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## Hard Rock Drilling Contests in Colorado

AS TOLD BY VICTOR I. NOXON TO FOREST CROSSEN\*

I have taken a deep interest in hand rock-drilling contests for over fifty years. I have seen most of the best drillers—both single and double-hand—that Colorado has produced. My most intimate acquaintance was with the men of Clear Creek, Gilpin and Boulder counties who won honors in the early days at this highly colored and truly representative test of mining skill. All this, of course, before the days of pneumatic drills.

Rock-drilling matches began among the miners of individual mines. Then mining camps picked their favorites to appear against the best men of a rival camp. Counties picked their champions by a process of elimination, usually held during the latter part of the summer. The Fourth of July contests were for local interest only. The county competitors met at the annual Carnival of Mountain and Plain, held in Denver each October. It was these state contests that really put rock-drilling on a clean business-like basis.

William Libby and Charles Rowe of Idaho Springs were supreme among the local drillers for a number of years. They held state honors, too. They were Cornish miners, and they had a tremendous following among their countrymen. This was during the '80s.

Rowe and Libby were small men, weighing about 135 pounds. They were particularly skillful, more than making up for their lack in weight in the hammer blows. They came down with the double-jack directly on the head of the drill, thus making a good clean cutting stroke. The manner in which the drill is turned and held makes a great deal of difference. These two men forced the other miners, larger men than they were, to follow their practices before they went down to defeat before superior muscles and weight.

The Cornishmen in general were much smaller than the Nova Scotians, who were numerous in Boulder, Clear Creek and Gilpin

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counties in those days, or the Swedes and Irish of a later period. Mullis of Central City was a big Cousinjack and a hard man to defeat in a drilling contest.

Clear Creek County developed Edward Chamberlain, who won the championship for the western states two or three times. Henry Tarr, who won state honors, was also from this county. Sullivan Tarr, his younger brother, developed into a mighty hammerman and won the world's championship.

Boulder County had "Bud" Shaw, Jim Pittman and Thurman Collins. Pittman and Collins made a very powerful team. They acquitted themselves very well in contests. Shaw carried off the honors in many local and county contests.

So far I have been talking about double-hand drilling. There were also single-hand contests. Al Yockey of Central City was unbeaten for several years during the '90s. His supremacy was superseded by Charles Wahlstrom of Boulder. Fred Dopp of Jintown, Boulder County, is the present unbeaten champion.

Although single-hand drilling contests were mighty feats of skill and endurance, they never attracted the attention that the double-hand commanded.

Definite rules and practices were laid down and rigorously followed. Drillers would go into training two weeks or longer before a contest, coming out of the mines in order to get their wind in shape to stand the 15-minute contests. It was not until about 1900 that ten minutes became the accepted time of the contests. A six-to-eight-pound hammer was used in the double-hand drilling, and a four-pound hammer for the single-hand contests. The single-hand drillers used three-quarter inch drills; the double-hand men seven-eighths inch steel.

A timer with a stop-watch called the minutes, thus giving the drillers an opportunity to change off from their positions as hammermen or drill turners. During the last four or five minutes the timer called time at each half minute. Two judges watched each team of contestants and measured the hole to fractions of an inch.

The blows that a hammerman struck to the minute was usually known by his trainers. The usual speed was 67 or 68. Some drillers could average 75 or 76. This, of course, was very fast. Regularity in speed minute after minute was sought after by every man who went into training.

The sharpening of drills became a fine art. The men who could put an edge on tools that would hold up through the terrific pounding of a fifteen-minute contest were few. They became specialists, fitting up steel for drillers all over this western mining country. Sometimes the sharpener worked directly with the champions, learning to temper the steel to fit the demands that the indi-

viduals put on it. This process frequently took months. John Lind of Idaho Springs was one of the best tool sharpeners of the early days. He sharpened drill steel for many champions.

Seldom if ever did the drillers sharpen their own steel. However, one of the members of a famous Leadville team was an expert tool sharpener. He was a blacksmith by trade, and his partner was a miner. Sometimes there was grumbling about this blacksmith



Courtesy of A. A. Paddock, Boulder.  
ROCK DRILLING CONTEST AT NEDERLAND IN 1908

taking part in a sport essentially for miners. They were both big men, weighing 225 pounds. I do not recall their names.

Extreme care was taken in the selection of the stone for these drilling contests. Silver Plume granite was widely used in Clear Creek and Gilpin counties. It was shipped to other parts of the state for most of the important drilling contests. It was a very hard, uniform stone. Drillers from the three northern hard rock counties could usually drill from two to three inches deeper in the stone used in the Leadville contest in the allotted fifteen minutes than they could in the Silver Plume granite.

The prizes offered in these contests were not to be talked of

lightly. Five hundred to one thousand dollars was common for first honors in the county double-hand drills. There were second and third prizes. Singlehanded drilling usually netted the champion from \$300 to \$500, with perhaps a third that amount for the second man. The state prizes ranged from \$4,000 to \$5,000 for the first in the double-hand, and \$1,500 for the single-hand championship.

Each champion had his supporters, who backed him with every dollar that they could lay their hands on. Feeling ran high at some of the contests. During the latter '80s Rory McGillivray of Idaho Springs and his partner drilled against Mullis and his teammate of Central City. The Cornish of Central were backing Mullis to their last dollars, and the affair nearly ended in a riot. It took firm tact and a forceful move on the part of the police to avert trouble.

The story of the Tarr brothers, Henry and Sullivan, and Edward Chamberlain of Idaho Springs, has an unusual interest. All three were miners. Henry Tarr and Chamberlain teamed up together for drilling contests and were successful. They won local and state honors, then competed for the championship of the West, at El Paso, Texas, during the '90s. They won it.

Sullivan Tarr was younger than his brother by about three years. He began practicing and became a very good driller. He was a fast hammerman, striking terrific blows directly on the head of the drill. In action he was a stirring looking figure. Stripped to the waist, his mighty muscles stood out in his arms and shoulders, rippling beneath his white skin.

A big drilling match was held at Cripple Creek. Sullivan Tarr had been away in another part of the country but had returned a short time before. He heard about the match and went down to Cripple Creek. He had no partner, and he did not want to drill single-hand; the prize for team drilling was several thousand dollars. Hurriedly he looked around and found a man who would turn the drill for him, himself a good driller. Sullivan mounted the platform and pounded that drill fifteen minutes without a let-up! He sank that hole three inches deeper than the nearest contestants!

After that he could make a team. He carried off big money with his brother, Chamberlain, and other men. In this respect he was something like Rory McGillivray, who could take nearly any common driller and make a winning team.

Cripple Creek once sent a challenge to Idaho Springs to put up a man who would pound the drill all the way through the contest, 10 minutes, with another man to turn it against a similar team of theirs. The men who sent that challenge knew that Rory McGillivray was out of the state. Sullivan Tarr too was absent.

We had to do some fast thinking. We telegraphed McGillivray, who was working in Butte, Montana, to come home immediately. When he arrived, we secured him a job in the Shafter Mine. When the time for the drilling contest arrived, he had been working at the mine over a month. We had to do this, because there were rules that required a man to be a miner in his own community for a trial like this one. We cautioned everyone to say nothing about his return.

The day of the drilling contest came. The crowd that accompanied the challenging team from Cripple Creek was a large one. It was flushed with the assurance of victory; a good many thousands of dollars changed hands in bets that day. They put their champion hammerman up on the platform with his drill turner. The man stood there in the sun, big, brawny, with mighty muscles that were stirring to see.

Suddenly our crowd parted. A man sprang to the platform, a man stripped to his waist. He straightened up, and the crowd from Cripple Creek actually groaned its surprise. There was McGillivray, the giant Nova Scotian, the last man in the world whom they wanted to see. They protested that he had not been in the camp, that we had brought him in from the outside. But we could show that he had been employed for the required month.

The contest began. McGillivray beat the team from Cripple Creek by three inches.

We had a man in Idaho Springs who was especially skillful in turning the drill. His name was Avery Johnson. He was not much of a hammerman, but he had a trick in handling the drill that I have never seen duplicated. He could lift the drill up eight or ten inches when he turned it, doing this between hammer blows, and plunge it down, thereby getting another cutting stroke. It was beautifully done, almost too fast for the eye to follow. The team that he drilled on won several matches before the judges learned what he was doing. Finally the rules were modified because of his practice, thereby putting a stop to his skill.

A great deal depends on the drill turner in one of these matches. If care is not taken the hole will have "fitchers" in it, that is, it gets three-sided. Then it takes a very skillful man to cut these out and get the hole uniform again, doing this without losing time.

The days are past when two men can drill from 32 to 35 inches in hard Silver Plume granite in 15 minutes. This unique contest of skill, so representative of the adventurous, high-strung miners of the early days, will forever live in the folk-tales of the Old West.

## Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Monument

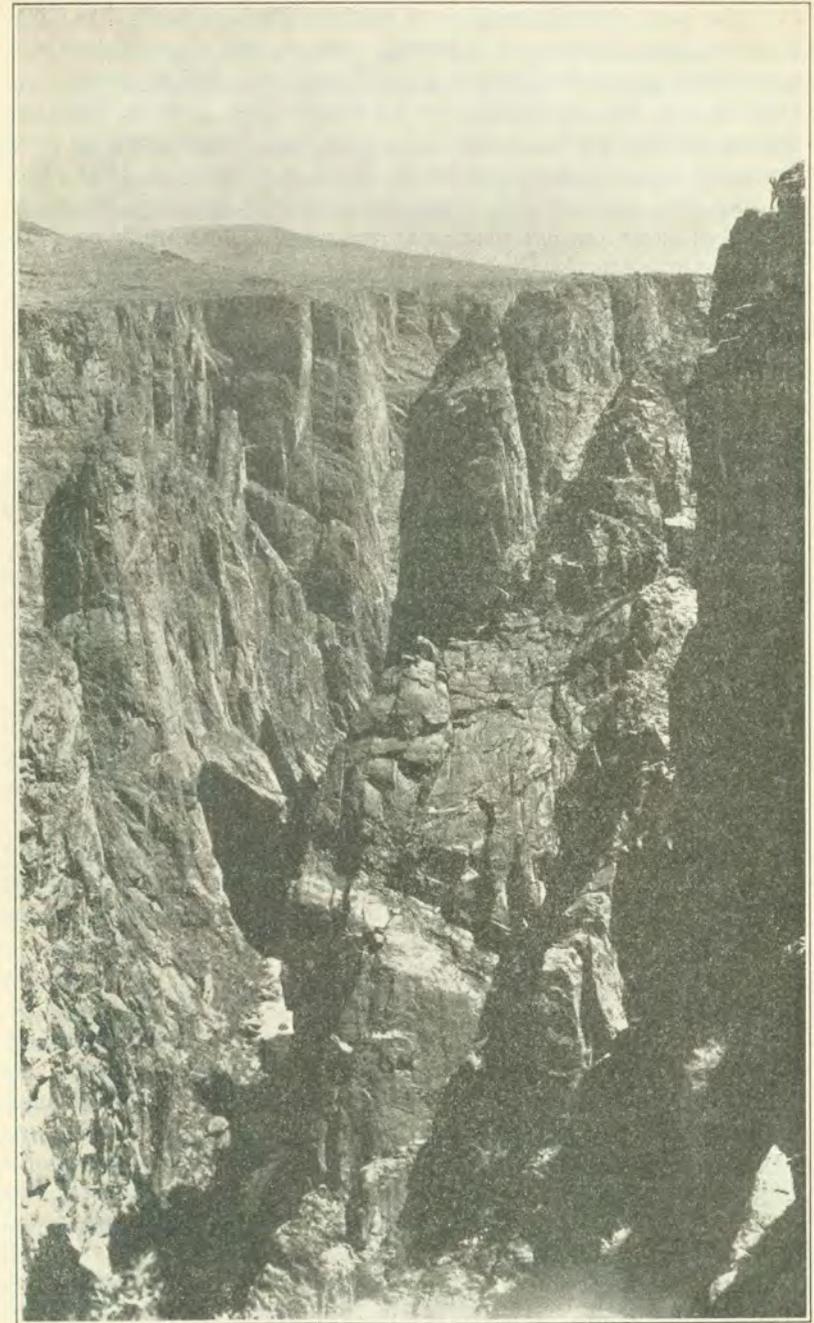
MARK T. WARNER\*

The Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Monument, embracing the deeper and more rugged and spectacular portion of the canyon of the Gunnison River a few miles northeast of Montrose, Colorado, was established by Proclamation of former President Herbert Hoover on March 2, 1933. The Gunnison River of western Colorado, from which this national monument derives its name, has its origin on the western slope of the Continental Divide between the thirty-eighth and thirty-ninth parallels and flows in a general westerly and northwesterly direction, finally emptying its waters into the Colorado River a few miles from the western boundary of the State. The river is formed principally by the union of Taylor and East rivers, which are joined a few miles below their confluence by Tomichi Creek in Gunnison County.

According to the earliest historical records available the first white men to see and explore the Gunnison River were the Spaniards under the leadership of Don Juan Maria de Rivera who with an expedition set out from Santa Fe, New Mexico, in 1765 for the purpose of prospecting for gold among the mountains to the north. The expedition after entering Colorado followed along the foothills of the San Juan and La Plata Mountains, thence in a general northerly direction across the Dolores and San Miguel rivers, the Uncompahgre Plateau and upon reaching the Uncompahgre River followed that stream to the Gunnison, touching it near the western end of the Black Canyon where a landmark was left in the nature of a cross carved on a tree beside the river.

Eleven years later, in the summer of 1776, the year of the signing of the Declaration of Independence and one hundred years before Colorado was admitted as the "Centennial State," we find the Gunnison River again visited by a small Spanish expedition from Santa Fe under the leadership of two Spanish priests, Francisco Escalante and Atanacio Dominguez, who had been sent out to find a new route to the Spanish missions of California. The expedition followed generally the route taken by Rivera. Upon reaching the Gunnison in the vicinity of Rivera's cross, they found that the native Indians were calling this river by the Indian name, *Tomichi*, the main eastern tributary of the river still bearing this name. However, Escalante gave this famous river the Spanish name *Rio de San Javier* which it bore for many years.

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Courtesy Walker Art Studios, Montrose.  
BLACK CANYON OF THE GUNNISON

The next historical reference to the Gunnison River has to do with the establishment of a trading post on the river a short distance below where the Uncompahgre River joins the Gunnison. This trading post was established by the Frenchman, Antoine Robidou, during the thirties and seems to have been an important post for a few years, or until destroyed by the Indians, possibly in 1844. This trading post, or "fort" as it was designated by the early mountain men, was along the old pioneer trappers' trail leading from Taos, New Mexico, into the Utah country and northwest. The trail generally followed the streams and crossed the lower mountain passes, going around the Black Canyon of the Gunnison to the south, through the Uncompahgre Valley in the vicinity of Montrose, and touching the Gunnison River again at Fort Robidou. While complete records are lacking concerning the movements of the pioneer traders and trappers who used this trail, it seems quite likely that Kit Carson, famous among the mountain men, visited and stopped on the Gunnison during his trapping expeditions into western Colorado and Utah.

In the late fall of 1842 we find Marcus Whitman, a pioneer missionary to the Indians of the Oregon Territory, stopping on the Gunnison River while making his memorable winter trip on horseback across the Rockies and plains to Washington, where he presented before President Tyler and others the case of Oregon. Whitman stopped at Robidou's trading post on the Gunnison where he secured a guide, thence pushed on over the mountains during the winter of 1842-43 following generally the trappers' trail to Taos, New Mexico, Bent's Fort and on to Washington.

During the year 1853 three expeditions were on the Gunnison River, the first being led by Lieutenant E. F. Beale, who followed the course of the Gunnison while on his way to California to assume his duties as Indian agent.

The occasion for the next historical mention of the Gunnison River and perhaps the first reference to the "Black Canyon" relates to the exploration of this river by Captain John W. Gunnison in September, 1853. Captain Gunnison had been appointed by Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, to conduct a survey through the Rocky Mountains for the purpose of ascertaining the most practical route for a transcontinental railroad to the Pacific Ocean. In making this survey Captain Gunnison followed the river which was later to bear his name, for a distance of several miles westward until the section known as the "Black Canyon" was reached. Here, according to one authority<sup>1</sup>, when Gunnison discovered the river losing itself in the awful depths of the dark and rugged

canyon with its precipitous walls, further efforts to explore the river in this area were abandoned, the canyon was named the "Black Canyon," and the party passed down into the Uncompahgre Valley reaching the river again at the site of Robidou's trading post, which Gunnison observed at this time to be in ruins. The efforts of Captain Gunnison came to a tragic end the following month when he, together with seven of his companions, were massacred by hostile Indians on the Sevier River in Utah.

In December, 1853, Gen. John C. Fremont came to the Gunnison River on his fifth and last expedition, in the interest of a railroad to the Pacific Coast. On this expedition Fremont followed the general course pursued by Gunnison through the Rocky Mountains and westward into the Utah Basin.

Four years later (December, 1857) we find a military expedition under the leadership of Captain R. B. Marcy slowly making its way along the Gunnison River through the deep snow eastward, toward Cochetopa Pass. Captain Marcy had been ordered by General Albert Sidney Johnston, then encamped at Fort Bridger (Wyoming), to proceed by the most direct route into New Mexico and return with supplies. In accordance with the order, Marcy set out with forty enlisted men and twenty-five mountainmen, among whom was "Jim" Baker, noted pioneer and frontiersman, and after reaching the lower Gunnison River followed that stream to the mouth of the Uncompahgre, thence around the Black Canyon, pursuing the general course traversed by Captain Gunnison in his westward journey of 1853.

In 1873 Dr. Ferdinand V. Hayden explored the Gunnison River, making a geologic and geographic survey of the Colorado Territory for the United States government. It is stated that after looking into the depths of the Black Canyon Dr. Hayden made the notation that the canyon was "inaccessible."

The first attempt to explore the Black Canyon of the Gunnison of which we have any record was made by a survey party of some eight or ten men under the leadership of Byron H. Bryant during the winter of 1882-83. Mr. Bryant at this time was the locating engineer for the Denver and Rio Grande railroad and was authorized to make this survey with the thought of possibly running the railroad entirely through the Black Canyon to the city of Delta, instead of leaving the canyon at Cimarron and following the route of the old pioneer trappers' trail down to Montrose in the Uncompahgre Valley. The Bryant party traversed the entire canyon from Cimarron to Delta with the exception of two very narrow, precipitous gorges which required climbing out of the canyon to go around these. The field notes, maps, topographic sheets, profile and the

<sup>1</sup>B. W. Marsh, *The Uncompahgre Valley and the Gunnison Tunnel*, 86.

original report of Mr. Bryant relative to this survey, are all on file in the engineer's office of the railroad company in Denver, and are valuable from the standpoint of both historic and scientific interest.

Some years after the making of this survey, the people of the great Uncompahgre Valley were seriously considering the proposition of diverting the waters of the Gunnison River from the Black Canyon through a long tunnel under the mountain and pouring them out over the valley for irrigation purposes. In the early summer of 1901 a party of five men volunteered to attempt the perilous exploration of the Black Canyon for the purpose of obtaining scientific data which would be used in determining the feasibility of constructing a diversion tunnel. Equipped with two wooden boats and a supply of provisions, the party of explorers entered the canyon at the point where the Cimarron River flows into the Gunnison. They encountered serious difficulties and suffered hardships from the very start. They found the canyon very narrow and rugged in places, with the swirling waters of the river washing the perpendicular walls of granite with tremendous force, thus making progress difficult and dangerous. They encountered numerous waterfalls and foaming rapids, gigantic rocks which in ages past had dropped from the canyon walls, and in some instances natural bridges were encountered which had been formed by immense rock slides and under these slides the turbulent waters forced their way. It became apparent to the members of the party that with their equipment it would be impossible to complete their mission, so after having spent twenty-one days in traveling some fourteen miles, they abandoned their venture and climbed out of the canyon.

The requirements of modern science, however, had been only partially satisfied by this expedition and it remained for Prof. A. L. Fellows of the U. S. Reclamation Service, and Mr. W. W. Torrence of Montrose, a member of the former party, to complete the task wherein the preceding party had failed. During the month of August these men, equipped with a pneumatic raft, rubber bags for kodak, provisions and other necessities and carrying life lines, entered the canyon and began their perilous journey which was to terminate successfully and make possible the report to the United States government that the waters of the Gunnison River could be successfully diverted through a tunnel under the mountain and made available for irrigation purposes in the Uncompahgre Valley. These men encountered even more serious difficulties in their journey through the Black Canyon than were experienced by their predecessors, but they persisted and after several days of battling with the works and forces of nature finally emerged from the mouth of the canyon with its secrets unlocked to the world.

The history of the Gunnison River and the Black Canyon through which it flows would not be complete without mention of the Ute Indians and their great leaders, Chief Ouray and his squaw Chipeta, who from 1875 until the death of Ouray and the removal of the Utes in 1881, ruled their people from their council house on the Uncompahgre, three miles south of Montrose. The Utes for many years controlled and occupied the entire Gunnison River watershed and valley, but gradually were pushed westward into Utah, their last stand having been made in the Uncompahgre Valley not far from the ridge of black hills which form the southern boundary of the Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Monument.

*Topography.* The spectacular Black Canyon of the Gunnison traverses a portion of Gunnison, Montrose and Delta counties. The entire length of the canyon is some fifty-five miles, beginning at Sapinero on the east and extending almost to the little town of Austin on the west. The portion of the canyon which has been included within the boundaries of the National Monument and set apart by the Government for park purposes, is located wholly in the northeastern portion of Montrose County. The monument area is some ten miles long, extending along both the north and south rims of the canyon, and varies in width from one to three miles, depending upon the topography of the canyon with reference to road and trail construction. There is contained within the National Monument 11,157 acres, most of which is canyon area. The canyon lying within the boundaries of the monument varies in width and depth. No effort has as yet been made to ascertain the greatest depth, but at the East Portal of the Gunnison Diversion Tunnel in the eastern area of the National Monument, a Government survey shows a depth of 1800 feet. At this point, the walls of the canyon are sloping, the distance across from rim to rim wider, and the canyon not so deep as at other points farther down. About the center of the National Monument, the Black Canyon displays some of the more unique features of its rugged grandeur. Here, the sheer granite walls of the canyon appear in places to be almost perpendicular, extending from the brink for hundreds of feet toward the water below. It is in this area that we find the deeper portions of the canyon. According to available figures from the railroad survey made by Mr. Bryant in 1883, to which reference has been made, the width of the canyon at the bottom ranges from 150 to 300 feet, and at the top from 1075 to 1600 feet with one notation of a width of 2000 feet. The figures for the depth of the canyon in this area range from 2110 feet to 2400 feet. Since we do not know the method followed by Mr. Bryant's topographer in arriving at these figures, they should be regarded perhaps as only approximate.

Many of the more magnificent scenic and scientific features of the canyon are to be found in this central area of the National Monument. Here, we find the narrower and deeper portions of the canyon with sheer, perpendicular walls of varicolored granite. Here also we are thrilled with mingled feelings of awe and admiration, as from various vantage points on the south rim we look out upon the jumbled mass of rock before us. Long ridges of jagged granite project out into the heart of the main canyon, with deep, narrow gorges on either side, through which one may occasionally get a glimpse of the rushing, roaring waters of the mighty Gunnison. Towers, pinnacles, spires and other fantastic rock formations greet the eye with an ever new challenge, as sunshine and shadow play their part in the creation of this ever-changing pageant of rugged grandeur and majestic beauty. Here the most daring mountain climber will find a match for both skill and courage.

The south rim of the Black Canyon within the boundaries of the National Monument is much more rugged and broken than the north rim, although on both sides many deep, narrow gorges break the continuity of the precipitous walls of the main canyon and extend from the rim to the river below. From each of these numerous intersecting points, one may obtain a splendid view of both the main and side canyons, with each view presenting a different study in geologic formation, color and scenic beauty.

In the western area of the monument, the topography of the south rim presents an interesting change in formations. Here we find a series of small hills of varying size, connected by a sharp rocky ridge only a few feet wide in places and terminating at Red Rock Canyon—the largest side canyon in the monument. From the highest of these hills with an approximate elevation of 8100 feet, one obtains a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Looking to the east one sees the West Elk Mountains with Land's End as the terminal peak in the range. To the north may be seen Grand Mesa—the largest and highest mesa in the Rocky Mountains—now a popular summer resort. In this direction one looks down upon the distant city of Delta and also follows the course of the Gunnison for several miles. In the immediate foreground, one may gaze upon the beautiful Bostwick Park farming country, the city of Montrose and the Uncompahgre Valley, while in the distance the Uncompahgre Plateau and National Forest form the line of the western horizon, broken only by the Lone Cone peak some fifty-six miles away. As one from this vantage point looks to the south some forty miles, his eyes rest upon the beautiful panorama of the San Juan Mountains with the city of Ouray in the center and the

lofty sentinels of the Rockies extending for miles in either direction. Several of these peaks that may be seen from the Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Monument are more than 14,000 feet in elevation, the better known peaks being Uncompahgre, Sneffles, Wetterhorn and Wilson.

*Geology.* The geology of the Black Canyon while rather simple, nevertheless presents an interesting study in rock formations, colorings, and the effect of erosion on the hard, metamorphic rocks which constitute the principal rock mass of the mountain through which the Gunnison River has cut its way. The canyon has been cut into a crystalline complex consisting principally of granite of varying colors and texture, gneiss and schists, with occasional dikes of pegmatite. In the granite and granitic gneiss may be found the colors common to such rock formations, consisting of whitish, pink, red and gray, and the texture varies from fine to very coarse. The schists are very hard with black the predominating color, although some blue schist is encountered. Seams of mica schist are also very common, and large flakes of transparent mica may be found in many places along the canyon rim. Veins and seams of feldspar, quartz and mica, are quite common throughout the Black Canyon area. Beautiful shades of garnet formations may be seen in various places among the crystalline rocks. In the west portion of the National Monument, outcroppings of red, yellow, brown and white sandstone may be noted in the hills overlooking Red Rock Canyon and the Black Canyon.

One of the outstanding features of the geology of the Black Canyon is the study which is presented by the vast network of folds, veins and seams which may be observed everywhere in the smooth, perpendicular walls. These formations vary in color from white to pink, brown, red, gray and black. They also vary in thickness from a very thin layer, to layers several feet in thickness. They vary in texture from soft, rotten rock to the hardest forms of granite. They extend in every direction on the canyon walls, some on horizontal lines, some vertical, but principally in curves of varying degrees. This network of veins, folds and seams of varying dimensions and colors at once arrests the attention of the visitor, and constitutes one of the most unique and pleasing features of the Black Canyon.

*Trees and Shrubs.* In addition to the historical and scientific features of the Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Monument, its desirability for park and recreational purposes is greatly enhanced because of the bird, plant, and animal life which abounds. The spruce is the predominating tree of the canyon area and is to be found growing along the gentler slopes, on rocky ledges and in

crevices of the main canyon, while practically all of the deep, narrow, rocky gorges cutting in from the sides are filled with this species of tree. In the heads of some of these side canyons, groves of aspen trees may be seen and these add pleasing variety to the landscape, especially in the autumn when their leaves have turned a brilliant yellow. In the bottom of the main canyon along the water course, willows and cottonwoods are quite plentiful. One of the most interesting features pertaining to the trees of the canyon is noted in the manner in which individual spruces grow out of the sheer granite walls and develop into large, symmetrical trees, although they appear quite small against the deep canyon walls, forming the background. The hills and ridge in the western area of the National Monument, and much of the entire north rim of the canyon together with the southern slope of the south rim, are densely covered with pinyons and cedars.

A great many of the common and flowering shrubs which ordinarily grow in this altitude zone of the Rocky Mountain region may be found throughout the entire Black Canyon area, among the more common being the sagebrush, buckthorn, fendlera, wild rose and mountain mahogany, with the scrub oak the predominant shrub. Of the evergreen shrubs, the Oregon grape and kinnikinnick grow quite profusely. Of the fruit bearing shrubs, chokecherry and the wild currant may be found growing in the rocky side canyons. In the autumn after the frosts have come, the Black Canyon presents a scene of gorgeous beauty with the dark evergreens, the brilliant yellow aspens, and hundreds of acres of scrub oak and other shrubs in their many colors, blending into a harmonious setting of the colored granite walls of the canyon.

*Flora and Fauna.* Many of the wild flowers common to the foothills, the moist rocky canyons and the more arid highlands of the Rocky Mountain region are found growing quite profusely throughout the National Monument. Among the more common may be found the penstemons, lupines, asters, mariposa lily, mountain daisy, scarlet gilia and Indian paint-brush. The anemone is frequently met with, as is also the beautiful evening primrose. With the receding snowbanks in the spring the buttercups appear. On the rocky ridges, the yucca and cactus grow quite plentifully, while along the cool, moist walls of the canyons may be found mosses and ferns together with many other plants common to this kind of habitat.

Several species of the larger mammals range throughout the Black Canyon area but are not plentiful, the more numerous being the Rocky Mountain mule deer. Occasionally elk and mountain lions range the canyon rim, while a few bear are constant residents.

Undoubtedly the most highly prized wild animal inhabiting the National Monument is the Rocky Mountain sheep, a small band of which range along the rugged sides of the main canyon. Ordinarily the mountain sheep is found only in the higher altitudes of the Rockies. Among the smaller wild animals which range principally along the canyon rim and among the hills, one finds the coyote, bobcat, porcupine, rabbit, rock squirrel, chipmunk and other of the smaller rodents. Down in the canyon living among the rocks may be found the beautiful ring-tailed cat, while along the water course of the Gunnison River one finds the beaver, muskrat, mink, skunk and mountain rat.

*Birds.* While no attempt has ever been made to classify the bird life of the Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Monument, one may see most of the various species of birds which are common to this altitude zone of the mountain country of the state. Soaring among and above the pinnacles and crags of the rugged canyon, the visitor is occasionally thrilled with the sight of the king of our North American birds—the lordly eagle. The vulture and sharp-shinned hawk among the larger birds are occasionally seen along the canyon area.

Among the smaller birds may be found several members of the sparrow family, the robin, western goldfinch, house finch, mountain bluebird, wren, yellow warbler, junco, thrush, hummingbird, Rocky Mountain jay and the friendly little chickadee. That strange little member of bird life, the water ouzel, is frequently met with in the bottom of the canyon along the swift water course. One of the most numerous as well as most interesting and beautiful birds of the Black Canyon is the northern violet-green swallow. As the visitor to the National Monument stands on the rim of the great canyon and looks down upon the panorama of rugged grandeur before him, his attention will sooner or later be attracted by these glossy, green and purple-backed swallows, hundreds of which may be seen throughout the day gracefully flying about the vast depths of the mighty canyon. Three of the principal native game birds of Colorado inhabit the National Monument area—the sage hen and both the dusky and sharp-tailed grouse.

*Fish.* From very early times the Gunnison River has been recognized as one of the greatest trout streams of North America and even today is considered one of the best in the Rocky Mountain region. Each year thousands of young trout are placed in the stream and the disciple of Izaak Walton who cares to risk the dangers and endure the hardships of the descent into the depths of the Black Canyon in the National Monument area, will find plenty of fighting rainbow trout to challenge his piscatorial ambitions.

*Notes of General Interest.* Soon after the establishment of the Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Monument, the National Park Service allotted \$125,000 to the project for the construction of roads and trails within the monument area. Camps for workmen were established in September, 1933, and road construction was begun along both the north and south rims of the canyon.

Public camp and picnic grounds with an ample supply of good spring water will be established for the convenience of visitors. An adequate trail system will be developed, enabling visitors to reach many points of interest along the canyon rim that cannot be seen from the auto drives. In order to fully appreciate the Black Canyon, one must leave his automobile and walking out a few yards on these rocky points lean cautiously over the projecting walls and look down upon the roaring, rushing waters of the river more than 2000 feet below. The classic scenic drives along the canyon's rim, with the turbulent waters of the mighty Gunnison beneath, will afford plenty of thrills to the visitor who is looking for the unusual in mountain experiences.

In the central section of the National Monument is found what is known as the "high bridge site," so called because at this point, or in this area of the canyon it would be quite feasible to span the gorge with a high bridge, its height above the water being from 1800 to 2300 feet, depending upon the exact location of the proposed bridge.

It is in this rugged central portion of the National Monument that the experienced mountain climber will find along the broken, jagged cliffs, and among the towering spires, pinnacles and domes of the main canyon, a real challenge to the courage and daring of the most ambitious along this line of recreation.

The descent into the Black Canyon may be made through a number of the steep, narrow side canyons, the time required being from two to three hours or more, depending largely upon the skill and endurance of the one attempting the descent. However, those looking for a less thrilling but easier way into the canyon will follow the old Ute Indian trails which are found in the extreme eastern and western sections of the National Monument, the one leading down through Red Rock Canyon, the other—the squaw trail—following the side canyon leading to the River Portal of the Gunnison Tunnel. This trail came to be known as the "squaw trail" because it was easier than the other and was used by the squaws in preference to the trail through Red Rock Canyon.

An interesting feature of the eastern section of the National Monument is the Government tunnel extending for almost six miles under the mountain, diverting a portion of the waters of the Gun-

nison River for irrigation purposes in the Uncompahgre Valley. It is a matter of interest to note that the waters coming down from the eternal snows of the Continental Divide in western Colorado, first pass through the Black Canyon of the Gunnison, then joining the waters of the Colorado River pass on down through the Grand Canyon, thence to the Pacific Ocean.

Visitors may reach the north rim of the Black Canyon within the boundaries of the National Monument by automobile from the town of Crawford, a distance of some fourteen miles. The south rim is reached over a good automobile road, leaving U. S. Highway No. 50 eight miles east of Montrose and continuing north through the Bostwick Park farming country. Visitors coming over the Denver and Rio Grande Western Railroad will find good hotel accommodations and available automobile transportation to the monument, in Montrose.

The visitor who is permitted to peer into the depths of this stupendous gorge with its massive walls of rugged granite does not turn away disappointed. He is at once thrilled with admiration and filled with awe as he stands in the presence of such majestic grandeur. World travelers who visit this National Monument speak of the Black Canyon in most laudatory terms. Visitors say, "we have seen nothing to compare with it, we should like to come back and spend more time here."

After all, the real test by which the value of a scenic and recreational attraction is determined lies in its powers to make and keep friends. In this regard, the Black Canyon needs no defenders. It is constantly winning new admirers from all sections of the land, and loses none of its old friends of other years. Rich in history, marvelous in the beauty of its rugged grandeur, offering abundant opportunity for recreation, scientific observation and study, the Black Canyon of the Gunnison is certain of its place among the greater scenic attractions of America.

## Father Kehler, Pioneer Minister

EDGAR C. McMECHEN\*

During Denver's first days, when gamblers and horse thieves vied with shadowy vigilantes for control of the town; when soldiers swaggered about and Indian braves held occasional scalp dances on the streets, the pioneer minister was not the least colorful figure in this unstudied pageant of the frontier.

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Dividing interest with Elder J. M. Chivington, who demanded a "fighting commission" when the Civil War opened, and with Father Dyer, who carried the United States mail on skis across Mosquito Pass, was Father J. H. Kehler, first Episcopal minister and founder of St. John's Church in the Wilderness—now St. John's Cathedral. As deputy sheriff of Arapahoe County, Kansas Territory, he led condemned murderers to the scaffold; as minister he brought them spiritual consolation ere the hangman pulled the drop.

The Rev. J. H. Kehler's life offers, perhaps, the most incongruous contrast among all the pioneer ministers of the gospel who came to Denver. He arrived by ox-team, with his family, January 17, 1860<sup>1</sup>, fresh from a conventional Episcopalian parish in Shepardstown, Virginia, at a time when ruffianism was at its height in Denver, yet adapted himself instantly to his changed environment.

Father Kehler must hardly have taken time to house his family before proceeding to identify himself with the life of the community. On the evening of his arrival he delivered the first lecture given under the auspices of Denver's first library—the Denver & Auraria Reading Room—discoursing upon "Great Men of the Age,"<sup>2</sup> at the Apollo Theater on Larimer Street, near Fourteenth. At that time, the theater occupied the second floor of the building. On the first floor was a saloon and billiard hall. The inebriate laughter of the habitues and the click of the ivories punctuated his remarks.

On January 23, six days after his arrival, a meeting was held for the purpose of organizing an Episcopal Church, Father Kehler making the address. L. Badollet was chairman of this meeting, E. D. Boyd, secretary.<sup>3</sup>

Services were inaugurated on the following Sunday, January 29, in the Union School House on Cherry Creek, also headquarters of the Denver & Auraria Reading Room.<sup>4</sup> It was but a small, poorly-constructed frame shack, yet we are told that: "Then and there, doubtless for the first time since the creation, were the solemn and befitting words uttered—'The Lord is in His Holy Temple, let all the earth keep silence before him.'"<sup>5</sup>

Father Kehler lived in the first brick residence in Denver, which stood on the corner at Eighteenth and Larimer streets, now covered by the Windsor Hotel.

<sup>1</sup>Robert L. Stearns, *A Historical Sketch of St. John's Church in the Wilderness*.

<sup>2</sup>*Rocky Mountain News* (Weekly), Feb. 22, 1860, p. 3.

<sup>3</sup>*Rocky Mountain News* (Weekly), Jan. 25, 1860, p. 2.

<sup>4</sup>Stearns, *op. cit.*

<sup>5</sup>*Idem*, quoting from the Parish Register.

Through his son, John H. Kehler, the first sheriff of Arapahoe County, he became intimately connected with the acts of the People's Courts, for he served as deputy sheriff under his son.<sup>6</sup>

A typical instance of the manner in which these courts functioned, and the part played in the dramatic proceedings by Father Kehler is told in newspaper accounts of the trial and hanging of one Marcus Gridley, who killed a companion named Jason Miller in June, 1860.<sup>7</sup>

William M. Slaughter was elected by the people as judge for Gridley's trial. A jury was selected and, upon returning a verdict of "guilty," Judge Slaughter put the question of sustaining the verdict to a vote of the audience. Out of 500 present, only 15 voted for reversal. The execution took place on the east side of Cherry Creek, with 4000 persons present, according to the newspaper account. If this was an accurate estimate, every man, woman and child in the community must have been there. Guarded by the two deputies—Rev. J. H. Kehler and the Rev. D. O. Carmack, Gridley was marched to the scaffold, protected from lynch law by a guard of 25 mounted Jefferson Rangers, resplendent in blue uniforms and white-plumed hats. Father Kehler ascended the scaffold with the condemned man, kneeled by his side and prayed for his salvation, the prisoner joining in the prayers.

There were other similar scenes in which the Rev. Kehler participated. The first 12 burial records of the pioneer Episcopal church record that of Father Kehler's flock two were executed for murder, five were shot, one shot himself, one died of delirium tremens and three of natural causes.<sup>8</sup>

Miss Lucille Star Wildman, one of the rector's grandchildren, now living in Connecticut, is authority for the statement that Father Kehler entered one of Denver's then numerous gambling resorts and said: "Now, boys, I have never interfered with you in any way, and have come to ask a favor of you. Will you all come to my church tomorrow morning?"<sup>9</sup>

The proprietor immediately said: "Boys, Father Kehler wants us to be in church tomorrow. Everyone of you be there." The next morning a line of well-known gamblers and sports marched up the aisle single file and took seats before the pulpit.

Sheriff Kehler, who had preceded his father to Kansas Territory and, doubtless, was to a large extent responsible for his father's acceptance of the missionary assignment to Denver, oper-

<sup>6</sup>*Rocky Mountain Herald*, June 15, 1860, p. 3.

<sup>7</sup>*Idem*.

<sup>8</sup>*A Historical Sketch of St. John's Church in the Wilderness*, quoting Dean H. Martyn Hart.

<sup>9</sup>Miss, Lucille Star Wildman, in the Library of the State Historical Society of Colorado.

ated the Kehler & Montgomery stage to the Gregory Diggings, as Central City was at first known. He had operated it only a short time when he died from a cause not reported, and was buried in Central in August, 1861.<sup>10</sup> This terminated the unique official partnership of the law and the church instituted by the Kehler family.

For a considerable time St. John's communicants continued to attend services in the Denver & Auraria Reading Room, having no funds for construction of a building. However, early in August, 1860, the brick walls of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, began to rise near the banks of Cherry Creek. The church was organized by the Rev. M. Bradford, but before its completion the Civil War had begun and Rev. Bradford and most of his flock left for the South.<sup>11</sup>

In the spring of 1862, this unfinished church was purchased by St. John's, a quaint little wooden belfry erected and "a small but respectable bell" secured. The building stood on the rear of the lot at Fourteenth and Lawrence, now covered by the Welch-Haffner building and formerly by the Haish Manual Training School of the University of Denver. It was consecrated by Bishop Talbot. Bishops Randall and Spalding preached here and it was here that Dean H. Martyn Hart received his call, after preaching a sermon in the late seventies while on a tour of the West and on a buffalo hunt.

Many years later Professor Goldrick, then editing the *Herald*, printed an article in which he recounted the manner in which Father Kehler secured the money to purchase this property. Some of "the boys" undertook to raise the required amount—\$150—but the subscriptions failed to materialize as expected. A Dr. McDonald then staked the amount of his subscription at monte, won \$300, sent half of this to Father Kehler for his church and "expended the remainder in riotous living." In commenting upon this story Editor Byers of the *News* added: "The fashionable worshippers at St. John's this morning may be shocked by the reflection that the sacred edifice was founded after this fashion, but perhaps the church would not now be in existence if there had been no monte banks in Denver at an early day."<sup>12</sup>

Father Kehler did not remain long to enjoy the triumph of having founded St. John's and of having opened its first church building. After Elder John M. Chivington of the Methodist Church answered the invitation to accept the chaplaincy of the First Colorado Volunteers with his ringing demand for a "fighting" commission, the post of chaplain was offered to Father Kehler. He accepted this and on June 3, 1862, resigned as Rector of St. John's.

<sup>10</sup>*Colorado Republican*, Aug. 31, 1861.

<sup>11</sup>Stearns, *op. cit.*

<sup>12</sup>*Rocky Mountain News* (Weekly), Jan. 3, 1872, p. 3.

"Impelled by a sense of duty," he wrote, "and respect for the officers who elected me to that Post, I have been induced to take the step which leads to the severance of the relation which existed between us as Rector and Parishioners."

Father Kehler did not return to Denver permanently after his service with the army. When the Civil War closed he became missionary to the Indians. His granddaughter, Miss Wildman, is authority for the statement that the Indians greatly loved him and "remained true to his memory, for many stories are told of later travelers in the West falling into the hands of the Indians, being saved because descendants of friends of the trusted John H. Kehler were in the company of the band of travelers."

In a letter written to his wife from Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1871, Father Kehler said: "I consider this the most delightful climate on earth and the most lovely and interesting country. I wish you could see Denver as it is now. The improvement in building, the growth of trees, shrubbery and flowers, and the extending irrigation are most marvelous."<sup>13</sup>

<sup>13</sup>Mss., Lucille Star Wildman.

## Our Home in the Petrified Forest

ATTIE LONG THOMPSON\*

The Petrified Forest is one of the most interesting but least known places in Colorado. A Dude Ranch occupies the site at the present time and although many petrified trees have been dug out of the ground and several stumps left standing, the place does not look anything like it did back in the '70s.

My father, David P. Long, a minister and Civil War veteran from Missouri, was the first owner, or perhaps I had better say settler, because none of this ground on which the Petrified Forest stood had been surveyed at that time.

Father had come to Colorado in the summer of 1870 in quest of health instead of gold, and lived in Colorado City until May, 1871. Hearing of the wonderful health-giving country west of Pike's Peak, he decided to move there. The fact that he had a wife and four children did not deter him. He loaded the family and our few possessions into a covered wagon and started for Florissant. This was before the Ute Pass road was built and we had to go over the Fremont Trail. We went through Manitou, up Ruxton Creek to the Iron Springs, then over a narrow trail on the

\*This is an extract from Mrs. Thompson's story of her own life, "The Daughter of a Pioneer" (Ms.). She lives in Denver today.—Ed.

steep hill west of the Iron Springs. As no one happened along to double-up teams with us, as they did in those pioneer days, everyone who could walked. I think we camped that night on the spot that is now Green Mountain Falls where the abundance of wood and water pleased my father.

By starting early the next morning, we managed to reach Florissant before night. Florissant was a picturesque little place and I think the story of its beginning is interesting. When Judge L. Castillo lost his fortune in the East, he seemed to think there was nothing left for him but to join the trek to the West. At the time, in the spring of 1865, an immigrant train was forming whose destination was the fabled golden West. Many believed in those days that gold could be picked up almost anywhere. But many were never to have the pleasurable sensation of holding in their hands the precious yellow metal.

Castillo, his wife and four children, two sons and two daughters, joined this cavalcade and after long, dreary weeks of tire-some traveling behind slow moving oxen, came at last to this far western country. It was not long until Judge Castillo tired of searching for gold and decided to take up a homestead and establish a small trading post where he could not only supply the Indians, but his pioneer neighbors as well, with necessities. The land on which he located was about forty miles from Colorado City, on the west side of Pike's Peak. Although there was no gold to be found, Castillo could see that the country was admirably adapted to farming and cattle raising, as vast acres of waving grass were visible from his cabin door. There was plenty of water from clear, sparkling streams, and forests of huge pine trees grew in abundance over the rolling hills and valleys, thus insuring at some future period the industry of lumbering as a profitable business. From the meager capital which he had managed to save from his wrecked fortune, Castillo established his home, a rough-hewn log cabin for the family and another cabin in which he started his small country store. Here they who had been so accustomed to luxury and ease took up the always hard life of just another pioneer family. He called his trading post Florissant.

The Ute Indian Reservation was not far from this part of the country and often a hundred or more Indians rode their small ponies through his ranch and stopped to beg something to eat, and to trade for food or ammunition the deer hides which had been tanned and made into buckskin, of which their moccasins and few garments were made. They always included in their purchases strands of many-colored small beads with which they decorated their moccasins, cuffs, belts, etc. The Castillos managed to

eke out a living as so many of the early pioneers did by the strictest economies and by doing without any of the finer things of life. For some reason Judge Castillo failed to recover from the tragedy of his financial losses and after several years of this rough life, he quietly sank to rest.

Judge Castillo was still running the store when we arrived in Florissant, however, and in addition to the store there was a saw mill which provided work for a number of people. These people lived in rough board shanties.

We camped in Florissant the second night. The next morning Father decided, after taking a survey of the country, that he would settle somewhere around there. Hearing about the petrified forest, he went out to look it over. He was amazed at what he saw when he reached this spot. Petrified stumps of trees dotted the valley and trees lay full length on the ground, some of them with the limbs still on them. Father was a great lover of nature and this unique spot appealed to him as the ideal place to locate. When he found that no one owned this section of country, Father decided he would build a house there and when the country was surveyed for settlement he would file on this land. He came back and told Mother about his plans, told her what an ideal spot he had found for a home, how he could build by a spring whose water was as pure as the nectar of the gods, and how best of all there was an abundance of wood. He took us to the spot and after making our camp as comfortable as possible, he commenced cutting logs for the cabin. He assured Mother that this was to be our permanent home. We had a magnificent view of Pike's Peak, and Father rejoiced in the fact that we could not possibly have found a more perfect spot for our abode.

To those who have seen or heard of the petrified forests in Arizona, our forest might prove disappointing, for the many colored trees found at Adamana do not exist in the forest at Florissant. Everything bears the mark of water rather than of swamp burial. The wood is bleached out to a whitish gray, and although the grain is present to show that it was once wood, it really seems more like bleached bones so far as color is concerned. The main forest seemed to be on our ranch, but how far this formation really extended I never knew, for one could find miles of similar structures. As for the formations on our ranch, some were of hard stone that could not be sawed with steel saws. Then there were softer formations which had been bleached by the sun and could be peeled off in layers, leaving a dark purple center plainly showing the grain of the wood.

This region was evidently once a tropical country. One large

stump in the forest was twenty-two feet in diameter. Some geologists claim that it had been a California redwood. Back of this large stump was a mountain of shale, which showed that it had once been the bottom of a lake, being covered with the impressions of tropical leaves that had been buried in the bottom of the lake and had turned to stone or softer shale. One could take this shale, split it and find the impression of tropical leaves and fish. The layers of shale were seldom over one-half inch thick. Father spent many days there digging, and collected many wonderful specimens. Professors from Colorado College came to see us once in awhile and Father gave them any specimen of petrified wood, or choice pieces of shale that they wanted. They hauled away many wagon loads of these specimens. Father was driving across the country one day when he saw some bones sticking out of a big ditch that paralleled the road. He dug them out and found them to be a rib, a tusk, and a tooth of a mastodon. Scientists said the animal had been thirty feet high.

Crystal Peak, another geological wonder, was not far from our ranch. Quartz, agate and topaz were found there. The topaz specimens were especially beautiful. The colors were pink, amber, purple, crystal white and smoky. The topaz was used for jewelry and was as hard as diamond. The white topaz is often called the Colorado diamond.

When the few scattered settlers in the region heard that Father was building a cabin and intended to live in the petrified forest they came and helped him. This cabin was about eighteen feet long and fifteen feet wide. It was built of round logs and smaller logs were used for the roof. A large ridge pole was put across the logs where the walls were high enough and then smaller logs were laid on this ridge pole, forming the roof. These poles were usually covered with dirt, but Father found some white clay nearby, and he used this instead. This made a splended covering for the roof until the three-day rains of August commenced and then it began to leak.

In one side of this cabin there was a small window. The only doorway was cut in one end and the door itself was made of rough boards with a wooden latch that fit down into a groove on the inside with a buckskin thong hanging on the outside. One could pull this thong and lift the latch. The latchstring was always out. There were no locked doors in those days. In the other end of the room was a fireplace in which we burned pitch logs. One of these logs would burn all evening and threw out a cheery red glow. In addition to the fireplace, there was a small cook stove in one corner of the room and in another corner were two

or three shelves to hold some dishes. We had a home-made table and a few broken chairs which Father had mended. There wasn't much room for furniture but we always had a trundle bed which could be pushed under the big bed in the daytime. We had an iron teakettle, iron pots, iron skillets, and iron handled knives and forks. We had one kerosene lamp and some candles that Mother made out of tallow, but we seldom used either as the fireplace threw out enough light for the small one-room cabin. We could even read by the bright light from the pitch logs. Father always managed to have a weekly paper—the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, I believe. I remember that Mother would save these papers and tack or paste them onto the dark rough walls to brighten the cabin we called home. The floors were made of rough boards from the saw mill. After much wearing and scrubbing they became smooth.

One living in the twentieth century with all its conveniences may wonder how we secured the necessities of a bare existence so far from civilization. Of course there was the Castillo store where one could buy dried apples, dried peaches, flour, sugar, cornmeal and side meat for seasoning. We had a cow or two that gave milk, and Mother made butter for the family. Cornmeal mush and milk was our supper almost every night. As for raising anything at that altitude, no one even considered doing so. We lived on the few necessities we could buy at the store and the fresh meat Father's gun would provide. Father could go out and kill a deer any day we needed meat. The cottontail rabbits were plentiful, too, and we enjoyed them just as much as we did fried chicken. And so we never wanted for food for the body. Intellectual nourishment, especially for us children, however, was a problem for a time, but even it was not too big for Mother to solve. Since there was no school for her children, Mother persuaded Father to build on another room and she taught us children and the neighbor children, and even boarded one little girl who could not walk so far.

Father was so well by this time that he could take a heavy double-bitted ax and help chop down large trees and log them to the saw mill in Florissant. He bought a pair of oxen for this purpose and this was his means of making a living. These logs were cut on the hill and had to be dragged down to a level place before they could be loaded on a wagon. Father would put a heavy iron log chain around one end of the log to which he would hitch one of the oxen and in this fashion drag it down the hill. A narrow path had to be cleared before this could be done. When sufficient logs had been brought down, Father helped put them on the log wagon which was a rather low contraption with small wheels and broad iron tires to keep it from sinking into the soft

ground. The wagon would not hold more than three large logs. The same iron chain that had been used to drag them down the mountain was used to bind the logs onto the wagon. Sometimes this chain would break and the logs would roll off with a terrific thud. Then maybe the wagon would upset and things such as this were surely enough to make even a preacher swear. But I do not think Father ever lost his temper to that extent. He was opposed to men using what he called profane language. When Father was not using the oxen he turned them out and they grazed close to the house. One day during a sudden thunder storm one of the oxen was struck by lightning, almost in our yard, and this ended Father's logging.

The Indians were scattered all through the country and some big camps were located near our place. These camps were very interesting to all of us because they were so different from the white man's camp. They were very colorful. Every tepee had a figure of a warrior or horse painted on one or both sides of it with bright red, green, and yellow paint that only the Indians knew how to make. They usually chose a level place near a little stream where they pitched their tepees and then after the ponies were relieved of their packs, they were turned loose to graze on the mountain grass which was very plentiful. The Indians were a lazy lot, especially the men, who expected the women to make the fires, do the cooking and take care of the papooses while the men hunted.

One day we children were out at the barn playing and when we looked down at the house, it was partially surrounded by Indians. Since Mother was there alone and we were afraid they might kill her, we ran to the house and hid behind the chimney which was built of rocks. Finally the Indians saw us and began saying "Heap Papoose, Heap Papoose!" Then we ran around the house to the door and Mother opened it just enough for us to squeeze in. Fortunately they were friendly Indians and only wanted something to eat.

Not long after that an old Indian chief came to the house and said his son had died, and he wanted a pick and shovel to make a grave for him. Father let him have them. Then he said he was hungry, so Mother had him sit down to the table and gave him a big dish of dried apple sauce. He just dipped his two hands into the dish and ate the sauce that way. I remember how ill-mannered I thought such actions were. After the Indians had left their camp, Father went and tried to find the grave, but he could not find anything that looked like one.

The Ute Indians, who were so numerous in the early days,

were a simple, peaceful tribe. And there would have to be some very unjust condition which would provoke them to anger and cause them to go on the warpath. In spite of this fact, most of the white women and children of the country were terribly afraid of them. Small wonder though, for their unusual appearance was enough to strike terror to anyone's heart. They always wore bright colored hawk or eagle feathers in their straight black hair. On each cheek was a thin vertical streak of vivid yellow and flaming red paint. When they were on the warpath, they added a streak or two across the forehead and chin.

When the Indians were coming one could always be warned, if the horses were near, as they, also, were afraid of the red men. They were able to scent their approach, even before they could see them, and would lift their heads, rear up on their hind legs and go tearing through the pastures like mad. When we children saw the horses acting like this, we rushed for cover, any place where we would be out of sight of the Indians. Mother was a very brave woman, and would put on a bold front when the Indians came begging for something to eat. "No," she would say, "I have nothing for you," and by being positive with them, she prevented them from ever attempting to come into the house. On the contrary, many women of the neighborhood would show such abject fear of them that the Indians would push past them, enter the house, and take all the eatables they could find. One woman used to hide her bread in the flour barrel, as the Indians were not interested in flour.

Chief Colorow was in our house many times. He was very friendly toward the white man. He could speak some English, and Father enjoyed talking to him. Sometimes he would come and bring some of his tribe with him. They would sit on the floor and say, "Heap pretty squaw," meaning my mother, and then say, "Me like heap biscuits."

Father was never satisfied in one place very long and so after two years on this beautiful forest ranch, which he thought he would never leave, he became restless. He had always been a very religious man and had been a Christian minister for many years, but for some reason the doctrines of this sect failed to satisfy him. He stopped preaching and began searching for something else—"Truth," he called it. The Mormon missionaries had scattered their literature throughout the country and when Father finished reading some of it, he decided this was what he had been looking for and began immediately to make preparations to leave for Utah. Leaving a good ranch of three hundred and twenty acres, his cattle, horses, and everything to the care of a young, inexperienced east-

ern boy, my mother's brother, he loaded five children, one six weeks old, into a covered wagon hauled by a mule team and struck out for Salt Lake City.

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## Campaign Against Utes and Apaches in Southern Colorado, 1855

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF MAJOR RAFAEL CHACON.\*

In February, 1855, I enlisted as First Sergeant in Company B of St. Vrain's Battalion for the period of six months. The Captain of my company was Don Francisco Gonzales, commonly known as Repito. The Ute and Apache Indians had gone on the war-path, and six companies of Volunteers were organized to co-operate with the regular troops under the command of Colonel Fauntleroy in chastising them and bringing them to terms.

We received our arms at Fort Union (New Mexico) and immediately started in pursuit of the Apaches who had stolen a herd of mares from Don Juan Vigil of La Cueva in the county of Mora. We followed the trail of the Indians through what is now Wagon Mound; they had crossed the Rio Colorado. At Piedra Lumbre they entered the Sierra Grande and recrossed the river at Casa del Aguila, in the neighborhood of what is now Otero in Colfax County. We followed them by the same route and caught up with them in what is Long's Canyon. Then the Indians fled from us, abandoning their camp where they had been making a meal on horse meat. Our own provisions at this time had been exhausted and we ate the meal which the Indians had left. Our horses were also played out and the Indians had escaped with all their horses.

We then broke up into small bands to pursue them because they also split into small bands. I got lost with four soldiers and on the following day we killed a wildcat which for lack of better food we were obliged to eat, as we were almost famished. As the Indians had made good their escape we returned to the fort to provide ourselves with a fresh supply of food and ammunition, in order to continue the campaign.

\*The memoirs of the late Major Chacon are written in Spanish. The portion here reproduced was translated and made available to us by Mr. Eusebio Chacon, son of the major and prominent citizen of Trinidad. It was obtained through Mr. A. K. Richeson, working on the State Historical Survey Project at Trinidad.

The campaign of 1855 was a notable one in Colorado history. It came as a result of Indian depredations upon the pioneer settlements of the San Luis Valley and because of the Indian massacre at Fort Pueblo on Christmas day, 1854. A fuller account of the campaign is presented in L. R. Hafen, "The Fort Pueblo Massacre and the Punitive Expedition Against the Utes," in *Colorado Magazine*, IV, 49-58. While this earlier article was devoted primarily to the work of the regular troops, the present sketch by Major Chacon recounts briefly the activity of the Volunteers. See also Report of the Secretary of War for 1855 for official reports on this campaign.—Ed.

From here we started and traveled through Taos, Rio Colorado, Costilla, Culebra, and Fort Massachusetts, now Fort Garland, where the campaign was organized. In the first encounter we had with the Apaches in Saguache, March 19, 1855, the Indians fought with reckless valor, but in the end they had to abandon the field, leaving their dead, who were buried by order of Colonel Fauntleroy. After the battle was over I was seized by sickness and I fell from my horse in a fainting spell. I think this was because I had taken no food that day and as we went along I had kept picking



MAJOR RAFAEL CHACON

Photograph taken in 1863. Original in possession of Mrs. Gumecinda C. Cordova, daughter of Major Chacon.

up handfuls of snow and eating it to slack my thirst. They left ten soldiers with me to look after me, and we slept that night on the summit of a *Cerro*—large hill. On the day following we again caught up with the companies, before they had broken camp.

On the 21st we crossed over the *Puerta Del Punche* (Poncha Pass) and in the valley between the Rio Almagre (Fountain Creek) and the Napeste (Arkansas River) we had another encounter with the Ute Indians. When the Indians started to retreat and to run away I was mounted on a mule, and a lieutenant who seemed somewhat timid kept lagging behind and reining his



#### CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE UTES AND APACHES

A, Mora county; B, Union county; C, Colfax county; D, Taos county; E, Costilla county; F, Alamosa county; G, Saguache county; H, Fremont county; I, Custer county; J, Huerfano county; K, Las Animas county; L, San Miguel county; M, Rio Arriba county.

1. Ft. Union—Starting point of expedition.
2. Sierra Grande—Pursuit.
3. Long's Canon—Enemy overtaken—first battle.
4. Back at Ft. Union for supplies and ammunition.
5. Mountain Pass—Crossing to the west.
6. Taos—Crossed going north.
7. Red River Settlement—Crossed going north.
8. Costilla—Crossed going north.
9. San Luis—Crossed going north.
10. Ft. Massachusetts—Base for operations in the north.
11. Saguache—Great battle with Apaches under Colonel Fauntleroy.
12. Punche (Poncha) Pass—Cross to the east.
13. Almagre Creek—Battle with Utes.
14. Sierra Mojada—Pursuit through this range.
15. Mosco Pass—Trail blazed crossing to the west.
16. Back at Ft. Massachusetts for supplies.
17. Veta Pass—Cross to the east.
18. La Veta (Elveyta)—Battle with Apaches.
19. Rito El Oso—Battle with Apaches.
20. Trujillo Creek—Battle with Apaches.
21. Long's Canon Again—Battle with Apaches.
22. Raton Pass—Battle with Apaches.
23. Ponil—Battle with Apaches.
24. Back at Ft. Union to deliver prisoners.
25. Red River Valley—Pursuit of fleeing enemy.
26. Back at Ft. Union.
27. Mora—Crossed going west.
28. Mountain Pass—Crossed going west.
29. Abiqui—Stationed here during June and July.
30. Taos Again—Discharged here July 31, 1855.

horse, a very spirited animal that was chafing with excitement. When I saw that he was killing time on purpose I said to him, "Let me have that horse to follow the enemy, you—or I will kill you." He dismounted and gave me his horse which I mounted and let him have my mule. The result of this battle was the killing of several Indians and the capture of several others. That night the captives escaped from us and fled.

My Captain every time that he was detailed as officer of the day managed to have me discharge the duties that devolved upon him. One night in the Sierra Mojada (Wet Mountains) while I was going the round of the sentries I became soaking wet, because the camp was located on a meadow which was covered with ice at several places. The ice kept breaking under my feet as I walked along so that when I arrived at the guard quarters I was almost out of breath and my clothes frozen and I chilled. They laid me in the midst of the sleeping soldiers to thaw me out and when my clothes were ready to be taken off they gave me other garments to don while mine were drying.

From that place we advanced through the Puerto del Mosco (Bosca Pass) blazing the road to Fort Massachusetts. There we took new supplies and ammunition, and going back through El Vallecito came to El Beyta (La Veta) where we again had another battle with the Apaches, on the Rio del Oso, county of Huerfano, and at Trujillo Creek in Las Animas County. At the meadow which now belongs to Don Salvador Maes there was a herd of twenty buffaloes but we were not allowed to fire on them for fear we might alarm the Indians. At Long's Creek in Las Animas County we killed some Indians.

Here a soldier belonging to my company scalped an Indian who had a very luxuriant growth of hair. When we had made our camp, he took the scalp to Col. St. Vrain, and this officer became indignant and reprimanded him severely, because he had killed a woman as he, the Colonel thought. Then the soldier went back to where the dead Indian lay, . . . [and brought proof that the person killed was a man].

We had another encounter with the Apaches at the place where the old house of Uncle Dick Wooten was afterwards located. At Ponil, after having killed several Indians, we captured fifty squaws and their little ones. We took them to Fort Union.

After this battle we pursued them as far as the Colorado River at what is now called the Montoya Grant. The Apaches went to join the Mescaleros in the neighborhood of Chihuahua, Mexico. From there we returned to Fort Union for more supplies and ammunition to go after the Utes. But these had already sur-

rendered and sued for peace. Nevertheless, they stationed us at Abiquiu until we were ordered to proceed to Taos, there to be discharged, which was on the 31st of July, 1855.

The History of the ... and How the ...

The first ... was ... and ...

The second ... was ... and ...

The third ... was ... and ...

## The Beginnings of Rangely and How the First School Teacher Came to Town

MRS. C. P. HILL\*

C. P. Hill and Joseph Studer and family were the first white settlers in Rangely, Colorado. Mr. Studer's family consisted of his wife and three children; Mr. Hill was a bachelor then. Each party came with a team. Mr. Studer's load consisted of his family and household goods; Mr. Hill brought in groceries, dry goods, bullets, and such things as the Indians would want. They came in by way of Vernal, Utah, but Mr. Hill's load came through from Salt Lake City.

I do not know just where they crossed White River, but they drove up on the south side of the river, after crossing, until it was time to camp for the night. They turned out the teams, arranged the camp and got supper. During the meal Mr. Hill asked Mr. Studer what he thought of the country. Mr. Studer thought it was just fine and so did his wife. Mr. Hill asked Mr. Studer if he thought they had better drive on up the river farther. Mr. Studer said he would be willing to just stake out his land right there where they were. Mr. Hill said that he liked the land just to the west, that which they had passed over, and he believed he would look it over in the morning and decide.

The next morning he did look it over, picked out a place for his store and set up his tent and got ready for business. No Indians were camped around there, but they were scattered around on the creeks and in their favorite camps. Mr. Hill got his supplies from Salt Lake City for a few times, but it was so far to freight goods by wagon and took so long to make the trip that he decided to make a road over Douglas Pass. His half brother, Billy Hill, and that brother's uncle, Mr. Chase, came to Rangely. His father and family wanted to come west from New Hampshire. The Hill boys arranged to meet them in Grand Junction, Colorado, at a certain time. So Mr. Chase and the Hill boys, with one or two hired men, fixed a kind of road over Douglas Pass. I presume there was not much grading done, mostly selecting the best and easiest places, cutting brush and moving rocks; but it made a pass-

way and the road was used, with a little fixing, for a good many years. It was steep all right.

The groceries for the trading post were brought in over that road after 1884, I think. If I remember rightly, Mr. Hill started the post in 1882. I do not know just who the next settlers were or when they came to Rangely, but when I came in 1888, there were a number of families who had their log houses built, ditches with water running, and considerable land grubbed and in cultivation. Among these early settlers were Nick Owens, Jack Banta, Wilson, Jack Walsh, Horace Coltharp, Frank Gillum, Joseph Studer, Fletcher and Horace Hill, C. P. Hill's father. The father's family consisted of Billy, Everett, and Bert Hill, and a daughter Anna, besides his wife. Anna Hill died in Rangely and was the first one buried in the Rangely Cemetery.

And now something of how it happened that I came to Rangely.

I was born in the town of Russell, Massachusetts, but my early life was spent mostly in Westfield. I was left fatherless at 5 years and motherless at 14. I took care of myself and educated myself after my mother's death, receiving a diploma from the State Normal School of Westfield, Massachusetts.

In those days many were going west to take up government land. I got the fever and started west, intending to support myself by teaching, and to become owner of a parcel of land. I found out that I had started out too late in the summer of 1887 to get a school that autumn, so I stayed in Iowa nearly a year, working at dress making, and taught a three months' term of school, the first months of 1888.

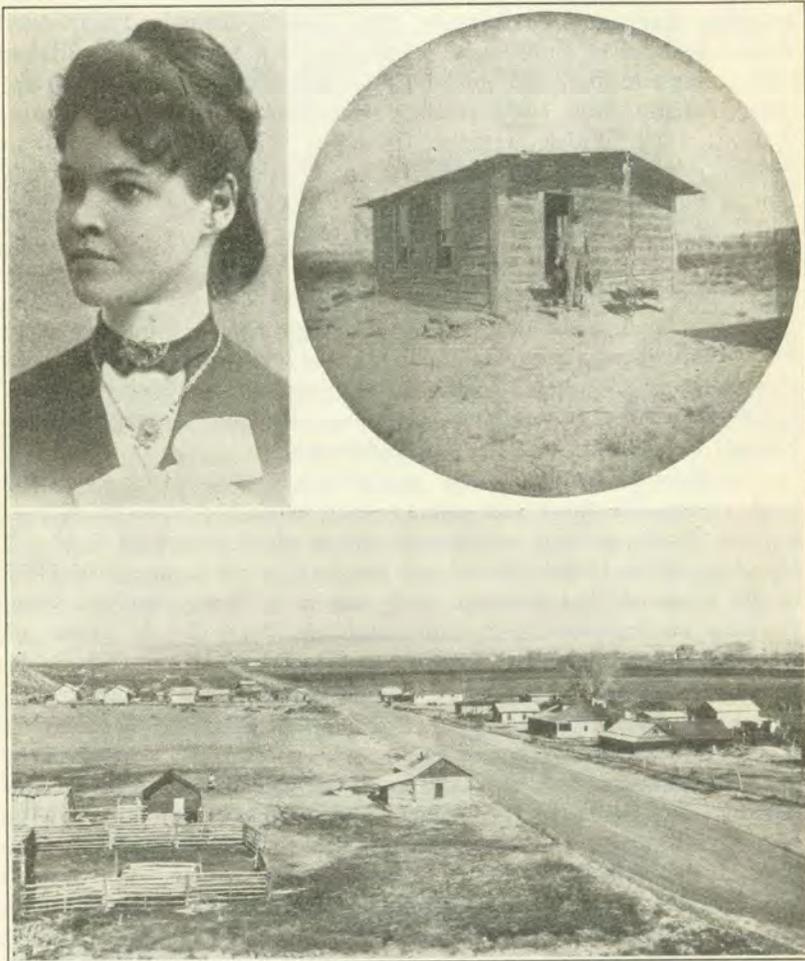
As Government land was my chief object, I got in touch with school boards. In this way a correspondence started between C. P. Hill and myself. There was no school at Rangely, but the people there wanted one, and had met and agreed to apply to the county (then Garfield) for a school, the coming winter. C. P. Hill had agreed to build and furnish a house for the school. Soon after, I was engaged to teach that first school.

A cousin, from Massachusetts, had joined me in Iowa. She was a year older than I. She was jolly, fearless, and carefree; ready to join in whatever came along. I was timid, reserved and cautious. We had accumulated some furniture and usable things in our dressmaking establishment in Iowa, and we decided to bring them west to use on our prospective ranch.

We started from Iowa, early in August, 1888. We journeyed slowly, making some stopovers, so as to allow time for our freight to get to Grand Junction. All the freight that went to Grand Junction by railroad from the east at that time, went over the

\*Mrs. Hill lives in Fruita, Colorado, today. This story of pioneering in the far western part of the state was obtained by Mr. Wright O. Ball of Meeker, working on our Historical Survey Project under the C. W. A.—Ed.

Marshall Pass. The broad gauge was finished as far as Glenwood Springs only. I had to go to Glenwood Springs to get my teacher's certificate. To continue our journey to Grand Junction, we had to take the stage from there. For a part of the way we



Upper: Carrie E. Blakeslee Hill and the First Schoolhouse in Rangely.  
Lower: Rangely in 1933.

traveled over a toll road. Mr. Hill had sent in three freight wagons from Rangely. They were to take our furniture, if there, and fill up with groceries for the Rangely Store. To our disappointment the furniture had not come in, so the freight wagons loaded up,

and we started out on our five-day journey to Rangely, 90 miles away.

All went very well till we got near the mountain, and it began to be hard pulling. At every little rise, the human freight landed. By the freighters' shouts, the women turning on the wheel or pushing, sometimes the load would reach the top; if not, they doubled up teams and got up somehow. Then we loaded up again and went along till we came to another hill and those hills were not far apart in those days. Of course, we all walked up the mountain over the Douglas Pass, or rode the saddle horses. My cousin chose the horse. I tried one, but it looked too far down to the ground, and I took the foot path. There I showed my weakness, and caused myself great discomfort later.

We camped near the top of the mountain that night. One wagon was up on top, one part way up, the other at the foot. Around the campfire that night, the company were all very talkative. They told stories of bears, wolves, snakes, and Indians. I was too green to know it was all for my benefit. Well, it certainly caused me one miserable night, but they got little satisfaction out of it, for I kept it to myself. The next night, we stopped at a cowboy camp. The cowboys knew we were coming. They had camped near the road that night, on purpose to entertain us. They had a wonderful supper ready for us, and had done many little things to make our visit pleasant. Of course, they expected something of the teacher, so, tired as I was, we had a very pleasant evening. Recitations, songs, and stories, made the evening seem to pass quickly as well as pleasantly for all. The cowboys put up a little tent for my cousin and me, and that was the first night since I had left Grand Junction that I had been able to sleep without fear of being devoured by something before morning.

The next day's trip was not so bad. It was mostly down grade, and there were few hills, but our last day was a terror. We traveled from the N—— ranch to Rangely, about 20 miles. There seemed to be just one steep hill after another. I stayed with the wagons for a few hours. The horses balked; the men were in a hurry to finish the trip. They whipped the horses till I could stand it no longer. I went ahead to get out of hearing of the whips. I thought I would walk on till I had passed the steep hills. Well, I did not pass them until I got nearly to Rangely. The freight wagons all passed me when I was about one-half mile from the store. Each driver asked me to ride, but I thought it would be fun to go into Rangely on foot, and I did. When I was near the store, I stopped to view the new school house. It was three logs high, if I remember. In about two weeks school began,

but the house was not finished for some weeks. The carpenter worked on it mornings and evenings and Saturdays for some time.

In the spring I moved onto a pre-emption claim, where I lived alone for the necessary six months. It was not half as much fun as I had imagined it would be. It would not have been so bad if I could have conquered my fear. My cousin got tired of the West, after the newness wore off, and went back to Massachusetts, preferring city life to hardships.

At the end of my six months' residence on my claim, I advertised to make final proof. Monday, September 23rd, was set as the day. Mr. Nick Owens advertised to prove up the same day, so he went as a witness for me and I witnessed for him and C. P. Hill went as witness for both of us. Mr. Owens and family went to Meeker in a lumber wagon, C. P. Hill took me in a buck board and drove a span of little mules.

After we had made final proof to our land, and felt that was secure, C. P. Hill applied for a license to marry the school teacher. Very soon, there was quite a stir in Meeker. The preacher was out of town at the time. It was past noon and we had to be back in Rangely at a certain time. To make it on time, we had to go down the river, that night for some miles. So someone went in haste for the parson, others made necessary arrangements, and the ceremony was performed by Arthur L. Willaims—Rector of St. James' Church. So I acquired a husband and a pre-emption claim in one day. Well, 60 miles was a long way to go just to get married, at that time.

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*Inquirer*—the first issue of which was published at Denver on December 16, 1882. The inspiration for this venture can be traced in part to a national convention of the International Typographical Union which Buchanan attended and to his membership in the Knights of Labor, then in its infancy. For four and one-half years he continued to publish the paper, advocating the principles of trade-unionism and the Knights of Labor. The paper was at first conservative in view and its circulation was small. Buchanan saw it through a starving time when on many occasions it appeared impossible to put out a single issue. It bore the conservative motto:

“We will renew the times of truth and justice,  
Condensing in a free, fair commonwealth—  
Not rash equality, but equal rights.”

With Buchanan's entrance into the fight of the workingman for a square deal, however, circulation began to rise. His successful leadership and participation in two strikes—one for the machinists of the Union Pacific and the second for the Colorado coal miners—helped the circulation of his paper. As a result of the fame developed through the operation of the paper he was named Rocky Mountain representative of the International Workingmen's Association in 1883.

Buchanan in 1884 carried on the Colorado campaign for the People's party candidate for the presidency, Benjamin Butler, and the Colorado vote was larger proportionately that year than that of any other state.

About this time Buchanan, representing the five groups in Denver, was sent to the General Assembly of Knights of Labor at Philadelphia. He was chosen one of the three men on the General Executive Board of Knights. Buchanan's attitude was much more practical than that of Uriah Stevens, the founder of the Noble Order, or even Terence V. Ponderly, the Scranton, Pa., mayor who was head of the national organization at the time. Buchanan's membership contributed much to the Knights of Labor as well as to his own fame. He was the only executive west of the Ohio, so he was expected to cover that area.

“The Riproarer of the Rockies,” as Buchanan came to be called, was a fiery speaker and a great orator. He could clearly present issues to a crowd and drive his points home. This was clearly demonstrated in inspiring talks to the miners in Leadville, before the National Assembly of the Knights of Labor (where he received his nickname), and before the striking railroad shopmen where his clear reasoning and impassioned appeals won universal support. Most important of all, he was a man of high ideals and absolute integrity. He always kept his word to the worker and

## Joseph R. Buchanan, “The Riproarer of the Rockies”

JOHN B. EWING\*

One of Colorado's outstanding labor leaders, if not the most outstanding, and one of the most forceful in the nation was Joseph R. Buchanan. He entered into the International Typographical Union through the back door for he was an employer at the time that he joined. He soon became a printer, however, because he lost his capital in “prospect holes.” He was one of the first presidents of the Denver Labor Assembly (1881-1882) after he had his first experience as a labor leader in Leadville (1880).

After helping to unionize the open shop of the *Rocky Mountain News*, Buchanan started a labor paper of his own—*The Labor*

\*Prof. Ewing, of the University of Oklahoma, is now doing labor advisory work for the Government at Washington. He is the author of *Job Insurance*, recently published by the University of Oklahoma Press.—Ed.

employer as well. When we recall that he also had great intellectual ability we can understand why he became one of America's great labor leaders.

In spite of Buchanan's idealism he was conservative and practical in an industrial conflict. He would not urge a fight unless there was a chance of success. He was as keen mentally as any of the employers he went up against and they feared and respected him. The devil showed up in Buchanan occasionally, however. All of the other Denver papers quoted the price of silver on the front page. *The Labor Inquirer* gave the price of dynamite.

Many threats were made on his life and it was not unusual to find his friends armed with rifles guarding his office. But he always opposed violence in labor strikes and worked for peace.

He left Denver in 1884 for Chicago and later became Economic Editor for the American Newspaper Union and lived in New York and New Jersey, where he died in 1924. He said he felt he could no longer represent labor when he knew for sure that he would get his salary check every fortnight.

It was while he was editor of a Chicago labor paper that he saw the beginning of craft unionism and the beginnings of the American Federation of Labor. He urged cooperation with these new craft groups and encountered the ire of Ponderly, head of the Noble Order. Buchanan was expelled from the Knights of Labor but later was forgiven, praised and taken back. But the grand swing to the American Federation of Labor was under way and the Knights of Labor began rapidly to decline.

In 1891 and 1894 Buchanan made an unsuccessful effort to bring the scattered forces of labor together. His sympathy for the oppressed was in evidence when he tried to save the men sentenced in the Haymarket bomb affair. His activity in the People's (Populist) party, and for a time with the Socialist Labor party reveal both his idealism and individualism.

Buchanan remained the "Riproarer of the Rockies" as long as he was connected with the labor movement. He could not sit back and do as those in charge told him to do when he had other ideas on the subject. His militant idealism was ever present. His revolting spirit reached its highest expression during his years in Colorado. He represented the West and had his greatest influence there.

Perhaps the torch was thrown from Buchanan's hands to other leaders of a later day. By 1900 Colorado had the highest percentage of trade unions of any state in the Union. The officers of the State Federation of Labor report that this record was maintained in 1933.