

Delph Carpenter and River Compacts Between Western States*

RALPH CARR

To Delph Carpenter—the Father of Interstate River Treaties—we offer a salute.

Wherever water users have settled their differences over river flows without expensive and protracted litigation, they owe a debt of gratitude to the man whose efforts, more than those of any other individual, have pointed the way. But, like so many men who have devoted their lives to a cause, Delph Carpenter's hope of recognition or reward would seem to lie in that far distant future whose blueprints we have never yet been permitted to scan.

*This address by the former Governor of Colorado was given as a "Salute to Delph Carpenter" before the seventeen states of the National Reclamation Association, assembled in Annual Convention at Denver, October 27-29, 1943.—Ed.

The Father of Interstate Treaties on Western Rivers lies in his bed at Greeley, Colorado, practically unknown to this generation and, surely, unsung. Of course, the handful of men, lawyers, engineers and legislators who employ the tools which he fashioned to



DELPH CARPENTER

broaden the uses of water through the West, know and love and respect the Colorado lawyer, but the general public—the people who should know, do not even recognize the name.

But the times are busy ones. The problems of life—the business of earning a living, the necessity for getting things done, the war—keep even those who understand from doing the things they feel should be done—from acknowledging his greatness and in some small measure meeting the obligation of the West to one of her most valuable sons.

As the West stopped sowing its wild oats, and learned that there were other ways of earning a living beside the activities of the boom days of mining camps, with Millionaire Row adding new members daily, with their gambling hells, their stock sales and their glamour, it was realized that the quieter brothers who had crossed the plains in the wake of the gold seekers and the adventurers had been at work also.

This was the region which Major Stephen H. Long in 1820 had condemned with the opinion that the country lying west of the Missouri and on either slope of the Rockies could never support human life and should be known as the Great American Desert. But men who had tilled the soil “back there” discovered that the land covered with sage brush and buffalo grass which comprised the prairie dog’s kingdom would produce crops, such as the Middle West and East never experienced, simply by the application of water through irrigation canals. With the realization that agriculture could be carried on successfully, the true greatness of the West was guessed for the first time. Out of the necessity of life, a doctrine for the control and administration of the scanty flows of the streams of the arid areas was applied by the miners and early settlers.

The law of old England, the law of the eastern United States, demanded that water be permitted to leave a man’s land undiminished in quantity, and unpolluted in quality, at the same place whence it had always flowed in the past. But, if men were to cultivate their acres, if they were to establish homes in this western country, those humid region laws, fitted to different times and peoples and climate and ways of life, must be ignored.

The same spirit which had carried the pioneers across the prairies and through the waters of unbridged rivers, furnished the solution. Men took water where they found it and carried it by canals, often for miles and miles, to the places where they wanted to use and enjoy it. When others came along to deny the right of the pioneers to continue this practice, they had resort to the courts. And those bulwarks of freemen, which interpret the laws to meet men’s needs, to protect their rights and to permit them to enjoy the fruits of their labors, adopted a theory of law different from that recognized by their brethren who resided in the humid regions. They declared that the man who first diverted water from a natural stream and applied it to a beneficial use became entitled to divert a similar amount every year thereafter. His right assumed the nature of an irrevocable priority with a date which went back to the first action taken in diverting or preparing to divert the water.

It was the doctrine of “First in Time, First in Right.” Within its comprehensive terms were found the bases for the settlement of all problems which might arise between rival claimants on the same

stream. It defined each man's interest, and furnished a yard stick and guide by which those waters and their uses might be measured and delivered at all times in the future. It therefore spelled peace. It rewarded the diligent. It established stability. It protected titles to land by protecting the water rights used thereon. It was the foundation stone for the agricultural greatness which developed and which feeds a large part of the world today. It was different from the doctrine observed in the eastern states, where rainfall was adequate to supply the needs of growing crops, but it was not unknown to the law of waters.

It is in reality as old as civilization. It arose out of ancient practices and rules established in arid regions of the Old World. The first knowledge of irrigation practices like those now followed dates back to 4000 B. C. and is found in the Code of Hammurabbi. The practices of the Romans came to New Spain with the Conquistadores and the Padres. That part of the United States acquired from Spain and Mexico followed irrigation practices along the Rio Grande which controlled the distribution of water before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock.

But western rivers sometimes extend through half a dozen or more states. The time came when the water users in one state complained of violations of their rights by the combined diversions of the water users in adjoining states. The lower states argued that the irrigators in states on the upper reaches of a given stream were diverting so much of the flow that crops on the lower river were being deprived of their needed water supply. In at least two instances international situations were involved in such lower river protests. The water users in upper states, where the river flow develops from the rains and melting snows which fall in their mountains, were quick to assert a claim to all the water flowing within their borders for that very reason. There was no tribunal which offered a forum for the settlement of such controversies between individual water users on the same river but residing in different states. The states as the representatives of their respective citizens and sections went to the United States Supreme Court and sought redress for the asserted wrongs.

To present a case which involves an interstate dispute over the benefits from the flow of a river crossing the borders of half a dozen states calls for the preparation and presentation of facts and of law on a colossal scale. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended by the farmers on certain streams in an attempt to protect and preserve what they assert are their rights. One case—that one between the states of Kansas and Colorado, which involves the water of the Arkansas River throughout its course in Colorado and across about 75 miles of irrigated lands in western Kansas—has been in

the United States Supreme Court with only a few periods of seething peace since 1901. The Colorado River, with seven states, has furnished that highest court food for thought on several occasions already.

The states, in their capacities as quasi-sovereignties, might have had resort to arms to settle these difficult problems. Men and states have gone to war over situations not half as vexing or as important as those involving the flows of western rivers. The enjoyment of a thing the presence of which spells life and growth and permanence; and the absence of which means decadence and defeat and death can easily be converted into a *casus belli*. Fortunately for this country, the states surrendered the right to wage war when they adopted the Constitution.

Engaged in the practice of law in the city to which Horace Greeley had sent the Union Colony, Delph Carpenter caught the vision of the great editor. Greeley had insisted and argued and demanded that more and ever more water be diverted and applied to the fertile soil of what is now classed as the fifth county in the country in agricultural importance. Delph Carpenter became an irrigation authority early in his practice, and his efforts and advice went far in accomplishing the results which Greeley had foreseen. Eventually he became Colorado's legal representative in the vital river cases and the water conferences which were ahead. But there remained to be applied the underlying law by which states might measure their relative rights to water. Resort to the courts had proved unsatisfactory. The states themselves had not sensed the problem. Water users and their interests were in a precarious state.

Delph Carpenter sought a better answer. He wished to avoid further submission to the courts of questions which could be more sympathetically weighed by men who knew irrigation and irrigation needs and methods—the farmers themselves, their engineers, their water distribution officials and their legal advisers. Determined that no more expensive litigation should be saddled on the shoulders of Colorado water users and of western water users generally, if he could avoid it, Carpenter through constant reading and study found the answer.

In a decision by Mr. Justice Holmes which involved western waters, a chance suggestion had pointed to the settlement of water quarrels by the states themselves. As he read and searched he learned that, early in our nation's history, the question of the exact location of the boundary lines between some of the original thirteen states had been settled, under a provision of the Constitution which saves to the states the right to contract with each other, with the consent of Congress. He studied the opinions in cases where

boundary questions were considered by the great lawyers who occupied the Supreme Court bench during the years when the nation was forming.

If states can draw a line across lands so as to fix the limits of each state's ownership, Carpenter contended, they can just as certainly draw a line across the flow of a river. True, different problems are presented where a western stream of uncertain flow, with torrential cloudbursts and frequent and prolonged dry spells, is the subject for division. But just as surely as men can measure human rights and are willing to accept the hardships from low flows while they claim the benefits from peak flows, the result can be accomplished. It took years to induce others to agree with him. But Colorado's outstanding irrigation lawyer knew he was right. The insistent, logical, persuasive arguments of the man with "the piercing blue eyes, the twinkling blue eyes, the understanding blue eyes," finally got the job done.

The legislatures of many states had to be sold on the idea first. These bodies must establish river commissions with power to sit around a treaty-table with representatives from other states and "equitably allocate" the benefits flowing from a river. And after the commissions had been authorized to act by legislative measures, there came the job of finding men with sufficient understanding of irrigation practices and needs, and equipped with the ability and courage, to adequately represent their states.

First, Nebraska and Colorado worked out their differences over the flow of the South Platte in a fashion which has proved satisfactory ever since the Compact was executed years ago, with Delph Carpenter as Colorado's commissioner and with Robert H. Willis acting for Nebraska.

Came the controversy over the water of La Plata, a little stream rising in the La Plata mountains a few miles inside Colorado and flowing swiftly across the interstate line into New Mexico. Here the problem was a constant scarcity, with enough cultivated acres in either state to justify the diversion of the entire flow. The problem of division was a tough assignment. But Delph Carpenter for Colorado and the late Stephen B. Davis for New Mexico arranged a settlement. It required two trips to the United States Supreme Court to sustain the agreement and to bring the announcement that compacts between states on irrigation streams are legal and valid.

Then came the great Colorado River conference. This time seven states, the National Government and the Republic of Mexico were involved, with almost every range in altitude, both above and some below sea level, with variations in climate, character of vegetation, condition of evaporation, kind of soil and aptitudes of water users, offering every imaginable difficulty. At Santa Fe a represen-

tative of the Federal Government in the person of Secretary of Commerce Herbert Hoover, and commissioners for the states of Arizona, California, Colorado, Nevada, New Mexico, Utah and Wyoming gathered. No similar effort probably has ever been attempted. The result which some hoped might be attained really seemed impossible. Each state had its own peculiar viewpoint.

But as the weeks passed under the calm guidance of the Secretary of Commerce, an understanding finally commenced to develop. The mind of Delph Carpenter reached the height of its accomplishments and his was the hand which penned the major portion of the great document. A peace treaty was signed which permitted the construction of the great Hoover Dam near Boulder City, Nevada, and carried to the people of seven states and a sister republic encouragement and growth.

The people of seven states know the limits of the water rights available for future development. They can farm with assurance that so long as the river flows, acres will be irrigated, their people will prosper and America will profit. They know also that, in the meantime, the less progressive states will lose none of the rights which are theirs and which must be saved for them until their lands are peopled, and funds are available for the construction of irrigation facilities. The power developed by the great turbines at Hoover Dam is shaping a new Southwest. Water is lifted more than a thousand feet over the coastal mountain range, to bless and enrich the people of the Los Angeles district and Southern California generally.

Interstate relations involved in the sale and distribution of power and water at the dam have been adjusted, from time to time, through the aid of a committee of fourteen men from the seven states. When the cost of the dam has been repaid the earnings will be the subject of further discussion. They should in the very nature of things go to the states for their enrichment and greater realization of water benefits.

After the execution of the Colorado River Compact, stricken with an illness which has never left him, nevertheless Delph Carpenter attacked the hardest task of his life—the settlement of the controversy, over the flow of the Rio Grande, between the states of Colorado, New Mexico and Texas, which had been aggravated by an international snarl with Old Mexico. This cause had potentialities for strife and conflict, and conceivably, for war.

For several hundred years the people along the lower Rio Grande near El Paso and in Mexico south of that city, had diverted the water of the Great River of the North to irrigate crops of grain, of vegetables, of tropical fruits—yes, even of grapes from which wines were pressed which challenged the pride of the vineyards

of the Old World. Enormous agricultural development in the '80s in the San Luis Valley of Colorado resulted in the construction of irrigation enterprises, some with main line canals carrying water thirty to forty-five miles from their river headgates. A similar development in New Mexico attended.

The people of the Republic of Mexico concluded that their thirst was attributable to the great irrigation development upstream. The government of the Republic of Mexico went straight to Washington, and to quiet the demands of the sister nation an international treaty was executed whereby the United States bound herself to deliver to the Acequia Madre—the Mother Canal near the city of El Paso, Texas—60,000 acre feet annually to be used for irrigation by the farmers of Mexico. In order to accomplish this delivery and to assure the performance of the treaty obligation, the Department of the Interior issued an order forbidding the construction of any reservoir with a capacity in excess of one thousand acre feet on the upper reaches of the Rio Grande in New Mexico and Colorado. Then to make the promise doubly good, the Interior Department withdrew from homestead entry forty acre tracts at strategic points along the river beds of the upper streams and tributaries. This embargo, with modifications and amendments, continued in force for nearly thirty years.

Delph Carpenter set himself once again to accomplish the impossible. An armistice was signed in 1929 which gave the states courage and permitted development over a six-year period. When the armistice ended a complete survey of the Rio Grande Basin from the headwaters near Creede, Colorado, to Fort Quitman, Texas, below El Paso, was accomplished by the National Resources Planning Board aided by the three states. His illness prevented him from attending the later conference on the Rio Grande after the armistice was ended. A permanent compact was concluded in March, 1938.

Delph Carpenter's oft repeated statement, that any river question could be settled by any group of men with all the facts in their possession who were honestly bent on reaching an agreement, was proved true.

People living on the streams where Delph Carpenter acted are not the only ones whose lives have been benefited by his efforts. Recently a compact on the Republican River between the states of Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado was executed and ratified by the Congress, only to be vetoed by the President because of pronouncements which, it was asserted, might affect power development. A new version which meets this objection has since been signed by the three state commissioners, ratified by the legislatures

of the states and approved by the Congress. Compacts are contemplated on many other western rivers.

Every effort to reach a settlement out of court has failed on the Arkansas and North Platte rivers. Cases involving their streamflows are pending in the Supreme Court of the United States. Those problems might well have been solved long ago had their people caught the vision. The compact plan has proved wise in the case of many of the members of the sisterhood and upon some of its greatest rivers.

The hand of Delph Carpenter has reached wherever men have settled their rights and crystallized their claims, as well as to those rivers where men hope for peace and the progress which is certain to follow the intelligent development of river flow benefits. During the trying weeks of the Colorado River Conference, Delph Carpenter suffered pains which were soon to take him to his bed for life. In spite of his physical handicaps, Carpenter arose from his couch to spend long, difficult days in the sessions at Santa Fe over the Rio Grande. So weakened had he become that his work was carried on through an assistant, who heard the whispered suggestions of his chief and transmitted them to the other states' representatives. Just as deftly and tactfully as in his younger, stronger days, he guided the argument and led the conferees to the answer.

A man of strong convictions, and possessed of a speaking manner which enabled him to make his points clearly and definitely, Carpenter served his neighbors in the Colorado Senate. But his greatest faculty lay in diplomacy and persistence.

To know him is to love him.

A sense of humor which sends its portent in the twinkle of his clear blue eyes has saved many difficult situations.

History teems with tales of brave men who have given their lives for their country in time of war. Comparatively few make up the list of those who made the supreme sacrifice in time of peace and in the name of fair play for men in their everyday activities.

Delph Carpenter developed an idea which meant untold blessings to countless millions now living and yet unborn. By sheer hard work and unbelievable persistence he put it into action.

The West as a man should do him honor. Colorado as a state should recognize his service. I was about to say that a monument as high as the Western Rockies should be raised in his honor while he still lives and can draw some measure of comfort and some degree of compensation from the knowledge that the people whom he served

understand and are grateful. But a monument of stone and steel would be inadequate. The Colorado River Compact is the finest memorial that could be erected.

Several years ago I referred to the statement of an unknown writer in the *Edinburgh Review* which Judge Beaman presented to the Supreme Court in the first Arkansas River argument.

The presentation here as a tribute to Delph Carpenter seems fitting:

That although the tomb of Moses is unknown, the traveler of today slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palaces of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with their cedar and gold and ivory, and even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity Himself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the magnificent and costly architecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left upon another, but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrims' reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are moldering into dust, but its cistern and aqueduct remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins, but the Aqua Claudia still pours into the city of Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun, at Tadmor in the wilderness, has fallen, but its fountain sparkles in the rays of the morning as when thousands of worshipers thronged its lofty colonnades. And if any work of this generation shall rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name shall hereafter flash brightest through the mist of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow men and linked his memory to some such work of national utility or benevolence.

May I close with the prediction that the name of Delph Carpenter will live as long as our civilization persists and the snows which make the rivers of the West fall upon the silver-topped Rocky Mountains.¹

¹Representatives of the seventeen far western states signed at Denver in October, 1943, the following:

"A TESTIMONIAL OF APPRECIATION PRESENTED TO HONORABLE DELPH CARPENTER.

"Friend of Reclamation and Servant of the West; Counsellor of all who till the soil; Crusader for better irrigation theories, and Builder of better rules and practices, who went forward, patiently and unselfishly, when illness and physical suffering dictated rest and relaxation; Father of Interstate River Compacts; Dreamer who visioned the West's potential greatness; Westerner who blazed the trail to economic freedom and prosperity for us and millions yet unborn; Diplomat who sought to preserve the rights of mankind through the application of enduring principles; and Statesman who sought the ultimate good of this nation through fair adjustments among the sovereign States of our Great Republic;

"This salutation from his friends, the grateful water users of the Seventeen Western Reclamation States, is presented in deep appreciation of the West's first citizen as a personal tribute to Delph Carpenter from the National Reclamation Association assembled in Annual Convention at Denver, Colorado, this twenty-ninth day of October in the year nineteen hundred forty-three."

The Passing of La Veta Hotel

PEARLE R. CASEY*

For nearly sixty years, she reared her square, four-storied bulk majestically above the sprawling valley of the Gunnison; dwarfed only by the mountain wall surrounding her on all sides. La Veta Hotel, from the inception, has had a unique history, not confined to Colorado, for throughout the United States and even in foreign countries one meets people who have visited or have heard of Gunnison and the famous hotel. Added to the really large fabric of truth and the records of the hotel which are complete and well verified, are reams of romance and fiction which sentiment has woven into stories—stories of personages who stayed for a time beneath her roof, stories of the happenings which took place there, and many a romance which had its beginning in her spacious ball-room.

Thus there was a genuine, a universal feeling of sadness and regret when, on September 21, 1943, the building and its contents were sold at public auction. La Veta's fortunes having run the gamut, it seems a fitting tribute to go back to the years which saw her beginnings.

It was the year 1878 and the little colony of Gunnison was begun; settlers had been filtering into the valley several years before, but they were scattered many miles apart. Some were interested in the possibilities of successful ranching; others were staking out mineral claims. Among those coming into the new country were many from the eastern states; men with money, who were tired of congested centers of population; men who sought mining investments with which to add to their wealth; men who felt the challenge of the new West and its opportunities.

One such group, headed by George Willard of Ironton, Ohio, conceived the idea of building a magnificent hotel in the little town of Gunnison, which was then less than three years old. It sounds fantastic to us now, but to those who saw the structure take form and rise, it seemed right and fitting that such a project should be furthered; they firmly believed in the future of the region; in La Veta's brick and stone they seemed to see the embryo of a great industrial empire of which the city of Gunnison should be the hub.

In the spring of 1881 the first excavations were made and the foundations begun, this work being under the supervision and direction of Captain Loudon Mullin. It was first proposed to name the hotel after Mr. George Willard, but he, having become financially

*Mrs. Casey, wife of the President of Western State College at Gunnison, is a well known poet and writer.—Ed.

embarrassed, withdrew from the enterprise and Mr. Benjamin W. Lewis was made the head of the company backing the erection of the hotel.

In the issue of August 7, 1882, of the *Gunnison Daily Review Press*, the first mention of the new hotel occurs. It reads:

"The Gunnison Gas & Water Company, of which Benj. W. Lewis is president, have closed the contract for the immediate building of the new hotel on the Boulevard . . . and which chronic croakers said would go no further than the foundations. The new hotel will be known as the Lewis House. . . By next Saturday night, all



LA VETA HOTEL

the stone work will be completed and work will begin Monday on the brickwork, and pushed as rapidly as possible, with one hundred workmen on the job. We learn from Captain Mullin that it is the intention to have the structure under roof within sixty days."

Thus it was revealed that the final plans, having been submitted to Mr. Lewis in his eastern home, had been approved. All the brick in town was bought up, and the firm of Russell & Zugelder, local manufacturers of brick, had promised 2,500,000 more before the next two months had passed. This firm owned several brickyards and clay deposits in or near the Gunnison townsite and it is said that the quality of the brick turned out by them was easily the equal of Golden pressed brick. The townspeople rejoiced in the thought that all doubts were now dispersed regarding the actual building of the hotel, and each bit of information relating to the new struc-

ture was eagerly passed along and discussed. It was now understood that the main part of the building was to be one hundred twenty-five feet by one hundred twenty-five feet in area, four stories in height, with a "kitchen ell" thirty by fifty feet. "Taking its immense size into consideration," writes the *Review Press* reporter, "it is a source of amazement that so great a structure can be erected in so short a time."

It was rarely that there did not appear some note about the hotel's progress in the local columns of the newspaper, in addition to frequent articles of longer content. Everyone in the little mountain town and in the surrounding valley was deeply interested in the project, visualizing in it substantial evidence of unquestioned prosperity and future economic solidarity. The fact that the cost of the hotel was estimated at \$150,000 was "an item of no little astonishment to jealous rivals and chronic croakers," said the *Press*. That summer also witnessed two historic events in the region; one was the coming of the first train on the Denver & Rio Grande through the Black Canon of the Gunnison (for which a total of twelve tickets were sold); the second was the formal turning on of gas by the Gunnison Gas & Water Company. Gunnisonites felt that they were well on the way to becoming the metropolis of western Colorado! And "the new Lewis House" was again and again referred to as "the best hotel in Colorado, which will surely be thrown open in time to catch the great boom of 1883 when it reaches Gunnison."

The Gunnison Foundry & Machine Works was given the contract for the cast-iron columns to be used in the hotel building as well as many other items of iron work. The iron columns were finally finished and put in place early in September. With an almost pathetic interest, each new task completed, each new feature begun, was discussed in the press. Some weeks passed without much appreciable change in the aspect of the structure, yet, with cold weather rapidly approaching, the work was pushed as fast as possible with the limited number of workmen available. One of the serious factors resulting in delays was the lack of iron at the foundry, and the slowness in receiving ore at the smelter. But by December 23rd the great mansard roof was finished and public attention turned to the finishing of the interior, the contract for which was held by a local firm, Parks & Endner. It is interesting to note that all the interior woodwork was turned out at this mill in Gunnison, and of this the grand staircase and the newel post were considerable items. Likewise, all stone, brick, lime, and iron used in the building were manufactured locally, and nearly all the labor was done by Gunnison contractors and mechanics.

The *Daily Review Press*, January 1, 1883, devotes much space to the story of the Lewis Hotel, describing in detail its modern con-

veniences and features. The basement was divided into six rooms, besides the one fitted up as an office for the Lewis Hotel and Improvement Company; there was the Bath and Barber Department, laundry, bakery, storage rooms and a large vault.

On the ground floor was a bank, with fireproof vault, store-rooms, a ticket office and waiting room (rented to the railroad company); a large billiard room and handsome bar; gentlemen's reading room; small parlor; sample rooms, large dining room and kitchens; and the small dining room, or "ordinary." All these rooms opened from the rotunda, forty by sixty feet; the grand staircase, leading up from the rotunda, was considered one of the finest pieces of work of its kind in Colorado. "In fact," says the *Review Press* reporter, "the staircase in the Windsor, in Denver, is the only one which will at all compare with it." It was made of black walnut and oak, covered with Turkish carpeting and cost between \$6,000 and \$7,000. The huge newel post, nineteen feet six inches high, two feet seven and one-half inches square, required the services of twelve men to put into place after it was completed, the post alone costing \$300.

In addition to three stairways, there was an elevator, used for luggage and heavy equipment. On the second floor were forty sleeping rooms and a large, handsomely furnished parlor, with furniture of carved black walnut, made especially for the hotel, many pieces with the letter "L" worked into the design. The floor was covered to the wall with fine carpet; the draperies at the long windows were made of royal blue wool rep bordered with blue silk and gold galloon; they were deeply scalloped and ornamented with long, heavy gold tassels. The third and fourth floors were devoted to sleeping rooms, bathrooms and closets.

It was generally assumed that the hotel would be formally opened on July 4th, but much to the general disappointment, a statement was issued to the effect that, while the hotel would actually be finished, the necessary arrangements for a suitable formal opening could not be made in the time available. According to the *Review Press*, some difficulty was experienced at this juncture, "because of faulty seasoning of timber used in the construction." So it was not until January, 1884, that the actual plans for the grand opening of the Lewis House were under way. Gunnison was now a thriving little town of some five thousand population; whereas, in the spring of 1880, there was not a single brick or stone structure, "all told, being only forty-three buildings and most of them shanties."

On March 22, 1884, occurs the first appearance of the name La Veta, but with no explanation as to why it was chosen to replace the already familiar "Lewis House." Since Mr. Lewis and his

associates had such unbounded faith in Gunnison as a center of prosperity and industry, planning to make it the "Pittsburgh of the West," it may be that they chose the name La Veta, meaning lode, or seam, to imply that this hotel and its grandeur were symbolic of the wealth with which it would soon be surrounded.

La Veta was opened to guests and the general public on April 15th. From that time on one may find many interesting press items and editorials concerning its progress, though the real interest was centered in the announcement that the grand formal opening would take place on May 22nd, when the Masonic Fraternity of Gunnison would sponsor a Banquet and Grand Ball to really mark the debut of La Veta.

On April 9th, Manager N. J. Bliss of St. Louis arrived in Gunnison with a force of about twenty-five employees, including clerks, housekeeper, cooks, waiters, bellboys and servants. From then until the opening everything was in a flurry of expectation and preparation, not alone at the hotel but in the town as well. It is said that every lady was busily preparing for the great occasion; dressmakers worked far into the night; tailors looked pale and worn, and almost every topic of conversation had some bearing on the event which was so eagerly anticipated.

There are still a few of the old menus in existence, containing long lists of mouth-watering delicacies, which we are assured were the customary fare of La Veta dinner guests. The old registers bear the names of many distinguished people, one entry being that of Otto Mears, the *Press* commenting that he "had known the Gunnison Valley nineteen years ago, and is amazed at the changes and evidences of progress."

The Grand Ball was truly a brilliant affair, with more than four hundred in attendance, "with everything as lively as a molasses cask in flytime." Both railroads, the Denver & Rio Grande and the South Park, offered half-fare excursion rates which brought in many people from distant parts of the state. It is said that the day after the great occasion there were only two classes of people in Gunnison, those who had gone to the Ball and those who had not! There were many comments in the state press about the event, even some eastern papers were impressed by the significance of such an illustrious gathering, though some were not especially complimentary in their remarks. One such editor referred to La Veta and its location in West Gunnison as "looking like a peacock among a lot of mudhens."

But the local press made up for all deficiencies of friends and rivals, devoting two full columns to descriptions of the elegant costumes and jewels worn by the ladies, and giving a detailed account of the banquet menu, the speeches, and the programme of the

Grand Ball which followed. It was emphatic in saying that "no social event ever occurred in Colorado that attracted so much attention as did this evening's entertainment. Five years ago, this region was the hunting ground of the Indian; these sloping mountainsides and grassy valleys were the grazing ground of deer and elk . . . last night a company of ladies and gentlemen were here assembled that, for beauty, culture and social qualities could scarcely be surpassed anywhere in the Western States."



PROGRAMME OF OPENING BALL 1884

The following dances were listed: 1. Grand March. 2. Quadrille. 3. Lanciers. 4. Waltz. 5. Quadrille Basket. 6. Schottische. 7. Lanciers. 8. Quadrille. 9. Waltz. 10. Lanciers. 11. Waltz Quadrille. 12. Galop. 13. Lanciers. 14. Newport. 15. Waltz-Schottische. 16. Lanciers. 17. Polka. 18. Galop. 19. Lanciers. 20. Waltz. 21. Waltz.

But now there came new and pressing matters to take the public attention: "Hard times and high water," it being apparent that one was the direct result of the other. Swiftly melting snows in the mountains, after a hard winter, caused disastrous washouts on the railroads; the smelter, chief industry of the valley, could not maintain a steady production of iron without an adequate supply of ore for smelting; there were days, even weeks, when the mail could not get to Gunnison. Naturally, when the trains could not run, the passengers who were to bring the boom to Gunnison failed to arrive and everything was at a standstill.

It was not long before the question was being asked, "Will La Veta remain open this winter?" At first the answer was an emphatic YES, but the truth finally came out with the announce-

ment on November 4th that the big hotel was closed until the following spring. "It is to be hoped," said the *Review Press*, "that by another winter, Gunnison will be so large and hotel patronage so great that it will not be necessary to close this magnificent hostelry during the winter season."

A new manager, Mr. Olney, came in the spring of 1885, and opened the building early in April. That summer saw many guests at La Veta; the long lists of hotel arrivals printed in the daily papers were evidence of the great influx of travelers from the East; everyone was much pleased with the new manager, and we are told that the hotel was kept in fine style. Besides a heavy transient patronage, the townspeople were hosts to many gay parties at the hotel.

On October 15th of that same year, the hotel was again closed for the winter, and again opened the following spring, which procedure was followed, apparently, until the winter of 1888, when we find the announcements of the Christmas dinner to be served at La Veta, informing the public that it would be "the finest meal of its kind ever served in Colorado." From that time it was apparent that business at the hotel warranted its remaining open throughout the year.

On October 23, 1903, Mr. B. W. Lewis died suddenly in his apartment at La Veta, at the age of sixty-two years. At that time he owned the Gunnison Electric Light and Water plant, together with other valuable investment properties. These, along with the management of the hotel, were taken over by his son, R. B. Lewis. In 1909, La Veta was purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Howland from the Lewis Hotel and Improvement Company and they continued to own and operate it for sixteen years. Their ownership was characterized by careful consideration for the comfort and pleasure of their guests, and a personal pride in the management and service of the establishment. During their time here, especially the years of World War I, many distinguished people came to Gunnison and registered at La Veta. In a treasured autograph book, owned by Mrs. Howland (who, by the way, still maintains a home in Gunnison) are written the names of many of these visitors. Mrs. Howland tells many interesting stories about them, with special reference to William J. Mayo and his brother Charles, famous surgeons of Rochester, Minnesota; Opie Read, writer and lecturer; Padriac Colum, Ireland; Eugene Deitz, Belgium, who acted as interpreter for General Pershing; John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; and John D. Rockefeller, III, New York City. There were many more from various European countries and from the Americas.

It was Mr. Howland who, in 1921, originated the offer of a "free meal or room for each guest any day the sun failed to shine in Gunnison." Only about twenty times in the thirty years following did Mr. Howland and successive managers have to make good on this offer.

In April, 1925, the Howlands decided to retire from business, and La Veta was closed, to remain so until after its purchase by John C. Reagan, a wealthy mine owner of the White Pine district. Mr. Reagan announced that he planned to change the name of the establishment to "The Gunnison," but this plan never saw reality. He employed various managers to operate the hotel for him, and of these Harry Dye was perhaps the best known and most successful. About 1934, the hotel was up for sale, to close the estate of Mr. Reagan, and was purchased by L. B. Stitzer, who managed it until he, in turn, sold it to Mr. Fred Sandholm. The hotel was kept open in spite of adverse conditions, and the growing problem of upkeep and repair, until Mr. Sandholm was finally forced to close it, and so it remained until the auction sale of this past autumn.

All furniture, equipment and personal belongings were sold at the hotel site; buildings, improvements and adjoining lots being purchased by J. H. Sanders, plaintiff in the foreclosure proceedings and the only bidder on the property. The price brought by the real estate and building, which had once cost more than a quarter of a million dollars to build and furnish, was the sum of \$8,350!

La Veta still looks out upon the broad valley of the Gunnison, still aloof, but no longer as a queen. Shorn of her treasures and splendid furnishings, she is only an empty shell in which to store memories. Perhaps one day her rejuvenation will be accomplished by those seeking to restore an historical monument; possibly someone will again have the vision of making it again a successful business venture, but LA VETA, as she was in the days of her youth and glory, can only truly live in the memory of those who knew her in that time long past.

The Guadalupita Colony of Trinidad¹

A Posthumous Luis Baca Manuscript²

In the year A. D. 1860, one Don Pedro Valdez and Don Felipe Baca, hailed [hailing] from Mora County, New Mexico, camped near the river crossing of the present site of the City of Trinidad. They were on their way, bound to the then small settlement on the banks of Cherry Creek, now Denver, to take four loads of flour to market.

At that time Trinidad was not started, but the locality was

¹Editorial notes by E. C. McMechen.—Ed.

²The original of this interesting manuscript is in the possession of Frank E. Tafoya of Trinidad who, as a young man, attended St. Mary's Academy in Kansas with Luis Baca, son of Don Felipe Baca. The account relates the patriarchal trek of Don Felipe and Don Pedro Valdez with their followers to the Trinidad region. Although the manuscript does not mention the colony's origin, Mr. Tafoya is authority for the statement that it was Guadalupita, Mora County, New Mexico. Don Felipe erected the old adobe trading post north of the Purgatory River and became one of Trinidad's wealthiest men.

known to the outside world by the name of "El Rio de Las Animas," the translation of which is "The River of the Souls."

Returning home, Mr. Valdez and Mr. Baca camped at the same place here. Mr. Baca took a few steps around to reconnoiter a little and observed the wonderful growth of vegetation; so thick along the river bottom it struck him forcibly that the soil was bound to be rich for farming. He came to the conclusion that, by removing the brush and clearing the land, bumper crops could be raised for the support of both man and beast.

Returning to his home in Mora County with a fixed purpose, Mr. Baca made preparations to emigrate to this locality, and squat on a slice of Unele Sam's domain. Reaching here late in the fall of that same year, he at once designated his possession by driving stakes around the tract of land that suited him, something in the aggregate of a mile along the river bottom.

The old Denver Road ran through the middle of his land; afterwards, when Commercial Street was established 100 feet west, the old Denver Road was abandoned.

It is evident that Mr. Baca located in the heart of the future Trinidad, because the depots of the three railroads are within the boundaries of Mr. Baca's homestead.

Early in the spring of 1861,³ Mr. Baca was found here carrying out his scheme: he had men cutting out the brush and, on the heels of those, he had other men with plows and ox-teams digging up the roots and preparing the land for cultivation.

In the fall of that year Mr. Baca returned to his home in Mora County, New Mexico, with a load of juicy melons and another load of several kinds of produce he raised. The melons he distributed, and the exhibition of the other products served to advertise the farming opportunities in El Rio de Las Animas. His people were astounded to see such a variety of good things unknown in Mora County, owing to the climatic conditions there. Incidentally, this started the impetuous [impetus] that brought hordes of Spanish-Americans from New Mexico to acquire farms in this part of the globe: and the influx that followed as will be seen. In a short time in Mora County matters got aggressive. A meeting was called to devise ways and means to emigrate to El Rio de las Animas.

In the month of March, A. D. 1862, in pursuance of their plans already decided upon, twelve heads of families, all Spanish-Ameri-

³This raises the moot point as to whether the Spanish-Americans or Americans were the first settlers of Trinidad. Luis Baca gives no date in the spring of 1861. Albert W. Archibald states that he, his brother Ebenezer, Riley Vincent Duntton and William Frazier erected the first house in Trinidad on March 7, 1861—an undisputed statement. However, a Mexican *jacal* would hardly be recognized as a house by American settlers. Considering Luis Baca's claim that his father staked the first farm in the fall of 1860, Don Felipe's claim to prior settlement would seem well founded. See the De Busk Memorial, Pamphlet 359/33, Vol. 11, p. 19 (State Historical Society Library).

cans, made preparations to come over. Previous to their starting, a prayer meeting was held in which everyone appealed their case to the succor, recourse and potentialities of their Patron Saint, our Lady of Guadalupe, to protect them and lead them out of chaos should they clash with the Red Man.

Twenty wagons were outfitted, all drawn with ox-teams, loaded to the limit with all their belongings. Then and there, they decided to stand together in all emergencies, making ample preparations to acquire plenty of firearms and ammunition, strapping their rifles to their backs, and their revolvers to their waists.

They gathered their livestock; the cattle were put in one herd, the horses in another, the sheep and goats in another; the swine were the fourth herd, coming on the rear, as these were the slowest travelers. Some of the men traveled on foot, others rode horses, others who were fortunate to own a burro used them as mounts to good advantage.

This was an expectacular [spectacular] convoy: marching along on a string about three miles long. In some features it was like a "Spanish Armada" coming over from New Mexico to El Rio de las Animas.

In a few days on the road Mr. Baca's biggest porkers got tired and, with all the kicking that was susceptible in man power, together with the voracious [vociferous] vocabulary that was used, they refused to move.

Mr. Baca said: "My friends, we cannot wait; time is too precious now. I have got a plan by which we won't loose [lose] them altogether. Go ahead and give those tired fellows a blow on the head, and we will eat them—and why not." The scheme worked out all right. When they reached Rayado Creek, incidentally, they met one Mr. Hilario Madrid. Mr. Baca put it up to him, why not join the tide and come; that there was plenty of room and opportunities for him to pick land just as it suited him anywhere.

Mr. Madrid saw at once the significance of joining, from the standpoint of protection against the Indians, and begged to be given just a few days to gather his stock. Mr. Baca pleaded with his constituents to give Mr. Madrid the opportunity; that it would do no harm to break the monotony of traveling, with a few days of rest for the animals and men. He was accorded that indulgence, got ready, and was soon off with the procession.

Everything worked well until they reached Raton Pass. Here they had no roads; there were trails. Some of the slopes on the sides were at an angle of about 45 degrees. On that account, several wagons rolled over but, as there were plenty of hands, they were put in operation again.

Reaching here at the river crossing, they pitched camp for a few days, and went out to pick a location. Everything was vacant.

As soon as each man had picked his location they separated their stock from the herd. Mr. Hilario Madrid, with his family, went up the river about nine miles and established his homestead; a village sprang up there which bears the name of its original founder, to-wit, "Madrid Plaza." The Apodaca families left north, located on the Apishipa (Apishapa), three miles west of Aguilar. A village sprang up bearing the name of its original founders, to-wit, "Apodaca Plaza." Don Marcus Tafoya, Antonio Duran and others left southeast and settled on San Miguel Creek. The village was named after the creek, to-wit, "San Miguel Plaza" (Frijole Creek).

As the country began to be populated by the influx from New Mexico, Spanish-American villages sprung up in divers places through [throughout] the County, especially along the river up to near Stonewall. Some still survive; others have changed name, but are there in evidence.

The following are the original villages, now called Plazas, to-wit: Suaso Plaza, Tejeras Plaza, Los Baros (now Segundo), Medina Plaza, Sarsillo Plaza, Velasquez Plaza; La Junta Plaza (now Weston), Cordova Plaza, Zamora Plaza, Vigil Plaza, Lucero Plaza, Torrez Plaza, Martinez Plaza, Apodaca Plaza, San Antonio Plaza (now Aguilar), Trinehera Plaza, San Francisco Plaza (now Barela), San Lorenzo Plaza (now Gray Creek), and Chilili.

These divers villages called Plazas were built for a two-fold purpose: for a habitation, and for protection from the Indians in case of uprising. The Spanish-Americans, thus united, could stand a real battle, if they had to defend themselves.

Going back to the time the early settlers were getting a foothold in El Rio de las Animas and adjacent vicinity, it occurred in the month of December, A. D. 1866, by that time Mr. Baca had constructed a large adobe house in the vicinity of the round house of the Santa Fe Railroad. When said building was finished, at the invitation of Mr. Baca, Don Felipe Tafoya arrived to be sponsor at the wedding of Mr. Baca's oldest daughter, Maria Dionisia, to Lorenzo Abeyta. On this occasion Mr. Baca suggested to Mr. Tafoya, why not take 160 acres of vacant land adjoining his homestead to the west, which said land now embraces the Terry Addition, the Treat Addition and other valuable tracts now built up.

It was 1866 and an adobe church had been built by Mr. Baca and his peons, and the eleven other Spanish families that had come into the community. Father Pedro Juan Minereum was the first pastor. The Jesuit Fathers came into the scene in 1875, when

Father Charles M. Pinto and Father Alexander Leorne arrived to take charge.

Mr. Baca argued that as they were friendly neighbors in New Mexico, why not just as well perpetuate that friendship by coming over and being his neighbor again? Mr. Tafoya was pessimistic. Not being quite sure of his safety on account of the Indians, he figured it out that, in case of an uprising, they could easily annihilate the settlers.

Mr. Baca assured him that there was no fear of taking matters so seriously; that he had entered into an understanding with the Indians to give them something to eat in the way of flour and corn meal whenever they were hungry. In this way the Indians would be always friends, and agreed not to molest his herds or herders; that he was raising enough grain from the land to meet that understanding, and had grain for all purposes and a surplus besides; that he did not take it seriously why the Indians should not be friendly, as he had met their own terms, and did not believe they would ever give him any trouble; that as far as he knew they were carrying out that understanding with him.

Mr. Tafoya declined, as he did not want to take many chances, but later on, in the year A. D. 1871, Mr. Tafoya changed his mind and took a swing to this part of the globe, and located southeast about 35 miles from Trinidad on Trinchera Creek.

Mr. Tafoya was successful from the start. He increased his herds of sheep, cattle and horses, and in time acquired more land. He lived a happy and contented life on his possessions until the time of his death, which occurred in the year A. D. 1895.

The following names and dates are names of Spanish-Americans who emigrated to this country as follows, to-wit: J. M. Abeyta, 1864; Ramon Vigil, 1862; Jacobo Cordova, 1862; Casimiro Romero, 1863; Francisco Montoya, 1863; Manuel Marquez, 1863; Juan D. C. Lovato, 1864; Timoteo Lovato, 1864; Ramon Torrez, 1865; Juan N. Gutierrez, Sr., 1865; Agapito Trujillo, 1867; Jesus M. Barela, 1867; Don Casimiro Barela with sixteen of his people, 1867; Agapito Medina and family, 1868; Quirino Maez, 1869; Jose Hilario Romero, 1869; J. R. Aguilar, 1869; Rafael Sena, 1869; Rafael Chacon, 1871; Ramon Borrega, 1867; Antonio J. Valdez, 1871. And there were others.

As the years rolled by and Trinidad continued to take a steady growth, someone suggested, why not start schools; that there was a competent lady here, a Mrs. George Simpson, a Spanish-American, that could and was willing to start a Spanish class. The matter was arranged and she started a private school at her own house on West Main Street in the year A. D. 1867. That was the first school started

in Trinidad.⁴ On the top of Simpson's Rest is the grave of her husband, one of the western pioneers. The good old lady passed away at Monrovia, California, August 20, A. D. 1916.

In the year A. D. 1869, Bishop J. P. Machebeuf of Denver hailed into Trinidad for the purpose of looking for a location to start schools. As he was a friend of Mr. Baca, he called on him to exchange notes. The Bishop put the school matter up to Mr. Baca, and why should he not take a part. Mr. Baca got interested and responded with a most liberal proposition. He offered as his share to donate a tract of land of several acres, together with the buildings on said premises in the very heart of Trinidad if the Bishop carried out his part of the bargain.

In a short time the two came to terms. Mr. Baca gave possession right away. In the month of July, A. D. 1870, Mr. Baca and his wife delivered a deed to the property for all the land lying west of Alley "A" and north of Church Street to the river, on part of which stands the Catholic Church, Community Hall, Convent and Catholic Parish.

Mr. Baca made the remark that in so doing he was working for the good of all; that not only his children, but other peoples' children would get an education; that, in that way, the benefit derived from such grant would be tenfold.

The following list contains the names and dates of Americans who emigrated to this country, to-wit: A. W. Archibald, 1861; Pat O'Neal, 1863; Dr. M. Beshoar, 1867; D. W. McCormick, 1867; Joseph Davis, 1867; P. B. Sherman, 1867; John R. Skelly, 1867; Faunce Chaplin, 1868; E. J. Hubbard, 1868; William Bransford, 1867; Webb Brown, 1869; Frank Bloom, 1869; E. D. Bright, 1869; D. D. Finch, 1871; Joe Davis, 1867; Jerome Abbott, 1871; Joe McBride, 1871; Dave Gottlieb, 1871; George Storz, 1870; William Elmore, 1870.

In the early days, the farmer in the fall of the year butchered two fat porkers for the winter or, if he preferred, he would buy plenty of fat mutton for \$1.25 each, and got 25 cents for the hide.

He had his full supply of food for all times and the H—C—L— was unknown. When the first snow had fallen he had finished all his work and he then rested all winter until spring, when he got ready to farm again. Now how different. We have no complete rest this side of the grave.

Written by Luis Baca, Son of Felipe Baca.

⁴Albert W. Archibald states that he opened the first school in Trinidad, in July, 1865, with 13 pupils present. See De Busk Memorial, 17, p. 33.

Mrs. W. N. Byers, Pioneer Woman

MRS. MARY E. BYERS ROBINSON*

Elizabeth Minerva Sumner Byers was born in Chillicothe, Ohio. As a young girl she crossed the Mississippi River and was frightened almost to death. Her parents, with their nine children, pioneered in Iowa. She lived for sixteen years on a farm. She was an athletic girl, doing everything her brothers did.

She was the first woman to ride on a train west of the Missouri; she crossed the plains seven times before the railroad was built.

In November, 1854, she married William Newton Byers, a civil engineer and surveyor. In the words of Mrs. Byers herself:

"I came into Denver in a two-seated buckboard, with my husband and two children. The driver changed horses every ten miles, driving night and day. I was the eighth white woman in Denver, and when I climbed out of the little buckboard with my two babies I felt that I was the advance guard of civilization at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. We lived in a one-room log house with a board roof. There was no floor, grass roots being in evidence.

"In November, 1859, we moved to a log house which was on the west side of Cherry Creek near City Hall. The printing office occupied the front room and I had two rooms in the rear.

"In June of 1860 we moved into a frame building, and in October it was burned to the ground and all my homelike things went up in flame. This was a time to try men's souls, but some staunch friends stood back of us, and but for their loyalty we should have been desolate indeed.

"I was one of the organizers of the Ladies' Relief Home and the Young Women's Christian Association.

"In 1864 the great flood came upon us, and our cottage was left upon an island at Valverde. Finally Colonel Chivington built a boat and we were taken off our island and came into town, where Governor and Mrs. Evans kindly took us in and gave us a home for ten days. We returned to the ranch for only a week, as the water was still high; so we located in the Seminary Building, corner of Fourteenth and Arapahoe Streets. While we were there we had the great Indian scare."

Mrs. Byers died January 6, 1920.

*The late Mrs. Robinson was the daughter of Mrs. Byers and the famous pioneer Colorado journalist, W. N. Byers.—Ed.

Memoirs of Marian Russell¹

MRS. HAL RUSSELL

It was the middle of June (1865) when Colonel Carson, true to his word, came for me. He was accompanied by Richard and a detachment of mounted soldiers. My trunk and personal effects were placed in the army wagon, but I rode with Richard and the Colonel. My horse was a dappled gray mare Richard had chosen for me.

The ride to Camp Nickols stands out in my mind today as one of the highlights of my life. Colonel Carson, his mind on the Indian atrocities, kept pointing out places along the trail where some disaster had occurred. When we came to a little creek called "White Creek," he had me dismount and go with him to a pile of stones heaped by the wayside. Those stones, he said, marked the grave of Mrs. White.

This woman was one of a party of emigrants westward bound. Her husband was a soldier stationed at Fort Union. As the wagon train neared the fort Mrs. White, in her anxiety to see her husband, walked on in advance. Some Apaches cut off her retreat to the wagons. She had her four-year-old daughter with her. This child the Indians carried away with them. She was never seen again. The woman they killed and left by the trail.² I think that things like this preyed on Colonel Carson's mind.

When we reached Camp Nickols I found that no houses had as yet been built. Several hundred army tents were being used as soldiers' quarters. Colonel Carson had a tent erected for Richard and me next to his own. The weather was warm and we kept the sides of the tent rolled up to catch the stray breezes. So also did Colonel Carson, and I remember how often he lay on his camp bed searching the horizon with a pair of field glasses.

One night a great thunder storm came up. I think I have never known the wind to blow so hard. At intervals the lightning seemed to tear jagged holes in the black sky and then our tent was illuminated with an unearthly blue light. I saw our tent pole buckle

¹Continued from last issue. Editorial notes by E. C. McMechen.—Ed.

²The White incident is celebrated in Santa Fe Trail annals. In the latter part of October, 1849, a band of Jicarilla Indians attacked the wagon train in which the White family traveled, while it was encamped at Point of Rocks. Mr. Barclay of Barclay's Fort, who passed the scene within a few days of the massacre, counted "seven or eight" bodies. One of these was J. M. White, a Virginia emigrant. In this point Marian Russell errs. Mrs. White, her small daughter, and a female slave were taken prisoners. Subsequently, when overtaken and attacked by a punitive force under Major William Nicholson Grier, the Indians killed Mrs. White, whose still warm body was buried by the soldiers. Congress appropriated \$1,500 to ransom the captives, neither of whom was ever located. Upon at least two occasions, Indians told fur trappers that the White child had been killed also. *Official Correspondence of James S. Calhoun*, collected by Annie Heloise Abel (Washington, 1915).

and bend and I ducked my head under Richard's arm and so did not hear Colonel Carson's cry for help. Richard slipped from the bed and began rapidly to dress. I heard the Colonel's cry change to a roar of rage. His tent had collapsed upon him. Richard had to call out the corporal of the guard to get the Colonel extricated.

During Colonel Carson's short stay at Camp Nickols I had only brief glimpses of him, as he was always busy. He personally directed construction of the officers' quarters and often he would ride away with the scouts and be gone all day. Out upon the prairies ten scouts would ride each morning, to return only as darkness gathered. Two pickets were kept posted during the daylight hours; one of these atop a little hill west of the fort, another atop a hill to the east. They were mounted on the fleetest ponies. Other sentinels were placed along the trail. Colonel Carson's vigilance never relaxed.

Colonel Carson was not very well these days at Camp Nickols and I am sure the army rations there did not agree with him. Some days his face was haggard and drawn with pain. The disease that was to claim his life in after years had even then fastened itself upon him. He liked to play seven-up with some of the officers, and I often heard his short, sharp bark of laughter, or shout of glee as he won.

One morning the Colonel came leading his big, black horse by the reins. He wanted to say "Good-bye." His last words to me were: "Remember, child, the injuns will get you if you ride alone out thar." "Thar" was the rolling hills outside the high rock walls. I watched him as he rode away. I saw the picket on the western lookout arise and wave a hand. I saw the great, black horse enter and mingle with the dancing mirage on the horizon. I was destined never to see my friend again; but I have never forgotten him.

Richard and I did not have to live long in a tent, as a perfectly lovely dug-out was soon completed for us. It was excavated about four feet and was built up with stone about four feet above the level of the earth. The floor was of earth and the roof was of earth. The door was an army blanket and the window merely a hole in the rock wall. Such a dear little dug-out, and it held so much of human happiness.

Our bed was a marvel. A six foot log, split and placed in one corner, was covered with cedar boughs that gave under our weight like coiled springs. There is an art in making a pine or cedar bough bed. Only the initiated can do it well. Richard was one of the initiated. Those boughs of cedar had been gathered for me by Colonel Carson's orders and they were fragrant and lovely. I have never had a better bed. Army blankets we had in abundance. We had also a folding army table and two army camp stools.

A soldier was assigned us as cook. He prepared his savory stew in a Dutch oven outside, as we had no stove at all. He carried water from the river in a great wooden pail. It seemed to me he was always trying to cook something special for Richard and me. Our bill-of-fare, while nutritious, was often monotonous. We had hard tack, bacon, coffee, beans, venison and beef. A beef herd had been brought from Fort Union and the scouts killed both deer and antelope.

One day a freight wagon arrived from Fort Union with a load of supplies. Mr. Russell bought forty-two dollars' worth of groceries and we ate them all in ten days, incredible as it seems. A No. 2 can of peaches cost us \$2.00 and everything else was in proportion.

After Colonel Carson left, Major Pfeiffer was in command at Camp Nickols. Some of the officers under him were Captain R. C. Kemp, Captain Hubbell, Captain Strom, Captain H. H. Anderson, and Lieutenants John Drenner, Campbell, Ortner, and Russell. Perhaps Captain Strom was the most popular officer at Camp Nickols. He was a very neat and dressy person. I never remember seeing him, even on the very warmest days, that his uniform was not buttoned up tightly and his hat at a proper angle.

The camp boasted ten Indian scouts, two Indian squaws, and two Mexican laundresses. The laundresses were wives of some Mexican soldiers. Each soldier paid one dollar per month for laundry.

The first detachment of soldiers sent out from Camp Nickols as wagon train escort was under the command of Captain Strom. The prairies back of the camp had been covered with wagons waiting to be escorted eastward, and so Captain Strom and his soldiers saw them as far on their way as Fort Larned. Two weeks elapsed after the cavalcade left and still Captain Strom did not return. More wagons were collecting and Richard was ordered to escort them eastward to Fort Larned, to join Captain Strom there and to return with him to Camp Nickols, escorting any wagon trains westward that might have collected. I was not permitted to make this trip with Richard, although I still think that dappled Dolly and I would have made a delightful escort for any wagon train. I said goodbye bravely, expecting him back in two weeks. It was more than a month before he returned.

I passed that month as best I could in little walks around the fort, not venturing very far away and bearing in mind the words of Colonel Carson. Sometimes I went to watch the Mexican women pounding dirt out of the clothes in the waters of the little Carrizo. I watched the squaws tanning buckskin. They smeared the deer hides with the brains of the freshly slain animals and then scraped and scraped them with small sharp stones. In time, the hides came

out a soft, beautiful white. I really had no work to do at all and I read and re-read every book and paper the camp offered. Our mail was irregular, arriving from Fort Union by express, and was supplemented at times by budgets of mail from wagon trains.

Major Pfeiffer, perhaps seeing how lonely I was, gave me many riding lessons. He taught me how to mount and sit a horse properly. I have always been grateful to him because we rode so much in those days. In time, I became an excellent horsewoman—thanks to the Major. The Major was an elderly man with a crippled hip. We all loved him and felt a great compassion for him. His wife had been killed by the Indians not long before his arrival at Camp Nickols. They had shot him also and he walked a bit lame.³ Sometimes when Major Pfeiffer got mad or in a hurry his funny German words would trip over each other and we would all laugh at him. One day a pet crow, belonging to one of the soldiers, entered the Major's tent and did quite a bit of damage. It picked the buttons off his uniform and best shirt. Then it proceeded to pick the cork out of the Major's bottle of whiskey, letting the precious liquor spill upon the floor. The old Major came to us sputtering and waving his arms. "Gott in Himmel," he cried, "that black devil he pick me buttons off me bottle and spill the whiskey on me shirt."

One evening, after Richard had been gone what seemed to me to have been an eon, I climbed to the top of my little dug-out and sat watching the Santa Fe Trail flung like a discarded ribbon eastward over the hills. The great savannahs lay bathed in the reflected glory of a sunset sky. My eyes ached from days of weary watching; but as I sat there I was rewarded by seeing the wagon trains coming in view, many hundreds of wagons silhouetted against a background of pinkish-yellow sky. There were wagons drawn by horses, by mules, and by oxen. Soldiers rode in ranks on either side of the slow moving caravan. I arose to my feet and a dusty lieutenant swept me a grand gesture with his great hat. Lieutenant R. D. Russell had returned to his waiting bride in little Camp Nickols.

Another man older than Richard was De Hague, an officer in camp. He and Richard spent many pleasant hours planning together how they would go into the mercantile business when they were released from the army. I really never liked De Hague and,

³Colonel Albert Henry Pfeiffer, life-long friend of Kit Carson and his second in command at Fort Garland, Colorado, was one of the most celebrated Indian fighters of the Southwest. The incident mentioned by Marian Russell occurred at the hot springs near Fort McRae, New Mexico, in 1863. Pfeiffer's wife, two women servants and two soldiers were killed by the Apaches, and Pfeiffer, who was bathing at the time, fought a defensive battle while stark naked and armed with a rifle. He was shot through the chest with an arrow, but finally reached the Fort. Pfeiffer's most noted achievement took place in the Canyon del Muerto, Arizona, during Carson's campaign against the Navahoes, when he led a detachment of U. S. Army troops through this death trap. He died April 6, 1881, and his grave, near Del Norte, is marked by a D. A. R. monument. See Laura C. Manson White in the *Colorado Magazine*, X, 217-222.

looking back upon those idyllic days at Camp Nickols, the memory of him is the only unpleasant one I have.

In September, orders came from Colonel Carson to break camp and return to Fort Union. I have an unforgettable picture of leaving the little fort. Packed and ready to go, we heard the bugle's clear, soft call. There was the sound of marching feet. Infantry and cavalry, falling swiftly into formation, passed out through the eastern gate. Out to eastward they marched, then swung north, then west and onto the Santa Fe Trail. Then came the army wagons, laden with supplies and equipment; then the horses, and lastly the remnant of the little beef herd. Inside the fort was left a great stack of hay and on the outside was another. The flag we left fluttering from its pole, and on its base we posted a notice warning all persons against destroying Federal property.

No sooner had we reached Fort Union than Richard received orders to proceed to Fort Bascom, a small outpost on the Canadian River, in eastern New Mexico. All territory between the Red and Canadian rivers was called New Mexico at that time. To Fort Bascom we went, to find it a picturesque little place among low, rolling foothills. Here the soldiers' quarters, as at Fort Union, were of log. They were arranged around a square parade ground, in the center of which stood the flag pole.

That flag pole was associated in my mind with much military discipline. The "California Walk" around that pole was considered by the soldiers as bitter punishment, indeed. The offending soldier was forced to carry on his shoulder a four-foot length of heavy, green log. Around and around the flag pole he marched from daylight until dark—an hour of continuous marching, followed by an hour of rest beside his burden in the hot sunshine. Sometimes a soldier would be sentenced to sixty days of the California Walk. I have seen as many as six doing it at one time. It was dubbed the California Walk by members of the First California Volunteers in memory of that long, hot walk from California to Albuquerque over the lava beds.

Sometimes, for what seemed to me trivial offenses, soldiers would be suspended by their thumbs for hours at a time. Their toes just cleared the ground and the weight of their entire bodies would be upon their thumbs. I still think this a cruel and inhumane practice. An old German by the name of Pete Borden was so strung up. Hanging there by his purple, swollen thumbs, he asked one of the other soldiers if he would come and wipe his nose for him. That was considered a great joke for days at Fort Bascom. I confess I couldn't see the humor.

For a time I was the only white woman at Fort Bascom. Some miles above the fort lived a German family by the name of Dorsett.

Mrs. Dorsett was a jolly young woman with a round, red face. There were four little children, all with blistered noses and tow-colored hair. I saw as much of Mrs. Dorsett as I could, because I liked her and I often grew lonely for the company of another woman. It was to Mrs. Dorsett's skill and kindness that, later, I was to owe my life.

We had come to Fort Bascom in September, 1865, and my first baby was born in March of the next year. I rode horseback almost every day until the day of my baby's birth. I was very ignorant. Richard and I were but children embarked upon life's greatest adventure; an adventure too great for our childish minds to grasp.

On the first day of that memorable year, 1866, we decided to ride up to the Dorsetts and make a New Year's call. I rode my dappled gray, upon whose back I always felt quite safe. Richard rode a new horse that had just been sent up from the Navaho country. He was a huge strawberry roan, a wicked animal with a touch of loco. We had not discovered that yet. We set out quite gaily and were scarcely out of sight of the fort when a demon seemed suddenly to take possession of the roan. Taking the bit in his yellow teeth, he bolted. I was only amused when the animal flashed past me, for I knew that Richard was an excellent rider. But an incredible thing happened. The maddened horse ran with full force into a great tree. Richard was hurled from the saddle. His head striking sharply against the tree, he lay sprawled on the ground like one dead.

My dappled gray was doing her very best, but in my panic it seemed to me that if I were only on foot I could run faster. So I slipped from the saddle and tried to run. My long riding habit was sadly in my way, so I gathered it up in my arms and sped forward in what I felt must be a great burst of speed. Then, suddenly, the earth seemed enveloped in a curiously fading twilight. I saw the solid earth coming up to meet me and I, too, lay unconscious in the road. How many precious minutes I wasted in my faint I do not know. I found myself at last looking up into the high, winter sky and wondering vaguely about a single, white cloud that was floating there. When memory returned I soon had Richard's bleeding head in my lap, and was trying vainly to stop the flow of blood with a wholly inadequate handkerchief, when a government horse-herder who had seen the accident from his lookout on a hill, came up to me. An ambulance was sent out from the fort, but Richard did not regain consciousness until some time the next day. For many days he lay in the army hospital with concussion of the brain, a fractured rib and some internal injury. He never fully recovered from that fall.

Some odd events took place at Fort Bascom. A Mexican laundress became deeply outraged over something a white soldier was supposed to have said about her. She told the man that if he ever again said anything untrue about her she would cut his tongue out. The man laughed, thinking it an idle threat, and again his tongue betrayed him. One day the soldier and the Mexican woman's husband got very drunk together. They went into the Mexican's quarters to sleep it off. In some way the Mexican laundress managed to cut off the end of the drunken soldier's tongue. Just how she managed the difficult thing I don't know. This happened after my baby was born. Richard and I owned the only cow in the fort, and we divided the milk with the wounded man. He was in the hospital a long time and could eat no solid food.

Convent raised, my knowledge of childbirth was limited. I had prepared no clothes for my baby. I scarcely knew I was to have one. Then one morning in March as I sang at my work in the kitchen, I was struck as if by a bolt from the blue. My baby had decided to arrive. The young army doctor was reduced to a hopeless wreck before my ordeal had hardly begun. Then it was that Mrs. Dorsett, a bundle of worn, little baby clothes under her arm, came to my rescue. I saw her hurried arrival. She came riding sidewise on a pony, her blue calico dress fluttering in the wind. My baby was born on a wild March day. Even today wind moaning over the chimney brings back to me that almost incredible suffering.

Hattie Eliza Russell was a large baby and she literally tore her way into life. The angels of life and death wrestled over my baby's life and over mine in that little pioneer fort on the Red River. It was only to Mrs. Dorsett's kindly skill that I lived to hear the tiny, pleading wail of my first-born. Yet, at the sound of that half-smothered cry, a strange revulsion took possession of me. I would have nothing to do with my child. I loathed and hated the thing that had caused me so much hideous suffering. So Mrs. Dorsett, with kindly understanding, wrapped up the little mite of humanity and took it with her. This was Hattie Eliza's first horseback ride, held in Mrs. Dorsett's arms the day she was born. I saw the wind tossing the mane and tail of the little pony. I watched Mrs. Dorsett's blue dress fluttering in the wild wind, noted the dark bundle she held in her arms and, contented, I turned on my side and fell asleep.

When I awoke again it was quite dark. I heard footsteps of the sentry pacing up and down outside the hospital. The wind moaned and whistled. I thought of how the tumbleweeds would be soaring and rolling outside on the prairie; then of my baby girl afar in the Dorsett cabin. Mother love flared into being. I wanted my baby

and I wanted her very much. When dawn came Richard went and got her for me.

Just outside the confines of Fort Bascom stood a new store building. It was called "The Sutler's Store," and was operated by Charlie Hopkins, whom I had known at Santa Fe. His sister, Hattie Hopkins, had gone to school with me at the academy there, and it was for her that I had named my baby. Charlie Hopkins' wife was a dark, silent girl, the daughter of one C. H. Moore, a pioneer settler living near Fort Bascom. Mrs. Charlie Hopkins was the half-sister of a certain Mrs. George A. Storz, of whom I shall write later.

Mrs. Hopkins' first husband had been killed by the Indians. It seemed that she and her husband had lived with her father, Mr. Moore, until they had time to do a bit of improving on their own place, which lay a few miles farther down the Red River. One morning her husband had gone to his ranch, saying that he would be back by noon. When he failed to return by mid-afternoon, Mrs. Hopkins had saddled her horse and gone in search of him. She found a band of Indians at the place. On the well-curb lay her husband's lifeless body.

Beside herself with fear and grief, she slipped from her horse and ran to where her husband lay. One of the Indians seized her by the hair, pressing the edge of a knife to her throat. However, a renegade Mexican, who had joined the Indian band, interceded for her life. He told the Indians that the woman was his sister. Mutinously, the murderous Indian lifted the woman bodily and threw her into the well. Fortunately, the well was not very deep; neither was there a great deal of water in it. However, the fall had hurt her and she had difficulty in dragging herself upon the stone curbing above the water level. The hours passed and darkness came. The woman could not get out. She knew that just above her on the platform lay the body of her husband. Some time in the night the Mexican came and helped her out.

One day some soldiers brought to the fort two Mexican women who had been held prisoners by the Indians. One was middle-aged and had been a Comanche captive for so many years that her sole language was the Comanche grunt. The other woman was young and rather good-looking. Just how they had made their escape I no longer remember. The soldiers had found them along the trail and brought them in.

They were very dirty, and their bodies were covered with vermin. The younger woman, who spoke Spanish fluently, told us they had been delayed in getting to the fort, as the older woman had had a baby on the way. The little papoose had died and the young woman told us how they had laid the little body under some bushes by the roadside and hurried on. Their pitiful plight aroused the

sympathy of the entire fort and everyone wanted to do something for them. The women were given to the doctor's wife to care for. The younger one seemed so glad to be clean once more and always kept herself that way. Not so the older woman. She had been with the Indians too long. At last, in desperation, the doctor's wife turned her over to the Mexican laundress. I do not know what finally became of her, but the younger woman was sent to Santa Fe.

The soldiers stationed at Fort Bascom received \$11.00 per month, plus rations. They were allowed four pounds of coffee and one-fourth of a pound of tea per month. A bit of salt side was allowed them and they could have all the hard tack, beans and beef that they wanted. Soap also was doled out very sparingly. We used a great deal of dessicated potatoes, which looked a bit like brown sugar. A cup of boiling water poured over them made a still-dough that was worked into cakes and fried.

There was a fireplace in our living room but, during the warm summer days, a fire was never lighted. However, the current of air passing up the great, stone chimney made it the coolest place in the house. Inside the fireplace I laid newspapers and placed my pans of milk. On the hearth rug stood Hattie Eliza's little cradle. One day I heard the milk pails rattling and there, inside the fireplace, were two large rattlesnakes. It was not pleasant to think how easily they might have crawled into my baby's cradle.

As the hot summer wore on my baby did not do so well. I spent most of my time hovering over her cradle. She had grown to be such a pretty child. The new-born look had left her face; her wee head was covered with soft, dark hair. One August morning I thought she slept a bit too long and I went and raised her. It was a long time before I could realize that my baby was gone from me forever. I stood there holding her until Richard came and took her from me.

Life seemed horribly empty at Fort Bascom after the passing of that little soul. Day succeeded day and I found no joy in the common tasks. Richard watched me with eyes of pity and, at last, obtained leave of absence that we might go together to Santa Fe. It had been months since we had been away from the fort and, in spite of myself, I enjoyed the long horseback ride.

All too soon our leave of absence was over and we were forced to prepare for the trip back to Fort Bascom. When I started to mount I discovered on my pony's back a beautiful, new side-saddle. It was Richard's gift to me. He could not have given me anything I would have appreciated more.

We did not stay much longer in Fort Bascom because soon Richard was ordered to report to Fort Union once again. We left the little fort on the Red River slowly and with aching hearts. Behind us lay Hattie Eliza's little grave.

(To be continued in the next issue.)