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Pioneering Near Steamboat Springs—1885-1886

As Shown in Letters of Alice Denison

On April 18, 1866, a nine-year-old lad named William Denison, a native of Royalton, Vermont, wrote a letter to his father, George S. Denison, who was away on a trip, saying: "Will you buy me a pony? I don't want a Shetland pony because it is cross. I want an Indian pony. I have heard about them."

Little did that lad dream that some day he would be riding a western Indian pony on a real round-up for his own cattle. But later, as a young man, he went in search of health and did ranch in Wyoming and Colorado.

Today a portrait[1] of William Denison, from the old family homestead in Vermont, has a place of honor in the Public Library in Steamboat Springs.

The William Denison Library, established in 1887 by the Denison family, as a memorial to "Willie" Denison, was, according to an Old Timer, "the pride of Steamboat when it was established. It was a rallying point for the unfolding and intelligence of a struggling little settlement, and when the final total is cast up it will fill a higher niche in the archives of good accomplished than many of the magnificent piles of stone and marble that Carnegie has scattered over the land."[2]

From pioneer days, members of the Denison family have been prominent in many phases of Colorado life. Judge John H. Denison, son of Dudley Chase Denison (a Congressman from Vermont), was a member of the State Supreme Court. Dr. Charles Denison,[3] nephew of Dudley, was an eminent Denver physician. He made a study of climate as a cure for tuberculosis and wrote many articles

[1]The portrait was a gift to the library of cousins of William Denison, Mrs. Henry Swan of Denver, and her sister, Mrs. Elsa Denison Jameson of Sugar Hill, New Hampshire.—*Steamboat Pilot*, Dec. 12, 1940.

[2]From an interview given to a *Pilot* reporter.

[3]Charles Denison was born November 1, 1845, at Royalton, Vermont. He died January 10, 1909, in Denver, Colo. On December 25, 1878, he married Ella Strong in Chicago, Illinois. Their daughter, Carla Denison, was born September 2, 1884. Ella Strong Denison was born August 14, 1855, Northampton, Massachusetts, died March 13, 1940. Carla Denison married Henry Swan, now (1951) Vice-Chairman of the Board of the U. S. National Bank in Denver, and a Director of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad.

for medical journals. Dr. Denison also published a book, "Rocky Mountain Health Resorts." His wife, Ella Strong Denison, the mother of Mrs. Henry Swan, was a leader in club and social circles in Denver for many years. Her granddaughter, Dr. Carla Swan, is a well-known psychologist of the state; and her grandson, Dr. Henry Swan II, is Professor of Surgery at the University of Colorado School of Medicine.

WILLIAM DENISON

Orphaned when he was only nine years old, Willie Denison[4] spent his younger years with relatives. In 1872, he was in school in Washington, D. C., and lived with his Aunt Susy Denison Gallaudet and her husband, "Uncle Ned." But Willie was not particularly impressed by the fact that his aunt and uncle entertained United States Senators and the Japanese Minister at their home. Instead,

[4]Born December 26, 1857, he was the son of George S. Denison and Cordelia Denison. Both parents died in 1866.

he wrote his Uncle Frank Denison of Chicago, that he would "like to go with you on a visit to the wilds of Lake Superior."

But instead of heading westward then, Willie went to Europe with the Gallaudets. In letters to his Uncle Frank, he described their stays in London and Cologne. In October, 1872, Willie was in school at Chateau de Sancy, Switzerland. He spoke in one letter of having taken many interesting trips, including hikes to Neuchatel and to the Jura Mountains. After one trip on which he and his companions walked forty-five miles in one day, he wrote: "My feet were as sore as could be and I had blisters all over them."

Willie returned to the United States later and entered the University of Vermont, Burlington, Vermont. After graduation from that institution in 1880, he went to Massachusetts to see about studying medicine at Harvard. In August of that year, however, he was stricken with a severe illness, which left him a victim of tuberculosis. In search of health, he came to Colorado.

While a guest in the home of his uncle, Dr. Charles Denison, in Denver, Willie contemplated attending the School of Mines at Golden and wrote many interesting letters to relatives telling about Denver and various parts of Colorado. He made a visit to Pagosa Springs and to Middle Park.

In the spring of 1882, he wrote his Uncle Frank that he "had a talk with Swazey[5] and made arrangements to spend the summer in Wyoming. Swazey is a fellow of a good deal of ability and appeared to me a nice sort of fellow all around. I bought a ranch and a brand of cattle and am going into the Cow punching business this summer on a small scale. I don't like the idea of living such a life but if I caught a little wealth and strength I shall be satisfied and perhaps can pitch into something more elevating by and by."

William Denison's ranch was on the Platte River, in Carbon County, Wyoming, forty miles south of the Union Pacific Railroad and 150 miles west of Cheyenne, at an altitude of 8,000 feet above sea level. The "run" or range, where his cattle grazed, was about fifty miles in length and was used in common by some eleven or twelve ranchers, who owned an aggregate of about 30,000 head of cattle.

By 1885, Willie Denison had moved down into the Steamboat Springs area and was building cabins about six miles from the Springs, near the junction of the Elk and Bear (Yampa) Rivers. Despite his outdoor life, however, his health gradually failed.

In the autumn of 1885, Alice Denison, Willie's aunt, came to Colorado to be with him in his forced exile from friends and rela-

[5]Of Swazey, Neef & Douglas, stock growers, who ranged the Upper North Platte and Sage Creek, with headquarters at Saratoga, Carbon County, Wyoming. Spring: *70 Years Cow Country*, p. 220.

tives. Through the following letters[6] written by her, the heartaches, loneliness, and discouragement which must have come to many others who sought health for themselves and their families in the pioneer West, are forcibly presented. Vividly she portrayed through words and with her paint brush the little details of every day life on Bear river in 1885 and 1886.

Steamboat Springs, Col.,
October 22, 1885.

Dear Clara:[7]

I have not heard a word from you for two months—before I left Chicago; tho' I wrote you then and also from Denver. You must do better in the future—not only because I hope you will want to, but also because it will be your dooty.

ALICE DENISON

You see by the above heading that my long journey is ended, and yet not quite ended, for I am staying this week at the log cabin hotel at the Springs, until Willy's cabins are enough finished to get into. I had supposed his ranch was the one he bought of Farnsworth but I was mistaken. That location proved so little what he wanted that he threw it up and located another ranch five miles down the river Bear from here which he is to "homestead" and "prove up" in the spring. I guess Willy is pretty glad to have me come and he is doing everything he can to have things comfortable and easy for me.

He looks thinner and older than when I saw him last in Washington—two years next Jan. but he calls himself in pretty good health —very much improved from what he was when he first came in. He says he felt so weak and sick and his cough was so bad, that he thought

[6]These letters were collected and preserved by Mrs. Henry Swan in a scrapbook. There also are letters written by Willie, family photographs, and a number of exquisite water color drawings made by Miss Denison. These drawings depict Willie's cabins, *The Pilot* office in 1886, outdoor scenes, a spray of Oregon grape, Willie's snow-shoes, a toboggan, the Crawford's front door, lovely lemon lilies, pussy willows, and glimpses of the interior of the Crawford home. The scrapbook is now in possession of Mr. Henry Swan, Vice Chairman of the Board of the U. S. National Bank, Denver. Daughter of Dr. Joseph Adam Denison, Alice was born November 10, 1838. She never married. She made her home in Washington, D. C., where she was connected with the U. S. Treasury. Miss Denison died in Chicago, November 23, 1904.—Ed.

[7]Clara Denison McClellan (Mrs. R. H. McClellan), Galena, Illinois, a sister of Alice.

he was going to die and I guess the people here thought so too then. He certainly is much better this fall, he says so himself, but he feels himself to be an exile from all those whom he loves, out here, and I guess he has longed sorely for companionship.

When I remember what he was, and see his changed looks and bent figure, I feel such a gush of pity for him that it does not seem as tho' I ever could regret coming here, and being an exile myself.

Perhaps you will like to hear something of my trip over here. I left Denver Wednesday Oct. 17th but staid two days at Georgetown waiting for the wagons from Steamboat Springs. Willy's wagon was driven by a young fellow, Bird Brooks, who will probably live with us this winter, and the other by Mr. Steese, W's nearest neighbor, and with whom I rode most of the way. We were very heavily loaded consequently our progress was slow and we could not *make* the houses at night as Willy had proposed on my account, so we *camped* five nights out of the seven we were en route. I found the nights more trying than the days, tho' Mr. Steese was ever so kind and gave me the best of everything. I can see how camping out could be made delightfully entertaining and comparatively easy. Another time I shall know better what to have with me and how to vary the bill of fare. But I did well enough when I hear others tell of their hardships, I find I have had none. I walked a great deal up the hills, they were so steep, and *down*, for the same reason. At Georgetown they speak of the Berthoud Pass as "over the range"—I believe it is of the main range of mountains, too. Saturday, the day after leaving Georgetown, I walked about 8 miles up the mountain; but the road was in splendid condition, & tho' I could not walk fast enough to keep warm my breath was so short—elevation 12,000 ft, yet I enjoyed it ever so much. At the top, it was snowing furiously and we stopped only long enough to bait the horses at the mail cabin. There being no loaded teams to haul *out* from Middle Park, the road down the range was very rough, but that night we stopped at Cozzins' Ranch[8]—evidently well to do people; pictures of saints on the walls and books about. In my snug little room the carpet strip in front of the bed was just like Uncle Dud's[9] sitting room winter carpet—it was the last familiar thing till I saw Willy's dear face. We travelled all Sunday the 10th! It was our only bad day—snow fell and the wind blew bitterly cold; with blankets and bed quilts about me I was stiff and at night the ground in our tent was frozen as hard as a brick. But the next day the sun, the true Colorado sun, shone warm and bright all day as the blistered west side of my face showed. We were jolting our way along the banks of the Grand River—I was reminded again and again of Foxville river road. Sometimes the roads were horrible especially the *Gore range* in Grand County. Fortunately it was an ascent of two miles only. We "doubled up" times without number along the wall, and this made one of them four horses to each wagon, or to be more exact, 2 horses and 2 mules—so the men had to go up and back and up again. I walked up—so still and solemn it was one would think I was the only living being in all Colorado. I did think of *bears*. Before I got up I met the men coming down. They gave me matches and when I reached the top and the first wagon, I built a famous fire and in a minute up came a load of hunters and made their fire just near mine. I was a little scared perhaps they were, too, for we each kept our sides of the trees and in an hour and a half or so, Mr. Steese and the trembling horses came up with the other wagon and we soon had the inevitable bacon. Some of the views, both before and behind were past describing: one snowy range gave place to another and so the miles were left behind till Friday, Oct 16 just before noon we came in sight of the Spgs. and Mr. Steese said "There's Willy mounting his horse to come to meet us." He had come

[8]Mr. and Mrs. William (Billy) Zane Cozens' Ranch, a popular stopping place beyond the west foot of the range. See: *Colorado Magazine*, XXII, pp. 110-113.

[9]Dudley Chase Denison, uncle of Dr. Charles Denison, great-uncle of William Denison. In 1866 he was appointed Willie's guardian.

up from Mr. Steese's where he had been boarding for a couple of months, to the hotel a day or two before. This whole country is brown and sere now, of course, except for sagebrush. I enclose a bit; they say tea made from it is good for mountain fever and that's about all it is good for—animals will not eat it, and few birds. There are about half a dozen cabins in the settlement but they say about all the bottom land is taken up. There are about 100 springs up and down the Bear and some even *in* it. You can see the pink and white deposits and in some cases even see the bubbling—all this right in the stream. Two of the bubbling springs *on land* that I have sampled I could get to liking real well, tho' I have never cared much for medicinal waters—Saratoga for instance. The company that own(s) the springs seem(s) dreadfully afraid of spending any money to boom the place, but three of the springs have houses over them. I wish I knew more, but I am sure two of those I have tasted, have iron, soda, and you can't but smell the sulphur. I guess there must be sulphuric acid gas in those bubbles, too.

Then there is a Warm Bath Spring, which is covered over; to bathe in it is delightful, it took the tired out of my bones, the sunburn and blisters from my face—not to mention the general cleansing of my person. I mean to bring up my thermometer and see for myself what temperature this spring has. The Steamboat Spgs. proper is over the river, but I could see it spouting. If a railroad *ever does* come anywhere near here, these springs will be much sought after . . . Willy was up yesterday, but went back again. He has been a good deal troubled to get help for his cabins, and is as anxious as I am to get into them. I guess we shall by Monday and I will tell you all about them. If I feel that I am helping him and see that he is happy and doing well, *I shall too.* But Oh, I pray for good news from those left behind so far away. Susy's letters seem anything but cheerful tho' she makes an effort to have them so . . .

Do write me as often as you can; there is everything I want to hear. My love to the Papa and all the youngsters. Please remember me to Mrs. Corwith, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Stahl and Mrs. Felt, if any of them ask for me. I hope you have your $50.00 back. Be sure to tell me all about the window for the dear "Little Church."

I left them all pretty well in Denver—Charley fitted me out with medicine and advice:—Pleurisy, bulls, pneumonia and stallions—

Lovingly, Alice Denison

Wednesday afternoon,
Dec. 16, '85
Steamboat Springs, At Mr. Crawfords.[10]

My dear Clara: The above is like a heading to an English letter it seems to me and the part that will strike you especially will be the notification that we are located at Mr. Crawford's instead of our own ranch. To tell the truth, both Will and I have become the victims of loneliness, isolation and homesickness and have come up here, five miles from our ranch, to spend the cold weather. I enclose a poor sketch of our cabins; they were comfortable and the location is on a lovely, sunny bottom; but Willy was so poorly in body and so depressed in spirit, that we both felt a change was necessary. Our nearest neighbors live across the river, half a mile away, and in view of Willy's health I felt it too risky to spend the winter so far from people. We had no sooner decided to make the change, than Willy began to brighten, and since we came up here, he is a different being. He seemed to have no incentive to stir away from the fire, was moody and even morose, suffering greatly from sleeplessness and nervousness from worry about how his experiment would turn out and finally had a slight hemorrhage. This alarmed me greatly tho' at the same time I was surprised to see how little it weakened him.

[10]Mr. and Mrs. James H. Crawford located at Steamboat Springs in July, 1875. See: *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. VI, pp. 92-96.

And I was sick myself with worry and anxiety about him; so altogether we were a depressed pair. The difference was, I fought against it with all my powers, while he didn't. It is a hazardous thing to be an invalid in this country and I felt that I had come to the end of my rope. We were in great indecision whether to pull up stakes altogether and try to reach Rawlins (Wyo.) by wagon, 150 miles away, but the trip would be full of hardship at this time of year and very expensive; and even when we should have reached Denver neither of us knew where to go then, and no money to go with. I pray we have decided rightly and that Providence will watch over us. We had more room at the ranch, more tidiness perhaps but here there is not that gnawing at the root of one's being for someone to speak to. In summer it is all different and we hope to be prospered to go back in the spring, but it will be late at the best. Willy and I both acknowledged a feeling of guilt as tho' we were deserting the post of duty, but when I see the

DENISON CABINS NEAR STEAMBOAT SPRINGS

change for the better already in Willy, in mind and body, I feel sure we have done right not to try to stick it out and I hope all our friends will think so too. Willy has a stove here in his little room, and it is also occupied by the Crawford boys, so he has some one right by him, and I am well supplied by Charley with medicine and instructions but above all, there is a hospitable family about us. I think you need worry less about us, by far than when we were at the ranch. Willy longs inexpressibly for his own folks so homesick is he sometimes that I have to keep my own longings to myself. I guess we shall not attempt another winter here; but yet it must be a lovely country in summer. I doubt if it can ever be well peopled it is so difficult to get about in winter on snow shoes only; that is, after Jan. 1st usually. I have been very busy while I was at the ranch. We had an able bodied youth who worked for his board—kind and obliging, but afflicted with an appetite that taxed my powers to keep him filled to the utmost. We were told he could not earn his board. Willy says it is not because he did not work well but that he ate so much. We were well supplied with groceries of all kinds

and had lots of conveniences—if Willy had only been well and strong, we could have been so happy. After his "bunch" of cattle, as they say here, was taken down the river some 60 miles to the winter range,[11] where there is less snow, Willy seemed to have less ambition daily and felt the want of companionship more and more. The habit of sitting brooding alone has grown on him since I saw him last. Altogether I am sure it is a good move to have come up here—there is less opportunity for him to drop into that way. You may be sure that I am doing all I can for him; he is my first thought every minute. I *think* he is going to hold his own this winter and that in the spring we can begin again with renewed vigor and health. His appetite is good and the power to sleep has returned and his cough is certainly better than it has been.

This is not to be a long letter, but a short one I would send you, that you might know how our thoughts turn to you and those we love so dearly. Your two letters have been recd. & Louie's photo, Willy and I were surprised to see how old she had grown. Give my dear love to all under your roof. I shall think of you at Xmas.

Write often and tell me what you are doing. We hear often from Franky and Eliza—F. sends us everything he can think of. But from Susy I haven't heard for a month. I worry about that dear girl. . . .

Lovingly, Alice Denison

Put on yr. letters *via Rawlins*. The mail via Georgetown does not run and no telling when it will. But it is just as quick by Rawlins and much surer. It comes in now by horseback in saddle pouches and shows signs of wear by the time it reaches us; later, it will be brought in by men on snowshoes. Tell me all about yr Xmas things. They are to have a country dinner here on that [day]; we were invited before we came up. Mr. Crawford has taken much of our supply of groceries. Write.

Steamboat Spgs. Dec. 30, '85
Wednesday Noon.

Dear Sister:—I have written you so lately and Willy has also, that we have nothing new to communicate; and can only say that all is going on well with us poor babes in the woods. I wanted to see what Willy wrote you, but he had one of his *close fits* and refused my petition preemptorily. But I think he is feeling pretty well, certainly looks and seems very much better than he did at the ranch. I don't see as much of him as I did down there because he sleeps in another room, but I see no reason so far to doubt the wisdom of coming up here. He has blue, depressed days and then I get rather depressed myself and would give all I possess to be with my own folks and there are times too when I feel that I am not the help and comfort to Willy I hoped to be. He is not of a demonstrative nature and sometimes I long for a little show of affection from him—the only being in this whole country *I* care about. I am afraid it always was a weak point of mine, to like approbation—from those I care for. I suppose Willy told you all about the Xmas dinner. It was quite an affair for this wild country; but it looked full as well on paper as anywhere, but the Crawfords worked early and late getting it up. They are people who always have a place for one more—very hospitable, indeed,—under these circumstances, perhaps it is just as well that they take things very easily. Amidst the confusion of the *Day* here, my thoughts were almost continually with our own folks—not a thing could I do for one of them. Why didn't I do more when I had the opportunity? And they all thought of us. I want to thank you ever so much for those splendid stockings; they came the day after Xmas with W's equally splendid shirts. Johnny Crawford had to borrow a sack to bring home the mail in—your 4 pkgs. one of books from Susy and one from Franky. F. will run himself into bankruptcy if he keeps on.

[11]Elmer Brooks and his bride, Sarah Weaver of Detroit, wintered the Denison cattle in Axial Basin.

We feel as tho' the bottom had fallen out of our very existence at the rumor that we are to have no mail after the 9th of Jan. as the mail service is to be withdrawn or discontinued between Yampa and Dixon. These names are Greek to you—Yampa is down the Bear river (but west of us) some 45 miles, and Dixon is about north of that just over in Wyoming—about 40 or 50 miles from Yampa. There was a time of six weeks last year when the people here had no mail; it was coming then (if it came at all via Georgetown and Hot Sulphur Spgs.) We are in an awful pickle about the matter—the mail seemed our only "holt" on anything earthly. Willy says there's no use in any body's writing us until we tell them to, but that seems hard. I think those *outside* will be more likely to hear from us than we from them, as people do snowshoe down the river now and then. But I dunno—we have a long and momentuous winter before us; but if the good Lord keeps us well, nothing else is of much account.

The weather has been very mild and only some 6 or 8 in. of snow; today the snow is falling fast and I guess is the beginning of *winter*—that is, when cattle must be driven in from the range, to be fed some 3 months and snow shoeing begins. I'll tell you how I make out on snow shoes when I try it—tho' when I shall write again, I don't know. Mr. Crawford thinks the mail will be started up via Georgetown before long. You must not worry about us; we are doing well and much better off in many ways than we should be at the ranch.

Again I want to thank you for all you have done for Willy and me. . . . Give my love to Papa, George and the youngsters. I love you all and pray that we may be spared to meet again. Willy is reading a racing story Gertrude sent him. His choicest and preferred reading matter is the Stock Journals. His judgment about stock is very good, too. Again, good bye. May the New Year give you everything that is good and nothing that is evil. Yours lovingly,

Alice Denison.

I heard from dear Royalton (Vt.) last week—rather later news than from Kate's letter. Mr. and Mrs. Kinney have gone to Washington to spend the winter. Mrs. Reynolds to Manchest. Aunt J. Alice, Grace to Lockport, & Dud to Plymouth. Susy thinks Steamboat Spgs. as live as Royalton. Dear people all, how I love them.

Don't write until we send you the right *via* or we shall not get it.

Saturday, Jan. 9, '86
Steamboat Spgs.

Dear Clara: Your letter written that headachy day reached me by the last mail and was a real treat to me and no doubt to Willy, too. By the same mail he had a long letter from Susy and I had a sweet little note from the sweet little Lucia Skinner. "Are you haveing (sic) a good time, where are you?" she says. And Kate sent me some home papers. I read every word, ads. to farm articles sick poetry and all. I enclose a bit I cut out. I noticed that Aunt Julia and Ella have come home.

I was quite in a panic when I wrote you last about our mail. I now wish I had not written for I guess it was only a scare—our mail still comes. Tho' after this we are to have only two a week from below. But we hear the mail is to start up again via Georgetown. There is great bungling about the work out here and somebody is making a lot of money and doing no work.

Since I wrote you, and in fact the year began, also, the weather has been very cold—I presume the snap has reached you too. Jan. 2 the mercury fell to 40° below; since then it has been all the way up to zero. Today it is much milder. This is an unusual year here—much less snow; last year there were 3 or 4 feet at this time. Of course we are glad because we can get out & it will melt earlier in the spring. Willy and I made our first trials on snowshoes one day this week. I

thought I did very well considering, but still I was the object of a good deal of raillery from Billy. The snow shoes used here are narrow lengths of wood from 9 or 10 to 12 or 13 ft. long—some 4 in. wide and curled up at the front end; half-way down there is a leather socket for the foot. Walking on them is fine exercise, they say, especially when the snow gets packed down. I think Willy will enjoy it if the "trails" about are not kept open. One never hears of a "*path*" here—it is always a "*trail.*" Willy seems to be feeling well. We have been ever so glad we were not in our more roomy (*and* neater) cabins down the river during this cold spell. I guess we should have frozen stiff. I was writing Edith Hibbard to thank her for some books she sent me. I told her I felt the truth of one of your sayings (tho I guess it was Mary Polards' after all) that it was "better to be warm & dirty than cold & clean." Edith's books are Hale's "Christmas in a Palace," "Missy," & "But Yet A Woman." This I had read. Susy sent Willy some of the English men of Letters series—Milton, Byron, Thackeray. The Milton is rather dull, the others doubtless will be better. I don't seem able to get up any interest in any light stories. What is the reason? I find myself slipping horribly, since I came up here. I have been trying to get my letters answered up and have also been mending up my old black and green dresses to last me out this winter. But I mean to do some *good* reading —an intention that I know would find favor in your Robert's estimation. We all get so tired of ourselves and each other that we go to bed by nine o'clock. The result with me is that I wake up by 4 and am ready to fly before it is light enough to get up. We have had no games yet—I proposed cards to Willy, he said he was tired of them. I have my Dicks with me & a pack of cards and Franky has sent us two packs, too. It does not seem as tho' we should need any from you, does it? There is to be another member of the family next week—a Mr. Baker who is to teach the Crawfords. He's a good teacher and I hope will be an addition. If he should like *Letters* (Logomachy) what larks!

I hope your trials will have an end when the Mikado comes off. Perhaps there may be some notices of it in Mrs. Sampson's *Weekly Gazette.* Many thanks for the Industrial paper and for every other thing your kindness prompts you to send. Tell me what you are painting & all. And are George & Mary at home this winter? Write as often as you can. Do excuse this I have had a horrid catarrhal cold for ten days and a threatening of facial neuralgia so I am rather stupid. No letters from H. P. for a fortnight—a most unusual thing. My love to Mr. McC & the children and to yourself. Ever affectionately,

Alice Denison

Your address Steamboat Spgs. Routt Co. via Rawlins, is all right *now*. . . .

Feb. 1886

. . . Dear Clara:

. . . Snow has been shovelled from the roofs of the cabins so that we can hardly see inside. Willy has taken greatly to snow-shoeing lately; you know he always did take kindly to sliding &. Can't you remember how he & John D and "Normy," Russ & Georgie Howland used to demolish all the flour barrels to get staves to make their "bobs"? I must have told you how these shoes are fashioned. Willy has just got a new pair cost of $2.50; he considers them a great success and says he can now walk easily enough over to the Warm Bath Spring—some three-quarters of a mile. My longest walk was over there with Mrs. Crawford. I find the exercise hard—not at the time especially, but it takes the gizzum out of me. I can snowshoe well enough on a level, but Willy beats me going down hill. However, this morning I did very well and was quite *sot* up that I could stand upright all the way down the hill. Mrs. Crawford, Willy and I go out quite often, and it is great fun, and little danger, when the hill is not too steep. Mrs. Crawford has ten times more go to her than her daughter has. The boys here have made a toboggan—rather clumsy compared with a sure

enough one, but still it goes very fast. There is a queer old chap living here for the winter who calls it "the Cheboygan." I feel ever so glad to have Will interested in snowshoeing. He looks real well, and seems happier, too, than he did. "Happiness was born a twin," Byron says. When Willy is happy, Alice is, too.

Last week I busied myself with writing a couple of letters to the *Woodstock* [Vt.] *Standard.* I dunno as Mr. Greene will make use of them, in case he does not I asked him to send them to Uncle Dud's address. If they are not good enough to publish, I do believe they are just a little too good to throw away.

Willy, too, has begun an article about the country, his will be worth something, if he finishes it. I will let you know where he sends it.

I do want to do something with my water colors. Oh for a 1/100 part of Mary J's ability! and knowledge! You must tell me everything you are doing with china—what for, who for, and how much? How little people up here know of such things! I'm sure I don't know what you would say could you see the inside of any of these cabins. Where an attempt is made to *beautify* it is almost more distressing than none.

Saturday Morning

The sun has come out most radiantly; the whole "bottom" glistens like a street of silver. The snow is so deep that no sagebrush can be seen and half of the "willers" along the river and creek are buried. I wish you could see the mountains right near us on the east, after the sun has gone down—all purplish gold against a stone gray sky and the valley itself all in shadow. Only a Bierdstadt (sic) or Moran could begin to do justice to the grand sight. "It is a *pretty* sight," Mr. Crawford said. Pretty with him is as all including and comprehensive as it is with dear Mrs. Reynolds. Oh, those precious people! Kate's baby is a month old today. John wrote Willy that it weighed seven pounds. John has gone to housekeeping since I was there. He writes often to Willy; they seem very fond of each other. . . .

Have you read Mrs. Jackson's ("H. H.") "Ramona"? I like it extremely. Willy didn't & only read a little of it. . . . If you do not take the "Independent," don't on my acct. We have lots of newspaper reading.

But I do want you to send me a couple of large skeins of coarseish, dark colored, yarn that I may knit some Polish boots—they will be sewed on to some lamb's wool soles I have for house wear. I remember what nice yarn (Scotch perhaps) I saw in Galena. Please keep an acct. Someday I will settle up. I must stop & I oughter, for this is too stupid to prolong. Give my love to Mr. McC & all the children, present & absent. Write as often as you can to

Yours ever, Alice Denison.

Willy sends you his love. He has on one of the silk hdkfs. you sent him. He says he shant finish his article—"is sick of it."

Saturday Morning
March 20, 1886

Dear Sister: You prove such a good commissionaire that I want to make further demands on your time. Please send me a pair of rubbers —No. 5. . . . Also a pad of writing paper . . . like unto this in weight and unruled . . . only somewhat larger. I have envelopes enough. Also three or four nutmegs and a quarter of a pound of ground cloves. I shall be ever so much obliged to you for getting these things. Willy begins to want to get down to the ranch; if we do not go while we can snowshoe or on a "trail sled," we cannot get there till well into May—the snow gets so *sposhy* and there being no road. Yesterday was so cold and bleak it seemed as if spring never would come. Today is bright and sunny but it is not thawing much. They say March has been hard on all the cattle down the river. Willy had lost several calves, at last

accounts, but had hay enough then. I think Willy feels a little anxious as all the stockmen do. Be sure and keep a strict account of all you spend for me. Will settle by and by. . . . The pad can be done up in paper & the spices stuck into the rubbers—2 pkgs. I guess.

When I last heard from Charley, his little Henry was sick with something like measles. I do hope he is well now. They are lovely children. Carla is too sweet for anything. . . . Willy has just read me his letter to Gertrude. I wish you could hear it. It is splendid. Susy sends us *Harper's Mag.* How do you like "Indian Summer." Don't you take the "Independent" & could you not send me a copy occasionally. There's nothing mean about me, you see. I would as soon ask for a thing as not. Again, good bye & good luck & good health. I shall write to Katy Skinner next and to Ella Skinner next.

Steamboat Springs, Col.
Saturday April 3rd, '86

Dear Clara: Last night when our delayed mail came in Willy said: "You are disappointed not to have anything, I see," but I replied that his letter from Uncle Dud, dear good man, was worth everything. And then I did have your "Independent" & some papers from cousin Lipsie & a huge pckge. of Chicago papers from Franky. They all spoke of the project of starting a "Girls' Manual Training School" and I noticed many names of those interested in the Evanston Industrial School.

There is nothing new up here with us. In fact, there is one thing that is very old, & that is the snow. It stays and stays and keeps staying; but it does settle and if more did not often come, there would be several baren spots perceptible to the naked eye. I guess we shall get down to the ranch by the end of the month either by snowshoe, trail sled or horseback. I am afraid we shall be rather lonely for a while; but if Willy keeps pretty well, nothing else is of importance. When he feels poorly and dispirited my backbone is all gone. I wish I had something nice to tell you—I mean something worth at least two cents worth of postage, but then I have nothing not nice to write, so it is more than good. I keep busy as I can & that is a great help. As I said, I have had no letters for several mails for some reason. Uncle Dud said Auntie was visiting in Stockbridge, the baby was doing well but Kate was rather lame from rheumatism & that Uncle Martin was very well indeed this winter—out in all weathers either on his own business or as a "Selectman." Dear people! . . . Do excuse this drivelling letter. I am a little dull to begin with & they are playing on the "orgin" & trying to sing the old familiar tunes that make my heart as heavy as lead. And I guess Willy's too, for he has left—*skun out.* I do hope you are feeling better and that all the rest are well. My love to Papa & all the rest present and absent.

Write as often as you can.

Ever yours lovingly, Alice Denison.

It has stopped snowing and the sun has come out; also the family of woodchucks on the hill opposite. A wild goose is flying over the valley—"hunk, hunk!" Mr. Crawford has gone to Hahn's Peak,[12] 25 miles & the little school house has closed.

William Denison "proved up" on his homestead, but died soon afterwards at Washington, D. C., on December 17, 1886. He was buried at Royalton, Vermont.

His will provided that his executors, James and Franklin Denison,[13] should divide the books in his library into seven parcels, one for each of the seven living children of Mrs. Eliza Skinner Denison, the brothers and sisters of William's father. These books, according

[12]From 1879 until 1912, the town of Hahns Peak was the county seat of Routt County. See: *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. VI, pp. 96-98.

[13]Franklin Denison of 37 Borden Block, Chicago; and James Denison, Washington, D. C.

to the will, could at the owner's option be left in the house at Royalton or taken away.

Why these books were sent to Steamboat Springs, Colorado, is explained by an Old-Timer as follows:

"William Denison was a prince among men. Young, cultured, of a fine family, pleasant and agreeable, he was immensely popular when he came to this pioneer community to escape the dread white plague. Every home on Bear river was open to him; he was the life of parties and gatherings. He sent back to his relatives glowing accounts of the country and the kindness and hospitality of the people. He told of them all by name in these interesting letters; he was proud to call them friends. His family in the East, hoping and praying for his recovery, was thus made acquainted with everybody in the sparse settlement along Bear river,—the Crawfords, the Suttles, the Burgesses, the Brookses, the Woolerys and others. They came to love all the settlers as personal friends who were kind to their kinsman.

"The final summons came for William Denison. The disease was too far advanced when he came to Routt county. After he was laid away his relatives cast about for some method of showing their love and appreciation to the settlers around Steamboat Springs. In some of his letters, William Denison had mentioned the lack of educational facilities and good books and how his friends here had appreciated what books he had been able to loan them. Therefore they founded a library in Steamboat Springs and named it the William Denison Library. With rare judgment they seemed to know that the settlers here, shut out in a great measure from the world, would appreciate good books. And it was a joyous day for this little community when the first boxes of books were freighted in over the range and were by loving hands arranged on the rough board shelves made ready to receive them.

"They were not new books direct from the publisher, discouraging use by their newness and fine binding, but were all books that had seen use. The Denison family was cultured and had a house full of books that they knew would be appreciated here in the mountains, and when their friends learned of the move, they contributed of their old books, so that over 1,000 volumes were sent here to give pleasure and satisfaction to those who were laying the foundation for a splendid community.

"In 1889 Steamboat Springs decided that it must have a public building to house its library, for public meetings and for church services. A subscription was taken up to do the work. . . . Some contributed money and some contributed work with ax or team in putting logs into Horace Suttle's mill that stood on the mountainside just above town. . . . When the steeple was put up and the rich-toned bell came, the very first to cross the range, Steamboat Springs had a free library, a church and a public hall, called Library Hall.

"That library certainly fulfilled a useful mission in this town. The books were given out by a librarian twice a week and helped pass many a dreary winter and also gave culture and tone to the community. . . . The William Denison Library remained in Library Hall, fulfilling its most important mission throughout the years of growth, until some years ago it was taken to the high school building for greater usefulness. This building, erected in 1890, was destroyed by fire in 1934. Most of the books were destroyed with the building, but enough were recovered, together with some that were out in the hands of readers, to form a nucleus of the present library. A new association was formed and the name was changed to the Steamboat Springs Library."[14]

On July 15, 1889, Franklin and James Denison, then owners of the Denison Ranch, advertised it for sale together with all stock,

[14]Apparently from the *Steamboat Pilot.* A clipping in one of Mrs. Swan's scrapbooks, n. d.

improvements, and implements. Listed among the stock were five registered bulls and some grade cattle and good horses. These pure-bred cattle were among the first of their kind to be taken into the Bear river valley. The ranch was purchased by Elmer Brooks and became one of the best known ranches in the Steamboat Springs area.—ED.

Ferd Meyer, Early Trader

By Mrs. Rene Meyer Gallegos*

(This is the second of three articles appearing in *The Colorado Magazine* this year, in connection with the 100th Anniversary of the settlement of the San Luis Valley.—Ed.)

Ferd Meyer, one of the pioneers of the San Luis Valley and of southern Colorado, was born in Brunswick, Germany on April 29, 1836. He was the son of Karl and Frederica Meyer, who were the parents of seven sons and eleven daughters, all of whom were survived by Ferdinand Meyer.

Karl Meyer, the father of Ferd, was a boy drummer in the German army and later a drum major. He served in the Russian Campaign of 1812, and in the Battle of Waterloo in 1815. Ten years later he resigned from the army to become attache' of the household of Charles, Duke of Brunswick, known as the "Diamond King." Meyer held a position there as steward or majordomo, until 1866, when he was pensioned. He was born in 1796 and died October 3, 1870. His wife, Frederica, died in 1866.

Ferdinand, the only one of the family who came to America, had some education in Blandenburg. In his fifteenth year, he left home and became an apprentice in a grocery store, where he remained for two years. The following three years he worked as a traveling salesman. At the age of twenty years, he was furnished a substitute, to enable him to leave Germany, free from military duty.

Young Meyer sailed for New York City, August 25, 1856, arriving after a voyage of fifty-four days. Upon arrival in this country he sought work for several days in the city, but failed and his sparse funds were about exhausted. Ever willing to make an honest effort, he answered an advertisement for a farm hand, and was hired. His efforts along this line, however, were not very successful as he had no previous experience. He was about to be released, but pleaded for a chance to make good and was retained for a while. His faithfulness and willingness won the favor of his employer and brought him an increase in wage. He not only did the farm work but instructed his employer's children in the German language.

*Mrs. Gallegos, a granddaughter of Ferd Meyer, wrote this story of her grandparent's life, several years ago, while she was a student of Colorado History at Adams State College, Alamosa. She is now a teacher in the Costilla, New Mexico, schools.

After a few months, he heard of a wagon train departing for Santa Fe, New Mexico over the old Santa Fe Trail, and went to St. Louis to join it. He was accompanied by a coachman in the employ of the man for whom he had been working. From St. Louis, Ferd Meyer headed for Santa Fe in June 1857, as an employee of the freight train.

He made a brief stay in Santa Fe, then set out for Taos, New Mexico. On the way, at Embudo, New Mexico, he met Frederick Posthoff, a German, who operated a store at Costilla, New Mexico, and who, incidentally, was one of the first of the settlers at Costilla to whom had been allotted, in 1852, a tract of land by Carlos Beaubien.[1] Posthoff gave Meyer a ride to Taos. After a brief stay there, Ferd went to Costilla to work for Mr. Posthoff as confidential clerk. At frequent intervals when Mr. Posthoff traveled East, Ferd was manager.

Mr. Meyer held this position most satisfactorily from December 1, 1857, to March 1864, until the death of Mr. Loeb, partner of Mr. Posthoff. He then became a partner in the firm, which took the name Posthoff & Meyer.[2] As Mr. Posthoff spent most of his time in St. Louis and the East, active management fell to Mr. Meyer.

The partners joined other merchants of the region in operating an oxen freight train between Costilla and St. Joseph. Often these trains had as many as thirty wagons and twice as many men. The departure and return of these oxen trains were the source of great celebrations in the various villages as the journeys were long and dangerous, usually taking about six months for the round trip. In some communities the departure was the occasion of a religious celebration climaxed by a Mass offered for the voyagers. The return was always the occasion for great rejoicing, but too often one of sorrow, as many times a loved one failed to return with the party. Sometimes sickness and hardships overtook the travelers; often Indian raids took their toll of the members of the party; and sometimes the wagons and beasts were taken away by the Indians.

On one of these trips, according to Mr. Meyer, the oxen boy, Victoriano Aguilar, sixteen years old, was trampled to death as he walked at the head of the oxen guiding them on their way. The boy had become exhausted, as there had been a bad Indian raid and the train had traveled day and night to get away from the Indian territory.

When Mr. Posthoff withdrew from the firm, in 1867, those in charge of the several stores at Del Norte, San Luis, Badito, Conejos, and Fort Garland became associated and the business continued as Meyer & Co. Eleven years later, in 1876, the company dissolved.

[1]See: *The Colorado Magazine*. V, 5, 141.

[2]The State Historical Society now owns three account books of the firm, presented by W. F. Meyer, a son of Ferd Meyer.

Meyer then continued alone at Costilla and Fort Garland. The business at Fort Garland had been owned and operated by Colonel John M. Francisco[3] as the Sutler's store up to 1862.

Among the business associates of Mr. Meyer at this time was Mr. Fred Walsen,[4] after whom the town of Walsenburg is named. The famous Kit Carson was a warm friend of Meyer and was often a guest at his home in Costilla, as were many others of the pioneers who helped make the history of southern Colorado and northern New Mexico. Tom Tobin, well-known frontiersman of the Fort Garland vicinity, who captured the Espinosas, also was an intimate friend.

From 1862 to 1864, Ferd Meyer served at postmaster in Costilla, New Mexico. In those earlier years, postmasters were appointed and some years later the Post Office Department issued regular commissions. Mr. Meyer was one of the first to receive such a commission.

When his first commission was ready to be delivered, Mr. Meyer was leaving for Europe to visit his parents and brothers and sisters. En route to New York City, he stopped at Washington and obtained his postmaster's commission and placed it in his valise.

While Meyer was on the ocean, the Franco-Prussian War began. Upon arriving in Europe, Meyer was confronted with the difficulty of having no passport. After a few moments of thought, he opened his valise and brought forth the commission as postmaster of Costilla, New Mexico. When he displayed the great seal of the United States on the commission, he was allowed to go on his way.

In 1864, Mr. Meyer was a delegate from Costilla and Conejos counties to the Territorial Convention, held for the purpose of forming a State government for Colorado.

Ferd Meyer continued to operate the stores at Costilla and Fort Garland until January 1, 1909, when he sold the store at Costilla[5] to his son, William F. Meyer. In 1910, the store at Fort Garland was sold to the Hoagland Brothers,[6] who are in business at the present time.

After selling his stores, Mr. Meyer returned to his old home at Costilla, where he remained until he passed away on March 5, 1921.

Ferd Meyer was married twice. On November 20, 1866, he married Mary Jane Christ, born in Illinois of German parentage. She died April 13, 1891. On July 7, 1892, Mr. Meyer married Margot van Diest, a sister of the late E. C. van Diest of Colorado Springs.

[3]Sutler at Fort Massachusetts, a storekeeper at Pueblo, and a member of the first Colorado Council. See: *Colorado Magazine*, V, 5; 141; VIII, 49.

[4]A pioneer German merchant, who platted Walsenburg in 1873. See: *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. IX, 183.

[5]The store at Costilla recently burned and has not been rebuilt.—Ed.

[6]George B. Hoagland was very active in the preservation of Fort Garland from 1928 until the State Historical Society of Colorado took over. The Hoagland Brothers presented to the Society a ledger and journal kept at the store, 1862-1865.

The Unpublished Manuscripts of Andy Adams

By Levette J. Davidson*

At his death in 1935, at the age of seventy-six, Andy Adams left a considerable number of manuscripts which, a few years later, were given to the State Historical Society of Colorado by his nephew Andrew T. Adams, of Denver. An examination of these unpublished writings of the author of the acknowledged masterpiece of the literature of the cattle industry,[1] *The Log of a Cowboy*, reveals much concerning his range of interests, his literary ambitions, and his strengths and weaknesses as a writer.

The published works of Andy Adams include seven books, all issued by Houghton Mifflin Company of Boston, and a few stories and articles scattered through newspapers and magazines. *The Log of a Cowboy* (1903), Andy's first appearance in print although he was already forty-four, was followed by *The Texas Matchmaker* (1904), a novel depicting Texas ranch life. The next year another novel of the cattle trails appeared, *The Outlet* (1905). It supplements *The Log of a Cowboy*, emphasizing the business and financial aspects of the long drives to the northern markets, rather than the life of the cowboys along the way. Andy's fourth book, *Cattle Brands* (1906), was made up of short stories. All fifteen of these stories deal one way or another with cowboys and cattle. *Reed Anthony, Cowman* (1907), is told in the form of an autobiography. The Texas cattle baron in this novel resembles Charles Goodnight, but Andy explained that Reed Anthony was a composite of a number of old cattlemen. The hero makes a fortune by good management and shrewd marketing. Andy was not so lucky. His publishers accepted no more manuscripts until 1911; then they brought out a juvenile novel, *Wells Brothers, The Young Cattle Kings.* In a sequel, Andy's last book, *The Ranch on the Beaver*, the Wells boys continued their rapid development into successful cattlemen, but it did not appear until 1927.

Anyone who reads through Andy's seven published volumes will have learned in detail the essential facts concerning one of America's most historically significant and spectacular occupations. Although his storytelling technique resembles the leisurely

*Dr. Levette J. Davidson, Professor of English at the University of Denver and a member of the Board of Trustees of the Colorado State Historical Society, is an authority on Western Folklore, and has written articles on various subjects for *The Colorado Magazine* and other publications.

[1]Douglas Branch, *The Cowboy and His Interpreters*, New York, 1926, pp. 254-270. "But his first book, *The Log of a Cowboy*, is the finest piece of literature that the cattle country has produced."

J. Frank Dobie, *Guide to Life and Literature of the Southwest*, Austin, Texas, 1943, pp. 60-61. "If all other books on trail-driving were destroyed, a reader could still get a just and authentic conception of trail men, trail work, range cattle, cow horses, and the cow country in general from *The Log of a Cowboy*. It is a novel without a plot, a woman, character development or sustained dramatic incidents; yet it is the classic of the occupation."

reminiscing of an old-timer rather than the plot-ridden, speedy, stereotyped, and slick narrative methods of so-called Western fiction today, his style fits his materials perfectly. Andy's writings lack highly contrived, exciting plots, and they contain practically no love interest; but they do have authentic, humanly significant descriptions of cowboys and cattlemen, of cattle, of ranches, of trails, of cattle towns, of storytelling around the chuckwagon, of honest and dishonest cattle dealers, and of the great plains extending from the Mexican border to Canada. No better record exists of the life of the cattle kingdom during the seventies and eighties than the ac-

ANDY ADAMS, AUTHOR, AT HOME

count that Andy Adams wove into his fiction. Modern critics have declared his *Log of a Cowboy* worthy of a place beside *Moby Dick*, the classic of the whaling industry, and alongside *Two Years Before the Mast*, the classic of the sailing ship era and of freighting around the Horn; they have praised his Defoe-like realism.[2] But Andy Adams wrote a vast amount of material that no one wanted to publish. Did the fault lie in the manuscripts themselves or in contemporary reading taste?

The Andy Adams manuscripts in the library of the State Historical Society of Colorado contain the following: two novels, one of 264 typescript pages and one of 298 pages, a carbon copy; two articles, one of 23 pages, printed a few years ago in the *Colorado Magazine*, and one of two pages; five dramas, containing 69 pages, 88 pages, 125 pages, 122 pages, and 128 pages; and fourteen short stories, with the following number of pages: 7, 13, 14, 15 (2), 16 (2), 17 (3), 18, 20, and 26, with another beginning for one of the stories on 4 pages and the complete story in duplicate, but with a different title, 14 pages,—a total of 230 pages of short fiction.

[2]Robert Spiller, et al. *Literary History of the United States*, 1948, v. 2, p. 872.

In addition to these 1349 pages of manuscript several other unpublished works are known to exist or to have existed. Mrs. Jean Henry, in her unpublished thesis, lists a novel in manuscript, entitled *Army Beef*, now in the possession of Eugene Cunningham; *Barb Wire*, a novel in manuscript, in the possession of Mrs. Walter Ferguson, Tulsa Oklahoma, in 1938, which had been written first in dramatic form, according to statements in Andy Adams' letters; a novel entitled *Cohen, the Outcast*, known only through a mention in a letter from Andy to J. Evetts Haley, October 27, 1931; and a dramatization of Andy's second published novel, *A Texas Matchmaker*.[3] Mrs. Henry was able to borrow a manuscript copy of one of the stories included in the Colorado collection, "Judgment Hour," from a Colorado Springs resident. She also reported that, according to Dr. Newton Gaines, Andy Adams had told Dr. Gaines in 1934 that he had sent several scenario manuscripts to Hollywood, but that all had been rejected.

In a letter to J. Frank Dobie, February 9, 1927, according to Mrs. Henry, Andy stated that he had sold two articles to the *Breeder's Gazette:* "Westward Ho!" and "The Cow Coroner." One of his short stories, entitled "The First Christmas at the 4D Ranch," appeared in the *Denver Post*, Sunday, December 18, 1904. It is probable that other stories were published, but it seems that their location is unknown today. Many of his letters to friends have appeared in articles about him; many more, no doubt, remain unpublished. It is probable that little more from the pen of Andy Adams will be discovered, and that the materials are now available for a definitive study of his writing career. The remainder of this article will, however, attempt only a description and an evaluation of the manuscripts in the Colorado collection.

Probably the most interesting and readable of the manuscripts is *Dividends*, "Dedicated to the Memory of Winfield Scott Stratton, Founder of the Myron Stratton Home. (A Miner's Home located at Colorado Springs, Colorado.)" The first of twenty-four chapters of the 264 page novel opens as follows: "It was pay-day in camp.

[3]Listed and briefly described in an unpublished M.A. thesis at Texas Christian University by Jean Shelley Jennings Henry, *Andy Adams*, August, 1938, pp. 108-114. Mrs. Henry lists some of the manuscripts that later came to the Colorado Historical Society, but they were unseen by her; her information was gleaned from letters written by Andy Adams to friends, or from newspaper stories about him. Her thesis is the most complete study yet made of the life and writings of Andy Adams.

O'Keefe's ore haulers stood in a row on the foot-rail of the Alamo bar." Tom Bragdon, the shift boss of the graveyard relief, entered the Alamo bar, looking for the drunken but essential blacksmith Jack Moss, to get him to go back to work in the Revenue mine, operated by Billy Owens, on a lease that would expire within a month. The blacksmith must sharpen and temper the drills or the work could not go forward and precious ore would be lost by the operator. But Jack Moss is on a spree. He is finally won over by Bragdon, who promises to go partners with him, rent a cabin, take in the blacksmith's young daughter, Susie, and hire a housekeeper to look after the girl so that the county officers will not take her away from Moss. The blacksmith is discouraged and bitter, but not hopeless. " 'If I had someone to believe in me,' he muttered to himself, 'one who would hold out a hand to a sinking man, I believe I could brace up and pay dividends.' " The chapter ends as follows: "The invitation to drink was forgotten, and the two men passed out of the place. The whirl of the roulette ball mingled with scraps of vulgar songs from the wine rooms; without end, the din arose and fell, for night and day were one at the Alamo bar."

As might be expected, the rest of the story depicts the struggle of Moss to regain respectability, to gain a fortune on Bull Mountain in Cripple Creek, to educate his daughter, to build a hospital and home for miners in Colorado Springs, and to encourage the courtship of his daughter by the young doctor who becomes superintendent of the hospital. The plot and the romantic episodes are not remarkable, but there are many scenes and episodes in the work that testify to Andy Adams' skill in observing and recording the details of an occupation in which men fight against nature and, at times, against each other in order to win a livelihood and a fortune if possible.

It may be recalled that Andy left Texas and came to Colorado at the time of the Cripple Creek gold rush, about 1891. In one of his few autobiographical sketches he told that he had spent some little time and his accumulated savings on Cripple Creek mining ventures. These investments did not pay off in cash dividends, but they did yield authentic materials for a mining novel. Accidents in the mine, crooked deals in mining claims, the dreary work of the toilers underground, their sordid amusements, the periods of enforced idleness and poverty, the feverish prospecting for new veins of rich ore, and the big deals when a real discovery had been made, all are here presented realistically. The Stratton story and the Cripple Creek setting are sound foundations for a novel; but Andy's fictional treatment seems a bit old-fashioned and sentimental. Although the work is dated, it is better than many a novel that was popular in America between 1900 and 1914. Since stories

of Western mining are none too numerous, it is to be regretted that *Dividends* was never published.[4]

The novel *Lo, The Poor Indian* was designed to show Indian life on the plains as it centered in horses. It does reflect Adams' extensive knowledge of horses, but its Indians are mere stereotypes. Quite conventional also are the episodes, such as Lone Horse being adopted by "an old Ogalalla Brule squaw" after his tribe had been "surprised at daybreak one morning in the early '40's of the last century, and murdered in merciless, savage cruelty," and Lone Horse establishing his manhood by stealing a horse herd from an enemy tribe. The story ends when Lone Horse wins White Feather, in spite of the opposition of her father, Strike-Ax. Our hero is chosen to be chief of the fall hunt and the father is then powerless to prevent the marriage. This work is of little value.

A third novel in manuscript, entitled *Army Beef,* was turned over in 1926 to Eugene Cunningham, a Western writer, now living in California, for reworking with a view to possible publication.[5] This work is unavailable for examination; Mr. Cunningham, on October 20, 1950, wrote that he still hopes to do something with the story. According to an earlier letter from Mr. Cunningham, quoted in Mrs. Henry's thesis, "the novel is epic in scope, dealing with the delivery of Strip cattle to northern army posts—hence the title. A girl accompanies the herd belonging to her widowed mother and herself. . . . This is in the original script as great as *The Log of a Cowboy*, considering *The Log* in any way. It is in many respects a much better book and one potentially of interest to a far wider audience." Until more evidence is available one may question Mr. Cunningham's enthusiasm for *Army Beef*. Andy Adams never did very well with "the girl interest." He criticized Emerson Hough for sending a girl along with a trail outfit, in *North of 36;* one wonders if he succeeded any better when he attempted it.

Among the fourteen short stories in the Colorado manuscript collection is a thirty-page tale entitled "A Romance in Oil." About 1920 Andy went back to Kentucky for two years and worked as a paymaster in the oil fields, in response to an old friend's offer at a time when Andy's finances were running low. Again he accumulated vocational lore that could be used fictionally. His story is, however, too romantic, too stilted, and too leisurely in style for modern taste. The narrator saves a widow from being victimized by oil lease speculators in the Sequatchie oil field in Texas. The charming widow falls into her rescuer's arms, on the last page.

[4]cf. the fiction of Mary Hallock Foote, including *The Led-Horse Claim* (1882), a novel of Leadville, Colorado; and the recent books by Frank Waters, *Midas of the Rockies: the Story of Stratton and Cripple Creek* (1937), *The Wild Earth's Nobility* (1935), and *Below Grass Roots* (1937).

[5]Henry thesis, p. 109.

Again one wishes that the story were better, for the information about wildcatting, gushers, and unscrupulous oil promoters all seems authentic. There is, even today, a dearth of good fiction concerning this occupation.[6]

Six of the stories concern a fox-hunting social group living on the Kentucky-Virginia border. No doubt Andy studied the customs of the hunt while he was back in Kentucky, and he did love horses; but his heroines and his love plots are the wish fulfillments of a lonely and aging bachelor, not plausible likenesses of reality. The titles are "A Chicken or a Horse," "End of the Chase," "An Interrupted Fox Hunt," "Out-foxed," "All in the Day's Hunt," and "The Girl, the Horse, and the Hounds." In rejecting the last of these, the associate editor of *McCall's Magazine* wrote to "Dear Mr. Adams," on October 20, 1933, "Thank you so much for letting us see your story, *The Girl, the Horse, and the Hounds.* We are only sorry that it does not fit our needs at present, and we must therefore return it."[7] Again Andy had discovered a promising field for fiction and had accumulated realistic background data, but he had failed to create convincing characters and adequate plot.

The remaining eight short stories can be described briefly. "A Forthcoming Book" tells how the narrator is signalled to by a prisoner in a jail, who reveals that he is writing a book, a mystery story of the ax-murder of a prospector by the man he had sheltered. The situation is not very convincing. "Mixed Brands" a delightful collection of half-a-dozen campfire cowboy yarns such as those included in Andy's published books. They are held together only by the setting or story-telling framework. "Transplanting a Texan" is another bachelor's dream, recounting how the cowboy, Allen Quick, gave a cow won at poker to the young daughter of a stage station keeper. Six years later the girl is grown and the returning cowboy makes loves to her, marrying her a few years afterwards, when he is ready to leave the trail. "Benefit Day" tells of a Colorado Springs father who loves baseball, but opposes the courtship of his daughter by a professional ball player. When our hero saves the game for the home town team by knocking out a home run, all ends well. Needless to say, this story does not even faintly suggest the popular and the literary appeals to be found later in the baseball fiction created by Ring Lardner. "The Residue Under the Will" is all about the money left by the proprietor of the Northwest Printing Company, but the reader does not get interested. "Judgment Hour" is somewhat better, although this story of a newspaper reporter in Colorado Springs has nothing more subtle about it than the O'Henry-like ending in which it is revealed that the

[6]cf. Edna Ferber, *Cimarron* (1929).
[7]This letter is attached to the manuscript of the story in the Colorado collection.

reporter is himself the mysterious husband of the romantic heiress who had eloped and from whom, the editor thought, the reporter had failed to get an interview.

One other story remains, "Nature in the Raw," which is repeated in another typescript under the title "The Barren Mare," and for which there is another four-page beginning, entitled, "The Quality of Mercy." Attached to the first manuscript is a newspaper clipping of an old Lucky Strike cigarette advertisement, showing two horses battling, "as portrayed by the famous animal painter, Paul Bransom," with the caption "Nature in the Raw is seldom Mild." The story opens with the trial in a Texas court of "the case of Ann Helm, spinster, charged with abducting a child." She pleads "guilty;" but the judge, a friend of her family, tries to find out why she still refuses to give up the child. It appears that she had early observed that barren mares are unwelcome in the manada of a stallion. A pet colt that Ann had reared was thus driven out to wander alone; when wolves chased her, she rushed back into the manada only to be killed by the hooves of the hostile mares. Having been denied motherhood, Ann kidnapped the neglected child of the man to whom she was once "betrothed." She tells the judge that her betrothed, "after galloping away with a company of Texas cavalry confederates, and with never a word of explanation, returned years afterward with a wife and five children. At his death recently, the tenth one, the youngest, fell to me. At least, I have it safely in hiding." It is assumed that the sympathetic judge will see to it that the barren mare is allowed to adopt the tenth colt of another. Perhaps Jack London could have made something of the idea that inspired this story, but again Andy's efforts were unsuccessful.

In an early interview Andy said that he had no thought of becoming an author until he saw in Colorado Springs, about 1900, a performance of the unrealistic but popular cowboy play *A Texas Steer,* by Charles H. Hoyt. If people would pay for such a false picture, surely they would welcome stories from one who had lived the life of the cowboy himself and would endeavor to give them the truth. Although Andy tried his hand at many plays and even attempted to dramatize one or two of his novels, his dramatic efforts never reached the stage nor print. The five complete play manuscripts in the Colorado collection provide ample evidence to justify the conclusion that Andy just did not know how to write a play.

Graybeal's Quest is a four-act, romantic play with scenes in the camp of some Texas rangers sent out to catch border criminals, and on a Texas ranch where a mysterious young female from the East is visiting while trying to locate the grave of her brother.

When it is discovered that she is not a spy on the side of the criminals, the drama can be concluded with her marriage to a young officer in the Texas rangers. Augustus Thomas did make successful melodramas out of such materials; not being a man of the theatre, Andy Adams could only try. His *Dr. Clinksales,* however, has a plot that would require even more expert handling. Dr. Clinksales had been expelled from the Maryland Medical Association after a patient of his had died as the result of an accident following surgery. The Doctor rises from his degradation as a professional gambler in the Turf gambling house at Pecos City,

ANDY ADAMS, 1904; ANDY T. ADAMS (HIS NEPHEW), ANDY ADAMS, SR. (HIS FATHER)

Texas, when he falls in love with a visiting girl from the East. He begins by practicing medicine in Cheyenne, without a license, and is so successful that he moves on to New York. Professional jealousy leads to the unearthing of his past. He fights against what he considers the unethical code of the association's "professional ethics." The heroine realizes that he is right, and rushes into his arms.

The Saving Salt, another four-act drama, presents life on a Texas ranch where the second wife of Marion Reeves, cattleman, is so discontented with the monotony of ranch life that she wants Reeves to sell out. She encourages two fast-talking, slick promoters who wish to buy the ranch and cut it up into small homesteads,

in spite of the lack of water. She also tries to marry off Reeves' daughter to one of the slickers, because she considers Julia's cowboy lover, Mason, to be too crude. Of course the villains are outwitted by Reeves and Mason just in time to save the ranch and to prevent Julia's wedding to the wrong man. In spite of the melodramatic plot and some stereotyped situations, the play is readable. Some of the dialogue contains realistic cowboy language. But one could not expect *The Saving Salt* to satisfy a modern theatre audience unless it were transformed into a sort of Texas version of *Oklahoma.*

Rio Grande is a four-act drama based upon the Garza Revolution in 1893. A raiding band from Mexico has kidnapped Mary Ringgold's father and is holding him for ransom. His sister Margaret has the money, but only Mary knows the way to Padre Guiteriz's old hermitage, where the prisoner is dying. She leads the men to the meeting place. Fortunately the Texas rangers help out, recover the ransom money, and provide a husband for Mary.

The remaining drama, *Agua Dulce,* is prefaced with the following statement by the author:

> Theme: The first law of nature—self defense and the protection of one's property.
>
> Story of Proposition: Two half brothers, John and Marion Blair comprise the firm of Blair Brothers, ranchmen and trail drivers. The latter was a high roller, the former a conservative, shrewd business man. John, the elder one, has married late in life, and had an only daughter. In Marion's family were three girls. Marion died and his two oldest daughters married adventurers, who believed that the holdings of Blair Brothers was an equal partnership. Shielding themselves behind the widow, a suit, in behalf of the heirs of Marion Blair, was instituted by these two fortune hunters, claiming a half interest in the Agua Dulce land and cattle. The trial resulted in a non-suit and the two son-in-laws and their attorneys attack John Blair at a cow camp and are killed in the fight that follows. The fall of the action is a reconciliation between John Blair and Marion's widow, and the working out of the necessary love threads. Pronounced, Ah-wa Doolce. (Sweet water.)

At the end of the fourth and last act of *Agua Dulce* is the notation "Copyrighted, March 16th, '06." It is evident from this dating and from evidence in his letters that Andy Adams worked at playwriting throughout his literary career, but that he had no success in this field. His plays are little more than amateur attempts at sentimental romance and at melodrama. In them we miss the realistic characters, the detailed pictures of everyday life on ranch and trail, and the leisurely—but pleasant—storytelling style usually found in Andy's cowboy fiction.

Andy's own attitude towards his limited success in getting his manuscripts published is indicated in the following letter, the original of which was donated, together with several others, to the Pioneer Museum in Colorado Springs, by Houghton Mifflin and Company.

Columbia, Nevada, Aug. 15, '07.

Andy Adams,
Western Correspondent,
Syndicate Work A Specialty,
Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Houghton Mifflin & Co.,
Boston, Mass.
Dear Sirs:—

I was glad to have your favor of the 7th instant. My experience of getting anything out of stories serially is not encouraging. In the first place I am a poor peddler, and further the eastern viewpoint of the West is a hard one to meet. Eastern writers, with little or no knowledge of their subject, can satisfy the short story market better than Western ones. Seemingly the standard is set, lurid and distorted, and unless one can drop into that vein, he or she will find their wares a drug on the market.

However, I am thankful for your inquiry to look at my proposed group of stories, and later I may give them a revision and send them on for a reading. In the meantime, I will await the September statement on *Reed Anthony, Cowman*. If a valid book like it is not wanted, there is surely a lesson in it to me, and to further inflict a public with stuff for which there is no demand, would be inexcusable.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) ANDY ADAMS

The non-fiction prose of Andy Adams is slight in quantity and in significance. It was a by-product of his fame as the author of *The Log of a Cowboy* and similar works. A two-page article, "Barb Wire," describing the conditions at the time when fencing the range caused cattlemen to cut the wires to permit their cattle to get to the old watering places, and a twenty-three-page address entitled "The Cattle on a Thousand Hills" are in the Colorado collection. The former probably contains the germ of the idea developed into Andy's drama *Barb Wire* and the novelized version of it, both now lost. The latter was printed in The *Colorado Magazine*, XV, 5 (September, 1938), pp. 168-180, soon after Andy T. Adams gave his late uncle's manuscripts to the State Historical Society (acknowledged on page 37 of the January, 1938, issue of the same magazine). It is a sympathetic sketch of the history of cattle from ancient times and a glowing tribute to the pastoral way of life, ending with a dozen lines of verse, including these: "And cattle gathered from a thousand hills / Have kept the trail with men." It is probable that a few other sketches by Andy appeared in the *Breeder's Gazette* and other periodicals, but none has been tracked down except his evaluation of cowboy writings by other authors, published under the title "Western Interpreters," in the *Southwest Review*, X, 1 (October, 1924, pp. 70-74.)

From the preceding description of Andy's unpublished manuscripts his limitation as a writer should be evident. He was unable to contrive an original plot, he did not understand feminine character, he rarely penetrated below the surface in depicting motivation and emotion, and he lacked interest in all philosophy

except practical rules for material success in life and a simple code for ethical behavior in personal relationships. His keen eye for the details of occupational lore, his ear for the strong and vivid language of men at work, his joy in outdoor activity, and his skill in telling a plotless narrative at a leisurely and effortless pace characterize many of the pages of his manuscripts, as they do his printed books. But the self-taught fiction writer, Andy Adams, ventured into too many fields for which his limited personal experience, his limited reading, and his limited writing skills proved inadequate.

In spite of his many failures Andy Adams remains the champion in one significant field; he put into seven books of fiction more of the life of the open range, the ranch, and the cattle trail than any other writer has been able to capture. His *The Log of a Cowboy* is, in fact, the best book yet written about the West's most popular folk character.

The Sale of the San Juan

By Dr. Lois Borland*

It was in the hills of Cochetopa, some thirty miles west and south of Gunnison City and 165 miles northwest of old Fort Garland that the United States Government, after two stormy sessions with the Utes, in two successive years, obtained the treaty of 1873, by which the mineral-rich San Juan, up to that time in the Ute Reservation, became United States territory and thus open for settlement. It was an event of national import, comprising as it did, the present San Juan and Hinsdale counties and parts of La Plata, Archuleta, Mineral, Ouray, San Miguel, Dolores and Montezuma counties, and contributing millions to the wealth of the country.

The rectangle ceded had for its eastern boundary the 107th meridian; the southern boundary was parallel with the southern boundary of the Territory of Colorado, but fifteen miles north of it; the western boundary parallel with the western boundary of Colorado Territory but twenty miles east of it; the northern boundary ten miles north of the 38th parallel, but parallel with it, the whole

*Dr. Lois Borland, a Regional Vice-President of the State Historical Society, was for many years a member of the faculty of Western State College of Colorado, Gunnison. Now retired she is devoting much time to research and writing. Dr. Borland says: "My purpose in this article is to tell of the two heated Ute sessions with the Indian Commission leading to the sale of the San Juan. But leading up to these meetings and briefly following them, I should like to give high points in the Southern, or Los Pinos Agency history, 1869-1875, as they were revealed to me through stacks of letters in the Archives Building in Washington, D. C.,—letters written from and about the Agency to those higher up. I have used these, of course, in connection with the Government-printed reports of the Indian Commission, available in any large library. The few other references used are noted at the appropriate place. For making the letters available, I am indebted to Mr. O. W. Holmes, director natural resources, records division; Mr. John Martin, and Mr. Marshall Moody. I should mention, also, two master's theses on the Utes in Colorado, at Western State College, by Thomas Iden and John B. Lloyd, respectively. These have helped in organization.

comprising 3,500,000 acres, covering a section sixty miles wide and seventy-five miles long.

By the treaty of 1868, the Utes had settled with the Government for 15,120,000 acres of Western Colorado—approximately a third of the state. Upon this territory two agencies had been established: one on the White River, the Northern Agency, serving 800 Utes; and one on Los Pinos Creek in Cochetopa hills, serving 2,500.[1] Also, there was a special Indian agent residing in Denver.

President Grant's program was calculated to change the Utes' "way of life." Schools were to be established at both agencies; herds of sheep and cattle were to be brought in by the Government; a resident farmer was to teach the Indians agriculture, which they were to practice.

In 1869, General Edward McCook, who had relieved Alexander C. Hunt as territorial governor and Indian commissioner, on June 12, left Denver with an escort of only ten soldiers, bringing the portable sawmill which was to cut lumber to be used in the new agency buildings. He came through Saguache, secured Godfroy, former secretary to Lafayette Head, as a guide over the Cochetopa Pass and to the spot where the agency was to be located, which, according to Head, had been chosen in general council by the Utes the previous summer.

A Tenderfoot in Colorado[2] gives a lively account of the difficulties McCook had to overcome. "The Tenderfoot" and an artist making pictures for *Harper's Weekly* were driving through the Cochetopa country and met the caravan with the sawmill. The interpreter, Curtis, had not arrived. The Indians were getting "uglier" every day, and the Governor was uneasy. Ouray was gone and Shavano was in charge. Eventually, Mrs. Godfroy, half Ute, half Mexican, was prevailed upon to act as interpreter. A female interpreter for the Utes! After the council Shavano sent word that there would be a general display by his warriors in full array. Someone cried, "Here they come!"

And at once appeared, a half-mile up the valley, a long line of warriors, fully 800 of them, riding at a gallop. Their gleaming guns were in their hands, their faces were black with war paint, their bronze bodies shining in the bright sun, the feathers in their long hair streaming behind them. Shavano in his glory led them, his war bonnet of eagle plumes floating out behind him at least four feet.

What did the Indians mean? Was it treachery? Yell followed yell. Up they dashed as if they would ride the Whites down. Mrs. Godfroy fainted in her husband's arms.

[1]This was officially called the Southern Agency, but it is not to be confused with the southern agency still existent in southwestern Colorado; eventually, only the name Los Pinos was used. This is confusing as the Utes' former agency at Conejos was on the Los Pinos, and the agency was still called Los Pinos in histories and public documents after the removal to the Uncompahgre.

[2]R. B. Townsend, Dodd Mead and Co., Chapter 6.

But it was only a bit of Ute humor. Suddenly they parted to the right and to the left and disappeared into the pines. And the sawmill was finally in the desired location without further objection.

Ouray Chooses Location of Southern Agency

A. C. Hunt, reporting from Denver June 8, 1869, to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, says: "In July last (1868) *at the request of Ouray,* head chief and interpreter of the band, I moved the Agency to the Saguache, a small tributary of the Rio Grande[3] and on the northwestern end of the San Luis Valley, and put William S. Godfroy—for years clerk to Major Lafayette Head—in charge." The commission of Head, in charge of the Tabeguaches at Conejos since 1861, expired more than a year before, and no regular agent had been sent out to take his place.

Speaking of the choice of location, Hunt stresses its inaccessibility: "The Reservation lies immediately in front of the Grand Canon of the Colorado[4] across or through which no great thorofare can or will be made, and they can thus remain in undisturbed quiet so far as encroachments of the white men are concerned; not less than 150 miles from any traveled road, and over two great mountain ranges that usually become impassable by October 20 each year." And he closes with the generalization: "The Indians must not longer be allowed to roam among white settlements."

As to the choice of location for the Agency buildings, Godfroy, in a letter to the *Rocky Mountain News,* in March, 1870, says: "The Utes in general council last summer located the Agency."

There were voices raised against making extreme isolation requisite for an Indian Reservation. "If you wish them to become cultured," it was said, "place them in close proximity to a city like Boston or some place comparable." Merit, perhaps, to the argument, but little expediency.

Second Lieutenant Calvin T. Speer, 11th United States Infantry, received the first commission as agent at Los Pinos, always referred to in earlier documents as the Southern Agency. It was not until 1871 that the name Los Pinos was used.

His initial quarterly report, September 1, 1869, details his arrival July 31, 1869, via South Park and Poncha Pass and the alarming situation encountered at Saguache. With no thought that his coming was not acceptable, he found his way definitely blocked by ninety lodges of Utes, who strenuously opposed his entrance into the Reservation. No white man could settle there . . . it was hunting ground . . . the treaty said so. He should never pass beyond Saguache.

To further complicate his difficulties, the Denver company with the contract for erection of sawmill and buildings, Crane and

[3]Tributary to the Cochetopa.

[4]He is not correct as to geography.—Author.

Kettle, arrived with their train. In the councils lasting for the next four days, firmness, tact, and judgment on the part of Lieutenant Speer were required. He explained the situation; he invited a statement of objections. Ure (so the name was spelled) said the treaty made by Governor Hunt was "no good." He expressed himself with warmth: One of the chieftains whose name was signed to the treaty had never had it read to him; cows, beef, clothing had been promised but none received. "And why," they protested, "force on us something we don't want?" Unancanance, Uncompahgre chief, backed by fifty warriors dressed in startlingly primitive style, declared that no white should settle on the Reservation . . . bows and arrows could supply all their needs . . . the noise of the mill would drive away game.

But in the end, patience and promises won out, and Speer went forward, choosing the most propitious location for the buildings, which were to be around a hollow square or "parade ground."

In keeping with the treaty of 1868, provision must be made for farmer, blacksmith, carpenter and miller, all to be assigned the newly established agencies.[5] Reporting November 13, 1869, to Edward M. McCook, Speer says: "On a plat 200 feet square, the agent's house is in the northeast corner, one and one-half stories high, 40 by 20, 13 feet high inside. It has two front doors, four windows, two chimneys, three rooms, one 19 by 25, a piazza opening on the parade ground. It is of vertical logs chinked with adobe." (A more commodious house for the agent was later built on the north side of the quadrangle.)

"The farmer's house is on the northwest corner. It is 30 by 16, 10 feet high, has two rooms, one front door."

"The blacksmith's house is on the southeast corner and is like the farmer's. The warehouse is on the north side, 40 by 60 by 10, between the agent's and the farmer's house—a good substantial building.

"The carpenter and blacksmith shop are in one building on the south side, between the blacksmith's and miller's, within ten yards of the mill which is south of the shop.

"The schoolhouse is on the west side, between the miller's and the farmer's house, 40 by 20 by 11 with five windows, one front door, a cupola six feet high, with flagstaff 20 feet above. It is located on the highest ground of the plat, and adds to the appearance of the buildings." (The estimated cost was $5,000.)

Here it was, according to Speer, "the wild and uncouth Indians would take pleasure in learning the great lessons of civilization and

[5]As there was no Gunnison then, few now living in that town (1951) remember Los Pinos as it appeared in the 1870's. In C. P. Foster's memoirs is this notation: "When I first saw the Agency, 1874, it was quite a settlement—storehouses, warehouses, blacksmith shop, agent's house, houses for the other employees, Chief Ouray's adobe house."

thus assist our Government in securing for them the blessings of Christian liberty." There was, perhaps, no hint of satire in the eloquent phrasing.

On the east side, between the agent's and the blacksmith's house, was the carpenter's house. Chief Ouray's house, also built during Speer's incumbency, was not on the plat but south and east of it a short distance.

The schoolhouse was capacious. It could accommodate forty or fifty children. It could also have housed a missionary and a teacher, according to a later agent. But there was slight inclination to learn to read, write or work among the Indians. Shavano and others shook their heads: "No talk American, no need to write um."

Speer reports, February 5, 1870, the construction of one frame corral, 100 feet square; a stable 100 feet long with 25 stalls, convenient for cows, work horses and mules; also one cellar, well secured by a plank on the outside. A passage enclosed by light board fence runs from the corral to the Fairbanks platform scales midway between the house of the agent and the warehouse.

Speer is the only agent who, in the sources available to the writer, expresses appreciation of the beauty of the location—a beauty which captivates present pleasure seekers, who often seek out the "old agency" for picnics, fishing and hunting. He says: "The place is about 75 miles (perhaps 55 is nearer right) from Saguache. We crossed the Cochetopa range, then turned southwest some thirty-five miles to a large stream, a contributor to the Gunnison (the Cochetopa). The mill site is surrounded by high mountains, whose sides are covered with large forests of pine, while the beautiful valley, stretching some forty or fifty miles north and west, waving with tall grass, presents one of the most picturesque sights ever seen, and affords all the facilities for agricultural pursuits."

Ouray Chooses Los Pinos as Permanent Home

In corroboration of Speer's hopeful account is a report by Governor McCook to E. S. Parker, dated October 16, 1869, after a visit to the "Lower Agency": "It is easy to get goods to Saguache. The road from there to the Agency is the worst possible. Annuity goods is transported from Saguache to the Agency in eleven days—six and one-half miles per day." This was important for it involved $20,000 annually—$10,000 for provisions and $10,000 for goods.

"I found the sawmill completed and running, the warehouse ready for goods, other buildings advanced. The mill is one of the best in the territory. It will cut 4,000 to 4,500 feet of lumber per day."

He says he has directed Speer to send all employees into the timber for winter. He thinks the mill, well managed, will furnish

wherewithal for provisions. The herd (Charles F. Holt and John Kerr had delivered the stock cattle, including 640 cows and 1,160 sheep, according to the treaty of 1868) he pronounces the finest in the territory. The bulls were all "thoroughbred" Durhams. A permanent cow camp was established on the Gunnison, with James P. Kelley in charge until the appointment of Alonzo Hartman, who held the place four years.

Local attitude toward the stock showed some disagreement with McCook's estimate. John Lawrence said, October 25, 1869, "They are 400 of the poorest, scrubbyest and ordinariest Texas cattle that ever passed through the territory."

There was early controversy between Saguache, the center for distribution of goods, and the Agency. Even a man so honored by the authorities and by the Indians as Mears did not escape recrimination from the Agency. Speer reported to McCook in November, 1869, that "Mears advised Russell to leave fifty cows not branded. He had old hides they would brand; then say the cows died." He goes on to say Mears is united with a party in Saguache that would stoop to any mean act.

McCook's attitude toward the Agency is expressed in a report to Indian Commissioner Parker, September 30, 1870. With dismay and regret, he says, "One-third of the territory of Colorado is turned over to the Utes who will not work and will not let others work. This great and rich country is set aside for the exclusive use of savages. A white man secures 160 acres by paying and preempting: but one aboriginal vagrant, by virtue of being head of a family, secures 12,800 acres without preemption or payment. . . . Ouray has notified me of his intention to make the place his future home, and by his request, I gave orders to employees to erect for him a comfortable home, 32 by 16 and containing four rooms. Work on the building has commenced.[6] . . . I regard the Agency as a success."

Lieutenant Speer was relieved September 29, 1869. The next appointee, a Captain Merril, was unable to come because of the death of his wife, and Speer was requested by the territorial governor to remain until replaced.

According to a current policy, various church boards were to recommend agents for the Indian Reservations. Los Pinos was allocated to the Unitarians. Jabez Nelson Trask (aged 40), Harvard graduate, class of 1862, was commissioned in 1871 at the customary $1,500 annually. He reached Los Pinos May 3, of that year, and was in charge at the Agency until the end of June, 1872, when, to use

[6]Those familiar with Ouray's cabin, the Agency building standing longest on the McDonough ranch, may not find this description tallies with what they knew. The original cabin burned with all of the Chief's accoutrements. For this loss he was reimbursed to the extent of $400 by the Government, and a new cabin was built.

his own words, he was summarily "kicked out for doing his duty too well."[7]

Trask cheerfully accepted the commission, although, "being $70 below zero, financially," he had some difficulty in getting from St. Joseph to Denver, which city he reached April 23, 1871. There he reported to Territorial Governor McCook to learn of his duties. Not waiting for transportation, which McCook was trying to arrange, he was off on foot for the scene of his future administration—a hike of some 250 miles over a trackless and unknown way!

An eccentric, of sterling honesty and guileless simplicity, he is described by Sidney Jocknick in his *Early Days on the Western Slope of Colorado*.[8] Jocknick was serving as cook at the Agency when Trask took over. He refers to the new agent as "Jabez Neversink Trask."

He wore, according to Jocknick, a swallow-tailed coat of navy blue with brass buttons; trousers of like material, skin tight above and below the knees, and flaring out funnel-shaped at the ankles; huge green goggles, an old-fashioned beaver hat with a devil of a broad brim, and always carried a buckthorn walking stick.

The Utes objected to him, and by July 29, 1871, the state of affairs at the Agency was such that J. F. Jocknick[9] was sent out from Washington to investigate—more especially Trask's accounts, but also those of his predecessor, Lieutenant Speer. He reached the Agency August 25.

Within six miles of his destination, he was intercepted by a camp of Tabeguache Utes numbering fifty-one lodges. U-rah (so Jocknick writes it in his report), regarded as head chief of all the Southern Utes of Colorado, was present; also the following subchiefs: Sa-po-van-er-i, Shawana, Chavis, Sa-wa-wat-se-wich, Jim, Bill, and Ah-han-ash. Ouray had heard in Denver of Jocknick's coming and had collected the head men to meet him in their tent camp.

They didn't like Trask—he shut himself up in the house—refused to issue rations—treated them like dogs. . . . They wanted a man they could rely on for counsel and advice, mentioning especially Col. Albert H. Pfeiffer, sub-agent, with whom they had formerly had relations in New Mexico.

[7]Besides graduation at Harvard, he was a resident graduate two years at Cambridge, graduating from the Divinity School in 1866. He was appointed Indian Agent, according to Harvard records, by the American Unitarian Association. He writes Harvard: "My time of service ended by transfer of property and duties to newly-appointed successor, pet of territorial governor and territorial delegate to Congress."

One of the "death returns" obligingly sent by Harvard says "He was a highly educated man with wide and profound knowledge of botany, geology, astronomy. It is understood he willed his body to the Harvard Medical School." He bequeathed his estate to the Society for the Protection of Dumb Animals.

[8]Denver, Carson-Harper Company, 1913.

[9]Possibly Sidney Jocknick's father, as the former speaks of his early schooling in Washington, D. C.

Proceeding to the Agency, where there were five Whites only, Jocknick found Trask's accounts in considerable confusion. The red tape of government was too much for the Harvard scholar. Jocknick went over Trask's accounts in detail, and was convinced of the agent's integrity. Inexperience and ignorance, not dishonesty, were the reasons for their confused state. Reports of Trask's insanity to be heard in Denver, he found utterly without foundation; indeed, he pronounced the agent above the ordinary in honesty.

Reasons for the Utes' dissatisfaction might have been found in the agent's conviction that gifts should not be given the Indians to secure their cooperation (Government practice); and that Sunday should be strictly a day of rest. It seemed that he was overly economical in expenditures, as the Indians said, for when his successor investigated assets, he found $25,000 banked in Denver upon which Trask might have drawn.

On Jocknick's return, he was met again by the Utes, and remained with them over night, spending the evening with U-rah and other chiefs. There was much dissatisfaction over the increasing encroachments of the Whites, with no action by the Government; dissatisfaction also at the uncertainty of boundaries. "No man knows within ten miles," asserts Jocknick, "the location of the 107th meridian," officially their eastern boundary.

In the long talk with Ouray, far into the night, the latter offered to go to Washington at his own expense, to ask for a change in agent. He asserted naively that the President had promised him when he was in Washington in 1868, that he had but to ask and it would be granted.

According to Jocknick, Trask was a man who believed that whatever is, is wrong, and one feels that he is right as much as half the time. Saguache hampers and harms the Agency. The place is poorly set for agriculture. The water is too cold for irrigation. Keeping stock by the Agency, in large herds unsheltered and unfed, is a cruelty and a hazard. The sheep are poor, coarse-wooled Mexican sheep, badly in need of shearing. The Agency buildings are poorly built and even in the fall of 1871 they were showing signs of decrepitude. The sawmill is badly constructed, will not run, and therefore lies idle. He uses clever sarcasm in reference to his superiors, which, even if truthful, was inexpedient.

His estimate of Ouray is interesting. "He is of little account as an interpreter for he has but limited use of English and Mexican. He speaks with remarkable facility. I think he has been much overestimated. He is a remarkable Indian, but would not be much above mediocrity had his lot been cast among civilized Americans. Everybody lauds him as a sort of habit, but I do not think him above lending his influence to schemers, to seekers after the office of agent, or

after opportunities to make money out of Agency business, and I know that the stuff he was represented as dictating to Governor McCook last summer was a mass of fabrication conceived for no good end. Still he is with all his self-conceit and self-will a man of good sense and of good advice among the Utahs, and is said to make a charitable use of the stipend he receives as interpreter."

Ouray had been paid by the Government as interpreter, $500 per year since 1856.

Trask was removed by John P. Clum, June 7, 1872. Bitterly he said,[10] "I did my work faithfully and efficiently, reduced expenses, had the confidence of the Indians, paid for Speer's cheats in invoice; and I shall see what is the honor of working in peril of health and life, working successfully, too, without a shadow of protection from my Government." He was, at the time, planning to learn more Mexican, and to perfect himself in Utah. Correspondence in the archives for several years is colored by Trask letters[11] protesting the injustice dealt him and seeking redress: a letter to President Grant (who merely refers it to the office of Indian Affairs); a letter to Charles Sumner, whose right thinking Trask admires; letters to Delano, Secretary of the Interior. He sought return of money expended to "right others' mistakes" until one feels genuinely sorry for him. At this distance, it seems to the writer that the weightiest reason for his dismissal was that "higher-ups" were planning the purchase of the San Juan, where gold was becoming a magnet, and they despaired of the cooperation of a man like Jabez Trask, who had asserted that the Whites needed no more of the Ute land.

General Charles Adams[12] (General is only a militia title and a mark of respect) writes June 6, 1872, that he received notification on the fifth, of his appointment to Los Pinos. Trask says in subsequent letters detailing his grievances, that he had no notification of Adams' appointment or of his own release. Adams was appointed for a term of four years at $1,500 annually and placed under a $10,000 bond. He arrived June 25 and assumed charge July 1.

Adams reports: "I shall make the buildings comfortable for the winter. The sawmill, reported unserviceable, is now running at full capacity, 2,500 feet per day. The herding camp, near the forks of the Gunnison, forty miles distant, is in good condition. Adams plans to make the school industrial.

But primarily, Adams busied himself, cooperating with those in control, planning for a big assembly of the Agency Indian tribes to meet with commissioners recently appointed, and authorized by

[10]Letter in archives, dated February 1, 1872.
[11]Letters in the Archives report the appointment by Trask of James P. Kelley, with pony, at $40 per month, as herder. He began May 27, 1872. His is a well-known name among Gunnison pioneers.
[12]See: *Colorado Magazine*, VIII, No. 4, 121-123.

Congress, April 23, 1872, to enter into negotiation with the Indians for the extinguishment of their rights to the south part of their Reservation. The commission appointed comprised Edward M. McCook, governor of Colorado Territory; the Hon. J. D. Lang of Vassalboro, Maine, and Gen. John McDonald of St. Louis.

Concerning the San Juan, as early as the fall of 1860, prospectors had left Silver City, New Mexico, traveled north to the Animas Valley, and opened up the Little Giant. It was on the Indian Reservation and the Indians were watchful and jealous. By 1869, Adnah French[13] had located at Howardsville. By 1871, a dozen had staked claims; by 1872, ninety-five to 100 miners had discovered the San Juan. A mill had been taken into the region. The Indians growled and threatened; they demanded that the Government make good the provisions of the treaty. But there was no keeping the miners back except by United States troops. Adams set himself to the task outlined by the Government, and the Government had predetermined that the San Juan should be released. Trask would have set himself in direct opposition, by his nature and by his conception of justice.

A gathering such as the Cochetopa hills had never known was in process of organization. Pagosa had been the first place set; but in spite of its inaccessibility, Los Pinos was eventually decided upon. The date for the beginning of the great parley was fixed at August 18, 1872.

W. F. M. Arny, in charge of the Indians of New Mexico territory, had left Santa Fe, July 19, and combed the mountains in search of Utes. He arrived, accompanied by his son, bringing eighty lodges of the Mohuaches and twenty-four of the Capotes. Thus New Mexico was well represented except for the Weeminuches, dwellers in the region in question—the San Juan. They could not be persuaded to attend.

Maj. William Redwood Price, of the Eighth Cavalry at Pagosa Springs, came with Arny. Without the aid of Price, Arny said, he could not have accomplished the severe journey of seven days over mountain trails. With him, also, were Moses Stevens, representing the Indian agent, Armstrong, of Cimarron; Thomas Chacun; Col. Albert H. Pfeiffer of Tierra Amarillo; and Interpreter Rinehart, the last named being responsible for the delegation of Mohuaches.

To exemplify the difficulties of transportation, a letter from Lieut. William J. Sartle, AAA General District of New Mexico, to Major Price: "Returned from Cochatopa (sic) Agency after five days' hard march through driving rain, over boggy, muddy trails. The Rio Grande, Los Pinos and Piedra Rivers were so swollen I had to swim my command. We crossed the Rocky Mountains four

[13]See: *Colorado Magazine*, XXII, 5, p. 205-07.

times, but there was no accident and the animals are in good condition." He refers, of course, to the Los Pinos river to the south.

There was an excellent representation of the Tabeguaches with Ouray, head chief, and, of course, Charles Adams, agent at Los Pinos. There was a delegation from Denver, with them J. B. Thompson, agent; a delegation from White River; and a small Jicarilla Apache delegation. The Hon. Felix Brunot, chairman of the national board of Indian commissioners, joined the meeting at the last moment. Lafayette Head, formerly in charge of the Tabeguaches at Conejos Agency, was also present.

SHOSHONEAN UTE ENCAMPMENT AT LOS PINOS, 1874 W. H. JACKSON

The lodges peopled the hillsides north and south of the Agency. The total number of Indians, according to McCook and others, was approximately 1,500. Others of those in authority put the number smaller; and still others at 2,000. The usual slightly oppressive quiet of the hills was changed to nightlong bedlam, according to Alonzo Hartman, pioneer of Gunnison, then employed at the cow camp and often in organization work at the Agency.

Interpreters, lobbyists, contractors, eager to promote their individual schemes, awaited the arrival of the commission. A Mr. Yeomans, representing an English company, wanted to lease or buy the reservation. R. Rinehart of Cimarron wanted the Mohuaches retained at Cimarron so he could feed them. Mears of Saguache wanted contracts; and numerous others, whatever they could get.

The Commission, a week late (while the Indian is said to be the soul of punctuality) after eight days on the road from Denver, had been handsomely entertained for a day at Fort Garland by General Alexander, Eighth Cavalry, commander at the fort, during which time transportation and rations for the 200-mile trip were arranged. Alexander, who had been ordered to accompany them, placed at their disposal an ambulance, two saddle horses, a spring wagon, a freight wagon. These, with a carriage brought from Pueblo and one furnished by Ferdinand Meyer[14] formed the cavalcade. General Alexander furnished the tents and a detail of seven men as escort.

The *Rocky Mountain News* had attached a correspondent to the Commission. His account, Sept. 7, 1872, is lively, written with touches of levity. It seems to have been an exciting outing for the young man. The party crossed the San Luis valley and camped two nights on the Rio Grande; the third night in the Saguache valley; and the fourth night about seven miles below the summit of Cochetopa Pass. They completed the final lap by 10 o'clock in the morning. They were met several miles from the Agency by Agents Charles Adams, J. B. Thompson and Interpreter Curtis. They reached the Agency Saturday, August 24. They had a retinue of Negro servants, according to some local reports, but the writer found nothing of that in the Archives.

The Utes lent themselves to formality, and the chiefs arrayed in the paraphernalia of war called upon the Commission the morning after its arrival. They were presented by Ouray, head chief, after which an exhibition of their war dance ceremonial was given on the "parade ground." Decision was made that a preliminary council be called the following Wednesday, August 28. U. M. Curtis of Denver was chosen Ute interpreter of the Spanish language for the Commission. The council was held in the schoolhouse, a building where "the young idea has never been taught to shoot," comments the *News* correspondent. It was then being used as an officers' mess and part of the time as a second storehouse.

"Are all the Indians ready to listen?"

"Yes," responded Ouray.

Territorial Governor Edward McCook then addressed them. He was introduced to Ouray by Curtis in Spanish, and by Ouray to the other Utes. He explained the Act of Congress, April 23, 1872, authorizing negotiation with the Utes for the southwest portion of their territory. "This must all be voluntary," he placated. "It is your land, and we will give you a fair price."

Lang talked, emphasizing the brotherhood of the Whites and Indians. "The Reds have been abused, wronged, cheated by *bad*

[14]Storekeeper at Fort Garland. See: *Colorado Magazine*, XXVIII, pp. 94-96.

white men, but there are white men who will treat you fairly. Are you willing they should come in?"

McDonald talked in a similar manner. Then Felix R. Brunot, Chairman of the National Board of Indian Commissioners, said, "White man has a farm he can't fence. He sells part of it, and takes care of the rest." He went on to explain that the Utes had too much land—more than they could use.

This did not "set very well" with the Utes. Stubbornly, Ouray reported: "We don't wish to sell. We want the Government to live up to the treaty and keep the white men out of our land." So the matter was at an impasse, the Indians failing to see how the discovery of gold altered solemn treaties.

Assembled Thursday afternoon, August 29, for the second day of the conference, the Utes objected to the White's talks being written down. Finally, it was agreed that the talk of both parties should be written.

Sapowanero, Tabeguache chief, reiterated: "We do not wish to sell; white man should be kept off."

Kan-e-a-che, Mohuache chief, mistrusted the commission altogether. How did they know it was sent out by the President? "We do not want to treat with you. We hear Governor McCook is working to get hold of these lands; Governor Arny is always working against us. The Cimarron is my home—the country where I have always lived."

"Do you live on the Reservation?" he was asked.

"I am here now," was the answer.

Ko-chum-pe-ache, subchief of the Capotes: "I was born there; I cannot sell. Miners say Government gives permission. Soldiers at Pagosa Springs should be taken away. Is this you talk fair and straight? You say land ours. We decide."

McCook explained the difference since 1868. It is now best that the Government extinguish the Indians' title and pay them a large sum. If not, the Government would have to send soldiers to drive the miners out. Whoever said *he* wanted their land was filling Kaneache's ears with lies. He wouldn't go there if the Utes ceded it for nothing.

By the third day Sapowanero said with finality: "We do not wish to sell any land—nor say anything more."

Cha-vez, subchief of the Uncompahgres: "If the Commission think they can buy this land, they are mistaken—there would be more miners—more trouble. Sheep and cattle would be brought in to harass us."

It was brought out that the Weeminuches who lived in the San Juan, the land in question, were not present.

The Commission deviated from the central subject, hoping to influence the Utes. "Results of an election may put those in office unfavorable to the Utes," they suggested. "We hope that won't happen. If it does, the present generous treatment of the Indians might be reversed."

At the Saturday council, Brunot was not allowed to talk. "His talk makes our hearts bad," said Ouray.

"We know there is a God," said the Utes. "We know we have souls."

"A little while ago," said Ouray. "You said there was nothing more to say. Why do we still talk?"

On Sunday, September 1, 1872, the Commission left the Agency, traveling via San Luis Valley, South Park and Ute Pass to Colorado Springs, by transportation brought from Fort Garland; thence by rail to Denver, reaching there September 8.

Maj. A. J. Alexander, writing September 17, says: "Ferdinand Meyer, Costilla, was present the last day of the council, and says the Indians became much excited, and at one time it looked as if the council would break up in bloodshed. Yulay (so spelled) refused to interpret, saying "I will tell no more lies to my people." The Indians left in an irritated state, though, through Ouray, they made the promise not to molest the intruding miners, until spring, at least.

The report of the Commission had nothing of this. They said undue influence on the Utes before the conference accounted for their failure to secure their objective, but they considered the conference beneficial.

A Second Conference Called

The Commission made it clear that they believed satisfactory negotiations could eventually be made with the Utes. Thus in the following year, June 20, 1873, Felix R. Brunot and Nathan Bishop were named to renew negotiations leading to accession. Instructions to the Commission enumerated the objectives:

> The Reservation is unnecessarily large, comprising upwards of 14 million acres of the best agricultural and mineral lands in Colorado. The number of Indians occupying it is comparatively small, not exceeding four or five thousand. The people of Colorado desire to have that portion of the Reserve not needed for Indian purposes thrown open to entry and settlement as public land in order that the agricultural and mineral resources may be developed—especially the portion lying between the southern boundary and the 38th degree of north latitude.

Brunot, then at Cheyenne, received a telegram from Charles Adams, Los Pinos agent, saying that he and Chief Ouray were in Denver. Brunot invited them to Cheyenne for conference, the main subject of which was the outlook for the return of Ouray's son (by his first wife), captured by the Sioux on the Republican River, Kansas Territory, some years before and said, now, to be with the

Arapahoes. This, evidently, was to be one of the ways of obtaining Ouray's good will and through that, his influence in the second conference then being planned.

"The Government is strong; it can do what it wants to do," said Ouray. "If they will do what they can to return my boy, I will do what I can for the Government in regard to our lands."[15] Thus, what was common property of the Utes was to be used for the chief's own purposes.

Adams reported that the prospects for agreement to the treaty were favorable. He said, "If pending negotiations to restore Ouray's son, Friday (Pahlone, according to the late Mr. Joe Cuenin), are successful, there will be clear sailing for the purchase of the San Juan."

Tentative arrangements were made for a treaty council in August, 1873, and word went out to the Denver Agency, the White River Agency, and to the superintendent in New Mexico to have the Indians assemble at Los Pinos prior to August 20, 1873, when the council would be held. Only those immediately concerned were to be admitted. They had learned their lesson the previous year. There were to be no hangers-on.

Brunot was detained in Cheyenne longer than expected. On his arrival in Denver, August 27, he learned that his colleague in the Ute Commission, Hon. Nathan Bishop, would not be able to join him. He also learned that the agent he had sent to the Arapahoes to obtain Ouray's son was to reach Fort Scott, August 28, so he and his secretary waited in Denver till September 1, after which date, receiving no word from his messenger, they started for Los Pinos, reaching the Agency September 5, 1873.

The President had issued an order to eject the miners and other unauthorized persons from the Reservation, May 16, 1873. On May 17, Gen. Phil Sheridan, commanding the military Department of the Missouri, on consultation with the President, ordered that if the troops had not left Fort Garland, the directive was to be suspended for the present; if they had, they were to be overtaken and halted. "Use no violence," was the warning. The removal would cause great excitement. The Indians were aware of this countermand. Added to this, the annuity goods which the Commission had hoped to have distributed during the council, shipped from New York June 1, did not arrive. There was nothing definite about Ouray's son.[16] Altogether the situation was not propitious.

The council convened the morning of September 6, 1873. The Utes did not wish to talk of selling. They were heated in their

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[15]Annual Report Commission of Indian Affairs, 1873, 112.

[16]Ouray met his son later in Washington. See: Hafen, Ann W.: "Efforts to Recover the Stolen Son of Chief Ouray," *Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XVI, No. 2, pp. 53-62.

demand that they be satisfied as to southern and eastern boundary lines. The Whites had not kept faith with them, they declared.

In this council, the following Whites were present: Hon. Felix R. Brunot and Thomas Cree, his secretary; Dr. James Phillips of Washington as Spanish interpreter for the Commission; John Lawrence and James Fullerton, Spanish interpreters for the Indians; Agent Charles Adams; Thomas Dolan, sub agent at Tierra Maria. Ouray served as Ute interpreter.

In opening, Brunot said: "Whenever we hold a council with the Indians, we know the Great Spirit sees us and knows our hearts, and we want to ask him to make our hearts all right and direct us in this council. I want you all to stand up while I talk to the Great Spirit."

Brunot led in prayer, all reverently standing, and Ouray interpreted the substance of the prayer to his people.

Ingratiatingly, Brunot told them how pleased he had been with their attitude the year before! How he had urged the President to force the miners off the Reservation, but had later heard that the Indians wanted to sell and he thought their expulsion would only make trouble between Indians and Whites; thus this meeting had been called to determine whether the Indians really wanted to sell.

Shavano, Tabeguache chief, jumped to his feet. "Those lines the surveyors are running on the Reservation are not according to the treaty. The mountains were the boundary of our Reservation (on the east) and we want to know what treaty has been made that gave them the privilege of coming in here and running those lines."

Brunot replied that the treaty tells the lines of the Reservation. "I had nothing to do with making the treaty. The way the Whites have of telling the lines by the compass you do not understand. When the treaty was made the lines were named, but they were not put on the land. When they located the Agency, they thought it was on the Reservation."

Said Ouray: "It was on the Reservation. I was interpreter and knew what the boundary lines were."

Brunot: "I do not know anything about these surveyors. They only wish to find out if the lines are where you thought they were."

Ouray: "They are measuring, and whenever they find a mine, they take a little piece more of our country. I interpreted it to the Utes when the treaty was made that the line would be from the Rio Grande to the head of the mountains. We understood it so until the present time. The rivers that run to the east from the mountain range are off the Reservation; those that run west are on it. The miners have come to San Juan and Washington Gulch, and the miners will gradually settle down on the lands in the valleys."

So it went for the afternoon, the two Apache chiefs desiring to know what was to become of *their* reservation, and Shavano becoming quite bitter in his denunciation of the Government.

Said he: "When I was in Washington, the treaty put the line on the top of the mountains, and not where it is now. The President heard it and knows where it was. That is why it is hard to make this contract. The lines have been changed. It is bad faith on the part of the Government."

In subsequent council meetings, Brunot kept trying to impress on the Indians that he was their friend, that he had nothing to do with making the unsatisfactory treaty of 1868. The main discussion shifted to where the Southern Utes were going to live. They desired that their Agency be on the Dry Cimarron, while according to the treaty of 1868, this had been sold. They admitted this but wished to remain where they were, anyway.

Brunot patiently explained: "All these years the President has been kind, letting them stay; he hadn't made them do what the treaty said. Now when the President thinks they should come on the Reservation, they should listen to him. I will ask Mr. Adams to read the names signed to the treaty. Do you wish to hear them?" Despite strenuous objections, the names were read, and it was agreed that Curecanti should go to Washington and talk personally to the President. Upon the outcome, it would depend whether or not the Southern Utes should stay where they were or come on the Reservation. As to the southern boundary, Brunot passed the matter to the President on the Indians' trip to Washington. "As a friend of the Utes," said Brunot, "I have made some marks to show the best thing that I think Congress will approve. I have made the lines in the very best place I can for the Utes. If you sell the mountains the way I point out, the Government agrees to pay you $25,000 a year as long as you and your descendants live. Last year the Commission that was here told me that they were going to offer for ten years but little more than I now offer to pay each year forever. I am offering you the largest sum I think the Government will agree to pay—$25,000 a year, every year forever.

"The building of houses and what is wanted for the Agency will not come out of the $25,000. If you agree to it, I will be glad. We will make out a paper. We will make three copies: one for me to take to the President, one for Ouray, and one for the agent to keep. The chiefs will have to go to see the Indians that are not here.

"I see you do not wish to do so. We have had this long talk for nothing. Perhaps there is something you do not know. I would say in the paper you could hunt in the part sold as long as there is any game in it. But I see you do not wish to agree, and we will now close the council."

The following day, Thursday, no council was held, but the Commission stayed at the Agency, thinking that the Indians would yet enter into the agreement. The following day, the Indians counseled all day, and the following morning, Saturday, September 12, one week after the beginning of the council, they expressed themselves as willing to enter into the agreement, provided some of the chief men of each band, together with the secretary of the Commission, should visit the land to be sold. If it proved to be mining, not farming, land, then all would sign. (It took three-fourths of the adult male Indians, according to treaty.)

What influences were brought to bear on the Indians in council must be left to the imagination. Part of the annual appropriation was used to persuade the Indians to negotiate—and with the knowledge of Congress. Mears said Ouray should have an annuity of $1,000 as long as he was chief of the Utes and they were at peace with the Whites.

"Bribery," declared Brunot, indignantly.

"A just salary, not bribery," countered Mears.

There was a theory, too, that to an Indian, $2 in the hand was worth more than the interest on $25,000 for life. And there was always the Ute fondness for drink.

In accordance with an agreement made, Cree, Brunot's secretary, Charles Adams, Thomas Dolan, and representatives from the different tribes visited the country in question. One mine, with considerable money invested, was said to yield $1,000 per day. Some $500 to $600 leads had been located and about 250 or 300 miners were in the country. It is evident from this that the Utes had in mind the mines only in their sale of land. Mears was called in when the negotiations were all but closed, and it seemed to be his influence that turned the tide. Whatever the Utes may have thought about selling the mines and retaining the valleys for agriculture, the treaty had hard and fast lines: 107 north latitude; the 38th parallel. There was the one exception: if Uncompahgre Park extended below the northern boundary, it was still to belong to the Utes. And so 3,500,000 acres were added to United States territory.

Important Visitors at the Los Pinos Agency

It was during Charles Adams' incumbency that a number of events important to local history took place. The Parsons geological expedition went into camp near the Agency. The Indians were incensed, but Ouray cast the weight of his influence in their favor, and they were allowed to carry on their investigations. William H. Jackson, [17] "Picture Maker of the Old West," was with the Hayden expedition later, securing the best of all photographs of Ouray, and many other pictures, until the superstition of the Utes forced him

to halt. Especially were the Utes fearful of the future effect on babies of the photographic process.

In May, 1874, Sylvester Richardson arrived at the Agency with his associates and his wagon train. They were to form the nucleus of the future-great Gunnison,[18] which might have been *Richardson* had it not been for Gilpin's support of the name of his friend, Captain John W. Gunnison. Indian ponies were headed from all directions to the central office of the Agency in protest as the wagon train drew up. But Adams' advice was: "Go ahead if you must—but *keep off the Reservation.*"

It was also during Adams' administration that Alfred Packer, "the man-eater," appeared at Los Pinos after his self-imposed seclusion in the San Juan hills. This bit from Alonzo Hartman, Gunnison pioneer, may be added to the volumes written about Packer.

"On or about the last days of February," says Hartman, "I was at the Los Pinos Agency where I had spent the winter. The day had been springlike. The snow was getting soft, but early in the morning the crust would hold a man's weight. I was getting some wood for the night when I noticed a man coming down the little creek, walking leisurely on the ice. He carried a gun and a little pack strapped about his shoulders. I knew the man did not belong to the Agency, for there were only a few of us staying there that winter, and the others were all sitting about the fire reading or playing cards. So I just busied myself on the woodpile and waited his coming. There was no one in the section nearer than 50 miles, so it seemed strange that a man should drop down from nowhere so suddenly. I was wondering what it all meant when he came up."

"Hello," I said, "Are you lost?"

Packer, for that was who it was, rubbed his eyes. "Is this the Agency?" he said.

"I told him it was. He didn't seem different from any other man who had been exposed to winter weather. His hair and beard were long and matted; but he showed little sign of having suffered from severe winter weather, lost in a wild uninhabited country with the thermometer showing between 30 and 50 degrees below zero many mornings. Naturally, one would expect that no man could stand the exposure this man had been through and live; but here was the man alive and seemingly none the worse for his experiences."

Hartman says the man avoided direct questioning. Knowing he must be cold and hungry, Hartman "hustled" him to General Adams' office and left him there. After being fed and clothed, Packer told his story, which is common to all the many accounts.

[17] See: Jackson, "Visit to the Los Pinos Agency in 1874," *Colorado Magazine*, XV, 201-209.
[18] See: Hagie, "Gunnison in Early Days," *Colorado Magazine*, VIII, 121-129.

Before we complete the brief history of the Agency previous to removal to Uncompahgre, let us note here that although the treaty of 1873 was entered into at Los Pinos, September 13, 1873, it was not approved by Congress until April 29, 1874. This became technically important in the Packer trial.

Administrative change came to Los Pinos, even though Adams was conceded to be doing excellent work and had the respect of the Indians. He was replaced July 30, 1874, by the Rev. H. F. Bond, another Unitarian minister. The larger part of Adams' staff resigned when he was superseded.

Thomas Cree, Brunot's secretary, reported, March 6, 1874, that Adams' wife was the Agency teacher at $1,000 per year when the schoolhouse was not being used. Adams, however, drew a pleasant picture of his wife on the floor of the Agency house with the few Indian children interested, carrying on profitable work in directed activity. He contends her efforts were fruitful. This probably had nothing to do with his dismissal, for the next agent, also, secured the position of teacher for his wife, thus adding considerably to a $1,500 salary. He says this was promised him when he took the job.

The Agency is Moved

For some time, the removal of the Agency had been discussed. It was not on the Reservation, though it was thought to be so when established. The Indians remained there only three or four months of the year, on account of the extreme cold, thus no progress could be made in agriculture nor in education, two prime objectives. Perhaps there were other influences brought to bear, also. Adams had estimated the cost of moving at $19,000.

Ouray thought the Indians would not move farther than the cow camp at the junction of the Gunnison and the Tomichi, and proposed temporary buildings there until they could be induced to go farther west. The Cebolla valley was also considered, but finally the Uncompahgre valley was selected, and the removal to the new agency was complete about November 20, 1875.

On July 23, 1875, Bond reports sending the sawmill. It took four wagons with three yoke of cattle each, one mule team, and 12 men three weeks to make the transfer. Says Alonzo Hartman, who assisted in the removal, "It was no small task to move all the Agency stuff over 75 miles of mountains and deep canons with herds of cattle and sheep and hundreds of ponies, part of them heavily packed with Ute belongings."

The writer visited the Old Agency this summer, and it took a wide stretch of the imagination to people the hillside with Indian tepees, to place the various buildings around the "parade ground," and to vision the spirited racing along the track still to be plainly seen east and south of the modern ranch house.

It was big John McDonough that bought the Agency location in 1882. His strength is a legend. Everyone who knew him has a different strong-man story. The latest one related to me was that he could seize a burro by mane and tail and place him in any desired position; another that he could stand flat-footed and jump over a billiard table. He is buried, by his own request, in the Cochetopa hills. The Old Agency passed to his son, Will McDonough, handsome and urbane, a favorite with many. The big hay and cattle ranch is now owned by capable Parker McDonough, Will's son. We had gone up from Gunnison to view the $40,000 dam he is building on the Los Pinos. One year of adequate irrigation, which the big dam is calculated to make certain, would, in a dry year, pay for the dam, it was said.

"Maybe it won't do me a lot of good," said Parker (still a young man), "but there is my son." And Will McDonough II is now established, since his marriage, in a small house near the big ranch house. Other members of the family will undoubtedly receive adequate provision, but it is perhaps natural to expect the son to carry on with the ranch.

An amazing change from Ouray's time! But Baldy-Chato, still bald and still flatnosed, guards Los Pinos Pass with a dignity which far outweighs trivial personal defects, and Old Agency Peak on the north catches the glitter of the western sun much as it did when Ouray looked from his cabin door of an evening.

Seventy-five Years of Rodeo in Colorado

II. Gaining Ground

By Clifford P. Westermeier*

During the last decade of the nineteenth century, cowboy tournaments of broncho busting and steer roping and various types of horse races, in which cowboys also participated, were an established form of entertainment at the numerous celebrations, festivals, conventions and county fairs of Colorado. These exhibitions and contests of cowboy skill emerged from early inter-camp competitions in the range and ranch cattle industry which had developed so remarkably on the Great Plains during the last quarter of that century. When the adventuresome aspects of the industry disappeared and it became a big business, based on sound, scientific principles of breeding, feeding and marketing, the reminiscences and colorful accounts of "old times" stimulated a desire to perpetuate those exciting feats of the pioneers. Herein lies the stimulus for the origin

*Dr. Westermeier, author of *Man, Beast, Dust*, is Associate Professor of History at Loretto Heights College. Part I of this article appeared in *The Colorado Magazine*, XXVIII, 13-27.

and growth of cowboy sports. The early contests, however, underwent many changes and additions before the sport was accepted as one of the main competitive entertainments of modern America. The first quarter of the twentieth century saw the cowboy sport change from local and regional competitions into national and international contests—the development into the modern rodeo of today.

At the turn of the century Denver still retained its position as Colorado leader in staging cowboy tournaments as an attraction for thousands of annual visitors to the capital city, which was hailed as a vacation playland and a rapidly growing center for national conventions.

The growing sport, however, still faced many difficulties, the most obvious of which was lack of leadership and organization. In the summer of 1900, a call was made to arrange for a cowboy reunion in the fall. The object was to bring together the cowboys of Colorado, and "possibly of the whole West,"[1] to meet in a roundup near Denver. This roundup was to be a complete replica of those held twenty years earlier, although it was hoped that the cowpunchers would omit "the old style method of settling difficulties over a maverick."[2] At a meeting, in which plans were discussed, the following resolution was adopted: "We believe that the old boys who participated in the round-up when Colorado was known as the 'Plain State' should effect an organization that will preserve the ups and downs of the pioneer days in history."[3]

In subsequent meetings the problems connected with such a celebration were aired, and, as usual, the matter of finances was most serious. "It was decided that so far as asking the people of Denver for subscriptions was concerned, "That sponge has been squeezed dry," and that the reunion must look to gate admissions for most of the revenue."[4]

The proposed reunion, however, was doomed to failure. The committee failed to obtain the financial support of the cattle interests and the merchants of Denver; the meetings of the committee were poorly attended; yet, free and unsolicited advice was abundant, for the *Denver Republican* reported: "Thousands and thousands offered to tell just how the reunion should be accomplished."[5]

An attempt to stage the reunion at Hugo, Colorado, revived interest and enthusiasm for a few days,[6] until a statement in the *Range Ledger* dimmed the spirit and closed the issue:

[1]"Old Time Round-Up May be Held by the Cowboys of the Early Days," *Denver Republican*, July 11, 1900; "To Arrange for a Cowboy Reunion," *Denver Republican*, August 8, 1900; "Cowboys' Grand Round-Up," *Range Ledger* (Hugo, Colorado), July 18, 1900.

[2]*Ibid.*

[3]*Ibid.*

[4]"A Meeting of Broncho Busters," *Denver Republican*, August 12, 1900.

[5]"The Cowboy Reunion Now Seems to Drift Across the Dust of the Prairie to Hugo," *Denver Republican*, August 26, 1900.

[6]"Cowboy Reunion Transferred from Denver to Hugo," *Rocky Mountain News*, August 26, 1900.

> The cowboy reunion, so far as Denver is concerned has been definitely postponed. Lack of enterprise on the part of Denver is responsible for the postponement. Hugo would like to hold such a reunion if it had hotel accommodations for the large number of people who would probably attend such an affair.[7]

This setback for cowboy sports in Denver, however, did not affect other parts of the state, for the various county fairs and fall celebrations staged bucking and roping contests. The annual race meet at Aspen offered three thousand dollars in prize money and attracted the cowboys to a steer roping, a bucking broncho, and a steer riding contest.[8] Steer roping was featured at the Delta County Fair; plans were made to hold a bucking and roping contest on the last day of the De Beque lion hunt, a gala affair, which was to conclude with a ball in the evening.[9]

Probably the most significant event in rodeo history of that year took place at the Arkansas Valley Fair at Rocky Ford. The feature attraction among the cowboy contests was an exhibition of steer riding and throwing by the Pickett brothers of Texas. In this particular event a steer was turned loose and roped by cowboys on horse back. The three Picketts came forward, held the beast by the horns, removed the ropes, and placed another rope with hand holds around its body. The animal was then mounted by one of them and turned loose for the ride.[10] The steer throwing caused even more excitement and proved the daring skill of the cowboy, William Pickett, who, after a beast was roped, stepped forward and grasped the horns to twist the animal down. The description of this early type of steer wrestling or bulldogging is vividly recorded:

> . . . the negro took him by the horns and was tossed overhead, but held his grip upon the horns. Then the mad beast rushed him to the fence, got him down and pinned him to the earth. It was one more round for the steer, but the two brothers came to the rescue again and the pinioned negro, being released, again got the animal by the horns and, securing his twist upon the steer's neck, brought him to the ground and held him there. The crowd cheered and the negro let the steer up and mounted his back.[11]

This exhibition, one of the earliest records of the now famous cowboy contest of bulldogging, as given by Bill Pickett, the originator, is, in its primitive form, far removed from the smooth running contests of today with the use of horses and hazer to facilitate the action. However, regardless of the changes made to speed up and

[7]*Range Ledger*, August 29, 1900.

[8]"Rain at Aspen Meet," *Denver Republican*, August 25, 1900; "Races Close at Aspen," *Denver Republican*, August 27, 1900.

[9]"Fine Display Made at Delta County Fair," *Rocky Mountain News*, October 5, 1900; "De Beque Wild West Show and Lion Hunt," *Denver Republican*, September 26, 1900.

[10]"Struggles of Man and Beast," *Denver Republican*, September 5, 1900.

[11]*Ibid.* A Texan by name of Asa Wilder, passing through Denver from the Cheyenne Frontier Days celebration, related this story about a Negro named Al Pickett: The Negro is said "to ride up beside a steer, jump from his horse to the back of the steer and, leaning over the head of the steer, grab the latter's nose with his teeth. After this the man throws himself off the steer, which results in the latter's downfall." "Says Texas Holds Steer Roping Record," *Denver Republican*, August 28, 1903.

improve this contest, it was at that time extremely dangerous and still is now in its present form as one of the most colorful and exciting events in modern rodeo.[12]

One of the greatest events during that period of festive celebrations in Colorado in the last decade of the nineteenth century was the fabulous Festival of Mountain and Plain. It originated in 1895 "as an expression and outpouring of thankfulness of the people for the bounteous harvests,"[13] a celebration replete with parades, races, dances, and sports, climaxed by the grand ball of the Silver Serpents. It was held annually except for the presidential year of 1900; however, it eventually seemed to lose its appeal, and when the matter of its revival was considered in 1901, the people concerned demanded new ideas. John M. Kuykendall and George D. Rainsford suggested something new and popular, a bucking broncho tournament.[14] The first prize consisted of a fine trophy—a $500 silver belt—and $150 in cash. This unique belt, which was to play a prominent part in the cowboy contests the following years, was described as:

> . . . a handsomely engraved and embossed affair composed of eight placques linked together, all in sterling silver. Three of these placques are plain and reserved for engraving thereon the names of the winners. The other placques are embossed and engraved to represent a buffalo head with ruby eyes, an Indian chief head, a rider on his bucking broncho. The belt is beautifully designed throughout, . . .[15]

The conditions for winning it were: "The belt shall be subject to challenge and competition once only each year, preferably at the festival in Denver. If the holder doesn't defend it, he loses possession. Any person winning the belt three times shall become the permanent owner thereof."[16]

The broncho busting tournament was a grand success, and M. Thad Sowder won the coveted belt. Although this particular event proved very successful, newspapers commented on the feasibility of staging the Festival in subsequent years.[17] In the late summer and early fall of 1902, Denver was overrun with cowboy tournaments and sport events. The Festival itself was cancelled, but the directors announced that, necessitated by the conditions under which the championship belt had been offered, a bucking contest would be held, since a large number of challenges for the trophy were on file.[18] Following this announcement the directors issued to the newspapers a list of the rules for the contest, which are significant for they are probably the most complete and the earliest recorded guide for the behavior of the cowboy and the qualifications for the horses in the broncho contest. These rules are too long and elaborate to give in

[12] *See* Westermeier, *Man, Beast, Dust, etc.*, pp. 233-246.
[13] Byers, William N., *Encyclopedia of Biography of Colorado* (Chicago, 1901), p. 162.
[14] "Kings of Range Match Their Will," *Rocky Mountain News*, October 1, 1901.
[15] "Rules for the Bucking Test," *Denver Republican*, August 3, 1902.
[16] "Kings of Range Match Their Will," *Rocky Mountain News*, October 1, 1901.
[17] *See* Westermeier, *Man, Beast, Dust, etc.*, pp. 390-393.
[18] "Broncho Busting Here Next Fall," *Denver Republican*, July 15, 1902.

their entirety; therefore, only the important differences from, and similarities to, the modern bronc riding contests will be briefly expounded.

The committee had the right to test both the horsemanship and the fitness of the contestant, also to request identification of the stock association represented. All equipment necessary for the ride was to be furnished by the contestant—open bridle, hackamore, reata, saddle, blanket, quirt and spurs; no contrivances could be used to prevent the animal from bucking. If the contestant should be bucked off, he would be barred from further participation; if the horse fell, this in no way counted against the rider. Undue cruelty to subdue the horse would mean adverse marking by the judges.[19]

The rules of the contest governing the men were supplemented by additional rules concerning the horses. At any time the committee could remove a horse from the arena and substitute another. The horses to be ridden were to be drawn by lot; the corresponding number held by a rider designated his mount.[20]

The greater portion of this set of rules was peculiar to this particular contest and concerned the method of determining the winner of the championship belt and the runnersup down to sixth position.[21]

The Festival directors had, some months previous, carefully scheduled the cowboy tournament for the first week in October; yet, this forethought on their part did not prevent the officials of the Denver Horse Show Association from scheduling a broncho riding and cowboy tournament for the Labor Day opening of their show. For the winners of this new feature they offered a championship belt valued at $1,000, and a long list of cash prizes. According to plans, the cowboy contest was to be an annual feature of the Horse Show,[22] and rules for the contest, almost identical with those listed a few days earlier by the Festival directors,[23] were also published. Although the promoters of the Horse Show "jumped the gun" as far as the Festival cowboy contest is concerned, they ran into difficulties with the Humane Society. The directors were spared prosecution for cruelty to animals only because there was a difference of opinion as to what actually happened and what was seen by the agents of the Society.[24] As a result of this incident, the feature was considered "not in keeping with the high class of the show;[25] yet, in spite of its "low class" calibre, the broncho busting contest that year "made it possible for the association to have a neat amount of surplus cash in its treasury."[26] A few weeks later it was

[19] "Rules for the Bucking Test," *Denver Republican*, August 3, 1902.
[20] *Ibid.*
[21] *Ibid.*
[22] "Cowboys and Bronchos to be Feature at the Horse Show," *Denver Republican*, August 2, 1902.
[23] "Rules for the Coming Contest," *Denver Republican*, August 18, 1902.
[24] "Charges Cruelty at Horse Show," *Denver Republican*, September 3, 1902.
[25] "Will be a Horse Show Next Year," *Denver Republican*, September 7, 1902.
[26] *Ibid.*

announced that the annual Horse show itself was to be discontinued.[27]

Meanwhile preparations for the Festival contest were progressing; many cowboys appeared and the competition looked tough. During the contest, however, opinions changed, for the horses were not "living up" to expectations in their bucking ability. The newspapers commented in complaint that the citizens of the city and the state were apathetic because the Festival had offered no new features or attractions and "this was the third bucking contest in the city in 12 months."[28]

Thad Sowder was again the winner; the title of Champion of the World, the silver belt, $500 in cash and a contract with the Buffalo Bill Show were his reward.[29] The judges' decision was questioned, and strong protests appeared under such headlines as: "Unfairness Charged Against The Broncho Busting Judges," "Sowder Gets The Belt Despite Loud Protests," and "Did Thad Sowder 'Pull Leather'?"[30] The second and fourth place winners, Tom Minor and Harry Brennan, respectively, challenged "Sowder to ride for any part of $5,000, but he declined, saying his business engagements would prevent him from accepting until next year."[31]

Thus the bucking contest of the Festival ended under an unpleasant cloud, and rumor was that this event was to be dropped from the program in the future. It is quite evident that the rivalry between the directors of the Horse Show and those of the Festival of Mountain and Plain had done considerable harm. Both planned to drop cowboy sports from their programs, and in the end both discontinued their annual events.

One might think that Denver had slim chances of ever again holding cowboy tournaments after the fiasco of the fall of 1902, but the unfortunate publicity evidently did not harm the progress of the sport. A bronc busting contest was scheduled for August, 1903, at the D.A.C. park. Thad Sowder rode against William McNeerlen for the title, won the contest and the side bet of $1,000. The Festival belt, however, was not involved in the competition[32] for, although Pueblo and several other towns had made a bid for the contest in which the belt was to be awarded, the Mountain and Plain Festival association decided to hold the rough riders' contest

[27]"Horse Shows are to be Abandoned," *Denver Republican*, October 12, 1902.

[28]"Festival is Passing Unnoticed," *Denver Republican*, October 10, 1902; "Cowboys All Right, But Horses Not Wild Enough," *Denver Post*, October 9, 1902.

[29]"Judges Declare Sowder Champion," *Denver Republican*, October 10, 1902.

[30]*Denver Post*, October 10, 11, 1902; *Rocky Mountain News*, October 11, 1902.

[31]"Did Thad Sowder 'Pull Leather'?" *Denver Post*, October 11, 1902.

[32]"'Thad' Sowder Agrees to Defend His Title," *Denver Republican*, July 21, 1903; "Thad Sowder and 'Billy' M'Neelen to Ride for World's Broncho-Busting Championship," *Denver Republican*, July 23, 1903; "M'Neerlan Will Not Get Belt if He Wins," *Denver Republican*, July 25, 1903.

for the championship belt at the Cheyenne Frontier Day celebration in August 1903.[33]

Sowder was to appear at the Cheyenne Frontier Day Celebration to defend his title as the two-time winner of the Festival belt; however, he failed to do so, protesting that the judges were partial and that the contest in Cheyenne was not official.[34] Today the belt, a classic memento of the past and a milestone of a particular period in the history of rodeo, may be seen on exhibit in the Colorado State Museum in Denver, at 14th and Sherman.

The cowboy tournaments and contests made progress not only in Denver, but also throughout the state. The contests were primarily broncho busting and steer roping; occasionally, for the sake of variety, other attractions were added, such as relay race, hat race, potato race, stake race, wild horse race and, at times, a chuck wagon race, all of which added to the color and excitement of these pioneer and frontier celebrations. Another innovation was the horseback quadrille which became very popular. These local celebrations were all-day affairs, and the "inner man" as well as the "outer" man was kept in mind, for the spectator attractions were climaxed with a big barbecue, wild game feast or free feed, and usually a cowboy ball.

One of the earliest local celebrations, which has since become an annual event, is the Cattlemen's Celebration at Gunnison, which began in 1902 as a midsummer entertainment for the stock growers association of that region. The first meeting consisted of a social gathering of the stockmen and cowboys—a reunion and sport entertainment concluding with a cattlemen's ball at La Veta Hotel.[35] Although there is no record of cowboy contests during the first two celebrations, there is reason to believe that unofficial riding and roping activities did take place. The third annual celebration mentions various cowboy races and a "bucking contest [which] resulted in a tie between William Tucker of Gunnison and W. T. Pusey, a champion from Denver."[36] In 1905 the Cattlemen's Celebration became a two-day affair. On the first were parades, races and entertainment; on the second, a barbecue and trout fry with a broncho busting contest as an added attraction. Two thousand

[33]"Thad Sowder Again Wins Honors in Exciting Broncho Busting Contest," *Rocky Mountain News*, August 2, 1903; "Rough Riders' Contest Goes to Cheyenne," *Denver Republican*, July 19, 1903.

[34]*See* Westermeier, *Man, Beast, Dust, etc.*, p. 395; *Daily Leader* (Cheyenne, Wyoming), August 6, 1903; August 28, 1903. "The principal feature, of course, of the entire celebration will be the bucking and pitching contest for the championship belt. . . . The belt is now held by Thad Sowder." . . . "Over 100 Cowboys," *Daily Leader*, August 6, 1903. "The belt was won by Guy Holt—he was given a testimonial belt of black patent leather with a silver buckle property engraved." *Daily Leader*, August 29, 1903.

[35]"Colorado Mountain Life and Its Enjoyments, Gunnison," *Denver Republican*, July 13, 1902; "Western Slope Stockmen Plan Big Entertainment," *Denver Republican*, July 9, 1904.

[36]"Stockmen of Gunnison County Have Outing," *Denver Republican*, July 16, 1904.

people witnessed the racing events; over six hundred ate their fill of trout; and a cowboy ball at the local hotel was the finale to the celebration.[37] The Cattlemen's Days Rodeo of today, an outgrowth of this earlier celebration, is still a mid-July affair and will be discussed more in detail in the third section of this study.

During the first decade of the new century, cowboy contests throughout the state were so numerous that a detailed account is impossible. Bucking or roping contests, or both, in combination with other cowboy events, were held at Lamar, Pueblo, Glenwood Springs, Greeley, Leadville, Loveland, Golden, Durango, Fort Lupton, Longmont, Grand Junction, Kremmling, Littleton, Monte Vista, Fort Morgan, Brush, Canon City, Rocky Ford, Montrose Steamboat Springs, Trinidad, Salida, Hugo and other towns. These contests were usually held on or around the three important summer holidays—the Fourth of July, August first, and Labor Day, and were entertainment features at the county fairs and local pioneer celebrations during the months of September and October. Contests were also held in conjunction with the Corn Roast Day, Loveland; Tomato Day, Fort Lupton; Pumpkin Pie Day, Longmont; Watermelon Day, Rocky Ford; Venison Day, Kremmling; Pickle Day, Platteville; Lamb Day, Fort Collins—those "fabulous free feeds" for which Colorado was so famous. Golden, Colorado, in 1907, had no particular day to celebrate and, not to be outdone, decided on just a plain Wild West Carnival.[38] Kremmling decided on a Venison Day, but actually it was a feast of wild game—deer, bear, smaller game and trout. The heads and pelts of the deer and bear were raffled as mementos of the occasion. Racing and broncho busting were on the sports program.[39]

Canon City made a bid for "fame and fortune" in 1907 when the cowboys and cattlemen of Fremont county proposed a big carnival of cowboy sports, games and races. It was to be "along the line of the famous Frontier Day at Cheyenne," held on Thanksgiving day and possibly a day or two longer, as a climax to the fall roundup. It was appropriatelly called Roundup Day or the "Cowboys' Reunion"; excursion fares were offered on all railroads, and large crowds were expected from the surrounding cities.[40] The program consisted of the following events—cattle branding, cut horse test, bucking contest, handkerchief race, turkey race, and numerous cowboy and cowgirl horse races of various lengths.

[37] "Cattlemen Celebrating," *Denver Republican*, July 21, 1905; "Celebration by Stockmen Ends," *Denver Republican*, July 22, 1905.
[38] "Golden to Hold Big Wild West Carnival," *Denver Republican*, September 18, 1907.
[39] "Venison Day Will Be a Big Affair," *Denver Republican*, September 22, 1907; "Much Venison, But Guests Were Few," *Denver Republican*, October 6, 1907.
[40] "Canon City Will Have Wild West," *Denver Republican*, September 22, 1907; "Canon City Will Have Thanksgiving Festival," *Denver Republican*, November 26, 1907.

"Financially Roundup day was a great success, and the cowmen of Fremont county intend to make it a permanent annual festival."[41] For some unknown reason this celebration was discontinued; however, in 1910, the Fruit Day at the Fremont County Fair at Canon City "took over," and "A programme of cowboy sports similar to that seen at Frontier day at Cheyenne was planned for each day of the fair."[42]

In 1903, because of protests by the Humane Society, steer roping at the Pueblo State Fair was removed from the program.[43] A year later a headline read, "Steer Roping Contest Attracts Large Crowd" at Leadville,[44] and this event was also listed in Denver in 1906.[45] The *Denver Republican* reported in 1907: "Cheyenne is about the only place in the country now where steer roping is permitted and recognized . . ."[46] Despite these various ups and downs, the contest persisted for some years as one of the cowboy events.

Calf roping, or cattle branding as it was usually called, appeared as early as 1905,[47] and often three-year old animals were used in these first contests. The *Denver Republican* records an interesting description of such an event at the Elks Convention Cowboy Contest of 1906:

> The cattle were turned out of the corral, and the cowpunchers took their hand at roping calves. They caught the little fellows who made a lot of noise about it. Then a piece of skin was laid on the calves, and ostensibly they were branded. The burning of the hair on the dead skin made an awful smell, and the Eastern folk thought it was awful. But the calves did not mind it.[48]

The branding contest during the Spanish-American War Veterans benefit show of 1910 was the scene of great interest and hilarious enthusiasm:

> Much laughter was caused by the Maverick branding contest between teams from the various stockyards companies, the rider having many hard and several grotesque struggles to throw the bawling, active calves. The branding was done with cold irons, so there were no inhuman features. Harry Grant and . . . little Edna Belle Rooney won the contest in 16½ seconds. Chubb and Jim Crandall were second. Time, 17½ seconds.[49]

By 1921 calf roping was a regular contest and was incorporated in the various shows throughout the state. It has grown in popularity

[41] "Cowboy Reunion a Huge Success," *Denver Republican*, November 29, 1907
[42] "Fruit Day at Fremont Fair," *Denver Republican*, August 31, 1910.
[43] "No Roping Contest at Pueblo State Fair," *Denver Republican*, September 4, 1903.
[44] *Denver Republican*, July 4, 1904.
[45] "Big Crowd of Visitors See Typical Show of Wild West," *Denver Republican*, July 17, 1906.
[46] "Gough Will Not Permit Cruelty," *Denver Republican*, July 23, 1907. October 2, 1905; "Various Contests Close Glenwood Springs Fair," *Denver Republican*, October 2, 1905.
[47] "Colorado-New Mexico Fair at Durango at an End," *Denver Republican*,
[48] "'23' Nag Makes Rider 'Skiddo'," *Denver Republican*, July 18, 1906.
[49] "Wildest Sort of Wild West at Stockyards," *Denver Republican*, August 31, 1910.

until now, with the largest entry fee and the greatest number of contestants, it is one of the most important events in modern rodeo.[50]

Already an elite group had made its appearance in the sport. The names of Thad Sowder, Guy Holt, Harry Brennan, Tom Minor, Sam Scoville, Steve Girardot, Clayton Danks, Elton Perry, Harry Tipton and Walter Johnson were among the more prominent; also, more women appeared in this decade, among them the famous cowgirls, Prairie Rose Henderson, Prairie Lily Allen, Ruth Schook, Lily Nicholson, Goldie St. Clair, Hazel Hoxie, Edna Rooney, Margaret Wright, Bessie Prentis, Cora Brinker and Jennie Paulson.

COWGIRLS' RELAY RACE, 1906

The list of bucking horses was more striking, colorful and unusual; Cheyenne, Blister, Poison, Tom Horn, Gin Fizz, 23, Old Steamboat, High Tower, Gray Eagle, Bald Hornet, Mile High, Stockyards, Carrie Nation, Yellow Jack, Red Bird, O'Hell, Pinears, Two-step and many more.

Other events also appeared. This was the day of trick riding and trick roping contests, in which cowboys and cowgirls pitted their skill against one another for the championship. Unfortunately, these events are no longer competitive and appear in modern rodeo as exhibitions by contract performers. Bull riding or steer riding, merely as an exhibition, appeared more and more often on the

[50]"Collins to Repeat Roundup Next Year," *Rocky Mountain News*, July 7, 1921; "Fort Morgan Roundup is Lively Affair," *Rocky Mountain News*, July 8, 1921.

programs; however, it had not yet developed into a regular cowboy contest, although it had acquired some of the characteristics.[51]

During the years 1905-1910, cowboy contests were an entertainment feature in practically every large convention or national meeting held in Denver. At the convention of the National Electric Light association in June, 1905, a riding competition between Thad Sowder and Harry Brennan was featured.[52] At the conclusion of the show the Humane Society served a warrant to Harry Brennan for cruelty to the horse he had ridden. Mr. Whitehead, secretary of the society, complained that "every time that one of these exhibitions has been given, the society has warned the participants not to abuse the horses, and every time, . . . some one disobeys it."[53] He did not "believe in the exhibitions very much anyway, as they are not particularly typical of this part of the country now; but if they must be given . . . let the men handle the horses as the wild west shows do. There they buck a few times and that ends it."[54]

This action brought a scathing protest against broncho busting from the *Denver Republican:* "The 'contest' turned out a fizzle. In a sense, it was a fake. The advertisements were to the effect that the exhibition was to decide the world's Champion rough rider. Nothing of the kind."[55]

The newspaper continued:

> The syndicate people hired Brennan and Sowder and half a dozen others to give exhibitions. They were paid by the day. The stranger who imagined he witnessed a contest was fooled.
>
> . . .
>
> With the aid of public sentiment, the Humane agents believe they can prevent further exhibitions of this kind. They do Denver no good. Denver is hardly a frontier town. It makes bid to be a cosmopolitan city.[56]

This criticism did not prevent another contest from being staged during the G.A.R. Veterans encampment the following fall. The officers of the Humane Society were invited to be present at all times in order to stop the show whenever it was not in accordance with the views of the organization[57] Harry Brennan was the winner

[51]"Big Crowd of Visitors See Typical Show of Wild West," *Denver Republican*, July 17, 1900; "Pinears Nearly Claims a Victim," *Denver Republican*, June 9, 1905; "Risks Life and Rides Bad Bull," *Denver Republican*, July 21, 1906; "Riders Find Bucking Bull Worse Than Worst Broncho," *Denver Republican*, July 4, 1908.

[52]"Sowder and Brennan to Bust Bronchos at Light Tourney," *Denver Republican*, May 18, 1905.

[53]"Pinears Nearly Claims a Victim," *Denver Republican*, June 9, 1905.

[54]*Ibid;* The *Denver Republican* commented on the competition: "On behalf of the noble profession of cowpunchers, it should be said, first, that the Humane Society will not tolerate a fight to a finish between man and horse; and second, that the game of broncho busting has been pretty well systematized by man and animal." "Broncho Buster Has Leg Broken," *Denver Republican*, June 8, 1905.

[55]"Curtain Down on Broncho Busting," *Denver Republican*, June 11, 1905.

[56]*Ibid.*

[57]" 'Busters' to Ride for the Veterans," *Denver Republican*, August 23, 1905.

and was presented with the handsome G.A.R. belt, which was studded with twenty-dollar gold pieces.[58]

An amusing incident took place during a banquet held on the evening of the close of the contest. This affair, in honor of the cowboys, as guests of John M. Kuykendall, was held at the Adams Hotel. The incident was premature in concept; however, it foreshadowed a definite trend in cowboy-promoter relationships of later years. One of the guests, President William D. Haywood of the Western Federation of Miners, saw an opportunity and tried to make the best of it, as an account of his audacious efforts in the *Denver Republican* shows:

> He appeared as an evangel to have the cowboys form a union to be affiliated with the Western Federation of Miners. Mr. Haywood has not any sense of humor, unfortunately.
>
> About 50 cowboys in the true Wisterian attire appeared at the hotel and were escorted to the ballroom. No cards of invitation went. The cowboy's "face" was sufficient. It was a "chuck wagon" affair with champagne instead of coffee. Every thing went well until the close.
>
> Mr. Haywood delivered a lugubrious oration to the cowboys on the terribleness of their lot on the wide and burning prairies of the West. They were not getting what they earned and they were making the cattle barons rich and so forth.
>
> The cowboys were caught at the wrong moment. They had just been paid off and they had just had the greatest feast the hotel could get together and the corks had been popping pretty lively. They were no down-trodden slaves. They were richer than Rockefeller and almost as big as Roosevelt.
>
> A demand was made to know why Haywood had been permitted to appear as the Egyptian skeleton at the feast.
>
> It was explained by Mr. Haywood that he had been invited by his brother-in-law, Jones, the owner of "Pinears," the famous professional "outlaw" horse. But this explanation failed to appease and Mr. Haywood was requested to go and form a union of the "outlaws." He departed vowing that the cowboys would soon see the error of their ways. If they would form a union they could have more trouble on the range than they ever dreamed of, he intimated.[59]

In light of the times and the occasion, this suggestion appears ridiculous, but five years later, a group of cowboys, contesting at the Jefferson County Fair and at the Stockyards Stadium, went on strike. They formed a union, elected officers and demanded $50 a day and expenses for each cowboy and cowgirl who did rough riding. The show, scheduled to appear in Colorado Springs, prompted this demand, for the contestants wanted to be assured of sufficient funds for the return trip to Denver.[60] An editorial in the *Denver Republican* summarizes this significant move:

> The Denver broncho busters who have formed a union and who have established a flat rate of $50 a day as the wage of any wild horse rider, seem to have acted at the psychological moment.

[58] "Brennan Champion Broncho Buster," *Denver Republican*, September 10, 1905.

[59] "Cowboys Invite Haywood to Go," *Denver Republican*, September 10, 1905.

[60] "Broncho Busters Organize Union for Protection," *Denver Republican*, September 9, 1910.

> Ever since a majority of the riders who performed at Cheyenne were hurled to the dust, it has been felt that an ancient and honorable profession has been in danger through the "horning in" of irresponsible individuals who are but poorly versed in the art of sticking to the saddle without "pulling leather."
>
> . . .
>
> From now on the public will expect to see "riding as is riding," and if old Chiron, the centaur himself, enters the arena in an endeavor to prove that he can "come back," he should be made to prove that he is at least an honorary member of the Busters' union.[61]

This broncho busters' union foreshadows the Cowboys Turtle Association of 1936, which in turn became the Rodeo Cowboys Association of today and is the guiding organization of rodeo contestants. The problem of protection of interests was realized early.[62]

George D. Rainsford, a director of the Mountain and Plain Festival, and owner of the famous Diamond Ranch in Wyoming on which he bred fine horses, had long dreamed of holding a great international rough riding contest in Denver which would bring Cossack riders from St. Petersburg and expert Italian horsemen to compete with the Americans in a three-day contest.[63] John M. Kuykendall, associated with the cattle industry and cowboy sports and known as "the cowboy magnate of the West," wished to make the dream come true. Following the cowboy tournament at the Elks Convention of 1906, he proposed that a congress of rough riders of the world meet in Denver in the fall of that year. These riders were to come from various countries, and the competition would be keen, since the championship of the world would be at stake. An interesting letter from Australia prompted Mr. Kuykendall to give the contest serious consideration:

> To Mr. J. M. Kuykendall, Denver.
>
> Dear Sir: I understand that you are the chief man interested in the bucking horse contests held every year for the so-called championship of the world. Well, I have never seen your challenge for any riders from the other countries to compete, and I don't see that a man is champion till he has ridden against men from all countries. Me and my partner are thinking of coming and riding in your next contest, and we would like to know particulars as to the date, and conditions, and if we would be allowed to ride our own saddles or have to take the cowboy saddle; and would you give us as fair a chance as the others? Hoping to hear from you soon, I remain,
>
> Yours truly,
> G. J. Brown,
> 75 Williams Street, Sydney, Australia.[64]

Nothing more is found concerning this proposed international congress of rough riders; however, it is very significant because

[61] "The Broncho Busters' Union," *Denver Republican*, September 10, 1910.

[62] *See* Westermeier, *Man, Beast, Dust, etc.*, pp. 94-130; also "Champion Injured at Big Rodeo in Springs," *Rocky Mountain News*, August 17, 1922.

[63] *Rocky Mountain News*, October 1, 1901

[64] "Risks Life and Rides Bad Bull," *Denver Republican*, July 21, 1906. (This *Australian Letter* is significant because it gives a clue to the interest which prevailed in cowboy sports in that country, a subject which is of prime interest and under investigation by the author at the present time.) *See* Westermeier, *Man, Beast, Dust, etc.*, pp. 327-332.

the use of the title, "World's Champion," with reference to the various cowboy contests, is still a hotly contested subject. The Rodeo Cowboys Association and the International Rodeo Association, the organizations of contestants and promoters respectively, still name separately their own World Champion cowboy in each of the events.

The years immediately preceding World War I brought some changes in the cowboy sport and also some reactions toward it. As the automobile became more prominent and the possibilities of its use in racing became more evident, it displaced the horse in the racing meets on the three important holidays in Colorado and also at the county fairs in the fall months. On several occasions, however, the fearful accidents incurred caused some promoters to discontinue the automobile race. As early as 1913, airplane flights were also supplanting the cowboy sport as the main attraction for thrills and excitement at the fairs, and the lusty sport of the plains appeared to be losing ground. Although the wonders of the mechanical age infringed upon and, in some cases, dispossessed the horse of his usefulness in the West, as is revealed in the fields of entertainment, especially in the rural and agricultural areas, such was not the case in Denver. Here, the cowboy sport suffered no ill effects. Exhibitions and contests were held almost weekly at the amusement parks—Luna, Manhattan, Broadway, Lakeside and the Tuileries at Englewood; the Stockyards Stadium was the scene of some of the outstanding cowboy tournaments of the quarter century.

A big Wild West Show for the benefit of the United Spanish-American War Veterans was to be staged at the Union Stockyards Stadium, August 30, 31 and September 1, 1910. These plans aroused considerable enthusiasm because Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, the ex-president, had agreed to visit the Cheyenne Frontier Days Celebration which would be in progress three days previous to the Denver show. What would be more appropriate than to have Colonel Roosevelt entertained by a typical cowboy spectacle of the West? Consequently a fine program was arranged.[65]

In the issue of the *Denver Republican* which announced these plans, an editorial, entitled "Cut Out The Broncho Busting," voicing an entirely different opinion, also appeared:

> There does not appear to be any good reason why it should be thought necessary every time there is a Western gathering to scour the country for a few outlaw bronchos and match them in a game of conquest with riders who are experts in crushing all the heart and spirit out of them. The day when such contests provided novelty is gone along with the one when the breaking of bronchos was a part of the day's work of the West. It therefore borders on cruelty to perpetuate the practices merely to give a distinguishing tone to a form of celebration which no longer stands as characteristic of the century or its people.
>
> Those in charge of preparations for the coming visit of the former colonel of the rough riders would do well to keep any such exhibitions of brute strength out of the programme. The time of the visit will be all too short at best, and could be much more profitably occupied than by devoting a considerable part of it to a feature that would appeal to so small a number.
>
> Col. Roosevelt must by now have had his fill of broncho busting experiences. In all events any remaining desire for more will have been fully satisfied by the Frontier Day exercises at Cheyenne before he reaches Denver. Let the short time that he will be here be better and more profitably occupied.[66]

[65] "Monster Wild West Show to be Given Here," *Denver Republican*, August 14, 1910.

Nevertheless, the Stockyards Show went on. Colonel Roosevelt did not attend, but the contest was a big success, and according to the *Republican:*

LAFE LEWMAN, BULLDOGGING

> . . . the spectacular event was the "bulldogging" of an extremely fighting steer by Ben Leader, a Mexican who finally subdued the animal after a fight of 15 minutes. Chasing the animal about the green sawdust arena on horseback, Leader hurled himself from the saddle and caught the steer about the neck. Then began a wrestling match, between man and beast seldom witnessed. It was pitting his skill and comparatively small strength against the brute force of the animal. The Mexican grasped the steer by the horns and then threw his full weight on the animal's head by winding his legs about the neck of the beast. Dangling there between the long, wicked horns, the man was used as a broom by the steer, who swept the arena with him. Several times it looked as though he would be gored to death and shouts of horror went up from the spectators. After a desperate struggle Leader got between the steer's forelegs and using them as a brace, threw the animal full length on its back, much in the same way as one wrestler throws another by a full Nelson hold.[67]

Another cowboy contest at the Stockyards Stadium brought forth an editorial from the *Republican* in 1911, declaring that bronco busting was obsolete; after pointing out the disadvantages

[66] *Ibid.*

[67] "Wildest Sort of Wild West at Stockyards," *Denver Republican*, August 31, 1910.

and dangers to man and beast, the comment ends with a plea for the discontinuance of such a contest because of the lack of sportsmanship and the unappropriateness of the event:

> Really, it seems that the West has outgrown such contests and that exhibitions which are given to recall the frontier days might better be confined to less brutal tests of agility. The work of horse-breaking is necessarily cruel enough when carried on in the line of necessity and under proper conditions. The exhibition grounds do not provide those conditions under which it can be carried on with the minimum of humane consideration for the beasts. Bronco busting in America is more brutal than bull fighters in Mexico, yet were an attempt made to pull off a bull fight at one of these exhibitions the whole country would cry out against it.[68]

During the years in which cowboy contests developed from the sport of cow camp into a type of entertainment and spectator sport they were advertised under various names. At first the title, cowboy tournament, was used to describe these contests, and bronco busting exhibit or contest retained its descriptive meaning probably longer than any other title. Contests were primarily steer roping, or a combination of roping and riding; consequently, there were innumerable steer roping contests and bronco busting contests.

When cowboy sports became a part of the entertainment at local pioneer celebrations, such titles as Frontier Day, Cowboys' Reunion or Pioneer Day were used, also Stampede and Roundup. Many of the cowboy contests were advertised as Wild West Shows by the newspapers and also by the men who promoted them; some were staged in a manner similar to the Wild West Shows of Buffalo Bill, Pawnee Bill and their imitators, but always, however, there are certain factors which distinguish the Wild West Show from the cowboy tournament or rodeo as it is known today.

It is obvious that the original contests in the cow camps were real competitions, which involved an exchange of money or something of value between the loser and the winner. Later, in the tournaments, the cowboys competed for money and other prizes which were provided by the promoters of the contest. The basic difference between an exhibit and a contest is competition among the participants, and this same difference still exists between a Wild West Show and a modern rodeo. It is impossible to state an exact period or year in which such exhibits ceased and contests appeared, for even at the present time, much to the disgust of the professional rodeo cowboy, exhibits and so-called rodeos, known as Thrill Circuses, are being staged. The first appearance of the word "rodeo" for a cowboy contest can be given only by conjecture. One of the earliest references to the word in Colorado appears in the *Rocky Mountain News:*

> Cornish, one of the few remaining cow camps of this part of Colorado will give its second grand rodeo entertainment Aug. 19, 1916.

[68] "Bronco Busting Obsolete," *Denver Republican*, August 23, 1911.

> There will be a much larger and better field of outlaw horses and mules there this year than last, and $125 more in cash prizes will be offered for the contests. The winner of the bucking, roping and trick-riding features here will enter the big events at Frontier Days' show in Cheyenne the following week, as a representative of this part of Colorado.[69]

It is quite possible that the word was used by cowboys to designate their sport, but it does not appear in the accounts of the chroniclers until the first annual Colorado Springs contest in August 1921.[70] In that year also the headlines of an article for the first annual Arapahoe county contest read, "Thousands Get Thrill At Littleton Rodeo." From this time on the word becomes synonymous with cowboy contest.

During World War I when entertainment was curtailed, the number of cowboy contests diminished considerably. However, during August of 1917, the Colorado Guardsmen's Athletic Carnival at Overland Park featured a bucking bronco contest as one of the events of a full-day sports program. Prairie Lily Allen and Mrs. Margaret (Ed) Wright rode broncos to thrill the spectators in this farewell show.[71] A few hours later Margaret Wright was killed at Union Park in a bronco riding exhibit for a motion picture company.[72]

At the conclusion of the war there was a revival of rodeo and in the years immediately following some of the largest and most renowned rodeos and cowboy contests of Colorado began. During the second week in August, 1919, the Spanish Trails-Mesa Verde Highway association held a convention in Durango. The visitors attended the first stampede at Monte Vista which provided a full program consisting of a parade, relay race, wild horse race, bronco busting, bulldogging, cowboy and cowgirl roping and riding events. More than $2,000 in prize money was awarded to the contestants. This was the beginning of the Monte Vista Ski-Hi Stampede which has been held annually since that time and is one of the great cowboy contests of all times.[73]

This event was so successful that Durango decided to revive the "thrills of the Wild West." The event was scheduled for the latter part of September and included all the contests listed at the Stampede, plus goat roping and bareback bronco riding. A sum of $5,000 was raised to award the winning cowboys during the four-day celebration. This was the forerunner of the famous Spanish

[69] "Cornish, Wild Cow Camp to Hold Its Second Rodeo," *Rocky Mountain News*, July 15, 1916.

[70] "10,000 See Rodeo at Springs," *Rocky Mountain News*, August 23, 1912; "Springs Rodeo Huge Success," *Denver Times*, August 23, 1921; "Springs Rodeo Comes to End," *Denver Times*, August 25, 1921.

[71] "10,000 See Soldier Athletes 'Farewell' Field Events," *Rocky Mountain News*, August 15, 1917.

[72] "Champion Woman Rider Killed as Horse Bolts," *Rocky Mountain News*, August 15, 1917.

[73] "Durango Will Turn Out In Crowds for Old Trails Meetings," *Rocky Mountains News*, August 7, 1919; "15,000 Spectators Attend Stampede at Monte Vista," *Rocky Mountain News*, August 13, 1919.

Trails Fiesta of today, a contest which immediately follows the Monte Vista Stampede.[74]

Colorado Springs held its first annual rodeo in August, 1921, and Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Penrose were hosts at the Broadmoor Hotel to the promoters and participants. On this occasion, "Roy Jones, champion trick roper, exhibited his talents including roping a $10,000 chandelier without harming it."[75] The rodeo was a huge success, and the attendance on the first day was a record crowd of 8,000-8,500.[76]

The obvious success of these three outstanding contests (the Gunnison Stockmen's Association was then celebrating its 22nd annual contest), and also the many smaller, but no less important contests, caused Denver to attempt to step back into the picture and produce a rodeo. The Knights of Columbus sponsored the United States Championship Rodeo which was scheduled for August 1, 2 and 3, 1923; the dates, however, conflicted with the earlier advertised dates of the Monte Vista Stampede. The officials of the latter contest appealed for a change of dates for the Denver Show. After several days and much discussion, the Knights of Columbus, to reduce the feeling of "sectionalism between any parts of the state," agreed on the second week in August, thus eliminating interference with the Western Slope contest and also with the Frontier Day contest at Cheyenne, Wyoming. William T. Roche, chairman of the rodeo, summarized this move simply, "If we do not change our dates, others in southern Colorado may believe we are 'hogging' and will blame us and Denver for it."[77]

The change in date meant not only a loss of many spectators on the Colorado Day holiday, but also a loss of performers. This, in addition to difficulties which arose during the show, such as trouble with the Humane Society, confusion about contracts and a law suit, brought an end to attempts at staging "big time" contests in Denver.[78] Thus, Denver, for a third time, lost the opportunity to be a center of a great annual cowboy contest. Negligence, apathy, short-sightedness and, in this last case, acquiescence had defeated the dreams of the promoters; however, Denver staged a significant come back at a later date with her National Western Stock Show and Rodeo which will be discussed in detail in the final section of this study.

As the first quarter of the century drifted into the past, the accounts in the newspapers of cowboy sports and rodeo were

[74] "Durango Will Revive Thrills of Wild West," *Rocky Mountain News*, August 18, 1919.
[75] "Springs Rodeo Huge Success," *Denver Times*, August 23, 1921.
[76] "Springs Rodeo Comes to End," *Denver Times*, August 25, 1921.
[77] "Monte Vista Stampede Officials Protest Date Set for Championship Rodeo Here," *Rocky Mountain News*, June 14, 1923; "Rodeo Date Changed So Monte Vista May Stage Big Stampede," *Rocky Mountain News*, June 19, 1923.
[78] "Four Rodeo Riders are Arrested Here," *Rocky Mountain News*, August 8, 1923. "Ghost of Forlorn Pageant of Progress Invades Knights of Columbus Rodeo," *Rocky Mountain News*, August 10, 1923.

competing with such spectacular headlines as the "Monkey Trial" of Tennessee, the Ku Klux Klan, the Teapot Dome Scandal, the Passing of William J. Bryan, the Election of Coolidge, the Moffat Tunnel Project, the Reign of the Bootleggers and numerous other regional and national happenings. Rodeo was making no serious effort to overshadow these spectacular and momentary sensations; it had gained ground and wanted to hold it.

Twenty-five years earlier it had provided a means of social contact for the men of the range, at contests in which they could compete in a sport of strength and skill. In 1900, the roundup of steers, the roping of animals, and the "gentling" of unbroken horses was still a business which was carried on during the week and became a recreation on Sunday. These days of recreation at the different ranches created an interest for meetings between the "hands" of several ranches at a central spot for a day of roping and riding sports. Thus developed in the rural areas annual contests of the stockmen's associations, and the success of these celebrations caused the promoters to stage these contests in the cities as attractions for the visitors on vacation or in attendance at conventions and national meetings.

In the course of years professional events were added to those which at first were considered strictly amateur; thus were developed the Cowboy Reunions, the Stampedes, the Frontier Days, the Roundups and probably better known, the Rodeos, as a leading sport event and entertainment in the annals of the West.

Originally the cowboys came a-horse-back, camping out on the way, bringing their own outlaw horses to compete in the broncho busting; by this time, however, they came in their cars, paid entry fees to compete for thousands of dollars in prize money, and they struck whenever they felt they were unjustly treated. In a quarter century the cowboy sport had not only gained ground but had consolidated its gains. The West was still the home of the rodeo, but the time was rapidly approaching when the sectional barrier would be removed. The humble cowboy sport had spectator appeal, and contests were being staged in the largest cities of the nation from coast to coast.

At the end of the first quarter of the twentieth century rodeo was on the threshold of undreamed success. It was still to grow into one of the great spectator sports of the century, it was yet to organize and expand, have a gate receipt which would equal those of baseball and football, and a following of millions of fans. Colorado had contributed greatly to the achievements of rodeo and in the next twenty-five years would continue to support and nurture the spirit of the Old West in the sport of the "Plain State"—Rodeo.

Race Horses Galore

CHARLES ELMER BJORK*

In 1877, Bradford H. Dubois and his brother, Major J. J. Dubois, arrived at Leadville, Colorado from Illinois and became interested in the mines there. Bradford H. with three others located the Maid of Erin Mine, which up to 1897 produced six million dollars. They also located the Chrysolite mine.

In addition, Bradford H. was Vice President of the Hill Top Mining Company in Chaffee County. At the suggestion of Major Dubois the name Slabtown was changed to Leadville.

In 1885, Bradford purchased a tract of 750 acres of land under the High Line Ditch, one and one-half miles east of the city limits of Denver at Alameda Avenue. There general farm products were grown. He also raised standard bred horses, several of which made

*Mr. Bjork, who was at one time a member of the Denver Fire Department, has previously contributed to this magazine.

World records. He was president of the State Sanitary Board. His brother, Major Dubois, was manager of the farm.

I started to work for them in the winter of 1897 as caretaker of some of the racing stock. I had a string of seven to look after. They were all harness horses, trotters and pacers. Superior, a pacer, a beautiful sorrel stallion had an established mark of 2:17¼. Colonel John D. Morrisey of Leadville, had bought him for $7,000 at Elgin, Illinois and had sold him for $10,000 to the Dubois Brothers. He was very gentle, not at all vicious and easy to handle and take care of. He ran at the Fair Grounds racing meet at Pueblo, Colorado, but received an injury to one leg while being loaded into a railway car, which unfitted him for racing. He was therefore used only for breeding purposes. He was the sire of many fine colts, which the owners named after minerals such as: Carbonate, Sulphide, Chloride and so on. Prosper, a three-year-old bay stallion was one of his colts. Then there was Beulah, a large light-gray mare, who had won $2,000 in the trotting class at Mason City, Iowa with a mark of 2:14¼. Others were Sunbeam, a sorrel mare, a trotter; Olga a gray mare trotter; and Carbonate and Sulphide, young colts.

CHARLES ELMER BJORK WHEN A FIREMAN FOR CITY OF DENVER

The horses were all kept in separate box-stalls and had to be well groomed and well cared for. The trainers were J. J. Weaver and Julius H. Stellar. The latter trained the horses that I looked after. There was a one-half mile oval track adjacent to the racing barns where the horses were trained. Some of them took part in several racing meets at Overland Park in Denver.

We had our sleeping quarters in a building near the barns. In the evenings for amusement the other attendants and I would play checkers and card games or read. There was plenty of reading matter including magazines. The Dubois Brothers subscribed regularly to the *Breeder and Sportsman*, a weekly, *The Horse Review*, and others. Sometimes we would just sit and talk and tell stories or listen to a phonograph.

Our meals were served at the farm house, about a quarter of a mile away. There was a woman cook of Swedish descent and the meals served were excellent and wholesome.

The work horses used on the farm and the milk cows were kept at another barn in a separate location from our barn.

Major Dubois was a tall, portly man of distinguished appearance and of a jovial and friendly disposition. When he was feeling real good he had a habit of throwing a silver dollar up in the air while walking and catching it again as it came down. I found out that was a good time to approach him for a favor. For instance, if I wanted the loan of a horse and saddle upon which to ride into town to see a circus or something like that, he never refused the request. I remember one time when Ringling Brothers Circus was showing in Denver, I wanted to ride into town to see it. There was no saddle pony available just then, but Major Dubois said I could use a mule instead, if I'd be careful. He cautioned me not to leave the mule hitched at the circus grounds, so I rode the mule and left him in the yard at my brother-in-law's place in south Denver. Then I went on a streetcar from there to the circus and back. When the show was over I rode the mule back to the farm.

The two Dubois Brothers also conducted a saloon in Denver that was well patronized by the sporting fraternity. It was located on the west side of Lawrence Street near 17th Street. It was called the Silver Dollar Saloon. There was a big clock outside the building at the curb line, with the name Silver Dollar on its face. The interior fixtures of the saloon were of finely finished hard wood such as mahogany and cherry of superb workmanship. Large and expensive oil paintings with ornate gilded frames, of women in the nude and famous race horses adorned the walls. The floor was of tile and a good many silver dollars were scattered here and there under glass tiles in the floor. It often happened that a stranger coming in would reach down to try and pick up one of the dollars, which of course he couldn't do, as they were set in cement under the glass. That would bring a laugh from the onlookers and the suggestion that the joke was on him. The stranger generally treated the house to drinks with good grace. The saloon was under the management of W. T. (Billy) Duncan, and was one of Denver's famous early landmarks.

These Dubois brothers also owned a cattle and hay ranch in the Arkansas Valley, about six miles below Leadville, where they raised thousands of cattle. Thomas M'Quaid, owner of the Salt Works Ranch, near Antero Junction, in Park County, who knew them then, once told me that they had an adopted son, eighteen. In some manner he became indebted to Mr. M'Quaid to the extent of one thousand dollars. The debt was settled by letting M'Quaid purchase from the Dubois brothers, one thousand dogie steers for a dollar a head on the hoof!

On Sundays my duties were light. I had only to feed and water the horses in the morning and evening. Sometimes on a Sunday afternoon I would go over and visit a friend at a large dairy

farm adjoining the Dubois Brothers farm, where a great many pure bred Holstein cows were kept. That was the original Windsor Farm Dairy, famous for the excellence of its products.

Sometimes when I had a little spare time, the major would permit me to go hunting. Mr. Thorell foreman of the agricultural part of the farm, would loan a shotgun and some ammunition to me. There were rabbits, snipe, killdeer, doves and sometimes wild ducks in the vicinity. There was a small lake on the Dubois place a short distance from the racing stables, where the ducks would congregate at times. A low hill lay in between the lake and the barns, which shut off the view. But there was a windmill at an artesian well in a nearby pasture with a 20-foot steel tower attached to it. By climbing the tower I could look over and see if there were any ducks. Then I would get the gun, which I kept handy, and try my luck at shooting them. Sometimes I would get quite a few. One time when Bradford Dubois was out at the farm I asked him to come down to the lake and try his luck at hunting. He managed to get several ducks.

A good many visitors, both men and women, would come out from Denver on Sundays to see the horses. Some would bring Kodaks along and take pictures of them.

Once when I had gone to Denver for a visit, (I was riding a pony), I stopped a runaway horse attached to an express wagon. The driver came running, all out of breath, and gave me a dollar for stopping the runaway.

One day I became possessed of the notion that I could drive one of my horses on a work-out exercise around the track. Accordingly I hitched Sunbeam, the sorrel mare, to a sulky and took off. After two rounds of the half-mile track, she took the bit between her teeth and really speeded up. It was about all I could do to hold her back. Faster and faster we went on another round and she really kicked up the dust and was just getting into a good stride when the Major showed up and spotted us.

"Hey boy!" he yelled. "You unhitch that mare and put her right back in the barn! Leave that workout business to your elders, the regular trainers."

I hadn't meant any harm. I thought I could just as well exercise her as anyone else, but I suppose he reasoned I was a little too young to drive fast horses. That was the only time I was ever "bawled out" by the Major. You see, I was only sixteen then.

I had a friend in Denver, Alfred Carlson by name, a lad about my own age. I spoke of him to Major Dubois and he gave him a job too, at the same work I was doing. Things were more pleasant after he came.

When the racing meet started at Overland Park the following

June, I was surprised to learn that Julius Stellar, the trainer had shot himself, committed suicide, over a love affair. Perhaps it also was brought on by an over indulgence in strong drink.