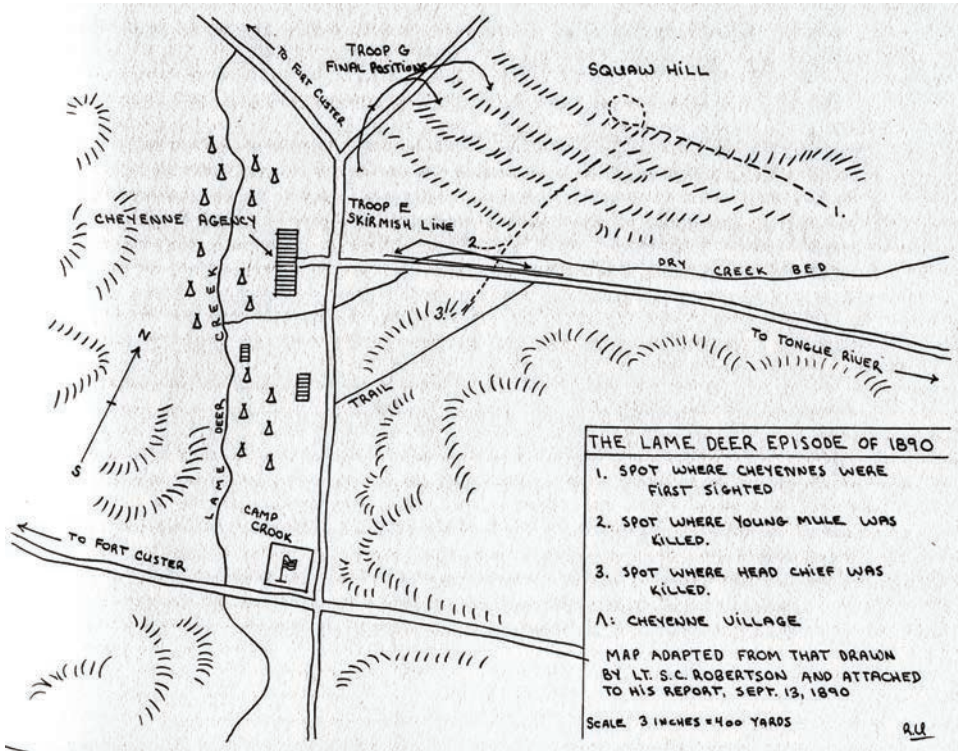




The DENVER WESTERNERS **ROUNDUP**

January - February 2022

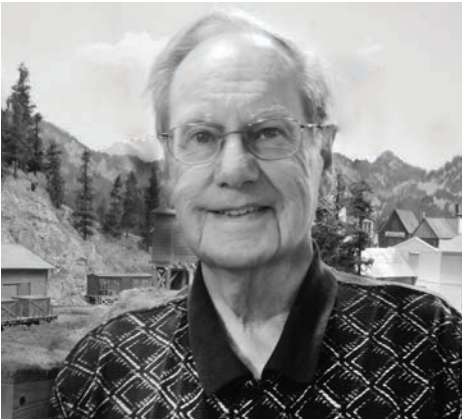


Courtesy Richard Upton's "Fort Custer on the Big Horn 1877-1898"
The original of this map was attached to Lt. Robertson's report of the event chronicled in this issue. It is dated September 13, 1890

I Will Die Like a Man!

by Dennis Hagen

(presented March 23, 2022)



Courtesy of the Author

Our Author

After receiving a B.A. in Political Science in 1968 from the University of North Dakota, Dennis served with the U.S. Air Force in Vietnam. Attaining the rank of captain, Dennis also received a Bronze Star Medal. He earned an M.A. in history in 1974 from Colorado State University.

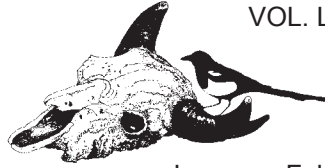
Following several years as a restaurateur and later as national sales director, Dennis obtained his M.A. in Library Science from D.U. at the age of fifty-eight. This led to a position as an archivist with the Denver Public Library's Western History and Genealogy Department, where he managed the World War II 10th Mountain Division archives, one of the largest special collections of its kind in the country.

Although now retired, Dennis continues to volunteer at the library. He also works on a model railroad, studies blues guitar and tries to catch up on reading the hundreds of Western history books he has accumulated over many years.

Dennis has served for the past fourteen years on our Board of Directors. In 2015, Dennis received the Denver Posse's prestigious Rosenstock Award for Lifetime Achievement in Western history. This marks his sixth presentation and his seventh *Roundup* article.

THE DENVER WESTERNERS ROUNDUP

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January - February 2022

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I Will Die Like a Man!

by Dennis Hagen

*When a domineering father refused to let his son live like a man,
this angry young Cheyenne showed him how to die like one*

To a casual observer, the government's bi-weekly rations distribution at the Northern Cheyenne Agency near Lama Deer, Montana seemed to have gone smoothly enough. As the sun eased slowly past its zenith, tireless Cheyenne women busily completed their morning's work, shaving meager slabs of the white man's spotted buffalo meat into thin strips and carefully arranging them on poles to dry.¹ Men idled quietly nearby, seeking relief from the warmth that cascaded down from a brilliant, cloudless sky.² As the people consumed their noon meals, they may have recalled other days, perhaps sharing in the process their stories of the good life that had existed before the stringy beef came to supplant fat bison.³ And yet, despite obvious misgivings, the people appeared to have resigned themselves to their enforced new reservation life.

But beneath this deceptive façade a discerning eye would have noted a grim foreboding: a tension blanketing the camp like a dark cloud. Women grimly refrained from the easy banter that normally attended their food preparations. Men appeared unusually sullen. For one thing, there were too many soldiers.

By September 1890, the Cheyennes had learned to accept a nominal soldier's presence, especially on ration days. But large numbers of soldiers still evoked chilling memories of devastating attacks that had shattered villages at places like Sand Creek, Washita, Summit Springs, Powder River and Red Fork.

Responding to the frenzied demands of local settlers⁴ some five months earlier, soldiers had constructed an insignificant outpost named Camp Cook a mile below the agency.⁵ Designed to house but a single cavalry troop, on this particular ration day the soldier compound overflowed with three full troops of the 1st US Cavalry Regiment: Troops D, E and G.⁶

As Lt. Samuel Robertson deployed Troop G, he silently watched Cheyenne men, women and children shuffle somberly away from their village, nervously arranging themselves high above on the surrounding hills overlooking the agency. Robertson later noted, "They now stood upon the ridges above the valley in dense groups of brilliant, barbaric color."⁷

Apprehensively, the people watched and waited, knowing full well the nature of the tragedy that was about to unfold. They understood they were about to witness one of the strangest applications of capital punishment ever to be administered anywhere within the United States.

Adapting to the strange and often devastating changes that reservation life suddenly thrust upon them had led the Northern Cheyennes down a difficult road. The transformation had come at a terrible cost.

Fourteen short years ago, on June 25, 1876, many of these same now-subdued warriors had reveled in triumph, celebrating victories forged through a powerful alliance with the Lakota and the Arapahoe: an alliance that destroyed Custer along with his immediate command a mere fifty miles to the west.

But those fleeting days of glory quickly vanished when Colonel Ranald Mackenzie's pre-dawn raid visited a devastation of near Biblical proportions upon Dull Knife's village five short months later.

On November 25, 1876, Mackenzie marched his troops through freezing darkness to approach the Northern Cheyenne's camp on the Red Fork of the Powder River to strike at dawn. Warriors, perhaps foolishly, had passed a raucous night celebrating the recent slaughter of several traditional Shoshone enemies and were caught completely unaware.

Mackenzie's attack drove everyone from the village. Most of the people left their clothes, blankets, food and robes behind before fleeing into the frozen mountains. Regrouping from the shock of the attack, Cheyenne warriors fought back vigorously though hopelessly throughout the morning. Pawnee and Shoshone warriors joined the soldiers to eventually overwhelm the village. 2nd Lieutenant John A. McKinney, of the 4th US Cavalry, along with five enlisted men were among the soldiers killed during the battle. Cheyenne losses cannot be known, though most later reports suggest nearly forty persons were killed with perhaps eighty more wounded.⁸

But even greater losses occurred when Dull Knife's Cheyenne warriors finally retreated, abandoning some 200 lodges with all their contents. Soldiers destroyed everything, while also capturing or destroying about 700 horses.

These losses left Dull Knife's followers utterly destitute in the freezing November weather. Lacking sufficient clothing, many suffered frostbite. Casualties mounted during the days that followed as additional women and children froze to death. Hungry and freezing, many survivors spent the winter with Crazy Horse's Oglalas, but eventually were forced to surrender at Camp Robinson the following spring.⁹

Despite promises that had been made, the U.S. government forced the surrendering Northern Cheyennes into exile, where they joined kinsmen on the Southern Cheyenne Reservation in the western portion of Indian Territory, lands which later became the state of Oklahoma. Following a disastrous year in this alien land, during which



Courtesy WikiCommons

Colonel Randell Mackenzie graduated first in his class at West Point in 1862.

the Northern Cheyenne were decimated by disease and hunger, many escaped in what became known as the Northern Cheyenne Exodus, or Odyssey.

On September 9, 1878, the Northern Cheyenne, led by Chiefs Little Wolf and Dull Knife bolted the Darlington Agency and fled toward Kansas, where they fought fierce battles with settlers and military troops at places like Punished Woman's Fork, Sappa Creek, and Beaver Creek.

In Nebraska, soon after crossing the North Platte River, the Cheyennes split into two groups: Dull Knife, also known as Morning Star, attempted to find safety for his sick and elderly followers at the Red Cloud Agency. Learning too late that Red Cloud had been relocated to Pine Ridge, the Cheyenne were captured and taken to Fort Robinson. Little Wolf, the Cheyenne's Sweet Medicine Chief, and his followers continued north toward the Tongue River.

When informed they would be forcibly returned to the south, Dull Knife's people broke out of their Fort Robinson confinement, suffering many additional casualties.

Very belatedly, the government permitted Dull Knife's survivors to join Little Wolf near Montana's Fort Keogh.¹⁰

Five uncertain years passed following the Northern Cheyennes' painful return from Oklahoma's Indian Territory before the United States government finally established the Tongue River Indian Reservation, comprising 371,200 acres of land, under an executive order signed by President Chester A. Arthur on November 16, 1884. Although this concession represented a nominal return to their northern homeland, the Northern Cheyenne now occupied but a small slice of the territory they had once proudly ruled.¹¹

By 1890, the buffalo had long-since vanished, leaving the Cheyennes totally dependent upon the inadequate and often substandard rations doled out through the agency's butcher barn and commissary.¹² And so, a broken people quietly congregated once again at Lame Deer on this ominous Friday, September 12, 1890, just as they had done each two weeks for many months to receive scant rations and to add yet another tragic chapter to their recent history.

Because the Government had carved the Tongue River Reservation in large part from lands that were already claimed or coveted by white settlers, bitterness and resentment



Courtesy Wikimedia Commons

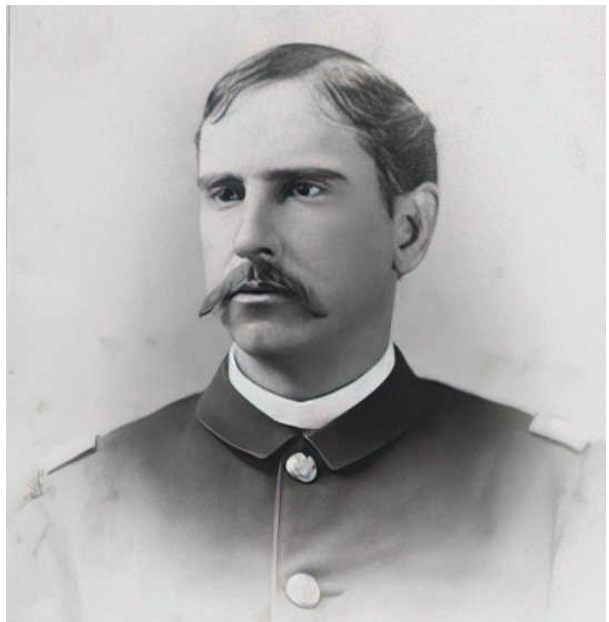
Cheyenne Chiefs Dull Knife and Little Wolf who led the Northern Cheyenne escape from Indian Territory and the return to Montana.

became unavoidable, simmering for nearly six years. Conflict threatened to explode in late May 1890 following the disappearance of a forty-three-year-old bachelor named Robert Ferguson. Like many encroaching whites, Ferguson had established a homestead along the fringes of the Tongue River Reservation, where he lived with his brother and sister. He had last been seen searching for stray cattle on the evening of May 6, 1890 when he suddenly vanished.¹³ His remains were eventually discovered and identified in a dry wash northwest of Lame Deer in the Little Wolf Mountains. Moccasin tracks and the butchered remains of a cow's carcass at the scene suggested that Ferguson had probably interrupted a cattle theft, and paid with his life.¹⁴

Cheyenne Agent, R.L. Upshaw, who had long shown himself to be a strong friend of the Cheyennes, laid Ferguson's murder directly on the Government's failure to provide adequate beef rations. Lurid newspaper accounts by contrast simply whipped local settlers into a frenzy.¹⁵

Based upon the thinnest of clues uncovered by Indian Police,¹⁶ authorities arrested several Cheyenne men, incarcerating them for weeks before they were eventually released due to lack of real evidence. Their release drove surrounding settlers into outbursts of anger and dismay.¹⁷ Ironically, the accused men had served honorably under Lt. Edward W. Casey as members of troop A, Department of Dakota, an experimental contingent of Cheyenne scouts who had enlisted to serve as full-fledged soldiers with the U.S. Cavalry at Fort Keogh.¹⁸ Lt. Casey, who had conceived the idea of enlisting Indian troops vehemently denounced the arrests of his former troopers as "a put-up-plan" by ranchers seeking to gain access to Cheyenne lands.¹⁹ Ferguson's murder was never solved, a fact that kept tensions high for months.

With autumn's approach, an uneasy calm returned. During the first week of September 1890, a twenty-five-year-old Cheyenne named Head Chief rode into American Horse's village intent on pursuing his blossoming courtship with the chief's daughter, Goa. Offering to provide a scant bit of coffee and fried bread, Goa wistfully apologized for her deficient hospitality, noting that her family had eaten little else for several days. Her meager fare reflected the reality that few Cheyenne families could stretch their skimpy government rations to cover the entire two-week period between distributions. Head Chief graciously accepted Goa's offering, boasting that he would soon bring her plenty of meat.²⁰



Courtesy personal collection of Tim Cranston
 Lt. Edward W. Casey was later killed by
 Lakota Plenty Horses on January 7, 1891
 as he was attempting to meet with Chief Red Cloud.

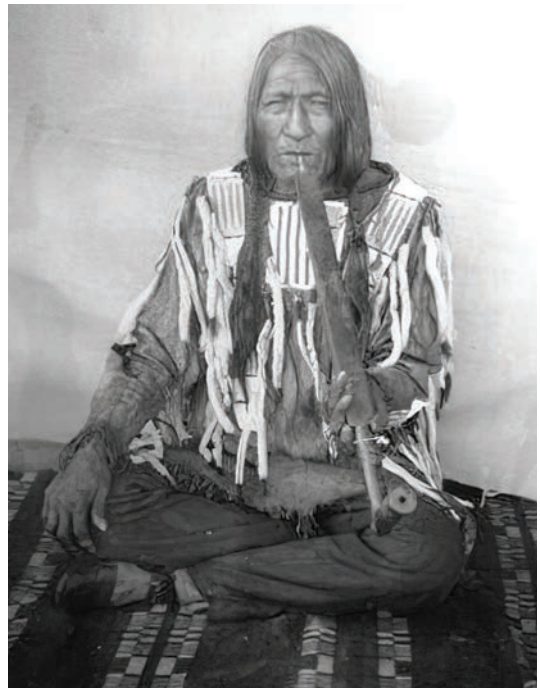
Much of what we know about Head Chief has been passed down by Cheyenne tribal historian John Stands in Timber. Arrogant and cocky, Head Chief had received his perhaps somewhat sardonic name from his position as the leader of an angry group of young, dissident warriors. Despite his loyal following, many in the tribe considered him to be a trouble maker.²¹ Psychologically scarred by an overbearing father, Head Chief carried a terrible chip on his shoulder. Ignoring the limitations imposed by the Cheyenne's rigidly restricted reservation life, Head Chief's father continually belittled and shamed him, often treating him like a child by mocking his failure to achieve the war honors that had until recently defined manhood.²² Treaties now banned traditional wars. Counting coup upon whites or even upon traditional enemy tribes had been rendered virtually impossible. And yet, his father's senseless humiliations seemed to give a frustrated Head Chief little choice but to find his own way to make war.

Head Chief had attracted a shadow in the form of an unfortunate thirteen-year-old orphan who followed him everywhere. Young Mule, whose parents had been killed during an unrecorded encounter with the soldiers, may also have been called Mule Heart.²³ Young Mule had briefly enrolled at the Ashcroft school, where he acquired a smattering of English. He had also cut his hair, and accepted the white man's given name "John." Caught between two worlds, John Young Mule came to idolize Head Chief for his swaggering bombast.²⁴

As Head Chief set out to redeem his pledge to Goa, he directed Young Mule to remain behind, an order which, as always, Young Mule simply ignored.²⁵ The two young hunters roamed the surrounding hills throughout a fruitless day, seeking to find anything that would fulfill Head Chief's impulsive romantic vow. As evening fell, they chanced upon a small herd of cattle belonging to a local homesteader named Gaffney.²⁶

Grasping Head Chief's intentions, Young Mule urged caution, warning that the cows belonged to a white man. Head Chief snarled in response, arguing that white men had driven away their buffalo. In his view, killing a single cow constituted little more than simple justice, and a poor trade at that.

As the pair backtracked toward American Horse's village on Friday evening, September 6 they encountered Hugh Boyle,²⁷ an eighteen-year-old Chicagoan²⁸ who was visiting his uncle's Montana homestead for the summer. Noting the pack horse burdened with fresh meat, Boyle sneered, "I see that a hungry dog has snapped up one of my cows."



Courtesy www.american-tribes.com

American Horse, Chief of the Northern Cheyenne village to which Head Chief and Young Mule returned following Boyle's murder.

Head Chief sensed Boyle's hostility but could not comprehend his words.

"What does he say?"

Young Mule simply shrugged, undoubtedly catching only a few of the words himself.

"He calls us dogs."

Head Chief erupted with rage and jerked a rifle from beneath the meat packs. Boyle, suddenly recognizing his horrible blunder, kicked his horse around into a hasty retreat. Head Chief bounded after him in a chase lasting perhaps a quarter mile. The unequal contest ended abruptly as a .45-70 slug slammed squarely into Boyle's back, knocking him to the ground. Bestriding the body, Head Chief fired again. This time his bullet disintegrated the top of Boyle's head. Dismounting, he examined Boyle's cap, covered with gore and brain tissue. He carelessly flipped it into a clump of rose bushes where searchers later recovered it.²⁹

The young murderers hastily unpacked and cached their meat, freeing their pack horse to transport Boyle's body. As night fell, they carried Boyle to a high point several miles away. A sudden heavy rain postponed their attempts at burial until the following morning. Although much of Boyle's head was missing, Head Chief tenderly laid Boyle's handkerchief over his face, growling with bitter sarcasm, "We hate to get his face dirty." Cheyennes recalled this grim quip for many years following the incident.³⁰

Meanwhile, Gaffney's cows ambled home alone later that evening. Immediately suspecting foul play, Gaffney rode to the Cheyenne village to demand information, but of course at that time none of the Indians had learned anything. Boyle's white horse returned the following morning, still saddled and showing signs that Boyle had been thrown.

Gaffney immediately reported his suspicions, prompting several soldiers accompanied by Indian Police to storm into American Horse's camp. Witnesses described a ruthless ransacking of the village, accompanied by chaos and confusion.

Delayed by the previous night's storm, Head Chief and Young Mule finally returned shortly after mid-day, stunned to confront the furor their actions had unleashed.³¹

Responding to the village's obvious panic, Head Chief defiantly faced American Horse and confessed his guilt. The chief assured him that no one in the village would betray him. However, he also added gloomily that if Head Chief refused to surrender to white authorities, the Cheyennes would be forced to protect him, an action that could prove ruinous to the entire Cheyenne people.³²

Historian John Stands in Timber clarified, relating that the Cheyenne were constantly fearful at this time. They had had enough of being shot up in their villages at places like Sand Creek. It was one thing they always feared when trouble started, that the white people would come in and attack the villages.³³ Despite these fears, American Horse vowed that, if necessary, the people would stand beside the young murderer.

Following Head Chief's confession, American Horse led white authorities to Boyle's burial site, though the body was not actually discovered for three days.³⁴ Walter Shirlaw, a government census worker assigned to work the reservation for the 1890 census, accompanied the group that recovered the body, following what he called a "toilsome" ascent.³⁵ Lt. Samuel Robertson concurred, also describing an "arduous" search.³⁶

Head Chief's confession introduced an almost greater problem than it solved. According to tradition: "The Cheyennes believe that when a man dies his spirit leaves the body with the last breath of life. They say that the rope of the hangman does not permit the spirit to escape; that neither breath nor spirit can get past the rope. If the breath could pass, they argue, the man would not die. But if the spirit cannot pass, it must remain in the body. This, of course prevents a hanged man from the Shadow Hills from joining his people who have passed."³⁷

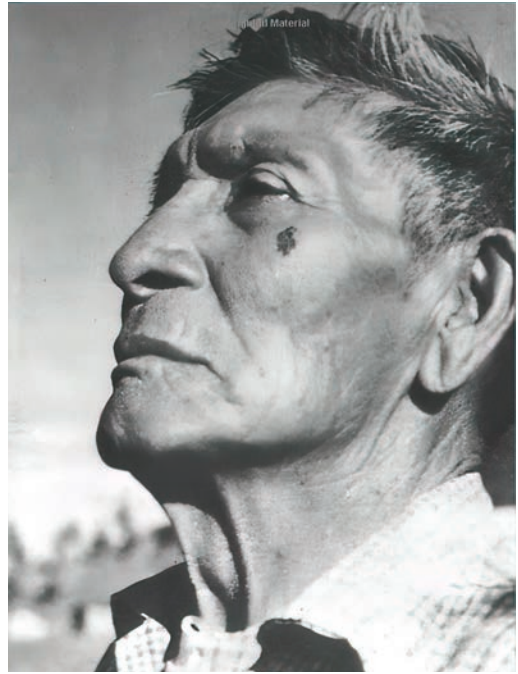
In Cheyenne cosmology, then, death by hanging precluded a spiritual afterlife. Submitting to such an abhorrent form of death was out of the question for any Cheyenne. The entire tribe would stand with Head Chief regardless of consequences rather than permit him to suffer such a death. This impasse led the young Cheyenne warrior to propose a stunning compromise. He told American Horse:

"I don't want the women and children to suffer on my account. Go down to the Agency. Tell them I killed the boy. Tell them on the next ration day...I will be there. Tell them to be ready and I will play with the soldiers at that time. I will come in shooting—let them try to stop me. They will never hang me. I will die like a man."³⁸

Having thus sealed his fate, Head Chief visited his parents camp near Ashland. During a solemn dinner, he rebuked his father for his past torments, scornfully demanding to know whether or not killing this young white man had finally made him worthy in his father's eyes. He then urged his family not to grieve, but rather to sing victory songs and to dance for him when he was gone. Head Chief then ironically demanded that his father now act like a man.³⁹

Young Mule's whereabouts for the next couple of days are uncertain. Head Chief, by contrast basked in glory. Fellow members of the Northern Cheyenne Elk Warriors, a military society also known as Elkhorn Scrapers, formed an honor guard to protect their hero, assuring that he would not be arrested before his time.⁴⁰

Many young Cheyennes passed the night prior to ration day feasting and sharing stories while Head Chief paid a final visit to Goa. During the young warriors' night-long vigil, Head Chief boasted that he had killed two other white men. Speculation pointed to Ferguson as being one of his victims, though no proof ever surfaced. Perhaps another unsolved murder that occurred as early as 1884 when he was but nineteen could also be attributed to Head Chief.⁴¹



*Courtesy John Stands in Timber and Margot Liberty,
"Cheyenne Memories"
Former Northern Cheyenne Tribal
Historian who provided many
background details for this story.*

A few hours before sunrise, perhaps fifteen close friends accompanied Head Chief to the towering summit of “Squaw Hill,” a prominent point located above Lame Deer, where they conducted final ceremonial preparations. Young Mule, who had been merely an accomplice and of little interest to the soldiers, announced his melancholy desire to join his hero in death. “When you are dead, I will have nothing,” he said. “I will die too.”⁴²

As the first traces of dawn streaked the horizon village elders, still fearful of the soldiers, ordered the young men off the hill, knowing that a reckless youthful outburst could ignite a general massacre.⁴³

Harold Brown, a local justice of the peace, convened a coroner’s jury early on September 12 at Tongue River Agency. American Horse testified honestly to what he had been told, resulting in Head Chief’s immediate indictment.⁴⁴

Passionate eleventh-hour negotiations followed, continuing up to the last possible moment, with Head Chief’s father begging for clemency. American Horse offered thirty horses as compensation for Boyle’s family, a staggering amount of wealth for the impoverished Cheyennes.⁴⁵

Agent James A. Cooper patiently explained that, despite Cheyenne custom, property settlements could not atone for murder. Under American law, Head Chief must forfeit his life.⁴⁶

Negotiations collapsed entirely when Cheyenne Chief Two Moon reiterated Head Chief’s absolute refusal to be hanged.⁴⁷ Although Agent Cooper initially balked at Head Chief’s improbable duel, when advised of the bloody consequences that would ensue if the Cheyennes intervened to prevent a hanging, Cooper relented and reluctantly authorized the unconventional compromise to proceed.

Major Henry Carroll, 1st Cavalry, immediately dispatched Lieutenant Samuel C. Robertson and G Troop to the agency, while holding Troop D under Lieutenant Barber and Troop E led by Lieutenant John Pitcher in reserve.⁴⁸

As Robertson deployed his men, he told himself that the whole affair was “a fool’s errand.” A duel pitting two boys against a hundred troopers seemed “too grotesque



Courtesy Postcard in Author’s Collection
Two Moon: Northern Cheyenne Chief involved in the negotiations that led to the executions of Head Chief and Young Mule.

to be entertained.” Chief Brave Wolf quickly disabused him of that notion, however, assuring him that the coming fight would be deadly.⁴⁹

Robertson noted the time as nearing 3:00 when the young warriors began their attack. Raising his binoculars, Robertson observed them about 800 yards out, well-armed, well mounted and clad in full war regalia. One of them displayed a magnificently trailing war bonnet. The warriors raced their horses up a ridge to the north of the valley, circling ostentatiously in full view of the throngs that covered the hills.⁵⁰ They met no cheers, however, as the people nervously observed a strict silence imposed upon them by their chiefs and enforced by the Indian Police to preclude inflaming the many young men present.

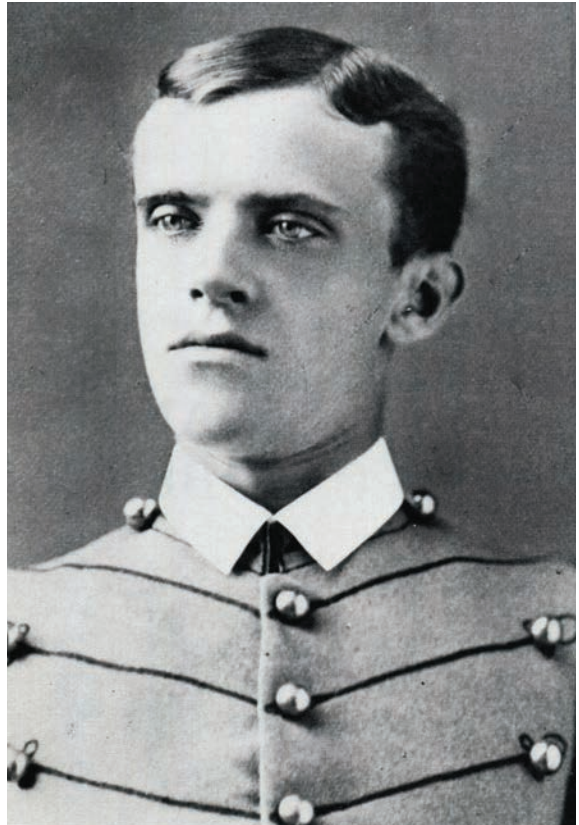
When the young warriors finally charged, they raced down a steep decline leading towards Pitcher’s troop E, firing and circling to draw the soldiers’ fire. The troops opened up on them when they closed to within about 200 yards.⁵¹ Head Chief angled toward the left end of the soldier line before swerving sharply to make a bravery run from left to right across the soldiers’ front. Apparently unscathed, he charged back up the steep hill.⁵²

Young Mule fared less fortunately. As he attempted to follow Head Chief, his horse received a crippling wound, quite possibly from a shot fired by an Indian Policeman.⁵³

Head Chief paused to adjust the warbonnet he had received from his grandfather, then once again he bolted down to engage the soldiers, most of whom now stood dismounted and ready in a firing line to meet him. Twenty deputized members of the Indian Police stood shoulder to shoulder with the waiting soldiers.⁵⁴

Head Chief had boasted that he would ride completely through the soldier’s line, and he did. Although suffering several wounds, he somehow remained upright, making good on his vow by penetrating some twenty yards before toppling to the ground. As he struggled to rise, a soldier raced forward and shot him in the head.⁵⁵

Young Mule abandoned his crippled mount and raced toward the soldiers on foot, zigzagging down the slope to dodge their fire.



Courtesy Richard Upton. “The Indian as Soldier at Fort Custer, Montana 1890-1895.”

Lt. Samuel C. Robertson was an eyewitness to the execution of Head Chief and Young Mule and wrote a military report of the incident.

He pulled up in a shallow gully to shoot, then scampered into some brush.⁵⁶ Intermittent firing continued from Young Mule's position for perhaps fifteen or twenty minutes before the soldiers managed to flank him and discover his lifeless body.

Lt. Samuel C. Robertson described the scene:

"Crawling through the bush toward him, we suddenly discovered him dead, and we were almost startled at the weird beauty of the picture he made as he lay in his vivid color of costume and painted face, his red blood dyeing the yellow of the Autumn leaves on which he fell." Silence descended on the valley. The affair had lasted fully an hour.⁵⁷

The bodies lay briefly in state at American Horse's camp, where everyone came to see them. Later, they were buried high above the village, atop the hill where they died.⁵⁸

Robertson credited the Indian Police and tribal leaders with behaving "most admirably," noting: "To them is most probably due the remarkable sight of scores of Cheyenne braves—many of them fierce warriors of other days—witnessing not unmoved but without interference, the killing by troops of two of their tribe."

The killing of two Cheyennes for the death of but a single white man seemed inconsistent with tribal custom. They also could not understand why the offer of so many horses had been unacceptable. Nevertheless, the Cheyennes accepted the duel's lethal outcome, as it had reflected Head Chief's will. Lt. Robertson provided a further epitaph: "The audacity they displayed in this desperate attack upon two troops of cavalry was probably never surpassed in the records of Indian bravery."⁵⁹



Courtesy Author

*Today, this is the actual site where the executions took place.
White stones mark Head Chief's route as he attacked
the waiting soldiers.*

Legends relate that during the final charge, a feather broke free from Head Chief's warbonnet, fluttering down near the point where he was killed. Someone tied a rock to it, and it remained undisturbed for many years.⁶⁰ Today, a trail of white boulders marks Head Chief's final charge. Originally, it was said, the rocks were quickly distributed along the tracks created by Head Chief's horse before the rains and the wind could erase them.⁶¹

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8. For details and background related to the Dull Knife Battle please see Greene, *Morning Star Dawn*; Werner, *The Dull Knife Battle*; Smith, *Sagebrush Soldier*.
9. Ibid.
10. For details and background related to the Northern Cheyenne Odyssey and break out from Fort Robinson, see Greene, *January Moon*; Monnett, *Massacre at Cheyenne Hole*.
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21. Stands in Timber, *Cheyenne Memories*, p. 252.
22. Stands in Timber, *Cheyenne Memories*, pp. 251-252.
23. Liberty, "I Will Play with Soldiers," p. 17.
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28. Liberty, "I Will Play with Soldiers," p. 19.
29. Svyngen. *Northern Cheyenne Reservation*, p. 85.
30. Liberty, "I Will Play with Soldiers," pp. 19-20.
31. Stands in Timber, *Cheyenne Memories*, 252.
32. Liberty, "I Will Play with Soldiers," p. 21.
33. Richard Erdoes and Alfonso Ortiz. *American Indian Myths and Legends*, New York, NY: Pantheon Books, 1984, p. 478.
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38. Lindermann, *On a Passing Frontier: Sketches of the Northwest*, p. 128.
39. Liberty, "I Will Play with Soldiers," p. 21.
40. *Ibid.*, p. 21.
41. *Ibid.*, p. 22.
42. *Ibid.*, pp. 17-18.
43. *Ibid.*, p. 22.
44. Stands in Timber, *Cheyenne Memories*, p. 253.
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50. *Ibid.*, p. 185.
51. Robertson, "Rush to Death," p. 811.
52. Grinnell, "American Folklore," p. 62.
53. Marquis and Limbaugh, *Cheyenne and Sioux: The Reminiscences of Four Indians and a White Soldier*, p. 53; Shirlaw, "Artists' Adventures: The Rush to Death," p. 42.
54. Svyngen, *Northern Cheyenne Reservation*, p. 86.
55. Stands in Timber, *Cheyenne Memories*, p. 254.
56. *Ibid.*, p. 253.
57. Upton, editor. *Fort Custer*, p. 186.
58. Liberty, "I Will Play with Soldiers," pp. 25-26.
59. Upton, editor. *Fort Custer*, pp. 186-188
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Westerners Bookshelf



James Silas Calhoun – First Governor of New Mexico Territory and First Indian Agent, by Sherry Robinson. Albuquerque NM: University Of New Mexico Press, 2021. 376 pages, six appendices, endnotes, bibliography, index, fifty-seven halftones, three maps. Hardcover \$34.95

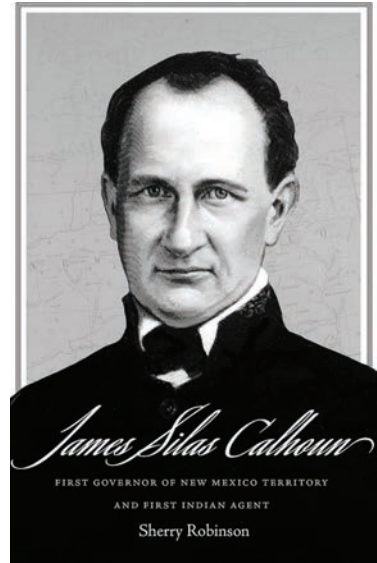
James S. Calhoun is described by the author as “an honest energetic man eager for a new challenge...” His overarching contribution to Western history was his conviction that New Mexicans were capable of governing themselves and becoming good American citizens. That period of his life, however, was only the last three of his fifty years (1802 to 1852).

In this first full biography of Calhoun, Robinson has done a yeoman’s job of researching his life and presenting an interesting picture of a unique man. She laments that there are gaps as he didn’t write much about himself, thus leaving many unknowns such as his schooling. He started life in Georgia and first worked as a lawyer. Over his years he moved freely into many other endeavors including business and banking. He first jumped into politics aged twenty-five as town commissioner. In 1834, he moved to Columbus, Georgia and was justice of the peace. He was later elected a state representative and then mayor.

Calhoun was apparently an honest man; so much so that when his bank failed in 1840, he “exhausted his personal fortune to assure that nobody lost a dollar...” His wife died young. They did have two daughters who went with him in 1841 when he was appointed consul to Havana. When he returned, he edited a Columbus newspaper which he filled with pro-Whig state’s rights sentiments along with championing women’s rights. In 1846, when there was war with Mexico over the Texas border, he helped organize an army of Georgia volunteers who went without ever engaging the enemy. After returning home, he went back to Mexico for another stint in 1847 as a Colonel, at which time he had the portrait drawn that graces the cover of this book.

With the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo after that conflict, the U.S. got land that became New Mexico, Arizona and California. Calhoun was appointed in 1849 to be the first Indian agent with an unwritten task of advancing the cause of statehood. He “was now responsible for all the Indians in a nearly 240,000-square mile area.” There was no practical way to do that. That he tried to make peace with disparate warring factions was commendable. The middle section of the book describes a litany of Indian raids and U.S. army retaliations. “Calhoun that year could only report on the dizzying attacks, counter-attacks, pursuits, losses, and complaints from residents and tribes alike.”

When it was decided that New Mexico would be a territory, he became the first governor starting in early 1851. He pleaded for Federal money, men and supplies which never seemed to materialize. Washington feared that New Mexico was too uncivilized for



statehood (it didn't gain that status until 1912). Calhoun became increasingly ill and attempted to travel back to Georgia to recuperate. He died along the way on the Santa Fe Trail in May 1852.

– George W. Krieger

Where the Red-Winged Blackbirds Sing – The Akimel O'odham and Cycles of Agricultural Transformation in the Phoenix Basin, by Jennifer Bess. Louisville CO: University Press of Colorado, 2021. 436 pages, maps, photographs, endnotes, bibliography, index. Hardcover \$92.95

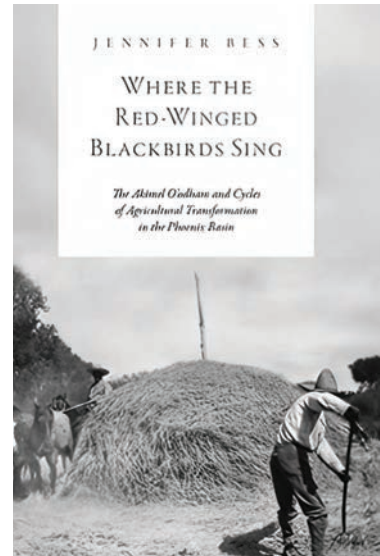
This is the story of the Pima Indian tribes of Arizona's Salt and Gila River valleys and their struggle to maintain tribal cohesiveness while confronting the corrosive effects of newly arrived Spanish and Anglo settlers into their midst. The telling of this story of the "Akimel O'odham" (since Spanish times, known as the Pima River People), purportedly is their creation story and the subsequent activities of these people. This naturally mixes legend and recorded history. This recitation stresses the "peoplehood" of the group.

The story recorder is a British academic who has been writing about the Pima (both River People and the Desert People) for several decades. Jennifer Bess uses interviews and government records recorded from the 1850s onward as her source material. A focus of all the records is water and the access that the tribe has to it for its further survival as an agricultural people. This model of Indians surviving as farmers was of intense interest to the U.S. government because that model of "Indians-as-farmers" embodied the theory of how all Indian tribes could best survive through the 19th and early 20th century. Transforming the nomadic plains Indians into farmers was the model that would lead to peace with Anglo settlers.

For the Pima, interfacing with new peoples often did not go smoothly, though the record shows that the tribe most always tried to accommodate. Like most tribes, the Pima were dispossessed of much of their valuable land. They were shortchanged on supplies, modern farming equipment and stock animals. The water of the Gila and Salt Rivers was diverted by newly arrived Anglo settlers resulting in drought and starvation years. The search to find the right crops to grow in the changing environment was challenging.

This book is largely a reprint of articles that Jennifer Bess authored for scholarly journals such as the *Journal of the Southwest*, *Ethnohistory* and *Western Historical Quarterly*. It is a public service to have this information consolidated in this new book—a public service to the Akimel O'odham people and to the myriads of modern-day snowbirds who visit the ancient lands of these people in the Phoenix basin each winter.

Author Bess stresses the importance of goodwill toward their neighbors as part of the Akimel O'odham worldview. She even mentions that their forebearers predicted peace with their traditional enemies, the warlike Apache. Oddly, she does not mention the large 1857 battle in which the Pima fought near Maricopa Wells, one of the largest Indian battles ever recorded in the Southwest.



As author Jennifer Bess wrote, “Where the Red-Winged Blackbirds sing is where there is plenty of water. . . Restoring access to river water is tied to the future survival of the Red-Winged Blackbirds and the Akimel O’odham” Indians.
 – Dan Shannon

To the Vast and Beautiful Land – Anglo Migration into Spanish Louisiana and Texas 1760s–1820s, by Light Townsend Cummins. College Station TX: Texas A&M University Press, 2019. 288 pages, maps, footnotes, endnotes, index. Hardcover \$45.00

A delightful read from Light Townsend Cummins. This is not a text but eleven essays written by Cummins over twenty-seven years. It includes an extensive Bibliographic Essay which by itself is an extensive discussion of the author’s point of view and historical reference points such as studies of Native Americans and specific ethnic groups and political associations and divides. Each of the essays has extensive notes if the reader would like to pursue a topic.

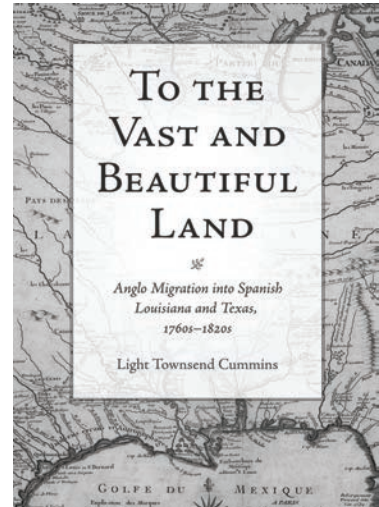
Of special note is his discussion of Spanish ownership and development of Louisiana and the imprint of Spanish law and land ownership which endures even today. Usually, we think of Louisiana as a French bastion in the new world. Interestingly this is incorrect. The Spanish were there first. They endeavored to bring in settlers, who were mostly English-speaking people, and generated trade relationships across the Gulf and even back to Europe. The relationship of the Louisiana colony with Texas supports a view that the modern separation of Louisiana as being East and Texas being West is in fact an invalid history. The settlement of Texas extending all the way to San Antonio de Bexar and the Austin Colony depended on migration and trade with Louisiana, including the pass-through of people from mostly the northern states.

For this reviewer, a very surprising discussion was the monetary and durable support of the Revolution in Colonial America reaching all the way from New Orleans to Washington’s army. This included supplying powder and foodstuffs and financial support from a Spanish colony and aided by Spanish permission for the passage of goods supporting the revolution and subverting British control and influence. After reading about the Spanish support, it suggests a further study to identify how we engaged in a war with Spain only 120 years or so later, when their support was as crucial in the revolution as were the French.

This book is Number 47 in the Elma Dill Russell Spencer series in the West and Southwest, Andres Tijerina, series editor.
 – David Hartman

Colorado Women in World War II, by Gail M. Beaton, forward by Thomas J. Noel. Louisville CO: University Press of Colorado, 2020. 336 pages, photos, index. Hardcover \$33.95

Many excellent books have been written about the contributions made by women of the West in building the fabric of our country. *Those Strenuous Dames of the Colorado Prairie*, by Nell Brown Propst (1983), *The Magnificent Mountain Women: Adventures in the Colorado Rockies*, by Janet Robertson (1990) and *Colorado Women: A History*, by Gail M. Beaton are good examples of worthy reads. Beaton has now moved her focus to the World War II era (1941-45) and done a yeoman’s job of researching. There is so much information here about many different women that this is not a quick and breezy read.



The first section is about women in the military and tackles each branch separately. The stories about each person are rapid-fire so in most cases you do not get much information about their lives, but you do see the horrendous issues they faced. “At Buchenwald, a Czech survivor who had hidden in a pile of corpses to escape detection guided Lieutenant Allen and other army nurses through the camp... It was a memory that still haunts her.”

For this reviewer, the second half of the book was the most interesting when it settles into Colorado and deals with workers at places like Colorado, Fuel & Iron in Pueblo and the Rocky Mountain Arsenal. It was interesting to read how many of the places we now know here in our state that were at one time involved with the war effort. For instance, Katharina Fraser at Gates Rubber Co, put the finishing touches on a “vital rubber part of the bombing apparatus for all of Uncle Sam’s big bombers.” “At Lowry Field, civilian employee Virginia Wilson of Colorado Springs welded and riveted B-24s and B-17s.”

It is surprising to read that so much happened here, but as it turns out the government wanted a lot of this work done in the middle of America away from the vulnerable coasts.

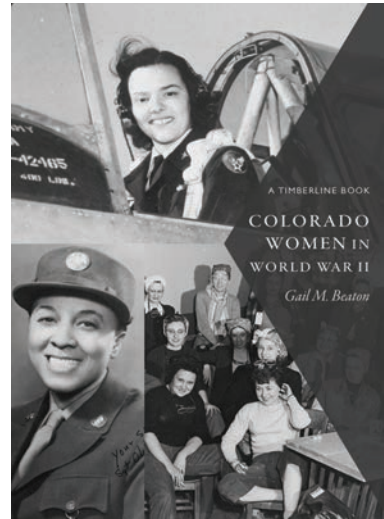
The best parts, for this reviewer, involve the longer stories about one person so you get to know them (such as Frances Hale who moved to D.C. from Denver during the war). Reading about rationing, victory gardens, the Amache internment camp (for Japanese-Americans), etc. makes you wish you would have asked your grandparents more questions. This book at least tries to answer some of those.

– George W. Krieger

A Life On Fire - Oklahoma’s Kate Barnard, by Connie Cronley. Norman OK: University of Oklahoma Press, 2021. 318 pages, photos, endnotes, bibliography, index. Softcover \$26.95

At one time the press referred to Catherine Anne “Kate” Barnard as “the Good Angel of Oklahoma” and “90 pounds of human dynamite.” Though her political career lasted only a decade, she was a reformer who ran afoul of powerful legislators who managed to bring her despair and ultimately a reclusive death.

Barnard (1875-1930) made her mark on history by being the first woman to be elected to office in the state of Oklahoma. In 1907, she was elected Commissioner of Charities and Corrections. Born in Nebraska she moved to Kansas as a toddler where her mother died in childbirth after which her father became “a man often befallen by bad choices or bad luck.” When public lands were thrown open in 1889, her dad ran to Oklahoma Territory, leaving Kate in Kansas before returning for her two years later.



The young Kate Barnard is described as “a lonely girl” and in turn never wanted marriage, instead choosing a professional career. Her first job in 1896 was as a rural school teacher at \$25 a month. Her teaching lasted for three years, after which she did clerical work for several different businesses in Oklahoma City. This eventually led to clerking for “the Seventh Territorial Legislature’s three-month session.” This is when she became interested in politics. She next hounded her way into promoting Oklahoma at the 1904 St. Louis World’s Fair.

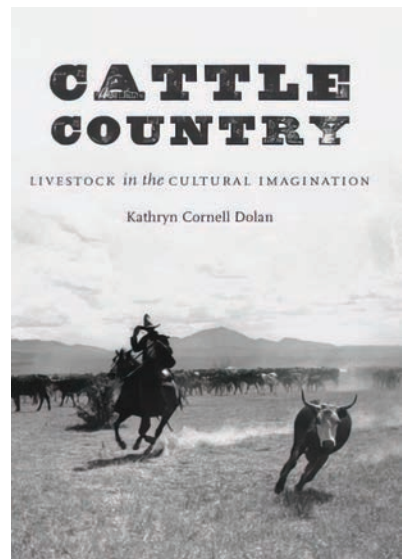
“She wanted to be head of everything and couldn’t get along with anyone” seems to be an apt description of her early on. You would think of her, it seems, as a perpetual do-gooder. Frankly, the author’s descriptions of her paint a driven and often unpleasant woman, yet she could stir a crowd with her words. Her biggest concerns were poverty, child labor and Indian rights. When elected, she suffered the indignities of poor office space and little economic support. Yet her office managed to gain some help for Indians who were falling prey to “grafters.” Her agency “flipped over the rock that hid the thievery of Indian property on a monumental scale.”

Ultimately this frail lady was overcome by the avarice of powerful men when oil, timber, etc. were taken from Indian lands. By 1914 she was out of office and was carrying on the fight for Indian rights as a private citizen. Due to World War I, she was unable to drum up much financial support. By 1915 she was in Denver working for her friend Judge Ben Lindsey when her health allowed. Moving back to Oklahoma City, she worked on her memoirs while driving people away due to her eccentricity. Suffering from painful skin rashes and other maladies it is said that “the issue of Indian properties destroyed Kate’s career and her life.” Kate was an interesting personage many decades too early for her views and crusades to become more accepted, especially when espoused by a woman.

– George W. Krieger

Cattle Country – Livestock in the Cultural Imagination, by Kathryn Cornell Dolan. Lincoln NE: University of Nebraska Press, 2021. 342 pages, photographs, illustrations, index. Hardcover \$60.00

Cattle Country–Livestock in the Cultural Imagination was not what I expected based upon the title and the book cover. The back jacket lists Cattle Country as American Studies, Literary Criticism and Food Studies—and that is exactly what it is. Admittedly struggling with the premise that it is a book about cattle and livestock, the work largely overlooks the cattle industry except to frame it in a negative light. Also, Dolan avoids the main cattle producing regions of the U.S. West in her content. That said, Dolan has unearthed some interesting grounds for study, namely Sarah Winnemucca Hopkins (a Paiute Activist) and Dolan’s framing of the work of Upton Sinclair and Winnifred Eaton. This recasting of those earlier meat-processing exposés is notable and thought-provoking. As the author



states on page 235, "...I combine food studies and agricultural studies as they describe the long overdue account of U.S. settler colonialism." *Cattle Country* was repetitive in places and the author inserts her arguments of "what she calls agri-expansion" and then a personal, "I argue" with plenty of accusations of racism going around, perhaps rightfully so. However, is it not possible that people she describes were often a product of their own era, circumstances and surroundings? All in all, it is a well-researched book.

– Randi Samuelson-Brown

Unburied Lives – The Historical Archaeology of Buffalo Soldiers at Fort Davis, Texas, 1869 -1875, by Laurie A. Wilkie. Albuquerque NM: University of New Mexico Press, 2021. 274 pages, photos, diagrams, drawings, tables, index, endnotes. Hardcover \$65.00

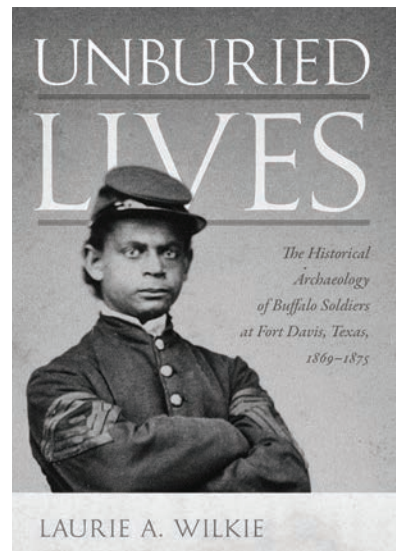
It is good to believe in Judgement Day—an end time accounting for all the evil that was done and a celebration of the righteous. You can use that concept to keep your sense of "fair play" after reading this book. In the book, author Laura A. Wilkie tells the story of Black Americans serving their country in the post-Civil War era in the U.S. Army at frontier military posts very distant from their homes. She, a university-trained archaeologist and ethnologist, applies the tools of her trade to examine and supplement the military archives that record the activities of the Buffalo Soldiers serving at Fort Davis, Texas and environs during late 1860s and 1870s. What she finds is both enlightening and disturbing.

Before turning over the first scoop of dirt, she sets the stage of several soldiers who find themselves establishing their lives in a military that is both racially progressive and racially unjust. Framing the questions as, "Is the military racist or does it just have racists serving in the military?" She goes on to examine daily logs and court martial records to tell the story of enlisted soldiers, some of whom have just emerged from pre-war slavery. What she tells is not pretty; how she discovers the archeological traces of these soldiers' lives is amazing.

Contextualizing the soldiers' struggle for learning, maintaining family relationships and pursuing their status as U.S. Army soldiers and U.S. citizens comes from the bits and pieces of modern digs around the 1870s tent sites, mess facilities, and crowded barracks. Those bits and pieces are writing paraphernalia, dining instruments, discarded clothing, weapons parts, etc. The stories told involve injustice, murder, misrepresenting events and perhaps official lying.

Prepare yourself for some academic "in your face" concepts especially in the first and last chapters that establish the author's credentials, look up the word "necropolitical" before you start but be prepared to learn some fascinating ways at looking at those days of yesterday. And do we have racist institutions today or just racist people? You decide.

– Dan Shannon



Overhaul – A Social History of the Albuquerque Locomotive Repair Shops, by Richard Flint and Shirley Cushing Flint. Albuquerque NM: University of New Mexico Press, 2021. 248 pages, photos, appendices, index, bibliography. Paperback \$19.95

According to the authors, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe locomotive repair shops from 1880 to 1955 were critical to the economy of Albuquerque, New Mexico and helped create a “growing Hispano and Native American middle class.” The AT&SF arrived at “its future yards and the surrounding town site... on April 22, 1880.” After that, “Albuquerque would be unalterably changed by the presence of a railroad.”

The authors give a brief history of railroading (and the push to connect the country by rail) followed by the essential maintenance points of a steam train. They follow with a section on the acquisition of land two miles southeast of what is now known as Old Town Albuquerque and the construction of the yards by 1881. In the mid-1880s the town’s population swelled with the AT&SF shops being “the epicenter of that growth.” There was a problem getting skilled workers which opened the door for local blacksmiths and the like to find work. The AT&SF made a pact with the Pueblo of Laguna that in order to use some of their land, the railroad would employ many of their people. This pact lasted until 1963.

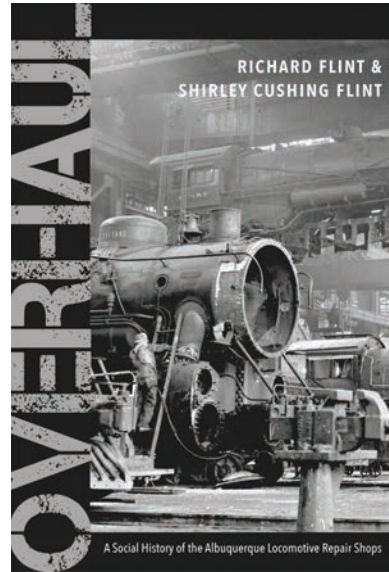
The Repair Shop would disassemble and either repair or replace, then reassemble thousands of parts which apparently were not of standard sizes. On any given day there could be up to thirty locomotives in for repairs and many freight cars for refurbishing. From 1895 to 1920, the number of AT&SF locomotives rose from 839 to 2195 and they all required regular maintenance. There were hazards to be sure: steam under pressure, oversized tools, sharp edges, oily parts and moving belts were just some. “Most jobs at the Shops were dangerous and regularly resulted in injury to shopmen...(and) were literally deafening.”

By 1925, the complex was made up of more than twenty-five buildings. The biggest change was the introduction of diesel engines in 1935 and the AT&SF “began aggressively scrapping steam locomotives in 1949.” All steam operations ended for them in August 1957. This meant less need for shopmen. The shops shut down in 1983 and the property was sold in the early 1990s. Today, a part of the shops is being used as the WHEELS Museum with the rest proposed for mixed use development.

At odds with the glowing comments early on about the employment of Hispanos and Native Americans, the authors make the point several times that these folks were routinely passed over for advancement. They were mostly employed doing unskilled labor. Ethnic diversity was increased, however, by a 1922 shopmen’s strike which brought about the hiring of more Hispanics, as did World War II.

This book is of a topic not formerly well-researched and with a wealth of wonderful pictures it is a welcome addition to railroading lore.

– George W. Krieger



El feliz ingenio neomexicano – Felipe M. Chacón and Poesía y prosa, edited by Anna M. Nogar and A. Gabbriel Melendez. Albuquerque NM: University of New Mexico Press, 2021. 445 pages, Spanish language with English translation, photos, news clippings, index. Hardcover \$75.00

Over the years the Denver Posse has highlighted the careers and character of small-town newspaper editors in our *Brand Book* series. Current Posse members would spend their time well going to the 1961 *Silver Anniversary Brand Book* and reading the chapters on “David F. Day,” “The Walkers of Grand Junction” and “The Hoag Family of Pueblo.” Or look at the 1958 *Brand Book* to read the amusing story of Orth H. Stein of Leadville.

Here, this book introduces us to another prized newspaper editor, Felipe M. Chacón, and his writings in Las Vegas, Albuquerque and Bernalillo, New Mexico. Chacón was a serious writer. His specialty was writing about pre-statehood New Mexico politics and the relationships between laboring New Mexicans and the somewhat contemptuous Anglo class of new arrivals. It is easy to put Chacón in the same class of inspired writers as David Day and Orth Stein. But this book is not so much about his newspaper writings as it is in providing an updated translation of his 1924 book on poetry and writing skills, *Poesía y prosa*.

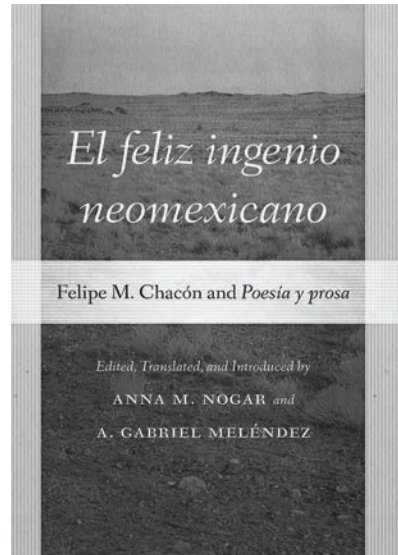
This book is a scholarly book. The first 100 pages or so are taken up with a dissertation of who Chacón was and what he wrote. We learn of his childhood, how he learned to write, that he wrote well in both Spanish and English, what subjects he liked to write about and about the cultural clashes that molded him as a writer. Then the beauty and intellectual acumen of his writings are gifted to us in the remaining portion of the book where we see his poems and his novella.

A reviewer is not supposed to reproduce a book but rather, inspire potential readers to seek out the source if it is a good offering. This reviewer urges you to buy this book even at \$75.00, or wait your turn at the library for it.

Don’t turn away if the Spanish title jars your courage. Though the rhyme, rhythm and reasoning are best absorbed in the Spanish, each poem and writing is expertly translated into English for us. And remember that English is the original language for many of Chacón’s writings. Neither he, nor the editors will leave you behind. I advise you to start mid-book (around page 259) and read either direction—you Westerners are allowed to do that. If you have limited tolerance for poetry, head right for the section “Songs of Home,” where Chacón reverently poeticizes about his dear family members, his mother, and his extended family. Skip the included novella if you wish.

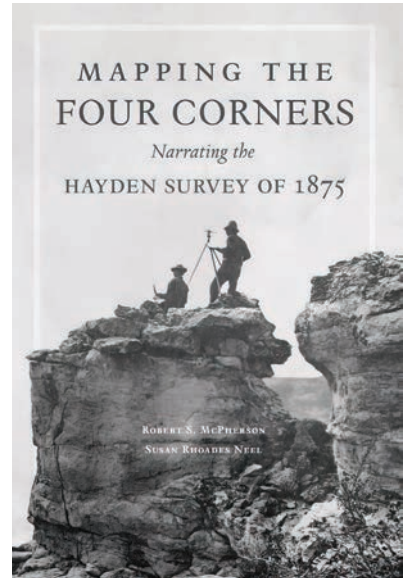
Notable Posse members had special affection for New Mexico (Ray Jenkins, Martin Rist, Art Campa, Milt Callon, and Earl McCoy come to mind). They each would have loved to read and review this book. Sadly, their time with us has passed. The joy in discovering this *Poesía y prosa* remains with us.

– Dan Shannon



Mapping the Four Corners—Narrating the Hayden Survey of 1875, by Robert S. McPherson and Susan Rhoades Neel. Norman OK: University of Oklahoma Press, 2016. 284 pages, maps, photography, endnotes, bibliography, index. Hardcover \$35.00

This is a good companion read to *Creating the American West; Boundaries and Borderlands* by Derek R. Everett (University of Oklahoma Press) which is reviewed elsewhere in the *Roundup*. “Creating” tells the importance of putting boundaries and borders on the map of the West. “Mapping the Four Corners” tells the story of how those boundaries and borders were surveyed and turned into maps. Using the technique of splicing together six journals of members of the 1875 Ferdinand V. Hayden expedition into one story, our authors tell an exciting tale. It is not only a story of how this experienced team of surveyors organized, but also a moving account of how those teams struggled to conquer the geography of the blazing hot ground where Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, and Arizona meet. Much is made of the value of the expedition’s work to the economic and cultural understanding gained by the American people, who for the first time were introduced to the Indian tribes and the ancient ruins of the area.



My description may lead you to expect a “dry” read, but it is not. This compelling story is told like an exciting “spaghetti western.” Take, for instance, when two of the surveying teams are attacked by renegades in the area southeast of today’s Moab, Utah and it looks like everyone is about to die. Then after thirst has most on their knees while avoiding Indian bullets, someone suggest that they open their canned tomatoes. They do, then decide to open their Turkish olives. Eat and drink overcome their obstacles and they make it home safely. Wow! Would you believe?

Or, how about the time they take their mules to the top of Second Mesa and hobble them to stones while they stay overnight with their Puebloan hosts? Don’t wait for the movie to see this!

I recommend that the Denver Posse reader of this book first peruse the 1963 *Brand Book* chapter “Parrott City and John Moss” by Robert L. Brown. This chapter sets the stage well as to why Parrott City in the San Juan’s became the Hayden main supply base and to why surveying among the Utes at that time was no easy task.

This is a surprisingly enjoyable read. I’m glad I found this one. — Dan Shannon

The Aimless Life – Music, Mines and Revolution from the Rocky Mountains to Mexico, by Leonard Worcester Jr., introduced, edited and annotated by Andrew Offenburger. Lincoln NE: University of Nebraska Press, 2021.139 pages, maps, photographs, endnotes, timeline, index. Paperback \$19.95

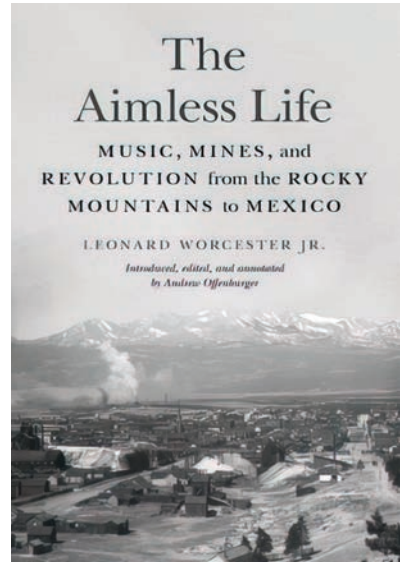
In the last year of his life, Leonard Worcester Jr., a retired mining man living in El Paso, Texas, took time to reflect upon his life and write his memoir. At 120 pages, the manuscript was modest in length. It was even more modest for its title

which belies the very interesting and unusual life that he led. The period of time in which he lived, 1860-1939, certainly had its share of pivotal and important history in the United States with the Homestead Act and the advent of transcontinental travel. Like the character Zelig, Worcester moved fluidly through the frontiers and borderlands of the American West, changing professions with ease and alacrity. He found himself in the middle of the mining booms from the Rocky Mountains to the Sierra Madres which brings us his firsthand account of the Mexican Revolution.

The manuscript was passed down through the generations of his family until it arrived in the hands of Worcester's great-granddaughter, Anne Worcester Coleman Rowe who endeavored to have it published. Andrew Offenburger, who wrote the introduction, edited and annotated the book has, along with Rowe, done extensive research and fact checking. He also made the addendum of footnotes, timeline, and illustrations worth flipping back and through the pages. I read it cover to cover.

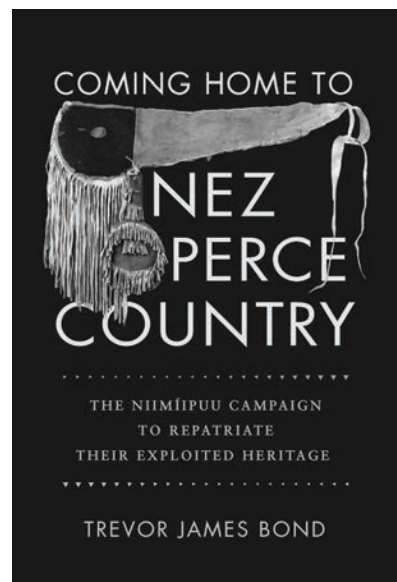
Worcester, who felt that he never struck it rich and hence the title, has left us with his life, richly observed and remembered.

– Reed Weimer



Coming Home to Nez Perce Country—The Niimiipuu Campaign to Repatriate Their Exploited Heritage, by Trevor James Bond. Pullman WA: Washington State University Press, 2021. 205 pages, footnotes, bibliography and index. Softcover \$24.95

This book tells a feel-good story about “making right” the artifacts of Nez Perce history to their provenance. This history is about Henry Spaulding who had served the Nez Perce mission field near Lewiston, Idaho from 1836 through 1847 when the Indian wars forced the missionaries back to Ohio. Two barrels full of Nez Perce articles such as a cradle board, moccasins, beaded deerskin shirts, dresses and pants were sent by Spaulding to Mr. Allen at Oberlin College, OH. Mr. Dudley Allen, Spaulding’s college friend, had supported the mission in Idaho so Spaulding felt that sending these Indian curiosities back to his friend was payback for his generosity given. This collection of artifacts is referred to as the Spaulding-Allen collection. Allen donated this to Oberlin College in 1893. Then Oberlin donated it to the Ohio Historical Society in 1942. The collection remained in storage until 1976 when the Nez Perce National Historic Park, located in Joseph, Oregon learned of its existence and began showing some of the regalia on loan from the Ohio Historical Society until 1995.



After the Ohio Historical Society learned of the monetary value of the Spaulding-Allen collection, they recalled all of it back to Ohio. The appraised value of the collection was \$608,000. The Nez Perce tribe was given six months to raise the money and keep it or send it back to the Historical Society. This local-to-national fundraising effort on behalf of the tribe was monumental because of the large support for their cause. The Nez Perce's success in reclaiming this portion of their cultural heritage is one example of the many indigenous communities who have struggled everywhere to reclaim what was extracted and shipped great distances from their sources.

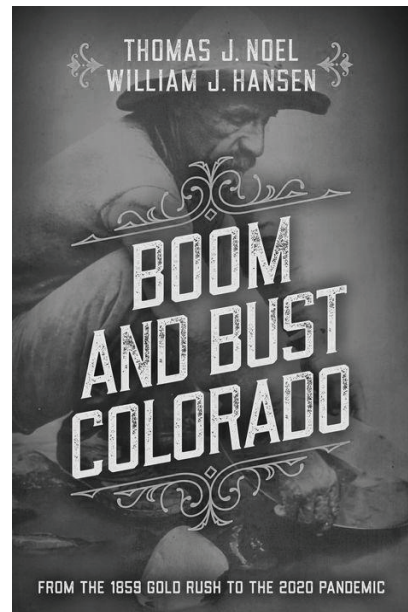
The author, T. J. Bond, is a historian and digital archivist at Washington State University who had a personal interest in helping the Nez Perce tribe. His graduate dissertation about archival repositories evolved into this detailed research and record of the largest and earliest surviving collection of Nez Perce culture. The relationships between Native American groups and museums are changing today in part because of the Spaulding-Allen collection. The Nez Perce tribe had to pay the OHS the appraised value for something the tribe owned in the first place. Museum profit motives had been and will always be questioned. The tribe argued that when artifacts are removed from their original cultural setting, the connection to history is lost in its foreign place, especially when the original culture wants it returned for their social identity and history. Many argued that Henry Spaulding had taught Indians to forget their culture and traded small amounts for their valuable clothing. This book raises many issues regarding artifact ownership. In the end, cultural identity and historical location were successful. This well-written book has a great story to tell. I liked it a lot and recommend it to everyone.

– Frank Pilkington

Boom and Bust Colorado – From the 1859 Gold Rush to the 2020 Pandemic, by Thomas J. Noel & William J. Hansen. Guilford CT & Helena MT: Twodot, 2021. 250 pages, photographs, sources, index. Softcover \$22.95

This latest effort from Tom Noel and his collaborator William Hansen takes a similar approach to the *Short History of Denver* a few years ago. It covers a lot of territory very quickly and still manages to be both entertaining and informative. Typically, historians have an easier time explaining what happened and why the more time that elapses between the event and when it is being written about.

The concluding chapter of this book discusses the 2020 Pandemic—which though it is still going on—they did manage to grab the essence of one of the more notable episodes. After a “Stay at Home” order was issued that closed many businesses including liquor stores and cannabis shops along with bars, theaters, and houses of worship. Noting that the order only lasted a few hours after long lines immediately formed to buy booze and weed. They summed up the modification that made the stores



and shops “essential” and observing that, “If Coloradans were going to be stuck at home, it was apparently best they be stoned, drunk, and well-armed rather than be allowed to attend their churches, synagogues, and mosques to pray for hope and salvation from this new plague.”

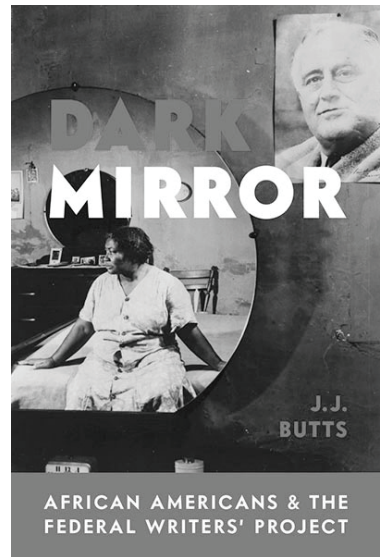
The gold and silver booms are among the topics covered along with women’s suffrage, the 1918 flu pandemic, and of course beer, gambling and the marijuana industry. The Panic of 1893 and the Gilded Age provide ample evidence of the ups and downs of the Centennial State and the impact felt by the citizens. This is a very readable book and a worthwhile addition to the chronicling of Colorado.

– Roger Dudley

Dark Mirror – African Americans and the Federal Writer’s Project, by J. J. Butts. Columbus OH: The Ohio State University Press, 2021. 185 pages, bibliography, footnotes, index. Hardcover \$64.95

Do you remember the alphabet soup of Franklin D. Roosevelt’s “New Deal” programs that were designed to get our country’s economy prospering again, such as NRA and CCC?

In this book, author J. J. Butts takes us back to the 1938-1939 FWP (Federal Writers Project), a kin-folk program of the FTP (Federal Theater Project) and the FAP (Federal Arts Project). These programs were designed to create Depression-era jobs for out-of-work artist and writers. In return for this employment the artist and writers were to apply their talents at producing works that inspired and reassured the American people that better days were coming if we united and worked together. The FWP was to produce books in the American Guide Series that described our country and how the country would be better in a progressive tomorrow.



As described in this book, the FWP was to produce forty-eight state guide books and several city guide books that presented how people then lived. Embracing modernity, the future would be lived with diminishing racism, while integrating ethnic minorities into mainstream activities and uniting the country in purpose. These were lofty goals that were quickly undermined by the existing white supremacist ways of the 1930s America. For example, the FWP was reluctant to place White writers working in regional offices under the supervision of Black superiors. Racist members of Congress from the South quickly portrayed the entire project as communistic and un-American. Congress and the need for manpower for the approaching World War II put an end to the project.

While it lasted, many writers, Black and White, benefited. The book outlines the accomplishments of this talented group of Americans. Posse members might be interested in Vardis Fisher (the Idaho Guide - 1937) who wrote several books published by Posse member Alan Swallow (editor of 1955 *Brand Book*) after the war. After this introduction to the works of these famous and the not-so-famous writers of the New Deal era, I will commence a new hobby of tracking down and reading those guide books. Presumably, those books describe a pattern of living good for us all.

– Dan Shannon

Ho! For Wonderland – Travelers’ Accounts of Yellowstone, 1872-1914, by Lee H. Whittlesey and Elizabeth A. Watry (Editors). Albuquerque NM: University of New Mexico Press, 2020. 352 pages, illustrations, endnotes. Softcover 29.95

An important moment when reading *Ho! For Wonderland* was figuring out how editors Lee Whittlesey and Betsy Watry came up with the title. They explain that the 19th century antiquated expression “Ho” evolved into Westward Ho as “an invitation to revel in the western escapade.” Couple the “Ho” with the wonders of Yellowstone, which had achieved nationwide fame almost immediately upon its National Park designation in 1872, and therein lies a good title.

Once I understood the title, I was still unsure about the book since I had so loved Whittlesey’s book, *Death in Yellowstone*. As someone looking for the excitement of that book in this one, it turns out I was barking up the wrong geyser. But trust the tale, this book is good and a useful one. As Paul Schullery says in his foreward, “Yellowstone is so powerful a presence that our visit is incomplete until we tell the tale.” “Multiply that by millions of park visitors and the result is a multitude of accounts. The authors chose nineteen of those and only ones from the horse and buggy days. Their selection was intentional, these long-forgotten accounts had never been cited by historians which made them new additions to park history.”

All the accounts were written by ordinary visitors, except for the one by Elbert Hubbard, founder of the Roycroft Arts and Crafts movement. While his name may no longer be familiar, his account was one of my favorites. His engaging descriptions written in the earliest days of the 20th-century made it easy for me to overlay my 21st-century Yellowstone stories onto his. For example, when touring the Devil’s Kitchen near Mammoth Springs, he likened his visit to a descent into hell: “Down, down, down, we climbed down the rude ladder of slender spruce-trees that grew close by. Hotter and hotter it became as we descended, and when we reached the very end of the black hole it was hottest.” “What if?” we all began. And then there started a scramble for the ladder. I laughed when reading this because of the times I said “what if?” about hot spots I encountered in the park.

The editors chose a good format for presenting these travel accounts. They begin each travelogue with biographical information about the traveler to reveal why these early tourists came to Yellowstone or why their account was chosen. Take the account written in 1900 by Robert McGonnigle, a leading citizen of Pittsburgh, noteworthy for how it represented tourists who took pack trips led by the park’s most famous guide in those early years. In much the same way Mrs. Wicke’s travelogue twenty years earlier included the geysers she saw (Beehive, Castle and Giantess), the people she met (Superintendent P.W. Norris) and a record of what the park was like before roads were built and stagecoach tours began.

While much has changed in Yellowstone, particularly safety policies, lodging and roadways, much has remained the same. Descriptions of places and geysers in these early accounts are places tourists visit today, many with the same names. Being able to identify places in accounts from over a hundred years ago is what makes this book fun to read.

–Monta Lee Dakin

