



The DENVER WESTERNERS
ROUNDUP

July - August 2021



Courtesy Pueblo County Historical Society

*The Santa Fe Train Bridge still standing proud, as the Steel Automotive
Bridge next to it sinks into the Arkansas River*

The Night of Heroes

by Tracy Beach

(presented November 17, 2021)

The Night of Heroes

By Tracy Beach

Although dark and threatening clouds rose above the western horizon, such clouds were common during the summer for those living near the front range of Colorado. No one was concerned. Yet this manuscript chronicles a dark night in 1921 when a downpour from ominous clouds swept through Pueblo and is believed to not only cause the death of perhaps 1,000 people, but also made horses extinct in the city's downtown area since they don't swim very well and panic easily.

What made the June 3, 1921 Pueblo flood exceptional when so many people and animals lost their lives, was not the magnitude of the tragedy, but the men and women who risked their lives not only to rescue human strangers but animals as well.

For example, John Nittinger was a tough-as-nails-type of man who didn't let his severe arthritis stop him from putting in an honest day's work. John worked at Pueblo's downtown Water Works building, located where the Pueblo Convention Center now stands, and one of his jobs was to blow the steam whistle whenever a fire broke out.

When John would receive the call, he would grab his cane and slowly and painfully make his way over to the rope that operated the steam whistle and pull it down twice, which would alert the people of Pueblo that there was a fire. Once he announced the emergency, curious residents would then call the local Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company and ask where the fire was located. When the fire was out, John would again be contacted and he would then pull the rope only once to signal that the emergency had passed. But at 6 pm on June 3, 1921, John quickly realized that he didn't have a set number of whistles for an approaching flood.

Thinking back to November 11, 1918, John remembered that he had pulled the rope three times to signal the end of the World War, so he knew that number would surely attract attention now. To make sure that people heard the whistle, John pulled the rope three times in a row every fifteen minutes, even as the flood waters began to pour into the Water Works building. As the hours passed and the flood waters began to



Courtesy The Pueblo County Historical Society
*The Flood Debris outside Jagger Grocery and Market
at 238 West First Street*

take over the city, John found that he needed to pull himself up closer and closer to the steam whistle in order to continue pulling the rope, as he hoped that his efforts were saving lives. Unfortunately, the icy water eventually reached the steam whistle and John could only pray that the people of Pueblo had heeded his warning.

Now finding himself submerged up to his waist, John quickly realized that the flood's frigid water had wreaked havoc on his arthritic limbs, as he was unable to free himself. Trapped inside the building until sunrise and suffering from hypothermia, he was rescued by two men on a raft who had been contacted by his frantic family. After some love and care, John Nittinger made a full recovery.¹

Another hero was Harry K. Inman, Superintendent of Pueblo's Streets and Sewer Department. One of his many jobs was to take care of the city's twelve horses. During the day the horses would spend their time delivering ice and milk around the city, but on the evening of June 3, 1921, Harry felt that something was terribly wrong.

After putting the horses into their stable for the night, he noticed that the water, which had been flooding the streets, was quickly beginning to rise and had already jumped the threshold. This was making the horses nervous. Calling his wife and reassuring her that both she and the children would be safe, as their home was over seventeen blocks from the very angry Arkansas River, Harry explained to her that he needed to get the horses to higher ground.

Grabbing the lead ropes of the first two horses, Harry knew that leading the already hesitant animals four blocks through a downpour wasn't going to be easy, but Tenderfoot Hill was the closest high point that the downtown area had to offer.

With his jacket buttoned up tight and the hat he quickly placed on his head in charge of keeping the rain out of his eyes, Harry began leading the first two horses toward the hill. With each lightning strike the horses would panic and pull against their leads, but Harry kept on walking. Arriving at the top of the hill, he tied the horses to a tree and headed back down for the next two.



Courtesy Pueblo County Historical Society

Drowned Horses, which were hauled away to be burned.

Very few Horses were seen Downtown after the Flood

After what felt like hours, Harry finally tied the final two horses with the others and headed back down the hill once more, but this time it was to rescue his work vehicles. Exhausted, Harry arrived at the stable and jumped into the seat of his Holt Caterpillar tractor and fired it up. The water around the stable had quickly risen and he was hoping that he still had time to come back for his work truck.

Parking the tractor next to the horses, Harry looked down the hill and had a bad feeling that it was too late to save his truck, but still headed down the hill anyway. The closer he got to the stable, the deeper the water was getting, but he didn't give up and continued to push his tired body through the rising water. He finally reached his truck and jumped into the cab, but it wouldn't start. Holding his head down in defeat, he begged the truck to start, but he knew that the water had already submerged the engine. As he looked out the vehicle's waterlogged windows, he noticed that it was now beginning to hail and he cursed his decision to leave his truck for last.

With the hail not letting up and knowing the horses were alone up on the hill, Harry turned off his truck's headlights and prepared himself to be pummeled. With a sigh of disgust, he opened his vehicle's door and waded through the ever-rising water towards the horses. All twelve horses, Harry and the tractor survived.²

Hero number three was James Hezekiah Clagett, who thought of himself as a natural born jinx. James was a coal inspector and salesman for the Solvoy Coke Company. While traveling around the country by train, he had seen quite a few disasters including car accidents, cyclones and even buildings being struck by lightning. He knew that the water that was rising around the wheels of the Denver and Rio Grande No. 3, which was parked at Pueblo's Union Depot, was a very bad sign.

When the conductor announced that the train was getting ready to leave the station in an attempt to get to higher ground, James jumped out of his seat, grabbed his bags and loudly announced to everyone in his train car that they needed to get off the train. As the other passengers began to laugh, James reminded them of another train crash, which happened at the nearby town of Eden.



Courtesy Pueblo County Historical Society

A Pullman Train Car, with an upside-down Freight Car in front of it, Surrounded by Pieces of the Torn-Apart Train Track

On August 7, 1904, over 100 people fell to their deaths after the Missouri Pacific Flyer No. 11 decided to cross a bridge above a flood-ravaged creek and didn't make it. The flash flood that was raging down the creek had washed away the bridge supports which caused all but three of the train cars to plunge into the angry water. The air line between the third and fourth Pullman had snapped, which triggered the airbrakes and kept the final three Pullmans safely on the remaining track. Now the Denver & Rio Grande No. 3 was in trouble.

As James finished his story and again begged the other passengers to leave the train car, he pointed out the window and reminded them that not only was the Arkansas River flooding, but Fountain Creek was too, and the train would need to cross both to get to higher ground. At that, two women grabbed their suitcases and followed James off the train and up onto the nearby bluffs, where they sat in the rain together and silently watched the destruction of the Denver & Rio Grande No. 3.³



*Courtesy Pueblo County Historical Society
Missouri Pacific No. 14 Engine Laying on its Side*

Fred Oral Clasby saved a tiny, furry life while risking his own. Fred owned the Santa Fe Trail Garage which specialized in selling the wonder car of the year, the Dort. As the flood waters overtook his garage, Fred found himself trapped high up in the rafters of his shop and quickly realized that he would need to break a hole in the ceiling and crawl out onto his building's roof, or he was going to drown.

Grabbing the matches from his shirt pocket, he struck one and looked around at his predicament which is when he noticed a 2x4 floating nearby. Throwing his match in the water, he grabbed the piece of wood and used it to pound a hole in the ceiling. Pulling himself partially through the hole, he realized it needed to be a bit bigger and lowered himself back down into the water so he could finish the job. With a few more good smacks, Fred felt that he could now easily fit, which is when he realized the roaring storm had just added an odd squeaky noise to all the commotion it was causing. Lighting another match, Fred glanced around and suddenly saw a tiny, water-logged kitten on a piano box that must have floated into his garage when the flood waters busted out his building's front windows.

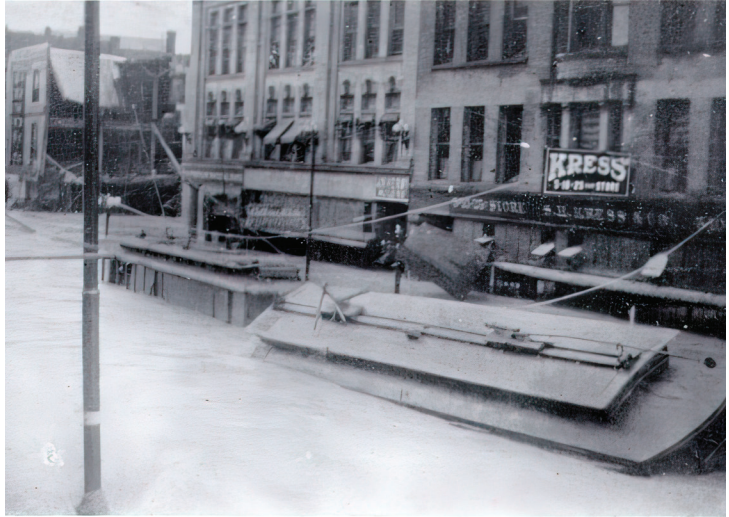
Tossing the match into the water and quickly lighting another, Fred laid the end of the 2x4 onto the box and called "kitty, kitty" a few times, which is all it took. Seeing the match, the kitten quickly ran across the board into Fred's waiting hands and greeted him with thankful purrs.

Knowing that he still needed to get onto the roof, Fred held the kitten above his head as he pulled himself out through the hole and once situated, put the tiny survivor into his jacket. The next morning, after both Fred and the kitten were rescued, Fred took his new little friend home for a bowl of warm milk.⁴

Another hero, Ross Harold Edmundson, not only saved his mother's life, but his job. He was a twenty-year-old car salesman at the Colorado Motor Car Company and after working the evening of June 3, he walked up a block in heavy rain to the home that

he shared with his widowed mother. Along the way he noticed that the water running down the street was getting higher. Minutes later he heard the steam whistle at the Water Works beginning to sound a strange signal. That prompted Ross to consider the high water in the street and he concluded that the signal might be announcing high water. He reversed course and quickly returned to the car dealership to check on the large supply of new vehicles.

When he arrived, Ross was shocked to see that the building was deserted. Not a single employee was checking on the vehicles. Taking matters into his own hands, he grabbed a set of keys to the most expensive vehicle on the lot, a seven-passenger Buick Coupe, that sold for a staggering \$2,285, and quickly drove home. He helped his mother into the fancy car, drove it to higher ground, parked it beneath a tree, told his mother to guard



*Courtesy Pueblo County Historical Society
Main and Second Street, on the Morning of June 4. Trolley Cars can be seen Submerged, On the Upper Left, Pryors Furniture Store can be seen with Half of the Store Ripped Away by the Flood*

it, then walked back to the dealership and looked for high ground. The flood waters had risen and now his only choice was The Mineral Palace Park six blocks away.

One by one, he drove twenty cars, ranging from the expensive Buick Coupe to the moderately priced Buicks at \$395, to the park, then he walked back down to the dealership for another one. When the boss discovered what Ross had done, he gave him a permanent, or perhaps a lifetime, job. According to the census records and draft cards, Ross apparently worked at the Colorado Motor Car Company until his death in 1953.⁵

When the flood waters began to recede on the morning of June 4, the Pueblo National Guard as well as numerous other helpful citizens, began grabbing rowboats, rafts and canoes and headed into the flooded section of downtown looking for survivors.

The city had two squatter towns, The Grove and Pepper Sauce Bottoms (also called Little Italy) which were located on either side of the Union Depot train yards. Both towns were populated with immigrants and many of these residents failed to heed the warnings to evacuate due to:

1. The failure to understand the English language.
2. Not believing that the city would flood.
3. "The kids are in bed and we don't want to wake them, so go away."
4. "I just paid the rent and I'm not going anywhere, so go away."
5. "We have a sick family member who can't be moved, so go away."

One such flood victim who lived in The Grove actually had a fairly good reason for not evacuating, as she was alone and in labor with her eighth child. When the National Guard heard the woman's cries for help the morning of June 4, they followed her voice until they came to a house that was almost completely submerged in river silt.



Courtesy Pueblo County Historical Society

*Squatter Town of Pepper Sauce Bottoms,
which sat near the South Side of the Union Train Depot*

Once inside the house they found the woman buried up to her arm pits in silt and holding a lifeless newborn above her head, which the men quickly removed and wrapped in a blanket. As a few of the men began working on the infant, the others began quickly digging the woman out of the silt. In doing so, they began learning a little of her story before she passed out from exhaustion.

The woman and her baby were taken to Centennial High School, which was one of the refugee centers and were seen by Doctor Ratty Woodward. According to the newspaper story written about the incident, "Neither the woman nor her child showed sustainable signs of life." But that's not where their story ends.

Another newspaper story talks about two men who had found a trunk that contained a life insurance policy issued to a woman named Mary Fueda. Curious if this woman survived the flood, this author went back onto Ancestry.com and found her 1920 and 1930 Census records. It was discovered that not only had she survived, but her home in 1920 was in The Grove, and she had given birth to her eighth child, a baby boy, in June 1921.

More evidence that Mary might be the woman buried in the river silt was finding her name listed as an inmate in the Colorado State Hospital's 1930's census. Records showed that she had been found alive following the flood but had been unable to process her experience and had remained at the hospital until her death in 1969 at the age of eighty-six. Her child, William, was mentioned in the 1930 census, but then vanished from the records. His father, George, and older brother, John, both died a month apart in 1934 and the assumption is that William also passed.⁶

Twenty-year-old Leon Knebel and his brother, eighteen-year-old George Jr., risked their lives for the achievement of basically nothing, but they did live to tell the tale, which provided a good firsthand account of the flood's destructive power. Perhaps they can be listed as heroes, but only because they did manage to keep each other safe and neither of them died.

Leon and George Jr. worked with their father George Sr., who owned Knebel Sporting Goods at 114 West Second Street, and as the flood waters rose the night of June 3, so did their desire to help the people they could hear screaming outside in the storm. As the sky continued to light up with bolts of lightning, the two young men and their father watched from their second-floor apartment and just could not get the image of people drowning out of their heads.

Over and over they listened to the screams of frantic people as they begged for God to save them, all the while being tossed in the turbulent water and slammed into the sides of nearby buildings, where they would eventually sink and disappear in the darkness.

Finally unable to stand it anymore, the brothers took a rowboat from the store's submerged first floor and headed out into the storm, but they couldn't find anyone to save. As they rowed down the block, dodging floating piles of wood, furniture, random household articles, they saw a sight that sent instant chills down their spine.

Sitting at the corner of Second and Main Streets stood Pryor's Furniture Store, or what was left of it. With the flood water past the second floor, the two brothers watched in horror as a floating freight car repeatedly smashed into the front of the building, causing bricks and furniture to crash into the water. Fearful that the avalanche of debris raining down would sink their boat, the brothers quickly turned down Main Street, where they were met with yet another possible life-ending catastrophe. Realizing that they should never have left their apartment building, the brothers quickly tied their rowboat to a nearby building and climbed inside until the storm passed the next morning. Surprisingly, Pryor's Furniture was one of the first buildings to be repaired and reopened. It still stands today.⁷

Another hero isn't remembered for saving someone's life, but for the sanity of dozens of people. The man, whose name is lost to history, was a fireman who had sought refuge inside Memorial Hall, which sits right along the spot where the Arkansas River once flowed through downtown Pueblo.



*Courtesy Pueblo County Historical Society
Pryors Furniture Store, showing the Extent
of the Damage to the Building*

As the flood rose, it picked up not only furniture, automobiles, soggy humans and trees, but any random animal who got caught in its waves and deposited the mess onto the roof tops of any buildings it could find. One of those random objects was a very angry hog, which spent the entire night screaming and squealing with displeasure from the roof of the building directly across from Memorial Hall. Nobody got much sleep.

The morning of June 4, as the sky began to clear, rescue boats began to appear in the flooded areas, but when a boat showed up at the second-floor window of Memorial Hall, only the fireman came to the window, and he had an odd request. With a laugh and nod of understanding, the fireman climbed into the boat and helped navigate until the men located the hog. But their quest was far from over. Like a greased pig at the State Fair, the men struggled to not only catch the animal, but load it into the boat. Then the true question arose. Where do we put him?

With the water still around ten feet deep, if not deeper, they couldn't just dump the animal into the water, so they did the most logical thing they could think of and simply took him back to Memorial Hall. For the next few days, as the water receded, the captives inside the building were able to sleep, as long as they didn't mind the tinker of hooves as the hog walked up and down the building's marble-lined hallways.



Courtesy Pueblo County Historical Society

The Aftermath of the Flood taken from an Airplane flown by Lt. Myron Wagner, showing the Santa Fe Train Bridge still-standing amid scattered Train Cars

After the flood waters receded, the destruction unfortunately revealed truckload after truckload of deceased humans, and they all needed to be buried. Most of the flood victims were claimed by family or friends, but not all, and those unfortunate souls found themselves buried in a mass grave at Pueblo's Roselawn Cemetery and forgotten. Yet the story doesn't end there.

In May 2021, just before the one-hundredth anniversary of the deadly Pueblo flood, cemetery personnel decided to find the mass grave and give the flood victims the stone monument they had rightfully earned so many decades before. Armed with ground penetrating radar, a team of experts not only found the grave, but two more mass graves directly next to it, which confirmed that this type of burial had been a common occurrence.^{8,9}

The oldest mass grave appeared to have been for the victims of the Eden train crash from August 1904. The second mass grave appeared to be from the victims of the 1918 Spanish Flu epidemic. Cemetery records show that nearly 1,098 proper burial plots are listed as flu victims, but it is unknown how many more were buried in the long forgotten grave.

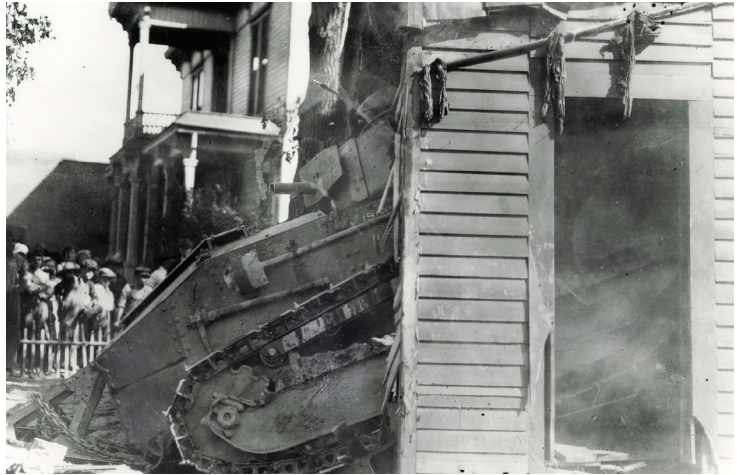
The three graves, which were not excavated, appear to be in a long row, but it is unknown how deep the graves go, or how many bodies may have been piled on top of each other to save space. The cemetery had the graves graded and small, white pebbles laid on top before a stone memorial was placed at its center.

Finding nothing useful, this author went out on a quest to locate the graves of flood victims in order to get a better count. She followed the cemetery's map and met a groundskeeper who was intrigued by her story and offered to take her for a tour.

As they walked, he pointed out a well-manicured section of graves—with trees, lush grass and sprinkler systems—and explained that just a dozen or so years before, this entire area was nothing but dirt, weeds, cactus and tipped over tombstones. It seems that the cemetery was running out of plots, and they asked the groundskeepers to fix up the abandoned historic section, which is when they made the discovery. At the base of a tipped over tombstone they discovered what appeared to be a partially intact wooden coffin, but the center had a large hole in the middle. Opening the lid, the groundskeepers discovered that an animal, thought to have been a fox, had not only eaten the contents, but had made a fairly nice den out of bones and clothing. With their questions answered, the grave was covered back over, the tombstone set back upright, and each disturbed grave was simply filled in and covered with sod.

Somewhat later the Pueblo Elks Lodge was nice enough to invite this author to do a book presentation on the one-hundredth anniversary of the flood. The Elks Lodge had been the main refugee center during the disaster, even opening their doors as the water began to rise on the night of June 3.

With a TV crew in attendance, the audience rang the large church bell that sits on the roof of the Lodge at exactly 6 pm, which was the time that John Nittinger began sounding the steam whistle at the Water Works building. The people had a tour of the building and listened as the Elk Lodge's secretary told a grisly and spooky story about their building.



Courtesy Pueblo County Historical Society

*A Tank knocking down a Framed House,
from which a Body was discovered*

The Elks Lodge was not only used as a refugee center, but the second and third floors were used by both the military and the county as offices. When the cleanup began, disease ran rampant and the victims with scarlet fever went to one building, those having cholera went to another and the typhoid fever victims were sent to the basement ballroom of the Elks Lodge. Unfortunately, the Lodge's records show that over forty of the typhoid victims died.

As the secretary walked around the ballroom, he pointed out the large mirrors that lined the walls and told stories of how children's handprints are often found on the glass and that he himself had an encounter with the children about ten years earlier.

When he first started working at the Elks Lodge, he admitted that he felt just a little uneasy being in the basement ballroom alone, but he just brushed it off to watching one too many scary movies as a kid. He hadn't heard any stories of the flood, the refugee center or the children that had died in the building. He just knew that the room just didn't feel right.

One night, when he walked downstairs to check that the ballroom lights were off, a motion caught his eye. Stopping in the doorway he saw dozens of blackish gray shadow figures, the size of children, running around the large, open room. Up on the stage he watched as some of them appeared to play ring around the rosy, while others played tag, but his ghostly history show suddenly came to an end when the children all stopped playing and turned to look at him! Frozen in fear, movies such as *The Children of the Corn* and *The Shining* began to run thorough his mind, but one thing that those movies had taught him was that he couldn't turn his back on them!

The staircase up to the first-floor bar where drunken Elks members sat playing cards, was directly to his right, but first he had to back up out of the ballroom without breaking eye contact with the children. As they watched him leave the room, he finally found the bottom step with his foot and with a deep breath took off running! Reaching the top of the stairs he ran past the bar, straight out the building's front door, out into the street, grabbed his keys from his pocket and got in his car. Locking the doors, he drove to the nearest church parking lot and sat silently, for what seemed like hours.

He didn't tell anyone the story until a few years later when a banquet was being held in the ballroom and a drunk woman came out of the women's bathroom all flustered, complaining that an oddly dressed woman had just called her a whore and chased her out! In an attempt to defend his wife's honor, her husband stormed into the bathroom, only to be thrown out as a ghostly voice informed him that men are not allowed in the women's bathroom. The secretary just smiled.¹⁰

ENDNOTES

1. Reed, Fran, *The Pueblo Lore*, June 2011, "My Grandfather, Unsung Hero".
2. *Colorado Daily Chieftain*, June 4, 1921.
3. Ridgeway, Arthur Osborne, *The Case of Train Number 3*, Rocky Mountain Railroad Club, 1956; Helmers, Dow, *Tragedy at Eden*, Swallow Press, 1971.
4. *Colorado Daily Chieftain*, June 26, 1921, "Garage Owner Saves Life of a Small Kitten."
5. *Colorado Daily Chieftain*, June 17, 1921, "Quick Wit."
6. *Fort Collins Courier*, June 4, 1921, "Thousands Drowned in Pueblo and Loss to Property Estimated Over \$10,000,000."
7. *Canon City Daily Record*, June 7, 1921; *Pueblo Chieftain*, May 29, 2011, "A Flood of Memories."
8. *Canon City Daily Record*, June 7, 1921, "Memorial Hall."
9. *The Pueblo Chieftain*, May 10, 2021, "Hundreds Confirmed to Have Been Buried in Pueblo Mass Grave at Roselawn Cemetery"; Author interviews with Roselawn Cemetery employees.
10. Author interviews with Elks Lodge employees, members, and Elks Lodge personal records.

Over the Corral Rail

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

Westerners mourn loss of Posse Member John Stewart

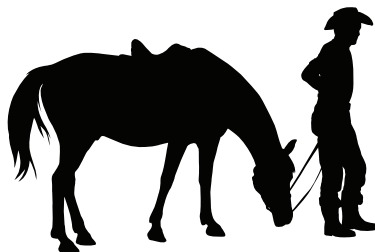
John Stewart died on Sept. 18, 2021. John made remarkable contributions on so many fronts. In the Denver Westerners he was pro-bono trustee and a key member of our Rosenstock Awards Committee. I was John's M.A. advisor for his CU-Denver history degree where he taught me more than I taught him. He was one of very few M.A. graduates to ever publish his thesis. It was a highly readable, well-researched biography of the mining magnate and philanthropist Thomas F. Walsh of Camp Bird Mine fame. The University Press of Colorado published the book which sold well and was reprinted in paperback. John researched and lectured all over America and in Walsh's native Ireland where he collaborated with descendants. John also shed new light on Evelyn Walsh McLean and her bestselling tell-all, *Father Struck It Rich*, a sad story of her tragic, druggy life. John was a mine owner as well as a leading mining historian. He was scheduled to be next year's President of the International Mining History Association.

John was courageous and principled. He helped negotiate and defend Park Hill Methodist Church's controversial arrangement to care for the homeless in their parking lot. Many churches preach Christianity; John and Park Hill Methodist practiced it. He was a stalwart volunteer and activist for the Four Mile History Park, the last rural retreat in Denver. As a lawyer, John handled oil, gas and mining litigation. He did pro-bono work for God knows how many worthy groups. Most recently he volunteered to represent the Sisters of Loretto in their effort to save their cemetery at Loretto Heights College which is being over-developed by a notorious developer. John was so much a major part of so many organizations only his good wife Carol could keep track of them all.

– Dr. Tom Noel

Bob Terwilleger Alive and Well

In 1897 an English journalist from the New York Journal contacted Mark Twain inquiring whether the rumors that he was gravely ill or already dead were true. Twain replied, "The report of my death was an exaggeration" (this story has been embellished over the years). History has repeated itself. We are relieved to report that the report that Bob Terwilleger had passed away is an exaggeration, and that he is alive and well. We apologize to Bob and his family.





Westerners Bookshelf



Lakota Texts—Narratives of Lakota Life and Culture in the Twentieth Century, translated and analyzed by Regina Pustet. Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 2021. 504 pages, tables, appendix, bibliography. Hardcover \$85.00

This book is a delightful collection of stories recounted by Lakota women living in Denver, Colorado in the 1990s. The narratives are told by three women using the Lakota language and translated and transcribed by author and linguist, the late Regina Pustet.

For those of us who are English speakers, we can enjoy the stories and a fascinating glimpse into Lakota life and perhaps learn a bit about the Lakota language. However, for students of the Lakota language, this book is a must-have tutorial. The word-for-word translations with grammatical and phonological marks provide an invaluable tool for those learning to speak and read Lakota.

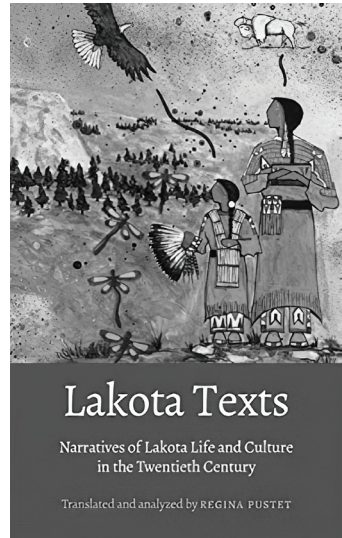
Both English and Lakota speakers will love curling up with these tales, most of which are only a few paragraphs or pages. I felt as though I was sitting with these women as they told me stories of their lives and Lakota culture. With humor and feeling, they present Lakota history, legends, and culture along with personal life experiences and lessons. I learned about modern aspects of Lakota life, including such rituals as powwows, the sweat lodge and puberty rights. The women also share details of past Lakota times with customs, myths and lifeways, perhaps passed down from a grandparent. There are even tongue-twisters (although they lose a bit in translation) and jokes. One woman sweetly explained that “old time talk was a bit dirty.”

There is a refreshing honesty in these words that highlights our shared humanity. One story begins, “So I will tell you something about soapweed root. Long ago people dug soapweed roots. There was something to it, but I absolutely don’t remember it.” Sounds like me trying to tell you how my grandmother made beaten biscuits. I kind of know, but not really. I think these Lakota women would nod their heads sympathetically.

Language loss is an ongoing threat to indigenous cultures. Fortunately, Lakota is very much alive. For instance, the Lakota community in Denver is large enough that some people use the language every day. Native people, especially young people, are interested in learning Lakota, and nonnative students of linguistics also study it. Lakota language courses are taught in Denver Public Schools.

The importance of this book may be its use as a linguistics text, and I plan to give this book to the Denver Center for International Studies at Denver Public Schools. But first, I will savor its stories.

– Kimberly Field



John P. Slough—The Forgotten, by Richard L. Miller. Albuquerque, NM: University of New Mexico Press, 2021. 304 pages, halftones, maps. Hardcover \$34.95

In March 1862, the Confederacy was rebuffed from the New Mexico Territory in what has been dubbed “the Gettysburg of the West,” the Battle of Glorieta Pass. Westerners likely know that Major John Chivington was one of the commanders of the Union forces from Colorado, but few may remember Col. John P. Slough who led the 1st Colorado Infantry. While Slough’s forces were beaten back, it was Chivington’s men who won the day by destroying the Reb’s supply train and forcing retreat.

In the 159 years since then it is surprising that no book has looked at Slough’s entire life that ran both in the West and as military administrator of Alexandria, Virginia. With scarce direct material to rely on, much of this story is told through what was going on historically at the time while relying on newspaper accounts of events Slough was involved in to place him in that history.

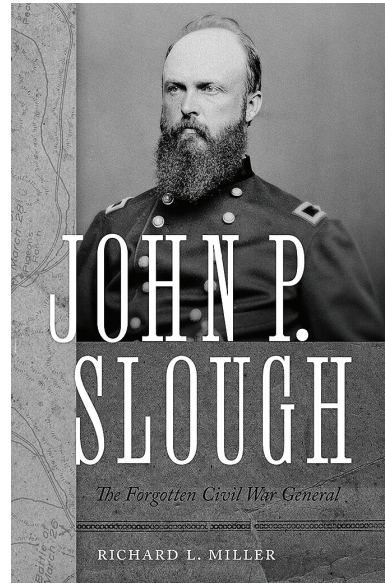
Slough is described as an intelligent man who unfortunately had a temper that caused him a great deal of trouble and ultimately cost him his life. Coming from a successful Ohio family, he was a lawyer and married the niece of a U.S. Supreme Court justice (she and his four children have little to do with the story). He was in Ohio politics before getting into trouble, then did much the same after moving to Kansas Territory which forced him on to Denver.

Gov. Gilpin appointed Slough a Colonel of the 1st Colorado Volunteer Infantry. Their march to New Mexico in 1862 to confront the Rebel forces is recounted in detail and was not without controversy, as it appears Slough was not well liked by his men. The account of the Battle of Glorieta Pass is perhaps the most interesting aspect of the book and is told in detail.

Resigning his post, Slough quickly left the West and headed for Ohio, but ultimately ended in Virginia trying to bring order to a rowdy Alexandria as military governor. After the war between the states ended in 1865, Slough moved on to a new post in the New Mexico Territory as chief justice (though not before lobbying to replace John Evans as Colorado’s Territorial Governor). Speaking no Spanish and out of his element culturally, he was likely ill-suited for the job. It was more political infighting that got him on the wrong side of a Territorial Senator who shot Slough, with the assassin later acquitted because the jury decided his temper brought on his own death.

With nearly a third of the book taken up by notes and references, the author does an excellent job of pulling together what details can be found about a story that happened a century and a half ago while vividly detailing the times in which the subject lived.

– George Krieger

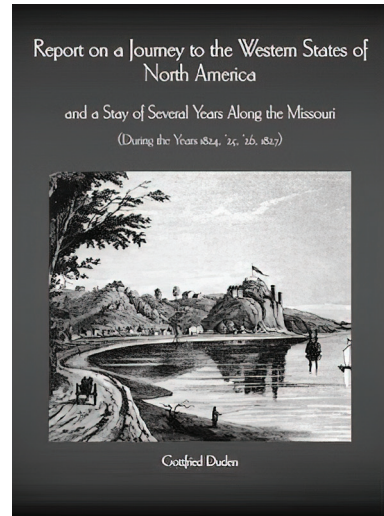


Report on a Journey to the Western States of North America and a Stay of Several Years Along the Missouri (During the Years 1824, '25, '26. 1827), by Gottfried Duden. Columbia, MO: University of Missouri Press, 2017. 372 pages, maps, footnotes, index. Softcover \$31.54

Gottfried Duden was another observer of the Federalist and the Jeffersonian American West. Originally written in German as a series of letters from America to his subscribers back in the Rhineland, he examined whether the American frontier is a suitable place for German colonists. He was motivated by an agrarian idealism that pervaded his writings. Thinking in agriculture terms, he narrated his journey from Baltimore to St. Louis during the autumn and winter of 1824-1825. He found the journey by cart and boat almost delightful. Finding land in the new West was easy; most any kind of land that suits the purchaser's needs was available. Settling the land proved to be more difficult. Cutting a farm out of 250 acres of wilderness in Missouri was real work.

Duden was thorough in his descriptions of the land, trees, rivers and settlements. He often disputed earlier travelers' versions of the Missouri region. He was, as we might say, "politically incorrect" in observations about the Irish, blacks, some fellow Germans and frontiersmen, but he was telling the folks back home his views. He was hoping to convince enough Rhinelanders to try Missouri, maybe enough to establish a German-speaking state there.

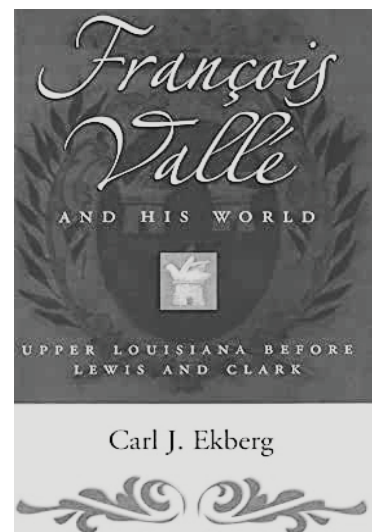
Worth the read! An easy read! An enjoyable read! Kudos to the University of Missouri Press for making this important translation available to students of Western history.
– Dan Shannon



Francois Valle' and His World—Upper Louisiana Before Lewis and Clark, by Carl J Ekberg. Columbia, MO: University of Missouri Press, 2002 and a recent paperback printing in 2017. 316 pages, illustrations, maps, charts and genealogical charts, index. Softcover \$55.95

The French explored much of North America and the Trans-Mississippi West well before Lewis and Clark started up the Missouri. It is easy to think that European exploration and use of the West started with them in 1804. Yet that was not the case.

This book gives a good picture of day-to-day frontier life in the mid-to-late 1600s. French settlements along the Mississippi River started in the early 1600s. Settlers came from Montreal across Canada and down from what is now Chicago, and also up the river from New Orleans.



This is the life of Francois Valle', told through church, commercial and legal records as well as letters and personal correspondence. He came to what is now Kaskaskia, Illinois as a poor engage (hired hand). In the 1680s he died as the region's richest man. His wealth comprised real estate, personal property, and slaves.

It is a fascinating look into a little recognized geographic and historical part of the western U.S. Saint Louis and New Orleans owe their large role in the growth of the U.S. to people such as Francois Valle'.

The author's original research and reconstruction involved in the story are impressive. In addition, the book fills a void in the knowledge of upper-Louisiana, pre-American Revolution.

– Stan Moore

The Federalist Frontier—Settler Politics in the Old Northwest, 1783-1840, by Kristopher Maulden. Columbia, MO: University of Missouri Press, 2019. 261 pages, maps, pictures, bibliography, endnotes, index. Hardcover \$40.00

Settler politics in the old Northwest are about getting the relationship right between government and new settlers. The Federalists was the political party of the conservative side of our revolutionary founders—Washington, Adams, Hamilton. It was the “law and order” party. Its platform also promoted federal government funding of roads, canals, and military defense.

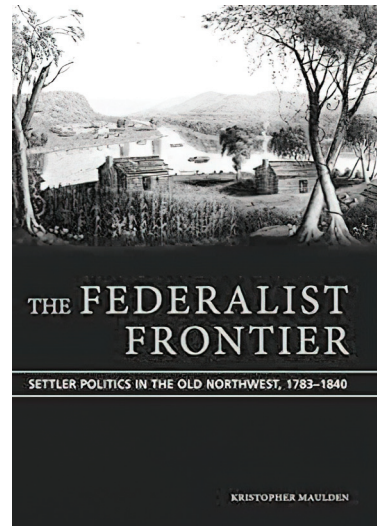
First and foremost, the frontier needed to have a strong military presence with military forts that gave settlers a sense of security. Then, there had to be reliable titles to land. The Northwest Ordinance of 1783 and its implementing legislation provided both.

Federalists believed that confederated Indian tribes lost their ownership rights to the Northwest (land that became Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Minnesota) when the Indians sided with the British during the Revolution. Consequently, the Army was repeatedly sent to enforce submission from tribes that were much stronger militarily than the Army. As a consequence, U.S. soldiers suffered two notable defeats, one of which lost three times the number as were lost at Little Big Horn. Only after the military was made big enough and put under competent leadership did the Indians submit and allow peacefully settlement. Only after the Treaty of Greenville in 1794 did settlement of Ohio move apace. By 1803, Ohio was a state.

The other political party of the time was the Jeffersonians (Democrat-Republicans). This party was popular because it too believed in the development of roads and canals, but was a pro-agriculture party. The Jeffersonians were more likely to tolerate squatters who made homesteads without having proper title to the land. The Federalists, the law and order strong military party, provided the governance until it largely lost the confidence of the people when a schismatic portion opposed the War of 1812.

The reader may recognize many parallels of the West's post-Revolutionary period and the Wild West of Colorado's post-Civil War settlement.

– Dan Shannon



Civil War in the Southwest—Recollections of the Sibley Brigade, edited and with an introduction by Jerry Thompson. College Station, TX: Texas A&M University Press, 2001. 224 pages, maps. Hardcover \$24.95

Many books of history are written long after the events by historians who have access to plans and accounts of the military leaders. This book, on the other hand, is a collection of firsthand reports of battles by men who took part. They were collected by William Davidson and published in a small-town Texas newspaper twenty years after the events. They were written by junior officers and enlisted men, and like many soldiers they second-guessed some of the decisions that were made by their leaders.

Henry Hopkins Sibley, the commander of this New Mexico campaign, graduated from West Point in 1838, had risen to Major in the Union Army and had made an “acquaintance with John Barley Corn.” Upon the outbreak of the Civil War, however, he joined the Confederacy and after a visit with Jefferson Davis was promoted to Brigadier General. Davidson did not think he was fit to lead the Brigade and later blames him for the failure of the campaign.

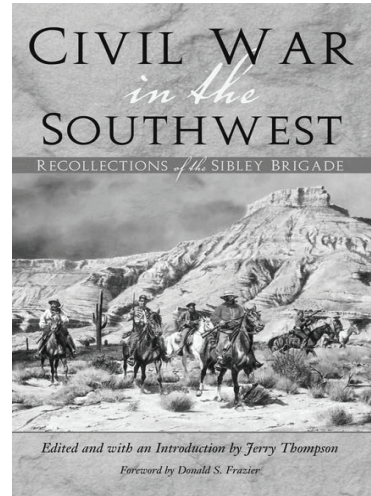
The Confederate plan was to invade New Mexico, proceed up the Rio Grande into Colorado, use the gold they found there for the Southern cause and eventually west to California. The Confederates, mainly volunteers from Texas, met in San Antonio and proceeded west to El Paso. Their first battle was at Valverde, near Fort Craig in New Mexico, where Sibley was “either sick or drunk or both” and command was turned over to his second in command, Colonel Thomas Green. The personal experiences of four officers and three privates are accounted in separate chapters of the book, which offer differing views of the same battle.

The campaign pressed on to capture Albuquerque and Santa Fe and then north to the battle of Glorieta Pass where they met the volunteers who had come down from Colorado. Although the Texans won the battle, they received news that Major John Chivington had led 430 men of his company around the battle site and had come onto the Confederate supply train and had destroyed their stores, ordnance supplies, horses and mules. Lacking supplies, the Texans had to abandon the campaign and retreat.

The last chapters of the book detail the hardships that the Texans endured on their trek back to San Antonio. They fought a minor battle at Peralta, but with Federal troops pursuing them they had to take a difficult route through the mountains, where they found that the two main watering holes on the route had been poisoned by the Indians. Of the 3,000 men who had left San Antonio in November, and were later joined by several hundred more in El Paso, only 1400 returned to San Antonio in July 1862.

The book has extensive notes in the back giving the background and eventual disposition of many of the soldiers mentioned in the text. Anyone interested in a soldiers view of the battles of this campaign of the Civil War would find this an interesting read.

– Tom Morton



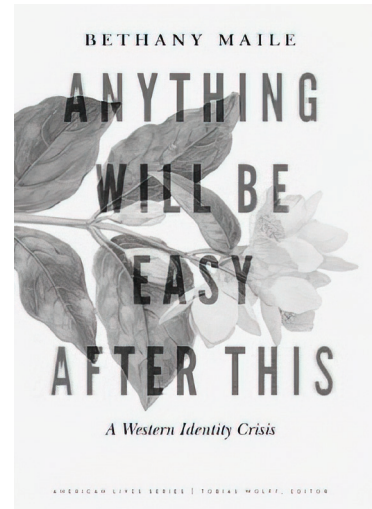
Anything Will Be Easy After This—A Western Identity Crisis, by Bethany Maile, American Lives Series, Tobias Wolff, Editor. Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 2020. 234 pages, Softcover \$19.95

The author grew up in Eagle, Idaho, outside of Boise, in the 1980s. The Western culture of rodeos, horses, cattle, cowboys, ruggedness and Bierstadt paintings were ingrained in her as a teenager as she went on back-country mountain trips on horseback with her father. Maile is now married and living in Arizona. This memoir is based on her experiences and reactions when she returned to Eagle for a summer as a young woman in her thirties. She ruminates on identity and place, “place is a means of self-realization, self-actualization.”

Eagle has changed greatly over the years and is now a suburb of Boise with housing developments and cute cupcake shops. Maile struggles to find the old Eagle and to come to grips with how she fits into the new Eagle. She attends a rodeo queen pageant and describes in detail the various activities and culture of the event. She is saddened that only three girls are competing when in past years there were many more. In another chapter she tries to reconcile the group Lady Antebellum as pop or country Western music and decides they fall short of both genres and are neither.

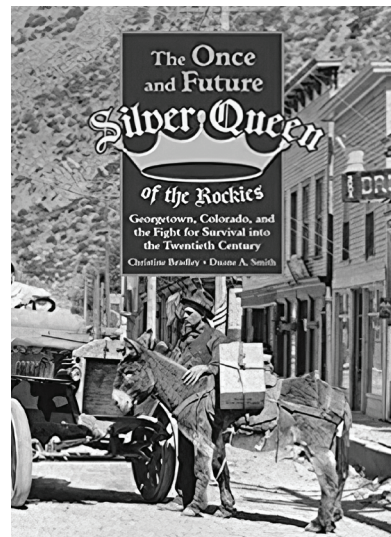
As a memoir, this is well written and easy to read. We can all find ways to relate to her struggles with change and what it means to reconcile the beliefs and myths we hold dear from our childhood with the world around us today. Other than describing the general Western culture of Idaho there is very little in this book that is history per se. If you are interested in understanding how one woman comes to grips with her identity as a Western woman and all that entails, you will find this an excellent read. If you are looking for a traditional history book about the West and Idaho, this will fall short.

—Leslie Karnauskas



The Once and Future Silver Queen of the Rockies—Georgetown, Colorado, and the Fight for Survival into the Twentieth Century, by Christine A. Bradley and Duane A. Smith. Louisville, CO: University Press of Colorado, 2019. 315 pages, illustrations, endnotes, notes, index. Softcover \$32.95

This is a sequel to the 2005 book, *The Rise of the Silver Queen* by the same authors (along with Liston E. Leyendecker). The town of Georgetown was incorporated in 1868 as a mining camp searching for silver. U.S. currency was based on silver until 1873 when a gold standard was adopted. This hurt the value of silver. While the Silver Certificate was created in 1878 and continued to be issued until 1963, the value of silver didn't rebound to the levels of gold. “The price of silver had dropped



from an 1890 high of \$1.05 per ounce to 68 cents in 1896, and that referred to smelted and refined silver, not the raw ore coming out of the mine portal.” Early in this book, the authors state that the silver mine folk were hopeful that William Jennings Bryant would win as U.S. President in 1896 as he backed “Free Silver,” which would have pushed prices back up. He lost to William McKinley who was in favor of gold, which put the area in a funk. There is some discussion in the book of mining activities after that (such as for molybdenum), but that was not the focus of the efforts to save the town.

While the title implies the subject is strictly Georgetown, in reality it is more of a regional history of an area (Clear Creek County) redefining itself to stay alive. The authors make the point that “by 1930 only 300 people remained of the 3,500 who once inhabited the booming mining community.” The construction of both Berthoud and Loveland Pass opened up new realms creating “a new rush to the Rockies” via tourism. Indeed, many folk who now drop off I-70 into Georgetown are heading up Guanella Pass (perhaps to see the changing aspen trees in October) or to ride the Georgetown Loop Railroad. Certainly the ski industry has had an even bigger impact on the town. “Georgetown was in the perfect location to provide...overnight accommodations...for the pending ski boom in the central Rocky Mountains...and quickly became a focal point for those who worked at Loveland and Arapaho Basin.”

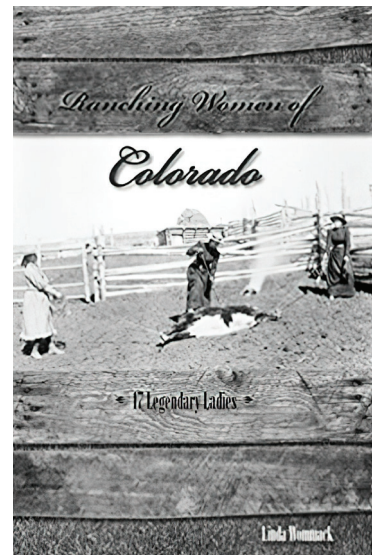
Other than discussing the preservation of the original railroad right-of-way, which would later allow the rebuilding of the Georgetown Loop, there is little history of the area after the mid-1960s. A large portion of the text is derived from newspapers of the time, *The Georgetown Courier* (1877 to 1957) and Silver Plume’s *Silver Standard* (1885 to 1907). For this reviewer the best parts of the book are the wonderful photo reprints which are divided into eleven “Photo Essay(s)” and make up over a third of the content.

– George W. Krieger

Ranching Women of Colorado—Seventeen Legendary Ladies, by Linda Wommack. Cadwell, ID: Caxton Press, 2019. 340 pages, photographs, notes, bibliography, index. Softcover \$17.95

This book provides brief biographies about seventeen Colorado women who homesteaded and ranched from the early nineteenth century into the early twentieth century, some with their husband(s) and some on their own. Several of the women may be familiar to the reader—Amache Ochinee Prowers, Luna Jaramillo Bent Boggs, Ann and Josie Bassett and the Harbison sisters—while the others will most likely be new discoveries.

The stories of these women clearly detail the rugged life they all lived. Homesteading was difficult and women were expected to work along-side their husbands as well as maintain the house, cook, sew and raise the children. Some of the women who homesteaded on their own, such as the Harbison sisters, would get help from family members or hired hands as there was more work than they could do themselves. The isolation was



difficult and the women relished neighborly gatherings and trips to town. The stories of losing husbands and children are heartbreaking.

Some of the biographies are repetitive partly due, I assume, to the stories originally being written as individual articles and then not rewritten when pulled together for this publication. The writing is straight-forward and easy to read for the most part, although the book could have used another review for duplicate and missed words as there are several instances of this throughout, which can be distracting to the reader.

At times the stories are expanded to include other parts of Colorado history and people. Example are the first two sections about Amache Ochinee Prowers and Luna Jaramillo Bent Boggs. There is much information about the families and the inter-relationships between the Bent, Boggs, Vigil, Carson and Jaramillo families. It is all wonderful background to understand the environment in which these women lived, but a family tree would have been helpful to follow the relationships as it was easy to get lost.

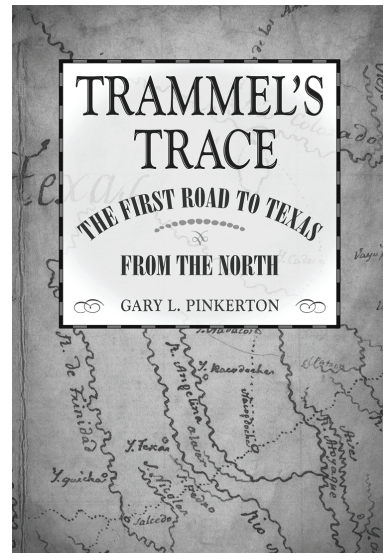
As this topic is of particular interest to me, I enjoyed reading these stories very much. They help to remind us that women were present as Colorado was settled and they contributed significantly to ranching development throughout the state. It is also important to acknowledge that there were many other women who did not leave a written record in letters, journals or newspaper articles so their stories remain untold. We unfortunately will never learn of their many contributions.

– Leslie Karnauskas

Trammel's Trace—The First Road to Texas From the North, by Gary L. Pinkerton. College Station, TX: Texas A&M University Press, 2016. 281 pages, maps, pictures, footnotes, endnotes, index. Softcover \$46.44

Historic trails are not known for providing an easy path from one point to another. Trammel's Trace went out of its way to provide challenging travel that included dust, thirst, Indian attacks, robbers, knife wounds, cholera, dysentery, broken wagon axles, starvation, mosquitoes, alligators (forty per mile) and hornets that sting a horse so badly that it rolls on its back and crushing the rider in the process. Author Gary Pinkerton takes an interest in old wagon ruts crossing his family's East Texas homestead and investigates their origin. He finds that those wagon ruts are part of the late 1790s-to-1800s 180-mile-or-so-long path, cut through wilderness for the purpose of horse stealing. He documents the who, what, when, where and why of this remarkable almost-road. Along the way he finds contemporary maps, court records, deeds, diary entries and human-interest stories that document this remarkable settlers' route from Red River, Arkansas through Nacogdoches and the Piney Woods into the heart of Texas.

If the reader occasionally gets confused among Natchez, Nacogdoches and Natchitoches, reading this book will help. Nacogdoches is a Spanish military garrison in East Texas. Natchitoches is a French and then U.S. settlement in Louisiana. Natchez is a U.S. frontier settlement containing an excess of desperados. Trammel's Trace is a north-



south lawless pathway that facilitates horse thieving and illegal trading. As the book says: “These people are Enemies to all law and good order, and most of them would have been hanged if they remained in the United States.”

The second part of the book establishes the street-credibility that the Trammel family, for whom the road was named, was a rough bunch who begrudgingly are to be admired for their trading enterprise.

One may want to call this book, “investigative history.” It is more than research. It is hard, sweaty, walking-the-trace documenting and imagining what happened each challenging mile of this Spanish-U.S. border area. Yet Pinkerton’s efforts produced a particularly good read. One has probably not been properly West until the traveler takes Trammel’s Trace south to Texas.

– Dan Shannon

The Girl Who Dared to Defy—Jane Street and the Rebel Maids of Denver, by Jane Little Botkin. Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press, 2021. 310 pages, photographs, bibliography, endnotes, index. Hardcover \$32.95

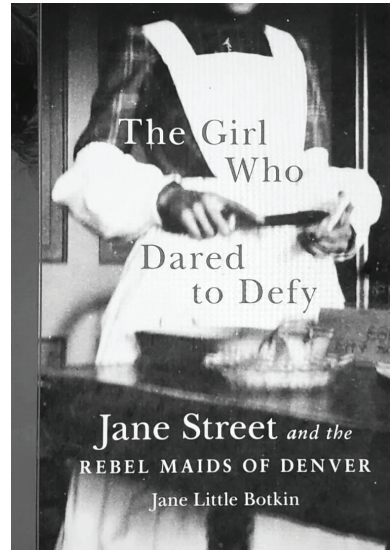
While the author was researching her previous book—*Frank Little and the IWW*—she came across a few minor references to a union organizer in Denver named Jane Street. Since women union organizers are not well known, she returned to dig deeper into Street’s life once her first book was complete. What Botkin found through much persistent research is a fascinating story about the life of domestic servants in 1910-1920 Denver and Street’s attempts to organize a labor union for these women affiliated with the Industrial Workers of the World.

As Street worked to organize the domestic workers of Capital Hill in Denver into a union, she developed a then unique system of collecting information about the worker’s situations. She had each woman who attended one of her meetings fill out a card detailing such things as who was her employer, how many hours she worked, what she was paid, how she was treated, etc. Street used this information to create a database (on paper of course) about employers and employees which became the basis for the development of an employment agency. Through this effort she could work to impact working conditions and salaries as employment opportunities arose for the members of her union.

Street encountered resistance and outright sabotage from the male members of the IWW. Gender inequality and oppression in a world where most women still did not have the right to vote was significant. Street faced it in her personal life as well when told she could not have children and do her organizing work at the same time. Yet she continued her efforts to surmount all of these obstacles.

*A bird flying through the window caught them in a wave of fear.
Sometime, light flying through the window will catch them in a wave of hope.*

from an article by Jane Street, 1938, page 223



This well-written, well-researched story of a defiant woman shines a light on what one person did to make a difference in the lives of domestic workers in early twentieth century Denver. Street brought hope and light to a group of women who saw little or no future in their lives. Reading Street's story may help to bring you hope and light and the courage to defy the odds.

– Leslie Karnauskas

Profiting From the Peak–Landscape and Liberty in Colorado Springs, by John Harner. Louisville, CO: University Press of Colorado, 2021. 338 pages, photos, maps, endnotes, index. Hardcover \$48.00

John Harner is a professor of geography at the University of Colorado at Colorado Springs. Harner looks at the cultural identity of his city with this book. In the first two-thirds of the book there is a wealth of great photos (mostly from the Colorado Springs Pioneers Museum) that show the growth of General Palmer's town.

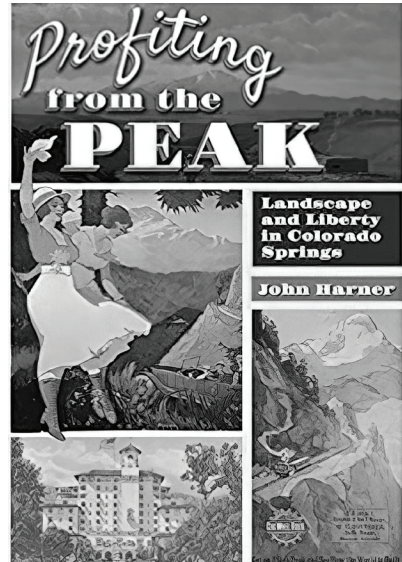
The first chapter gathers historical information about the region before and after the arrival of Euro-Americans. A look at the notes gives reference to well-known sources such as Hafen and Sprague in addition to period newspapers. Indeed, the sheer volume of reference material that Harner used for this book is commendable. One quote gives an old description of the site as “the flattest, driest, least interesting piece of real estate imaginable... unremittingly plain and dry.”

By the second chapter (“Water”), the author gets into what has been and likely will continue to be the biggest need and limiting factor in the U.S. West. By 1879, the Colorado legislature was well aware of that problem and was acting on it. Harner goes into great detail about the history of the water system in Colorado Springs and environs. He concludes that engineers have “erased the natural limitations of this place” yet “one day, citizens may actually have to face those limitations.” There are further chapters on mining and the railroads.

The historical first half then gives way to long sections on the history of the religious right movement and the area's conservative politics, making for a bit of an abrupt shift in tone. That these all go into the make-up of Colorado Springs is undeniable, but it does feel like you end up dealing with two books.

Taken as a whole, the book is a nicely compiled and highly enjoyable history of the Colorado Springs region with a later focus on the conservative politics of groups like Focus on the Family and their place in national politics. As the author states, “What is it that makes Colorado Springs unique, that creates its identity, its sense of place? Answering that is the challenge of this book...” Western history readers will have to decide if they are interested in the D&RG Railroad and New Life Church equally. If so than this book is for them.

– George Krieger



Creating the American West—Boundaries and Borderlands, by Derek R. Everett. Norman, OK: University of Oklahoma Press, 2014. 302 pages, photos, maps, endnotes, index. Hardcover \$34.95

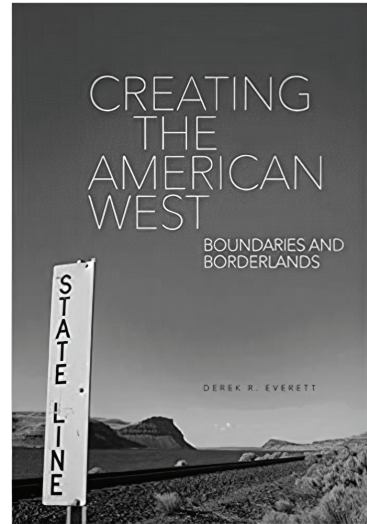
Author Derek Everett expounds on the theory that borders make a big difference on the people and their societies that live within the border. To Everett, where the lines were drawn on the ground influenced who the peoples of the American West became. He examines six cases of the arguments and sometimes violence that led to the current placement of the borders of Western states.

Some of these arguments are familiar to Westerners such as the fights that lead to the placements of the western and northern borders of Arkansas. Unlike the ruffian views of gross maltreatment of Indians and their settlements expressed in *Frontiersmen Who Couldn't Shoot Straight* (reviewed in the March 2021 *Roundup*), Everett takes a more gentleman's view of Indian removal and border placements. For him, there was something in the placements for everybody, including the Indians.

The placement of the southern border in Colorado is also familiar. Here we find a replay of the disgruntled Hispanic settlers of the northern New Mexico Territory fighting incorporation into the new Colorado Territory based on what they felt was an attempt of Congress to make the borders, "pretty" and culturally insensitive. For a more animated telling of this story, see *Pleas and Petitions* reviewed in our January 2021 *Roundup*.

The remaining four border stories are especially lively and well written. You will enjoy the border-placement stories of California-Nevada, Iowa-Missouri, the Dakotas, and Oregon-Washington-Idaho. This is an enjoyable read that builds on what we already know.

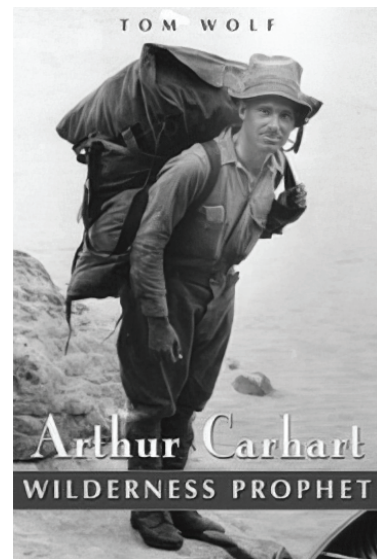
— Dan Shannon



Arthur Carhart—Wilderness Prophet, by Tom Wolf. Louisville, CO: University Press of Colorado, 2008. 294 pages, photos, index. Hardcover \$41.95

With a narrow victory in 2020, Colorado voters approved the re-introduction of grey wolves by the year 2023. The co-author of the popular 1929 book about the end of the Colorado wolves *The Last Of The Pack* (with Stanley P. Young) would be surprised to read that sentence. A champion for wilderness, Arthur Carhart was not an extremist, but rather a life-long moderate Republican who hated government bureaucracy. He lived from 1892 to 1978 and today has the Arthur Carhart National Wilderness Training Center in Missoula, Montana named for him.

Wolf's book paints a portrait of a man in love with the wild and making it accessible to the common folk without destroying natural beauty. In 1917,



he earned the first Bachelor of Science degree in landscape gardening ever awarded by Iowa Agricultural College (now Iowa State University). He took a job with the Forest Service in 1919 as Recreational Engineer, moving to Denver with his wife Vee. When introduced to Trapper's Lake, this became his 'Walden's Pond' moment, setting off a quest for wilderness preservation. His dream came to pass in 1975 with the establishment of Flat Tops Wilderness Area which includes Trapper's Lake. Carhart only lasted with the Forest Service for four years, going into private practice and then eventually becoming a full-time author of magazine articles and books. "Free from the strictures of the bureaucracy he loathed, Carhart sharpened his pen and his tongue—and became the fighting conservationist he would remain for the rest of his life."

His landscape architecture company had a hand in the design of Civic Center Park, the YMCA camp in Estes Park, landscaping the Broadmoor, etc. He managed to make a good living writing articles for *Sunset*, *Ladies Home Journal*, *Better Homes & Gardens* and *Outdoor Life* to name a few. Among his twenty-four books are fiction and non-fiction under his own name plus the pen name of Hart Thorne and V.A. Van Sickle. Book titles range from *Saddlemen Of the C Bit Brand* to *The Outdoorsman's Cookbook*.

The author uses a great deal of Carhart's own correspondence (which is preserved at the Denver Public Library) and reprints large sections of those. The writing would have perhaps benefited from more details about Carhart the person. Maps would also have been nice, but still this is a valuable first time biography of a forward-thinking man. While this book doesn't mention it, Carhart was one of the men who in 1945 helped found the Denver Posse of Westerners.

– George W. Krieger

America's Switzerland—Estes Park and Rocky Mountain National Park, the Growth Years, by James H. Pickering. Louisville, CO: University Press of Colorado. 2005. 458 pages, photographs, endnotes, bibliography, index. 2020 Softcover edition \$28.00

Built on Pickering's extensive research of Estes Park history, *America's Switzerland* is a comprehensive history of the village and surroundings during the first half of the twentieth century. Originally released in 2005, this paperback version of the book makes the history readily available to the thousands of visitors who visit Estes Park every year. To those of us who have made Estes a regular destination for much of our lifetimes, it is an in-depth examination of our favorite Colorado town. For those who are discovering Estes Park for the first time, *America's Switzerland* is a thoughtful history of the village, the natural wonders surrounding it and the people who turned it into a destination. The reader encounters F.O. Stanley, creator of the Stanley Steamer and builder of the Stanley Hotel, and Enos Mills, a driving force behind the creation of Rocky Mountain National Park. There are also the lesser-known stories of local hotel proprietors, businesspeople and entrepreneurs.



Unlike other Colorado resort communities like Aspen, Telluride and Crested Butte, Estes Park did not begin as a mining town, but was a tourist destination from the beginning. The natural beauty surrounding Estes, as well as the teeming wildlife in its hills, attracted sightseers, hunters and fishermen. The book begins with the opening of Rocky Mountain National Park in 1915, a pivotal event that solidified the town's tourism future. As Pickering explains, the proximity of the national park also created challenges and controversies that few communities face. Otherwise-simple tasks like building roads into and through the park were complicated by local, state and national politics. Hoteliers and operators of sightseeing tours tussled with parks superintendents and each other over regulations designed to both protect and exploit the national park. The economic and physical wellbeing of the village itself became dependent upon the ebb and flow of visitors, who nearly overwhelmed it during the summer and virtually disappeared during the winter.

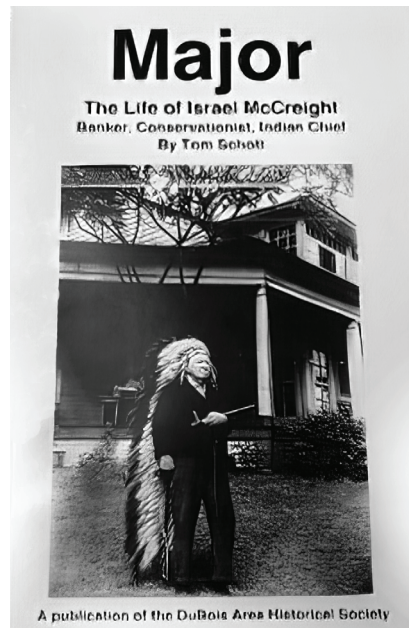
Pickering carefully, yet entertainingly, provides background on many of the familiar places and names in one of Colorado's most beloved tourist towns. The book ends in the 1940s with a brief mention of developments in Rocky Mountain National Park in the following years. I hope that we will eventually see another volume from Pickering, applying his excellent research and writing to the second half of the twentieth century, a period of even greater growth and change in the village of Estes Park. — Steve Friesen

Major—The Life of Israel McCreight—Banker, Conservationist, Indian Chief, by Tom Schott. Dubois, PA: LaBlue Printing, 2020. 159 pages, photos, drawings, maps, index, bibliography. Softcover \$22.50

The subject of this book is a deceased member of the Denver Posse of Westerners. Israel McCreight was a remarkable Westerner and a remarkable man. Read about his growing-up among the northern plains Indians in the 1890s in our 1951 *Brand Book* and about his story of Indian honor—Crow Dog in the 1953 *Brand Book*. (Both stories available for download at: Archives - Denver Posse of Westerners)

Author Tom Schott has taken the story of Israel McCreight's growing up years and added the Pennsylvania connection where he used his talents for over sixty years building communities in Western Pennsylvania and in leading the fight for conservation long before it became fashionable.

Even though McCreight became a respected shop keeper, banker, mine owner, and community leader, he never forgot the Indian friends of his youth. Throughout the 1920s and 1930s these friends would enliven the community of DuBois, Pennsylvania when they visited the McCreight family at their home, the "Wigwam," often staying for weeks at a time. Buffalo Bill Cody even visited McCreight several times. To show the depth of friendship and respect that one band of Sioux had for McCreight, they made him their chief. This was, as he often said, "the highest honor of my life."



This book can be purchased from the DuBois Pennsylvania Historical Society by calling 814-371-9006 or email duboisareahistory@yahoo.com. An additional \$5 for shipping is required. Tell them the Denver Posse sent you!
– Dan Shannon

French St. Louis—Landscapes, Context and Legacy, Edited by Jay Girtlin, Robert Michael Morrissey, and Peter J. Kastor. Lincoln, NE: University of Nebraska Press, 2021. 319 pages, maps, drawings, photos, footnotes, endnotes, index. Hardcover \$65.00.

This book is a commemorative edition celebrating the 250th anniversary of the founding of St. Louis, Missouri in 1764. The book is divided into four distinct parts with the editorial objective of telling us about the “French-ness” of St. Louis in its beginning, middle period, current times, and its future. The editors are also the principal writers. The book is also a collaboration among French social organizations of St. Louis, archives of the city and the French Cultural Affairs office.

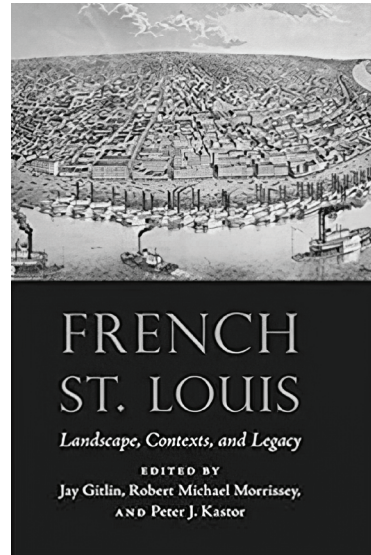
The reader can start with any of the four parts. For its uniqueness, you might want to start with Part 3. Here you will read about how the earliest physical evidence of colonial St. Louis is almost gone. Devastating fires, new replacement building materials during the post-1803 Americanization period and willful urban development removed almost all early buildings and bulldozed the water-front landscape upon which the French built their earliest settlement. Then you will learn about how computer technology, using early land deeds, drawings, paintings, daguerreotypes, GPS mapping and innovative programming of virtual reality, can let visitors see the early city in amazing detail.

Part 1 tells us that the early French built along side the Osage Indian tribe. The French settlers were smart enough to know that survival in the wilderness necessitated compromising with the strongest of numerous tribes who lived in the Middle Mississippi River Valley. The compromise involved bringing to the area manufactured goods that the native tribes wanted. The French were able to bring these goods from the Canadian north and from the Creole south of New Orleans.

Then Part 2 gives a very useful insight into French Creole culture and into the “Creole Corridor” that the French established from Canada, Detroit, Merrimack Island, the Illinois Country, St. Louis, St. Genevieve and New Orleans. It gives a picture of a north-south south-north development of interior America that is separate from the east-west British-American pattern of development.

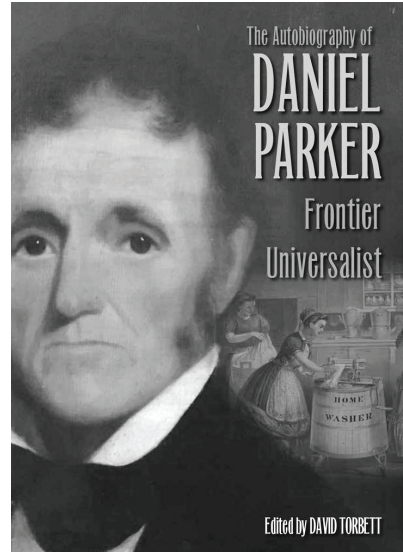
Finally, in Part 4 you are introduced to efforts to retain and reintroduce elements of French culture and language into the city and region. And the authors examine meaning of French words found in the area that may have changed over the centuries.

This volume is a commendable venture to tell the French story of the founding of interior America. The project’s inception during the sescentennial year of St. Louis’s founding yielded fruitful results with the recent publication of this book. A valuable read for American historians.
– Dan Shannon



The Autobiography of Daniel Parker—Frontier Universalist, by Daniel Parker and David Torbett. Athens, OH: Ohio University Press, 2021. 251 pages including, 18 page bibliography, 75 pages footnotes, index. Hardcover \$24.95

Daniel Parker was born in Massachusetts in 1781. He wrote from memory this record of his life when he was sixty-four years of age. His mental acuity at that age and eloquent vocabulary make his story a deeply authentic primary history about events in Mid-America up to the 1840s. Daniel Parker was famous throughout the Ohio River Valley, had influenced a lot of frontier people and was admired for his influential theological preaching. I would consider him to have been a renaissance man because of the variety of his highly accomplished skills. His father took their family to one of the first homesteads of the Ohio frontier where survival depended on ingenuity, bravery, and hard work. After carving out the family homestead in Ohio's frontier, Daniel started building handmade washing machines to support himself wherever he traveled.



As a young man, one of his early travels took him from southern Ohio to New Orleans along the rivers. He met many frontier people and began public speaking about his favorite subject which was theology. There are many accounts of down-home conversations and honest explanations on the role of church with frontier people. A large portion of his life's story is about controversial theological issues where his writings reflect his deep thoughts. Parker's speaking and writings show a man who wrestled with philosophical issues of fairness in life and the roles of God and human relationships.

He became a self-educated itinerant minister. His speaking about the church gained him a widely popular reputation. Local folks welcomed him to stay at their homes while traveling. Parker's mental ability, logic, and great vocabulary built a large following wherever he spoke. His message of universal salvation, human change from sin to holiness and final restoration with God assured hearers of eternal life in heaven. He founded Clermont Academy, which was his private school built on his personal property. Clermont influenced a lot of students in universalism. Most of Parker's speaking was in Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee where he told about the logic of freedom for slaves. His later years in Cincinnati placed him on the path of the Underground Railroad where he was able to support abolition. I enjoyed reading about how he was able to speak in pro-slavery Kentucky as an abolitionist without being lynched.

I would break this book into thirds. The first is the introduction by the editor named David Torbett who explains the surviving family's attempts to keep his memoirs alive. The second part is Daniel Parker's autobiographical memoirs. The third part is Torbett's additional research as extensive footnotes to explain Parker's context and meanings. Torbett's footnotes add a lot to Parker's story because they contained supplemental and detailed explanations to what Daniel wrote about. I found myself looking at footnotes here more than any other book I have ever read.

— Frank Pilkington