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With Fur Traders in Colorado, 1839-40 The Journal of E. Willard Smith

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES BY LEROY R. HAFEN

The Journal of E. Willard Smith is one of the best records of conditions and activity in the Colorado region during fur trade days. The short-lived trading posts on the South Platte are pictured in operation. The chief actors, now almost legendary, are seen with their ox- and mule-drawn wagons, hauling and packing trade goods to supply their posts and conducting trade with the roving Indians.

Mr. Smith takes us over the Santa Fe Trail from the outfitting point of Independence, Missouri, to Bent's Fort on the Arkansas. Then we travel northward over the divide and down the South Platte to the adobe trading post of Fort Vasquez, near present Platteville. Leaving wagons behind, we journey on horseback and with pack-laden mules over the mountains, across North Park, down the Little Snake and to Fort Davy Crockett in the favorite trapper winter resort of wall-encircled Brown's Hole on Green River. Then to escape reprisals from wronged Indians we face midwinter on the continental divide, hole up in drifted snow, and finally emerge with spring at the fort on the South Platte. Then on a mackinaw boat, fashioned from timbers hand-sawed at Fort Vasquez, we place our load of buffalo robes and tongues and commence our voyage down the shallow Platte. After much unloading and re-loading, wading the stream and pulling the boat from sand bars, we finally reach the Missouri and dance upon its muddy flood to reach St. Louis.

The diarist gives us here the first and only authentic record in fur trade days of a completed voyage from the upper South Platte to the Mississippi.

This journalist, later prominent as an architect and civil engineer, might be considered almost as a scientific observer. This twenty-three-year-old traveler, with his background of education, was quite a contrast to the rough squaw-man traders and trappers with whom he traveled.

Biographical data on Smith was kindly supplied by his grandson, Mr. Francis F. McKinney, of McMillan, Michigan. Mr. McKinney's information is from his mother, her seven brothers and

sisters and their children, from family and public records, and from the Bible inscribed thus: "Charlotte M. Smith, from her affectionate husband, E. Willard Smith, December 25, 1849."

Elias Willard Smith was born October 4, 1816, at Albany, New York, one of the five children of Israel Smith and Margaret Chinn (or Chin) Willard Smith. He was named for his maternal grandfather, Dr. Elias Willard, who was an army surgeon in the American Revolution.

E. Willard Smith, as he signed his name, was educated as an engineer, presumably at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute near Albany, which institution is named after the forebears of Smith's mother. The western trip described in his Journal was given young Smith by his father as a graduation present.

Upon his return from the Rocky Mountains, E. Willard Smith became a practicing engineer. "He was connected, in some executive capacity, with the construction of water works in Detroit and Chicago. On August 4, 1862, he was commissioned by Gov. E. D. Morgan as Quartermaster of the 113th Regiment of Infantry, N. Y. State Volunteers. On December 20, 1862, he was commissioned by Gov. Horatio Seymour as Major in the 7th Regiment of Artillery, N. Y. State Volunteers. (Both commissions are in existence.)

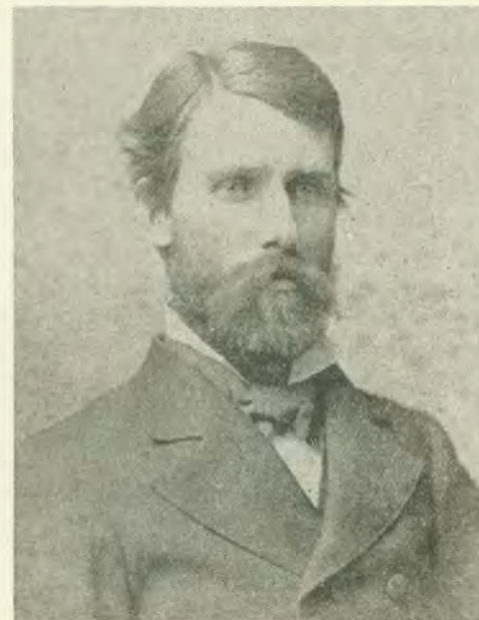
"After the Civil War he moved to Williamsburg, Virginia, with one and possibly both of his brothers. It is my understanding that E.W.S. invested in Virginia land and lost his investment. During at least part of his stay in Williamsburg it is known that he occupied the Chancellor House, now part of the Restoration.

"After Williamsburg he moved to Georgetown and maintained a home for his unmarried daughters and at least one of the married ones until his death. During this time he did some work for the Washington Gas Works."¹

The original manuscript of this Journal was kindly supplied by Francis F. McKinney. The Journal is written in E. Willard Smith's own hand on twenty-two pages of legal-size paper. It was apparently copied from the original diary, which has not been found. Mr. McKinney believes that this is the original copy of the Journal. Another copy, obtained by J. Neilson Barry from Smith's granddaughter, Mrs. E. Oliver Belt, was published, but without identifying or explanatory notes, in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly* of September, 1913. By comparing the McKinney copy, published below, with the one owned by Mrs. Belt, it is apparent that the latter was a slightly modified copy of the former. A few sentences are re-written in the Belt copy and several sentences are added. In addition a description of Smith's buffalo hunt is added

¹Mr. McKinney's letter of March 30, 1950, to the editor.

in the Belt copy at the end of the Journal. These additions, which apparently were written by Smith himself, we have placed in brackets and have included in the Journal as printed below. The



E. WILLARD SMITH

long unbroken pages at the end of the manuscript we have divided into paragraphs to conform to the style of the earlier part of the Journal. The spelling and punctuation of the original has been retained.

JOURNAL OF E. W. SMITH

Left Independence Aug 6th 1839. The party, at starting, consisted of 32 persons, under the command of Messrs. Vasques & Sublette.² There were four wagons loaded with goods, to be used

²The leaders of the party were Louis Vasquez and Andrew W. Sublette, proprietors of Fort Vasquez on the South Platte, near the site of present Platteville, Colorado.

Louis Vasquez, youngest child of Benito and Julie Papin Vasquez, was born in St. Louis October 3, 1798. He went up the Missouri with the W. H. Ashley fur traders in 1823 and for more than thirty years engaged in the far western trade. His unprofitable partnership with Andrew W. Sublette was short-lived. Later he was a partner of Jim Bridger in the ownership of Fort Bridger, southwestern Wyoming. He died in 1868. For a fuller sketch of his life see L. R. Hafen, "Mountain Men; Louis Vasquez," in the *Colorado Magazine*, X, 14-21.

Andrew W. Sublette and his four brothers—William, Milton, Solomon and Pinckney—were all prominent in the western fur trade. Andrew, in the trader caravan going to rendezvous in 1832, was already a prominent marksman. He continued in the fur trade for a decade. In 1844 he was captain and guide for a party of health seekers over the Oregon Trail, and took them to Brown's Hole, northwestern Colorado. After the gold discovery of 1849, Andrew went to California, where he was killed by a grizzly bear in 1853. For additional data see my "Mountain Men—Andrew W. Sublette," in the *Colorado Magazine*, X, 179-184.

in the Indian trade, drawn by six mules each. The drivers accompanied the wagons, the rest of the party riding on mules. These men were French, Americans, Spaniards and Half Breeds.

After leaving the boundary line of Missouri State, we lost all traces of civilization. The soil appeared to be very fertile for about 100 miles, being well watered by creeks running south into the Arkansas.³ On the banks of these streams were many dense groves, while the intervening country consisted of prairies. The grove on the last stream we met with was called Council Grove,⁴ being one hundred miles from the State line—which place we reached on the 15th Aug. It had formerly been a favorite place for the Indian Council fires.

On the night of the 15th we had a very severe rain, which was a pleasant introduction to a life on the Prairies. Our food consisted of bacon, and bread, made of flour and water formed into a paste and baked in a frying pan. The two gentlemen, who had command of the party were old Indian traders, having followed this occupation for more than ten years. There were also, with us, a Mr. Thompson⁵ who had a trading post⁶ on the Western side of the Mountains, and two Half Breeds employed as hunters. One of them was a son of Capt. Clarke the great Western traveller and companion of Lewis—he had received an education, in Europe, during seven years.⁷

16th. Today we saw several Antelopes.

17th.⁸ We came in sight of the Arkansas River, quite a large [stream], about two hundred yards wide. The banks are low and sandy, with a few scattered trees. We continued to travel along its banks for several days, at a short distance from the stream.

³They were following the Santa Fe Trail, over which wagons had rolled since 1822.

⁴This well-known camping place on the Neosho River, was named for the council with Osage Indians held there in August, 1825. Here in the westernmost grove of abundant hardwood timber, the traveler usually laid in a supply of extra axle trees, etc.

⁵Phillip F. Thompson was born in Tennessee in 1810. As a young man he went to the mountains and engaged in the fur trade. With the decline of the fur business he migrated to Oregon in 1842 with his Indian wife and children. In the Cayuse War of 1848 he served as a Captain of Company 5, Oregon Rifles. In 1853 he was appointed sub-Indian Agent. He died February 25, 1854.—Data from Priscilla Knuth, of the Oregon Historical Society.

⁶Fort Davy Crockett in Brown's Hole on Green River, northwestern corner of Colorado. For a description of the fort see below, under date of October 1st.

⁷Baptiste Charbonneau, son of Toussaint Charbonneau and Sacajawea, guides of the famous Lewis and Clark expedition of 1803-1806. Baptiste, born at Fort Mandan, near present Bismark, on February 15, 1805, was carried over the Rockies to the mouth of the Columbia and back by his mother. After the return of the expedition, William Clark adopted the boy and put him in school in St. Louis.

⁸In 1823 Baptiste accompanied Prince Paul of Wurtemberg to Europe, where he remained for nearly seven years. After returning to America in 1829, Baptiste went into the region beyond the Missouri, where he became one of the famous hunters and guides of the West. For an account of his life see Ann W. Hafen, "Baptiste Charbonneau, Son of Bird Woman," in the Denver Westerners' *Brand Book*, December, 1949.

⁹The following paragraph is written on a separate sheet and attached for insertion.

There were a great many rattlesnakes along the shore; also a very large species of spider, whose bite is mortal. We have had moonlight for several nights, which makes it pleasanter for the guard at night.

21st. Some of the party killed two of these animals [antelopes], an old and a young one, which were prepared for dinner. We found them not very palatable, but tasted pretty well after having lived so long on bacon alone; our stock of flour [page 2]⁹ being exhausted some days previous. The meat resembles venison somewhat, but not as good. This animal is smaller than the common deer, which it very much resembles in color and quality of hair; but its horns are different, being smoother, and not branching out so much. It is very fleet, even more so than a deer, and a horse must be very swift to overtake it. They are difficult to be approached on account of their great watchfulness.

On this same day we saw seven Buffaloes, as we were stopping to prepare dinner. The sight of them quite enlivened the party, as they were mostly new hands, and had never seen any of these animals before. Mr. Sublette gave chase to one of them, being mounted on a horse trained for this purpose, and fired several shots without effect.

On the 22d at noon we saw a large herd of two or three hundred Buffalo Cows, which some of the hunters chased, but returned unsuccessful; several of them being thrown from their horses and severely injured, as they were riding over a village of prairie dogs, the horses feet sinking into the holes and thus causing them to fall and throw their riders. We suffered very much today for want of water. Saw, also, the first village of prairie dogs, which was quite a curiosity. A man shot one of the dogs, which was eaten. They look like a squirrel somewhat, being very nearly the same size. Sometimes the same hole is occupied by an owl, rattle-snake and a prairie-dog. To day we have been approaching to where the grass is short and little dew, while before the dew has been so heavy as to wet us through during the night. No Buffalo Meat today. At evening two of the party went out to hunt, and shot a bull, being very much pleased with their success. They thought they heard the whoop of the Indians, but it proved to be nothing more than the howling of some wolves. Bulls at this season are poor and unfit to eat, they are, therefore, rarely killed when cows can be obtained.

23 Aug. Today all the hunters started after meat, and we [page 3] anxiously waiting their return. Took breakfast this morning at daybreak, which was rather out of our usual course of living. We, generally, arose at the break of day, travelled till ten or eleven

⁹The pagination of the original manuscript is indicated thus.

o'clock, then encamped and cooked our dinner or breakfast, the latter of which is probably correct as we ate nothing before; then continued our journey until within an hour of sunset, when we encamped for the night and prepared our supper, picketed our horses, which is done by tying a rope, eighteen or twenty feet long to a horse's neck and attaching it to a stake driven into the ground, which allows them to feed without permitting them to wander off. We stand guard by turns, at night, each one being on duty for the space of three hours. After this was arranged we spread our blankets and courted sleep, which failed not speedily to overtake us after the fatigues of the day. The Canopy of heaven ornamented with many a bright star was our only covering. It stormed quite hard during the night. At noon of the 23d the hunters returned with meat, having killed three cows. We all turned cooks and soon began to eat in a most voracious manner, as it was the first Buffalo Meat we had tasted. It is, I think the best meat I have ever eaten, and my opinion coincides with that of most persons who have tasted it. We saw several thousand of these animals today—two or three herds containing about three hundred. All feel in good spirits, though the water is extremely bad. Indeed we have had good water but twice since we started. Towards evening passed a great number of Buffalo—the prairie being actually alive with them—they extended, probably about four miles and numbered nearly 200,000. It was a grand sight, but more particularly so on account of its novelty to us. Such a scene as this can not be appreciated by one who has never beheld it. [page 4]

24th. To-day we saw nearly as many Buffaloes as yesterday. It is not generally the case that so many are met at this season of the year, so far East as this. We are now about three hundred miles from Independence. Until we met Buffalo we began to be rather tired of travelling, but soon revived after finding them, from the excitement of hunting.

25th. We have met with nothing very interesting to-day, but have seen a great many buffaloes, and at evening encamped on the banks of the Arkansas. The river here is pretty wide, but not more than two or three feet deep. We will now continue to travel along the Arkansas for ten or twelve days. The river here is the boundary line between Mexico & Missouri Territory.¹⁰

26th. This has been a very pleasant day, but the evenings are cool. We are not as much troubled with mosquitoes as we have been for several nights previous. We have made a long day's journey. We now live on buffalo meat altogether, which requires very little

¹⁰The Treaty of 1819 with Spain, by which the United States acquired Florida, defined the international boundary as running from the 100th meridian along the Arkansas River to its source.

salt. Our party now consists of thirty-six persons, having been joined by four on the sixteenth.

27th. This is a pleasant day & we are getting along rapidly, travelling about twenty-five miles a day. Our hunters go out again to-day for meat. There are two ways of hunting Buffalo—one called *approaching*—the other, *running*. When a hunter *approaches*, he puts on a white blanket coat, and white cap, so as to resemble a white wolf as much as possible—crawls on his hands and knees towards the animal until he gets within one hundred and fifty yards—then sticks his knife in the ground—lies flat on the ground—rests his gun on his knife and fires at the animal. It generally requires more than one shot to kill a buffalo, even if he should be shot through the heart. The method of hunting then by *running* is done on horse back. The man mounts a fleet horse, trained for the purpose, and rides full speed towards the herd, and fires a light fowling piece, which he carries in one hand, while he guides the horse with the other. The moment the rider fires his [page 5] piece, the horse springs out of the reach of the Buffalo, to escape injury from the infuriated animal. This is the most exciting method of hunting, and is attended with considerable danger, the horse being liable to stumble over the rough ground. The Indians prefer this method of hunting, substituting a bow & arrow for the gun. This weapon they use with such dexterity as to shoot an arrow entirely through the animal, piercing the ground on the opposite side. It is very difficult for a bullet, at the regular shooting distance, to pass through the body.¹¹

We saw ten antelopes today. Every night we have a grand concert of wolves, relieved occasionally by the bellowing of Buffalo Bulls. During the last week we passed several places where some men belonging to former parties had been killed by the Indians. The other day we passed a place where Mr. Vasquez had a very narrow escape. He and one of his men started for his fort ahead of the party. The man being taken sick, he left him on an island in the Arkansas River. He then went back for medicine, being a day & half's journey from the party. As he was returning, he was chased by a party of Indians on foot, who overtook him as he stopped to drink, & was at his side before he could mount his horse. He presented the muzzle of his gun, & the Indians stepped back, allowing him time to mount his horse, which, taking fright, ran away with the rider. The Indians gave up the pursuit. They were a war-party of Pawnees. The part of the road we are now travelling runs through the general war-ground of the different tribes of Indians.

¹¹For a fuller account of hunting see E. Douglas Branch, *The Hunting of the Buffalo* (New York, 1929); and for the buffalo in general consult M. S. Garretson, *The American Bison* (New York, 1933).

28th. Nothing very remarkable has happened to-day. The weather still continues very pleasant.

29th. Nothing very interesting today. Buffalo have been very scarce for several days. The hunters went out this afternoon, and could get nothing but antelope meat, which afforded us a good meal, as we were hungry.

30th. We still travel as usual. We have been expecting to overtake Mr. Lupton every day. He is a mountain-trader, on his way to the trading-post, on the river Platte. [page 6] We overtook him to-day about noon. His party had stopped to eat dinner, and allow their animals to feed. He had six wagons drawn by oxen. They had started about twelve days before us. He mistook us for Indians as we were approaching, and was somewhat alarmed.¹² We saw three deer today on an island—one of them, being a buck, was extremely large.

31st. This is the last day of August and of summer. We saw six elk to-day—one of them, being an old one, was quite large. Mr. Lupton encamped with us today as well as last night. He is trying to keep up with us, but probably, will not succeed, as our mules can travel much faster than his oxen. We had a buffalo hunt today. Our men killed one, Mr. Lupton's men another. It is a fine sight to see them *running* a large herd. This is Saturday. It is very difficult to mark the Sabbath, as there are no church bells to remind us of it.

Sept. 1st. To-day we came in sight of what is called *Big Timber*¹³—sixty miles from Bent's Fort on the Arkansas. It is thick timber on the bank of the river. We have had no fresh Buffalo meat to-day & there are no Buffalo to be seen.

2nd. To-day at noon left *Big Timber*. The prairie here is more rolling and sandy than we have seen it before. We had a view of the mountains this afternoon, but they are still one hundred and fifty miles distant. We are enabled to see this great distance on account of the clearness of the atmosphere. The atmosphere is very dry and clear—there being no dew at night. The weather is very warm. No fresh meat to-day. Buffalo is very scarce.

¹²Lancaster P. Lupton was the owner of Fort Lupton, a trading post on the South Platte a mile north of the present town of Fort Lupton. In command of Company A, Lieut. Lupton had accompanied Col. Henry Dodge and the First Dragoons on their expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1835. He resigned from the army in March, 1836, and entered the fur trade of the West. He married an Indian girl and several children were born to them at Fort Lupton. With the decline of the fur traffic he gave up his trading post after having operated it for about ten years. He then took up farming on the Hardserabble, near the site of Florence, Colorado. In 1849 he joined the gold rush to California and after trying mining for a time settled in northern California. He died there, near Arcata, on August 2, 1885. The present editor visited his granddaughter at Arcata in 1929 and from her obtained a collection of Lupton papers. For further data on Lupton and his fort see L. R. Hafen, "Old Fort Lupton and its Founder," in the *Colorado Magazine*, VI, 220-226 (Nov. 1929).

¹³This, the only large stand of timber in many miles along the Arkansas, was located a little east of present Lamar, Colorado. It was a favorite resort for the Arapahoes and Cheyennes, their ponies being fed the twigs and sweet bark of the cottonwood. William Bent maintained trading houses here for several years.

3rd. To-day we passed Bent's fort. It looks quite like a Military fortification. It is constructed of mud bricks, after the Spanish fashion, and is quite durable.¹⁴ Mr. Bent had seventy horses stolen from the fort this summer by a party of the Commanche Indians, nine in number.¹⁵ There was a party of these Indians, consisting of three thousand lodges, a few miles distant.

4th. To-day we passed a Spanish fort about two miles from Bent's. It is also built of mud and inhabited by a few Spanish [page 7] and French. They get flour from Touse [Taos], a town in Mexico, eight days' travel from this place. They raise a small quantity of corn for their own use.¹⁶ We still continue along the Arkansas River. Last night we saw the Northern lights very plainly. Three of our party have now left us to go a-head to the fort on the Platte.

5th. To-day we came in sight of Pike's Peak,¹⁷ which can be seen at a very great distance. It has snow on its summit at present. We have had no fresh meat today. The soil along the river is very sandy. We still continue on its banks. The ground here is covered with prickly pears. There is a shrub growing here called *grease-wood*. It is peculiar to this country. The Indians use it for making arrows. It is very heavy & stiff and burns quickly. There is also a plant called *Spanish Soap plant*.¹⁸ The Mexicans use the root as a substitute for soap. We have been obliged to eat bacon to-day, as the stock of Buffalo Meat is exhausted.

6th. To-day our hunters killed two buck-deer. They tasted very well. We still keep approaching the mountains, which have a very fine appearance. The Peak is very high—was discovered by Gen'l Pike when in company with Major Long on his expedition to

¹⁴This was Bent's Old Fort, located on the north bank of the Arkansas, about midway between the present towns of La Junta and Las Animas. The adobies from the walls were later carried away and utilized in farm buildings of ranchers in the vicinity. Nothing of the fort remains, but the site is marked by a granite monument and an ornamental gateway.

The original fort, the most famous fur trade post of the Southwest, was built in 1832, by the Bent and St. Vrain Co. The fullest account of the post, though inaccurate in certain details, is G. B. Grinnell, "Bent's Old Fort and its Builders," in the *Kansas State Historical Society Collections*. The post was abandoned and partially destroyed in 1849.

¹⁵T. J. Farnham, who reached the fort on July 5, 1839, reports the same theft in his *Travels in the Great Western Prairies*, reprinted in Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*, XXVIII, 164-166.

Dr. F. A. Wislizenus visited the fort on September 15, 1839, and with his German pronunciation calls it "Penn's Fort." He says the Indians had driven off one hundred horses.—F. A. Wislizenus, *A Journey to the Rocky Mountains in the Year, 1839*, 141.

¹⁶Wislizenus (*op. cit.*, 141) calls it "Peebles' Fort" and says it was four miles above Bent's Fort. Farnham (*op. cit.*, 173) gives the name as Fort El Puebla and describes the place.

Another visitor of 1839, Matthew C. Field, correspondent of the *New Orleans Picayune*, gives us our fullest description of the settlement, which he calls "Puebla de Leche" (Milk Fort). Field's account is reprinted in the *Colorado Magazine*, XIV, 106-108 (May, 1937).

¹⁷This is one of the earliest applications of this name to the famous mountain. Pike called it "Highest Peak" and Long named it "James Peak," in honor of Dr. Edwin James, who first ascended it.

¹⁸Yucca, or Spanish Bayonet.

the mountains.¹⁹ Pike and his party were taken prisoners at this mountain by the Mexicans. One of his companions was kept four years in prison.²⁰

7th. We have been going up hill all day, & have reached some high ground & have a splendid view of the plain below. We can see at least eighty miles in either direction, except where the mountains bound our view at a distance of forty miles. We ate our dinner at a creek called *Fontaine Quibouille, boiling Spring*, called so on account of the manner in which it boils from the mountain.²¹ We found a great quantity of wild plums on the banks of this creek. Saw signs of grisly bear in this vicinity. This is a famous resort in the winter for the Arapahoes and Shian [Arapaho and Cheyenne] Indians. The traders have houses here for trading with them in the winter.²²

8th. To-day we saw a few scattering Buffaloes, had not seen any in some time, and, with the exception of a little venison, had [page 8] been living on bacon. Towards evening the hunters came in with some bull's meat, which made our supper, although rather unpalatable. We had a very severe storm of rain and wind last night. The wind was very strong, which it always is on these prairies—as strong as on the ocean. It is almost impossible to travel here in winter.

9th. To-day we came across several large herds of Buffalo, and the hunters succeeded in getting some very good meat, which was quite an agreeable change. We all ate voraciously of it. It would astonish the inhabitants of the city to drop in upon us at some of our meals, after we had been on short allowances for two or three days. It is incredible what a large quantity of Buffalo-meat a man can eat without injury.

10th. To-day & yesterday we passed through some strips of pine timber,²³ the first I have seen in this part of the country. It is quite a relief after having seen nothing but cottonwood along the prairie streams. As we were about encamping for the night we discovered some Indians, who proved to be Arapahoes. One of them

¹⁹The diarist here has his history confused. Z. M. Pike, on his expedition of 1806-07, made an unsuccessful attempt to climb the peak that carries his name. The notable peak had been discovered by the early Spaniards and had been familiar to them long before Pike came into the Southwest.

²⁰Major S. H. Long's tour was in the summer of 1820. Dr. Edwin James, of his party, made the ascent of the peak—probably the first by a white man—in July of that year.

²¹Pike was not taken at this mountain, but at the stockade he built on the Conejos, about five miles from its confluence with the Rio Grande. The site of Pike's Stockade is now owned by the State of Colorado, and is being developed by the State Historical Society. The Spaniards retained some of Pike's companions for several years.

²²Fountain Creek, which derives its name from the boiling springs at Manitou. The reference here is not clear. He may be referring to trading houses at the mouth of Fountain Creek (site of the modern city of Pueblo) or to others some distance up the Fountain (not mentioned by other writers).

²³The Black Forest, watershed dividing the drainages of the Arkansas and Platte rivers.

immediately galloped off to their village—as their large encampments are called, which was about five miles off, and informed the rest of them that we were in the vicinity. About dusk twenty-two of them, most of them being chiefs, came out to see us. They were all fine looking fellows, rather lighter-colored than our eastern Indians. Two or three squaws accompanied them—also pretty good looking. The chiefs seated themselves around the fire, forming a ring with Mr. Vasquez and commenced smoking their long pipes, which they passed around several times—every one smoking out of the same pipe. They were all well acquainted with Mr. Vasquez. They remained with him two or three hours. Before they left, we presented them with some tobacco and knives. Among their number was one Shian and one Blackfoot.

11th. Nothing new to-day. Expect to reach the fort²⁴ soon. Still eating bull meat.

12th. Living about the same as yesterday and travelling pretty fast—almost out of provisions. In the evening we arrived at the Platte river and encamped.²⁵ [page 9]

13th. To-day about four o'clock, we passed Mr. Lupton's fort.²⁶ A little after five we reached the fort of Messrs. Sublette & Vasquez, the place of our destination.²⁷ Our arrival caused considerable stir among the inmates. A great many free trappers are here at present. The Fort is quite a nice place, situated on the South fork of the river Platte. It is built of *daubies* [adobes], or Spanish bricks,

²⁴Fort Vasquez, near present Platteville.

²⁵They have descended Cherry Creek and encamped at the site of Denver.

²⁶Lupton's Fort on the South Platte was about a mile north of the present town of Fort Lupton. The adobe ruins of the fort are on the Ewing Ranch, and a historical monument on Highway U. S. 85 marks the site of the old fur trade post.

²⁷Fort Vasquez. This trading post was built by Louis Vasquez and Andrew W. Sublette in 1837. The two partners conducted trade here until 1840 or 1841, when they sold out to Lock and Randolph, who evacuated the post in 1842 and quit the country. See L. R. Hafen, "The Early Fur Trade Posts on the South Platte," in the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, XII, 334-41.

The post, located about one and one-half miles south of present Platteville, was built of adobe. The walls formed a rectangle of about 100 by 110 feet. Several rooms were built inside. After the trappers deserted the fort it remained unoccupied until the Pike's Peak Gold Rush. D. C. Oakes stopped at the post in 1859 (see *The Trail*, II, No. 7, p. 12). W. D. Anthony visited it on June 7, 1860, and wrote thus of it in his diary: ". . . came to the ruins of an old Fort where we halted for a few moments. this made of mud or 'Dobey,' the enclosure is about 100 feet square, the walls about 12 feet high. upon two corners stand the round guard house, running about five feet higher. Around the walls are 'port holes' and so made as to shoot from them in any direction. the old walls are now crumbling away." (Original diary in State Historical Society Library).

When the present editor first saw the fort walls in 1924, they were still five feet high in places. In 1937 the remaining walls were torn down and a new adobe fort, approximating the original in size and character was built as a W.P.A. project. The new fort was built a few feet west of the original, in order to be a little farther away from the highway, which immediately abutted the original wall.

A. Pike Vasquez, nephew of Louis Vasquez, claimed 160 acres of land, including Fort Vasquez, on October 28, 1859. See the St. Vrain County Claim Club Book in the records of the County Commissioners of Weld County, Colorado. A. Pike Vasquez, whose father was "Baroney" Vasquez, the guide and interpreter of Z. M. Pike on his southwestern exploring tour of 1806-07, was named for the famous explorer. A. Pike Vasquez kept the Vasquez House, one of the hotels of pioneer Denver. He does not appear to have perfected title to Fort Vasquez and the tract surrounding it.

made of clay baked in the sun. This is the Mexican plan of building houses, and, as the atmosphere is very dry, & there is very little rain, the buildings are quite durable. This Fort is opposite Long's Peak and about twenty miles distant. We slept all night at the Fort and ate some very good meat. This is the first time I have slept under cover for thirty-seven days.

14th. To-day I moved my quarters to Mr. Thompson's camp,²⁸ a mile and half from the fort. I shall remain with him till we start to cross the mountains, which will be in a few days. There are a few lodges of the Shian Indians near us. We have smoked with & embraced two to-day.

15th. Still at the camp. Nothing remarkable has happened. The men at the Fort have been carousing, having got drunk on alcohol. There are about twelve lodges of Shians encamped at the Fort. They have been trading with the whites. They had a scalp-dance in the Fort to-day, dancing at the music of an instrument resembling the Tambourine. They were armed with short bows, about three feet long.

16th. To-day we left our encampment, and started to cross the mountains. Our party consisted of eight men, two squaws, and three children. One of the squaws belonged to Mr. Thompson, the other to Mr. Craig.²⁹ They were partners & have a trading Fort at Brown's Hole, a valley on the west side of the mountain.

17th. One of our mules came near being drowned to-day in crossing the creek,³⁰ a branch of the river Platte. It was with great difficulty that we extricated it from its perilous situation. The middle of the day is quite warm—the mornings and evenings cold.

18th. We encamped last night on a small stream, *Cache-la-Poudre*, called so because powder was hidden there some time since.³¹ Our camp was just at the foot of the mountain in a very

²⁸Mr. Thompson will soon continue his journey over the mountains to his Fort Davy Crockett in Brown's Hole on Green River, at the extreme northwest corner of Colorado.

²⁹William Craig, one of the owners of Fort Davy Crockett, was born in Virginia, came to the Rockies in the 1820s and became a Mountain Man. He went to California with the Walker expedition of 1833, and later "trapped a squaw" among the Nez Percés. In July, 1839, he left his fort on Green River and crossed the mountains to meet his partner, Thompson, at Fort Vasquez. Following the breakup of the last fur trade rendezvous in 1840 he moved to Oregon with Joe Meek. There he became a prominent pioneer settler, was a Lieut. Colonel in the Indian War of 1855, and later served as Indian Agent. His pioneer cabin was located on the ground of present Pioneer Park in the city of Walla Walla, Washington. He died in October, 1869. For further data see L. R. Hafen, "Mountain Men—William Craig," in the *Colorado Magazine*, XI, 171-176 (September, 1934).

³⁰The stream was probably Thompson Creek, which derives its name, I think, from Philip F. Thompson, leader of this expedition.

³¹The caching-of-the-powder incident, which gave the stream its name, probably occurred in 1836. Antoine Janis, first settler in the river valley, had been an early trapper and trader in the region. He said that in 1836, as a boy of twelve, he accompanied his father and the party that was detained by a snowstorm and forced to cache some of their supplies, including much powder, beside the river. See Ansel Watrous, *History of Laramie County* (1911), 160-161; and Bernice Schultz Interviews in Pam. 361/14 (State Historical Society Library), pp. 1-2, 4.

The Smith use of the term, "Cache La Poudre," is one of the earliest written applications of the name to the river.

pleasant place. During the day we passed several pools and creeks, the water of which were impregnated with salt-peter.

19th. Today we began to go among the hills at the foot of the mountain, quite an agreeable change from prairies in hot weather to mountain scenery. A person soon becomes tired of travelling over the prairie—all is so monotonous. The road we are travelling now is surrounded by hills piled on hills, with mountains in the background. The water in all the small streams is very good & cold.

20th. To-day the road became rougher. We had some very high and steep hills to climb. One could scarcely think from their appearance, that a horse could ascend them, but we crossed them without any great difficulty. Messrs. Thompson & Craig went before us & killed three Buffaloes. Before this, we had had plenty of fat venison. In the afternoon they killed two deer. At night it was quite cold and frosty.³²

21st. To-day it is quite cold. We have been climbing more hills. At noon the hunters came to us, having killed six Buffaloes and a calf. We saw a great many Buffalo to-day—encamped in a beautiful valley. Its length is as far as the eye can reach, probably more than sixty miles long & about ten wide.³³ The view from the surrounding mountains is grand. It is surrounded by high hills, with mountains in the background. Large herds of Buffalo were scattered over this valley. There is a large stream flowing through it, called Laramie's Fork, tributary to the north fork of the Platte. It has several small streams flowing into it. The timber on all these mountains and hills is yellow pine—some of it quite large. In this plain there is a very large rock, composed of red sand stone, & resembling a chimney. It is situated on a fork of the Laramie, called Chimney Rock.

22nd. Nothing remarkable to-day except beautiful scenery. We travel twenty miles a day. The weather is very pleasant—quite warm at noon, but freezes hard at nights.

23rd. This morning the road was very rough. At noon we entered a very large valley, called the Park,³⁴ at the entrance of which we crossed the north fork of the river Platte, a very fine stream. We saw a great number of Buffalo to-day, probably about two thousand. [page 11]

24th. To-day we are still travelling in the Park, and surrounded by herds of Buffalo. The weather is still pleasant and we have

³²They are following approximately the route of Highway U. S. 287, northwest from Fort Collins.

³³Valley of the Laramie River.

³⁴This is North Park, known to the trappers of this period as "New Park." One of Major Long's guides described it to him in 1820 and said it was then called the Buffalo Bull Pen. Smith's route was probably up the Laramie River and over the divide, along the course of Highway 127.

moonlight nights. It is so cold at night that the water freezes. Last night one of our party set a trap for a beaver. When he went this morning to remove it, he found a beaver caught.

25th. To-day we have had a very rough road to travel over, and at evening encamped on a ridge called "the Divide." It divides the waters of the Atlantic from the Pacific. It extends a great distance North and South. On the West side of it are the head waters of the Columbia and the Colorado of the West—the former emptying into the Pacific, the latter into the Gulf of California. On the East side are the head waters of the Missouri and its tributaries, and also the Arkansas.³⁵ We had a slight shower in the evening—have seen no Buffalo to-day.

26th. To-day we have travelled only fifteen miles. The scenery is very rough. We saw only a few Bulls and no cows. Nearly all the hills and valleys since we came among the mountains are covered with wild sage or wormwood, which grows in stiff bushes, six or seven feet high. The stalks are large as a man's arm. There are a great many black currants among the mountains—also plums and sarvis berries and hawthorne berries.

27th. To-day we have travelled about twenty miles. The weather still continues very pleasant. At evening, just before we encamped for the night, we came to a place where some whites had encamped a few days previous for the purpose of killing Buffalo and drying their meat. From the signs around us we thought they must have had a fight with the Indians, probably Sioux. We saw the skeletons of four horses, killed in the fight. The Whites had thrown up a breastwork of logs for a defense.³⁶ To-night we put our horses in an old horse-pen we found at our camping place, which is on Snake River,³⁷ a tributary of the Colorado of the West.

28th. To-day we have had a good road & got along well. We are still on Snake River. No Buffalo have been seen, but the hunters killed an Elk out of a herd of about twelve. The meat resembles venison very much in taste, tho not quite so tender.

[page 12] 29th. To-day we left Snake river³⁸ and about noon came across Indian signs. We supposed there must have been about forty Indians, probably a war party of Sioux that had passed but two or three hours previous to our coming. If they had seen us we must have had a fight.

³⁵After crossing the continental divide they struck headwaters of Little Snake River.

³⁶See below, entry of October 2nd, for information about the fight.

³⁷Little Snake, a tributary of Yampa River.

³⁸In following this river westward they have been going very closely along the present Colorado-Wyoming boundary. Where the river bends to the south they leave the stream and probably go up Powder Wash, which leads directly westward.

30th. Yesterday afternoon my horse gave out and I was obliged to lead him about three miles. The day was quite warm & we suffered very much for want of water. We encamped at some Sulphur Springs. The hunters shot an old Buffalo. To-day I was obliged to walk and let my horse run loose. I was afraid that he would be unable to travel all day, even in this way. My boots were torn to pieces and I could procure no moccasins. I traveled forty miles in this way over a very rough road covered with prickly pears. My feet were very much blistered. The day was very warm. After travelling forty miles without water, I lost sight of the party, who were in advance of me. As it was growing dark & my feet pained me very much, I concluded to stop for the night and encamp by myself on a stream called the "Vermilion,"³⁹ that we had just reached. I did so and remained there all night alone. I think I never suffered so much from thirst as I did to-day.

Oct. 1st. I left my lonely camp early and walked pretty fast over the gravel and prickly pears that lay in my path, not expecting to see anything of the rest of my companions until I arrived at Brown's Hole, but after travelling two miles I discovered them encamped at a small lake in a valley. You may imagine I was not a little pleased to see them. They were just eating breakfast, which I partook with great pleasure, having eaten nothing the day before. At evening we arrived at Brown's Hole, our place of destination.⁴⁰ This is a valley so called on Green River, in which is a Fort.⁴¹

Oct. 2nd. Today I heard [from Kit Carson]⁴² the particulars of the fight at the breastworks near Snake river, referred to a few days since. It appears that the party was composed of seven whites and two squaws, who had come there from Brown's Hole, for the purpose of killing Buffalo and drying their meat. They had been there several days, and dried a large quantity of meat, [page 13] when they were attacked by a party of Sioux, about twenty in number. The attack was made toward morning while it was yet dark.

³⁹The Vermilion, which flows generally southward, enters the Green at Brown's Hole.

⁴⁰This mountain-walled valley was a favorite winter rendezvous site. Sheltered from storms and supplied with grass for horses, this valley was regularly sought by trappers as a place to hole in during mid-winter.

Brown's Hole is believed to have derived its name from an early trapper, Baptiste Brown, who is probably the same person known otherwise as Jean B. Charlefo.

⁴¹Fort Davy Crockett, owned by Thompson, Craig, and Sinclair. Thomas J. Farnham reached the fort on the preceding August 12, and wrote: "The Fort is a hollow square of one story log cabins, with roofs and floors of mud, constructed in the same manner as those of Fort William [Bent]. Around these we found the council skin lodges of the squaws of the white trappers, who were away on their 'fall hunt,' and also the lodges of a few Snake Indians, who had preceded their tribe to this, their winter haunt. Here also were the lodges of Mr. Robinson, a trader, . . ." (T. J. Farnham, "Travels," in R. G. Thwaites, *Early Western Travels*, XXVIII, 252-53).

⁴²The phrase in brackets is in the Belt copy of the Journal, but is not in the McKinney copy. Presumably it was added by Smith. Carson, according to his so-called *Autobiography*, was in Brown's Hole several times from 1838 to 1841. However, the exact chronology of the *Autobiography* has never been satisfactorily worked out. Joe Meek asserts that Carson was at Brown's Hole during the winter of 1839-40 (Victor's *River of the West*, 259).

They fired mostly at one man, named Spiller, as he lay asleep, and pierced him with five balls, without wounding any one else. This awakened the rest of the men and they began to strengthen a horse pen they had made of logs, to form it into a breastwork. They digged some holes in the ground for the men to stand in, so as to protect them as much as possible. As soon as it became light, they commenced firing at the Indians, of which they wounded and killed several. After exchanging several shots, the principal Indian chief rode up towards them, and made offers of peace. One of them went out and induced him, with several others, to come towards them. When they were within shooting distance, they fell back behind some trees and gave the signal to his companions, who fired and killed the head chief and one or two others. The Indians kept up a firing for a short time & then retreated. [When the chief was shot he jumped up and fell down, the others were very much excited, and raved and tore around. He was a distinguished chief.]⁴³

Oct. 3rd. Still at the Fort, which is situated in a small valley, surrounded by mountains, on Green River, a tributary of the Colorado. It is quite a stream, about three hundred yards wide. It runs through a narrow passage in the mountains, the rocks forming a perpendicular wall on each side, five hundred feet high.

6th. We had a snow storm to-day. It fell about six inches deep. I intended to go to Fort Hall, a Fort belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, situated on the head waters of the Columbia,⁴⁴ but the party disappointed me.

10th. I have been at the Fort since my first arrival. Nothing of importance has occurred. The weather is still very pleasant. To-day we started for a Buffalo hunt, to make dried meat. There were about thirty in the party, half of the number being squaws, wives of the white trappers. We had sixty horses with us. We were ten days in reaching the Buffalo herds, although we met a few scattered animals the second day after we started. We made our first camp for drying meat on Snake river at the mouth of a creek called "Muddy."⁴⁵ We had stormy weather for several days [Page 14] and, after remaining at this encampment for three days we moved farther down the river, where we remained several days. During the whole time we had been out, we had killed one hundred Buffalo and dried their meat. Some of the party had also killed six grisly bears quite near the camp. [The hunters gave me one of the skins of a beautiful grizzly brown color, and some of the meat very much like pork.]⁴⁶

⁴³The portion in brackets is in the Belt copy of the Journal as published in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly* of September, 1913.

⁴⁴Fort Hall, on Snake River in Idaho, was founded by the Bostonian, N. J. Wyeth, in 1834. He later sold it to the Hudson's Bay Company. (See J. B. Brown, *Fort Hall on the Oregon Trail*.)

⁴⁵Muddy Creek enters the Little Snake near Baggs, Wyoming.

⁴⁶Added in the Belt copy of the Journal.

Nov. 1st. We arrived at the Fort on the first of November and remained there till the 8th. On the evening of the first, there were one hundred and fifty head of horses stolen from the vicinity of the Fort by a party of ten Sioux, as we afterwards learned. This was very unexpected, as the trappers & Snake Indians had been in the habit of letting their horses run loose in the valley, unattended by a guard, as this place was unknown to any of the hostile Indians. This event caused considerable commotion at the Fort, and they were determined to fit out a war party to go in search of the stolen horses, but the next morning this project was abandoned, and a party of twelve men went over to Fort Hall, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, and stole several horses from that company, notwithstanding they had been very well treated by the man who had charge of the Fort. On their return, they stopped at a small encampment of Snake Indians, consisting of three lodges, one of them belonging to a very old man, who invited them to eat with him, and treated them with great hospitality. At evening the whites proceeded on their journey, taking with them all the old Indian's horses. On returning to Green River, the trappers remaining at the Fort expressed their displeasure at this act of unparalleled meanness so strongly, that they were obliged to leave the party, and go to a trading post of the Eutaw Indians.⁴⁷ The whites in the valley, fearing that the Snake Indians might retaliate upon them for the loss of their horses, pursued the thieves & compelled them to restore the stolen property.⁴⁸

8th. We moved up the river a short distance to a log cabin, built by some young men, who had come to the mountains last spring, intending to remain there till the following Spring.

Dec. 17th. There are now, and have been for some time here about twenty lodges of Snake Indians. They call themselves Shoshonies. We obtained a few skins from them in exchange for trinkets. [page 15] They are very good-looking Indians, the men generally are tall and slightly made—the women are short and stout. There is a large Salt Lake in the mountains about four days'

⁴⁷A Fort at the mouth of the Uintah River, eastern Utah.

⁴⁸This disreputable act of stealing horses from their friends because it was easier than to recover their own stock from the hostile Sioux was properly condemned by the majority of the trappers at Brown's Hole. Robert Newell's "Memorandum" (Copy of ms. in library of Historical Society of Colorado) gives additional information, with names: "... mouth of Black's Fork, 9th of November [1839], nothing to eat; on to Brown's Hole, found all safe there, except 100 head of horses had been stolen by the Shians [Cheyennes], and on account of that, the Whites, a party from Brown's Hole, headed by Phillip Thompson and Michel, to Fort Hall and stole 14 horses and on their return stole 30 horses from the Snakes."

Joe Meek gives additional information about the incident. He says that "a party was made up at Fort Crockett to go and retake the horses and restore them to their rightful owners. This party consisted of Meek, Craig, Newell, Carson, and twenty-five others, under the command of Jo Walker.

"The horses were found on an island in Green River, the robbers having domiciled themselves in an old fort at the mouth of the Uintee' [Uintah]. Meek describes the manoeuvring by which Walker's band finally got back the horses and restored them to the friendly Snake Indians. (F. F. Victor, *River of the West*, 259-260).

travel from Brown's Hole. This Lake is a hundred miles long from north to south and thirty miles wide. There are islands in the middle of it, which have never been explored.⁴⁹ These islands have very high hills on them and are well-wooded. The water of this Lake is very strongly impregnated with salt. Salt of the best quality is found crystallised along the shores in great abundance. There are several fresh water streams running into this Lake, one of which is Great Bear river. The surrounding country is rocky and gravelly, & there is considerable timber around the Lake. There is also a Salt Creek near the Lake, the water of which is very similar, where the Indians find beautiful salt. There are also a great many Salt Springs in that vicinity.

Near the headwaters of the Missouri, there is a valley filled with mounds emitting smoke and vapor. The ground composing this valley is very soft, so much so that a horse will sink to his girth in the earth. On the west side of the mountains, near the Columbia, there are creeks that seem to ebb and flow like the tide. Go to them in the morning & their banks are overflowing—at noon they are perfectly dry—the next morning flowing again.⁵⁰ The country around the head waters of the Yellow-Stone, tributary to the Missouri, abounds in natural curiosities. There are volcanoes and volcanic productions & carbonated springs.⁵¹ Mr. Vasquez told me, he went to the top of one of these volcanoes, the crater of which was filled with pure water, forming quite a large lake.

There is a story told by an Arapahoo chief of a petrified Buffalo, standing in the lake, on the East side of the mountains. It was in a state of perfect preservation, & they worship it as a great medicine or charm. There are also moccasin & Buffalo tracks in the solid rock along the shore of the Lake. Nothing would induce this Indian to tell where the sacred Buffalo is to be found. Great presents were offered him for that purpose.

There is a party going in boats from this valley in the Spring, down Grand River of the Colorado of the West, to California. They will be led by Mr. Walker, who was with Bonneville in the mountains. [page 16] They intend trapping for Beaver on the way.⁵² The weather in this valley is extremely pleasant this winter—scarcely any snow. It is as warm in the middle of the day as in June in N. York. The latitude of this place is thought to be 42°.⁵³

⁴⁹J. C. Fremont explored some of the islands in Great Salt Lake in 1843; one of them was given his name.

⁵⁰It is not uncommon for creeks fed by melting snow to exhibit this rise-and-fall feature.

⁵¹Natural phenomena in Yellowstone National Park.

⁵²If the voyage was attempted it was not completed; the solid wall of deep canyons and the cataracts would discourage any such attempt. But Joseph R. Walker did reach California in 1840, as the Spanish records of the province testify. He had previously led the band of Bonneville's men to California in 1833.

⁵³The latitude of Brown's Hole is about 40° 50'.

We intended spending the winter in the valley of Brown's Hole but we heard that the party of Sioux before mentioned who had had their chief killed in an encounter with some whites had returned to their main tribe who intended coming in large numbers to attack us in the Spring on our return and hearing from three men that had just arrived at our encampment from the Fort on the South Fork that there was no snow in the mountain passes we concluded to leave the valley immediately and recross the mountains, a thing never attempted in the winter and an experiment we should not have tried had it not been a case of necessity.

We left the valley of Brown's Hole on the 24th of January, 1840, to return to the trading post on the south fork of the Platte. The weather, when we started, as for some time previous, was quite warm and pleasant. Our party consisted of twenty persons—fourteen men, four squaws, wives of the trappers, & two children. There were two traders in the company — one Mr. Biggs,⁵⁴ who was a trader for Sublette and Vasquez — the other, Mr. Baker,⁵⁵ a trader for Bent and St. Vrain. There were also three free trappers. The rest were men hired to these two traders.

On the 26th Jan. we met a party of 20 Eutaw Indians [Utes] who had been out hunting buffaloes. These Indians are the best marksmen in the mountains and are armed with good rifles.

On the 27th of January we arrived at Snake River & remained there four days. While there the snow fell two feet deep. We had three Indian lodges with us, in which we slept at night. On the 2nd of February we encamped at a Creek called Muddy.⁵⁶ We found considerable difficulty in travelling through the snow during the day. Our hunters killed some Buffalo to-day & provided us with fresh meat. On the 4th the snow became very deep, & in a few days we found ourselves surrounded by snow six feet deep, & no Buffalo to be seen. Our stock of provisions was nearly exhausted.

On the 17th Feb. we encamped on a high hill, and one of the animals gave out, being unable to carry the load farther. Here we encountered one of the most severe storms I have ever witnessed. Considerable snow fell & the wind blew for two nights and a day. During the night one of the lodges blew down, & its occupants were obliged to remove to one of the others, to prevent being frozen. We

⁵⁴This was probably Thomas Biggs, who was a trader at Fort Laramie in 1837. See Osborne Russell, *Journal of a Trapper*, 81-82. Robert Newell (ms., *op. cit.*) says that Biggs, a trader for Vasquez, arrived at Brown's Hole on September 25, 1839.

⁵⁵This was doubtless Abel Baker, Jr., who was in charge of Sarpy & Fraeb's Fort Jackson on the South Platte until the post was sold to Bent, St. Vrain & Company in October, 1838. Baker then went into the employ of the new owners of the fort. See Baker's letter of April 1, 1839, in L. R. Hapfen, "Fort Jackson and the Early Fur Trade on the South Platte," in the *Colorado Magazine*, V, 16-17. Newell (ms., *op. cit.*) says Barker (should be Baker), a trader for Bent and St. Vrain, arrived at Brown's Hole September 23, 1839.

⁵⁶Muddy Creek comes in from the north and enters Little Snake River just north of the Colorado boundary.

started with thirty-nine horses and mules, all in good order. Some of them were now dying daily for want of food and water. We travelled but three or four miles a day, on account of the depth of snow. By this time many of us were on foot and were obliged to go before and break the way for the horses. Our provisions being all exhausted, we were obliged to eat the horses as they died. In this way we lived fifteen days, eating a few dogs in the mean time. In a few days we were all on foot. We suffered greatly for want of wood. There was no timber to be seen on our route. We were obliged to burn [page 17] a shrub called sage, a species of wormwood, which we could only obtain in quantities sufficient to keep up fire for an hour in the evening. We obtained no water except by melting snow. During this time we had some very severe storms of wind and snow. We very often had one or two of the lodges thrown down in the night.

We were now obliged to make a scaffold of some trees, which we found, and leave our beaver on it, with all the fur we had collected. It was made sufficiently high to keep the bear from reaching it. We were unable to carry them farther, as so few horses remained. All had died except ten,⁵⁷ & they were so weak, as to be at most unable to drag the tents.

On the 23rd, one hunter killed a Buffalo, which was very poor. The meat of it, however, was very pleasant, after having lived so long on poor horse-meat.

On the 24th, the hunter killed three fat Buffalo, which was the first fat meat we had seen for twenty days. We all ate a large quantity of the raw tallow. In the afternoon of this day, we encamped on the North fork of the river Platte,⁵⁸ which here runs through a small valley surrounded by mountains. At this place there was scarcely any snow to be seen and the weather was quite warm. We were still one hundred and fifty miles from the trading fort. This valley was filled with herds of Buffalo.

After remaining here four days, three of us started on the 29th of February to go to the Fort for horses. We travelled till noon the first day without finding any snow. In the afternoon we met pretty deep snow & towards night it was five feet deep, covered with a very hard crust. We found it very difficult travelling, but went, notwithstanding, fifteen miles that day. About dark we stopped on the top of a hill which was bare, the wind having blown the snow off. At this place we could find nothing with which to build a fire, to warm ourselves. We were very wet, having travelled through the snow all day. We were obliged to lie down on the bare

⁵⁷It appears to be "ten," but may possibly be "two," as it appears in the published form of the Belt copy.

⁵⁸They appear to have reached the North Platte in the vicinity of present Saratoga, Wyoming.

ground, with only a blanket apiece to cover us. We were unable to sleep, from the severe cold.

Next morning we started by daylight, & found the snow deeper than the day before. The crust was very hard, but not sufficiently so to bear a person, which made it very fatiguing to walk. Notwithstanding the difficulty we travelled fifteen miles that day. At sundown we came in sight of a creek, the [page 18] banks of which were covered with timber, and we hoped to spend a comfortable night by the side of a large fire, but our hopes were not realized. Before we had proceeded many steps we saw Indian tracks in the snow, which could have been made but a few hours previous. We judged from the number of these tracks that there must have been a large party of them. One of my companions had travelled this same route before with two others, and at this same place had been attacked by a large party of Sioux. One of his companions was killed, while the others were robbed of everything, and obliged to walk one hundred and fifty miles to reach a trading post. My companions being both afraid to proceed, we were obliged to return to our party on the north fork of the Platte.

We concluded to return that same night although very much fatigued when we reached this place, where we discovered Indian signs. We were near what was called the Medicine-bow "bute" which takes its name from a stream running at its base, called Medicine-bow Creek,⁵⁹ a tributary of the Platte. We travelled all night, and stopped just as daylight was appearing, made a fire and rested for half an hour. The next night we found ourselves quite near the encampment on the Platte. Our party was very disappointed to see us return.

Four days afterwards Mr. Biggs and a half-breed started for the Fort by another route, where there was very little snow and no danger of meeting Indians. They took a horse with them to carry their blankets and provisions. In the meantime the party on the Platte were hunting daily, and supplied themselves abundantly with provisions. After waiting thirty days for the return of Mr. Biggs with horses, we began to be fearful that he had been murdered by the Indians, but on the forty-second day from the time of his starting, just as we had given up all hope of seeing him, he & Mr. Vasquez arrived, bringing with them horses sufficient to carry the furs, but not enough to furnish saddle horses for all the men. Consequently some were obliged to walk. They also brought some men with them increasing our number to twenty-two.

Mr. Biggs immediately started to go for the beaver that had been left some distance back and [page 19] returned in five days.

⁵⁹They probably went by way of Pass Creek and south of Elk Mountain to reach Medicine Bow Creek.

When Mr. B. started for the Fort for horses, we built a Fort on the Platte of logs to protect us from the Indians. We now left this Fort on the 14th of April, on our way to the Fort on the South Fork. On the 16th we ate dinner at the Medicine Bow Creek—and on the 19th arrived at Laramie's Fork, a tributary of the Platte. At the junction of this stream with the north fork of the Platte, the American Fur Company have a large trading fort, called Fort Laramie.⁶⁰ We saw a great many Buffalo every day as we passed along. On the 22nd we met a small party of Arapahoo Indians, coming to make a visit to their friends, the Shoshonies or Snake Indians. On the 24th of April in the afternoon we crossed the south fork of the Platte with considerable difficulty, as the water was very high. After travelling six miles we arrived at the Fort of Sublette & Vasquez. We remained at the Fort nearly two days.

26th April. We started in a Mackinaw boat which had been made at the Fort at the foot of the mountains.⁶¹ This boat was thirty-six feet long and eight feet wide. We had seven hundred Buffalo robes on board, and four hundred Buffalo tongues. There were seven of us in company—sailing down the South Fork of the Platte to St. Louis. The water was very shallow and we proceeded with great difficulty, getting on sand bars every few minutes. We were obliged to wade and push the boat along most of the way for about three hundred miles, which took us forty-nine days.

On the 8th of May we saw the body of a Shian squaw, which had been placed on a scaffold in the top of a large tree, on the bank of the river. This is the usual manner of disposing of the dead among these Indians.

On the 9th, 10th, & 11th the wind blew violently, accompanied with heavy rain. We were obliged to lie by. On the 11th three Shian Indians came to us. They belonged to a party which had been out catching wild horses. They had succeeded in taking two hundred. One hundred of them had died in a very severe storm a few days previous. The method adopted by the Indians for catching them [page 20] is as follows. An Indian mounts a fleet horse, having a rope twenty feet long, with a noose on the end, fastened to his saddle. He rides close to the animal he wishes to catch and throws the noose over its head. The horse, finding the noose over his head, jumps, which chokes him and causes him to stop.⁶² [As we found no buffalo, we had eaten all of the four hundred tongues we had brought.]⁶³

⁶⁰For a history of this post consult L. R. Hafen and F. M. Young, *Fort Laramie and the Pageant of the West, 1834-1890*.

⁶¹This flat-bottomed boat was made of hand sawed timbers.

⁶²For another method employed, see Homer Hoyt, "Catching Wild Horses," in the *Colorado Magazine*, XI, 41-45.

⁶³Added in the Belt copy of the Journal.



YELLOW WOLF, CHEYENNE, FROM A SKETCH MADE BY J. W. ABERT
IN 1845

On the 12th we killed the first Buffalo we had seen since we left the Fort.

On the 13th arrived at the camp of the Shian Indians, the party which we have mentioned before. They consisted of twenty-five men and boys and one squaw. They were headed by a chief called the Yellow Wolf.⁶⁴ His brother was of the party, called by an Indian name, signifying "Many Crows." We gave them some spirits in exchange for a little meat, on which they became very much intoxicated.

⁶⁴J. W. Abert sketched a portrait of Yellow Wolf in August, 1845, at Bent's Fort. Abert saw him there again the next year and said of him: Yellow Wolf "is a man of considerable influence, of enlarged views, and gifted with more foresight than any other man in his tribe. He frequently talks of the diminishing numbers of his people, and the decrease of the once abundant buffalo. He says that in a few years they will become extinct; and unless the Indians wish to pass away also, they will have to adopt the habits of the white people, using such measures to produce subsistence as will render them independent of the precarious reliance afforded by the game.

"He has proposed to the interpreter at Bent's Fort, to give him a number of mules, in the proportion of one from every man in the tribe, if he would build them a structure similar to Bent's Fort, and instruct them to cultivate the ground, and to raise cattle. He says that for some time his people would not be content to relinquish the delights of the chase, and then the old men and squaws might remain at home cultivating the grounds, and be safely secured in their fort from the depredations of hostile tribes."

On the 14th and for several days after we saw many dead Buffalo calves strewn along the banks of the river. They were about a week old, and must [have] been killed by some disease raging among them, as the wolves would not touch them, altho' here in great numbers. There were probably as many as two thousand of these calves.

On the 18th it stormed all day and night. We saw about three hundred wild horses towards evening, who came quite near us. We have seen many large herds of Buffalo for several days past. We arrived at the forks of the Platte on the 12th of June. The water in the North Fork of the Platte was pretty high and we were enabled to proceed quite rapidly. We sometimes travelled fifty miles a day. The main Platte is very wide and has many islands in it, which were covered with roses as we passed them. In one place this river is four miles wide. There is an island in it one hundred miles long.⁶⁵ The country from the Forks of the Platte to the Missouri is claimed principally by the Pawnee Indians.

On the 14th of June we met five Buffalo which were the last we saw, & we then left the country in which they range.

On the 18th in the morning we arrived at the Pawnee village. It consists of one hundred and fifty lodges, made of poles covered with mud. Each lodge contains three or four families. This village is [page 21] situated on the south bank of the river. These Indians raise excellent corn. The squaws do all the labor in the field. We gave them some dried meat in exchange for corn. This was the first vegetable food we had eaten in eleven months.

On the 19th we were obliged to lay by on account of the wind which was violent. At night we were very much troubled by mosquitoes. On the 20th the *Loup* Fork, and also "Shell Creek." On the 21st we passed "Horn Creek," a large stream coming in from the North—also, the Saline, a large creek from the south.

The scenery here is very different from that on the river higher up. The banks of the Platte from the foot of the mountains to this place have been low and sandy, with scarcely any trees on the banks, but here the river has bluff banks, thickly covered with timber. There is a village of Pawnees, called the Pawnee Loups, on the Loup Fork. The Pawnees have their heads shaved closely with the exception of a scalping tuft in the middle of the head, which gives them a very savage appearance. The river below the Loup Fork is much narrower than above. We are now in the country of the Otoe Indians.

On the evening of the 21st we arrived at a missionary station about fifteen miles from the mouth of the river Platte. There are about twenty Otoe lodges near the missionary. These lodges are

⁶⁵Grand Island.

built of mud in the same manner as those of the Pawnees. We went up to the missionary houses, expecting to find some whites, but were disappointed, as they were deserted, the missionaries having removed to another place.

June 22nd. This morning we arrived at the mouth of the river Platte. The Missouri where we entered it is rather narrow. This is about eleven hundred miles from St. Louis. In the afternoon we stopped at a house on the river bank. There we saw the first whites that had gladdened our eyes since leaving the mountains. At this place was a small encampment of Pottawottamie Indians. They had been drunk a few days before, & several were killed in a fight. This is the part of the country to which they have been [page 22] removed. The banks of the Missouri here are quite hilly. Some of the shores are composed of limestone.

On the evening of the 23rd we arrived at a small settlement, where we procured some fresh meat, bread and coffee. This place was in the Iowa country and we saw several Indians of that tribe.

On the 24th we stopped at another settlement in the State of Missouri, in Buchanan County. On the south side of the river of Missouri Territory & on the North the state of Missouri, we saw some Sacks and Fox Indians to-day. We now travelled rapidly—sometimes eighty miles a day. On the 3rd of July we arrived at St. Louis—having come 2000 miles from the mountains [in sixty-nine days].⁶⁶

[When traveling down the River Platte in our mackinaw boat, as before stated, we often ran aground on sand bars, and were obliged to unload the boat to lighten, push it off the bar, and then reload. This occurred several times in the course of each day, and of course kept us wading in the water most of the time. We seldom found it more than waist deep. One afternoon we tied up our boat about four o'clock, as was our custom, to hunt buffaloes, as we were in want of provisions. This would give us time to kill, and get the meat to the boat before dark. It was usual for one of the party to remain with the boat while the rest went to hunt. This afternoon it was my turn to remain, which I accordingly did, and the rest of the party went off about three miles from the boat in search of game. This was rather a dangerous practice, as we were in the Pawnee country, and very much exposed. The day was quite pleasant with a strong breeze, and I was lounging on the piles of furs in the boat, with my coat off. Alongside of me lay a fine buffalo robe, that was damp, exposed to the sun to dry. The wind blew it off into the river. I jumped off the boat into the stream, ran down some distance so as to get beyond the floating robe, which was rapidly going down the stream, and jumped into the river, which I supposed was

⁶⁶This part in brackets, and the rest of the story is from the Belt copy of the Journal, as printed in the *Oregon Historical Quarterly* of September, 1913.

not more than waist deep, but very much to my surprise, I found the water over my head. This was an awkward predicament, for I could not swim, but my presence of mind did not forsake me, I knew sufficient of the theory of swimming to keep perfectly still, conscious that if I did so, I would float, and the result proved that I was right. As I before stated, the current was quite swift, and I was carried down stream rapidly. Finding that I floated, I paddled with my hands, keeping them under water, and found that I could swim quite readily, I paddled out to the robe, and secured it with some difficulty, as it had become partly soaked with water and was quite heavy. At last I succeeded in dragging it on shore, and crawled out of the water well saturated, and feeling most grateful for my deliverance. It was rather a lonely adventure, as all my companions were several miles distant. On their return they congratulated me on my narrow escape.

As we were coming down the River Platte, and had nearly gotten out of the range of buffaloes, which they frequent, it occurred to me that, as I had not yet killed any, I should try what I could do. On my journey out across the plains, I had broken my rifle, and had substituted a fusee, or short gun, from which we fire balls. This was a very rude specimen of fire arm, and of very little use for hunting, but useful in case of an attack from Indians.

This afternoon we had, as usual, tied up our boat and the hunter, Mr. Shabenare,⁶⁷ went out a short distance from the river to shoot a buffalo for his meat. At the time there were several large buffalo bulls near us. After killing one we assisted the hunters in butchering it, and in carrying portions of the meat to the boat. It was at this time that I concluded to try my luck, so taking my gun, which was loaded, and slinging my powder horn and pouch on my shoulder, I started off toward the range of low hills running parallel to the shore and about a quarter of a mile distant. Several bulls were grazing quietly at the foot of these hills. I intended to walk up stealthily to within five hundred yards of one of the largest and then crawl up to within one hundred and twenty yards of him before I fired. For unless you approach as near as that to them your ball takes no effect. I had reached to within five hundred yards of him when he noticed me and becoming alarmed started off up the hill on a run. It was a damper on my prospects, for they run quite fast, generally as fast as a horse can trot, but as he had to run up hill, I thought I would give chase, and I accordingly did so, and after running a short time I found that I gained upon him and felt quite encouraged.

⁶⁷This was probably Baptiste Charbonneau, referred to at the beginning of the Journal as one of the company hunters. His name was variously spelled in the literature of the period.

After running him about a mile and a half I came to a valley where I found several buffaloes grazing. The bull I was chasing finding the buffaloes quietly grazing, stopped also and began to eat grass. Finding him so quiet I also stopped to rest for a minute. I examined my gun and found the priming all right. I then approached cautiously to within fifty feet of him, which I could not have done if he had not been very tired from the long chase up hill. I then kneeled down and resting my ramrod upon the ground to support the gun took deliberate aim at his heart and fired. He jumped at me with great ferocity, but I sprang on one side and avoided him. The ball had evidently taken effect.

I loaded the second time and approached somewhat nearer, to within about forty feet of him and took deliberate aim in the same manner and fired. The second ball also took effect and seemed to weaken him. He jumped at me again with the same ferocity, and I avoided him in the same way. After loading my piece the third time I found that my powder was exhausted and that this must be my last shot.

I approached to within the same distance and took aim and fired in the same manner as before. Again he jumped at me ferociously and then laid down panting and apparently in great pain. Having no powder my gun was now useless. I did not like the idea of losing my game after all the trouble I had had with him, I therefore determined to try my knife, which was a butcher knife six inches long. I crawled up cautiously toward his hind legs and attempted to cut his hamstrings with my knife thereby disabling him so that I could stab him. I had no sooner cut through the thick skin of his leg when smarting with pain the infuriated animal arose and plunged at me and would probably have killed me if it had not been for the miraculous arrival of our bull dog Turk. I had left him at the boat asleep, but finding that I had gone he followed me and arrived at the spot just in time to take the bull by the nose and prevent his injuring me. I now despaired of being able to secure my game. I took my powder horn and shook it in desperation and succeeded in obtaining enough powder from it for half a charge, with this I loaded my gun, using grass for wadding around my bullet instead of patches, as these as well as my stock of powder had become exhausted. The bull was now lying down with his head erect, and panting violently. I walked up to him, and putting the muzzle of my gun to his mouth, I fired down his throat. This was too much for him and he rolled over in his last struggle. I jumped upon him and stabbed him several times in the heart.

It had now grown dark. A large circle of white wolves had formed around and were yelling in a most hideous manner, old Turk keeping them at bay. I cut out the tongue of the bull, and

part of his meat and prepared to return to the boat, but on looking about I was at a loss which way to go, in the confusion and excitement I had forgotten from which direction I had come. I chose my direction and after a walk of about twenty minutes came to the river, much to my relief. I was again at a loss which way to go to find the boat, but finally walked down the stream, and in half an hour reached the boat, at which I was very much rejoiced. My companions had become very much alarmed at my absence, but knew not where I had gone. We were in the Pawnee country and I was liable to meet some of them at any time and I was without ammunition or any means of defending myself. Old Turk after fighting the wolves off until he could eat some of the bull, returned, and was ever after considered the Lion of the party. Thus ended my first and my last buffalo hunt.]⁶⁸

⁶⁸The part enclosed in brackets is from the published version of the Mrs. Belt copy of the Journal and is not included in the McKinney copy.

Riding the Florence and Cripple Creek

H. D. BUSHEY*

Being very young and quite small, I started my existence about a year and a half before my family dropped anchor in Canon City, Colorado, sometime in early 1901.

About the first stunt that I remember with any degree of accuracy was connected with an irrigation ditch. At the time we lived beside a large canal in the outskirts of Canon City, with a small ditch taking off and running in front of our house. This small ditch furnished water for a row of trees in the parking strip between the sidewalk and the curb. There was a small walkway across this ditch where I would lie on my tummy and throw my bark boat in the water above the bridge, spin around on my tummy and clean clothes and catch the boat on the downstream side. Things were doing about right until I let my craft get too far gone and my stretch put me in the drink upside down. Mother took over about that time, and that is how I come to remember it so well.

Having been properly introduced to the ways of life at the lower end of the Royal Gorge we moved to Cripple Creek, where my Dad started to work for the old narrow gauge Florence and Cripple Creek Railroad. Several events took place there during the labor trouble of 1903 and '04, but I was pretty small fry as yet and I do not remember too much about it. I have heard a lot of stories as to what took place and how and why, but I will not attempt to tell them for fear they would not be correct. Suffice to say that things

got too hot to suit Dad so he moved the family to Florence; he came down a week later just ahead of the police. Guess he talked out of turn or something.

About that time or a little later, Dad decided to quit railroad-ing and go farming. He took a job of some kind on the old Fancher Ranch on Beaver Creek, some eighteen miles or so out of Florence, and not too far from Colorado Springs. It was while on this ranch that I was introduced to my first experience of burro riding. My brother who is seven years older than I, had a horse to ride while I was put on "Old Smoky," a large sized burro. He was a gentle old cuss and, for a burro, had lots of life, especially when my brother took off on his horse and Smoky tried to keep up. There was one scared little punk of a kid on that burro, and I had hold of everything from his ears to his tail to keep on top. I was the most surprised of anyone when I found that I was still all in one piece and able to breathe, so I was ready for some more of the same anytime. Smoky and I got to be good pals before long.

Dad was irrigating one of the meadows one day with old Tige at his heels as usual. Tige was quite a character for a dog. He was old, and wise, a short haired brindle of doubtful heritage, about sixteen inches high and stocky. He was deaf as a post but his eyes took in the world. While working with the water Dad was surprised to hear a low bellow from the old bald faced bull. Looking up Dad saw about a ton of beef heading his way and a shovel handle was all he had to climb, no fence or tree being right handy. Dad thought the jig was up, but he didn't consider Tige. Tige took a stand about twenty-five feet from Dad between him and the bull. As Mr. Bull continued on his charge he lowered his head to take a pass at Tige on his way to Dad. That was where the bull made his mistake, for Tige made a tackle to the nose and a quick jerk landed the bull on his back with a thud and splash in the irrigating water, with Tige still on his nose. Of course Dad was putting all the distance he could between himself and the bull while all this was taking place. Tige held the bull till he was sure Dad was safe, then he let loose. The bull rolled over, got to his feet and took one look at Tige, hoisted his tail in a corkscrew and headed for the wide open spaces. Dad was never bothered any more.

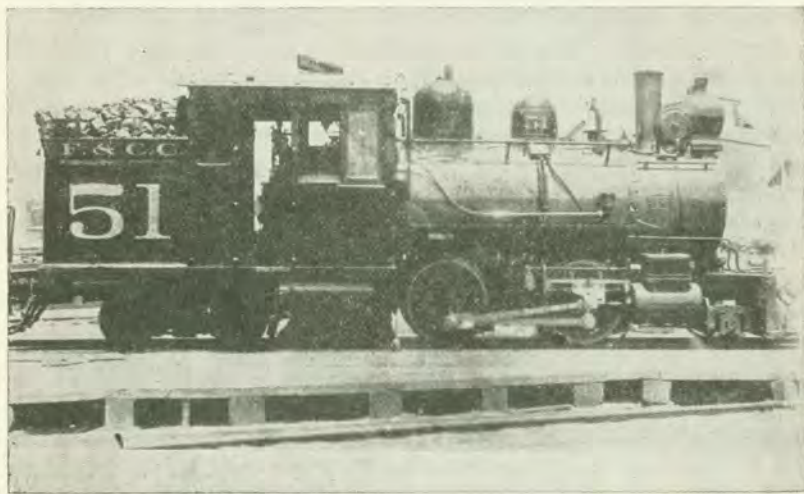
The fall of 1905 came along and another introduction was in order. This time to the little log schoolhouse down the road a mile or so. From all reports and stories I have heard over the years, I must have been rather easy to handle in school for that year. But my brother and his chums made up for my shortcomings and then some—like putting .22 shells in the bonfires to hear them explode, or hitting them with a heavy hammer.

*Mr. Bushey lives in Bakersfield, California, today.—Ed.

Sometime during the summer following my first term of school, a neighbor and his son drove to Pueblo to trade. On their return trip home they were caught in a thunder shower but were near an old barn. Mr. Huff, I believe his name was, told his son, about ten years old, to run for the shelter. The boy got about half way to the barn when he was struck down by lightning, the lightning plowing two furrows, one each way from the body, to the only two trees near. The parents grieved so over the death of this only child that they lived only a very few years afterward.

The next spring or summer Dad got the railroad bug again and we moved to Florence, Colorado. By this time I was big enough to be some kind of a pest, and the old Florence and Cripple Creek roundhouse had a lot of interesting things in it, mostly in the shape of engines. I had a pet engine that was stored there and Dad would let me play around it so long as I didn't ring the bell. It was Engine No. 51. It was a little short solid frame engine with boiler and tender all on the same frame. It had high drivers and it was quite a climb to get into her, but I always made it somehow. It had been used in interurban service up in the "District" and then later between Florence and Canon City. It was said that it was the fastest little engine that ever ran on wheels.

While living at Florence the Fourth of July came along with its usual and unusual picnics. Perhaps one of the most unusual of them was taken by my Mother and Dad and three other railroad couples. This was how. Dad sent a common push car, as used by the section hands, to Alta Vista a few days before. The morning



ENGINE 51, FLORENCE AND CRIPPLE CREEK RAILROAD

of the Fourth the eight of them climbed aboard the morning passenger for Alta Vista, picnic lunches and all. In due time they were all re-loaded on this said push car and with a clearance from the dispatcher, they headed for Florence, by gravity, some 30 miles away.

The party stopped somewhere along the route and had their lunch and caught a mess of trout. They arrived about three or four miles out of Florence sometime in the late afternoon, but waited until after dark to come into town due to the fact that a couple of the ladies were dressed in white from head to toe. Your guess is good as to how they looked. The only regret I have of the whole thing was the fact that my brother and I were left at home.

Sometime later we were moved to Alta Vista station where Dad was air inspector for all the trains going down. Alta Vista was at the top of the hill where the helper engines cut out of the trains, turned around on the wye, and returned to the low country. It took three engines working full steam to bring seven loads of coal and a caboose up the hill. The station was located out on a bleak point of a hill where the wind blew thirty hours every day.

While there I learned how to run a railroad, at least in my own mind. There was no school there so I had to get on the morning train and go down the hill to the little town of Wilbur, down to the little white schoolhouse that sat on the little rise across from the depot. I would catch the afternoon train back home with Conductor Bradburry looking after me both morning and evening. He and Engineer Gordon Lyons were my idols. I am quite sure Mr. Lyons was elected to the state legislature shortly after and politics got him. Mr. Lyons used to let me ride with him in the engine cab on Friday nights when going home from school. Of course Conductor Bradburry always gave his consent after a little begging on my part.

While going to school at Wilbur that winter nothing much happened out of the ordinary except one morning we were stopped short by a heavy application of air in the train line. Nothing wrong except the Lone Pine Tree bridge was on fire. Here we were behind the fire and a freight train coming down the hill behind us. Anyway no one was hurt and no trains ran for several days and no school for me.

The story goes that the Loop looped back so closely upon itself that the conductor in the caboose below could light the engineer's pipe on the track above. I doubt it, for I don't remember it being quite so close as all of that, but I do remember it was a beautiful sight to break over the crest of the hill in the morning and see the vivid colors below being painted by the early rays of the sun. You can't beat 'em!

Then there was Hugo Ostarico, a Hungarian section hand at Alta Vista. Hugo was an artist with the pen or pencil sketching wild life. He could do the most things that would hold the interest of a boy of seven, such as play the guitar and whistle. He taught me to whistle a peculiar trill to imitate birds, a trick I can still do.

Then there was George Towers, a company blacksmith, who was as much an artist with the hammer and tongs as Hugo was with the pen and pencil. I have a small kitchen-sized hand axe or hatchet that Mr. Towers forged for my mother. The axe head is only 3 inches long with a cutting edge of 1½ inches. His name is stamped on one side near the face or hammer edge. He was partly blind at the time he forged this axe and we heard later that he lost his eyesight completely.

While living at Alta Vista I had my first case of measles, along with my mother and brother. To make it worse it was at Christmas time, but I got my first Ingersol dollar watch and to me it was the only watch in town. In fact the watch ran for three or four years, or until I took it apart to see what made it tick.

Spring came along as it does every year and with it Dad got a case of moving jitters, so about the first of May 1907 we pulled stakes, bid our friends good by, and moved lock, stock, and barrel to the State of Washington. A few years later found us in Montana where my Mother and Dad still live. I didn't want to leave Colorado, but of course I had no choice in the matter. No doubt the men, or some of them, are gone these many years, for we left there 43 years ago. I have had the desire to return to that part of the State some day. I understand there is a fine highway up the old Florence & Cripple Creek roadbed. If that is so perhaps some day I can drive over it and see one of the really scenic spots in these United States of ours, at least as I remember it to be.

A Toll Road into South Park

GEORGE S. PYLE*

Upon the development of mining operations and the influx of population into the Pikes Peak region during 1859 and 1860 there was felt a need for wagon roads to carry supplies and equipment to the mines and settlements. The solution was for private companies to build roads and charge toll for the traffic over them.

The fur trappers and the traders had used pack animals to transport their goods and supplies; but heavy mining equipment and food supplies needed by the settlers could not be transported on the backs of horses and mules. The Argonauts were clamoring for

*Mr. Pyle, a student of early wagon road history, lives in Denver.—Ed.

transportation. It was a problem of profits, so the merchants of Denver, Golden, and other outfitting centers campaigned for roads to be built.

On December 7, 1859, the legislature of the Provisional Territory of Jefferson granted charters to four wagon road companies, three of them to run from the South Platte settlements into South Park. Westward from present-day Conifer all three used the same right of way.

One charter was given to The Denver, Auraria, and Colorado Wagon Road Company, organized by Joseph Casto, Horner Fellows, Christian Dorsey and Solomon Shrop. This road was to proceed from Denver City via Auraria, Baden, Mt. Vernon, South Park, Tarryall, and Fort Jones to Saratoga West on the Blue Fork. "Nothing in this act shall prevent any other company from building a road on said route, point six one-half miles southwest of Mt. Vernon near Bergen's Ranch or any other point west of the point aforesaid, and crossing and following such road whenever it is absolutely necessary."¹

This company constructed "The Mt. Vernon Road" from Denver through Mt. Vernon at the mouth of Mt. Vernon Canon and to Bergen's Ranch by the middle of December, 1859. The road must have been started before the charter was issued. The stockholders must have been unsure of the value of their charter as they incorporated a second time on February 27, 1860, under the laws of Kansas Territory.²

The Legislature of Jefferson Territory issued a charter to Samuel Brown, J. H. Cochran and Joseph M. Brown as the Denver, Auraria and South Park Wagon Road Company.³ This group built a road from Auraria eight miles south along the east side of the South Platte to where the road crossed the river at Brown's Bridge. This was on the property of Sam Brown, who collected toll at that spot for several years. The road continued from the west of the river to Piedmont, which was located three miles north of the mouth of the Platte Canon. This thorough-fare soon became known as the Bradford Road. A newspaper advertisement in June, 1860, told about this route, "The road from said bridge to Bradford is Southwest a distance of seven miles, where it enters the mountains. S. W. Brown and Co."⁴ Also in the same issue of the local paper was an advertisement, "THE BRADFORD AND COLORADO WAGON ROAD. Denver to Tarryall—65 mi., Denver to Blue River—80 mi., Denver to Arkansas Mines—95 mi. R. B. Bradford, Pres't."⁵

¹*Provisional Laws and Joint Resolutions . . . of the General Assembly of Jefferson Territory*, Published by Authority, 1860 (Reprint edition), 289.

²*Private Laws, Kan. Terr. Legis. Assem., Spec. Sess. (1860)*, 454-455.

³*Provisional Laws and Joint Resolutions . . . of the General Assembly of Jefferson Territory (1860)*, 282.

⁴*Rocky Mountain News*, June 13, 1860, p. 4.

⁵*Ibid.*, June 13, 1860, p. 3.

The third charter was made in the name of The St. Vrain, Golden City and Colorado Wagon Road Company, to trustees John W. McIntyre, J. M. Ferrell, Harry Gunnell and Lucien W. Bliss.⁶ This road was to start at St. Vrain (Fort St. Vrain)⁷ proceed by the way of "Arrappahoe" and Golden City to Saratoga West in Saratoga County. The tolls to be charged were set forth as from St. Vrain to Golden City, free. Golden City to Tarryall on the middle fork of the South Platte, \$2.00 per wagon. Tarryall to Jones Fort on the Blue Fork of the Colorado River, \$1.00 per wagon. Jones Fort to Saratoga West, 2c per mile.

The roads did not reach Saratoga West for several years. The site of Saratoga West was "so named because it was expected to become the western equivalent of the noted watering place in New York."⁸ The place has been known as Boiling Springs, in 1863 as Grand City, Hot Springs, Sulphur Springs, and White Sulphur Springs. Hot Sulphur Springs is northwest of Denver in Middle Park and not in South Park, where the roads were supposed to lead.

A road was built from Fort St. Vrain southwest to McCleery's Ranch on Clear Creek, to Arapahoe and Golden City. St. Vrain was forty-five miles below Denver on the South Platte. This company built a bridge at that place so the road would conduct travelers direct to Golden City, by-passing Denver. It was finished to Mt. Vernon in the fall of 1859. A short distance north of Mt. Vernon this road joined the road constructed by the Denver, Auraria and Colorado Wagon Road Company and the junction was naturally called Mt. Vernon Junction.

In the spring of 1860 the road was continued to Bergen's Ranch, down to Cub Creek, Hutchinson, or Bradford Junction (now Conifer), Granite Vale (now Grant), Jefferson, Hamilton, and Tarryall.

The managing of two roads running over the same right of way was not all sweetness and good feeling. In August, 1860, the people of Golden City read in their paper, "We learn that some parties have erected a gate and are collecting toll upon the St. Vrain, Golden City and Colorado Wagon Road, near Mt. Vernon junction. * * * The road has been thrown open (by the Co.) to the public and is for the present free from this city to Bradford Junction."⁹

On August 23, 1860, both sides had letters to the editor in the Golden City paper, each telling one side of the story about the erection of the toll gate. They must have settled their differences and

⁶Provisional Laws and Joint Resolutions of the General Assembly of Jefferson Territory (1860), 290.

⁷The Mountaineer, Golden City, Jefferson, Dec. 7, 1859, p. 2.

⁸Jerome C. Smiley, History of Colorado (Chicago: The Lewis Pub. Co., 1913), 290.

⁹Western Mountaineer, Golden City, August 16, 1860, p. 2.

compromised with the Bradford Road Company, for heavy traffic flowed over the route with three tributaries.

Bradford Junction, post office called Hutchinson, now Conifer, was becoming important as the miners could read in the *Western Mountaineer*, "HO! FOR THE BLUE. A new stopping place on Cub Creek, 18 miles from Golden City, on the St. Vrain, Golden City and Colorado Wagon Road, and also on the Mt. Vernon road 15 miles from Mt. Vernon. Good Hotel accommodations, and good feed for stock in vicinity. George W. Weed and Co."¹⁰

From July 12 to October 4, 1860, there was another advertisement for the hotel at Bradford Junction in the Golden paper. "HO! FOR THE BLUE. A new stopping place, at the junction of the Bradford Branch with the St. Vrain, Golden City and Colorado Wagon Road. Good Hotel accommodations and good feed for stock in vicinity. George W. Weed and Co."¹¹

The number of people traveling over the three routes to Bradford Junction and beyond on the three roads using the same right of way in the spring of 1860 can be illustrated by the growth of Hamilton a few miles southwest of Jefferson. Denver June 13, 1860. "HAMILTON CITY. Mr. H. G. Loring of the Pioneer Carriage Express, from this city on Blue river, informs us that this young city, laid out on the nearest suitable ground to the Tarryall mines is growing beyond all precedent. It already has one wholesale provision store—that of St. Vrain and Easterday, advertised elsewhere—two bakeries, one drug store, six groceries, three boarding houses, one meat market, two Physicians, one Lawyer, one hotel, two blacksmith shops, five stock ranches, one recorder's office, one Justice of the Peace, thirty-five buildings finished, and thirty more under way. A saw mill is very much needed.

"This is fast work; when we passed over the site in April there was not a house up and a town had not been thought of, or at least spoken of."¹²

In April, 1860, a reporter for the *Rocky Mountain News* wrote of a trip to South Park, going by the Bradford Branch and returning over the Mt. Vernon road. "The Road to Tarryall. Denver to Bradford 16 miles, Junction with Mt. Vernon Road 10½, total 25½. First crossing North Fork of the Platte 13. Mouth of Odometer Creek 13¾, total 53¼. Enter South Park 5¾, total 59. Tarryall 14, total 73."¹³ It was all good road except for a stretch of seven miles, four below the mouth of Odometer Creek and three above. This piece of road was obstructed by timbers, boulders and broken rock. Twenty-five men were working to clear it.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, June 28, p. 1; and July 5, 1860, p. 1.

¹¹*Western Mountaineer*, Golden City, July 12 to Oct. 4, 1860.

¹²*Rocky Mountain News*, June 13, 1860, p. 1.

¹³*Ibid.*, April 25, 1860, p. 2.

The road may have been in good condition in May, 1860, because the same paper reported "Road through to Tarryall is in excellent order. Messrs. McIntyre, McPhadden and Co. have completed their improvements and shortened the road."¹⁴

By June the same paper had changed its tune and spent a column and a quarter of type criticizing the same stretch of road. "Seven miles this side of the park is the worst in the country."¹⁵ The article claimed that Mr. McIntyre said the road was 65 miles to Tarryall, Mr. S. G. Jones, engineer of the road stated 68 miles, but by use of a viometer the reporter found it to be 73 plus miles. They also quoted their own article of April 4th. "NEW Gregory Road. The descent to the plains is by the long gulch, debouching at Mt. Vernon. This gulch is five miles long, free from rocks, and with a slope so gradual and gentle as to be hardly perceptible. It is by all odds the easiest natural road into the mountains we have yet seen."¹⁶

Improvements were being made along the Bradford Branch in the spring of 1860. Maj. Robert B. Bradford had arrived in Denver in September, 1859, as the representative of Russell, Majors, and Waddell. He was soon active in the commercial, political and social life of the young city. "In 1860 he bought a ranch in partnership with W. H. Middaugh where he grazed Russell, Majors, and Waddell's cattle and grew turnips and potatoes for the market."¹⁷

In April of 1860 he advertised in a Denver paper, "BRADFORD RANCH. In the town of Bradford, and for one mile south, and thirteen miles from Denver, we are prepared to keep all kinds of stock and we have the best grass in the country, and water of the first quality, free of alkali, which emigrants have found to be very injurious to stock; a good correll and a good experienced herdsman.

"Stock of all kinds received, and its safety guaranteed, except from loss by natural causes.
Enos T. Hotchkiss

"References—Maj. R. B. Bradford, Amos Steck, Esq., John Hughes, Denver; D. Macdonald, J. M. McIntyre, Golden City; A. McPhaden, Bradford; Dr. A. M. Smith, Mountain City."¹⁸

From the above we know that Mr. Hotchkiss and A. McPhaden lived in Bradford City. Maj. Bradford moved his family there in 1861. C. W. Taylor lived there in 1867, because he was reported visiting at the Planters House Hotel in Denver.¹⁹

Another road, directly from Denver to Bradford Station must have been constructed in the spring of 1860, for on June 13th and

¹⁴*Rocky Mountain News*, May 23, 1860, p. 3.

¹⁵*Ibid.*, June 13, 1860, p. 1.

¹⁶*Ibid.*, April 4, p. 3; and June 13, p. 2, 1860.

¹⁷Raymond W. and Mary L. Settle, *Empire on Wheels* (Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1949), 52.

¹⁸*Rocky Mountain News*, April 25, 1860, p. 3.

¹⁹*Ibid.*, Jan. 24, 1867, p. 3.

20th Maj. Bradford was advertising the Bradford and Colorado Wagon Road and Sam Brown was advertising the route to Bradford via Brown's Bridge.

Another charter was issued for a wagon road on October 11, 1861, for a term of twenty years. It was for the Denver, Bradford, and Blue River Road Company; Geo. D. Bayaud, R. B. Bradford, Luther A. Cole, Daniel Mc Cleery, J. W. McIntyre, A. McPhaden and D. C. Vance.

A road was to be constructed "From Denver via Bradford, North Fork of the South Platte River, and Hamilton to Breckenridge; with a branch from a junction ten miles from Bradford, on the main line of said road, to Clear Creek, or Vasquez Fork, near Golden City."²⁰

The section of the road running across the prairies from Denver to Bradford was made a Territorial Road on August 15, 1862. "That the nearest traveled road between the following named places is hereby declared a Territorial Road, to-wit; * * * From Denver City, by way of the Pennsylvania House to Bradford * * *"²¹ Such roads were under the authority of the County Commissioners.

The route of the Bradford Road has been reported in the *Colorado Magazine* by Mr. James R. Harvey.²² The Bradford Hill Road started at Twelfth and Federal, Denver. At the starting place the Green Mountain Road angled to the hog back at Morrison. The road went south on Federal to West 4th, where it angled southwest to the present junction of West Alameda and Knox Court, out Alameda to Hart's Corners (3.4 mi.) then known as "Store's Place." The old road hit the present road just east of Midway and continued west to where the present road turns south (7.2 mi.).

The old road went south to the top of a hill (7.7 mi.), turned west and angled down to Bear Creek (8.6). The ford was at a place called Pennsylvania Crossing, where on the west side of the road stood the Pennsylvania House. Up over another hill and the road proceeded west between two large hills and through Weaver Gap. From there it followed an old trail to Bradford Station (18 mi.).

The Bradford Hill Road did not last as an artery of traffic for more than eight years. People wanted a road with more gentle grades and there was agitation to have the South Park Road built through Turkey Creek valley.

The Fourth Territorial General Assembly issued a charter for the Denver and Turkey Creek, and South Park Wagon Road Company on Feb. 8, 1865, for a period of twenty years. The road was to

²⁰*General Laws*, Colo. Terr. Legis. Assem., 1st Sess. (1861), 455-457.

²¹*Ibid.*, 2nd Sess. (1862), p. 94.

²²James R. Harvey, "The Old Bradford Hill Road," *Colorado Magazine* (Nov. 1936), 204.

be constructed from "Denver to South Park via Turkey Creek Canyon and the road known as 'Clifford's Cut Off' and ending at the entrance to South Park."²³ This Company forfeited its charter for some reason and another was issued a year later.

The Denver and Turkey Creek Wagon Road Company was chartered on Feb. 1, 1866, for a term of ten years. It was to proceed from "Denver via Turkey Creek Canyon to the Turkey Creek crossing of the Bradford, Tarryall, and Blue River Wagon Road, about one-fourth mile below Columbia ranch."²⁴

This road was completed in 1867 and for a number of years was the main thoroughfare from Denver into South Park.

²³*Gen. Laws, Colo. Terr. Legis. Assem., 4th Sess. (1865), 135-139.*

²⁴*Ibid., 5th Sess. (1866), 122-124.*

George West

NEIL W. KIMBALL*

I was just a shaver when my grandad died, but I well remember the happy and constructive hours I spent with him.

Two bits of his philosophy had much to do with setting the pattern of the life and accomplishments of George West, my grandfather, and his descendants: "A man never settles down until he gets married," and "A fellow is better off if he is his own boss."

George West was a wanderer and an adventurer until he courted and wed Eliza Maria Boyd in 1863; and the only time he deviated, for any length of time, from engaging in business for himself was during his varied military career.

In his long life span—from November 6, 1826, until November 15, 1907—he not only recorded history, but was instrumental in making it.

He was a charming, gracious, and happy man who dearly loved a practical joke.

He was born in Claremont, New Hampshire, and attended briefly the public schools there. The family farm held little interest for him, and he soon discovered the most fascinating place for a youngster was the office of the town newspaper, the *National Eagle*. There he became a "printer's devil," washed presses, swept out, and made himself generally useful on publication day.

When seventeen years old he gravitated to Boston, where he completed his education as a printer. He began "writing little pieces" for the *Boston Transcript* and later was a member of its

*Mr. Kimball, now of Berryville, Virginia, was formerly a newspaperman and one-time Adjutant General of Colorado.—Ed.



MR. AND MRS. GEORGE WEST AND GRANDSON NEIL

editorial staff. But he yearned to "be his own boss," and it wasn't long before he was a partner in the Boston Stereotype Foundry.

At an early age he became interested in things military and rose through the ranks to the captaincy of H Company, 1st Massachusetts Volunteer Militia.

His brother Charles also trekked to Boston to become a builder of sailing ships. George West planned to engage in ocean borne commerce, when the discovery of gold in Colorado changed his plans and his life.

The news of fabulous riches to be found in the Pike's Peak country was discussed at length by West and a small group of Boston cronies at a series of meetings during the winter of 1858-59. From these gatherings was organized the fifteen-member Mechanics Trading Company of Boston, commonly known as the Boston Company.

They looked to the West, not as a place to make quick fortunes, but as a place to establish homes. They were adequately financed when they left Boston in March, 1859, and were prepared to enter businesses or professions when they found a community to their liking.

When the Boston Company reached the end of the railroad line at the Missouri River and loaded its merchandise into covered wagons, George West was selected wagon captain. After several defections en route, the party arrived in Auraria (Denver) in June, 1859.

"We made camp in the Cherry Creek bottoms and decided to stay for a few days while we horsebacked up and down the foothills in search of a permanent home," my grandfather said. "Before we could get out of town, three of us who were printers were drafted by Byers of the *News* for a special job."

A few days before the Bostonians arrived at what is now Denver, Horace Greeley, Albert D. Richardson, and Henry Villard rode into Auraria with a report of their examination of the Gregory prospects. Editor W. N. Byers wanted to issue the report as an extra edition of the *Rocky Mountain News*, but his printers got the gold fever and took off for the diggings.

Byers prevailed on West, Mark L. Blunt, and William Sumner, transplanted Bostonians, to put into type the famous Greeley Report which started thousands of Easterners to the Pike's Peak country in search of easy riches.

This was the beginning of a personal and business friendship between Byers and West which lasted throughout their lives. West, who became city editor of the *Rocky Mountain News* when he returned from service in the Union Army, is credited with engineering the sale of the *News* by Byers to W. A. H. Loveland in 1878.

After an inspection of the prospectors' camp in Vasquez Fork (Clear Creek), the Bostonians decided that the present site of Golden was what they were looking for.

"It has the right location, where the canons flattened out into the plains," West said. "Travelers and supplies bound for the diggings are forced to use the canons as highways and our town is right at the crossroads."

The town was named Golden City for Tom Golden, who, with James Saunders and George A. Jackson, camped there briefly while prospecting Vasquez Fork. Associated with West in the town company were David K. Wall, credited with being the father of Colorado irrigation; W. A. H. Loveland, railroad promoter and industrialist; E. L. Berthoud, engineer and educator; and others.

West had brought to his new home several wagon loads of supplies in demand by miners and prospectors, and he hoped to be the first to open a store in the new town of Golden. He soon discovered that he had a rival in Mr. Loveland.

Both hastened construction of commodious log structures and many was the wager as to which would be completed first.

"I figured I had the edge on Loveland, for I had traded for shingles to roof what was to be the Boston Building, while he didn't have enough for his building," West said. "We thought we had him licked when we retired one night, but the next morning we found our supply of shingles gone and the Loveland building under roof. That afternoon Loveland sent back the shingles he had surreptitiously appropriated, together with apologies and a five-gallon keg of whiskey from his stock."

After disposing of his supplies at a profit West leased a printing outfit from Thomas Gibson, who had used it to publish the *Rocky Mountain Gold Reporter* at Central City. West established, in Golden, the *Western Mountaineer*, with Albert D. Richardson and Thomas V. Knox, famous journalists and authors, as associate editors.

In the spring of 1860 West returned to Boston, sold his interest in the stereotype foundry, and invested his capital in new printing equipment which he shipped to Golden. The *Mountaineer* was published until December 20, 1860, when West sold to H. S. Millett and Matt Riddlebarger, who moved the shop to the new boom town of Canon City.

It was during his editorship of the *Mountaineer* that West first won his undeserved reputation as a duelist, which provided him and his editorial contemporaries in the days of personal journalism many a stinging quip.

One story I grew up on had to do with Golden in the winter of 1859-60—when the dark clouds of impending war were on the horizon. I've heard the yarn, with variations, from many people, but it was best told by W. A. H. Loveland to Alice Polk Hill and published in her *Colorado Pioneers in History and Story*:

"There were many Southern sympathizers in Golden," Loveland told Mrs. Hill, "most of them good fellows, but quite free to talk with their mouths. Among them—was 'Dick Turpin' from Missouri, a rabid secessionist and somewhat addicted to drink. One day he mounted his horse and, pistol in hand, rode through the streets cussing the Yankees. In the next issue of the *Mountaineer* Editor West gave him some pretty severe taps for his recklessness and general cussedness, at which he (Turpin) took umbrage, and called at the office to demand satisfaction."

Loveland went on to explain that West insisted the challenge was not in proper "form" that seconds should be chosen and agreement reached on weapons, place and time of combat.

Turpin, according to Loveland, selected Jim Watson as a second, while West named George Jackson. The seconds agreed, at West's suggestion, upon a scheme to calm Turpin down.

“They concluded,” Loveland said, “that Turpin didn’t want to fight any more than West did. Their first job was to sober Turpin up. When they got him in shape, they told him that West, as the challenged party, had the choice of weapons and had selected 8-inch bowie knives.

“Then they told Turpin that the combatants were to be placed back to back, one on the south edge of North Table Mountain and the other on the north edge of South Table Mountain and at the words ‘one, two, three!’ they were to turn and fight across the intervening gulch—over half a mile.

“Dick, of course, saw the joke,” Loveland concluded. “He declared himself satisfied and accompanied the seconds to the *Mountaineer* office and compromised the duel over a bottle of old cherry bounce.”

After selling the *Western Mountaineer* in 1860 the erstwhile newspaper publisher engaged in freighting from the Missouri River to Colorado points. My grandfather was always a great horseman and told me that aside from a few cavalry charges what stood out most vividly in his memory was the period he spent as wagon captain and the brushes with hostile Indians.

On one western trip from St. Louis, my grandfather had the pleasure of escorting the wagon bearing the Theodore Perry Boyd family. Boyd had made and lost a fortune in the California gold fields from 1848 to 1852 and now was bringing his family from North Siwickly, Pennsylvania, to the Pike’s Peak country.

In the oxen-drawn Boyd wagon was 13-year-old Eliza, who was intrigued by the dashing wagon captain, even though he paid her slight heed. The Boyds settled on a homestead at what is now Boyd’s Bridge on West 44th Avenue in Jefferson County.

In 1862 West was commissioned a captain in Colonel J. H. Leavenworth’s Second Regiment of Colorado Volunteer Infantry. E. L. Berthoud was first lieutenant and regimental historian.

Elements of the regiment were called into the field, even before being fully organized at Camp Weld, to protect outlying settlements from roving bands of Indians. The regiment’s first major action against the Confederates was in the Choctaw Nation (now Oklahoma) and it played an important part in the recapture of Fort Smith, Arkansas.

“In the fall of 1863 we were lucky enough to get off our feet and onto horseback,” West related. “The 2nd and 3rd Colorado Infantry were combined to form the 2nd Colorado Cavalry, with headquarters at Benton Barracks, Missouri.” Captain West was placed in command of F troop.



CAPT. GEORGE WEST AND SERGT. JOSEPH T. BOYD, 2ND COLORADO VOLUNTEERS, 1862

In September, 1864, the Confederates, 18,000 strong, made their last desperate effort to capture Missouri and close the overland routes to the West. Lt. Gen. Sterling Price’s Confederate force was defeated at the Battle of Westport (now part of Kansas City) in what is recorded as the turning point in the Western Campaign.

For the balance of the war the Coloradans settled down to garrison duties, interrupted by minor engagements with small detachments of C.S.A. troops and brushes with the guerrillas led by Quantrell, Selby and other irregulars.

This gave the debonair captain an opportunity to return to Colorado on short leaves and press his suit on Eliza Boyd, who had blossomed into a beautiful woman. They were married September 20, 1863, and the young bride accompanied him for the rest of the war, rendering service to the sick and wounded.

After being mustered out in the fall of 1865 Captain West became city editor of the *Rocky Mountain News* and the following year established the *Colorado Transcript* in Golden.

He frequently stated that he wished the newspaper to be “a family affair”; and he realized his wish, for his two sons, his

daughter, his son-in-law, daughter-in-law, and grandson all held executive positions on the publication. His wife wrote for newspapers and magazines under the name of Kate Warrenton.

Captain West consistently refused to become a candidate for public office, but he accepted appointment as one of five trustees who conducted the business of the Town of Golden from the time of its incorporation, January 2, 1871, until the first municipal election the following April.

During the first decade of his editorship of the *Transcript* he fought continually for the establishment of a school devoted to the mining industry. Ammunition for this campaign was furnished by his comrade-in-arms, Captain E. L. Berthoud, Swiss-born engineer and educator, who maintained an office next door to the *Transcript*, and Charles C. Welch, pioneer mining, railroad, and irrigation promoter. Welch donated land for one of the first School of Mines buildings, after the Territorial legislature, in 1874, made provision for its establishment.

W. L. Douglas, who later founded the shoe company which bears his name, was a boot and harness maker in Golden, and his first advertisement appeared in the *Transcript*.

"A lot of smart folks came to Colorado in the early days, and it's too bad they didn't all remain and develop their ideas here," my grandfather reflected in his declining years. "I knew Pullman pretty well and only wish we could have interested our people in putting some money in his sleeping car scheme. But they thought he was a crackpot. D. E. Harrison, the druggist, had a little money to invest but after looking over Pullman's plans decided 'nobody would ever want a bunk on a railroad coach'."

Another "duel" which has gone down in journalistic history was that between the *Transcript's* Editor West and Lieutenant Governor William G. Smith, editor of the *Golden Globe*. The "duel" was the aftermath of Colorado's last Indian War, when George West was adjutant general under Governor Alva Adams and had its root in the bitter political controversy which followed the dispatch of state troops to Northwestern Colorado to bring to bar a band of off-the-reservation Utes under the leadership of Chief Colorow.

Three troops of cavalry and a company of infantry under command of Brig. Gen. Frank L. Reardon were ordered to Glenwood Springs, and West's printers painted his Barclay Block office door red and posted a sign "West has gone on the warpath."

At his headquarters in Denver Adjutant General West received a wire stating that the Indians were surrounded and requesting further instructions. The laconic soldier-editor replied in four

words, including signature: "Give them hell. West." Until his dying day he was known to his intimates as "Give 'em Hell" West.

Claims in excess of \$80,000 were filed against the state for expenses of the Indian campaign. Republican newspapers made political capital of these expenses and none more so than Editor Smith's *Golden Globe*.

Smith started the controversy by insinuating editorially that a saddle horse West had recently acquired was charged as part of the "Indian War" expense. The editorial barrage raged back and forth between the two Golden weeklies until Smith indignantly stated that he had been insulted by being called a liar and demanded satisfaction on the field of honor.

Editor West accepted the challenge with the reservation that, as the challenged party, he be permitted to select the weapons. When, the following week, Editor Smith accepted the conditions, interest was at fever heat, and there was a rush for the next *Transcript*. The readers were deflated when they read Editor West's choice of weapons: "Thundermugs at twenty yards, roll 'em or throw 'em."

My grandfather confided to me that he and Editor Smith, whose widow still lives in Golden, concocted the whole affair over a "bottle of the best."

T. H. Dodd Post No. 3, Grand Army of the Republic, was chartered in Golden on May 7, 1879, with Captain West as one of the original members. He devoted much time during the next few years to organizing the G.A.R. Department of Colorado and Wyoming.

"I had the job wished off on me," he explained, "because everyone knew I'd rather visit around than work. And then I had to use up the passes which was the only way the railroads of that day paid the newspapers for their advertising."

Close to his heart was a state-supported home for old soldiers, who were continually pouring their troubles into his sympathetic ear. He enlisted fellow editors and veterans for a campaign which was successful in 1895 with the establishment of the Soldiers and Sailors Home at Homelake. He visited there frequently until the time of his death.

Those "free railroad passes" also took him and his family on many a cross-country trip, including one official call on President Cleveland and a return to his old wartime stamping ground in Missouri, where he spun yarns with old timers who formerly wore the Confederate grey.

During the *Transcript's* early years the job printing business was conducted in Denver, first at 17th and Larimer streets, in a

building occupied by the Union Pacific railroad ticket office and later in the Barclay Building. "Billy" Kistler, founder of the W. H. Kistler Stationery Company, was an early printing foreman.

Grandfather admitted that the Denver operation wasn't very profitable, but it gave him an opportunity to use his pass on W. A. H. Loveland's Denver, Lakewood and Golden railroad to make frequent trips to Denver.

"The Windsor Hotel," he said, "was just across the street from the Barclay Block, and the bar and dining room were gathering places for folks from all over the West. It was the place for a newspaperman to find out what was going on."

Several times weekly my grandfather met with his particular cronies—O. J. Goldrick, Capt. James T. Smith, a *Transcript* writer before he joined the *Rocky Mountain News* staff, and Frank Hall, all of whom have left their imprint on Colorado journalistic history—at the Windsor.

Other early day newspapermen with whom he carried on constant verbal battles, with barbed paragraphs for ammunition, included Halsey M. Rhoads and G. M. Laird of Central City; Carlyle C. Davis of Leadville, and Doctor M. Beshoar of Pueblo.

He used to chuckle about the trick he played on Doctor Beshoar, a Confederate army officer who came into Denver after liberation from status as a prisoner of the Union forces. Beshoar planned to establish both a drug store and a newspaper in Pueblo and, knowing nothing of the newspaper business, sought help.

My grandfather said he "palmed off" Sam McBride, a mighty good writer and printer but "too charming a gentleman," on Dr. Beshoar. McBride afterwards wound up as a fugitive in Mexico—but that's another story.

It was natural that out of this close association of men in the newspaper business should come the Colorado Editorial Association, with frequent pilgrimages on fare-free railroads to various sections of Colorado.

"They were pretty damp affairs," he recalled, "and my wife frowned upon them."

My grandfather's gustatory feats—throwbacks to his New England upbringing—always amazed me. Baked beans and brown bread and steaming slice of pie for breakfast, occasionally varied by codfish and boiled potatoes. Before retiring he always ate a large bowl of crackers and milk.

The late Col. L. C. Paddock of the *Boulder Camera* used to relate, to my chagrin, a story of another of granddad's bizarre taste for crackers—a taste that my grandmother "frowned upon."

"The general was at an editorial meeting," Colonel Paddock's story went, "and we were discussing the state of the nation at a bar. Our drinks were set before us when he called for a bowl of crackers and a spoon. He crumbled the crackers, poured whiskey over them and ate the mixture with a spoon. When we questioned him, West said, 'I promised my wife I wouldn't drink hard liquor on this trip, and by gosh I'm not going to lie to her'."

An old cavalryman, my grandfather dearly loved a parade, especially when mounted on the big white horse he kept for such occasions. He used to enthrall me with stories of the Festival of Mountain and Plain, which brought to Denver some of the finest horses and riders in the West.

Then, too, a highlight for him was the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held in Denver in 1895.

Many of the veterans came by wagon train, and instead of crowding into downtown hotels as do the convention delegates today, they bivouacked army style on a tract of land east of Denver's City Park.

Granddad West, resplendent in military uniform, led a mounted cavalcade to the camp area. They took tents, bedding and supplies, and relived the days of 1861-65.

The West home in Golden was the gathering place for old soldiers from all over the nation. He kept up constant correspondence with friends of his early days. William Cody, a comrade of wagon train days, was a frequent visitor; and the two old cronies liked nothing better than to gallop spirited horses around the foothills.

His practical jokes are legend—such as turning out a big crowd with handbills announcing a non-existent balloon ascension. One of his favorites was to wear a loose finger stall which would slip off in the hand of a person gripped in handclasp.

In his later years, immaculately clad in army style hat, commodious cape, and Congress gaiters, West continued his rounds of Golden business establishments, with a long stop for a daily game of Blue Dick.

In a gracious and kindly manner he left lasting imprint on the lives of his friends and particularly his immediate family. His sons, Leslie and Harley, went into the *Transcript*, which is operated today by Harley's widow, Vera West Parsons. He succeeded in switching his son-in-law, George M. Kimball, from the theater to the publishing business, that he might succeed him as editor of the *Transcript*.

My father continues to carry the journalistic staff my grandfather finally put aside. He admits he doesn't know just why, after marrying Editor West's only daughter, he decided to become an editor. But he has never regretted it.

Early in my own life my grandfather convinced me that the smell of printers' ink is the most wonderful perfume in the world.

History of Eastonville, Colorado

CHAS. M. HOBBS*

I first saw Eastonville in the Spring of 1886 and we lived at that time on the John Smalley place, about seven miles northwest of Eastonville and in the eastern edge of the Table Rock community. In the month of June I was sent to Eastonville on an errand, as that was our nearest store and as I stood on the top of the divide just northwest of the little town and gazed down the Squirrel Creek valley I thought that it was certainly a "Cattleman's Paradise."

Little did I think that the last 25 years of my active ranch life would be spent on the head of Squirrel Creek engaged in the handling of cattle for a livelihood. My first impressions were proven to be very true, for with its luscious grasses and plenty of water and fairly good shelter, the area proved to be an excellent place for the raising of livestock.

Eastonville at that time had only about 30 or 40 inhabitants. The railroad was built through from Denver to Pueblo in 1882. It was first known as the Denver & New Orleans; later as the Denver, Texas & Fort Worth, and last as the Colorado & Southern. The main line did not enter Colorado Springs, but there was a branch line from Manitou Junction (now Highway Junction) which came to the Springs and the depot was located on Sahwatch just south of the Puffer Mercantile Company's present location. This was a very busy road for years and it was the main line for the transportation of southern cattle to northern pasture in the spring of the year.

There were nine passenger trains each way through Eastonville daily and numerous freights. The depot was never closed. There were two agents, Mr. Taylor and George Sproat.

The station was first named McConnellsville. Easton was the first Post Office in that community and was located about one mile north and east of the Ayer Ranch on Jonathan Goodrich's place.

*Mr. Hobbs, Eastonville pioneer, lives in Colorado Springs today. His story was sent to us by Mrs. Lucy Perry, Superintendent of Schools of El Paso County.—Ed.

The mail was carried there from Colorado Springs, usually by horseback. When it was decided to move the Post Office to the new railroad station there were objections raised to the similarity of the two postoffices, Easton and Eaton, and it was decided to call the new office and station, Eastonville, and it has been so since.

The first store in the town was owned by John Brazelton. He sold to John and Orlin Gates (no relation to Russell Gates) and they sold to the Russell Gates Mercantile Co. who proceeded to erect an immense store building which lay in an "L" shape and had about 400 feet lineage and was a two story affair. Business was good and they soon added a big lumber yard and creamery.

Mr. Gates was a very energetic man and proceeded to organize stores in nearly all of the neighboring towns. He owned the Z Bar Z Ranch on the head of Big Sandy and he moved to Denver and left James Durkee on the ranch. He was once an unsuccessful candidate for the Mayorship of the city of Denver.

The upper story of this big store in Eastonville contained a hotel, a furniture store, and a large hall with a splendid stage. The farmers had a market here for nearly all of their products and could buy almost everything they needed for the farm.

The mercantile company employed 15 or 20 men to take care of their business. Among them were the following: J. J. Eubank, Chas. Shroader, John Ragsdale, J. W. Dickinson, John Thompson, Wm. Higby, Jas. Killin, Jack Little, George Campbell, Alvin Bennett, Chas. Reffner, E. A. Turner, A. W. Ten Eyke, Al Soule, the Moreland brothers and Fleener brothers. Annie Evans was in charge of the women's wearing apparel.

The town was so prosperous that Walter Whitmore decided there was room for another store and proceeded to erect one across the street from the Gates Building and he had a good business there for several years. He assisted also with the Telephone Office, Drug Store, and Post Office.

There were two hotels: Miss Jouberts managed one in the Gates Building, and Westfalls had one in their own home just south of the Whitmore Store. A butcher shop was run by the following men: Jack Dawson, Fred Strohm, Frank Phillips, Bill Boston, and Jim Foster. A weekly paper, *The Eastonville World*, was published by J. B. King of Elbert, Colorado. A blacksmith shop was run by Tom Andrews and a barber shop by Mr. Barkley. Dr. Bean, Dr. Skidmore, and Dr. Kessinger, all good doctors, served their times respectively. Three lodges flourished at one time: Knights of Pythias, Redman Lodge, and Woodmen Lodge. Jack Mulaney, Sebastian Greenway, and myself joined the K. of P. the same night. It was called Sunrise Lodge, because it was concluded just as the sun was rising.

Two churches were erected: the Presbyterian, which is now the community building just a little way west of the town, and the Episcopal, near the present school house. This building was purchased by the Redman Lodge and later used as a community building and was bought finally by John Beibi and moved to his ranch about a mile west of town and is used as a barn on the place where Lionel Murphy now lives.

The first school house was built just south of the Presbyterian Church and is now a ranch house on what was the Chinn place. When the consolidation with the Bluff School was made it was necessary to build a larger building and the two story one was built in town about 1898. About 70 or 80 children were in attendance and four teachers were employed, among whom were Jos. Schisler, Miss Page, Miss Skiffington, O. E. Collins, Stella Phillips and others. At the present time there are about 25 pupils and two teachers.

Among the ministers who held pastorates there were Rev. Sammy Taylor, Dr. Covert, Dr. Bell, Dr. Hutchinson, Dr. Wittenberger, and last I think, was Rozella Plumb, a home raised boy and an excellent preacher who now lives in California.

A brass band was organized, I think by Frank Amidon, and the Moreland brothers, and was a great attraction at our Fourth of July celebrations. A race track was built just at the southeast edge of the town and many races were held there. I can well remember Old Grey Billy, owned by the Jim Phillips, and Old Blue, owned by Al Peterson, both trotters and I don't think it was ever decided which one was the faster, although Billy usually won for the reason that he rarely ever broke his gait. Such men as Jim Durkee, Joe Westfall, Al Peterson, Henry Jamieson, Jim Phillips, and Mart Sides were the leaders in the racing field.

Eastonville was surrounded by a splendid farming community and huge crops of grain and potatoes were grown. Two pound spuds were common and there was a great demand for the seed of these dry land potatoes from other potato-growing centers. No, we didn't have any price control then and we had to take whatever the market was and that was sometimes 25c per cwt. Trainloads of potatoes were shipped from Eastonville and Monument. Annual potato bakes were held in each place. John W. Blank was the big buyer for the eastern markets. Alas! One year our potato crop failed and never has returned to normal production. However, there were a few raised but it took all the profit out of the business to do the necessary spraying and doctoring.

Our creamery at Eastonville made a wonderful record in butter and cheese making and took numerous blue ribbons on their Blue Hill Products at County Fairs throughout the country.

The following families were pioneers in the Eastonville community: Bradshaws, Cheese, Hoopers, Lindley, Knowles, Mundy, Barnetts. Coles, Evans, Tiptons, Barkers, Hiatts, Barretts, J. J. Plumb and W. T. Plumb (cousins), Berrymans, Noes, Kirks, Delashmuts, Eddy McCombers, Myers, Ayers, Greenway, Pastors, Gaws, Dickinson, Potters, Drom, Washington, Mumford, Amidon, Peabody, Vandenberg, Gately, Mussers, Wattermans, Bakers, Herring, Jackson, Laughlin, and perhaps others that I do not recall.

When the automobile and truck began to appear on the scene, small towns began to feel the effects of them, and Eastonville was no exception. When the flood came in 1935, it so completely demoralized the railroad that it soon was taken up. The Gates Mercantile began to disintegrate and Mr. Ragsdale took over the Eastonville store and continued to run it for several years. Houses were torn down and moved out. A rural mail route was established from Elbert and the Postoffice discontinued. Stockyards were torn down. In a few years only a few buildings were left of what once was a very prosperous place.

Elmer Turner is the oldest survivor that I know of in that community. He came to the Jackson place in 1880 and now at 88 years of age he still lives in Colorado Springs and is in very poor health.

Three splendid carpenters lived in the community and erected most of the buildings there. They were Charles Whitmore, C. A. Mulaney, and Joe Zimmerman.

A great many of the land boundaries along the railroad were described as so many acres east or west of the Colorado & Southern Railway. Now that I have lots of time to just sit and think I sometimes wonder how long it will be until every trace of the railroad may disappear. I happen to know where the Santa Fe Trail crossed the road going west from Falcon and there is not the slightest trace now to indicate where it once was. But, oh well, why should I worry? I am well along in the afternoon of life and I am quite sure it will not happen until I am far beyond recall to testify in the matter.

Oh, yes, we had a few saloons to contend with during the life of the place and I know of three that were conducted and now only a little stone building that was used as a garage remains to tell where one was located, but let's just skip the rest for the present as I like to think of the pleasant things in life and not things connected with the saloon business.

I spent twenty-five years in the community of Eastonville, and have no regrets and lots of pleasant memories.

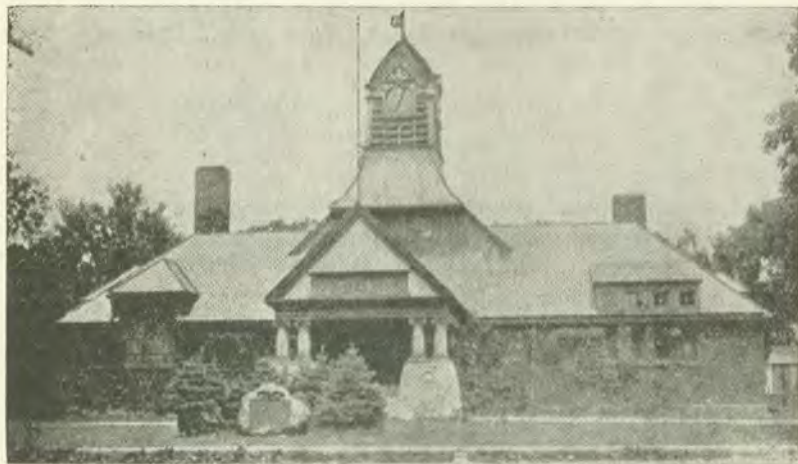
David H. Moffat and His Home Town

DWIGHT AKERS*

Your inquiry about the Moffat Library and Hall at Washingtonville has been handed to me for reply. This building is on the site of David H. Moffat's birthplace; the house in which he was born was moved to a lot across the street to make room for this building. The building adjoins the old corner store built by Moffat's grandfather, Samuel Moffat, in 1812—now converted into a very fancy supermarket. In the entrance hall of the Moffat Library there is a plaque which reads:

"This building was Erected 1887 by David H. Moffat of Denver, Colorado, as a Gift to His Native Town."

In the library room there are two stained glass windows, one of them dedicated to his grandfather "who erected his residence on this situation, 1812," and to his father. The other was dedicated to "the memory of Catherine Moffat by her children" — "on the ground on which they were born." Catherine (Gregg) Moffat was David H. Moffat's mother.



MOFFAT LIBRARY AND HALL, WASHINGTONVILLE, NEW YORK

The building contains an auditorium, with removable seats and a stage, that for well over half a century now has served as a center of community activities—amateur theatricals, school exer-

*Mr. Akers, local historian at Washingtonville, New York, kindly provided this story of D. H. Moffat and his native background. He also sent to the State Historical Society of Colorado, a pamphlet on the Moffat family, a reprint of an article written by J. Owen Moore in 1886, when the library project was pending, and a newspaper clipping on the Moffats. He also provided the pictures used as illustrations for this story.—Ed.

cises, church fairs and dinners, dances, and so on. Just now it is being completely renovated and improved with the aid of a substantial contribution from the Town Board and, it is expected, will continue to serve its cultural and social purposes even more adequately than in the past.

Moffat left no endowment for its support. Until his death he made contributions toward its maintenance and it was his intention to provide an endowment for it. But his financial reverses wiped out the funds available for that purpose.

In other words, the Moffat Hall and Library is another of D. H. Moffat's enterprises that, like his famous railroad, he was never quite able to finish. A small enterprise, of course, for a man of such means, but when every penny was needed for the railroad even the endowment of a memorial would have to wait. And so though the building was finished and stocked with books, the problem of maintaining it as a going concern was dropped into the laps of others.

In the absence of a firm financial base the institution since Moffat's death has had a kind of "hand-to-mouth" existence, never in danger of liquidation, but never free of financial problems. It has been supported mainly by the private contributions of interested citizens and by community fund-raising activities of one sort and another. Members of the Moffat family have from time to time made up its deficits and more recently the town and village boards have made appropriations for its support. The cost of its operation has been kept at a minimum with the help of many volunteer workers, civic-minded citizens who have given their time freely to keep alive and "free-wheeling" an institution of so much value to the town.

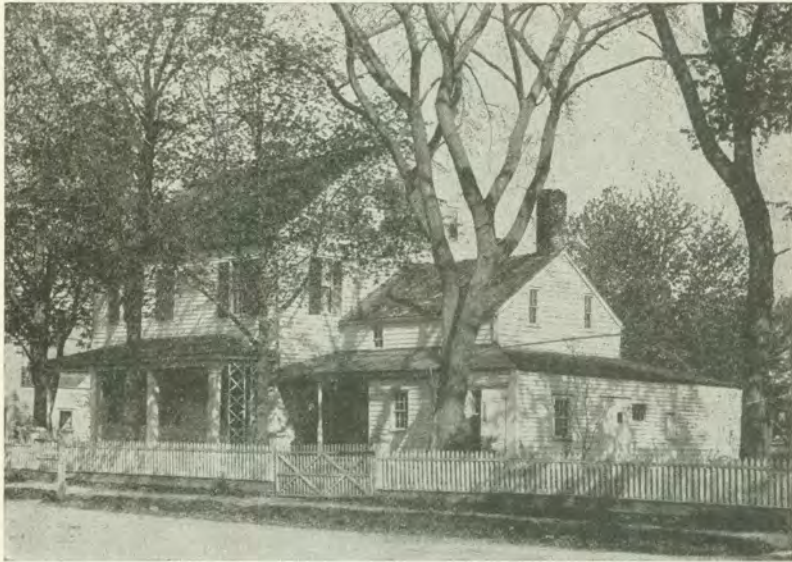
In 1902 Mr. Moffat presented to the Blooming Grove Congregational Church a pipe organ in memory of his father, who for many years was leader of the church choir.

There are still a good many relatives of Mr. Moffat in this community. The nearest in relationship and personal acquaintance with Mr. Moffat is Mrs. Charles D. Nicoll, a niece—now of course, a very elderly woman, but very lively and bright in mind and spirit.

You ask for any additional information that can be supplied about Mr. Moffat's connection with Washingtonville. Mr. Moffat's boyhood here, from 1839 to 1846, was so brief and so long ago that not much can be said about it. Miss Olive Watson, a grand-niece who knew Mr. Moffat very well, told me some years ago, on the basis of what she had heard from older members of the family, that David H. Moffat was a rather quiet, serious boy, but very ambitious and eager to make money. Certainly there was nothing in the family circumstances requiring him to leave home and take a job when he

was only nine years old. His family were people of means—and even (Miss Wilson told me) inclined to a rather lavish display of their means. At any rate, they had a negro slave, Sam, who acted as footman when they drove their carriage—later Sam was freed but continued in the service of the Moffats.

David's father—also David—was a very tall man, familiarly known in his home town as "Long David." Like his son he had an interest in railroads. At any rate he was one of the local business



DAVID H. MOFFAT'S BIRTHPLACE

Photo by courtesy of Moffat's niece, Mrs. Caroline M. Nicoll of Washingtonville, New York

men who were instrumental in bringing a branch line of the Erie Railroad through town to Newburgh (1850).

Two statements by D. H. Moffat, quoted to me by Miss Wilson, may be of interest to you. Once he said to her: "What is wealth today may not be wealth tomorrow." That, certainly, Moffat had occasion to know! And it was only about a week before his death that Moffat said to her: "If I can live two years I will build a vast fortune out of this, not only the railroad itself but the valuable mining land that lies along either side."

Ambitious and hopeful to the end, but the two years shortened to seven days and there were others who reaped the harvest.

Recollections of Early Denver and the First Embalming School Here

CHARLES A. RENOARD*

It is only natural that I should be interested in the state I saw admitted to the Union in 1876 and in the early surroundings I saw as a boy in Denver. These recollections flood my memory:

Cherry Creek, that delightful little stream that afforded the natives of Denver with unannounced thrills by flooding certain parts of the city and carrying away wooden bridges over the creek. My first thrill in boldly walking into the hall with some ladies unknown to me, to witness the ceremonies of admitting Colorado into statehood. The Governor's Guard's Hall situated at Fifteenth and Curtis where I saw my first play (Uncle Tom's Cabin), and what a performance it seemed to me. The volunteer fire companies, Woody Fisher and J. E. Bates in West Denver. The races held on Fourteenth Street each year. The exhibition of Edison's electric light in the old Methodist Church situated on Fourteenth and Lawrence Street. The Medical school situated on Fourteenth and Arapahoe, and the old wooden Episcopal Church situated on the same corner before the medical school was erected. The Old Depot near the Platte River on Fifteenth Street, and built on stilts due to swamps, and the only railroad the old Union Pacific.

The appearance of General Grant speaking from the balcony of the old Glenarm Hotel on Fifteenth and Glenarm Streets; Sanky and Moody holding religious revivals and creating blue ribbon adherents who promised not to use alcoholic beverages. General Palmer's venture with the D. & R.G. R.R. with its cute little brilliantly painted engines and coaches (all narrow gauge); the Denver and South Park R.R. crossing the Platte River where we used to swim at the head of the ditch that supplied power for the J. K. Mullins flour mill; and later on the Circle railroad that hauled us out to the Centennial Exposition in South Denver.

The Chinese riots on Wazee Street, and the detention of Chinese in the old Arapahoe County jail on West Colfax Avenue. The old American House (the best in Denver at that time), later on the Windsor with its artesian well that drained the one Tommy Anderson had drilled at Colfax and California. Mr. Anderson used to move buildings from one part of Denver to the other for people who were dissatisfied with their surroundings. Smith and Sloan's lakes, where we fished and others of older age hunted ducks. The

*Prof. C. A. Renouard is head of the "Renouard Training School for Embalmers" in New York City.

Rocky Mountain Ice wagons with their canvas covered tops to prevent too rapid melting of ice. Colonel Archer who gave Denver its water supply and who lived in a beautiful home, corner of Thirteenth and Welton Streets. LaVeta Place, corner South Fourteenth and Colfax Avenue, the home of Mrs. H. A. W. Tabor, near where the Mint now stands. The old Interocean Hotel (still standing I believe) at the corner of Seventeenth and Blake Streets. The old Baily Corral situated at Fifteenth and Holiday Streets, where stage coaches landed. My experience in witnessing a hold-up between Denver and Leadville when stage coaches were the only means of transportation, before the D. & R. G. was built into Leadville. The Old Post Office on the corner of Fifteenth and Lawrence.

The wonderful work done by Doctors Steele, Blinkensderfer, Carlin, Justice, Bancroft, Stedman and Denison. Dr. Blinkensderfer had his office in the rear of a drug store on Sixteenth Street between Champa and Stout Streets. Dissection was carried on in the rear of an undertaking establishment near Fourteenth and Larimer. The old Spangler House was a small hotel situated near the Depot on Fifteenth Street near Wazee, and good meals could be had for fifty cents. The Broadway and Arapahoe schools were the first and then the Longfellow school was located on Fourteenth and Welton Streets, nearly opposite Colonel Archer's home. The Sisters of Loretto had a fine convent and school on California Street between Fourteenth and Fifteenth Streets, and the Catholic cathedral was located at the corner of Stout and Fifteenth Streets.

Philip Zang's brewery in West Denver provided the proper liquid for irrigating the parched esophaguses of Denver and J. K. Mullins' mill was only a short distance from it. Henry Kerr had a snuff and tobacco store corner Fifteenth and Blake Streets, and Reithman's Drug Store was located at Fifteenth and Larimer, and Joslin's Dry Goods Store on the opposite corner. In the early days Hoffer's meat market was on the northwest corner of Larimer and Fifteenth Streets, and Gove's gun store was on Larimer between Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets. The best eating place in Denver was at Charpiot's restaurant on Larimer Street near Sixteenth and was known as the "Delmonico of the West." China Town was located on Wazee Street and some of their stores were located on Blake Street, and the city and Catholic cemeteries were located in what is now Cheesman Park.

[Dr. C. A. Renouard sent the following sketch of his father and of his pioneering work in Denver. It was taken from E. C. Johnson's "A History of the Art and Science of Embalming."]

"Auguste Renouard (1839-1912), was born in New Orleans, La. He attended and graduated from St. Xavier's College and

McDowell's Medical (now the University of St. Louis) at St. Louis, Mo. Following the outbreak of the Civil War he joined the Confederate forces as a surgeon, and for a time was attached to the staff of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. After the war Dr. Renouard returned to St. Louis, where he practiced pharmacy. Subsequently he practiced medicine in Chicago, later losing everything in the great fire of 1871. He then went to Denver, Colorado, where he practiced medicine for a time. Later he associated himself with an undertaking and furniture concern, which was commissioned to send the bodies of early settlers back to their homes in various parts of the United States. His knowledge of chemistry and anatomy enabled him to compound fluids similar to those employed for the preservation of anatomical material he formerly used in medical college. The condition of the bodies shipped from Denver to all parts of the United States was such as to excite the curiosity of the receiving undertakers. They communicated with Dr. Renouard, and the more progressive made pilgrimages to Denver to receive their early instructions in the first school of embalming in America, established in 1874. This school was situated in the rear of the undertaking establishment. The early students were taken on private cases as assistants, where they were instructed in practical embalming.



The Building on Larimer Street in which was established by Dr. Auguste Renouard the first school of embalming in the United States

“Dr. Renouard’s fame as an instructor spread over the country and his services as such were demanded in the east, where he conducted clinics of embalming instruction in most of the larger cities. He became interested in improving embalming chemicals and instruments, and formulated many embalming fluids and disinfectants. He became author of the first textbook on embalming and funeral directing, in 1876, entitled “The Undertaker’s Manual.” A second edition was published in 1881. In 1887 he opened the United States College of Embalming in New York City, regarded as the first permanent school of instruction in the field. In 1900 he merged his school with that established by his son, Prof. Charles A. Renouard, in 1894. The merged interests were continued under the title of Renouard Training School for Embalmers, which flourishes today under the able directorship of Prof. Renouard. The profession owes much to Dr. August Renouard for his many contributions to its progress, for his teachings, research and writings.

“August Renouard received many honors from his students and graduates during his lifetime. The last tribute is in the form of a monument in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., erected by funeral directors and embalmers of the United States and Canada.”

We will let Miss Stewart tell her early life story:

"I was born in Ohio but before there was time enough for either of us to find it out, my family moved to a mining town in Colorado—Georgetown—8500 feet high up in the Rocky Mountains.

"There I spent my childhood, climbing over stony hillsides, hunting wild flowers, daring steep cliffs, treading thick-packed needles under pine trees and playing along tumbling streams—creeks we called them—whose snowfed waters flashed shining pebbles in the clear stretches between great boulders, where they crashed into torrents of foam. These water polished stones gleamed like jewels of many colors.

"With occasional journeys 'back East,' a region of culture to the majority of people west of Buffalo up to 1900, and interims of going away to schools, I lived among the pines and peaks, the mines and the mountain trails of Georgetown until I finished school.

"To be sure the earth and the sky and the mountains weren't the whole round of my young life, but they somehow gave it direction and it was the heaven-reaching hills rather than the Sunday reading of Psalter that lighted for us the 121st Psalm.

"Most of my undergraduate college work was done at the State University at Boulder. Its campus is set upon high mesas which overlook far-spreading plains toward the east and toward the west break abruptly into jagged cliffs that climb through gorge-slashed canyons to ice-capped peaks. Thus through my college days mine eyes still lifted to the hills while my mind explored the classics.

"In due season the University gave me a B.A. Degree (and in 1927 an honorary degree in Litt.M.) and with it carte blanche to teach. Whereupon began my adventure in education which, with brief intervals of sidestepping, I've continued ever since. They have been for the most part on the administrative side and in regions experimental and off the beaten track, though never so far afield as to lose the road back.

"I plunged at once into education, first as principal of the high school at Longmont, where I took part in the social and civic life of the community according to the pattern of the day. These included woman's clubs of town and country and therewith the

Mary Stewart—Educator, Author, and Club Woman

D. W. SPANGLER*

A former high school pupil, Edith Knoll (Babcock) (1902-1906), was reminiscing with me about her high school days. Naturally, the name of Miss Mary Stewart, our high school principal of those years, came to mind. Edith spoke of Miss Stewart in glowing terms.

"The most significant thing that I remember about her," said Edith, "was her turn at Monday Morning devotionals in assembly. Don't you recall how she always read the 121st Psalm, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,'" and Edith's face beamed as she spoke.

Nearly a half century of time had not cooled her enthusiasm for an outstanding teacher, and a great woman.

*Mr. Spangler is a retired teacher of Longmont, Colorado.—Ed.

General Federations which I found a new and exhilarating experience as well as a way of getting things done."

One of the most outstanding things that Mary Stewart achieved during her principalship of the high school, and in her lifetime as well, was the writing of the Collect for Clubwomen. Her own story of the Collect was given to Ada M. Moog of Seattle, in answer to some questions she had asked. This story was published in the January, 1948, issue of *Capital Women*, the official organ of the Women's Clubs of Washington, D. C. We quote it here in part:

"The Collect was written in 1904 while I was principal of the high school in Longmont, my first job after college. The friendly Longmont women made me a member of their Fortnightly Club, which was my first grownup club experience.

"Perhaps I was born 'Woman's Club' bent. Anyway my interest in working with and for women began early and is still very much alive. At fifteen I joined a Chautauqua circle with my mother.

"Through organizations in college I touched the State Federation, but the first gleam of what women working together might accomplish came to me as I worked in the Fortnightly, a Federated Club, and this largely through a most extraordinary woman, Mrs. Ira Herron, who was responsible for my joining the group. Mrs. Herron was also a forceful member of the school board, and a vital factor in the civic and the social life of the community. It is to her that I first read the Collect.

"The Collect was written as a prayer for the day and was called a Collect for club women because I felt that women working together in wide interest for large ends was a new thing under the sun, and that perhaps, they had need for special petitions and meditation of their own.

"This must have been true, for the Collect has found its way about the world wherever English speaking women work together. In England the Farm Women's Institutes have made it their own and have printed it in several beautiful forms. It was introduced to them by Mrs. Alfred Watt, another extraordinary woman, to whose vision and devotion the organized country women of the world are much indebted."

A Collect for Club Women

Keep us, oh God, from pettiness;
let us be large in thought, in word, in deed.

Let us be done with fault-finding
And leave off self-seeking.

May we put away all pretense
And meet each other face to face,
Without self-pity and without prejudice.

May we never be hasty in judgment
and always generous.

Let us take time for all things;
make us to grow calm, serene, gentle.

Teach us to put into action our better impulses,
straightforward and unafraid.

Pract that we may realize it is
The little things that create differences,
That in the big things of life we are at one.

And may we strive to touch and to know
The great, common human heart of us all,
and, oh Lord God, let us forget not
to be kind!

April 1941

Mary Stewart

The Collect is reproduced herewith. Its present world wide use with increased popularity seems to be a prophecy that it will endure along with other notable human documents.

The following quotation taken from the recent notes of a former pupil of Miss Stewart reveals her ability and influence as an educator:

"Mary Stewart, exemplifying as she did personal charm, broad sympathies and intellectual power, remains an inspiration to hundreds of students who came under her tutelage during the four years in the early nineteen hundreds while she was principal of the Longmont, Colorado, high school.

"Your correspondent will be forever grateful that she was privileged to spend two periods a day for four years, under the guidance of this unusual young woman.

"A little bundle of dignity and energy—that is what Mary Stewart was. Most of her classes were taught in the front of the assembly hall in which the pupils studied. If there was any disturbance in the back of the room, she merely removed her glasses and blinked those blue eyes of hers faster than a humming bird can flutter his wings. Not a word of reproof was uttered, her quiet dignity being sufficient rebuke to the offenders.

"A blending of personal charm, sympathy, reverence, justice and intellectuality—that is Mary Stewart as remembered by a devoted pupil."—Nellie Hard Townley.

Mrs. Irene Grosjean, another former pupil of Miss Stewart contributes this story: "Once some of the high school pranksters hid the school bell which called the young people in from the playgrounds. The janitor was worried, wondering how he was going to get the school assembled. Miss Stewart merely stood on the south entrance porch to the school and said to the boys and girls standing nearby. 'Well, I always knew I was popular, but I never thought I'd be the "Belle" of the school—it's time for classes.' Then she turned and went into the school house and the laughing pupils followed." Miss Stewart's resourcefulness in meeting various kinds of situations was one of her most valuable assets.

Mr. Rae H. Kiteley, a fellow teacher with her in the Longmont high school said of her: "Mary Stewart appeared frail, but in her rushes of enthusiasm for a cause she would drive herself with boundless energy. She needed the exotic, the battle of wits found in metropolitan centers. Our small town could not challenge her for long for she was too like that favorite poem of hers written by Robert Browning, 'A star that darts the red and the blue'."

Miss Stewart's next teaching position was in the East High School in Denver, which many then considered the most prominent one in the state.

In 1912 her sister Leni was taken by death. Her intense grief was portrayed in a poem she then composed—some lines of which we here quote:

TO MY SISTER

L. S. B.

Oh, sister of mine so beloved
 Oh, dear heart of my heart, can it be
 You are dead, you are gone,
 And the world still goes on
 In darkness unending for me.
 They buried the gold of the sunshine,
 With the gold of your beautiful hair,
 And the blue of the skies,
 With the blue of your eyes,
 Ah, nothing is left that was fair.
 And you—is it well with you, Sister
 You who so loved the breeze and the light,
 And the laughter and love
 And the glad life above,
 Down there all alone in the night.
 Ah, God, is there never an answer?
 Can't she hear, though in anguish I cry?
 Little soul, fair and white,
 Lost and lone in the night—
 Dear God, can such loveliness die?
 Then glad like a flower in the springtime,
 With the gold of the sun in her hair
 And the blue of the skies
 In her wonderful eyes,
 Is she waiting for me somewhere?

In her strenuous life Miss Stewart took out some time for much needed recreation. For her a perennial joy was the memory of the near one hundred mile hike from Loveland, Colorado, via Estes Park, to the top of Long's Peak—altitude over 14,000 feet,—and back again to Loveland. "All on her own two feet," as she wrote. She was fond of horseback riding. If you had seen her galloping down a Longmont Street back in the days of the side-saddle and derby hat for women, you might have thought an English lady had strayed from a fox hunt. The dogs were not present, however, but they may have been there in her imagination. Mr. James Donovan, one of her former students, still marvels at how deftly she handled her long skirts at ice-skating parties. She got a thrill out of most any kind of recreation—even to sliding down a strawstack in her younger days.

Miss Stewart never ceased going to school. Stagnation was not in her vocabulary. She frequently took time out from her professional work for study, which included courses in Columbia University, Chicago University, travel in Europe and the British Isles, Mexico, Hawaii, and through many parts of the United States.

She was Dean of Women in the University of Montana for eight years, where she also taught Latin and English. During this time, 1915, she published a small book of translations of selections from the Lyrics of the Latin poet Catullus. She says of this Catullus: "Next to Horace, Catullus seems to us the most modern of the ancients. It is amazing to find out just how modern these writers are—which is just another way of saying how ancient human nature is. It is the continuity of human nature that gives us a friendly feeling for the classics."

It took a large part of a century to emancipate woman in these United States. Mary Stewart did not arrive in time to take part in its beginning, but she did arrive in time to take a very effective part in its final completion. She was a charter member of the Women's Joint Congressional Committee, which was set up to coordinate the Washington legislative work of national women's organizations with which she worked for eight years as legislative representative for the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

She helped organize the federation in 1919 and served with its national board in some capacity until about the time of her death.

The best known measures this committee worked for were the "Child Labor Amendment," the "Infant and Maternity Act," and the bill for "Independent Citizenship for Women."

Miss Stewart in speaking of her professional work adds: "Most of the time since 1921 my professional work has been with the Government. For half a dozen years in the U. S. Employment Service, Department of labor, at first in charge of junior guidance and placement and later as assistant director general. Since 1928 in the education division of the Office of Indian Affairs, Department of the Interior, as assistant director of education until 1936, since then as superintendent at large."

In further comments about her activities she adds: "I have traveled, studied or worked in every state in the nation. I have lived in Ohio, Colorado, Montana, and California; in New York City, Boston and Washington, D. C., and now I am again with mine own people in Cincinnati. I know my country and its people from sea-coast to timberline—farm, ranch, city and village, especially the

little towns where life is close and neighborly and real. Everywhere I have found that something which we call the American way of life. It has to do with the worth of the individual man, because he is a man and of our faith in his right and his will to work out his destiny in freedom and fairplay."

After living in Georgetown the Stewarts moved to Loveland, Colorado, where they contributed to the progress of the town in the early part of the century. They operated a book and art store for many years. The present Laura Stewart Garden Club in that city was so named in honor of Mary's mother.

According to the calendar, Mary Stewart lived 67 years, but if we count the overtime she worked it easily measures up to a century.

Her strenuous life left her weakened at the time of her retirement from her government position. Her last illness was somewhat extended, but she bore it with fortitude. On April 1, 1943, the telegraph wires carried news of her death.

Mary Stewart's ashes repose in the family plot in Loveland, Colorado, cemetery, which is in the shadows of the crags and the peaks of the Rockies which she loved so well.

U. S. High 87 passes through the cemetery. The Stewart plot borders on it on the west side near the middle, the monument and the markers being only fifty feet from the edge of the pavement.

A Winter in the High Mountains, 1871-72

JAMES K. HASTINGS*

The "Winning of the West," that Theodore Roosevelt so feelingly wrote about, cost some work-filled days and sleepless nights for the wives and children of those pioneers who helped subdue that area. Old diaries sometimes remind us of events long past that have become dim through the years.

My father, John Irving Hastings, Massachusetts born, left Massachusetts soon after his father's death, when fourteen years old, and came to the Western Reserve of Ohio. There he grew up and acquired some education, besides learning the trades of carpenter and machinist. Among the schools that he attended for a time was Hiram College, at Hiram, Ohio, presided over by James A. Garfield.

When father was twenty years old and married, he went back to Hiram and enlisted in response to Lincoln's call for troops,

*Mr. Hastings now lives at Stillwater, Oklahoma.—Ed.

joining up on September 20, 1861, in the 42nd Ohio Infantry Volunteers, or as it was more commonly known, "Colonel Jim Garfield's Regiment." Later he was transferred to a regiment of engineers. After the siege and capture of Vicksburg, he went to repairing boats used by our troops on the Mississippi River, and working in the water soon hospitalized him at Carrondalette, just north of New Orleans. There he lay on the ground as many another sick soldier did. Finally, the fine old surgeon in charge, after being assured that there would be some one to care for him in the Ohio home, listened to his pleading and discharged him to start his weary way north on crutches, after two years of the struggle to make men free.

Some of the events of the later years I saw, and was a part of, and they may interest others as they did me. As a small boy, I can remember that on one of our trips west, in crossing the plains of western Nebraska, we could hear the incessant whistling of our engine, only to find as we came on farther that a herd of buffalo were attempting to cross the track ahead of the train. Those buffalo went off with their tails in the air, possibly originating the expression, "high tailing it."

By 1871, when father was thirty years old, the lure of the west possessed him and we were living in Denver, that mile high capital of Colorado Territory. We had come into town on a swaying Concord coach and I can remember, as a small boy, sitting on the front steps of our house and watching the blacksmith across the street shoeing oxen by swinging them up off the ground with a wide rawhide belt in a huge frame and tacking a two-piece shoe on their worn hooves. Those cattle were the locomotive power of the freight trains of that time and place.

On January 25th of that year, father's diary quotes the cost of a sack of flour at \$5.00, and a half sack of meal at \$2.00. Later he quotes a doctor's call as costing \$2.00, and of paying \$1.00 for a turkey. On February 7th he buys coal, probably a ton, for \$6.00, and then gets coal oil for 30 cents. Evidently the city that blazes with light nights now was lighted by coal oil lamps 75 years ago. On this date he deposited \$25.00 in the Colorado National Bank as a nest egg for the future, believing, as did others, that the wages of today if saved, are the capital of tomorrow.

On February 24th he records the purchase of 88 pounds of chicken feed; so they were planning fresh eggs for breakfast. Two days later, he records a high wind all day and night. On March 11th, he spends \$52.00 for a watch, apparently of the opinion that substantial values are the best investment. Coal comes at \$5.60 and \$5.75 a ton. Potatoes soon after cost \$1.50 a bushel.

On August 7th of the same year, father collects \$65.00 for work and then buys apples at 20 cents a pound. Surely the Colorado apple orchards of today had not yet come into bearing, even if they had been set out.

On August 15th, father packed his tools and started for St. Johns, some 50 to 75 miles west of Denver. It was a mining camp on the west slope of the continental divide, and has long since been abandoned. There he was to wreck a small quartz mill and build a larger one. This property was owned in Boston and the manager was a Colonel C., who commuted back and forth between Boston and Denver, with occasional trips up to the mine at St. Johns. From the shaft house of this mine, high up on the mountain-side, the ore was brought down to the mill by a tramway in which the loaded car coming down took an empty one up. In riding down the mountain in the car one wanted to be very sure that he had a friend at the controls at the top, for a loaded car, let run wild, would hit the ore bin at the mill with a tremendous jolt and shoot the ore, or you, away out in the great ore bin.

The diary reports father as reaching Georgetown in Clear Creek County on August 18th, and the following day he "started from Georgetown for St. Johns, by way of Clear Creek and Snake River pass and landed at St. Johns at 10 o'clock P. M." He crosses the range at that high point from east to west. The next day he built a shanty and started housekeeping. On the 23rd he built a house and started his men back to Denver. On September 15th he paid \$2.90 for venison, not indicating the amount procured.

The family, consisting of my mother and us three children, started from Denver to join father on October 2nd. This was somewhat risky, for storms often struck in the high passes before that time of year. Five days later, the diary records: "Family arrived at St. Johns at 10 P.M., after a hard week's travel." The record of the next day tells of going down Snake River to get the wagon. That trip illustrates what pioneer families went through in their struggle to help develop the West. On our trip out the next summer, I can remember our skirting a great mountain, on a narrow shelf, and seeing below a brawling mountain stream and in the edge of the stream what remained of a broken wagon and some household furniture, belonging to some family whose wagon had failed to get past as we did. I was only a small boy then, but I wondered if the family went over with the wagon. Two days after we arrived in the camp, father writes, "Waked up with a snow storm"—we had gotten through with little margin. Then came a notation that the mill carpenters started for Denver, but had left one wagon on the east side of the range.

Some people cannot realize how the great range, sometimes spoken of as "Those mighty ramparts," turned the heavy clouds coming from the Pacific and caused them to drop their rain or snow before they crossed the range. Snow at our camp was at times twelve feet on a level, while eastern Colorado may not have had an inch of it. On the 16th of October father paid \$23.50 for 550 pounds of potatoes; I wonder how he kept them from freezing. Notice, also, that all foods were sold by the pound, as was the custom in the mountains.

On the 19th, he writes, "Went to Montezuma at night to see a bear in trap." I was a little chap then, not yet four years old, but I can vividly remember that night and my fear that as all the men had gone down the mountain on a lark to kill the bear, he might get away from them and come and get a boy in my bed in the attic of the small cabin. The bear trap of that day and place was generally a small log cabin strongly constructed of logs with a door for him to enter that would fly shut when he had gone in to get the bait, and hold him prisoner. The miners would build a huge fire on one side, and fire from the other side and kill their captive. The fresh meat may have tasted good in cold weather, but fat, black bear meat in summer is no treat. The animal dressed out 237 pounds and father brought home some of it. Later he records the purchase of 948 pounds of potatoes and 600 pounds of flour and a quantity of butter and 1700 pounds more beef. In this modern day it is difficult to realize what it would be like to be one's own grocer and butcher. He shares with his neighbors his small stock of sugar, and on the first of November he gets a case of condensed milk, so they will have coffee for breakfast, for he has a fair supply of coffee. Following that, he purchases 6 cords of wood for \$24.00.

On the 21st he notes that one of his friends gets into camp at 4 P.M., much the worse for wear and adds a few days later that "mail came in at night." You will realize that all the mail for the winter months came over the mountain range on the mail carrier's back. Let us forget about this catalogue and circular age that we live in. Possibly there were two or three newspapers in the mail and they would be read to shreds. The mail consisted mostly of letters. The carrier traveled like everyone else, on snowshoes. They were the Norwegian ski. I never saw a man on a French Canadian snowshoe or racket.

The manager, Colonel Candler, on December 15th, came out from Denver on snowshoes, and father spent the next two or three days making a light sled for the colonel to take his belongings back on; and on the 21st day of December he, with a friend, started back with the sled to carry their food and blankets. An inexperi-

enced man could easily lose his life on such a trip at that time of year, for one might be delayed in reaching shelter by a broken snowshoe or any one of many other accidents. Lashings or straps have broken on a snowshoe, allowing it to escape down the mountain and leaving the traveler stranded with only one shoe, and helpless.

At about this time father made his first pair of snowshoes, twelve feet long for men, four inches wide, and perhaps a half an inch thick. They were made of spruce, as I remember, and the toes were soaked in boiling water and turned up. When set in a frame they were kept near a fire until they were permanently bent. There was a toe cap to tuck your toes in, about half way back on them, and with some lashings around the foot and ankle, you were ready to start out when you had your pole. This was about five feet long and was used to steer and brake with. To help in slowing your speed, you threw the lower end under you and crouched on it.

Two days after Christmas, 1871, he writes that he spent a half day breaking trail to woodpile and hauling wood. About this time, he tells of working steadily in spite of the cold, to get the mill up and ready to crush the quartz by spring. It was a stamp mill, the most common for that day, in which the ore was crushed to powdered dust by heavy stamps that rose and fell continually, day and night, to pulverize the ore, when the working season was on. It took water to wash out the ore dust and of course nothing could be done in cold weather.

On New Year's day, 1872, he writes that he "finished the children's snow shoes, after night." Perhaps they were made partly in self defense, for no one could go anywhere in the loose, deep snow without them. We were literally confined to the house without them. Mine were six feet long, while my sister's were eight feet in length. They were a delight and we soon learned to use them. We may have had a few falls, but nothing serious in the soft snow. The fate of them was tragic, but that will come later!

On January 7th, he let a neighbor have more of his precious sugar and got in return butter and another case of condensed milk. I can remember the taste of the latter to this day.

Perhaps here I should tell of one of the dangers we were subject to in that camp. Father records in one place at this time that there was a big snow slide in the night. The mountains on all sides of the camp were very steep and the floor of the valley was not wide. In logging off the pine, sometimes the loggers were greedy and cut too close on the mountainside and then, when a chinook blew for a day or two, the snow and more or less scenery,

would come down on us. The snow slides always came with a roar that could be heard for miles. If the timber had been left on the mountainsides, the slides might not have happened. Also, the snow would have melted more slowly in the spring and we would not have had the violent run off that occurred. Mother told us once of a slide, or avalanche, as it is sometimes called, coming down the mountain across from our house, in plain sight of her. She said that it wiped out a logger's camp. There was no time to prepare a last will and testament, if in the path of one of these avalanches, once it had started its rush.

I can remember that the high altitude made some cooking difficult. Mother had to put over the beans that we were to have for Sunday dinner, by Friday noon, because, while they would boil furiously, they did not get cooked any too soon. In an entry in his diary for January 7th, 1872, father tells of the beauty of his surroundings and his love for the grandeur of the mountains. He writes, "Climbed to the top of the range at head of gulch, the day was very clear and had a splendid view of the mountains, no end of them, as far as the eye could reach."

Most of the entries at this time were of the work of getting the mill rebuilt and ready to go. He rigged a traveling pulley on a cable from top of the old mill and hauled much of the usable material in the old structure to the new site without getting it down in the snow. One job that took time in the season of the heavy snows was to clear the mill roof of snow, for few roofs were strong enough to carry that load.

On January 5th, in '72, he writes that he is hauling wood to fill a kiln for coal. That must mean that they were to burn a kiln of charcoal to use in the blacksmith shop and foundry, if one is set up.

He was a good draftsman and often spoke of making a drawing of a needed piece of machinery, which he would later fashion in the shop. He records, on a Saturday, '72, after working all day in the shop, that a Mr. V. came in and brought him a black suit and his watch that had been cleaned from Denver. The black suit for winter wear, would not be understood by many people of today. Snow blindness was a common danger in winter there, and persons lost their lives when blindness came on and they were out on the mountains. Most of the men, when out in the snow, had their faces blackened, and wearing a black suit would help, also. Remember, please, that 75 years ago we did not have the dark glasses and multitudinous small aids that we possess today.

On Sunday, January 14th, father went to the mine and down the mountain to the Saint Lawrence mine and into the new tunnel. He also adds that he broke a snowshoe pole and illustrates his

predicament by a sketch in his diary. Those poles were a necessary part of a ski outfit. On January 17th he began ironing a sled and he also sent out to Denver a county warrant dated last June for collection. On the following day he began work for a few days for Mr. Versin and also paid him 75 cents for the diary in which this is written. He adds that a Mr. B. left for Georgetown over the range, and that his blacksmith quit work. After several days of steady work in the shop at fitting an engine, he records on the next Sunday, "Stormy day, no mail until night. Sheriff came in with a man from Breckenridge, charged with shooting with intent to kill." A calamity struck the camp, for a few days later, on the 24th, the blacksmith shop burned to the ground at 4 A.M., with nothing saved. The next day brought the finish of the engine job, and the diary adds: "Very cold." On Saturday, the 27th, of the same January, he lends a man in an eastern state \$500.00 at 10 per cent interest; of course the whole transaction was done by mail.

On February 1, 1872, he got in twelve bolts, the first in a long time. A boon to one working at bolting down an engine. The next day he writes that a "Mr. Batchelder got in after staying two nights on the range." He shows his orderly way of doing business, when on setting an engine he takes a receipt for all tools left in the cupboard and turns it over to the owner; shortly afterward, the engine is tried out and suits perfectly. Then he adds that he gets a 15 pound ham for his meat supply. On the third of March, he reports a "fearful storm all day."

The cabin that we lived in was set up off the ground when built and we had to climb steps to get to the door, but before spring the steps were cut in the snow up from the door to the level of the out-of-doors, and its level of twelve feet of snow. I can remember a tall pine stump twelve or fourteen feet high near the house, and the next summer tourists commented on the wastefulness of leaving such a fine piece of timber; but it was sawed off at the surface when cut in the winter time.

On March 3rd father buys tea, dried blackberries, and some coffee from a neighbor. There was real neighborliness in that frozen mountain glen. On that early date in March, his neighbor, Mr. Versin, starts down the Snake for more supplies, and a week later, father's entry in the diary reads, "no mail," but two days later the mail did get in. Can you imagine the event of the coming of the mail every week or two? The carrier, with his pack of mail, could be seen for miles away on the mountainside before reaching camp. Then the crowd assembled on the boarding house porch to watch his progress into camp. They tell of one time when he came down the mountain with almost incredible speed and trailed

with a cloud of flying snow following him, only to break a ski as he struck a snow bank in front of them all, and suffered a bad spill. Of course the spectators were sympathetic, but how they did roast him, well knowing that it might have cost his life had it happened an hour earlier and out of sight of camp.

On the 14th of March, a Mr. Jennings starts over the backbone of the continent for Georgetown. A few days later father pays a friend for a Journal of Chemistry, so as to prepare himself for the part he was to play later in life. On March 21st, it stormed afternoon and evening, and three days later, father goes down to Montezuma for groceries and packs back 33 pounds of dried berries and fruit. On April 1st he talks to his superior, Colonel Candler, and promises to stay on until the mill starts, and longer, if he can.

On Sunday, April 7th, mail got in about 11 A.M. and the following day two of his friends and Colonel Candler left for over the range, by way of Hepburn's Pass. Father writes that mother was sick all day. Think of sickness in a small house in the dead of winter and no doctor to be had. Under the same date, the diary discloses "A fearful snow storm all day." On April 12th his fourth child is born, my brother Louis. Some of the rough but kind hearted miners had offered to take mother down to the lower levels on a hand sled, fearing that she might not survive the ordeal in the rarefied air. It was not done, possibly because there was no one to leave us children with. A heavy storm is reported two days later, and on the 18th as well. Father tells that the snow slid from the main roof of the mill, knocking down the stove pipe and filling the path to the mill. Then comes his effort to get more food for his growing family, when he trades some of his sugar and a quarter of beef for other food, including some buckwheat flour. He records a terrible storm during the entire day on the last of April, 1872. On May 1st he measured a cord and a half of wood for himself. Evidently he thinks that spring is a long way off. The snow is cleared from the mill roof again, and he builds a sled with high sides for a friend to use in hauling in more food. A few days later he goes out to near timberline, to get the sled load of provisions, and from that he gets 26 pounds of beef.

We had some real friends in that high mountain glen. One was an elderly Englishman who was a great hunter. He brought us some of his spoils and told mother, "Mrs. Astings, I have brought you a piece of helk." Then followed an account in father's diary of his struggle in the mountains to capture one of the most majestic animals that lives, for food in that tiny camp in the high sierras. Another friend was old "Uncle Ben," a skilled mechanic, who had no relatives and took us under his sheltering wing. He made me a tiny steam engine. To run it we had to fill the small boiler with

water, set a short stub of candle under it, when soon it would run furiously. It never happened to blow up when I was playing with it, perhaps because it had only a wooden plug in the boiler. Of course there were no stores available from which to purchase children's toys.

On May 25th, a Mr. Bachelder, who is reported to be very sick, is moved out by hand sled. On the first day of June, father writes that the snow is from four to six feet deep and on the ninth, Colonel Candler and family came in, and two days later, wagons get in for the first time. On the same day, father buys 19 pounds of mountain sheep and divides his flour with a neighbor. Colonel Candler goes out to get carpenters and brings back twenty-five men to get the mill to running. Father then gets some oysters that had come in from outside. On July first they crushed a ton of ore and made a fair start, he reports. Two weeks later, "Went almost to top of range with wife, at head of gulch, and we were caught in a snow storm." A week later they picked flowers at night, to press. This picking flowers that came up through the snow in the middle of July, cost us youngsters our snow shoes, for we did cling to them even after the snow was largely gone!

One day we were out after some of those beautiful mountain blossoms and had our snowshoes along, though we did not need them. And so we decided to leave them by a great boulder deposited by a snow slide. There were too many such boulders in the glen and we were unable to locate again the one that we used. I hope that some other child found them before they were snow covered. My small brother, John, who was about three years old, went with us on one of our flower picking trips near home. He would grab off a flower with no stem and announce that he was picking flowers for "my own dear mama."

Soon they began running the mill, day and night. On July 31st and August 1st and 2nd father went to the St. Lawrence mill to get out pans to use in the new mill. On the 3rd he paid road tax of \$4.00, and on the 7th he began buying milk from a cow brought in. He got more beef from Montezuma, and on the 17th of August, 1872 he and the family start for Denver by wagon after a year in the high sierras. Leaving the camp at 8 o'clock in the morning in the rain, we took dinner at a creek below the north fork of Snake, and camped at night four miles below Breckenridge, near the mouth of the Swan. On the 18th we camped at night on Michigan creek in South Park. The next day we camped on Platte, below Hepburn's hay ranch. On the 20th, we camped thirty and a half miles from Denver, and the following, on Bear Creek, ten miles from Denver.

After arriving in Denver, father decided that the family had earned a trip back to the old home in Ohio, and so we left shortly for that place.

The majesty of those high mountains (Gray's peak was 14,274 feet high), remains with me until this day. You can see that we were near, or at the mighty back bone, of the continent, where the raindrops parted company to go their several ways, down to the Gulf of California and the Pacific by way of the giant Colorado, on the one hand, or to the Platte, the Missouri, the Mississippi, to the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic, on the other. One could feel that he was sitting on the roof of America and above everything small and petty. Though as a small boy, my thoughts hardly ranged so far at that time. These were some of the surroundings of one of the families that helped pioneer America. It is a beautiful picture to look back upon in this age of turmoil.

Walker Castle and its Setting*

A. L. JOHNSON

I have been asked to make a few informal remarks regarding a few acres of ground in this vicinity, primarily for the reason that as an operating official of the former D&S, the Moffat Road, I gained some familiarity with the modern history of the locale during the period beginning in 1918. It was my official headquarters for a period of approximately 20 years subsequent to that date.

Another reason why I have been selected is the assumption that I am sufficiently advanced in years to do some reminiscensing as an "Old Timer." My qualifications in this respect are questionable.

I have some rather vivid recollections of the "horse and buggy" days prior to the advent of the automobile and many of our modern improvements. However, the earliest recollections are those of my boyhood and adolescent youth and such observations are of course tintured with a viewpoint that differs from what an adult would comprehend. Certain items and events that would impress a boy would have only passing interest for an older person.

For example, the Cherrylin-Englewood horse car is prominently impressed upon my memory principally because of my having seen the horse riding on the rear platform on the down-hill movement. The "Diamond Dick Tracy," "Young Wild West," etc., literature that was earnestly studied by boys in those days probably had something to do with the rather clear recollection I have of seeing on display the saddle and weapons of Tom Horn,

*This is the address given by Mr. Johnson at old Walker Castle, when the caravan of the "Historic Tour of Denver" stopped at this picturesque building on May 22, 1949.—Ed.

perhaps the last of the old time Western gunmen—after he had been executed. I joined with other kids in jumping on and off the full length side steps of the old cable cars as they passed the Central Grade School on South 12th St. (now Kalamath between 11th and 12th Ave.) at their scheduled speed of 6 miles per hour, principally recalled because of the ire this practice raised in the gripman, but more particularly because of the apprehension we had of being called to account by our lady school teachers. In those days school discipline was rigorously enforced with the willow switch and ruler vigorously and frequently applied to portions of the anatomy where they were most effective.

My earliest recollection of this particular locality (March 31, 1900) is when it was known as River Front Park and I came off the viaduct with my parents to attend the circus performances that were presented here. In those days I was more interested in seeing the circus animals, clowns and other performers than I was in observing any buildings, no matter how unique or imposing they might be and I therefore have no early day recollection of the Castle Building we see before us. I must therefore depend upon others to supply such historical details. The picture of the building by Herndon Davis and article which accompanied it in the *Rocky Mountain News* of August 25, 1940, supplied some interesting details on the subject. With your permission, I will read a portion of the article to you.

WALKER CASTLE, A SURVIVOR OF YESTERYEAR

Its crumbling stone dimmed by train smoke, and tower gray with grime, the Castle of Commerce stands as a monument to its builder, John Brisbane Walker, dreamer of great dreams for the young Queen City of the plains.

From the 16th Street viaduct, old timers looked down on it and, instead of today's railroad terminal criss-crossed by tracks and noisy from the shunting of freight cars, see in memory verdant River Front, Denver's first recreation park, owned by Walker in the '80s.

The "park of thrills" served the Utes as camping grounds in the '60s when they came down from the mountains to receive rations from the government. Cottonwoods lined the banks of the Platte River which flowed swift and clear at the foot of the bluffs where the town of Highlands was being built. At night all of Denver gathered at the outer rim of the campfires and tepees to witness the dances while the little town echoed to the drums and chanting. Here in 1876 Colorado's admission to the Union of States was celebrated. Not far from the Castle the wharf where flat-bottomed sail boats, rafts and skiffs sailed down the river with passengers and freight for "the states," which began at Plattesmouth, Nebraska, on the Missouri River.

When, nearly 60 years ago, the Union Station was built at the foot of 17th Street, at the eastern boundary of the park, Walker built the Castle for an exhibition and amusement hall. Fairs were held, and permanent exhibits installed, to show the world how agriculture, manufacturing and commerce were progressing in Colorado. Thousands of tourists visited the castle as one of the sights of Denver.

The park had a race track and baseball diamond. Burt F. Davis

tells how his nine was rewarded upon victory, after a hard-fought game, by Walker, a baseball fan. He called in the lads and handed each a whole pie from a recently installed bakery exhibit.

Magnificent were the summer Paine's fireworks spectacles with painted iron scenery, hundreds of performers and scores of ballet dancers. "The Burning of Rome," "Fall of Sebastapool," "Destruction of Pompeii" were presented with gorgeous fireworks. Nero fiddled while Rome burned; Vesuvius exploded, and the iron temples fell while the chariot races were in progress. Tons of explosives were used and the grandstand literally rocked.

Walker afterwards founded the Cosmopolitan Magazine, which he sold to William Randolph Hearst for one million dollars. Returning to Denver and making large investments, he built in 1910-1911 on Mount Falcon, near Morrison, an elaborate summer home for the Presidents of the United States, which was shortly to be destroyed by fire, supposedly from lightning.

The castle, after Walker sold the park for railroad use, was occupied for various purposes. At one time it was a laundry for Pullman linen. At present it is the "wash room" for Moffat Railroad trainmen.

Now with respect to the more modern history of this building, the only type of heating system it ever had was supplied by coal burning stoves. While used as railroad offices we at first had one of the old type of caboose stoves in each office and in later years progressed to the more modern type of coal base burner. However, during many cold winter days it was not unusual for us to heat brick bats on the stove to help keep our feet warm. The building did not have any sewage system in the old days and the system installed by the railroad subsequent to 1920 was a makeshift arrangement at the best. The roof is flat, protected with the old style tar paper, tar and gravel. Although the railroad expended considerable sums of money in repairing and replacing this roof in kind, it always leaked somewhere during rainy weather or when the snow thawed. It was not unusual to have buckets in the office rooms to catch the drip. Because of this condition of affairs, I used to speculate how the oldtimers could enjoy themselves under such conditions.

Yes, I lived in the days of the kerosene oil lamp regularly used for illuminating purposes; I saw the advent of the gas mantle lamp and the carbon filament lamp. I also saw the streets of Denver when they became extremely dusty during dry weather (for a couple of seasons I even drove a street sprinkling tank in South Denver) and muddy during the rainy season. Yes, and I also have a vivid recollection of having seen displayed, not infrequently, on homes, "Scarlet Fever," "Diphtheria," "Typhoid," "Smallpox," etc. While I have a fond recollection of the independence of the individual of those days and his scorn of anyone who accepted help from others that he could and should supply for himself, I wouldn't want to return to the living conditions then prevailing. I doubt if I could survive in any such environment for any length of time. How about you?