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Early Days in the San Luis Valley

As told by WILLIAM A. BRAIDEN to IRMA S. HARVEY*

Every pioneer community of the West, if it was to survive and grow, must have some one settler with the vision to plan and the driving will power to build those plans into material realities. The San Luis Valley was fortunate in having such a man in William A. Braiden, of La Jara. He tells of his part in the building of a community in the following pages:

I was born in Bellaire, Ohio, on December 27, 1865. My parents, Samuel and Margaret J. Braiden, were both natives of north Ireland. Father's successful business, the life of the city, none of this seemed to hold any interest for me; I liked cattle, horses, the open country. So, in 1884, at the age of nineteen, I left home, bound for the West and all it offered in the way of adventure and fortune.

The first break in my westward trek was at the Cherokee Indian Nation, near Chetopa, Kansas, in what is now southeastern Kansas. Here I invested my small capital in cattle and for two years herded them over the open prairies. During this period large herds of Texas longhorns were continually being driven through our country to northern markets. They brought with them the "Texas fever." Our cattle died by the scores; I lost my entire herd. So discouraging became the epidemic, that a number of the settlers in our community determined to seek a more open range.

We set out from Chetopa, Kansas, in the spring of 1887. In our company were J. J. Pride, William and Calvin Neff (school professors from Pennsylvania), Ed McNiel and myself. We had three hundred head of cattle, all told. I had purchased twenty head of Shorthorns, and one registered Shorthorn bull for which I had paid $200.

Our journey took us through Oklahoma, the Texas Panhandle, and northern New Mexico, into Colorado. We were three months on the trail. We kept to the open ranges as much as possible, avoiding settlements, because of our large herd of cattle.

*Mrs. Harvey, wife of our Assistant Curator of History and formerly a school teacher, has interviewed a number of pioneers for the State Historical Society. —Ed.

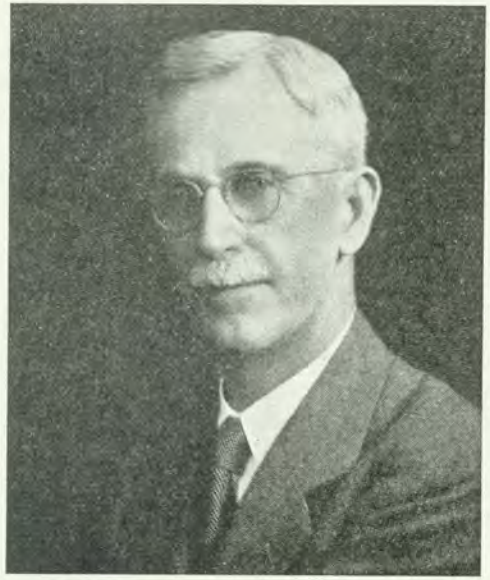
The first day out of Chetopa it became apparent that some one person should be placed in absolute command of the party. We elected J. J. Pride foreman and trail boss. Each of us took his turn at riding night herd. We were up with the dawn every day, had breakfast over and our cattle rounded up and started down the trail as soon as possible. We made camp early, in order to give the cattle time to graze before night settled down over the prairies.

Pride proved an excellent foreman but a close buyer on grub. His chief aim was to make the trip as cheaply as possible, consequently we were short of supplies most of the time; and often, when the distance between settlements proved greater than he thought or unforeseen difficulties occurred on the trail, we were completely out of food. Twice we knew hunger to the point of exhaustion.

One of these incidents occurred on the Canadian River in Texas. By taking a cut-off over the prairies from one bend in the river to another, we could save considerable distance. It was forty miles and we found no water on the trail; our provisions, already low, ran out. On the third day, our cattle, foot-sore and with tongues lolling out in their need for water, and we, hungry, tired, and thirsty, sighted the Canadian River in the distance. We all made a wild scramble to reach it, only to find it dry. The carcasses of cattle lined the banks of the river. We gazed at them apprehensively, well knowing that, unless in some miraculous way we could obtain water, our own herd would soon be in the same condition. But the Lord must have been on our side, for that night we had a cloud-burst; the river rapidly rose to flood stage. We spread tarps to catch water for drinking and cooking, and, of course, the cattle now could drink their fill from the river. The next morning McNiel shot an antelope, thus replenishing the larder. We were all plenty discouraged, and our cattle were foot-sore, especially my bunch; being pure-bred they seemed less able than the rest of the herd to endure the hardships of the journey. So we decided to stop over for a week's rest. Then, rounding up our refreshed cattle, we set out again on the weary trail, over seemingly endless prairies.

One evening we were rather late in finding a suitable camping place. While we were caring for our tired horses, I noticed a bad cloud looming up to the east. My experience in eastern Kansas had taught me to recognize a cyclone cloud; I immediately warned Pride and the boys to prepare for a big blow. An emigrant with a large family of children was encamped near us; I suggested that it might be advisable to tie his wagon down, in case of wind. Before he had time to act upon my advice and before our supper could be prepared, the storm struck. Away went the top of the prairie schooner, and even the wagon itself was upset with all the youngsters inside. The fury of the wind alarmed our cattle, and they dashed off in wild stampede. We rode our horses down, for it required all night and most of the next day to round up our herd again; they were scattered for ten miles over the prairies. "Oh, well," we shrugged, "just another delay!"

Trail-weary and discouraged, we decided to spend several days in camp, to give our horses and cattle, as well as ourselves, a much-needed rest. We chose a spot where a large branch flowed into the



WILLIAM A. BRAIDEN

Canadian River. Here we made camp in a clump of trees, on a large grassy knoll, and settled down for a peaceful Sunday. Somewhat later, we saw a prairie schooner approaching. The driver started to ford the branch stream, but when about two-thirds of the way across, he seemed to suddenly bog down. As we watched, the wagon and horses began slowly sinking from sight; and we heard an agonized cry of, "Help! Quicksand!" We rushed to round up two teams of our oxen, but they could not pull it out. Now all we could see were the heads of the horses above water and six little tow-heads peering at various intervals from the white canvas wagon-cover. The situation required desperate measures. We hitched up a team of our wildest steers, then we rode by at a gallop, shouting and firing our six-shooters. The horses, wagon, steers, and youngsters were two miles out on the prairie before we could stop them. So much for a restful Sunday!

Several hundred miles from here, on the Canadian River, we had our first and only Indian scare. We happened upon a nice camping place about two in the afternoon, and decided to camp early. We had supper over and the herd settled for the night, when around the bend of the river came about six hundred Indians; they were all there—bucks, squaws, kids, dogs, ponies, teepees, blankets. A bedlam broke about us. Pride snapped out orders to break camp, round up the cattle, and get out of there *fast*. We drove until eleven o'clock that night. The Indians did not appear particularly warlike, but they did look beef-hungry, and we did not care to lose part of our herd.

From the Panhandle, we followed the Canadian River up through New Mexico between Vermejo Park, and Elizabethtown. We decided to herd the cattle up the Costilla River, but it would be necessary to route the ox-teams with the wagons across the Red River Pass. I was detailed to manage the herd, and it proved a rather difficult problem. The bridges over the Costilla were rickety and old, built and used years before by the army. We came upon one such bridge over a 200-foot chasm. First we built a corral and secured our cattle within it. By means of a long rope lariat, I led my horse across to make sure the bridge would hold; then, one by one, the three hundred cattle were driven over. The wagon train met with almost as many difficulties; three times the wagons had to be disassembled when washouts were encountered. We met in the San Luis Valley, near the Costilla settlement, in July, 1887. We drove our herd and the wagons to Alamosa, where we separated. Pride and Ed McNiel set out for Lake City, Colorado; the Neff boys and I went to Conejos County, where we decided to stay. I sold my cattle at a good price and looked about for employment.

My first job was on a dairy ranch owned by Charles Ottoway, Billy Adams' father-in-law. I milked fourteen cows (although I knew absolutely nothing about it), dug post holes and run fence for one dollar a day. Digging post holes, without proper tools, is hard work; one day when I had dug sixty, I felt justly proud. However, my employer belittled my accomplishment by saying that ninety would have been more nearly a day's work; I promptly quit.

My next job took me all over the San Luis Valley, rounding up Shorthorn cattle for a ranchman named Schneider, from Lawrence, Kansas. After I had ridden over a hundred mile stretch of country, and rounded up a large herd, I discovered they were mortgaged to the limit and the rancher had not the wherewithall to pay my salary. However, he gave me his herd of ten horses in lieu of wages.

This experience cured me. I decided that it did not pay to work for someone else. I was in a new, young country; I would

strike out on my own, and let my fortunes grow with this part of the West.

Here I was with a herd of horses on my hands! The logical thing seemed to be a livery stable and hack-line business. The townsite at La Jara was just being surveyed, and that country was booming; I helped with the surveying, and then built my first business—I called it the Pioneer Livery Barn. The going wasn't easy. At one time all I had was feed for my horses, a meal ticket, and ten cents in my pocket. But I poured all the unlimited energy and perseverance of my youth into making that venture a success. By 1891 I had built up a nice business; the following description is from "The San Luis Valley," page 105:

"The Pioneer Livery Barn has an enviable reputation throughout the San Luis Valley for excellent rigs and thorough service. The barn is located in a most central and eligible position, and is large and commodious, being thoroughly ventilated, etc. Here can always be found a large number of handsome rigs and fine driving and riding horses, the stables being in all respects the peer of any in the Valley."

I began to branch out a little, as my livery barn prospered; it seemed to me that there would soon be a good demand in the Valley for implements, furniture, and hardware. So I opened up a store and began selling these items, and lots of others. On the list were: hay presses, barbed wire, wagon and carriage material, threshing machines, building material, hardwood and eastern lumber, buggies, and farm implements. I bought, traded, and sold. For it had become apparent to me that one of the crying needs of our community was a market for the live stock and products of the farm, for those who did not produce in sufficient quantities to ship in carload lots. I announced that I would be in the market at all times for the purchase of hogs, sheep, cattle, potatoes, grain, etc. In fact, I was soon buying everything the farmers raised, except children. It proved very beneficial to the grower to have a ready market for his surplus, and besides it was extremely remunerative to me.

When the boom started in Creede in 1892, I extended my stage-line to that city, and started a day and night hack-line. While still retaining my business establishments at La Jara, I moved up to Creede and opened a livery barn, also a grain store. I sold or rented teams and saddle horses to the miners, and handled lumber, coal, feed, grain, wholesale meats. I worked day and night; it was difficult to get men that could be trusted so I had to do most of the work myself. Rarely did I sleep more than four hours a night. Prices were very low. The following are copied from one of my account books of that period:

Cattle, live weight, 2½ to 4 cents a pound (wholesale).
Hogs, live weight, 2½ to 3 cents a pound.
Beef, hind-quarter, 5½ cents a pound.
Pork, hind-quarter, 3½ to 4 cents a pound.
Saddle horses, $25 to $40 a head.
Oats 65c to 75c a hundred.
Corn 60c to 65c a hundred.
Peas, 60c a hundred.
Common labor, wage $1.00 to $1.50 per day.
Meal tickets $5.00 a week.

Living in Creede at that time was certainly not dull. One evening, I was eating in a small restaurant across the street from Bob Ford's saloon; my table companion seemed to have spent much of the afternoon in his cups, and was having considerable difficulty in maintaining a sitting position while he guzzled a bowl of oatmeal. Zing! A stray bullet from the saloon sang through the window, hit the bowl of oatmeal squarely and scattered it all over the table. My drunken friend set up an outcry for another bowl of mush; I do not know who served him, for the waiter and I had made a hasty exit by way of the back door.

One of my many sidelines was funerals. I had contracted with the undertaker to haul the corpses to the graveyard. Funerals were not few in Creede, sometimes there were eight or nine a day; people died suddenly from various causes: pneumonia, more often bottles, or bullets. I received $1.50 a trip. One particular service remains vividly in my memory. The saloon-keeper, Tom Loftus, stopped me one afternoon and invited me to attend personally the funeral of an old-timer named Bill Johnson; he insisted that I be present, for poor Bill had few mourners, and no funds for a preacher. As a mere handful of us stood about the grave, Tom said, "Braiden, say something!" I replied, "No, Tom, you do it." Tom studied a bit, then delivered the funeral oration, as follows: "Bill Johnson, you were one damn square boy. You never did any harm. So, goodbye, Bill, and God bless you."

On June 5, 1892, fire practically destroyed the business section of Creede. Both Bob Ford and I were burned out. We moved down on the school section and each of us rebuilt his business, about two hundred feet apart. One morning as my foreman and I were saddling up the horses, we heard a shot; he immediately dashed into the saloon. I proceeded more cautiously; as I started into the building, I ran spank into Bob Kelley, who was walking out of the saloon, gun in hand, and a grin on his face. I hurried through the door; what a sight met my eyes! There lay Bob Ford on the floor, a bullet had cut his throat; blood covered the place; his wife was kneeling over him, sobbing. I had enough, and left hurriedly. We buried

Bob, next day, up on the hill. I furnished the hearse, a Concord spring wagon, and my brother, Sam, acted as driver; later the body was removed and sent back to Missouri. Bob Ford would no more boast of killing Jesse James! Kelley was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to the "pen" for life; within two years he was pardoned. In a short time he shot and killed a negro in Pueblo; he was acquitted on the plea of self-defense. However, a few years later, he "got his" in a gun fight in Texas; that time the other fellow proved too quick on the draw.

PRIZE WINNERS, KANSAS CITY SHOW, 1938

When the best of the Creede boom was over, I sold out my interests there, in 1893, and moved back to La Jara, determined to make that my home. I now concentrated my attention upon the improvement of my land, livestock, and my community.

In 1891 I had bought my first Herefords from the Sunny-Slope Farm at Emporia, Kansas. For the bulls in the herd I paid $200 apiece; this seemed to cause considerable doubt among the valley settlers as to my mental status; for, as they remarked, any number of bulls could be bought for $40 a head. But from the very first cow I ever purchased until now, sixty years later, I have been a firm believer in careful breeding of cattle. Promiscuous buying of bulls, irrespective of blood lines, never could build up a herd to where calves uniform in type could be obtained year after year. I have always believed in trying to improve conditions, whether it be my livestock or the community. My efforts spent on my cattle more than paid dividends. In 1918, during the first World War, I donated a bull from my herd to the Red Cross at Monte Vista; it sold for

$4,500. At present we handle 2,000 head of cattle annually on my ranch in the San Luis Valley; they have won many prizes in the National Stock Shows at Denver, Kansas City, and Chicago.

In 1888 they put me on the school board. I was not married then, but there were not enough married men in the community. In fact, one year there were three bachelors on the school board. We had a hard time getting our school system started; at first we held it in a vacant store-room, or any available building; but, by 1910, we had progressed to a $20,000 building and the first consolidated high school in the state.

In the late eighties and early nineties, the Mormons began their immigration to our valley from Utah and the southern states. As a general rule they were very poor people, but extremely industrious and excellent farmers. They helped develop the valley, and always took an active part in the betterment of the schools, and the educational life of the community. One bishop of the church, in 1888, was extremely concerned at my seeming indifference to married life; he would invariably say as he strolled through my store: "Braiden, why don't you get married?" and I always answered, "I will, when I get this store built up to $4,000." Three years later, he stopped by and looked my place of business over carefully, then remarked: "Braiden, it looks to me like this store is worth $4,000! Why don't you get married?" I replied, "I will, Bishop, when I get it built up to $40,000, for I've decided it will cost that much to support a wife."

In 1903 I married Josephine McKelvy Dillon of Belmont County, Ohio. We had two children: Wade Graham, who died at the age of 20 years, and Pauline, now Mrs. Pauline Braiden Darley of Denver.

I tried always to give what assistance I could to any undertaking that would advance the material interests of the community. Three terms I served as mayor of La Jara; for eight years I was postmaster there. In 1912 I ran for the senate on the Republican ticket against Billy Adams; I carried Conejos County, by 250 votes but missed being elected by a few votes in Alamosa County. Perhaps it was a kind fate that robbed me of a seat in the Senate and a salary of $1,000 only to award me $20,000 profits in cattle sales that year.

By 1905, the Valley had many new settlers and La Jara was growing. We felt the need of many improvements. To bring these facts to the attention of our community, I wrote a short article for the paper, and entitled it "What La Jara Needs." Among the items listed were a bank, a creamery, telephone, electric lights, irrigation, drainage, etc. Within a period of ten years, all of these visions became accomplished facts.

In 1906 I organized the La Jara Land and Leasing Company, and served as its president for twenty years. The cattlemen were viewing with apprehension the encroachment of the sheepmen upon the valley lands. I suggested that we ask the U. S. Government to exchange grazing lands for state lands; the exchange was brought about through the government Land Office in Denver. Thirty thousand acres were thus secured and fenced for the use of the cattlemen.

In 1910 we organized the First National Bank of La Jara. I was vice-president; later I became president, a position I filled for twenty-eight years. All the valley came to our bank for help and advice, and I tried to serve them well. We came through the panic with our resources sound and secure. I sold out my interests and retired from the presidency in 1935. That bank today carries one million dollars in assets.

In 1912 we organized the La Jara Livestock Loan Company. I was made president, an office I have held continuously for the past thirty-one years.

With the coming of new settlers to the San Luis Valley, the demand for farms grew; around us were thousands of acres of land; all that was needed to convert it into homes was water. For years W. O. Mieir and I worked upon the project of building reservoirs; our efforts resulted in the construction of the La Jara and the Alamosa reservoirs. We organized the San Luis Valley irrigation district thirty-five years ago; it furnished lake water for many thousand acres of land.

There were many more thousands of acres of waste land in the San Luis Valley that needed only to be drained in order to furnish some of the richest soil imaginable for our ever-increasing number of immigrants. We organized the Drainage Corporation and made 12,000 acres of this land available for farming; it proved peculiarly adapted to the raising of vegetables. In fact, today the shipment of vegetables from the La Jara region exceeds that of any other county in the state.

We were able to bring about the establishment of a creamery at La Jara; then we ran our first telephone line, shortly to be followed by our first electric lights. Other improvements followed fast, and we were justly proud of our city's growth.

At first we had only one political party in Conejos County, a fusion of the Democratic party and Republican party. For over twenty-five years they ran the same candidates, and elected them, because no minority party was permitted to be active. I spent ten years and some thirty thousand dollars fighting this condition, until, in 1912, I succeeded in organizing the Republican party, which has

since then taken an active part in all elections in the county and state.

As my capital increased I bought up land in the Valley. Through the years I have accumulated 20,000 acres of deeded land and lease 15,000 acres. I tried consistently to build up every acre of it, and to encourage other early settlers to do likewise. Through all the years I sought to interest the farmers in re-seeding their depleted pastures; we offered prize money, held field days, and aroused considerable interest in the project. We encouraged the planting of red top, brome, crested wheat, clover, and timothy, in preference to alfalfa, as the grasses seemed to do better on the range.

HOUSE ON T-BONE RANCH, ANTONITO, COLORADO

We chose the name T-Bone for our ranch, under the following circumstances: In 1925, representatives from the United States Department of Agriculture came to Colorado to seek a practical cattle ranch for producing an educational film, tracing the production of meat from the beginning to the consumer's table. It required more than a month to "shoot" the picture, which was entitled the "Sirloin of T-Bone Ranch." I liked "T-Bone" and applied to the United States Patent Office for registration; thus our ranch acquired its name. The picture has been, and still is, shown in schools all over the nation, and was sent abroad to England and Scotland.

I made many friends in the early days in San Luis Valley. Governor McIntire was a very special friend of mine; we had many a heated argument over the merits of our cattle, as he ran black

Angus cattle, while I have always sworn by Herefords. I knew former Lieutenant-Governor Lafayette Head as a kindly old man who ran a flour mill and lived like a king. Former Governor Billy Adams used to run cattle with me. We made many cattle-buying trips in each other's company. One winter I raised an enormous moustache which was the pride of my life and the envy of Billy's, for he could never raise one, try as he might.

I had many business transactions with the Spanish element in the Valley, but rarely any trouble. I knew and liked all the early Spanish settlers. They used to say among themselves: "Braiden, he do what he say, and he make you do what *you* say."

From 1932 to 1939, I served as director and vice-president of the Colorado Regional Credit Corporation and the Colorado Livestock Production and Credit Corporation. During that period I handled over fifty millions of dollars; the work proved of incalculable value in helping the stockmen to weather the depression.

In 1932, I lost my wife, Josephine. On November 4, 1936, I was married to Mrs. Maude Armstrong Chambers, of West Alexander, Pennsylvania. Through a long and busy life, I have found much of happiness and have enjoyed every moment of it.

My father told me as a boy: "If you would live long, never retire." I have followed that advice. As to my philosophy of life, it is simply, live right, do right, and strive always to make your world better, be it livestock, land or town. Work hard, speak the truth, and pay your debts.

[Mr. Braiden at 77 is still active in the management of his San Luis Valley Ranch, and his palatial home on Bear Creek, near Morrison, where he extends to all comers the gracious hospitality of the early West.]

Cousin Jack Stories from Central City

CAROLINE BANCROFT*

Much of the early mining in Colorado was done by the Cornish, who were called Cousin Jacks and Cousin Jennies (pronounced Jinnies).[1] They began coming in the 'sixties to the hard rock mines of the far West either direct from the tin mines of Cornwall or from the copper mines of Michigan, to which they had emigrated first.

*Miss Bancroft, who has made previous contributions to this magazine, gathered these stories while doing research work with Dr. L. J. Davidson of the University of Denver, on "Folklore of the Central City District."—Ed.

[1]Cousin Jack and Cousin Jennie are terms used in mining camps throughout the West. The names grew from the fact that the Cornish are truly much interrelated and were always sending back for relatives for any new job that they knew of. If they had no actual relative to boost, they were not above claiming a Cornish friend as kin if it would advance him to a place in the new world. The earliest miners applied "Cousin Jack" in derision to the incoming Cornish. But the Cornish with their wit accepted the name good-humoredly and adopted it for themselves.

Their arrival in Central City was steady and voluminous until the Tyrolean miners began coming West in the 'eighties.[2] After that the numbers of Cornish tapered off considerably but did not die out completely until around 1910.

The Cornish, with their dog-coursing, wrestling matches, horse racing, carol singing, beer drinking and other gay, musical folkways, colored the whole quality of life in our early mining camps, and of no place was this more delightfully true than in the towns of the Central City district.[3] While Russell Gulch was predominantly Welsh at one time and Nevadaville had a large Irish population, over a span of years the majority of the English settlers in the five towns of Black Hawk, Mountain City, Central City, Russell Gulch and Nevadaville were Cornish.

Today they are not a distinct ethnic group in the district nor do they live segregated in the manner of former times. But they still preserve even in the second and third generations many racial characteristics. They are wonderful miners ("gophers," I have heard them called) and in the early times they were exceptional, much more expert than the native American stock, since they had literally grown up in the tin mines of Cornwall (the custom being to send boys to work at eight or nine).[4]

The traits of the Cornish are almost purely Celtic. They are generous, humorous, spirited, imaginative, superstitious and clannish.[5] Like their English compatriots, they are extremely reserved and are not easy to know. But in the course of a year and a half's research in the Central City district, I have met with much Cornish courtesy and hospitality and have heard many Cousin Jack stories, some of which are given here.[6]

[2]Lynn I. Perrigo, "The Cornish Miners of Early Gilpin County," in the *Colorado Magazine*, XIV, 97.

[3]*Ibid.* "Since Cornishmen comprised a large proportion of the English and British-American residents of Gilpin County, it is significant that 15 per cent of the local population in 1870 and about one-fourth in 1880 and 1890 were of English nativity." . . . "Ernest Morris, who came to Central City in 1885, said afterwards that it had then seemed to him that 'the majority of the population was Cornish'."—p. 93.

[4]A. K. Hamilton-Jenkin, *The Cornish Miner* (G. Allen Unwin, Ltd., London, 1927), 273. No adequate understanding of the Cornish in this country is possible without reading at least one of Mr. Hamilton-Jenkin's very fine books on the Cornish at home. In this particular passage, he is commenting upon their poignant wit, their independence of character and how much more *people* they seemed than the miners of any other sector of England. He cites examples of their great general background of behavior and information, adding that how they attained this is a mystery, since they seldom went to school and were at work in the mines by the time they were 8 or 9.

[5]In A. K. Hamilton's *Cornwall and the Cornish* (London, Dent & Sons, 1923), there is a fine introduction by Isaac Foot, most of which is taken up with a discussion of the clannishness of the Cornish. He mentions that William Hazlitt, writing in the middle of the nineteenth century, also commented on this trait.

[6]I should particularly like to acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. and Mrs. John Hancock, Will Grenfell, Thomas Michell and Richard Hughes of Russell Gulch, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Carter, Frankie Warren and Noah Williams of Central City (all of whom are of Cornish stock); also Clifford Parsons, John C. Jenkins, Rae Laird, Fred de Mandel, Oscar Williams, Elias P. Snyder of Central City and Ira Slater of Tungsten, all of whom contributed stories and sidelights on the Cornish.

Most of these "plods" (Cornish for *stories*)[7] are based on humorous situations that arose from the fact that few Cousin Jacks of the early day could read or write. But none of them wanted to admit their ignorance. The other most popular group of stories is based on the fact that both Cousin Jacks and Cousin Jennies had a lively interest in the opposite sex and very little inclination to curb their interest. In the main this group of stories exhibits too coarse a viewpoint for reproduction, although often they are extremely funny.

My collection is merely a random selection of stories often having several variants.[8] But I shall give only what seems to me the best version and hope that the reader will be like "The Cornish Miner" of Walter F. Gries:

> "Ee dearly love to tell a plod,
> Ee 'll 'arken to one gay."[9]

A successful Cousin Jack of Nevadaville (also told of Pat Casey, an Irishman who has become legendary in the district) was approached by a Methodist Church committee of the early days for a donation toward the purchase of a chandelier.

"Sure, h'I'll gie 'ee fifty dollars," was the answer, "but 'oos goin' to play it?"

A prosperous Cousin Jack of Mountain City was seen swaggering in and out of saloons of Main and Lawrence Streets in Central with a large gold watch and magnificent fob dangling from his vest. A miner who knew he couldn't tell time went up to him and asked the hour.

The Cousin Jack turned the face of the watch to the miner and said, "There 'tis—thee wouldn't believe me."

Ed Rowe got a letter from his girl in Cornwall. He couldn't read it, so he took it to his "pardner" to have it read aloud to him. But he held his hands over his partner's ears the whole time the letter was being read so his partner couldn't hear what was in the letter!

Sprigs Davey was working at the Pewabic mine on a cold day and told the hoistman to heat up his pie-can before lunch, meaning

[7]The Cornish language sounds something like Cockney with a similarity in the "h's" being dropped and added. But it contains a wide vocabulary of words totally foreign to English.

[8]According to an interview with the late Robert Johnson at Central City in September, 1942, the late Judge W. C. Matthews, who was born in Cornwall, worked in the mines of Nevadaville and died in Denver in 1925, was the author of a history of Gilpin County which contained a wide amount of information on the Cornish in the district. Judge Matthews had hoped to publish this history, but it was still in manuscript form at his death. Any knowledge of the whereabouts of this script would be greatly appreciated.

[9]Ruth A. Barnes, *I Hear America Singing: An Anthology of Folk Poetry* (Chicago, John C. Winston Co., 1937), 50.

to put it near the boiler. When he came up at noon, his pasty was gone and the hoistman said he ate it.

"Goddam 'ee!" said Sprigs. "I didn't mean fer 'ee to eat 'im up but 'eat 'im up!"

Some high-toned mining engineers were in a drift where a Cousin Jack was working. The mining engineers were having a discussion about the ore. Was it ryolite or was it dolomite?

"Goddam 'ee!" said the Cousin Jack. "I know it's hard-an-tight!"

A Cousin Jack went to the Opera House in Central City. A dance number by a beautiful blonde made a great hit. The applause was loud and vociferous and a man back of the Cousin Jack called out, "Encore."

"To 'ell with encore," the Cousin Jack said, turning around. "Let's 'ave the same girl back again!"

A Cousin Jennie went into J. H. Nankervis' Meat Market in Nevadaville where there used to be a large stuffed owl high on a shelf as decoration.

"How much for the broad-faced chicken?" she asked of the butcher.

"That ain't no chicken. That's an owl," was the reply.

"I don't care 'ow owl 'ee is; 'ee 'll do for my boarders."

A deaf old Cousin Jennie was heard to remark at a Methodist Church party in Central City: "Well, I'm 'arkin' but I'm not 'earin'."

A Gilpin County Cousin Jennie who had just buried her father after an operation in Denver ran into Louis Carter in a large restaurant. He inquired how she was and was surprised to get this reply:

"Oh, I'm prostitute. Father was my right arm!"

Tom ("Pop") Chapple ran a saloon in Nevadaville, and couldn't read, write nor figure. Jack Labaree, an Irishman, had been running a bill at the bar for some time and finally asked what he owed.

"Pop" replied, making fast marks with a pencil on the counter: "Ought 'n ought's nuthin! Two oughts is sumpin. 'Ee owe me $2.75."

John Prouse, a Cornishman, managed the Hidden Treasure in Nevadaville and one day he came down into a drift where two

Cousin Jacks were working. They complained that the rock was hard going.

"Well," he said, "you'll just have to have patience and perseverance."

After he had gone, one Cousin Jack looked dubiously at the other, " 'os they—Patience and Perseverance? And 'ow we goin' to git they?"

"Sounds like two women to me."

"Well, ef they's women in this mine, I'll not work."[10]

And both threw up their jobs!

Two Cousin Jacks were sitting on a sprag drilling hitches. The sprag broke and one fell twenty-five feet to the bottom of the stope. The other hung on to the drill sticking in the hole but finally had to let go. When he lit in the bottom, he was greeted with:

"Dammee, I knew ye was slow but I didn't think it'd take ye five minutes to fall twenty-five feet!"

A Cousin Jack went to the railway station in Central to meet a friend of his just arriving from Cornwall. As they drove down Spring Street and into Main, the newly arrived Cousin Jack looked up at the I. O. O. F. on the Odd Fellows Building and said:

"Don't look no bloody 'undred feet 'igh to me!"

A Cousin Jennie was receiving a man caller in Nevadaville one winter day when her husband, whose candle had fallen off the wall, came home unexpectedly and wasn't heard by the romantic couple as he walked up to the door. The Cousin Jack husband was indignant but the Cousin Jack caller refused to get mad and fight. He pointed to the husband's feet:

"This ain't no fair ketch—thee has glashers on!"

A Cousin Jack in Mountain City was leasing or, as they phrase it, had a "tribute-pitch." A friend asked him how his lease was going and how was the ore. The Cousin Jack said he'd tell him exactly how the ore was—"Where 'tis, there 'tis. Where 'tisn't, there am I!"

The more one collects and studies these stories, the more they emphasize the many delightful aspects of the Cornish character, their humor, their wit, their enterprise, their knowledge of mining, their clannishness, their independence, their superstitiousness and their generosity. Knowing them in the Central City district makes

[10] A very widespread mining superstition claims that women in a mine will bring bad luck to the miners or some catastrophe to the mine. Another mining superstition of Cornish origin claims that if a miner's candle goes out three times or falls off the wall it is a sign some man is at home flirting with his wife.

one realize how right that traveler was who in the early 1900s wrote: "Wherever a hole is sunk in the ground today—no matter in what corner of the globe—you will be sure to find a Cornishman at the bottom of it, searching for metal."[11]

The Gallatin Saddle

EDGAR C. MCMECHEN

One of the most famous saddles in the history of the Rocky Mountain West rests in a glass case at the Colorado State Museum.

THE J. H. LEAVENWORTH SADDLE MADE BY E. L. GALLATIN

This is that masterpiece of saddlery presented to Colonel Jesse Henry Leavenworth of the Second Colorado Volunteers on December 4, 1862, by his officers and friends at Denver.

In addition to its handsome silver trappings and hand-tooled leather it is notable because it bears the stamp of E. L. Gallatin of Denver. The Gallatin is the forerunner of the famous "Pueblo" saddle, made by S. Collie Gallup of Pueblo, Colorado. This saddle became the hallmark of the cowboy from Texas to the Canadian border, and competed with the California saddles in that state. There may be another Gallatin saddle in some museum or private collection but the State Historical Society has no record of such.

[11]A. K. Hamilton-Jenkin, *The Cornish Miner*, 309.

The Gallatin saddle was made upon the California, or Mexican tree, with the huge horn and low cantle. The Texas saddles were inferior contraptions that would not stand hard range usage.

The Leavenworth saddle has with it the bridle, holsters, valice and matrice, or movable saddle-cover, used on all expensive saddles of the sixties. The saddle cover is elaborately carved in floral designs, flags, shields, cannon and the head of General Washington. The pommel is covered with coin-silver, studded with gold stars and inscribed to Colonel Leavenworth. The cantle also is bordered with coin silver, while all metal trappings on the bridle and the saddle are of coin silver in elaborate design. The movable cover is of hemlock leather. Complete cost of the outfit was $350, of which $175 was absorbed in the metal work by a Mr. Frey, then the sole silver and goldsmith in Denver.[1]

This saddle caused jealousy among the officers of Colonel J. M. Chivington of the First Colorado, hero of the battle of Glorieta Pass and commander at the unfortunate battle of Sand Creek, in which several hundred Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians were shot down. Col. Chivington's officers ordered a more elaborate saddle for their commander. This was a much handsomer affair, costing $550. Up to that time these were the most expensive saddles made in the United States, though by no means as elaborate or costly as some of the saddles ridden by grandees of Old Mexico and South America during fiestas. An interesting fact about the Leavenworth saddle is that it was first placed upon the back of a magnificent black horse given Colonel Leavenworth by Colonel William W. Bent,[2] one of the owners of Bent's Old Fort near present La Junta, the most famous of all Colorado fur trade posts.

E. L. Gallatin, the maker of this saddle, was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1828.[3] He spent his apprenticeship under Thornton Grimsley of St. Louis. Later he associated himself with John Landis, the pioneer Independence saddler. In 1860, he induced Landis to bring a load of saddlery to Denver City, using two four-mule teams. The party arrived on June 28, 1860, camping under the cottonwoods on the site of Union Station. Mr. Gallatin writes entertainingly of pioneer days. He witnessed the shooting of James Steele by Thomas Pollock, for the attempted murder of William N. Byers, of the *Rocky Mountain News*. In the fall of 1860 Landis returned to Missouri, leaving young Gallatin in charge of the store.

In 1863 Landis sold his interest to Gallatin and Francis Gallup, and the firm became E. L. Gallatin & Co., until 1865, when it became Gallup & Gallatin when the latter went back to the states to establish the firm of Gallatin & Gallup at Nebraska City.

[1]E. L. Gallatin, Mss. VI, 117, State Historical Society.
[2]*Rocky Mountain News*, December 4, 1862.
[3]E. L. Gallatin, *What Life Has Taught Me* (1900), p. 8.

During the winter of 1864 Gallatin took a load of goods to Virginia City, Montana, selling out rapidly. He returned, during the height of the Indian troubles on the plains, with $8,000 in gold dust in his wagon.

Gallatin opened a saddlery store in Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1868. He found four competitors operating.

"My chances looked slim," wrote Gallatin,[4] "but I got out to rustle and make my place known. So I found a dead horse, with a good hide on him, and set to work to see how I, as a taxidermist, could make a sign for my business. I had no experience but risked it and made a fairly good job, rigged him out with a saddle and bridle and placed him on a post with a platform twelve feet high. This soon attracted much attention, and everyone in town soon knew where our saddle shop was, and I soon had my share of patronage and steadily gained on my competitors until one by one they departed and I held the fort."

Later, Gallatin started S. C. Gallup upon his career in Pueblo, Colorado; started T. E. Meanea in the saddle tree business in 1876; and left his nephew, F. A. Meanea in charge of his Cheyenne business. He sold out his Denver interest to Francis Gallup in 1873 and soon afterward sold his Cheyenne business to his nephew. The Meanea trees were the finest made in the United States at that time for stock saddles, and the Gallatin and Gallup saddles are traditions of the range cattle industry.

As a matter of historic interest, the rodeo saddle used today is an outgrowth of this pioneer saddle. To protect themselves from being thrown against the horn and injured when riding bucking horses, the cowboy began to roll his slicker, or a blanket, and tie it back of the horn. From this habit the swelled-fork gradually came into use. In the rodeo saddle the swelled-fork has been highly accentuated. With his legs braced against this swell, the cowpuncher can hold himself back from the horn. With the development of the swelled-fork the exhibition, or rodeo saddle, also changed shape. The cantle was raised considerably and given a vertical position. This narrowed the seat and allowed the broncho buster to wedge himself in. The flank-strap on these rodeo saddles does not serve the purpose of the rear cinch on a double-cinch saddle. It is placed there to cut into the bucking horse's flanks, which results in the horse kicking viciously as he hits the ground with his fore-feet. Cowboys sometimes call this the "kicking strap" for that reason. The kicking strap puts snap into the horse's action and does things to the rider's spine.

The reason for the old-fashioned "dinner-plate" pommel, or horn, has not been advanced. Perhaps some of our readers can offer an explanation. Perhaps, also, this article may serve to locate the long-lost Chivington saddle, which may still be in existence.

[4] *Ibid.*, pp. 38-39.

Isaac Alden

C. H. HANINGTON*

In reading recently a very interesting history of Grand County by Mrs. Ruth C. Cohig I noticed the name of Isaac Alden. A short sketch of what I know of him may be of interest to those who have been connected with the life at Grand Lake.

In the winter of 1895 and '96, my father built a cabin at Grand Lake; Ike had the contract for getting out the logs, most of which came from Shadow Mountain. On one of his many visits with us, Mother asked him what part of the country he came from and he replied, "Moores Hill, Indiana." When a young girl, Mother herself had spent a summer there during the construction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, her father having a contract on the construction at that time. This formed a tie and was the beginning of our long acquaintance with Ike.

Isaac Alden was born in 1844 and was a descendant of John Alden of the Mayflower. He received from time to time letters from the Mayflower Society asking him to join, but none of them was ever answered.

I know nothing of his boyhood days, but evidently he had a longing for the West, for during the Black Hills excitement we find him there. Having no success prospecting, he spent practically all his time hunting deer, elk, and bear, and selling the meat to the Deadwood markets to help satisfy the great demand. He has told me of his many hair-raising escapes from the Sioux Indians, who were on the warpath in that vicinity.

From history we learn that Deadwood was a rough place in those early days, and Ike saw many a poor prospector rescued from the gutters by the Sisters of Mercy of the Roman Catholic Church. He once told me how he admired these Christian women and although he belonged to no church he declared that if ever he did join one it would be the Roman Catholic Church. His prediction came true, for not long before he died at the Mullins' Home, Denver, in 1933, he joined that faith.

In 1880 gold lured him farther west and next we find him in Ft. Collins; from which place he packed his blankets on his back and crossed the range to the new camps on the headwaters of the Platte and the Grand River, or Colorado as it is called today—Teller on the Michigan in North Park, Lulu and Gaskell on the Grand. The latter two were located in a beautiful spot, surrounded by high peaks with the crystal waters of the stream meandering through broad meadows and narrow defiles. Here Ike engaged in prospecting, carrying mail, and trapping. Nothing is left of these

*Mr. Hanington, President of the Colorado Museum of Natural History, has made previous contributions to this magazine.—Ed.

camps today except a few rotting logs and the abandoned prospect holes on the hillsides. Grand Lake also flourished as it never has since, for it was headquarters for all the men of the district who congregated there Saturday nights for the usual entertainments.

Many stories have been written of the shooting of the County Commissioners which took place there on July 4, 1883, but I have never seen Ike's name mentioned in print. In the rear of the old Young cabin, or more recently Craig's cabin, on the point near

ISAAC ALDEN (about 1930)

the Langley place was a two-story log cabin in which Ike happened to be lying at that particular time recovering from an attack of mountain fever. Hearing the shots which seemed very near, he peeped out between the logs and saw the final scene of the act, four men on the ground, one with a mask over his face. After the excitement died down and a crowd had gathered, he ventured down. Three were identified as Weber, Dean, and Day. No one had dared remove the mask from the fourth man until Ike did and disclosed the assassin as Mills. The others, supposedly Bill Redman and Charley Royer, made good their escape. For unmasking Mills, Ike imagined he was a marked man and for years he lived in fear of his life, always retiring in the dark. He said, "They will never get me if I see them first." Redman was never heard from but Royer committed suicide in Georgetown soon after. As Weber was the outstanding man of the camp, this event coupled with the

transportation difficulties and low grade ore terminated the mining boom.

Ike lived for some time in a log cabin some few hundred rods south of the outlet on the lake shore. In those days it was known as the Grand Lake Hotel, having a canvas sheet dividing it into two rooms and a stone fireplace in one end. The cabin still stands on my brother's place but has been removed from its original site.

Ike had many very exciting bear stories with which he amused the children around their fireplaces on rainy days. I think most of them originated about Lulu after it had been abandoned, for bears were numerous there. I remember one quite clearly.

A few years after Lulu had been abandoned, the old cabins were used during the winter as trappers' headquarters. Ike and John Godsmark were preparing their supper one evening in one of the cabins, his friend doing the cooking and Ike reading the "Last Days of 'Pompee-eye' " as he called it. Upon looking out the window, he saw emerging from the timber a large bear, then another and another until five trailed out of the woods and headed for the row of cabins. Ike jumped up, grabbed his rifle and only remaining cartridge, and yelled to his friend to climb the ladder into the loft and stay there until he returned as he was going after the bears. A few doors from their cabin was an unfinished log house and up climbed Ike to have a sure shot at the bears when they approached the house. As they came around the corner he drew a bead on the nearest bear and pulled the trigger, but nothing happened. Climbing down he made a run for his cabin, pushed open the door which swung in, and rushed for the ladder leading to the loft. The passageway was dark, and he had made but little progress when he ran into what he supposed was another bear, but it happened to be his friend who had ventured down too soon. They both scrambled back up the ladder and Ike let loose a choice assortment of words. Luckily the bears passed on and feasted on flour from a nearby cabin.

In later years he spent his winters trapping and dodging the forest rangers and looking after the summer cottages about the outlet. His summers were devoted to entertaining the children of the summer colony for whom he had great affection and by whom he was always called "Uncle Ike." He had never been outside Middle Park until 1905 when we persuaded him to come to Denver, where we entertained him with motor rides and theater parties.

His prospect holes were on all sides of the Lakes, Soda Creek, Willow Creek, North Fork, Gold Run, Bonanza, and even as far as Arapaho Creek. Years ago he picked up a rich piece of float on

Gold Run, returning each summer always with the hope of locating a rich mine.

One summer with bedding and supplies on a burro Ike and I started for Arapaho Creek to examine one of these prospects. The first night we spent under the Buchanan tree where Monarch Lake is today. Our slumbers were constantly interrupted by mice running over us. Next day we found his old camp and the remains of what once had been a tunnel but no mineralization. At another claim on Soda Creek where he had spent several summers, my samples showed only a trace of values. To his dying day he never gave up the idea that some time he would make his stake and not until then would he return to his old home in Indiana.

So goes the life of the prospector, who's always buoyed up with the idea of striking it rich some day and never gives up until forced to by old age.

The last few years of Ike's life were uneventful and as he was unable to take proper care of himself during the cold winters, we finally persuaded him to come to Denver where the kindly Sisters took him in at the Mullins' Home. I often called on him there and found him perfectly happy and contented. At his death his body was returned to the hills he loved and interred in the Grand Lake cemetery on the ridge near the old Harbison ranch. A suitable stone with his name, dates, and "A Grand Co. Pioneer" marks his grave. Thus passed on one of the old time prospectors at 89 years of age, a true friend and a fine character of a man.

Memoirs of Marian Russell[1]

MRS. HAL RUSSELL

We now waited in Fort Union for Richard to be mustered out of the army. He had begun to long for civilian life. The government wanted to send him to Fort Garland, in Colorado Territory, where he would have taken command, but Richard refused. He and his friend, Mr. De Hague, had planned many an adventure once they were free.

While we waited in Fort Union, a company of soldiers was sent to Trinidad, Colorado, under the command of Colonel Alexander. Some atrocities had been committed there under the leadership of old Ka-ni-ha-che.[2] Colonel Alexander was a new man, fresh from the East. When he reached Trinidad, he held a parley with the

[1]Continued from preceding issue. Editorial notes are by Edgar C. McMechen. —Ed.

[2]Ka-ni-ha-che, or Ka-ni-ache, was a celebrated chief of the Moache Utes, attached at this time to the Cimarron Agency in northeastern New Mexico. His band roamed the Stonewall and Cucharas valleys in Colorado until the early seventies, when it was removed to the Los Pinos Agency in Western Colorado. He signed the Ute Treaty of 1868, but was always an incorrigible trouble-maker.

Indians. He tried to use policy and kindness and only succeeded in making the Ute Indians feel that he was afraid of them. They promised, with tongues in their cheeks, to be very good Indians and never make the white man any more trouble. Colonel Alexander then withdrew his troops into New Mexico, whereupon the Utes rose once more.

Colonel Alexander returned. This time there was no parley. He overtook the Indian tribe at the head of Longs Canyon and there ensued a mighty fight. This fight took place on the old George Thompson ranch. It fairly demolished the Utes in that section of the country.

On this Fourth of July in Fort Union the soldiers were given free whiskey. The one assigned us as cook became intoxicated and wandered away. I went ahead with the work, saying nothing, for I understood what Independence Day meant. Louie, the cook, was a good boy and the Fourth of July came but once a year. However, that evening a drunken private came to our quarters and, in a loud, insulting voice, ordered me to prepare supper for him. An officer who chanced to be passing heard what the drunken private had said. He came and struck the fellow with his cane, breaking it over his back. That private was sentenced to thirty days on the California Walk. I tried to harden my heart when I saw him walking there, but I was not sorry when orders came that he was to be mustered out of the army before his punishment had been completed.

Once, at Fort Union, a soldier had been condemned to die. I saw them dig his grave. He was to be shot at sunrise. At the eleventh hour he was reprieved. I felt that I too had been reprieved, as he had been so nice to me. However, he had tried to desert and desertion is a crime. I remember that the day this soldier was reprieved the body of another soldier, who had been stoned to death on Raton Pass by some of his own men, was brought to Fort Union for burial. Military regulations were such that they were not permitted to use the grave already dug, but were forced to fill it in and dig another.

At last Richard and his friend, Mr. De Hague, were mustered out of the army and we left Fort Union forever. As the country was cleared of Indians and emigrants poured in, Las Vegas began to grow and other settlements sprang up near the fort. The freighting of military supplies from the Missouri River to points other than the fort required the services of hundreds of ox and mule teams, so that Las Vegas soon outstripped Santa Fe as a business center.

The beautiful, fertile valleys surrounding Fort Union were put under cultivation, a ready market at high prices being found at the fort for all the grain and forage that could be produced. The country began to prosper amazingly. Many of the officers, including

members of the medical staff at Fort Union, resigned and settled in those valleys, as did many of the private soldiers. The country was constantly receiving infusions of vigorous blood. Fort Union was closed and abandoned in February of 1891.

Leaving Fort Union, Richard and Mr. De Hague decided to go to Tecolote, New Mexico, and establish a trading post there. Tecolote was simply a watering and camping place on the Santa Fe trail. George Moore and David Winternitz had already established a $75,000 freight outfit at this point. Tecolote, like all Mexican towns, consisted of low adobe houses and narrow, crooked streets; yet it was thriving and prosperous and we felt that we should like living there.

Tecolote, the Indian name for owl, had a romantic and mysterious origin. Old mine shafts, crumbling and long unused, were there, as well as remains of old ovens, bits of slag and hunks of half-melted ore. Even then, the oldest Mexican inhabitant could not recall ever having heard his grandfather mention the story of the old mines.

We bought the building site for our trading post in September of 1866, and immediately erected the great stone building that was store and dwelling combined. We had five nice living rooms, and the store was deep and spacious, although low ceilinged with massive beams. The long shelves were piled high with everything under the sun. There was food, feed, implements, household furnishings, clothing, saddles, bridles and Navaho blankets. There were strings of red peppers and ears of blue Indian corn, called azule. There were glass jars of red and brown Mexican beans. There were heaps of yellow pumpkins and squash.

We bought everything the Indians had for sale or for trade. Early in the morning they would begin to wander in from the rolling hills. Some came driving a goat or a sheep. Others, in wagons, brought cheese, peppers or perhaps a coop of red chickens, or a basket of large white onions. Some drove burros loaded down with firewood. Both the Indians and Mexicans raised fields of corn and we bought it for about eight cents a pound. A fat hind quarter of mutton or goat meat was about fifty cents.

Our records show that we bought of C. H. Moore at Fort Union a bill of goods amounting to $3,257.00 that October when we opened our trading post. This amount was duplicated almost every month. Some things we bought of C. H. Kitchen at Las Vegas, and we took over the entire stock of E. M. Murphy in Tecolote. Everything was very high in price. Twenty-five per cent profit was claimed by the wholesalers and $10.00 per hundred weight was added for freight rates. As most things were brought from Missouri by wagon, these freight rates were not exorbitant.

We bought pottery, blankets and beadwork from the Mexicans

and the Indians and were always able to trade these things to teamsters eastward bound. Sometimes we traded corn for Indian blankets. When we did that two Indians would hold the blanket by its four corners. Then we heaped the blanket high with shelled corn. The amount of corn the blanket held would purchase it.

We used old Mexican measures for everything. Our corn measure we called a *fanega*. It was made from a buffalo hide. The purchaser held the hide and he was permitted to shake it down three times. The amount of shelled corn the old buffalo hide held was exactly two and one-half bushels. Our yard measure was the *vara*—thirty-three inches.

The trading post at Tecolote was a meeting place for all the nomads in that desert land. Indians in gaudy blankets, Mexican senoras in black-fringed shawls, brown babies in nothing at all, and cowboys in red shirts and broad-brimmed hats sat, leaned and squatted everywhere.

It was very exciting when the freight trains pulled in. Then the nomads of the desert came, and the bartering would go on for days. Once I traded six cows and a bull for material enough to make two dresses. One dress pattern was of heavy moire silk—blue and black water-waved. The other was a lavender and black brocade. The two patterns cost me the equivalent of $125.00. Dresses were well made of good material in those days. My daughter, then unborn, finally had to help me wear those dresses out.

Mr. Russell always wanted me to look nice, so I dressed as well and as becomingly as I could. I never permitted myself to wear a soiled dress or apron, or to go with my hair uncombed. Each afternoon I bathed and dressed fresh and clean. Personal cleanliness has always been one of life's necessities for me.

Mexican labor was cheap and I always had a woman, sometimes two, to help me. It was hard to teach them to cook and they invariably broke the dishes I prized and loved best.

Our rooms behind the store were pleasant. Long windows ran from ceiling to floor. The thick stone walls resisted heat and cold alike. My rooms were always cool in summer and warm in winter. The floors were covered with Navaho rugs, which I never really wanted. I remember how much I wanted a flowered Brussells carpet. I draped the windows with a silken print from the store shelves. The beds were four-posters. Richard made them for me on his turning lathe. I was so proud of them, and kept the spreads and valances white as snow. The valances I edged with tatting. Pictures in great gilt frames hung on the uneven white-washed walls. Geraniums bloomed in the deep window embrasures. A lamp with a deep red shade stood on the claw-footed table in the living room. I had several pieces of red plush furniture, although most of our

chairs were splint-bottomed ones. Over the kitchen door, on antlers, were Richard's guns.

In the kitchen was my new step-stove. It had come all the way from Missouri by wagon train and had cost a pretty penny. That stove was the light of my eyes and the joy of my heart. It was made in the shape of two stair-steps, each step to be used for cooking. The oven heated beautifully and many a savory roast did I bake in it. That little stove was the envy of all my white neighbors. One woman offered me $50.00 for it. Most everyone in Tecolote did her baking in outdoor ovens, shaped like beehives. The beehive ovens were good, and excellent baking could be done in them.

There were many Penitentes in Tecolote. These fanatically religious persons practiced strange rites at Easter time. They made rude whips of the knife-blades of soapweed and flogged their nude bodies until the blood ran. The Mexicans had other queer rituals and superstitions. I have seen them carrying a small image over their fields of corn or beans, thinking that the field would yield more bountifully.

It was in Tecolote that we had Hosea Russ, a little Indian slave boy. He had been given to Richard by a cultured old Spaniard in Santa Fe. The Mexicans often captured and made slaves of the Navaho Indians. Indeed, they were encouraged by the government to do so. General Sibley is reported to have recommended: "It is a wise thing to encourage private enterprise against both the Navaho and Apache Indians, and the enslaving of them." So it was that little Hosea Russ was ours, and Hosea Russ was a "problem child." Ambitious and willing, his little feet were forever running errands for me. Yet the truth was not in him and nothing was safe from his pilfering fingers. Candy, colored candles and bars of red toilet soap disappeared from the store as if by magic.

Finally, there came a day when Richard must deliver a load of corn to the Navaho reservation, and I simply insisted that he deliver Hosea to the Navahoes along with the corn. Richard said afterwards that the first Indian they happened to meet on the reservation was Hosea's own father, and that seeing the old Indian's joy at getting the little fellow back again had been worth as much to him as getting rid of the little nuisance.

Richard had a government commission to furnish the Navaho reservation with corn and with salt. Corn we bought cheaply from the Mexicans and traded to the Indians for cattle. Our records show that we so traded corn at Fort Defiance, Las Vegas and Fort Union.

Near Tecolote was an old salt-sink and Richard would go there for salt. He would take the freight wagons and a number of Mexicans. The barefooted Mexicans would wade out into the sink and shovel the salt up in great windrows on the bank. The waves lapping over it would clean it nicely. Then it was loaded into the freight wagons and hauled away. A cleaner, whiter grade of salt might be procured at another salt-sink farther down in Texas, but the hostile Indians had caused the government to forbid the white men going there.

In 1869, Mr. De Hague was appointed Forage Agent at Tecolote and we made quite a bit of money furnishing forage to the freight teams. With every extra penny the men could get they bought cattle—Texas long-horns. In fact, the entire profit of the trading post was so invested. It was the dream of Richard's life to go again into the cattle business. He had not forgotten that California cattle ranch.

In May of 1867 little Katie Elmira came to live with Richard and me, in the little home behind the Tecolote trading post. A cradle swayed on the hearth rug. I sang as I worked and the worried, anxious look left Richard's face. The little grave at Fort Bascom was only a memory now.

One of the few white persons in Tecolote was a young German whose name was George Storz. He ran a little commissary there and was married to a pretty Mexican girl. It was this woman who was a half-sister to Mrs. Charlie Hopkins of Fort Bascom. I mention them here because they were our friends and neighbors at Tecolote, and because they followed us to Colorado in later years, and the lives of the Russells and the Storzes have since flowed on quietly together.

In that second year at Tecolote news reached us of Colonel Carson's death. Strange that death should always seem so unreal and untrue—perhaps because it is unreal. Kit Carson, the Happy Warrior of the West, could never die. Along the old Santa Fe trail today are chips his axe left, stone walls his hands builded. Across the Western prairies are trails that he blazed. I cannot think of Colonel Carson as a bundle of dust in a Taos cemetery. I only think of hawk wings against a western sky; a living soul launched out upon a sea of light.

The fall of 1869 another child was born to Richard and me, a little boy we named George Irwin. It was fun to watch Katie Elmira fold her dimpled hands behind her back and stand watching the interloper in her cradle.

Business at the trading post had begun to worry Richard and he began planning to hunt a ranch where we might drive the cattle we had collected. However, in January of 1870 Richard's brother, John, came to us from Chicago and all care was laid aside that we might enjoy his visit and take what care we could of him, because John was ill with tuberculosis. The clean, warm air of the West healed John's lungs and, in June, he and Richard planned a pack

trip to Cheyenne, Wyoming. I was really appalled, because Cheyenne lay many miles away, and John not only was ailing but was a tenderfoot. The Indians along the trail were still more or less warlike. However, the new Pacific railroad had reached Cheyenne, and Richard was determined to make the trip and go back with John to Chicago, thinking perhaps that he might return to the East. Mr. De Hague had absconded with much of the earnings of the trading post and Richard was tired and discouraged.

After many days of waiting a letter arrived from Richard. They had reached Manitou safely. I have the letter he wrote me yet. On one side he drew a clumsy picture of himself drinking a glass of Manitou water and labelled it, "To Katie Elmira's very good Health." He wrote that they were resting awhile at Manitou House, the hotel there, for John's sake. He wrote that the proprietor had offered to sell them the hotel for $240.00, spoke of the fun they had had, and added that John really was getting strong and well; color had come into his face and strength to his limbs.

Richard visited for a time with his relatives in Chicago and investigated the commercial proposition that had taken him there. However, he said that he had not been long in Chicago until he knew definitely that he could never be happy anywhere but in the West. So it was over his sister's tearful protests that he returned to Tecolote. This trip he made by Overland stage, as New Mexico had no railroads then. Traveling by stage, Richard said, was a most wholesome social experience, for nowhere else does one so learn to appreciate the advantage of good nature and unselfishness.

He had been gone altogether about three months, the longest period of time that he had been away from me. He returned rather unexpectedly as the stage was a bit earlier than usual. Even at that I was watching for him at the kitchen window, and I saw the stage swing into sight around the bend in the red dirt road. The four horses were loping easily, the canopied stage swaying from side to side. A moment more and he was standing in front of the store surrounded by the loafers. However, his eyes were on mine at the kitchen window. I heard him speak. I heard him laughing; at last I heard the screen door close behind me, but I simply stood there transfixed with joy. I tried desperately to move or to speak, but I could not, and so he came and took me in his arms, and the troubled world rolled away and left us in the heart of stillness and peace. Everything was always right when Richard was with me; everything was always wrong when he was away. He had been gone a long, long time now and my weary heart longed for the peace of his presence.

Looking back upon my life at Tecolote, I find that the big things seem little and the little things seem big. The fact that

Richard's friend proved a Judas Iscariot, absconding with most of the earnings of the post and causing us so much grief and worry at the time, I find hard to remember. Some way I have pushed the ugly grief his dishonesty caused us farther and farther back into the recesses of my mind until at last it is only a vague, dark shadow. But the dog which De Hague left behind him remains in my mind, a bit of light and delight.

In those first Tecolote days someone had found Parejo when he was only a puppy, whimpering along the Santa Fe trail, had brought him to the post and had given him to Mr. De Hague. Mr. De Hague had had the puppy's ears trimmed even with his head and had named him *Parejo*, which is a Spanish word meaning "even."

Parejo was always kind and loyal to my children. It was Parejo who taught Katie Elmira and George Irwin to walk. He would march slowly along while they toddled by his side, their little hands clutched in his long, shaggy hair. Parejo was the best watchdog we ever had, but as he grew older he became very ferocious and it was necessary to keep him chained. He was very large and savage and could easily have killed a man.

One morning, as I stood dressing in front of the mirror, I heard someone knock at the back door. In the same moment I heard Parejo's chain dragging across the floor. Some way, the hasp had come off and the big dog was loose. Half-dressed as I was, I ran and, as I ran, I called to the unknown visitor to go quickly away as the dog was loose. As Parejo charged past me I clutched at his collar, but he dragged me with him as if I were a paper doll. Tugging frantically at his collar, I saw him sink his great, yellow fangs deep into the flesh of a Mexican's leg. Our united screams brought Richard from the store. Together we pried Parejo loose. The harmless old Mexican was seriously wounded and weak from loss of blood and fright. After that we kept Parejo more closely chained than ever but, when we moved to Stonewall, Colorado, we took the big dog with us and there he saved my life.

The days that followed Mr. De Hague's departure were anxious ones. However, Richard managed to pay all outstanding debts. Then one morning when things were really beginning to look a bit more hopeful, 10,000 pounds of shelled corn in the storage room caught fire from spontaneous combustion. We tried to save part of it, but great piles of blackened corn smoldered behind the store for weeks. Richard then bought eighty head of hogs and fattened them on the damaged corn. When they were sleek and fat he hauled them to Fort Sumner and sold them to Lucien Maxwell, receiving $1,000 for them. This money he gave to me, saying that I was the only partner he was ever going to have again.

In the fall of 1871, Richard sold the trading post and we made preparations to leave Tecolote. Our half-formed plan was to migrate to the San Luis Valley in Colorado, because Richard had known something of this valley, having sent cattle there to fatten at different times.

We hoped to file on a piece of land under the Homestead Act; some place where the grass and water were a bit more plentiful than in New Mexico. We knew of a little creek in the San Luis Valley, a place where the cattle would stay fat the long winter through. We thought we would go and investigate for ourselves. We decided to take one freight wagon and team, and two saddle horses the first trip and, after we had located, Mr. Russell would return for other things. The George Storzes told us that they would join us and file on land as near as they could, provided we found a place we liked. So we left Tecolote, the little owl, in September of 1871. Left it forever to seek those green fields that always lie so far away.

The weather was warm and the wagon heavily loaded, so that Richard insisted that the children and I go as far as Dick Wootton's toll-gate on the Raton Pass by stage coach. However, that morning when the great freight wagon was packed and standing ready at the door, came Katie Elmira, then four years old, tying her little white bonnet under her dimpled chin. She looked at me with round, reproachful eyes. "Daddy cannot go alone," she said, "I am going with him." Richard held her in his arms, looking at me over the little white sunbonnet. I saw he liked the idea of having her along so I made no protest. They drove away together, her little white bonnet at his elbow as she sat by his side on the high spring seat.

When I turned back, alone, into my dismantled home I realized what this move would mean to me. I felt then dimly, what has since been borne home to me times without number—my heart would ever be in New Mexico's arid hills.

Often I have heard old-timers laughing about the heat and dust of the desert. I have heard them say that no doubt Hell would be a place too cold for comfort for those who had lived long in Santa Fe. I had heard them say, jokingly, that the burning sands had sucked old-timers too dry to pray. I had laughed, supposing they were, perhaps, right but now, preparing to leave that desert country for greener fields, I knew that the land I had come to as a child held for me a strange tortured beauty that all the fair, green reaches of the earth would never hold.

Next day, with sorrow in my heart, I climbed with my two-year-old baby in my arms to a seat on the swaying stage. With sorrow I left the land of tinted hills, where lakes of purple haze filled the shallow, arid basins. Here, among these arid red hills, I had

watched the hunch-backed buffalo give place to the Texas long-horn. Here, I had seen the pinto pony take the place of the wild mustang. I bade goodbye sadly to New Mexico, with its ranchos, convents, priests, churches, gamblers and bandits—New Mexico, where civilization struggled daily with barbarity.

I have never forgotten that stage coach ride across the wastes. Once we came to a place where so many dead carcasses lay by the roadside that I exclaimed in surprise. The driver explained that the previous spring a strange epidemic had played havoc with mules and burros all over the West. The place we were passing was where a mule-driven caravan had been left stranded. Every mule in the wagon train had died there.

Sitting there with my baby in my arms, I thought of Richard and Katie Elmira somewhere ahead of me in the road and felt a little guilty that my wayward heart had stayed behind to loiter along the old trail.

When we drew up at the toll-gate I stood for a moment, searching with my eyes for the covered wagon I knew must be somewhere near. Then a child's voice called to me, piping and clear as the call of a robin, and Katie Elmira came running up to hold out her arms for the baby. Richard had camped some way down the trail and she had kept watch for me all day long at the bend in the road.

At Trinidad we drove our covered wagon under some tall cottonwoods on the river bend and made camp for the night. A red bridge spanned the shining river where once I had lain and watched the moonlight drenching the valley so long before.

Next morning we ran into a friend on the street, a man we had known in Santa Fe—Judge William Bransford.[3] Judge Bransford had been a wagonmaster in the old days, hauling supplies from Kansas City to the stores of Bent and St. Vrain in both Taos and Santa Fe for years. Judge Bransford followed us to our camp under the cottonwoods and we talked long of the old days; talked of Colonel Carson, Beaubien, Miranda, Maxwell, Kearny and Bent. He tried hard to get Richard to go no farther, but to stop there and go once more into the mercantile business. But Richard was determined to have a little cattle ranch of his own; the ranch he had dreamed of from boyhood.

We broke camp early next morning and were out two miles on the north highway by the time the sun came up. We halted then at a small house by the wayside to inquire the way to the San Luis Valley. The friendly little woman who answered the door directed us to the Valley road, at the same time discouraging us from going

[3]Close associate of Kit Carson and Lucien Maxwell, said to have become a Mountain Man in 1844. First postmaster of and for many years Justice of the Peace of Trinidad.—Pam. 359, p. 304, State Historical Society; *Rocky Mountain News Weekly*, August 2, 1865.

there. Her family, she said, had just moved away from the San Luis Valley. They had not enjoyed living there and neither, she felt, would we. I have since wondered what would have been the course of our lives had we not stopped that morning to inquire the Valley road. The destiny that rules our lives manifests itself in trivial things. Had we gone on into the San Luis Valley, would we have been happy there? Would Richard have been spared to live his life out in a normal happy way? But destiny came that morning in the shape of a friendly little woman in faded gingham; came and leaned against our wagon wheel and told us earnestly of another valley where the sun shone and the bountiful earth sent forth rich harvests.

This valley, she said, was called St. John's Valley[4] and lay at the headwaters of the Purgatoire, some thirty-five miles to the west of Trinidad. Richard was a bit reluctant to drive so far out of our way. The wagon was heavily loaded and the road to St. John's Valley would wind uphill all the way. However, the woman drew such a glowing word-picture of the place that we felt that it must be a second Garden of Eden, and one should need no second invitation to visit Eden. So, soon we were wending our way up the Purgatoire.

But Jordan is a hard road to travel, and the shades of evening found us near where the little coal camp of Segundo now lies; we had not yet reached Eden. That night we were discouraged at the prospect. The two-narrow valley we had followed all the way was rimmed on either side by barren, rocky hills. The river had wound back and forth across the valley like a restless snake. Mid-afternoon of the next day we caught our first glimpse of the famous stone wall. It stretched before us, a majestic line of towers and turrets, behind which lay an ocean of blue mist. Behind the mist the white-capped Sangre de Cristos lifted hoary heads. These mountains are called the Blood-of-Christ mountains by the natives because at evening the white snow is stained blood-red by the dying sun.

Gradually, our road began winding through natural meadow lands. Tall pines appeared at intervals, and ever and always that mighty wall grew higher and higher. This strange freak of nature, the great stone wall, runs through the entire states of Colorado and Wyoming, and is one of the wonders of the Rocky Mountain region. It stands in places more than 300 feet in height; its precipitous walls as smooth as if made by the hand of man. At last we drew near its base, with the same feeling of awe and wonder as when one draws near the base of the pyramids. We were suddenly dwarfed and made tiny by the majesty of the great wall. The road now ran

[4]Marian Russell is authority for the statement that Stonewall Valley, first called St. John Valley, was named after Don Juan Guitierrez, one of the earliest settlers of Trinidad.

parallel with it and we were wondering how we were going to get on the other side when, suddenly, there was a gap in that formidable front. God, it seems, had decided to let us pass.

We camped that night back of the great wall in the loveliest spot I had ever seen. We tarried beneath a great pine, Richard and I rolling our bed upon the fragrant pine needles. The covered wagon stood so near that I could hear my sunbonnet baby murmuring in her sleep.

The moon and the river sang together that night and I slept little, as I wanted to lose no fragment of that lovely song. To lie in the darkness under a huge, glittering sky is witchery indeed. The cool, wet dew fell on my face and on the heavy masses of my hair. I heard the hobbled horses grazing near by in the thick, rank grass. Lying there I let this new beauty of the dear earth that I love sink into my soul. I did not know then that I was to spend the rest of my life in this apple-green valley. I did not know when I saw the moon rise that night in breathtaking loveliness above that great, black wall that through all the coming years the moons of life would forever be "comin' 'round a mountain," nor how desperately homesick I would get for the round, red moons of the desert. I did not sleep at all, for I lay awake to see the sun come and touch with golden fingers the red oakbrush on the hill.

The morning was startlingly cold and the children and I huddled over the great fire Richard built. How prodigal he was of wood. Log after log was laid upon that fire. That day we looked for a place to build a cabin, and at last found a level place by a clear, cold spring. There we decided to build our home.

Richard re-named the valley that morning, calling it "The Valley of the Great Stone Wall"; and Stonewall Valley it has remained ever since. Here in this valley was soil rich and fertile. Here was grass in abundance. Here was a great mountain range to protect us from the bitter west winds.

I like to remember Richard as he was that morning, the low, glad note in his deep voice. I like to remember him walking bareheaded under the trees there, the wind ruffling his fair hair; the light of new dreams in his eyes. I knew of what he dreamed. A big cattle ranch in this untamed wilderness. A domain planned and builded by his own hands. He plumbed the depths of dark beaver dams that day; gauged the flow of water for irrigation ditches that must be made. I knew that we would find joy here. I needed so little for happiness in those days. Just Richard and my babies. I have often wondered why, when one asks so little of life, that little is so often denied—just a little moon, a silver spoon and a little copper kettle.

We had mountain trout for breakfast and two deer came fearlessly and watched us eating them.

We were not the very first settlers in Stonewall Valley. We found a kindly white trapper living in a tiny cabin just below the wall, and I remember how pleased we were to locate in this new Garden of Eden a lonely, kindly white man. His name was J. A. Weston and he was hunter and trapper. It is in honor of him that the present town of Weston, Colorado, was named. J. A. Weston's son runs the local blacksmith shop in Weston to this day. On the exact site of Trapper Weston's cabin stands the Murdo McKenzie summer home. Mr. McKenzie, having searched the world over for the loveliest place on earth to build a summer home, chose that place in Stonewall Valley.

The next morning we returned to Trinidad for supplies, because our cabin must be built before the winds of winter blew. The horses stepped out blithely and, as I sat perched beside Richard on the spring seat, I made out a great list of the things we must have. Also, we built and re-built the cabin that was to stand by that clear, cold spring.

Richard sent for a man to come from Tecolote and help us. This fellow was a young man by the name of John Sanger, and he lived with us as one of our family at Stonewall for many years.

(To be concluded in the next issue.)