

## The Pioneer Men and Women of Colorado Celebrate Their Centennial\*

*"Homage to them we gladly pay  
The Pioneers of Yesterday."*

—*Motto of Pioneers*

One hundred years ago, on January 15, 1860, The Ladies Union Aid Society was organized in Denver City, Kansas Territory. It became the nucleus of what is today The Pioneer Men and Women of Colorado.

The first membership roll of the society carried only twelve names, with Mrs. William N. Byers, President; Mrs. F. A. Farwell, First Vice President; Mrs. T. C. Miles, Recording Secretary; and Miss Fannie C. Miles, Treasurer.

This group aimed to aid the sick and the unfortunate families in the new community. There was no organized charity. Hence, The Ladies Union Aid Society provided food, shelter, medicines, and often money to the needy.

Another purpose of the society was to implant in this new country the patriotic, educational, religious, cultural, and social life which its members had known in their former homes.

Twice a month these civic-minded women held afternoon meetings. Social gatherings, literary societies, spelling bees, concerts and dances, and home talent plays were given in the evening. Sunday School was conducted on Sunday.

When the members of the Aid Society found that there was no flag available in Denver City to put up for the Fourth of July celebration in 1860, they searched their trunks for the right colored goods and all joined in sewing a flag.

By 1864 various religious sects began to organize churches and aid societies in Denver, but the pioneer women's organization continued to function, with the exception of conducting Sunday School.

The members changed the name from "Union Aid" to "Pioneer Ladies Aid Society." This name clung through the years, until in 1872 it was officially adopted.

In that same year, twenty-seven "old settlers" assembled and organized The Society of Colorado Pioneers. The membership was limited to "males who had arrived in the Terri-

\*Data for this article was obtained largely from the year book of the Pioneer Men and Women of Colorado.—*Editor.*



tory prior to December 31, 1860." Officers elected were: H. P. Bennet, President; J. H. Morrison, First Vice President; R. Sopris, Second Vice President; William N. Byers, Secretary; F. Z. Salomon, Treasurer; John L. Dailey, Marshal, and J. M. Broadwell and John Armor, Directors. The society had a rather precarious existence until March 10, 1876, when its constitution was amended to accept also as members all of those who had arrived in Colorado *during* the year 1860.

The Society continued to act as an Association until July 14, 1884, at which time it was incorporated under the Colorado law as The Society of Colorado Pioneers.

The Pioneer Ladies reorganized in September, 1889. On March 29, 1894, the organization was incorporated by Carolina C. Cornforth, Augusta L. Tabor, Lucinda M. Mosley, Carolina C. Cutter, and Miriam Mitchell. Forty years later, on January 12, 1934, the organization members incorporated as the Pioneer Women of Colorado. Through the years the objects of the society continued to extend relief to the needy; to provide burial in the pioneer cemetery plots, for persons specified, as long as the site was available; to preserve the historical data and history of the pioneers of Colorado; and to encourage the advancement and cultivation of social and fraternal relations between its members and pioneer families and their descendants.

In the meantime, on August 3, 1906, the men renewed the incorporation of the Pioneers of Colorado, but because the membership had been depleted by death of practically all of the pioneer men, and because the sons failed to carry on, the remaining men decided on February 27, 1943, to affiliate with the Pioneer Women of Colorado. Both organizations were reorganized and incorporated on November 22, 1943, as the Pioneer Men and Women of Colorado.

Under the present Constitution and By-Laws "Any woman or man of good moral character who arrived in what is now the State of Colorado prior to January 1, 1866—or who is mother, wife, widow or lineal descendant of a settler in Colorado, whose arrival antedates the time specified, also the wife or widow of a son of a pioneer, may become a member of this society."

In 1911, a large fountain, costing \$75,000, designed by Frederick MacMonnies, was erected in honor of Colorado's pioneers in a small triangle formed by Cheyenne Place, Broadway, and Colfax in Denver. It marks the end of the old Smoky Hill Trail over which thousands of gold seekers reached the Cherry Creek settlements during 1859-60.

The original design had an Indian warrior at the top of



Otto Roach  
Pioneer Statue, erected 1911, in triangle at Cheyenne Place, Broadway, and Colfax





the monument, but upon strenuous objection by the pioneers, the figure of Kit Carson, pioneer scout, was substituted. Around the rim of the fountain are bronze figures of The Hunter, The Prospector, and the Pioneer Mother and Child. Names of thirty-seven subscribers to the monument fund are on the west face of the base.

Annually on the morning of August 1, the legal anniversary of Colorado's statehood, known as Colorado Day, members of the Pioneer Men and Women assemble at the Pioneer Statue for a fitting ceremony. At the meeting this year Mrs. Sarah Steck Mundhenk, President, who has for years been very active in pioneer work, was master of ceremonies. She introduced among others, Leona Wood, granddaughter of Kit Carson, and Mrs. Teresita De Harport, a past president of the pioneers.

According to custom, firemen from the Denver Fire Department ascended a tall ladder in order to place a beautiful floral wreath at the base of the equestrian statue. The wreath was secured to the horns of a bronze buffalo skull. A squad of Olinger's Highlanders posted the colors.

Mrs. Agnes Wright Spring, State Historian, paid tribute to the pioneers upon their Centennial, and to the Volunteer Firemen, who have played such an important part in Denver's past.

Miss Maude Fealy, internationally known actress, who for years was an idol of Elitch's theatergoers, gave an inspiring salute to the pioneers.

On display near the Pioneer Statue, during the ceremony, was a large piece of restored fire equipment, a hose wagon once used by the Volunteer Firemen, which was in charge of Fireman Bob Catlet. Plans are under way for the opening of a museum in the Firehouse at 950 Josephine. It is hoped that the museum can be kept open to the public two hours a day. Definite plans will be announced later.

The Pioneer Men and Women of Colorado meet regularly and do a great deal of philanthropic work, especially for their elderly members. Miss Grace Dailey and John L. Dailey, are Honorary Presidents of the organization.

Officers for 1960 are: President, Sarah Steck Mundhenk; 1st Vice President, Leander De Harport; 2nd Vice President, Jeannette Manken; 3rd Vice President, Augustine Carlson; Recording Secretary, Teresita De Harport; Corresponding Secretary, Caroline De Harport; Financial Secretary, Mabel Queen; Historian, Frank H. Eyser; Assit. Historian, Augusta Hauck Block; Press Chairman, Mary Breen Hoare.

Upon their 100th Anniversary, we salute the members of the Pioneer Men and Women of Colorado, the oldest historical group in the state.

## William Gilpin: Sinophile and Eccentric as seen by the German scientist, journalist, and traveler Julius Froebel

BY KENNETH W. PORTER\*

William Gilpin (1813-1894), companion of Fremont on his 1843 expedition, major in Doniphan's regiment during its epic march to Chihuahua in the Mexican War, first territorial governor of Colorado, 1861-1862, and author of *The Central Gold Region . . . of North America* (1860), *The Mission of the North American People* (1874), and *The Cosmopolitan Railroad* (1890),<sup>1</sup> was a famous man in his day, but for over half a century after Hubert Howe Bancroft in 1889 devoted to him a small but admiring volume, said to have been largely the product of the subject's own pen,<sup>2</sup> he received little attention.

During the 1940's and early 1950's, however, the growth of "One World" sentiment produced a revival of interest in this early advocate of closer and more friendly relations with Asia, particularly China, and the establishment—by means of a railroad joining North America with Asia by way of the Bering Straits and eventually traversing or encircling all the continents—of a United States of the World under the benevolent leadership of a United States of America with its capital at Denver. Just fifty years after Gilpin's death Bernard DeVoto discussed the views of this "First Geopolitician" in an article in a leading magazine;<sup>3</sup> Henry Nash, a century and a year after his famous speech at Independence, Mo., in 1849 on a Pacific Railway, allocated to him an entire chapter in his Pulitzer Prize study of "The American West as Symbol and Myth";<sup>4</sup> and two years later Van Wyck, in the fourth and final volume of his history of American literature, considered him worthy of an extended footnote.<sup>5</sup>

None of these authors, however, took cognizance of how Gilpin appeared to a man of his own time, or regarded him from the somewhat detached viewpoint of one of those German travelers who were so active and curious in various parts of the United States, particularly the Far West, during the generation preceding the Civil War and who have left such full accounts of their wanderings and observations.<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>James F. Willard, "William Gilpin," *Dictionary of American Biography*, VII, 316-317.

<sup>2</sup>Hubert Howe Bancroft, *William Gilpin: A Character Study* (San Francisco, 1889).

<sup>3</sup>"Geopolitics with the Dew on It," *Harper's Magazine*, CLXXXVIII (March, 1944), 313-323.

<sup>4</sup>*Virgin Land* (Harvard, 1950), Chapter III, 35-43, "The Untransacted Destiny: William Gilpin."

<sup>5</sup>*The Confident Years, 1885-1915* (New York: Dutton, 1952), 214n.

<sup>6</sup>See Robert Taft's comments on this group in *Artists and Illustrators of the Old West, 1850-1900* (New York, 1953), 22. Numerous other German travelers and writers could be added to Professor Taft's list.



This particular German traveler, who was accompanying a freighting train of eighteen or twenty wagons owned by Mayer & Company and bound for Chihuahua, was held up for over six weeks (July 5-Aug. 17, 1852) in Independence, Missouri, which then, and for several years before and after, was Gilpin's residence. It was natural if not inevitable that, during a rather lengthy stay in the small frontier town, the traveler—a scientist and journalist of excellent background and unexceptionable references—should have made the acquaintance of such a prominent citizen, politician, and philosopher as William Gilpin. His impressions he subsequently set down in an account of his travels in the Americas which was published in Germany in 1857-58, and in London in 1859 in an English translation by the author. The impression Gilpin made on the traveler was, indeed, sufficiently strong that, in an autobiography of his long and eventful life of nearly ninety years written some thirty years later, he devoted to him nearly 100 words, and German words at that.

The author, however, always protected the identity of the subject under the designation of "Mr. . . .," though no one in the least acquainted with William Gilpin and his views, then or now, could fail immediately to penetrate the veil of anonymity.

This anonymity was necessitated by the fashion in which "Mr. . . ." was portrayed. Opinions have differed as to whether Gilpin could be most appropriately described as a "modern Plato" (the Bancroft volume), the "first Geopolitician" (De-Voto), a "'planetary' dreamer" (Brooks), "a visionary" (Wildard), or what is vulgarly called a crack-pot. Even the eulogistic Bancroft volume admits—or perhaps proclaims—of him: "Both manners and intellect are redundant, even perhaps in some respects to eccentricity . . ." The German traveler, however, was in no doubt; he regarded Gilpin as belonging to the same class of eccentric malcontents as the Spiritualists and Vegetarians of the time, and even compared him to an obscure contemporary religious fanatic. If the traveler correctly reports Gilpin's views it is easy to understand the impression the latter produced, although we, from our knowledge of Gilpin's real ability—ability of a character which has frequently been associated with the most far-fetched scientific, religious, and philosophical theories—would not judge him so severely.

The question, however, arises: *Did* the traveler clearly understand and accurately set down Gilpin's pronouncements or did he, through failure of comprehension, malice, or merely a faulty memory, distort them into something recognizably similar to Gilpin's known views but yet not actually his? Although existing information can give no positive answer to such a question, the traveler's background, personality, and

ability are pertinent to a consideration of the validity of his portrayal.

Julius Froebel (1805-1893), the commentator, was himself a sufficiently remarkable personality whose career hardly yielded in picturesqueness and diversity to Gilpin's own.<sup>7</sup> He was one of those nephews for whose benefit the famous German educational reformer and founder of the *Kindergarten*, Friedrich Wilhelm August Froebel (1782-1852), had set up an experimental school; he had, however, broken with his uncle, left home, and in 1824 obtained a position as assistant in mapping the Black Forest; he also worked as a lithographer. Subsequently he studied at the universities of Munich, Jena, and Berlin, where two of his instructors were Karl von Ritter, the cosmographer, and Alexander von Humboldt, the naturalist. In 1833 he became a teacher of geography at the Zurich gymnasium and industrial school, and the following year was appointed professor of mineralogy at the university.

His political interests eventually, however, took precedence over the scholarly; he became editor of the *Swiss Republican*, and in 1844 resigned his academic post to devote himself to journalism, politics, and radical pamphleteering. In 1846 he settled in Dresden, and on October 6, 1848, was chosen a deputy to the National Assembly at Frankfurt which a week later sent him as a delegate to the revolutionists in Vienna. When the city fell to Prince Windischgratz on October 31, he was captured, court-martialed, and sentenced to death, but was pardoned on condition he leave Vienna within twenty-four hours. After the downfall of the National Assembly in June, 1849, he succeeded in escaping from Baden into Switzerland and thence to the United States.

Froebel's headquarters for the next seven or eight years were in New York, although he spent much of his time traveling in North and Central America. He became a correspondent for the *New York Tribune*, and was also an editor of the *New Yorker Allgemeinen Zeitung*.<sup>8</sup> During 1850 and 1851 he spent approximately a year in Nicaragua, investigating the possibilities of a ship canal. On June 16, 1852, he left New York on the journey to the Southwestern United States and Northern Mexico on which he made the acquaintance of William Gilpin and his views, which, after an introductory paragraph on the

<sup>7</sup>The basic source for Julius Froebel's long career is, of course, his autobiography, *Ein Lebenslauf: Auszeichnungen, Erinnerungen und Bekenntnisse*, 2 vols. (Zurich, 1889; Stuttgart, 1890-1891), and, for his experiences in North America, *Aus Amerika: Erfahrungen, Reisen und Studien*, 2 vols. (Leipzig, 1857-58), and its English translation and condensation, *Seven Years' Travel in Central America, Northern Mexico, and the Far West of the United States* (London, 1859). See also: *Autobiography of Friedrich Froebel*, translated and edited by Emilie Michaelis and H. Keaty Moore (Syracuse, 1889), 113-114, note E, and Denton J. Snider, *The Life of Frederick Froebel* (Chicago, 1900), 148, 156, 164, 173, 187, 193, 197, 270-271, 352-353, 393-402, 428-438, 460-463, 469. Most of the usual encyclopedias and biographical dictionaries, particularly the European, contain brief sketches.

<sup>8</sup>See also Frank Monaghan, "Friedrich Kapp," *DAB*, X, 259-260; Pierre Larousse, *Grande Dictionnaire Universel* (1872), VIII, 839.



religious eccentric Warder Cresson," he so unmercifully deals with in the paragraphs below.

At Independence I made the acquaintance of a man who in his way is no less singular than Mr. Warder Cresson. Mr. . . ., who though known in the State of Missouri for his eccentricity, nevertheless holds a respected position, has, for a North-American, the most extravagant views of political life and interests. He regards the "American" as the "most ancient and primitive civilization of mankind," and laments that this is not acknowledged by the world at large. This culture, he admits, has become degenerate in America itself; but in China is still found in a pure state. Hence salvation must come to America from China, and this consists in the introduction of the "Chinese constitution," viz. the "patriarchal democracy of the Celestial Empire." The political life of the United States is, "through European influences," in a state of complete demoralization, and the Chinese constitution alone contains the elements of regeneration. For this reason a railroad to the Pacific is of such vast importance, since by its means the Chinese trade will be conducted straight across the North-American continent. This trade must bring in its train Chinese civilization. All that is usually alleged against China is mere calumny, spread purposely, just like those calumnies which are circulated in Europe about the United States.

The reader perhaps feels wearied by the recounting of so many follies; I am however of the opinion that sometimes folly is as instructive as wisdom. Mr. . . . with his railroad to the Pacific Ocean and regeneration through the Chinese constitution—Mr. Warder Cresson with his Kingdom of God and his inheritance in Jerusalem—the "Spiritualists" who expect the salvation of the world from the inexpensive power of a troop of knocking spirits—the "Vegetarians" who wish to achieve a substantial change in human nature through a dietetic regime—all these phenomena belong together and are closely related as essential elements of the discontent with the situation of the world in itself which can no longer be appeased by an assignment in the next world; even Mr. Cresson's inheritance in Jerusalem is intended entirely prosaically and actually. It is the Other World removed into this world, as formerly through Christianity this world grew into the other world. In all these matters we have to do with American transcendental materialism.

Mr. . . . belongs to the class of American malcontents, in whose character is mixed an immeasurable portion of national conceit with a general discontent at the state of things in the United States. This class of people is not rare, and belong to the better element of the Know-nothing order. These characters, with their forced American nationality, represent the reverse of our former long-haired Teuton-

<sup>9</sup> Froebel found his views in *The Key of David, David is the True Messiah, &c. &c. Also Reasons for Becoming a Jew; with a Revision of the late Law-suit for Lunacy*, Philadelphia, 5612 (1851), which is not listed in the Catalogue of the Library of Congress. The *British Museum Catalogue of Printed Books, 1881-1900*, however, lists not only the above-mentioned work but also three others of similar titles, all published in 1844. Warder Cresson was a son of John Elliott and Mary (Warder) Cresson and a younger brother of Elliott Cresson (1796-1854), the Quaker merchant and philanthropist (*DAB*, IV, 540); he married Elizabeth Townsend and was the father of Ezra Townsend Cresson (1838-1926), the entomologist. Biographical sketches of the son state of the father only that in 1844 he was United States consul at Jerusalem (*DAB*, IV, 540-541; *National Encyclopedia of American Biography*, XXIII, 225-226).

ists." "We Germans," said the latter, "are the first people in the world; at present, it is true, matters stand badly with us; but our ancestors, they were a people!" The former say, "We Americans are the first people in the world; at present, it is true, matters stand very badly with us; but our descendants, they will be a people!" But as the sons of Arminius, proud of their past, understood that a past has no value if it has no future, and therefore prepared themselves for this future by their athletic exercises; so the sons of Uncle Sam, proud of their future, seem to opine that a future, without a past, is of no value, and therefore they attempt to found an American culture upon Indianism. "We want the prestige of antiquity," said Mr. . . ., to me; "but we have it! See the Indian mounds in our West!" It was upon this tendency of the American mind, which is not exclusively peculiar to the United States but is also met with in the Spanish-American countries, that the cunning founder of the Mormon sect calculated, in making the American Indians play so prominent a part in the sacred history he invented. It is an endeavor, mentally and historically, as has been done politically, to emancipate themselves from Europe; and they imagine they can attain this object by denying their physical and mental origin. In the same manner the Mexicans, at the time of their separation from Spain, called themselves the sons of Montezuma—*hijos de Montezuma*. The history of how many peoples may in the earliest times of mankind have been falsified in this manner!"

The "views of political life and interests" which Froebel found so extravagant all centered in China. The "American civilization"—the "most ancient and primitive civilization of mankind," as evidenced by "the Indian mounds in our West"—was at one time identical with the civilization of China, but in America this culture had degenerated while in China it had remained pure. American culture, particularly political life, degenerated through European influence, could therefore be restored only through contact with this ancient, original civilization, particularly the "Chinese constitution," which Gilpin believed embodied "patriarchal democracy." A Pacific railroad was important because Chinese trade, "conducted straight across the North-American continent," would "bring in its train Chinese civilization."

Gilpin less than three years earlier, in a speech on the projected Pacific Railway at Independence, Nov. 5, 1849, had delivered himself of an extravagant eulogy of China, some passages in which contain views strongly resembling some of those ascribed to him by Froebel.<sup>12</sup>

What, sirs, are these populous empires of Japan and China, now become our neighbors? They are the most ancient, the most highly

<sup>10</sup> An ironical reference to one of the more fantastic objectives of Friedrich Froebel's experimental school at Keilhau—a return to the simplicity of the "old Teutonic forest," including the "old-German costume," which involved the pupils' going about without neckties and in open shirts, with "long hair and often bare-headed"; this practice was regarded as so subversive that the Prince of Hesse-Schwarzberg-Rudolstadt was forced to conciliate the other German states by ordering that the pupils be shorn and adopt more conventional garb.

<sup>11</sup> The first and third paragraphs above are from Froebel, *Seven Years' Travel*, 221-223, which consists of extracts from the longer work, *Aus Amerika*, translated by Froebel himself. The second paragraph, from *Aus Amerika*, II, 35-36, was omitted by Froebel from his *Seven Years* and has been translated by the present author.

<sup>12</sup> William Gilpin, *The Central Gold Region . . . of North America* (Philadelphia, 1860), 169, 171.



civilized, the most polished of the earth . . .

The exclusion of foreigners from Japan, China, and Cochin China is not . . . an institution of barbarism, but a domestic tariff of protection. It is designed . . . to protect their nationality and freedom against those fierce military nations of NORTHMEN, who for twenty centuries have rent Europe and Western Asia with perpetual massacre . . . When, however, *our* diplomacy shall receive a wise direction— . . . when men of sense, such as Franklin was of old, shall sail over from Astoria to Peking, and there converse, with the Oriental Court, of Republican America as she is—when her civic growth and pacific policy shall be there understood—. . . then will mutual confidence between these, the oldest and youngest of the human family, . . . show itself in the graces of a free commerce, and the ties of an harmonious fraternity. . . . It is arch mockery for us to be duped by the flippant caricatures of these ancient and polished Asiatics, invented by British envy to mislead us, and fed out to us by the British press to cloak sinister designs of subjugation and world-wide plunder. Rather let us take alarm at the tone and source of this monstrous flood of calumny, and know that a direct inspection for ourselves will reveal to us in Asia empires of people illustrious for their antique civilization, rendered enduring and perfect by political equality, and wise civic institutions, winnowed and renovated during fifty centuries of uninterrupted experience—amongst whom the science and art of war, indeed, are decayed from long disuse, but all useful sciences highly perfected—with whom government has reached the mildest form of patriarchal despotism, eliminating political priestcraft and the disseminated tyranny of patrician order—who have so admirably refined and perfected municipal government and police that 400,000,000 of population (double that of all Europe) are united under one harmonious political system in concord and tranquillity. It is among these swarming hives of ingenious people that we will find markets on a scale commensurate with our own prolific industry.

Although the similarity between Gilpin's views of China and related subjects in his railway speech and those ascribed to him by Froebel are obvious, dissimilarities also appear. The public address, for example, says nothing about the supposed identity between the early American civilization of the Mound Builders and that of China; the advantages of a Pacific railroad are solidly based on the material benefits to be derived from the China trade, and nothing is said, at least explicitly, about such trade bringing in its train "Chinese civilization" in its less material aspects; finally and above all, though the Chinese "civic institutions" are defended, the Chinese government is described not as a "patriarchal democracy" through which the demoralized political institutions of the United States are to be regenerated but merely as "the mildest form of patriarchal *despotism*" (emphasis my own) with no obvious suggestion that the United States should regard it as a model.

We can, I think, set aside at once any probability that Froebel misunderstood the Missourian's views because of linguistic difficulties. All available evidence indicates that Froebel wrote, spoke, and understood the English language with the greatest of ease. An explanation as improbable would

be that Froebel deliberately caricatured Gilpin's views. Froebel was undoubtedly a man of strong opinions and a critical spirit, who was not disposed to find the United States the Utopia which some of its ultra-patriots proclaimed it; his description of the West, however, does not impress this reader as unfair, and when he is most critical it is usually of such aspects of American life as religious fanaticism and racial discrimination, which fair-minded Americans today would recognize as evils of the time. Froebel was under no necessity of ascribing invented or distorted views to an unnamed citizen of Independence, when Mormonism, Mesmerism, Hydropathy, Spiritualism, Millerism, Know-Nothingism, and various other religious, scientific, political, and dietetic aberrations were so readily available.

On the other hand, Froebel was exactly the sort of man to whom Gilpin might well have confided views which he was too practically sagacious to reveal to the general public. Froebel had been a pupil and acquaintance of Humboldt, and Gilpin, according to DeVoto, was strongly influenced in his views concerning the mission of the American people by Humboldt, volumes of whose *Kosmos* he had been accustomed to carry about in his saddlebags; the German's whole scientific and scholarly background was such as to appeal to the Missouri philosopher, with his interest in cosmography, geography, and history. Their common interest in transcontinental transportation was another bond. Froebel's journalistic connections were an even more compelling attraction, for no railroad projector could fail to take advantage of every opportunity for interesting the press. And perhaps as important as any of these factors was that Froebel was a transient, en route to Chihuahua, to whom Gilpin could confide views which, although dear to his heart, could not then safely be entrusted to any permanent resident of Independence or Missouri, even as King Midas' barber whispered the secret of the monarch's ears—too portentous to be kept any longer to himself—into a hole dug in a bed of reeds.

The citizens of Independence might have accepted quietly a public statement of Gilpin's views on the original identity of the Mound-builder and Chinese civilizations; this, after all, was an academic matter. But a proclamation of the superiority of the Chinese system of government to that of the European-tainted United States and an exhortation to his fellow citizens to adopt the constitution of the Celestial Kingdom would with little doubt have caused a sensation which would have forever blasted his hopes of political preferment. Gilpin, however eccentric, knew how far he could go in his enthusiasm for Chinese culture, even before an audience rendered receptive by a vigorous twisting of the British lion's tail, and in his speech of 1849 he went as far as discretion permitted—and



a good deal farther than historical accuracy would justify. His full enthusiasm he could confide only to a scholarly and, he hoped, sympathetic minded transient.

In one respect, certainly, Froebel's rather contemptuous attitude was unjustified—when he equated Gilpin's "railroad to the Pacific Ocean" with his "regeneration through the Chinese constitution," Warder Cresson's "inheritance in Jerusalem," Spiritualism, and other fads of the day. The Pacific railroad, as both Gilpin and Froebel lived long enough to see demonstrated again and again, was a perfectly practical proposition. The fact that such a railroad was actually under construction in 1866 no doubt contributed to the respect with which two distinguished British travelers, Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke and William Hepworth Dixon, who visited Denver in that year, treated "Governor Gilpin," as they styled him, whom Dixon described as "perhaps the most noticeable man on the Plains." Gilpin undoubtedly emphasized to them his important part in the earlier plans for "what Governor Gilpin . . . calls the 'Asiatic and European railway line,' as well, probably, as authorizing them to describe him as "founder of Colorado." Whether Gilpin still held to his earlier views on the "patriarchal democracy" of China we do not know; if so, he did not choose to confide in these two British travelers to the extent that he had in Froebel—whose reflections on himself he may very well have read, learning a lesson thereby. Only Gilpin's description of the railroad line and the statement, doubtless quoted from Gilpin, that Colorado "links sea to sea, and Liverpool to Hong Kong," survives in these British travelers' accounts from his earlier enthusiasm for the Celestial Kingdom. The two Britishers evidently found Gilpin, with his extravagant enthusiasm for the Great West, his description of himself as "a Quaker-Catholic," to be something of an eccentric, but they—and particularly the radical-republican baronet Dilke—would be unlikely to think the less of him for that reason.<sup>12</sup>

Froebel himself tacitly though grudgingly admitted that Gilpin's "railroad to the Pacific Ocean" was no such folly as he had previously described it (1858) when in his *Lebenslauf* (1889) he gave a shortened version of Gilpin's views as they appeared to him a generation later:<sup>13</sup>

In Independence I also encountered a curiosity of another sort—a gentleman in a respected position who regarded the Chinese form of government as the modern constitution for the future of America and the world in general and expected great cultural effects from the Chinese influence afforded through the already projected Pacific Railroad. The American culture—he explained to me—is the original culture of mankind. In America itself it has degenerated, but in China it has remained pure. From China therefore must come

<sup>12</sup> Sir Charles Wentworth Dilke, *Greater Britain* (London, 1888; 1st ed., 1868), 73, 80; William Hepworth Dixon, *New America* (Philadelphia, 1867), 96-100.

<sup>13</sup> I, 412-413. Translated by the present author.

regeneration for America, which must be brought about through the importance of the patriarchal democracy of the Heavenly Kingdom.

Froebel in all fairness should have emphasized Gilpin's farsightedness in regard to a Pacific railroad as a counterbalance to his curious views on "the original culture of mankind" and the beneficial effect upon American government to be anticipated from the influence of Chinese "patriarchal democracy." Gilpin, however, it must be admitted, was capable of twisting even as practical and material a construction as a transcontinental railroad into fantastic forms. One wonders if he ever described—perhaps drew—for Froebel's benefit an early version of the "cosmopolitan railroad" which he eventually envisaged—a railroad which should run from the Atlantic Coast to the Rockies and then divide, one branch proceeding south through Mexico and Central America and around South America at a few miles distance from the coast, while the other would swing northwest, cross the Bering Straits, and divide into two branches which would cross Asia, one of them eventually encircling Africa, while others would cross Europe, penetrate India and send a spur along the Malay Peninsula and Archipelago, and encircle Australia<sup>14</sup>—all this without regard to population, urban centers, such topographical features as mountains, straits, and seas, or indeed anything but Gilpin's sense of order and symmetry and his strong desire and belief that the world could be arranged in accordance therewith. Probably he did not, as Froebel in that case would doubtless have given Gilpin's "cosmopolitan railroad" an equal place on his shelf of curiosities.

And yet today, when Asia and the United States are closer physically than Gilpin ever dreamed and yet much more effectively separated by misunderstanding and hostility than a century ago by distance, one hardly feels inclined to scoff, Froebel-wise, at Gilpin's generous enthusiasms, however exaggerated and impractical, for a more united and peaceful world; rather, in these days of Communism, Original Sin, the New Orthodoxy, the New Conservatism, and Robert Penn Warren's latest long poem, one might be impelled to look back nostalgically to an era when dozens if not hundreds of otherwise hard-headed American soldiers, politicians, journalists, businessmen, farmers, were so devoutly convinced of the inherent possibilities of humanity and so hopeful for the immediate future of the world that each had his own Kingdom of Heaven located, surveyed, and platted, just over the horizon or around the next corner. Among these various Utopian projects, William Gilpin's fantastic but not fanatical plan for national and ultimately international regeneration through a Pacific railroad and the Chinese constitution stands out with a distinctively quaint charm.

<sup>14</sup> Bancroft, *Gilpin*, 61.



## Vanished Neighborhood on Capitol Hill, Denver

By CHARLOTTE A. BARBOUR\*

One might say that the march of business and government is routine in any growing city, eliminating in the march the landmarks of the past. In particular, a small corner of Capitol Hill in Denver dramatizes this situation. The seven landmarks in this study, which stood on a prairie hill, were the big, family homes of prominent pioneers. They covered the corners of East Twelfth Avenue (once Pine), Grant, and Sherman Streets. One glance now shows that they are not only gone, but forgotten. Their places have been taken by a variety of structures.

It all began with H. C. Brown, that lively real estate operator, who eyed with vision the unbroken prairie far to the east of the railroad tracks. In December, 1866, Mr. Brown obtained a patent and set up what was known as H. C. Brown's Second Addition. This addition was broken down into numbered building lots, many more than those few with which our story deals. Platting of the addition was done in 1877.

The first purchaser who was ready "to move out of town and live in the country" was the William B. Berger family. Mr. Berger was an officer in the Colorado National Bank. Lots 1 to 8, in Block 63, were transferred from H. C. Brown to Margaret [Kountze] Berger (Mrs. William B. Berger), in April, 1879. The house, which was finished in 1881, became 1170 Sherman Street. For seven years it was the only home on the prairie in this area. It housed the parents, and eventually, their seven children. The stable housed horses and a cow. The lawn had many trees, and the whole was surrounded by a low, stone wall which can still be seen. The house was built for comfort, not for style, with porches on the front, side, and rear. One daughter, born before the move to the house, recalls sitting on the back porch, looking out over the prairie to the east where, in the distance, the "Powder House" was located.

Unimproved property on the Hill changed hands rapidly, and in 1886 John D. Smalls sold Lots 16 to 20, in Block 40, to the William P. Fullertons, the second family to venture into the "country." The Fullertons moved into their house, although unfinished, in 1888. It was No. 1200 Sherman, across Twelfth Street north of the Bergers. Frank E. Edbrooke, local supervising architect of the Tabor Grand Opera House, was the Fullerton architect, and with his assistance a carriage house

\*Mrs. Alexander Barbour of Denver, Colo., is a granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. William B. Berger, and as a child visited the neighborhood of which she writes. Her mother, Gertrude Hill Berger, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Hill, married William Berger, son of William B. Bergers.—Editor.

was built in addition to the house. This was another large family—seven in all, including two sets of twins. They came to their new home from Central City and Black Hawk where Mr. Fullerton was a director of the First National Bank and owner, with others, of the Gunnell mine. Although moving to Denver, he retained those interests and added to them that



Berger Home, First in Neighborhood. Now The Jamaica Stands There.  
1170 Sherman.



of an officer and director of the Fairmount Cemetery Association, a post which his sons, Paul and Wilfred, hold today.

The continuity of ownership of these two houses is striking. Mrs. Berger remained in her house until she died in 1923. Mrs. Fullerton lived in her home for fifty-nine years until her death in 1947, one week before her ninety-first birthday.

When Mr. and Mrs. Berger purchased the land for their home on Sherman Street in 1879, they made a further purchase of Lots 29-32 in Block 36 on Grant Street, directly east of their property. It is deduced that these lots were purchased from the Bergers in 1833, as a big, handsome brick house was built on them by Edward Eddy shortly afterwards. It became 1165 Grant Street. Mr. Eddy and his wife, Amelia, had come to Colorado from Cornwall, England. He was a well-trained and distinguished mineralogist and became associated with J. B. Grant and W. H. James in the Grant Smelting Company. Mr. Eddy retired from active business in 1893 and died in Denver three years later. For his funeral, which was held at the family home on November 27, 1896, his widow requested that friends would "kindly omit flowers."

Mrs. Eddy remarried, and as Amelia Eddy Smith, finally sold the property, after various real estate maneuvers, to the Newton Investment Company. Enter the Newtons. Whitney Newton and his wife, Mary Quigg Newton, came first to Denver in 1899 from Pueblo, Colorado, where they had lived, and where five sons had been born to them: James Quigg, Wilbur, Whitney, Robert, and George. From the time that they were settled in 1165 Grant Street, the "Newton house," with a nucleus of five boys, was always the center of happy gatherings. The parents' idea of hospitality was a cheerful home with a cordial welcome. Mrs. Newton was a most understanding mother, and the bond between her and her son, James Quigg, was exceptionally close. The last large party at the mansion was a dinner given by Mrs. Newton on New Year's Eve, 1935, to honor her son, James on his fiftieth birthday. After Mrs. Newton's death in 1938, her sons decided that no one else should claim the beautiful house as a home, so it was torn down. The land was sold and is now the site of the Central Business College.

In 1869 a well educated German boy came to the United States on a sightseeing trip. But on his arrival, the active brain and imagination of Charles Boettcher seized the possibilities of a new country. After working for a time in Cheyenne, Wyoming, he settled in Colorado and began his career in the hardware and furniture business.

At Fort Collins, where he had a store, he met Fannie Cowan, a sufferer from chills and fever (actually ague), acquired in Illinois. She soon recovered and accepted a proposal

of marriage from the young German in 1874. Their son, Claude K., was born in 1875.

Charles Boettcher established other stores in Greeley, Evans, and Boulder, then spent eleven years in Leadville. Eventually, the family came to Denver. Mr. Boettcher's visions of Colorado soil for the culture of sugar beets and the



Southwest Corner of East Twelfth and Grant. Eddy and Newton Home, 1165 Grant. Now Central Business College.



use of locally produced (not imported) cement, laid the foundation of his fortune. It did not take long for one of the busy realtors to find in Boettcher the purchaser for Lots 21-25 in Block 40 of H. C. Brown's well-known Second Addition. At 1201 Grant Street was built in 1888, a turreted, gabled, three-story structure of red brick. This house was occupied



Boettcher Home—Front and side view, 1201 Grant.  
Fullerton Home, 1200 Sherman.

only by members of the Boettcher family until it was razed in 1953.

Fannie Boettcher became the possessor of the home in 1896 when it was deeded to her. A daughter, Ruth, was born there in 1890. The home was a center of social activities in the 1890's and the early 1900's. Mrs. Boettcher had it remodeled and modernized in 1915, but basically it remained the same. In 1920 occurred a legal separation between Fannie and her husband, who then moved to another domicile. Thereafter, until her death in 1952, Fannie Boettcher lived alone (with suitable servitors) in the huge mansion, shunning publicity, doing good works, traveling much, and still at an advanced age taking a "practical" interest in the Boettcher enterprises. After her death the Grant Street lots were combined with the Sherman Street Fullerton lots to become the site of the large office building of the Colorado Department of Employment.

In 1873, there arrived in Denver via Black Hawk, Colorado, a certain Samuel B. Morgan. It was a stroke of luck for the town that Morgan had been diverted to the West from a whaling ship career, which he had begun as a cabin boy. He had risen rapidly to First Mate in a fleet of whalers, and had roamed the high seas and visited the ports of the world. It was this same prowess that he brought to the real estate business. He applied this same far vision to Denver's destiny. Morgan, French & Co. traded all over the growing city, definitely not neglecting H. C. Brown's Second Addition! In 1891 Morgan himself bought Lots 18-21, Block 65 from Frederick Keener for a site for his personal home. On the northeast corner of Grant and Twelfth Street, he built a substantial square house in 1892, but lived only four years to enjoy it. A year prior to his death in 1897, he sold the house to Charles J. Hughes. There were three Morgan children—Alice, Jessie, and Edward B. Mrs. Morgan, homesick for the East and Europe, departed at once with the daughters. E. B. Morgan remained in Denver to practice law.

The City Directory for 1897 carried the name of the new owner of 1200 Grant, Charles J. Hughes, Jr. He was one of the most able lawyers, specializing in mining law, that Colorado ever had, and one of its most brilliant representatives in Washington. His wife was Lucy Menefee of Missouri, and their children were: sons, Gerald, Lafayette, and Berrien; and a daughter, Mrs. W. W. Woodruff. Lafayette Hughes maintained the family home for many years after the death of his father in 1912. Only within two years has it gone down before the demands of parking space for cars.

Busy trading went on in Block 65, beginning in 1883. For example, take Lots 14-17, inclusive: H. C. Brown to Caroline Keener, from her to T. H. Cooper, whence back to Frederick



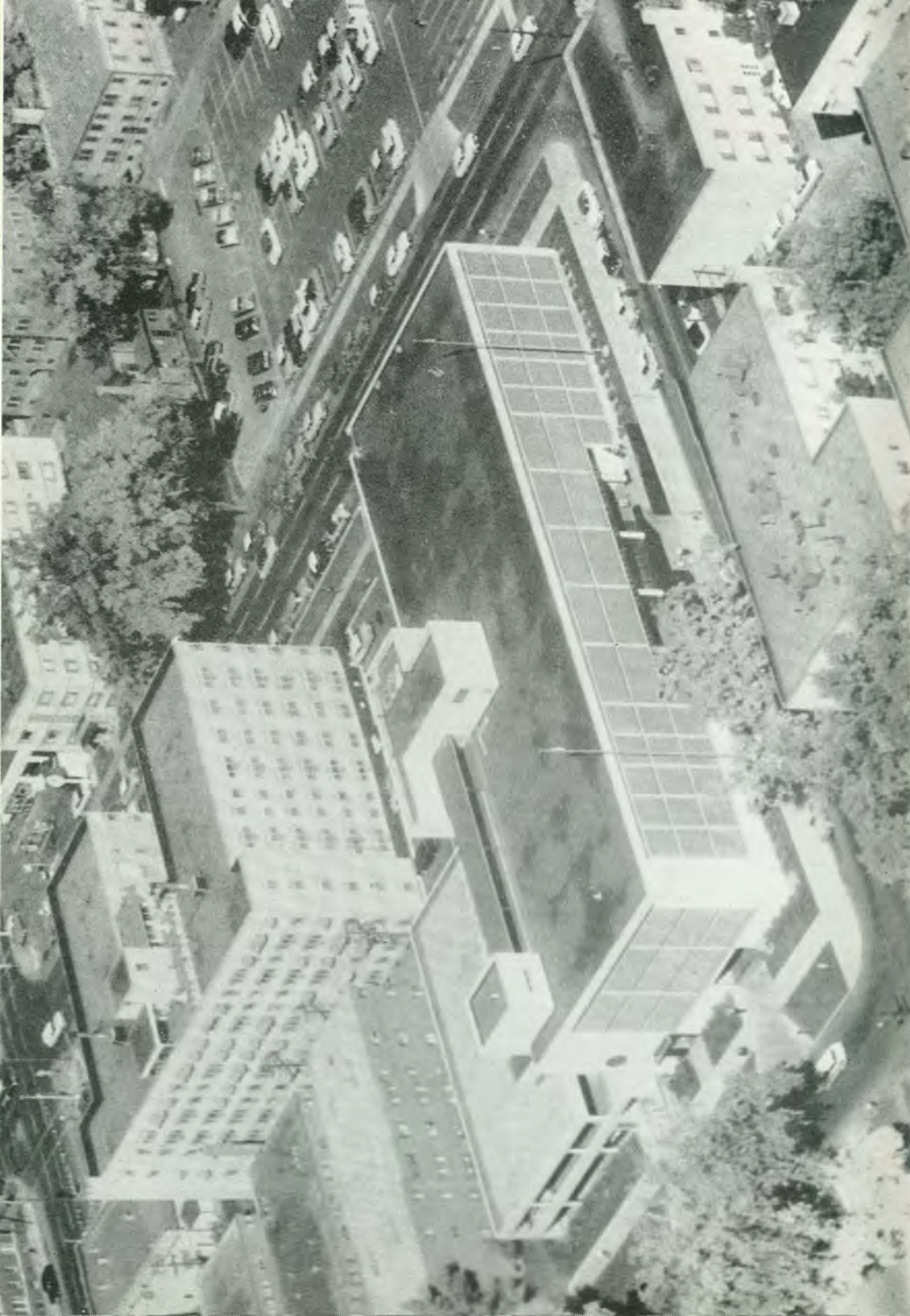
Keener, two of the lots passing to R. A. Cutler in the process. Finally all these lots went in 1895 to George Baxter, short-time governor of Wyoming, and rancher, who had just arrived in Denver with his family. He built his home, 1212 Grant, at once.

The house caused favorable comment in the newspapers, being constructed in "a taking colonial style of architecture, red brick with pleasing white stone trimmings. An unusual feature is a vista of fully 65 feet from the front door, through a hall 20 by 40, through a dainty breakfast room into a conservatory gleaming with plants and flowers." Messrs. Varian and Sterner were the architects. George W. Baxter, always referred to as "Governor" because of his political experiences in Wyoming, had five children to help to occupy his new house: Cornelia, Margaret, Katherine, George, and Charles. Cornelia, a beautiful blonde, made society history in her day. In 1901 the property was sold to Baxter's next door neighbor, Gerald Hughes, at 1200 Grant and, passed, from hand to hand, to Henry M. Blackmer in 1917, thence to Blackmer's daughter, Mrs. Erle Kistler, in 1928. It was razed at the same time as the Hughes house in 1958, to make room for a parking lot.

Between 1880 and 1890 equally rapid dealing went on in the Second Addition between Lots 1-6, Block 64, later known as 1198 Grant Street. The original buyers from H. C. Brown were C. B. Kountze and W. B. Berger. In 1881 they sold to Thomas Woodleton. Woodleton divided it into two parcels, one going to Frank Jerome; the other, to A. B. and C. E. Merriam, in 1883. In 1890 Nathaniel P. Hill appears as the buyer of Lots 5 and 6. But also in 1890 Willard Teller bought Lots 1-4, "plus a strip in rear." He paid \$40,000 for the lots and later constructed a house. Willard Teller was the brother of H. M. Teller, Secretary of the Interior under President Arthur and also Senator from Colorado. Willard Teller himself was an astute, successful lawyer first in Central City, then in Denver. At one time he had as partner E. B. Morgan, and later, C. C. Dorsey. The Teller House seemed huge for just a man and wife, but there is no record of a family.

At any rate, in October, 1905, Teller, or his widow sold the baronial mansion to Samuel N. Wood. Wood had been a bachelor until 1903 when, at the age of fifty-nine, "still being of fine physique," he married Louella Frizell of Butler, Missouri, and later purchased this home for her. After a long banking career, Wood was considered one of the largest individual owners of real estate in Denver. He died in the Grant street home in 1920, of heart failure. There were no children. Mrs. Wood continued to live in the house until 1944 when it

*Howard W. Belles*  
Colorado Department of Employment. In foreground, at corner of East Twelfth Avenue and Sherman Street, between Sherman and Grant.





was sold to its last owners, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Cook.<sup>1</sup> Later Ben Cook had the house razed and erected the Gotham Hotel on the site. It was completed in 1956. Mrs. Cook still has a suite in the hotel.



Morgan, Hughes: 1200 Grant  
Baxter, Blackmer, Kistler: 1212 Grant  
Now a large Parking Lot.

<sup>1</sup> In 1945 the *City Directory* listed the property as McDonald's Convalescent Home, run by Mary M. and Ralph J. McDonald. It continued as a home for several years.—*Editor*.



Site owned by Woodleton, Teller, Wood, and Cook.  
Gotham Hotel.

An informal census of the number of dwellers in these seven houses taken, say between 1890 and 1910, would be revealing, considering the amount of land and floor space involved. Such households should be allowed an average of four "living-in" domestics in addition to the parents and children. A rough estimate might be made as follows: Berger, 13; Fullerton, 11; Newton, 10; Baxter, 11; Hughes, 8; Boettcher, 8; Teller, 6; and Wood, 6. This makes a total of seventy-three persons, give or take a few, inhabiting this neighborhood.

The picture is very different now and, of course, must be painted in terms of use as well as habitation of the same area. How many persons live therein and use it now? On the Berger site, 1170 Sherman, stand two apartment buildings, as like as twins, the Jamaica and the Bahama. They contain seventy-six



apartments of one-and-a-half rooms, averaging two tenants per unit. This makes a complement of one hundred and fifty-two in-dwellers. Across Twelfth Avenue and running from Sherman to Grant, obliterating the alley, is the new office building of the Colorado Department of Employment. Its permanent staff numbers 300 who process an average of 1,500 applicants daily. To be conservative let us call it a five-day week and a fifty-week year, allowing for holidays. On this basis, we come up with the figure of 37,800 persons using that building annually.

The Central Business College, founded in 1887, moved on to the Newton site in 1949. Its staff consists of twenty to twenty-five instructors. Here the enrollment of day scholars is 240, with more than 500 night school pupils per semester. The Hotel Gotham on the southeast corner of Grant and Twelfth contains eighty-four rooms and, at full capacity, can house 220 guests. On the corner to the north is a parking lot which covers the Hughes and Baxter sites. The capacity is one hundred and ten cars. The number of passengers could average two or three per car.

One should have an adding machine for this sort of calculation, but even allowing for that margin of error, it is possible to say that 41,267 persons live and work on the same acreage that was enjoyed by the seven families, plus retainers, numbering seventy-three old timers, on Denver's Capitol Hill.



## Journalism at the University of Colorado

BY WALTER S. LOVELACE\*

The principal urge that has brought me 1,000 miles to this podium tonight is to salute the 50th anniversary of the University of Colorado's first class in journalism, of which I chanced to be a member. . . . The assignment from this city desk required me to wade back 50 years and rummage through a dusty, bat-filled attic of memory. Many items I have discarded as too vague. I have saved only those which can be easily proved by the records and those which nobody here can challenge. To begin with, I think I alone here may know that the Ferd Lockhart class in Journalism, which began formally in September, 1909, actually was flourishing the year previous, though not on the campus. It held its sessions in Crazy Park. This park was on the banks of Boulder Creek near Seventeenth Street, and it got its name from the fact that some of the homes there were built in the manner of Swiss Chalets, and not in conformity with the rest of the town.

This week I revisited Crazy Park and discovered it is now Sober Park in the midst of a crazy town. This seminar in journalism met in the editorial office of the *Silver and Gold*, the student publication of that day, in a semi-basement room in the handsome residence of Jimmy Barrett on the top of Crazy Hill. Jimmy, as editor, was required to provide working quarters in his home for his staff. When I showed up there as a frightened sophomore reporter every Sunday evening, I found Ferd Lockhart holding forth on his favorite topic—like a Socrates barefoot in this Athens of the West. He was associate editor of the *Silver and Gold* that year, 1908-09, and talking newspaper technique for the benefit of the staff was apparently his function.

When the press of the evening's work was over, Jimmy and Ferd would adjourn this Platonic symposium to the kitchen where it would continue over coffee and a pot of hot chocolate 'til two or three Monday morning. As a hanger-on, I was permitted to sit in on these sessions, which included also fantastic and bizarre newspaper experiences.

When the university the next year officially recognized Ferd's activity by installing a two-hour class in newspaper writing in the English department, it took the step, I have always suspected, with some misgiving. For in that day the pure academic world looked on newspaper work as slightly disreputable. It was centered on appealing to the masses and that made it vulgar and nonintellectual.

\*Walter S. Lovelace, Editor of *The Evanston (Ill.) Review*, gave this summary of the activities of the University of Colorado's first class in journalism at Newspaper Week at the University of Colorado, October 17, 1959. It has been made available to *The Colorado Magazine* through the courtesy of Director Gayle Waldrop of the College of Journalism, Boulder.—Editor.



One of Ferd Lockhart's important but unsung services was in mollifying this academic attitude. He performed a like service in the metropolitan newspaper offices. For in them existed an equally strong suspicion and dislike of any creature that crawled out of a college classroom.

I have said I suspected the university was reluctant. It may have been significant, or it may have been only incidental, that this first class in journalism, which received no fanfare as an historic event, was assigned as meeting place the most obscure cranny of the campus. This was the northeast jelly cupboard of the basement of Old Main. At that time the school was barely thirty years old. This northeast cellar had only recently been vacated as the kitchen and laundry of the university's first president. As his daughter Jane's memoirs so charmingly reveal, Dr. Joseph Sewall lived with his lively family for several years in Old Main and evidently took in boarders. I have been out of touch with campus practices for a long time, and so I don't know whether the president today is still expected to run a boarding house on the side. I am sorry I lacked time to sample the food at President Newton's football reception this afternoon. If I had I'm sure I could put in a good word for the table they set over at the Presidential Mansion.

But to get back to things as they were fifty years ago. When that first journalism class some twenty or thirty strong gathered with Ferd Lockhart to learn about newspaper work in Prexy Sewall's former kitchen in the cellar of Old Main, the aroma of Water White laundry soap and corned beef and cabbage and the Sewalls' hired girl Selma's Swedish pancakes and lingon berries still clung cloyingly to walls and ceiling.

This beginning class was continued the next year and an advanced class added, attended by seven or eight survivors of the first class. This advanced class elevated us several steps in the academic world. For we came out of the underground to the first and only floor of the old one-room anatomy building. Instead of the homely odors of the kitchen backstairs, we were now surrounded by the insistent fragrance of formaldehyde and stale cadavers, and this was welcome, for it was at least a sign of a species of academic effort. But this setting all but overwhelmed us with its appropriateness the day Ferd gave us a lecture on the purpose, proper use, and maintenance of a morgue.

This small room was ideal for another reason, too. There were outside windows in three of its walls. Prof. Lockhart, following a newspaper custom of that day, often nourished himself on eating tobacco. He found that on pleasant days he could lecture his class and at the same time get rid of excess juice by way of a nearby open window. Members of the class who were also connoisseurs of plug cut were permitted

to take seats near the windows. Campus pedestrians learned to avoid the anatomy building when the class was in session. This adult privilege was limited strictly to advanced journalism students. In order to preserve it, Ferd announced no women were to be admitted to the class. The ban was challenged by a determined free-lance writer, Amy Gordon, who made a practice of attending classes as an auditor not for credit. I can't recall she ever crashed this sacred class. I think Ferd told her she must first qualify as an expert marksman with a quid of tobacco.

The old redbrick anatomy shack stood on the edge of the quadrangle across from Old Main. What became of it I do not know. It was the policy of the university in those days never to tear down a building, no matter how tiny, or ugly or beatup. But since then a sort of glacier of modern ideas in architecture has swept down from the mountainside and filled the campus with neo-Renaissance Italian moraines. And it is my guess that our dear old discussing and dissecting parlor today lies buried under one of these deposits of red mountain limestone.

I can't now recall any sharp distinction between the method of instruction in the beginning class and that of the advanced class. One progressed out of the other. Technically, these were classes in newspaper writing, but they explored every phase of the editorial side of newspapers.

There was a textbook of sorts. There weren't many available in those days. But almost the sole source of information—never challenged—was the instructor himself. He spent much of each session sitting on the edge of his desk, toying with the gold chain of his pince-nez, talking about newspaper work and underlining his points with illustrations from an endless store of his and fellow newspaper workers' experiences. Any student who was serious was somewhat in the position of a cub on a big newspaper who is taken in hand by an experienced old timer and told and shown in detail and particularity how to make a success as a reporter.

Ferd sought to give his classes a sense of what news is and an appreciation of news values, and above all he endeavored to teach them how to write news. He drew largely on the methods of the *Kansas City Star* and the Associated Press. There were almost weekly exercises in writing news stories. These grew progressively more complicated, and difficult, and long, especially in the advanced class.

I can testify that out of these classes I acquired no excess baggage. Everything was put to use sooner or later. There was nothing I had to unlearn. Thanks to Ferd, I was armed with the essentials when I began.

This classroom instruction was spiced by the appearance on campus of key men from the Denver papers. Sometimes



they spoke to the classes, sometimes to the whole university in chapel. They came because of Ferd's persuasive powers. Such a thing had never before happened on the campus nor had it happened to the newspapermen.

Among them were Hugh O'Neill, the big editorial artillery of the *Denver Post*; Charley Bryson, Sunday editor of the *Post*; Bide Dudley, columnist; Jimmy Noland, star reporter and city editor; Arthur Chapman, columnist, and a number of others.

The class paid return visits to the Denver papers to see them in action. Through Ferd Lockhart's wiles, we once got the assignment to write a column for either Bide Dudley or Odd O. McIntyre—I don't remember which. Ferd polished up our material before he sent it in, and, to our amazement, it was printed.

As a laboratory class in newspaper work a small group of us as volunteers from the first beginning class were sent to the *Denver Post* to help cover a city election. I have been supplied their names. Besides myself, they were Jack Barrows, Ed Dunklee, Tod Storer, Paul Nafe, and Oliver Remington. This may also coincide with the whole enrollment of the advanced class. In the course of that election day, Paul Nafe uncovered what he believed to be evidence of ballot box stuffing. But he learned that nobody in authority wanted to hear about it or have any part in it. And that in itself was valuable journalistic education.

All students in the advanced class were required to work one Saturday each semester at one of the local dailies—the *Camera* and the *Herald*. Both were most cooperative and generous in their support. Jack Barrows was assigned to the *Herald* on the annual High School Day at the university. He was told to write the story of the event and the manager brightly suggested it would be a smart idea to start with the sentence, "All roads lead to Boulder." Jack had noted that for the past six years the *Herald* had been using the same lead. Also I am sure he remembered that when Charley Bryson lectured on campus he ridiculed the trite expressions used by lazy news writers. So Jack gave this High School Day story a fresh and different lead. That night when the item appeared Jack's lead had been eliminated and a lead substituted which said, "All roads lead to Boulder today." A year later, I was working on the *Herald* for a few days as substitute for the regular writer, Joe O'Mahoney,<sup>1</sup> and it was my job to write that year's High School Day story. Remembering Jack's experience, I took my copy directly to the back room, and got it set in type. When it came to make up, Russ, the manager, told me he was going to brighten up the front page with the High School Day story. So he put it at the top of the page, and over it he

<sup>1</sup>Joe O'Mahoney later became U. S. Senator from Wyoming.—Editor.

ran a seven-column streamer that said, "All roads lead to Boulder today."

There is a modern sequel to this struggle of two Lockhart journalists against a tough old cliché. Fifty years later, when I came out here this summer to watch my home state celebrating its synthetic centennial, I was given a tremendous book about Colorado which was published as a supplement by the *Denver Post*. In it was a page ad for Boulder and the headline over it was, "All Roads Lead to Bountiful Boulder." When I returned to Evanston, however, I was soon cured of any notion that this deathless slogan was some sort of parochial folkway. This fall the World Series came to Chicago for the first time in forty years and at the height of the excitement the *Chicago Tribune*, self-confessed greatest and smartest newspaper in the world, topped its sports page with an eight-column headline which boasted, "All Roads Lead to Comiskey Park."

A more significant story came out of these assignments to the local papers. When I went to the *Herald* on my regular assignment from the class, Joe sent me to the adjacent coal mining towns to run down a tip he had received that the unions were planning to call a strike. My resulting story, though pretty weak and inadequate, announced that such a strike was indeed pending and inevitable and would call the men out of all the coal mines in both Northern and Southern Colorado. The story was no credit to me. I just happened to get the assignment, but it was the first newspaper story of the big Colorado coal strike. It was carried by the Denver papers and picked up by the wire services. It was the opening curtain of a drama that was to fill the state with violence, bloodshed, and civil war for many months, a drama that was to include the Battle of Heckla Heights, the Battle of Walsenburg, and the Ludlow Massacre, with the eventual arrival of federal troops and martial law. These became big national news stories, and metropolitan dailies in all parts of the country sent their best reporters. A Denver paper, either the *Post* or the *News*, assigned its best human-interest writer to cover the aftermath of the Ludlow Massacre. He was a Lockhart protege, a student in the second-year class. I mean the then very young Gene Fowler.<sup>2</sup>

Gene was a newspaper star of first magnitude who got his start toward his career from Ferd's guidance and instruction. There was other outstanding newspaper talent on the campus at that time, some of it destined for national fame. Besides bright and ambitious students preparing to enter newspaper work, there were a few experienced newspaper men on the campus who were enrolled as students. Their attitude, their urgency, their support helped create a favorable atmosphere

<sup>2</sup>Gene Fowler later became nationally known for his writings, including *Timberline*, *A Solo In Tom Toms*, and many others.—Editor.



in which the dubious Lockhart experiment thrived and attained such vigor that eventually it developed into the College of Journalism. We have already heard this evening about Ferd's friend Jimmy Barrett, who became city editor and historian of the *New York World*.

Ferd's fraternity brother in Delta Tau Delta was Ralph Carr.<sup>3</sup> Ralph was a reporter, and possibly city editor of a daily in Cripple Creek who had taken time off to get a college education. Fame is so fleeting on campus that it may be advisable to recall his career at least briefly. After graduation from law school he went to Trinidad and started a paper called the *Picketwire*. This was a springboard to politics. He became, first, United States district attorney, and then wartime governor of Colorado. At one time he was discussed as a vice presidential nominee on the Republican ticket. Ralph's lieutenant governor, who later succeeded him as governor, was John C. Vivian,<sup>4</sup> who was a fellow member with Ferd and Ralph in the University Press Club. Another young newspaper man in our group was Frank Bottum, who came to the campus from a daily in Aberdeen, N. D. One of Ferd's associates on the campus, and a fellow member in Richards Literary Society, was Lloyd Hamilton, who just a few years after graduation became managing editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*. A reporter-student among underclassmen was Edward Leech, who had worked as reporter on the *Denver Express*, Eddy went back to the *Express*, became its editor, and from there went on to the top editorial positions in the Scripps-Howard chain. At one time he was in the nation's headlines when he was jailed for contempt of court because he refused to reveal his sources of information.

I have mentioned Joe O'Mahoney of the *Boulder Herald*. He was an excellent newspaperman and writer who, I believe, had come from New York to regain his health. Joe was out of a job around 1915 when the paper I edited here after graduation, *The Boulder Morning News*, bought and discontinued the *Boulder Herald*. He went to Cheyenne to work on a paper, became acquainted with Senator John B. Kendrick from Wyoming, and was appointed his secretary. When the senator died, Joe was appointed to fill his term and was later elected and re-elected. In the forty or more years since then, he has served the state almost continuously in the Senate and has occupied a high place in the national councils of the Democratic Party. And the lesson from this is that if you want to make a big success of your newspaper career, get yourself appointed secretary to an ailing senator.

Another friend of the newspaper group of that time was

<sup>3</sup> Ralph Carr served as Governor of Colorado, 1939-43.

<sup>4</sup> John C. Vivian still keeps his hand in the writing game. His epigrams appear in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

one Ralph Crosman, who was running a linotype at the *Herald* office. I don't need to remind you, I am sure, that he went from there to a position as city editor of the *Ft. Collins Express* and eventually became the first full-time director of this university's College of Journalism. I admit some of this may sound like digression, but I regard it as all part of the Ferd Lockhart story.

It should be interesting here to tell you what Ferd Lockhart was like. The bit about chewing tobacco may give you the wrong picture of Ferd. This pioneer in journalism teaching was, I'll admit, original and independent, but he was not in any sense a beatnik. He was in truth, a polished gentleman and looked the part. He was an accomplished and ready conversationalist, equal to any company and any topic. In one of my undergraduate annuals, I found this analysis of him listed with other campus personalities. "Ferd Lockhart—Present vocation, talking; ambition, to talk; ultimate end, talking." This wasn't quite fair for he wasn't one to dominate a conversation, but it is valuable as a caricature of a man who knew how to express his views.

Ferd was perhaps not much older in years than most of his students. Well, maybe he was thirtyish. He was an attractive dresser—almost natty by my low standards. I have already mentioned his trademark—pinch-nose glasses and gold ear chain. Ferd was a sought-after guest around the campus. My brother Stuart the other day recalled seeing him occasionally as a dinner guest at our home on Tenth street. Ferd came to Boulder from Kansas City to enroll as a student at the university. My college annuals for the four years from 1907 to 1911 list him as a special student for the first three years and as a law freshman for the fourth. That year, however, he was a member of Sumalia, the junior college honorary for men. In vacation periods I assumed he worked on papers in Kansas City.

Ferd was a member of a number of campus groups, including his fraternity and Richards Literary Society—the one campus literary society. He was a leading and impish spirit in some of the small inner circles of bigger organizations, such as the Knights of the Karrett, of which he was the sultan, and the Scoop Club, made up of journalism students and newspapermen. The Scoop Club never met till it was suddenly called into existence to perform some slightly nefarious project which the journalism classes and the instructor couldn't lend their support to as such. I'll mention only one undertaking.

This was the first dinner for working newspapermen ever given by a journalism program on the Colorado campus. It was the direct ancestor of tonight's wonderful banquet, but the auspices and setting were far different. The originator, host and leading spirit was Ferd Lockhart, who acted through the



Scoop Club. In that day, because of a slightly frosty attitude in academic circles, it was not practical to come out in the open and throw a dinner for these newspapermen on the campus. At least Ferd didn't think so.

So Ferd took over a roadhouse outside of town on Arapahoe road, after closing hour on a Saturday night. This meant the place was vacant and we of the Scoop Club had it all to ourselves. From his fraternity, Ferd shanghaied the chef and a complete leg-of-lamb dinner. There were also a couple of white-coated waiters.

In addition to his friends from Denver, Ferd invited "Gov." Paddock of the *Boulder Camera*, because he belonged at the dinner as a working newspaperman and as an ever-ready friend of the journalism class. Ferd also regarded "Gov." as insurance. He wanted "Gov." and his dad, Colonel Paddock, a powerful editorial and political figure, to use their influence if necessary to prevent the Scoop Club joint from being raided by the sheriff's men. As far as I recall, there was no law being violated, but it was more fun to think a raid was possible. In any event, we didn't want the Scoop Club party to appear in the papers. A number of Denver newspaper men did come to the midnight frolic, after fortifying themselves for the ordeal by visiting a number of bars. Some were unable to find their way and never arrived. We had a printed menu and program of toasts, and I believe I was toastmaster. A few of our guests responded, some couldn't make it, one or two flatly refused, but Ferd kept the party going happily and regarded it as a huge success.

It would be interesting to contrast that pioneer newspaper dinner, as a secret and almost illicit undertaking, with tonight's affair in the full spotlight. The difference may indicate the academic world has revised its attitude entirely. On the other hand, it may indicate the newspaper fraternity has advanced in respectability and conformity, whether for better or worse.

For the beginning steps in bringing campus and the newspaper world together in close and friendly cooperation, we owe credit largely to Ferd Lockhart. He opened the pathway for teaching journalism here. His classes continued and expanded after he left. Eventually they developed into the present large and complete College of Journalism.

Ferd was an unpretentious fellow, but for all his unpretentiousness he accomplished the difficult and subtle things he undertook. He had to make friends for the university in the hard-crust newspaper offices, and friends for the newspaper profession in the obstinate academic offices. His most valuable trait for this was a disarming personality. Besides teaching and talking journalism, he was busy all the time

disarming the forces that had too little enthusiasm for this sort of instruction.

I have concocted this long discourse and traveled this long distance when all I really want to do is say a few words in gratitude and tribute to my good friend and mentor of fifty years ago. If it ever comes to pass that a millionaire newspaperman—and that's possible, for he can marry a rich wife or have a rich bachelor uncle—when such a wealthy journalism alumnus uses his riches to take the journalism school out of the bargain basement and give it a building of its own, then I hope there will be a room in it dedicated to the founder of journalism in Colorado—not a quiet room, that would be inappropriate, but a conversation lounge. On a wall there should be a bronze plaque and I have a suggestion as to what the plaque should say.

I picked up the idea this summer from a national magazine which carried a tribute to a great *New York Times* reporter, who had no formal education himself but learned his profession so well that he became the teacher of other members of that paper's staff.

At his funeral a fellow worker and disciple said, "This man himself was a whole school of journalism—one of the finest in the land."

This citation applies with even greater directness and force to Ferdinand James Lockhart. Because of the needs of the time and his assignment, because of the urge that was in him, because of his peculiar ability and devotion, he was a whole school of journalism himself.



## The Gardner Story

BY DOROTHY WARNER BOYD\*

In the early days of Colorado, Englishmen played an important role both in mining and the cattle industry. The Gardner story is that of one of those Englishmen, James Gardner, who came to America in his youth, served his adopted country in war, and eventually came to the west to make his home on the great, western plains.

James Gardner was born in England in 1840. His parents were of nobility, and in the course of events James would have been in line for a title. His parents died, however, when he was quite young and he was reared by an aunt, who had the title of Lady. James was not very happy on his aunt's estate, nor with the future that seemed to be his, so as soon as he could, he left for the United States. His first job in this country was at a lumber camp in New Hampshire.

When he came of legal age in 1861, James acquired his citizenship, thus forever cutting his ties with the old life in England. And, as if that were not enough to prove he had really become an American, he enlisted in the Union army for Civil War service. He was assigned to the artillery, with its horse-drawn equipment, served by "canoneers with hairy ears." He was shortly sent to the front in Virginia, and in a campaign near the close of the war, was captured. With other prisoners, he was confined in Libby Prison at Richmond, where he contracted malaria. Although he eventually recovered from those first attacks, the sickness recurred at various times during the rest of his life.

After the close of the war, James Gardner decided that the New England winters, like those he had experienced in New Hampshire, were too severe. Then, too, like many other Civil War veterans, he had heard of the great opportunities to be found in the West. He headed for a place called Omaha just over the Missouri River, a place at that time of 1,800 souls. It wasn't long until he found a job there in a lumber yard.

Not only did he obtain work at that lumber company, but he also found romance. Charlotte Catherine Hesse had been employed by the owner of the company as a nurse companion for his two young daughters, and it was inevitable that James and Charlotte should meet. They were married on May 21, 1868.

Charlotte's story is equally as interesting as that of James. Her father, Christian Hesse, had left Germany to escape the universal military service required of all men of that country. He brought his family first to Chillicothe, Ohio, and

\*Dorothy Warner Boyd, a director of the Pioneer Historical Society of Bent County, has been for some years exceedingly active in preserving local history. She here presents a detailed story of a pioneer hotel of Las Animas and the family responsible for its success.—*Editor*.

then at the outbreak of the Civil War, moved farther west, settling on a farm near St. Joseph, Missouri. With the help of his children he created a fine farm beside a natural lake.

It took many long days of hard work, however, to make that a fine farm, and Charlotte began to long to get away. One day she came in from the fields and announced that she was eighteen years old now and was going to find a job that would give her some play. From St. Joseph she went to Omaha where she obtained the job as nurse companion.

After his marriage, James Gardner, now head of a family, felt he should go farther west where opportunities would be greater. When word was brought to Omaha that men were being hired at West Port for construction work on the Santa Fe railroad, which was building west towards the mountains, he made arrangements for Charlotte and their baby son, Tom, to stay in Omaha until he could send for them. Then he went to get a job on the new railroad.

It was a year before he could send for them. By that time the track had been completed to Granada, the old town, in Colorado.<sup>1</sup> The first regular train to make the complete run to Granada, a work train, had for passengers, Charlotte and her son. The trip from Kansas City to Granada took several days, as the train stopped often to leave freight. It also had to stop at times to let huge herds of buffalo cross the track.

Charlotte Gardner was the first white woman to reside in Granada. She and her husband, however, felt they had found their home at last. James built a five-room house not far from the big adobe building which the Oteros had used for an exchange.<sup>2</sup> The big adobe stood empty now that the railroad had come, but was still useful in that it could be used as a fort whenever the Indians became hostile.

The Gardners remained in Granada when the railroad went on towards Pueblo. They had two more children now, Edward and Lillian, the latter, Mrs. W. P. Morley is proud of the fact that she is a Colorado statehood baby, having been born March 6, 1876. James decided to prove up on some land. He built a flat-roof, two-room claim shack two miles south of Granada, close enough to town so that the two older children could walk to school there.

James worked in the Holly commissary while he was proving up on his claim, and he also earned other money by contracting with the United States government to kill buffalo to protect the grazing land for cattle. Lillian recalls that Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Granada, Prowers County, was created by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway when the line was extended to that point. A post office was established in August, 1873. After the railhead pushed on to La Junta, the town was moved to its present location (1876); originally it had been at the mouth of Granada Creek, for which it probably was named.—"Place Names in Colorado," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XVIII, No. 2 (March, 1941), 66.

<sup>2</sup> Evidently the large warehouse of Otero, Sellers & Company, one of the biggest commission firms during the days of freighting on the plains.—*Editor*.



Holly was a fine gentleman who lived in a big, white house.<sup>3</sup>

She relates that near the main house was a bunkhouse for the cowboys when they came in from the range. The cowboys had a habit of unsaddling their ponies in front of the bunkhouse and leaving saddles and their chaps there on the ground. One day all the chaps disappeared. Questions were asked, and the fact was soon brought out that Mrs. Holly's mother, who was visiting from the East, thinking the chaps were only old pants with the seats worn out, had burned them. Replacements cost \$20 for each pair of chaps.

While life there on the prairie had its hardships Charlotte never was homesick. She must have written glowing letters home about this new country, for Sophia, her sister, came to visit, as did Dave, her brother. Sophia remained and eventually married Fred Pomeroy. Brother Dave took up a ranch at Hardscrabble, four miles south of Granada.

In those days Indian bands were always roaming the prairie, and occasionally some would go on the warpath. Fred Pomeroy had a brush with one such band. He, with three cowboys, was cut off from town one day by a band of hostiles. In the gunfight which followed, the three cowboys were killed, but Fred managed to get to Granada. When he told of the fight, men got their guns and went out to bring in the three bodies. They found that two of the cowboys had been scalped. The third one had not been, apparently because he had red hair. Lillian remembers her father making the three coffins.

Even when the Indians were not hostile they still did not respect property rights. Sometimes they would walk into the Gardner home and take the fresh bread which Charlotte had baked. She baked twice a week, eight big loaves each time.

The flour sacks, stamped "Pride of Denver," provided most of the clothing for the children. Even Lillian's first doll, which she named "Cheyenne," was fashioned by her Aunt Sophia from a flour sack. Aunt Sophia also knitted stockings and mittens for all the family. One pair of long stockings most vividly remembered by Lillian, was made of variegated yarn, from light pink to dark red. When she wore them Lillian felt that all that the people saw of her were her mottled legs.

The Christmas of 1881 was a memorable one as Mr. Holly entertained all of the children of his cowboys. There was a Christmas tree with lighted candles. It was festooned with strings of popcorn. A gift was provided for each child. Lillian and the Snowden girls each received a wax doll. Aunt Sophia

<sup>3</sup>Hiram S. Holly established the SS ranch in 1870. It consisted of about 50,000 acres of bottom land. "The SS ranch inclosed an area twenty miles square, north of the river, extending westward from the state line. . . . The land now belongs to the Holly Sugar Company. The SS fence was taken down in 1885. . . . I should say H. S. Holly probably transferred upwards of 15,000 cattle to the English company (managed by a Mr. Broomfield) about 1880. The English company employed about forty 'cow punchers' the year around."—George A. H. Baxter, "Experiences and Observations in Prowers County," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XI, No. 4 (July, 1924), 137-138.

dressed Lillian's in red cashmere. Each night the doll was carefully put back of the heater so the cold wouldn't crack the wax. One morning the doll was a sight! Ed and Tom had scraped off the wax to chew.

James Gardner, who had never fully recovered from his illness of the war, took sick and died of typhoid on October 4, 1882. Uncle Fred Pomeroy hitched up the wagon and drove to Syracuse, Kansas (about twenty-five miles east of Granada), for a coffin, while a cowboy rode to Las Animas<sup>4</sup> for a minister to conduct the funeral service. That James had always been well liked by his neighbors was shown in all the cowboys coming in off the range for the funeral.

Following James' death the family spent the winter in the claim shack in order to file proof on the claim. There had been no insurance, and there was very little money. Charlotte, though, went to town and bought five pounds of corn meal, a gallon of molasses, and three pounds of coffee. She informed her children they would have "mush and milk for supper, and fried mush for breakfast." They were able to get along for a few months until Charlotte went to Syracuse to complete the record for the land.

The family then moved back to the five-room house in Granada. Charlotte sent word to the cowboys that if they would just give her two hours of notice she would provide a good meal for twenty-five cents. She had a reputation of being a good cook who set a good table, and it wasn't long until she had enough customers to make it possible for her to provide adequately for her family.

By that time Lillian had grown up enough to become acquainted with many of those who ate at her mother's table. She remembers a Mr. Castleman who was foreman for an English cattle company. He occasionally would hold her on his lap and tell her stories of England, which was the birthplace of her own father. And then he would talk about the West, which he described as "all 'ills, 'oles, 'ollows, and 'igh places."

One day a representative of the English company, a Mr. Smythe, came to Granada and asked Mr. Castleman to take him out on the range. Mr. Castleman asked Mrs. Gardner's help as he hardly dared take such a fashion plate out to camp. But neither could prevail upon Mr. Smythe to shed his long tailed coat, tall silk hat, and cane. Late that night Foreman Castleman returned with a furious Englishman who had a shotup hat and heels. After that all business with the English company's headquarters was transacted by mail.

Before long it was hard for the cowboys to come for meals as they were out on the range a great deal. Granada moved with the railroad. The only house left at the site of the old

<sup>4</sup>A round-trip of approximately 114 miles.—Editor.



town was Mrs. Gardner's. Once again, however, the cowboys proved loyal to their friend. They said, "Move you must, but move clear to Las Animas, the county seat.<sup>5</sup> There you will have steady boarders."

Charlotte laughed a bit ironically. "How can I move with no money?" The cowboys said, "We will move you."

Mr. Castleman rode to Las Animas and hired Bill Allison, a carpenter, to go to Granda and take down the house. This was done in sections, so that it might be reconstructed in Las Animas. The cowboys pitched in and helped load the sections on a railway flat car. They also raised the money to pay the cost of moving.

Dave, Charlotte's brother, said he would move the family, so the furniture was loaded into two wagons, one of which was driven by Tom. Since the mud in that spring of 1884 was exceptionally deep, the trip took four days. Mrs. Gardner walked all the way in order to lighten the load on her team as much as possible. The food ran out by the time the movers camped near Old Town of Las Animas, just a day's journey from West Las Animas. Dave went to a store in the old town, laid a red bandana on the counter, and said, "Fill it up with crackers." The handkerchief was filled with oyster crackers and a hunk of cheese which served the family for supper that last night.

The next day the teams pulled into West Las Animas. There wasn't time to wait until her own house was ready, so Mrs. Gardner rented a house on Bent Avenue. On the third day she was serving meals again.

It was not long after her own house had been set up that Mrs. Gardner had all the boarders she could serve. Some of the steady boarders included a number of young men, among them P. G. Scott and John Davidson, a Doctor Phillips, and officers and their wives from the Army post at Fort Lyon. And when court was in session Mrs. Gardner could hardly begin to accommodate her many customers. Not only did many desire meals, but they also needed rooms.

A rooming house finally was built north of the house. This was of two stories with eight rooms on each floor. The rooming house was connected to Charlotte's residence by a walk. From the day of its opening there was never a vacant room. Among some of the guests who registered were Judge Gunter, Judge Ellwell, and David Fosdick, a commissioner from Fowler.

It was Judge Ellwell who said to Charlotte one day, "Mrs. Gardner, this town needs a hotel. Why don't you build one?" She told him, "I've considered it, and just can't take the risk on borrowed money at fifteen percent interest."

<sup>5</sup> A distance of about fifty-seven miles.



Mrs. Gardner and her Children. Tom, Edward, Mrs. James Gardner, Lillian (now Mrs. W. P. Morley)



The judge gave her the assurance that he would arrange the money at half that interest, and he did. Las Animas had other hotels, but with the opening of The Gardner House the town entered a new social phase. The location selected was ideal—a block north of the new court house, south of Bradford Hall, and adjacent to Main Street.

The Gardner House was a large, two-story, clapboard building. A large porch extended across the front. Its roof served as a sort of balcony for the guests in the evening. The yard was grassed; swings were installed. Two oil-lit street lights were placed in front of the hotel.

According to the standards of that day, the hotel was quite modern. The lower floor had a large lobby, baggage room, parlor, dining room, kitchen, and two choice bedrooms for guests. To the rear was a double room for waitresses and chambermaids, as well as three family rooms. On the second floor were sixteen guest rooms. Several separate buildings, including a sample room with muslin-covered tables for drummers to display their wares, were back of the hotel. There was also a laundry house, operated first by Lee Wong, and then by an Irish girl named Bridget. It was in this laundry that members of ball teams took their baths after a game.

Each guest room at The Gardner House was furnished with a high headboard, wooden bed, a dresser, washstand with necessary crockery, a rocker, and a straight chair. Each room was heated by a small drum stove. Lace curtains hung at the windows. Heavy white counterpanes covered the beds. Back of each washstand hung a linen splasher. The guest towels were of heavy linen.

Each morning the chambermaid stood in the hall and rang a bell as a warning that breakfast was half over. The price of a night's lodging was one dollar. A weekly rate for the regulars was \$5.00. The best rooms were reserved for the judges. Court lasted from four to six weeks since Bent County at that time extended from Pueblo to the state line.

Meals were thirty-five cents for regular boarders; fifty cents for others. Breakfast was served from 6:30 to 9:00 a.m. A typical breakfast consisted of cream of wheat or oatmeal, sliced oranges or bananas, toast or hot biscuits, bacon or sausage, eggs, pancakes, jellies, and coffee or milk. Mrs. Gardner made her own preserves until a drummer for Heinz Company, by the name of Paul Snedeker, convinced Mrs. Gardner that his products were as good as hers and would save her much effort. But she continued to make her wild plum preserves, featured at every breakfast.

Dinner was served from 11:45 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. Week day dinner menus included roast pork or beef with Yorkshire pudding, two kinds of vegetables, various condiments, potatoes, pie and pudding. Supper went on the table at 5:30 and was

served until 7 o'clock. For supper the customers had steak or pork chops, hashed brown potatoes or potato salad, vegetables, hot drinks, a light and dark canned fruit served with homemade cake. The bread and rolls were always homebaked.

Sunday dinners featured chicken or turkey. From the first of October until February four huge, dressed turkeys were purchased at a dollar a week from "Old Billy" Beasley, a former slave of the Moore family, who had been kept on as a handy man. Raising these turkeys provided him with extra money.

The meals, with the best of appointments, were served family style. Fresh linen cloths and napkins were used for each meal on two long tables that seated sixteen persons each. The dishes were china instead of the usual stoneware. The silverware was of real silver, as were also the water pitchers, sugar-and-creamers. Butter knives were placed conspicuously on the butter dishes. A large, silver castor containing condiments was in the center of each table. And at the end of each table were tall glass compotes for fruit. Cut glass dishes held jelly and jam. All of this glass reflected the light from a huge cut glass chandelier with hanging prisms.

Many a night after the regular supper, the hotel was used for wedding dinners. Lillian especially remembers one such dinner—that of the Bingham Deans—at which fried oysters were served.

The family and hotel help had their meals at one table after guest hours. And the table also served a charitable purpose. One of the maids, a great-grandmother today, tells how after each meal the extra meal of a piece of cake or a slice of pie, rolls, little dishes of potatoes and vegetables — was packed in a napkin-lined basket, covered with white linen and taken to an elderly, white-curling Englishwoman who had grown too old for steady employment.

Another example of Mrs. Gardner's generosity was her policy of inviting each new pastor, regardless of denomination, and his family to dine at the hotel free for their first month in Las Animas. When questioned about this, Mrs. Gardner said tersely, "I don't believe in donation parties." Nor did she let public opinion hinder her as was proved by one incident. During the Spanish-American War a Spanish Protestant missionary arrived in town, and because of the war fever met with hostility. Mrs. Gardner, however, followed her usual practice and furnished the family with meals. She even found a place for the newcomers to stay.

Running the hotel was a family enterprise, though of course extra help was needed. Mrs. Gardner did all the baking and general overseeing of the establishment. A rocking chair was kept by a window in the kitchen where two or three times a day she found a chance to relax. Tom, the older boy,



took over the responsibility of the office. Ed had to see to the scuttles of coal, kindling and paper on top. A scuttle had to be placed in each of the twenty-one bedrooms. There was also the fuel for the large heaters. Each morning Ed had to dispose of the ashes. In addition to this he kept the pitchers in the rooms filled with water which had to be pumped by hand.

Lillian waited on tables, took care of the oil lamps, and helped her mother in other ways, at the same time going to school and practicing the piano.

Stanfield Wright, Sr., was the handy man for many years. His day began with taking six pounds of Arbuckles coffee to Hawes' store to be ground. He mopped the lobby twice each day and scrubbed the porches. Slop jars and spittoons were emptied and cleaned daily. Each morning Stanfield Wright peeled fifty pounds of potatoes and readied the root vegetables. He also kept up the yard.

Other help included a night clerk, a chambermaid, a cook, one or two waitresses, and an errand boy. Mrs. Gardner paid her help above average wages of those days—\$5 a week and keep.

Mrs. Winton, a seamstress, was employed for a month, twice each year, to make sheets, pillow cases, towels, tablecloths, napkins, curtains, and personal clothing. She received a dollar a day plus meals.

Most of the food served at the hotel was locally raised. Eggs, butter, milk, cream, and chickens were bought from farm women, as also was honey. The meat was ordered each morning from a local market whose owner sent a boy to inquire the needs of the day. One morning Mr. Keller, a butcher, came himself and said, "No meat today. Two dogies died in the shop last night and we have to clean up everything."

Those Texas dogies were among those turned loose to winter on the range. The winter was severe, and soon the cattle were nothing but "skin, eyes, tail, horns and bawl." On this particular night the cattle had tried to find protection from the blizzard. Crowding into doorways they had pushed in the doors. At daylight two were found dead in the meat market; one, in the Frontier House parlor; and one, in its kitchen. Carcasses littered the street.

Youngsters found plenty of excitement at the hotel. Drummers brought new samples to town. Show troupes checked in, usually giving free passes to the hotel help. Court business was transacted. Health seekers from the east stopped; many of those who found health stayed. And emigrants were brought in by land companies.

Besides the excitement there were also moments of humor. There was, for instance, a hide buyer who each three months came from Chicago. For each of his meals he asked for three

Irish potatoes boiled in their jackets, four hard boiled eggs, three slices of bread, and three cups of coffee. Once when he was staying at the hotel an eclipse of the sun occurred. As the sky began to grow dark the old fellow asked what was happening. Ed, since Mother Gardner wasn't around, told him, "Why the world is coming to an end." The old man ran up and down in front of the hotel wringing his hands and crying, "Mein Gott, mein Gott." Mrs. Gardner, coming from town, stopped him to ask what was wrong. It was then that



The Gardner House, Las Animas, Colo. (Now called the Park Hotel.)  
Oldest Downtown Building Standing in Las Animas.

Ed had to explain, and took the old fellow in to his three potatoes.

Then there was the incident of the fat toads that sometimes gathered under the hotel lights. One night Ed started tossing buckshot at them. Soon they were loaded down, and it was too bad for the toads that the cowboys weren't in town that night to shoot out the lights as they often did. In fact, the cowboys shot them out so often that lamp chimneys had to be ordered by the gross.

And life was also pleasant at the hotel. Comfortable chairs, along with a lovely desk, were in the carpeted parlor. A big Chickering piano had been installed on which Lillian often played the popular tunes of the day. Bowls of apples were placed on the huge sideboard, and in December bunches of stemmed raisins tied with red bows were available for the guests. Each Fourth of July \$100 worth of fireworks were shot on the hotel lawn for the enjoyment of guests and the citizens of the town.



And a bit of color was added to everything when Grandpa Hesse became one of the permanent guests. Grandpa and Grandmother Hesse had come first for a visit. Grandpa loved the excitement of the hotel, but Grandmother did not. Grandma soon left to go to her daughter Sophia at Coolidge, Kansas. Grandpa stayed right there at the hotel.

He liked to sit in the lobby or on the veranda, smoking a four-foot-long pipe. He had a wooden one for week days and a porcelain one with a tassel for Sundays. As he smoked he entertained guests and visitors with stories.

The hotel was sold in 1903 to the Shaub brothers. Mrs. Gardner, who by then was again a widow, now by the name of Graham, had paid for the hotel and furnishings, educated her three children, and had seen them established in business with homes of their own.<sup>6</sup>

The Gardner House, stuccoed, is still in use, but today it is known as the Park Hotel.<sup>7</sup> It is now just a rooming house. Only a few of the possessions familiar to the old hotel remain. Lillian Gardner Morley has the Chickering piano. Charlotte Bryant, of Las Animas, a granddaughter, has one of the silver water pitchers and the parlor desk. But memories of Mrs. Gardner's success as a pioneer hotel keeper still linger in the minds of the community.

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<sup>6</sup> Lillian received a musical education in a Methodist school at Lexington, Missouri.

<sup>7</sup> In 1959 fire damaged part of the second floor on the east side of the hotel. Through quick action of the local firemen the place was saved, and is said to be the oldest building now standing in downtown Las Animas.



## The Theatre Comes to Denver<sup>1</sup>

BY LILLIAN DE LA TORRE\*

Just a little over one hundred years ago, in September, 1859, young William H. H. Larimer was one of a crowd that thronged Larimer Street in Denver. They were waiting for an important wagon train to roll in.

Young William's father, General William Larimer, was the cause of it all. It was he who, less than a year before, laid out the new city of Denver, and gave his name to this particular street. It was he who urged this particular wagon train to follow him to the gold fields of Pike's Peak.

"Tell Col. Thorne," he wrote to his wife back in Leavenworth, Kansas, in February, 1859, "that Charley Blake is building a house 96 x 60 [169] ft. He says it will make a good theatre building, but not built exactly for that purpose."<sup>2</sup>

The recipient of this message was Colonel Charles R. Thorne, actor-manager of the National Theatre in Leavenworth.<sup>3</sup> The gold bug had long ago bitten Colonel Thorne. In the course of a distinguished managerial career, he had already trouped companies wherever gold was to be found, to South America, to California, even all the way to Australia. Pike's Peak beckoned to him alluringly.

He may have been rightly dubious at first. Charley Blake's building, christened Denver Hall, was far from being suitable for any theatrical purpose, having neither floor nor ceiling, only packed earth and a canvas tenting. In Denver City, in February, 1859, there was more talk about gold than gold in sight. But when John H. Gregory struck it rich in May, and the Barney Brothers built a better hall, the Colonel could wait no longer.

On August 16, 1859, with a company of eleven and five ox-drawn wagons crammed with theatrical gear, the Thorne Star Company rolled out of Leavenworth.

Five weeks later the party arrived at Denver. Young Larimer, on hand with the crowd to welcome his friend Tom, the Colonel's actor-son, was amused by the scene that ensued, and wrote about it later:

Tom was what we in these days would call a "dude" but he became an expert with the bull-whip in driving their ox-team

<sup>1</sup> A chapter (abridged) from Miss de la Torre's forthcoming biography of the Haydee Sisters, *Gold Dust at her Feet*.

\*Copyright© by Lillian de la Torre. Author of short stories and true crime books, Lillian de la Torre (Mrs. George S. McCue), of Colorado Springs, Colo., is permitting *The Colorado Magazine* to use two abridged chapters of her forthcoming book on the Haydee Sisters. Through extensive research in all available original sources, Lillian de la Torre has reconstructed some of Colorado's early theatrical background.—Editor.

<sup>2</sup> Herman S. Davis, editor, *Reminiscences of General William Larimer and of his son William H. H. Larimer* (Lancaster, Pa.: New Era Printing Co. Privately printed, 1918), 168-169.

<sup>3</sup> The Leavenworth chapter of *Gold Dust at her Feet* is in preparation. For Colonel Thorne and his family, see: T. Allston Brown, *History of the American Stage* (New York, n.d.), 361.



loaded with stuff across the plains. I remember when they arrived. The first theatre building or place of amusement was on Larimer Street between E and F [14th and 15th] streets. Here they were to unload their traps. Tom drove up looking about as bronzed and hard as a bull-whacker generally gets, threw down his whip and swore that now his journey was done and that he would never drive an ox another foot. The old Colonel, noticing that he had not put his wagon in the proper position for unloading and thinking to reprove him for his rash vow, gently said: "Now, Tom, just move your team up a little." Tom looked at the old man, then looked at the team, but with never an eye for the crowd of bystanders and without a word, picked up the whip and skillfully manoeuvred the team into position to the admiration of all on-lookers. Then the crowd shouted and cheered. I think, however, that was in fact the last of Tom's ox-driving.<sup>1</sup>

Soon, wagon by wagon, the rest of the company arrived. In the long wait at the edge of town before their turn came to roll in, they had probably followed the immemorial custom of strolling players everywhere, by donning their best clothes and their most gracious smiles. No doubt the crowd cheered them all.

There was the Colonel's other son, William, juvenile lead. There was Sam Hunter, utility actor, scene painter, stage carpenter, and general handyman. There was young Jared W. Carter, age 21,<sup>2</sup> the troupe's "walking gentleman." (Today we would call him a "bit player.")

No doubt the loudest cheer greeted the Wakely family. The six Wakelys were English. Step-papa George Wakely was a pioneer photographer. Several years before, he had given his name and protection to a buxom widow, Mrs. Matilda Brown, and her half-orphaned brood of four.

Now here they all were. Here was young brother Harman, a pretty boy of nine, with aristocratic features and tumbled curls.

Here were his three older sisters, the feminine members of the Colonel's little theatrical troupe. Here was Miss Flora, the little singer, still in her teens, with her pretty, delicate English features and light-brown curls. Here was Miss Louisa, with her shy blue eyes and heavy, red hair braided back under a caul.

And here—to the vociferous delight of the miners—here was the family beauty, the enchanting star of Thorne's Star Company, the oldest sister, Rose—by her stage name, Made-moiselle Haydee. Like her sisters, she was small and graceful. Unlike them, she was a brunette, with black hair center-parted and drawn smoothly over her ears, large dark eyes touched with sadness, and creamy-pale features clear-cut as a Greek statue.

Maybe there were some literary-minded fellows in the

<sup>1</sup> Davis, *op. cit.*, 344.

<sup>2</sup> Forbes Parkhill, *The Law Goes West* (Denver: Sage Books, 1956), 117.

crowd—men like Professor O. J. Goldrick, the schoolmaster, perhaps, or Libeus Barney, who built the Apollo Hall and gave it that classical name, or Albert B. Steinberger, who was on the verge of turning playwright. If so, they were probably reminded, as they eagerly studied the beauty of Mlle. Haydee, of Byron's Greek heroine Haidee, from whom very possibly Rose Wakely took her stage name:

". . . her eyes  
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,  
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies  
Deepest attraction; for when to the view  
Forth, from its raven fringe the full glance flies  
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew . . ."<sup>3</sup>

Once his leading ladies were installed in their small frame house opposite the theatre and all the theatrical gear was stowed in the loft of the Apollo Hall, Colonel Thorne settled his ruffles and went around to the newspaper office.

The newspaper was still inadequately housed in the loft of Uncle Dick Wootton's store in Auraria, "a little slope-roofed attic lighted by a single four-pane window."<sup>4</sup> The Colonel ascended the outside stair, hung his hat on a bare limb of the huge cottonwood tree around which the structure was built,<sup>5</sup> and presented himself to editor William N. Byers. Mr. Byers, moved by his great and lofty enthusiasm for the stage, immediately agreed to give the Thorne company a good send-off in the next issue of the weekly *Rocky Mountain News*.

On Thursday, September 29, 1859, appeared his first plug for the new theatre at the Apollo, proclaiming:

"Col. Thorne, the justly celebrated pioneer theatrical manager in California and Australia—with his talented toupe (*sic*), will be the first to appear behind the footlights in the Territory of Jefferson on Monday evening next, at Apollo Hall.

"Go to the Theater every one, and let us give him such a reception and support that he will never again have the desire or necessity to pioneer it in another new country."

Now that the newspaper tells us to, let us take an imaginary trip, by time machine, and visit the Apollo Hall to see that first theatrical performance in Colorado (which the pioneers were then calling the "Territory of Jefferson"), at 7:30 on Monday evening, October 3, 1859.

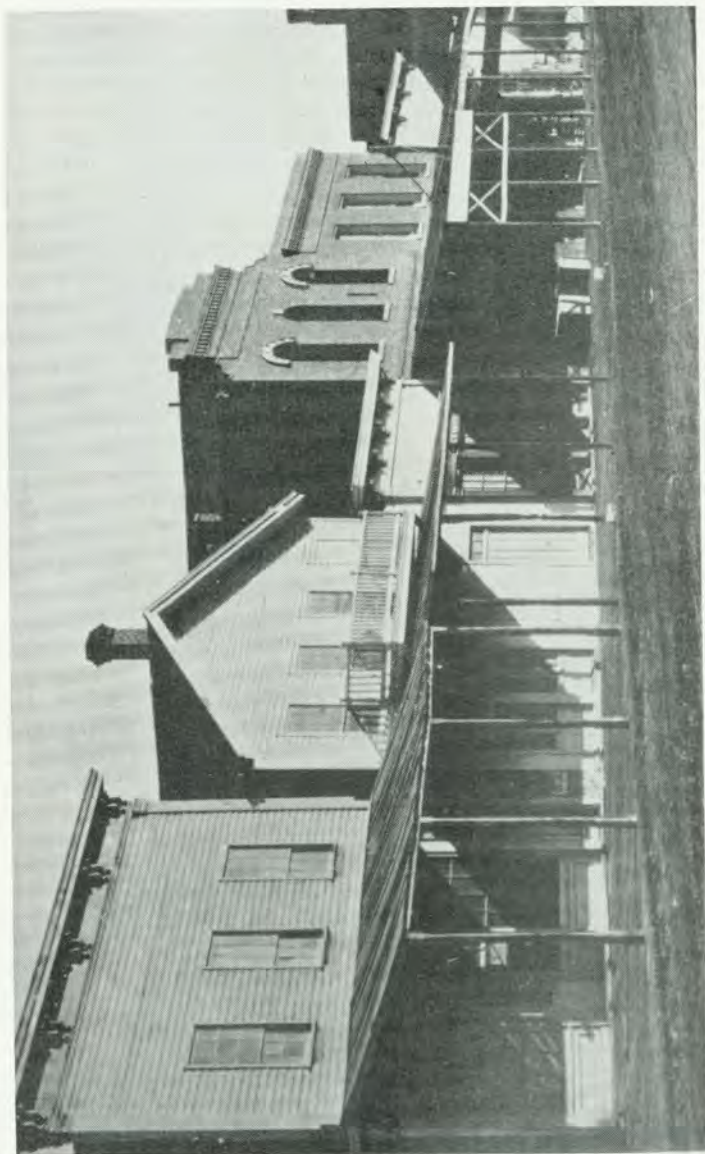
The Apollo Hall is a two-story wooden structure, complete with floors and roof and an upstairs balcony. Barney Brothers have not bothered to disguise the pitch roof with a false front. From the planking sidewalk, a narrow door admits

<sup>3</sup> George Gordon Byron, "Don Juan," Canto the Second, Stanza cxvii, in *Poetical Works* (London: Suttaby and Co., n.d.), 563-564.

<sup>4</sup> Robert Perkins, *The First Hundred Years* (Garden City: Doubleday and Company, 1959), 30.

<sup>5</sup> William Ryan, "Reminiscences," page 9, unpublished manuscript, Library of State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver.





Apollo Hall, second building from left, with balcony.

us to the interior.

As we enter, our ears are smitten by a bedlam of clicking billiard balls, clattering crockery, roars of laughter, and bursts of song, and our nostrils are assailed by the mingled aroma of roasting meat, alcohol, and hard-working humanity, for the downstairs of the Apollo is devoted to a combined billiard parlor, restaurant, and saloon. The rough bar is crowded with customers catching a last quick snort of Taos Lightning before curtain time. But we don't stop. We go right on up the steep and narrow stairway beside the bar.

At the top we pause at the ticket counter and pay our way in. The ticket-seller has a small balance scale ready, to weigh the gold dust from buckskin pouch. One pinch will be accepted as two bits; but our reserved seats will be 20 bits, \$2.50, so it is better to weigh. Some fellows *will* pinch pretty heavy!

We note with approval, however, that the house is honest. We can tell, because the scales are *not* set out on a nice thick piece of carpet, as some are, to catch the grains of gold dust that a cashier might "accidentally on purpose" manage to spill. Spilled dust here lands on the floor. One of these days, when Libeus Barney needs a new hat, he will sweep up the floor with a turkey wing and pan the sweepings, becoming richer, he tells us, by a quantity of discarded tickets, checks, cigar stumps, tobacco cuds, a pair of sleeve buttons, a note of assignation, and \$13.56 worth of gold dust, which he calls "the largest pay to the single pan I have heard of."<sup>9</sup> Perhaps after that, the management will get wise and adopt the carpet dodge.

The upstairs hall of the Apollo, to which we are now admitted, is hardly more than a great bare oblong of raw planks. It is unceiled and unplastered; the ventilation blows through the unstopped chinks. There are enough rough backless benches arranged on the naked floor to accommodate 350 spectators. Front seats are reserved for ladies; and ladies, and others not so lady-like, are out in force, "the frail and the virtuous, the gaudily dressed and the plain, the shoddy and the shabby, to see Denver's first theatrical hall dedicated to the art diety (*sic*)—deity," as old-timer Bill Ticknor rather fancily expressed it.<sup>10</sup>

More than one observer noted the furnishing of the hall, and the variegated crowd that packed it for opening night. It seems as if nobody thought to record exactly how the plays were staged. However, from what is known of other primitive stages, some pretty good guesses can be made.

<sup>9</sup> Libeus Barney, *Early-Day Letters from Auraria Written to the Bennington Banner, Bennington, Vermont, 1859-1860* [A. J. Ludditt Press. n.d.], 74.

<sup>10</sup> Dawson Scrapbook No. 39, p. 5. "The Theatres of the Early Day," clipping attributed to *Denver Inter-Ocean*, 1881. Library of the State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver.



Imagine, then, a low planking platform constructed at one end of the hall for the stage. Twelve candles are set along the edge,<sup>11</sup> probably protected by tin sconces cut low on the stage side. Right now the curtains are closed; they were, perhaps, green baize curtains strung on a wall-to-wall rope or wire. We can see the split in the centre tremble and bunch up where an actor is applying his eye to peek out and count the house, and from behind we can hear the "livery-stable rumble" of footsteps on the bare planking as another actor crosses behind the scenes.

Now curly-headed little brother Harman comes out with a blazing splinter to light the candles. Let us look at our long narrow playbills.<sup>12</sup>

The first thing we notice is that this entertainment is going to be a lengthy one. We are to be treated to a drama in two parts, PLUS a favorite ballad by Miss Flora Wakely, PLUS a favorite dance by the beautiful and accomplished Artiste, M'lle. Haydee, PLUS, to conclude, a laughable farce. This program is entirely usual. The audience of 1859 expects at least that much for its money, and the actors think nothing at all of the necessary quick changes of costume and mood. They are perfectly willing to play some high-flown drama, change costume to sing and dance, and then change again to romp through some short farce that will send the customers away laughing.

Now behind the curtains somebody tinkles a hand-bell. I suppose that is Madame Wakely as prompter. Somebody else pulls the curtain ropes. I suppose that is Sam Hunter as stage manager. With a whirr and a whisper the green curtains slide back and reveal the scene of *Cross of Gold*, or, *The Maid of Croissey*, by that admired playwright, Mrs. Catherine F. Gore.

Now we get our first glimpse of the stage scenery that Colonel Thorne's oxen hauled so far across the prairies. To us it would not be very impressive; but to the unsophisticated miners, in the glow of the twelve footlight candles, perhaps lit up by their potations of Taos Lightning besides, the painted canvas scenery must have had a magic of its own. The setting of the play is the courtyard of an inn, the projecting canvas wings at the sides, no doubt, have trees painted on them. The actors will enter and exit between them. The painted backdrop is probably Colonel Thorne's standard cottage exterior, with a specially painted inn sign added. With a rough wooden table and some benches, the stage is set. That is probably one reason why this particular play was chosen. The setting

<sup>11</sup> Albert D. Richardson, *Beyond the Mississippi* (Hartford, Conn.: American Pub. Co. 1869), 306.

<sup>12</sup> Melvin Schoberlin, *From Candles to Footlights* (Denver: Old West Pub. Co. 1941), opposite p. 23. An original is in the Library, State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver.

was an easy one, and did not have to be changed; and there were not many one-set plays to choose from in those days.

Now here are the characters. On comes Colonel Thorne himself, a sturdy soldierly figure in blue uniform and white cross-belt, enacting the quaint old Napoleonic veteran, Serjeant Austerlitz. With him enters our hero, Francis, in French trousers, gaiters, and cap—that's William Thorne. Soon we meet pretty Manette, the inn maid, in her frilled apron—that's Miss Louisa. And then comes our heroine, Theresa, the Maid of Croissey, wearing her striped gown of black and pink—that is M'lle Haydee, of course.

There is no use rehashing the plot. It ambles along, relating the improbable circumstances that caused the Maid of Croissey to engage herself to a passing stranger, who thereupon took her cross of gold as a pledge and marched off to the wars. In Act II, of course, he returns unrecognized, and it takes jolly old Serjeant Austerlitz and a whole battery of his comical swearwords to set things straight. At last, however, William Thorne embraces M'lle Haydee, the miners no doubt making kissing noises, and the curtains draw together.

Now it is time for the *entr'acte*. Out comes pretty Miss Flora, to sing in her sweet soprano a popular ditty by the king of the 1859 hit parade, Stephen Foster.

**THEATER!**  
AT THE  
**Apollo Hall!**  
TO OPEN ON  
**MONDAY EVE., OCT. 3,**  
WITH  
**THORNE'S STAR CO.**

---

THE ENTERTAINMENT WILL COMMENCE WITH THE DRAMA  
IN TWO PARTS, ENTITLED THE  
**Cross of Gold,**  
OR,  
**MAID OF CROISSEY.**

---

Thorne, (Maid of Croissey), Manette, Serg't Austerlitz, Walter Berrier, Francis,	M'lle Haydee, Miss Louise Wakely, Mr. C. R. Thorne, Mr. S. Hunter, Mr. Wm. Thorne.
--	--

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TO BE FOLLOWED WITH THE FAVORITE BALLAD OF  
**"Maggie's By My Side,"**  
BY MISS FLORA WAKELY.

---

AFTER WHICH  
**A FAVORITE DANCE,**  
By the Beautiful and Accomplished Artiste,  
**M'LE HAYDEE.**

---

TO CONCLUDE WITH  
**THE LAUGHABLE FARCE**  
OF THE  
**TWO GREGORIES,**  
OR,  
**LUCK IN A NAME.**

---

Mr. Gregory, Gregory, John Bull, Fanchetta, Mrs. Gregory,	Mr. S. Hunter, Mr. Thos. Thorne, Mr. Thorne, M'lle Haydee, Miss Louise.
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Price of Admission, \$1. Reserved Seats, \$2 50.

Doors open at 7 o'clock, performance to commence at half past 7.

**FRONT SEATS RESERVED FOR LADIES.**

Handbill of first performance,  
Apollo Hall.



I can't say why she chose a sea-going song to perform for these mountaineers, but she did. Here is the way it went:

Maggie's by my Side  
The Land of my home is flitting,  
Flitting from my view,  
A gale in the sails is sitting,  
Toils the merry crew.

Here let my home be,  
On the waters wide,  
I roam with a proud heart,  
Maggie's by my side.

(Chorus)  
My own love, Maggie dear,  
Sitting by my side.  
Maggie dear, my own love,  
Sitting by my side.<sup>13</sup>

When the enraptured miners have applauded Flora's nautical chanty, Haydee appears in "A Favorite Dance." Judging by other performances, Haydee's favorite dance was "La Zingarilla," the dance of the little gypsy. There was undoubtedly a good deal of tambourine work.

At this point there must have been an intermission, to enable Haydee to change costume for the farce, and also for the benefit of the bar downstairs. "There were rough miners there, and many a bull whacker as well as the frontier lawyer and 'store-keeper,' many of whom found it convenient to go out between the acts 'to see a man' just as they do now—in the East," as one old-timer remarked.<sup>14</sup>

It must be said that despite these potations, the opening-night audience maintained decorum to the end. It was only on the following night that the Taos Lightning got ahead of somebody, including such noisy euphoria that Editor Byers felt impelled to issue a stern warning in the October 6, *Rocky Mountain News*.

"We are sorry to say, that the audience was somewhat disturbed on Tuesday evening last, by the pranks of a drunken man, who is hereby notified that a rigid police is established, and he and all such will be summarily ejected if good order is not kept."

Tonight, however, decorum reigns as once more the prompter's bell tinkles, and the curtain goes up on Thomas Dibdin's farce of *Two Gregories*. This time we shall be treated to a sight of Colonel Thorne's indoor set. No doubt there are red plush chairs painted on the wings, and red plush draperies

<sup>13</sup> Joe Mitchell Chapple, editor, *Heart Songs* (World Publishing Co. 1950), 135.

<sup>14</sup> Dawson Scrapbook No. 29, loc. 141.

with ball fringe painted on the back-drop, and a real red plush table cloth covering the same unpainted table.

Dandified young Tom Thorne is the star of this piece. He plays the impudent servant Gregory, and Haydee plays opposite him as the saucy French maid, Fanchette. Sam Hunter and Miss Louisa are fobbed off with the dull parts of the other Gregory and wife. The two Gregories get royally mixed up, and dashing Tom has a chance to behave outrageously. He breaks the dishes, flourishes the goose on the spit, and sets everybody to munching apples at the wrong time. The apples as well as the goose must have been made of painted wood, because there was never a fresh apple in Denver until the following year, and then they were so expensive that the same apple-eating scene nearly caused a riot in the theatre.<sup>15</sup>

At this first performance, however, it was the beauty and charm of Haydee that nearly caused a riot. Arthur E. Pierce, the newsdealer, never forgot "the happy and joyful occasion . . . Any old play, played in any old way would have received hearty encore . . . 'Ma'moiselle Hadee (*sic*)' was the star actress, and she was a 'peach' in the eyes of the male portion of the audience, who had seen very little crinoline since leaving 'America.'"<sup>16</sup>

The proprietor of the hall classically dedicated to Apollo, the "art deity," was especially pleased, if somewhat snobbish, about the success of the affair. Libeus Barney wrote home the next day:

"Last night was ushered in an event of paramount interest to Pike's Peakers. Mr. Charles Thom (*sic*), the far-famed itinerant theatrical showman, with a company of eleven performers, six males and five females, made their debut at 'Apollo Hall,' before a large, though not very remarkably *select* audience. Admittance, one dollar; comfortable accommodations for three hundred and fifty; receipts, \$400, which tells well for the patronage, if not for the appreciation, of art in this semi-barbarous region."<sup>17</sup>

<sup>15</sup> Schoberlin, *op. cit.*, 45.

<sup>16</sup> Arthur E. Pierce, "The First Two Years," *Trail*, Vol. V, No. 4 (September, 1912), 20.

<sup>17</sup> Barney, *op. cit.*, 39. Some 30-odd reserved seats at \$2.50 each accounted for the extra \$50 take. If George Wakely walked on as a "super," he accounted for the sixth actor. We can eliminate from the roster of male performers a non-existent ghost named "Miller," who got into the act by mistake. The editor of the Larimer *Reminiscences* (*op. cit.*, 143), misreading young Larimer's handwriting, mistranscribed "M'lle Haydee and sisters," to state erroneously: "The first theatrical people who arrived in the country were Miller, Haydee and sisters." There never was any such actor as Miller.

Even if Mama Wakely was pressed into service as a fourth actress, the fifth remains a mystery. Brother Harman, reminiscing in old age, remembered "other actresses" crossing the plains with the troupe. (Dawson Scrapbook No. 39, p. 257, "Crossing Plains with a Pioneer Kansas Cityan," clipping from the *Kansas City Journal Post*, Jan. 14, 1923, Section 3, p. 5; at State Historical Society of Colorado Library.) There is not the slightest trace of who the fifth actress might have been. Mrs. Thorne cannot have been along. If she had been, she would have played, and been prominently billed in leading roles. She was Maria Ann Mestayer, of the famous theatrical dynasty of Mestayer, an actress too important to be passed over in favor of a relative upstart like M'lle Haydee.



Editor Byers was equally delighted. He attended the Tuesday and Wednesday performances, and on Thursday morning, October 6, he dashed off an enthusiastic item for that afternoon's paper:

Thorne's Theater opened on Monday evening last . . . The whole performance was excellent and unexceptionable. Col. Thorne can hardly be excelled in any country, and he is most ably supported by his company of stars. Miss Wakely's singing is excellent, and M'lle Haydee, as a danseuse, has no superior. There was an overflowing house, and frequent loud applause. Upon being called out, Col. T. assured his audience that it was his design to spend the winter here, and erect a commodious and elegant theater in the spring. On Tuesday evening was played the 'Old Guard,'<sup>18</sup> dancing, singing, and the 'Swiss Cottage'<sup>19</sup> in conclusion. There was a good house and rapturous applause.

What with Serjeant Austerlitz in *Maid of Croissey*, Old Havresac in *Old Guard*, and the jolly soldiery in *Swiss Cottage*, Colonel Thorne was going in heavily for engaging Napoleonic veterans and keeping the blue-and-white uniform busy; but it seems the customers didn't mind. Byers concluded his review with unabated enthusiasm:

"Last evening was given the 'Idiot Witness,'<sup>20</sup> and the farce of a 'Kiss in the Dark,'<sup>21</sup> with like good success. Our people are most fortunate in the establishment of a theater at this time—and that theater Thorne's—to help the long winter months to pass pleasantly. We hope they will see to it that he receives the patronage he deserves."

To ensure such patronage, the editor forecast "an attractive bill for tonight. All will go to the Apollo (*sic*) to see the Col. in his great character of 'Richard the Third,' and then you will have a grand double polka by Misses Haydee and Wakely; the whole to conclude with 'Luck in a name.'"<sup>22</sup>

The playbill for *Richard III* has survived to remind us what an ambitious undertaking that performance was.<sup>22</sup> In Shakespeare's tragedy as he wrote it, there were thirty-seven named characters to be played, not counting lords, attendants, gentlemen, citizens, murderers, messengers, ghosts, soldiers, and the like. Even playing only selected scenes, the little frontier company of eight must have been kept hopping, doubling parts, to crown Richard in state, behead young William as Buckingham, win the battle of Bosworth Field for him as Richmond; and for all this activity, the top price was now reduced to \$1.50. It was enough to discourage any manager.

Nevertheless, the run continued. Plays never specified in print were presented on Friday and Saturday nights. On Sunday the actors enjoyed a well-earned rest.

On Monday night, Colonel Thorne as manager gave him-

<sup>18</sup> A one-act melodrama by Dion Boucicault.

<sup>19</sup> "Or, Why Don't She Marry?", a farce, by T. H. Bayly.

<sup>20</sup> "Or, A Tale of Blood," a romantic drama, by John Thomas Haines.

<sup>21</sup> A farce by John Baldwin Buckstone.

<sup>22</sup> At the State Historical Society of Colorado.

T H E A T R E !  
Fourth Appearance of the  
Star Company.

This Thursday evening, October 6th, will be  
presented Shakespeare's Play, in five acts, entitled

Richard III,  
or the

Battle of Bosworth Field.

Richard (Duke of Gloucester).....	Mr. C. R. Thorne
Earl of Richmond.....	Mr. Wm. Thorne
King Henry.....	Mr. S. Hunter
Tressel.....	Mr. T. Thorne
Lieut. of Tower.....	Mr. Carter
Buckingham.....	Mr. W. Thorne
Queen Elisabeth.....	M'lle. Haydee
Lady Anne.....	Miss Louise
Duchess of York.....	Miss Flora

after which a  
Double Polka,  
by

Misses Haydee & Flora.

To conclude with  
Luck in a Name,  
or

which is best.

Characters by the Company.

Price of Admission, \$1. Reserved seats, \$1.50.

Doors open at 7 o'clock; performance to commence at half past 7.  
Front seats reserved for Ladies.

self as leading actor a benefit performance. This meant that after the expenses were paid, he could keep the profits. The actor benefited was entitled to pick one of his best parts to play. Thorne chose to enact the title role in Sheridan Knowles' stirring drama of *William Tell*.

History does not record whether mouths watered over the wooden apple that Tell shot from his son's head, nor does it say whose head it actually was. Today we would guess that nine-year-old Harman got the part; but one hundred years ago it was more likely Flora. Audiences loved to see an actress showing her legs in a "breeches part," in those days of hoop skirts and pantalettes, when a lady's limbs were still so much harder to get a peek at.

Full of enthusiasm, Editor Byers sat down to write another favorable review for the weekly paper of Thursday, October 13. He reported that Thorne's Star Company had added four successful performances to their opening three nights. Houses had been well filled, actors had been frequently encored, not a member of the company had missed being called before the curtain. This last meant something, in days when the



"curtain call" bow had not yet become automatic. In those days you had to be yelled for by name before you could come out and take a bow. Even young Jared Carter, the walking gentleman, had been called for.

With *William Tell*, reported Mr. Byers, Colonel Thorne had delighted an overflowing house. "To simply say that universal satisfaction was given," said he, "does not half express it."

The loyal booster was wasting his boost.

On that Thursday, October 13, even while people were reading Mr. Byers' flattering words in the paper, Colonel Thorne was rolling eastward in the Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express Company's weekly coach, which had left Denver that morning at 6½ o'clock a.m. (as the company's advertisement phrased it). William was with him.

There went the Thorne Star Company, its manager, its leading man, its juvenile hero, and probably its treasury.

They left bewilderment behind them.

Lamely, belatedly, the *Rocky Mountain News* reported this unexpected defection a week late, and added: "We do not know the reason for his sudden departure, but we have been told that they intend to return in December."

Whichever of the thunderstruck company told Mr. Byers this taradiddle, it can hardly have been true. Clearly the Colonel intended no such thing. Back in Leavenworth, he opened at the National Theatre—which had been closed without him—in a series of parts he could get his teeth into: Othello, Hamlet, Richard III.<sup>23</sup> Obviously he had had enough of playing Richard III with a supporting cast of seven, and at a top price of \$1.50 at that.

"The houses fell off constantly," according to old-timer Bill Ticknor, "until, at the end of a week, Mr. Thorne decided to retrace his steps," returning to Leavenworth "poor in pocket, and disgusted with Denver."<sup>24</sup> Exit Colonel Thorne.

The Thorne Star Company was left stranded on the frontier.

(to be continued)

<sup>23</sup> Leavenworth *Times*, Nov. 9, Dec. 12, 14, 1859. For this information I am indebted to Dr. James C. Malin of the University of Kansas.

<sup>24</sup> Dawson Scrapbook No. 39, *loc. cit.*