



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

January - February 2010



The Coldest Case
116-year-old serial murder never solved
by Lucy Graca, C.M.
(presented May 27, 2009)



Our Author

Lucy Graca claims not to be a historian, but a lifelong history buff. She is particularly interested in history that explores how ordinary people lived their lives. Lucy has published essays, articles, and poetry, including a memoir of the last surviving member of the Hasanamisco tribe of Massachusetts, an essay about the amusement park called Revere Beach, a history of Denver's attempts to control air pollution, and most recently, and etymological essay about the word "friend" in the *Vocabula Review*. She teaches rhetoric, literature, and humanities at Arapahoe Community College in Littleton. In short, Lucy enjoys writing a good story, regardless of the topic.

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The Coldest Case

116-year-old serial murder never solved

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The idea of serial murder is as shocking and incomprehensible to us today as it was in the fall of 1888 when Jack the Ripper achieved long-lasting celebrity for murdering a string of prostitutes in the London slums. The extreme brutality of the crimes has assured his celebrity for 120 years.

The Ripper aside, serial murder was not unknown in the 19th century, and the murder of prostitutes – those perfect victims of opportunity – has always been a hazard of their occupation. Since the Middle Ages, it has been regularly suggested that prostitutes' purpose is to siphon off aberrant sexual desires¹; mostly unstated is that one of those aberrant desires is the one which links sexual gratification with murder.

In the fall of 1894, before fingerprinting and blood grouping had become useful crime detection technology, police in Denver, Colorado had only the same methods available to Sherlock Holmes for solving a string of prostitute murders on Market Street. These methods – though virtually infallible in the hands of the fictional Holmes – were somewhat less effective for Denver's actual police. Though handwriting analysis and blood spat-

ter patterns were pretty well understood, police had to depend mostly on trace evidence such as blood, hair, footprints, and handprints; and circumstantial evidence: reports of suspicious behavior, personal items left at the scene, and eyewitness accounts. Sadly, just as police do today, they also had to contend with all the same human failings: corrupt judges and police, copycat criminals, incompetent investigators, slick defense attorneys, the media, and false leads.

That fall of 1894 was unremarkable in Denver in almost every way, especially after the excitements of the City Hall riots the previous spring protesting "plutocracy and corruption" in Denver's government.² On Market Street, hundreds of men – the teamsters, merchants, railroaders, cowboys, blacksmiths, lumberjacks, liverymen, grifters, swells, politicians, grocers, and butchers who gave the street its name – passed back and forth between the commercial market down toward 15th Street and the red light district from the 1800 block on. There, the girls would stand or sit in their doorways, variously dressed in gowns, lingerie, silk stockings, and corsets.³ Sporting houses on Market St. were divided into three classes:

at the top, Mattie Silks' and Jennie Rogers' high class establishments, then the less luxurious "parlor houses," and, at the bottom of the hierarchy, the "cribs" in which men could take their pleasures more quickly and cheaply, if inelegantly.⁴

At 1911 Market St., 37-year-old Lena Tapper ran a parlor house with Dick Demady; his brother, Edmond; and their sister, "the beautiful Madame Fouchet." Dick Demady, with his handsome handlebar mustache, looked more like a suit advertisement for the May Shoe and Clothing Co. than the French pimp he was. He had built the one-story duplex at 1909-1911 Market for himself and Lena, a plump German immigrant, shown in a newspaper drawing wearing a demur lace collar at the neck of her simple dress.⁵

But business as usual came to an abrupt halt early on Monday morning, September 3, when John Borgatti, of the Casa Bianca Saloon stopped by Lena Tapper's parlor house to collect 90 cents for the house's daily beer order and pick up the order for Tuesday. After knocking on the back door, he found it open and walked through the house calling her name. Lena didn't hear him.

She didn't hear him because she was lying face down on her bed in her calico nightgown with a muslin "waist" twisted loosely around her neck and tied with a square knot. Oddly, the pillow beneath her head

was a fresh one. Another pillow, stained with blood from Lena's mouth and nose, lay nearby. Her face was black, and her eyes and tongue were protruding. She had a contusion above her right eye and the fingernails of her right hand were torn: apparently defensive wounds.

The horrified Borgatti ran out the front door into Market Street, where he "gave the alarm," meaning he yelled at the top of his lungs. Just then, Dick Demady appeared from the rear of the house, having, he said, come home around dawn from an all-night card game at the Casa Bianca. Not wishing to awaken Lena, domestic Dick said he'd stepped out to buy groceries and look for his missing dog. Police found his shopping basket, filled with fresh bread and fruit, on the kitchen table.

From the evidence, Sergeant Tarbox and Detectives Griffin and Leyden deduced that Lena's killer had used a "scientific method. After rendering the woman nearly unconscious by blows, the murderer procured the muslin waist, which he quickly slipped about her neck and tied [leaving] a space in which a man's hand would fit." He then used a cord as a garrote. Why he changed the pillow was thought "to have an important bearing on the case."⁶

Despite his protestations of innocence, Demady's arrest for murder was guaranteed by some letters



from a woman in Albuquerque, who seemed to be another of Demady's lovers, and his suspicious appearance at the scene. Also arrested were his brother, Edmond, and "the beautiful Madame Fouchet." These two were quickly released for lack of evidence, but Detectives Griffin and Leyden had discovered some of Demady's bloodstained clothing and linens in a hamper.⁷ Demady's story that the blood was from Lena's dog struck the officers as one too many dog stories.

Four days later, on Friday, September 7, Demady posted \$5,000 bond (about \$100,000 today), and on October 25, his attorney, Mr. Cayless, argued that charges should be dropped for lack of evidence. The judge, Mr. Justice Cater, seemed to agree, but continued the case, pending "an analysis of [the blood stains] made by some expert chemist

to determine whether the blood was that of a dog or a human being."⁸

Muddying the evidence against Demady considerably were conflicting reports of suspicious-looking men loitering around Lena Tapper's parlor house on the night and early morning of the murder. A next-door neighbor reported having seen a man leaving Lena's house by the back yard early on the Sunday morning before the murder.⁹ Fred Niemeyer, another German habitué of the Street, was loitering outside Mike Wade's saloon at Market and 19th Streets around 2:00 a.m. He described a sinister fellow-loiterer in astonishing – if unlikely – detail: "He was about 27 years old, and wore a slouch hat, which was partly drawn over his eyes. His moustache was sandy, his shoulders wide. [...] His eyes were small and close-set together, and, if I remember rightly,

he wore brown trousers.”¹⁰ And finally, a Mr. Parks made, then withdrew, a statement that he’d seen someone wearing a brown coat, vest, and striped trousers knock Lena down after an argument.¹¹ Whatever the truth, new events crowded Lena Tapper’s murder out of the front pages.

Tony Saunders, one of the many Denver policemen in the district who moonlighted as a tout, or pimp, had recently set up house-keeping with another of the Street’s women of ill fame, 23-year-old Marie Contessot, in a parlor house at 1925 Market Street, diagonally across the street from Mattie Silks.¹² Marie had just arrived in Denver with her sister, Eugenie, and Charles Challoup, Eugenie’s putative husband.¹³ Married to Challoup or not, Eugenie retained the name of Contessot, like her sister.¹⁴ Rumor on the street was that the three had just returned from Paris, where a wealthy relative of Marie and Eugenie was fixing to leave them a fortune.¹⁵

At 3:00 a.m. on October 28, three days after Demady’s case was continued, Tony Saunders ran into the street outside 1925 Market Street blowing his police whistle. When police arrived, they found Marie Contassot strangled on her bed.

Like Lena Tapper, she was found face down, with her head on a bloody pillow. She too had a small contusion over her right eye, her face was black, and her teeth

were embedded in her protruding tongue. She was naked except for a short, knitted chemise of the type most women wore in cooler weather. Saunders claimed to have heard nothing because he was upstairs asleep in his own room at the time of the murder. None of the neighbors had heard anything either. Several coincidences, however, made police suspicious once more of Dick Demady: they found a letter from him among Marie’s things, and he had lived with Lena Tapper next door to Marie before she had moved in with Saunders.¹⁶ Demady was immediately rearrested, along with Marie’s sister, Eugenie, Charles Challoup, and another man named Frank Roch, or Rock, because he seemed to match the description of a man reported to be loitering in the neighborhood.

All except Challoup were released for lack of evidence, but Challoup hired Demady’s attorney, Mr. Cayple, and coincidentally was arraigned before the same judge, Mr. Justice Cater. Following his pattern with Demady, Cater released Challoup on the same bond: \$5,000. District Attorney Steele, moved by public outcry, had Challoup arraigned a second time on a technicality before a different judge, who denied the bail assigned by Cater and threw Challoup back in jail. But Attorney Cayple quickly insisted that one man could not be arraigned twice on the same charge,



and Challoup was again released on the original \$5,000 bond.¹⁷

During all this legal maneuvering, another Market Street prostitute, Ethel Lewis, was attacked on Nov. 2 at about 4:00 a.m. When she ran from her house at 1926 Market Street, screaming and blowing her whistle, two quick-thinking policemen responded by running to both the back *and* the front of the house. They captured “a most peculiar-looking individual,” who identified himself as A.F. Gooch, a Gilpin County farm hand, just arrived in Denver the day before. Gooch had “a retreating forehead and the top of his head [was] of an abnormal size.”

Ethel Lewis accused Gooch of hitting her in the right eye, attempting to strangle her, and robbing her of a dollar. She had the marks to show for it. But after Gooch had been charged with the attack, Lewis suddenly and inexplicably withdrew her accusation.¹⁸

Thus things stood until after newspaper coverage of the 1894 election and the death of Czar Alexander III. On the morning of Nov. 13, *Rocky Mountain News* headlines screamed: “A JAPANESE WOMAN FOULLY MURDERED!”

A few houses up the Row, at 1957 Market Street, folks said that tiny 19-year-old Kika Oyama was making enough money to send \$50 a month home to Japan¹⁹ (about \$1,000 today²⁰). Her common-law husband, Ina Oyama, found her customers, perhaps among the patrons of the other Japanese- and Chinese-owned businesses²¹ lining Hop Alley, just one street over, between Wazee and Blake Streets, a bustling emporium where one could buy almost anything.

This third, or possibly fourth, attack on a Market Street prostitute, coming as it did during a news void, became the “media circus” one might have expected earlier. Kika Oyama, it was true, was prettier and younger than the other victims, but her murder matched the pattern of



Lena Tapper's and Marie Contesot's, which confronted Denver's police with the unavoidable conclusion that they were dealing with a serial murderer.

Ina Oyama had returned home from an evening in Chinatown at about 1:00 a.m. to find Kika, still warm and gasping slightly, face down on her bloodstained bed, a towel twisted around her neck. Ina unwound the towel and turned Kika over, then ran to the front door and shouted for the woman across the street. When she arrived with Detective Carberry, they found Ina cradling Kika's lifeless body in his arms. She was pronounced dead at 1:15 a.m.²²

As with the two earlier stranglings, the victim's "husband," Ina, and her other associates were rounded up and arrested, and then released for lack of evidence.

Also as before, several oddities muddled the evidence. Though

the back gate, backdoor and inside doors were all open, the front door was locked, with the key on the inside. Whether it was locked before or after Ina called for help was never determined. Footprints, small enough to be a woman's, were found all over the backyard,²³ along with a vial of the poison aconite, also known as the Chinese homeopathic herb, monkshood, the purpose of which was never accounted for.²⁴ Just as in the other two murders, no money was immediately found at the scene.²⁵

Where was it? Given the women's profession, some cash should have been found. And in Kika's case, it eventually was: her locked trunk that stood at the foot of her bed, containing about \$36 and some valuables, had been tampered with unsuccessfully,²⁶ suggesting that the murderer had attempted robbery. It now seemed to police that the other two women had been robbed successfully.

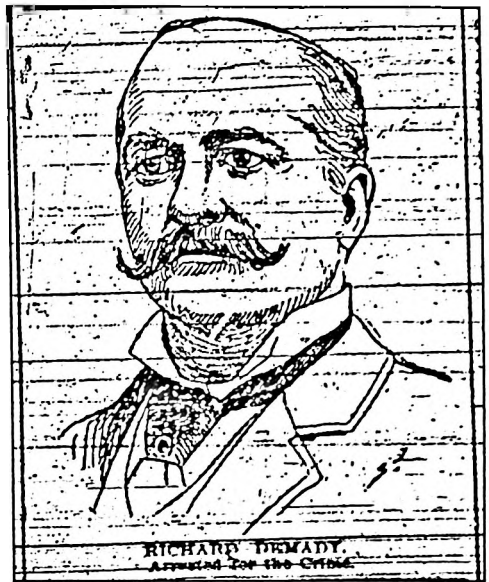
Police and "medical men" had now begun to work on what today we would call a "profile" of the killer. The newspapers had dubbed him "Jack the Strangler" to capitalize on the Jack the Ripper case in 1888.²⁷ The "medical men" speculated that the women had been murdered by a "homicidal maniac ... A human fiend who has the insane desire to choke women ..."²⁸

Theories about men who murdered for compulsive or sexual

reasons had been around since the 1850's.²⁹ Robert Louis Stevenson's 1887 sensational bestseller *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* and the Jack the Ripper case in 1888 had made these theories quite titillating as a subject of conversation and debate. Prominent physicians told reporters that certain men, subjected to prenatal influences, were "afflicted with eroticism" that at times produced the "uncontrollable urge to kill women."³⁰

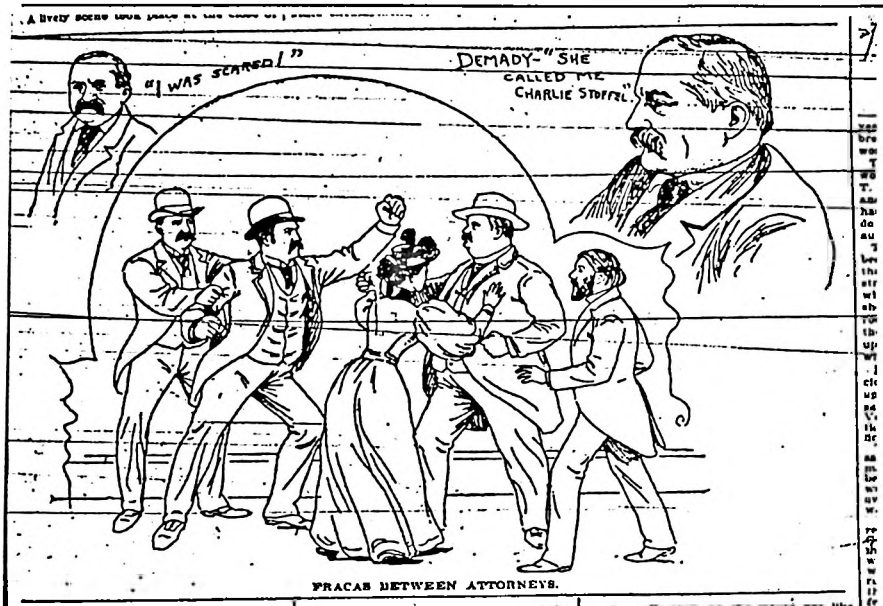
Chief of Police Armstrong took a more practical view. He assumed that the murderer benefited in some way from the murders.³¹ He favored a few men "who have banded together to reduce to slavery the women of the Row," perhaps a "gang of Frenchmen led by Charles Challoup." The *Rocky Mountain News* speculated that secret evidence and the immanent arrest of a local real estate man would put an end to the murders. Others thought that a woman had murdered Kika because of the small footprints in her backyard.³²

No further evidence for any of these theories ever surfaced. The terror-stricken women of the Row – particularly those on the odd numbered side of the 1900 block – raised a fund to hire special guards to protect them; others just left town. Dick Demady was again arrested because of an undated rent receipt that connected him to Kika Oyama, and therefore to all three murdered



women. His brother Edmund, drawing on an apparently endless supply of cash, again stood Demady's \$5,000 bond.³³

On Nov. 17, newspapers reported that the police were again seeking Frank Roch, or Rock, a "desperate character" and a member of the San Francisco-based Macquereaux Society, an organization of panderers that hung out at the Casa Bianca Saloon on Larimer Street. Rock – who fitted the description provided by a clairvoyant – had also been arrested during the Contassot roundup, and had been reported as fleeing from Kika Oyama's backyard at about the same time as her murder. Rock apparently had fallen out with the other members of the Macquereaux Society because he had married an Irish woman.³⁴ He



was described as 35 to 40 years old, 180 pounds, with a small moustache gracing his "repulsive face." It turned out, however, that Tony Saunders was the only "police" seeking Rock; the next day Saunders and some "burly detectives" found him comfortably at home with his wife.³⁵

On Nov. 18, a "French courtesan" named Marie Anders reported being attacked at 1330 20th Street, just around the corner from the Market Street stranglings. She claimed her attacker was an Italian stonecutter who called himself H. Moller and matched the description of Frank Rock. Police ignored Anders' accusation and insisted that they had the real strangler, Rock, in custody.³⁶ The police's new theory

was that Dick Demady had strangled Lena Tapper; the Macquereaux Society had then hired Frank Rock to strangle Marie Contessot and Kika Oyama, supposedly in order to "cover" the Tapper murder.³⁷

None of these theories survived until the following April 20, 1895, when the two-week media circus that was Dick Demady's trial began. Rock, Moller, and Gooch were all forgotten, along with the aconite, the locked front doors, and the woman's footprints. District Attorney Whitford had one murder – Lena Tapper's – and one suspect – Dick Demady – to take to trial. Whitford promised the jury sensational revelations about Demady's guilt. Demady's attorney, Lawyer Ballard, was playing his cards close

to his vest until his turn came to defend.

Prosecutor Whitford's most "sensational" witnesses were George Copeland, a "notorious bagnio," and Sadie Crowe, one of Mattie Silks' cleaning ladies, both of whom claimed to have watched through the curtains of Tapper's front window as Demady beat Lena on the Sunday morning before the murders. However, Copeland's testimony lost much of its credibility when he had to be pulled out of the saloon next door, appearing "very red in the face," to testify.³⁸ Crowe testified that a dog had been howling on the Tapper front porch, and that Mattie Silks had said to her, "Go see what's the matter with Lena Tapper." Two other cleaning ladies from the Row, Belle Gross and Blanche Edwards, also testified that they had seen Demady hit Lena on other occasions. But they created a sensation when they admitted that one of Demady's rent collectors had threatened them to keep them from telling police.³⁹

The rent collector himself, unearthed from the Row the following day, confirmed that he had threatened several witnesses. Meanwhile, Mike Ryan, a known felon, cheerfully testified that he had bribed Justice Cater and an assistant district attorney to "go lightly" on Demady.⁴⁰ On the third day of the trial, all these mixed and corrupted testimonies, along with an accusation that defense attorney Ballard's

wife was giving hand signals to the witnesses, resulted in a fistfight breaking out in court among all four lawyers and Mrs. Ballard.⁴¹ Eventually all the testimonies of these witnesses were thrown out.

The forensic evidence presented at the trial reminds us that little changes in the world of courtroom theatrics. Detective Griffiths testified that he had taken Demady to the morgue and had fitted one of his hands to the marks on Lena Tapper's arm. Unfortunately, under Ballard's cross-examination, Detective Griffiths revealed he could not remember which hand fitted the marks – implying that "If it don't fit, you must acquit." Though the prosecution exhibited Demady's blood-spotted clothing, whether the blood was a human's or a dog's, as Demady maintained, was not reported.⁴²

Having discredited virtually all the prosecution's witnesses, defense attorney Ballard put Demady and everyone associated with him on the stand to testify as to his character. All of them, including two of his mistresses, his brother Edmund, and several more members of the Macquereaux Society crowd from the Casa Bianca saloon, testified to Demady's devotion as a spouse and helpmate to Lena. Demady himself burst into tears on the stand as he described his and Lena's long and idyllic "marriage," Lena's talents as the breadwinner of the family, and

his bliss-filled domestic role as grocery shopper and dog-walker.⁴³

Nevertheless, by April 25 the trial had begun to devolve into accusations of bribery and threatening of witnesses on both sides. Both the prosecution and defense hauled friends of witnesses in to testify that their friends had lied. The testimony of several witnesses for both sides was tainted because they were in jail for various petty crimes around the time of the murder. In a final piece of slapstick irony, Tony Saunders, the moonlighting cop and lover of Marie Contessot, was hauled out of the packed courtroom audience and accused of tampering with prosecution witnesses on behalf of Demady. Sanders denied all the accusations and left the courtroom "with an independent air."⁴⁴

Reporters' perceptions of the trial – reflected in their stories in this era before objective reporting – was clearly that, while Demady was almost certainly the murderer, the prosecution's case was too weak for a conviction, and rested too heavily on circumstantial evidence and the testimony of unsavory characters. This turned out to be an accurate perception: After day-long closing arguments from both the prosecution and defense, and a short deliberation, the jury acquitted Demady on May 7.⁴⁵



No one else was ever prosecuted for the killings, and only Marie Contessot's monumental grave marker in Riverside Cemetery recalls the bloody events on the Row that fall. Kika Oyama was buried in the potter's field section of the same cemetery, but her grave is now lost, and there is no record of Lena Tapper's final resting place. Also unrecorded is whether Charles Chaloup and Marie's sister, Eugenie, returned to France to collect the fabled inheritance, or whether Dick Demady moved to Albuquerque with his letter-writing mistress, who had attended every day of the trial.

No matter how much the landscape changes, serial murders are still the toughest kind of crimes to solve. Even with psychological profiling, DNA analysis and all the rest of the technology used by today's replacements for Sherlock

Holmes – the CSI teams of TV land – many cases go unsolved, many cases become “cold cases.” Technology alone cannot cope with the extreme irrationality, lack of motive or guilt, and the sheer human inhumanity of killing for pleasure. One wonders if the Market Street murders – along with Jack the Ripper, a very cold case indeed – could be solved even today, or if even today, anyone could be convicted. So many questions remain:

If Demady did kill Lena Tapper, then who killed and attempted to kill the other three or four, and why?

Were the murders secondary to robbery or the other way around?

Did Gooch, or Moller, or Roch simply alight from the train at Union Station and start a killing orgy because, in the language of the day, he was a homicidal maniac?

Sadly, we will probably never know.

Meanwhile, the words carved on Marie Contessot’s monument remind us that regardless of her profession, she was a woman whose sister grieved exactly as all of us grieve the death of a loved one:

“Regrettée de sa sœur, et tout sa famille, et amis. Priez pour elle.” [Mourned by her sister, and all her family, and friends. Pray for her.]

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- 16 "Suspect Strangling"
- 17 "Challou's Liberty"
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- 19 Thomas Noel. "Strangler Never Caught in Market Street Spree."
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- 21 "Choked to Death [Oyama]"
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- 26 "Strangler" *Rocky Mountain News* 14 Nov. 1894: page 1.
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- 29 W.S. Plumer. "Mary Reynolds: A case of double consciousness." *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, 20 May 1860, 807-812. <<http://webpub.alleggheny.edu/employee/a/adale/maryr/referencepage.html>>
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- 32 "In a Tangle." *Rocky Mountain News* 15 Nov. 1894: p. 1
- 33 "In a Tangle."
- 34 "On Another Tack." *Rocky Mountain News* 17 Nov. 1894: p.1
- 35 "In the Act." *Rocky Mountain News* 18 Nov. 1894: p.1
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- 37 "In the Act." *Rocky Mountain News* 18 Nov. 1894 p. 1
- 38 "Those Witnesses." *Rocky Mountain News* 21 April 1895.
- 39 "Strange Tale ..." *Rocky Mountain News* 24 April 1895.
- 40 "Strange Tale ..." *Rocky Mountain News* 24 April 1895.
- 41 "Four Gladiators." *Rocky Mountain News* 30 April 1895
- 42 "Measured Finger Marks." *The [Denver] Daily News* 23 April 1895 p. 8
- 43 "Four Gladiators" *Rocky Mountain News* 30 April 1895 p. 5
- 44 "Threats to Kill" 26 *Rocky Mountain News* April 1895 p.1
- 45 "Elliot in the Defense." *The [Denver] Daily News* 8 May 1895 p. 1



Over the Corral Rail

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Colorado Westerners' Meeting Activities

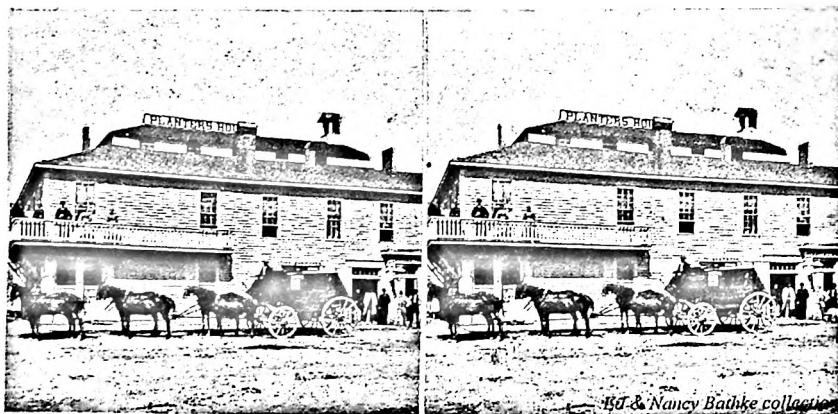
In January the following presentations were given:

The Boulder Corral heard Denver Posse member Vonnie Perkins, "D. C. Oakes, Hoaxer or Hero? The Gold Rush Years, California, 1849, and Colorado, 1859." Her presentation provided additional information not in her recently published *D. C. Oakes, his Family, Friends and Foe*.

The Colorado Corral program featured the "Berthoud Pass Ski Area" by Corral members Ike and Lucy Garst. The Garsts had been owners and operators of this pioneer ski area for ten years.

"Fred Who?" The Food Service on the Colorado Midland Railway, 1887-1888" by former sheriff Edward M. "Mel" McFarland was presented to the Pikes Peak Posse.

Other Denver Westerners presentations included a January program for the Ghost Town Club of Colorado, "Colorado Gold Rush Photos," by Ed and Nancy Bathke. Showcased was the rare Anthony Brothers' 27-stereoview set "Gold Regions", published in 1868, coupled with other Colorado photos of the 1860s.



Anthony's "Gold Regions" stereoview No. 14, "Planter's House, Denver"

The Denver Posse mourns loss of Members

JAMES 'JIM' L. OZMENT

May 18, 1935 - Dec. 7, 2009

Jim Ozment had been a Corresponding Member of the Denver Westerners since 1986, and in recent years he was a familiar face at our meetings. Jim was a starter. He was a founder of the Colorado Railroad Museum in the 1950's, and a founder of the Rocky Mountain Philatelic Library. Trains, stamps, and photography were his passions, and he brought these together in the books that he wrote with friends, including *Colorado Post Offices*, and a number of railroading books. He worked forty years for the Denver and Rio Grande in the Maintenance of Way Dept., Burnham laboratory, and the Chief Engineers Office. After retirement, he did consulting work which included planning for Denver's light rail system. His son Doug is maintaining the joint website that they had: www.westernrailimages.com where many of Jim's rail images can be seen. Jim had an extensive railroad library, and he enjoyed sharing his knowledge with friends. He had an extensive collection of friends as well, and his generosity and gentle sense of humor will be missed by many.

--Contributed by Anna Lee Frohlich

PATRICIA ANN QUADE

Apr. 14, 1925 - Dec. 25, 2009

Pat Quade joined the Denver Westerners as a Corresponding Member in 1992, and in 1995 she elected to the Active Posse. In 1999 Pat Quade served as the first woman sheriff of the Denver Posse. Pat was an extremely active volunteer for the State Historical Society of Colorado, and there she frequently portrayed an 1890s Denver schoolteacher. Her most prominent performances, however, were as Augusta Tabor. She was known for her delightful humor. Pat's husband Omar, who currently resides at the Englewood Meridian Center, was also a former Denver Posse member.

DR. ROBERT 'BOB' W. MUTCHLER

Oct. 25, 1931 - Aug. 27, 2009

Earlier this year Bob Mutchler passed away in San Antonio, Texas. Bob had been a Sheriff of the Denver Westerners in 1976, and in 1973 he was editor of volume 29 of the *Brand Book*. Bob joined the Westerners as a Corresponding member in 1965, he was elected to the Active Posse in 1967, and he became a Reserve Posse Member in 1999.



Westerners Bookshelf



The Day the Sun Rose Twice, The Story of the Trinity Site Nuclear Explosion July 16, 1945, by Ferenc Morton Szasz. University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, NM, 1984. 233 pp. \$19.95

Most people nowadays, if asked to name a date on which the world changed, would name 9/11/01. They would be wrong. As the author of *The day the Sun Rose Twice* writes, "What happened at Trinity that Monday must go down as one of the most significant events in the last thousand years." The date we should remember is 7/16/45.

The Manhattan Project, as the development of the atomic bomb was named, was the most expensive, most rapidly accomplished, and the most significant research project ever supported by the U.S. Government.

Ferenc Szasz has written a highly readable, at times exciting, book about the first atomic bomb test on the barren expanse of desert in southern New Mexico known by the Spanish as the *Jornada del Muerto*, the Route of the Dead Man. The scientists working in Los Alamos, many of whom were Jewish refugees from Nazi Europe, were afraid that Hitler's scientists would be the first to develop a bomb. As a result, Enrico Fermi, Niels Bohr, Edward Teller and others led by J. Robert Oppenheimer worked with unprecedented focus and intensity to complete their task. (They later found out that Germany was at least two years away from having a bomb.)

The selection of the location for the first test was vital. It had to be large, flat, uninhabited, with prevailing winds that would not carry the resulting radioactive cloud across neighboring cities. There were three choices but the *Jornada* was best. It was relatively close to Los Alamos where the bomb was being built and secrecy could be maintained. The building of the site was a major engineering endeavor, with special protective bunkers, facilities for more than 400 men, two large towers for the bomb and 25 miles of road at \$5000 per mile.

The test was wrapped in uncertainty. The scientists were not sure that the plutonium-based bomb would explode, and, if it did, how great would be the blast or how high the radioactive cloud would rise. They thought it might reach 20,000 ft. It rose 40,000 ft. They did not know how intense the radioactivity would be. They did not know if the observers would all be killed although they were 10,000 meters away from Point Zero. And the effects of radioactivity on the human body were only vaguely understood.

The choice of the final date was political not scientific. July 16 was chosen because President Truman would then be in Potsdam, Germany, negotiating with Stalin and Churchill over the future of Europe and how to end the war.

Despite bad weather conditions, the test was flawless. William Lawrence wrote: "One felt as though he had been privileged to be present at the moment of Creation when the Lord said: 'Let there be light'. But Openheimer could only think of the line: "I am become Death, the destroyer of worlds." Three weeks later Hiroshima was vaporized.

--Bruce C. Paton, C.M.

San Juan Legacy, Life in the Mining Camps, by Duane A. Smith, photographs by John L. Ninnemann. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2009, 181 pp, 81 Halftones, 1 Map, Prologue, Epilogue, Index. Paper, \$24.95.

The mining excitement of the San Juan Mountain area of Colorado has been covered by a wide array of books specific to individual communities, mining in general as well as individual mines, the various components of transportation, and some of the distinctive individuals.

This new volume has an entirely new approach. It follows the advance of life and survival from the roughest of mining camps to the final developed communities with all the amenities of any city found elsewhere in the country.

The chapters to whet the appetite are:

- Backbone of the Community (merchants and banking)
- No Riding on Sidewalks and License Those Dogs (the development of local government)
- Raising Hell and a Lot of Other Things (newspapers)
- Transportation Revolution
- Love Can't Live on Heavy Bread (travails of the home maker)
- Youthful Days, School Days
- Dentists, Doctors, Disease and Death
- Shall we "Gather at the River" or Shall we go straight to hell (ministers, priests and churches)
- Age of Joiners (lodges and fraternal groups)
- Sin, Sex and Leisure-time Pleasures (enough said)
- Culture Arrives in the San Juans (the quest for better entertainment)
- Take Me Out To The Ball Game (the favorite sport -baseball)

This is a very informative, easy-to-read book with something new for even the most dedicated San Juan aficionado, the reviewer included.

--Bob Stull, P.M.

On the Western Trails: The Overland Diaries of Washington Peck, Edited and with Biographical Commentary by Susan M. Erb. The Arthur H. Clark Company, An imprint of the University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, Oklahoma 2009. 296 pp. 25 B & W Illus., 6 Maps, Bibliography, Index. Hardcover \$45.00.

Early diaries generally provide fascinating reading. This is by far the best I have ever read. Susan M. Erb, a fifth-generation descendant of Washington Peck, has done an outstanding job of editing numerous diaries and researched historical events happening during the same time the journeys were undertaken. She also consulted diaries of other pioneers who experienced the journeys at the same time as the Pecks adding depth to the story. Over many years descendants of six of Washington's children researched their branch of the family. Their findings, photos and personal remembrances were then shared with Ms. Erb, who compiled and wrote *On the Western Trails*.

Washington and Mercy Peck traveled two very important trails during the gold rush years. Their journey to the gold fields in California began in Canada, via the Platte Trail to Utah and onto California. Information normally begins at the jumping-off points on the Missouri River. Ms. Erb fills in the gaps; such as the reasons they left well-established homes. Later as their children grew, fell in love and married, they moved on again, leaving daughters in communities they had helped build, never to be seen again.

They eventually return to Canada via an ocean voyage from San Francisco to New York and a short time later moved to Atchison County, Missouri, a slave state. This seemed strange because Washington Peck was an abolitionist. In 1858, they once again set out for California. This time they traveled the Santa Fe Trail during a time of Civil War and Indian Uprisings.

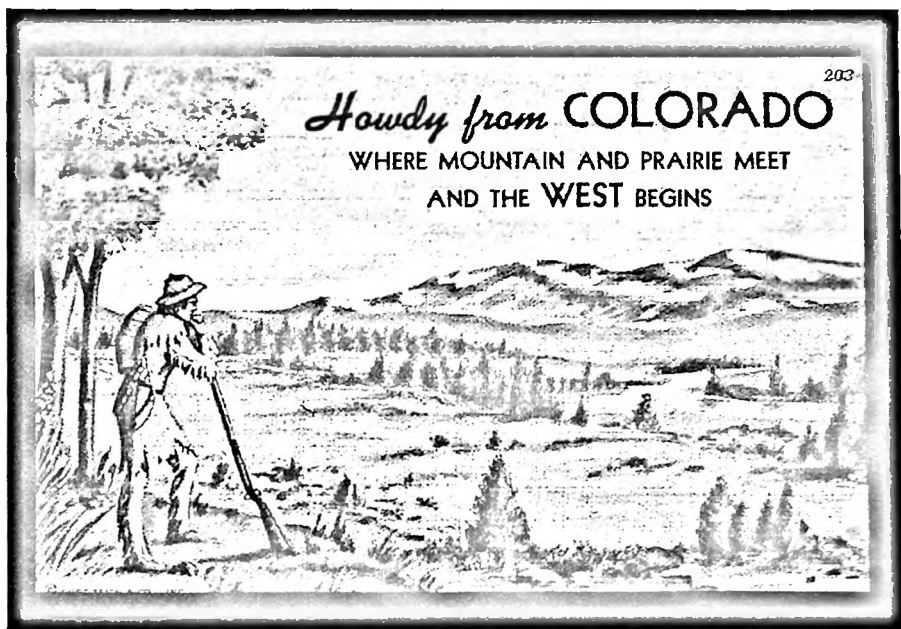
Washington Peck dutifully wrote weather conditions, ignoring the contributions his wife Mercy made to the success of the journeys. Even so Ms. Erb brilliantly succeeds in making the reader aware that women experienced these hardships as well as the men. The inclusion of biographical information adds to the importance of the publication of these diaries.

--LaVonne J. Perkins, P. M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

March - April 2010



A Postcard Tour of Colorado

by Robert Lane, P.M.

(presented June 24, 2009)



Our Author

Bob Lane has been an integral and active member of the Denver Westerners since 1989.

A Denver native and graduate of South High School, this Rebel enlisted in the U.S. Navy during the Vietnam War. He served fifteen months of this tour in the middle of the Pacific Ocean on Midway Island.

Bob was "Keeper of the Possibles Bag" for ten years, and was both Deputy Sheriff and Sheriff. During his term as Sheriff in 2001 he initiated a membership drive resulting in twenty-four new members.

Bob has presented six previous papers to the Westerners: the first in May, 1989, *Circuit Riders from the Alleghenys to the Rockies*, in 1990, *Clenden/Muddy Creek Massacre*, in 1991, *A Mile High Haunting*, in 1998, *The 25th Infantry Bicycle Corps*, in 1999, *Como and the Tenderfoot*, in 2002, *Mule Trains of Marysville, CA*, and in 2005, *The Great San Francisco Earthquake*.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

VOL. LXVI NO. 2



March - April 2010

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A Postcard Tour of Colorado

by Robert Lane, P.M.

(presented June 24, 2009)



The postcards presented here were produced between 1900 and 1945 by companies not only from Colorado but from Germany and Great Britain. Some of the postcards tonight are copies from famous photographers such as William Henry Jackson, Glen Gebhardt and Frank Duca. You will recognize some of the well-known postcard companies such as Sanborn Souvenir, Detroit Publishing Company, H. H. Tammen Company and S. H. Kress & Company.

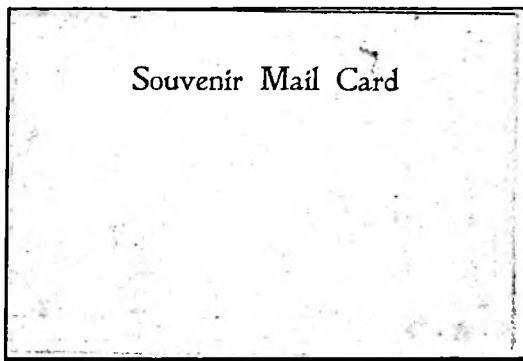


The first copyright for a postcard in the United States was issued to Mr. John P. Charlton of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania in 1861. Soon after H. L. Lipman obtained the copyright from Mr. Charlton. Mr. L. H. Lipman's postcards were on the market until 1873 when the United States Government postcards appeared.

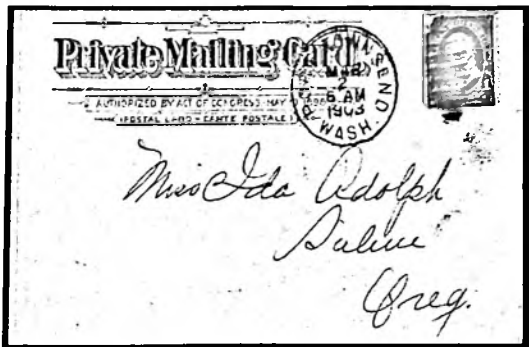
The first card printed with the intention for use as a souvenir was placed for sale at the 1893 Columbian Exposition in Chicago, Illinois.

Beginning in 1888, the Detroit Publishing Company of Michigan was supplying photographs for calendars, magazines and books as well as a full line of lantern slides, which were used extensively for lectures and educational purposes. The postcard at the bottom of the previous page is a photograph of William Henry Jackson and his faithful assistant Maggie.

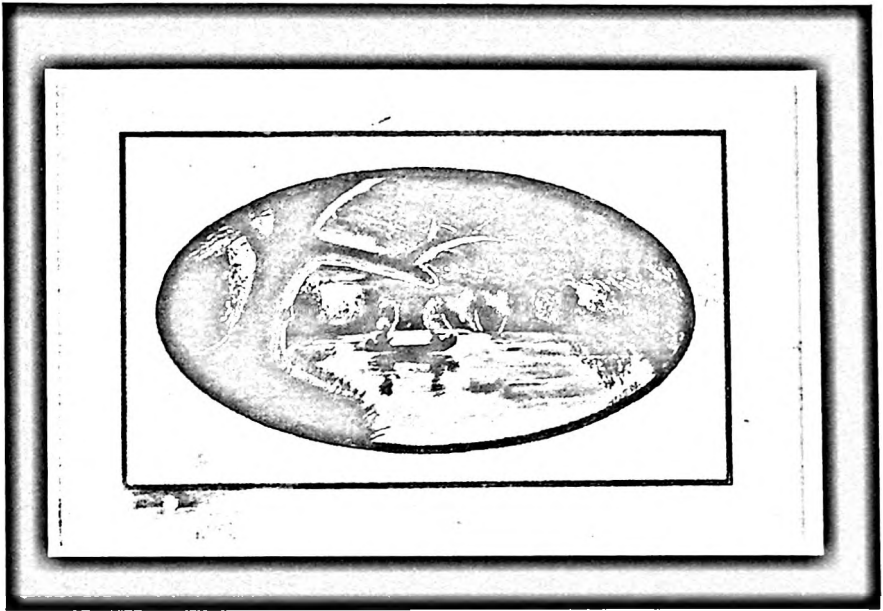
In 1897, Mr. William A. Livingston traveled to Zurich, Switzerland to investigate a new printing process known as "photochrom." He successfully negotiated to secure exclusive rights to the process and established the Detroit Photochrom Company for the purpose of producing and distributing postcards, and other items using this new process. The famous landscape photographer William Henry Jackson, sometimes called the "father of the picture postcard," joined the company in 1898, bringing with him his huge stock of negatives totaling 40,000 glass-plates.



In the 1890's European publishers of postcards started to introduce new and inexpensive picture postcards. When the Souvenir Views were combined with the Postal Card, it became the Souvenir Mailing Card Era. The Detroit Publishing Company began to investigate this possible new addition to their line of business. Congress noted this new trend in mailing postcards and soon after authorized Private Mailing Cards on May 19, 1898. The Private Mailing Cards were also known as "Souvenir Card" and "Correspondence Card." These types of cards rapidly took off and became an overnight success with sales skyrocketing and soon after clubs were organized everywhere.

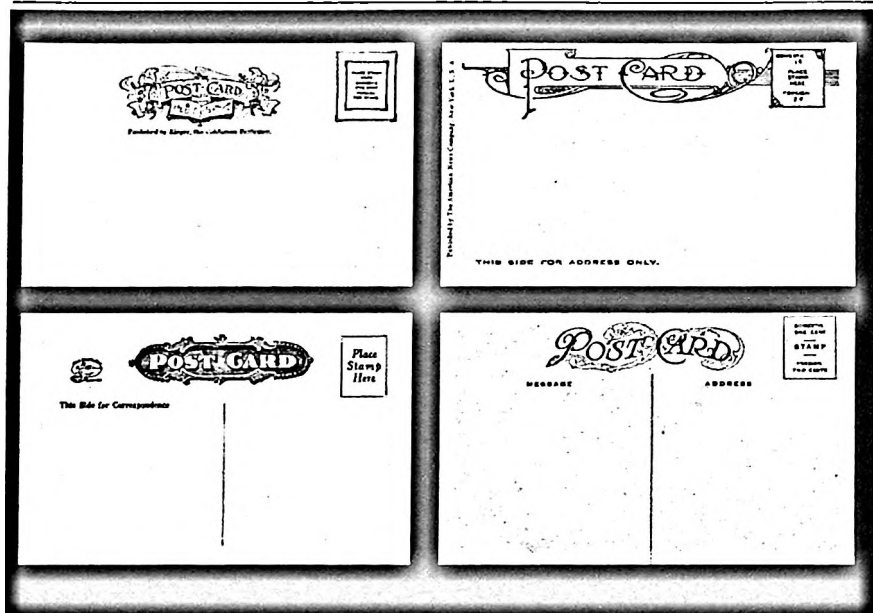


Thus began a new industry devoted to bringing the world closer to everyone's home. The Private Mailing Card Era was born. The cards were merely souvenir cards, with the ever-popular salutations, such as "greetings from" or "wish you were here." The Private Mailing Card Era lasted from 1898 thru 1901.



The Detroit Publishing Company issued the first prescribed size, 3 1/4" by 5 1/2". Only the name and address of the addressee could be written on the back. Some issues have vignette parts with none of them being completely vignetted. The exact number of cards issued in this series is not known. Forty-two issues have been reported. This early series appears with a B-1 stamp on the back. This card is B No. 21.

Around 1900 the first "Real Photo" postcards appeared. Real photo cards were printed on film stock paper. During this time, it was estimated the publishing of printed postcards doubled every six months. By 1907, European postcard publishers opened offices in the United States accounting for over 75% of all postcards sold in the United States.

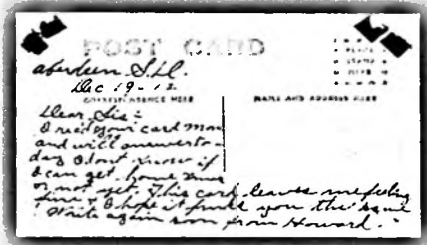
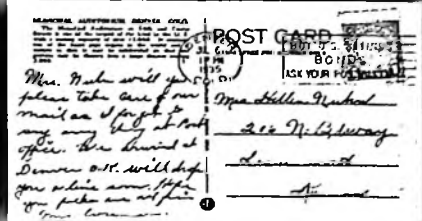


The Undivided Back Era of postcards was from December 14, 1901 to March 7, 1907. As of December 24, 1901, printers were allowed to use the word "Post Card" on the backs of their cards. Writing was still not permitted on the address side. If you wish to leave a message it had to be written in the white border around the image.

The hobby of collecting picture postcards became the greatest collectible hobby the world had ever known. The official figures from the U.S. Post Office for their fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, cited 677,777,798 postcards mailed when the total population of the United States was only 88,700,000!

The Golden Era of postcards (Divided Back) lasted from March 1, 1907 to 1915. Finally the address and the message were now on the same side. Most of these cards were printed in Germany, and the lithography processes were so advanced the cards are really spectacular in color. During this "Golden Age" postcard sending and collecting became a mania. This collecting frenzy was only slowed by WWI which cut off the supply of quality produced cards from Germany. A lower quality of postcards was produced in England and the United States. Due to the war a poor quality of cards brought a swift end to the American postcard hobby. A new and exciting form of communicating with friends and loved ones started to take hold. The telephone quickly replaced the postcard as a way to keep in touch. The "Golden Age" of postcards was over.

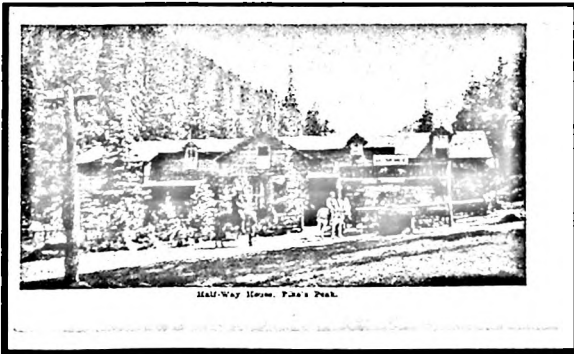
Although the "Golden Age" is gone sending messages still holds true today with the modern postcard. Some messages are short and to the point. Others convey messages about a family member or a friend having a medical problem. Most postcards let the receiver of the postcard know the sender is doing well and having a wonderful time. Some cards ask a neighbor or friend to take care of their home while they are away.



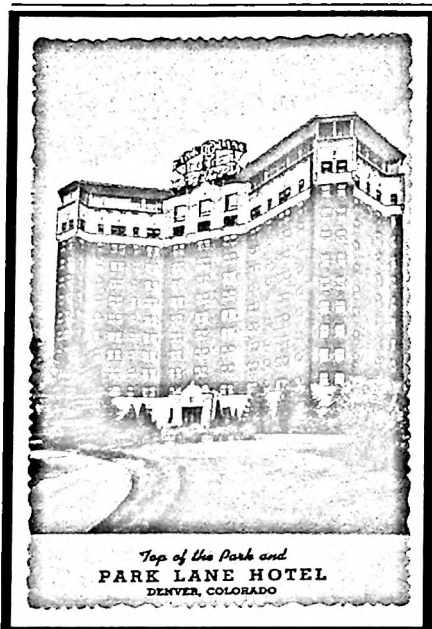
Here are two examples of personal requests (Municipal Auditorium). The top one is from Mrs. Crossman to Mrs. Hellen Nuham of Leavenworth, Kansas asking “Mrs. Nuham, will you please take care of our mail as I forgot to say anything at Post Office. We arrived at Denver and will drop you a line soon and hope you folks are all fine.”

The bottom postcard is a photo of three firemen on the Great Northern and St. Paul Railroad. The fireman sitting down happens to be my grandfather on my mother’s side. The postcard is from Howard G. Leigh writing to his sister Rose. “Dear Sis + I rec’d your card Monday and will answer today. I don’t know if I can get home Xmas or not yet. This card leaves me feeling fine & I hope it finds you the same. Write again soon from Howard.”

In 1920, postcard companies saw a decline in sales resulting in several companies folding. The Detroit Publishing Company survived because of its superior product. However, the recession of 1920-21 dealt a crippling blow from which the firm never fully recovered. Over the next eight years, the company was under receivership.



When World War II began postcard sending and collecting declined. Supplies were cut off, resulting in higher cost of post war supplies and inexperienced technicians producing lower quality cards and the higher cost of ink, a “white border” was introduced to cut the cost of printing.



The "Linen Era" of postcards was from 1930 to 1945. The United States Government allowed a new printing process with bright printing dyes with a high rag content giving the card a textured feeling. Many postcards kept the white border but they were eventually faded out. The linen postcards were inexpensive to produce and very popular at roadside establishments for advertising. The building of America's highway infrastructure can be documented almost every step of the way by linen postcards.

In 1932, a more severe depression put the final nail in the coffin for the Detroit Publishing Company. A liquidation of the firm's assets was made and soon after William Jackson's 40,000 glass-plate negatives were put in storage until 1936 when the Edsel Ford Institute acquired the inventory. A few years later, the Colorado Historical Society received a major part of the inventory, all images west of the Mississippi.

Also during the 1930s our neighbors across the pond were producing a saucy cartoon-style postcards. The postcard was often bawdy in nature with innuendos traditionally featuring stereotypical characters such as large busty women and put-upon husbands. At the peak of its sales a massive 16-million postcards a year were sold.

Many of these best-known postcards were created by a publishing company called Bamforths, based in the town of Holmfirth, West Yorkshire, England. A few years later the English Government ordered Bamforths to stop printing the saucy cartoon-style postcards deeming them too offensive.





In this same time period the “photo chrome” postcard appeared. In 1939, this high-quality colored card dominated the market, and by 1945, the start of the “Modern Chrome Era” began.

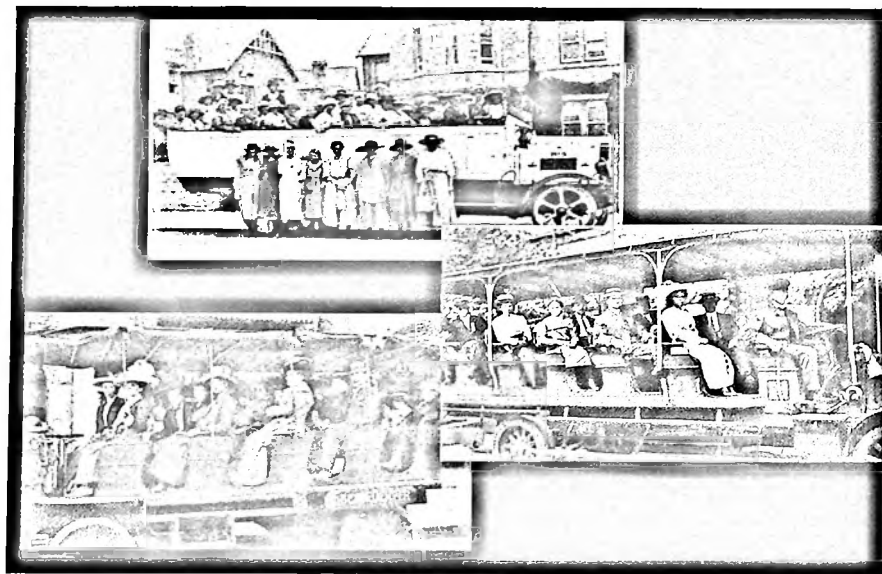
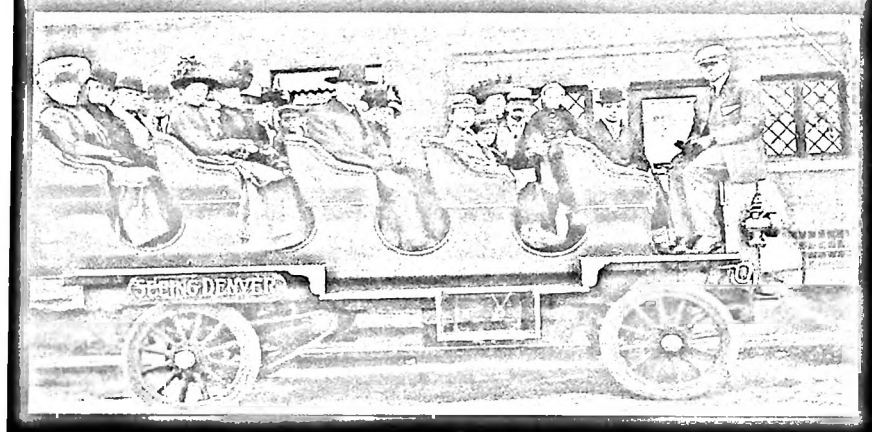
One of largest postcard companies in the world was Curt Teich and Company of Chicago, Illinois. By the time Curt Teich and Company closed their doors in 1998, they were the world’s largest printer of view and advertising postcards.

Postcards come in an infinite variety of subjects such as cartoons, religious themes, holidays, ethnic, animals, outhouse jokes, military, transportation, cities and towns, and many other subjects.

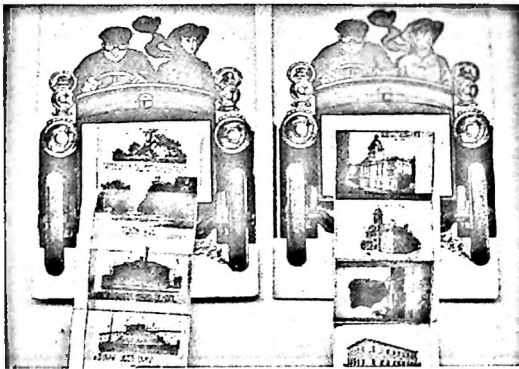
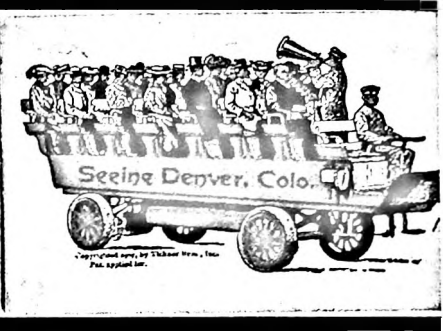
Postcards have become an important record of American historical and social life. Many people find postcards as a great way to take them to far-off places knowing they might never have the opportunity to visit the actual site. Yet they feel as if they had been there just by collecting their favorite postcards.



A Postcard Tour of Colorado



Large cities such as Denver have a wide variety of transportation for the visitor to use. If you chose to use one of the knowledgeable tour bus guides, here are three companies. The Denver Excursion Co., Seeing Denver Co., and Ride of the West # 5.

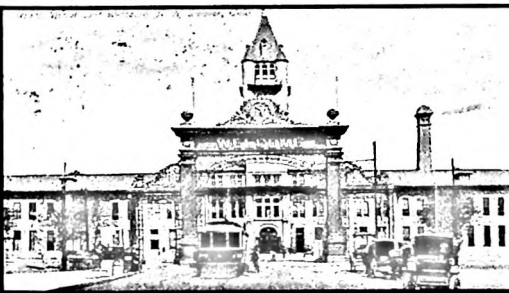


Seeing Denver also offered tours in Greeley. Here are two wonderful examples of their postcards. Tiny photos in accordion style offering multiple pictures of the city.

1212 - UNION DEPOT, DENVER, COLO.

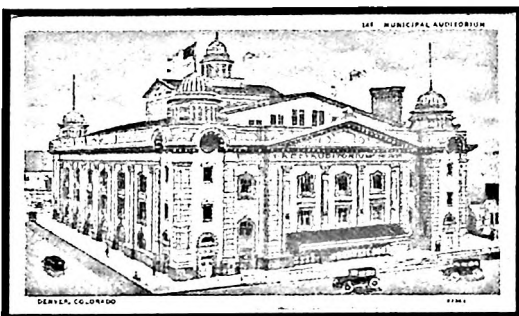


We begin our trip arriving early at Denver's Union Station, a beautiful Romanesque Revival style designed by William E. Taylor. In 1881, Union Station was the largest structure in Colorado and cost \$525,000. As we walk out to 17th Street a 65-foot-high by 86-foot wide gateway "Welcome" arch greets us. The arch was designed by Mary Woodsen, a student of East High School.

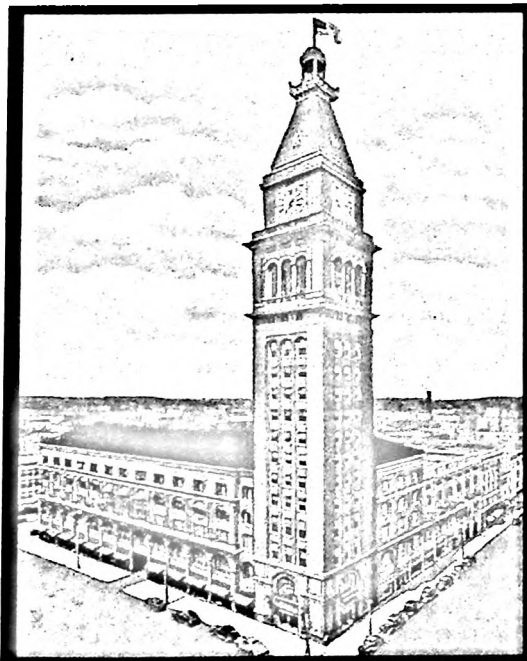




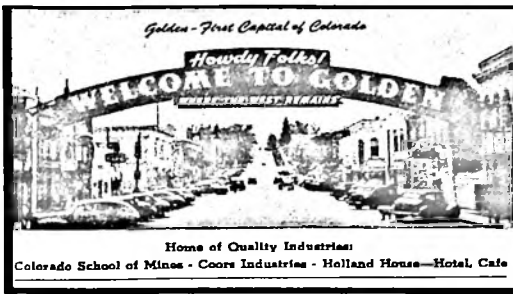
Our first night in town we are staying at the beautiful 6-story, 400-room Shirley Savoy Hotel at Broadway & 17th Avenue. The hotel has its own farm providing fresh dairy products for its guests in several beautiful dining rooms. The Shirley Savory Hotel is also home for the Broadcasting station KLZ.



Here we see the Municipal Auditorium costing \$600,000, seating 13,000 people. The auditorium is the first building of its kind ever erected by any municipality in the United States. It is also the only auditorium of its size in the country to have a plastered ceiling.



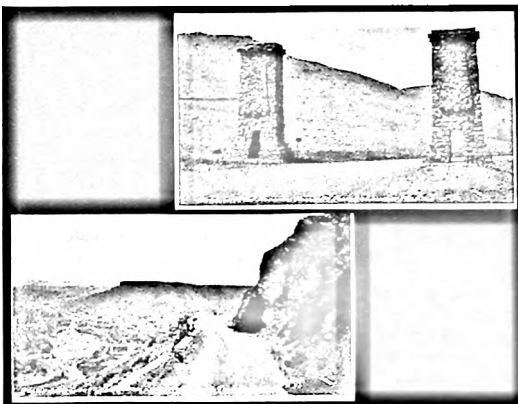
The Daniels and Fisher Tower is an exact replica of the Campanile in Venice, Italy. In the clock tower is a Seth Thomas clock with six-foot-long hands and a 5,000-pound bell. The 42-foot flagpole brings the height of the tower to 372 feet. The Daniels and Fisher Tower was the third tallest building in the United State when it was completed in 1911. The tower housed Denver's first airport beacon. It was initially devoted to a tea room, clubrooms, employee facilities and a post office branch.



Leaving downtown Denver we head west on U.S. 40, also known as the Victory Highway or West Colfax Avenue. In no time at all we arrive at Golden sitting at the foothills of the Rocky Mountains named for pioneer Tom Golden.



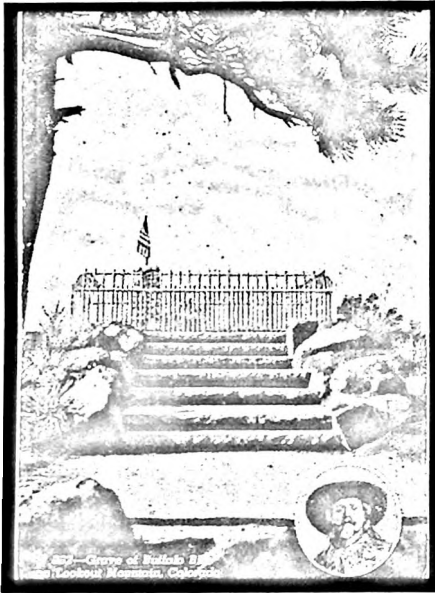
Near the entrance to Clear Creek Canyon is Lookout Mountain where an amusement ride called the "Funicular" can be ridden. This thrilling ride is not for the faint at heart.



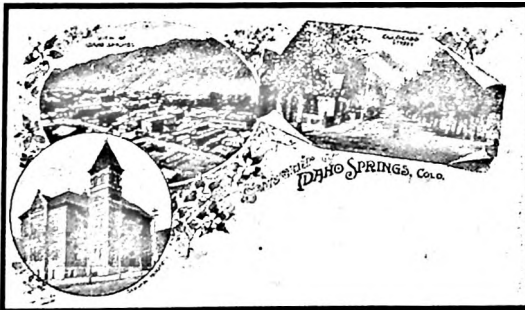
Instead we begin our trek up Lariat Trail passing through the salmon-colored sandstone towers of the Finlay L. MacFarland Memorial Gateway. The road quickly begins to climb Lookout Mountain in a series of sharp curves hugging the mountain side.



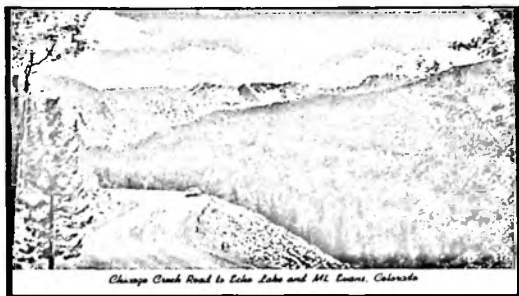
Here at Wildcat Point, we see a small group of Native Americans pointing. This postcard was published by the H H Tammen Co. If we could hear what they are saying. I think they might be saying, "Look, here comes more tourists. Get the beads and blankets ready."



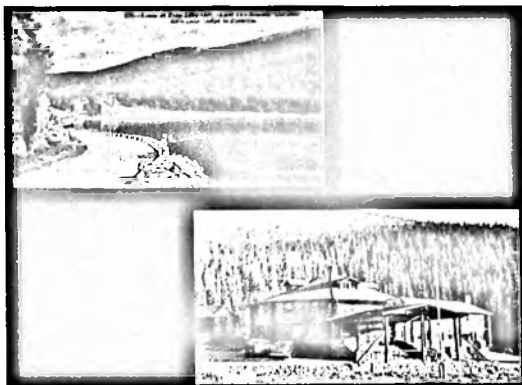
At the top of Lookout Mountain is the grave site and museum of the famous frontiersman William "Buffalo Bill" Cody. The body rests under a concrete slab enclosed within an iron railing.



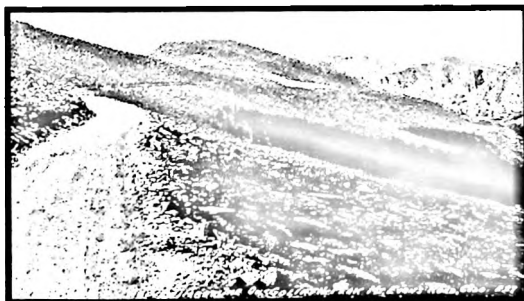
Back on highway U. S. 6 & 40 we follow the same route as the Colorado Central Division of the Union Pacific Railroad through Clear Creek Canyon, arriving at Idaho Springs in no time. Idaho Springs means "Gem of the Mountains." It was first called Jackson's Diggings. At one time, it was called Sacramento City and Idaho City.



Taking Hwy 103 up through Chicago Creek, we begin a steep climb rounding several hairpin curves. This postcard shows Mount Evans looming ahead.



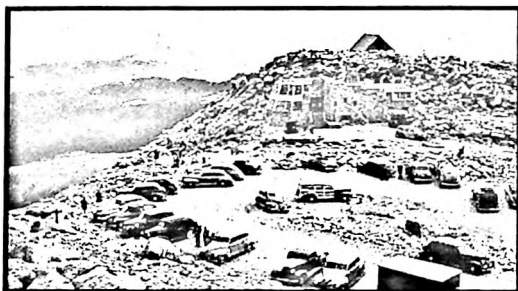
Eleven miles later, we arrive at Echo Lake Park and Echo Lake Lodge, owned by the Denver Mountain Parks setting at 10,605 feet above sea level.



In 1910, Denver's Mayor Speer proposed that a road be constructed to the top of Mount Evans. Five years later the Colorado Division of Agriculture commissioned a road to be built to the top as part of the "Peak to Peak Highway" system. Construction on the road began in 1917 and was completed on October 4, 1927. The road was finally paved in the 1930's. Skirting the edge of Goliath Peak we quickly rise above timberline to reach Summit Lake Flats.



Summit Lake is the highest volcano-cone lake of a snow-fed body of ice-cold water in a glacial cirque. It rests on the eastern slopes of Mount Evans at 14,264 feet and Mt. Spaulding slightly lower at 13,842 feet above sea level. The sky at this altitude displays a beautiful deep blue. Isabelle Griffith Jacob liked to call it "air that's never been breathed before."



At the summit of Mt. Evans is the Crest House restaurant and gift shop.

Every state has postcards showing its state flower, bird or some other critter. Colorado's state bird is the Lark Bunting, designated on April 29, 1931. The original painting is by Ken Haag.



After several curves and a steep incline we reach the summit of Berthoud Pass at an altitude of 11,315 feet above sea level just below timberline. As we make our way down the pass we begin a steep descent using several switchbacks finally entering into the Fraser Valley. This area was once known as "no man's land." Middle Park is a large basin approximately 30 miles wide by 70 miles long.





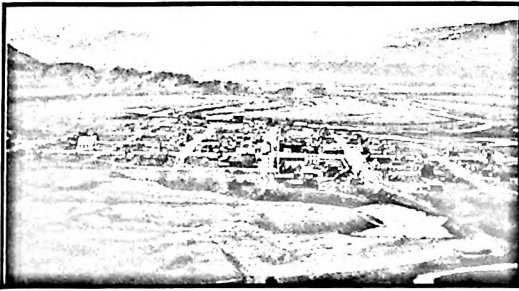
Passing through Tabernash and Granby we come to Hot Sulphur Springs near the head of Troublesome Creek and the Williams Fork River. On the east banks of the Grand River is a small resort for those wishing to soak in the natural hot springs to relieve aches and pains and an assortment of other ailments. According to a Ute legend, the hot springs hold medicinal properties in answer to the prayers of an old chief, left by his tribe to die. The chief was a wise one. The legend states he built magic fires within the springs then drank the waters soothing his body in the springs. Soon his health was restored and he returned to his tribe. The hot springs boil up at a warm 117 degrees.



Now is a good time to take a quick break at the Riverside Hotel to stretch the muscles and get something to drink.



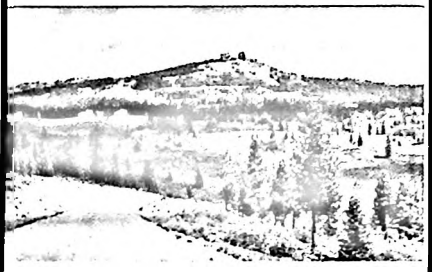
Every one knows traveling on highways can be hazardous to your health. Postcard companies are concerned about our safety while on vacation. Here is one warning us about water trucks on the highway near Kremmling.



Kremmling is the market center of Middle Park. This rich valley of hay and vegetables is nourished by Muddy Creek and Troublesome Creek.

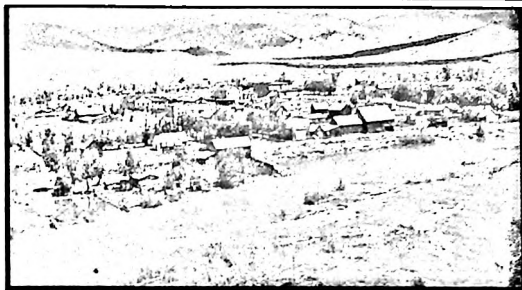


Traveling over Rabbit Ears Pass we arrive at Steamboat Springs, founded by James H. Crawford in 1875. Today Steamboat Springs is a popular year-round recreation area.



Near the town are 150 hot springs noted for their medicinal healing. The springs have a combined flow of 2,000 gallons per minute with a varying temperature of 58 degrees to 152 degrees. In 1919, the first silver fox farm was established near the town. Two pairs were imported from Prince Edward Island, Canada.





In this area the Utes had their summer camps and hunting grounds. In 1878, the Utes set fire to the forest, destroying millions of dollars' worth of timber. The United States Government then confined the Utes to the White River Reservation.



Our next town to pass through is New Castle a one-time coal camp until an underground coal fire began at the Wheeler Mine led to its abandonment. The fire has been burning since 1899. Today a few people continue to live in New Castle.



The town of Glenw Springs offers one of the finest hote. on the western slope. We are staying at the world-famous Hotel Colorado. A traditional Italian Renaissance U-shaped plan. The hot springs were first used by the Ute Indians for its healing powers. Chief Colorow used the hot springs frequently.



The community is built around numerous hot mineral springs flowing from limestone formations. The pool is open daily for a small admission fee of 25-35 cents.

In the Great Utean Air Plane at Glenwood Springs, Colorado.

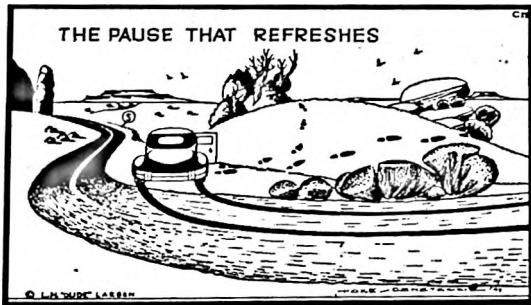
On Main Lane Denver & the Grand, Western Railroad.



Back on the road heading south is Mt. Sopris looming off in the distance. Following the Crystal River and the abandoned San Juan Railroad bed where most tourists are unaware this area has an underlying vast reserve of coal.



A short distance down the road we arrive at the famous Redstone Inn. Founded at the turn of the century by J. C. Osgood, official of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Corporation. The inn was part of Mr. Osgood's belief in taking care of his workers by building a village and inn. Its frame and sandstone structure of Dutch design surrounds a high squared clock tower.



There has been some grumbling at the back of the bus for not taking enough rest stops. For those people that can't wait here is a postcard just for you.



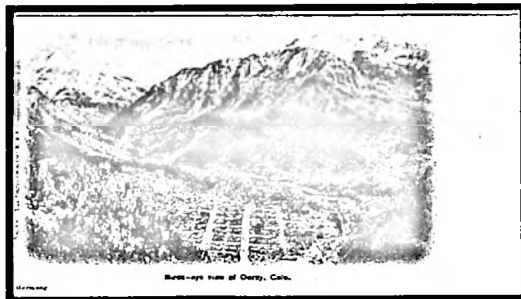
Packing apples near Delta, Colo.



Back on the road we soon arrive in Delta. This area of Colorado is a large fruit-growing region. By the end of a bountiful growing season, Delta will have shipped more than \$2,000,000 worth of apples, cherries, peaches and other mouth-watering fruits. Delta has approximately half the apple orchards in the state.



Passing through Montrose, we continue south on US 550 toward the spectacular San Juan Mountains where hundreds of peaks rise above 13,000 feet and nearly one fourth of all the peaks in North America over 14,000 feet high are located.

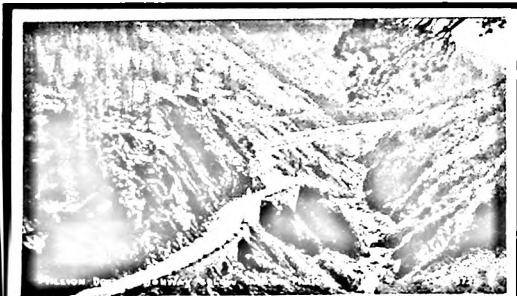


Bull-eye view of Ouray, Colo.

Our first stop in the San Juans is Ouray. Early in 1874 prospectors were working in the headwaters of the Uncompahgre River and in Poughkeepsie Gulch. The following year Ouray itself was established in July or August of 1875 by A. W. Begole and Jack Eckles naming the town after the great Ute Chief, Chief Ouray. At times his name was pronounced Ule, Oo-lay, and Ure.



Remember the postcard warning us about a water truck on the highway near Kremling? One company printed what some call today, being "political correct," a Conflict Resolution Postcard. I like to call this one, "end of discussion."

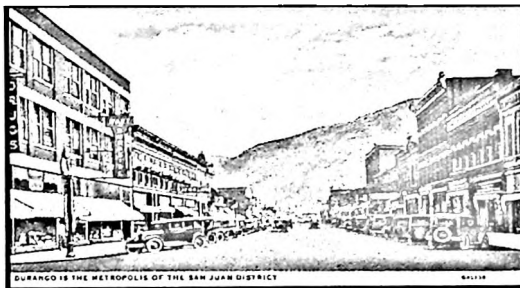


Leaving Ouray we start our ascent on the famous U.S. 550 highway also known as the Million Dollar Highway. The actual million-dollar section of the highway is the first twelve miles. The pass was first explored by the Franklin Rhoda Party in 1874. There are several versions as to how the million-dollar name came about. Some say it is because the road work cost a million-dollars in improvements. Others say it is for the gold-laden dirt with which the road is made. One claim is for the million dollar view. The last one is said by a visitor claiming "I wouldn't go over that road again for a million dollars." The summit of the pass is 11,100 feet.





We are making our final descent into a mining town first called Baker's Park, for Captain Charles Baker the first prospector in the region. The name was changed according to local tradition by a mine operator who remarked: "We may not have gold here, but we have silver by the ton." Thus the name was changed to Silverton. Today one of the world's most famous narrow-gauge railroads takes you through some of the most beautiful scenery between Silverton and Durango.



Durango, originally called "Urango", named for Durango, Mexico, it was founded in 1880 by the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad as a chief shipping point for the rich farming area along the Animas River and the lush cattle ranges in the high mountain plateaus to the west. The railroad company decided to avoid Animas City when building through this area provoking the *Animas City Daily Southwest* to comment, "Where the new town of Durango is to be, or not to be, God and Denver & Rio Grande Railroad only know."



From Durango we head east on US 160 to Boiling Waters, better known as Pagosa Springs, about an hour's ride. In 1859 the United States Topographical Engineer Corp. organized an eight-man expedition under Captain J. N. McComb to explore this region. Captain McComb discovered the largest hot spring naming it "Great Pagosa." One square mile surrounding the principal springs was designated by the Federal Government as a town site and platted in 1880. The largest spring is sixty feet across and is believed to be the largest hot mineral springs in the world. The springs are used to heat the town's courthouse, schools, and several commercial buildings.



Leaving Pagosa Springs we begin another steep climb continuing over U. S. Highway 160 to the summit of Wolf Creek Pass, 10,850 feet. In 1873 the Hayden survey party mapped the region. An army lieutenant was assigned to design a road in the 1870s but he gave up, stating the area was just too rough. In 1910 the state highway department was assigned to tackle the job. The pass was first called Spanish Trail and opened in 1916. By 1939 the road was kept open year-round. It was not until 1950 that the road was widened and paved. Here are two postcards showing what you might see along the pass. The top one is Jackson Creek and the bottom one shows sheep grazing in a meadow.



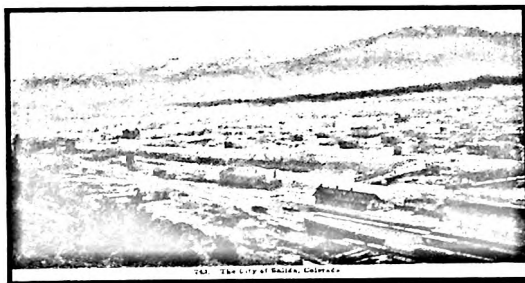
"Greetings from Monte Vista" is a pretty postcard showing you some of the sites they have to offer. Fullenweider Park and Sherman Lake from the Soldiers and Sailors Home. Monte Vista was once known as Lariat in 1884 then later it was renamed for Henry Monte Vista. This wonderful area is an important vegetable-shipping point while producing millions of bushels of Brown Beauty and Red McClure potatoes.



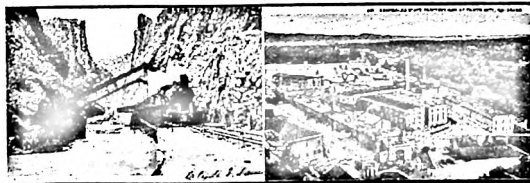
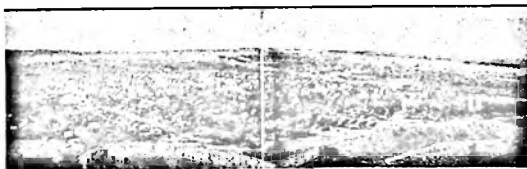
Our next town is Cottonwood; today it's known as Alamosa. The word Alamosa is Spanish meaning "Cottonwood." The town site was originally laid out on the banks of Cottonwood Creek 15 miles south of its present location. A flood wiped out that site before any buildings could be erected. Today Alamosa sits near the banks of the Rio Grande River.



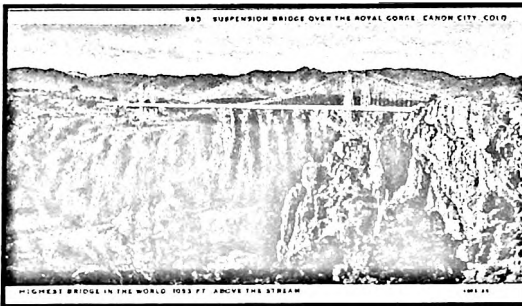
Leaving Alamosa we see off in the distance a most unusual site. At the southern end of the Sangre De Cristo mountain range is a totally unexpected site. Towering sand dunes rising abruptly. It is as if a mythical giant scooped up the sand from the once prehistoric ocean bed and laid it at the base of the mountain range. The sand dunes rise more than 1,500 feet above the valley floor. Established in 1932 by President Hoover, the monument covers an area of eighty square miles. The sand of the dunes is an extremely fine grain. This mixture of colors accounts for the wonderful shifting of colors during the daylight hours. During electrical storms, the air above the dunes becomes so charged your hair can "stand on end."



Back on Highway 17 heading north we follow the entire length of the Sangre De Cristo Range to arrive at Salida. The town was once known as South Arkansas and was founded in 1880 by the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. Salida is the division point of the main line and the narrow-gauge lines over Marshall Pass. From here we head south east on Highway 69 following the Arkansas River and the east side of the Sangre De Cristo Range. In no time at all we arrive at Canon City.



This little city is more known for its prison population than its tourist attractions. Canon City, sits at the mouth of the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas. It was a favorite camping ground for the Ute Indians long before Lieutenant Zebulon Pike and his party camped here in December 1806. First settlement was in the summer of 1859.



On the 123rd anniversary of the discovery of the Royal Gorge, the bridge was dedicated on December 8, 1929. It cost \$200,000.00. The span of the bridge is 880 feet in length. The bridge is more than 1,053 feet above the bed of the Arkansas River. The Royal Gorge Suspension Bridge is the highest suspension bridge in the world.



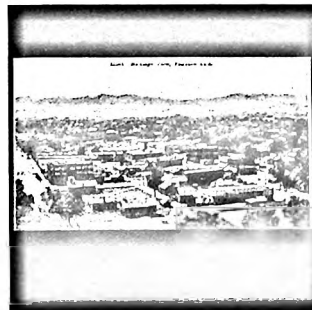
The Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad runs through the bottom of the Royal Gorge. The canyon is so narrow in one area men had to be suspended by ropes to drill the blasting holes to anchor the trusses for the railroad tracks. No ledge could be cut into the granite so a hanging bridge was suspended from inverted V-shape trusses anchored into the side of the canyon wall.



One can also see the hanging bridge via a cog railroad descending to the bottom of the gorge. The descent is a steep 45-degree angle dropping a distance of 1,550 feet to the Arkansas River. Extraordinary precautions are taken to see that your safety and comfort is number one. Three cables with the strength of 112,000 pounds are used to operate the two cars.



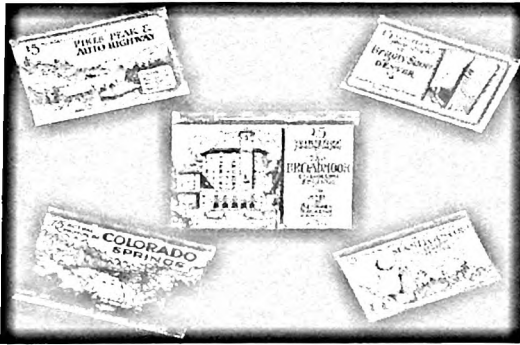
One other wonderful place to visit while in the area is Skyline Drive. This one-way dirt road was built by local convicts from the penitentiary. The dirt road climbs 800 feet to the top of a long knife-edged ridge of the Dakota Hogback for 2.5 miles. Here is a good example of two different postcards by different companies having their own idea of what Skyline Drive should look like. The top card is by the Sanborn Souvenir Company of Denver and the bottom one is by the Detroit Publishing Company.



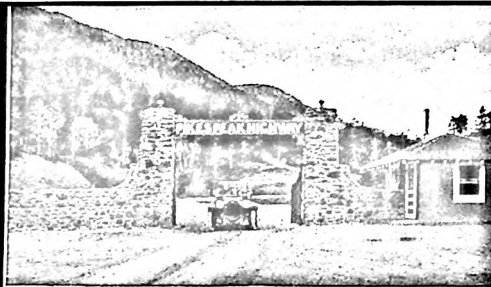
Leaving the Royal Gorge behind, our next town is Florence. In the beginning the town was known for its coal. Soon after, the discovery of oil bubbling to the surface of Oil Creek started a small oil field processing ten million barrels of oil. This site is the oldest and longest producer of oil in the United States. Mayor McCandless drilled one of the first oil wells. The petroleum was refined by hand in a portable still selling it for \$6 per gallon in 1859. Today delicious Colorado Orange Apples are grown in the orchards.



Our next tourist attractions are in the Pikes Peak and Colorado Springs area. Pikes Peak is a great sentinel rising abruptly at the southern end of the Front Range. Pikes Peak covers 450 square miles.

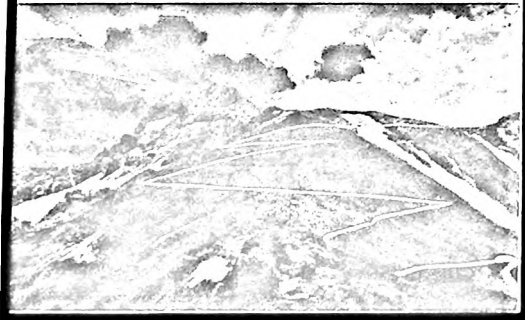


For a few more pennies postcard companies offer multiple cards in small or large booklets, here are a few examples of small booklets offering a sampling of scenic attraction in the area. The Colorado Springs area is one of the best Front Range tourist spots. There are so many beautiful attractions in and about the Colorado Springs area it could take several days to visit all the sites. This is where the booklet postcard comes in handy. Such places as the Broadmoor Hotel, Garden of the Gods, Pikes Peak, Cave of the Winds, Seven Falls and many more attractions can be purchased in one tiny booklet.



THE WORLD'S HIGHEST HIGHWAY.

In 1915, the Pikes Peak Highway was built as a toll road. In 1937, the highway became a free highway. The Manitou & Pikes Peak Railway is a wonderful way to see the surrounding beauty without the driving.



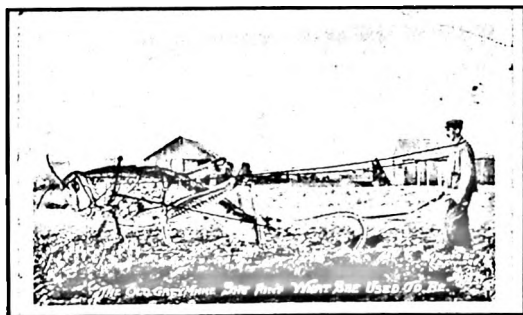


Standing on the top of this beautiful peak one can see the snowy peaks of the Continental Divide and far out into the eastern prairie. The Great American Desert is one of the most productive agriculture and livestock lands in the state. If we could see beyond the horizon we would see towns such as Rocky Ford and Las Animas. In 1874, the surrounding area was noted for its tremendous supply of cattle and buffalo meat along with some 250,000 lambs. Over a half-million acres are used for grazing and dry farming.



Colorado is very proud of its great abundance of crops and agriculture. Some postcards like to exaggerate the size of crops farmers grow. Here are a few examples.

This postcard is one in a series of exaggerated crops by Wm K. Martin, and of President Taft standing on the rear platform of a train surrounded by giant crops grown in Lamar.



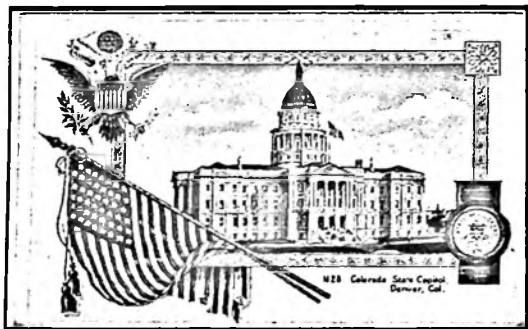
In 1936-37 a huge infestation of grasshoppers destroyed crops. Here we see a farmer taking advantage of a huge grasshopper; instead of eating the farmers' crops the giant grasshopper is helping to plow his field. It looks like a scene out of a B-movie hosted by Elvira, "Mistress of the Dark."



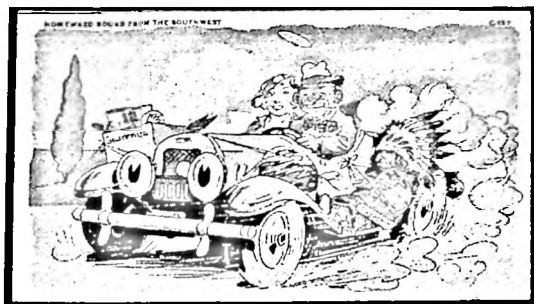
Next we pass through Sedalia. Don't blink or you will miss it. It was first known as Plum Station, for the wild plum trees in the area.



Our last city to visit is Littleton. This postcard is showing the northwest portion of Littleton from the Littleton Cemetery and the D & RG Railroad and Prince Street. For a time Littleton was known as the "Beekeeping Capital of Colorado."



We have finely made it to the end of our speedy trip. Our final stop is the state capitol. Atop a gentle knoll overlooking Denver's Civic Center, stands the imposing public building. The foundation and interior walls are Fort Collins sandstone. The exterior walls are granite from the Zugelder Quarry on Beaver Creek about ten miles southwest of Gunnison.



I hope you enjoyed our fast-paced trip through some of Colorado's most scenic and well-known attractions. Remember next time you take a trip. Take a moment and stop by the display stands of postcards. There just might be that right postcard waiting for you.

Resources

An Empire of Silver, by Robert L. Brown.
Caxton Printers, Ltd. 1965

Colorado Capitol Buildings, Produced by
Colorado Writer's and Art Programs of the
Work Projects Administration

*Colorado, More Than a Guide Book, The
Story of a Fascinating State*, by Arthur H.
Carhart, Coward- McCann, Inc. 1932

Denver, Mining Camp to Metropolis
by Stephen J. Leonard & Thomas J. Noel,
University Press of Colorado, 1990

*Greetings from Colorado, A Glimpse at
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Company, 1988

*Groffutt's Grip Sack Guide of Colorado
1885, A Complete Encyclopedia of the
State, Vol. II* by George A. Crofutt, The
Overland Publishing Co

Potential Facts Regarding Denver,
Compiled and Published by The Denver
Chamber of Commerce, 1909

*Prairie Peak and Plateau, A Guide to the
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Survey Bulletin 32, 1972, by John and
Halka Chronic

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University Press of Kansas, 1987

*The Passes of Colorado, an Encyclopedia
of Watershed Divides*, by Ed & Gloria
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D. A. Forest Service, R. Max Peterson,
Chief, 1975

The Denver Westerners *Roundup*
April 1958, Vol. XIV No. 4

*The Playground Trail, The National
Park-to-Park Highway: To and Through
the National parks of the West in 1920*, by
Lee and Jane Whiteley, Johnson Printing,
Boulder, Colorado, 2003

*Weather Pioneers, The Signal Corps Station
at Pikes Peak*, by Phyllis Smith, Swallow
Press 1993

Over the Corral Rail

Sandra Dallas featured in April 4 Denver Post

Posse member Sandra Dallas' Western novel, *Whiter Than Snow*, has just hit the bookstores. The Denver Post review of April 4, describing the story of a group of school children caught in an avalanche in a Colorado mountain town in 1920, should whet the appetites of all Westerners to read her latest historical novel. Sandra had a busy April, discussing her work at eight Colorado locations.

Over the Corral Rail

Compiled by Ed Bathke, P.M. Please submit your items of news, etc. to Ed. Deadline is the 10th of the first month in the date of publication.

John Monnett wins Prestigious Award

Posse member John Monnett has won the 49th annual Wrangler Award from the Western Heritage Cowboy Hall of Fame for the outstanding journal or magazine article in Western History for 2009. The title of the article is: *My Heart Has Become Changed to Softer Feelings: A Cheyenne Woman and Her Family Remember the Long Journey Home*, published in *Montana, The Magazine of Western History* (Summer, 2009).

The Wrangler Awards are to be presented at a black-tie banquet at the Western Heritage Museum in Oklahoma City on April 17, 2010.

Westerners Activities along the Front Range

For the Boulder Corral, the February program, "Colorado's First Tourist Railroads", presented by Boulder Sheriff Keith Fessenden, featured funicular railways. The March program, "The Lonely Pyramid on Sherman Hill", by Denver Westerner Anna Lee Ames Frohlich, documented the substantial Western contributions of Oakes and Oliver Ames.

The Colorado Corral February program featured the "Woman's KKK in Colorado", by Betty Jo Brenner. In March Mike Stebritz presented "Narrow Gauge Country Colorado".

The Fort Collin Corral March program was "Forever and a Day: The WWII Odyssey of an American Family", by Eric and Jan Jensen.

In February Anna Lee Frohlich presented "The Lonely Pyramid on Sherman Hill" to the Pikes Peak Posse. The March program, "From Breeding Persian Cats to Wrapping Candy: Working Women of Colorado Springs in the 1920s", was presented by members Mike and Patti Olsen.

Other Denver Westerners presentations included Posse members Lee and Jane Whiteley's presentation of "Trails to Interstate" at the March meeting of the Roxborough Area Historical Society.

In the March 11 issue of the *Denver Post*, columnist Tina Griego showcased the Zang Mansion and its owner, Rod Greiner, a member of the Denver Posse.

Honorary Member John Bennett crosses over the Divide

Honorary Posse member John Ferguson Bennett passed away in Colorado Springs on March 2, at the age of 98. John became a corresponding member of the Denver Westerners in 1963, and was elected to the Regular Posse in 1964. In 1990 he served as sheriff. He had presented two papers, "Sylvia T. Smith, her Day in Court" (the story of the colorful and controversial publisher of the Marble City Times), and the "Fleagle Gang and the Lamar Bank Robbery". In 2003 John was awarded honorary posse status. John Bennett was a founding member of the Pikes Peak Posse of Westerners, and served as its sheriff among other positions. We mourn his loss, and extend sympathy to his family.





Westerners Bookshelf

Across The Plains: Sarah Royce's Western Narrative. Edited by Jennifer Dawes Adkison. The University of Arizona Press, May, 2009. 128 pages. 1 photo, 1 map. Bibliography and Index. Appendix. Paper, \$19.95.

Across the Plains is a first-hand account of the Royce family leaving their home in Tipton, Iowa and arriving in California to join the gold rush in 1849. The wife, Sarah Royce, kept a diary almost every day of the trip. It is from this daily diary that she has compiled this account of the trip and their lives after arriving in California. One can almost see and feel the events as they unfold. Sarah tells her story from the viewpoint of a woman with strong ideas on how life should be.

She describes how they almost lost their lives trying to cross the salt flats after taking a wrong branch in the trail. Finally, realizing their mistake, they decided they would have to turn back if they had any chance of surviving. Once back where water and grass was available, they rested for a few days before getting back on the trail.

There are many such episodes that give the reader a real feel for what life must have been like for these hardy pioneers determined to make a new life for themselves in a far-away land, leaving family and friends behind, not knowing what lie ahead. The dangers were many and almost daily, but they forged ahead with dogged determination, over-looking the possibility that they may never achieve their goal.

After reading this first-hand account one comes away with a better understanding of the spirit that drives men and their women to face the unknown with courage and zeal. It is this story and the countless other stories of determination and labor that have made this country what it is today.

I found disconcerting and tedious the length of the introduction. It seems to me there is too much analyzing of the motives of Sarah's narrative and questioning the real motive of Sarah's narrative as she recalled it from her diaries and her memory.

--Ron Perkins, C.M.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

May - June 2010



Erv Krebs collection, courtesy Jim Krebs

East Denver c. 1920. "Old Main" of Colorado Women's College, (now Johnson & Wales) can be seen on left edge. The prominent street in foreground is Oneida, Montclair's main street, intersecting 19th Ave. at lower left

Baron von Richthofen's Montclair Paradise

by **Thomas J. Noel, P.M.**

(presented August 23, 2009)

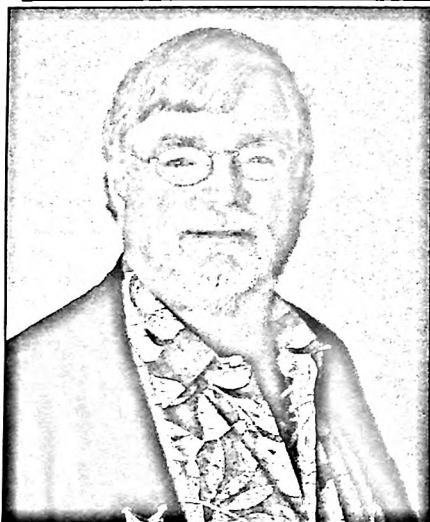


Photo by Jim Krebs

Our Author

Thomas Jacob Noel has been a member of the Denver Posse of Westerners since 1976 and served as sheriff in 1995. He appears as "Dr. Colorado" on Channel 9's *Colorado & Company* and writes a history column for the Sunday *Denver Post*.

Tom is Professor of History at CU-Denver where he directs the Public History Program and co-directs the Center for Colorado and the West. His 39th book *Mile High Tourism* (with co-author Debra Faulkner) was published in the spring of 2010. Visit Tom's web-site at <http://drcolorado.auraria.edu> where he welcomes your comments.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

VOL. LXVI NO. 3



May - June 2010

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Baron von Richthofen's Montclair Paradise

by Thomas J. Noel, P.M.

(presented August 23, 2009)

Denver's Montclair neighborhood was ushered into the world by one of the most flamboyant wheeler-dealers to transform "the Great American Desert" into real estate. This man promoted Montclair as the best Colorado town of all, as Denver's finest residential suburb, as a fount of health, wealth and culture.

Baron Walter von Richthofen was born in Kreisnitz, Silesia, in 1848. A kinsman of the geographer Ferdinand von Richthofen for whom Colorado's Mount Richthofen is named, he was also the uncle of Manfred von Richthofen, who would shoot down 80 Allied planes in World War I as the celebrated "Red Baron" flying ace. As a teenager, Walter enlisted in the Prussian Army of Kaiser Wilhelm I and fought in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-1871, which established Germany as a world power. Like the Kaiser and his chancellor, Otto von Bismark, young Richthofen also fought for German unification.

Shortly after the Franco-Prussian war, the Baron sailed for New York, then bounced into Colorado around 1877. In the new western state, he found that Germans were the largest immigrant group. Impressed with this booming and hospitable land, Richthofen soon returned with his English wife, Jane Oakley, his two daughters, and his possessions. His wife and daughters were not so impressed with Colorado and soon went



Denver Public Library

The Baron Walter von Richthofen

back east to a more civilized way of life. The couple divorced, leaving the Baron free to pursue Colorado women who had already caught his eye. He also pursued sundry business adventures. The jovial German with a military bearing waltzed through one enterprise after another, always finding new financial aid, some whispered, romantic partners.

During the late 1870s, Richthofen's Carlowitz Stock Farm on Denver's outskirts specialized in pure-bred racehorses. In 1881, he launched a downtown Denver real estate office in the Chever Block at 17th and Larimer. In 1883, he uncorked a beer garden in Jamestown, a small Boulder

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ing village. Richthofen
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 his name on the stepped
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 William A. H. Loveland,
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 vers and shakers to create
 ining and Industri-
 They erected a 150,000-
 hall in 1882 at Broadway
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 n constructed a
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 Dubbed "Baron's
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 ed pavilion. Along
 d wine, beer and
 Richthofen
 and cream for the
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 were gone three
 later.

In 1885 the Baron published
 book, *Cattle-Raising on the Plains*
 orth America, which proclaimed
 Colorado's "former Great Ameri-
 Desert is the largest and richest
 s and pasture region in the world,
 t will probably soon become the
 important beef-producing country
 e globe." The Baron's own cattle
 re did not confirm his claim that
 t of 25 per cent per annum is
 minimum the cattle business will
 " Richthofen's ranch, like so
 others, suffered in the blizzards
 85-86 and the subsequent federal
 down on use of public lands by
 men.

Although his cattle suffered,
 the book sold well. Richthofen invested
 his royalties in real estate. Thanks to
 rich mountain mines and thriving rail-
 road and ore processing networks, Den-
 ver was rapidly becoming the Rocky
 Mountain Metropolis. During the
 flush times, the bushy-bearded Baron
 bounced from one scheme to the next.
 He backed the Denver Circle Railroad,
 which never circled the city. He bottled
 well water and peddled it as the "Carls-
 bad Mineral Water Company's Ginger
 Champagne." He speculated in Cripple
 Creek gold, but never struck pay dirt.

In an effort to cash in on Den-
 ver's mushrooming housing market, he
 laid out Richthofen's Addition to the
 City of Denver between West 1st Av-
 enue and West Ellsworth Avenue from
 Lake Archer to Lipan street. The 1887
Robinson Real Estate Atlas shows only
 three modest frame houses amid a sea
 of empty lots. Richthofen also specu-
 lated in North Denver before deciding
 that land east of the city was ripest for
 development.

"A Pleasant Suburban Town"

As Denver grew ever noisier,
 less healthy and more congested during
 its 1880s boom, Baron von Richthofen
 proposed an antidote — a quiet, seclud-
 ed, orderly suburban town four miles
 east of downtown. Noting that Mont-
 clair stood 500 feet higher than Den-
 ver and had a clear view of the Front
 Range, Richthofen claimed it would
 rise above the city's smoke and odors
 and also rise morally above the saloons,
 poverty and vice of the big, bad city.

Richthofen joined developer

Montclair: The Beautiful Suburban Town of Denver Colorado, U.S. A., Richthofen spelled out plans for that paradise. His promotional pitch, as he coaxed Denverites out to his prairie haven, has been echoed ever since by suburban developers:

Denver has now become so large and closely built a city that it seems impossible, within its boundaries, to fully enjoy the pure air and delightful climate. A great want has been a pleasant suburban town combining the advantages of country and city, where both health seekers and pleasure lovers might at leisure enjoy surroundings at once tasteful and convenient to Denver.

The urban nightmare painted by Richthofen and other suburban real estate developers was not entirely an hallucination. After the arrival of the railroads in 1870, Denver population had soared in one decade from 4,769 to 35,629 by 1880. By 1890, the Queen City of the Plains had become a throbbing metropolis of 106,713. Smelters, stockyards, flour mills, breweries and other factories made it a smoky, smelly city of immigrants and blue collar workers.

For the middle and upper classes being courted by suburban promoters, downtown saloons had become a symbol of Denver's problems—crime, vice, dirtiness and drunkenness. Prohibitionists counted in the pages of the 1890 *Denver City Directory* 319 saloons lurking everywhere to corrupt sober, hard-working, moral citizens.

Although the Baron tipped himself, he gaily added assurance to his model deeds for Montclair property buyers that: "Intoxicating liquors shall never be manufactured, sold or otherwise disposed of upon the premises hereby granted or any part thereof."

Montclair, Richthofen promised in his prospectus, "should in effect be a club of families of congenial tastes, united for the purpose of excluding all that might destroy their peace or offend their better tastes." Denver might have Market Street bordellos, 17th Street bunco artists, crime on every street and a saloon on every corner, but "Montclair shall have as pure a moral atmosphere and one as beneficial to society as the bracing air of Colorado is to the invalid."

To keep out undesirable of lesser means, Richtofen sold home sites larger than the standard 25 by 125 Denver lots. He also required — some of this may sound familiar to those living in today's gated and heavily covenanted residential enclaves—that houses be at least three stories high, cost a minimum of \$10,000 and that "all plans for houses be submitted for approval by the board of trustees."

Typically, Richthofen sold off an entire block to a buyer who might then build his own dream house and then farm or sell off the remaining lots. After Richthofen and his associates incorporated Montclair as a town in 1888, the new suburb issued ordinances that reflected its ambition to become a sedate haven for the prosperous. Homeowners were required to construct sidewalks "of first quality stone flag-

ging or granite." Between the sidewalk and the street, property owners were required to leave tree lawns on which they were urged to plant rows of shade trees. Another ordinance ambitiously declared that "no person shall within the limits of Montclair use any common, vulgar, indecent, abusive or improper language."

While Denver wrestled with crime, poverty, and disease, Montclair's biggest headache, if the number of ordinances is an indication, seemed to have been stray dogs, cattle, pigs and goats. Deer and antelope still roamed this prairie paradise, where birds were protected by an ordinance forbidding any one in Montclair whether on his own premises or not, to frighten, throw at, shoot at, wound, kill, take, capture, snare, trap or in any way molest or injure and robin, lark, whip-poor-will, finch, sparrow, thrush, wren... or other song or insectivorous bird or in any manner to molest the nest, eggs, or young of any such bird.

The citizens of Montclair established their own town government. They built a town hall at 1426 Oneida Street, organized a police and fire department, launched a school system and lobbied for a post office—which Washington established in 1888 (the Montclair P.O. survives to this day). A weekly newspaper, the *Montclair Mirror*, was published from 1888 to 1904.

A Streetcar Suburb

Most importantly, Montclair secured streetcar lines. Few people could live in Montclair without cheap, speedy, and easy transportation to the



Denver Public Library

Colfax Ave. horse car line began service to East Denver and Montclair in 1888.

jobs and markets of Denver. In order to lure potential lot buyers to Montclair, the Baron initially had arranged tally-ho coach service between the Tabor Grand Opera House downtown at 16th and Curtis streets and the pioneer bedroom community. Prospective customers boarded this bright red four-in-hand tally-ho escorted to Montclair by the red-bearded Baron. As he blew the tally-ho horn, Russian wolf hounds dashed ahead, leading Denverites to the house hunt.

By 1887, Richtofen's tally-ho was replaced by a horse railway, a standard (4 ft. & 8.5 in.) gauge line which ran out East Colfax Avenue. The slight but steady uphill climb to Montclair appalled the Denver Humane Society. "It is no unusual thing to see a single horse pulling and tugging at a car," the Society secretary told the press. He commended passengers who "alighted while going uphill, out of pity for the overburdened beast."

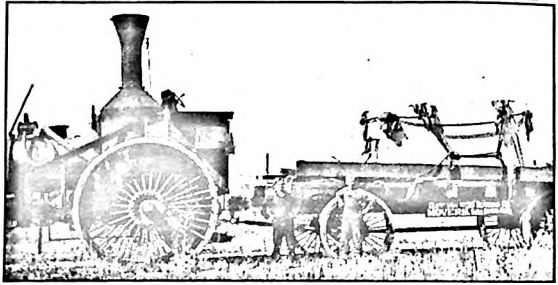
Fairmount Cemetery

Horsepower was mercifully replaced on the Colfax Avenue Railway by steam in 1888 and in 1890 by electricity. Another streetcar line built

out E. 8th Avenue to Quebec Street.

From there, a steam railway ran south on Quebec to another piece of east Denver real estate hoping to attract customers: Fairmount Cemetery at South Quebec Street and East Alameda Avenue. Founded in 1890 a decade before automobiles arrived in Denver, Fairmount, like Montclair, depended on streetcars. For funerals, the deceased and family rode on a special, closed, black funeral car followed by cars filled with friends and, in some cases, a band. Such excursions to Fairmount first acquainted many Denverites with Montclair. Fairmount soon became a large and prestigious city of the dead. The proliferating tombstones and mausoleums of Fairmount's "millionaires row" helped make Montclair and East Denver more fashionable.

Even after their deaths, Denver's elite began moving to the eastern outskirts. Corpses and grave markers of the upper crust were moved from Riverside in increasingly industrial north-central Denver to the trendy Fairmount-Montclair area. The migration of the dead began when John Wesley Iliff's monumental obelisk, the centerpiece of Riverside's concentric circle garden layout, was transplanted to Fairmount. Other bodies were relocated to Fairmount from the old city cemetery as it was vacated and converted to Cheesman Park and a residential area. People traveled to Fairmount not just for funerals but also to use it as a public park, picnic spot and tourist attraction.



Jackson Thode Collection

Large tombstones and mausoleums were moved from Riverside Cemetery to Fairmount Cemetery after it opened in 1890 as Colorado's most prestigious necropolis

Well watered by the Highline Canal, Fairmount served as a botanical gardens with a greater variety of trees than could be seen anywhere in the state. History buffs sought out Fairmount as the final resting place of pioneer movers and shakers who commemorated themselves with grand mausoleums and markers.

In 1890 the Colfax Avenue Railway Company opened a second line to mushrooming Montclair and east Denver. It ran out East Colfax, turned south on Birch Street, the headed east on East 8th Avenue for the trip out to Quebec Street and the Fairmount streetcar. New homes sprouted up in the wake of the streetcar tracks. "Rapid transit lines have been the making of the East Side," noted the *Denver Republican* for October 29, 1890. "Since its advent the whole [Montclair] suburb of Denver has been built up with houses."

Beyond Montclair: Aurora

Donald Fletcher, a principal along with Richthofen and Milo Smith

in the Colfax Avenue Railway, platted another streetcar suburb east of Montclair in 1891. He called it Fletcher, which would later be renamed Aurora. Except for the streetcar, the *Republican* concluded, "Jarvis Hall and the Ladies College would have occupied a downtown site."

Montclair Schooling

Streetcars allowed Montclair to capture the Colorado Women's College which built at Quebec and Montview Boulevard. Besides that Baptist Women's College (today's Johnson & Wales University), Montclair also attracted the Episcopal College then called Jarvis Hall (a predecessor of the Colorado School of Mines).

As Montclair flourished, it outgrew its original 1887 frame schoolhouse at East 14th Avenue and Oneida. So Montclair School District No. 44 constructed a three-story Romanesque Revival school at the northwest corner of East 13th Avenue and Quebec Street, just north of St. Luke's Episcopal Church. Both the school and the church are now designated landmarks, thanks to the good work of the Denver Landmark Preservation Commission.

Montclair School pupils thrilled to the 1890s headlines about Henry M. Stanley, the African explorer of "Dr. Livingstone, I presume, fame." They wrote fan mail to Livingston, who sent them a photograph and a letter signed "your very good friend, Henry M. Stanley." At the request of these young fans, Montclair School was renamed Stanley School and his portrait was hung in the front hall.



Tom Noel Collection

Anna Louise Johnson presides over one of Colorado's first kindergartens. Fittingly the building is now the Paddington Station Preschool

Stanley School boasted what is thought to be Colorado's second kindergarten, established in 1891 in memory of Dudley Denison. The only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Denison, he died at the age of six. Denison served as Richtofen's attorney, built one of the first Montclair homes and later became chief justice of the Colorado Supreme Court. The school offered kindergarten through high school classes with art, music, Latin, French and, to Richtofen's delight, German.

Stanley School joined the Denver Public School System following Montclair's annexation to Denver in 1902. DPS changed the name back to Montclair School and closed both the kindergarten and the high school classes. When the new Montclair Elementary School opened in 1948 at 1151 Newport, the old school struggled to find various new uses.

Historic Denver, Inc. rescued the building from demolition in 1973. For two decades, the Opportunities Industrialization Center used it for vocational training. In 1983 it became Stanley British Primary School, (BPS)

an English-style school that would have pleased Henry M. Stanley. BPS used the educational theory of Friedrich Wilhem August Froebel (founder of kindergartens), Jean Piaget, Plato and Jean-Jacques Rousseau in a creative, child-oriented program. Stanley BPS has flourished, expanding in the 1990s to a larger campus on the old Lowry Air base. The old Montclair School became Paddington Station Preschool in 2001. Around three-hundred youngsters aged eighteen months to six years attend as of 2010.

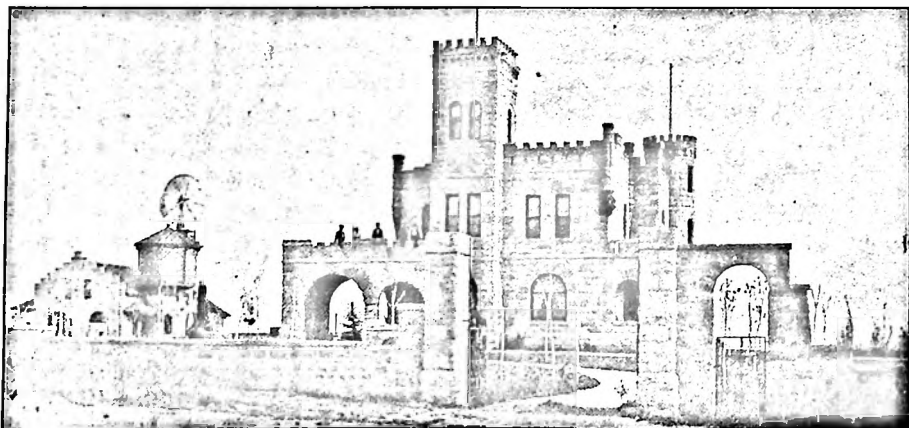
The Richthofen Castle

Even before it had a show school, Montclair has a show home. Richthofen erected his own castle at East 12th Avenue and Olive Street. With this imposing estate, the Baron hoped to capture a wife. The lady he had in mind was a blue-eyed, golden-haired English divorcée, Mrs. Louise Ferguson Woodall Davies. After the Baron convinced her that Montclair

would do better than his earlier, abortive enterprises, she married him in 1887. Following the honeymoon, however, the new Baroness balked at moving into the prairie fortress.

"The castle was lovely," the Baroness recalled later "but it was a lonely place and the grounds were not attractive. I said I would have to wait until trees had grown and there were flowers and birds about."

To accommodate her green dreams, Richthofen, Cochrane and their associates dug the Montclair Ditch (which the Baron called a moat as it circled his castle). This lateral of the Highline Canal flowed from Windsor Lake, following the high ground north along Quebec Street to the castle, then drained downhill to the Molkery in what is now Montclair Park. Besides nourishing the English landscaping favored by the Baroness, this ditch allowed Montclair pioneers to plant trees, shrubs, lawns, flower gardens and vegetable patches. Overlooking all this



Colorado Historical Society

The Richthofen Castle at E. 12th Ave and Olive St. is now a designated Denver landmark protected by a facade easement

new greenery loomed the castle that was Montclair's great show home.

The castle was designed by one of the Baron's fellow German immigrants, architect Alexander Cazin. Its sturdy castle walls are Castle Rock rhyolite (lava rock) topped by crenelated battlements and turrets. The central square tower is emblazoned with the Richthofen coat-of-arms—two lions crowning a judge's head. On the northwest corner is a two-foot-high red sandstone bust of Frederick Barbarossa (c.1125-1190), the great medieval emperor who first began unifying Germany.

The Baron released a flock of songbirds when the Baroness took up residence on their second wedding anniversary, November 22, 1888. Inside their castle, the Richthofens entertained amid rich tapestries, elegant furniture and European artwork. Guests were greeted in the front entryway by a life-size painting of the Baron's acquaintance, Otto von Bismarck, the chancellor who in 1871 completed the unification of Germany begun 700 years earlier by Frederick Barbarossa.

The Baron sold the estate in 1891 to fellow German entrepreneur, John von Mueller (soon Anglicized to Miller) for \$104,000. When the crash of 1893 ruined the Millers, he lived off the meager stipend provided as Montclair's mayor and fire chief. The castle reverted to the Baroness. Desperate for funds following her husband's death in 1898, she first planned to sell the estate to the owners of the Navarre, a notorious downtown sporting house. A less controversial owner was found

in Edwin B. Hendrie, owner of Hendrie and Bolthoff Manufacturing Co., which claimed to be "the largest mining equipment manufacturer in the world." Hendrie purchased the castle in 1903 for \$40,000.

After Hendrie's son-in-law, William W. Grant, derided the "mass of colored glass and bad taste" of "the German architectural monstrosity," Hendrie retained architect Maurice Biscoe to redesign and soften the prickly Prussian Castle. Biscoe used the original Castle Rock quarry to secure matching rhyolite for a new west wing. He softened the turrets, tower and battlements with Tudor elements, including a stucco and half-timbered second floor. The prickly roofline of crenelated parapets and towers he caped with red tile roofing, including a pyramidal cap for the tower. Denver architect Jacques J.B. Benedict also used Tudor style stucco and half timbering for the 1924 southeast wing. With the additions, the castle has 35 rooms, including housing for a half dozen servants, a wine cellar, a billiard room and two turrets.

On September 25, 1911, the Castle was the scene of one of Denver's more bizarre murders. Gertrude Gibson Patterson lured her invalid husband from the nearby Agnes Phipps Memorial Sanitarium and shot him dead outside the castle's northeast gate. Her initial claim that he committed suicide rang hollow, given the four bullet holes in his back. Her claim of self-defense was eroded by evidence of a wealthy paramour, but she prevailed when a mysterious vagrant testified that she had undergone an assault and a

"struggle." Following her acquittal, the transient quickly disappeared, supposedly in a much-improved financial condition. The widow Patterson traveled to Europe, returning home alive with Molly Brown on the ill-fated Titanic.

In 1937, John Thams, Jr., owner of the Elephant Corral downtown on Wazee St., bought the castle. When he sold it in 1946, the neighborhood blocked a scheme to make it a psychiatric hospital. Etienne Perenyi, a nobleman who fled Hungary after Soviet Russia seized his country, bought the castle in 1947. The Perenyis sold off nearly all of the grounds and modern houses sprang up on all sides of the castle. Dr. Othniel J. Seiden, who resided there with his family during the 1970s, wrote a booklet about it, *Denver's Richthofen Castle*.

Jerry and Esther Priddy, owners since 1984, have lavishly furnished the castle from their estate auction business. In a museum room in the basement, they collected German World War I aviation relics from the era of the Baron's nephew, Manfred von Richthofen, the "Red Baron," and other memorabilia about the remarkable Richthofens.

Montclair as a Health Spa

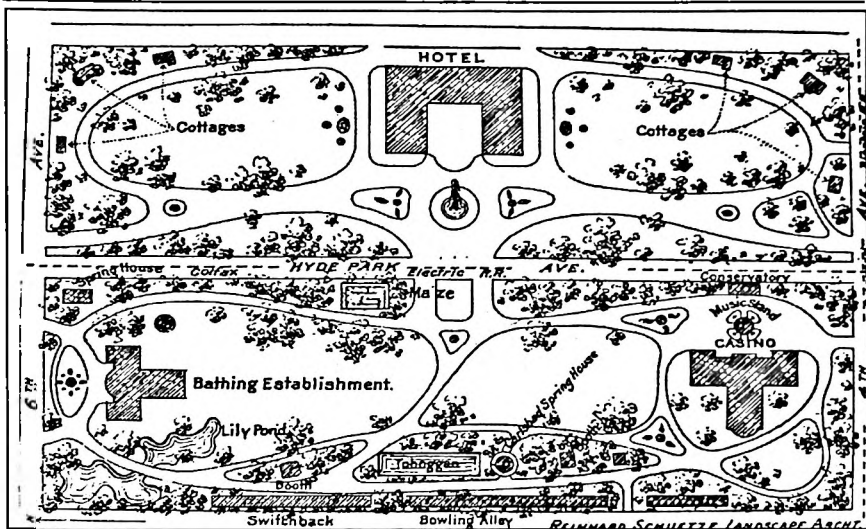
While the castle went through downs and ups, so did the neighborhood. The scramble for land in the suburban paradise came to an abrupt halt with the 1893 silver crash. In Montclair as in other suburbs, construction froze. Prairie dogs and meadow larks repossessed unsold house lots. Johnny jump ups, prickly pear cactus, and sunflow-

ers decorated the abandoned basement excavations of aborted mansions. Montclair was left with roughly one large old house per block.

Switching from a suburban to a health spa theme, the Baron re-marketed Montclair as the "Colorado Carlsbad." He promoted it as a health spa with miraculous mineral springs. When told Montclair had no mineral waters, he proposed an aqueduct to bring in the famed waters of Idaho Springs. Despite lavish promotion and the Baron's travels around the world in search of investors, Colorado Carlsbad's million-dollar Neoclassical spa never materialized.

However, this scheme did attract a number of tuberculosis invalids. By 1900, health care had become a major industry in Denver as consumptives, asthmatics and other lung disease patients sought out Colorado's high, dry, sunny climate. East Denver institutions included National Jewish Hospital and Montclair's Agnes Memorial Sanatorium, one of the grandest of all Colorado TB treatment centers. Many Montclair homes likewise became TB boarding and rest homes.

Appendicitis, not tuberculosis, killed the Baron. He died in Denver on May 8, 1898 at the age of 49. The Baroness shipped his body back to his family in Silesia, and moved into the Brown Place Hotel. After selling the castle, she rarely made pilgrimages out to raw, sun-baked Montclair. Late in life, however, she did move back to Montclair to spend her last years in the house at 1312 Oneida Street. That house survives as does the ash repository of the Baroness at Richthofen



Colorado Historical Society

The proposed Colorado Carlsbad health spa included this Reinhard Schuetze plan for between 4th and 6th aves. Hyde Park Avenue, (today's Quebec St.) evolved into the main entrance to Lowry military base. The original superintendent's house still survives at the SE corner of 6th and Quebec.



Photo by Jeff Padrick

Montclair's TB houses were designed with open-air porches on either end and many windows to bring fresh Colorado air and sunshine prescribed to tuberculosis patients. This surviving TB house is at 926 Olive.

Parkway and Oneida Street in the Richthofen Fountain which she had erected in 1900 in the Baron's honor.

Even from the grave the Baron helped shape the suburban town, which

Denver annexed in 1902. The parkways, tree lawns, and 19th-century edifices he left provided an elegant setting for the more modest 20th-century housing that filled Montclair after World



The Molkery c. 1910

Denver Public Library

War II. The old Richthofen Stables at 11th and Pontiac became townhouses. Richthofen Parkway, Richthofen Place, Richthofen Fountain, Richthofen Castle, Monaco Parkway and the Molkery memorialize the name and dreams of the Baron of Montclair. The surviving street names Batavia, Monaco, Newport and Severn commemorate great resorts which Montclair aspired to rival.

The architectural legacy of Montclair's days as a TB colony can be seen in Montclair's unique "TB houses" with their emphasis on capturing fresh air and sunshine. The most prominent relic of Montclair's days as a health spa is a remarkable structure that is now the Montclair Civic Building.

The Molkery

With bonfires, fireworks, a brass band, and free barbecue dinner, Baron von Richthofen opened the "Montclair Molkery and Hotel" on September 15, 1888. The Molkery (German for milk house or dairy)

served as a combination cattle barn, dairy, restaurant, hotel, and tubercular sanitarium. According to local lore, a tunnel supposedly connected the Molkery to the castle two blocks to the East. Alexander Cazin, who had designed the Richthofen Castle, apparently also designed the Richthofen Molkery.

Besides providing the "Swiss Milk Cure" at a penny a mug, the Molkery offered consumptives fresh air, sunshine and wondrous views while lounging on the veranda. Pulmonary invalids could also inhale the "effluvium" wafting up from the stable below through grates in the porch floor. This may have been an unfortunate therapy given present scientific views that tuberculosis mutated to its human epidemic proportions because of the eighteenth century practice of living above stables for warmth. Perhaps as a result, the sanitarium was closed by the early 1890s.

In March 1902, the town was aroused by Nurse Luella Thomas' opening of a home for "nervous people" in

the Molkery. She was promptly arrested after an aged female patient, clad only in a blood-smeared nightgown, escaped and disturbed the nighttime slumber of a town trustee. The town sued Thomas but lost in a case that went all the way to the Colorado Supreme Court. After annexing Montclair, Denver in 1908 condemned the building, then had it remodeled by city architect Fred W. Ameter. The Molkery reopened on April 5, 1910 as the "Montclair Civic Building." This was apparently Denver's first official municipal community center. Located in Montclair Park, which the Baron had donated to the town in 1887, the Molkery grounds featured curving gravel paths, a gazebo, and one of Denver's early playgrounds.

Like Montclair, the Molkery went through hard times. From the 1980s to 2007 it was unoccupied and falling into ruin. The city dismissed the resident caretaker, boarded it up and allowed it to deteriorate. It suffered from a fire, vagrants sleeping inside it, and teenagers partying. For a long-postponed \$850,000 restoration of the Molkery, Denver Parks and Recreation received \$450,000 from a 1989 Denver bond issue and \$177,000 from the Colorado Historical Society's State Historical Fund. The Historic Montclair Community Association, Inc., the city, and SlaterPaull Architects collaborated on an historically correct restoration, bringing back the maple floors, oak staircase, canvas wall covering, and other interior features, even restoring the radiators to retain the building's historic character.

On the exterior, the rhyolite

stone and brick were cleaned and repaired, the porches restored to their original open-air design, and the cupola and chimneys -- which had been lost in a 1920s windstorm -- reconstructed. Denver Parks and Recreation Department staff, who coordinate volunteers in the parks, moved into the second story of this reborn landmark. The first floor once again houses community events. This spectacular restoration shines day and night thanks to new exterior lighting that spotlights the structure and its cupola.

The Montclair Historic District

In recognition of the neighborhood's unique origins, Montclair resident Jane Smith spearheaded a drive to create the Montclair Historic District. In a series of meetings, the district was whittled down to roughly 14 blocks between East 12th and 7th avenues from Newport to Pontiac streets. On a September afternoon in 1975, 125 people jammed Richthofen's old Molkery for a Denver Landmark Preservation Commission (DLPC) hearing.

Six weeks later residents, armed with speeches, maps, charts, statistics and a slide show, attended a City Council meeting to support the DLPC's proposed district. Some objected that Montclair did not have Denver's oldest or finest homes, and that many of the modern houses were of dubious architectural merit.

"This successful blending of the new and the old is precisely the charm of Montclair," councilwoman Cathy Donahue responded. "We need to get over the idea that you always

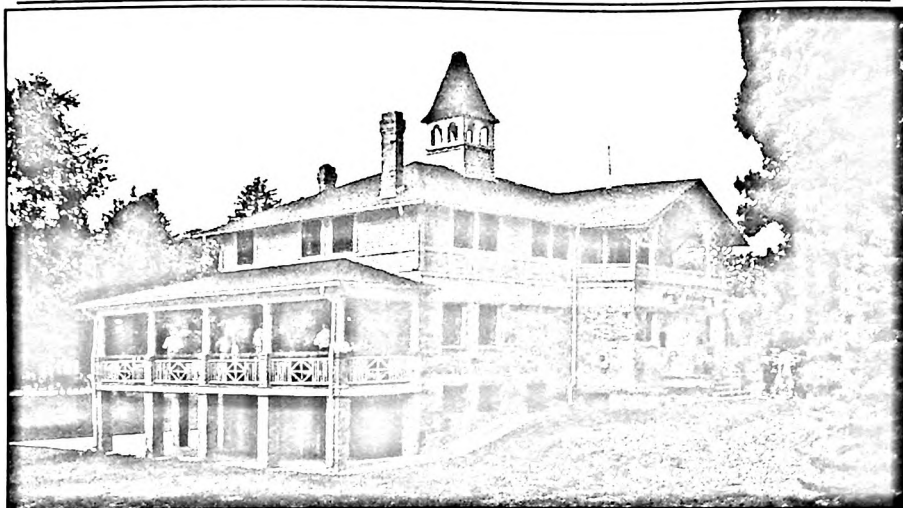


Photo by Jim Krebs

Richthofen's Moltery was converted to one of Denver's first community centers in 1910, the Montclair Civic Building. In 2007 a restoration was completed with a reconstructed cupola and chimneys. It is now a popular venue maintained by the Denver Parks and Recreation Dept. The Denver Posse of Westerners enjoyed a warm August evening on the balcony of the former "Moltery," at their August 2009 Rendezvous.

nave to tear down the old to build the new. The new and the old can exist side by side." City Council agreed. On November 16, 1975, Montclair became Denver's fifth city-designated landmark district.

Modern Montclair

In 2007, the neighborhood celebrated the restoration and reopening of the Moltery and also held a Montclair Reunion that attracted some 300 current and former residents for a day of history. This Historic Montclair Neighborhood Association Inc. (HMCAI) staged these events and had various speakers reflect on the neighborhood's past.

HMCAI traces its roots back to the 1907 formation of the Mont-

clair Improvement Association. That Association hosted an annual picnic in Montclair Park, dances and other socials in the Montclair Civic Building (aka Moltery) and pushed the city to make neighborhood improvements. It also established a beautification committee that annually awarded a \$10 prize for the best-kept lawn, best flower garden, and most attractive and profitable kitchen garden. Mrs. John Denison spearheaded the committee's selection of the red geranium as the neighborhood flower and urged: "It is hoped, that every yard will contain, among other plants, at least one bed of red geraniums."

The Improvement Association apparently became dormant for decades before rising neighborhood concerns

led activists to restart a community group. They formed the Montclair Community Association (MCA) in 1968. It was driven primarily by concerns about the Denver Public Schools policy of busing in children from other neighborhoods and busing out Montclair kids to other schools in the interest of conforming to Federal-Court-ordered desegregation of the Denver Public Schools.

“We did not want to be a one issue organization,” recalled the MCA’s first president, Kermit Destine, “We wanted to get into all aspects of community life, to be comprehensive.” The group started a newsletter, which is issued quarterly to this day as *The Montclarion*. The MCA also launched during the 1970s a July 4th Picnic in Montclair Park. That has grown larger over the years and now attracts 1,000 or more celebrants.

The 2009 July 4th gala consisted of a children’s decorated Bicycle-Tricycle Parade with separate heats for 0-5 and 6-12 year olds. A live band and a fire truck from Montclair Station (Station 14 of the Denver Fire Department) added sound and color while a hot dog and hamburger picnic kept everyone from starving. For the past four decades the neighborhood association has also hosted a party at the Molkery with Santa Claus.

The MCA renamed itself the Historic Montclair Community Neighborhood Association, Inc. (HMCAI) during the 1980s. Realizing that the neighborhood public school is essential to a healthy neighborhood, the HMCAI took a special interest in Montclair

Elementary School. School morale, enrollment and impact soared during the early 2000s. The school worked with the neighborhood to promote, since 2004, an annual Spring Plant Sale and a Fall Mingle for Montclair party and auction. Proceeds go to enriched education for Montclair School students. This has made possible such school programs as “Bunk with the Beasts” with students spending a night at the Denver Zoo. Third graders experience an overnight field trip to the Grant-Humphreys Mansion. Fourth graders spend three days at the YMCA Camp in Estes Park and fifth graders go to the Keystone Science Camp for two days.

To honor Montclair School’s innovative and spirited teaching the U.S. Secretary of Education and U.S. Senator Michael Bennett came to the school on April 7, 2009. They praised Montclair Elementary as a national model for public education.

A new Montclair Recreation Center and the Montclair Post Office also thrive as reminders of the neighborhood’s origins as the independent town of Montclair.

Twenty-first-century Montclair is fairing well, and meeting the rosy expectations of Mrs. James Haven in her poem, “Montclair: Looking Forward,” delivered at a community banquet, November 15, 1890:

*Like a monarch reposing on pillow
of light
Or a beauty exulting in God-given
might,*

*Displaying her charms on the ambient air
Is lovely, bewitching, resplendent Montclair!*

*She smiles at the mountains that tower in view.
She kissed the vale with the "Platte" purling through:
The lifeblood of Hygeia bounds threw her veins,
Fair child of Colorado's magnificent plains . . .*

*Her buildings substantial, for ages will stand,
The home of the culture and wealth of the land . . .
Then here's to the future of stately Montclair,
Her church, her schools and her palaces fair.*

FURTHER READING

Noel, Thomas J. & William J. Hanson. *The Montclair Neighborhood*. Denver, CO: Historic Denver, Inc., 1999. (Historic Denver Guides) 112p. Index, bibliography, photos, drawings, maps, \$9.95. 5" x 7" paperback.

Noel, Thomas J. *Richthofen's Montclair, A Pioneer Denver Suburb: A Brief History, Illustrated Walking Tour & Research Guide to Denver House and Neighborhood History*. (Denver: Graphic Impressions, Inc., 1976; reprinted by Pruett Press in Boulder, 1978), index, bib., illus., maps, \$8.95 paper, \$16.95 cloth.

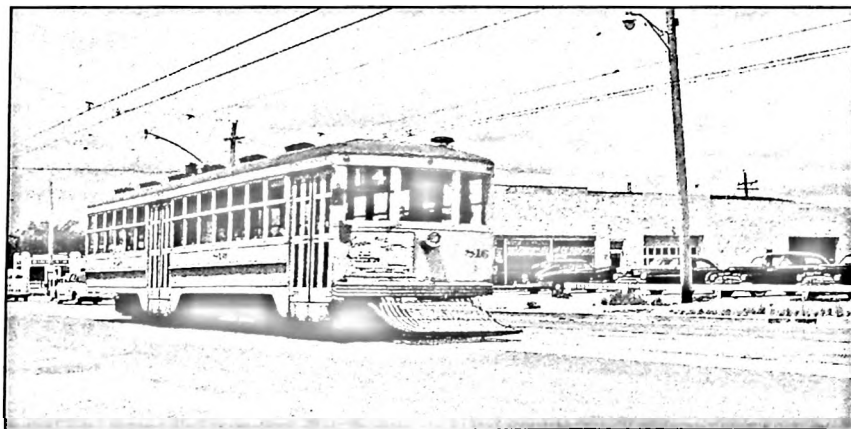


photo by Erv Krebs, courtesy Jim Krebs

Montclair was served by this electric "light rail" car shown here on East Colfax Ave. between Pontiac and Poplar sts. near the Poplar Street Turnaround c. 1948

Over the Corral Rail

Compiled by Ed Bathke, P.M. Please submit your items of news, etc. to Ed. Deadline is the 10th of the first month in the date of publication.

Westerners Activities along the Front Range

Westerners presentations featured in April included the following. Denver Posse member Bob Terwilleger's program "Compassion on the UP: The Astounding Story of the North Platte Canteen," was given to the Boulder Corral. The Colorado Corral learned about "The Fighting Fertigs: Colorado's Mining Engineer Guerillas," the fascinating story of Coloradans in the Phillipines in World War II, and with ties to the Colorado School of Mines. Stephen S. Hart was the speaker. The Fort Collins Corral program was "An American Tale: The Bison of Yellowstone," by Dr. Jack Ryan. In Colorado Springs, Pikes Pike Posse member Dwight Haverkorn told of "Early Automobiles in the Pikes Peak Region."

In May the Boulder Corral enjoyed "Life's Railway to Hell: 'Judge' Roy Bean and the Southern Pacific," by Denver Posse member John Hutchins. The Colorado Corral met at the Tocabe Indian Eatery, for John Monnett's talk, "Did William Fetterman Disobey Orders at Fort Kearny in 1866?" The Fort Collins Corral heard Betty Jo Brenner tell of the "Woman's KKK in Colorado." For the Pikes Peak Posse, the program was "Edith Clements, her Husband Frederic and the Alpine Laboratory," by Nancy and Ed Bathke.

Other Denver Westerners presentations included Posse members Lee and Jane Whiteley's presentation of "The Colorado River: from the Rocky Mountains to Canyonlands" at the May meeting of the Ghost Town Club of Colorado.

Participation in the Annual Indian Wars Symposium

This year the Indian Wars Symposium, held on May 8, featured five presentations assembled by conference chairman and Denver Posse Sheriff Jeff Broome. These included two Westerners, Greg Michno, with "Sand Creek: Legend and Fact," and John Monnett, with "A Northern Cheyenne Woman and her Family Remember the Long Journey of 1878-1879."

Western Writings

The Pikes Peak Library District recently published the fourth in its annual series of symposium proceedings: *Extraordinary Women of the Rocky Mountain West*. The Colorado Women's Hall of Fame is a co-sponsor of the work. Westerners with articles in book include Michael and Patricia Olsen, "From Breeding Persian Cats to Wrapping Candy: Working Women of Colorado Springs in the 1920s"; Judith Finley, "Virginia Donaghe McClurg: Mesa Verde Crusader"; and Nancy and Ed Bathke, "Alice Stewart Hill, Colorado Springs' First Wild Flower Artist: her Family and her Friends."

Denver Westerners lose Longtime Posse Member Bruce Gillis

W. Bruce Gillis Jr., born in Garner, Iowa in 1923, passed away on May 14, 2010. A radio operator on a B-17 in World War II, he earned a BA from the University of Dubuque on 1948, and an MA from the University of Iowa in 1950, followed by a law degree from the University of Indiana in 1960. He came in Denver in 1962. Bruce became a corresponding member of the Denver Westerners in 1965, making him one of the senior members of the Posse. He was elected to the Regular Posse in 1994. Fellow members enjoyed his congeniality and friendship for these many years. His love for the Westerners always showed, even in his final days as he relived memories of close friend Merrill Mattes with Bob Terwilleger. A cheerful bit of Western social life has passed. We send our heartfelt sympathies to his wife Roberta, of 49 years, and his family.



Photo by Jim Krebs



Westerners Bookshelf



When the Rains Come: A Naturalist's Year in the Sonoran Desert by John Alcock. University of Arizona Press, 2009. 334 pages, \$45.00 hardcover, \$21.95 paperback.

The Sonoran Desert was thought by early explorers of the West to be such a bleak, dry, inhospitable and uninhabitable place that it would forever act as a good buffer between the American Indian population that could be confined to the west of its boundaries and the advancing hordes of white immigrants who would occupy the east. One look at John Alcock's fascinating and beautifully produced book quickly shows that his concept was a wild misconception.

The Sonoran desert, described in lyrical detail by Ann Zwinger and other writers, teems with life of every description. But one critical factor is the need to maintain this life – water. Throughout the book Professor Alcock emphasizes this theme with words and pictures.

John Alcock is the Regent's Professor Emeritus in the School of Life Sciences. His obvious vast knowledge of the ecology and biology of the area is backed by an ability to write with clarity and beauty. He seldom walked without a camera and his fine, well-reproduced images of birds, butterflies, wasps and plants, enhance his descriptions of the advancing months. No reader could fail to finish this book without a greatly increased appreciation and understanding of the biological wonders of the desert. Professor Alcock's research work concentrated on insects with wonderful names such as tarantula hawk wasps and blister beetles. To most of us, insects are annoying pests that we wave away or hit with a rolled-up newspaper. To Alcock, however, they have fascinating lives, defined territories, even favorite roosting twigs. He leads the reader from bush to bush following the elusive insects and making sense out of what seems like random flight.

Whether you are a fireside traveler or a desert trekker, this book is "must" reading.

--Bruce C. Paton, C.M.

re at Camp Grant, Forgetting and Remembering Apache His-
Chip Colwell Chanthaphonh. Tucson, University of Arizona Press,
76 pp, 7 BW photographs, 6 maps. Paperback \$17.95, cloth \$35.00.

The history of conflict between American Indians and Anglo-American
Mexicans is filled with tales of injustice, broken promises, outright
and spontaneous massacres. One of the least known massacres, at Camp
Arizona on April 30, 1871, is described with careful detail and re-
in this book by an anthropologist born in Tucson and unaware of the
e as he grew up.

Multivocality is not a word in most people's vocabulary but it de-
Dr. Chanthaphonh's approach to telling the story of the massacre
multiple sources. The massacre was carried out by a group of Anglo-
Mexicans and Tohono O'odham Papago Indians against a tribe of
Apaches living under the protection of the US Army in a reservation near
Grant, 40 miles northeast of Tucson.

The Apaches had made peace with the Army and were living on a
reservation, growing their crops and cutting hay for the army's horses. Some
Anglo-Americans and Mexicans had been killed in isolated murders that the citizens of
Tucson ascribed to the Apaches. A mixed posse of Indians, Mexicans and six
whipped into a rage by local leaders and the Tucson newspaper, took
control into their hands. Early on the morning of April 30 they surprised and
killed between 75-144 Indians, mostly women and children, and captured at
least eight younger children who were given, or sold, to families. One hun-
dred and eight men were tried for the murders and acquitted after the jury
was deliberated for 19 minutes.

The Army – including President Ulysses Grant – condemned the mur-
ders immediately. When the survivors realized that the Army had played no
role in the massacre (indeed, they tried to warn the Apaches of the impending
massacre) they slowly returned to the valley.

Most of the early accounts of the incident took the Anglo-White side
of the story, accusing the Apaches of treachery and behaving as might be
expected from "savages." The author, however, examines interviews with the
survivors done shortly after the massacre, and, himself interviewed surviv-
ers who recounted the tales that had been passed from generation
to generation. Historians seldom put much weight on oral histories and, as
the press praised the action as suitable retaliation for brutal murders, it
is surprising that for many years only one side of the story was told. The
author examines the data with great care and shows that the Apaches were
certainly conducting a peaceful ceremonial dance the evening before

the massacre, and could not have been absent from the camp to commit the murders that brought on the rage of the Tucson citizenry.

The use of many sources from all sides of the story brings clarity to the narrative and provides as objective an account as possible of a horrific crime that occurred more than 100 years ago.

--Bruce Paton, C.M.

Jefferson County, Colorado, a Unique and Eventful History, by Carole Lomond and others. Views Publishing Co. (www.citymtviews.com), Golden, CO, 2009. 640 pp., index, maps, illustrated. Paperback. \$39.95.

Jefferson County, Colorado is an immense compendium of an area which did not have a comprehensive definitive book about the whole county. Many books and articles have been written about separate towns, localities, people, and events. Carole Lomond contacted twenty-two business and government offices to “sponsor” the book. Tasteful current advertisements are interspersed throughout the book. Old-time ads are also used, so that the combination of past and the current forms provide a humorous and delightful effect.

Carole Lomond also gathered eleven Jefferson County authors to write the different sections of the book. Denver Posse Corresponding Member Dennis Potter is one of the contributing writers.

The first seventeen chapters cover the county by towns, communities, and general grouping so no area is omitted. One unique feature of this book is the placement of the bibliography. After each city or area, the pertinent bibliography can be found. This method allows the reader to easily find books about that specific area only, and not have to go through pages of listed books trying to discern from the titles which book would be of the most use.

The second half of the book is a complete listing with descriptions of all aspects of Jefferson County, such as parks and recreational facilities, cemeteries, colleges, museums, and historic places and landmarks. This book is like one-stop shopping for facts on Jefferson County.

The final section consists of the “Jeffco’s 150 Most Contributing Citizens”. Many people could not be included, but among those who were, are Denver Westerners Francis Rizzari, Richard Ronzio, and Charles Ryland.

As the subtitle states, this is truly “A Unique and Eventful History”, and to anyone interested in this great Colorado county of over a half-million people, this volume is highly recommended.

--Nancy E. Bathke, P. M.

Fighting Marlows by Glenn Shirley. Ft. Worth: Texas Christian University Press, 2009. 188 pp. 12 BW photos, notes, bibliography, index. Paper \$15.95.

Here is a *true story* of the "Old West." Set in Indian Territory and Texas in a time when law was whatever posed as law, the five Marlows, Boone, Alf, Epp, Charles and George, became scapegoats for a local sheriff's pursuit of justice. He targeted the brothers for their assets he could take for his own use. The typical outcome of this scenario would be five quickly "lawfully" lynched men and life in that town would be as usual.

These five brothers were made of more than the "normal" man. Despite a high illegal arrest, conviction, and numerous attempts to kill these brothers, they used their courage, indomitable will and skill to outwit and stay free despite individuals of the law and even an entire hostile town wrongly accused of their guilt and ready to kill them by any means available, not caring for the justice of the law. This story reveals the true lack of law and the true nature of people in that time.

Glenn Shirley documented this true story from the court records of the Northern District of Texas circuit and district courts where the brothers were charged for their alleged crimes. The intensity of this story cannot be overestimated. Shirley starts with a background of the family and their lifestyle giving the reader an understanding of the family character and of the brothers. He thereby sets the stage to understand their personal qualities that enabled them able to accomplish their daring feats.

From the first illegal arrest of Boone, Epp, Alf and Charles by Deputy Sheriff Ed Johnson for stolen horses, the five brothers were hounded, beaten, tried and convicted by a violent public lied to by the local law officers for their own personal interests. Three brothers were killed in this process: Boone for reward money, Alf and Epp in an ambush orchestrated by the law and the four jailed brothers.

Charles and George who escaped moved to Colorado to live a normal life and again were chased by corrupt Texas law officials and sent back to Texas for their "crimes." Only through the help of a local Colorado law officer were they able to escape the death that the Texas law officials were waiting for them. Even Bill McDonald, famous Texas Ranger captain, was sent to the State of Texas to apprehend the last two surviving brothers was sent to "get his man", something rare for a Texas Ranger, especially Bill McDonald. The courage and skill of the remaining brothers, Charles and George, is best shown when they refuse to surrender to Bill McDonald and

employ the aid of Colorado Governor.

A classic Western movie, "The Sons of Katie Elder" starring John Wayne and Dean Martin is a Hollywood version of this story.

Numerous photographs of the players in this drama are included along with location sites. These photographs breathe life into the drama played out in the late 1800s and each gives to the reader its unique history to better understand the people involved.

Dodge City: The Early Years, 1872-1886 by William B. Shillingberg. Norman, Oklahoma: Arthur H. Clark Company, 2009. 432 pp. 34 photographs, map, bibliography, footnotes, index. Cloth \$49.95.

In his second book about a frontier town, Shillingberg brings together unusual circumstances and colorful characters to tell the fascinating story of Dodge City from its beginning 1872 to the demise of the cattle trade in 1886. Well documented with primary sources, the author weaves together people, politics, the military, and the Texas cattle trade into a detailed history of one of the more infamous frontier towns.

Fort Dodge was established in the spring of 1865 to serve as a supply depot and clearing house for military communications. Before the fort had been completed, civilian entrepreneurs set up an adjacent enclave that became a more serious threat to the military than the Indians. Determined to marginalize this lethal nuisance, in 1872 the military authorities "induced" the civilians to relocate five miles to the west. Briefly called Buffalo City before changing to Dodge City, the town was an immediate success. First railroad workers and then buffalo hunters embraced the debauchery and violence that is vividly described in a chapter titled

A Murder and Mayhem.

By 1875 the buffalo hunters had all but exterminated their vocation, Indians had been defeated, the military presence reduced, and Dodge City might have disappeared if fortuitous circumstances had not intervened. Ample grass and water, open ranges, a railroad, political maneuvering that circumvented the Kansas quarantine law, and Texas cattlemen looking for a shipping center all came together at Dodge City. The town opened its arms, band, saloons, gambling halls, and brothels, to the Texas cattle trade. Within a few years newspapers referred to the town as the "Babylon of the Frontier" and the "wickedest city in America."

During the shipping season, the town never slept. When President Rutherford Hayes and other notable dignitaries made a visit in September 1879, few people were on hand to greet the President. The local newspaper

provided a reasonable excuse, explaining that the President had arrived at 6:30 am and the only people awake at that hour were those who had not gone to bed. "We cannot really be expected to break in upon our habits and upset ourselves by turning out at daylight" just to greet the President.

You will find the expected characters in this book, including Wyatt Earp and his brothers, Bat and Edward Masterson, Luke Stout, Charles Bassett, Larry Deger, and many more. Although Shillingberg gives these men appropriate attention, it took less than a dozen pages to explain their exploits. Newspaper editors, politicians, merchants, women, and other citizens received more attention and were far more important to Dodge City than those who grabbed the headlines and became legends.

Events that had conspired to create Dodge City in 1872 had dissipated in 1886. Expansion of the quarantine law, less forage for cattle, the development of agriculture, barbed wire, railroad shipping points closer to Texas, the formation of an effective town government, and the promise of stricter enforcement of the state's prohibition laws combined to bring an end to the cattle trade and carousing that defined Dodge City.

Reading Shillingberg's account of the early days of Dodge City was enjoyable and informative, and it represents a valuable addition to Western history. It is a high quality book, an excellent combination of research, writing quality, permanence, and durability.

--Richard C. Barth, P. M.

Oklahoma Tough – My Father, King of the Tulsa Bootleggers by Ron Padgett. University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, OK, 2005. 288 pp, 21 BW illus., map, bibliography. Wayne Merriott, Padgett, index. Paper \$19.95.

Oklahoma Tough- My Father, King of the Tulsa Bootleggers is a compelling history of crime, bootlegging, whiskey, and law and order which brings alive the not-too-distant past. The stage is set in the Oklahoma Indian Territory and Tulsa. This book follows the life of Wayne Padgett, his friends, family, enemies and the law. The name Tulsa comes from the Creek word tulwa, meaning town. In 1882 the construction of the railroad brought the first white settlers and illegal liquor. With the absence of law and order, the Indian Territory gave home to many outlaw gangs and despicable characters. Tulsa was a wild haven with gambling, liquor, prostitution and pistols shooting in the air. In 1889 the first court was brought into the Indian Territory but little changed.

In 1904 Tulsa had acquired three police officers which was the begin-

ning of the law. However, the law was corrupt and had become a brotherhood of crime and lawlessness. By 1912 the police force had grown to 35, but still there was no change to the corruption. The Barker Gang, (Ma Barker, her five sons and Machine Gun Kelly) joined the Tulsa crime scene in 1915. On January 16, 1920 the 18th Amendment brought Prohibition into the United States and two years later, March 4, 1922 Wayne Merriott Padgett was born to Verna and Grover, destined to become the shrewd, illusive king of bootleggers.

When Wayne was 11 years old, his father committed suicide and Wayne's heart was stained with grief and revenge throughout his life. Financial times were tough, and Wayne found a job at the local drug store delivering prescription drugs and liquor from the local bootlegger. This opened his eyes to the whiskey industry. He was rejected from the military as he failed to meet the medical requirements at the onset of World War II. Following this rejection, Wayne found work at a gasoline station where he combined the sales of gasoline, liquor and other commodities into a one-stop service.

This business flourished through "wheeling and dealing" World War II gas rationing stamps for various other commodities. Wayne, now age 23 at the war's end, netted \$4,500 of cold cash, enough to purchase his first home. Selling whiskey to wholesalers, retailers, civic groups and individuals, all under the protection of the law was part of normal business in his everyday life. The law would notify Wayne days in advance so he could hide the good liquors while leaving out the cheap wines, whiskey and liquors to be found.

The following day, the newspapers would have a field day reporting the efficiency of the law.

Wayne's customers ranged from the mayor, large corporations and even the occasional priests and preachers who used wines for their services. Wayne's frequent donations to the policemen's ball, weddings and other police events assured his warm, brotherly relationship with the law. All of this netted Wayne no violations except running stop signs which eventually brought about the first yield sign, invented by a Tulsa policeman, Clinton Riggs.

Throughout the neighborhood, city and states, Wayne was always known to be there for people in need and even helped the local banks financially with only a handshake for security. Times changed in the late 1950s when Oklahoma legalized the sale of liquor forcing Wayne to follow the sun west into Arizona, Nevada and California where he found profits in fencing stolen goods and joining the Dixie Mafia. Always living on the edge, he evaded criminal action until the late 1970s when he was set up and convicted for a crime he did not commit. The five-year sentence was pardoned after a

flood of letters from throughout the country gave testimony to a "real gentleman," an "honest fair man providing welfare," "the epitome of Judeo-Christian ethic," and "whose word was as solid as steel."

Oklahoma Governor Beren signed the papers for his release on June 27, 1978. Trust, loyalty, family and friends were Wayne's solace during this time and the world he built around him. He survived the open spaces of Oklahoma and took his last breath on May 21, 1991. Those interested in the West as it was and perhaps still is, will find great interest in this reading.

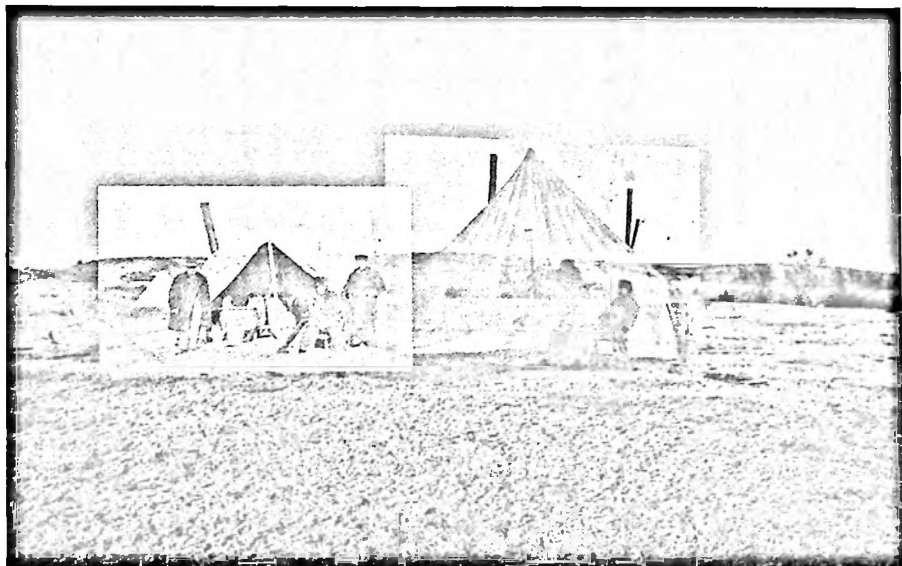
--Ed Sobota, C.M





The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

July - August 2010



Images of the dining tents and the Grand Duke's tent overlaid on a modern landscape photograph provide some idea of a portion of the tents' relationship to one another in the camp

**Custer, Cody, and a Grand Duke:
The Russian Royal Buffalo Hunt in Nebraska, 1872,
A Preliminary View from Archaeology
by Douglas Scott, Peter Bleed, Stephen Damm
(presented September 23, 2009 by Douglas Scott)**



Our Author

Doug retired from the U.S. National Park Service where he was the Great Plains Team Leader at the Midwest Archaeological Center in Lincoln, Nebraska. He is currently an adjunct professor, Dept. of Anthropology and Geography at the Univ. of Nebraska. He has a Ph.D. in Anthropology from the Univ. of Colorado, Boulder, 1977.

He has written numerous books relating to Custer and Indian wars, including *Archaeological Perspectives on the Battle of Little Bighorn*, 1989, *They Died With Custer*, 1998, and *Custer's Heroes: The Little Bighorn Medals of Honor*, 2007.

As well as being a corresponding member of the Denver Posse, Doug is a member of the Lincoln, Nebraska Corral of Westerners.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

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July - August 2010

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**Custer, Cody, and a Grand Duke:
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January 13, 1872, dawned as a chilly winter day when a special train pulled onto the Union Pacific siding at North Platte Station. Its progress to and through Nebraska had been carefully watched both in communities it passed and by newspaper readers across the country because its principal passenger was His Imperial Highness Grand Duke Alexsei Alexandrovich of the House of Romanov, fourth son of Czar Alexander II of Russia. The handsome twenty-one-year old was midway through a cross-country goodwill tour of the United States. With much fanfare, he had seen the sights and cities of the East - New York, Washington, and the Niagara Falls - and was now about to enjoy a bit of Western adventure, a grand buffalo hunt on the plains of Nebraska!

The impact of Grand Duke Alexis' buffalo hunt far exceeded the three days he spent in the field. Reports of the adventure appeared in newspapers across the country during and following the hunt. His Western adventure, as well as his entire U.S. sojourn, were avidly followed by the American public via newspaper accounts. The Grand Duke's U.S. visit was a triumph for Russian diplomacy. Russia had supported the Federal government during the American Civil War and the Czar felt a strong bond with the U.S. and particularly President Abraham Lincoln, seeing the freeing of the serfs on

a near equal plane as the emancipation of the slaves. The Russian court was also grateful to the U.S. government of Andrew Johnson's administration for the purchase of Alaska and cash influx that the transaction brought to the Imperial coffers. Admiral David Farragut sailed an American squadron to Russia in 1867 as a goodwill gesture. A reciprocal visit was envisioned by the Russian Government, and after lengthy negotiations, it was decided that the Russian delegation would be headed by Grand Duke Alexis.¹ The Russian plan included a goodwill tour of several countries and was to take two years and circumnavigate the globe.

The Russian Grand Duke Alexis' visit to the United States in 1871 and 1872 is relatively well known and the buffalo hunt in western Nebraska that was included in this excursion has also been described several times.² The U. S. government invited the Grand Duke to participate in a western buffalo hunt during his stop in the United States based on a suggestion by artist Albert Bierstadt. General Philip Sheridan and a host of 1870s luminaries including Gen. E. O. C. Ord, Col. Innis Palmer, Lt. Col. James Forsyth, Lt. Col. George Forsyth, Lt. Col. George Armstrong Custer, and Lt. Col. Michael Sheridan were among the party that traveled in especially reserved railroad cars from Omaha to Platte River Station, (North Platte today). There they were met by an army

escort and Fort McPherson scout William F. Cody, and then by wagon and horseback traveled some fifty miles to Red Willow Creek in Hayes county for what became known as the Royal Buffalo Hunt³.

At the conclusion of the Nebraska hunt, the Grand Duke continued to Denver, via Cheyenne where he was treated to a lavish reception and ball put on by prominent citizens. A second hunt was also arranged for him during a one-day excursion to Kit Carson. Following the Denver sojourn and hunt at Kit Carson the imperial train went to Topeka, Kansas City, and Saint Louis. From there the Grand Duke went down the Mississippi River to New Orleans where he witnessed the first Rex parade of Mardi Gras. He departed the United States in early February sailing to Cuba and South America and on to Japan before returning to Russia.

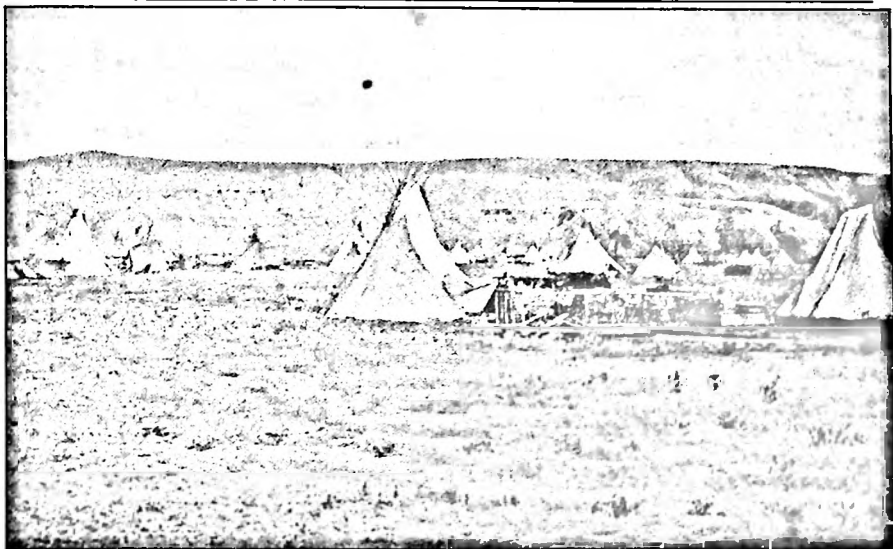
Upon his return to Russia he was appointed a Grand Admiral in the Imperial Navy, a post he held until 1905. Considered a bit of a playboy and bon vivant, Alexis did work behind the scenes fighting for funds to modernize the Russian Navy. While he was partially successful, it was for naught when the might of the Imperial Japanese Navy destroyed the Russian fleet during the Japanese-Russian War. Alexis took the blame for the fleet's failure and resigned his commission. He moved to Paris where he died in 1908. His remains were brought back to St. Petersburg and he was buried with pomp and circumstance in the Romanov family crypt at the cathedral.

The site of the buffalo hunt campsite, Camp Alexis, has been known for decades and over the past

135 years any number of descriptions and accounts of the hunt have been published. Many people have found the hunt and the campsite of interest, but it still seems fair to say that the excursion remains very poorly understood. Publications on the Grand Duke's visit tend to present and retread a few basic sources. And much of what has been reported, written, and repeated about the hunt is suspect at best. We employ the power and tools of modern archaeology to assemble new information about what really happened when the Russian Grand Duke and U. S. Army military elite experienced the closing days of the great Western frontier. We are happy to report that archaeological investigation did reveal new information and also offered powerful evidence of how cooperative research and detailed, specific documentation of historical artifacts can offer important new information.

No professional archaeological investigations had ever taken place on the campsite, until 2008. In 2008 and 2009 metal detection was employed as part of the University of Nebraska - Lincoln Field School in Archaeology. This work located significant new physical evidence of the camp, and coupled with new analysis of a variety of historic documentation is adding a greater depth of knowledge to our understanding of the camp site, its organization, and how it relates to other Western frontier military camps. This very preliminary report documents some of the research and analysis that is ongoing at the present time.

We became interested in the buffalo hunt because, as archeologists, we thought archaeology of the site and its material culture might offer



This image was published by William F. Cody in 1894 in *Cosmopolitan* with the caption, "Camp of Indian Braves, Arranged for the Grand Duke Alexis." The scene depicts some eighteen canvas tents scattered in Red Willow Creek valley. Detailed analysis of the terrain suggests this camp is not actually Spotted Tail's camp or even associated with the hunt, a typical Cody exaggeration that adds to the confusion of his accounts.

interesting insights into the events of January 1872. As anthropologists we wondered how the U.S. government had actually treated the Grand Duke. What had been the lot of the soldiers who had accompanied hunting party? And we were interested in Lakota families of Chief Spotted Tail's band who had been brought to the camp to both help with the hunt and entertain the guests. Initially, we were interested in the material record of the hunt and hoped that artifacts preserved at the site would reflect the events and social groups of the hunt. We also thought that archives in Russia or elsewhere might contain undiscovered information. As often happens with studies of the past, unexpected new evidence turned up that took us in a slightly different direc-

tion. One aspect of our search was to determine if any archives held copies of photographs known to have been taken by Omaha photographer E. L. Eaton at the camp on Red Willow Creek. Although the photographs are known to have been taken, when we started our work no copies were known to exist. Through a set of marvelously intricate and interconnected events we learned of two other researchers, Jim Crain and Larry Ness, who were also looking for the Eaton photographs. One published photograph purported to be Spotted Tail's camp on Red Willow Creek was located.⁴ A stereograph of Custer and Spotted Tail came to our attention in 1999 and five more stereographs of the camp and the participants came to light in 2000. It seems ironic that with

all the publicity surrounding the Grand Duke's visit, the role of Custer and other prominent men of the time, and the intense historical interest in the hunt and those involved in it that it has taken nearly 140 years for these photographs to surface. We can only hope that even more information will surface.

History and Background

Tradition holds that the site was on a small plateau north of the Red Willow Creek and an unnamed drainage that joins it on land owned since the 1880s by two Hayes County, Nebraska families. A monument memorializing the buffalo hunt and early local settlers was erected on the presumed site of the Grand Duke's tent in the early 1930s.⁵ A contemporary account of Camp Alexis describes the site:

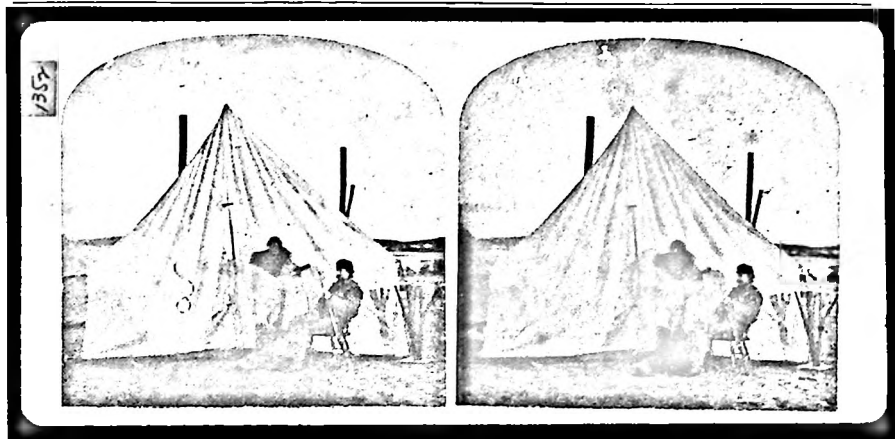
"This Camp Alexis embraces about four acres of ground, and is situated on a low grassy plateau...at the junction of the Red Willow [Creek] with one of its small but now frozen tributaries....The camp faces south, and looks out on Red Willow Creek".⁶

A Nebraska *Daily State Journal* (January 13, 1872) article states "The camp consists of two hospital tents, ten wall tents, and 'A' tents of the servants and soldiers. The wall tents are floored, and the duke's is carpeted. Box stoves and Sibley stoves are provided for the hospital and wall tents. The hospital tents are used as dining tents. An extensive culinary outfit also is taken along. Ten-thousand rations of flour, sugar, coffee, and 1,000 pounds of tobacco being taken along for the Indians. Co. K, 2nd Cav. under the command of Captain Egan, is at the camp. They went

several days ago and have everything in the best shape possible. Co. E, 2nd Cav., under the command of Lieut. Stover [sic Steever] as escort for the party of the camp, and the whole is under the command of Gen. Palmer of the Omaha Barracks. Lieut. Hayes is quartermaster of the expedition..... A few days ago 400 Indians were reported at the camp, with their families...."

Probably the best-known account of the hunt and camp is found in the various autobiographies and biographies of William Cody. Buffalo Bill's accounts are, for the most part, grossly exaggerated stories told by the showman as part of his self-promotion schemes to enhance revenues for his Wild West shows. Other accounts are more reliable such as Libbie Custer's⁷ who notes that there were 30-40 tents in the camp with two hospital tents reserved for the Grand Duke's use. She reported the camp as arranged with military precision with company streets between lines of tents. There was a line of officers and guests' tents and beyond that tents for the cavalry escort, then the horse picket line, and finally at some distance further out the supply wagons were parked. She also said that the Spotted Tail camp was on the other side of the creek from the army camp.

The recently discovered photographs generally confirm the layout the contemporary newspaper accounts and the Libbie Custer description. Certainly they suggest some of the tents are in lines, hinting at the military precision Mrs. Custer mentioned. And there is no question that some of the wagons were parked "at some distance further out..." The various newspaper accounts tend to be non-specific in regard to the camp



The E.L. Eaton stereoscopic photograph of Custer and Spotted Tail in front of the dining tents at Camp Alexis. Custer holds his famed Springfield sporting rifle and is clad in a buckskin hunting outfit. Other tents, wagons and a field-expedient rack made from a tree branch can be seen in the photograph.

organization, rather referring to specific functions of various elements in rather romantic terms. While Libbie Custer was not above waxing eloquent about her husband and his accomplishments, there seems to be little doubt that Mrs. Custer either recorded recollections of the hunt at the time or she had access to letters or notes about the camp as her manuscript has a bit more detail than most other accounts.

While the layout and organization of Camp Alexis may be seen as little more than an interesting sidelight to the buffalo hunt story, it assumes a good deal more importance when the photographs come into play. They allow us to use a visual document as a means to test the veracity and accuracy of the written accounts. The photographs are physical evidence, artifacts, of an event in time and space whereas the written accounts are those of oral history and memory of that event.

The location of the monument fits this description well. Camp Alexis functioned as the campsite for several days during the Royal Buffalo Hunt, but between 1925 and 1940 it was also home to recurring rodeo and softball events established to annually celebrate the county's early settlement.⁸ This reuse means that there is detritus from many periods at the site.

The archaeological reconnaissance performed during the summers of 2008 and 2009 found physical evidence of the events of the Royal Buffalo Hunt of 1872 and later uses of the site as grazing land for stock, and of the Old Settlers Picnics. This evidence, combined with historical documentation and investigation, such as the stereoscopic images overlaid upon the modern terrain, and oral histories clearly place the campsite at the historical accepted area, but not at the precise monument location. Rather the main campsite was

located on the old terrace or plateau immediately north of the monument.

Systematic metal detection sweeps were performed, starting on the floodplain of Red Willow Creek. Finding no artifacts due to extensive soil deposition that has built up in the last 100 years as a result of flood cycles, the plateau immediately surrounding the monument was next searched. Mostly modern debris recovered with a few notable exceptions were recovered on the terrace occupied by the monument. An iron awl and a small iron scraper blade and a piece of lithic debris were recovered, probably predating the 1872 site use, and indicate the area was used by Native Americans as a campsite in earlier times. Researchers then moved up the slope and onto the rise north of the monument. The southern portion yielded mostly modern debris, including a large quantity of chicken wire most likely used as the softball field backstop. Further onto the plateau, however, bona fide 19th-century artifacts began to emerge. The most common artifacts were square-cut nails. Also found among the scatter of square-cut nails were fragments of whiteware ceramics, charcoal, dark-green ale and wine-bottle glass, and lead foil from the seals of liquor bottles. Several tin cans, .44-caliber Colt Richards conversion cartridge fragments, 50-70-caliber cartridges, cavalry and general service brass eagle buttons, a suspender button, and a wood working gimlet were recovered as well. Each find was individually plotted using the latest mapping grade global positioning technology. This process efficiently gathered data that documents how the camp was organized and where the hunters used the camp site.

At this point we are far from completing our analysis of not only the historic and photographic documents, but the archaeological artifacts as well. But our preliminary analysis points to the many square-cut nails, prosaic as they may sound, to be the most important artifacts recovered. Some likely come from the crates and boxes set out on the wagons to erect and sustain the camp. Others may have fastened the hospital tents' dining table and benches together where Sheridan, Custer, Cody, and the Grand Duke celebrated the hunt's successes, and yet others likely fastened the wooden floors together in three of the tents. Two of those we can identify as the dining tents and the Grand Duke's tent based on the photographic evidence. The third floored tent is open to question, but probably was the one occupied by General Sheridan.

The carefully plotted square-cut nail distribution becomes a vital link in understanding the story at this point. The square nails are not randomly scattered across the metal detected area, they are found in discrete and patterned clusters. They minimally represent where lumber was piled and burned or more likely salvaged by the removal of the nails, prior to transport back to Fort McPherson at the end of the hunt. It should be no surprise that when the historic photographs of the camp are compared to the modern terrain they can be "fitted" by landscape features that have gone unchanged since the 1870s. The Grand Duke's tent can be placed near but north and west of the two hospital tents that functioned as the dining tents. Those tents can be "fitted" to the modern landscape by scaling them in Adobe PhotoShop© and changing their opacity

or transparency so they are overlaid on the modern image. Not surprisingly the images of the two known floored tents fall within the most concentrated finds of square nails, and the area in which several wine, ale, and champagne bottle fragments along with tableware ceramic fragments were also found. We can reasonably accurately now place those tents in real and modern space.

Discussion and Conclusion

The archaeological reconnaissance performed during the summers of 2008 and 2009 found physical evidence of the events of the Royal Buffalo Hunt of 1872. This evidence, combined with historical documentation and investigation, such as the stereoscopic images overlaid upon the modern terrain, and oral histories, which placed the campsite at this general area, taken together provide clear evidence that the camp was indeed located here. Even today the full record of the past has not been exhausted as can be seen in the discovery of some of the Camp Alexis photographs taken by E. L. Eaton in January 1872. New sources can and are being found. Undoubtedly further "digging" will gain new sources and provide new historical insights into the hunt story. Certainly our research on the Royal Buffalo Hunt took an unexpected direction with the finding of the Camp Alexis photographs. As we have attempted to demonstrate, all such records can yield useful new information, but they require careful analysis and cross-verification to give us details beyond the obvious. Yet these photographs and the archaeological record clearly demonstrate that the most mundane item can aid in expanding, validating, and

enlivening our understanding of this story of our past. We can, with reasonable certainty, now place the tents and their occupants precisely on the modern landscape, a landscape that has not changed significantly for hundreds of years. Camp Alexis is the only place in the United States the Grand Duke visited that has not been disturbed by change or development through time. We can see the ground he trod, and that makes the site an even more important historic site in the history of Russian-American relations, and the history of some of our best known figurative icons.

Endnotes

- 1 *New York Times*, June 30, 1871.
- 2 There are a number of works that tell the hunt story, many with little analysis and mostly from a romantic point of view, including Hadley 1908, Hatch 1956, McDonald 1958, Otero 1935, Paine 1932, Stienwedel 1961, White 1972, and Zornow 1961. More scholarly analyses and presentations were made by Palmer 1995, Russell 1960, and Sprague 1967. The most useful work is that of William Warren Tucker's compilation of newspaper accounts on the Grand Duke's sojourn in the U.S. It was originally privately published as *The Grand Duke Alexis in the United States of America*, in 1872 by Riverside Press, Cambridge and distributed to members of the hunting party and a few others. The Library of Congress, New York Public Library, and the Russian State Archives have copies. Jeff Dykes (1972) republished this valuable and interesting resource and the Library of Congress has

a scanned copy on its American Memories webpage.

3 See also Beucker 1982, Cody 1917, and 1978, as well as Adamson 1910 for more detail on the background of the hunt, the stopping point, and other details. Davies (1985) provides a detailed account of a slightly earlier hunt involving Sheridan and in the same vicinity that helps one to understand the reasons Red Willow Creek was selected for the camp.

4 William F. Cody published an article on hunting in the west in an 1894 issue *The Cosmopolitan* including several photographs. One of those images is purported to Spotted Tail's camp on Red Willow Creek, but cannot be oriented to the modern terrain and is likely to some other unassociated Native American campsite.

5 See Mintling (2004) for a history of the ownership and land use of the campsite since the 1870s.

6 See Jeff Dyke's republication (1972) of William Warren Tucker's compilation of contemporary newspaper accounts of the Grand Duke's sojourn in the U.S. and on the hunt specifically.

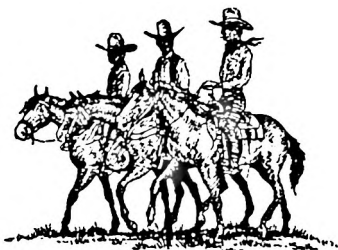
7 Manion's published version of Libbie Custer's manuscript (1990:7) contains the quoted information on the camp.

8 See Mintling 2004.

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Over the Corral Rail

Compiled by Ed Bathke, P.M. Please submit your items of news, etc. to Ed. Deadline is the 10th of the first month in the date of publication.

Front Range Westerner Activities

Westerners of the Boulder, Colorado, and Fort Collins Corrals, and the Pikes Peak Posse are enjoying a summer respite from meetings, with just one notable exception. In June, the Pikes Peak Posse received an interesting presentation from Tim Blevins, the special collections manager of the Pikes Peak Library District, titled "'The Christ Man of Denver' and the Divine Healer Charlatans, or will the real Francis Schlatter please rise?"

New Regular Posse Members of the Denver Westerners

In recognition of their interest in, and accomplishments in Western history, as well as their potential in supporting activities, presenting programs, and serving as officers in the Denver Posse, corresponding members are elected to the regular posse membership. Thus far in 2010, three members have become regular posse members, Annette Gray, Kellen Cutsforth, and Bill Leeper.

The Rev. Jon Almgren of Broomfield, CO, died July 21. He was born Sept. 30, 1941, in Detroit, MI and grew up in Iowa. He attended Gustavus Adolphus College in St. Peter, MN. He attended the School of Law at the Univ. of Iowa for a year before entering the United Theological Seminary in New Brighton, MN where he received bachelor's and master's degrees in theology. He served United Church of Christ churches in Evergreen Park, IL; Detroit, MI; Loveland, CO; Kansas City, KS; Broomfield, CO; and Eastlake, CO. He retired for health reasons in 2003. He was Sheriff of the Denver Posse of Westerners in 1992. His invocations were used at the dinner meetings of the Denver Westerners. He held a strong belief in churches serving their communities and the downtrodden. He advocated for churches to allow groups such as Alcoholics Anonymous, Boy Scouts and DeMolay to use their facilities for their meetings. He served as a member of various service clubs over the years, including Kiwanis and Rotary. He was instrumental in starting the CROP Walk in Kansas City and Broomfield. He will be missed. Survivors are his wife, Diane, daughters Kristi Teti of Westminster, CO, and Carli Hand and husband, Michael of Louisville, CO. He had two granddaughters and three grandsons.





Westerners Bookshelf

A Hole in the Ground with a Lair at the Top by Dan Plazak. Salt Lake City: The University of Utah Press, 2006. 374 pp. Illustrations, photos, notes, bibliography, index. Cloth, \$26.95.

The American West was a hotbed of mining frauds and swindles, with gullible investors repeatedly falling for promoters' tall tales of fabulous discoveries. Dan Plazak's fascinating book looks at the colorful characters who duped and defrauded stockholders in the wild days between the Mexican War and World War I.

This was the apex of American mining, and fever for gold, silver, copper, diamonds and even tin burned hot in many people, from middle-class professionals to fabulously wealthy Eastern investors.

Plazak's research is thorough: he uses period newspaper and journal articles to follow the scams of outrageous confidence men, including Professor Samuel Aughey and Richard Flower. Plazak speaks with insider knowledge, having explored for oil, uranium, precious metals and more in his career as a geologist and engineer. He relates that he became interested in mining scams while pursuing a degree at Colorado School of Mines.

The book is a study in the ever-credulous nature of investors. It was laughably easy for skilled promoters to separate men from their money. Salted mines, slight-of-hand, bribery and back door deals were common tools of the trade. Plazak combines an in-depth knowledge of mining with exacting research to paint vivid pictures of swindlers in full bloom. His skepticism is apparent in the narrative, and at times he seems incredulous that these schemes worked at all.

I found the book fascinating—I had no idea that fraud was so widespread during the storied mining booms of the West. It appears that Bernie Madoff is far from unique; Plazak details a long legacy of charismatic and seemingly upstanding individuals cheating friends, acquaintances and stockholders. The ingenuity and sheer aplomb of these swindlers took my breath away.

My favorite tale was the great diamond swindle. Diamond Butte, in northwestern Colorado, was salted by a pair of dubious entrepreneurs with inferior, uncut diamonds and rubies purchased in London in 1871. Such luminaries as General George McClellan, Horace Greeley and Charles Tiffany

were taken in by the scam. Wealth, influence and power apparently offered these notable men no protection from their investment follies. It took almost eighteen months and several expeditions to a remote, assuredly non-diamond-bearing corner of Colorado before the deception was uncovered.

This book delivers a study in confidence men and their all-too-willing victims, set in rip-roaring 19th-century America. It was a time of limitless possibilities, fabulous discoveries and stupendous dishonesty. Like all the best histories, lessons learned then can still be applied today.

--Peg Williams, C.M.

California Odyssey: An Overland Journey on the Southern Trails, 1849 by William R. Goulding. Edited by Patricia A. Etter, with a Foreword by Howard R. Lamar. Norman: Arthur H. Clark Company, 2009. 360 pages, 29 B & W illustrations, 4 maps, bibliography, index. Cloth, \$45.00.

The California Gold Rush in the late 1840s opened important wagon routes to the California gold fields. One of those trails was the southern route. In 1849 William Goulding kept a journal as he traversed this road with a larger party of sixty-four men, calling itself the New York Knickerbocker Exploring Company. The party would grow to 115 men driving thirteen wagons and bringing 300 horses and mules. (p. 94) The train left Fort Smith Arkansas and journeyed to Santé Fe, then through the southern part of New Mexico and into what would become Arizona and finally arriving first in Southern California and then up north to San Francisco. The 43-year-old Goulding was a well-educated British immigrant who was trained in developing and manufacturing surgical tools.

There are several hundred journals, diaries, etc., documenting the California Gold Rush, and, according to Howard Lamar, who wrote the foreword, Goulding's journal ranks among the finest. Patricia Etter, who edited the journal, has broken Goulding's work into readable chapters, introducing the reader at each chapter with an informative summary of Goulding's journey. Four maps lay out the route traveled. For those who study this history, an index helps to focus on specific interests within the journal.

There are many interesting incidents that Goulding writes about, and what follows are but a few that struck this reviewer as a fascinating read. Goulding notes that such overland journeys have travelers often carrying too much stuff which has to later be abandoned. Such happened with his excursion, and the men quickly learned to purchase things along the road.

Goulding met with the famous Cherokee Jesse Chisholm and learned from him much about Indians. Shortly after that he was in a village and witnessed all of the Creek Indian women in various stages of drunkenness. "It was a scene of riot and confusion of the most loathsome and disgusting character. They [the women] were all in a state of beastly intoxication, in the shameless indecency of which they

far surpassed the lowest rowdies I had never met with.” (p. 86) Of course, with such writings of the time, the reader is left with one’s imagination to visualize what was witnessed.

At Santa Fe Goulding met Kit Carson, and where, after a sumptuous dinner, he was presented with a musical concert. The señoritas were all wonderfully behaved, even though “they were all concubines.” (p. 141) At another camp a huge fire was built which unfortunately caused “the death of numerous night hawks and doves, who plunged into its blazing flames to be devoured by its mighty element.” (p. 175) At another camp Indians came to trade, offering a young Mexican captive for either \$100, or two mules. The offer was declined. (p. 195) As the wagon train came close to California they crossed the difficult Colorado River. Goulding learned of the loss of the prior train that attempted to cross. Seven wagons were lost and sixteen mules drowned. Included in one of the wagons was a trunk full of 2300 silver dollars that no doubt remain to this day buried deep in the mud at the bottom of the Colorado River. (p. 272)

Goulding’s journal is an enjoyable read and helps to further our understanding of those marvelous days of old.

--Jeff Broome, P.M.

Dog Soldier Justice by Jeff Broome. University of Nebraska Press, 2009. 313 pp. Photographs, sketches, maps, endnotes, appendix, bibliography, index. Paper, \$19.95.

Author Jeff Broome, in *Dog Soldier Justice*, gives the reader a true, clear, untarnished understanding and appreciation of pioneer life in Kansas in the 1860s, focusing on pioneer battles and captivity with the plains Indians inhabiting the region in that period, specifically the Dog Soldiers. He particularly focuses on Susanna Alderdice, a pioneer woman captured, along with three of her children, by the Cheyenne Indians.

Throughout, Broome uses these pioneers’ experiences of the raids in their words. In this powerful way he gives a true understanding of what these people dealt with in coming to America and making a new life in Kansas. Many of these people did not speak English or have the smallest understanding of the Indian culture in their new home.

Their detailed accounts of the Indian atrocities upon these captives, most of whom were women, are given. Many books that touch upon the subject of white and Spanish Indian captivity give generalized information on the subject or misinformation. At that time, the experience of being a woman Indian captive was termed “A fate worse than death.” Many men felt a woman should make sure she died before she let herself be captured to live the captive life in an Indian camp. In reading these capture experiences, it is

clear the Indians were practiced and adept. A woman would be captured and secured on a horse with an Indian in seconds. Where was the time to end her life? One must take also into account the strong human will to survive. It is amazing to read of the situations in which these captives willed themselves to survive. If they were lucky enough to be ransomed back to white society, they often faced prejudice by others who believed them to be forever tainted by their captivity experiences.

As a result of hearing two recently freed women's captivity experiences, George Custer, an experienced soldier and Indian fighter, was so affected he made it clear to his wife he would have her killed before her imminent capture by Indians.

Broome gives a better understanding of the Indian culture and value of these captives to the Indians, and why the Indians made the effort to take captives and keep them. The larger percentage of these captives was women whose lives were forever changed even when they were returned to white society. The emotional and physical toll was so great, many died within a few years after their return. If they lived into later years, the emotional and psychological damage was always with them, sometimes physical as well.

Included in *Dog Soldier Justice* are many photographs of these immigrant pioneers that were raided upon and others involved. Broome has included photographs of some of the graves and monuments erected for these brave pioneers and maps of the areas.

—Charlotte Appleman, C.M.



Hot Coffee and Cold Truth: Living and Writing in the West edited by W.C. Jameson. Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 2006. 206 pp. Author photos. Paper, \$25.95.

How many times have we finished a book and wanted to call the author? This collection of thirteen essays was inspired by just that impulse: Jameson wanted to ask Elmer Kelton how he had written *The Time it Never Rained*. The anthology contains several types of writing advice: three in the genre I like to call “Landscape as character,” several writing autobiographies, and several more on researching historical fiction and nonfiction.

In the first group are predictable – and long – pieces by Win Blevins and Laurie Wagner Buyer, but also a lovely piece by Margaret Coel about how a contemplation of Native American petroglyphs reminded her that we all, in different ways, see our own ancestry and history in the landscape of the place we call home.

Among the writing autobiographies, Don Coldsmith explains that it’s a good idea for a writer to have a lot of jobs – which is to say, a lot of skills and a lot of experiences to draw from. Bill Gulick takes us down memory lane with his six favorite editors. Richard Wheeler also discusses editors and publishers, but also explains why they sometimes fail. One of his best novels, set in Denver, disappeared without a trace because it was never promoted. And, of course, Elmer Kelton’s charming essay tells us how reading his favorite Western stories led to his own fiction, including *The Time it Never Rained*. One nice observation is that “In a sense, the classic Western story is descended from Sir Walter Scott and his heroic tales about the age of chivalry” (p. 155). Unfortunately, all these writers earned their writing “chops” in mid-century short-story magazines that are no longer published, so their advice is of limited use to contemporary beginning writers.

Two of the research essays I found particularly interesting. In one, Robert J. Conley tells how he converts his own Cherokee ancestry and experiences to fiction. In one story, he suddenly realizes that his research into the controversy surrounding Sequoia’s paternity was irrelevant in the matrilineal Cherokee culture (p. 73). The second, by Robert Utley, explains in detail how to conduct historical research properly, which he divides into “indoor” – library research, and “outdoor” – actually visiting the sites of events one is researching. He also provides an illuminating discussion of the difference between academic and what Utley calls “narrative” history, which derive from different purposes. The narrative historian is indebted to the academic for his scholarship, and the academic is indebted to the narrative for maintaining people’s awareness of their history (p. 175).

Predictably, Kelton gives the best advice: “Libraries offer many worthwhile books on how to write ... But in the end [we] must sit down at the keyboard and go to work. That is when the real learning starts.”

--Lucy Graca, C.M.

Mountain Mafia: Organized Crime in the Rockies by Betty L. Alt and Sandra K. Wells. Nashville: Cold Tree Press, 2008. 225 pages, 26 B&W photos, endnotes, bibliography, no index. Paper, \$14.95.

The introduction to this nicely written book indicates it is about the lives “of the major players on Colorado’s organized crime scene.” The authors have done an excellent job of revealing, via old newspaper stories, police and organized crime reports, trial records, etc., a history of organized crime (the “Mafia”) in Colorado. But this is a history that they were not a part of, and thus they are left to speculate who was really in charge, especially in the later years, in Colorado. And they miss the truth. The major player in the Colorado Mafia, at least the last one and the one who ran it longer and more efficiently than anyone prior, was none other than Joseph “Jo Jo” Concialdi. Concialdi is mentioned only one time in the book, in his involvement with a misdemeanor gambling arrest in 1973 in Walsenburg with ten other men, an arrest of which charges were later dropped because he said he was not there. Without inside information on who actually ran the Mafia, the authors are left to speculate who the real boss was. Jo Jo ran the organization for all of Colorado, New Mexico and Wyoming out of his Branch Inn Italian Restaurant in Pueblo, Colorado.

Mountain Mafia ought to be read alongside Dick Kreck’s *Smaldone: The Untold Story of an American Crime Family* (2009). Kreck also misses the true story of who ran Colorado’s Mafia. *Mountain Mafia* got it right when the authors said “the leaders in Southern Colorado oversaw the state.” (p. 133) Occasionally the Smaldones tried to bring their prostitution business (Kreck makes no mention of prostitution as one part of the Smaldone crime ventures) into Colorado Springs (they had Denver and Cheyenne while Jo Jo oversaw Pueblo, Walsenburg and Albuquerque), and when Jo Jo would learn of it (he invariably did), an instructional “re-education” would be held with the Smaldones (one or both, but usually Eugene “Checkers”) in the back room of the Branch Inn. Colorado Springs was an important no-Mafia-land for the running of organized crime in Colorado, in order to keep the clientele separated north and south.

In Chapter 6, Alt and Wells note that the governmental agencies that should have been able to break the Mafia were not effective. The authors cite several factors: the Mafia employed many people and it was thus hard to penetrate; the threat of retaliation deterred people in the know from cooperating with the police, and the Mafia had a mystic that simply kept the police agencies from gaining influence within it. (pp. 163-164) But the authors missed the biggest reason that the Mafia flourished and were not caught and

punished: bribery. And that's what led Jo Jo into his successful leadership. Through his efforts he for many years was able to win the cooperation, via financial bribes, to every single supervisor of the Pueblo Police Department. Via the support of the local newspaper (the owner, specifically), the top captain of the police force would be endorsed for the voted position of Chief of Police, and thus by such means the Mafia was able to learn beforehand of every single Federal and state raid planned against them. That more than anything was why the Mafia was able to escape prosecution through the 1950s-1960s.

The money paid out in bribes was in the thousands each month by the 1960s. But of course, the authors won't find that in newspaper stories or official probes. The truth of this finally came out to the public in 1995 when *The Denver Post* did a March 12 feature story on Jo Jo's running of the Colorado Mafia. Prior to Jo Jo's 1973 arrest and 1975-1978 imprisonment for fixing Civil Service exams for promotion within the Pueblo Police Department, this truth was only known inside the closest circles of the Mafia. The authors note that after prohibition was repealed the Mafia moved into "loansharking, gambling and, for some, narcotics." (p. 170). While loansharking was a part of their business, as was gambling, narcotics was shunned, and for one simple reason: people involved with narcotics could not be trusted. The Mafia could not control that. But there were other sources of Mafia involvement that they did control, such as fixing court cases, nude dancing, prostitution, filmed pornography, medical abortions under licensed physicians in hospitals, to mention a few. Today, of course, all of these with the exception of fixed court cases and prostitution are legal and regulated. And today there is no one like Jo Jo, who could oversee such an organization and keep its secrets.

Having stated my understanding of the Colorado Mafia, *Mountain Mafia* is a fun read and does open the reader's eyes to the mostly speculative world of the Mafia in the Centennial State, especially its early years. The book is well worth the price and an easy read, as is Kreck's *Smaldones*.

--Jeff Broome, P.M.

I should explain my understanding of the Colorado Mafia. My father, who died in 1970, was one of Jo Jo's closest friends. I was in the Branch Inn when I was still in diapers in 1953. I continued to go there until it went out of business and Jo Jo died three years ago. When the *Denver Post* had their feature story I was inspired to visit with Jo Jo several times, in an effort to get him to tell me the story of the Colorado Mafia, so that I could write a book about it under his guidance. I was diverted away from that when I wrote *Dog Soldier Justice*. But in my private conversations with Jo Jo he freely shared

many stories, confirming what my family always knew: Jo Jo ran the Mafia in Colorado. In 1967 my older brother “Corky” committed suicide and Jo Jo was the last person to see him alive. Corky had impregnated his girlfriend and my father had arranged for a medical abortion. But Corky never did bring his girlfriend to the medical facility and Jo Jo verbally chastised him for not cooperating. My father died less than three years later, and I was always told the Mafia was involved in my brother’s death. Not until I read the *Denver Post* article in 1995 when it was revealed that one of the services the Mafia provided was medical abortions did I then understand the truth. I talked with Jo Jo about that. He was still burdened with my brother’s long-ago death. I was not. I understood those times, and saw my father as trying to solve a problem my brother had found himself cornered in. Coincidentally, the very afternoon of the day my brother died, the Colorado legislature (Republican governor) became the first state to legalize abortion on the same criteria that the United States Supreme Court upheld six years later in *Roe versus Wade*. Symbolically it marked the beginning of the end of the Colorado Mafia.

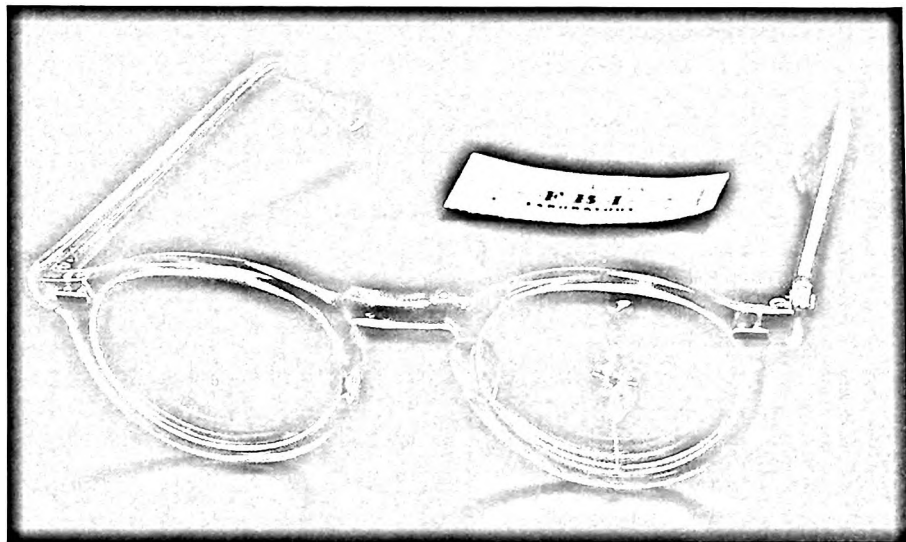
In November 2008 the Branch Inn was leveled in an explosion that was later determined to be caused by a gas leak in the basement. Jo Jo died a year earlier and with him went all the secrets of the Colorado Mafia. There was always a rumor that there were tunnels underneath the Branch Inn, built during prohibition, and that within these secret tunnels were records of every activity of the Mafia. If true those records were destroyed in the explosion.





The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

September - October 2010



Dennis L. Potter collection

**Coornap: The Investigation into the 1960 Murder of
Adolph Coors III
by Dennis L. Potter
(presented November 25, 2009)**



Our Author

Dennis L. Potter is a Colorado native who earned a BA from Colorado State University and a MA in American Military Studies from American Military University in Manassas, Virginia.

Following 33 years of service, Dennis retired in 2004 from the Jefferson County Sheriff's Office as a Captain. He accepted a position as Adjunct Professor of Criminology and Criminal Justice at Metropolitan State College.

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THE DENVER WESTERNERS

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Coornap: The Investigation into the 1960 Murder of Adolph Coors III

by Dennis L. Potter

(presented November 25, 2009)

Snow fell through Monday night and into Tuesday morning, February 9, 1960. The ridge line of Mount Glennon, rising five hundred feet above Turkey Creek, lay covered in a white blanket. Five miles further west at Parmalee Gulch the storm forced the closure of Colorado Highway 285 to traffic. The cold night dawned bright and clear. The new sun turned dirt roads along the Dakota Hogback into skins of mud. Soda Lakes Road, Quincy Avenue and Hampden Avenue were dry before midmorning. The sheets of ice that formed in the flow of Turkey Creek during the cold night began to melt. The deep canyons further west at Tiny Town and Indian Hills remained hidden from the passing sun for a few more hours, the highway remained closed.

Bill Hoster rose early to tend to a herd of his Black Angus cattle. This morning, Weaver Creek was free from ice and the cattle were standing in the stream. His boss, Ad Coors, had just left his ranch house en route to the brewery in Golden. Then Hoster lost sight of Coors' International Travelall as it passed through Weaver Gap in the Dakota Hogback and turned north on Turkey Creek Canyon Road.

Ad drove this road nearly every day. He was a creature of habit. At 8:00 am nearly every morning, Ad left his ranch house in Willowbrook for the ten-mile drive to Golden. At Turkey Creek Canyon, two miles north of his home, Ad crossed the seldomused old wooden bridge and followed the hogback north to Morrison. On this morning, a yellow Mercury was parked on the far end of the bridge, and a man wearing a Fedora



Dennis L. Potter collection

Adolph Coors III

stood in the roadway. Unable to pass, Ad stopped in the middle of the bridge, rolled his window down and called out. A brief and bloody encounter followed, ushering in one of America's most notorious crimes.

In such an isolated place, there were no eye witnesses to the encounter between Ad Coors and the man with the Fedora. The thin mountain air, however, carried the sound of angry voices and gunshots up and down Turkey Creek Canyon. One person heard "men's voices shouting and the sound of two quick [gun] shots." At the same time another person heard "noises which sounded as though someone was shouting, and a cracking which sounded like lightning hitting a tree or possibly a shot from a gun." Then there was silence.

Jim Massey, who lived in a

small home within a half mile of the Turkey Creek Bridge said he did not hear an argument or any gunshots. As Massey was getting his kids ready for school, Ad's struggle for survival was played out on the Turkey Creek Bridge. At 8:00 am he loaded his children in his car and drove down the canyon to Hampden that would take him to the Bear Creek School. Only the day before, he observed a 1951 yellow Mercury, occupied by a man wearing glasses and a brown Fedora, parked at the bridge. Today, the Mercury was gone, and so was the man wearing the Fedora. Now parked on the bridge was a green and white International Travelall. When he returned home at 9:30, Massey noticed that the Travelall had not moved. It was still parked on the bridge. He drove home without stopping to investigate.

About the same time, a lady named Ranch parked her car upstream from the Turkey Creek Bridge. She went in search of driftwood that often floated downstream following a snow or rain storm. She reported seeing "a big car around 9:00 am parked on the bridge with no one near." The big car was still on the bridge a half hour later when she left for home.

At 10:20 am, Dan Crocker, Morrison's United Dairy milkman, came to the intersection of Hampden Avenue and Soda Lakes Road. As it happened, turning right on Soda Lakes Road would take him upstream, past Jim Massey's house, to its intersection with State Highway 8 and Otto Sanger's Ranch. A secondary road headed south from here to Willow Springs Ranch, where another wooden bridge spanned Turkey Creek.

Turning left would take Crocker to the middle bridge over Turkey Creek at Mount Glennon. Similar in construction to the Willow Springs and Mount Carbon bridges, the middle bridge was made of round timbers and rock, held

together with heavy bolts and surfaced with hard packed dirt, wide enough to allow passage of one car at a time. On the opposite side of the bridge the road climbed out of the canyon, bypassing Bergen's Ditch and the abandoned sludge pits and capped oil wells, before it turned south (on Eldridge Avenue) for a half mile to Belleview. Crocker's customers lived along Belleview and Weaver Creek. He found the shortest route was crossing Turkey Creek at the middle bridge. Today, however, a green and white International Travelall blocked his way.

The Jefferson County Commissioners had done little to improve the middle and Willow Springs bridges over Turkey Creek. There was little need to do so as only twenty-five homes and a few barns existed within a two-mile radius of the bridges. Minor improvements were recently made to the lower bridge that carried traffic to the Mount Carbon dump site between Hampden Avenue and Morrison Road. Jefferson County took control of the Willow Springs and Turkey Creek bridges in 1897, but in the intervening years the bridges remained austere and primitive. The Commissioners chose to funnel tax dollars elsewhere in South Jefferson County. In particular, money and labor were invested in the 1958-1961 construction of HI 285 and the lingering grading project on the Hampden extension to Kipling.

Of the three bridge crossings over Turkey Creek, the middle bridge at Mount Glennon held particular historical significance. One hundred years earlier, George Harriman used the crossing to divert the four-horse stages running between Denver and Fairplay to his Kenosha Hotel. Located on a rise south of Turkey Creek, the hotel offered corrals, hay bins, and lodging for weary passengers riding the Buckskin Stage. In addition, Harriman used this crossing

of Turkey Creek to haul supplies and equipment from Morrison and Golden to his irrigation reservoir at South Kipling and Quincy Avenue.

Jefferson County pioneer Thomas Bergen used the middle crossing of Turkey Creek to access his two trout ponds adjacent to Harriman's Kenosha Hotel on Weaver Creek.

Each spring, both pioneers held their breath as Ute Indians camped in the shadow of Mount Glennon at the middle crossing. Turkey Creek Canyon was their traditional migration path from South Park to the valley (current-day Rooney Valley and Red Rocks Park) where they hunted buffalo that grazed on the fresh spring grass.² A hundred years later, the Ute, the buffalo, and Harriman's Kenosha Hotel were gone. The middle bridge, however, remained. It was a neglected and oftentimes forgotten place, where once Native and Euro-American cultures came together, and where history again would be made.

For Dan Crocker, the middle bridge represented the most direct route to his customers on Weaver Creek. He waited a few minutes for someone to appear and move the Travelall. He honked his horn. No response. He honked his horn again. Still no response. Turning off the motor in his truck, Crocker slid his door open and stepped out into the brisk morning sunshine. He approached the Travelall and looked inside. He found it odd that the motor was running. The radio was on. The doors were unlocked and the keys were in the ignition. Puzzled, he returned to his milk truck. He shut the door to ward off the cold and waited another ten minutes. No one came to move the Travelall. He left his truck a second time, strolled around the bridge looking for anything that would resolve his dilemma. There were no signs of the driver. Peering over the bridge to the creek below he saw two

hats submerged in the shallow water. He returned to his truck, backed away from the bridge, and drove up the road to cross Turkey Creek on the upper Willow Springs Bridge.

Crocker finished his route and returned to the Turkey Creek Bridge a few minutes before eleven o'clock. Just as he left it less than an hour earlier, the same green and white Travelall was still on the bridge. Its motor was still running. The radio was still on. Obviously, something was wrong. He drove to Morrison and telephoned the Colorado State Patrol.

Crime along the Dakota Hogback was rare in 1960. The population of Jefferson County was centered in Lakewood and Wheat Ridge. In the previous year, construction began on a new hospital complex at 25th and Kipling in Lakewood and two hundred beds were added to Lutheran Hospital in Wheat Ridge. Construction was underway on West Colfax at Simms Street for the new Westland Shopping Center. A second shopping center was built at 20th and Youngfield Street. Lakewood residents were given a new high school at 23rd and Pierce. The County built a new airport on the northern boundary with Broomfield, and highway grading was in high gear. This new prosperity encouraged citizens of Wheat Ridge and Lakewood to attempt incorporation as the city Ridgewood, that would "provide improved police protection, from a minimal service to a modern police force", but the effort was stalled in a special election in June 1959.³

Local newspapers reported that 1959 was a "year of building booms and county development....the beginning of true metropolitan cooperation." South Jefferson County was drawn into this metropolitan cooperative effort kicking and screaming. Except for the 1952 Martin Aircraft Plant (that Denver un-

successfully tried to annex into their city in 1954) and the 1940 Federal prison across from Harriman's Reservoir, County Commissioners paid scant attention to citizens living south of Morrison. A side effect of the post-World War II building boom in Lakewood, Wheat Ridge and Morrison was the diffusion of crime that spread outward from the population centers to the largely ignored rural citizenry. Adolph Coors III was one among many who relocated from Denver to South Jefferson County in the last few years in order to escape the burgeoning crime rate that came with inner cities. Except for boisterous—and sometimes fatal—high-school beer fests held on a regular basis at Harriman's Lake, or the recent loss of Bear Creek High School to a spectacular fire, or the December murder of a grocery clerk by a fifteen-year-old boy in southeast Lakewood, crime along the Dakota Hogback continued to be rare.⁴ Sheriff's Department Laboratory Captain Art Nelson reported that:

*...the number of criminal cases in Jefferson County grows smaller because the crime breeding elements that exist in Denver are not a big factor here. To combat the small number of undesirables in Jefferson County we maintain a police force of suitable size...and what's important is that our Investigation Department is becoming more experienced. Our men solved fifty-four per cent of the 1449 criminal cases we handled in 1958. The FBI says clearing up thirty per cent of criminal cases is wonderful and the fifty-four per cent we cleared is a lot more than that.*⁵

The crime-breeding undesirables that Nelson alluded to came to South Jefferson County on the morning of February 9, 1960, and nothing

would be the same again. At 11:20 am, Colorado State Patrol Officer George Hendricks was near Parmalee Gulch on HI 285 when he received a radio call to check "an abandoned vehicle on the bridge on the Soda Lakes Road." He drove first to the Willow Springs Bridge. Finding nothing out of the ordinary, Hendricks descended Turkey Creek Canyon Road to the seldom-used single-lane bridge near where Hampden Avenue intersected with Soda Lakes Road. On this bridge he found the abandoned vehicle described by his dispatcher. It was the big car seen earlier by Mrs. Ranch.

Hendricks could hear the Travelall's radio as he walked onto the bridge. The motor was running. No one was around. The dispatcher told him that the Travelall's license plate number, RT-2423, listed to the Coors Company. The dispatcher was checking with the Coors Company regarding the whereabouts of the Travelall and its driver.

He climbed down the embankment below the bridge, stepping lightly through the mud, grass, twigs, discarded boxes and shallow water. Hendricks discovered two hats submerged in the shallow creek, the same hats Dan Crocker had discovered a few minutes earlier. One was a dark brown felt Fedora and the other a light tan colored baseball cap. Looking up, he noted what appeared to be blood stains on the underside of the wooden bridge rail.

The State Patrol dispatcher made contact with officials at Coors Brewery in Golden. He radioed Hendricks to meet "the two Coors brothers"—Joe who was in charge of Coors Porcelain Company and Bill who was in charge of the brewery operations, as well as another Coors executive, Ray Frost—in Morrison.

The Coors brothers were already nervous. Ad failed to show for a morning meeting. His wife, Mary, told the

brothers that her husband left for work a few minutes before eight o'clock. Bill Hoster verified that Ad left home at the usual time. Joe and Bill spent the last three hours searching for their older brother at the Brewery and the Holland House restaurant in Golden where Ad typically ate breakfast. Then the call they dreaded came from the State Patrol.

Shortly after noon, Hendricks led Joe and Bill Coors and Ray Frost to the bridge where Ad's van was still parked and running. In the meantime, Hendricks had the dispatcher call the Jefferson County Sheriff's Department to send investigators.

It was now 12:45 pm.

The call from the Colorado State Patrol dispatcher came into the switchboard at the Jefferson County Sheriff's Department at 12:47 p.m. Sheriff's Department dispatcher Julia M. Bauer radioed Corporal Robert Stockton (Car 37,) to meet Hendricks at the *middle* bridge—not the Willow Springs Bridge—over Turkey Creek “regarding suspicious circumstances surrounding Ad Coors.” Hearing the radio call, Car 34 and two Investigators (Vern Soucie, who would later be elected Garfield County Sheriff and Bill Brandes) radioed Bauer that they were also en route.⁶

Undersheriff Lewis “Lew” Hawley was eating lunch at Taylor's Supper Club on West Colfax when a waiter handed him a telephone. After a brief exchange of words, Hawley left his lunch on the table and headed for Morrison. Former Sheriff Carl Enlow hired Hawley as a Deputy Sheriff in January 1952, one of six exceptional appointments who would come to define the Sheriff's Department in the next forty years. He attended the FBI National Academy in 1954, resigned from the Sheriff's Department when he graduated and took the job as chief investigator for the Jefferson County District Attorney.



Dennis L. Potter collection

Sheriff's investigators at the Turkey Creek Bridge

He was in a good political position in 1956 when his former boss, Carl Enlow, went afoul of the law. In addition to Don Welt and Arthur Wermuth, Hawley submitted his application to the Board of County Commissioners as Enlow's replacement. Bent on avoiding controversy, but in the end creating havoc, the Commissioners chose new leadership over agency experience. The Commissioners selected Art Wermuth. In turn, the new Sheriff silenced Welt and Hawley's political voices by appointing them as his Undersheriff and Captain of Investigations respectively. The political arrangement did not work. Welt resigned soon after his appointment due to his “disagreement [with Wermuth] on basic law enforcement policies.” Wermuth replaced Welt with Lew Hawley, and backfilled Hawley's former position as Investigations Captain with Harold E. Bray.⁷

Bray was among those appointed as Deputy Sheriffs by Carl Enlow in January 1952. A Navy man by profession and a gunsmith by trade, Bray had replaced Welt and Hawley as the rising star in the Sheriff's Department. Born in 1920 on the bank of the Pecos River in Santa Rosa, New Mexico, Bray grew up believing that there was little honor,

integrity and leadership in law enforcement. He never planned to be in law enforcement. He preferred the military. His leadership skills and values were honed at the Battle of Iron Bottom Sound. Following the War, Bray moved to Lakewood to attend a gunsmith school. One of his classmates was the current Sheriff, Carl Enlow. Enlow convinced the former sailor to volunteer as a reserve deputy. Bray accepted and his life changed forever.

It has been said that if Bray had any model for leadership, that model was Enlow. Even though Enlow went afoul of the law, Bray was convinced that his boss was innocent. Evidence would later surface proving his innocence but too late to keep him out of a Federal prison. He was a victim of organized crime, an emerging criminal enterprise that law enforcement believed was eliminated when prohibition was repealed. Bray remained loyal to Enlow during those dark years when Enlow grew sick in a Federal jail cell in Missouri and was helpless to stop his wife from committing suicide. For Bray, if you work for the man, support him. Bray described the impact Enlow had on his life by quoting Matthew, 7:16: *By their fruits ye shall know them*. In spite of injustices, Enlow showed Bray that law enforcement was an honorable profession. Bray applied lessons he learned from Enlow to his own career, and in the process developed his own style and dignity of leadership that won everyone's respect and attention.

"Pin a police badge on a man", Bray would say to young Deputies, "and you have given him a front row ticket to the most intriguing show on earth." For eight subsequent years, his front row ticket included the December 1956 murder of Merchant Policeman Raymond Isley at Lakeside Amusement Park. The media interest was intense. News

print displayed the deceased patrolman slouched in the front seat of his patrol car. As a sergeant in Investigations, Bray led the search for the suspects. As a result, Albert Kostal and Arthur Watson were soon arrested and lodged in the Jefferson County Jail. Mysteriously, soon after their incarceration the two murderers escaped from jail, allegedly climbing through a window. The escapes lead the Sheriff's Department on its first nationwide manhunt. The media attention given Kostal and Watson's escape put Jefferson County on the national judicial map. In partnership with the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the fugitives were found in California. It was Wermuth and Hawley who flew to California—in front of glow of media flashbulbs—to bring the fugitives back to Golden.⁸

In May and December 1959, Bray investigated two significant and highly publicized armed robberies. The May robbery netted nearly \$200,000.00, the largest amount taken by robbers since a similar crime was committed in Denver in 1922. The opportunity to work in close partnership with the Denver Office of the Federal Bureau of Investigation during both robberies resulted in a special friendship with the Special Agent in Charge of the Denver office, Scott Werner. This extraordinary partnership would prove beneficial in the months to come.

On the morning of February 9, 1960, Bray was on assignment in Lakewood when he overheard the radio call to Corporal Stockton to meet with the State Patrol on the Turkey Creek Bridge.

Arthur W. Wermuth had been in office for three years when the Coors mystery unfolded on the Turkey Creek Bridge. He took office rattling a saber and bearing a chest of medals. At first, Deputies were unsure of Wermuth. They were accustomed to Enlow's responsive and reserved decorum, not

Wermuth's brusque, direct and measured character that was in complete contrast to his predecessor. The accumulation of Wermuth's life's events had shaped him into a bold and resourceful man. He thirsted for notoriety and substance. He was not a scholar but an educated man. He preferred stables and horses to office work and budgets. Wermuth was stubborn, quick to anger and was often unforgiving. He lived a life walking in the footsteps of Andrew Jackson: where one could not rule through persuasion, one ruled through might.⁹

After graduating from Northwestern University with a degree in bacteriology, Wermuth enlisted in the Army. He was stationed on Corregidor when the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. To the world he became a hero. The United States Army awarded Wermuth Bronze and Silver stars, a Distinguished Service Medal and five Purple Hearts. His luck ran out when the Japanese took him prisoner and sent him to a camp in Manchuria. In a sordid sense of suspicion, many survivors of the Bataan and Corregidor campaigns went to their graves believing the War Department exaggerated Wermuth's war-time accomplishments in a drive to find a national hero. Roosevelt needed someone like Wermuth to divert attention away from the U. S. policy of abandoning Southeast Asia in favor of North Africa. However, other veterans, especially those who grew close to Wermuth late in his life, worshiped him for his sacrifices.

A plethora of photographs show Wermuth wearing a chest full of medals. After the war he took off his uniform and joined the Flying Tiger Air Circus, got married and divorced, got married again to Patricia Steele and moved to Wichita to take a job as city court marshal. Bored with the mundane, he left Pat in Wichita and went to Venezuela in a search for oil. A year later he joined



Dennis L. Potter collection

Coors' eyeglasses discovered in Turkey Creek below the bridge

Pat in Colorado where they purchased a horse ranch on Kennedy Gulch Road in Conifer that he named El Rancho Pequeno (Little Ranch). In January 1957, the Board of County Commissioners chose the war hero-turned-avid-Republican to fill the vacancy in the office of Sheriff left by Carl Enlow (1907-1986) who was indicted for income tax evasion.

The public and the media were not aware of the strained relationship Wermuth had with his staff and deputies. Never before in his tenure in office was Wermuth more popular with the public. In the summer of 1959, Denver journalist Gene Amole and KLZ Television showcased Wermuth and his Department on *Panorama*, a regional *Sixty Minutes* style news broadcast. In the same lobby where bright, artificial lights illuminated his tough man charisma for Amole's television audience, Wermuth set up his own media studio to accommodate the media regarding the Coors mystery. Miming Geoffrey Chaucer's, *Nun's Priest's Tale*, Wermuth quipped to the media that "*Murder will out... it is an old saying, but it often takes much time, skill and study to break a case, especially when it is planned and executed by a professional criminal.*" Ironically, the shrewd fox of this *Canterbury Tale*

was at the Turkey Creek Bridge, parked in a 1951 yellow Mercury, wearing his signature brown Fedora, watching his unwary victim from afar and wetting his appetite to strike.¹⁰

On the morning when Bray, Hawley and a host of other Deputies were descending on the Turkey Creek Bridge, Wermuth walked into the lobby where Bauer worked the switchboard and police radio. Bauer told the Sheriff that "a truck registered to the Adolph Coors Company was found on the bridge near Soda Lakes with the motor running." Wermuth returned to his office to await developments, all the while planning on how he would capitalize on the political portent of the situation. He was confident that everything was in place for the right outcome.

One month before the Coors Case consumed headlines across America, Wermuth had hired fourteen new Deputy Sheriffs (including Wheat Ridge's first police chief, Edward Pinson). It was the largest single increase in uniformed police officers in Jefferson County since its creation in 1859. Wermuth hosted a two-week basic training academy for the new hires where he personally taught various subjects with help from recently promoted Captain Harold Bray and select community professionals.¹¹ Due to this recent increase in trained personnel, Wermuth boasted to KLZ Television that he had fifteen marked cars, six 1959 Edsels and seven 1956 Mercurys on the roads of Jefferson County.

Justifying his actions based on the dramatic increase in personnel over the previous two years, Wermuth promoted two outsiders with less than two years of experience in law enforcement as Division Chiefs. These promotions ate at the sensibilities of the former military men in the Department who believed in the infantryman's code of merit

over privilege. Wermuth was unaware—or ignored the reality—that few of his staff believed in him or his decisions. In addition to newly minted chiefs, none of his sergeants had more than four years of experience, and less than half of his deputies had less than two years on the job. On February 9, 1960, when he needed experience and merit-based leadership the most, Wermuth had to rely on a short list of personnel. Bray, Hawley, Morris, Art Nelson, James Mitchell, Dale Ryder, Ray Kechter, Robert Meeks, Jim Buckley, Garney Bennetts, Stan Smith, Al Pedrett, Al Urich and Harold Martindale had the experience, and informal leadership of the agency had already devolved to Lew Hawley, Chuck Morris and Harold Bray.¹²

Moments before Wermuth walked into the dispatch center, Julia Bauer telephoned Investigations Lieutenant Ray Kechter to explain the situation. Gregarious, markedly intelligent and unruffled, Kechter recognized the urgency of the moment. Ever since Wermuth changed the agency's organizational chart in January, Kechter lost administrative control over Dale Ryder and Jim Mitchell who worked in the crime lab. Yet he crossed the hallway from his office to the crime lab and handed Ryder a Hasselblad camera. "Come with me", said Kechter "I'll explain on the way!" Ryder quickly grabbed his "forensic tool-bag" and followed Kechter out the door.

It was 12:53 pm.¹³

Ryder was already recognized as a competent and thorough investigator. His forensic work during the June 1959 murder of William Scott Wright was key in sending Harold David Wooley to the gas chamber. Ryder deftly connected real evidence found at the murder site in Indian Hills to circumstantial evidence found under a pile of rocks in 6th Avenue Canyon. The Coors Case would



Investigations Sergeant
Harold E. Bray



Sheriff Arthur Wermuth



Undersheriff Lewis
Hawley

Dennis L. Potter collection

present similar evidentiary challenges. Both cases involved two crime scenes: one at the actual site of the crime and the other where the suspect dumped the victim's body. Wooley was still housed in the Jefferson County Jail when Ryder began his second, and arguably his most significant, criminal investigation of his career. Wooley was subsequently executed on March 9, 1962.

Corporal Stockton briefed Kechter and Ryder when they arrived at the Turkey Creek Bridge. They met briefly with Trooper Hendricks, Ray Frost and Bill Coors to establish an immediate plan of action. Hendricks gave Ryder the two hats that he pulled from the creek below the bridge. One was a khaki cap and the other a dark brown Fedora. Bill Coors had already identified the khaki hat as belonging to his brother Ad. He did not recognize the Fedora. Ryder took a photograph of Trooper Hendricks pointing to the place in the creek where he found the hats.

Meanwhile, Joe Coors arrived at the bridge with Mary Grant Coors, Ad's wife. Both confirmed that the khaki cap belonged to Ad Coors.

Bill Moomey, a manager at the Coors Brewery and a volunteer Jefferson

County Mounted Posse member, arrived with his bloodhounds, and the sniffing, braying and eager hounds scoured the bridge and creek for Ad's scent. When finished, Moomey told Kechter that "Ad never left this bridge."

Adolph Coors III was forty-five years old in 1960. His father had just resigned as chairman of the board of Coors Brewery, passing the mantle of corporate responsibility to him on February 1. After graduating from Phillips Exeter Academy in New Hampshire and Cornell University in 1932 with a degree in chemical engineering, Ad returned to Golden hoping to achieve a semblance of privacy while at the same time join with the family in making beer. Despite his wealth and achievements, he never flaunted his status. To avoid public attention, Ad recently moved his family from Denver to a rural ranch house several miles south of Turkey Creek at Willowbrook. Here he raised cattle, rode horses with his daughter along the Dakota Hogback, and enjoyed snow skiing and hiking in the Fryng Pan Wilderness near Aspen. In his 2009 article, "Anatomy of a Murder" written for *5280 Magazine*, author Robert Sanchez described Ad Coors:

[He] was almost six-foot-two and slender; he skied, played softball, rode horses, and drove cattle at his ranch. As he neared middle age, Ad Coors had taken the long view. In his new foothills home, he felt free, a world away from the demands of the brewery.

Some of Ad's friends were of the opinion that his aversion to publicity was linked to the unsuccessful kidnapping of his father in 1934. He was eighteen years old when Paul Robert Lane, a former state Prohibition agent for Colorado, along with Clyde Culbertson, a former investigator for the federal prohibition enforcement conspired to kidnap his father for a ransom of \$50,000. Denver police learned of the plot while working on an unrelated auto theft case and Adolph volunteered to be kidnapped so the police could arrest the suspects. However, Denver Police arrested Lane on an auto theft charge before the kidnapping could take place and the conspiracy was stopped. The spectre of kidnapping and perhaps murder hung heavy over the Coors family ever since.¹⁴

On July 28, 1959, Wermuth appointed Ad Coors as a "Special Deputy", a privilege that gave Ad the right to carry an official deputy identification card and a concealed weapon. Wermuth was known for his propensity of handing out Special Deputy Commissions like candy. Commissioning Ad Coors as a Special Deputy carried no official or legal privilege, except that it carried symbolic political influence. In the months following Ad's disappearance some Investigators believed that this high profile community icon believed that he—or perhaps a member of his family—was in harm's way. However, no evidence was ever found that Ad was carrying a gun on the morning he disappeared.

Undersheriff Hawley feared the worst. He agreed with Bray that Ad Coors would have fought for his freedom if confronted by a kidnapper. Coors would have forced his kidnapper to act quickly in demanding compensation for freedom. He set up tape recorders on Ad Coors' home telephone and assigned Investigators Stanley Smith and Robert Elliott to screen all incoming calls. Within minutes of the media broadcasts of Ad Coors' disappearance, dozens of friends and acquaintances began calling the Coors residence. This included a personal family friend, Retired Special Agent Robert "Tony" Reeder, who promised Joe Coors swift action from the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Not to be outdone, Sheriff Wermuth promised Joe Coors that he "would jail anyone arrested on complaints from the Coors family of disturbance or trespassing."¹⁵

Meanwhile, Hawley assigned more investigators to monitor all incoming telephone calls to Bill Coors' home in Denver. He sent Investigator William Flint to the Morrison Post Office to intercept all mail addressed to Ad Coors' residence. He called out twenty-five members of the Sheriff's Department auxiliary force of horse-mounted volunteers, as well as twenty black-and-white marked Jeeps owned by members of the volunteer Jeep Patrol, to help search for Ad Coors and to protect the crime scene. The Coors case was the first official response for the Jeep Patrol. Wermuth had organized the Jeep Patrol six months earlier with Jan Slager as their Captain. These special deputies in Jeeps and those mounted on horses patrolled Turkey Creek Canyon through the night. Round black torch pots were lit and aligned on each side of the bridge, however, Ray Kechter arranged for a large generator and flood light to better illuminate the crime scene through the night.¹⁶

Additionally, Colorado State Patrol Chief Wayne Carrel ordered all of his troopers to avail themselves to the Sheriff's Department.

It took Ryder four hours to process the crime scene. With the help from Investigator Bill Brandes, he measured and photographed a set of "skid marks leaving the area just in front of the North end of the bridge." He collected a "spot of dirt that had absorbed what appeared to be blood" from the center of the bridge, took "scrapings of suspected blood off the bridge railing", and collected blood drops from the front bumper and driver's side of the Travelall. Ryder convinced Bray that the bridge railing showing suspected blood spatter should be removed as evidence. At first, Bray was hesitant in removing the railing until the entire scene was processed, but all the same went in search of a saw.

The flow of Turkey Creek was mechanically controlled from an irrigation system. Investigators turned the water off and the depth of the creek slowly subsided to three inches. Bray, Kechter and Vern Soucie put on high-top fishing boots and waded through the shallow water and mud of Turkey Creek looking for evidence. Soucie found "what appeared to be glasses" lying in the shallow water, resting on a piece of cardboard just below the bridge. Ryder photographed and recovered the "flesh-colored, rimmed glasses" from the murky water. The left lens was broken. Mary Coors identified the eye glasses as belonging to her husband.

At 4:30 in the afternoon, Captain Charles Morris, the Patrol Division commander, radioed Dale Ryder that he was guarding a pool of blood on South Kipling Street near Bear Creek High School (the school district leased military field tents to serve as classrooms until the school was rebuilt). A student walking to school found the

pool of blood at 8:30 and reported it to the owner of the gas station on South Kipling at Hampden. Because the pool of blood was found on the main road between Kipling with Soda Lakes Road, Ryder took the time to gather "what appeared to be blood and brain tissue" from the roadway. Morris, meanwhile, ordered two Investigators to walk both sides of Kipling, from Hampden south to Beer Sister's Road, hoping to find additional evidence.

Art Schoech arrived at the bridge with his tow truck just before Ryder returned from collecting the blood evidence on South Kipling. He was a former Deputy Sheriff who worked for Sheriff James Biggins, Jr. in 1931-32. As he hooked up the Travelall in preparation to tow it to Golden, Bray cut the section of bloodied railing from the bridge and loaded it aboard Schoech's tow truck. Schoech delivered the Travelall to the Sheriff's Department and Jail where it was secured in one of the three garage bays. The chunk of bloodied bridge railing was tagged as evidence and locked up in the Jail Infirmary for safe keeping.

Dale Ryder labeled the blood and soil evidence as Q-1 through Q-7, and assigned identifiers Q-8 and Q-9 to hats retrieved from Turkey Creek. Ryder wisely convinced Bray to allow technicians with the Denver Police Department Crime Laboratory to analyze Q-1 through Q-7. Bray feared risking an error in qualifying the blood evidence. The Sheriff's Department laboratory did not have the expertise or equipment necessary to conduct serological examinations. At 6:30 pm, Ryder, Bray and Bill Brandes turned evidence Q-1 through Q-7 over to Lt. Joe Moomaw at the Denver Police Laboratory.

Moomaw, a twenty-year veteran of the Denver Police Department and the first commander of the forensic labora-

tory, ran a phenolphthalein test on Ryder's evidence and determined that several samples contained Type A human blood. Since Ad Coors did not have Type A blood, investigators believed the blood belonged to the suspect. Bray knew Ad Coors personally, and was convinced that he would have fought for his freedom. Did the absence of Coors's blood on the exemplars indicate that the brewery president was still alive? In spite of Denver's more sophisticated laboratory and serological expertise, Moomaw advised Bray to send the samples directly to the FBI Laboratory in Washington. Bray took Moomaw's advice. He telephoned Scott Werner, Special Agent in charge of the Denver office of the FBI, to arrange for the federal lab to examine the blood evidence.

Werner became aware of the investigation into the disappearance of Ad Coors hours before he received Bray's telephone call. He took the initiative to notify J. Edgar Hoover in Washington and mobilized his Agents in case he was called. Werner was one of Hoover's original G-Men. He had a reputation of efficiency and tenacity. His career was launched during the 1935 manhunt for Pretty Boy Floyd who murdered Federal Agents in Kansas City. Twenty years later in 1955, when his career with the FBI was ending, Hoover transferred Werner to Denver from the San Antonio office. He took the reins of the Denver office in time to investigate Colorado's first act of domestic terrorism. Forty-four passengers aboard a United Airlines flight were blown to pieces over a sugar beet field near Longmont on November 1, 1955. Werner's Agents arrested John Gilbert Graham for hiding explosives in his mother's luggage in order to murder her for inheritance money.

In the opinion of local law enforcement agencies throughout the State, especially those limited in personnel and

equipment, the Graham Case legitimized the role of the FBI in Colorado. Werner wasted no time in asking J. Edgar Hoover to send Special Agent Donald Hostetter of the Detroit Office, along with fifty Agents, to Golden to help Bray. Hostetter was uniquely experienced in high-profile kidnappings. In 1953, he worked the highly publicized kidnapping and murder of seven-year-old Bobby Greenlease in Kansas City. He took the first flight out of Detroit to Denver and within twenty-four hours established a command center on the first floor of the Sheriff's Department. It was Hostetter that gave the investigation its legendary identifier: *Coornap*.¹⁷

The FBI Agents and Bray's team of investigators worked well together. Sheriff Wermuth, however, was a problem. Wermuth resented the FBI upstaging his authority. He started "sharing exclusives" to the press. Democratic hopefuls in the 1958 general election hoped to "retire Wermuth from the television land of Wyatt Earp."¹⁸ As long as the media was willing to hang on his every word, Wermuth was willing to talk. From the first day of the investigation, Bray knew that Wermuth would be his greatest political, if not professional, challenge. He had hoped the Sheriff would keep the investigation confidential, but his worst fears were realized. Wermuth talked freely to everyone, including writers of detective story magazines such as *Ellery Queen*.

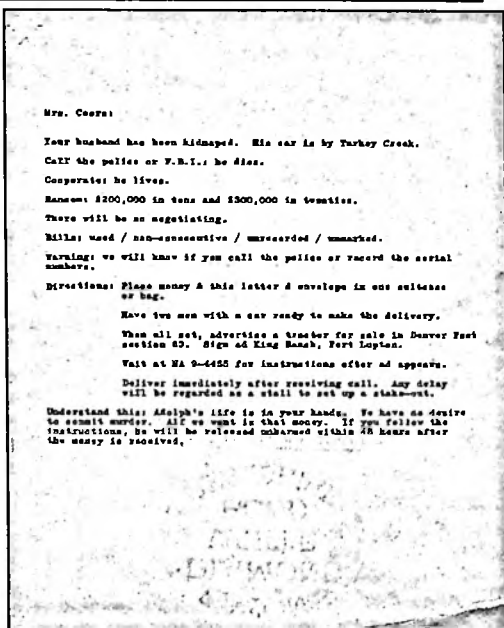
Bray was careful not to share any information with Wermuth that was of any real importance. Wermuth grew more and more agitated with Bray. He clamored to be among the inner circle of investigators, but was astute enough to know that he was not invited. In response to this injustice, Wermuth began a weekly side show of firing Bray from his job, only to re-hire him the following day. In one instance, Wermuth called a

news organization to inform them that the Investigators had new evidence in the case. As this evidence was known only to the suspect, Bray refused to release any details. Wermuth summoned Bray to his office. He demanded that Bray and Glen Bethel, the FBI Agent in charge of the evidence, cooperate with the media. As this confrontation was later remembered:

Bray continued to refuse, and walked out of Wermuth's office with Wermuth following him screaming, using all kinds of four-letter words. As he trailed behind [Bray] down the hall, they stopped outside the closed door behind which [Agent Bethel] was working. Wermuth screamed at the top of his lungs, "You're fired you [so forth and so on]! I don't want to see anymore of you in this office!" He then turned and retreated to his own office. The next day, [Bray] returned to work as usual. Bethel looked puzzled and asked why he had come in, "I heard the Sheriff fire you", he said. [Bray] quietly replied, "Oh, he didn't mean it." And they continued to work the [Coors] case.¹⁹

As for the FBI, Wermuth vilified Hostetter's G-Men as a "publicity-seeking kidnap organization."²⁰

Bray reached out to District Attorney Barney O'Kane to help minimize Wermuth's deconstruction of their investigation. An Army Air Force veteran, an attorney, and a Jefferson County native, O'Kane jumped into politics in 1955 when he was elected as a state representative. He was elected District Attorney in 1956 and his anti-gambling platform quickly earned him the nickname, "Bingo Busting DA." It was 1960, an



Dennis L. Potter collection

Ransom note

election year, and O'Kane expected fierce opposition from the Democrats. Statistics and political rhetoric was one thing, but the Coors case was the talk of the town. He was smart enough to recognize a political opportunity when offered. He accepted Bray's invitation.²¹

At 8:20 that night, the momentum of the investigation stalled. As Deputies busied themselves searching for Ad Coors, Bray was notified that three people in Lakewood were shot in the 1400 block of Chase Street. One marked patrol unit and two Investigators were on scene. Bray learned that the shooting was the result of a domestic dispute that ended with an attempted suicide. Tragically, the victim was an eleven-year-old girl who was in serious condition at St. Anthony's Hospital. Bray had no choice but to divert his attention away from the Coors Case to deal with this issue.

Along with Dale Ryder, Bray went to St. Anthony Hospital to organize the inquiry into the Chase Street shooting.²²

Then at 10:00 pm, a fire broke out in Pence Park near Evergreen. The dispatcher, Madeline Pearce, asked Lt. Kechter to release some of the Jeep Patrol to assist the Evergreen Fire and Rescue Squad in fighting the fire. Kechter arranged for the Colorado State Patrol to free most of the Jeep Patrol members to respond to the fire. By 10:30 pm, all full time and volunteer Deputies with the Sheriff's Department were involved in three separate emergencies. Even Sheriff Wermuth was in the field and on his radio at 11:00 pm.

It was 1:40 am on the morning of February 10, when Undersheriff Lew Hawley boarded a United Airlines flight from Stapleton Airport to Washington, D. C. He carried evidence samples Q-1 through Q-9—that included the blood and brain matter recovered from Kipling Street—in a briefcase. In spite of Wernuth's improvements in his Department laboratory, Scott Werner arranged for the FBI Laboratory to assist in evaluating the physical evidence collected in the Coors Case. FBI Agents met Hawley at the airport and chauffeured him to the federal crime lab. He watched the expert technicians conduct preliminary examinations on the evidence. The blood and brain evidence (Q-6) found on Kipling Street belonged to a dog.

Hawley waited an additional twelve hours for the technicians to "type" the blood evidence taken from the bridge, and examine the two hats recovered by Trooper Hendricks for trace evidence. The blood evidence found on the bridge was Type A, confirming Lt. Moomaw's conclusion and Hawley's belief that the suspect may have been injured during the kidnapping. In addition, FBI lab technicians found "several light brown to dark brown head hair

fragments...in the debris removed from Q-8 [the khaki cap]."

At 10:30 pm, Wednesday, February 10, Hawley boarded a United Airlines return flight back to Colorado.²³

Investigator Bill Flint expected to spend the entire day at the Morrison Post Office waiting for mail addressed to the Coors residence. At 9:45 am on Wednesday morning, at the same time Hawley was in Washington waiting for results from the FBI on his evidence, a postal worker handed Flint a special delivery letter marked "personal" and addressed to "Mrs. Adolph Coors III." The letter was postmarked at 3:00 pm, February 9, and postmarked from Denver. The typewritten letter confirmed that Ad Coors was a kidnap victim. In part the letter read:

"Your husband has been kidnapped.

His car is by Turkey Creek.

Call the police or FBI, he dies. Cooperate, he lives."

The letter directed Mary Coors to put \$500,000.00 in ten and twenty-dollar bills in a bag and wait for instructions. Once the money is raised, according to the letter, Mary was to place an advertisement in the *Denver Post* describing a particular farm tractor.

It had been a long night for Captain Bray and Dale Ryder. There was no sleep for anyone. Near midnight they left St. Anthony's Hospital and returned to the Coors residence to await developments. Investigator Ivan Flor remained at the hospital to finish the investigation into the domestic dispute. When news reached him that Flint was in possession of a ransom letter, Bray immediately cleared the area surrounding the Coors home of all uniformed Deputies. Running on black coffee and adrenaline, Bray instructed Ryder to place the ransom letter into evidence.

Conferring with Mary Coors,

and supported by Tony Reeder, Ray Kechter and a host of plain clothes investigators, Bray urged her to raise the ransom money. Bray would arrange placing the advertisement for the tractor in the *Denver Post*. Throughout the day and into a second sleepless night, Mary Coors, Ad's brothers, Bray and Kechter waited impatiently for the telephone call from the kidnapper. It never came. The unspoken realization among them was that Ad Coors was already dead.

As the days passed into weeks, Bray and Hostetter's teams of investigators scoured police records, evaluated evidence, made hundreds of telephone calls, wrote letters to J. Edgar Hoover and deployed teams to uncover more evidence. In the last week of May, Werner, Hostetter and Bray initiated "Operation Hideout." Dozens of Agents and Sheriff's Investigators were assigned to personally inspect every barn, shed, summer cabin, abandoned stage stop, mine shaft, cave, gully, mountain road, gate, fence and creek bed from Lyons to Colorado Springs and from Fraser to Denver. Never before or since in Colorado history had such a monumental and specific search for information been conducted by law enforcement. Every door was knocked on. Thousands of citizens were interviewed. Sheriff Wermuth's estranged wife, Pat, was among the plethora of citizens contacted by the teams. On May 26, she was interviewed by FBI Agents Buchman and Fox at her Conifer ranch on Kennedy Gulch Road. In particular, the interviews with citizens living within five miles of the Turkey Creek Bridge were instrumental in revealing a prime suspect. A canary yellow 1951 Mercury often seen in Turkey Creek Canyon, driven by a man wearing a Fedora, was hard for citizens to ignore. By February 11, FBI and Bray's investigators began to focus on Joseph Corbett, Jr.

On January 25, 1960, the Colorado State Patrol issued Walter Osborne, aka Joseph Corbett, Jr., a speeding ticket. When stopped, Osborne was driving a 1951 four-door, canary-colored Mercury, bearing Colorado license plates AT-6203, east on Highway 285 (Hampden Avenue) three miles east of Morrison.

On February 17, the same yellow Mercury driven by Walter Osborne on January 25 was found burning in a dump in Atlantic City, New Jersey. Agents were able to match dirt scraped from the wheel wells of the charred Mercury with some of the 450 dirt samples taken from the crime scene in Colorado.

Two citizens positively identified Joseph Corbett as the man they saw on various occasions parked in a 1951 Yellow Mercury—wearing a brown Fedora—at the Turkey Creek Bridge. Jim Massey told investigators that he saw Corbett "about 8:00 am, standing beside his...Mercury [at the bridge] the morning before Coors vanished." In addition, Hilton Pace and James Cobe who owned homes in the area, as well as Bill Hoster, who managed Ad Coors' Black Angus cattle herd, promised to testify in court that they actually talked with Corbett while he was parked at the bridge the day before Coors disappeared. Another local resident observed the yellow Mercury and described a brown Fedora, similar to the one Undersheriff Hawley carried as evidence Q-9 to Washington, D. C., worn by the driver.

A man named Walter Osborne purchased the 1951 yellow Mercury in January 1960. Investigators checked Osborne's name against Colorado's driver's license records and found his fingerprint. Analyzing the ridges, loops and whirls of Osborne's fingerprint, FBI Agents matched the print to an escaped murderer from California, Joseph Corbett, Jr.

The FBI Laboratory determined that the ransom note intercepted by Investigator Flint at the Morrison Post Office was typed on Eaton Diamond White Bond Berkshire Cotton Fiber paper. The watermark revealed a manufacture date for the paper in 1959 and sold from five Denver outlets, with only two businesses selling the paper and envelope together. This led investigators to the May D&F and Denver Dry Goods Companies.

FBI Laboratory technicians identified the typewriter used to type the ransom note as a Royalite. The May D&F store in Denver was the sole source for Royalite typewriters in the region. Investigators learned that on October 8, 1959, one such typewriter, along with a ream of Eaton Diamond White paper, was sold to a man identified by the sales clerk as William Chiffins. The clerk picked Joseph Corbett from a photographic lineup. Corbett's use of the alias, William Chiffins, closely matched the name of his cellmate in San Quentin Prison, Arthur John Chiffins.

The FBI matched the characters on the Royalite purchased by Corbett from the May D&F Store to his typewritten income tax returns and the ransom note.

When investigators showed up at Corbett's apartment at 1435 Pearl Street in Denver, the landlord told them that "Osborne checked out of his apartment...on February 10, without prior notice, advising...he was going back to school in Boulder." Corbett left several aluminum tent poles in a closet. In the week before Christmas 1959, Corbett purchased a tent with aluminum poles from a Denver sporting goods store. The salesman told investigators that "he asked why [Corbett] was buying camping equipment at this time of the year, and the customer replied that he intended to camp during the winter in the mountains." At the time, Investiga-

tors believed Corbett intended to use the tent to house Ad Coors while he awaited payment of ransom. In addition to the aluminum tent poles, investigators found four black handcuff cases in the apartment complex incinerator. A fingerprint was lifted from a metal can sitting next to the incinerator. The print belonged to Corbett.

Investigators found evidence that Joe Corbett—aka Walter Osborne, the first and middle name of his older brother—purchased a set of leg irons from Kline's Prince Enterprises and had them mailed to his apartment at 1435 Pearl Street. On April 23, 1959, "Osborne" spent \$38.00 to buy four pairs of handcuffs and black cases from mail-order Big Three Enterprises.

Through extensive and multiple interviews with a plethora of people, investigators learned that Joseph Corbett—aka Osborne—owned a nine-millimeter Llama automatic pistol. Investigators found documentation that he purchased several pistols in 1958-59, however, there was no record on how Corbett came into possession of the Llama.

FBI Agents went to San Quentin Prison in Chino, California where Joseph Corbett, Jr. escaped through a window in a minimum-security shower room on August 1, 1955. Corbett was serving a five-year-to-life term for the 1951 murder of a Hamilton Naval Base officer. For reasons that were never fully understood, Corbett fired two bullets into the Air Force Sergeant's back and head. He dropped the corpse on a lonely road in Marin County, California. This murder was disturbingly similar to the disappearance of Ad Coors.

California prison authorities advised Investigators that Corbett was born in Winnipeg, Canada in 1928. He moved with his parents to Seattle, Washington, where in 1948 his mother died from injuries suffered after falling down a flight

of stairs. A disconsolate Corbett left Seattle in the fall of 1950 and enrolled in the University of California. He dropped out of college before Christmas, 1950. California authorities arrested him a month later for murdering the Air Force Sergeant. Although he never denied the murder, Corbett justified his actions as self defense. The senior sociologist at San Quentin did not believe him. Instead, the prison counselor characterized Corbett as a brooding schizophrenic with "superior general intelligence...and emotional with possible strong feelings of self-dissatisfaction."²⁴ Psychologists at the mental hospital at Terminal Island, California, characterized Corbett as "high-strung...markedly schizoid...and abnormal." They warned the California Department of Corrections that Corbett had the potential to explode into violent, uncontrolled emotion."

Former cell mates remembered Joe Corbett very well. They told investigators how Corbett confided to them his plan to escape from prison, "make a big score" and hide in a country where he could lose his identity and live on the proceeds of his deed." Unknown to investigators at the time, Corbett left Denver on February 10 for New Jersey where he burned the yellow Mercury. He purchased a Ford and drove to Toronto, Canada where he lost his identity once again. But he had not made the "big score."

On March 21, a Federal warrant was issued in a Los Angeles courtroom for Corbett's arrest charging him with "unlawful flight from California to confinement for murder." For J. Edgar Hoover, not since hunting Dillinger three decades earlier, had a criminal investigation captured such a fever pitch of public interest. Hoover took a personal interest in the case, reading every memorandum and talking daily with his Agents in Golden. His written notes



Dennis L. Potter collection

Joseph Corbett, Jr.

made in the margins of all *Coornap* memorandums became legendary. He insisted that Federal Agents scour the breadth of the United States and Canada for clues. On March 30, Hoover placed Corbett on his Ten-Most-Wanted-List. The FBI would distribute 1.5 million wanted flyers on Corbett throughout the United States and Canada.

The pressure applied by Operation Hideout and Hoover's relentless pursuit of finding Coors' abductor began to pay off. Joseph Corbett was frantic. On August 31, a news release with his photograph, allegedly released by Sheriff Wermuth, was printed in Toronto newspapers. Knowing the cops were closing in, Corbett fled to Winnipeg, leaving clothes, books and other personal items (including his new Ford) behind in his Toronto apartment. He took refuge in an extended-stay-motel, leased a 1960 bright red Pontiac convertible, and waited for news from Golden.

With FBI Agents spreading across Canada looking for Corbett, Sheriff's Investigators continued to build their case. They blanketed Denver and Jefferson Counties with more interviews.

They knew Corbett had no friends, so they targeted his co-workers. Acquaintances found him oddly reclusive. He lived a quiet life in the Perlmor Apartments near the corner of Pearl Street and Colfax Avenue on Denver's Capitol Hill, and worked the graveyard shift cooking synthetic resins for the Benjamin Moore Paint Company on Walnut Street. Investigators logged hundreds of pages of notes on Corbett's outdoor adventures. Harold Bray found one story particularly profound. Corbett related a humorous moment he experienced while target shooting in the mountains west of Castle Rock. While he was target practicing at an abandoned refuse site, a large, brown bear emerged from the refuse pile and charged him. Corbett ran for the safety of his car, slamming the door shut just as the bear reached his car. In a moment of unguarded humor, Corbett told his co-workers that the bear was missing his front paw, no doubt the reason why the animal was scavenging the dump for food.

On September 11, 1960, Corbett's story of the handicapped bear was emphatically linked to the disappearance of Ad Coors. A young man from Englewood found an abandoned refuse site on Jackson Creek Road, west of Perry Parkway southwest of Sedalia in Douglas County where he planned to shoot his pistol. The dump was secluded. It once belonged to the Brotherhood of the White Temple who had purchased the property in Douglas County in 1946. The church established an isolated settlement they named Shamballa as a refuge from nuclear war. As he walked around the abandoned Shamballa trash pile the young man stepped on a worn pair of grey flannel pants. He heard a metallic sound. He searched the trouser pockets and found a shiny key ring and a jack-knife inscribed with "ACIII." Months of intense media coverage on

the Coors kidnapping case was not lost on the young man. He recognized the monogram on the key ring and jack-knife as belonging to Adolph Coors III. He lost interest in target shooting. The young man drove to Castle Rock where he called his mother, then went to Englewood where he told a police officer friend of his discovery. By the end of the day, the refuse site was crawling with FBI Agents, investigators from Jefferson and Douglas County Sheriff's Departments and Coroners from both Counties.

As the FBI and Sheriff's Investigators searched the dump, two Agents were surprised by a large, brown bear that was missing a front paw. The handicapped predator chased the Agents to the safety of their cars. For Harold Bray, the appearance of the three-pawed bear was providential. For him it proved that Joseph Corbett, Jr. was responsible for the murder of Adolph Coors III. Corbett inadvertently placed himself at the Coors crime scene.

After four days of searching the dump, Investigators located a human skull. A forensic odontologist determined that the dental work was identical to that which was performed on Adolph Coors III. They also found a right scapula bone with two irregular shaped holes. The holes in the scapula matched the perforated holes on the back of a jacket, shirt and undershirt that were also recovered. Ad Coors was wearing these clothes on the day he disappeared. Investigators concluded that the holes were made by the same bullets, and that they were fired "at or near contact with the jacket."

Forensic ballistic examination of the muzzle blast and caliber evidence from the scapula and the clothes identified the murder weapon as a 9mm pistol. Joseph Corbett owned a 9mm Llama. For Bray, the evidence proved that Ad Coors did not surrender to Corbett on

the Turkey Creek Bridge, but fought for his life. At some point during the confrontation, Coors turned his back to his adversary. Similar to the murder of the Air Force lieutenant in 1951, Corbett took advantage of his victim's vulnerability and fired two fatal shots into Coors' back. These gunshots were those that "sounded like lightning hitting a tree" and killed Adolph Coors III on the Turkey Creek Bridge.

The prevailing theory was that Corbett loaded Coors' body into his Mercury and headed for Douglas County to dispose of the body. Since HI 285 was closed to traffic, Corbett had little choice but to head east on Hampden Avenue to Santa Fe Drive, where he turned south to Sedalia, then west into the foothills to the familiar Shamballa Church dump site. Investigators later located a woman who was test driving a new car on the morning of February 9, 1960. She told the Investigators that due to the recent snow storm she was unwilling to drive the car any further west than Perry Parkway. She was surprised when she saw fresh tire impressions in the soft, dirt road leading southwest of the parkway on Jackson Creek Road. For a moment she caught a glimpse of a yellow Mercury before it disappeared into the snowy mountains.²⁵

News of the discovery of Ad Coors' remains reached Corbett as he hid in his apartment in Winnipeg, Canada. Packing everything he owned in his new Pontiac, he immediately left town for Vancouver, British Columbia. As Thomas Wainwright, he leased a small room in the Maxine Hotel and stored his red convertible in a nearby garage. He locked the door, drew his blinds, kept to himself, and only ventured out to eat or read the local newspapers. He was unaware that an acquaintance in Toronto had already turned him in to the FBI.

On October 29, 1960, an alert



Dennis L. Potter collection

Political Cartoon of Barney O'Kane and Sheriff Art Wermuth

Vancouver police officer remembered seeing a red Pontiac convertible. It matched the description of Corbett's getaway car issued by the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Vancouver police went door to door, showing Corbett's photograph to everyone until a landlady recognized the photograph as one of her renters. Other police officers found the red Pontiac convertible hidden in a nearby garage. Disguised as deliverymen, Canadian police officers and several FBI Agents knocked on Corbett's door.

The fugitive immediately surrendered, saying, "I give up, I am your man."

Found in the apartment was the 9mm Llama automatic pistol that Agents collected as the Coors murder weapon. On the nightstand next to Corbett's bed was Don Whitehead's 1956 Random House publication, *The FBI Story*.

Meanwhile in Golden, Bray and Hostetter tried to keep the details

of Corbett's flight across Canada a secret. They were willing to lie to keep their strategy to capture Corbett out of the newspapers, or at best, away from Wermuth. Their charade ended when Wermuth overheard the FBI inviting Bray to join them in a flight to Seattle to take Corbett into custody. Not waiting for an invitation, the Sheriff packed his bags for the trip. On his own, the Sheriff obtained an arrest warrant for Corbett. It was issued by a local justice of the peace and useless outside the city of Golden. Unlike Wermuth's symbolic arrest warrant, the FBI had a federal warrant to arrest Corbett on a fugitive charge for the 1955 escape from San Quentin.

Armed with his JP warrant, Wermuth gathered up his dispatcher love interest and headed for the airport. As FBI Agents, Harold Bray and Barney O'Kane waited to board their flight at Stapleton Airport, Wermuth suddenly appeared with his fiancée. The Sheriff explained to the startled and crestfallen lawmen that Julie, his former dispatcher, was needed for secretarial assistance, even though she evidently had no shorthand or stenography skills.

Before Wermuth knew what was happening, the FBI, Bray and O'Kane hired a bush pilot to fly them across the Canadian border to Vancouver, where they took custody of Corbett, and returned him to Golden.irate, embarrassed and left alone in Seattle, Wermuth and Julie returned to Denver on Halloween day 1960 to face politically insensitive cartoons, jokes and stories depicting his burlesque role in the Coors Case. His journey to Seattle was known as the "Canadian Wild Goose Caper." Seething with humiliation, Wermuth realized that the Coors mystery was resolved without him.

Wermuth's career continued to spiral out of control. His fall from grace continued when the Board of County

Commissioners refused to reimburse him for his airline tickets to Seattle. Then, Wermuth exchanged cold and angry letters with the Board.

Barney O'Kane lost his seat as District Attorney in the fall election and blamed Wermuth for his defeat. Days before the election, a cartoon circulated across the nation mocking O'Kane and his association with Wermuth. Both were dressed in old west attire, handcuffed together, with O'Kane carrying a satchel marked "Seattle: Corbett or Bust" and saying "...Gee Whiz, Marshal Dillon." In retaliation, O'Kane launched his own investigation into Wermuth's finances. In the same courthouse where Joseph Corbett would later be tried for murder, Wermuth was indicted by a Grand Jury for embezzlement of public funds. O'Kane proved that Wermuth charged paint back to Jefferson County that he used to decorate Julie's Edgewater home. In the end Wermuth pleaded guilty to embezzlement and resigned from office.

During an interview conducted by Sheriff's Investigators and FBI Agents a short time following his arrest, Corbett suggested that "he had doubt in the ability of his attorneys". To Investigator Bob Brandes, Corbett admitted that he "was in a tight situation...the Coors' family are very influential...and I will be getting a life sentence for killing an unknown person as to Coors,...[yet] I still have optimism." Brandes described in his notes how Corbett's "original enthusiasms" changed when he reflected on his chances of acquittal. "His voice volume level fell way down", wrote Brandes, "and was now slow to come by any eye contact." Corbett had a different opinion of his attorneys in a letter he wrote on December 2, 1960, from his jail cell to his parents. "The trial [is] going well as can be expected", Corbett wrote, "...messrs. [Malcolm] MacKay

and [William]Erickson, both keen-minded and experienced, are handling things very capably." Corbett ended his letter with a dose of reality: "I wouldn't become unduly optimistic, since the odds against us are tremendous."

William Erickson, Corbett's lead attorney, was a competent and well respected attorney. He claimed that the pre-trial publicity created the atmosphere that his client was the "most wanted criminal in the history of the United States." His assessment of the trial was accurate. His role in defending Corbett in this publicity-driven trial helped Erickson onto the bench of the Colorado Supreme Court as its Chief Justice.

For thirteen days in 1961, the newly elected District Attorney, Ronald Hardesty (O'Kane's former chief deputy) prosecuted Corbett for murder. His primary evidence was soil sample comparisons taken from Corbett's burned out Mercury found in New Jersey and the hundreds of soil samples taken from the crime scene and the Shamballa dump site. One hundred and forty-one witnesses called to the stand painted a vivid circumstantial portrait against Corbett.

Throughout the trial, Corbett maintained a stoic and silent countenance. Only once did he lose his composure. Ron Hardesty asked Captain Bray to explain to the jury the chain of custody on the brown Fedora hat retrieved from Turkey Creek by Trooper Hendricks. Bray explained to the court how the hat placed Corbett at the crime scene. In a move that was repeated thirty years later at the O. J. Simpson's murder trial in Los Angeles, Hardesty asked Bray to place the Fedora on Corbett's head to see if it fit. In contrast to Simpson's staged difficulty in pulling the glove onto his hand, Bray took the Fedora to the defendant's table and set it firmly on Corbett's head. It fit. Under

his breath, but heard by those close by, Corbett whispered to Bray, "I'll get even with you!"²⁶

Under appeal scrutiny from the Supreme Court, trial Judge Christian Stoner answered that "for all intents and purposes, [Corbett's] trial was an orderly one, considering the fact that it was a murder trial stemming from the kidnapping of a very prominent Colorado citizen." A jury of seven men and four women deliberated for sixteen hours. In the end Corbett was found guilty. Without an admission of guilt, the court could only sentence him to serve five years to life in prison. The Colorado Supreme Court affirmed the conviction on November 18, 1963.²⁷

On January 5, 1964, Corbett agreed to his first interview with the media from his prison cell in Canon City. Nothing was gained by the interview. Corbett denied every allegation of wrong doing to the reporter from the *Denver Post*. His silence kept him in prison for sixteen years. Finally, on December 12, 1980, Corbett was granted parole. He took a job driving a Salvation Army truck, rented a third floor apartment at the Royal Chateau Apartments on South Federal in Denver, and lived the remainder of his life in solitude. In a second interview to the *Denver Post* in 1996, Corbett told the journalist that he wanted to be left alone. "I don't want to stir things up", he said, "because it just gets me all wrought up...I am haunted by whispers: There goes the guy who killed Adolph Coors."

Corbett never admitted to killing Adolph Coors III. When asked by FBI Agents during a post-arrest interview if he "denied the charge [of murder] categorically", Corbett replied, "I simply say that I did not kill this Coors person". He carried his silence to the grave. On Monday, August 24, 2009, at age eighty and suffering from cancer, Corbett took

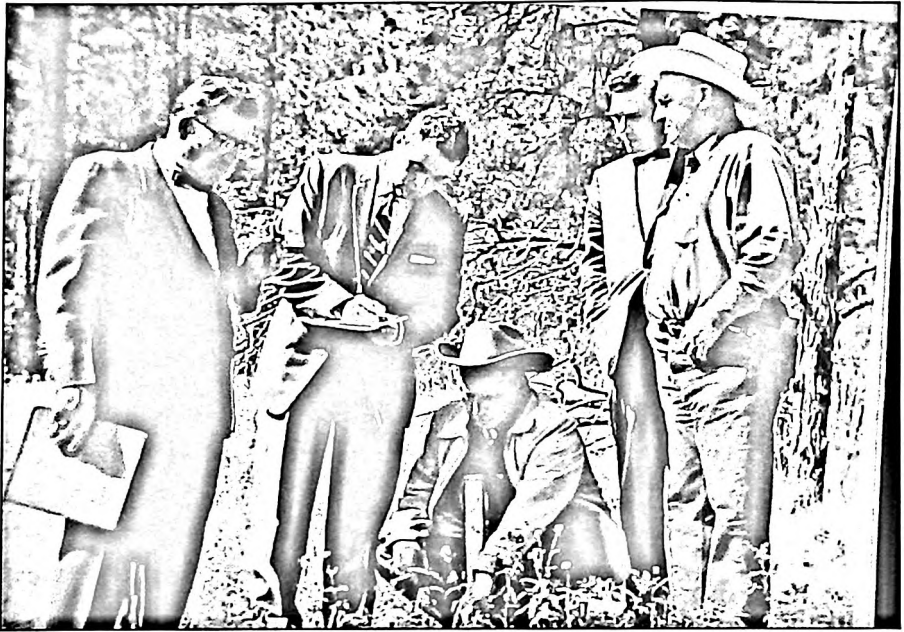


Photo courtesy of Life Magazine

I to r: JeffCo Deputy Coroner Dr. Douglas Collier, JeffCo Dist. Attorney Barney O'Kane, JeffCo Sheriff Arthur Wermuth, Douglas Co. Coroner and Douglas Co. Sheriff John Hammond at the Shamballa dump site.

his own life with a gunshot to his head.

The Jefferson County Board of Commissioners, Joe Lewis, Chester Hoskinson and Maurice Bauer were charged by law in 1962 to fill the vacancy left in the office of Sheriff when Art Wermuth resigned. Narrowing their list to ten capable choices, they spent hours behind closed doors discussing the political implications of each candidate. Every name was worthy of the appointment, in particular Don Welt, Wermuth's first Undersheriff and Eugene Brace. Additional political pressure was applied to the Commissioners when the *Rocky Mountain News* prematurely declared on April 19, "Brace In as Sheriff." Brace had the experience and connections. He joined the Sheriff's Department in June 1951 and left in 1956 to assume ownership of the Colorado Merchant Police

in the wake of Kostal and Watson's murder of Ray Isley. In September 1961, Colorado Governor Steve McNichols chose Brace to lead an investigation into corruption at the Denver Police Department. However, experience was not the only pre-requisite for office. In the wake of Wermuth's politically charged and ugly departure from office, the Commissioners eyed those they considered to be safe, those who promised not to employ relatives, and those who carried no political baggage. The more prominent names, including Welt and Brace—who refused to live in the County-owned residence at the jail—failed the final cut.²⁸

Near midnight on Saturday, April 28, 1962, Commissioners Lewis and Hoskinson met privately with Harold Bray in the second floor Court-

house library. Hidden in the shadows of law library books they offered him the position. "Why", asked Bray, "was I chosen?" He was the only candidate who had no known political enemies. Bray agreed to the job on one condition. Harking back to the turmoil of Carl Enlow's tenure as Sheriff, he insisted that he be allowed to select his own Undersheriff. For over a hundred years this was a political privilege enjoyed by County Commissioners, but Lewis and Hoskinson were eager to change history in lieu of progress. Bray chose Charles Morris as his Undersheriff.

On Tuesday, May 1, 1962, the lead investigator in the Coors murder case was sworn into office as Sheriff of Jefferson County. Through the incredible twenty-eight years he remained in office, Bray would be periodically reminded of the Coors Case. One incident was particularly poignant. One morning in 1980, Bray was in his second-floor office talking on the telephone when he glanced out his second-floor window to the receiving dock below. A delivery truck backed into the dock and a man stepped out of the cab carrying a box of flares. Bray dropped the telephone and rushed downstairs to intercept the deliveryman. Meanwhile, Supply Manager, Jay Moore, who as a Lieutenant in 1960 had booked Joseph Corbett into the Jefferson County Jail following his capture in Vancouver, waited to sign for the flares.

"Hello, Mr. Moore" said the deliveryman, "I am working for this company and I am delivering the flares you ordered." Without acknowledging the driver, Moore accepted the box of flares and watched him drive away. When Bray appeared at the back door, Moore said, "Sheriff, did you recognize that man?"

"Yes", said the Sheriff, "that was Joe Corbett."²⁹

On the day he retired in 1990,

Bray surprised his staff with the words, "*Es Tiempo*", It is Time. Since he was born on the Pecos River, he wanted to die on the Pecos. He moved to Arizona to spend the rest of his life with his family, but was saddened by "leaving all of his friends behind." His final wish was granted on August 5, 1998 when he died a quiet death at his retirement home on the Pecos River Ranch in Chandler, Arizona.

The remains of Adolph Coors III were cremated within days of their discovery. In a private ceremony, his family scattered his ashes on Aspen Mountain located at the southeast end of the valley of the Roaring Fork River. Following the funeral, Mary Coors sold their Morrison home and moved back to Denver with her three children. Seven years later, the same year the Colorado Court of Appeals denied Corbett's motion for a new trial, Mary died in Aspen. She was buried next to her daughter in Denver's Fairmount Cemetery.

Arthur Wermuth died in Oregon in 1998. His six years in office as County Sheriff will probably remain unequalled in controversy and drama. Wermuth said in a final interview with the *Jefferson Sentinel* in 1962 that "no matter what anyone thinks of me personally, I've run a damned good Sheriff's Office." When pressed for an explanation for his downfall, Wermuth remained defiant. "I was too forward for the growing times", he said. "Aside from the indictments against me, I can take pride in building the [Sheriff's Department]." He left office with an offer from Hollywood to make a film of his life. The film, however, was never made, but Wermuth did the next best thing: he and his new bride, Julie, moved to Las Vegas.³⁰

A half-century has passed since Ad Coors was murdered on the middle bridge over Turkey Creek. Today the site has disappeared below major highways.

A few small cottonwood trees remain in the median of HI 285 to mark the place. Turkey Creek now empties into a reservoir built in 1972 to control flooding. Upstream, the Willow Springs crossing still exists. Mount Glennon and Harriman's reservoir are Open Space Parks. Tom Bergen's trout ponds are still full of water. The buffalo are gone, replaced by a motor speedway and a housing development. The Ute no longer migrate down Turkey Creek Canyon for their summer hunts.

What happened on the Turkey Creek Bridge on February 9, 1960 continues to capture the imagination of the American psyche. Obituaries of former Deputies and FBI Agents proudly detail their participation in the investigation. Tours of the FBI Headquarters in Washington, D. C. bring tourists face to face with Baby Face Nelson, John Dillinger and Joseph Corbett. To own a piece of history, similar to those who dipped handkerchiefs into Dillinger's blood as he lay dead in a Chicago alley, a thousand fingers have plucked souvenirs from Coors Case files held by the FBI, the 1st Judicial District of Colorado, and the Jefferson and Douglas County Sheriff's Departments. Combining information and artifacts that remain on the Coors Case, whether government or privately owned, still provides enough detail to satisfy any scholar.

In the historiography of Jefferson County law enforcement, the Coors Case is only superseded in scale and tragedy by the 1999 Columbine High School shootings. Nonetheless, the lessons learned from the Coors Case served as the foundation for ethics and value-based policing that opened a new era of law enforcement under the watchful eye of Harold E. Bray.

By their fruits ye shall know them.

Endnotes

1. Unless otherwise noted, this paper was prepared from documents and related evidence awarded the author by 1st Judicial Court Judge Ronald Hardesty on January 14, 1982.

2. *Golden Globe*, 6-20-1885; *Transcript*, 5-9-1885; *Rocky Mountain News*, 7-12-1864; *Golden Globe*, 6-20-1885; *Transcript*, 5-9-1885. George W. Harriman was born in Argentina on September 1, 1826, one of a family of seven children born to Reuben and Abigail [Davis] Harriman. In his youth he learned the shoemaker trade. He was married November 11, 1851, at Elkhorn, Wisconsin, to Betsy M. Spencer. In 1858 he became proprietor of a livery stable at Elkhorn. He reached Boulder on June 26, 1860, and soon left for Central City. Hogs drank from Harriman's Lake, and north of Bear Creek, hogs and cattle drank from three lakes owned by Frank Kendrick. In 1897, with the Kenosha Hotel gone, Harriman sold his ranch and moved to Fort Logan where he lived until his death on August 24, 1917; *Colorado Weekly Tribune*, 5-18-1870; *Birth of Colorado*, 60; *Colorado Gold and Silver Rushes*, 151; *Colorado Transcript*, 5-2-1871, 5-4-1871, 6-1-1871, 6-5-1871, 7-6-1871, 10-5-1871, 11-2-1871, 11-9-1871, 1-4-1872; *Rocky Mountain News*, 6-5-1861; On June 5, 1861 George Morrison found the skeletal remains of a man at the bridge site. The man had been dead for a long time. A few buttons and a pair of bullet loads were found nearby, but nothing else to identify the man. Next to the bones Morrison found the decaying remains of a large bear. This discovery was instrumental in Morrison changing the name of Lupton's Fork to Bear Creek.

3. *Jefferson Sentinel*, 3-12-1959.

4. *Colorado Transcript*, 11-23-1939. Mentions the construction of the Federal Correctional Institute in Englewood; *The*

Denver Post, 12-21-1959. Fifteen-year-old Roy Beaty of Englewood intended to rob the grocery store on Morrison Road at Sheridan Boulevard when he killed Thaddeus Straub; *Golden Transcript*, November 17, 1959. With the surge of population into Colorado following World War II, teenagers flocked to Harriman's Lake for the promise of isolation and wild abandonment. A dirt road connected Denver with Turkey Creek Canyon, passing next to Harriman's Lake, providing easy access to the lake for area youths [old Hampden Avenue and now West Quincy Avenue]. In the first two weeks of July 1956, Jefferson County Sheriff's Deputies caught juveniles swimming in Harriman's Lake nude. They broke up large gang fights, and dispersed large teenage drinking parties. Deputies were posted throughout the night to keep juveniles from using the lake. Following World War II, the City of Denver purchased Harriman's Lake for its water storage capabilities, and due to their ownership, Jefferson County Undersheriff Irwin "Tiny" Beckman asked the Denver Police Department in 1956 to help patrol the property. Beckman was concerned over two drownings in the previous year, and the lake's proximity to the new Federal Correctional Prison presented a security and safety issue. On August 26, 1957 deputies responded to a gang fight involving twenty-two young Denver thugs. On Labor Day, 1957, a young boy drowned and another young boy nearly drowned. In two weeks in September 1957, Sheriff's deputies, and at times, three patrol cars at one time, responded to Harriman Lake for nine separate incidents. Since August 24, 1957 Sheriff's deputies investigated seven rapes. In the 1960s, Sheriff Arthur Wermuth grew weary over the constant drain on law enforcement services caused by juvenile misbehavior at Harriman's Lake.

Wermuth disagreed with his predecessor, Carl Enlow, that since the lake was owned by Denver, the responsibility to handle the problems on the property should be given to the Denver Police Department. Wermuth asked the County Commissioners to force Denver to help patrol Harriman Lake. Predicated on Wermuth's political pressure, the Denver Water Board fenced the lake.

5. *Sentinel*, 3-19-1959; *Canyon Courier*, 7-2-1959. Sheriff Carl Enlow was responsible for the decline in Jefferson County's crime rate. Elected Sheriff in 1948, Enlow dressed Deputies in uniforms, added distinctive markings to patrol cars, established a two way radio system, encouraged volunteerism and demanded professionalism. When he took office, the Sheriff's Department had eight deputies. Eight years later the Department boasted twenty-one full time deputies and a successful force of horse mounted volunteers. He sent Deputies Lew Hawley and Eugene Brace to the Federal Bureau of Investigation Academy in Quantico, Virginia in 1954, and on their return hosted the region's first training session for suburban police agencies encountering major crimes. In January 1956, he revolutionized the concept of community policing by assigning a deputy to permanent duty in rural Morrison, then the second most populated community in unincorporated Jefferson County. The crime rate dropped.

6. Bauer forgot to turn on the new telephone and radio recording system and all calls taken and delivered through the Sheriff's Department switchboard and radio frequency KAB 221 between 8:48 am and 10:02 am were not recorded.

7. *Golden Transcript*, 4-3-1958, p. 4. Hawley was not Wermuth's first choice for Undersheriff. When Wermuth took office in 1957 he appointed Don L. Welt as his Undersheriff. Welt already had seven years with the Sheriff's Depart-

ment, hired by Carl Enlow in 1950 to be a Deputy Sheriff; *Colorado Transcript*, 1-27-1957. The six men appointed as Deputy Sheriffs in January 1952 by Enlow were Harold Bray, Lew Hawley, Jack Fitzgerald, Robert Mitchell, Don Welt and Art Nelson.

8. 292 F2d 492 *Kostal v. D Stoner*; United States Court of Appeals, Tenth Circuit, July 5, 1961; *Kostal v. State*, Colo., 357 P.2d 70, certiorari denied 365 U.S. 804, 81 S.Ct. 471, 5 L.Ed.2d 462. Eventually, both defendants were sentenced to death for killing Isley. In the wake of their conviction, Kostal and Watson filed a lawsuit against the sentencing judge, Christian D. Stoner, and the Prosecuting Attorney, Barney O'Kane charged them with "conspiring together in the judge's chambers to deprive the plaintiffs of a fair trial." Five years later the Court of Appeals reversed Kostal and Watson's date with the executioner in exchange for dropping the lawsuit against Stoner and O'Kane. The killers would serve twenty years of their sentence before being paroled. Meanwhile, Stoner and O'Kane would continue as officers of the court and become involved in the mystery that was unraveling on the Turkey Creek Bridge; Bray, *Twenty-Six Years in Jail*, 118-119. Arthur Watson showed up at Christian Stoner's funeral twenty years later. Harold Bray recognized him while as he stood alone near the front door of the chapel. Watson offered his hand and Bray took it. "I hope you don't mind me coming to the Judge's funeral", said Watson. "I know he sent me down the river but I highly respected the old gentleman." Bray replied, "Of course not." Watson disappeared from Colorado after the funeral and resurfaced in Illinois on another crime spree. He died a few years later of stomach cancer.

9. See Jeff Long's book, *Dual of Eagles* (New York: William Morrow and

Company, 1990) and Robert V. Remini's work, *Andrew Jackson and His Indian Wars* (New York: Viking Press, 2001) for exceptional character descriptions of Andrew Jackson.

10. Geoffrey Chaucer, *Nun's Priest's Tale* l. 4242, "Mordre wol out that se we day by day" (1390); *Golden Transcript* 8-28-1958. Initially, Wermuth was well received by the Deputies following his appointment to the office on January 11, 1957. The stalwart rancher from Conifer recognized the embarrassment and humility experienced by the Deputies in the wake of Enlow's legal problems, and immediately instituted change. His first act was replacing the simple Denver Police style badge with a seven pointed star more indicative and symbolic of western lawmen. By the summer of 1958 he doubled Enlow's best efforts and employed nearly fifty Deputy Sheriffs. He established specialized divisions filled with new promotions and established a successful marketing campaign when he purchased a fleet of new Ford Edsels. That summer, capitalizing on Enlow's prior success in contemporizing law enforcement through education and training, Wermuth sent twenty of his Deputies to an FBI-sponsored course in criminal investigations.

11. *Golden Transcript*, 1-6-1960.

12. Author's Note: this short list of experience is not all-inclusive, but representative only. The Board of County Commissioners, Robert Schoech (R), Maurice Bauer (D), and George Osborne (R) were responsible for the major increase in law enforcement resources in 1960; Wermuth planned to issue motorcycles to the new Deputies to work in Wheat Ridge and Lakewood. Wermuth wanted the Deputies to ride the motorcycles to a given location and then patrol the area on foot to make a store-to-store check to discourage burglars. Another three Deputies would be assigned to the

mountains to patrol the Evergreen, Pine and Morrison areas. New Deputies were paid \$350.00 a month; *Golden Transcript*, 10-15-1959; *Jefferson Sentinel*, 2-6-1969. Art Nelson died in 1969 of a stroke. At the time of his death he worked for Sheriff Bray as a polygraph operator and inmate transportation officer. Nelson was among Enlow's team of 1952 appointments; *Golden Transcript*, 12-15-1959. At the Boulder school, FBI Agents taught Wermuth's Deputies how to identify tool mark impressions, compare ballistics, mix chemicals necessary to raise fingerprints, and methods in preserving and analyzing crime scenes. When the course ended, Wermuth shuffled his staff in order to spread the talent across the County. Nelson Coy, James Mitchell, William Brandes, Daly Ryder and Ray Kechter were transferred to the Investigations Division, and he assigned specific deputies to patrol emerging population centers in the south and mountain areas of the County, such as Evergreen and the Hampden and Soda Lakes Road corridors.

13. The Sheriff's Department Crime Lab was supervised by Captain Arthur Nelson in 1960. In addition to Ryder and Mitchell, Richard Piper was added to Nelson's staff in the coming weeks.

14. Dan Baum, *Citizen Coors: An American Dynasty* (New York: Harper, Collins, 2000).

15. *Rocky Mountain News*, 2-18-1960.

16. *Golden Transcript*, 7-9-1959. The Jeep Patrol was officially created on July 1, 1959 and was terminated as a unit by Sheriff Bray in 1984; *Jefferson Sentinel*, 4-17-1962. Jan Slager was among many who applied to the Board of County Commissioners to replace Wermuth as Sheriff. Wermuth raised money to fund the Jeep Patrol by asking for contributions from patrons to see the movie, *Red Skies over Montana* at the Esquire Theater in Denver.

17. James Deakin, *A Grave for Bobby*, 1990, New York, William Morrow/Berkeley; Paula Fass, *Kidnapped: Child Abduction in America*, 1999, Harvard University Press; Ann Hagedorn, *Ransom: The Untold Story of International Kidnapping*, 1998, Henry Holt & Co; *Time Magazine*, "New York: More to Come", February 8, 1963.

Following the Coors Case, Hostetter retired from the FBI and was appointed Liquor Authority Chairman in New York City; *New York Times*, November 18, 1972. Hostetter died at age 64.

18. *Golden Transcript*, 7-17-1958.

19. Geraldine Bray, *Twenty-Six Years in Jail* (Payson, AZ: Leaves of Autumn Publishers, 1992), 145.

20. *Jefferson Sentinel*, 7-5-1975.

21. *Jefferson Sentinel*, 4-25-1957, 4-26-1957 O'Kane was born on November 30, 1920, in Lakewood and lived on a ranch west of Sheridan Boulevard and south of 6th Avenue. His father died in 1921. He enlisted as a glider pilot during World War II and hunted submarines from the air as the war ended. He opened his law practice in Lakewood in 1951 and was elected president of Lakewood's Chamber of Commerce. During this time, Wermuth promoted Gay Noorlun and Larry Clark to the newly created rank of Division Chief in his Agency. In particular, Wermuth's Investigation Division was heavy with rank. Clark was the Division Chief, Bray and Art Nelson were Captains, Kechter was the Lieutenant. They managed a total of 16 Deputy Sheriffs. Noorlun and Clark's roles in the Coors Case were minimal, and there is no evidence that they played any part in the professional struggle between Bray and Wermuth.

22. *Denver Post*, 2-10-1960.

23. "Report of the FBI Laboratory", February 11, 1960, Unknown Suspect, Adolph Coors III, Victim.

24. Memo, W. Burnett to Richard Mc-

Gee, "Escape Advice", 8-2-1955.

25. Corbett dumped Coors' body and returned to his apartment in Denver before 2:00 pm. He took his laundry to Gigantic Cleaners on East 17th and Logan, then went to the mail box and dropped the ransom note inside. The next morning, Corbett skipped town for Toronto via Atlantic City, New Jersey.

26. Bray, *Twenty-Six Years in Jail*, 146.

27. Hardesty asked for the assistance of El Paso County District Attorney, Leo Rector, during the Corbett trial; *Rocky Mountain News*, 5-19-1967, 6-9-1967; Corbett's other attorney, Malcolm MacKay, was killed in an automobile crash on HI 6 in Jefferson County in August 1967.

28. *Rocky Mountain News*, 1-23-1962, 3-12-1962, 3-15-1962, 4-5-1962, 4-19-1962, *Denver Post*, 2-21-1962. The list of applicants was long. Among the applicants were Colorado State Patrolman Roy Griffith, former U.S. Deputy Marshall Thomas Kimball, former

Jefferson County Undersheriff Erwin Beckman, Hardesty's chief investigator Jim Buckley, current Jefferson County Patrol Captain Tony Erosky, former Jefferson County Lieutenant and current deputy County Clerk George Drazich, former Sheridan Police Chief and current Deputy Ray Schultz, current Deputy U.S. Marshall Ray Keech, former Evergreen Constable Bill Weil, current Jefferson County Patrol Division Chief Gaye Norlun, and former Jefferson County Deputy Sheriff Roger Springston, former U. S. Marshal Tom O'Kimball, a current private security officer Russell Colling, current County Coroner Ken Raynie, current Arvada Police Chief Leonard Smith, Lew Hawley and Eugene Brace.

29. Bray, *Twenty-Six Years in Jail*, 147.

30. *Jefferson Sentinel*, 4-26-1962. Julie divorced Wermuth on October 7, 1977 in Las Vegas. Wermuth then relocated to Oregon.



Over the Corral Rail

Compiled by Ed Bathke, P.M. Please submit your items of news, etc. to Ed. Deadline is the 10th of the first month in the date of publication.

Westerners along the Range

The fall season of Colorado Westerners begins. The Boulder Corral September program, "Berthoud Pass Ski Area," was presented by Lucy and Ike Garst. They owned and operated this ski area from 1977-87, have been involved in the ski industry for decades, and are knowledgeable in its history. Both Ike and Lucy are former sheriffs of the Colorado Corral of the Westerners.

In September the Fort Collins Corral heard "Fort Collins Parks" by Carol Tunner. The development and community significance of city's century-old park system were the subjects of Carol's Master's thesis at CSU.

At the September meeting of the Pikes Peak Posse, Thomas Keller presented "Man Out of Time: the Story of Nikola Tesla." The story of one of the greatest electrical geniuses and inventors of all time is always fascinating.

New Corral Hand

The newest corresponding member of the Denver Westerners is Holly Arnold Kinney, who hosted the Westerners' Summer Rendezvous at the Fort Restaurant in Morrison. An overflowing crowd of Denver Posse members and guests enjoyed a Western meal, followed by Holly's presentation, "Shinin' Times at the Fort: New Food of the Old West." We welcome her into the Denver Westerners.

The Denver Westerners: How it all Started

In the very first issue of the *Brand Book* (now the *Roundup* magazine), March 1, 1945, the words of Westerners co-founder Elmo Scott Watson, at the first Denver meeting, Jan. 26, were printed, and that first paragraph is:

"Every once in a while an organization seems to arise out of sheer need for a medium whereby men of common interests can gather and exchange ideas and experiences. For a number of years such eminent men of letters as Dr. LeRoy R. Hafen, Colorado Historian; Professor Levette J. Davidson, nationally known folklore authority; and Thomas H. Ferril, poet and writer, have recognized the need for an informal assembly of men interested in various aspects of Western cultural history. Unfortunately, circumstances never seemed quite favorable until the summer of 1944, when Mr. Leland Case, editor of *The Rotarian* and a member of the Chicago group known as 'The Westerners,' visited Denver and suggested the organization of a Colorado affiliate of 'The Westerners.' The result was the organization of this chapter on January 26, 1945."

Now, over 65 years later, we should still be attempting to remain true to those initial goals, of exchanging ideas and experiences of various aspects of Western cultural history. Elmo continued, saying "Our one and only purpose in this organization is to exchange information relative to the cultural background and evolution of the vast region referred to as the Rocky Mountains and 'The West.'" Today, we should question ourselves: are we holding true to these aims and ideals?

Westerners Bookshelf



Whiter Than Snow by Sandra Dallas. St Martins Press, 2010. 291 pages. Hard-bound, \$24.99

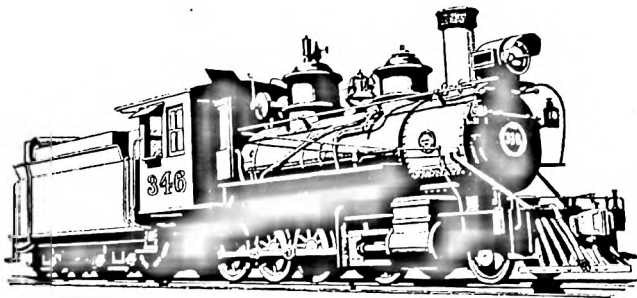
This novel is set in the fictional town of Swandyke, below the Ten Mile Range in Summit County. It takes place in the early 20th century when mining held sway in central Colorado. The story revolves around an avalanche which cuts the town in two and buries nine school children.

Dallas describes the lives of the children's parents. Each followed a unique and, often, painful path in coming to be in the Rockies with family that day. The characters are believable and sensitively developed. Also, she captures the essence of living in a small town – the stories known by all, the social pecking order, the intolerance somehow coupled with live and let live.

We follow the parents as they come to Swandyke. They see the avalanche and learn that students are caught. Then we suffer with them in their waiting and agony as the town digs for the buried children. Some make it out alive, some do not, but all the adult folk survive. And there is the story.

This is another Dallas novel well-grounded in Western fact and a story well knit, entertaining, and satisfyingly told.

--Stan Moore, P.M.



The Texas That Might Have Been, Sam Houston's Foes Write to Albert Sidney Johnston by Margaret Swett Henson. Donald E. Willett Editor. 310 pages. Texas A&M Press, College Station, 2009. Hardbound, \$27.95.

This is an unusual book. Margaret Swett Henson collected a large number of letters written to and by General Albert Sidney Johnston, 1838-1861. Most of the letters relate to Texas history during this period, describing for the first period, the dire economic straits of the young Republic. Attempts were made to raise loans from the U.S., England, and France with little success. The value of Texas money dropped to as little as twenty per cent as a result.

The majority of the letters were written to General Johnston by James Love, who had fought in the War of 1812, was from Kentucky, and settled in Houston in 1837, practicing as an attorney, and investing in Texas lands. He and his friends worked hard to convince the General, unsuccessfully, to run for the Presidency of Texas. Both were supporters of Mirabeau Lamar, and opposed to Houston, whom they saw as too friendly to the Indians, and not aggressive enough towards Mexico. The letters document firsthand many interesting phases of early Texas in those years, and include the Cherokee War in which the Texas forces were led by General Johnston, and the Mexican General Woll's attack on San Antonio in 1842, in an abortive attempt to retake Texas, and the subsequent armistice brokered by the British.

Houston showed himself to be a weak leader by not opposing Mexican aggression, failing to curb Indian attacks, and by his dismantling of the Texas Navy. This left the new Republic vulnerable and poorly able to defend itself. An offer to annex was quickly agreed to by Houston. Many Texans felt that he had sold out the new country.

Other subjects covered include the almost constant sickness, especially Yellow Fever, which was a constant threat, especially in Houston. There was a major epidemic in 1839 that killed a great many. They also suffered from influenza and other such unpleasantness. Other dramatic events, such as the Texan Santa Fe Expedition of 1841 took up much of the discussion. Texans regarded Houston's refusal to attempt a rescue of the ill-fated group as a refusal to defend Texas's boundaries and rights.

Slaves are frequently mentioned, and an incident involving a slave ship, the *Creole*, in which the slaves took over the ship and sailed to the West Indies and were freed by the British, is regarded as an affront to Americans' right to own slaves. The discussion of slaves is casual, and of an almost-everyday occurrence, with no suggestion of them as other than property.

Many of the letters to General Johnston encourage him to run against Houston for the Presidency. James Love's letters lead in that regard, constantly assessing his chances and the opposition. There is much commentary on the political opposition, mention of duels, and even some notes passed back and forward that question the participants honor.

They were collected by Ms. Henson who died before she could put them

together in a book. Donald Willett assumed that task. The book is well footnoted, with notes following every letter, mostly from the Handbook of Texas. There are three sections: 1. is the Lamar Years, from 1838-1841; 2. is the Houston Years from 1842 to 1845; and 3. covers Statehood and Secession 1846-1861. During the latter period, many of the letter writers abandoned Texas, some going to the California Gold Fields, others to Washington D.C. or Kentucky. Some participated in the Mexican War, notably General Johnston who formed a Texas Brigade, and fought at the Battle of Monterey.

The main writers, James Love and General Johnston, both left Texas. Johnston was famously killed at Shiloh in 1862, fighting as a Major General of the Confederate States of America. The last letter is from James to Johnston as this great conflict was getting underway. All in all, the letters give a vivid and important view of life in Texas during these years, and account for much of what is going on. This is a very readable, well-organized book.

--Alan Culpin, P.M.

The Royal Airforce in Texas: Training British Pilots in Terrell during World War II by Tom Killebrew. Foreward by Air Vice-Marshall H. Gill. University of North Texas Press, Denton Texas, 2003. 208 pages, photos, bibliography, index. Paper, \$19.95

With the beginning of the Second World War in Europe when Nazi Germany invaded Poland on September 1, 1939, Britain and France within days entered the conflict by giving their support to Poland. It was then that Britain put into effect its training programs for her armed forces in the event of war. This was especially so with the British Royal Air Force.

Royal Air Force officials had a plan that would train pilots and aircrews in Commonwealth countries. Some of the disadvantages of flight training in Britain during wartime included the limited size of the country, poor weather and the possibility of attack from the enemy. When hostilities started the RAF put into operation the Empire Air Training Scheme (later renamed the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan). This plan enabled pilots and aircrews to be trained in a number of Commonwealth countries. British officials also looked to the United States for assistance in the use of additional training facilities. At first the request was turned down largely due to America's neutrality and strong isolationist position. However it was not long before Congress passed the Lend-Lease Bill and the president signed it into being on March 11, 1941.

As a result of several meetings between British Royal Air Force and U.S. Army Air Corps officials, four different programs to train British aircrew in the United States started to become reality. One of these programs known as the British Flying Training Schools would utilize civilian flight schools. Six civilian flight schools were constructed in the United States specifically for RAF pilot training. The first of these six schools, No. 1 British Flying Training School (BFTS) was located at Terrell, Texas, east of Dallas.

This is the subject of Tom Killebrew's **The Royal Air Force in Texas**. The students (cadets) at Terrell trained in the air and on the ground. While in the air they learned aerobatics, instrument flight and night flying. Their ground training consisted of navigation, meteorology, aircraft engines, and armaments. The future British pilots began training at the Terrell airfield (built specifically for them) on August 25, 1941. Since the airfield was located just a few miles outside of town these young men from far-away Britain became a familiar sight when they had time off from their courses. It did not take long for the cadets to accept Texas hospitality. For some, bonds of friendship were begun with the townspeople that lasted well after the war ended. For eighteen cadets their stay in Terrell became permanent. As a result of flying accidents they are buried in a section of Terrell's municipal cemetery "that is forever England". It is estimated that more than two thousand RAF cadets received their training at Terrell.

For those who are interested in World War II aviation, or more specifically the RAF during the war, Tom Killebrew's book will make a very fine addition to their personal library.

--Mark Hutchins, P.M.

The Training Ground – Grant, Lee, Sherman and Davis in the Mexican War, 1846-1848, by Martin Dugard. University of Nebraska Press, 2008. 446 pages, index, maps, photos, bibliography. Softbound, \$22.95

The fraternity of West Pointers is the basis of this book. Many young men studied and marched together, encouraged one another, stood up for each other at weddings and fought together in Texas, California and Mexico. Sadly, they faced off from 1862-65.

This is a good basic history of the Mexican War, both its political causes and the battles themselves. In some ways the lead up to this conflict was the first skirmish in the Civil War – it had to do with the spread of slavery as much as with settling the continent.

Many who would later make names for themselves in the Civil War are mentioned. Meade, Longstreet, Jackson, Pemberton, Bragg, McClellan, Lincoln and others are treated. The book's emphasis is on the battle experiences and actions of Grant, Davis and Lee. Lessons they learned there were drawn on fifteen years later, particularly by Grant and Lee. Both "saw the elephant" and acquitted themselves intelligently and gallantly. Davis was a brave and effective combat leader but the lessons he learned had scant application in the political arena where he spent the Civil War. Sherman's war is accounted for but he spent it in California as Aide to the military governor. He saw no combat and never entered Mexico.

Dugard brings home how much a brotherhood the officers shared. As friends and colleagues they fought well in Mexico and then had to choose sides in 1861. Many but not all the survivors reconciled later in life.

This book gives an interesting sidelight on the Mexican War and a foretaste of the American Civil War.

--Stan Moore, P.M.

Giant Under the Hill: A History of the Spindletop Oil Discovery at Beaumont, Texas, in 1901 by Judith Walker Linsley, Ellen Walker Rienstra and Jo Ann Stiles. Austin: Texas State Historical Association, 2002. 304 pages, illustrations, b&w photos, bibliography, index, endnotes. Cloth, \$29.95, Paperback, \$22.95

We have all seen the picture, oil drilling derricks packed together like trees in an overgrown forest ; a sensational symbol of greed unrestrained by modern responsibilities. Such was my initial reaction to this book and I was badly misinformed. Texans have a justifiable privilege to be proud [and it irks me to admit it] of the story of Spindletop for it was the first world-class oil discovery in history and it truly changed everything.

In *Giant Under the Hill*, the authors take a global perspective to a regional story and turn it into an engaging, lyrical tale worth the time to read it. Linsley, Rienstra and Stiles take careful consideration of their topic to place it in historical context. They weave their detailed research into a chronological adventure where the reader knows the ending but impatiently awaits for the climatic explosion of the Lucas gusher which spewed its oil on a par with the recent blowout in the Gulf of Mexico. Mercifully, the eruption only lasted nine days before the well exhausted itself and left nearly one million barrels of oil on the flat prairie of south Texas.

In this book, we learn the personalities of the men and women involved in this discovery, of their pragmatic and inventive resourcefulness, of the commercial interests that seized on this new energy source and the consequences of this very American tale of single-minded passion and determination. Since many of the people found in this story lived well into mid-century, the authors were able to use many primary and secondary sources to bring them to life. Additionally, the technological side of this story also is well documented and presented in an accurate, but not too dry, manner.

The triumph of *Giant* lies in the authors' setting the stage in the historical context both before and after the discovery. They introduce the reader to the infant oil industry in the rologue and first chapter, "The Early Seekers." The story turns dramatic as the discovery itself is revealed in the chapters, "The Well and Spindletop;" and finally "Boomtown" describes a scene any Coloradoan would recognize. As a history, the authors are obliged to tell a complete story and the final chapters plod along with the required, but somewhat dull, analysis of the evolving oil industry centered in Texas. At this point the book becomes a commercial history and lacks the excitement of the earlier chapters. Despite the tedium of these chapters, the authors make noteworthy points about the profound impact of this vast, cheap energy source on the industrial engine of American and global commerce.

Giant Under the Hill is a well-written, effective history which succeeds in pulling the reader into the events. It paints the characters of the history in human, not Texas, sized dimensions. Intended for a general audience, the book could be used in an academic setting. Well researched and documented, it is a good example of intellectual entertainment.



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

November - December 2010



Bathke collection

**Edith Clements, her husband Frederic and the Alpine
Laboratory**
by Nancy and Ed Bathke
(presented January 24, 2010)



Our Authors

The Bathkes have been Colorado residents for 50 years, and after living in Manitou Springs for 33 years, they are now residents of Douglas County. Nancy is a collector of antique souvenir spoons, sheet music and souvenir glass of Colorado. Ed collects old photographs, stereoviews of Colorado and books of Colorado. They are members of the Ghost Town Clubs of Colorado and Colorado Springs, the Pikes Peak Posse, Boulder and Colorado Corrals as well as the Denver Posse.

Ed joined the Denver Posse as a corresponding member in 1965 and became a Posse member in 1970. He served as Sheriff in 1972. Nancy was the second woman elected to membership in the Denver Posse, (1993) and in 2000 was the second woman to serve as Sheriff.

The duo have presented many papers to the Westerners and all of the clubs mentioned above. They have papers published in the Brand Books and have helped edit same.

Ed is a mathematician and retired as a computer analyst from Kaman Sciences in Colorado Springs. Nancy retired as an elementary school teacher from school districts in El Paso and Jefferson counties.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS

ROUNDUP

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Edith Clements, her husband Frederic and the Alpine Laboratory

by Nancy and Ed Bathke
(presented January 24, 2010)

In one of the earliest books covering wildflower identification in Colorado, that was authored by the Clements, the following three lines were printed:

Alpine Lab
Manitou Springs
Edith Clements

This led the authors to numerous questions about the Alpine Lab and Edith Clements. This article will attempt to answer some of the questions but it is far from the complete biography of Edith Clements, her husband, or her work.

One of the earliest publications of Clements and Clements, titled *Rocky Mountain Flowers*, was published July 22, 1913. Minnehaha-on-Ruxton, Manitou, Colorado, was listed as the place of publication. Minnehaha is a waterfall on Ruxton Creek which the Manitou and Pikes Peak Cog Railway passes on its trip up Pikes Peak. In that vicinity was an area, Artist's Glen, where the pioneer photographer William Hook had a studio and it was close to Halfway House, a resort hotel and popular stopping place on the sojourn up Pikes Peak. The book *Rocky Mountain Flowers* had several printings, the most recent being 1963. And, the illustrating, both color plates and black-and-white

sketches, was done by Edith Clements, an untrained artist. Examination of the many articles and books written by her famous ecologist husband Frederic and all the flower books the Clements jointly authored shows that Edith had done all the illustrations. A list of their publications is in the addendum of this article.

One of the Clements' later books, *Flower Families and Ancestors*, published in Santa Barbara, Calif. in 1928, was not a book to help the wildflower aficionado to learn and identify plants, but was a discourse on the relationship of flower groups and of their evolution. This was a book for botany students, expanding their views of the plant world, similar to a book about dogs, showing relationships ranging from the family pet to wolves, as an example. In this book Clements advocated the establishment of living wildflower gardens, not herbaria of pressed, dried plants. A chart was published in 1908, a graph, or family tree of plants which was included in many of their later publications. They were attempting to show plants in the way Darwin had shown animals.

Resources and biographical books of botanists contain short

articles on the Clements. Joseph Ewan's *Rocky Mountain Naturalists* has more credence than other biographies. Joseph studied at the Alpine Lab with Edith and Frederic Clements during the last year of the Lab's existence. Furthermore, Denver Westerner Posse members Erl Ellis and his wife Scotty had a close friendship with Ewan and his family. An interview with Carrie "Scotty" Ellis Wilkins confirmed this.

Frederic Clements was born in Lincoln, Nebraska. His father was a photographer in the Lincoln and Wahoo areas. Frederic died July 26, 1945. When he was alive, all references stated that he was the most influential ecologist in the world at that time, and he was also known as the father of ecology. He entered the University of Nebraska at the young age of 15 for the 1890-91 school year. In 1894 he received his B. S. degree and was appointed an assistant in botany. When he completed his masters in 1896 he was elevated to instructor at Nebraska. In 1898 he earned his Ph. D. His rise was steady and rapid: adjunct professor, 1899; assistant professor, 1903; associate professor, 1905; and a full professor, 1906-07. Of course, he was intelligent and accomplished, and was a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

Our heroine of this article is Edith Gertrude Schwartz Clements. She was born Oct. 5, 1874 in Albany, New York, and moved to Nebraska for her early schooling.

Edith died in La Jolla, Calif. June 30, 1971, and was writing well into her nineties. Her education, and her rise in the field of botany, were also fast but apparently prejudice against women held her back from promotions to higher levels in academia. Newspaper articles constantly reported about Dr. Clements, her husband, and then added, almost as an afterthought, Mrs. Clements. There is no evidence that she was known or addressed as Dr. Clements herself.

Following prep school in Nebraska, Edith enrolled for one term in a business college in Mankato, Minnesota. Later in her career her note-taking and typing skills were fully utilized. Next Edith attended the University of Minnesota for one year, before transferring to the University of Nebraska. She received her B. A. in German in 1898 and became a teaching fellow. Later her fluency in German and natural ability with foreign languages were of great use in translating and using ecology books and articles from foreign sources.

Then Edith met Frederic and things changed – her major was now botany with a minor in German and geology. She was also inducted into Phi Beta Kappa. In 1904 she became the first woman to achieve a Ph.D. at the University of Nebraska. She was then appointed an assistant teacher of botany.

Before Frederic met Edith

he came to Colorado to do mountain research on Pikes Peak and Mt. Harvard. Edith and Frederic were married May 30, 1899, and they rented a cottage near Minnehaha Falls on Pikes Peak for their honeymoon. What a romantic, faraway, beautiful place to spend the first weeks of their marriage! However they were not alone: family and friends, students, and co-workers in ecology came to this place to study with them. In this area, later to become the Alpine Lab, they collected, dried, labeled, mounted, and sold seeds and sets of plants to herbaria and institutions all over the world. This would pay for the first year of the Alpine Lab, and really get their dream started. This lab was in existence until Frederic's death. At first the Clements funded the lab themselves. The Carnegie Institute, Washington, D. C., took over responsibility of lab, and provided funding, although the Clements operated it. In 1917 the Clements began financing the lab again, as well as other laboratories in Arizona and California. While the Alpine Lab was getting well-established Frederic was the head of botany at the University of Minnesota, as well as the Minnesota State Botanist, which paid the bills. Edith was an instructor of botany at the University of Minnesota and later, a full assistant of the Alpine Lab. While at the University of Minnesota, the Clements wrote a guide to the spring flowers



In this portrait, Edith referred to herself as a "chauffeur, photographer, secretary, mechanic, and field assistant," truly a "jack of all trades" and the right hand of Frederic in his research

of Minnesota. Pikes Peak Posse of Westerners member Carolyn Bassett (a Minnesota native) has used the two flower books of Minnesota that the Clements produced. But these are among the rarer of their publications, and the authors could find no available copies for purchase in the used book market.

With the establishment of laboratories in Colorado, California, and Arizona, and with the support of the Carnegie Institute, the Clements left the University of Minnesota and



Frederic Clements in his desert laboratory

academia to the life of travel, research and writing. Every year they, college students, and professors carried on experiments at the labs. The Clements would spend time at all three and then go to Washington, D. C. to write up the yearly reports, and publish books and articles to pay the bills.

Frederic was always an outdoorsman, athlete and hiker. He was reported to be able to hike 3 ½ miles an hour indefinitely. He was on the football scrub team at the University of Nebraska. He would rather work than eat or sleep. But ill health in 1941 caused him to retire. The final year of the Alpine Lab was probably 1943, as operations wound

down before his death in 1945.

Edith was a major partner in this pair's endeavors. In her book Adventures in Ecology, which was somewhat autobiographical, one learns that she drove the car, took field notes, photographed plants, and painted, drew, and illustrated all of Frederic's books. She was the secretary, mechanic, and field assistant. Her original illustrations of Colorado flowers were placed in the Colorado Museum of Natural History (now the Museum of Nature and Science). Her illustrations of California wildflowers from their California Lab were purchased by the Santa Barbara Museum of Natural History. The *National Geographic* magazine published her work in the May 1927 and August 1937 issues. She was known for being accurate and botanically correct in her illustrations. Edith and Frederic also published in more popular, although less scholarly, publications such as *Nature* magazine, *Ladies Home Journal*, and even *St. Nicholas* magazine (for children).

This couple would tire most people with their wide range of interests and knowledge. They were fluent in many languages -- Greek, Latin, English, German, Polish and more -- and these were needed for translation of books in their field of study. Both loved literature and poetry, although Frederic described the poems that Edith wrote as doggerel. Frederic was also noted for



The steam locomotive of the Manitou and Pikes Peak Railway puffs past Minnehaha Falls on Ruxton Creek, at the site once known as Artist Glen, and later a major site of the Clements' Alpine Laboratory on the slopes of Pikes Peak.

his knowledge of geology, medicine and music. He was reported to have a brilliant mind, and Edith had to be the same to keep up with him.

The labs and other jobs took them all over the United States, including many National Parks. Edith did all the driving, in the cars she named: Billy, Bingo, Bluebird, Gwendolyn and Sallie.

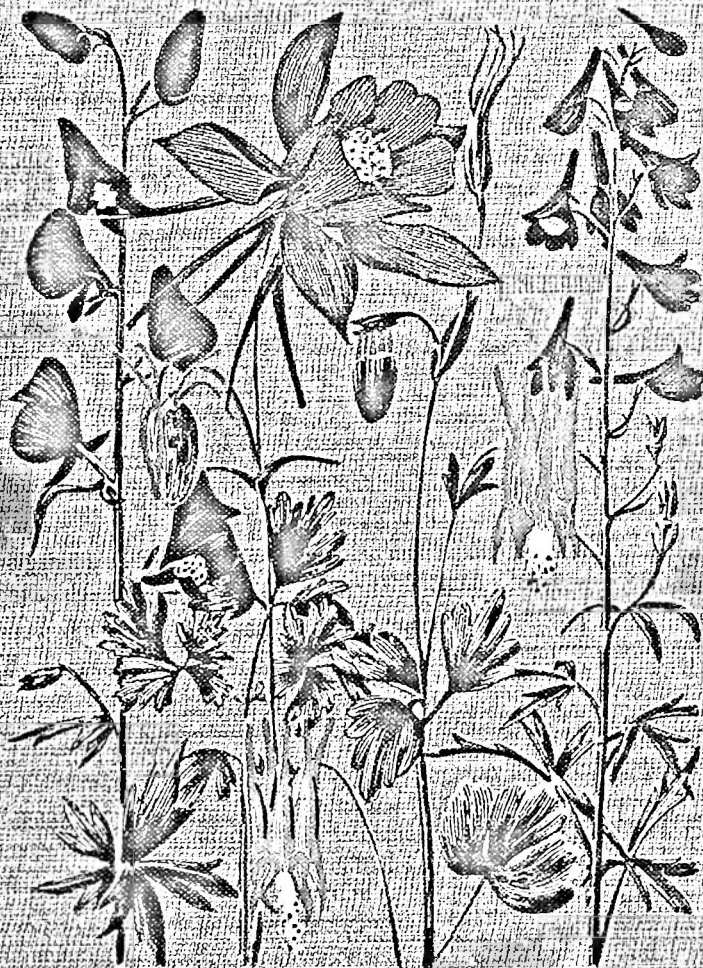
As to the Alpine Lab, many questions can be asked: where was it, can we see it today, and how long did it exist. Relatively little has been written concerning this site. Local historians, Ivan Brunk in *Pike's Peak Pioneers*, and John Fetler in *Pikes Peak People*, each devote just a couple pages to the Alpine Lab. There are errors in the Fetler

description.

Frederic Clements once said Pikes Peak was the perfect place for his dream lab, since from the top of Pikes Peak, to the plains and desert east of Colorado Springs, a distance of ten miles covered all the different climatic zones from the Alpine in the Arctic tundra, to the desert on the equator.

But, in addition the Pikes Peak Cog Road was there, allowing them to transport people and equipment up and down the mountainside. However, additionally the Clements, other noted scientists, and students were excellent hikers, and they covered areas that the cog railroad did not reach. Students even created an apparatus which

FLOWERS OF MOUNTAIN AND PLAIN



EDITH · S · CLEMENTS

The cover of Edith's first major flower illustration book, *Flowers of Mountain and Plain*, 1925



Plate 1, from *Flowers of Mountain and Plain*, the "Buttercup Family," displaying the authentic detail of Edith's artwork. The flowers shown are (l to r) Monkshood, Blue Columbine, Red Columbine and Larkspur



In her biographical work, *Adventures in Ecology*, Edith titled this photo "Dictation in the field," aptly illustrating some her vital support roles in working with Frederic

had wheels and fit on the cog track. The people sat on it like a toboggan, and down they went. Brakes, or lack thereof, must have been a problem, as well as the fact that the creation had to be returned uphill, either by the railroad train or muscle power of the young.

Photographs of buildings just off the Pikes Peak Cog Road tracks show us the extent of the laboratory. Names of some of the many buildings were Spruce Ridge, Hiawatha (later Pine Croft), and Fir Lodge. Western author Ivan Brunk, in his booklet *Pikes Peak Pioneers*, followed grantor-grantee books at the El Paso County court house. At first Frederic and Edith has rented a cottage; later they purchased it. Land parcels changed hands several times,

with the Clements buying and selling, the Carnegie owning it at times and finally the Clements had control when Frederic died. Edith sold all buildings and property to the City of Colorado Springs. Later the sites were transferred to the Pike National Forest. In the late 70s and 80s the philosophy of the Forest Service was to level everything not natural, especially to avoid liability lawsuits, and minimize maintenance work. By the end of the 1970s essentially no remnants of the Alpine Lab around the area of Minnehaha Falls, William Hook's original Artist's Glen, were apparent.

Newspaper articles in the *Gazette-Telegraph* reported that there were experimental sites on Pikes Peak, at Windy Point, in



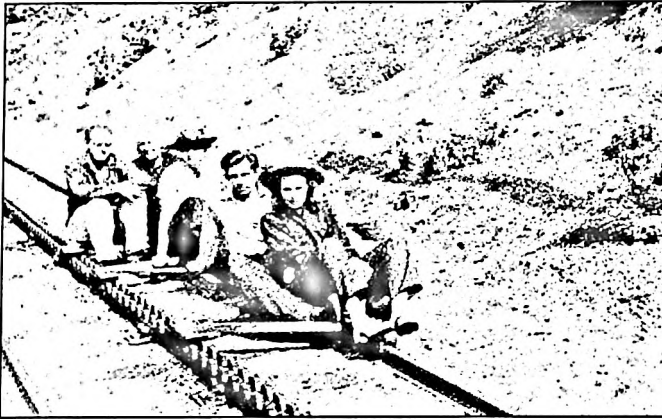
Difficult photography in the Badlands shows the lengths to which the Clements' research took them

Manitou Springs, on the Colorado College campus in Colorado Springs, and on the desert east of town. The wide range of environmental conditions was just what the Clements sought. They were pioneers in ecology, the study of plants in relationship to all other studies, such as weather, animals, soil, geology, and altitude. Experiments were done every year from 1900 until 1941, answering questions posed by the Clements and famous scientists around the world. For example, winter wheat was grown at Windy Point, above timberline; new roadside plants were selected; better plants and seeds were developed. The Alpine Lab scientists assisted the Fremont Experimental Station, also on Pikes Peak, which did re-

search on trees acquired worldwide, determining which were best suited to thrive in that montane area.

Today Mel McFarland, a member of the Pikes Peak Posse of the Westerners, author and authority on the Colorado Midland Railroad, and an engineer on the Manitou and Pikes Peak Cog Railway, reports that remnants of the experimental plots are visible around Windy Point. One can view aerial photographs on Internet sites such as Google, and view the unusual disturbances at this high altitude. Likewise, Cog Road passengers can see scant foundations at Minnehaha, as the Cog Road slowly passes by on its way up the mountain.

The Alpine Lab was not the only physical area used by the



Younger members of the Alpine Lab. staff, many of them college students, improvised transportation on the M&PP Ry. for a quick trip to Manitou Spgs.

Clements, and labs, aided by Carnegie, were also located in Tucson, Arizona, and Santa Barbara, California. Since the Carnegie headquarters were in Washington, D. C. the Clements drove on an annual trek: summer at Pikes Peak, spring and autumn in Washington, D. C., and winter in Arizona and California. On these sojourns Edith did all the driving, since Frederic was not a reliable driver. He had been known to drive off the road while looking at the plants. So he was relegated to the passenger seat where he had his typewriter set up. Frederic and Edith were ever active and busy. In addition to their laboratory and Carnegie work, they also collaborated with the National Parks, the U. S. Forest Service, Department of Soil Conservation groups, agricultural

organizations, and New Deal agencies. During Dust Bowl days they worked on solutions to cope with the drought and windy conditions, providing good food crops from the results of their extensive research.

Honors for Frederic and Edith were numerous. Foremost among these, a flower was named for them, the *Clemensia rhodantha* rose – common name of rose crown. Today flower manuals don't always use the *Clemensia* name. Just as the Clements brought standards to plant nomenclature, after their deaths botanists again revised usage.

Frederic was given an honorary L. L. D. from the University of Nebraska in 1940. After his death Edith established a scholarship at Texas A & M University and it became a depository for many of Frederic's items. Also, at the time of his death, the magazine *Ecology* devoted an entire issue with tributes to Frederic and articles about him.

But the University of Wyoming gained the most material from the life work of these two scientists. Over one hundred boxes of photographs, diaries, articles, short stories and poems, correspondence, manu-

scripts, and personal memorabilia are housed in the library in Laramie. Also among the files are high school art courses and pencil sketches, which may give an idea where Edith's skill in art and illustrating was developed. Edith lived to be ninety-six years old, and she wrote an unpublished essay when she was ninety-five. Titled "We were Seven," it is housed in Wyoming.

Edith wrote a delightful autobiographical work in 1960, titled *Adventures in Ecology, Half a Million Miles: From Mud to Macadam*. This book was a collection of anecdotes and adventures that Edith and Frederic had over the years. It is very enlightening as it allows the reader to get to really know Edith. The book's greatest shortcoming is the lack of dates and places, to specifically correspond to events in their lives. Photos of their numerous cars, their travels, their experiments, and the Alpine Lab are included.

In her book Edith, known to family and friends as "Cherie," told a story about a friend's young daughter, Margaret, who asked, "What would I have to know in order to have a job visiting National Parks and traveling all over the country, the way Uncle Fred and Cheri do?"

Cherie's answer was,

"It's much easier to marry someone who knows it all, and if you know some yourself and can draw and paint and take photographs

and drive a car and typewrite and a few things like that you can go *along* the way I did." But, truly, Cherie was the driving force.

A more complete coverage of Edith Clements needs further research, at Texas A & M, the University of Wyoming, the Denver Museum of Science and Nature, the Santa Barbara Museum of Science, plus examination of land records in Colorado Springs; Tucson, Ariz.; and Santa Barbara, Calif. With this article, we meet our intent of introducing historians to the Clements and their research, and the Alpine Lab. This accomplished pair of scientists certainly deserves an extensive biographical work.

An Annotated List of Clements Publications

The following publications are listed chronologically.

Guide to the Spring Flowers of Minnesota, by Frederic Clements, Carl Rosendahl and Frederic Butters. University of Minnesota Press, MN, 1908, 62 pp., illus. Both Clements were teaching at the University of Minnesota, and Frederic was also the Minnesota State Botanist. F. E. Clements' two co-authors kept the book in print after he left Minnesota. There were at least eight editions, including reprints in 1931 and 1937, and a revision in 1951. The latest editions were 112 pp.

Minnesota Trees and Shrubs, by



Flowers of Mountain and Plain
plate 23, the snapdragon family

Frederic Clements, C. Otto Rosendahl and Frederic Butters. University of Minnesota Press, MN, 1912, 314 pp., illus. At least five editions followed, through 1923, by the two co-authors.

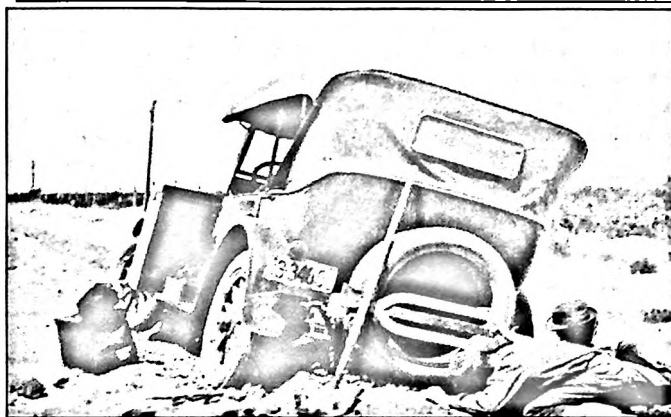
Rocky Mountain Flowers, an Illustrated Guide for Plant-lovers and Plant-users, The H. W. Wilson Co., White Plains, NY, 1914, 392 pp., 25 plates in color and 22 plates in black and white. The preface lists the byline "Minnehaha-on-Ruxton, Manitou, Colorado, July 22, 1913." The title page lists the authors with extensive vitae, 1) Frederic Edward Clements, Ph. D., Head of the Department of Botany in the University of Minnesota, and State

Botanist; Director of the Pike's Peak Alpine Laboratory, and 2) Edith Swartz Clements, Ph. D., Instructor in Botany in the University of Minnesota and in the Pike's Peak Alpine Laboratory. Subsequent printings were done in 1917, 1920, 1928, 1945, 1949, and 1963.

Flowers of Mountain and Plain, by Edith S. Clements. The H. W. Wilson Co., White Plains, NY, 1915, unpaginated (86 pp.), 43 color plates. The purpose of this book is provided by the preface:

"*Flowers of Mountain and Plain* is intended primarily for travelers and flower lovers who wish a short cut to recognizing flowers seen on excursions or from car windows. It may also serve as a souvenir of pleasant summer days or vacation trips. The book consists of 25 color plates to be found in *Rocky Mountain Flowers* (Clements and Clements, 1914), representing 175 of the most beautiful and striking flowers of the mountains and plains of the West. If it succeeds in opening the eyes of the passer-by to an appreciation of the flowers by the way, or in furthering an already awakened interest, it will have served its purpose.

Edith S. Clements
University of Minnesota, March 30, 1915" In 1926, a second edition added simple text to the plates. Its preface was bylined "Alpine Laboratory, Manitou, Colorado, July 9, 1920." **Flower Families and Ancestors**, by Clements and Clements, both of



Adventures of early road travel included being pulled out of quicksand

Carnegie Institute of Washington. The H. W. Wilson Co., NY, 1928, 156 pp., 64 illustrations plus flower chart.

From the preface, "The chart method was originated in 1900 for the purpose of emphasizing the family type as a means of identification and of correspondingly reducing the difficulties of so-called 'keys' for beginners. It was soon discovered that it possessed even greater value in portraying relationship and evolution, and this led to its continued elaboration for a quarter of a century."

The chart in abbreviated form was used by the Clements in many of their flower books, starting even in the 1908 Minnesota guide.

Flowers of Coast and Sierra, by Edith S. Clements, Carnegie Institution of Washington. The H. W.

Wilson Co., NY, 1928, 226 pp., 32 color plates. Reprinted 1947, 1950.

This book was the result of the Clements' Santa Barbara laboratory work. It is similar to Edith's 1915 volume, *Flowers of Mountain and Plain*, in

that it is primarily an identification guide, using accurate and detailed color plates, with accompanying descriptive text. A second printing was issued in 1947, a third in 1950, and a fourth in 1959.

Flowers of Prairie and Woodland, by Edith S. Clements. The H. W. Wilson Co., NY, 1947, 83 pp., 24 color plates.

As Edith states in her preface, by-lined "La Jolla, California, June 24, 1946," this is the fourth in the series of guides. She describes the series, and generating the illustrations on site and over the years. At the time Frederic was deceased, and she was living in California.

Adventures in Ecology, Half a Million Miles... from Mud to Macadam, by Edith S. Clements. Pageant Press, NY, 1960, 244 pp., illus.

Now nearing 90 years of age, Edith provides a summary of their activities.

Frederic being a lead figure in the field of ecology, the Clements, and especially Frederic himself, generated many books and articles of a technical and academic nature on botany, ecology, and related subjects. These have been omitted from this compilation of their books in the popular domain.

Bibliography

American Men of Science, a Biographical Dictionary, by J. Cattell (ed.), Jacques Cattell Press, Tempe, AZ, 1906-.

Biographical Dictionary of American and Canadian Naturalists and Environmentalists, by Keir Sterling (ed.) et al, Greenwood Press, Westport, CT, 1997 937 pp.

Bibliography and History of Colorado Botany, by Edith Allison, **University of Colorado Studies 6**, by Francis Ramaley (ed.), University of Colorado, Boulder, CO, 1908.

Biographies of Western Photographers, by Carl Mautz, Carl Mautz Publishing, Nevada City, CA, 1997, 599 pp., illus.

Book of Colorado Springs, by Manly Dayton Ormes and Eleanor R. Ormes, Dentan Printing Co., Colorado Springs, 1933, 366 pp., illus.

Colorado and its People, by LeRoy R. Hafen (ed.), Lewis Historical Publishing Co., NY, 1948, Volume II (of 4).

Dictionary of American Biography, Supplement 3, 1928-1950, by

Johnson and Malone, Scribner, NY.

Makers of North American Botany, by Harry Baker Humphrey, Ronald Publ., NY, 1961, 265 pp.

National Cyclopaedia of American Biography, by Ainsworth Spofford (advisory editor), J. T. White & Co., Clifton, NJ, 1898-1947.

Pikes Peak Atlas, by Robert M. Ormes, (no publ.), Colorado Springs, CO, 1959, 28 pp, maps.

Pikes Peak People, by John Fetler, Caxton Printers, Caldwell, ID, 1956, 296 pp., illus.

Pike's Peak Pioneers, by Ivan W. Brunk, Little London Press, Colorado Springs, CO, 1987, 64 pp., illus.

Rocky Mountain Naturalists, by Joseph Ewan, University of Denver Press, Denver, CO, 1950, 358 pp., illus.

Wild Flower Name Tales, by Berta Anderson, Century One Press, Colorado Springs, CO, 1976, 124 pp., illus.

Periodicals and Manuscripts

Colorado Springs *Gazette-Telegraph*

Ecology, Vol. 35, No. 2, April 1954

Inventory of the Edith S. and Frederic E. Clements Papers, University of Wyoming Heritage Center, 1876-1969 (107 boxes)

Over the Corral Rail

Compiled by Ed Bathke, P.M. Please submit your items of news, etc. to Ed. Deadline is the 10th of the first month in the date of publication.

Colorado Westerners Activities along the Front Range

Presentations to the Boulder Corral of Westerners were: October, "The Myth of Crazy Horse," by Dr. James Hester, corral member; November, "The Fighting Fertigs: Colorado's Mining Engineer Guerillas," by Stephen S. Hart.

Presentations to the Colorado Corral of Westerners were: October, "The Tabor Legend," by Bob Rothe; November, "Sand Creek Revisited," by David Halaas.

Presentations to the Fort Collins Corral of Westerners were: October, "The Lonely Pyramid on Sherman Hill," by Anna Lee Ames Frohlich; November, "The Fremont Survey Expedition," by Stephen Schell.

Presentations to the Pikes Peak Posse of Westerners were: October, "Crystal Mining in the Crystal Peak Area," by Joseph Dorris; November, "Edmund van Diest: Palmer's Extraordinary Engineer," by Dave Finley, Pikes Peak Posse member.

Denver Posse Activities

Active Posse member John Monnett was notified by Westerners International that he won the Westerners "Coke Award" for best journal article on Western history for 2009. It was presented at the Western History Association Conference on Oct. 16 at Lake Tahoe's Incline Village, Nevada. The title of the article is "My Heart Now has Become Changed to Softer Feelings: A Cheyenne Woman and Her Family Remember the Long Journey Home," published in the Summer 2009 issue of *Montana: The Magazine of Western History*. In April John had received the 49th annual Wrangler Award from the Western Heritage Cowboy Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City, also for this article.

Rare Ephemera Donated to the State Historical Society of Iowa Library

Active Posse member Bob Lane, during his tenure as chairman of the Possibles Bag committee, has received many interesting member donations for drawings and auctions. One item caught his attention, a small 4x6-inch pamphlet, typical of the promotional and souvenir booklets issued by

communities in the late 19th century. But the community was Oto, Iowa; Bob researched Oto, both in pioneer and present times, learning that it was and still is a very small locale. So he contacted the State Historical Society of Iowa. They reported that they were aware of the booklet, they had excerpts, but lacked a complete original copy. Bob recognized that the booklet belonged in Iowa, and accordingly the Denver Posse of Westerners has donated the Oto ephemera to them.

New Denver Posse Members

During 2010 several new corresponding members joined the Denver Posse. Among these, that have not previously been recognized this year are: Gary Smith, Centennial; Janet Cunningham, Arvada; Peg Williams, Denver; David Irving, Denver; Ben Zwibecker, Centennial; Carl Sandburg, Aurora; Chuck Terry, Centennial; Bill Schipper, Arvada; Kimberly Field, Littleton; Shirley Miller, Aurora; William Reich, Boulder; Ron Pitcock, Golden; Richard Graca, Denver; Carole Lomand, Golden; Pam Milavec, Northglenn; John Voehl, Littleton.

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Westerners Bookshelf



Winchester Warriors: Texas Rangers of Company D, 1874-1901, by Bob Alexander. University of North Texas Press, Denton, 2009. 402 pages. Illustrated with photographs; endnotes; index. Cloth, dustjacket, \$29.95.

There seems to be a never-ending procession of Texas Ranger books. As set out by Bob Alexander in his preface, there always seems to be “[a] nother book about the Texas Rangers.” (Indeed, this reviewer once toyed with writing a book called “Another Texas Ranger Book.”) But, as Alexander points out, in his preface, which is a fine bibliographical essay in itself, there are many types of Ranger books. These include weighty overviews, biographies, autobiographies, tomes about specific incidents or wars, and, of course, many, many rehashes of all of the above. Alexander, however, promises that this volume, detailing the almost day-to-day life of a specific company in the Frontier Battalion, will be different. It is (and that is a good thing).

Like the recent book by Jeff Burton about “Blackjack” Ketchum (also published by University of North Texas Press), the research sources that went into *Winchester Warriors* is exhaustive, including, especially, official records in the Texas Adjutant General’s Office and information from the collections of the Texas Ranger Museum at Fort Fisher (Waco). The result is a wealth of information. Company D was involved in much that will be familiar to students of the Texas Ranger: the Mason County War, the Lost Valley Indian Fight, the campaign against fence cutters, the Garza Revolution and other border battles, the Woodpecker-Jaybird feud in Fort Bend County in 1889, various train robberies and other crimes, and the “great” prizefight that occurred near Langtry in 1896. Personalities covered by Alexander include Major Jones, Jim Gillett, Jeff Milton, Johnny Ringo, Ira and Ed Aten, John Selmon, Pat Garrett, Roy Bean, and Special Ranger Cyrus Lafayette Broome (no doubt related to our present sheriff, Jeff Broome).

Most importantly, Alexander’s method of discussion and analysis is consistent with his law enforcement background. There are important details about such background-but-important things as pay, rations, weaponry, recruitment, and desertions. Alexander also notes how the Rangers employed an early use of dental records to identify a murder victim.

Near the end of his volume, in wrapping up the old frontier days,

Alexander notes how some fancy-pants Texas lawyer successfully argued that “privates” in the paramilitary Rangers were not “officers” of the law and, therefore, lacked arrest powers. The discussion of this episode epitomizes the strength – and potential weakness – of Alexander’s writing style. Alexander – the tell-it-like-it-is street cop – sometimes may go overboard with use of “vernacular” language (including rhetorical cursing), but he certainly doesn’t kowtow to political correctness. He may sometimes betray his obvious old-time Texas Democrat perspective – making fun of Coloradans who are at the more peaceful end of the Rio Grande and calling Edmund Davis a “carpetbag governor” (he wasn’t – he was a Texas Unionist, a “scalawag”), but, on the whole, the whole volume is refreshingly not like the tripe put out today by many pin-headed college professors. The University of North Texas deserves much credit for having the “courage” (Alexander would use another word that comes to mind) to let Alexander have his say in his own Texian way. As a lawyer who has been criticized (by a prominent politician) for being too “interesting and entertaining,” the reviewer must stress that Bob Alexander makes it work. Hot-diggity-dog, he makes it work! He turns what could be a boring recitation of facts into a fascinating story.

This book is recommended as highly as the tower at San Jacinto goes into the Texas sky (just a bit higher than the Washington Monument). There are lots of Ranger books out there, many of them good. But this is one that even pin-headed professors ought to relish, if only to enjoy their self-righteous indignation at some of the comments. This is more than a keeper; it is a trophy.

--John Hutchins, P.M.

Wyoming Range War: The Infamous Invasion of Johnson County by John W. Davis. University of Oklahoma Press, 2010. 384 pp. 25 B&W illustrations, map, bibliography, index. Cloth \$29.95.

The Johnson County War is a defining moment in the history of early Wyoming. The war occurred in 1891, only a year after statehood in 1890. There had already been a few years of animosity between the cattle growers with large herds and the newer settlers and homesteaders, who had fenced in some of the best grass and water lands of the extensive open range. The war began on July 21, 1889 with the lynching of Ellen Watson and James Averell along the Sweetwater River in central Wyoming by six cattlemen. The newspapers in Cheyenne supported the Wyoming Live Stock Commission and made accusations against the two victims. No one was ever tried for the murders.

In 1891 a group of fifty cattlemen and men hired for their guns invaded Johnson County with the intent to kill the county sheriff and officers in Buffalo, WY along with a list of settlers accused of rustling. They made the mistake of stopping at the KC Ranch (Kaycee, WY) to kill Nate Champion and Nick Ray, who were on the list. Due to the delay, the people in Buffalo were alerted and about 400 armed men met the invaders at the TA Ranch and were on the verge of annihilating them when the soldiers from Fort Mckinney rescued them. The governor had requested help from the two Wyoming senators. They asked President Harrison to send the army to put down an insurrection against the government of Wyoming. The invaders were taken to Cheyenne and released, never to be tried for the murders. John Davis has greatly added to the information available on the war. He is an attorney in Wyoming and did an extensive search through the court records and newspapers. He writes from the viewpoint of the residents of Johnson County and finds there was no evidence of an increase in rustling or thieving from previous years. This is a refreshing approach to this story as much of the previous works was written by participants or relatives that had an agenda. Much of the information about the Johnson County War is found in the different newspapers that supported one side with a desire to protect someone who participated. The cattlemen won this public relations war and this has clouded the history since then.

I feel this is a very good book on the Johnson County War, but could be improved by adding an appendix that listed all the people, with a brief description, who were involved in the story as there are a large number of people involved. Also there is a map, but I feel the book would be improved if more maps with more detail were added.

--Roger Hanson, P.M.

The Masterworks of Charles M. Russell, A Retrospective of Paintings and Sculpture, edited by Joan Carpenter Troccoli. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 2009. 304 pp. 214 color and B&W illustrations, photos, map, bibliography, index. Cloth, \$65.00, Paper, \$39.95.

The Masterworks of Charles M. Russell is a catalog for the exhibits of Charles Russell's art at three of the nations best Western art museums. The exhibit opened at the Denver Art Museum in 2009 and then moved to the Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa Oklahoma, before closing at the Museum of Fine Arts in Houston Texas. The collection has been gathered together from several museums and many private collectors and every object in the show is illustrated in this catalog. As well as being a catalog for the exhibit, the

book is a stand-alone survey of Russell's work and a series of in-depth studies of selected aspects of his art.

The exhibit and this book are organized into six sections of major works along with smaller sections of his watercolors, illustrated letters, and bronzes. It opens with the area for which Charles Russell is best known, his depiction of cowboys in action on the trail, in the roundup and his occasional venture into a town. This is the life that he had lived in Montana, arriving there in 1880 at the age of sixteen. The second section is his paintings of outlaws and those that would try to catch them.

Russell had observed the interactions between the meeting of the Native and the White Americans and this formed the third section of the exhibit. He was known to be sympathetic to the Natives and usually showed the interaction from their standpoint, which is different from some of his contemporary artists. The fourth section of the exhibit is the largest and consists of paintings and sculptures of Indians. His work from this section dominated his work and particularly late in his life. The free trapper dominates the fifth section along with the sport hunters. The sport hunters are usually shown in a magnificent scene with a difficult quandary presented by nature.

The final section presents the animals in the wild without any interaction with humans. An example of the in-depth studies is one by Brian W. Dippie, "What a pair to Draw to: Charles M. Russell and the Art of Storytelling Art". He tells of Irvin S Cobb's friendship with Russell and how he compared Russell to Will Rogers as a storyteller. Charles Russell often used his art to tell a story.

This book is limited to the Russell art that is in the exhibit and does not intend to be a complete catalog of his works. There are other books that do that, but this book does provide interesting and thoughtful essays on different aspects of Charles Russell's art.

I recommend this book to anyone with an interest in Russell's art even though a person may already have several books about Charles Russell and his art.

--Roger Hanson, P.M.

Armed Progressive: General Leonard Wood, by Jack C. Lane; with a New Preface by the author. University of Nebraska Press, Lincoln and London, 2009. 329pp. Illustrations, maps, bibliography, index. Paper \$19.95

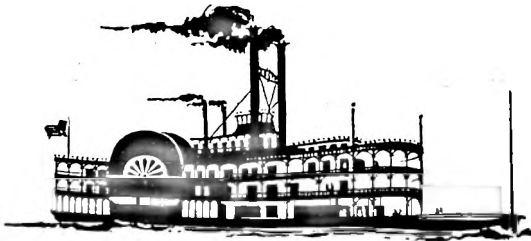
This reviewer first became aware of Leonard Wood when he read Fairfax Downey's classic account of *Indian Fighting Army* many years ago. It can be said that Leonard Wood was many things to many people.

Just after graduating from Harvard Medical School, Leonard felt that the best way to put his medical practice to good use was to join the army as an officer. He was ambitious in advancing his career as a army officer so much so that he used other men to get to the top. As he made his way up the ladder of promotion, Leonard strongly believed that there was no middle ground between his views and those of others. To the ones that opposed his reforms and way of thinking he used derogatory epithets. Pacifists were cowards and older senior officers that opposed his reforms were senile fossils. The antipreparedness groups he labeled murderers of American citizens. The best way to put it simply was, there were the old army way and the Leonard Wood way of doing things.

As the author tells us Leonard Wood was a major figure in American history. His military career began in the Arizona desert chasing Geronimo (for this he received the Medal of Honor). He and his friend Theodore Roosevelt formed the First United States Volunteer Cavalry Regiment the "Rough Riders" during the Spanish American War. He was also a successful colonial administrator in post-war Cuba and later in the Philippines. As one of his priorities as Chief of Staff, Wood did much to reform the U.S. Army as it entered the twentieth century.

Jack C. Lane's book is a well done study of Leonard Wood and how maybe too much ambition to get to the top can harm one's career.

--Mark Hutchins, P.M.



The Kandik Map, by Linda Johnson. University of Alaska Press, 2009. 229 pages, index, maps, photos, bibliography. Hardbound, \$38.45.

In the 1880s, Alaska and northwest Canada were not well known or mapped. This book is the story of and behind a map of the upper and central Yukon. It was apparently produced by a French Canadian fur trader named Francois Mercier and a local (to the middle Yukon country) man named Paul Kandik.

There you have pretty much all that is known about Mr. Kandik.

Ms. Johnson has scoured diaries, oral histories, trading company documents, census and related reports, and other sources. She has studied the life and times of Mr. Mercier, who wintered in Quebec and spent his summers for decades trading on the Yukon.

She then has built a tale, really a reconstructed account. It is an interesting and detailed look at the day-to-day life of traders and natives on the Alaskan-Canadian border in the late nineteenth century: how they related to each other, how when and why they explored, and who among them had political power are among the topics. The book even discusses the interplay between US and British interests and how the border was agreed upon and surveyed.

The reader gets to know Mr. Mercier but never Mr. Kandik. As a native his written record is very sparse - literally just a name on a map. He is tantalizingly close but will be forever out of reach. Even so, Ms. Johnson does a masterful (mistressful?) job of investigation and inference, to tell a story of geography, social mobility and immobility, and exploration.

This is an interesting and worthwhile read for those interested in the British-American (i.e. post-Russian) Northwest.

--Stan Moore, P.M.

