

## A Pied Piper Came to Central City

DORA LADD KEYES\*

In the early summer of 1940 I became one of "Central's Own" again. I had purchased the Collier-Fynn-Jenkins House on East First High Street and had re-named it the Ladd-Keyes House. The son of the seller, John Jenkins II, now Central's mayor, assured me that I was getting the oldest house in Central City. To see its freshly painted white siding now (this pioneer house and Maggie Ross's pioneer house on Eureka Street had always been painted white) one would never guess that under the siding are the sturdy logs that constituted the double cabin of David C. Collier, who built it in the early '60s, if not in '59. In 1941 I acquired the house next door, to the east, which appears in my copy of an old photograph of Central dated 1864. It had two upstairs-south windows then and had not yet acquired its delightful open porch and kitchen lean-to. I named it Trenoweth House, for the fine Cornish family whose home it had been for fifty years. But if I had previously borrowed and eagerly scanned the copies of the *Colorado Magazine* I would have chosen to call it Indiana Sopris Cushman House, honoring Colorado's first woman school teacher. Indiana owned the house from the middle '60s until 1884. She came to it

\*Mrs. Keyes has a home in Vancouver, Washington, but returns to her old home in Central City to spend her summers.—Ed.

as a bride. She had been one of Denver's pioneer belles. In the spring of 1860 she opened a private school in Denver for younger members of her own family and a few children of other pioneers. She was the daughter of Captain Richard Sopris, one of Denver's early mayors.

From the porches and windows of my two old houses I frequently sent nostalgic glances to the beautiful hillside garden of the Garwoods—one hundred feet more or less to the east. I tried to reconstruct, on that site, the Ladd house of the '70s and '80s. Small wonder that I was inspired to start a Central City scrapbook, using clippings from the *Register Call*, the *Denver Post* and the *Rocky Mountain News*. I believe that very little, if any, of the publicity about Central City during the past eight years has escaped me. I have read many tales, tall and otherwise, and have enjoyed the smiles and arguments of the few remaining pioneers about "how it really was." I, at this time, am offering a small tale about small people. I can vouch for its authenticity, because it was told to me by one of the children who followed the Piper. I have never discovered this story in print.

When my daughter and I were preparing to leave Greeley, Colorado, to spend our summer at the Ladd-Keyes House in Central, in June, 1940, the *Greeley Tribune* printed an article of very generous length about this house and the family reunion that I was planning for the children and grandchildren of Charles and Martha Jane Ladd, pioneers of Blackhawk and Central City. I had accomplished some things in Greeley since my arrival there in September, 1899. I was then a "green" scared graduate from East Denver High School, wanting to become a schoolma'am, and therefore registering at the Colorado State Normal School, now the Colorado State College of Education. Nothing that I ever did in Greeley aroused such interest as the news about my adventure in Central City, including as it did the rich background of my authentic pioneer houses and my own pioneer heritage.

Among the hundreds of persons who read this newspaper article was the widow of D. R. McArthur, owner and manager of the Weld County Garage. I had had a "speaking acquaintance" with Mary McArthur for thirty years. Then, one noon, a few months after the write-up in the *Tribune*, chance—or was it just chance?—brought Mary McArthur and me to a tete-a-tete table in Marshall's Cafeteria. I discovered that she was a native of Blackhawk. We decided that Larry Maroney, Charlie Ladd, and my uncle, Isaac Schuyler, must have been good friends. In that half-hour's chat we became "friends of the spirit," because both of us had our roots in the famous Little Kingdom of Gilpin. Quietly and simply, but with a sparkle in her beautiful brown eyes, Mary Maroney McArthur told me this small tale about small people.

The railroad for the narrow-gauge train that traveled from Denver up Clear Creek reached Blackhawk in December, 1872. It was not until 1878 that it succeeded in negotiating the steep mile from Blackhawk to Central by means of its switchback and by traveling four miles in order to gain one. This famous switchback was still in the future on a certain day, at noon, which saw all of Blackhawk's school children milling around the depot in great excitement. The train came in. I do hope that it was being pulled by "Old '71," now resting on the hillside across the gulch from Ladd-Keyes and Trenoweth Houses. If I were to tell you that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stratton now appeared it might not mean a thing to you. But here comes the Great Surprise. Out of the little coach came a little couple, famous the world over—General and Mrs. Tom Thumb! At first the children were rather awe-struck. Then they gazed at the little figures with curiosity and incredulity. After the distinguished couple came a negro midget, completely outfitted as a coachman-driver. From the baggage car a crate was lifted. It proved to be an elegant little carriage. And then, oh, wonderful to relate, the coachman gently led out some beautiful ponies! Soon, in their gay trappings, they were harnessed to the carriage. The trip to Central began. The general and his wife smiled at the children. By this time, these truants had overcome their awe and were acting as if they had been transplanted into Fairyland, or shall I say, as if a great portal had opened in the nearby mountain, and had received the coach and its precious contents and all of the schoolchildren. I feel certain that here in Blackhawk, contrary to what happened in Hamelin Town, no little lame child was left behind.

General and Mrs. Tom Thumb now had an experience the like of which they never had when they went to London to give a command performance for Queen Victoria. Never had they been at the head of a procession such as this. The bell at the schoolhouse rang. It was nearly one o'clock. Time for the afternoon session. But no children arrived at the door of the schoolhouse. School "didn't keep" that afternoon. The children had mysteriously disappeared. Or perhaps there was no mystery to understanding teachers and parents. Let us hope so.

All of the children had gone up the hill and far away to Central. The enchanted children, accustomed to an altitude of eight thousand feet could easily keep up with the little ponies. Laughing and chattering they could have danced up that steep and rocky road. But they were glad to walk. Something more was involved, maybe, than their consideration for the ponies. They wanted to prolong this delight. Perhaps they sensed that this happy adventure would never come their way again.

All too soon the procession stopped. A capacity crowd, chiefly adults and children under six years of age was assembling. Could it have been in the Montana Theatre? (Until the big fire of 1874 it stood where Maggie Ross's store now stands.) General and Mrs. Tom Thumb disappeared. The doors closed. But the children were not disappointed—not even wistful. They had a rich memory to carry with them down the years. They turned to go east on Lawrence Street, down the long trek to Blackhawk. Somewhat weary. Somewhat sober. They began wondering what the teachers and the parents would say about this glorious escapade of theirs. Perhaps to parents and teachers it would be a plain case of "playing hooky." I politely refrained from inquiring of Mary Maroney about what "came after." If something happened, the truants probably felt the same as did Grandpa Morgan's older brother when Daddy Hale threshed him for playing hooky. On a certain other noon he hiked up Winnebago Mountain to witness a certain terrible deed that had to be performed up there. Said Evan's Big Brother: "It was worth a threshing!"

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## Early Days in Telluride

L. C. KINIKIN\*

After taking a business course at Robbins Business College, Sedalia, Missouri, in 1888, I worked for Master Mechanic, M. K. & T., at De Sota, until December 15, 1889, when I moved to Denver. There I was working for the Chief Clerk Passenger Department D. & R. G. until the Barnes Business College called me to come to the office. They had a letter from W. H. Gabbert, an attorney at Telluride, asking for a bookkeeper and stenographer. I accepted the position and arrived in Montrose (with a population of some 2,000) January 1, 1891. As the train was late, I walked uptown. The County Courthouse was where Goodwin's Hardware now is. The streets were rough and unpaved, with board sidewalks along Main Street, with one crosswalk at Cascade and one at Townsend. As I stood where the Busy Corner now is Mr. H. C. Fink, an attorney, approached me and said he could sell me the brick building across the street for \$1,000. It is now worth \$20,000, showing what values were in those days, in farming counties where warrants were registered.

I reached Telluride, population of 6,000, about eight o'clock that night and went to work in Gabbert's office next day. In 1892 Gabbert was appointed Judge of the District Court. He was elected

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in 1894 on the Populist ticket, elected next term on the Democratic ticket, and the last time on the Republican ticket. I found Telluride wide open, some 36 saloons and gambling in all of them—faro, roulette and other games of chance. About 1500 miners were working in the hills and spending their wages in town once a month, which kept business humming and eleven attorneys and ten doctors busy; and city and county warrants were paid in cash.

I acted as court reporter for Judge Gabbert until he was elected to the Supreme Court in 1896. In that early time a committee of bar examiners existed in each judicial district, Brown of Gunnison, Caswell of Grand Junction, and King of Delta, being the committee for this district; each of whom told me that if I wanted to practice law to come up to their office and they would issue me a certificate. At the December term, 1896, in Grand Junction, I called at Judge Caswell's office for a certificate to practice law, but was told his commission had expired and I would have to go to Denver and take a regular examination.

I returned to Telluride and studied common law and Blackstone for three or four months and went to Denver in August, 1897, where I had three days written examination before a committee and one day before the judges of the Supreme Court in oral examination. I have always believed I would have failed if it had not been for an incident which occurred in the oral examination. When my name was called by the clerk Judge Gabbert told Judge Goddard, who was to question me, that I was his court reporter down in the Seventh District. Thinking I was from a mining country, the Judge asked me whether if I had a water right on one mesa and another farmer had a farm below me I could take my water across the divide and deprive the other farmer. When I answered in the affirmative Judge Goddard dissented. Thereupon Chief Justice Campbell told the crowd that the young man was right, as had just been decided in Strickler vs. Colorado Springs, so I got 100 plus on oral examination which helped a lot, and I was admitted to practice. I went back to Telluride for that purpose and joined the other nine lawyers there.

I had no sooner opened my office in Telluride when the City Council appointed me City Attorney. My duties were to assist in preparing the annual appropriation bill and rewriting and printing the city ordinances, and prosecuting city offenders.

About 1903, the Cripple Creek miners struck for an eight-hour day, and the Telluride miners struck in sympathy, the two places being the principal mining centers of the state at that time. The Telluride *Daily Journal* took up the cudgel for the mine owners, and was promptly boycotted, together with all saloons and business houses who wouldn't display a "fair" card in their windows. In the melee which followed, some of the miners took possession of the

Smuggler Union mine and mill, and Governor Peabody appointed District Judge Theron Stevens and State Senator Buckley as a committee to investigate and report. They wired the Governor that "the miners union is in peaceable possession of the Smuggler Union properties." Marshal law was thereupon imposed on San Miguel County, and all saloons were closed at midnight and on Sundays and the red light district was padlocked and gambling suspended and no meetings could be held except upon permit from the sergeant of the national guard.

I had been elected City Attorney; Telluride had become a city of the second class; and I served through the marshal law and for some time thereafter. When marshal law was lifted, Major Hill came to my office and requested me to keep up the regulations he had imposed. I told him I would do my best, and I published notice to that effect. Whereupon a committee from the chamber



SCENE IN TELLURIDE JULY 4, 1887

of commerce, consisting of bankers, merchants and mine superintendents, came to my office and asked me to desist, so the saloon keepers, red light district and gamblers might recoup some of their losses suffered during marshal law. I told the committee they were asking me something I could not do, and I would either enforce the law or know the reason why.

Thereupon the Citizens Alliance was formed, consisting of mine owners, lawyers, doctors, saloon keepers, gamblers, merchants, and publishers, and they sent to Cheyenne, Wyoming, for two gunmen, and Willard Runnells and W. J. Meldrum were sent up there, and it wasn't long before they had added several notches to

their six-shooters, by killing without provocation several miners, always hitting their victims in the belly, as they claimed that put them out quicker. Thereupon the Miners Union sent out and secured a two-gun man, named Joe Corey, a big Italian who, it was said, shot from the hip. One day Meldrum phoned Runnells from the Tomboy bunk house that Corey was coming down the trail and to arrest him for carrying concealed weapons. Runnells rode up to the end of the trail and as Corey appeared, with his guns swung out in front of his coat, Runnells said, "Joe, I want those guns." "You can't have them, sir, they are not concealed," and with that Joe dismounted, held one gun over his saddle toward Runnells and proceeded down to his rooming house. Runnells swore out a warrant for carrying concealed weapons and for resisting an officer. As the other nine lawyers belonged to the Citizens Alliance, the Miners Union retained me. I cleared Joe against the first charge, and the second charge was taken up at once. In that trial I happened to say that Runnells was either a liar or a coward, and cleared Joe from that charge, and the Union boys carried me down to my office, and made a great display.

That afternoon, Meldrum came to see me and told me Runnells was very mad and I had better stay off the streets for a day or two, till he cooled off. I thanked Meldrum and told him I would do my best. The mail always came in after dark, and that night, on returning from the post office, I met Runnells in front of Mahr's stair landing. Runnells said, "Step in here," and I could fancy a bullet in my abdomen; but instead he stuck out his hand and said, "Put er there," and added, don't call me a liar or coward again, and I said I wouldn't if he didn't give me a chance!

As everything was wide open, and the district attorney refused to stop gambling, I organized a law enforcement club or committee, and about 15 of us went out one Saturday night at midnight, so as to get gamblers and open saloons on Sunday, two of us going to each of the 36 saloons and gambling houses. The next Monday after that I asked Ed Howe, deputy district attorney, to prepare informations against the places, which he refused to do. So I prepared about 72 informations, with two witnesses endorsed on each, and handed them to Mr. Howe. About the end of the week, Mr. Howe brought the information back to my office, saying two witnesses wouldn't be accepted and for us to go out again and have three at each place. (As the saloon keepers were taken by surprise at our first call and didn't take down our names, this was intended as a trap, as afterwards developed, the district attorney playing along with the law violators.)

Sunday night about 8 p. m., late in December, Harry Floaten, manager of the People's Supply Company, and one of my committee, called me by telephone and said a crowd of men were around

his house demanding that he come out, and asking what should he do about it. I advised him to surrender himself to the mob if he couldn't help himself. Sensing the scene to come, I called three of my clients and told them to bring four shotguns and some buck-shot to my home; that trouble was brewing. They soon showed up, and we loaded up and pledged ourselves to shoot simultaneously if the mob stepped on my premises. In an hour or so we saw thirty or forty men coming down the street, two abreast, and the man in front said if we take this baldheaded son of a —, that will stop the law enforcement crusade. But Rogers, the mayor, was in that crowd, and objected; saying I was city attorney, and it was my duty to enforce the law. Two other mobs stopped in front of my home, and a client of mine was in each mob, so we didn't get to shoot, for which I was and am grateful.

The mobs, some five or six of them, mostly gamblers, rounded up all my witnesses and several outsiders, including some Union leaders, put them in the Bull Pen, on Main Street, in front of the First National Bank. They put fifty or sixty men in box cars and turned them loose on Dallas Divide in the snow and cold.

Some of the deported victims were leading businessmen of Telluride. Next spring they were allowed to return, and finally all those deported returned, the terms and conditions being unknown to me. At the next municipal election I was defeated for City Attorney, and found the community split wide open.

In a short time two of the men who had been deported were arrested by Runnells and Meldrum for purchasing stolen ore, and I promptly filed a motion for change of venue on account of prejudice, setting up the facts of the organization of the mobs, and the case was transferred to the district court of Ouray County.

As the Denver train was late, Sheriff Rutan, and his two deputies Meldrum and Runnells, and my clients and I, were driven from Ridgway to Ouray in the same vehicle. I repaired to the hotel, and very soon a man knocked at my door, who was secretary of the Ouray County Miners Union, and he had a copy of the jury list, and marked off two men as undesirable. The deputy district attorney happened to strike those two jurors and I accepted the jury, and cleared my clients in less than half an hour after the jury had the case. I said to the jury at that trial that Runnells and Meldrum were like me, if hired to bring ducks to the Beaumont hotel, if I didn't produce the ducks I would lose my job, and Sheriff Rutan told me my clients and I had better secure a different vehicle to drive down to Ridgway, as Meldrum and Runnells were offended at my address to the jury. At the return of the jury's verdict I asked Judge Stevens to make Sheriff Rutan return the ore to my clients, which he promptly did, and they sold the ore to a dealer in Ouray for \$400 and gave me half of it as my fee.

Other unusual matters happened in the following years, but these cannot all be mentioned here.

About 1897, Bishop Warren of the M. E. Church, came to Telluride to help raise money to build a Methodist church, and I went out with the Bishop. One place we called upon was the Tomboy Mining Company office. I introduced the manager, John Herron, who asked the Bishop if he was any relation to preacher Warren of Boston, and the Bishop said he was his brother. Herron said he had sat under the ministry of the Boston Warren many times, that he, Herron, was born of a missionary mother in the Street that is called Straight, in Damascus; but since coming west he had grown somewhat rusty. The Bishop said to him, "Mr. Herron, the gold in the Tomboy mine has been there hundreds of years, but has not grown rusty." Herron gave him a check for \$500.

I had bought two lots and paid \$1400 myself. A \$10,000 church was built a block north of the Sheridan Hotel.

From 1891 to 1900 there were two big banks in Telluride, the First National Bank, and the Bank of Telluride, both with large capitalization and resources, with gold coin stacked on shelves two feet high. Interest was usually  $1\frac{1}{2}\%$  a month. No pennies were used; if less than  $2\frac{1}{2}c$  it was lost, if  $2\frac{1}{2}c$  or more, a nickel was used.

One New Year's midnight, a Finnlander client ran out to my house and told me the Sheridan Hotel was on fire, and I awoke my brother-in-law and stenographer, and we ran downtown. The hotel occupied one section of the ground floor, the Shoemaker saloon the other section. The Chamber of Commerce was over the saloon. A barber shop was at the back of the hotel, Ed Howe's law office back of the saloon, and my office on the corner back of Howe's office. When we got down there the firemen were all drunk and their aim bad, so Barrick and I asked them if we could spell the crew working on the rear of the building and they turned the nozzle over to us. The pressure was so great and the ground so icy, we could hardly stand up, but we trained the hose on the club rooms upstairs, on Howe's office and around the barber shop east of my office, and when it was all over, my office was the only place saved. Next morning I met Shoemaker on the street and he said, "Why didn't your office burn, was it because you were a Methodist?" and I answered, "That helped some."

About 1898 the Camp Bird mines up Cornet Creek having polluted the city water supply, I made arrangements with Frank Brown to buy one cubic foot of water from another creek which could be piped to Telluride. When H. M. Hogg, dean of the Telluride bar, heard of this, he filed an injunction suit in the District Court and came to my office with the papers. I told him we in-

tended to pay Mr. Brown for the new water out of the revenues of the water works, and no taxpayer was affected, so he dropped the case.

About 1904 County Clerk Harry Service started gambling with usual result, as the percentage on the dealer's part was against him; and to recoup to some extent he came to my office saying his wife had to go to New York City for a major operation, and he needed \$300 pronto. Not having the cash at hand I signed his note at the Bank of Telluride for \$300. Mrs. Service did not go east and I had to pay the note. I investigated the records in his office and found he had an equity of about \$400 in his East Telluride home which he had purchased from C. F. Painter. I prepared attachment papers and with the sheriff went to Mr. Painter's office to levy on Service's equity, and he told us Service owed him more than \$300 on a private bill, but on assuring him that my attachment would take precedence over his private account, he paid me off and I released the attachment. Service served a term in the penitentiary for defalcation.

Many times I have gotten off the narrow gauge train going up Key Stone hill, gathered some flowers for Mrs. Kinikin and gotten back on again.

Barney Gogarty, the conductor on the Southern train from Rico to Dolores, had only two passengers, a woman and her small baby. The baby's milk soured and she started crying and Barney went back to see what was wrong, and when the mother told him, he pulled the bell cord, stopped the train and went over to a farm house and got the baby some sweet milk. Running on schedule wasn't the rule on the Southern.

Now and again in the summer time Navajo Indians would come up from the south to trade blankets, flint spears, and ponies for food and clothing, and they would charge fifty cents apiece to let individual pictures be taken by town folks. They would do their cooking in the ancient manner, and sleep in blankets on the ground.

In 1892 I was official reporter for the People's Party (Populist) National Convention at St. Louis. Tabernaugh, the National Chairman, had been an early schoolboy friend, and although several stenographers in St. Louis and others from as far away as I was made application for the position, the Chairman induced the committee to give me the job. I had to occupy a desk on the speaker's platform so as to record everything that happened, and the reporters from the St. Louis papers and Associated Press, who occupied desks back of the speaker's desk, paid me an extra fee for comparing my notes with theirs after adjournment of the convention for the day. One day during some special excitement J. Warner Mills, a Denver lawyer and law book publisher, climbed

up on the platform and stood by my desk. The sergeant-at-arms challenged his position and asked him to step down on the floor of the convention, but I intervened by telling the sergeant that he was talking to the Governor of Colorado, and he apologized and said, "Stay right where you are, Governor."

When the question of nominations for President and Vice President came up, Tom Patterson of Colorado, made a motion that we endorse the Democratic candidate, William Jennings Bryan, which passed unanimously. Someone from the southern states then nominated Tom Watson of Georgia for Vice President; a contest arose over endorsing Bryan's Democratic running mate, but some financier back east, and one southern U. S. Senator got the ear of the chairman, and said this: "The Democratic Party has swallowed all the platform of the People's Party, but anytime they swallow Tom Watson they will have more brains in their bellies than they have in their heads." Tom Watson was nominated for Vice President.

A new tenderfoot manager of the Adams Express Company came to Telluride about 1894, and a burro had been shipped in by express, and the new manager in his first report to Denver reported as follows: "One Burueu missing, one Jackass on hand."

About 1904 some capitalists came to Telluride from Pittsburgh, Penn., to look at some mining claims for investment that I was agent for in the Savage Basin. We rode up horseback, looked at my claims and then they asked me if we could go over the range to the Camp Bird Mine. I told them we could and I took the lead. As I got over the top of the continental divide, I noticed that the trail, in the shade of the other side, looked icy and slippery, so I stopped, alighted and told the men we better walk and lead our horses. I had no more than said that when my horse slipped off the trail and started down the hill 4,000 feet, but happened to strike a shelf or ledge and stopped. I took a circuitous route down where the horse was to remove the saddle, but found the horse was only bruised, and after getting him back on the trail, we abandoned the Camp Bird trip and returned to Telluride.

I became acquainted with all the early prospectors, particularly John Fallon, discoverer of the Sheridan and adjoining claims, J. H. Ernest Waters who negotiated the sale to Shanghai, China, Englishmen, for \$250,000, and with the later locators of the Tomboy claims, and with Taylor and Leonard, grass root miners, who proved that the ore bodies came from below instead of from above, as has later been proven by the government in the Treasury Tunnel development above Ouray.

I also knew intimately all the merchants who came to Telluride before and after Jan. 1, 1891: W. B. Van Atta, outfitter;

Coslett and Stansbeck, grocers; Fred Hilgenhous, shoe store; Steinwandel, shoe store. In those early days when Hilgenhous would get to his store first down two or three blocks from Steinwandel's store, he would stand outside and salute "Hoek, der Kaiser." When World War I came on I often wondered what would happen to Hilgenhous and Steinwandel if they had kept up that practice till 1914. Hilgenhous and I were members of the school board.

When the 1893 silver slump slowed down mining, the mining dumps were all worked over for gold, which kept Telluride business running pretty regularly. Gradually all mines opened up again for the production of gold, running the silver ore on the dumps.

After being admitted to the bar in 1897, I got into mining to some extent, taking a small interest in a mining claim for my legal services in securing a patent or trying an adverse case, where one miner jumps the claim of another for failure to perform the annual assessment work or some other imaginary or claimed defect.

The mining industry kept ranchers busy raising feed, hay and beef. J. A. Lawson had a big hay ranch on Turkey Creek Mesa, and hauled baled hay to the Smuggler Mill and to mining men at Pandora, for feeding their burros, riding and driving horses, at \$20 a ton, or more. Prices were not very high for produce of any kind, and especially lumber, as W. A. Taylor's saw mill had fine timber available to his mill.

The Rev. A. M. dePutron Gliddon was pastor of the Congregational Church of Telluride for two or three years, beginning in 1892. In the winter of that year Rev. Gliddon, Clyde V. Hummel, Rev. Gliddon's 16-year-old son and myself, went out on Hastings Mesa to hunt snowshoe rabbits and jack rabbits. The snow was over knee deep, and the Reverend had never seen a jack rabbit as yet, but soon one left his lair and started running, and the Reverend shouted to his boy, "Shoot, son, he's as big as a mule."

About the spring of 1894 Rev. Gliddon came to my office to tell me he would have to resign as the church owed him several hundred dollars and hadn't paid other bills due. Although the depression caused by the demonetization of silver was pretty well on, I told Rev. Gliddon if he would select one of his members to go with me I would see what could be done. We went to merchants and saloon keepers and soon had \$1,000, which some of the members called "tainted money," but they took it and so did Rev. Gliddon.

In the early days a negro cook drifted into Telluride and went to work at the Tremont restaurant. Before long he sent back east for a woman to be his wife, apparently not very sure of her, for it wasn't long before a quarrel started between them down at the restaurant. It resulted in her firing a revolver at him, but not very

wisely, for she aimed at his head. Dr. Hall was called and extracted the bullet, which had stopped at the skull bone. The doctor exhibited the bullet around town; it was flattened out like a quarter, smooth as glass on the side that struck his skull. No complaint was made and the couple lived happily ever after.

John H. Adams purchased one of the first automobiles which came to Montrose, and asked me to accompany him to Montrose to claim it, which I did. This was in the early 1900s.

We helped unload the light, no-top machine from the car, put in gas and water and oil and drove uptown for demonstration. We picked up two newlyweds, who sat in back of the car, and starting out about the same time we beat the train to Ridgway! The newlyweds got out, and we started for Telluride in high spirits. The steering gear was on the left outside, and Adams furnished me with a can of powder to extinguish fire in the engine. I was kept so diligently on guard after we started up Dallas Divide—the first car to follow the ox-cart and mule sixes—that I had little time to enjoy the scenery and mechanism under us. About half way up Dallas Divide the radiator went dry, and we had no place to turn, so backed down to the first farm house. We started back up, chugg, chugg, chugging along, till we got on top, when John ran over a boulder too big to negotiate safely and it damaged the oil tank. To repair that took some two or three hours, and the train passed us up there on top of the world, with uncertain transportation. We drove down Leopard Creek road very nicely and up from Placerville till we reached the Lime Kiln at Deep Creek, when we got stuck in a mudhole. I walked a half-mile and got a man, a mule and chain, and in pulling us out of that mudhole the front axle was loosened. It took two or three hours and several feet of bailing wire to fix that, and with several fires extinguished up Key Stone Hill we reached my home in Telluride at midnight.

Harry McDougall, my office helper, was stricken with spinal meningitis. On Sunday morning about 8:30 I went to his home to see how he was getting along, and his mother told me the doctor had just left with the announcement that there was nothing else he could do for the boy. In great distress she asked me if the Methodist people would pray for Harvey, although they were Adventists. I told her we would be glad to do so; and accordingly, instead of going to class rooms, the entire Sunday School remained in the auditorium and gave the entire Sunday School hour and church service hour in supplication to Almighty God for Harvey McDougall's recovery. He recovered and lived a normal life.

High grading was quite a profitable business in the early days, with no special deterrent, and thousands of dollars were carried from the mines in a belt concealed under the miners' clothing. Business men also got into the traffic, so that all the saloons, gam-

bling joints, jewelers and some merchants became purchasers of stolen ore, and many of them had a method of separating the gold from the quartz, although it was almost all free gold, specimen stuff.

In about 1901, when Bulkley Wells came on the scene as manager of the Smuggler Union Mining Company, after the assassination of Manager Collins, more rigid rules were adopted to reduce the ore stealing traffic. Miners were searched when entering and leaving the mines, belts were outlawed, and stealing limited to such free gold as could be carried under falseteeth, in openings between the teeth, in the hair of the head, or concealed somewhere in the timber to be returned to on a stormy, foggy day.

Bulkley Wells was quite a politician in his own right and got himself appointed adjutant general of Colorado and he called in some of the legislative leaders and got them to pass a law, to the effect that all ore buyers should keep a record showing from what mine the ore came, how much it weighed, from whom the ore was purchased, to whom it was shipped, and the value. In a short time Mr. Wells was instrumental in inducing the district attorney to file direct informations in the district court against some 12 or 15 ore buyers. All the lawyers had one or more of the defendants, Mr. H. M. Hogg having the most. The first case called was one of his clients, a jeweler at Telluride, who pleaded guilty and was fined \$200; and Mr. Hogg entered the same plea for his other clients, with the same fine. One of my clients was called next, for whom I attacked the law as unconstitutional, under Article V, section 25, Colorado Constitution, entitled "Special Legislation Prohibited." I said to the court that if I went across the street and bought a set of harness, or down to San Miguel and bought a burro, they didn't have to keep a record to whom the sale was made, nor the value, and the District Judge sustained the objection and dismissed my client and all the remaining defendants.

I happened to pass the jewelers' place of business that afternoon and he tapped on the window and said to me, "How the hell did you do that?" and I answered, "Ask Mr. Hogg."

Before this, Mrs. Kinikin should have been recognized for her contribution to making this narrative possible, for she was by my side through many terrifying situations, often sustaining me when I was about to give up. I claimed her as my wife at Sedalia, Missouri, December 28, 1892; so she has had the responsibility during most of my professional career and performed the same in a magnificent and fine way. About June, 1894, she went back to Sedalia for a two months' visit with kinfolks, but after she had been there three or four weeks she wrote me she hadn't seen the sun since she left Colorado, and she felt she was too far from the sky, and was coming home right away.

## Rocky Ford Melons

MR. AND MRS. JAMES R. HARVEY

Whether it is the immaculate gentleman in a Pullman diner, pausing in sheer anticipation before he plunges his spoon into a pink, deep-meated cantaloupe, or the little curly-headed negro boy, seated on a curb in Denver's Denargo market, up to his ears in a "busted" watermelon, the source of their pleasure is a mutual one—Rocky Ford melons.

These melons, of which even the name has become a symbol of all that is "tops" in the melon industry, owe their development and perfection, strangely enough, to two Colorado senators—the late Senator George W. Swink, "The Father of the Cantaloupe," and to our present Senator James Ryan, "The Melon Doctor."

George Washington Swink was born in Breckenridge County, Kentucky, June 30, 1836. His parents, Peter and Maria Swink, natives of Pennsylvania, were of intelligent German stock.<sup>1</sup> They moved to Illinois while George was only four years old. Here he grew up on a farm, attending what schools were available, and assisting his father in the primitive sawmill which he owned and operated. He was married October 1, 1854, at Vermont, Illinois, to Mary Jane Cook.<sup>2</sup>

In 1871, George Swink found that Illinois was becoming too congested with settlers and, with the true spirit of the pioneer, he turned westward to seek the freer, open plains of Eastern Colorado. Arriving in Kit Carson by train he joined an ox-train and walked over to the Arkansas River, where he found a small settlement located on the stream, twenty miles above Bent's Fort and near a ford used in high water by freighters and cattle drivers. Here he bought a partnership in the small mercantile store established by Asahel Russel in 1863<sup>3</sup>, said to be the first store in Otero County.<sup>4</sup>

While he sold barb-wire, lamp chimneys, and kerosene, Swink looked about him, studied the country and decided upon a future course of action.

This river crossing was at the "Old Town of Rocky Ford," three miles northeast of the present site of the city.<sup>5</sup> A post office was established and the settlement grew somewhat.

Swink took up a homestead and applied for a "Timber Claim." Title was conveyed to him in timber culture certificate No. 1, dated Nov. 3, 1887, and signed by Grover Cleveland. This was the first certificate of its kind ever issued in the United States; the present

<sup>1</sup>Jerome C. Smiley, *History of Colorado*, II, 447.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, 448.

<sup>3</sup>Frank Hall, *History of Colorado*, IV, 244.

<sup>4</sup>*Denver Post*, Sept. 24, 1910.

<sup>5</sup>Place Name Series, *Colorado Magazine*, Sept., 1942.

Arkansas Valley Fair Ground is located on Swink's original timber claim.<sup>6</sup>

In 1875 he brought his wife and family out from Illinois to settle on his homestead.<sup>7</sup>

Ever since his arrival in the Arkansas Valley in 1871, Swink had been studying the soil; he had visions of orchards, gardens and, most of all, melon patches springing up on this dry treeless plain. He was running several hundred head of cattle on the 2,000 acres of land he had acquired by homestead, preemption and purchase, and the 4,000 acres he leased. He was prosperous and comfortable, but he wanted "tree-shade and melons," treasured memories from



GEORGE W. SWINK

his boyhood days.<sup>8</sup> He had observed that water thrown from the kitchen in early spring caused plants to spring up and grow throughout the year. Even trees took root under this chance irrigation and it occurred to him that possibly he might use the water from the well for a small garden. The next spring he tried this plan but the water pumped from the well was too cold to be poured directly upon the plants, so he adopted the plan of drawing a large quantity in the evening and letting it stand all day in the sun. This made the water acceptable to the plants and he had a fine garden until late fall.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup>*Rocky Ford Enterprise*, July 3, 1936; "Swink Centenary."

<sup>7</sup>Baskin, *History of the Arkansas Valley*, 886.

<sup>8</sup>*Pueblo Star Journal*, March 21, 1948 (article by C. W. Hurd).

<sup>9</sup>*Denver Republican*, Dec. 2, 1911.

Realizing from these experiments that all the soil needed was water, he enlisted the aid of a number of his neighbors and together, in 1874, they dug the "Rocky Ford Ditch," the oldest cooperative ditch in the valley.<sup>10</sup>

From that time on, George Swink was tireless in his efforts to bring water to the land; he was contractor and builder of a large portion of the Fort Lyon Canal that dates back to the early eighties, and was, likewise, one of the incorporators and builders of the Catlin Canal, associated with the Beaty Brothers, John Vorman, and the McClains, in 1884, and the High Line Ditch in 1893.<sup>11</sup>

As the long relentless fingers of irrigation pressed out into the desert, drawing after them green acres of sugar-beets, alfalfa, and melons, Swink aroused the antagonism of the cattle men who foresaw, rightly, that ditches and plowed fields would be the end of the open range. But Swink contended that sections which could be irrigated would prove of much more value to the Arkansas Valley as agricultural land, than as native pasture. The small farmers joined him in the fight and the cattle men were pushed back to the south and west.

In 1875, with water made available, Swink began in earnest his experiments with the raising of agricultural crops, principally grains and vegetables, to determine what would do the best. The disgruntled cattlemen informed him that he would find it impossible to raise anything successfully in the Arkansas Valley, but he found that everything he planted gave an exceptional crop, particularly the vine crops.<sup>12</sup>

Swink, delighted with his discovery, wrote back East for cantaloupe seed and obtained a quantity from numerous sources, including a contribution from Henry J. Gardner, ex-governor of Massachusetts.<sup>13</sup> From these seeds he raised his first successful crop of melons. According to an account taken from the *Boston Globe* of December 24, 1922, the Senator's craving for good old "back-home" watermelons was the inspiration for planting the Massachusetts seeds.

In 1877, when the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad extended its road into Pueblo, Swink and Russel moved their mercantile business and the post office from the old town on the river to the site of the present city of Rocky Ford. They laid out a town; six blocks were surveyed and platted and trees planted to border the streets.<sup>14</sup> They named the town Rocky Ford for the old gravel-lined ford across the Arkansas River. A large mural of George Washington Swink and his wife fording the Arkansas River at Rocky Shallows—thus founding and naming the town—adorns

<sup>10</sup>Denver Post, Sept. 24, 1910.

<sup>11</sup>Rocky Ford Enterprise, July 3, 1936.

<sup>12</sup>Alvin T. Steinel, *History of Agriculture in Colorado*, 524.

<sup>13</sup>Ibid., 523.

<sup>14</sup>Colorado Magazine, "Place Name Series," Sept., 1942.

a wall of the present modern post office which is located on Swink's original homestead.

With the new Santa Fe depot located on his land, Swink now added to his other activities that of railroad express agent; he had been appointed U. S. postmaster in 1874, a position he held until 1884.<sup>15</sup>

In 1877, Swink determined to make watermelons and cantaloupes his principal crops and began by process of experimentation and elimination the development of a melon which in 1904 was known as the Rocky Ford Netted Gem cantaloupe.<sup>16</sup> The story of his struggle to develop and perfect his chosen crop, cantaloupes, is best told in his own words. We quote from an original manuscript written by Swink in 1902 and now a prized possession of his daughter, Mrs. Belle Daring of Rocky Ford:

In 1874 I put out about 40 acres of land in crops of grains and vegetables, more as an experiment than anything else, to find out what would be the most adapted to our soils, climate, and altitude and found that all kinds of vines did well, especially the cantaloupe.

For three years I experimented on different varieties and failed to find anything that was just satisfactory.

In 1877 I planted a small patch for market, about one quarter of an acre, which produced all I could sell in this market.

As the demand increased, I increased the acreage, but still I had no variety satisfactory to ship, till in 1880 I produced a cantaloupe something like what I wanted and from that by careful selection for many years we produced the present cantaloupe, which is known as the Rocky Ford Cantaloupe, that was as near perfect as could well be.

Up to 1886 I produced all the melons that were produced in this part of the country. About that time I commenced to introduce them in the eastern markets and for two years it wasn't a success, financially, as they didn't near pay express charges, but in a short time the best hotels and restaurants began to call for them and some commenced shipping in car loads to Kansas City and St. Louis and finally to New York and today this is one of our best industries.

I am sorry to say our people aren't as careful in saving seed as they ought to be as they are so easily mixed with other varieties. I am preparing to grow seed several miles away from other growers, to produce as near perfect seed as possible.

In a good patch of cantaloupes you want to find perfect cantaloupes in the many points they ought to have, such as the right size, the right weight, the shape, the thickness of meat, the grain of the meat, the color of the meat and the flavor. Also the thickness of the netting, the color of the netting, the color of the stripe between the netting, the amount of sugar to produce a quality that will hold up for long shipments. In a good patch of cantaloupes you won't find more than one in a thousand that has all those points and when you do it ought to be saved for seed with a view of producing as near perfect cantaloupes as possible and then you might expect to find more perfect cantaloupes for seed next year. Many mistakes are made by not selecting the best of seeds.

<sup>15</sup>Hall, *History of Colorado*, IV, 1st Ed., p. 581.

<sup>16</sup>Alvin T. Steinel, *History of Agriculture in Colorado*, 524.

The price for seed is a secondary matter compared to the quality. The home of a cantaloupe is in a dry, sunny climate. You can't produce good cantaloupes in a wet, cloudy season.

I have given you a good many points but there are many more that might be mentioned, but suppose have given you enough for you to write your article. Yours most respectfully,  
G. W. Swink.

When Swink was not occupied with his melons, he turned his attention to civic affairs; he was once termed "The Perpetual Mayor of Rocky Ford." He was the first man elected to that office and each recurring election brought him in a majority of votes until he finally wearied of the position and withdrew.<sup>17</sup>

He helped with the building of schools and churches, was one of the organizers of the State Bank of Rocky Ford, and served as State Senator for two terms, representing District No. 23, comprising Otero, Prowers, Baca, Kiowa, and Bent Counties. He was appointed County Commissioner in 1889 by the Governor when the County of Otero was organized.<sup>18</sup>

There were eleven children in the Swink family, six boys and five girls. Lewis Swink, a son, still lives in Rocky Ford where, like his father, he engages in the mercantile and stockgrowing business. His youngest daughter, Mrs. Belle Swink Daring, also resides in Rocky Ford.

Senator Swink died at his home in Rocky Ford, Sept. 24, 1910, long to be remembered as the pioneer promoter of nearly all the industries that have made the Arkansas Valley prosperous.

It was left for others to carry on his work and he found a competent successor in Senator James Barnes Ryan, who was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, on May 26, 1872. He married Mary Katherine Emmerson, Oct. 7, 1903; they have two children, Millard Emmerson, and Naomi Juliana (Lory). Senator Ryan early became a leader in his community as shown by the following list of his activities over a period of years: President of the school board, District 4, from 1936 on and a member since 1924; State Senator 1929-1932, and from 1941 to date; member of the State Board of Agriculture, 1918-1926; Past President for two terms of the Lions Club and member of the Chamber of Commerce.<sup>19</sup>

All this business of being Rocky Ford's top citizen is merely a sideline to Senator Ryan, for his primary interest, like that of his predecessor, Swink, is the propagation and perfecting of Rocky Ford melons.

He is a seed man. Since he first started farming in Otero County in 1904, Senator Ryan has devoted his efforts to experimental and development work in the culture of melon seeds. He explains all his endeavors in this field through the years simply,

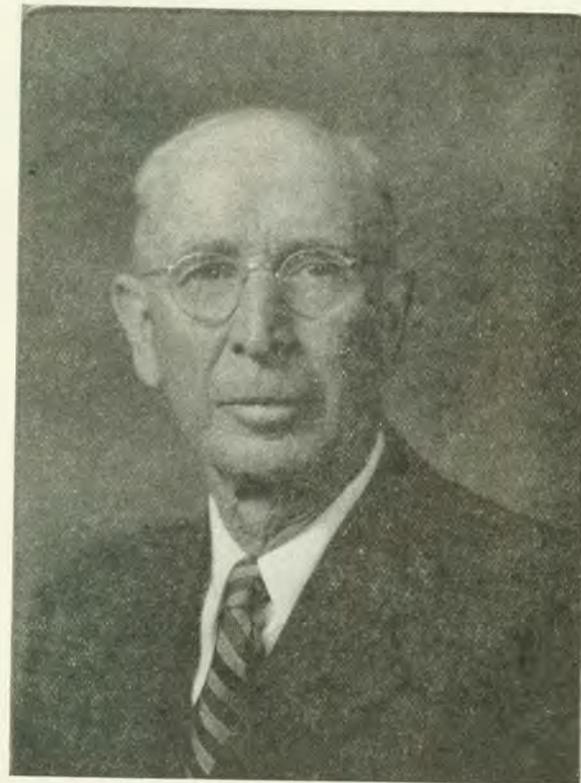
<sup>17</sup>Denver Post, Sept. 24, 1910.

<sup>18</sup>Ibid.

<sup>19</sup>Capitals' Who's Who in Colorado, 1941-43, p. 338.

thus: "When my first crop of melons failed because of mildew I judged it was because I had bought my seeds in a distant state. They just weren't suited to our soil and climate. I got so mad I just pitched in to learn about seeds myself, and I've been working at it ever since."<sup>20</sup>

And Senator Ryan does *work* at it. During the melon season he spends fourteen hours a day in the field. He ships melons, yes, but his biggest profit comes from those he doesn't ship; these he



SENATOR JAMES B. RYAN

selects personally, and with the greatest care, and throws away everything but the seeds. Harvest time is a scene of great activity in the Ryan fields: workers sit on stools to which is attached a broad-bladed knife. As the carefully selected melons are brought up, they are split skillfully, so that the juice and seeds fall into buckets. These are emptied into barrels, which are hauled to the processing house where the seeds are separated from the pulp, carefully dried and cleansed. During the season Senator Ryan per-

<sup>20</sup>Interview with Senator Ryan obtained by James R. Harvey, Nov., 1947.

sonally supervises the preparation of some 4,200 pounds a day of these seeds. He surveys his vast seed bins with satisfaction as he remarks, "I'm not the only seed-grower in this community, you know. Rocky Ford raises 90% of the nation's melon seeds."

Senator Ryan is said to have saved the fortunes of the Imperial Valley (California) growers five or six years ago. They were in danger of being wiped out by mildew, and the Senator developed a mildew-resistant strain for them.

Similar triumphs mark the years of Ryan's melon experiments. He has produced fourteen standard varieties of melons, used through the country. Every six to eight years existing strains become obsolete, due, mainly, to the development of better ones. Senator Ryan does not patent these or even demand an extra premium for his newest and best strains; he announces them immediately for the benefit of the industry at large.

The whole Ryan family is interested in melons. His son Millard, a graduate of Colorado Aggies, has devoted extensive research to the history of the cantaloupe. The following paragraphs are quoted from his original article entitled "The Story of the Cantaloupe":

Since 1882, five major commercial strains of cantaloupes have been introduced and adopted by shippers. Three of these came within a period of twenty years and all were the results of selection and natural crossing.

The Netted Gem, a small, round, green-fleshed melon was the first cantaloupe grown extensively; it was first planted in the Rocky Ford area by Mr. J. W. Eastwood, and the melons were marketed by local express, but it was not until 1896 that the first car-load shipments were made from Rocky Ford.

From the Netted Gem, selections were made for oval types, and the first of these selections which attained commercial importance was the Early Watters, developed by Mr. C. O. Watters of Rocky Ford. This variety retained the green flesh and the heavy net of the Netted Gem but was oval in shape. It was an early melon, producing very large crops, but was susceptible to rust. The Early Watters, however, was an important variety until about 1912.

In the meanwhile, in 1904, because of the seriousness of melon rust, investigations and experiments were begun to develop a disease resistant strain. Experiments demonstrated that a strain developed by Mr. J. P. Pollock had the desired resistance to a marked degree. These experiments were conducted by the Colorado Experiment Station, while Mr. P. K. Blinn was director. Mr. Blinn gave the new disease resistant melon the name "Rust Resistant Pollock;" this cantaloupe like its predecessors was green fleshed. It was a well netted cantaloupe, running to standard and jumbo sizes.

Up to this time it had been thought that the green-fleshed melons had a better flavor than the salmon fleshed cantaloupes. Mr. Blinn, however, decided that this was an individual plant trait and that fine flavored melons could be found in the salmon fleshed varieties. As a result of his work there was introduced the "Salmon Tint Pollock No. 25." This variety was disease resistant, was more oval in shape and more heavily netted than its

parent stock. At the time of its introduction, it was said of the Pollock No. 25, "It is hard to conceive a more attractive type of cantaloupe."

The Salmon Tint Pollock No. 25 was the leading commercial cantaloupe grown in the larger shipping districts until the introduction of the Salmon Tint Pollock No. 10-25 in 1919. This strain produced extremely uniform sizes of coarsely netted melons. The Ten Twenty-five immediately superceded the Pollock No. 25, and became the most widely used melon ever developed before or since its introduction. It held this place until the introduction of Hale's Best variety in 1924, when the Hale's Best strains took the place of the Ten Twenty-five as the leading commercial cantaloupe. The Hale's Best was named for its discoverer, Mr. I. D. Hale, who found it in the fields of a Japanese grower in the Imperial Valley in California. His attention was first called to it because of its extreme earliness. He believed that this melon had great possibilities as a foundation stock, although the new melon was rather large in size and somewhat irregular in form, and had the appearance of being a cross between two varieties, the identity of which could not be determined. It was evident that considerable work was necessary before the Hale's Best could be developed into a valuable commercial strain. As this work was carried on, several different strains were introduced and these proved of such worth that the Hale's Best became the standard commercial variety.

The Perfected Perfecto and Superfecto were introduced in 1926, developed by M. J. A. Edwards. The flesh is dark pink to the rind and has one of the smallest cavities of any of the leading varieties.

In 1933 the Weaver Special was introduced. This was a white skinned pink fleshed cantaloupe, that won All-American distinction in 1935. From it have been developed several new strains of recent introduction.

Other cantaloupes that have been developed and introduced and which have achieved distinction, although they are not in general use, are: Burrel Gem, Pearl Pink, Hearts of Gold, and Honey Rock.

There is one new variety of recent introduction to which should be given special attention. This is the Powdery Mildew Resistant Cantaloupe, which is probably the only melon we have which is the result of deliberate artificial crossing with a definite purpose in view, all the other varieties that we have, came as a result of selection and crosses made by nature.

After many years of working the Mildew Resistant No. 25 cantaloupe was developed by Dr. Jagger and Dr. Scott and is widely grown in the Imperial Valley.

Seed breeding is practical, it is not a theory or fancy, but a reasonable result producing process. By careful selection the seed breeder can build up a variety to a grade of excellence established as the goal, and by selection he can maintain that grade of seed.

The cantaloupe industry in the United States today is big business, and has come about through a steady growth over many years. It has been a profitable business in the past, and with improved varieties, rapid transportation and refrigeration facilities, its future is very promising.

The Rocky Ford district can justly claim to be the birthplace of the Cantaloupe Industry. At Rocky Ford originated all the early varieties used, here was first originated the standard crates, and here developed the harvesting and marketing methods that remain essentially the same today in all cantaloupe districts of the nation. Because of shipments from Rocky Ford, the state

of Colorado for many years ranked first among the cantaloupe producing states and is still today one of the leaders.

Although the first carload shipments of cantaloupes were not made until 1896, earlier shipments were made by express. In the first years of the industry, most cantaloupes were sent to nearby markets, principally Leadville, which was then in its prime as a mining town. Here the melons were sold by the pound, resulting in a price of between six and seven dollars a crate.

It is interesting to note how the standard forty-five crate developed out of this wide assortment of containers. As the plantings of cantaloupes grew larger there developed a shortage of containers for the melons, and it was necessary for the grower to make his own containers. One by twelve boards were secured and sawed into twelve-inch lengths, thus making a square, twelve by twelve, to serve as the ends. Common building lath, which was four feet in length, were cut in half, making two-foot pieces for the sides of the crate. This crate, made from the handiest material to be secured, was found to hold forty-five melons. Thus the standard for the future crates was established. Later the crates were furnished by lumber companies who made them the same size as the first ones used.



SHIPPING ROCKY FORD CANTALOUPE

When shipments began in carlots, the growers recognized the need of some sort of organization and in 1896 organized the Rocky Ford Melon Growers Association to which most growers in the country belonged. Then, as now, there were successful seasons and failures; encouraging returns and disappointments. The season of 1898 was a particularly disastrous one, but it was followed by a few years of success, ending with a practically complete failure in 1904. Following this there came a reduction of acreage in the Rocky Ford district, and a beginning of the cantaloupe industry in the Imperial Valley in California.

In the Rocky Ford district the acreage has grown greater, with a yield per acre approximately the same, but the value of Colorado's cantaloupes has steadily declined. In 1918, the acreage was 4,600 acres with a yield of 176 crates per acre. In 1925,

the acreage was 7,900 acres with a yield of 181 crates per acre. In 1933, the acreage was 8,200 acres and the yield 170 crates.<sup>21</sup>

In 1942, the acreage was 3,950 acres with a yield of 82 crates per acre. The total value of the crop in 1918 was \$1,203,986.00; in 1925, \$1,301,088.00; in 1933, \$766,536.00; and in 1942, \$404,000.00.<sup>22</sup>

Senator Ryan has long regretted the waste involved when only the seeds of melons are retained. The residue of both watermelons and cantaloupe averages up to 16 per cent sugar and no way has yet been devised to save it. Senator Ryan is experimenting in having it dehydrated and pressed into cake, meal, or some other form of stock feed. At present the Ryans are experimenting with the quick-freeze method of saving the pulp of both watermelons and cantaloupes. Millard employs a crew of workers "balling" bright red watermelons, golden cantaloupes and white honey-dews. These are "quick-frozen" in cellophane bags. Allowed to thaw only five minutes, they make a crisp taste-fresh, delicious dessert, with irresistible color appeal. The secret is in the short-thaw for then a still-frozen core holds up the outer cell structure and prevents the slimy consistency otherwise to be expected from frozen melon. The whole process is still in the experimental stage but is showing excellent progress.

Out of the melon industry in the Arkansas Valley grew their most celebrated festival, Melon Day, which was a one-man affair at the start. It was Senator Swink's idea of advertising the Rocky Ford area as an ideal section for melon growing that prompted him to announce that melons would be given away on a certain day in September, 1878, at Rocky Ford. The crowd, that first Melon Day, was quite small, for the country was still sparsely settled. Some twenty-five people were present, most of whom came in from La Junta in the caboose of a Santa Fe train. Swink cut the melons on the grain door of a box-car.<sup>23</sup> One wagonload fed the crowd and gave them all they wanted to carry home. In 1879, Swink repeated his invitation to a watermelon feed; this time the crowd numbered almost fifty, mostly from La Junta again. Using a grain door for a table, Swink did all his own carving and serving. In 1880 the crowd increased to 100 and this year they consumed two wagonloads of melons; in 1881 two coachloads came up from La Junta necessitating a 12-foot table and a larger melon supply. In 1882 the attendance again seemed to double, a bigger pile of melons was needed; during all these years, the feast was served in Swink's store, adjoining the Santa Fe tracks.<sup>24</sup>

By 1883 the affair ceased to be a one-man job. The crowd was now so great that the melon feed was transferred to the grove north of town (Swink's Timber Claim), where the feast was accompanied

<sup>21</sup>Millard Ryan, original article, "The Story of the Cantaloupe."

<sup>22</sup>U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, *Colorado Agricultural Statistics, 1942-43*.

<sup>23</sup>Alvin T. Steinel, *History of Agriculture in Colorado*, 469.

<sup>24</sup>*Ibid.*

by a basket picnic. On a separate table the ladies spread a dinner for the visitors, and exhibited plates of home-grown plums, grapes and apples which were presented to the crowd at the close of the day. This was the actual beginning of the now celebrated Rocky Ford fairs of the Arkansas Valley Fair Association. By 1885 the size of the crowd had reached 1,500.

Swink not only instituted Melon Day, but he had the foresight to insure its celebration down through the years. When he donated 80 acres of his old timber claim to the Otero County Fair Association, he added a proviso to the deed specifying that Melon Day must be observed annually on the first Thursday in September of each year, with a free distribution of melons; if this was not done, the property was to revert to the Swink estate. Needless to say, Melon Day has been held religiously every year since.

It has not only been carried on, but every year the Festival has been improved through the interest of public-minded citizens like Senator Ryan, until it has become one of the most colorful celebrations in the State of Colorado. Now Rocky Ford feeds not twenty-five, but twenty-five thousand guests; the wagonload of melons for free distribution has developed into a pile nearly a block long and as high as a man can reach; some are donated, the rest cost the citizens of Rocky Ford in the neighborhood of \$2,400.00 each year.

In the vernacular of the old-timers in the community, it is a day of "Pleasant Bread." Groups get together for song fests, they sit with half a melon in front of them and an open pocketknife in their hand—when they are not eating, they are singing or swapping melon yarns, and there are some tall tales told about Rocky Ford melons.

"Now there's the one about Swink," began Senator Jim Ryan, as he is affectionately known by all in the Valley, "Swink lost his first watermelon crop because the vines grew so fast they wore the rinds off dragging the fruit around. The next year he solved his problem by tying each baby melon in a 200-pound sugar barrel and staking it down. When the melon burst the barrel, it was ready for market."

"Then there's the story about Swink developing a completely seedless watermelon, but a Texan stole all his cuttings. Every year we get a dozen or so letters from Texas, some with money in them, requesting seed from which to grow *Swink's Seedless Melon*.

"And of course we've raised some of considerable size in the valley," concluded Senator Ryan, with a twinkle. "If you don't believe it just drop in at the office of the *Enterprise*. They'll show you a picture, in their files, of Senator Swink holding his largest melon; it was all of five feet long and it weighed 386 pounds. Yes, we've grown some big ones in Rocky Ford."

## A Condensed History of Boulder, Colorado\*

LYNN I. PERRIGO\*\*

Where the Rocky Mountains rise abruptly from the plains about twenty-five miles northwest of Denver a community of over 15,000 people has become established during the years since a band of pioneers first made camp there in the fall of 1858.

The first settlers, a small group of goldseekers led by Captain Thomas Aikins, encamped at the foot of the Red Rocks on October 17, 1858, and erected several log cabins there that fall. Then they turned to prospecting and on January 16 made a rich discovery at Gold Run in the mountains. Thus confident about the future, they organized the Boulder City Town Company on February 10, 1859, elected A. A. Brookfield president, laid claim to a townsite extending for two miles along Boulder Creek, and divided it into 4,044 lots. Although some shareholders wished to attract settlers by offering the lots at reasonable prices, the speculative sentiment prevailed and the lots were held at \$1,000 each. They continued to be held, too, for there were few takers at that price; consequently the permanent development of Boulder was retarded.<sup>1</sup>

Probably several thousand prospectors were in and near "Boulder City" in the summer of 1859, but only a few more log cabins and stores were built there, and instead Gold Hill enjoyed a boom. That fall many of the prospectors saw an opportunity for farming and preempted ranches. The next summer, 1860, some of them had better success than the miners, who were running into difficulty in extracting the gold from the ores. Soon the farmers in the valley organized claims clubs, with secretaries who recorded the land claims and their boundaries, just as the miners in the mountains had promptly established their mining districts for a similar purpose. After 1860, then, the initial boom and enthusiasm had subsided and Boulder had settled down for the long pull—agriculture by irrigation and mining by scientific application, in the face of some discouraging obstacles.<sup>2</sup>

\*Written as an introduction for "A Municipal History of Boulder, Colorado, 1871-1946," prepared under the joint auspices of the Boulder County Historical Society and the City of Boulder.

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<sup>1</sup>Concerning the initial settlement see: Amos Bixby, "Boulder County," in *History of Clear Creek and Boulder Valleys, Colorado* (Chicago: Baskin and Co., 1880), 381-9; Frank Hall, *History of the State of Colorado* (Chicago: Blakeley, 1889-95), 292-3. The transactions of the Town Company are recorded in the Journal of the Boulder City Town Co., 1859 to 1861, at the City Hall in Boulder.

<sup>2</sup>For the trends of the first years, besides the works of Amos Bixby and Frank Hall, cited above, see Percy S. Fritz, "Constitutions and Laws of Early Mining Districts in Boulder County, Colorado," in *University of Colorado Studies*, XXI, No. 2; Mabel Guise Montgomery, *A Story of Gold Hill* (Author, 1930), 7-8; and an article on the claims clubs by Ella May Sanborn in the *Boulder Daily Camera*, Jan. 15, 1942.

Manifold difficulties almost overwhelmed the pioneers in the decade of the 1860s. There were no good, direct roads connecting the agricultural and the mining regions. To Denver and the East, too, transportation was by stagecoach and freight wagon. At first there was no government of any authority outside that spontaneously organized in the mining districts. In addition, mining awaited the investment of capital and the building of mills, and farming was set back by a grasshopper plague in 1861. To make matters worse, all efforts to gain some headway were hindered for four years by the effects of the Civil War, and at the end of that war by the Indian uprisings on the plains.<sup>3</sup>



PEARL STREET, BOULDER, IN 1866

Although an early historian has written that "for ten years the town hardly held its own, and little of historical interest occurred,"<sup>4</sup> there were nonetheless a few significant achievements. In the first place the development of agriculture by irrigation made fair progress, and although mining practically stopped at Gold Hill, there was considerable activity in Gilpin County and some in other camps.<sup>5</sup> In 1862 a road was built up Gregory Canon near Boulder to connect with a mountain trail ending at Black Hawk in Gilpin County, and after this road washed out another was opened up Boulder Canon to Four Mile and thence up Magnolia Hill to the Enterprise road, which went to Central City.<sup>6</sup> After it was finished in 1866 it connected the farms in Boulder Valley with the market in

<sup>3</sup>Frank Fossett, *Colorado, Its Gold and Silver Mines* (N. Y.: Crawford, 1879), 130-146; Percy S. Fritz, *Colorado, the Centennial State* (N. Y.: Prentice-Hall, 1941), chapters IX and X.

<sup>4</sup>Bixby, *loc. cit.*, 403.

<sup>5</sup>Note 3, above.

<sup>6</sup>Martin R. Parsons, "Toll Roads in Boulder County," *Camera*, April 2-5, 1945; Bixby, *loc. cit.*, 392-5.

the mountains. In addition, a system of county roads was planned and several of them were opened.<sup>7</sup> For local government, after the pioneers had voluntarily organized Jackson County in the Territory of Jefferson, the Congress responded by formally establishing the Territory of Colorado in 1861, and Boulder County was bounded and organized that fall.<sup>8</sup> Then, after the trials of the Civil War had passed, the territory and the county both mustered their volunteers for defense against the Indian menace, which soon was abated.<sup>9</sup> Moreover, in those years many lasting local institutions were founded, as will be seen in subsequent paragraphs.

When Bayard Taylor visited Boulder County in July, 1866, he came on horseback from Denver by way of the "Salt Lake stage road." At Marshall he stopped to see the "massive smelting furnace" and the coal mines. Then, on his way to the new town of Valmont, "for miles farm followed farm in uninterrupted succession, the breadths of wheat, black-green in its richness, or overrun with yellowing gleam, dotted with houses and clumps of trees."<sup>10</sup> Although he neglected to say much about Boulder, a fair description of it is provided by a newspaper account in 1889 concerning a photograph of 1866, as follows:

The first house in the foreground is the old Colorado House. In the enclosure to the west is a pigstye. Then comes a frame shanty now occupied by the Chinese Laundry. The next building is the Macky-Dabney block. Beyond this are two small frame shanties, and then the western portion of the Boulder House. Beyond this are the mountains.<sup>11</sup>

A few years later, in 1869, even though the local newspaper boasted that the total agricultural and mineral production of the county was valued at about \$671,000, it also published a delinquent tax list of 202 names, including many of the leading citizens.<sup>12</sup> Boulder needed a second impulse.

After 1869 several factors stimulated a renewal of activity. One was the founding in that year of the third local newspaper, the aggressive *Boulder County News*, which boasted and applauded every development. Another was the opening of rich silver mines at Caribou in 1869 and the discovery of tellurium at Gold Hill in 1872, which produced a less transitory boom in mining activity. Immediately the toll road was built through the difficult narrows of Boulder Canyon to Caribou, and this brought that mountain trade to Boulder. In addition the proposal to locate the state university at Boulder, dormant since 1861, came to life and was

<sup>7</sup>Minutes of the Board of County Commissioners, 1862-1866, *passim*.

<sup>8</sup>*Rocky Mountain News* (Denver), Oct. 24, 1860; F. L. Paxson, "The Territory of Jefferson," *University of Colorado Studies*, III, No. 2; Hall, *op. cit.*, III, 296.

<sup>9</sup>Bixby, *loc. cit.*, 397-400.

<sup>10</sup>*Colorado, a Summer Trip* (N. Y.: Putnam, 1867), 154-160.

<sup>11</sup>*Boulder County Herald*, March 20, 1889.

<sup>12</sup>*Boulder County News*, Nov. 23, 1869; April 13, 1870.

on its way to fruition in 1877. These developments were sufficient to call for the organizing of a town government in 1871, and at that time the county as a whole also benefitted from the founding of the town of Longmont as the center for a prosperous agricultural colony. The next year, 1872, a county immigration society was organized for active promotion of settlement.<sup>13</sup>

At that time, 1871 to 1872, two railways were building toward Boulder. The Denver and Boulder Valley, although started in 1870, stalled upon reaching Erie, and even after Boulder citizens had put forth strenuous efforts to obtain its completion, it was not ready for service to this terminal until September, 1873. In the meantime the Colorado Central, coming up from Golden, had reached Boulder first, in April of that same year.<sup>14</sup>

All these stimulating factors, especially the completion of the railroads, contributed to the growth of Boulder and of the county in the 1870s. Numerous visitors registered each day at the Colorado House and the Boulder House, town lots sold rapidly at "fabulous" prices, few houses were available for rent, new buildings were erected feverishly, and real estate promoters laid out seventeen additions to the town between 1870 and 1878.<sup>15</sup> It was in this period, too, that the town organization effected in 1871 blossomed into reorganization in 1878 and next into incorporation as a city of the second class in 1882, after the population of the town had passed the 3,000 mark.<sup>16</sup>

At times during the fruitful decade of the 1870s visitors who came to Boulder wrote accounts of their observations, and one of them commented as follows in 1874:

The city of Boulder is situated at the opening of Boulder Cañon and controls, to a great degree, the business of the mountain region, which is by no means meagre. It is not a handsome city, but still has many characteristics of a lively, active, energetic commercial center. It is not large, the population not exceeding two thousand, yet it is composed in the main of that class of early settlers who, by their persistency, gave the place a habitation, as well as a name, and have seen it develop into a prosperous community.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>13</sup>Most of these developments are treated more fully in subsequent paragraphs. Concerning the renewal in mining, see Fossett, *op. cit.*, 167; for an account of road building, see Parsons, note 6 above; and for information about the founding of Longmont refer to James F. Willard and Colin B. Goodykoontz, *Experiments in Colorado Colonization* (University of Colorado Historical Series, II, 1926), 257-8, 328.

<sup>14</sup>W. B. Vickers, "History of Colorado," in *Clear Creek and Boulder Valley*, Part II, chapters IV and VII; editorials and news items, *Boulder County News*, *passim*, Oct., 1870, to Sept., 1873.

<sup>15</sup>*Ibid.*, *passim*, 1873-1878, and the founding of a building and loan association, *Boulder News-Courier*, June 9, 1879. A list of town additions appears in *Charter and Code of Boulder, Colorado* (Boulder Publishing Co., 1925), Appendix.

<sup>16</sup>Minutes of the Town Trustees, Jan. 9, 1878; Minutes of the City Council, April 17 and 26, 1882. In 1880 the population was 3,069, in U. S., *The Statistics of the Population of the United States* (1883), 112.

<sup>17</sup>Charles Harrington, *Summering in Colorado* (Denver: Richards, 1874), 49-50.

To this another traveler added in 1879 that "business seemed active and the place manifested thrift and enterprise."<sup>18</sup> Thus in the 1870s Boulder's diverse advantages had begun to have effect, and growth since that time has been controlled by developments in several fields of activity.

Mineral production in Boulder County, which had been down around \$50,000 a year in the 1860s, climbed steadily upward after the discovery of rich silver and tellurium deposits and reached a peak near \$800,000 in 1879 and 1880. Then a slump followed until gold mining picked up in the 1890s and sent the annual production to a new high, over one million dollars in 1892. After that the mining of the precious metals declined steadily. Production was valued at only a few hundred thousand a year after 1900, and it went on down to \$18,000 in 1930. However, after the devaluation of the dollar in 1933, which put a premium on gold mining, production enjoyed a mild revival.<sup>19</sup>

The above refers only to the precious metals, and fortunately sole dependence was not upon them. The coal mines at Marshall, developed in the early 1860s, soon were supplying the entire region, and then the field of mining expanded over most of the southeastern part of the county. Production climbed steadily and in recent years it has been above a half million tons a year. In addition the yield of mica after 1882, of radium ores since 1918, and of fluorspar following 1920, have contributed considerably to local prosperity; and tungsten, discovered in 1900, has given the county a rich source of wealth worked to the limit during the two world wars.<sup>20</sup>

Boulder had an oil boom, too. Signs of the "black gold" were found in the 1890s, and the first producing well pumped about seventy barrels a day in January, 1902. Shortly there were 117 companies selling stock and buying up land in this field, and excitement ran high. Several wells did produce a high grade of petroleum, and in 1903 the county shipped 44,000 barrels. Then production and promotion tapered off to almost nothing, and later attempts to strike oil again met with poor success.<sup>21</sup> It is evident, then, that if Boulder had been dependent solely upon mineral production, the growth of the city certainly would have experienced great fluctuations. However, other more stable resources were being developed.

<sup>18</sup>S. Anna Gordon, *Camping in Colorado* (N. Y.: Author's Publishing Co., 1879), 84.

<sup>19</sup>Percy S. Fritz, "Mining Districts of Boulder County, Colorado," (University of Colorado thesis, 1933), 177-8; Erika Olga Stoockly, "Boulder: A Study in Historical Geography" (University of Colorado thesis, 1938), 7.

<sup>20</sup>*Ibid.*, Bixby, *loc. cit.*, 386; Percy S. Fritz, "Mining History," *Camera*, April 14-16, 1945; *Boulder County Directory, 1940* (Colorado Springs: Polk Directory Co., 1940), 13.

<sup>21</sup>*Camera*, May 3, 1891, Aug. 24, 1901, Jan. 7 to Feb. 25, 1902, Dec. 31, 1903, May 20, 1908, and Feb. 24 and Nov. 16, 1910, May 7 and July 31, 1918, and Jan. 31, 1928.

After the favorable beginnings in agriculture, extensive irrigation facilities were added and then the county forged ahead, especially in the production of fruits, cereal crops, dairy products, and livestock. This led to the founding of an agricultural society, which sponsored the first county fair in 1869. By 1900 the county had 967 farms, averaging 100-175 acres each, and the value of marketed production was near one million dollars. At that time nearly nine-tenths of the improved acreage was under irrigation. After 1900 another asset was added by the development of sugar beet culture, centered at Longmont. Thus agriculture continued to expand until in 1940 nearly one-half the area of the county was in farms, averaging about 150 acres in size and valued altogether at about twelve million dollars.<sup>22</sup>

Along with these developments in mining and in farming, Boulder County also attracted a few manufacturing industries. The first, of course, were related directly to local resources and needs, as sawmills, flour mills, stamp mills for ores, and an iron blast furnace at Marshall. In 1871 the county had twenty-one small industrial establishments employing fifty-three persons, and the failure to take full advantage of the opportunity was lamented by some aggressive citizens. A local editor wrote:

We have lain idle, half asleep as it were, so long that we are letting many chances slip while other towns in our territory are taking advantage of the sloth and indolence manifested by us and are reaping a rich reward.<sup>23</sup>

To the small shops at Boulder were added some larger ones later, as flour mills, smelting plants, machine shops, brick manufactures, breweries, and, for a while, an oil refinery.<sup>24</sup> However, in the 1890s a conflict arose between those citizens who wanted to keep Boulder quiet and attractive and those who sought industries with large plants and payrolls. Thus when a prospective industrialist was brought to the city only to find meagre encouragement, one disappointed citizen protested: "Boulder must have factories and the only way to get them is to seize them when in sight. Sugar catches more flies than vinegar, and billious traitors to their own city and to their own families should be weeded out. . . ."<sup>25</sup> As this contention continued on through the years, the opposition generally

<sup>22</sup>Bixby, *loc. cit.*, 389; *Boulder County News*, Oct. 19, 1869, Jan. 2, 1874, Jan. 15, 1875; Wm. N. Byers, *Encyclopedia of Biography of Colorado* (Chicago: Century, 1901), I, 123; U. S., *Statistics of Wealth and Industry, 1870* (1872), 108; U. S., *Census Reports, 1900* (1902), Vol. V, Part I, 64, 269, 593; Part II, 232, 363; U. S., *Sixteenth Census of the United States, 1940, Agriculture* (1942), Vol. I, Part VI, 234.

<sup>23</sup>*Boulder County News*, April 29, 1871. Earlier data from O. J. Hollister, *The Mines of Colorado* (1867), 265-277; H. H. Bancroft, *History of Nevada, Colorado, and Wyoming, 1540-1888* (San Francisco History Co., 1890), 579; *Boulder County News*, Oct. 12, 1869; U. S., *Wealth and Industry, 1870* (1872), 498.

<sup>24</sup>*Bense's Boulder County Directory* (Trinidad, Colorado, 1892), 36; *Boulder County News*, May 16, 1873, Oct. 27, 1876, Sept. 24, 1891, Dec. 2, 1896, May 28, Oct. 31, 1903, and July 26, 1905.

<sup>25</sup>L. C. Paddock, in *Camera*, July 28, 1891. Other items in *ibid.*, June 10, 20, 1891, Nov. 20, 1897, April 24, 1909, Nov. 27, 1912.

prevailed, and in 1940, with abundant power and other resources, the city had only fourteen manufacturing plants, producing goods valued under a half million dollars a year, mostly cutlery and food products.<sup>26</sup>

One of the reasons for the opposition to manufactures was the headway which Boulder was making as an educational center. As early as 1861 the territorial legislature had provided that the state university should be located at Boulder, but little was done for ten years. Then three townsmen donated the original site, they and others raised about \$17,000 to match a territorial appropriation, and "Old Main" was erected, ready for its first preparatory class in 1877.<sup>27</sup> By the fall of 1881 over 120 students were enrolled, and three years later a medical department was added and more buildings were started. In 1892 the campus had eight buildings, and soon Boulder could count as an asset more than \$50,000 a year spent by the state for the salaries of thirty staff members. An enrollment of 700 in 1904 was hailed enthusiastically. That year the summer session was initiated and further expansion of program and facilities continued. The enrollment passed the 3,000 mark in 1928, and in the spring of 1946, under the impetus of post-war encouragement of education for veterans, registration reached a new high, above 5,000. It exceeded 9,000 by the fall of 1948.<sup>28</sup>

In the meantime another local educational institution also had been attracting students from afar. It was the Mount Saint Gertrude Academy, founded in 1891 by four Sisters of Charity, B.V.M., for "young children and girls who desire health as well as a primary education." The facilities were expanded in 1919 by the addition of wings to the original building, and by 1940 the Academy and the University had made Boulder a nationally known center for education.<sup>29</sup>

One factor which attracted students also worked in other ways for the benefit of the city, and that was Boulder's advantage as a health and pleasure resort. Besides the Colorado climate, there were local scenic attractions. A visitor who travelled the winding road up Boulder Canyon in 1874 was overawed:

Each turn brings to light new views, rivalling all others passed in picturesque groupings and effects. It would seem that here is the studio of nature where scenes that far excel all works of man's pencil are hung with lavish profusion upon the granite walls.<sup>30</sup>

<sup>26</sup>Polk, *Directory, 1940*, 16.

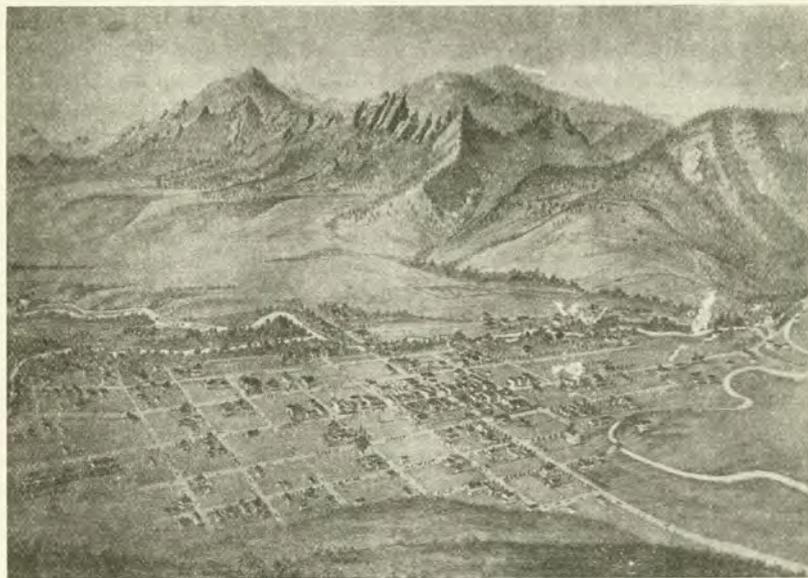
<sup>27</sup>James F. Willard, "Early Days of the University of Colorado," *University of Colorado Studies*, X, No. 1, 17-33; Hall, *op. cit.*, III, 294-5; Bancroft, *op. cit.*, 580; Bixby, *loc. cit.*, 407-10; *Boulder County News*, Sept. 7, 1877.

<sup>28</sup>*Boulder County Herald*, Sept. 21, 1881, July 16, Sept. 7, 1884; *Boulder County News*, Nov. 29, 1900, Feb. 13, Sept. 16, 1904; *Camera*, June 11, 1907, Jan. 10, March 1, 1912, March 17, 1926, Nov. 21, 1919, Jan. 6, 1920, Feb. 2, 1928, April 17, 1946, Dec. 14, 1948; H. M. Barrett, "Education in Colorado," in *Colorado: Short Studies of Its Past and Present* (Univ. of Colo. 1927), 134-5; *Bense's Directory*, 26.

<sup>29</sup>*Ibid.*, 34; *Camera*, Sept. 25, 1919; May 27, 1942.

<sup>30</sup>Harrington, *op. cit.*, 51.

Another sightseer exclaimed, concerning this canyon, "a feast, an ecstasy, an intoxication of the sight."<sup>31</sup> Later, when a railroad was built up the canyon and high onto the front range, the line became known as the "Switzerland Trail." Further interest in these mountains was manifested by the founding of a local climbers' club in 1909, leading later to the annual trips to Arapahoe glacier, with 300 participating in August, 1945.<sup>32</sup>



BOULDER CITY, 1878

The possibility of making Boulder a resort came to fruition in a prominent way first in 1895 with the founding of the Colorado Sanitarium, which was followed by other smaller health establishments in later years.<sup>33</sup> Another outgrowth in part for a resort and in part for education was the Texas-Colorado Chautauqua established at Boulder in 1898. For it the city provided the grounds and the buildings, except the privately owned cottages, and as the years passed, the Chautauqua grew into a remarkable community institution. In 1927 over 45,000 people attended the various programs, and in 1940 the officers could boast that of 750 Chautauquas once in existence, this was one of the ten or so still in operation, because it had been kept "new and novel to meet changing conditions."<sup>34</sup>

<sup>31</sup>Grace Greenwood, *New Life in New Lands* (N. Y.: Ford, 1872), 404.

<sup>32</sup>*Camera*, Feb. 12, 1898, April 26, 1905, August 11, 1911, August 13, 1945.

<sup>33</sup>*Ibid.*, May 15, Sept. 13, 1895; July 21, 23, 1903; May 28, 1934.

<sup>34</sup>Crockett Ricketts, "History of the Chautauqua," *Camera*, Feb. 6, 8, 12, 1926; and subsequent news items, especially *ibid.*, Sept. 8, 1927; Jan. 2, 1940.

The presence of the Chautauqua helped Boulder attract excursions from other states as well as visitors from all over Colorado for holiday observances. This trend grew into a considerable tourist trade following the advent of the automobile and the opening of the Rocky Mountain National Park in 1915. In 1932 the government forest rangers estimated that during that summer there were 125,200 visitors in Boulder and vicinity.<sup>35</sup>

With all of the local diverse advantages at work, Boulder grew steadily but not spectacularly. From 1880 to 1890 the population increased only about 300, but then came a spurt and from 1890 to 1895 twenty-eight of the city's subdivisions were added. In the decade of the 1890s the population of the city doubled, reaching 6,150, and the county passed 20,000. However, with industrialization soon slowed down, the city's total in 1910 was only 9,538, and little gain was recorded for the next twenty years. During the hard times of the 1930s this city again began to gather population, and a vigorous growth during and after the recent war gave Boulder an estimated total of about 18,000 in 1946 and 25,000 in 1948.<sup>36</sup>

As more people became residents of this city and as social changes multiplied their wants, it became possible for an increasing number of entrepreneurs to engage in business in this community. Where there was but a limited market in the first years, retail sales by 1878 had grown to one million dollars annually. Down through the years the number of establishments increased and the specialties changed with the times; yet, in 1938 Boulder was described by one student as still being a "semi-rural market town."<sup>37</sup>

When men found business either good or bad, they wanted more of it. To this end Boulder merchants organized a Board of Trade which functioned off and on from 1882 to 1896. They tried again in 1905 by founding a Commercial Association, which later became the Chamber of Commerce. It advertised Boulder far and wide, and labored for civic improvements.<sup>38</sup> To obtain efficient direction of municipal affairs the business group in collaboration with others fostered the adoption in 1917 of a city charter, which

<sup>35</sup>*Ibid.*, July 5, 1906; June 10, 11, July 20, 1909; Feb. 25, 1915; Dec. 9, 1932.

<sup>36</sup>U. S., *Compendium of the Eleventh Census, 1890* (1892), Part I, 77; U. S., *Twelfth Census of the United States, 1901*, I, 12, 81, 495, 610; U. S., *Abstract of the Census, 1910, Supplement for Colorado* (1913), 574-5; U. S., *Fourteenth Census of the United States, 1920, Population* (1921), 152, 186, 358; *idem.*, *Sixteenth, 1940* (1942), I, 162; and estimates, *Camera*, May 9, 1942, March 27, 1946, Dec. 9, 1948. Concerning the subdivisions, see *Charter and Code*, Note 15 above.

<sup>37</sup>Fossett, *op. cit.*, 88; Stoeckly, *op. cit.*, 71; and *cf.* directories and advertisements in the local newspapers from time to time.

<sup>38</sup>*Boulder County Herald*, March 23, 1881; Feb. 1, Dec. 6, 1882; April 17, 1886; Feb. 19, 1889; *et passim*; *Camera*, August 4, 17, 26, 1905. Eben G. Fine, secretary of the Boulder Chamber of Commerce from 1927 to 1936 and a "free lance" booster of the city since 1936, has made 3500 lectures advertising Boulder in twenty-eight states, according to his autobiographic manuscript filed with the Boulder County Historical Society.

introduced the city manager form of administration.<sup>39</sup> Subsequently, with the increase in local automobile ownership and the seasonal tourist trade, the business men, working through their city manager, obtained the paving of fifteen of the sixty miles of city streets between 1918 and 1932.<sup>40</sup>

In addition to business and means of communication, a city's places of residence contribute to the well-being of the inhabitants. The pioneers, of course, started with crude log cabins, but in the first building boom during the 'seventies most of them were replaced with frame and brick structures. A visitor in 1878 observed that Boulder might well be called a "brick city" and added that gardens were "universal,"<sup>41</sup> while another wrote in 1892 that Boulder was "essentially a city of beautiful homes."<sup>42</sup>

A second building boom added two hundred houses in the 1890s, and by the turn of the century many of the homes were made more convenient and attractive by the installation of modern improvements, as telephones, gas, electric lights, and running water.<sup>43</sup> At that time building was moving up onto the terraces. New additions in the neighborhood of the University were filling up with residences principally for the growing university community, and some mansions erected on Mapleton Hill set apart that beautiful site as an elite district.<sup>44</sup> Then the modest, older houses east and west of the business section tended more and more to become the homes of the average man, the wage-earner, who in 1920, for example, could not afford much finery from his weekly pay of \$28.60.<sup>45</sup> Few additions were made to the city after 1908, and the building boom of the 1920s filled in vacant lots on those already admitted. This was followed by a slump in building in the 1930s and during the recent war, so that with the influx of home-seekers in 1945 Boulder's 4,500 residences were far too few. Then University students, veterans of the war, had to be housed in trailers—a throwback to pioneer days.<sup>46</sup>

The residents of Boulder have long taken pride not only in their homes but also in their schools, as testified by the fact that in the latter field the city has had two "firsts." In 1860 the towns-

<sup>39</sup>*Camera*, April 17, June 30, August 7, Nov. 6, 1917; Minutes of the City Council, Dec. 11, 1917, Jan. 1, 1918; *Charter and Code, 1925*, pages 20-21.

<sup>40</sup>Minutes of the City Council, March 19, 1918; E. H. Cramer, *Survey of the General Civic Conditions of Colorado Cities Having a Population of 2,000 or More* (Boulder: Colo. Municipal League, 1934), 10.

<sup>41</sup>Mrs. M. P. Colburn in *Massachusetts Plowman*, quoted in *Boulder County News*, Oct. 4, 1878.

<sup>42</sup>George M. Rice in *Worcester Gazette*, quoted in *Camera*, Sept. 4, 1892.

<sup>43</sup>U. S., *Population, 1890*, 878; *1900*, II, 640. Telephone franchise, City Ordinance No. 232, Feb. 6, 1893; gas franchise, Minutes of the City Council, May 21, 1902; history of the light plant built in 1889, *Camera*, Oct. 15, 1929; first water system, Minutes of the Town Trustees, July 24, Aug. 5, 30, Oct. 5, Nov. 25, 1875.

<sup>44</sup>*Charter and Code*, 474; *Camera*, Sept. 6, 1891, Oct. 2, 1903.

<sup>45</sup>University of Colorado, *Boulder County Studies on Health, Sanitation, Recreation, Relief, Municipal Administration, and Business* (Boulder: 1921), 123.

<sup>46</sup>*Charter and Code*, Appendix; U. S., *Housing*, 1940, I, 170; *Camera*, Jan. 1, 1923; Jan. 1, 1925; Dec. 27, 1927; Jan. 2, 1932; Jan. 6, 1942; Jan. 18 and Sept. 28, 1945.

men, working under the direction of Abner R. Brown, teacher of a private school, built the first school building in Colorado.<sup>47</sup> Later, in 1876, Boulder had the first class to be graduated from a public high school in Colorado. By that time the original one-room frame structure had given way to a two-story brick building dedicated in the spring of 1873.<sup>48</sup>

In 1877, when the University opened a state preparatory school, it became Boulder's principal secondary school, and it continued to be after 1895 when it was moved into a separate building centrally located, under a joint arrangement between School District No. 3 and the University. It moved into the present modern structure in 1937. In the meantime, from 1882 to 1924, the city school district had added eight elementary and junior high school buildings, and by 1940 the entire system, with about 2,600 pupils enrolled, was organized on the six-three-three plan. By that time, too, the city had three parochial schools with 274 pupils.<sup>49</sup>

A corresponding expansion appeared in religious organization. The first religious group was a small Methodist class organized in the fall of 1859 by the Rev. Jacob Adriaance, and the second was a Congregational Assembly which met in a grove at Valmont in 1864 and later moved to Boulder. These two were all that were listed in the newspaper directories for 1869-1871, and both were meeting at the Congregational building, which was also the school building.<sup>50</sup> In the ensuing decade, 1870 to 1880, seven more churches were organized and presently the newspaper lamented that the town had "too many churches to support," causing some "simply to struggle for existence."<sup>51</sup> Nevertheless, organizing of more continued as the city grew, so that by 1945 there were twenty-five religious organizations. During those years, too, most of the churches erected attractive edifices, and all of this was stimulated by rousing revivals conducted by the Rev. Billy Sunday in 1909 and by the Rev. E. J. Bulgin in 1914.<sup>52</sup>

<sup>47</sup>G. A. Brooks, "The Boulder (Colorado) Public Schools; Their Development and Present Status" (University of Colorado Thesis, 1939), 7; J. H. Baker and L. R. Hafen, editors, *History of Colorado* (Denver: Linderman, 1927), 1153; Barrett, *loc. cit.*, 124; Bixby, *loc. cit.*, 404; Bancroft, *op. cit.*, 580; Hall, *op. cit.*, III, 293-241; Alice Polk Hill, *Tales of the Colorado Pioneers* (Denver: Pierson and Gardner, 1884), 157-8.

<sup>48</sup>*Rocky Mountain Directory and Colorado Gazetteer* (Denver: Wallihan, 1871), 140; Barrett, *loc. cit.*, 132; *Boulder County News*, April 4, 1873; March 13, 1874; Jan. 22, 1875; Brooks, *op. cit.*, 8 and 19.

<sup>49</sup>Brooks, *op. cit.*, Introduction and pages 51 and 68; Polk, *Directory, 1940*, 16; S. R. DeBoer, A Survey of School Building and Land Requirements (Manuscript, 1946); *Camera*, Nov. 4, 1895; April 12, 1900; Nov. 24, 1909; April 10, 1946.

<sup>50</sup>The Rev. Jacob Adriaance to the Rev. John A. Davis, April 14, 1905, letter in University of Colorado Historical Collections; the Rev. Nathan Thompson manuscripts in University of Colorado Historical Collections; his reminiscences, *Camera*, Dec. 13, 1913; Bixby, *loc. cit.*, 411; Bancroft, *op. cit.*, 580; U. S., *Census, 1870*, 531; *Boulder County Pioneer*, Feb. 10, 1869; *Boulder County News*, April 1, 1871.

<sup>51</sup>*Boulder County Herald*, April 9, 1884; Bixby, *loc. cit.*, 411; *Bensel's Directory, 1892*, 24-6.

<sup>52</sup>Polk, *Directory, 1918*, 17, *1940*, page 16; U. S., *Religious Bodies, 1926* (1930), 585; W. O'Ryan and T. N. Malone, *History of the Catholic Church in Colorado* (Denver: Kelly, 1889), 93; and newspaper items concerning new buildings, *passim*, 1872-1929. The revivals were reported in *Camera* during September, 1909, and October, 1914, and the directory for 1945 appeared in *ibid.*, Jan. 23, 1945.

Likewise, after a late beginning, there was a rapid multiplication of lodges and other social organizations. The first was the Golden Sheaf Lodge No. 19 of Good Templars, founded in September, 1868, and the second was Columbia Lodge No. 14, A. F. and A. M., which moved to Boulder from the Ward district in October of that year.<sup>53</sup> An Odd Fellows Lodge and a Grand Army Post followed in 1869, a Y. M. C. A. by 1875, and the Knights of Pythias No. 12 in 1880.<sup>54</sup> Many other groups were organized in the period between 1900 and 1915, so that the list in 1918 included thirty-some fraternal, social, and business groups. To these have been added subsequently several veterans' organizations and the popular luncheon clubs—Lions, Kiwanis, and Rotary.<sup>55</sup>

A considerable contribution to the building of Boulder and its society has been made by its newspapers. Several had short lives, including the first two, the *Valley News*, 1867, and the *Boulder County Pioneer*, 1869.<sup>56</sup> Those which have served the community for long periods include the *Boulder County News*, which was founded in 1869 and continued to 1913; the *Boulder County Herald*, which started in 1880 and merged with the *News* in 1913; the combined *News-Herald*, which finally was absorbed by the *Camera* in 1932; the *Boulder County Tribune*, published by the *Camera* as a weekly edition since 1891; the *Boulder County Miner*, launched in 1901 and known as the *Miner and Farmer* since 1920; and notably the *Boulder Daily Camera*, continuing since 1891 and edited by the late L. C. Paddock from 1891 to the time of his death in 1940.<sup>57</sup>

While aggressive leaders were drawing upon the advantages of the site to build a pleasant community at the foot of Flagstaff Mountain, all did not go smoothly at all times. The difficulties did not vanish with the passing of the 1860s, and periodically the city has experienced several crises. Epidemics of smallpox were serious in the 1880s, before medical science provided controls. In those years, too, the development of the community was retarded by the feeble supply of murky water, until mountain sources were tapped in 1891. The next crisis occurred in 1894 when a bad flood swept away all bridges and did considerable damage to residences and business houses.<sup>58</sup>

Many years after the memorable flood Boulder went to war along with the rest of the nation and most of the world. On the

<sup>53</sup>H. W. Allen, "Early History of Masonry in Northern Colorado, Columbia Lodge No. 14, 1907" (Manuscript in possession of H. O. Andrew); Bixby, *loc. cit.*, 414-415.

<sup>54</sup>*Ibid.*, *Boulder County Pioneer*, Feb. 10, 1869; *Boulder County News*, July 16, 1875.

<sup>55</sup>Polk, *Directory*, 1918, 18; *Camera*, Jan. 23, 1945.

<sup>56</sup>Bixby, *loc. cit.*, 410-411; history in the *Boulder County News*, June 11, 1875.

<sup>57</sup>The files of these newspapers are in the University Library, in the University Historical Collection, and at the *Camera* office. Biographies of L. C. Paddock appeared in *Camera*, July 31, 1940, and in *Who's Who in Colorado* (Boulder: Colo. Press Assoc., 1938), 102.

<sup>58</sup>Minutes of the City Council, Jan. 2, 1888; August 5, 1889; April 7, 1890; *passim*, 1891; *Camera*, May 31, 1894.

whole during the First World War Boulder County responded well in the Red Cross and Liberty Loan drives, and 773 men saw service, of whom fifty-one gave their lives.<sup>59</sup> After that war the national boom and recklessness was reflected in local spending, building, and bootlegging, and then this city, with the rest of the nation, fell into the depths of the depression.<sup>60</sup> For the first time the problem of relief became so serious that national aid was welcomed.<sup>61</sup> On the whole, however, it must be conceded that Boulder benefitted in many ways during the depression, by the re-emphasis upon education, by the acquisition of needed buildings through federal aid, and by the improvements made in the extensive mountain parks by the Civilian Conservation Corps.<sup>62</sup>

No doubt more serious than all other crises was the Second World War, which greatly restricted all business and building and drew heavily upon all resources. With the rest of the nation Boulder had its Civilian Defense, salvaging campaign, rationing, financial drives, and conscription of manpower. When the war ended in Europe, 4,077 men and women from this county were in the armed forces of the nation, and seventy-seven from Boulder had sacrificed their lives.<sup>63</sup>

The social and economic effects of the war were not surmounted immediately, and would not be for some time; nevertheless at the conclusion of the war the citizens of Boulder began planning hopefully for an even greater future.<sup>64</sup>

<sup>59</sup>*Ibid.*, *passim.*, April 5, 1917, to June 19, 1919.

<sup>60</sup>*Ibid.*, Oct. 12, 1920; Minutes of the City Council, Jan. 1, 1924; Jan. 1, 1925.

<sup>61</sup>*News-Herald*, March 10, 1931; Sept. 17, 1931.

<sup>62</sup>*Camera*, Dec. 2, 1933; Oct. 26, 1936; *et passim.*

<sup>63</sup>*Ibid.*, Dec. 11, 1941; Feb. 16, March 21, May 9, Dec. 16, 1942; May 7, 1945.

<sup>64</sup>*Ibid.*, Dec. 7, 10, 1945; Jan. 5, 1946.

## The Indians of the Ute Mountain Reservation, 1906-9

S. F. STACHER\*

When I was a country school boy in the eighties of the last century in the Cravan School District, Wayne County, Ohio, several of my school boy friends and I longed to go west, to hunt deer, bear, buffalo and kill Indians. This idea was almost a daily subject of conversation, but how to raise the money to cover the expenses of the trip and for equipment of guns and ammunition was the problem that we could not solve. Many years later my hope was realized, when in February, 1898, my sister, mother and I moved to Oklahoma. Mother purchased a relinquishment to 160 acres in Blaine County and for several years I operated the farm during the summer and was the district school master during the winter.

Our home was in the midst of allotted Cheyenne Indians and we became acquainted with many of them, including Turkey Leg,

\*Mr. Stacher, former Superintendent of the Ute Reservation in southwestern Colorado, now lives in Albuquerque, New Mexico.—Ed.

Rising Elk, Bare Behind, and Howling Crane—a strapping big fellow said to have taken part in the Custer massacre. All proved to be friendly. My desire to kill Indians had been replaced by a desire to work among them. I was given an examination in Oklahoma City for Indian farmer and with a passing grade was appointed as school farmer at Sac and Fox Boarding School in eastern Oklahoma. During the two years there I became saturated with malaria, with chills and fever so bad I had to resign and give up my work with Indian students.

The doctors gave me plenty of quinine and months went by without any improvement. Several of my friends wanted me to try their favorite remedies; one said to drink beer by the case. I tried this with no good results. Another said to drink green sage tea—what a bitter dose. Another sure remedy was to take assafoetida dissolved in alcohol, and oh what a rotten concoction. It was five long years before I was rid of this malaria. I was reinstated and assigned as farmer on Santa Clara Reservation near Espanola, New Mexico. I resigned after seven months, as no quarters were available for my wife and children. I returned to Oklahoma; after two weeks there I had another chill, though I had had none while in New Mexico. About this time the Indian Department offered a financial clerkship at Navaho Springs Agency, under the Fort Lewis School, Colorado, and after a family council I decided to accept. The family and I arrived at this isolated agency in March, 1906, and I went on duty immediately.

For administrative reasons this agency had been placed under the Superintendent of the Fort Lewis School, though later for a time it was made an independent agency and still later it was merged under the Consolidated Ute Agency, with headquarters at Ignacio, Colorado. Navaho Springs is 65 miles from Fort Lewis and 18 miles from Cortez—our post office and nearest place to purchase supplies. The agency was six miles within the reservation and there were no roads worthy of the name.

Our transportation and motive power consisted of one old gray mule and an old horse, said to have been purchased during Cleveland's first administration and believed to be over 30 years old. To get them into a trot required a lot of persuasion, with liberal application of the whip and loud and oft-repeated epithets common on such occasions. A slat-bottomed Studebaker buckboard was our only vehicle, aside from heavy wagons. A trip to Cortez required an early start and quick shopping in order to return to the agency before dark. It was necessary to tie everything to the buckboard to prevent loss of supplies.

Charles Duff had been the financial clerk, but as he had resigned, I succeeded him. Bill Tritz was the agency farmer, but his position

was abolished and so he and his mother moved away; and for the next three years we were most of the time the only white family on the reservation.

Ed Nolan, a pioneer veteran Indian trader, had the only store, which was located about 300 yards from the agency. It was operated by Henry Crawford, a tall, congenial man with a heavy sandy moustache, who hailed from Mississippi. He was known to the Indians as Pat-se-chume; the Indians called me Sec-re-tar-io.



Back Row: NATHAN WING, E-WOOP, AND CHIEF IGNACIO  
Front Row, at left: MRS. S. F. STACHER AND DAUGHTER

The eight buildings of the plant were constructed of adobe. The contract doctor lived in Cortez and made visits to the agency weekly, or oftener when necessary. Three years before my arrival the Indian Department had made a contract with a druggist in Cortez to care for the medical needs of the reservation, salary \$720 per annum. He staked his reputation as a medical man mainly to the use of those 45-caliber compound cathartic pills. It was not long until the Indians dubbed him "the pill doctor," or something worse.

When a doctor was not available I often gave out simple remedies and on several occasions pulled aching teeth. One evening a Ute named Tom Root came to the agency as fast as his horse could carry him; he came to me and said "Sec-re-tar-io, me heap sick,

maybe-so die." I checked him over and found he had a high fever, bad breath, rapid pulse, with a rope tied tightly around his chest. After consultation with myself, I decided he had a bad case of biliousness and gave him three of the old reliable Compound Cathartics and put him in the dispensary emergency bed. The next morning I went to see how the patient was feeling, only to find that he had gone. About three days later Tom came to the agency and I inquired how he was feeling. In pidgeon English he said, "Me feel fine now allright—you heap good doctor"—a living testimonial to my skill as a doctor.

The Ute Mountain Indians have always been very superstitious and believers in witchcraft. Numerous times members of the tribe would come to me and complain that some certain Indian had made a few passes and shot a wolf tooth into the body of some member of the family and they wanted me to send a policeman to bring them in and put them in jail. Such cases were very hard to settle to the satisfaction of the complainant.

Every summer a number of Utes would journey to Utah to visit their friends at Ouray and Uintah, making the long journey on horseback. They also visited friends over on Pine River at Ignacio every summer. These others would in turn visit the Ute Mountain Reservation.

A few years before I came to Navaho Springs a band of Cheyennes from Oklahoma came for a friendly visit with the Utes and made camp two miles north from the agency. The Utes gathered about the Trading Post and a formal meeting was arranged for the reception of the visitors. The Cheyennes lined up on horseback, the Utes did likewise, and at the appointed time, to the tune of tom-toms, they rode majestically towards each other and when they met exchanged many presents. The Utes presented blankets, buckskin, and several fine horses and they received in return war bonnets adorned with bright-colored eagle feathers, beaded moccasins, buckskin tobacco pouches, and other articles. It was a great occasion. The Cheyennes remained for several days and in the meantime butchered and ate some of the fine horses given them by the Utes. This act created resentment on the part of the Utes (as they never eat horse meat and they did not hesitate to let their visitors know that they were very much displeased over this action.) The Cheyennes soon broke camp and began their return journey and never have gone back for another visit.

The Ute Reservation had an excellent grass coverage, but water for stock was scarce; however, white stockmen from Montezuma County leased the range in Mancos Canyon and the western portion of the Reservation for winter pasture. Among the lessors were old-timers such as Billy Carlisle, Jim McEwen and Jim Frink. The Hilton Brothers grazed cattle in the New Mexico portion of the

reservation. All paid the superintendent \$1 per head for the time they grazed. The Utes owned only a small number of sheep and goats, no cattle, but many horses.

For years and under the terms of the treaty, the Indian Department issued rations to all members of the Ute Mountain band and issue days always brought together a large number of Utes. On the first of each month the contractor would deliver to the corral near the slaughterhouse 12 to 15 head of fat steers or dry cows for slaughter, and under the terms of his contract such animals had to remain overnight in the corral before being weighed. Early the next morning I would weigh them up and shoot them down as fast as the Indian butchers could drag them into the slaughterhouse. There they were bled, skinned, and the entrails removed, and the carcasses were hung high with block and tackle, there to remain until next morning. Paunches and offal were shoved through a small door at the rear, where the Indian women took over. They emptied the paunches and intestines and if there were children that were restless and needed entertainment the mothers would cut off a strip of intestine and give it to the child to chew on.

At daylight the next morning the butchers were ready to cut up the meat and the agency team and wagon hauled it to the Commissary a half mile distant. The net meat was weighed and the amount to go to each person was determined. There was the same number of butchers as there were animals to be slaughtered and each one received a hide for his work. By 10 o'clock most of the Indians were gathered about the Commissary, all with sacks in which to put their rations.

Everything in readiness, the Indians lined up, the doors opened and they were given supplies in order named: flour, baking powder, sugar, salt, soap, and fresh beef. No beef was issued at the middle-of-the-month ration day, but salt pork and beans were substituted.

Each family presented ration tickets, which were punched on days of issue; never any argument over anyone not receiving his rations. Taking care of the issue required about two hours time, with the assistance of five or six Indians.

The various families soon would have fires burning about the agency and the aroma of roasting meat and boiling coffee filled the air. When they had finished with their feasting, they were ready for any eventualities—mainly horse racing and gambling with cards in front of the Secretario's office. Later, as I became better acquainted, they were advised that we disliked having them gamble on the agency premises, but if they must gamble to go beyond the big arroyo and nearer the Trading Post. They complied without argument and never again played on agency grounds. About 300 yards south from the agency they had a three-fourths mile race track, one way, where all races were run.

For years there were two factions: Chief Ignacio and his followers on one side; with the reactionaries Mariano, Redrock, and their following on the other. Chief Ignacio was successor to the great Ouray, but he was not able to hold all bands together, for he urged that the children attend school, and this policy displeased most of the We-mi-nu-che band. In the words of Mariano, "Ignacio talked like a white man."

In making up bets for any race, one side would place their money, jewelry, and other articles on a blanket and take it over to the other side and they would match the bet from the other side. When all were satisfied with the pot, the side that first made up their bets would choose a horse for the race; the opposition did likewise; riders were up and ready to start. Judges were selected from both factions. Some races were round trips; they would turn around at a bush at the other end of track and the home stretch would end where the race started. Ignacio owned a horse named Joe, which won most of the long distance races. No matter how much any individual would lose, there never was any expression of regret. While the racing element pursued their sport other men and women were interested in their Monte games, kept going near the Trading Post until evening. Some players lost most of their jewelry and money before the games broke up.

The only road to the north boundary of the reservation in the direction of Cortez was always very bad and there was no money available to have it repaired, but after persuasion a number of Indians with teams agreed to work the road, using agency plows and scrapers to fill and level the many washouts. This work had to be repeated after every heavy rain. The Indians were never enthused about working and they would not work unless I was with them.

The old superannuated team was replaced soon after my arrival with a fine draft team and new spring wagon. One October when the supplies were piling up in the depot at Mancos a meeting was called of the Indians with good teams and I suggested that they haul this freight, for which they would be paid 50c per cwt. New wagons were issued to those who did not have suitable ones. They consented to go, with the usual provision that I go with them. Hauling freight was new to them, but we got off to an early start one October morning. We passed through Cortez at noon but before we reached the divide there was a heavy snowfall, night overtook us before we reached Mancos, and there was five inches of snow. The storm kept on all through the night and by morning there was ten inches and we surmised that the return trip would be a hard one. The wagons were loaded and they managed to get back to the top of the divide by nightfall, though we had expected to make it to Cortez. They camped in the timber; some were out of hay and

grain as well as subsistence supplies. I managed to catch a ride to Cortez and hired a team and wagon and brought back feed for the horses and subsistence. They were able to get into Cortez by late noon and kept on, as we all desired to get back to the agency that night. We managed to make it at 1 a. m., all tired and cold.

Several years later, after I had been assigned to another reservation, the new superintendent asked them to haul freight and in some manner they believed there was a car of flour to be hauled. They made the trip to Mancos only to find that there was no flour, but a carload of barb wire for the agency; they did not like this and decided that they would not haul the wire and all wagons went back to the agency empty.



UTE SQUAWS PLAYING THE GAME OF SHINNY AT  
NAVAHO SPRINGS IN 1906

In September of 1906, Mrs. Stacher and I opened the first day school on the reservation and with hard work we managed to enroll 22 children. The attendance was more or less irregular and the achievement was not what it should have been, due in a large measure to the non-cooperation of the Mariano-Redrock faction. The spring of 1909 brought unexpected developments, for the Indian Department offered me a superintendency and promotion to another reservation, which we decided to accept. When the Utes learned that we planned to leave Navaho Springs Mariano and Redrock came to see me. They both said, "What's the matter, you go to the Pow-a-witch (Navahos); you no go; you heap savvy Utes; you heap savvy pay pe-nuck-et-ty (money); you sit down here—no go." The same sentiment was expressed by many members of the tribe. I told them I would like to stay here with them

but they did not like to work and that Washington wanted me to go to the Navaho country, for the Navahos would do what I told them.

Several times I made the annuity payments; each member receiving his share of the money disbursed. The Indians living in Allen Canyon and Blue Mountain, west of Blanding, Utah, were enrolled at Navaho Springs and among this number were Polk, Posey, Johnny Benow, and their leader, Mancos Jim. They could not be induced to come and live on the reservation and preferred to live in that rough country. They were afraid of the Ute Mountain Indians and felt that those Indians did not want them to live on the reservation.

At that time I little dreamed that 32 years later I would be placed in charge of the Consolidated Ute Agency and have jurisdiction over the Ute Mountain reservation, with headquarters at Ignacio, Colorado, on Pine River. When I returned, most of the old-timers had passed on, including Chief Ignacio, Mariano, and Redrock, but a number of the children we had placed in school in 1906-9 are now progressive leaders of this band and three are members of the tribal council. The old Navaho Springs Agency buildings have disappeared and only the outline of the several buildings remain. Before this plant was abandoned a fine modern agency and boarding school was built to the west three miles and nearer the Ute Mountain range. The school had a capacity of 200, when in operation 100 Ute boys and girls and 100 Navahos were enrolled. At times the water supply was inadequate for the operation of the school. Today the plant is idle and decay is well advanced and this once fine plant will probably never be used again; even the hospital has been closed and health and sanitation are at a standstill; the doctor's position has been abolished and only a caretaker remains.

I was retired in October, 1940, having reached the retirement age, with over 37 years of service among Indians that as a boy I wanted to kill.

Chief Ignacio was a man of peace, he was successor to the great leader Ouray, but he did not have the force of character of his predecessor and was unable to hold the several bands together. He was allotted 160 acres of land on the Florida River, about 15 miles west of the village of Ignacio, which was named in his honor. The government built him a two-room home and fenced up his land, but for some reason he became dissatisfied and he and his wife left the Moache and Capote Utes and went to the Ute Mountain reservation, where he lived until the time of his death. The government awarded him a badge of merit and built him a two-room house, one-half mile from the Navaho Springs Agency. He was also given a cash bonus

for the good he did. He was an honorary member of the police force and received a check for \$10 each month, together with uniform and rations, for himself and wife. On ration days Indian assistants were instructed to see that the chief and wife received choice cuts of beef. They had no living children. Ignacio was a good talker and commanded attention when he spoke, in a strong voice, to his fellow tribesmen. His nephew, Nathan Wing, and family lived near them.

Nathan at that time was chief of police, he and his wife are still living, but both are old and gray. During the summer they live on the high mesa south of Mancos Creek; they spend their time looking after a fine bunch of Herefords. In the winter they move down into Mancos Canyon, to be away from the deep snows. Nathan is not interested in the politics of the reservation and very seldom attends a tribal meeting. The policy of leasing the grazing lands of the reservation has ceased; water development and soil conservation has had attention; ownership of sheep and cattle have increased; no rations are issued except to the old and indigent; a few families have small garden patches but there is no dependable water supply for irrigation. A few of the older women still weave baskets and make a small amount of beadwork, but it now appears that native arts are on the way out, as the younger generation is more interested in other pursuits.

One year the superintendent failed to include in the annual budget the money for the annuity payment for approval of Congress and no payments could be made for that year. This gave old Redrock ammunition for verbal lambasts. Quite often on ration days, when the issuance was completed, he would take the floor and launch a tirade leveled against the superintendent, the policemen, or myself. He was even a better orator than Ignacio. He charged that the agent had stolen the money that was to be paid the Utes, then he would blame the policemen or myself as stealing their money; in his words, "What's the matter, no ketchum money." Nothing I could say or do would temper these outbursts of Ute oratory. I finally told him through an interpreter that I was sick and tired of hearing him cry, and if he wanted to talk like this to go up in the mountains where I could not hear him. This suggestion really made him mad and for several months he never came to the agency.

Then one day in early springtime I was at the trading post when who should enter but Redrock. We were talking about planting potatoes and Henry Crawford suggested to Redrock that he plant some potatoes; so he bought a sack and Henry made him a present of another sack. I showed him how to cut them so each piece would have at least one eye to insure growth and told him that if he would take these potatoes home and have his family help

him cut them up that in the morning I would bring the agency team and a plow and help him plant them. When I arrived at his place the next morning they were ready. I plowed a furrow along one side of the two-acre patch and he and helpers dropped them about 18 inches apart; then three more furrows were plowed and the dropping of pieces continued. This planting was an all-day project. Redrock was happy and I was again back in his good graces.

He irrigated this patch several times from a small stream flowing down from Ute Mountain, but which ceased to run by the end of June, but opportune rains did the rest. He had a good crop of nice-sized potatoes. I suggested that he have a storage cellar dug in the side of the hill near his home in which to store the surplus and he would have a good supply for his family and in-laws. He made a good cellar and they ate on this supply until late the following spring. There were no more nerve-racking speeches and I had gained a friend in this reactionary. He sent one boy and one girl to school and when it came time for us to leave he was one of those to protest the loudest. Redrock was a tall man with a pronounced Roman nose, wore his hair in two long braids, and wore a high-peaked, large-brim hat, adorned with eagle feathers.

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## Jack Sumner and John Wesley Powell

WALLACE STEGNER\*

Jack Sumner, the author of the letter reprinted below, was Major J. W. Powell's principal assistant on the expedition which first explored the canyons of the Green and Colorado Rivers in 1869—perhaps the last great exploration within the continental United States. The letter, printed with minor editing by the *Denver Post* in October, 1902, represents the earliest form of charges which were later assembled in elaborate detail in R. B. Stanton's *Colorado River Controversies*, 1929, and which were apparently corroborated by the testimony of Billy Hawkins, the cook of the expedition, first published in Bass's *Adventures in the Canyons of the Colorado* in 1920.

A full treatment of the controversy over Powell would run to many pages and would bring in considerations far outside the scope of this note. It is enough here to remark that Stanton did not have quite all the evidence, and that his two principal sources are

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not as unfailingly reliable as they might have been. It is clear too from Stanton's correspondence with both Sumner and Hawkins that he encouraged criticism of Powell by leading questions, and evidently corrected not only Sumner's grammar and syntax but some of his most crucial misinformation, such as the story of the \$50,000 Congressional appropriation, while writing the story up. And since Sumner's grudge seems to have been based to some extent on this misinformation, the credibility of the whole story is weakened, though not necessarily destroyed.

Deviations from fact or from other accounts of the expedition are considered in detail in the notes below. The documents relevant in checking Sumner's letter include Sumner's own journal (incomplete); Powell's journal (also incomplete); Powell's published *Report on the Exploration of the Colorado River of the West* (so mixed with records of the 1871 expedition as to be unreliable); letters sent out from the river by O. G. Howland to the *Rocky Mountain News* and by Powell to the *Chicago Tribune*; a letter from Andy Hall to his brother, written from the Uintah Agency; certain correspondence of Robert Brewster Stanton preserved in the New York Public Library; the letter books of the Powell Survey in the National Archives in Washington; and two versions of Sumner's side of the question as it has come down in the Sumner family, one an interview with Sumner's son and the other an interview with his nephew. There are also the Hawkins and Sumner statements, each in two versions. Most of these documents have been reprinted recently in the *Utah Historical Quarterly*, volume XV.

Here follows Sumner's letter, apparently the first published indication that the Powell expedition had had trouble not of the river's making, and the first gun in a continuing campaign bent on demonstrating that Powell was an incompetent and autocratic leader, that he withheld from his men not only public credit for their achievement but even their actual pay, and that he rode Bill Dunn and the Howland brothers so hard that he eventually drove them off the river and to their deaths at the hands of the Shewits Indians on the lonely plateau south of St. George, Utah. The original of the manuscript letter written by Sumner is in the library of the State Historical Society of Colorado. We reproduce it as written.

Camp in Henry Mts., Utah, Oct. 13/02

Editor Denver Post  
Denver Colorado

Dear Sir In your issue Sept. 24th 1902 I note your notice of the death of Maj J W Powell which contains many errors, and as I have seen several accounts of the explorations of the Colorado River, all more or less misleading, as I hapened to be a member of

that expedition, I am requested by others to write you this, which you can consign to the waste basket or publish as you see fit. In the fall of 1867 Maj Powell came to my camp at the hot Sulphur Springs Middle Park where I was trading with the Utes. He brought letters from Denver parties<sup>1</sup> requesting me to extend courtesies. I took him a two week trip through the Park and killed some fine specimen of natural history for him. He seems to have got struck on me for some foolish reason or no reason at all, and wanted me to go with him to the Bad lands of Dacotah on a geological trip.<sup>2</sup> I objected to that program and offered the Colorado River Program. he argued that it was impossible as three Govt expeditions had failed. After several windy fights around the camp fire I finally outwinded him and it was arranged that he was to furnish half the outfit and I the other half.<sup>3</sup> We were to start the following spring. He left me in Nov 67 and went to Washington.<sup>4</sup> I staid in the park that winter and collected specimens for the Smithsonian Institute. During the Winter Session of 67-68 an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars was passed through the influence of Senetor Trumbul of Ill and placed in the Hands of Proff. J W Powell for the exploration of the Colorado River of the West.<sup>5</sup> In May or June<sup>6</sup> 68 he appeared on the scene at Berthoud Pass with a gang of 25 or 30 college students, good enough in their way, but about as fit for roughing it as Hades is for a Powder House. After fooling away the summer in which we done nothing worthy of note, unless the assent of Longs Peak could be so called,<sup>7</sup> the outfit pulled out from Hot Springs for White

<sup>1</sup>William N. Byers, publisher of the *Rocky Mountain News*, and Sumner's brother-in-law.

<sup>2</sup>Powell's original intention had been to include the Dakota badlands in his 1867 trip; he gave up the notion because of the uprising of the Sioux. It seems credible, though Powell nowhere corroborates the notion, that Sumner may have given him the first suggestion for the river exploration.

<sup>3</sup>Sumner was not hired, note. He was a partner in the expedition, or rather, his group and Powell's joined forces. The purpose of Sumner and his friends, aside from the sheer adventure, was certainly to some extent at least the fabled gold in the gravel bars. For a sample of the kind of speculation common in these years about the unknown canyons, see William Gilpin, *The Mission of the North American People*, 47.

<sup>4</sup>The *Rocky Mountain News* of Nov. 6, 1867, reported as follows: "Major J. W. Powell left for the east this morning. He will return to the territory next spring to prosecute his scientific labors, and will go down the Grand to its junction with the Colorado River." No mention is made of an exploration of the Green, or of the Colorado below the junction. Sumner's statement that the river expedition was to start in the spring of 1868 seems dubious; Powell's own reports to the Illinois State Normal University do not mention any such plan. The party in fact spent the whole season of 1868 along the Grand, White, and Yampa, and in several overland trips to the upper Green.

<sup>5</sup>This \$50,000 appropriation, which was one of Sumner's chief causes for discontent, did not exist. Powell had no government help whatsoever for the river expedition of 1869 except the right to draw supplies for twelve men from any western army post, and to turn in certain parts of the routine ration for cash; he thus turned in much of the meat ration for cash, with which he hired hunters to supply the party with fresh meat. The exploration of the Colorado was conducted on an incredibly slim budget, supplied principally by Illinois State Normal, the Industrial University of Illinois, and the Illinois Natural History Society, of which Powell was secretary. The Smithsonian contributed a little, mainly in instruments, and the railroads provided free transportation for men, supplies, and boats. Powell enumerated the sponsors of his expedition in a letter to the *Chicago Tribune*, May 22, 1869.

<sup>6</sup>Actually the end of July.

<sup>7</sup>In company with Byers and several of his own company, including Sumner, Powell made the first ascent of Long's Peak on August 23, 1868.

River. After several Mishaps we camped on the ground made historical by the Meker Massacre.<sup>8</sup> By this time the Body Guard of students had dwindled down to two. After various incidents creditable and otherwise we left our winter camp for Fort Bridger, Howland, Dunn and myself remaining behind for three weeks to look up the country bordering Bear, Snake and Vermillion Rivers, which was done and Report handed to him at Green River Wyoming.

After he had sold the pack and saddle stock, he went to Chicago and had the boats built from plans which I drew in our winter camp on White River.<sup>9</sup> I awaited the Boats and the Proff. at Green River, Wyoming. May 24th 1869 the Expedition pulled out into the swift current of Green River and Hell commenced and kept up for 111 days. Through a misunderstanding of signal (If given at all)<sup>10</sup> one of the boats was lost in a rapid eight miles below Browns park, the Howland Brothers and Frank Goodman escaping by a scratch. We made thought without further mishaps and landed at mouth of Uinta River where Goodman left us and went to the trading Post some 35 miles from the mouth of Uinta River. He admitted that his curiosity was satisfied. Maj Powell went up with him to try and replenish supplies lost in the wreck. He Reported prices too high, and only brought a meager mess. July 6th 69 we left camp at mouth of Uinta and struck out into the unknown, with parting salute from some Utes. "Heap dam fool; water catch em." At the junction of Green and Grand River we overhauled our supplies and found we had 250 lbs of Roten Flour and probale 75 lbs of bacon for Nine Men. Not a nice state to be in and there was some cussing of the Commander Uinta parsimony or economy, call it as you like. I call it stupidity in such a case.<sup>11</sup> After a wild Dangerous trip of 700 miles through continuous canon mared by disgraceful squables Between Commander and two of the men which would not look well in Print coming from me. Powell did not manage the Running of the boats after a hundred miles below Green and Grand River. We finally made the mouth of the Rio Virgin in S.W. Utah where J.W. Powell

<sup>8</sup>The spot, a few miles west of Meeker, is still known as Powell's Hole, or Powell Bottoms.

<sup>9</sup>An uncorroborated claim which appears unlikely. The design of the boats, which turned out to be singularly sound, was of the greatest importance to the expedition. Though Sumner had grown up on the Cedar River in Iowa, and may have known boats to some extent, Powell before the war had gone by boat down the Illinois, the Ohio, and the Mississippi on natural history expeditions, and as a scientist and a military engineer he was far better qualified than Sumner to design boats for use on the Colorado.

<sup>10</sup>The wreck at Disaster Falls was the beginning of trouble in the party, and put them on short rations. Powell may have blamed O. G. Howland for not following his signal, but that a signal was given by Powell is attested by Bradley's journal, and Howland's own letter to the *Rocky Mountain News* says: "About one o'clock the signal boat signals at the foot of a very bad rapid to go ashore; boats nearly full of water—two were made fast, but owing to not understanding the signal, the crew of the "No Name" failed very effectually, owing in the main, to having so much water aboard as to make her nearly or quite unmanageable." Later Sumner directly blamed the wreck on Powell's failure to signal. It is impossible to check the incident in Powell's or Sumner's journals since the earlier parts of both were lost when the party split at Separation Rapid.

<sup>11</sup>The plain fact is that Powell had so little money that he could not afford many supplies.

and his brother Water H. Powel left us and went to Salt Lake, leaving Andrew Hall, George Bradley and W.R. Hawkins with me. I took necessary instruments and went on to Fort Mojave A.T. where I drew 4 month supplies and was treated very kindly by Cononel Tracy the post comander. Hall and I then went on down the river till we come in sight of the head of the Gulf of California, Hawkins staying at Ehrenburg A.T. as the work was finished.<sup>12</sup>

When Proff Powell left us at the mouth of the Virgin Rive he gave me 100 dollars in green backs worth then on the Coast 75.00 to Hall he gave the great sum of 20 dollars to Bradley a pleasant smile and a volume of thanks. None of us had a better suit than overalls and a Cotton Shirt. Where did this fifty thousand go to, and how did he pay and to who did he pay out of his own Means, as stated in the papers. I paid out of my own pocket more than a thousand dollars and nearly two years time and Reed neither money nor credit to this day for it.<sup>13</sup> Personaly I care not but seems to me that thirty three years is a long time to wait for some recognition of the services of the men. Fremont give credit to all of his men. Powell give credit to none. As to his being the only one ever making the trip there is a mistake.

The first Expedition that left Green River in May 69 consisted of ten men all told with 4 boats: they were J.W. Powell, Walter Powell, Senica Howland, O.G. Howland, Wm Dunn, Wm Hawkins, Andrew Hall, Frank Goodman, and Jack Sumner. I believe they

<sup>12</sup>The work was finished before Powell left the river. Though Sumner, here and elsewhere, takes credit for being one of the two to go clear to the river's mouth, there was no scientific reason for Powell's doing so, and Sumner's taking "necessary instruments" is pure nonsense. The river had been traversed both upstream and down from the foot of the Grand Wash Cliffs by Lieutenant Ives and by a Mormon party under Jacob Hamblin and Anson Call, in 1857 and 1865.

<sup>13</sup>This matter of the unpaid wages (or the unshared and mythical appropriation) seems to lie at the root of both Sumner's and Hawkins' enmity. Yet Sumner's grudge could not have been born at once, for he was prevented only by heavy snows from going down the river again with the second Powell Expedition in 1871. And Hawkins, who complains that he never got the money for his traps and pack animals and never got any pay either, was hired for several years after the river trip by Powell's surveying parties in south-central Utah, and in the middle seventies was still writing letters to Powell in Washington, addressed to "My dear old friend," and full of the friendliest sentiments. For some reason, both Sumner and Hawkins grew bitter in later years, and their stories grew bitter with them. It seems impossible now to come at the true facts of the agreement between Powell and Sumner's mountain men. He evidently hired some of them as hunters, and none but Hawkins and Sumner ever complained of being cheated. Sumner says he paid out a thousand dollars; elsewhere he says he paid all the expenses of the winter camp at Meeker. But if, as he says, he and Powell were to share the expenses, Powell's contribution of rations for the entire river trip, boats, instruments, equipment, and a small amount of cash ought to have evened the account. Viewed in that light, his distribution of a few dollars to the men at the Virgin was a generous sharing of his last resources. At least one of the men, Bradley, was strictly a volunteer; Powell got him released from army duty in order to go along. As to the failure to give credit to the men, there is a difference of opinion possible. In no part of his *Report* does Powell go out of his way to praise his men, but he never fails to record their heroisms (including Sumner's), and he scrupulously refuses to lay blame either upon Frank Goodman, who quit the expedition at the Uinta, or on the Howlands and Dunn, who deserted at Separation Rapid. Sumner's own journal is harder on them than Powell ever was. "They left us," Sumner wrote, "to go it or swamp." What Sumner might have said with the greatest truth is that Powell never gave adequate credit to, or even mentioned the names of, or the existence of, the members of his *second* river party. In the interest of telling a good story he fused the second expedition with the first in his *Report* and did a very real injustice to his men. But Sumner and the first party had no such legitimate complaint.

all dead now but Hawkins who lives in Eden, Graham Co. A.T. and myself. The Howland Brothers and Dunn left the Main Party eighty miles above the Virgin. In trying to make some Mormon settlement they were killed by Indians. Bradley died in San Diego, California Result of an accident. Hall was murdered in Arizona while defending U.S. Mail which he was carrying. In 73 or 74 there was a second expedition called Powells Exploring Expedition, But in Reality under the command of Capt. Dutton.<sup>14</sup> They did not go through all of the canon, But had their boats hawled around the Grand Canon and launched below Danger line.<sup>15</sup> I get this information from A.L. Storr of Milford, Utah, who done the Hawling. In 89 I think Frank Brown of Denver started to make a Rail Road Survey from Grand Junction to tide water but having more courage than discretion himself and two men were drowned. the following winter Mr. Robert B. Stanton reorganized the expedition and made the trip with twelve men with the slight accident of one man Braking a leg. The Trip can be made now by going in midwinter when the water is at its lowest stage. Supplies can be got a comparatively short stage and there is no danger from Indians.

But dont go unless you are a Reasonable good boatman and have lots of caution and Plenty of Nerve to go with it. But if you do go you will See Grand works of Geology and feel like Dante as he came up from below.

I could write much more but Prefer to let some one ask for it first. Much information can be obtained from W.R. Hawkins, Eden, Graham Co., Arizona. he is a rough Frontiersman and will give the facts, and will give much more than I have writen.

Waler H. Graves did not belong or go with the first expedition he probably did have something to do with the 73 affair.<sup>16</sup>

The first part of this communication you can get verified by calling on Mr. Wm. N. Byers of your City as he is well acquainted with the facts.

As I have more acquaintance with the pick and shovel than the pen and Know the Hammer Better than the Pencil, you will probably get disgusted with this and fire the whole Busnes into the waste basket.

Jack Sumner  
Hanksville, Utah

<sup>14</sup>An error. Powell's second river voyage was planned in 1870 and conducted through the field seasons of 1871 and 1872. Captain Dutton's expeditons in the high plateaus of Utah and in the Grand Canyon district were made under Powell's direction, but several years later, and did not go down any part of the river.

<sup>15</sup>Sumner's original misinformation is here compounded by his desire to minimize Powell. The second expedition went through the entire series of canyons as far as Kanab Wash. Sumner's mistake may have originated in the fact that in 1871 the boats were cached at the mouth of the Paria, and the trip renewed from that point the next spring.

<sup>16</sup>Walter H. Graves did not have a part in either river expedition. He was briefly a member of Powell's party in 1870, when routes for supplies were being explored down to the river



JOHN C. SUMNER  
From a daguerreotype taken  
about 1861.  
Courtesy of  
Charles G. Sumner



JOHN C. SUMNER AND HIS  
WIFE, ALCINDA JANE NORRIS

Taken on their wedding day, June  
30, 1873, at Muscatine, Iowa.

This cut was kindly supplied by  
the Utah State Historical Society.

Stanton's elaborately documented attack on Major Powell is built primarily on the evidence of Sumner and Hawkins. Yet Hawkins, as I have shown, apparently never thought of attacking Powell for years after the expedition, and was in his employ and on the most cordial terms with him. His account of the troubles, too, is weakened by the grossest self-inflation and exaggeration. It is the only account which corroborates Sumner; Bradley's unpublished journal, which Stanton knew but did not use, does not hesitate to criticize Powell sharply for other things, but finds no fault with his leadership and does not even hint of the mutinous squabbling attested by Sumner and Hawkins.

It will be clear from the annotated letter above that Sumner, though a brave man and a big factor in the success of the expedition, could be grievously misinformed, and could also nurse a grudge. If it is permissible to speculate, in the absence of convincing evidence, I should guess that his grudge dated from the time when he found Powell something of a national hero for his exploit, and himself still a prospector and hunter; and especially from the time when he heard of a Congressional appropriation and got the mistaken notion that Powell had had government support for the 1869 expedition and had held out on the men. By 1907, when Stanton got his detailed story, he had been disabused of that notion, but by that time the grudge was imbedded and had been passed on as part of the family legend. Hawkins could easily have been led into an exaggerated statement of the case by Sumner, who seems to have corresponded with him, and by Stanton, whose letters asking information are loaded with leading and provocative questions begging for anti-Powell answers.

That there was trouble within the party there is no doubt, and it should surprise no one that there was. Every difficult and dangerous expedition has some of the same. The river equivalent of cabin fever is easy to acquire a half mile down in the earth, on a furious river that is forever freakish and forever dangerous, with alternating heat and cold, with mosquitoes and joint-wrenching labor on the portages and no guarantee that within the next half mile the river would not go over falls impossible to run or portage. Moreover, Powell had been an army officer; his men, with one or two exceptions, were undisciplined mountain men and hunters. They expected—and this is of great importance—that they would be able to pan the bars all the way down, and perhaps clean up or locate rich placers. The wreck of the *No Name* with large quantities of their food forced them to cut their intended ten-months' run down to four. Powell, the scientist and explorer, got at least part of what he went for; the boatmen got nothing but the ride.

And yet that was not Powell's fault. He was running on a shoestring, and he shared what he had with them at the end. But it is noticeable that on his next trip he did not take a single mountain man along; he took scientists and students, and he had no disciplinary troubles. He was the same leader he had been in 1869, but he had different and more amenable followers.

Sumner's grudge has been pointed out and his story discounted by L. W. Keplinger, who was a member of the 1868 party. It was a grudge that grew with years, and the story Sumner told grew more circumstantial and more damaging as he told it over. This version, close to the source and unedited, was undoubtedly what Sumner himself believed to be true, but its errors and its bias render it, and the case later built on it, open to considerable skepticism.

## Landmarks of Early Denver

CHARLES W. BROWN\*

Not infrequently we find among our acquaintances that characteristic we recognize as a good memory. It is interesting I think, to look backward occasionally and to listen to someone who can say, "I remember when."

This narrative is based somewhat upon that quotation, but more with the thought of how many real pioneers of dear old Denver are still alive and can go along with me and say, "Yes, I can remember when."

I cannot reminisce back in the '60s or '70s, but I can remember as early as 1882, and that was 66 years ago.

Commencing my mental journey in and around Denver, and recalling to mind what landmarks then existed, I may include a few incidences that occurred which may be interesting to recall, and I hope pleasant to someone who can say, "Yes, yes, I remember that, but had forgotten it long ago."

For the moment I am standing in the middle of Fairview Road, looking north, between what is now Clay and Decatur Streets, in North Denver. There were no Clay and Decatur Streets then. Fairview Road was long ago re-named West 32nd Avenue. Not later than 1881, and perhaps earlier, my father purchased ground, not more than an acre, on which he built our home fronting on Fairview Road. The west property line, I judge, was within 50 feet of the east property line of the Oakes Home. Adjoining our property to the east and extending to what is now Clay Street, was a good sized

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dairy farm operated by H. A. O'Haver. When Clay Street was opened, his home stood on the northwest corner of West 32nd and Clay for many years. Mr. O'Haver was killed in down town Denver by one of the early automobiles.

Directly west of the Oakes Home, and before its existence, was located the old Kinzie home. I can recall their two large ice storage buildings. This family engaged in cutting ice off of Sloan's Lake, and hauled it on low bed racks on sled runners by four-horse teams to the storage buildings.

Beyond this particular locale and to the north there was, to my recollection, no civilization as far as the eye could reach, except old Brick Pomroy's two story red brick colonial home which I presume still stands at what is now West 38th Ave. and Boulevard F, better known as Federal Boulevard, and from O'Haver's dairy farm in all directions there were only cow paths leading to scattered shade trees here and there. I enjoy the memory of accompanying my father (although I could not have been older than six years of age) to the Elitch farm and how attentive was Mrs. Elitch showing me the duck pond and a couple of calves in a pen, and the profusion of flowers around the home, while Mr. Elitch and my father conferred concerning some carpenter work. Those who recall the Elitch farm, well know it was this same farm that Mrs. Elitch converted into the famous Elitch's Gardens following the death of Mr. Elitch. And surely no old timer has forgotten the John Elitch restaurant. It was located on Arapahoe Street, on the west side near 16th Street. If my memory serves me correctly, the restaurant continued following the passing of Mr. Elitch, and was acquired by an Italian and known as Tortoni's Restaurant.

Before I leave North Denver and stroll down town, I want to recall to mind the old "Berkeley Dummy." This piece of antiquated equipment was a combination coach and in the front end an upright boiler and two upright engines manned by an engineer and fireman. The starting point was at Zuni St., and West 29th Ave., where the North Denver Tramway barn was located; thence through Dunkeld Street to Boulevard F. At this intersection the right of way made an abrupt turn of only a few feet to the south on the Boulevard directly in front of the old North Denver Town Hall, then west and around a large circular granite watering bowl for horses which stood in the center of Boulevard F. Thence continuing west on West 32nd Ave. to Perry, to West 35th Ave., to Tennyson, to West 46th Ave. and to Berkeley Lake.

Demand for passage on this then novel and modern modus operandi was so great, particularly on Saturdays and Sundays, passengers not only hung on by their fingers but climbed onto the roof, content with any kind of accommodation if only able to make

a trip to Berkeley Lake. I cannot recall how long-lived was this venture in rural transportation. Having spent a week end with friends who lived on Tennyson, at what is now West 41st, across from the Louisa M. Alcott School, I approached that intersection on a Sunday evening about 9:30 P.M. to board the "Dummy" as it was coming toward me from the west. I waved frantically a piece of burning paper to attract the engineer's attention, but he failed to stop for me, so heavily loaded was his "train," and I know I would not have had a "Chinaman's chance" of securing either a toe or hand hold had he stopped for me, for that particular trip toward town was the last for the day. Of course I was forced to return to the home of my friends for the night. Ironically speaking, it was indeed the last trip for the "Dummy." When it arrived at the intersection of Perry St. and West 32nd, and had proceeded a short distance down the hill, on West 32nd (it may be recalled from this intersection to Boulevard F the down grade was perhaps as much as 1%), the engineer discovered he had no air and could not apply the brakes. Steadily the "Dummy" increased its speed, passengers began deserting the contraption, several receiving painful injuries from jumping. Nothing could be done to check its terrific speed and when it arrived at the abrupt curve around the watering bowl in the center of Boulevard F, over it turned. A number of passengers were killed and a score or more critically injured. Yes, it was the "Dummy's" last trip.

As I now stroll toward town and at the top of "the 16th Street hill," as it was then known, I see at West 29th a small church referred to as "Little All Saints" Episcopal. I recall attending a Christmas Eve Festival within its walls, and no doubt it was Christmas of 1881. A short distance beyond, and "down the hill" was located a fire station, the building situated diagonally upon the property.

As North Denver developed and permanent grades were established, it indeed was a "country" of canyons and cliffs, particularly to the eye of a six or seven year old youth, and the 16th Street viaduct was not yet thought of.

Standing now at "F" Street and Larimer, I see the J. J. Riethman Drug Co., on the northwest corner and on the southeast corner, the Geo. W. Clayton hat store. At this juncture I seem a little confused. It is plain to me that the M. J. McNamarra Dry Goods Store was also located in the southeast corner storeroom, prior to or following the occupancy of the Clayton hat store, or perhaps the former concern was located a few doors west. At any rate I served a time as cash boy with the McNamarra Dry Goods Co.

Cash boys were employed in those days to respond to the call of the clerks, and take purchases and the money to a combination

wrapping and cashier clerk and return the purchase wrapped, and change if any, to the purchaser—a far cry from the air tube system and cash register of today! Later, however, the McNamarra Dry Goods Co. moved to 16th and California streets, and eventually became the Denver Dry Goods Co.

Crossing “F” Street, which has long been known as 15th, at the alley between Lawrence and Larimer, was located the pioneer grocery store of Birks Cornforth. The Cornforths were pioneers of Denver, and I remember the family very well.

Returning now, to the corner of 15th and Larimer streets I want to recall an incident which, for a time, was the topic of conversation throughout the country. During construction of the old Evans Block, two of my neighborhood playmates, Bill and Walter Ivers, and myself were downtown together, wandering around with no particular objective, when suddenly Bill suggested we go to the new building and see how construction was coming along.

Arrived at the building, I discovered it was very close to noon and my mother had instructed me when I left home that I be not later than 12:30 P.M. getting home. I therefore left the boys to explore the building to their hearts’ content. Bill, more venturesome than his brother, climbed to the roof with Walter following. Both boys climbed to the top of the cornice, the height of which I think equals about 11 or 12 stories from the ground. Walking along the cornice, Walter became dizzy and went over. In his fall his body struck some wires; this bounced his body toward the curb, where he struck a horse. I have a faint idea it killed the horse, but am not absolutely clear on that point. However, Walter was not critically injured; and it is so long ago I do not remember to what extent. He was hospitalized for quite some time, and when discharged was fully recovered.

Time separated us three boys for several years and the last time I met Walter he was the picture of health, weighing around 200 pounds, bearing no evidence of his experience. Souvenir postcards were printed galore showing the building, a likeness of the boy, and a brief description of his experience; these postcards sold like wild fire and by their distribution through the mails the incident became a subject of national interest.

Back now to 15th and Lawrence Streets. In the building on the northwest corner (and I think the building still stands there), was housed the U. S. Post Office, and diagonally across from the Post Office, was located the pioneer abstract firm of Anthony-Landon & Currey? When the Post Office was moved to the new Federal Building at 16th and Arapahoe Streets, the Old Pacific Express Co. occupied the store room vacated by the P. O. Department.

Before I wander too far from this part of town, I want to recall to mind the operation by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway of the narrow gauge route. The starting point was at Larimer Street, across from the City Hall. The right of way extended along the south bank of Cherry Creek to, I believe, what is now Pearl Street, thence to Bayaud Avenue, west on Bayaud a considerable distance, perhaps to what is now Santa Fe Street, thence to the terminus at Jewel Park, otherwise known today as Overland Park. Broadway and Bayaud was a regular station stop, where passengers were received and discharged; it was a very busy place. The little depot stood for many years at Broadway and Bayaud, which in the time of existence of this suburban railroad was but two country roads crossing, and with very little if any civilization around it. This short line of the Santa Fe did a tremendous passenger business to Jewel Park in the summer time, for picnic parties, etc.

Continuing up 15th Street, at Stout I see the Buell Bakery on the northwest corner, with their cream puffs, macaroons, raised doughnuts, and custard pies in the windows, the aroma from which could be scented all over town. Directly across 15th Street was one of the early churches, I think of the Roman Catholic faith. However, the south wing of the edifice was occupied by a second hand furniture dealer by the name of W. O. Lunt, who later branched out and was one of Denver’s prominent furniture dealers.

And now, arriving at Broadway. It’s a Sunday afternoon about 3 o’clock. I see both sides of Broadway lined with spectators, from Colfax Avenue to what was then College Lane, long since renamed 20th Avenue. There was no Brown Palace or Hotel Metropole, nor Trinity Methodist Church, just an ordinary country road with trees on both sides. Along this dirt road between the intersections mentioned, one witnesses some of the fastest harness races of that day; by trained single footers, pacers and trotters. While I cannot recall all the participants or owners of those fine horses, I seem to recall such names as J. S. Brown, G. W. Randolph, Superintendent of the Denver Horse Car Co., Ed. Wolcott, Dr. Rothwell, etc., all of whom have long since passed on.

I am wondering who might recall the familiar drug store situated on the triangle corner of Broadway and Welton Streets, operated by an old time family by the name of Kline, who were very highly respected in that particular neighborhood. The store was attended more or less by an older son, Ben. Not long after completion and operation of the Welton Street cable line, Ben one day prepared to make a deposit at one of the banks. As he left the store, a cable unit consisting of the grip car and coach was passing the intersection toward town. Ben started running toward 18th Street in an effort to overtake the “cable car.” He was successful and caught

hold of a grab iron, but with the wrong hand. Unable to retain his hold, he fell between the cars, the rear one passed over his body, killing him instantly. That tragic ending of Ben Kline cast a pall over the entire city of that day, for I believe it was the first fatality caused from the operation of the then new cable company.

I want to recall another bakery shop which comes to my mind. It was located on Champa Street, a little north of 16th. N. O. Vosburgh was the owner and operator, father to the late N. O. Vosburgh, Jr., better known throughout his life as Oattie, or Otto, who for more than half a century was connected with the Denver National Bank. The Vosburghs and my family were old acquaintances. Across from the bakery was the home of Dr. N. G. Burnham, whose daughter became the wife of Otto Vosburgh, Jr.

Over at the Albany Hotel, I recall a drug store, I think it was the first tenant in the corner store room after the hotel was opened. It was known as the Long & Axtell drug store. It was that Mr. Long who later married Mrs. John Elitch.

This resumé would not be complete without reference to Wolf Londoner's magnificent grocery store. It was located on Arapahoe Street, on the east side in the middle of the block, close to the Tritch Hardware Co. Of those still living, I know none can ever forget that dear old gentleman and his lovable disposition and that fascinating smile that drew him to all who knew him. At this juncture I might inject an experience that I have never forgotten. My mother sent me to Mr. Londoner's store for groceries. With my little iron wagon I was scooting along 16th Street. Standing together with outstretched arms, as if holding up the Jacobson Building was John Shafroth (who later was U. S. Senator and also Governor of Colorado) and Dave Moffat. Mr. Shafroth, who knew me very well, hailed me, asking where I was going, inquired how my mother was, etc.; handed me a silver dollar and told me to take home some candy. Boy, was I happy! For some unaccountable reason I lost the silver dollar between where the two gentlemen were standing and the grocery store. I entered the store crying, no doubt, pathetically. Mr. Londoner was the first one to approach me and after considerable questioning and my letting him know who gave me the dollar, he put his arm around me and walked me back in the store, put me in charge of a clerk who filled my order, and withdrew from his pocket a silver dollar, gave it to me and wiped my tears with his handkerchief, saying, "There, my son, you take that home with your groceries and be happy." It must have been a great privilege to have known Wolf Londoner intimately, and of course in later years I learned to know him as a wonderful man, until his death.

At the corner of 16th and Arapahoe there was the old firm of Skinner Bro's and Wright Clothing Co., where now stands the Daniels & Fisher Dry Goods Co. tower.

And, by the way, I recall another pioneer grocery store, this time the Humphery & Slayback store at the corner of 16th and Stout, on the northeast corner; later it became known as the Humphery & Brinker Co.

Before I conclude this narrative of old landmarks in Denver I want to return to Lawrence and F Street—pardon me, I should say 15th Street, and gaze into the windows of the Knight & Waterbury Music Co., who were located a few doors below the old post office toward the alley between Lawrence and Larimer Streets. Later they moved to the King Block on Lawrence Street, on the west side, between 16th and 17th Streets. While in that location, if my memory serves me correctly, the firm name was changed to Knight & McClure Music Co., and eventually it moved to the California Street location between 16th and 17th, where the firm has been known for many years as the Knight-Campbell Music Co.

I know that in my effort to recall to mind only a few of the many landmarks of old Denver I have not followed definitely one street at a time, as was my original thought to do, but arriving mentally at one place and giving reference to it quickly reminded me of another perhaps some distance away and rather than omit it my idea of following one street at a time was not carried through.

Surely there will be some one who will be able to follow me as I have mentally walked the streets of Denver as they were during the period between 1881-82 to possibly 1889, and if in their mind they find I am in error in any of my statements, may they feel assured that I court correction, for it would indeed be remarkable if I was one hundred per cent right.

Grateful thanks do I extend to the Colorado State Historical Society for their invitation to write my recollections of early Denver. It has been a source of much pleasure to me and I sincerely hope a pleasure to those who are living and can say, "Yes, yes, I remember that, but had forgotten it long ago."