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Highlights in the History of Fort Logan

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In the words of an old Denver newspaperman, "The snow was flying in feathery clouds and the wind was whistling a tune of *Icy, Icy, Drear and Shivery*" when the first troops arrived at the camp on Bear Creek, October 22, 1887. The tepee-like tents were set up in two rows; around the low side-walls, earth was banked up to keep out the wind, and fires were kindled in the conical stoves of sheet-iron.

Down by the creek, the cooks were busy about the stoves which they had improvised with no tool but a shovel. A low, vertical wall was first dug out of the sloping bank; a flat top was cut back to proper width; fire-boxes were hollowed out from the front and connected with holes dug down from the top. Iron tent pins were laid across the upper holes to support the kettles and pans, and *Presto!* —a field kitchen built on the spot. When chow was ready, it was "help yourself and go as you please" for a pint of black coffee, some fried potatoes and a villainous dish of hard tack and onions smothered in bacon gravy.[1] Compare that diet with a typical meal served today at Fort Logan: roast beef, mashed potatoes, carrots, cabbage slaw, lettuce salad, bread and *butter*, stewed raisins, and coffee.

On the Monday after the troops arrived, the first train pulled into the little camp, with important supplies from Fort Leavenworth. Topping the list of this precious freight were two army wagons, twelve frisky mules, and the wife of a sergeant of Company E. The sergeant's wife was the first woman at the post, and she

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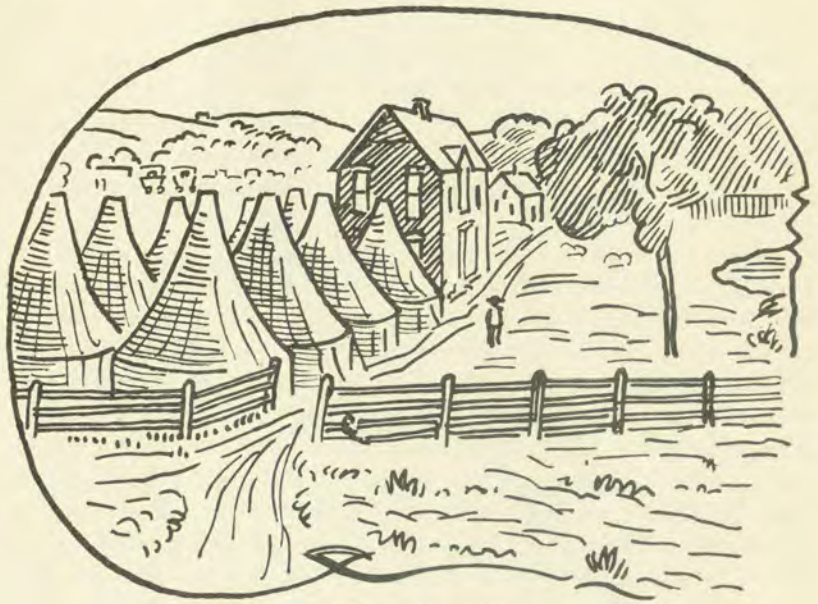
In "The Genesis of Fort Logan," in the preceding issue of the *Colorado Magazine*, the date of arrival of the first troops should read, "October 22" (*Denver, Republican*, Oct. 22, 1887).

The following data is in answer to questions which have been received: The cost of the land required for the post was $33,619 (*Republican*, Oct. 23, 1887, p. 4). The post reservation was declared by executive authority on Sept. 27, 1887, as published in General Orders Nos. 61 and 65 (*Rept. of the Sect'y. of War, 1888*, I, 160).

[1] *Denver Republican*, Oct. 26, 1887, p. 6.

became the first camp laundress. Like the Chinaman who succeeded her, her name is unknown.[2]

Major George K. Brady, of the Eighteenth Regiment, arrived in Denver on October 25, from Fort Crawford.[3] One of his first actions, after assuming command, was to have the camp moved from the Howard property onto the reservation. The actual history of the post, therefore, dates from this day, October 26, 1887. Since the plans had not been drawn for the permanent quarters, the Major's only instructions were "to make estimates for housing the



"SHERIDAN POST"
(Reproduced from the *Denver Republican* of October 26, 1887.)

soldiers for the winter." These temporary, frame barracks, costing little more than $2,000, were ready for the troops on December 23.[4] It was believed at this time that General Sheridan, himself, would visit the post to locate the permanent buildings, but a linger-

[2]*Denver Republican*, Oct. 26, 1887, p. 6; *Rept. of Sect'y. of War*, 1893, Vol. I, p. 532. In later years, the government granted the laundry concession to a Chinaman who occupied an old frame building on the post grounds. Today, the army operates a modern laundry, the services of which the enlisted man may secure for a monthly fee of $1.50.

[3]Major Brady, first commander of what later became Fort Logan, was born in Pennsylvania. He entered the service as a private in the 12th Pennsylvania Volunteers, April 25, 1861. After serving in the Army of the Potomac, he went to California with the 14th Infantry. Thereafter, he served two years in Alaska, and was then assigned to various stations from Fort Leavenworth to San Francisco. It was at Fort Mackinaw, Michigan, where he was commissioned Major of the 18th Infantry, which he commanded from Mar. 1, 1886, to Mar. 19, 1891.—*Denver Republican*, Oct. 26, 1887; Francis B. Heitman, *Hist. Register and Dict. of the U. S. Army*, I, 116.

[4]*Denver Republican, loc. cit.; Rept. of the Sect'y. of War*, 1888, I, 44.

ing illness kept him in the East. He died on August 5, 1888, less than a month after the first ground was broken.

Building the Fort

Early in November, 1887, Captain L. E. Campbell, Acting-Quartermaster, arrived in Denver with his family, and took a house on Logan Avenue. The Captain's job was to superintend construction of the post, and for this task he was said to be very well qualified. Nevertheless, neither energy nor experience were of much avail against slow governmental procedures, labor trouble, and a small appropriation of but $100,000. The plans called for a ten-company post with quarters for four troops of cavalry and six companies of infantry, all buildings to be of brick. Under the supervision of Captain Campbell, the reservation was surveyed by Cebert Alexander Trease, one of Colorado's pioneer civil engineers.[5] Plans were drawn up by F. J. Grodevent, architect for the quartermaster's department.[6] The plans were then taken East by Henry R. Wolcott (Denver banker and clubman) to secure the approval of Generals Sheridan and Holobird. It is not clear why Captain Campbell sent a civilian on such an errand. Still, it was Mr. Wolcott who entertained General Sheridan when he was here in 1886, who acted as chairman of the location committee, and who engaged a house for Captain Campbell. It was also he who carried the Governor's Deed to Washington in the summer of 1887.[7] Historian Wilbur F. Stone correctly wrote that it was largely Mr. Wolcott's effort "that secured Fort Logan as a military post for Denver."[8]

On June 4, 1888, the Quartermaster called for sealed proposals for furnishing all materials and labor, and for erecting the buildings on the reservation.[9] On July 6, bids ranging from $98,000 to $156,000 were opened from six Denver and from two out-of-town contractors. The lowest bidder, and the man who got the contract was Thomas H. O'Neil of Wichita, Kansas. All of his equipment, a carload, had to be shipped from Wichita. On July 25, three days after his arrival, first ground was broken for the permanent buildings—and just in time. On the following day, Brigadier-General Wesley Merritt, Commander of the Department of the Missouri, arrived to inspect the new post.[10] When a hundred-thousand-dollar contract for additional buildings was let in June of 1889, it went to a new Denver firm, Woodbury and Paige, who formerly did business as carpenters.

[5]*Colorado Magazine*, XVI, 231.

[6]Frank Hall, *History of the State of Colorado*, IV, 36 f.

[7]*Denver Republican*, June 3 and Oct. 13, 1887; April 14, 1888, p. 1.

[8]*History of Colorado*, II, 13.

[9]*Republican*, June 5, 1888, p. 3. Bids for the hospital were advertised separately on Sept. 18; and the cost—$19,993—was disbursed by the Quartermaster's Dept. on plans approved by the Surgeon-General (*Rept. of the Sect'y of War*, 1889, I, 493; cf. also *Daily News*, Sept. 18, 1888, p. 6).

[10]*Denver Republican*, July 6, 23, 26, 27, 1888.

Although the original appropriation for building the post was small, additional appropriations were made from year to year. By 1894, nearly half a million dollars had been expended.[11] Annual disbursement for soldiers' pay and supplies was running to half a million dollars.[12] When completed, about 1894, the post had accommodations for twenty-eight officers, two troops of cavalry, eight companies of infantry, a headquarters' staff, and a band. There were four cavalry stables, a hospital, bake-house, guardhouse, administration building, shops, and a pump-house for the water supply from an artesian well. There was a complete sewage system; roadways had been laid out; fruit and shade trees planted. The entire reservation was converted into a beautiful park.[13]

As originally laid out, the main buildings of the post assumed the form of a horse-shoe, with the six infantry barracks at one toe, and the four cavalry barracks at the other. These were all long, two-story, brick buildings with broad verandas on both floors; the gable-ends faced the parade ground on the inside of the shoe. Each barrack had its own kitchen, mess hall, reading room, and office. Around the main portion of the shoe stood the double, two-story officers' quarters, with the commander's house near the center. Like the barracks, the officers' quarters were quite uninspired, architecturally. All other buildings were set apart from the horse-shoe.[14]

The administration building housed the offices of the regimental and post staff, the printing office, court-martial room, and the post school for enlisted men. Some of the soldiers went to this school voluntarily; some went on the orders of their company commanders. Attendance was required for three hours each day, and study was more or less confined to the "three Rs." The post school is not to be confused with the Post Lyceum, which included such courses as Army and Drill Regulations and Military Tactics. The Lyceum courses were conducted by the officers of the post, and the state governor and his staff, as well as officers of the National Guard were often present as guests.[15]

Life at Fort Logan in the Early Nineties

Military duties at the post included practice in the new *United States Drill Regulations* which had recently superseded *Upton's Tactics*, in use for half a century. During the summer months, the

[11] *Rept. of the Sect'y. of War*, 1888, p. 44; 1889, p. 487; 1890, p. 672; 1891, pp. 340, 514; 1894, pp. 253, 303, 306, 331 (Vol. I for each year).
[12] *Denver Republican*, Jan. 1, 1890.
[13] *Rept. of the Sect'y. of War*, 1893, p. 136; 1894, pp. 253, 303, 306; 1895, p. 352 (Vol. I in each case). See also *Denver Republican*, Jan. 1, 1890.
[14] *Denver Republican*, Dec. 8, 1890; Virginia B. Bash, "Garrison Life in Colorado," *Colorado Magazine*, April, 1893 (Vol. I, No. 1), p. 9 (map).
[15] *Colorado Magazine*, I, 8, 9.

entire garrison was out on the rifle range by five-thirty in the morning with their big-bore Springfields. There was also signal drill with flags and heliograph, and drill by the hospital corps. Since each company had its own vegetable garden, there were always a large number of men on "garden detail" during the growing season. Most of the produce went to supplement the regular rations; any surplus could be sold, either to the officers' mess or to dealers in town; profits, if any, were then used to buy luxuries such as butter, eggs, and fruit.[16]

There were occasional field maneuvers, such as those engaged in by the Seventh Infantry in the fall of 1892. At that time, six companies with complete field equipment marched down to Castle Rock, then on to Palmer Lake for a sham battle. The men carried full service packs (the Merriam pack) and slept in shelter tents. After reveille, fifteen minutes was allowed for making up the packs. Breakfast was over by five-thirty. One of the sergeants on this march explained to a reporter why it was that dogs always followed the troops. "Dogs like soldiers," the sergeant said. "A dog knows instinctively that a soldier's life is a dog's life, and the dog sympathizes." Today, we try to give our service men the best of everything, but in the 1880s and '90s a soldier's life in the West was likely to be rather hard, especially in the field.[17]

For relaxation the enlisted men had their own club, or Canteen, with store attached where they could buy hot coffee, fruit, candy, tobacco, and beer. At the Post Exchange, which finally replaced the Canteen, no beer was sold. There were also weekly social gatherings with music, or with occasional farcical plays performed without stage or scenery. Virginia Bash wrote in 1893 that "the men at Fort Logan maintain large and enthusiastic temperance and literary societies." Since most of the troops were of foreign extraction—chiefly Irish, with a sprinkling of German—since many of them had never gone through their "three Rs," and since most of them were old Indian fighters, this "enthusiasm" for temperance and literature is somewhat incongruous. On rare occasions, the soldiers had an opportunity to attend a big ball in Denver, such as those given by the Army and Navy Union. On equally rare occasions, the soldiers were permitted to give a ball at the post. One or two companies would generally act as hosts, discipline was relaxed, and if any officers attended, they came as guests. The evening usually began with dancing and ended with a supper. Many Denver people would drive out to these affairs in carriages, or even in sleighs.[18]

[16] *Colorado Magazine*, I, 9, 10.
[17] *Denver Republican*, Sept. 19, 1892, p. 1, and other issues near this date.
[18] *Colorado Magazine*, I; *Denver Republican*, May 8, Jan. 2, 1892.

Aside from the dress parades and band concerts, the chief attractions of the post for Denver socialites were the full-dress balls and the less formal weekly hops given by the officers. The mirror-like floor of the big assembly room, Strauss waltzes by a military band, tight-fitting uniforms, epaulets, brass buttons, and miles of gold braid—here was glamor that was unknown to Denver drawing-rooms. Only the side-whiskers and handle-bar mustaches were familiar ornaments. Down to the Spanish-American war, the post ball room was the scene of many gay and brilliant affairs, but none

Left to right: The Merriam Pack, used in the West; Col. Henry C. Merriam; the U. S. Pack, used in the East. (Reproduced from sketches which appeared in the *Denver Republican* of Dec. 4, 1890).

so brilliant as the military weddings. Denver society generally attended these functions in response to invitations, but there is reason to believe that there were many guests who "crashed in."

Sunday evening dress parades were sure to draw hundreds of people whenever the weather was fine. At such times, everything from two-wheeled dog-carts to the finest custom-made coaches would be seen whirling out Broadway and Sheridan Drive. By the time the parade was scheduled to start, the drive encircling the grounds would be thronged with carriages and visitors on foot. At five-thirty sharp—

> The band made its appearance and the troops wheeled into sight to the inspiring strains of a martial air. Battalion drill was rapidly gone through, with the regularity of a machine—the bugle sang "goodnight," the evening gun saluted the sun just disappearing behind the distant mountains—the flag fluttered earthward, and the spectators spread along the roads for home.[19]

The Naming of Fort Logan

The early history of Fort Logan runs closely parallel to that of Fort Sheridan, near Chicago. The bills for the establishment of these military posts were brought up at the same session of Congress. Both bills were being urged by General Sheridan and the Secretary of War. Both bills, *essentially*, called upon Congress to accept donations of land from commercial organizations. Both bills were opposed, either on or off the floor, by pro-labor congressmen, and for the same reasons. The Denver bill went through at once, but passage of the Chicago bill was delayed for several weeks.[20]

When the first troops arrived at the Denver camp, the newspapers began referring to it as "Fort Sheridan," or as "Sheridan Post," and Denver citizens adopted the name. At the same time, November, 1887, people in Chicago began referring to their new military camp as "Fort Logan," in honor of General John A. Logan. As Senator from Illinois, General Logan had introduced the bill in Congress for a military post near Chicago. In fact, it was his last official act as senator, for he died on December 26, 1886, three weeks after introducing the bill.[21]

As late as the summer of 1888, these military posts continued to be called by their unofficial names by the people in their respective states. To the War Department, they were simply "Camps." The story is told that when General Sheridan's advice was sought in this matter, he expressed a wish to have the Chicago camp officially named after him. The General liked Chicago, and the new camp promised to be the finest in the country. On June 1, 1888, while Sheridan was on his death-bed, Congress made him a four-star general. In the following month, possibly out of respect for

[19] *Rocky Mountain News*, Apr. 14, 1890.

[20] *Congressional Record*, 49th Congress, 2d session, Vol. XVIII, Part 3, p. 2700 ff.

When the bill (S.R. 78) for the post at Chicago came up on March 3, 1887, a motion was made to suspend the rules. In the debate on the motion, the arguments of the opposition got into the record [the same arguments held for the Denver bill]. O'Neill, of Missouri, declared that the bill was "a product of the labor disturbance that recently occurred in Chicago"; i.e., the Haymarket bombing, etc. He said further, that labor was against the bill, and that barracks near big cities were "a needless menace to the people." Representative Weaver, of Iowa, called it an undemocratic attempt "to keep people in subjection."

The viewpoint of the army, itself, on this subject was finally expressed in so many words by the Major-General of the Army in the *Rept. of the Sect'y. of War* for 1894 (Vol. I, p. 141). The Major-General recommended an increase in the garrison at Denver "on account of the condition of unrest now existing in the State of Colorado." During the "unrest" referred to, the militia was called out against the miners.

[21] *Congressional Record*, 49th Congress, 2d session, Vol. XVIII, Part 1, p. 18 (Dec. 7, 1886).

the General's wish, the Secretary of War designated the Chicago camp as "Fort Sheridan." Obviously, the Denver camp could no longer be "Fort Sheridan." Another name had to be chosen.[22]

A Denver newspaper promptly suggested the name, "Fort Grant." Some time later, a resolution was introduced in the Colorado legislature requesting the Secretary of War to designate the local post as "Fort Denver." Nevertheless, Secretary of War Proctor designated the post on April 5, 1889, as " 'Fort Logan,' in honor of the memory of John Alexander Logan, major-general of volunteers."[23] During the last eight years of his life, General Logan had spent a portion of each year in Denver; hence, he had many staunch friends here. Members of the G. A. R. declared that above all other names, "Fort Logan" suited them best. Denver citizens quickly became reconciled to the new name.[24]

The Seventh Infantry

The Seventh Infantry is more closely associated with the history of Fort Logan than any other unit. While stationed there, the regiment treasured an old standard, which had been carried through every campaign since the War of 1812. Along its stripes had been worked by feminine hands the names of all the battles in which it had appeared. Many Colorado people saw this old flag for the first and last time in 1898, when it was carried through the streets of Denver on the way to the Cuban campaign.[25]

The Seventh Regiment had come to Fort Logan in May, 1889, when Major Brady, of the Eighteenth, was ordered to Fort Hays. The new post commander of Fort Logan then became Colonel Henry C. Merriam, an old Indian-fighter who had won his first commission in the Union Army.[26] The regiment had been at the post little more than a year when it was ordered into the Bad Lands of South Dakota. The Sioux and Cheyenne Indians were preparing to go on the warpath. Crops had failed; government rations had been reduced; and the Indians refused to stay on the reservations. Well

[22] *Rept. of the Sec'y. of War*, 1888, I, 80, 161, 430 (see also *Denver Republican*, July 21, 1888, p. 3).

[23] *Republican*, Feb. 15, 16, 1889; *Rocky Mountain News*, Apr. 9, 1889; *Rept. of the Sec'y. of War*, 1889, pp. 23, 736.
General Logan, "the most distinguished volunteer general officer of the Civil War," was born in Murphysboro, Illinois, on Feb. 9, 1826. He won a lieutenant's commission in the war with Mexico; then studied law in Illinois, and became a representative in Congress (1859-61). He resigned his seat to join the Federal army, *as a private*. He finally rose to be a major-general, and succeeded General Sherman as commander of the 15th Army Corps. For gallantry during the siege of Vicksburg, he received the congressional medal of honor. After the war, he served his home state in the Senate (1871-77, 1879-86). It was on General Logan's proposal that May 30th was designated as Decoration Day. He died in Washington, D. C., Dec. 26, 1886.

[24] *Rocky Mountain News*, April 9, 1889, p. 8 (see also "Garrison Life in Colorado," *op. cit.*, p. 6).

[25] *Rocky Mountain News*, April 20, 1898, p. 2.

[26] Col. Merriam commanded the Seventh Infantry from July 10, 1885, to July 7, 1897, when he was succeeded by Col. D. W. Benham.—Francis B. Heitman, *op. cit.*, I, 94.

supplied with Winchesters, the "hostiles" were taking refuge in the Bad Lands. With a dangerous situation brewing, United States cavalry and infantry were converging on the Pine Ridge Agency. On December 3, 1890, six companies of the Seventh, led by Colonel Merriam, left Denver for Pine Ridge, prepared for a long campaign in Dakota blizzards. Each soldier carried a blanket roll, haversack, canteen, and a big "intrenchment" knife. In his belt were forty-four cartridges; on his shoulder was a forty-five caliber Springfield. For his Christmas dinner he could expect no better than bacon, hardtack, and coffee by a lonely campfire.

The Fort Logan troops reached the Missouri River about December 18, and went on patrol duty in an area that was 160 by 40 miles in extent. Near the Cherry Creek ford on the Cheyenne River they received the surrender of some 300 "hostiles." They also helped to round up Big Foot's band, but beyond this action, saw no excitement. Sitting Bull had been "killed" before the Seventh arrived, and the revolt was collapsing everywhere except in the Bad Lands. The Seventh Regiment was not present at the Battle of Wounded Knee. The troops returned to Fort Logan late in January of the following year without having engaged in one lively skirmish.[27]

During the middle of March, 1894, the regiment took part in the most curious episode in the history of Denver. The state militia was laying siege to the old City Hall, in which the police and firemen, led by their commissioners, had barricaded themselves. The commissioners were defying Governor Davis H. Waite to remove them from office, even with the national guard. As a crisis approached, the U. S. troops were called out. Fortunately, the episode ended without bloodshed.[28]

By 1897, Fort Logan had been detached from the Department of the Missouri, and Denver was made the headquarters of the new Department of the Colorado, which embraced Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah.[29] There were nine posts in the Department with a total force of more than 2,600 officers and men. Fort Logan, and Fort Douglas, near Salt Lake City, were regimental headquarters. On July 7, 1897, Colonel Benham succeeded Colonel Merriam as regimental and post commander.

After the Maine had been blown up in Havana Harbor, orders for the Logan troops to move arrived on April 15. Around the post, there were songs, speeches, and impromptu cotillions. Meantime, the big blue army wagons began moving into the railroad yards at Denver.

[27] For a complete account of the revolt and the role played by the Seventh, see *Denver Republican*, Dec. 2-4, 16, 19, 20-24, 30, 1890; Jan. 26, 1891.

[28] *Denver Republican*, Mar. 16, 1894, and adjacent dates.

[29] *Rocky Mountain News*, July 2, 1893 (about the date the new department was organized); Jan. 1, 1897.

At twelve-thirty on the afternoon of April 20, the bugle sounded across Fort Logan parade ground. The last roll call was made; and while the band played, "The Girl I Left Behind Me," Major A. W. Corliss reviewed the regiment. A few minutes later, the Seventh Infantry marched off the field of Fort Logan. At two o'clock, the regiment arrived at Union Station in Denver, where the Chaffee Light Artillery gave it a twenty-one gun salute. With the band playing "Auld Lang Syne" and "Dixie," the troops marched up Seventeenth Street with their old battle-scarred flag at the head of the column. At the Brown Palace, the last parade turned south to Sixteenth Street, and returned to the Union Station. As the troops boarded the train, the Light Artillery gave them a second salute. A few minutes later, the Seventh Regiment was gone.[30]

The Modern Period

On the day after the Seventh Regiment moved out of Fort Logan, several companies of the Fifteenth Infantry moved in; but in October, 1898, they, in turn, were replaced by four companies of the Twenty-fifth Regiment. Among these new troops were eighty colored veterans who had behaved with great valor at El Caney in Cuba. On October 4, the day after they arrived, these eighty heroes marched in Denver in a parade that was part of the Festival of Mountain and Plain.[31] From this time on, Fort Logan came to be used more and more as a rest and recruiting center, or as a temporary station for all types of army units.

Of all the officers who have commanded Fort Logan at one time or another, the one that excites our interest today is the man who was father of General Douglas MacArthur, Supreme Commander of the United Nations forces of the Southwest Pacific. The elder MacArthur, General Arthur MacArthur, was commander at Fort Logan from December 30, 1901, to April 27, 1902. He then assumed command of the Great Lakes Military Area. At this time, the hero of Bataan was still a student at West Point.[32]

In 1903, when the Second Infantry was garrisoned at Fort Logan, an ambitious private asked, and received, permission to build a study room in the barracks at his own expense. By studious application, the young private advanced from grade to grade, finally received an appointment to West Point. Today, he is a general in the Air Corps. At the present time, all the new barracks at the post have special study-rooms attached, in honor of the man who built the first at his own expense—General Rush B. Lincoln.[33]

[30]For a complete account of the departure of the Seventh, see issues of the *Rocky Mountain News* from April 15 to 22, 1898.
[31]*Rocky Mountain News*, April 17, 22; Oct. 3, 4, 1898.
[32]*Rocky Mountain News*, Dec. 30, 1901, p. 1; April 28, 1902, p. 9.
[33]Interview, Captain Archie M. Johnson, Public Relations Officer (1941) at Fort Logan.

During World War I, the reservation was used as a receiving station for thousands of enlisted and drafted men. Later on, the post was used as a center for the Reserve Officers Training Corps, for units of the Organized Reserves of the Army, and for the Citizens Military Training Camp.

In June, 1927, the Second Engineers took over the post, and it soon underwent a general rehabilitation. Repair and new construction were continued in 1936 with a half-million dollar WPA grant. A second half-million helped to build new roads and tennis courts, repair buildings, plant grass and trees, and install new plumbing and lighting equipment. The post was being prepared for the functions it now carries out. In 1939, the Eighteenth Engineers replaced the Second. Two years later, this chapter in the history of the post came to an end when the engineers began their spectacular motorized journey to the West Coast. There were more than a score of motorcycles, several staff cars, and nearly a hundred heavy trucks and trailers, some bearing heavy bridge pontoons. At the sound of an officer's whistle, all motors were started. At the second blast of the whistle, trucks, trailers, and motorcycles roared past the administration building. Thirty-five minutes later, the Eighteenth Engineers were gone, and Fort Logan, as a subpost of Lowry Field, began a new chapter in its history.

The Hermit of Pat's Hole

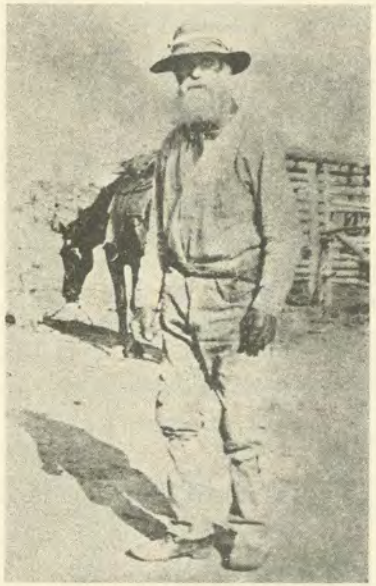
Edgar C. McMechen

At the confluence of Yampa River with Green River in northwestern Colorado lies Pat's Hole, one of the most spectacular topographical spots in the intermountain West. The little park, formed by erosion of the rivers, is surrounded by high, vertical sandstone walls. Here Green River reverses its course, flowing in opposite directions on either side of a mile-long wall of rock which rises approximately eight hundred feet above the valley floor. The Green enters from the north through Lodore Canyon, wheels and exits to the north and west through Whirlpool Canyon. The glorious Yampa Canyon, with its gray, red, pink or saffron walls, extends to the eastward for fifty-eight miles.

Human associations in this remote locality have been few, but intensely romantic; and none more so than the story of Pat Lynch, the remarkable Irish-born hermit after whom Pat's Hole has been named. While Pat did not appear upon the scene until thirty years after the close of the fur-trapping era, that typical trapper terminology, "Hole," seems particularly appropriate because General

W. H. Ashley and his daring trappers were the first white men to have seen the retreat.

On May 8, 1825, Ashley and six of his men, navigating skin boats, entered what is now known as Lodore Canyon. They descended that same day to the mouth of the Yampa, to which Ashley gave the name Mary's River. His diary leaves no doubt as to the identity of the spot. His description of Pat's Hole, the first ever penned, fits the locality perfectly: "Mary's River is one hundred



PAT LYNCH

yards wide, has a rapid current, and from every appearance, very much confined between lofty mountains. A valley about two hundred yards wide extends one mile below the confluence of these rivers, then the mountain again on that side advances to the water's edge."[1]

The next reference to Pat's Hole appears in the Powell report that details his first trip through the Colorado River Canyon in 1869, when he named the various canyons, rocks and rapids encountered during the trip. This nomenclature still is retained, except in the case of Pat's Hole, which Powell called Echo Park. The first Powell Expedition reached the Yampa on June 17, 1869.[2] The name, Echo Park, followed normally the naming of Echo Rock,

[1]H. C. Dale, *The Ashley-Smith Explorations and the Discovery of a Central Route to the Pacific* (Cleveland, 1918), 146.
[2]J. W. Powell, *Explorations of the Colorado River of the West and Its Tributaries, 1869-1872* (Washington, 1875), 30.

the monolithic stone wall previously mentioned, sometimes called locally, "Steamboat Rock." The Powell name for this cliff, because of its aptitude and historical association, seems preferable.

Major Powell devoted considerable attention to Echo Park, particularly to the extraordinary echo here. He described the main features of the park in great detail, mentioning a land entrance down a lateral trail through a side canyon which, he stated, had been made by Indian hunters "who come down here in certain seasons to kill mountain sheep." The park was inaccessible elsewhere according to Powell, the inference of course being that he meant by land. In this, as will be shown, he was mistaken.

Major Powell's description of the echo is almost lyrical:

> Standing opposite the rock, our words are repeated with startling clearness, but in a soft, mellow tone, that transforms them into magic music. Scarcely can you believe it is the echo of your own voice. In some places two or three echoes come back; in other places they repeat themselves, passing back and forth across the river between this rock and the eastern wall.
>
> To hear these repeated echoes well you must shout. Some of the party aver that ten or twelve repetitions can be heard. To me they seem to rapidly diminish and merge by multiplicity, like telegraph poles on an outstretched plain. I have observed the same phenomenon once before in the cliffs near Long's Peak, and am pleased to meet with it again.[3]

Frederick S. Dellenbaugh, who accompanied Powell on a later expedition, confirmed the statement that a sentence of ten words is repeated by the echo, and asserted: "Such an echo in Europe would be worth a fortune."[4]

Local reports among those who knew Pat Lynch intimately, as well as a reference by Ellsworth L. Kolb, indicate that Pat first appeared in northwestern Colorado at the time of the Powell expeditions, although which expedition is not certain.

The Kolb brothers reached Pat's Hole on their photographic trip through the Colorado River Canyon on October 2, 1911. Pat was not home at the time, but they found his little ranch of about twenty-five acres on the left side of the river. There were a few peach trees, a small garden and two small shacks in a state of dilapidation, the doors off their hinges and leaning against the building.[5] The trail to the top of the mesa or tableland south of the Hole was plainly marked. The Kolb party ascended this and called at the Chew ranch house on Pool Creek. While there a very old, bearded man rode in on a horse which he had broken himself—bareback—without assistance. He was then on his way to the post-office, miles away, to draw his pension for service in the Civil War.

[3]*Ibid.*, 32-33.
[4]F. S. Dellenbaugh, *The Romance of the Colorado River*, 256.
[5]E. L. Kolb, *Through the Grand Canyon from Wyoming to Mexico*, 72.

> He was Pat Lynch [continues Ellsworth Kolb], the owner of the little ranch by the river. He was a real old-timer, having been in Brown's Park when Major Powell was surveying that section of the country. He told us that he had been hired to get some meat for the party, and had killed five mountain sheep. He was so old that he scarcely knew what he was talking about, rambling from one subject to another; and would have us listening with impatience to hear the end of some wonderful tale of the early days when he would suddenly switch off on to an entirely different subject, leaving the first unfinished.[6]

Kolb makes the statement, as hearsay, that Pat would place a spring or trap gun in his houses at the river, "ready to greet any prying marauder." This, however, is at variance with the accounts of others who knew Pat. Universally they have described him as a harmless, gentle old man.

The man credited with having known Pat Lynch best is Fray Baker, formerly a resident of Elk Springs, Moffat County, at whose home Pat died in February of 1917 after an illness of two or three weeks. Also, from W. S. Baker of Lily Park come certain facts of Pat's life.[7] These are briefed below.

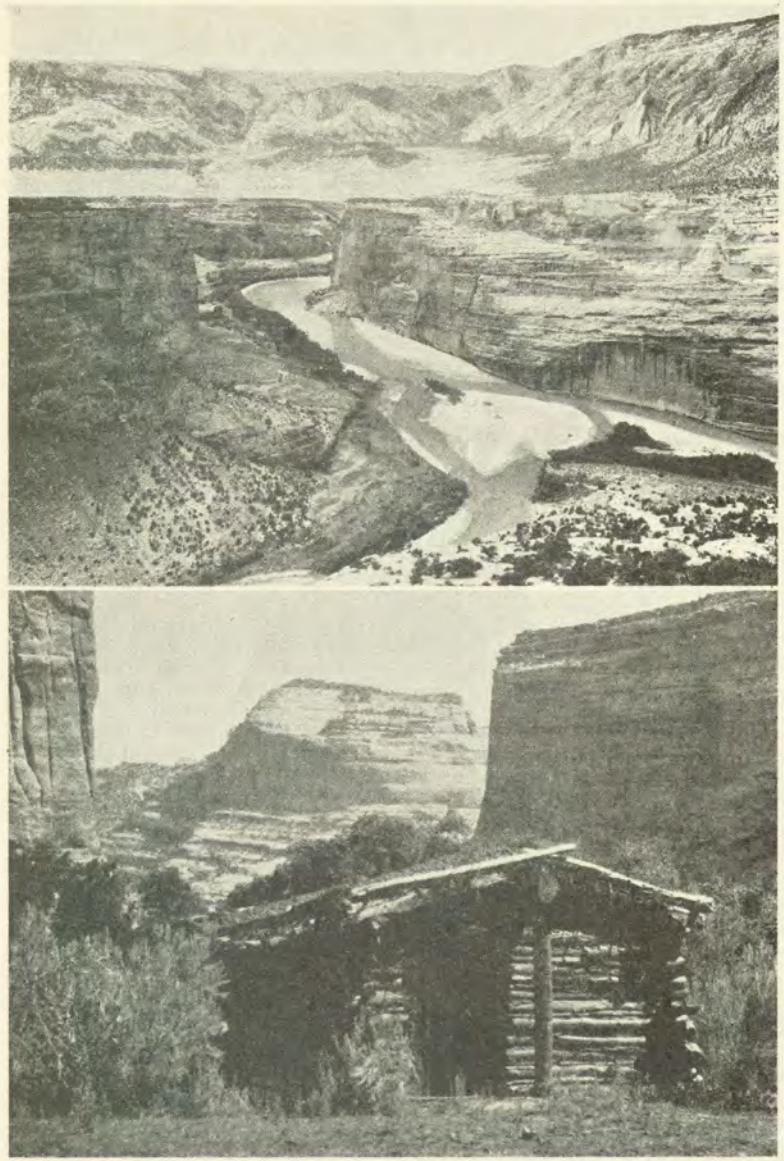
Pat Lynch settled first at the present Chew ranch on Pool Creek above the Hole. When the Chews filed on the land, Pat moved from the open cave that he had occupied into the depths of the Hole. He left a few trifling possessions in the vacated cave. These never have been disturbed by the Chews, a Mormon family.

Pat possessed a wonderful memory and was quite loquacious. He was fond of relating his experiences and would ramble along, laughing frequently during his narration. He was very deaf and paid little attention to comments. He was interested in history and took several papers and magazines, among them the *New York World*, *Colliers' Weekly* and the *Literary Digest*.

An article printed in the *Craig Empire*, February 28, 1917, four days after Pat's death, states that Pat was born in Ireland. He took service on a sailing vessel when he was fourteen years old; was shipwrecked on the coast of Africa and captured by a native tribe. Pat remained with this tribe for two to four years, according to stories told by him to various persons, and rose to a place of importance with the natives. An English sailing vessel then rescued him and took him to India.

Upon coming to America Pat joined the United States navy under the name James Cooper, at the time of the Civil War. Pat often told of an incident during a naval battle when a "time" bomb was thrown upon the deck; and that, in seizing it to throw it overboard, he was badly wounded. He was rendered unfit for active service, and the wounds continued to suppurate, but he succeeded in enlisting in the Union army under his own name.

[6] *Ibid.*, 75.
[7] From notes given by W. S. Baker and transmitted to E. C. McMechen in 1933. State Historical Society Records.



Upper: Birdseye View of Pat's Hole, at confluence of the Green and Yampa rivers. The Green River is seen disappearing around Echo Rock. Lower: Pat Lynch's cabin in Pat's Hole, with the Jenny Lind Rock in middle background.

He drew a pension for this service. Pat's age at death is given as ninety-eight years and ten months.

When the war closed Pat was in Georgia. He went to Missouri and, for a short time, lived in a cave near Cane Hill in Polk County. He told Baker that he had left a knife there, after inscribing his name on the cave wall. If this record is still extant it probably will prove to be a sailing vessel, as this seems to have been his identification mark. He drew many ships upon the rocks of Yampa Canyon.

After engaging in the Indian wars of the plains Pat came to Denver, and then drifted to Brown's Park, then the haunt of a few derelict fur traders and meat hunters. He made a trip to California to secure some horses but ended by returning to Colorado for them. A popular legend in Moffat County is that Pat first appeared riding a fine blue-roan stallion of Arab extraction, and that for many years wild blue-roans were common in the Brown's Park region.[8] Baker states that Pat owned a marked bible, said his prayers by his bed and called Protestants "devil scallas."

Another interesting account of Pat's history, habits and peculiarities is contained in a letter to Mrs. Ada Jones, Craig, Colorado, written January 15, 1919, by F. C. Barnes, who knew the old hermit intimately.

> Old Pat Lynch was quite a character [wrote Barnes]. He was a soldier in the Civil War, and also in the Indian War. After the Indian War he drifted down along Green River until he came to the mouth of Bear River,[9] which is known far and wide as Pat's Hole, although Pat called it Echo Park. Old Pat lived here nineteen years under a ledge of rock. Then, for several years, he had four forks, set up and covered with willows. No sides to the shed. This was all the house he had until just a few years before he died. The cowboys built him a cabin. The wall around Pat's Hole is so high and straight that the sun never shines in there six months out of the year. He had beaver and deer as tame as cattle and hogs. He never killed any of them. He lived just like a coyote. If he found a dead horse he would take a quarter or a half and make jerky out of it. This is the kind of meat he always kept on hand. I have known him to take a drowned horse out of the river and make jerky out of it. He had jerky and bread cached all over the mountains. I have been riding with him on different trips. He would stop and study for a minute, then turn to one side and go to a rock or cleft and get some meat and bread. The meat was always jerky and the bread looked like it might have been cooked a year or more. The last three years of his life he lived with W. R. Baker in Lily Park.

The tales of Pat's friendship with wild animals are widespread in Northwestern Colorado. During the winter of 1904 the Moffat Railroad sent a surveying party under Paul Blount, locating engineer, through Yampa Canyon on the ice. The spring break-up of the ice jam in the canyon caught the party near Pat's Hole, and the surveyers went into camp close to Pat's cabin. Pat spent many

[8]Carey Barber, Maybelle. Interview with E. C. McMechen in 1933.
[9]The Yampa is called the Bear above Craig. The two names for one river have frequently caused confusion.

nights regaling his visitors with his tales. Richard L. Hughes of 1350 Sherman street, Denver, was a member of this party and, in a recent interview with the author, confirmed the story of the blue horses, many of which were roaming the country at the time. One of Pat's stories, told to Mr. Hughes, related to a pet mountain lion. Pat claimed to have tamed this creature which, he said, frequently brought a dead deer and left it at his cabin. He would call this animal with a peculiar, plaintive wail, and the lion would answer from high in the cliffs. The identical story was told the author by Carey Barber of Maybelle, who was born in the country and knew Pat well.

"Pat claimed that the lion would come out upon a high cliff and scream in answer to his yell," said Mr. Barber, "and old Pat would say 'That sound is sweeter than any Jenny Lind ever sang.'" Old residents of the Brown's Park country still call this cliff the Jenny Lind Rock.

Mr. Barber is authority for the statement that Pat had his private horse-brand, called the "Ox-Shoe" brand. It was formed by two half-shoes (split because of the cloven hoof) in position, i. e., as they are placed upon an ox's hoof.

Pat had two blood-curdling stories he would relate when the mood seized him. One was that he had killed a man in Pittsburgh and had come West to escape punishment; the other, he had killed his mother. That Pat had some connection with the sea seems probable from two facts. He was elaborately tattooed, and he continuously drew pictures of sailing vessels. In Hardin's Hole, located in the depths of Yampa Canyon between Pat's Hole and Lily Park, is a large cave. Local settlers have a legend that two of the women captives taken by the Ute Indians in the Meeker Massacre of 1879 were hidden here while United States troops were searching for them. The records of this event make it extremely improbable that the women were ever near Yampa River, but the cave received its name, "Indian Cave," from this legend. Farrington R. Carpenter, state revenue director and an authority upon northwestern Colorado history, states that there is the outline of a sailing vessel on a wall of this cave, which is attributed to Pat.

In the Powell narrative reference is made to the solitary land entrance to Pat's Hole. As indicated at the beginning of this article, there was another trail into the Hole, with which is connected much of the romantic background of the region.

This trail began in the cedars, high upon the southern shoulder of Douglas Mountain, overlooking Pat's Hole to the southwest. It may still be plainly traced down abrupt limestone cliffs to the upper end of a box canyon. Here, a vertical drop of three or four

feet led to a huge, table-rock. A second drop of the same distance, at right-angle, landed a horse and rider upon a narrow shelf, which followed around the side of the canyon wall, finally emerging on Green River about half-a-mile above the mouth of the Yampa. This was the famous horse-thief trail, which came from Hole-in-the-Wall, Wyoming, through Butch Cassidy's hangout at Powder Springs, Brown's Park, Pat's Hole and up through Pool Creek into Utah. Some twenty years ago cattlemen of Brown's Park destroyed the table rock connection with dynamite.

For many years, until the rustlers were driven from this section of the country, stolen horses and cattle were run out of Brown's Park over this frightful route. Many a pack-horse, pushed off to the table-rock, lost balance and crashed upon the rocks two hundred feet below. The boneyard is still there. Cattle, less temperamental, fared better.

During Pat's day this trail saw considerable use, but Pat's loquacity never led him to talk about the phantom riders' trips over the horse-thief trail. No one remembered trail herds seen in strange locations in those days, and Pat followed the general custom. Hence, he died peacefully in bed, instead of floating down Green River.

Thus ends the saga of Pat Lynch, perhaps the West's most extraordinary hermit. Years hence, when tourists arrive in this desolate and solitary valley, now included in a national monument, to test the unequalled echo of the great rock, not the least of their interest will center upon Pat Lynch, whose eccentricities have imparted to his life story all the glamour of legend.

Samuel Hartsel, Pioneer Cattleman

FRAZER ARNOLD*

In compliance with your request I am writing down some of the experiences of the late Samuel Hartsel as he related them to me in Denver thirty years ago. He had moved down to Denver from the South Park several years before. During 1911 to 1917 I was with him almost daily and he often spoke of his early life. He died November 20, 1918.

Mr. Hartsel was about six feet one inch in height, thin, with an aquiline nose and short white chin-whiskers, and bore an exact resemblance to our national character Uncle Sam. Although by no means "illiterate," he had had little or no schooling, and his speech was often full of old-fashioned, pointed and primitive phrases and expressions that are no longer heard. Shrewd and

*Mr. Arnold, prominent attorney of Denver, wrote the following story at the request of the Editor.

sensible, scrupulously honest and fair in all dealings, he was an admirable example of the American pioneer, and it was a privilege to be thrown with him.

He was born in Pennsylvania, and as a youth came out to Indiana where he first worked as a farm-hand near what he called "Muncie Town"—the present important city of Muncie—and later on a farm near Lafayette in that state. He caught the gold fever during the Pikes Peak rush of 1859, and, against the advice of his employers, who wished him to remain with them, came to the Pikes Peak (Denver) Region "in a bull wagon" in 1860 and very soon joined the gold-seekers around Fairplay.

Not finding much gold, he decided to become a cattle-rancher and built a cabin in the region south of Fairplay not far from his later home ranch and hot springs at the present town of Hartsel, although not in that exact vicinity as I recall. Here he lived alone, not marrying until comparatively late in life.

The excitement died out, the gold seekers faded away, and it seemed that he and a few bands of Utes had the great South Park practically to themselves. He was always on friendly terms with the Utes, who used to trade with him.

One day he was riding home from a distant point when he came over a ridge and saw a considerable band of Indians traveling in the same general direction as himself. Assuming them to be Utes, he rode down to join the column and found too late that it was a war party of Cheyennes come up from the great plains to raid their ancestral enemies the plateau-dwelling Utes. Hartsel considered that he was done for. He was seized and subjected to rough handling while being shoved along the column to the chief who rode at the head. But this leader made known that the Cheyennes were lost in the Park, and that Hartsel was to come along to show them the way out when their business was over. He rode as a captive near the leader, therefore, while the Cheyennes scouted from one area to another. During the first day or two the band followed some tracks to a Ute camp, where there were only a few older men and some women and children, the young braves being off in the hills hunting. The Cheyennes killed four Utes in cold blood, looted the camp and carried away some of the women and children. After that, they continued to wander over the Park for several days, looking for more victims, until finally the chief signified that Hartsel was to set them on the trail back to the plains. This he did, guiding them to the Ute Trail that led down toward Colorado City, fully expecting to be killed as soon as his usefulness to them was over. But the chief merely told him: "Puckachee!" (meaning, Get the hell out of here), and Hartsel lost no

time. As he spurred away he still expected to be shot in the back, but they let him go. He was even allowed to keep his own horse.

As he told of this incident, it was evident that the plunder of the village and the murder of the four Utes in cold blood had left a painful impresion upon him.

He continued to live alone in the Park, building up his holdings. As the Civil War developed, General Sibley and other Southern leaders conceived a brilliant and sound plan of grand strategy, no less than to push an expedition north from New Mexico through the Pikes Peak region and Wyoming, to cut off California

SAMUEL HARTSEL

and Oregon from the North and divert their vital gold and other supplies to the South. At the same time the Confederate sympathizers on the coast were to rise and seize those territories. While Sibley's troops were organizing, the scheme and its danger came to be understood by the military leaders in Colorado. A similar plan would no doubt be attempted today by the Japanese, if they were able to land in force from the Gulf of California and the Germans could hold the bulk of our troops in the East. Hartsel was invited to join the expedition forming in Denver to meet this threat and was offered a first lieutenancy in the force which later, with Major Chivington, surprised the Confederates at Glorieta

Pass and made shipwreck of General Sibley's project. But the war seemed remote to Hartsel at the time, he had no one to leave in charge of his land and cattle, and he decided to stay at hime.

He seems to have maintained a trading post also. The Utes brought in pelts and miscellaneous articles, and the white men used gold dust for money. He told me he could easily weigh it for accurate use in lieu of currency.

Later he undertook a long and dangerous journey back to Clay County, Missouri, and brought the first herd of pure-bred cattle into Colorado—all Durhams. The round trip consumed two years. He was justly proud of that achievement; but I cannot recall that he ever told me any details of the journey, for he was not a great talker, although not especially on the reticent side either. I have heard recently from good authority that on the way home all the tribes were on the warpath, that Hartsel's party was attacked two or three times and that two of his men were killed.

It may have been before this that his brother joined him. One day the brother rode off alone on some mission and never returned. Repeated searchings failed to discover any trace of him, until, years afterward, his skeleton and that of his horse were found under a blasted pine. They had been struck by lightning.

Over the years, Mr. Hartsel continued to acquire land and more land, until fame began to single him out as the man who had built up an "empire" in the South Park. The late Frank Vaughn told me an amusing story of Mr. Hartsel at this period. Someone said to him:

"Sam, you're getting an awful lot of land up here!"

"Oh, no," said Hartsel, "I'm only buying the land that tetches onto mine."

"Well, if you do that," said the other, "you will still own all of North and South America!"

When old age approached, he sold his holdings to a Kansas City company and came down to Denver, where he spent his last years investing and reinvesting his fortune in eight per cent real estate mortgages.

He had had a fine-looking son, who died at the age of about seventeen, and he was survived by three daughters.

Around 1912, when American relations with Japan were strained because we were excluding its nationals, Mr. Hartsel said to me one day with strong feeling and emphasis: "If they start something with the United States, them Japs will get a touch of high life!" Let us hope he was right!

Letters of Horace Greeley to Nathan C. Meeker*

Edited by O. M. DICKERSON

24. New York Tribune

New York,
Nov. 3, 1871.

Friend Meeker:

I have yours of Oct. 30th, and it gladdens me that you have resolved to do your own work and *not* run into debt. If I can ever get in sight of $1,000 again, whenever there are not already three or four mortgages, I mean to send it to you and have you invest it for me in a piece of the Colony's land that I can sell again soon at a profit. *That* is the right way to obtain present help without incurring future embarrassment. Can't you offer bargains in that way that will induce several to purchase from $300 to $3,000 worth of your unoccupied lands?

Of course it is right to have a grist mill—*not* right, I think, to run it by water. You will soon need all that for irrigation. But I hope you will have a railtrack to coal by that time.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker, Esq.
Ed. Tribune,
Greeley,
Colorado.

I didn't get your paper this week.

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25. New York Tribune

New York,
Nov. 12, 1871.

Friend Meeker:

I rejoice that our folks have resolved to *dig out of* their difficulty rather than *borrow* out. Borrowing out is only getting deeper *in*.

And now, will the land that is to be cultivated next season be thoroughly saturated with water this winter? One lesson like last year's should suffice. Do let us have 10,000 bushels of wheat grown in the Colony in 1872.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker, Esq., Greeley Colo.

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26. New York Tribune

New York,
Nov. 20, 1871.

Friend Meeker:

I have yours of the 15th today.

I have no wish to buy more land; but, if the Colony should *need* to sell land, and there are no actual settlers who want it, you are authorized to buy $1,000 worth or thereabouts for me and draw on me for the cash. Give me ten day's notice, so that I can protect it.

I guess you should have some *Northern* Hickory Nuts, for

*Continued from the preceding issue and concluded in this.—Ed.

your cold water may fare hard on Southern. Still, I leave all to you, and am sure you will do what is best.

If I buy any more land, I shall want to do something toward improving it, but we will think of that after we get it, if we do.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker, Esq.,
Greeley,
Colorado.

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27. New York Tribune

New York,
Feb. 5, 1872.

Attached clipping.

"An Australian gum tree grew 11 feet and two inches after July, near Sacramento. This is a remarkable tree; it makes a good fence; in two years it will make fire-wood, when it sprouts from the stump; and bees are so fond of it that where it grows honey is of superior quality. An ounce of seed will produce 1,000 trees."

Friend Meeker:

Your Tribune of the 24th ult. has just come to hand—12 days old. It moves me to say, in regard to the above paragraph, that I wish you to plant any tree on my place that you approve, without special instructions. I presume the "Australian Gum" requires a warmer climate than yours; still if you conclude to try it, plant a few for me.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker, Esq.,
Greeley, Colorado.

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28. New York Tribune

New York,
Feb. 7, 1872.

Friend Meeker:

I have yours of the 31st ult., enclosing the receipts. Thank you.

I beg you to tell the square truth about the losses of cattle in Colorado and Wyoming this winter. I predict that calves will be dear and short-lived and milk scarce next spring.

I directed a check sent you weeks ago for $10.62 to pay balance due to close my account as Treasurer.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker, Esq.

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29. New York Tribune

New York,
Feb. 21, 1872.

Dear Mr. Meeker:

Mr. Greeley thinks well, as do I, of your proposed trip to and letters from England, etc., but not this, Presidential Campaign year. I think such letters as you could write, setting forth the actual life and habits of the tillers of the soil would be very interesting to the readers of The Weekly Tribune.

Truly Yours,

Sam Sinclair.

30. New York Tribune

New York,
Feb. 25, 1872.

Friend Meeker:

I have yours of the 14th today.

I guess you will not be able to leave the Colony this year. They cannot spare you till they shall have overcome the discouragement of this hard winter. Then the trees are to be planted, and the Legal questions to be settled, and the big ditch on the north side to be set to irrigating farms in immense numbers. No, you will have to stick to the ship a year more. By that time you will be able to appreciate the trials of Moses, as his stiff-necked followers cried out make us gods "like those of the Egyptians." "Why have you brought us out into the Wilderness to perish," etc. Let no one think of being a reformer till after he shall have read the book of Exodus carefully at least three times through.

I cannot understand why the ditch does not supply you with water for all culinary purposes. Do you let it go dry in winter?

I don't care about the California trees, but *do* see that my field is thickly planted with trees this spring. And please record with your authorities my solemn protest against letting cattle run at large within the fenced limits. It will be no use to plant trees to be fed down by starving cattle.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

Nathan C. Meeker,
Greeley, Colorado.

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31. New York Tribune

New York,
Mar. 9, 1872.

Friend Meeker:

I have yours of the 4th, and answer in haste.

You ought to insist on being relieved from all official duties connected with the colony. Keep up your paper—that is your share. Throw off official labors upon others. Then you can certainly make your living. I know the paper will pay, but your must stop giving credit for anything whenever the spring shall have fairly opened.

Now take hold in your paper and *drive* your people out upon the soil. It is a burning disgrace that you should not have flour to sell from wheat of your own raising. Resolve that you *will* have it this year. Talk savagely as to the folly of shutting yourselves up in a village and letting your water run to waste. Insist that the water shall be let in now, and ten thousand acres irrigated before May. You can't let go the *real* hold yet; but must govern the Colony through your paper. You don't talk half enough about plowing, irrigation, crops, etc.

I want to get out to see the Colony in the Fall, but I never want to see my land till it is green with growing trees. Don't let it go by this spring.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker, Esq.,
Greeley, Colorado.

32. New York Tribune

New York,
Mar. 18, 1872.

Friend Meeker:

I have yours of the 13th today, but not your last paper. I presume that will come to-morrow.

I will try to pay your draft for the lands you select for me, and shall no doubt do so. But you must see that something is done in the way of planting at least half of each to timber this spring. I hope you have abundance of nuts and seeds for planting. I wouldn't care to buy many more trees to go to ruin as my last did. But if you could get me 1,000 good nut pines quite cheap and be *sure* they would neither be dried up nor trampled into the mire, I would take them. If you had ten bushels of Hickory Nuts that would germinate, you might try them all on my land. Of course they must have been kept moist through the winter.

I was at my farm on Saturday. The frost I judge is two feet deep and the ground slippery with ice. We have had a cold winter, but no snow of much account. I do not think I ever knew the ground frozen so deep at this season.

You must frighten the people into plowing and planting this year all through April and May. Keep yelling at them till they are frightened out of the village at all events.

I hope to be out to you in the Fall; but O *do* make the people plow and plant! I guess you would have gone up this winter, but for your grist-mill. And you are now thinking too much of railroads, too little of planting and tilling the soil.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker, Esq.,
Greeley, Colorado.

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33. New York Tribune

New York,
Mar. 23, 1872.

Friend Meeker:

I have yours of the 17th inst.

I presume you have already drawn on me for the $1,000 to pay for land. If you have not, please do so at once; I have not much money, and probably never shall have; but I believe in Union Colony and you, and consider this a good investment for my children.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker, Esq.,
Greeley, Colorado.

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34. New York Tribune
(Private)

New York,
Mar. 29, 1872.

Dear Sir:

Seeing the great need of water on your newly broken lands, why was not the fine, bright Fall given to plowing and then water let on to soak thoroughly through the Autumn and Winter and so far into Spring? I do not yet understand, after your experience that you have yet to break up for this years crops. Surely Oct. and Nov. were capital months for plowing. Why were they not improved? And if they had been, would their irrigation ere this have been difficult?

I look with an evil eye on that grist mill for I suspect it of stinting your canals.

If your big canal failed last summer, why was it not improved last Fall? It cannot be difficult *now* to make it right—that is if water is ever to run through it.

May be I shall be coming out to live with you after my trees get a start. Please start all you can this Spring. I should like an acre of Locust if the trees can be started—or White Pine, if that is easy to grow.

You see I don't want four years more of Grant.—I will not stand it if there is any reasonable alternative—and that may drive me out of politics and newspapers. I feel that my trade is a menace, because it compels me to think other men's thoughts. I prefer my own.

Yours truly,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker, Esq.,
Greeley, Colo.

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35. New York Tribune

New York,
April 8, 1872.

Dear Sir:

I have yours of the 4th—barely four days old. So I know the Railroad is not under blockade east of Cheyenne. I cannot plow yet at *my* farm. I think it was never so late before. We usually begin to plow a month earlier than this. But the frost never so late before.

I am afraid that your ditches and grist mill will pinch each other for water. What do you say to that?

I do hope you are selling out your paper. One man cannot do everything. You are growing old, like me, and ought to take the world more easily. Just sell out, and then you will no longer be harassed in money matters or otherwise.

I heartily wish I was out of politics, out of journalism, and able to work moderately for a humble livelihood. Too much care is wearing me out. I do not yet see my way out, but I *should* like to be free to spend at least a month with you next year, and the rest of the Summer visiting the Pacific slope.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker,
Greeley,
Colorado.

P. S. I have just found your postscript respecting the water for your mill. Thank you. You will soon need steam to run your mill in the Summer.

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36. New York Tribune

Private[1]

New York,
May 12, 1872.

Friend Meeker:

Borrow no trouble about the Presidency. If it be for the best that our side comes uppermost, so be it; if not, I shall have the more leisure to stop a week with you next year. Do nothing in your Tribune that will alienate one subscriber. I guess it isn't necessary.

[1]This word is not in Greeley's handwriting but in very clear script, probably that of his secretary.

I do expect to hear that you have water before you need it, and are putting in crops and trees. How are my trees?

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker, Esq.

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37. New York Tribune

New York,
May 17, 1872.

Friend Meeker:

Of course I know that your river runs bank full at this season for I crossed it early in June 13 years ago, and found it a great swift stream. But the last was a very snowy Winter, and your irrigation will soon call for many times its present demand. So be not too confident.

Cameron[1] promised to obtain and give me the exact statistics of cattle losses last winter in Colorado. He does not supply it. Can't you make good the deficiency? I guess over half your cattle either died or came through very poor. How is it?

I must not leave this till my invalid wife gets home, which will be a month hence. And then I presume the many cares of the canvass will keep me here throughout the Summer. But I have thrown off The Tribune, and breathe more freely.[2]

Be good to my trees.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker, Esq.

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38. New York Tribune

(Private)

New York,
May 22, 1872.

Friend Meeker:

Thanks for yours of the 16th.

I do want to see a general report of the losses of cattle and sheep in Colorado the last Winter and Spring. Cameron (I thought) promised it; then I looked to you for it. Shall we not have it?

Your article of the 6th on the Cincinnati nominations is the best I have yet seen.

Has every one who wants it water for irrigation now? Is your fence *complete?* And O are my trees doing well?

Y'rs,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker, Esq.

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39. New York Tribune

New York,
June 10, 1872.

Friend M.

Thanks for yours of the 2nd. I rejoice to know that my Oaks and Black Walnuts are up. Are there not Hickories to follow? I am fond of the Hickory and hope to see it flourish on my lot when I next visit you.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker, Esq.,
Greeley, Colorado.

[1]R. A. Cameron, the first president of the Greeley board of trustees.

[2]Greeley had just been nominated for the presidency by the Liberal Republicans and withdrew from the editorship of the Tribune until after the election. Don Seitz, *Horace Greeley*, pp. 370-379.

40. New York Tribune

New York,
July 5, 1872.

Friend Meeker:

I have yours of the 23rd ult. I saw Ralph[3] at the Jubilee in Boston two days ago. He was well.

Now let us resolve that the canals shall be perfected this Fall. Don't let them wait till the water is needed and the labor otherwise absorbed. Let us have a survey at once when the crops of 1872 are made, and let every man who owns land be assessed for his quota of the cost. I shall be glad to pay my part. I reckon that you are to have a hot dry Summer and Fall to balance your snowy Winter and rainy Spring. Let us have the canals improved so that more water may be let on in September.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker.

Wife at home—a hopeless invalid, but bright and active in mind.

The election looks well.[4]

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41. New York Tribune
Gorham, N. H.

(Private)

Aug. 14, 1872.

Friend Meeker:

Yours of the 3rd finds me here. I am looking through New England, trying to inspirit my friends in a quiet way. We should carry Connecticut, Rhode Island and New Hampshire, *not* Vermont, Maine or Mass.[5]

Be patient with my Oaks. They are slow, but sure. Have I *no* Hickories? If not, please try another peck of real Shag barks for me this Fall—as early as you can get them. I hope to visit your town early next summer.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker, Esq.

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42. New York Tribune

New York,
Sept. 1, 1872.

Friend Meeker:

Thanks for yours of the 25th ult.

We have had the hottest, wettest Summer for many years and our crop of Weeds and of Apples is fearfully heavy. I judge that I have 2,000 bushels of Apples, and I don't believe they are worth what I must pay for Picking. We have had a good Hay crop and ample Fall feed.

New England and eastern New York were never before so green and luxuriant on the 1st of September, and never had so much in barn and stack.

You must not give up my Oaks. They are slow at a start, but will come on.

If you can get water on any more of my land, and some good fellow wants to break it up this Fall, so that it can be

[3]Ralph Meeker.
[4]He refers to his own prospects of election to the presidency.
[5]He actually carried not one of these states.

irrigated during the Winter and Spring have him to do it and I will pay somehow. I am poor but honest.

Try to sell land enough to keep the Colony out of debt. Don't calculate on a rapid rise of price.

If any one would like to plow and irrigate either of my 40's for one or even two crops, set him at it. I would like to see that land growing something, but can't expend much upon it.

Push on the Tree planting. There should be 1,000 acres got well into trees within a year. If you can get any White Pine to grow on my piece, give it a chance. And don't despair of Hickory too soon. I look to see it take a start next year. Hickory grows downward before it grows upward.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker, Esq.,
Greeley, Colorado.

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43. New York Tribune

New York,
Sept. 29, 1872.

Friend Meeker:

I am just back from a long tour—rather weak, but in good health. I have yours of the 15th inst.

I would not go to Europe without selling out your letters. Ralph is very good; but you ought to go free from care or you can do yourself no justice. Your paper ought to pay or be given up. As it's the first and only one in the Colony, it *must* pay sometime. But you cannot well carry it while in Europe. You and I are getting on in years and ought to diminish our cares, not increase them.[6]

If you go away, please put my trees in charge of some one who will take good care of them. They must not be neglected. Ought I not to plant some on my larger lot next Spring? I want to sell that lot when I can to profit.

Your policy of selling land and enlarging the canals is good. You must carry it into effect before you leave for Europe.

I don't work at The Tribune now, but I guess there will be no trouble about your engagement for Europe. Please make your proposition in business form, enclosing it to Mr. Sinclair.[7]

I wish this Presidential Election was over.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

Nathan C. Meeker, Esq.,
Greeley, Colorado.

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44. New York Tribune

New York,
Oct. 15, 1872.

Friend Meeker:

I have yours of the 5th today. I know not why so tardily.

I still look with apprehension on your leaving so long as the Colony owns or owes or needs anything. In an important sense *you* are the Colony. What would have been the Exodus without Moses? And Jordan, I fear, is not yet reached.

If you can find one who will break up and till my upper lot *for the first crop*, close with him at once. If he ought to have *two* crops, give them. But my skies darken, and I must not offer

[6]Greeley at this time was 61.
[7]Samuel Sinclair, publisher of the *New York Tribune*. Don C. Seitz, *Horace Greeley*, p. 361.

to lay out more money, unless it be very little. But don't stint my trees, and plant some on the lower lot if that be advisable.

My wife is going at last. I do not think she can last the month out, but she may. I am urged to speak as far west as Chicago, but do not think I shall be able to leave her.

I am glad you liked my speeches.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker,
Greeley, Colorado.

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45. New York Tribune

(Private) New York,
Oct. 27, 1872.

My Friend:

I rejoice in your resolve to take care of yourself. I wish I had done more in that line.

Make a proposition as to your visit to Europe, send it to Mr. Sinclair and it shall be considered.

I do trust that you will be able to sell the company's land and some part of your own if you want to.

Can't you sell out your paper to those proposing to start another? Surely, one is enough for Greeley.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.

N. C. Meeker,
Greeley, Colorado.

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46. New York Tribune

New York,
Nov. 7 1872.

My dear Mr. M.

We are in no condition to make new contracts today, nor I think can we be soon. Our luck is very bad.

Not many of us buy land; I would very much rather *sell* mine at any price. If there is a chance to sell either piece, let me hear of it. But we can make no contracts which incur new obligations at present.

Yours,

Horace Greeley.[8]

N. C. Meeker Esq.,
Greeley, Colorado.

[8]This is the last letter of the series. Six days later he was out of the *Tribune*, and on November 29 he died. Don C. Seitz, *Horace Greeley*, pp. 399-402.

Place Names in Colorado (O)*

Oak Creek (1,769 population*), Routt County. Until 1907 the site of this coal-mining town was ranch land, the homestead of Ernest Shuster.[1] The Oak Creek Town, Land & Mining Company founded the village, named for the creek upon which it lies.[2] Incorporated December 26, 1907.

*Prepared by the Colorado Writers' Program, Work Projects Administration. An asterisk (*) indicates that the population figure is from the 1940 census. Unless otherwise credited, all data have been sent to the Colorado Writers' Program. Incorporation dates are from the *Colorado Year Book, 1939-40.*

[1]Data from Palmer V. DeWitt, secretary, Lions Club, and Postmaster, Oak Creek, in 1938.

[2]Data from W. H. Stonehouse, Oak Creek, August 11, 1932, to the State Historical Society.

Oak Grove (12 population), Montrose County, named for the surrounding oak brush, centers around a store and a blacksmith shop, a community hall, and a school established in 1886.[3]

Oakes' Mills, Douglas County ghost site. Major D. C. Oakes, pioneer of 1858, placed one of the first saw mills brought to Colorado in the pine stands in Riley's Gulch in 1860. A settlement, of about thirty men, grew up around it, and according to John H. Craig, also a pioneer of 1858, became the second settlement of importance in Douglas County at that time.[4]

Officer (76 population), Las Animas County. A post office was established here about 1913, by Charles Officer, who served as postmaster until 1923 or 1924.[5]

Ogilvy, Weld County, a siding and beet dump on a Union Pacific Railroad spur, was built on land owned by Lyulph ("Lord") Ogilvy, son of the Earl of Airlie.[6] Ogilvy came to Colorado with his father in 1879, and for years has been a writer for the *Denver Post.*[7]

Ohio (Ohio City) (78 population*), Gunnison County mining camp, was settled after the discovery of minerals in that district. During the 1880s and early 1890s the town was active, but with the collapse of silver in 1893 most of the mines closed down.[8] In 1899 the camp again boomed as the center of a rich gold-producing district.[9] *Ohio* is an Iroquois Indian word meaning "beautiful river."[10] The town was probably named for Ohio Creek, which flows through it.

Ojito, Costilla County. In Castillian Spanish the name translates "little eye," but in the Mexican vernacular commonly used in this country it means "little spring."[11]

Ojo (50 population), Huerfano County, was named for nearby Ojo Spring.[12] *Ojo* means "eye" or "spring." A post office was established in June, 1880,[13] but was discontinued August 13, 1881.[14]

Olathe (705 population*), Montrose County, in the heart of the lands irrigated by water from the Gunnison Tunnel,[15] grew up

[3]Data from Helen W. Brown, Montrose, Colorado, November 25, 1940.

[4]State Historical Society, Dawson Scrap Book, XXXIV, 49.

[5]Data from D. R. McGown, Postmaster, Officer, February 12, 1935, to the State Historical Society.

[6]Data from Donald L. White, Field Staff Writer, Greeley, Colorado, in 1938.

[7]James H. Baker and Le Roy R. Hafen, *History of Colorado,* IV, 65.

[8]Data from Mrs. Edna Tawney, Field Staff Writer, Grand Junction, Colorado, in 1938.

[9]*Gunnison News,* March 31, 1899.

[10]Henry Gannett, *Origin of Certain Place Names in the United States,* 229.

[11]Gerald Gray, Staff Editor, Colorado Writers' Program.

[12]Data from Damacio Vigil, County Clerk, Walsenburg, Colorado, November 26, 1940.

[13]*Denver Tribune,* June 24, 1880.

[14]*Ibid.,* August 18, 1881.

[15]*Colorado State Business Directory, 1928,* 760.

on ranch land once owned by the Roberts Brothers.[16] First known as Brown, it was later called Colorow,[17] a name by which the early settlers unwittingly honored a renegade Ute Chief. When this fact became known, the name was changed to Olathe, probably by Kansas emigrants from the Kansas town of that name.[18]

Orchard (865 population*), Morgan County, was surveyed March 7, 1890, and laid out by G. H. West and P. W. Putnam, June 17, 1890. A part of the site was also platted by the Union Pacific Railroad, July 7 of the same year. The present town is five miles distant from Fremont's Orchard, once-noted point on the old immigrant road.[19] The "Orchard," a large cluster of stunted cottonwoods, looking at a distance like an Eastern apple orchard, was a welcome sight in staging days after the long journey across the arid and treeless plains.[20] The grove had been the camping ground of Colonel John C. Fremont on one of his exploring expeditions, hence the name.[21]

Orchard City, Delta County, was founded in 1912, and named for the orchards surrounding it—called the "fruit bowl" of Delta County.[22] Incorporated May 25, 1912.

Ordway (1,150 population*), Crowley County farming town, was founded upon land taken up by George N. Ordway when he came West after the close of the Civil War.[23] The Ordway Town & Land Company was organized in April, 1890, with Mr. Ordway as president, and the town was named in his honor.[24] Incorporated September 4, 1900.

Orean, Alamosa County, see *Mosca.*

Orestod (11 population), Eagle County, a station on the Denver & Salt Lake (Moffat) Railway, has a name that is the reverse spelling of Dotsero, the junction point of the Royal Gorge and Moffat Tunnel routes of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad.[25] The Dotsero Cutoff, completed in 1935, links the Denver & Rio Grande Western with the Denver & Salt Lake Railway at Orestod.

Oro City, Lake County, the forerunner of Leadville, and the metropolis of the California Gulch diggings, was built during the summer of 1860,[26] and was also known as California Gulch.[27] Late in the preceding spring, when rich surface dirt had been discovered

[16] *Surface Creek Champion* (Cedaredge), August 29, 1940.
[17] State Historical Society, Pamphlet, 357, No. 101.
[18] Sidney Jocknick, *Early Days on the Western Slope of Colorado,* 226.
[19] Frank Hall, *History of the State of Colorado,* IV, 240-41.
[20] Frank A. Root and William E. Connelley, *The Overland Stage to California.* 224.
[21] Hall, *op. cit.,* IV, 240.
[22] *Delta County Year Book, Directory, 1935,* 56.
[23] *Denver Republican,* June 1, 1909.
[24] *Colorado Magazine,* IX, 181.
[25] Data from the Clerk of Eagle County, December 20, 1940.
[26] Jerome C. Smiley, *Semi-Centennial History of the State of Colorado,* I, 287.
[27] *Hand-Book of Colorado, 1878,* 79.

in the gulch, the locality swarmed with prospectors and soon there was a continuous street bordering the stream. There were two main centers of trade and traffic; one, known as Old Oro, near the present site of Leadville, became a ghost town before 1880; the other was some two and a half miles farther up the gulch.[28] During the summer of 1860, Sacramento City was consolidated with Oro (Sp., "gold") City. At this time about 8,000 people claimed California Gulch as their home.[29] However, the placer mines were soon exhausted, and the "glory" of the gulch and its capital departed. By 1882 the population had decreased to one hundred.[30] Nearby Leadville was now the center of activity.

Oro Junction, Fremont County ghost town, was about seven miles east of Canon City,[31] on the now-abandoned narrow-gage Florence & Cripple Creek Railroad.[32] The name, meaning "gold junction," is appropriate, as much of the Cripple Creek gold was shipped east through this point.

Oropolis, Arraphaoe (original spelling of Arapahoe) County, formerly in Kansas Territory. "Be it enacted by the Governor and Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Kansas:— That an election shall be held in the cities of Auraria, Denver and Highland, in Arraphaoe county, Kansas territory—in regard to consolidating all three of them under one common name and one common municipal government. . . . That if a majority of the electors of each city voting at said election shall cast their votes 'For Consolidation,' then the three cities . . . shall be consolidated . . . and be known by the name of 'Oropolis'. . . ."[33] The consolidation did not materialize at this time, and the name Oropolis was never adopted; however, Auraria and Highland soon became parts of the city of Denver (see also *Denver* and *Highland*).

Orr, Weld County, see *Kersey.*

Ortiz (252 population), Conejos County. A post office was established here in June, 1885,[34] and named for J. Nestor Ortiz, a prominent resident skilled in the manufacture of filigree jewelry.[35]

Otis (498 population*), Washington County farming and stock-raising center, was founded in 1886. It has been recorded that the name honored Dr. W. O. Otis, early resident,[36] but recent historical research indicates that Dr. Otis did not come to Colorado until after the town was laid out and named.[37] Incorporated March 27, 1917.

[28] Frank Fossett, *Colorado, 1880,* 404.
[29] *Colorado Magazine,* XI, 237.
[30] *Colorado State Business Directory, 1882,* 56.
[31] Rand McNally, Map of Colorado, 1907.
[32] Henry Gannett, *Gazetteer of Colorado, 1906,* 125.
[33] *Private Laws of the Territory of Kansas, 1860,* 73.
[34] *Denver Republican,* June 12, 1890.
[35] State Historical Society, Pamphlet 349, No. 48.
[36] *Washington County Year Book, Directory, 1935,* 15.
[37] Donald L. White, *op. cit.*

Ouray (951 population*), seat of Ouray County since 1877,[38] and first known as Uncompahgre or Uncompahgre City,[39] was founded in 1875 when Gus Begole and Jack Eckles discovered the large mineral deposit of various kinds of ore, later famous as the Mineral Farm (consisting of four parallel claims). Other rich strikes followed, attracting numerous prospectors and their families. The miners drove stakes here and there through the heavy timber to represent the streets and alleys of their new camp; the first cabin was built by Staley and Whitlock in October, 1875. Mail was brought in on burros by Captain Burnett until snow closed the ranges, then one Daniels took it through by dog teams.[40] The name of the town and the county honors the famous Ute chief, Ouray (Ule).[41] The camp boomed through the 1880s, but with the collapse of silver in 1893, languished until 1896, when gold was discovered here by Thomas F. Walsh (later a bonanza king).[42] Incorporated March 24, 1884.

Ovid (687 population*), Sedgwick County, was for many years a siding half way between Julesburg and Sedgwick, known only to railroad men. The section hands called the site Ovid, for Newton Ovid, a bachelor of the neighborhood.[43] The now flourishing town was incorporated December 2, 1925.

Owl Canyon (60 population), Larimer County, was settled in 1875 by Miss Sarah Ayres and family, and the name was selected because of the many owls in the district.[44]

Oxford Siding (Fowler) (922 population), Otero County. For some years prior to the platting of the townsite of Fowler in 1887, there had been a side track and small station here, first called Oxford Siding, later known as Sybil or Sibley.[45] The name Oxford (Ox ford) was given to the site by trainmen after a Santa Fe train had killed a bull here.[46] (See also *Fowler*.)

O. Z., El Paso County ghost town, was some fourteen miles east and thirteen south of Kiowa.[47] A post office was in operation in 1881. "Old Zounds," who had applied for the post office, failed to sign his full name; he simply wrote his initials, O. Z., hence the name.[48]

[38]Hall, *op. cit.*, IV, 252.
[39]*Hand-Book of Colorado, 1876*, 78-80.
[40]*Ouray Times*, December 31, 1881.
[41]*Rocky Mountain News*, June 13, 1877.
[42]*Colorado, A Guide to the Highest State* (New York: Hastings House, 1941), 414.
[43]*State Historical Society*, Pamphlet 351, No. 5.
[44]Data from Mrs. Ella Hilton, Livermore, Colorado, January 24, 1941.
[45]Data from C. W. Buck, Editor, *Fowler Tribune*, in 1940, to the State Historical Society.
[46]*Fowler Tribune*, February 7, 1941.
[47]Nell's Map of Colorado, 1883.
[48]George Crofutt, *Crofutt's Grip-sack Guide to Colorado, 1881*, 127.