

Hal Sayre---Fifty-Niner

By ROBERT H. SAYRE*

"When he died it was written of Hal Sayre that he was 'a man whose life encompassed the story of Colorado.' From the June day in 1859 when he crossed the plains in a prairie schooner . . . until December of 1926, when death came to him . . . Hal Sayre was a living, planning, working part of the Old West."—Robert L. Chase.

Thomas Sayre, founder of the family in America, came from Bedfordshire, in England. Entries in the records of the 13th Century church at Leighton Buzzard indicate that the family lived there, or thereabouts, for several centuries. According to these records, which are still available, Thomas was baptized there in 1597. Unfortunately, there is a gap in the record until 1639, when Thomas again appears in the records of Lynn, Massachusetts, as one of the founders of that community. In this interim, just why, how, or exactly when he immigrated to the New World is not known. My father did some research of his own, and arrived at the date of 1612, through records which are not available to me, landing in Jamestown, Virginia. I think father got this from the Genealogical Library in Boston, Massachusetts. In any event, it is understood that Thomas and his brother Job preceded the Pilgrims, and it is rather likely that they did not get along with these Puritanical gentlemen.

The family is said to have been French originally, and to have fled to England very soon after the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572, as they were Huguenots.

In 1639, Thomas and Job, with several others, went to Long Island on the strength of a royal grant or patent of some kind, and attempted to start a settlement at the westerly end of the island. In the meantime, however, the Dutch had established the thriving town of New Amsterdam on Manhattan Island, and claimed all this territory through purchase from the Indian Chief Philip. It did not take the Indians very long to report to the Dutch authorities that some interlopers were settling on Long Island, so the governor sent a large armed party

* Robert H. Sayre, son of Hal Sayre, was born in Central City in December, 1885. He became internationally known as an expert mining engineer. From 1940-1942, Mr. Sayre was a member of the Board of Directors of the State Historical Society. He passed away in 1960. About 1940, he wrote this article about his father, which has been made available to the State Historical Society through the courtesy of his widow, Mrs. Gertrude Berger Sayre, and Mrs. Alexander Barbour.—*Editor.*

across, and sure enough, found the Sayres starting to build houses. They had even the temerity to tear down the arms of the Prince of Orange, which had been affixed to a tree as a token of ownership. The intruders were promptly arrested and taken to Manhattan for trial. The Dutch governor finally released them, with understanding that they would go away. They did go away, but merely sailed along the southern coast of the island to the east end, where they started the permanent settlement of Southampton. The Sayre house, built at Southampton in 1630, was only finally torn down in 1912,



Sayre House, Southampton, L. I., Built in 1630

when it was condemned as unsafe. At this time articles were written about it in several Eastern newspapers, and some magazines of national circulation, like the *Outlook*. It disputed the title of "Oldest House in the United States" with others in Santa Fe, New Mexico, and St. Augustine, Florida.

As these pioneers were fairly prolific, the family tree branched out considerably in the next 200 years, but our direct ancestors moved from Long Island to New Jersey, thence to Orange County, New York, across the Hudson from Tarrytown, and finally west with the frontier to Broome County, near Binghamton.

Stephen Sayre, seems to have been the most outstanding member of the family during this long period. He returned to London much as we would go to New York nowadays, and made quite a name for himself. He was quite handsome, and apparently of magnetic personality as he became High Sheriff of London in 1774, and a friend of Chatham and other states-

men and politicians of the time. The growing unrest in the American colonies precipitated a bitter political feud in England between the Whigs and the Tories. Stephen was embroiled in this controversy, and was so outspoken in his support of the colonists that political opponents finally accused him of a plot to kidnap the King. He was imprisoned in the Tower of London, but as no evidence, whatsoever, was produced at the subsequent trial, he was released, but invited to return to America. Upon his return to America he settled in Virginia, and was the founder of the Southern branch of the Sayre family. They called themselves *planters* instead of farmers.

An amusing sequel of this separation happened only ten years ago. I was driving toward Los Angeles, across the Mojave Desert, and some miles east of Barstow, California, flashed by a little sign on the south side of the road labeled, "Sayre Ranch." Some two or three miles south of the highway I could see a windmill, a little house, and a single tree. Out of curiosity I drove down there and found an old gentleman sitting under this tree. I got out of the car, approached him, and said: "Is your name Sayre?" He said, "Yes." And I said, "So is mine." He looked me up and down for some time, then said, "Well, you are one of the New York Sayres." However, we did end up with a nice talk, and it turned out that his sons were prosperous businessmen in Los Angeles. He was exiled to the desert on account of asthma.

By the time of the Revolutionary War there are records of forty-nine Sayres in the Revolutionary Army, but this list did not include any of our direct ancestors. My own great-grandfather was born in 1771, and his father was born in 1745; either too young or too old for military service. The longevity of the tribe is well indicated by the comparatively few names in the list of our direct forefathers, from Thomas down to the present time. Few people remember their own great-grandfathers, let alone having them antedate the Revolution.

My grandfather, Joseph Sayre, apparently came back to Long Island again because he was a merchant in Brooklyn. The business, as my father remembered it, was that of a commission merchant, wholesaling farm products. Joseph still retained two farms in Broome County. The family would spend their summers at the farm near Binghamton, and return to Brooklyn in the winter. Apparently Joseph had the pioneering spirit which characterizes the family, because very early in the 19th Century, he made a trip out to where

Chicago is now, but made up his mind it was an uninviting wilderness, full of Indians, and returned to Brooklyn.

My father, Hal Sayre, was born on April 2, 1835. He was educated as a civil engineer. In him, again developed the urge for pioneering. As a very young man he was surveying the westerly extension of the existing railroads into western New York, then into Pennsylvania, and eventually into the wilderness of Minnesota. Although he was the oldest brother, he

deliberately forfeited his share in a rather considerable estate left by his father, and left the more conservative brothers, John and Joseph, in possession of the big farms in Broome County, New York.

So far as I know, the family has produced no professional soldiers, but every American war, from the pre-Revolutionary Indian wars to World War I, has seen them volunteer for service pretty early in the game.

In 1848, the discovery of gold in California resulted in a hectic rush from the East to that far distant Coast. Many went around the Horn, and many others traveled across country. This trek passed Colorado by, on account of its almost impassable front range barrier, and the main tides of emigration went mostly north



Hal Sayre, 1865

through Wyoming, and some south through New Mexico and Arizona.

In the winter of 1858-59, a party of Georgia prospectors, trained in the art of mining in the now defunct gold belt of Georgia, found gold in Colorado. While small amounts of placer gold had previously been discovered in the Platte River, near Denver, and the south branch of Clear Creek, near

Idaho Springs, the first substantial discovery was the Gregory Lode, now directly on the line between Black Hawk and Central City. To this day a deep "glory hole" on the outcrop is still visible. Word of this discovery soon worked back to the East, and the Colorado-Pikes Peak gold rush of 1859 was started. Hal Sayre joined in this hegira.

The Western plains were then covered with vast hordes of buffaloes and roving bands of Indians. Fortunately for these first pioneers, the Indians were not unduly hostile for the first few years. Hal Sayre, with his partner, one Ed Parmalee, came through Denver, then only an overnight stop where people camped at the junction of the Platte River with Cherry Creek. At Central City they dug gold along with the rest, but made no startling success of it.

The peaks to the west of Central City were still covered with snow throughout the summer of 1859. Many of the gold diggers began to worry about the winter which would soon face them. They asked the Ute Indians, who, only too anxious to get rid of these intruders, indicated that the snow would be about 30 feet deep. Hal Sayre and Ed Parmalee came down from the hills in the fall and built a little cabin southeast of Golden. The location was near a spring, at the side of a little gulch just west of what is now the Rifle Range, and on the left side of the main paved road to Golden. A house standing near this spot now (1940) boasts a sign that it was the original Pullman homesite. Pullman never did live here. The original cabin was that of Sayre and Parmalee.

South of this location is Green Mountain, and the partners got their meat supply on this mountain, which was then alive with antelope. This was their first experience in building a log cabin. My father said they were quite delighted when the sod roof kept out the first rains and snows. Unfortunately, after the storm was over the roof started to leak, and continued raining muddy water on them for a week thereafter.

The influx of thousands of prospective miners soon crowded the original diggings at Central City, and in a remarkably short time prospectors had worked north through Boulder County, and south through Clear Creek and Summit Counties.

Hal Sayre soon made up his mind that Colorado, then part of Kansas Territory, had a glowing future, and that somewhere along the foot of the Front Range there would arise a permanent big city. The location of most big cities is largely determined by routes of transportation—either harbors on the seacoast, junctions of big, navigable streams, or along the

logical railway routes. Denver never did have any excuse for existence, other than its fortuitous location as a stage stop on the way to the gold diggings. Accordingly, Sayre and Parmalee, and a few others, noting that the backbone of the Rockies lowered down to excellent passes to the north, went north to near where Fort Collins is now, and founded the little settlement of La Porte.¹ For a year or two this little handful of men, surrounded by increasingly sullen Indians, stuck it out here. At this time, Hal Sayre, like many of the frontiersmen, wore his hair long, down over his shoulders, and sported a buckskin jacket with fringe on the sleeves. He often told me of that period. He never stirred from his cabin without two loaded and cocked pistols in his belt. Every bush was to be approached with caution, in that it might contain a hostile Indian. A lamp or candle was not to be lit in the cabin until the windows had been covered.

In spite of the rough characters and wild times of these early days, father was peculiarly abstemious. He never touched alcohol, and even refrained from tea or coffee. He never smoked and ate very little meat. The only vice he seemed to pick up from the early days was profanity, in which he was both adept and picturesque. What amounted to almost an obsession in his temperance nearly led to bloodshed during one incident. He was riding down from La Porte to Denver and stayed overnight at a little, log roadhouse. He had rolled up in his blanket on the floor of the combined office, lobby, and bar when, with a wild clatter of hoofs, Slade², one of the early-day gunmen and outlaws, came in with his party. Slade ordered everyone present to join him in a drink. Father would have shot it out with him from his recumbent position on the floor had not cooler heads stepped in to urge father to subside, and Slade to let him alone.

On another trip father stayed overnight at a ranch. He was wearing a brand new pair of fringed buckskin pants. In the log wall of his room a great crack, where the chinking had fallen out, let the winter wind come in without hindrance.

¹Colona, Larimer County, was settled in 1858, by Antoine Janis and other French trappers who were married to Indian wives. The name is doubtless derived from the French word, *colonie*, meaning settlement or colony. In the spring of 1860, Hal Sayre, pioneer surveyor, visited Colona, which was located a short distance west of present La Porte, and became interested in its possibilities. He and several associates joined with the first settlers and organized a town, which was later moved to La Porte. The change of name was made in 1862. The founders expected the town to assume great importance as a point on the first transcontinental railroad. In 1858 and 1859 the name "Colona" was proposed and seriously considered for the territory that became Colorado.—"Colorado Place Names," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XVII, No. 4 (July, 1940), 135-36.

²Joseph (Jack) A. Slade, division superintendent of the Overland Stage line between Julesburg and Salt Lake City, was a notorious bully and gunman when drinking.—*Editor*.

He stuffed the crack with his new pants. When he woke up in the morning the pants were gone, and peering through the crack he discovered that the wall abutted the corral, and two playful calves had appropriated the "britches." One calf had half swallowed one leg, and the other, the other leg, and they were engaged in a royal "tug of war." Peeking out of the door, he found the coast clear, dashed out into the corral and rescued the garment. Real buckskin may have its merits as clothing, but it does not include moisture and stretching. The pants were a slimy mess. Each leg had been stretched out to a length of about six feet. In desperation he donned them, mounted his horse, and started for Denver. Soon the sun came out, and the pants started to shrink, ending well up above his knees.

Father had a keen sense of humor, and an unlimited fund of stories and sayings saved from the early days. To this day the family does not sit down to a certain type of dinner without someone repeating his old saying, "Anybody that doesn't like hash is a liar."

La Porte seemed slow in becoming the teeming metropolis which the pioneers had expected, so eventually they gave it up and returned to the gold fields.

Hal Sayre was the first trained engineer in this pioneer country, and when the basic mining law (which still prevails) was passed by Congress in 1872, he was the first Deputy Mineral Surveyor appointed under the terms of this Act. The Territorial legislators decided the time had come to lay out the first counties, and Hal Sayre ran the first county line—that between Gilpin and Boulder Counties. It was decided to run the line due west from the junction of Beaver Creek with South Boulder Creek to the Continental Divide. As he hacked his way through the rugged country, geologically the peneplane which extends south to the Arkansas River, the line actually bisected three little lakes. The beautiful spot was to be the Sayre ranch. Between the main house and the middle lake, a big yellow pine still bears the scar of a blaze made in running the line.

It was a natural transition from straight civil engineering and surveying to the mining business itself. Hal Sayre laid out the town of Central City, and the surrounding settlements of Nevadaville, Russell Gulch, and Black Hawk, and surveyed nearly all of the early claims. Many surveys for patents were undertaken for miners who had not the money to pay for the work. Father would accept one-third, or one-fourth,

or one-sixth interest in the claim for the surveying, and in the course of years this resulted in part or whole ownership of literally hundreds of claims throughout Gilpin, Clear Creek, and Boulder Counties.

The years 1862, 1863, and 1864 witnessed an increased tension between the white men and the Indians. Doubtless the Indians were justifiably concerned about the encroachment on their lands by the white men, and the terrific slaughter of the buffalo by hordes of hunters, and by that certain percentage of dishonest traders who despoiled and cheated them. In any event, they started attacking isolated ranches and mines, massacring the people, and attempting the co-ordination of their own hitherto hostile tribes into one unified force.

When it was decided to put an end to the Indian outrages on the Plains, Governor John Evans issued a proclamation calling for volunteers. Hal Sayre, then at Central City, recorded in his *Diary*⁵ on August 13, 1864: "Rec'd Recruiting Commission from Gov. Evans to recruit men for the Third Colorado Cavalry at about 5 p.m., it being Saturday. Got out Posters⁴ and gave notice of a war meeting at the Montana Theatre tomorrow."

He quickly enlisted more than his quota of 100 men for Company B, of which he was made the Lieutenant. On August 19, he was promoted to Captain; and on September 17, to Major.

Under the command of Colonel John Chivington,⁷ Hal Sayre led his men in the little campaign in the winter of 1864, which did turn out to be quite an epic. It was a bitterly cold winter, and the soldiers in pursuit of the Indians, had to keep going by forced marches day after day, and night after night. . .

Finally at Sand Creek, southeast of Pueblo on the plains, advance scouts came back to the command to report that over a little ridge they could see the fires of a large Indian encampment. The entire command lined up back of the ridge, and at the first crack of dawn charged over the top, and galloped down a long slope toward the camp.

⁵ This *Diary* is among Sayre's personal papers in the University of Colorado Historical Collections at Boulder, Colorado. It was published as "Major Hal Sayre's *Diary of the Sand Creek Campaign*," by Lynn I. Ferrigo, in *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XV, No. 2 (March, 1938), 41-57. In the early days, Hal Sayre spelled his name "Sayr," but later he wrote it "Sayre."

⁴ One of the original posters is now in the Library of the State Historical Society of Colorado. See: Raymond G. Carey, "The 'Bloodless Third' Regiment Colorado Volunteer Cavalry," *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXXVIII, No. 4 (October, 1961), 278.

⁷ Although Sayre followed the leadership of Colonel Chivington, he commented in his diary as follows: "Wed-Nov 23/64—Col. Chivington—Maj. Downing & Capt. Jo Maynard AAAG, arrived from Denver this evening—Regiment inspected this evening about dark—Chivington takes command which gives pretty general dissatisfaction."

The Indians hastily retreated into the sandy creek bed, where they were partially protected by the vertical, meandering walls of sand. At the camp the troopers found scalps and other terrifying exhibits of the Indians' bloodthirsty exploits. Among other things was a large buffalo robe, bound around and edged entirely with matching blonde hair. The result of the battle was the complete annihilation of the Indian men, women, and children.

The "massacre at Sand Creek" has been a bone of contention ever since. Newspapers on the Eastern seaboard were violent in their criticism of the bloodthirsty pioneers, but a New York editor could not quite put himself in the position of these men who, even then, were only a handful surrounded by a horde of hostile savages. Some indication of the atmosphere which imbued the times is given by the fact that the white men, in turn, scalped the Indians. We still have a scalp taken by Major Sayre in this battle.

Late in the 1860's another engineer came out from the East. This was Josiah Dartt, with his two charming daughters, Mary and Elizabeth. The Union Pacific Railroad was now being pushed forward across the plains and had reached Cheyenne, Wyoming. The party drove from Cheyenne to Denver by stagecoach, surrounded by armed guards. Elizabeth (Lissie) was to marry Hal Sayre.⁶ Their children were: Hal Junior, Ethel (Mrs. William B. Berger), and myself. Mary Dartt married Nathan Thompson, a Congregational minister in Boulder. The white brick house still standing in Boulder on the corner of Arapahoe and Fourth Street was lived in by the Dartt side of the family. My father and mother and their children often visited there.

Now that the mines in northern Colorado counties are so near to exhaustion, we are prone to forget how rich and productive they were in the early days. Little Gilpin County still stands second in gold production only to Teller County, with the fabulous Cripple Creek mines. Father was associated in various capacities with many of the early-day mining companies, but gradually the district settled down to one characterized by small operations, mostly by leasers. This type of operation did not produce very extensive or speculative development, but the mining of the ore itself was extremely efficient.

My father, with such large and variegated holdings

⁶ According to the Marriage Certificate signed by Nathan Thompson, the ceremony took place on May 11, 1870, at Boulder. Lissie Dartt of Baraboo, Wisconsin, was "United in Holy Matrimony" to Hal Sayre of Central City, Colorado. Witnesses were Mary D. Thompson and Julia Maxwell.

throughout the hills inaugurated a generous leasing system. Many times he would advance to the lessees funds sufficient for mining and hoisting equipment, which they would work out later; and many a lessee, who honestly and efficiently kept on the job, was assured permanent possession, written lease or not.

In the early days most of the miners were "Cousin Jacks," or Cornishmen. These humorous people were rather unreliable, but were exceptionally good miners. One of father's mines, The Alps, on Alps Hill just above Quartz Hill, was worked by Cousin Jack lessees for fifty continuous years. In many places the vein was so narrow that they hollowed out holes in the footwall in which to sit, allowing them barely enough room to single-jack their "uppers" in the stopes. While none of these operations were large, the aggregate of so many of them furnished a very satisfactory total royalty, averaging over long periods \$1,000 a month or more.

Central City, unlike many new mining camps, while it had its rough element of miners, was the center of such culture and social life as there was in the Rocky Mountains. In it originated families which later dominated the financial and social structure of the State. The Teller House, in its day, was the finest hostelry in the West. The Opera House drew nationally known performers, of the calibre of Booth, Barrett, and others. Rather belatedly, the romantic history of the little camp and its picturesque appearance has been recognized and perpetuated in the Annual Play Festival. The leading spirit in this resurgence was Anne Evans, a daughter of John Evans, the second Territorial Governor.

Even in the early days the Colorado mines had their share of labor troubles and evilly-led labor associations. One such bitter strike nearly left two tragedies in the family. The Sayre house in Central City, on the hill back of the Methodist Church, was so constructed that one room fronting on the side street was supported on stone piles. This was the room where my older sister, Ethel, and brother Hal slept as babies. One night during the strike, the children were asleep and father was just going to bed, when he heard the "hissing" of a burning fuse beneath the nursery. He dashed out, crawled in the darkness under this room and threw out into the street several bound sticks of dynamite, which then exploded.

As time went on, and Hal Sayre's reputation as a mining engineer grew, his work carried him to other parts of the new West. One interlude was the management of a large

mining company headed by the late Senator Charles J. Hughes, Jr., in their silver operations at Aspen, Colorado. One large stope in the Aspen mines, big enough to contain a church, is still known as the "Sayre stope."



Elizabeth Dartt Sayre, 1874
Wife of Hal Sayre

Father's close associate for many years was Henry M. Teller, perennial United States Senator from Colorado. The association was far from being a profitable one for the Sayres. Time and again father would write him in for a half interest in mining ventures, or in taking up lands, and would lend him large sums of money, which were never returned. I well remember the Senator when I was a boy, and always considered him pretty much of a "stuffed shirt." He probably was a power in Washington, both in domestic and foreign affairs. The association was quite successful in one respect. So hectic were the first booms, and so many were the claimants for the rich outcrops, that claims were often allowed only 25 to

50 feet in length, and similar width. It was natural that a claimant who sunk his shaft on his outcrop felt entitled to follow the vein, even if it strayed out of the surface boundaries. This was the origin of the "apex law," which has been such a prolific source of litigation and endless conflicts ever since. In many districts of different geology such as Aspen and Cripple Creek, it could not be applied at all. A long series of court rulings, which now really constitute the law, were largely the result of early day litigation.

In many of these basic cases Hal Sayre was the mining expert, and Henry M. Teller was the lawyer. The combination never lost a case. In one such case, father had occasion to examine the workings of the opposing side. By court order, he was empowered to make the examination, but it was carried out in a very hostile atmosphere. It was mid-winter in the Aspen district. Guided by one of the opposition miners, he was empowered to make the examination, but it was carried out just within the entrance, before they, feebly aided by candles, were accustomed to the dark after the blinding snow outside, he stepped around a 20-foot winze directly into the floor of the tunnel. Father naturally stepped right into it. He fell to the bottom on nubbins of ice built up as stalagmites. The guide promptly disappeared and left him there. In spite of several broken ribs, father managed to climb out and down through the snow to the camp.

At another time an interesting experience represented one of the first attempts to promote the sale of mining stock by wide-spread publicity. Some promoters approached the *New York Times* with a proposition to buy two full pages in the paper. The mine was supposed to be far out in the desert of Arizona. While this was something new, and financially attractive to the paper, it was worried about the legitimacy of the proposition and, after some discussion, decided to hire father to make a trip to examine the mine before the advertising was accepted. It proved to be a most difficult trip. Leaving the nearest railroad for a long excursion into the desert, father employed Indian guides. The Indians promised that by nightfall of the first day the party would arrive at some good water. It was a pretty serious situation when the party arrived at this spot and found the springs, or "seeps," were entirely dried up. A council was held, whether to return or push on. The Indians stated that the following night, if they pushed on, they would come to a desert "tank" (a na-

tural pothole in the sandstone filled with rain water), which invariably was full.

When the second night came they finally arrived at the tank, and found it full of water as had been promised, but in it was a long-defunct and bloated mule. Water by now was necessary for life in case of both men and horses. The tank was cleaned out as best they could, but the contaminated water made them all sick, and my father did not fully recover for a couple of years. The so-called mine, supposed to be a tremendous copper deposit somewhere north of the Painted Desert, proved to be a complete "fake," and the *New York Times* never carried through with the program.

Sayre and Teller made an early-day trip down to southwestern Arizona. Here they took up quite a little land in the young town of Yuma. Father was quite interested in horticulture, and imported some dates from northern Africa, and attempted their production in this somewhat similar locality. To this day one type of date produced in Arizona is known as "the Sayre Date." In 1908, fresh out of college, I went to look at this property. Yuma was in the midst of quite a boom, on account of the recent erection of a dam and irrigation canals. I promptly sold all of our holdings there.

During his later years father satisfied his love of travel. With my mother, and occasionally accompanied by some of the children, he traveled throughout Europe and northern Africa.

Hal Sayre was a man of medium height, about five feet, eight inches, and of slender, wiry build. I don't suppose he ever weighed more than 135 pounds. His agile strength and endurance persisted into his 80's. He was far too trusting and uncritical of his friends. This trait certainly proved to be a serious detriment to the family fortunes.

About 1900, father's affairs were going pretty well, and he built a large mansion at the corner of Eighth Avenue and Logan Street in Denver. He also purchased a controlling interest in the Rocky Mountain National Bank at Central City and became president of the institution. About this time, also, he went into a large irrigation scheme near the mouth of the south fork of the Rio Grande River in southern Colorado. The reservoir was to irrigate the lower end of the San Luis Valley. None of these ventures was successful. As a matter of fact, he was late in his 60's and, while physically very active, his judgment, particularly in things foreign to mining, had begun to weaken.



Home of Hal Sayre, 815 Logan St., Denver

The bank proved to be the most fatal venture of all. Not only was the mining camp very definitely on the downgrade, but Hal Sayre was definitely not the type for banking. If "Old Jim," or "Old Tom," or "Old George," pioneer friends, needed money personally, or for some speculative mining venture, why, of course they must have it. When the end finally came the Rocky Mountain National Bank was merged with the First National Bank of Central City. As a matter of fact, the transfer could not be consummated until all of the worthless paper, which nearly filled the vaults, had been made good. Under the National Banking Act, each stockholder is liable for twice the original value of his stock. The other directors and stockholders of the bank were local people, of small means, and father, with his open-handed and characteristic generosity, assumed practically this entire burden himself. Large sums of money were borrowed in Denver, principally from the Denver National Bank, and my inheritance, when it came time to take over, consisted mostly of the mansion in Denver (already a first-class "white elephant"), various tracts of nonproductive mountain land, innumerable mining claims, and an indebtedness of about \$70,000.

As long as father lived I just did not have the heart to let much of the extensive mining property in northern Colorado go. With father's inveterate pioneer optimism, he felt to the last that this great mining property was of immense value, and that the slump in mining activity in those districts was only temporary. After his death, it was a choice between eating or paying thousands of dollars worth of taxes every year on idle claims. There could be only one answer to this problem, so I let most of the property go for taxes, and retained only such portions as I could carry, and which I hoped might still have some saleable value.

What the rest of us almost considered a vice was father's fondness for fast horses. Invariably they were about half-broken, and would run away on the slightest or no provocation at all. Many were the bumpings and scratching-ups that all received when some careening buggy turned over, and many were the early-day stories of the nonchalant way in which he would drive across the roughest parts of the Rocky Mountains direct to his objectives. Once, with the whole family in a big buckboard, the side hill which we were traversing was so steep, that the vehicle kept turning over. Father calmly put both large wheels which had been in the rear on one side, and we blithely so proceeded.

Hal Sayre

DENVER, COLO., July 30

TO THE COLORADO  MOBILE CO., DR.DEALER IN
TIRE, OIL AND CHASSIS
SUPPLIES
PATRON

July 30 To 1 Hinton Touring Car purchased 2600.00

Received July 30th

We guarantee at time selected by
 Mr. Sayre to make a successful trip with
 this Hinton to his ranch at Do the mile
 Colo. in a reasonable time and with no
 more than ordinary wear to the machine
 The Colorado Automobile Co.
 41 Lewis Lincoln Bldg.

Receipt for Hal Sayre's "Horseless Buggy," 1903

In 1903, he purchased one of the first automobiles ever imported to Colorado. It was then called a "horseless buggy." For some reason father never acquired much proficiency in driving an automobile, possibly because it did not respond to profane exclamations. These first cars were really expensive and entirely impracticable and resembled a buggy on wheels. This primitive car had no top, no windshield, and the detachable rear seat, then called the "tonneau" was entered through a door in the rear. Carbide lamps were later purchased and installed. The power plant consisted of a horizontal 2-cylinder gas engine under the body of the car. In case of trouble, which invariably developed every few miles, the whole car had to be taken apart. The engine was started with a large crank inserted into the side of the car. The process of cranking was rather dangerous, as the engine had a tendency to backfire, and the crank might well break an arm.

The joke of the times was that the polite motorist, on meeting a team, would drive off the road, take the car apart and hide the pieces in the grass.

The Sayre ranch, on the Gilpin-Boulder county line, proved to be quite a factor in the lives of several generations of the family. Many summers, as a small boy, I was taken up there, and we used to camp in tents beside one or the other of the lakes. Late in the 1890's, but still before the Moffat Railroad went through the ranch, the large main cabin was built. Doors and windows were freighted up from Boulder. Considerably later on, the small winter cabin, which later burned down, was erected. It was usually a two-day trip by horseback or with wagon from Denver to the ranch.

A hobby, developed late in life, was "bird watching." This activity pursued with ardor, gave my father great pleasure, both in Denver and on trips he took in the United States.

Many times I tried to persuade my father to work on some connected written record of his experiences and his times, but never succeeded.

Our branch of the Sayres had practically skipped a generation in that I was born when Hal Sayre was over 50 years old, and between us, the two generations have seen Colorado from its earliest exploration in 1859 to the present civilized State.

Hal Sayre started to fail physically only when he was nearly 90 years old, but mentally was his active and humorous self until the end. He died December 11, 1926, at the age of 91, in the home on Logan Street, perhaps the last surviving '59'er who had dug gold with Gregory.

First Ladies of Colorado --Mary Thompson McCook--

(Governor Edward Moody McCook—1869-1873; 1874-1875)

By HELEN CANNON*

Mary Thompson McCook, wife of Colorado's fifth territorial governor, Edward Moody McCook, was renowned for her beauty, charm, and wit. Colorado historian, Frank Hall, who was Secretary of the Territory during Governor McCook's first term of office, has said of her: "She was a beautiful, brilliant and fascinating woman, highly educated, a welcome guest in the first circles of society by reason of her splendid attainments and rare conversational powers."¹ Small and delicate with reddish brown eyes and hair, her child-like beauty, her fashionable elegance, and her vivacious personality fitted well into the picturesque and gallant life of the western frontier, and she soothed with her gracious charm the political quarrels and feuds of the struggling and ambitious new Territory which were rampant during her husband's administration.

Biographers of Edward Moody McCook like to claim that he married Mary Thompson of Peoria, Illinois, a granddaughter of Charles Thomson, secretary of the Continental Congress. Colorado's genealogist, Quantrille McClung, has been unable to prove this. She has proven, however, that Mary Thompson was related to an equally well-known and perhaps more colorful Thompson, Sir Benjamin Thompson or Count Rumford, the American-British scientist, philosopher, and founder of the Rumford medal of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and of the Rumford professorship in Harvard University. Mary Thompson could also claim her kinship to a signer of the Declaration of Independence, John Hancock, for her great-great-grandmother, Mary Hancock Thompson of Woburn, Massachusetts, was the daughter of Samuel Hancock, a granduncle of John Hancock.

* Copyright by Helen Cannon, 1962. This is the fourth in a series of articles on First Ladies of Colorado being written by Miss Helen Cannon, Associate Professor of Home Economics, University of Colorado.—*Editor*.

¹ Frank Hall, *History of the State of Colorado*, The Blakely Printing Company, Chicago, 1890, Vol. II, p. 172.

← Mary Thompson McCook

Portrait by Samuel Bell Waugh owned by George Anson McCook. Courtesy of Frick Art Reference Library.



Sylvanus Thompson, Jr., the father of Mary Thompson McCook, was born in Brimfield, Massachusetts on March 7, 1799. Just when and under what circumstances he moved to Greene County, Pennsylvania, is not known. He married Harriet J. or Harriet I.² Baird of Pennsylvania and all of their nine children, six daughters and three sons, were born in Pennsylvania. Also unknown is when he left Greene County for near-by Pittsburgh, where he made a sizable fortune in iron and steel. About 1846 he again moved, this time to Peoria, Illinois, and purchased from Almiran S. Cole the first distillery in Peoria. This enterprise prospered and Peoria now claims him as one of its early industrial millionaires.

Part of the Sylvanus Thompson fortune was invested in the family home in Peoria known as "Hillside" where Mary Thompson McCook lived during her girlhood. The estate originally occupied what is now six square city blocks. The grounds were surrounded by a high fence with an impressive entrance and guardhouse through which a private driveway wound up the gradually sloping hill to the great house situated on the terraced lawn among the grand old elm trees. The house built in 1849, contained 22 rooms, 14 black marble fireplaces, and a large ballroom in the basement. Liveried servants moved about the house and grounds; fine horses and carriages came and went. Its aristocratic and sociable master was a free and generous spender, and Hillside was noted for the genial living and lavish hospitality of its gay and debonaire family, as well as being the social center for the eligible young bachelors attracted to the pretty Thompson daughters, all of whom were well educated, fashionably dressed, and schooled in the social arts.

Unfortunately Sylvanus Thompson did not live to see Hillside completed and enjoy its baronial splendor. He died January 27, 1851³, and four years later on August 4, 1855⁴, Mrs. Thompson died at the age of 48 or 50 of tuberculosis. The care of Hillside and the minor children (James Baird,⁵ Samuel,

² Her will on file in the Probate Court records of Peoria County, Illinois (Estate Case No. 164), gives the name as Harriet J. It appears as Harriet I. in the obituary notice in the *Peoria Daily Democrat Press*, Aug. 6, 1855, p. 2, c. 6, and on her gravestone in Springdale Cemetery, Peoria.

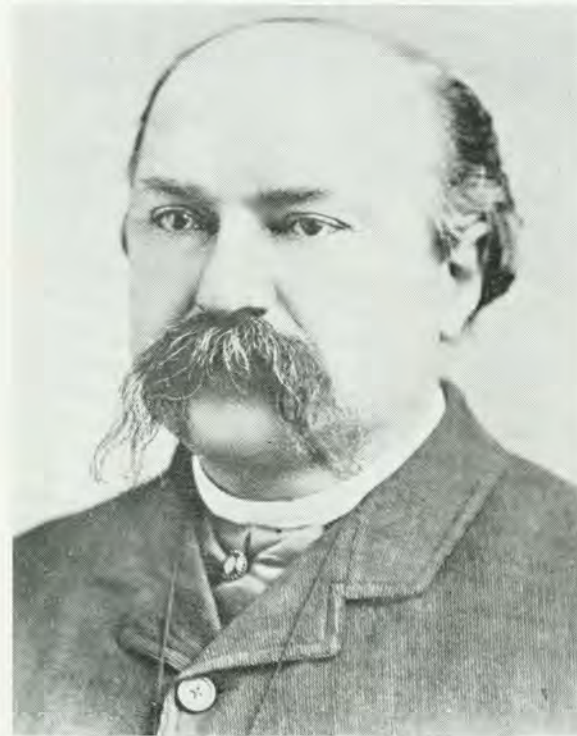
³ Affidavit of Death made by Richard Gregg, son-in-law of Sylvanus Thompson, on file in the Probate Court records of Peoria County, Illinois (Estate Case No. 163). The date on the Sylvanus Thompson monument in Springdale Cemetery, Peoria, is Jan. 26, 1850, but is probably incorrect.

⁴ Affidavit of Death made by William R. Phelps, son-in-law of Harriet Thompson, on file in the Probate Court records of Peoria County, Illinois (Estate Case No. 164). The obituary notice and the Sylvanus Thompson monument give Aug. 6, 1855, as the date of her death.

⁵ James Baird Thompson is known in Colorado history as Major James B. Thompson who came to Colorado in 1862 as the secretary of his brother-in-law, Governor E. M. McCook.

and Mary) fell to Margaret,⁶ the second daughter, and her husband, William R. Phelps.⁷

One of the eligible bachelors attracted to the gay life of Hillside and its youngest daughter, Mary,⁸ the family beauty, was the distinguished Civil War general, Edward Moody McCook, of Steubenville, Ohio, a member of the famous



Library, State Hist. Soc. of Colo.
Governor Edward Moody McCook

"Fighting McCook" family. They were married at Hillside on June 21, 1865, by Henry J. Whitehouse, the Episcopal Bishop of Illinois. Hillside was already famous for its beautiful weddings, but Mary's was the finest of them all. It was a military wedding with all the accoutrements, a gala and colorful affair attended by the military great and the socially prominent.

⁶ Margaret Thompson Phelps later came to Colorado and married General Charles Adams, a Ute Indian Agent, who with the aid of Chief Ouray rescued the women held captives after the Meeker Massacre of September 1879.

⁷ Through the mismanagement and extravagances of Mr. Phelps, by 1870 much of the Sylvanus Thompson fortune was lost and Hillside had passed from the ownership of the family.

⁸ Mary Thompson was born Oct. 7, 1846, according to a Petition for Guardianship on file in the Probate Court records of Peoria County, Illinois (Estate Case No. 163).



Residence of Governor Edward Moody McCook

Library, State Hist. Soc., Colo.
Denver, Colorado, 1873

Shortly after his marriage, General McCook resigned from the army on May 9, 1866, to accept the post of United States Minister to the Sandwich Islands. He and Mrs. McCook were in Hawaii from the spring of 1866 until the fall of 1868. There is a story in the McCook family which recounts that when Mrs. McCook was unable to return home for the birth of their son, earth was shipped from the United States to Hawaii and placed in containers under the four feet of the bed on which he was born. So, Edward McPherson McCook, the son of General Edward Moody McCook, was born on American soil in Hawaii on September 19, 1867! On their return to the United States in the fall of 1868, General McCook resigned his post in the Islands to accept the governorship of the Territory of Colorado, arriving in Denver on June 15, 1869, to assume his duties.

Mrs. McCook warmly and enthusiastically entered into her duties as First Lady. Fond of social pleasures and amusements and an accomplished and cosmopolitan hostess, she made the governor's residence a popular center of social activity and the scene of many of what the local papers referred to as "an elegant and recherche reception." She likewise extended her official entertaining to Washington, where she was a frequent visitor and as renowned for her beauty and social graces as in the capital of Colorado. But Mrs. McCook was also an ambitious woman and she used her many talents and abilities to further her husband's career. It has been said, perhaps maliciously by his political enemies, that her beauty and wiser judgment elevated him to a position of power and influence which he could not have achieved alone. She has been compared to Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, wife of the great Illinois senator, in her devotion to the advancement and interests of her husband.

One of Governor McCook's interests which she shared and for which she untiringly worked was woman suffrage. The first serious discussion of the woman suffrage question in Colorado arose in 1869, the year Governor McCook assumed office, and figured in the territorial campaign of that year. Mrs. McCook became the inspiring and guiding personality in the crusade for its behalf. Under her leadership, the Colorado Suffrage Association was formed and this strong organization of women conducted a campaign of great vigor. Governor McCook in his message to the Eighth Legislative Assembly in January, 1870, strongly recommended the extension of the franchise to women, but the bill was defeated.

While the failure to obtain the desired legislation discouraged many advocates of the proposed reform, Mrs. McCook continued her active support as long as she was First Lady. She was instrumental in bringing Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Susan B. Anthony to Colorado in June of 1872 to assist in the furtherance of the Women's Rights Movement. These two famous eastern advocates gave a series of lectures in Denver and neighboring towns, and during their stay in the Territory, they were the personal guests of Governor and Mrs. McCook. Later Colorado proponents of woman suffrage have accredited at least part of Mrs. McCook's effectiveness as a leader for the cause to the fact that she was noted for her extraordinary beauty and possessed all those qualities of social charm and tact which popular tradition is unwilling to accord to the early suffragist.

During the interval between Governor McCook's first and second term of office, Mrs. McCook died at the age of 27 in Washington, D.C., on May 12, 1874, in the home of General Morgan Lewis Smith at 1418 K Street, N.W. Always delicate and a victim of tuberculosis, her death was hastened by the physical and financial strain of the political fight over her husband's renomination and eventual appointment, and by the birth and death of an infant son, Roderick Sheldon, in the fall of 1873.

Mrs. McCook is buried apart from her husband and family in Oak Hill Cemetery in Washington, D.C. Governor McCook, or General Edward Moody McCook as his monument designates him, is buried in his birthplace, Steubenville, Ohio, with his father and mother.⁹ Their bachelor son, Edward McPherson McCook, who likewise died of tuberculosis on October 12, 1907, is buried in Cedar Hill Cemetery, Hartford, Connecticut, with the family of his uncle, John McCook, with whom he lived after his mother's death. Several years before his death, Edward McPherson spent some time in Colorado for his health. His presence in Colorado prompted this tribute by a pioneer woman to his mother 31 years after her death: "Her memory is as fragrant as the odor of the Colorado wild rose she loved so well. . . Beautiful and gracious she reigned as a queen among the hardy Coloradoans in the 1860's."¹⁰

⁹ Mary McKenna McCook, second wife of Governor McCook, died on July 11, 1944, in St. Augustine, Fla., and is buried there in National Cemetery. The daughter of Theodore and Mary Duvall McKenna, she was born in Frankfort, Ky., on Dec. 7, 1860. According to papers in the National Archives and Records, Washington, she married Governor McCook on Oct. 9, 1883, or Aug. 28, 1884, in New York City. They had two daughters, Victoria R. McCook Bauskett and Katherine McCook [Boyd?], both of whom are dead. They had no children.

¹⁰ *Dawson Scrapbooks*, Vol. 52, p. 59, Library, State Historical Society of Colorado, Denver, Colorado.

Glimpses of the Spanish-American War

ON BOARD THE FLAG SHIP CHINA

Sixty-four years ago this July, the First Regiment of Colorado Volunteers was on the Flag Ship *China* steaming across the Pacific Ocean to participate in the first campaign ever fought by American soldier-volunteers on foreign soil. Manila Bay, where Admiral Dewey had annihilated the Spanish fleet on May 1, 1898, was the focal point.

Among the volunteers was Quartermaster Sergeant Charles G. Avery of Denver, a member of Company "K." Upon his arrival in Manila Bay, Avery wrote home to a friend, Charles R. McDonough, telling of the ocean voyage.

His letter, preserved through the years by the McDonough family, has just been presented to the State Historical Society of Colorado by R. B. McDonough, Alumni Secretary of the University of Denver, son of Charles R. McDonough. The letter follows:



Sergt. Charles G. Avery
Company K

On Board Steam Ship China
Manila Bay
Phillipine Islands
July 26, 1898.

How are you Old Man

During a spare time that has now presented itself will attempt to drop you a few lines. Probably you are aware that the 2nd Expedition left the Bay of San Francisco, Calif. on July 15, '98. The expedition consisting of the Flag Ship "*China*," *Zelandia*, *Colon* & *Senator*. the Flag Ship had for its passengers the 1st Reg Colo Vol. Two companies of 18 U.S. A. 1 Detachment of Utah Battery Vol. and Engineer Corps from N.Y. and Chinese crew, total of 1500 souls on Board.

Our journey across the calm Pacific was not marred by any displeasure. Our dailey routine was as follows—1st call at 6 a.m., drill until 6.30 Breakfast at 7. Company drill at 9. Dinner at 12 to 1. . . retreat drill at 7 P.M. so on day after day.

On the 23, we arrived at Honolulu and was invited on shore by the President of the Islands, the Regiment marched through the streets in Column for about 3 miles to a Bathing resort called Long Island Beach. they enjoyed surf Bathing.



Top: Flag Ship *China* With Escorts
Leaving San Francisco Bay

Bottom: Company K, 1st Reg. Colorado Vol. Inf.
William A. Cornell, Captain

On our way back was invited to partake of a lunch served by the Ladies of the City in the Capitol grounds formerly the palace of the Queen. I tell you we did it Justice after living on Salt meat and rations served by the army such things as fine roast beef, Pies, cakes all kinds of Fruit soda water & cigars. Regiment returned to ship and there received order to fall in with arms. the first foreign body to parade the streets of City of Honolulu with arms.



Harper's Weekly

Gen. Greene Raises Stars and Stripes
Over Wake Island

You can guess what a noise 1200 voices would make when the Stars and Stripes were floated in our honor. I intended to state that I had the pleasure to meet Miss Alma Cruzen of the Franklin High school of the class of '91 or '92 and also Prof. Knapp's sister they are teaching in Honolulu.

We bid adieu to the fair City of the Pacific and traveled upon our course about 250 miles per day and continuing the daily routine not stopping for anything.

On the Sabbath Day our Chaplin holds services on the Deck from 10.30 to 12, while below in the Hold where our bunks are situated, boys are playing Poker, or other games for money.

On July 4, '98 sighted a Island to the starboard known as Wakes Island. Long 166.30 Lt 19-15. there we heave too Gen. Green Col. Hale and a few others planted the American flag first time that any one had put boat ashore for 7 years out of the way of general course of the Steam ships. After their return the following was our bill of Fare: Prime Ribb of Beef au Jus, stewed corn, boiled potatoes, Rice pudding cream sauce, Home made Bread, Peach cobbler, lemon sauce. Mocha and Java coffee Windsor farm cream, Lemonade ala Oceanic

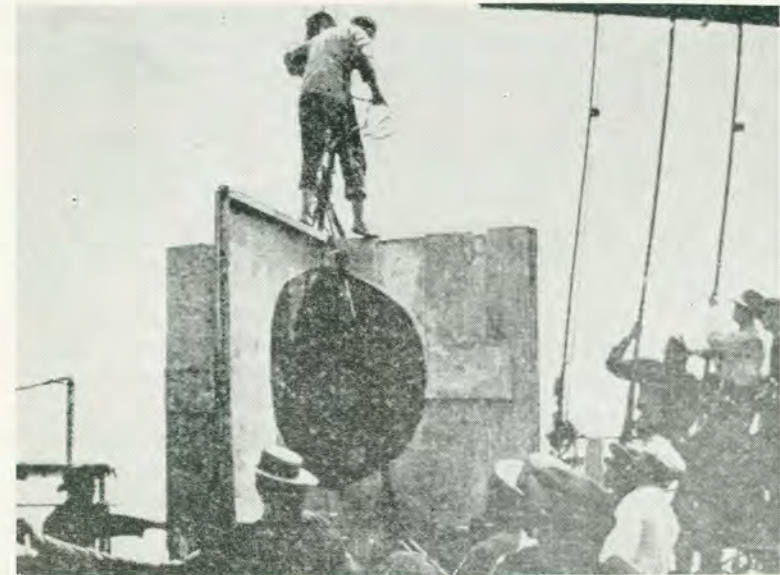
cigar Pipes & cigarettes Hotel De China. July 4, 1898, Co. K 1st Reg Colo Vol. and at 3 P.M. commenced the general exercises for the day:

America—by all
 Prayer
 Carnations—Glee Club
 Declaration of Independence—Chaplin Fleming
 Yankee Doodle)—Band and Glee Club
 Yankee Dewey)
 Address—General Greene
 Battle Hymn of Republic—Lieut. Brooks and Glee Club
 Address—Col. Hale
 Hail Columbia—Band
 Oration—Col. Jewett
 Benediction—1 Solo by P I Gatman
 Star Spangled Banner

During all this time there lay sick in the Hospital Room one of the Band Boys who had not been expected to live from day to day so by the morning Walter W. Wise of the Band passed out of this world, funeral Services at 9.30 buried at Sea, usual Military honors given, over at 10.15 and On the 6th began our 4 of July celebration the Col. wanted us to try our Rifles also the guns of the Battery, so we had noise and smoke of Battle, one day was not enough but for 3 days had to smell powder and waste ammunition for his pleasure.

On July 11 sighted Guam Island largest of L adrones [Mariannas] in Spanish possession July 16 sight Phillipine group about 8 a.m. At 10.30 sighted Battleship Boston reed Ensign on board. Now we have traveled from S.F. to entrance of Manilla Bay 4 ships with about 4500 on Board without an Escort in time of war, something you probably did not think of. On July 18 the Regiment landed on the shore to prepare to take Manilla.

In the Bay where the ship is now anchored I can see the damage done by the fleet of Admiral Dewey, 11 battleships sunk how many killed or wounded no one knows, but on the other side not a man lost. You have read full particulars also seen photos and by looking upon the map can tell about where we are. It is seven miles from Cavité to Manilla. Dewey commands the harbor allowing no vessel to come or go without his permission and at 8 o'clock lights are all out and from that time until early morning you can see the flash and searchlight in all parts of the bay, and little tugs darting around with their little lights, reminds you of the firebug.



Harper's Weekly
 Hoisting Target Overboard from S.S. China

All the rest of the boats great and small are at a stand still.

In the early morning you will see all kinds of boats of the natives pulling out from shore with their stock of fruit & cigars and cigarettes going from ship to ship, and hover about waiting for some one to call them, and after a bargain is made you will see a bucket dropped over the side on a rope great or small, and in the bottom is your piece of money and after some what of a mixed conversation of Mexican, American & Phillipine language you will get your cigarettes, cigar or fruit, eggs or chickens. And those who were fortunate to have money lived rather high. A \$5 American gold (piece) will buy \$11.00 Mexican. One can get drunk on native gin from rice with much less than a dollar.

I am on the China with the Q.M. Dept. While the Regiment landed on the 18th, yesterday was the first time I had been off the ship since left Honolulu. How queer it was to walk upon land. Could not sleep without the rocking motion which I had been used to for 40 days and 40 nights. This is the winter months here, raining every day. Not at times but all day long so far the nights have been cool. Will write you again after being settled. do not know how soon we will take Manilla.

Kindness of regards to your wife and remember me to your father & brother. Would be pleased to hear from you at any time if you have time to write. I remain ever your friend

Chas. G. Avery

Address: Chas. G. Avery

Q M. Serg. Co "K" 1st Reg. Inftry Colo. Vol

Military Station No. 1 Philipine Islands

P.S. If you see any of the Boys tell them that I am well and enjoying myself.

C.G.A.

Kindly preserve these few sheets as I might want to look over them in case I loose my Memorandum Book when I return. C.G.A.

(Note: After the Philippine Campaign, Sergeant Avery returned to Denver. Later he went to Chicago where he became quite successful in the glove business.—*Editor.*)

* * * *

A REPORT FROM HAWAII

Leslie's Weekly of August 4, 1898 said:

Honolulu Was Theirs!

The City given up to the American Soldiers—Banquets and entertainments and no charge for anything.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

San Francisco, July 15th, 1898.—Nothing could have been more cordial than the greeting extended by Hawaii to the American transports. Three of the expeditions have thus far arrived. The islands are more American than America itself, which is the fashion of the colonies. . . The first fleet of transports, convoyed by the *Charleston*, arrived after a quick and prosperous voyage. All of the men in the second expedition except four were in good health, the one man who had died having been buried at sea. The fresh-water volunteers were amazed at the sight of a whale. . .

Upon the arrival of the Colorado troops the entire regiment was marched through Honolulu and four miles beyond, to the beach at Waikiki. There the men were given a swim. There never was such a bathing party on this famous beach as when the thousand heads from Colorado were bobbing in the surf. The bathing-suits of the place having proved utterly unable to meet the demand, the men bathed in their under-clothing, or anything else that was convenient. After the dip the men were marched into the city again. They were reviewed by President Dole and then sat down to a banquet.

This was no sandwich and coffee repast. The men had cold chicken and all sorts of meats and vegetables. There were free fountains of sodawater, and after the banquet the men lay on the grass under the trees and listened to the music of the celebrated Hawaiian National Band. The next day the rest of the transports arrived, and the entire body of 3,500 men were fed all at once. There was no second table for these men, and it is stated on reliable authority there was not a live chicken left in Honolulu. Native Hawaiians as well as Americans took part in the entertainment, and it is said that many of the soldiers left their hearts in Hawaii.

—Mabel Clare Craft.

* * * *

HOW WE TOOK WAKE ISLAND

John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of *Harper's Weekly*, who was on board the S.S. *China* with the Colorado Volunteers, wrote from Manila Harbor on July 17 as follows:

On the deck beneath the awning
I dozing lay and yawning;
It was the gray of dawning
Ere yet the sun arose

It was so hot below that the mattress burned, and we shouldered our bedding and went on deck, where side by side, we lay, covering the deck like mounds in a graveyard and watched the lazy swell of the polished sea as the sun came up through muslin puffs of clouds. Slowly the days dragged out their dull monotony. Even drills and sanitary inspections became monotonous in the longrun, and yet how many interesting things there are on board!

. . . The Fourth of July brought a change, and with the peep of dawn we, nearest of all Americans to the 190th degree of longitude, had the honor, in all probability, of beginning the celebration. Where they came from I do not know, but a few firecrackers were fired before the officer of the day put an end to this innocent but dangerous amusement.

Down on the horizon a long white line pops up, and the shouts of "Land! Land!!" break our ship-weary hearts.

"Wake Island, a coral atoll 19° 11' north, by 166° 33' east," shouts down the captain from the bridge. As we draw near, two open boats are lowered, and General Greene celebrates the Fourth in earnest by raising the American flag on the island. A dreary sun-beaten spot we find it, glistening with white coral and shells, and covered with a sickly growth of low shrubs. This barren waste stretches along for twenty miles. An oblong lagoon, cut from the sea by shallow reefs,

over which the waves constantly break, eats its way into the heart of the island. Perhaps this heretofore unclaimed island may some day be used as a telegraph post, or even a coaling station. It lies well on the way to Manila, and therefore has been visited only by a few exploring expeditions and unfortunate castaways. Leaving the stars and stripes to be torn to pieces by indignant gulls, who in flocks fearlessly swept down upon us and pecked at our hats, we returned to the *China*.

We are off again, and as the island gradually fades from sight we examine the queer fish of variegated colors and the six-foot shark the soldiers caught from the ship's side while they waited. Then we turn in to our holiday dinner, and in the afternoon we assemble, and General Greene tells us the soldier's duty in the great and new enterprise into which the United States is entering for the first time—"discipline and obedience, without which an army is only a mob rushing to its own destruction."

On the 5th of July our merry party was saddened by the first and only death on the *China*. A Spanish gunboat loose about somewhere in the Pacific was seen by the captain of the *Belgie*, and reported to us at Honolulu. Then it did not seem serious to us, but now that we approach the region of supposed danger, every one begins to feel uneasy. General Greene decides that we need some practice in self-defense. We tie our field-pieces to the deck, and Captain Grant at the head of the Utah battery, the best trained volunteer troops on board, goes at it. The shells pound the water about the little floating target at a three-mile range down to fifteen hundred yards. Nearly every shot goes near enough to hit the side of a gunboat, if the target were one. Next in turn come the infantry, and as the good ship *China* turns and twists to give everybody a chance, the cracking of rifle-fire runs fore and aft. It was a good day's work, though somewhat noisy; and considering the bob of the ship, the marksmanship was excellent. At last, with the long shrill whistle of the *China*, the firing stopped.

Some of the interesting things on board are the schools where one may learn the art of soldiery. Among the engineers one learns how to draw a map, but principally about United States tactics. A study of the latter under the tutorship of an experienced officer in regular service leads one to remember the remark of a veteran Irish captain, who, when asked by his colonel some catch question out of the "tactics," remarked, "Sir, I am neither a monkey or a poll-parrot, but

when me leg is in the saddle me brain is pregnant with ideas."

Our tactics have nothing to do with the actual experience of modern warfare, but remain unchanged, regardless of the fact that all the great powers of Europe change their tactics as the experiments of their officers develop the theory of war. So it happens that our soldiers will go into a fight with the same battle formation as that of Persia.

At Guam Island we expected to meet one of the American gunboats sent out to join us. The absence of our expected convoy caused uneasiness, which finally ended about midnight in a scare. Like the rush of water through an open lock the rumor spread through the ship that a Spanish gunboat was sighted off our starboard bow. I rushed up the companionway, and as I passed between the decks a tall lanky volunteer stuck his head through a door and called out in a hoarse whisper, "Cheese it, we're pinched!" Could it be that I was not on the Pacific, but really on the Bowery? However, we met no Spanish gunboat, and steamed safely and jubilantly into the Bay of Manila and up alongside of our brave little fleet at Cavité. The tars gave us a roaring cheer, which we answered with a will, and a few of us who did not wear uniforms jumped into boats and put for the shore.

Cavité seemed to us a paradise indeed, with its great shade trees, its quaint buildings, and the very little natives, with very little clothing, who crowded curiously about. It would take about five able-bodied Filipinos to make one Jimmy Green, of Troy, New York; and yet the quartermaster assures me that five of these thin dwarfs will do as much work as twenty-five of our brawny soldiers. From what I have seen of them, I should say that the native, when he does work, keeps at it with remarkable persistence.

There are many South Sea bubbles, in the shape of imaginary evils that have been told about this place, that need exploding. Mothers at home need not fear for the health of their sons, for the weather is not unbearably hot, and the health of the first expedition is excellent so far. . .

Harper's Weekly, Sept. 18, 1898.

FIRST TO RAISE UNITED STATES FLAG OVER MANILA

The Colorado Volunteers played a leading role in the Philippines during the Spanish-American War and it was a Colorado officer who raised the first United States flag over Manila. The First Colorado Infantry, United States Volunteers, was the regiment selected to lead the advance in the attack on Manila, for Colonel Irving Hale's guiding genius,

persistence, energy, and military ability brought the regiment to the high state of efficiency which caused its selection for this high honor.

In giving details of the events of the day Fort San Antonio de Abad was captured, General Hale, on September 24, 1898, wrote to his wife in Denver: "The exact circumstances were as follows. Before we left our trenches General Greene handed a flag to Brooks (Lieutenant Alexander McDonald Brooks) and told him to raise it in place of the Spanish flag on Fort San Antonio de Abad as soon as we captured it. When I ordered I Company around the flank of Spanish works just before we made the final rush, Brooks asked me to let him go with them, as he thought they would be first into the works, and I told him to go ahead. As they rushed in behind the parapet between Fort and beach, Brooks ran ahead and into the rear entrance of the stone fort—the first man in—while Captain Grove of I Company who was with him, climbed over a shed onto the outer wall of the fort. Brooks glanced hastily into the interior rooms as he passed them to make sure there were no Spaniards lurking there, and while he was doing this and just before he reached the flag Lister, who had followed him in, began pulling down the flag while Brooks unrolled his flag to raise. Then McCoy came up and helped Lister pull down the flag, when Brooks tied his to the rope and raised it."—Gen. W. C. Brown, "The Raising of the Stars and Stripes Over Manila, August 13, 1898," in *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. IX, No. 2 (March, 1932), 57-58.

In Denver today, (1962) the John S. Stewart Post No. 1, holds regular monthly meetings at its headquarters, W. Ninth Ave. and Speer Boulevard. There Spanish-American War veterans have arranged many mementoes of the days they spent in the Philippines in 1898. The post is named for the only Colorado officer lost in action there.

Pioneer Doctor—F. J. Bancroft—

By CAROLINE BANCROFT*

A familiar figure of early Denver was a large Jovian man with a black curly beard, standing six-feet-four in his stocking feet and weighing close to three hundred pounds. This was Doctor Frederick Jones Bancroft.

The doctor was most often seen driving a specially-built buggy with springs twice as strong on his side as on the other. Beside him on the seat sat an Irish setter, Jack, the dog who was his constant companion and who was to have several successors also named Jack.

Doctor Bancroft had come to Denver by stagecoach June 1, 1866. His arrival was described by Doctor Henry W. Allen of Boulder in a paper written for *Colorado Medicine* in 1906. Doctor Allen said:

I was stopping at the old Planters House. In the morning when the Overland Stage came in from Omaha, a very striking character alighted from the coach. He was a large, heavy set man, wearing a linen duster and low plug hat, which were begrimed and covered with dust, so that it would keep one guessing to tell the nationality of the newcomer. This was Doctor F. J. Bancroft as he was first seen in Denver. He accompanied me that afternoon to the courtroom to hear the evidence in that case. [Doctor Allen was a witness for the people in a poisoning trial.]

Ever afterward until Doctor Bancroft retired from professional life we were friends. If he had an interesting case, he would invite me to Denver to see and assist in any operation that might be required. Do not forget that a trip to Denver meant a horseback ride of fifty miles, with about an even chance of losing your scalp.

By September 29, of that year, the *Rocky Mountain News* (undoubtedly from the personal pen of William N. Byers, another close friend) was saying: "The biggest doctor in the territory of Colorado . . . weighs two hundred and seventy-seven lbs. and a half avoirdupois at this writing, and the good living and genial society he finds in Colorado are fast increasing his ponderosity. He is just as good a fellow as he is big, and the initials of his name are Doctor Bancroft. . ."

During that summer of 1866, beginning on June 7, the doctor's business card was carried regularly on the front page

* Caroline Bancroft, a third generation Coloradoan, and long a member of the State Historical Society of Colorado, of which her grandfather was the first president, has been writing history since 1928. She is the author of innumerable articles on her native state and of an interesting series of Bancroft Booklets which include many phases of Colorado's exciting and glamorous history. Her books include *Colorful Colorado* and *Gulch of Gold*. Inspiration for writing western history Miss Bancroft states, stems from her grandfather, Dr. F. J. Bancroft, whose interesting biography she presents here.—*Editor*.



Dr. F. J. Bancroft and Jack

of the *Rocky Mountain News*. It read: "Doctor F. J. Bancroft, late surgeon third Pennsylvania artillery and Post Surgeon at Fortress Monroe, Va. offers his services to the public at large. He may be found at all hours at his office, when not professionally engaged, on Larimer Street, three doors below the New York Store."

Doctor Bancroft was thirty-two years old at the time. He had been born at Enfield, Connecticut, and educated at the Westfield (Massachusetts) Academy and the Charlotteville (New York) Seminary. Later he studied medicine at the University of Buffalo from which he graduated in 1861, having

earned his own way through school and college by teaching. He first began practicing at Blakeley, Pennsylvania, a coal mining town, but soon gave that up to enlist in the Civil War.

Early historians devote a great deal of space to his ensuing distinguished war record.¹ But except for Civil War buffs these accomplishments are not of great interest to us today, except for one human interest item. Frank Hall says:

"While at Fortress Monroe the captive president of the Southern Confederacy (Jefferson Davis - C. B.) was brought there. The fallen chieftain being in ill health objected to being treated by Doctor Bancroft for the sole reason that he was a native of Connecticut and a Republican. Therefore another less objectionable practitioner was detailed to attend his Royal Highness. However, at a later time he consented to allow Bancroft to prescribe for him."²

Family tradition says that it was Doctor Bancroft's obvious knowledgeability plus his kind heart that won Jefferson Davis

¹ *History of Denver, Colorado*, O. L. Baskin, 1880, p. 328; *Denver and Vicinity*, Chapman Co., 1898, p. 142; and Frank N. Hall, *History of Colorado*, 1895, Vol. IV, p. 367, etc.

² Hall, *History of Colorado*, Vol. III, p. 381.

over. Apparently the other doctor was somewhat on the crude side, and Davis preferred to trust the more educated man even if he was a "damn Yankee."

After the Civil War, Doctor Bancroft returned to the halls of ivy for advanced courses in medicine. This time, he chose the University of Pennsylvania and again supported himself by teaching. When the academic season of 1865-66, was ended, he headed for Denver, having taken to heart the contemporary advice, made popular by Horace Greeley, "Go West, young man!"

He entered into the life of the then wild freighting camp with enthusiasm. Doctor Bancroft began to build and to organize, but always with a joke for accompaniment. And actually he accomplished a prodigious amount.

A list of his major achievements includes the following: He was an organizer, charter member and president in 1868, of the Denver Medical Society that died of dissent; an organizer, charter member and president in 1876, of the Denver Medical Society that survives to this day. He was president of the Colorado Medical Society in 1881. For several years in the 1860's he was surgeon of the Ben Holladay and Wells Fargo Stage Lines and later of the railways that superseded them—the Denver Pacific, the Kansas Pacific, and the Denver and Rio Grande. For the last named he was chief surgeon from 1871 until 1887. An article, "Railway Medical Service" in the *American Railway Journal* summed up his services (in the oddest grammar) thus:

"The chief surgeon, Doctor F. J. Bancroft, by whose zeal and executive ability, the medical service of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad is, in my judgment, the most efficient in the United States."

In the 1890's he was chief surgeon for the Rio Grande Western, Union Pacific, Denver and Gulf, and the Denver, Leadville and Gunnison Railways (more familiar to us by its first name, Denver, South Park and Pacific).

He was a member of the American Medical Association; a vice-president of the National Association of Railway Surgeons; examining surgeon of pensions from June, 1868 to 1885; city physician of Denver, 1872-77, and again for the year, 1878-79; and first president of the State Board of Health, serving for two years in that capacity, 1876-78, and as secretary for another year, 1879. He was a member and one of the organizers of the faculty of the Medical College of the University



Dr. F. J. Bancroft and Family
His office and residence were at No. 348 Sixteenth St.
(At the southwest corner of Sixteenth and Stout)

of Denver and held the chair of clinical surgery, fractures and dislocations from the beginning of the college in 1881 to the turn of the century. He was made referee and examiner in Colorado for many of the large life insurance companies, fulfilling these jobs along with his other extensive duties.

Doctor Bancroft was a founder and a member of both the Board of Managers and surgical staff of Saint Luke's Hospital for many years. It was in connection with this work that he homesteaded a square mile southwest of Denver on the Morrison Road where he established Lambert's Dairy, and later added some acreage on the north side of the road. Many of the patients of Saint Luke's Hospital were dying of typhoid and diphtheria although they had entered the hospital with other ailments. Doctor Bancroft felt that impure milk might be the cause. He imported purebred milch cows and endeavored to run an entirely sanitary operation to provide milk for the hospital.

He also felt that Colorado's salubrious climate was of benefit in the treatment of tuberculosis and asthma and that hygiene was a primary factor in the treatment of disease. Doctor Bancroft wrote many articles on both subjects. These were published in Eastern and medical journals. It was jokingly said that the rapid increase in Colorado's population was due more to his eulogies than to any effort of the Board of Trade (of which he was also a member). He erected the first medical office building in 1879, on the site of the original Bancroft residence at Sixteenth and Stout Streets, southwest corner, which was called the Bancroft Block.

He loved the whole land and spirit of Colorado. Besides the Bancroft Farm of some six hundred and sixty acres,³ he homesteaded or acquired other properties. Notable among these were forty acres in Bear Creek Valley which held Water Right No. 1 on the creek, and some two thousand acres running east from the town of Evergreen. Here, adjoining the property of the Mission of the Transfiguration, was the Bancroft summer home where hospitality was dispensed continuously. Among many distinguished houseguests was Charles Partridge Adams who in 1897, painted a water color of the house and setting as a gift to his hosts.⁴

The Evergreen acreage also contained two working ranches and gave the doctor ample opportunity to indulge in his fav-

³ The Bancroft Elementary School stands on an acre of ground that Doctor Bancroft donated to the Jefferson County School District.

⁴ This painting now hangs in the library of the author.

orite sport of fishing. In connection with his love of the outdoors, he contributed several articles on ornithology and kindred subjects to the magazine, *Field and Stream*.

His interests were varied and wide. In the 1860's he was very active in the organization of a Grand Army of the Republic post and was made the first commander. Soon afterwards General John A. Logan appointed him provisional department commander of Colorado and Wyoming, he being the first to occupy that position.

In 1879 he was a founder of the State Historical and Natural History Society of Colorado and was elected the first president, serving in that capacity for seventeen years. This office was a natural outgrowth of his presidency of the Denver Sportsmen's Club which had imported quail into Colorado and had been active in promoting game laws.⁵

Doctor Bancroft was president of the Agricultural Ditch Company from 1875 to 1887 and again in 1897 and 1898. From 1872 to 1876 he was president of the East Denver Board of Education. He was a member of the board of trustees of Wolfe Hall (an Episcopal school for girls) and of Jarvis Hall (an Episcopal school for boys named for his father-in-law). He was a member of the Episcopal Standing Committee for Colorado in 1878 and 1879. And always he was an ardent Republican taking part in politics at the precinct level. He was also on the board of trustees of the Cattle Growers Association and the Denver Savings Bank.

Most of these offices have been forgotten. But the laughter he invoked lives on. The late Doctor J. N. Hall in his book *Tales of Pioneer Practice*, published in 1937, tells several anecdotes of Doctor Bancroft which are worth repeating:

Doctor Jesse Hawes of Greeley (father of Mrs. J. W. Ames) and Doctor Bancroft of Denver were cronies. . . As an old cavalry man, Hawes made his country trips entirely on horseback, but used a light buggy for town work.

Whenever he called Bancroft in consultation he would meet him at the Union Pacific Station with his buggy, but the springs were invariably broken when Bancroft was comfortably seated.

Getting pretty tired of this, Hawes met him on one occasion with a hay wagon and four horses. There was a ladder for the ponderous surgeon from Denver to climb and the pair drove through the village street seated on a bale of hay, laughing like schoolboys, to the utter amazement of the citizens.

⁵ At the annual meeting of the Society on December 13, 1927, the membership of the Society decided to discontinue natural history work and confine itself to history, including archeology and ethnology; and the legislature passed a statute to this effect and to change the Society's name to The State Historical Society of Colorado.—*The Colorado Magazine* Vol. IV, No. 5 (December, 1927), 202.

Or the one about the appetites of Doctor Bancroft and Doctor Edmund C. Rivers:

Both were noted gourmets and also, to the mortification of some of the early hostesses, gourmands. Doctor Hawes said that neither one ever began a duck dinner without a whole mallard duck on the plate of each.

Shortly after the opening of the Brown Palace Hotel, Doctor Rivers asked Doctor Bancroft if he wouldn't enjoy sampling the new cuisine with him. Doctor Bancroft accepted. They began very happily. Doctor Rivers had ordered two dozen oysters each as an appetizer. But when the main course arrived, Doctor Bancroft looked very mournful and said, eyeing his host's choice:



Dr. F. J. Bancroft

"You know, Ed, a turkey is such an awkward bird—a little too much for one and not enough for two." [Dr. Rivers obliged and ordered a supplementary chicken.]

Then there's the story of Doctor Bancroft's being called on an emergency case way out on the prairie of the old Smoky Hill Route. The Kansas Pacific was very proud of what was considered as its crack flier. This train only stopped at the necessary watering tanks or at real towns.

But Doctor Bancroft flagged it down outside the ranch house where he had tended his case. After the screeching of brakes and banging of couplings had brought the train to a stop, Doctor Bancroft heaved on with his black medicinal bag.

He was pounced upon simultaneously by two irate men—the brakeman and the conductor.

“What do you mean flagging this train down? What’s the emergency?”

“No emergency,” drawled Doctor Bancroft. “I just want to get back to Denver in time for supper.”

“That’s against the rules,” almost screamed the trainmen.

“Well, I read those rules,” Doctor Bancroft replied, “And it said this train could be flagged in case of emergency or for a large party. Don’t you think I’m a large party?”

The trainmen had to laugh—and Doctor Bancroft got his ride!

As can be seen from these stories Doctor Bancroft’s great gift to the pioneer days was his jollity. Warmhearted and friendly, he even joked with the famous warlike Ute, Chief Colorow. And Colorow would retaliate in kind. Each played practical jokes on the other!

That Colorow enjoyed this tomfoolery is testified to by his gift of a beautiful woven blanket for the doctor’s wedding on June 20, 1871, to Mary Caroline Jarvis of Brooklyn, New York. This blanket may now be seen in the Indian collection of the Denver Art Museum. Also when Colorow died, he left his bow and arrow to the doctor. That gift is now on view at the Montrose branch of the Colorado Historical Museum.

Doctor Bancroft’s name is also commemorated in Colorado history by U.S. Geological Survey maps which name a Continental Divide peak over 13,000 feet in altitude, just south of James Peak, Mount Bancroft. This mountain is plainly visible from Denver.⁶ The Bancroft Fire Department is also named for him.

But none of these relics and reminders bring back the real quality of Doctor Bancroft—his kindliness, his size, his drawl, and his humor. His very real abilities were hidden beneath this comic mask.

As he grew older, his health was affected by diabetes. Impaired by this disease, in the late 1890’s, he withdrew somewhat from his many activities. After the death of his wife in 1899, the doctor drew back even more from the swirl of the beginning 20th Century. Although he had accumulated considerable wealth, mostly from investments in real estate, he

had sixty thousand dollars of uncollected bills in his account books when his estate was settled. And no one knows how many poverty-stricken patients he attended without ever making a note!

He died on January 16, 1903, at San Diego, California, where he had gone in search of a milder climate for the winter. His body was returned to Denver, and he was buried in Fairmount Cemetery. He was survived by three children—Mary McLean Bancroft, George Jarvis Bancroft, and Frederic Wolcott Bancroft. Only the latter, born in 1880, is still alive.

His personality was unique, and the pioneers understood and appreciated that personality fully. It was a public possession. So much so that a furniture store on Larimer Street, which used to have an enormous oversized ten-foot chair on the sidewalk as an advertisement, one morning tacked up the further sign: “Doctor Bancroft has just stepped out.”

This teasing sign could easily serve as a tombstone marker—so real was the love that the pioneers gave him and, with his great heart, so real was his response.

⁶ On various mountain finders in Denver, Mount Parry is designated, but the mountain which really is seen is Mount Bancroft standing in a direct line with Parry.—C.B.

Taming The Mean Ones

By REUBEN SQUIRE

To many persons riding bronchos is something done only at big rodeos, chiefly by professional riders, who follow the game from circuit to circuit.

Riding bronchos, however, has always been part of the day's work in every cattle ranching area, especially where roundups were held. And, as the result of the display of skill in handling the mean ones, competition naturally developed, so that wherever there were cowboys, broncho busting became part of their "recreation." Some of the local boys went on to ride in the big shows, but mostly they remained on their home range and competed with their neighbors.

Reuben Squire, now of Lakewood, Colo., was born in Hayden Valley in 1892. He ranched and was a cowboy. He rode some good ponies in stake races, relay races, and cowhorse races in the Yampa Valley. And, because of his knowledge of horses and riders, he served as a judge in local bucking contests all over northwestern Colorado.

During the past two decades his hobby has been collecting photographs of, and information about the cowboys and the bronzes that he knew. He gets as excited over finding a new photograph for his collection as does a railway fan who gets wind of an Otto Mears pass. Following is a summary of Reuben Squire's data.

—Editor.

My mind wanders back through the years to about the turn of the century when northwestern Colo-

rado was strictly a cattle country (no woolies allowed). The cattlemen ruled supreme and they didn't stutter in the least when laying the law down to the sheepmen. They managed to hold the sheep on the far side of the State line for many, many years.

Cow ponies and cowboys were in demand, so I will give a run down on bronchos and broncho riders. The bronchos, besides being wild, were often ornery and vicious. Breaking them was hardly a fit job to wish off on a school boy. Every



Reuben Squire
in
Stake Race

now and then a top hand wound up being a corpse in trying to conquer a mean one.

I will name many of the old-time riders, also include some who rode in more recent years. I will start up in the Middle Park near the headwaters of the Colorado, then working west there were Simon Olson, Tom Seybert, Nigger Jim, Ralph Derby, Bob West, Bill Yust, Henry and Tommy Jackson, Bert Smith, Charlie Palmer, Lawrence Lee, Al Bobbitt, Carl and Ed Uncapher, Buzz Murgage, Marvin Laman, Bert Wells, and Harold Porter.

I will now leave the Colorado River at Burns and head over Sunnyside Divide to Toponas,—there were O. L. Grimsley, Emory Clark, and Ivan Decker. Now head down the Yampa River. There were Lawrence Marshall, George Bird, Jim Wilson, Texas Evans, Art Orr, Jesse Adams, Walter Laughlin, Lowell Wilson, Jim Fulton, George Eller, Fred Fairbanks, Shorty Menear, John Brenton, Otto Summers, Streeter and Small Rinehardt, Jim Leise, Lawrence and Ralph Wren, Jean Woolery, Stanley Larson, Phil Leckenby, and a group of good riders with a movie outfit at Steamboat Springs in 1919—Charlie Tipton, Harry McCormick, Babe Croversier, Babe Campbell, Bob Sewell, and Edgar Bobbitt.

Now out to Twenty-mile Park: John Bigtold, Walter Long, and Roy Coberly, also Marion Yoast, Walter Bennett, and Den Bradley of Williams Park and Williams Fork. Coming back to the Hayden Valley we have Kid Vaughn, George Wright, George Marshall, Jim Clark, Dick Ktichens, and Claude Stanley. Then on west were Stub Biggs, Jim Robinson, Elmer Mack, Leonard Vaughn, Tex Waters, Rube Failing, several of the Sweeney boys, Pat McNeerlin, Guy Brown, Jack Alford, and Bob Terrell. Going over to Snake River (along the State line) we find Bill Corbett, Clarence Decker, Herb Brink, Sall Pickett, and Clayton Danks (World's champion at Cheyenne in 1907). I will wind up with a character down near the Utah line known as Wild Horse Brown, a man that didn't go for the rodeo stuff, but would capture, ride, and break the wildest horses known.

Now for some of the noted bucking horses and owners, let's follow about the same route as in naming the riders: Sky Lark, owned by the Fields; Gray Eagle, Simon Olson; Spot, Stanley Bruno; Fox Squirrel, Charlie Yust; Bad Whiskey, Williams; Midnight, The Benton Livestock Company; Black Diamond, Al Coulter; King Mountain and Gravel Gertie, Hank Fox; Cork Screw, Lawrence Marshall; Hired Girl,



Edgar Bobbitt
on Canahejos
first money
Steamboat Spgs.



Top: Edgar Bobbitt on Canahejos, 1920
Bottom: Hickens on General Pershing, 1923

George Bird; Cactus Kate, Virgil Marshall; Blue Dog, Mart Pitts; Gray Eagle, Bruce Roup; Brown Joe, Charlie Whiteley; Ten High, Jim Wilson; Shimmy Shaker, Evart Wilson; Dynamite, George Crawford; General Pershing, Frank Squire; Skylark, Andy Squire; Duke, George Cook; Prohibition, Al Pag-

gett; Bullet, Dennis O'Connell; Pin Ears and Carrie Nation, Lou Long; Pat Crowe, The Cary outfit; Fox, Kid Vaughn; Baby Dan, Elmer Mack; Dan Patch, Elmer Hindman; Cuties, Billy Green; Wild Fire, Ralph Reeves; Rocky Horse, Sweeney Brothers; Tiger Tom, Tom Iles; Ace High, Jap Wyman; Joints, L. B. Walbridge; Sour Sal, Perry Spurlock; and Canahejos, a Wyoming horse. No one seems to know who owned the following horses: Nancy Hanks, Geronimo, Speck, Pluto Water, Satan, Perculator, Tango, and Gone Wrong.

Some of the most-talked of rides included Kid Vaughn on Fox, a classy ride as usual, at Steamboat Springs in 1899; and on July 4, 1903, Frank Pollard won first money at Meeker, riding Sour Sal. On Game and Fish Day, September 11, 1903, at Steamboat Springs, Pin Ears threw O. L. Grimsley, the crack rider. Marion Yoast surprised the natives by riding him in the finals to win first money and the championship belt. A few years later I saw a picture of O. L. Grimsley in a farm magazine. He was mounted on a black horse, with a belt hung over its neck. An article stated that he had been down to Buenos Aires in South America and had won the World's Championship belt along with \$3,000 in cash. He belittled our Western bronchos by stating that those South American horses could jump up in the air and whirl around three times before striking the ground.

In the summer of 1904, a group of crack riders met in Hayden and argued as to who would ride Pin Ears. After several hours of chewing the fat, Kid Vaughn said, "I will try him for the fun of it."

The show took place out back of E. Wagner's saddle shop. Kid made a spectacular ride as the horse bucked straight away for about a dozen jumps; such sunfishing was seldom seen. Then the horse took to spinning like a top and threw Kid. He said, "Bring him back. I'll try him again." He did, only to bite the dust once more. Trying to ride Pin Ears seemed to be the local boys' pastime. He threw Kid Vaughn, George Wright, and George Marshall, all during one forenoon. Luther Dennison of Meeker had a go round with Pin Ears in his home town on August 5, 1905, and from all reports he showed Pin Ears who ruled the roost. The following morning Frank Pollard tried his luck, but was thrown.

In August, 1905, at Railroad Day at Hot Sulphur Springs, Simon Olson, a top hand of Middle Park, had a go round with Pin Ears. He was thrown. On September 5, 1905, Luther Dennison rode the famous bucking Bull at Rocky Ford to win



TEX WATERS
ON "PLUTO WATER"
BY [unclear]

TOUGHY-WREN-ROUTT-COUNTY-PARK-III.



Top: Tex Waters Thrown By Pluto Water

Bottom: Tuffy Wren's Somersault

the \$100.00 offered for the feat. The bull had thrown seventy riders.

At Yampa, Colorado, in June, 1906, Frank Pollard had his second go round with Pin Ears. He just couldn't stay aboard, and landed a-running. Also, about 1906, we saw Emory Clark make an outstanding ride in Hayden on Pat Crowe. After about fifteen jumps the horse fell; they gave Emory the purse.

With the arrival of the railroad, things in Yampa in the fall of 1908, were booming. There were lots of strangers, and a town full of saloons. Pete Laphan got pretty well tanked up and allowed as how he could ride Pin Ears. When the horse was brought out, Pete didn't have any boots, so a young cowboy loaned him a pair, much too large. Pete mounted and as the horse was turned loose, managed to spur him in the shoulders once, then hooked the spurs in the cinch. About the third jump, Pete left for places unknown, leaving his boots in the stirrups. The boots qualified but Pete didn't. The old timers have been laughing about that ride for half a century.

On Railroad Day at Steamboat Springs, September 3, 1909, Bill Corbett on Dynamite, and Emory Clark on Carrie Nation, were good enough for first and second money.

About 1910, at Craig, Jim Robinson won first money riding a mouse colored horse named Dan Patch.

On Labor Day, 1910, at Oak Creek, John Brenton had a go round with Pin Ears. He made a good try, but couldn't stay aboard. He landed on his feet close behind the horse and gave him one more rap with the quirt for good measure. As Lou Long, the owner walked out to catch the horse, he extended his hand. Pin Ears, the outlaw, up with his forefoot and shook hands with him. Pin Ears was a smart horse and not the man-killer some folks have pictured him to have been. I've seen him in action many times, and never did he try to harm the rider who was bucked off.

Once more at Oak Creek on Labor Day, 1911, we saw a good show. A lot of top hands were there including several from Middle Park. Bert Smith of Kremmling won first money, \$100.00 in gold, by riding Brown Joe, a large horse, which seemed to have the power of a locomotive and the speed of a runaway freight train.

Jim Leise won first money at Steamboat Springs, the Fourth of July, 1913, by riding Bad Egg, a North Park horse. At Oak Creek that year on Labor Day, the horses were just too rough for the boys. If my memory is right Dick Wales

won first money, \$250.00, and pulled leather in doing so. Brown Joe was at his best. He didn't only buck the boys off, but seemed to drive them into the earth.

Al Bobbitt won the championship on Fox Squirrel at the Grand County Fair at Kremmling in 1915. When old enough to have been a Great-Granddaddy he was still showing the young punks how it was done. All bronchos looked the same to Bobbitt, even to Yellow Fever, the horse he rode at Cheyenne on a bet to win a sizable bankroll off Charlie Irwin and his top hands.

The outstanding ride at the Grand County Fair in 1916 was made on Speck by Charlie Palmers. It was good for first money. Pin Ears now being a horse of the past, a new horse known as General Pershing came upon the scene along about 1919, and was the highlight of many a celebration in the years that followed.

During the summer of 1919, at Steamboat Springs, we saw many a cowboy bite the dust from off the General, among them were several ex-Frontier Days champions from Cheyenne. They didn't seem to fare any better than the local boys.

At the Routt County Fair, 1919, we saw Toughy Wren's horse turn a somersault and land on its feet a-running, leaving Toughy in the dust. Toughy is right. He didn't loose as much as a nickel's worth of hide in the *turnover*.

Homer Roark won first; and Ivan Decker, second, at the Meeker Fair in 1920. First money for bad horse went to Ace High; second, to Funeral Wagon. There were some good rides made at the Routt County Fair during the late 'teens and early 1920s' by George Bird, Walter Bennett, Charlie Tipton, Stanley Larson, Jim Clark, Edgar Bobbitt, and Leonard Vaughn on horses mentioned before.

Edgar Bobbitt, a chip off the old block, made an outstanding ride on Canahejos to win first money at Steamboat Springs, July 4, 1920. Two weeks later he made a couple of good rides at Oak Creek to win first money. His ride on General Pershing was one of the outstanding rides of all time. After several jumps Pershing landed standing straight up on his hind feet, came within an ace of going over backward, and from there on used the antics of a kangaroo, never putting his forefeet to the ground. He would go in the air like a skyrocket, always land on his hind feet, then double up like a jackknife, with a terrific come back. Just how that young cowboy ever stayed aboard, I'll never know.

Lawrence Marshall took first money at Yampa, July, 1920, riding Shimmy Shaker.

Twenty-four men rode buckers at Grand Junction on Memorial Day, 1921, with Bob Sewell winning first money. George Bird was a split on second. Bobbitt disqualified in the finals. Also in 1921, at Mt. Harris there was a good show. Clarence Decker took first for riding Pershing. He rode barely long enough for the gun. George Bird was second, riding Geronimo, a showy bucker, but not in Pershing's class. Pershing threw five men during the celebration. He was by far the best. Helgesen was on hand and took some wonderful pictures.

In 1922—July Fourth—at Steamboat Springs, George Bird won first money; Toughy Wren, second. Quite often Pershing wasn't entered in the main event as the average rider had no desire to draw him. They were most certain to get their rodeo shirt soiled. Streeter Rinehardt rode Pershing for a purse, to be split 80-20. He failed to ride him Cheyenne rules, so the judges awarded the horse 80 and the rider, 20. Sam Scoville was at Steamboat, thinking he could pick up some easy money. He bet \$100.00 that he could ride General Pershing, but he failed to get the job done, so lost his \$100.00 and part of his reputation. He deserved credit though for making a good try. It had been many, many moons since he had ridden Old Steamboat. A man can't stay tops forever.

On July Fourth, 1923, at Meeker, Pat Sweeney won first money; Frank Warren, second. The same month in Yampa, Lawrence Lee made a typical Kid Vaughn ride to win first money. Buzz Mugrage made a spectacular ride on a bull. I never knew a bull could jump so high. Lee was good enough to go to Monte Vista where he walked off with first money at the Ski-High Stampede. At the Routt County Fair in 1923, Gus Croft won first money. Cuties was awarded bad horse money.

Lyle Dunham took first money at Yampa in 1924. The next year at the same place, Fred Fairbanks won first money riding Sky Lark. He threw caution to the wind, making a real Casey Tibbs ride. Bert Wells of Burns won second.

About the mid-1920's we saw Fred Fairbanks have a go round with Pershing at Oak Creek. He was out to ride him and it looked as though he was going to get the job done. Then a stirrup strap broke and Fred took a nasty spill. If that piece of leather had been used in a trace of a harness, I doubt if there would have been as many as a dozen work horses in the



Helgesen

Top: Bill Corbett on Dynamite, 1909

Middle: Sweeney on General Pershing—temporarily, 1921

Bottom: George Bird on Prohibition, 1922

county with strength enough to have broken it. Just what kind of a whip-popper comeback did the old General have, to drive a man's foot into a stirrup with such force? Just ask any of the men who tried to ride him. They could best answer the question.

On the Fourth of July at Steamboat Springs, 1924, Toughy Wren took first; Stanley Larson, second. Tiger Tom was awarded bad horse money. With ten men drawing to see who would ride Pershing, George Bird was the lucky guy. He managed to ride him, too, which brought much applause from the large crowd.

A three-day celebration was held at Oak Creek in July, 1926. On the third day, Lester Smith rode Blue Dog to win first money, after the horse had thrown Lowell Wilson and Stanley Larson on the preceding days. Lester came back the year following to win another first money on Skylark.

Phil Leckenby took first money at the Routt County Fair in 1926. Pershing received the money for bad horse. Also in 1926, at the Moffat County Fair, Phil drew Pershing. It had been five years since the old General had sent him sprawling in the dust at Steamboat Springs. Phil managed to ride him this time. He and Stanley Larson, who rode Tiger Tom, split first and second money. Ace High ridden by Tex Waters was awarded bad horse money. I never learned just why Tex wasn't in the money.

At Meeker, July 4, 1927, Tex Waters won first money riding Pluto Water; Jim Dodo won second.

At Steamboat Springs, July, 1927, Phil Leckenby won first; Lester Smith, second. On July 4, 1928, Stanley Larson was first; Lester Smith, second; on July 5, Fred Fairbanks, first; Lester Smith, second. On July 4, 1930, Cecil Kennedy won first; Dave Campbell, second.

At Yampa, 1929, Frank Warren won first money. In 1933, we saw Harold Porter make a good ride on Gray Eagle, a good horse.

For the first day at the Routt County Fair, 1935, Chuck Williams won first money, riding Wild Fire, a real high jumper who was awarded bad horse money. On the second day, Don Watkin won first money riding Ten High, another good horse that was also awarded bad horse money.

Carl Uncapher won first money on the Fourth of July, 1944, at Steamboat Springs. At Ride and Tie Days, Craig, Colo., in September, 1947, Ed Uncapher won first money; Carl

Uncapher, second. Bob Terrell won first, riding Baby Dan at the Routt County Fair in 1947, and went on to Cheyenne the following year where he won the amateur bucking contest.

On July 4, 1950, at Steamboat Springs, Carl Uncapher took first; Ed Uncapher, second.

All the noted bucking horses I've mentioned have fallen by the wayside (long ago), and in checking over the riders, I find that nearly half have "gone West" over the Great Divide. So let us pause for a moment and bow our heads in silent prayer in memory of our departed Buddies, the men who seemed always willing to risk breaking a few bones in order that we, as spectators, might also enjoy the greatest thrill of the open range—broncho busting.

Let us be ever thankful for the privilege and pleasure of having lived in the wide open spaces, a far cry from the man-killing traffic jams of the present time.

L. R. VEEDENBURGH, Jr.,
Counselor at Law.

Montezuma, Colo. Aug. 12 1952.

The Town of Montezuma
To L. R. Veedenburg Jr. - D. 7
To Legal services in the matter
of the Incorporation of the town \$75.00
To preparing draughting & copying
ordinances & other services to date 60.00
\$135.00

Approved
Hugh R. Stebbins
Mayor

Law And Order Come To Montezuma

By VERNA SHARP*

Montezuma (10,200 alt.), lies in a beautiful little valley on the south fork of the Snake River in Summit County, Colorado. It is surrounded by rugged, forest-clad mountains which rise to heights of twelve and thirteen thousand feet. Collier Mountain is on the east; Teller and Glacier, on the south; Bear on the west; and Lenawee, on the north. Glacier Mountain, long a favorite with prospectors, sight-seers and mountain climbers, rises directly in front of the town to an altitude of 2,000 feet above the level of the valley. Sts. John Creek washes the southwestern base of Glacier Mountain. The south fork of the Snake River washes its northern base; and Deer Creek, its southeastern base.

In 1863, a prospector named Coley made prospecting trips through South Park, over Kenosha Pass, up the North Swan near Breckenridge, then over the pass at the head of Bear Creek to Glacier Mountain. There he made what is often referred to as the first discovery of silver in the Territory of Colorado. No one knew where Coley went, until returning from one of his trips, he showed silver ingots in Georgetown. He had smelted his ore in a crude furnace with a flue built from a hollow log cased with rocks and clay obtained from the lode for mortar.¹

While on a camping trip, with a number of others in 1865, D. C. Collier, senior editor of the *Central City Register* suggested the name of Montezuma for a town which they proposed building.

As the mines were developed the town began to grow. With a population of 743 on September 10, 1881, the town voted to incorporate.² Its first election, held in April, 1882,

* Mrs. Leland Sharp of Montezuma, a Life Member of the State Historical Society of Colorado, was born in Delta County. After graduation from Delta High School and Western State College, Gunnison, Mrs. Sharp taught a year at the Fairview School on Ohio Creek in Gunnison County. From 1931-33, she taught school in Montezuma, where she met and married Leland Sharp, a member of a pioneer mining family. She has been instrumental in preserving many valuable historical photographs and records. She devotes much volunteer time to the Dillon Library. She was author of "Montezuma and her Neighbors," in *The Colorado Magazine*, Volume XXXIII, No. 1 (January, 1956), 17-41.—*Editor*.

¹ *Montezuma Millrun*, June 24, 1882.

² According to the Notice of Incorporation issued by County Court Clerk George R. Guyselmann of Summit County on October 3, 1881, "...on Saturday, September 10, A.D. 1881, an election was held, according to law, in the town of Montezuma, ... for the purpose of ascertaining whether said town should be incorporated for municipal purposes, and that at said election there was cast, in all, one hundred and nineteen ballots; that out of said one hundred and nineteen ballots or votes, there was cast, for incorporation, 117 votes, against incorporation 2 votes."

resulted as follows: M. O. Wolf, Mayor; Hugh R. Steele,³ Stewart Poudre, Jonas Conwell, and George Fiedler, Trustees; and J. W. Swisher, Clerk and Recorder.



Hugh Riblison Steele
Trustee

How law and order came to this little mining town is shown in the "Minutes of the Meetings of the Board of Trustees," which have been copied verbatim from the original book.

Montezuma, Colorado
Summit County April 5, 1882

The members elect of the Board of Trustees met in Stone and Van Dykes Store on this the Fifth day of April A D 1882 at half past Seven O'Clock P.M. and They were duly qualified by L. R. Vredenburgh Jr a Notary Public. Mayor Maurice Wolf Then took the chair and the Clerk called the roll. The members of the Board as sworn in answered as present—

Mayor	Maurice Wolf
Trustee	Hugh R. Steele
"	Jonas Conwell
"	Stewart Poudre
"	George Fiedler
Clerk & Recorder	J. W. Swisher

On motion of Hugh R. Steele it was ordered, that the Clerk and Recorder be instructed to procure a book suitable for keeping a record of the proceedings of the Board.

On motion of J. W. Swisher, L. R. Vredenburgh was appointed Town Attorney.

On motion of Hugh R. Steele a Committee of two was appointed

³Hugh Riblison Steele, son of Robert W. Steele, governor of "Jefferson Territory," came to Cherry Creek in 1859. Owner of the Mt. Vernon and Mountain City toll road, Hugh R. Steele settled at Mt. Vernon in 1860. He moved his family to Empire in 1862. It was during his residence there that he, together with James Huff, and Robert Taylor discovered the Belmont lode in East Argentine, which they sold for \$100,000. In 1865, Steele returned to Iowa with his family for the purpose of educating his children. He returned to Colorado in 1867, and settled in Georgetown. He later moved to Cripple Creek, where [in the 1890's] he served as mayor and as private secretary to W. S. Stratton. He died in Denver, November 2, 1923.—*Georgetown Courier*, Nov. 10, 1923. I can find no record of the year Hugh R. Steele moved to Montezuma, but he was elected Mayor, the first Board of Trustees of the new town in 1882, and was elected Mayor, April 3, 1883. After serving one term as Mayor, he was appointed Police Magistrate, June 21, 1886. He was appointed to fill a vacancy on the town board, July 5, 1887, and was reelected to the board in April, 1888. He was never installed, and as there is no further mention of him in the town records, I assume he moved away.—V.S.

to draft Ordinances; and confer with and submit the same to the Town Attorney The Mayor appointed Hugh R. Steele and Stewart Poudre on Said Committee.

It was moved that a Committee of three be appointed to draft Rules and By-Laws for the government of the Board-Carried. J. W. Swisher Jonas Conwell and George Fiedler were appointed by the Mayor. It was moved that when we adjourn to meet a week from today at ½ past seven o'clock—carried—

Adjourned

James W. Swisher Clerk & Recorder

Montezuma, Colo.

April 12, 1882

The Board of Trustees met at their last place of meeting at half-past Seven O'Clock. PM—

Mayor Maurice Wolf in the Chair

All members answering to their names when the roll was called.

Minutes of the last Regular meeting read and approved.

Moved by Hugh R. Steele that the reports of the committees appointed at the last meeting be received—Carried.

J. W. Swisher for and on the part of the committee on Rules and By-Laws presented a report submitting Rules and By-Laws. On motion of Hugh R. Steele was received and the committee discharged.

Moved by George Fiedler that the By-Laws be read Section by Section, and when no objection is made the same be considered adopted—carried. On motion of Hugh R. Steele Section One was amended so as to read "on the second Saturday of each month.

Moved by Hugh R. Steele that the By-Laws as reported and amended be adopted—which motion was carried by the following named members of the Board, Voting Aye when their names were called by the Clerk Maurice Wolf Hugh R. Steele Stewart Poudre George Fiedler Jonas Conwell and J. W. Swisher—Thereby adopting the following Rules and By-Laws

Rules and By-Laws for the Government of the Board of Trustees of the Town of Montezuma

- 1 The Board of Trustees shall meet regularly on the Second Saturday of each month at half past Seven o'clock P.M. and at any other time they may in their discretion deem proper.
- 2 The Mayor or any two members of the Board may call special meetings of the Board upon giving one days notice in writing to the other members of the Board.
- 3 The Mayor having taken the Chair Roll shall be called and a quorum being present, the Journal of the preceding meeting shall be read to correct any mistakes that may have been made. A quorum shall consist of a majority of the members of the Board. The Mayor shall preserve order and decorum.
- 4 If no quorum is present at any meeting a minority may adjourn from day to day and compel the attendance of absent members by a fine not exceeding ten dollars for each and every offense.
- 5 The ayes and nays shall be called upon the passage of any ordinance or resolution affecting the interests of the Corporation.
- 6 The following shall be the order of business for the government of all regular meetings of the Board.



Montezuma, Colorado

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| 1st. Calling the roll | 6th. Reports of Special Committees |
| 2nd. Reading the Journal | 7th. Introduction of Ordinances |
| 3rd. Presentation of Petitions and Memorials | 8th. Unfinished business |
| 4th. Reports of Officers | 9th. New and Miscellaneous business |
| 5th. Reports of Standing Committees | |

- 7 All ordinances shall be recorded in the Journal.
- 8 All Committees shall be appointed by the Mayor unless otherwise directed by the Board.
- 9 The By-Laws may be altered or amended at any regular meeting of the Board—Provided that a notice has been given at any previous meeting.
- 10 The rules of parliamentary practice comprised in Cushings Manuel shall govern the Board in all cases in which they are applicable and not inconsistent with standing rules of the Board.
- 11 The following Standing Committees shall be appointed by the Mayor annually, at the regular meeting after the Election and Qualification of the Board. And each Committee shall consist of three members.

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| 1st. Committee on Finance | |
| 2nd. " " Streets Alley and Bridges | |
| 3rd. " " Ordinances | |
| 4th. " " License | |
| 5th. " " Public Buildings Health and Safety | |

Committee on Ordinances reported by Town Attorney L. R. Vredenburg Jr reading the ordinances drawn by him.

Moved by Jonas Conwell that the report be received—carried.

Moved that the ordinances be read separately and Section by Section and if no objection is made adopted—carried.

Moved that the following ordinances "concerning the Seal of Montezuma" be adopted—and—The following members voted Aye when their names were called by the Clerk—Maurice Wolf, Hugh R. Steele, Jonas Conwell, Stewart Poudre, George Fiedler, and J. W. Swisher—whereupon the following Ordinance was declared adopted—

An Ordinance concerning the Seal of Montezuma
Be it ordained by the Board of Trustees of the Town of Montezuma

That a Seal, the impression of which is as follows: In the center, the word "SEAL" and around the outer edge the words "Montezuma Summit County Colorado" shall be and is hereby established and declared to be the Seal of Montezuma.

Attest— Approved.

J. W. Swisher
Clerk & Recorder

April 12, 1882
Maurice Wolf
Mayor

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of an ordinance placed on file in my office concerning the Seal of Montezuma. Adopted April 12, 1882 by the Board of Trustees of Montezuma and approved by the Mayor April 12, 1882 and posted April 19, 1882.

James W. Swisher
Clerk & Recorder

The Committee on Ordinances made a further report and Town Attorney read an ordinance concerning Licenses and J. W. Swisher moved its adoption which motion was carried—The following named members voting Aye when their names were called Maurice Wolf Hugh R. Steele Stewart Poudre George Fiedler Jonas Conwell and J. W. Swisher



Town Hall, Montezuma
Built Before 1883

Whereupon the following Ordinance concerning Licenses was declared adopted.

“A Ordinance concerning Licenses and the issuance thereof”

Be it ordained by the Board of Trustees of the Town of Montezuma—

Sec 1 That all licenses shall be dated as of the day of application and shall be issued and signed by the Recorder under the Seal of Montezuma, pursuant to the order of the Board of Trustees upon the payment to him of the sum assessed therefor, together with the officers fees allowed for issuing the same, and no person shall be deemed to be licensed in any case until the issuance of the license in due form.

Sec. 2 That the Recorder shall keep a license register in which shall be entered the name of each and every person

licensed, pursuant to the ordinances of Montezuma. The date of the License, The purpose for which the License was granted, The amount paid therefor, The time the same will expire, and the place where the business shall be carried o.o.

Sec 3 That no license granted under any ordinance shall be assignable or transferable nor shall any such license authorize any person to do business, or act under it but the person named therein, nor in more than one house or place to be named therein; said place of business may be changed by the Board of Trustees upon the written application of the licensee, upon such licensee entering into new bond pursuant to this ordinance.⁴

Sec 4 All licenses that shall be issued under any ordinance of the Town of Montezuma shall be subject to the ordinances and regulations in force at the time of the issuing thereof or which may subsequently be established by the Board of Trustees; and if any person so licensed shall violate any of the provisions thereof, he shall be liable to be proceeded against for any penalty imposed thereby, and his license shall be subject to be revoked at the discretion of the Board of Trustees

Sec 5 The Board of Trustees is hereby authorized to grant licenses

⁴ Amended Nov. 15, 1883.

for the sale of spirituous, vinous, fermented, malt, mixed and intoxicating liquors for the unexpired part of the municipal year to any person who shall apply therefor in writing, upon such person paying therefor at the rate of Two Hundred Dollars per year and executing to Montezuma a bond with at least one surety to be approved by the Mayor or by a majority of the Board of Trustees, in the penal sum of Five Hundred Dollars conditioned that the party so licensed shall faithfully observe and keep all the ordinances heretofore passed and those that shall hereafter be passed during the period of such license—that he will keep an orderly house, and that he will not permit any unlawful gaming or riotous conduct in his house. On compliance with the foregoing requirements a license shall be issued to the applicant which shall authorize the person or persons therein named to sell, barter, give away and deliver Ales, Beers, Wines and Liquors whether vinous, ardent, malt or fermented in quantities less than one quart in the place designated in the application during the continuance of such license.⁵

Attest—

J. W. Swisher
Clerk & Recorder

Approved

April 12, 1882
Maurice Wolf
Mayor

The Committee on Ordinances reported as before an ordinance “concerning offenses in the nature of Misdemeanors”—

It was moved by Jonas Conwell that the ordinance as read be adopted whereupon the Clerk called the roll and following named members of the Board answered Aye when their names were called—Maurice Wolf Hugh R. Steele Stewart Poudre Jonas Conwell George Fiedler and J. W. Swisher. Whereupon the following ordinance was declared adopted.

“An Ordinance Concerning Offenses in the Nature of Misdemeanors”⁶

Be it ordained by the Board of Trustees of the Town of Montezuma

Sec 1 That if any person shall be intoxicated or disorderly in his conduct in any highway, street, thoroughfare or other public place within the limits of the Town of Montezuma, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be fined in a sum of not less than Five Dollars nor more than Twenty-Five Dollars, and the Marshall, any Constable and all Police officers of said Town of Montezuma are hereby authorized and empowered, and it is hereby made their duty to arrest or cause to be arrested with or without process, any person found violating the provisions of this section, and commit such to the jail or other safe place in said town, until sober, at which time or as soon thereafter as may be such person shall be taken before the Police Magistrate of said Town if any there be, otherwise before the nearest Justice of the Peace to be dealt with according to the law.

Sec 2 Any person who shall hereafter have or keep any tavern, grocery, ordinary victualing or other house or place within the Town of Montezuma, for the selling, giving away or in any manner dealing in any vinous, spirituous, ardent, intoxicating or fermented liquors in quantities less than one quart or who by himself his agent or servant shall give away or in any

⁵ Amended April 27, 1885.

⁶ Amended May 13, 1882.

manner deal in any spirituous, ardent or fermented liquors, less than one quart without first having obtained a license authorizing him so to do in the pursuance of the ordinances of the said Town, shall for each offense forfeit and pay to the Town of Montezuma a sum not less than Fifty Dollars nor more than One Hundred Dollars.

Provided that druggists or persons whose business is to sell drugs and medicines, shall not be deemed to be within the provisions of this section, in selling any of said liquors in less quantities than one quart upon the prescription of a duly licensed and practicing physician, or for purposes purely Sacramental.

- Sec 3 Any person or persons who shall hereafter within the said Town of Montezuma sell barter or give away or permit any servant or other person to sell barter or give away any vinous, Spirituous, malt or fermented liquors in any quantity to be drank on the premises of such person without first having obtained a license therefor as provided in the ordinances of said Town, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and on conviction thereof shall be fined in a sum not less than fifty dollars and not more than one hundred dollars.
- Sec 4 Every Saloon Keeper, Tavern Keeper or other retailer of Spirituous liquors who shall, within said Town of Montezuma sell or give away any intoxicating, malt, vinous, mixed or fermented liquor to any minor, or insane, idiotic or distracted person, habitual drunkard or person intoxicated, shall on conviction thereof be fined in a sum of not less than ten nor more than twenty-five dollars.
- Sec 5 No bawdy house, disorderly house, house of ill fame or assignation, or place known as dance house shall be kept or maintained within the limits of Montezuma, and every person who shall keep any such house or shall be an inmate, or in any way connected with any such house, or contribute to its support, and every person who shall permit any tenement building or premises in his or her possession or under his control to be used for any such purpose; and every person who shall permit any building which shall be used or occupied for any such purpose to stand upon any lot or parcel of ground within said Town of Montezuma, owned, held possessed or controlled either as the agent of the owner or otherwise by him or her shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and on conviction thereof, shall be fined in a sum not less than five dollars nor more than fifty dollars.
- Sec 6 No gaming or gambling house lottery, fraudulent device or practice for the purpose of gaining or obtaining money or property shall be maintained within said Town and every person who shall keep such an house or who shall set up, have or keep any Keno table, poker table, faro bank, shuffle board, bagatelle, playing cards or other instrument, device or thing whatever whereon or with which any money, liquor or other article shall in any manner be played for, shall on conviction be fined in a sum not less than five dollars nor more than twenty dollars.
- Sec 7 Any person who shall permit or suffer any Keno Table, faro bank, poker table or other instrument or device whatever used for playing games of chance to be set up and used in any building or tenement in his or her possession or under his or her control, and permit games of chance to be played on or

at such table, bank or instrument or device for money or other article of value, shall on conviction be fined in a sum not less than five dollars nor more than Twenty dollars.

- Sec 8 If any person shall within Montezuma fire or discharge any cannon, gun, fowling piece, pistol, rifle or firearms of any description, or fire, explode or set off any squib, cracker, or other thing containing powder or other combustible or explosive materials without written permission from the Mayor (which permission shall limit the time of such firing and shall be subject to be revoked at any time) every such person shall on conviction shall be fined in a sum not less than one dollar and not exceeding Twenty-five dollars.

Attest
J. W. Swisher, Clerk & Recorder

Approved
April 12, 1882
Maurice Wolf, Mayor

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct copy of an ordinance placed on file in the Clerk's office, concerning offenses in the nature of Misdemeanors adopted April 12, 1882 by the Board of Trustees of Montezuma and approved by the Mayor April 12, 1882. Posted April 21st 1882.
J. W. Swisher, Clerk & Recorder

It was moved by Hugh R. Steele, that the Recorder be instructed to prepare three copies of the ordinances just adopted and post the same one in the Post Office and one in each of the hotels in the Town—Carried—

Moved by Jonas Conwell that we adjourn untill the twenty-second day of April at Seven and a half O Clock P.M.—Carried—
J. W. Swisher, Clerk & Recorder

Montezuma Colo April 22, 1882

The Board of Trustees met at their last place of meeting at half past Seven o clock P M

Mayor Maurice Wolf presiding

All the members of the Board answering to their names when the clerk called the roll except Hugh R. Steele

Minutes of the last meeting read and approved.

The Mayor than appointed the following standing Committees

Finance

Hugh R. Steele, Stewart Pouder & George Fiedler

Streets, Alleys and Bridges

J. W. Swisher, Stewart Pouder and Jonas Conwell

Ordinances

Hugh R. Steele, Stewart Pouder and J. W. Swisher

Licenses

Hugh R. Steele - Stewart Pouder and George Fiedler

Public Buildings, Health and Safety

J. W. Swisher, Hugh R. Steele and Jonas Conwell

Moved by J. W. Swisher that we proceed to the election of a Town Attorney—Carried—Jonas Conwell was appointed Teller and upon counting the ballots there was found five ballots for L. R. Vredenburgh Jr. who was thereupon declared elected.

On motion it was resolved that we proceed to the election of Police Magistrate. Jonas Conwell was appointed Teller and upon counting the votes cast it was found that five votes were cast for T. R. Newman and he was declared elected.

Adjourned

J. W. Swisher, Clerk & Recorder

Approved May 13, 1882

(To Be Concluded)

⁷L. R. Vredenburgh drew up the incorporation papers for the town of Montezuma. His original bill, presented to the Board of Trustees, is in the possession of the author.