock continued for 60 seconds longer, being slighter in degree in this minute than in any part of the preceding minute and a half.

There were two slight shocks afterwards, which I did not time. At 5:14 o'clock, I recorded a shock of five seconds duration, and one at 5:15 of two seconds. There were slight shocks, which I did not record at 5:17 and at 5:27. At 6:49 p.m. there was a sharp shock of several seconds." Professor A. O. Louschner, of the students' observatory of the University of California, records his observations: "The principal part of the earthquake came in two sections, the first series of vibrations lasting about 40 seconds. The vibrations diminished gradually during the following ten seconds, and then occurred with renewed vigor for about 25 seconds more. However, even at noon the disturbance had not subsided, as slight shocks are recorded at frequent intervals on the seismograph. The motion was from

south-southeast to north-northwest."

For years, the *epicenter* was believed to have been at the head of Tomales Bay in Marin County, between Olema and Point Reyes Station on what is now known as Sir Francis Drake Boulevard. Studies that are more recent have located the epicenter on or near Thornton State Beach in Daly City. The rupture accrued as far north as San Juan Bautista and to the south at Cape Mendocino. Shaking damage, however, was equally severe in other cities along the fault rupture. Some reports quoted a total of 700 deaths due to the quake. Most of the fatalities occurred in San Francisco. A report by the U. S. Army Relief Operations (Freely, 1906) recorded: 498 deaths in San Francisco, 64 deaths in Santa Rosa, 102 deaths in and near San Jose. In a 1972 NOAA report, it is suggested that 700-800 was a more reasonable figure. After extensive research over the last 40 years by Gladys Hansen, Archivist for the City and County of San Francisco, it was concluded the tally overlooked single women as well as the Japanese, Chinese, and Irish workers, many of whom were illegal immigrants, as well as injuries and deaths resulting from psychological trauma such as suicides and severe depression. Long-term illnesses were not included in the casualty total. A closer estimate is more likely to be reaching 3,000. The population of San Francisco at the time was about 410,000. Estimates of the homeless were at 225,000.

The city leaders at the time were concerned about the high death count and insisted on downplaying the scope of the devastation. Hansen expects the ultimate number of fatalities

to top 6,000. This is taking into account those who died due to injuries within a month of the 8.3 earthquake.

In 45 seconds, everyone's life was changed forever. People woke to a sudden jolt. Many never had a chance and perished instantly in their sleep. Roofs caved in, spreading their rafters, kicking out walls and collapsing buildings in a deafening roar.

Thousands of brick chimneys crashed through ceilings or onto the pavement below. Rising clouds of dust and plaster showered everywhere. Many of the buildings used lime mortar instead of cement to bond the bricks to the buildings so it was no wonder that they collapsed so easily. The city's water lines placed across the San Andreas fault line either broke in half or telescoped instantly disabling the water system rendering the city fire department incapable of controlling any of the fires. The sound of natural gas hissing compounded the problem, igniting several explosions resulting in numerous fires.

Today there are still several dozen survivors left. Many were too young to tell their terrible experience first hand but others have left written accounts. Here are but a few stories.

When the earthquake started, Alfred Hertz, was laying in bed on his stomach, gripping the mattress for dear life. The bed frame leaped up and down as if possessed by some demon. His dressing table careened across the room and crashed into a wardrobe. His armchair waltzed across the floor in a crazy tempo. After the shaking subsided, he was able to get outside and see the horrible destruction up and down his block.

Max Fast describes what he saw: "When the fire caught the Windsor

Hotel at Fifth and Market Street three men was trapped on the roof, and it was impossible to get them down. Rather than see the crazed men fall in with the roof and be roasted alive the military officer directed his men to shoot them, which they did in the presence of 5,000 people."

Guy Giffen, a young single man, was sleeping at the Palace Hotel when the quake started. He was not unduly alarmed as he had been through other quakes and was not frightened. He took the time to dress then quickly exited the building. Market Street was a mess of fallen debris. People standing in the street were confused and fearful. In the crowd was a young girl going into labor under an archway. Earlier Giffen had spent time in and around medical schools and hospitals. He went to the girl to assist her in anyway he could. He happened to have a piece of string in his pocket and a spoon. With these as his only instruments, he safely delivered the young mother's baby that could not wait. Three more times that day he would deliver children into the world.

In the wee hours of the morning of April 18, one man who had partied plenty the night before crawled into his verminous bed to sleep off his hangover. To steady himself, he fixed his aching eyes on a particular spot on the ceiling hoping to find some kind of stability. Suddenly the room began to shake wildly. The ceiling split open dropping plaster upon him. In a split second he saw a small child's bare foot appear through the crack. The foot dangled helplessly there like some ghostly hanging lamp. The room swayed back again into an approximately verti-

cal position, the crack closed up and the tiny foot snapped off at the ankle, and fell down, on top of him. This shocked the man into leaping from his frosty bed, jumping through the window, and landing on the sidewalk.

Those not killed instantly from falling ceilings or collapsing walls were pinned agonizingly under the ruins of their homes to die a slow death. In those few short seconds, the city was on its way to being destroyed. Those able to stumble out to the streets with the clothes on their backs looked out upon their surrounding area in utter dismay. More tremors assailed the victims as the ground continued to shake throughout the first day while more walls and chimneys, already weakened by the first quake, came crashing down.

Nearly all the hospitals suffered some damage from the first shock. The newly built St. Luke's Hospital was destroyed. The operating theater fell to the main kitchen below. Nurses, sleeping on the second floor, were dropped with a bone-jarring suddenness to the main dining room. Patients' beds collapsed under the sudden impact of the earthquake. Police officer Parquetty of the City Hall Station rescued Dr. McGinty, and a few nurses. He took them across the street to the Mechanics Pavilions. This would be the first of several temporary hospitals.

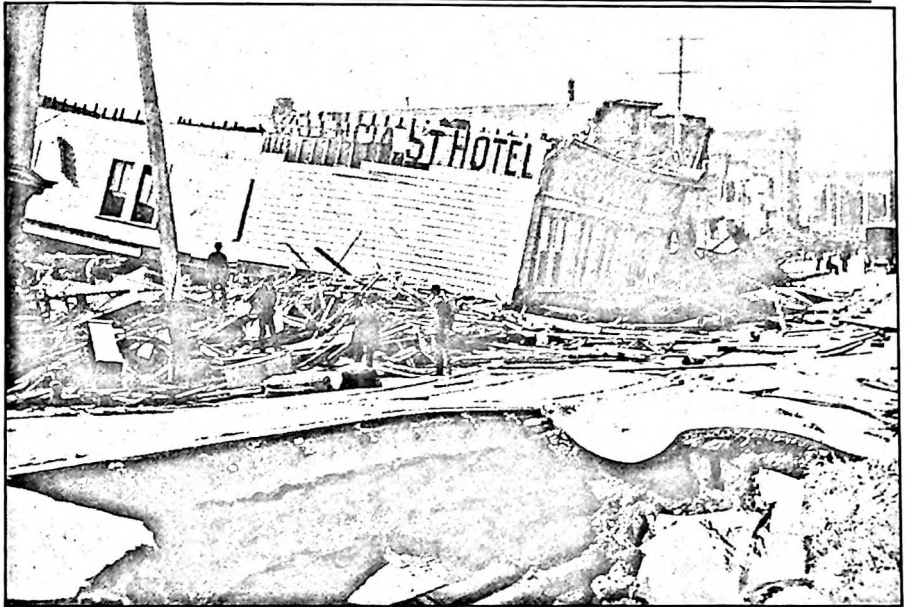
By 7 a.m., Father Ramm reached the Mechanics Pavilion to administer help to the dying and hundreds of severely injured. There was no clean water to treat the wounded. Medical aid was restricted to little more than bandaging. There were no pain-killing drugs or anesthetics to help relieve the suffering.

Among the mass of the people stunned from the awful suddenness of the disaster some wandered helplessly about the littered streets in blank dismay, while others quickly seized the opportunity to plunder the misfortunes of others. However, most of citizens roused themselves to putting their energies to useful work. Some started to rescue those injured or buried under debris. Others started removing the dead, so they could be identified.

Some folks were incapable of handling the sudden destruction of their beloved city and went mad, wholly mad. Soldiers were forced to tear men and women away from the bodies of their loved ones. One reporter passing through Portsmouth Square noticed a young mother cowering under a bush. He heard her singing in a quavering voice a lullaby to her baby. The reporter parted the bushes and saw the woman holding in her arms the mangled and reddened bit of flesh. The baby had been crushed to death. The mother was so traumatized she had not realized her baby had been dead nearly 30 hours.

One of the greatest tragedies was the four-story Valencia Hotel on Valencia Street between Eighteenth and Nineteenth. Police Lieutenant H.N. Powell stopped at the hotel as he made his rounds at 5 a.m. Wednesday morning. The night clerk behind the front desk was resting but ready for business. Wake-up calls had begun while newspapermen were playing cards and sipping beer in the hotel café.

Patrolman Powell started to leave the hotel when suddenly it began to rear up, dance, and roll as if it was floating in a rough sea. The first two stories of this second-class hotel sank

*Leo C. Osteyee*

The three-story frame Valencia Hotel collapsed with the ground below sinking about 5 feet. Thirty lives were lost here. The water mains broke, depriving the city of water to fight fires. Afterward, flames destroyed this block, cremating many bodies

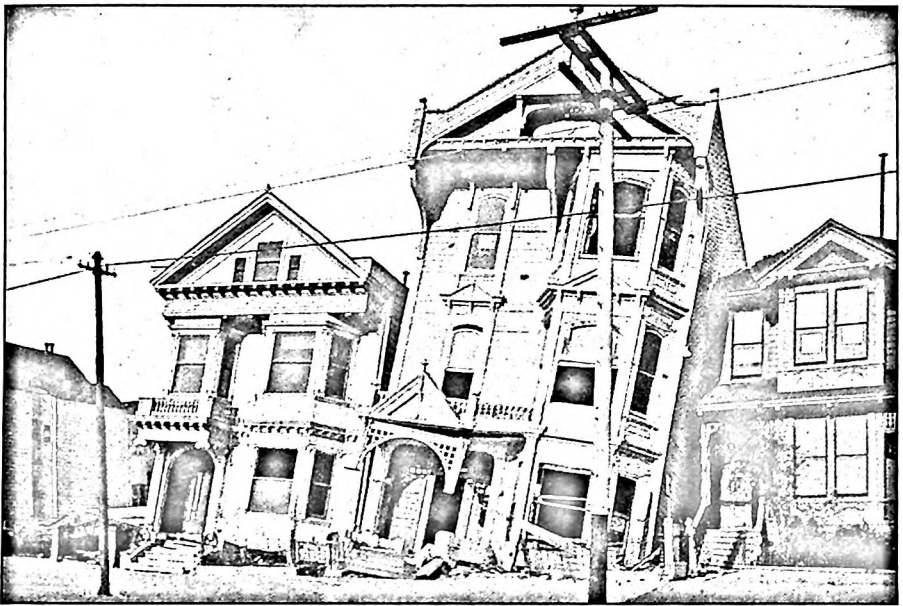
underground. The third story was tossed into the street. Guests on the third floor climbed from their windows right onto the street. People staying in rooms on the first two floors drowned in water from a broken water main in front of the hotel. Others lingered in agony while on-lookers stood by helplessly.

Later Powell said, "It did not occur to one that the tragedy was so complete...The Valencia Hotel looked no worse than the street. Later, a second or so later one realized that the crumpled four-story building was full of living people." Out of the some 120 guests, only a few survived. One of the amazing survivors was an infant who

lay smiling, fast asleep in her dead father's arms.

In 1900, the census statistics recorded a population density in the South of Market area second only to Chinatown. Buildings along Sixth Street, from Howard to Folsom were two and three-story wood-frame rooming houses above small stores or restaurants. Many corner lots had five-story wood-frame buildings housing as many as 300 small rooms for transients.

The worst single disaster occurred at Sixth and Howard Street. The Brunswick House was the largest of four wood-framed hotels and rooming houses. Next to the Brunswick



Leo C. Osteyee

Many frame buildings, such as this one on Howard Street, were unable to withstand the earthquake shock

House stood the Ohio House and the Lormor and on the southwest corner of Natoma and Sixth Streets, the Nevada House. All four hotels occupied portions of Mission Swamp once known as Pioche's Lake, a depression created by the Great Hayward Earthquake of 1886. It was later "made ground."

The earthquake created a domino-like effect. The Nevada House at 132 Sixth Street slammed into the Lormor, which in turn fell into the Ohio House. The Ohio House then pushed most of the Brunswick House into Howard Street. All four hotels totaled about 1,000 rooms.

Under the gruesome wreckage of the Brunswick House and the other hotels the sounds of pitiful moaning and pleas for help were heard. Survi-

vors of the top floors crawled from the wreckage and were quickly rescued by onlookers.

The fire at the Brunswick House grew so quickly rescuers had to back away standing helpless to hear the screams of trapped victims soon fall silent. There are no known photographs of this terrible event.

The worst collapses seemed to follow the contour of the "man-made ground" of the original shoreline of Yerba Buena Cove and Mission Bay.

Two hundred bodies were found in the Potrero district alone. South of Shannon Street near the Union Iron works, cremation was carried out to prevent the spread of disease. Identification of the remains was impossible due to the mutilation of features in most cases.

The total number of bodies recovered and buried up to Sunday night was 500. Whenever a body was found, it was buried immediately without any formality. This resulted in confusion and estimating the number of casualties was exaggerated.

In the official report published by the United States Government, *The San Francisco Earthquake and Fire of April 18, 1906 and Their Effects on Structures and Structural Materials*, it was concluded that the destruction was greatest in structures built on filled ground where foundations did not go through to solid ground.

The greatest loss of life was caused in most cases by the collapse of wood-framed structures, or by the brick or stone buildings which did not possess an iron framework. Some of the buildings that suffered little damage were the 16-story St. Francis Hotel, the Union Trust building, the Call-Spreckel building, the United States Post Office, the Crocker-Woolworth building, the James Flood and the Mutual Savings Bank. All were of modern steel construction, towering 16 to 20-story buildings.

On April 18, there was a single operator on duty at the San Francisco Postal Telegraph Company. This was the only direct link to the outside world. At 6 a.m., he sent out the following message: "There was an earthquake hit us at 5:13 this morning, fire all over town. There is no water. I'm going to get out of the office." By mid-morning, the wire was still clicking out messages on the progress of the fire. At 2:20 p.m. a desperate message was sent: "I'm packing up the instruments and I'm ready to run." His final words to the outside world read: "Good-by."

The earthquake woke up Brigadier General Frederick Funston, high atop Russian Hill. He went outside and observed flames coming from the other side of Market Street carrying the smoke toward Twin Peaks. Two separate columns of smoke multiplied quickly as they towered a thousand feet above from the fires below. Realizing the city fire department was helpless and the police force would be unable to protect public and private property, General Funston at once ordered out all available troops. He knew the reactions people would be experiencing over the next few hours. Panic would take control then shock and despair. At that moment, General Funston assumed the self-appointed roll of military governor of San Francisco. He had no presidential authority or blessing of Congress. This was a direct violation of the Constitution. He truly believed [he] was the man God had ordained to save godless San Francisco. Not even consulting with San Francisco's Mayor Eugene Schmitz first, he would act alone and independently of any other agency. Today files in the Presidio archives show that in those first few moments decisions were made entirely by General Funston.

Unable to flag down a car, General Funston ended up running and walking alternately, from Sansome Street to the army stable on Pine Street near Hyde, a little more than a mile away. Here he directed his carriage driver, Lieutenant Long, to mount his saddled horse as he hastily scribbled a note for Colonel Charles Morris, Artillery Corps, and commanding officer at the Presidio. The note directed Colonel Morris, to report with his entire command to the chief of police at the Hall

of Justice on Portsmouth Square. By the time the Colonel finished reading the note the old gentlemen was beside himself with rage. Controlling his temper long enough to say: "Go back and tell that newspaperman [Funston] that he had better look up his army regulations, and there he will find that nobody but the President of the United States in person can order regular troops into any city!" He slammed the door in Lieutenant Long's face. At this time, Lieutenant Long decided to break Army regulations. He ordered the Presidio's bugler to sound the call to arms. The garrison quickly assembled before anyone could interfere. Long gave the command, "Fours left!" and the soldiers marched toward San Francisco.

A verbal message had also been delivered to Captain M.L. Walker, Corps of Engineers, in command at Fort Mason. By 7 a.m., Captain Walker had mobilized his company of engineers ready to march on the city. Ten companies of Coast Artillery; the First, Ninth, and Twenty-fourth Batteries of field Artillery joined the Twenty-second Regiment of Infantry; troops M, Fourteenth Cavalry and I, K, B Company, Hospital Corps along with a mixture of seasoned soldiers and raw recruits were on their way.

At the Presidio General Funston assembled his soldiers to guard over the city, directing them to keep the best order possible. He gave the strict command to shoot all looters at sight. Later in the day, the First Regiment of the California National Guard was ordered to duty, with similar orders.

Before General Funston left Samsome Street, he asked a member of the city police to inform the Chief of

Police Jeremiah Dinan, as soon as possible of the action he had taken.

Unaware of General Funston's orders, Mayor Eugene Schmitz was on his way to the Hall of Justice to receive incoming reports. Waiting there was Jeremiah Dinan, Chief of Police and John Dougherty, acting on behalf of Fire Chief Dennis T. Sullivan. In the basement of the Hall of Justice, a make-shift headquarters had been set up. No one had prepared any contingency plans for such a major disaster. Virtually all communication links were severed.

One of the first orders Mayor Schmitz gave was to send around a sole patrol car to all the precincts to establish their condition. All available officers were ordered to close down every liquor-selling outlet, saloon, hotel bar and grocery store. He knew all too well the effects of liquor on people in such stressful times and the problems it could bring. He said, "Damn the Lot", "Closed." Next, the Mayor turned to Fire Chief Dougherty, for a report. By 7 a.m., 20 major fires had been reported. Virtually all fire hydrants were useless. "No water anywhere?" the Mayor asked. Dougherty shook his head. After a pause, the Mayor asked, "Where can you start a fire line?"

The water supply for San Francisco, as compared with that of other cities, was good. It had a rated capacity of 36,000,000 gallons per day. The failure of the water system was due to the failure of the system outside of the city. The breaks occurring within the city rendered unavailable about 80,000,000 gallons of water stored within the city limits. The system was also lacking in gates and bypasses, making it impossible to cut out any portion of the system

which may become crippled. The city's water system was nonexistent. The water lines had been cut in half by the shifting of the subsurface. Water drawn from the bay was impossible. The center of the conflagration was a mile or more away.

Mayor Eugene Schmitz, realizing the gravity of the situation, summoned together a band of some 50 distinguished citizens (many of whom had previously hated and despised him) to establish a Relief Committee to deal with the emergency. During the next two hours, 19 subcommittees like, Relief of the Hungry, Relief of Sick and Wounded, Relief of Chinese, Restoration of Water Supply, Citizens' Police, Restoration of Light and Telephones and a few others were formed.

Soon after 8 a.m., General Funston arrived and gathered everyone around to discuss how they could stop the spread of the fires. Spreading his map on a crate he said, "Dynamite, dynamite is the only answer. From here, down to here, round to here." He started at Herman Street bisecting over 60 blocks and slashed down through Bay Street to the sea. General Funston assured his stunned listeners he could get ample supplies of dynamite from the military garrisons all over California and from the railways. For a time there was dead silence until Mayor Schmitz, nodded and said, "very well, and we are to be kept informed of each building to be destroyed."

The Mayor's first proclamation was historic: "Let it be given out that three men have already been shot down without mercy for looting. Let it also be understood that the order has also been given to all soldiers and police officers

to do likewise without hesitation in the case of all miscreants who may seek to take advantage of the city's awful misfortune. I request all citizens to remain at home from darkness until daylight every night until order is restored."

By 11 a.m., the ballroom emptied out and the subcommittees planned to meet again the next morning for further discussions.

At this same time, there had been such a run on the banks that they closed their doors indefinitely. The Government declared a public holiday and extended it from day to day until some sort of order could be established. Almost all banks were in poor shape after the conflagration. Out of 576 vaults and safes waiting to be opened in the district east of Powell and north of Market Street 40 per cent were said to have had ineffective protection against the tremendous heat engulfing the safes. When vaults and safes were finally opened nothing but heaps of ashes were found.

Gradually the banks reopened and the money situation improved. There were a few initial muddles and mistakes. For example, \$40,000 of relief money was spent on whiskey in the first few hectic days. Afterwards no one could remember who ordered it or for what purpose.

By Wednesday afternoon in less than 12 hours, half the city was gone. The fire was so intense it made its own draft.

In the first 24 hours, the fire had consumed the largest acreage and most valuable real estate, the financial district, theaters, shopping districts, downtown hotels and Chinatown.

Fire Department

The San Francisco Fire Department comprised of 584 uniformed men, 44 engine companies, two drill towers, two corporation yards, the Department stables and corporation yard stables and headquarters of battalion chief, totaling 50 buildings in all had the most difficult and hopeless task of saving the city. The first shock wave broke 556 of the 600 wet-cell batteries that operated the alarm system.

Fire Chief Dennis T. Sullivan awoke to the sound of an avalanche of brick crashing through his bedroom above the Bush Street fire station, Chemical Company No. 3. The roar he heard came from the heavy masonry cupola of the California Hotel next door crashing through the roof about 60 feet then through the third and second floors and finely ending up in the cellar. Chief Sullivan, blinded by dust and mortar, sprang from his bed grabbing the mattress and blankets, and ran into the other bedroom to cover his wife. Suddenly he, the bed with his wife still in it and most of the furniture fell through the gaping hole, falling three floors below landing in a cloud of mortar, dust and debris.

Chief Sullivan landed on top of the fire wagon. He fractured his ribs, arms, legs and skull. He also sustained injuries caused by steam and scalding water spurting from a radiator on the spot where he landed. His wife survived with minor injuries. His fellow fire fighters rushed to his aid. They laid him on a cart then raced through the debris-laden streets to the Southern Pacific Hospital. Chief Sullivan, was the 27th emergency case admitted in the first 15 minutes. The time of his admission was logged at exactly 5:30 a.m... He died

four days later along with the detailed plan he had evolved for the sort of emergency San Francisco now faced.

Immediately following the earthquake, fires were breaking out in nearly every portion of the city. Most fires were not as a result of the earthquake directly. Many were started by downed electric wires or broken flues and overturned stoves in restaurants and from coal oil lamps upsetting as well as escaping natural gas explosions. There were 50 known fires to have started right away. Many more were not reported because the occupants of the houses were able to stop them quickly. Arsonists started some fires. At the corner of Twenty-second and Mission stood a large three-story building occupying nearly a quarter of the block. Through the energetic efforts of the engine companies stationed nearby, the fire was contained to the building. A cistern at the corner of Twenty-second and Shotwell streets provided the necessary water to squelch this fire. If it had not been contained all of the Mission section would have been destroyed.

There was a large water tank on the Hopkins estate at the top of Nob Hill that was independent of the main supply. It was quickly drained by mid-day. At this time, the fire was officially declared to be a conflagration. The whole city east of Van Ness Avenue was ablaze.

Some of the firehouses had been so badly damaged that the fire-fighting equipment could not be taken out. Fireman James O'Neill, drawing water for the horses in Fire Station No. 4 on Howard Street, was killed when a wall of the American Hotel collapsed onto the fire station.

The sweeping conflagration was growing larger by the minute. In a hundred places, flames began to shoot to the sky. Great, ironbound towers like the Claus Spreckles building, a steeple-like structure, of 18 stories in height, the tallest skyscraper in the city, resisted the earthquake and remained proudly erect. However, it could not resist the flames gathering round and assailing it. Within moments, the vast interior was a seething furnace, flames rushing and leaping within until only the blackened walls remained.

By noon landmark after landmark crumbled. The Holbrook, Stetson, Emporium and Merrill buildings were all burned out.

The first dynamiting was unsuccessful. Too much dynamite was used, and placed in the wrong areas. The building was blown apart instead of simply collapsing unto itself. The kindling before long helped fuel the fires. Chief Sullivan had some such plan for the use of dynamite in the event of just such a situation. Unfortunately, no one had been trained in the use of explosives and inevitably, many mistakes were made. Backfires were lit in hopes they would burn backward toward the main conflagration. This only made the situation worse.

James B. Stetson, a testy 70-year-old veteran of the Gold Rush, ran the California Street Railway Company. Mr. Stetson, observed the lack of good sense and judgment used by General Funston's demolition squads. Stetson, had working knowledge of explosives from his days working in the Comstock Lode. Those in charge didn't check the direction of the wind, or the path at which the inferno was traveling. Inexpe-

rienced men blew up buildings with too much dynamite causing the building to explode leaving splinters of wood waiting to catch fire instead of stopping the conflagration. When the soldiers ran out of explosives, they resulted to legalized arson.

As the fire continued to leap from one building to the next, the frequent dynamiting showered stones and bricks about the streets. This made it unsafe for pedestrians to make their way to the ferryboats. Others walked to Golden Gate Park and the undeveloped districts adjoining the ocean side. Before nightfall, these areas became large tented cities. People used blankets and bedding as temporary shelter. Others having nothing but the clothes on their backs slept under the smoke-filled skies.

By the time the fire reached the Latin Quarter on the slope of Telegraph Hill, the supply of water found in a well dug many years before went dry. The flames were creeping ever closer. Everyone thought his little area was doomed. One man shouted, "There is a last chance, boys!" The Italian residents crashed in their cellar doors with axes and, calling for assistance, began rolling out barrels of red wine.

The cellars were holding 500 gallons of wine ready to be used. Barrelheads were smashed and bucket brigades turned from water to wine. Men drenched the shingles and sides of the houses with wine while beds were stripped of their blankets, soaked in the wine then draped over the exposed portions of the cottages. Sacks dipped in the wine were used for beating out the fire.

One major problem that has

never been mentioned in most books published in 1906 is the discussion of the gas mains running throughout the city and what was the extent of damage caused by the earthquake.

In a recently published book by Gladys Hansen & Emmet, Condon, *Denial of Disaster*, they explain what really happened. The two gas generating plants at the Potrero District and the Martin Station suffered little damage. The big North Beach facility bound by Bay, Laguna and Webster Streets was ruined. It was several years later when Chief Engineer Edward C. Jones, of the San Francisco Gas and Electric Company Association, presented a talk to the Pacific Coast Gas Association about the damages the gas and electric departments suffered the morning of April 18, 1906. Mr. Jones said he closed the valves of the surviving tanks then rushed to the Independent plant in the Potrero District to shut down the entire gas supply to the city. His quick actions "prevented the addition of fuel to the flames." By 7:30, he claimed to have reported the gas shut off to Mayor Schmitz. Mr. Jones, went on to say, "On the 30-inch main, running from the Potrero works on Kentucky [now third Street], Mariposa, Potrero Avenue, Tenth, Market and Fell to Van Ness Avenue, and thence along Van Ness to Broadway, there were 21 explosions. In nearly every case the explosion took place at a line drip or cross where the main was weakest and the earth around the main was thrown up. Leaving openings of various sizes up to twelve feet wide and 30 feet long and on the line of [parallel] 24-inch feeding main connecting the two stations there were as many as 40 breaks due to explosions...

Nearly all of the explosions occurred after the gas had been shut off to the city mains and fortunately these explosions did no damage to life or property."

Mr. Jones, statement of "no damage to life or property" was not true. Several large gas lines ran under the major streets, which the refugees used to escape the raging fires. Many eyewitnesses claim to have seen people injured or killed by the results of exploding gas mains.

Thirteen-year-old James J. O'Brien witnessed the intersection of Tenth and Howard blow up. The explosion tossed cobblestones high into the air in several directions. This resulted in several people being injured. Mr. Jones also neglected to mention that 37-year-old Benjamin McIntyre died when the plant at the North Beach station collapsed on him.

In 1906, San Francisco carried only a few days of supplies and provisions. The wholesale and warehouse districts were now engulfed in flames. All food and water supplies were gone.

Those who possessed supplies of food and liquids of any kind took advantage of the opportunity to advance their prices. A reporter from the Associated Press was obliged to pay 25 cents for a small glass of mineral water. Bakers charged as much as a dollar for a loaf of bread. Express men and cabmen charged as much as 50 dollars to take people to the ferry depot.

Word got out to the police and soon officers were dispatched to retail shops to regulate the sale of food. Only small portions were allowed to be sold to each purchaser to prevent a handful of persons exhausting the supply.

By 10:30 a.m., the "U.S. Pre-

ble" from Mare Island landed a hospital shore party at the foot of Howard Street to assist the wounded and dying seeking help at Harbor Emergency Hospital.

After the fires had burned themselves out the Fire Department assessed its losses. Twenty-six building had been destroyed. Twenty-one were company quarters, housing 29 different companies. Temporary quarters were procured in the unburned portion of the city. Within 24 hours, all the burned companies had quarters for the men and apparatus, and were again ready to respond to any alarm. One of the greatest losses the fire department suffered was the unfortunate loss of Chief Engineer Dennis T. Sullivan. He died April 22, 1906, at 1:30 a.m. from injuries received during the first few minutes of the earthquake on April 18.

The loss of equipment was as follows: one hook and ladder truck, two hose wagons and two buggies, four automobiles, three steam fire engines, one monitor battery and about 41,000 feet of hose of different sizes. Total value of property of the department, other than buildings was about \$190,000, including fire hydrants. Loss of buildings amounted to \$380,000 with damage estimated at \$13,000 making a combined loss of \$583,000.00. The department would have suffered greater losses if the equipment had not been away responding to so many fires.

United States Mint

The United States Mint was one of the few government buildings to be protected as quickly as possible. Constructed in 1874 of granite and sandstone blocks the Mint is located at the corner of Fifth and Mission Streets.

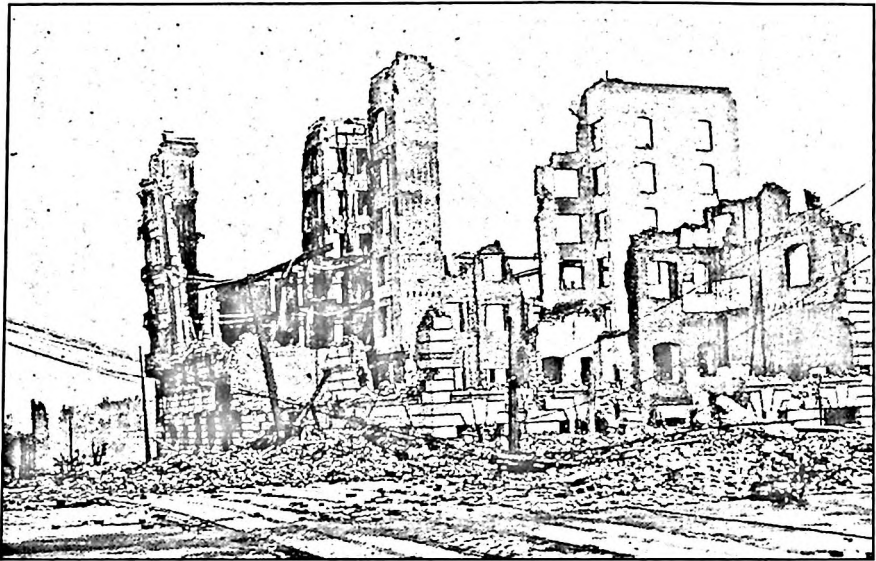
Nearly \$300,000,000 in gold and silver bullion was stored in its vaults. For the preservation of this prize a devoted band of employees, re-enforced by regular soldiers, fought until the baffled flames fled to the conquest of stately blocks of so-called fireproof buildings.

By the time Frank Leach, the mint's superintendent, stepped off the Oakland ferry General Funston had dispatched a company of troops from the Sixth Infantry, under the command of Lieutenant Jackson, to guard the building. Troops were positioned on the roof where soldiers could fire directly along Fifth Street and Mission and across Turk and Eddy Street. For seven hours, a sea of fire surged around this grand old federal edifice, attacking it on all sides with waves of fierce heat. Its little garrison was cut off from retreat.

Mr. Leach, describes how they fought off the flames: "Iron shutters shielded the lower floors, but the windows of the upper story, on which are located the refinery and assay office, were exposed. When the fire leaped Mint Avenue in solid masses of flames the refinery men stuck to their windows as long as the glass remained in the frames.

"Seventy-five feet of an inch hose played a slender stream upon the blazing windowsill, while the floor was awash with diluted sulphuric acid. Ankle deep in this soldiers and employees stuck to the floor until the windows shattered.

"With a roar, the tongues of fire licked greedily at the inner walls. Blinding and suffocating smoke necessitated the abandonment of the hose and the fighters retreated to the floor below. "Then came a lull. There was yet

*Leo C. Osteyee*

The St. Dunstan Hotel

a fighting chance, so back to the upper story the fire fighters returned led by Superintendent Leach. At length the mint was pronounced out of danger and a handful of exhausted but exultant employees stumbled out on the hot cobblestone to learn the fate of their homes." The loss to the Mint was later estimated to be \$15,000. Thirty-four men attempting to loot the mint were shot and killed by troops.

Nob Hill

Early Thursday morning a change in the wind direction pushed the flames westward toward Nob Hill. As the flames steadily climbed, they reached the stately mansions of Leland Stanford, Mark Hopkins, Charles Crocker and Collis Huntington, along with other notable millionaires.

The Hopkins residence was valued at \$2,500,000 and filled with

priceless art treasures. The James Flood mansion cost more than \$1,000,000. Standing prominently opposite the Stanford and Hopkins mansions was the great Fairmount Hotel. Soon huge clouds of smoke were seen enveloping the beautiful white stone Fairmount Hotel. Fortunately, the hotel escaped with minor damage. The walls remained intact with the interior being left in a state of preservation. The fire destroyed some of the beautiful woodwork, but the structure was in such good condition work on it quickly resumed. There was only a three-month delay in its grand opening in November 1906.

Colonel Charles Morris of the Artillery Corps was solely responsible for approving the tactics to use dynamite along Van Ness Avenue in an attempt to build a firebreak. At 3 p.m., guncotton and dynamite were used to stop the spread of flames. Some soldiers

went into houses and poured kerosene generously over floors, lit it, and then ran out to break windows to increase the draft. Several men armed with axes and ropes tore down any structure too weak to stand safely and to prevent the spread of the fire.

The thing most feared by the firefighters happened. Roofs and walls on the west side of the wide boulevard began to smoke and then caught fire. The battle along Van Ness continued well into the next day. By 3 a.m., it was under control. However, the fire managed to slip toward the Golden Gate. Thursday evening the fire jumped Washington Street to the north. As a result, houses on Russian Hill and in the North Beach area were destroyed.

At 4 a.m. on April 19, Secretary of War Taft ordered 200,000 rations from the Vancouver Barracks along with conical tents from Forts Douglas, Logan, Snelling, Sheridan and Russell, San Antonio and the Presidio of Monterey. By 4:55 a.m., all tents in the U.S. Army were en route to San Francisco.

On the evening of the third day (Friday, April 20) a gale swept across the city from the west. Glowing embers turned into fierce flames again and started on another path of destruction. The winds swept over Telegraph Hill and the Italian district working its way to the Union Ferry Depot located at the waterfront. Exhausted firefighters still at work in other areas were summoned to combat this new danger. Hundreds of sailors from United States warships in the bay joined in the battle to save the waterfront. At the foot of Van Ness Avenue, 16 enlisted men and two officers from the "U.S.S. Chicago" supervised the rescue of 20,000 refugees fleeing

the fire.

The earthquake had an extraordinary irregular course. The big ferry building was seriously damaged as well as Pier No. 5. However, Piers No. 3 and No. 7 were undamaged. Farther down the Kosmos Line Pier was a complete wreck.

Fire tugs returning from Oakland with desperately needed supplies immediately turned their services to throwing immense streams of seawater on to the burning factories and warehouses.

By 2 p.m. Friday, the fire had reached Pier No. 9. The fire was so intense that large tugs from Mare Island along with two fire patrol boats were pumping to their limit. By 5 p.m., the Slocum and McDowell boats were ordered to the spot to help.

The fire was so intense the tugs nearest to the fire had to spray minor streams of water on the cabins and sides of the vessels to keep them from catching fire.

As soon as the hoses touched the docks, willing volunteers carried them forward. Men who probably had not slept for two days gathered enough strength to maintain the hoses. When someone fell from exhaustion another took his place.

All night long, the fire raged through the lumber district. By 3:30, Saturday morning, the fire reached its worst. During the night, 40 carloads of supplies were destroyed. At daybreak, a survey of the waterfront showed everything except four docks had been burned to the ground. Nearly a mile of docks, grain sheds and wharves was destroyed from Fisherman's Wharf, at the foot of Powell Street to a point



E.P. Charlton & Company

Two views of City Hall as it appeared immediately after the earthquake and before the fire that destroyed the buildings on either side

westerly just short of the Ferry building. Firefighters on shore using salt water pumped from the bay prevented the flames from reaching the Ferry building and the docks in that immediate area.

Saturday morning the tide was changing. At 4 a.m., Fire Chief Dougherty, arrived at the Pacific Mail Dock Pier. The fire crews were exhausted as the timbers began to smolder.

Chief Dougherty, used the same tactics he used on the Van Ness Avenue fires to encourage the firefighters not to give up. He grabbed a hose from a firefighter and rushed toward the Mail Dock Pier.

This spurred the firefighters to move with a new life and aggressively attack the final flickering flames.

At 5:30, the firefighters on Van Ness reported the fire there was out. Thirty minutes later the Mission district was declared out. The firefighters gained ground by suppressing the flames away from the U.S. Customs warehouses and the grain sheds on Telegraph Hill. Flames around the piers and East Street were pushed back over the burned area south of the slot.

City Hall

The fierce fire could be seen spreading south of Market Street and east of Sixth Street. It was clear that this section of the city was doomed. The Fire Department determined that to prevent this conflagration from spreading to the west and across Market Street, it

was necessary to use dynamite. It was determined that Eighth Street would be destroyed and buildings on the west side from Market south would be destroyed.

The results were a success until a fire broke out in Hayes Valley. This fire was known as the "Ham and Eggs" fire. The area was bounded roughly by Van Ness and Octavia, McAllister and Market. A woman disobeying an order not to cook anything for fear it might start another fire kindled a fire in the kitchen stove. Sparks set the wall aflame about 10 a.m. If there had been any water available this fire could have been extinguished quickly. This fire destroyed the Mission district as well and the Hayes Valley section. It soon spread to the Mechanics Pavilion and City Hall. At the same time, the wholesale district north of Market Street was becoming a gigantic fire gaining in magnitude. Again, there was no water to control this fire. This area burned for three days. The fire destroyed over 500 city blocks of the downtown core.

Chinatown

Chinatown was as distinct a section of the city as the Barbary Coast. The most mysterious and picturesque spot in San Francisco was wiped out in an instant. A dozen blocks bounded by Broadway on the north, California Street on the south and Kearny and Stockton streets on the east and west comprised Chinatown. In this city with in a city, there lived more than 24,000 Chinese. The streets were narrow and steep with the majority of people living in what were little better than rat holes, dark, poorly ventilated little cells on side streets, and narrow passages in basements. Up to ten men who slept

and cooked over little charcoal fires occupied often-small rooms no larger than six by ten feet.

In an instant, an untold number of Chinese were killed, buried beneath underground tunnels collapsing on top of hundreds, perhaps thousands. Clothing and cigar factories, opium dens, cribs and passageways ran beneath dirty streets lined with tenement houses. The death toll will never be truly known. The signs of panic-stricken flight were everywhere. Crates of bamboo shoots, bean sprouts and other vegetables were stacked and unopened outside grocery shops. Chinatown's three newspapers, the *Chinese World*, *Occidental News*, and *Chong Sai Yat Po* were ready to go to press. Chinese ideographic symbols were scattered all over the floor. Eight kimono-clad girls operating the telephone exchange deserted their 2,000 Chinese subscribers to flee the crumbling buildings.

At the time five-year-old Chingwah Lee clung to his father for safety. Chingwah recalls the babbling among the hordes of fellow Chinamen running for safety. He tells how the streets were packed with coolies, children, crib girls and merchants shouting in terror at a mad bull running among them. The bull had suffered a great deal of injuries earlier from falling debris.

The Chinese believed the animal was the incarnation of their belief that the world was supported on the backs of four bulls. This bull was one of them that had deserted his post and caused the earth to tremble. The panic-stricken people pelted the bull with stones and slashed him with knives crying as they did, "Go back! Go back! Your brothers need you under the

world!"

As the bull stumbled, he lowered his head and staggered on past the lantern-hung bazaars, opium dens, brothels and tenements pursued by screaming hordes bursting into Portsmouth Square. There, Police Officer Leonard Ingham, took out his revolver and to keep the bull from suffering anymore, shot him dead.

This was not the only bull running in terror. Patrolman Harry Walsh, found himself facing several maddened bulls stampeding toward him on Mission Street. Some vaqueros were driving several bulls toward the stockyards at Potrero when the earthquake struck frightening the bulls into a panic. Patrolman Walsh, tried to run out of their path when the front wall of a brick warehouse collapsed on top of many of the bulls with such force many crashed through the pavement into a basement killing them instantly.

Public Library

The year 1906 saw the Public Library move into the New City Hall. Unusual prosperity and development were at its doorstep. Shelves were increasing in numbers, with new material. All these prospects disappeared on the morning of April 18. With the destruction of the New City Hall the Main Library was destroyed. Several branch libraries were destroyed as well: Branch No. 3 in North Beach and the Phelan Branch No. 5 at the corner of Fourth and Clara and two deposit stations. Books lost was estimated as 140,000.

Much was irreparable, such as the San Francisco newspapers and periodicals dating to the time when California first began recording the daily

activities of the people. Rare precious volumes in all departments of literature, science and history were lost.

The San Francisco Law Library lost 46,000 volumes of books. About 2,000 volumes at the bindery and borrowed books were destroyed as well.

Board of Education

Soon after the great calamity, members of the Board of Education reported to the repair shop at the corner of Pine and Larkin streets to assess the damages to their buildings and how they could be of help to the citizens of San Francisco. After an inspection of 74 schools, 29 were found to be destroyed by fire with many of the remaining buildings seriously damaged. The girls' high school situated at Scott and O'Farrell streets was destroyed. Teachers were quickly located to see that they were properly housed.

Throughout the city, the Board of Education housed the Health Department, police judges, Justice of the Peace, Fire Department personnel, and Board of Election commissioners. The Board of Education erected 36 temporary buildings containing 256 classrooms to accommodate 8,000 students. The Department sustained a loss in buildings totaling \$1,276,000. The military authorities and the Relief Committee used many of the schools. Families rendered homeless by the disaster used the outlying schools.

The teachers of the school district played a huge role in restoring order and accomplishing the reorganization of the departments. Teachers under the direction of Superintendent Roncovieri sent hundreds of thousands of letters to schools throughout the United

States, requesting donations from schoolchildren to aid in the restorations of their schools.

Teachers who lost everything in the calamity were assisted by contributions from teachers of New York City, who collected \$11,545.

Donations from schoolchildren throughout the United States amounted to the sum of \$31,000. This money was set apart for a building under construction to be known as the Yerba Buena School. Twenty-nine schools were destroyed estimated at \$1,276,000; to this was added \$219,000 in personal property, \$21,500 in evening schools equipment, \$16,000 in office furniture and \$219,070 in school furniture totaling \$1,532,570.

Police Department

The Hall of Justice, located at the corner of Kearny and Washington Street, was destroyed. In these stately halls were the Police Department headquarters. Everything was destroyed including all the paraphernalia and documents of Company A totaling \$145,563, including all records, books, documents, papers, etc., of the Department accumulated since 1850. Also lost were evidence and transcripts in all criminal cases, with the exception of the records of the Police Commission and the photographic albums of criminals kept in the Bureau of Identification. This does not include losses sustained by individual members of the Department or persons whose property seized after arrested. Property stored in the Property Clerks' vaults was a total loss. Four other stations sustained losses totaling \$104,744.00.

With the Hall of Justice de-

stroyed the Police Department moved into Portsmouth Square, but by 4:30 p.m. on the 18th the department moved again to the Fairmont Hotel.

The following morning the department was forced to move to the North End Station, at 1712 Washington Street. By the middle of the afternoon of the 19th they moved again to Franklin Hall, on Fillmore Street, between Sutter and Bush. Staying there for two days, they took possession of a bakery shop at the southwest corner of Bush and Fillmore Street. Here they established Headquarters for several weeks and then moved to the Lowell High School on Sutter Street, near Gough.

School was to start again soon but the Board of Education allowed the Police Department to stay in a temporary building on the school lot at the southwest corner of Pine and Larking Streets until February 11, 1907. Finally they moved to a more permanent building at 64 Eddy Street.

Companies A, B, C, D and E moved into other buildings until permanent quarters could be established.

Four stations: Park Station at 506 Stanyan, O'Farrell Street Station at 2117 O'Farrell, Potrero Station at 609 Twentieth Street, South San Francisco Station at Railroad & Fourteenth Ave. and Ocean View Station at Plymouth & Sagamore were slightly damaged but never vacated.

A letter written by W.J. Biggy Chief of Police, praised all his men for their heroic duty during the most difficult time the Police Department has ever experienced.

It might be well to state here that nearly all the work of rebuilding, repainting, and refurnishing the police

stations was done by members of the Police Department.

There was but one officer killed, Max Fenner, who was crushed by falling walls on Mason Street, near Eddy, the morning of the earthquake. Several officers were injured during the three never-to-be-forgotten days of April 18, 19, and 20, 1906 but fortunately none seriously.

In a letter written by Chief Biggy to all his personnel, he wrote:
As far as mentioning any particularly meritorious act performed by any given member of the Department is concerned, it would be a rank injustice to the others, as each and every member seemed to realize his duty in rendering every assistance possible to our unfortunate citizens in that trying time and each man did his duty notably.

*Respectfully submitted
 W.J. Biggy
 Chief of Police*

There were other tremors after the 18th. On the night of April 23, the earth shook once more. This one was severe enough to shake down some tottering walls and add to the list of victims. Annie Whitaker, was working in her kitchen when the chimney weakened by the first great shock fell inward crashing through the roof and fracturing her skull. She was the final human sacrifice.

Refugee Camps

Refugee camps were setup anywhere open space was available: Fort Mason, Mission Delores Park, and Camp No. 13 at Laguna and Market Street. Jefferson Square became a

short-term refuge camp for the Hayes Valley victims of the Ham-and-Eggs fire. Golden Gate Park was a very large camp.

The Committee on Housing and the Homeless reported at least 2,000 people were camped there. Twenty-five wagons had been impressed to distribute food. Portsmouth Square was one of the smaller camps. The Presidio was one of the largest camps.

One of the first projects by the Committee on Housing and the Homeless was to construct 5,600 semi-permanent cottages at Golden Gate Park to shelter the citizens rendered homeless by the earthquake. This was an important project to provide sanitation, food, housing, clothing, and medical care and to exercise overall control of the situation. Soon handbills in three languages were posted throughout San Francisco warning people to properly dispose of garbage and to boil water before drinking it. Polluted water could spread typhoid through the camps and rats running freely throughout the camps could be carrying bubonic plague.

The stringent sanitary measures and rigid enforcement by the military averted what promised to be a smallpox and typhoid epidemic but four months later in mid-August, the Board of Health condemned the Lake Merced and Lake Honda water supplies, which were contaminated by sewage from refugee camps dotting the sand dunes between Twin Peaks and the ocean.

Sanitary conditions in the camps were horrific. Health officials took stringent steps to keep diseases under control. Smallpox broke out at the Presidio camps. The military enforced quarantine and ordered 15,000 doses of

vaccine from Parke-Davis Pharmaceuticals.

By mid-June, there were 43,000 homeless, of which 18,000 were in 21 camps run by the military and another 25,000 were scattered throughout the city. The "official" or "permanent" camps were in Presidio, Fort Mason, Harbor View and Golden Gate Park.

Before the fires were extinguished, hauling of lumber began on Friday, April 20. Eighty thousand feet of lumber were delivered on average every day to the construction sites in the parks. The first lumber was used to construct 70 outhouses, which were completed in three days. The first barracks were ready in eight days housing 1,200 people. Each barracks was 160 feet long and 20 feet wide and was divided into 16 apartments. Each apartment had two ten-foot-square rooms separated by an eight-foot-high partition with one door and one window. Bathing, laundry, and toilets were communal. Also on site were dispensaries, commissaries, warehouses, headquarters, men's and women's bathhouses, more latrines, a contagious disease complex and wooden platforms for schools. In two weeks, 1,134,000 feet of lumber were used to construct housing for 7,500 people at a cost of \$51,706.

Living in these camps had its drawbacks. Disease existed in lethal forms. The number of typhoid cases increased alarmingly, spread by flies that fed on garbage, sewage, feces and thousands of dead horses or other animals that had not been disposed of quickly. The doctor in charge of the South of Market Relief District said; "there are so many millions of flies that it was impossible to find any habitation

that is not filled with them."

By midsummer, 30 cases of typhoid had been reported in one month. In mid-1907, there had been 1,279 reported cases of typhoid and 228 deaths. There was also a high incidence of smallpox, with 123 reported cases and 11 deaths.

During the summer of 1906, the refugees became outraged when, in July the American National Red Cross conducted a census of "unattached" women living in refugee camps. The census divided the women into four types: (1) respectable women who desire to work, (2) respectable women who will not work as long as they are being fed, (3) unfortunate women desiring to reform, and (4) unfortunate women who are hopeless. The Red Cross petitioned the Relief Committee to separate the latter three groups into distinct camps "before the Army retires and the saloons are again opened."

Contributions Around the World

The response to the needs of the stricken city and its people was so quick and generous there was no time to ask for outside help.

All over this great land, from every state and city, fraternal organizations, clubs and newspapers became active solicitors for aid. The Merchants Association of Chicago telegraphed the authorities of San Francisco a relief fund of \$1,000,000.00 was available to be drawn at anytime. Young children standing on street corners collecting donations solicited many smaller contributions. Volunteers of America collected donations. In Faneuil Hall, a meeting with Bishop Mallalieu of the Methodist church addressed a motion to

raise \$3,000,000.00. The city of Boston had already pledged \$500,000.00. The city of Philadelphia voted to send \$100,000.00 while the citizens secured another \$125,000.00.

Contributions continued to pour in. The members of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners of Indianapolis sent \$10,000. The United Mineworkers sent \$1,000. The United States Congress appropriated a total of \$2,000,000.00. President Roosevelt urged Congress to contribute another \$500,000.00.

Individual contributors were urged to send money to the National Red Cross society as the readiest means to reach the people of San Francisco. Some of the states and cities contributing money were:

Texas	\$100,000.00
Columbus, OH	\$ 20,000.00
St. Louis, MO.....	\$100,000.00
Milwaukee, WI.....	\$30,000.00
Los Angeles, CA	\$100,000.00
Omaha, NE.....	\$10,000.00
Portland, OR.....	\$130,000.00
Sacramento, CA	\$100,000.00

Some corporations and organizations contributing were:

Bank of Comm., Toronto	\$ 25,000.00
United States Steel Corp.	\$100,000.00
Standard Oil Company....	\$100,000.00
Carnegie Hero Fund.....	\$25,000.00
New York Stock Exch.....	\$250,000.00
Canadian Parliament	\$100,000.00

Some individuals and countries were:

London Americans	\$12,500.00
Clarence H. Mackay.....	\$100,000.00
W.W. Astor.....	\$100,000.00
Pr. Diaz of Mexico	\$100,000.00
E.H. Harriman (RR).....	\$200,000.00

Robert Schandy, France .. \$10,000.00

Foreign Relief Aid amounts were:

Japan	\$244,960.10
Canada.....	\$145,412.65
China.....	\$40,000.00
France.....	\$21,235.00
Mexico	\$14,480.31
England	\$6,570.88
Cuba	\$734.70
Australia.....	\$385.96
Russia.....	\$199.02
Scotland.....	\$50.40
Austria.....	\$50.00
Belgium.....	\$50.00
Germany.....	\$50.00
Ceylon.....	\$32.33
Total	\$474,211.03

Clean up

After the three-day conflagration, the area of burned district covered four square miles which included 500 city blocks of the downtown core, consisting of 24,671 wood buildings and 3,168 brick buildings. Cleaning up of the city was going to be the biggest work project the city had ever faced. An estimated six and a half billion bricks fell in the three-day ordeal. The clearing of the debris was judged greater than that of digging the Panama Canal.

To rid the city of the Black Plague the order went out to trap and poison rats infested with parasites of one kind or another.

This meant tearing the sodden planking out of light wells letting the sunshine into noisome old cellars, and persuading, inducing, and compelling property owners to pave back areas and basements and fill in spaces. It was reported tens of thousands of rats left Chinatown for new dwellings. After

the disaster swarms of rats along the waterfront left in the thousands, spreading out across the city. A group of "Rat catchers" was established to fan out upon the city to remove those launched into eternity. The job soon became overwhelming for them and the vast army of hungry varmints infested private houses looking for food and shelter. Orders went out at once to householders whose homes were infested with the rodents to kill as many as possible each day by any means at their command. The following morning the professional "Rat catchers" would come by and collect the corpses. Many of the rats were so large that they seemed as big as small house cats.

During the clean up in Chinatown, it was discovered that it was not the sinister gaudy place everyone believed it to be. Cellars were rumored to be a hundred feet deep with passages where a person might run for as much as an hour without seeing daylight. Countless opium dens were believed to exist where men and women were burned to death while lying prostrate on couches, lost in day-long, stupefying dreams.

None of this was true. All that is true is that many yellow people were burned to death while many crib girls escaped to survive on their own.

Chinatown was thoroughly explored and mapped out by the city authorities. Not a single underground passage was discovered and no cellar was found any larger than those common in ordinary private houses. Soon after Chinatown began to rebuild with modern luxury steel-framed buildings.

As the city began to clean up, debris was carted away in railroad cars. Most of the first rubble was dumped in

the elbow of San Francisco Bay called Mission Bay. When Mission Bay had been filled to the limit, 2,000-ton barges were used to tow the bricks and ashes out to the neighborhood of Mile Rock, the lighthouse west of the Golden Gate. Great barges had been commandeered to carry out the work. The first barge to leave was the gallant tug *Sea Fox*, with 2,000 tons of debris. Railroad tracks were gathered and stacked throughout the downtown area waiting to be removed.

Despite the newfound popularity of the automobile, the city was still rebuilt the old fashioned way, with horsepower. The horses were used to remove debris, deliver building materials, and excavate foundations. "Donkey" steam engines were used to haul tons of debris from basements. However, the cost of hay and grain was high, so the horses, 15,000 of them, starved to death. Many also became crippled during the winter and died painful deaths when heavy rains fell, causing the streets to become thick with mud and potholes. Horses were then in short supply. A search for more went beyond the corrals in California. Horses were imported from Nevada and Oregon, and the Rocky Mountains states. There was even a plan to import mules from Missouri.

The SPCA wagon worked three shifts a day to cart off the dead animals. Rufus Steele wrote in 1909 that on "...lower Market Street somewhere, an equine statue should be erected to the memory of the 15,000 four-legged heroes whose exhausted carcasses were carted off to the bone yard..."

The *Oakland Examiner* proclaimed there was an epidemic of scar-

let fever in the city, along with putrefying bodies of horses and cattle killed by the quake. It was reported many bodies remained unburied about the streets. This was found untrue. Because of the prompt and stern measures of the health authorities all bodies, human and animal, had been removed and buried as quickly as possible.

The Fourth Day:

At precisely 7:15 a.m., 74 hours after it had begun, the Great Fire of San Francisco was declared over. Soon after, a light rain began to fall, cleansing itself of the smoky air.

When darkness fell upon the ashes of the city Saturday night the heroic men and women could breathe a sigh of relief. Twenty square miles lay in rubble. Sixty thousand buildings worth millions of dollars lay in ashes.

On Sunday morning, the fires were out and the streets were damp and miserable with a light rain falling. The ground was still hot and smoke still rose out of the charred remains of once majestic buildings and homes. Countless people had lost their homes and all their possessions.

Mayor Schmitz, at once issued a proclamation heralding new hope that dawned on Sunday morning:

To the Citizens of San Francisco:

The fire is now under control and all danger has passed. I congratulate the citizens of San Francisco upon the fortitude they have displayed and urge upon them the necessity of aiding in the work of relieving the destitute and suffering.

One of the first projects to get started was the repair of the water and sewer lines. By Monday morning, 300 plumbers had begun work. Two weeks were allotted to get the systems up and running.

By April 26, the *San Francisco Chronicle* triumphantly reported great progress in cleaning the city of all the blackened debris. The headlines speak for themselves:

STREETCARS TO RUN TODAY
ELECTRIC LIGHTING TO BE
RESUMED
IN THREE DISTRICTS TONIGHT
FORTY TELEPHONES IN OPERA-
TION

Over the next three years, San Francisco grew from the ashes. The new city sprang forth with grandeur, more beautiful than ever, a joy to those who love her.

Resources

California: *An Illustrated History*
(1973)

Watkins T.H.

Publisher, American West

California Historical Society

[HTTP://www.CaliforniaHistoricalSociety.Com](http://www.CaliforniaHistoricalSociety.Com)

Complete Story of The San Francisco Horror

Linthicum, Richard & Trumbull, White

Complete Story of The San Francisco Earthquake And Other Great Disasters
Everett, Marshall (1906)

Denial of Disaster, The Untold Story and Photographs of The San Francisco Earthquake and Fire of 1906

Hansen, Gladys and Emmet, Condon
(1989)

*Disaster, The Great San Francisco
Earthquake And Fire Of 1906*
Kurzman, Dan (2001)
Publisher, William Morrow

Eyewitnesstohistory.com

*San Francisco Since 1872, A Pictorial
History of Seven Decades*
Burner, Ray (1946)

*San Francisco and Vicinity Before and
After the Fire April 18, 19, and 20, 1906*
Publisher, Rieder, Cardinell & Com-
pany

*San Francisco Since 1872 A Pictorial
History of Seven Decades*
Publisher, Ray Burner (1946)

*Scenes of the San Francisco Fire and
Earthquake April 18, 1906 Series # 1 &
2*
Publisher, Phoenix Photo Company
(1906)

*Suddenly San Francisco, The Early
Years of an Instant City*
Lockwood, Charles
Publisher, The San Francisco Examiner
Division of The Hearst Corporation
1978

The Damndest Finest Ruins
Southerland, Monica

Publisher, Coward-McCann, Inc.

The Earth Shook the Sky Burned
Bronson, William
Copyright 1959
Publisher, Doubleday & Company Inc.

*The San Francisco Calamity By Earth-
quake and Fire*
Morris, Charles
Copyright 1906 by W.E. Scull

*The San Francisco Disaster Photo-
graphed*
Publisher, C.S. Hammoned & Company
(1906)

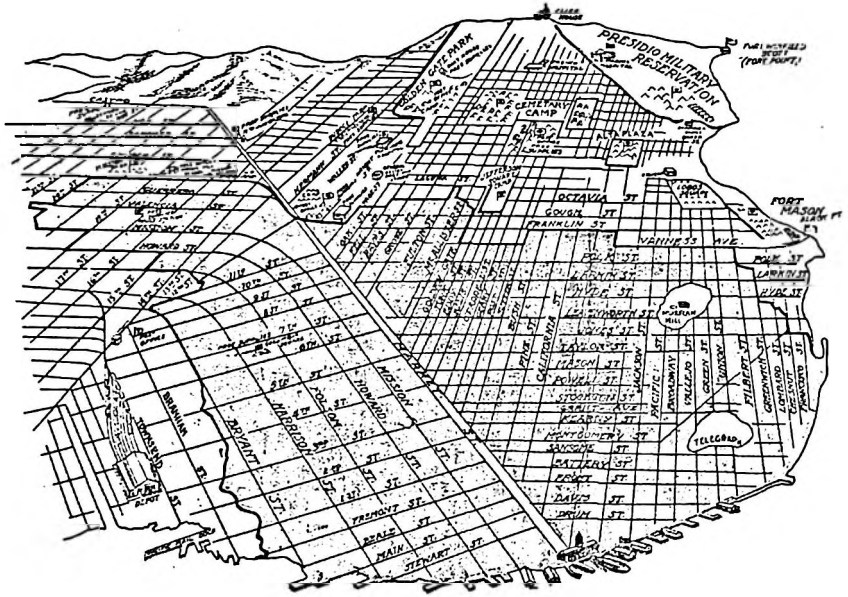
The San Francisco Earthquake
Thomas, Gordon & Witts, Morgan Max
Publisher, Stein & Day (1971)

*The San Francisco Earthquake and Fire
of April 18, 1906 and Their Effects on
Structures and Structural Materials*
Washington Government Printing Of-
fice 1907

*Trial By Fire At San Francisco the Evi-
dence of the Camera*
Publisher, The National Fire Proofing
company

USGS Earthquake Hazard Program
[HTTP://quake.wr.usgs.gov/1906](http://quake.wr.usgs.gov/1906)

*Views of San Francisco Before and After
Earthquake*
Publisher, E.P. Charlton & Company



The burned area of the fire resulting from the earthquake



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



Lt. Charles Gatewood and his Apache Wars Memoir by Charles B. Gatewood (edited and with additional text by Louis Kraft) The University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 2005. 264 pp. Photos, map. Cloth, \$39.95.

Sometime ago, this reviewer wrote a book review for the Denver Westerners on Gatewood and Geronimo, published by the Oxford University Press in 2000. It was written by the editor of this work, Louis Kraft, who also provided the additional text. Kraft discovered that Gatewood had drafted a number of chapters hoping to eventually write a book regarding his experiences with the Apaches. He never accomplished this goal, and his papers remained in the possession of the Arizona Historical Society in Tucson. Kraft has organized these writings in chronological order to tell the Gatewood story much in Gatewood's own words. There are a number of gaps and Kraft has added his own narrative to fill the void to keep continuity of the book. On more than a few occasions, Gatewood wrote more than one version of his reminiscences and Kraft has attempted to include both accounts wherever possible, and sometimes as footnotes.

The true value of this work is because it is primary source material. As in his previous book, Kraft starts out with Gatewood's graduation from West Point in 1877, and his trip west to join his regiment, the Sixth U.S. Cavalry. Chapter One begins with his first experience at recording his service with the Apaches in 1885. Kraft makes a number of logical suppositions in that he imagines what Gatewood was thinking when writing his manuscript. Between his text and Gatewood's memoirs, Kraft does an excellent job of describing the situation and the problems encountered by Gatewood, and also the terrain at the time.

At first, Gatewood commanded the Apache Scouts and was very successful at it as he treated his subordinates as equals, and they trusted him. General George Crook assumed command of the Department of Arizona in September, 1882, and he knew the only way he could bring peace to the territory was to end the mismanagement of the Apaches. According to Kraft, he chose his officers with care. They were: Captain Emmet Crawford, Gatewood and Lieutenant Brittan Davis. Of these men, only Gatewood knew anything about the Apaches. Gatewood was assigned as Commandant of the White Mountain Indian Reservation. Much of this work deals with his responsibilities there and civil charges against him encountered in the course of protecting his charges. As told in Kraft's previous work, Geronimo and about 35 others fled the reservation again in 1886. Crook asked to be relieved, and it was accepted by General Sheridan, Commander-in-Chief of the Army. His replacement was General Nelson Miles who discarded Crook's policy of using Indians to fight Indians. He would only use them as scouts. Miles intended to rundown the renegade Indians until they surrendered, or were killed. Captain Henry Lawton was ordered to

lead an attack into Mexico after the fugitives. In July 1886, Miles ordered Gatewood to find Geronimo and the others, and to demand their surrender. Gatewood's health was not good, and a long campaign would be detrimental to it, but he accepted the task.

All throughout this text, Gatewood's words are in dark print and they are easy to find. There is much on this campaign, and his meeting with Geronimo in August 1886. This is the climax of the work, and it makes interesting reading. Geronimo agreed to surrender and the aftermath is well told. Unfortunately, Gatewood did not receive credit for what he had accomplished, and eventually went on extended leave because of ill health. Without promotion he continued his Army career and was sent back to the Sixth Cavalry which had been ordered to Wyoming because of the Johnson County War in 1891.

The winter cold and other incidents caused his health more harm, and he could not perform the duties of a cavalry officer. He returned to his home in Denver, and then to Fort Myer, Virginia. In May 1896, he entered the post hospital at Fort Monroe, Virginia where he died that same month.

This account complements Kraft's previous work. Through it, the reader can experience what Gatewood himself encountered to a degree. It is well worth reading, particularly to those who are interested in the Indian Wars of the Southwest. It is the story of a soldier who gave his all to his country, the Army, and most importantly, to the Apaches with whom he came in contact, without any reward to himself, or his family. I thoroughly recommend it.

—Richard A. Cook, P.M.

Prairie Dog Empire A Saga of the Shortgrass Prairie, by Paul A. Johnsgard. University of Nebraska Press, 2005. 243 pp. 9 maps, 12 tables, 35 line drawings, appendix, index. Hard cover, \$29.95.

For thousands of years the Great American Desert has been the home to countless numbers of animals, big and small. Each in turn playing its part in the dynamic ecosystem. The *Prairie Dog Empire* is an indispensable and easy-to-read introduction into the ecosystem of the black-tail prairie dog. The book describes how the prairie dogs subsist during seasonal behavior and family life in and near the colony and how they have transformed the land for other animals to live near the prairie colony. Johnsgard explains how the grasslands have been altered by the displacement of the animals by man's introduction of domestic livestock and agriculture. The decline of some animals such as coyotes, badgers, burrowing owls, and high plains raptors along with several rodents have altered the ecosystem of the prairie. Paul A. Johnsgard, Professor Emeritus of Biological Sciences at the University of Nebraska has authored several books, including *A Natural History of American Cranes*, *A Natural History and Crane Music*, *Lewis and Clark on the Great Plains*.

—Bob Lane, P.M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

May - June 2006



Photo by Editor

Fairmount Cemetery, Denver, Colorado

The Congressional Medal of Honor and its Colorado Connections

by Ken Gaunt, P.M.

(presented November 23, 2005)

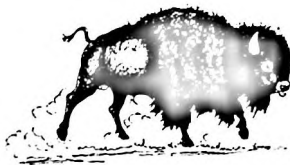


Our author

Ken Gaunt is a long-time member of the Denver Posse and has presented many fine papers to our group.

A fourth-generation Coloradan, Ken was born in Colorado Springs and grew up in Yuma, Colorado. He has been a pharmacist for over 66 years and is noted as Colorado's oldest practicing pharmacist.

Ken joined the Denver Westerners in 1955 and served as Sheriff in 1966.



THE DENVER WESTERNERS

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The Congressional Medal of Honor and its Colorado Connections

by Ken Gaunt, P.M.
(presented November 23, 2005)

This is a study of the Congressional Medal of Honor and the 63 men who have been awarded the Medal of Honor that have connections to Colorado.

History of the Medal of Honor

The Congressional Medal of Honor is the highest honor that can be awarded to anyone in the armed services of the United States. It is awarded for bravery and valor above and beyond the call of duty in combat at the risk of loss of one's life, and an eye-witness testimony is required. The recommendation must be made within two years from the time the action occurred. The Medal of Honor is the only decoration presented by the President or someone designated by him and is made in the name of Congress, although usually Congress takes no action. However, every recommendation must be forwarded to the Secretary of Defense who then refers it to the Defense Department Decorations Board where final action is taken.

Three different Medals of Honor are awarded: Navy, which includes the Marines and Coast Guard; Army; and Air Force; each with a small difference in design which identifies its service.

Of the 3459 Medal of Honor awards, there have been only one to a woman and one to a Coast Guard man. The Medal has been awarded to nine



unknown soldiers, seven civilians and 19 men were awarded a second award. The Medal of Honor to civilians and a second award to members of the service are no longer allowed. There are 125 awardees still living.

President George Washington created an award Aug. 7, 1782, as a decoration for "singularly meritorious action." The design was Washington's silhouette on a purple ribbon. Three men were awarded this ribbon in 1783. It later became the Purple Heart Award.

In 1861 Senator James W. Grimes of Iowa introduced a bill into Congress to create a Medal of Honor for enlisted men in the Navy, Marine Corp, and Coast Guard. The bill was approved by President Abraham Lincoln Dec. 21, 1861, and established the Medal of Honor - the first decoration formally authorized by the American government to be worn as a badge of honor. Action for an Army Medal of Honor was started two months later

by Senator Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, providing for presentation of Medals of Honor to enlisted men of the Army and Voluntary Forces who "Shall most distinguish themselves by their Gallantry in action, and other soldier-like qualities." President Lincoln's approval made the resolution law on July 14, 1862. It was amended Mar. 3, 1863, to include officers as well as enlisted men, and made the provisions retroactive to the beginning of the Civil War.

The Medal of Honor at first was made to many men who had "distinguished" themselves in action, but there was no documented way of submitting a request, nor any time limit as to when the request could be made. Some recommendations were made as much as 40 years after the action, as official records were not required. Some commanders submitted the names of their entire command. Other individuals were awarded the Medal because they simply said, "they deserved it."

A "Certificate of Merit" was established Mar. 3, 1847, first for "gallantry in action" during the Mexican War, then extended periodically until July 9, 1918, when the Certificate of Merit was discontinued and replaced with a new medal, the Distinguished Service Cross. As time passed, other medals and commendations were initiated for bravery and service both in and out of battle action. In this way the Medal of Honor became the highest medal that could be awarded. Various laws have since been passed amending the design, qualifications and presentation procedure. In 1917 a commission reviewed each of the Army medals awarded and revoked 911 of the medals that had been previously awarded.

During 1993 a study was conducted to determine if there was a racial disparity in the way Medal of Honor recipients were selected. From this study seven African-American soldiers were recommended to receive the award. In the same manner, in 1996 a review was conducted of all Asian-Americans and Pacific Islanders who had been awarded the Distinguished Service Cross in World War II to determine whether any award should be upgraded to the Medal of Honor. From this study 22 Asian-American World War II veterans were awarded the Medal of Honor.

Total Medals of Honor awarded:

Army	2405
Awards to soldiers	2338
(Four soldiers were double recipients)	
Army Air Service (W. W. I)	4
Army Air Service (W. W. II)	38
Air Force (Korean War)	4
Awards to civilians	6
Indian civilian scouts	5
(1 woman)	
Marines	6
(Five of these were double awards)	
Awards to unknown soldiers	9
Navy	1041
Awards to sailors	743
(Eight were double recipients)	
Awards to marines	295
(Two double recipients)	
Five marines also received Army Medal of Honor	
Coast Guard Award	1
Civilians	2
U.S. Air Force	13
(All during the Vietnam War)	

Let us look at the men who were awarded the Medal Of Honor who have connections with Colorado. Colorado connections to the Medal Of

Honor by wars:

Indian Wars 1861-1898	19
Civil War 1861-1865	10
Philippine Ins. 1899-1913	3
Boxer Rebellion 1900	1
World War I June - Nov. 1918	8
World War II 1941-1945	11
Korean War 1951-1953	3
Vietnam War 1964 -1975	8

Twelve men who were awarded the Medal were born in Colorado:

Martinez, Joseph P. Ault
 Boydston, Erwin Jay Dear Creek
 Pryar, Elmer E. Denver
 Ware, Keith L. Denver
 West. Chester H. Ft. Collins
 Graves, Ora Las Animas
 Guillen, Ambrosio La Junta
 McWelty, Edgar L. Jr. Leadville
 Pucket, Donald D. Longmont
 Upton, Frank Monroe Loveland
 Crawford, William J. Pueblo
 Dix, Drew D. Pueblo

Thirteen men were awarded their Medal for action in Colorado:

Grimes, Edward 5th U. S. Cavalry
 Hall, William P. 5th U. S. Cavalry
 Johnson, Henry 5th U. S. Cavalry
 Lawton, John S. 5th U. S. Cavalry
 Merrill, John 5th U. S. Cavalry
 Moquin, George 5th U. S. Cavalry
 Murphy, Edward 5th U. S. Cavalry
 Philipsen, Wilhelm O. 5th U. S. Cavalry
 Poppe, John A. 5th U. S. Cavalry
 Roach, Hampton M. 5th U. S. Cavalry
 Widmer, Jacob 5th U. S. Cavalry
 Dodge, Francis 9th U. S. Cavalry
 Carpenter, Louis H. 10th U. S. Cavalry

Resting places or Memorials by Colorado Cemeteries:

U. S. Air Force Academy Cemetery;

Ault, City Cemetery; Calhan, City Cemetery; Colorado Springs, Evergreen Cemetery; Edgewater, Chapel Hill Cemetery; Evans, City Cemetery; Denver, Fairmount Cemetery; Denver, Riverside Cemetery; Eaton, City Cemetery; La Junta, Fairview Cemetery; Golden, Lookout Mountain; Longmont, City Cemetery; Ft. Collins, Grand View Cemetery; Ft. Logan, National Cemetery; Pueblo, Roselawn Cemetery; Yuma, City Cemetery.

In the following text, names marked with () were awarded Medal of Honor posthumously.*

INDIAN WARS 1861 TO 1898

(Indian Campaigns)

Medals of Honor awarded - 423

The men who were awarded the Medal of Honor during the Indian Wars with Colorado connections are:

CODY, WILLIAM F. "BUFFALO BILL"

Organization: Third Cavalry, commanded by General Reynolds.

Place and date: South Fork of the Loupe, near Fort McPherson.

Sergeant, Company F, 5th United States Cavalry.

Born: Iowa

Citation: For his "bravery and skill" which took place on Apr. 26, 1872.

"Mr. Cody's reputation for bravery and skill as a guide is so well established that I need not say anything else but that he acted in his usual manner."

In 1916 President Wilson signed a law that revised the standards, and authorized a board of retired general officers headed by the old Indian-fighter, General Nelson Miles, himself a Medal recipient, to review all 2,625

earlier awards. A total of 911 Medals were revoked for lack of merit or proper substantiation. William F. Cody's name, and four other civilian scouts, were stricken from the rolls, not because of any question regarding the action for which it was awarded, but because they "were neither an officer nor an enlisted man" as the law required, but were civilian employees.

The Medal of Honor was restored to William F. (Buffalo Bill) Cody, and to the four civilian scouts in 1989 by President George Bush. Cody is buried on Lookout Mountain, near the Buffalo Bill Museum, west of Golden, Colo.

KNIGHT, JOSEPH F.

Sergeant. U. S. Army, Troop F, 6th Cavalry.

Place and date: White River, South Dakota, Jan. 1, 1891.

Born: Illinois

Citation: Led an advance in a spiritual movement to the assistance of Troop K, 6th U.S. Cavalry accredited to Denver, Colorado.

MAY, JOHN

Sergeant, U.S. Army, Company L, 6th Cavalry.

Place and date: For action at Wichita River, Texas. July 12, 1870.

Born: Germany

Citation: Gallantry in action.

Buried in Fairview Cemetery, La Junta, Colo.

TURPIN, JAMES H.

First Sergeant, Company L, 5th United States Cavalry.

Place and date: Arizona, 1872 -1874

Born: Maine

Citation: Gallantry in action with Apaches.

(This was the Geronimo campaign)

Buried in Fairmount Cemetery, Denver, Colo.

Fairmount cemetery records show his name as Turpin, Richard.

MILK RIVER, COLORADO

Place and date: At Milk River, Colo.

Sept. 29 to Oct. 5, 1879. Major T.

T. Thornburgh marching with three companies of the Fifth Cavalry and one company of the Fourth Infantry.

One-hundred-eighty men halted and were attacked by 300 Indians on Sept. 29, 1879, while on their way from Fort Steele, Wyo., to the White River Indian Agency. The Major was killed, and the unit was surrounded on three sides by Indians. Ammunition gave out. The command had to fall back upon its wagons and use them as a barricade. Twelve men were awarded the Medal of Honor during this battle, 18 other lesser awards were also made for action during this battle.

HALL, WILLIAM P.

First Lieutenant, 5th United States Cavalry.

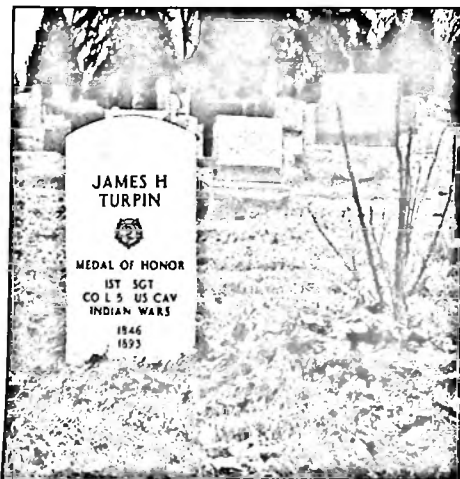


Photo by Editor

Citation: Gallantry in action.

With a reconnoitering party of three men, was attacked by 35 Indians and several times exposed himself to draw the fire of the enemy, giving his small party opportunity to reply with much effect.

Home: Iowa

GRIMES, EDWARD P.

Sergeant, Company F, 5th United States Cavalry.

Home: New Hampshire

Citation: The command being almost out of ammunition and surrounded on three sides by the enemy, he voluntarily brought up a supply under heavy fire at almost point-blank range.

LAWTON, JOHN S.

Sergeant, Company D, 5th United States Cavalry.

Citation: Coolness and steadiness under fire; volunteered to accompany a small detachment on a very dangerous mission.

Home: Rhode Island

MERRILL, JOHN

Sergeant, Company P, 5th United States Cavalry.

Citation: Though painfully wounded, he remained on duty and rendered gallant and valuable service.

Home: New York

MOQUIN, GEORGE

Corporal, Company F, 5th United States Cavalry.

Citation: Gallantry in action.

Home: New York

MURPHY, EDWARD F.

Citation: Gallantry in action. Cpl Murphy rode 170 miles in 24 hours to get help for the besieged troops.

Corporal, Company D, 5th United States Cavalry.

Home: Pennsylvania

PHILIPSEN, WILHELM O.

Blacksmith, Troop D, 5th United States Cavalry.

Citation: With nine others voluntarily attacked and captured a strong position held by Indians.

Home: Germany

POPPE, JOHN A.

Sergeant, Company F, 5th United States Cavalry.

Citation: Gallantry in action.

The Utes tried to burn them out, by firing the sagebrush. Sergeant Poppe scrambled over the barricade and amid whistling bullets lit a backfire.

Home: Ohio

ROACH, HAMPTON M.

Corporal, Company F, 5th United States Cavalry.

Citation: Erected breastworks under fire; also kept the command supplied with water three consecutive nights while exposed to fire from ambushed Indians at close range.

Home: Louisiana

WIDMER, JACOB

First Sergeant, Company D, 5th United States Cavalry.

Citation: Volunteered to accompany a small detachment on a very dangerous mission.

Home: Germany

DODGE, FRANCIS S.

Captain, Company D, 9th United States Cavalry.

Citation: With a force of 40 men rode all night to the relief of a command that had been defeated and was besieged by an overwhelming force of Indians, reached the field at daylight, joined in the action and fought for three days.

Home: Massachusetts

JOHNSON, HENRY

Sergeant, Company D, 9th United

States Cavalry. (Buffalo Soldier)

Citation: Voluntarily left fortified shelter and under heavy fire at close range made the rounds of the pits to instruct the guards; fought his way to the creek and back to bring water to the wounded.
Home: Virginia

BEECHER ISLAND

Eastern Colorado, Sept. 1868

Major George A. "Sandy" Forsyth obtained permission to enlist 50 volunteers capable of matching the enemy's tactics, being able to track and keep on his trail until he was killed or had surrendered. Forsyth's second-in-command was Lt. Frederick H. Beecher, the surgeon was Dr. John H. Mooers, and the rest were hunters and trappers. They were each armed with a seven-shot Spencer repeating rifle and an Army model Colt revolver. They marched from Fort Wallace and soon struck the army of a large Indian village, and began following this trail. On Sept. 16, 1868 they camped on the Arikaree fork of the Republican River. An island, about 20 yards wide by 60 yards long, surrounded by shallow water was nearby. At dawn the Indians, about 700 Cheyenne, Sioux, and Arapahoe warriors, attacked. Forsyth ordered the scouts to occupy the nearby island. The men, with hands, knives, and tin cups, scooped out entrenchments. At nightfall Forsyth found that out of a strength of 51, he had seven killed or mortally wounded and 17 wounded. On the second night two men volunteered to walk the 125 miles to Fort Wallace; the fifth night another pair of scouts were sent out. The first two scouts at last staggered into Fort Wallace, to be followed soon by the second pair. Captain Louis

H. Carpenter organized a relief column, consisting of two troops of the colored 10th Cavalry. Carpenter pushed them hard, riding 100 miles in two days, and they arrived just in time to save the defenders. The only Medal of Honor awarded was to Captain Carpenter. Neither Lt. Beecher, for whom the battle and site were named, nor Major Forsyth received any decoration.

CARPENTER, LOUIS H.

Captain, Company H, 10th United States Cavalry.

Place and date: At Indian campaigns, Kansas and Colorado, Sept. to Oct. 1868.

Citation: Was gallant and meritorious throughout the campaigns, especially in combat on Oct. 15 and in the forced march on Sept. 23, 24, and 25, 1868, to relieve Forsyth's Scouts (at Beecher Island, Colo.)

Home: New Jersey

This award was awarded 30 years after the battle.

WORTMAN, GEORGE G.

Sergeant, Company B, 8th United States Cavalry.

Place and date: Arizona. Aug. to Oct. 1868.

Citation: Bravery in scouts and actions against Indians.

Home: Maine

Buried in the Crown Hill Cemetery, Denver, Colorado.

WELCH, CHARLES H.

Sergeant, Company D, 7th United States Cavalry.

Place and date: At Little Big Horn, Montana. June 25, 26, 1876.

Citation: Gallantry in action. Voluntarily brought water to the wounded, under fire.

Home: Minnesota

Buried: Evans, Colo., Cemetery.

CIVIL WAR (1861 -1865)

Medals of Honor awarded - 1520

DR. MARY E. WALKER

The only woman to ever be awarded the Medal of Honor was Dr. Mary E. Walker. She was a surgeon who worked in a hospital in Washington D. C. during the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861. She was taken a prisoner of war from Apr. 10, 1864 to Aug. 12, 1864, at Richmond, Va. After her release she was also in the Battle of Atlanta. President Johnson, rather than grant her request for a commission in the U. S. Army, ordered her be awarded a Medal of Honor on Nov. 11, 1865. Her Medal of Honor was ruled unwarranted in 1916, because she was a civilian. The government asked her to return the Medal, but the Doctor refused this request and continued to wear the Medal every day the rest of her life. In 1977 President Carter reinstated the award to Mary Walker.

Colorado troops engaged Confederate troops at Glorietta Pass and Apache Junction in New Mexico and in Missouri during the Civil War but no Medals of Honor were awarded to any Coloradans in these battles.

The men who have Colorado connections for a Medal of Honor in this section all came west after the Civil War; they died here and are buried in Colorado. They were in the Union Army.

HOWARD, HENDERSON C.

Corporal, Company B, 11th Pennsylvania Reserves.

Place and date: At Glendale, Va., June 30, 1862.

Citation: While pursuing one of the enemy's sharpshooters, encountered two

enemy, whom he bayoneted in hand-to-hand encounters: he was three times wounded in action.

Home: Pennsylvania

Buried Grandview Cemetery, Section 8, Ft. Collins, Colo.

FISHER, JOHN H.

First Lieutenant, Company B, 55th Illinois Infantry.

Place and date: At Vicksburg, Mississippi. May 22, 1863.

Citation: Gallantry in the charge of the "volunteer storming party".

Home: Illinois

Buried in Mountain View Cemetery, Block 17, Lot 3, Longmont, Colo.

DAY, DAVID F.

Private, Company D, 57th Ohio Infantry.

Place and date: At Vicksburg, Miss. May 22, 1863.

Citation: Gallantry in the charge of the "volunteer storming party." One-hundred-fifty men attempted to place a bridge across a ditch for an assault on Vicksburg, 53 men survived.

Home: Ohio

Buried: Riverside Cemetery, Denver, Colo.

HASTINGS, SMITH H.

Captain. Company M, 5th Michigan Cavalry.

Place and date: At Newbys Crossroads, Va., July 24, 1863.

Citation: While in command of a squadron in rear guard of a Cavalry Division which was attacked by the enemy.

Hastings received orders to abandon the guns of a section of field artillery, he disregarded the orders and aided in repelling the attack and saving the guns.

Home: Michigan

Buried : Riverside Cemetery, Block 5, Denver, Colo.

Capture of the flag of the opposing force was a very brave action. The flag was always near the Commanding General and was heavily guarded by troops. There are many citations that merely state "Capture of Flag." Following are five men who were thus cited.

MOORE, GEORGE G.

Private, Company D, 11th West Virginia Infantry.

Place and date: At Fishers Hill, Va. Sept. 23, 1864.

Citation: Capture of Flag.

Home: West Virginia

Buried in the City Cemetery, Eaton, Colo.

KELLEY, GEORGE V.

Captain, Company A, 104th Ohio Infantry.

Place and date: Franklin, Tenn. Nov. 30, 1864

Citation: Capture of Flag supposed to be of Cheatham's Corps.

Home: Ohio

Buried: Riverside Cemetery, Denver, Colo.

DOCKUM, WARREN G.

Private, Company H, 121st New York Infantry.

Place and date: At Sailors Creek, Va. April 6, 1865, three days before General Lee surrendered.

Citation: Capture of flag of Savannah Guards (C.S.A.), after two other men had been killed in the effort.

Home: New York

Buried in Roselawn Cemetery, Pueblo, Colo.

SHOPP, GEORGE J.

Private, Co. E, 191st Pennsylvania Infantry.

Place and date: At Five Forks, Va., April 1, 1865.

Citation: Capture of Flag.

This unit saw action at the battles of Bull Run, Gettysburg, and South Mountain. After being wounded Shopp reenlisted in the 191st Regiment Pennsylvania Infantry. They fought at Cold Harbor, V. at Weldon Railroad, at Five Forks, and at Appomattox Court House Apr. 9, and were a part of the Grand Review May 23, 1865.

Home: Pennsylvania

Buried City Cemetery, Yuma, Colo.

DAVIS, JOHN

Private, Company F, 17th Indiana Mounted Infantry

Place and date: At Culloden, Ga. April 1865.

Citation: Capture of Flag of Worrill Grays (C.S.A.)

Memorial states "Prisoner of War"

Home: Kentucky.

Memorial Block grave 280, Ft. Logan Military Cemetery, Denver, Colo.

PALMER, WILLIAM J.

Brigadier General, 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

Place and date: At Red Hill, Al. Jan. 14, 1865.

Citation: With less than 200 men attacked and defeated a superior force of the enemy, capturing their field piece and about 100 prisoners without losing a man. In Dec. 1861, Palmer enlisted in the Pennsylvania Anderson Cavalry as a captain. He recruited 1200 men for his picked 15th Pennsylvania Cavalry. This unit was involved in the defense of Pennsylvania when Lee's army invaded Pennsylvania. Later Palmer was involved in some spying, he was a prisoner for three months, and was lucky to have survived this ordeal. He was released in Jan. 1863 in a prisoner exchange. He went back to his 15th Cavalry and was promoted to colonel.

The 15th participated in several campaigns in Tennessee, the last campaign had a part in the capture of Jefferson Davis in May 1865. One month later Palmer was mustered out of the service as a brigadier general. William Jackson Palmer became one of the great railroad builders of our country, building the Denver Rio Grande Railway, and was the founding father of the city of Colorado Springs.

Home: Delaware

Buried Evergreen Cemetery, Lot 75, Colorado Springs, Colo.

PHILIPPINE INSURRECTION

Philippine Islands 1899-1913

The men who were awarded the Medal of Honor during the Philippine Insurrection with Colorado connections are:

GROVE, WILLIAM R.

Lieutenant Colonel, 36th Infantry, United States Volunteers, Colorado
Place and date: Near Porac, Luzon, Philippine Islands, Sept. 9, 1899.

Citation: In advance of his regiment, rushed to the assistance of his colonel, charging, pistol in hand, killed seven insurgents and compelling the surrender of all not killed or wounded.

Entered service at: Denver, Colo.

WALLACE, GEORGE W.

Second Lieutenant, 9th United States Infantry

Place and date: At Tinuba, Luzon, Philippine Islands. Mar. 4, 1900.

Citation: With another officer and a native Philipino, was shot at from ambush, the other officer fell severely wounded. Lieutenant fired in the direction of the enemy, put them to route, removed the wounded officer from the path, returned to the town, a mile distant, and sum-

moned assistance from the command.

Entered Service at: Denver, Colo.

BJORKMAN, ERNEST H.

Ordinary seaman

Place and date: U.S.S. Leyden Jan. 21, 1903

Born: Sweden

Citation: Ordinary seaman, serving on board the U.S.S. Leyden, for heroism at the time of the wreck of that vessel Jan. 21, 1903

Buried Crown Hill Cemetery, Block 26, Denver, Colo.

BOXER REBELLION 1900

One man with Colorado connections was awarded the Medal of Honor during the Boxer Rebellion.

BOYDSTON, ERWIN JAY

Private, U.S. Marine Corps

Citation: In the presence of enemy at Peking, China, July 21 to Aug. 17, 1900.

Under a heavy fire from the enemy during this period, Boydston assisted in the erection of barricades.

Born: Apr. 22, 1875. Deer Creek, Colo.

WORLD WAR I (June - Nov. 1918)

Medals of Honor awarded - 95

The first Colorado casualty in the World War I was Leo Leyden. He was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross. The Leo Leyden Post of World War I Veterans was the first Legion Post in Colorado and the 15th to be chartered in the United States. The J. Hunter Wickersham Legion Post #51 was organized Oct. 18, 1919. It honored J. Hunter Wickersham, a Medal of Honor winner from Denver and the Marcellus H. Chiles Post #41 honored another Medal of Honor winner. The three Posts consolidated in loving memory of Pvt.

Leo T. Leyden, Capt. Marcellus H. Chiles and Lt. J. Hunter Wickersham, all of whom gave their lives for their country, as the Leyden-Chiles-Wickersham Post #1. In 1954 it was the largest legion post in the world. The men who were awarded the Medal of Honor during the World War I with Colorado connections are:

***CHILES, MARCELLUS H.**

Captain, 356th Infantry, 89th Division. Place and date: Near Le Champy Bas, France. Nov. 5, 1918.

Citation: When his battalion, of which he had just taken command, was halted by machine-gun fire from the front and left flank, he picked up the rifle of a dead soldier and, calling on his men to follow, led the advance across a stream, waist-deep, in the face of the machine-gun fire. Upon reaching the opposite bank this gallant officer was seriously wounded in the abdomen by a sniper, but before permitting himself to be

evacuated he made complete arrangements for turning over his command to the next senior officer, and under the inspiration of his fearless leadership his battalion reached its objective. Capt. Chiles died shortly after reaching the hospital.

Entered Service at: Denver, Colo.

***WICKERSHAM, J. HUNTER**

Second Lieutenant, 353rd Infantry, 89th Division.

Place and date: Near Umey, France, Sept. 12, 1918.

Citation: Advancing with his platoon during the St. Mihiel offensive, he was severely wounded in four places by the bursting of a high-explosive shell. Before receiving any aid for himself he dressed the wounds of his orderly, who was wounded at the same time. He then ordered and accompanied the further advance of his platoon, although weakened by the loss of blood. His right hand and arm being disabled by



Photo by Editor

wounds, he continued to fire his revolver with his left hand until, exhausted by the loss of blood, he fell and died from his wounds before aid could be administered.

Entered Service at: Denver, Colo.
Memorial Monument in family plot,
Fairmount Cemetery, Denver, Colo.
WEST, CHESTER H.

First Sergeant, Company D, 363d Infantry, 91st Division.

Place and date: Near Bois-de-Cheppy, France. Sept. 26, 1919.

Citation: While making his way through a thick fog with his automatic rifle section, his advance was halted by direct and unusual machine-gun fire from two guns. Without aid, he at once dashed through the fire and, attacking the nest, killed two of the gunners, one of whom was an officer. This prompt and decisive hand-to-hand encounter on his part enabled his company to advance farther without the loss of a man.

Born: Fort Collins. Colo.

FUNK, JESSE N.

Private First Class, Company L. 354th Infantry, 89th Division.

Place and date: Near Bois-de-Bantheville, France. Oct. 31, 1918.

Citation: Learning that two daylight patrols had been caught out in No Man's Land and were unable to return, Private Funk and another stretcher bearer, upon their own initiative, made two trips 500 yards beyond our lines, under constant machine-gun fire, and rescued two wounded officers.

Entered Service at: Calhan, Colo. Buried: Calhan City Cemetery, Block 25, Lot 248, site 2, Calhan, Colo.

*JOHNSTON, HAROLD I.

Private First Class, Company A, 356th Infantry, 89th Division.

Place and date: Near Pouilly, France. Nov. 9, 1918.

Citation: When information was desired as to the enemy's position on the opposite side of the Meuse River, Sgt. Johnston, then Private First Class, with another soldier, volunteered without hesitation and swam the river to reconnoiter the exact location of the enemy. He succeeded in reaching the opposite bank, despite the evident determination of the enemy to prevent a crossing. Having obtained his information, he again entered the water for his return. This was accomplished after a severe struggle which so exhausted him that he had to be assisted from the water, after which he rendered his report of the exploit. Buried in the Lowry Memorial Block in Fairmount Cemetery, Denver, Colo.

NAVY MEDAL OF HONOR
GRAVES, ORA

Seaman, U.S. Navy

Citation: For extraordinary heroism on July 23, 1917, while the U.S.S. Pittsburgh was proceeding to Buenos Aires, Argentina. A 3-inch saluting charge exploded causing the death of C. T. Lyies, seaman. Upon the explosion, Graves was blown on the deck, but soon recovered and discovered burning waste on the deck. He put out the burning waste while the casemate was filled with clouds of smoke, knowing that there was more powder there which might explode.

Born: Las Animas, Colo.

UPTON, FRANK MONROE

Quartermaster, Third Class. U.S. Navy.

Citation: For extraordinary heroism following internal explosion of the ship Florence H., on Apr. 17, 1918. The sea

in the vicinity of wreckage was covered by a mass of boxes of smokeless powder, which were repeatedly exploding. Frank M. Upton, of the U.S.S. Stewart, plunged overboard to rescue a survivor, who was surrounded by powder boxes and too exhausted to help himself, fully realizing that similar powder boxes in the vicinity were continually exploding and that he was thereby risking his life in saving the life of this man.

Born: Loveland, Colo.

RICKENBACKER, EDWIN A.

First Lieutenant, U. S. Army Air corps,
9th Aero Squadron, Air Service

First Lt. Edward V. Rickenbacker was the first airman awarded the Air Force Medal of Honor. Rickenbacker was credited with downing 22 enemy aircraft and four observation balloons.

WORLD WAR II 1941 -1945

Medals of Honor awarded - 292

The men who were awarded the Medal of Honor during the World War II with Colorado connections are:

UNITED STATES NAVY, PEARL HARBOR

Fifteen Navy Medals of Honor were awarded as a result of the Pearl Harbor attack. Ten of these were posthumously awarded, and of the survivors, one is still living.

ROSS, DONALD KIRBY

Machinist. U.S. Navy, U.S.S. Nevada, (anchored immediately behind the U.S.S. Arizona.)

Place and date: Pearl Harbor, Territory of Hawaii, Dec. 7, 1941.

Citation: For distinguished conduct in the line of his profession, extraordinary courage and disregard of his own life during the attack on the fleet in Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, by the Japanese forces

on Dec. 7, 1941. When his station in the forward dynamo room of the U.S.S. Nevada became almost untenable due to smoke, steam, and heat, Machinist Ross forced his men to leave that station and performed all the duties himself until blinded and unconscious. Upon being rescued and resuscitated, he returned and secured the forward dynamo room and proceeded to the after dynamo room where he was later again rendered unconscious by exhaustion. Again recovering consciousness he returned to his station where he remained until directed to abandon it.

Entered service at: Denver, Colo.

ITALY 1943

CRAWFORD, WILLIAM J.

Private. 36th Infantry Division,
Place and date: Near Altavilla, Italy,
Sept. 13, 1943.

Citation: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at risk of life above and beyond the call of duty in action with the enemy near Altavilla, Italy, Sept. 13, 1943. When Company I attacked an enemy-held position on Hill 424, the Third Platoon, in which Private Crawford was a squad scout, attacked as base platoon for the company. After reaching the crest of the hill, the platoon was pinned down by intense enemy machine-gun and small-arms fire. Locating one of these guns, which was dug in on a terrace on his immediate front, on his own initiative, he moved over the hill under enemy fire to a point within a few yards of the gun emplacement and single-handedly destroyed the machine gun and killed three of the crew with a hand grenade, thus enabling his platoon to continue its advance. When the platoon, after reaching the crest, was once

more delayed by enemy fire, Private Crawford again, in the face of intense fire, advanced directly to the front midway between two hostile machine-gun nests located on a higher terrace and placed in a small ravine. Moving first to the left, with a hand grenade he destroyed one gun emplacement and killed the crew; he then worked his way, under continuous fire, to the other and with one grenade and the use of his rifle, killed one enemy and forced the remainder to flee. Seizing the enemy machine gun, he fired on the withdrawing Germans and facilitated his company's advance.

Birth: Pueblo, Colo.

Entered Service at: Pueblo, Colo.

Buried: Air Force Academy, Colorado Springs, Colo.

LINDSTROM, FLOYD K.

Private First Class, 3rd Infantry Division.

Place and date: Near Mignano, Italy, Nov. 11, 1943.

Citation: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at risk of life above and beyond the call of duty. On Nov. 11, 1943, this soldier's platoon was furnishing machine-gun support for a rifle company attacking a hill near Mignano, Italy, when the enemy counterattacked, forcing the riflemen and half the machine-gun platoon to retire to a defensive position. Private Lindstrom saw that his small section was alone and outnumbered five to one, yet he immediately deployed the few remaining men into position and opened fire with his single gun. The enemy centered fire on him with machine gun, machine pistols, and grenades. Unable to knock out the enemy nest from his original position, Private Lindstrom picked up his own

heavy machine gun and staggered 15 yards up the barren, rocky hillside to a new position, completely ignoring enemy small-arms fire which was striking all around him. From this new site, only 10 yards from the enemy machine gun, he engaged it in an intense duel. Realizing that he could not hit the hostile gunners because they were behind a large rock, he charged uphill under a steady stream of fire, killed both gunners with his pistol and dragged their gun down to his own men, directing them to employ it against the enemy. Disregarding heavy rifle fire he returned to the enemy machine-gun nest for two boxes of ammunition, came back and resumed withering fire from his own gun. His spectacular performance completely broke up the German counterattack. Private Lindstrom demonstrated aggressive spirit and complete fearlessness in the face of almost certain death. Entered Service at: Colorado Springs, Colo. Buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Block 230, space 778, Colorado Springs, Colo. North end, find Section S marker. 9 rows east of marker, 5th site from north end. Marker is a double marker with Mother.

On June 21, 2000, 21 Asian-American World War II heroes had their Distinguished Service Crosses upgraded to Medals of Honor during White House ceremonies. Among the recipients was George T. Sakato of Denver. George Sakato still lives in Denver and is a member of the Nisei American Legion Post 185.

GEORGE T. SAKATO

Sergeant, 442nd Regimental Combat Team, Japanese - American unit, U. S. Army.

Place and date: Hill 617 in vicinity of Biffontaine, France. Oct. 29, 1944.

George T. Sakato's citation reads in part, "distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism in action on Oct. 29, 1944, on Hill 617 in the vicinity of Biffontaine, France." His unit was pinned down by heavy enemy fire. Disregarding the enemy fire Private Sakato made a one-man rush that encouraged his platoon to charge and destroy the enemy strong point. He proved to be the inspiration of his squad in halting a counter-attack on the left flank during which his squad leader was killed. Taking charge of the squad, he continued his relentless tactics, using an enemy rifle and a P-38 pistol to stop an organized enemy attack. During this entire action he killed 12 and wounded two, personally captured four and assisted his platoon in taking 34 prisoners. He turned impending defeat into victory and helped his platoon to complete its mission.

FAR EAST (AUGUST 1942 - NOVEMBER 1943)

*WALKER, KENNETH N. (Air Mission)

Brigadier General, Commander of Fifth Bomber Command.

Place and date: Rabaul, New Britain, Jan. 5, 1943.

Entered Service at: Colorado

Enlisted as PFC in Aviation Section of the U. S. Army, 1917, probably at Ft. Logan, Colorado.

Kenneth N. Walker entered active service in 1918 as a command Second Lieutenant

Citation: For conspicuous leadership above and beyond the call of duty involving personal valor and intrepidity at an extreme hazard to life. As Com-

mander of the Fifth Bomber Command during the period from Sept. 5, 1942 to Jan. 5, 1943. Brigadier General Walker repeatedly accompanied his units on bombing missions deep into enemy-held territory. From the lessons personally gained under combat conditions, he developed a highly efficient technique for bombing when opposed by enemy fighter airplanes and by anti-aircraft fire. On Jan. 5, 1943, in the face of extremely heavy anti-aircraft fire and determined opposition by enemy fighters, he led an effective daylight bombing attack against shipping in the harbor at Rabaul, New Britain, which resulted in direct hits on nine enemy vessels. During this action his airplane was disabled and forced down by the attack of an overwhelming number of enemy fighters.

*MARTINEZ, JOE P.

Private, Company K, 32nd Infantry, 7th Infantry Division.

Place and date: On Attu, Aleutian Islands. May 26, 1943.

Citation: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty in action with the enemy. Over a period of several days, repeated efforts to drive the enemy from a key defensive position high in the snow-covered precipitous mountains between East Arm Holtz Bay and Chichagof Harbor had failed. On May 26, 1943, troop dispositions were readjusted and a trial coordinated attack on this position by a reinforced battalion was launched. Initially successful, the attack hesitated. In the face of severe hostile machine-gun, rifle, and mortar fire, Private Martinez, an automatic rifleman, rose to his feet and resumed his advance. Occasionally he stopped to urge his comrades on. His

example inspired others to follow. After a most difficult climb, Private Martinez eliminated resistance from part of the enemy position by BAR fire and hand grenades, thus assisting the advance of other attacking elements. This success only partially completed the action. The main Holta-Chichagof Pass rose about 150 feet higher, flanked by steep rocky ridges and reached by a snow-filled defile. Passage was barred by enemy fire from either flank and from tiers of snow trenches in front. Despite these obstacles, and knowing of their existence, Private Martinez again led the troops on and up, personally silencing several trenches with a BAR rifle and ultimately reaching the pass itself. Here, just below the knifelike rim of the pass, Private Martinez encountered a final enemy-occupied trench and as he was engaged in firing into it he was mortally wounded. The pass, however, was taken, and its capture was an important preliminary to the end of organized hostile resistance on the island.

Entered Service: Ault, Colo.

Buried in City Cemetery, Ault, Colo.

Joe Martinez was the first man from Colorado to be awarded the Medal of Honor in World War II. He was also the first Hispanic-American to be awarded the Medal of Honor during World War II. There is a nice bronze statue of Joe Martinez in the Ault City Park.

FRANCE (1944)

MAXWELL, ROBERT O.

Technician Fifth Grade, 7th Infantry, 3d Infantry Division.

Place and date: Near Besancon, France. Sept. 7, 1944.

Citation: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at risk of life above

and beyond the call of duty on Sept. 7, 1944, near Besancon, France. Technician Fifth Grade Maxwell and three other soldiers, armed only with .45-caliber automatic pistols, defended the battalion observation post against an overwhelming onslaught by enemy infantrymen in approximately platoon strength, supported by 20mm flak and machine-gun fire, who had infiltrated through the battalion's forward companies and were attacking the observation post with machine-gun, machine-pistol, and grenade fire at ranges as close as 16 yards. Despite a hail of fire from automatic weapons and grenade launchers, Technician Fifth Grade Maxwell aggressively fought off advancing enemy elements, and by his calmness, tenacity, and fortitude, inspired his fellows to continue the unequal struggle. When an enemy hand grenade was thrown in the midst of his squad, Technician Fifth Grade Maxwell unhesitatingly hurled himself squarely upon it, using his blanket and in unprotected body to absorb the full force of the explosion. This act of instantaneous heroism permanently maimed Technician Fifth Grade Maxwell, but saved the lives of his comrades in arms and facilitated maintenance of vital military communications during the temporary withdrawal of the battalion's forward headquarters.

Entered Service: Laramie County, Colo.
WARE, KEITH L.

Lt. Colonel, 1st Battalion, 15th Infantry, 3rd Infantry Division.

Place and date: Near Sigolsheim, France, Dec. 26, 1944.

Citation: Commanding the first battalion attacking a strongly held enemy position on a hill near Sigolsheim, France, on Dec. 26, 1944, found that one of his

assault companies had been stopped and forced to dig in by a concentration of enemy artillery, mortar, and machine-gun fire. The company had suffered casualties in attempting to take the hill. Realizing that his men must be inspired to new courage, Col. Ware went forward 150 yards beyond the most forward elements of his command, and for two hours reconnoitered the enemy positions, deliberately drawing fire upon himself which caused the enemy to disclose his dispositions. Returning to his company, he armed himself with an automatic rifle and boldly advance upon the enemy, followed by two officers, nine enlisted men and a tank. Approaching an enemy machine gun, Col. Ware shot two German riflemen and fired tracers into the emplacement, indicating its position to his tank, which promptly knocked the gun out of action. Col. Ware turned his attention to a second machine gun, killing two of its supporting riflemen and forcing the others to surrender. The tank destroyed the gun. Having expended the ammunition for the automatic rifle, Col. Ware took up an M1 rifle, killed a German rifleman, and fired upon a third machine gun 50 yards away. His tank silenced the gun. Upon his approach to a fourth machine gun, its supporting riflemen surrendered and his tank disposed of the gun. During this action Col. Ware's small assault group was fully engaged in attacking enemy positions that were not receiving his direct and personal attention. Five of his party of 11 were casualties and Colonel Ware was wounded, but, refused medical attention until this important hill position was cleared of the enemy and securely occupied by his command.

Born: Denver, Colo.

PLOESTI RAIDS (JUNE-JULY 1944)

*PUCKET, DONALD D.

First Lt., 98th Bombardment Group.
Place and date: Ploesti Raid, Rumania.
July 9, 1944.

Citation: He took part in a highly effective attack against vital oil installation in Ploesti, Rumania, on July 9, 1944. Just after "bombs away" the plane received heavy and direct hits from anti-aircraft fire. One crew member was instantly killed and six others severely wounded. The airplane was badly damaged, two engines were knocked out, the control cables cut, the oxygen system on fire, and the bomb bay flooded with gas and hydraulic fluid. Regaining control of his crippled plane, Lt. Pucket turned its direction over to the copilot. He calmed the crew, administered first aid, and surveyed the damage. Finding the bomb-bay doors jammed, he used the hand crank to open the doors. He jettisoned all guns and equipment but the plane continued to lose altitude rapidly. Realizing that it would be impossible to reach friendly territory he ordered the crew to abandon ship. Three of the crew, uncontrollable from fright or shock, would not leave. Lt. Pucket urged the others to jump. Ignoring their entreaties to follow, he refused to abandon the three hysterical men and was last seen fighting to regain control of the plane. A few moments later the flaming bomber crashed on a mountain-side. Lt. Pucket, unhesitatingly and with supreme sacrifice, gave his life in his courageous attempt to save the lives of three others.

Entered service at Boulder, Colo.

Born: Longmont, Colo.

PACIFIC THEATER

*FRYAR, ELMER E.

Private, Company E, 511th Parachute Infantry, 11th Airborne Division.

Place and date: Leyte, Philippine Islands, Dec. 8, 1944.

Citation: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty. Pvt. Fryar's battalion encountered the enemy strongly entrenched in a position supported by mortars and automatic weapons. The battalion attacked, but in spite of repeated efforts was unable to take the position. Private Fryar's company was ordered to cover the battalion's withdrawal to a more suitable point from which to attack, but the enemy launched a strong counterattack which threatened to cut off the company. Seeing an enemy platoon moving to outflank his company, he moved to higher ground and opened heavy and accurate fire. He was hit and wounded, but continuing his attack he drove the enemy back with a loss of 27 killed. While withdrawing to overtake his squad, he found a seriously wounded comrade, helped him to the rear, and soon overtook his platoon leader, who was assisting another wounded. While these four were moving to rejoin their platoon, an enemy sniper appeared and aimed his weapon at the platoon leader. Private Fryar instantly sprang forward, received the full burst of automatic fire in his own body and fell mortally wounded. With his remaining strength he threw a hand grenade and killed the sniper. Private Fryar's indomitable fighting spirit and extraordinary gallantry above and beyond the call of duty contributed outstandingly to the success of the battalion's withdrawal and its subsequent attack and defeat of the en-

emy. His heroic action in unhesitatingly giving his own life for his comrade in arms exemplifies the highest tradition of the armed forces of the United States.

Born: Denver, Colo.

Entered Service at: Denver, Colo.

NAVY - MARINE CORPS

McCANDLESS, BRUCE

Commander. U. S. Navy, U.S.S. San Francisco.

Place and date: Battle off Savo Island, Nov. 12-13, 1942.

Other Navy award: Silver Star.

Citation: In the midst of a violent night engagement, the fire of a determined and desperate enemy seriously wounded Lt. Commander McCandless and rendered him unconscious, killed or wounded the admiral in command, his staff, the captain of the ship, the navigator, and all other personnel on the navigating and signal bridges. Faced with the lack of superior command upon his recovery, and displaying superb initiative, he promptly assumed command of the ship and ordered her course and gunfire against an overwhelmingly powerful force. With the superiors in other vessels unaware of the loss of their admiral, and challenged by his great responsibility, Lt. Commander McCandless boldly continued to engage the enemy and to lead our column of following vessels to a great victory. Largely through his brilliant seamanship and great courage, the U.S.S. San Francisco was brought back to port, and saved to fight again in the service of her country.

Born: Washington. His family were prominent citizens of Florence, Colo., where he grew up. He attended the Naval Academy and is buried at the Naval Academy.

Entered service: Colorado.

In 1993 four Medal of Honor recipients who called Pueblo, Colo. their home were honored at the July 4th celebration in their honor. Four months later it was proposed by a group of Pueblo residents that the Pueblo adopt a new city motto, "The Home of Heroes," given its standing as the home of the most surviving Medal of Honor recipients. The United States Congress officially recognized Pueblo's new motto.

The four men were:

Crawford. William J., Pvt, USA, Sep. 13, 1943 (W.W.II)

Sitter, Carl L., Capt. USMC Feb. 3, 1950 (Korean War)

Murphy, Raymond G., 2 LT. USMC. Feb. 3, 1953 (Korean War)

Dix. Drew D., S/Sgt. USA, Jan. 31 and Feb. 1, 1968 (Vietnam War)

MUNRO, DOUGLAS, ALBERT

(Only Coast Guardsman to receive the Medal of Honor) Signalmen First Class. U. S. Coast Guard.

Citation: Petty Officer in charge of a group of 24 Higgins boats, engaged in the evacuation of a battalion of marines trapped by enemy Japanese forces at Point Cruz, Guadalcanal, on Sept. 27, 1942. After making preliminary plans for the evacuation of nearly 500 beleaguered marines, Munro under constant strafing by enemy machine guns of the island, and at great risk of his life, daringly led five of his small craft toward the shore. As he closed on the beach, he signaled the others to land, and then in order to draw the enemy's fire and protect the heavily loaded boats, he valiantly placed his craft with its two small guns as a shield between the

beachhead and the Japanese. When the perilous task of evacuation was nearly completed, Munro was instantly killed by enemy fire.

KOREAN WAR

June, 1950 - July, 1953

Medals of Honor awarded -131

The U. S. Air Force was born on July 26, 1947 when President Truman signed the National Security Act of 1947. In 1956 Congress enacted legislation to create the Air Force Medal of Honor.

The men who were awarded the Medal of Honor during the Korean War with Colorado connections are:

MURPHY, RAYMOND G.

Second Lt., U.S.M.C, Company C, 1st Battalion, 5th Marines, 1st Marine Division.

Place and date: North of Panmunjom, North Korea, Feb. 2, 1953.

Citation: Although wounded, Second Lt. Murphy refused medical aid and led his men in supporting an attack on entrenched hostile forces. Murphy repeatedly exposed himself to danger while assisting and evacuating wounded marines and was again wounded himself. He continued to refuse medical assistance until assured that every one of his men, including all casualties, had preceded him to safety. Murphy had previously been awarded a Silver Star for his bravery and concern for his men during action Nov. 22, 1952.

Entered the service: Pueblo, Colo.

SITTER, CARL L.

Capt., U.S.M.C, Co. B, 1st Battalion, 31st Infantry, 1st Marine Division.

Place and date: Near Chosin Reservoir, North Korea, Nov., 1950.

Sitter enlisted in the marines in June 1940 after graduating from high school

in Pueblo, Colo. He saw action as a platoon leader at Eniwetok, where he was wounded on Feb. 20, 1944. Five months later, he was wounded a second time in the fight to retake Guam. He applied for a regular commission at the end of the war, and was accepted. He received his orders to Korea in Aug. 1950.

Citation: Ordered to break through enemy-infested territory to reinforce his battalion the early morning of Nov. 29, Capt. Sitter continuously exposed himself to enemy fire as he led his company forward and, despite 25-percent casualties suffered in the furious action, succeeded in driving through to his objective. Assuming the responsibility of attempting to seize and occupy a strategic area occupied by a hostile force deeply entrenched on a snow-covered hill commanding the entire valley southeast of the town, as well as the line of march of friendly troops withdrawing to the south, he reorganized his depleted units the following morning and boldly led them up the steep, frozen hillside under blistering fire, encouraging and redeploying his troops as casualties occurred and directing forward platoons as they continued the drive to the top of the ridge. During the night when a vastly outnumbering enemy launched a sudden, vicious counterattack, setting the hill ablaze with mortar, machine gun and automatic-weapons fire, and taking a heavy toll in troops, Capt. Sitter visited each foxhole and gun position, coolly deploying and integrating reinforcing units consisting of personnel unfamiliar with the infantry tactics into a coordinated combat team and instilling in every man the will and determination to hold his position at all costs. With the enemy penetrating his

lines in repeated counterattacks which often required hand-to-hand combat and, on one occasion infiltrating to the command post with hand grenades, he fought gallantly with his men in repulsing and killing the fanatical attackers in each encounter. Painfully wounded in the face, arms, and chest by grenades, he staunchly refused to be evacuated and continued to fight on until a successful defense of the area was assured, with a loss to the enemy of more than 50 percent dead, wounded and captured. His valiant leadership, superb tactics, and great personal valor throughout 36 hours of bitter combat reflect the highest credit upon Capt. Sitter and the United States naval service. After receiving the Medal of Honor at the White House on Oct. 29, 1951, he remained in the Marine Corps, and attained the rank of colonel before retirement.

Entered Service: Pueblo, Colo.

KOREAN WAR, The Truce

The original scheduled date for the signing the armistice was July 24, 1953. However, maps of the demarcation line and the DMZ had to be printed and verified, the construction of the building for the ceremony was not yet complete, and other differences of opinion had broken out over the actual signing procedure. The ceremony was postponed until July 27, 1953. The delay gave the Communists time to throw one last punch at the U.N. Men died needlessly on both sides: one became America's last Medal of Honor hero in this frustrating war.

*GUILLEN, AMBROSIO
Staff Sergeant, Company F. 2nd Battalion, 7th Marines.

Place and date: Demarcation Military Zone, Korea. July 25, 1953.

Ambrosio Guillen was born in La Junta, Colo., Dec. 7, 1929, but grew up in El Paso, Texas. He left school to join the Marines when he was 18 years old. He became a drill instructor, and left for Korea in the spring of 1953.

Citation: On the night of July 25, Guillen was the sergeant in charge of his company's reaction platoon. The Chinese attacked about nine o'clock that night under a mortar barrage. Under Guillen's command his platoon battled the Chinese to a halt. He repeatedly exposed himself to the enemy's fire as he rushed to the weak spots along the perimeter. Several times he moved across bullet-swept ground to go to the aid of wounded marines. He pulled them to safety, applied first aid, then saw them to the evacuation point. The Chinese rallied for a final attack, hitting the marines with a ferocious intensity. Some Chinese overran the positions, dropping into bunkers and trenches. Guillen gathered the men around him and led them in a classic infantry attack right down the trench. During the close-quarters battle of rifle shots and clank of cold steel, Guillen was mortally wounded. Guillen shrugged off the men who tried to pull him to cover. "That can wait until we push 'em the hell back where to they came from!" It took another two hours of brutal fighting before the Chinese finally withdrew. By that time it was too late for Guillen. Those marines who survived this last vicious battle knew they owed their lives to the valiant leadership of Sergeant Guillen. Less than 36 hours after Guillen led his platoon into battle, the final armistice papers were signed at Panmunjom, at

10:12 A.M., July 27, 1953, the war was finally over.

Born: La Junta, Colo., Dec. 7, 1929.
Entered Service: Pueblo, Colo.

VIETNAM WAR (1964 -1975)

Medals of Honor awarded - 238

The men with Colorado connections who have were awarded the Medal of Honor during the Vietnam War are:

***YABES, MAKIMO**

1st Sgt., Company A, 4th Battalion, 9th Infantry, 25th Infantry Division.

Place and date: Near Phu Hoa Dong, Republic of Vietnam, Feb. 26, 1967

Citation: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty. First Sgt. Yabes distinguished himself with Company A, which was providing security for a land clearing operation. Early in the morning the company suddenly came under intense automatic weapons and mortar fire followed by a battalion-sized assault from three sides. Penetrating the defensive perimeter the enemy advanced on the company command post bunker. The command post received increasingly heavy fire and was in danger of being overwhelmed. When several enemy grenades landed within the command post, 1st Sgt. Yabes shouted a warning and used his body as a shield to protect others in the bunker. Although painfully wounded by numerous grenade fragments, and despite the vicious enemy fire on the bunker, he remained there to provide covering fire and enable the others in the command group to relocate. When the command group had reached a new position, First Sgt. Yabes moved through a withering hail of enemy fire to another bunker 50 meters away. There he secured a gre-

nade launcher from a fallen comrade and fired point blank into the attacking Viet Cong stopping further penetration of the perimeter. Noting two wounded men helpless in the fire swept area, he moved them to a safer position where they could be given medical treatment. He resumed his accurate and effective fire killing several enemy soldiers and forcing others to withdraw from the vicinity of the command post. As the battle continued, he observed an enemy machine gun within the perimeter which threatened the whole position. On his own, he dashed across the exposed area, assaulted the machine gun, killed the crew, destroyed the weapon, and fell mortally wounded. First Sgt. Yabes' valiant and selfless actions saved the lives of many of his fellow soldiers and inspired his comrades to effectively repel the enemy assault.

Buried: National Cemetery, March 6, 1967. Block R Site 369, Ft. Logan, Colo.

*YOUNG, GERALD O.

Capt., U.S. Air Force, 37th ARS Da Nang AFB, Republic of Vietnam. Place and date: Khesanh, Nov. 9, 1967. Citation: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty. Capt. Young distinguished himself while serving as a helicopter rescue crew commander. Capt. Young was flying escort for another helicopter attempting the night rescue of an Army ground reconnaissance team in imminent danger of death or capture. Previous attempts had resulted in the loss of two helicopters to hostile ground fire. The endangered team was positioned on the side of a steep slope which required unusual air-manship on the part of Capt. Young to

effect pickup. Heavy automatic weapons fire from the surrounding enemy severely damaged one rescue helicopter, but it was able to extract three of the team. The commander of this aircraft recommended to Capt. Young that further rescue attempts be abandoned because it was not possible to suppress the concentrated fire from enemy automatic weapons. With full knowledge of the danger involved, and the fact that supporting helicopter gun ships were low on fuel and ordnance. Capt. Young hovered under intense fire until the remaining survivors were aboard. As he maneuvered the aircraft for takeoff, the enemy appeared at pointblank range and raked the aircraft with automatic weapons fire. The aircraft crashed, inverted, and burst into flames. Capt. Young escaped through a window of the burning aircraft. Disregarding serious burns, Capt. Young aided one of the wounded men and attempted to lead the hostile forces away from his position. Later, despite intense pain from his burns, he declined to accept rescue because he had observed hostile forces setting up automatic weapons positions to entrap any rescue aircraft. For more than 17 hours he evaded the enemy until rescue aircraft could be brought into the area. Through his extraordinary heroism, aggressiveness, and concern for his fellow man, Capt. Young reflected the highest credit upon himself, the U. S. Air Force, and the Armed Forces of his country. Entered Service at: Colorado Springs, Colo.

*McWETHY, EDGAR L., Jr. Specialist Fifth Class, U. S. Army, Company B, 1st Battalion, 5th Cavalry 1st Cavalry Division (Air mobile). 173rd Airborne Brigade.

Place and date: Binh Dinh Province, Republic of Vietnam, June 21, 1967. Citation: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity in action at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty. Serving as a medical aid man with Company B, Sp5c. McWethy accompanied his platoon to the site of a downed helicopter. Shortly after the platoon established a defensive perimeter around the aircraft, a large enemy force attacked the position from three sides with a heavy volume of automatic weapons fire and grenades. The platoon leader and his radio operator were wounded almost immediately, and Sp5c. McWethy rushed across the fire-swept area to their assistance. Although he could not help the mortally wounded radio operator, Sp5c. McWethy's timely first aid enabled the platoon leader to retain command during this critical period. Hearing a call for aid, Sp5c. McWethy started across the open toward the injured men, but was wounded in the head and knocked to the ground. He regained his feet and continued on but was hit again, this time in the leg. Struggling onward despite his wounds, he gained the side of his comrades and treated their injuries. Observing another fallen rifleman lying in an exposed position raked by enemy fire, Sp5c. McWethy moved toward him without hesitation. Although the enemy fire wounded him a third time, Sp5c. McWethy reached his fallen companion. Though weakened and in extreme pain, Sp5c. McWethy gave the wounded man artificial respiration but suffered a fourth and fatal wound. Through his indomitable courage, complete disregard for his safety, and demonstrated concern for his fellow soldiers, he inspired

the members of his platoon and contributed in great measure to their successful defense of the position and the ultimate rout of the enemy force.

Entered service at: Denver, Colo.

Born: Nov. 22, 1944. Leadville, Colo.

Hometown: Leadville, Colo.

DIX, DREW D.

Staff Sergeant, IV Corp, Military Assistance Command, USA.

Place and date: Chau Doc Province.

Jan. 31 - Feb. 1, 1968.

Citation: Two heavily armed VC battalions attacked Chau Phu, the capital of Chau Doc Province, completely breaking down the defenses of the city. Staff Sgt. Drew is credited with single-handed driving the VC out. For two days, Dix lead repeated attacks against enemy strong points in the city. Leading by personal example, Dix continually inspired his ARVN troops to new heights of heroism. In fierce street fighting Dix knocked out position after position. The Pueblo, Colo. resident captured over 20 VC, killed 40, and rescued no less than 20 U.S. and free-world civilians from imprisonment.

Home town: Pueblo, Colo.

Entered service: Denver, Colo.

*ADAMS, WILLIAM E.

Major, 227 Assault Helicopter Co.,

52nd Aviation Battalion, 1st Aviation Brigade.

Place and date: Kontum Province, Republic of Vietnam, May 25, 1971.

Citation: Major Adams distinguished himself on May 25, 1971, while serving as a helicopter pilot in Kontum Province. On that date, Major Adams volunteered to fly a lightly armed helicopter in an attempt to evacuate three seriously wounded soldiers from a small fire base which was under attack by a

large enemy force. He made the decision with full knowledge that numerous anti-aircraft weapons were positioned around the base and that the clear weather would afford the enemy gunners unobstructed view of all routes into the base. As he approached the base, the enemy gunners opened fire with heavy machine guns, rocket-propelled grenades and small arms. Undaunted by the fusillade, he continued his approach determined to accomplish the mission. Displaying tremendous courage under fire, he calmly directed the attacks of supporting gun ships while maintaining absolute control of the helicopter he was flying. He landed the aircraft at the fire base despite the ever-increasing enemy fire and calmly waited until the wounded soldiers were placed on board. As the aircraft departed from the fire base, it was struck and seriously damaged by enemy anti-aircraft fire and began descending. Flying with exceptional skill, he immediately regained control of the crippled aircraft and attempted a controlled landing. Despite his valiant efforts, the helicopter exploded, overturned, and plummeted to earth amid the hail of enemy fire. Buried National Cemetery, July 14, 1971. Block P Site 3831, Ft. Logan, Colo.

The back of his monument reads:
 COLORADO, 227 AVN CO
 SS--4 DFC-2 BSM
 MSM - 30 AM
 3 ARCOM - PH

These awards are as follows: Medal of Honor: rank of award. - 1st. Awarded for Gallantly and intrepidity at the risk of life above and beyond the call of duty. Silver Star: rank of award. - 3rd. Awarded for Gallantry in action. Four

Distinguished Flying Crosses: rank of award - 4th. Distinguished himself while participating in aerial flight. Two Base Service Medals. Meritorious achievement in military operations against the enemy (not in aerial flight). Meritorious Service Medal: Outstanding non-combat achievement. Thirty Air Medals: Meritorious achievement while in flight or for single acts - sustained operational achievement against the enemy. Three Air Recon Combat Medals. Purple Heart: Wounded and required attention by a medical officer, received while in action against the enemy.

U. S. NAVY

*COKER, RONALD L.

Private First Class, U. S. Marine Corps. Company M, 3rd Battalion, 3rd Marine Division (Rein), FMF.

Place and date: Quang Tri Province, Republic of Vietnam, Mar. 24, 1969. In the records published by the War Department, Private Coker is listed as being born in Alliance, Colo. There is no Alliance, Colo. listed in the Post Office register. Alliance, Nebr. is just across the border, a clerk must have made a mistake of writing Alliance, Colo. Mr. James E. Potter, Historian editor of the Nebraska State Historical Society furnished considerable information on Ronald Coker. Ronald Coker, grew up on a farm northeast of Alliance and graduated from Alliance High School in 1965. He also attended an Automotive School in Denver, Colorado, and entered the service at Denver, Colorado, April 16, 1968.

Citation: For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life above and beyond the call of duty while serving as a rifleman with Company M in action against enemy forces.

While serving as point man for the 2nd Platoon, Pfc. Coker was leading his patrol when he encountered five enemy soldiers on a narrow jungle trail. Pfc. Coker's squad aggressively pursued them to a cave. As the squad neared the cave, it came under intense hostile fire, seriously wounding one marine and forcing the others to take cover. Observing the wounded man lying exposed to continuous enemy fire, Pfc. Coker disregarded his safety and moved across the fire-swept terrain toward his companion. Although wounded by enemy small-arms fire, he continued to crawl across the hazardous area and skillfully threw a hand grenade into the enemy positions, suppressing the hostile fire sufficiently to enable him to reach the wounded man. As he began to drag his injured comrade toward safety, a grenade landed on the wounded marine. Unhesitatingly, Pfc. Coker grasped it with both hands and turned away from his wounded companion, but before he could dispose of the grenade it exploded. Severely wounded, but undaunted, he refused to abandon his comrade. As he moved toward friendly lines, two more enemy grenades exploded near him, inflicting still further injuries. Concerned only for the safety of his comrade, Pfc. Coker, with supreme effort continued to crawl and pull the wounded Marine with him. His heroic deeds inspired his fellow marines to such aggressive action that the enemy fire was suppressed sufficiently to enable others to reach him and carry him to a relatively safe area where he succumbed to his extensive wounds. Entered service at: Denver, Colo. Born: Aug. 9, 1947, Alliance, Nebr. Buried: Alliance, Nebr.

U. S. AIR FORCE

*SIJAN, LANCE P.

Capt. U. S. Air Force, 4th Allied POW Wing. Pilot of an F-4C aircraft. Place and date: North Vietnam, Nov. 9, 1942.

Graduating Class: Air Force Academy 1965, Colorado Springs, Colo. First Air Force Academy graduate to receive the Medal of Honor. Captain Lance P. Sijan ejected from his disabled aircraft over north Viet Nam on Nov. 9, 1967, and evaded capture for more than six weeks. Seriously injured, suffering from dehydration and extreme weight loss, he was finally captured and taken to a holding point. In his emaciated and crippled condition, he overpowered his guard and escaped but was recaptured. Imprisoned and kept in solitary confinement, interrogated, and severely tortured he still divulged no information. Captain Sijan lapsed in delirium and was placed in the care of another prisoner. During periods of consciousness, until his death, he never complained of his physical condition and on several occasions, spoke of future escape attempts. He died on Jan. 22, 1968. Captain Sijan is one of the most revered Medal of Honor men. Over 36,000 graduates of the Academy have studied his heroics. At the Air Force Academy there is a dormitory named in his honor, a memorial in the visitors center, and his room in the cadets dormitory is preserved as a room of inspiration to the cadets.

*SWANSON, JON E.

On May 1, 2002, President Bush presented a Medal of Honor (posthumous) to the widow of Army Capt. Jon E. Swanson. Capt. Swanson who had lived in Denver most of his life, was a 1965 graduate of Colorado State University.

Iraq War 2003

Two men have been nominated for a Medal of Honor in the Iraq War.

***SMITH, PAUL**

Sgt. 1st Class United States Army

Place and date: Baghdad International Airport, Baghdad, Iraq. Apr. 4, 2003

Citation: Sgt. 1st Class Paul Smith was in charge of a task force that was working near the airport when his platoon of over 100 men was made

vulnerable by a large number of the enemy. He personally, with hand grenades and an anti-tank weapon and a partially disabled 50-caliber machine gun, killed as many as 50 enemy soldiers, repelling the enemy and rescued numerous wounded companions. He was a helicopter pilot who was killed in 1971 in the "secret war" in Cambodia.

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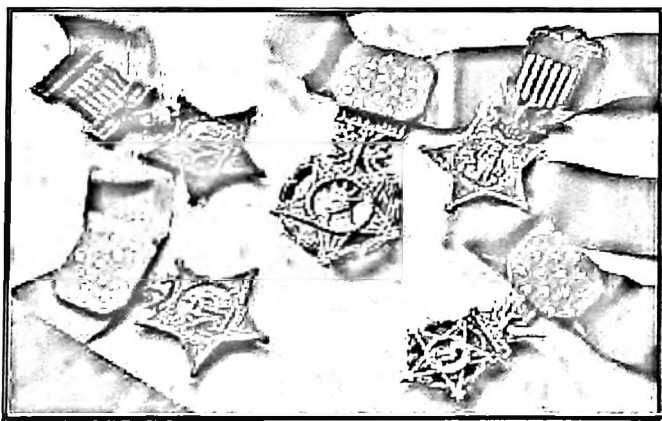
Medal of Honor Recipients Buried in Colorado

Medal of Honor Statistics

Air Force Decorations, Medal of Honor

The Medal of Honor

Home of Heroes



Over the corral rail

Welcome New Members

We welcome the following new members to the Denver Posse:

Annette Gray of Castle Rock, CO. Annette works with the Douglas County History Research Center and is interested in women's history.

Bob Snelson of Colorado Springs, referred by Jeff Broome, is interested in the Indian Wars, the Civil War and Colorado History. He has published two books on the Battle of Little Big Horn.

Patsy Caraway of Lafayette, CO, referred by Janet Greiner. Patsy is interested in fur traders and the mountain men.

Jim Winn of Aurora joined us and is interested in photography.

R. Harry Spalding of Littleton is a past President of Colorado Sons of the American Revolution. He is also a five-time winner of Denver City trivia. He is interested in Colorado and Denver history.

Jack Nuanes of Denver comes to us with an interest in Denver history.

An honor to be a Reserve member

Dr. Henry Toll, Jr. has requested Reserve Posse status. Dr. Toll first started attending the Denver Westerners with his father, who was a charter member, in 1945. Dr. Toll was Sheriff in 1987 and was awarded the Lifetime Achievement Award in 2001.

Published article

Posse Member Jeff Broome had his article about the Hungate Massacre published in the June **Wild West** magazine.



Westerners Bookshelf

Eva Emery Dye: Romance with the West, by Sheri Bartlett Browne. Oregon State University Press, Corvallis, Oregon 2004. 186 pp. Table of contents, notes, bibliography, index. Paper \$24.95

In this first biography of Eva Emery Dye, Sheri Bartlett Browne chronicles the life of one of Oregon's most successful early writers. Drawing on previously unknown letters and diaries, Browne examines Dye's determination to write historical fiction, the history of her involvement in the suffrage movement, and her lifelong promotion of education through the Chatautauqua movement.

Dye is best remembered for *The Conquest*, one of the first fictional works to popularize (and romanticize) the Lewis and Clark Expedition, in which she introduced a new American heroine, Sacagawea. Although the book's portrayal enhanced the young Shoshone's role, it was Dye's later efforts to memorialize her with statues and speeches that turned Sacagawea into an American icon.

Dye's most extensive project was a historical novel recounting the achievements of nineteenth-century American missionaries in Hawaii. Completed in the 1920s but never published, her manuscript promoted a controversial view of American influence in Hawaii. Dye wrote one last book, *The Soul of America*, which examined the accomplishments and perseverance of pioneer women.

Eva Emory Dye: Romance with the West offers a fascinating look at a figure once prominent in literary and suffrage circles in the Pacific Northwest, and highlights the significance of family and education in women's lives at the turn of the century.

Stephen Dow Beckham, Pamplin Professor of History at Lewis & Clark College states: "Eva Emory Dye was a woman of remarkable abilities, who played a major role in the construction of the persona of Sacagawea, in the Oregon suffrage movement, and in the development of popular culture in the Pacific Northwest. Sheri Bartlett Browne's biography brings to center stage a major figure in the literary life of the first half of the twentieth century in the Pacific Northwest."

Sheri Bartlett Browne is Assistant Professor of History at Tennessee State University.

—Dorothy L. Krieger, P.M.

On Colfax Avenue: A Victorian Childhood by Elizabeth Young. University Press of Colorado, Boulder, 2004. 144 pp. 14 black and white photographs. Paper \$14.95.

The cover of *On Colfax Avenue: A Victorian Childhood* shows a photograph of three young children. They are Edmund Rogers, Elizabeth Young and Ruth Rogers, friends, neighbors and cohorts in many escapades in Denver in the 1890s. Edmund and Ruth Rogers were the youngest siblings of James Grafton Rogers, Colorado historian and naturalist. Edmund became the superintendent of Rocky Mountain National Park. Elizabeth Young was the daughter of Frank C. Young, author of two very collectible books on Colorado history, *Echoes from Arcadia* and *Across the Plains in '65*.

Elizabeth recounts many adventures of this fearless trio. They tied a sled to a horse-drawn wagon and had a wild ride which came to a scary abrupt end. Another time they climbed the scaffolding to the top of the dome on the Christian Science Church which was under construction. Again they escaped unharmed. Also of interest to this reviewer was the time they attended the Festival of Mountains and Plains. The three children were alone, no adults went with them and it was a dark evening. The crowds jostled and pushed until the children were separated, although they all finally found their way home. Not all the book is about childhood; the author included recollections of important people, places and events in a growing but young Denver.

In her later life, Elizabeth wrote this book of her early memories. She had studied music, married and had children. I found this book easy to read and a delightful account of one person's own Denver history.

—Nancy Bathke, P.M.

Early American Toys & Games: a how to guide, by Charles W. Overstreet. Western Reflections Publishing Company, Montrose, Colo. 2003. 208 pp. Table of contents, illustrations. Paper, \$12.95

We are taken back to our youth with the toys and games shared in this delightful publication. Included are complete instructions for playing 46 games and making 75 classic toys like our grandparents enjoyed in their youth. Using simple tools and easily obtained materials with the easy-to-follow instructions, craftsmen will be pleased with their creation from an earlier time in history.

You can create crafts like those seen at old-time shows and places such as Silver Dollar City, Missouri. Do you remember the afternoon you spent carving a soap animal or making a whistle or a periscope? My brother still has the steer-horn powder horn he created over 50 years ago displayed in his office, and you can make a hunting bugle as seen on page 163. There are games, like London Bridge and Train for the very young or games for older children like hopscotch and many others, whatever your choice. There are hours of educational, inexpensive entertainment for any child.

—Dorothy L. Krieger, P.M.

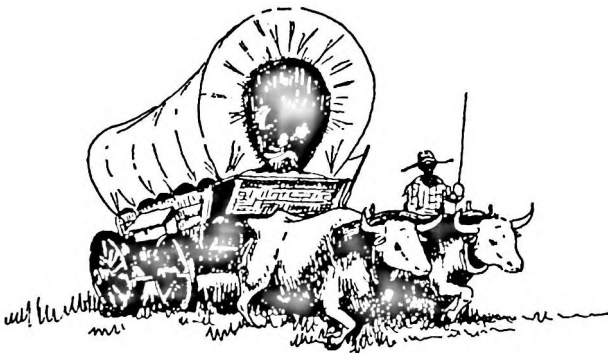
Sacajawea's People The Lemhi Shoshones and the Salmon River Country
by John W. W. Mann, University of Wisconsin-Eau Claire: University of Nebraska Press, 2004. 6 x 9 inches, 280 Pages, 7 maps, 3 photographs, index. Hardcover, \$24.95.

This book offers fascinating reading as it begins with the Northern creation myth featuring Coyote and his older wiser brother, Wolf. Coyote is depicted as the trickster and father of all Indians while Wolf is credited with the creation of the sun, the moon, and animals. The mythology gets your attention by its weirdness in relation of male to female. Then the book settles down to factual history which is very interesting and compelling reading and was well researched.

On October 20, 2001, a crowd gathered just east of Salmon, Idaho, to dedicate the site of the Sacajawea Interpretive, Cultural, and Education Center, in preparation for the Lewis and Clark Bicentennial. In a bitter instance of irony, the American Indian peoples conducting the ceremony dedicating the land to the tribe, the city of Salmon, and the nation - the Lemhi Shoshones, Sacajawea's own people - had been removed from their homeland nearly a hundred years earlier and had yet to regain official federal recognition as a tribe. This book tells the remarkable story of the Lemhi Shoshones, from their distant beginning to their present struggles.

John Mann offers an absorbing and richly detailed look at the life of Sacajawea's people before their first contact with non-Natives, their encounter with the Lewis and Clark Expedition in the early nineteenth century, and their subsequent confinement to a reservation in Northern Idaho near the town of Salmon. He follows the Lemhis from the liquidation of their reservation in 1907 to their forced union with the Shoshone-Bannock tribes of the Fort Hall Reservation to the south. He describes how for the past century, surrounded by more populous and powerful Native tribes, the Lemhis have fought to preserve their political, economic, and cultural integrity. His compelling and informative account should help to bring Sacajawea's people out of the long shadow of history and restore them to their rightful place in the American story.

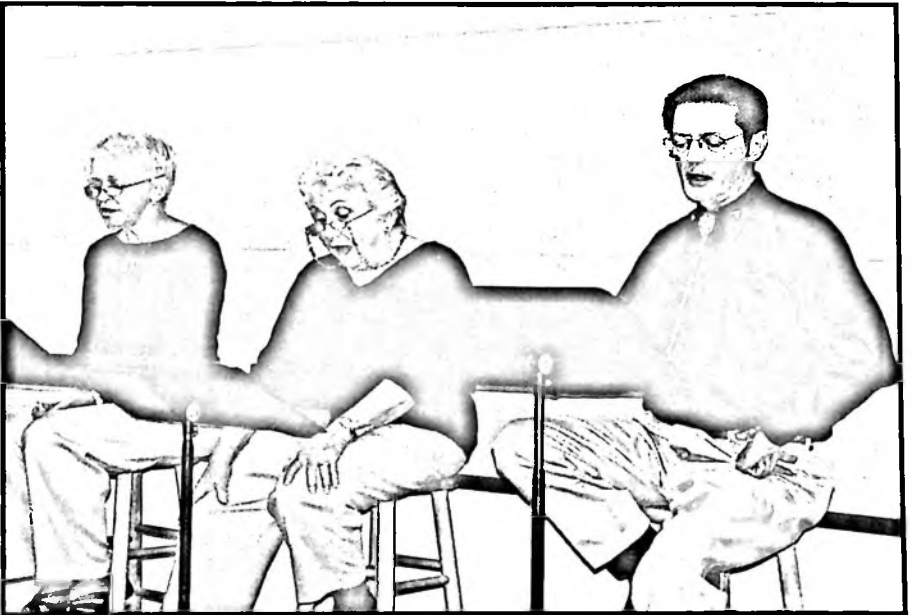
—Theodore P. Krieger, P.M.





The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

July - August 2006



The Orphan Train
A dramatical reading based on historic fact
by Max Smith, P.M.
(presented August 24, 2005)



Our author

Max was born on a ranch in Kay County, OK. He and his two brothers have been long-time members of the Denver Westerners. This is Max's third presentation to the Westerners.

Max received a BA in Theater/TV and a MA in Special Education from the University of Denver. He was an administrator and teacher in Special Ed in Littleton, CO, for 30 years. His hobbies have included community involvement in theater, music and the starting of the Littleton Historic Museum. He has written, directed, and performed in many plays, skits and programs for the Friends of the Littleton Library and Museum, Arapahoe Community College, Town Hall Art Center, Main Street Players, Colorado History Club, Littleton United Methodist Church, the City of Littleton and charity organizations.

Now retired, he enjoys writing dramatic historic readings. The Orphan Train has been performed for the Denver Westerners and several times for Littleton area clubs and churches. It was also performed in Abilene, KS, for a group interested in historical material of that area.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

VOL. LXII NO. 4



July - August 2006

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The Orphan Train

A dramatical reading based on historic fact

by Max Smith, P.M.
(presented August 24, 2005)

A Dramatic Reading for Four People.
Two Women, One Man and a Narrator.

Enter Henry, Dorothy, and Rose.
Dorothy takes the center stool. The song
could be sung by the actors or another
individual. The narrator enters after the
song.

SOMEWHERE OUT THERE

Somewhere out there beneath the pale
moonlight
Someone thinking of me and loving me
tonight.
Somewhere out there someone saying a
prayer
That we'll find one another in that big
somewhere out there.

And even though I know how very far
apart we are
It helps to think we might be wishin' on
the same bright star.
And where the night wind starts to sing a
lonesome lullaby
It helps to think we're sleeping under-
neath the same big sky.

Somewhere out there if love can see us
through
Then we'll be together somewhere out
there
Out where dreams come true.

NARRATOR:

Give us your tired, your poor, your
huddled masses yearning to be free...
A noble statement that is etched on the

base of the Statue of Liberty. However,
during the mid-1800s thousands of people
from other countries traded poverty, lack
of freedom and other hardships in their
home countries for poverty, disease and
hardships in the teeming cities of the east
coast of the United States of America.

From 1854 to 1930 thousands of orphans
and abandoned children were shipped by
rail from cities in the East to foster homes
in the rural Midwest. Some researchers
estimate as many as a half million children
were involved.

This is a dramatization of what might
have happened to three siblings on....The
Orphan Train.

(TRAIN WHISTLE)

(NARRATOR EXITS)

ALL:
Clickity clack, clickity clack, clickity
clack!

DOROTHY:
The year was 1890.

HENRY:
And I was cold!

ROSE:
The wind blew down the New York slum
streets chilling one to the bone. Throbbing
in the cold air you could hear the clickity
clack of a train.

HENRY:

It was a lonely hard world. I don't remember how long Mama had been gone. I think several years after you were born, Rose.

ROSE:

I really don't remember her at all. I always felt Dorothy was my mother.

DOROTHY:

I was eight! Only two years older than you. And Henry two years older than me.

ROSE:

I know, but you were the one I clung to during those years.

HENRY:

Then, after dad was gone, everything fell apart.

ALL:

Clickity clack, clickity clack, clickity clack!

DOROTHY:

Dad was nearly blind and deaf. It's no wonder he didn't hear or see the train that night. It took them a long time to sort out who he was and that we even existed. We knew they would come for us soon and that scared me.

ROSE:

I do remember being really scared when Henry's friend, Robert, came to the door and said the Children Aid Society agents were coming down the street. Probably to take us away from our dingy one-room tenement. That what happened to orphans in those days.

DOROTHY:

We just grabbed what clothes we had and ran into the street to find a place to hide. Robert had been dodging them for months.

HENRY:

They didn't catch up with us for over a month.

DOROTHY:

Robert told us about that dead-end alley with a high board fence at the end. And Henry made a lean-to against it.

HENRY:

Not bad for a ten-year-old. It took awhile to gather the boards to make it. Most of the wood had been gathered up by the street kids and burned to keep warm.

DOROTHY:

We kept two boards with nails on one end to use as weapons. Robert said we would need them if anyone got near our dead-end home.

ROSE:

I always get chills when I think how you and Henry used those boards to chase away those boys who tried to steal my shoes.

HENRY:

What you must have forgotten is they DID take your shoes... and Dorothy too. They punched Dorothy and me up right soundly. But we got our licks in, too.

DOROTHY:

We had to share Henry's shoes after that.

ROSE:

One night when you and Henry were asleep I saw a faint glow coming from that dirt-caked window halfway down the alley. There was a shadow in the window...kind of like an angel. When I climbed up on the ledge I could see that it was a beautiful white dress hanging there. About my size it was, too. It had long puffed-up sleeves at the shoulders and I could even see some lace here and there.

That night as I listened to the clickity clack in the distance, I dreamed I was wearing that beautiful white dress. I could just see myself in that dress dining in one of those elegant train cars that sped by. It became MY dress!

The next night I climbed up to the window again and the dress was gone. I rubbed a hole in the grime on the glass and peaked into the lighted room. I saw a table with candles and cookies and other sweet cakes on white plates. My stomach roared with envy. That when you two came back from trying to find food.

DOROTHY:

I thought you were out of your head with hunger when you told us about the cookies.

HENRY:

Dorothy and I tried to get the window open but it wouldn't go up far enough to let us through.

DOROTHY:

That when we enlisted you, Rose, to squeeze through.

HENRY:

It was chancy because someone could

enter the room any minute.

DOROTHY:

We figured if you got caught they wouldn't harm a little girl.

ROSE:

It hurt when you two pushed me through. I wondered who is going to push me back out. But I was hungry and that kept me focused on that beautiful table.

DOROTHY:

We watched hungrily as you placed the cookies and little cakes on a large linen napkin and pulled the four corners up to make a sack.

HENRY:

We thought we heard voices in the hallway, but you stopped in your tracks in the middle of the room!

ROSE:

I couldn't believe what I was seeing. There in MY dress was a girl with long blonde curls sleeping on a table. The table was draped with a heavy black cloth. A large candle was at the head and foot of the table.

How dare her wear MY dress! And be in a nice room with all these wonderful foods. I walked up to her. I was about to tell her to get up and give me MY dress. Then I realized she wasn't breathing... she was dead! My blood turned to ice. I couldn't move and I heard voices coming closer to the room!

DOROTHY:

Some of what you heard was us trying to get you to move! We were afraid you get caught or drop the food or both.

ROSE:

Some how I found my feet and raced to the window. I tossed the food out first and then flew through the opening with inches to spare.

HENRY:

But not time to spare. You barely got through before people started entering the room.

DOROTHY:

In their grief they didn't see your rag wrapped feet flying out the window.

HENRY:

We were all in a heap below the window. Food and all!

DOROTHY:

We had a banquet that night!

ROSE:

And I felt quite differently about pretty white dresses from then on.

HENRY:

The children roundup continued. The street A-rabs as we were called, were growing in numbers and being shipped off to the Midwest to foster families.

DOROTHY:

One night I awoke to the sound of footsteps. The footsteps were heavier than Robert's and more of them. In my heart I knew we were trapped. Henry grabbed the board with the nails and sat ready for anything.

HENRY:

Two large men and a woman stood at the entry of our little lean-to and the lady softly said, "Don't be afraid. You must

come with us now. We have a warm place for you and food. It's time you came with us."

I have to admit that I was tired, cold and very hungry. I knew it was only a matter of time before we would be attacked again. Our hideout was becoming well known by the A-rabs of the street. I figured anything would be better than how we were living now.

DOROTHY:

We were only in the orphanage for a few weeks. It wasn't too bad. We had food and they cleaned us up and gave us clean clothes to wear. And we were warm!

ROSE:

We all had our OWN shoes!!!

ALL:

Clickity clack, clickity clack, clickity clack!

HENRY:

The girls were in one compartment of the train with a matron and the boys were in another with their male agent. We each had a little cardboard suitcase. But, there wasn't much in it.

ROSE:

I hated being separated from Henry.

DOROTHY:

We prayed that we all three would be placed with the same family. The agents at the orphanage said they tried to keep families together.

ROSE:

The matron seemed concerned about Dorothy's cough. She gave her some

horrible medicine on that trip to the Midwest.

DOROTHY:

It was vile....just vile!!

HENRY:

Some of the boys teased me and said I probably wouldn't get chosen because I was too puny. I wondered what happened if you weren't chosen.

ALL:

Clickity clack, clickity clack, clickity clack.

ROSE:

One morning we awoke to a lot of activity. The matron told us to wash our faces and for the older girls to help dress the smaller girls. Dorothy helped me. It was kind of exciting until....until the matron handed me my dress to wear. It was pure white and had long sleeves and a little lace here and there. I began to shake.

DOROTHY:

The matron was very angry with Rose and told her she was very lucky to have such a beautiful dress. People would be sure to notice her.

Rose stood like a statue in her white dress until the train came to a stop somewhere in a place called Kansas.

HENRY:

We couldn't believe there was so much open space in the world as we saw on our trip out west.

The time from New York to here had flown by because we spent most of the time with our noses pressed against the

windows watching the panorama go by. Towns, fields of crops... I had no idea of what... cows and horses in pastures. It was early spring and trees in orchards were blooming and sometimes when we slowed down a beautiful scent would waft its way into the train cars. But not here.

DOROTHY:

The train stopped and so did our hearts. I got another large dose of the vile medicine and a sharp reminder from the matron not to cough when I got off the train.

HENRY:

There was a blustery wind and a lot of dust in the air. You could see forever and hardly a tree anywhere. A small town with a church and a short main street with buildings on both sides.

ROSE:

We marched to the train platform, stood in a straight line and watched a small crowd of people move closer and closer. No one was saying a word. Not them. Not us. I heard one of the smaller boys start to whimper. A man's voice rang out saying, "Better put him in the kitchen. He wouldn't last long in the fields." Some of the men laughed with him.

HENRY:

The bigger, stronger boys were picked very quickly. I had my arms and legs pinched and poked and then they moved on to the other boys. Maybe I won't be picked. What then?

DOROTHY:

A man and woman slowly approached Rose and I heard him say, "Catherine." The woman had tears in her eyes and clung to the man as if she might faint.

ROSE:

I was scared, but they seemed nice. He had tears in his eyes, too. I wondered why. Then he pushed his way up to me almost rudely and told the agent that they would take the little girl in the white dress. The crowd parted as if he were an important person.

DOROTHY:

My heart sank. I knew we wouldn't be together after all. The agents didn't even tell the crowd that there were brothers and sisters there.

HENRY:

The boys were gone, even the one little guy that whimpered. I stood alone.

DOROTHY:

A very large woman approached me. Looked at me as if she was looking at an animal to purchase. "This one will do!" she yelled. I was motioned to follow her into the station for the paper signing.

I thought to myself that if this woman was so fat I probably won't go hungry. I tried desperately to stifle a cough.

Rose was standing in front of the tearful couple. They kneeled down to talk to her. They were smiling and patting her. I said a prayer for her and for the tearful couple. Maybe they will live close to where I was going. I was wrong.

HENRY:

A man that had been standing silently in back of the crowd moved forward and stared at me. He was tall and lean and not very well kept for sure. His clothes were covered with dried dirt and who knows what else. He had the starting of a full

beard, but not trimmed...or washed. "You! Get in house," he said. He pointed to the station and I followed him. He signed the papers with an "x" and then pointed to a rickety old wagon with a skinny horse.

A very emaciated woman was sitting in the front seat. Her sun bonnet shielded her face from the sun as well as from the world. "Git in," the man mumbled. I tried to see if I could see Dorothy and Rose as I climbed in. They were gone. For all I knew forever.

ROSE:

I was mesmerized by this couple who keep smiling and wiping tears from their faces. Why are they crying? Why had they called me Catherine? What am I suppose to do? Why aren't Dorothy and Henry with me? I only heard bits and pieces of what they were saying to me and I didn't understand anything that was going on. I don't think I was really afraid...just numb. I wanted out of that white dress!

HENRY:

When the wagon stopped I awoke to a very dark night. I don't know how long we traveled but I was hungry. It was hard to make out the surroundings. I don't think the man and woman said a word on the whole trip and I fell asleep before sundown. Then, we stopped.

"Put the horse away in yonder barn," the man said. I wasn't sure where the barn was and I had no idea what putting a horse away entailed.

The woman silently slipped from the wagon and entered what I thought must be the house. A dim light spread across the doorway and one small window as a

lantern was lit. "Git that harness off the horse," the man said.

I told him I didn't know how to do that and it was so dark I couldn't even see.

"You'll be more trouble than you are worth. At least you won't eat much." Eat! I was ready to eat the horse I was so hungry.

"Sun should be up by time we get horse done. Den you ken go wi'd sled and gad-er chips."

Sled? Chips? What in the world was he talking about? He didn't mention break-fast. It was only the beginning of a long and difficult string of events in my life.

ROSE:

The lady took my hand and walked me to a very fine carriage. The man went into the station. I guess to sign some papers. The carriage was pulled by two beautiful matching bay horses with shiny leather harness. It was trimmed in silver buckles and conchos.

We rode out of town, across a river bridge and up a hill to a wonderful white Victorian house. It was two stories tall with a tall tower on the southeast corner and a verandah that wrapped around three sides of the house. All the barns, fences and outbuildings were painted white and there was not a thing out of place. It was the grandest place I had ever seen.

The carriage pulled into a covered way beside the house and we climbed several stairs and went into the house. The windows in the double doors were oval and etched with flower patterns. A young girl, rather plump, with bright red hair greeted

us with cast down eyes, curtsied and took our outer wear. She wore a full-length apron over a very plain gray dress. She looked at me nervously.

"Take Cath...take ROSE up to her room, Megan. I'll be up in a minute," the lady said as she removed a large pin from her hat.

I followed Megan up the polished oak stairway to the second floor. Everything I saw looked old and yet brand new. There was a faint aroma of furniture polish in the air blended with something that made my stomach rumble. The smell was rising from the kitchen which I couldn't see. Megan opened the door to the room that was to be mine for a long long time. I stood transfixed. A bed with four tall carved posts and a canopy of delicate cloth dominated the corner of the room. It was a room in the round corner of the house. The floor was covered with a thick soft rug of many colors. The room was bigger than any house I had ever been in. The three windows in the curve of the tower were covered with lace curtains that matched the canopy of the bed. The sun shone through and illuminated dolls and Teddy bears and a large spotted horse on rockers. Behind it was a mirror that was taller than a man and in it I saw.....me...in a white dress!

ALL:

Clickity clack, clickity clack, clickity clack!

DOROTHY:

The fat lady and I boarded a train headed west and she said nothing for what seemed like miles. Finally she said, "can you cook?" I answered that I did, but had no

idea what her idea of 'cook' might be. "Good," she replied. "I have a restaurant at the next stop. We'll get off there."

The restaurant was in a hotel near the railway station. It catered to people traveling on the train. The kitchen had a little room off to the side which was to be my 'home.' Mrs. Critchel had run the restaurant for a long time and was not much help in the kitchen now because of her weight and her heavy breathing. She glared at me every time I coughed and told me not to ever go into the dining room. She would make a mixture of honey and whiskey for me when the coughing got really bad. I suspected the rest of the whiskey was being consumed by Mrs. Critchel.

HENRY:

My 'home' was a windowless room on the end of a stable made of sod and rock. A metal barrel with a smoke stack going out the rock part of the wall was the only heat. The bed was a manger stuffed with straw and covered with old worn blankets and quilts. The quilts lacked any color from age. I was pretty sure it wasn't from over washing. A wooden stool and box completed my elaborate furnishings. If there wasn't a fire in the barrel and the door was closed the room was pitch black. A fire in the barrel was few and far between.

I learned that chips were the dung piles that were in the pastures. The pastures were almost barren and the cattle a sorry lot.

A drought had been building for the last year and didn't get any better for the rest of 1890. I made a wooden scoop and placed the cow pies on the wooden sled which I pulled myself. I was allowed to keep one

or two from time to time. It took awhile for them to dry enough to burn. I tried sneaking in a few branches and twigs into my little room, but when Mr. Rickter smelled the smoke there was hell to pay. He had a long piece of broken leather harness that he used to 'edd-i-cate' me. And my supply of matches was taken away. All but one that I had hidden in the rock wall.

My dinner was placed outside the Rickter's soddy door on a bench and if I was late getting there the dog would probably have a fine meal. If beans and some kind of mystery meat can be called a 'fine meal.'

That poor old dog became my best friend. I called him Robert, in honor of my best friend back in New York. I told him all my woes and dreams and on a cold night I invited him to share my bed. There were times when the wind howled across the prairie and I had nothing to burn in my metal barrel stove, I wished I had at least three dogs.

I was supposed to go to school, but I don't know if there was one even close to us. Mr. Rickter never mentioned it and I never had an opportunity to speak to Mrs. Rickter.

I found out years later that the agents that were suppose to check up on us didn't bother to find those of us out in no-mans-land. Time dragged by.

I wondered if it were Christmas yet. I really didn't expect a present. I don't imagine the Rickters ever had presents.

ROSE:

I vaguely remember crying the first week of my life with the Philips family. My new

mother would come in and hold me and even rock me to sleep as she sang a little song. I was treated so well I began to lose those old memories of poverty. My days were full of activities. I attended a private church school, ice cream socials, took private piano lessons and learned to live the life of a pampered socialite in the middle of the vastness of Kansas.

The only time I became agitated was when they had my christening. They brought out a brand new white dress with frills and ruffles. It was trimmed in little white beads. I felt cold and clammy during the ceremony. I became Rosalie Catherine Philips.

A couple of years later Megan was instructed to take me on a picnic on the farm. We walked down a path to a small spring-fed creek. I had never been far from our manicured front lawn. On a little hill above the creek was a small area surrounded by a picket fence. We stopped to look at this curiosity. We opened the little gate and walked into a small private cemetery. There were several headstones, but one made me catch my breath. It read, "Our Beloved Catherine. 1884 to 1888." 1884! That when I was born. Megan said, "that day you walked into the house I thought my heart would stop. I thought it was little Catherine returning from the grave! I can still see her laid out in the parlor with her pretty white dress. The Philips nearly went crazy with grief. Doctor Philips felt even more pain and guilt because he was the best doctor in the area and he couldn't save his own daughter. The little tower bed room was closed. I dusted it a couple of times a month. Dr. and Mrs. Philips never entered it until the day you arrived from the orphan train."

I turned and ran home as fast as I could. I didn't know why..I just had to run away from that place. I sat in my room...or was it. I suddenly wondered ...who am I? I was so confused. I was living the life of a princess. Why wasn't that enough? Was there ever a Dorothy or Henry in my life? Had the real Catherine worn these clothes I was wearing?

DOROTHY:

One year ran into another and I didn't get as fat as Mrs. Critchel. I worked from sunup to sundown and began to cough more and more. I rarely saw anyone else. I saw tons of food but it didn't appeal to me. I just lived to get to my little room and go to bed. But as soon as I would lie down I would start the racking cough. Honey and whiskey didn't work at all and there wasn't anything else to take. If inspectors came near the place I was sent on an errand out of the building until they left.

When an agent came from the aid society he was wined and dined and told I was visiting relatives across the state. The cough got worse.

On December 23, 1897, I became very, very ill.

(THE DOROTHY ACTRESS SLOWLY TURNS HER BACK TO THE AUDIENCE)

HENRY:

It was cold. Almost like back in New York. I couldn't stand it. I went out and took a couple of old rotting posts by the corral and broke them up into small pieces. I put them in the barrel stove and fished out the match I had hidden in the stone wall and started a fire. I brought the dog in

and wrapped the blankets around us. We both relished the small warmth coming out of the stove. We were just drifting off to sleep when the door suddenly burst open and a livid Mr. Rickter filled the entry. He ranted at me and kicked the dog as it ran out with its tail between its legs past the crazy man.

The door slammed shut and I could hear Mr. Rickter wiring it shut as he mumbled obscenities. I knew when the door opened again he would be there with the leather strap.

I pulled at the door to no avail. I felt in the dark for an old tin can I saved to carry my drinking water. I started using it as a tool to scrap at the sod wall. It was like cement but I knew it was my only chance for escape. I remembered this being the thinnest part of the wall. I worked relentlessly. When the first sign of breaking through happened I thought of Rose and the window back in New York. I hunted in the dark for my old worn coat and all the clothes I owned, which wasn't much, and pushed them through the opening. I squeezed out the hole. I couldn't see Robert anywhere. I ran as fast as I could down the dark road to....I didn't really know where. I remember hearing a train late at night way off in the south and that where I headed. Good bye, Robert.

ALL:

Clickity clack, clickity clack, clickity clack!

ROSE:

I became the model child. Did I do it myself? No. Megan, who always treated me with respect, sat me down and made me face reality. The Philips treated Megan

well and paid her well. Well enough to send some money back to her mother in Chicago.

She said that I, by some stroke of fate, became the darling of a warm loving family and I better look at that squarely. I did. My life from then on was pleasant and I moved on. I went to Omaha to school, met a wonderful man who became a doctor. I wore a magnificent white dress at my wedding and was very much at ease with that.

We raised a wonderful family. My children were fascinated about my past as an orphan train child. They often asked me about my sister and brother and wondered if they had cousins somewhere. I did too.

HENRY:

I became a bum...again. I found that phantom train and hopped it as it slowed down at the trestle crossing a river. I wasn't the only passenger on that train heading west. Old Billy was with me all the way to Denver. He watched out for me and kept me from being robbed of what little I had or abused by the other hobos. We parted when we arrived in Denver. I was in awe of the big city. I hate to admit that I survived by stealing an apple here and a loaf of bread there. Never told my family that until I had grandchildren. When told now it makes an old man a little more interesting to the little ones. And your own are grown up and can imitate you.

I worked at anything I could. Hawking papers, cleaning floors, you name it. One storekeeper was an old Jewish man, Mr. Jacobs. He took me in and gave me jobs to do. Each job became a little more of a responsibility and soon I was a clerk

and... he taught me arithmetic! He enrolled me in school and I stayed in a little set of rooms in the back of the store. It was warm and clean. And in the spring and summer it smelled of fresh fruits and vegetables from the storeroom next to it. For me it was heaven. But most nights I would wonder about the girls and where they were and were they safe?

When I was 18, Mr. Jacobs' granddaughter began working in the store. She was in charge of the newly established woman's department. We had gone from a small general concern to a full-size departmental store. I knew that Mr. Jacobs and his wife raised Rebecca after her folks passed, but I hadn't seen much of her until she completed school. She was a real modern lady going into business with her grandfather. She and I have often wondered if Grandpa Jacobs had meant for us to be together from the start. He was that kind of guy. Well, I married into the business and we became Jacobs-Murphy Department Store. What a combination, huh? As Grandpa Jacobs would say, he covered all the bases.

As our kids became more and more into the business, I had more time to contemplate my life. Present.. and past. One day my daughter asked me if I ever wondered what happened to my sisters? I replied, "just about everyday." "Well," she said, "why don't you see if you can find them or their families?" The adventure began!

We wrote churches, courthouses or anybody we might find that had some information. It was a long journey, but well worth the trip.

ROSE:

You can imagine my emotions when I read a letter from a minister in my home town that said an inquiry had come about two missing sisters from the orphan train. I knew we weren't the only train for all those years, but the dates in question seemed to match.

I immediately called Rev. Morgan and asked who was making the inquiries. He said, Henry Murphy. I nearly fainted. I got Henry's phone number in Denver and called. Rebecca answered the phone and when I told her who I was she practically screamed, "Henry, Henry, it's Rose!"

HENRY:

We talked...well, no, we cried for I don't know how long before we could talk.

ROSE:

The highest phone bill I ever had to pay in my life!

HENRY:

Our kids and grand kids took over from there and made arrangements for us to have a reunion. Still no information about Dorothy.

ROSE:

There was a bright Kansas sun in the sky and a gentle breeze making the tall grass ripple like water. Mr. Kiley now owns the Philips property, but he was kind enough to let us have our reunion picnic there. It was a noisy affair with young people meeting their kin that they never knew existed until this past year. About mid-afternoon a car drove in the driveway and in it was my daughter Dot and Henry's son Sam.

With all of the goings on I hadn't missed

them. They came up to us and put their arms around Henry and me and said, "We've found Dorothy."

HENRY:

The drive was about 25 miles from the Philips place. A town that once had been was mostly discolored wooden buildings in various stages of decay. We drove out a ways to a mostly forgotten cemetery.

ROSE:

The prairie dogs must have been stunned by the sight of all the cars pulling up to this usually quiet place.

HENRY:

Dot and Sam had been tracking down cemeteries in the area for weeks. Court records had been destroyed in a courthouse fire so they began with cemeteries.

ROSE:

We all followed Dot and Sam to a far corner of the overgrown grounds. The kids had cleared the grass from around a small headstone that was worn very badly. We could make out the word 'Dorothy' then 'M-u-r-p.' And in the cracked weathered stone we could barely read, Dec. 25, 1897.

HENRY:

Robert, Rose's minister son, said a prayer and my Rebecca said one in Hebrew. The young people quietly moved away from the grave site and left Rose and me by the little crumbling headstone.

(ROSE AND HENRY PAUSE, MOVE TO EACH SIDE OF DOROTHY. THEY PLACE UPSTAGE HANDS ON DOROTHY SHOULDER, LOOK AT EACH OTHER OVER HER HEAD.

THESE LINES ARE SAID OFF BOOK)

HENRY:

Bouquets of flowers ringed the headstone now. It was so quiet and peaceful there.

ROSE:

And carried on the wind was the cheerful sound of children laughing. We have wonderful families, Henry.

HENRY:

Yes, we do. And now.... we three are together at last. Clickity!

(HENRY REACHES TOWARD ROSE AND TAKES HER HAND AS SHE SAYS:)

ROSE:

Clack!

(TRAIN WHISTLE)

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SOMEWHERE OUT THERE: written by James Horner, Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil

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Westerners Bookshelf

Indian Orphanages, by Marilyn Irvin Holt. University Press of Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas 2001. 326 pp. Table of contents, notes, bibliography, index, illustrations. Cloth, \$34.95

With their deep tradition of tribal and kinship ties, Native Americans had lived for centuries with little use for the concept of an unwanted child. But besieged by reservation life and boarding school acculturation, many tribes, with the encouragement of whites, came to accept the need for orphanages.

The first book to focus exclusively on this subject, *Indian Orphanages* interweaves Indian history, educational history, family history, and child welfare policy to tell the story of Indian orphanages within the larger context of the orphan asylum in America. Marilyn Irvin Holt relates the history of these orphanages and the cultural factors that produced and sustained them, shows how orphans became a part of native experience after Euro-American contact, and explores the manner in which Indian societies have addressed the issue of child dependency.

Holt examines in depth a number of orphanages from the 1850s to 1940s, particularly among the "Five Civilized Tribes" in Oklahoma, as well as among the Seneca in New York and the Ojibway and Sioux in South Dakota. She shows how such factors as disease, federal policies during the Civil War, and economic depression contributed to their establishment and tells how white social workers and educational reformers helped undermine native culture by supporting such institutions. She also explains how orphanages differed from boarding schools by being either tribally supported or funded by religious groups, and how they fit into social welfare programs established by federal and state policies.

The Indian Child Welfare Act of 1978 overturned years of acculturation policy by allowing Native Americans to finally reclaim their children. In *Indian Orphanages*, Holt helps readers to better understand the importance of that legislation in the wake of one of the more unfortunate episodes in the clash of white and Indian cultures.

--Dorothy L. Krieger, P.M.

Pedro Pino Governor of Zuni Pueblo 1830 - 1878, by E Richard Hart. Utah State University Press: Logan, Utah, 2003. 200 pp. Illustrations, photos, bibliographical references, table of contents, index. Cloth, \$36.95, Paper, \$17.95

This remarkable book is more than the biography of a remarkable man, Pedro Pino. It is also a history of Zuni during an especially significant period. It is written from a Zuni perspective, and a Navajo point of view. Richard Hart began his work at Zuni in the late 1960s and early 1970s finally finishing his manuscript in 1979. He then set it aside but continued to pursue research about and for Zuni. Its publication, at last, inscribes an important contribution to Pueblo history and biography and a testimonial to a remarkable Native American leader.

Pedro Pino's Zuni name was Lai-a-ai-tsai-luh [Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lu]. When only 13 or 14 years of age Pedro accompanied his father, uncle, and other members of his tribe on a war party against the Navajos and was captured. He lived with them for two trying years until a wealthy New Mexican Spaniard, Don Pedro Batista Pino bought him and subsequently returned him to his people. It was during the time with the Navajos and with Don Pedro that Pedro Pino learned fluent Spanish and a thorough comprehension of the Navajo language. Because he had formed a strong attachment to Don Pedro he decided to take the name Pedro Pino.

In 1830 because of his knowledge of the various languages and the politics of the day Pedro Pino was appointed governor by the Zuni priests or *caciques* where he remained in office for the next 45 years. (The *Caciques* of the pueblo appointed all secular leaders including the governor, but it was not their place to influence his judgment.) He ran the Zuni government on high moral principles. The same could not be said for the European governments nor the later U.S. territorial government. His job was to deal with the thieves, the politicians, and the schemers. The Navajos in spite of an agreement in 1851 continued to steal Zuni horses so further warfare was bound to continue between the Navajos and the Zunis.

A very interesting chapter deals with the Mexican and Spanish land grants and how there were several factions opposed to the grants. The grants of Santo Domingo and Santa Ana were lost before 1856. Some land grants were lost by the U.S. territorial government through mysterious fires, and some were proven to be forgeries. E. Richard Hart uses as a reference Herbert O. Brayer's "Pueblo Indian Land Grants of the Rio Abajo" from the *University of New Mexico's Bulletin* (Historical Series 1, no.1, Nov. 1, 1938) in which he states that following the testimony of a Zia Indian by the name of Bartolome de Ojeda, Governor Cruzate issued a grant to the Pueblo of Zuni and 10 other New Mexico pueblos: Jemez, Acoma, San Juan, San Felipe, Pecos, Cochiti, Santo Domingo, Zia, and Leguna. (Herbert O. Brayer was the acting Sheriff of the Denver Posse of Westerners in 1944.) We know today that the Cruzate grants are forgeries. To be specific the Cruzate grant to Laguna was dated ten years before the pueblo was founded and the wording for the Santo Domingo and Leguna grants seems to have been lifted from the book *Ojeada Sobre Nuevo Mejico*, written by Antonio Barreyro in 1832. It may never be possible to determine what happened to the valid Zuni land grants. In spite of this Pedro Pino consistently

worked to help the Zunis maintain control of their territory. It is partly through his efforts that we can document the boundaries of Zuni land. Speculators were always after Indian land. Today the Zuni Indians own only a tenth of the land that they once owned.

In 1858 American emigrants to California began to try the route which led through Zuni. When one train was attacked by Mojaves and had to limp back to the pueblo, the Zunis nursed them back to health. The Zunis were always a friend to the Americans. In the 1860s the inevitable all-out war with the Navajos finally came. (The author states that it was United States policy in the Southwest that directly led to the Navajo war.) The entrance of Kit Carson on the scene is brought out at this time and how not only Navajo fields were burned but some Zuni fields. It was also during this time that the American civil war made a brief appearance in the West. Pedro Pino claims he fought on the side of the North.

Pedro Pino throughout his whole life as Governor of Zuni Pueblo had to constantly fight for the land that should have been taken for granted as Zuni land, but it seems that there was always some scheme or event that was to change the status quo. Such was the case when the territorial line between Arizona and New Mexico was authorized by Congress to be surveyed in 1875. It seems that the line went through the middle of Zuni land. Now all Zuni land in Arizona was in jeopardy and would eventually be lost to the tribe. Eventually the Zunis lost 14 million acres, with no recompense.

In 1876 Mormon settlers moved in next to and on Zuni land and for some reason the Zunis allowed them to stay on their land. The Mormons brought with them the scourge of small pox which decimated the Zunis horribly.

At the age of almost 90 Pedro Pino nominated his son Patricio Pino to succeed him as governor. Patricio immediately tried to oust any Mormons from the reservation. Problem after problem arose until Patricio was finally arrested and jailed in Los Lunas after forcibly removing one man himself.

In 1882 at the age of 100 Pedro Pino made a journey to Washington, DC to meet with President Arthur, journey to Mount Vernon, and climb the steps to the top of the Washington monument. (These steps were closed to the public in 2004.) The trip just about did him in, but he survived and returned to Zuni only to be thrust in the midst of a flowering controversy among the people of the pueblo. Even the President of the United States was involved in allowing the relatives of General John A. Logan, a civil war general to keep land that was rightfully Zuni. The very friends Pedro Pino had cultivated in Washington seem to have turned against him and his people. (In 1990 two claims against the United States were finally settled compensating the Zuni tribe for lands taken fraudulently by government officials in years past.)

The Author finally states that "I hope this book will help the reader to understand the Zuni of the nineteenth century, Pedro Pino's Zuni, but also present-day Zuni and encourages support for the dynamic and robust Zuni culture which exists today".

—Theodore P. Krieger, P.M.

Desert Patriarchy, Mormon and Mennonite Communities in the Chihuahua Valley, by Jane Bennion. The University of Arizona Press, May 2004. 230 Pages, 33 pictures, 2 Maps. Cloth, \$45.00.

This is an interesting book for those who wonder what life is like for those families who practice polygamy in the desert communities of Chihuahua, Mexico and the southwestern United States. The author quotes a number of scholars who have researched this phenomenon. The consensus is that life in the desert is conducive to polygamy from a survival aspect as well as living the pure life that is demanded by their religious beliefs. Men are encouraged to take more than one wife and the women are raised to accept this life style as being the will of God.

But life is not all peaches and cream. Some of the young folks do on occasion rebel and choose to leave the community and seek higher education and more freedom. This exposes them to the modern world where they marry outside of the plural marriage community, accepting the Mormon Church's prohibition on polygamy.

Some of women do not do well in the harried pace of the modern world and choose the simpler agrarian life where man is the undisputed leader, both as husband and father and as the religious principal. After experiencing the secular life and all the pitfalls therein, they are happy to go back to the polygamous community to live their lives in the relative security offered by plural marriage and patriarchy.

These agrarian societies are very productive and create an innate work ethic that is the envy of many in the more secular societies. To supplement their income, many workers migrate to the states to work as drywallers and carpenters for contractors in Arizona, New Mexico and Utah. They are sought after because of their skill and work ethic. Most of these workers return to their families in Mexico to take their rightful place as religious and domestic leaders of the family.

This work is an eye opener. If you think polygamy ended in the Mormon Church by act of congress in 1890, you're mistaken. It is alive and thriving. The question is, why? Women are relegated to a lower status than men, they are subservient to the church and their husbands. Yet so many seem to thrive in this environment, sharing the drudgery of housework as well as raising numerous children resulting from this life style. Read this book and find out for yourself why so many still choose this way of life in today's modern world.

--Ron Perkins, C.M.

Joined by a Journey: The Lives of the Lewis and Clark Corps of Discovery. Mike Crosby. Bureau of Land Management/ID/G1-04/002+1010. 125 pages, illustrations, notes. Paper, \$15.00.

Mike Crosby, an employee of the Bureau of Land Management in Idaho, has written a very readable book about the members of the Lewis and Clark Corps of Discovery. During this Bicentennial Celebration of the epic Expedition, many books have been written about Lewis, Clark and Sacagawea. Crosby, a former teacher, has successfully compiled short histories of most of the rest of the men who ventured to the Pacific Ocean and back.

Instead of dealing with each person separately, Crosby has come up with a novel, yet logical grouping of the explorers, according to the tasks they performed, common experiences on the Expedition and even common experiences after the Expedition. Thus, after an introduction about the selection of the members of the party and a brief synopsis of the Expedition, Crosby has grouped chapters on the "French Engages," the Return Party from Fort Mandan (those who did not go on to the Pacific), the men requiring Discipline (Robinson, Hall, Newman and Reed, but Collins, who received 100 lashes, is covered elsewhere), the French of the Permanent Party, the Mountain Men (for their experiences after the Expedition), the Journalists Frazer and Whitehouse, the Salt Makers, the ones involved in the few Indian Troubles encountered, Miscellaneous Specialists, and the Sergeants. Crosby's logical grouping makes the Corps of Discovery into more of a cohesive working unit and helps us to understand how and why the Corps functioned as well as it did.

Separate chapters cover Sergeant Floyd, Shannon, Drouillard, York, Seaman, the Charbonneau Family and the Captains. The reasons for this separate treatment become obvious from Crosby's exposition of the attributes of these important individuals and the dog.

One quirk of Crosby's book is that he adopts Clark's manner of referring to Sacagawea as "Janey" instead of by her Indian name. This is somewhat unusual, but it is consistent with Clark's references to her in his journal. Crosby does not intend to provide a full biography of each of the people and yet he does provide a great deal of insight into the individuals. There is a wealth of information about the experiences of some of the more important figures after the Expedition.

This book is recommended very highly. The illustrations and layout of the book are excellent. There are many illustrations we have seen before, but noted artist Michael Haynes has added at least nine new charcoal sketches that mesh well with the text. Although *Joined by a Journey* is not intended for the serious Lewis & Clark scholar, even the most knowledgeable L&C enthusiast should find good material here. The endnotes and bibliography are also impressive and a good resource for persons interested in this epic journey. The format of the book is unusual, as it is 9" by 11". I have not checked to see if it is available at the BLM for the \$15 price, but copies may be purchased for \$20 (including postage) from the Sacajawea Center (yes, they spell it with a "j" instead of a "g"), 200 Main Street, Salmon, ID 83467.

—Larry Reno, P.M.

Team of the Century: The Greatest High School Football Team in Texas, by Al Pickett. State House Press, McMurry University, Abilene, TX, 2004. 190 pages. Illustrations, photos. Paper, \$16.95.

This is a well-told tale about the Abilene High School football teams in the mid-1950s. The Abilene Eagles won an incredible 49 straight games, including three straight state titles in the highest classification and the teams of 1954, 1955 and 1956 were designated by *The Dallas Morning News* as the "Team of the Century" and the best Texas high school football team in history. Although the Abilene team had some success in the past, it had been mired in mediocrity for some 20 years before it acquired a new, imaginative coach in 1953. The coach was Chuck Moser and he became a legend in Texas football lore.

Moser was more than a football coach. He emphasized academics and required all of his players to have their teachers verify that they were passing their courses. He was also a strict disciplinarian who, in his first year, kicked two of his best players off the team for missing a couple of sessions of pre-season practice. Moser also prepared well for games, creating new plays for each big game and having good scouting reports on his opponents. In the seven years that he coached the Abilene Eagles, they won 78 games and lost only 7.

The author is a former radio announcer and sports editor and obviously knows his Texas high school football. The telling does get a little tedious as each game is recapped. This is not another feel-good story like *Hoosiers* as Abilene played in a tough West Texas league known as the "Little Southwest Conference." One factor that is not emphasized is that most of the schools in Texas were still segregated in the 1950s and in the team photos there are no players of color. The author does not make a big point of that, but he does work in some of the important Civil Rights events that occurred during the time period covered.

Although Moser's teams did have some stars, the success was more attributable to great teamwork and Moser's preparation. Only a few of the Abilene kids won scholarships to college and only a couple made it into pro football. Many others, however, were doctors, lawyers, and successful businessmen. All credited Moser for their success in later life. After the seven great years of coaching, Moser resigned to become the Athletic Director for the Abilene Independent school District.

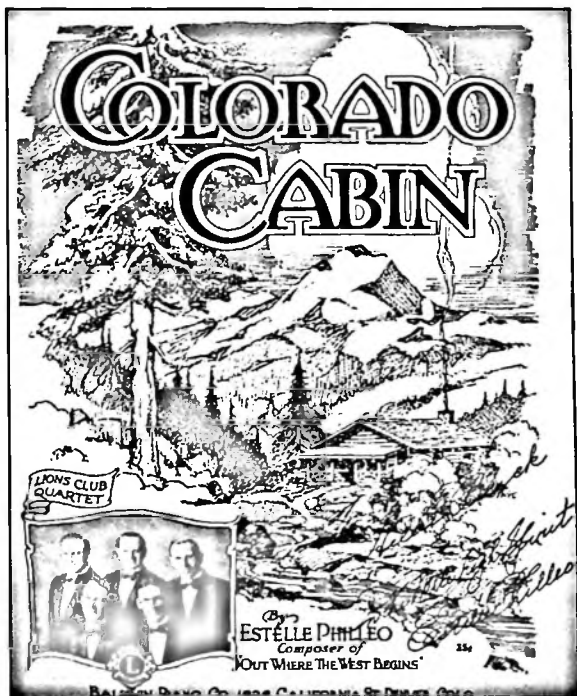
The book has many photos, most apparently from the local sports section and the high school yearbooks. A good, quick read, for anyone interested in high school sports and West Texas football history.

—Larry Reno, P.M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

September - October 2006



Colorado In Song—The Good, The Bad & The Atonal

(presented at the Winter Rendezvous, Dec., 2005)

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Our presenters



Nancy, George, Ted
and Ed
"The Krieger tones"

Nancy Bathke

Our lovely violinist has been a musician for most of her life. She & husband Ed have presented many illustrated talks to the Denver Westerners. Posse member Nancy is a retired educator, with her BS education degree from the University of Wisconsin, and a Masters from CU. She is listed in Who's Who of American Women & Who's Who in the West. This gifted spoon collector has held numerous offices in many groups, such as Denver Westerners' 2nd woman sheriff in 2000.

George W. Krieger

Posse member and Chuckwangler, George has presented two other papers to the posse of Denver Westerners - "Four Brown Fingers & A Green Thumb - George Kelly" and "Early Colorado Dentistry & the Fight Against Painless Parker." He is a Broomfield High and University Of Colorado graduate practicing dentistry in Parker, Colorado. He is gifted with Krieger family musical genes. He has written articles for *Discoveries*, *Goldmine*, the *Journal Of The Colorado Dental Association* among others plus contributed to a book about Red Rocks Amphitheater.

Ted Krieger

Posse member & Denver Posse of Westerners sheriff in 1995, Ted is currently Tallyman. This Denver, Colorado native, is George's father. He is an American University graduate, drafted into the Army & the Korean War in 1950. Employment in Colorado included FAA Air Traffic Controller for 30 years, taught ATC four years. He has been a church organist since 16 years of age, and is organist emeritus at the United Church of Broomfield.

Ed Bathke

Our computer guru retired from Kaman Sciences as a computer analyst. He holds degrees in mathematics from the University of Wisconsin & a masters from CU. Ed has a long & distinguished membership in the Denver Posse of Westerners including sheriff in 1972, editor of the 1972 Brand Book & our present Membership chair. A long with their joint programs, including our groups' 60th Anniversary History, Ed has done several solo programs. The husband & wife duo have also served the Ghost Town Club of Colorado as presidents & the Pikes Peak Posse of Westerners as past sheriffs. They are co-authors of *The West in Postage Stamps* & are listed in Contemporary Authors. Ed collects old photographs, stereoptican views & books about Colorado.

(Note: The Winter Rendezvous presentation, by "Nancy and the Kriegertones", consisted of excerpts and accompanying musical background, by George Krieger on the guitar, Ted Krieger on the keyboard, and by recordings, of many of the songs referenced in the following article. The presentation starts with George Krieger.)

We love Colorado. At times, it seems we are loving Colorado to death! As we look at the modern urban sprawl along the front range stretching from Wellington to Pueblo and wonder where the water will come from, as we fight the crowded highways that take us to the playgrounds and fields of the front range of the Rocky Mountains—as we listen to the crime statistics that lead most TV newscasts—it sometimes is hard to remember what stirred us or our ancestors to move to this state.

Perhaps the best way to recapture the joy of living in our state is to visit the art that was created in celebration of that first wide-eyed glimpse of a mountain brook with an elk drinking from it. Or another may visualize a cool clear Colorado morning awash in a blue tapestry over a field with patches of snow alive in purple flowers.

Most people realize they aren't painters of the caliber of Remington, but for some reason those same people think they can write a song like John Denver. So, for every classic like "Rocky Mountain High," we now have hundreds of duds like "I Like Trinidad," "The Denver Twist & Freeze," "Where The Hell's Alamosa," or "Walking The Streets Of Denver" by Delmer Spudd & The Spuddnicks.



As a record collector and a lover of Colorado, it seemed a natural to collect recorded songs that mention our state or some place within our state. Early on I was encouraged by fellow Westerner Ed Helmuth who shared with me several tapes he had made of those sorts of songs and so I wish to thank him for planting the seed that is now at around 600 recordings and still growing.

One of the benefits of belonging to a group like the Posse of Denver Westerners is meeting people who share your interests, but perhaps come at it from a different perspective. When visiting with Nancy Bathke several years ago, I found that she has a love of Colorado music too, but her collection is sheet music as opposed to records. Thus was born the dream of one day joining forces and presenting an overview of Colorado in song. This evening, you will get to see examples of that music thanks to the computer skills of Ed Bathke and you will hear some of that music thanks to the keyboard talents of Ted Krieger—plus you can blame my mom, Dorothy Krieger, for finally forcing us to present it to you

our unsuspecting public (please reserve applause for the very end—thanks). Keep your throats well-oiled because at the last we are requiring everyone here to join us in a chorus of our illustrious Colorado state song “Where The Columbines Grow” and if we do not at least see your lips moving, you will not be allowed to leave.

The song we are using for our intro is one of the great songs to mention our state—“The Colorado Trail” (this version by Tom Scott). This song was found by poet Carl Sandburg in the 1920s when he was gathering American folk songs for what became “The American Songbag.” He was given the song by Dr. T. L. Chapman who had first heard it while treating a Duluth, Minnesota cowpoke who had been trampled by “a terribly bad hoss.” This wrangler had a great number of injuries and fractured bones so while in hospital to fill the hours he would entertain the other patients with songs such as “The Colorado Trail.”

Enough of the quiet stuff, let’s rock and roll!

(George’s presentation is forcefully interrupted by Nancy Bathke.)

Stop! Stop that music! Is that really music? Let’s go back in time—early—where music has a melody—a song you could sing and remember—you could dance close, with your sweetheart. Listen to a wonderful piece! It is “The Rocky Ford Melon Picker’s Rag and Two Step.” (It almost takes you the whole song to tell you the title.) It was written by Garfield Wilson in 1909, and published in Denver by Pepin and Triggs. The Woodmen of the World

adopted it as their official souvenir march (the W of W emblem is on the music). Oh (as the music is played in the background), that was delightful.

Back to that Rock and Roll! Words, beautiful words, made a song we can remember, not just a repetition of something—er, like—“I got you babe, I got you babe, I got you babe.” Let’s look at a older tune with a story: “Hark I Hear the Signal Calling”, written by J. S. Ramey, and published at 243 Park Avenue, Salida, Colorado.

“Maggie’s father was a locomotive driver,
Of the type that’s made his craft a noble trade;
She adored him with an ardent childish passion,
And with pride he fondly love his little maid.

‘Twas her greatest joy to meet and bid him welcome,
And no matter what the interest in her play;
With the echo of his whistle in the distance,
Then her merry little friends would hear her say.

(Chorus) Hark! I hear the signal calling,
And it’s time for me to go;
Not a moment’s time to linger,
When I hear that whistle blow,

I must hasten on to meet him,
Bravest hero in the land,
Daddy runs a locomotive,
On the famous Rio Grande.

Just the plaintive ending to a pleasant story,

Told in flaring lines the sad but common fate;
Of a faithful engineer who did his duty,
Gave his life to save his train of human freight.

How a little child with grief was broken hearted,
And her life was ebbing rapidly away;
How the sympathizing watchers at her bedside,
Saw her smile at last and heard her gladly say,

(Chorus) Hark! I hear the signal calling,
And it's time for me to go;
Not a moment's time to linger,
When I hear that whistle blow.

I must hasten onto meet him,
At the station "Happy Land",
Daddy whistled into Glory;
When he left the Rio Grande.

There were many good composers and songwriters in pioneer Colorado, but we will select just one, Estelle Phileo. Her life is chronicled in a booklet by Denver Westerner Dr. Nolie Mumey. Her most popular song, her biggest hit, was "Out Where the West Begins". She was born in Ohio in 1881, and came to Dumont, Colo. She taught music and piano in Denver. She wrote the music and lyrics for many of her songs. For some of her tunes, the lyrics were provided by others, such

as Arthur Chapman and Badger Clark, both accomplished Western writers. She died in 1936, and her ashes are near her cabin in Dumont.

We also promised to mention the bad in Colorado music. Much of the bad early Colorado music would today just be termed "politically incorrect". The next music sheet shows "Swas-

tika, the Good Luck March". Its back page provides the history of this popular Indian good luck symbol, and significantly predates the rise of the Nazis to power, and their appropriation of the symbol.

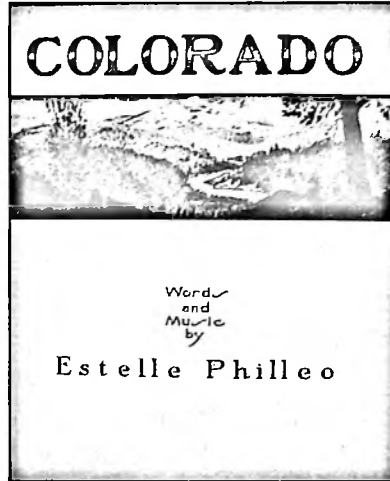
Showcased on "The Imperial Kloncilium Official March of the Klan" is the Sterling, Colorado, Klan Band. They regularly performed this little number in the days when the Ku

Klux Klan was a power in this state.

Joe Newman was a turn-of-the-century entertainer who performed extensively in Colorado, as well as all over the US. His popular musical acts featured many comedy tunes that he himself wrote. Many were so-called "Black" tunes, with stereotypical dialects. Shown is "Shootin' Craps", a song with obvious racial overtones.

The tune "I want a Woggie Wee" doesn't sound good! But it is about a child and his dog, and was written by W. A. S. Parker, and published in Leadville.

"Happy Little Jappy", also by Parker of Leadville, certainly seems to



be politically incorrect, but is really a nickname for a doll, and was written in 1933, before World War II.

The next song, "Coon Lullaby", was published in Denver by Tolbert Ingram (of whom we will refer later), but as you may be surprised to hear, it is about a fox catching a raccoon. Following, however, is an example of a true "Coon Tune", titled, "Why Ain't White Folks Happy Like the Coon".

So much for the bad. There are hundreds of pioneer Colorado music examples, and the bulk never acquired popularity, in fact generally are not even heard of today. But some of Colorado's music did gain national prominence, and became standards of the Big Band era. "Melancholy", by Norton and Bennett in 1911, and published in Denver, was renamed and we know of it as "My Melancholy Baby". Here is another Norton hit, "Around her Neck she wore a Yeller Ribbon". John Wayne popularized it in one of his movies, and "Yellow Ribbon" has enjoyed a couple of popular runs in recent years.

(Presentation switches to George Krieger)

America The Beautiful

Perhaps the most well-known and celebrated piece of music to come from our state began as a poem written by the 33-year-old head of the English department at Wellesley College in Boston. Katharine Lee Bates was already a poet when she undertook her "grand tour of America" in the summer of 1893. Lynn Sherr's excellent 2001 book *America The Beautiful* (published by Public Affairs of New York) describes Bates riding the train to

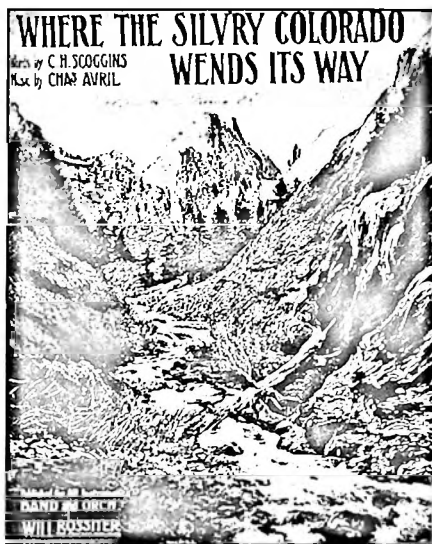
a summer teaching engagement at The Colorado College in Colorado Springs. Along the way, Bates stopped in the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago to marvel at such wonders as the zipper and a U.S. map made of pickles. Back on the train, the sight of Kansas wheat fields gave her a "quicken and deepened sense of America" she wrote later. Arriving in Colorado Springs on July 5, Bates enjoyed seeing the Garden of the Gods and traveling west to visit Cripple Creek, but said that the "supreme day of our Colorado sojourn" was a trip up to the top of Pikes Peak in a rented wagon with several other teachers. Back at the Antlers Hotel, she was moved to start writing the opening of a poem: "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies... ." That poem, titled *America*, was ultimately published July 4, 1895 in *The Congregationalist*, a Boston church publication. Many people would put tunes to the poem, even changing the words, but it was with Samuel Augustus Ward's tune "Materna" (written in 1882 for the hymn "O Mother Near Jerusalem") that we came to know "America The Beautiful." Clarence A. Barbour, a Rochester, N.Y. clergyman, claims to have been the first to link tune and poem together, but by then Ward was dead of a skin disease. Many didn't like the tune, still, and in 1926 the National Federation of Music Clubs held a contest with a \$500 prize to be awarded to "the American-born composer whose setting would best express the love, loyalty and majesty its lines express." From the 961 entries, no better tune emerged. Katherine Lee Bates passed away on March 28, 1929 and one can see this plaque atop Pikes Peak commemorating her poem. One of the many

tunes used at one time with the poem was "Auld Lang Syne".

(Presentation switches to Nancy Bathke.)

The major publisher of early sheet music in Colorado was Tolbert Ingram. Tolbert was a writer and newspaper editor. When he was still in Tennessee, he published his first big hit, "My Rosary". Then he came to Denver. Here he published "Western Girl". It was very popular. He looked for a nice Western girl to pose for the cover of his sheet music. He found her, the music sold well, and then Tolbert married his cover girl. Some of the other titles he published are "My Dear Old Western Home among the Hills"; "The Girl I Loved out in the Golden West" (with his wife's photo on the cover); the "City of Lights" (dedicated to Mayor Speer and others promoting Denver as the City of Lights); the C. T. C. March Song (for the Colorado Teachers College, Greeley, and typical of the many college songs published); "Democratic Fun" (written for the 1908 Democratic Convention held in Denver—and fair and balanced—he also published for the 1904 Republican convention in Denver); the "March Majestic", dedicated to Mary Elitch Long; "Old Grizzly and Gray", a bit of musical comedy; "Kwang-Su", a Chinese two step; and fitting in with the times, a rag; "Parson Johnson's Rag-Time Mule", a comedic number but a true tale; and a final toast to "Scotch Rye, a Characteristic Rag." All of these tunes have become forgotten, but an example of a survivor follows.

(Presentation switches to George

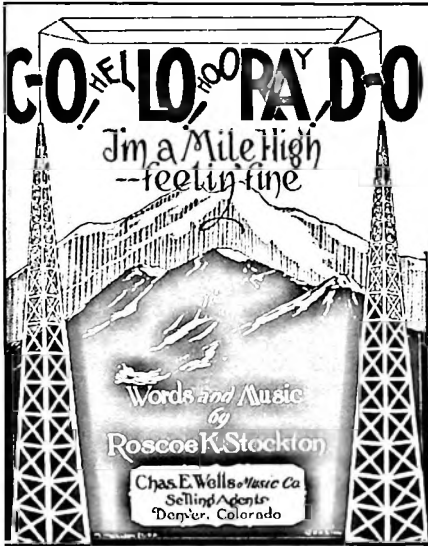


Krieger)

Where The Silv'ry Colorado Wends It's Way

Aug. 23, 1901, the big entertainment news is a new song written in Denver that is sweeping the nation. The *Denver Times* devoted a story to the new hit song "Where The Silv'ry Colorado Wends It's Way" composed by two Denver mail carriers, Charles Avril (music) and C.H. Scoggins (words). The article quote goes as follows: "the theme of the song is founded upon one of those pathetic and touching incidents in real life. It is the story of an old man well known to many a grizzled pioneer who leads a hermit's existence in his lonely cabin in the hills. Time was when life to him was full of life, and light and joy. Those were the days when he brought his bride to the beautiful canyon and together they explored every ravine and mountain peak... But death came to the wife, long years ago. Now fortune has smiled upon him, but

there is no place on earth quite so dear as that little cabin in the hills where he and Nell were so happy in the golden days. The sentiment of the song is



touching in the extreme.”

C-O! HeLO! HooRAY! D-O

Roscoe K. Stockton certainly seemed to cover all the bases when he wrote C-O! HeLO! HooRAY! D-O (Chas. E. Wells, 1926). Stockton worked for Denver Public Schools for many years including stints as principal with Bryant and Gilpin Schools. When not engaged in school activities, it seems he must have been working on new lyrics to plug his melody. Apparently not one to miss an opportunity, in addition to the main version about living in “my mile-high shack in this healthy weathly wonderful state o’ mine,” he wrote many others. My late friend Dr. Will Eames knew his son Oakley Stockton and gave me

these versions: Boy Scouts, Colorado Springs, Colorado Visitors, Denver, East High, Motor Car, The PTA, Ouray and the University Of Colorado. Most of them shared his unique take on the spelling of the name ‘Colorado’ to come up with the chorus so it didn’t take a lot to change C-O! HeLO! HooRAY! D-O to C-Oh! HeLO! Ouray! D-Oh! for instance.

Colorado—Ezra & the Beverly Hill Billies

In 1930, the U.S. was in the midst of tough economic times and radio station KMPC in Southern California was struggling to boost ratings and spirits. The powers behind the station hit upon the idea of forming a hillbilly band using ringers posing as hill folk from the mountains near Beverly Hills. Those invited to join up were Leo Mannes, Cyprian Paulette and a bearded musician and actor, Tom Murray. The station put these three in seclusion with the intention of mock-discovering them. In March, the story was told (as a break-in to regular programming) of a small village of hill people living in log cabins who had not been in touch with civilization for a century or so. After teasing for several weeks that some of the townfolk might drop by, the previously selected trio made their auspicious radio debut April 6, 1930. Mannes became Zeke Craddock while Paulette became Ezra Longnecker. The Beverly Hill Billies took up residence six nights a week adding Henry “Hank Skillet” Blaeholder on fiddle and later Aleth Hansen (Lem H. Giles, H.D. – horse doctor). Another addition was Ashley “Jad Scraggins” Dees on harmonies and guitar. This band caught the fancy of the

So Cal listeners looking for a chance to “unlax.” The date of the recording is unknown, but they put out one of the finer Western-themed records on the Tech-Art label with “Colorado” backed by “West Of The Rockies.” The writing credits for “Colorado” are Hayden Simpson, Bud Averill and Blankington. There is little known about the authors except that Averill recorded an album of theremin music for the same label. He had his own restaurant in L.A. called either Averill’s Airport or the Paradise Café in which he would enthrall his customers by playing the theremin. He and Simpson with others also wrote “West Of The Wasatch” and “Our Bambino” (a Babe Ruth tribute upon his death).

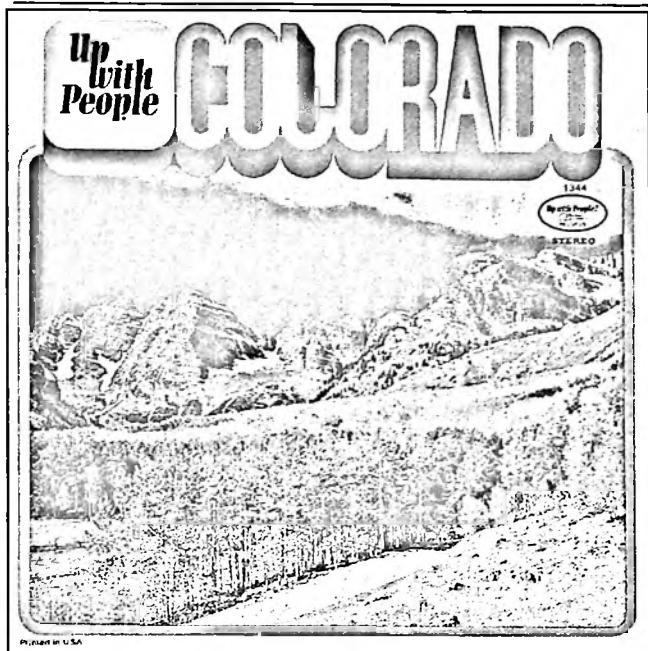
Denver—New Christy Minstrels

Randy Sparks was a young singer from Kansas who had the visionary idea in 1961 to form a folk aggregation he named after Edwin Christy’s 1800s era Minstrel troupe. The New Christy Minstrels were a huge hit in the pre-Beatles ‘60s, giving us such performers as Barry McGuire (who took “Eve Of Destruction” to the top of the charts in 1965), Gene Clark of the Byrds, Larry Ramos of the Association, Kim Carnes of “Betty Davis Eyes” fame and Kenny Rogers. Much of their material was written by Sparks who began writing songs as early as 1947. Their second album *In Person* contained one of the funnier songs to sing about our Capitol city fittingly titled “Denver.” The words were original while the tune was borrowed from the traditional song “Old Rosin The Beau” (also spelled Bow at times). That same tune also turns up in other songs

including “Acres Of Clams.” When quizzed about the creation of the song “Denver,” Mr. Sparks was kind enough to send the following message waxing poetic about many things including his part in the career of a gentleman named Denver.

“You should understand that I am capable of writing a melody, but in the late fifties and early sixties the ‘Eastern folk mafia’ had a tight grip on the audience (and if a song) wasn’t ancient it wasn’t acceptable as folk music. I didn’t do anything that others hadn’t already done quietly and successfully. I figured out that I might be able to get past the checkpoints and roadblocks that had been erected to keep folk music pure and old and left politically (I’m 100% apolitical) by simply making use of the familiar. I got the idea while flying to Great Falls, Montana from L.A. in 1959. The #1 record at the time was “Kansas City” and I figured if that town could make it, so might another so I scoured the map in the airline throwaway magazine and there it was: Denver. It was folksier than Kansas City and that suited me just fine. I sang it for the first time at my gig at the Park Hotel in Great Falls and people liked it right away. It became a mainstay of my act and later when Norman Granz asked me to form a group to compete with the Kingston Trio, I recorded this tune with my ex-wife (Jackie Miller) and our partner Paul Sykes - the Randy Sparks Three.”

While the single only hit #127 in March 1963, in Denver it soared to the top of KIMN’s charts. The New Christy Minstrels were always popular here, even spawning a farm team called the Back Porch Majority who played



of his success, he told an interviewer that he'd named himself John Denver because of his terrific love for the Rocky Mountains. Don't believe it!"

If the late Mike Crowley's name rings a bell, you may remember his song "Denver, City In The Sky" which was used in a 1973 promo for KBTU Channel 9. It was accepted by Mayor William Mc-Nichols in July 1976 as the official song of Denver for Colorado's Centennial celebration.

the old Taylor's Supper Club many times. Mr. Sparks also had this to say about another performer of interest to Coloradans.

"I designed the sheet music to 'Denver' to look ancient (and) I had a framed copy above my desk when a young man came looking for his first job in the music business. That kid's name was Henry John Deutschendorf and I was certain he needed a new name! He balked. I had already prevailed upon Michael Crumm to change his name to Michael Crowley. Mike was extremely practical and told John, 'if you let him change your name, you ought to at least keep the same initials so you don't have to buy new luggage.' We all began thinking of names that began with 'D' and right there above my desk was the music for 'Denver.' Years later when he was at the pinnacle

Colorado—Up With People

In the 1950s Hollywood, three brothers (Steve, Paul and Ralph Colwell) were radio performers while in high school. By 1965 they were seasoned musical veterans concerned about the racial and generational unrest that was sweeping the nation with the Vietnam War as a backdrop. Putting their commercial careers on hold, they hooked up with Blanton Belk and Herb Allen to create a positive message for young people that they could use to speak to America's students. Taking the name "Up With People" as a song title, an organization and a message, they would become a worldwide force. The group began a four-decade outreach that has provided nearly 20,000 students from 79 countries the chance to spread the word of global understanding

through performance and community service. David B. Allen and Paul Colwell wrote the song "Colorado" to be used in their performances and in 1969, Rep. Betty Ann Dittmore of Englewood proposed that it be adopted as the new state song. It was introduced to the state legislature by Pete Smythe and a children's choir. After much debate and controversy, the proposal failed, leaving "Where The Columbines Grow" as state song. By the way, a 1990 *Rocky Mountain News* article about the group's 25th anniversary discussed how that year's "invasion of squeaky clean kids" had five touring casts totaling 164 members ages 18 to 27 representing 24 countries. A total of 8 to 10 thousand kids applied for 700 positions with the chosen few getting to pay \$9200 for the privilege of touring the world. At one time the group was based in Broomfield, but has since changed its mission.

Colorado State Song—Grubstake

Harry Tuft has been the proprietor of the Denver Folklore Center (now out on South Pearl St.) since the early days of the American folk boom. It has been said, he has sold a guitar to every Denver folk musician. Another of Harry's gifts is as a performer with his group Grubstake. On their self-titled 1977 Biscuit City label album can be found one of the classic 'come-to-Colorado-spend-your-money-then-go-home' songs: "Colorado State Song." The song was actually written by activist folksinger Bruce "U. Utah" Phillips. The lead vocal is taken by Jack Stanesco (the third member of Grubstake is Steve Abbott) and features Dick Weissman on banjo and Mary Flower Withers on dobro.

Wolf Of Wolf Creek Pass/East Tincup Campaign – Pete Smythe

One of Colorado's most beloved figures was the late Westerner Peter D. Smythe. For a more thorough history of Western humorist/musician/broadcaster and University of Colorado grad Pete Smythe's life and musings, one is directed to the Sept./Oct. 1989 *Denver Westerner's Roundup*. Smythe's homespun style entertained fans all along the Barb-Wire Network via radio station KTLN, KMYR, KLZ and KOA most notably. One of his lines was: "An expert is someone who knows no more than you do, but who has it better organized and uses slides." He put out a record album on Stylist Records entitled *Top 10 From the Barb-Wire Network* in perhaps 1970, which contained some gentle humor from his thinly disguised 'friends' Elmy Elrod, Moat Watkins and Homer Snerdley (not to mention Hard Rock Smedley in a name taken from his Dentist Charles Smedley). There were also a few classic original songs including "Come On Up To Tincup" and "Wolf Of Wolf Creek Pass." For that last song, Smythe changed the lyric a bit and sold it for use by Jimmy Stewart on a Bing Crosby radio show in the '40s.

Here is one of the more rare bits from Denver radio's past taken from a station-only record now in my possession. The year is probably 1960 and it includes a couple of mock-campaign songs in the fake-election for Mayor of the fictitious town of East Tincup contested between Snerdley and Smythe.

For three years, starting in 1960 Pete Smythe had a real East Tincup in the Golden area. He purchased the



recreated Western buildings made for the 1959 Colorado Gold Rush Centennial located on the grounds of the state Capitol. The buildings were relocated to Highway 40 south of Highway 6 and south of what was then the city limits of Golden (annexed in 1961). His idea was "an authentic Western Americana theme tourist attraction" which did come to pass unlike Magic Mountain just up the road. The theme park folded in 1963 after a dispute with the landowner and the location later became the East Tincup Campground. Smythe was born in Glenrock, Wyoming on July 10, 1911 and hung up his saddle for the last time on May 6, 2000.

Wolf Creek Pass

In 1961, William Fries visited Ouray on a vacation from his job as art director for an Omaha ad agency and was struck by the rugged beauty of that Colorado mountain town. Fries won

awards for his work out of the Bozell Jacobs advertising agency including a Clio for the Metz Baking Company ads featuring a trucker named C. W. McCall and his girlfriend Mavis Davis, a waitress at the "Old Home Filler-Up An' Keep On-A-Truckin' Café." When his song of that title hit the charts in 1974, Fries was asked by his label MGM for more and he gave them an album called *Wolf Creek Pass* and adopting the stage name of his trucker creation C. W. McCall. The title song went to #40 on the *Billboard* charts in the spring of 1975 setting the stage for his biggest hit "Convoy." The song "Wolf Creek Pass" was inspired by some things a trucker told Fries while he was gassing up his vehicle in Wiggins. The lyric finds McCall telling the tale of his trucker buddy Earl and him, hauling a load of chickens out of Wiggins which is up on I-76. This tale of "truckin' and cluckin'"

recounts such horrors as failing brakes on one of Colorado's scariest highways and slidin' an over-13-foot-tall load of chickens through a 12-foot-tall tunnel (you can guess the outcome). After skidding through "hairpin county and switchback city," McCall and Earl manage to ease their Peterbilt and the now 12 feet of frazzled chickens into downtown Pagosa Springs safe, sound and a bit lighter in the feather department. Bill Fries had an equally successful run as mayor of the town of Ouray from 1986 until 1992. He and his family ran San Juan Odyssey in Ouray from 1977 until 1996, a visual tribute to the San Juan Mountains. By the way, the studio group that supplied the music for the C. W. McCall albums (the Old Home Band under the direction of Chip Davis, a friend from the ad agency) was essentially the same group who recorded all the great Mannheim Steamroller albums of Christmas songs. Fries told me the story of how when his song became a success he was called by Dinah Shore, Rich Little and the Tonight Show to perform. As he wasn't sure he could remember the words, he wrote the first word of each verse on his hands in magic marker and made sure Chip Davis sat in with Doc Severinson's band to supply the cues.

William Dale Fries was born Nov. 15, 1928 in Audubon, Iowa, and had musician parents who played for silent movies. Fries told me his inspiration was the music of Woody Guthrie, but he also seems to be carrying on the grand tradition of storytellers like Walter Brennan who could spin a yarn in a folksy fashion. What he felt made him successful was writing about real people and places including things that happened to his family.

Where The Columbines Grow—Colorado State Song

For 90 years and counting, the official state song for Colorado has been Dr. Arthur J. Fynn's "Where The Columbine's Grow." For nearly that long, people have been clamoring for something more interesting and lively or at least a song that mentions the word Colorado in the lyric of its state song. In 1949, Dr. Frank Spencer remembered an 1896 camping trip he, Fynn and two others undertook from the San Luis Valley into a grassy meadow known to him as Schinzel Flat (named after two brothers killed in a snowslide). Awash from the intense light of evening, the field exploded in vividly hued bluebells, gentian and our state flower – the columbine. A discussion followed about putting the image to song which Fynn duly started in 1909 and published in 1911. A New Yorker by birth, Fynn contributed much to his adopted state via 29 years in the Denver school system (at Longfellow, Manual Training and Valverde High) and 15 years working with the Colorado Historical Society.

Fynn published three songs during his lifetime: "The Mohawk," the World War I song "Brother Jonathan Leaves Home" and "Where The Columbines Grow." His wife Rose Curry Fynn (30 years a teacher at East High), remembered him writing his most famous tune while on a ship returning from Europe, homesick for Colorado. It is reported in the *Daily News'* Monday May 8, 1911 edition, that this song was sung for the first time the previous Friday at a Woman's Club meeting at the Longfellow School (a later article lists the singer as Charline Hincke). The lyric is

described as “filled with the spirit of the West and the picturesque contrasts that are met in the shadow of the Rockies.”

State Senator Francis Knauss offered up the bill to make “Where The Columbines Grow” the state song and on May 8, 1915 it was adopted. He remembered in the *Denver Post* in 1963 that there were four different songs considered, but that this particular song sounded the best at the time. By the ‘63 *Post* article he sounded a bit sheepish about having adopted the song as did then Governor Love who is quoted as saying; “I wouldn’t recognize it if I did hear it.” Knauss may have been referring to the 1917 legislative action that pitted “...Columbines...” against four other songs. Fynn’s song won getting double the votes of the next highest competitor “Skies Are Blue In Colorado” by Salida’s Jim Ramey.

When the state song issue was again being debated in 1969, an article in the *Rocky Mountain News* quotes Mrs. Minnie Kays as having been a part of a school choir who introduced Fynn’s song to the legislature. She remembered singing with an orchestra under the direction of Denver school’s musical director Wilberforce Whiteman (father of bandleader Paul).

The copyright was assigned to the Daughters Of Colorado in 1935 who used their half of the profits to buy either state flags for historic spots or pay for roadside markers (depending on the source you read). Charles E. Wells Music, who sold many of the sheet music copies at 50 cents a piece back in 1963, estimate that they moved perhaps 100 a year. The Wells Company at that time was selling more copies of “Colorado, Colorado I love You”, a 1924 song by

Walter Hirsch and Harold Dellon, and the 1930 hit “Moonlight On The Colorado” by New Yorkers Bill Moll and Robert King.

In the March 12, 1947 *Rocky Mountain News*, Senator John J. Harpel of Denver is quoted that the present state song was “too slow and old-fashioned to sing at conventions.” The proposal at that time was to replace it with “Hail, Colorado” and a great debate ensued. The *Denver Post* from that same time says that “waxing sentimental over the old-fashioned waltz, the state Senate refused to let the columbines be hailed out of Colorado’s state song.” By a compromise vote of 20 to 13 they moved to make “Hail, Colorado” the new state marching song.

Mrs. Madeline Beckman’s 1952 song “Onward and Upward” was introduced as another possible replacement. Her words included “Onward and upward, we march side by side. Beautiful Colorado we sing about with pride. Onward and upward our aims will e’er be true, Beautiful Colorado we love you.” It failed as well.

As we heard earlier, the Up With People song was proposed at one time to replace “...Columbines...,” but it failed. People like Minnie Kays and her husband were instrumental in the defeat. “Maybe the new song (“If I Had a Wagon...”) is ‘with it’ and has something to say to the new generation of Coloradans,” the Kays admitted,” but the old song says a lot more to a lot more people.” Later, John Denver’s “Rocky Mountain High” suffered the same fate when it was proposed as a replacement with one or two people objecting that the ‘high’ part perhaps referred to an unnatural one.

It is with great dignity and pride that we now present our own Colorado state song "Where The Columbines Grow." We will perform the chorus for you; then you are requested to join in with the tinkling ivories of Ted Krieger. A word of caution: if we do not see every person's lips at least moving, we will be forced to perform it till we do!

Over the corral rail

New Members

The Denver Posse of Westerners welcome the following new members:

Brian Spindle of Denver. Brian was referred by Reed Weimer. He states that his interests include Denver History.

Paula Thomas of Conifer. Paula, a native Coloradan, states her interests are in art archeology and history. She was referred by Norm Meyer.

Blaine Burkey of Denver. Blaine's interests are: local history of Maryland, Kansas, Missouri and Colorado, all places he has lived. He was a member of the St. Louis Corral for nine years and the Kansas Corral for 25 years. Blaine is the author of *Custer come at once* and *Will Bill Hickok, the Law in Hays City*. He is working as an archivist of Capuchin Province of Mid-America for the regional Capuchin Franciscan Order.

Congratulations Ken!

Ken Gaunt, P.M., was awarded second place winner of the Philip A. Danielson Westerners International Award for his presentation, "The Medal of Honor and its Colorado Connections."

The Denver Posse mourns the passing of friends

Bernie Faingold, Denver. Bernie owned a photography studio and was nationally known throughout the nation for his portraits of dozens of the nation's famous people. He also had a large collection of antique cameras. His father was a photographer who started the studio in 1914. Bernie worked with him to learn the trade, and eventually took over the business. He was a Posse Member from 1978 to 1995.

Sam Arnold. Sam was the owner and operator of "The Fort" restaurant in Morrison, Colorado. "The Fort" was built to resemble historic "Bent's Old Fort" in southeast Colorado, and served a variety of game meats and displayed historic artifacts of Western history. It was nationally known. His wife, Carrie's, watercolor sketches were included in the 60th Anniversary Brand Book, published last year.



Westerners' Tallyman Ted Kreiger, left, presents a copy of the 60th Anniversary Brand Book to Sam Arnold, founder of "The Fort" restaurant in Morrison Colorado



Westerners Bookshelf



The Last Outlaw: The Life of Pat Crowe, by John Koblas. North Star Press, P.O. Box 451, St. Cloud, MN 56302. Soft cover, \$12.95. 102 pages, chapter endnotes, 15 illustrations, bibliography, no index.

John Koblas, a member of both WOLA and NOLA, has written and published an excellent book on the life of Pat Crowe, a very slippery felon who operated around the turn of the century. Koblas has fleshed out and expanded a very good article about Crowe written by Garneth Oldenkamp Peterson and published in the Fall 1976 edition of *Nebraska History* magazine. I had become aware of Crowe several years ago in my research into the career of my Grandfather, William H. Reno. Crowe was one of my Grandfather's more notable arrests during his tenure with the Denver Police Force.

Almost all of the facts of Crowe's felonious career are taken from two purported autobiographies published in 1906 and 1927. As a result, researchers must rely upon Crowe's own description of events and crimes. When his Denver crimes are compared to the contemporaneous Denver newspaper accounts, it is easy to see that Crowe habitually inflated his claimed loot from robberies and also embellished his operations and flights to avoid prosecution.

Crowe started out as a petty thief, mainly interested in stealing diamonds and jewelry. After a drinking bout in 1889, as he was robbed of about \$750 by a prostitute in a Chicago brothel. When he awoke, he drew his pistol, which Crowe always called "Betsey," and robbed the madam of the house at gun point, taking her jewels, rings, brooches, pendant earrings and money. The haul was said by Crowe to have been over \$15,000. He then went to redeem a diamond ring he had pawned the day before, part of his loot from a Canadian caper. The unusually scrupulous pawnbroker had been suspicious and had tipped off the police. Officers were watching the shop and Crowe was arrested. A melee ensued with Crowe using his "Betsey" to shoot and wound three of the arresting officers, Briscoe, Linville and an unidentified detective. Nonetheless, Crowe was subdued and eventually sentenced to a six-year term in Joliet Prison. In 1895, the *Denver Republican* reported that Officer Briscoe's wounds from Crowe's shooting had opened up and caused his death, probably the only man killed by Crowe.

In his many incarcerations in several Western states, Crowe bore a striking resemblance to "Climax Jim," the title figure in the recent book by Karen and John Tanner. However, "Climax Jim" rivaled Houdini in his ability to slip out of bonds, shackles, locked cells and similar confinements. Crowe usually was aided by female acquaintances bringing him saws, files, pistols, ammunition, etc. If that help was not available, Crowe's wealthy brother, Steve Crowe, a saloon owner in Omaha, pro-

vided funds for bail, defense attorneys, or reimbursement to the victims of Crowe's escapades. He served only 17 months of his term in Joliet. The Governor of Illinois paroled Pat at the urging of an U.S. Senator from Nebraska who was a close friend of Steve Crowe. It is hard to estimate, but it would appear that two of Crowe's brothers and a sister probably expended over \$50,000 trying to keep Pat out of long-term confinement.

To illustrate the hyperbole and exaggerations of Crowe, the following is from Crowe's 1927 book, not from Koblas. Of his arrest by my Grandfather, Crowe wrote:

"Reno was a bull who had a record. He had first been a Pinkerton detective... After he left the Denver force (following this episode), Reno cleaned up the Colorado Southern Railroad thieves, both trainmen and others, being without fear, brainy and a dead-shot. He fought a score of duels and almost as many men fell victims to his uncanny marksmanship."

Perhaps Crowe inserted this to make it look more plausible that he was arrested by a Denver detective who got the drop on him and prevented him from using the two "Betseys" he had in his back pockets at the time. I have done exhaustive research into my Grandfather's career and have found that he probably used a pistol in an arrest on only two or three occasions. He was never a Pinkerton, never fought any duels and never claimed to have killed anyone. Will Reno's only gunfight was the one at Turkey Creek Canyon with the Ketchum gang and he only claimed to have possibly killed a horse.

Pat Crowe was a very well-built, articulate and charismatic knave. When arrested he always came up with a glib explanation that frequently got him off the hook. The culmination of his career was the kidnapping of 15-year-old Edward Cudahy, Jr., in December 1900. The victim was the scion of Edward A. Cudahy, the most prominent personage in Omaha and the head of the large meat packing company bearing his name. At the time, due to young Ed's age, this kidnapping was not a crime in Nebraska. Ransom of \$25,000 was demanded and promptly paid by Mr. Cudahy, so that young Ed was released unharmed in 30 hours. Crowe claimed that the ransom was \$50,000, which he split with his associates. Cudahy, Sr., then swore out a complaint against the kidnapers based upon obtaining money by fraud. The culprits were quickly identified as Crowe and two others. Rewards offered by Cudahy, Sr., and the City of Omaha exceeded the amount of the ransom. The Pinkertons were retained and did most of the searching for Crowe and his cohorts. Crowe disappeared from the scene and, as I disbelieve so much of his story, I find his tales of travel to South Africa to fight for the Boers against the British to be unbelievable.

Crowe was finally arrested in Butte, Montana in October 1905. He was then transported back to Omaha by rail and by this time he was a real celebrity. The crowds that came to see him at each stop along the way rivaled those of the President or any campaigning candidate. By this time, there was an ongoing investigation of the "beef trust" in Chicago, and Edward Cudahy, Sr., was listed as one of the prime suspects. Crowe's clever attorney used the character of Edward Cudahy

against him and Crowe was acquitted of the crime, even though he had already confessed to the crime in a letter written to a priest that was introduced into evidence.

For such a colorful character, the last 30 years of Crowe's life were drab and not flamboyant. At first Crowe began lecturing on the evils of crime, touring with vaudeville shows and making scheduled speeches. He worked for the Salvation Army for a time and continually tried to sell his story. He bragged that he had stolen over \$500,000 in his career but admonished that none of it ever did him any good. He became an alcoholic and was frequently arrested for drunkenness and panhandling in New York City, Omaha and elsewhere. Finally, he died of a heart attack in a Harlem flophouse in 1938.

When I first read Koblas's book, I was critical for the lack of dates throughout. However, that is because Crowe, in his publications and also Peterson in his account, rarely used dates. An index would have been helpful. The chapter notes are good, but not keyed to statements or events. I highly recommend this book as a quick read and a good study of a really colorful, but relatively unknown, criminal.

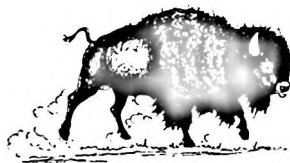
--Larry Reno, P.M.

HANANAH and the MOUNTAIN, NOTES toward a WILDERNESS FATHERHOOD, by Jonathan Johnson. University of Nebraska Press. Publication March 2005. \$22.50.

Hannah and the Mountain is the memoir of two young people struggling to survive in the wilderness alone. It is sometimes heartbreaking, and yet doable in a remote beautiful corner of Idaho.

Struggling to survive without electricity, running water, and companions to help them, daily struggles become difficult at times. Soon the anxieties of preparing for fatherhood set in as a big challenge, winter, arrives. At times, the story is heartbreaking but ultimately heartening. In some places, the story becomes slow and drags on. Jonathan Johnson and his wife, Amy, overcome difficult times during a long hard winter to see the joys of spring and a family increase by one.

--Pat Lane





The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

November - December 2006



Emily Griffith
by Debra Faulkner
(presented February 22, 2006)



Our author

Debra Faulkner, raised in Loveland, Colo., comes by her passion for Colorado history honestly. She earned her B.S. in Education from the University of Colorado and is currently pursuing her Masters in History at CU-Denver. A recent Anschutz fellow with the Colorado Historical Society, she is also a longtime volunteer with that organization. As a board member of the Colorado Women's Hall of Fame, she manages the organization's archives and its ongoing oral history project, collecting the extraordinary life stories of both historical and contemporary inductees.

Debra's biography of Emily Griffith, founder of Denver's Opportunity School, has just been published by Filter Press. She is also collaborating with Dr. Tom Noel on a general Colorado history program for American Historical Press, and is serving as editor of CU-Denver's 2006 *Historical Studies Journal*. Debra portrays Miss Griffith and other notable women from Colorado's past in first-person living history programs around the state.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

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Emily Griffith

by Debra Faulkner

(presented February 22, 2006)

A student whose formal schooling ends with Grade 8 becomes a world-famous educational pioneer. A woman who never marries adopts and nurtures thousands. A beloved retired teacher is mysteriously slain in her mountain cabin. These are just some of the ironies that make Emily Griffith's life story as intriguing as it is inspiring.

At a time when the KKK was at the height of its influence in Colorado, Emily Griffith had a very different idea about how to deal with the racial minorities and immigrants of Denver. By founding one of the first schools in the world to offer free public education to adults, she empowered people of all ages, backgrounds and circumstances with the knowledge and skills to build a brighter tomorrow. She called it Opportunity, and its legacy continues to this day, offering hope "for all who wish to learn," the school's mission and motto since its doors opened in 1916.

I first became interested in Miss Griffith's story in a Dr. Tom Noel class that required students to research and portray at grave side an outstanding Denverite interred in Fairmount Cemetery. I selected Emily because I had taught similar student populations – ESL, adult remediation, and fast-track welfare-to-work vocational training. I was amazed that this visionary educator had recognized the need for such programs before the turn of last century.

And I quickly discovered that Emily's story was more than just an inspiring history. It was also a real-life murder mystery. Who could resist?

Prairie Schoolmarm

Emily K. Griffith entered the world as the eldest daughter of Andrew and Martha Griffith on February 10, 1868, in Cincinnati, Ohio. Her father, alternately a lawyer and an itinerant Presbyterian missionary, rarely made a steady income. The family moved frequently, ultimately heading for the Nebraska prairie to homestead in 1884. While Andrew worked to prove up their Custer County claim, it fell to Emily, then 16, and her older brother Charles, 18, to help provide for the rest of the family, including Florence, then 14, and Ethelyn, 8.

Having completed the eighth grade, Emily was qualified to teach in the one-room sod schoolhouses that dotted the prairie. Students ranged in age from 6 to older than 20, and she learned to individualize instruction and progress at each pupil's own pace. Because rural schools were so isolated and homesteads so far flung, it was the custom in those days for teachers to "board around" – live for a fortnight at a time with students' families. The experience demonstrated to the young teacher that in many instances, the parents needed basic education as much

as their children. Adults unable to read or figure up their general store bills had nowhere to go to learn the skills they had missed out on, for whatever reason, as children. Additionally, three out of five Nebraska homesteaders were either foreign-born or the first generation descendants of immigrants who lacked English language skills. Emily resolved that there ought to be a place where people of all circumstances could learn whatever it was they needed to succeed in life. The purpose of public education, she believed, ought to be to “fit folks to life” – to prepare people of any age for a productive and satisfying place in the community.

The Move to Denver

The Griffiths eventually proved up their claim against all odds. But in 1894, a late frost that literally nipped crops in the bud was followed by the devastating “furnace winds” that summer. By fall, the family had had enough of life on the prairie. The principal breadwinner now that Charles had a family of his own, Emily had a substantial say in where they went next. The progressive attitude evidenced by Colorado’s granting its women the right to vote doubtless appealed to her, and Denver became their new home.

Emily used the relocation as an opportunity to give herself a fresh start in more ways than one. Perhaps in order to avoid the stigma attached to nineteenth-century “spinsterhood,” the 27-year-old provided a year of birth on her Denver Public Schools application – 1880 – that shaved 12 years off her actual age as easily as that. She stuck to that little white lie for the rest of her

life, resolutely refusing to discuss her age with anyone. Her harmless deception did not come to light until the 1980s, when biographer Yale Huffman looked into the Ohio and Nebraska census records of her youth and uncovered the truth.

The downside of Emily’s instant rejuvenation was that she, as a 15-year-old, could believably claim only ten months’ teaching experience, rather than the nearly ten years she actually had. Thus she began her DPS career as an “alternate,” or substitute, teacher for a few years while she completed the “normal training” required for a teaching certificate.

At last she was assigned to a sixth-grade class at Central School, in the Auraria neighborhood, and later she taught eighth grade at the Twenty-fourth Street School in Five Points. Both schools were in ethnically diverse, generally impoverished parts of the city, and both schools had serious problems with truancy. Visits to the homes of her students revealed that many of the children, as young as 10 or 12, had to work at menial jobs to help support their families. Even more disturbing to the young teacher was the desperate circumstances in which she found the parents of her pupils. Lacking basic or specialized job skills, they worked at physically draining, dirty and dangerous jobs – if they found work at all. The crime, alcoholism, domestic violence, and demoralization of these families were the products not only of lack of money, but also lack of any hope to escape the downward spiral. Emily Griffith was more convinced than ever that education was the way out and

NEW 'OPPORTUNITY SCHOOL' TO TEACH BUSINESS TO PUPILS



MISS EMILY GRIFFITH,

Progressive Denver School Teacher, Who Is Popularly Known as "The Little Mother of the Twenty-fourth Street School." She Will Shortly Establish an "Opportunity School" Where the Young or Old, Men or Women, May Drop in at Almost Any Hour of the Day or Night and Get Practical Training in Whatever Line Interests Them.

Young and Old Will Be
Told How to Find and
Hold Jobs.

The Opportunity school will cooperate with all the business men of Denver. We will ask the business men's suggestions as to what makes a boy in girl really content and what school training the full time needs for as they would attain leadership in their work. The school will

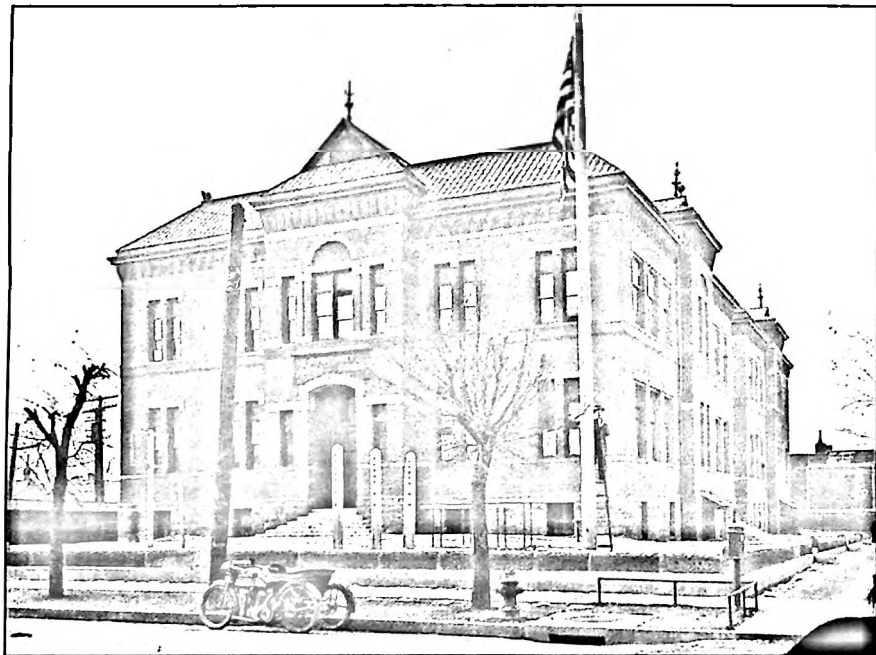
Everything One Wants to
Know About Earning
Living Taught.

the way up for the disadvantaged and disheartened.

She began to offer, on her own time at noon and in the evenings, basic instruction for working children and their parents who needed reading or figuring skills, and English for the foreign

born. It was a beginning. But it wasn't enough. The school she now envisioned would teach not only the 3Rs and English for immigrants, but also vocational skills that would help people find more lucrative and fulfilling work.

In 1904, Miss Emily Griffith



was appointed Deputy State Superintendent of Schools, plucked from the classroom and installed in a State Capitol office. For four years in this capacity, she visited schools all over the state, made connections with influential people in the Department of Education, and learned how changes might be made within the system. She returned to the classroom in 1908, only to be called back to administrative duty from 1910-1912 as Deputy State Superintendent of Public Instruction. At every opportunity, she talked about her vision for a new kind of school.

The ideas of adult education, English for the foreign-born, and vocational education did not originate with Emily Griffith. What was unprecedented about her proposal was that it would bring all of these programs under the

public schools umbrella, would teach young and old together, and would be free to any resident of the city. For these reasons, it would be the first school of its kind in the world.

Gentle Crusading

Emily championed her cause on every front. She spoke to women's clubs, businessmen's organizations, church groups and social workers, and allied herself with nearly every charitable organization in Denver. More and more people became convinced that her solution to so many of the city's ills had merit and deserved to be tried.

But some of Griffith's strongest opposition came from within her own profession. Many educators were outraged at the very idea of a school with no admissions requirements, no

age requirements, no curriculum or attendance requirements. They were convinced that such a revolutionary arrangement would lower the standards of public education unacceptably. Often, they attacked Emily's credentials as well as her ideas, pointing out that she had never even graduated from high school. She may have been discouraged, but she was convinced of the importance of her crusade and continued to gather supporters.

At Christmastime 1915, Miss Griffith, now back in the classroom for good, escorted a group of students from Twenty-fourth Street School to the downtown offices of the *Denver Post* to outfit them in winter clothing donated to the paper's "Big Brothers" charity. It was on this occasion that she met Frances "Pinky" Wayne, one of the *Post's* most popular and passionate reporters. Wayne was as impressed with Griffith as with her idea for a school she called "Opportunity," and subsequently convinced her editors and many of the most influential citizens in Denver to support Griffith's educational reform initiative.

Doors Open

At last, on May 11, 1916, the school board approved Miss Griffith's Opportunity School idea, naming her as principal and reprieving the condemned Longfellow School building for the radical experiment. Emily and her staff of five spent much of the summer cleaning up the place and making it fit for instruction.

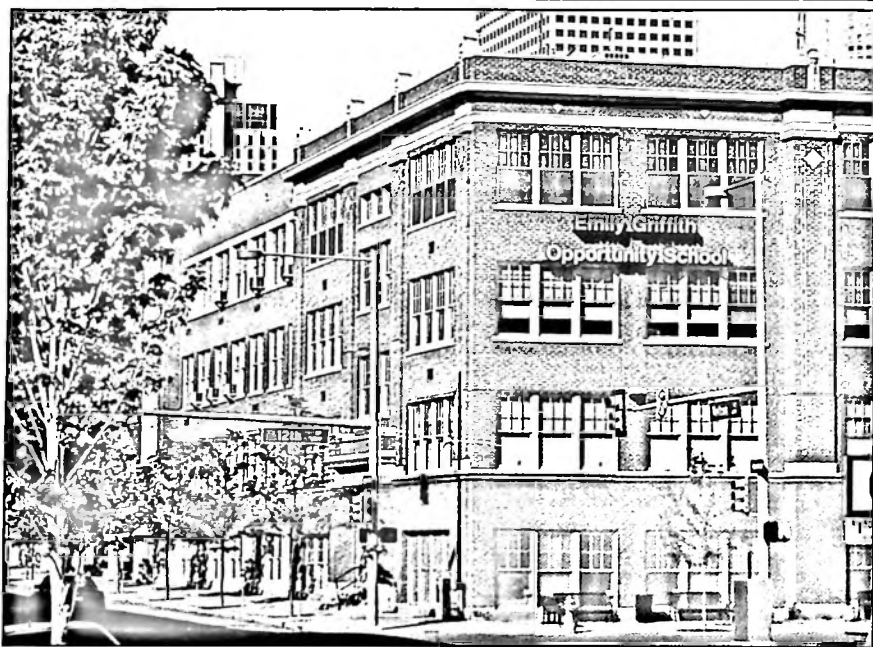
She switched gears from persuasion to promotion, advertising the new school in newspaper interviews, at Union Station, and on the sides of streetcars. On opening day, Sept. 9,

1916, Miss Griffith set up her desk in the hallway, right inside the front doors, so that she could personally welcome all who sought the school's help. More than 1400 enrolled that first week. It was obviously an idea whose time had come.

The school was open from 8:30 in the morning till 9:30 at night, five days a week, offering basic academics, English language classes, and vocational training in everything from carpentry and millinery to telegraphy and typing. Rather than being told what classes they had to take, students were asked what they needed from the school to obtain more satisfying and lucrative employment.

"There is one thing that each person can do well," Emily would tell her teachers. "Let's find out what it is." Students dropped in and out of classes as it suited their schedules. Opportunity's teachers were a special breed -- flexible, adaptable, and, Miss Griffith insisted, always positive and supportive. Hers was the second-chance school, the "friendly school," and it was a boon and a blessing to the previously educationally disenfranchised of Denver.

Key to Opportunity's success was a close collaboration with local employers. The school made sure it was teaching the skills businesses sought. Its Employment Bureau placed graduates in jobs upon completion of their practical training. Always innovative, its automobile mechanic course was one of the first in the nation in 1917. Not yet a year old when the U.S. entered World War I, Opportunity trained hundreds in gasoline engine repair, blueprint reading, ambulance driving, first aid, and other skills useful to the war effort. Re-



turning veterans were taught vocational skills that facilitated their successful re-entry into civilian life.

One of Emily's first hires was her youngest sister Ethelyn, who taught at Opportunity until 1941. Her sister, Florence, whose bouts of epilepsy as a child left her with a learning disability, helped out in other ways. One evening in the school's first year, a student in Emily's class fainted in mid-recitation because he had come straight to school from work and had not eaten all day. Correctly deducing that his was not an isolated case, she and Florence began bringing pails of soup prepared by their mother to the school each day on the streetcar and served it free in the basement. Some speculate this arrangement was actually the progenitor to the lunch program in public schools. Today,

"Emily's Bistro," run by culinary arts students, still serves economical meals in Opportunity's basement.

Dangerous Opposition

Throughout the 1920s, the school continued to grow and the facility expanded to meet the changing needs of students and employers. Its success is particularly impressive in the context of Klan-controlled Denver. The 1924 election handed victory to KKK candidates for the governorship, U.S. Senator, and the majority of seats in the state legislature. Denver's Mayor Stapleton and the police chief were also among the followers of Grand Dragon Galen Locke. Opportunity's empowerment of racial minorities and immigrants through education ran utterly contrary to the Klan's exclusionary and intimidating agenda.

But Griffith was undaunted and kept the school going despite opposition and threats to its survival. In times of trial, Emily recalled the heartening words of an older woman who once attended Opportunity – “There’s all tomorrow that ain’t been touched yet” – and she courageously stayed the course “for all who wish to learn.”

The school became a model for adult and practical education throughout the nation and the world. Emily Griffith gained international renown and was invited to England, Germany, Russia and other nations to establish similar institutions, but she always chose to stay in Denver. Over the years, Emily was awarded honorary degrees by the University of Colorado, the State Teachers College (now UNC), and Colorado Women’s College, and was named the city’s “Most Useful Citizen” by the *Denver Post* in 1931.

Number 9 Pearl

Opportunity School was only one of Griffith’s many endeavors. She served on the State Child Welfare Board for many years and was elected president of the Colorado Education Association in 1923. She was a member of the PEO Sisterhood, an organization providing educational opportunities for women since 1869, and was the first honorary female member of the Denver Kiwanis Club, long before the organization officially accepted women.

When Emily was appointed to the Board of Control of the State Industrial School for Boys in 1924, she became especially concerned about young men who slipped back into delinquency upon their release because they had no stable home environment or suitable

role models. In partnership with her Kiwanis friends and with the help of the Denver Foundation, Emily established Number 9 Pearl Street as “A Home for the Boy Who Needs One.” in 1927. The temporary oasis provided a safe and supportive environment, mentoring, and a chance for wayward boys to become productive citizens. The organization expanded and adapted throughout the subsequent years, becoming The Emily Griffith Center and today’s Griffith Centers for Children. For nearly 80 years, the centers have offered hope and healing to severely troubled youth.

Retirement & Retreat

By 1933, the school was a well-established and smooth-running operation. More than 100,000 people had come through its doors and past Miss Griffith’s hallway desk on their way to better lives. Opportunity sent an average of 2000 trained workers into the community every month. Having taught for nearly 50 years, Emily was exhausted both physically and emotionally. Upon her retirement, Denver Public Schools added her name to that of Opportunity School as a tribute to her visionary work.

Miss Griffith moved to Pinecliffe, a small mountain resort up Coal Creek Canyon outside of Boulder, with Florence, the developmentally disabled sister she cared for their entire lives. They lived simply on her \$50-a-month retired teacher’s stipend in a pine-slab cabin built for them by friend Fred Lundy, a former instructor at Opportunity. The solicitous Lundy did handyman work for the sisters, chopped firewood, ran errands, and often shared meals with them.

Emily welcomed many visitors during her retirement years — Opportunity's new principal, Paul Essert, former and current teachers and students, and even nationally syndicated columnist Ernie Pyle. Her Kiwanis friends, along with graduates of Opportunity's trades programs, installed plumbing, heating and electricity in her primitive home free of charge. She often held Sunday school for her neighbors, and passed her days in quiet contentment.

A Shocking End

On the morning of June 19, 1947, the bodies of Emily Griffith and her sister Florence were found in their cabin by their youngest sister, Ethelyn, and her husband, Evans Gurtner. They had been slain in an execution style, shot in the back of the head while kneeling, and left lying in pools of their own blood. There were no signs of forced entry, struggle, or ransacking. In the kitchen, two pots of food apparently just removed from the stove sat along-

side three pieces of pie served on plates.

The crime sent shockwaves around the state and the nation. It defied logic and offended decency. The sisters had no known enemies and few worldly possessions. Boulder County Sheriff's officers were assisted by the cream of the Denver detective squad on the case. When Fred Lundy's car was found abandoned by South Boulder Creek, with a briefcase full of cash and instructions that it be used for final expenses "if and when my body is found," he became the one and only suspect. Sources told investigators that Lundy's behavior had recently seemed strange, and he'd been saying things that sounded suddenly incriminating. He was genuinely concerned about the increasing burden Florence represented for frail, 79-year-old Emily, and authorities theorized that the crime was a mercy killing or suicide.

Despite a massive manhunt, Lundy's body was not found until more than two months later in the creek by a

Famous Educator And Sister Are Found Slain At Pinecliffe

JUN 19 1947

Camera JUN 19 1947

Emily Griffith, Florence Griffith Are Shot To Death

Fred Lundy, Friend Of
Victims, Sought; Note
Found In His Car

Miss Emily Griffith, 84, one of Colorado's most famous educators, and her sister, Miss Florence Griffith, 87, were found shot to death today in their mountain cabin at Pinecliffe, 17 miles southwest of Boulder in Coal-creek canon.

Deputy Governor Norman R. Howe said they had been slain, one .38-caliber bullet entering the back of the head of each sister.

Howe and Under Sheriff Donald C. Moore were heading a search



young fisherman. As soon as the corpse was officially identified, the case was closed. But it was never solved. No murder weapon was ever found, no autopsy was performed on Lundy, and a great many troubling questions remain to this day. It seems no one thought to ask the question every murder mystery buff asks first: Who stood to gain from the deaths? The answer points to someone never investigated as a possible suspect.

At the time of Emily Griffith's death, she had more money than she had ever had before. The \$9,500 in her savings account from the sale of her Denver home just months earlier, along with the Pinecliffe property adjoining the Gurtners, all went to the surviving sister, Ethelyn, and her husband. Evans Gurtner's financial problems were chronic, and he was rumored to have ties to organized crime. Gurtner had an airtight alibi, having spent the day of the murders visiting friends in Denver. But the manner of the sisters' slaying would seem more consistent with a "mob hit" than a mercy killing. As soon as the estate was settled, the Gurtners sold everything and traveled extensively, particularly on cruises. Because the Boulder County Sheriff's department lost not only interest, but also the case files, the truth may never be known.

Following a memorial service with matching pink caskets at Central Presbyterian Church, Emily and Florence were cremated and buried under a single headstone in Fairmount Cemetery. The marker bears no dates of birth.



Rocky Mountain News

ESTABLISHED 1859

SUNDAY
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'MERCY' MOTIVE IN KILLING OF EMILY GRIFFITH

EMILY GRIFFITH—Her Last Picture



PHOTOGRAPHY—The Denver County sheriff's officers and Denver police brought out the historic double slaying of Emily Griffith, General Evans Gurtner, and her husband on Oct. 3 here. It might prove to be the last of her life.

PHOTOGRAPHY—A group of about 200 people gathered in front of the Griffith home in Denver on Oct. 3, 1906. The Griffiths were shot and killed in the home. The Griffiths were shot and killed in the home.

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My Memories of Emily Griffith

By Mrs. Ethelyn Griffith, nee Gurtner

First Murder Scene Pictures

Magnificent Obsession

Legacy

Questions about the end of Emily Griffith's life remain, but there is no question about her enduring legacy. Emily is memorialized by a beautiful stained glass window and a needlework tapestry in the State Capitol, a drinking fountain in Civic Center, a chair in the Central City Opera House, and a mosaic on exterior wall of the Convention Center, as well as a portrait and a plaque at EGOS.

The revolutionary school named in her honor still operates today at the same location at 13th and Welton Streets, though it now occupies the entire city block. It continues to offer the same types of programs it did in 1916 — with obvious adjustments for the times. And to date, more than a

million-and-a-half people have taken advantage of the Opportunity to improve their lives and their prospects. Emily Griffith's spirit will continue to touch tomorrow as long as teachers, administrators, counselors, staff and volunteers at the Opportunity School and the Griffith Centers for Children dedicate themselves to the uplifting of others seeking a second chance to lead productive and satisfying lives.



Over the corral rail

New Members

The Denver Posse of Westerners welcomes the following new members:

Donald G. McCubbin of Centennial, Colo. Mr. McCubbin was referred by Bob Pulcifer. His interests include Colorado history, mining and geology.

Ray E. Jenkins of Conway, Ark. Ray was referred by Gene Rakosnik. Ray's interests include open range cattle history. Roy is a former posse member and sheriff of the Denver Westerners. He taught American History for many years.

The Denver Posse mourns the passing of friends

Robert Akerley. Robert joined as a corresponding member in 1967. He was Deputy Sheriff in 1984, and Sheriff in 1985. He worked at the Denver Museum of Nature and Science for 45 years in the Anthropology Department. He served four years in the Army and was awarded the Bronze Star medal twice.

Norma Mumey. Wife of the late Dr. Nolie Mumey, who was a charter member of the Westerners. The Doctor published over 80 books on many subjects. Norma authored the book *Nolie Mumey, M.D.*, as well as various pamphlets on Colorado history. She continued the Mumey tradition of generosity to the Denver Westerners, by donating an extensive collection of portraits by Colorado artist Juan Menchaca, that Nolie had commissioned. Norma Flynn was Nolie's literary secretary for 35 years. He married Norma, his third wife, on Sept. 13, 1980.

Jack Cooper. Longtime corresponding member, founding member of the San Luis Valley Historical Society, resident of the San Luis Valley since 1959, dentist, Adams State College staff member, and historical writer. A book on Zebulon Pike, about to be published, was authored by Jack.





Westerners Bookshelf



HISPANIC ALBUQUERQUE 1706-1846, by Marc Simmons. University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM 2003. 164 pp., 6 Photographs, 6 illustrations, 3 Maps, Bibliography, Index, Footnotes, Paperback, \$19.95

This book is an abridgment of Simmons' award-winning **ALBUQUERQUE: A NARRATIVE HISTORY** first published in 1982 and long unavailable.

The introduction to the Spanish conquest of New Mexico covers the time period from 1540 when the first Spanish explorers arrived until 1706. This was a time when expeditions came and went while Spain was looking for the land of gold, and a time when the Indians fought for their pueblos and the settlers braved the journey from Mexico City, wanting the lush Rio Grande valley for their ranches.

The early history of Albuquerque, called the Spanish Colonial period, spanned from 1706 to 1846. It covers the history of the Spanish colonization of New Mexico and the creation of Albuquerque. Santa Fe was the capital of New Mexico, but a larger town was required further to the south to protect the settlers. The site that was chosen had an excellent river crossing, was less likely to flood than the old crossing and the location had plenty of tillable land, pasture and firewood. It was astride the Camino Real to Mexico City, a perfect setting for the new town Albuquerque. During the first century after its founding it witnessed sporadic episodes of Indian attacks and reprisals, violent quarrels among the colonists and plagues. Comanches, Apaches and Navajos were constantly raiding and famine was felt throughout the years.

In 1803 the Louisiana Purchase opened the West to trappers, traders and settlers. However, Spanish law forbid any trading with the United States and goods could only be sent into Mexico not the province of New Mexico. When war with Napoleon began, it ushered in a new era in Spain. France captured King Fernando VII and in 1810 a Cortes was called in Cadiz, attended by representatives from all of the provinces. The Cortes allowed towns and provinces to elect municipal councils to run their local businesses, and regulate their trade, according to their needs. The Cortes imposed strict curbs on the King's power. When the French lost Spain, Fernando returned and abolished the Cortes, and repealed all of the new laws. This action sparked the independence movement throughout Mexico. In 1821 the Viceroyalty in Mexico broke with the empire and proclaimed Mexico as an independent country and trade was soon opened with the USA. American settlers in the Mexican province of Texas declared their independence in 1836. President Polk declared war

on Mexico and annexed Texas in 1845. In 1846 General Kearney entered Albuquerque without a shot being fired, and thus New Mexico became a US territory.

The author has created a book rich in history and little-known facts, chock full of amazing anecdotes, and interesting facets of commercial activities in daily life. This book would make an excellent reference book for historians interested in the history of New Mexico and the Southwestern part of the United States.

Don't Let the Sun Step Over You, Eva Tulene Watt with assistance from Keith H. Basso. University of Arizona Press, Tucson, 2004. 340 pp., paperback, maps, photographs, Western Apache pronunciation guide and index. Introduction by Keith H. Basso

Don't Let the Sun Step Over You provides a look into the past unseen before and provides an Apache view, unsettling yet uplifting. It opens the mind and educates the Anglo heart.

Five years of tape recordings in Mrs. Watt's kitchen provide historical accounts of White Mountain Apache life in the late 19th and early 20th century. Although much literature has been written by non-Indian authors, Mrs. Watt provides an inside look at family life shortly after the Apache wars ended. We are also shown the poverty on the San Carlos and Apache reservations. The U.S. Indian agents and government school officials and private schools provided by the church all dragged the Apaches into the 20th century.

Don't Let the Sun Step Over You allows the reader to walk in the moccasins of Apache Indian families, look through their eyes, and taste and smell the changes brought on by an invading people from across the ocean.

Mrs. Watt's voice is spoken and written in her native colloquialism allowing one to be transcended back in Apache time. It is her desire to provide a window for the future Apache generations and those white people who care to experience a not too-distant past. Stories are compiled from many hours of listening, while at her kitchen table, to events she recalled of her life and those of her family.

Mrs. Watt's stories leave you with a message of survival, strong work ethic and the true American spirit that surmounted the trials of the changing times.

The Colorado State Capitol: History, Politics, Preservation by Derek R. Everett. Boulder, CO: University Press of Colorado, 2005. 244 pp. Five illustrations, 35 photos, bibliography, index. Cloth \$29.95.

Many present-day Coloradans no doubt pass through the center of the City of Denver without so much as a passing glance at its anchor feature, the Colorado State Capitol, considering it just another building. Author Derek Everett's presentation will win your minds in viewing this structure as an architecturally significant example among the nation's state capitol buildings, as a worthy symbol of our state, as a necessary working cog in the machinery of our state operation, and as having its own vital history in its development and its operations for over a century.

Derek's experiences with the capitol began as a tourist, a third grader fascinated by the opulent building, then continued for five summers as a guide enthusiastically leading tours as well as researching the grand structure, followed by college theses efforts, and culminating in this book. His passion for his subject is infectious.

In the late nineteenth century each state strove for a capitol building of which it would be proud, showcasing the state and announcing to its sister states that it had indeed arrived. But there were many bumps in the road to achieving this. Political backroom maneuvering was always present. Henry C. Brown donated the land, and then tried to revoke the gift when no progress was made. Elijah Meyers was the competition winner in designing the Colorado Capitol --- he was a distinguished architect, and designer of both the Michigan and Texas Capitols. Elijah was a controversial man, difficult to work with, and this conflict is interwoven through the development years of the Colorado Capitol. Design disagreements and budget compromises add to the story.

Once the great building is dedicated the story is not completed. Changes and maintenance of the physical plant, redirection in usage over the passing decades, efforts in preserving a historical symbol while providing a vital functional role in state government, are interestingly documented. There are so many details forgotten over intervening years, and Everett provides a summary that takes us up right up to the present. The story reads well, and this reviewer recommends the book as one that will hold your interest.

--Edwin A. Bathke, P. M.