

THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

Published Quarterly by

The State Historical Society of Colorado

Vol. XXVI

Denver, Colorado, October, 1949

No. 4

Cowboy Sports and the Humane Society *

CLIFFORD P. WESTERMEIER*

The rodeo season opens and closes in the West. In the course of the year almost every state witnesses this cowboy sport which begins in Denver and ends in San Francisco. A season never passes without a controversy over some phase of rodeo instigated by the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals or by the national American Humane Association. The actions of these societies are directed at "sporting events" which involve cruelty to animals. The illegal sporting events as listed by the A.H.A. are: the goose pull, dog fights, cock fights, bull fights, horse-endurance races, and rodeo. To this older list have been added the "headless chicken" displays of a more recent innovation. The appearance of innumerable riding academies in the past few years as easy-money ventures have also come under the close scrutiny of the association.

The story of the S.P.C.A.'s action with reference to rodeo is not a new one. As each rodeo season comes around, new protests appear and recall the difficulties in Denver in 1895 which implicated early advocates of the cowboy sports.

During the preparations for the first Festival of Mountain and Plain, and before cowboy sports were incorporated into that celebration, there appeared in Denver a showman by the name of "Arizona Charlie."¹ On Sunday, September 29, 1895, "Arizona Charlie" and his performers gave an exhibition at the Denver Wheel Club Park. In reference to this, the *Rocky Mountain News* says:

At about 4 o'clock six fairly savage-looking bulls were driven into the arena in the center of the park; not, however, without creating devastation on the bicycle track by pawing into the ground before being induced to enter the field. The crowd applauded loudly and settled itself for the daring cowboy's greatest achievement. After skirmishing around the bulls several times,

*Dr. Westermeyer, Associate Professor of History at Loretto Heights College, has contributed previously to this magazine.—Ed.

¹"Arizona Charlie"—Charles Meadows, cowboy from Arizona, Wild West performer in the United States and Australia, associated for a time with Harnston Circus and Wirth Bros. In 1891 he claimed to be 27 years old, only seven months "straight from the bush," and a "grand specimen of the real cowboy." *Stock Grower and Farmer* (Las Vegas, New Mexico), August 1, 1891, 5.

Charlie selected a vicious-appearing animal from the herd, and dashing toward it swung his lasso high above his head. The bulls in mad frenzy scattered in all directions, the selected one making straight for the fence. Spurring his horse, Charlie caught nearly up to him and with a hurrah threw the lasso. His effort was fruitless, but quickly gathering in the rope, he made another throw which succeeded in catching the animal. After allowing the latter to run around the field a while, the cowboy with a few dexterous movements on his horse finally landed the bull heavily on the ground, while the crowd yelled itself hoarse. Descending Charlie approached the kicking brute and tied his legs fast together. Leaving the bull on the ground, he mounted his horse and rode again for the herd. When about half way across the field, a commotion was observed near the front of the grandstand, and Secretary Thomson, Humane Society, came in hand and a determined look on his face made rapid strides toward the cowboy, who had reined in his animal and dismounted at Thomson's call. The secretary informed him in as calm a manner as was possible at the time that he had violated the rules of the Humane society and must consider himself under arrest.²

Evidently Charlie was an 'old-hand' in dealing with officials of local humane societies for he secured his release by posting a bond. He had all the materials at hand to secure his release and having accomplished this, he reentered the arena and proceeded with the show. He did dispense with the bull catching event, but began to demonstrate watering a vicious bull. While he was engaged in this act, Thomson entered the arena once more and arrested the cowboy on charges of cruelty to animals. Following this second attack, the evening performance was canceled.³

"The show, as was advertised, consisted of exhibitions of rifle marksmanship, riding of bucking bronchos, chariot races, feats in the saddle and other similar acts, . . ." All innocent frontier activities were demonstrated plus the typical thrills found in the average Wild West Show. It was the crowning achievement of "Arizona Charlie"; his proficiency in lassoing bulls and throwing them brought the wrath of the local humane society upon him. "The first part of the programme passed off very creditably and received generous applause, but when the bull feature was introduced the fun began in earnest."⁴

The fun began because exhibitions of steer or bull roping and tying were frowned upon by the Humane Society at that time, as they still are at present in many localities.

The clash at Denver in 1895 had been intensified by the fact that a month earlier "Arizona Charlie" was involved in a bull fight exhibition held in Gillett, Colorado. The repercussions of the clash in that Colorado city between the promoter and the Humane

²*Rocky Mountain News*, September 30, 1895.

³*Ibid.*

⁴*Ibid.*

⁵*Ibid.*

Society finally involved Sheriff Bowers, Governor McIntire, and the Mexican Consul.⁶

Concerning the exhibition at Gillett, the *Rocky Mountain News* says:

The bull suffered sharp cruelty and was mercilessly goaded in a sharp, quick way at intervals, but certainly for brutality if not actual cruelty the roping and tying and dragging around of the bulls prior to the opening of the afternoon show exceeded that in the bull fight itself. There is excuse for such work when demanded on the range; none at all for the exhibition to-day.⁷

Sheriff Bowers from Colorado Springs protested this incident and arrested the manager of the Wild West Show. Thus, Secretary Thomson of the Humane Society was prepared for "Arizona Charlie" when he performed in Denver and arrested him twice during the premier show. Charlie was not to be outdone for he filed a counter-suit against Thomson for interference. The *News* says:

Secretary Thomson of the Humane Society appeared in Harper's Court yesterday at the request of Deputy Sheriff Wogstrom and gave personal bonds for his appearance next Tuesday to answer a charge of false imprisonment and disturbance made by "Arizona Charlie." Charlie is still in a state of indignation regarding the part taken by Thomson in last Sunday's fake. It was reported yesterday that bets were being offered by a town saloonkeeper that a genuine bull fight would take place before Charlie left the city.⁸

The incident was by no means local in character. By this first week in October it had become national in scope because of the protests made by William H. Ballou, vice-president of the American Association. Apparently he had written to J. G. Shortell of Chicago, president of the society, asking that a resolution be passed to include in the minutes of a meeting held in Minneapolis a censure of Governor McIntire of Colorado for "timidity and indifference" toward stopping bull fights in the state.⁹

The governor, presumably, had been requested to call out the state militia to raid the arena and to bring the exhibition to a halt. The following statement in the *News* exonerates the governor of the above accusation:

Governor McIntire sent to the society a statement to the effect that he exerted his official powers so far as he could lawfully do, to prevent the fights. Another brief, supporting the governor, was also filed by Lieutenant George J. Byram, United States army, which confirms the executive in every point.

Governor McIntire declares that he had the State militia in readiness to raid the arena, but the sheriff of the county refused to call upon him for assistance. He states that he could use the

⁶*Rocky Mountain News*, August 4, 1895; August 27, 1895; October 4, 1895.

⁷*Ibid.*, August 25, 1895.

⁸*Ibid.*, October 2, 1895; October 9, 1895.

⁹*Ibid.*, October 4, 1895.

military under the circumstances, only by a gross usurpation of power, which would have rendered him liable to impeachment.¹⁰

"Arizona Charlie" had now become a sensation. Secretary Thomson received a letter from Agent John M. Whitton of the Humane Society in Leadville, Colorado. In great consternation he wrote:

The enemy is in our midst. "Arizona Charlie" is here and is preparing to give a show. I had a medicine talk with him to-day and told him that roping, riding and tying down steers would not be allowed; that no dumb animals would be allowed to go up in a balloon.

He said that he was a merciful and humane man himself and that the worst thing he ever did was to kill a man or two. The county commissioners are with me and will back me to any reasonable extent. The sheriff is away but will be interviewed when he returns. I notice that the Denver justice discharged him. How did that occur? Isn't roping steers unnecessary cruelty? Can you give me some pointers?¹¹

Agent Whitton received his pointers from Secretary Thomson. He was instructed completely in the art of stopping a Wild West Show. He was told not to "lose his nerve"; "the bull must be taken by the horns"; and if the situation got out of hand, he, Secretary Thomson, would "pack his grip and start for the scene of trouble." Secretary Thomson was determined that an event similar to that which took place in Gillette and Denver "will never occur again within the state."¹²

A few weeks later "Arizona Charlie" again clashed with the Humane Society at Pueblo, Colorado. A female member of the organization apparently succeeded in thwarting him when others failed.¹³

The problem of Humane Society versus Rodeo was not peculiar to Colorado alone, for similar clashes occurred in various parts of the country and at other times.

During the Cheyenne Frontier Days Celebration¹⁴ of 1907, the *Wyoming Tribune* printed the protest of the Humane Society against steer roping and tying. The headlines of the article were plain in indignation: "Steer Busting. State Agent Gough Gives Reasons For Action of Wyoming Humane Society. Says Throwing and Tying of Steers is no longer Characteristic of the Cattle Range and is not permitted by the Western Stock Owners."¹⁵

¹⁰*Ibid.*, "Arizona Charlie," arrested for running his Wild West Show at D.W.C. park a week ago Sunday without a license was discharged by Justice Crowell in the police court yesterday." *Ibid.*, October 18, 1895.

¹¹*Ibid.*, October 9, 1895. In part the answers to Whitton's questions were: "Yesterday Secretary Thomson secured a change of venue from Harper's court to Howze's court. His failure to convict the cowboys before Harper riled him and he had no desire to be tried before this justice." *Ibid.*

¹²*Ibid.*

¹³*Ibid.*, October 18, 1895.

¹⁴A comment of the *Cheyenne Leader*, August 30, 1901, revealed that steer roping accidents were not so common that they were ignored.

¹⁵*Wyoming Tribune*, July 27, 1907.



IKUA PURDY OF HAWAII TYING HIS FIRST STEER AT CHEYENNE FRONTIER DAYS, 1908

Captain H. D. Gough, state agent, continued:

For the information of the Editor of the *Leader* and the public in general I would like to state a few facts in regard to this decision of the State Board of Child and Animal Protection, that steer busting is inhuman.

This edict did not go forth because one steer lost a horn and another was slightly lamed on Thursday or any other day of the celebration, but because it is well known by the board that the great majority of cattlemen do not allow their cattle to be thus used on the range, consequently it is not now a characteristically Western act of the cattle range . . .

The order to stop steer "busting" was given me on last Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock, after considerable debate and will certainly be enforced.¹⁶

The command, apparently, did not discourage the promoters from including steer roping in future contests. In the Frontier Days Contest of 1909, the Humane Society again served notice that the cruel usage of steers in roping contests would not be permitted. When the celebration was almost at an end, the committee and ropers agreed to omit the finals in the championship roping.¹⁷

The next day the following comment appeared in the *Denver Post*: "The steer-roping championship was called off. The people wanted nothing more, and the majority of the contestants were sulen and suspicious."¹⁸

The *Post* headlined the idea that "Cheap Trickery Makes Fizzle of Cheyenne Meet" and protested that "Clayton Danks Awarded the Prize to Everyone's Disgust."¹⁹

¹⁶*Ibid.*

¹⁷*Ibid.*, August 21, 1909.

¹⁸*Denver Post*, August 22, 1909.

¹⁹*Ibid.*

It is not surprising that the people wanted no more of Cheyenne Frontier Days that year, and that the contestants were suspicious. Clayton Danks had ridden "Old Steamboat," the never-before ridden brone, and, as a climax, the steer roping finals were called off to appease the Humane Society. The crowd shouted "Rotten," "Steal," "Robbery," and gave vent to their anger with loud hisses when they learned that "Old Steamboat" had been ridden without spurs.²⁰ "'Old Steamboat' without spurs, is about as active as an extinct volcano. Oh, what a roar of rage; and from park to town the crowd went with its jeers and cries of 'fake'."²¹

Was the Humane Society interfering with the frontier sport of brone riding and exhibitions thereof? There seems to be no evidence that the society protested the use of spurs in this case, although in some instances it has protested the use of long, sharp rowels of the Spanish type, or of spurs that have locked rowels or rowels which will lock. The society did, sometimes, demand that the rowels of spurs be covered with tape.²²

The next year, before the celebration took place, the Frontier Days Committee had a conference with the officers of the Humane Society. It was agreed that there should be no "busting" of steers. However, they decided that the throwing of steers by a team of two men would make as good an exhibition and eliminate the inhuman method.²³

Time has proved that the protests of the Humane Society have not been successful in eliminating the steer roping contest from the Cheyenne celebration. Today, steer roping and tying is still one of the feature contests of the "Daddy of 'em All."

Rodeo appeared in the spotlight again in 1926. Walter E. Osborn, Secretary of the S.P.C.A. in Oakland, California, conceded that "rodeos are here to stay as long as there are competent cattlemen to support them and make them successful, and an enthusiastic public to attend."²⁴ In the closing session at the national convention of humane organizations, Mr. Osborne took a prominent part in an open discussion of rodeo. He pointed out that, in so far as he knew, the cruel features of the rodeo had been eliminated. He said, "My suggestion is that the humane organizations get together with rodeo committees and gradually eliminate objectionable features."²⁵

²⁰*Wyoming Tribune*, August 21, 1909.

²¹*Denver Post*, August 22, 1909.

²²Westermeier, C. P., *Man, Beast, Dust: The Story of Rodeo* (cited hereafter as *Westermeier, Man, Beast, Dust, etc.*), Denver, 1947, 201. "Bronc Riding," Constitution and By-Laws and Rules, *The Rodeo Association of America*, 1941, 14.

²³*Wyoming Tribune*, August 9, 1910.

²⁴*Union* (Walla Walla, Washington), August 27, 1926.

²⁵*Ibid.*

Several delegates expressed the opinion that financial failure of the rodeo would result if the cruel features were eliminated. Mrs. F. W. Swanton, general manager of the Oregon Humane Society, said, "The Pendleton Round-Up lost money last year and they are going to lose more."²⁶ Mrs. Swanton continued: "There is cruelty every time an animal is exported. Even if the animal is never touched the mere fact that it is chased about and frightened is cruel."²⁷ However, she praised the pageantry of the Pendleton event and said that it had caused society less trouble than many of the small Fourth of July contests.²⁸

It would appear that Mrs. Swanton was very interested in the Pendleton contest, for, about a year later, she made a very interesting and amusing observation about bulldogging:

Most of the steers are accustomed to it, and roll over like cats as soon as a cowboy grabs them . . . The Round-Up isn't perfect by any means. There are a great many bruises at the end of the program, but the society is glad to have known that most of them are suffered by human beings who take part of their own volition, rather than by dumb animals, which have no say in the matter.²⁹



LADY BULLDOGGING A STEER AT PENDLETON ROUNDUP, 1925

She had been assigned to be present at the Round-Up, and it was her duty to protect cattle and horses from possible cruelty. In regard to the bucking horse, she said: "As a matter of fact, most of the horses enjoy the bucking contests more than do the riders. I have seen some of the so-called outlaw horses actually smile after they have unseated a cowboy."³⁰

²⁶*Ibid.*

²⁷*World* (Wenatchee, Washington), August 28, 1926.

²⁸*Ibid.*

²⁹*East Oregonian* (Pendleton, Oregon), September 8, 1927.

³⁰*Ibid.*

Other members of the association were not so generous or gay in their comments. John F. Poucher of Omaha, Nebraska, said that the rodeo "is a fake and a fraud on the American people. It is not a presentation of what actually takes place on the plains."³¹

Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols of Tacoma asked for advice about the procedure in making arrests when cruelties were perpetrated. "Pierce County, Washington, is one county where rodeos can not be staged," she said. "They are simply not allowed within the county, which enforces the laws made to regulate the entire state."³²

Mrs. Nichols' determination was so strong that in a few weeks she announced that the society of which she was president would not be satisfied with merely a reduction of brutality. "Complete abolition is our objective."³³ Mrs. Nichols continued: "Our legal advisor points out, we do not need more laws, adding that we should enforce the laws we have. We are not going to stop till the rodeos in this State are a thing of the past."³⁴

She also pointed out that there was a state organization known as the State Humane Bureau, of which the Governor was an ex-officio president. "But," she declared, "Governor Hartley has indicated that he is entirely out of sympathy with our aims, and has stated publicly his approval of the rodeo. We are therefore without aid from the state."³⁵

Here, there, and everywhere, Humane Societies, Women's Clubs, and similar organizations were making it 'tough' for Rodeos, Wild West Shows, Round-Ups, Stampedes, and Frontier and Pioneer Days Celebrations. Court action was taken against the principals of rodeos that were produced, and the cowboy contests to be staged were condemned.³⁶

"Does the end justify the brutality of Bulldogging these un-offending steers?" asked Genevieve Lipsett-Skinner. Speaking of the annual Calgary Stampede and Exhibition, she said:

... there is one feature of the Stampede that every woman ought to protest against. It is the appalling cruelty to the steers chosen to illustrate the prowess of the cowboys in the manly art of "bulldogging." Have you witnessed the tussel betwixt a man and a dumb frightened animal, the manner in which the human, but not humane, being grabs the steer by the horns and struggles

³¹*World* (Wenatchee, Washington), August 28, 1926.

³²*Ibid.*

³³*Christian Science Monitor*, October 19, 1926.

³⁴*Ibid.*

³⁵*Ibid.*

³⁶*Journal* (Portland, Oregon), November 8, 1926; June 18, 1927. *Calgary Daily Herald* (Calgary, Alberta, Canada), September 4, 1912; September 5, 1912; July 15, 1924. "Truth to tell, 'bulldogging' is not a pretty exhibition. It calls for good horsemanship. It calls for courage. It calls for well knit bones and flexible sinews. But there is more of suspense and horror in it than necessary skill, and it scarcely seems to 'belong' . . . Bulldogging is clumsy and sometimes stupid." *Denver Post*, July 23, 1916.

with the beast for supremacy? Have you noticed the man tear the horn out of the dumb creature? Have you seen the blood gushing from the wound as the poor dazed steer is driven from the field by other cowboys? Surely you did not enjoy such brutality, yet it was put on as an attraction for your benefit. The bleeding steer cannot ask you to protect him from such revolting abuse, but surely you will constitute yourself his champion.³⁷

Guy Weadick, one time producer of the Canadian Classic, took exception to the above statement. Mr. Weadick justified bulldogging by stating that it had become part of the range work, that it was not brutal, and that it did not hurt the animal very much. He pointed out that the odds were against the men in the arena.³⁸

The Calgary Stampede of 1912 is of historical significance because the contests of bulldogging and steer roping were outlawed after that show. However, it is of great interest to know the reasons for this move. An erroneous report stated that the reason for discontinuing these events was the petitions against cruelty to animals. According to the newspaper report, "the cattlemen of the United States petitioned the government to make bulldogging punishable by law because of the damage being done to their herds by men practicing for the Stampede events. Apparently the men made a practice of rehearsing on the herds of their neighbors."³⁹

Be this as it may, these two events are not a part of the Canadian Contest. An event known as "Steer Decorating"⁴⁰ has taken the place of the original bulldogging contest.

On several occasions rodeo has experienced "close calls" because of legislative discrimination against its activities. In 1937 a bill which had in its body the possibility of prohibiting roping at rodeos was introduced in the Senate of California. Although the bill was directed at the motion picture industry to prevent cruelty to animals during filming pictures, it could easily have been enlarged to include rodeo. Rodeo has always made a special effort to be in complete accord with the Humane Societies of California. In 1937 the promoters of contests in this state united and defeated the bill. In Los Angeles the promoters of contests have worked with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals rather than against it. They have asked the society to lodge its protests with the management for correction before attacking the contest publicly.⁴¹

³⁷*Calgary Daily Herald*, September 4, 1912.

³⁸*Ibid.*, September 5, 1912. "Amazing pluck was exhibited by Ray McCarrel, in the bulldogging contest at the Stampede Friday. When he was handling the steer it turned on him and ran a horn from the back of his knee through to the kneecap, which was displaced. The pain must have been terrific, but he stayed at his task until he finished, and then limped to the stand and watched the rest of the contest, meanwhile calmly smoking a cigarette." *Ibid.*, September 2, 1912.

³⁹*Ibid.*, July 15, 1924.

⁴⁰Westermeyer, *Man, Beast, Dust, etc.*, 238-239, 324.

⁴¹"Legislation," *Bulletin, Rodeo Association of America*, 1 (May 1937).

In 1939 the Great Western Rodeo at Los Angeles Union Stock Yards fell heir to much trouble, when, during a first performance, a group of women staged a demonstration inside the stadium. They were booed by most of the spectators from the arena. The next day a warrant for the arrest of the promoter was issued, and he was released on a one thousand dollar bond. When brought to court, he entered a plea of "not guilty", and the case was set for a week later. Upon hearing the case, the judge urged the jury to bring in a verdict of "not guilty," since there was no evidence presented to corroborate the charge of cruelty.

It is interesting to note that several representatives of the Humane Society agreed to testify that there had been no cruelty at this contest. These same demonstrators had also caused similar disturbances at Tucson and Phoenix, Arizona, without results.⁴²

The most notorious conflict between the cowboy sport and the Humane Society took place in England in the year 1924. This was discussed in London newspapers and periodicals and, of course, reached the United States via those channels. Rodeo in London really upset the English sense of sportsmanship. The following paragraph reveals English reaction:

Cowboys, cowhorses, cowgirls, and wild steers from our Western plains went to London to show their wares, and London is somewhat shocked, as well as stimulated. The British public, it seems, took the side of the steer, when one of the first steer-roping contests crippled an animal so badly that he had to be killed. "This American sport is as bad as Spanish bullfighting," protested several London editors, and it is recorded that the "violent dragging of animals along the ground caused great and spontaneous protests" from the spectators.⁴³

A prominent English painter, Henry W. Nevinson, expressed himself in the Manchester *Guardian* in no uncertain terms when he said rodeo is "not a show for a sportsmanlike people."⁴⁴ The editor of the same paper wrote "the expression of the public's disgust at its first sight of steer-roping has put an end to the public exposition of this feature of the cowboys' performances."⁴⁵ He continued with his criticism, "American and American ideas of sport come in for considerable criticism in this connection, even tho some writers remember the fact that large and well-advertised rodeos are held every year in Canada and Australia."⁴⁶

However, a writer for *Punch*, who signed himself "Evoc," decided that "young England can never be worse for seeing it," and he admitted having mixed feelings.⁴⁷

The result of all this excitement was the arrest of the contestants on a charge of cruelty to animals, and the following account of it appears in a United Press dispatch:

⁴²Westermeyer, *Man, Beast, Dust, etc.*, 244. "Trouble Made for Los Angeles Rodeo," *Bulletin, Rodeo Association of America*, 6 (January, 1940).

⁴³"London All Worked Up Over American Rodeo," *Literary Digest*, 82 (July 26, 1924), 42.

⁴⁴*Ibid.*

⁴⁵*Ibid.*

⁴⁶*Ibid.*

⁴⁷*Ibid.*

Evoc, "Pioneers of Empire," *Punch*, 188 (June 25, 1924), 686-687.

After the rodeo defense had produced twenty witnesses . . . attempting to prove that steer roping and wrestling were not cruel; the trial of the American cowboys whose show at the Empire Exhibition was stopped was adjourned a week . . . Laughs abounded when the Counselor for the defense asked the S. P. C. A. inspector who declared steer roping cruel, "have you ever been at the Grand National Polo matches or at the Steeplechase?"⁴⁸

In 1934 Tex Austin, who promoted a rodeo in London, was arrested on the same charge. After the calf roping event had been eliminated for the duration of the show, the difficulty was settled.⁴⁹

More recently the American Humane Association has been distressed over the growing interest in rodeo as a form of entertainment. Protesting that rodeo is made up largely of events which are objectionable and foreign to actual ranch experience in western America, the A. H. A. says, "they offer numerous opportunities for cruelty to dumb beasts participating."⁵⁰

The American Humane Association continues:

The prime purpose of the modern rodeo is to give the spectator his money's worth, no matter what. So the horses must appear dangerous, even if they are good-tempered animals. This is often accomplished by the rider spurring and whipping his mount. If these actions are not provocative enough, he may spread a burning liquid on the animal's back, right behind the saddle.⁵¹ Or, sometimes, he will frighten the animal with an electric shock provided by a small battery.⁵²

A rider who lassoes a running steer causes the animal to crash to the ground while going at breakneck speed. Another cruelty is bulldogging—racing on horseback alongside a frantic steer, jumping onto its back, then twisting its head by the horns until it falls.⁵³

The defense and criticism of the cowboy sport still continues.⁵⁴ From time to time, the various events: calf roping, steer roping, bulldogging, bronc or bull riding are criticized by the critics of the sport and in turn are defended by the lovers of the sport. On occasion, the sport as a whole is subject to criticism. At the 49th annual

⁴⁸*Denver Post*, July 1, 1924.

⁴⁹Sherman, Tex., "Chuck Wagon Chatter," *Hoofs and Horns*, 4 (July 1934), 11.

⁵⁰Katz, Sidney, "Cruelty to Animals in Rodeos, Races Fought by Humane Group," *Denver Post*, February 19, 1948.

⁵¹This type of action has never been witnessed on any occasion by the author who has attended hundreds of contests in twenty years participation as a spectator and later as a collector of rodeana. It is inconceivable that a valuable bucking horse would be so misused. Westermeyer, *Man, Beast, Dust, etc.*, 195.

⁵²The electric prod (Hot-Shot) is almost standard equipment on farms and ranches for dealing with stubborn horses and cattle. The shock is light but stimulating.

⁵³Katz, Sidney, "Cruelty to Animals in Rodeos, Races Fought by Humane Group," *Denver Post*, February 19, 1948.

⁵⁴Porter, Willard H., "Defense of Steer Roping," *Denver Post*, April 19, 1949; "What Would a Steer Say?" *Denver Post*, April 20, 1949; "Critics Call Steer Roping Inhumane," *Denver Post*, July 28, 1949; Olson, Lee, "Rodeo Stars Act to Halt Second Roping of Steers," *Denver Post*, July 29, 1949; "Steer Roping Upheld," *Denver Post*, August 5, 1949; "For Gentler Rodeos," *Denver Post*, August 8, 1949; "Still 'Woolly,'" *Denver Post*, August 11, 1949; "Ol' Rodeo Hand Speaks," *Denver Post*, August 1, 1949; "Rodeos Too Rough," *Denver Post*, August 19, 1949; Fenwick, Robert W., "Wyoming State Fair's On This Week," *Denver Post*, August 28, 1949; "Tamer Rodeos Wanted," *Denver Post*, August 31, 1949; "On Rents and Rodeos," *Denver Post*, September 3, 1949.

Cheyenne Frontier Days, a woman, carrying a large placard, walked among the paraders. The card read: "Rodeo Sport is Savage. It Breeds Crime."⁵⁵ Accusations are made and denials are immediately forthcoming. As yet the S. P. C. A. has not succeeded in effecting the abolition of rodeo, and it is highly improbable that it will succeed in doing so. Rodeo, despite protests by the American Humane Association, has grown out of the work of the cattle industry. It was and has been the sport of the plains and of the men who made possible this cattle industry. Since then it has grown in amusement value to rank second as a spectator sport and occupies a unique and important entertainment position in all parts of the United States.

The American Humane Association has caused, by protest, various rulings and penalties to be initiated to guide contests and contestants. These rulings and penalties have come from the rodeo and cowboy associations to protect the contest managers and contestants from criticism by the Humane Societies. Many of these contest rules had been set up as rules of sportsmanship and fair play long before the protests of the S. P. C. A. had been lodged. Upon witnessing modern rodeo and reading the rules governing it, one can readily see that every conscious effort is made to prevent any form of cruelty.⁵⁶

⁵⁵Seen by author at Cheyenne Frontier Days Celebration.

⁵⁶Westermeier, *Man, Beast, Dust, etc.*, 200-201, 216-217, 236-237, 242-246, 251-252.

Origin of the Town of Nucla

ELLEN Z. PETERSON*

The community of Nucla was the culmination of a project which started in the winter of 1894 when ten men in the city of Denver, Colorado, met and organized the Colorado Co-operative Company. The object of this move was to establish a co-operative community somewhere, preferably in Colorado, wherein equality and service rather than greed and competition should be the basis of conduct.

*Mrs. Peterson, now of Denver, lived as a child on the Nucla project. In the letter accompanying the article she writes:

"Much of the information in the article is first hand knowledge. Facts and figures have been taken from the records of the Colorado Co-operative Company and the Montrose County Court House, and to the best of my knowledge, are accurate.

Though a mere child when our family moved to Pinon, growing into my early teens there, I have vivid recollections of our experiences in the Colony. The fact that my father was a member of the board of directors for several years before and after the completion of the canal made me more aware of the problems and interested in the progress of the company than I would have been otherwise. Members of our family are still connected with the company."

For another article on Nucla, see Agnes W. Spring, "Experiment in Utopia," in the *Denver Post* of May 1, 1949.—Ed.

On February 16, 1894, the company was incorporated with a capital stock of \$100,000—1000 shares each having a par value of \$100. The headquarters of the company was to be at Denver.

In the summer of 1894 B. L. Smith was sent out to find a suitable location for the co-operative community, the chief requirement being sufficient land which could be watered under one irrigation system. After traveling several hundred miles by team into various unsettled sections of Colorado, he had about given up the search and was returning to Denver convinced that every irrigable spot in Colorado was claimed when he was taken ill at Placerville, a little station on a branch of the Denver and Rio Grande narrow guage railroad. While lying over to recover he met Mr. Placen who, on hearing of his search, informed him that forty some odd miles down the San Miguel, about two hundred feet above the river, lay a level stretch of mesa land called Tabaguache Park, which he thought might meet the requirements. (Tabaguache Park was named for the tribe of Utes that had occupied it. The word is believed to mean sunny side.)

Mr. Smith found the land as described and at once notified the other directors in Denver. A committee sent out to verify his report found by a preliminary survey that a canal taken out of the San Miguel River fifteen miles above could be brought down to irrigate the land. Returning to Denver full of enthusiasm for the new project they convinced the other members that this was the Promised Land for which they had been searching.

Mr. Smith and his family were the first to arrive at Naturita, a post office and stage station at the foot of the park, where the first camp was established in the late fall of 1894.

In January, 1894, the company headquarters in Denver began publishing the *Altrurian*, a little paper designed to inform the public of the aspirations and activities of the company with the idea of stimulating outside interest and increasing the membership. By 1895 the membership had increased to about twenty.

In the spring of 1896 the camp was moved to the junction of Cottonwood Creek and the San Miguel River, five miles below the headgate site. This camp, called Pinon, became the main one—though other small camps sprang up along the ditch as work progressed—and for years it was the second largest town in Montrose County. Here the first dirt was moved in the construction of the canal. Here, also, the company began at once to raise provisions for man and beast. For a few years money was slow coming in, while the influx of families increased rapidly. Though the company was capitalized at \$100,000 the sale of stock was not the source of a great deal of cash. The reason for this was that one share of stock bought for cash entitled the purchaser to membership and the

privilege of working out the rest of his stock, each share of which represented a pro rata portion of the water to be carried by the canal. It may readily be imagined how long \$100 would last in the purchase of food and working material for a man, to say nothing of food for his family. The result was that the residents were forced to subsist largely upon what the company could raise, cash being used only for such staples as flour, salt, oatmeal and salt pork. Sugar was a luxury to be had only at times. The chief article of food was beans, seasoned with the rind from salt pork. The salt pork, fried, was almost the only meat. It furnished fat for gravy, which made a satisfying dressing for bread in the absence of butter. Even the salt pork—or "saltside" as it was called—being on the list of cash groceries, was often missing from the menu. It was not unusual for the men to take up their picks and shovels on a meal of beans and bread. Many stories are told of those Pinon days. One of these tells of a pork rind which went the rounds of the various camps as seasoning for one pot of beans after another, until when at last it had done full duty a starving dog wouldn't have sniffed at it.



PINON ON THE SAN MIGUEL

After a time a regular gardener was employed to raise all kinds of vegetables. Then a herd of dairy cows was bought to supply milk and butter. Occasionally a beef was purchased.

In spite of all they could do, however, the demand seemed always to keep ahead of the supply of everything edible. The com-

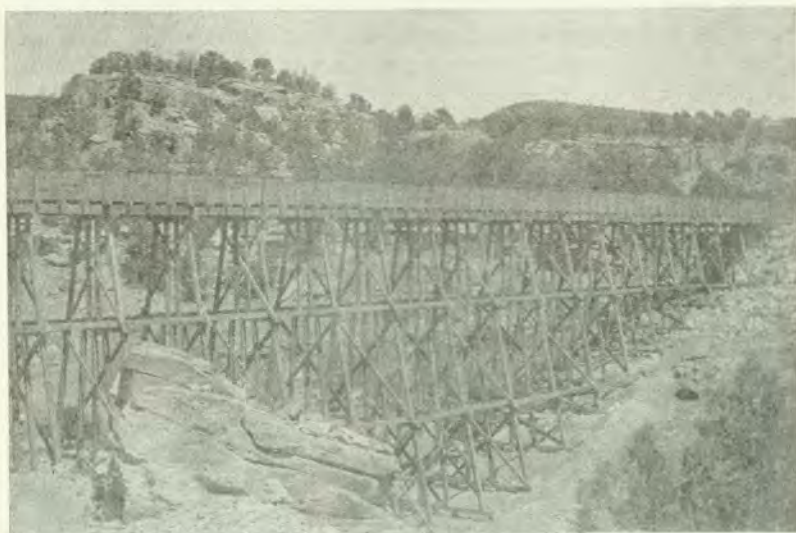
missary was constantly being besieged by the women—whether mothers of families or cooks in company boarding houses—claiming their share of what there was, whether that share was a hundred pounds of beans, half of a head of cabbage or an ounce of butter. One's share became a matter of great importance, a sacred right not only to be fought for and guarded for oneself but to be patriotically granted to another—an inviolable point of honor. To transgress this unwritten law, whether in an attempt to grab more than one's share from the commissary or an effort to usurp undue power in office, was to forfeit the respect of the entire membership and brand one as unfit material for a project of that kind. That such loss of standing was not to be taken lightly was driven home to all early in the history of the company by an event which could not be forgotten so easily.

In 1896 one John G. Otis and his gang of followers, having joined the company for no other reason than to work their own private racket, were rapidly worming their way into positions of trust and power. When it became apparent that these men were there for no good purpose a petition signed by a majority of the stockholders was presented to the board of directors requesting that John G. Otis and his followers be expelled from membership in the Colorado Co-operative Company. The petition was acted upon favorably by the board, Otis and his gang were paid off and presented with their walking papers. This was a bold stroke—one not without its price; for these men went out determined to get even. They lost no time in spreading the most malicious talks about the company and its members, accusing them of being advocates of every kind of vicious doctrine.

In order to establish a source of revenue a sawmill was erected in the timber about twelve miles from Pinon. A simple affair it was at first, but little by little new machinery was added, until the mill was equipped to turn out anything from a trestle beam to a peach box. This sawmill became the main source of income, supplying the entire Uncompahgre Valley with fruit boxes. It also furnished lumber at cost for homes in the various camps as well as the many flumes and trestles necessary to the completion of the canal. One trestle built on this project was at that time the highest of its kind in the world, being 108 feet high at one point.

As has previously been stated, once a man had bought his initial share of stock and been elected to membership he was permitted to work out the rest of his stock, each share representing a pro rata portion of the water to be carried by the canal. To facilitate this process a system of credits was inaugurated, each worker being allowed wages or salary—according to work performed—in credits on the books of the company at a given amount per day.

When a man had earned \$100 worth of credits he could exchange them for one share of stock. Credits once converted into stock could not again be split up or turned back into credits; but loose credits could be, and were, used as a medium of exchange in all transactions between the company and its members. For convenience in these transactions, especially for trade at the commissariat, a coupon system was inaugurated. Each month a coupon book was issued to the head of each family for an amount limited to the actual needs of that family, or to a single man an amount covering the cost of the food he would consume at his boarding house. These coupon books bought with work credits were as good as cash in the purchase of food at the commissariat. Clothing and household goods were not provided by the company but must be sent out for by each family for itself.



TRESTLE FOR THE NUCLA DITCH, 108 FEET HIGH

For a pioneer community undergoing greater hardship, perhaps, than the average, the "Colony," as it was often called, was the center of more cultural activities than generally went with pioneer life. The co-operative project had attracted an unusual group, including men and women of talent in music, drama, and art. A hall was built and equipped with a stage which served remarkably well considering that most of the properties were makeshift. The scenery was painted with whatever materials were at hand, such as bluing, beet juice and what not. The result, however, was more gratifying than might be expected; for the work was done by an artist, a member of the company. The theatrical performances put on in this

hall would have done credit to more pretentious surroundings. Liquor was conspicuous by its absence in those days when the frontier fairly swam in it.

In 1900 an influx of new members gave fresh impetus to the work of ditch-building. It was decided to complete the canal by letting contracts to members who were qualified to carry them out. Pinon had been made company headquarters instead of Denver. On June 6, 1904, ten years after the first survey, water flowed through the canal to the initial point on the Tabaguache Park. This was a great triumph. The first goal had been attained; the impossible had been accomplished—the Colorado Co-operative Company had proven to the world and to its own members that the ideal of co-operation was not altogether a pipe dream.

By the summer of 1905 Pinon was off the map, having been virtually picked up and moved to the park, leaving only a host of memories to haunt the place and come to life to any passer-by who had once wandered through its rocky streets or smelt the tang of the river as he crossed the bridge to the commissariat. Many of the old timers were loath to leave; for they realized that the beautiful fraternal spirit which had come to permeate community life in Pinon might be lost once the great incentive—the building of the ditch—had been removed. Though this was true to some extent Pinon imparted most of its best traditions to its successor.



MAIN ST. LOOKING SOUTH-NUCLA-COLO.

NUCLA IN 1920

In that same year a town company was organized which began immediately to take steps in the founding of a permanent town on the Park. The name, "Pinon," would have been the unanimous choice for the town had there not been another post office in the state by that name. Tabaguache was appropriate but too hard to

spell. The name *Nucla* was decided upon, the word being a corruption of the Latin word *Nucleus*.

The dream of a co-operative community was only partially realized. The canal, which is now one of the best water rights in the state, is still owned and maintained co-operatively; but with the exception of a co-operative creamery the business enterprises of the community have returned to private ownership and control.

Running the Dolores River, 1948

DIARY OF OTIS MARSTON¹

May 13, 1948. Members of the party: Preston² and Becky Walker, "Doc" and Margaret Marston, and Ditty (the dog).

Left Grand Junction about noon—Pres (Preston) hauling the boat and we in the Cad. Picked up Garth and his brother at Moab. Met Olive and Kent in Monticello and Doris Nevills drove in so we had a convention.

Got into Dolores at dark and the cars went back to Moab after dinner. Put up in comfortable hotel.

May 14. Woke up to a fine sunny morning. The boat and dunnage were hauled down to the bridge a mile below town and in three-quarters of an hour we were ready to take off. Editor Bradshaw of the local newspaper saw us off.

Water was fast and we made about 5 to 6 miles per hour. About noon we were running down a lively riffle and could find no way through as a tree had fallen across the river and collected a jam of drift—which called for a quick landing—and lunch.

After lunch we pulled to the other side, dragged the boat about 30 feet around the roots of the snag, about 2 feet above the water.

On again—ranches—two low wires across the river—a stream gauger cable—a couple of rickety bridges. We began to run between low buff sandstone walls.

Bradshaw came down the road and told Pres we were 18 miles by road, which would be 20 miles by water. We camped early on a grassy plot.

¹"Doc" Marston of Berkeley, California, has made a specialty of fast water travel and has covered over 2,000 miles of foaming flood with oar and camera. He is a noted swimmer, and was a submarine commander in World War I. He has traversed Marble, Grand and Glen Canyons of the Colorado, the San Juan River, the Salmon River, Hells Canyon of the Snake River, Lodore Canyon and Split Mountain on the Green River before making the trip down the Dolores and he was in the party that put the first motor boat through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, in June, 1949. Mr. Marston has engineering degrees from the University of California and Cornell University.—Ed.

²Preston Walker, of the Grand Junction *Daily Sentinel*, published an account of the trip in the *Daily Sentinel* of May 30, 1948.—Ed.

The boat used on this trip was the "Rainbow Trail," a Nevills San Juan type boat.—Ed.



MR. AND MRS. PRESTON WALKER PACKING THE BOAT FOR THE START

Today was the first anniversary of Pres and Becky.

Water was cold and fairly muddy.

Saturday, the 15th. Cold night. Magpies put in appearance about 5 a. m. and roused camp with their clatter. Slush ice in the top of the water bucket. Water in the river was up several inches and was carrying more silt.

Leisurely breakfast and away at 9:30. More careful storage provided more than enough room for all baggage. During breakfast and as we left our camp site, a yellow carpet of dandelions.

We traveled at 3 to 5 miles and at noon passed under the road bridge. Not far above we passed a crew working a gravel pit. A few miles below we passed two lads on the left bank. The road had left us but there was a well marked trail for cattle on the right bank.

The red rock rose from the river and the drop in the profile increased. Ran into a continuous series of rock studded rapids. Nooned at a high bench on the right. Increasing rapids gave the oarsmen plenty to do. Took water over the decks and some into the cockpit. Pulled in at 3 p. m. on sand on right.

Some cloudiness but warm. Ran ducks ahead of us most of the afternoon. Male with green head, light grey underbody, dark grey and white back. Many flowers—paint brush and wild syringa.

Kept a look out for cave dwellings but saw none. The walls here are red, horizontal bedded sandstone with large pine on the benches. Scrub oak along the shore is just budding out. Some fairly sizable fir. Just above camp on left bank there have been some recent heavy washes driven down the gullies; one dumping a lot of debris into the river.

We figure about 18 to 20 miles yesterday and 25 today. Dinner of a big salad and canned plums. Ditty was a very fired dog. The water has the appearance of 2000 to 3000 sec. ft. Fine sandy beach camp with plenty of drift.

Sunday, the 16th. Night was warmer and everybody had a good sleep. Ticks. Deer and a small cat had been down to the river to water.

Up at 6:30 and the river was up and rising. By 9:30 a. m. the river was up 10 inches above the 6 p. m. of last night. Ditty got cold last night and crawled into Pres' bag. Plenty of fast water and the oars don't rest. Took the big swing to the S. W. and looped sharply back.

In the loop sighted two cows and a week-old calf on left bank. They high tailed down the bank for a half of a mile and then took to the river, the calf bravely holding his nose high. They were swept out of sight to the right and into a rapid. As we rounded the bend we saw the two cows swimming back toward the left bank. They pulled out and looked back but no calf was to be seen.

The river swung to the left and ran almost due north. The cows kept racing ahead of us for several miles until they joined others and found bravery enough to stand in a thicket as we swung by.

Heavy washes from steep gullies on the canyon walls had washed room-sized boulders into the river and we had some fancy water work. We looked over one and ran it. The second we looked over had a sizable boulder splitting the current at the bottom after it had dodged a maze of rocks above. We made a good run but Pres couldn't take the left side at the bottom and we hung on the rock. A little rocking and a strain on Ditty to keep him in the

boat and we slid off nicely. We should have studied our currents more carefully but no harm except some damage to our pride.

A bad piece of water suggested no passengers. Pres made all the shifts in perfect form, even though he slightly fouled a deep rock near the top.

We ran into slow water and were raising the question of adequate rapids when some lively spouts and a plentiful rock sprinkling drew us to the left bank. A half mile of rapids and all rocks with a drop close to 20 feet. A rapid-happy riverman in a cataract boat and a covered cockpit might run it, but he would need to be very happy. It is no place for a San Juan (type of boat) so we unload for lining. Two men and two women to line. We got along fine until we were easing the boat around a rock point. She was snubbed so we couldn't slack as a little water went over the side. Pres tried to throw weight on the rock side but it wasn't enough. I made for the rock snubber and slacked all I could, letting the boat into the easy water below the rock point. Food and shoes were floating out and Pres scrambled to toss ashore all he could grab. We pulled the bow high in the eddy and bailed her out. Lost the bucket, three shoes, and a few canned goods. The fishing rod was picked up below.



SNAGGLETOOTH RAPIDS ON THE DOLORES

Finished lining without further incident or too hard work. Our trouble was too much caution with too tight a bow line.

Camped left side under a big yellow pine after running the lower third of the rapid. A big island, with drift at the head, is just below camp.

The canyon here is about half a mile wide. In the bottom there is a bench on one side or the other with a fair cattle trail on both sides. Scrub oak half covers the benches. There are yellow pine running to four feet in diameter at the butt. Small cedars and firs. The open places have some sage brush and a little cactus.

Rising 500 feet from the bottom at an angle of 40 degrees are terraced talus slopes with the outcroppings up to 200 feet being light grey. The next 50 feet is a dark red and to the foot of the cliffs a more brilliant red. Above the talus is a verticle wall of about 300 feet with the fractures running verticle. In some places there is an outward curve and it carries considerable desert varnish. The bottom 50 feet is undercut with horizontal fractures. Pres says this is called Wingate on the San Juan.

The next 100 feet is a series of dark red relatively thin-bedded rock stepping back, capped by a 50 foot dark red verticle wall. A considerable terrace above is topped by the Navaho Sandstone with the long arched caves. The top two thirds is buff, the lower third orange.

Above this in terraces are buff colored heavily broken cliffs with talus in between with much small tree growth. The rapid above, which we lined, we have named "Old Snaggle Tooth."

Monday, the 17th. We had a fine night in a good camp. Pancakes for breakfast.

Although the channel to the right of the island carried the most water, it is full of rocks about 2 feet out of water about two-thirds the way down, so we took the other narrow one when we pulled out at 9:45 a. m. It proved to be tricky and fast and a fairly sizable rapid directly below called for some fancy rock dodging.

We developed the technic of one standing on the stern and signalling the oarsmen as the rapids came so fast the oarsmen had almost no chance to stand up to look for rocks.

The river swung right and at the mouth of a small steep canyon we found a log cabin against a rock. The little meadows surrounding were four inches high with feed and the cactus and other wild flowers called for active picture work. We landed here at 10:30. The river swings sharply back to the left making a tight hairpin.

Dropping away 40 minutes later we heard an explosion and sighted some dust from a blast above the Navaho and about a half mile back up river on the right side of the canyon. Another

blast sounded about 10 minutes later and more dust reached for the sky.

In less than a mile the river turned sharply right and north and the canyon narrowed so there were no benches. Large boulders blocked the stream and there were plenty of rocks in the channels. The strata started coming down and the Wingate and Navaho came down to the river.

The channel seemed to cut close to a room-sized sandstone block on the left and Pres signalled me close to it to take the pour next to it. He stood on the deck as we skimmed by a submerged rock on the right. At the bottom of the dive the stern took up suddenly and smartly against one of those we hadn't seen and Pres reached for the river.

I swung the stern to him as we swung easily clear and he crawled aboard minus his glasses. We landed right, not far below to find his spare specs so he could see the rocks. In view of the fact he hadn't seen this one it seems Becky's comment regarding his need for a new prescription might be apropro.

Pres, having been in the river, had gathered this stream into his string of pearls. He has been into every river he has run.

We lunched by a big boulder on the left and took off about one o'clock. Rocks were thick. The river began to meander. The strata rise towards the west and a swing west and then back, gave us a Split Mountain pattern.

Four cows and four calves took up a run down the river on the right bank and attempted a crossing just above a small rapid. The cows and two calves made it but the other two calves climbed back on the right and looked very, very wet as we passed them. A mile below, the cattle were rimmed and they watched us go by. Tricky running until about 3 p. m., when the river slacked to four miles per hour and the canyon walls broke down.

At 3:15 p. m., we passed a yellow water stream coming in right. A pump below a rock sent water to an abandoned mine working, on the south of the side canyon.

Fifteen to twenty minutes later we sighted a house and a stone cabin at the mouth of a stream. A shop, chicken coop, and pen were against the low cliff. A road came down here. House and cabin were securely locked.

We were now in low country. When we would swing west the Navaho would come up. The water remained fast and at 4:30 we passed under a road bridge.

Not far below we landed at an inactive Vanadium mill and climbed the bank to the group of houses and trailers. We stopped at the house of Mr. Williams, the watchman, and he and son and

daughter were a bit embarrassed as we found them in stockings and bare feet.

We bought coffee and a few eggs and took off about three-quarters of an hour later. Landed one and one-half miles below at an abandoned cattle ranch on the left. Late camp but the river talk went on until almost nine. Buzzards swung overhead.

Tuesday, May 18th. Up early; warm and partly overcast. Looks a little like rain. The top of the tripod broke yesterday dropping the Cine in the sand. Fine equipment.

Ditty is showing more interest. He has learned to jump into the boat now. We saw a beaver yesterday just below the log cabin and we saw one near shore this morning.

We rolled off the miles at a good clip. A half mile below the ranch the road took off up the bench on the left. We ran through a canyon swinging to the right and east and stopped to picture a mushroom rock on the cliff on the left.

This canyon opened into a valley which sloped in from the right. As we swung left we sighted two white horses and a number of cattle in a cottonwood grove. A ranch house was around the bend and a live stream came in just below, as we came to moderately high ground on the right. A road skirted this high ground. We made a swing to the left and could sight the LaSals up the wide valley to the left. The river swung wide to the right and split the mountain. At the first bend to the left we passed under a road bridge, stopped and walked west on the road until we could see it stretching across the valley and up the slopes. No Bedrock store.

Back to the boats. The layout of the land did not coincide with the crossing shown on the air map. We saw a bench mark near the road marked 5306. We had seen one near camp this morning—5432.1.

Down into the canyon running deeper with many close loops. In about a half hour we passed a barrier for cattle and soon we began to see deer. The canyon runs about 1500 feet deep.

At about 3:30 we sighted a large cave on the right. It measured 200 feet across the face, was 110 feet deep. Inside were remnants of crude walls and Becky dug up corn cobs, yucca string and a piece of a basket. Cattle, jacks and horses had bedded in the cave.

Just before we stopped for lunch and were treated to half hour violent storm while we hid under small overhangs.

More deer with one taking to the river. We landed on a bench left, with an overhang near at hand.

Today we got a fine chute between some big rocks which I pictured. The sky remains threatening but not too serious. We estimate seven and one-half hours of running which means 30 to

35 miles today. Pres' watch gains about 15 minutes a day and mine loses so we have difficulty knowing the time of day. To bed after dark with the storm clouds gone.

Wednesday, May 19th. Beautiful morning, warmer. The river is up about an inch and muddier. Fine running with some violent wind squalls, fortunately down stream most the time.

We ran a mule shoe to the east, swinging left about 2 miles around. The neck was about 150-200 yards across and 40 feet high. A crude gate of drift had been set in the gap. We were now seeing large side canyons coming in on both sides, some with live streams. The canyon opened out and we saw cattle. At 11:45 we ran under the road bridge at Bedrock but went on. We soon sighted the LaSals again and made a wide loop to the right.

Becky suggested this was Bedrock and it seemed to fit the map. We landed and walked a mile to the store; bought supplies; phoned Walker's and listened to Warner, the cowpuncher, tell stories of the canyon. He had been in the country forty years and had been in the canyons but had never heard of anyone making the upper canyon run in a boat. He called this canyon Johnson Canyon and said it was a mile deep.

We returned to the boat and dropped down, seeing a cow mired near shore. As we entered the canyon we found two good second grade rapids and ran them both with passengers. Pres hit them perfectly or we could have had some trouble. We camped below on the left. We started from camp this morning at 7:45 and passed under the bridge at 11:45. We ran about an hour after returning to the boat so our distance would be 12-14 miles in the morning and 3 miles in the afternoon. It is almost dark and the wind has died down.

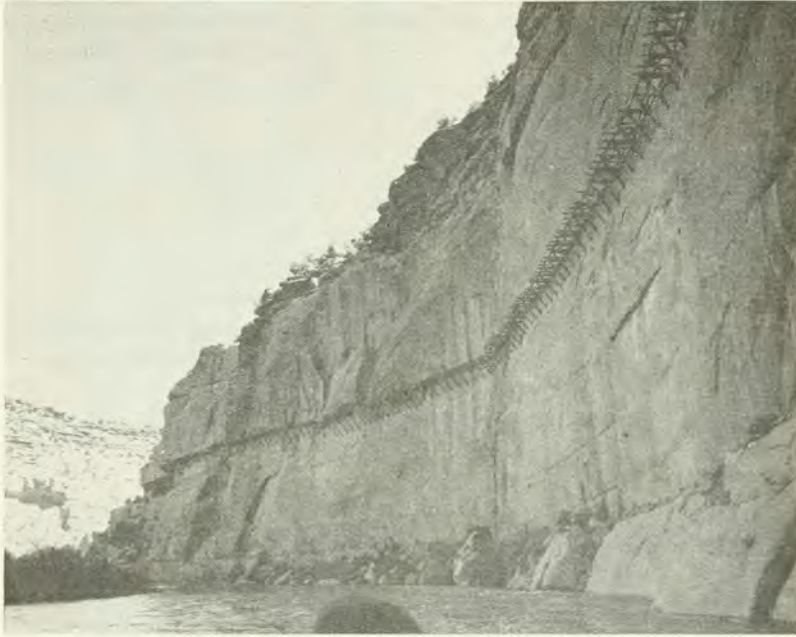
This valley stretches one way, while the river enters, crosses, and passes out the other. There is an abandoned mill on the right at the point where the river leaves the valley.

Many heavy cattle and small calves covered the flat grass land in the valley but we were told that the westerly end of the valley was farming land.

Thursday, May 20th. River was up about a foot this morning and carrying much more silt. Not a cloud in the sky. Rocks in the rapid above that were one and half feet out of water last night are now covered and the channel through is much wider. There were two good lively rapids not far below and we stopped to look one over. We ran it with full crew.

In 45 minutes we passed the San Miguel with a moderate yellow flow of water. A road followed along high on the cliff. Below we saw the remains of the hanging flume on the right bank

and stopped to take pictures. A couple of miles below, a foot bridge hung on two wire cables and a considerable placer work had been carried on. We stopped for rock hunting and pictures.



RUINS OF HANGING FLUME BESIDE THE DOLORES RIVER

We saw trucks above on the other side on a road that was below a 330 foot overhang and a verticle drop of 300 feet below. 4595.995 elevation at Gateway School, about 25 feet above the river. Narrow canyon running with plenty of water and much drift.

We stopped at Rock Creek Bridge for lunch and on without much wait. Saw a man placering a little way below. Narrow canyon, and just about the time we figured we were out of the rapids we would run into a good one. The valley opened up and we ran some good secondary rapids. After we got into one we questioned our running it without looking it over. We shipped some water.

We landed left below the bridge and walked up to the town of Gateway and into the store. Bought some supplies. The old timers told us there was no recollecion of anyone making this boat trip before. The store is run by the Vaughn's. Doc Jock Watson came in and accepted an invitation to dinner at camp. They promise us some heavy water below—one of the ranchers here has swum through every rapid. It is 11 miles to Beaver Creek and 15 to the Colorado. Doc estimated 375 miles for our total trip. They say we

have done 40 miles today. Seidel's at Bedrock told of two men who had put in at Slickrock and dragged the boat out at Bedrock and left it there to rot.

Friday, May 21st. Water is up about 2 inches and heavy drift is running. We hauled the boat out high with Jock's pick-up. Weather is perfect with a down-stream breeze. Continued talk of heavy water below.

We stowed our gear at a near-by house and Jock took us across the bridge to the store where we borrowed Roy Vaughn's car and drove to Grand Junction. Reported in to the *Sentinel* office and then on to Walker home for lunch and fine quarters in Pres' former room. Afternoon writing letters, and dinner with the Walker's, Mrs. Moore, and Marion Fletcher—then a grand sleep.

Saturday, May 22nd. Wind has gone and the day is perfect. Still cleaning and rearranging dunnage.

Yesterday we read in the Dolores paper of the start of our trip. On the same front page was the story of the Dolores River going on the rampage and another story telling of two men who had started down river in a metal boat but they had ripped her open and abandoned the trip at the log jam. This river is no run for a beginner at the game. It has some very difficult water, requiring much skill to negotiate.

Sunday, May 23rd. Left Grand Junction in Roy Vaughn's chariot about 8:30 and arrived at Gateway about 10:30. Bought supplies and gathered our dunnage, dragged the boat into the water as a considerable company assembled. We took off after eleven and about four miles below ran a rapid which would be classed a good secondary.

Shortly below we saw a *Daily Sentinel* flying from a stick and Look on the shore calling us in to coffee. We landed for a lunch quickie and then on. On the left about a mile below we sighted a gathering of cars and trucks and 75 people on the rocks. This was "The Narrows," so we landed for a look-see.

The water drove down among some large rocks but offered no great hazard. Then below we saw a rock that split the channel and then 25 yards lower was an island. The channel on the left was dammed with rocks for diversion to a ditch. The right channel had a rock in the middle and a diversion dam on the right. Below this was a small snag island which required a hard pull left and, where the channels came together below, were some sizable waves.

Perfect running offered a good run but it was certain to involve shipping some water. We decided the ladies would like to see the show from the shore and took off.

In the first drive through the narrow gate we took some water and then some more. With the boat water-loaded Pres was unable to pull to the right of the rock below as planned but did manage to clear the upper end of the island, to the right. All the current drove us toward the rock in mid-channel and we missed it just exactly right but with no safety factor. I started bailing as we were taking much water with the boat heavy and we ran another quarter mile before we could land left and bail. The whole run was almost a mile.

An old timer was heard to say, "By God! Those men sure knew what they were doing every minute of the time, didn't they?" Well, it wasn't quite as good as that. There is nothing in the San Juan equal to this one at this stage.

Not far below we came to Beaver Creek—a boulder-studded rapid of a mile. With some close rock running at the head we were able to take full party through after saying "Good-bye" to the Moore's. There was some sizable water in the lower end and we shipped a wave or two. The water remained fast and we dropped down two miles to a sizable side canyon bringing in a clear stream from the left. Clear water said "camp," and we obeyed the summons. Weather is warm and the clouds are photogenic. Steak, salad, boiled spuds, peaches and cookies for dinner. Think we'd better keep this cook.

Monday, May 24th. To bed last night at 9:30 and a late breakfast this morning. I went after close-up flower pictures. Pres and Becky explored the side canyon. Along about eleven we dragged the boat into the river as the water had dropped several inches. We loaded and were off. The rapid below camp had some sizable water. We drifted along in narrow canyon with walls rising 1000 feet. We ran a couple of good rapids without stopping and pulled in on the right to explore a narrow canyon. About a mile above, the canyon began to climb so we turned back.

A few miles below, the slickrock came down and showed some good side canyons. There were two stone shells of houses on the benches. We stopped at the lower end of a flat on the left and walked back to a house which we found locked. There were hens, three geese, and a cellar full of food. A road came down the side canyon. The rock hounds went to work and gathered 10 to 20 pounds of gems.

Taking off, we soon ran a good rapid with some big water and narrowly missed a dive over a second rock in center. This rapid was quite long, possibly a third of a mile. The walls broke down rapidly and there were many signs of old placers. We landed left for a dry camp in the Morrison formation. Flies were thick and

wood was scarce. Today we saw seven ducks rise off the river above us. This afternoon we saw two heron and three snipe.

Yesterday the rapid below The Narrows was Beaver Creek and we picked up Becky and took her through. We found some big water and fast moving. Below that was the rock studded rapid we took after leaving the Moore's. We are having steak, hearts of lettuce, toasted rasin bread, baked potatoes, tea, coffee.

We had a narrow escape today. When landing to look over the side canyon we tied up in an eddy. On returning we found the boat swung down in the current and loosed the tie. The rope had hung in some low shrubbery just enough to keep boat from running away.

Tuesday, the 25th. Sky quite heavily overcast to greet the opening of fishing season. My watch changed its schedule and ran fast so we were all up at 6. Becky found a "critter" on top of the bench above camp. We hauled 25-50 pounds of the critter into the boat and shoved off early.

We ran one moderate rapid and then the water began to slow. We found after about $\frac{3}{4}$ hrs. of this that it was the record high water of the Colorado that was backing up the Dolores. We stopped to picture the nests of cranes in the tops of cottonwoods and passed several extensive placer bars.

Shortly after entering the Colorado we shot under the Dewey Bridge. Speed here was about 5 miles. We saw no motor traffic. We ran one or two moderate riffles. The river valley opened out into a wider valley and we could see the Fisher Towers formations and the LaSals. The side canyons of this valley gave us some sizable rapids in good medium grades with waves running to five feet. We shipped a few waves when they hit on the side.

When the canyon closed in again we noted that the road was covered in a number of places. We found some lively water and the speed was sustained.

At 3 P.M. we landed at the spring above the bridge. The water was within a foot of the road at this point. Becky and Pres got the cars as we unloaded the boat. By four the boat was on the trailer, and we were in Moab for dinner. At 8 P.M. we arrived back at Grand Junction completing the most successful boat trip yet.

Last night we saw a lonely bittern on the Dolores and his lone cry was first believed to be that of coyotes.

We had various opinions of distances from Gateway to the Colorado. Jock is to measure the run and let us know.

The river has run a flood but was lowering constantly after we left Gateway. The Colorado was at a peak for several years. The flood stage we experienced was excellent for running the Dolores. The rocks were well covered and the current encouraging in the smooth stretches.

Snaggle Tooth remains the toughy. It is possible it might be run if an added foot of water were coursing through, but even then it would be a wild ride and probably too much for a San Juan boat.

The Narrows is probably second in the position of difficulty. It will vary greatly with the stage of water. I believe some additional water would help but it is rare that the river would run a higher stage.

Jock came in to Pres' office and said "If I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't believe it. And I still don't believe it." He reported the running of the Narrows was the chief talk of the town of Gateway.

He had measured the distance run on the Dolores and found it to be 207 miles. On the day we left Gateway there was 6000 sec. ft. running at the town of Dolores and 11,000 sec. ft. at Gateway. There was 22,000 in the Colorado above the Dolores making the measure at Moab 33,000 sec. ft.

We started the run with only an air map, which gives little detail, but assumed the problem of navigation would not be difficult. We were lost part of the time but not too lost. We had one life preserver but the water would have justified more.

The food was the best for any trip in my experience, but we were favored with cold water which helped in preservation. We did demonstrate the advantage in fresh grapefruit.

The talk frequently led to the next trip. A repeat of the Dolores run, Westwater Canyon, the Yampa, and the Cataract were suggested. Why not?

Rapidly Yours,
DOC MARSTON

The Founding and Founders of Meeker

W. D. SIMMS*

We have come here today to honor and pay tribute to those early Pioneer citizens who came into the wilderness of White River, seeking a place where they might build homes, organize churches and schools, and set up a decent social order. In the accomplishment of those purposes they founded the little town of Meeker sixty-six years ago, the first town to be established in all Northwestern Colorado.

Our town came into being under interesting and peculiar circumstances. Soon after the Meeker massacre a permanent Military Camp was established and built on this spot. When the work of construction had been finished, there appeared one of the most complete and efficient military establishments to be found on all the frontier. The buildings were erected in regular order, facing inward, along the four lines of a quadrangle or parade ground extending approximately 800 feet from east to west and having a width of 475 feet. This is the ground upon which we now stand and presently occupied by the Court House and Grade School buildings.

The soldiers' barracks were situated along the south border of the quadrangle and consisted of nine long adobe, or more familiarly known as "dobbie" brick buildings, constructed with walls sixteen inches in thickness, wooden floors, shingle roofs and brick chimneys. On the north borderline of the parade ground were five commodious two-family log residence buildings, used as quarters for the officers and their families. Four of those buildings still stand on their original locations, three of them having undergone but slight change in appearance during the 68 or 69 intervening years. Two similar structures were located at the west end, while in the center of the eastern extremity there stood a large log hospital building. This in later years served the settlers as the first school, the first church, and was the center of all community activities. In this building in 1884 the first 4th of July celebration was held, when the settlers gathered and sang patriotic songs, Mr. Allsebrook read the Declaration of Independence, and William H. Clark made a patriotic speech.

A flag pole stood in the center of the parade ground, and the military reservation was laid out extending four miles each direction from that flag pole, and any person within that eight mile square area was subject to military rule.

*Mr. Simms, Meeker historian, read this paper on July 4, 1949, at the ceremonies dedicating the historical marker to the founders of Meeker.—Ed.



Courtesy Charlie Wunder and Monarch Air Lines

ED. P. WILBER, L. R. HAFEN, AND J. N. NEAL AT THE MEEKER MARKER DEDICATION, JULY 4, 1949

To the south and southwest of the military buildings various structures were located, such as quarters for the civilian employees, the Post Trader's, or Sutler store, the Officers Club and the Soldiers Club, known as the "Bounce" house. The two latter were amusement and recreation places with billiard, pool and card tables, and also where the essence of "Barley-corn" was dispensed.

This post was known as the Military Camp on White River, or merely as the Camp on White River, and presented a spectacle of color and interest. Several hundred soldiers were quartered here, mule and ox drawn supply trains coming and going, soldiers drilling on the parade ground, military bands playing, and an occasional Cavalry troop on maneuver.

Today, in so far as we know, there is but one man living who witnessed that most colorful scene—our fellowcitizen, Mr. Ed. P. Wilber, who as a young man wandered into Rawlins, Wyoming, in April, 1882, looking for work. There he met John C. "Jack" Davis, manager for the J. W. Hugus mercantile and freighting interests, operators of the Post Trader's store at the White River Camp. Mr. Davis was looking for "bull-whackers" and "mule-skinners" to bring in the first supply train of the year, and gave Mr. Wilber



Courtesy Charlie Wunder and Monarch Air Lines

ORIGINAL OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT MEEKER AS THEY APPEAR TODAY

a job "skinning" a six-mule two-wagon outfit in that twenty-wagon supply train. They came south from Rawlins on their 180-mile journey, crossing Snake River, then over Iron Springs divide, down through Lay, crossing Bear River on the Government bridge below the Duffy ranch, out through Axiel Basin, over Nine Mile Hill and Four Mile Hill. Mr. Wilber's outfit was loaded with lumber, a barrel of beer was strapped high on top of the lead wagon. Coming over the rough road down Nine Mile Hill, the strap broke, and the barrel tumbled to earth with a mighty crash. And Mr. Wilber tells us that "the bull-whackers and mule-skinners had a right nice party there in the sage brush." After twenty days travel they arrived at the camp on a Sunday morning; the Military band was playing on the parade ground in honor of the occasion. The caravan halted, and when the band finished playing, Mr. Wilber turned around, and said, "Well Boys, right here is where I am going to stay so long as I can make a living." So far, Mr. Wilber, has made his stay a little more than sixty-seven years; lived a life filled with many exciting incidents of the last frontier. He has contributed liberally in time and effort toward the advancement and development of Meeker and Rio Blanco County, and for many years has

been our most highly respected and loved citizen, and is the only survivor of the nineteen pioneers we honor today.¹

In the late summer of 1883, a little more than a year after Mr. Wilber's arrival, the Government started removing the soldiers, and when nearly all were gone, a sale was held on the 13th of August and the buildings sold at auction. There were but few here to buy and they brought trifling sums. Newton Major, manager for Hugus & Co., bought the first adobe building for \$100.00, into which he moved the Hugus store. Mrs. Susan C. Wright came in from her claim at the foot of Nine Mile Hill, just outside the Military reservation and bought the second one. Charley Dunbar bought the third and these two pooled their interests and opened the Meeker Hotel. Mr. Allsebrook bought the one where the Odd Fellows building now stands for \$30.00. Samuel Fairfield bought the last of the Officers quarters for \$100.00. Then came one long blast of the bugle, the last of the soldiers marched out, and the few settlers were in possession of a ready-made town which they unanimously named Meeker in honor of the slain Indian Agent, Nathan C. Meeker.

Shortly thereafter, a gentleman from Denver, Mr. D. M. Richards, a promoter came in and organized the Meeker Town Company with a membership of twenty persons. This company is usually referred to as the Townsite Company. He was a great "booster" and put forth much effort in getting the people interested in securing the County Seat for Garfield County at the coming election.

Carbonate, a boom mining camp twenty-two miles north of Glenwood Springs, had been named the County Seat at the time Garfield County was created in the spring of 1883. Several thousand people had rushed in during the winter, waiting for the snow to melt so they could scoop up the gold reported to be underneath, but when the snow melted, the gold had apparently disappeared, and the population likewise rapidly disappeared until by late summer only the Post Master, the County Clerk and a few prospectors remained. Two men from Grand River, now the Colorado, went up one night with a pack-mule, seized the County records and packed them to Glenwood Springs. This kidnapping of the County Seat afforded Mr. Richards abundant ammunition for his campaign. There were but few settlers on Grand River, and White River was believed to have a slight edge, but when the votes were counted on election day, Meeker lost the County Seat by 27 votes and elected one Commissioner. It was said at the time that Glenwood Springs voted the names of a lot of men living in Aspen, Pitkin County.

¹Mr. Wilber's "Reminiscences of the Meeker Country" were published in the *Colorado Magazine* of September and November, 1946.—Ed.

The result of the election coupled with the fact that while the Post had been abandoned, the Military reservation had not been returned to the Public Domain, and it was uncertain as to when this would be accomplished, consequently no filing could be made on the Townsite or any other land within the 64 square mile area surrounding the flag pole. Mr. Richards, discouraged and apparently believing there was little chance of booming the town and making a quick profit, took his departure and did not return.

But the nineteen remaining members of the Town Company were not discouraged when they found themselves to be merely "squatters" on the forbidden ground. They were not so much interested in quick profits as they were in making their "squatter" town a better place in which to live. Three members of the Town Company, Samuel Fairfield, Frank E. Sheriden and Ed. P. Wilber laid out the town ditch with a tripod and constructed it in the spring of 1884. Lateral ditches were constructed and little rivulets of pure, cold water ran down both sides of all the streets in the occupied portion of the Townsite.

Upon the recommendation of Mr. Thomas Baker the old parade ground was set aside as a Town Park. The Town Company enclosed the entire area with a picket fence, and under the supervision of Mr. Baker, Box Elder and Cottonwood trees were planted, lateral ditches were run to provide irrigation water, and the completed Town Park was turned over to the citizens free of all cost.

The town was incorporated in 1885 and William H. Clark was elected mayor. The newly elected mayor, being a surveyor, made a plat of the town and steps were at once taken to procure patent, but it was not until 1887 that they were able to cut through all the Government red tape, when the mayor made filing on behalf and for the use of the citizens. In July of that year Mayor Clark, James L. McHatton, President of the Townsite, and Dana Thayer, Town Clerk, drove to Glenwood Springs and made final proof on the Meeker Townsite. The Mayor then issued deeds to each citizen for the lot or lots occupied for the consideration of \$2.63 per lot, that amount being the proportionate cost of procuring patent plus legal expense.

The Town of Meeker was the first, and for more than twenty years, the only incorporated town in all Northwestern Colorado. It was the hub, the business and banking center of that vast territory. The settlers from Bear River came to Meeker to trade and do their banking, and many of the settlers came from Grand River until the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad was constructed. Four men, J. W. Hugus, John C. Davis, Newton Major, and Dana Thayer, through their collective efforts in establishing the firm of

J. W. Hugus & Co.—Merchants and Bankers—provided the magnet of attraction for drawing business to Meeker. The settlers had little money and no security to offer. This pioneer firm sold them supplies on credit to bring their land into production, then loaned them money to get a start in cattle.

The Indian trade was also a profitable addition to the business of the town. While the Utes were supposed to be on their reservation in Utah, many bands had permanent camps in the western part of the county, going to the Agency only to collect their "head-money," then coming to Meeker to trade. One January while taking inventory in the Hugus store, the clerks dragged out a lot of straw hats that would not sell. This was a cattle country and no cowboy, in those days, would wear a straw hat. Mr. Major, "Old Maj," as he was fondly called, gathered up an armload and went out to all the near-by business places, giving every man a straw hat, saying, "the first time the Indians come to town, put that hat on and get out and circulate around." A few days later when the Utes came in, those fellows were out on the street in overcoats, wearing straw hats. The Indians immediately got the fever and wanted a hat like the "Mericat." They not only bought all of Maj's twenty-five cent straw hats for a dollar each, but bought yards and yards of fancy colored ribbon to tie them on, got on their ponies and started for camp twenty miles down the river, wearing their straw hats in the snow storm.

Two outstanding leaders were George S. Allsebrook and James L. (Uncle Jim) McHatton. The former, a fine Christian gentleman, in the spring of 1884 organized a Sunday School and held the first religious service, the forerunner of Saint James Church. He was the chief influence in building a full roller process flour mill, and extended the Agency ditch in Powell Park to Strawberry Creek. He was leading spokesman in the movement for creation of Rio Blanco County. Uncle Jim McHatton brought in the first saw-mill and in company with Frank E. Sheriden established the first lumber-yard. He was the first to raise alfalfa successfully. He was always a liberal contributor to everything for advancement of the interests of the town and its citizens, and during the last twenty years of his life developed two splendid ranches.

Mrs. S. C. Wright, the only woman member of the Town Company, was sometimes called the "Mother of Meeker." This appellation perhaps stemmed from an incident of the winter of 1883 when the little village was snowed in, with no communication whatever with the outside world. The food supply had been taxed by the arrival of several who came in during the winter, and in the late wintertime the supply of white flour was exhausted. "Old Maj"

had plenty of cornmeal in the store, but most of the ladies were unskilled in its use. Mrs. Wright said, "Maj, bring that corn meal over to my kitchen and we will see what can be done about the situation," and from that time until the arrival of the supply train in the spring, the settlers ate "Mother Wright's" good old southern style "Johnny cake."

It would require hours to tell the story of early Meeker. Time will not permit further comment on the experiences and accomplishments of that most remarkable group of pioneer people, the founders of Meeker, who were so outstanding in their possession of strength of character, self reliance and an undying faith in the future.

And may God bless their names forever.

George A. Jarvis, of Jarvis Hall: Colorado's New York Friend

CAROLINE BANCROFT*

The part that George Atwater Jarvis played in the early history of Colorado, despite the fact that he was a resident of New York and Brooklyn, was the role of friend. He is known best, perhaps, for his connection with Jarvis Hall, predecessor of the Colorado School of Mines. In the late '60s and early '70s when Territorial activities were gaining their real momentum, he was the friend of George M. Randall, missionary bishop to the Episcopal Diocese of Colorado, New Mexico, and Wyoming. Later he was the friend of his son-in-law, Frederick J. Bancroft, pioneer doctor of Denver, who in a long career of service to the frontier community held many positions (among them, first president of the Colorado Historical Society from 1879 to 1897) and who was as ardent an Episcopalian and believer in education as his father-in-law.

Mr. Jarvis made a trip to Colorado in 1871 and probably successive ones in 1872 and 1881, so far as my researches have determined.¹ He and Mrs. Jarvis arrived in Denver to be the house-guests of Bishop and Mrs. Randall and to meet his daughter's fiance preceding the proposed wedding. This was in May, 1871, some six weeks prior to the event. He approved of Mary Caroline's present choice and made his feelings tangible by buying her 4 lots

*Miss Bancroft of Denver, great granddaughter of Mr. Jarvis, has previously contributed articles to this magazine.—Ed.

¹*Golden Weekly Transcript*, June 28, 1871, p. 3; *Rocky Mountain News*, April 19, 1872, p. 1; May 24, 1881, p. 8.

on the southwest corner of 16th and Stout Streets (where Grant's Store now stands) for \$6,500, on which the young couple might erect a residence.²

His only surviving child, the good-looking Mary Caroline, had not always met with her father's approval. She was now thirty years old and had been in love before. George Jarvis, a firm Victorian in his stand that women were subject to their lord and master, either father or husband, had broken up the earlier romance and sent his daughter on the "Grand Tour" of Europe. When she returned, Mary Caroline, still broken-hearted, had thrown herself so arduously into church work that she "had gone into a decline," a 19th century euphemism for acquiring the disease of tuberculosis.



GEORGE A. JARVIS

Sometime previously, George Jarvis had read an editorial in a Connecticut newspaper by F. J. Bancroft, M.D. of Denver, advocating the salubrious climate of Colorado as treatment for consump-

²*Rocky Mountain News*, May 10, 1871, p. 1.

tion.³ The stern father determined to send Mary Caroline to visit his old friends, Bishop and Mrs. Randall, who were then residing at Wolfe Hall in Denver. The missionary bishop had erected an Episcopalian girl's school at 17th and Champa (the site of the present Boston Bldg.) and called the building Wolfe Hall after some of Jarvis' New York acquaintances who were second largest donors (Mr. Jarvis being first) to the Bishop's Territorial activities. The Randalls readily agreed to their friend's plan and Mary Caroline, traveling first by train, would then arrive by stagecoach from Cheyenne. This was 1869.

The Randalls were worried as to how their ill visitor might stand the fatiguing journey. They arranged with Dr. Bancroft, their own doctor for the past three years, to accompany them when they met the stagecoach. Since Dr. Bancroft was an Episcopalian, a fairly regular communicant of the Bishop's own church, St. John's-in-the-Wilderness at 14th and Arapahoe, and a New Englander who had educated himself by teaching school, exactly like the Bishop as a young man, he had been an obvious choice for medical care.

The day that the tired and distraught young woman fell, rather than stepped from the stagecoach, a handsome 6 ft. 4 Jovian appearing stranger was standing beside the Randalls. She swayed into his arms and hemorrhaged, covering the spruced-up thirty-five years old man in blood. So began the romance that culminated in their marriage, June 20, 1871, and brought George Jarvis to Colorado.

Mr. Jarvis had first met Bishop Randall in 1835 in New York, where the recent graduate of Brown University had come to pursue a theological education. George Jarvis, a twenty-nine year old widower, had run a grocery store for nine years in New York, having been set up in business in the midst of the 1826 depression by his uncle, Noah Jarvis of New York. Young Jarvis had left his home in Cheshire, Connecticut, where he was the son of a cabinet-maker, at the age of eighteen to make his fame and fortune in the big city. He had proved such a shrewd Yankee and had prospered so extensively that he was now making plans for establishing a wholesale business. (The firm of Stanton and Jarvis opened its doors the next year.) He was also courting the only daughter of the wealthy socialite, Cornelius McLean, twenty-two year old Mary.

Young Randall, then twenty-five years old and four years younger than his new acquaintance, was a convert to the Epis-

³This clipping exists among family papers and by internal evidence seems to be from a Connecticut newspaper. But the editorial may have been cut from any number of Eastern newspapers to which F. J. Bancroft contributed in the late '60s.

copal Church, having been baptised and confirmed his senior year at Brown by the pastor in his home town of Warren, R. I. Mr. Jarvis, on the other hand, came from a family that numbered many generations of Episcopalians in its genealogical tree, including bishops, lay-readers and wardens. His father owned the historic house of Bishop Jarvis of Connecticut, a family connection, and in this house George Jarvis was brought up, indoctrinated at home by his father, warden and treasurer of St. Peter's and at school in the Episcopal Academy of Rev. Tillotson Bronson. Both men taught the boy tithing.

When young Randall arrived in New York that year of 1835, he was very poor and would have had to obtain his theological degree by self-help. But young Jarvis was already substantially situated and, as part of his tithing program, undertook the future bishop's education. Thus began a practise that George Jarvis was to maintain his whole life—aiding young men with their theological education.

In 1838 Rev. Randall was ordained and accepted a call to Fall River, Mass., and in 1844 to Boston, where he remained until June, 1866, when he arrived by stagecoach in Denver as Missionary Bishop. He had but two parishes in his jurisdiction, St. John's in Denver and St. Paul's in Central City. There were almost no schools of any kind and none Episcopal. The Bishop recognized a crying need and with that extraordinary zeal which characterized his whole life, he set to work, determined to create religion and education in the wilderness. The first thing he did was to sit down and write to his friend, George Jarvis, still in business in New York, but now since 1840, residing at the corner of Degraw and Henry streets, #491 Henry, in Brooklyn.

The twenty-year old friendship between these men had been sustained mostly by personal correspondence, little related to church matters, and invigorated by an occasional visit. In the intervening time, George Jarvis' financial position had grown stronger and stronger and he had been dispensing his largesse either at the parishes of St. Peter's in Cheshire or of Christ Church in Brooklyn, and by donating Bronson Hall to the Episcopal Academy in Cheshire or scholarships at the Berkeley Divinity School, Middletown, Conn. The Bishop, meanwhile, had directed appeals to his own Boston parishioners.

But now from Colorado to New York, they were drawn together again by an almost militant crusade. George Jarvis was in a position to do a great deal. In 1854 he had withdrawn from the firm of Stanton and Jarvis and as director of The Atlantic Dock Co. concentrated on shipping. But his interests had continued to

broaden. In 1860 he became president of the Lennox Life Insurance Co., an office he held for over a quarter of a century. He had been an incorporator of the Brooklyn Atheneum and the South Brooklyn Savings Bank (of which by 1879 he had been vice-president 25 years) and was already well launched on a career which was to include a director or trusteeship of the Union Trust Co., the Atlantic Fire Insurance Co., the Home Life Insurance Co., the Church Charity Foundation, the Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, and the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, besides membership in the Brooklyn Mercantile Library, the Long Island Historical Society, and the New York Chamber of Commerce.

During the Civil War, he had paid to have his time served in the New York Seventh regiment, a custom very much in vogue with all his New York friends and business acquaintances. He was a member of the War Committee appointed by the Governor of New York, Horatio Seymour, in 1862 and was now a member of the Veteran Corps.⁴

The mutual transcontinental crusade by the two old friends for religious education began when George Jarvis answered the bishop's appeal with a gift of \$2,000. He also persuaded a New



Courtesy of Mrs. E. T. Boyd

COLORADO SCHOOL OF MINES (RIGHT), JARVIS HALL (CENTER), AND ST. MATTHEWS DIVINITY SCHOOL (LEFT). ON SITE OF PRESENT STATE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, GOLDEN.

York friend, Mr. James Wolfe, to send \$1,000 and an anonymous woman, \$500.⁵ The Bishop, in appreciation, named the boy's school that he was starting to erect in Golden, Jarvis Hall, and the girl's

⁴*The Jarvis Family*, compiled by George A. Jarvis, George Murray Jarvis and William Whetmore Jarvis. Written by Alfred Harding (Case, Lockwood and Brainerd Co., Hartford, Connecticut, 1879), pp. 87, 88.

⁵*Fourth Annual Report of Bishop G. M. Randall*, November, 1869, pp. 16-21.

school in Denver, Wolfe Hall. The girl's school, formally opened in September, 1868, went easily both in construction and in management from the very first.

But Jarvis Hall was dogged with bad luck. The building was almost ready for occupancy on a tract of 12 acres donated by C. C. Welch of Golden (the site of the present Industrial School) when a tornado demolished it in 1869. George Jarvis immediately made good the loss and another building was commenced. In 1870 the legislature supplied an appropriation for a second building which was to house an auxiliary department of a school of mines, and in October of that year, Jarvis Hall was formally dedicated, being the first collegiate institute of Colorado Territory.⁶ A divinity department called St. Matthews, was added and the three comprised what were known as the Colorado University Schools.

George Jarvis took a serious interest in Jarvis Hall. Although a man who himself had stopped schooling before college, he had enormous respect for education and books. He undertook to solicit all the numerous Jarvis connections into donating a library for Jarvis Hall as a sort of family affair and by May, 1871, the *Jarvis Hall Record*, an Episcopalian publication started by the faculty, was acknowledging 27 contributions of the family to the Jarvis Hall Library.⁷ He also made it his practice to donate the prizes at the end of the school year. These he often chose, himself, and at the commencement of July, 1873, the newspaper reported them in full. The three best boys in the school were from Chicago, Illinois, and two from Pueblo, Colo., all boarders. They received respectively a three volume set of *Tyndale's Lectures*, a 4-volume *History of Rome*, and a 4-volume *Library of Wonders*.⁸

Jarvis Hall, as long as George Jarvis lived, continued to have his and the family's support, whatever its vicissitudes. Mary Caroline, when she was living with the Randalls at Wolfe Hall, gave a large American flag to the school which was first flung to the windy breezes of Golden on Washington's birthday of 1871.⁹ That same year, a week after her wedding, the *Golden Weekly Transcript* said:

"Mr. Geo. A. Jarvis of Brooklyn, N. Y., the gentleman who has so liberally endowed our noble College, and for whom the principal building is named, is at present stopping at Jarvis Hall with his lady. Colorado, and particularly the people of this locality are under lasting obligations to him for his noble generosity. We trust many of them will call upon him during his stay amongst us. They will remain at the hall two or three days."¹⁰

⁶*Rocky Mountain News*, October 19, 1870, p. 4.

⁷*Ibid.*, May 21, 1871, p. 1.

⁸*Ibid.*, July 3, 1873, p. 4.

⁹*Ibid.*, March 9, 1871, p. 4.

¹⁰*Golden Weekly Transcript*, June 28, 1871.

Even after Bishop Randall's death in September, 1873, George Jarvis continued his interest and gave the prizes at each commencement. In 1878, when the school burned to the ground in the disastrous Golden fire, he contributed liberally to Bishop John F. Spalding's fund for moving the school to Denver. The ill-fated Jarvis Hall opened again in 1879, this time on the Episcopal plot of land at 20th and Welton Streets, which ran toward 19th and is now intersected by Broadway and which by 1882 also contained St. John's Cathedral and the Dean's residence. This land had originally been owned by C. B. Clements, whose residence was described in the 1873 Denver Directory as being at the "north end of Lincoln." Twentieth Street also did not extend through the plot except as a walk, later known as College Lane, in deference to Jarvis Hall.

A detailed account of the Commencement Exercises in 1882 appeared in the *Rocky Mountain News*, from which I have chosen a few excerpts and paraphrases:

"All last week was taken up by the annual examinations at Jarvis Hall. Greek and Latin are especially cultivated in this fine and flourishing school and the examinations in these languages were especially interesting. Bishop Spalding and his wife, with Revs. Rafter, Marshall and Ostenson, Dr. Bancroft and wife and Miss Jarvis¹¹ were constant visitors who often took part in questioning the pupils . . ." Master Frank Spalding and W. F. Stone won first and second prize. First prize was a set of Shakespeare. "The prize in the primary department was bestowed upon Master George Bancroft for oratory." Other prize winners were G. W. Pace, Ned Spaulding, Frank Pearce and George Pendergast . . . "All the gifts were such that the recipients would prize them for their intrinsic value and were due in great measure to the munificence of Mr. George A. Jarvis."¹²

When George Jarvis made his first visit to Colorado in 1871, both Bishop Randall and Dr. Bancroft were enthusiastic about Colorado's future and Mr. Jarvis with his keen business eye, began investing in Denver real estate. He made his friend Bishop Randall a gift of two lots in the 1600 block of Lincoln (where the Lincoln Room of the Shirley-Savoy now stands) which he bought from Henry C. Brown for \$400¹³ and the following year, when he had apparently returned for the birth of his first grandchild, Mary McLean Bancroft, born April 23, 1872, he purchased the entire half block from Colfax to 16th on Grant (where the Argonaut Hotel and the Knights of Columbus now stand) also from Henry C. Brown for \$3,500.¹⁴

¹¹One of three unmarried sisters of George A. Jarvis from the East who was a houseguest of the Bancrofts at the time.

¹²*Rocky Mountain News*, June 14, 1882, p. 8.

¹³*Ibid.*, May 10, 1871, p. 1.

¹⁴*Ibid.*, April 19, 1872, p. 1.

He also acquired a series of lots in the Clements Addition, at this time, or subsequently, and may have been influential in arranging the Episcopal plot in the Clements Addition, previously described, for the Diocese. It was the general opinion that Denver would grow north and he also bought with Dr. Bancroft, or home-steaded, a very large tract of land in that portion of Denver called Swansea, expecting its value to enhance with the passage of years.

Mr. Jarvis guessed right about the Grant St. lots; Nos. 21-40, Block 37, Brown's Addition. By 1881 he was selling three of them, Nos. 35, 36 and 37, for \$3,900 or \$400 more than he had paid for twenty of them,¹⁵ to C. B. Kountze; president of the Colorado National Bank and father of Harold Kountze. He had also deeded two, those on the corner of 16th and Grant, to his daughter for \$1.¹⁶ I do not know what happened to the remainder on Grant Street, but am under the impression that they were in his estate and were turned into cash for bequests to charities, my father, George Jarvis Bancroft, having some difficulty obtaining Mr. Jarvis' evaluation.

Meanwhile, although in 1883 Mr. Jarvis had recommended a new headmaster, Charles Hill from a boys school in Boston, and with even greater enthusiasm, his mathematics professor, Henry W. Smiley, Jarvis Hall was in difficulty again. Aside from a lack of patronage, by 1884 the school was involved in the 20th Street controversy, a movement which contended that the lane should not be church property but should rightfully be made a public thoroughfare of the city. If this were granted, the Hall would then be divorced from the rest of the church buildings and its grounds radically curtailed.

Bishop Spaulding, desiring to co-operate, and also believing that the school would prosper if moved farther out, bought 34 acres in Montclair, around 8th and Oneida Sts., and by May 1888, had erected a large white-trimmed brick building on the new location, called College Hill.

Mr. Jarvis, I believe, made a token and somewhat grudging contribution. He is supposed to have disapproved of the Bishop's decision to house Jarvis Hall in still another building, the fourth, and his interest was waning. He was now 82 years old and would quite naturally not welcome innovations. Mr. Jarvis did not live to know the end of Jarvis Hall in Colorado. The school seemed to have even worse luck in its new location and finally burned to the ground in the autumn of 1901, the fire insurance just cancelling out the

¹⁵*Ibid.*, October 12, 1881, p. 1.

¹⁶*Ibid.*, May 24, 1881, p. 4.

\$35,000 mortgage. With some relief, the Diocese discontinued the school.¹⁷

Mr. Jarvis died May 8, 1893, at the age of 87 and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery of Brooklyn. His third wife, Maria Jenkins of Buffalo whom he married in 1857, three years after the death of his second wife, Mary McLean, survived him. The third Mrs. Jarvis had been 28 at the time of her marriage to Mr. Jarvis, who was then 51. Sixteen-year old Mary Caroline formed a deep attachment for her stepmother and they continued to be close until Mrs. Bancroft's death. The third Mrs. Jarvis paid one and maybe two extended visits to Colorado after Mr. Jarvis' death, staying with the Bancrofts at 1755 Grant, their family residence during the 1890s.

George Jarvis died a millionaire. He left a will that could have been broken by New York law, had the family chosen. It bequeathed twenty thousand dollars to his only child and but a hundred thousand to his widow. Colorado's Jarvis Hall was also ignored. The will did, however, provide bequests for a long list of charities, principal among them for the erection of a large building at the Episcopal denominational Trinity College of Hartford, Connecticut. And there it stands to this day—Jarvis Hall.

Because of his name, my father, George Jarvis Bancroft, rated a thousand dollars more in the will than the bequest to his sister, Mary McLean, or his brother, Frederic Wolcott. He also, despite his youth, was appointed co-executor with Alexander E. Orr of New York to settle the estate, Dr. Bancroft being overlooked. This was not surprising. It was inevitable that the friendship between Dr. Bancroft and George Jarvis would wane since the doctor was a man of enormous heart and the merchant, a man with but little human touch. A decade later, Dr. Bancroft died with over \$60,000 uncollected bills on his books, bills which he had made almost no effort to collect, since he felt sorry for the patients. Such

¹⁷Although Jarvis Hall formally died in 1901, one member of the faculty, the Rev. George H. Holoran, was not reconciled to its loss. Bishop John F. Spalding met Rev. Holoran at the Lambeth Conference in London the summer of 1897 and later persuaded the English clergyman to leave St. Albans for Colorado. He made the Atlantic crossing to teach at Jarvis Hall on College Hill in Montclair, probably arriving in 1900. When Bishop Spalding died in March, 1902, the Rev. Holoran lost his most powerful supporter for re-establishing the school. In the interim, Rev. Holoran became a canon for St. John's Cathedral; but by August, 1906, the *Colorado Churchman* was reporting that he had just opened a boys school at 940 Pearl St. with W. T. Graham. In 1915, the school, known as the Collegiate School for Boys was moved to Wolfe Hall at 14th and Clarkson (the present site of Morey Junior High School) since the Diocese had discontinued the girls school in 1913. During World War I, Rev. Holoran added a modified military system and changed the name to Colorado Military School. This was in the tradition of Jarvis Hall which had had the military as well as Episcopal aspect in both its Golden and Montclair phases. In 1920, Wolfe Hall was sold and the Colorado Military School moved to a building on West First Ave. From there it went to 1984 South Columbine St. Rev. Holoran died in 1932 and Major Russell Randell became superintendent. Lt. Col. A. Y. Hardy succeeded Major Randell in 1942 and in 1947, he moved the school to its present address, 3800 South Pierce, the former John F. Welborn farm. Indirectly, the Colorado Military School is thus a continuation of Jarvis Hall.

an approach to life, perfectly evident long before his death, was very shocking to his father-in-law, who valued money mightily.

Long after George Jarvis died, I was taken, as a very little girl, to visit my great-grandmother Jarvis in Brooklyn. The brick house on Henry St. was a charming, hospital place under her tutelage and I was devoted to its chatelaine although she shared honors in my affections with a mysterious and intriguing grape arbor in her yard where, I insisted, we should be photographed together. It was not until many years later that I realized that she was not my real great-grandmother. Mine had been laughter-loving Mary McLean of New York who delighted in parties given by her relatives, the Vanderbilts, and whose gayety had so enraged George Jarvis that he had moved her away from temptation to the staid, bourgeois town of Brooklyn.

The Jarvis estate's Colorado holdings dragged on and on, past the deaths of my grandmother and grandfather, Dr. and Mrs. Bancroft (whom I did not know), and even past the death of my great-grandmother Jarvis who left her share of the Swansea tract to me. It was not much of an inheritance. Around 1912 I can remember being taken out in our 1909 Cadillac to view a dreary stretch of prairie where dim indications of curbing were lost in blowing tumbleweed. I was told that this was the land that might someday make me rich.

I took a dim view of its future. The inheritance had been further complicated by the fact that the Burlington Railroad had condemned an enormously broad right-of-way through the tract, leaving it in two worthless narrow strips. My father eventually disposed of the share that was a part of my grandfather Bancroft's estate. But the Jarvis share he continued to pay taxes on until I was 21.

When I came of age, I elected to let George Jarvis' land go. It is said that Henry C. Brown¹⁸ who gave two city blocks for a capitol site in 1868 and who clinched the matter by a suit to force the state to finally build on the land in the mid '80s, started the trend of Denver's expansion south rather than north. But whatever reason, I judged that the city would never grow in the Swansea direction. In 1927 when I was in Paris, my father cabled me that someone had acquired the land on a tax title and would pay me \$25 for a quit claim deed. I gladly signed the deed, pocketed the unexpected gravy and went on my way to India.

So passed the last vestige of George A. Jarvis from Colorado sixty years after his gift to Bishop Randall for the first of the four

¹⁸Henry C. Brown is survived in Colorado by a grand-daughter, Marietta Cassel Vasconcells (Mrs. Jerry C.) and by a great grand-daughter, Caroline Stearns Ashbaugh (Mrs. Varian L.) and by a grand-son, J. Sherman Brown.

Jarvis Halls. He had been a friend to Colorado when it was a struggling territory and as the saying goes, "A friend in need, is a friend indeed!"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

For aid in this article, I am indebted to Miss Frances Shea, Colorado Historical Society Librarian; Miss Ina Aulls, Mrs. Agnes Spring and Mrs. Alys Freeze of the Western History Dept. of the Denver Public Library; Miss Regina Bouchelle, the Bishop's Secretary; Arthur Ponsford, former Treasurer of the Diocese; Mrs. Ramona Curtis, Director of the Colorado Military School; Mary Latson of the *Brooklyn Eagle*; and Dorothy Wandell Bancroft and Ethel Norton Bancroft for family information.

Boyd's Ferry on the Cache la Poudre

JESSIE L. CLARK

In this busy day of fast trains, planes and autos, we are prone to forget the dangerous methods of travel just a century ago, when men bound for the West experienced many hazards. One was the slowness of the oxen teams and the other the swiftness of the Indian with his fast pony and his bow and arrow.

My father, John A. C. Kiscock, came to Fort Collins, Colorado, at the age of nineteen from Montreal, Canada, and the last lap of the trip, from Cheyenne to Fort Collins, was made by stagecoach. He arrived here June 12, 1874, and spent the rest of his seventy-one years in what he always called "God's Country," for it gave him his health and his happiness.

My mother, then Emma Sweeney, came from upper New York state, arriving here March 31, 1879. She had left snow drifts twenty feet high to find green grass and trees. On November 9, 1881, she married my father, and this was her home until her death in 1939.

Perhaps it is this background and the many friends I have always had who were real pioneers, that makes me so interested in Pioneer days and the things that happened in that time of the early history of Colorado and the West.

As a child I took many trips on the stage when we went to the mountains every summer to some of the resorts. One of these resorts was the Zimmerman one and another was Cherokee Park. Casper Zimmerman, now past eighty and a resident of Denver, drove the stage from Fort Collins to his father's place. He was a young man in those days and often the stage had six prancing horses. There were three sets of these horses, sometimes four, between Fort Collins and the postoffice known as Home, in the Zimmerman hotel. It took from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. to make the trip. We ate dinner at Livermore at noon. Another of the drivers for the route which went in the direction of Cherokee park, owned by the grandparents of

Campton Bell of Denver, was Alford D. Cornelison, who carried the mail until about a year ago on the same trip. Mr. Cornelison celebrated his 75 birthday May 29 in Fort Collins.

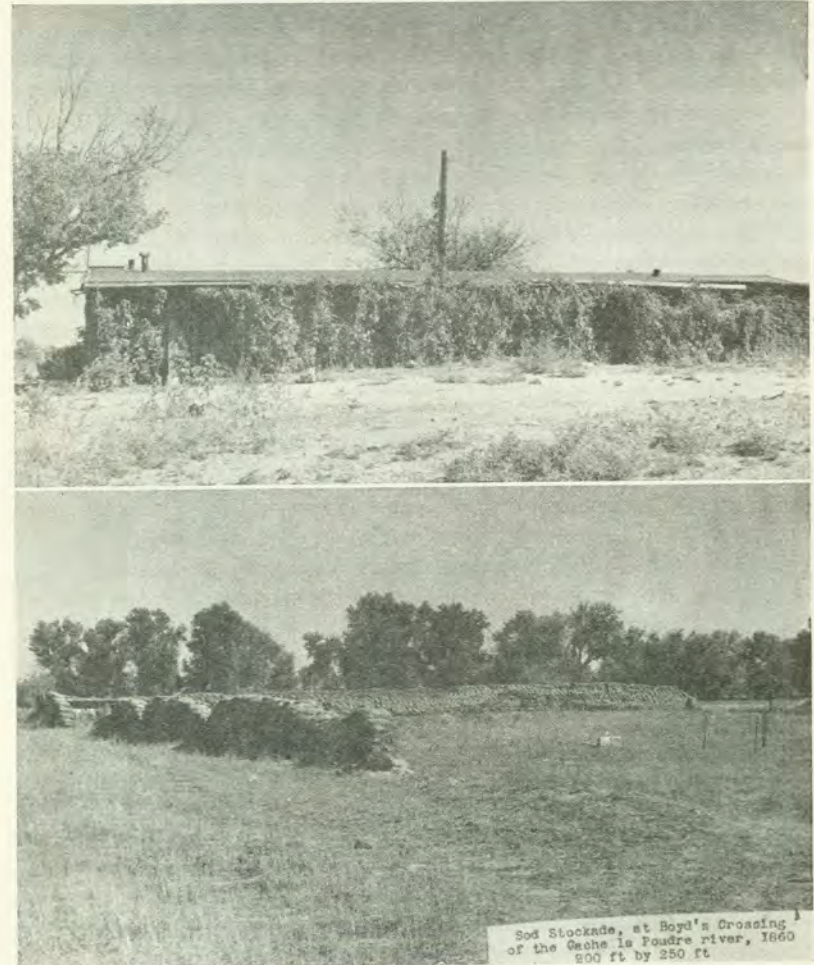
Another place where we visited in the summers was at the ranch then owned by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Sherwood on the Laramie River. These Sherwoods were very good friends of my parents. They later lived next door to us and they told us many interesting things about the early days. He came to Colorado in 1860 and one of the crossings on the Cache la Poudre River was located on his farm, which is about four and a half miles southeast of Fort Collins. It is now owned by Mrs. John R. Rigden, herself in the eighties. On her farm is the old sod home of the Sherwoods, which has been remodded and plastered, but the thick walls still attest the time it was built.

All of this has led up to the Boyd's Ferry, which Clyde H. Brown, custodian of the Pioneer Museum in Fort Collins, told me about. He visited both the ferry and Boyd's place and the Sherwood ranch recently. The old stage route went from Fort Latham, 140 miles west of Julesburg, to Laporte, six miles west of Fort Collins. The trail crossed the Cache la Poudre several times. Once at Boyd's Ferry, once at the Sherwood Ranch, and again in the pioneer section of Fort Collins, which was built along the river. They crossed where the North college avenue bridge is now built. From LaPorte, where the old Mormon trail went through the little village, the trail wended it way through Virginia Dale country and on west.

When Mr. Brown and C. M. Lawrence visited the old Boyd's Ferry, they saw some interesting things. The accompanying picture shows the old sod house which Robert Boyd built in 1859-60 and then rebuilt in 1865. That house (see picture) still stands and on the lintel over the window is the date 1860. The small round sod fort, northwest of the house and the larger square one east of the round one, are gone, but there still remains a portion of a large sod corral, 200 feet square with walls seven feet high and two feet thick. This sod was originally taken from the swamp on the farm.

The house is twenty by sixty feet, with walls two and a half feet thick. The middle section is log inside and sod walls outside. The livingroom on the west has a beam ceiling. There are hand-hewn timbers, that support the roof, which is board and battened with boards, and the eaves and cornish overhang the sides. Perhaps this is the reason why the walls are so well preserved. There is a sod lean-to on the north side of the house, which likely was built later than the original house, which served as an inn for stage coach travelers.

An interesting story is told about why Boyd had no trouble with the Indians. It seems that those Indians were very fond of sugar and often begged it of Boyd. One day some of them came to Boyd's when there was no one home and the house was locked up. The Indian squaw let her child down the fireplace by rope and he



Upper: SOD HOUSE AT BOYD'S CROSSING

Lower: SOD STOCKADE OF 1860

stole the sugar and was pulled up with it through this same large fireplace and chimney. After successfully getting the sugar several times, Boyd set a trap in the fireplace and caught the Indian child

in it. There was no way for them to get the child out except to break open the door.

Boyd really did expect trouble then, but he didn't say anything and one day the Chief came to call on him. They visited while the Chief smoked his pipe. After a while the subject drifted to the sugar episode and Boyd was surprised to hear the Indian say "Squaw heap damn fool to let kid down chimney."

The affair was ended, but ever after that there was always fresh meat hung in the tree near Boyd's house by the Indians. Where this memorable chimney stood is now a large bay window. Until recently there was a large farm dinner bell at the north side of the house which was the time piece for all of the nearby neighbors. Every day at twelve o'clock some of the Boyd family would ring twelve rings to tell the neighbors. Those who had timepieces set them accordingly and those, who did not have any, knew what time it was. Before the bell was used, there was a circular saw hung up, and it was struck twelve strokes at noon of each day. The bell bore the trademark of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett, Chicago, Ill., a hardware firm.

There is also a three-room house on the farm built of drain tile laid in mortar. Tile was made at one time on this farm. The soil likely was especially good for tile and sod houses.

The Indians camped on the Boyd ranch each winter and spent the summers hunting and fishing in the mountains.

Now for a little history of this Robert Boyd. He was born in Pittsfield, Mass., in 1838; later moved to New York state and then to Kansas. He started to Colorado with a party in 1859, the year of the Pike's Peak excitement. They took the Smoky Hill route to Denver, went to Black Hawk, where they arrived May 22. Later he had an illness and returned to Kansas, but late that year he returned and took out a squatter's claim on the Platte river, and put in a crop which Indians destroyed. Then he moved to the place now called Boyd's Ferry on the Cache la Poudre. This claim was for 160 acres and it included the land where the sod buildings stand today. Mr. Brown and Mr. Lawrence found some of this man's surveying instruments. He was truly a man of diversified occupations. He was a geologist, collecting stones and Indian articles; he was a farmer, lumber hauler, freighter, and stock raiser. In 1896 he shipped fifty carloads of cabbages from his farm, besides potatoes and onions in large amounts.

He was married to Agnes P. White of New York state and they had five children: Robert Jr., who lived at Nunn the last I knew of, Aurelia, Charles, Jennie and Elizabeth.

Credit for information goes to Clyde H. Brown, C. M. Lawrence, Richard S. Baker, all of Fort Collins, and *Portrait and Biographical Record of Denver and Vicinity, Colorado* (1898).

Parrott City, Shortlived Capital of the San Juan Country

D. B. MCGUE*

Parrott City, the first gold-crazed town high in the La Plata mountains, southwestern Colorado, also the first capital of the county after its northern portion was sliced off to become San Juan county, is today only a name, a memory. Not a trace of any of its buildings remain, not even debris. Sheep, cattle and horses graze over the site during spring, summer, and early fall seasons. The only heritage of the once tumultuous town is its story.

John Moss in the spring of 1873 headed a band of California gold-seekers into the La Plata mountains. He established a camp, a few small tents and brush covered wickiups, on the La Plata river at the point where it emerges from Hancock mountain. That was the beginning of Parrott City, named for the San Francisco mining company financing the Moss expedition. News of the richness of the region was carried to the west coast by wandering members of the Baker expedition, which had explored a portion of southwestern Colorado in 1860-61.

With camp established, prospecting started. Gravel beds along the river yielded golden nuggets. In order to carry water to the placer beds it was necessary to construct some two or three miles of ditchline. All the work had to be done with crude tools—picks, shovels, drills, doublejacks and broadaxes. Pine forests covering the mountainsides furnished material for flumes and later for cabins.

Winter was coming on. Moss was reluctant to leave his diggings. The menace of snow in the sky came closer. Cold winds, that swept the high altitudes, froze the marrow in the bones of his men, but Moss stayed on until . . .

Huge flakes, soft and wet, fluttered from the sky, turned into a dense fall which covered the ground and, relentlessly, piled inch on inch until it became foot upon foot. The California miners watched glumly. Deep snow in the high country, to them, meant death—by freezing or from starvation, likely from both.

“If you freeze in a snow-bank,” Moss taunted them, “you’ll have a soft bed to sleep in. And a long time to sleep. Leave! Why, even ‘Farmer’ Merritt, down on the Rio Mancos, is going to stay on the job this winter.”

So did Moss and his men. They hibernated in their tents and wickiups, subsisting on a meager fare, mostly meat, secured by killing deer and elk.

“Farmer” Meritt, referred to by Moss, was an original mem-

*Mr. McGue is a newspaper man of Durango, Colorado.—ED.

ber of the party. He suffered an injury which prevented him from continuing into the mountains. He established a camp, near where the town of Mancos stands today, and experimented with truck gardening the spring and summer of 1873. He secured his garden seeds from the Ute Indians. He furnished the Moss party with plenty of fresh vegetables during the growing season.

Because white farmers and settlers in the Animas valley were almost continuously harassed by marauding Indians, Moss personally negotiated a treaty with the Ute chieftains, one of whom was Ignacio, whereby he was granted the right to conduct mining operations on mountainous territory embraced within a prescribed area twenty-five miles square. Moss is said to have paid the Utes for the grant with sheep he and his men stole from Mexicans and Navajo Indians, and with whiskey. Moss kept his liquor supply high by sending a pack train to Santa Fe.

Ute Indians, with whom he bartered, told Moss in the spring of 1874 that a treaty between the tribe and the Great White Father at Washington had been ratified. It is officially recorded as the Treaty of 1873. By its terms the mineral lands of the San Juan region were thrown open to miners and prospectors. Moss expected an influx of gold seekers. His expectations were fulfilled. Tom Cooper and a few other prospectors reached the vicinity of the Moss camp. The newcomers asserted that more than two thousand men had arrived and were prospecting in the vicinity of Howardsville, the big mining camp of Conejos county west of the Continental Divide. All of southwestern Colorado at that time was embraced in Conejos county, one of the original seventeen counties organized when the Territory of Colorado was formed.

Cooper and associates also had other news that was of great interest to Moss. A move was underway at Howardsville and vicinity among mining men to create a new county from the western portion of the parent county, Conejos. Also that a man by name of F. M. Snowden had built a log cabin in Baker's Park, where the only signs of prior habitation were dim traces of Capt. Charles Baker and party who had camped there the winter of 1860-61, and Snowden had called his camp Silverton because of the preponderance of silver veins found in the surrounding mountains. He predicted his camp would be the center of the mining region within a short time.

Moss thought differently. He had discovered a placer gold field, the greatest magnet for the prospector. Leaving a subordinate in charge of his crew to complete the ditch-line that would carry water to his rich placer deposits, Moss journeyed across the mountains to Howardsville, arriving there in time to vote for the crea-

tion of a new county, to be taken from the western portion of Conejos county. The new county was called La Plata with Howardsville as its county seat. That was in 1874.

On his return trip to camp, Moss traveled down the Animas valley. A number of families had settled there. They were clearing land for farms.

Strangers greeted him at camp. Tom Cooper, who had gone across the range over Cunningham Pass, elevation more than 12,000 feet, to Del Norte for supplies, led a party headed by W. H. Jackson, official photographer for the United States Geological Survey, into the district.

The Jackson party spent August 27 visiting with the hi-yas-ti-ye (big shot) of the Parrott region. Next day the party continued on to the great green tableland a few miles to the westward, where it photographed the cliff homes of ancient inhabitants. The tableland now is called Mesa Verde National Park.

His photographic expedition completed, Jackson started the return trip to Denver, retracing his old route. He found that Moss and his men had removed their original camp to the end of the ditch-line. The men were busy erecting log cabins and preparing for the oncoming winter. However an election was being held. In published reports Jackson stated he was not sure whether it was a city, county or a miners' election. Moss was a candidate for some office and insisted that the Jackson party cast ballots—for Moss.

The Moss election was held September 8, 1874. His pact with the Indians had automatically expired when the Treaty of 1873 was signed. With the surge of prospectors into the San Juan, naturally a number of them entered the Parrott district. Moss was determined to remain the "big shot" of the region. He called a meeting of claim owners and officially organized the California Mining District, the name it bears to this day. Richard Giles was elected president, and Moss, secretary of mining claims, recorder.

That Moss had aspirations for Parrott City is evidenced by the Jackson report. "Parrott City," Moss prophesied, "will be the capital of La Plata county."

Perhaps Moss had an idea that he could duplicate the method employed by Silvertonites to gain the county capital, when that camp consisted of a dozen log cabins and tents. When the miners there decided they wanted the county seat located in their camp some half a dozen intrepid souls went to Howardsville. For a few hours they were liberal spenders, buying drinks for all, with especial attention to the cutodians of the county's documents and seals. When the latter were drunk to the stage precluding physical,

and even verbal objection, the visitors seized the records and seals. Thus the county seat was removed to Silverton.

During the following two years prospectors were busy in the San Juan mountains. Ore discoveries were made and claims located on Bald, Silver and Lewis mountains, on McQuiety hill, in Wall and Deadwood gulches, all places that were given their names at a later date. Parrott City boomed. Several families located there. Included were the McGill and Lewis families. A niece of Mrs. McGill accompanied her to the mining camp. Her name, Alida Olson. She was almost as great a magnate in attracting men to the city as were the placer deposits which yielded a bountiful supply of coarse gold nuggets. Her most ardent wooer was Captain Moss.

Not all the men who entered the San Juan of yester-years were miners. Some of them were farmers; others stockmen. The former were seeking a fertile land, a gentle clime, where they could follow agricultural pursuits. The cowmen and horsemen were seeking lush ranges where they could pasture their stock. They found what they sought along the Animas River, from the New Mexico state line on the south to the point on the north where the river roars downward through a narrow slit in the mountains—the choicest farm-pasture land in La Plata county.

When the year 1876 dawned, politicians throughout the territory were strongly agitating the state question. The agitation spread to the San Juan, not so much about statehood as about subdividing La Plata county.

An election for subdividing the county was called for June 12, fifty days before the territory was granted statehood. Only those in the vicinity of Silverton, Howardsville and Animas Forks knew about it. Moss, however, heard about it. He foresaw with the subdivision the realization of an earlier prophesy: Parrott City as the capital of La Plata county. The "city" was growing.

Moss also foresaw a formidable obstacle to the fulfillment of his prophecy—a town in the making. Charles Tripp had erected a store on the banks of Hermosa creek, near its confluence with the Las Animas. It was the center of the farming settlement. Most of the population were the less fortunate gold hunters, who were not disposed to leave the region and had begun cultivating the soil. There were more people in the valley than in the California (Parrott) Mining District. If the farmers united and went to Silverton and voted, they could select Hermosa as the capital of the county, but Moss was born without a sense of difficulty.

One morning, when hope rose fresh to greet a new day, and relying on the slowness of communication, the hazards of travel—the Ute Indians were hostile—and the apathy of grangers to

affairs political, Moss assembled his crew and a few prospectors and hiked across the mountains to Silverton. Not a valley farmer was there to cast a vote. Result of the balloting: San Juan county was created and Parrott City was chosen as capital of La Plata County.

For 113 days La Plata county had a new capital but no official family. An election, undoubtedly, would have been called immediately following the creation of San Juan County had Colorado not have been granted statehood on August 1, 1876, and October 3 was set as the date for a statewide election.

In the interim Moss compiled a list of the men he wanted for county officers. Included in the list were names of several residents of the Animas valley. It was the only ticket from which the voters could make a selection.

On October 3 the election was held. Mrs. Julia (Lewis) Bird, a young girl at that time, remembers distinctly that election. Interviewed at her home, 726 Fifth avenue, Durango, she said:

"Parrott City had no ballot boxes. An empty oyster can was the depository. A brush-built lean-to was the polling place. Richard H. Giles was chosen for sheriff; A. R. Lewis (my father), county clerk; Carl Stebbins, county judge, John Moss, state representative; J. C. Turner, W. Findley and H. M. Smith, county commissioners."

Lewis served only for a short time before he resigned the office. A. B. Roberts was chosen to serve his unexpired term.

Other things were going on in Parrott City. The populace was fearful of Indian attacks; Moss was devoting most of his time to wooing Miss Olson, and two prospectors arrived in camp. They came separately. Both were laden with gold nuggets, which they spent with careless abandon. The stories they told aroused a frenzy of excitement.

One of the free-spending prospectors, Mike O'Leary, told avid listeners that he had re-discovered the Lost Padre Mine. Dividing his time between Parrott City and the newly-started Animas City and Silverton, he spent several weeks gambling, drinking wildly, and scattering gold indiscriminately. Then he disappeared, presumably to replenish his gold supply. If he was followed he was foxy enough to lose his trailers. The Lost Padre Mine is, to this day, closely connected with the lost mine lore of the San Juan. Some legends locate it in the Needleton region, where there is probably more country standing on edge than anywhere else beneath the sun. San Juan camps never saw O'Leary again, and wherever the Lost Padre is located is still a mystery.

The other prospector, Lon Wolfe, which soon became "lone wolf," because of his secretiveness in going to and coming from his treasure house, admitted he had found a rich ledge on a mountain-side to the south of Lightner Creek. During his frequent visits to Parrott City he packed in several tons of high grade gold ore which he disposed of.

On one of his visits to the city Lone Wolf wrote a letter to H. A. W. Tabor at Leadville and also sent samples of his ore, and a price, \$25,000, for his claim. He gave a prospector \$150 to take letter and package to Silverton, the nearest postoffice, and mail them.

Tabor sent an engineer with the cash to Parrott City, where he met Lone Wolf. They went to the claim. Examination revealed its worthiness. Back in Parrott City, the engineer proffered the Tabor check. Lone Wolf reneged, he wanted \$50,000. The deal was off. The subsequent discovery of many other rich mines throughout the San Juan, their whereabouts being no secret, diverted attention from the Wolfe discovery. He disappeared without divulging the whereabouts of his claim. Prospectors, however, have not abandoned the search for the lost Lone Wolf mine.

During the hectic days when new gold and silver discoveries were being made throughout the San Juan little attention was paid to the turbulent Indians. Without warning the redskins visited Parrott City. Most of the miners were working at the placer ground and at claims scattered for miles over the mountains.

Mr. Lewis, father of Mrs. Bird, tried the "good neighbor" policy with the Indians. He went forth and parleyed with them. He invited Red Jacket into the house and gave him an old-fashioned dress shirt. The chief was delighted. Then to hasten the Indians' withdrawal from the city Lewis, relying upon their superstitions, stood in front of the assembled braves and removed his false teeth. Holding them in his hand he manipulated them in a fantastical manner. The Utes shook their heads, flogged their cayuses, and galloped away with grimacing looks thrown back over their shoulders.

The next day, however, Red Jacket re-appeared, accompanied by his squaw and papooses. He was wearing the dress shirt with its stiff bosom on his back. The visit had a twofold purpose: to show the white man he knew how to wear a shirt and to appease his curiosity about the magical clock that rang like a bell. He thought its ringing was music. The alarm had to be sounded many times before his aesthetic appetite was sated, and he wanted his squaw to hear the music made by a tin can—an alarm clock.

At another time an epidemic of toothaches among the miners,

which whiskey failed to alleviate, almost caused a stampede to Silverton, where there was a dentist.

A prospector, a newcomer with a throbbing molar, averted the aching migration. He stopped at the blacksmith shop of Charles Naegelin. There he saw a pair of tiny silver tongs hanging on a clean pine board. Mistaking them for dental equipment he implored the smithy to extract the troublesome tooth. Charlie pulled the tooth with a strong twine string. After that Charlie was called the blacksmith-doctor and when not busy hammering steel he was busy extracting teeth.

Charlie Naegelin and his brother arrived in Parrott City in 1875. He said Captain Moss was a capable man with a fondness for whiskey.

"Moss made a record as a legislator," stated the late Mr. Naegelin, who after the days of Parrott City became a pioneer blacksmith of Durango. "Moss never attended a single session of the state's first legislative meet, the records reveal."

Affairs more momentous to Moss were outlined in a mining engineer's report on the Parrott glacier deposits. The report:

"The Parrott company is working in material which is partly glacial and partly of modified river production. Workers have found rich gold and coarse gold. Hereafter considerable difficulty will be encountered from large boulders and very deep pot-holes, as well as considerable depth to bedrock."

The engineer's report was sent to company officials at San Francisco. Moss returned to Parrott City, hoping to disprove the accuracy of the report. He enlarged his crew and pushed work vigorously. The recovery of gold entailed more and more work.

Although mining activities throughout the district reached the boom stage, it was not placer mining that caused such activities. Lode mining, through shafts and tunnels, became the magnet. In the late '70s Moss was notified that the Parrott Mining Company was withdrawing its financial backing from his expedition. Soon thereafter Moss, accompanied by his wife, faded from Parrott City and San Juan basin history. They went to San Francisco.

It was not Moss' desertion that started the decline of Parrott City. It was the development of producing mines in other sections of the district; development of the fertile Animas valley, and the certainty that the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad company would extend its road across the mountains to the eastward into the rich San Juan region. Animas City was, so the populace believed, the logical terminal for the railroad. That rail extension could not touch Parrott City.

An unconsidered factor upset these prophecies. On September 13, 1880, survey stakes were driven for a new townsite. The site was in the valley some two miles south of Animas City. The new town was called Durango. So rapid was its growth, and ambitious its people, that an election was called for November 5, 1880. The purpose of the election: removal of county seat from Parrott City to Durango. The vote was favorable. Pending erection of a courthouse, the records were temporarily transferred to Animas City.

Building Colorado's First Mountain Railroad— The Colorado Central, Golden to Black Hawk

E. O. DAVIS*

During the first five years of the railroad era in Colorado, June 19, 1867, to June 19, 1872, 450 miles of main track were built in the state by six separate railroad companies. All of this trackage was laid down on the plains east of the Rocky Mountains, mostly on easily prepared earth roadbeds with easy grades and curves where engineering problems were comparatively simple.

After eighty years of operation these tracks, except for minor changes to reduce grades and curves, are today in their original locations, although thousands of miles of railroad built in Colorado since that era have been scrapped.

The Colorado Central Railroad Company with local Golden City capital had built the fifteen-mile standard gauge railroad from Denver to Golden with track construction starting at K. P. Junction (now Pullman), two miles northeast of the present Union Station in Denver on August 26, 1870, and the track reached Golden via the broad valley of Clear Creek on September 22, 1870. Here the end of track remained for nearly two years until Union Pacific capital and engineers took over.

On July 12, 1871, the Omaha papers advised that former Chief Engineer and General Superintendent Col. T. E. Sickles of the Union Pacific had become Chief Engineer and Superintendent of the Colorado Central Railroad, indicating that the "See See" had gone entirely under the control of the Union Pacific. Also on July 14, 1871, Thomas A. Scott, President of the Union Pacific, made a definite proposal to extend the Colorado Central as a narrow gauge line from Golden to Central City, provided Gilpin County would vote \$250,000 in bonds to help finance the extension.

Col. Sickles on August 15, 1871, appointed Lt. Fred D. Grant, son of the President of the United States, Superintendent of Con-

struction to prepare the rock road-bed through the Grand Canyon of Clear Creek. Lt. Grant held this position for two months, but when assigned to Capt. E. L. Berthoud to help survey a prairie line from Golden to Pine Bluffs, Wyo., 132 miles, in October, he asked for and was granted a six-months leave of absence by the Union Pacific on October 22, 1871. Thus ended his railroad career. He no doubt received a big thrill working in the canyon and his letters home probably influenced his father, mother and sister Nellie to make a trip through it soon after the completion of the track.

The *Colorado Transcript* of Golden on July 17, 1872, states that 32 carloads of track material arrived at Golden, including enough rail to lay two miles of track up the canyon. Capt. P. S. Reed (whose grandson, James H. Reed, lives in Denver and is employed by the Union Pacific) is organizing his force for track-laying which will start in a day or two. Its progress will be necessarily slow as the road is one succession of sharp curves the entire length of the canon.

On July 23, the *Transcript* reports that track-laying at long last began yesterday on the railroad from Golden to Central City. The narrow gauge switches and side tracks have been installed. On July 24th the same paper reports that from Mr. H. H. Given, the Superintendent of Construction, it is learned the roadbed is ready for track as far as Big Hill Station, twelve miles from the Golden Depot. (This depot was and is about a half mile east of Washington Street.) Track laying commenced at the depot Monday, July 22. A third rail was laid in the original standard gauge track from the depot to its end at the coal shaft (probably five blocks west of Washington Street) and workers are now laying the regular three-foot gauge beyond.

A machine has been obtained for bending the rails for the sharp curves which will greatly facilitate track laying. About two miles of rails will be distributed with horses, by which time it is hoped a locomotive will have arrived. Capt. Reed is an old rail-roader with much experience in track laying. Black Hawk and Central, here we come!

By Monday evening, July 24th, two and one-fourth miles had been laid and on August 7th tracks reached Brown's Bridge, four miles from Golden. (This bridge was a through wooden truss about 100 feet long, the first crossing of Clear Creek.) The iron thus far was all hauled out by horses, as the engine was still being delayed at Omaha working on the bridge across the Missouri River. (It was a dummy engine of three-foot gauge used in grading the approaches.)

*Mr. Davis of Denver, Historian of the Union Pacific Old Timers' Club, is the author of *The First Five Years of the Railroad Era in Colorado* (1948).—Ed.

On Monday, August 12, track-layers reached the bridge near Guy Gulch, seven miles up the Canon, and still no locomotive. By August 20 Capt. Reed had laid eight miles of track. All the rail and most of the ties were hauled from Golden with horses, but this slow process now ceased as the locomotive "General Sherman No. 2" arrived Monday night, August 19th.

The track materials were drawn up on flat cars by horses and often the drivers and horses were allowed to coast back down to Golden of their own volition. They frequently rushed down at the speed of twenty miles per hour, gracefully and safely turning every curve.

The first time Colorado mountain fastnesses were ever penetrated by a locomotive was on Wednesday, August 21, 1872. The General Sherman, nick-named "Billie," took a party of railroad officers to the end of track, then went back to Golden and started crowding material to the front.

On Monday night, August 26, track was laid to one mile above Elk Creek, just short of ten miles. Another narrow gauge engine, named the General Sheridan, arrived August 26th and on August 31 the track was finished to Big Hill, twelve and one-half miles from Golden. Big Hill was a station one mile east of the Forks Creek Junction, where the line up the North Fork to Black Hawk and the one up the South Fork toward Georgetown separated. Trains ran to Big Hill September 2nd.

On September 4th the track was being ballasted between Golden and the end of track just below the Forks. The Forks was the terminus of the road for a few weeks. Regular passenger trains started running September 8th but before that, those who desired to ride through the canon used the construction trains.

On Friday night, September 6th, a train left Golden with material for track laying at the end of the track. When this train had reached a point some seven miles up the canon, in the vicinity of Hanging Rock, the engine "General Sherman" came in contact with something which threw it and the tender into Clear Creek.

Capt. P. S. Reed, Roadmaster, J. H. Hackett, Engineer, and M. E. Williams, Fireman, went down with the engine while the conductor and brakeman jumped from the train without injury. Capt. Reed received some bad bruises about the head and hips but in about a week was able to be up and about.

The Engineer's left arm was broken while his right arm was badly scalded. The Fireman was only slightly injured.

As to how this accident came about, there are various theories. (Presumably Capt. Reed blamed the engine and Mr. Hackett

the track.) It was at Reed's instance that the train was permitted to run after dark, but future patrons were advised that it is positively against the rules of the Colorado Central to carry passengers through this canon except during the hours of daylight, so no one should conclude that this road is unsafe to travel.

On Sunday, September 8th, on the up trip the other engine, the "Phil Sheridan" with two observation cars, walked off the rails at two different locations. First at Elk Creek, nine miles up, where after a couple of hours' work it was gotten back on the track; then again only a mile from its destination at Big Hill. Here the first observation car also left the track, so, as it was getting late, Conductor Ogden herded all the passengers into the end car, uncoupled it, and let it coast back to Golden, arriving there just before dark, so no Company rules were broken. (Wonder how these passengers felt when they passed the locomotive lying in the Creek.) The editor of the *Transcript* was aboard but still believed the road very safe. (Holding on to his free pass.)

Track laying reached the Forks of Clear Creek Sunday, September 15th, and on Monday was extended a short distance into the "Kingdom of Gilpin." A wye track for turning trains was completed at the Forks September 25, 1872. (On Monday, April 25, 1949, this wye, minus the rails, but not the ties, could be plainly noticed. A railroad bridge over each Fork of Clear Creek, the piers of which are still visible, was necessary to make this wye connection.)

The first load of pay freight came down Clear Creek Saturday, September 21st. It was a load of machinery shipped by Hendrie Brothers (now Hendrie & Bolthoff) from their Eureka Foundry.

On October 2nd the *Transcript* reports: "The narrow gauge engine 'General Sherman' that had the misfortune to fall into Clear Creek, is again in its proper place at the round house in Golden and will be back in active service in a few days. The accident connected with the recent ducking of this locomotive was simply no accident at all, but a result produced by an ordinary cause."

There were no tunnels on this twelve miles of railroad and the creek was crossed but twice. There were hardly a hundred consecutive feet of straight track. Maximum grades were four per cent, or over 200 feet rise in a mile. Maximum curvature was 33 degrees.

The whole line was an engineering experiment. No such curvature, for railroad trains to operate over, had ever been tried before, and designs for engines had to be tried out. There were 4867 degrees of curvature, and with 360 degrees in a circle, if

continuous, a train would describe over 13 circles or more than one for each mile of road. But the scenery was the grandest of any similar length of road when it was built. Following is the way the editor of the *Colorado Transcript* described it in the issue of September 4, 1872:

The first railroad to penetrate the mountains of Colorado completed its first division on Saturday last, and trains are now running regularly over it from Golden to the foot of "Big Hill" only eight miles from Central City in the heart of the mining regions. We refer to the narrow gauge extension of the Colorado Central which runs through the Grand Canyon of Clear Creek, not inaptly called the "Yosemite of the Rocky Mountains."

The consummation of this grand work marks an era in the history of Colorado as well as the localities immediately interested. The work is a triumph of engineering skill, and a proof that money and brains can accomplish anything. Here is a railroad built through a narrow gorge for thirteen miles by the side of a raging torrent, much of its bed blasted from the solid rocks, following, of necessity, the tortuous windings of the stream. A ride over the road opens to the passenger at every turn the most grand and stupendous scenery in the world. On either hand for nearly the whole distance the canon is shut in by precipitous mountains reaching an elevation of over one thousand feet, their rocky sides in many places even overhanging the trains as they are hurled through the weird gorge, while the river, first upon one side and then upon the other, dashes over the rocks with irresistible impetuosity, seemingly maddened by the encroachment of man upon its chosen domain. The whole scene is indescribably grand and can only be appreciated by being seen.

The man whose brain originated the grand scheme, Hon. W. A. H. Loveland, the engineer, T. E. Sickles, Esq., Capt., E. L. Berthoud, and their able assistants, the Superintendent of Construction, Col. H. H. Given and the enterprising gentlemen who have furnished the money to carry it out, ought to be canonized and are today, in the hearts of the people of this section of Colorado at least.

The first excursion train passed over the road to the end of the track, thirteen miles west of Golden on Sunday, September 1, 1872, and we are indebted to Mr. T. E. Sickles, Chief Engineer and Superintendent, for the privilege of having been present.

Besides Mr. Sickles and several officers of the road and citizens of Golden, we were pleased to meet Lord and Lady Stanley of England, Mr. Sol Miller and family of the White-Cloud Chief, Kansas, Mr. Holly of the Denver Press and several others from different sections of the territory.

The train was run very slowly to allow all an opportunity to view the scenery and reached the end of track shortly after noon. Here we met Drs. Smith and Tolles and quite a number of ladies and gents from Central and Black Hawk who had come down to see their railroad. Dr. Tolles assured us it was the first railroad he had seen for fifteen years and he is not to blame for manifesting ecstatic bliss on this occasion.

A lunch was partaken of at the camp of the track layers, and an hour spent in witnessing Capt. P. S. Reed's men putting in a switch and side track, after which the train returned to Golden. No accident occurred to mar the pleasure of the trip and all returned highly pleased.

In future, a ride through the Grand Canyon of Clear Creek will be one of the most attractive features of a visit to Colorado,

and no tourist will return to the states without having taken at least one ride. The C. C. Co. with its characteristic enterprise has arranged for selling excursion tickets from Denver and Golden to the temporary end of track and return and have provided observation cars to be run with every train for the benefit of those who make the trip for the especial purpose of viewing the scenery.

Here is how an anonymous authority on Colorado scenery described the trip up the Grand Canon of Clear Creek, on September 18, 1872:

As we move up the grade unconsciously rising at the rate of 175 feet to the mile, the rocks upon either side run up higher and higher, and hug the stream closer and closer, and with an increasing perpendicularity until the sky-scape becomes exceedingly limited. And when a ledge upon one side begins to lap past the ledges upon the other, our future becomes doubtful and we cast our eyes back only to find that we are completely hemmed in by walls that reach the clouds. We are with a trusty friend behind "Billy" and our faith is great, and silence will not expose our fears, so we keep still, but the query creeps into the mind. How shall we make our ten miles without turning about.

We pass on, the rocks rise higher and yet higher above us, we crowd around one projecting cliff, in terribly close proximity to the slope wall, only to come squarely against another mountain of rock that seems to jut from the other side across our way. We make devious windings, we twist, we zig-zag, we turn horse shoes, forge them nearly in circles, and still rising, are inducted into a gallery where rock is piled on rock, a thousand feet at a time, far up, projecting over-reaching all about us once more. We have traveled six or seven miles of the canon from its mouth, and reached the climax of its imposing grandeur. There arises on each side of the stream precipices, vertical, even overhanging, two thousand feet high. Looking down the canon, we see that rocks are piled on rocks in equal magnificence. They lap by, hiding the place of our ingress, while looking up the stream, we see no place whence its waters have come, nor any crevice through which we are to pursue our way. Half way up the rocky walls that surround us, yes, and here and there along their sides, we note in recesses several miniature pastures, yellow, pink and blue with flowers and scattered all along the cliffs, majestic pines and cedars stand measuring the height and perpendicularity of the neighboring rocks. Here and there the showers, topped by peaks above, have poured their waters down and worn smooth ways along the precipitous ledges. The ever-present "rocky remains" lie along the stream, formed of masses washed and fallen from above. One huge boulder has lodged in the center of the creek where its bed is compressed into exceedingly narrow limits. A stream of terrible impetuosity—generally twenty or thirty yards in width—is forced through two natural sluices, across either of which a non-professional "jumper" could easily leap, were he bold enough to dare the rushing current. The result of this contraction is that the waters are ejected from their narrow gorges for five or six yards several feet above its natural bed. The savage sublimity of naked rocks, the green spots of floral beauty, shut up in unattainable recesses, the roar of the rushing waters, the echoes from the cliff, the cool breeze and shadow, the presence of the pines and the cedars all contribute to make this particular point one of rare attractiveness.

We left the spot regretfully, but the ten miles must be made. Pushing our way on around projecting rocks, escaping from our gallery through the lap of the ledges where it had not been fully

welded into another, the road-bed finally, as if tired of turning on one side of the creek, crosses over to the other, only to find the same steep slope walls, the same rock work, the same short curves, the same towering cliffs and mountain slopes along which it follows for a few miles further when the creek is recrossed by a bridge of 95-foot span.

As a railroad bed the one up this canon cannot be surpassed for solidity."

The writer's first trip over any mountain road was from Golden to Idaho Springs through this canon on August 12, 1906, and coming from a prairie home near Lincoln, Nebraska, the preceding descriptions were no exaggerations.

On Sunday, December 15, 1872, the track up the North Fork of Clear Creek reached Black Hawk and that remained the end of that branch for about six years, when it was extended to Central City.

On February 24, 1873, at 1 P. M., the first train up the South Fork of Clear Creek arrived at Floyd Hill and this was the end of that branch for about five years, when it was extended to Georgetown.

On April 30, 1873, President Grant's special train arrived at Golden at 10 A. M. That party then proceeded through Clear Creek Canon over track supported on the roadbed prepared, nominally, by his son about two years before. The family expressed themselves as highly impressed by the magnificent scenery of the canon.

This track through the canon was the first laid in Colorado, later to be torn up and removed. Track laid earlier, like the Warren to Cheyenne line, mostly in Wyoming, was relocated to reduce grades, but this track up Clear Creek was removed by the Colorado & Southern completely as of July 8, 1941. Track laying started on it July 22, 1872, the next month after the end of the first five years of the railroad era in Colorado.

As previously stated, none of the track laid in that five year period has, to date, been abandoned.

As noted, the first locomotive, the "General Sherman," whistled in the Canon August 21, 1872, and the last one whistled out July 8, 1941. During the 69 years of operations this baby road carried millions of passengers and tons of freight. It was for over 50 years the most popular one-day railroad excursion trip in Colorado, but was eventually put out of business by the internal combustion engine.

For several years all was quiet in the Grand Canon of Clear Creek, but now contractors are blasting away for a modern highway.

It in turn will carry its millions of passengers and tons of

freight, but these passengers will never experience the thrill of a first ride through this canon on a narrow gauge excursion train. Too many tunnels and destroyed scenery. But such is progress. The Old Colorado Central Standard Gauge again ends at Washington Street, the main street of Golden, Colorado.

O. H. P. Baxter and Early Pueblo

DAISY BAXTER JEFFERSON*

O. H. P. Baxter was born October 31, 1835, near Madison, in Jefferson County, Indiana. He was one of the "Fighting Baxters" of Civil War days. The appellation was given because seven of the eight brothers in the family fought for Old Glory in the war.

When Perry (O. H. P.) was young, free schools were provided in his time and section only three months in winter. But he made the most of his opportunities. At the age of fifteen he commenced a three year apprenticeship as a blacksmith. After he became a journeyman blacksmith he started west, going by way of Chicago and Rock Island to Keokuk, Iowa. Finding work, he remained a short time there, and then went to Moline, where he entered the John Deere Plow factory.

But the West had a powerful attraction for him, so he went to Council Bluffs in 1854. The central outfitting point of the Mormon emigrants bound for Salt Lake City was across the Missouri River. He watched the surveyor lay out the town of Omaha. Drifting to St. Joseph, he followed his trade. Then he went to Nebraska City, where he conducted his own blacksmith shop in his own building. But business was poor and the great panic of 1857 overwhelmed the country. Hearing of the gold discovery in the Colorado region he traded his shop for four yoke of oxen and a wagon, and equipped with provisions set out in the fall of 1858 for the site of Denver. He mined in Central City and then in California Gulch (later Leadville). In September, 1860, he came down the Arkansas and located a ranch about five miles east of Pueblo. Here he engaged in farming and cattle raising.

On April 17, 1866, he married Edna Alice Henry, daughter of Judge Henry, a neighbor farmer. To this union were born three children—Maude, May, and little Perry. In 1868 the family moved to Pueblo and built a frame house on the corner of Fifth and Main Streets, opposite the Four Mill. The home at that time was the most pretentious in the village.

Mr. Baxter engaged in the milling business. He assisted in

*Mrs. Jefferson, a niece of O. H. P. Baxter, now lives in Walsenburg. She contributed to our May, 1947, magazine an article on pioneer life in the Arkansas Valley.—Ed.

building the Mill Ditch from up the river, down through what is now Irving Place and the present asylum grounds, and on down to where the Central Building and McCarthy Undertaking Parlor now stand. The Flour Mill was built where the Federal Building now stands, on Fifth and Main. Mr. Baxter was manager of the mill, where Henkel and Duke Mercantile Co. procured their flour to open their first bakery in Pueblo. The Flour Mill was considered out of town then. Mr. Baxter was in the milling business until 1885, until the growth of the town forced him to close down.

He was already in the real estate business, but he then organized the American National Bank and was President of it for years. In the two-story brick building on Fourth and Main, the Baxter Block, he had his real estate office until he passed away in 1913. He took active part in all the development of Pueblo, and gave his time and money to ensure the Imperial Hotel (now the Congress), Mineral Palace Park and Palace, and the Opera House which cost nearly one half million dollars, and stood on the corner of Fourth and Main, where the business building of the Power and Light Company now stands. The Opera House later burned down. He donated the ground to get the railroads and shops, and gave time and money to make Pueblo a bigger, better city.

He took a lively interest in political affairs. When Pueblo County was organized in 1862, Governor Gilpin appointed Mr. Baxter County Commissioner. He served in the Territorial Legislature in 1864-65, and in the Upper House in 1865-67.

Mr. Baxter enlisted as one of the "Hundred Days Men" to fight the Indians in 1864 and was elected Captain of Company G, 3rd Colorado Cavalry. They moved to Fort Lyons, east of Pueblo, and met the Indians at Sand Creek. Some five hundred Indians were reported killed. Before the Sand Creek Massacre the entire county was an open range and the Indians got so bold that the settlers were compelled to build forts and collect the women and children for protection. When the Indian raids became worse Governor Evans called troops. The settlers of the Arkansas Valley went. The Sand Creek Massacre cost Colonel Chivington his position, but Uncle Perry said no finer man ever lived than Colonel Chivington. If they hadn't killed the Indians at Sand Creek it would never have been safe for white men and their families.

O. H. P. Baxter was a charter member of the Colorado Pioneer Society. They were to install a memorial window in the County Court House in his honor. The family lived in the home on Main and Fifth until Mr. Baxter bought the stone house on Fifteenth and Grand, where he passed away.

On our visits I shall never forget the house, the big swing and

the carriage and horses, and how Aunt Edna would take Maude, May, little Perry and us children for a ride. Once we went to a circus down where the Union Depot stands and where there were lots of cottonwood trees. Where the Central Block and McCarthy Undertaking Parlors are now is where the watering troughs were, and the people all came there to do their shopping. The old Baxter home was occupied by Wiggton Loan Company, then it was sold to a family by the name of Anderson, who moved it to Dundee Addition.

How well I remember Uncle Perry telling us of his early days in Pueblo and about the Indians, but he would always laugh and say, "the happiest days of my life were when I was plowing with an ox team and seeing things grow, and also seeing Pueblo grow."

He was a member of the G. A. R. and Grand Lodge No. 8 of the Odd Fellows. He had money interests in Arizona and he went to Kingman, Arizona, to look these over. While he was there the whim broke and none of the miners were mechanics, so they didn't know what to do. Mr. Baxter pulled off his coat, put on an old coat, and went to the forge, and soon had the machinery working. The miners knew him as a bank president and owner of mines, but didn't know he also was a blacksmith.

He was survived by his daughters Maude and May and his wife when he passed away in 1913. Now there are living only three grandchildren and their families.

I Remember Jack Howland

CLARENCE S. JACKSON*

Jack Howland! What wonderful memories that name conjures up. I was a boy of eleven at the time and that was over sixty years ago. My father, William H. Jackson, had just built our first home in Denver at 1430 Clarkson Street and Jack Howland lived in "the big brick house" on the corner of 14th. Across the street were parched fields, spotted with numerous large cactus beds and fifty yards beyond was the "Big Ditch" which ran parallel to 14th Avenue. Boys of those days—classmates of mine at the Emerson School—got one of their chief amusements from "drowning out" gophers which were even more numerous than the cactus beds. We would carry a bucket of muddy water from the old irrigation ditch to the gopher hole (which might be in the middle of a cactus bed or adjacent to it) and slowly pour it in. The other boys stood nearby eagerly watching, caps in their hands. Presently Mr. Gopher emerged wet and frightened and darted off seeking refuge in an-

*Mr. Jackson of Denver, contributed to the preceding issue of this magazine.
—Ed.

other hole. But the boys were quick to follow and soon a cap was covering Mr. Gopher before he knew what had happened. One boy then grabbed him by the tail and plunked him in a box held ready. Our after-school diversions were invariably watched by an interested spectator who stood near with an amused expression on his face, a twinkle in his eye and a big pipe stuck in his mouth. Frequently he would offer advice or encourage us in our efforts. That man was Jack Howland, Artist of the Old West and a grand charac-



Courtesy of Kate Howland Charles
JOHN D. HOWLAND AND HIS CHILDREN, HARRY AND HELEN
(Photograph by A. E. Rinehart, Denver, about 1889)

ter if ever there was one. And it wasn't long before we sensed the fact that he was also a friend of "kids" (although that word was unknown at the time) and generous as the great wide open spaces he loved so well. We got to know him very intimately. He would gather about him several boys and regale us with Indian stories. We sat at his feet as he blew smoke rings into the air and gazed in open eyed amazement. His favorite Indian Chief was old "Gitchie-

coomie" (obviously fictitious) a famous warrior long since dead and buried, who also loved boys. "Gitchiecoomie," Jack said, was saddened because boys of that day had so little spending money. To correct this condition he would commission his mentor, Jack Howland to provide what parents often denied their sons. He told us that on certain days "Gitchiecoomie" would deposit nickels in various places—little mounds of earth or in the grass or under trees—and then tell Jack to take the boys on a "treasure hunt." He would lead the way along 14th street with a dozen boys trailing behind, hesitating now and then to sniff the air and peer in all directions. Finally he would stop and say "this is the place," then mutter some gibberish and make Indian signs. "Clarence, take a look under that clump of weeds and see what you find." Sure enough there was a bright new nickel. Another boy found one in a red ant hill and still another in the ditch beside the road. Now there was a wild scramble—boys on their knees, pawing and uncovering every possible place where a nickle might be hidden. At least once a week we would gather for the hunt and I can tell you it wasn't long before the kids became too numerous for even his great and generous heart to benefit. We believed every word he told us and loved to hear him chuckle every time a coin was unearthed. Later, an older boy unkindly disillusioned us by saying he saw Jack Howland tossing the nickles into secret places when no one was looking. But we never divulged this information. Why should we? It was profitable to keep silent. Another boy and I were favored by being invited into his studio once in a while. We would stand at a respectful distance and watch him at work as he painted and talked to us at the same time. Yes, Jack Howland, great artist of the old west was also a lover of children. (I don't remember his having any of his own at the time) and I'll bet an 1890 nickel with a big "5" on it that he still has a cavalcade of youngsters following him about the "happy hunting ground."

My Varied Experiences In Colorado

W. H. MEEK*

I was born too late (1864) to be a real Colorado pioneer, but I knew the State when most of the plains country was open for homesteading and the Union Pacific was selling its government-subsidized land for \$1.25 an acre, and later when young orchards around Paonia and Palisade were selling up to two thousand dollars an acre; when fishing was good in all mountain lakes and streams, no license required for fishing or hunting and no limits,

*Mr. Meek lives in New Castle, Colorado, today. In 1946 he published a pamphlet: *Grandpa Meeks Legacy; Articles and Poems Pointing the Way to Peace and Plenty.*

and there were plenty of beaver for Stetson hats; when gambling and redlight districts were legal, when most of the men who made fortunes in the mines came to Denver and built mansions—now most of them converted into apartment houses; when senators were elected by the State Legislature, and the GAR was the most potent influence in the Republican Party.

I knew Denver when the Windsor was the leading hotel and the Tabor the leading theatre; when Denver had horsedrawn street cars, no electricity, or typewriters, and few if any telephones; when Parson Uzell was the best loved preacher, Rev. Buchtel was giving his time to raising money for Denver University, and Soapy Smith was the best known citizen.

My first work in Colorado was as operator for the Santa Fe at Pueblo in 1884. I took a layoff and rode the Rio Grande to Buena Vista and the South Park to Alma, and walked six miles to the London Mine where my uncle, Sam Hoop, was an ore sorter and my aunt was running the boarding house. Uncle Sam took me on a hike to the top of Mt. Lincoln and I lost my hat in Hat Gulch. I was almost broke when the time came to leave; spent my last dollar for a ticket from Alma to Garos, and walked across South Park to Manitou, carrying a ten-pound box of ore specimens. I traded the ore for supper, a bed, and breakfast at a Manitou hotel.

In the spring of '86 I was working for florist Rushmore on North Broadway, Denver. My first morning job was to go to Court House Square for a can of artesian water and the next was to deliver flowers at the rear of the Tabor home on Grant Street. I quit the florist job, was hired by the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, and was sent as operator to Granite. I was one of five men employed at the station. Two large jack outfits were taking supplies to Aspen, over Independence Pass. The narrow gauge railroad ran through Leadville, over Tennessee Pass and stopped at Red Cliff. Granite had a population of three or four hundred, three or four saloons, and a redlight district. I was discharged for a good reason, went to Leadville, got a job driving a team of mules hitched to a scraper, got fired, and walked over Hagerman Pass to a tie camp near Lake Ivanho.

I have worked at three places where, when it rained, part of the water went to the Gulf of Mexico and part to the Gulf of California; one place where the water started east, then north, then west to the Pacific—Hagerman Pass, Marshall Pass and Tennessee Pass—the highest railroad offices in the state.

Fifty years ago Editor Daggett of Red Cliff was telling the forest service that Colorado forests were being ruined by a beetle. Little attention was paid to him, and now the cutting of dead timber for pulp wood to be shipped to Wisconsin is big business.

In the spring of 1894, my wife and I went to the new mining camp of Balfour, ten miles south of Hartsel and put up a building. Wife opened a restaurant and I dug assessments for myself and others. When the town held an election and my wife voted, one of the judges said, "You are the first woman in Colorado to vote at any but a school election"—the woman suffrage law having gone into effect only a few days previously.

One of the biggest frauds perpetrated on the miners of Colorado was pulled off by two miners from Leadville. They loaded a few sacks of ore, no doubt stolen, on burros and took them to a point in the mountains about 12 miles north of Glenwood Springs, dug a few holes and salted them with the Leadville ore, and named the place Carbonate. When they showed specimens of their discovery in Glenwood Springs, the news spread quickly and soon the camp had a large population and became the County Seat of the newly formed Garfield County. When the fraud was discovered and most of the miners had left, a party of men stole the records and took them to Glenwood Springs, which then became the County Seat.

At one time the Colorado River was the Grand, Red Cliff was Queen City, Yale was Granite, Hooper was Garrison, New Castle was Grand Butte, Glenwood Springs was Fort Defiance, and Grand Valley was Parachute. The two best known hotels in Western Colorado were the Winchester at Rifle, and the La Veta at Gunnison. At the latter free suppers were served to the guests on any day the sun had not been clearly seen. Leadville had an ice palace in 1895-96.

This is no doubt undignified boasting, but I believe I have the longest union labor membership in the State, 1884 to 1949—am probably the only man who has been discharged four times by the Rio Grande Railroad and yet left the service in good standing—am the only one who ever moved a post office eight miles without permission from Washington.

[The editor asked Mr. Meek for further information on the post office story and for other additional data. The following was supplied.]

The Post Office Story—Two old Denver men, Garfield and Westlake, had a lime rock quarry on a spur half a mile from Higgins (later Newit, and later a bare spot). They got a Post Office established with Garfield as Postmaster, and for convenience he made the railroad agent Deputy Postmaster, so that when I went there as agent I simply inherited the Post Office. The lime quarry closed, so the station was closed, and I was transferred to Bath. There was no one to take the Post Office. I loaded it in a box car with my household goods. A couple of months later I was fired for having a fight with a conductor. Turned the Post Office over

to my wife's sister. She later turned it over to storekeeper Rawlings. That is the last I know of it. No doubt it was soon closed as there were few people there. That was when we went to Balfour. There were no children there, and we were among the youngest persons. As I am now 85, there is a possibility that my wife and I are the only survivors of that Balfour experience. When the camp began to run down, we traded the building and six or eight claims for a team of old horses, a colt and an old surrey. Left most of our possessions in a cabin and headed for Hotchkiss, where my parents had taken up land. It was a tough trip—spent my last 50 cents to be ferried across Grand River here at New Castle. At a camp on Grand Mesa I picked up a copy of the *Appeal to Reason*, and was ripe for conversion. I found a lot of socialists at Hotchkiss. I got my socialism from *Appeal to Reason* and *Looking Backward*, not from Karl Marx.

After nearly two years of hardship—working for farm produce—no money—I traded the Balfour colt for a suit of second-hand clothes and went to Salida. I applied for a job as operator and finally got on the extra list.

The Socialist action in condemning the first World War, and later the imprisonment of Debs just about killed the party. For the last 33 years I have voted Democratic. I wanted an evolutionary movement, and that is what we are getting. We are gradually working into socialism, and that is as it should be.

Once I got a letter from Superintendent Luke asking why my time roll was not in his office on time. Follishly, I replied, "Forgot I was working for the railroad—thought I was over here fishing." In reply, he quoted my letter, and added, "This is to inform you that if your time roll is not in my office on time in future, I will see that you have all the time you will require for fishing!" Ten years later, when he was superintendent at Salt Lake, we had a laugh over that, and he gave me a pass to Grand Junction . . .

I have used all my government rights—homesteading, pre-empting, desert, and mining.

In New Castle we were friends with the Patton family. As a school boy here, James Patton read my articles and poems. About five years later I met him in Denver. He was selling typewriters—said he wanted to study law. I sent him my set of law books, so I feel that I was some help to him in his rapid climb to the presidency of National Farmers Union . . .

I have had interesting experiences in Nevada, Idaho, and Oregon—know the Pacific coast from Vancouver, Canada, to Tia Juana, Mexico. With my family I have toured the South and East in 1926. Mrs. Ed. Taylor spent a day showing us Washington and Arlington Cemetery.

My propensity for getting fired was partly due to the fact it took me fifty years to learn that a railroad employee is not a free man. He must always be where the Caller can find him. Without permission of the General Manager, he may not be interested in any business or be a candidate for any office.

Right now we have a good home in New Castle, with four lots, fruit, garden, flowers, and lawn. The seventeen-year-old bride I took at Winnemucca, Nevada, is still with me after fifty-nine years.

The past ten years have been the most satisfactory period of my life. I get pleasure giving away produce from my garden, and occasionally handing out, or mailing, a copy of my "Legacy."