

My Recollections of Eugene Field as a Journalist in Denver, 1881-1883

By Joseph G. Brown¹

It is pleasant to recall and attempt to reproduce some of the scenes and incidents of my two years' contact with Eugene Field as we daily worked and sometimes played together on the editorial staff of the old *Denver Tribune*. The Denver part in the life of this genius whose renown has compassed the world is small in comparison with his Chicago career, but the foundation of that career and his world-wide reputation was laid in Denver.

The first tribute to his diversified talent should be given to his consummate skill and executive ability as managing editor of a daily newspaper. Added to the exacting details of such a position, his daily column of humor in prose and verse proved his capacity for prodigious work.

It was as a busy editor of a daily newspaper that he found expression in poetic flight, frequently in the "we, sma' hours" of morning. It was after the grind of supervising much of the matter that went to press that Field wrote some of the delightful verses—upon all manner of topics—that emanated from his prolific pen.

The eager, boyish, lovable soul of the man was almost too good to be true. Work with Field was not work; the fires of his poetic fancy were always aglow and his good nature injected itself into the daily routine of his craft, warming and deepening the fellowship within the old *Tribune* walls. Field played many pranks upon these comrades of the press, but he was sure of his place in their hearts.

His most immediate associates in the conduct of the *Denver Tribune* were Ottomar H. Rothacker, the editor in chief, and who was a poet and one of the most brilliant editorial writers of his time; James (Fitzmac) McCarthy and F. J. V. Skiff, the business manager, who later became the virtual manager, as assistant, of the World's Fairs at Chicago, St. Louis and San Francisco.

Slason Thompson, a fellow writer on the *Chicago News*, and a boon companion, describes Field at work in his Chicago "Sanctum" thus: He wrote in his shirt sleeves, without collar and al-

¹In 1901 Mr. Brown published *A Little Book of Tribune Verse*, a collection of Field's early verse. He has collected a large number of Field stories which he intends to assemble into a volume of prose humor. Mr. Brown has had a long and interesting journalistic career. He lives in Denver.—Ed.

ways with his feet across the corner of his table. His first act was to take off his shoes and put on a pair of loose slippers that hung from his toes as he wrote. For a long time a rusty old saw hung on the wall. Beside it were some burglars' implements and, subsequently, a convict suit hung on a peg beside the other relics of the criminal.

Field's *Denver Tribune* office, without the conveniences and refined furnishings of modern editorial rooms, was a fitting retreat for the genius of disorder. A bottomless black walnut chair is remembered by some of his unwary visiting friends who failed to observe the deception of a light covering of papers, making it truly rush-bottom. On his first visit to the *Tribune* office the famous "Bill Nye," through this treacherous chair, dropped into a lifelong friendship with Eugene Field.

In every phase of the outlook for my subject I am conscious of the fact that no faithful account of Eugene Field can be given without beginning and ending with Chicago. There he wrote the many books that have charmed the world and there volumes have been written portraying all salient events of his life. There also his excellent works and his admirable personality brought him into contact and lasting friendship with royal rulers, statesmen, literary men and women of world renown, with the leading lights of the stage and the world of art, music and the pulpit. But I must stick to my text, which is of his career in Denver.

In the midst of his work on the *Denver Tribune*, he was at all times evenly balanced, good-natured, patient, kind, yet always alert for occasion, with sharpened wit and brimming humor. Whether at his desk, in contact with the crowd upon the street, or in convivial intercourse with his more intimate friends, there was little in his manner or speech to denote either the man of levity or one absorbed in serious thought. The sparkling wit which illuminated his "Odd Gossip" column was the spontaneous overflowing of a vigorous mind and a merry heart. A lover of fun, it was his greatest delight to make fun for others, though often at their own expense.

Among the lowly as well as those of proud estate, Field numbered his hosts of friends. Against the men of wealth and station he directed the keen-edged shafts of his humor, his satirical wit and his ridiculous perversion of the character, words and deeds of his friendly victims. In the same spirit his provoking practical jokes and mirthful mimicry were essential parts of his roystering habits.

With sincere motive the question has been asked whether or not 'Gene Field was a lover of children. He was a student of children and child life, as shown by his poems, which have made him

the patron saint of childhood. In mild contradiction, though not detracting from his affection for them, it is creditably related that often if there was a child in the seat back of him, at the theatre, Field would turn and make an ugly face that would set the infant bawling. The mother, having no idea of the cause, would search in vain for the offending pin—while Field's sides were shaking with delight.

In the early part of Field's residence here he was alone and lodged in an apartment. For company and amusement he bought a bungalow piano. This instrument he played upon after his night's work—at 4 o'clock in the morning—greatly to the disturbance of sleeping roomers. Then shoes and cans and other things banged against his door as a protest. After a time this piano was committed to the care of a lady who became the wife and now is the widow of the late and honored F. O. Dickensheets, for many years an editor of the *Denver Republican*, and in recent years the financial editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*. Mrs. Dickensheets still possesses the instrument in her home.

It was well known among all his familiars that Field had no idea of the value of money or purpose of economy. The man with a bank account was an important personage in his eyes. Reckless in his generosity, he never saved or thought of saving a dollar. With money in his pockets he gave loose rein to his mania for buying books or fantastic gimeracks for himself or his friends, or else squandering in social rounds with his fellows, after first his family expenses were provided for.

Meeting me in the counting room of the *Tribune* one afternoon as we came in for the usual day's work:

"Hello, Joe, where are you going?"

"O, on my usual routine of courts and City Hall."

"Let the routine go. Come and go with me."

"Can't do it, 'Gene. We must have the news."

"But I am your superior officer; I command you. Here, Hal, (this to Hal Gaylord, the clerk and brother of Paul B. Gaylord, of this city) throw me over ten dollars. Come on Joe."

He led the way to the old Elephant Corral on Market street, a dingy saloon with bowling alley attached, the rendezvous of horsemen, cattlemen and cowboys. Here we rolled "ten pins" for three hours, Field paying for the games he won or lost, and we continued the sport till the last of the ten dollars was gone. Then he returned to his work, pleased and satisfied.

Another day in similar manner, he requested—or ordered—me to hire a hack and take his three little children on a ride about the city. "And," he added, "Go by your house and take your little girl with them." The order was obeyed.

"The Lunch Man in the Alley," a Field poem, was inspired by a midnight event for every night in the year. At that hour a plentiful repast was spread in the composing room for printers, editors and all employes. The scraping of the little pushcart on the paving was the signal for the invariable shout, in unison, of "The Lunch Man in the Alley!" Usually Field joined in the rush to the table and partook with hearty zest of his favorite pie and coffee, and, as master of ceremonies, frequently enlivened the party with jokes and funny stories.

Then, for an hour or two, he would go for outdoor recreation. Upon his return, often, as his feet touched the bottom of the stairs, a vibrant bass voice of really excellent quality began one of the old, endeared, familiar songs, "The Old Oaken Bucket," "My Old Kentucky Home," or other of his favorites. And as he climbed he sang to the end of the verse, when the force of printers would drop their "sticks" and join him in the chorus.

On these occasions the most enjoyed and best remembered by the few remaining oldtimers of Field's musical performances was that of the "Van Amberg Show," a description of the circus and a mimicry of the barker at the door and of the animals in the menagerie, with interludes of bird-like calls and the roars and whines and snarls of the savage beasts in the menagerie.

"Mr. Dana of the *New York Sun*," is the title of a humorous poem contained in Field's *Little Book of Western Verse*, wherein is mentioned the names of Kemp G. Cooper, Manager of the *Denver Republican*, and John Arkins, then one of the owners of the *Rocky Mountain News*; also a reference to Perrin's saloon. The two men named were among the most cruelly annoyed, if not tortured by Field's persistent satire and perversion of facts, personality and purpose, these witty but ridiculous misrepresentations appearing almost daily in his "Odd Gossip" column of the *Tribune*.

Field's familiar mention of Perrin's saloon warrants the rehearsal of a widely circulated story, of which there are two versions as to location and exactness of detail. The variation is that of quantity and quality—a single drink of whisky, or bottles of champagne for the crowd, the story of the latter originating in Kansas City. Both have appeared in print, but I know that I have the true story. Perrin's saloon was located on Lawrence street near Seventeenth, one of the most convenient as a popular resort of newspaper men and their convivial friends. Incidentally I have met 'Gene Field there, though not frequently. It was his habit and in accord with his liberal disposition to "treat" any acquaintance he might find there or who might drop in for a drink. Often when a friend or group of persons offered the courtesy to him he would

decline, saying, "No, boys, this is on me—drinks for the crowd!" and then, to the barkeeper: "Westley, set them up on me." For such transactions there were many charges on Field's ticket.

One night following such a transaction, Westley Perrin called Field to the bar and gave him a sound verbal drubbing for his method of beating him out of cash custom, ending by demanding that Field pay something on his bill. As usual Field declared he was broke, but gave assurance that he would "make it all right." Whereupon Westley held up Field's bill of \$31.25 before his eyes, Field remarking, with a smile, that it was a very pretty piece of paper.

"Gene," said Westley, "do you know what I am going to do with this bill?"

"Why, no; keep it as a souvenir, I suppose."

"Here's what I shall do," said Westley, as he tore it in two and then into many small pieces. "Now, 'Gene, your bill is paid and you don't owe me a cent, but please don't try to run up any more bills especially when you order for men who would pay me cash."

"Well, West, that is good and kind of you and I thank you more than I can tell."

"Well, now, 'Gene, it is time for me to close, and for you to go back to your work. Come, I must lock the door."

Field ran his hands down into his trouser pockets and swaggered up and down in front of the bar.

"What are you staying here for, 'Gene, when I tell you I will be fined if I don't lock up right away?"

"Why, I am waiting for my due."

"You've got much more than your due; what more do you ask?"

"Don't you know?" answered Field in a tone of commanding assurance, "Don't you know that it is a custom among gentlemen that when a customer pays his bar bill that the barkeeper must set them up?"

The bottle and glass appeared on the counter; Field took his drink and departed with a cheery "Good night."

The Wolfe Londoner Watermelon Story has been published broadcast, but never with exactness of detail. Londoner was a leading pioneer retail grocer, a first-class citizen, a rotund genial man once mayor of Denver.

One day Field published in his column that at eleven o'clock that morning Londoner would give a watermelon each to every colored person who would call at his store. It was then at the beginning of the melon season and there were no melons in the market. But Londoner, surprised and perplexed, as he was, had an idea and

a hope. He went forthwith to the old depot, where he hung around, watching and waiting, with a faint gleam of hope that a cargo of melons might come in.

At last, a train in which there was one car load of watermelons, pulled into the yards. Londoner found the consignee on the ground, also waiting. He quickly negotiated for the entire lot at an advanced price and it was but a few minutes later that wagon loads of melons and a joyful crowd of his dusky friends and patrons blockaded the street in front of his store.

A lifetime friendship between Mrs. Fiske and Eugene Field began with the first appearance of Minnie Maddern, in her maiden name, on a Denver stage. Field appreciated her rare personal qualities and liked her deeply. On the closing night of that engagement he brought together a select party of congenial friends for an appropriate farewell to her. Sandwiches, salads and beer formed the cheering prelude to the surprising ceremonies. General E. K. Stimson in words of flowery oratory made the presentation speech in behalf of Field, who, with an expression of gracious cordiality, placed in the hands of the celebrated actress "a little memento of his esteem" a diamond necklace! Each stone was of about the size of a chestnut, while the pendant vied with the Koh-i-noor. Then, of course, the joke became all at once about as transparent as the glass beads themselves.

A few years ago I had the pleasure of recalling with Mrs. Fiske, in Denver, this and other incidents of Field's friendship and admiration for her, manifested in praise of her exquisite art, as well as in rare jests and jokes at her expense.

Field's joke on the people of Denver by his picturesque impersonation of Oscar Wilde is remembered and has become famous in print as the most artistic freak of his ludicrous mummery. Wilde was scheduled to lecture in Denver on April 12, 1882, and was to arrive that morning. Field, learning that the train was hours late, arrayed himself in an aesthetic make-up—a replica of the great esthete—drove to a station east of the city and boarded an incoming train. He wore an ample overcoat, with deep fur collar, while a broad-brimmed felt hat surmounted his head, amply adorned with a wig of auburn curly hair. Then there was a brilliant cravat and a rose colored handkerchief in his top outer pocket. He wore a resplendent sunflower in his lapel and carried a calla lily in his hand.

The members of his reception committee, with cordial formalities, greeted the supposed "Mr. Wilde" as he stepped from the train and conducted him with befitting ceremony to his carriage. To the cheering crowd on the platform Field, with bared head, bowed gravely. Then followed a leisurely drive through the prin-

cipal business streets, where he created a sensation. Field, lounging on the carriage seat in a carelessly dramatic attitude, was pointed out to the passerby as the renowned Apostle of Decorative Art. When the carriage stopped in front of the *Tribune* office where he was to have an interview with the City Editor, the identity of the false "disciple of the Beautiful" became known and Field was delighted with the success of his rare impersonation.

In the files of the *Denver Tribune*, Field's "Odd Gossip" column remains as a repository of his poetic soul, his biting satire and his brimming humor. In larger part his column is filled with mischievous stories and drolleries of conversations which he attributed to Denver's prominent men. But now, for necessary brevity, we can make but a glancing reference to a few of these, as an example, while a literal reproduction would form the most amusing part of his Denver record.

R. W. Woodbury, a revered citizen, publisher of the *Denver Times*, and to whose honored memory noble city institutions have been named, is represented as reporting a prize fight in New Orleans and associating with the toughs, by whom he was robbed, after winning \$4,000 on pools of the fight; then staying for the Mardi Gras ball, in the costume of Cupid and Psyche.

Faked and vexatious interviews with Congressman James B. Belford on state and national political affairs are presented.

Maxey N. Tabor, in Paris, his father, Lieutenant Governor H. A. W. Tabor, the mining millionaire of the time, employs a French professor to translate the Paris letters of his son, who had forgotten his native tongue. Maxey then goes to Venice and writes home that there must have been a freshet in that city as he found the streets filled with water. These letters Tabor could read because he had learned to speak the Italian language fluently by talking with his workmen at the Matchless Mine at Leadville.

Of all Denver men John Arkins, William Stapleton and W. A. H. Loveland suffered most the piercing darts of Field's perverse witticism. Arkins and Loveland, owners; Stapleton, editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*.

Field's wide and intimate acquaintance with theatrical people gave him unbridled range for his witty comment and criticism, and William Bush, Willard S. Morse and Peter McCourt, successive managers of Tabor Opera House, were perennial targets for his ridiculous inventions.

John Arkins was a printer at Leadville in the early days of the Carbonate discovery. He made a small investment and gained enough money to buy a quarter interest with W. A. H. Loveland in the *Rocky Mountain News*. From the day of Arkins' beginning

there as manager, according to Field's jesting accusation, he instituted such a penurious system of economy in regard to the uses of paste, towels and the leavings of lunch that he starved out 500,000 dependent roaches. The details of this story is told by a poor, weak, emaciated, starving cockroach which had abandoned the *News* office and crept over to the *Tribune* office, where there was paste in plenty upon which to feed, as well as dirty towels and crumbs that fell from the lunch table of the printers; and there he found food and shelter and sympathy and help from kindred roaches who were fat and sleek and prosperous because of the superior management of the *Tribune* and the humane principles and generosity of its editors.

Every day during a week of Emma Abbott's engagement at the Tabor Opera House, the "Odd Gossip" column contained tenderly written reports from the Windsor Hotel concerning her baby, and every little familiar feature of its dressing, its nursing, its angelic smile, or its naughty kick or cry was noted. A bulletin of the prominent men, including Governor Pitkin, who called upon the mother and kissed and fondled her little darling was issued every day. Theatre goers in Denver readily understood the deception, but people far and near believed that Emma Abbot was really blessed with a baby boy.

When "Brigham Young and wife" were registered as guests of the American House, the mere local announcement of such a rare event grew magically from the reporter's brief paragraph to a column interview with "Brigham Young's Twelve Wives," in Field's "Odd Gossip." When he sent up his card to the first lady of the improvised and temporary harem, it was answered by twelve women appearing in the hallways, at the railing of the stairways, in the doorways of the parlor and at various angles from the lounge upon which the alleged reporter had taken a seat for a simple family chat. 'Gene's alleged interview with ladies of the harem filled a column and a half.

Field's vast aggregation of satirical paragraphs and mythical stories about notable people would fill volumes of humorous reading matter. Then as special features there were his Fables and his famous *Tribune Primer*. His column of Marine Intelligence from the port of Denver was one of the unique drolleries of his mental effort, illustrated by such items as:

"There is renewed activity in the Denver ship building yards on orders from the government for three powerful modern war-ships."

"Last night the Schooner 'Beer' laden with Mess pork from Chicago, got into the breakers near the South Park round house."

"The steamship 'Centennial' sighted off Castle Rock."

"The whaler 'Arctic' will sail for Cheyenne with a cargo of harpoons."

Recently I have been asked if I believed Eugene Field was ever sincere in any of his writings reflecting true sentiment or affection, or knowledge of the greater purposes of life, or a realization of the spiritual values of his life or the life infinite. I never learned from him anything of his religious beliefs or doctrines. But I have read from the pen of a noted author the declaration that a poet, above all other mortals, possesses the gift of spiritual vision, not only that of experience in this life, but of actual penetration into the mysteries behind the veil of time.

The summary of his widely diversified work bears testimony to his belief in a supreme being, the dual nature and immortality of man. Though he were not a Christian in the restricted sense of creed and ceremony, I believe that he could agree with Oscar Wilde's penitential message to the world, in his "De Profundis," written in the sorrowful solitude of his prison cell, declaring his conviction that "every man in the world, at some time in his life, walks with Christ on the road from Jerusalem to Emmaus."

From his numerous Christmas poems, his poems of spiritual vision and his stories of human interest, of love and sympathy, there come the soulful answers both as to his natural affection and his spiritual glimpses into the realms of endless day.

The Fort Pueblo Massacre and the Punitive Expedition Against the Utes

By LeRoy R. Hafen

The junction of Fountain Creek with the Arkansas was perhaps the first location in Colorado to impress its strategic importance upon Americans. Here Captain Z. M. Pike built a log structure in 1806 and Jacob Fowler followed with a log house fifteen years later. Though these structures were shortlived the site was a favorite meeting place for trappers and traders during those early decades when beaver skins and buffalo robes were the chief resources of Colorado.

In 1842 a more permanent post was established at the mouth of the Fountain. This was built and occupied on the common property plan by a number of American traders most of whom were married to Mexican women. The fort was a rectangular structure built of adobes with a number of low rooms backed against the outside wall and facing the interior court. The enclosing wall

was but eight feet high but circular bastions at the corners rose above this level with provisions for watch and defense. Near the fort were plots of cultivated ground which yielded corn and vegetables.¹

Although the communal enterprise was shortlived and the founders of the settlement were soon scattered throughout the West, the post continued as a favorite rendezvous, sometimes occupied by a single trader and again the home of a group of frontiersmen. This uncertain status of the adobe fort continued for the twelve years following its establishment, when a tragic event occurred which may be called the finale to its fur-trade period.

It was Christmas day at Fort Pueblo (1854). Within the enclosure the seventeen occupants of the post were making ready for the day's festivities. Upon Mrs. Sandoval, the only woman in the fort, fell the burden of preparation for the anticipated feast, but her two young sons were willing helpers, feeding the fire, dipping unbolted flour from the sack, fetching water from the river. The miscellaneous group of hunters and traders were probably seated against a south wall basking in the sunshine.

Only the day before "Uncle Dick" Wootton (later to become the first merchant of Denver) had stopped at the fort while returning from a hunting trip to his ranch on the Huerfano, and had told Benito Sandoval of Indian signs in the vicinity and warned him not to permit admittance to the fort under any pretext. But when Tierra Blanca, chief of the Mohuache Utes, appeared on the scene and made friendly signs he was recognized by Sandoval and invited in. The Indian said his men were in search of the buffalo and inquired as to the probability of danger from the Utes' enemies the Arapahoes and Cheyennes. Soon others of the tribe were admitted and friendly contests of skill were in progress. It is said that at Blanca's suggestion they all adjourned to a room for a friendly smoke, when at a given signal the Indians seized the guns and commenced the slaughter.

To what extent the attack was premeditated treachery and to what extent a spontaneous result of freely imbibing "Taos Lightnin'" can never be known. The massacre was too complete for the preservation of much detail. One man only, Romaldo, a herder in the employ of J. B. Doyle, temporarily escaped and he was fatally wounded. He was able, however, to reach the Baca ranch two miles below the fort and before his death tell of the attack, the account being given by means of the sign language inas-

¹ Rufus Sage, who visited the fort in 1842, has given us our earliest account of the post. See his *Rocky Mountain Life*, 222. For other early accounts of the fort see Bonner's *Life of James P. Beckwourth*, 383; Fremont's *Report of Exploring Expeditions* (1843-4), 116; Parkman's *Oregon Trail*, 255; Ruxton's *Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains*, 223

much as he had been shot through the jaw and his tongue severed. Mrs. Sandoval and her sons were taken captive and the boys were ultimately rescued, but the mother was killed after a few days because, as an Indian said, she grieved too much and would not be comforted.²

Some traders encamped at the mouth of the St. Charles having been warned of danger the day before Christmas hurriedly moved farther down the Arkansas. Nine Cherokee Indian teamsters were then sent back to bring away some goods left behind by the traders, but these men were ambushed on the morning following the massacre at the fort and all were killed.³

Some others were reported killed in the valley and cattle were driven off by the marauders.

News of this Indian foray was quickly carried to Fort Union, New Mexico, and to Santa Fe. In a sense this was the climax to a long series of Indian troubles which had agitated the territory intermittently since its acquisition by the United States.

General John Garland⁴ commander of the military district of New Mexico, was convinced that a strong and vigorous campaign must be conducted against the hostiles. Accordingly the regular troops were made ready to march and a call was made upon Governor Merriwether for five companies of mounted volunteers to serve six months. On January 31, 1855, he was able to report to the Secretary of War:

"The volunteers have promptly responded to the call, and the last of the companies have been this day mustered into the service. . . . I have determined to place in the field a force of about four hundred regulars and volunteers with orders to carry the war into the Utah country and force upon them the necessity of looking after their own security and that of their women and children."⁵

The conduct of the campaign was entrusted to Colonel Thomas T. Fauntleroy,⁶ a vigorous officer who had for twenty years served on the frontier, and was then in command of Fort Union. Co-oper-

² First hand accounts of the massacre are found in H. L. Conard's "Uncle Dick" Wootton, 296-306, and in Dawson's "Scrap Books," X, 290 (State Historical Society library).

³ Conard *op. cit.*, 302.

⁴ General Garland was a veteran in the United States Army, having entered the service as a 1st Lieutenant forty-two years before. During the Mexican War he had been made a colonel and then brigadier general for gallant conduct in battle. Fort Garland, Colorado, was undoubtedly named in his honor. He died June 5, 1861. See F. B. Heitman, *Historical Register and Dictionary of the United States Army*, I, 447.

⁵ Annual Report of the United States Secretary of War, 1855, p. 57.

⁶ At the outbreak of the Civil War Colonel Fauntleroy resigned from the army and entered the Confederate service, becoming a Brigadier General of Volunteers in his home state of Virginia.—Heitman, *op. cit.*, 415. In 1842, as major of the Second Dragoons he had built Fort Washita (in present Oklahoma) then the military post farthest west.—Grant Foreman, *Pioneer Days in the Old Southwest*, 283.

ating with him was Lieutenant Colonel Ceran St. Vrain⁷ at the head of the New Mexico volunteers. Surgeon Peters, the first biographer of Kit Carson, was personally engaged in this campaign. Of the New Mexico troops he writes:

“The Mexican Volunteers, soon after their enrollment, purchased woolen shirts and felt hats, the color of which, in each company, was similar; this fact with a little drilling, gave them quite a military appearance. Never were men prouder of the position they now held than the volunteers under consideration; and a more daring and expert band of horsemen has been seldom collected.”⁸

They were mounted on hardy little Mexican ponies which when compared with the heavier dragoon horses showed superior metal and ability under the exacting difficulties of the campaign.

Early in February, 1855, Colonel Fauntleroy arrived in Taos from Fort Union. Here he secured as scout, Kit Carson, Indian agent for the Indians to be chastised. Though the weather was severe and snowstorms frequent the command set out immediately for Fort Massachusetts, which was to be the depot for operations.

This frontier fort on Ute Creek near the base of Mount Blanca had been established in the summer of 1852, and was the earliest military post established on Colorado soil.⁹ The protection of the newly founded settlements in the San Luis Valley was the chief motive for its establishment and its garrison had previously had several conflicts with Utes and Jicarilla Apaches in this region. In fact, in the interval between the Fort Pueblo massacre and the arrival of the large Fauntleroy expedition the Indians had made a foray against the San Luis Valley settlements, killed several men and driven off a large flock of sheep.¹⁰

In the face of this situation it was thought probable that an attack would be made on the fort itself and every precaution was made against such an event. All trees and brush about the fort were cut away, the haystacks were removed to a safe place, breast-

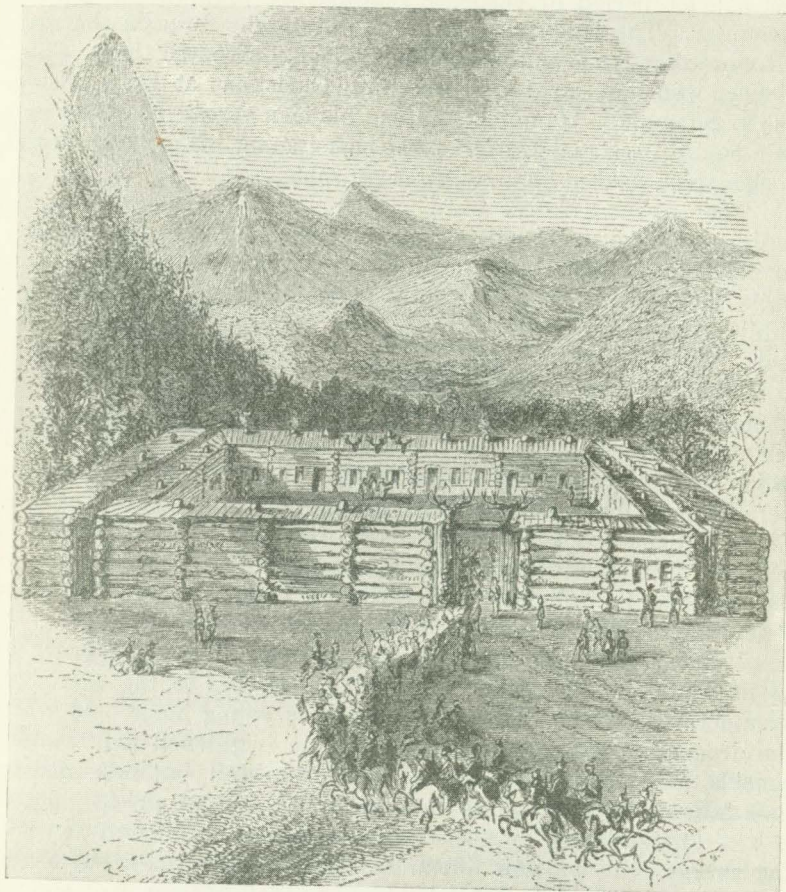
⁷ Ceran St. Vrain was a leader in New Mexico at this time. He had been for years a partner with the Bent brothers, Bent's Fort and Fort St. Vrain being their trading posts in Colorado territory. He later conducted a merchandizing business in pioneer Denver. During the Civil War his services were employed in defense of the Union. He died in 1870. Kit Carson speaks very highly of Ceran St. Vrain. See *Kit Carson's Own Story of His Life*, p. 118, edited by Blanche C. Grant.

⁸ Dewitt C. Peters, *The Life and Adventures of Kit Carson*, 493.

⁹ Annual Report of the Secretary of War, 1852, pp. 60, 77. In 1852 and 1853 it was commanded by Major G. A. H. Blake, with a garrison of two companies. In 1854 one company of the 2d artillery (5 officers and 93 men) under Brev. Lieut. Col. H. Brooks was stationed here. (Report of Sec. of War for 1854, 60). This fort was visited in 1853 by three expeditions, under Gunnison, Fremont and Beale, respectively, and the reports of each have left us important data regarding this frontier post. See also, Dawson's "Scrap Books" III, 143.

¹⁰ Report of Secretary of War for 1855, 62. See also Peters, *op. cit.*, 480, 498. Vincente Velasquez, who came to the San Luis Valley in 1854 and has lived there ever since, says that in March, 1855, the Indians surrounded the plaza and drove off nearly all the stock from their settlement of Guadalupe. See article by Melitón Velasquez, son of Vincente, in the *Alamosa Journal* of October 25, 1925.

works were thrown up about the blockhouse attached to the post, and sentinels kept a rigid and tireless watch.¹¹ The Indians did not attack.



FORT MASSACHUSETTS (AFTER PETERS)
First military post on Colorado territory

After a short stay at Fort Massachusetts Colonel Fauntleroy's command moved westward to the Rio Grande and followed up the river to the vicinity of present Del Norte. In the meantime scouts had been sent out to look for signs of Indians, and presently they discovered a trail leading into Saguache Valley over which stolen cattle and sheep had been driven. Along this trail the troops now directed their course.

¹¹ Peters, *op. cit.*, 483.

Shortly after entering Saguache Pass (on March 19th) a small advance party of scouts and dragoons came suddenly upon a party of Indians arrayed in war costume. Both parties halted and there was a brief period of suspense followed by preparations for an encounter. The Indians, unaware of the larger force in the rear, felt more than equal to the small body that confronted them. Chief Blanca, who had spent the preceding Christmas at Fort Pueblo, was in command. He quickly spread his men across the valley and rode boldly back and forth before them issuing his orders, his red woolen shirt making him easily recognizable.¹²

The opposing forces were within shouting distance and the Indians now began to yell in Spanish their taunts to the soldiers, daring them to advance and calling them cowardly squaws. Meanwhile the soldiers put aside their extra luggage, tightened their saddle girths and awaited the coming up of the troops in their rear. When all was in readiness the bugle sounded the command to charge and over a knoll to the rear of the scouts streamed the whole body of troops. The Indians at once saw the superior number of the attacking body and took to flight. In the running fight which continued for several miles up the valley a number of Indians were brought down but the large majority made good their escape. Eight Indians and two dragoons were reported killed¹³ while it is probable that other fatally wounded Indians were carried away on the backs of their horses (being tied to their mounts). Surgeon Peters had a little adventure of his own of which he writes:

"It was my duty to follow the charging soldiers in order to be near at hand to render professional services to the wounded, should there be any. I was mounted on a young horse, and when the dragoon horses started off, he became frightened and unmanageable, and was in a short time left far behind, but not until he had fallen and thrown me into a thrifty bed of prickly pears, . . . I was joined by a soldier whose horse had broken down in the charge. As we now advanced together, our route led us by some large sand hills, behind which several Indians had sought refuge, when hotly pursued. Seeing that they had been overlooked during the excitement of the moment, they remained quiet until we came along, when they made a dash at us and commenced firing

¹² Surgeon Peters, who often saw the chief, thus describes him (p. 473): "This Chief, Blanco, was a man who stood in his moccasins about five feet nine inches. He was rather thick set, but, to use an Indian phrase, as straight as an arrow. The chief attraction about this Indian was his head, which was finely developed. His lustrous black eye, filled with animation, showed an active brain, which, unfortunately, was turned to bad account. His forehead was lofty, yet was symmetrically chiseled, and every feature about his face was as regular as if it had been carved for sculptured perfection. Blanco was a man who, in any sphere of life, would have become most certainly distinguished; and, under the influence of education, he might have risen even to greatness." The spelling of the name is not uniform. While Peters renders it "Blanco," it is signed "Blanca" to the peace treaty of 1855.

¹³ Annual Report of the Secretary of War for 1855, 63.

their arrows in fine style. My horse now became unmanageable, and by some unaccountable impulse made directly for the Indians, seeing which, they fled precipitately. My horse seemed determined to bring me into uncomfortably close quarters with a young warrior, who constantly turned and saluted me with his arrows. As the situation was getting decidedly unpleasant, I raised myself in the saddle, and sent a ball from my revolver through the body of the Indian, which rolled him to the ground dead, his horse, relieved of his load, galloping away furiously. As the danger was thick about them, the balance of the Indians soon left to effect their escape."¹⁴

For several days the Indians were pursued by the troops but the fleeing Utes had so scattered that it was impossible to accomplish decisive results. The dragoon horses now began to break down while the severe cold and the difficulties of the campaign were telling on the men. Colonel Fauntleroy therefore decided to return to Fort Massachusetts to recoup his forces and allow time for the Indians again to gather together.

After about three weeks of rest at Fort Massachusetts the men and horses were again ready for another expedition. At a council of the officers it was decided to divide the forces to better facilitate the search for the Indians. Accordingly Lieutenant Colonel St. Vrain with most of the Volunteers proceeded over the Sangre de Cristo range to the east to scour the country for Jicarilla Apaches. Carson was with this command as was the late Rafael Chacon of Trinidad.¹⁵ St. Vrain had several encounters with the hostiles in which a number of Indians were killed, some prisoners taken and many horses captured.¹⁶

The other division, under Colonel Fauntleroy moved northward, crossing Poncha Pass and reaching the upper Arkansas where they struck the Indian trail. Some little distance above present Salida the Indians were discovered and there occurred what appears to be the most decisive engagement of the campaign. We have an account from the Colonel, commanding:

"Camp, Head of St. Louis [San Luis] Valley, April 30, 1855. "I have the honor to report that on the night of the 28th instant, about twenty miles from Punche [Poncha] Pass, up the Arkansas river, I came on a camp of Utahs, consisting of twenty-six lodges, and estimated to contain, in fighting men, about 150 in number. I had under my command four companies—'D', 1st dragoons, 'D', 2nd artillery, and Chavez and Deas' companies, New Mexico volunteers—with which I made an attack at daylight, and carried the

¹⁴ Peters, *op. cit.*, 501-2.

¹⁵ Letter of Chacon in Sabin's *Kit Carson Days*, 389.

¹⁶ Report of Secretary of War for 1855, 71.

camp after a fight of about twenty-five minutes; killing 40 and wounding a large number of others, and taking 6 children prisoners, and 35 horses, 12 sheep and goats, 6 rifles, 4 pistols, 24 bows with their arrows and all their baggage of every description whatsoever. We had none killed in the action, but 2 wounded. . . . Blanco is supposed to have commanded the Indians, and evidently in great haste, as we found all his (supposed) regal paraphernalia. The surprise was complete, and would have been decisive if the Indians had not accidentally that night been engaged in a scalp dance and had not slept at all. . . .

"I have come to this point with the expectation of proceeding to the Chowatche [Saguache] Pass, in which vicinity a party of Utahs are supposed to be, with a considerable quantity of stock. This party I hope to chastise in like manner, and will then proceed down the Del Norte from the canon, via Conejos, and possibly Abiquiere.

"I shall communicate with Colonel St. Vrain from here and should circumstances have occurred, of which he may be apprized, to make it necessary, ask his co-operation in that direction, uniting with me at the Conejos."¹⁷

In returning southward through the San Luis Valley part of Colonel Flauntleroy's command met with Indians in the Saguache Valley. A pursuit followed which resulted in the death of 4 Indians and the capture of 13 horses and 30 buffalo robes.

"After the rout of the Indians had been completed, and the troops withdrawn, several Indians, about 11 a. m. appeared in the distance in the valley, and pursuit was again ordered. These it appears did not wish to fight, for shortly after Tierra Blanco, who proved to be one of them, showed himself upon a ledge of rocks, on one of the highest points of the mountains, wholly inaccessible to us, declared his name, and expressed a desire for peace. Unfortunately, just at this moment a shot was fired at him, by some men who were scattered through the hills, which effectually ended all communication at the time, and he has not renewed his demonstrations. This he will not do, I suppose, as he must be well aware of the enormity of his outrages, and that the usual trick of the hollow pretense of a friendly and peaceful disposition will not avail him."¹⁸

Although military operations were continued through June the Indians had now become so scattered that no important encounters occurred. The Indians had suffered severely as a result of the expeditions against them and were now ready to sue for

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, 64. See also report of Captain Manuel Chaves in Twitchell's *History of the Military Occupation of the Territory of New Mexico*, 302.
¹⁸ Report of the Secretary of War for 1855, 65. A reminiscence of this campaign is found in Dawson's "Scrap Books," X, 293.

peace. Through the Indian agent, Lorenzo Labadie, they made their appeal, and a delegation was escorted to Santa Fe to confer with the Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs. Governor David Merriwether¹⁹ appointed a place of meeting near Abiquiu on the Chama river and there the Indians assembled on September 10th. Here on the appointed date the Governor, Agent Kit Carson and other representatives of the United States began the negotiations.²⁰

The following day an agreement was reached with the Mohuache Utes whereby they were to give up their territory except a designated reservation of 1,000 square miles immediately west of the Rio Grande and north of La Jara Creek, and receive in return a consideration of \$66,000.²¹ On the 12th a similar treaty was negotiated with the Jicarilla Apaches providing for a reservation of 160,000 acres and a payment to them of \$36,000.²² After the treaties were signed the Indians surrendered four Mexican boys taken captive during hostilities and the Governor returned a number of Indian prisoners.²³

The first report of Indian Agent Kit Carson which we find printed in the government documents was written from Taos, September 26, 1855, and refers to the treaty thus:

"On 10th and 11th I attended the treaty. I think the Mohuaches and Jicarillas that were present were serious in that which they said, and in all probability will remain friendly for a long period. The Indians that are now committing depredations are those who have lost their families during the war. They consider they have nothing further to live for than revenge for the death of those of their families that were killed by the whites; they have become desperate; when they will ask for peace I can not say."²⁴

In submitting the treaties to Washington Governor Merriwether thus expresses his satisfaction: "I can now have the pleas-

¹⁹ Governor Merriwether was no stranger to New Mexico, nor tenderfoot among the Indians. In 1818 he had gone west to trade, in the employ of the American Fur Company. The following year he accompanied some Pawnees to New Mexico and was there imprisoned for intruding on Spanish soil. Now he was back in Santa Fe governing people who had held him captive 36 years before.—Davis, *El Gringo, or New Mexico and her People*, 240.

²⁰ A law of July 31, 1854, appropriated \$30,000 for negotiating treaties with the Apache, Navajo and Ute Indians in New Mexico, and Merriwether was designated to conduct the negotiations.—Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1855, p. 526.

²¹ This treaty was not ratified and appears never to have been printed, but the State Historical Society has recently secured from the Commissioner of Indian Affairs in Washington a copy of this instrument. One of the chief reasons for failure of ratification appears to be the fact that the reservation designated by the treaty to be the permanent home of the Indians, included land in the San Luis Valley immediately west of the Rio Grande which adjoined or included cultivated farms of the white settlers. Among the fifteen Indian names attached to this treaty is that of the Indian leader, "Tierra Blanca."

²² Report of Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1856, 816.

²³ *Ibid.* for 1855, 510.

²⁴ *Ibid.*, 511. Governor Merriwether adds to Carson's report that he believes the recent depredations were committed by Comanches rather than by Jicarillas.

ure of informing you that peace has once more been restored to this territory.”

If our story carried us a few years further we should see the Indians waiting in vain for action on the treaty by the United States Senate, with each new moon asking their agents for the promised supplies, and wondering why the Great Father in Washington forgot his children in the mountains.²⁵

²⁵ In 1863 a new treaty was negotiated with the Utes at Conejos by Governor Evans of Colorado and this was duly ratified by the senate of the United States.

Pioneer Days in Sterling¹

By Kathryn Young

(This story was a prize winner in the historical essay contest conducted by the State Historical Society for High School students in 1924. Miss Young is now attending the Agricultural College, Fort Collins.)

Just fifty years ago Sterling's first permanent settlers located in our valley. They were southern people, from Mississippi and Tennessee, discouraged by the desolation and ruin entailed by the Civil War, seeking a new country with better opportunities. This colony of people arrived in Greeley April 1, 1873, and was made up of the following persons: R. C. Perkins; the three Smith brothers—R. E. Smith, M. S. Smith, and R. W. Smith; J. H. Prewitt; Ben Prewitt; William Cunningham and Hugh Davis, a brother of Mrs. R. C. Perkins. Hugh Davis, William Cunningham, R. W. Smith, and Ben Prewitt, were single men, the others had families. Later in the same year came M. C. King and Major L. Minter and their families reaching Greeley August 16th.

The intention of these colonists when leaving the south was to settle in Greeley, but upon their arrival in that place they found all desirable land homesteaded. This caused them to change their plans, and two months later, June, 1873, we find a number of the colonists exploring the Platte valley. Here they found fertile soil which they knew, under irrigation, would produce good crops. Learning, too, that the Colorado Central Railroad Company was grading a road from Julesburg to La Salle, they concluded that the South Platte valley was the place for them, and began selecting and filing on claims.

These settlers took up land in one or more of three ways, that is by preemption claims, homesteads, or timber claims. The site chosen was about three miles north of the present city of Sterling. This was called Sterling at that time. They immediately began the

¹ State Senator J. H. King, who came to Sterling in 1876, read and approved in general the data included in this sketch.

erection of sod or adobe houses, and also the construction of the Sterling ditch number one which was completed in 1874.

David Leavitt, a railroad surveyor, named the town. He was passing through this section in 1871, and liked the country so well he returned a few months later, located a ranch and surveyed the Sterling ditch. A postoffice was established on his claim and the basis of the future town laid, which he called Sterling for his home town in Illinois. Frank Soper, a partner of Mr. Leavitt, was the first postmaster in the valley, taking charge February 24, 1874. Mrs. Leavitt succeeded him June 10, 1874. This, however, was more a postoffice in name than in reality, for there was no mail carrier and practically no one to receive any mail.

All of the original colony did not at once settle in Sterling. Some returned to Greeley to farm and raise money to aid the new enterprise.

Among the first to move their families to Sterling from Greeley was R. C. Perkins, R. E. Smith, and M. S. Smith coming in the fall of 1874. In 1875, other members of the Davis family located here, having closely followed the original colony to Greeley. Among them were D. B. Davis, Edward Davis, and widowed sister, Mrs. M. E. Ayres, and her two grown children, Dave and Carrie.

Carrie Ayres was the first and only school teacher in the valley for a number of years, teaching in a sod school house. She is now the wife of Dr. J. N. Hall of Denver.

Early in 1876, S. R. Propst took a government contract to carry the mail from Sidney, Nebraska, to Greeley, Colorado. At first he made the trip only once a week but later twice a week, traveling about thirty miles a day. R. C. Perkins was postmaster in Sterling at that time, assuming his duties November 5, 1875.

During the year 1876, the following people joined the settlement in Sterling: W. H. Harris, Jack Simpson, J. M. King, A. H. Sanders, S. B. Robuck, Hugh Clark, W. H. Bennett, Henry Spencer, Calvin Goodwin, Dave Beattie, Henry Sutherland, Mr. Osgood and Mr. Walker. In 1878 Calvin Cheairs, his son, J. J. Cheairs, and their families came. Mrs. Calvin Cheairs also brought with her, her aged father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Davis. A number of Hugh Davis' large family of children had preceded him to Sterling, the rest soon following. This explains how so many Sterling people are related today, being descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Davis, Senior.

Looking ahead for a moment to July 4, 1915, I see, at the spacious home of Mrs. J. J. Cheairs, now a widow, a large number of people gathered on the lawn. What is the excitement? Just a reunion of the Davis family! Eighty-eight people were present on this occasion, the oldest being D. B. Davis, age eighty-six, and the

youngest, Bryan Davis, age two months. Bryan is the grandson of Edward Davis, previously mentioned as one of the first settlers.

These pioneers were not long without some religious life. Only a few months after the settlement the Methodist Episcopal church, South, was organized by Rev. Mr. Craven in the year 1875.

The Cumberland Presbyterian church was organized the summer of 1878 by Rev. S. H. McElvain in a sod school house, with a charter membership of twenty-two. Rev. H. G. Nicholson became the first pastor in the year 1879.

Mrs. J. J. Chearis was the first music teacher in the settlement, owning the only piano for a number of years. She charged twenty-five cents a lesson, some paying in vegetables, some in eggs, and a few in cash.

The first children born in old Sterling were a pair of twins, Edgar and Eva Smith, son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Smith, whose birth occurred May 19, 1875. However, these little ones did not long survive the hardships of pioneer life, and were buried on the lonely prairie, their graves being the first in the old cemetery south of Sterling. The Rev. Mr. Craven conducted the funeral service.

The second birth, that of May Perkins Young, occurred in the family of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Perkins, July 5, 1876. Mrs. Young resides in Sterling at the present time and is the mother of the writer of this sketch.

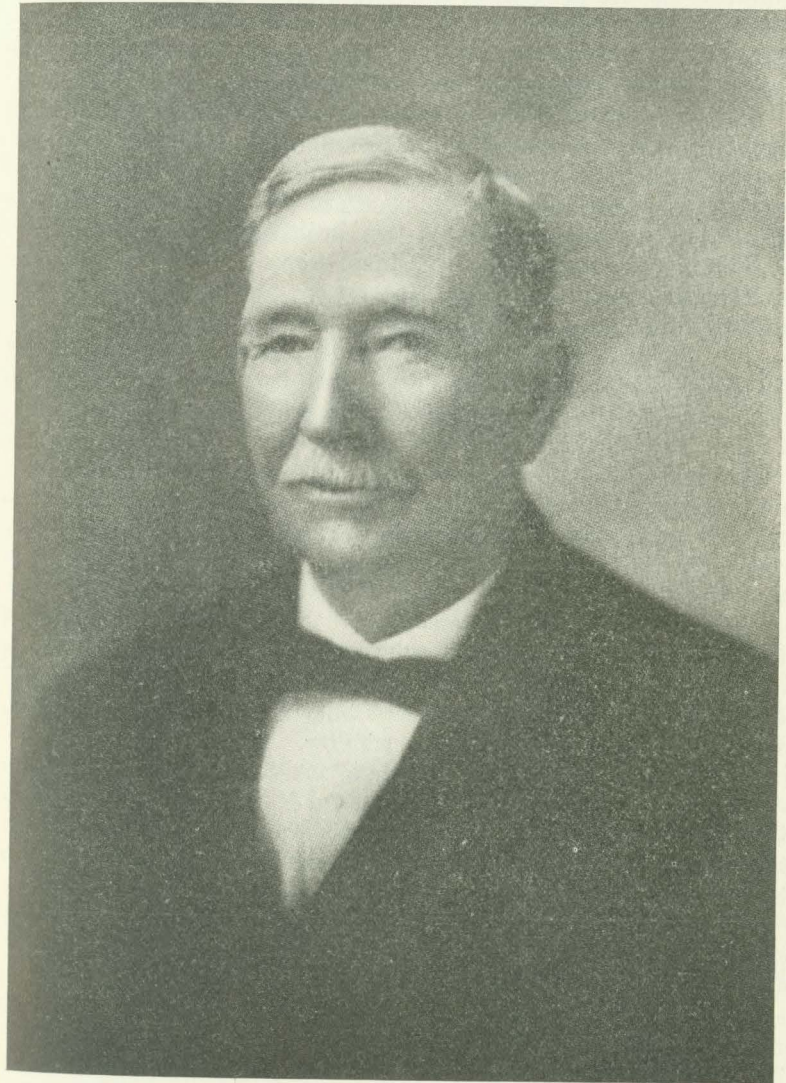
At the time of the settlement in old Sterling, W. S. Hadfield, W. L. Henderson, and M. H. Smith were the only white men within many miles, since the Leavitt family, previously mentioned, did not prove to be permanent settlers, and were not here at the time of the settlement. Messrs. Henderson and Smith, both stockmen in the valley, had staked claims about three miles east of the present Sterling.

Mr. Hadfield's ranch was located three and a half miles south of Sterling. Uncle Billy, as he is known to practically every resident in the county, has the distinction of being the first permanent settler in Logan County, having located here in 1871. He is acquainted with every phase of Indian life, having many times narrowly escaped from Indian attacks. The Sioux were his neighbors on the north and the Utes on the west. He is an Englishman by birth, and is, at present, living a retired life in his beautiful home in Sterling at the advanced age of eighty-six years.

When the new settlers made their appearance in the valley Uncle Billy said, "I dislike to see those hayseeds coming in, for they will ruin the range by fencing it." He has had many sympathizers among those who have watched the transition from a land of cow-

boys, round-ups and unbroken range, to an almost exclusive farming community.

Those hayseeds made their first efforts at farming in 1875 but with no success. The following year, 1876, was the real beginning of crop raising, but for many years stock-raising was more



W. S. HADFIELD
First permanent settler in Logan County

engaged in than farming. Most of the cattle were brought in from Texas, and were managed range fashion, that is, they were left out on the open range the year around with a "round-up" in the spring to brand and distribute the calves, and another in the fall to gather the beef cattle.

A dry summer, followed by a very cold winter, during which about seventy-five per cent of their stock died, caused the ranchmen to change their method somewhat. Great sod corrals were built where the cattle might be sheltered and fed during severe storms. The remains of these corrals were standing until a very recent date.

The plan to build the Colorado Central railroad having been abandoned, these pioneers waited for seven years, unable to get away from the land on which they had built their hopes and homes. Courageously they toiled, suffering every privation of the pioneer life. Along the line of the ditch they built fences in order to keep the buffalo and range cattle from their crops. This was before the day of barbed wire and the buffaloes went right through the fences, carrying destruction with them, the cattle following.

The early settlers lived principally upon buffalo meat and other wild game. Other provisions had to be hauled from Greeley. In the present day of automobiles this would not seem so much of a hardship, but traveling with horses over a trackless country, uninhabited, except by Indians, was a different matter. Firewood and posts were hauled some twenty miles from Lewis canyons. It is said that at that time these canyons were filled with huge red cedar trees, even the stumps of which have been dug or blasted for firewood.

The attitude of the Indians toward the settlers was not exactly hostile, but, not knowing just what to expect, they suffered much from fright. Mrs. R. C. Perkins has often told of how she would be frightened sometimes, as she was busy about the house, by seeing an old Indian peeping in the window. The Indians were very fond of whiskey and seeing a bottle of medicine on the shelf, they would offer to trade beads or blankets for it, thinking it might contain liquor. They had little idea of the value of anything except horses. The settlers would often be awakened at night by hearing the Indians driving off their best horses.

Three cowboys from Tracy's ranch near Pine Bluff, Wyoming, while driving a herd of stock from Iliff were killed near Seventeen Mile Springs northwest of Sterling. Four cowboys were in the party and one remained to tell the story. A company of men was organized and started in pursuit of the Indians but failed to find them. The bodies of the slain were recovered and brought back to the settlement for burial. This caused the settlers to take defensive measures, and so a fort was built. It was two hundred feet square

and made of sod and large enough to shelter all the families. Previous to this time they had often gathered at each other's homes to guard against attacks that might be threatened or made. Arms and ammunition were supplied by the state. In September, 1878, came the worst Indian scare the settlers ever experienced. They received word that the Cheyenne Indians were on the warpath and coming their way. The old men, women and children were taken to Sidney, Nebraska, while the able bodied men remained to guard their possessions. The report, however, proved to be false. The Indians were merely moving from one reservation to another and did not even pass through the valley.

Simultaneously with the coming of the railroad in 1881, passed the plow-man with his gun. The present city of Sterling was born September 24, 1881. The original townsite was preempted by John E. Boyd and purchased from him for four hundred dollars by M. C. King.

Calvin Cheairs built the first house within the confines of the present city with the first lumber brought in on the new railroad. It was built where now stands the beautiful new modern residence of Mrs. J. J. Cheairs, 1012 South Division Avenue. The old house still stands, having been moved out into the country one mile south of Sterling.

A Glimpse of Moffat Tunnel History

By Ernest Morris

In 1902, David H. Moffat and associates began the construction of a direct line of railroad from Denver across the Continental Divide toward Salt Lake City. They incorporated The Denver, Northwestern & Pacific Railroad Company which proceeded to build a line from Denver west over Rollins Pass. The highest point reached was at Corona, an altitude of 11,660 feet. From the inception of this stupendous undertaking it was contemplated that a tunnel should be constructed which would pierce the main range of the Rocky Mountains at an altitude of about 9,000 feet, thereby reducing the highest point of the railway grade by about half a mile. Hence, it was designed that the road across the summit of the Snowy Range should be built merely for temporary use until such tunnel should be completed.

The Railway Company alone was financially unable to undertake the construction of such a tunnel, which was to be over six miles in length and would be the longest railway tunnel upon the American continent. Three efforts were made to provide for the

building of the tunnel. The man who devoted himself assiduously to this task was Mr. William G. Evans, a close friend and associate of Mr. Moffat, and, to the time of his death, first vice-president, and a director of the State Historical Society of Colorado. His father, John Evans, the second territorial governor of Colorado, had been a railroad builder, having succeeded in completing, on June 24, 1870, the first railroad to Denver, namely, The Denver Pacific, from Cheyenne.

The first public effort for the realization of what came to be called "The Moffat Tunnel" was the adoption, on May 20, 1913, by the electors of Denver, of an amendment to the city charter. This enactment provided for the appointment of three tunnel commissioners and for a bond issue designed to pay two-thirds of the tunnel construction cost. This amendment also ordained that the City of Denver should have the perpetual right to use the tunnel as an aqueduct to bring water from the western slope to the city; also for conducting electricity for lighting and power purposes. The city was also to have the right to acquire all mineral veins found in the tunnel and the right to grant trackage rights to other railways besides The Denver and Salt Lake Railroad which had become successor to The Denver and Northwestern. This first effort failed, because the Supreme Court of Colorado decided that the plan was in conflict with the provision of the State Constitution prohibiting a city from lending or pledging its faith or credit to any corporation. (*Lord v. Denver*, 58 Colo. 1. (1914)).

This set-back did not deter Mr. William G. Evans from proceeding with other plans. In 1920 he caused a measure to be brought forward known as the tri-tunnel plan. This provided for the enactment of a law for the construction of two other tunnels simultaneously with The Moffat Tunnel. The second tunnel was to be built under Monarch Pass, and the third under Cumbres Pass. The plan involved a bond issue of \$18,550,000 by the vote of the people of the State of Colorado. It was believed that the other sections of the state, besides the territory immediately tributary to The Moffat Tunnel, would look with favor upon the plan which, in its entirety, was designed to promote railway transportation throughout the whole State of Colorado. The measure was submitted at the general election in 1920. While Denver and Northwestern Colorado strongly supported this tri-tunnel plan, it was, nevertheless, defeated by a heavy adverse vote in such counties as Pueblo, El Paso, and Las Animas.

The third effort was successful and has ripened into fruition. The City of Pueblo had suffered severely from a flood during the summer of 1921 and was very eager for the enactment of legislation creating a conservancy district to protect the city from future

flood disasters. At the same time, Northwestern Colorado and Denver were urging legislation for the building of The Moffat Tunnel. The fact that The Denver and Salt Lake Railway had been blocked by heavy snows upon the Continental Divide, entailing severe losses to ranchers and stockmen, emphasized the necessity for the building of The Moffat Tunnel. Thereupon, Governor Shoup convoked a special session of the legislature for the sole purpose of enacting legislation for the flood control of Pueblo and the construction of the tunnel.

Mr. William G. Evans conferred with Mr. James A. Marsh, City Attorney of Denver, and persuaded him to prepare a tunnel bill, based upon a sound legal plan, which would withstand any attack that might be made against it in the courts. Mr. Marsh conceived the plan of organizing a municipal tunnel district and formulated a bill predicated upon that principle. The fact that later, both the Supreme Court of Colorado (*Milheim v. Moffat Tunnel Improvement District*, 72 Colo. 268 (1922)) and the Supreme Court of the United States (262 U. S. 710 (1923)) upheld the validity and constitutionality of the tunnel enactment, demonstrated that Mr. Marsh was able to carry out the wishes of Mr. Evans in the formulation of a sound legal plan in which the tunnel measure was clothed.

The bill was introduced in the General Assembly on April 19, 1922, being the anniversary of the historic revolutionary battles of Concord and Lexington. On the same day, President Roblin H. Davis of the Denver Chamber of Commerce appointed a special legislative committee, the personnel of which, among others, included Mr. Evans, former Governor Ammons, and the writer.

This committee began its labors on the very date of its appointment and sought to bring every reasonable, proper influence to bear upon members of the legislature for the passage of The Moffat Tunnel Bill. However, much opposition was encountered, growing out of sectional differences between different portions of Colorado. Pueblo wanted its conservancy district bill passed. While its representatives were indifferent about the adoption of the tunnel measure, they did not oppose it and, in the end, cast their votes in its favor. Objections to the tunnel bill came mostly from El Paso, Fremont and other counties of Southern Colorado.

In the House of Representatives, numerous amendments were introduced to the pending tunnel bill, the adoption of which amendments would have seriously hampered, if not prevented, the actual construction of the tunnel. One amendment, which actually received a majority vote of the House, eliminated the Tunnel Commission and substituted therefor various boards of county commissioners of the principal counties included in the tunnel district.

Fortunately a majority of the House were persuaded to realize the unfortunate effects that such 'amendments would have upon the practical accomplishment of the project. They reconsidered the vote upon the amendments and finally passed the bill, with only slight modifications and in substantially the same form as the State Senate had adopted the measure.

On April 29, 1922, the Senate concurred in the modifications made by the House and, thereafter, on May 12, 1922, Governor Shoup signed the law and appointed the tunnel commissioners who proceeded immediately with the work of organization and construction, subject only to the necessary delays caused by the judicial approval of the tunnel law and the action of the tunnel commissioners themselves in providing by assessments for the tunnel bonds from which the construction funds were raised.

It is a source of gratification to realize that on the 18th day of February in this year of 1927, the President of the United States did, at the White House, touch the golden key which sent the electric spark across the continent into The Moffat Tunnel and removed the remainder of the barrier which had for eons separated western from eastern Colorado.

After The Moffat Tunnel measure had become an assured accomplishment, the writer suggested to Mr. William G. Evans that he was entitled to the gratitude and appreciation of the people of the West for his splendid service in their behalf. To this, he modestly responded: "I do not wish anything except the privilege of taking Mrs. David H. Moffat upon the first train that is run through the Tunnel." Unfortunately both Mr. Evans and Mrs. Moffat did not live to realize this simple wish. Let us hope that their trip over the Great Divide and their presence in the Elysian Fields has been marked with a greater and fuller measure of joy and happiness than all the pleasure that they would have experienced by all their earthly dreams coming true.

Fork valley and these three Indians had a pass from the officer in charge of the Indian camp giving them the right to be in this valley for the purpose of hunting horses the Indians had left behind.

After looking over the North Fork, Uncompahgre, and Grand valleys, they returned to Lake City, very much enthused over the country they had found. Samuel Wade claimed it to be a fruit country, where, he felt sure, apples, peaches, pears, and other deciduous fruits would do well. On September first, 1881, Samuel Wade, Enos T. Hotchkiss, and John McIntire decided to return to the North Fork. They brought with them Doug McIntire, W. A. Clark, Samuel Angevine, Geo. L. Root, Joseph and Ezra G. Wade, this time bringing two wagons. Traveling was very good until we reached Curecanti creek, on the southeast side of Black Mesa. Here our wagon road ended. We had good teams—none better. We had on our wagons, I would judge, about four hundred pounds. With the men lifting on each rear wheel of the wagons and pushing with all their strength, it took us all day to get on Black Mesa.

The ground was so soft and steep, sometimes it was impossible to move our wagons more than a foot at a time, but we moved. The following night found us in a camp much higher than the one we had occupied the night before. By walking back about a hundred yards we could look down at our old camp. We could have walked back to it in half an hour.

With all the hardships experienced on a trip of this kind there is always more than enough pleasure to make up for the bad. At this camp on top of Black Mesa we had plenty of wood, good water from a spring, and the best of grass for our teams. The grass on the mesa was the finest, I think, I have ever seen. E. B. Quackenbush and Joseph Brown were here, putting up hay for the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company. I remember how, as we crossed the mesa, some of the men wished they had cattle to eat the grass that would soon be covered with snow.

When we reached the west side of the mesa, near Crystal creek, the problem was to get down. We put chain rough-locks on each rear wheel and tying the front wheels of our wagons fast with ropes, slid down, the wagons even then hard pressing the teams forward. Enos Hotchkiss chained both rear wheels of his wagons and tied a big, bushy tree behind. That night we camped on Crystal creek. The next morning we were up early and off. The following night we camped on Smith Fork. The next morning we could look down on a mesa now known as Rogers Mesa. The weather was fine, more like July than September. As we looked down on the lower country one could not help

Early Days at Paonia¹

By Ezra G. Wade

About the middle of August, 1881, Samuel Wade, Enos T. Hotchkiss, and John McIntire, with saddle horses and pack animals left Lake City, Colorado, en route for the Ute Indian Reservation in western Colorado, of which our beloved Delta county is now a small part. These men saw only three Indians in North

¹This sketch was prepared at the request of Ranger W. F. Gilliam of the Battlement Forest. It is taken from an article published in the *Paonian*, May 24, 1923.—Ed.

thinking of the story of the Promised Land. However, we had no Moses along; as you will remember, he only saw the promised land and did not enter into it, but we all did.

On this side of the Smith Fork we found many camps where the Indians had been a few days previous, their tepee poles still standing, little piles of rocks in circular form as if children had been playing there, and I fancy they had. The following night, we camped below where the town of Hotchkiss now stands. Enos Hotchkiss located there, the town of Hotchkiss deriving its name from him. Samuel Wade informed his party we were going to the upper end of the valley, saying he believed it would be best for the fruit growing, so it was decided that Samuel and Joseph Wade, George Root, William Clark and Samuel Angevine were to start that morning for the upper end of the valley. Samuel Angevine and William Clark rode horses, Samuel and Joseph Wade and George Root walked, E. G. Wade bringing the wagon. No wagon had ever been at the upper end of the valley. Just how we would get there with it we did not know. They said there was a big mesa on the south side of the river while on the north side it was more or less broken. We decided to take the south side. Everything went nicely until I came to a creek. Here I met with some trouble; in crossing this creek our wagon and team piled up and we had to dig them out. We got up on the mesa and had clear sailing excepting for sagebrush and soft ground. When night came we camped on what is known as the C. Lund hay ranch. Angevine had stopped here with his pack horses and located that place. Angevine killed two cub bear near camp that evening and we cooked them. At this place we found quantities of corn cobs. The Indians had been raising corn here and for some time this place was known as the Indian ranch.

W. A. Clark located the place where his family still reside. E. G. Wade located the ranch where Daniel Eikenberry now lives. Samuel Wade located the ranch now belonging to Merle A. Miller; a part of the town of Paonia now stands on the north portion of this ranch. George Root located the ranch where Weldon Hammond now lives. Joseph Wade located the A. L. Roberts ranch.

Reaching the upper end of the valley, the writer was quite sure he had never seen a place quite so nice. We had come into the land of Canaan. There were no grapes, but instead there were lots of buffalo berries—the outskirts of the timber were red with them. If you have ever eaten any of these berries you know that they are good. There was no honey here at first, but the country was soon full of buzzing bees and it has proved to be a perfect home for them. We remained in camp here for about

one week. Will Clark, having moved up from Hotchkiss' camp, was a neighbor camper with us. The morning we were expecting to start back to Lake City (the sixteenth day of September, the writer remembers the day because it was the day President Garfield died) we arose early and went out to get the mules, expecting to give them grain. To my surprise, both their lariat ropes had been cut with a sharp knife and the mules were gone. I went to the camp and told him what had happened. He said, "Take my saddle horse if you want to follow them." I went back to where the mules had been tied, took up their trail, and followed them up Minnesota creek, there being at that time a bunch of Indian ponies up this creek. After going quite a distance I met both mules coming down on the run; they were used to having grain, so were coming back to camp. The Indian ponies were missing after this. We did not think it Indians that cut the mules loose; we believed it to be white horse thieves. We supposed they let the mules loose, thinking the mules would stay with the ponies. We were surely a happy bunch, as we had begun to fear we were elected to leave our wagons and walk back to Lake City.

After returning to Lake City Samuel Wade hired freight teams, John Roateap, Sr., John Roateap, Jr., Don Long, and Barney Orth hauling goods for the first store of general merchandise to be located in this country. This store was located on the Samuel Wade ranch in a dugout 24x36 feet, just back of where William Starks now lives. These freight teams came over Blue Mesa, entering the Uncompahgre valley above the present site of the city of Montrose, there being a good road to Ouray. Down the Uncompahgre valley from above Montrose there was no wagon road excepting such as we picked out as we traveled.

After the little pioneer store was fully established Samuel Wade went back to Missouri, where his family then resided, leaving the writer in charge of the stock of merchandise. Gunnison City was then our nearest railroad station. The winter of 1881-2 was a winter never to be forgotten, with but very little snow and the coldest weather being three degrees above zero early in the spring of 1882.

Samuel Wade returned by the way of Gunnison City, bringing with him fruit trees—apples, pears, peaches, apricots, plums, and cherries, and grapevines and a large variety of small fruits. These fruit trees were hauled across Black Mesa on sleds. The trail across Black Mesa was kept open the entire winter of 1881, George Wade and L. E. Meyers going from this side to meet the parties coming in from Gunnison City with the fruit trees. They placed the fruit trees on their sleds and hitched one mule ahead

of the other. With the mules in the trail and the sleds up on the snow sometimes the sleds would be four or five feet above the mules. This made traveling very difficult. These trees were brought here and set out on the Samuel Wade ranch, where many of them still stand and are bearing fruit.

The first cattle brought to the valley were brought in by John Roateap, Sr., in October, 1881. The first bunch of range cattle was brought in by E. T. Hotchkiss, George and William Duke being in charge of them. The next bunch was brought in by Henry Hammond and sons.

The question has often been asked, How did the name "Paonia" originate? The name Peona, from the peony flower, was sent to the Postoffice Department. The department saw fit to change the name to Paonia. Samuel Wade was our first postmaster. Our first schoolhouse was a log house 18x26 feet, built in the fall of 1882. Delta County was set off from Gunnison County in the year 1883. The first wagon bridge of importance in Delta County was the state bridge at the mouth of Black Canon on the Gunnison River.

Our first church organization was founded in 1893; however, we had church services before this, but no organization. The young people of the valley formed literary societies and had socials and dances. People from Hotchkiss and Crawford were all neighbors of ours—just like one big family, interested in the welfare of each other. The country was full of wild game, such as elk, deer, bear, and some antelope. High up in the mountains we could find plenty of mountain sheep and there was no game law to prohibit us from killing all we wanted. The actual settler of the country never wasted the game, but soon outsiders came in and began killing just for hides. This was the cause of the closed seasons on wild game to which all good citizens are glad to submit.

The people who wintered in the upper end of the valley during 1881 were: L. T. Clark, E. B. Quackenbush and daughter, Hattie, A. S. Goodenow and his mother, who later married Mr. Quackenbush, Joseph Brown, Riley Adams and family, Barney Orth and wife, L. E. Meyers, Geo. Wade, John Feeman, Sam Angevine, Billie Anderson, and E. G. Wade. Dr. Long and family lived at Midway. A number of people wintered in the vicinity of Hotchkiss, among whom were George and Will Duke, Milt Frady and family, Charles Gray and his father, William Dever and Billie Berry.

Cabin Life in Colorado

By Mrs. H. A. W. Tabor

(This story was obtained from Mrs. Tabor by the historian H. H. Bancroft in 1884. The original manuscript is in the Bancroft Library, University of California.)

I came out here in 1859, from Kansas. I had lived in Kansas two years. My native place is Maine. I married and came out to Kansas and we settled on a farm.

Denver was the first place in Colorado that I came to. There were a few log houses here, but very few. I was the eleventh woman that arrived. Mrs. Byers was one of the women whose name I remember. Most of them were Mexicans or squaws. We only camped here about a week. Just long enough to rest our cattle. We came with ox-teams across the plains. We then went up to where Golden now stands and camped there three weeks, on Clear Creek, at the foot of the mountains. Mr. Tabor went up into the mountains to look after gold and I stayed in camp and took care of the cattle and the provisions. We had six months provisions with us. The cattle were foot-sore and could not go far but I kept them from straying. I stayed there quite alone; there was no one there, no Indians, nothing there but just myself and our teams, silence reigned around, not a soul but me and my baby, and I was a weakly woman, not nearly so strong as I am now.

There was only one mine, that was up where Central now stands. It was called the Gregory mine, where they found gold. There were two men who went with my husband to find gold. They did not find anything and returned to camp. They thought they had better move me up farther. We packed up and went beyond there up to Payne's Bar, now called Idaho Springs. We were three weeks going from there to where Central is now. Had to make our road as we went. We could only make about three miles a day, a wagon had never been there before. We could go a good many miles in order to get what now would be only a few miles.

The miners told Mr. Tabor he ought not to keep me at Idaho Springs during the winter, as there were often snow-slides that would cover us all up. He became frightened and moved me back to Denver, when he returned to the camp he found his claim had been jumped. Some of the miners had told him this to get him away so that they could jump his claim. There was no law in those days. He returned to Denver and then went down to where Colorado Springs is now. He thought that Colorado Springs might be the center of the state as near as he could locate it. We thought probably they would make the Capital at the center of the state

and wanted to be first in starting it. He was always very enterprising, so he went to Colorado Springs and erected the first house there. I stayed in Denver and took boarders through the winter while he went to the Springs and erected the first house which he intended to open for a sort of business house or place where people could meet; then he came to Denver and tried his best to get parties to go down and lay off a town. He did not succeed very well, so he thought it better to go into the mines and try our luck. We left Denver in February, 1860.

There were a few log houses in Colorado City, four or five, a few men tried to make a town of it. They gave me some lots as I was the first lady there, but the town went all down. M. S. Beach, from Massachusetts was our County Clerk.

From there we went to Manitou and camped while the men went ahead and tried to make a road through.

It was Mr. Tabor's idea entirely to start a town at Colorado Springs, it being central and the Capital at that time was not located. There were no mines then that we knew of, he knew it was more central, thought that the country was better down there, the climate was better and thought in time they would locate the Capital there. Colorado City was never much until they talked of building at Colorado Springs. Those who owned lots at the old city tried to get the town there instead of at the Springs.

From there we went up to the headwaters of the Arkansas looking for gold. It was a lovely country, beautiful climate. There were a good many Indians in the country in 1859 and '60, but at that time they were friendly so we did not fear them. They were a thieving people and it was unpleasant to have them around us.

I was the first woman in California Gulch. There was only one party ahead of us, one of seven men, and we were to join with them, but I was sick in Denver and they all went off a few days ahead of us. We were all this time trying to get track of them. We knew they had gone somewhere into the mountains prospecting about 150 miles southwest of Denver. They were prospecting along as they went, tried several gulches before they found California Gulch. When we got to Cache Creek we stopped one month. My husband whip-sawed some lumber to make sluice boxes and put them in. We found plenty of gold but there was so much black sand and we did not know how to separate it. We had no quick-silver, so we had to abandon it. I would work all day long picking out with a little magnet and when night came I would not have a pennyweight, it was so fine. Afterwards those mines turned out to be very rich, if we had stayed right there we would have had enough. It is owned by capitalists now, 20 miles below California Gulch. The town of Granite is there now. We abandoned Granite.

We were the first there and camped there just one month. Three gentlemen, Nathaniel Maxey, S. P. Kellogg, Mr. Tabor and myself and baby, now a young man.

Someone came down California Gulch and reported that they had found gold, they were looking us up and wanted to get in supplies. He came to our camp and told us to move up, telling us to go up until we came to the first large bald mountain on the road, then turn up that gulch around the bald mountain; it would take us all day to go with the ox-team, we would probably see the smoke of their camp fire. We went up there and found Slater and Abe Lee. Those were the first men that panned out in California Gulch. They got a dollar to the pan and that encouraged them right off. We killed our cattle that we drove in and divided the beef among them. We lived on that a few days until the man got back with some Mexicans coming in with flour. They turned to and built me a cabin of green logs, had it finished in two days. We lived there all summer. Mrs. C. L. Hall was the second lady to cross the South Park, now living at 412 Broadway, Denver. Dr. Bond came from Iowa. Had a very interesting wife, he was a gambler. He is blind now and she has to support him.

In the winter time when everything was frozen up, there was no mining and the men who had a little means would go out to the cities and spend all their money and go back in the spring.

Really the women did more in the early days than the men. There was so much for them to do, the sick to take care of. I have had so many unfortunate men shot by accident, brought to my cabin to take care of. There were so many men who could not cook and did not like men's cooking and would insist upon boarding where there was a woman and they would board there all they could.

We arrived in California Gulch May 8th, 1860, and in 1861 we had acquired what we considered quite a little fortune, about \$7,000 in money. We came over into Park County, started a store and stayed there six years. We rode over the Mosquito Range. My husband was Postmaster. It was called Buckskin Joe when we lived there. A man who wore buckskin clothes whose name was Joe discovered the first mine there. There was a little mining excitement, about 200 people were there so we went over with the rush and started a store there until the mines all played out. Then we went back and opened a place in California Gulch, still continued the mercantile business. My husband kept the Postoffice and Express Office and I kept a boarding house in California Gulch. We were in better fix to keep those places as most everyone who came in just had a pack on his back. We had a little house and things in shape to keep them.

A man named Wm. Van Brooklyn, who did not like mining as it was too hard work, said he had a pair of mules and he would start an express, would ride the mules alternately. He brought our letters in and we paid him 75 cents each for them and paid accordingly for any little express matter he could bring on a mule. He was a heavy man and could not bring much. I kept the express books, started the letters out and took the money. He said if I would board him while he was running the express he would give me his claim, but I would not board him for it, so he sold it to a man named Ferguson and Stevens and that summer there was \$80,000 taken out of that claim by those two men. I weighed all the gold that was taken out of the upper end of the gulch that summer. There was many a miner who did not know one thing about weighing gold. I never saw a country settled up with such greenhorns as Colorado. They were mostly from farms and some clerks. They were all young men from 18 to 30. I was there a good many years before we saw a man with grey hair. They thought they were going to have a second California, they gathered all the knowledge they could from books. Some Georgia miners reported there was gold here and they came out to search for it. Thousands turned back. We met them every day and they advised us to go back; but we started with six months provisions and thought if we did not find anything here we would go on to California.

When we came here everybody said nothing would ever grow on this sandy desert, and no one could ever build a railroad in those mountains.

Mr. Tabor supplied the first 300,000 ties to the A. T. & S. F. Railroad. It took five months to get those ties down the mountain. He was under contract to get them down to the road at such a time and was under bonds and he was a man who would not allow his bondsmen to pay. He expected to get them down when the water was high in the spring, but we did not have any snow that spring and could not float them, so he had to hire teams to get them out of that canyon. I stayed at home all that five months and kept the store going. We had a good deal of money to take care of, we had the only safe in the country and had to keep everybody's treasures in that safe, and I was a little afraid for the five months he was gone from home.

A man named Green took the contract to get out the ties for the A. T. & S. F. The ties were got up where California Gulch is. They were owing Mr. Tabor a good deal of money for supplies and he found out the man was not going to make a success of it and became alarmed, so he took the contract off Green's hands to get his money out of it, and that is where he missed it. After he got

through with the tie business we found that we had worked two years and had not made a dollar. Had done all the hard work for nothing. He worked hard with the rest of the men. He was terribly pushed to get food enough for them. They would eat an ox at one meal, and more too. All that time I had the store for him to get money to run those ties through.

He wanted our boy to go into the store, but I wanted him to go to school. I told him I would go into the store and do all the boy could do. I went into the store and he found I was a better hand at keeping the books than he was. I made all the returns for the Postoffice for seven years, and General Adams said that during these seven years he only sent back one paper for correction.

The express man only kept that express one year, after that we got the U. S. Mail. It took a man generally four days to go to Denver after we got the roads through. It took him a week at first. It was generally a week and often ten days we would have to wait.

I have been taken along as a body-guard a great many times when Mr. Tabor was going to Denver with treasure, because he thought he would not be so liable to be attacked. I have carried gold on my person many a time. He would buy all the gold that he could and would carry it down ourselves rather than trust the express, because our express was often robbed. I have gone across the Mosquito Range with him on horseback. Then we had no road at all. I had the gold in buckskins, then put in gunnybags, then laid on the horse and then my saddle put on over the blanket, and bring it that way. Then there would be nothing visible but the saddle. If anyone came along they would rather search him than me. There were some miles that we could not ride our horses on account of the wind, it blew so fiercely. We had to have our clothes tied on firmly. In some places it was so steep we had to hang on to our horses' tails, it was all the horses could do to get up.