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Memoirs of Marian Russell

MRS. HAL RUSSELL*

It is my desire that these memoirs may preserve to posterity my recollections of an unforgettable period in American history, when sturdy pioneers blazed trails across a lost and lovely land—the land that the Santa Fe Trail wound through so long, long ago. Across the buffalo grass the old Trail flowed like a mighty, slow-moving river.

The way that I have traveled stretches very far behind me. Almost forgotten are the brambles and sharp stones that once were there. It is, they say, in the little incidents of life, not in the great results, that the interest of existence lies. For that reason, will you bear with me if, at times, I stray from the main issue to linger wistfully over some cherished personal remembrance. Dear to me is the memory of dust that swirled away behind a lumbering herd of buffalo; of curlews dipping in a moist meadow; or, perhaps, of cows that ambled slowly to a milking place.

I am the third and last child of William and Eliza St. Clair Sloan. I am of Scottish descent, named after Lady Marian Wallace, whose tragic story touched my mother's heart. I was born in Peoria, Illinois, on January 26, 1845. The first child of my parents' union died in infancy. The next, my brother, William, lived to manhood and shared with me many of the incidents of which I write.

My father, an army surgeon in the Mexican War, was killed at the battle of Monterey. He passed from my life at such an early age that I have no remembrance of him. An old daguerreotype

*This manuscript is the joint production of Marian Russell and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Hal Russell of Weston, Colorado. Several years before Marian Russell's death, which occurred at the age of 91, she began relating the story of her life to Mrs. Hal Russell, who wrote and submitted each page to her mother-in-law for criticism and revision. Marian Russell first traveled the Santa Fe Trail at the age of seven, but made the trip in a covered wagon several times. She lived at Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Fort Union, Fort Bascom, Camp Nichols and in the Stonewall Valley west of Trinidad, Colorado. She was an army officer's bride at Camp Nichols, built by Kit Carson to guard the Santa Fe caravans. Blessed with unusual powers of observation and a retentive memory, Marian Russell remembered details that few who wrote contemporaneously about the Santa Fe trade have given. This is reflected in the color and intimacy of her memoirs. Her husband, the second settler in the Stonewall Valley, gave that beautiful locality its name. With him, Marian Russell went through the dramatic contest between the Maxwell Land Grant Company and the settlers, in which Captain Russell lost his life. Mr. E. C. McMechen prepared the manuscript for the printer and supplied the editorial notes.—Ed.

shows him in a gaily-flowered waist coat, with long, straight hair and serious eyes like brother Will's.

I became so familiar with my mother's face as it was in later years that I recall her earlier image only with an effort. She was a courageous woman, both educated and cultured. One hundred years ago educational advantages were difficult to obtain, yet mother managed to give both Will and me educations far beyond the average.

When I think of those early days I always seem to see her standing by a flickering campfire in a flounced gingham dress and a great sunbonnet. Behind her looms the bulk of a covered wagon. Thus my mother comes to me across the years, a small, sturdy little figure erect in the morning sun.

From the shadowy background of infancy come pictures of amazing clearness. Across a room of immaculate cleanliness I send my toddling feet. There is white Chinese matting on the floor, and a stand table across a corner whose top I cannot reach. Guests are in this room: a gentleman who parts his coattails carefully before sitting down, and a lovely lady whose silken skirts billow softly as she walks.

This is my first remembrance of our home in St. Louis, Missouri. In the back yard lies a rattlesnake. I have been told that it is dead because someone has hit it repeatedly with a stick. Yet, out of that dead snake's mouth emerges a great, green toad that goes hopping away across the sun-baked yard.

I think that this memory of the snake and the toad has always inclined me to believe a little in ghosts and goblins. When one is three the world is a vast, strange place. The vegetable garden is a wild, unexplored jungle where beasts may loiter among the currants and the cabbages.

The garret is a place we explore only when we are moved to seek deliberately the bright face of danger. We climb the narrow stairs slowly, stopping often to count the steps behind us. We peer through the keyhole, seeing nothing but eerie darkness. We push the door ajar at last and stand, sniffing the dry musty air until we become accustomed to the shadows moving there—such great flopping shadows. They are like the wings of some enormous bat. Our heart beats high in our throat as we advance slowly inside and stand still, letting the silence and loneliness fill us. Over our head are great cob-webby rafters and, far across the room, is a litter of bundles and boxes. We retreat and close the little door behind us. It requires all our courage not to run down the steep steps to safety. What is this strange thing in the human heart that causes us to court the unknown and the dangerous?

The long city street stretches away across an unknown world. It beckons me and I follow. Soon the street becomes dreadful and unfamiliar, and an almighty and devastating sorrow descends upon me. I climb white wooden steps to an open door, and a woman's sweet voice bids me enter. I eat bread and milk from a yellow bowl. A small gray kitten comes and rubs against me.

There were no radio patrol cars in St. Louis in the year 1848, and so an old negro went along the street ringing a bell and calling: "Little white chile lost. Have you seen three-year-old Marian Sloan?" So I was found and carried home asleep to mother, my head on a warm, black neck.

MRS. MARIAN RUSSELL
Taken in 1891, soon after the Stonewall tragedy.

The light pours down upon me. The air is close and heavy from the breathing of a great audience. I lean my head against mother, sleepily, when suddenly the curtain goes up and, with a clatter and rattle, little Tom Thumb drives out upon the stage. He has two Shetland ponies hitched to a small top-buggy and is dressed in red velvet and gold tassels. Then a man stands on the stage and tells us that Queen Victoria has given the ponies and the little buggy to tiny Tom Thumb.

I do wish you could have seen mother's hooped skirts and snowy pantalettes. Her hoops were never over-large, but the pantalettes were glistening white and stiff with starch. They were embroidered and ruffled, and anchored above her knees with elastic.

Sometimes I had to be reminded to say my prayers but Will never did.

He kneels by his bed across the room from mother's and mine, his hair rumpled, and his thin brown neck rising above the collar of his outing flannel nightshirt. I laugh to see the brown soles of his feet thrust behind him, but mother's glance is a reproof. His piping voice begins the child's prayer, "Now I lay me." At the end he hesitates, then adds:

"Please God, I want someday to see your face."

I turn shocked eyes to mother. She drops my long, brown braid and crosses the floor to kneel by Will's side. Their two shadows flicker on the wall.

In time I became accustomed to the queer codicil and it was months before Will startled me again by beginning to pray in a small, defiant voice, "Our Father who art in Heaven," his childish voice dying away on "the power and the glory." Surely this was heresy, but mother only went to kneel by him again, and this time it was her sweet voice that added: "Please God, let us someday see your face."

So they come, those childhood pictures, like life's loose beads with no straight string running through.

Mother re-married when I was but three years old and the aura of my step-father's kindness colors many of my childhood's memories. My feet, in black sandals, are stretched before me on the Chinese matting as I sit holding step-father's new boot in my hand. Somewhere I have seen a picture of a mouse running out of a hole in an old boot. With mother's forbidden scissors I cut a hole in that new boot. Mother was outraged, but step-father laughed as he picked me up and held my face against his own.

In 1849, step-father Mahoney was appointed custodian of Fort Snelling and Prairie du Chien, military outposts on the upper Mississippi. Garrisons of soldiers were stationed there to repel Indian invasion. We went on a crazy little stern-wheeler that churned up the muddy water, leaving a trail of foamy ivory in our wake.

On the western side of the great yellow river the silver prairies spread as far as the eye could see. There were herds of buffalo grazing. On the eastern bank were huge trees and long tendrils of vines hung down into the water. All the little towns seemed

perched on that eastern bank, while the western side was left to the buffalo.

We anchored beneath the high bank upon which was Fort Snelling, and I remember the tall round tower in the center of the parade ground. A sentry, whose duty was to scan the countryside for bands of roving Indians, was standing there.

Across the river from Fort Snelling was an Indian encampment. One could not help noticing how much cleaner the Sioux were than the Chippewas. Even from afar the Sioux' brightly colored blankets contrasted oddly with the Chippewas' bedraggled clothing.

Once the Sioux came scampering to the fort for protection, with the screaming Chippewas hard upon their heels. All became bustle and confusion. A detachment of soldiers was marched out between the warring factions, and cannon were rolled to the gates. There was much grumbling and muttering and, finally, a bit of pipe smoking. At last the officers came back laughing into the fort.

Many distinguished officers have been in charge at Fort Snelling. Zachary Taylor had been in command there during 1828 and 1829. He had four beautiful daughters, one of whom was my mother's dearest friend. She later married Jefferson Davis.

Dred Scott also had lived at Fort Snelling. He was a slave belonging to Dr. Emerson, an army surgeon. Dr. Emerson also owned a mulatto girl with a skin like yellow satin. Dred had married this pretty negress at Fort Snelling in 1836 and, when later, Dr. Emerson was transferred to St. Louis he sold Dred and his wife. It was then that Dred brought suit for his freedom. The case was carried to the Supreme Court and resulted in the historic Dred Scott Decision.

Besides the trips between Fort Snelling and Prairie du Chien there were long rides across the prairies in mule-drawn lumber wagons. On one such trip we passed through the village of the French voyageurs. Tall houses edged streets so narrow that they seemed hardly wide enough for our wagons. Women with bright, black eyes called to us from open doorways. The voyageurs were famous hunters and boatmen. Often we saw them coming down the river in keel boats, each with four tiny sails and a little cabin amidships.

One such voyageur was Old Antony, a gnome-like fellow with a face like a withered apple. Never did he come to the fort that he failed to find Will and me waiting at the gate. Many were the tales he told of murderous French priests and a folk he called the Druids. These Druids had the Indian stories beat.

We made many trips up and down the Mississippi while we lived at Fort Snelling. On one occasion we passed a tall, red cliff called the Maiden's Leap. Mother told us the Indian legend of Winona, the Indian girl who had thrown herself from the precipice because her lover had proved unfaithful. I saw in imagination that slender girl hurtling down into the muddy water, and I leaned far over to see whether I could see Winona on the river's muddy bottom. I did so hope that her lover was Sioux and not a dirty Chippewa.

Once we camped at the Falls of St. Anthony and step-father caught a string of cat-fish as yellowish-black as the river in which they lived. Here we saw caribou coming down to the river's edge to drink, and one old buffalo who swam out to a little island and lay clumsily down to rest.

There also was the time when mother and I went down to St. Paul to do some shopping. St. Paul had no paved streets in '49 and we waded from one store to another, mother holding up the skirt of her long purple dress as she walked.

As I write I again experience the thrill of leaving Fort Snelling. Orders had come from Washington that both Fort Snelling and Prairie du Chien were to be abandoned. All day long the troops had been leaving. In our quarters, trunks, bags and boxes stood open as mother sorted, packed and eliminated. This article or that she would place in trunk or bag, while some unwanted thing she would toss upon a refuse heap in a corner. Here was a game of leave and take that my soul yearned to play. Into the kitchen I marched and unhesitatingly threw my beloved rag doll into a tub of water that had been left standing on the floor. She eddied around a bit, gazing at me with soulful, shoebutton eyes. Filled with sorrow and compunction, I backed slowly from the room, watching spell-bound the little painted face on the water.

I stood then with step-father on the steps of the fort, watching as he fitted the great key in the lock. That key must have been fully a foot long and folded in the middle like a giant jack-knife. I felt the cool, sweet wind on my face and knew that behind that locked door a little painted face eddied round in a tub of water. Thus, Fort Snelling and the first chapter of my life closed together.

Of my step-father—who was killed by Indians on a scouting expedition—I have nothing but a sad and hazy memory. I know that mother, Will and I waited two long years in Kansas City for Grandfather Sloan to come for us, but he never did. Grandfather and his two sons had gone to California several years previously, and many were the golden tales they had written. Once they had told that our great-aunt, Mary Rice, had washed out three thou-

sand dollars worth of gold with her own hands near Sutter's Fort. Now, grandfather had written that he was coming for us and that we too might wash out much gold. That was the year of the cholera epidemic. Grandfather and both his sons died of it and were buried in California. The news reached us slowly, because sometimes wagon trains bearing news from California were two years in crossing the Great Plains.

During this period of waiting I attended a Catholic primary school of the Sacred Heart in Kansas City. It pleased me mightily to learn that the small black curlicues I had puzzled over in books really meant something. I learned to write my name in large, wavering letters on a slate that was bound in bright red wool. I wore white ruffled pinafores and had a clean white handkerchief each morning.

After school closed in the spring of 1852, mother decided to go to California anyway. We left Kansas City and moved to Fort Leavenworth, where immigrant trains assembled for the West. I can still remember how that little city of tents and covered wagons grew by leaps and bounds on the prairie west of Fort Leavenworth.

Mother's dearest friend and most ardent admirer was Captain F. X. Aubry,[1] a wagon master running between Leavenworth and Santa Fe. We hoped to engage passage in his wagon train. Indians were bad along the trail and Captain Aubry was waiting for another train to join him. The more wagons, the greater safety from Indians. At last a big Government train pulled in from some place farther east and the two trains made ready for instant departure. As passengers on the Government train were three young men. Two were army officers, while the third was a graduate doctor from West Point. These men offered mother free transportation for herself and her children, as far as Santa Fe in return for preparation of their meals enroute. She gladly agreed, because the cost of transportation from Leavenworth to Santa Fe in 1852 was $250.00, and half that for children. So mother really saved $500.00 by cooking for the young men.

During the enforced wait at Fort Leavenworth, Will and I had grown to love Captain Aubry. He was our very good friend.

[1]Francis Xavier Aubry, explorer and Santa Fe trader, as well as the greatest long-distance horseback rider of his time, was born in Maskinongé, Quebec, December 4, 1824, and was killed in Santa Fe, New Mexico, August 18, 1854. Aubry was a man of phenomenal activity, who found outlet for his energies as a trader to Santa Fe, San Antonio, El Paso, Chihuahua, and San Francisco. In 1854, he explored the route along the 35th parallel, seeking at his own expense a railroad route to the Pacific. Aubry also laid out the Aubry Trail, a short cut on the Santa Fe Trail, which ran from present Boise City, Oklahoma, to the Arkansas River near the boundary line between present Kearny and Hamilton counties, Kansas. This trail traversed present Baca County, Colorado. Named after him were: a Missouri River steamboat; Aubry Cliffs and Aubry Valley, Arizona; Fort Aubry, Kansas, and towns in Missouri, Oklahoma and Arizona. See Ralph P. Bieber, in *Southwest Historical Series*, VII, 38-62.

We took our childish woes to him for solace, visited him in his great covered wagon and were treated as welcome guests. He told us that Indians were thick as hops along the trail, and that we must promise him never to stray far from the camp. Gradually we came to know that everyone was torn between joy at making the great overland trip and terror of the Indians.

The dreaded cholera was raging in Fort Leavenworth that August day when our white-hooded wagons drifted out upon the trail. Tar barrels burned in the city streets; clouds of black smoke rolled heavenward. Somehow we didn't want to look behind us. The city of tents dissolved like snow beneath the sun. Captain Aubry broke camp first, his huge wagon swaying, his great voice calling upon others to follow. Wagon after wagon rolled onward and not until the last wagon belonging to the Aubry train was well upon the prairie did the first Government wagon lead out. Our leader drove four mouse-colored mules that scampered out like frisky dogs. We felt safe from Indian attack now because the two trains numbered more than 500 wagons. Many wagons in both trains were loaded with supplies for Santa Fe and Fort Union and were, as I remember, all mule drawn. Teamsters and drivers were paid about $25.00 per month, plus rations. The freight rate from Independence to Santa Fe was $10.00 per hundred pounds.

This first trip was made over what is known as the Cimarron Cut-off, which left the Arkansas River at Fort Dodge, Kansas, and traversed a waste of land for about sixty miles before reaching the Cimarron River in what is now Oklahoma. Long caravans loaded with valuable merchandise moved slowly over this great artery of travel. They were constantly harassed by Indians, threatened by storms, and always suffered for want of water.

I remember clearly the beauty of the brown earth, and the deer and antelope bounding away at the approach of our covered wagons. Wild turkey stalked among cottonwoods along the banks of little creeks. Voices of the homeless sang over campfires. We were a great caravan drifting across a strange, wild land and, because I was among the very youngest, I may be the only one of all that band left to tell of the old, old trail that like a rainbow led to unknown ends.

We were a bit over two months reaching Fort Union, an eventful two months. Minute impressions flash before me, the sun-bonneted women and the woolen-trousered men that made up that cavalcade . . . the little mother in her flounced gingham dress . . . Brother Will walking manfully in long strides by our driver . . . the seven-year-old child in brand new coat with a silken fringed collar, sitting primly by mother's side, her eyes eager and her braids of long brown hair, bouncing . . . the wagons, five hundred

of them, rolling and swaying along the old trail. Thus did the heart and soul of a great nation strain to reach its western frontier.

Then there were the Great Plains, the beautiful plains that are gone forever. A vast open country it was, with not an upturned sod, lying under the blue sky like a mighty silver sea.

Our trail led us among herds of buffalo so numerous that at times we were half afraid. Running north and south across the silver sea were the buffalo trails, narrow little paths worn deep into the earth, never more than eight inches across, and always they ran north and south. Scattered over the prairies were the "buffalo wallows," small basins where unclean water had collected. They were made, so we were told, by two old buffalo bulls fighting.

Sometimes frightening thunder storms came suddenly. They would sweep over us and go as abruptly as they had come. First, the silvery prairies would darken and there would fall upon us a drenching sheet of water. Often the drivers would wheel the wagon backs to the coming storm. The men who had been walking would seek shelter inside the taut white canvas curtains. With a mighty crash of thunder the storm would break and the mules would stand with hunched backs while rivulets of water ran from their mouse-colored sides. The pelting rain would send a fine white mist through the tightened canvas and small pearl beads would glow in mother's hair. So we sat through wind, water, thunder and lightning; then, as swiftly as it had come, it would swiftly go. We emerged from the wagons to see the golden sun shining through scattered clouds while our storm went limping off like a tattered vagabond across the distant hills. Looking back, it seems to me that we had a thunder storm almost every day.

There was the wonder of the skies. Perhaps anything that lifts our eyes to the skies gives birth to lovely thoughts. To take away a roof entirely and have over one's head only the blue sky with its changing cloud shapes is joy unutterable.

There, too, was the desert mirage, a will-o-the-wisp that taunted and tempted us. Sometimes it would look like a party of mounted Indians. Once we saw what resembled a blue lake, its waves lapping against white sand. At another time, a tall old castle seemed set among great trees. The mirage danced only through the hot daylight hours and disappeared at sunset.

There were the rainbows. If I had seen other rainbows I have no remembrance of them. These that stretched so bright and gay across a blue sky and beneath which the old Santa Fe Trail wound its western way are the rainbows I love to remember. One night the great caravans had made camp when a great rainbow flashed through the sun-lit rain. I called to mother, who stood on

our wagon tongue searching for something inside. She turned and, seeing the splendor, sat down in speechless delight. Will, who was busy building our little cooking fire, said: "There is always a pot of gold at the rainbow's end."

"Mother, is it really true?" I asked. Sitting perched at the wagon's mouth, her lovely eyes on the great red arch, she answered, "They say so, child."

"The end of the rainbow is only a little way before us. We need only climb to the top of the little green hill ahead of us," I said delightedly.

"It does not rest on the green hill, dear. It is very, very far away. I think it rests in California at a place called Sutter's Fort and we shall find it there," she said. For years I really thought the end of the rainbow was indeed in California.

There were other things that lifted our eyes to the skies; the gray day when we saw the wild geese flying south was one. Myriads of honking birds streamed overhead. The very sky was full of beating wings. Even today I seem to see them sailing down the vast corridors of the clouds.

Our wagon driver was Pierre, a swarthy Frenchman, who reminded me so much of old Antony that I was disappointed to learn that not one story could he tell. In fact, his education must have been sadly neglected, for of not one ghost or goblin did he have personal knowledge. Pierre almost always walked; yet at times he sat swinging booted feet out over the dashboard, perilously close to the brown mules' shining hips. Sometimes he sang or talked to the mules in French, or conversed with mother in broken English. His limp black hat turned straight up in front. His blue shirt was dotted thickly with tiny white stars. His dark eyes were hawk eyes and his nose a great beak. The tobacco he used smelled to high heaven, yet we knew our Pierre was a simple, kindly man.

Our wagon was packed with boxes and bales of freight. Only the high spring seat was left for Mother, Will and me. Back of the seat and on top of the freight was our bedding and camp equipment. The food and cooking utensils were stored in a great box at the rear of the wagon a bit like the chuck boxes of later-day cow camps. Two blackened iron kettles and a water pail hung from the running gears underneath. Mother usually sat very erect on the spring seat, her small face rosy in the gray depth of her sun-bonnet. She burned in the prairie sun. Often she knitted as the wagon bumped along. When I tired of sitting by her, or of running to keep up with Will and Pierre, I would crawl back among the bundles and blankets, where I would play with my doll or fall asleep.

As I write, scenes of the old trail come flooding back to me. Places where the earth was like a Persian rug, the curly gray-green of the buffalo grass mingling with the lavender, yellow and red flowers of early autumn. We all sought the scanty shade of the wagons when we ate our noon-day meal. The sweaty mules rolled over and over in the grass, delighted to be free from the heavy wagons. The tired drivers lay with their hats covering their faces as they slept. Babies were born as our wagons lumbered westward. Death sometimes came and then graves were made over which clanking wheels would pass to obliterate traces. Graves must not be discovered by Indians.

At night our wagons were spread out in a great circle. Ropes were stretched between them. Inside the enclosure thus formed the mules were turned loose to graze. Soon tents were pitched and cooking fires were blazing. The two trains camped about a quarter of a mile apart and thus our camp was marked by two great circles on the plains. Many slept in tents, as the wagons were loaded and crowded. I believe the drivers always slept under the wagons. Each night our little dark tent raised protecting wings over us where mother had spread our bed upon the matted grass. Sometimes in the dark night I would hear the coyote's eerie cry and would shiver and creep close to mother. The spell the prairies cast upon my child soul is on my heart tonight.

Between the two night circles was always a lovely bit of no-man's-land where children from both caravans met to play and to gather wild flowers. I remember a species of white poppy that bloomed only at night. To me these poppies were a fascination, great white blossoms opening only when the evening shadows fell. One evening I lingered long in little no-man's-land filling my arms with the white flowers. Above me glowed the lights of Captain Aubry's train, while below on the slope lay the huddled circle of the Government train. As the candles were lighted I saw the conical tents ablaze like Chinese lanterns. The night wind brought the sound of voices and of laughter. Then mother came and called to me, an anxious note in her voice. I should like to stand again between the great camp circles on the hill, my arms full of white flowers. Could I but see again the moon mist over all that silvery land. Could I but hear again Mother's sweet lost voice calling me.

Often we gathered around the fires while the men told stories of strange new lands, tales of gold and of Indians. The women sat, their long skirts drawn up over a sleeping child in their laps. Behind us loomed the dark hulks of the covered wagons; overhead brooded the midnight sky.

When bed-time came the women and children dispersed quietly; the men rose and began to stretch their arms. Two of them were chosen each night to stand guard while the others slept. These two men, rifles in hand, circled and re-circled the big corral. At midnight two others took their places. Every precaution was maintained that we should not be surprised by the Indians.

Captain Aubry and mother had known each other for many years, although I do not know when their friendship first began. He always called her "Eliza," speaking the name slowly as if he loved saying it. Mother did not like to be called "Lizzie" and sometimes the Captain would call her that and then mother would turn upon him fiercely. The laughter would leap and sparkle in Captain Aubry's eyes, and watching him I always laughed too.

One windy night Captain Aubry came to help drive our tent stakes deeper into the ground. Sparks were beginning to fly from our tiny cooking fire that mother endeavored to keep ever so small. She stood stamping at the sparks as they lighted in the grass, sunbonnet laid aside, the wind blowing tendrils of her hair across her face, that soft black hair in a heavy Psyche anchored with four bone hair-pins low on her neck. Her little feet were in heavy brogans, her dress was long and dark. Will lay close by the little fire, fast asleep. He always walked more than he should and at night was too tired to play. When Captain Aubry finished his task he came and took me on his lap. Sitting there in the shelter of his arms, I felt the great windy night closing down upon us; was conscious of the night wind and the vast turbulent prairie stretching away into infinity. The world seemed to me so big and black and terrible. I shivered in the Captain's arms, thinking that only here where the fire light flickered on mother's face was warmth and comfort and home.

There was another time when Will cried with the earache and Captain Aubry blew smoke in his ear until the pain died away and Will slept. Once on that trip Captain Aubry made a willow whistle for Will—a whistle that music-loving Will was soon coaxing into strange sounds and merry tunes. Slender little Will, his trousers hanging from narrow hips; his eyes glowing, while from that crude little whistle came the sound of wind rushing over prairie grass, mocking birds twittering in fear of a coming storm. All the music of the pipes of Pan poured forth from one poor willow whistle.

Rested from our night sleep under the stars, the camp was astir at daybreak. Men began rolling out from their blankets, out of tents and from under wagons, and as they rolled they wiped the dregs of sleep from their eyes. They yawned lustily in the cold morning air. Soon the breakfast fires were burning and the men

were roping and harnessing the mules. Through partially closed tent-flaps the women could be seen slipping their dresses on over their heads. Children cried at being forced out from under the warm covers. I found it hard to button all the buttons that ran up and down the back of my little dress with fingers that were blue with cold. Dressed and out in the sunshine, we were always happy again for there, stretched out before us, lay a brand new world under a turquoise sky. Sun-bonnets bobbed merrily over the cooking fires and on the crisp air floated a smell of coffee.

Packing was done swiftly. Mules were hitched to the wagons, a swift glance given to see that nothing was left behind, and we were off for another day on the westward trail. Drivers were calling, "Get up there. Come along boys." Somewhere along the line a whip snapped, the heavy wagons groaned and the great wheels began a steady creaking.

Our two trains had together a herd of about two hundred loose horses. This herd always brought up the rear of the caravan. Among these horses was a big white stallion belonging to Captain Sturgis. This lovely animal always led the herd. The horses were held at night outside the circle of wagons and night herd was ridden over them. After we had been a few weeks on the trail we reached a place called Pawnee Rock, the scene of a bloody Indian massacre a few years before. Extra precaution was taken that night and a double sentry placed over the horse herd. In the night we were rudely awakened by the sound of Indian war whoops close at hand. The mules in the enclosure screamed and our tent swayed as if coming down on our heads. All became bedlam, the mules were running like mad among the tents and from somewhere outside came the shrill neighing of the Sturgis stallion.

When morning broke our herd of horses was gone. The Indians had stampeded them and driven them off. Captain Aubry would not go to Fort Union without our assignment of horses, so the outriders were sent back to Leavenworth to purchase more and the two wagon trains went into camp at Pawnee Rock. We waited there two weeks for the arrival of the horse herd and were visited almost every day by roving bands of Indians. However, we were a large train and they seemed afraid to open hostilities.

After leaving Pawnee Rock the fear of the Indians was with us constantly. When we reached Fort Mackey on the Arkansas River we breathed a breath of relief to be under the protection of soldiers for one night at least. The camp at Fort Mackey lingers pleasantly in my mind, for it was here that Will and I visited Captain Aubry in his wagon in the head train. Mother had given us a small piece of money to spend as we liked at Fort Mackey and, with thoughts of red and white candy dancing in our minds,

we awoke while it was yet dark and started up the road to the fort, only to find the commissary closed. Up the road a short distance lay the Aubry train. We found the Captain attired in gray flannel shirt, high-topped boots and a big black hat. No one else seemed to be stirring and we three had a good visit. The Captain seemed uneasy about the Indians. He warned us we must never again leave the protection of the wagons, not even to play in no-man's-land. We had seen many Indians along the trail, sulky, blanketed figures with a sullen look in their beady eyes. We promised to be very good and not wander any more.

We had saved up many questions to ask our friend. Why the buffalo trails ran always north and south, never east and west? Why the mirage looked one day like an Indian, the next like a lake? He explained that the buffalo knew by instinct that the shortest way to running water was north or south, as all streams flowed east away from the Rocky Mountains. The mirage, he explained, was always caused by something, perhaps a cactus, an old bone or even a tall bunch of grass, and so the mirages were as varied as the objects causing them. He told us also that the muddy water in the buffalo wallows had often saved human life. One dying of thirst does not stop to strain out gnats and camels.

At Fort Mackey the teamsters all seemed to do a bit of trading. One old Indian, his ugly face painted with vermilion, stood admiring himself in a small hand mirror. Some articles of real value the Indians would dispose of cheaply, while others of relatively small worth they refused to part with at all. I saw Captain Aubry trade something for a headdress of eagle feathers. It was so long that, as he stood holding it in his hands, the feathers trailed on the ground.

Many times while on the Cimarron Cut-off we were forced to build our cooking fires with buffalo chips. Once we traveled two whole days without water and, thirsty child that I was, I felt sorrier for the straining mules than for myself. Captain Aubry taught us how to keep coffee from boiling over on the camp fire. He would cross two little sticks over the top of the coffee pot. You will see my children today using Captain Aubry's method of camp cooking.

Leaving the beautiful grasslands to the north, we struck in a southerly direction across the Great American Desert. We found less and less forage for the horses and mules as we progressed southward. There were many rattlesnakes, and a variety of cactus resembling trees. We left behind the wild asters, scarlet honeysuckles and fiery Indian pinks. Here the saffron sand drifted endlessly.

In filling the long, full skirt of my little dress with buffalo chips for mother's evening fire I was very careful. Standing back, I would kick at the hard, brown chips with sturdy shoes. When waxen-yellowish centipedes and the scorpions ran from beneath I did not molest them needlessly. It was on this trip that I first encountered the great hairy spiders called tarantulas. If one pounded on the ground close by their holes, and called: "Come out! Come out! Come tell me what it is all about," they would, indeed, come out and go walking away on stilt-like legs. Little jeweled lizards darted across our path, or stopped to pant awhile in the shadow of scanty bushes.

After we had traveled for what seemed to me an eternity across the dry, hot land, we awoke one morning to find the air filled with a cool, misty rain. Although this rain fell all day long, it was a merry, thankful band that followed the old trail over hill and dale. In the afternoon we found ourselves winding in and out among some dwarfed cedar trees on a flat mesa. There we saw a dozen Indian lodges from the tops of which blue smoke issued. Indian children slithered through the wet drizzle, among the lodges and the stunted trees.

There came an evening when Captain Aubry approached our tent and told us that we were now in New Mexico territory.

"This is the place," he said, "where only the brave and the criminal come. It is called 'The Land without Law'."

Colorado Mail Takes Wings

EMERSON N. BARKER*

When the long-awaited transcontinental airmail service was announced in 1920, residents of the Centennial State learned they were not to be upon the main line of communication between the East and West. As in the days of the "Pike's Peakers," when the important through mails were carried over the Central Route, the new mail line was routed north of Colorado. In fact, the airplane was charted over a route that approximated—west of the Missouri River—that of the great overland mail and the pony express of sixty years before.

Transcontinental airmail service was inaugurated September 7, 1920, over a route that began in New York, crossed the Missouri at Omaha, touched Cheyenne, Salt Lake City, Elko and Reno, and ended at San Francisco.[1]

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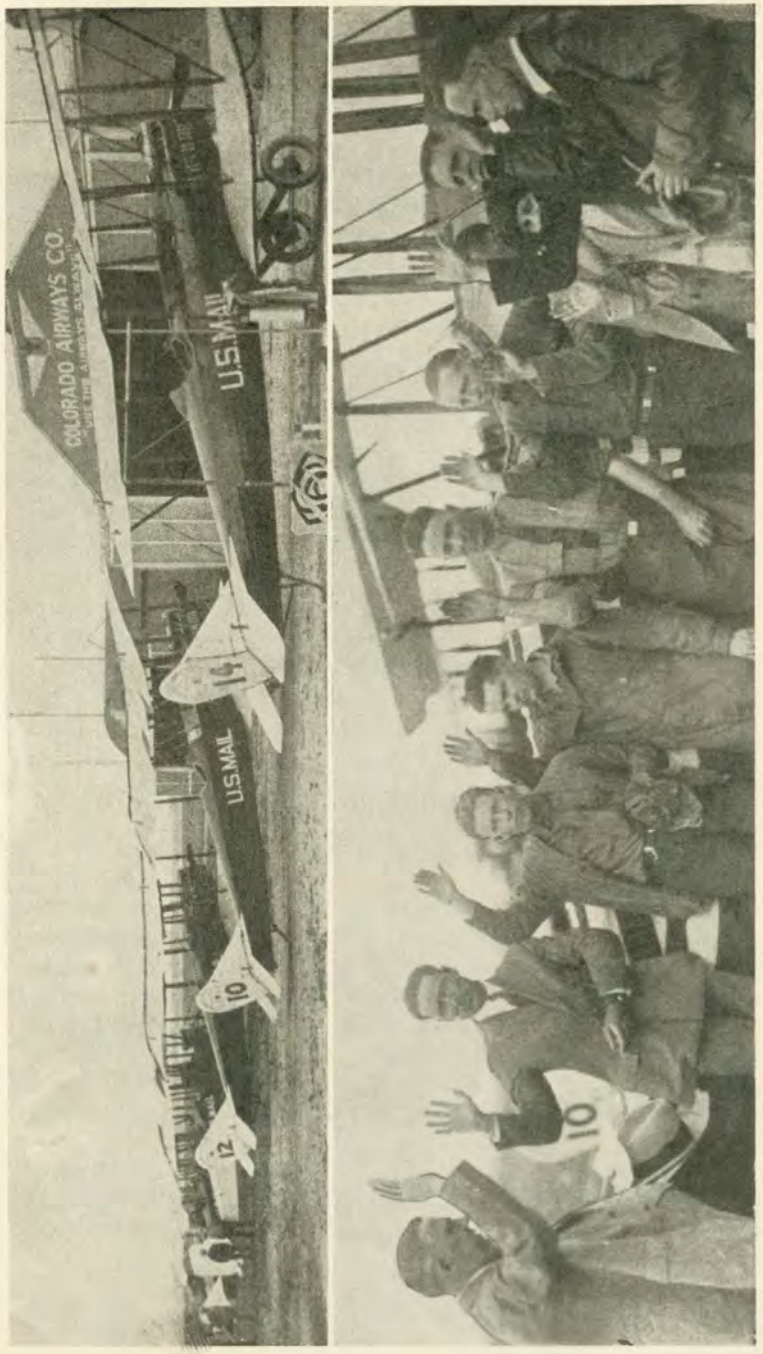
*Mr. Barker, member of the State Historical Society and the Denver Stamp Club, has interested himself in the postal history of Colorado.—Ed.

[1]*The American Airmail Catalogue* (1940 edition), 86.



UPPER: SCENE AT THE COLORADO AIRWAYS FIELD, DENVER, MAY 31, 1926. LOWER: POSTMASTER FRANK L. DODGE OF DENVER ADMINISTERING THE OATH TO THE PILOTS. Left to right: Dodge, J. H. Cordner, Capt. Clarence Braukman, John M. Patterson, W. M. Calhoun, Fisk Stubbins, E. L. Curtis, Mrs. Anthony Joseph, Anthony Joseph and Floyd Pace.

Civic-minded citizens of Colorado and business interests, animated by the same spirit that had built a railroad to Cheyenne when the transcontinental railroad had passed them by, again determined that the state should keep abreast of progress. Their perseverance was rewarded, for Washington officials announced, some years later, that Colorado would be placed upon the airmail map. Contact again would be made with the main line at Cheyenne.

Cheyenne to Denver, to Colorado Springs, to Pueblo—linking the three leading cities of the state—this was to be Contract Airmail Route No. 12.[2]

The announcement of the Postoffice Department was greeted with enthusiasm by the three favored localities, and the press was eloquent. Pilots selected to open the new airmail line were referred to as "modern Davy Crocketts, Kit Carsons and Buffalo Bills of the air."[3]

On the last day of May, 1926, "on the crest of a zipping tailwind, a black-and-silver sky ship swung over Denver . . . circled in a rapid sweep over Park Hill and skimmed to a perfect landing at the Don Hogan airdrome, East Twenty-sixth Avenue and Oneida Street. The 'maiden flight' of Colorado's own airmail fleet was history.

"It was just 8:30 o'clock (a. m.) when watchers at the airdrome sighted the speck on the northern horizon that at 8:35 swung down as plane No. 14 of the Colorado Airways, Inc., fleet."[4]

Captain E. L. Curtis, who had brought the first airmail from Cheyenne, stepped from his plane to accept the congratulations of Postmaster Frank L. Dodge, members of the Denver postoffice staff, and A. E. Peterson, official Washington representative.

"Captain Curtis had made the ninety-seven-mile hop from Cheyenne in the record-breaking time of fifty-five minutes, after whisking his mail from the transcontinental plane from Omaha. The Omaha airplane dropped down at the Wyoming landing field just three hours late, after bucking a stiff headwind over the plains."[5]

The mail, however, was paramount. One sack was thrown into a waiting postoffice truck to be rushed downtown, to be distributed to Denver addresses. Other mailbags, bound for Colorado Springs and Pueblo, were quickly transferred to plane No. 7, which had been warming up for a quick start on the second lap of the flight.

It was an unlucky day for No. 7 and its pilot, Floyd Pace. The motor warmup had been too long, due to the late arrival of the

[2] *Ibid.*, page 144.
[3] *Denver Post*, May 31, 1926.
[4] *Ibid.*
[5] *Ibid.*

plane from Cheyenne. The motor wheezed and died, and could not be revived.

The southbound mail was hastily transferred to plane No. 10, and its pilot, Eddie Brooks, was on his way to Colorado Springs seconds before nine o'clock. The City of Sunshine was reached, the mail was left, and Pilot J. H. Cordner was on his way to Pueblo.

Pilot Cordner reached Pueblo at 11:05 a. m. "Thousands attended the initial ceremonies at the airport. An auto parade, complete with band, started from Mineral Palace Park to the field at 2 p. m. There was a brief stop at the postoffice, where the first shipment of airmail was loaded on government trucks.

"In connection with the inauguration . . . of the airmail service, C. W. Pfaffenberger, postoffice inspector, commended Frank S. Hoag and P. A. Gray, Pueblo Commerce Club members, for securing the service for Pueblo."[6]

With an eye on the schedule,[7] Pilot Cordner headed his plane northward for the return flight.

At Colorado Springs, Pilot Cordner was given an ovation by fifteen thousand persons, "doubtless the largest gathering ever assembled in the Pike's Peak region."[8]

The mail plane had been preceded into the airport by an escort bearing Major Dayton, commander of the air force of the Colorado National Guard; Secretary of State Carl S. Milliken and aviation enthusiasts. Included in the throng were "leading Chamber of Commerce and other civic personages," but "formal speeches were forgotten as enthusiastic officials and exuberant aviators gripped hands and shouted in each other's ears."[9]

Little time for ceremony was allowed the airmail aviator, operating on schedule, and his plane left the ground five minutes after it landed. Mail bags had been loaded into the plane during the ceremonies, and with Pilot Cordner on the flight to Denver was Postmaster E. E. Ewing.

The northbound plane landed at the Colorado capital at 6:01

[6] *Pueblo Star-Journal*, May 31, 1926, quoted in a letter from Bessie Epps to the writer.

[7] Associated Press dispatch from Washington, published in the *Rocky Mountain News*, May 31, 1926:

OFFICIAL SCHEDULE

Southbound

Leave Cheyenne	5:30 a. m.
Leave Denver	6:55 a. m.
Leave Colorado Springs	7:50 a. m.
Arrive Pueblo	8:30 a. m.

Northbound

Leave Pueblo	4:15 p. m.
Leave Colorado Springs	5:05 p. m.
Leave Denver	6:00 p. m.
Arrive Cheyenne	7:15 p. m.

[8] *Colorado Springs Gazette*, June 1, 1926.

[9] *Ibid.*

p. m., and a tremendous crowd was on hand, variously estimated at ten to forty thousand. "It was an epoch-making landing and hardly a person in the gigantic crowd but realized they were seeing a new page written in Colorado history."[10]

Denver folks, however, were at the airfield to have fun with their history, and they were not disappointed. "The crowd was entertained . . . by a pageant of the evolution of the mail service, in which cowboy riders carried the mail just as did the pony express riders of old, transferring it to a stagecoach which in turn carried it across the prairie to the waiting plane.

"Unique air stunts in which Diavolo Steiner defied the power of gravity with feats of wing-walking and trapeze stunts followed; later he dropped from the plane in a parachute. . . . Members of four Indian tribes, the Denver & Rio Grande Western band and the G. A. R. fife and drum corps added further entertainment."[11]

Among the thousands were Governor Morley, Mayor Stapleton, Frank Crane, president of the Denver Chamber of Commerce; J. E. Loiseau, chairman of the airmail committee of the Chamber, and many other civic leaders.

Before the fanfare had subsided, Pilots E. L. Curtis, who had flown the first lap from Cheyenne to Denver in the morning, and Clarence Braukman took off on the last link to complete Colorado's first airmail chain. Two planes were required to handle the large volume of mail that had accumulated.

Pilots Curtis and Braukman were given a rousing welcome when they arrived in Cheyenne at 7:20 p. m.

According to Postoffice Department records, revenue collected on the southbound planes amounted to $774, while that of the northbound trips totaled $1,294. Colorado Airways collected 80 per cent, in accordance with the contract.[12]

A Trader with the Utes, and the Murder of Chief Shavano

As Told by Arthur C. Moulton to James R. Harvey*

I was born in Meredith, New Hampshire, April 24, 1855. My father was a physician and surgeon. I was an only child. When I was sixteen, my mother died and this ended all family life for me. I went to boarding school, studied medicine and chafed at the monotonous and humdrum life I led. I was forever hearing tales of adventure in the far West—of Indians, buffalo hunting,

[10] *Rocky Mountain News*, June 1, 1926.
[11] *Ibid.*
[12] *Ibid.*
*Mr. Moulton lives in Denver today.—Ed.

cowpunching and mining. My restlessness grew, until in 1876, at the age of twenty-one, I decided to give up my study of medicine and join two young friends who were leaving for Colorado to purchase a ranch and try their luck in the sheep-raising industry.

We left Boston on July 5th and arrived in Denver on the 12th. That summer and fall I spent on the sheep ranch helping my friends; I built fence, cooked, tended sheep, and helped with all the numberless tasks that confronted a pioneer rancher. That winter I taught in the small log school house near the ranch. For the next six years I roamed about, finding no trouble in getting work. All I wanted was to have money enough ahead to get me to the next mining excitement, or new railroad town. I didn't discover any mines or make any real money, but I grew rich in experience.

In 1883, while I was working in a general merchandise store, G. W. Gildenstien's, a change occurred which was destined to affect my whole future life; I was offered a position as manager of a post trader's store at Fort Thornburg, Utah. In a few days I was enroute; I had to travel several hundred miles by train, then take stage for three days through an unsettled country. I took over the business early in April and soon adapted myself to the situation.

About six months later I became storekeeper for Mr. Hugus at the Ouray Agency. The White River and Uncompahgre Utes had been moved from Colorado to Utah, and were located on the west side of Green River, near the mouth of Duchesne River.

It was not long before I had the business well in hand and was beginning to acquire enough Indian language so that, with the use of signs, I managed to get along with the trading. Things were usually very quiet until Saturday. On that day the Indians came in to receive the rations regularly issued them by the Government, and I had my hands full. There was but little actual cash in circulation, the medium of exchange being buckskin (Indian tanned deerskin), flint hides, muskrat and beaver skins, and sometimes, when they were "hard up," personal beads or buckskin ornaments, and Navajo blankets which they got in trade from the Navajo Indians. Twice a year I would ship to New York my accumulations of skins and furs, receiving cash for them. The other stuff could readily be disposed of nearer home.

The Indian bucks and squaws could not understand a total footing of amounts of money. Each article offered for trade was settled for at once. A squaw, with half a dozen tanned skins over

her arm, would throw one skin into the scales, get the money for it, and spend it immediately. Then another skin would go through the same process, and so on, until she had disposed of all; the same money being used for many transactions. Credit was not given except in exceptional cases, and then for limited amounts.

This tribe dressed about the same as every other tribe I've ever come in contact with: a regular white man's calico shirt of gaudy pattern, buckskin leggings of full length held up by a belt,

ARTHUR C. MOULTON

and moccasins. Rarely was there any head covering, the heavy black hair being parted in the middle, and a narrow piece of red, blue or yellow "Indian cloth" (a fine heavy cloth similar to that used on billiard tables), worked into two braids that dropped nearly to the waist—the whole rig topped off with a blanket, usually of Navajo make. A very few wore regular outfits of white men's clothing, except that moccasins were invariably worn instead of shoes. All had fancy rigs for special occasions, but I saw them only when they had their regular "Bear Dance" in the spring, an occasion that lasts continually for three days and nights, and taxes all their endurance. Also it brings out all their finery in the way of feathers, beads, buckskin and red paint. They

made the "Storeman" take an active part in one dance, and had me trot around in a circle, forward and back, until I was worn out. They just would not let me quit, evidently getting a big "kick" out of my performance.

Saturday, which was ration day, was a continual turmoil for hours. The issuance of the beef ration was interesting and often exciting. The beef was issued "on the hoof." Seven head of fat steers were brought in from the range herd, and turned into the big corral. This corral was formed by the Government stables on two sides, and poles on the other two, and was built steer proof. At a given time everyone gathered and completely covered the rails and the roofs of the buildings. One marksman had been selected by the Chief to do the killing. He started in very deliberately, taking careful aim and usually downing his "critter" with one or two shots; but sometimes he would miss a vital part and there would be quite a bit of trouble. Eventually every animal would lie stretched out dead or dying. Then—and not until then—every squaw in the tribe would jump from the fence, and with knife in one hand and hatchet in the other, yelling like fiends, run for the carcass they had selected. The first one there struck her hatchet into the head and began digging for the brains, for that was the main object of all the excitement. Brains were much prized for tanning purposes. After the ownership of the brains was settled by the leading squaw, the others scattered over the carcasses and began cutting. In less than half an hour there was nothing left in the corral to show what had happened, and every one seemed to have gotten a satisfactory share without any fuss or argument.

The year 1884 passed without any unusual happenings. It was pretty much of a routine, but there were so many of us "white folks" that life was far from unpleasant. We were a congenial bunch, inclined to get the most out of our isolated situation.

As the spring of 1885 approached, I began to hear talk of the annual distribution of "head money." I knew nothing about it and had to have the entire story told me. It seemed that when the Government came to an agreement with this branch of the tribe, it was that they should sell to the Government their old reservation where there had been so much trouble with the whites, and accept in payment a certain portion of the present reservation, which was already occupied by another branch of the tribe. They were to have a definite section, away from the other branch, where there would be no conflict of interests in regard to grazing or hunting, and have their own Agency and administration officers. Also, they were to receive, or rather be credited with, a large

amount of money, obtained by the Government from the sale of the old reservation to white settlers, and by legislative appropriation if necessary. Interest on this money was to be paid annually, and the principal either invested, or used as was considered wisest by the Indian Department at Washington for the benefit of the Indians in promoting their advancement in civilization. This interest amounted to about seventeen thousand dollars and was paid in cash in April of each year. Each head of a family received a certain amount, with an additional sum for each child. The Chiefs, or headmen, according to their rank, received more than a common buck. When the money was available, the Agent was notified that it was to his credit, usually in a Denver bank. To move such an amount over hundreds of miles, part of the distance, by stage, through a country that had a wild reputation, was a big risk, but it had to be done. The Agent always took someone with him in making the trip, both being equipped with ample arms to resist any attack. Indians did not understand checks and did not like paper money, consequently the money shipment was as much in silver as the two men could possibly handle. No trouble had been encountered up to that time.

The tribe was notified when the money would arrive and distribution begin; there wasn't even an infant missing on the appointed day. The Indians were all registered. One by one the bucks would enter the office, be identified and checked, then receive their money. Much to my surprise, the Agent asked me to accompany him on this year's trip for the head money and I was delighted at the chance of a change. I had no trouble in finding a suitable man to run the store during a two-weeks absence. The trip was uneventful. We got the money safely back to the reservation and began to get ready for the big times coming.

The next two weeks were certain to be full of excitement. The Agent had made full preparations so there might be no hitch or delay. It was no light task and must be done so there would be no disputes or arguments afterward. The Agency officials handled the money and clerical work. The regular interpreter, Captain Billy, acted for the Government, and Ueliandro, or Alexander, who spoke excellent English, for the tribe, in identifying and explaining, so each person would go out fully satisfied that he had received his just dues. Anticipating a busy time, I had engaged two of the employes to help in the store. As the Indians received their money they would at once start for the store. There were many things they had "spotted" and they had only been waiting for this occasion to buy them. They were afraid someone would get ahead of them, and own the coveted article.

For ten days the bustle and excitement lasted. The store was crowded inside and out. Sitting on the ground all about were groups of bucks playing Spanish Monte—winning or losing, but the expressions on their faces never changed. Indians are inveterate gamblers at this particular game. They will lose everything they have and never blink an eyelash, or win with equal equanimity. I presume all the money issued changed owners more than once within a few days. Probably two-thirds found its way into

SHAVANO

the store money drawer, but the balance was on its way to a varied career. There would be no more big money for another year. There was no bank within several hundred miles, and it was a problem how to safeguard and ship my large accumulation of cash to my employer; but by sending small amounts at a time by mail, concealed in light merchandise packets, I managed to do it without any losses.

The year 1886 was on us before we realized it, and it brought many changes. Holders of political jobs were getting ready to pack their grips. Major Lawson, from Georgia, accompanied by his two appointees, arrived at the Agency to relieve Major Gardner

as Agent, and Buckner and Moyl, respectively, as clerk and bookkeeper. The transfer was accomplished without any fuss, as Major Gardner always had his affairs right up to date. We parted with the old officials with great regret, but soon found that the new men were fine fellows and they quickly fitted into the little social routine. Major Lawson was a slight, sickly-looking man; in fact, I believe he had "T. B.," but he accepted things as they were, never whimpering, and did his best to learn all the angles of his new work. Some job for him, as he had never seen an Indian before, and had not the slightest idea of his duties as Agent; but after meeting him I had no fear of his making a failure.

One Saturday in February the store was, as usual on that day, packed with squaws and a few of the bucks, when suddenly came a BANG! BANG!—shots from the outside. No one knew what it meant, but pandemonium broke loose, and the whole bunch crowded towards the rear, away from the door. I was badly rattled and for some reason or other had the impulse to get out of doors quickly where I could run or hide, not realizing for the moment that if there was trouble outside, I would be safer inside behind the log walls. I kept trying to push the crowd toward the door, but made little headway, when BANG! I would be shoved back again. I tried again, when another shot sounded, and back we surged to the rear. I couldn't see the door, and didn't understand, until a squaw pointed through the crowd toward the door. As I looked, another shot sounded and I saw the dust fly up from directly in front. Then I understood why I couldn't make them go outside, and began to pull my wits together. There were more shots, then silence. The store began to clear and I finally got out. A crowd was gathered close by, everyone talking and gesticulating. I pushed to the center and there on the ground, wounded but still alive, was Shavano, one of the head Chiefs and also "Medicine Man." No one attempted to raise him, but all were listening to a speech by White Wolf, a big impressive-looking Indian, who stood with a Colt's six-gun in his hand, and evidently was making a big talk. I worked my way to his side and when he stopped talking for a second, touched his arm and asked if they wanted the "Mericat" doctor for Shavano. When he turned and looked at me, I was indeed shaken at his expression, but he nodded his head.

I started to hunt for the Agent and found him with a group of employees, standing on the crest of the hill, a short distance away. I told him that the Doctor was wanted. He replied that he had already sent for him but that he refused to come. I said, "Major Lawson, you are Agent and the Doctor is under your orders, and he must come." Then he said, "This is all new to me, and I am afraid. I don't know what to do. You go to him and see if you

can persuade him. Tell him it is my order and maybe you can do more with him than I." I went to the Doctor's cabin and told him my errand. He refused to come. I reassured him and argued with him, but to no avail. Finally, I told him it was Agent's orders and would prove a serious matter for him if not obeyed. He studied a moment, then said, "I just won't go out into that mob, but if they will bring Shavano here, I will work on him." I returned to Major Lawson and reported. He said, "Well, what can we do now?" I said, "Let the boys get a stretcher from the Commissary and we will take Shavano to the Doctor." They were all timid about going down among the wailing, shouting mob, but I reassured them, for I had gotten over my fears—and we went for Shavano. We had to do all the lifting and moving ourselves, not one of that bunch of redskins would lift a hand to help. We carried him up to the Doctor's cabin, the procession following along, and placed him carefully on a bed. Then we left to join the rest of the whites at Major Lawson's office and learn what it was all about and just what had happened. All I knew, up to that time, was that someone had shot Shavano. Everything that had happened was clearly visible from the office, but later, in talks with the Indians, I learned all that had happened.

Shavano, being a chief and also a "medicine man," was much called on to heal the sick, as the tribe in general had not much confidence in the "Mericat" Doctor at the Agency. The Indian, Pano, had taken his sick child to Shavano; but his incantation and herbs had no effect and the child died. With anger and revenge in his heart, Pano came to the Agency in search of Shavano and happened to come upon him just as he was entering the store. Riding up behind him, he put his "six-gun" against his back and fired two bullets into his body. These were the shots that had sent us into a panic in the store; then wheeling his pony, he rode up the raise to the plaza, turned in his saddle, and fired back towards the store until his gun was empty. Charlie Shavano, son of the medicine man, was living in one of the cabins on the other side of the plaza, and, hearing the shots and uproar, rushed to the door just as Pano topped the raise into the plaza. When Charlie saw him he felt, somehow, that he was the cause of some trouble. Raising his "Sharps" to his shoulder, he fired twice—these were the last two shots we had heard before we got out of the store—then rushed to join the crowd that was gathering. One of Charlie's bullets had gone clear through Pano, entering at the right shoulder, piercing the heart and killing him instantly. Thus Charlie, unwittingly, avenged his father.

They took the riata from the saddle and, putting one end around Pano's neck, made his own pony drag him to the Duchesne River, but a short distance away, threw the body into the river, then killed the pony and sent its body after his master. Indian justice![1]

The excitement did not subside; the Indians were uneasy and were gathered in groups, discussing these events. The rest of us were in worse shape, for just at that time we had not heard the start of the ruckus and didn't know how we might be brought into the picture. The next morning brought little relief. Many had gone to their houses, and the rest were quiet enough, but Shavano still lived, and the question was, would he live or die, and in either case, what next? Dr. Sawtelle told me the Indians wouldn't allow him to do anything for Shavano. They plastered mud rings around the wounds, and sang and "incanted," refusing to let the Doctor touch him; so he had given up his cabin to them and moved to the dispensary until the matter was settled. We were constantly debating over the matter, for we felt there was trouble brewing. About the second day, Antelope, a very friendly Indian, came into our council. He explained the situation, saying, "This Injun trouble, no white man. White men keep out of way and no get hurt. Night come, better all go store, big log house, keep still, no light." Well, we did just that; all of the single men came to the store for the night, and slept, or tried to, on extemporized beds on counters and floors; all but Johnnie McAndrews, the herder who had come in with the beef steers. He said he would sleep in the stable, close to his horse, so he could get away in a hurry, if anything happened. On the third night we heard the death howl and knew Shavano had died. It was the climax, and we rather feared the coming of daylight. Nothing happened. The Indians gathered, there was much talk and wailing. Shavano was taken away—where, I never was able to find out—and gradually our little community settled down to routine.

But various disquieting rumors came to us. There were two factions developing: friends and relatives of Pano against the Shavano family and friends; and, like white men's feuds, anything might happen. The onlookers were just as likely to get hurt as the active participants. So far, the Government had done nothing about the tradership at Agency Ouray, but knowing that it might happen, Mr. Hugus, my big boss, had instructed me, in case a new trader was appointed, to sell out to him if possible, as there was not room for two stores. Also, if I so wished, he would

[1]The *Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, 1886*, page 227, gives the name of the Indian that shot Shavano (Shavanaux) as "Arowod" and says that his body was pierced by at least a hundred Winchester and revolver balls fired at him by Shavano's friends.

Shavano Peak (14,179 feet elevation), about fifteen miles northwest of Salida, Colorado, was named for the Ute leader. Shavano (Blue Flower) signed the Treaties of 1863, 1868, and 1880.

like me to remain in his employ, and he had given me directions where to go and to whom to report.

In the latter part of May, 1886, the uncertainty was settled; and a new appointee appeared, with his credentials, and I made a very satisfactory sale to him, but had to remain until he could send for money. Within two weeks I had a certified check to send Mr. Hugus, and was on my way to a new location, feeling rather glad to get away.

The Indians must have settled matters among themselves, for I never heard of any further troubles at that Agency. I think the incidents of Shavano's killing, and attending circumstances, will always be vivid in the memories of all of us who were present.

Place Names in Colorado (W, X, Y, Z)*

Wages (14 population), Yuma County post office community, lies in an agricultural region. It was settled in 1917 by Mid Wages, a farmer, and named in his honor.[1]

Wagon Wheel Gap (Wagon Wheel Gap Springs) (35 population), Mineral County. The primitive settlement here was a stage station, built in 1874 on the route to Lake City. In 1872 the mineral springs were taken up by Henry Henson, Charles E. Goodwin, Albert Mead and Joel K. Mullen, who later pre-empted 140 acres. It became a popular watering place in 1877, and the Hot Springs Hotel was built during that year.[2] As to the name of the gap, Judge Jones, a pioneer of the region, found a large wagon wheel here, supposed to have been left by the Baker prospecting party of 1861 (see also *Baker's Park*), on their way out of the mountains. It was thereafter spoken of as the gap where the wagon wheel was found, hence Wagon Wheel Gap.[3]

Walden (668 population), seat of Jackson County and an important ranching center, is the only town of consequence in North Park. Isolated from the rest of the state during winter, the village is a closely knit community living unto itself.[4] According to George Pinkham, pioneer of North Park (see also Pinkhampton), the settlement was first known as Sagebrush.[5] The present name honors Mark A. Walden, one time postmaster at Sage Hen Springs (now a ghost town), some four miles southeast of Walden. When the Teller

*Prepared by the Colorado Writers' Program, Work Projects Administration. An asterisk (*) indicates that the population figures are from the 1940 census. Unless otherwise credited, all information has been sent to the Colorado Writers' Program. Incorporation dates are from the *Colorado Year Book, 1939-40*, "Gazetteer of Cities and Towns."

[1]Data from Jennie Oman and Mrs. Grace O'Neal, Wages, December 25, 1940.
[2]Frank Hall, *History of the State of Colorado*, IV, 294-95.
[3]Ernest Ingersoll, *Crest of the Continent*, 169-70.
[4]*Colorado, A Guide to the Highest State* (New York: Hastings House, 1940), 215.
[5]*Mountain & Plain Farm Weekly* (Fort Collins), October 13, 1939.

City post office was discontinued (1882 or 1883), it was moved to the site of the present town of Walden or to the Walden Ranch nearby.[6] (See also *Teller City*.) Walden was incorporated December 2, 1890, and became the county seat June 3, 1909.[7]

Walsenburg (5,855 population), seat of Huerfano County since 1872, began as a little Mexican settlement known as La Plaza de los Leones, for Don Miguel Antonio Leon, an early settler of the locality.[8] Henry W. Jones built the first adobe house on the west side of what is now Main Street during the spring of 1866.[9] On the sixth day of August, 1870, Fred Walsen opened a general store. He was successful in this venture, and soon became the accepted leader of the community. When the village was incorporated, June 16, 1873, it was named in his honor.[10] In October, 1887, the name was changed by postal authorities to Tourist City;[11] but indignant citizens demanded the return of the old name. The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad came in 1876, and the consequent development of the coal mines in the region resulted in growth of the city.[12]

Wapita, Summit County ghost village, lay about four miles east of Breckenridge.[13] *Wapita* is an Indian word meaning "elk."[14]

Ward (118 population), Boulder County gold and silver camp, whose streets wind up and down steep slopes between clusters of old buildings, was named for Calvin W. Ward, who discovered, early in 1860, the gold-bearing seam known as the Ward lode.[15] The now-abandoned Denver, Boulder & Western Railroad (the Switzerland Trail of America), made daily runs to Ward, the first of the camps opened in the iron-copper-sulphide belt.[16] The settlement was incorporated June 9, 1896.

Wason (Wasson), Mineral County near-ghost camp, founded by Martin V. B. Wason in 1891,[17] and incorporated a year later,[18] was the original seat of Mineral County upon its organization in 1893.[19] When Creede was made the legal county seat, Wason threatened to keep the county records by taking advantage of certain legal technicalities. As a result, darkness had barely come when heavy transfer wagons manned by determined citizens were on the road

[6]"Derivation of Names in Routt National Forest," Bulletin by Henry C. Par, Forest Ranger, Routt National Forest; and Mrs. George J. Bailey, Walden, January 29, 1941.
[7]Data from L. F. Mitchell, County Clerk of Jackson County, Walden, November 17, 1939.
[8]*Colorado Magazine*, X, 28-38.
[9]State Historical Society, Pamphlet 363, No. 8.
[10]Jerome C. Smiley, *Semi-Centennial History of the State of Colorado*, II, 194.
[11]*Denver Times*, October 26, 1887.
[12]*Colorado Magazine*, IX, 183.
[13]*Flowers Map of Colorado*, 1898.
[14]Henry Gannett, *Origin of Certain Place Names in the United States*, 314.
[15]*History of Clear Creek and Boulder Valleys* (O. L. Baskin & Company, 1881), 428.
[16]State Historical Society, Pamphlet 622 B, 11625.
[17]*Rocky Mountain News*, January 9, 1904.
[18]*Creede Candle*, August 5, 1892.
[19]Hall, *op. cit.*, IV, 223.

from Creede to Wason. They later returned loaded with the ledgers, journals and furniture of the county offices. By midnight Mineral County paraphernalia had changed homes, and Wason was no longer the county seat.[20] The town deteriorated with the closing of the silver mines, and today it is only a siding on the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad,[21] and of interest to tourists and fishermen.

Waterton (26 population), Jefferson County, is said to have been established in the early 1870s, when the South Park branch of the Colorado & Southern Railway was built. At one time there was a railroad station, water tank, and a small store here, as well as a number of dwellings. It was a shipping point for farm produce and fire clay, but since the abandonment of the South Park branch of the railroad to Leadville, the depot has been torn down. Half a mile to the east is the English Slow Sand Filter Plant of the Denver Water Department, and in 1916 the settlement, originally called Platte Canon, was renamed Waterton, for the intake and water works.[22]

Water Valley, Kiowa County near-ghost settlement on the east side of Big Sandy Creek, in Water Valley, was named for the valley, which is twenty miles long and fifteen miles wide.[23]

Watkins (75 population), Adams County agricultural settlement, formerly on the Kansas Pacific Railroad (now part of the Union Pacific system), was platted March 12, 1888.[24] Established in 1872 by the railroad, it was first called Box Elder, but was later re-named for L. A. Watkins, a local rancher and merchant.[25]

Wattenberg (25 population), Weld County Mexican-farming settlement, was named for Henry Wattenberg, when a side track and sugar beet dump was put in by the Denver, Laramie & Western Railroad in 1909. It was platted in August of that year by Christian Wattenberg and wife, owners of the townsite.[26]

Waunita (12 population), Yuma County, a rural center of activity for a dry farming and cattle-raising area, was settled in 1921 by Sidney Atwood, merchant, and named for his daughter, Waunita.[27]

Waunita Hot Radium Springs (14 population), Gunnison County, see *Tomichi Hot Springs*.

[20]*Creede Candle*, November 10, 1893.
[21]Data from C. M. Lightburn, Engineer, Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad, February 26, 1941, to the State Historical Society.
[22]Data from D. D. Gross, Chief Engineer, Board of Water Commissioners, Denver, March 12, 1941, and Glen Morgan, Board of Water Commissioners, December 9, 1941.
[23]*Denver Republican*, February 26, 1888.
[24]Hall, *op. cit.*, III, 286.
[25]Data from Lucile H. Kurth, Watkins, December 13, 1940.
[26]Data from George Hodgson, Curator, Meeker Museum, Greeley, Colorado, in 1939.
[27]Data from the Principal of Schools, Wray, Colorado, March 8, 1941.

Waverly (40 population), Larimer County village, lies in an irrigated farming community. The village was laid out in 1903 by F. C. Grable, and the name was chosen by a clerk in the post office department for Sir Walter Scott's Waverly novels.[28]

Weidman (3 population), Jefferson County, a station on the Denver Tramway, was originally called Rock Crusher, because stone from North Table Mountain was hauled here and shipped by the tramway Company. The present name honors Henry Weidman.[29]

Weir, Sedgwick County. As the terminus of the Union Pacific Railroad in 1867, this was a notorious outpost, a rendezvous of reckless outlaws; it was also the supply post for forts and settlements farther to the south and west. The village was known for a time as Julesburg (see also *Julesburg*), and was so incorporated in 1867. Today it is only a side track on the Union Pacific Railroad, called Weir for J. J. Weir, a pioneer of Sterling, whose family came here from Fremont, Nebraska, in 1867.[30]

Weissport, El Paso County, see *Palmer Lake*.

Wellington (465 population), Larimer County, in the heart of the Boxelder farming district, is a supply and shipping point for the surrounding district. It was founded in 1902[31] and named by F. C. Grable of Larimer County for Traffic Manager Wellington of the Colorado & Southern Railway.[32] Wellington was incorporated November 10, 1905.

Westcliffe (429 population), seat of Custer County. When the mines of rich and famous Silver Cliff began to peter out (see also *Silver Cliff*), a new town was built at the terminus of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, about a mile away, and Silver Cliff became almost a ghost town.[33] Known at first as Clifton,[34] the new town was re-named by Dr. W. A. Bell for his birthplace, Westcliff-on-the-Sea, England.[35] Dr. Bell came into the Wet Mountain Valley with General W. J. Palmer in 1870, in search of a southern route for their Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, and fascinated by its beauty, took up a large tract of land.[36] Westcliffe was incorporated November 21, 1897.

Westcreek (West Creek), Douglas County, was a thriving gold camp, and the supply point for the surrounding mining camps in the 1890s.[37] During the West Creek District boom, the result of an

[28]Data from D. L. Miller, Waverly, in 1939.
[29]Data from Mary E. Hoyt, Librarian, Colorado School of Mines, Golden, Colorado, August 25, 1941.
[30]Emma Burke Conklin, *History of Logan County*, 56, 57; and *Denver Times*, January 18, 1895.
[31]Ansel Watrous, *History of Larimer County*, 210.
[32]Data from H. D. Pratt, Wellington, Colorado, in 1935, to the State Historical Society.
[33]*Colorado Magazine*, IX, 142.
[34]*Colorado State Business Directory, 1882*, 299.
[35]*Colorado, A Guide to the Highest State*, 355.
[36]*Colorado Magazine*, IX, 142.
[37]*Colorado State Business Directory, 1895*, 683.

overflow of ambitious prospectors from the Cripple Creek District, it was believed that the area was a continuation of the Cripple Creek gold belt. The little town was settled about 1895,[38] and named for the district, which in turn was named for West Creek, a small tributary of Horse Creek, flowing through the town.[39] The official post office name of the settlement, however, was Pemberton, honoring the first owner of the site. This name was used in conjunction with West Creek for a number of years.[40]

Westminster (534 population), Adams County. The land upon which the settlement was built was originally owned by a Mr. Harris, and when the community grew large enough to accommodate a store and post office, it was called Harris Park. In 1891 Stanford White of New York organized a Presbyterian college and named it Westminster (now the Pillar of Fire Institute). The settlement was incorporated as Westminster May 24, 1911.[41]

West Portal, Grand County, see *Winter Park*.

Weston (510 population), Las Animas County, is the center of an extensive farming and lumbering district. It was settled in the 1880s by a family headed by Juan Sisneros, a rancher, and though scarcely more than a plaza, was given the name *Los Sisneros*. Late in the same decade the Rocky Mountain Timber Company used the settlement as a supply base, and a number of buildings were erected. The village had no post office until about 1892, when Bert Weston, a blacksmith, was granted the office of postmaster; it then became known as Weston.[42]

Wetmore (75 population), Custer County vacation resort and stockraising and farming town, was the site of a stage coach station in pioneer days.[43] William Hayes homesteaded 160 acres here in 1880. He sold to Frances Wetmore, whose husband, William Wetmore, surveyed and named the townsite.[44]

Wheat Ridge (500 population), Jefferson County. The village was named by Henry Lee (State Senator 1885-1889) about 1882, because this was a famed wheat growing section. About 1875 the farmers began to give up wheat. They set out orchards and took up truck farming. Among the first settlers were Martin N. Everett, member of the Colorado Constitutional Convention, Henry Lee, David Brothers and Abraham Slater.[45]

Wheeler, Summit County ghost town, lay at the junction of West Ten Mile Creek and Ten Mile Creek, in the midst of a heavy

[38] *Denver Times*, December 20, 1895.
[39] *The Trail*, XIII, No. 11, p. 9.
[40] *Colorado State Business Directory, 1895*, 683.
[41] Data from Mary la Fronico, Westminster, in 1940.
[42] Data from Hugh Baker, Field Staff Writer, Trinidad, Colorado, February 10, 1939.
[43] *Colorado, A Guide to the Highest State*, 433.
[44] Data from Fred Walters, Postmaster, Wetmore, March 11, 1941.
[45] Data from W. W. Wilmore, Wheat Ridge, to the State Historical Society.

growth of timber.[46] John S. Wheeler, a Colorado pioneer of 1859, moved here with his family in the fall of 1879, and took up a large hay ranch. Until the following spring, when prospectors began to come into the valley, they were the only residents.[47] A post office was obtained by Mr. Wheeler in April, 1880, and the settlement was named in his honor.[48]

Whiskey Hole, Park County, see *Tarryall*.

Whiskey Springs, Eagle County ghost town, was named for the many whiskey bottles left at the water hole by trappers, hunters and stage coach passengers. It is a matter of record that many travelers insisted that they needed several bottles of stimulant before proceeding farther along the hazardous road.[49] The village lay some twenty-four miles north and eighteen miles west of Redcliff.[50]

Whitaker (30 population), Larimer County village, was settled in 1925, when the Colorado & Southern Railway built a depot for the purpose of loading oil into tank cars. It was named for Ed. A. Whitaker, State Senator (1941).[51]

White Cloud, Gunnison County ghost silver-mining camp, was the first camp on the old Ruby Road some eight miles from Crested Butte, and near the base of the Ruby peaks (Ruby One and Ruby Two). It lay in a basin surrounded by high mountains on the summits of which clouds always rested, hence the name.[52]

White Cross, Hinsdale County ghost gold camp, some twenty-three miles south of Lake City, in the Park Mining District, was one of the oldest camps in the San Juan.[53] It was first known as Burrows Park, but in September, 1882, the post office was re-named White Cross,[54] for the large white cross-shaped quartz formation on Whitecross Mountain (13,500 feet altitude). During 1876 and 1877, this was one of the busiest and most prosperous camps in the county.[55]

White Earth, Gunnison County, early name of Powderhorn, probably so called because it lay on White Earth Creek. (See also Powderhorn.)

Whitehorn, Fremont County ghost town, was named for United States Deputy Mineral Surveyor A. L. Whitehorn.[56] It lay about six miles east and eight miles north of Salida.[57]

[46] George A. Crofutt, *Crofutt's Grip-Sack Guide to Colorado*, 154.
[47] *Denver Tribune*, February 21, 1881.
[48] *Ibid.*, April 11, 1880; and M. D. McGrath, *The Real Pioneers of Colorado*, III, 470.
[49] *Colorado, A Guide to the Highest State*, 288.
[50] U. S. G. S. Topographical Map of Colorado, 1913.
[51] Data from Ed. A. Whitaker, State Senator, Fort Collins, Colorado, March 5 and March 11, 1941.
[52] State Historical Society, MSS. XXIII-44b.
[53] *Animas Forks Pioneer* (Animas City), August 9, 1884.
[54] *Denver Tribune*, October 12, 1882.
[55] *Lake City Mining Register*, October 20, 1882.
[56] *Denver Times*, November 4, 1901.
[57] U. S. Post Route Map, 1924.

White Pine (3 population), Gunnison County, once booming silver camp and the principal center of Tomichi District, is today almost a ghost town. The first prospectors came over from Chaffee City in the fall of 1878; others followed, and in 1881 a town company was organized, the town located, surveyed and soon incorporated.[58] The picturesque name was chosen for the dense growth of pines reaching down to, and verging upon, the principal street, and even clustering about the doorways of the cabins.[59]

White Rock (25 population), Boulder County, a community rather than a town, was first called White Rock Mill. In the late 1860s or early 1870s, Austin Smith, in company with John W. Smith, of Denver, established the White Rock flour mill at White Rock Cliffs, six miles down Boulder Creek from the mountains. The White Rock Cliffs are a large and interesting outcropping of wind-carved white sandstone.[60]

Whitewater (125 population), Mesa County ranching village, was one of the earliest settlements in the county. The extensive cattle range was the magnet which drew pioneers to this district. Mesa County's fruit industry originated here, when the first orchard was planted in Whitewater. The name Whitewater, from Whitewater Creek, applies to the surrounding territory as well as to the town.[61] The post office was established in November, 1884.[62]

Wiggins (275 population), Morgan County, was named for Major Oliver P. Wiggins, commonly called "Old Scout" Wiggins.[63] A Canadian by birth, and at one time an employee of the Hudson's Bay Company, Mr. Wiggins came to Colorado as early as 1834. He was with Fremont during one of his cross-country expeditions, and was well known on the Overland Stage Line during the 1860s. He finally settled in Colorado; became wealthy, then lost everything.[64] The town, first called Vallery, then Corona,[65] became Wiggins about 1894.[66]

Wild Horse, Cheyenne County, derived its name from a near-by creek, once a watering place for immense bands of wild horses. Lieutenant Pike reported sighting such a band in 1806; when they saw Pike's party they came charging up, "making the earth tremble under them like a charge of cavalry."[67]

Wiley (413 population), Prowers County farming center and poultry-shipping point, was built during the early 1900s, when reports were circulated that the Santa Fe Railway would build a line through this section of country. After considerable controversy, the new settlement was named in honor of W. M. Wiley, one of the promoters of the town.[68] It was incorporated January 28, 1909.

[58]Hall, *op. cit.*, IV, 151; *Colorado Magazine*, XIII, 112-118.
[59]State Historical Society, Pamphlet 350, No. 66.
[60]Data from Clarence L. Spears, Boulder, Colorado, February 28, 1941.
[61]Data from Edna Tawney, Field Staff Writer, Grand Junction, Colorado, in 1939.
[62]*Denver Republican*, November 20, 1884.
[63]Eugene Parsons, *A Guide Book to Colorado*, 240.
[64]Frank A. Root and William E. Connelley, *The Overland Stage to California*, 472.
[65]Parsons, *op. cit.*, 240.
[66]*Colorado State Business Directory, 1895*, 673.
[67]*Colorado, A Guide to the Highest State*, 274.

Willard (105 population), Logan County, centers a farming and ranching district. In October, 1888, when the Burlington Railroad was extended from Sterling to Cheyenne, the Lincoln Land and Townsite Company of Lincoln, Nebraska, platted and named the town. Within a few years, however, many of the settlers became discouraged, and Willard was almost deserted. In 1910 it was replatted by William A. House.[69]

Windsor (1,811 population), Weld County's second largest town. In 1863 a ranch was established by the Honorable B. H. Eaton (pioneer agriculturist, and Governor of Colorado, 1884-1886) on the site of present Windsor,[70] and in 1880 the post office here was called New Liberty.[71] In January, 1884, the name was changed by postal authorities to New Windsor,[72] but the town was incorporated as Windsor, April 15, 1890. It was named in honor of the Reverend A. S. Windsor, of Fort Collins, a Methodist circuit minister. Windsor was a close friend of E. Hollister, founder of the town.[73]

Winnview (3 population), Arapahoe County post office village. During the spring of 1932 a young couple named Winn established a small general merchandise store here, and a year later the surrounding settlers petitioned for a post office. From the several names suggested, the postal authorities selected Winnview for the new office.[74]

Winona, Larimer County ghost village. In 1876, rumors of the coming of the Union Pacific brought a number of merchants and farmers to the newly-platted town of St. Louis, officially known as Winona. During the summer and fall of that year it was a bustling place, many buildings were erected, and the foundations laid for many more, but the hopes of the little town were doomed. David Barnes secured the crossing of the railroad a mile west of Winona, and in the fall of 1877, when the road was completed, the town of Loveland came into existence.[75] The buildings of Winona, almost without exception, were moved there.[76] See also *Loveland*.

Winter Park (100 population), Grand County, came into existence in 1923, as a construction camp for the Moffat Tunnel. It was

[68]Data from Carol Sincox, Wiley Consolidated School, Wiley, November 14, 1935, to the State Historical Society.
[69]Emma Burke Conklin, *History of Logan County*, 173.
[70]Hall, *op. cit.*, IV, 348.
[71]Frank Fossett, *Colorado, 1880*, 195.
[72]*Denver Tribune*, January 24, 1884.
[73]Data from Iola Branch, Librarian, Windsor, to the State Historical Society.
[74]Data from the Principal of Winnview School, in 1935, to the State Historical Society.
[75]*Fort Collins Express*, Industrial Edition, 1894.
[76]State Historical Society, Pamphlet 353, No. 17.

called West Portal, for its location at the west portal of the tunnel,[77] but on December 1, 1939, with the consent of postal authorities, the name was changed to Winter Park. This was done with the assistance of Mayor B. F. Stapleton of Denver, and many sports enthusiasts, to publicize the establishment here of one of the finest winter sports centers in the United States. A $44,000 ski tow has been constructed, and during the season large numbers of enthusiasts make weekly trips to Winter Park.[78]

Wolcott (115 population), Eagle County, was established in June, 1889, and was first known as Bussells. It was the terminus of the Steamboat Springs stage and mail routes,[79] and the supply point for Routt and Grand counties. A post office was established in October, 1889.[80] The village, centering a stock-raising district, was named for Senator Edward O. Wolcott (1879-1883).[81]

Woodland Park (372 population), Teller County resort town, lies in a mountain farming and ranching district, and is a shipping point for railroad ties and mine timbers cut in the vicinity. It was variously known as Summit Park, Manitou Park (see also *Manitou Park)*, and Woodland Park.[82] The latter name was chosen by the Woodland Park Town and Improvement Company in 1890, for the vast stands of pine timber surrounding the settlement.[83] It was incorporated June 6, 1891.

Woodmen (400 population), El Paso County, quite properly derives its name from the Modern Woodmen of America Lodge, whose property it is. It was founded about 1907 when this spot in Cedar Valley at the foot of Cedar Mountain, about ten miles northwest of Colorado Springs, was chosen as the site for a sanitorium and settlement. A tract of 1,600 acres of land was purchased at a cost of $15,000, and the building and equipment is said to have cost one-half million dollars. About 150 of the population of Woodmen receive treatment for the cure of tuberculosis.[84] It was incorporated June 6, 1891.

Woodrow (12 population), Washington County, is a rural post office and trading center for a large dry land farming and cattle-growing area. It was settled by J. A. McGilvray in 1913, the year Woodrow Wilson became President of the United States, and the name was suggested in his honor by John Epperson of Brush, Colorado.[85]

[77]Data from Floria M. Davis, Postmaster, Winter Park, January 11, 1940.
[78]*Through the Rockies, Not Around Them* (Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad), 24.
[79]*Denver Weekly Republican*, November 28, 1889.
[80]*Queen Bee* (Denver), October 16, 1889.
[81]Data from D. O. Merrill, Postmaster, Wolcott, in 1939.
[82]*Pike's Peak Journal* (Manitou), November 14, 1940.
[83]Data from Harry Galbraith, Field Staff Writer, Colorado Springs, Colorado, in 1939.
[84]Data from the Postmaster, Woodmen, January 31, 1935.
[85]Data from Ira Weinstein, Woodrow, February 21, 1935.

Woodruff (25 population), Fremont County, was settled about 1890 by Allen Woodruff, and named for him. The village lies in a stock-raising and hay-ranching area.[86]

Woody Creek (102 population), Pitkin County, is a shipping point for cattle and produce. It began in the summer of 1890, when a discovery of rich gold and silver ores was made in the vicinity.[87] The settlement was probably named for nearby Woody Creek. A post office was established about 1925.[88]

Wootton (20 population), Las Animas County, stands on the site of the old Wootton Toll Gate, where in 1865, Richens L. (Uncle Dick) Wootton built a road over Raton Pass and collected tolls, often at the point of a gun. As frontier scout, trader, freighter and herder, Wootton was a prominent figure of the Rocky Mountain frontier.[89]

Wray (2,061 population), seat of Yuma County, is surrounded by one of the best farming sections in the state. It was laid out in 1886 by the See Bar See Land and Cattle Company and the Lincoln Land Company, and was named for John Wray, foreman for I. P. Olive, one of the earliest ranchers in the county. In 1902 the county seat was moved from Yuma to Wray,[90] and the town was incorporated June 22, 1906.

Yale (50 population), Kit Carson County. In 1889 a post office was established here in the home of William Henry Yale.[91] Sara D. Yale served as postmaster for a number of years.[92]

Yampa (426 population), Routt County. A stock-raising and farming center in Egeria Park, is surrounded by rich bottom lands, extensively irrigated. A post office called Yampa was established here in 1883,[93] but was later moved to the Haughey Ranch and then to the present town of Craig.[94] The town, founded about 1884, in the very shade of the giant Flattops, was at first called Egeria; this was changed, a few years later, to Yampa,[95] an Indian word of the Ute-Shoshonean dialect, that applies to a plant often eaten by the Indians,[96] Yampa was incorporated February 25, 1907.

Yankee, Clear Creek County, almost a ghost town today, was settled and named during the Civil War by a number of Northerners.[97]

Yarmony (6 population), Eagle County, formerly a railroad

[86]Data from Dr. Thomas A. Davis, Woodruff, December 20, 1940.
[87]*Denver Times*, October 30, 1890.
[88]Data from George A. McMurdo and Myron Quam, Woody Creek, November 12, 1935.
[89]H. L. Conard, *"Uncle Dick" Wootton* (Chicago, 1890).
[90]*Colorado Magazine*, IX, 183.
[91]State Historical Society, Pamphlet 350, No. 14.
[92]*Colorado State Business Directory, 1894-1903.*
[93]*Denver Tribune*, February 23, 1883.
[94]*Steamboat Pilot* (Steamboat Springs), February 21, 1923.
[95]*Routt County Yearbook-Directory, 1935*, 28.
[96]A. F. Chamberlain in the *Handbook of American Indians*, II, 987.
[97]Data from the Pike National Forest Place Name List, Regional Office, Denver, Colorado, January 7, 1941.

siding, was named for Ute Chief Yarmonite or Yarmony.[98] An abandoned section house now marks the site.[99]

Yellow Jacket (7 population), Montezuma County, is a general store and post office in a cattle and sheep section. When the post office was organized in 1914, it was given the name Yellow Jacket for a nearby canon, the walls of which are plastered with numberless yellow jacket nests.[100]

Yoder (137 population), El Paso County post office village, was named in honor of Ira M. Yoder, a German homesteader, who was active in obtaining a post office for his community in 1907. Mr. Yoder served as the first postmaster.[101]

Yuma (1,606 population), Yuma County, is in the heart of a dry farming district where wheat, rye and oats are the principal crops. Farmers settled in this region in the middle 1880s, but even before this there had been a railroad station and water tank on the site. Fred Weld and Ida P. Aldrich, through marriage, joined their two quarter sections of land on opposite sides of the railroad, and established the townsite.[102] The town began March 4, 1886, with a population of twenty people, and a town company was formed on April 5, 1887, with Charles E. McPherson as mayor.[103]. *Yuma*, the name of an Indian tribe, means "sons of the river."[104]