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Early Years of the Telephone in Colorado

By Howard T. Vaile*

The telephone came into the world a sickly, puny babe, the strangest creature ever born; it had but a mouth and an ear, with an artery connecting them. The queer child came unheralded and no one but the father cared whether it lived or died. The world said, "It is a freak, let it die," but the fond parent looked far into the future and saw in the little creature the promise of a beneficent giant which should some day perform a great service to mankind.

The infant sent its first cry across the dusty attic where it was born. That was March 10, 1876. Next its voice was heard over the two miles of road from Boston to Cambridge. But could it ever resound in the canyon-like streets and in the lofty buildings of a great city; or muster the strength to compass the vast prairies of the West and make itself heard at the Golden Gate? Would it be wary and forceful enough to elude the mighty and subtle electrical forces, its cousins, which were lying in wait to destroy the life of the young child? There were the lightning, the electrical currents generated by man and the mysterious currents of nature playing around it; there were the mighty vested telegraph interests, who, as the child grew, saw in it a foe. Its father, Alexander Graham Bell, with firm faith in his offspring, said it could, but the world laughed in derision.

Capitalists and promoters were slow to see merit in the telephone, but here and there in the country there sprang up men of vision and strong faith who were willing to risk their all in the new enterprise. Such a man was Frederick O. Vaile, who wished to engage in some business enterprise of his own in a favorable locality. Charmed with the scenery of the Colorado mountains and plains and impressed with the great natural resources of the state, he chose Denver as his home and, seeing great possibilities

* Mr. Vaile has been associated with the telephone development of Colorado almost from its inception. He is a brother of Frederick O. Vaile, who established the first telephone system in Colorado. This article comprises excerpts from a longer paper read before the State Historical Society, in March, 1928.—Ed.

in the newly-invented telephone, he secured the rights to operate in Colorado, taking Henry R. Wolcott of Denver into partnership.

Let us picture Colorado and Denver at that time. A year later, in 1880, the Government census gave Colorado 195,000 population, Denver 35,000, Colorado Springs about 4,000 and Pueblo 3,000. Silver lodes had recently been discovered at Leadville, and miners, prospectors, capitalists and adventurers were flocking into the state from every direction. To the prosperity produced by mining was added the wealth from farms and from the great cattle herds roaming the prairies.

Denver was an interesting city in 1878. People of every nation and of every station in life jostled each other on its plank sidewalks, crowded its dinky little horse-cars, treading upon each other's corns in the straw which covered the floor, fought for the attention of the barkeepers and were rivals for the smiles of the dance-hall girls. The town was "wide open," as we say, no screens in front of its bars, gambling was not confined to out-of-the-way places, but poker and games of chance were played openly in every saloon; the roulette wheel was spinning everywhere and from the open doors came the caller's cry of "Keno." There were Yankee and English capitalists, professional men, miners, prospectors, mechanics, gamblers, cowboys, railroad laborers, Mexicans and Chinese. The Chinese manned the saloons, ran the restaurants, washed the clothes and solved the servant-girl problem; everywhere was youth and young manhood, and gray-haired men and women were seldom seen.

The broad-brimmed cowboys' and miners' hats were worn universally because a derby branded a man as a tenderfoot, and no one was suffered to wear a silk hat unless he were a preacher, lawyer, doctor or gambler. Larimer Street was the fashionable shopping district and that is where Daniels and Fisher, and Joslin, had their stores—and they had fine goods; on that street was Charpiot's, the "swell" hotel of the period. A few small business concerns had opened up on Lawrence Street; there was not a building in Denver of over three stories; the fashionable residence district was lower Fourteenth Street around Stout, although some had ventured as far out in the country as Broadway, but that was a long way off at that time; the markets were full of wild game, such as venison, buffalo and bear meat, quail and prairie chickens. Henry C. Brown, who afterwards built the Brown Palace Hotel, had a carpenter shop about where his hotel is now, and he kept a cow. One day he needed feed for it, so he ordered some of a down-town feed store, but was told that they would not make delivery that far out in the country.

All of the sidewalks were of plank, a curiosity to Eastern visitors; water ran in ditches down every street; no street was paved and the dust was too much for the sprinkling carts, while at times mud engulfed the heavy wagons and other vehicles; planks were often laid at street crossings to enable pedestrians to cross the sea of mud.

They were a generous, public-spirited people and all classes contributed freely to the subscription papers which were being passed around continually. The gamblers were perhaps the most generous givers, whether it were to build a racetrack or a new church.

But to return to our story: Telephones were not an absolute novelty in the state, because the Colorado Coal and Iron Company, predecessor of The Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, had a private line from their up-town office to their yard. The Prairie Cattle Company and the J. J. Cattle Company, with vast ranges in southeastern Colorado and hundreds of thousands of cattle, put in extensive private line systems, but whether at this time or a little later, I do not know.

The introduction of the electric telephone caused the activity of the amateur telephone contrivance with strings and cans.

F. O. Vaille announced to Denver people that he would put in a telephone exchange system if he could secure 125 subscribers, and, in December, 1878, he began a canvass of Denver, with the efficient help of Halsey M. Rhodes and other public-spirited citizens, and a telephone was exhibited in a show window. The subscriptions came in slowly, for everybody had to have explained to them what connection with a telephone exchange would do for them. The value of telephone exchange service is in proportion to the number of people that you can reach, and some naturally held back to find out whether or not it was going to pay them to put it in, and some would wait to see if their competitors were going to take it.

In February, 1879, two months later, more than the requisite number of subscribers had been secured, namely, about 161; the switchboard was set up over Conrad Frick's shoe store, at what is now 1514 Larimer Street, and connections were being made as rapidly as possible. Subscribers were allowed service as soon as they were connected to the switchboard, but from a newspaper of the time it appears that Monday, February 24, 1879, was considered the opening day; however, there was no ceremony attached to the event. Some of the newspaper comments are decidedly inter-

esting—one reporter describing it as “the new system of galvanic muttering machines” and “the electrical Punch and Judy.”

At first only boy operators were employed, but they were soon superseded by girls, as it was thought the latter would be more patient.

The question may be asked how many exchanges there were in the world on that date, but this is a hard question to answer—there were, no doubt, as many as ten or twenty.

Within a short time after the opening of the Denver exchange the following were also established: Golden, Central City, Black Hawk, Georgetown, Boulder, Gunnison, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, but it was some time before others were opened.

In 1879, a few months after the Denver exchange was opened, H. A. W. Tabor, at the height of the Leadville boom, put in an exchange there under Western Union Telegraph Company auspices. This exchange continued until 1889, when it was absorbed into the Colorado system.

In November, E. B. Field (afterwards president of the company), who had come to Colorado for his health, applied to Mr. Vaille for a position and was hired as an operator at \$40.00 per month. In 1884 he succeeded Mr. Vaille as General Manager, upon the latter's retirement.

On January 10, 1881, Mr. Vaille and his partner, Henry R. Wolcott, incorporated the Colorado Telephone Company, and that company continued until July, 1911, when it became the present Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, and its territory was enlarged to take in the Rocky Mountain region.

Those who engaged in the telephone exchange enterprise were in an absolutely uncharted sea and were as truly pioneers as were General Fremont and Kit Carson. They did not have the accumulated experience of centuries to guide them and no fund of common knowledge or experience from which to draw, for not a single book had ever been written upon the subject.

At first they looked to the telegraph as a sister enterprise, but soon they found it a forty-second cousin and that they could adopt scarcely anything and learn little from it. They had an instrument which in a feeble way could transmit speech, but how was the signaling to be done, what sort of a switchboard was needed, what kind of batteries? These were but some of the primary problems and there were many others quite as important.

No sooner had the exchange started than the Western Union Telegraph Company did in Denver, as elsewhere, put in a rival

system. After active competition the telegraph company sold all of its telephone interests in the United States to the various local Bell companies.

When the merger of the two exchanges was made Mr. Vaille moved his exchange from its original location—what is now 1514 Larimer Street—to the former quarters of the telegraph company's exchange in the Broadwell Block where it remained for a few months until the completion of Denver's new skyscraper, the six-story Tabor Block, now the Nassau Block, the attic of which he leased.

The subscriber's set at that time consisted of a black walnut backboard to which was attached primitive apparatus, consisting of a single stroke bell which tolled off the number of the subscriber's ring; a receiver somewhat larger than the present one; a switch turned by hand to throw the subscriber's set into the line; a button to ring the bell in the central office at the other end of the line; but no transmitter. The receiver was used as a transmitter and the subscriber would put it to his ear to listen to the other man's message then to his mouth to make his reply, passing it from mouth to ear as the conversation progressed. Soon after a transmitter of the same construction as the receiver was added to the instrument.

Let us recall some of the crudities and weaknesses of those instruments of a cursed memory. There was the receiver made at that time with the parts embedded in paraffin with pieces continually flaking off and getting into the vital part of the instrument, making hearing impossible often in the midst of a very important conversation. The cord was attached to the end of the receiver on little posts and it had the habit of working loose and opening the circuit just at the worst time.

The original transmitter was then replaced by a vastly improved one, called the Blake, which was set in a square-faced, small, black walnut box. When new it worked beautifully but in the circuit was a suspended carbon button with a suspended platinum point resting against it, the button and the platinum point vibrating against each other as a person spoke into the instrument. The platinum point would wear a hole in the carbon button with the result that there would be all kinds of humming and singing noises, and the singing was not like an anthem but more like the supposed wailing of lost spirits or of those who had lost some spirits. Subscribers soon found that when the transmitter got on such a tantrum temporary peace could be obtained by pounding on the instrument and frequently the subscriber at the other end would call out, “Pound on your transmitter”.

The transmitter was actuated by a battery and that battery could cause more profanity than the fellow who steals your right-of-way. It was in open jars and located around the room somewhere, perhaps back of the stove or on a shelf in a corner, but wherever it was the subscriber seemed to have the faculty of getting tangled up in the wires and spilling the battery. Mr. Vaille then conceived the idea of having it in a box with the instrument and having the top of the box on a slant so that it could be used as a shelf to write upon when using the telephone and he wrote of the idea to the manufacturer, who saw the utility of it. They sent him sets made up with the battery box and shelf, and Denver had the honor of having the first telephone wall instruments with shelves ever used in the world. The battery at first had an open jar and the battery salts would creep over the top, down the sides, through the battery box and down the wall to the baseboard and after they dried up they left crystals behind on the wall. I remember visiting the house of Governor Alva Adams at Pueblo and Mrs. Adams feelingly calling my attention to the condition of her fine wall paper, and it was indeed a sight, covered with battery salts from the instrument down to the floor. These batteries caused endless trouble and care and sometimes would seem to enter into a conspiracy with the transmitter to start grand opera in the midst of a conversation.

How would the subscriber signal the central office? At first it was by pressing a button on his telephone, a battery current being used, but this was found weak and inefficient and a magneto, generator and bell were substituted. The generator was practically the same generator as you have today in your automobile and it was cranked by turning a cog-wheel. These wheels were hard to turn and made a noise that could be heard all over the house so that we called them "coffee-mills" and sometimes in cold weather they would "gum up" and the subscriber could not call central office. Then the contacts inside of those bell boxes were very imperfect and all the time making some sort of trouble and sometimes the repairman would hardly get back to the office before there was further complaint. Then the bells had a way of not always working and the doctors were complaining that patients were calling them and the telephone failed to work. At that time only one wire was run to the subscriber's telephone and it had to be grounded as you ground your radio today. In the grounded telephone circuit the ground connection was a vital feature because if it were not good the ringing and talking would be faint and to have it good, connection had to be made with plumbing or where there was no plumbing, with damp ground. Colorado was very dry—I refer to the ground—and it was sometimes dif-

ficult to get a good ground connection, or the ground would be good in rainy weather and the telephone would work, while a few days later it would not work. When the ground connection was poor because of the dry ground the subscriber would call the operator and she could faintly hear the plaintive cry—"Send someone to fix my telephone." Then she would shout back to him, "Pour a bucket of water on the ground rod." The subscriber would cheerfully comply and would joyfully discover that his trouble was temporarily over with.

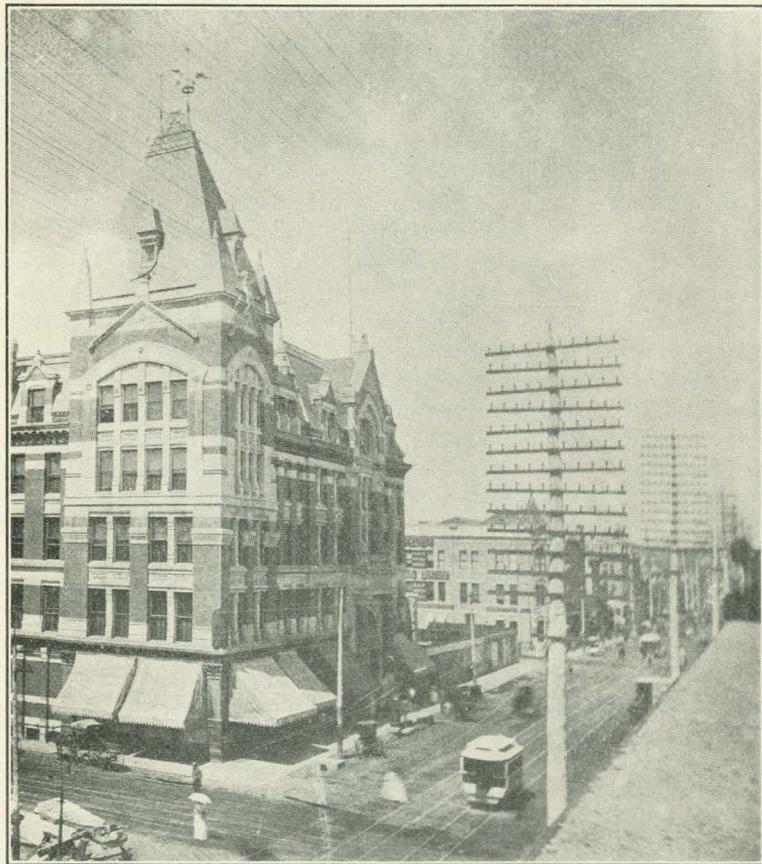
Apropos of ground connections, I will interpolate something about Eugene Field, the poet, then reporter on a Denver newspaper. Field, for some reason or other, was always changing his place of abode and one time was living out on Lawrence Street. The telephone inspector had occasion to trace the ground wire from his instrument to the plumbing in his bathroom and he relates that the wallpaper around the bathtub was all scrawled over with rhymes, jingles, poetry and squibs, showing that Field's mind was a flowing spring and that he would make a note of thoughts as they came to him. Furthermore, it would seem that taking a bath stimulated his mental activity.

Those of you who have radios know what static is. Well, we discovered what it was and what it would do a good many years ago, for there was plenty of it, and besides that we had a booming from the electric light circuits when the current was turned on at night; then we heard from the Tramway current; induction also played tricks with us where two lines paralleled each other for any distance even though there was no actual contact between the wires and it was frequently possible to hear on one line what was being said on another. Frequently, a person who could read the telegraph code by ear could listen in his telephone and know what was going on on parallel telegraph wires. It was not until 1888 that the remedy for induction was found, namely, the use of metallic circuits. The winds would frequently cross up two telephone lines so that the operator in ringing for one of the subscribers would ring also the party on the line with which it was crossed and he would answer. There were many interesting incidents resulting. There is the story of a brewery line being crossed up with a clergyman's and the clergyman answering the ring and recognizing the voice of one of his lady parishioners who asked, "Is this the brewery?" The clergyman in a reproachful voice said, "No, Mrs. So and So, this is your pastor." To which the lady replied, "Why, doctor, what are you doing at the brewery?"

Out in the country were the great open cattle ranges and as soon as poles were set through them the cattle plainly indicated

that the poles were just what they had been looking for to scratch their sides on, there being no trees anywhere around, and often they would scratch too hard and break down the poles.

Chinamen were liberal users of toll lines and we always found that however bad the induction was or whether lines were crossed up or not they always managed to get the message through—



TELEPHONE POLES AND WIRES ALONG SIXTEENTH STREET, DENVER, IN THE EIGHTIES

—Photo by Alec Martin

that is, we assumed that they did because they paid their money cheerfully, never complained but returned to talk again.

When the exchange was installed Mr. Vaile followed the practice of other telephone companies and ran his wires from a cupola

on the roof of his central office on Larimer Street across the roofs all over the business section of Denver, oftentimes putting extensive fixtures on the roofs; sometimes he availed himself of the privilege of using the city's fire alarm poles which were few in number; however, when there were no roofs, as for instance, when called upon to connect a residence way out on the outskirts of the city perhaps as far as where the mint is now, he had to set poles.

Now it is a singular fact that while a man is not opposed to holes in a porous plaster or in cheese he is opposed to holes in his roof, and in those days the owners of buildings made most strenuous complaint in person and by telephone that the telephone linemen had been tramping on their roofs with their sharp steel spurs and had punched holes all over them. In fact, in one or two cases the lineman came in scared to death and reported that so and so had "run him off his roof" with a gun. Mr. Vaile soon found that that was a poor business proposition and proceeded to remove the wires from roofs to poles which he set in the streets and alleys.

Then the era of setting poles in the down-town streets and alleys began and fortunately there was at that time plenty of fine spruce timber in the mountains and it was possible to obtain beautiful symmetrical poles, 60 feet in length, and, by splicing, a length of 90 feet could be obtained. These lordly monarchs of the forest were set up and down Larimer Street and on Sixteenth Street and after a while were covered with cross-arms, each bearing ten wires. As many as 24 cross-arms were put upon some poles, making a veritable forest of wires, 240 in number on the principal streets of the city. Denver telephone men were justly proud of their imposing appearance; however, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall," and in this case the poles and wires often fell a prey to wind and sleet storms which broke off the great timbers as if they had been toothpicks, and after such a storm I have seen Larimer and Sixteenth Streets utterly impassable with the wreckage of poles and wires. Thousands of dollars of fine new construction would be destroyed in a few hours. This condition was subsequently remedied by solving the problem of underground construction.

It may be interesting to state that in the first place subscribers called by name. Then after much effort on the part of the company they were trained to call by numbers and were expected to give their own number as well as the number of the other subscriber. Later they were asked to simply give the number of the subscriber they were calling.

Long distance lines were called toll lines in those days and the first one, 60 miles in length, was built as soon as the exchange was opened to Georgetown by way of Golden, Idaho Springs, Black Hawk and Central City. This line was of the utmost value to the merchants of Denver since Gilpin and Clear Creek Counties were booming and business with them was immense.

In 1881 a line was built to Boulder but no further toll line construction was done until 1884 when what was then considered a line of really vast length was built through Colorado Springs to Pueblo, 120 miles away. It was built of iron wire, copper wire not then having come into extensive use. The transmission was usually poor and the line noisy, particularly because of static induction and that of the electric light plants of Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, and also we had trouble from the storms on "the divide."

As I have said, a telephone exchange was built at Leadville in 1879 by H. A. W. Tabor and this was purchased by the Colorado Telephone Company in 1889 and a toll line built there. This line became most celebrated among telephone men because it was the only one in the world built in high altitude over lofty mountains. It was built over Loveland Pass and through Mosquito Pass, and so fierce were the wind, sleet and electrical storms that ordinary construction which was first used was totally inadequate. The number of poles over Mosquito Pass was doubled and larger wire used, but the storms played with them as with dry leaves. More and more poles were added until they were set only 17 feet apart and heavy cable was used instead of the ordinary wire but even they could not withstand the terrific storms. Finally, the problem was settled by burying the wire in a trench.

In 1893 a toll line was built to Fort Collins and Greeley. After that the rest of the state was quite rapidly covered.

Financing in those days was a very difficult proposition, as the company was able to pay no dividends and needed all of its income for new construction. When capitalists were approached to put money into the company they would usually decline to do so, calling attention to the heavy losses the company was continuously suffering from storms, the continual loss of capital by the necessity of discarding one type of instrument and switchboard for improved types, the fact that no dividends were being declared and because of the litigation over the basic Bell patent which was then going on. Then, too, business was booming in the state, fortunes were being made in mining and cattle raising and in real estate speculations so that the telephone business did not look attractive to them.

With complaints continually pouring in, the life of all in the company was not a particularly happy one. On the street, in the street cars, on the railroad, in the restaurants, at the dinner party, at the club, yes, even in church anyone who worked for the telephone company or who had a sister or brother who worked for the telephone company had to listen to the tale of woe of some unfortunate subscriber. They would come to our homes and even call us up at night. The poor operators suffered more than any of us, for if the cord on the receiver broke or came out (which it frequently did) or any one of a hundred troubles occurred while a man was talking he angrily demanded of the operator, why she was cutting him off. It would hardly have been out of place to have followed the example of the dance hall proprietor who put a sign over his piano, "Don't shoot the girl. She's doing the best she can."

Most of our patrons were very patient and considerate and at Christmas time the operators were deluged with boxes of candy. On the other hand, some of the subscribers seemed to think that we were in a conspiracy against them. There was one lady in particular who made life miserable for the operators and particularly for Mr. Field, then general manager. He had to pass her house on his way home at night and often found her at her front gate waiting to tell him some fresh story of atrocity.

Mr. Field, worn out with the strain of attempting to give good service with such imperfect apparatus and burdened with the complaints of subscribers, built a cottage on Bear Creek below Evergreen which could only be reached over a rough mountain road and by nearly a day's journey. At this point, I suppose you will say, of course, he put in a telephone at once, but you are mistaken—it was a long while before he would consent to have one placed there.

At that time, one man ordered out his telephone and when they went to take it out they found it waiting for them on the front porch. Another subscriber got so exasperated that he smashed the telephone with an axe.

Particularly in the small exchanges, new subscribers were hard to obtain because the rates seemed high for the limited amount of service received and the company demanded rental quarterly in advance. Consequently, the loss of a subscriber was a great tragedy and when it was known in the little office that so-and-so had ordered out his telephone there was gloom everywhere, particularly as we had reason to fear that if that telephone came out others would also. I remember as a manager of a small exchange, how when persuasion had failed to induce a subscriber to

keep his telephone I would wait until dusk and then sneak back to the office with it, through alleys and byways.

On the other hand the gain of a new subscriber created joy and I would proudly march down the principal street of the town with the telephone on my shoulder and people would say, "Getting new telephones, are you?" and I would proudly assert that we were getting them all the time, and then sometimes one of them would say, "I think I will have one put in myself." Nothing succeeds like success.

Some of the most prominent citizens fought hard against having a telephone in their home and when they did put it in they laid down unusual conditions. For instance, General W. J. Palmer, the prominent railroad man and the founder of Colorado Springs, for years refused to have a telephone at Glen Eyrie, his country place near Colorado Springs, and when he did have it placed there, it was on condition that the number was to be suppressed in the telephone directory and that none except his secretary was to be permitted to call him, unless we had written notice from him in advance. One time several capitalists came from the East to visit him on important business and he wrote us, stating that they were to be allowed to call him from the Antler's Hotel between 9:00 and 10:00 A. M. on March 29 and March 30; but it happened that they did not finish their business with him and asked for connection on the morning of March 31, which we were obliged to refuse them.

W. S. Stratton, the Cripple Creek millionaire, had his telephone number suppressed in the directory because he was all the time being bothered with requests for money, etc. After a while people would learn what his telephone number was and he would have it changed, and that was done repeatedly. He once called up our manager in the middle of the night and asked him to change his number the following morning, which was done at 6:00 A. M.

Dry goods stores positively refused to subscribe because they feared that lady customers would order a spool of thread sent them immediately; grocers decided they did not want the telephone because customers would ask them to deliver a cake of yeast. A friend asked the leading physician of Denver if he was going to put one in and he most emphatically replied that he was not, that there was some trick about the thing and it was nothing but a toy.

You may ask why we stayed in such a business under such conditions. Well, the answer is that it was and is a wonderfully fascinating business, that we were all young, hardly one of us over 30 years of age, and youth throws off its troubles lightly. Then

again, the Bell engineers were continually devising improvements in the apparatus and in the ways of conducting the business, so like the weary watcher in the night, our hearts were gladdened by the slow dispelling of the darkness.

Illustrating the activities of the Bell engineers, it is interesting to note that the receiver which you use today has been adopted after 70 or 80 different changes in its construction.

By 1890 Bell engineers had mastered the great underlying principles of the art of telephony and its financial problems, and had created such improvements in the instrument, apparatus and in line construction that the service had become fairly good and reliable and investors had come to consider it a substantial investment. In other words, our sickly and crippled baby had become a healthy, romping youngster with a strong voice and keen ears. It lacked sight, and that it was to receive in 1927 by the invention of television.

The first central office in Denver was at 1514 Larimer Street; the following year it was moved to the Broadwell Hotel Building, Sixteenth and Larimer Streets. Then, after a few months, namely in 1881, it was moved next door to the attic of the Tabor Block, now the Nassau Block, which had been completed at Sixteenth and Larimer Streets. In 1890 it went to Lawrence Street between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets and in 1903 to 1421 Champa Street. Next year we expect to occupy the fifteen-story building under construction at Fourteenth and Curtis Streets.

The history of the first toll lines is as follows: in 1879, the line to Georgetown and intermediate towns; in 1881, to Boulder; in 1884, to Colorado Springs and Pueblo; in 1889, to Leadville. Denver was connected with New York in 1911.

The telephone, the most remarkable utility ever conceived by the mind of man, no longer belongs to the Bell Company alone, it belongs to the world, and Alexander Graham Bell "belongs to the ages." The number has increased from one telephone to 32,000,000, of which number 18,500,000 are in the Bell System alone and in that system it is estimated that there are 22,000,000,000 calls annually. The 161 telephones of Denver and all Colorado have increased to 171,000 stations, of which 85,000 are in Denver alone.

We have not described the babyhood and youth of a concern in its old age, but of one which is still young. Today it is like a strong, energetic young man just leaving a university splendidly equipped for the future. As to the future, there will be ten telephones where now there is one, fifty billion dollars invested where there are now four billion; and, as to the instruments, what will they be? It is impossible to conjecture.

The Last Years of James P. Beckwourth

By LeRoy R. Hafen

The spectacular career of James P. Beckwourth to 1854 is graphically portrayed in the well-known biography by T. D. Bonner, published in 1856. The English edition of 1892, edited by Charles G. Leland, is largely a reprinting, and does not give an account of the last years of the famous mulatto frontiersman. The story of Beckwourth's life reads like the wildest fiction, but while it is quite evident that the adventures are embellished by the writer and colored by Beckwourth's unbounded egotism, the narrative is nevertheless a fairly reliable account of events in the early West and one to which the historian of the period is forced to turn for data to supplement other accounts and to bridge certain gaps in the available records.

Beckwourth was born in Virginia, spent his youth in Missouri, and as a young man entered the fur trade of the Rocky Mountains under General Ashley in the early '20s. Several years of thrilling adventure as a trapper in the far West were followed by a period of romantic and perilous life among the Crow Indians as warrior and later as chief. Then came a short service with the army in Florida, followed by another period as fur trader and fighter in Colorado, New Mexico and California. He was living peacefully in Beckwourth Valley on the Feather River, California, when the Bonner biography closed.

Like Kit Carson, Beckwourth was made famous by a notable biography printed while the hero was still alive. Little has been written of his subsequent years, and it is the purpose here to give merely a few impressions and some incidents of his life after the period covered in the printed biography.

In November, 1859, Beckwourth arrived in Auraria-Denver with the A. P. Vasquez & Co. train of merchandise. Some months before, he had left his home in California, and returned to St. Louis after years of absence, to see his relatives and friends. While in Missouri he visited his old friend, Louis Vasquez,¹ at Westport (present Kansas City) and at that point was employed by Louis Vasquez and his nephew, A. Pike Vasquez,² to accompany their train to the mouth of Cherry Creek. Upon reaching this

¹ Louis Vasquez was prominent in the early fur trade of the Colorado region. With Andrew Sublette as partner he built Fort Vasquez, near present Platteville, in the late '30s. In the '40s he was a partner with Bridger at Fort Bridger, southwest Wyoming.

² A. Pike Vasquez was the son of A. F. Vasquez, Z. M. Pike's interpreter on the Pike expedition into the Southwest in 1806-07. Pike Vasquez was named in honor of the young captain under whom his father served. The State Historical Society of Colorado has the Vasquez family record, secured through the assistance of Miss Stella Drumm from the Catholic Cathedral at St. Louis, Missouri.

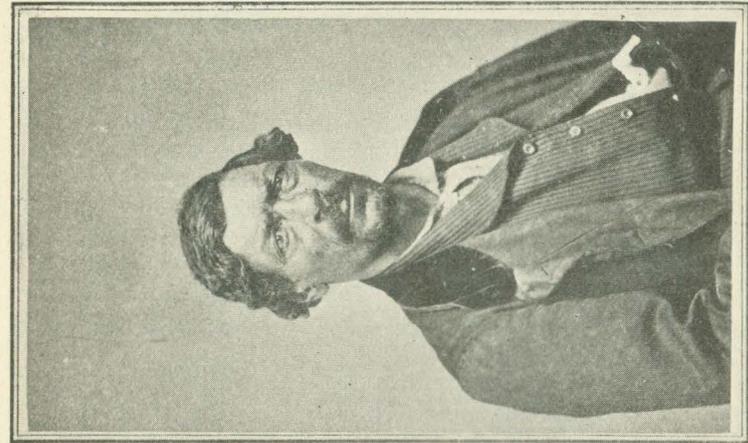
destination the large assortment of goods³ was placed in the Vasquez store on Ferry Street, Auraria (now Eleventh Street, West Denver), where Beckwourth was employed during the winter.

A column editorial in the *Rocky Mountain News*, of December 1, 1859, is devoted to Beckwourth. From it we quote: "We had formed the opinion, as has, we presume, almost everyone, that Captain Beckwourth was a rough, illiterate backwoodsman, but were most agreeably surprised to find him a polished gentleman, possessing a fund of general information which few can boast. He is now sixty-two years of age, but looks scarce fifty, hale, hearty and straight as an arrow. . . . When coming up the Arkansas, he met with the Cheyennes, whom he had not seen for over twenty years; but he was instantly recognized, and his presence telegraphed for many miles to scattered bands, who came rushing to meet, and welcome him, whom they consider the 'Big Medicine' of all the whites of the plains. He says he feels like prosecuting the settlers, who are encroaching, and building cities on his old hunting grounds. We hope he may live to see a great city, and a greater state here, where, no doubt forty years ago he did not dream of seeing a white man, except his fellow trappers and traders."

In March, 1860, A. Pike Vasquez left Denver by stagecoach for the East to get his spring supply trains under way, and Beckwourth was left in charge of his mercantile establishment in Denver. The bottom lands along the Platte were usually dotted with Cheyenne and Arapahoe tepees in 1860, and the old time Indian friends paid frequent visits to Beckwourth at the Vasquez store. In late March of this year a group of nine Cheyennes left their camp some forty miles from the mouth of Cherry Creek and meeting Beckwourth in the streets of Denver addressed him thus: "My chief, we are glad to see you—although we do not like to see you among the pale faces. In passing through our hunting grounds, many a pale face has been lost, but never has one come to a Cheyenne lodge without getting plenty to eat, and being set on the right road to his people. Last night I arrived here; have not eaten a mouthful, and pale face has not asked me to eat. Chief, I am hungry."⁴ Whereupon Beckwourth took them to his boarding house and gave them a meal. Beckwourth reported that

³ The following advertisement in the *Rocky Mountain News* of December 1, 1859, announced the goods newly received: "Just arrived, for A. P. Vasquez & Co., their Winter Supply of Goods, consisting in part of Nails, from 4 pennies up to 10s, Window Glass and Glass Dishes, a large assortment of Queensware (no longer any necessity of eating out of tin), containing rare and curious pieces, new in this country; Groceries, Candles, Champaign and Catawba Wines (in lieu of strychnine whisky); Dried and preserved Fruits, Pickles, Sugar & Fresh Flour. In their selection, the outward person was not forgotten, a lot of Good, Warm, Winter Clothing forms a part of their stock. Three Hundred Dressed Deer Skins, all of which they would exchange for the glittering ore, or coin would be taken sooner than miss a sale. A. P. Vasquez & Co., Auraria, Nov. 28, 1859."

⁴ *Rocky Mountain News*, April 4, 1860.



JAMES P. BECKWOURTH
These are the only known photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Beckwourth, and were made by W. G. Chamberlain, Denver, in about 1864. The originals are in possession of the State Historical Society of Colorado and are now published for the first time.



SUE BECKWOURTH
These are the only known photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Beckwourth, and were made by W. G. Chamberlain, Denver, in about 1864. The originals are in possession of the State Historical Society of Colorado and are now published for the first time.

they asked him to become their agent and he promised to seek the appointment.⁵ Some days later the large Cheyenne band came to Denver and while encamped nearby were visited by a gang of ruffians from the town and subjected to outrageous indignities and violence. Beckwourth took the part of the Indians and in a letter published in the *News* of April 18, described and strongly condemned the disgraceful conduct of the "drunken devils and 'bummers'" who perpetrated the outrages.

"The Indians," he writes, "are as keenly sensible to acts of injustice as they are tenacious of revenge, and it is more humiliating to them to be the recipients of such treatment upon their own lands, which they have been deprived of, their game driven off and they made to suffer by hunger, and when they pay us a visit, abused more than dogs."

Beckwourth became acquainted with Miss Elizabeth Lettbetter, daughter of the first laundress in Denver, and they were married by A. O. McGrew, Esq., on June 21, 1860.⁶ Of Beckwourth's appearance in the summer of 1860 we have an interesting picture from A. D. Richardson, a pioneer journalist of Colorado, who had accompanied Horace Greeley to the Pikes Peak region in 1859 and was at Denver again in 1860. "Here is a well-formed elderly man, with a devil-may-care expression, but a face full of character and of wonderful preceptive faculties; long, black hair, complexion like a Mexican, and eyes like an Indian. It is James P. Beckwourth, the half-breed, so long a chief among the Crow tribe, and the most famous Indian fighter of this generation. His body is scarred from wounds received 'In worst extremes, and on the perilous edge of battle, when it raged.' But he is the very pink of courtesy, and especially devoted to a comely young wife whom he invariably dignifies with the title of 'Lady Beckwourth.'"⁷

In the autumn of 1860 Beckwourth and his bride were managing the A. P. Vasquez & Co. farm in the Platte bottomland, two and one-half miles above Denver. It was here that W. N. Byers visited him in September and was treated to watermelons from the farm.⁸ Here also Larimer, one of the founders of Denver, was invited "to eat 'possum" with the old frontiersman and his young wife.⁹

In December, 1860, Beckwourth reported having received a letter from his old friend, Jim Bridger, in which the latter told of finding a new golden Eldorado, probably in the Montana region, the location of which would be announced in due time.¹⁰

⁵ The appointment came, however, to A. G. Boone, a grandson of famous Daniel Boone.

⁶ *Rocky Mountain News*, June 27, 1860. Also Byers, *Encyclopedia of Biography of Colorado*, 20.

⁷ A. D. Richardson, *Beyond the Mississippi*, 299.

⁸ *Rocky Mountain News*, September 19, 1860.

⁹ Larimer *Reminiscences*, 208.

¹⁰ *Rocky Mountain News*, December 12, 1860.

In 1861 Beckwourth was living on a ranch, apparently his own, on the South Platte, three miles south of Denver.¹¹ Despite his years he took an interest in the Civil War and was reported in 1862 to have received a commission as captain in the Second Colorado Regiment.¹² This, however, did not materialize.

In 1864 Beckwourth was living in a log cabin a little south of Denver. His claim was adjoining that of W. N. Byers, east of the Platte River, and his east and north boundaries were what are today Broadway and West Virginia Streets, respectively. Frank S. Byers, one of the Directors of the State Historical Society and son of W. N. Byers, remembers Beckwourth well at this period. He was then married to an Indian woman whom Mr. Byers remembers as Sue Beckwourth. What became of the girl Beckwourth married in 1860 is not clear. In 1864 Beckwourth was engaged principally in trapping beaver but did some little placer mining. Beckwourth and his wife took a great liking to the Byers boy and frequently took him along when tending their traps along the Platte. Mr. Byers says they would set the traps under the water at the beaver "slides." "When a beaver was caught," says Mr. Byers, "Jim would haul it out, knock it in the head, release it from the trap and Sue would take out her butcher knife and skin it then and there."

Mr. Byers remembers Beckwourth as having a rather gruff voice. He always wore a cap and ball six-shooter and a butcher knife and when he wore a coat it was of buckskin, decorated with fringes and beadwork, as he was fond of fancy trappings. Sue always wore moccasins but Jim sometimes took to high boots or government shoes. Indians often visited the Beckwourths and fifteen or twenty tepees were frequently set up about their cabin.

In August, 1864, Beckwourth was tried and acquitted for the shooting of "Nigger Bill" in self-defense.¹³ Later in the same year he was employed as guide for Chivington and his troops who made that famous attack on the Cheyennes and Arapahoes on Sand Creek in November, 1864.¹⁴

One of the last contemporary records of Beckwourth is a promissory note dated at Fort Laramie, August 3, 1866, by which he promises to pay Seth Ward \$93.70 on demand.¹⁵ It was probably given in payment for a bill of goods for his last visit to the Crows. Beckwourth never lived to redeem the note.

In the late summer of 1866 Col. H. B. Carrington, after estab-

¹¹ *Ibid.*, May 28, 1861.

¹² *Ibid.*, March 4, 1862.

¹³ *Ibid.*, August 16, 1864.

¹⁴ J. P. Dunn, *Massacres of the Mountains*, 396; also, *Massacre of Cheyenne Indians* (Report of Congressional Committee investigating the Sand Creek Affair), 44.

¹⁵ This note is the property of the State of Wyoming, Department of History. Copy furnished by Mrs. Cyrus Beard, State Historian of Wyoming.

lishing Fort Philip Kearny on a branch of Powder River in northern Wyoming, took measures to conciliate the Crow Indians. For this object he employed Jim Bridger, Henry Williams and James P. Beckwourth. The brief account by Mrs. Carrington of this service and of Beckwourth's decease is as follows:

"Besides the visits of Bridger to other bands of Crows along the route from the Big Horn to the Upper Yellowstone, James Beckwith, the famous mulatto of the plains, who had also lived among the Crows as an adopted chief, and had several Crow wives, was employed as an assistant guide, and was sent to their villages, where he subsequently sickened and died."¹⁶

But a more detailed account of his last days is presented by W. N. Byers, founder of the first newspaper in Colorado, from which we have already quoted in this sketch. Byers was for several years a neighbor to Beckwourth, their farms near Denver adjoining each other. Byers writes:

"Early in the '60s, while engaged in business and enjoying the comforts of domestic life, one of the most singular circumstances conceivable occurred to Beckwourth. The Crows, who had removed as far north as the headwaters of the Missouri, had not forgotten nor lost their affection for their whilom chief. They had even kept track of him through all these years, and when they were fully apprised of his situation in Denver they sent envoys to persuade him to make them a visit. He yielded to the influence and went to the encampment of the Crows. They entertained him with all the honors an Indian can bestow. He remained many days with them. During the time they used every means and argument to persuade him to again become their chief. Upon his final refusal and his preparation to return to his home, the Indians honored him with a great farewell dog feast. The meat that was served to him was poisoned and he died on the spot. The Crows freely acknowledged the crime, saying: 'He has been our good medicine. We have been more successful under him than under any chief.' Their excuse was that if they could not have him living it would be good medicine to them to have him dead."¹⁷

The photograph of Beckwourth accompanying this article was taken by the pioneer Denver photographer, W. G. Chamberlain, in the '60s. It is believed to be the only photograph of Beckwourth extant, and is now published for the first time. The photograph of his wife is also by Chamberlain. These photographs were furnished by Frank S. Byers who received them from his father many years ago.

¹⁶ Mrs. M. I. Carrington, *Ab-sa-ra-ka, Land of Massacre*, 131.

¹⁷ W. N. Byers, *Encyclopedia of Biography of Colorado*, 20.

Early History of Costilla County*

By Edmond C. van Diest

There is no evidence obtainable of any settlement of Costilla County previous to 1849. The larger part of the county consists of a grant. The northern half, known as the Trinchera Estate, embraces about 450,000 acres, and lies entirely within the grant. The southern half of the grant, known as the Costilla Estate, embraces some 300,000 acres in the county, and also extends south into Taos County, New Mexico. The whole grant, embracing over one million acres in Colorado and New Mexico, is known as the Sangre de Cristo Grant, and as such was deeded by the Mexican Government in 1844, confirmed in 1860, and patented by the U. S. Government in 1871. A brief history of this grant as being the cause of the first settlement in Costilla County, as an important item in its future development and as misrepresented in Bancroft's (Hubert Howe) works, and confused with the Miranda and Beaubien Grant located on the eastern slope of the range in Las Animas County, Colorado, and in Colfax County, New Mexico, in a footnote on page 594, Vol. XXV, will not be inappropriate. The tract was granted on the petition of Luis Lee and Narciso Beaubien, residents of Taos, Taos County, New Mexico, by Manuel Armijo, then political and military governor of the Northern Department, on the 30th day of December, 1843, with instructions to Juan Andres Archuleta to give possession to the petitioners.¹ The prefect referred the act of giving possession to Miguel Sanchez, justice of the peace in the Third Demarcation, in which demarcation the land lay. He, on the 12th day of January, 1844, proceeded to the land petitioned for, with the petitioners, and as witnesses having with him Ceran St. Vrain, Juan Ortega, Manuel Antonio Martin, Juan Ramon Valdez and Pedro Valdez. The act of giving possession in the words of the justice of the peace, was as follows: "After the erection of the fifth and last mound, I took them [the petitioners] by the hands, walked with them, and caused them to throw up earth, pull up weeds, and other evidences of possession."

The land so granted included the rivers Trinchera, Culebra and Costilla. The land was granted under provisions of the Mexican Government for colonization purposes. Nothing was done in the

* This brief but valuable sketch of early Costilla County, Colorado, was written by Mr. van Diest in 1890, while he was employed in the Costilla County region. Mr. van Diest lives in Colorado Springs today and is a consulting engineer by profession.—Ed.

¹ All the original papers pertaining to these Mexican land grants are now in possession of the State Historical Society of Colorado.—Ed.

matter of colonization, however, both Luis Lee and Narciso Beaubien having been killed in the Taos massacre of January 19, 1847, until, in 1848, after the signing of the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, one George Gold attempted to start a colony upon the Costilla River. This enterprise failed, partly on account of insufficient energy, and largely on account of the land being in possession of Charles Beaubien, who inherited the possession of one-half interest at the death, without issue, of his son Narciso, and bought the remaining one-half from the administrator of the estate of Luis Lee. In the next year the first actual colony was started by Charles Beaubien, this colony locating on the Costilla River, almost on the site where the house and store of Mr. Ferdinand Meyer now stands, about one-half mile south of the south boundary of Colorado, but at one time, before the establishment of the boundary line on the 37th parallel of north latitude, in the limits of Costilla County. The colony starting with but a few cabins was reinforced the next year by additional colonists, all Mexicans, with the exception of three or four Americans, or foreigners, who established stores.

In 1851 the colony of San Luis was started, in the autumn, the original site being about three-fourths mile below the present site. In 1852 and 1853 settlements were made at San Pedro and on the Trinchera and in San Acacio. In 1854 and 1855 further settlements were started at San Francisco and Chama.

Among the earliest settlers were: Faustin Medina, Ramon Rivera, Mariano Pacheco, and others. The first store was established in 1851 in Costilla, by Moritz Bielshowski and Wm. Koenig, this store passing into the hands of F. W. Posthoff, and after him becoming the possession of Mr. Ferdinand Meyer. In 1867 another store was established in Costilla, in the Colorado portion of the town, by Louis Cohn, who in 1871 or 1872 located his business in San Luis.

In 1869 and 1870, the mining excitement on Grayback Mountain led to the formation of a town near there called Placer. This town has passed through three periods of activity: first, when the first mining excitement formed the town; second, when the D. & R. G. Railroad built through the canyon of the Sangre de Cristo, and stopped work during the winter of 1877-1878 at Placer, and, third, when the mining excitement was again renewed; but has now (1890) become reduced to a population of about sixty, maintained by the D. & R. G. Railroad roundhouses. In 1878 the D. & R. G. Railroad was completed to Alamosa.

Ever since the organization of the county in 1863, San Luis has been the county seat. The original settlers soon after the formation of the first settlements, met with many drawbacks and

troubles on account of Indians. The settlements united for mutual protection, a portion of the settlers were delegated to the watching and care of the crops, a portion to the manufacture of bows and arrows, as in 1854 the settlement of San Luis, known as La Culebra, enjoyed the possession of but two guns, one of which was a musket, another portion caring for the stock, consisting mainly of sheep and goats, a few oxen, perhaps a few cows, and two or three horses. Plowing was done with the primitive Mexican plow.

Soon after the Indian troubles reached their worst stage, the United States Government established a military post at Fort Massachusetts on Ute Creek, a short distance north of Garland. Six years after, the post was moved to Fort Garland, and for a number of years after all Indian troubles were past, the post was maintained, until 1883, when it was abandoned, and the buildings, sites, etc., reverted back to the Trinchera Estate Company. From two to four companies of soldiers were stationed at the post. The coming of the soldiers and the distribution of the amount of money required for the maintenance of the post, produced a period of general prosperity throughout the county.

Nothing of historical interest transpired between 1856 and 1886, beyond the building of a flour mill at San Luis by Messrs. St. Vrain and Harvey E. Easterday. This mill, after becoming the property of Mr. Easterday, was bought by a Mormon association, who sold the property a few years later to Messrs. Cohn and Salazar.

The winter of 1885-1886 was very severe, nearly one-half of the stock owned here, sheep, cattle and horses, died. In many instances, the loss exceeded 70 per cent. Since then, favorable seasons have added to stock so that growers are now again in the same condition as regards numbers as they were in 1885.

The northern portion of the county being government land, was entirely taken up in the three years preceding 1890, the post offices of Coryell, Streator, Zapato, Garnett, Mosca and Hooper resulting from such settlements. In 1890 the D. & R. G. Railroad is building a cut-off to Denver, over the Wagon Creek Pass, shortening the distance by about fifty miles.

Previous to 1886, there were but few American farmers in the county. Since the settlement of the northern portion, the Trinchera Estate had been introducing settlers. On the Costilla Estate, a colony of Mormons have purchased a tract on Costilla Creek and laid out a townsite called Eastdale, and are constructing a large dam, which, when completed, will have an altitude of 16 feet and will form a reservoir covering over 80 acres, with a storage capacity of 15,000,000 cubic feet, or about 112,000,000

gallons. On the Trinchera Estate two large canals were constructed for the irrigation of some 18,000 acres of land.

The political history of the county shows, with the exception of the years 1881-1882 when the county returned small Democratic majorities, an unbroken record of Republican majorities, ranging from 100 to 300, and out of a total vote varying from 400 when the county was first organized, the vote then being almost entirely Mexican, to a present (1890) vote of 850, in which Mexican and American voting elements are very nearly balanced. The head of the political system of the county is the Hon. Wm. H. Meyer, who came to the county in 1867, when a young man. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention, a member of the Legislature of Colorado, both as representative and senator, and filled the office of lieutenant governor of Colorado, and the following year ran for governor, but was defeated. Among others prominent in the county's politics may be mentioned C. F. Meyer, for a long time county clerk; A. A. Salazar, who represented the county in the senate and state legislature, and one of the most prominent storekeepers in the county; Chas. John, who filled the office of county clerk for four terms, and Miguel Sanchez; all Republicans; Louis Cohn and Nat Nathan, who have upheld the Democracy of the county, and also represented the county as legislators. Among those who have passed away, who were not among the first settlers of the county, but also important in assisting in its development, were David Gallegos, Juan Miguel Vigil, Harvey E. Easterday, Juan Ygnacio Jaquez, and others.

The future development of the county largely depends upon the discovery of mineral in paying quantities. The failure to discover coal in the county is a serious drawback.

The rainfall of the county varies from 7 to 12 inches on the prairie, and from 12 to 20 inches in the mountains.

For earlier boundaries of the county see General Laws of Colorado, 1864, 161-52-7 and 1868-9. The contract for the survey of the southern boundary of Colorado was given to Gov. Gilpin, who then owning the Sangre de Cristo Grant, intended to include in Colorado the southern portion of the grant, now included in Taos County, New Mexico. Gilpin failed to comply with his contract, so that the matter of the grant failed to affect the southern boundary, the survey being made in 1867 by Capt. Darling and Col. Pfeiffer. The Sangre de Cristo Grant was sold in 1864 by Chas. Beaubien to Gov. Gilpin, who sold it to an English company, retaining an interest. This English company sold the southern portion to a Dutch company. Thus the division of the grant into the Trinchera and Costilla Estates came about.

The Utes Visit My Ranch on the Plains

By A. K. Clarke *

In the summer of 1873 I started a ranch on the plains about seven miles south of Deer Trail, Colorado. My ranch house was a dugout, an excavation in the bank of Middle Bijou Creek, about 16 by 24 feet. I bought and hauled lumber, mostly slabs, from the sawmill in the pinery a few miles away, and raised the walls about three feet above the ground, with three half-windows to afford light and air, and put on a board roof and battened the cracks. I also constructed a fireplace in one end with a dirt chimney.

In front of the dugout a few feet away we dug a hole and sank a barrel in it with a cover. This afforded us plenty of water. There are many people who turn up their noses at the taste or imaginary odor of oftentimes very good water. Let me say that in my many years of cowboy life and in constant touch with the Western plains that I never knew a case of sickness from drinking the water out of muddy, alkali or stagnant holes, filthy as it sometimes appeared to be. When a man is dry on a hot day he will drink from any water hole, no matter how uninviting. Where the water was particularly bad we made it into coffee. Oftentimes when we reached a water hole we would dismount, push back floating particles with the brim of our hats and drink from under the brim.

I started to tell you of my ranch, one of the early ones of eastern Colorado. In front was a dense grove of cottonwood saplings and trees, over half a mile long and several hundred feet wide. It was a favorite Indian camping ground, and I had not much more than got settled down with my cattle and saddle than Piah and his band of Utes paid me a visit. He came with his squaws and papooses, and they camped at the lower end of the grove, about a quarter of a mile away. The Indians had known me as telegraph operator at Deer Trail, and being friends they visited me and we exchanged "hows".

Some of the squaws would come to the ranch house, even before we were up in the morning, and want sugar. Were Indians about now, I think they would prove a menace to our sugar factories. They certainly did like sugar. If they had a piece of money they would go to a store and ask for sugar in exchange, and do you think they would want it wrapped up or in a sack? No. When the sugar was weighed out they would hold up their shirt, which

they wore loosely over their breech clouts, and motion the clerk to drop the sugar in their shirt tail. Then they would squat down in some convenient place and eat every bit of it. Maybe the white man inherits his sugar tooth through some ancestry of the aborigines.

When I would visit Deer Trail in the evening and return rather late after dark, my trail led directly through the Indian camp. The dogs would first greet me with barks as I approached, but the Indians paid no attention to my passing. They usually were chanting in the tepees and putting on a stunt of some kind, and when I would dismount and go in, they would quit, and then renew activities after I left. Sometimes they would chant away until nearly midnight, and we could hear them distinctly at the ranch.

One time I slipped down quietly and got in a position where I could see what they were doing, and I saw one buck Indian on his hands and knees crawling around in a circle, around which were the bucks and squaws. Standing on his back was an Indian who was chanting a weird, wild song and making gestures with both hands and feet. I took it to be a sort of ceremony, but I did not understand its meaning.

As time passed and the Indians gave no evidence of breaking camp, and the grass was getting short around the ranch because of the large number of horses they had, I thought that I would speak to Piah and get him to move camp. So I did that very thing. In reply, Piah said, "This, old Indian camp ground, for long, long time. You move." Then I said, "Indian pony eat all the grass. You move over on Willow gulch, about two miles, good grass, plenty of water there for Ute ponies." "No," replied Piah, "you go Willow gulch. This old Ute camping ground."

I thought that he was treating me very meanly, especially as I had been kind to them, and I said: "Piah, you move over on Willow gulch or I will write Thompson, the Indian agent." "All right, you write Thompson." And I did. In a few days I received a letter from Major Thompson saying to tell Piah to move camp, and if he did not to let him know. On receipt of the letter I went to Piah's tepee and told him I had a letter from Thompson, saying to tell Piah to move.

"He say that?" asked Piah. "Yes, and here is the letter," and I read it to him, as he could not read. "All right, Ute go." And in a jiffy they had broken camp and gone, trailing their tepee poles behind their horses, as is their custom. Piah was afraid to disobey Thompson. He thought that future permits might not be granted, and that very thing did happen a year or two later, and no more Utes troubled any ranchman on the plains.

* Mr. Clarke came West in 1868 and was first employed as a telegraph operator on the Union Pacific Railroad. Later he was engaged in cattle raising, ranching, etc. This article is but one brief incident in his experiences. A series of reminiscences were published in the Fort Morgan Times in 1927 and 1928. He lives in Fort Morgan today.—Ed.

The Indian in his native wild state is a simple creature, not much above the coyote, and why should we expect him to be otherwise, living the wild nomadic life that he did? His habits are something that a civilized person cannot understand, and their stomachs relish food altogether contrary to a white man's taste. They will eat raw meat like a dog and relish it; and to see a squaw sit with her man's head in her lap, deliberately going through his long black hair searching for bugs, and, when caught, snapping them with her teeth and eating them with evident relish, is almost unbelievable, but is true just the same. It may not be a nice parlor story, but I am attempting to tell the real facts.

Experiences on the Platte River Route in the Sixties

By Frank M. Case*

In the spring of 1865 I was employed in a bull train freighting across the plains by the Platte River route. The train consisted of fifty-two wagons, with six yoke of oxen to the wagon. There was much confusion for the first few days, as part of the drivers were new to the work. To reduce the confusion the train was divided, leaving twenty-six in each train. Four yoke of oxen in each team were Texas longhorns, unbroken and wild as elk. These were used "in the swing," with well-broken cattle in the lead and on the wheel. The drivers had much to learn, some would become discouraged and jump the job the first day out. But in a few days we were moving along at the rate of about twelve miles a day.

We struck the old California trail at Fort Kearny, Nebraska, and followed the Platte River about two hundred miles. We crossed the south fork four miles below Julesburg and followed Lodge Pole Creek forty or fifty miles, when we were corraled by the Indians. We were run into camp at the head of the creek, so we fortified and remained there three days. On the evening of the third day a bunch of about fifty Indians appeared on top of a hill about eighty rods away and seemed to be holding a council; our cattle were run into corral and we waited the next move. We were well-armed and would have been able to make a good showing for our lives had we been called upon, but they did not attack.

Early the next morning the bunch showed up again and began to scatter, apparently intending to surround us. But all at once they made off as though the devil himself was on their trail. On

* Mr. Case was born in Peru, Indiana, on September 16, 1844, and moved with the family to a farm in Illinois in 1851. In 1864 he went to Kansas. Today he lives in the San Luis Valley, Colorado. The present article is but an excerpt from his many experiences as a western pioneer.—Ed.

looking up the road we saw a company of soldiers coming down the road and the Indians thought it a good time to make a get-away. The Indians had discovered the soldiers before we were aware of their approach. The commander told us he had left Fort Sanders the evening before and had ridden all night. Sanders is on the Little Laramie River, and he thought it would be quite safe for us to pass on through the hills. We traveled until noon then stopped to let our cattle graze. Unfortunately, we got our cattle in a field of wild parsnips and in an hour fifteen or twenty were down, poisoned. The drivers were put to work cutting fat bacon and stuffing it down the cattle and we saved them all. After the cattle recovered we yoked up and pulled on through the hills.

There was quite a number of campers on the creek when the soldiers left. We camped four miles from the creek as we did not want the cattle to get to the water at the time because of their having been locoed (poisoned). We were within plain sight of the camp vacated by the soldiers and could plainly see the smoke rising in the camp. We saw fast riding by men on horseback; in fact, there seemed to be great commotion around the place. The morning after the soldiers left, the Indians came down out of the hills, made an attack on the camp and killed the men and made prisoners of women and children. The killing seems to have been done largely with bows and arrows. We buried all the dead we could find. For some cause there were few scalps taken. I remember one case in particular, a little, well-dressed boy, a stock tender, we found lying in the high grass. He had the upper part of his mouth shot away, was lying on his face with an arrow sticking in his back. One of the boys stood on the body while another pulled the arrow out. He was not scalped.

Among those unfortunate people I might mention the Fletcher family. The father and mother were killed and left lying in the road on what was called the Virginia Dale cut-off across the mountains to Denver. Amanda, a girl, fourteen or fifteen years old, and two boys, seven and eight, were taken prisoners. Some time during the night the boys returned to camp, they were either turned loose or stole away. This killing took place in August, 1865; the following spring Major Wyncoop, commander at Fort Larned, was out on a scout when he ran on a bunch of Indians and with them was Amanda Fletcher.

The Big Laramie Creek is about twenty miles west of Fort Sanders where the killing took place. About a half mile from the road running from the Little to the Big Laramie are some rather low mountains. A mile or two after leaving Sanders the Indians made a rush on our train. We immediately ran into corral and fortified, expecting a warm time but the Indians went away. There was

plenty of wild game in the country so they had no use in particular for our cattle, but no doubt would have liked very much to have plundered the wagons and also have added a few more scalps to the crop secured the day before. We were corraled twice more before reaching the Big Laramie. It was eighteen miles on west to Rock Creek where another killing had taken place. We found two bodies, broken wagons, and all stock gone.

We now passed over the divide and dropped down to Sulphur Springs, from there to Barrel Springs where we watered three hundred head of cattle from water dipped with buckets. We next struck Bitter Creek, followed it about forty miles to Rock Springs where we were corraled again by Indians, but after a short parley they disappeared. Eighteen miles farther west we crossed Green River and followed Henry's Fork to old Fort Bridger, called after the famous Jim Bridger. From Bridger we traveled to Bear Creek, then on to Weber Valley where we found a Mormon settlement, then on to Salt Lake City, arriving there September 10, 1865. After stopping in the city a few days I took a job of hay-making for the Ben Holladay Stage Company. I worked haying until October 15. Then Joe James, a cousin of the famous Jesse of holdup fame, and I were given charge of the company stock to be grazed up and down the river during the winter months.

In the spring the company gave me a pass on the coach to Denver and to Nebraska City. I was pretty flush with money now and thought of taking a trip back home. I was in the latter city but a short time when I got in conversation with a man named Bishop who had a train of twenty-four wagons, four yoke of oxen to the wagon, all loaded and ready to pull out, but could not find a suitable wagon boss. Finding I was well used to handling cattle and also familiar with the country to be traveled and having made me an offer of \$150 a month, I concluded to take the job.

Bishop had got together apparently a fine bunch of drivers, but had neglected to provide guns, a most important item as the train was to pass through Wyoming, an Indian-infested country. Bishop insisted, however, that the guns would overtake us in a day or two, at any rate, before we crossed the Platte River. We got to the crossing and the guns had not yet come, so I told the boys we would camp and let the cattle graze and rest up until the guns came. The coach came along in a few days and Bishop was aboard, but had no guns with him.

I explained to Bishop the folly of leaving the river without guns; in fact, it would be criminal as all the drivers were new to the country and unable to judge for themselves. Bishop still insisted the guns would overtake us, but I told him I would quit rather than take the chance. "Well," said he, "if you quit you

will quit without pay." "All right, sir," said I, "this train will remain right here until you do pay to the last penny." While Bishop and I were arguing over the matter one of the boys chipped in by saying, "Frank Case, if you quit, we will all quit." I told the boys not to quit but not to cross the river until the guns came. A young fellow by the name of Hickey quit with me, and we both received full pay without discount.

Now, Bishop, through promises and flattery, persuaded the drivers to cross the river and go on without guns. One Sunday morning about two weeks afterwards, a party of us were sitting in front of a little grocery store when, on looking up the road, we saw three men coming and on their arrival we found them to be the remnants of the Bishop train. They thought two or three of the boys may have got away, but it was not at all likely. The supposition was they had been either killed or taken prisoners. The guns never came.

The Union Pacific was using wood at the time, all they could get, so Hickey and I, after leaving Bishop's employ, went into the woods a few miles from the river and commenced chopping. We chopped until the following spring. I then bought Hickey's interest in the wood, intending to put on some bull teams and haul to the river bank just opposite North Platte City, to be hauled across and delivered later.

Jack Hickey went up to the Jack Morrow ranch looking for a job. Morrow told him he was in trouble, that he had a big contract on hand for the delivery of ties and wood for the Union Pacific but on account of the Indians he could not get a man to take charge of the teams. Jack told him to go and have a talk with me as he thought I could handle the job. After a long talk I took the job and remained with him during the fall of 1866 to the fall of 1868, pulling ties and cordwood across the river to North Platte.

For a time, while here, General Custer was camped on the south side of the river and I had occasion to pass his camp every other day. Custer was a disciplinarian of the first order. He was about five feet ten inches tall, with long sandy hair, and was a "fighter from Bitter Creek." Occasionally, some of his men would go over to North Platte and get drunk and he would send a sergeant after them. When brought to camp he would send them down to the river in charge of an officer who threw them into the river to sober them up.

In September I received a message from Morrow telling me to leave one of the older men in charge, jump on my horse and come to his camp fourteen miles down the river just as quick as I could get there. On my arrival he told me two of his hay

hands had stolen four head of horses and a mule and he wanted me to select a man from the hayfield and try to overtake them before they reached the Missouri River. During the summer I had been riding a big gray horse known up and down the river as Gray Eagle. Sam took a horse from camp, both good saddle horses and full of vim. We left camp at four in the afternoon and arrived at Fort Kearny the next morning at four, having ridden one hundred miles in twelve hours. We found the mule at Kearny, the thieves having sold it to a livery man. We had expected to change horses here but as we could find nothing better we made no change. Twenty miles out from Nebraska City we stopped at a ranch where the roads forked, and the ranchman put us on the wrong road, either purposely or through mistake, so the thieves beat us to the river, got over into Iowa and we gave up the chase.

We then rode up to Omaha, where Sam Porter, was taken sick with too much booze. In the meantime, I received a telegram from Morrow telling me to hurry back as all the drivers were on a strike, his contract was drawing to a close, the slush ice was coming down, so hurry up. Porter was pretty well sobered up now so we saddled our horses and pulled for North Platte.

Nothing unusual happened until we got to within about two miles of Kearny Junction. About 2 p. m. we came to a little stream called Rawhide, which spreads over the flat ground lying between the road and the river, thus causing a healthy growth of grass to spring up. It was often used in early days as camping ground by the travelers, the water coming from a spring back in the hills being much preferred to the river water for both cooking and washing purposes. I will now explain how Rawhide got its name.

In the early '50s a small company of pilgrims made camp on the creek. The Indians in those days appeared in camp only for the purpose of bartering for sugar, beads and such other little trinkets as took their fancy. In one company of travelers was a young man from one of the eastern states, a kind of smart alec, having rather an exalted opinion of himself. He made the remark that he would take a shot at the first Indian he saw, so after the camp was established, he took a gun and went wandering up the creek. When about a quarter of a mile from camp he saw a squaw sitting on the bank. In order to make his threat good he took a shot and killed the squaw and a little papoose she was holding. As soon as this brave hunter made report of his prowess, and the campers discovered what had happened they in a hurry hooked up and pulled out. The Indians soon made discovery of the killing, and a bunch of them took up the trail of the campers and in a few miles overtook them and demanded the party who did

the killing. It seems the demand was at first refused, but the Indians were not inclined to debate the matter, it was the delivery of the killer at once or the entire party would be killed. The boy was given up, was taken back to the spot where the killing occurred, was skinned alive and the carcass left for the wolves and birds to devour. This story was told me by an old plainsman who seemed quite familiar with the circumstances in connection with the affair, and I have no doubt it took place about as related.

While Sam and I were walking over the ground and discussing the matter, we saw off to the northwest, probably a half mile away, six or eight horsemen and we supposed them to be Indians, because of their way of riding, but as they were riding away from us we decided we had not been seen. This overflow of water from the Rawhide had settled in a low place some distance from the river, and while we were saddling up, a flock of geese flew over and lit on the pond. We were traveling on the north side of the river and had intended to follow the road about a mile farther west and then cross the river to Fort Kearny. It was about a half mile from the road to the river, and hoping to get a shot at the geese we started to the river by way of the pond. When we had traveled a short distance from camp we saw the bunch of Indians, who passed us while in camp, coming. Evidently they had seen us when passing and their purpose in making the detour was to ride around and secrete themselves in a gulf a half mile farther along the road and ambush us as we came along. But when they discovered we had left the road and were headed for the river they jumped on their ponies and tried to head us off, knowing they would have to give up the chase if we got across the river before being overtaken.

The Platte is a slow-running stream, especially in the fall of the year. During the spring the water is heavily loaded with silt, and when some obstruction, such as a floating tree trunk, lodges the sand begins to pile up and after a number of years a small island is formed, and the little islands are often called tow-heads. Well, we beat them to the river by quite a margin—we forgot all about the geese. There were three channels to cross. In crossing the third we started for what looked to be a bank of dry sand piled up against the opposite shore, but upon reaching it our horses began to flounder in the quick sand. We threw our guns out, backed into deep water, and drifted down fifty or seventy-five feet where we found a good landing. We then made a run for our guns. The Indians were just emerging from the timber on the opposite side of the channel we had just crossed, and as soon as they saw us pick up our guns they slipped back into the timber. We now turned our horses toward Fort Kearny and in half an hour were at the fort.

Early Days of Craig, Colorado*

By Elladean Pierce

This is the history of the Yampa Valley and especially of Craig, starting with the days when the rank thistle nodded in the wind, the coyote dug his hole unscared, and the only human was the dusky Indian who pitched his tepee by the Yampa, where wild game was more plentiful than the most extravagant dreams of the hunters.

Then one day in the summer of 1875 there came to this valley Mr. and Mrs. John Banks and the three Banks boys. They built a cabin near the mouth of Fortification Creek. Because of the beautiful scenery, the promising possibilities of the country, and the abundance of wild game they decided to spend the winter here. The Indians, who always followed the game west to Utah for the winter months, warned them not to stay.

"Heap big snow, game all leave," they said.

The Banks did not think it possible that the game, as plentiful as it was, would really leave entirely. They decided that with their supplies they would have plenty to last the winter.

Along about Christmas, because of the deep snow, the game *did* leave. But with the trout, of which there was a great quantity in the streams at this time, they managed to get along. When the February thaw came the valley was flooded and they were driven from their cabin. They did not realize that the river would overflow unless care was taken to keep the ice from jamming. They camped upon the foot of "Graveyard Hill" by the spring. It was here, due, no doubt, to undernourishment and exposure, that Mrs. Banks became seriously ill and died.

Not having any lumber out of which to make a casket, they dug the first grave in what is now the Craig Cemetery, went up to the sand rocks and brought down some large, flat stones with which to line the grave, laid Mrs. Banks into this improvised casket and covered it over with more flat stones. They held a simple funeral service over the grave with just Mr. Banks and the three Banks boys present. On a flat rock from the mountains they carved with a jackknife: "Lydia J. Banks—April, 1876," and set it up for a tombstone. This same grave may still be seen, undisturbed and just as it was then. In spite of the hardships of the first year, the Banks boys remained in this valley with the

characteristic courage of the early pioneers, until about 1902, when they left for the Snake River Valley.

The next story to be told here was related by C. A. Ranney.¹

In the year 1883, Archie McLachlan, carpenter, L. H. Ralston, storekeeper, Dave and Donald Taylor, blacksmiths, all of Golden, Colorado, outfitted in Golden and started over the range. They had heard of this beautiful valley along the Yampa or Bear River and headed this way to take up land. In the same year (1883) Alvor and Frank Ranney and Abner Ryan, of Belding, Michigan, started for California. They purchased tickets to Denver. Here they bought a team, harness, wagon and saddle horse and started out to drive over the Rocky Mountains, intending to reach the Union Pacific Railroad and continue their way in a more comfortable manner.

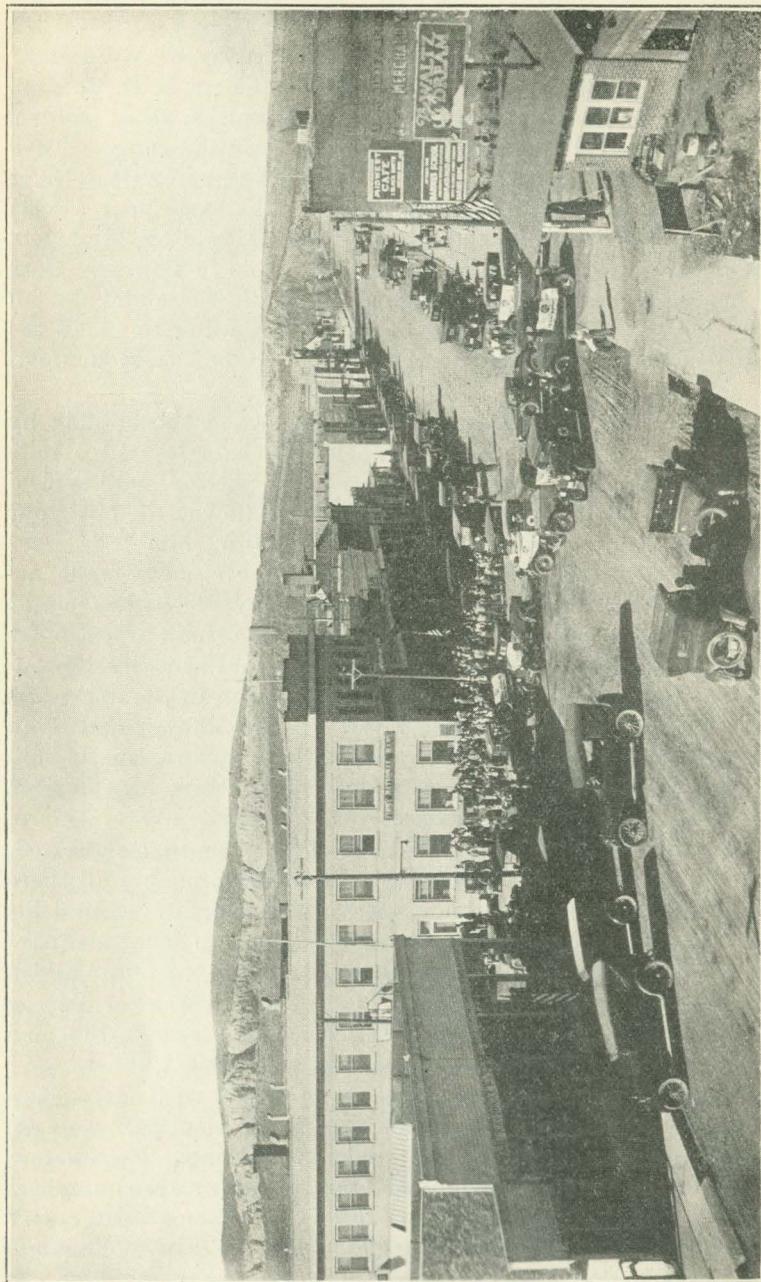
On the afternoon of July 4 they celebrated the holiday by arriving at the Ezekiel Shelton ranch, which is located a mile northeast of Hayden on the Bear River. Mr. Shelton, with typical Western hospitality, invited them to "get down, tie out your horses and camp for the night." Upon telling him they were headed for Hayden, Mr. Shelton informed his newly-made acquaintances that Hayden was all around, any place they might look, and if they cared to mail any letters, there was a post office there at a neighbor's. To an Eastern man it seemed rather peculiar to be told that a town that was *not* a town in the West *was* one. At least, they called it one, anyway. The Ranney and Ryan outfit camped at the Shelton ranch that night, and who should they find here but our friends, Archie McLachlan, Mr. Ralston and the Taylor boys, camped also for the night.

There was a dance at the W. R. Walker home that night and, of course, all went. There were three women (probably all there were in the valley), so one man tied a handkerchief around his arm and acted as partner for another to even up for the square dances. The men still maintain that "it was a big affair and a good time was had by all." For a long time, even after Yampa became Craig, and women were still somewhat scarce, the men continued to take the place of women in this same manner.

Later, as more settlers arrived and there was not such a scarcity of women, and men were even more plentiful, the men were given a number as they entered the building. Then before each dance the announcer would call out, "Odd (or even) numbers have the floor." If, as sometimes happened, "some poor boob" who was either rather "off" or half drunk, should be fool enough

* This essay was one of those submitted in the Historical Prize Essay Contest for high school students recently conducted by the State Historical Society of Colorado. Miss Pierce is of Craig, Colorado.—Ed.

¹ Mr. Ranney, with his brother, Frank Ranney, has property at the "Head of the Creek," twenty-six miles from Craig on the Craig-Baggs road. His address is Craig, Colo., Baggs Route.



BUSINESS SECTION OF CRAIG, COLORADO (1926)

—Courtesy of Rocky Mountain News

to try to dance out of his turn, he was immediately assisted (not always gently) off the floor and sometimes out of the door by a more than willing floor manager.

But to get back to our travelers—after a day or two of resting, the men, now eight in number, continued on down the river in high spirits and arrived at Fortification Creek on July 7, 1883. They found there a post office called Yampa run by J. H. Cheney. It was situated on what is now Victory Highway, a mile east of Fortification Creek.

On the west side of the creek, about a mile away and near the river, they found John Mack, who had come in from the Laramie Plains with a pack outfit. He was living in a dugout in the bank near his present home. He had a few poles up in front of the hole in the bank for protection against the weather. Mr. Mack told the men that he had taken up land lying along the north side of the river, "four forties long," and that he had had it surveyed some weeks previously by Wm. H. Rose. Mr. Rose was a mining engineer from Leadville who, with two other men from Leadville, were on an exploring expedition. Mr. Mack said that Mr. Rose and his companions had been camped at the creek for about two or three weeks, and that they had cut some poles, peeled them and laid up a pen about four feet high. They then put some poles across the top and threw the bark over these (rather good for a tenderfoot). The log pen was found but the campers apparently had left. Mr. Rose did not return until about two years later, when he took up the land he now lives on and which he "proved up on" in 1886.²

The Ranneys filed on the land from Fortification Creek, west a mile long and half a mile wide. Alvor Ranney proved up on his in 1884, and Frank Ranney in 1886. McLachlan filed on the land south of the Ranney claim; Ryan on the land to the west; the Taylors, the land south of Ryan's claim; and Ralston filed a claim on what is now Round Bottom, twelve miles down the river.³

The first school was held in Frank Ranney's cabin, with L. H. Ralston acting as martyr, saint, slave driver and instructor. John T. White held the difficult position of Superintendent of Schools in the county. That was before Routt County was divided. The next school was held in 1888 in a schoolhouse built on the Ranney claim, about 200 yards south of where the Court House now

² Mr. Rose is one of the first settlers here.

³ Among the early settlers in the immediate vicinity of what is now Craig, all of them coming between 1880 and 1890 and from whom more material may be secured are: C. E. Baker, Corona, Calif.; Mrs. L. L. Breeze, who is still living in Craig; Dave Morgan, of Craig; Mrs. Joe Carrol, formerly Sarah Morgan. Mrs. Carrol is a sister of Mr. Morgan and was the first white girl to be married in Yampa Valley. Charley Daniels, of Craig, Baggs Route; Wm. H. Rose, of Craig.

stands. Miss Rose Johnson, now Mrs. Egery, who lives on Williams Fork, was the teacher, continuing in the school for four years. In 1891 a new four-room schoolhouse was built. About sixty pupils were enrolled, which is an indication of the way Craig was slowly coming to the fore as a real town.

* * * *

Among the other developments in the town was that of the building of the first church. This was the Christian Church. It was burned down about a year after it was built, February 14, 1900. Jack Ellis started the movement to rebuild it again. Mr. Sutherland was the first minister to preach in the old schoolhouse, followed by J. D. Tower. Occasionally Mr. Barclay preached.

The first newspaper was edited by Clarence Broneaugh. This paper was called the *Pantagraph* and was established in about 1892. Before this they got the news as best they could. Most of the time it was none at all.

The first place to sell that popular thirst quencher, whiskey, in what is now Craig was run by Mr. Laundon and Johnnie Lay, about 1884. This altogether prosperous business was carried on in a log cabin across the street south from where the Congregational Church now stands. They also sold bacon, tobacco and overalls. What a funny combination, whiskey, bacon, tobacco and overalls!

Later on, when the Craig Townsite Company was organized, there was a prohibition clause in all the early deeds given by the company, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating beverages on any lot sold by them. But by petition of the people this clause was eliminated in about 1894, and E. A. Farnham, who was running a saloon east of the Fortification Creek bridge and outside the town limits, moved his saloon into town into a building north of what is now the "Yost Pool Hall." In about a year he sold out to Ledford and Kittel.

All freight and supplies came from Rawlins, Wyoming. It consisted chiefly of flour, sugar and salt. Lay was just about the "leading city." There was a stage and mail line from Rawlins to Meeker, one from Lay to Steamboat Springs and one from Lay to Maybell. The mail to Yampa came from Rawlins to Lay and from there to Steamboat Springs and on to Yampa.

And then, of course, Yampa had its gold rush. It came while the valley was still sparsely settled, some time in the early eighties. The gold was found up Fortification Creek about eighteen miles north of Craig. Apparently it was quite a rush while it lasted. For a while there was a regular city there, supply houses, saloons

and the tents and shacks of several hundred persons along the creek. But the find proved to be just a pocket washed down from farther up the creek, and the people were soon scattered again. Of course, there were always prospectors here and they all seemed to make a pretty good living at it.

Then there were the Indians. They did not bother much; in fact, there was only one story told about a real skirmish with the Indians. It was along in the fall of the year, when the cattle had all been brought down from their summer pasture. The Indians had come into the valley to do their annual fall deer hunting. They said they were after deer for the meat and hides. But either they thought a little beef would not go amiss along with its hide or they couldn't tell a deer and a beef apart. Anyway, while they were hunting deer they also hunted beef. The settlers in the town and surrounding country were stirred up as soon as they found out, and a party of the best riders and gunmen in the country immediately started out in pursuit. You can be sure the Indians, while not traveling lightly, were not traveling slowly either. The men never did tell just what all happened while they were away. They had quite a fight, but they could not tell how many had been killed. The Indians used to do their trading in the Yampa Valley, but never showed up thereafter.

The land on the north side of what is now Victory Highway from Fortification Creek west for a mile, being Section 36, was school land and could not be filed on. But in the year 1884, Harry (Little) Cooper "squatted" on this land. Becoming discouraged, he sold his team and rights to Mr. (Rev.) Bourneman, who later became weary of the place and sold the team and rights to Mr. Barclay. Mr. Barclay made some improvements on the place, and in the year 1888 advertised it as school land for sale. He went to the Land Office at Glenwood Springs intending to bid on the land. Bayard Craig was also at the Land Office to bid on it. Mr. Barclay, not having much money and therefore being afraid to compete with Mr. Craig for the land, made a compromise with him whereby Mr. Craig purchased the half lying from Fortification Creek west to what is now Ranney Street, and Mr. Barclay got the west half lying on the north side of the Victory Highway, west to the Forkner corner.

In 1889, W. H. Tucker, acting as agent for the Craig Townsite Company, which consisted of Rev. Wm. Bayard and Catherine L. Craig, had the land surveyed, plotted and laid out for a town. Also acting as their agent, Mr. Tucker purchased the Alvor Ranney place on the south of the Victory Highway

and south of the school land. Later Mr. Rose added another forty-acre tract, which is known as Rosedale.

Under the direction of Mr. Tucker, the Company built the first hotel in the town. It is what is now known as the Old Central Hotel. Mr. Tucker also built a store where the First National Bank now stands and put in a stock of goods, groceries and general merchandise. Craig's first post office was also in this store.

Craig, with Rosedale, was incorporated April 21, 1908, with A. S. Robinson as the first mayor.

The first early settlers came to this country to take up homesteads, preferably irrigated land. The growth of Craig at first was pretty slow. But with gold rushes, stock-raising and the wonderful climate, Yampa gradually grew. Quite early the railroad talk began in Craig; it is still one of the most popular topics. But it was not until 1913 that Craig's dream came true, when it got its first railroad.

The coming of the railroad brought in a large number of people, some for their health, some willing and ready to work, a few who thought all they had to do was file on the land, build a shack and then sit down and watch the gold pile up, and still others out of a pure adventuresome spirit. Only a few of those who filed on the land in the dry farming districts stayed. Many left because of the uncertainty of crops on dry land.

Soon after this, there was a coal boom in the country and then later on there came the discovery of oil in the Iles dome.

One cannot help but wonder: If David Moffat had never become interested in the railroad and we had not gotten one, what would Craig be now? Just a shopping center for a few big cattle men? Or would a railroad have come in from the other way? What effect will the Moffat Tunnel have upon the development of Craig?

W. H. Jackson, of Washington, D. C., recently visited officers of The State Historical Society at the State Museum. Mr. Jackson was the photographer associated with the Hayden survey in Colorado of 1873, 1874 and 1875. He made some of the first photographs of the Cliff Dweller ruins in Mesa Verde and the first photograph of the Mount of the Holy Cross. He recently presented to The State Historical Society of Colorado a collection of about 150 stereoscopic views of Colorado scenes taken over fifty years ago. A book upon his work as a pioneer photographer is about to come from the press.