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Theodore Roosevelt in Colorado

By AGNES WRIGHT SPRING

One hundred years ago this month on October 27, 1858, there was born in New York City, a boy named Theodore Roosevelt. By 1910 he was recognized as perhaps "the strongest character upon the world stage." Roosevelt won much attention and acclaim as a ranchman, a Rough Rider in the Spanish-American War, a statesman and a big game hunter, but it was a rare combination of originality, unconventionality, candor, self-confidence, alertness, fearlessness, aggressiveness, positiveness and nervous energy which undoubtedly combined to make him the hero that he became.¹

In order to stress to the people of the United States the sterling qualities and accomplishments of the late President Theodore Roosevelt, Congress, in 1955, created The Theodore Roosevelt Centennial Commission. Later, President Eisenhower issued a proclamation in which he called upon the people of the United States to observe the one-hundredth anniversary of Theodore Roosevelt's birth throughout this centennial year.

Said the Commission: "To kindle in the American heart today the kind of fire that burned in Theodore Roosevelt's—his passion for his country, his faith in her future, his longing that the quality of American citizenship might become an inspiration and a beacon to mankind—that is our purpose in asking you, our fellow-Americans, and, indeed, freemen everywhere, to join in the centennial observance."²

Upon the request of Mr. Stephen H. Hart, Secretary of the Board of Directors of the State Historical Society, who was appointed by Governor Steve McNichols as Colorado's State Chairman of the Roosevelt Centennial, the following article has been prepared. Unless otherwise stated, photographs were obtained from the Library of the State Historical Society.—*Editor*.

Theodore Roosevelt had many personal contacts with Colorado and her people, including many visits to the state during the early 1900's. Some of these contacts were for personal pleasure and recreation; one was a political tour with some regrettable features; and one was a triumphal tour as President of the United States. Some of the contacts had lasting national significance, such as the preservation of natural resources. One of the President's vetoes prolonged the boundary dispute between Colorado and New Mexico for almost a quarter of a century.

¹ William C. Deming, *Roosevelt In The Buck-House*. (Laramie: Laramie Printing Co., 1927), p. 9.

² Theodore Roosevelt Centennial Commission. "A Call to the American People." Richard M. Nixon, Chairman; Joseph C. O'Mahoney, Vice Chairman, Theodore Roosevelt House, 28 East 20th Street, New York 3, N. Y.

Today a tunnel and a national forest in Colorado bear the name of Theodore Roosevelt, and it is said that the name of Gore Canon could well have been changed to that of Roosevelt as the result of his influence in opening the canon to the Moffat railway. In Estes Park some jagged cliffs are known as "Teddy's Teeth."

As far back as 1894, Theodore Roosevelt became intensely interested in and greatly admired the animal photography of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wallihan of Lay, Colorado. He wrote introductions to two of their books. Said to be not only Colorado's first photographer of wild game, Wallihan was declared by Dr. William Hornaday, noted American zoologist, to be the first man in the world to take pictures of wild animals in their native habitat.

In his introduction to *Hoofs, Claws and Antlers of the Rocky Mountains By The Camera*, by Wallihan, published in Denver by Frank S. Thayer in 1894, Theodore Roosevelt said:

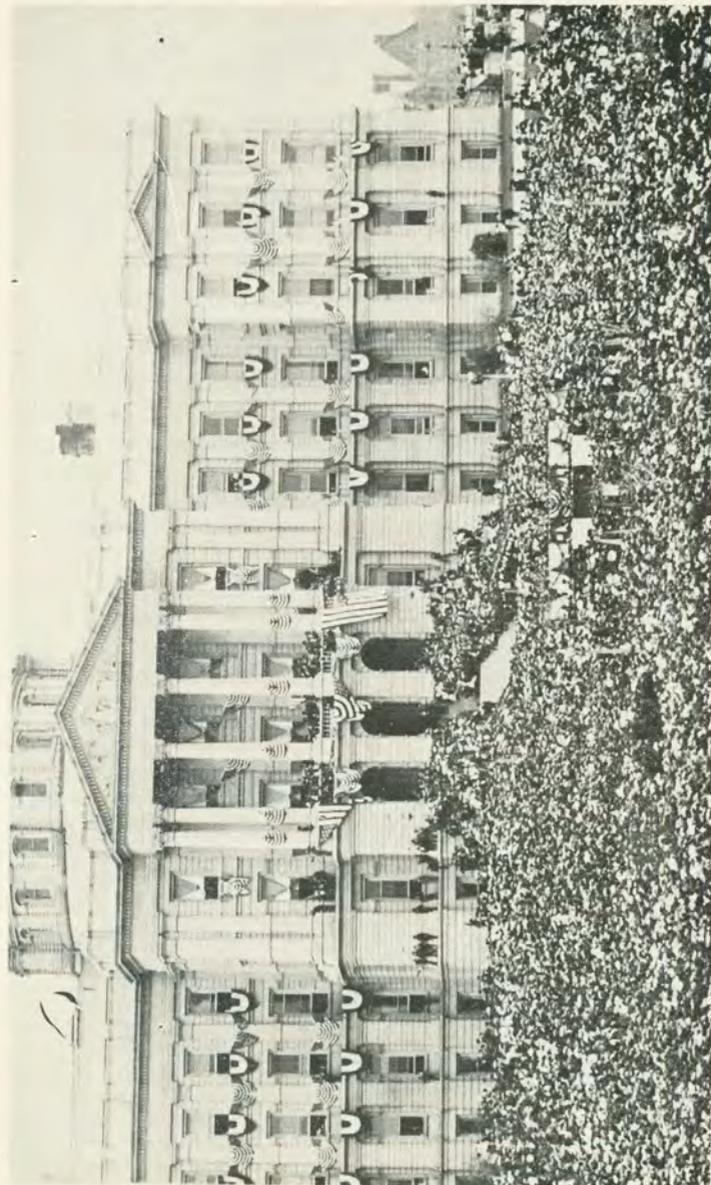
It has never been my good fortune to see as interesting a collection of game pictures as those that have been taken by Mr. and Mrs. Wallihan, and I am equally pleased with the simplicity with which they got these photographs. The book, when published, will be absolutely unique and will be of the utmost value. . . . Knowing as I do by long experience the extreme difficulty of getting so much as a shot with the rifle at either wolf or cougar, I cannot express my astonishment at seeing these remarkable and characteristic photographs of both. . . . It is a credit to Colorado and a credit to the United States that a book of this kind should be reproduced.

Since most of the Wallihan photographs were gathered in the Northwestern section of Colorado, the most central point of rendezvous being Glenwood Springs, it is reasonable to assume that Theodore Roosevelt was largely influenced by the photographs in selecting that area for hunting expeditions later.

In his introduction to *Camera Shots at Big Game* by Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wallihan (Doubleday, Page & Company, 1906), Roosevelt, writing from Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, N. Y., said in part:

. . . his photographs of wild game possess such peculiar value that all lovers, whether of hunting or of natural history, should be glad to see them preserved in permanent form . . . even under favorable conditions, very few men have the skill, the patience, the woodcraft and plainscraft which enabled Mr. Wallihan to accomplish so much.

In September 1900, Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, came to Colorado while campaigning for the Vice Presidency of the United States. He was a running mate of William McKinley. William Jennings Bryan, an advocate of free silver, was opposing McKinley in the election.



Thirty Thousand Citizens Assembled in Front of the Colorado Capitol, Denver, to Greet President Theodore Roosevelt, May 4, 1903.

In his letter accepting the nomination for Vice President, Roosevelt had declared himself for the gold standard and had warned that the policy of 16 to 1 might bring destruction to every home in the land. (Sixteen to one was a rallying cry of the Democratic party in 1896, alluding to their advocacy of the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a legalized value ratio to gold of 16 to 1.)

For a decade Colorado had been torn by the demonetization of silver due largely to world over-production of silver. Non-partisan silver clubs had been organized in every section of the state, with members pledged to support only "silver men" for office.

Now although the development of some of Colorado's gold mines was easing the mining situation to some extent, the State generally was still for free silver coinage. In many quarters the campaign visit of Theodore Roosevelt to Colorado was considered an "invasion."

On September 24, 1900, the *Rocky Mountain News* called attention to Roosevelt's stand and carried on its front page a large cartoon of "Teddy" on horseback, carrying a banner on which was printed: "Danger Beware of Free Silver Question; The Main Issue Beware!"

After winding up an enthusiastic campaign in Cheyenne, Wyoming, Roosevelt entered Colorado in a special train of nine private cars, with twenty-seven colored porters, enough cold bottles and cigars, it was said, to stock a good-sized bar-room—none of which he touched³—and an entire Pullman given over to press representatives and telegraph operators.⁴

Short stops were made at various stations. At Greeley, Jared L. Brush, former lieutenant governor of Colorado, was waiting at the band stand to greet the visitors. Seats had been erected around the stand, which was gaily decorated with bunting. Approximately 3,000 persons cheered as the procession, which had formed at the train, approached the stand. George M. Cook headed his well-known drum corps, with two boxes of cigars under his left arm and a flag in his right hand. The fifes and drums of the Zouaves drowned the angry booming of the lone Greeley drum.

In describing the scene a reporter said:

Senator Wolcott with a wave of his arm commanded silence. Mr. Brush introduced him. He in turn introduced Governor Roosevelt. "He is an Eastern man who has lived in the West for years," he said. "It is a great privilege to us that he has

³ Frank A. Hadsell, former U. S. Marshal of Wyoming, once said, "In all my rides with Colonel Roosevelt I have never known him to partake of anything stronger than ginger ale . . . and he declined to ride behind dogs on the Sabbath Day." William C. Deming, *op. cit.*, pp. 46, 48.

⁴ *Rocky Mountain News*, September 26, 1900.

come here to help carry on the campaign. It is a great pleasure to the American people to look in the face of this representative American, the type of the better American manhood—Governor of New York."

There were cheers as Governor Roosevelt stepped forward. He lifted his time-worn campaign hat, and the teeth gleamed while he bowed. A gray cloth topcoat was buttoned to the chin. He was a symphony in gray, only the teeth and the governor's collar were white. As he spoke his voice broke, intentionally, of course, and when he made a point the emphasis lay in the sudden lifting of his bristling moustache and those irrepressible gleaming teeth. His voice, while not as loud and resonant as that of Senator Wolcott, has a peculiar and piercing quality. His style of delivery is forcible, accompanied by gestures and many intonations of the voice.⁵

At Fort Collins an artillery battalion of cadets gave a governor's salute with a cannon. At Boulder members of the crowd took Roosevelt on their shoulders to his car.

Said the *News* reporter: "Those teeth! They changed the golden words of the Colonel into gleaming pearls. They were fascinating; they made his women hearers stare and the babies to cry. 'Hush!' said a mother at Boulder. "'Tis not the boggy man.' Teddy, the Terror's terrible teeth have given him his reputation."⁶

At Denver a large reception awaited the campaigning Easterner. A headline in the *News*, September 26, 1900, read: "First Clouds of the Unflecked Skies of Colorado Conjured By The Mountebank Antics and Fervid Oratory of the Man Who Single-Handed Whipped the Spanish Nations."

In reporting the Roosevelt meeting the *News* reporter said in part, that Governor Theodore Roosevelt fairly ground out the following words between his teeth:

I will not discuss the question of the *News* about silver. I am for the Gold Standard. I stand straight as I have always stood on the platform of my party. I am for a Protective Tariff, for the gold standard, expansion and the honor of the flag.

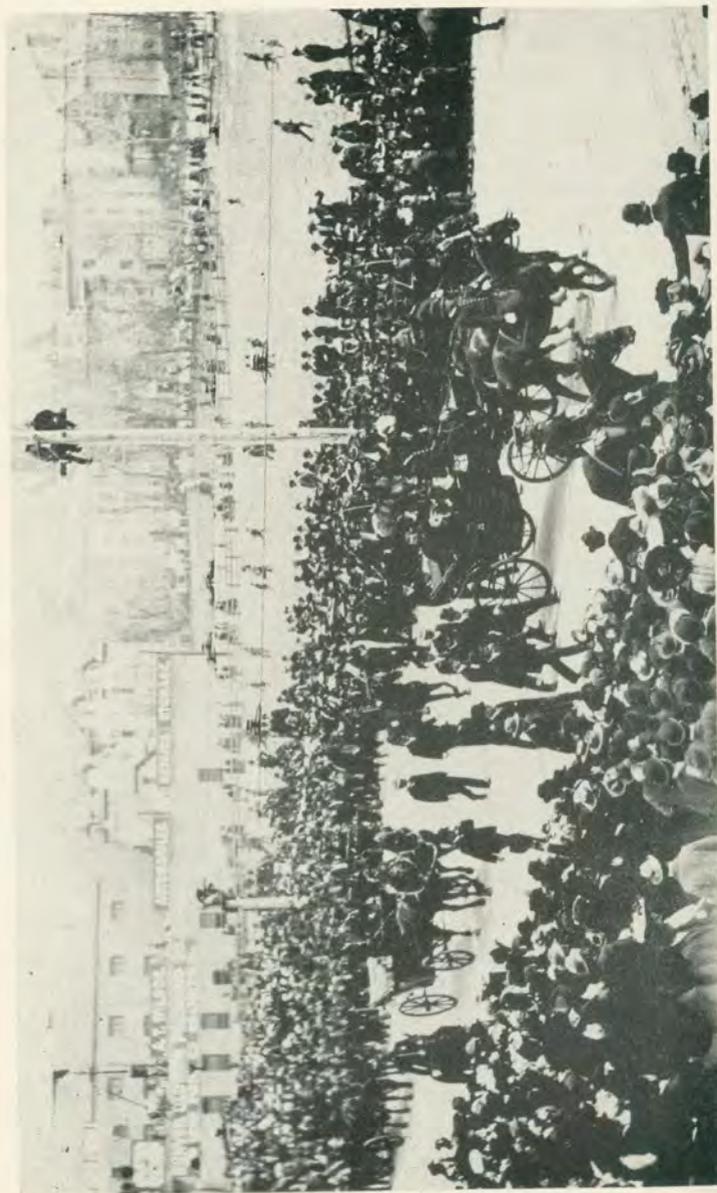
And, continued the reporter:

For some seconds the audience at the Broadway Theater last night held its breath at the declaration for the gold standard. Even the federal office holders lacked the courage to cheer for something that meant the strangulation of silver in its own home. Then the first plaudits came from the platform and Senator Wolcott ostentatiously led the applause. To the credit of a vast portion of the audience, be it said, that the sentiment was not endorsed.

General Irving Hale, who presided, announced that free transportation had been provided for fifty Spanish-American veterans from Denver to Colorado Springs.

⁵ *Idem.*

⁶ *Idem.*



Colorado Gives President Theodore Roosevelt a Tremendous Welcome on Denver Visit, May 4, 1903

Governor Roosevelt left the silver question abruptly and appealed to his fellow Americans to return Senator Wolcott to the senate and to vote the gold standard state and national tickets. He based his appeal on the grounds of material well being at home and preservation of the honor of a great nation abroad.

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, a member of Roosevelt's official party, made a so-called "Party of hope and future" address.

The itinerary of the Roosevelt special train after leaving Denver was Castle Rock, Colorado Springs (Midland), Manitou, Divide, Victor, Cripple Creek, Spinney, Leadville, Granite, Buena Vista, Salida, Canon City, Florence, Pueblo and on out of the state.

Accounts of what happened at the various stops along the route were crowded into the background by reports of the outburst of violence at Victor. One reporter blamed the riot at Victor on Senator Wolcott for a speech he had made at the Republican State Convention in Colorado Springs four years before. It was said that Senator Wolcott had then referred to the miners of Colorado as "The ignorant or thoughtless citizens of mining camps who are indifferent to financial questions or the principles of good government." Others, no doubt, recalled Wolcott's pre-election pledge in 1896 to support the party which stood for silver, and his subsequent repudiation of the party rankled in the minds of the miners.

A special report from Victor to the *News* said: "The Roosevelt meeting at Victor was almost a riot. It broke up in a fierce fight on the streets, in which several men were hurt and Governor Roosevelt was hit and narrowly escaped a crowd of angry men. Senator Wolcott was hissed from the stage and the immense public meeting in Armory hall broke up in disorder."

The *Denver Times*, September 27, 1900, however, blamed the assault on the Governor on a "mob of toughs," saying:

The demonstration at Victor yesterday evening, which included a personal assault on Governor Theodore Roosevelt, candidate for vice president, was one of the most disgraceful and cowardly affairs in the history of the state.

A crowd of thugs and bruisers packed Armory hall, where the speakers were to appear, with the deliberate intention of breaking up the meeting at any cost. Their action was resented by all the law-abiding Republicans and Democrats of Victor.

The special train, an hour late, arrived at 5:30 p.m. During the long delay several small children, in a spirit of mischief, probably, began to parade about the streets, carrying pieces of paper on which "Bryan" and "16 to 1" appeared in straggling chalk letters. The thug element encouraged the little tots and one man contributed \$2 worth of candy among them on condition that they would gather about the hall with their banners.

¹ *Rocky Mountain News*, September 27, 1900.

Deceived the People.

Then a happy thought struck one of the hoodlums. He went to the hall, which was packed with representative citizens, and announced that Governor Roosevelt would not appear on account of the disarranged schedule, but would speak at the train. In two minutes the hall was empty. Two minutes later it was filled with a lot of hoodlums, including women.

The train arrived. Governor Roosevelt and Wolcott came to the rear platform and were cheered enthusiastically. The band struck up a march. Then, according to the *Times* reporter:

On account of the crowd, speakers went to the hall by a round about way, while the band, Rough Riders, drum corps and general delegation marched two blocks, drawing the crowd after them. A little excitement was caused by the appearance of a small boy with a Bryan banner, promptly torn to pieces by a Victor citizen.

At the hall the toughs had done their work well. There was room for only a few of the decent class. Senator Wolcott presided and introduced Governor Roosevelt, who was well received, but was not allowed to proceed far before someone shouted: "What about the rotten beef?"

"I ate it while bullets were singing around me, and you will never get near enough to be hit by either beef or bullet," was Governor Roosevelt's laughing reply.

"How about international bimetallism?" asked the same voice. That was the beginning of the trouble. It seemed to have been agreed upon as a cue. General Hale and Frank C. Goudy vainly attempted to speak after Roosevelt finished. They were interrupted by catcalls and jeers.

"Shame me, shame!" shouted a man in the back of the hall. "Is this the kind of hospitality you breed in Victor?"

The protestor was ejected from the hall by several toughs.

There was a milling mob in the street. The speakers started for the train but were met in the street by a howling, half-drunken mob of thugs, who made desperate efforts to break through the Rough Rider guard about the distinguished New Yorker.

"I'll make Roosevelt eat this banner!" shouted a fellow who staggered toward the little group with a Bryan sign.

"You come any closer and I'll brain you," replied one of the Rough Riders.

The fellow pushed in with the standard pole, from which several Victorites had torn the sign. The pole landed on the shoulder of a Rough Rider and broke, part of it struck Roosevelt on the shoulder. With the other piece of the pole the rowdy rushed forward and struck Governor Roosevelt full on the breast.

"Take that, you coward," shouted Postmaster "Denny" Sullivan of Cripple Creek, driving his right straight into the

bully's face and knocking out four teeth, which the fellow spat on the ground as he rolled in the mud.

That was a signal for a general scramble. Another attempt was made to reach Roosevelt. The rabble tried to pull the governor's escort off their horses. Harry Amphlet, R. L. Riggs and several others on horses began to ride the banner-bearers down, taking the banners away.

There was a general mixup. Two men fought a fierce duel with pieces of broken flag poles. Roosevelt and his party under guard were rushed to the train. The roughs gave rocks to small boys who stoned the train.

Later Governor Roosevelt said to the *Times* staff correspondent: "I was not struck very hard. They made several attempts to hit me, but I'm as good as several dead men yet."⁸

John Proctor Clarke, a member of the party, said to a newspaperman: "In all my experience I have never heard of so outrageous an affair. The rowdies of Victor have made votes and friends for Roosevelt, but it is to the shame of Colorado that they have disgraced their state."⁹

George H. Kohn, Chairman of the Teller Silver Republicans, called on Governor Roosevelt at Cripple Creek later, and expressed his regret that the affair had been possible.

A *Times* editorial article, September 27, 1900, said:

No citizen of Colorado who stops to think can fail to condemn in strong terms the disgraceful rioting in Victor on the occasion of Governor Roosevelt's visit. The outside world can never know that some part of it was perhaps accidental. It will never know that much of it probably had its origin in purely local antagonism.

Unfortunately for Victor and Colorado, it will be set down as a ruffianly attack on a distinguished citizen of another state and candidate for Vice President. Whatsoever effect it may have on the voting must be in his favor, of course.

The great majority of its people would be incapable of anything of the kind, and would have stamped it out mercilessly could they have had any reason to anticipate such a shameful manifestation.

For the individuals who instigated or were concerned in the ruffianly violence no condemnation can be too mercilessly severe.

On September 26, from Nebraska City, Nebraska, William Jennings Bryan sent a message to the *Rocky Mountain News* which said: "From what I know of the people of Colorado, I am not willing to believe, without further evidence, that they denied Mr. Roosevelt or to anyone else a fair hearing. There can be no justification for a resort to violence in this country."

⁸ *Times* (Denver), September 27, 1900.

⁹ *Ibid.*

And, as a result of the Victor "violence," Bryan asked the Chairman of the local fusion campaign committees in Lincoln to remove from the streets all of the Democratic campaign banners, pictures and flags during Roosevelt's stay in Lincoln.

Leaving Victor, the campaign party proceeded on schedule without further incident, though there was some nervousness on the part of the railroad officials and trainmen and some of the escorting party when the train passed through Victor on its return.

Said the *Times*, September 27, 1900: "The train was well guarded with resolute men and with Winchesters, and anyone looking for trouble on the outside could have been easily accommodated. A dozen picked men under Thomas Clark, formerly a deputy U. S. Marshal in Denver, rode in the cab of the engine and on the tender until the 'danger zone' was passed."

At Cripple Creek the Rough Riders, under Sherman Bell, escorted the campaigners to the National Hotel. The entire town turned out, and the three halls in which Theodore Roosevelt spoke were packed to capacity "by a courteous, hospitable, refined, enthusiastic people." The crowd on the street was estimated at 5,000.

A stop of an hour and forty-five minutes was made at Leadville. There a large crowd was assembled at the station. Carriages conveyed the Governor's party to a stand at the corner of Harrison and Fifth street. "People in great numbers lined the streets the entire distance and the crowd around the stand was great. It was a glorious greeting that Leadville tendered to the distinguished guest."¹⁰

When Roosevelt stepped to the platform there was a burst of enthusiasm and cheers. In his Leadville speech Roosevelt praised the town for having sent 250 soldiers to the Spanish-American War. Her percentage, according to the population, he said would have been only nine men. Instead, Leadville sent 250 "without a murmur." He said, "There is but one way in which we can ever lose our liberty, and one way to incur the risk of imperialism and that danger can only come from within. It can come from those who incite men to mob-violence. It can come only through mob law and anarchy. The dangers within are great and are to be guarded. We stand for the doctrine and we must hold to it that where the American flag is once hoisted it must never be hauled down."¹¹

Although many in the crowd differed in opinion from the speaker on the silver question, not a single hiss was heard from

¹⁰ *Ibid.*

¹¹ *Times*, September 27, 1900.

beginning to the end of the meeting. Many persons crowded around the Governor to shake his hand, and the train pulled out with a great "Hurrah!" from the crowd.

A. M. Stevenson, a member of the Roosevelt party who wrote frequent press articles, did not pull any punches. He declared that the trouble at Victor had been a part and parcel of "a conspiracy hatched in Denver" by politicians to intimidate the Republicans of Colorado. He declared that it was not the miners of Victor, but a lot of "hired anarchists who last night flung such an insult at the governor of New York."

In commenting on Teddy as a speaker and campaigner, Stevenson said that "The secret of successful campaigning lies in the personal magnetism of the man. . . . As a campaigner Roosevelt is one of the most successful men ever turned out by a political party. He is forceful. He is ever. He is honest. He is all that a man need be. The shake of Roosevelt's hand is like a promise of lasting friendship."¹²

Although McKinley and Roosevelt were elected in the November election, Bryan carried Colorado by almost 30,000 votes. The following January, the Colorado General Assembly chose Thomas M. Patterson for U. S. Senator and thus retired Senator Wolcott from public life.

On January 1, 1901, Roosevelt relinquished his office as Governor of New York, but before taking office as Vice President in March, he came to Colorado on a five-weeks' cougar hunt.

In reporting his arrival the *Meeker Herald*, January 12, 1901, said:

Gates Kersburg left Tuesday afternoon for Rifle with a swell tallyho and four handled by that prince of jehus Ed Wolcott, for the purpose of meeting a select party of gentlemen who had perviously made arrangements to enjoy a few weeks' vacation in this out of the way place. It was nearly eight o'clock last evening when the rig returned to Meeker, and its occupants were none less than Hon. Theodore Roosevelt of Oyster Bay, New York; Dr. Gerald C. Webb and Phillip B. Stewart, both of Colorado Springs. They were at once taken to St. James rectory, where the Reverend H. A. Handel had an elegant spread awaiting them.

In deference to the vice-president-elect's wishes it was pre-arranged that there would be no public demonstration, but there was a general desire to meet and shake hands with the distinguished gentleman. However, it was near midnight before the party proceeded to the Meeker Hotel, where rooms were reserved for them, and but few had the pleasure of an introduction.

The ostensible purpose of the governor in visiting this section at this time was simply to take a rest, he having retired from

¹² *Idem.*



John Goff, Guide, and Theodore Roosevelt, an illustration used in "With The Cougar Hounds," *Scribner's Magazine*, October, 1901.

West. Hist. Dept., Denver Pub. Liby.

one office on January 1st, and will assume another March 4th. While taking this rest, however, Mr. Roosevelt, wanting a little recreation, has chosen to hunt mountain lion for a pastime.

With John Goff as guide and general manager, the party left this morning about nine o'clock, all on horseback, for the Keystone ranch in Coyote Basin, which for the present will be their headquarters.

Roosevelt, it was said, swung into the saddle like an old timer. He wore a brown hunting coat, gray sweater, woolen cap, black German socks and heavy overshoes. In fact, he wore so many clothes that he looked almost as broad as he was tall.

On January 25, Dr. Webb and Mr. Stewart came into Meeker from Coyote Basin, and the next morning took the stage for Rifle, bound for Colorado Springs. They said that Roosevelt would remain two or three weeks longer, but would not confine himself to the basin alone. They reported that the party thus far had slain four grown mountain lions and three whelps, and half a dozen bob cats.¹³

The Colonel changed his headquarters to lower White River around the first of February. It was reported that he still was being pestered with appealing telegrams "for his presence at this or that blow-out, but none of them get any satisfaction. . . ."¹⁴

J. R. Mathes, one of the brothers who owned a ranch in Scenery Gulch, in reminiscing in 1934, said that Roosevelt spent about ten days at the ranch and that he was with him when Roosevelt got several lions. Said Mr. Mathes: "Roosevelt was an all around good fellow, jolly and agreeable. Talked a good deal about when he used to be in the cattle business in Montana. He enjoyed going out in the corral with the kids and roping the calves; laying down on the bed in the bunkhouse telling stories with the rest of us men; or sitting down to the table to eat, with his coat off—and he could eat. When Roosevelt got ready to leave the ranch, he asked each of the children what they would like to have him send them. He did not forget what each asked for either."¹⁵

Roosevelt served as Vice President only six months, and then, upon the death of President William McKinley on September 14, 1901, became President of the United States by succession.

¹³ A detailed account of his hunting trip to Colorado was written by Theodore Roosevelt. It appeared under the title, "With the Cougar Hounds," *Scribner's Magazine*, First Paper, October 1901, pp. 417-435; Second Paper, November 1901, pp. 545-564.

¹⁴ *Meeker Herald*, Feb. 2, 1901.

¹⁵ Original letter of J. R. Mathes is on file in the Library, State Historical Society of Colorado, in CWA collection for Rio Blanco County. Roosevelt ranged cattle in Montana, but his original ranch was The Elkhorn on the Little Missouri river in South Dakota. According to records of the State of Montana Livestock Commission, Roosevelt had a triangle brand for cattle on the left ribs and elkhorn brand on the right ribs. Letter dated May 26, 1958, from State of Montana Livestock Commission, William G. Cheney, Executive Officer, Helena, Montana.



West. Hist. Dept. D.P.L.

Keystone Ranch, Hunting Headquarters, 1901. Near Meeker, Colo.

Although President Roosevelt had made many friends in Colorado, he met with considerable opposition with his proposed conservation plans, especially with the plans pertaining to the setting up of forest reserves. Colorado's delegation in Washington was of the Democratic party and was largely hostile to reserves. In many parts of the state both Democrats and Republicans voiced opinions against setting aside timber land and restricting grazing on the public domain.

On August 28, 1902, H. J. M. Mattis wrote the following letter to President Roosevelt:

My Dear President:

If a private American citizen whose ancestors, like yours, have been in this country for centuries, can have the attention of its highest official, I would like to ask you to veto the Medicine Bow Forest Reserve proposition. My home is in the Reserve and I earn my bread with a little 10-horse power sawmill, running the saw myself. If you wonder why I object to the Reserve, it is because I love liberty, hate red tape, and believe in progress. I like self-government, but to be placed under a

bureau and in a Reserve is too much like going back to the kind of government you impose upon your Indians. And my neighbors share my sentiments. The mountains have ever been the preserves of human liberties—do not blight ours. . . .

H. J. M. Mattis¹⁶

After delays and discussions President Roosevelt, on May 17, 1905, proclaimed the Medicine Bow Forest Reserve in Colorado.¹⁷ At that time the President had the power to declare Forest Reserves without Congressional approval.

Guided by U. S. Forester Gifford Pinchot, Roosevelt proved to be the Nation's foremost champion in the crusade for forest conservation. He established 150 reserves, which totalled about 148 million acres. Fourteen of these reserves were in Colorado: San Isabel, established April 11, 1902; Gunnison, Leadville and an enlarged Pikes Peak (composed of the former Pikes Peak, Plum Creek and South Platte Reserves), May 12, 1905; San Juan, June 3, 1905; Park Range and Wet Mountains, June 12, 1905; Cochetopah and Montezuma, June 13, 1905; Uncompahgre, June 14, 1905; Holy Cross, August 25, 1905; La Sal (largely in Utah), January 25, 1906; Fruita, February 24, 1906; Ouray, February 2, 1907; and Las Animas (extending into New Mexico), March 1, 1907. Also a large area in the northern part of the state was added to the Medicine Bow Forest Reserve of Wyoming on May 17, 1905. This later became known as the Colorado National Forest and on March 28, 1932, the Colorado National Forest was renamed the Roosevelt, in honor of Theodore Roosevelt. By an Act of Congress of March 4, 1907, the name Forest Reserves was changed to National Forests.¹⁸

In February 1903, incorporation and route papers were filed with the Secretary of the Interior, giving the Moffat road in Colorado right-of-way through Gore Canon. In the struggle which followed with the New Century Power & Light Company of Utah over possession of the canon, the Moffat road won out. Moffat's success was largely credited to President Roosevelt's interest and support. The opening of the canon made it possible for Colorado to be spanned by a transcontinental rail connection.¹⁹

After many strenuous months in the White House, Roosevelt, in April 1903, began a trip on which he covered more than 6,000 miles. According to Elton E. Morison, the trip was partly political, as 1904 was an election year. "It was also,

¹⁶ W. J. Morrill, "Birth of Roosevelt National Forest," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XX, No. 5 (September, 1943), 180.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, 181.

¹⁸ Len Shoemaker, "National Forests," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXI, No. 5 (September, 1944), 182-184. Through the years many changes have been made in the boundaries of the national forests. Today (1958), according to the *Colorado Yearbook*, 1956-1958, p. 432, there are twelve national forests in Colorado, with a total area of 19,900,000 acres.—Editor.

¹⁹ Wilbur F. Stone, *History of Colorado*, Vol. I, 374.

in part," says Mr. Morison, "a sentimental journey; the President wanted to return to his 'old stamping ground' in the West . . . along the way the train picked up a badger, two bears, a lizard, a horned toad and a horse. . . ."²⁰

In writing to his friend, John Hay, about this trip, Roosevelt mentioned an interesting stop at Hugo,²¹ and other Colorado points. He said in part:

. . . Next day (May 3) we entered Colorado, and at the first stopping place (where the Governor joined me together with his Adjutant General, Sherman Bell, who had been one of the best men in my regiment) the riders of a roundup had come in to greet me, bringing the chuck wagon. They had kindled a fire and cooked breakfast in expectation of my arrival. It seemed absurd to get off and eat at the tail end of a chuck wagon in a top hat and a frock coat, but they were so heart-broken by my refusal that I finally did. The rest of the day was of the ordinary type. Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo showed the usual features — enormous crowds, processions, masses of school children, local Grand Army posts; sweating, bustling, self-conscious local committees; universal kindness and friendliness; little girls dressed up as Goddesses of Liberty; misguided enthusiasts who nearly drove the horses mad by dumping huge baskets of flowers over them and us as we drove by favorable windows; other misguided enthusiasts who endeavored to head stampede to shake my hand and felt deeply injured when repulsed by the secret-service men and local policemen, etc., etc., etc. But in the evening when I reached Trinidad, I struck into the wild country once more.

Theodore Roosevelt had been informed by a letter from a Captain Llewellyn that "Comrade Ritchie late of Troop G is in jail in Trinidad, Colo., on a charge of murder . . ." and Roosevelt wrote Hay that

. . . two days later at Trinidad Ritchie joined me. He explained to me how he had happened to kill his man. It appears that Ritchie, who is justice of the peace, had, as he expressed it, "sat into a poker game" with several friends and a stranger. The stranger had bad luck and grew very abusive. Ritchie appears to tend bar as well as to be a justice of the peace, and when the stranger became too abusive he got up and walked behind the bar to get his gun. His friends appreciated the situation and got outside the room or lay down. But the stranger leaped after him, endeavoring to wrench his pistol from his hip pocket, with much foul language, and Ritchie shot him. "Had he drawn his gun, Ritchie?" said I. "He didn't have time, Colonel," answered Ritchie simply. Ritchie was acquitted.²²

²⁰ Theodore Roosevelt, *Cowboys and King, Three Great Letters*. With an Introduction by Elting E. Morison. (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1954), ix, 12-14.

²¹ In 1939 the 1903 scene of Teddy Roosevelt alighting from the train to eat at the chuck wagon with the cowboys was re-enacted at the County Fair at Hugo. Old-time cowboys, including "Slim" Sutherland, of Limon, Jack Keppel, one of the cooks at the original Roosevelt chuck wagon feast, and others, assisted in recreating Roosevelt's visit. Sizzling hot Dutch ovens and a bucket of simmering java helped to give genuine atmosphere.—*Eastern Colorado Plainsman* (Hugo, Colo.), Sept. 22, 1939.

²² *Cowboys and Kings*, pp. 12-13.



Saddle Marked "T.R.", Made by J. S. Collins, Used by "Teddy" Roosevelt on his Elkhorn Ranch, Is Now Owned by Dr. Robert M. Stabler, Colorado Springs, Colo.

Much has been written during this centennial year about President Roosevelt's three-week bear hunt of 1905, in north-western Colorado, during which he maintained a temporary White House at the Hotel Colorado in Glenwood Springs.

On this hunt on Divide Creek, southwest of Newcastle, Roosevelt's chief companions were: Dr. Alexander Lambert (New York City) and Philip B. Stewart (Colorado Springs). Elmer Chapman was courier. John Goff of Meeker and Jake Borah were chief guides.²³ Brickwells was the chief hunter. The party had 20 horses and 30 dogs. The hunt, which began late in March, netted ten bears of which six were credited to Teddy's skill.

Skip, a small black and tan terrier, the most active animal in the chase, had a habit of getting on the backs of the horses and skipping from one to another. The little dog slept in the President's cabin, while the party was in the mountains, and the President became so attached to him he took him East with him.

On the return to Denver from Glenwood Springs, beginning May 8, 1905, Roosevelt spoke at various short stops from the observation end of the car "Rocket." He was lavish in his praise of the natural beauties of Colorado.

²³ According to the *Rocky Mountain News*, July 3, 1955, p. 15, Al Anderson, now a resident of Glenwood Springs, also was a guide on this hunt. Anderson, who went to work for Jake Borah in 1893, bought Borah out about 1908.

Extracts from a brochure describing incidents of this return trip, issued by the Passenger Department of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad follow:²⁴

While the running schedule of the train is fast, officials in charge arranged for slow time while passing all points of interest. . . . There was a ten-minute stop at the Hanging Bridge, which spanned a part of the river in the Royal Gorge. At Min-turn the train took on a helper engine. From that point the climb ranged from three to four feet to the hundred for 21 miles to the Continental Divide. From there the President had a fine view of Mount Massive and the Collegiate Peaks.

At Salida the President spoke briefly to several hundred persons. In part, he said:

It is a great pleasure to have the chance of greeting you today. I cannot say how I have enjoyed being in Colorado again. It has been the first three weeks' holiday I have had since I have been president and I suppose it will be the last, and I have enjoyed it to the full. In greeting you let me say a word or two of special acknowledgment to the veterans of the Civil War, and to say how glad I am wherever I go to be greeted by them—by the men to whom we owe it that we have a country to be proud of at all.

Then let me say a special word of greeting to those at the other end of the line, to the small people. I have been particularly pleased coming through Colorado to see the care you are taking with your schools in the education of the children who will control the destiny of this state when we who are now in our prime shall have passed from the stage. . . .

Then he stressed the importance of the character of the individual citizen. "The character of the average man and average woman is what, in the last resort, determines the greatness of the state, the greatness of the nation," he said.

In closing he paid tribute to the railway men. "Let me say one more word here in this railway town of special greeting to the railway men. It has always seemed to me that the men engaged in the actual work of handling the railways of the country possess by virtue of their work certain qualities which are especially necessary to good citizenship. They are accustomed to work hard. They are accustomed to take risks. They are accustomed both to assume responsibility and to obey orders quickly and both qualities are absolutely necessary. You cannot conquer if you cannot obey."

At Canon City hundreds of children carried large bouquets of fragrant lilacs with which they showered the President as he appeared on the rear platform of the "Rocket." In addition, a dozen huge baskets of the flowers were put on board the train.

²⁴ Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Passenger Department. *President's Trip Over The Colorado Mountains. Incidents of the Journey from Glenwood Springs to Denver.* (Denver: Carson-Harper Pr. Co. 1905.)



Presidential Party in the Royal Gorge, May 8, 1905. At the request of the President, "Skip," the terrier, was included in the picture.

During his five-minute talk Roosevelt stressed the wonderful asset of Colorado's scenery saying, "Passing through your wonderful mountains and canons I realize that this state is going to be more and more the playground for the entire republic. Not only have you serious work to do, but you will have to provide for a lot of the rest of us from the East and West, who will come here to see your magnificent landscapes,

to enjoy holidays that can be enjoyed among your mountains . . . you will see this the real Switzerland of America."

Whistles screeched a welcome at Florence where the town turned out en masse to greet the President. All business houses were closed and workmen and women were at the station. In addition to stressing the scenery and the state's fine citizenry, Roosevelt said that "the more I pass through your great state, the more I am impressed by the wonderful resources that you have—your mines, your stock ranches, your orchards, your grain fields, all your industries."

During his stop in Denver two floors at the Brown Palace were reserved for the President and his party. A reception committee in charge of entertainment comprised: J. S. Temple, chairman; J. B. Andrews, E. M. Ashley, R. W. Bonyng, F. G. Bonfils, H. A. Buchtel, W. S. Cheesman, Richard Campbell, F. W. Crocker, J. F. Campion, D. C. Dodge, D. H. Dougan, E. B. Field, Meyer Friedman, J. B. Grant, Simon Guggenheim, Moses Hallett, J. M. Herbert, Crawford Hill, W. A. Hover, J. J. Joslin, C. B. Kountze, A. D. Lewis, Wolfe Londoner, C. S. Morey, E. Monah, R. H. Malone, J. K. Mullen, Lawrence Phipps, I. B. Porter, E. A. Peters, Dennis Sheedy, John W. Springer, William Stapleton, J. A. Thatcher, C. S. Thomas, George W. Vallery, Charles F. Wilson and C. MacA. Willcox.

A large banquet was given at the Brown Palace, attended by Colorado's leading citizens who had gathered to pay tribute to the President of the United States. A picture in the Denver *Republican* showing Roosevelt and the Brown Palace Hotel was captioned "From Camp-Guns and Bears to the Brown Palace, Denver, For A Few Days."

The Presidential party traveled south from Denver, making various stops.

At Pueblo, President Roosevelt was greeted by a volley of college yells from a party of students from the Colorado School of Mines at Golden. The "Miners" ended their yells with "Teddy!" repeated three times, as the climax. Mr. Roosevelt put both hands to his mouth and shouted back at the students, "Touchdown!"

This pleased the crowd immensely. While telegrams and letters were being rapidly handed up from every direction the President began his speech. Again, he predicted that the state would become one of the holiday spots of the world.

Always an enthusiast for the betterment of the country, Theodore Roosevelt sent a congratulatory telegram to the Good Roads Conference, held at Denver, December 4-6, 1906. The conference, financed by T. F. Walsh and the Denver Chamber of Commerce, had a number of notable speakers, including Logan W. Page, Chief of the Bureau of Public Roads

of Washington. At this meeting a bill was drawn up to create a State Highway Commission in Colorado, and to establish a system of State roads to be planned and constructed under direction of this commission. A measure embodying these proposals was presented to the legislature, but failed of enactment.²⁵

In keeping with his general policy for the preservation of natural resources, Roosevelt approved an Act of Congress, June 29, 1906, creating the Mesa Verde National Park in Colorado. This park contains cliff dwellings and other works of early man.

On December 7, 1908, the President, by proclamation, set aside the Wheeler National Monument, an area of weird and picturesque rock formations, the result of volcanic action and erosion, in southwestern Colorado. Because the area was in an isolated and almost inaccessible section east of Creede, it was discontinued as a National Monument and returned to the jurisdiction of the Forest Service by Congressional action in July 1950.²⁶

A long standing and disturbing question in Colorado had been the matter of the "true and lawful" boundary between Colorado and New Mexico. Pursuant to an Act of Congress approved March 2, 1867, E. N. Darling, U. S. Surveyor and Astronomer, established in 1868, by the then most approved methods, a boundary line between Colorado and New Mexico territories. For thirty-one years the position of the Darling line remained undisputed. In 1899, however, certain complications in the public land surveys arose in the Navajo River Valley. The State of Colorado made appropriation for the re-establishment of the state line, and in 1902 Congress authorized the resurvey. The Carpenter line therefore was established in accordance with statutory and technical requirements but was not confirmed by Congress or the jurisdictions affected. At the first session of the 60th Congress, Senate Joint Resolution No. 78 established the resurveyed boundary between the states of Colorado and Oklahoma and the Territory of New Mexico. This Resolution, however, was vetoed by President Roosevelt on December 19, 1908.

In 1925 the Supreme Court of the United States designated a Cadastral Engineer as Boundary Commissioner to re-establish the Darling line of 1868. Thus the interstate controversy was brought to a conclusion.²⁷

²⁵ LeRoy R. Hafen. "The Coming of the Automobile and Improved Roads to Colorado," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. VIII, No. 1 (January, 1931), 12. The good roads advocates persisted and on May 5, 1909, the General Assembly passed a bill for the creation of a State Highway Commission.

²⁶ The Colorado State Planning Commission. *Yearbook of the State of Colorado, 1948-1950*. (Denver: Bradford-Robinson, 1950), p. 321.

²⁷ Frank M. Johnson, "The Colorado-New Mexico Boundary," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. IV, No. 3 (May, 1927), 112-115.

After Roosevelt left the Presidency in 1909, he went big-game hunting in Africa, and when he emerged from the jungles he was received and entertained with high honor in Egypt, France, Germany and Great Britain. After his return to the United States, "Teddy" made a triumphal tour of the West. He arrived in Denver on August 29, 1910, where he made three addresses within a few hours of each other.

He was welcomed at the Union Station by Mayor Robert W. Speer and Governor John W. Shafroth of Colorado.²⁸ For the next hour he rode in the big parade of the Spanish War veterans, in which there were Rough Riders, members of the Old-time Cowboys' Association and members of the Bit and Spur Club, in addition to many others.

Towards noon, Teddy left the procession and reviewed it at the Brown Palace Hotel from the back seat of an automobile. Denver was thronged with visitors from many states, and Roosevelt, having at one time been Police Commissioner of New York City, complimented Chief of Police Hamilton Armstrong on the perfect police arrangements during the parade.

At noon he was the guest of the Denver Press Club at an old-time roundup "chuck" wagon meal at Overland Park, in his honor. The guests ate steak, boiled spuds, brown gravy and hot biscuits from tin plates. James Barton Adams, well-known Colorado newspaperman and poet, wrote some verses entitled "At the Chuck-Wagon Dinner." One verse read:

Ort to seen him eat! Gee-whiz
That prime appetite o' his
Seemed right at its very best
At the Press Club eatin' fest.

Members of the Colorado Sheriffs' Association, in woolly chaps and ten-gallon hats, formed a guard of honor to and from the park.

At 2:30 P.M. the former President addressed an audience of 12,000 persons at Denver's great Auditorium. At 5 P.M. he spoke for half an hour to the Convention delegates of the Spanish War veterans.

In the evening Roosevelt attended a banquet given by the Colorado Live Stock Association at El Jebel Temple, where he delivered an address.

During this visit to Denver, the former President shook hands with Rose Mary Echo Silver Dollar Tabor, second daughter of H. A. W. and Baby Doe Tabor, who had published a song in 1908 called "Our President Roosevelt's Colorado Hunt." The song had Teddy's picture on the cover, but the song itself, oddly enough, was dedicated "to my beloved father, H. A. W.

²⁸ Father of Morrison Shafroth, one of the Directors of the State Historical Society of Colorado (1958).



Silver Dollar Tabor Being Presented to President Roosevelt by Sheriff Alexander Nisbet and Senator Irby at Chuck Wagon Dinner of Denver Press Club, Aug. 29, 1910.

Tabor." A second entry on the sheet music read: "To the memory of the late U. S. Sen. H. A. W. Tabor."

Few persons, perhaps, realize that the launching of the Karakul sheep industry in Colorado was directly due to the support of Theodore Roosevelt, Governor Frank Lowden (Illinois) and William Jennings Bryan who advanced money for the first importation of Karakul into the United States. Because of Roosevelt's interest in the Karakul fur industry, the first and finest buck imported was called "Teddy" in his honor. That first importation was in 1909, and for a time the sheep were kept on the Lowden ranch in Texas. In 1916, Joseph F. Simonson, supervisor of the Lowden ranch, brought about 100 head of the finest Karakuls to a 30-acre place in Larimer County, a few miles from Livermore, Colorado. Conditions in the surrounding area, however, proved to be too crowded for the proper care of the sheep, and after some experimentation Karakul fur raising in Colorado was discontinued.²⁹

Theodore Roosevelt's influence was felt in many parts of Colorado long after he left the presidency. Many Coloradoans heartily agreed with him when, in 1917, he said: "The things that will destroy America are prosperity-at-any-price, peace-at-any-price, safety-first instead of duty-first, the love of soft

²⁹ Lurene S. Stewart, "Karakul Fur In Colorado," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXII, No. 3 (May, 1945), 116-119.

living and the get-rich-quick theory of life. Americanism is a question of principle, of purpose, of idealism, of character; not a matter of birthplace, or creed, or line of descent."

Many felt that a man of his caliber was needed to lead the nation after World War I. On January 6, 1919, the *Rocky Mountain News* carried a story about a new organization just formed in Colorado. It said:

A Roosevelt Club has been formed in this state backed by a goodly number of Republicans who have had conspicuous part in party affairs. It is the intention of the organizers to work for the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt in 1920—almost two years away.

This we do know, however, that there is a great need for Roosevelt in the United States just now as a clarifying force, to puncture the Castles-in-the-Air . . . and bring us back to earth before the Nation is overcome by altitude sickness. . . . Now that our War is over there is the Herculean task of bringing to light our failures in providing our army with its fighting tools, etc. . . .

But on that same day—January 6, 1919—Theodore Roosevelt died.

Among the many tributes paid to him was a Memorial Exercise on February 9, held at Colorado Springs, under the auspices of the Colorado Springs Chamber of Commerce, upon the request of Mayor Charles E. Thomas. Dr. C. A. Duniway, president of Colorado College, presided.

Many of Roosevelt's sayings have been preserved through the years by word-of-mouth and in print. Perhaps the one best known is, "Speak softly, and carry a big stick; you will go far." Another was: "Don't draw unless you mean to shoot!" As far back as 1912, he declared: "We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed; if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men."

The following was his idea of the man who counts:

It is NOT the critic who counts; not the man who points out how the strong man stumbled, or where the doer of a deed could have done better. The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena; whose face is marred by dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again because there is no effort without error and shortcoming; who does actually strive to do the deeds; who knows the great enthusiasm, the great devotions, spends himself in a worthy cause; who at the best knows in the end the triumph of high achievement; and who at the worst, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who knew neither victory nor defeat.³⁰

Why did Roosevelt like to come to Colorado? He liked to be near Nature, liked to rub elbows with his fellow men; and

³⁰ Printed card of George W. Ollinger, late Denver mortician.

he liked to test his own strength, courage and skill in this land of far-flung horizons.

"A Man To Be Thankful For" . . . thus the Editor of *Life* described Roosevelt in a centennial editorial article.³¹ "His deep-rooted love for his country and its people have made him a symbol of things American and an inspiration for every thinking citizen."

ROOSEVELT MEMENTOES

In Colorado there are many things which stir memories of this former Westerner-At-Heart, whose name was among the first five selected for the Cowboy Hall-of-Fame in Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Sermon. Mrs. Fred Plattner, Denver, daughter of "Parson Tom" Uzzell, owns the original copy of the sermon entitled, "Garrison Duty," which her father preached to a large reunion of Rough Riders, at which Roosevelt was present. In the sermon "Parson Tom" said: "Colonel Roosevelt says the difficulty in organizing Rough Riders was not in selecting, but in rejecting men. Within a day or two after it was announced that we were to raise a regiment, we were literally deluged with applications from every quarter of the Union. Without the slightest trouble as far as men went, we could have raised a brigade, or even a division. No room. Men wept when refused the privilege of enlisting."

Saddles. Dr. Robert M. Stabler of the faculty of Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colorado, owns a saddle once the property of and used by "Teddy" on his Elkhorn Ranch and in Washington. In the latter place, Dr. Stabler and his father, Albert Stabler, used to ride with the President. In 1910 Albert Stabler bought the saddle from the White House stable groom. The saddle, made by J. S. Collins of Cheyenne, is in excellent condition.³²

Another saddle used by Roosevelt is now owned by John Evans, Denver, a Director of the State Historical Society. This saddle, used by the President during his 1905 bear hunt on the Western Slope, was presented to the Evans family by Philip Stewart of Colorado Springs, and was ridden many years by John Evans.

Song Plates. The copper plates from which the song, "Our President Roosevelt's Colorado Hunt," was published by Silver Dollar Tabor, are in the State Historical Society of Colorado's files.

Hunting Trophies. In Denver, Henry H. Zietz, owner of the historic Buckhorn Restaurant, has hunting gear and trophies which Roosevelt gave his father, who was a hunting companion.

³¹ *Life*, Dec. 2, 1957.

³² Dick Spencer III. "Teddy Roosevelt's Saddle," *The Western Horseman*, (January, 1958), p. 10.

The Wizard of East Pikes Peak

A Note on Tesla's Colorado Experimental Station

By RICHARD GROVE*

Everyone agreed that he was an authentic wizard. When he came to Colorado Springs that May afternoon in 1899, a "dark, slim foreigner" with smoldering eyes, eager to begin work on his mysterious laboratory, he found reporters at the door of his apartment at the Alta Vista hotel. Nikola Tesla obliged them with a wizardly statement. "I propose to send a message from Pike's Peak to Paris," he said. "I will investigate electrical disturbances through the air and the earth. There are great laws which I want to discover and principles to command."¹

Stories of the great inventor had travelled before him. Tesla was a Yugoslavian immigrant, the son of a mother who could, at 60, "using only her fingers, tie three knots in an eyelash." He arrived in New York in 1884 with four cents in his pocket. Now the cascade of discoveries and inventions which his phenomenal mind produced in unbelievable profusion had made him an international celebrity.

He built and operated a radio-controlled boat. In a public demonstration, he sent electricity through his body so intense that it melted wires held in his hands. Once he accidentally caused a minor earthquake in downtown Manhattan while testing a device "small enough to put in your pocket." He invented a revolutionary electric motor, conceived the complex system which made it possible to harness Niagara Falls and transmit its power to unheard of distances.² Today our lives are made easier in a thousand ways by his inventions.

Now the wizard was at the peak of his powers. John Jacob Astor had given him \$30,000. Leonard E. Curtis, of the Colorado Springs Electric Company, assured him of the necessary electric power. He could build the laboratory of his dreams; he felt ready to open a new territory of knowledge.

*Richard Grove, Associate Curator of the Taylor Museum, Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, Colorado Springs, Colorado, will, on October 15, become Director of the Wichita Art Museum, Wichita, Kansas. Mr. Grove has published a number of articles on art and museums. An article by George Mills and Richard Grove entitled, "Lucifer and the Crucifer: The Enigma of the Penitentes," was published in the 1955 *Brand Book of the Denver Posse of the Westerners*, ed. by Alan Swallow, pp. 251-292. It was reprinted for distribution by the Taylor Museum (1956).—*Editor*.

¹Colorado Springs, *The Evening Telegraph*, May 17, 1899, p. 1, c. 6. Hereafter cited as *Telegraph*.

²See John J. O'Neill, *Prodigal Genius: The Life of Nikola Tesla* (New York, 1944). A good short account of Tesla's life and scientific accomplishment is Kenneth M. Swezey, "Nikola Tesla," *Science*, Vol. CXXVII, No. 3307 (May 16, 1958), 1147.

They were astonishing dreams. The grandest of them was a plan to pump tremendous charges of electricity into the earth so that you could plug in anywhere and obtain power. 'The world would be changed; mankind would enter a new era.

Tesla selected a site outside the city, a hill on East Pike's Peak Avenue "just east of the Deaf and Blind institute," and set a crew of carpenters to work on a strange building of his own design. No one had ever seen anything quite like it. It managed to combine the look of sober practicality with the other-worldly appearance of an alchemist's eyrie.³

Colorado Springs buzzed with curiosity. But Tesla was a fanatically secretive worker. He maintained the kind of security we have come to expect from today's atomic energy plants.

One of the ever-present (and ever-frustrated) reporters described it:

The building is roughly boarded up and is about 50 by 60 feet, with a lean-to on the west, or front, in which are two windows and a big double door. . . . The structure is about 18 feet high, with a 12 foot roof, which slopes from near the center toward the four corners, thus enabling the carpenters to construct a fairly large platform or stand on the roof . . . the structure was securely braced on all sides except the west. . . .⁴

Working like a man possessed, Tesla pushed the laboratory to completion in July. Wires on poles connected it to the Colorado Springs Electric Company powerhouse. The roof platform sprouted a four-sided skeleton tower of wood. From it, a collapsible mast some 200 feet in height thrust into the sky, terminating in a shiny metal ball.

Ropes were stretched around the station with big signs on every post warning in black letters, "KEEP OUT—GREAT DANGER." When a *Telegraph* reporter crawled under the rope, a Tesla assistant appeared at his elbow "to kindly warn him that his life was in peril inside the ropes, and that he would be a great deal safer if he would remove himself from the vicinity."⁵

Passers-by in the night saw uncanny bluish flickering lights, for these were the hours when the greatest power was available. The wizard was at work.

Photographs and accounts in local newspapers give us a good idea of the inside of the experimental station. In the

³Photographs of the exterior of this building are reproduced in Nikola Tesla, *Experiments with Alternate Currents of High Potential and High Frequency*, new ed. (New York, 1904), pp. 150, 155, 158. Photographs of the interior accompany Nikola Tesla, "The Problem of Increasing Human Energy," *The Century Magazine*, Vol. LX, No. 2 (June, 1900), 175-211.

⁴*Telegraph*, June 2, 1899, p. 5, c. 1.

⁵*Ibid.*, June 28, 1899, p. 5, c. 1.

center of the great room was a gigantic high frequency transformer, Tesla's "Magnifying transmitter." This was a circular wooden fence wound with wire. Within this stood a smaller coil to which was affixed the tall mast. More than 40,000 feet of wire went into their making. The remaining space was "filled with dynamos, electric wires, switches, generators, motors, and almost every conceivable invention known to electricians. And through this mass of intricate and dangerous mechanism Mr. Tesla walks as fearlessly as if on the streets of the city."⁶

This transformer, or "Tesla coil," was the largest ever built. (On a miniature scale, every car ignition system uses the same principle.) It produced freakishly high voltages, probably as high as 135,000,000 volts. In one of its early tests, the first man-made bolts of lightning spat into the sky from the top of the mast. According to one report, the resulting thunder was heard as far away as Cripple Creek, and the dynamo at the Colorado Springs Electric Company powerhouse smoked and ground to a halt.⁷

Tesla was so excited that he forgot himself to the extent of talking to a reporter. "I have an instrument at my station," he said, "which is capable of killing 30,000 people in an instant." The newspaper man was bug-eyed,

for if the great electrician finds that it is possible to construct a machine that will hurl such death dealing currents with any degree of accuracy at any great distance, the matter of modern warfare will have been settled . . . for no nation will seek a disturbance with another nation that is known to possess such a terrible and certain instrument of death.⁸

Sound familiar?

When the mammoth transformer was in operation, Tesla noted a variety of weird phenomena. Great fountains of flame, 65 feet across, writhed and crashed and sizzled through the air, producing a blinding light and an ear-splitting racket and creating a strong draft which rushed up through the opening in the roof. Smaller, unconnected coils placed about the room, or even outside the building, sympathetically produced fiery discharges. A story in the local papers said, "It was found that the dynamos and other electrical apparatus of a Colorado fuel

⁶ *Ibid.*, June 21, 1899, p. 5, c. 1.

⁷ O'Neill, pp. 186-7. Dr. Lee De Forest, inventor of the 3-Electrode Grid Vacuum Tube, said that at the time he was interested in the glider flights in the Pikes Peak area, "one of the world's most noted scientists and inventors, Mr. Nikola Tesla, who was suffering from tuberculosis, was living in Colorado Springs for his health. He was experimenting with 'transmission of electric power without wires,' near the Garden of the Gods, where he built a tower and a small laboratory. . . . During those experiments he succeeded in lighting electric lamps by wireless more than a mile away from the power transmitter." —E. N. Pickereil, "Wireless Was Developed in Colorado," *The Colorado Magazine* Vol. XXXIV, No. 1 (January, 1957), 19-20.—Editor.

⁸ *Telegraph*, Aug. 12, 1899, p. 3, c. 1.

company nearby within 100 yards or so were all put out of business."⁹ Tesla said, "The discharge . . . [creates] such a commotion of electricity in the earth that sparks an inch long can be drawn from a water-main at a distance of 300 feet from the laboratory."¹⁰ There is no report of a Colorado Springs citizen having been unaccountably electrocuted in his bathtub.

He was asked repeatedly when he was going to make the announced experiment with wireless telegraphy. Because of the publicity given Marconi's accomplishments, radio had captured the popular imagination. But this idea was now crowded out of Tesla's mind by the staggering implications of his latest discoveries. "I don't intend to make such an experiment," he said.¹¹ He was in the theoretical stratosphere. Small practical applications seemed to him insignificant.

As close-mouthed as ever, Tesla continued to work, following a Spartan regimen which might have numbed an ordinary man. He neither smoked nor drank. Years ago he had ruled out women—too distracting.

. . . his workday is from about 11 o'clock in the morning until the same hour or later at night. . . . All his meals but breakfast are served to him at his "shop" and while he eats he is still experimenting.¹²

He emerged once in September to proclaim that he had discovered "a principle entirely new, by which I am enabled to transmit tremendous power to any distance without the aid of wires. . . . I am only at the beginning of my work, but I never was more confident of success. I never fail."¹³

Following this assured utterance, he said little else for publication in the local papers. He labored on into the winter months. On January 13, 1900, he boarded the train to New York, stating that he would be back in a few weeks to continue his experiments.¹⁴ But this phase of his work was at an end. Tesla became involved in new projects elsewhere.

He attempted to demonstrate some of his discoveries on a practical level a few years later at a plant on Long Island. He ran out of funds before he could complete it.

Reports persist that Tesla succeeded at Colorado Springs in running small motors and lighting 250 watt bulbs at a distance of 26 miles from the station without using wires. He said, "In this new system it matters little—in fact, almost nothing—whether the transmission is effected at a distance of a few miles or of a few thousand miles. . . ."¹⁵

⁹ *Colorado Springs Gazette*, May 30, 1924, p. 1, c. 3.

¹⁰ Tesla, *Problem*, p. 190.

¹¹ *Telegraph*, July 29, 1899, p. 3, c. 4.

¹² *Ibid.*, Aug. 12, 1899, p. 2, c. 1.

¹³ *Ibid.*, Sept. 16, 1899, p. 5, c. 1.

¹⁴ *Ibid.*, Jan. 13, 1900, p. 5, c. 4.

¹⁵ Tesla, *Problem*, pp. 209-10.

Abandoned, the East Pike's Peak laboratory came to an ignominious end. Unpaid bills for taxes, water and electricity piled up. The station was torn down and the lumber sold to a man who was building a house in Ivywild. Tesla apparently left the building with a caretaker, one C. J. Duffner. Duffner never received any pay. Five years later, his patience at an end, he sued in the county court for back wages. He won the case and, as Tesla did not send the money, "several cases of copper wire and electrical apparatus" were sold at a sheriff's sale in 1906. It was a melancholy affair.

From a business point of view, the sale cannot be chronicled as a success, for property said to be worth \$4,000 failed to sell for enough to cover the judgment of approximately \$1,100 standing against it.¹⁶

What precisely did he learn at his Pikes Peak laboratory? What were the "great laws" and "principles"? We will never know in any detail. Tesla committed little to paper, preferring to rely on his photographic memory. He seriously planned to live to the age of 125, to use the last quarter of a century for recording his experiments. He died in 1943, an eccentric recluse in a room full of pigeons, at the age of 86.

¹⁶ *Telegraph*, March 22, 1906, p. 3, c. 3.

A Pioneer in Colorado and Wyoming

By AMANDA HARDIN BROWN

Assisted by MARGARET ISAAC

II

Often in a family there is at least one member who collects and preserves family history and photographs. Mrs. Margaret Isaac of Denver is the member of her family who has been doing those things for a number of years. Mrs. Isaac, a native of Meeker, Colorado, is a graduate of the University of Denver, and has collected much Colorado history. She makes her home with her husband, Gerhard J. Isaac, and their two sons, John and David. Through Mrs. Isaac's intense interest in western history she encouraged her Great-aunt, Mrs. Amanda Hardin Brown, to relate her pioneering experiences in Larimer County, Colorado, and Johnson County, Wyoming, for permanent preservation.

Amanda Hardin was the daughter of John Hardin, a native of Kentucky, who grew up in Missouri, on a farm. In 1847, when he was twenty-one years of age, he joined a party of traders and went overland to California. After working in the mines there for two years, he returned to the States by way of the Isthmus of Panama. On June 22, 1852, John Hardin married Sarah J. Hand, who later was stricken with consumption. Hoping to find a climate that would benefit his wife's health, John Hardin brought his family overland to a valley in Colorado, where the Cache La Poudre River comes out of Poudre Canon.

As Sarah Hardin grew worse, the family moved to the village of Laporte, where she died in August 1865. Mr. Hardin then took his children back to Missouri. Two years later he married Mahala Hand,¹ and in the spring of 1868, returned with his family to Colorado in a covered wagon.

Amanda, the fourth child of John and Sarah Hardin, grew up in Larimer County, spending much of her young womanhood in the Red Feather Lakes area. As the cattle range settled up many of the young men of her community went north to Wyoming or to the Black Hills.

Amanda Hardin [Brown] told her niece, Mrs. Isaac, "At that time Buffalo,² Wyoming, was a new town just starting in a wild, unsettled country. My sister, Mary, and her husband, Fred Johnson, and I decided we would go up there and make a new home."

Part I of Amanda's story was published in *The Colorado Magazine*, July 1958. On page 171 of that issue the caption should read: "An old sawmill about two and one-half miles down Lone Pine Creek from the John Hardin homestead."—*Editor*.

We went from our home in Colorado to Cheyenne on May 1 [1884], and stayed there until June 28. We loaded our wagon with necessary supplies, and driving a span of big white mules, we started for Buffalo. We were joined by a family going to

Note: Mrs. Amanda Hardin Brown passed away June 13, 1939, in Kaycee, Wyo., at the age of 77 years.—*Editor*.

¹ John Hardin and his second wife had eight children. The youngest, Mrs. Ray Gibbens, now (1958) lives in Wellington, Colo.

² Buffalo, Wyoming, was founded in 1879 by cattlemen, nesters, miners, and freighters, who broke over the land in a wave from the opening of the Sioux country. The cattleman and the farmer moved in almost together.—*Wyoming Guide* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1941), p. 274.—*Editor*.

Billings, Montana, and a cattleman and his cook who were returning to his ranch at Belle Fourche.

The prairie was like a beautiful green carpet with the thick grass waving in the wind. But after the first few days the country ceased to be green, and it grew desolate. The sun was terribly hot, and there was almost no feed for our teams because great herds of cattle were being driven from Texas and Oklahoma to various points in Montana and Wyoming. Every day herds of cattle numbering from two to ten thousand would pass along. The ground was literally worn out, all of the grass trampled and eaten up. And the cattle ranches were miles apart, located only where there were streams.

The snow had been deep in the mountains, so the rivers were high and the bridges were washing away. We had to go all the way to Fort Laramie to get across the Laramie River, as the bridge on the stage route had gone out. Then when we reached Fort Fetterman on the Platte, the river was lapping at the floor of the bridge. It was expected to go out at any moment, but we just had to cross the Platte. The next day after we crossed it the bridge went down the river.

We arrived in Buffalo on July 10. It was a desolate looking town, with only a few dilapidated buildings, mostly built of logs. Some of them leaned sideways and looked like they were about to tumble down. There was no water in Buffalo except in Clear Creek, and all of the people had to carry their water from the creek in buckets. The only green vegetation was a little garden of about an acre at the edge of town.

There was only one minister in Buffalo, and he kept bachelor hall in a tiny round log cabin with two rooms. I guess it was called the parsonage. Horace Brown and I were married in this cabin on July 12, 1884, two days after I arrived in Buffalo. I had met Mr. Brown in 1882, and in 1883 he came to Powder River with his brother James, who was manager and principal owner of the 21 Cattle Company on Powder River.³

After we were married we drove up to Fort McKinney⁴ to see the fort. It was a real pleasant place, with nice clean build-

³This company, commonly called the "21 outfit" was the Powder River Live Stock Company, with headquarters in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Its main range was near old Forts Reno and McKinney, Powder River, Johnson County, Wyoming. The company was incorporated under the laws of Colorado on March 4, 1882, with a capital stock of \$140,000. James A. Brown was General Manager. The "21" brand was used both on cattle and horses.—Agnes Wright Spring, "Powder River Livestock Company," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXVIII, No. 1 (January, 1951), 32-36. Another brother of Horace Brown was John R. Brown who came to Colorado in 1860, and was at Tarryall and worked in the Bobtail Mine at Central City. He enlisted in Company B. First Colorado Volunteers, and fought in the battles of Apache Canon, Pigeon's Ranch and the fight at Peralto. He moved to Johnson County, Wyoming, in 1885.—*Editor*.

⁴Fort McKinney, about two and one-half miles from Buffalo, was established as a supply depot for the U. S. Army in 1877. Five years later, General Philip H. Sheridan, anticipating future wars with the conquered Indians, recommended that McKinney be made a permanent post. Later the post holdings were transferred to the State of Wyoming, and in 1903, the Soldiers and Sailors Home was transferred from Cheyenne to Fort McKinney. *Wyoming Guide*, p. 363.—*Editor*.

ings. There were ditches around the yard, cottonwood trees planted, and white clover in the yard. Everything was nicely kept.

That night we went to Powder River on the stage, and the next day the cowboys gathered in to celebrate the wedding. It was a real celebration! Then I went with my husband to make our home where he had his blacksmith shop, and a nice two-room house for me to live in.

But there was not enough money in that business, so he thought. So he rented the Road House at Powder River Crossing⁵ and we ran it that year. We made good money, but I sure worked myself down. I cooked for all the way from ten to forty people, did all my washing, cleaned the rooms, and waited on people. We kept the stage people.⁶ There were no telephones with which to call from one station to another and find out how many to expect. I always had to be ready for a stage full, and sometimes it was certainly full, and sometimes there was only the driver. There were all the different people that make up a new country traveling on the road—ranchmen, cowboys, gamblers, horse thieves and occasionally stage robbers. But all of them were nice to us, as they would be if one minded his own business. I had more than enough business of my own without looking into other people's.

But there were often wild times in Powder River Crossing, although at most there were only as many as four other families living there. One day two men drove up in a wagon, and got a drink at the saloon. In the wagon was a box with the corpse of a young man who had been shot on the round-up. They drove on up the hill to the Soldiers' Burying Ground where they took the box out and set it on the ground while they dug the grave. Then they put him in the grave and covered him up without a song or a prayer. A neighbor woman and I watched them from our yards and wanted to go up there, but the men laughed at me for crying at such a heathenish burial.

The Indians would come down to trade and hunt. One time while they were camped there, two men stole their horses and ran away with them. It was terribly cold and the men who stole the horses froze to death in the hills.

On the first Fourth of July which I spent in Powder River, the general round-up camped there to celebrate. There were one hundred men on the round-up, besides all the men belong-

⁵ Powder River Crossing was at the confluence of the Dry Fork and the main Powder River.—*Editor*.

⁶ The stage line which traversed the Powder River area at this time was operated by Al S. and Col. Matt T. Patrick, under the firm name of Patrick Brothers. This stage line from Rock Creek, Wyoming, on the Union Pacific, to Echeta, Montana, was said to be the longest stage line in the region in the 1880's. The Patrick Brothers had to contend with road agents at every turn of the road.—*Editor*.

ing to the settlement, and every one of them was drunk except the round-up foreman. It was some celebration, with all kinds of fireworks. But I kept the doors locked and stayed alone in my kitchen, which was protected on one side by a high board wall, and on the other sides by buildings. I did not think that the bullets would come through the log walls. There wasn't anyone killed, though I thought that surely there would be.

The first of that November my husband and I went down to Fort Collins to see his parents who were growing old, and to Lone Pine to visit my Father and Mother whom I never saw again. We stayed until April 5, when in company with my sister, Tana, the 21 ranch foreman, and three cowboys who worked there, we started back to Powder River. We had a camp outfit and a big tent, and we camped along the way. The weather was good until we reached Seventeen Mile, where it snowed. We waited until the storm was over, then we went over to the 21 ranch. What a time we had! The gumbo would fill the wheels and the men would have to scrape the mud out every little while. At last we arrived at the ranch. We had been fifteen days making the journey from Fort Collins to Powder River. The big cottonwood trees were out in leaf, and the meadow was a green carpet. Everything looked beautiful, and everything was stirring for they were preparing to go on the round-up. The boys had all returned to the ranch. They had brought a Negro bronco buster and they were all excited over trying to decide on a place for him to sleep. The Irish cook said that the Negro could not sleep in the bunk house, so he slept under the stars. But he was a nice quiet man, and before long they all liked and respected him.

We went on up to the "granger" ranch where Mr. Brown had his blacksmith shop. The granger and his wife now lived in the two-room log house, so we lived in a tent while Mr. Brown did the spring blacksmithing. Then we went back to the old Powder River Stage Crossing where we had run the Road House, and went to road ranching again. Oh, how I hated that work, but I did not know what else to do.

Just a few days before the Fourth of July that year, the horse thieves stole and hid a team of horses from a man who was passing through the settlement. The main boss of the thieves lived there. He planned the dirty work and the others carried it out. He was a gambler by profession, and a bad man in general. When the sheriff's men located the horses, they tried to arrest him. But he kept his horse saddled day and night, and his three brothers kept watch; whenever they saw a stranger they would let him know, and he would jump on his horse and take to the hills. So three deputy sheriffs came in the night and waited for him to get up. But the dogs barked, so they had to go to the door and knock. One man went to the

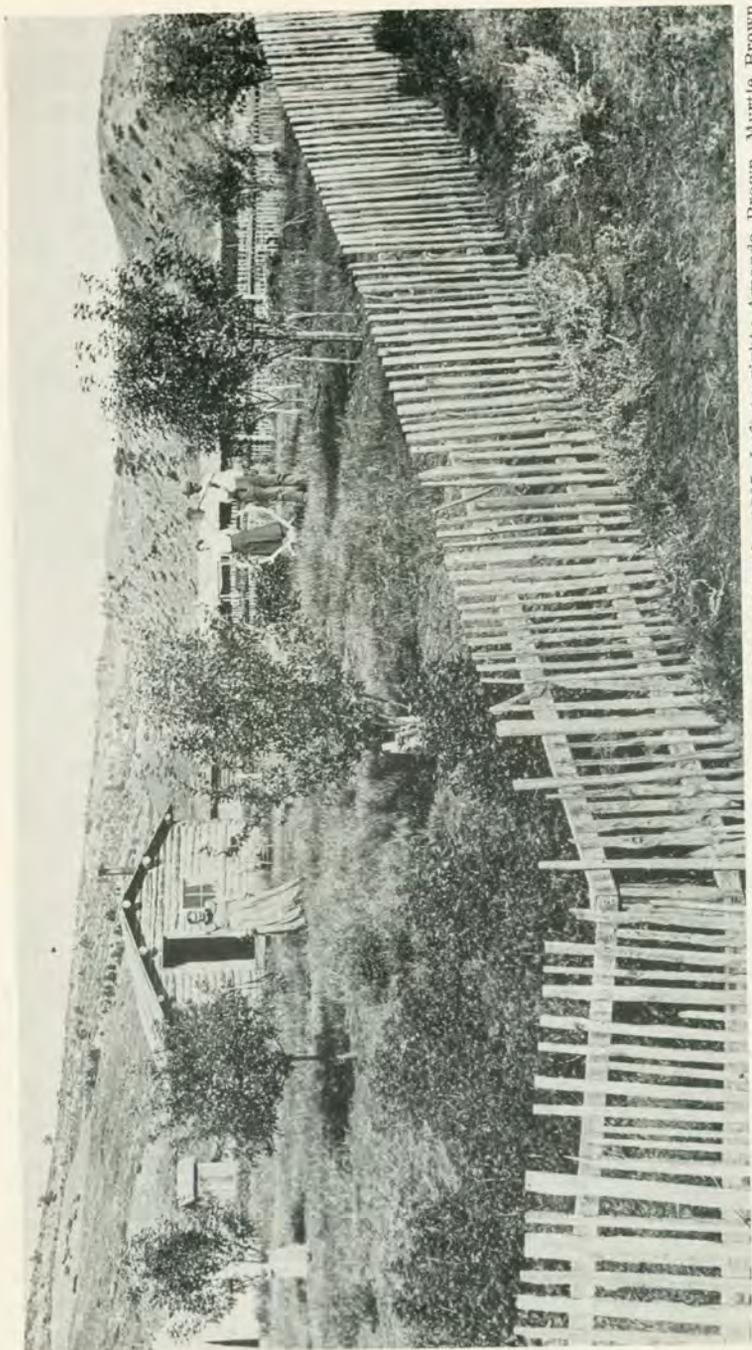
front door, one to the back door, and the third hid in the wood pile. It was just beginning to get light when the horse thief's wife came to the door. When the deputy sheriff asked to see her husband, the horse thief shot him. Before the thief could lock the door, his wife jumped across the dead man's body and ran to a neighbor's house, which was in the same yard. She told them that her husband had killed the sheriff. There was a big pow-wow around there for a few days. Then they took the dead man to Buffalo, and the horse thief to the Buffalo jail. But he was turned loose at the fall term of court on the condition that he would leave the country, and we got rid of one of the worst criminals in that part of the country.

In October of 1886, I got word to come to Buffalo because my sister, Mary, was not expected to live. I took the stage which then ran by night from Powder River to Buffalo. I stayed at Buffalo a week until my sister was out of danger, and then I returned to Powder River on the stage. It rained all that night and for the next three or four days and nights, then it turned to snow and did not stop until the first of March. It was the never-to-be-forgotten winter of 1886 and 1887. The snow was so bad, and it was so cold with the wind blowing every day, that many people were frozen to death.

We boarded two cowboys, one from the Little House brand and one from the Cross H ranch. They were put there as line riders and were supposed to keep the cattle from the river, but the cattle got so poor that they could not be driven. The cowboys just had to let the cattle alone, and they died by the thousands.

It was a terrible life for us few women, shut in there away from civilization, but the men had good times drinking and gambling. Nearly all of them went away in the spring owing us for their board. Of course, we had to pay our store bills, and it took us five years to pay out and get even. I almost lost my mind from all the work and grief, and I kept begging Mr. Brown to let us take up a homestead and live there. But he was afraid that we could not make a living on a ranch.

When spring came and the snow began to melt, the ice broke up in the river. It was an awful sight, with the ice piled mountains high and the river running from bluff to bluff. The channel of the river changed and left the old iron bridge standing on dry ground. There was no way of getting the mail across the Powder River except on a raft at Nine Mile. So Mr. Brown and three other men tore up a floor from a house, and built a boat to carry the mail across at Powder River. It was terribly dangerous work, as old logs and big cottonwood trees were floating down the river like chips.



Wyoming Home of Amanda Hardin Brown and Horace Brown, near E K Mountain, 1907. Left to right: Amanda Brown, Myrtle Brown (adopted daughter), Horace Brown.

It was then that Mr. Brown decided to try the ranching business, and he went up to E K Mountain⁷ to look for a location. The big cattle companies that claimed all of the country had gone broke and abandoned the land, so he found a nice place which he liked.

On May 18, we got a man to help us move up to our new home. The river was still terribly high, and we had been invited to stop and take dinner with some friends who lived across the river. I was terribly afraid to cross the river in a boat, but I thought that I would have to go, or they and my husband would be offended. So just imagine, if you can, how glad I was when we discovered that the boat had gotten loose the day before and had gone down the Powder River, and I could not cross.

On the way to our new home we had to cross the North Fork of Powder River. It was bank full and we were afraid of the crossing, but we forded it all right. There were no bridges and practically no roads, just trails where the round-up wagons went, for there were no settlements. There were just cattle ranches, and they were miles apart.

We went over to the old E K home ranch.⁸ It was abandoned as the company had gone broke. Men that had put thousands of dollars in the company had nothing left except their clothes. It was a big Irish company, and all of the men went to their homes in Ireland to winter. When they came back to the cattle country they found their cattle all dead. I felt sorry for one young man with whom we were very friendly. He was the youngest son of Lord Dunrail, so of course, he had only what his Mother gave him. She had given him twelve thousand dollars to put in the company, and when he went away he had only his clothes, one horse and saddle, and his banjo under his arm. But he was young, and he started out to make his fortune in Alaska.

We filed on a homestead at the foot of E K Mountain. It is a beautiful place with nice clear springs coming out of the mountain side. The water is good and soft, and there is plenty for a good garden. That Fourth of July we spent cutting logs on the mountain side for a claim cabin. We built a neat log house, and raised a fine garden and cut plenty of hay for our horses and few cows. As the land was already fenced, all we had to do was buy the wire on the fence.

The winter of 1888 was real nice. There was some very cold weather and considerable snow until New Year's, when it

⁷ E K Mountain, east of the Big Horns, is near the north end of the Red Wall which fringes the Hole-in-the-Wall area. The mountain is slightly northeast of Dull Knife Pass and the Red Fork of Powder River.—*Editor*.

⁸ In speaking of an "Irish Company," Mrs. Brown probably referred to the Murphy Cattle Company. The E K Ranch at one time was owned by the Western Union Beef Company.—*Editor*.

turned warm and the frost went out of the ground, and the grasshoppers came out and were hopping around. Mr. Brown dug up cottonwood trees on the twenty-ninth of January and planted them in our front yard. Two of them are standing there yet [1936], although the place is abandoned now, and everything is moved away except the old tumble-down remains of the cellar which we built in the side of the hill.

It was a rather lonely life as there was not a family within miles, but there were lots of men riding around every day. I used to get especially lonely to see children for I loved them, and had always been used to children at home.

Oh, how I hated to stay alone when Mr. Brown was gone. It was so lonely, as I had only the cat and dog for company. Every court time they would come out from Buffalo, and take Mr. Brown for a juryman. I was sure glad when they passed the law that they could not make them go but once a year. And I was afraid when those electric storms and cloudbursts came for they are pretty bad up there. In 1890 an earthquake came and shook the house, but I was not alone then. We had just finished eating supper, when we heard it rumble and the house began to shake.

We did not have a post office nearer than the Bar C ranch. The cowboys would bring the mail for us if they happened to come our way or if they did not lose it. Perhaps we would get the mail about every two or three months. But we had wonderful friends among the cowboys, and they were always welcome to our home. Whenever they rode near our ranch I was always glad to get them something to eat or make them a bed to sleep in. And they were always kind and courteous to me. I loved to read, and many a sack of papers and books was sent to me, especially from the foreman of the N H ranch and old Mike, the cook. If any of the cowboys knew that I was alone, as I often was for a week or ten days, and they were riding within three or four miles of the house, they would come and see if I was all right. The cowboys were wild and reckless, but they had hearts of gold.

Later on a few families settled on the North Fork of Powder River. Then they got busy and arranged for a post office in a woman's house, where the mail was kept in a soap box. They called the post office Mayoworth. It was named for the woman's daughter, May, and her sweetheart whose name was Worthington.

I led a happy, contented life there after the days at Powder River Crossing, but alas, I was doomed to disappointment for life was too tame for Mr. Brown, and he wanted to move to a place where there were more people. So he sold out his im-



Amanda Hardin Brown's Cabin at mineral springs near end of EK mountain, 1937. Upper: Mrs. Brown and her nephew, John R. Smith. Lower: Nancy Stapp, Bert Stapp (son-in-law), Amanda Hardin Brown, Eleanor Stapp, John Smith, Margaret Isaac and Marcia Stapp.

provements and relinquished his homestead. And in September of 1890, we went to Piney and bought a farm.

We had a mild winter or we would have lost all of our stock, for we had only oat hay to feed all winter. And while we were moving we met a man in Buffalo who was bringing cattle, which our Father was sending to my sister and me. We did not know that they were coming. The cattle had been driven all the way from Colorado and were very poor, and the horses which Father sent were ridden down and worked until they looked like skeletons. But we did not lose any of them that winter.

We raised fine grain on this place, the best in the neighborhood. Mr. Brown also ran a blacksmith shop. When we had lived there three years, the money panic came. Then Mr. Brown lost his health and was not able to work, so we went broke and sold out everything except a few horses and cows.

We went over to French Creek and took up a little strip of land and started a new home. It was very rocky, and we had to gather the boulders and clear the land. But it was wonderfully fine land, and was well suited to fruit farming. We built a house and all kinds of sheds and stables, and started a fruit farm—berries of all kinds, apples, pears, and plums. I never saw things thrive and grow so well. And the little creek which ran by our yard was full of trout. I loved it there.

When we went over to French Creek we did not have any garden, for it was in the fall, but a neighbor had a large patch of potatoes, and, as he was hiring help to pick them up, he hired us. We each got one dollar per day. Mr. Brown and I picked up potatoes to get our winter's supply. They also hired Mr. Brown to cut and put up a patch of hay with a lot of thistles in it. We hauled the hay on a wagon and I did the stacking. They praised me for being a good stacker, but it was a sticky job. And those thistles would get down my back!

We got along fine on this place, but I had to work hard as Mr. Brown's health was poor. I tried to help in every way that I could. I raised garden, stacked hay, milked cows, and raised and sold berries. Then he traded most of our cows for sheep, only keeping a few milch cows. We had very good luck with the sheep. In summer we went on the mountain with them where we had a nice log cabin on Hunter Creek. I herded the sheep when Mr. Brown wanted to go fishing or had other work that he wanted to do. I enjoyed the work and the summer camp, as I like to take care of sheep.

There was a mining excitement on French Creek while we lived there, and, of course, everyone staked claims. We staked our claims on the creek. All the rest thought that they would get rich and wanted to organize a company, but we would not

join the company. They wanted to put up a little stamp mill, and they had to buy us out for our claims were on the water. We got one hundred dollars in gold. They put up the stamp mill and made a run. They got some gold, but I don't think that it was in paying quantities for that was all they ever did with it. The man who was at the head of the company went East and sold shares, and I don't know what happened, but he was sent to the penitentiary. So, we were the only ones who got anything out of it.

We were in Johnson County during the "invasion,"² but of that I shall not write, for there are people that it would hurt, and I am glad that those days have passed and gone.

My husband was of a roving disposition, and after eight years he tired of living on French Creek. He wanted to sell our little home and go way down on Powder River where there were no settlements and locate. I did not want to go. I wanted to stay where we were, but he said that he would go anyway and I could stay in Buffalo if I wanted to. So he went to Buffalo and sold our home and sent a stenographer and lawyer out to the ranch with the deed for me to sign. I did not know what else to do, so I signed it. He rented a little room in Buffalo, and I took my little girl and went there and sent her to school until spring.

He went down on Powder River, regardless of what I said. He hired a surveyor and paid him big wages to survey. He leased a section of land and filed on a homestead. The river was all frozen over, and they could travel up and down it any place on the ice. When spring came he loaded up a wagon with wire and other supplies, and hired a man to go and help him. But try as they might they could not get down to the river, so they had to bring their load back to Buffalo. The ice was breaking up in Crazy Woman Creek, and one of their horses got down and nearly drowned. Mr. Brown, by that time, was so disgusted that he relinquished his homestead and went down to E K Mountain to look for a place. Then we went out to French Creek and camped in a tent, and I helped lamb out our sheep before he sold them, and we went to E K Mountain and took up a homestead by the old place where we had once lived.

We arrived there July 27, 1901, and set up our tent near the spring. During the years that we had been gone many

²This was the so-called "Cattlemen's Invasion" or the "Johnson County War," in April 1892, in which a number of owners of large cattle herds came into Johnson County with the evident intention of running out the cattle thieves or rustlers. Although probably intending only to scare the thieves out of the area, the invaders killed Nick Ray and Nate Champion at the KC Ranch on Powder River. Settlers and rustlers united and forced the invaders to seek protection at the TA Ranch. They might have been annihilated by a crudely constructed "dynamite ark," had they not been rescued by United States troops from Fort McKinney. The invaders were arrested and taken to Cheyenne, and after long-drawn-out legal battles were freed, chiefly because Johnson County was financially unable to carry on the fight in court.—Editor.

families had come to the country. The main traveled road was in front of our door, so there were people going by all the time. But the school was a problem. Our little girl had to ride five miles to the Gilberson School house. She could not attend school regularly, because in winter the storms were so bad, and in summer the children could not ford North Fork of Powder River in high water, and there was no bridge. We never did have school to our advantage.

We built a one-room log cabin on our ranch, and a wonderful cellar and stoned it all up. I helped dig the cellar, and carried all the water and mixed the mortar. My husband hauled the stone and laid up the walls. We fenced our place, built stables and sheds for our horses and cows, and in spring we built a reservoir and ditches so we were ready to farm again. Mr. Brown also built a blacksmith shop and worked for the farmers. As his health was bad I helped with everything—building the wire fence, making the reservoir and ditches, and I even helped in the blacksmith shop.

We built up a nice home. We set out an orchard, and raised wonderful fruit and gardens. We had a beautiful yard, with apple trees and all kinds of flowers. Then we went in the sheep business again, and did real well. I often herded the sheep. I enjoyed getting out and roaming around, and I was never lonely. There were always new places to explore. I found many curios of rocks and Indian relics, petrified shells, and lovely flowers. Sometimes I would take embroidery work or paper and pencil, and when the sheep were quiet I would sew or draw.

One fall we took the sheep and went back on the slope and camped in a sheep wagon until the deep snow came and we had to take the sheep home to feed. I was happy camping with Mr. Brown. We had a nice camp ground, and in the morning we would take the sheep and our lunch and climb the mountain and stay all day in the grand old rocks and trees.

Our daughter married and we were left alone. Mr. Brown's health grew worse so he could not look after the sheep. He had leakage of the heart, and the work was too much for him so I had to help all that I could. We sold our sheep and all of our cows, and took up the mineral springs at the end of E K Mountain. At that time my health was very bad, and I was nearly paralyzed. We moved to the springs and made a bath house, and I used the water to bathe in and to drink. It entirely cured me of rheumatism.

In 1918 we sold our ranch and bought property in Kaycee,¹⁰

¹⁰ Kaycee, a cowman's town on Middle Fork of Powder River, was named for the neighboring KC Ranch. It is about eighteen miles east of the notorious Hole-in-the-Wall, refuge of outlaws for some years. Kaycee is now on U.S. 87.—*Editor.*

and for a few years we lived in Kaycee in winter and at the springs in summer. Then our daughter died and left seven children with only their father to take care of them. So of course, I took them to raise. It has been a hard struggle, but they have been a great comfort to me.

After our daughter's death we went to Colorado to visit my sister and friends. While we were there Mr. Brown had a light stroke, but he recovered enough so he could get around some.

We saw wonderful fruit orchards of all kinds. We were in the Grand Junction and Palisade peach and cherry orchards, and the apple orchards at Cedaredge. We also saw the onion and potato mesas on the Gunnison River. But when spring came we were glad to come back to Kaycee, and see and smell the sagebrush again.

That fall we rented the Parker Hotel, and in February my husband had another paralytic stroke from which he never recovered. I did everything I could for him. I took him to the springs, hoping that they would help him, but he was old and feeble, and he took the flu and on April 13, 1929, he died. I brought him to Kaycee and buried him.

Then the children and I came to Kaycee, where we have continued to live during the winters so the children can have the advantages of school, church, and Sunday-school. But in the summer the children and I always go to the springs where we have the use of the mineral water. We also have plenty of water for irrigation, and we raise vegetables for summer and winter, and lots of beautiful flowers.

It is a nice place to live up there among the old pines and cedars where the deer come down to the door every day. The only bad thing is that there are lots of rattlesnakes which crawl out of the grass at our feet. But one never gets tired of looking at the beauties of nature, and at the grand old E K Mountain.

I have lived 74 years, and have passed through the life of a pioneer. I saw the country pass from Indian warfare to the cattle days, and from the cattle days to sheep. Then the dry farmer came and took up all the range. Now it is turkey raising.

There is no place left for the old pioneers. They are old and out of date. Everything is modern, even the people have changed. All the old time hospitality has passed away. Then, we never turned a stranger from the door. Even when we went from our home for days we never locked the doors, and if anyone should come that way he could go in and get something to eat. But the old timers are passing away fast. There are only a few left in this part of the country. And where once there were cow trails, there are now highways and cars.

Everything has changed except the beautiful old mountains, the bright sunshine and the blessings of God.

Vigna Dal Ferro's *Un Viaggio Nel Far West Americano*

Translated and Edited by F. G. BOHME

Giovanni Vigna dal Ferro, traveller, linguist, editor, and long-time correspondent for Italian newspapers, was born in Bologna in 1840. From 1859 to 1867 he followed the career of an infantry officer, fighting brigands in southern Italy, helping put down the Turin Revolt of 1864, taking part in the Austrian War of 1866, and witnessing the Sicilian uprising. In 1867 he returned to Bologna, where he began his language studies and was co-founder of the journal, *L'Indipendente*. He was forced to leave following a duel with the director of the *Gazetta dell'Emiglia*, and was travelling in France and Germany at the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870. He then went to Scandinavia, and was in Bologna once more in 1872. Here he became co-founder and director of *Il Matto*, established to fight the official *Monitore*. The *Monitore's* director was convicted of fraudulent bankruptcy. *Il Matto's* mission was over, and it was succeeded by *La Patria*. When, in 1876, this newspaper changed hands, Vigna dal Ferro was sent by the Italian Ministry of Agriculture and Commerce to the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia as Secretary of the Italian Commission. He remained in the United States until 1880, learning English and writing newspaper articles.

In 1881 he returned to Europe as special correspondent for the *New York Herald* at the International Geographical Congress in Genoa. Following a trip to Tunis he spent a year in Rome, where he founded *The Roman News*, a short-lived illustrated English-language journal. He then travelled in India and Australia, ending up in Siam, where he was employed by the government in organizing that country's infantry along Italian lines. After a year there, he became first secretary of the Italian legation in Peking, where he remained until 1888. He studied Chinese, and participated in several commercial missions to Korea and Japan.

During the next few years Vigna dal Ferro was active in promoting Italian exhibitions in various parts of Europe, and in 1893 he represented his government at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. From that time until 1899 he was a banker and broker in New York City, catering to a Chinese clientele. In 1900 he attended the Paris Exposition in an official capacity, and accompanied a contingent of Italian troops sent to join the international forces at Peking during the Boxer Rebellion. From 1901 to 1904 he was in Europe, but once more returned to China as a commercial delegate and correspondent for Italian newspapers. When Italian forces moved into Libya in 1911, Vigna dal Ferro, at the age of 71, was along as a war correspondent. In later years he acted as a translator and editor for a Roman newspaper, *Fanfulla*, and a Genoese publishing house.

He spoke Greek, Latin, and English; all of the Romance, Scandinavian, and Germanic languages; Chinese, Japanese, Siamese, and Arabic; and to his full title of Professore Cavaliere Uffiziere Giovanni Vigna dal Ferro he could append decorations from Siam, China, and Japan, in addition to his own Italy.

*Dr. Frederick G. Bohme, Lecturer in History at the University of New Mexico, Albuquerque, N. M., has graciously consented to let *The Colorado Magazine* publish part of the travel account of Vigna Dal Ferro, which he found last year while doing research for his dissertation. Dr. Bohme translated the account from Italian. His dissertation, entitled "Italians in New Mexico," will be published in the *New Mexico Historical Quarterly* soon.—Editor.

While in the United States he acted as interpreter for Sarah Bernhardt on part of her first American tour in 1879, and from this experience came an article published in Italy, "Sarah Bernhardt nel paese del dollaro." Immediately following, he and a friend, Jehan Soudan, correspondent for the Paris *Voltaire*, began an extended trip across the United States. Vigna dal Ferro's impressions appeared in a series of articles in *La Patria* (Bologna), and were later collected in pamphlet form as *Un Viaggio nel Far West Americano, Impressioni di G. Vigna dal Ferro, Estratto dal Giornale La Patria* (Bologna: Stab. Tipografico Successori Monti, 1881).

Vigna dal Ferro's impressions were written for an audience which had never seen the United States, and contain nothing new or penetrating for today's American reader. He is, however, refreshingly candid, and while he may be sardonic, sarcastic, and even critically incorrect in some instances, his views present an interesting contrast to the travel literature of the period written by Americans.

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[Briefly sketching an outline of the westward movement, the pushing back of the Indian frontier, the Mormons, and the Overland Mail, he describes the coming of the railroad before launching into his account:]

Now the fiery horse (as the natives call the locomotive in their imaginative language) with its mane of smoke, runs rapidly over this straight, monotonous, almost interminable plain. If it gives the passenger all of the comforts that the stage traveller could not even dream of, it takes away all of the romantic satisfactions of a trip where one was not always sure he would return without having left his scalp in the hands of a Sioux or Cheyenne warrior.

Now you leave and arrive, eat, drink, and sleep with all possible tranquility, and under these conditions a trip on the Pacific railroad is no different than one between Bologna and Brindisi, except that instead of hours you must spend a week on the train. If, however, the Indians no longer attack the passengers for California, the trip doesn't lose its interest, and it is this which I propose to describe to my patient readers.

Having obtained through a fellow Italian, Mr. Morosini, secretary to that king of the American railroads, Jay Gould, two round trip tickets for San Francisco, I and my friend, Jehan Soudan, the brilliant correspondent of the *Voltaire* [Paris] who was commissioned to cover Sarah Bernhardt's American tour, left New York one fine morning. We were seen off by many groups of friends, and furnished with a fine basket of choice provisions and a case of old Bourgogne, objects which we came to consider most precious on our long journey.

Deciding to make the trip only in day-to-day jumps, we made the first one to Buffalo, in order to have the fun of surprising Sarah, who had just arrived in that city. The joy which that lovely artist displayed on seeing us was indescribable,

and we were not in the least loath to spend a day in her happy company. That day being Sunday, we followed the American habit and rested, and then proposed to eat at Niagara Falls, a short distance from there. That decided, we made up a party, the fair sex being represented by Sarah, her sister Jeanne, and Marie Colombier, another artist from the company [who published a biography of Sarah in 1884]

Hardly had we come in sight of this eighth wonder of the world than the men and women unsheathed all of the superlatives invented by the French language. I sauntered on foot and in a carriage over the bridge, along the rapids and the falls, over the little islands, everywhere. When you have seen everything above, you then want to descend beneath the falls. Going down some stairs, you enter a chamber where you put on the traditional waterproof. Then you pick your way over the rocks for about a hundred paces with great caution, although a guide generally conducts you by the hand. If you stumble, and it is very easy to get dizzy from this experience, there is nothing that can save you. From this position, gawking upward, it seems that this immense mass of water cascading overhead is about to squash you, while the uproar of the falls a few steps from your feet dins on your ears, and the light of the sun coming through all this liquid mass dazzles you. Sarah, for the love of eccentricity and for childish pleasure which makes her do everything contrary to everyone else, decided to go by herself, and for a moment it looked as if she had stumbled. Imagine, dear readers, how we blanched in that moment, and how much responsibility would fall on our shoulders should the *diva* disappear among the waves. Fortunately, the guide was near her and took her by the hand, and all came out well in the end.

Returning safe and sane to our door, or I should say to the dining room of the Prospect House, we sat down at the table with the best appetite. Between the smiles and spirit of our three beauties, the pointless jokes, the toasts, and the bottles of champagne that succeeded each other with dizzy rapidity, we were all pleased that the falls were in front of us. At midnight, amid another indescribable moonlit scene, we returned to Buffalo, satisfied with our day. We awakened the indignation of a Puritan journal belonging to the city's temperance society, which seriously lamented that Sarah Bernhardt (they didn't seem to care about the rest of us) would drink wine on Sunday and in front of such a spectacle of God's omnipotence!

Monday morning, after the usual goodbyes and promises to see each other again, we left Sarah and the company, and departed from Buffalo for Toledo by the Canada Southern Railroad, which for some time skirted the broad northern edge of Lake Erie, and then ran through vast forests, from which

the Canadians earn their living, inasmuch as lumbering is one of this country's most active industries. At the end of this great lake you pass the St. Clair River, which is a vast current of water joining the two lakes, Erie and Huron.

As it is impossible to build a bridge uniting the two shores because of the enormous distance, and without obstructing the free passage of the lakes, you cross the current in a *ferry-boat*. The *ferry-boat*, so common in America, and quite unknown in Europe, is a big floating bridge moved by steam, onto which come thousands of people, carts, and carriages of all kinds. In order to carry the railroad trains, they use barges provided with three or four long tracks, on which the train, divided into parts, is carried complete, locomotive and cars. All of this operation of loading and unloading the train is done with extraordinary dexterity.

On the *ferry-boat* all of the passengers are able to get off the cars, walk along the boat's platform and go to the *barroom*, a room where liquor is sold, and sure to be found wherever Americans gather, on the sea as well as on land.

Having reached the other side, we arrived at Toledo in a short hour, and we had to wait another hour there for the express to St. Louis. Toledo is a city that has no attraction for this foreigner other than *The Toledo Blade*, which is a journal that is very romantic in advertising its name. This is not the only American newspaper that has assumed a title glorifying its city, whose name is borrowed in the first place. In Syracuse, for example, there is the *Eureka*; at Rome, the *Pantheon*; at Athens, the *Parthenon*. This happens in many other places, because through an ambition for an ancient heritage which the United States can never possess, and to save the pain of inventing new names for their cities, they are content to adopt old ones. There are therefore I don't know how many Romes, Parises, Londons, Berlins, Florences, Memphises, and Babylons.

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At Toledo the West begins, and along the Wabash Railroad, which runs from Lake Erie to the banks of the [Mississippi], you can admire everywhere the richness of the vegetation. The fields produce in great abundance grains and the other cereals which go each year to European markets to meet those of the Orient; and it will not be many years before the American West will be the true granary of the world.

Here you can see winding in the distance a large white streamer, which the wind makes from clouds combined with the dense smoke from the chimneys of ships and buildings. It marks the Mississippi, which the Indians call the *Meschacebè*,

or Father of Waters. Chateaubriand tells us about it in his lovely poem about the Natchez, that savage tribe which lived along the banks of the river. In the midst of them you can visualize this French writer, who has so romantically illustrated their life in his celebrated stories of Atala and René.

I cannot give even a small idea of the impression you get from the great bridge when you see this immense river, which empties into the Gulf of Mexico after a course of more than six thousand kilometers. At St. Louis the river is very wide, and its magnificent bridge is regarded with just pride as a marvel of American artistry.

The river and the central railroad station are the two great commercial spots of this most important center, which rivals Chicago in the volume of its traffic. But it is on the Mississippi's banks, which the Americans call *levees*, in the seasons open to navigation, that you can complacently observe the unique nature of American life. At St. Louis are united the extreme activity of Northern commerce and the proverbial indolence of the Southern Negroes, who are the stevedores.

On the boats which carry on the commerce with New Orleans and all the other Southern states along the way, the Negro seems to have found his home. He is no longer the Negro of New York and Philadelphia who is a servant or bellhop in the hotels, and as a consequence wears a black vest and white tie, or *vice versa*. There on the river he pulls up his ragged sleeves, and, with a pipe or cigar butt in his mouth and a stereotyped smile on his lips, slowly and patiently carries on his back or in a cart the diverse merchandise which goes out to and comes from many countries. There are bales of cotton and tobacco, barrels of sugar or tropical fruit which the big boats bring up the river, and then they carry back grain and flour, ironwork, machinery, and manufactures of all kinds. These riverboats, veritable floating palaces, providing on board all sorts of comforts for the passengers, have lost heavily since the development of the railroads in the Southern states. It is no longer possible to see those races in which the captains would vie with each other to see who would get to their destination first, without caring whether or not they might blow up an engine and endanger their passengers' lives.

After observing the comings and goings of the Negroes and mulattos, still condemned to perform the services of *mules* (so called, perhaps, because of the homogeneity of the word's etymology), you can see a few feet away the inventive miracles of the *Yankee*, who prefers machines to expensive white labor, and you can admire the colossal steam elevators for storing grain. These tall monuments are built next to the river, and like the boats in that they have maximum capacity in a mini-

mum space, they can cascade from their storage this miraculous deluge [of grain].

During our stay in St. Louis there were serious apprehensions because of the continuing rise of the [Missouri] river, which threatened to flood. You must know that the Missouri, which empties into the Mississippi a few miles from St. Louis, had crushed a bridge and left its bed. While this is a sign of good health in all miserable mortals, it is not so for a river. We wanted to cross the [Missouri] at Council Bluffs, and unless it would be much lower it would delay our trip no end. We had no set time, though, and we left comforted with the hope that once there American audacity would help us cross somehow. The next morning, after some dangers and vicissitudes, we arrived at the Missouri. This river has a longer course than the Mississippi and has a larger volume of water than its colleague. When you encounter it just west of Alton it has a very rapid current and is very dangerous too. Arriving at Council Bluffs we found the city in fact inundated, so that in the lower parts you had to go in a boat, as they do in Venice or Amsterdam. The river had flooded the fields for many miles along the right bank, dragging in its impetuous current trees and houses, rails and railroad cars, making impossible the passage of trains to the other side.

* * * *

Inasmuch as the disaster had affected the piers of the great bridge, the Union Pacific hoped to have them repaired. In fact, without regard to expenditure of men and money and without care for the dangers involved, the company began the work of provisionally reestablishing traffic at this important point which unites the West with the *Far West* and the Pacific Coast.

The difficulty was to locate for a distance of over two miles a pontoon bridge which would have sufficient strength and elasticity so that the violence of the current would not drag it away. Happily, in a little more than twenty-four hours it was all done. They had taken the wheels off many freight cars, arranged the cars in line, joined them together with solid iron crossbars, and covered them with wooden boards. These cars naturally floated, and the openings between allowed the current to run through. The company authorized those passengers who wanted to risk it to cross this makeshift bridge carrying their valises, as there was another train made up for the continuation of the trip on the other side. The bulky baggage and merchandise was all deposited at two stations, at Council Bluffs for the passengers coming from the east and at Omaha for those from the Pacific. We, impatient at the time lost, took our handbags and were among the first on the

improvised bridge. The impact of the current seemed at any moment ready to engulf it, and let me assure you, my dear readers, that if you had been there you would have felt, as we did, a certain trepidation.

Here we are finally at Omaha. That strange name somehow seems to remind English journalists of the time when a tribe of redskins wandered in these parts, stealing, burning, killing, or scalping those miserable emigrants who had the misfortune to fall into their hands. Now Omaha is a tranquil industrial city, especially famous for its refinery that processes gold and silver from the mines of California or Colorado. After the fury of our passage, we spent two long, lazy days on the other side of the river, feeling vindicated and scarcely turning to look at the way we had come before continuing on our way.

Sometimes, my good readers, don't you feel like talking about the Pacific Railroad, held up by innumerable herds of buffalo; and by Indian attacks, in which the coaches are changed into separate rolling fortresses and the passengers become soldiers holding off barbarian assailants with clubbed carbines? All these battles, which could be part of the imagination of some fantastic traveller, are today merely distant traditions. Today you would have to pay a gold dollar to see a buffalo, and all the redskins that come to the train are ragged, miserable wretches who come to ask for a few pennies or the gift of a bottle of *whiskey*. Actually, on this subject we felt we had been tricked, for if we wanted to see the real Indians and buffalo and touch them with our hands, we would have to go hundreds of miles on horseback or in a rough American stagecoach.

These interminable lands which the Americans ironically call "prairies," and on which not even a caterpillar grows, do not offer to the traveller any spectacle other than an extraordinary number of cattle carcasses more or less devoured by the buzzards. These poor beasts, which graze without surveillance, are victims of a winter ailment and are forced to die from hunger and cold.

From Omaha clear to Reno in the Sierra Nevada, which you would call four days in a desert, the train was run like a daily convoy. . . . Fortunately, the American cars offer all imaginable conveniences, and while a week's journey on a train cannot be called the most delightful thing in the world, it is certainly less tiresome than that which you might experience if you were shut up in a compartment like those found in many European countries. As my readers perhaps know, the American coaches are open at the ends and not on the sides. The passenger may at his pleasure, and I will say also at his risk and danger, walk through the entire train from one end to the other, even when it is going at top speed.

These trains are naturally provided with *sleeping* or *Pullman cars*, which are the *non plus ultra* [*sic*] of elegance and comfort. During the day you have a table on which you can write, play cards, or eat, and at eleven in the evening a Negro prepares the bed for you, a fine little couch provided with sheets, cushion, and blanket. In the morning this same Negro cleans your clothes and shoes. For young married couples or for those who prefer to be alone there are separate little compartments, *state-rooms*. Before retiring in summer the travellers gather in groups and chat on the platform outside each car, while in winter they must gather inside, more or less as you would on board a ship. Also on this long trip overland, like that on the sea, it happens that people unacquainted at first become friends or lovers before they part.

The only lamentable thing is the food. The dining car is beautiful, but the cooking is most deplorable, and this is so dominated by the American style that everything is accompanied by sauces of every possible variety, as well as impossible relishes, and desserts of such an ambiguous appearance that they are more apt to make you seasick than awaken your appetite. All of this follows the system of the American hotels: everything served at once and without any changing of plates. We who were wise [literally, *knew our chickens*] were fortunately provided with many cartons of cheese, tuna, sardines, butter, milk, and other tinned things. We only bought meat from the kitchen, and succeeded in getting one of the cooks to fix us a beefsteak or roast beef with it well understood that it would be innocent of any sauce. . . . [The author then discusses the building of the Union Pacific Railroad, and the difficulties encountered.]

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Wishing to visit the mines of Colorado, we got off at Cheyenne City, and a moment later left for Denver and Leadville, the newest American city, which is only three years old but everyone is talking about it. But wishing to visit it in the real epoch of *excitement*—and I will tell you in a minute about the coming of the prospectors—we decided to spend a couple of weeks *outcamping* in southern Colorado and in the *Indian Territory* of New Mexico. There would also be an opportunity to see at close hand here the nomadic life of the redskins, this outcast race, master of an entire world for so many centuries and now a civilization condemned to extinction. Now I don't want to enter into a long digression to prove that I am right about my view of the Indian question in America. There are those who wish that the government would maintain the stipulated treaties with the chiefs of the tribes in question, avoid frequent murderous wars which involve American soldiers, and likewise renounce all development in the territory the Indians occupy. Then there are those who call for the absolute

destruction of these people whom they consider useless, and the addition of their land to the public domain. They try to maintain their stand with the theory that no one can resist American civilization today, and conclude by saying that the best Indian is the dead Indian, paraphrasing that celebrated saying of Charles IX of France when he saw the corpse of the Prince of Condé, "*les ennemis morts sentent toujours bon.*"

Concerning the Indian question, the government in Washington has taken the position of letting it take care of itself. Only when these outcasts, tired of the tyranny of the commissaries and the white invasion of their territories, reserved and guaranteed by the government and sworn to by the Great White Father (as the Indians call the President of the United States in time of peace), come down armed to declare war, the government sends battalions of soldiers in expeditions against these tribes.

The time has passed since the Indian only knew how to use the bow and arrow. Now most of the tribes have learned to use the carbine, and I would say also that for their dexterity in hitting the mark they would merit a first prize if they took part in an international sharpshooting match.

They generally shoot at the buffalo from horseback, and chase it until they have succeeded in killing it. And they do the same thing with the American soldiers. Because of this practice a large group of Indian cavalry is always feared, because in the twinkling of an eye they can move long distances. When the soldiers think that they have run away, the Indians succeed in outflanking and surrounding them, causing the American regiments to suffer heavy losses. This is what happened a couple of years ago to the column of the valorous General Custer in the Black Hills, from which few returned to tell about that terrible defeat.

The American Indian is by his very nature faithful to the sworn terms of a peace treaty, just as he is ferocious and cruel once he has taken up arms in war. The prisoners that fall into his hands can only with difficulty save themselves from a general massacre. The Indian women are put in sole charge of scalping, an honor bestowed on every head that is endowed with a fine, thick mane of hair. This new type of wig is then attached to a long pole, and serves as a trophy in the war dance which they perform among the corpses of their murdered enemies.

In the neighborhood of the Rio Grande, the Indians of the [Jicarilla] Apache tribe have the appearance of being good-tempered, or at least so they seemed under the circumstances of our visit to their encampment.

For this visit we took the precaution of turning for information to the officers of the American garrison in a nearby fort,

and they offered to accompany us and provide us with an interpreter.

Arriving on horseback in the vicinity of the encampment, we were received with ample proof of friendship by the chief of the tribe, who had come to meet us and offer us the peace pipe, the calumet, which we smoked sitting down in a circle. These Indians are tall men, of graceful build, and of a color which varies from a copper-red to a chestnut-brown. They have black eyes and hair, and the hair on their heads is long and thick while their chins and cheeks are hairless. One thing that distinguishes them is their high cheekbones, much more pronounced than among the Mongoloid race, but which nevertheless appear as if they might have some distant connection.

The Indians that came to meet us were armed with no more than a *bowie-knife*, which is a little knife always carried on the belt, and which serves for such operations on the head as I have already described. All had feathers on their heads, were adorned with skins, teeth, and horns of buffalo, and were more or less dressed with red, white, or gray blankets furnished by the government in Washington.

We on our part had made them a present of some bottles of *whiskey*, a potent liquor for which they are very avid and which in their language they call the devil's water. For about a couple of hours we talked through an interpreter, and in this conversation containing some English words which some of them could understand, we talked about hunting and fishing, their only occupations in time of peace. We asked them why they didn't want the things offered by the white people, such as houses, schools, and agricultural implements, renounce their nomadic existence and adapt themselves to living in houses. Thus they might little by little assume the ways of civilization, cultivate the ground, and derive a living from it. They replied that the nobility of their race would be dishonored if they occupied themselves in any other way than war or hunting.

After this reception, the chief wanted to conduct us to his tent (*wigwam*), which presented a most miserable appearance, and present us to his *squaw*, or wife, who had a *pappoose* in a cradle which was made in the form of a basket. The Indian mothers carry these on their backs like a military pack when they travel from one place to another.

Before leaving the Indian camp one of the two of us, who I won't name so that he will not have to blush, left the group in order to flirt with a pretty Indian maid whom he seemed to have found near some woods, but after his adventure is still trying to play Indian. From this experiment all came to the conclusion that under the circumstances he had certainly learned a few things.

* * * *

The Territory of New Mexico and the new State of Colorado are certainly two of the most interesting localities on the American continent. The first is important because of its Aztec [*sic*] ruins, which we were sorry to have to miss because of the great distance involved. The second, which we have not covered in its entirety, offers points of interest as beautiful and original as the Alps themselves, although the grandeur of their lines cannot be surpassed.

The tiny prospectors' holes, the *canyons* which are rocks [*sic*] having the strangest forms, the cascades, the little lakes, are all tied together with the most difficult railroad construction to be found in the Rocky Mountains in characteristics entirely suited to attracting tourists. Already in the summer months the beauties of the East begin to invade the numerous hotels constructed among the mines to take the air and the cure from the mineral water which this country has in such great abundance.

But to return to that pandemonium they call Leadville, a city of around twelve or fifteen thousand inhabitants, less than three years old. In the summer months its male population is doubled by the coming of the *prospectors*. As far as the fair sex is concerned, the best estimate is that there is one woman for every thirty men! Naturally, most of these daughters of Eve are anything but flowers of virtue. Now, with the progress made in the last two years, the optimists pretend that public morals are much better, and to prove their case point to the success of those brave women who have the courage to go into the *bar-rooms* to preach temperance. In America, as in England, a so-called society exists which has as its aim moral betterment through abandoning alcoholic beverages, and getting people to drink water instead.

But unfortunately, it seems to me that this vaunted success is highly problematical, if I may judge from what I have seen. One evening we went into a *bar-room* in Leadville, where some of these priestesses of the good cause were singing some biblical verses with imperturbable seriousness. Their long propaganda to bring these inveterate sinners to the faith only provoked public hilarity and doubled the amount of drinking, to the great satisfaction of the proprietor (and even more to the proprietress) of this gaming-house.

The improvements are evident in material ways, because when this city was started it had the air of encampment, and the wooden buildings had the appearance of charlatans' huts at a fair in Romagna; but for all that it is provided with *tramways*, gas, telegraph, telephone, three or four newspapers, banks, a fire department, and many such things unknown even now in many important Italian cities. Certainly, the streets are

mere tracks, and truly useless in wet weather, but no one thinks of improving them because in Leadville men and women all ride horseback.

In truth, the epoch of *excitement* gave Leadville a most singular physiognomy. You see crowds of men with wide-brimmed Mexican hats, heavy knee boots, picks on their shoulders, and revolvers at their hips, riding through the city. These are generally *prospectors* who have come to find their fortune in Colorado. Some of the fortunate ones succeed in finding a piece of ground rich in minerals. With the ease allowed by the American mining laws, they put up a sign, baptize the place with a fantastic name, and after having formed a promotional company composed of generals, lawyers, judges, engineers, etc., look for the capital to work it.

At the same time many are deluded in their search. After having spent their little savings out of which they tried to coax a fortune, and at times even losing the money needed to return to their homes, they remain here in a country where everyone passing looks at them with a squint, or at least with indifference. For all the love of life, rudeness of manners, and for the kind of public meeting places available, you must imagine an atmosphere where it is very difficult to live in peace.

Here are the quarrels and the gunfights. And at Leadville, which is next to the ore-grinding mill, I wish to say he who shoots fastest and most accurately is in the right, and the judge almost always finds the case one of *self defence*, perhaps because some day he might find himself in the same condition. The crisis has passed the acute stage for the present at least, we were assured; true, in the last three days here they were heard to speak of three homicides, four injuries, and similar things.

Granted, these conditions boast that public security has improved, but they will give you an idea of what Leadville was like two or three years ago, when it first appeared on the map. Then they created, as in Denver twenty years ago, a vigilance committee to maintain quiet and public security, and the members of this committee, these assassins for the good cause, blindly obeyed the orders of a chief who had the power of life and death over anyone suspected of misdeed. Justice was accomplished at night, and it was not very rare to see some villain dangling from a telegraph pole at a street corner the next morning. He might have killed a man, or, more likely, stolen a horse, because in this country horses are more precious than a man's life. The summary justice of this vigilance committee has been succeeded by the more regular proceedings of tribunals, but as this is often slow and unsatisfactory to the offended party, it is not rare to see a band of armed and masked horsemen come to assault a prison or a house en masse,

in order to take the culprit or suspect. After having put him in the saddle and taken him away, they hang him to the first tree they find. This operation is named after the American *Lynch*, from which they have made a verb, and *lynching* is practiced in many states, which we understand are the least civil in the Union, and where the Negro element is predominant.

The true wealth of Colorado is in the numerous mines hidden in all the mountains. We had to be content with visiting two gold and lead mines at Carbonate Hill, called the *Morning Star* and the *Evening Star*, belonging to the same company. They can really be called one mine, because there is underground communication between them by means of a long gallery, so that you go down one shaft at the top of a hill and come out the other. All the mines in Colorado are up and down the same way, varying only in degree of gallery depth, the number of miners, and with some also the system of working the mine. Provided with a lantern you descend in a kind of little wagon moved by waterpower or steam, also used to bring up the excavated ore. In the galleries the miners are divided into several squads to work in different parts of the mine. As the ore is excavated by hand, it is loaded into little wheeled carts pushed by hand.

The miners spend all their time in the mine or not far from it. Near the entrance there is generally constructed a big wooden barracks where the company maintains a *pensione* for board and lodging, the *miners boarding-house*. In this barracks there is always a *bar-room* and such other kinds of amusement to entertain the miners during their leisure hours, so they will not go to the city to find distractions. The miners in Colorado are generally Anglo-Saxon in origin. They tell me that there are a few Frenchmen and Italians, but they are far more numerous in the mines of California.

Many have asked what will happen to Leadville, if it will sooner or later become another American ghost town, or if it will live, progress, put itself in order, be quiet, regulate itself, etc. In my opinion this is a very difficult question to resolve. Colorado, and especially the nearby mountains, is considered so rich in minerals that it is difficult today to predict the end. On the other hand, the excessive altitude of Leadville—over ten thousand feet—is not adapted to the accommodation and development of a large permanent population, and certainly will be abandoned the day the mines are exhausted. In fact, such is the difficulty of breathing that neither dogs nor domesticated fowl are able to live here, and the dogs are certainly in a minority. Pneumonia is the order of the day, as the revolver is the order of the night.

Charles Autobees

By JANET LECOMPTE*

IX

Around the twentieth of September, 1864, Charles Autobees had a talk with some Cheyennes and Arapahoes at Albert G. Boone's ranch, during which the Indians admitted driving off nineteen head of Charley's horses on August 12.¹ Later that month, in a council with Governor Evans at Denver, the Arapahoes said it was "Raven's son" who had committed the theft.² For this and other depredations, Col. Chivington and citizen-soldiers of the Third Regiment of Colorado Volunteers marched against a Cheyenne and Arapahoe village on Sand Creek on November 29, 1864, killing a great many Indians. Charles Autobees acted as one of the guides,³ but of his actions during the battle we learn only that he caught a glimpse of one of his stolen ponies,⁴ and that he rescued a squaw.⁵ Before the attack, Mariano Autobees, a lieutenant in Company H,⁶ Third Regiment, drove a herd of Indian ponies to Fort Lyon, and then, without authority, he rode off with sixty-six of them to his father's ranch, where they remained until a detachment

*Janet Lecompte, of Colorado Springs, has been for a long time transcribing the Cragin notes and other materials relating to early Colorado. She was co-author with her mother, the late Dorothy Price Shaw, of an article entitled "Huerfano Butte," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXVII, No. 2 (April, 1950). She was author of "The Hardscrabble Settlement, 1844-1848," *idem.*, Vol. XXXI, No. 2 (April, 1954). Her interesting article on Charles Autobees has been running serially in *The Colorado Magazine* since July, 1957.

Mrs. Lecompte's original manuscript prepared for Chapter IX contained a detailed, well-documented account of the events leading up to, during and following the Sand Creek affair. Since some extremely important new data has been reported to the Society recently, covering the Sand Creek affair, we have asked Mrs. Lecompte's permission to omit her material except for a paragraph pertaining to Charles Autobees. It is our hope that at a later date perhaps we can present a full account of the Sand Creek affair from as many angles as possible.—*Editor.*

¹ Deposition of Albert G. Boone, Pueblo, Oct. 1, 1866, *H. Exec. Doc. 89*, 42nd Cong., 3d Sess. (Ser. 1565), 5.

² Simeon Whitley's notes at the Camp Weld council, Sept. 28, 1864, *S. Report 156*, 39th Cong., 2d Sess. (Ser. 1279), append. p. 89; *S. Exec. Doc. 26*, 39th Cong., 2d Sess. (Ser. 1277), 216.

³ *Denver Tribune*, Feb. 9, 1879, p. 4, c. 1.

⁴ Affidavit of Charles Autobees, Sept. 25, 1866, *H. Exec. Doc. 89*, 42nd Cong., 3d Sess. (Ser. 1565), 3.

⁵ Testimony of Jim Beckwith (*S. Exec. Doc. 26*, 71). A feature article by Daisy Roberts Malone in the *Pueblo Star Journal and Sunday Chieftain*, April 29, 1951, states that "John Autobees," a son of Charles, rescued an Indian baby boy during the battle, brought him home and raised him as Mike Autobees. But Tom Autobees and Jesus Pando agree that Mike was Sycamore's nephew and was raised by her. (Jesus Pando, Avondale, Colo., Nov. 7, 1907, to F. W. Cragin, EFVN II-16; Tom Autobees, Avondale, Colo., Nov. 9, 1907, EFVN X-4, Cragin Collection.)

⁶ Frank Hall, *History of Colorado*, Vol. I, 553. Hall says this was Henry B. Williams' company, but O. H. P. Baxter says Mariano was in his (Baxter's) Co. G. (Baxter to F. W. Cragin, Pueblo, July 19, 1903, EFVN XVII-1, Cragin Collection.)

of soldiers seized them and returned them to Fort Lyon.⁷

Sand Creek was the hottest issue of the election of 1865, even though a year had passed since the massacre. One of the candidates for congressman on the Democratic ticket was William Craig, a West Point graduate, class of 1853, who had bought a huge ranch from Ceran St. Vrain 18 miles up the Huerfano, and had begun to live there in 1864.⁸ On the Sand Creek issue Craig perched firmly on the fence with the statement that he did not believe the authorities should punish his fellow officers for their part in the massacre.⁹ Craig's endorsement, if so it could be called, was not strong enough for the violently pro-Sand Creek and anti-Democrat *Rocky Mountain News*. On the day of the election, November 14, 1865, the *News* came out in large headlines on the front page, "WM CRAIG Traduces the Soldiers! Will you Vote for him?" Craig had written a letter to the commander of the military district, dated June 6, 1865, complaining that soldiers at Camp Fillmore were stealing animals and forage from his ranch. The *News* printed this letter and followed it with a testimonial to the good behaviour of the soldiers at the time Camp Fillmore was being abandoned, dated Booneville, October 12, 1865. Among those who signed (or for whom someone else signed) were "Charles Autubees," "Marino Autubees," "John Autubees," and "Manuel Autubees."¹⁰

Craig was defeated, not because of this far-fetched expose in the *Rocky Mountain News*, but because he was a "Copperhead," as the unpopular Democrats from the north were called.

William Craig had ingratiated himself with Ceran St. Vrain at Taos when, as a lieutenant stationed at Camp Burgwin, he organized and drilled St. Vrain's regiment for the 1855 expedition against the Utes and Apaches. In 1862, while Craig was Fort Union quartermaster, St. Vrain made him agent for the sale of land on the Vigil and St. Vrain grant.¹¹ In St. Vrain's name, Craig made out a deed to Charles Autobees:

Know all men by these presents that I William Craig by the power and authority in me vested by virtue of a certain Power of Attorney to me made and executed on the 31st day of December A. D. 1862 by Ceran St. Vrain of the County of Taos and Territory of New Mexico principal owner and Proprietor of a certain Tract of Land situated in the Territory of Colorado and known as the Las Animas Grant—Made by the Mexican Government to Ceran St. Vrain and Cornelio Vigil

⁷ Testimony of Lieut. Cramer, *S. Exec. Doc. 26*, 66; testimony of Lieut. Cossitt, *S. Exec. Doc. 26*, 154; testimony of Lieut. Hewitt, *S. Exec. Doc. 26*, 200f. Mrs. Eloisa Sanchez, a great-granddaughter of Charles Autobees, gave the Colorado State Historical Society eleven discharge papers of "hundred-dayers" that had been handed down in the family. One of them belonged to Duncan McKeith.

⁸ *William Craig, Claimant, vs. Las Animas Grant. Argument of William Craig* (Denver, 1873), pp. 12-18. Library, Colo. State Historical Society, Denver.

⁹ *Denver Daily Gazette*, Nov. 8, 1865, p. 2, c. 4.

¹⁰ *Rocky Mountain News* (Daily), Nov. 14, 1865, p. 1, c. 3-4.

¹¹ *William Craig, Claimant*, loc. cit.

bearing date the ninth day of December, A. D. 1843, and duly confirmed to the same and their assigns and Legal Representatives by the Surveyor General of New Mexico on the 21st day of November A. D. 1857, for and in consideration of five dollars to me paid by Charles Autubis in becoming one of the earliest settlers upon said Grant and remaining despite of all the dangers of an Indian War and the hardships of a Pioneer life thus by his presence and influence aiding greatly in the rapid settlement up of said Grant do by these presents give, grant, bargain, sell, convey, and forever Quit Claim to the said Charles Autubis a certain tract of land situate in the county of Huerfano and Territory of Colorado aforesaid and lying on the Huerfano River about a mile and a quarter from its junction with the Arkansas River, and comprising one and one half (1½) miles of the irrigable lands of the Valley of said River and being known as sections no. twelve (12) and No. Thirteen (13) Lower Huerfano under the survey of Thomas Means, the Field Notes of which and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining to have and to hold the said described premises to him the said Charles Autubis his heirs and assigns forever so that neither the said Ceran St. Vrain his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns or either of them can, shall or will claim under or through him or them any right title or interest in or to the said tract of land or any part thereof forever.

In testimony whereof I have here unto set my hand and seal this fifth day of December A. D. 1865.

Executed in presence of

W. Craig (Seal)

(no witnesses)

The deed was acknowledged the same day by Craig before W. J. Thompson, Huerfano County Justice of the Peace, and recorded in Huerfano County January 10, 1866.¹²

This deed appears to be a tribute to an old pioneer, and a generous reward for his services. Note, however, that Charley's land was to begin not at the mouth of the Huerfano but a mile and a quarter up the river, thus cutting out about 500 acres of irrigated land that Charley had cultivated off and on since 1853.¹³ Presumably someone read the deed to Charley and he approved it; probably Charley had a verbal agreement with St. Vrain that he was to have no more than one and a half miles of the Huerfano valley from bluff to bluff.¹⁴ Perhaps

¹² Huerfano County (Colo.) Records, Book I, 272-274.

¹³ This land was probably the farm of the 1853 Huerfano village, irrigated by the ditch taken out three miles above the mouth of the river and extending to its junction with the Arkansas. Says Tom Autobees, "The Dick Wootton & Jo Doyle 1851 [1853] ditch was the first one on the Huerfano r. It supplied the farm of their settlement with water. It was taken out about a mile above where Charles Autobees placita was afterwards built." (Avondale, Colo., Nov. 8, 1907, to F. W. Cragin, EFWN II-56, Cragin Collection.) Charley did not cultivate this field every year, for in 1860 William Byers said Autobees had only 120 acres under cultivation. (*Rocky Mountain News*, June 13, 1860, p. 2, c. 2.) A man who lived at Charley's ranch in 1864-5 said Charley had about 200 acres under cultivation. (Affidavit of Charles Davidson, Pueblo, Colo., Oct. 21, 1872. Colorado Private Land Claim #17, Records, General Land Office, National Archives, Washington, D. C.) In 1868, however, Capt. Curtis at Fort Reynolds said the land in question had been cultivated by Autobees "for several years past" (see below), and the survey made by Lieut. Jackson in May, 1868, showed Charley's irrigating ditch extending all the way to the mouth of the Huerfano, and the land it watered was then under cultivation. ("U. S. Military Reservation at Fort Reynolds, C. T., Surveyed and Laid Off May, 1868, by 1st Lieut. Henry Jackson, 7th U. S. Cavalry," Fort Reynolds Abandoned Military Reservation File, Records, General Land Office, National Archives.)

William Craig assured Charley that the land would remain vacant (it was prone to floods), and that Charley could grow crops or cut hay on it any time he wished, as he had in the past. But in view of the fact that William Craig turned out to be an unscrupulous cheat, there is also the possibility that Charley was swindled out of part of his land.¹⁵

Charley believed that the land at the mouth of the Huerfano belonged to him, and he continued to cultivate it until stopped in 1868 by soldiers at Fort Reynolds, who claimed the land was part of the Fort Reynolds Military Reservation. This new army post was established to protect Arkansas valley settlers from Indian attacks, which had become steadily more frequent since railroad crews had begun to creep west from Omaha in 1865, laying track through the Great Plains buffalo range, the Indian commissary. In the spring of 1867 R. B. Marcy, now Inspector General of the Army, located the site of officers' quarters, barracks for 80 men, a hospital, guard house, store houses, and the like, on the south side of the Arkansas high up on the river bluff, two and a half miles southeast of Charley's plaza and the same distance southwest of the Huerfano mouth. Charley helped General Marcy choose the spot: Wrote the General, "I have also placed three stakes upon the crest of the bluff about 1100 feet from the river bank. Should these stakes be removed or changed Captain William Craig and Charles Audeby living on the Huerfano will be able to designate the true position, as they were with me when the location was made."¹⁶

Marcy does not say whether he discussed the extent of the military reservation with Craig and Autobees at that time, but on June 12, 1867, William Craig as agent of Ceran St. Vrain, signed a fifteen-year lease (at the customary \$1 a year rent) to the United States of nearly 23 square miles of the northern part of the Vigil and St. Vrain grant, forming the Fort Reynolds Military Reservation. The lease, in plainest language, included the 500 acres at the mouth of the Huerfano that Charley considered his own land.¹⁷ On June 8, 1867, four days before the lease was signed, Charles Autobees appointed Wilbur F. Stone, the young Pueblo lawyer, to act for him in

¹⁵ Charles Davidson swore that he heard Joseph B. Doyle say to Charley, "St. Vrain and Vigil have given you a mile and a half of land here up and down the Huerfano from bluff to bluff. . . ." Affidavit of Charles Davidson, *loc. cit.*

¹⁶ William Craig's activities will be explained later.

¹⁷ Marcy to Gen. G. W. Getty, Commander, Dist. of N. M., Santa Fe, June 21, 1867, Fort Reynolds Abandoned Military Reservation File, Records, GLO, National Archives.

¹⁸ ". . . beginning at a point on the South bank of the Arkansas River, one Spanish league below the mouth of the St. Charles River, which said point is the North West corner of the above mentioned Las Animas Grant, and continuing in a southerly direction along the west line of said Grant, Five (5) miles; thence in a straight line to the North West corner of lands owned by Charles Autebes, lying on the Huerfano River about three miles from its mouth; thence along North line of said lands owned by Charles Autebes to the Huerfano River, thence along West bank of said Huerfano River to its mouth, thence along South bank of Arkansas river to the point of beginning." Fort Reynolds Abandoned Military Reservation File, Records, GLO, National Archives.

matters relating to his land.¹⁸ Stone wrote to Colorado Congressman G. M. C. Chilcott complaining that the Fort Reynolds reservation encroached upon the ranch of "Old Charley Autubis." Chilcott referred the letter on January 29, 1868, to General W. T. Sherman, who referred it to General U. S. Grant, who referred it to General R. B. Marcy, who replied on February 6, 1868, "that in leasing the land for the Mil. Reservation of Fort Reynolds, C. T. from Capt. Wm. Craig, it was understood that the tract occupied by Charles Autubis was not included in said lease, and I supposed that he was the owner of the land."¹⁹ Whether Marcy meant the 500 acres at the mouth of the Huerfano or Charley's deeded land up the river is not at all clear, and Stone's correspondence with the Army came to nothing.

On July 3, 1867, Company F, 5th Infantry under Capt. Simon Snyder, arrived at the site of the post and camped for the summer on the bluff until the first adobe buildings were finished in the fall, when, augmented by Company L, 7th Cavalry, the soldiers moved in.²⁰ Charles Autobees was ready for them. He had turned one of the rooms in his plaza into a saloon and dance-hall,²¹ and rented another building on his ranch (or on the land at the mouth of the Huerfano that he still claimed) to someone who was running a "whiskey shop." On February 11, 1868, the new commander of Fort Reynolds, Capt. Charles A. Curtis, issued Special Order No. 20, requiring any civilians not employed by the government—squatters, in other words—to get off the reservation.

"Their cabins," he wrote, "were in some instances used as drinking and gambling places where soldiers were enticed to spend their time and money."²² On February 20, Curtis pursued the matter further, asking that the reservation boundaries be surveyed so that Special Order No. 20 could be properly enforced.

At present several parties whose lands border upon the reservation lay claims to a much greater portion of land than their deeds entitle them to, as in the case of Charles Autubis who claims over twenty acres known to be within the limits of the reservation on the ground of having occupied them since 1853, and has a whiskey shop only three-quarters of a mile from the post rented to parties to the great disturbance of discipline and good order. . . .²³

¹⁸ Pueblo Co. (Colo.) Records, Book II, 739-741, as the Records Index says, but upon looking into this book, on these pages, the power of attorney is not recorded there. Nevertheless, Stone did act as Charley's attorney in this matter.

¹⁹ "Endorsements," Book 5, Fort Reynolds, C. T., U. S. Army Commands, War Department Records, National Archives. The records do not indicate when Stone sent his complaint to Chilcott.

²⁰ "Letters Sent, 1867-1872," Fort Reynolds, C. T., U. S. Army Commands, War Department Records, National Archives.

²¹ O. H. P. Baxter, Pueblo, Colo., July 17, 1907, to F. W. Cragin, EFVN XVII-2, Cragin Collection.

²² "General and Special Orders," Fort Reynolds, C. T., U. S. Army Commands, War Department Records, National Archives.

A copy of Special Order No. 20 was sent to each squatter on the reservation, and one to Charles Autobees. Immediately Wilbur Stone protested to Captain Curtis. On February 27, 1868, Curtis wrote to headquarters that he had never seen or talked with Autobees, but learned by hearsay that Autobees claimed a large part of the military reservation to which he had no legal title—and to prove Charley had no title, Curtis enclosed a copy of Charley's deed, furnished by William Craig.²⁴

Captain Curtis bore Charley no malice, however. On April 16, 1868, he issued Special Order No. 49, modifying Special Order No. 20 "so as to permit Mr. Charles Autubis and Mr. George Markham (Citizens) to cultivate that portion of the irrigable lands of the military reservation lying between the lands of said Charles Autubis and the mouth of the Huerfano, and which have been cultivated by said parties for several years past," providing they did not cut any trees, erect any additional buildings, or break up any new land.²⁵ There the matter rested until Fort Reynolds was abandoned and the whole business of the Vigil and St. Vrain grant came to its nasty head in 1874.

The "whiskey shop" probably went out of business, but there was no way Captain Curtis could force Charley to close the saloon and dance-hall at his own plaza. While the elite of the district—gentlemen farmers and army officers and their ladies—danced quadrilles in the dining hall of the post and ate dainty suppers afterwards,²⁶ Mexicans and private soldiers whooped it up at Charley's. Here is a social item about a party at Autobees' town:

At a fandango, on the Huerfano, Saturday, October 10th [1868] given by French Joe, a son-in-law of Charley Autobees, a party of soldiers and citizen-employees from Fort Reynolds attended. About midnight a Mexican fired upon one of the soldiers, who was very drunk, and who instantly returned the fire. The soldier's name is George H. Greenland. Mr. John H. Price, a carpenter at the Fort, in attempting to take the pistol from Greenland, received a shot in the right breast from which he died Monday morning. Mr. Price was much esteemed by all who knew him.

We learn from other sources that the soldier, Greenland, was badly injured in the fray, and that his recovery is doubtful.²⁷

(To Be Continued)

²⁴ "Letters Sent, 1867-1872," Fort Reynolds, C. T.

²⁵ *Ibid.*

²⁶ "General and Special Orders," Fort Reynolds, C. T.

²⁷ A. M. Swartz, "Early Days in the Arkansas Valley," MS, Library, Colorado State Historical Society, Denver.

²⁸ *Colorado Chieftain* (Pueblo), Oct. 15, 1868, p. 3, c. 2.