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The Beecher Island Battlefield Diary of Sigmund Shlesinger

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Among the several bloody and well publicized historic encounters between Indians and white men on the High Plains, there is none more dramatic and soul-stirring than the affair between Colonel Forsyth's scouts and a Cheyenne horde under Roman Nose which began on September 17, 1868, on the Arickaree Fork of the Republican River, and which, through the heroic death of Lt. Frederick W. Beecher, has become immortalized as "The Battle of Beecher Island." The historic island itself, as well as a monument erected thereon in 1905 by the states of Kansas and Colorado, was long since destroyed by flood waters, but the site has been firmly identified by survivors, just west of the Kansas line and seventeen road miles below Wray, Yuma County, Colorado. According to the original General Land Office Survey Map of 1877, the battlefield lies within the Southeast quarter of the Northeast quarter of Section 21, and the Southwest quarter of the Northwest quarter of Section 22, Township 2 South, Range 43 West of the 6th Principal Meridian.¹

As an employee of the National Park Service, the writer became interested in Beecher Island in connection with studies of historic and archeologic sites falling within proposed reservoir areas of the Bureau of Reclamation and the Corps of Engineers. It was noted that the proposed Pioneer Reservoir on the Arickaree River, dammed in the extreme northwest corner of Kansas, would impound waters within "shooting distance" of the old battlefield, while a slightly higher elevation of the dam would result in its obliteration.²

In October, 1948, the site was inspected, photographs made, and data regarding the battlefield terrain were gathered. Subsequent research disclosed rather voluminous authentic records of the battle,

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¹Denver Office, Bureau of Land Management.

²As of January, 1952, the Kansas City District, Corps of Engineers, had no firm plan for the construction of this dam, which would be primarily for purposes of flood control.

to be found in official War Department reports now housed in the National Archives; in the published reminiscences of white participants, notably Forsyth's account appearing in *Harper's* in 1895,³ and several appearing in the series of *Beecher Island Annuals* published by the Beecher Island Battle Memorial Association from 1901-1917;⁴ one actual battlefield diary, that of Chauncey B. Whitney, appearing in the *Kansas Historical Collections*,⁵ and interviews with Indian participants, notably contained in Grinnell's *Fighting Cheyennes*.⁶ Versions of the battle, of course, appear in countless articles and books by those who were not there, and who are frequently concerned with "gilding the lily," a practice encouraged by some of the white participants themselves whose powers of observation were impaired by the necessity of dodging bullets and arrows, and the exhilarating experience of snatching victory from death.⁷

Since all known participants were now dead, it seemed as if all original authentic source materials were in, and from now on the emphasis would be upon further embellishment and romance. It was, therefore, with considerable excitement (a pleasure all too rarely indulged in by the research historian) that the writer learned in the July 27, 1951, issue of the *Omaha World-Herald* of the discovery of another Beecher Island battlefield diary by the American Jewish Archives of Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, Ohio. An inquiry sent to Dr. Jacob R. Marcus, Archives Director, resulted in the exchange of data, including a certified photostat copy of the meager but fascinating journal of one Sigmund Shlesinger, with permission to publish.

Shlesinger, whose nickname was variously "Sid" or "Slinger," has been satisfactorily identified as a participant in the battle. "S. Schlesinger" appears in the official roll-call of fifty-one men recapitulated by Forsyth⁸ and it was likewise among the list of "Uninjured" inscribed on the west side of the now defunct battle monument. Reference to "Sid Schlesinger" and "S. Shlesinger of Cleveland, Ohio," including a photographic portrait, appears in

³General G. A. Forsyth, U.S.A., "A Frontier Fight," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, June 1895, pp. 42-62.

⁴In 1899, the Beecher Island Memorial and Park Association was incorporated, and a small wooden monument was erected at the battlefield. The first of several reunions of the survivors was held in September 1900. At the reunion of 1901 the original association was disbanded and the Beecher Island Battle Memorial Association was organized. Colorado Congressmen, in 1902, pushed through a bill to grant to the corporation the three quarters of land composing the battlefield. Adjoining state lands were later added. The Kansas and Colorado legislatures each voted \$2,500 to erect a substantial stone monument in 1905. Original wording of the four inscriptions and a photograph of the shaft, are to be found in *Kansas Historical Collections*, IX, 453-454.

⁵*Kansas Historical Collections*, XII, 296-299. Whitney, while sheriff of Ellsworth County, Kansas, was slain by desperadoes in 1873.

⁶George Bird Grinnell, *The Fighting Cheyennes* (N. Y., 1915), 267-282.

⁷Among the more creditable accounts are the following: Winfield Freeman, "The Battle of Arickaree," *Kansas Historical Collections*, VI, 346-357; Paul I. Wellman, *Death on Horseback* (Philadelphia, 1947), 81-87.

⁸Forsyth, *op. cit.*

The Beecher Island Annuals of 1904 and 1905, while the issue for 1917 contains a seven page personal account of the battle over his signature, dated August 4, 1917, and addressed to E. A. Brininstool. The accounts of the battle which appear in Homer Wheeler's *Buffalo Days*⁹ and Rev. Cyrus T. Brady's *Indian Fights and Fighters*¹⁰ reflect correspondence between the authors and Shlesinger. Articles describing his youthful prowess are to be found also in the (1) *Cleveland Leader* for February 5, 1905, (2) *The Jewish Independent* of September 14, 1928, (3) *The American Legion Magazine* of March, 1942, and clippings from other newspapers and periodicals preserved by the Jewish Archives. In no instance does Shlesinger mention his diary. This came to light recently when Dr. Marcus was notified by Mrs. Horace Hart of Rochester, New York, that it was in the possession of Shlesinger's daughter, Mrs. Max Frankenberger of Charleston, West Virginia.

Sigmund Shlesinger's career had the elements of a Horatio Alger novel—the humble beginning, the youthful ambition, the blaze of glory, the rise to business success and public esteem. He was born in Hungary in 1848, and at the age of fifteen migrated with his family to New York. His introduction to the rugged Kansas frontier is best described by himself.

At my home in New York City in 1865, at the age of 16 years, I was engaged by a merchant from Leavenworth, Kansas, and taken by him to his western home. I remained in his employ as clerk for over a year. At this time the Union Pacific railroad was being built across the plains. The end of track reached Junction City or Fort Riley when rumors of fruitful trading with the railroad builders, and military guarding the workers, influenced me to join the throngs drifting towards the frontier along the surveyed line of proposed track. From Junction City we traveled by wagons to a settlement called Salina. When I reached this place the citizens were preparing to defend a threatened Indian attack, but the rumor seems to have been a false alarm.

From there after a time I moved with the tide along the grading of the proposed railroad. This was a new country. Towns sprang up over night. Communities moved houses and effects in a few days to any locality, that seemed promising to become the end of track and a prospect for trade with the railroad employes. I found employment of various kinds and nature. I was clerk in a clothing store, barkeeper in a tent liquor house, waiter in a tent hotel, clerk in a grocery, shoveled on the railroad, cooked for a mass of teamsters, night herded mules for contractors and teamstered driving mules hauling stone from a quarry. In this latter occupation I had my first experience with Indians. I obtained this job of mule driving from Contractor Fish at Fort Hays because he wanted me to vote for him in an election, the nature of which I did not understand, but I voted as directed.

... The day I arrived most of the townspeople were out on the prairie watching Wm. F. Cody, chasing a buffalo and bringing him down with his rifle. We gathered around the carcass from which

⁹Colonel Homer B. Wheeler, *Buffalo Days* (Indianapolis, 1923), 8-19.

¹⁰Reverend Cyrus Townsend Brady, *Indian Fights and Fighters* (New York, 1904).

came my first meal of buffalo meat. Here I entered upon several ventures, such as a bakery with a capital of a few dollars. I procured a piece of tent cloth and a couple of store boxes and fitted up a store room. About a dozen loaves of bread and as many pies represented by stock. A few of each were sold, the rest eaten. This wound up the business. I obtained a recipe to brew beer which I brewed in a wash boiler on a wood fire on the open prairie, the product proving a menace to the health of venturesome customers. With others I hunted coyotes one winter. I peddled papers among the soldiers of the seventh and tenth cavalry and railroad employes. General Custer was one of my customers, also "Wild Bill" Hickok who was one of the finest gentlemen I met on the plains. By these means I became acquainted with some of the government scouts at Fort Hays and of other posts whom I sometime accompanied on their trips of carrying dispatches between military posts and camps.

In the summer of 1868 I was entirely out of funds, living on hardtack and coffee most of the time, going from camp to camp looking for something to turn up but no chance for employment came. About this time Colonel Forsyth was organizing a company of frontier men to scout for Indian warfare. I eagerly sought an engagement, and succeeded through the influence of C. W. Parr, post scout at Fort Hays. His interest in my obtaining membership in the command was due to the fact that the pay of scouts, who had their own horses was to be \$75.00 a month, and those who drew horses from the government were to receive \$50.00. Parr loaned several of his own horses to a few of the men, myself among these, for which he drew \$25.00 per month of our pay.¹¹

Shortly after the affair on the Arickaree, Shlesinger heeded the entreaties of his family and returned to New York. In 1870 he moved to Cleveland, where he started a retail cigar business, later going into wholesale tobacco. He became prominent in synagogue and civic affairs, being affiliated with the Hungarian Aid Society, the Hebrew Relief Association, the Cleveland Lodge, B'nai B'rith, and the Knights of Pythias.

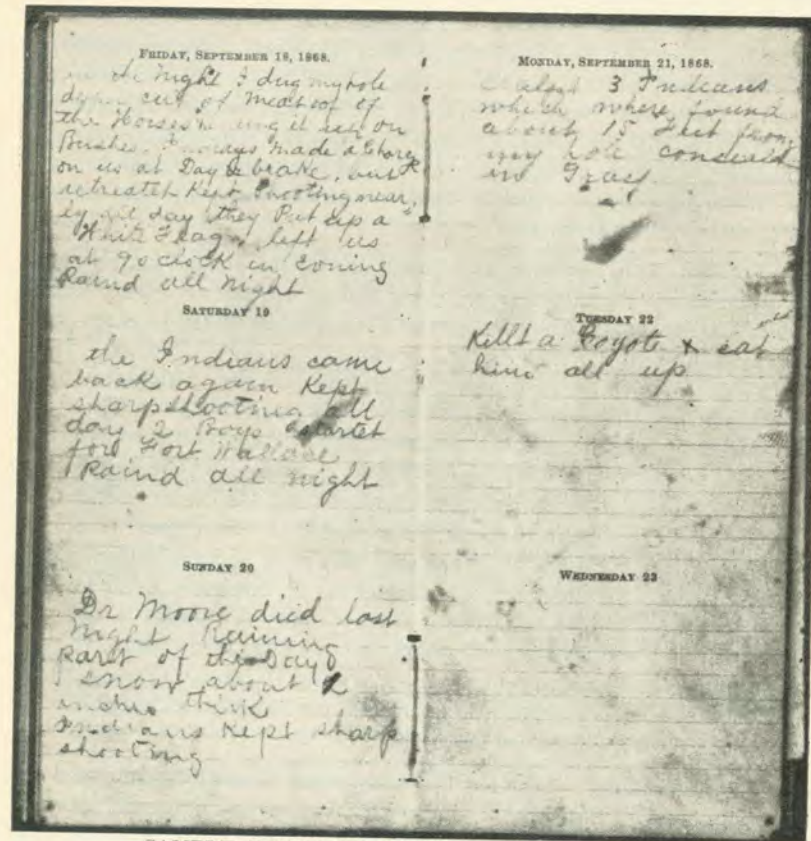
Sigmund Shlesinger died in April, 1928, at age 79. He had three children: Mrs. Frankenberger, above mentioned; Louis J. of Cleveland Heights, Ohio; and Albert, who died in 1940.

The few laconic entries in the Shlesinger diary are fully attested by the verifiable recorded facts, including Whitney's parallel journal entries. The diary adds little of special historical import, but its factual honesty makes it a document of great interest, not only to historians, but to the citizens of a later century who, confronted with nameless terrors, stand in dire need of just such simple steadfast courage herein reflected.

In the summer of 1868, the Indians of the Plains were in a frenzy, for the steadily advancing wave of post-war settlement, destructive of their buffalo hunting grounds, was now symbolized by the nightmarish "Iron Horse." To reconnoiter the country, Colonel George A. Forsyth, stationed at Fort Harker, was directed to assemble "fifty (50) first class hardy frontiersmen to be used as

¹¹"Scout Schlesinger's Story." *Beecher Island Annual*, V (1917), 43-49.

scouts against the hostile Indians." Volunteers were quickly found at Fort Harker and Fort Hays. Standard equipment included "a Spencer repeating-rifle (carrying six shots in the magazine besides the one in the barrel), a Colt's revolver, army size, and 140 rounds of rifle and 30 rounds of revolver ammunition per man—this carried on the person" and "seven days' cooked rations in the haversack."¹²



SAMPLE PAGES OF THE SHLESINGER DIARY

On August 29 General Sheridan instructed Forsyth to move "across the headwaters of Solomon (river) to Beaver Creek, then down that Creek to Fort Wallace," on the south fork of Smoky Hill River.¹³ On this journey no Indians were encountered; but upon

¹²Forsyth, *op. cit.*

¹³According to the original General Land Office Survey map of 1887, Fort Wallace occupied the Northeast quarter of the Northeast quarter of Section 29, Township 15 South, Range 38 West. The site may be found two miles southeast of present Wallace, Kansas, on U. S. Highway 40. Established in 1865 as Camp Pond Creek and renamed in 1866, it was one of four military posts in Kansas protecting the Leavenworth-Denver stage road and the construction of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, which became the Union Pacific. From 1865 to 1878 it was one of the most hazardous posts on the frontier, being subject to frequent Indian raids.

approaching the fort, on September 5, the scouts charged some Mexican "haymakers," mistaking them for Indians, and one scout was seriously injured in the melee. On September 10 the command dashed to the aid of freighters under Indian attack near Sheridan, thirteen miles northeast of Wallace on the north fork of the Smoky Hill, then at the end of the advancing Union Pacific track. When the scouts arrived, the action was over, two teamsters having been killed and scalped. Forsyth took up the trail of the marauders. On the 11th the trail was lost, apparently through dispersal, but the scouts pushed on northward across the head of Short Nose (or Prairie Dog) and Beaver Creeks to the north bank of the Republican River, where a small Indian encampment was found.¹⁴ Tracks followed from here merged into a "broad beaten road" which led to the forks of the Republican, then southwestward up the middle fork, called the Arickaree.¹⁵

On the 16th, because of a shortage of provisions and forage, the command was halted in a grassy valley opposite a sandy island about 250 feet long. At dawn of the 17th a band of Indians succeeded in stampeding seven horses from the picketed herds. In a few minutes Indians were pouring into the bottoms, but before they could charge, the scouts retreated to the sandy island. The first day of the onslaught Lieutenant Beecher and two scouts were killed and several more seriously wounded, among them Colonel Forsyth, whose leg was shattered by a bullet, and Surgeon Mooers, who was shot in the head, dying three days later. All of the horses were soon killed. During a lull in the fighting, the men scraped shelter pits or "fox holes" in the sand, which seemed to minimize later casualties. Later in the day a grand charge, led by Roman Nose, was routed by the coolness and determination of the defenders, the famous chief being slain. There was no hand-to-hand fighting. That night two scouts, Trudeau and Stillwell, volunteered to make a dash to Fort Wallace, 125 miles distant.¹⁶

On September 18 the Indians resumed their charging and infiltration tactics. Although there were fewer battle casualties now among the white men, the horrors of their situation soon became manifest. They were hopelessly out-numbered. While the day had been blistering hot, a steady cold rain set in at night. Worst of all,

¹⁴The terrain, but not the exact route of Forsyth's battalion, is depicted in an "Outline Map indicating line of march of scouting parties in the Department of the Platte in 1868 and 1869," in War Department Records.

¹⁵At the time Forsyth mistakenly believed this to be "Delaware Creek," a tributary of the Republican where in 1844 the Cheyennes had a battle with Shawnee or Delaware trappers.—Grinnell, *op. cit.*, p. 268. Arickaree Fork apparently received its name from associations with the Indians of that named tribe, whose normal habitat was the upper Missouri River, but who, being tribal cousins of the Pawnee, made occasional visits to this region.

¹⁶According to Wellman, *op. cit.*, 84-87, the men traveled only at night. One day, a Cheyenne war party rode close to a buffalo wallow in which they were hiding, while at the same time they were menaced by a rattlesnake. Trudeau silently disposed of the reptile by a squirt of tobacco juice!

starvation confronted them, starvation which could only be allayed by chunks of horseflesh. The fate of Trudeau and Stillwell being problematical, two more scouts, Piley and Whitney, were sent out the second night, but were compelled to return by the vigilance of the enraged Cheyennes. On the evening of the 19th Piley and Donovan disappeared through the Indian lines. The Indians withdrew on the 20th, but the scouts were immobilized, wounded, thirsting, and suffering the agony of starvation, for the rotting horse carcasses, though boiled and salted with gun powder, now proved to be unpalatable. A few plums gathered in desperation and a stray coyote provided the only relief from this grim fare.

On the 25th the suffering scouts were rescued by a troop of the 10th Cavalry, under Colonel L. H. Carpenter. Shortly after, the units were reinforced by Colonel Brisbin of the 2nd Cavalry, followed by Colonel Henry C. Bankhead from Fort Wallace. After a harrowing ordeal, Trudeau and Stillwell had reached the stage station at Cheyenne Wells, about thirty miles west of Fort Wallace, then rode the stage into Wallace to give the alarm. Piley and Donovan also arrived safely.¹⁷

The scouts lost altogether, 5 killed, 16 wounded. The Indian losses were indefinite. According to Indians interviewed by Grinnell, only seven of their number were killed; but Forsyth claims to have personally counted 32 dead, while latter-day dime novelists have enthusiastically estimated Indian losses at over 100! It was a stunning victory for the half hundred volunteers, withstanding the fierce onrush of 600 or more angry, revengeful Cheyennes. This defeat, coupled with the later Battle of the Washita, paved the way for the subsequent defeat of the Cheyennes under Tall Bull by the 5th Cavalry under Colonel Carr at Summit Springs, on July 11, 1869.

Shlesinger was always modest about his role in the affair. In his letter to Brininstool he confides:

... I have often been asked whether I have killed any Indians, to which my answer must truthfully be; that I don't know. The conditions were such, speaking for myself, that I did not consider it safe to watch the results of a shot, the Indians being all around us, shooting at anything moving above ground. At one time I threw a hat full of sand that I had scraped up in my pit to the top of the excavation, exposing myself more than usual, when a hail of bullets struck my hill of sand, almost blinding me! This will explain why I did not look for results!

My plan of observation was to work the barrel of my carbine, saw fashion, through the sand from the edges on the top of my hole downward, obtaining by these means a sort of loophole through which I could see quite a distance; also taking a general observation by suddenly jumping up and as quickly dropping back into my hole, which enabled me to take a shot, or as many as the size of the target warranted, without undue exposure and yet be

¹⁷See Wheeler, *op. cit.*, 14-17; letter of April 22, 1912, from General L. H. Carpenter in *Kansas Historical Collections*, XII, 299-302.

in touch with the general situation. In such instances I have seen Indians crawl behind a knoll and saw several times two horsemen drag a body away between them. Indian boys came from behind a knoll shooting arrows at us. I saw bodies of Indians both on foot and horseback, coming toward us. These I considered good targets.

Only in one instance do I suspect of having done personal execution . . . ¹⁵

* * * * *

However, there seems little reason to doubt Shlesinger's own written word, never intended for publication, that it was he who performed the then admirable feat of scalping the three Indians lying nearest the island, and it was he who shot the coyote which, according to Forsyth, "was boiled three successive times to extract the shred of nutriment it contained." Finally, a poetic tribute to the man appears in Forsyth's *Frontier Fights in Thrilling Days of Army Life*:

When the foe charged on the breastworks
With the madness of despair,
And the bravest souls were tested,
The little Jew was there.

When the weary dozed on duty,
Or the wounded needed care,
When another shot was called for,
The little Jew was there.

With the festering dead around them,
Shedding poison in the air,
When the crippled chieftain ordered,
The little Jew was there.¹⁶

The span of the Journal is August 28 to September 22, 1868, with no entries being made for the period September 12-14. Dr. Marcus confirms that the original journal contains no other writing or markings. The notebook is approximately 3½ by 8 inches in size, with dates printed three to a page, and faint lines between. For an emigrant boy, Shlesinger's handwriting is quite legible, his spelling not bad considering the usual standards of the time. It is truly amazing that at least two men out of the fifty engaged had the energy and the nerve to jot down their impressions during a battle which was as bloody and valorous as any in the annals of Indian warfare.

THE SHLESINGER DIARY

Friday, August 28, 1868. I Put my name down for Scouting. drewed Horses

Saturday 29. Drawed arms & Grubb started at 4 o clock P.M. Struck the Salina Reiver at 11 o clock in the night Haevy Rain all night I was detalet for Guart

¹⁵Beecher Island Annual, V (1917), 46-47.

¹⁶Reprinted in the *Cleveland Leader*, February 5, 1905.

Sunday 30. startet at 8 o klok Raining all Day stop for Rest at 12 o klok

Monday, August 31, 1868. found a desertet Indian Camp

Tuesday, September 1 travalt as usual no Wood

Wednesday 2 struck the Beaver Creek plenty Plums & Grapes

Thursday, September 3, 1868. Got out of Grubb

Friday 4. Was purty hungry

Saturday 5. Got in a Hay Camp little to eat Charget on Hay-makers sposed to be Indians on there return from Ft Wallace. One of our Boys was trown from the Horse badly injurd arived in Fort Wallace at 12-2 o clock in Night

Sunday, September 6, 1868. tuck it easy in Wallace

Monday 7. stopt in Wallace

Tuesday 8. slept With Franklin in Pond City

Wednesday, September 9, 1868. Prapairt to leave in the morning of the 10th

Thursday 10 Left Wallace for Sheridan Mexicans had a fight with Indians 2 of them were killt we tuck up the Indians trail Leading North found 2 Wagons & Catle which the Indians drove from the Mexicans

Friday 11 Lost Trail Marcht on

[September 12-14, 1868, no entries]

Tuesday, September 15, 1868. Our Grubb is nearly all out

Wednesday 16 seen signal Fire on a Hill 3 miles off in evening late

Thursday 17 About 12 Indians carched on us stampeedet 7 Horses 10 Minuts after about 600 Indians attacktet us Killt Beecher Culver & Wilson. Woundet 19 Man & Killt all the Horses We was without Grubb & Water all Day dug Holes in the sand whith our Hands

Friday, September 18, 1868. in the night I dug my hole deeper cut of meat oof of the Horses & hung it up on Bushes, Indians made a charge on us at Day brake, but retreatet Kept Shooting nearly all day they Put up a White Flag, left us at 9 o clock in the evning Rained all night

Saturday 19 the Indians came back again Kept sharp shooting all day 2 Boys startet for Fort Wallace Rained all night.

Sunday 20 Dr. Moore died last night Raining part of the Day snow about 1 inches thick Indians Kept sharp shooting

Monday, September 21, 1868. scalpt 3 Indians which were found about 15 Feet from my hole consealt in Grass

Tuesday 22 Killt a Coyote & eat him all up

Wednesday 23. [no entry]

Jack Howland, Pioneer Painter of the Old West

KATE HOWLAND CHARLES*

Late in the year of 1950, an old western oil painting, "Hunting Buffalo on the Plains," was discovered in an antique shop just outside of Philadelphia and was purchased by the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, in Kansas City, Missouri, for its permanent collection of American artists.

Now, in itself, this does not seem too important. Galleries are always on the lookout for good paintings,—and this picture, according to the Museum bulletin, was "a source of pride and great satisfaction for any public collection." The finding of this canvas, however, and the fact that it was identified as the original work of John Dare Howland, 1843-1914, Colorado's own pioneer artist, contains a thrilling story, which takes us a long step back to the stirring days when "Jack" Howland hunted buffalo with Indian companions and was an active frontiersman, scout, Civil War soldier—but always an artist—on the now vanished, western American frontier.

According to miscellaneous, scattered news clippings from Washington, D. C., and elsewhere, the picture was probably painted in 1868 or 1869, not long after the artist had returned from a two year period of formal training in Paris and other art centers with celebrated masters. He was about twenty-five years old at this time.

The canvas was featured in January, 1951, as "The Masterpiece of the Month," and it was displayed with all the impressiveness of concealed lights and darkened room, that most of the great galleries accord their masterpiece paintings.

An account in the Nelson "Gallery News" for January, 1951, says of this painting: "The drawing is so spirited and competent, the palette is so rich and varied that it almost suggests that Howland must have known the works of Delacroix. The sky is as superb as that of a Dutch 17th century landscape, the draftsmanship is unflinching and Howland shows a complete knowledge of Indians and animals. When this painting was seen by the department of anthropology at the Smithsonian Institution, it was pointed out how ethnologically correct was the approach of the lancer to the buffalo."

This acquisition by the Nelson Gallery raises an interesting question. What has become of the Howland paintings? The artist was a tireless worker. It is estimated that probably three hundred pictures have come from his brush and palette, besides innumerable sketches and drawings.

*Mrs. Charles, a daughter of Colorado's Pioneer Painter, is writing a book-length biography of her distinguished father. She is a member of the Colorado Authors' League and lives in Denver.—Ed.

Captain Howland—and the title is by courtesy, gained for him while a scout in the Indian Wars of 1862-64—has been dead almost thirty-eight years. His distinguished animal paintings and his portrayal of Indian and frontier scenes sold to art lovers not only in the United States, but also in England and Europe. "His art had wide vogue and a far-reaching market." He also painted many landscapes and portraits, especially in Mexico, where he lived for almost five years.

Many prominent, early day residents of Denver and Colorado owned Howland canvases; among them, Senator Jerome B. Chaffee, David Moffat, Otto Mears, Governor MacDonald, Senator Edward Wolcott, Senator Thomas Patterson, Mrs. Nathaniel Hill. The late James H. Blood bought the buffalo painting that the artist considered his masterpiece, as well as a dramatic and touching picture of a cow protecting her calf from coyotes.



"BUFFALO HUNT" by John D. Howland

Owned by the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City, Missouri

Senator Simon Guggenheim had two Howland paintings in his office in New York City. Since his death, one has become the property of Mr. Carrol Wilson, a Trustee of the Guggenheim Foundation. What has become of the other is not known.

Colorado Springs had many Howland enthusiasts.

Morton Frewen, the Uncle of Winston Churchill, was a rancher and big game hunter on the Powder River in the late '70s and early

'80s. He commissioned the artist to paint for him the picture called "The Prairie Inquest." In December, 1909, in the *Rocky Mountain News*, Mr. Frewen, on lecture tour in Denver, describes this canvas as "One of my finest paintings and I think the world of it."

Since Captain Howland's death, owing to the changes that come with the passing of time, many of his pictures have changed hands and become widely scattered. Who owns them now is anybody's speculation.

Many public and private institutions have Howland art. The El Jebel Mosque, in Denver, has a symbolic canvas, "Go, bring me Tidings of Ben Hur"; the Colorado School of Mines owns a fine elk picture, entitled "Berthoud Pass"; the Denver Club has two of Howland's paintings and the Colorado State Historical Society owns four.

Until his death on September 10, 1914, there was no more distinguished figure in Denver where he made his home, than Captain "Jack" Howland, as he was affectionately called. In the past, innumerable accounts have been written concerning him, not only in Colorado publications, but in national newspapers. In 1882, the *New York Press* tells of his unique experiences and his strange, wild life among the Indians. Damon Runyon, at that time Alfred Damon Runyon, a writer on the *Denver Daily News*, in 1908, describes the artist's strong, youthful personality and tells the story of his life in a feature article entitled, "Capt. Jack Howland, Fifty Years a Coloradoan Today."

He was born in Zanesville, Ohio, on May 7, 1843, the son of a river boat captain. In 1857, at the age of fourteen, he left his boyhood home in search of the "Injun" country.

In St. Louis, after two dangerous adventures, he had the good fortune to meet Robert Campbell, one of the early Mountain Men fur traders. Mr. Campbell took a fancy to the determined boy and sent him up the Missouri with the American Fur Company.

This was still the time of the guides and hunters, of the traders and trappers, steaming up the river and lurching across the lonely plains in ox-drawn wagon trains with supplies for the outlying trading posts. Beaver trapping was about over; buffalo robes had become the vogue, and thousands of buffalo, more and more each year—the very lifeblood of the Indian, who depended on the great, shaggy animals for food, shelter and other necessities of life—were being slaughtered and their hides and bones sent to the eager markets in St. Louis. All this, together with the steady increase of settlers across their hunting grounds and the violation of Indian lands and treaties was disturbing to the Indians' peace of mind.

Young as he was, Jack Howland could see the manifest destiny of the Indian in the destruction of these great animals of the frontier.

Howland, in the trading posts of the Fur Company generously doled out the sugar to the squaws, softly squealing their delight, played in and out the lodges with Indian boys his own age and got along well with everyone. He was a cheerful lad, with wavy, chestnut hair, steady eyes and a merry smile. "In spite of his youth, he made himself invaluable as a trader." Day by day, he became better



JOHN DARE HOWLAND
About the time of his marriage, in 1884

acquainted with the characteristics, manners and customs of the Indians. It has been said, that like George Catlin, an artist of a still earlier day, he was able to study types of Indians and western animals in remote regions.

Jack Howland, dressed in the fancy buckskin suit, which the Sioux squaws had made for him, often accompanied the Indians on their buffalo hunts. The boy learned to shoot with a bow and arrow

and use a lance in true Indian style, but he always carried a gun, as well. Many of his later paintings depicted the tension and drama of the buffalo hunt. It is quite likely that the Howland painting acquired by the Nelson Gallery, is the same picture which hung in the Washington Gallery of Fine Arts, in February, 1869, in a fashionable loan exhibit of American and Foreign Paintings and Sculpture for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. The Fine Arts Catalogue commented at this time "A spirited work with some fine painting."

"Black Kettle" (Moketevata), but whom the artist called Maketenata, Chief of the Cheyennes who escaped death by the whites at Sand Creek, only to be killed four years later at Washita, was also painted by John Dare Howland and was displayed in this same exhibit. What has become of this picture is not known.

As the years passed by, Jack Howland knew the different tribes and their distinguishing characteristics. Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, of the Ogallalah Sioux; Spotted Tail of the Brule Sioux; Rain in the Face, of the fierce Unepapa tribe, who declared he would kill Custer and eat his heart; Strong Walker of the Ponkas, Big Eagle of the Santees, Geronimo, Chief of the band of Chiricahua Apaches, also were Indian Chiefs whom the artist knew—and some of whom he sketched and painted—in the early days of the West.

He was appointed a Secretary of the Indian Peace Commission, 1867-1869, which had been organized to make peace with the warring tribes of Plains Indians. A record in the Library of Congress shows the determination of the Commissioners to have him appointed a member of their party. This was on account of his vast knowledge of Indian and frontier life. He witnessed on nine treaties.

Jack Howland was no idle dreamer. Throughout the Civil War and his years spent on the mountains and plains, he was a sketch artist and reporter for various publications. At the time of the Indian Peace Commission and some years thereafter, he was an artist-correspondent for *Harper's Weekly*. Some of his sketches appeared in *Frank Leslie's Magazine*. In this way, he earned money for his formal art education in Europe.

Captain Howland perfected his art technique in France, where he studied at two different periods; but although his mastery came chiefly from the instruction of the celebrated Charles Armand-Dumaresque and other renowned artists of the Old World, it has been said that his power of portrayal and his choice of subjects came from the sheer rugged beauty, the peacefulness, the pathos, the dramatic action of the Old West.

Jack Howland designed the bronze statue for the Civil War Monument that stands at the west portal of the Capitol Building in Denver. In the later years of his life, as he walked home at night from the Brown Palace Hotel, where the management had set aside

a room for the exclusive display of his pictures, he often passed this monument. His glow of gratification was not because he had designed the figure of the unmounted bronze cavalry man "On Guard." It was because the erection of this monument in 1907-1909, by the State of Colorado, signified, at last, after thirty years of effort, a recognition of the Colorado soldiers—his gallant comrades—who had died in the service of their country.

Colorado Festivals

Part II. Faith and Folklore*

THERESE S. WESTERMEIER

And by these ways, on holy days,
The village folk collected,
And humbly heard the Sacred Word,
And worshipped unaffected.¹

Faith and folklore played a prominent part in the lives of early Colorado settlers. Long before explorers set foot into the territory, the Indians, undisturbed, practiced their ancient religious rites and worshipped the Great Spirits who dwelt on the ageless heights of *Huajatolla* (Spanish Peaks), "the Breasts of the World—where once the Rain Gods walked in Paradise."² Then came the cross, the symbol of Christianity, brought first by the Spanish, strong in the Roman Catholic faith, with their beloved *santos* and holy day fiestas. The Mormons sent a colony to the southern part of the state and called their first settlement Ephriam (now Sanford) in honor of the leader of one of the ten tribes of Israel. The Swedes transplanted the two festivals most dear to them in their homeland—the simple, but impressive *Julotta* (Christmas Mass) and the Midsommartag (Midsummer or Saint John's Eve), which long ago to their pagan ancestors was a form of worship to the sun. The Italians, like the Spanish, awed by the wide expanse of the new land, devoutly fostered the religious fetes in honor of their saints who brought security and lightened the heart. To our early English settlers we owe our love of festive merrymaking in honor of "the May" with maypoles and the first blossoms of spring. In more recent years other festivals have originated, among them the Yule Log Hunt and the Twelfth Night Celebration, which are definitely based on the customs of our European ancestors. Such festivals of faith and folklore, many of which still exist, range from the fantastic to the sublime—from

*"Part I, Festivals of the Nations," by Mrs. Westermeier, appeared in our issue of July, 1951.—Ed.

¹Will Vischer, "The Old Log Church," poem, *Boulder County Herald* (reprint: *Denver Tribune*), November 29, 1882.

²*Pictures, Legends and Stories of the Spanish Peaks*, Published by Sporleder Selling Company, Walsenburg, Colorado (n.d.), 3.

a national Hoo-Hoo convention, held in Denver in 1889,³ at which members of the Mystic Order of the Black Cat exchanged ideas about and listened to lectures on superstitions, to the solemn and inspiring Easter Sunrise Services in the Garden of the Gods and the Red Rocks Theater.

On the Ute reservation near Ignacio, folklorists, anthropologists, and the tourists may still witness two ancient ceremonial rites, the Bear Dance and the Sun Dance. These dances last several days, and each one is held in its own particular field—a circular area, enclosed by a branch hedge of pinon, cedar or cottonwood.

The Bear Dance, a spring ceremonial of a social nature, represents the awakening of the bear after his long winter hibernation and is usually held in late May or early June. Originally, this dance was staged much earlier (March); however, when the Utes became engaged in agriculture, the spring work in the fields did not permit three or four days for dancing, and therefore, the ceremony was postponed to the later date.

Both men and women participate in this dance; an orchestra provides music with the *morache*—an instrument which is composed of two notched sticks and produces a slow, rhythmic humming sound. The dancers form two straight lines, the men facing east, the women west. The squaws select their partners, and, according to ancient belief, a man who refuses to dance when approached will suffer harm from the bear in the woods.⁴ The dancing, very slow, consists merely of advancing and retreating to the rhythm of the music.

The Sun Dance, purely a religious rite, takes place in July. Only men participate—men who do not touch food or drink during the entire ceremony. This practice, it is believed bestows upon the dancers a supernatural power drawn from the sun. The enclosed space is similar to that used for the Bear Dance; in addition, a tall pole, decorated at the top with a bunch of twigs to represent the thunderbird or a sheaf of wheat, stands in the center of the area. Around the inner edge of this stage small branch booths for the participants are erected. Feathers and beads profusely adorn the wrists and ankles of the dancers, who, one by one, advance and retreat, always facing the pole. There is no music; the dancers simply chant as they move, or produce faint sounds on whistles made of eagle bone. As each dancer nears the pole in the center, he bows his head or falls on one knee—an act of submission and worship to the Great Spirit—the sun.

The earliest Christian religious celebrations were introduced by the Spanish in the southern part of the state. Spain, as many

other European countries, is a land of holidays, and her people carry with them, wherever they go, the fiesta spirit. The celebrations, which are predominantly held on saint and holy days, always begin with a religious ceremony in the church. Some of the saints, honored by the Spanish, are universal—their particular days are celebrated in all Spanish-American communities, as well as the two great holy days in the calendar of the Roman Catholic Church, Christmas and Easter. In addition, in each community the church usually bears the name of a saint who is considered the patron, and a celebration is held on his particular day.

Most beloved by these Spanish-Americans is the feast of Christmas, especially *La Noche Buena* (Holy Eve) when special homage is paid to *El Nino* (The Christ Child); however, festivities usually continue during the entire twelve days to Epiphany or *Los Reyes Magos* (Three Kings' Day). The earliest settlers who came up from New Mexico brought with them the beautiful custom of the *luminaries*—low piles of pinon wood in front of each adobe hut which were lighted on Christmas Eve to welcome *El Nino*. One of the early Spanish settlements in Colorado, Tijeras Plaza, west of Trinidad, has an adobe church which bears the name of *El Nino de Atocha* (Christ Child of the Chair). According to the Spanish belief in Mexico, the Christ Child, dressed as a lowly pilgrim, wanders about on Christmas Eve to bestow his blessings on the faithful, and because His journey is long and wearisome, the early *santeros* (carvers of statues) represented Him with a chair—so He might rest from time to time. It is not unusual, especially in New Mexico where shrines and churches to *El Nino* are numerous, to see new little shoes or moccasins placed near the statue—in thanksgiving for a particular favor received.

Among the early settlers in the San Luis Valley, the Christmas Eve play, *Los Pastores* (The Shepherds) was very popular and is still played in some of the small, more remote communities. This play dates back hundreds of years to the early religious dramas which were originally held very solemnly in the church, but eventually, because of the liberties taken by the lay actors in depicting their roles, they were moved to the town plaza. A crude sort of platform stage was erected at one end, and the spectators either stood or brought chairs from home. *Los Pastores* represents the shepherds on their way to Bethlehem to adore the Christ Child. Their wandering is made more difficult by the devil who tries to dissuade them, but is successful only with Bartolo, the lazy shepherd. Bartolo carries a sheepskin which he frequently spreads out beside the path and lies down to rest. The others urge him on, plead

³Denver Republican, September 7-11, 1889.

⁴Related by Frank Humiston, Indian student at the University of Colorado, 1931-1932, who acted as guide on a trip to the Reservation.

with him, and make all sorts of promises. The following conversation is typical:

Tubal—"Bartolo, let us go to Bethlehem and to Glory."

Bartolo—"If Glory wants me, it knows where to find me."

.....

Dora—"But Bartolo, there we will get chocolate—"

Bartolo—"If they want me to drink any of it,
Let them bring it to me here in bed."⁵

During the entire play, the devil, when not on the stage, wanders about in the audience and plays jokes on the spectators.

The re-enactment of this beloved mystery play at the San Luis Centennial Celebration (July 1951) bears evidence of its popularity among the early Spanish settlers. Here, again, the old timers laughed uproariously at the comic lines and the younger generation, familiar with it from many re-tellings, followed with amusement the antics of Satan in his efforts to prevent the shepherds from adoring the Christ Child.⁶

Other Christmas plays which, in all probability, came into Colorado from New Mexico are *Las Posadas* (Lodging), *Los Reyes Magos* (The Magi), and *El Nino Perdido* (The Lost Child).

Las Posadas, a novena type play representing Mary and Joseph in their search for shelter, takes place on the nine evenings preceding Christmas. The group of players, chanting litanies, wanders from one house to another; at each one, amid much noise and jesting, they are driven on to the next, until finally, at the ninth and last house they are invited in. After a short ceremony of prayers, a bountiful feast is enjoyed by all.⁷

Los Reyes Magos is sometimes enacted on Epiphany (January 6). In it, as in *Las Posadas*, the actors suffer much abuse and jesting. *El Nino Perdido*, however, is a serious play representing Christ in the midst of the doctors in the temple, and is held on Epiphany or on Candlemas Day (February 2), which in the church calendar officially marks the end of the Epiphany season.⁸

At Eastertime, in Holy Week, the *Penitentes* practiced their rites. These ceremonies were very prevalent in the early days, but at the present time are no longer as common in Colorado as in New Mexico, where, after years of condemnation by the Catholic Church (1886) the Order has again been recognized by the Most Reverend Edwin V. Byrne, present Archbishop of Santa Fe. Much has been written about the *Penitentes*—fact and fiction—

⁵Aurara L. White, *Coloquios De Los Pastores* (Santa Fe Press, 1940), 41.

⁶"Devil's Defeated Anew in Old San Luis Drama," *Rocky Mountain News*, July 29, 1951.

⁷Cleofas M. Jaramillo, *Shadows of the Past* (Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1941), 78.

⁸*Ibid.*

however, since their rites were secret, early newspapers rarely reported them. The prevalence of their existence in early Colorado is apparent from the fact that they also participated in the historical parade at the recent San Luis Centennial celebration, not openly, but scattered through the line of march. "They had intended to march openly, . . . but their neighbors had dissuaded them. Their flagellations were forbidden by the Catholic Church, frowned upon by the civil authority, incomprehensible to the Anglo."⁹

Writers have given varied accounts of this organization, tracing its origin back to flagellation practices in Egypt, Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and Spain, from whence it spread to Old Mexico and northward into New Mexico as early as 1598. These accounts, whether biased or unbiased, give a very clear picture of the old ceremony—actually a crude and primitive type of Passion Play. The *morada* (meeting hall) where the merciless scourging takes place; the long secret procession to the *Calvario* (Calvary) where the *Cristo* is bound with ropes to the cross; the silent vigil in the *morada*, dimly lighted by twelve candles; the final chants and prayers—all these weird and somewhat barbarous practices are vividly portrayed.¹⁰

The saints' days commonly celebrated in all Spanish-American communities are the days honoring *Nuestra Senora* (Our Lady)—Our Lady of Guadalupe and Mt. Carmel—and the feast days of *San Jose* (Saint Joseph), *Santiago* (St. James) and *Santa Ana*.

Our Lady of Guadalupe, the patron of Mexico, is also the patron of the oldest Catholic Church in Colorado, established at Conejos. The Guadalupe legend is familiar to all. It has been the source of several works of fiction, particularly Frances Parkinson Keyes' *The Grace of Guadalupe*. The tale concerns Juan Diego, a peasant to whom the Virgin appeared one December morning in 1531, on Tepeyac Hill (Mexico). She bade him request the bishop to build a chapel on that very spot. The bishop, however, did not believe the fantastic tale, and finally, when the peasant had come several times with the same request, demanded that he bring some kind of token as a sign that the apparition was real. The Virgin graciously complied with the request and commanded Juan to climb to the top of the hill, where he, to his astonishment, beheld a profusion of roses blooming in the snow. Quickly he wrapped some in his shabby cloak and hurried once more to the bishop. When the humble peasant opened the folds of his cloak,

⁹"San Luis Relives Century in 100th Birthday Parade," *Rocky Mountain News*, July 28, 1951.

¹⁰For further information see Alice Corbin Henderson, *Brothers of Light* (New York, 1937). For a contemporary account see Alex M. Darley, *The Passionists of the Southwest, or The Holy Brotherhood* (Pueblo, Colorado, 1893). A very biased account.

the roses had disappeared but there, imprinted on the cloak, was the image of the Virgin—Our Lady of Guadalupe. The bishop was moved, fell on his knees to beg forgiveness, and immediately promised to build the chapel.

A familiar legend is also connected with the Guadalupe church in Conejos where, annually, on December twelfth, the feast is celebrated. At the spot where the original church was built a Spanish traveler was much dismayed when one mule in his pack train suddenly balked and, in spite of much urging and beating, refused to move. In his despair and impatience, the trader suddenly remembered a religious token in the pack on the stubborn mule. Hastily he searched through the pack, found the token, which was a small statue of Our Lady of Guadalupe, and promised the Virgin that he would return and build a chapel on that very spot, if only she would use her powers to move the mule.

In the early years, services at the Conejos church were conducted by priests who came as missionaries from Taos, New Mexico; however, Guadalupe Day was always marked with a particular celebration, usually on the Sunday following. Through the years this feast day attracted the attention of thousands who came to participate in the elaborate day-long ceremonies. After a pontifical mass in the church, a procession of the hierarchy, church societies, and devout worshippers moved through the streets.¹¹ In the afternoon the pupils from the Loretto school presented a pageant depicting the Guadalupe apparition.¹²

The feast of *Nuestra Senora de Carmen* (Our Lady of Mount Carmel) was celebrated in many communities; however, as a public spectacle, the Italian celebration is much more elaborate and will be discussed later with the Italian religious festivals.

In the Catholic Church, Saint Joseph is looked upon as the provider for the Holy Family, and his day (March 19) is duly celebrated. Among the Italians and the Spanish the traditional festivity is "the table of Saint Joseph." In the old homeland this was originally a community feast for the widows, orphans and poor, but in the new world every one participated. The early Spanish settlers in the Southwest cherished the tradition, and San José was greatly honored. The preparations for the feast were elaborate—the women spent days in baking, the farmers sacrificed prized lambs and chickens, merchants donated food, the children made paper flowers and collected money for candles. After a religious ceremony in the church, the long procession of people, led by a chosen few who carried a statue of *San Jose*, marched to the hall or home where "the table" was spread. General merrymaking—

¹¹"St. Guadalupe Day," *Denver Republican*, December 14, 1892 (*Guadalupe* is the Spanish spelling).

¹²"Our Lady of Guadalupe," *Denver Republican*, December 16, 1893.

games, dancing and singing—continued throughout the afternoon, and at sundown the procession moved back to the church, *San Jose* was placed safely in his niche, and benediction closed the day. It was customary to offer money to the statue during the morning procession—in thanksgiving for favors received and for blessings—and frequently the statue was richly decorated with dollar bills, or silver coins were tossed into a basket which one of the statue-bearers carried. Supposedly, the money was "for the church"; however, one old-timer, in reminiscing over bygone days, remarked, "Most everyone took back his money before the procession went back to the church!"¹³

El Dia Santiago (Saint James' Day) is celebrated on July 25th, and since he is the patron of Spain, his day is a gala one. He is specifically a "man's man"—always represented on horseback and games on horseback rule the day. The women take part only in the religious ceremony, the feasting and evening frivolity.

Saint James, the first of the apostles to suffer martyrdom, betook himself after the ascension of Christ, to Spain where he preached for many years. Upon his return to Jerusalem he was beheaded in the year 42. It is believed that, because of fear of the Arabs, his followers transferred his body to Compostella in Spain, which soon became a popular shrine for pilgrims. According to Spanish legend the good saint, on a white horse, came to the aid of his countrymen in the battle between the Spaniards and the Moors.¹⁴

In the southern part of the state Saint James Day is called Gallo Day, because of the popular sport, *corrida de gallo* (race of the cock). It was, and still is, celebrated in many parts of Huerfano County, but particularly in Gardner, a small town northwest of Walsenburg. The cock race originated in Mexico, and among these early Spanish settlers this sport seemed most fitting for entertainment on the day of the "saint on horseback." A Walsenburg newspaper gives an account of the beginning of this colorful celebration:

It was customary in the early days of the county for a group of young men from one settlement to make up a band of horsemen and visit another "plaza" where the festival was to take place. A gallo was purchased and buried up to the neck in an open space. The racers would line-up, mounted, about 100 yards from the rooster, and at a signal, would dash at the rooster in an effort to jerk it out of the ground. If one of the contestants was successful, the rest of the men would chase him in an effort to take the rooster—which usually resulted in its being dismembered. There were no rules, and the winner could strike the others with the rooster.¹⁵

¹³Related by Juan Mesta (84 years old) in an interview arranged by Rev. Joseph Rochel, S.J. of Aguilar.

¹⁴E. Boyd, *Saints and Saint Makers of New Mexico* (Santa Fe, 1946), 24.

¹⁵"Gallo Day Recalls Early Day Customs," *Walsenburg World-Independent*, July 25, 1940.

The use of the rooster was outlawed as early as 1883;¹⁶ at the present time a sack filled with sand is used. Early newspapers mentioned the Gallo Day celebration several days in advance—fact which bears evidence of the popularity attached. In 1893 the following notice appeared: "Grand Fandango July 25-26. Dancing day and night and the Mexican rooster game."¹⁷

The actual origin of this form of "rooster torture" appears to be somewhat vague, and several attempts at explanation have been made by "old-timers." One was related by an old Spanish beet-worker who had "taken off" from his work to attend Gallo Day festivities. Upon his return to the beetfield he was still too full of *corrida de gallo* and *vino* (wine) to feel his way for hoeing and was pleased to sit in the shade and hold a lengthy discourse on Gallo Day. The tale he told may have been a fantastic flight of his imagination, but is probably not any more far-fetched than others. After some meditation he concluded that the rooster received such cruel treatment because one of his ancestors was involved with *Pedro* (Peter) in the betrayal of Christ.¹⁸

Other features of entertainment on Gallo Day included an Indian race in which boys, colorfully dressed as Indians, participated. One old pioneer of Huerfano County took part in these races at Gardner in his boyhood days and in the year 1927 staged a Gallo Day on his own property on the outskirts of Walsenburg.¹⁹

In the evening—*El Santiago* having been sufficiently honored throughout the day—everybody went to the *sala* (hall) for the *fandango*—the finale of the fiesta—and dear to the hearts of the carefree and music-loving Spanish. The *musicos*, ignorant of notes and lessons, nimbly played violins and guitars, and soon young and old were swaying and swinging to the irresistible music for the *polka*, the *cuadrilla*, and the *cuna*.²⁰

The day following Saint James' was "ladies' day"—*El Dia de Santa Ana*—the mother of the Virgin Mary, who is the model and patron for all women of the Catholic faith. In the service of the mass for the day the priest reads for the epistle the beautiful lines from the Book of Wisdom, beginning "Who shall find a valiant woman" and closing with "let her works praise her in the gates."²¹ In this lesson all the necessary duties and virtues of woman are set forth—prudence, charity, love, industry, et cetera. After the noon day feast the women, in colorful and graceful Spanish costumes, ride sidesaddle through the streets and over adjacent country roads. Like the other saints' festivals, this one

¹⁶*Ibid.*

¹⁷"Gardner News," *Rouse Enterprise* (Walsenburg), July 20, 1893.

¹⁸Related by Juan Sanchez (deceased), July, 1933.

¹⁹Related by Epifanio Vallejos (aged 64), Walsenburg, July 24, 1951.

²⁰"Life in Early San Luis Valley," *Alamosa Daily Courier*, July 24, 1951.

²¹The Bible (Douay Version): *Proverbs xxi. 10-31.*

also was a long-anticipated event and was among the earliest recorded, as is evidenced in the following account in the year 1886: "Yesterday was Santa Ana's Day and a large number of Mexican ladies indulged in horseback riding in honor of the festival."²²

In the agricultural communities the annual procession through the fields on *El Dia de San Isidro* (Saint Isidore, April 4) played an important part in the lives of the Spanish-Americans. Saint Isidor of Madrid, the patron of farmers, is usually represented with a plow drawn by a yoke of oxen, and beside him, or driving the oxen, an angel. Legend tells that Isidro, a peasant, was employed on the farm of a wealthy land owner, Don Juan de Vargas. The master, listening to malicious tales of other workers, spied on Juan and found the angel guiding the ox team. In the Southwest, especially in Santa Fe, another legend relates that Isidro spent a Sabbath plowing his field instead of attending service. Neighbors, on their way to church, chided him—one said the corn and beans would die, another vowed that the devil would ruin the crop—but Isidro paid them no heed. Finally, a stranger, who was none other than God himself, came along and admonished the plowman, but Isidro boasted that he feared neither rain nor drought nor grasshoppers which the stranger said the Lord would send upon the fields plowed on the Sabbath. However, when the stranger said that God would send a bad neighbor, Isidro hurriedly unhitched his oxen and ran to church for the divine service. Later, as the people returned to their homes, they saw an angel driving the oxen.²³

The procession through the fields is the great event on San Isidro Day. Every one takes part; all fields are visited and blessed; old and young implore Isidro, whose statue is carried at the head, to ward off harm and to send just enough rain and sunshine to make the crops grow. Invocations, such as the following, were chanted:

*San Isidro, Labrador,
Liberta nuestros sembrados,
De langostas y temblores.
San Isidro barbas de oro,
Ruega a Dios,
Que elueva a chorros.*

Saint Isador, land tiller,
Protect our crops
From pests and storms
Saint Isador, golden whiskered
Pray to God,
To send us rain in torrents.²⁴

The Walsenburg pioneer, mentioned earlier, remembers these annual processions being held as late as 1934. He vows that he

²²"Gardner News," *The Cattlemen's Advertiser* (Trinidad, Colorado), July 29, 1886.

²³Elizabeth W. De Huff, *Say the Bells of Old Missions* (St. Louis, 1945), 131-134.

²⁴Cleofas M. Jaramillo, *Shadows of the Past* (Santa Fe, 1941), 60.

knew one man whose fields were passed over by the saintly "rain-maker," because he would not permit the procession to enter his property.²⁵

Early newspapers record other religious festivals, among them, the Corpus Christi procession, honoring the institution of the Holy Eucharist,²⁶ and *San Lorenzo* (Saint Lawrence), known to the Spanish as the patron of the Escorial (monastery, chapel, and palace), built by Philip II.²⁷ The celebration of this day is one of the earliest on record (1881): "Today is San Lorenzo day, and the feast accompanying it will be properly observed among the Mexicans . . . A number of persons go out from here to participate in the dance in the evening."²⁸

An interesting old legend exists concerning San Acacio—the soldier saint—for whom one of the oldest towns in the San Luis Valley is named. The story of the miracle attributed to this saint was recently revived upon the occasion of the "Century Fiesta" in San Luis—the oldest town in Colorado.

Legend has it that in 1853, two years after San Luis was founded, a large band of Utes launched an attack.

On guard against the Indians were two men and a boy. They saw the mounted savages charging too fast for them to run for aid. They fell on their knees and prayed to St. Acacio, a Spanish soldier-saint. Then the Utes for no describable reason stayed their attack and fled.²⁹

So we leave the Spanish in the Southwest with their santos, fiestas, and fandangos and go northward in Colorado to the first Swedish settlement in the state—in Left Hand Valley, seven and one-half miles northwest of Longmont. The Swedish immigrants called it Ryssby, in memory of their old parish in the province of Smaland, Sweden. Here "at the foot of heaven's front steps,"³⁰ for the first two years (1869-1870) in a strange, new land they toiled long and hard; due to lack of water and grasshopper plagues the crops failed; but with courage and sacrifice they struggled on, steadfast in the faith which was their great solace. As a result of these hardships and because of their reticent manner, they mingled little with American neighbors; in their failures and disappointments they remained closely knit and fostered their cherished traditions—their holidays, their folk dances and their songs.

In 1871, in thanksgiving for a good harvest and other signs of progress in overcoming the barriers of nature and language, they held their impressive early Christmas morning *Julotta*

²⁵cf. Note 19. (Epifanio Vallejos)

²⁶Walsenburg World, June 28, 1889.

²⁷George W. Douglas, *American Book of Days* (New York, 1938), 415.

²⁸Trinidad Weekly News, September 29, 1881.

²⁹"Century Fiesta Ends at Historic San Luis," *Rocky Mountain News*, July 30, 1951; "Miracle That Saved People Is Early Legend," *Alamosa Daily Courier*, July 24, 1951.

³⁰Boulder Daily Camera, January 16, 1933.

(Christmas Mass) in the home of Sven J. Johnson. Branches of evergreen from the surrounding hills adorned the parlor, and

they made triangular candle frames for the windows, winding the rough boards with fringed strips of the weekly newspaper. On each frame they fastened seven tallow candles, made in their own homes. A barrel hoop was decorated with the only piece of colored paper in the community and hung from the ceiling even as the candelabrum hung from the arched ceiling of the old church in Smaland.³¹

The Swedish Christmas season really begins earlier in December, on Saint Lucy's Day (December 13)—sometimes called "Little Christmas." (In the Lutheran church calendar the first Sunday of Advent is also thus designated.)³² Saint Lucy was a beautiful young pagan girl who became a Christian, known for her kindness to all, especially the poor. In Sweden, in each community (also in some Swedish settlements in the United States), a girl is chosen to be Saint Lucy and accompanied by a retinue of attendants, courtiers and Star boys (boys, dressed in long white robes, carrying large golden stars), she is queen of the annual celebration held on that day. The twelve days that follow are filled with preparations for Christmas. The women clean house, scrub the floors, polish the brass and copper, and bake the wonderful buttery and spicy Christmas cookies; the tree is fetched from the hills and decorated with colorful paper ornaments which the children have made in the long winter nights. On Christmas Eve, after the traditional supper with *lutfisk* (dried fish soaked in water with birch leaves) and *grot* (rice pudding), the family gathers around the lighted tree for the distribution of the gifts, carol singing, and the Christmas story from the Bible. All the homes have lighted candles in the windows to light the way to the church for the early Christmas morning service, where amid hundreds of candles and verdant branches of evergreen the impressive *Julotta* is celebrated.³³

The Swedes at Ryssby made plans at that first Christmas service to build a church, and each member pledged a certain amount of his annual income to the fund. In the summer of 1882 the gray stone church was completed, and the Christmas celebration that year was an unforgettable one. They were proud of their church; now they really felt secure and established; they began to mingle with their neighbors and invited them to attend the Christmas mass—an invitation was even announced in the newspaper: "The Swedes invite their friends and neighbors to the 5 o'clock Christmas service."³⁴

³¹Esther G. Kingdon, "Ryssby, the First Swedish Settlement in Colorado," *Colorado Magazine* X (July, 1933), 125.

³²Information received from the Reverend T. Anderson, Boulder, Colorado.

³³Christmas in Sweden as related by Mrs. Mabel Freeberg (deceased), Louisville, Colorado, December, 1932. See Agnes Rothery, *Scandinavian Roundabout* (New York, 1946), 236-248.

³⁴Longmont Ledger, December 22, 1899.

Another traditional Swedish festival celebrated at Ryssby is *Midsommar* (Midsummer—also known as Saint John's Eve, June 23). This is actually a remnant of old pagan sun worship and in the land of the Midnight Sun, the people, long before the time of Christianity, rejoiced at this time over the return of summer and celebrated the summer solstice. In honor of Baldur, the god of light in Scandinavian mythology, fires were kindled and peasants jumped over the flames and believed that the flax would grow as high as the highest leap. Various other pagan beliefs are connected with the midsummer fires—they protected crops and herds, kept families in good health, warded off storms, et cetera. The folk dances, which now play such an important part in the midsummer celebration, originally had specific meanings, such as sowing, reaping, courtship, and quarreling.³⁵

With the coming of Christianity to the Scandinavian countries, this beloved pagan festival could not be eradicated from the hearts of the people, and the crusaders of the cross wisely permitted it to continue under the name of Saint John's Day in the calendar and instituted an impressive religious ceremony which was held in the church preceding the fires and dancing. Midsummer is still a great festival in Sweden; all winter long the dances and folk songs are practiced; then, on the great day the *majstang* (Maypole) is set up and the merriment begins.

The Midsummer service at Ryssby was a day-long affair. After the religious service in the church, the colony had a community picnic and then spent the afternoon in visiting, dance, and song. The church and homes were decorated with green branches and flowers as was the custom in Sweden.³⁶

After 1881, services were held regularly in the church. But the Swedes at Ryssby, gradually became absorbed into the American communities surrounding them, and in 1941, the congregation was merged with the First Lutheran Church in Longmont.³⁷

The doors of the gray stone church were closed; silent it stood, a landmark of days that are gone, while the worshippers sped away in automobiles to a more modern House of God. But on another midsummer day, in 1924, the pioneers who were still living, and their descendants returned to Ryssby to revive the midsummer festival.³⁸ and the little church once again played a prominent part. Its record (in Swedish), kept by patient hands through the years, was presented to the State Historical Society in 1933,³⁹ and a historical marker was placed beside the church.

³⁵James G. Frazer, *The Golden Bough*, abridged edition (New York, 1923), 625.

³⁶"Summer Services at Ryssby Church," *Boulder Daily Camera*, June 29, 1951.

³⁷*First Lutheran Church of the Rockies*, published by *The Times Call*, (Longmont, 1946), 14.

³⁸*Ibid.*

³⁹*Longmont Times Call*, June 21, 1945.

The midsummer revival became an annual event—the church welcomes all "Ryssbyites," their relatives and friends to a morning service, then, after a picnic lunch, the afternoon is spent in good fellowship.⁴⁰ The Christmas candlelight service has also been revived (1938).⁴¹ On a Sunday before Christmas the people come from far and near—the old pioneers who remember when the church was built; the middle-aged who spent a happy childhood "at the foot of heaven's front steps," and the younger ones who know Ryssby only from the tales that a grandmother told. The old-fashioned iron stove in the gray stone church spreads its warmth in welcome; the glow from the many lighted candles sheds a blessing of peace over all; and the faithful lift their voices and hearts in worship, as in the days of long, long ago.

Around 1890, a large number of Italian immigrants settled in north Denver; also in Pueblo; and from these two main centers they spread to neighboring towns. Geographical location and a climate somewhat more rigorous than under sunny Italian skies did not dampen their love of processions, feast days and pilgrimages—in fact, even before a church was established in their Denver district, they celebrated the feast of *San Rocco* (Saint Roch).

Saint Roch, patron of the sick and plague-stricken, is beloved not only among the Italians, but also in other European countries, where numerous shrines, chapels and churches are named in his honor, and his feast day (August 16) is the occasion for elaborate and colorful pilgrimages. Goethe, the great German poet, describes such a celebration at Bingen on the Rhine—typical of the many that have taken place through the centuries.⁴² His observations show clearly that only a part of the day was devoted to paying homage to the halo-crowned saint whose statue was carried in procession—most of the day was spent in feasting, drinking and general good fellowship. Gaudily-decorated booths displayed not only religious articles to attract the hundreds of pilgrims, but also "toys and fancy goods to entice children of various ages" (*Spiel-sachen und Galanteriewaren, Kinder verschiedenen Alters anzulocken*);⁴³ refreshments were served at long tables, at which the people sat in friendly groups and, in honor of the occasion, drank wine from little brown mugs with the name of the saint imprinted in white upon them.⁴⁴

Images of the saint usually portray him in pilgrim's garb, the hideous sore on his leg exposed, and, as a companion, a dog at his heels. Saint Roch was born of wealthy noble parents in Montpelier, France. Upon the death of his parents, he distributed their wealth

⁴⁰*Boulder Daily Camera*, June 29, 1951.

⁴¹*Ibid.*, December 10, 1949.

⁴²Johann W. von Goethe, "Sankt-Rochus-Fest zu Bingen," *Goethes Werke* (Leipzig, 1909), VI, 317-340.

⁴³*Ibid.*, 326.

⁴⁴*Ibid.*, 329.

among the poor and set out on a pilgrimage to Rome. In his travels he came upon several plague-stricken towns, where, by the sign of the cross, he cured hundred of victims. Finally, he himself was stricken and retired to a lonely forest where he lived in seclusion for some time. Legend says that a dog from the villa of a distinguished nobleman daily brought him a loaf of bread from the master's table.

The Italian *San Rocco* festival as it is celebrated in Denver does not differ greatly from the one witnessed by Goethe almost a



DENVER POST PHOTO

SAN ROCCO CELEBRATION OF 1937 IN DENVER

hundred and fifty years ago. The first Denver celebration occurred in 1892, in the chapel of Sacred Heart College (now Regis College):

They crowded it [the chapel] to suffocation, while an immense overflow poured out over every part of the grounds . . . After the mass the handsome crimson banners of the different societies were solemnly blessed. Father Mundo preached a glowing panegyric of the saint . . . Professor Satriano's brass band furnished the instrumental music for the occasion, while a choir of strong male voices rendered one of Mercadonte's beautiful masses.⁴⁵

⁴⁵"To Saint Roch," *Denver Republican*, August 22, 1892; "The Feast of Saint Roch," *Colorado Sun*, August 22, 1892.

By 1894 the San Rocco chapel was completed and a beautiful statue of the saint was unveiled before the procession. Fireworks and flowers in profusion were additional features of the celebration.⁴⁶ In the next few years the procession was "like a Venetian carnival"⁴⁷ and "seemed to lose all its religious significance."⁴⁸

Some of the Italian societies had not approved of Father Lepor, the pastor of San Rocco chapel, and after several years of vigorous campaigning, they dedicated (1899) another Italian church—Mount Carmel. As a result of the friction which existed, San Rocco was honored with two celebrations, one in each parish. The two factions vied with each other in creating methods of attracting the saint's followers—raffles, gay-colored lights, games, elaborate fireworks, and various other features were advertised.⁴⁹

Eventually, however, the friction subsided. The religious element of the festival became again, as it is at the present time, the most important part. It is customary for the various societies to bid for the honor of carrying San Rocco in the procession. Bids have ranged from twenty-five dollars in 1902⁵⁰ to five hundred in 1943.⁵¹

San Rocco is really "king for a day" in North Denver. His statue holds a place of honor in the nave of the church during the pontifical high mass, and looks fondly over the throng of worshippers. Long before the hour of the afternoon procession, people crowd into the church to light votive candles, pin money on the statue and kneel in prayer before the helper of all. The procession is most colorful and elaborate. San Rocco leads, carried by the "highest bidders"; then the hierarchy of the church, resplendent in magnificent robes; the various Italian societies follow, in full regalia, each group escorting a beautiful flower-decked float. However, the most striking part of the entire procession is the long double line of worshippers, carrying lighted candles and many walking barefoot as the pilgrims of old—crippled old men with canes; wrinkled old women with colorful shawls; younger ones of the second and third generations who still cling loyally to this old tradition; and eager-eyed children, hardly aware of the solemnity of the occasion, but nevertheless happy to take part. After winding through several miles of streets the procession returns to the church, where solemn benediction closes the serious part of the festival, San Rocco is placed back in his niche and smiles fondly on all as they proceed to lighter festivities.⁵²

The Sunday following Saint Antony's Day (June 13) is another occasion for a demonstration of faith among Italian Cath-

⁴⁶"San Rocco Festival," *Denver Republican*, August 19, 1894.

⁴⁷"Italians Celebrate San Rocca," *Ibid.*, August 22, 1898.

⁴⁸*Ibid.*

⁴⁹"San Rocco Festival," *Denver Republican*, August 19, 1901.

⁵⁰*Denver Republican*, August 25, 1902.

⁵¹*Rocky Mountain News*, August 21, 1944.

⁵²Observed by the author annually, 1939-50.

olies in Denver. Saint Antony of Padua, who preached words of wisdom to the fishes, is the patron of animals and because once, by divine intervention, he recovered a sacred book that had been stolen from him, he is also the intercessor for things lost. Italians and Spanish children are wont to say:

Dear Saint Antony, please come around
Something is lost and must be found.⁵³

Like San Rocco, this saint was also carried in procession by the highest bidders for the honor, and on occasion "Friendly rivalry over the possession of the statue . . . at Mt. Carmel church developed into a very bitter feeling and almost a riot."⁵⁴ The highest bid of eighty-eight dollars came from one of the leaders in the rival church of San Rocco and he was determined to carry off the statue to his own church. After much argument and confusion, Saint Antony was carried by a Mount Carmel group, auspiciously surrounded by guards.⁵⁵

Italy's favorite Roman Catholic festival is in honor of *La Madonna del Carmine* (Our Lady of Mount Carmel), the patron of the mendicant Friars, established on Mount Carmel, in Syria, in the twelfth century. A hundred years later, Pope Innocent IV approved the rule under the generalship of Simon Stock to whom Our Lady appeared on July sixteenth and designated the habit of the order—brown, with a white cloak and the familiar scapular⁵⁶ which is worn by many Catholics as an act of devotion.

The first Mount Carmel celebration occurred in Denver in the year 1896, and many devout followers came by special trains from other parts of the state to take part in the day-long ceremonies. The solemn morning procession, preceding the pontifical mass, consisted of the hierarchy, the societies of San Rocco and Mount Carmel, followed by the girls of Saint Agnes Society, with red, white, and blue streamers floating over their white dresses and carrying lighted candles adorned with flowers. At the mass an Italian priest delivered an eloquent sermon based on the text from the Book of Wisdom, "I am the mother of fair love and of fear and of holy hope." An afternoon procession, in which the statue was carried through the streets, led back to the church where solemn vespers and benediction closed the religious ceremonies. Afterwards the fiesta-loving Italians staged a typical Venetian carnival scene amid flower-decked booths, Chinese lanterns, fireworks, and brass bands.⁵⁷

As the years passed, the festival became more elaborate, and Mount Carmel was heralded to the skies. "Red, blue and green col-

⁵³George W. Douglas, *American Book of Days* (New York, 1938), 325.

⁵⁴"Friction over Saint Anthony," *Denver Republican*, June 25, 1901.

⁵⁵*Ibid.*

⁵⁶A religious article consisting of two small squares of cloth connected by cords, worn over the shoulders under the clothing.

⁵⁷"Mt. Carmel—Italy's Favorite Festival," *Denver Republican*, July 20, 1896.

ored 'lambs' floated on the landscape of North Denver last night. The upward flight in the sky was heralded by flight after flight of rockets, roman candles, and bombs . . . The lambs were balloons. As the fete was in celebration of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, they were deemed appropriate similies of youth, innocence and festival joy."⁵⁸

In the year 1900, a most rare festival, one which occurs only once in a century and has been handed down from remote ages, in honor of the Virgin as helper of the sick, was celebrated at San Rocco Chapel with six thousand people in attendance.⁵⁹

Vast crowds, numbering thousands; elaborate preparations; colorful processions, and a buoyant spirit are plainly evident at these Italian religious fetes. For the young they are another happy holy day, but for the old they bring back fond memories of days long past in sunny Italy where the saints played an important part in everyday life.

Already at the turn of the century the people of Colorado let their fancy wander into the realm of folklore of other countries to create novel ways of advertising their towns and of attracting visitors. Mount Morrison, about twenty miles from Denver, staged a Lantern Festival, "patterned after the famous annual celebration in Nagasaki, Japan, where the waterfront and watercraft are decorated."⁶⁰ Both the Chinese and Japanese are noted for such festivals. The Chinese have several, especially in honor of the New Year; the most important among the Japanese is the *Obon* Festival which honors the dead. Lanterns are lighted on the graves in the belief that the light will direct the footsteps of the departed back to earth.⁶¹ Morrison, not being a seaport town like Nagasaki, very effectively placed lanterns on the mountain sides, and a long parade of people, on foot and on horseback, carrying lighted lanterns, wound its way over the driveways and trails to "create a streak of living fire over the hills."⁶² The town, itself, was decorated with hundreds of lanterns, and, following the parade, "cowboys and cowgirls made merry on horseback doing stunts of one kind or another, while a band played brisk music."⁶³

It was a successful event—thousands came, in spite of high winds, and were impressed by the spectacle:

In a vivid setting of fireworks, whose vari-colored lights made weird onslaughts upon the sombre blackness of the mountain ranges in the background, Morrison last night celebrated her first annual Fete of Lanterns. Fully 4,000 people attended the event . . . High winds kept blowing out the lanterns . . .⁶⁴

⁵⁸"Lambs Floated at Italian Fete," *Ibid.*, July 21, 1913.

⁵⁹"Rare Festival Celebrated in Denver," *Ibid.*, September 17, 1900.

⁶⁰"Festival of Lanterns for Mount Morrison Trails," *Ibid.*, August 13, 1908.

⁶¹Dorothy Spicer, *The Book of Festivals* (New York, 1937), 78, 200.

⁶²"Festival of Lanterns," *Denver Republican*, August 13, 1908.

⁶³"Morrison Gay with Lantern Fete," *Ibid.*, September 6, 1908.

⁶⁴*Ibid.*

Blossom festivals undoubtedly have their origin in the old pagan celebrations in honor of the return of the sun in the spring of the year. These were, and still are, especially popular in the Scandinavian countries where, after the long days and nights of darkness, the people pay tribute to the new life of the sun and green fields growing. The rejoicing also had a serious purpose—evil spirits were atoned and good ones implored to ward off harm and to bring abundant crops and herds.

The first Blossom Festival in Colorado occurred in Canon City and is still held annually at the end of April or early in May. According to an account in the *Denver Post*, April 26, 1947,⁶⁵ which records the festival of that year as the forty-seventh, this celebration began in the year 1900. However, the first May celebration was held in Canon City in the year 1910, as is recorded in the *Denver Republican*:

The first annual May day fete and festival on Saturday, April 30, under the auspices of the Civic Improvement League, was one of the most beautiful affairs ever held in the state. Flowers were used in profusion . . . The decorated floats excited admiration from the throng gathered on both sides of the street. They were occupied by ladies in grotesque costumes, while school children in fancy dress brought up the rear of the parade.

At the convention hall an elaborate programme, consisting of May pole dances and other diversions, occupied the time until 8 P. M. when fifty illuminated automobiles, trimmed by master hands, paraded the streets . . .⁶⁶

From a one-day affair in the early years, when people from the town and surrounding country drove about to admire the blossoming orchards, the event has become a three-day celebration of national importance. In 1939 the Junior Chamber of Commerce assumed the sponsorship, and since then many additional features have been added. Parades, bands, race and track events, and, of course, a queen now played a prominent part in this "Blossom Time" festival.⁶⁷

In 1930, Loveland, with a profusion of cherry blossoms along highways and byways, donned the "atmosphere of old China"⁶⁸ for its first annual Cherry Blossom Fete—the first of its kind in northern Colorado. This was a full week of celebration, early in May, with a blossom parade of floats, a queen, contests and general merrymaking, also an illuminated parade "by the Samaritans—the 'fun order' of the Odd Fellows Lodge."⁶⁹ On Sunday, the principal day of the Cherry Blossom Festival, a religious ceremony is held after the pilgrimage through the abundant cherry orchards.

⁶⁵"Blossom Festival at Canon City," *Denver Post*, April 26, 1947.

⁶⁶"Canon City Festival," *Denver Republican*, May 1, 1910.

⁶⁷Information from Canon City Chamber of Commerce, 1950.

⁶⁸"Cherry Blossom Fete," *Rocky Mountain News*, April 22, 1930.

⁶⁹*Ibid.*, April 27, 1930.

This is known as the "blessing of the blossoms" and is staged in the park on the shores of Lake Loveland.⁷⁰

Just as the spring and summer seasons were, in pagan times, occasions for much festivity with bonfires and dancing, so also the winter solstice (Dec. 21-22), was a season for rejoicing because now the sun had reached its lowest point and would gradually climb upward again—a sign of longer days and more light. In pagan antiquity this was the Birthday of the Sun, a festival which eventually became in the Christian calendar the Birthday of Christ—the Light of the World.⁷¹ This season was known as *jul* (Yule), a word which is related to Gothic *hvil* and Anglo-Saxon *hveal*, meaning "wheel," for the wheel was the pagan symbol for the sun. In the Norse mythology this *jul* festival honored the god Thor, and a log from the oak tree, sacred to him, was burned in sacrifice to implore him for a good harvest in the coming year.⁷² In modern Christendom these winter-fire festivals have their survival in the old custom of the Yule Log ceremony which was widespread in Europe, especially in England.⁷³

Colorado Yule Log ceremony at Palmer Lake, on the Sunday before Christmas is most unique; first, because of its picturesque location in the thickly wooded and (usually) snow-covered forests, with the beautiful Christmas star on the mountain side; second, because of the rarity of such a celebration in our country—one is held in California and formerly one was staged at Lake Placid, New York. The festivities are carried out in the old English tradition—the log, previously notched and hidden, is brought in amid shouts of laughter; song and music hail it and the lucky finder; then it is kindled from a portion of the Yule Log of the previous year and the wassail bowl makes the rounds.⁷⁴ (For a fuller account of this ceremony, see the article by Frank McDonough, Jr., in the preceding issue of this magazine, pages 118-24.—Ed.)

In Boulder there is the annual Twelfth Night ceremony on January sixth, when the town's discarded Christmas trees are burned in one large blazing bonfire. This celebration was introduced in 1939 by Dr. H. H. Heuston and has grown in popularity among the various community events of the state.⁷⁵

The feast of Epiphany was observed by all branches of the Christian church and was, in early years, more important than the feast of Christmas. In some countries the custom of gift-giving occurs on Epiphany rather than at Christmas. The word itself is from the Greek, meaning manifestation, and refers to the manifesta-

⁷⁰"Cherry Blossom Pilgrimage Set," *Rocky Mountain News*, May 19, 1951.

⁷¹J. G. Frazer, *Balder the Beautiful* (London, 1913), X, 246-247.

⁷²Jacob and Ludwig Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie* (Berlin, 1875), II, 585-586

⁷³*Ibid.*

⁷⁴"Yule Log Ceremony," *Colorado Springs Gazette*, December 23, 1934.

⁷⁵For annual accounts see files of *Boulder Daily Camera* for December and early January, 1939-51.

tion of Jesus as Christ. The first manifestation was the coming of the Magi with gifts to adore at Bethlehem, and after the dawn of Christianity the pagan winter fires were still tolerated, but in commemoration of the star that led the Wise Men. The second manifestation was Christ's baptism in the River Jordan when the Holy Spirit descended and proclaimed him God. For this occasion, also, the Christian calendar found a counterpart in the old pagan festival of the Blessing of the Martyrs—a custom which is still practiced in some countries.⁷⁶

The Boulder ceremony may, like the Yule log, have a survival in English customs of the previous century. In Westmorland, Twelfth Night was known as Holly Night, and a tree, decorated with holly and torches, was carried through the town. Music led the procession, which stopped at various places amid much shouting and applause. When the torches had burned low, the procession moved to the middle of town where the tree was thrown into the cheering crowds. Immediately the people divided into two opposing parties and an innocent struggle ensued for possession. The victors carried their trophy to the inn for further celebration at the expense of the innkeeper; then after much drinking and merry-making the tree was taken out and burned.⁷⁷

The following is an account of the Boulder festival from the Chamber of Commerce files:

In Boulder the festival marks the official closing of the holiday season. All discarded Christmas trees in the community are gathered up and stacked on one high pile in the center of the ball park. The festival opens with the broadcasting of Christmas Carols, a local clergyman pronounces the community benediction, a brief display of fireworks is presented, and as Boulder's giant Christmas star, high on Flagstaff Mountain is turned off for the last time, the bonfire is lighted by the mayor and Miss Merry Christmas, the city's holiday queen, and the holiday season is officially closed.⁷⁸

This is, indeed, a fitting and impressive close for the season of Twelfth Night. The Christmas trees, stripped of their temporary tinsel and glitter, lie now in virgin green of the forest from whence they came, piled high as an altar of sacrifice reaching toward the holy star; the smoldering smoke of pine and spruce and cedar is the incense of old at Bethlehem; and the people gathered, with grateful hearts and prayer, offer their trees to the King.

Thus, around the year, Colorado has festivals of faith and folklore. In some part of the state every season is celebrated, from the blessing of blossoms and fields in the spring to the Yuletide ceremonies of the winter. And always still there are pilgrimages—from

old days of the slow wagon and narrow trails to the modern age with super highways and speeding cars. Sixty years ago, four thousand people in the southern part of the state formed a spectacular pilgrimage by wagon, horseback, and on foot to the little chapel of Our Lady of Lourdes in the tiny Indian village of San Juan, New Mexico.⁷⁹ Now, annually, thousands join in the procession to Mount Vernon, to the shrine of Mother Francesca Cabrini, the Colorado missionary nun who in 1946, became the first canonized saint of our country;⁸⁰ on Easter Sunday, crowds numbering twenty thousand attend the inspiring Sunrise Service in Colorado Springs' famous Garden of the Gods and in Denver's Red Rocks Theater. For such expression of faith by every creed and various nationalities, regardless of change and progress, the lines of Tennyson are most appropriate:

“The old order changeth, yielding place to the new,
And God fulfills himself in many ways, . . . ”⁸¹

⁷⁶William S. Walsh, *Curiosities of Popular Customs* (Philadelphia, 1897), 397-398.

⁷⁷T. F. T. Dyer, *British Popular Customs* (London, 1876), 35.

⁷⁸Information received from F. W. Reich, Manager, Boulder Chamber of Commerce, September 22, 1951.

Sixty-seven Years in the White River Valley

MARY D. OLDLAND*

It is said that the pioneers were drawn to strange and far away places by "some beckoning finger of hope, by some belief in an ideal, by some vision of a better kind of life." Pioneers had for many, many years desired to create a new land out of the wilderness frontier within the White River Valley, where for ages the Ute Indian was sole master.

This land, a vast domain called Garfield County, was located north of Glenwood Springs, the county seat, and extended west to the Utah state line. In due time it was designated for settlement and in the fall of 1884 James Durkin (my mother's brother) and James McAndrews, who had been mining at Leadville and Alma, rode into the White River Valley leading pack horses weighted with provisions.

James Durkin staked a homestead claim just below the junction of Piceance Creek and White River. James McAndrews staked one ten miles below the mouth of Piceance Creek, on a location between what was later named McAndrews Gulch and Crooked Wash Gulch, just below and across the White River from the Duncan Blair ranch (now owned by Si Bailey, Jr.). James Durkin built a

⁷⁹"Our Lady of Lourdes," *Denver Republican*, September 25, 1892.

⁸⁰"Colorado Missionary Nun Made First American Saint," *Rocky Mountain Empire Magazine*, *Denver Post*, June 9, 1946.

⁸¹Alfred Lord Tennyson, "Morte D'Arthur," *The Poems of Tennyson* (New York, 1897), 78.

*Mrs. Oldland is a pioneer of White River Valley, western Colorado. Her reminiscence sketch was sent to us by Lillian Wyman of Meeker.—Ed.

small cabin, several corrals, and made ready for permanent residence. The nearest post office and town was Meeker, a small settlement on the White River thirty miles to the east, where the Meeker Massacre had taken place only five years before (1879).

Some time later Durkin and McAndrews returned to Alma with glowing accounts of the beautiful White River Valley. They soon persuaded my father, Mr. John Delaney, and his family (consisting of a wife and five children) to move to the Durkin Homestead and hold it until a survey could be made. Father purchased twenty-five head of cattle, a few horses, two wagons and away we started, "Westward Ho!" over the long, long trail with our household goods and the family equally distributed in the two wagons, where we had feather beds to sleep in. McAndrews was an excellent camp cook. How we enjoyed his pancakes and biscuits! We also enjoyed the delicious vegetables given to us by the early settlers from their gardens, as they welcomed us and assisted us on our way. We traveled through a great variety of country. The primeval meadows, forests, and mountains were magic to those of us who were young and venturesome. All day long we watched with childish elation the clouds as they drifted into the mountain gorges or floated round the peaks until they became lost in the distant blue heaven. We caught the first crimson touch of dawn and watched the last crimson rays at sunset.

Sunny Days! Rainy Days! We moved onward. Our progress was slow because it was necessary to permit the cattle to graze as they traveled. My brother John and I mounted on tame Indian Ponies kept the herd together as they grew fatter, lazier and more contented every step of the way. But Alas! They also grew very foot sore and we were unable to travel over eight miles per day. We were two entire days crossing Battle Mountain and my parents experienced anxiety and misgivings during these days, as the steep slopes and dangerous ledges proved very hazardous and interrupted our progress. At one spot on our trail high on the mountain above the Eagle River Canyon, we could see the town of Red Cliff nestling snugly in a ravine between towering hills. At another place along the trail we came to a "Toll Road" where a certain fee per head on the cattle had to be paid, before we were permitted to continue on our way. Day followed day until at last we reached Glenwood Springs, only to find it a place of tent houses and cabins. Here we spent a long day crossing Grand River (the Colorado now) on a ferry boat. A young lad named J. D. Amick was one of the ferry crew who assisted us all day long. He later located on White River and became a pioneer settler and cattleman. Some forty-five years later his youngest son (Morris) married my niece Elizabeth Delaney. The plans of Destiny are unpredictable. From Glenwood Springs we con-

tinued our journey to the west slowly and laboriously. There were no bridges along Grand River, White River or Piceance Creek, naturally our dishes met with disaster. And so at length we came to the end of the trail which promised so much. We found a land so colorful, so big, so promising. We found a Home on White River. We found pioneering a hard fight against tremendous odds. Still, all things considered, it was a challenge. The wilderness forced upon us the question of survival. It taught us to be independent; to rely on our own resources; to face circumstances and conquer them.

Hospitality was one of the first lessons we mastered. Cowboys and travelers passing from Rangely and Meeker could always find welcome at the modest home of my parents. And there were times when my mother found it necessary to spread beds on the floor in order to accommodate those who sought a haven for the night.

Shortly after we arrived at the Durkin homestead my father traveled to Vernal, Utah, for supplies. While he was away our first visitor called. Ute Chief Colorow came in from the hills with his arms bloody to the elbows. He held up one finger and said "One Dollar," which my mother hastened to give him. He immediately left and returned later with his arms filled with venison. This we welcomed because salt side was the only kind of meat we had. Soon the squaws came, holding out their hands as they explained "Where him? Where him?" then locating the five children they seemed satisfied and left at once only to return a short time later with a nanny goat and two kids—a billy goat and a little white lamb for our baby.

These friendly visits established a deep understanding and respect between the white mother and the Indian mother. Nor was there lack of opportunity for this, due to the fact that we never saw a white woman for two years. Meanwhile many interesting and cultured men, associated with the cow outfits, came from all over the world to live in our midst. Some of the best and some of the worst in the world—Soldiers of Fortune, at home anywhere. They brought books and magazines, also told of far distant places they had visited. The names of Major Boutwell, C. W. Foreman, and Tom Lyttle appear out of the past at this writing.

Soon my father acquired his own ranch, which was located five miles west of the Durkin homestead, adjoining the Duncan Blair property. Here he planted the first apple orchard in the lower river valley. Year after year, when the first warmth of spring arrived, the scented breath of the apple blossoms compensated us for the bleak months of the long winters. A few trees still survive. Each spring they valiantly respond to the magic touch of nature and flaunt their beauty as of old. Duncan Blair, a Scotsman, and his squaw wife were our only neighbors for miles. His brother was a member of Parliament from Scotland. They were the kindest and

most thoughtful neighbors and Mrs. Blair's friendship for my mother and family strengthened into a deep devotion. During my father's absence she came frequently to our home and administered to our wants, especially during an illness when her knowledge of herbs as a medicine was miraculous.

The winter of 1885 was terrible, with deep snow and intense cold. Feed was so scarce that all livestock were released by the cattlemen to forage on the range. Even this precaution proved to be of no avail for half the cattle in the valley died that winter and in the spring during the period of high water, which covered the valley from bank to bank, dead long-horned cattle floating down stream became a menace to health. Doves of savage mosquitoes hovered ev-



A. OLDLAND AND COMPANY STORE AT WHITE RIVER
Built in the Spring of 1888

erywhere and proved to be a serious health problem also. There are few living today to relate the story of that year 1885.

Trips to Meeker for supplies were limited because of the absence of bridges across White River, yet means of communication were novel and exciting. Neighbors always brought mail and supplies for other neighbors when a trip was made. Mail was delivered occasionally by Mike Drumm, who traveled horseback. However, there was always that elusive medium of communication the "Grape Vine." "Some one heard" that a newspaper was being published in Meeker by Mr. James Lyttle, Editor and Owner; also a rumor to the effect that Tom Baker who owned a ranch near Meeker was appointed "Road Overseer," his specific duty being "to keep the rocks out of the wagon roads." Much excitement was provided by the

news that the Reigan Brothers' homestead cabin on Piceance Creek was destroyed by enemies who used dynamite with intent to murder. Two of the Reigan brothers were killed. The report of the murder of John Wist followed shortly after, and the killing of the horse thieves at Douglas Creek and Rangely came through in detail. Best of all was the rumor that in time a new County, to be called Rio Blanco, would be carved from Garfield county and the county seat would be located at Meeker. Everyone in the lower valley was elated and welcomed that day when it was no longer necessary to trek one hundred and twenty-five miles to the county seat at Greenwood Springs in order to transact legal business. As the "Grape Vine" flourished, community spirit took root and thrived; also local community gatherings with dancing as the main entertainment brought happiness to young and old. The cowboys who attended these dances were no movie actors. Nearly all were young men full of virile strength and energy. They could dance, they could ride, they came from good families. One of the most popular was a young lad named Bob Hardaway, whose grandfather was Governor of Georgia.

In August, 1887, the settlers along White River were alerted, via the "Grape Vine," by exciting news that the Ute Indians led by Ute Chief Colorow were again on the warpath. It was said that Colorow "who had never abandoned his claim to the White River country," was leading his Indians in a battle against white troops and scouts in a canyon six miles west of Rangely, near the Utah line. Later, word was received that the Indians were completely routed, and Hon. Wm. N. Byers of Denver, who knew Colorow very well personally, was on his way to Meeker to act as mediator.

Later on in the fall of 1887 a survey was made for the purpose of building a railroad from Rifle down Piceance Creek to the mouth of White River, then down White River on West to Salt Lake City. A town site (White River City) was surveyed on White River Mesa, where Piceance Creek empties into White River. This was five miles east of my father's ranch. A bridge was built across White River, which proved to be a boon for the pioneers in the west end of the county. Mr. Ambrose Oldland, who came to the west from his home in England and decided to remain, built a fair sized country store at White River City; D-Bar Charley, a restaurant; Bob Hunter, a saloon; Bob Grant, a brick yard; Mr. Wright (graduate of Ann Arbor) opened a law office in two rooms. Several cabins which had been built by early settlers and abandoned were now occupied by tenants—"Rent Free."

The White River School house was built and stands today as one of the oldest school buildings in Rio Blanco County. Ambrose Oldland, John Delaney and George Howard were the first school

directors. Miss Vera Lowe was employed to teach the first term of school. I lived with her and attended classes. The lawyer, Mr. Wright, surrendered his two-room office to the teacher for house-keeping purposes and moved over to Ambrose Oldland's apartment at the store, where they maintained "Bachelor's Hall." Fifteen pupils from families who had settled at White River City enrolled for school, which caused the optimists to predict a rapid growth for the new metropolis. Many of the citizens were above average in education and it was our good fortune to have secured a teacher who was as intelligent as she was pretty. Though weighing only ninety-eight pounds, she was a real disciplinarian, who possessed the ability to sense trouble before it became pronounced. As an antidote she prescribed ten minutes calisthenics. She was the proud owner of twelve new dresses and knew how to wear them (I was the proud owner of two, which I made). Even though she held a State certificate from Pennsylvania where she taught for several years, she was very much afraid of cowboys, especially when they were drinking. Everyone in the community felt the guiding influence of this wonderful teacher. Miss Lowe was succeeded by a Miss Judd, who married Mr. George Howard, one of the school board members. She knew history like a multiplication table.

Romance continued to thrive at White River City. In 1891, I married the remaining bachelor member of the school board, Ambrose Oldland, who was also County Commissioner for the west end of the new Rio Blanco County. Shortly after my marriage the annual Independence Day celebration was held and I, the new bride, was called upon to assume the role of hostess at the dance which was held the night of July third. Promptly at midnight the Fourth was ushered in with gunfire and a gorgeous display of fireworks. As hostess I was ably assisted by all ladies present and a delicious supper was served. The drawing of a ring which was hidden in the cake caused excitement and mirth. Mrs. Gilmore wore a red, white and blue dress made especially for the occasion. Many young men wore daring red, white and blue ties. Of course, dancing was prolonged until daylight.

For a while White River City seemed to prosper, but as time passed it became evident that the railroad would never be built and the "Boom Town" gradually became a "Ghost Town." "The history of great failures is seldom written." "An Oil Boom" some twenty-five years later brought a temporary splurge of activity only to die again for want of a life line. However, many pioneers were aware of the fact that a potential oil or gas field existed at White River City. My brother John as a young lad was riding for cattle with Tom Skerritt when they discovered gas escaping from a gulch near the town. I understand at this writing that drilling operations

for oil are again underway in this area. Perhaps some day soon, oil will assist White River City to rise from its ashes.

In 1895 my husband determined that White River City was on the way out, so he purchased the Watson Mercantile Co. of Meeker and moved to the new county seat. This store was located on the corner now occupied by the White River Lumber Co. Recently a new building has replaced the frame structure that was a familiar landmark for years and years.

In the town of Meeker we met many splendid pioneers who welcomed us and bade us stay. The David Smith Family, the Walbridge Family, the Fairfield Family, the Sheridan Family, the Hossack Family, were our neighbors. All of us bought water by the barrel from waterman Jones.

The social life was sincere and charming, with musical talent predominating. The names Thayer, Greer, Rigby, Hubbard, Saunderson recall again the refrains of long ago. Literary and Dramatic societies provided interesting fields of activities for young and old.

The years have brought many changes and while writing this I am reminded of the adage "There is nothing constant but change." The day of the big cattle spread has passed. Oil, flowing gold, as it is called, has brought wealth to Rio Blanco County. Rangely, in the heart of the oil field, which is located sixty-five miles west of Meeker, is an up to date and progressive town. A surfaced highway connects the two towns and there is daily mail service for good measure. I wonder how Mike Drumm would react to all these modern embellishments? Meeker has also grown progressively through the years. Many substantial buildings, very arresting in color and design, have been constructed with native stone.

Time has justified the faith of the pioneers and proved the wisdom of their enterprises. It was an age that had a marked effect upon men's lives and in essence should be handed down to posterity. As I bring these memories to a close the words of the poet foretell that "The tender grace of a day that is dead, will never come back to me."

The Stone Age Fair at Cornish and Loveland

HAROLD MARION DUNNING*

Cornish, a station on the Union Pacific Railroad, named for an official of that railway, was founded in 1914. It is about twenty miles northeast of Greeley and sixteen miles due east of Eaton. Crow

*When only a boy in his teens, Mr. Dunning began to collect Indian arrowheads and other artifacts. In 1911 he was a guide on Long's Peak and worked for the naturalist, Enos Mills, and for Charles Edwin Hewes, author and poet of the Rockies. The Loveland Pioneer Museum stands as a testimonial to Mr. Dunning's interest in pioneer history. Beginning in 1919, Harold Dunning collected pioneer materials which he presented to the city of Loveland in 1946. In addition to being manager of the Stone Age Fair, he founded the Loveland Nature Club.

Creek, which rises west of Cheyenne, Wyoming, flows through Cornish and thence to the South Platte River. Along the banks of Crow Creek are found some of the most ancient Indian campsites in America. Cornish is situated in the midst of what was once the location of workshops of ancient man, where flint and agate tools were fashioned. Thousands of years before the discovery of gold in Colorado, these workshops were busy places, employing craftsmen who were as adept in their work as fine craftsmen of today. In fact, no one has succeeded in duplicating the streamlined, perfectly balanced, beautiful Folsom points.

Folks who lived in and near Cornish had for years picked up Indian arrows, scrapers, drills, and various ornaments and beautiful fragments of agate left by the ancient craftsmen. In the spring of 1934 three Cornish couples "got the bug" about Indian artifacts. These were: Irene and Oscar Shirk, Doris and Bill Robbins, and Frieda and George Bowman. One day Irene and Oscar took the others out to look for arrow heads. George Bowman found a beautiful one and the race was on. Others in the party found good specimens. It was decided to show the finds and to invite the neighbors to bring in their finds, too. This proved to be one of the most interesting and enthusiastic gatherings the little community had ever had. Everyone had some artifacts to display. Some had very rare and unusual ones.

These enthusiasts decided to hold a public exhibition of the finds at the school house. It had to be the school house or the Union Pacific depot, the post office, the little store, or the filling station—those were all the buildings there were in Cornish. The Exhibition was to be sponsored by the Grammar School students as a free educational undertaking.

The dates were set for July 10-12 for that first Fair, in 1934. Governor Ed Johnson spoke at the Fair and folks came by the hundreds. It was something new and unique.

When the Cornish Stone Age Fair was started there were about thirty youngsters in school that winter, 1933-34. Times were so hard that scarcely any of them could get enough money from their parents to pay for having a group picture taken. The Gardner Studio in Greeley agreed to make the picture if each student would bring in an arrowhead. The children were a happy bunch, for arrowheads were plentiful, but nickels were not. Mr. Gardner made stamp pictures of each student and then assembled them on a card and took a group picture from the card. Their names follow, listed by the grade they were in at the time of the first Fair: Ninth Grade, Roy Gardner, Velma Gardner, John Spall, Fred Harris. Eighth Grade: Eugene Oliver, Mildred Lynn, Alice Bahn, Dorothy Howard. Sixth Grade: Charlene Howard, Henry Stanberry, Jesse Gardner,

Emma Fritzler. Fifth Grade: Harry Spall, Ivan Harris, George Reed, Francis Reed. Fourth Grade: Murriel Parks, Mable Darnell, Richard Lynn, Roy Harris, Willa Holdorf, Dwight Holdorf. Third Grade: Mary Etta Spall, Thelma Holzmeister, Samuel Holzmeister. Second Grade: Jimmy Stanberry, Frederick Reed. First Grade: Viola Holzmeister, Beth Holdorf, Dorothy Fritzler.

Some idea of the condition of the finances of people and communities at that time can be gained from the fact that the Cornish School Board, consisting of Oscar Shirk, Claude M. Gardner, and W. F. C. Holdorf, asked George E. Bowman in the summer of 1933



FOUNDERS OF THE CORNISH STONE AGE FAIR
Left to right: Mrs. Doris Robbins, George Bowman, Mrs. Frieda Bowman,
Bill Robbins, Mrs. Irene Shirk, and Oscar Shirk

if he would come to the Cornish school and teach the coming winter. They offered him \$75.00 a month, when and if, they could collect enough taxes to pay him. They agreed to furnish coal and some food. Both George and Mrs. Bowman held teaching positions there for the next four years. Mr. Bowman returned in hard work and publicity for the school, his appreciation for the job they gave him when things were really tough.

In reporting the first Stone Age Fair, the *Greeley Tribune* said in part, on July 16, 1934:

With a plea on the part of collectors, exhibitors and notables visiting the final session of the Stone Age Fair here (Cornish) Sunday afternoon that the idea be kept alive in an annual renewal of the event, the showing of Indian and pre-historic human being's artifacts came to a rousing close. Dr. E. B. Renaud, Denver Univer-

sity archaeologist, delivered the address, highly praising the initiative of the Cornish School Board, the pupils and the teachers, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Bowman. He was heard by a crowd which jammed the school and stood thruout.

Prize winners were announced, not in the ordinary first, second and third classification, but in recognition of general type or individual piece exhibits. R. W. Haynes of Fort Lupton was adjudged to have an interesting life-long collection of Southern Weld county points. His trophy was the Gust Hokenson banner. Other winners follow:

Harold Easterday family, Greeley, large cache finds—Indian shawl.

Edwin Miller, Cornish, artistic mounting—silver dollar.

W. H. Alsdorf, Osgood, fine Cornish Collection including a complete Folsom point—pencil and lighter combination.

William Robbins, Grover, contrast board—framed picture.

William F. C. Holdorf family, Cornish, variety of displays—Indian incense burner.

Dorothy and Murriel Parks, Cornish, children's display—book, "Grimm's Fairy Tales."

Jim Bunting, Cornish, fine example of metate or flat grinding stone—Indian red handkerchief.

Ira Harris family, Cornish, varied Cornish collection—book, "King Arthur and his Knights."

Connie Wills, Cornish, matched out-of-state points—pocket knife.

Jimmy Nagle, Grover, finely chipped needle point arrowhead—Indian cigarette case.

A. E. Spall family, Cornish, attractive Cornish collection, mounted in form of large arrowhead—model aeroplane.

Mr. and Mrs. Darwin Dyer, Grover, exhibit screened from fireplaces in the Grover bluffs—C. C. Hunter banner.

Carl and Fritz Wills, fine Cornish display, neatly mounted in frame—Japanese shawl.

C. C. Townsend, Greeley, excellent general collection of artifacts—Tribune cup.

C. C. Coffin, Fort Collins, Folsom points from workshop of humans 20,000 years ago—papier-mache plaque.

Oscar Shirk, Cornish, Chief Crazy Horse of the Sioux done in matched arrowheads and pottery—Indian book ends.

E. G. English, Greeley, fine Weld county collection—subscription to *Hobbies Magazine*.

H. D. Schooley, Fort Lupton, striking comparison of Colorado and Kentucky points—subscription to *Outdoor Life*.

Plans for the 1935 Fair were drawn up. And when May 22 to 27 rolled around, 10,000 persons rolled into Cornish from 41 different states of the union and from various parts of the world. Hundreds of students from New Mexico and from Denver University came to study and to view the thousands of Indian artifacts that were on display. Will Rogers sent a check to help defray expenses. Prominent persons from Europe attended. Marie Wormington, prominent archaeologist, brought several collections of European artifacts and put them on display. KOA and KLZ, Denver radio stations, maintained regular broadcasts of the Fair. James Rose

Harvey, Assistant State Historian, was very proud of the first prize cup he won at the 1935 show, for the best general collection of Indian artifacts.

The six founders of the Fair decided to make it a permanent annual affair. They worked hard and put in long hours. Oscar Shirk slept in the school house all of the time that the exhibits were on display, in order to see that nothing happened to them. The Fair was a gruelling ordeal for the local folks, who were completely played out when the Fair was over.

Roy Ray in an editorial in the *Windsor Poudre Valley* of May 20, 1935, said:

Went out to George Bowman's show at Cornish last Saturday, otherwise known as the Cornish Stone Age Fair. I am not sure whether this was Bowman's show or whether Bowman was the show. Maybe it was some of both, for no matter how much credit may belong to others—to the school children—to the citizens of the community and others from outside, George Bowman is the fellow who put it over. He was announcer, advance agent and general roust-about, and performed with equal ease in a stuffed shirt and tuxedo or in common overalls. The Stone Age Fair exhibit is wonderful of itself, but without the personality and push of George Bowman the fair would not be a nationally known institution as it is today—an institution that has had what might be termed a "mushroom" growth . . .

Cornish is just a crossroads place, and Bowman a county school teacher. But he caught a vision out there—one which gave his pupils a project at which to work and over which to enthuse and that vision has grown into a reality. The result is that Cornish has leaped into fame . . . Cornish is out in the jack rabbit country, where the recent notorious dust storms covered up crops, but while it was covering up crops it was uncovering more artifacts for use in the Stone Age exhibits. Arrow points and tools of Indians who roamed this country in ancient times have been gathered and mounted in artistic fashion by the school children. The exhibit at the fair, however, is more extensive than that collected in Cornish vicinity, for specimens from many parts of the nation were on display.

When the Bowmans decided to visit the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota for a general checkup of Mrs. Bowman's health, they began arranging to combine the trip east with a good will tour to tell the advantages of living and vacationing in Colorado and to invite folks to attend the Stone Age Fair.

They purchased a second-hand house trailer and armed with many letters of greeting and good will, including one from Governor Johnson and one from Luke Storey of the Greeley Chamber of Commerce, they headed for Rochester. A letter from H. E. Green, president of the Mid-Western Radio Corporation, gained several appearances on the air. At several state capitals they had audiences with governors and contacted Associated Press reporters. Governor Clyde L. Herring of Iowa entertained the visitors in his private office in the capitol and was especially struck with the red cowboy riding

habit worn by Mrs. Bowman and he listened with interest to her tale of Greeley's annual Fourth of July Rodeo.

Newspapers were especially generous in giving the Bowmans space for stories of Colorado, and folks everywhere wanted to know more about the show which the Cornish children put on each year with the artifacts. The trip demonstrated thoroughly that personal contacts were invaluable in getting publicity for any worthwhile venture.

Major Charles C. Townsend of Greeley, for years had the largest collection on display. Oscar Shirk and others made unusual frames of arrows, such as outlines of Indian heads, buffalo, and many other things. These displays were impressive as well as showing the artifacts to good advantage. Judge Claude Coffin of Fort Collins, made many talks at the Fairs and also brought his large collection of rare artifacts. Dr. Etienne B. Renaud, French scientist and professor of archaeology of Denver University, gave interesting and instructive talks. Dr. J. D. Figgins, author and authority on Yuma and Folsom points, also spoke at several of the Fairs. It is estimated that there were at one time 25,000 artifacts on display.¹

The Fair was always free. The necessary funds were raised by contributions from numerous business houses in Greeley. After operating for six years the Stone Age Fair at Cornish was discontinued. Various factors accounted for the closing.

The Cornish school itself was closed in 1949. There the old school house sits empty. No more laughter of happy children, no more rustle of paper and books, no more lessons learned from tattered pages and no more of that genial, family neighborliness that seemed to pervade the old country school. Cold, silent and as lonesome as home when mother is away, that is the old school house at Cornish. School consolidation closed the doors of the Cornish school.

When I learned in 1940 that the folks of Cornish had to give up the annual Stone Age Fair, I immediately made a trip to Cornish and got permission to carry it on at Loveland, Colorado. Mr. and

¹Representative of the annual displays is this catalogue of exhibitors of 1938: E. G. English of Greeley, 23 frames; C. C. Townsend of Greeley, 12 frames; Coffin Brothers, Fort Collins, 22 frames; Betty Lou Pal, Tulsa, Oklahoma, 1 frame; Oscar Shirk, Cornish, 6 frames; Bailey Armagost, Fosston, 1 rock bowl; Roy and Don Accola, Briggsdale, 12 frames; W. H. Hackleman, Wellington, 3 frames; Alice Bahn, Cornish, 1 frame; Carl Epperson, Kersey, 1 frame; Siever Brothers, Briggsdale, 10 frames; Herbert Thomas, Cornish, 2 frames; Charline McCarty, Cornish, 1 frame; Jimmy Nagle, Grover, 4 frames; Edwin Miller, Cornish, 3 frames; A. E. Spall, Cornish, 4 frames; F. L. Powars, Greeley, 1 frame; Rome Dietrich, Loveland, 1 frame; Esther Spall, Cornish, 2 frames; Tracy Children, Cornish, 1 frame; Gerald Jones, Bordeaux, Wyoming, 4 frames; Velma Gardner, Cornish, 3 frames; W. E. Sutton, Briggsdale, 3 frames; N. A. Pippin Boys Club, Keenesburg, 7 frames; Fred A. Beeler, Millikin, 12 frames; Gerald Kyne, Cornish, 2 frames; C. G. Phillips, Ft. Lupton, 5 frames; R. W. Haynes, Ft. Lupton, 7 frames; Martin Tittes, Denver, 1 frame; Charles Towner, Edison, 3 frames; William Robbins, Grover, 4 frames; George E. Bowman, Greeley, 1 frame; Marie Wormington, Denver (European Collection), 774 Yuma and Folsom points and fragments included.

Mrs. Shirk and A. E. Spall gave me permission and also promised to help in any way they could. It was like giving up a loved one for them to see it taken from Cornish, but rather than let it die completely we thought this was the wise thing to do. At the time it was my thought that should the folks of Cornish get organized again and able to carry on the show, then it could be taken back to the place of its birth.

So in July, 1940, we started in to build a real Fair. It was to be held at the same time as the Larimer County Fair, August 14-18. The building on the corner of 4th and Lincoln, now occupied by the Firestone Store, was donated to us if we would clean it up. With the help of several good members of the Loveland Nature Club, and many other folks, including my own children, we did clean the old building from top to bottom. We built display racks, tables, a platform for the orchestra and even put bunting all around the railing that was built to keep folks from getting too close to some of the valuable exhibits. It was a beautiful place when all the displays were moved in.

Frank Miller of Fort Collins and his son, Teddie, put on a wonderful display of souvenirs out of Buffalo Bill's Circus. They also put on exhibitions with their guns and ropes. At night Frank and son slept in a bed room in the building, acting as all night guards. There were hundreds of Indian artifacts on display, comprising some 35 different classifications. Ribbons in red, white, and blue were presented to each exhibitor. First, second and third as well as honorable mention ribbons were given. The total cost of putting on the Fair was \$64.31. This included all the printing and miscellaneous expense. Of course it did not include the long hours of labor we all put in. After it was all over I went to bed for a week. I never worked so hard in my life.

By actual count kept by members of the Loveland Nature Club, seven thousand people viewed the exhibits during the fair.

The beautiful basement of the new Community Building was finally given to us to house our Fair of 1941. Tables were arranged in two rows, the full length of the big dining room and beautiful Indian blankets donated by Mrs. A. V. Benson, R. Rom Dietrick, and Jack Stickle covered the tables and then the frames of Indian arrow heads and implements were laid on the blankets. Over 170 frames were on display this year and it was a very impressive sight. The beautiful fluorescent lighting of the building made the displays more easily seen and also made a very colorful room. The same ribbons were given as prizes this year as the preceding, and people certainly prize them highly. Mrs. Emma and daughter,

Verlie Beeler, of Berthoud, Colorado, won first prize as well as the grand prize. They had nineteen frames of beautiful arrows on display.

A beautiful stage show was put on by sixteen boys and girls of the Lakota Indian dancers of Denver. They were in full regalia.

Besides the exhibitors who were generally on duty at the Fair, there were four persons who acted as guides and guards at all hours of the day and night while the room was open. They were Chris Metz, Margazita Metz, Blanche Lyman and Betty Poland.

A list of the different classifications of Indian artifacts for which we gave the beautiful red, white, and blue ribbons follows: scrapers, pottery, mill stones, tomahawks, gem points, gems, drills, beads, drums, baskets, pot sherds, complete pottery, axes, war clubs, hammers, discards, arrows, spear points, banner stones, ornaments,

This Year Be Sure To Attend . . .

**LOVELAND'S 3rd Annual
STONE AGE FAIR**

AUGUST 28, 29, 30

Greatest display of arrows and other articles made by
the people of long ago

Ribbons to all entrants



Bring Us Your Collection - - - Exhibits Guarded

Open to the Public - - - Loveland, Colorado

PLACARD OF THE FAIR OF 1942

bird points, folsom points, corner tang-arrows, turtle back, side scrapers, end scrapers, shaft scrapers, bone awls, fossil artifacts, pictographs, yuma points, Indian skeletons, photographs of anthropology, sinew scrapers, and then there were ribbons for the biggest collection and also for the collection containing the biggest variety of Indian artifacts.

Prof. E. B. Renaud, who has traveled all over the world, said he had never seen a finer display. Dr. Robert Zingg of the faculty of Denver University gave a movie talk and Harold Husher, assistant curator at the City Park Museum, Denver, lectured on "Forgotten Trails" and showed colored pictures to illustrate his talk. Jack Stickles of Loveland, a wanderer of the Wastelands of the Southwest and a gem cutter, assisted in many ways to make the Fair a grand success.

Some thought it was not advisable to hold a fair in 1942, but so many invitations had been mailed out and so much done toward promoting a fair by the time the Second World War broke out that it was decided to go ahead with it anyway and make the best of it. My argument was that it would give the home folks something else to think about besides war. In fact the American Pioneer Trails Association argued the same way. They said, "This is our opportunity to help make history serve in defense of America. To keep alive the story and the spirit of our pioneers. To hold helpful lessons of history concretely before us by marking important trails, preserving storied landmarks, and saving priceless relics and records."

From the *Reporter Herald*, Loveland, Colorado, Aug. 24, 1942:

Arrangements have just been completed through the auspices of the Loveland City Council to present the Lakota Club in ceremonial and interpretive dances (Indian) as a feature of Loveland's 1942 Stone Age Fair. This annual event which brings people to Loveland from many near and distant states, is planned and managed by Harold M. Dunning with the cooperation and sponsorship of the city. It will be held this year in the Loveland Community Building on August 28, 29, 30. The displays will be on the lower floor and the program will be held in the auditorium.

The Indian Dances by the Lakota club will climax the three day fair . . . and program on Sunday afternoon, Aug. 30, 1942, starting at 2:30. Colorful, entertaining and interesting, the performance of this famous group embraces a great variety of true Indian ceremonial and interpretive dances. Under city sponsorship there will be no admission charged and a capacity audience is anticipated.

On Friday night, August 28, 1942, Jack Moomaw, one of the best informed men in the Rocky Mountain Region on the subject of natural history, will speak in the auditorium. Despite the many demands upon his time at this season, Jack has arranged to make his address, at the Loveland Stone Age Fair.

Harold A. Husher, fieldman of the Denver City Park Museum, will speak in the Auditorium on Saturday night, his subject being "Invaders From Asia." Mr. Husher speaks with authority, born of study and experience, on this timely subject. All in all the 1942 Stone Age Fair shapes up with the best and most comprehensive display and program since the annual event was inaugurated several years ago. Nothing to compare with it is held in any other community in this section of the country and hundreds of people interested in this activity, come from miles around to attend, to see, and to hear.

The same set-up in regard to arrangement of displays was carried out as in 1941. Ribbons were given; many exhibitors took part; and attendance was very good. The cost of the Fair for 1942 was exactly \$65.45.

It was deemed advisable to abandon the Stone Age Fair, on account of the war and world conditions, after the one held in 1942.

R. Q. Tenney, Pioneer of Many Enterprises

JESSIE L. CLARK*

Not long ago I was talking with Mrs. Helen Tenney Greenamyre about pioneer days in Fort Collins and Larimer County, Colorado. We spoke about her father, the late Rollin Q. Tenney, who came from Illinois to settle near Fort Collins. He purchased an 80-acre farm two miles west of Fort Collins, bordering the Cache la Poudre River, from G. G. Blake. That was in 1871, three years before my father, John A. C. Kissock, came to Fort Collins from Montreal, Canada, to spend the rest of his life in what he called "God's Country," because it gave him back his health.

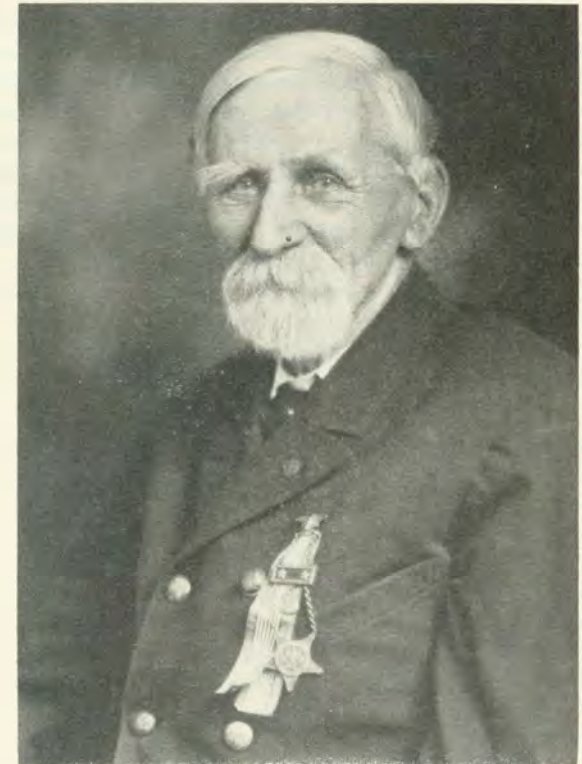
Mr. Tenney was born in Lebanon, New Hampshire, March 14, 1838. He and my father were at one time interested in developing the coal mines north of Wellington. That was in 1913. Col. J. E. Remington of Dixon, Illinois, who had been here before going back to Dixon, told Mr. Tenney that the Cache la Poudre river valley was a Garden of Eden and that was why Mr. Tenney chose to come to Fort Collins. Much of Mr. Tenney's life had been spent in business, including the clothing and hotel businesses. He had been in the army before he came west. His parents were of English descent. His mother traced her ancestors back to the time of King Edward III in 1346 and the father was a direct descendant of Thomas Tenney, who came from Rowley, Yorkshire County, England, to Salem, Massachusetts, in December, 1638, and settled in Rowley, Massachusetts, the following year.

Mr. Tenney's experience on the New Hampshire, Iowa, and Illinois farms, his apprenticeship on the Vermont Central railroad at the age of 18, and his years in the army (1862-66), gave him knowledge that he would use and add to in the years ahead. He also served as commissary sergeant and later chief clerk at the depot at Brownsville, Texas. Sergeant Tenney was with the Union army at Appomattox, when Gen. Robert E. Lee surrendered. His diary kept during the war is very interesting.

Mrs. Greenamyre was born in 1873 on that first farm in Colorado, and remembers that the partitions were made with muslin instead of wood, as they were in many of the pioneer houses. A few years later Mr. Tenney and family moved to what is now the Inverness farm, and the house stood near the northeast corner of the farm. This house was moved in the early '80s to its present location on the east side of north College Avenue, and is used by the tenants of the farm, now owned by the Dreher Pickle Company. The house is in very good condition. This farm was homesteaded by Philip Lariviere, who sold it to Joe Mason, who rented it to Mr. Tenney.

*Mrs. Clark is one of the Regional Vice Presidents of our Society.—Ed.

There are a number of cottonwood trees on the farm, and Mrs. Greenamyre told me that wherever there was a river or ditch cottonwoods grew in abundance. These ditches ran through Fort Collins when I was a young girl and in the summers we waded in the cool water and in the winter we skated on them and on the river. The town Ditch had little irrigating branches and one ran through Dr. S. T. Quiek's yard, then across College Avenue to Remington, along the northside of the Abner Loomis home, now 405 Remington St., then across the street to our home and on east. A number of



COURTESY MILLER STUDIO, FORT COLLINS
R. Q. TENNEY

years later the Town Ditch was run underground in pipes. Before these ditches were made, my parents bought water by the barrel.

Mr. Tenney planted many trees wherever he lived and in 1879 he sent to Iowa for walnuts to plant a grove on the college campus. Part of this grove, which he started, still stands on the ground east of Ammons Hall and even though the grove was moved twice to make room for buildings, there are still a number of trees. Wood

from some of them was made into a lovely desk which is used in the office of the president of the college, on the campus. Mr. Tenney's interest in forests and agriculture was outstanding.

In Mrs. Greenamyre's yard today stand a number of trees bearing testimony to this interest. There are varieties of walnut, plum, pear, peach, apple, mountain ash, and mulberry. He had charge at one time of the timber claims for Larimer County non-resident claimants and planted many seeds and trees for future owners. The government required that a certain number of seeds and trees be planted for ten years, before the owner could prove up on his claim. Mr. Tenney was always experimenting in raising newer and better farm products, including animals. He was interested in irrigation and his diary tells of the hard work which was donated by the farmers when they organized No. 10 Irrigation Ditch. They all hauled stone to make the bed and re-enforce the sides of the ditch. He was a surveyor a great part of his life and in company with Jack Dow he made the first survey for the North Poudre Company, now one of the leading irrigation projects of Northern Colorado. He made the survey for the Terry Lake Reservoir, north of Fort Collins, extension of the Jackson Ditch for three miles for water to run into Long Pond. Such surveying in those days of slow transportation, long stretches of barren land, and deep snows in winter, meant a lot of hard work.

In "Biographical Sketches of R. Q. Tenney," Ansel Watrous, who got me started in newspaper work in 1902, when he was editor of the *Fort Collins Courier*, had this to say about one of these surveying trips, quoting the story as Mr. Tenney told it to him. "This irrigation project is worthy of some note. Leaving home about March 9, with Wallis Link, Dwight Mandeville, Robert B. Lowman and Walter Buchanan, as a party we proceeded via Virginia Dale, Tie Siding and Sand Creek to the head waters of the Laramie River. When it is known that March is as good as the dead of winter in that altitude, one can comprehend conditions that we were up against. We had to start on wheels (wagon) but when we reached the Laramie plains we wished we had runners. We finally landed at George Lanning's cabin near what was to be the west end of the tunnel. We spent the 14th of March in the cabin playing old sledge, while the snow flakes, as big as a water pail, were coming down in graceful and artistic manner. A note in our record book read thus: 'This is the 66th anniversary of the birth of the subscriber, R. Q. Tenney, March 14, 1904, which we celebrate as you see in the cabin of George Lanning.' The storm finally cleared after 24 hours and we took up the work of leveling over the mountains from the Laramie River, in the direction of the Poudre River. The elevation of the summit from the Laramie River on the west side is 989.5 feet.

The length of the tunnel through the hill is 11,700 feet or two miles and 1,140 feet. The construction of this project was afterwards taken up and today the watersheds of the Laramie and Poudre are welded forever. After eleven days we returned to our homes in safety after digging ourselves out of the snow on several occasions. Credit is due Wallis Link for his care, foresight and persistence, which qualities he had acquired by long years experience as a frontiersman. The result of the trip formed a basis of one of the most far-reaching enterprises in Northern Colorado. The credit is due the Akin brothers, Abe I. and Myron H. Akin." This was written by Mr. Watrous in 1920.

How these men would have enjoyed seeing the wonderful Big Thompson project! Mrs. Greenamyre told me that the present Horsetooth project was also one of her father's pet ideas, as she found in one of his diaries how her father and F. C. Grable took a three days' trip exploring that part of the country for irrigation ideas. The Sand Creek irrigation project to get water for the Wellington Farm, was backed by the late Governor Benjamin H. Eaton with the idea of also getting water to his farms farther east. After the death of Gov. Eaton, his son, Bruce, purchased Mr. Tenney's Wellington Farm and the water rights. Mrs. Greenamyre still has the map of the Lone Tree project for water for the Carr locality. This much for some of the untiring work he did towards getting water for farms in northern Larimer County.

Now for some of the things he raised on some of his farms. He had the first real dairy in Colorado and called it the Victory Dairy, after his favorite bull. He started his dairy when living on the first farm west of Fort Collins, which he purchased from G. G. Blake. Again quoting Mr. Watrous: "Here he began to work out and solve some of the progressive plans that had been galloping through his fertile brain for years. He wanted something better than the Long Horn Texas cattle that roamed the plains, so he ordered from the east a Jersey bull and heifer with which to form the nucleus of a herd of dairy cattle, and those two animals were the first of that breed to be brought to Colorado. This was in 1872." Then he ordered from New York four dozen four-gallon cans for milk setting, which were also the first brought to this territory. The butter was packed in four-pound packages, which were labelled, "Victory Dairy, Fort Collins, Colo., R. Q. Tenney, Proprietor."

Not only was he progressing with the dairy business but he was the first man to grow sugar beets and alfalfa in Larimer county. He had sent to New York for the seed. He fed the beets to his dairy cows. That was between 1872-76. When he moved to the Wellington farm, he and his brother, Melvin Tenney, and Dr. George Faville (first teacher of veterinary subjects at Colorado

A & M College) started to raise fine carriage horses. Their horses carried a lot of Arabian blood and the herd was headed by stallions of Morgan and Hambletonian stock. From the Wellington farm to Cheyenne was all open country, no fences, so the men employed Ed Sheffield, Harry Wills, and Ira Clapper to help in keeping track of the horses.

After this venture the family moved into town and Mr. Tenney ran the City Hotel, which stood on Jefferson Street until a few years ago, when it was torn down. It was a stone hotel and at one time after my father came west he roomed and boarded there, when Thomas L. Moore was the proprietor. Mr. Moore arrived in Fort Collins April 1, 1868, and had helped to build the hotel, which he conducted for seven years. While the Tenneys lived at their hotel one of their neighbors was "Aunty" Elizabeth Stone. I remember as a young girl going to call on Aunty Stone with my mother. She wore her hair in curls and on top of her head was a pretty lace cap such as elderly women wore in that day. She lived to be 94 and when she died, Dec. 4, 1895, the business houses in Fort Collins closed and the city bells tolled in her memory. She was a resident of Fort Collins from September 1864, until she passed away.

From his diaries one finds that Mr. Tenney was the organizer of Fort Collins Grange No. 7 and was elected its first Master, Nov. 9, 1873. He was also first Master of the Colorado State Grange and had been made a Master Mason, June 25, 1866, in Franklin Lodge, No. 6 Lebanon, N. H. For over thirty years he was Adjutant for the George H. Thomas Post 7, of the Grand Army of the Republic in Fort Collins. He was an honorary member of the Colorado State Forestry Association, president of the Fort Collins Pioneer Association at one time, and president of the Fort Collins School Board in 1874. As Master, he also served the first year of the organization of the Ancient Order of United Workmen in Fort Collins. He kept the weather record for Fort Collins for ten years, 1871 to 1881, for the Smithsonian Institution, then the government had it done at the college. He was water commissioner in Water District No. 3, Division No. 1, as an appointee of Governor Davis H. Waite and made a wonderful record. He was also secretary of the Dixon Canyon Ditch and Reservoir Company for thirty-two years.

Mr. Tenney loved to read, especially aloud to his family, and had no use for lazy folks, as is evidenced by his diary. Mrs. Tenney, the former Miss Isabelle Duff Robertson, whom he married in Illinois, February 22, 1871, died in Fort Collins in 1915 at the age of seventy-nine. There were two daughters born to this union, Mrs. Helen Greenamyre and Fanny (Mrs. James A. Dowdell), who died six years ago. Mr. Tenney died following a week's illness of pneumonia, having been active up to that time. He, like "Aunty" Stone,

was ninety-four. A number of the other pioneers mentioned in this article and the excerpts which follow, lived to be in the nineties. Perhaps they didn't count the hours of work done in a day; they counted instead the satisfaction of the day's work well done, and at the end of life the satisfaction of the accomplishments which had been theirs.

Excerpts from Mr. Tenney's Diary, 1873.

Jan. 1, 1873. We went down to J. E. Remingtons' for dinner. Others there were Mr. and Mrs. Ben Whedbee, the William Watrouses, Joseph Masons, Alexander Barrys, G. G. Blakes and Gen. R. A. Cameron. (Col. Cameron established the Agricultural Colony, later known as Fort Collins.)

Jan. 2. Gave W. E. Pabor my weather records to be printed in the *Colorado Farmer*.

Jan. 3. Got load of wood A. M. Went to town with some stuff for Bradstreet.

Jan. 4. After two unsuccessful attempts to work, White family finally came and we worked on the highway from 9:30 A. M., to 4:30 P. M.

Jan. 6. Worked hauling logs from the river.

Jan. 7. Went up to Laporte to get my boot fixed, but the d-d drunken cobbler would not work because it was cold. Received cattle ear labels from C. H. Dana, Lebanon, N. H.

Jan. 8. Got out logs from head of branch near Whedbee's corner, broke singletree and went to town in P. M. and ordered new one. Got sugar and molasses. Annual Ditch meeting at Follett's in eve. Peter Anderson, president, J. Riddle, vice-president, R. Q. Tenney, secretary-treasurer. Gave Remington his bill up to Jan. 1.

Jan. 9. Drew up logs from below where we dip water. Fixed barn yard bar post. Put tags on cows ears and punched calves ears.

Jan. 10. Very fine. Took out eight baskets carrots that were froze, three that were good; 6 bu. flat turnips froze; filed saw.

Jan. 11. Fine day, went up to Laporte A. M. Got kerosene oil and sent Whitcomb's labels (for sheep) to town in P. M. Got singletree. Jerry Decelle paid me. Bachelder paid me. William P. Stover gave me school bonds.

Jan. 12. Fine day, went to Follett's A. M. Fixed boots.

Jan. 13. Fine day, worked topping onions, 16 bu. Took Bradstreet over some and some butter. Read letter from mother. Belle went to town with me. Sent Charles Buckingham \$100 (payment on home place). Pd. Griffin's taxes on some cows we had in partnership and my own \$5.25 & \$17.17—\$22.42.

Jan. 14. Drew logs from south side of river.

Jan. 15. 1st egg laid 9 A. M. Drew up wood.

Jan. 16. Cloudy. In A. M. Follett's man came up and we got 36# potatoes and sack of flour. Opened potato pile and put 6 bu. in the cellar.

Jan. 17. Day very fine. Sacked onions, carrots and got out cabbage.

Jan. 18. Very fine day. Loaded vegetables for Cheyenne. Went over to town P. M.

Jan. 19. Friday, started for Cheyenne at 6:30 A. M. Got to Cheyenne at 5:30 P. M.

Jan. 20. Very fine

Jan. 21. Got home at 7 P. M. Very windy.

Jan. 22. Went over town and got \$20 from Remington. Martin Calloway gave me notice of school money. Sent Emerson W & Buckingham \$90 to apply on my note on farm.

Jan. 23. Follett called on his way to Livermore and pd. me \$16.50. Belle cut my hair. Took in plow.

Jan. 24. Went over town. Judge Alfred F. Howes gave me a petition to postpone the collection of the three mill school tax for 6 months. Visited the school in P. M. Follett here to supper after getting home from Livermore. Tribune club expires today. (Mr. Tenney organized the club and collected the money to be sent to the *New York Tribune* for subscriptions for the paper.)

Jan. 25. Man with Neishwitz harrow was here. Took in 3 bu. of onions, last of the white ones. List of club of ten for *N. Y. Tribune*. William N. Bachelder, pd., Col. R. A. Cameron, pd., "Ranger" Michael Jones, pd., Alex Barry, pd., Squire John C. Mathews, pd., Jack Dow, pd., Joseph Mason, pd., L. R. Rhodes, pd., Harris Stratton, pd., G. F. Day, pd., Boothroyd, pd. (either Philip or Arnold).

Jan. 26. Fine day. Went down to Remington's with butter. Joe Mason here in the eve and ordered seed.

Jan. 27. Very cold day, one of the coldest this winter. Went to town. Made order on Calloway for school money. Settled with Remington. Got money to *N. Y. Tribune*. Got *Tribunes* for the 50 sent. Sent \$30 to Greeley to pay on home.

Jan. 28. Very fine cloudless but cold day. Went over to town and helped Joe Shieler set up privy at the school house.

Jan. 29. Fine day, made stone bottom for the wagon. Went down to Folletts' Saw Felix Michaud about the deed.

Jan. 30. Fine day, drew three loads of stone from near Folletts for milk house.

Jan. 31. Began to snow last night and snowed a little till about noon. Went over town and took Barry seed catalogue.

Feb. 1. Fine day. Drew 3 loads stone. Riddle called in eve. North Ditch Co. had meeting in town today.

Feb. 4. Went to town to ditch meeting and was gone all day. Incorporated as "Irrigating Ditch No. 10."

Feb. 5. Fine day. Mrs. Felix Michaud died this morn at 5. Heard of it at one P. M. Belle went over in P. M. Drew 2 load of stone from Laporte, Riddle, one. Anderson, Lindenmeier and Fred Johnson drew stone for ditch.

Feb. 6. Pleasant day. Attended the funeral of Mrs. Michaud. Sent Kansas Spirit back to office of publication. Went over to Watrouses to see if I could get a crowbar or sledge.

Feb. 7. Drew one load stone. Went over to Watrouses and got crowbar and sledge. Bachelder and wife and boy were here P. M. P. G. Terry called in eve for some onions.

Feb. 8. Drew 2 loads stone from Laporte. Hadley had two teams and 4 men at work on the ditch. They drew 8 load of stone from Laporte.

Feb. 9. Sunday, Belle and I took a stroll over the farm.

Feb. 10. Three of the Hadley boys worked $\frac{1}{2}$ day each getting out stone at upper quarry. I drew 2 loads, so did Riddle. Peter Anderson and Fred Johnson drew stone from below. 16 loads in all.

Feb. 11. Saw Louis Orleans, drew one load stone and went to town P. M. Got shirt and bosom boards (ironing board) and crowbar, Barry's order for seed.

Feb. 16. Wrote *Colorado Farmer* (newspaper published in Denver).

Feb. 18. Dug for cellar in the morning. Went with P. Anderson up to see the head of the ditch. Hadley had two men laying wall.

Feb. 21. Started to Greeley to get wagon repaired, which I did at S. D. Hunter's. Pd. Charles Boettcher for crowbar. Took down milk pail and tea kettle to be mended.

Feb. 22. Cold day, drove to St. Louis (below Loveland) by 12:30. Got 20 sacks flour and 5 of bran, 356#. Today is second anniversary of our marriage. Stopped with Bachelder over night and let him have 5 sacks flour.

March 13. Went to St. Louis and got 820 # feed, 263 bran, 150 graham. Drew over 2000 lbs. flour for Stover & Co.

March 14. My 35th birthday. $\frac{1}{2}$ day getting out cabbages.

March 15. Fine day, went to town. Got horses shod. Meeting of Stockgrowers to form association. Adjourned to next Sat. Chromos for American Agriculture came.

March 16. One half day sacking parsnips and loading.

March 17. Started to Cheyenne with load. Got to C. H. Terry's at 6 P. M.

March 28. Eugene F. Kerr came to work on No. 10 ditch.

March 29. Henry T. Miller came past at eve with a fresh man from Mo., who wants work on ditch.

Most of that year was spent planting, raising, storing, and selling his vegetables, and working on the ditch. He planted rutabagas, radishes, lettuce, potatoes, onions, turnips, carrots, cabbage, parsnips, beets, mustard seed; ran his dairy, and did a lot of trucking to Loveland, St. Louis and Cheyenne. He raised chickens too, selling them and the eggs; built a milk house and cellar, and put up fences, and planted buckthorn, maple, and larch seed among his apple trees. He also planted corn and wheat; surely a busy year.

His diaries contained the names of many men and their families whom I remember well, as I was born in Fort Collins and have always lived here. There were many of those men whose names were used for the streets of Fort Collins. Among them are Whedbee, Sherwood, Mason, Peterson, Howes, Remington, Mathews, Meldrum, Edwards, Whitcomb, and Smith; perhaps I have missed some.

Other men mentioned in Mr. Tenney's diary, whom I knew so well as I grew up, were John and Asbury Riddle, John Coy, Frank and Felix Michaud, L. R. Rhodes, Harris Stratton, Peter Anderson, James Brown, Louis Orleans, Henry T. Miller, Eugene Kerr, C. C. Hawley, John Manderville, William C. and Frank Stover, Dave Patton, Ed Graham, Rock Bush, William Watrous, W. F. Scribner, A. A. Edwards, F. W. Sherwood, two Calloways, Alex Barry and John Lyon and their families. All of these fine men have passed away, but like my parents they have left their sons and daughters carrying on in Fort Collins, trying to make good citizens, as they did, and loving Fort Collins as they did.

One man who was mentioned quite often in the diaries, was Charles Boettcher, who had a little tin shop and hardware store in Boulder. He later became one of the outstanding millionaires of Colorado. He never forgot his early pioneer days and his name is connected with the Ideal Cement plant, the Great Western Sugar plant and as one of the boosters to have the Public Service facilities here.

I love the way Mr. Tenney always "drew" logs, stone etc., instead of hauled them.

"Queen Ann" of Brown's Park*

ANN BASSETT WILLIS

Beef on the hoof! Vast, northward moving herds from Texas took over all the range in Wyoming and were on the march to Colorado. On they came relentlessly, that moving sea of hides and horns, devouring and spreading like a gigantic flood.

A few homesteaders could offer no effective resistance to such powerful intruders—or could they? A faint hope stirred—and grew. Flanked on the south by Lodore Canyon and on the west by the Mormon colonists who were united believers in freedom for the common man and his rights to build a home, till the soil, and raise a family in peace, they formed a substantial bulwark for a people struggling to do likewise. While the Mormons were not expected to take part in a quarrel, the fact of their being there eliminated anxiety from that direction, and left only the north and east open for invasion.

When the herds reached Jack Gun's "G" ranch and occupied all of Beaver Basin, he realized it was useless to hold on with his smaller outfit. He sold to the Middlesex Cattle Company, came into Brown's Park and explained the situation. He could not survive and compete with such herds. Griff Edwards, acting upon Gun's advice, trailed out and sold his cattle, but kept his ranches. By agreement with the Brown's Park settlers he invested in sheep and placed his flocks to the north and east, literally fencing the range tributary to the park with sheep. This living fence held back the bulk of the invading cattle. The result of the occupancy by sheep was seen the following spring, when the range Middlesex had attempted to take over was found to be red with dead cattle carcasses. The overflow of cattle had been stopped in an expensive way for the owners. Then a representative of the Middlesex Company came into the park and tried to buy out the ranchers. They were unceasing in their efforts, but failed to gain a footing. The

*Continued from the preceding issue.—Ed.

people continued to hold their range, for they had built their homes there. The experience of Jack Gun served only to unite them more firmly in determination to stand pat.

Tim Kinney owned the only other cattle herd of consequence that had to be relinquished. His range was more distant, to the north, and in Wyoming. He could move cattle into the Park to be fed in winter, but he never came for summer range. The Middlesex ran such gigantic herds that Kinney was compelled to abandon cattle business for sheep, and for many years the Kinney sheep herds were the largest in Wyoming.

During the period of 1877 to 1888, the Middlesex employed an army of cowboys. Their cattle were gathered into herds and moved from the summer ranges to the lower lands to winter, and in the spring back to the high mountains for the summer. This movement of cattle resulted in confusion at calving time. Often a cow was driven away and became separated from the new born calf she had left hidden in a quiet spot, to sleep at a safe distance from the herd. When the cattle were moved to a distant location many of the calves were left behind to starve, unless the cow could escape from the herd, elude the riders and return. A mother cow never forgets where she puts her calf and will return from a long distance to find it. If for many reasons the cow is unable to return and the little calf manages to dodge the coyotes and eke out a living, it becomes a "dogie," a name given to orphan calves.

In the spring of 1883 I found a dogie that was left by the mother when the drive passed our ranch. This calf had wandered into our pasture and located itself near a clump of protective willows where it could nip the soft green grass.

But it required milk, it could not live entirely on grass, and was about at the folding-up stage when I found it. The wild little brute was full of fight, but I managed to get it to the house, over a distance of a mile, which took most of the day and a lot of relays.

After I fed the calf milk—a forced feeding—I went to Mother and told her about my find. When she saw the starved, tiny creature that had been branded and ear-marked at that tender age, she immediately made it clear to me that I could feed and care for the calf, but as soon as it could eat grass and grew strong enough to rustle its living without milk, I must "turn it on the range, for I knew very well that it belonged to Mr. Fisher." He was general manager for the Middlesex at that time. The calf of the long horned Texas breed, covered with burrs and emaciated from starvation, was not a very promising looking critter.

With constant attention and kindness it learned to drink milk, and started to grow into something resembling a calf. The fact of

ownership being definitely announced from the start caused much grief and secret planning on my part. I decided that I never would give the precious creature up—such a thing was unthinkable, for the little waif was as fond of me as I was of it.

I did not take my troubles to anyone, but decided to lay my case before Mr. Fisher, whose office was in Rock Springs, a hundred miles away. So when Father went to this town for supplies, I begged to go with him. He consented and raised the question of who should care for the calf during my absence. I had arranged all that. Knowing how my brother and sister had referred to the wonderful calf as a "lousy, ugly little runt, unfit for coyote bait," I would not give them the chance to let it starve nor ever over feed it. Father and mother were amazed at my wanting to go on this trip. I had refused to leave "Dixie Burr" for any reason longer than a few hours at a time during the six weeks since finding her.



BUNK HOUSE ON OLD BASSETT RANCH
Main Ranch Buildings, to the left in the trees, are all gone now.
Photograph taken in 1938.

I kept my reasons a deep secret, only confiding in Slippery Jim, one of the ranch hands, who had shown great understanding and had spoken encouragingly of my treasure, declaring in a most flattering manner: "This will be a big herd of cattle some day, good uns too, the kind that have sense and can find their own feed, not like them old Durhams. I don't like 'em no-how" (referring to the kind of cattle Father and Mother were raising).

So, by arrangement and with promises of extra chewing tobacco, and some candy for good measure, Slippery became caretaker of Dixie Burr during my ten days' trip to and from town by wagon. While in Rock Springs I asked Father to take me to Mr.

Fisher's office, which he did without question, somewhat to my surprise. Father may have suspected my errand, but was plainly quite taken back when I boldly offered to swap one of his pure-bred, yearling steers for the common little scalawag. He could only be polite in presence of Mr. Fisher, so he gave his approval. Then Mr. Fisher said he would not accept such an unequal trade, but would gladly give the calf to me. He added that the calf would have died anyway, since it had no mother, and also declared that he was indebted to Father for many accommodations.

With great exaltation I returned home to exercise ownership of valuable live stock. My happiness was complete, actually owning, even in miniature a Texas cow, which, according to Slippery's opinion meant something of indescribable value.

My childish love and affection became centered on that mite of tangled hair and bone, which soon possessed a private corral and shed, built by the combined efforts of Slippery and me. This was a work of art, and proudly exhibited to all comers. I disregarded Mother's amused and mildly disapproving attitude. It was I who slept in the little bedroom adjoining the calf's shelter, and it did not show from the front of the house—that is, not much. Almost at once I had become sole occupant of what my sister termed "a combination calfshed and bedroom." She promptly moved to other quarters, for some reason beyond by comprehension. When Dixie Burr was a yearling and showing unmistakable signs of being a true "scalawag," she was turned out in the pasture with other cattle. During the year Mr. Fisher had resigned as general manager of the Middlesex Cattle Company, and another man held the position.

The new manager had been informed by Mr. Fisher of the ownership of that certain yearling bearing the company's brand. But there were many cowpunchers in an outfit of the size owned by this company, who could not possibly have this information. It was customary to ride through pastures among cattle, inspecting brands for any stock belonging in the show-up, which, as often happened, might have slipped through a fence into the enclosure. I was on the job when the round-up neared our ranch, for my Dixie Burr still bore the Two Bar brand. Such brand being the only means of identification, some uninformed puncher could easily make the mistake of driving my pet away. When I supposed all was well, as the herd had been started on, I went home.

The Bassett ranches contained hundreds of acres stretched along the foot hills out of sight of the home buildings. It was my habit to drive Dixie Burr to the house each night. When I rode to the pasture for that purpose, she was not there. Upon careful examination of tracks at the gate, I knew she had been driven

away. It was too late to follow the herd, so I went back to the house. I found Slippery and told him what had happened. He seemed as hurt as I was. We pow-wowed for a time, then he said, "git out and find that herd and stay on the job 'til you ride it from end to end. Yore dogie is there, so wash the tear tracks ofe'n yore face, git to bed, and be ariden at the crack o' day."

I did just that, finding the herd already on its way, and a rider bringing up the drag, lashing my Dixie Burr with a raw-hide rope. I went berserk, "hog wild," and flew at him in outraged fury. Before he noticed my wild intent, I began whipping him over the head with my quirt. Evidently he was not feeling too good himself. My slashing him over the head and face turned him plum sour, and he took on the work of properly educating and chastising me. I must have acted somewhat like a bear trap, jumpy and vicious. As I look upon the incident now, I can scarcely blame him for what he did. He refused to let me take the calf, which in a sense was right, because it bore only the brand of the Middlesex Company. I knew the calf was mine, and fought with the intensity born of that knowledge. I was outraged, and each minute more terror stricken lest this man, who seemed to me the meanest of brutes, would be able to hold my calf, that I might be losing Dixie Burr forever. He must have finally gone too far in the enforcing of his authority. Eventually the onlookers became restive.

Among the cowhands gathered around to watch the fracas, was Joe Martin, a Texas puncher, repping for himself and his neighbors, to gather cattle strayed from the Bear River range. At the start he was merely a disinterested spectator, concerned only in seeing what would happen as a result of this misunderstanding between Roark, the foreman of the Middlesex outfit, the man I had quirted, and myself. Finally Joe Martin spoke. "Why not just let the kid take the calf and settle the ownership later. It's evident the calf and the girl know each other." That remark touched off the fireworks. The foreman went for his gun, saying, "You son-of-a ———, who asked for your advice?" Joe was a live hand and he beat the foreman to the draw. Roark was just a would-be gunman anyway, so Joe took his gun. Joe did not seem a bit excited. He laid his weapon aside with Roark's gun, and got ready for the fight. These men were about equal in size and age. The fight began fast, with furious blows. For a while I was uncertain which way the victory would go, but Joe came on faster than ever, and soon the foreman was down and out for the final count.

I jumped off my pony and started to kick him. Joe grabbed me by the arm, and said: "Shame on you, Ann, that's cowardly. Don't you know you should never jump on a man when he is down?" Those words brought me up standing, and I have never forgotten them. "Never jump on a man when he is down."

I took my dogie calf, drove it home and kept the whole affair to myself. When mother asked me where I had been, I simply said that I had been up in the pasture getting Dixie Burr. I had already curried my horse and cleaned away the sweat stains just as I had been taught to do by Slippery and his "book of knowledge." When I got Slippery off alone, I told him the facts. He muttered, more to himself than to me, "I'll do something about that brand." This gave me an idea. It could not be erased like the letters and numbers we placed on our slates, but there was nothing to prevent me from adding a few more marks to those already on the calf. After considering the matter for some time, the idea took a definite form and I favored it.

When I had made up my mind, I thought it best to keep the decision to myself, and did not tell Slippery, for, child though I was, I understood what changing of brands meant. I knew what the consequences might be, for such acts were strictly outside range ethics in Brown's Park, yet I had to protect Dixie Burr.

A few days after I had reached the decision that something drastic must be done about the brand, I took her into an out of the way place, up a draw, and tied her tight. While I hated to hurt her, I felt it was much better than to have her driven away and abused, as I had already witnessed. I built a fire and put a branding ring in it. When the ring was white hot I made the Two Bars into a pig-pen brand by adding two more lines at right angles to the bars.

Then I left Dixie Burr where she would be undisturbed while the new burns healed into scars and two more bars. The nearby spring which was seldom visited would provide water for her, the grass grew thick and tall, and the air was refreshingly cool. My conscience must have awakened, for as I was riding away I commenced to feel the inclination to tell somebody. This feeling deepened to an urge that caused me, a few hours later, to confide what I had done to my brother, Sam. He at once became a fellow conspirator. He was eleven, I eight years old, two youngsters who were white for fear of what mother would say and do if she discovered what I had done.

We finally decided it would be best to remove the calf to our summer place in Zenobia Basin, about a dozen miles from the home ranch. Father was doing some building and mother readily gave permission for us to "visit father." A very early start was required to get Dixie Burr from her hiding place unseen by anybody on the ranch. We were out by streak o' day. But the calf was decidedly stubborn and hard to drive. We had only reached the "Hogback" by sundown, and were still several miles from our goal. We tied Dixie Burr securely to a tree and built a fire at some

little distance, to frighten off mountain lions. Then we left her for the night and rode on to father's camp. He suspected nothing out of the ordinary. And when we caught our horses the next morning there was nothing unusual in that act, so we got away without questioning. We moved Dixie Burr safely into Zenobia Basin, and established her as far from the cabin and father as possible. Father never did pay much attention to the cattle. We were safe for the present.

Roark of the Middlesex was a stranger to the people of Brown's Park, and he undoubtedly wanted to make a good showing with his company. He developed a grudge against the granger class in our section after he took the beating from Joe Martin in the presence of the cow punchers at the roundup. This had added nothing to his prestige. He had a score to settle and his resentment grew. His secret malice was directed toward all grangers but *my* family in particular. It should be remembered, none of them had heard even a whisper about the Martin-Roark fight.

Roark had a habit of riding over the settler's ranges when owners were engaged elsewhere. He never showed up to talk matters over, just coyoted through the brush. After Father left the Basin, Roark began to snoop around. He found Dixie Burr. The job I had done was a sloppy imitation of brand blotting. (Me heap savy now). When he found the calf with the brand so obviously changed, he lit out on horse back, making hot tracks to Hahn's Peak, the county seat of Routt County, considerably over a hundred miles from Zenobia Basin. He swore out warrants of arrest for everyone in Brown's Park but Father, who was one of the County Commissioners and was attending a board meeting at the county seat. Roark made no other exceptions in his wholesale arrests. He included men and women alike.

Sam Walker, of Hayden, was sheriff at the time. He came to the Park with his bundle of warrants, and was treated as any guest would have been. But the serving of warrants was received with amazement. A roving Englishman, who roamed the world seeking enjoyment in strange or isolated spots, happened to be in the Park at the time. He had build himself a cabin and shared the life without being a real part of the community. He was astounded when presented with his warrant, and hadn't the least idea what it meant. That most innocent and law-abiding lady, Mrs. Sears, viewed hers with a mingling of astonishment and consternation.

However, all the recipients of those warrants reacted as any good citizens naturally would, and appeared in court when the case was called for hearing. This was immediately dismissed for lack of evidence. Its instigator may have foreseen this conclusion, but a deeper purpose, no doubt, lay behind his move, a hope to discourage the occupants of the Park remaining there.

As a result of my child efforts to protect a cherished pet from brutality, Brown's Park was branded as a home for rustlers, and the lying rumor was widely circulated that "no good can come from Brown's Park."

The Middlesex were not successful in their hope-for grab. They sold out to Ed Rife. He at once stocked the range with sheep, and small cow outfits adjoining lived in peace. This state of serenity continued for many years, or until the Haley Two-Bar commenced to harrass them from the East.

"Scalawag" though she was, Dixie Burr continued to firmly hold her position in my regard, and I kept her until she died of old age, still bearing her scars and two bars.

When haying time drew near, the summer of 1884, father sent a wagon to Rock Springs for hands. With the crew of haymakers that came to the ranch was Elza Lay, a well bred appearing young fellow with a winning smile and perfect manners. He was a capable workman, strong and active, with a gentle good-nature that won the hearts of old and young alike. Elza remained on the ranch for a year and he was the only young easterner who was never bitten by the "cowboy bug."

Young men by the score came to the western ranches. At one time father had for adjustment a Clark and a Converse, sons of the well known railroad magnates, boys that had gotten out from under parental control by having too much money to spend. They were all good boys, but none were as generally liked as Elza Lay. When the year was up he went back to Rock Springs. Not long afterward rumor circulated that he had joined forces with Butch Cassidy, and that they were carrying on a series of bank and train robberies.

Elza and Butch returned to Brown's Park at times, but we did not pry into affairs concerning their private lives, for we were not the instigators of the short cut to riches Elza was taking, and we did not channel the course he had set.

Friendly relations between the Brown's Parkers and the bank robbers caused a great deal of comment. The question has frequently been asked "How could a people permit themselves to harbor committers of crime without becoming involved in the deals." The answer is simple. We were in a constant struggle to protect our own interests on the range where our living was at stake. Bank robbers were not a menace to personal interests, and we had no reason to carry the ball for the banks and trains. We had a fair sized job to do in itself. Law officers were elected and paid by the taxpayers to assume jurisdiction over legal matters of the country.

We had accepted Elza Lay as our friend. And friendship among those youthful pioneers was no light bond. Because he had with youthful foolhardiness stepped into the limelight of crime, seemed insufficient reason to desert him. That breaking of the law could not contaminate us, unless we permitted it to do so. And we believed that possibly, given time, true friendship might become a substitute for the excitement of robbery. This was not a futile gesture. In the end, its purpose was accomplished.

The older men and women among our neighbors, wiser in experience, were not so confident of the ultimate reformation of Elza Lay. They quite justifiably feared the structure of illegal acts he was building around himself would forever cut him off from reliable contracts, or a settled life. But youth ignored the protesting of the venerables, and "fanned" on for Elza whenever he appeared.

A crowd of young people arrived from Utah to put up hay on the Hoy meadows simultaneously with one of Elza's secret visits. We at once planned a dance with him as special guest, at the Harry Hoy ranch. There Elza was introduced to a beautiful brunette, a girl of irreproachable background. She was the belle of the evening, and rightly so. They were spontaneously drawn to each other, and were a pair mighty good to look at. The most was made of those few hours in each other's presence. Although Elza was playing with death, that uncertainty of that condition was no preventive of love. And confident youth ignored the debatable phases of the situation.

We were filled with enthusiasm and rushed home with eagerness to share the news with father. He experienced no such feeling of elation. Instead he looked at us with an expression of sadness shadowing his face. We were shocked when he turned away without speaking, to walk slowly to his room, closing the door softly behind him. We knew for what father had closed himself into that seclusion, but we were too pitifully young and thoughtless to understand why he thought prayer was called for in a situation we found so happily exciting.

Elza, whom we liked so much, had seemingly found a girl to share his loneliness. She appeared to be equally drawn to him. But father's attitude altered our plans. Instead of sheltering him at our house, we put him up at the schoolhouse, over the hill and out of sight of the home buildings.

I rode down to the Hoy Ranch on pretense of bringing her to my home, took Mabel on over to the schoolhouse for a second meeting with Elza. He confided to her the details of his way of life. However, she might secretly deplore these, there was no question of the strength of her newly inspired feeling for him.

And she did not debate her willingness to share his needless hardships. There was a moon to influence the situation, I remember, and seemingly Love had power "to conquer all things." However, his love for pretty, brunette Mabel was not sufficient power to change Elza's desire for the ways which mean a hunted life—not until a long time afterward.

With hope and confidence Mabel sealed her mind against anxiety and all kindred forebodings. Cheerfully she planned a future with Elza Lay. Burdened by the conflict of opposing opinions, all the influences of her early experiences and training, she thought out her future course for herself.

Elza returned to his hideout at the Big Springs in Bear River Canyon, or "Yampa," as the Indians called it, when the haying ended and Mabel was obliged to go home. She stole away and swam her horse across the Green River at the Gorge to see him again, and form final plans. Then Mabel searched until she found a minister courageous enough to swim that swirling stream on horseback, with her. On a lonely mountainside, Mabel and Elza were solemnly married by that daring and dripping clergyman. Immediately after the ceremony was performed, I got on my horse and rode for home. If anyone there should discover where I had been, there would be a considerable rumpus.

The two young people went on their way, journeying toward their ultimate destiny, as some said, "Braving hell and high water."

Early one morning about two years later, Sam and I were at the corral in Zenobia Basin, slapping a brone around. We heard a whistle we both instantly recognized, coming from some spot among the deep, rocky caverns not far distant. Sam leaped to attention and sent me scampering to the house with an urgent request for corral poles. I was to ask the men working for us to go out and cut these needed poles at a place several miles from the cabin. When the wood choppers were safely out of the way, we gave the signal and Elza joined us.

He was still following the double path that kept him constantly at hair-trigger attention. At that moment the Law was hot on his trail, spurring him to great and greater speed to evade them. While we ate lunch he explained some unfinished business he wanted us to take care of for him. He had twenty thousand dollars in currency hidden away. This was in a cleverly concealed place near Powder Springs, about 40 miles from Brown's Park.

He had made a perfect map of the location, which he gave to us with minute directions to be followed, should it become necessary for us to lift his cache. We were then instructed what to do with the money if he should meet with serious accident, be locked

up, or killed. However, if we heard from him within a year, and he was at large, that would release us from the man-sized job of finding and forwarding the money to his mother, whose address he had given us.

We traded horses with Elza and he rode away from Zenobia Basin on a fresh mount. Eight months went by before Sam received a letter from him. That letter was mailed in Nevada, and while it did not mention money matters, we knew he must be out and on his own, able to look after his affairs. This relieved us of a great responsibility, and we did not go to Powder Springs.

Dishonest financiers had robbed Elza Lay's widowed mother of an inheritance. His lust for vengeance started Elza on his career of crime. This neither remedied the evil nor worked any change in conditions, outside of altering his own life into one of shame and misery. He lost incalculable time from his best years and brought untold sorrow and anxiety to his family before he made a fresh beginning. When that change was accomplished, he held a good position in Southern California and proved himself to be the possessor of sterling qualities. He educated his children, who became successful and respected citizens.

Butch Cassidy's name was associated with Elza Lay's, and Cassidy also is concerned with these old Brown's Park memories, though the story I can relate of him differs, particularly in its ending, from that of Elza.

During the year 1886, Charley Crouse of the Park, and Ken Hatch of Vernal, Utah, matched a race between Hatch's black mare and a sorrel gelding belonging to Crouse. This race was run on an old Indian track on one of the Valentine Hoy ranches. Racing fans may assemble in greater numbers at Churchill Downs, but never could they have gathered at spur of keener interest and excitement than did those who then assembled in Brown's Park. Betting ran high and the atmosphere was taut.

When the thoroughbred gelding appeared on the track, he was ridden by a slender, brown-haired young fellow of about nineteen years. Small for his age he was a quiet, unobtrusive chap. Hearing rumors of this projected horse race, he had come to Crouse's ranch a few days previously. Crouse had sized him up with favor and hired him as jockey. And he rode the Brown's Park horse to a glorious victory. We were tremendously proud of that racer, he not only could run, but he was a handsome animal. His rider was hailed with enthusiastic acclaim. He modestly told us his name was Ed Cassidy. Later he became widely known as "Butch" Cassidy, outlaw.

A dancing party was given at the Charles Allen Ranch to celebrate the winning of the race. The youthful jockey stabled the

horse, joined us at supper, then went quietly to bed, without sharing in the jubilant merrymaking that went on until dawn streaked the sky.

He continued to work for Charley Crouse for a year, then went away. He was always well mannered. I never saw Butch Cassidy drunk nor wearing a gun—in sight. I have no personal knowledge of any of his deeds of outlawry, but I do know that he never lived in the Park after he was "wanted" by the law. Occasionally he came that way, stopping for a meal, or over night, at different ranches. But he took no part in the social life, nor ever attended a party after that which followed the race. Within a few years tales came back to us of his train and bank robberies.

Cassidy had not harmed nor otherwise bothered the people of our neighborhood. If the law officers wanted him, it was their place to take him, not ours. But if the Law wished to come into our country and make such an arrest, not one hand would have been raised to protect an outlaw.

Everyone knew there was a large reward offered for the capture of Butch, dead or alive. I AM PROUD TO SAY NOT ONE OF US WANTED THAT KIND OF MONEY! We had no commendation nor excuse for his "profession," but we knew that his life was an unfortunate one, a hard, unhappy existence.

That is what I personally know of the notorious Butch Cassidy—whose exploits are a favorite topic of all the old liars, young liars and damn liars in the northwest, southwest, and as far away as South America, some of whom claimed either to have killed him or to have seen him die. If anyone knows how Butch Cassidy met death, be sure they have never told.

He never robbed anybody in the Park, he appeared there only when of necessity, passing from Utah to Wyoming. He was often seen in Baggs and other Wyoming towns, and in Vernal, Utah, according to fairly well authenticated reports. Why was he not taken into custody by the law, in any of these places? And why were those towns not censured for sheltering him?

If an outlaw is at some time in a certain community, is that sound reason for widespread condemnation of all the inhabitants of that section?

Brown's Park, because of its location geographically, was a natural stopping place for regular travelers of the country and for strangers. We had no padlocks on our doors and the latch string hung outside. To place money value on a meal was never done. If anyone arrived at mealtime, he was naturally supposed to eat, just as any one of us would do, if we came to a ranch at such an hour. It was not expected that travelers should furnish their genealogy and past history when they appeared at the Park. People of all types

came and went in the ordinary transaction of their business. On the whole, we kept our noses out of the affairs of other people as well as most frontier communities did.

I knew several of the so-called "Badmen." Some of them *were* bad. That is, they were criminals, wanted to be tough and were tough. They were not welcome in our neighborhood, yet they were treated with courtesy and fed, as we would any other human being who came there. Men like Cassidy and Elza Lay were decidedly *not* of this type.

It is my firm belief, which I know is shared by many others, that the utmost bad taste and ingratitude—to state it mildly—were shown by certain men who came later to Brown's Park. These men were sheltered in our homes, treated in friendly manner, were fed and cared for, and went away as they came, unquestioned. They sailed under false colors, disguised their purpose, and misrepresented their motives in coming there, later writing and publishing what purported to be an authentic and general history of the Park. This supposedly true description of people and events was compiled without regard for truth, correct dates or historical accuracy on any point. Certainly more respect is due men of the type of Butch Cassidy and Elza Lay, who were frankly what they were and carried on no underhand schemes, than those bearers of false tales. These self-elected chroniclers of events, with self-authorized judgment, acquitted a hired assassin who was legally convicted and hanged for the proven murder of an innocent boy. And those writers place a character of that type on a pedestal and shout "Glory, glory," while they class hospitable, law-abiding citizens as criminals, people whose food they have eaten.

Butch Cassidy and Elza Lay were known to have often made headquarters in Vernal, Utah, the home of Super-Man Sheriff Pope. Elza married one of the girls of Pope's "home town." It is a well known fact that Pope never arrested either of these men, whom he knew personally. According to history which has been satisfactorily authenticated, Cassidy and Lay were notorious bank and train robbers, successful at obtaining large sums of money by that method. Is their success the answer to this failure to effect their capture? Is that the reason it was said that Butch had "just stepped out of the door," when Sheriff Pope was supposed to have attempted such an arrest? Nearly every locality in the west that I have seen or visited has characters about whom have been woven a tale that has been told and retold, added to with each telling until the character and his or her exploits exceed those of fiction thrillers in luridness. These characters, if by some strange freak of unknown Powers, were brought face to face with their fiction counterparts, would not know themselves. If the shades of Jesse James, Bill Hickok, Billy the Kid,

or Butch Cassidy should emerge from the shadows, be able to see what I have seen, hear what I have heard, and read what I have read, I am sure their comments would be interesting—possibly unprintable!

Among the early excitements in Brown's Park was the occasion of a certain Election Day. At that time, 1884, to be exact, "the insane, slaves, and women" were not permitted to vote in the State of Colorado. For that reason a number of the women of Brown's Park, whose husbands were Colorado voters, retained ownership of property in nearby Wyoming, holding their right of franchise there. My mother owned property in Rock Springs, which included her in the number of Wyoming voters. This group of women left Brown's Park in a three-seated buckboard in plenty of time to arrive for the Election, leaving their children in the care of the fathers.

Conforming to law, the election judges appointed their clerks, and Colorado voting began at seven o'clock, A. M. The day dragged toward noon. All Republicans had respectfully cast their votes and retired to the shade of the big cottonwood beside the schoolhouse, to discuss the weather.

The North Carolina "Tar Heels" rode up, all six together, to vote Democratic. That was a sensation. Not pleasant. Six Democratic votes in that traditionally Republican precinct was scandal unholy. The Judges of the all-Republican Election Board went into immediate conference and artfully appointed another clerk, a Democrat, to sit around and look reliable while any ballots which did not meet the dignity of the precinct could be properly taken care of. Long Horn Thompson was selected. Being a Texan, Thompson didn't regard elections with any respect, and had little consideration for the law he mostly contrived to avoid. He was the ideal legal fill-in.

When J. S. Hoy, one of the judges, counted the votes he found a total of fourteen, six of these Democratic. That situation demanded action. Hoy had the abilities of a "fixer." He promptly cast votes for—several Civil War veterans who had been dead five years, or longer. When another judge timorously objected, citing legal regulations, he was won over by Hoy's plea.

"Bassett," Hoy said solemnly, "would you desert your comrades by denying them the right to vote? Men you fought with, side by side, to preserve the Union?" Bassett wouldn't.

At three o'clock in the morning after the election, Long Horn Thompson packed the ballot box on his grey mule and started for Hahn's Peak, one hundred and twenty miles ahead—to make official delivery of the precious cargo.

A day or so later Allen Hurd came over the Boon Trail from Snake River and reported news of poignant interest. He had seen a greyish-white mule with a pack roped on, straying along the ridge in east Boon Draw, thirty miles to eastward of Brown's Park.

That information brought the voters to high tension. No doubt Long Horn had met with foul play, perhaps murder. And his mule was wandering around with a precious pack of Republican ballots on his back—a real tragedy. The most important consideration was the recovery of the ballot box and getting it to the County Seat, and contents counted, for that was a presidential election. Solving the fate of Long Horn could wait.

As soon as they could slap saddles on their horses, the voters in a body—with the exception of the *Gettysburgers*—took up the chase. Fathers hadn't a backward glance for the offspring left in their care. The children were abandoned to the supervision of Miss Ada Higgins, the newly arrived teacher from St. Paul. Frightened at being left alone, with such responsibility, and in a county infested with Indians and goodness-knew what outlaws, Miss Higgins appealed to young Bertie Kirby, a guest on the Edwards Ranch.

Sir Bertie was gallant and instant with assurance that he would protect her from wild Indians and outlaws, or any other wild things—with the exception of the children. At us he gazed with doubt.

True, Sir Bertie had killed, without turning a hair, stampeded elephants in South Africa. Also he had spent some time in the wilds of India. But the children of Brown's Park had him buffaloed: the teacher was well guarded, but the youngsters were mostly on their own.

Came the moment when the buckboard returning from Rock Springs came 'round the bend. All three seats were crowded with mothers attired in town finery, long veils streaming to the breeze, while the spirited team pranced to their home barn. The women bounced to the ground, each demanding: "Where is your father?"

The wide-eyed bunch of youngsters stared back, speechless, until Sam Bassett stopped jumping his pony over a hurdle made from kitchen chairs (a trick he had learned from Sir Bertie) and replied: "Gone to hunt the ballot box."

The truth was instantaneously clear to the women. What could they expect of men, helpless in any emergency never previously encountered, and which had to do with anything outside their previous experience. Compressing their lips, these dauntless women, who had successfully exercised their rights of citizenship, addressed themselves to a reorganization of their demoralized households. Let their husbands go cavorting over the country hunting the ballot box they hadn't had any better sense than to lose, their wives would attend to business and keep home and ranch affairs in line unaided.

The same wives who had sense enough to vote where ballot boxes weren't sent around the country mule-back.

Meantime the straying animal had been rounded up, precious pack unharmed. It developed that Long Horn had spied a band of wild horses. These attracted him greatly. Forgetful of the obligation of his official duties, he tied the mule to a cedar tree, and took out after the horses. When said mule became hungry, he broke loose and went on a grass hunt.

That Brown's Park ballot box reached Hahn's Peak only five days behind schedule. It was in time to decide the tied vote for County Superintendent of Schools. A young widow had received all the votes cast in the Park—notably, a *total of twenty!*

One sluggish summer afternoon when I was thirteen, brother Sam and I were riding slowly along a cow trail on the Green River slope, in Zenobia Basin. A dazzling glow lay over the country, hurting your eyes if you gazed too long at one spot. We blinked sleepily, speaking as little as possible, while our horses loafed drowsily along. Suddenly they threw up their heads and looked around uneasily. They had caught the scent of something unpleasant.

My eyes instantly popped wide open. And there, in the open flat at the foot of the hovering mountain, two half-grown bear cubs were tumbling about in clumsy play. They were the "silver tips" of the grizzly family, and it was pure joy to watch their awkward antics. They cuffed each other, rolling over like furry balls, they were up and peeping about under the edges of rocks for palatable crickets, and they were completely unaware of the two amused watchers, for the light wind came from the opposite direction.

Ever since I saw my first bear cub I had wanted one for a pet. Before Sam broke from his lethargy enough to shout, I was headed in a dead run toward the unsuspecting cubs. In much less time than it takes to relate I had roped one of the cubs. The instant the loop fell around the chubby little body, a loud crashing advanced down the mountain side.

We heard an angry growl, and lurching down the steep grade came the mother bear, threatening murder. I dug my spurs into the frantic horse's sides and fumbled crazily for the rope that was in a firm "tie down."

Sam ran around helplessly, trying to give me his pocket knife to cut the rope that snared the cub, for he had no gun. The other two cowboys with whom we were circling came at a gallop. They shouted with all the power of their voices, and shot again and again to frighten the angry bear. But that crazed mother was not to be turned by fright. My poor horse was going mad. He plunged and reared, until I was finally thrown clear. The bear ignored me as I scrambled hurriedly to a scrubby pinon and to a safe perch. I turned

toward the scene below in time to see the mountainous form raise her huge paw and strike. My gallant rope horse slumped to the ground, dead before the cowboys could get within shooting range of the bear. Even when they did reach her, it was no easy matter to kill the thick-skinned creature with a colts-45 while the horses bucked in a frantic determination away from that inferno dominated by the infuriated grizzly.

When the bear rolled over dead, Mack, one of the cowboys, rode up to the shivering cub and leaned over to cut the rope by which it was still held to the dead horse. That small bear had enough of man, and ran, rolling over and over in his haste to get into the tall timber.

Silently the boys removed my saddle from the dead horse's body. Every move was made deliberately, and with the same deliberation Mack walked over and pulled me, stiff and scared, down from my cramped position.

He stared at me sternly. "Come out of there, you little hellion. I am going to give you the lickin' your father has been puttin' off years too long." He jerked me around toward my horse. "See that poor dead horse over yonder? Well, that's what I'm lickin' you for."

I remember that well! Old Mack was long on strength and short on patience. I got the damndest shaking a kid ever got, to say nothing of a few well placed smacks from a big pair of gauntlets. Then Mac bounced me to the back of his rough gaited horse and trotted all the way to camp.

That three mile ride was a silent one. I perched miserably behind the man who had so thoroughly punished me, subdued for one day—at least.

As we rode up to the summer camp where two ranch hands were building a new corral, they looked at the saddle, then at me: "What's up?" they asked. The cowboys never did condescend to answer questions asked by lowly ranch hands, and Sam merely said: "Ask Ann."

I slid to the ground and the cowboys hung my battered saddle on a peg, the still silent group rode away, Sam with them.

When the last horse had swished its tail around a clump of trees at the bend, I ran toward the two men digging post holes and blurted out the miserable story, ending with the entreaty: "Please go bury my horse, and the bear, too. And maybe you might just take along a hunk of fresh meat for the cubs."

The men worked hard and long and really did a bang-up job of burying my horse, but they dug a hole only half large enough for the enormous bear.

That night when the tired cowpunchers had made their wet way back to the summer ranch, through a downpour of rain, Mack, the one who had taken the initiative from the first, said: "Ann, we'll fix your saddle, but you're goin' back to the home ranch. If we ever see you carryin' a rope again, you'll get another lickin'. You can tell your father or not, just as you like. We'd rather not talk about it any more."

While that unusually long speech was going on I watched, fascinated, as the water dripped in a string of brilliants from the slouch of his big hat. I had nothing to say. Sam went with me on the fourteen mile hike to the home ranch. I timidly broke the silence. "You tell the folks, Sam. I'll keep quiet this time."

"What do you want me to tell them?" he said.

"Oh, I donno. Maybe we better not tell about the horse getting killed."

"You got plenty of saddle horses, Milo won't be missed for a long time," he commented. We rode the rest of the way home with Sam rehearsing what he was going to say, and I deep in gloom, mightily sorry for what had happened.

I felt even worse when my father exclaimed: "Thank God Ann was saved!", after he heard what Sam had to tell. I thought I could name a certain cowboy who would rather see that good young saddle horse alive.

(To be continued)