

THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

Published Quarterly by
The State Historical Society of Colorado

Vol. XXVII

Denver, Colorado, April, 1950

No. 2

Huerfano Butte

DOROTHY PRICE SHAW AND JANET SHAW LE COMPTE*

About ten miles north of Walsenburg, Colorado, on the south bank of the Huerfano River a volcanic butte rises close to the river bed, stark, massive, and strangely out of place in the meadowed and gently wooded valley around it. Sometime near the beginning of the 19th century a Spaniard had come upon this topographical misfit and named it *el huerfano*, "the orphan," and so the river was known, and later the county. Who this Spaniard was, or when he named the butte cannot be determined, but by 1818 *el huerfano* was used in reports of Spanish expeditions to designate the butte without any further explanation.

Spaniards had begun to travel along the Huerfano River a century before it was given its present name. In 1706 Ulibarri was sent from Santa Fe to the Indian settlement of *El Cuartelejo* in eastern Colorado to return some truant Picuriés Indians to their pueblo in New Mexico. Part of his route to the Arkansas River was along the Huerfano, which he called Rio de San Juan Baptista¹ Valverde, in a campaign against the Comanche Indians who had been making forays against Spanish settlements since the beginning of the 18th century, also traveled along the Huerfano River, which he named San Antonio.² It is probable that both Ulibarri and Valverde saw the butte, but, if so, neither one mentioned it.

Up to 1779 Spanish explorers reached the plains of Colorado by crossing the Rocky Mountains at their southern extremity near Santa Fe or Taos, where the passes are low and easy. In 1779 Don Juan Bautista de Anza set out to punish the Comanches and their arrogant leader *Cuerno Verde* (Green Horn). Planning to surprise the Indians on the plains Anza took the unknown back way, going up the San Luis Valley, through South Park, and down the Fountain,

*Mrs. Shaw and her daughter, of Colorado Springs, have been working for a long period upon the Cragin notes and other materials relating to early Colorado history.—Ed.

¹Alfred B. Thomas, *After Coronado* (University of Oklahoma Press, 1935), 65.

²*Ibid.*, 121. In a footnote Thomas suggests that by the Rio de San Francisco Valverde may have meant the Huerfano River instead of the Arkansas, as the text seems to indicate. It is interesting to note, however, that Ulibarri had already named the Arkansas Rio Grande de San Francisco. There is no indication that Valverde was familiar with Ulibarri's report of the earlier expedition.

where they had a brief fight with the Indians, to the Arkansas. From the Arkansas the expedition traveled along a river which Anza marked on his map Rio de Dolores (probably the St. Charles and its Greenhorn branch), to a little valley where the enemy was met and routed, their leader Cuerno Verde and his son killed. Thomas and other historians located Anza's victory at the foot of Greenhorn Peak. From here Anza initiated a route which Spaniards and Americans followed for almost a century more, and which was later known as the Taos Trail. Reaching the Huerfano Anza ascended it to a point past the present ghost town of Badito, thence to the Sangre de Cristo Pass and down into the San Luis Valley by way of Sangre de Cristo Creek, then on to Taos.³ Anza is important to our discussion mainly because of his use of the Taos Trail through the mountains, for he probably did not see the Huerfano Butte, nor did he follow the Huerfano River for very long. For 19th century Spaniards and Americans, however, the Taos Trail left the Arkansas at the mouth of the Fountain and went south approximately along the present D. & R. G. tracks, to the Huerfano Butte, thence up the Huerfano into the mountains. (One of the alternative routes was used by those who had come west along the Arkansas—they left the Arkansas at the mouth of the Huerfano and followed that river into the mountains.) It was the 19th century travelers over the Taos Trail who left us their amazed descriptions of the butte.

After Anza in 1779 there were probably many Spanish traders and not a few spies who traveled along the foot of the Rocky Mountains past the Huerfano Butte. One of these travelers named the Huerfano Butte and Huerfano River, but we have no record of his journey. The Huerfano River or butte was known by that name to the Spaniards by 1808 or 1809, as indicated by Ralph E. Twitchell's brief notes on the contents of documents in the Spanish Archives of New Mexico.⁴ Between 1816 and 1818 an unknown Frenchman, probably a spy, made a reconnaissance of New Mexico and wrote a report describing its population, the Indians, military set-up, and topography. The report fell into Spanish hands, was translated into Spanish, and has since been translated into English. The editor of the report, Dr. Alfred B. Thomas, states that he kept the place names as they were in the original French document, and here we find *Huerfano* and *Rio Huerfano*, the former name referring to the butte, the latter to the river:

The mountains which divide the waters of the Rio Del Norte from these of the Mississippi and from the eastern boundary of New Mexico are only a spur of the great chain of the Cordilleras prolonged, to which the Americans have given the name of Roky [sic] Mountains . . . From the Huerfano as far as the Arkansas

³See Thomas, *Forgotten Frontiers* (University of Oklahoma, 1932) for a complete treatment of Anza and his travels.

⁴R. E. Twitchell, *Spanish Archives of New Mexico* (1914), II, 531.

River these mountains are called the Sierra Mojada [Wet Mountains], and are from the Arkansas River towards the north, Sierra del Almagre [Front range] . . . One can cross them into the province only at three points. To the north through the Pass of Sangre de Cristo, going up the Rio Huerfano, one of the branches of the Arkansas . . . There is still a pass north of that of Sangre de Cristo, going up the branch north of Rio Huerfano and passing along the Sierra Mojada. . . .⁵

Note that the report gives no identification to the *Huerfano*, apparently assuming that the readers were already acquainted with the singular butte.

At about the same time the mysterious Frenchman was making his investigation of New Mexico, one Hernandez left Santa Fe to join a trading party at Taos. On the Huerfano Hernandez was robbed of his horses by Kiowa Indians and had to stay there until "Don Julio and Soto, Anglo Americans" arrived on the Huerfano. He joined Soto, while Don Julio and two Frenchmen went on to Santa Fe. In fourteen days Don Julio and his men appeared at the same spot on the Huerfano in the custody of Lieutenant Salazar, who had come to arrest and take to Santa Fe Soto and the rest of the party. At this point Hernandez was captured by the Pawnees and did not escape until January, 1818. His statement was taken in September of 1818. As the translation of his statement stands, Hernandez referred to the river only as "the Huerfano." The meat of Hernandez's statement was that New Mexico was about to be attacked by Indians and Americans, a bit of misinformation he picked up while a prisoner of the Pawnees.⁶

The "Don Julio and Soto" of Hernandez' statement were the St. Louis traders Julius DeMun and Auguste P. Chouteau. DeMun mentions the Huerfano in his journal under the date of February 27, 1816, but the journal was written in French and the place names were translated into English along with the rest of the text, so we do not know in what form DeMun originally wrote "the Huerfano."⁷ In a letter to William Clark, Governor of Missouri, dated St. Louis, November 25, 1817, DeMun described the events of his trading trip, his imprisonment by the Spaniards, and later release *sans* goods. His letter was written in English and has been printed without deviation from the original. DeMun says:

On our way we had bought of Mr. Philibert his furs, goods, horses, etc., and the time of his men. These we expected to find at the fork called by the Spaniards *El Haerfano*, and denominated on Pike's map the Third Fork, where Philibert had given them rendezvous. . . .⁸

⁵Alfred B. Thomas, "An Anonymous Description of New Mexico, 1818," *Southwest Historical Quarterly*, XXXIII, 62, 63.

⁶Thomas, "Documents Bearing Upon the Northern Frontier of New Mexico, 1818-1819," *New Mexico Historical Review*, IV, 146f.

⁷T. M. Marshall, "The Journals of Jules De Mun," in *Missouri Historical Society Collections*, V, 311.

⁸*American State Papers*, Vol. IV, p. 211, etc.

In the rest of the letter DeMun refuses to use the troublesome Spanish word, and calls the Huerfano River "the third fork." The Chouteau-DeMun party crossed and recrossed the Sangre de Cristo Pass, as presumably the Philibert party had the year before, and probably as American and Spanish traders had from the beginning of the century. The unknown Frenchman's report came into the hands of Governor Melgares at about the same time that Hernandez described the forthcoming attack by the Americans and Indians, and somewhat after the capture of Chouteau and DeMun. The Frenchman's report had suggested that a fortification in the Sangre de Cristo Pass would enable a small number of men to hold off a large attacking party. This combination of events led Viceroy Venadito of Mexico to order Melgares to fortify the Sangre de Cristo Pass, which Melgares did.

Melgares wrote then that he had received orders to fortify the Sangre de Cristo and other passes into New Mexico, and with his letter he enclosed a description of the country to be fortified. Like the unknown French spy, he differentiates between *el huerfano*, the butte, and *Rio Huerfano*, the river.

I estimate that there are some fifty leagues, more or less, because of the roundabout way to the Huerfano, about a league or three-quarters of a league from it, the slope of the Sangre de Cristo commences along the same route.

Melgares also speaks of "Rio Huerfano" and of "Valley of the Huerfano," the latter probably meaning Butte Valley and not the whole valley of the Huerfano River.⁹

It was the fort which Melgares had had built in the Sangre de Cristo Pass that Jacob Fowler noted in his journal under the entry for February 3, 1822. Fowler had traveled the Taos Trail from the mouth of the Fountain to this point, and, crossing the Sangre de Cristo Pass, he went on to Taos. His remarks are scanty, however, and he makes no mention of the butte, nor does he name the Huerfano River.¹⁰ Two years before Fowler, Stephen Long had passed the mouth of the Huerfano. He called it "Wharf Creek," an understandable corruption of its Spanish name. Long probably would not have had any idea of its name had not his guide, Joseph Bissonette (*dit* Bijeau), been one of the Chouteau-DeMun party. Long's confused explanation of the meaning of the name is as follows:

Wharf Creek is so-called probably from the circumstances of its washing the base of numerous perpendicular precipices of moderate height, which is said to be the case.¹¹

⁹Thomas, "An Anonymous Description," etc., *Southwest Historical Quarterly*, XXXIII, 69.

¹⁰The *Journal of Jacob Fowler*, ed. Elliott Coues (N. Y., 1898), 98f.

¹¹"Long's Expedition," R. G. Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*, XVI 53, 62, 63.

Bijeau no doubt tried to describe *el huerfano* and other similar cones farther up the Huerfano Valley, and this is what Long made of it.

T. J. Farnham, in 1839, also misunderstood his guide, and called the Wet Mountain Range "the Wolfano Mountains." His guide said the "Rio Wolfano" rises far in the west among the Eutaw Mountains, and has a course of about two-hundred miles, nearly parallel with the Arkansas.¹²

From 1821 on, trade with New Mexico was open, and the Taos Trail was a well-beaten one, accommodating especially the many mountain men who flocked to the pleasant village of Taos to marry Mexican girls and make their homes.

A few of the more literate travelers of the 1840s gave brief descriptions of *el huerfano*, among them G. F. Ruxton, who carelessly called it a sandstone butte. It was not until the 1850s, however, when the trails were full of Army officers and other "green-horns," that the Huerfano Butte got proper recognition as an exciting natural phenomenon. Says Lt. Beekwith in 1853:

Ten miles from Cuchara we descended from the table-land to the valley of a stream evidently rising in the position laid down on some maps for the Huerfano, and on whose southern bank we had an hour before had a fine view of an isolated butte in its bottom—a feature of this valley marked and unmistakable. It is from this butte, from its isolation known as the Huerfano or Orphan butte, that this river derives its name . . . This Butte is one hundred and fifty feet in height, as determined by Mr. Homans, standing in the river bottom quite detached from the adjacent hills. Its diameter at the base is equal to twice its altitude, sloping up to its summit, which is about twenty-five by forty feet across. Its base is strewn around with prismatical blocks of granite rocks, of from one to six feet across, and its surface is also covered with these prisms, which are very dark—containing iron, perhaps, as a coloring matter. A narrow way, leading over the summit from the southeast, is nearly destitute of these rocks, on either side of which they are arranged in regular order, presenting a trap-like appearance. Latitude of this butte, 37°45'04".¹³

A more poetic and yet more accurate description is that of G. H. Heap, another traveler of 1853:

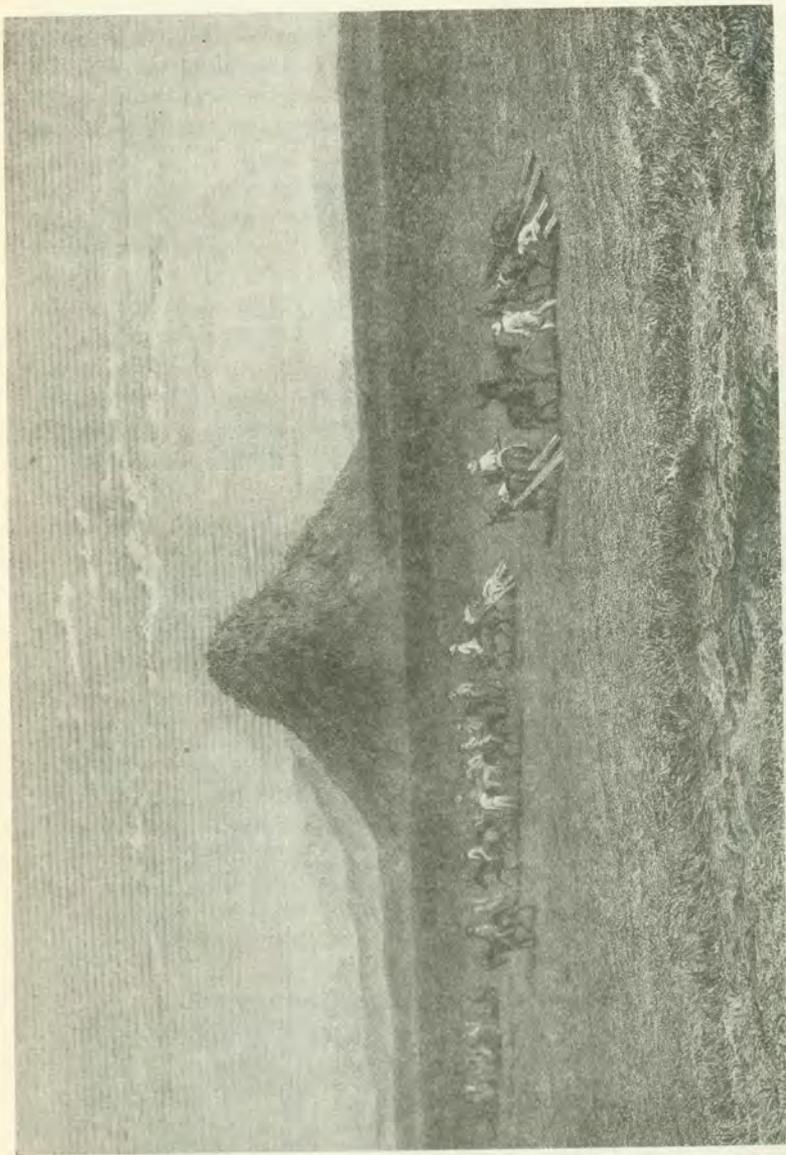
June 4. I rode ahead of camp, to Huerfano Butte, a remarkable mound bearing north of the southernmost Spanish Peak, and about fifty yards from the right bank of the river; its appearance was that of a huge artificial mound of stones, covered half way up from its base with a dense growth of bushes. It is probably of volcanic origin. . . .¹⁴

Mr. Heap tops off his description with an excellent full-page lithograph of the butte.

¹²"Farnham's Travels," Thwaites, *op. cit.*, XXVIII, 183, 187.

¹³Lt. Beekwith's Report, *Pacific Railway Reports*, 1853-4, II, 34, 35.

¹⁴G. H. Heap, *Central Route to the Pacific* (Phila., 1854), 29.



HUERFANO BUTTE

From the daguerreotype made on the Fremont Expedition of 1843 by S. N. Carvalho

In spite of the lovely valley around and west of the butte, settlement there was sparse and late, probably because of the nearness of the Greenhorn settlement, which had been established at the Taos Trail crossing of the Greenhorn River by John Brown in the 1840s.¹⁵ In 1843 Cornelio Vigil and Ceran St. Vrain, citizens of Taos, petitioned Governor Armijo for a large grant of land bounded roughly by the Arkansas and Purgatory rivers on the north and east, and the mountains on the west. Mexican land grants had to be confirmed by congress, and proof of settlement and proper use of the land had to be presented before the grant could be confirmed. Cornelio Vigil died in 1847 and St. Vrain was left to promote settlement of his grant, which was not confirmed until 1860 and then in much smaller acreage than had been petitioned for. In 1858 or 1859 St. Vrain got an obscure Frenchman named Beaubois to settle on a two-mile strip along the Huerfano River in the shadow of the Huerfano Butte, lying within the unconfirmed Vigil and St. Vrain grant. Between 1862 and 1865 Beaubois was so harassed by Indians that he built some kind of a fort on his property a quarter of a mile northwest of the butte. The fort was well known to old-timers as "Beaubois' Fort." In 1861 John Brown (not the same man who first settled on the Greenhorn) came to live near the Huerfano Butte, probably on Beaubois' ranch. In late 1861 or early 1862 ten Frenchmen, all former hunters or teamsters for Bent, St. Vrain & Co., settled near the butte, and the settlement was known as Butte Valley. Among them were Louis Joseph Clouthier (who later married a daughter of Charles Beaubien and settled in Taos), Antoine Labrie, Norbert and Leander Berard, and Leon Constantin. The Frenchmen remained at Butte Valley, as did John Brown, until 1864 when they were all arrested and taken to Denver to stand trial for harboring the Reynolds gang, a band of Texas guerillas who terrorized southern Colorado during that year of the Civil War. This episode is dealt with more fully in "Two John Browns," *Colorado Magazine*, XXV, No. 4. None of the Frenchmen returned to Butte Valley, although the case against them was dismissed in 1865.¹⁶

In 1865 Ceran St. Vrain bought Beaubois' ranch and made arrangements for his son Felix, who had been tending sheep on the huge St. Vrain-Francisco-Daigre ranch at La Veta, to settle on it. Felix St. Vrain was still living on the ranch in 1908, when F. W. Cragin interviewed him.¹⁷

¹⁵See my article, "Two John Browns," *Colorado Magazine*, XXV, 176-178.

¹⁶Statement of John Brown to F. W. Cragin, Walsenburg, Colo., Dec. 3, 1907, and of Antoine Labrie to F.W.C., Denver, Colo., Sept. 17, 1908, Cragin Collection.

¹⁷Statement of Joseph Felix St. Vrain to F. W. Cragin, Walsenburg, Colo., Dec. 9, 1907, and of Hiram Vasquez to F. W. Cragin, La Veta, Colo., Dec. 11, 1907, Cragin Collection.

Beaubois moved to Zan Hicklin's ranch on the Greenhorn after Ceran St. Vrain bought his Huerfano ranch in 1865. That same year he was murdered in the Hicklin house. Beaubois was outside talking to Zan Hicklin when an American, who had been a share-cropper on Beaubois' ranch and who had quarreled with his landlord, rode up and shot at Beaubois. Beaubois was wounded and ran into the kitchen where he collapsed at Mrs. Hicklin's feet. The American followed him into the kitchen and shot him through the forehead as he lay on the floor.¹⁸

Dr. L. R. Hafen has kindly added the information that follows.

Thomas Hart Benton, the Senator from Missouri, was an ardent enthusiast in the 1840s and '50s for the building of a railroad along the "central route" to the Pacific. At the St. Louis Convention of 1849 he urged the early building of the railroad and exclaimed:

"When this mighty work shall have been completed and the commerce of the East is being brought over it, and the iron bands connect the oceans, a grateful country will carve out of the granite pillars of the Rocky Mountains a statue of Columbus pointing to the West and exclaiming: 'There is the East! There! There is India!'"

Benton was a principal supporter of Fremont on the latter's privately financed railroad surveys of 1848 and 1853. On the fifth and last overland expedition (1853) Fremont took along S. N. Carvalho, artist, who made a picture of Huerfano Butte by the daguerre process. In Carvalho's book, *Incidents of Travel and Adventure in the Far West with Colonel Fremont's Last Expedition* . . . he suggested (p. 76): "If a railroad is ever built through this valley, I suggest that an equestrian statue of Colonel J. C. Fremont be placed on the summit of the Huerfano Butte; his right hand pointing to California, the land he conquered."

Neither the Columbus figure nor the Fremont statue ever materialized in Colorado. But Benton's idea of an overland railroad being the realization of the Columbus dream ultimately found a unique expression. In 1868, the year preceding completion of the first transcontinental railroad, a west-facing bronze figure of Senator Benton was unveiled at St. Louis by his distinguished daughter, Jessie Benton Fremont.

In the base that supports the statue is this inscription: "There is the East; there is the Road to India."

¹⁸Antoine Labrie to F. W. Cragin, Denver, Colo., Sept. 17, 1908, Cragin Collection.

George M. Kimball—Actor, Editor, Pioneer

NEIL W. KIMBALL*

January 14, 1950, was George Kimball's 84th birthday. To the slight, erect former actor, editor, publisher and political king maker it was just another day. He practiced the philosophy which has characterized his colorful life—"the show must go on." With him on his birthday at Rock Hall Farm, near Berryville, Virginia, were his son, Neil W. Kimball, his daughter, Mrs. Leslie Sunderlin, and his in-laws.

His helpmeet and partner of well over a half century—Marguerite West Kimball—died at Rock Hall on December 9, 1949. They had spent their 59th wedding anniversary together on November 11th preceding.

On that 31st Armistice Day, "Dad" Kimball said "you know mother and I had to be married for over 25 years before they got around to making our anniversary a holiday."

Death, illness and catastrophe have not stopped Dad Kimball from writing his widely quoted newspaper column. Just two days after his wife was buried in the family plot in the Golden, Colorado, cemetery, he turned out his column. He had difficulty in hitting the right keys but he passed this off with the remark: "Eugene O'Neill seems to be having the same trouble, but he's still going strong."

The lead article in that column which he has produced without break for almost half a century read:

"It is difficult to write the customary newspaper column so soon after one's loving and beloved helpmeet and pal for almost 60 years has been carried to her last resting place. But that is the way she would desire it. In all her lifetime she never deviated from the idea that 'the show must go on,' although it might require sacrifice. Throughout the years she was not only my inspiration but my balance-wheel, and whatever worthwhile objective I have achieved has been largely because of her encouragement and effort to keep me on the right track. She didn't always succeed—more shame to me—but she always tried. . . . May a merciful Father permit me to join her very soon."

George Kimball was born of farm parents at Hennepin, Illinois, in 1866. His mother died when he was an infant and his father when he was a small lad. Rather than live with a step-mother he went to

*Mr. N. W. Kimball, Colorado newspaperman and former Adjutant General of Colorado, now lives near Berryville, Virginia.—ED.

Nebraska to live with relatives—the Gibsons. Hoot Gibson, western star of the silent movies, is a cousin.

George Kimball's ancestors, veterans of the War of 1812 and the Civil War, were restless people—pushing ever westward in search of new opportunity. His grandfather at one time raised hogs on a farm at what is now the area around State and Dearborn streets in Chicago, but he pushed on to Nebraska when the country "filled up."



The Theatrical Kimballs — George M. and Marguerite West
Playing a scene from "By Wits Outwitted"

Mr. Kimball had little formal education—he didn't finish the 8th grade—because he felt the necessity of fitting himself to make a living. He learned the trade of a jeweler and watchmaker, but before he put it to use he decided to become a printer.

He learned the printing trade on the Howard, Kansas, *Courant* under Thomas E. Thompson. His first writings appeared in the *Courant*.

All the time he was growing up music ran through his soul. His first savings went to purchase a cornet. He played in the local bands—wherever he might be.

It was this ability to send music from a trumpet that launched him on a theatrical career in the early 1880s. He joined a circus, as combination musician and canvasman.

When he arrived in Kansas City he discovered it was headquarters for numerous theatrical stock companies which supplied the Middle West with live drama on a weekly basis—with a change of program daily. He began as a juvenile actor, graduated to character parts and later became a theatrical manager.

On one of the tours of the King Kimball Comedy Kompany he arrived in Golden, Colorado, for a week's stand. The permanent cast of the company, which presented "East Lynn," "Struck Gas," and "Fanchon the Cricket," was small, just large enough to furnish the leading roles, with each actor "doubling in brass," in some executive capacity. The minor parts were filled by home talent actors and actresses.

In Golden Mr. Kimball engaged one of the local girls—Marguerite West, daughter of General and Mrs. George West. Mr. Kimball learned of her talent from her father, an 1859 pioneer, a founder of Golden and editor-founder of the *Colorado Transcript*. Marguerite West joined up when the company left Golden and a few months later, November 11, 1890, at Breckenridge, Colorado, became Mrs. George Kimball.

This was the era of the silver boom in Colorado and the Kimball company moved from mining town to mining town during the winter, with summer engagements at outdoor amusement parks in Denver and Pueblo. Leadville was booming and the company played to capacity houses for several weeks.

The show went on, despite the arrival of a son to the touring family and theatre fires in Cripple Creek, Colorado, and Van Buren, Arkansas, which wiped out most of the scenery and properties. But as time went on the Kimballs decided the road was no place to rear a son. Mr. Kimball became editor-publisher of the Newcastle (Colorado) *Nonpareil*.

Shortly before the turn of the century the Kimballs went to Golden to make their home, with Mr. Kimball becoming associate editor of the *Transcript*. It was then that he put the M. (for Mowbray, his mother's maiden name) in his signature. At that time there were four George Kimballs in the town of 1,500 inhabitants—George K. Kimball, Sr., a federal employe; George K. Kimball, Jr., a mining engineer; George H., a carpenter, and Editor George.

But the bred-in wanderlust had its inning. Editor George did a stint on Tom Patterson's *Rocky Mountain News* and then, after learning of the up-and-coming resort town from Jesse Rubey and Will Benedict of the Woods-Rubey Bank, took off for Excelsior Springs, Missouri. There, with the late Louis Slingerland, he published the *Daily Call*.

Excelsior Springs was a real mecca for his father-in-law, General West, who had commanded Union troops in the Kansas-Missouri area, not only during what he called "the late unpleasantness" but during the "bushwacking campaign" against the guerrillas who tied down many Union units during and after the war.

General West had many a heated argument with second-hand store proprietor Jim Cummings, a former member of the James gang who insisted he once led a successful raid on the Union headquarters at Independence when General West was in command.

The 1903 flood, which sent the waters of the Missouri River over its banks, washed out railroad tracks, and put 14 feet of water in the Kansas City Union Station, was responsible for the Kimballs' decision to return to Colorado.

"There were 28 days when the sun didn't break through," Mr. Kimball recalls, "and this was too much for a Colorado born and reared wife."

He sold his newspaper and returned to Golden and the editorship of the *Transcript*.

Editor George stayed put in Golden until 1911, content because of many outside activities. He was one of the organizers and first secretary of the Golden Commercial Club, an organizer of the Monday Evening Club, organizer and director of the Silver Cornet Band, and director of the Colorado School of Mines Band during the regime of President Victor C. Alderson. He composed a song for the ceremonies at the dedication of Guggenheim Hall.

After serving as chairman of the Democratic committee in Jefferson County, Editor Kimball took on non-compensated duties as secretary and publicity director of the Democratic State Central Committee. He managed the successful congressional campaign of Atterson W. Rucker (1909-13), whose ranch is now part of Fort Logan.

While an assistant to Secretary of State James B. Pearce, Kimball learned that State Senator John Cary planned a bill to form a new county from the western portion of Routt.

With assurance of legislative leaders and Gov. John F. Shafroth that the new county would be created, Editor Kimball gathered together printing equipment, complete with hand press, and shipped

it over the Moffat Railroad to the then-terminus at Steamboat Springs.

With his son Neil, Editor Kimball made headquarters in Charles Leckenby's *Steamboat Pilot* office. Until he arrived in Frank Humphrey's stagecoach he had never seen the town of Craig, where he had already established the *Craig Empire* and where he was to make his home for eighteen years, the longest time he spent in any one community.

Father and son Kimball lived at a hotel operated by Mrs. Rosetta Webb on the corner of Victory Way and Main Street. At that time a stream ran through the town and under the hotel, which was on pilings.

Life in Craig in 1911 was rugged. There was no railroad, no water system, no electricity, no paved streets and no year-round highways.

Brought to the *Craig Empire* from the *Colorado Transcript* was Editor Kimball's widely quoted column "Ole Yonson's Yoshes," written in Swedish dialect. It was later syndicated nationally.

What is now Moffat County was, in 1911, a range cattle domain, controlled by a small coterie of cowmen. Hugus & Company, merchants and bankers, had its finger on the country's economy.

This was a challenge to the new editor. He took the side of the newcomers—homesteaders or "nesters," who battled for the right to range land long claimed by the big outfits. Shortly after Kimball arrived in Craig another newcomer showed up—John Hicks. Hicks was a third-generation Iowa wheat farmer, who had watched his family's river-bottom land produce less and less. So he loaded an immigrant car with farming equipment, cows, work horses and a thousand pounds of seed wheat.

When young Hicks arrived to claim his homestead he was received with scorn and veiled threats from the older citizens. "This is grass country—you can't raise wheat here," they warned. But in the frame shack which housed the *Craig Empire*, John Hicks found a sympathetic listener and friend in Editor Kimball.

"A new era has arrived in the range country," Kimball wrote. "A real pioneer, a worthy descendant of the men who opened the West, has come with his seed and his farm know how. He is the vanguard of the many who will build a new West in what has too long been an undeveloped frontier."

Close on the heels of the homesteaders who fenced the range came the sheep men, seeking new pastures. The woolies encroached first on the winter range of the cattlemen and then made their appearance in the valley meadows. George Woolley, veteran cattleman, put a thousand head of sheep on his river-bottom ranch east of

Craig. One winter night a marauding band descended on the Woolley ranch. Next morning only woolled carcasses remained.

The next move in the sheep-cattle war was a shooting in Baggs. Editor Kimball was cautioned by those who controlled the area's economy to stay on the right side of the fence.

The challenge was accepted. He editorialized that there was room in the vast Moffat County (3,042,560 acres—only slightly smaller than Connecticut) for all types of agricultural production. He lived to see Moffat County an outstanding grain country and the nation's leading wool and lamb producer, while purebred and stock cattle increased in numbers and value.

During the 1920s Craig became the center of an oil boom and Kimball's weekly newspaper devoted as much space to the petroleum industry as a technical journal.

He plugged, continuously and successfully, for a railroad, for municipal water and sewer systems, for electric lights and power, for all-year highways, for better local government. Yet he found time to prove up on a 160-acre homestead.

In 1924 many of the Empire's advertisers and some subscribers withdrew under pressure of the Ku Klux Klan, then a power in Colorado. Editor Kimball's answer was to support Al Smith for the Democratic presidential nomination, the first Colorado newspaper to take this stand.

During this period a young homesteader came to Moffat County—an invalid of the railroad service who was seeking a place in the Colorado sunshine to recover from an attack of tuberculosis. This homesteader, under the tutelage of Editor Kimball, graduated from a winter job of rural school teaching and a summer job of freighting with a four-horse team, to become a candidate for county assessor. Later he became a state legislator, lieutenant governor, governor and United States senator. He is Ed C. Johnson, senior senator from Colorado, who frequently visits with his old friend and mentor.

A brake on an active life, which averaged 18 hours a day, was applied in the late 1920s, when doctors told Kimball he "must go to a lower altitude and slow up."

Editor Kimball obeyed the first edict. He moved to Inglewood, California, with his wife and daughter, but inactivity wasn't on his program. He continued to write his weekly column. But this was not enough to keep him busy. He acquired an interest in a new type revolving serving-table cafeteria and later became office manager for a candy factory. Neither was financially successful but he insists he enjoyed the jobs—"they kept me busy and out of mischief."

In 1947 he and his wife pulled up their California roots and flew to Virginia to make their home at Rock Hall Farm with Mr.

and Mrs. Neil Kimball. Nor did this mean retirement. He interested himself in the many problems of farm production. He analyses agricultural publications, cares for and keeps records of farm poultry and, when weather permits, makes mile-and-a-half hikes from the farm home to the rural mail box.

And each week he grinds out the newspaper column—for the show must go on.

A Trip from Atchison, Kansas, to Laurette, Colorado

DIARY OF G. S. McCAIN*

Sept. 10. Yoked up wild cattle. Had lots of fun. One got so cross we had to shoot him.

Sept. 12. Finished yoking up. Started and drove out two miles. Camped for the night. I was on herd all night. Took very sick with flux.

Sept. 13. Got started about noon. Some of the teams run off—broke the wagons to pieces so that we only got two miles. Camped for the night. I went on herd. Had to be relieved on account of sickness.

Sept. 14. I left the train in the morning. Went to a little town called Pardee. Laid there four days at the hotel.

Sept. 17. The train passed where I was stopping. In the evening went on about half a mile and camped for the night. The country we are passing over now is a very nice high rolling prairie, plenty of water.

Sept. 20. I took the coach and went to the train. Found it moving along slowly at the rate of about four miles a day.

*The original diary was lent to us by Mrs. Edith McCroskey, daughter of the diarist. Mrs. McCroskey, of Florence, Alabama, writes (December 13, 1949) that her father died when she was a small child and "all I know is just what was told me by our mother and the family records as to birth, death, etc.

"My father was born near Germantown, Ohio. He lived there as long as he lived in the North, and his mother and sister continued to reside at the old home during their lifetimes. He served for a period in the Army of the North during the Civil War. Later he went to Texas, settled in Jefferson, which was at that time the leading town of the state, where he engaged in the manufacture of furniture. From Jefferson he went to Hunt County (farther west), where in 1871 (on April 13th) he was married to Miss Harriet Lane. Of this marriage there were four children, three of whom are still living. My father was born February 22, 1836, and died April 29, 1885. After moving into the western part of the state he engaged in saw mill business, and later, moving to Grayson County, he engaged in mill and gin business."

The diary is undated, but was probably for the year 1864 or 1865. The Indian troubles and the existence of a Fort Wynkoop would indicate the year 1864. If the "Fort Dodds," passed on October 22, was Fort Dodge, the year is probably 1865, the year Fort Dodge was established. The town of Laurette (in Buckskin Gulch, South Park, and now a ghost town) flourished only in the early 1860s. It was started in the fall of 1860 and by 1863 was on the wane. In 1866 the Postmaster, famous H. A. W. Tabor, reported that the name had been changed to Buckskin. The original name of the town came from a combination of the names of the wives of the Dodge brothers, the first two women in camp—Laura and Annette (or Jeanette)—Laurette.—Ed.

Sept. 21. We did not get started until nearly night on account of losing cattle last night. Some of the teams got scared crossing a bridge across Grasshopper, run 4 wagons overboard and smashed them to pieces. We drove on to the town of Grasshopper and camped for the night in the streets. It took until 11 o'clock to get there. It reminds me of soldiering with Marmaduke.

Sept. 22. We yoked up in the morning, drove 2 miles, stopped for dinner. Spent the balance of the day fixing up wagons.

Sept. 23. Spent all day fixing up wagons. Commenced raining about 3 o'clock. Camped on the same ground we did yesterday.



G. S. McCain

Sept. 24. Yoked up at daylight; made a drive of 8 miles and camped for the night. Got along better than usual. I suppose on account of it being Sunday.

Sept. 25. Started at daylight. Drove 2 miles, camped for the night. Spent all day crossing a creek. Broke 2 wagons.

Sept. 26. Started this morning after breakfast, drove 9 miles, crossed Big Muddy. Camped on the western bank, got along better than common. Had a very good supper.

Sept. 27. Made a drive of 10 miles today, camped on Soldiers Creek, not much bad luck. Only broke 2 wagons. Passed through Indianola, a town 3 miles from Topeka, the capital of Kansas.

Sept. 28. Lost a lot of cattle last night, could not move today.

Sept. 29. Started this morning at 8 o'clock, drove 10 miles and camped. No bad luck today. It rained awful hard last night. I was on guard as usual, got very wet.

Sept. 30. Only drove 3 miles, broke a wagon wheel to pieces fording across creek, camped for the night on its bank. We are now in the Pottowatamy Reservation amongst a lot of the filthiest looking Indians I ever saw.

Oct. 1. Started about 12 o'clock, drove 10 miles. Didn't get in camp until 11 o'clock at night. Had some bad luck, broke 4 wagon tongues. We are now passing through the Pottowatamy Reservation. Today we passed through St. Mary's Mission, an Indian village, the place where the agent lives. There is a large school there where they are educated.

Oct. 2. Nothing of interest. Drove 4 miles and camped.

Oct. 3. Started at sunup, drove 12 miles. Took us until 11 o'clock at night to get there. We had a good deal of bad road. We passed through a little town called Louisville, the first town west of the Indian Nation. It is a very small place, the county seat, situated on the bank of Rock River. Will make in time a very pretty place. I send you a few lines back from here.

Oct. 4. Started this morning after breakfast. Drove 7 miles and camped on the banks of Big Blue. No bad luck. We have passed over a splendid country today—some of the finest natural fortifications I ever saw.

Oct. 5. Started at daylight this morning. Spent the day in crossing Big Blue. Passed through a small town on the bank called Manhattan. Drove 2 miles, crossed Wild Cat and camped for the night. Not much bad luck. Upset 2 wagons.

Oct. 6. We spent nearly all day in fixing up the broken wagons. Drove 1 mile and camped for the night. Here we heard the first wolves howling.

Oct. 7. Started at daylight. Drove 10 miles and camped within 3 miles of Fort Riley, 125 miles from Atchison. We have been nearly 4 weeks on the road. Rather slow traveling. Hardly a day but what we break down wagons.

Oct. 8. Started at sunrise. Passed through Fort Riley at 8 o'clock, crossed the River Republican, went on 2 miles, passed through Junction City, a little town of about 300 inhabitants situated in the junction of the two rivers, Republican and Smoky. Our day's drive was 10 miles, we camped on Smoky River.

Oct. 9. Started this morning at 8 o'clock, drove 9 miles and camped for the night on Smoky.

Oct. 10. Started at daylight—drove 15 miles, the biggest drive we have made since we started. We took dinner at the best spring I ever saw in my life, affording water enough for a mill of two run of stone and can be raised to the height of 250 feet.

Oct. 11. Last night I got caught in the worst storm I ever saw. Rained from 12 o'clock until daylight. It blowed so hard that I could not sit on my mule. The wind blowed me and the cattle about 1 mile from the correll. On account of the storm we started late. Drove 10 miles, crossed the Solomon and Saline rivers, camped on the Saline. Saw 2 buffaloes.

Oct. 12. Started at sunrise, drove 7 miles, stopped for dinner, intended making another drive but did not on account of heavy storm. We stayed until morning. We passed through a village called Saline, the last town in the settlements. The next town ahead is Denver, 500 miles.

Oct. 13. Started at daylight, drove 12 miles, stopped for dinner, drove 5 miles after dinner and camped for the night, the wolves howling around us every night.

Oct. 14. Started this morning at daylight, drove 8 miles for dinner on Clear Creek, drove 6 miles after dinner, camped for the night on Smoky at a military post called Elsworth, guarded by 2 Cos. of soldiers.

Oct. 15. Sunday. Started at daylight. Crossed Smoky River, drove 6 miles for dinner, drove 9 miles after dinner and camped for the night. I am entertained every night by the wolves. No need of getting lonesome or sleepy.

Oct. 16. Started at sunrise, drove 8 miles, stopped for dinner. Some of the boys killed a buffalo. Herds are continually in sight. Last night a herd came bellowing by and stampeded our cattle. We succeeded however in getting them in correll without much trouble. Drove 12 miles after dinner and camped on Cow Creek, a creek that is noted for the bloody deeds done by the Indians on its bank. Killed 2 more buffaloes in the afternoon—plenty of meat.

Oct. 17. Started at 9 o'clock this morning on account of a heavy cold rain last night. Drove 15 miles and camped for the night on the Arkansas, crossed Walnut Creek at Port Zaro, a military post.

Oct. 18. Started this morning at sunrise, drove 10 miles, stopped for dinner on Ash Creek. We are now among the hostile Indians. No attacks made up to date. Drove 10 miles after dinner and camped on Pawnee Fork, 6 miles from Fort Larnard and 300 miles from Atehison.

Oct. 19. Started this morning at sunrise, drove 12 miles for dinner. Stopped on the Arkansas. We follow this river for 400 miles. This morning I went to the fort after the mail. Got about a dozen

letters for the boys. Drove 5 miles after dinner and camped. I took a very heavy chill in the evening. Fever all night, was not able to go on herd. Received our guns in the evening.

Oct. 20. Started at sunrise. Drove 10 miles. Stopped for dinner. Saw any quantity of snow after dinner. Drove 15 miles. Took until 10 o'clock at night. Could not stop on account of buffaloes stampeding the cattle. The road was black with them for miles. After we got in correll but before we unyoked the cattle stampeded with the wagons. Some of them run a mile. Two men run over, 1 ox killed, 1 wagon broke. The men were not seriously hurt but considerably bruised.

Oct. 21. Started almost 9 o'clock. Drove 15 miles and camped for the night. I had a very heavy chill in the evening and fever all night.

Oct. 22. Sunday. Started at sunrise, drove 12 miles for dinner. Passed through Fort Dodds, a military post on the Arkansas River 60 miles from Fort Larnard and 170 miles from Fort Lyon. Drove 10 miles after dinner and camped for the night. Expecting an attack every minute.

Oct. 23. Started at daylight. Drove 10 miles. Stopped for dinner. Went to shoeing oxen. Passed a place where a train was captured by the Indians a few days ago and all the men killed but one, the wagons burned. Drove 8 miles after dinner and camped for the night.

Oct. 24. Rained slightly this morning. Started at sunrise. Drove 2 miles to the Simmerone Crossing of the Arkansas. Took dinner within 20 miles of Texas. Drove 10 miles after dinner and camped for the night.

Oct. 25. Started at sunrise, drove 8 miles for dinner. Saw the coach this morning and its escort. I got lost last night, found the correll by a chunk of fire that was burning. We have been for several days passing through the hostile Indians of Kansas and Colorado. The tribes are friendly to each other. They are the Shians [Cheyennes], Kinans [Kiowas], Rapihoes, Sues [Sioux], and Comanches. We cross the Colorado line today. Saw 70 wolves today after a herd of buffaloes. Drove 4 miles after dinner and camped. Broke an axletree. Passed Shawnee Fort.

Oct. 26. Started at sunrise, drove 8 miles and stopped for dinner. It rained nearly all the way. Drove 8 miles after dinner and camped. It snowed all the afternoon. Blew up awfull cold in the evening, ground frozen very hard. River froze nearly across.

Oct. 27. Started at sunrise. Drove 8 miles for dinner. We have yet 100 miles to timber or Fort Lyon. Drove 7 miles after dinner and camped for the night. The weather awfull cold.

Oct. 28. Started at daylight, drove 10 miles for dinner, drove 6 miles after dinner and camped for the night.

Oct. 29. Last night it snowed all night, this morning there is 6 inches of snow here. We are 80 miles from wood and no buffalo chips. If we get away from here you will hear from me. We started after dinner, drove 6 miles, camped for the night. It snowed all the way.

Oct. 30. Started at daylight. Drove 7 miles for dinner. The weather very cold and disagreeable with herding last night. Killed a beef in the afternoon. Passed Fort Winecup [Wynkoop].

Oct. 31. Started at sunrise, drove 5 miles for dinner. The snow melting slowly. Drove 5 miles after dinner and camped for the night. Got supper by the fire that the Indians left a few minutes before.

Nov. 1. Started at sunrise, drove 5 miles for dinner. The roads very muddy, drove 5 miles after dinner, took until 8 o'clock at night.

Nov. 2. Started at sunrise, drove 3 miles for dinner. Found an Indian skull that had not been dead but a few months. The roads are miserable. I think it very doubtful whether the train gets through this winter. Drove 10 miles after dinner and camped for the night.

Nov. 3. Made a drive of 11 miles and camped for the night.

Nov. 4. Drove 4 miles for dinner. Crossed Sand Creek 15 miles from Fort Lyon. The worst place in the road we had to double all the teams to get through. We are laying up this afternoon, shoeing oxen and killing a beef.

Nov. 5. Started at sunrise, drove 6 miles for dinner. I have inflammatory rheumatism in my left leg and foot. Have not been able to walk on it for three days. It is a little better today. Drove 5 miles after dinner and camped in sight of Fort Lyon.

Nov. 6. Started at sunrise. Drove 7 miles for dinner, passed through Fort Lyon, one of the oldest military posts in the western frontier. We have 40 miles yet to Bents Old Fort, the last fort on this side of the Rocky Mountains. Drove 9 miles after dinner and until 8 o'clock at night. In the evening we came in sight of Spanish and Pikes Peak, almost 100 miles in the distance.

Nov. 7. Started after breakfast, made only one drive of 13 miles. Tomorrow night expect to get a letter from the Fort. Can hardly wait.

Nov. 8. Started at 12 o'clock, made a drive of 9 miles, camped within 1 mile of Bents Fort. Shod cattle all afternoon.

Nov. 9. Started at sunrise, drove 6 miles for dinner. I received your letter this morning at the Fort. Drove 5 miles after dinner

and camped for the night at a deserted ranch. The Indians drove off the settlers.

Nov. 10. Started after breakfast, drove 9 miles for dinner. We separated the train this morning. 19 of the best teams have gone ahead. I am with them as wagon master. Drove 8 miles after dinner. Took until 10 o'clock at night.

Nov. 11. Made one drive and camped for the night. Broke out two wagon tongues.

Nov. 12. Started at sunrise, drove 8 miles for dinner, 10 miles after dinner. Camped for the night.

Nov. 13. Started at sunrise, made a drive of 8 miles. We are within a few miles of Pike's Peak today and drove 8 miles after dinner. Camped for the night.

Nov. 14. Drove 4 miles and stopped for dinner. I went on ahead to a little town called Pueblo. Took dinner at the hotel. Crossed a creek called Fountain Capouie. The first settlement in Colorado. Drove 5 miles after dinner, passed through the town of Pueblo, stopped for supper. We made a drive of 8 miles after night on account of there being no water for the next 24 miles.

Nov. 15. Started at sunrise. Drove 8 miles for dinner, 9 miles for supper. Camped on Beaver Creek 22 miles from the mountains.

Nov. 16. Started at sunrise, drove 10 miles and camped for the night.

Nov. 17. Started after breakfast, drove 12 miles and camped. Passed through a little town at the foot of the mountains called Canon City. I am stopping here all night to fix a wagon that broke down. Staying at the hotel.

Nov. 18. Laid in the mountains all day until I got the wagon repaired.

Nov. 19. Made a drive of six miles and camped. Broke a wagon tongue. I put in one after night.

Nov. 20. Started at sunrise, drove 4 miles for dinner, 2 miles after dinner. Camped on Curn Creek.

Nov. 21. Started this morning very early, made a drive of 2 miles through Sand Canyon. Had to double team. Drove 4 miles after dinner, camped for the night.

Nov. 22. Started at sunrise, made a drive of 6 miles, camped for the night.

Nov. 23. Started after breakfast, made a drive of 3 miles, camped for the night. Broke a wagon to pieces. We had to leave the load.

Nov. 24. Started after breakfast, drove 4 miles, stopped for dinner, drove 4 miles after dinner, camped for the night.

Nov. 25. Started after breakfast, drove 3 miles and broke an axletree, repaired it, drove 9 miles and camped for the night at the edge of South Park.

Nov. 26. Made a drive of 7 miles, took dinner on the Platte River, drove 8 miles for supper.

Nov. 27. Started after breakfast, drove 7 miles for dinner, 6 miles after dinner and camped on the bank of South Platte River at a little town called Fairplay, 8 miles from our destination. I took supper at the hotel, if such it may be called.

Nov. 28. Started at 9 o'clock, crossed Platte River, drove 6 miles and camped for the night.

Nov. 29. Drove into Laurette, our destination, by 12 o'clock.

R. J. Pierce and Jacob T. Masterson, Members of the Famous Russell Prospecting Party of 1858

New material has recently come to the State Historical Society about two of the original thirteen famous members of the Russell prospecting party of 1858.

Students of Colorado history will remember that four pioneer prospecting parties came to the foot of the Rockies in the spring of 1858. These were the Russell Party from Georgia, the Cherokee Party from Indian Territory (present Oklahoma), and the Bates County and the Ray County parties from southwest Missouri. Altogether they numbered 104 men as they prospected the South Platte and its affluents in late June and early July. The majority were soon discouraged with the meager amounts of gold dust found and were ready to give up in disgust. On July 4th all the Cherokees and some of the whites turned toward home. Two days later the remaining thirty men were encamped on the site of Denver. Most of them wanted to turn back. Green Russell, who had mined in Georgia and had made two trips to the California gold fields, was not ready to give up. He stepped out and said that if two men would stand by him he would remain and prospect further. Twelve men joined him; the others headed for home.

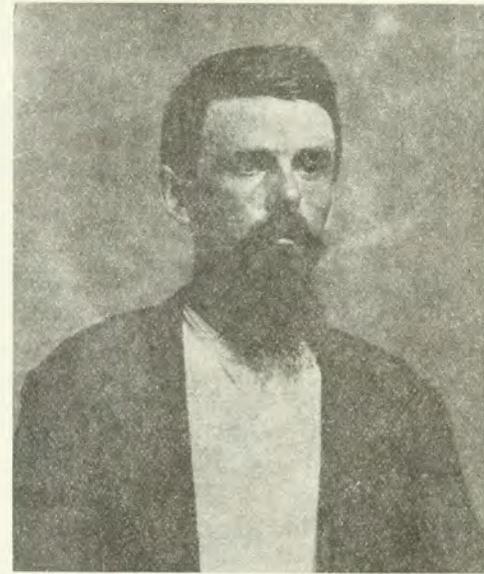
The next day the thirteen hopefuls moved up the South Platte. Eight miles above the mouth of Cherry Creek they found a paying placer near the mouth of Dry Creek, that runs through Englewood.

News of this find was carried by some mountain traders back to the Missouri frontier and the Pike's Peak gold rush was on. The result was the founding of Colorado.

The famous thirteen were: William Green Russell, J. Oliver Russell, and Dr. Levi J. Russell (brothers), R. J. Pierce and James

H. Pierce (cousins to each other and cousins of the Russells), Solomon Rowe (brother of Dr. Russell's wife), and Samuel Bates, all of Georgia; Jacob T. Masterson, Luke Tierney, and Theodore Her-ring, of Kansas; V. W. Young, of Iowa; William A. McFadding, of North Carolina; and William McKimens, of Pennsylvania.

The best contemporary accounts of the prospecting trip of 1858 were written by Luke Tierney and William McKimens. The Tierney guidebook was published at Pacific City, Iowa, early in 1859. This excessively rare and important book was reprinted in L. R. Hafen's *Pikes Peak Gold Rush Guidebooks of 1859* (1941) and was reproduced in facsimile by Dr. Nolie Mumey in 1949. McKimen's letters



DR. R. J. PIERCE

about the trip were published in the *Leavenworth Times* of December 18, 1858, and February 5, 1859, and were re-published in the *Colorado Magazine*, XIII, 167-171. James H. Pierce wrote in 1885, a fairly extensive account of his prospecting experiences. This was published in *The Trail* (Denver), of May and June, 1921. He died in Denver in February, 1910.

Dr. Levi J. Russell and Dr. R. J. Pierce gave to J. C. Smiley reminiscent data that was incorporated into Smiley's monumental *History of Denver* (1903). Bits of additional information have come from other members of the prospecting party.

Now the new data about R. J. Pierce and J. T. Masterson.

Dr. R. J. Pierce went to Kansas in the spring of 1857 with his cousins, J. H. Pierce and the Russell brothers. He told Mr. Smiley that he raised a crop at Rock Creek, Kansas, in 1857, and went on the prospecting party to the Rocky Mountains the next year.¹

R. J. Pierce and Wm. L. Pierce were sons of Rheubin W. Pierce. These three Pierces accompanied William G. Russell to Colorado on a surveying expedition from Leavenworth, Kansas, according to Charles W. Pierce (letter of February 28, 1949) of Yellville, Arkansas, a son of William L. Pierce.

The Russell surveying expedition (36 men), sponsored by the city of Leavenworth, made the trip from April 2 to May 4, 1860, and gave a favorable report on the Smoky Hill route (*Rocky Mountain News*, May 9 and 30, 1860).

Charles W. Pierce, in his letter of February 28, 1949, continues:

"After something like a year, from the starting of their expedition, the Pierces drifted back to their homes in Georgia, soon to join the Confederate army. The father, R. H., and both sons, R. J. and W. L., went in at the beginning of the war in 1861 and remained in service throughout the war. R. H. and R. J. both were in Johnston's army, which operated throughout the extreme south, and W. L. joined Lee's army, which operated in Virginia. He was one of the 9,000 remnant of Lee's army which surrendered to General Grant at Appomattox Court House, at the close of the war.

"During 1869, R. J. moved to this section of Arkansas [Yellville] with his wife and two children. He at once after settling here, became a country doctor. He had practiced that profession in the army. The next year, 1870, the remaining Pierce families followed to this section, and all located near each other. They had all married after the war in Georgia and two of them, R. J. and W. L., had two children each born in Georgia.

"I am now 82 years of age, and am the oldest child born to W. L. and his wife. I live within five miles of the old home father built on first coming here.

"R. H. Pierce, the father, died, and was buried near where I now reside, in Marin County, Arkansas, during the year 1890. W. L. Pierce moved to Texas about the year 1893, and died in Comanche County of that state about the year 1910. R. J. Pierce remained in Arkansas on his original homestead, till his death, which occurred about the year 1911. He has no living children, and only four or five grandchildren living. W. L. Pierce has three children living here in Arkansas and one son by a second marriage living in Loving, New Mexico."

¹J. C. Smiley, *History of Denver*, 183. In the *Rocky Mountain News* of Oct. 6, 1859, we read: "Green W. Russell and Robert Pierce leave today for their home in the sunny South. They go down the Platte River in a boat and design returning in April next. We wish them a pleasant voyage."

Marvin H. Thomas, a grandson of William L. Pierce, supplied considerable genealogical data about the Pierce family. He writes from Loving, New Mexico, on February 9, 1949, that Rheubin H. Pierce (born October 13, 1812) and his wife, Sarah Baker Pierce (born October 6, 1815) were the parents of: Robison J. Pierce, born August 23, 1837; William L. Pierce, December 19, 1837 [?]; Martha B. Pierce, June 16, 1842; Levi R. Pierce, August 23, 1843; Mary Jane Pierce, January 19, 1848; Sarah E. Pierce, February 15, 1850; Rheubin H. Pierce, Jr., October 22, 1852; Nancy A. Pierce, October 16, 1857.

Mr. Thomas also gives the names of the eleven children born to William L. Pierce (letter on file in the library of the State Historical Society of Colorado) and names the five sons still living in 1949.

Another member of the Pierce clan, Mrs. J. H. Girkin, of Mountain Home, Arkansas, sent us a tintype of her uncle, Dr. R. J. Pierce (reproduced herewith). She writes (September 9, 1948) that the picture was made in the early 1870s, and says that Dr. R. J. Pierce was one of the signers of the Constitution of Arkansas, and that he is buried in Georges Creek Cemetery, near Yellville, Arkansas.

Mrs. Girkin also sent us a newspaper clipping from the *Mountain Echo* (Yellville, Arkansas) of January 12, 1911. This gives the interesting account of Jacob T. Masterson, another member of the Russell prospecting party of 1858, which follows:

"The last survivor of the famous thirteen gold prospectors who first pitched camp on the present site of Denver, Colorado, of which Dr. R. J. Pierce, formerly of this county, but now deceased, was one, is thus graphically told by Jacob T. Masterson, Alamogordo, New Mexico.

"I was born February 8, 1836, Clermont County, Williamsburg Township, Ohio. Went to Kansas 1854. In the spring of 1858 met Green Russell and party in Potowatomie County, Kansas, on their way to the Pike's Peak country. Myself and four other Kansas boys joined them and fixed up an ox team and pulled out to find gold. We followed up the Arkansas River to the mouth of the Fountain Creek, then crossed the Cherry Creek divide, then down Cherry Creek to the mouth of the creek where Denver now is. On the third day of July we crossed Cherry Creek just above where it empties into the Platte River. At that time it was about 400 yards wide and about half boot-top deep with water. We camped under big cottonwood trees. Grass was fine and oxen did well. At this time we had 96 well-armed men. The Fourth of July we crossed the Platte and camped on Ralston Creek. Here some of the Cherokees (who were with us) found fresh Indian signs and got scared, and on the fifth

they hitched up and pulled out for home. And the next day the Missourians left us. They were showed fresh Indian signs and that was enough. After this Green Russell looked about to see how many men were left and after the count found only thirteen who were willing to stay with him and try and see where all the float gold came from. So we moved up the Platte about seven miles.

“ ‘Our party was then made up as follows:

“ ‘From Georgia: Green Russell, Oliver Russell and Dr. L. J. Russell, brothers; Jas. Pierce and R. J. Pierce, cousins; Sam Bates and Solomon Roe.

“ ‘The others were myself, Wm. McKimens, Luke D. Tierney, Theodore Herring, Wm. McFadden, and Vilarious Young.’

“ ‘Green Russell had his mining pan and found a fine prospect of float gold. It was raining but we were all willing to stand in the rain and look at the rich find. Here we camped and got our pans and rockers and went to work and kept Green Russell and McFadden prospecting. We soon worked out this place and then moved up on Big Dry Creek and worked a few days. This was not finding where the float gold came from so we moved on across Plum Creek and back to the mouth of Cherry Creek. Here we rested a few days and then took the old military trail along the foot of the mountains and went north as far as Medicine Bow Mountain. Here we camped.

“ ‘Green Russell took his rifle and went up on the side of the mountain and found an old female grizzly bear and five cubs. The cubs were as large as New Foundland dogs. He shot five shots and then ran. Doc and myself grabbed our guns and started to his assistance. He saw us coming and yelled “Go back.” We stopped till he came to us and said he had wounded a grizzly bear and it was liable to come down to the camp. But it never came. The next morning we all wanted to go after the bear, but some had to guard camp so I remained while the rest of the men went. They found the old one about 400 yards from where Green first shot. It was dead, shot through the lungs. They killed four of the cubs and the fifth one got away. The old bear dressed 1,000 pounds of meat, and I do not know how much oil and fat, but we all had our pots and kettles full. Here we were in a snowstorm on the 6th day of August. The snow was five inches deep. Thinking we were getting too far north we moved back to the mouth of Cherry Creek again and camped under the big cottonwood trees. Here we remained till late in the fall when gold hunters commenced pouring in because of letters we had sent back to friends.

“ ‘A U. S. officer came to our camp to find out what we were up to. He learned of our finding gold and I gave him a sample that he took back to Kansas City. When they saw that sample in Kansas City people began to flock towards Pike’s Peak, thus was the start-

ing of the great mass of humanity towards Colorado, soon settling up that rich section, and soon the city of Denver was started on the spot where we had camped.

“ ‘Thus I claim that the Green Russell party, of which I am now the only and last one alive, were the original pioneer gold hunters in Colorado, and were the first to camp on the site where Denver now stands.

“ ‘The sample of gold dust given the U. S. officer, who had it assayed in Kansas City when he arrived there, helped to make Colorado what it is today.

“ ‘I will be 76 years old February 8, 1912. I was the youngest member of the Green Russell party—the old original thirteen.

“ ‘Yours truly,

“ ‘JACOB T. MASTERSON.’”

Commodore Camp and the Mount Blanca Gold Rush

MRS. AGNES KING*

Following the big mining boom at Creede in the early 1890s, many prospectors and miners scattered through the mountains on both sides of the valley, looking for riches. Several of them came to Mount Blanca, among them Rene Steel, Gooch McClain, Rube Daniels, Elrick Schenck, and Steve Calkins.

In the fall of 1899 the Commodore Mine was discovered, a free gold proposition, almost at grass roots. The writer saw many samples of the ore with particles of gold as large as wheat kernels. As soon as news of the strike leaked out people from everywhere rushed into the canyon, for this was the day of big mining booms in Colorado.

In Big Bear Canyon for many years, in fact since the big forest fire of 1888, people from all over the valley had been coming in every fall to gather the wild raspberries; now in a few weeks the peaceful berry patch was transformed into a noisy mining camp.

Many log cabins were built in the canyon below Commodore Mine, this camp being named Commodore. A store, boarding house, postoffice, all in one building at the mouth of the canyon, presided over by Gard Howe and his wife was soon the mecca for all newcomers to the camp. Of course, first in order at the Commodore Mine were two saloons, owned by Bob Wright and Lem Graves, a "boardin' house" with Mr. and Mrs. George Grumley in charge, a store, meat market, etc.

*Mrs. King of Blanca, Colorado, has contributed previous articles to this magazine.—Ed.

When the boom started the SC ranch, owned by Mrs. E. A. Calkins, was at the end of the road, for there was no road on into Bear Creek. People would come to the ranch by wagon or buggy and would then hire saddle or pack horses or else put their packs on their backs and proceed on their journey to the mining camp.

The mail for the camp at first came to Zapata postoffice and was then relayed by Edd Calkins on horseback to Gard Howe's postoffice, which was named Hirst in honor of Mr. Hirst of Alamosa, editor of the paper.



COMMODORE CAMP, 1901

The county commissioners were prevailed upon to furnish funds to build a road from the county road up through the pinons to Chimney Gulch and north into Big Bear Canyon; the people all contributed work and a good road was made to Commodore.

George Wheeler Sr. of Garland was mail carrier and hauled passengers and freight to Hirst.

While all this was happening, work was being carried on at Commodore Mine. Al Hefner came in with a string of pack burros. With Lem King and several others to help him he packed the ore on burros and it was carried to Commodore camp and there

loaded on wagons to be hauled to the railroad and thence to the smelter.

Everything was going along nicely when it was discovered that two different outfits had been grubstaking the discoverer of the Commodore, so, of course, a lawsuit was in order. The mine was thrown into litigation and closed down. Ore was left on the dump in ore sacks, tools were left to rust, no more work was done on the mine until late years, when a party of men from Mosca rigged up a crude aerial tram and brought some of the mined ore down to the camp, and some time later Mr. Jarrett of Alamosa had some work done.

While the camp building, road-making, and mining at Commodore were going on prospectors were hiking all over the mountains looking for other claims. Mr. Schenck had leased the Jumbo mine from the owners, Mrs. E. A. Calkins, F. B. Wellington, and Billy King, and was tunneling into the mountain on the south side of Big Bear Canyon.

The Wrisburg company had located and was working several claims in the vicinity of Big Bear Lake, or Como Lake as it is called now. Elrick and Madison were doing some development work on Big Bear Mine at the mouth of the canyon. Mr. Madison was discoverer of the Big Independence Mine south of Crestone.

Beckwith of Garland was grubstaking a young fellow by the name of Billy Troupe. One day Beckwith came in with supplies for Billy; he was not at the camp and did not get in until after dark. As soon as he had greeted Mr. Beckwith he said, "I want you to look at this ore." Beckwith took the sample and scrutinized it carefully and asked, "Where did you get this ore?" "Up here under Blanca Peak," Billy replied.

"Do you know what this is, boy? It's tellurium! Did you stake it?" "No, I did not know it was worth staking, but we can go up and stake it in the morning," the youth replied.

"No, we will take the lantern and go stake it tonight, for if that is as rich as I think it is we are rich," declared Beckwith. So they staked it and named it the Little May.

The ore proved as rich as Beckwith predicted, a good many thousand dollars worth being taken out. It seems it was just a pocket, or kidney, of rich ore and was soon dug out. Beckwith then formed a company with some eastern capitalists, who dropped down from the original claim and started to tunnel in to find the lead, but they did not succeed. Interest in mining was on the decline, so the eastern parties refused to put up any more money and finally Beckwith, on account of ill health, quit work, too.

The miners became discouraged when the Commodore closed down and shouldered their blankets and were off in search of some new Eldorado. All that is left to remind us of the lively little camp are a few tumbledown shacks. One of them has an old saloon bar in it, one or two others a rusty old cook stove, with packrats in undisputed possession.

Even nature has conspired to help obliterate all signs of the mining camp, as several years ago a cloudburst washed out every vestige of a road, filled the bottom of the canyon from Commodore on down with so many and such large boulders that it is now a hard matter to find room for even a saddle horse trail.

The Dunkard Church at Hygiene, Colorado

D. W. SPANGLER*

For forty years the stone church at Hygiene has not been used for religious services. The men and the women who worshiped in it during its heyday have passed on. Tradition about it becomes more and more inaccurate. "What is the story behind it?" is the question most frequently asked by those who do not know its history.

It is very much regretted that the official records of the Church were burned in a farm house fire a number of years ago. The writer of this sketch was a former member of the congregation. During the last five years he has been collecting historical material from other former members, from scrap books, newspaper files, and various other sources.

The "Church of the Brethren" is one of the more than two hundred Protestant denominations. It was formerly called "German Baptist." The name "Dunkard" is also widely used—so called from their manner of baptism by trine immersion. But the official name today is as indicated above. Their doctrine is similar to those of the Mennonites and the River Brethren.

This sect originated in Germany during the period of violent religious persecution following the Reformation. The place was Schwarzenau, a beautiful little village on the Eider in the Province of Westphalia in Germany. The time was 1708. The founder was Alexander Mack, who with his wife Anne Margaretta Mack, George Brebi, Lucas Vetter, Andrew Bony, Joanna Noethiger, and John Kipping constituted the charter members.

Mack and his followers suffered persecution. The Treaty of Westphalia which ended the Thirty Years War granted to the

*Mr. Spangler, a retired school teacher of Longmont, writes of the old church from research and from personal experience.—Ed.

princes of the several German provinces the right to choose one of the three recognized churches—Catholic, Lutheran, and Presbyterian. Once the prince chose his church that church must become the choice of all within his province. This meant trouble for the new sect. They were finally driven out of Germany, taking refuge in Holland, where they were kindly received.

William Penn had invited all the religiously oppressed in Europe to come to Pennsylvania. Some of the flock took advantage of this invitation and migrated there. They settled at Germantown, Pennsylvania, and on July 7, 1729, Mack with thirty families embarked from Rotterdam for America.

Their departure marked the end of the organized church in Europe. Mack died in 1735 and his remains repose in the German-



THE DUNKARD CHURCH AT HYGIENE

town church yard. The Germantown church is called the mother church. It has been active for over two hundred years. According to the church year-book it had 222 members in 1946.

At the present time there are over 180,000 communicants in the U.S. and foreign countries. There are ten congregations in Colorado, the largest in point of members is at Rocky Ford, with 296.

The St. Vrain church was the first Church of the Brethren organized in Colorado.

Regular services were discontinued in about 1907. A migration of members started in the early nineties to California, San Luis, Colorado, Rocky Ford, Denver and other places, so that the remaining few members found the burden (financial) too great to carry on. Some of the members remaining placed their

memberships in the Denver church, others united with other denominations in the county, and others probably did nothing about it.

We are greatly indebted to the late William Turner of Berthoud, Colorado, for a record of the facts that led to the organization of the church at Hygiene. Mr. Turner was a nephew of T. A. Turner, a charter member of the church. We quote from his story which was published a number of years ago.

"The first known activities of the Dunkard Denomination of churches in Colorado were held in the fall of the year of 1874, at the residence or ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Ullery about four miles south of the present old stone church at Hygiene. An itinerant preacher named James R. Gish got a few Dunkard minded people (about six) together, and they held a love feast and Communion, or what they called the Lord's Supper. In that year (1874) Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Turner and family settled on the St. Vrain, buying out Mr. Abe Gifford, together with half interest in the Zweck and Turner ditch. They immediately became leaders of the Dunkards, and their cabin home was the headquarters for all the Dunkards within two hundred miles and they were always welcome and well cared for."

(The writer of this history can vouch for the hospitality of the Turner home. Sixty years ago he contracted tuberculosis and the family doctor advised him to go to the mountains of Colorado for a change of climate. He was reared in a Dunkard home and he had learned through the *Home Mirror* that there was a Dunkard church near Longmont. He thought that if the Indians and the gunmen of the old West had been tamed sufficiently for them to live there in peace, it would be a safe place for him to go. A week later he stepped off the train at Longmont. In a half hour he knocked on the door of a Dunkard family, that of the Rev. D. H. Weaver, where he was kindly received and invited to remain over night. On inquiring for a place to stay in the country the Weavers took him out to the Turners, where he lived for a number of weeks. His life there became a most pleasant memory. Mr. Turner took him along on a trip to the high altitude mining camp of Ward, where he went to look after some mining claims. Later he accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Turner for a week end visit at the home of a relative, Rev. J. O. Talley, on a mountain ranch on the Buckhorn, northwest of Loveland.)

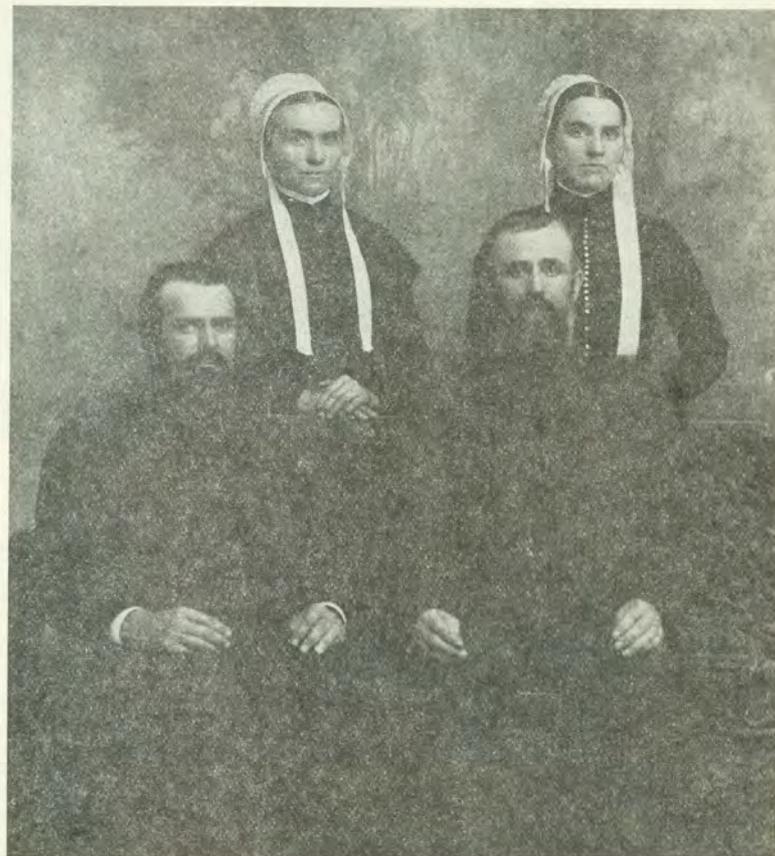
"The next year the annual communion was held at the Turner farm and was a memorable one as far as the church organization was concerned. There were people there from the newly started town of Colorado Springs, from Denver, from down the Platte Valley, and one family from Sand Creek, Wyoming.

"Among the participants was a preacher from somewhere

down the Platte named J. S. Flory, who seemed to see possibilities for the organization of a Dunkard congregation."

Rev. Flory was of German descent and a Virginian by birth. In 1873 he moved with his large family to eastern Weld County in Colorado and later to Greeley, where he engaged in the Buffalo Robe business. He kept in touch with the St. Vrain Dunkards and after a series of meetings held in the Pella school house in 1877 he organized the St. Vrain Church with the following charter members:

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Arbuthnot	Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Flory
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Mason	Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Runyan
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Turner	Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Ullery
Mrs. George Zweck	Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Laycook
Mr. and Mrs. Chal Wray	



GEORGE AND SAMUEL FESLER AND WIVES

In 1878 he bought a farm in what is now Hygiene and moved his family there. There were three boys and five girls—all about grown. Here they engaged in farming, fruit growing and bee culture. In the same year they began the publication of a monthly paper called "The Home Mirror, a literary sheet devoted to the interests of health, home and general news." This was widely circulated in the East, especially among Dunkards. It resulted in bringing in a good many settlers. After a few years the paper was discontinued.

Under the leadership of Rev. Flory the membership increased by leaps and bounds. In 1879 a movement to erect a church building was started. Money, labor, and material were pledged. In 1880 the building was completed. Among those who contributed labor we may mention the Runyans, who hauled much of the stone from Lyons and T. A. Turner, who built the benches, planing the boards by hand. Cash was given by the following:

John Bemis	\$20.00	J. B. Thompson	\$ 5.00
T. A. Turner	19.00	More & Dell	5.00
Isaac Runyan	42.00	John Buckley	10.70
Wm. Arbuthnot	50.00	R. M. Hubbard	5.00
J. R. Mason.....	475.00	W. L. McCaslin, Sr.	10.00
Wm. Laycook	5.00	McFarland & Hubbel....	10.00
Mrs. George Zweck	50.00	Hiram Ghant	10.00
T. A. Turner	10.00	V. W. McCory	10.00
A. Bear	5.00	Sebe Forbes	5.00
Isaac Runyan	8.00	Jacob Coffock, Ohio ...	10.00
T. G. McCaslin	10.00	Henry Frantz, Ohio ...	5.00
J. R. Ullery	9.00	J. C. Fonderborgh	1.00
Frank Secor	100.00	J. S. Flory	5.30
Willis More	150.00	J. S. Flory	19.00
Newton Glick	5.00	Bestle	10.00
Henry Grantz, Ohio ...	40.00	J. H. Hager	5.00
J. W. Turrell	5.00	Henderson	5.00

Cash, \$1,133.00, plus labor donated, \$867.00, making total cost of church, \$2,000.00.

One of the most prominent ministers of the St. Vrain church was the Rev. George Fesler. He arrived with his family soon after the church building was erected.

He and his brother Samuel, under the firm name of Fesler Brothers, dealt in hay and grain, farm implements, and especially Studebaker wagons, buggies, and carriages. They did a thriving business for a number of years. They also operated a restaurant for a time. Their grain and implement store was located south of the Imperial Hotel on the present laundry site in Longmont.

It may be of interest to note here that the Studebaker Broth-

ers who organized that firm were Dunkards. This may be one reason why Fesler Brothers handled Studebaker goods.

The reader who is not acquainted with the early practices of the Dunkard church will wonder why Rev. Fesler was a business man of the street. Ministers are not that nowadays. Until about the beginning of this century Dunkard ministers received no pay for their services. They had to engage in some kind of business to make their living. In the early history of the Dunkard church we have one instance where a minister was excommunicated because he accepted money for preaching to Mennonites.

Churches are not static things. The law of change affects them just as it affects other institutions. Formerly any Dunkard congregation could elect an elder or minister. While a college education was much desired in a minister it was not required.



THE HYGIENE SANITARIUM, 1904

Good character and common sense with a gift of speech were among the qualifications desired in a minister. Before ministers were paid a salary, tilling of the soil was the easiest way to get the "bread and butter" required by the family. The churches were therefore rural institutions. Near the turn of the century an educated and salaried minister became a fact and the Church of the Brethren has "gone to town" and built many fine places of worship there.

Other ministers who served the St. Vrain Church were: J. S. Flory, founder; James R. Gish, D. H. Weaver, Samuel Bashor, Joe Bashor, Benjamin F. Early, John O. Talley, Andy Snowberger, Rev. Goughnour and Levi Whisler.

In 1882 Rev. Flory conceived the idea that a sanitarium

would be a good thing for the community. He went east and interested parties with capital, and the sanitarium was built. It was operated by a stock company, independent of the church organization. The waters of a mineral spring at the base of Rabbit Mountain, about two miles northwest of Hygiene were used for medical purposes. Some of the water was bottled and sold to other institutions. Some people still use the water. For want of patronage, the venture was a failure. The fine large building was used for a time as a summer hotel and for a variety of other purposes. It was finally razed in 1926 and the lumber salvaged was purchased by farmers in the vicinity.

The village of Pella which sprang up in the early sixties was located on the banks of the St. Vrain River on the highway south of Hygiene. That spot was known as the "Upper crossing of the St. Vrain."

In pioneer times the St. Vrain was of immense size during the spring season before irrigating ditches drew off the excess water above. The late Joe Lee operated a ferry for a time at that point. This crossing was used especially by persons who traveled between Laramie, Cheyenne, and other points north to Boulder, Golden, Denver, and other places on the south. The lower crossing was at Burlington, now Longmont.

Pella had a store, blacksmith shop, post office, and a few other buildings.

The late George W. Webster operated the store for a time. A subscription school taught by Libbie Davis was the first center of learning. The school house arrived in time and it became the community center.

The forerunner of the Central Presbyterian Church in Longmont was organized there in 1869 and, as stated before, the Hygiene Dunkard Church was organized there in 1877.

On the arrival of the B. & M. railroad, the Stone Church, and the Hygiene Home, the community center was shifted north to Hygiene. By 1890 Pella had reached the "ghost town" stage, and only the school house and a roofless log structure on the Mat McCaslin farm remain today.

The centuries-old custom of having the cemetery in the church yard meets our approval. The cemetery is not a place for mourning, but rather a place in which to get inspiration. The names on the monuments are largely those of the trail-blazers, the community builders, and they should inspire us to carry on.

According to County records the land on which the church with its cemetery is located was donated and deeded to the Dunkard church February 8, 1879, by Geo. W. Mason and Lucinda Mason, with T. A. Turner and John R. Ullery as trustees. The

cemetery ground south across the highway was donated and deeded to the Pella Cemetery Association by George R. McIntosh on December 2, 1878. Both cemeteries are now cared for by the Hygiene Community Cemetery Association.

The stone church with its grounds belongs to the Church of the Brethren at large. That body has given the above named association permission to use it for a community center. Its interior has been redecorated and it is widely used for both local and county organizations including only those that exist for community betterment.

Hanging on the walls of the old church are five picture frames, 16x22 inches, containing this historical material and some additional and 23 pictures, including snap shots of prominent members, country homes of charter members, group pictures, Hygiene Home, and other interesting things. These may be seen by contacting the Hygiene Cemetery Association.

Membership roll of the St. Vrain Church during its active period from 1877 to about 1907 is given below. It is unfortunate that the official records of the congregation were destroyed in a fire some years ago. This new list was made with the help of surviving former members of the congregation. The list is not complete. We will appreciate getting missing names from any one. In some instances, the complete names were not recalled.

Arbuthnot, Mr. and Mrs. Wm.	Brubaker, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph
Altman, Louis	Brubaker, Anna
Bashor, Mr. and Mrs. William	Brubaker, Rebecca
Bashor, Rev. and Mrs. Joe	Brubaker, Amanda
Bashor, Mr. and Mrs. Martin	Brubaker, Grandfather and
Bashor, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel	Grandmother
Bashor, Mrs. Andrew	Burnsides, Grandmother
Bashor, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew	Baumert, Mrs. Dave
Bashor, Edward	Carter, Mr. and Mrs. Clayton
Bashor, Mary Jane	Chambers, Mr. and Mrs. Alex
Bashor, George	Chambers, John
Bashor, Lizzie	Cline, Luther
Bashor, Lydia	Cline, Stewart
Bashor, Henry and Hannah	Coover, Mr. and Mrs. Edward
Bear, Mr. and Mrs.	Cripe, Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan
Bennett, Mr. and Mrs. Frank	Duncan, Mrs.
Bennett, Leona	Early, Benjamin F.
Bennett, Elisha	Ebbey, Mr. and Mrs.
Bohn, Mr. and Mrs. William	Ellenberger, Mr. and Mrs.
Bohn, Mr. and Mrs. John	Eller, Daniel
Book, James	Faschnaut, Mr. and Mrs.
Boots, Mr. and Mrs. James	Fesler, Rev. and Mrs. George

Fesler, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel	Newsom, Katherine
Fesler, Mr. and Mrs. Peter	Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. James
Fesler, Samuel	Palmer, Mrs. Jake
Fitz, Elder Conrad and Wife	Pie, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel
Fitz, Clara	Runyan, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac
Fitz, Ruth	Rust, Mrs.
Fitz, Nellie	Rust, Arthur and wife
Fry, Mr. and Mrs. William	Rust, Nina
Glick, Mr. and Mrs. Medford	Rust, Nellie
Glick, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel	Smith, Grandmother
Glick, Newton	Smith, Thomas and wife
Glick, Mary	Smith, Miss Amanda
Glick, Rebecca	Snowberger, Rev. A. C.
Hamilton, Ella	Spangler, D. W.
Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs.	Stewart, Dave and wife
Hatfield, Mr. and Mrs.	Stewart, Grandmother
Hepner, Mr. and Mrs. George	Stoner, Mrs. Peter
Hodge, Mr. and Mrs. J. W.	Stoner, Miss Mabel
Jones, Mr. and Mrs. James	Sype, Mrs.
Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Ira	Talley, Rev. and Mrs. John
Jones, Will	Turner, Mr. and Mrs. T. A.
Keltner, Elder S. E. and wife	Turner, Miss Ella
Kesler, Mr. and Mrs.	Ullery, Mr. and Mrs. J. R.
Knoll, Mr. and Mrs. Henry	Ullery, Forest
Larick, Mr. and Mrs. Henry	Updyke, Mr. and Mrs. George
Larick, Andrew	Webster, Molly
Larick, William	Webster, Dora
Larick, Walter	Weaver, Rev. and Mrs. Dave
Leedy, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel	Weaver, John
Leedy, Leona	Weaver, Hattie
Leedy, Lucy	Weaver, Alice
Lehman, Mr. and Mrs.	Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. Charles
Long, Mr. and Mrs. H. C.	Weidman, Mr. and Mrs.
Mason, Mr. and Mrs. J. R.	Whipple, Mr. and Mrs.
Mason, William	Whisler, Rev. Levi and wife
Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin	Whisler, Maud
Moore, Mrs. Adeline	Whisler, Ezra
Moore, Mary	Whisler, Mr. and Mrs. Albert
Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar	Williams, Mr. and Mrs.
Morris, Miss Lena	Winger, Elder W. W. and wife
Mosier, Mrs.	Wray, Mr. and Mrs. Chal
Mosier, Esther	Zweck, Rose
Mosier, Vina	Zweck, Mrs. George
Myers, Elder Abram and wife	

William Brown, Baker

MRS. G. T. McDONALD*

Sometime during the 1860s a young Canadian family came to Colorado seeking a rare climate for their delicate little son. This couple, William Brown and wife, were married in Montreal, Canada, while he was a cook on a boat plying up and down the St. Lawrence River.

Having received glowing accounts of gold in Colorado's streams, they lost no time trying to reach their destination, even though traveling was slow, and there still lurked in hidden spots, a few hostile Indians.

Young blood ran in their veins and they held great hopes for their future.

On arriving in Denver, William Brown tarried only a short time; then, with his family, moved on to a small settlement near Canon City, where he and his energetic wife did a thriving business with a general store, from which he trucked provisions and mining equipment to the Leadville area. It was in this community their daughter Esther was born.

Returning to Denver, he soon erected his own red stone building, into which he transferred store, bakery and restaurant. This building, with the name WILLIAM BROWN—BAKER, 1879, carved in the red stone front, still stands between Thirteenth and Fourteenth streets on Larimer.

At that time, and for many years after, the old Overland Park railroad depot stood just across the street.

In those early days a variety of newcomers were patrons of this centrally located restaurant. Among them were the friendlier Indians, who had a weakness for Mr. Brown's pies. Scorning a plate, tablecloth or napkin, they chose the bare table, and ate with their fingers.

Any of William Brown's pioneer friends living today will remember his quaint Scotch-Irish accent. He spoke with a decided b-r-r-r as that of Sir Harry Lauder! He was a true "Orangeman" and took pride in walking down the street on St. Patrick's Day with an orange-colored ribbon pinned to the lapel of his coat. His beautiful, modest wife was of that frugal Welsh extraction.

Should this recital not bring memories of other days, we feel sure many of Denver's prominent business men remember, with great respect and admiration, the son, "Billy" Brown, because of his many years with the Kistler Stationery Company. Billy's sister,

*Mrs. McDonald, a neighbor of the Browns, lives in Denver.—Ed.

Esther, was, at one time, associated with the Kendrick-Bellamy Company, where she met and later married Rollin Browne of Newark, Ohio, changing her name only by adding an "e". The parents and Billy are now deceased, but Esther, with her family, lives in Manhattan Beach, California.

Colorado's magic wand failed to wield great wealth to this worthy family, but they still remain in memory among the state's best citizens.

Armijo's Journal of 1829-30; the Beginning of Trade Between New Mexico and California*

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY LEROY R. HAFEN
INTRODUCTION

The opening of commercial traffic between the frontier Mexican provinces of New Mexico and California was accomplished by a party of New Mexican traders led by Antonio Armijo. Late in 1829 they set out from New Mexico with a train of pack animals carrying blankets and other trade goods to barter for mules in California. This sixty-man caravan made the journey from the outpost of Abiquiu to San Gabriel Mission in eighty-six days.

The trade, now opened, was continued regularly thereafter for two decades and became a commercial enterprise of considerable importance to both of these far-flung provinces. Variations in the original route were made on subsequent journeys and presently a well-marked path was established through southwestern Colorado which in time came to be known as the Old Spanish Trail.

The famous Dominguez-Escalante expedition of 1776 had gone through western Colorado and into Utah in an attempt to break a trail from Santa Fe to California, but had turned back after reaching the southern Utah country.¹ In the same year Father Garcés had journeyed up the Colorado River to the Mohave villages and had pioneered a trail to the San Bernardino region by way of the Mohave River. Then he returned to the Colorado and worked his way across northern Arizona to the Moqui, or Hopi, towns.² Here he reached the return trail of the Escalante party. Thus was made known to white men a possible connecting route between California and New Mexico. But it was long to remain undeveloped.

Fifty years after the Escalante journey Jedediah Smith, "the Knight in Buckskin," explored a route from the Great Salt Lake

*This article is substantially as it was published in the *Huntington Library Quarterly* of November, 1947.

¹Herbert S. Auerbach, "Father Escalante's Journal, with related Documents and Maps," in the *Utah Historical Quarterly*, XI.

²Elliott Coues (Ed.), *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer* . . . (2 Vols.).

to southern California. Part of his course, especially along the Virgin River of southern Utah and Nevada, was the one Armijo followed three years later.³ Although Armijo, in his brief diary, makes no reference to the Smith journey, it is reasonable to assume that he had some knowledge of it. The relations between American fur traders of the central Rockies and the inhabitants of New Mexico were close; contacts were frequent, both at the summer rendezvous in the mountains and at the winter trade and recreation centers of Taos and Santa Fe. There was ample time and opportunity for the New Mexicans to have learned of Smith's journeys of 1826 and 1827 to California. Also, it is unreasonable to believe that Armijo would have set out with a train load of trade goods unless he had known substantially a route to his destination. Nonetheless, the Armijo party is to be credited with exploring a through trail and starting commercial trade upon it. The official report of the expedition, published below, gives proper credit to, and emphasizes the significance of, the venture.

For some years the existence of a record of the Armijo journey has been known, but the information came by a circuitous route. The only published English translation of the diary appeared in A. B. Hulbert, *Southwest on the Turquoise Trail*, 281-289. This, however, was made from a French translation of the original Mexican publication of 1830.

Now, for the first time, we present an English translation direct from the Spanish record. This has eliminated several errors that occur in the previous English text and which crept in either in making the French translation from the Spanish or in translating the French into English. For example, the Hulbert text renders *jornada* as "stopping place," instead of "a day's journey," *Milpas* as "Badlands," instead of "Cornfield," and says "down" the Mohave River instead of "up" that stream. Other variations may be noted by comparing the two translations.

Dr. Arthur Campa, Head of the Modern Languages Department of the University of Denver, and formerly with the University of New Mexico, kindly made the translation given here. The present editor found the original Spanish publication of the diary in the *Registro Oficial del Gobierno de los Estados-Unidos Mexicanos* of June 19, 1830. This volume is located in the *Hemeroteca Nacional* in Mexico City. While seeking this official report I discovered an earlier unofficial account published in the same *Registro Oficial* on June 5, 1830. This first report contains additional information and is published ahead of the official diary in the translations that follow.

³H. C. Dale, *The Ashley-Smith Explorations and the Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific, 1822-1829*; and Maurice S. Sullivan, *The Travels of Jedediah Smith*.

The diary is aggravatingly brief. It gives no distances and little more than a list of stopping places with dates. But even so, the route can be followed with fair accuracy. And strange to say, with all the many journeys made between Santa Fe and Los Angeles during the twenty years of rather heavy use of the Old Spanish Trail, this is the only diary found that covers a complete trip over a substantial part of the route of the trail. This absence of a day-by-day record is in sharp contrast to the scores of diaries covering journeys over other trails leading to California.

The present writer acknowledges the assistance of a Grant from the Huntington Library by which he has been enabled to carry on a study of the Old Spanish Trail.

Translations of the two documents follow, the unofficial one of June 5, 1830, being presented first:

Route Discovered from the Village of Abiquiu in the Territory of New Mexico to Upper California

On the 6th of November of the past year, there left from the village of Abiquiu⁴ thirty-one men⁵ including the commandant Citizen Antonio Armijo,⁶ inhabitants of the territory of New Mexico, wishing to discover a route to Upper California and to sell therein some manufactures of their country, traveling towards the Northwest, and a month later reaching the Rio Grande, or Colorado, which they forded without difficulty, despite its being about 2,000 varas wide, and on the banks of the said river, which are of smooth stone, there are some inscriptions which they inferred to be made by the missionary fathers,⁷ who had long ago attempted and failed to discover this route.

The gentiles of the *Payuche*⁸ nation inhabit the vicinity of the above-mentioned river; their living quarters are *jacales*,⁹ and they live on grass seeds, hares and rabbits, using the skins of the latter to cover a small part of their body. There follow various other nations inhabiting these lands: the *Narices agujerobas* [Pierced Noses],¹⁰ so-called because they pierce their noses with a bird's

⁴Abiquiu, northwestern New Mexico outpost on the Chama River, stood on the site of an ancient Indian pueblo. Through many years it had difficulties with the Indians and was occupied and re-occupied during the middle of the 18th century. See R. E. Twitchell, *The Spanish Archives of New Mexico*, I, 26. A picturesque village perched on a hill, it retains today much of its early appearance and flavor.

⁵The official record, below, says sixty men. Thirty-one may have been the number in the first party that returned from California.

⁶Little has been found in New Mexico records to enlighten us upon the character or career of Antonio Armijo.

⁷Dominguez and Escalante in their expedition in 1776.

⁸These were the Pahutes, or Piutes, who inhabited the southern parts of Utah and Nevada.

⁹The ordinary Spanish *jacal* was made of posts set on end and close together in a trench to make the walls of the structure. The Pahutes used poles, sticks and brush to form a cone-shaped wick-i-up.

¹⁰These are not the *Nes Percés* of northern Idaho, but Pahutes then living on the Virgin River of southern Nevada, as reported in the diary.

shank; the *Garroteras*, dexterous in handling a four-edged *garrote* [stick]¹¹; the *Ayatas*,¹² dressed in buckskin, they cultivate fields; the *Ayata* dressed like the preceding ones; the *Tularenos*¹³ who have knowledge of horses and horsemanship and who are in the immediate vicinity of California.

None of the above-mentioned nations attacked the travelers; they fled upon seeing them and some of them were frightened by the presence of horses, which they didn't seem to know. On the way out it took them three months less six days to arrive at the first village in California which is Santa Barbara;¹⁴ they were delayed so because the route was unknown and they had to make numerous detours on account of the impassable mountains and canyons which impeded a straight route.

The *empresarios*, although they are known to be courageous, rugged, and eager to discover new lands, are lacking in instruction and literature, by means of which they would have been able to note the various products that the territory of the Mexican Republic possesses in this region; and they are able only to say that there exist suitable locations for establishing new villages and that in the hills there appear variously colored rocks or veins resembling minerals, some of the said hills having the shape of elevated *bufas* without forest or grass land, streaked with veins or rock strata.

Upon arriving in California they were hospitably received by the inhabitants, who were very surprised to see them arrive from a direction which until then was unknown: they traded the products which the thirty travelers took with them for mules, horses, and stock, and on the 24th day of February¹⁵ of the current year, a small number of them returned to this territory. Of the remainder some went to Sonora, and others remained behind in order to bring back the cattle.

The first group spent forty days¹⁶ in returning to this capital for their route was straighter and better known, and they were not hindered by the terrain and the mountains; they did not lack water, firewood, or pasture; but they experienced a few robberies at the hands of the Navajos, a nation which at the present time is at peace in this territory. It is hoped that in other trips a shorter road may be discovered and that from this discovery great usefulness will

¹¹No reference to these Indians is made in the journal and their identity is unknown.

¹²These are probably the Mohaves, or else Indians then living on the Mohave River.

¹³Probably the inhabitants of the southern San Joaquin Valley, in the vicinity of Lake Tulare.

¹⁴Doubtless confused with San Bernardino.

¹⁵According to this statement one party set out on the return ahead of Armijo, who did not begin his return until March 1, 1830, as reported at the end of his own diary.

¹⁶Armijo spent fifty-six days on his return journey, according to the statement at the end of his journal.

accrue to this territory and to all the Mexican nation. Santa Fe, New Mexico, April 28 1830 [sic].¹⁷—M. A. O.

*First Secretaryship of State—Department of Interior*¹⁸

Most excellent sir.—On November 8th of the past year, there departed from this territory a group of citizens, about sixty men, towards the Californias with the object of trading for mules certain products of the country: they made their trip through deserts unknown until now, and succeeded in discovering this new route (short cut) having to go through many barbarian tribes who, upon seeing them, fled as though frightened, such cowardice contributing in no small part to the success of the undertaking. By means of the diary, copy of which I attach for your Excellency, it will be seen that the distance which separates the Californias from this territory is not great, taking into consideration that these discoverers often had to backtrack, make detours and, in short, that they had neither maps nor compass nor guide, other than the enterprising, daring and adventurous spirit of the sons of this territory. I believe that it would be very useful to both territories for the Supreme Government to protect the commerce in these parts to which end I mention it to your Excellency.—God and liberty. Santa Fe, May 14, 1830.—Jose Antonio Chavez.¹⁹—Minister of Interior and Foreign Relations.

Diary made by citizen Antonio Armijo as commandant for the discovery of the route to the Californias, named by the political chief of this territory of New Mexico, Citizen Jose Antonio Chavez, and which appears as follows:

The 7th of November of 1829 I left the jurisdiction of Abiquisí [sic],²⁰ advanced as far as the Puerco River,²¹ stopping at said place on the 8th.

9. At *Arroyo de Agua* [Water Wash].²²
10. At *Capulin* [Choke Cherry].²³
11. At *Agua de la Canada larga* [Water of Long Canyon].²⁴

¹⁷April 28, 1830.

¹⁸This is the report published June 19, 1830.

¹⁹Jose Antonio Chavez, according to R. E. Twitchell, was the first alcalde of Albuquerque (*Leading Facts of New Mexican History*, I, 470) a Representative of New Mexico in the Mexican Congress (*ibid.*, II, 9), and became Governor of New Mexico. Chavez apparently wrote this introduction and sent the Armijo diary to the Mexican Minister of Interior and Foreign Relations.

²⁰Abiquiu.

²¹This is undoubtedly the *Rio Puerco* which flows northwest and enters the Chama about fifteen miles above Abiquiu, and not the larger *Rio Puerco* which flows south some 150 miles through west central New Mexico and enters the Rio Grande at Lajoya.

²²The place is not definitely identified. To avoid the Canyon of the Chama the party made its way to the south of the canyon and apparently took the general course of the modern road No. 96, leading westward.

²³Capulin Peak is in the northwest corner of Township 23 North, Range 1 East of the New Mexico Principal Meridian, as shown on the "General Land Office Map of the State of New Mexico, 1927."

²⁴This is a head spring of Largo Creek. During the day the party has crossed the high sage plain plateau which is the continental divide, and has left the drainage of the Rio Grande and entered that of the Colorado River.

12. At the mouth of *Canon largo*.²⁵
13. At *Canon largo*.
14. At the lake of *Canon largo*, at this point we found a settlement of Navajos.²⁶
15. At the San Juan River.²⁷
16. Stopping at said river.
17. At Las Animas River.²⁸
18. At the springs on the bank of the Plata River.²⁹
19. At *San Lazaro* River.³⁰
20. Stopping at *San Lazaro*.
21. At the San Juan River;³¹ at this juncture we again found six Navajos but nothing happened.
22. At the springs of the Navajo mountains.³²
23. At the river which comes down on the other side of the Navajo mountain,³³ at which juncture we found another settlement of Navajos, and we traded with them. We took with us an Indian paid by several individuals of the party with eleven mares for his trip, in order that he might guide us as far as he knew, and so that he would protect us from the depredations which members of his nation are wont to commit.
24. At *Escondido* [Hidden] Spring.³⁴

²⁵This is the upper end of Cañon Largo, which they will follow along its northwest course until it enters the San Juan River. Captain J. N. Macomb traversed this canyon on the return trip of his exploring expedition in September, 1859. See his *Report of the Exploration Expedition from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to the Junction of the Grand and Green Rivers of the Great Colorado of the West*, page 6, where he says: "We were fortunate in passing through Cañon Largo just after heavy rains, as I learned afterwards that the command of Major Simonson, which passed through the cañon in July, had suffered much for the want of water." A fuller, geological report by Dr. J. S. Newberry is published in the same volume.

²⁶Neither Captain Macomb nor Dr. Newberry mention any Indian settlement in the canyon in 1859.

²⁷They have now traveled eight days from Abiquiu—four days to Cañon Largo and four days down that long canyon. They have made about twelve miles per day in a straight line along their course and probably traveled from fifteen to twenty miles per day along the winding route of their trail.

²⁸They doubtless crossed the San Juan and took a northwest course to reach the Las Animas in about fifteen miles, near the site of the present town of Aztec.

²⁹Another day's journey in the same direction would take them to the La Plata River in the vicinity of the present village of La Plata.

³⁰This is the Mancos River of today. Father Escalante in the journal of his famous 1776 expedition uses both names for the stream. See Auerbach, *op. cit.*, 33. Armijo has crossed a spur of the La Plata Mountains and reached the Mancos River south of Mesa Verde, where it turns from its southward course to run almost directly westward. The route of travel here indicated, to the north of the San Juan River, is the one later shown by Gunnison and Beckwith on the map of their railroad survey of 1853 and labeled "lower trail traveled during the rainy season." It is the only route that would have brought the party from the La Plata to the Mancos in a day's travel. If one followed along the San Juan from the mouth of the La Plata to the mouth of the Mancos he would have to travel some fifty miles.

³¹They return to the San Juan, presumably at or near the mouth of the Mancos, in the area of the Four Corners, the only place in the United States where four states join.

³²This was probably the Mission Spring at the north base of the Carrizo Mountains.

³³Present Walker Creek, which flows west and northwest.
³⁴This may be Hogansaani Spring, located near the center of township 12 North, Range 9 West of the Navajo Meridian on the General Land Office Map of Arizona, 1933.

25. At the little canyon of Chelli Creek.³⁵
26. We stopped at this juncture.
27. At the rock *artenesales*.³⁶
28. At the lake of the mountain pass of *Las Lemitas*.³⁷
29. At the water hole of *El Cuervo*.³⁸
30. At the water hole of *Payuches*; ³⁹ three Indians were found, no trouble ensued, and it was necessary to scale a canyon for which purpose we had to carry the baggage in our arms.

December 1. At the lake of *Las Milpitas* [The little corn patches]. On this day we had to work our way down the canyon.⁴⁰

2. At the *Picacho* [Peak] Springs; on this day I went out on reconnaissance with Salvador Maes.
3. At the craggy canyon with the downgrade and upgrade trail of the *padres*.⁴¹ It was necessary to scale up one and down the other and to carry our baggage in our arms.
4. Stopping: On this day I returned from the reconnaissance with nothing to report.

5. At the edge of the mesa of the *Rio Grande*, known in the Californias as the Colorado; a day's journey without water.

6. At the *Rio Grande Crossing of the Fathers*:⁴² on that day we reconnoitered the ford and it was found passable, and three individuals who forded it observed that there were three fresh tracks which they followed until dark without overtaking anyone.

7. Stopping. The above-mentioned individuals joined us, relating what has already been recorded.

8. We stopped the train and repaired the upgrade of the canyon, the same one which had been worked by the *padres*.⁴³

³⁵The creek that rises in the Canyon de Chelly National Monument, runs north, and is now known as Chinle Creek.

³⁶Not identified.

³⁷Limita Spring and a lake nearby are on the exploration route of Captain Walker in 1859, as shown on the map accompanying the Captain Macomb Report, *op. cit.* These are about the right distances west of Chinle Creek to be reached in the two days of travel. The "lake" may be the "Pool" shown on the Conoco Road Map of Arizona and located a little east of present Kayenta.

³⁸This may be Chief Spring of today.

³⁹This was probably in Piute Canyon, or at the Upper Crossing Spring near the canyon.

⁴⁰The route from here to the "Crossing of the Fathers" on the Colorado River cannot be determined with exactness. The Armijo party appears to be covering about the same territory, southeast of the crossing of the Colorado, in which the Escalante party had such difficulty in finding a route through the rugged canyon country. See the Escalante journal for November 8-11, 1776, in Auerbach, *op. cit.*, 103-105.

⁴¹Dominguez and Escalante.

⁴²The Crossing of the Fathers was a passable ford where the Colorado was a mile wide. See Auerbach, *op. cit.*, 102. It is a short distance above the Utah-Arizona boundary.

⁴³Escalante's descent from the north side to the river is reported thus in his diary on November 7: "To lead the animals down by their bridles to the canyon it was necessary to hew steps with the ax in a rock for a distance of about three yards or a little less. The animals could go down the rest of the way but without a pack or rider."

9. At *Blanco* [White] Canyon: permanent water.⁴⁴

10. At the *artenejal* of *Ceja Colorada* [Red Ridge]: on this day there was found a settlement of Payuches, with no mishap; it is a gentle and cowardly nation.

11. At the creek of *Ceja* [Ridge] Canyon.⁴⁵

12. At the top of the tree-covered ridge: no water.

13. At Colorado Pueblo: no water, but we used snow instead.

14. At *Carnero* [Ram] Creek.⁴⁶

15. At *Agua de la Vieja* [Water of the Old Woman].⁴⁷

16. At the Coyote Plains without any water.

17. At *Caloso* [Limestone] Canyon: water from water holes.

18. Stopping: reconnaissance party went out and returned with nothing to report.

19. At Stinkingwater Canyon: permanent water.

20. At the *Severo* River.⁴⁸

21. Stopping. Reconnaissance party went out.

⁴⁴This was probably Wahweap Canyon.

⁴⁵Apparently this was Paria Creek. It is the right distance for an average three-day journey from the Crossing of the Fathers.

⁴⁶This must be Kanab Creek, three day's journey from Paria. The crossing was probably in the vicinity of Fredonia, Arizona.

⁴⁷This could be Pipe Springs or Moccasin. Four more days are to bring Armijo to the Virgin River, and the determining factor in the identification of his route is the point at which he strikes this river. To reach a conclusion requires consideration of several matters. Going ahead to the mouth of the Virgin and working back from that definite point, as well as by taking the distance and the number of days' travel from the Crossing of the Fathers, convinces me that Armijo reached the Virgin about half way between the present towns of Hurricane and Washington. Reenforcing the choice of this place is the fact that the day after reaching the Virgin he arrived at the Milpas River (identified as the Santa Clara). Also, an interception of the Virgin farther east is unlikely because of its involvement in deep canyons. The exact route from Kanab Creek to the Virgin cannot be traced, but it did not make the dip far to the south which Escalante made. Armijo probably traveled by Cane Beds and Short Creek, Arizona.

The old country road leading from Hurricane to Pipe Spring and Fredonia probably follows roughly the Armijo trace. The present editor drove his Ford auto over this route from St. George to Bright Angel Point, on the north rim of the Grand Canyon, in 1920.

⁴⁸The first and apparent identification of the *Rio Severo* would be the Sevier River of Central Utah, as assumed by some students previously. (See J. J. Hill, *The History of Warner's Ranch and its Environs*, 87-88). A closer study, however, convinces one that this identification is incorrect. The Sevier River runs north, instead of south, and does not flow into the Colorado as does Armijo's *Rio Severo*. The Virgin River is the only stream that can be the Colorado affluent which the Spanish party follows; it meets all requirements.

Armijo's is not the only confusion of the Virgin and Sevier rivers. Thomas J. Farnham, in the Pictorial Edition of his *Life, Adventure and Travels in California* (1849), 318-20, tells of the adventure of an old trapper on the "*Rio Severe*," which was most likely the Virgin River of today. In fact the Virgin is a much more severe stream than the Sevier River.

The Virgin River had been given two other names previous to Armijo's christening of it. Escalante had called it the *Rio Sulpureo* (Sulphur River) from the sulphur springs by Hurricane, Utah, which enter the river and affect its waters near the point where the Escalante party crossed the stream. Jedediah Smith journeyed along the river in 1826 and gave it the name of the President of the United States—Adams River. Just when it took on its present name has not been determined, but it was sometime during the 1830s.

The present editor, having been born and reared on this stream has a special interest if not affection for it, even though J. C. Fremont, who ascended it in 1844 characterized it as the "most dreary river I have ever seen" (his *Report of the Exploring Expedition*, . . . , 268.).

22. At the *Milpas* [Cornfield] *River*⁴⁹: at this point the reconnaissance party rendezvoused without mishap.
23. At *Calabacillas* [Little wild squash] Arroyo.⁵⁰
24. Below [or beyond] the *Milpas* River.⁵¹
25. We hit the *Severo* River again,⁵² from which point the reconnaissance party went out.
26. Down the same river.
27. *Ibid.* We found a settlement of Indians with rings in their noses. Nothing happened for these Indians are gentle and cowardly.
28. Down the same river.
29. At the slough of the same river.⁵³
30. At the aforementioned river.⁵⁴
31. At the same river the reconnaissance party rendezvoused.

January 1. Again at the *Rio Grande* [Colorado].⁵⁵ Citizen Rafael Rivera is missing from the reconnaissance party of the day before.

2. Down the *Rio Grande*: rugged trail.⁵⁶
3. Ditto.
4. Stopping: on this day the reconnaissance party went in search of Rivera.
5. Stopping. Reconnaissance party returned and did not find Rivera.

⁴⁹This must be the Santa Clara, which Jedediah Smith called "Corn Creek." Along it Indians were raising corn when the first white men came to this country, and there they have continued to farm ever since.

On Jedediah Smith's journey down the Virgin in 1827 he turned up the Santa Clara to cross the Beaver Dam Mountains by the same route the modern Highway (U. S. 91) takes. On his trip of 1826 Smith had descended the Virgin west from the site of St. George, Utah, and had found great difficulty in going through "The Narrows," cut through the mountain range by the stream. So on his second trip, in 1827, Smith found a more satisfactory route by ascending the Santa Clara some twelve miles and then turning west. In finding this trail he was doubtless assisted by the Indians. Very likely Armijo learned of the route and of Smith's traversal of it from the same Plutes.

⁵⁰The little striped wild squashes, locally called gourds, still grow profusely along the Santa Clara River and at the arroyos that enter it. The wash named here was probably the one that enters the river just above the present Shivwit Indian village, where the road turns from the Santa Clara to effect a crossing of the mountain range to the west.

⁵¹The camp of the 24th was probably west of the dividing ridge.

⁵²Descent of the long "Slope" would bring the party again to the Virgin River at the mouth of Beaver Dam Wash and near the present village of Littlefield, Arizona. They now followed the Virgin down to its junction with the Colorado.

⁵³During low water the Virgin frequently loses itself in the sand and terminates in a wire-grass and tule slough.

⁵⁴The entrance of the Muddy affluent, below former St. Thomas (site now covered by Lake Mead), reinforces the Virgin.

⁵⁵They have now reached the Colorado again, down which they will travel three days. In the meantime the guide, Rivera, had set out on December 31 to reconnoiter. He pushed ahead until he reached the Mohave Indian villages at the extreme southern point of Nevada's boundary. Upon his return to the main party, after having been gone seven days, he reported that he had found the ford of the Colorado which he had used the year previous in going to Sonora. This bit of information, revealed in the entry of January 7, indicates that Rivera was familiar with the route from the Mohave villages on the Colorado River to the Mohave River and thence to the San Bernardino region. He was probably the one who suggested leaving the river at its abrupt southward bend, a little above present Hoover Dam, and taking a short cut across the desert to the Mohave River.

⁵⁶They do not cross the Colorado at the mouth of the Virgin, as did Jedediah Smith, but instead make their way over the rough country to the north of the Colorado, probably along the general route later used by the Mormons in reaching their head-of-navigation warehouse at Callville.

6. *Yerba del Manso* [a curative herb] *Arroyo*,⁵⁷ at which point the reconnaissance party goes out in search of Rivera.

7. Stopping: waiting for the reconnaissance party. Citizen Rivera returned and announced that had discovered the villages of the *Cucha Payuches*, and the *Hayatas*,⁵⁸ and had recognized the ford where he had crossed the Rio Grande the previous year in going to Sonora.

8. Stopping. Reconnaissance party looking for Rivera arrived with nothing to report and went out again.

9. At *Salado* [Salty] *Arroyo*, with nothing new.⁵⁹

10. At a dry lake.

11. At the Little Spring of the Turtle.⁶⁰

12. At the pass without water.⁶¹

⁵⁷This was probably at the mouth of Las Vegas Wash, which enters the Colorado a little above Hoover Dam and near where the river turns abruptly southward. This is the logical place to leave the river to take the desert shortcut and also avoid the Black Canyon and other gorges of the Colorado. This point is only about twenty miles in an air line from the mouth of the Virgin. This would seem a short distance to have made in three days, but the distance traveled was much greater than the air line mileage, and besides, Rivera is out on his exploring tour and the main party would naturally travel slowly while they are seeking him or awaiting his return.

⁵⁸The *Hayatas* are probably the Mohaves, who still live in the valley of the Colorado, on the Fort Mohave Reservation.

The *Cucha Payuches* were a branch of the Pahutes. Some of these bands eked out an existence at various desert springs in southern Nevada. The tribe referred to could have been inhabiting Cottonwood Valley on the Colorado River, some thirty-five miles above the Mohaves. Lieut. J. C. Ives, when exploring the Colorado in 1858, found Mohaves living in Cottonwood Valley, and in the country adjacent found "Bad Pahutes" prowling about. (J. C. Ives, *Report upon the Colorado River of the West* . . . , 79-80).

⁵⁹The party has now left the river and set out across the desert. It will take them six days to reach the River of the Payuches. The only river which answers the descriptions—is in about the right location and is long enough for the party to follow it a day's journey—is the Amargosa. It is eighty-five airline miles from the setting-out point on the Colorado and therefore could be reached in the six days. They probably traveled an almost due west course, one shown on the "General Map Showing Approximate Location of Better Known Springs and Wells in the Mohave and Adjacent Deserts, Southeastern California and Southwestern Nevada," accompanying *Water Supply Paper No. 224*, U. S. Geological Survey. The trail shown on this map goes from Callville on the Colorado, westward by present Arden, and some eight miles south of Las Vegas. It is almost certain that Armijo did not go by the large, impressive spring at Las Vegas, for such an excellent water supply would have called forth a recognizable description.

⁶⁰This was probably Cottonwood Spring, in the Spring Mountains, toward which the party would naturally direct its course in search of water. This spring, about seventeen miles from Las Vegas, later became a well known stopping place on the Old Spanish Trail and on the route from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles.

There are many diaries of subsequent trips over the route from here to San Bernardino, but there are wide discrepancies in the names and locations of springs and the distances between them. J. C. Fremont, in his *Report of the Exploring Expedition* . . . , gives valuable information of his eastward trip over this trail in 1844. However, his map and his journal do not correspond regarding the territory from the Amargosa to Las Vegas. The journal and map of G. H. Heap, *Central Route to the Pacific*, better fit the geography. "The Diary of Dr. Thomas Flint, California to Maine and Return, 1851-1855," in the *Annual Publications Historical Society of Southern California* (1923), 116-120, gives information on this section of the route. See also, "By Ox Team from Salt Lake to Los Angeles, 1850; a Memoir by David W. Cheesman," in *Annual Publications Historical Society of Southern California* (1930), 294-300; Howard Egan, *Pioneering the West, 1846 to 1878*, 173-175; Jules Remy and Julius Brenchley, *A Journey to Great Salt Lake City* . . . , II, 418, 441; the manuscript report by Lieut. Sylvester Mowry of his military expedition over the route in 1855 (in the National Archives, Washington, D. C.); and various manuscript diaries in the Mormon Church archives in Salt Lake City.

⁶¹There was a spring at the mountain pass west of Cottonwood Spring, but travelers frequently passed without noting it. See the David Cheesman memoir, *op. cit.*, 295.

13. At the Little Salty Springs.⁶²
14. At the River of the Payuches⁶³ where a village was found: nothing happened for it was gentle.
15. Down the same river.
16. At the *Salitroso* [Alkali] River: ⁶⁴ where the reconnaissance party rendezvoused without mishap.
17. A day's journey without water.
18. At the lake of *El Milagro* [Miracle].⁶⁵
19. At *ajito del Malpais* [little spring of the lava beds, or badlands].⁶⁶
20. A day's journey without any water.
21. At the arroyo of the Hayatas,⁶⁷ at the end of which comes in the trail from Moqui, traveled by the Moquis with the object of trading shells with the said Hayatas.⁶⁸
22. Up the same arroyo.
23. Along this same arroyo; we ate a horse.
24. Ditto.
25. Ditto.
26. Ditto; we ate a male mule belonging to Miguel Valdés.
27. Along said arroyo we met the reconnaissance party with supplies and men from the ranch of San Bernardino.⁶⁹
28. San Bernardino Canyon.⁷⁰

⁶²This was probably Stump Spring, so called by Mowry and by later travelers, and listed by Heap, *op. cit.*, 104, as *Aqua Escarbada*. It may have been Resting Spring, or what Fremont called Hernandez's Spring, from the tragedy enacted there just prior to Fremont's arrival.

⁶³Identified as the Amargosa River, or Bitter Creek. This stream flows south, then west around the point of the Black Mountains, and then turns northwest toward Death Valley. The trail followed it for several miles.

⁶⁴This stream bed, generally dry, was a branch of the Amargosa (see Fremont, *op. cit.*, 264). In it was the Salt Spring, near which were the Salt Spring Mines, worked in the early 1850s. See Heap, *op. cit.*, 106; Flint, *op. cit.*, 119; and the Mowry manuscript.

⁶⁵This was probably the spring which Fremont called *Agua del Tomaso*, Heap labeled *Agua del Tio Meso*, and later travelers called Bitter Springs. One of the long, so-called *jornadas* of the route extended the fifty desert miles from Amargosa to this place.

It is probable that the name given the water hole by Armijo refers to the discovery and happening which Heap (*op. cit.*, 107) relates thus: "This spring is named after an old Mexican called Meso, who was styled *Tio*, or uncle, on account of his age. He discovered it when he and his party were nearly perishing with thirst. Their happy deliverance was celebrated by a great feast; he washed and dressed himself, and rambled about the place singing until he fell dead, killed by a stroke of apoplexy."

⁶⁶Not identified.

⁶⁷The bed of the Mohave River. In subsequent years the trail struck it at various points. In the lower reaches, water was found in pools or could be dug for in the sand.

⁶⁸The traffic across the desert from the Mohave villages on the Colorado and from the Moquis beyond was already well established at the time of the first visit of white men to this region. See Elliott Coues (Ed.), *On the Trail of a Spanish Pioneer* . . . , I, 237. The river was discovered by Father Garcés on March 9, 1776, and by him named the *Rio de las Martires* (Coues, 238). The Armijo party is to travel six days up this stream. They are now on ground undoubtedly familiar to Rivera, if not to other members of the company. So a party is sent ahead for supplies, which came to the relief of the main group on January 27.

⁶⁹The mission station or ranch of San Bernardino was started in 1819. See G. W. Beattie, "San Bernardino Valley in the Spanish Period," in the *Annual Publications Historical Society of Southern California* (1923), 17-18. Jedediah Smith had secured supplies here in 1826 (Beattie, *ibid.*, 23-24).

⁷⁰G. W. Beattie, historian of the San Bernardino region, thinks that Armijo's San Bernardino Canyon is the canyon of Cañon Creek. It is probable that Armijo followed further up the Mohave River than does the modern highway.

29. Paraje [stopping place] of San Jose.
30. At the fountain.
31. At the San Gabriel Mission.

I returned on March the first by the same route with no more mishap than the loss of tired animals, until I entered the Navajo country, by which nation I was robbed of some of my animals, and I arrived in this jurisdiction of Xemey [Jemez] today the 25th of April, 1830—signed *Antonio Armijo*. This is a copy. Santa Fe, May 14, 1830,—*Chavez*.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry S. Gilman, Pioneers

CHARLES W. HURD*

The story of Henry S. Gilman, as told by his son Frank, is a tale of pioneer days.

Henry Gilman, born near Boston January 1, 1830, had the misfortune to lose his parents when he was but a child. He was taken to live on a farm with a family to which he was not related. Life was a bit rough for the boy and, when only nine years of age, he was getting up at 4 a.m. to milk cows. Each day, after the morning chores were done, he had to drive a load of vegetables to Boston for the market.

One day, when he was twelve years old, he left the team in town, tied to the wagon, and started out for somewhere; he knew not where and little did he care. He got on board a boat that was loading for England. There he hid out as a stowaway; but he happened to be on board a ship where his brother-in-law was the captain. He was found and sent back to Boston, where he lived for a time with his sister. There he got a job in a restaurant. By the time he was twenty-four years of age he was running a restaurant of his own. When the Civil War broke out he joined the Union forces and stayed with them until 1864.

After the war experience he was restless; the West was calling. He dreamed of Indians and of gold. He set out for Denver in a covered wagon pulled by an ox team. In the valley of the Platte, somewhere west of Ft. Kearney, the train was attacked by Indians, but the attackers were driven off. One Indian hid in the grass until all the wagons had passed, then he crawled into the hind end of the rear wagon, expecting to pilfer it. He found a lot of bedding and was starting to crawl out with all the blankets he could carry. A boy of twelve, who was the sole occupant of the wagon, shot

* Mr. Hurd, of Las Animas, has contributed to previous issues of this magazine.—Ed.

the Indian in the back as he attempted to crawl out. The train stopped and the bull-whackers nailed the Indian to a tree.

A day later, another emigrant train, of a hundred wagons, traveled the same road and the Indian was still hanging to the tree. These two trains had no connection with each other, but in the second was the Williams family with a Miss Nancy Williams who was destined to be Mrs. Henry Gilman.

Another member of the second train was Frank Tate, who later became sheriff of Prowers County. One day he was doing duty as



HENRY S. GILMAN

out-rider, scouting the hills for Indians and he found what he was looking for, but the Indians found him before he saw them. Then he headed for the train, with all the speed that the mule could put out. The guards saw him coming when far away. They quickly lined up the wagons, forming a corral, and prepared for a fight. Several Indians were killed and the attack ended. There were no lives lost among the travelers, but Frank Tate had a close call. When he got back to the wagons he had one arrow sticking through his hat and another through his shirt.

All the travelers spent the night in the wagons, or inside the corral, fearing a return attack. In the morning, Miss Williams was

startled to find a dead Indian under their wagon, close to where a group had spent the evening, talking of the day's events. Probably he had been wounded during the fight and had crawled to the wagon in the dark of the night.

The Williams family stayed but a short time in Denver and then moved on to Beaver Creek, east of Canon City, to be near a daughter, Mrs. John Palmer, one of the leaders in the Beaver country.

Henry Gilman stayed but a year in Denver, where he was in partnership with Chauncey Hall in running a hotel and saloon. Business was good, but the spirit of adventure born in the boy had grown to giant size in the man and became the mainspring in shaping his career. His next move was to Pueblo, where he established another hotel and restaurant in 1866. This was the first real restaurant in Pueblo.

One of Mr. Gilman's reasons for moving to Pueblo was to be where he could trade with the Indians, the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, and Comanches. He made frequent trips into the Canon City territory to trade with the Utes.

On the trips to Canon City, Beaver Creek was mid-way and was a noted stopping place for travelers on the trail. On one of these trips Mr. Gilman met Nancy Williams and the stories of their experiences in the valley of the Platte drew them together. A whirlwind courtship followed. The marriage took place at Canon City in the late sixties. They made their home in Pueblo, where they continued to operate the hotel and restaurant for about two years.

Business was dull in Pueblo following the Civil War. Most of the settlers moved away and the Gilmans moved, too. It seemed that "the town never would amount to anything." The hotel was located on the land now occupied by the Union Depot. Not being able to find a cash buyer, Mr. Gilman finally agreed on a trade. He gave the hotel, lots and all, for an eight-hole cook stove.

On May 7, 1869, Mr. Gilman took his cook stove and started out to hunt for brighter prospects. In Bent county, on a hill across the river from Fort Lyon, Captain Craig was promoting a new settlement that was to be Las Animas City. It seemed to have wonderful prospects. The Gilmans were the second family to locate there. They built a 34-room hotel and settled down. Four children were born, Fannie, Frank, John, and a fourth that died in infancy. In a short time, Las Animas City grew to be quite a town. It was social center for troops at the fort and supply center for emigrants on the trail. It was popular as a stopping point for Texas cattlemen trailing north. Its stores were stocked to care for every need. The professional list including doctors and lawyers. However, by 1877

a new town, a rival Las Animas, had grown up four miles to the west and Captain Craig's castles came tumbling down.

On September 1, 1877, the Gilman family moved to Meadows, near the mouth of Sand Creek. There they secured a quarter section where they cut wood for Fort Lyon and cut hay for emigrants passing on the trail. That lasted until February 26, 1878, when they sold the ranch to John W. Prowers.

Their next move was to Barton, Colorado, a Santa Fe railway station on Fred Harvey's X.Y. Ranch. There they operated the Day Break Hotel. They moved to Coolidge, Kansas, in 1881, where they ran the O.K. Hotel for about a year. Then they returned to Barton and built a new Day Break Hotel. In 1886 the promoters of new Granada offered them a bonus of a free lot, if they would build a hotel on it and move in. They were the first family in the new town. Mr. Gilman died that same year.

Mrs. Nancy Gilman was typical of the best pioneer women. To know her would give one a vision of the West. She was forceful, courageous, and always a leader. She taught school through many terms. The neighbors and settlers, far and near, were her friends. She was popular as an entertainer. An annual event was her "Bean Bake" on Decoration Day, when the Civil War veterans and everybody else came from miles away to decorate the graves, then listened to the band concert and, at noon, gathered in her yard for a feast.

Mrs. Gilman was famous as a horse trader and when her husband would go away in the morning he never knew what horses he would find when he got back. On one of his trips to Las Animas, her husband bought a new Stetson hat, a new saddle, chaps, spurs and a bridle. When he got home Nancy knew that he didn't need all that stuff as he already had a good saddle. One day, soon after that, when her husband was away, a Texas trail herd came along and she sold the whole outfit to the boss for \$100.00.

surprise raid by enemies, several of Ouray's party were killed and the young son was taken captive. For years the father tried in vain to secure the return of his son and to this end he enlisted the assistance of the Indian Department and its agencies. In 1873 it was believed that this Indian lad had been found in the Indian Territory and Ouray made the long journey to see him; but failing to find a certain mark of identification on his body, the search was ended.

Early in life Ouray developed a strong character, with outstanding qualifications of leadership. He was never questioned by members of the several bands of Utes or by whites. He first came into prominence when he was instrumental in effecting a treaty by the Tabeguache band and the United States Government at Conejos, Colorado, October 7, 1863. To this his name was signed as "U-ray"; the treaty of Washington, March 2, 1868, was signed "U-re," and to the Amendment of August 15, 1868, it was written "Ou-ray."

As head chief of the Confederated Bands of Utes, his influence increased and the members had great respect for his authority and the wisdom of his decisions. He kept faith with the Whites and protected their interests as far as possible even under the most trying circumstances.

There is no doubt but for his quick action, firm stand and the restraint imposed on the hostiles, the outbreak of September, 1879, (at which time Agent N. C. Meeker and other members of his staff were massacred, the women and children made captive) would have spread over the Indian country and many settlers and prospectors would have met the same fate. Had he been present at the White River Agency or with the Indians that ambushed Major Thornburg and his troops marching in from Fort Steele, this trouble might never have occurred. Colorow, Johnson, Captain Jack and Antelope were the leaders in this rebellion against the policies of the Indian Department and Agent Meeker; they were very much opposed to the plowing up of good grass land and fencing it for farming purposes. The Utes insisted they needed this land for the pasture of their ponies. Had Agent Meeker halted this farm program for a time at least, they would have been pacified. When Ouray learned of this outbreak and that fighting was in progress with the ambushed soldiers, he sent couriers to the scene with orders to stop fighting, and they immediately complied. A rescue party was sent for the captive women and children.

Ouray had a fair education, speaking both English and Spanish, as well as several Indian dialects. For his efforts in trying to keep the Indians in bounds, Congress granted him an annuity of \$1,000, as long as he remained chief of the Confederated Bands.

He sat in all important conferences as did his sub-chiefs, Igna-

Ouray and the Utes

S. F. STACHER*

In a lowly wick-i-up or tepee, somewhere in the wilds of southwestern Colorado, Ouray was born. His mother was a member of the Tabeguache band of Utes; his father was an Apache named Guera Murah, captured by the Utes and later adopted into the tribe. In early manhood Ouray married a Ute woman and to them was born one son. When the son was about five years old his father Ouray and his party were camped on the Republican River. In a

* Mr. Stacher, former Superintendent of the Ute Reservation of southwestern Colorado, has contributed previous articles on the Utes.—Ed.

cio, Buckskin Charley, and Severo. Colorow was a sort of self-designated leader and a coward at heart.

After the death of his first wife, Ouray married Chipeta in 1859. She was a lovable woman of the tribe, and was richly endowed with intelligence, wisdom, and good judgment. They had their home near Montrose on the Uncompahgre River. Chipeta was a good housekeeper; her home was well furnished with beds, tables, chairs, rugs and stoves. She died in August, 1924, on the reservation in Utah.

A group of Montrose citizens had her body returned and interred in a concrete tomb, within the Ouray Memorial Park, near the old home. A concrete tepee was erected at the spring, where they obtained their domestic water supply. A tall granite shaft also was erected in memory of these great people.

In August, 1880, Chief Ouray, his wife, her brother McCook, and a few others set out to visit the Southern Agency on Pine River at Ignacio. Ouray became ill on the way and was a very sick man when they arrived. The Ute medicine men were unable to give him relief. It is said that three white doctors were present but they were not allowed to prescribe; but as near as it was possible to make a diagnosis he was suffering from Bright's disease. He grew steadily worse and passed over the Great Divide in the early morning of August 24, 1880.

He died in a tent near the camp of Tapooch. The body was wrapped in blankets, placed on a horse and accompanied by Buckskin Charley, McCook, and several other Utes made their way down Pine River, then to the west and to the top of a rocky mesa, about two miles south of the village of Ignacio, and the body and saddle were placed within a rocky crevasse; five horses were killed for use of the great chief for the journey in the Great Beyond.

Disposition of deceased members of the tribe in this manner was then the tribal custom, but long since has been discontinued. Ouray's body remained in this lonely spot for more than forty years, when the residents of Ignacio, under the leadership of L. M. Wayt, Indian Superintendent E. E. McKean, and the Indians decided that the remains should be recovered and re-interred in the Indian cemetery, east of Pine River, to the east of the agency. On May 24, 1925, this was done in the presence of a large gathering of both Indians and Whites, with an appropriate ceremony.

Some argument arose between Catholic and Protestant adherents of their respective churches, as the Catholics desired that the burial be in their section of the cemetery; the Protestants likewise wanted the burial to be in their section. To satisfy all concerned, it was decided that a section of the dividing fence be removed and

the remains be buried on the line. Ouray was a member of the Methodist church.

Major James B. Thompson, appointed Special Agent for the Indians of Colorado in 1869, in an interview by the late Thomas F. Dawson, says that Ouray was of high moral character and a teetotaler. He taught Ouray how to write his name; they were fast friends.

Silas Grove, a Southern Ute, stated to the writer on January 11, 1940, that he was present when Ouray died but did not accompany the funeral party to the burial place. Chipeta gave to the Indians most of the gold coins she had and tossed the balance of them into the waters of Pine River. She and other Ute women present haggled their hair to indicate a state of mourning. In 1939 a concrete marker was placed near where death came to the beloved chief.

George Norris and wife, both Southern Utes, give this information. They were present when Ouray died near the camp of Tapooch. He had Indian doctors. McCook and Chipeta were present. Ouray had a younger brother who could read and write, but he became sick and died. The father of George was named Jose Maria, who accompanied Ouray on one trip to Washington. He knew Colorow; he died at White River. There were no white people in the Ute country, according to their earliest recollection. They once lived in the Cimarron country (east of Montrose). There was very little game in the Pine River country, but plenty of deer, antelope and buffalo on the Cimarron.

The following information was given the writer May 20, 1938, by Benny Sampson Rabbitt at his home near Ft. Lewis, Colorado. He was well acquainted with Ouray before an agency was established on White River. A treaty was made at Quiche-tope at which time chief Ouray called all bands together and told them that he had turned over the mountain country to the government and when approved by the Indians and Washington and after that everyone will be paid money and receive more rations and that he had a copy of the treaty in his hand. The Indians of Colorado approved, but the Utes in Utah would not agree. Soon after the signing of the treaty more white settlers came into the mountain area. Ouray told the Indians that they must now all be friends together. He early realized much to his regret that they must turn to peaceful pursuits and away from the war path or it would mean complete annihilation. Some settlers came in before the treaty was signed, coming in white covered wagons with oxen, but Ouray made them get back over the line.

Chipeta and Ouray had no children. For his work in the cause of peace, Ignacio was awarded a sum of \$500. The government

built him an adobe house and did some fencing for him on his Florida River allotment, but he became dissatisfied, gave it up and moved to the Ute Mountain Reservation to be with the Weminuche band. He was again provided with an adobe house at old Navaho Springs Agency. Ouray designated Buckskin Charley as chief of the Moache band of Utes at the age of 30 years. He and his band accepted allotments in severalty, mainly along the Pine River.

Severo was chosen chief of the Capote band. After the mountain area was taken over by the government they moved to Pine River, where these two bands have remained ever since. They urged the Indians to farm, raise stock and send their children to school.

Andrew Larson states that he was born November 8, 1857, in Iowa. When a young man he desired to visit his two brothers in Del Norte, Colorado. He traveled by train to La Veta, Colorado, then the end of the road. The train was filled with families going west to establish new homes; they had real sport shooting at antelope and buffalo from the train. At La Veta he boarded the Sander-son and Barlow stage and arrived at Del Norte on the 21st of April, 1877. The coach could carry 15 passengers, who could ride inside or on top. The three brothers did assessment work on their mining claims at Mineral Point. When finished they started for the town of Ouray; they stopped at chief Ouray's camp near Montrose.

Larson says, "Ouray could talk understandable English but had a better knowledge of Spanish. He welcomed us and gave us a tent to sleep in and firewood, as it was quite cold. We had seven burros, packed with supplies, bedding, and equipment. The next morning when we were ready to continue our journey, Ouray had six armed Utes accompany us as an escort and protection from Colorow and his followers in case they tried to make trouble. These escorts were armed with muskets; they were dressed in store clothes, shirts and trousers. Fortunately, we did not meet the Colorow band. A ranch lady near Lake City had prepared a fine dinner and invited some of her neighbors to join her and the family. Just as they were ready to be seated, Colorow and some of his followers rode up, dismounted and went in the house, and he said, "Utes heap hungry." They sat down and cleaned up all the food and as Colorow started to mount his horse a dozen biscuits rolled to the ground from out of a fold in his blanket.

"Chief Ouray was the owner of about 40,000 sheep and a man named Montoya had them on shares. I often met Ouray when he came over to Del Norte to inspect his herds from time to time. Montoya secured permission from a Commissioner in Pagosa to cross certain lands, believing there was only a small number, but when he saw the large herds he refused to let them cross. An argu-

ment followed, and the Commissioner shot Montoya; the wounded man secured his rifle and shot and killed the Commissioner. Montoya was held in jail for some time and was told that he would never leave there alive; he remained in jail for some time. Montoya was able to get word to some of his friends and a party of armed men released Montoya and took him away."

It was known that unscrupulous traders before the Meeker massacre smuggled in guns and ammunition which they disposed of to the Utes at a good profit.

The three brothers in 1882 started to publish a paper in Del Norte called the *Democrat*—a seven-column, four-page paper; they used a Washington press. In 1883 they went to Summitville and



Ute Memorial Monument at Ignacio. On the four sides of the monument are busts in relief of Ouray, Ignacio, Severo, and Buckskin Charley.

began publishing the *Summitville Nugget*. They had about 400 subscribers.

The citizens of Montrose became interested in having the remains of Chief Ouray moved from the Indian Cemetery at Ignacio to rest beside his wife Chipeta in the Ouray Memorial Park. They enlisted the assistance of Chipeta's brother, McCook, and had him confer with the Southern Utes. They refused this request, saying that he belonged to them and that they wished to be buried near him.

Buckskin Charley is buried alongside Ouray and Severo is nearby in the Protestant cemetery. Ignacio was laid away in some unknown spot east of old Navaho Springs Agency on the Ute Mountain Reservation.

An effort was made to locate the remains, but all those who

laid his body in some crevasse are gone over the divide. It would have been befitting if his remains could have been placed near the other chiefs.

The writer, while Superintendent of the Consolidated Ute Agency, sponsored a PWA project for the erection of a monument in memory of the four distinguished chiefs. It was erected in the Ute Memorial Park on the west bank of Pine River, near the present agency. This shrine serves a noble purpose in perpetuating the memory of great leaders and should ever be a guiding light to the present and future generations and inspire good citizenship, industry and peaceful pursuits.

The readers of the *Colorado Magazine* may be interested to know that when the Utes with the approval of Chief Ouray gave up the mountain area of western Colorado by treaty they were to receive payment of not less than \$1.25 per acre. At the present time there remains more than 4,000,000 acres for which the Utes have not received payment. They have received nothing for water or mineral rights, though some payments have been made for lands sold or taken into Forest Reserves. Annuity payments and the issuance of rations have long ago ceased, except to the old and indigent. The State of Colorado, with the aid of the government, provides payments for old age assistance equal to white participants. Legislation has been enacted, which authorizes the Utes to employ an attorney to prepare and file claims in the proper court. This has been complied with and perhaps in the course of more years they will receive some settlement.

The Southern Utes have come a long way since the old days; some have good farms, with a first water right in the flow of Pine River and impounding rights to water in Pine River dam. They own high grade sheep, cattle and have some of the best work teams to be found on any reservation in the Southwest. They are organized under charter, elect their own officers and conduct a business council. They are no longer given to witchcraft and superstition. When a member of the tribe dies, they dig the grave, have their own pallbearers, conduct the singing and services and eulogy. They have a serious housing shortage which can be remedied whenever they receive payment for various interests that once were theirs.

The Ute Mountain Utes are far less progressive but have a limited number of good grade sheep and cattle, but no water for irrigation farming. They are organized under charter but have little inclination or desire to improve the economy of the members.

Had Ouray and his followers foreseen that the Government would be so long in completing its commitments to the Utes it is doubtful that they would have consented to giving up any part of their vast domain.