

THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

Published bi-monthly by

The State Historical Society of Colorado

VOL. XII

Denver, Colorado, July, 1935

No. 4

The Model of Auraria-Denver of 1860

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Everyone who has handled a telescope has amused himself at times by looking through the large end at some familiar object, which thereby is reduced to microscopic proportions. In a figurative sense this is the principle that has been employed in the construction of a tiny model of Denver and Auraria as they stood in 1860, now being built as one unit of a FERA professional project in the Colorado State Museum. The work is under the supervision of the State Historical Society.

Historical students say that this model is the most intricate, detailed and minute representation of a town ever attempted in this country and that it will be an outstanding achievement in visual historical education. Research work necessary in making the reproduction has occupied many months. With very few exceptions all persons who saw Denver in 1860 have died, so that it was necessary to make an extensive survey of 1860 newspapers published in Denver, of Colorado and Denver histories, old photographs and other early material to secure accurate information as to the location of 1860 buildings, and their occupants during the year mentioned.

The over-all size of the model will be approximately ten by twelve feet. Buildings are constructed to the scale of one-sixteenth of an inch to the foot. Not only will the buildings be represented, but the street of the Lilliputian town will be thronged by figures of men, women and children in the costumes of the period, covered wagons, horses, mules, oxen, dogs, Indian warriors and their families.

Approximately 350 buildings will be given definite locations. Owing to the space limitations for display of the exhibit, only the business sections of Denver City and Auraria will be represented, so that comparatively few residences will be shown. The area included extends from the south side of Larimer Street to the Platte River, and from the east side of Sixteenth Street to present Tenth Street in West Denver, known in 1860 as San Luis Street.

*Mr. McMechen has done the research work involved in making the model of pioneer Denver and has supervised the reconstruction.—Ed.

Great interest will be added by the groves of cottonwoods in existence when the pioneers came, by an Indian village, the old rope ferry across the Platte River, and several bridges built in 1860.

A crew of architects has been engaged in construction of this tiny town for several months past.

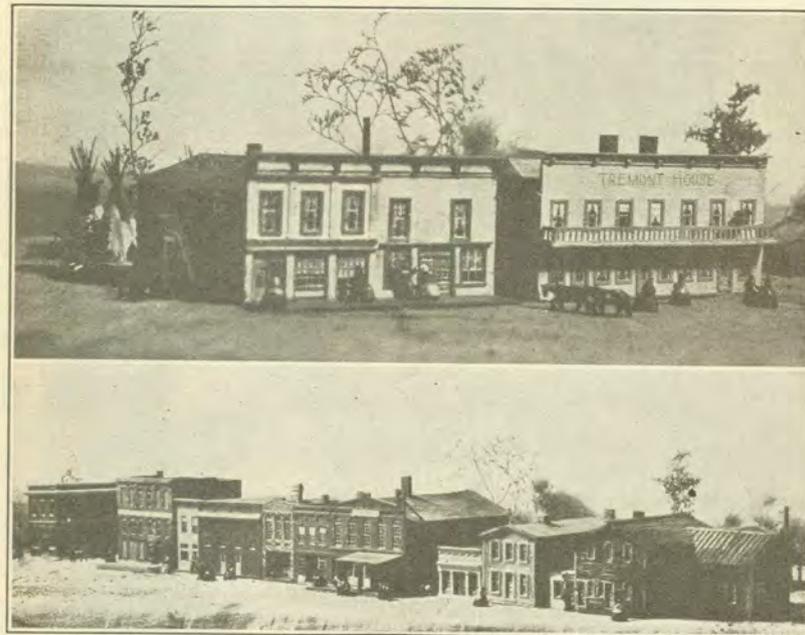
Several phases of the work are of exceptional historical and human interest. For many years there have been repeated mentions of important historical sites in Denver, but rarely have these sites been located exactly as to lot and block. When the construction of the Denver and Auraria model was initiated the nearest thing to a definite description of these towns in 1860 was that penned by William N. Byers in the spring of that year, and printed in the pioneer *Rocky Mountain News*. With this as a basis, the first survey indicated that about 50 buildings could be located definitely in Auraria, and about 70 in Denver City. Patience and painstaking work have brought to light nearly three times this number of structures.

Coincidental with the work of locating 1860 buildings, many disputed points of pioneer history have been settled. For illustration, the actual site of the Goldrick school—first school in Colorado—has been established, as well as that of Miss Ring's first school. The definite location of Denver's first library and museum—the old Denver and Auraria Library and Reading Room—has been fixed beyond question. For many years visitors and tourists have been shown a frame cottage on Tenth Street, just east of Larimer, described as the cottage to which David H. Moffat brought his bride. It has been established beyond question that this house, now painted green, was not the Moffat cottage, nor is it on the location of the Moffat cottage.

Another interesting development has been the definite identification of four brick buildings of 1860, which are standing, wholly or in part today. Oddly enough, all four of these buildings are in one block in West Denver—on Eleventh Street between Larimer and Walnut. One of these structures is the present Woeber Carriage Company building, which, in 1860, was the Keller House. The first structure on this site was the famous old Vasquez House, built by A. Pike Vasquez, a son of "Barony" Vasquez, Captain Zebulon Montgomery Pike's interpreter on his exploration trip to the Rocky Mountains in 1806-7.

The corner of the Lindell Hotel, at Eleventh and Larimer, extending forty-four feet on Eleventh and the same distance on Larimer from the corner—to a height of two stories, was originally the pioneer wholesale, storage and commission house of J. B. Doyle, one of the leading freighters on the old Santa Fe Trail.

In Lord's Drug Store, across the street from the Lindell Hotel, one brick wall of the old Arsenal still stands. This structure and the United States Mint at Sixteenth and Market Streets, were the two brick buildings into which women and children were herded during the Indian scare of 1864. Until the reconstruction of pioneer Denver was undertaken at the State Museum recently, no one had been able to trace this building back farther than 1863, but recent research work has established the fact that the Arsenal building was started in December, 1859.



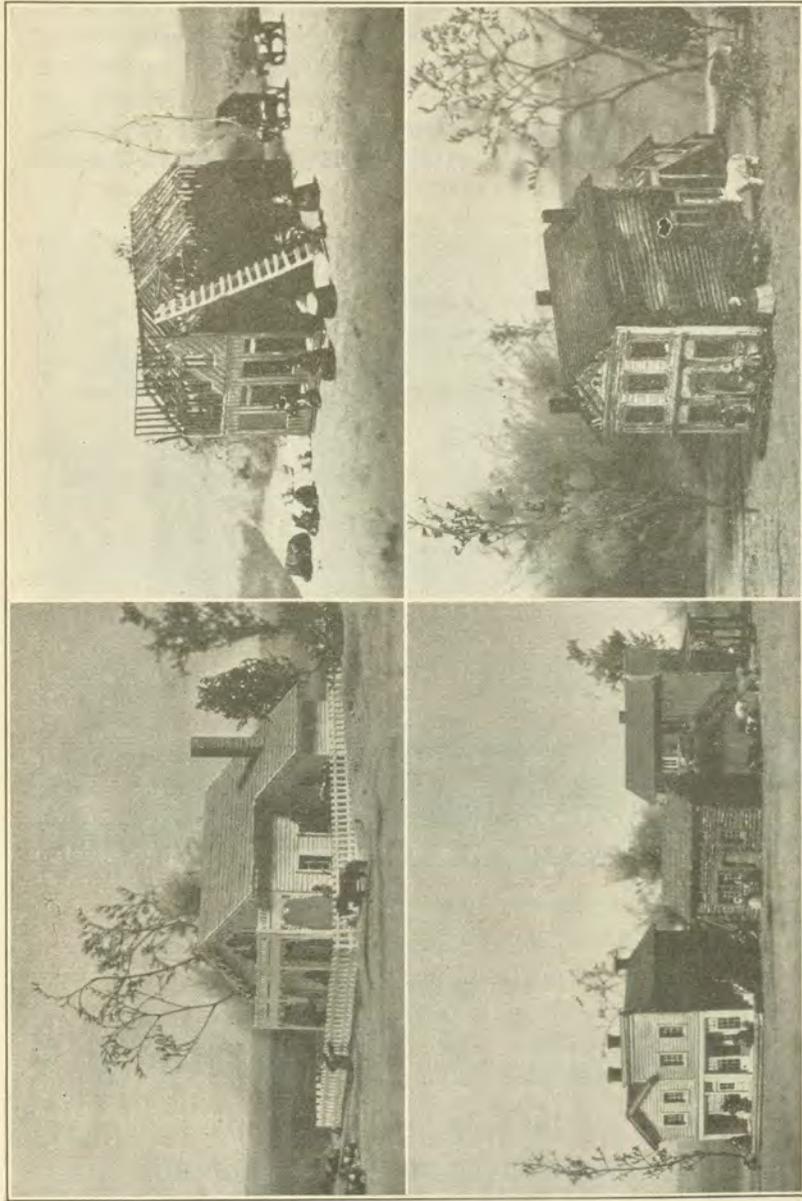
UPPER: HOUSES ON FRONT (13th) STREET BETWEEN WALNUT AND WAZEE.

The Star, Missouri, and Tremont Houses.

LOWER: HOUSES ON FERRY (11th) STREET BETWEEN LARIMER AND WALNUT.

Left to right: Turner and Hobbs Bank (late 1860); J. B. Doyle; Doyle's first store (rented by Richard Sopris); Russell, Majors and Waddell's warehouse; J. L. Hiffner (first brick building) and Turner and Hobbs' first location; Travilla's; J. H. Ming's International Billiard Hall; Allen, Slaughter & Co. and Pierce's News Depot; Vasquez House; Samuel Hawken's Gunshop; and the Jones & Cartwright store (north wing was the Pollock Hotel, the first frame business building in Auraria).

The fourth brick building of 1860, mentioned above, is one of the present warehouses of Grimes Paper Stock Company. The building stands a few feet north of the Woeber Carriage Company building and may be identified by a new vitrified brick front. This



TYPICAL HOUSES FROM THE DENVER-AURARIA MODEL.

Upper left: Residence of V. S. Shelby. Upper right: William Dunn's store. Lower left: (from left to right) Buddee and Jacobs, Shelby & O'Connell, Dick Wootton's Store, Denver House. Lower right: Masonic Temple.

was erected after the front of the original building collapsed during the 1933 flood in Cherry Creek. Behind the new front is the long, low warehouse built in 1860 by Cartwright & Jones, another famous freighting firm of the pioneer era, whose enormous covered wagon trains hauled by oxen, brought clothing, food and other supplies from the Missouri River to Denver. The Jones in this firm was John S. Jones who, with William H. Russell, originated the Pony Express.

Almost across the street from the warehouse described—at 1361 Eleventh—stands today a two story gray frame structure, trimmed with green. This building was opened for business in September, 1859, having been constructed by the pioneer merchants Buddee & Jacobs. The second floor was the first permanent lodge hall of the Masonic Order in Denver. In this hall originated the law and order movement that swept from Denver the horse thieves, desperadoes and gamblers who, for a time, threatened to destroy the peace and progress of the frontier towns. Here also was organized the first Sunday School. This building has not been altered except for a change in the doorway. One log cabin, built in 1858, also is standing today, but the location will not be disclosed until the model of pioneer Auraria and Denver City has been completed.

Another interesting historical fact disclosed by recent research is that Denver in 1859 and 1860 included among its citizenry many famous characters of the fur days. It is well-known that "Uncle Dick" Wootton had a store in Auraria. Among other famous frontiersmen of the fur days living in Denver were: A. Pike Vasquez; Col. A. G. Boone, grandson of Daniel Boone; Samuel Hawken, manufacturer of the famous Hawken rifle, prized above all other weapons by the fur trappers of the thirties and forties; Jim Beckwourth, celebrated chief of the Crow Indians and a member of General Ashley's first fur trapping expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1824; Joseph Richeau, one of the trappers at old Fort Laramie, mentioned by Parkman in 1846; Ceran St. Vrain, one of the proprietors of Bent's Old Fort on the Arkansas River, built in 1832; Elbridge Gerry, Governor Evans' favorite Indian interpreter; Nicholas Janesse; Thomas O. Boggs, one of Bent & St. Vrain's leading traders; John Poisal, father-in-law of Thomas Fitzpatrick and brother-in-law of Left Hand, the famous Arapaho chieftain; Jim Baker, Colorado's most typical fur trapper; and others. Incidentally, the present research has resulted in the definite location of Jim Baker's cabin site on Clear Creek when he was operating a ferry and toll bridge over that stream near the present Tennyson Street crossing. There also has come to light the exact location of the site upon which stood the first "permanent"

home of the *Rocky Mountain News*, which sank into Cherry Creek during the flood of 1864. The State Historical Society has recently erected a bronze marker on the Market Street bridge, a few feet east of this site, as a result of the discovery. This was the fourth building occupied by the *News* after its inception, the first having been "Uncle Dick" Wootton's store on Ferry (Eleventh) Street.

Aside from the many points of historical interest brought to light by the project under discussion, the work of reconstructing old Auraria and Denver City on such a minute scale is of absorbing interest because of the physical difficulties encountered. The ingenuity of the architects and artists engaged in this work savors almost of magic. Their problem has been to represent in houses two to four inches in length all types of construction, ranging from the primitive log cabin of the squatters to brick buildings of a later period. Under their hands strips of fine twine have become logs, strips of overlapped paper have become frame siding, bits of cardboard end as minute picket fences, jig-saw scroll work under the eaves, well-houses and what-have-you. With cardboard, paper, match-sticks, thin wood veneer, birdsand, glue, paint and ink the tiny model houses have multiplied day by day. Houses, construction of which did not start until December, 1860, are shown as under construction, with joists and studdings and rafters in place, and siding partly attached to the lower part of the structures.

Most extraordinary are the Lilliputian figures—a horse trotting, an ox lying down in the street, a dog trotting—one-eighth of an inch tall in actual size—a tiny, silk-hatted gentleman carrying his walking stick. Multiplication of these tiny models, carved in wood, was found impractical except by reproduction in lead. Ordinarily, in commercial life, no one but an expert die-cutter would have attempted to duplicate them, at a cost prohibitive on a FERA project. One of the artists on the project has succeeded in reproducing them by casting them in lead from a plaster mold.

The Auraria and Denver City model, aside from its historical and educational importance, has established the fact that exquisite craftsmanship has not died out in America, as many have assumed. The skill of Japanese and Mexicans in microscopic craftsmanship is known the world over and has been accepted generally as pre-eminent in this line, but the work being done on the model in question under the FERA by American architects, wood carvers and sculptors would challenge the admiration of the most skilled workers among the other nationalities mentioned.

It is hoped by State Museum authorities to have the model ready, in part, for display during the National Education Association Convention in Denver, beginning July 1st.

The Growth of Denver's Postoffice Since the Days of the Elephant Corral*

J. O. STEVIC

It is my pleasure as postmaster of Denver to be here on the occasion of the dedication of a bronze tablet by the State Historical Society of Colorado, marking the site of the historic Elephant Corral, immigrant headquarters in Colorado's pioneer days.

It is but natural, in commemoration of this event, to take into account the important part the United States mail service played in the growth of this city, from those historic days when the Elephant Corral was the gateway to this community.

It was on May 7, 1859, that the first coach of the Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express Company arrived in Denver, and with it the mail from the folks back home. The Elephant Corral, six hundred miles west of civilization and with no communication with the outside world, was therefore Denver's first postoffice.

Henry Allen of the firm of Allen, Sopris & Slatter, was commissioned postmaster at Auraria, Arapahoe County, Kansas. He opened a postoffice on Ferry Street, now West Eleventh Street, West Denver. Transportation of the mails was voluntary up to this time. Later a contract was made with the Western Stage Company for the carrying of the mails from Council Bluffs, Iowa, but no regular service was established. Finally regular service three times a week was established, with the volume of mail approximately 1,000 letters a trip. Letter postage to St. Joseph, Missouri, was 25 cents per letter. Auraria, or Denver, as it was soon after called, became the distributing center of the whole Rocky Mountain region, and business increased so rapidly that during the summer a more commodious building was erected on Blake Street, about halfway between Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets. In 1860 the postoffice and agency of the express company was moved to the northeast corner of Blake and Sixteenth Streets, into what was known as the Bradford Building. Business was assuming immense proportions and five clerks were required to handle the mails which were bringing from 35,000 to 40,000 letters, the largest receipt being 47,000.

In the meantime, the name of the government office had been changed from Auraria to Denver City, Colorado Territory, and on February 11, 1860, William Park McClure was appointed postmaster. He did not assume office until August, when he opened the postoffice in a frame building on Larimer Street. McClure was

*This address by Postmaster Stevic was given at the dedication of the Elephant Corral marker on May 4, 1935.—Ed.

succeeded by Samuel S. Curtis, for whom Curtis Street was named. When Curtis was appointed in 1861 he moved the office to the opposite side of Larimer Street. About this time he was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the Third Colorado Cavalry, leaving the office in charge of his assistant, David H. Moffat, who became acting postmaster and continued in charge until the close of Mr. Curtis' term. During his administration the stage was increased to daily.

In 1864 the office became presidential and the word "City" was dropped. On March 18, 1864, Mr. William N. Byers, founder of the *Rocky Mountain News*, was appointed postmaster and moved the office into Woolworth & Moffat's bookstore.

Andrew Sagendorf succeeded Mr. Byers in March, 1866. The office force consisted of Mr. Sagendorf, his assistant, Ed C. Sumner, and one clerk, Charles R. McCord. Hiram P. Bennet, who had been Colorado's first Delegate to Congress, was commissioned postmaster in March, 1869. He was reappointed in 1873 and served one year.

In 1874 David A. Chever was appointed postmaster and served two years. In 1876 Ed. C. Sumner, assistant under two previous postmasters, was appointed and served three years, resigning in favor of William N. Byers. Byers was appointed in February, 1879. It was in this year that carrier service was first established in Denver, the force consisting of six carriers.

On March 2, 1883, Robert Morris was commissioned postmaster. Robert W. Speer followed in July, 1885; John Corcoran, in 1889; James H. Jordan, in 1894.

In 1895 the town of South Denver was annexed to the city, and on October 1, 1896, the first postoffice station was established in South Denver, with nine carriers.

Hon. H. A. W. Tabor was the next postmaster and took office in February, 1898, dying while in office. John C. Twombly followed Mr. Tabor and assumed charge of the office June 16, 1899, serving until the appointment of Paul J. Sours on February 3, 1904. Sours served eight years and was succeeded by Joseph H. Harrison on January 16, 1912.

Postmaster Harrison served only three years of his term and on February 27, 1915, Benjamin F. Stapleton was appointed. On January 1, 1916, the new postoffice and Federal building was completed and occupied. Mr. Stapleton served until December 1, 1921. Until the appointment of Frank L. Dodge on March 10, 1922, Frank T. Frawley, postoffice inspector, was the acting postmaster. Mr. Dodge served three terms and has the distinction of having served under four presidents of the United States, his last term lapping

over for more than a year under the Franklin D. Roosevelt administration.

On May 16, 1934, James O. Stevic, editor and manager of the *Colorado Labor Advocate*, was sworn in as postmaster of Denver and is occupying the position as this historical sketch is written.

Out of this pioneer development has risen a city that is the pride of every Denver citizen. From the five postoffice clerks of 1860 the force has grown to 305, with 258 city letter carriers and a total personnel in all departments of the service of 811. From the 1,000 letters a trip in 1859, the Denver postoffice in a single day—Wednesday, May 1, 1935—handled 569,000 letters besides the large volume of parcels post and other mails, such as newspapers and publications. The total postal receipts at the Denver postoffice in 1934 was \$3,345,000. Six million dollars are deposited in the Denver postal saving accounts and a large number of the new "baby" bonds have been sold since first placed on the market March 1st. The main postoffice of the city of Denver is housed in one of the most beautiful public buildings in America, located in the block bounded by Champa and Stout Streets, between 18th and 19th Streets.

Many philosophers and writers of ancient times paid high tribute to those heroic men who risked all in order to convey intelligence to an anxious and waiting humanity. In the words of Herodotus, according to the beautiful translation carved on the New York postoffice, "Neither rain nor snow, nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds."

Voltaire's tribute to the post riders of his day is as follows: "The post is the link connecting all affairs, all negotiations; by its means, the absent become present; it is the consolation of life."

Kipling expresses his esteem of the importance attached to the mails in the poem entitled "The Overland Route to India," the conclusion of the first stanza reading thus:

"Oh, Lords of the jungle, wherever you roam,
We exiles are waiting for letters from home;
Let the robber retreat, let the tiger turn tail,
In the name of the Emperor, the Overland Mail."

Great men of our day and age have paid homage to the modern descendants of these heroic messengers. In the words of Charles W. Eliot, and of our war president, Woodrow Wilson, the earlier days of the American postoffice are described as follows:

“Carriers of news and knowledge,
Instruments of trade and industry;
Promoter of mutual acquaintance,
Of peace and good will among men and nations.”

And:

“Messengers of Sympathy and Love,
Servant of parted friends,
Consoler of the Lonely,
Bond of the scattered family,
Enlarger of the common life.”

The State Historical Society of Colorado is to be congratulated upon the work it is doing in marking these historical landmarks in the city's development, and as generation follows generation these bronze tablets will bring greater appreciation and understanding of the men and women whose fortitude laid the foundation for the capital city of the great Centennial State.

a part of the Vicariate Apostolic East of the Rocky Mountains, presided over by Bishop John B. Miège, S.J., whose residence was at Leavenworth, Kansas. Reports of the discovery of gold in Colorado reached the Kansas settlements in 1858, and a number of parties hastened west from these settlements before the close of that year. Few priests and quite certainly no other bishop in the United States was in a better position than Bishop Miège to learn of the happenings in Colorado. Kansans were prominent in the early exploitation of the gold fields. It was the "Lawrence Party"

Bishop Machebeuf

THOMAS F. O'CONNOR*

Bishop Machebeuf was neither the first priest nor the first bishop to labor within the limits of what is now the State of Colorado. Yet because of the magnitude and extent of his labors in that territory he has been rightly called the "Apostle of Colorado." In the history of the Catholic Church in the United States he very properly takes a place in the remarkable galaxy of pioneer bishops—Flaget, Du Bourg, Brute, David and Rosati—to name but a few, who in the early and middle decades of the last century worked so wisely and unselfishly to establish the Faith on the frontier. Thanks to the careful researches of the veteran Father William J. Howlett, himself a pioneer in the Catholic ministry of Colorado, and now the honored chaplain of the Mother House of the Sisters of Loretto in Kentucky, the essential details of Bishop Machebeuf's life have been preserved for this later generation that never knew the West of the mid-nineteenth century.¹

At the time when residents of the United States first began to flock to the Pike's Peak country, the territory now known as Colorado was, in the administrative regulations of the Catholic Church,



BISHOP JOSEPH P. MACHEBEUF.

that in October, 1858, started the little town of St. Charles at the junction of Cherry Creek and the Platte River, while "the men from Leavenworth" were soon their most aggressive rivals at Auraria. Well defined routes led from Kansas to the Pike's Peak country. Situated as he was on one of the major routes by which news from the new El Dorado was relayed to the states, Bishop Miège could hardly remain indifferent to the condition of religion in the new camps and towns. On May 2, 1860, he set out from Leavenworth in company with Brother John Kilcullen on the six-hundred mile journey to the gold fields. On May 27, the Feast of

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¹W. J. Howlett, *Life of the Right Reverend Joseph P. Machebeuf, D.D.* (Pueblo, Colorado, 1908). Father Howlett had access to the extensive collection of Bishop Machebeuf's letters to his relatives in France. These together with documentary material obtained elsewhere and the author's recollections comprise the sources from which the biography was written. The material for this paper has been very largely extracted from Father Howlett's volume.

Pentecost, he said Mass in Denver and two days later left for the mountains.

A rapid survey of the mining country convinced the Bishop of the vastness of the work to be done, but being without priests to spare he could offer no immediate assistance.² On June 3 he again said Mass in Denver and preached to a hundred Catholics. On the same day or the next he conferred with the Catholics of the town and urged them to take advantage of the donation of a lot made to him by the Denver Town Company, and build a church.³ Having accomplished all he felt he was able to do, he returned to Leavenworth.

Bishop Miège's visit to Colorado had an important effect on the subsequent history of the commonwealth. Appreciating his own inability to attend to the spiritual needs of the Catholics in the new settlements and realizing that the center of population in Colorado could be more easily reached from New Mexico than from Kansas, he consulted with the Archbishop of Saint Louis and the suffragan bishops of the province in regard to the advisability of transferring the ecclesiastical care of Colorado to Bishop Lamy of Santa Fe. To this the bishops agreed and Bishop Lamy assumed the responsibility of caring for the Colorado missions.⁴ The Holy See approved of the arrangement and Colorado remained under the ecclesiastical jurisdiction of Santa Fe until the establishment of the Vicariate Apostolic of Colorado and Utah in 1868.

It required a stout heart and the spirit of an apostle to undertake the work of the ministry in Colorado in 1860, but when entrusted with the spiritual care of the territory Bishop Lamy turned to his Vicar General, Father Joseph P. Machebeuf. "Give me another priest," said Father Machebeuf, "some money for our expenses, and we will be ready for the road in twenty-four hours."⁵

The readiness of Father Machebeuf at the age of 48 years to undertake a new and arduous mission may easily enough be appreciated when one remembers that it merely meant the opening of another chapter in a life of missionary pioneering that had been without cessation since his arrival on the missions of Ohio twenty years before.

Joseph P. Machebeuf was born at Riom, Puy-de-Dome, Province of Auvergne, France, on August 11, 1812. His early studies were commenced under the direction of his mother and continued

²Bishop Miège's account of his journey to Colorado and his visitation of the mining country may be found in a letter to his brother, July 15, 1860, reproduced in Chanoine J. Garin's *Notices Biographiques sur Mgr. J. Miège*, (Moutiers, 1886), 124-28. For a succinct account in English see Sister Mary Paul Fitzgerald, S.C.L., "John Baptist Miège, S.J., First Vicar Apostolic of the Indian Territory: A Study in Frontier History," *Historical Records and Studies*, XXIV (1934), 335-336.

³Howlett, *op. cit.*, 284-285.

⁴*Ibid.*, 285.

⁵*Ibid.*, 287.

with a certain Demoiselles Feuillarade, who conducted a school for little children. After attending for a time a school of the Christian Brothers, he matriculated at the College of Riom. His mother died when the boy was thirteen years of age, and a maternal aunt nobly endeavored to supply a mother's care to the three children of the family. Little Projectus—the name by which he was known in his early years—was of delicate health and gave little indication of that vigorous constitution which later enabled him to endure the hardships of missionary life in Ohio, New Mexico and Colorado for fifty years. Shortly after entering the Grand Seminary of Montferrand in 1831 he was compelled to seek rest to rebuild his health, and this, we are told, was an annual occurrence during the years of his scholastic career.

On December 21, 1836, Father Machebeuf was ordained to the priesthood. From that time until his departure from France he labored in his native diocese. But his eyes had already been turned to America. His attraction for the missions of the New World was probably first awakened by a visit of the Vincentian, Father Odin, later Archbishop of New Orleans, to the Seminary of Montferrand. This interest was further stimulated by a tour of the dioceses of France by Bishop Flaget, of Bardstown, Kentucky, in the interests of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The Kentucky prelate's account of the needs of the Church in America found a generous response in the hearts of a number of priests who like Father Machebeuf were not dismayed at the difficulties and hardships to be encountered on the American frontier. Yet it was not the diocese of Bishop Flaget that Father Machebeuf selected as his field of labor in America, but that of Cincinnati. When he sailed from France on July 9, 1839, Father Machebeuf was one of a party of ecclesiastics, some of whom later wrote their names indelibly on the log of civilization's advance across the continent. Among them was Father John B. Lamy, later Archbishop of Santa Fe, and throughout the ensuing years Father Machebeuf's closest friend in the New World.

The first assignment of the young priest in Ohio was to Tiffin, where he undertook the duties of his ministry in the fall of 1839. In 1841 he was appointed pastor of Lower Sandusky (later Fremont). This with Sandusky City, on Lake Erie, became the center of his missions. The multitude of mission parishes and stations centering at Tiffin and Sandusky offered a good preparation for his later apostolate in the West and Southwest. An interesting incident in the life of Father Machebeuf during these years was the visit he received from the celebrated Indian missionary of the Rocky Mountain country, Father Peter De Smet, S.J., who, hearing

of the apostolic spirit of the Ohio priest, sought to enlist his services for the Far West where the needs were even greater.⁶

Father Machebeuf's identification with the Western missions followed from ecclesiastical developments in another quarter. Acting upon the request of the Bishops of the United States assembled in the Seventh Provincial Council of Baltimore, the Holy See, by Apostolic Brief of June 29, 1850, established the Vicariate Apostolic of New Mexico and appointed Father Machebeuf's friend, Father John B. Lamy, Vicar Apostolic.⁷ Bishop Lamy in turn, anxious to have by him a friend to whom he could turn for advice amid the baffling conditions likely to arise in an unfamiliar country, asked Father Machebeuf to accompany him to New Mexico in the capacity of Vicar General.

Circumstances made it desirable for Bishop Lamy and his Vicar General to journey to Santa Fe by the rather unusual route of New Orleans, San Antonio and El Paso. Arriving at Santa Fe, August 8, 1851, the two missionaries found work aplenty awaiting them. New Mexico had formerly been a part of the Diocese of Durango in Old Mexico, and although the bishop of that See had visited Santa Fe on two occasions, the distance from the episcopal city made effective administration difficult. This together with the political unrest of the decades immediately preceding had left the way open for disorders to arise which it was the duty of Bishop Lamy and his Vicar General to suppress.

For the next nine years Father Machebeuf performed a work in New Mexico second only to that of the Bishop himself, and in the absence of that prelate the administration of the entire diocese devolved upon him. From Santa Fe where he was pastor during his early years in the Southwest, he occasionally visited the outlying missions. Once a month he journeyed to Albuquerque. When conditions finally demanded a strong hand at Albuquerque he was assigned there permanently as pastor. It would be interesting to review Father Machebeuf's activities during his years in New Mexico, but it must suffice here to observe that they were but fresh demonstrations of the zeal and energy he displayed in northern Ohio. These labors however were multiplied in accordance with the larger field of action and the more compelling nature of the needs. But in addition these were years of more immediate preparation for the particular conditions he was to meet in Colorado. In June, 1858, Bishop Lamy recalled him from Albuquerque and installed him as pastor of the Cathedral at Santa Fe, and it was from here that he set out for the Pike's Peak country.

⁶*Ibid.*, 149-150.

⁷The Vicariate Apostolic of New Mexico was erected into a diocese by the Holy See, July 29, 1853. See Donald C. Shearer, O.M.Cap., *Pontificia Americana: A Documentary History of the Catholic Church in the United States (1784-1884)*, (Washington, 1933), 287-289. In 1875 it was made an archdiocese, *Ibid.*, 364-365.

Bishop Machebeuf later asserted that he first heard of Pike's Peak when he was visiting the missions of Arizona in the summer of 1859.⁸ When he and Father John B. Raverdy set out from Santa Fe for Colorado in September, 1860, they made their way north through a country little known to them. At Pueblo they found a few Mexican families and attended to their spiritual needs. From Pueblo they went on to Colorado City, where for the first time they met the goldseekers. About October 20th they arrived at Denver, then a town of some three thousand people and a Catholic population of about two hundred souls. The church building was only partially constructed and work on it had ceased.⁹ Giving what he could of his own funds and stimulating the people to renewed zeal, Father Machebeuf resumed work on the church, which was sufficiently advanced to permit of the celebration of Mass on Christmas Day, 1860.¹⁰

As soon as the organization of the parish at Denver was under way Father Machebeuf left its care to Father Raverdy and started out on a missionary tour of the chief mining camps. Arapahoe City, Golden City, and Central City, along with the lesser camps in the vicinity, were visited in turn. The first Sunday he said Mass at Central City he had a congregation of about two hundred. Within a relatively short time he had learned the location of most of his parishioners, scattered throughout the various camps. This done he reduced his missionary visitations to order and inaugurated systematic tours of the various camps—trips which frequently lasted for weeks at a time. A particular difficulty experienced at that time was the readiness with which new towns were established around recently discovered mining sites, and the equal alacrity with which they were abandoned. Hence it was frequently impossible for the missionary to undertake the organization of parishes or the construction of churches. For the same reason it was necessary for him to revise repeatedly his missionary itinerary in order to attend to the people at each new camp established. Father Howlett, drawing on an experience of many years of missionary labor in these localities, graphically reconstructs these journeys:

"Each fresh trip for him was longer than the last, and a single trip was sufficient only for one section. Thus, a trip in

⁸Howlett, *op. cit.*, 288.

⁹*Ibid.*, 289.

¹⁰This church was at the crossing of F and Stout Streets, and F Street, or Fifteenth as it was later called, was a well-traveled thoroughfare, for it was where the Cherry Creek road led in from the South, and also where a large portion of the traffic entered the city from the East. . . . Howlett, *op. cit.*, 304. The original church was of brick, 30x46 feet, at the back of which Father Machebeuf built a wooden building, 12x30 feet, which he used as a dwelling for ten years. Around the dwelling he planted flowers and vegetables and dug a well. Father Machebeuf was one of the earliest advocates of irrigation in Colorado.

the Boulder section would mean Gold Hill, Caribou, Ward District, and might be extended as far as Cache-la-Poudre. A trip to the camps around Central City would include Fall River, Spanish Bar and adjacent districts, and a trip to the South Park meant the Tarryall district with Buckskin Joe, Fairplay, etc., and a possible run over the range into Breckenridge, or it might be diverted around by Trout Creek and up the Arkansas through various camps to Cache Creek, Dayton, and the Colorado, Iowa and California gulches, and even beyond. Then again, there were the trips towards the south to Colorado City, Pueblo, Canon City and the Mexican settlements.¹¹

Under such conditions church-building was slow work, but at Denver and Central City buildings were soon provided.

As early as March, 1864, Father Machebeuf purchased a large frame building on a tract of land between E and F Streets on California Street in Denver, and in June installed there four Sisters of Loretto who had come from Santa Fe to open what is known at the present time as St. Mary's Academy.¹² It was his intention at this time to do something also for the education of boys, and he hoped to persuade the Benedictines of Atchison, Kansas, to open a college in Denver. Arrangements could not be completed however, and the project did not materialize until the Jesuits opened the College of the Sacred Heart, now Regis College, in 1888.

As placer mining gradually became less profitable, altered conditions began to prevail in Father Machebeuf's mission territory. Some of the old mining areas, such as those along the Arkansas River, declined in population. People were still doubtful of the profits of quartz mining. On the other hand the agricultural population of Colorado was steadily increasing.

"Golden City, Mount Vernon, Morrison and Bradford were the nearer missions, and Marshall, Boulder City and the fertile valley of the Boulder, the Big Thompson and the Cache-la-Poudre had their scattered Catholic families. There was also the Smith Settlement on the Platte, and other stations on Cherry and Plum Creeks, and in the Bijou Basin. Towards the south were Colorado City, Pueblo and Canon City, and farther away the Mexicans were locating on the Purgatoire, or Las Animas River, the Cucharas, the Huerfano and the Greenhorn, and as intermediate stations came Joe Doyle's, Zan Hicklin's, Dotson's, etc., and Fort Reynolds with many others were shortly added to the number. In the extreme south the town of Trinidad was growing up and needed attention. . . . Settlers also, especially from New

¹¹Howlett, *op. cit.*, 295.

¹²The history of the Sisters of Loretto in Colorado is treated in considerable detail in Sister Mary Lilliana Owens' *The History of the Sisters of Loretto in the Trans-Mississippi West*, MS., St. Louis University Library, Ch. VIII.

Mexico, were gradually going up the San Luis valley, and these would soon need more attention than could be given to them from Conejos."¹³

With the sustained migration of Americans to Colorado it became very apparent that the Mexican settlers in the southern part of the territory would constitute but a very small portion of the population. Railroad construction was pushing on towards Colorado and would further link the territory to the East and North. The ecclesiastical authorities saw that under such conditions the Church in Colorado could not continue to be supplied to the fullest success with priests from a diocese and territory whose civilization and culture were Spanish rather than English. Accordingly the Fathers of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1866, petitioned Rome to establish Colorado into a separate vicariate, and proposed Father Machebeuf for Vicar Apostolic.¹⁴ Their request was granted. The brief establishing the Vicariate Apostolic of Colorado and Utah was issued March 3, 1868,¹⁵ and on the 16th of the same month Father Machebeuf was appointed Vicar Apostolic.

After a retreat at the Trappist monastery of Our Lady of Gethsemane, Kentucky, Father Machebeuf was consecrated bishop at Cincinnati by Archbishop Purcell, Sunday, August 16, 1868. Three days later he began his return journey to Colorado.

Bishop Machebeuf's work as Vicar Apostolic was carried on with the same vigor and under the same difficulties as had characterized his years as a simple priest. He was now a missionary bishop, traveling the length and breadth of his extensive vicariate comprising the two territories of Colorado and Utah, administering Confirmation and looking after the needs of the Church. In less than a month after his return from the East he set out on a missionary tour of eight weeks which carried him to the southern limits of Colorado. Ten days after returning to Denver he started out once more, this time for Salt Lake. During the first half year of his episcopate he made a complete visitation of his vicariate, traveling over twenty-six hundred miles.¹⁶

In May, 1869, Bishop Machebeuf left for Europe, bent upon securing additional ecclesiastical laborers for his vicariate. The close of the year found him back in Denver, his staff of priests somewhat augmented as a result of his European visit.

The remaining years of his episcopate were full years. The completion of the railroad as far as Denver in 1870 led to a decided increase in the population of the Territory, and as these new im-

¹³Howlett, *op. cit.*, 319.

¹⁴Shearer, *op. cit.*, 336; Howlett, *op. cit.*, 334-339.

¹⁵Shearer, *op. cit.*, 336-337.

¹⁶This itinerary and some of the details of the visitation are given in Howlett, *op. cit.*, 347-352.

migrants were for the most part not brought by the mirage of riches to be quickly acquired but came rather to establish homes and identify themselves permanently with the progress of the commonwealth, the Vicar Apostolic was compelled to make additional efforts to expand his still scanty corps of clergy. Increased calls for spiritual assistance came with the years and Bishop Machebeuf continued with characteristic energy to meet them to the best of his ability. He was relieved of the care of Utah in 1871 when Archbishop Alemany of San Francisco undertook to care for that territory, but there was plenty of work in Colorado to engage his zeal.

"The transfer of Utah brought the return of a priest, Father John Foley, from Salt Lake City to Denver, and with him as pastor, Bishop Machebeuf organized the mission of Georgetown, which had hitherto been attended only occasionally from Central City or Denver. This was the second parish outside of Denver in the northern half of the diocese to receive a resident priest, and Golden City followed next, when Father McGrath was sent there in the spring of 1872.

"In the southern part of the diocese the parishes on the Conejos, the Culebra and Cucharas rivers were growing, and Trinidad was so flourishing that, in 1870, a convent and school was established by the Sisters of Charity of Cincinnati. At the end of 1871 Bishop Machebeuf had eight priests laboring among the Spanish missions of the south, and five among the English speaking Catholics in the northern half of the diocese. . . . He had also four young men studying for the Colorado missions—Henry Robinson at Cape Girardeau, almost ready for ordination; Nicholas C. Matz at Cincinnati, one in Minnesota, and another at Bardstown, Kentucky. The Convent of Loretto had twelve Sisters. . . .

"There were still many small settlements and mining camps outside of these missions, which were attended from Denver, and the more distant and difficult of them were generally attended by Bishop Machebeuf himself."¹⁷

The growth of Denver in the years following the coming of the railroads justified the establishment of new parishes and institutions of charity and education. In 1873 the Sisters of Charity of Leavenworth, Kansas, came to the city to establish St. Joseph's Hospital. The St. Vincent de Paul Society was organized to assist the needy. St. Vincent's Orphanage was opened in 1882, and in 1888 the Jesuits established the College of the Sacred Heart.

The year 1887 was memorable in the later years of the Bishop's life. By Papal Brief of August 16th, Colorado was advanced from the status of a Vicariate to that of a Diocese—the Diocese of Denver—and the pioneer missionary became canonically Bishop of

Denver. In the same year Father Nicholas C. Matz was appointed coadjutor with the right of succession to Bishop Machebeuf. The appointment of a coadjutor was not tantamount to Bishop Machebeuf's retirement from active work. The growing state offered plenty of opportunities for the zeal of the two bishops. The direction of and responsibility for the diocese still reposed with Bishop Machebeuf, but there were many duties which he could delegate to the coadjutor.

The death of his old friend, Archbishop Lamy, on February 13, 1888, was a severe blow to Bishop Machebeuf. At the funeral he ventured the statement that he would be next. Yet for another year he carried on the duties of his ministry. Death came to him rather suddenly, July 10, 1889, at St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Denver, where in his later years he was accustomed to retire from time to time for a brief rest. No church building in Denver could contain the multitude that sought to do him honor in death, and after the funeral Mass at the Cathedral on July 16, the body was taken to the grounds of St. Mary's Academy, where under an immense canvas awning, the funeral sermon was preached by the famous pulpit orator, Father Hugh Magevney.

¹⁷*Ibid.*, 368.

The Site of the Murder of the Hungate Family by Indians in 1864

ELMER R. BURKEY*

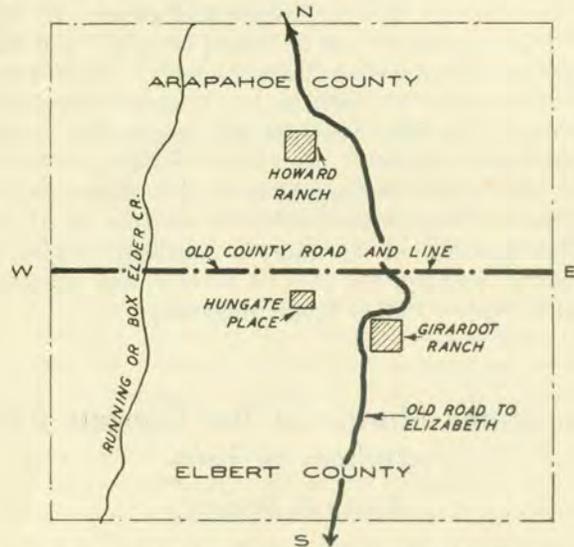
On June 15, 1864, the inhabitants of Denver and vicinity were shocked by the news that the Hungate family, living about thirty miles southeast of Denver, had been murdered by Indians.

The *Denver Commonwealth*, in June, 1864, carried stories of the incident, stating that the ranch on which the Hungate family lived was owned by Mr. Isaac P. Van Wormer and that the bodies of the victims were being brought to Denver and would be put on exhibition. This sad occurrence, together with the publicity which was given it, greatly aroused the temper of the people and aided materially in bringing on the Indian wars of 1864 to 1866 and the much-discussed Sand Creek battle.

While many accounts have been written concerning the incident, the exact location of the spot where the Hungates lived has not heretofore been definitely fixed. The present writer was delegated by the State Historical Society of Colorado to determine, if possible, the exact location of the tragedy.

*Mr. Burkey has been employed during the past year as a Research Worker for the State Historical Society.—ED.

Through the kindly aid of Mrs. Frederic C. Krauser, regent of Peace Pipe chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, he was enabled to obtain interviews and get much valuable information from the daughters of Mr. Van Wormer, who are residents of Denver, and especially from Mrs. Ruth V. W. Oettinger, one of the elder daughters of Mr. Van Wormer. The information they supplied not only establishes the spot where the house stood in which the Hungate family had lived, but also gives other facts in connection with the incident.



LOCATION OF THE HUNGATE MURDER.

Mrs. Oettinger says that her father, soon after coming to Denver in 1859, took up a ranch which bordered on Running Creek, built a house and other buildings and stocked the ranch with cattle, horses, hogs, chickens, etc. He hired Mr. Ward Hungate to run the ranch for him. Mr. and Mrs. Hungate were a young couple having only two children, beautiful, golden-haired girls.

On the day that the tragedy occurred, Mr. Hungate and his hired man, a Mr. Miller, were out looking after the stock, when from a high point several miles from the ranch they saw that the ranch buildings were in flames and suspected that Indians were responsible. Mr. Miller sought escape by riding toward Denver and urged Mr. Hungate to do the same, telling him that if he attempted to go to the aid of his family the Indians would kill him. Mr. Hungate, however, did not heed the warning and returned to the ranch to see what had become of his family.

Through Mr. Miller the news reached Denver, and Van Wormer started at once alone with his team and wagon for the ranch, not being able to get anyone to accompany him. On arriving at the scene he found the mutilated body of Mr. Hungate some distance from the house. More than eighty bullets, Mr. Van Wormer said, had entered the body. The buildings had been burned and the stock driven away. In a shallow well near the house Mr. Van Wormer found the bodies of Mrs. Hungate and the two children. From all indications, the Indians, after having killed Mrs. Hungate and the children, had mutilated their bodies, bound them together and thrown them into the well. According to the story as told by Van Wormer to Mrs. Oettinger, no member of the family had been scalped. It was Mr. Van Wormer who brought the bodies into Denver.

Early in Mrs. Oettinger's school life she was required to write a composition about this incident and asked her father to give her the details of this sad event, and in this manner she was enabled to know of the facts as her father related them. About the year 1896 Mr. Van Wormer, accompanied by Mrs. Oettinger, visited the place where the Hungates had lived, at which time he again related the above facts to his daughter and also pointed out the exact spot where the house and the well had been located.

After the Hungate murder Mr. Van Wormer allowed the ranch to revert back to the government. He never attempted to get anyone to live on the ranch or to restock the same, nor was he reimbursed by the government for the loss of property and cattle. This ranch later came into the possession of Mr. Frank Girardot, and it is still known as the Girardot ranch.

Mr. Hugh Howard, living at 346 Acoma Street, Denver, also gives many facts concerning the murder of the Hungate family, which serve to verify those given by Mrs. Oettinger. Mr. Howard says that his father, David Howard, was one of the first settlers on Running Creek, and had lived for many years on a ranch immediately north of the Van Wormer ranch—or the Girardot ranch, as it is now known—the north line of Elbert County being the dividing line between the two ranches.

Mr. Hugh Howard had, as a boy, played about the ruins of the Van Wormer house and well, and became very familiar with the facts surrounding the killing of the Hungate family as told him by his father, who had moved to his ranch only a few months after the incident had occurred and who had therefore the opportunity of becoming well acquainted with the facts.

On January 9, 1935, the writer, accompanied by Mrs. Ruth Oettinger, Mr. Hugh Howard, and Mr. Chauncey Thomas, made a trip to the Girardot ranch for the purpose of definitely locating

the place where the house stood in which the Hungate family had lived. Mrs. Oettinger and Mr. Howard had no difficulty in finding the exact location of the former house and the well in which the bodies of Mrs. Hungate and the children had been found. The place is at a point about one thousand yards east of the bridge where the north line of Elbert County crosses Running Creek, now commonly known as Box Elder Creek, and about one hundred yards south of the county line. It is approximately one-fourth of a mile due south of the David Howard home and approximately one thousand feet northwest of the house built by Mr. Girardot. The location of the well can be easily determined by the unnatural depression of the land and by the presence of dark reddish stones and other rubbish.

terror to their fears. No nearer atrocities ever occurred, however, and gradually the people became reconciled to remain in their homes to pursue their means of livelihood.

Friendly Utes came often to camp along Cherry Creek, and I recall vividly seeing old Chief Washington with his tribe—and Colorow was a visitor on one occasion. These Indians were always a source of much interest and some apprehension, although I do not remember that they ever molested anyone.

After they had broken camp and departed the settlers would visit the spot, looking for arrowheads and other possible souvenirs. On one occasion they found an aged squaw who had been left behind to die, as that was often their custom. The outraged citizens, including my father and Horatio Foster, loaded the poor

History of the Twenty-Mile House on Cherry Creek

EDITH PARKER LOW*

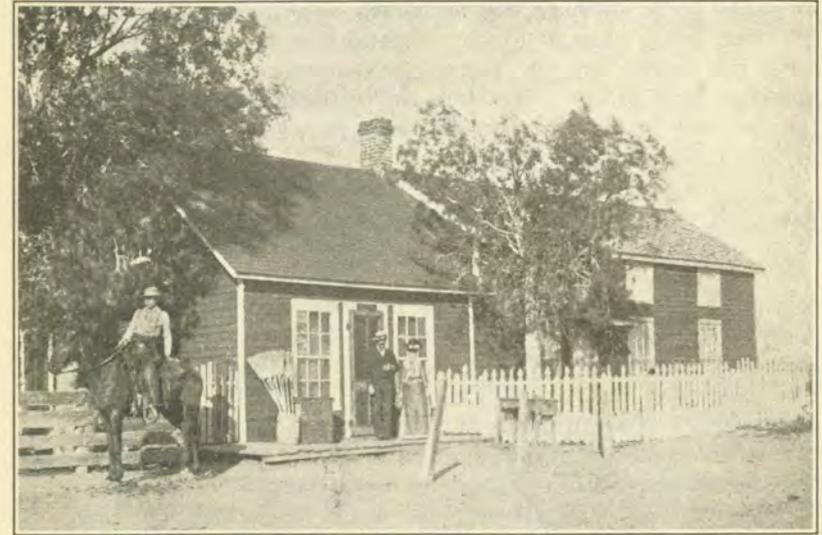
My first recollection of a house is the old Twenty-Mile House, a long, low building with a sloping roof at the back, with two large cottonwood trees at the north end and one on the west. These old trees were landmarks.

The office was a good-sized room with an immense double fire-place which served to heat both this room and the parlor.

A hall running full length had bedrooms on either side, and in the half-story upstairs were bedrooms for travelers. Dining room and kitchen were at the back, with an underground cellar, and another cellar or cave just back of the kitchen door. The house is still standing, and may be seen on the right as one approaches Parker from the north.

To this place came my parents, Mr. and Mrs. James S. Parker, in September, 1870—moving from Kiowa, where I was born. They had previously moved from Lake Station where they had met, and had gone to housekeeping after being married at Fort Wallace by the Adjutant of the Fort. The Twenty-Mile House became a well-known and popular hostelry, and travelers from near and far made it their stopping place.

Indian scares were frequent in those early years and many times settlers from the scattered ranches drove in to our home for protection, thinking possibly there would be safety in numbers. The Hungate massacre was fresh in the minds of all and added



THE TWENTY-MILE HOUSE IN 1891.

old woman into a wagon and proceeded to follow and overtake the tribe, and handed back the ancient souvenir. Perhaps they left her at their next camping place, but we never knew.

Court was held in Kiowa, and the Judge, Counsel, prisoners and guards always stopped over night with us going and coming, as we were just halfway between Denver and Kiowa. It made much excitement, especially for younger members of the family, as the prisoners, with clanking chains on their legs, took their seats in the dining room. A terrific March blizzard held the whole court snow-bound at Kiowa at one time, and when they were

*Mrs. Low is a daughter of Mr. Parker, former proprietor of the Twenty-Mile House, and for whom the town of Parker is named. She lives in Denver today. This story was obtained through James Harvey, working for the State Historical Society.—Ed.

finally able to break through the drifts nearly the entire party became snow-blind.

Among various guests who had stopped for dinner on one occasion was a man who kept a small black silk cap on his head. We were told that he had been scalped in an Indian raid, escaping with his life—something quite unusual.

A fugitive murderer graced our table one day and was captured later up on the Divide near Monument. It was said he was betrayed by a friend. This caused much discussion, as there were some who took sides with the murderer. Feeling ran high in those pioneer days and men did not hesitate to express themselves.

The slow-moving ox trains, loaded with lumber from the saw-mills farther south, were always a source of interest. My father operated a blacksmith shop in connection with the hotel, and these oxen had to be shod, as well as horses. The process was different, however, as the oxen had to be suspended in the air by means of a wide belt which swung from a four-posted scaffolding and was operated by a pulley. Mexicans drove these teams, as a rule, and they usually had a goat or two riding on top of the load in order to have milk supplies convenient.

By the time I had reached school age my father realized there was need of a schoolhouse. Consequently he donated a building, furnished it with desks, and gave the teacher room and board for the first year. This was the first school in that district. The family then consisted of my two younger brothers and two half-sisters—children of my mother by her former marriage. Ground for the Parker cemetery was also donated by my generous father. The postoffice was called Pine Grove originally, but was later changed to Parker in honor of my father, as he served thirty-three consecutive years as postmaster. Mail service consisted of a weekly trip, north and south, by stage line from Denver to other points.

The Twenty-Mile House came nearly being destroyed by fire, in the winter of 1870, as heat from the kitchen stove ignited the shingles of the low roof. A bucket brigade was quickly formed, with Albert Shore, a powerful young man and brother of Isaac Shore, who still resides in Denver, drawing the water by buckets from the thirty-foot well and passing it hand over hand until it reached those stationed on the roof, who in a short time had the fire under control.

With the coming of the railroad, in 1881, the popularity of the old hotel began to wane, as travelers used that means of transportation instead of the slower method.

In January, 1910, the place was sold and my father moved to Denver, where he died in December of that year. His death meant the passing of a fine and outstanding citizen.

The First Insurance Company Chartered in the Colorado Region

FREDERIC WILLIAMS*

An interesting bit of early insurance history in what is now the State of Colorado has been brought to light from the rare volume of the *Laws of Jefferson Territory*, reposing in the library of the State Historical Society.

Mr. Max S. Schayer, a prominent Denver local agent, unearthed this early enactment and presented a copy of it to the Rocky Mountain Fire Underwriters Association. The law was passed by the General Assembly of Jefferson Territory, a political entity that preceded the creation of Colorado Territory.

The pioneers of the Pike's Peak gold country considered themselves too far removed from the seats of existing governments to be adequately protected and governed and so set about to establish a government of their own. Jefferson Territory embraced all of present Colorado and liberal strips of Utah and Wyoming. The Territorial government was duly established in 1859. The Legislature assembled and enacted the laws needed for the government of the new gold country. Among the laws passed and signed by Governor Robert W. Steele was the following interesting enactment:

“AN ACT for the incorporation of the Denver Mutual Insurance Company.

“Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Provisional Government of the Territory of Jefferson, the Governor approving:—That R. B. Bradford, D. P. Wallingford, Amos Steck, E. W. Cobb, William Davidson, Jones & Cartright, Hunt & Clark, M. D. Hickman, H. H. McAfee, together with their legal successors, shall be and are hereby incorporated and created a body politic and corporate, under the style of the Denver Mutual Insurance Company, and shall have power to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded, contract debts, and hold credits, purchase, hold and sell real estate, and other property, and to have corporate seal and device.

“Sec. 2. The said company shall have power to carry on a general insurance business, to issue such insurance policies upon such terms or rates of premiums as the company may deem proper and to receive deposits of money and precious metals at such rates as the company may prescribe. Provided, that this act shall not be so con-

*Mr. Williams, a new member of the Society, is in the insurance business in Denver and has interested himself in the historical development of insurance.—Ed.

strued as to allow said company to issue bank bills or other evidence of indebtedness to circulate as money.

"Sec. 3. The capital stock of the company shall be fifty thousand dollars, which the company may increase to five hundred thousand dollars, to be divided into shares of one hundred dollars each. Provided, that no member or stockholder in said company shall own more than three thousand dollars of the capital stock of said company.

"Sec. 4. The company shall have power to elect such officers and prescribe such rules and regulations for its government as may be thought proper. Provided, that no act may be performed by such company or its officers which is contrary to the constitution and laws of the United States and the Organic Act, and the laws of the Territory of Jefferson.

"Sec. 5. The stockholders shall be individually liable to the amount of their respective shares of stock, for all the debts of the company.

"Sec. 6. The principal office of the company shall be located at Denver City, and the company may establish branches for insurance at any points in the Territory. Provided, such branches shall be under the control of the main office, and the business therein transacted shall be regularly reported to the main office as the rules of the company may direct.

"Sec. 7. The company shall hold its charter and the rights and privileges under such charter, for the term of ten years from the passage of this act. Provided, that the Legislative bodies hereafter exercising the legislative power of this Territory, shall have power to amend the same. And provided further, that nothing in this act shall be construed as a prohibition to any persons from engaging in the insurance business at any point in the Territory, at such time as they see proper.

"Approved December 7th, 1859."

We commend this law for its brevity, clarity and completeness of purpose. It is interesting to note that while this was a mutual insurance company, it provided for a \$50,000 capital which might be increased to \$500,000, but it safeguarded any control of this company by an individual or small group by stipulating that no one person could hold over \$3,000 worth of capital stock. Refreshing is the idea of stockholder's individual responsibility.

The powers granted the company were extremely broad, as it could do a general insurance business and issue insurance policies "upon such terms or rates of premium as the company may deem proper."

Evidently the legislature believed that the insurance company knew better what it should charge for policies issued than the gov-

ernment did, so we do not find any reference to "Rate Regulation Acts," "Standard Policy Laws," or other refinements which have since come into the legislative procedure.

This company could also receive deposits of moneys and precious metals, giving it a semi-banking authority, but it was definitely prohibited from issuing any evidences of indebtedness which circulate as money.

The principal office of the company was to be at Denver City but the company was permitted to establish agencies or branches throughout the territory. It was given charter rights for a period of ten years, but it was further stipulated that these rights should not be exclusive and should not prohibit any other persons from engaging in the insurance business.

Unfortunately, the history of the operations of this company seem to be lost and apparently it did not outlive its charter life of ten years. However, it is without doubt the first charter issued to an insurance company in the territory now comprised in the State of Colorado.

Pioneering in Southwestern Colorado

As told by FRED TAYLOR to ANNA FLORENCE ROBISON*

I was born in 1860 at Lee's Summit, Jackson County, Missouri. In 1872 my father moved out on the plains of Nebraska. Many Southern people moved away from Missouri after the Civil War. They came to New Mexico and Colorado and Texas. I had my schooling at Lee's Summit where I was born, and in 1904 the old school house where I attended was still standing. The grasshoppers caused my father to leave Nebraska, and I came back to Missouri.

I knew I was not getting enough for what I was able to do, so I came to Canon City, Colorado, where I thought I had a brother. I was twenty-two years old when I arrived there the fifteenth of February, 1882. But my brother was over on the Western Slope. I was one of five men with a spring wagon and twenty head of horses snowed in the winter of 1882 near Cumbres Station. We were caught in a blizzard. We had only overshoes. We had to thaw out our shoes in the mornings over a fire. The canyon was full of snow. Some of the white spruces were seventy-five feet tall, and we cut the tops out of them. We were there two weeks before we got out and down to Chama, New Mexico. We had food, though, and slept later on in the section house.

*Miss Robison, of Dolores, Colorado, obtained this interview while working on the Historical Society's C.W.A. Project of 1934.

I came over to Durango and worked on the La Plata, Pine River, Beaver Creek, and Piedra the summer of 1882. My job played out, so I came over on the Dolores and hired to the L. C. outfit, September 15, 1882. Jim and Bill Brumley were running the L. C. cattle—five thousand head—and they had two cowboys riding for them. I rode for various persons until I was married in 1888 to Marie Simon, down at the old log cabin at the Simon place. All of the cowboys from the Blue Mountains and all around were there. And all who were not at the wedding were at the dance Al Nunn gave that night for us.

I was twenty-eight then and my wife was twenty-six. She had taken up a homestead in the valley, and we lived there after our marriage for a while. La Grange, who promoted the Number Two ditch company, suggested to Marie that she should take up the land there because the company he represented planned to put a town in that vicinity. Later the company bought three forties of her homestead for twelve hundred dollars, and she retained one forty for herself. But the town did not materialize because the No. 1 and No. 2 companies consolidated with S. W. Carpenter, later of Mancos, at the head. The consolidated company gave up the townsite of the No. 2 company and went in with the Town Company that promoted Cortez. S. W. Carpenter had the place where Lichters have lived for a good many years (owned by a Dr. Black of Pueblo now, I believe) and had what was a fine house for the place and time. He demanded a great deal of respect and had a private as well as public approach to his house.

In 1890 we built the good log house on the homestead. The lumber we used came from the Blatchford mill just east of Summit Reservoir. He owed me ten thousand feet of lumber, but on account of the mud, I had a very hard time getting enough to put a roof and floor in that house. A fine fat team could haul only three logs. It was quite a struggle, but we had a good time all the same. It is better to laugh at your troubles than cry over them. Our two oldest children, Mrs. Lee Blackmer and Ben Taylor, were born in that house on the homestead. We have two besides: Mrs. Ruth Doyle and Mrs. Lillian Cox of Long Beach.

I planted an orchard and shade trees and planned to build a better house some day on that homestead. But we moved to the Simon place later on and later went to Mancos and McElmo Canon instead.

My wife's father, Louis Simon, came to Kansas in 1855 with a French colony which had lived in Indiana. They colonized again about forty miles west of Atchison, and the colony is still there and doing well. Louis Simon had been a leading citizen and well-to-do, but some slick Frenchman persuaded him to put his money into a

big flour mill, and it broke him. When he came to Lake City in 1878, he was an old man who had lost all he had. When things in Lake City went to pieces, the Simon family drifted to the Dolores country. They lived the first summer above the present Dolores and later down below present McPhee. Louis Simon filed on the first place in Montezuma Valley in 1880 or 1881. William Woolley filed just a little later, and Mr. Hartman, Frank's and Lillian's stepfather, had a place on Hartman Gulch. Ten or fifteen miles in those days was close for neighbors. Mr. Simon had five daughters: Lydia (Mrs. Barlow), Rachel (Mrs. Dickerson), Marie (my wife), Elizabeth (Mrs. Matt Hammond), and Sarah. Marie worked in other people's kitchens and put Sarah through college and helped to care for the old folks. She learned to be independent, too. One time she forded the Dolores when it was high and carried a single shovel plow before on the saddle.

The first religious service held on the Dolores was in the fall of 1882, and the place was the ranch of W. H. Brumley, on which I was working for a cow outfit. A young chap named Sarver from Durango held the services, and it was the first preaching he ever did. He was only about twenty-one or twenty-two. He had not been getting enough to eat, and he looked hungry. Marie Simon and one of her sisters rode up to Brumley's to attend the services, and I helped them to alight from their side saddles. Marie looked good to me then, and she still looks good.

Speaking of winters, the winter of '83 was much like this one (1933-34). On March 20, 1883, the range cattle—ten or fifteen thousand head of them—went up to the hills themselves. The grass was green in the Montezuma Valley. The season was six weeks earlier than usual, and there were no bad late freezes. There was a pretty summer. That was a remarkable year, and I have waited fifty years to see another.

The winter of 1879 was a hard one—perhaps as bad or worse than the famous winter of '84, for all freight had to come from Alamosa then. They packed flour from Santa Fe, New Mexico to Animas City on burros and sold it out for a dollar a pound. My brother was there, and that's what he had to pay.

On February 10, 1884, after a very mild early winter, it began to storm, and it snowed very hard for five days and nights. The storm continued through most of March and into April, and the railroad into Durango was blocked for six weeks. Many people just didn't have things they needed very bad. There was very high water, and on June 10th, during round-up time, there was a little blizzard blowing.

In those days Dr. Winters of Durango was much like Dr. Johnson of Cortez in the present day (1934). And we thought as much

of him. He came on horseback or in a buggy. If it was a hurry-up case, they'd have a relay of horses or rigs along the road for him, and he'd make pretty good time. A visit would be fifty to a hundred dollars. Later Dr. Landon from Rico used to come down the Dolores River when needed. People didn't need a doctor quite so readily in those days, though, as they do now.

Once I got kicked on the nose by a broncho, and I just slammed it into place and held snow to it. The snow melted like water, and I couldn't see when I rode home. Nowadays a person would have been in the hospital after that accident, but I recovered from it with no bad results, conditions being as they were.

The first man buried on the Dolores River was Dick May. I have a pocketbook which he had on him when he was killed in 1881. His brother, George May, gave the pocketbook to Chris Wilkerson, and after his death, Carl Wilkerson (his son) gave it to me. (He showed me the pocketbook at this point. It is a folding affair for holding bills and almost new, so that it is hard to realize that it was purchased fifty-three or more years ago. In it is neatly lettered in ink: "R. W. May, deceased. Killed by Indians 1st day of May 1881." In it also is the signature of Wm. M. May, Dolores, La Plata County, Colorado. He was, according to Mr. Taylor, a civil engineer and a fine old man. According to the List of Men in Old La Plata County, Dick May was 41 or 42 years of age when he was killed and Wm. M. May 45 or 46, according to whether the list was made in 1877 or 1878.) Dick May went out west to where a man named Thurman was camped half a mile this side of the Utah line with horses belonging to Alderson. A young tenderfoot named Smith was with Dick May, who made the trip for the purpose of buying horses. Probably Dick May had from six hundred to a thousand dollars in bills in that pocketbook, and the Indians got all of it and probably what money Thurman doubtless had on him as well. The Indians went to Moab, Utah, and had an abundance of twenty-dollar bills, anyhow.

Thurman was established at what is known as Burnt Cabin since the killing. As near as could be found out, the Indians were angry with Thurman because he had whipped one or two of them for taking saddle horses. They killed him out where he had gone after the horses. May and Smith had not done anything to the Indians at all. They just happened to be there and were killed. There were a great many brass shells lying near May's body when it was found, showing that he had known his danger and had time to put up a good fight. After killing May, the Indians set fire to the cabin, evidently. There was a lot of oats in sacks stored in the cabin, and when the sacks burned from around the oats, they spread down over May's body and covered most of it, keeping it from burning. The pocketbook was on him when he was found.

Pat and Mike O'Donnell had a camp at Willow Springs not far away. They sent a man over to Thurman's cabin to borrow some baking powder and found the cabin burned and the dead man lying among the ruins. They came to Big Bend and reported it. As soon as they could, they got up a posse from Mancos, Rico, and Big Bend to go after those Indians. Bill Dawson, sheriff of Dolores County, got up a posse from Rico. There were several each from Mancos and the Dolores Valley. They took the Indians' trail. It was Mariana's band of Utes that did the killing. (He died at Mariana Springs here a few years ago. A tough hombre.—Mr. Taylor's interpolation.) The band of men followed the Indians to the south side of the Blue Mountains to the head of Indian Creek, but they were too far behind to catch up. They followed the Indians to the foot of the La Sal Mountains in Utah and there lost the trail for a while. The party split. They went on farther and struck the Indians' trail again. They followed them to the north side of the La Sal Mountains and caught up to them at a big, sandy sagebrush wash there.

Then the fight opened up. Thirteen of Dawson's men got down into a sandy arroyo. Bill Dawson sent an old-time Indian fighter, Uncle Tim Jenkins, to tell them to get out of that arroyo or the Indians would kill them right there. Uncle Tim said he did not like the job but went down into the arroyo on a pony while the Indians shot at him from the rim-rock. The thirteen men were scattered for a hundred rods or so up and down that arroyo, and he talked to them and explained to them that they would be killed if they remained where they were. But not one of them would try to come out, for they were paralyzed with fear. All thirteen of them were killed right there in that arroyo, and they were mostly shot in the head. Among them were the two Wilson boys, Mormons, from Moab, Utah, and Tom Click of the Dolores. Dave Willis from Mancos was shot before that, from his horse.

In that fight, Jordan Bean, of the Dolores Valley, was shot in the head but not killed. He crawled off in the oak brush that night, and he could hear the Indians hunting him from the place where he lay hid. Denby, a neighbor of Bean's on the Dolores, went over to the La Sal Mountains and hauled Jordan Bean home over no roads at all. This Denby was later killed by Jordan Bean's younger brother.

Later on Mrs. Willis, her brother, Roy Weston, Hi Barber, and Cal House went out and brought in the bodies of Dave Willis and Melvin for burial. Mrs. Willis, Roy, and Hugo Weston were the children of the elder Westons at Mancos.

Uncle Tim Jenkins had been a pony express rider and an Indian fighter on the plains in the early days. He was a little chap and weighed only about a hundred and ten pounds. I knew him

well, as he wintered with me one winter. His experience and mine of men in an Indian fight corresponds exactly. . . .

In 1884 in the Blue Mountains we were against the Indians in earnest. And the killers and the bad gunmen were the biggest cowards there when it came to a showdown. I had sat around cow camps for years and heard these men vocally kill Indians, but I noticed that they never really did it.

The trouble in 1884 started over a saddle horse that an Indian had and would not give up. A white man shot the Indian. He claimed that the Indian got well afterwards, but he did not. The horse belonged to a Mr. Hudson. After that Indian was killed, our outfit was out with three wagons south of the Blue Mountains where we had cattle which had not been worked for two years. The white men were afraid to try working them on account of the Indians. Charles Johnson, Sr., had turned a bunch loose there in 1879, and his had been worked very little. There were two or three more bunches of cattle in there also. We went in there in 1884 to brand calves, and the fighting started, and branding calves was all off for a while.

The first fight was on July 3, 1884. The Indians burned two wagons and got almost all of the saddle horses. The two wagons were loaded with grub hauled from Durango, and there were no roads at all. The Indians thought they had the cowboys hemmed in on the point. They had the upper trail blocked and supposed they had the lower one blocked also. I lost my horses, saddle, everything I had. I was completely afoot, and I had to go to Durango from the Blue Mountains and get a new outfit.

The Indians rode into the saddle horses and split the bunch. We corralled what was left. I was riding Sam Johnson's horse and rode up to the corral to see if I had any horse in it. I had. It was a white horse named White Cloud, a favorite of mine. I was standing near the bars of the corral. I told White Cloud the Indians wouldn't get him. I started to take the bars down to get him out when a shot struck White Cloud in the head and scattered horse brains all over me and the corral. I didn't know how many brains a horse had until I saw them scattered once.

When the fight came up, a one-armed man, Billy Wilson from Texas Panhandle, took charge of it. (The Comanches had shot off his arm. He used to trail cattle with Colonel Goodnight.) He saw in twenty minutes that the Indians had the white men whipped. We weren't prepared to fight Indians. We had twenty-one men and seven Winchesters, though most of the men had six-shooters. There were three wagons and a hundred head of saddle horses to the three outfits. We had our hands full. We went back to Durango and got new outfits.

Fort Lewis was a military post, and Captain Perine went out with eighty soldiers and forty cowboys. He followed the Indians over to White River Canyon, close to the Colorado River. We caught up with them about twenty miles below the Natural Bridges, but we knew nothing of such bridges then. Two of our men were killed: Joe Wormington, a government scout, and a cowby named Jimmie Higgins, but nicknamed Rowdy. He was from Oregon. He told me that he had buried his father thirty days after the Indians had killed him, and so he was crazy to kill all Indians, regardless. John Brewer had known his people in Oregon. Brewer had a dry ranch east of Cortez just south of where the Highline Ditch crosses the Mancos highway. He and his wife used to visit at Simons's. Jimmie Higgins had borrowed a Long Tom Needle Gun from Brewer, and he had it in his hands when he was killed.

Three government horses rolled to death over an embankment and we put packs on other animals in their stead before daylight in the morning. Henry Goodman of Moab, Utah, saved probably twenty men by going on ahead while we were repacking those horses and finding out before daylight where those Indians were. He reported to us where the Indians were and warned us that they could stand off a hundred men apiece from those rocks where they were hidden. Our party would have been going along the trail right where the Indians could mow us down handily. (Goodman is eighty-one years old now. I went to see him a year ago last fall.)

When daylight came, they held a pow wow. Captain Perine told Wormington, the scout, they'd all have to go back. Rowdy told the scout that he'd go up there under those rocks if the scout would. Wormington was out of sorts:

"I don't allow any damned man to back me out of anything," he said.

"Come on, then!" Rowdy shouted to him as he (Rowdy) whirled his horse and started up the hill toward the Indians. Wormington was right behind him. Captain Perine protested, but they kept right on going. They rode up a long way, then got off their horses and walked. It was just sun-up. When they were within easy range, the Indians shot. They shot Wormington in the first volley. And then Rowdy started to run, and they shot him. I saw it all as plain as could be.

Ted Carlyle, a big Englishman, who was with a cow outfit in the Blue Mountains, was looking at them through spy glasses. Just then a shot fell between his feet, and he turned a back-somersault and rolled down the hill. He was a huge man, and it was a funny sight had anyone been in the mood to appreciate it.

Most of the Indians' guns were of small calibre. But they had one 45-120, a buffalo gun, which it was claimed by some that Dave

Willis had when he was killed. They began shooting off that big old gun at us. The boys speculated upon what sort of a gun it was, for it sounded like a big firecracker in a barrel.

I was sleepy. A group of soldiers and cowboys was sitting near and a bullet hit. One man tried to find it, and just then another bullet hit near him and he fell and rolled over the rim-rock and on down below. He wasn't hurt. You could count five after the report from that old gun came before a bullet would strike. It would shoot a quarter of a mile. Since then, I have often seen that old gun at a trading store down near the Four Corners. We were sleepy, tired, and hungry in that dry desert country, but when that man rolled over the rim-rock that time, we laughed.

The men decided we could do nothing worth while with those Indians. There was a pool of water due to rain there. It was a foot deep, and it was all the water we had. I told the men we would have to cook a lot of bread while the water lasted. I made fifty pounds of flour into bread then and there, and we took out water for coffee. It was alkali water, but there were a hundred and twenty men, and the horses were thirsty. In three hours there was no water there.

We could do nothing with the Indians. Captain Perine saw that and he was discouraged. We thought we were surrounded, and we wanted to get out. So we got out. The Indians didn't try to stop us. We went around by the Blue Mountains and on home.

Mancos Jim was in charge of those Utes there. He died only four or five years ago, and he was a friend of mine.

The first postoffice on the Dolores was on the Crumley place two miles above present Dolores. Mrs. Crumley was postmistress. Then the office was moved to George Morton's at Big Bend. Charles Johnson, Sr., had the first store on the Dolores on his ranch where McPhee is now. George Bauer started a store at Big Bend and later sold to J. J. Harris and Company. I was in a way the cause of Harris's buying it. Harris was looking for a good location. He had moved from Mancos to across from Mitchell Springs. Tom and Joe Coppinger had a saloon there where Harris had the store, but there weren't many customers. One day I could not get something at Big Bend that I wanted, and I asked Bauer why he didn't keep a better stock at Big Bend. Bauer said he wanted to sell out his Bend store. When I came home from Durango, I suggested to John Harris that he go see Bauer's store at Big Bend. John Harris borrowed a work mule from Joe Coppinger and went up to Big Bend and bought Bauer out. Harris Brothers built up a big business there.

The first school taught on the Dolores was in charge of Lulu Swink, an old sweetheart of mine. She boarded at Morton's. They all chipped in and built a log school house there. I was a contributor to that venture. Not so many years ago, someone burned that old schoolhouse for wood.

The first man buried in the old cemetery at Dolores was Ben Quick, a cattleman. His horse threw him, and his hand was mashed and he died of blood poisoning.

The next man buried there was Jeg Hughes of Rico. He was thrown out of a wagon and his leg was broken so that he too died of blood poisoning. The first election was held at Grandpa Johnson's place on the river the fall of 1883. Grandpa Johnson had a store and sold whiskey by the quart, and a quart of it would make an ordinarily peaceable citizen want to kill anyone in sight. That election time the drinking bunch was around Johnson's for about a week, and Charles Johnson was afraid they would get to shooting in the direction of some of his valuable race horses and kill them. But they didn't. I knew there would be a great deal of drinking, so I voted early and started for Mancos on horseback. Jeg Hughes was one of five or six men in a wagon who were wildly drunk. Coming down the steep hill into the valley, you had to have good brakes to be safe. But these men were drunk enough that they threw their lines away and started down that steep hill without the brakes on, shooting and yelling. The horses naturally ran away, and the wagon went into a worm-log fence and upset.

Jeg Hughes's leg was broken, and it was the worst kind of a break. The bare bones were sticking out six inches. Four or five days later Dr. Landon of Rico set his leg. It was swelled up to several times natural size then. Jeg Hughes had no chloroform. He just sat on the bed and watched the doctor set the leg. He showed marvelous grit. The doctor wanted to take the leg off then.

"I can set your leg, but blood poisoning will kill you," he warned Hughes. Later on, when he saw how it was going, Hughes asked Dr. Landon to take his leg off.

"I can take your leg off, but I can't save your life," Dr. Landon told him. He died a little later on, and he was, as I said, the second man buried in the old Dolores cemetery.

As I came back from Mancos, I decided to go out to Cross Canon after that election drinking fest, and there were cowboys lying drunk along the road all the way out.

Genthners were new settlers in the country, and the Indians killed Mr. Genthner in revenge for the Beaver affair. It could not possibly have been anything he had personally done to the Indians, for Genthners lived off the trail they traveled, and very possibly the Indians that did the killing were the first Indians the Genthners had seen. Their house was south of where T. C. Bennett has lived in recent years and over the hill. The evening of the killing, Mr. Genthner heard the Indians outside and went to the door where they shot him. They shot Mrs. Genthner in the shoulder, but she took her children and went to the Simon place. The Indians set the Genthner house on fire. My wife's young sister Sarah went

over there and pulled Genthner's body out away from the smouldering house. She burned her face.

They came over from Dolores next day and took Mrs. Genthner over to Big Bend with her children. Dr. Winters came over from Durango and a veterinary doctor, a good young one, Dan Drake by name, came from Cross Canon and helped to fix that shoulder. Dan Drake was a good surgeon but didn't like it and turned cowboy. Mrs. Genthner got well and later went to California.

Doug Woolley and his father, William Woolley, lived near Genthners at that time. Probably Doug Woolley did go over to Big Bend to get help and men to bury Mr. Genthner. William Woolley was a Mexican war veteran and well educated and quite a politician. He used to come to see us often, and in his last years, I took him to Durango several times for treatment. He and Doug lived alone for a long time, but his second wife came from Kansas, and Doug left home and lived alone. He hid in the brush like a wild man. Doug Woolley is no crazier than the next person. He just pretends he is. I used to live as near to him as anyone and I used to help him haul grain. He would hide in the brush if he saw anyone coming and if you wanted to see him you had to slip up on him. But he is not crazy. (He is still living in 1934, a sort of hermit life.)

In the store at Big Bend, Mr. Ordway sold liquor. One night when he wanted to close up, some men in there were very drunk. They knew that he would put them out if ever he got his hands on them; so they sat in the room with a gun trained on him. Whenever he came near, they said they would kill him. They had their hats on one side of their heads and their hair over their faces. They were drunk enough to do anything. That was how they were spending their time when I dropped in coming from a dance. They knew me, so I began talking with them and finally suggested to them that they had better go home and go to bed. It struck them as a good idea, and they went when I did and Mr. Ordway closed up his store.

They divided the counties in 1889. Colonel Jim Hanna was the first representative in the legislature. Pearly Wasson was appointed sheriff, but Adam Lewey was the first elective sheriff. John White was the first elected treasurer and Frank Humble the first elective county clerk. Jim Giles was one of the first elected county commissioners.

Al Thompson, backed by Schafer of Durango, started the first store in Cortez. His stand was where Andy Hopper's is now. Guilletts bought him out later on. Ed Lamb had the first drugstore, and he later put in merchandise. The first doctor was young Dr. Williams.

The Cortez site was out on a hill above the ditch, and no one wanted it. Some Eastern people formed a town company and took the land up. The town company wanted to get water to Cortez; so they took eighty thousand dollars of money which should have gone into the ditches and built a flume more than three miles long to bring water to Cortez. The flume started at what was known later on as Smithville, where the Cortez lateral crosses the state highway now. The money which was to build the Highline Ditch went to build that flume. And the town company took this money without any authority from the people who put up the money for ditches. Then they ran short on money finishing the Highline Ditch because the Eastern people found out what had been done and shut off the money. George Stafford with a good grading outfit came in here from Wyoming to build the Highline. They never paid him a dollar on it, and it broke him. He took up a place a mile west and lived there for years, hoping to get his money, but he didn't, and he lived here until he gave it up and left poor. James Gawith came to the country with him.

The town company laid out the townsite and promoted Cortez. The man at the bottom of it was named Turner. Those Eastern people never fitted into the picture here.

Jim Hanna was the man who rustled the money to build the tunnel. He was a Colorado man, from Denver, and a good rough-and-tumble Western man. He was connected with the Number 1 Ditch. La Grange promoted the Number 2 Ditch, and his engineer's name was De Vall. They were the ones that had the townsite north and east of Cortez which was abandoned when the companies went together. There was never anything built on that site.

I was the first man to put sheep into this country. I broke the country for sheep, and now it is practically all sheep. When I first got rid of my cattle and got my sheep, they told me I would get rich with sheep if they didn't kill me off first. Well, I didn't get rich, and here I am yet. I ran sheep a long time, but I never started off with a bunch of them unless I knew ahead of time where I was going. In fact, I always have believed that if a person kept a civil tongue and followed the golden rule, he would get along.

In the cattle business, I bought cattle for \$17 a head from a man named Burns in Rio Arriba County, New Mexico. I ran cattle down near the Four Corners with Navajos on one side and Utes on the other. I lived alone. It was no place for a white man. The range played out. I sold my cattle eight years later with calves and bulls for ten dollars a head. All of the old-time cowmen who kept at it long enough went broke and were closed out.

I have had a good time so far, and I have no kick coming at life.