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The Episcopalian Diocese of Colorado

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Starting our excursion into the past in search of the beginning of the Diocese of Colorado we journey through the years of the present century, through the nineties, the eighties, the seventies and the sixties of the last century to the 17th day of January, 1860. That day marked the arrival of the Rev. John H. Kehler who came from a small parish in Sheppardstown, Virginia.

It was a busy time for the world in general. In England Gladstone and Disraeli, Carlyle and Ruskin, Watts and Turner, Tennyson and Browning were lifting the Victorian era to its glorious zenith. The Emperor Napoleon III and his beautiful consort Eugenie were on the throne of France, assured that no foe from without or within could ever imperil their dynasty. In Prussia Bismarck was dreaming of the German Empire which he brought into being ten years later. Farther south Victor Emmanuel and Cavour and Garibaldi were planning the creation of modern Italy. Buchanan was in the White House and the United States of America was drifting toward civil war.

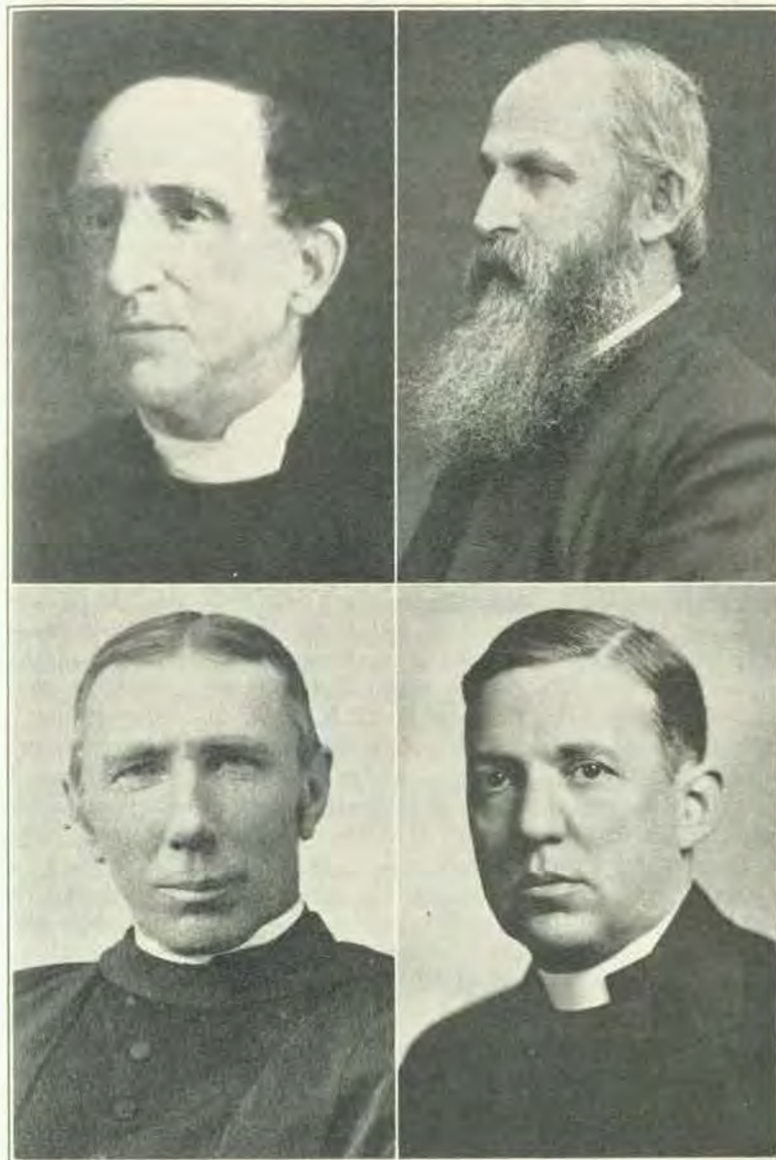
Occasionally but not often the covered wagons left the beaten tracks of the Oregon and Santa Fe trails to follow the meanderings of the South Platte. In the course of their long trek they came to the point where Cherry Creek joins the river—Cherry Creek with its strange name, the most insignificant, useless and unpresentable of streams. A more unprepossessing or unpromising site for a city could hardly be imagined. But here somebody built a cabin, to be followed by another and another. They called the place Auraria. And on the 29th of January, 1860, twelve days after his arrival, in a cabin or tent on what is now lower Market Street in Denver, Father Kehler held a service and organized the Parish of St. John's in the Wilderness. No date is more memorable in our church history. The intrepid missionary retained his rectorship till the end of the year 1861 when, as the Chaplain of the First Regiment of Colorado Volunteers, he marched away to war.

In the school geographies of that day a vast region of which the present State of Colorado is a part was described as the Great

*Mr. Ring of Denver gave this address at the Annual Convention of the Episcopalian Diocese of Colorado at Denver, April 20, 1936.—Ed.

American Desert. Colorado was admitted as a Territory in February, 1861, and what is now the Diocese of Colorado was then a part of the great Northwest Missionary Jurisdiction of which, from 1859 to 1865, Bishop Joseph Cruikshank Talbot had charge. His first visitation was made in 1861 and in the city of the plains, the future Denver, he was gratified to find a flourishing parish, maintaining regular worship in a rented building. In the summer of that year Bishop Talbot organized his first parish, the Second in the Diocese, St. Paul's at Central City, whose population at the time was greater than that of Denver. The story of Bishop Talbot's labors for the next five years is an epic. Only a poet could do it justice. It is said that John Wesley, who by the way remained a clergyman of the Church of England to the day of his death, visited and preached anywhere and everywhere, in many places which to this day are all but inaccessible. How he ever got there is more or less a mystery. This is true of Bishop Talbot. He is known to have reached and held services in districts which are still difficult of access. On horseback and on snowshoes he traveled untrodden paths over the mountains and through the great mountain parks, following where he could the trails of the wild animals, the bear and the buffalo, the red man and the trapper. Against obstacles and discouragements to test the stoutest faith, he carried on, starting many parishes, at Empire, Idaho Springs, Gold Dust, Black Hawk, Nevadaville, Golden. Under the blessing of God the work of the great missionary endures.

In 1865 the area of the Diocese was lessened but it still included an immense region of which Montana, Idaho and Wyoming were a part. The following year Bishop Talbot went to Indiana and Bishop George M. Randall came West. His new field offered little to invite or inspire. Denver was hardly more than a stop-over point on the way to the mines. There was indeed little expectation or hope that Colorado would ever be anything more than a collection of mining camps and ghost towns. Colorado Springs, Greeley, Longmont did not exist. But the Bishop's dauntless spirit rose to every emergency. He was a tireless traveler and tremendous worker. As a clergyman he belonged to the formal and conservative school. His long black coat and silk hat were familiar to every section of the eastern and western slopes. Broad in culture, virile in the pulpit, wise in counsel, fearless in leadership, to him perhaps more than to any other human being, the Diocese owes its foundation, its growth, its prosperity. The churches built under his direction and consecrated by him make an impressive list. Christ Church at Nevadaville, Emmanuel at Empire, Calvary at Golden, St. Peter's at Pueblo, Calvary at Idaho Springs, St. Paul's at Littleton, Grace at Georgetown, St. Mark's at Cheyenne and St. Matthew's at Laramie. Bishop Randall was a great citizen,



Upper left: Bishop George M. Randall (from painting in State Museum). Upper right: Bishop John F. Spalding. Lower left: Dean H. Martyn Hart. Lower right: Dean Benjamin D. Dagwell.

honored and beloved in his day. In 1872 death put an end to his earthly career. The church cherishes and will ever cherish his name in affectionate remembrance.

In 1868 the boundaries of the Diocese were again changed to include Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona. February 27, 1874, Bishop Randall's successor, John Franklin Spalding, arrived in Denver, then a city of 11,000. During the interregnum of two years between the passing of Bishop Randall and the coming of Bishop Spalding, the work in this vast field had lagged behind and considerable ground was lost. Some of the missionaries had left their posts and the flocks were scattering. The time was critical and the task hard. The Bishop's jurisdiction covered 323,995 square miles and his assisting clergy numbered only seven. But Bishop Spalding was the man for the occasion, a man of destiny indeed. The financial problems of the Diocese were desperate and needed above everything the counsel and direction of a financier. There is a genius for business as there is for painting and poetry and war. And the Bishop's ability as a business man rose to the level of genius.

Bishop Spalding was a giant in stature, blessed with great physical strength and energy in addition to faith, hope and earnest religious convictions. He remained as head of the Diocese until his death in 1902, an interval of 28 years. He saw Denver emerge from its hobble-de-hoy period and assume the dignity and sophistication of a city, the remote town of 11,000 grow into the State Capital of 200,000. We can claim for him the title of empire builder, one of a remarkable group, those men of vision, Governor John Evans, David H. Moffat, Judge Moses Hallett, Benjamin H. Eaton and General William J. Palmer. His Diocese kept pace with the State in the great days of its growth in agriculture, industrialism, architecture and education. He found in 1874 only two self-sustaining parishes, St. John's in the Wilderness in Denver and St. Paul's in Central City which had maintained themselves from the beginning. The number of church buildings was eleven, two dating from the time of Bishop Talbot and nine from the time of Bishop Randall. Bishop Spalding left one hundred—churches, schools, chapels, missions, rectories, hospital units—and the church property, under his wise direction, increased from $30,000.00 to $1,150,000.00, excluding mortgages. The best summary of his career is that of Bishop Boyd Vincent of Southern Ohio who said of him in a memorial sermon: "If, looking back at his whole ministry, we were to try to sum it all up in a single word, that word would be '*Accomplishment*.' "

In a monograph written by William M. Spalding some years ago he tells of the Bishop's long absences from home, riding on horseback or in stage coaches and wagons, holding services in buildings of all kinds, even in saloons and gambling halls, and of one famous gambler passing his hat for offerings and enforcing a demand for an increased contribution from a quarter to a dollar at the point of his revolver.

The Diocese has had its heroines as well as its heroes. One was Mrs. Lavinia Spalding, the Bishop's wife. Reared in luxury as the daughter of an Erie, Pennsylvania, banker her life from her earliest years was one of conspicuous service to the church. Sharing her husband's bent for organization and management, she served for forty-five years as Chairman of the Board of St. Luke's Hospital. Her activities in other directions were numerous and efficient. She told me, with natural and pardonable pride, that hers had been the pleasure of hearing her husband and son preach in Westminster Abbey. Her son, of course, was Bishop Franklin Spencer Spalding of Utah, whose tragic death on the streets of Salt Lake City was the great sorrow of his mother's life.

The place of the Spalding name in Colorado history is secure. The paintings of Elisabeth Spalding hang with those of Charles Partridge Adams and Harvey Young in the galleries of many cities.

As the tide of immigration continued to flow westward with ever increasing volume the Great American Desert disappeared from the map. In 1885 the Missionary District of Colorado was organized as a Diocese, and admitted into union with the General Convention in 1886, just fifty years ago.

In 1902 Charles Sanford Olmsted of Indiana became Bishop. In 1917 Irving Peake Johnson of Minnesota became Coadjutor, succeeding Charles Sanford Olmsted as Bishop upon the latter's death in 1918. In 1921 Fred Ingley of Colorado was named Coadjutor. The Diocese continues under their fortunate direction to this date. Much will be written of this period, but not yet. It lacks the necessary perspective. Bishop Johnson and Bishop Ingley and the Diocese of their day must await the pens of future, abler historians. The story lies beyond the confines of this sketch.

Bishop Talbot made St. John's in the Wilderness his pro-Cathedral and Denver has ever since remained the Cathedral town. When Father Kehler gave up his charge to become an army chaplain his place was taken by Dr. Horace B. Hitchings of New York. He remained for six years one of the most saintly and beloved of St. John's Rectors. To the end of his long life he kept his affection for St. John's. At his death in 1917 he left it his considerable fortune. Fittingly indeed he sleeps at the side of his great successor Dean Hart in the shadow of the Cathedral walls.

Dr. Hitchings was followed by Walter H. Moore and P. Voorhies Finch who served short pastorates and in 1879 Henry Martyn Hart came from Blackheath, England. The coming of Dean Hart

was an event for the Diocese, for Denver and for Colorado. He was a great Churchman, as great as Colorado has ever known. For forty years as Dean of St. John's his commanding figure held attention for originality, independence and courage. Strong friendships and strong enmities were his lot. To the last he remained an Englishman. His home was an English home, his Cathedral an English Cathedral. He gave to the service a color and glamour comparable to the venerable Cathedrals of old England, all of which he knew and of which he loved to talk—Ely, Lincoln, Durham. One of the Dean's fortes was music. He was familiar with the lives and works of the great masters. A discriminating critic and lover of the best his musical service from the early eighties was nationally known and admired. To be sure, he had the cooperation of one of the world's great organists, his fellow countryman, Dr. John H. Gower.

On the triangular lot at Broadway, Welton Street and Twentieth Avenue a Cathedral was built at a cost of $130,000.00 and opened for service in 1881. The structure was of stone and brick in the Romanesque style, with nave, transept, aisles and chancel, in apse form. It had a seating capacity of 1,000. In the crypt was a chapel with a seating capacity of 200 and also Sunday School, Choir and Guild rooms. The stained glass windows were from Frampton of England. At the Cathedral the prayer book, in the integrity of its rubrics, was lived up to, and in its unvarying observances of all feast, fast and Saint's days, it stood for the old historic idea of a Cathedral of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church.

The Cathedral was destroyed by fire in 1903. Following the trend of Denver's growth to the southeast the Diocese acquired the block on Capitol Hill bounded by 13th Avenue, Washington Street, 14th Avenue and Clarkson Street. The Chapter House was completed in 1905 and the nave and temporary chancel of the Cathedral in 1911, at a cost of $300,000.00. To these has been added St. Martin's Chapel, whose interior is embellished with carvings and paintings, memorials to Charles F. Hendrie and Mrs. Edwin B. Hendrie.

In 1919, after forty years of faithful service, death closed the brilliant earthly career of Dean Hart. For a year and a half the Cathedral was in charge of Canon Frank F. Beckerman and then Duncan Hodge Browne, now of Chicago, was elected Dean. He was succeeded by Benjamin D. Dagwell who after a successful pastorate of eleven years, went to the Pacific Coast to enter upon his duties as the newly-elected Bishop of Oregon. Paul Roberts of Colorado Springs now assumes the title of Dean. Under the guidance of Dean Roberts, with his devoted assistant, Canon Watts, and with Karl O. Staps in charge of the choir, the Diocese has

every guaranty that St. John's in the Wilderness will witness no departure from its splendid traditions.

And now our story must close, a story which began with Bishop Talbot's shadowy figure and ends with Bishop Johnson's inspiring presence. We leave it unfinished. Today the Diocese includes twenty-three parishes and sixty-six missions and preaching stations. Our churches dot the pariries and the mountain valleys. Each church has its interesting history. To do them justice would require, not an evening's hurried sketch, but a portly volume. Not to mention the rectors of great gifts and high characters who have filled and are now filling the pulpits of our cities and towns, and the brave men who, far from the Cathedral, on the sparsely settled frontiers have held and are now holding the outposts of our faith, is to leave blank all but a very few pages in the long history of the Diocese of Colordao. But it must be so.

Astronomers tell us that on a starlit Colorado night only a fraction of the light comes from the visible stars. The light reaches the earth from the invisible stars.

One need not be a Bishop Randall or a Dean Hart to shed the light of his example on our path through this old world.

And so, to the span of seventy-six years, with all of its clustering memories, good night.

Grand Junction's First Year, 1882

WALKER D. WYMAN*

With the removal of the Ute Indians in September, 1881, and the staking of the first claims in Grand valley, the bare beginnings of Grand Junction were made.[1] The land company preempted section fourteen and by the devious methods of frontier "statescraft" attempted to hold that irrespective of the wishes of certain poachers. By January, 1882, the valley land for miles along the river had been claimed, and tents were being replaced by cabins.[2] Otto Mears is quoted as saying that he doubted "if there is a decent site for a ranch in either the valleys of the Uncompahgre, Gunnison, or Grand rivers that has not already been taken up."[3] "About 150 single men and only two ladies * * *" made up the resident population.[4] A great majority of them were from Gunnison.

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[1]For this part of Grand Junction's history, consult the writer's "A Preface to the settlement of Grand Junction," *Colorado Magazine*, January, 1933, and "Staking the First Ranch at Grand Junction, Colorado," *ibid.*, November, 1934.

[2]R. D. Mobley had written in the *Gunnison Review*, November 19, 1881, that only land back from the river was available at that date.

[3]C. B. Goodykoontz, in *History of Colorado* (Edited by Baker and Hafen), II, 460.

[4]Mobley, in *Gunnison Review*, January 21, 1882.

The business houses had increased materially in number since December 15 when C. E. Mitchell and Company had started the first store.[5] There were now two groceries, one grocery and liquor store, one restaurant, one boarding house, one blacksmith shop, one saloon, and one meat market.[6] The two lawyers stated they were "prepared at any and all times to serve customers, particularly with marriage ceremony. We have a standing offer of a choice town lot to the first lady that gets married in our town, a free ceremony in the bargain, and will tie the knot either hard or soft, tight or loose. * * *"[7]

It may have been the high cost of living as well as the dearth of available women that postponed the first marriage, that of Thomas Keeher and Terressie Bonholzer, until August 10.[8] Times were hard, work for wages was scarce, and in all, the pioneer life must have been quite dull and exacting to many who came. Lumber for cabins was in demand, while experiments in the manufacturing of "dobie" were under way; but the hand-drawn bucksaws continued to serve the groping architects as they fashioned the logs for their new houses.

This new society had problems other than shelter. Land titles, food supply, and those elemental things of civilization such as law and order, schools, and religious observances — these pressed strongly for a solution the first summer of Grand Junction's existence.

By the treaty of 1880 the Ute Reservation was believed to be public lands. Allotments were to be made to the Indians in severalty, after which the remaining land should be open to settlement. Twelve townships along the Colorado River were subsequently surveyed. When in the following year the Utes were removed to the Uintah Basin in Utah there seemed to be no question but that all this land was open to settlement, not under the Homestead Act, but by cash entry only. It was also believed that the Act of 1880 made possible legal townsites on this reservation.[9]

Accordingly the settlers staked their claims, filed them in Leadville, and proceeded to "prove up." The Town Company,

[5]Letter to Denver *Tribune* by W. A. E. De Beque, quoted in *Grand Junction News*, March 24, 1883.

[6]The line between a grocery and a saloon, or between a restaurant and a boarding house, was not tightly drawn. Mobley lists these firms in the *Gunnison Review*, January 21, 1882: Mitchell and Mistiviech, groceries; Layton and Geary, groceries; Irwin and Fenlon, groceries and liquors; Talifareau and McGovern, restaurant; Wm. Green, boarding house; Thos. Williams, blacksmith; Christley and Graham, saloon; Giles and Bates, meat market.

[7]*Ibid.*

[8]*Grand Junction News*, November 4, 1882.

[9]For the various acts consult the "Report of the Secretary of Interior," *House Executive Documents*, 47th Congress, 1st Session, No. 1, Part 5, Vol. IX, p. 409. *Ibid.*, 47th Congress, 2nd Session, No. 1, Part 5.

headed by George Addison Crawford,[10] made its claim September 26, 1881, and engaged two men to build cabins and to protect the site from claim-jumpers.[11] The site was surveyed the following January by Samuel Wade, and the plot was lithographed in New York in May and June.[12] Of the 165 blocks, four lots were reserved for the Episcopal, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Congregational Churches; four for elementary schools, and one whole square for a high school; four lots for use of fire department; four for a county infirmary; one for Y. M. C. A.; suitable land near the center of the section for the court house, city hall, public library, armory, city and county jails; and town parks were to occupy the center of the four quarter sections.[13]

The pioneers had organized a "Settlers Protective Association" early in the year in order that "law and order" might prevail until the lands came on to the market. A claimant was allowed thirty days after staking his claim to build a house and sixty days after that date to live on his claim.[14] However, the settlers seemed to have had no trouble with the poachers; but the Town Company did.[15] In spite of contested rights, Crawford applied at Leadville for a patent on December 5, and "had no difficulty whatever in proving up and showing his right to a patent. * * *"[16] Thereafter purchasers of town lots were assured warranty deeds. Congress in an Act of July 28, 1882, after holding that the Ute lands were not public lands, "confirmed" the entries, settlements, and locations within the ten-mile strip of those who had entered therein believing it to be public land, subject, however, to the payment of the price fixed by law for the benefit of the Indians."[17] In 1889 a suit to cancel the entry of the Town Company was started but self-

[10]The officers were thus given in the *Grand Junction News*, October 28, 1882: Crawford, President and General Manager; R. D. Mobley, Secretary; James W. Bucklin and Wm. Nishivitz, Grand Junction; M. Rush Warner, Gunnison; Allison White and H. E. Hood, Philadelphia; A. McDonald, New York; and the D. and R. G. Railway.

Crawford apparently had considerable trouble with the company's finances. He was allowed an unusual salary of $3,000 and expenses. His diary for 1881 and 1882 is in the Colorado State Historical Society's Library, a copy being in the possession of the writer.

[11]"Staking the First Ranch in Grand Junction, Colorado," *Colorado Magazine*, November, 1934, pp. 210-211. The townsite had been chosen after perusal of the Indian survey maps on file in Gunnison, according to C. Nickols in a letter to the Grand Junction *Sentinel*, May 26, 1925.

[12]*Grand Junction News*, October 28, 1882; Crawford, *Diary* (in possession of the State Historical Society of Colorado), entry of May 13. The cost for the lithographing was $78 per hundred.

[13]Mobley in the *Gunnison Review*, April 18, 1882; and the *Grand Junction News*, December 2, 1882.

[14]*Gunnison Review*, January 21, 1882.

[15]Wm. McGinley, *Interview*, 1930; and Crawford, *Diary*, entry of January 3, 4, and 10, 1882. It is legend around Grand Junction today that one claim-jumper "disappeared." McGinley states that he was offered the job of causing another to do likewise.

[16]*Grand Junction News*, December 9, 1882.

[17]See the *Digest of Decisions of the Department of the Interior and General Land Office in Cases Relating to the Public Lands*, Vols. I-XXII, pp. 280-281; also *Statutes of the United States of America passed at the First Session of the Forty-Seventh Congress, 1881-1882*, p. 178.

appointed officers drove from town the contestant, and the case was dropped.[18]

The new town being located in Gunnison County, the seat of justice was Gunnison. The inconvenience of this arrangement caused citizens to meet in July to elect a mayor, land recorder, clerk, trustees, street commissioner, attorney, and marshal. While the new county of Mesa was not to be created for another year, local government supplemented that of Gunnison County in preserving property rights and personal liberty.

For most every article of food and clothing, these pioneers were dependent upon Gunnison. Not only the distance but the condition of and the cost for the use of the toll road was a serious impediment to commerce.[19] A raft and a skiff served as a bridge—the raft being replaced by a flatboat with a rope cable in the fall of 1882.[20] Consequently the settlers had every incentive to become economically self-sustaining. The difficulties were time and water. In the winter of 1881-1882 Douglas Blain and the Oldhams (located by the river south of the present Clifton) dug the first irrigation ditch.[21] The "Pioneer Canal" and the "Pacific Slope Ditch Company" were completed by summer. The latter gave needed employment (for wages and stock) to the citizens, and had water running through the streets of the townsite by June and made unpopular the further use of the one well, or the carrying of water from the muddy Colorado.[22] It was not until much later that the irrigation problem was satisfactorily solved, and then it was through the aid of the federal government.

The optimism generated by these early attempts at irrigation was great. Release from the eastern slope was seen for Gunnison as well as Grand valley. One official wrote to a Gunnison editor that he would be treated to forty pound melons, green corn, *et al.*, by August 15. The prophecy came true. The first "mess of potatoes" from a local garden was reported on June 11. By August, it was optimistically reported in the *Colorado Farmer*, corn stalks stood ten feet high, oats five and one-half feet, and alfalfa eighteen inches.[23] The harvest, while not great, did much to provide food for the expanding community during the coming winter. In the fall of 1881 several thousand head of cattle were driven in from Utah, to be sold the following spring to the local butcher, and to

[18]Speech by Sam McMullin at Rotary Banquet, Grand Junction *Sentinel*, March 9, 1930.

[19]Mobley wrote that on every trip $10 or $15 was "yanked out of the freighter" by the toll road company, which did nothing to improve a road costing only $250 originally. *Gunnison Review*, January 1, and June 10, 1882.

[20]*Ibid.*, April 15, 1882; *Grand Junction News*, October 28, 1882; article by Edwin Price, *Sentinel*, March 2, 1930; and interviews.

[21]G. Blain in an interview, 1930; Mrs. N. D. Underhill, *Reminiscences*, written for the writer, 1930.

[22]The capitalization was $50,000. The company paid $3 cash and $5 in stock to a man and team, $1 cash and $2 in stock to laborers without teams. *Gunnison Review*, April 15 and June 10, 1882.

[23]*Grand Junction News*, October 28, 1882.

the beef contractors at the Uncompahgre Cantonment. Several thousand sheep were pastured in the vicinity in the fall of 1882. Indeed, cattle and sheep raising was firmly intrenched at the end of the first year.[24]

Cultivation of fruit began as soon as irrigation came into existence. To Elam Blaine is given the honor of planting the first apple and peach trees. Likewise by him was made the first harvest in 1884.[25] D. S. Grimes of Denver turned his attention to the valley rather early, and by December had organized a company, of which he was president, capitalized at $25,000. Plans were made to plant 100,000 trees on the south side of the river two miles above town. This valley, he stated, promised to be "the best fruit growing portion of the country lying between Salt Lake, on the west, and the eastern part of Kansas. * * *"[26]

Railroad connection with the outside world was desired above all other things. Assurance that the D. and R. G. would run through Grand Junction was made when that railway corporation purchased one-half interest in the Town Company.[27]

"Accepting the routes nature has made," stated the *News*, "three railroads [Denver and South Park, Eagle River Branch of the D. and R. G., and the D. and R. G. Utah extension] are already projected to Grand Junction and their surveys and stakes surround it in a triangle * * * a circumstance unprecedented in the history of any town of like age. * * * The cannonade of the blasting is heard day and night. They [the D. and R. G. Utah Extension] are our army of relief—of rescue. * * *"[28]

It was known that soon the locomotive would come "smoking and snorting into Grand Junction, bringing with it thousands of people to populate our beautiful valley, and all the conveniences and comforts that are enjoyed by the people of older cities of our State. * * *"[29] Soon the horseback rider who twice each week rode out of Grand valley with the mail would be out of employment. The rider carried letters from the valley to the end of the railroad for ten to twenty-five cents per letter.[30]

Work was begun on the railroad bridge in early November. On a temporary structure—ties laid on piles—the rails spanned

[24]*Colorado Farmer*, quoted by *Grand Junction News*, November 11, 1882; also *Grand Junction News*, December 30, 1882.

[25]Credit given by his grandson, George Blaine, in an interview.

[26]*Grand Junction News*, December 16, 1882, quoting the *Greeley Tribune*, November 28, 1882.

[27]*Grand Junction News*, December 30, 1882.

[28]On October 28, 1882, Wm. J. Palmer, President of the D. and R. G., stated that he was "satisfied that at least one-half of the travel, and a large share of the freight, of which the Union Pacific now enjoys a complete monopoly, will hereafter seek this most central of all transcontinental routes, while the local charge between Colorado and Utah will alone be sufficient to support the line." *Grand Junction News*, November 4, 1882.

[29]*Ibid.*, November 4, 1882.

[30]The mail was carried from there to the Uncompahgre Cantonment by spring wagon. Grand Junction's address was "Grand Junction, Uncompahgre P. O., Colorado." The mail carrier is reported to have deviated from schedule quite often, especially after visiting the saloons. *Gunnison Review*, January 28, 1882; and Mrs. N. D. Underhill, *Reminiscences*.

the river enabling the first train of twenty or more freight cars and one coach to cross on November 21. The local editor shouted the new dispensation thus:

> Tuesday was a day which will be remembered in the history of Grand Junction, as a day which united us by two steel rails with all parts of the United States, and opened up a way for the rapid development of Grand valley's immense resources. A day which may be looked back upon by future generations with interest; when Grand valley shall be dotted all over with prosperous farms, and growing towns and cities, when Grand Junction shall assume the proportions of a metropolis, and become a beautiful city. . . . Who can tell what five, ten, or fifteen years may bring forth? Thousands of people all over the United States have read of Grand valley and who have been waiting for an easy access to our valley, will now begin to seek homes in our midst, capitalists will no longer hesitate about placing their money and we may expect a city to spring up as if by magic. . . .
>
> At 10 minutes of 5 o'clock the train started for this side of Grand river, and at just seven minutes of 5 o'clock the first car touched Grand valley. The train glided very slowly over the long bridge, which had just been finished an hour before. The Sierra la Sal, Engine No. 83, was the first engine that ever crossed Grand river at any point.
>
> A party of ladies and gentlemen from Grand Junction walked across the bridge, and rode over the river into town. . . .
>
> It was a day of general rejoicing among our people and will be long remembered by them.
>
> Three cheers for the little Denver & Rio Grande, no obstacles stand in its way.[31]

The completion of the railway heralded a period of noisy expansion. Buildings were rushed to completion, land sales increased, and a miniature boom of the nineteen twenties was experienced by the residents. All during the summer men with families had been moving into the valley. The days of frontier excesses departed when women moved in.

The saloon had been the center of recreation; it was the clubroom, the Y. M. C. A., the postoffice, and the family circle. One member of the "first families" wrote much later the following:

> It was not so bad during the day but when darkness came and you could see the big tent-saloons illuminated, hear the music and knew there was light, warmth, entertainment and liquid refreshments to be had, our footsteps invariably pointed to those places of diversion and enjoyment. . . . I will not say that going to the saloons every night was forced on us, but who would want to sit around a dreary campfire with the wind blowing smoke and dust in one's eyes when comfort and amusement were at hand? The saving on profanity would set a fellow up a few notches in St. Peter's record by eluding the discomforts of campfire life when one was roasting on one side and congealing on the other. . . . When I closed the store at night I would put my cash in my hip pocket and make the rounds of the saloons, gambling places and dance halls to see and hear what was going on. Those places were our sources of news as newspapers were so old that they had whiskers when they arrived through our sporadic mail. . . .[32]

[31] *Grand Junction News*, November 25, 1882. Mail was expected daily via train after December 15.

[32] Letter of Clayton Nickols, *Sentinel*, September 28, 1930.

The railroad employees gave much tone and color to the town in its first year. They furnished much of the circulating money. It was this group that accounted for the "unusual number of 'sporting ladies,' who frequented these places which were about all located on Colorado avenue. * * * On this account it had gained the name of 'Hoodoo Ave.' where many drunken quarrels and shooting scrapes took place."[33]

The "moral effect of such affairs [as the 'infamous bagino affairs'] are terrible upon the community, and so long as such houses are licensed and allowed to run openly, just so long will they be a detriment to the town * * *" wrote the local editor at the end of the year. Even the *Gunnison Daily Review-Press* had heard that Grand Junction was "fast coming to the front as a bold, bad town. The squaws shoot, officers shoot, and even women shoot."[34] After fights and brawls had become the order of the day, the city marshal began a crusade against carrying concealed weapons, and even went so far as to post bills promising fines to those who violated the new proclamation. The move was lauded as "a good step in the right direction, and we *hope* it will be enforced to its fullest extent."[35]

In June, 1882, R. O. Mobley, secretary of the Town Company, wrote that "Morals are not to be forgotten" in this young and growing settlement.[36] Miss Nancy Blaine, who came to the valley that spring, being of a devout nature, proposed to two girl friends the establishment of a Sunday school. Accordingly they prepared "a bunch of neatly written invitations in the form of decorated posters, which they took one afternoon to every business house in town except one. * * *" When they stepped inside a saloon, talking around card tables ceased, the customers being "breathless with surprise. * * *" One saloon keeper even gave them a box of candy—to show his good wishes toward this attempt to destroy his business. When the fatal day dawned for the "Union Sunday School" to function, every liquor establishment in town closed its doors and the proprietors came each Sunday thereafter to sing hymns and pray with the uplifting element of the community.[37] That fall the Methodist Church South swung into action in a cabin which was thirteen by sixteen feet, on "Hoodoo Avenue." There, on rough boards supported by cottonwood poles, resting on soap and dried apple boxes, an appreciative audience heard the first sermon preached in town. The Reverend D. L. Rader of Colorado Springs encouraged the pioneers with his discourse from Zachariah, 4:10—"For who hath despised the day of small things." The

[33] Edwin Price in the *Sentinel*, March 2, 1930. For other references see Clayton Nickols' letter, *ibid.*, June 8, 1930; October 10, 1926.

[34] August 9, 1883.

[35] *Grand Junction News*, November 18, 1882. The italics are the writer's.

[36] *Gunnison Review*, June 10, 1882.

[37] Mrs. N. D. Underhill, *Reminiscences*.

first "regular" minister of the gospel dispatched to these parts was Isaac Whicher, who wrote of his efforts in these glowing words of praise:[38]

> I have preached here every Sunday [since October 9 in the Town Company's new office] to reasonable congregations as to number, and they appear to appreciate our efforts. I cannot speak in too high praise of the efforts of Governor Crawford to make me comfortable, and secure a preaching place, and have the people come out to church. May our Heavenly Father bless his efforts to build up a town on the basis of righteousness. . . . How I tremble with fear not to be able to sustain the cause of my redeemer here. . . ."

Thus was religion launched in Grand valley. Teaching the three R's was regarded as of no less importance than the New Testament. In June a school district was formed, and three bachelors were elected to bring into existence a public school for the children of the other settlers.[39] The state law may have caused part of the thirst for education for a three month school term taught by one holding a certificate was required. A picket house (that is, the sides were made by standing split poles in a trench) with dirt floor and roof welcomed the new teacher, Miss Blaine, when she started the school year in June. For $50 each month the teacher was to keep her twenty-eight pupils intellectually curious so they would not look out the two windows toward freedom, play in the dust with their toes, or fret at the heat which was reported to have risen to 109 degrees that summer. But raising $50 monthly by subscription was too great a burden, consequently the last month's check came in the form of a deed to a lot on South Main Street.

One of the duties of the President of the Board of Education was to carry water to dampen the dusty school house floor each evening. Naturally desiring to save steps he decided one evening to direct the water from the irrigation ditch into the school. The results were disastrous to the cause of education—for the pickets sprang apart and the roof fell. However, another cabin was soon made available.[40]

The departure of Miss Blaine for the East that fall was another blow to the Board. It was not until December that one Miss Caldwell of Kannah Creek came to take charge of the school. "Now the merry voices of the school children are heard at four o'clock," reported the *News*. A new building would be necessary "if the number of scholars continue to increase." By February, however, finances again distraught the Board, but liberal contribu-

[38] *Grand Junction News*, December 2, 1882, quoting the *Colorado Methodist*; also see *Grand Junction News*, October 28, 1882, and the *Sentinel*, March 2 and August 7, 1930.

[39] These officers were Dr. Stroud, President; Walter McKelvey, clerk; and O. D. Russell, Treasurer.

[40] Compiled from Mrs. Underhill's *Reminiscences*, and a letter to the writer dated August 22, 1936.

tions by bachelors saved the day. Indeed, the pathway of learning was clogged with many obstacles.[41]

A town company without a newspaper would be like a kite without a tail. As soon as possible (September, 1882) Crawford went to Denver to entice to Grand valley an editor who would "herald to the world the great farm and fruit lands and other resources contained in this new empire. * * *" He hoped to get Wm. S. Pabor, then of the *Colorado Farmer*, but failed. The interest of Edwin Price was won, even without the offer of a guarantee by the Town Company. The plant was shipped to Delta by train, and on to Grand Junction by wagon. On October 27, 1882, the first issue of this new weekly was published and the first copy was sold for $35—the proceeds being donated for a public hall. This sheet, containing all the news that could be gathered by alert reporters loafing in the saloons, was hailed enthusiastically. The Salida paper welcomed it thus:

"A bright and spicy weekly paper. * * * It shows its sound sense by floating the Republican ticket at its head. Long may she wave."[42]

The stroller about town in the summer and fall of 1882 could have seen an expanding society, most of the members of which were as busy as beavers. The streets were laid off, but not much attention had been given to them as yet. Along several of them were irrigation ditches. The "Street Commissioner" might have been seen making repairs, or directing the labors of those who had spent the night in the cottonwood jail for drunkenness.

The business section of town was Colorado Avenue. It was still a town of tents and "every other tent was a saloon or dance hall or restaurant. * * *" Brick, adobe, or frame structures were beginning to thrust themselves upward. The traveler would have had difficulty in finding a room in one of the two hotels, but in them as well as in the boarding houses he could get meals. If he were visiting a resident surely a warm welcome would have been given him after he rapped on the split poles serving as a door. The earthen floors or dirt roofs might have irked him if he happened to be quite fastidious—but the cheese cloth wall paper and the gunny sack carpet would have taken from the scene some of the harshness.

Before going out that evening the visitor could have gone to "Cheap John's" or "Mayhew and Bevier's" for a "bargain in clothing"; or gone to J. A. Hall's "The Pioneer" for a new pair of boots made in Grand Junction. At Dr. Stroud's "Grand Valley

[41] Compiled from the *Grand Junction News*, November 11 and December 16, 1882, and January 27 and February 10, 1883.

[42] Quotation from *Mountain Mail* as given in the *Grand Junction News*, November 11, 1882. Also see the story of Edwin Price in *Sentinel*, March 2, 1930, and *Grand Junction News*, November 4, 1882.

Pharmacy" he could have purchased sufficient toilet water to make himself attractive to the senses.

The dance would have been held in Armory Hall, a cabin twelve by sixteen feet having a wooden floor, the sides of which were lined with boxes. There would have been very few young ladies there, and they probably would have come without escorts. These few much-sought-after women would have worn "quite elaborate" woolen or silk dresses, with close fitting waists and long sleeves, full-length skirts ruffled at the bottom. It was considered correct for every woman to wear a wrap of some kind, gloves, and hat and veil. A few of the men would have worn stiff-bosomed shirts and black suits, but among them dressed immaculately in a "bald faced" shirt, stiff collar, and tailored clothes Darwin P. Kingsley would have been most noticeable. Most of the men, perhaps the railroad crews, would have appeared in clean editions of work day clothes.

When the mouth organ began to whine its dirge, a few couples would take their place on the floor to do the dance of the 1880s, requiring all the grace, poise, and rhythm capable of being mustered by man. Perhaps one or two of the lonesome swains would forsake the "wall flower" position and would dance with a handkerchief tied on his arm, hoping to become a "real" partner before the evening was gone.[43]

The visitor, if he were thinking of locating, could have found in Grand Junction a thriving business section. There were three butcher shops, five grocery and merchandise stores, two bakeries, four clothing stores, two hotels, eight restaurants, twenty saloons, one hardware store, one drug store, one bank, four livery and transfer stables, two lumber yards, one furniture store, three blacksmith shops, one printing press, seven or more brick yards, and one Chinese laundry. The fact that five men offered their services as lawyers and five were available for the sale of real estate and insurance, would probably have discouraged one expecting to enter these fields.[44]

In December, 1882, the "city" boasted 524 permanent inhabitants, about 200 houses, 31 tents, and 5 corrals—though it was "but a yearling."[45] Emigrants were arriving daily, largely on the D. and R. G.[46] Some of the local patriots were staking claims under various names, their avowed purpose being to realize unearned increment in case the influx of emigrants became more rapid and

[43] The material on dress and dance customs was compiled from the *Sentinel*, May 4, June 29, and September 28, 1930; October 10, 1926; *Grand Junction News*, November 18 and December 9, 1882; and letter from Mrs. Underhill, August 22, 1930.

[44] Compiled from *Grand Junction News*, November 4 and 18, and December 2, 1882.

[45] *Ibid.*, December 2, 1882.

[46] Arrivals at the Randall House for one week in December were listed thus: From Pueblo, 1; Denver, 5; Bonanza, 1; Salida, 1; Villa Grove, 3; Gunnison, 2; Golden, 2; Leadville, 1; Salida, 1; and Greeley, 1. *Ibid.*, December 16, 1882.

constant. The practice of the Town Company of withholding "a few lots for future use" was upheld by the press, for the company "was organized primarily for the purpose of making money for the stockholders * * *."[47]

A handbook was under consideration, some four or five thousand to be printed, for not "a mail passes," said the local editor, "but what we get from three to four letters from parties desiring information * * *"[48] A move was being made to transfer the Uncompahgre Cantonment to Grand valley. It seemed certain that the local farmers, instead of those at Rawlins, Wyoming, would supply the White River Indian Agency beginning in 1883.

"That Grand Junction will be one of the important cities of the State, as the outlet of a large agricultural and manufacturing country and railroad center, there can be no doubt," writes a citizen. "That our climate here, both winter and summer, surpasses anything that can be found in the State, there is also no doubt."[49]

This viewpoint must have been shared by most residents of the valley. There were the resources of fertile soil, coal (with even the prospects of coal oil being made), and grazing land. There was one railroad, with others in the offing. There were the geographic advantages which would make possible the development of a great wholesaling city for the western slope. And there was the tradition of frontier towns—that of rising fast, becoming a metropolis overnight, before the "echo of the Indian's moccasin has hardly died out of the valleys." The boom of 1883 was the logical development of these factors, an aggressive Town Company, and frontier optimism.

[47] *Ibid.*, December 16, 1882.

[48] *Ibid.*, December 9, 1882.

[49] *Ibid.*, November 11, 1882, quoting a local correspondent's story in the Denver *Republican*, October 20, 1882.

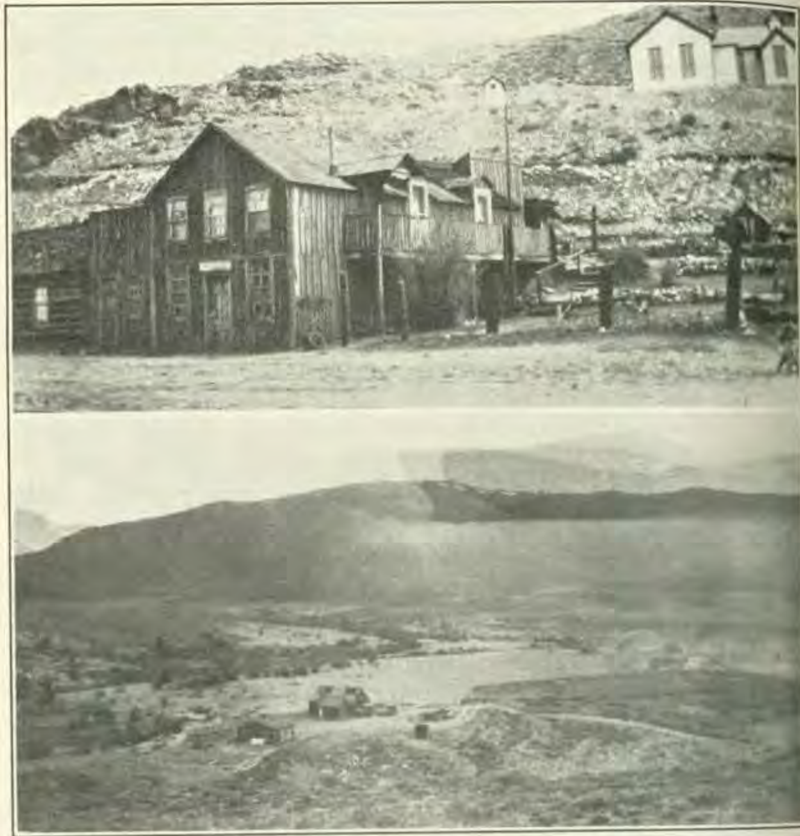
Reminiscences of the Granite Mining District

As Told by Joe F. Maro to Richard Carroll*

I came to the Granite Mining District on August 22, 1879, traveling on the old Kansas Pacific Railroad to Denver, from there through South Park on the railroad to the end of the line, and then afoot to Granite. My uncle, August Pine, was foreman of the Gaff Placer Mining Company—Walter Jones was then manager—and he secured a job for me at the placer on Cache Creek.

Work usually started at the placer mines about the first of April and ended during the latter part of September or early part

*Mr. Carroll contributed a valued artice on "The Founding of Salida, Colorado," to the July, 1934, issue of the *Colorado Magazine*.—Ed.



UPPER: FIRST BUILDING IN GRANITE, COLORADO
(The Charles Mater Store Building. Erected in 1867. Photograph taken in 1934.)
LOWER: WHAT REMAINS (1934) OF THE TOWN OF CACHE CREEK
(Old placer workings near the buildings.)

of October, depending on the water and weather conditions. The old system of placering was employed. The flume, or sluice box, was about two miles in length and about two feet in width; the riffles were made of poles, originally five inches in diameter, but they wore down rapidly. Excepting a small amount of "light" gold, the first half mile of flume usually caught it all.

The "cleanup" was made but twice a year. First the riffles were washed, to save the gold clinging to them, and removed from the flume. Then a small stream of water was turned in to wash away the dirt and all black sand possible. The water was then reduced to a mere trickle and quicksilver poured into the flume and gradually worked to the lower end. One hundred and twenty-

five pounds of quicksilver was required for the cleanup which usually netted about 50 pounds of coarse, "shot" gold.

Later the Twin Lakes Hydraulic Gold Mines Syndicate, Limited, an English Company, bought the Cache Creek mines. They used the hydraulic system and in about 1884 they constructed a ditch from Clear Creek to furnish additional water. The ditch, which was eight miles long, including a tunnel 1,500 feet in length—7x4 feet, cost approximately $110,000. Prior to this, Walter Jones surveyed the ditch and contemplated digging it.

Afterwards the need of more water became imperative so the English Company, whose resident manager was Jack Nesbit, dug the Arlington ditch from Lake Creek at a cost of $75,000. I believe that this ditch was dug about 1900, and it brought water to Cache Creek for several seasons. Then the state, I believe, secured a permanent injunction against the company, because it was polluting the Arkansas and killing the fish, thus forcing operation of the mines to cease. This was a serious and bitter blow to Granite because as many as 108 men had, at one time, been employed at these placer mines. Later leases were given to parties who operated on small portions of the property, realizing substantial returns. All water rights on Clear and Lake Creeks have now been lost; and if the placers were to be worked again the only water available is the small flow of Cache Creek.

In the early sixties a member of the mining settlement at Georgia Bar went prospecting in the mountains to the west and became lost. His partners, who deserted their work at the Bar to form a searching party, found him in a canon above Cache Creek. Thus it became Lost Canon.

Judge Hughes, who succeeded Judge Dyer at Granite, operated a placer mine in Lost Canon; and in 1882 I entered his employ there. Lost Canon is about six miles from Granite, and much higher than Cache Creek, so the amount of water was much less. This necessitated a different system of placer mining. The working season was necessarily shorter up there, work usually starting about May 15 and closing in August.

We used the "boom" system. We had a reservoir about 20x40 feet with an automatic headgate. When the reservoir filled to capacity the gate opened, the water rushing down to the workings, where it washed away most of the waste, etc. When the reservoir was emptied the gate closed. A boom occurred about every half hour during high water season. No sluice boxes were used, the gold was picked up by hand when the water had receded. The

gold was coarser up there and many fine nuggets were found. The largest I ever saw found there was worth $58.

There was usually a crew of eight men employed there and they each received about $2.50 and board per day. It was rather significant that many of these men, during the winters, went to other locations and purchased valuable ranches, paying cash for them.

The years 1880-81 were the banner ones of the Lost Canon placer and it began to decline in '82. Judge Hughes lost control of the property and Frank Hayden became the owner. He worked it for a season or two, with what results I do not know; though some claim that Mrs. Hayden showed them gold to the amount of $3,000.

Granite reached its heyday, with a population of 600, when it became the forwarding point for Aspen and during the construction of the Colorado Midland Railroad. After that it began to decline, until now its residents numbers about 60. A fire destroyed the old court house, where Judge Dyer was assassinated, and other original buildings. However the Charles Mater store building, one of the first, if not the first in Granite—erected in 1867—is still standing.

In late years various companies designed and constructed suction dredges, at a great expense—one of them costing $82,000. They were operated in the Arkansas near the mouth of Cache Creek but they proved unsuccessful. In recent years, too, the river has been lined with men panning and placer mining for gold in an attempt to earn a living. Some earn fairly good wages, some a meager living, while others get nothing.

The "Hattie Jane," with three men employed; the "Granite Tunnel," with six men; and the "Mayflower," with a crew of eight; all gold properties are now active. Little ore is being shipped, as efforts are mostly confined to development work. The "Belle of Granite" shipped a car of ore recently which averaged $40 per ton but it is now closed down. The increase in the price of metals and the possible remonetization of silver may cause renewed mining activities in this district, so, perhaps, Granite may awaken and once more thrive as it did in the past.

Pioneer Experiences in Colorado

Interview with ELIZABETH J. TALLMAN by JAMES R. HARVEY*

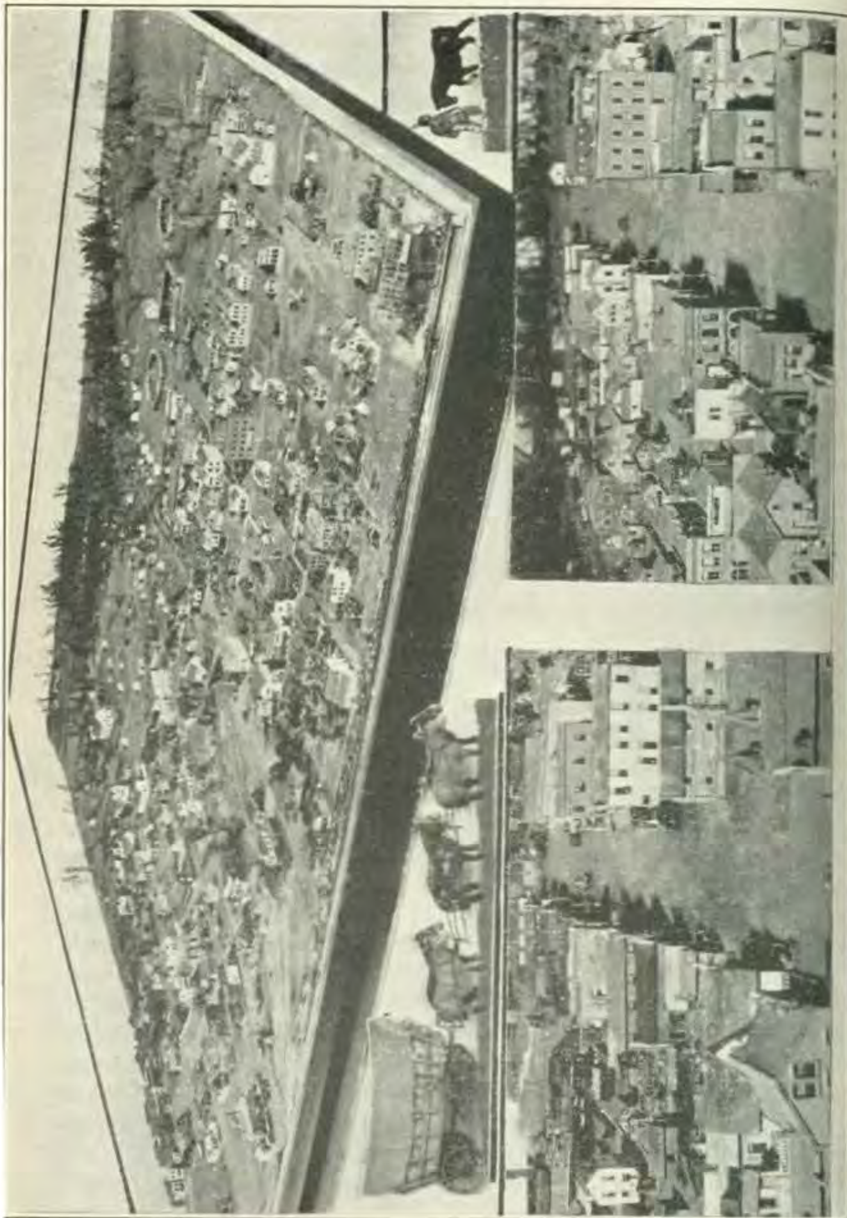
Mrs. Elizabeth J. Tallman has seen the tortuous trail of the ox-drawn wagon evolve into the modern paved highway; she has watched Denver grow from a struggling flood-swept little frontier village into a busy city. In the following pages she tells her own story of those earlier days when she—and Colorado—were young:

I was born in New York in 1841. In 1864, in the company of my brothers and sister, I made the trip "West" in an ox-drawn covered wagon. Days and weeks slipped by as we pursued our tedious journey westward, but I loved every moment of it, for I was young, it was spring, the prairies were beautiful, and this unknown land gave promise of great adventure. Each day brought something of interest, a herd of buffalo perhaps, or a wandering band of friendly Indians. Nothing occurred to alarm us until we reached Fort Kearny, Nebraska. Here we were informed that the Indians were growing restive and belligerent toward the encroaching white man, and that our party should make as much haste as was commensurate with caution, when we left the fort for Denver. We saw numerous bands of Indians but their number was always smaller than that of our party and they refrained from hostilities.

We arrived in Denver early in June, 1864, and were grateful for the protection the small city afforded us, for one week later the Indians were on the warpath in earnest. The trail became very dangerous and all travelers and freighters were stopped at the main river points until there was a large enough party to defend itself against roving bands of Indians.

We found the citizens of Denver busily digging out from under dried mud, for Cherry Creek, a week previously, in a perverse mood, had aligned herself with the Indians and perpetrated her first "big flood" upon the white man settled on her banks. There was mud everywhere. Our house was on Larimer Street between Twelfth and Thirteenth, and the bridge, if there ever was one over Cherry Creek had been washed away, so we heaped piles of brush in the creek to serve as a crossing. Several weeks after the mud in the creek had dried, my nephew, while playing in the sand, unearthed a ballot-box which had been lost when the city hall was swept away in the flood. The box—the first ever used in Denver, was painted green and belonged to B—3rd—ward. It is still one of my treasured possessions and holds all my souvenirs and mementoes of pioneer days.

*Mrs. Tallman lives with her daughter, Mrs. Mary E. Kracaw, at Castle Rock, Colorado. Her son, Straff Tallman, lives in Fowler, Colorado. This story is one of the pioneer interviews obtained by Mr. Harvey, research worker for the State Historical Society.—Ed.



VIEW OF THE NEW MODEL OF AURARIA-DENVER, 1860

Upper: General view of the model. Middle: Close-up of figures in the model. Lower: Street scenes of closer range

As soon as the excitement of our new home had worn off, I fell a victim to one of those spells to which women are subject—I suddenly discovered that I "hadn't a thing fit to wear." So I started down Larimer Street in search of a store. I discovered one between Fourteenth and Fifteenth which proclaimed in modest letters that it had dry goods for sale and belonged to Mrs. Cody. I purchased a lovely brown brocade. I still have a piece of that dress, for later I learned that the sweet elderly saleslady was Buffalo Bill's mother.

Due to the difficulty and danger of freighting in goods from the Missouri River, this was a period of very high prices for supplies of all kinds. For instance, flour was $25 a sack, calico sixty cents a yard, and bleached muslin ninety cents a yard. Gold dust for the most part was the medium of exchange.

The latter part of June brought another exciting event. A gambler, named Haslet, was caught cheating, summarily tried, found guilty, and hanged on a cottonwood tree near our house.

There was a regiment of soldiers camped between the old Lindell Hotel and the Platte River. Col. Moonlight was in command with officers' headquarters at the hotel. Warning was issued that all travel beyond the city was dangerous. Every day brought exciting tales and once word came that the Indians were about to take the city. All the women and children were hurried into a stockade on Blake Street, where we listened breathlessly for sounds of conflict. But nothing came of the report, so we went back to our daily tasks.

At that time my brother-in-law, H. M. Foster, and P. P. Gomer owned and operated a sawmill on Running Creek. They were helping to supply growing Denver with lumber, all of which had to be hauled in by ox teams. I had been longing to go to the mill ever since we reached Denver, but Mr. Foster had not considered it safe. However, no Indian scares having occurred recently, he decided that we might make the trip during the first part of August. So early one morning, the Fosters, their two small children and I set out in a two-seated carriage for Running Creek. I was delighted with the trip and with everything I saw. It was so different from anything I had ever experienced—no matter in what direction I looked I could see antelope.

There were three families living at the mill besides a cook, in the cook-house. The log choppers had brought in some very fine wild currants, and my sister, Mrs. Foster, was desirous of procuring some to take home with her, as fruit was very hard to get, the people depending mostly upon dried apples and peaches that were freighted in from the Missouri River and were too expensive for most of us. So the second morning we all set out in the carriage in search of wild currants. About five miles from the mill, and near

where the Hungate family had been massacred, we crossed a ridge running north and south, with a draw starting from the ridge running east, lined its whole length with a thick growth of willows. This was where the currants were. Mr. Foster unhitched the team —we were on the north side of the willows—while my sister and I started to fill our pails with currants. Suddenly Mr. Foster, his face as white as a sheet, appeared at my side and whispered, "Get Mrs. Foster and the children into the carriage as quickly as you can." Upon my indignantly demanding why we should leave so soon, he pointed down to where the willows were smaller, and there was a band of Indians crossing to the south, about twenty of them, not half a mile from us. We almost held our breath until the last Indian had passed, then Mr. Foster drove up the draw on the north side of the willows in order to keep out of sight, over the ridge at break-neck speed, where we gained the main road and raced the team at top speed until we reached the mill.

That afternoon, Mr. Foster took a fresh team and started back to Denver with his wife and children. They begged me to go with them but my own brothers were at the mill, and I did not feel afraid. The next morning two of the log-choppers were killed soon after they started to work, and also a boy who was herding sheep within sight of the mill. After that the men were afraid to go into the timber and all the mill-hands and choppers stayed close to their cabins. The lumber-haulers kept their oxen up, herded them close to the mill, and kept a sharp lookout for Indians. We had plenty of ammunition and kept guns ready for use at a moment's notice. We practiced shooting. The Hungate massacre was uppermost in all our minds. The bodies of the Hungate family had been buried just back of the cook-house, and the clothing that the little children had worn was on a bench back of the cabin, stiff with blood.

We saw nothing more of the Indians that week, but we kept a constant lookout, expecting any moment that a band, as was their custom, would swoop down from nowhere, kill everyone they saw, and run off the stock.

The fourth day after Mr. Foster left for Denver, he returned driving a fast horse in a light open buggy. In the meantime, a good many teamsters had come in to load with lumber. My brother had all the teamsters load their wagons with lumber and all the families pack to move, as it was no longer safe to run the mill. There were about twenty men in all. We started early in the morning after the wagons were loaded. I drove the buggy while Mr. Foster, on horseback, herded the cattle along. It was slow traveling and we barely made Hilltop by noon. It was evident that we could not reach Cherry Creek before night. I watched my chance, and when Mr. Foster was busy rounding up the cattle, I let the

horse out a little, determined to drive to Denver. One of the teamsters endeavored to stop me, but seeing it was useless, he gave me his revolver and told me to drive fast. I did so and had gone about eight miles when I heard Mr. Foster behind me. He stopped me angrily, and said, "Don't you know you are doing a d—n foolish thing?" But I begged to be allowed to go on, and he finally let me go. It was ten o'clock when I reached the city, where I found my sister nearly frantic, as the story had reached Denver that we had all been killed.

I was in Denver when Col. Chivington started for Sand Creek. John M. Tallman, later to be my husband, belonged to the Third Regiment, part of which was in the battle. I have some rings made of a white woman's hair, taken off the bodies of the dead Indians. Had you been living at that time, as we were, in a constant state of fear and anxiety, almost daily seeing the bodies of friends or acquaintances that had been mutilated by the Indians, you would have found no censure in your heart for Col. Chivington's act.

In October of this same year (1864), Mr. Foster and one of my brothers started for the Missouri River with wagons and ox teams to bring back merchandise and supplies, enough men going to afford what they considered ample protection. They reached the river the latter part of November; loaded up, and started back. They passed through Julesburg and made camp on the Platte River near an old adobe house. The next morning a large band of Indians dashed down upon their camp, killed the herder and ran off all the cattle. Although unable to move, through the loss of their oxen, the men were armed and any Indian who ventured too close to the wagons was promptly shot down. One Indian, braver than the rest, crawled under a wagon, but was seen in time by my brother, killed and scalped. After a two-day siege, the men decided to abandon the train. They buried most of the goods by night, slid down to the river and made their escape over the ice to the fort, four miles below. When they returned to the camp site, they found all the wagons burned, flour and supplies scattered everywhere. Everything was a total loss. They returned to Denver by coach, and brought me, in place of the lovely new material for dresses I had been expecting—a bloody Indian scalp. It is still among my souvenirs.

I stayed in Denver the winters of 1864 and 1865. In June, 1865, I went to my brothers' mill located near the present town of Elizabeth. My sister and I stayed all night at the first house built in Parker, then the Twenty-mile House, built by a man named Long. There was only the kitchen, with no windows as yet, and a piece of old carpet served as a door. We were the first travelers to stop there, and Mr. and Mrs. Long had to sleep out-of-doors, as we had their bed. In the night, the coyote chorus kept the dog

barking so that we could not sleep, but after a time, he quieted down. The next morning I asked Mrs. Long about the dog. She said, "I got up and hung the little devil," and we thought it a most effective way to stop his barking.

On the first of December, 1865, I was married to John M. Tallman at Russellville, where General Russell first discovered gold in Colorado. Mr. Tallman came to Colorado in 1859 and helped build the first shingled house in Denver. He was a member of the Third Regiment. He was one of the first to reach the scene of the Hungate massacre, and helped pick up and bury the bodies.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN M. TALLMAN
(Taken shortly before Mr. Tallman's death in 1925.)

We went to live on a ranch just two miles east of the present town of Parker. It is now known as the Newlin ranch. The barn my husband built is still standing, all the beams and joists being fastened with wooden pegs instead of nails. My husband was a cattle man.

For a few years after the battle of Sand Creek, the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians were much quieter. They were keeping farther east to avoid the Utes, with whom they were at war. People were becoming less afraid to get out into the open. All the country was open, with very few settlers, and it was nothing unusual for

people to drive forty miles to visit, staying three or four days, or even a week. Often we would drive that far to a dance. Many times we attended the dances at the old Twelve-mile House. The picture of Mr. Melvin in the *Colorado Magazine* of September, 1935, is just exactly as he looked when I first met him years ago. The Parkers, Melvins, Wingates, Hawkeyes—all were our friends. Several families of us would often make up a party to go fishing or berrying in the mountains, sometimes staying a week. We were careful to gather all the wild fruit we could, such as wild plums, currants, gooseberries and raspberries. There was, of course, no fruit raised in Colorado in those days, and the dried fruits that were freighted in were high.

Our ranch, just two miles east of Parker, was directly on the trail used by the Utes when they went down on the Republican to hunt, or east to fight the Arapahoes and Cheyennes. They made this trip at least once each year. I always watched them go by, their tepee poles bound at one end to the ponies' sides, the other dragging on the ground, with their buffalo robes tied across the poles behind the ponies. Their dogs were very wolf-like and our calves, frightened at them, would run bawling into the corral. Try as we would, we could not prevent the Indians from getting into the house, one way or another. I was not afraid of them but did not like them around, for they were filthy and vermin-covered.

There were three tribes of Utes that used to pass our house—old Washington's band, Ouray's band, and sometimes but not often, Colorow and his band. We were well acquainted with old Washington, as he always made it a point to camp about two miles east of us; then they would come to the house to beg. The squaws would press their faces against the window-panes and stand for hours looking in without moving unless I pulled down the shades. Then they would pound on the door and say, "Woman, woman, give 'em biscuit, heap hungry." I very seldom gave them anything, however, for I had learned through experience that soon the whole tribe would be at the door for "biscuit." Once they pushed a papoose into the house. I gave him a piece of bread and set him outside the door, whereupon the squaws all made a rush at him and took his bread.

At one time old Washington and his band were in camp near us when there came a heavy snowstorm. My brother was looking for cattle and found an old squaw all alone some distance from camp, nearly frozen. She was Washington's mother. My brother took her to camp and demanded why Washington did not care for her. His reply was, "Too old; no work. Heap no bueno." What finally became of her we never knew.

At another time, Washington wanted to trade me some ponies for my son, then about two years old. He pointed to the little

fellow and said, "Swap ponies?" and held up two fingers. I said, "No swap." Then he held up three fingers and I shook my head. He kept on adding a pony at a time until he had offered twenty ponies. He was very much disgusted when I would not accept such a good trade.

One year Colorow's band, a very large tribe of Utes, came past. It was so warm that they left their extra buffalo robes in a deserted cabin about a mile east of our house. Two weeks later I saw them returning. I told the hired man not to let them into the house, but when he went out to the gate to prevent them from entering, a large Indian (as large a one as I ever saw) got off his pony, spun our hired man around by his collar, strode through the gate and up to the door. "Me Colorow," he said. "Your white man steal 'em buffalo robes!" and he went through the motions of telling me how many had been in the cabin, so that I should realize that the cabin had been nearly full. "Heap buffalo robe. White man steal 'em." I said, "No—my white man gone Cheyenne two moons." He said, "Me see." So I took him through the house, out to the barns and granary, and through the outdoor cellar. Satisfied, he said, "Bueno squaw!" and left. Later we learned that an old Frenchman, whom no one ever saw afterwards, had loaded his wagon with the buffalo robes and departed for an eastern market.

Another time, Colorow's tribe went east to hunt. There were, however, only bucks in the party, and we surmised that it was a war expedition. Usually they were gone from two to three weeks but this time they came back much sooner. It was almost dark and I went out to close the chicken-house. When I returned, there were at least a dozen Indians sitting in a circle on the kitchen floor. As soon as they saw me, they began to say, "How! How!" to show me that they were friendly. They told me they had been in a fight with the Arapahoes and each one of them had from three to six scalps fastened to their belts. They were very proud of them. They were going to have a scalp dance in the end of our calf pasture. One of them got up and stamped on the floor to let me know that they were going to dance. He said, "You come, heap dance, you bueno squaw." But my brother did not think it prudent, as we were alone, with not a white person within eight miles. All night long we heard the tum-tum-tum of their drums, but in the morning they were all gone, and all we could see was the ground beaten hard in a circle where they had danced, and a few bones left from the feast.

From 1864 to 1870, the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were continually on the warpath, killing any white man they might happen upon unexpectedly. Mr. Tallman's brother was running cattle for us east of Kiowa in 1870. Having spent the night with us, he was preparing to leave the next morning, when he came back into the house, picked up my baby son and hugged him close. "Elizabeth," he said, "somehow I can hardly bear to leave today." As he left the ranch, riding a mule, my husband laughingly called out, "Better get a horse, Jonathan, the Indians will catch you sure on that slow nag." The next day we found him dead, shot in the back and scalped by the Arapahoes. John Riley, a herder who was with him, had escaped on his horse, but the Indians' ponies could easily overtake the mule my brother-in-law was riding. He is buried in the Parker cemetery, where you can still see his tombstone. The inscription reads, "Jonathan Tallman—Aged 22 Years—Killed by the Indians."

With the exception of a few years in Kansas City, I have spent all of my life in Colorado. My husband died just a week before our sixtieth wedding anniversary. No—I didn't think it a *hard* life. I have enjoyed every moment of it. Sometimes I think that the past, when the children were little and Mr. Tallman was with me, is more real than the present.

Where Is Zebulon Montgomery Pike Buried?

ALBERT W. THOMPSON

The name of Z. M. Pike is definitely and permanently identified with Colorado. As the first official American explorer of this region his famous expedition of 1806-7 is rather well known. His subsequent career in the army, in which he rose to the rank of Brigadier General; his leadership in the successful attack on York (now Toronto), Canada, during the war of 1812; and his tragic death just as victory was attained are told in a previous number (July, 1931) of this magazine.

A visit to Sackets Harbor, New York, started me on the trail of General Pike's final resting place. Data from official correspondence and from investigations conducted on the ground are the basis for the findings presented here.

Following the explosion of the powder magazine at Fort York, the fatally-wounded General was taken on board Commodore Chauncey's ship, the *Madison*, where he expired a few hours later. When the fleet returned across Lake Ontario to Sackets Harbor General Pike's body was returned to the American port. A contemporary record, in *Niles Register* of 1813, reads:

"General Pike's body was embalmed at York and conveyed to Sackets Harbor where it was interred in the magazine at Fort Tompkins with the stately pomp of military honor and the regrets of every good man. Captain Nicholson of Maryland (an estimable

young man) who was killed by his side, his beloved aide and pupil, was buried in the same grave and at the same time by order of the Commanding General in testimony of his respect for the deceased."

Honors conferred on General Pike seem in the main to have been posthumous. In life his services to his country were inadequately recognized. Strangely, sadly too, he who today would lay a wreath on Pike's tomb, is denied this privilege. Thrice buried and perhaps as many times exhumed within a radius of two miles of Sackets Harbor, no man knows where the body of the discoverer of the "Grand peak" of the West and the victor of York lies. It's an uncanny story, one crowned by gross negligence in improperly marking the site of one of her illustrious dead on the part of the War Department, this last chapter I have to tell, the material for which came from official correspondence and from further information secured during my visit to Sackets Harbor in the summer of 1934. Canada just then was testifying to her admiration for her one-time foemen in unveiling a bronze tablet to the memory of General Pike near the place of his victory at Toronto, one hundred and twenty-one years before.

There has been a story handed down from one generation to another since 1813 which has gained considerable credence, that the bodies of Pike and Captain Nicholson were brought across Lake Ontario on shipboard in a hogshead of alcohol, though the *Niles Register* report states that Pike's body was embalmed at York and that both Pike and Nicholson were buried in the same grave in the magazine at Fort Tompkins. Fort Tompkins in 1813 stood directly back of the present military station in Sackets Harbor. Why they may have been buried in the magazine of this military cantonment is conjecturable, though here they are supposed to have rested for five or six years. Whether or not a metallic casket encased the body of Pike is unknown.

With the construction of Madison Barracks in 1816-1819, the Post cemetery was first established. This cemetery stood just to the south and to the rear of the stone building still standing.

With the completion of the Barracks, probably in 1819, the bodies of Pike, Nicholson and others were removed to the new cemetery and enclosed in an iron fence around the White House grounds, so reports run. Here, officers of the Barracks erected a wooden monument to Pike and others who were killed in the War of 1812. It seems likely, however, that this wooden monument was not accurately placed or that an error was committed when the present monument, which consists of a bronze mortar, mounted on a granite block, was set up. This marker was removed to a new cemetery in 1909, as we shall presently see. Benson J. Lossing's description of the old wooden monument soon after his visit to Sackets Harbor in 1860, follows:

"We strolled into the burying ground attached to the Barracks and visited the wooden monument erected to the memory of General Pike and others who gave their lives to their country during the war. That monument, utterly neglected, was rapidly crumbling into dust. I was there, five years before, July, 1855, when it was more leaning than the Pisa tower, and fortunately made a sketch of it, and copied the fading inscription upon it. Sergeant Gaines who was then taking charge of the Barracks, assisted in deciphering the inscriptions."

This wooden monument was about seven feet tall, four sided, and square in cross section. Originally an urn rested on top of it, though this urn had disappeared in 1860 and the inscriptions on the four panels of the shaft had faded beyond legibility. The west panel once contained this inscription:

"In memory of Brigadier General Z. M. Pike killed at York U. C. April 1813, Captain Joseph Nicholson 14th. Infantry aide-de-camp to General Pike killed at York U. C. 27th. April 1813."

Neglect seems to have followed this wooden monument, Pike's supposed place of interment, though the exact location of his grave, sadly neglected indeed for nearly twenty-five years, was unknown. It is stated that when Walter B. Camp, a resident of Sackets Harbor for many years, was called upon to aid in placing the new monument, that of the mortar, over Pike's remains in 1885, he was unable from his own memory or from information he sought, to point out the General's grave.

Now further inaccuracy steps in. For twenty-four years this stone monument remained in this second place of sepulcher, no doubt somewhere near the spot where Pike and his companions in arms lay. In 1909 decision was made that this burying ground was in an unsuitable location. "The old Post cemetery is located about seventy-five yards to the rear of the officers' quarters and takes up space needed for other purposes," wrote the commanding officer of the Barracks, when asking authority in establishing a new cemetery, and permission to remove the bodies to it. Madison Barracks needed to expand. "The cemetery is in bad condition and until recently has been filled with water. I have been told that one spring, a coffin had to be weighed down to sink it." Perhaps by this time Pike's coffin had floated into the deeper sea of ambiguity, thanks to the government's neglect of her illustrious dead.

In March, 1909, a contract was awarded to one John M. Fitzgerald to exhume the bodies, bones, and remains from the old cemetery, identify them when possible, and remove them to a newer cemetery, which today lies perhaps half a mile east of Sackets Harbor and on the highway leading to Watertown. Again lack of knowledge and confusion are disclosed as to General Pike's grave.

To make this chaos more serious, many errors had been discovered in the Madison Barracks records.

In 1905 the Barracks' Quartermaster wrote to Washington, requesting authority "to revise the record book of interments at the Post and make it and the plan conform to the actual location of the graves as they are in the cemetery."

Permission was granted to this request. The old record book of 1872 showed the running number for Pike as 18, and the grave mark, Section A east No. 18, but that the grave mark number should have been 33 instead of 18.

PART OF THE MILITARY CEMETERY AT MADISON BARRACKS, NEW YORK
(The monument surmounted by the mortar-cannon, in front of the large tree, is a memorial to General Pike and his comrades.)

In June, 1909, contractor Fitzgerald began exhuming the bodies from the old cemetery and transferring them to the new. William H. Markham was his superintendent in performing this gruesome work.

On a quiet Sunday, in the last days of June, 1934, the writer visited Sackets Harbor and through an acquaintance met Mr. Markham. Markham knows more as to the identity of the bodies exhumed from the old cemetery in Sackets Harbor in 1909 than anyone else. Together we drove to the new cemetery and stopped in front of the mortar which bears on its granite base the inscription to Pike. This mortar was transferred to the new cemetery at the time the bodies, or fragments of them, were carried there in 1909. It stands in about the center and on the convex side of a half circle, within the enclosing fold of which rest many of the bodies moved thereto from the old cemetery.

"Mr. Markham," I asked, "where is General Pike's grave?"

"I don't know," came the response.

"But this monument stands there," I said, pointing to the mortar. "When you exhumed the bodies from the old cemetery in 1909, did you not find Pike's remains, and are they not buried here?"

"We never found a body that we could identify as General Pike's," replied Mr. Markham. "It was a gruesome task we performed, that of taking up the bodies, or parts of them, from some of which the soul had fled nearly one hundred years before. Most of the graves were unmarked. We were on the job working slowly and carefully from June until the fore part of December, 1909, during which time, as I recall, three hundred bodies or fragments of them were removed. Very few bore any marks of identification. We worked with great care about the Pike monument and for a distance of twenty feet from it, to a depth of six feet. Here we found nothing that led us to believe that we had come upon the remains of General Pike.

"One day a month or so after we began removing the bodies we unearthed a metal casket, though it was not so near the mortar as some others we had found. It was located, I think, twelve or fifteen feet from the monument, and was shaped much like caskets we see today. It was made of iron, bolted together and was very heavy. I should judge it weighed four hundred pounds. At one end of this metallic casket was a glass plate ten inches or a foot long. Laboriously raising the heavy coffin, we brushed the dirt from it and from the glass plate. The casket was filled with a liquid of some sort. Perhaps it was alcohol. By rocking the casket we could see the 'slush' inside 'jigger' back and forth, though nothing that resembled a human body or a skeleton was visible within it. We carted it to the new cemetery on a stoneboat, lowered it into a new grave, and covered it with earth. Its location was not particularly marked. I have always thought that this metal casket might have contained Pike's body," said Mr. Markham.

"Could it be found today?" I asked.

"I think I could locate it with a sounding rod," replied Markham. "The top of this casket isn't very far below the surface of the ground. If struck by a sounding rod it would emit a different sound than from off a wooden coffin."

Several other metallic caskets were unearthed in the Madison Barracks cemetery in 1909. On the morning of November 15th a grave was opened containing portions of an iron coffin. On the same date several bodies of unknown soldiers were found. Bits of

wood, some pieces of scarlet cloth and a button or two of the Royal Rifles indicated that British soldiers, perhaps prisoners of war, had been interred there.

On December 1st a casket which unquestionably contained the remains of Colonel John L. Tuttle, Ninth U. S. Infantry, was uncovered. A silver plate showed that he died July 13, 1813. The remains of Tuttle were buried in the Barracks cemetery about the time Pike's were removed thereto and were found in 1909 about ten feet from the Pike monument.

Diligent search continued for Pike's remains and although several bodies were identified, those of General Dix and Colonel Tuttle, nothing was discovered except the metallic coffin as described by Mr. Markham which might have contained the remains of the Commander at York. How strange it seems that the casket of so prominent an officer, the leader of the Toronto expedition, General Pike, should not have been designated by a plate similar to that found on the coffin of Colonel Tuttle. Is it to be imagined that Pike's casket *was* marked and still reposes in the Fort Tompkins magazine or in the abandoned cemetery of Madison Barracks?

The Fitzgerald job completed, the Quartermaster General's Office, Washington, now took a hand in finding Pike's grave—through correspondence. This correspondence began December 11, 1909, in a letter from the War Department, asking Captain C. C. Frissell, Madison Barracks Quartermaster, for a list of all interments in the Post cemetery.

Captain Frissell responded. Part of his reply stated: "In the grave with Brigadier Zebulon M. Pike were found two (three) other skeletons; according to local tradition, General Pike, his Adjutant General and his surgeon, all of whom were killed in the battle of Upper York, Canada, were buried in one grave," but, the Captain adds, "it is impossible to identify either of the bodies. There are no headstones to mark the graves of either of the above mentioned staff officers."

Had Frissell assumed that this grave was General Pike's?

Further correspondence followed.

On June 26, 1910, Captain Frissell wrote to the Chief Quartermaster, Department of the East:

"The skeletons in the grave *supposed* to be that of General Pike are buried in graves 2, 3, and 4, K, Section C as shown in the enclosed blue print. None of the skeletons were in a good state of preservation."

Finally the Quartermaster General wrote, quoting the *Niles Register* report of 1813, to which was appended the following:

"It would seem that Captain Nicholson was buried in the same grave with General Pike. It is impossible however even if this be true, to determine the identity of the other remains. Under

the circumstances it is fair to presume that the remains are those of officers of the War of 1812 and therefore headstones marked 'Unknown Officers' will be furnished for their graves." Perhaps Pike's ashes rest, not beneath the monument on which the inscription of his death is carved, but beneath a less imposing memorial to "Unknown Officers, War of 1812."

Thus ends the final chapter to a great American explorer and a no less intrepid soldier.

The Series of Transportation Models

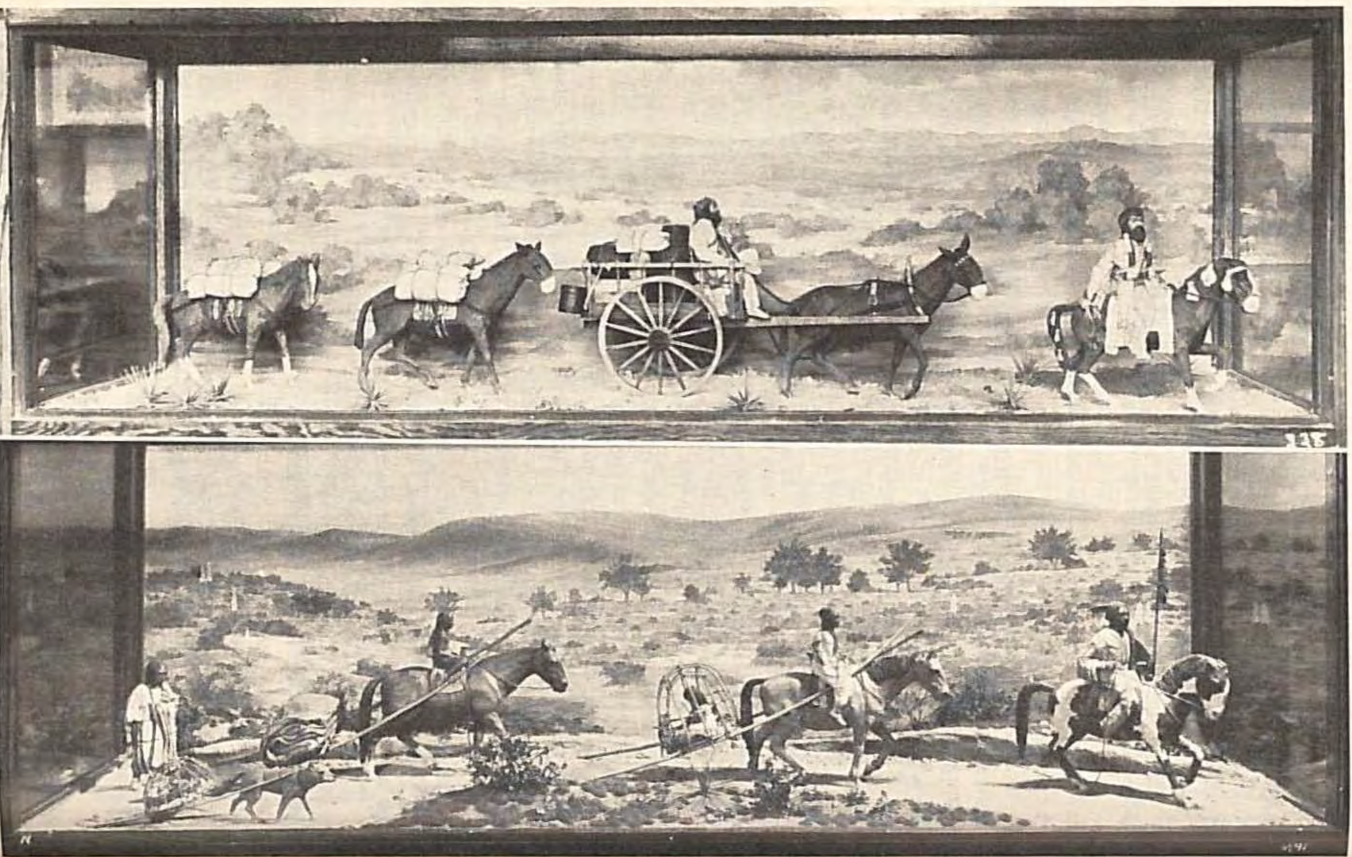
The principal steps in the evolution of transportation in the Colorado region are portrayed in a series of models just finished and placed on display at the Colorado State Museum. The series was sponsored and directed by the State Historical Society and was financed largely by the Federal Government under its employment and work relief program. Having inaugurated the series as a professional project, the Society was enabled to secure the services of a number of well-trained and recognized artists. Their careful and skillful work has resulted in the production of a series outstanding for beauty of portrayal and for accuracy of reproduction.

The transportation models are but a part of the Historical Society's project now being carried on under the WPA. The making of historical paintings and maps, the reproduction of pioneer Denver in a 11x12 foot model (pictures of which are shown elsewhere in this magazine), the cataloguing of books, pamphlets, photographs and maps, the gathering of historical data by research workers from old newspapers, books, magazines, etc., and the assembling of this material in a great topical card index file, and the collection of pioneer relics, diaries, photographs and recollections are other phases of the Society's historical project.

The transportation series begins with the Indian travois, typical carrier employed by the nomads of the plains. Figures from the Kiowa tribe, dressed in reproductions of actual articles of clothing owned by the museum, are portrayed in this set.

The second case exhibits trappers and Indian traders on the way to the summer rendezvous. The gaily caparisoned American trader, the French-Canadian with his Red River cart, and the pack-laden animals represent features of the life in Colorado a hundred years ago.

The third model represents New Mexican traders bringing supplies to pioneer Denver in 1859. Sacks of unbolted Mexican flour, kegs of "Taos Lightning," and sacks of beans and onions are piled on the creaking solid-wheeled *caretta* and on the backs



FIRST TWO CASES IN THE TRANSPORTATION SERIES
Upper: Trappers on the way to summer rendezvous. Lower: Indian Travois (Kiowa Tribe)

of burros. The Spanish Peaks of southern Colorado form the background.

The covered wagon of the west-moving homeseeker is the feature of the fourth set. Plodding oxen provide the motive power for the trekking emigrant family.

The Concord stagecoach, aristocrat of overland travel facilities before the coming of the railroad, is reproduced in the fifth set. Passengers, mail and express were sped across the plains in these famous carriers. A well-matched and spirited team, such as was used for the runs in and out of Denver and other of the larger western towns, is shown in the model.

The sixth case contains a mule train carrying supplies up a mountain trail to a Colorado mining camp. Food supplies, blasting powder, and mine timbers are tied on the backs of the trained pack animals.

A typical ore wagon carrying the product of Colorado mines down a steep pioneer road to the smelter is presented in the seventh set. Good-sized draft animals are driven by the man with his foot on the brake.

The "Montezuma," first engine employed on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, pulling the typical baggage car and coach of the early seventies, comprises the eighth exhibit. This narrow-gauge railroad is given a representative mountain setting.

A modern bi-motored airplane emerging from a hangar forms the ninth set. Passengers and mail are being received.

The last set exhibits the first modern streamline train to enter Colorado and a modern automobile passenger bus.

All the figures were modeled in clay, cast in plaster and painted. The wagons, trains, etc., were fashioned from wood and metal. Realistic backgrounds are achieved by a combination of relief and of landscape painting.

Most of the cases are two feet high, two feet deep and six feet long. Those for the trains are approximately double length. The models are built on a scale of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the foot, except the last two, which are constructed on a scale one-half that of the others.

A great deal of research work was necessary to obtain the authentic data required in building the models. The series should have great educational value and will have interest and appeal for everyone.