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Recollections of Music in Early Denver

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It seems that the best music of a town starts with the church, and Denver owes much to Dean Hart of St. John's Cathedral. St. John's in the Wilderness was no misnomer at that time. At first it was a struggling little church; then the beautiful building on Welton Street was built, with good organ and fine acoustics. Dean Hart, that militant English clergyman, was then in charge, and brought the wealth of his learning, culture, and musical ability to the aid not only of his own congregation, but to the entire city. He was a good organist himself, and would have only the best men his native England could furnish. So there was a succession of these: the famous composer, Arthur Marchant; then Walter E. Hall; then Dr. John H. Gower; and next Henry Houseley, who played for twenty-five years.

About 1885, Dean Hart inaugurated a series of organ recitals, given every Thursday night at the Cathedral, where he gave a talk on some great composer, whose compositions would be played by the organist.

We heard the greatest music of the world—a pleasure and an uplift to the large audience, and of untold value to young students of this far West.

About this time the Dean's daughter, Agnes Martyn Hart, returned from her musical studies in England. She possessed a magnificent contralto voice, often heard in the Cathedral choir and frequently on concert programs, where she was popular. But in time she withdrew from music and gave her time to church work, becoming a noted speaker and teacher and the founder of the helpful Sunshine Mission.

Another church which early developed good music was the old First Congregational, then located on Glenarm Street. Early in the '80s Herbert Griggs became organist, a fine musician just re-

*Mrs. Williams was active in early musical circles in Denver; hence her recollections and early impressions have historical importance. Many of the musicians she mentions are unknown to the present generation of music lovers. The reminiscences were written after reference to an old book of programs dating back to 1882. They do not touch upon many musicians who are now prominent, for these are well known and are given the applause that is their due. Mrs. Williams lives in Denver today.—Ed.

turned from years of study in Leipsig. He maintained a good quartette of well trained voices and taught organ, piano and voice to large classes. Perhaps his greatest work was as Music Director in East Side schools, where he was immensely popular. This church had for its pastor at that time the famous Myron Reed, who organized, about 1887, the popular Glenarm Club, which gave fortnightly programs, introducing the most talented people in Denver—preachers, lawyers, teachers, musicians. It was a great success until they began importing outside professional talent, which, much to Dr. Reed's sorrow, put an end to this delightful fellowship.

The First Baptist Church on Stout Street maintained a high class of music under the direction of its organist, Prof. Mason (W. M.) Broad. This church had the largest auditorium in town at that time, where most concerts were held.

At the old Central Presbyterian Church, then on 18th and Champa Streets, the music was furnished by a good quartette. For several years the organist was Bertha Jacques Shannon, who later moved to California.

A high point was reached in church music when the beautiful new Trinity Methodist Church was opened in 1888. The organ, said to be the finest west of Chicago, was given by a member of the congregation, I. E. Blake, a man with a fine musical education and a well trained bass voice. He became director of the choir of one hundred picked voices. The organist was Prof. Otto Pfefferkorn. With this choir as a nucleus, Mr. Blake organized and directed the Denver Oratorio Society, giving three concerts during the season with well known soloists from the East. A later director of this organization was Wilberforce Whiteman.

In 1888, the new and beautiful St. Mark's Episcopal Church was built; a good choir was developed under the direction of that fine English organist, Frederick Stevenson. He was followed by Henry Houseley, who remained there about two years.

After Houseley had accepted the position at the Cathedral, C. W. Deems carried on at St. Mark's, with a noted Welsh director by the name of Gwilym Thomas. In 1894, Dingley J. Brown, F.C.O., took the organ and remained ten years. During his term there were many recitals and oratorios given, with the aid of a small but good orchestra. Many noted singers have appeared here: Fanny Brown Eppich, Elizabeth Spencer, Bertie Berlin, and Ninian Youille, a fine Scotch tenor who later accepted a position in Pittsburgh and did much concert and oratorio work in the East.

Early in the '90s the two Weber sisters took charge of the music at St. Elizabeth's Church. Clara was organist and held the position until a few years ago; Josephine was choir director and soprano soloist. Aside from her fine rendition of the difficult soprano solos of the Mass, she excelled in singing the German Lieder and made many concert appearances.

Organizations. Sometimes we who have lived in Denver many years bewail the fact that we have not as much good music here now as there was years ago. For many years any reference to music would evoke a pitying smile from the listener and the remark, "Of course, you had nothing in those days!" But the fact is that very early Colorado attracted people of culture and ability in the line of music as well as other directions.

It is said that the first small organ was brought to the old Cathedral on Stout Street by Bishop Machebeuf. There is also an interesting story of the first piano, delivered to the wife of a prominent judge. It was brought across the plains by wagon and when finally it arrived at the little cottage and was carefully unpacked, there was quite a concourse of interested citizens to witness the event. It was an old-fashioned square piano, and every leg was packed separately; but finally it was assembled and set up in the living room. In the meantime a group of ever-present Indians had appeared, followed the instrument into the living room and sat around the walls in solemn silence. At last the neighbors who had put the piano in place withdrew and Mrs. M—— was left with the Indians. She tried to indicate it was time to go, but they continued to sit in stoical silence. As a last resort the hostess rushed to the piano and began pounding fortissimo from bass to treble. The old chief started up, exclaiming: "Ugh, Devil in big box! Devil in big box!" and hastily led the band from the house.

It seems only right that we should remember and laud those early workers in the field of music. They gave much pleasure as well as set up ideals for the young people. There were good teachers among them whose pupils have won renown. This prepared us for receiving later artists, and set the high standard that has made this western city famous.

My own knowledge dates back to 1882, when as a school girl attending my first concerts, I began the program scrapbook which is of value now.

Along in the '80s the Campanini Concert Company made several appearances here, bringing such artists as Elvira Repetto, Schalchi, Torricelli, Tagliapietro, Galassi, etc.

About 1888, Gilmore's fine concert band made its first appearance with such leading opera singers as Carlotta McConda, Mellini, etc. A fine local chorus, under the direction of Prof. Mason Broad, assisted with the rendition of various opera choruses.

At the same time local concerts were many, and choirs, quartettes and choruses began to flourish. There was a Mrs. Lorenzo Dow in those days who took a large part in musical events.

Perhaps this is a good time to refer to the numerous musical families who did so much for our advancement. Mrs. Wm. D. Todd, from the Boston Musical Conservatory, was here in 1880. She was a brilliant performer, took part in many classic programs and took only a few pupils. It is interesting to know that her daughter, Mrs. George Richie, also a pupil of the Boston Conservatory and later of Henry Houseley, was for many years a successful teacher, passing on her talent to her son, who held an organ position in Boulder

ST. BARNABAS CHOIR, 1899
Father Charles Marshall at the right

while in the University; after that he had the organ in Corona Presbyterian Church in Denver and was staff accompanist at KOA. The daughter, Annella, is a charming and accomplished violinist.

Fritz Thies, a connection of the Gottesleben family, was one of the earliest Denver musicians. He did much to help the growth of music in the young city, brought musical organizations and soloists and had a wonderful musical library.

His niece, Hilda Gottesleben, studied for years abroad and played the cello remarkably well. Wanda, a younger sister, had a light, flexible soprano voice, often heard on programs and with the choir of the Immaculate Conception Cathedral.

Three members of the Ward family, Mrs. W. S. Ward, Mrs. Theodore Holland, and Jessica Ward, studied with Marchesi in Paris, and frequently appeared on programs of the Tuesday Musical Club.

The Baker family came from Akron, Ohio, in the late '80s and immediately took a foremost position in the musical and cultural

life of Denver. Dr. Baker was a flutist of professional ability, and frequently appeared on the more exclusive programs. His wife was a gifted pianist and accompanist and possessed a well trained soprano voice. Later she was to prove her ability as a director when she took that position with the new and fashionable Tuesday Musical Club. Personal magnetism and leadership of the highest quality made this a great success for the four years she held it. Her sudden death in 1896 was an irreparable loss to the musical life of the city.

The oldest son of this family, Fred, was a talented violinist, playing in our best orchestras, until his departure for California where he, as well as his wife, Genevra Waters Baker, have been leaders in music. Another son, Harry, had a fine bass voice, and the youngest, Charles, is a noted coach and organist in New York City.

The Blake family was prominent for years. It included: I. E. Blake, founder and director of Trinity Choir and donor of the fine organ; the daughter, Allie, with a lovely soprano voice; and Winfield, the son, whose magnificent bass was much in demand on local concerts. Finally he left Denver for a stage career.

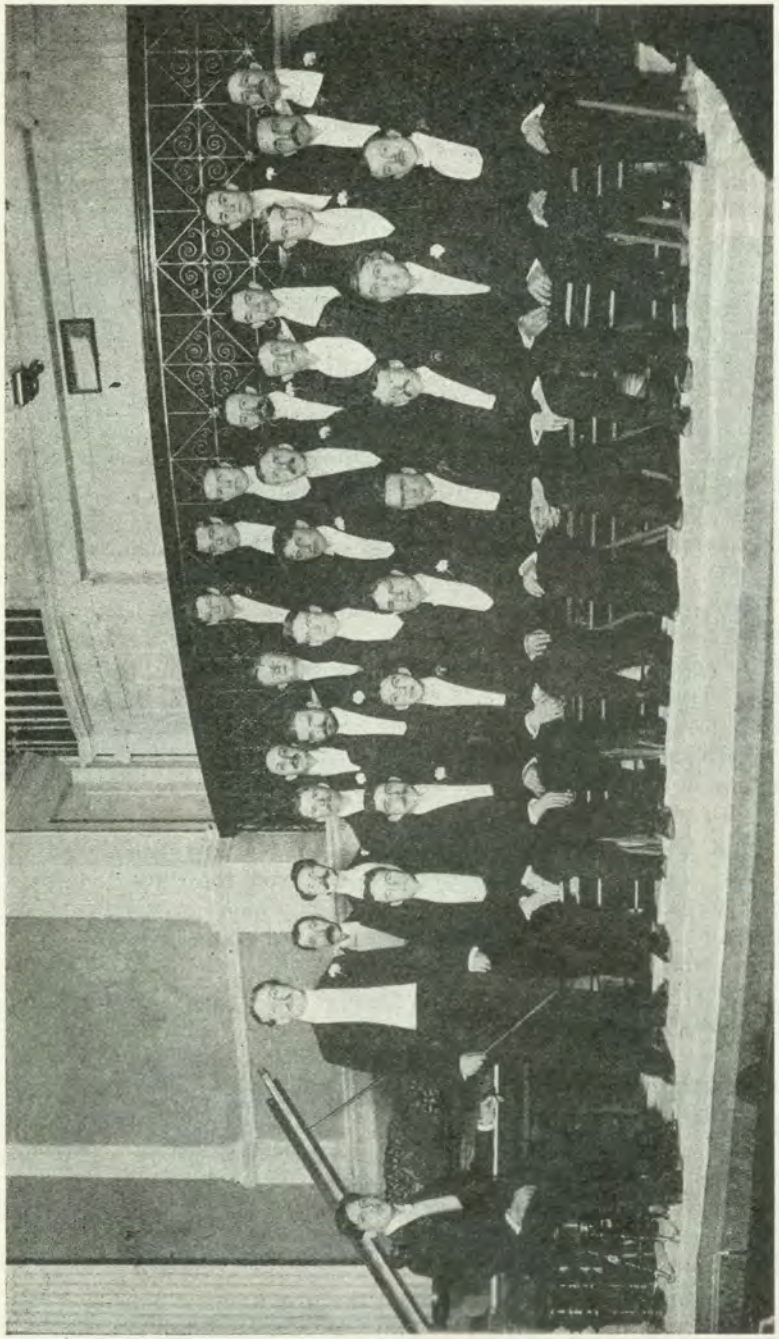
The Brown family contributed much to the musical life of the city. Mrs. Brown had been soprano soloist in a New York church. The daughter, Fanny Brown Eppich, pupil of the well known composer, Frederick Stevenson, was a brilliant and successful soprano. The oldest son, George, with a fine baritone voice, was a member of a well known male quartette. The youngest son, Charles, had a tenor voice of unusual quality and range, and was often soloist with the old Apollo Club.

Mr. and Mrs. John Mignolet were among early musicians of ability. The former, Belgian Consul, played the flute well, was generous in lending his talent, and served in many orchestras. His wife had a brilliant, finely trained soprano voice and had done much concert work.

A later and noted musical family was that of Wilberforce Whiteman. Mr. Whiteman began his career in Denver as Director of Music in the West Side High School. After the school districts consolidated, about 1894, he headed the school music for many years. He also was director at Trinity Methodist Church.

Mrs. Whiteman, a pupil of Hattie Louise Sims, had a glorious contralto voice and did fine concert work. She held leading church positions for years. A daughter, Ferne Whiteman Smith, inherited her mother's talent, and the son, Paul, the violinist, has gone far in accomplishment and fame.

Organizations must have begun early in Denver's history, but my own programs go back only to 1882. Perhaps the earliest was



THE DENVER APOLLO CLUB, about 1899
Frank Ormsby, Director; David Williams at the piano

the Denver Opera Company, producing the then new and popular Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

A very lovely soprano, recently returned from her studies in New York, was Hattie Shroeder. Anna Weigel, daughter of a local physician, sang the contralto leads, and I've never forgotten her performance in "Pirates of Penzance," with her gorgeous voice and her beautiful black hair hanging loose far below her waist. Frank Ford, the leading tenor, was from Cincinnati and the chorus had many well trained voices. These performances were given in the newly opened Tabor Grand Opera House.

The Denver Choral Club, under the direction of Mason Broad, organist of the First Baptist Church, was composed of a fine group of solo and trained chorus voices. A program of February 22, 1887, their third season, gives Gounod's "Redemption," with Jessie Hardy and Mrs. H. W. Carter as soprano soloists; Miss Butler and Mrs. Osborne, contraltos; W. G. Hayward, tenor; J. E. Blood, baritone; John Hamlet and Kratzer, basses.

Then there was the W. E. Skinner Madrigal Club. A program during 1887 lists a series of fine numbers; full orchestra under S. Konigsberg, chorus members, the Orpheus Male Quartette, cello solos by Emil Winkler, and contralto solos by Mrs. Milo Smith.

Mr. Stevenson's Concert Choir of one hundred picked voices, entrance by invitation only, made its appearance in 1887. A program of October 30, 1888, shows the presentation of "Athalie," by Mendelssohn. The soloists were Mrs. Grace D. Levering, a lovely soprano, lately from the East; Fanny Brown, Mr. Stevenson's own favorite pupil; Miss Lueno and Flora Smith. The dramatic readings were given by Rev. Henry Buchtel. Perhaps a few words of description would make these early musicians more interesting. Mr. Stevenson was a fiery little Englishman, with red hair and an unpredictable temper, but a wonderful director, obtaining quite unusual results. He was a fine composer and when he left Denver for California, he was under contract to Ditson, the publisher, for all he could produce.

The Denver Select Choir made its entrance in 1889. It was a strictly professional group—the number of singers limited to thirty-two, instrumentalists to twenty. Among the latter were Dr. George Baker, Dr. John H. Gower, organ; Senor Carlos Sobrino, piano; Emil Winkler, cello; and Emil Zeitz, violin. As far as I know, there is no group of such artistic merit in Denver today.

Denver Oratorio Society. On the evening of May 20, 1890, the Denver Oratorio Society, with I. E. Blake, director, gave its first concert of the first season, at beautiful new Trinity Methodist Church. It was a presentation of the "Creation," given by a large, well trained chorus, with Henry Houseley at the great organ, and

a large orchestra. The best professional soloists were brought from the East: Charles A. Knorr, tenor; Allen Priesch, basso; Mrs. S. C. Ford, soprano from Cincinnati.

On May 22, a secular concert was given by the same group, both to crowded houses. Concerts were given at intervals, always presenting notable singers. This organization was finally merged with Trinity's large chorus, continuing to present oratorios and concerts for many years, under the direction of Wilberforce Whiteman.

The Apollo Club was organized in 1891—a group of men with good voices, under the direction of Herbert Griggs, at that time organist at the First Congregational Church, and director of school music on the East Side. He was a popular and efficient director, giving many good programs and bringing soloists from the East. After his departure from Denver, Henry Houseley took charge, increasing the success of the organization and attaining some very artistic effects, notably in his own exquisite "Hark, Hark My Soul," and his arrangement of many Stephen Foster songs, and some unusual and difficult compositions. Later, Mr. Frank Ormsby, holding a good church position and teaching, became director, and continued until late in 1904, when he left for the East to follow a successful concert career.

A program of May 3, 1906, in the Thirteenth Season, shows a Wagnerian program—numbers from "Parsifal," solos by F. W. Edie and Chas. W. Brown, and Pilgrims Chorus from "Tannhauser."

Tuesday Musical Club. The preamble to the constitution says: "The Tuesday Musical Club is an association of women formed for the purpose of developing the musical talent of its members, and stimulating musical interest in Denver." So it began and so it continued for many years. The 50th Anniversary was celebrated in April, 1940, by a banquet and concert at the Olin Hotel. It was a delightful occasion; the long tables were filled with the young and charming members of the present chorus, with, alas, just a sprinkling of the older followers of music who had worked for its success through many long years. Many had already gone to join "the choir invisible," women of culture and talent, who should never be forgotten; many had moved to other cities and scenes, and some had just stepped aside from following so demanding a leader as the Goddess of Music.

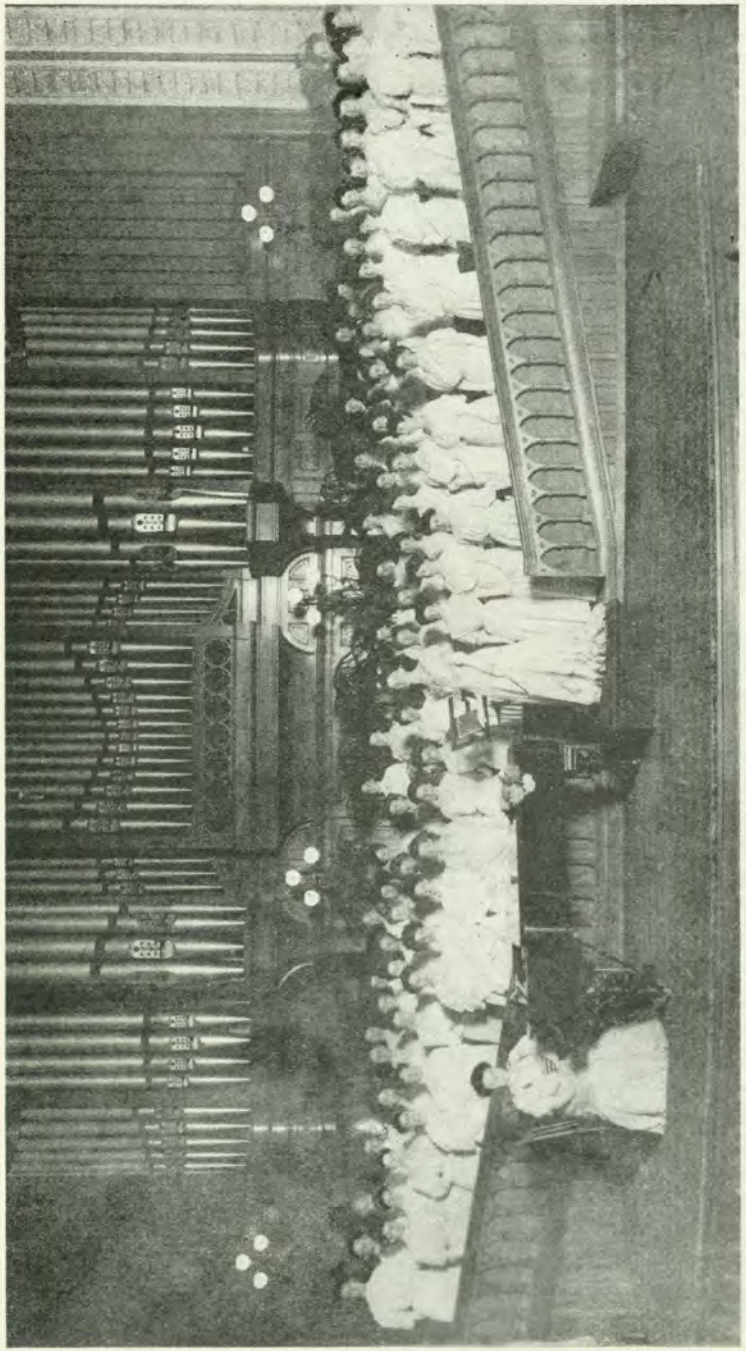
But at the speakers' table were a gallant few: Madeline Vance Brooks, that brilliant soprano, who returned from her European studies in 1893 to become a valued member of the club; Jane Crawford Eller, lovely contralto pupil of Hattie Louise Sims, who returned to Denver to take up the leader's baton; Mrs. Blanche Dingley-Mathews, renowned teacher and leader; Mrs. Harry Hastings, one of the earliest members and past president; Alice Williams, who became a member at the first meeting of the club in 1892, and, most welcome guest, that gracious lady, Mrs. Owen LeFevre, always at the forefront of music and for many years a valued friend and associate member of the club.

It was in the autumn of 1891 that Mrs. John M. Walker, well known soprano and pianist, returned from an eastern trip, enthusiastic over the Amateur Music Club of Chicago. She invited fifteen friends to meet and discuss the possibility of organizing a similar club. The first meeting took place on November 10, 1891, at Miss Ward's residence. It was decided to have no officers and no assessments. It was a group of society women, all musically trained. A small chorus was organized and directed by one of the members, Mrs. George G. Baker. An informal concert was presented at Miss Ward's home, April 6, 1892.

At the meeting on September 5, 1892, it was decided to open the club to the public and increase the membership to seventy; also to admit seventy-five associate members. The first members admitted by examination were Mrs. Cordelia Smissaert, piano; Miss Dolce Grossmayer, piano; Miss Gertrude Stone, piano; and the members of the Euterpe Quartette—Miss Martha Miner, Ida Spindle, Alice Roeschlaub, Lucy Davis. The names of the small group originating this club should be remembered, as they performed a lasting benefit to this city. They included: Mrs. George Griswold Baker, Mrs. E. C. Gilmore, Mrs. Theodore Holland, Miss Jessie Ward, Miss Jeanette Hall, Mrs. C. L. McIntosh, Mrs. T. B. Stearns, Mrs. J. H. Ferguson, Miss Isabel Hill, Miss Lutie Price, Mrs. Persifor M. Cooke *(nee* Anna Shields), and Mrs. J. M. Walker.

At this time the new club went by the name of the Amateur Music Club. Mrs. George Baker was the first president, elected September 20, 1892. On October 25, 1892, the first concert attended by associate members was given; on February 28, 1893, a concert was given to an audience of 400. On May 9, 1893, an election was held and Miss Isabel Hill became president. Mrs. Baker continued as director of the large and flourishing chorus.

For the first year the meetings were held in the small music room in the rear of Knight-Campbell's Music Store, then at the southeast corner of 16th and California Streets. (This is a good place to thank this company for its years of helpfulness to the club and also speak of what a large part this fine organization has played in the musical life of Denver.) Later Unity Church became the club home, where the afternoon meetings were held, and the fortnightly programs for members—later three afternoon concerts for associate members—took place.



THE TUESDAY MUSICAL CLUB
Hattie Louise Sims, Director; Miss Crawford at the piano

In March, 1896, the sudden death of their beloved director, Mrs. Baker, threatened to put an end to the young organization, but Dr. Baker persuaded them to carry on what had been his wife's greatest work and love. The position was offered to Hattie Louise Sims, brilliant soprano and successful teacher, lately returned from five years in Italy with Lamperti.

On the 22nd of April, 1897, the name was changed to the Tuesday Musical Club, and it was incorporated by Annie S. Cooke, Mary R. Gilman, Isabell Hill, Florence Holland and Effie McIntosh.

There were three evening concerts, introducing the best artists from the East, and three open afternoon recitals. These were among the first regular subscription concerts in Denver, and were brilliant affairs given in one of the large churches—the chorus in white, the audience in full evening dress, and an atmosphere of festivity pervading the event.

After Miss Hill's marriage, and consequent absence from Denver, Mrs. J. B. Kinney became president, and there followed the most successful chapter of the club. Mrs. Kinney was a wonderful organizer and possessed much business ability, so it was not long until the club became famous for its concerts. The picked chorus of seventy-five, unsurpassed for its quality and artistic effects; the lovely, graceful director, Miss Sims; and the succession of great singers and artists—Schumann-Heink, Gogorza, Gadski, Jean Gerardy, Fritz Kreisler—these are a very few of those Denver was given an opportunity to hear. McDowell, the great American composer and pianist, made his only appearance here under the auspices of this club, and also wrote and dedicated to the chorus that beautiful composition "Summer Wind."

At the same time, the three matinee performances were introducing lesser, but still delightful performers, and many of the fine musicians of our own city.

But though so successful in every way, having wonderful financial standing, the impressario part became a burden to the women of the club; especially to Mrs. Kinney, who had found it necessary to make trips to New York to arrange for artists to appear.

After much discussion, the board decided, at the annual meeting on April 30, 1909, to disband, while the club was at the peak of its glory. However, when this was put to vote, the hundred members voted it down, and chose to continue as a club, even without importing such great artists. We felt we still owed something to the many fine musicians who had given time and talent for its upbuilding. Besides, many of the leaders had dreams and aspirations for helping the music and young musicians of Denver. So, with

scarcely a ripple, the work went on, with Miss Sims still acting as director for two years.

During this time, new leaders had been quietly developing, and the courage and efficiency of Mrs. James McComb, the next president, led to a solid growth.

In the first years of its life, the Tuesday Musical Club had been an exclusive social affair; after that its independent growth, and the lure of hearing the great artists from abroad, made for success. Later, a spirit of helpfulness prevailed to introduce new musicians and to bring out young students.

During the two years following Miss Sims' resignation the club settled down to a quiet time of study and growth. Fortnightly programs were given, with talks by the best professional musicians here. The chorus director was Marie Schley Bren Kaus, a charming, talented soprano from New York.

Mrs. Kaus returned to New York and was succeeded by Bessie Dade Hughes, a most successful and magnetic director, who brought with her a large class of students with good voices. This led to further changes to meet the growth of the city, and modern living; for instance, the absorption of young women in business life. In 1914, an evening extension was formed for the benefit of these. The fortnightly programs continued and two evening concerts were added. Eventually all meetings were held in the evening.

The enthusiasm and devotion of its members carried the club work into new fields at this time. The club developed a good orchestra of from sixteen to twenty members, under the capable direction of Edith Sindlinger Wible; it tended more and more toward community service work, sending out members and groups who gave programs for clubs, hospitals, etc. In 1920, the club gave a delightful performance of the operetta, "Miss Cherryblossom," under the direction of Freeman H. Talbot. In 1921, it actively sponsored the Music Memory Contests in the Junior High Schools, aiding the teachers by giving programs of the required numbers at the school assemblies.

In 1923 the club, assisted by a group of male singers, gave a fine performance of "Faust" at the Broadway Theatre, under the direction of R. Jefferson Hall, and, in 1924, the same director put on that charming old English light opera, "Dorothy."

The club was fortunate in securing Horace E. Tureman for director and gave "The Blessed Damozel" with the Symphony Orchestra. A later director was Mme. Blanche DaCosta, under whom much was accomplished, notably radio appearances. Finally on her return to New York, the baton was offered to Jane Crawford Eller, a pupil of Miss Sims, a singer, a teacher, a choir leader and

in all successful. The high standard of the chorus work continues and the annual concert presented is well attended and much applauded.

The Wednesday Music Party was a small group of social-minded young women, all talented and well trained musicians, who organized to hold small musicals at their homes, monthly.

The Orpheus Male Chorus, though not of the '90s, rates favorable mention for its excellence. R. Jefferson Hall, for many years organist of St. Mark's Church, became its director. This group of good voices became quickly noted for its artistic finish, tone quality and dramatic interpretation.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

Boyhood Recollections of Springfield, Colorado

A. W. McHendrie*

In the summer of 1887 our family moved from Iowa and settled on a ranch near Springfield, Colorado. I had already completed what would be the equivalent of the eighth grade, and as the Springfield school did not go beyond that, I attended only spasmodically. My activities during the next five years were largely confined to riding horseback, assisting in running a small bunch of cattle which my father had. In those days the prairies were covered with antelope and occasionally my father would permit me to take his old Spencer carbine, which he had carried as a cavalryman through the Civil War and which shot a rim fire cartridge of about a .54 or .56 caliber, and go out and kill an antelope for fresh meat. I thought I was a frontiersman and big game hunter.

Like all boys of that age and period, my first ambition was to become a cowboy. The trail herds from Texas to Montana came through that region immediately east of my father's ranch and one of my great interests in life was riding out to the camps of the trail herd cowmen and joining them around the mess wagon for meals. There were a large number of range cattle in that vicinity and occasionally during the five-year period I would join the roundup for a few days. In the spring of 1890 I had a brief employment as a horse wrangler with a trail herd of the Xit brand, consisting of about 2,500 three and four year old steers trailing north. I stayed

*Judge McHendrie of Pueblo was born on a farm near Bellevue, Iowa, on the bank of the Mississippi. Of his childhood spent there he recalls especially the fun he had in swimming, boating, and fishing in and on the Mississippi River. The family moved to a ranch near Springfield, Colorado, in the summer of 1887, when McHendrie was thirteen years old. The recollections given here were written at our request.—Ed.

with this job for fifty miles, which took us about a week, to the Arkansas River. It rained all the time and the herd stampeded two or three separate nights, and as there was no fuel in that country, the cook could not cook us hot meals by reason of the fact that the buffalo chips were so wet they would not burn. I got my bed roll wet the first night and never did get it dry. By the time we reached the Arkansas all the romance of cow punching had faded and I quit and went to work on a hay ranch immediately east of Lamar for the balance of that summer. That winter I worked with a construction gang that was building the Amity Canal, driving a slip team for a time until I got promoted to driving a four-mule wagon which freighted supplies to the construction camp from Granada to the camp which was just east of the Big Sandy on the north side of the river.

The next summer there was not much to do around the home ranch so I went up to Rocky Ford and got a job on a ranch on the banks of the Timpas, about six or seven miles southeast of Rocky Ford.

During these earlier years in and around Lamar that little town was rather unique. It had been started in the summer or fall of 1886 and during all of the early years it consisted of frame, one-story, one-room little store buildings and rather primitive frame houses for residences. I recall vividly on my first trip to Lamar after going to the ranch, which as I remember was about October or November of 1887, an enterprising barber had secured a town lot just where the Lamar Opera House now stands on Main Street, and had set up shop in a piano box set up on end. He had a little sheet iron stove upon which he heated water and a homemade barber chair which sat out in front of the piano box with a little canvas awning over it and the customer sat practically in the street while the barber heated his water and kept his tools of trade under cover of the box. I remember sitting out in the open and getting my hair cut.

During the remainder of the year 1887, throughout the year 1888 and until the spring of 1889, Springfield was a typical western boom town. It was very primitive in its buildings, but there had come into this region a great influx of homesteaders, many of whom were former soldiers of the Union and Confederate Army who had come West and taken advantage of the homestead entry laws.

It was a pretty wild town, achieving during the year 1888 quite a number of business enterprises, including three or four grocery stores, two clothing stores, three livery stables, two banks, two newspapers and five or six very active and prosperous saloons, with wide open gambling running in each of them.

The cowboys from the roundups and trail herds used to celebrate at Springfield quite actively and I have many times seen the town shot up, that is, groups of hilarious cowboys running their horses up and down the streets, firing their six shooters in the air, the ground, and with an occasional shot through some window.

The rainfall had been above normal for several years prior to 1889, and as a result the prairies were covered with a mat of buffalo grass except in the lower portions where the grama grass thrived. I recall my father cutting grama grass for hay with a mowing machine the fall of 1888 and getting two or three stacks of hay off of perhaps a sixty acre tract, on which there has not been, since that time, grass enough to sustain one cow.

One very vivid recollection of the first fall I spent in that region was the hazard of prairie fires. Every homesteader plowed a fire guard around his buildings and on several different occasions the entire community went out to fight the prairie fires to the north and northeast of our ranch, and particularly along Horse Creek, where the grama grass was quite tall for a number of miles in a stretch perhaps two or three miles wide.

During the spring and summer of 1888 a great number of homesteaders plowed up five acres or more and planted crops. As a result of the moisture contained in the soil, rather extraordinary crops were produced. I recall that in September of 1888 a County Fair was held in Springfield and the exhibits of agricultural products were almost equal to modern day exhibits in county fairs along the Arkansas River where the crops are now raised under irrigation.

I also vividly recall that we planted a small garden near the ranch house in a swale, or hollow, which thrived and produced a considerable quantity of vegetables without irrigation. One unique production was that somebody persuaded my father to plant about a dozen hills of peanuts. It was part of my duties to cultivate these peanuts and other vegetables during the summer. When we harvested the peanuts in the fall we had six or eight barrels of peanuts. This is the only effort that I ever heard of in southeastern Colorado to grow peanuts. These peanuts gave us quite a welcome addition to our rather limited food supply. Everything we ate, outside of beef or antelope, had to be freighted from Lamar or Syracuse, Kansas, with an additional freight rate of fifty cents per hundred, so that it was difficult to get any food except the staples. We roasted these peanuts in the oven and my mother ground up the raw peanuts in a hand coffee mill and mixed the product with corn meal or flour and made some pretty tasty dishes.

One of our major problems during those days was fuel for cooking and heating. The creeks were lined with cottonwood trees

and there were some dead ones. Dead cottonwood would burn after a fashion but the green cottonwood was utterly worthless as a fuel. The nearest fuel was in the cedar hills some twenty-five miles from Springfield and most of the settlers made trips to the cedars and hauled back wagon loads of dry and dead cedar which was a very good fuel but entailed a tremendous amount of work and time to get an adequate winter supply. During the summer or in dry weather we resorted to a great extent to the traditional prairie fuel, to-wit, buffalo chips, which made a pretty fair fire for cooking, particularly on an open fire, but were quite difficult to keep burning in a stove. However, part of my boyhood tasks in those days was to go out on the prairie and gather up many bushel baskets of this fuel.

By the first of the year of 1889, there had grown up in what is now Baca County a number of towns with imposing names. Some that I remember were as follows: Boston, Minneapolis, Indianapolis, Brookfield, Vilas, Holmes City, Atlanta, Springfield, and others. The three largest of these were Springfield, Boston and Minneapolis.

On the convening of the Legislature in January of 1889 a great agitation was begun for the creation of a new county with the incidental conflict between the largest three mentioned towns to be designated as the county seat. Extensive lobbies were maintained throughout the session of the Legislature by representatives of each of these towns with intense rivalry, charges and counter charges of bribery and corruption, some personal encounters and some shooting affairs among the adherents of the claims for this honor. The result, however, was that in April, 1889, Baca County was cut off from Las Animas County and Springfield was designated as the County Seat. Springfield has maintained that position ever since, although there was a tense County Seat war between Boston and Springfield at the next election, when the County Seat was to be designated by the electorate. Springfield won this election and the Board of County Commissioners purchased a large frame hotel building located at Boston for a Court House and attempted to move it from Boston to Springfield, a distance of approximately twenty miles, on rollers. After the building had been transported perhaps half the distance from Boston, some of the Boston adherents were charged with having set fire to it and burned it to the ground. In any event, one night it burned.

The spring of 1889 opened up as a very promising season and a large acreage of crops was planted. I recall that my father had in probably 100 acres, mostly of corn, with some cane and maize. The early spring was characterized by terrific winds and no precipitation. The crops came up very well, however, but in June

the hot southwest winds started in and literally burned the tender crops in the field. This drought condition persisted for a number of years and by the summer of 1890 the people had to move out and left in droves. The streams, which had been quite substantial creeks, dried up and it was exceedingly difficult to obtain water for domestic or livestock purposes. There were a few wells drilled, but the depth to water was such that only in limited areas were they successful. Most of the people had to haul water for domestic use from a few springs that did not dry up, a distance of some half a mile to a number of miles. On our ranch we had to haul our water about three-quarters of a mile and one of my jobs was to put a couple of barrels on a stoneboat, or a primitive sled made from the forks of a cottonwood, and haul the water from the spring to the house almost daily.

In the latter part of October, 1890, a terrific blizzard struck this country, covering the ground with quite a mantle of snow, which did not thaw appreciably for several weeks. The livestock which had had very little nourishment through the summer and fall suffered severely and thousands died as a result of this storm.

My grandmother Kiskaddon, my mother's mother, who had come to Colorado and taken a homestead shortly after we did and was living in her homestead cottage, or cabin, by herself about three-fourths of a mile from our ranch home went out in this blizzard to take care of her chickens, missed her way back and became lost in the storm and perished. As a personal incident connected with this tragedy, my father was away from home at the time the blizzard broke and in the morning, as the storm gave evidence of being quite severe, my mother sent me up to my grandmother's cabin to get her to come back to the ranch house. My grandmother, however, said she was very comfortable, had a woodshed full of wood and did not want to go out in the storm to walk to the ranch house. I saw that she had plenty of wood and left her and started back. The storm increased in such violence that I could not see and became lost. I got absolutely bewildered, couldn't tell what direction I was going, and would undoubtedly have perished except for the fact that I finally ran into a fence which I thought was the fence around our cultivated land at the ranch and fortunately took the right direction, following the wires to where the fence connected with a corral fence adjoining our barn and got into the house from the barn after about two hours of as strenuous a struggle as I ever went through.

The principal celebrations which I attended in Springfield in my boyhood were, first a celebration held on July 4, 1888, in a cottonwood grove at the confluence of Cat and Bear creeks, about a mile and a half east of town. There was music by the newly

organized Springfield Silver Cornet Band. An oration was delivered by the late F. M. Tipton, an attorney and one of the members of the town company, and a recital of the Declaration of Independence by the writer hereof. I had memorized this immortal document and delivered it with great gusto on a platform under the cottonwood trees. There was a picnic dinner and in the afternoon foot races, horse races and a baseball game, as I remember it, between the Springfield team and the Vilas team. There was a big dance that night—the fireworks were furnished by a group of cowboys who rode in from somewhere on the Cimarron, arriving late in the afternoon or evening, and after having partaken somewhat bountifully of the liquid refreshments available in the town, emptied their six-shooters up and down the main street of the city until they had exhausted their ammunition.

The next big celebration I recall was held in the spring in April, 1889, to commemorate the creation of Baca County and the selection of Springfield as its County Seat. Two one-story frame store rooms immediately opposite each other on the main street were connected with a hastily built frame structure running clear across the street. In this assembly hall, in the afternoon, the band played, speeches were made by all the newly appointed officials of the County and other prominent citizens. In the evening, a large dinner was served by the ladies of the community and after dinner a dance was held in which the old-fashioned square dances (now becoming again popular) was indulged in with great vigor until after sunrise. I remember there were only 2 men present who could call square dances and each of them knew only 2 or 3 dances. The writer had picked up in some manner the call for one square dance and had the great privilege of being permitted to call that dance at least half a dozen times during the festivities. This accomplishment in a boy 15 years of age was looked upon—at least by him—as a great achievement.

During all of the early days in Springfield, horse racing was a very popular sport. A half-mile straight-away track was laid out immediately west of the town and during the years 1887, 1888 and 1889, horse races were held nearly every Saturday afternoon. The horses were generally just cow ponies and the popular race was a quarter mile dash. The writer, being quite slender and light, was somewhat in demand as a jockey and rode in a great many of those races with fair success, including one memorable race between two locally famous horses, one known as "Shorty" and the other as "Baldy." In this race the writer was riding the faster horse, but just before the finish and while well out in front, he turned to see how far back his opponent was and in some manner ignominiously fell off the horse and lost the race,—much to the angry disgust of the owner of the horse, (which was Shorty) and those who had bet upon him.

Most of the settlers on homesteads in that region at that time were young men, or young married men with children, with perhaps the bachelors predominating. The bachelor group was a carefree, exuberant and happy lot, not taking life too seriously and contributing largely to the entertainment and enjoyment of the community. When the boom "busted" they drifted away and many of them afterwards became prominent, and some quite famous in business and professional life in other places.

The family men, however, were concerned about school and church facilities. During the winter of 1887, school was held in a little one-story, one-room building, and one of the popular entertainments during that winter was a spelling school which was always held on Friday night and which not only the school children, but the entire population in and around Springfield attended. They chose up sides, getting everybody into the game, and I recall one famous evening which developed into a very bitterly contested and prolonged battle,—after everybody else had been spelled down,—between a young man who had been a professor in some eastern University who had come out to the prairie country for his health and taken a homestead, whose name I have now forgotten; and a professional gambler known as "Slim," who ran a poker game in one of the gambling emporiums then flourishing in the little town. Much to the delight of the unregenerate, the gambler finally won the spelling match.

Incidentally, and as evidence of the interest which those pioneers had in education, in the year 1888 it was determined to build a school house. There were very little, if any, funds available for that purpose, so it became a community enterprise. Practically all the men who had children in that entire vicinity contributed in some manner. Many of them had very little money and practically all the work of constructing this building was done by volunteer labor. I remember the men quarrying the stone and hauling it and laying it, and I helped my father haul stone from the quarry for several days as a part of our contribution to the edifice. It resulted in a large two-story, well-built stone building which is still standing in Springfield and is now used, as I understand, as the Masonic Hall.

As heretofore suggested, however, beginning in 1889 and continuing for several years, the drought forced the settlers out of the country until it was practically depopulated. The panic of 1893 coming on, there was a number of years when practically the entire area of the county was sold for taxes and for some time the county

was absolutely bankrupt to the extent that they could not even pay county officers for several years.

Beginning, however, in the latter nineties, livestock became more valuable and with some wet years about that time, the country was rehabilitated to quite an extent, in fact to the extent of a substantial boom around about 1906 and 1907 when the county was again largely re-populated. Since that time there have been cycles of prosperity and despair, largely controlled by the amount of rainfall.

Floyd M. Wilson and the Alfalfa Milling Industry

Floyd Matthew Wilson of Lamar, Colorado, in pioneering the alfalfa milling industry, has earned for himself a place in the economic history of Colorado and the West.

In January, 1908, he resigned as Traveling Freight Agent of the Missouri Pacific Railroad to promote a new enterprise, which was to be known as The Denver Alfalfa Milling and Products Company. His stockholders were oil capitalists living in his home town of Independence, Kansas.* At the organization meeting he was elected General Manager; later he became President.

The first mill was built in the Arkansas Valley at Hartman in 1908, and since then mills have been built and operated under his management at Bristol, Wiley, Wilson Junction, Holly, McClave, Fort Lyon, Cheraw, Fowler, Ordway and Olney Springs in southern Colorado; and in the Sterling area and at Johnstown in northern Colorado.

The company expanded to operate a chain of alfalfa mills in California, Arizona, Texas, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri and Michigan. His company was the first to commercialize alfalfa milling. Markets for the meal were developed from Boston to Galveston; also in London, Glasgow, and other European points. The company became the largest manufacturer and distributor of alfalfa products in the nation.

In 1914 Mr. Wilson founded at Wichita, Kansas, the W-W Machinery Company, which became a large manufacturer of feed

*Mr. Wilson was born in Independence, Kansas, March 15, 1878, and came of Scotch-English ancestry. In June, 1898, he joined the 20th Kansas U. S. Volunteer Infantry under command of Colonel Fred Funston. While in Manila he served several months at the headquarters of General Arthur McArthur. Returning to the United States he was employed by the Denver Engineering Works and then by the Missouri Pacific Railroad.

His breadth of interest outside of business is indicated by the following: In 1936 he was delegate to the Republican National Convention. He organgized the Highway 50 Association and was president for six years. He was one of the organizers of the Hillcrest Country Club of Lamar; is active in Masonic circles, the Rotary Club, and various social and fraternal organizations.—Ed.

grinders for farms. He was appointed as one of the Directors of the Wichita Federal Land Bank in 1920, representing farmer borrowers in Colorado and New Mexico in the 9th District, this service continuing for eleven years.

He is a charter member of the American Feed Manufacturers Association, Chicago, being a Director at different times. In World War I he was a member of the Herbert Hoover Feed Control Committee, Washington, D. C., representing alfalfa meal and other alfalfa products. He was Chairman of the Finance Committee to promote the building of the John Martin Reservoir and the Caddoa Dam on the Arkansas River, which became a government project of immense proportions.

He has served as District Vice President of the Colorado Chamber of Commerce. In 1942 the School of Business of the University of Colorado selected him as an outstanding businessman of the year and presented him with a gold key.

Memoirs of Marian Russell[1]

MRS. HAL RUSSELL

The days that followed our return to the valley were busy ones. I had always led a busy life but I believe I had more tasks allotted to me daylight until dark of each day than I had ever had before; yet somehow, I found time to write to mother, who had gone again to Kansas City, and to brother Will. I tried hard not to let mother know how much I missed and needed her, but some trace must have crept into my letters, because she told me later that when my first letter arrived she knew that I wanted her. She said she could visualize me sitting half-frightened by our covered wagon, my children crowding near me. She said she thought much about the Ute Indians which inhabited the Trinidad country and she kept wondering if Richard would ever be very far away from that lonely wagon under the trees. She kept thinking it over and over, lying in bed in her Kansas City home and, at last, arose at 1 a. m. on an October morning and began putting the things she needed for another trail trip into the little horse-hide trunk. I am sure she wanted to see me and the children as badly as I wanted to see her, and I am equally sure she thrilled again over the long wagon trip out.

While Richard and young John cut logs for the new house, I busied myself at camp. All day I could hear the sound of their

[1]Continued from the preceding issue and concluded in this. The editorial notes by Edgar C. McMechen.—Ed.

axes not far away among the timber. After the logs were felled and trimmed began the work of laying them up, and it was then I became a real help as I drove team while the men skidded the big logs into place.

As soon as the first part of the house was laid up we moved into it, before partitions, windows or door were in. We hung an Indian blanket in the doorway and chained Parejo there; and it was while the house was in this unfinished state that I got the scare of my life.

Our new home was on the old Ute trail from the Cimarron agency and Indians were as thick as hops. Many were the days that first memorable summer that the children and I spent in some sheltered nook atop the Wall. I was so afraid they might come and find me in the house alone and, at last, that was what happened.

The men were at work in the timber that morning and I was busy in the house when I chanced to glance out, and there, coming up the path from the spring, was a big Ute. Paralyzed with fright, I did not know what to do; but I herded Katie Elmira back under the bed and, gathering the baby in my arms, I crept under with her. Scarcely were we tucked away out of sight when Parejo gave his low, ominous man-growl. The baby murmured and I calmed him as best I could, but Katie Elmira was as quiet as a mouse. She hid her curly head in my apron and trembled with fright. Above the frantic barking of the dog and the wild beating of my heart I heard the Ute's grunt of chagrin when he found his entrance barred by the dog.

There came the sibilant sound of moccasined feet following the wall of the house around to the open window. With my baby's soft hair pressed against my lips I thought of that hair and of Katie Elmira's decorating that red heathen's belt, and I prayed as I never prayed before.

The Indian's grotesquely-painted face and blanket-draped shoulders appeared suddenly at the window. I saw his beady eyes searching the room for us. Then my baby, just learning to talk, said "Whose dat, Mamma?" and those evil black eyes found us crouching in the shadows beneath the bed.

The striped blanket slipped from his bare brown shoulders as the Indian heaved himself up and partly through the window opening. I just lay there and watched him with a sort of horror and fascination. I saw his dark hands clutching the window ledge; his greasy, black hair parted above his evil, snaky eyes. I remember thinking that perhaps those eyes would be the last sight vouchsafed me on the earth; but a canine fury with slavering jaws projected himself between me and that horror-filled window.

Parejo's chain would not permit him to reach the window but it did permit him to get between bed and window. There he stood at the end of his chain, reared on his hind feet. He pulled steadily at the tautened chain and glared at the intruder with bared, yellow fangs. I remembered having seen those yellow teeth sink deep into human flesh once and I prayed fervently that the chain would break.

The big Ute, almost half through the window opening, hesitated. He looked the big dog in the eyes for a full moment. Parejo growled like distant thunder; the hair on his back bristled threateningly. At last, I saw the blood-lust slowly fade from the Indian's face while a look of fear and caution gathered there. Turning, he gave me one long look from cruel eyes and slipped back from the window. I heard his slippered feet following the path from the house, but it was not until Parejo ceased to growl and to tug at his chain that we crept from our retreat under the bed.

After those first two rooms were finished and the roof on, I began plastering the inner walls as I had seen the Mexican women do in New Mexico. It was long and tedious work. My back ached and my hands became rough and red. However, I did not quit until the rough log walls were plastered and whitewashed.

Richard made us a door from boards he had hewn with an axe. We had no glass in the windows until we went to Trinidad again. The weather was getting very cold and so I wrung out squares of muslin from hot melted deer tallow and these we stretched over the window openings. The oiled muslin permitted the light to enter and kept out the cold November wind.

We had mother's candle molds and holders and when Richard killed a deer I rendered the tallow, filled the molds and made candles. My mold would make four candles at once. It was not long until we had a winter's supply laid away. We also had oil lamps, but sometimes oil was scarce or hard to get and I have always liked having candles. Even now I keep my tallow candle handy, although my daughter's home in which I live is lighted with electricity.

I like to go back in my mind to that winter behind the wall; the new little house smelling so strongly of fresh hewn pine; to the great pile of wood in front where I went to pile high my basket with fresh wood chips. Fuel in New Mexico had always been so hard to get that I reveled in the abundance here. When cold December came we had food, shelter, warmth and light. When the wind began to blow so bitterly among the trees, the mountain blue birds, that had so delighted us, left suddenly; but the noisy, squalling jays stayed on to fly like great blue blossoms through the snow storms. When the meadow grass hung ripe and full of seed,

came great flocks of red-winged blackbirds to sing the long days through. From my kitchen window I saw white clouds like cotton fleece resting upon the great stone wall, and I saw the little valley wet with the dews of early morning and flooded with the purple light of evening.

So it was that Richard and I built a home in a wilderness thirty-five miles from a neighbor. Simple home it was, meagerly furnished, and danger was ever near—yet we were very happy. Because we were so strangely happy I have often wondered whether elevators, telephones, automobiles, radios, electric lights and running water have ever really made anyone happy. Perhaps nothing ever makes us happy but just wanting ardently to do something and being permitted to do it.

One more trip to town we made before the heavy snows came. This time we brought mother home with us, and how good it seemed to have her with me once again. I couldn't help but be proud of the little home I had helped to build with my own hands. Framed pictures hung on my whitewashed walls. There were shelves of books flanking the great fireplace. Lace curtains hung at my windows. My clean old Navaho rugs covered the new pine floors. When mother found how safe and comfortable we really were she seemed a bit disgusted and immediately began planning to go to Will in California—blessed pioneer that she was.

I remember the letters we found waiting for us when we went to Trinidad after mother. Most of them had been forwarded from Tecolote. The most important one was from Will. However, there was one from Richard's brother John, in Chicago. That letter written December 11, 1871, told us about the Chicago fire. Richard's brother lost his fortune then.

Will's letter informed us that he had been ordained to the Baptist ministry and would, that January, go to Walworth, New York.

Richard spent much time hunting and fishing. The winter was long and cold and, before the spring came, we realized that we should have built the cabin below the wall. For some reason still unknown the temperature is always much warmer below the wall than above, often being fifteen degrees difference. Perhaps our long residence in New Mexico made us feel the cold this first winter in Stonewall more than we did in the succeeding ones. On stormy nights we often would draw our beds into the circle of warmth thrown out by the fireplace and fall asleep to the soft crackling of the flames and whisperings of the pines. Sometimes, we saw the moon, a frozen bowl of purest gold, rising above the high, black wall.

There came a day in December when all the little cedar trees were bending beneath their weight of snow, that a covered wagon pulled in through the gap in the wall. Bareheaded and beside myself with joy, I ran out to welcome to Stonewall valley our old friends, the George A. Storzes from Tecolote.

The Storzes, taking advantage of our experience, settled about a mile below the wall, and lived in the home thus founded all the rest of their lives.

Before spring came Richard filed on a relinquishment below the wall and it was there he built the home that is today my own. Soon, he built a dam across the end of a little valley and, in no time at all, had a lovely little lake glistening in the sunshine.

The last sixty years of my life have been lived at Stonewall. Six more children came to Richard and me there. Elinor Augusta Russell was born in November of 1872. She was the first white child to be born in the Stonewall valley. She was my one really beautiful child. Her pure, little face always seemed like a prayer to me and her life has been not far from one. Her birth was followed by two little boys, scarcely two years apart—Harold Damewood and Oliver Earl. Always they were like twins, sharing black eyes and sugar plums. After that came another girl, the Marian Ethel with whom I have made my home these later years. Then two boys who were claimed by death.

Sixty years is a long time to live in one place, yet looking back upon it now it seems like a watch in the night. The first years were spent fighting Indians and carving a home from the wilderness. Richard was storekeeper and postmaster. He established a saw mill and a planing mill. George Storz established a flour mill, and settlers came from as far away as Taos and Santa Fe to bring grists.

With the $1,000 that Richard had given me in Tecolote I now decided to go into the cattle business. Richard bought two hundred head in New Mexico. Most of them were red roans, but among them was Pacheco, a snowy white cow with a sprinkling of rose-colored freckles and a rose lining to her white ears. Her descendants still appear among my son's herd.

Mr. Russell was so busy that he suggested that Mr. Storz and I go into the business together. Mr. Storz had about the same number of animals. We milked as many of the cows as we could and, during those first few years at Stonewall, made good money selling butter. We sent freight wagons with wheat, flour and butter to old Fort Lyon in exchange for buffalo meat and provisions; freight loads of butter to Taos or Santa Fe in exchange for red chile peppers, Spanish onions, Mexican beans. Once John Sanger

took a load of butter to Santa Fe and sold it for $260, besides several sacks of large Spanish onions and strings of red peppers. We churned thirty-five or forty pounds four or five times a week, wrapping rolls of it in cheese-cloth and packing it in barrels. We sold it as far away as Missouri, usually receiving forty cents per pound.

The Utes acquired the habit of perching on the corral fence at milking time and, at first, we filled their cans and buckets. But Richard soon decided that we could not supply the entire Ute tribe with milk. One evening he refused to give them more and they went away, sullen and resentful. That night, as I lay looking across the shorn green meadows, I saw that the haystacks were on fire. The Indians had retaliated by burning our entire winter feed for the stock.

On another occasion my husband traded several unneeded freight wagons for wheat and, after selling all that he could in the Trinidad and Stonewall regions, sent the remainder to La Junta with the Sanger boy. We heard nothing for two months and had begun to fear that something had happened to him, when word came that the Cheyennes were on the war-path, out to attack their old enemies the Utes. This tribe was mightily afraid of the Cheyennes, and a band camped on a mountain north of the Storz ranch for days. Finally, they started for the Cimarron country, filing past our home in a seemingly endless procession. The intelligent Cheyennes seemed to know just what the Utes would do, so they circled around and met the Utes on the Cimarron trail. In the fight that ensued that particular band of Utes was just about wiped out.

Our closest personal danger came when little George Irwin, then perhaps nine years old, was riding in Romaine Canon with a neighbor boy. A band of Utes saw the children and gave chase, probably with the purpose of stealing the horses. They could only have taken George's little mare over his dead body. Turning their horses, the two boys dashed full speed through the ranks of the howling Indians and headed for home. I still have the vivid picture of those little lads charging down the mountain side with five Indians in hot pursuit. But the little mare did her best and the Indians turned back as the boys reined up at the house.

Other white settlers came thick and fast and soon Stonewall Valley was no longer an untamed wilderness. Richard was a planner, a man of vision. He took possession of the land that lay along that old Ute trail and made a domain to nourish his children and grandchildren. Behind the new frame house he planted apples trees for fruit he was never to eat. Along the western border of our land he planted shade trees—elm, box elder

and cottonwood. The frame house he built there has seemed to shrink as those trees have grown taller and taller. The great house is a little house now, that seems to hover close to the earth like the spreading wings of some mother bird.

In 1875, brother Will was sent to Burma, India, as publisher and treasurer of the Baptist Missionary Society. India seemed very far away, but mother, who was with me, cast many speculative glances at her little horse-hair trunk and I knew well what was in her mind. It took all my love and pathetic need for her to keep her with me.

In 1876 the first Stonewall school was organized with a short three months term. I stood one morning to watch Katie Elmira and little George Irwin stumping across the road to school. How importantly they hurried along. The red bow on Katie's curly head and George's copper-toed boots were seen through a mist of tears. My babies were growing up.

The first death in Stonewall settlement came in 1876. A log fell on a young lad who was helping to cut timber. The settlers gathered to discuss a likely cemetery site. High up above the blue waters of Russell Lake we found a mesa level as a floor, the wildest and most beautiful place in the valley. Sixty years ago the first grave was made there. Today there are many white stones bearing the names of old Stonewall settlers. They are the pioneers who came and lived out their lives beneath the shadow of the Stonewall.

By 1883, Stonewall had grown to be a good-sized cluster of houses. We had a Sunday school and a church. We had neighborhood sings and a literary society. We would go miles to attend a dance and would take my little melodeon and play all night long.

During these years Katie Elmira—my little sunbonnet baby—grew to womanhood. Her mass of brown hair piled high on her little head seemed a weight for her slim little neck. Her grave, sweet eyes looked out over childish parted lips. Her ruffled Sunday dresses touched the floor and she helped me direct the work of my growing household with womanly dignity. One night, she came to me and told me of her love for young Dan Harvey. In April of 1883 she was married and I realized then how fleeting are the days of childhood. It seemed only the day before, she tied that white sunbonnet under her dimpled chin.

In 1884, Will wrote again. He was now in Mexico City as Superintendent of the Baptist Missions there. He had set up a printing press and was editing a Spanish Protestant newspaper, the first of its kind in old Mexico. He was translating hymns, the Bible and leaflets into Spanish and was distributing them by the thousands. He had brought about the building of a Baptist

church at a cost of $25,000 and with his own hands rang the first Protestant church bell in Mexico City.

When, in later years, Will wrote that he had rejected the church that he had labored for so hard throughout the years, we did not understand. I think that I still do not understand. Was this return to the Catholic faith the result of Father Lamy's prayers? Or had Will, like a credulous child, tried to grasp a truth too large for the erring human heart to know? I only know that Will was honest and unafraid and I am sure something lovely and spiritual had touched his heart bringing him into the faith for which Father Lamy had lived and died.

When news of Will's death came to us in later years I thought of a childish figure kneeling by an old trundle bed. I thought of a childish voice saying "Please God, may I some day see your face." The old earth moves slowly onward and the Divine Plan is too great for our earth-bound minds.

I felt the same when mother died. Mother was like a beautiful bird of Paradise. She flew best against the wind. Her intrepid pioneer spirit loved the breaking of new trails. Always she kept her brave face to the wind.

It was in the year of 1888 that we received notice from the Maxwell Land Company to abandon the land that was ours. Twenty-four hours were given us to appear in Denver, over two hundred miles away—in a day when there were no automobiles and we were thirty-five miles from a railroad. History's pages are stained with lies concerning this great land steal. Coat after coat of whitewash have been applied trying vainly to cover up the stains of honest blood. Many men were murdered and unhappiness brought to twenty thousand law-abiding citizens through the loss of their homes on the Grant.[2]

The Maxwell Company deputized armed men and sent them into the valley to drive the settlers from their homes. Sometimes I wonder how anything so wrong and cruel could ever have happened. Many accounts have been written of the Maxwell Land

[2]Marian Russell here refers to the entire Maxwell Land Grant population—not to that of the Stonewall Valley. In this narrative she has handled the circumstances surrounding the murder of Captain Russell on August 25, 1888, with considerable restraint. The extensive litigation over the Grant lands is too voluminous to permit more than a brief reference here. This litigation was finally terminated when the United States Supreme Court confirmed the Maxwell Land Grant Company's claim on May 27, 1887. (United States vs. The Maxwell Land Grant Company, et al., 122 U. S. 365, 30 L. ed. 1211.) The contention of settlers had been that, pursuant to a decision of the Secretary, December 31, 1869, the Grant had been thrown open to entry as public land in 1874. Some, including Captain Russell, even had patents to the land upon which they had settled. Marian Russell's version is given in her unpublished notes. On August 24, 1888, six armed deputies, described as Maxwell Land Grant deputies, led by Sheriff William Hunn of Las Animas, arrived at the Coe Hotel in Stonewall. The settlers gathered at night and Captain Russell urged the deputies to return to Trinidad. While he was talking two shots were fired, mortally wounding Russell. Pandemonium broke out, both sides firing. A Mexican boy, Rafael Balerio, also was killed. The deputies escaped by crawling down a shallow arroya.

steal. It is not my task to write another. I only chronicle how this crime affected my own life.

In writing a biography, a relative value of days and years holds good. There are days that count in time and space as years; and years that count as but a single day. From the day they carried Richard home to me shot by a Maxwell deputy, until that morning five days later when we laid him to rest, was pressed a whole lifetime of suffering. Those fatal five days lay clean and clear upon my heart today. To write of them is not tearing open an old wound, for the wound has never healed. The hours I spent by his bedside were long, hideous ones. The steady beating of the old clock on the wall seemed a hammer beating out my own life. The children's troubled, frightened faces are like pictures against a background of grief and despair. Richard's eyes were always the gentlest eyes I have ever known and they held a look of love for me as he answered "adsum" to the last roll call. Outside was the little applegreen valley that Richard and I had found together on another and a happier evening. The smoke of burning buildings drifted through the open window across Richard's still, dead face. He had gone on some last adventure and left me here alone.

Five hundred armed men followed Richard's body to its resting place on the hill. The brown horses strained at the wagon on which I rode; many curious eyes watched me as I stood dry-eyed, and heard the "dust to dust" spoken over Richard's strong young body.

The angry thoughts and smarting pain are gone, replaced by the growing knowledge that vengeance belongs to God. Since Richard was called away I have traveled the length of a dark valley but at last I find myself coming out upon the mountain top. I realize that the bullet that ended Richard's life as surely ended mine; although my body lived on. There were little stockings to mend, little dinner pails to fill—and so I carried on.

The children's marriages followed each other quickly. Of the nine children born to me six are left. I have sixteen grandchildren, twenty-two great grandchildren, and four great, great grandchildren. When we meet at family reunions and picnics the small children flocking around me are puzzling at times, for I do not always know one from another. At our last reunion on the banks of Russell Lake, the little lake that Richard made, I watched these young descendants of mine swimming there. I tried to count the young heads bobbing on the water; red heads, black heads, brown heads and some with hair like Richard's. "Can all these young amphibians be the result of that old Fort Union marriage?" I asked myself. Then I whispered softly in my heart, for I have

grown very old: "They are all right, Richard, these children of yours and mine. There is not a defective one in the lot, not a cripple, an imbecile, nor a criminal."

Indians no longer infest the Stonewall trails. The deer and the turkey are fast disappearing from the woodland shadows. The old pioneers are only legend now as the white stones on the old hill testify. I, and I alone, am left. I have lived for more than four-score years and now I walk in the little, apple-green valley as one walks in a dream. The valley grass is very green; the trees that Richard planted wave hands of fairy green above my head. Yet I have grown tired of tall trees and cool greenness. My heart returns to the land the Santa Fe trail wound through so long ago. I see old paths winding among the melaphyre. I long to feel the desert sun shine hot on my hands, my face and my breast. The guarded inner chamber of my heart is open wide, its pearls of memory just inside. My thoughts move slowly now like motes behind a faded window blind. I stand listening for the sound of wheels that never come; stand waiting for the clasp of arms, long dead and gone.

* * *

At the age of 89 I made a pilgrimage into the land of yesteryear. I traveled the old trail once again in search of a bit of my lost youth. There is so little of the future left me now. The faces I love have grown dim and blurred, the voices I love come to me faintly. Along the old trail I found forgotten faces, and one wee, lost moment dropped from the hands of time.

Among fields of corn I found the ruins of Camp Nickols, where I spent my honeymoon; where Col. Kit Carson and his scouts had fought the Indians long ago. A little dent in the earth marked the spot where my dug-out home had been, the place where the shortest, sweetest summer of my life had been spent. My feet unconsciously found and followed the wheelruts in the grass where the great wagons had gone creaking past on the long, long trail to Santa Fe. Purple thistle flourished where once had waved the scented prairie grass.

At Fort Union, we found only crumbling walls and forlorn chimneys. Here, a tattered column where a mighty howitzer once had stood. Through a ruined portal seemed to come the sound of marching feet. Great rooms stood roofless, their whitewashed walls open to the summer sky. Wild gourd vines grew inside the officers' quarters and rabbits scurried before my questing feet. The little guard house stood intact, mute witness of the punishment inflicted there. The Stars and Stripes were gone. Among a heap of rubble and rubbish I found the ruins of the old chapel. Here I once had stood, a demure little bride in hoop skirt and velvet

cloak; here I once had stood by Richard's side. The wind moaned among the ruins and brought with it a voice that said, "That which God hath joined let no man put asunder."

Here, in this crumbling fort, I found my little house, the home that once had been my own. The witless, gloating wind had heaped the sand across the threshold, where Col. Carson once had come to lay his hand upon my head. In this room he had stood to say, "My child, you must not cry." Workmen were busy tearing down the old fortifications. Why not let the old walls stand? The soul of young America lies in these ancient forts. Around each crumbling wall, each yawning cellar hole, are gathered precious memories.

Santa Fe had grown larger. Red roses mingled with the peppers on old adobe walls. The great arched gateway, through which had flowed the old trail, was gone. Central Plaza I hardly knew, so neat and clean had it become. A woman in red slacks sat where in the old days Capt. Aubrey had sat to read his great newspaper.

Old houses stared at me like eyes from an empty skull. Old memories drifted about me like dead leaves in an autumn wind. I knelt at the self-same altar where my little head had bowed in prayer full fifty years before. Did Father Lamy's tender hand touch my head in blessing? Did Mother Magdalen's soft dark robes rustle past me in the dim old aisles?

Nothing was left of old Fort Marcy. Even the adobe walls had fallen victim to Time's disintegrating hand. 'Twas strange to stand alone there in the gathering dusk where I had played when a child of eight. I heard again the half-remembered echoes of children's voices. A little girl in a blue pinafore and swinging braids of brown flitted by me in the gathering dusk.

So small were the ruins of Tecolote, little owl, that it seemed to me the red hills were trying to bury in their heart the little watering place on the old Santa Fe trail. The stone walls of the little trading post still stood, but the rooms behind it were in ruin. Fallen rafters lay aslant across windows where my red geraniums once had bloomed. An old wooden bedstead lay among the fallen stones, a bed that once had boasted valences white as snow. Rank weeds filled the doorway where my babies had played.

* * *

AFTERWORD BY MRS. HAL G. RUSSELL

Mrs. Marian Russell was fatally injured in an automobile accident on Christmas eve, 1936. They carried her into Marian Ethel's home, where she had lived the last years of her life. A little Christmas tree was standing there, so brave in its tinsel and colored lights.

The doctor came, and the black silk dress with its quaint lavender ruching was cut away from her broken little body. She lay quietly, asking only that her children come to her. They came and crowded close around her bed. Katie Elmira was there, the sunbonnet baby, who had waited for her all day at Uncle Dick Wootton's toll gate on the pass. George Irwin was there, that first small son who was born when the cottonwoods along the river were turning. Elinor Augusta was there, her pure little face looking like a prayer. There were her two "little" boys, Harold Damewood and Oliver Earl, and Marian Ethel came also. She saw them standing there and the worn old face on the pillow grew soft with mother love. So it was while holly wreaths were hanging in all the windows and glad Christmas bells were ringing out their "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men", she slipped away from us all.

It was by Richard's side they laid her and I stood and watched the white snow falling on the crimson roses. And I thought of a great arched gateway where a tall young soldier stood, his arms around a slender, lovely girl, attired in fluttering golden dress . . . the end of a long, long trail.

(Conclusion.)

A Young Folks' Party at Governor Hunt's, 1867

FLORENCE BURTON*

The Hunt country residence was far out of town,[1] and only those with conveyance could go when Mrs. Hunt invited children to play with Isa, Bert and Bruce Hunt.

When the invitation to the party came for afternoon and evening, it was decided that a carriage from Esterbrook's Livery, with George Esterbrook driving, should take me. My dress was a pin-check, green and white silk, ruffled to the waist, and green slippers to complete the costume.

The spacious house had gable roof, and glass windows to the floor, leading to outside balconies. Mrs. Hunt was very beautiful, delicate, and not active, always sitting in a chair, like a queen.

The children had the grounds decorated for games, swings and the most perfect playhouse built for grown girls, with carpet, curtains and furniture to keep house, the envy of all the girls. Dancing was going on, and Mollie Byers was the best dancer. That left me out, but I loved books, so slipped off and read. We were called to supper, one long, long table filled with boys and girls. (Denver had a lot of them and I think they were all at the party.)

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*Miss Burton, who represents a prominent pioneer family of Colorado, lives in Denver today. Recently she gave the State Historical Society a handsome piano of 1860, some pioneer wearing apparel, chinaware, some historical manuscripts, and a donation of fifty dollars.—Ed.

[1]Located near the southwest corner of present Lincoln Park, Denver, the house burned down many years ago. Data from Mrs. Isa S. Gregg, granddaughter of Governor Hunt.—Ed.

I only remember Isabella Steck, who sat next to me. She was three years older than I, and had something to say about "elbow room," it was so crowded.

We were all so happy to see the most delectable goodies: a stack of chicken sandwiches, pickles, candy, nuts and raisins. Slices of cake, on a high cake stand, sponge cake, Lady Baltimore, fruit cake; small cakes, lady fingers, macaroons; and most attractive, a big glass bowl of Floating Island, never to be forgotten.

More dancing, and dark came, the carriage was at the door with George Esterbrook for me.

I was ten years old, and grown up from that time, having a mature beau, and having attended a real party at Governor Hunt's residence.

Eastern Colorado Fifty-seven Years Ago

M. D. JOHNSTON*

Yes, it will be fifty-seven years next September since I entered a claim some eighteen miles southeast of what is now Burlington, Colorado. There was no railroad there then. The town consisted of some half dozen boomer shacks and the needed goods were brought in by wagon over the plains.

I was a young man then—just twenty-one, and had not been out of central Illinois where I was born. I came out by rail over the Union Pacific across the great central plain of Kansas and it was one grand scene for a tenderfoot. It was so immense. On arriving at Cheyenne Wells one early morning, the first sight was a natural gas flame coming from the ground some ten feet high, possibly a Chamber of Commerce greeting. As daylight came on it was just one grand sea of brown buffalo grass that looked like a great opportunity to a sucker. As the light of day came on, I looked out upon the sea of grass that appeared to rise all around like a mountain in the distance.

By wagon I went to Lamar, some fifty miles south, to take out my homestead papers. I started equipped with tent and a sheet iron stove in which to burn buffalo chips as fuel. It was surprising what a heat the dry chips would give in the open Colorado breezes, but woe to dampness—it was just one great smudge of ancient flavor. While going down, I overtook cow-punchers with thousands of summer-grazed cattle headed home to Texas from the season of

*Mr. Johnson now lives in Encinitas, California.—Ed.

grazing in Montana. It was a grand sight to me. They had just butchered a fine beef and I laid in my supply for the journey.

After getting my homestead papers, I located on the head of the Smoky, ten miles from any civilization, but with lots of space and sunshine. It seemed I was located in the land of milk and honey, for I could dip water from the Smoky seeping sand most of the year, and as spring came on, the grass and scenery was immense. In June the plains were so beautiful with the rank grass. One could count hundreds of beautiful blooming flowers on a square rod of space, all to be cut down with the blistering wind of summer.

I began improving my big farm that had been set in native grass for ages by leasing an adjoining school section and plowing a fire guard of a half dozen furrows as straight as a die, five miles around it. I surely had the space for a big farm. I went back to Lincoln, Nebraska, and brought back a car of Shorthorn cows and calves. This took a month, letting them graze along the road ten to twelve miles a day. I came across Kansas up the Smoky to the farm. It did look like I was doing something to civilize Colorado.

As time went on I tried to raise ear corn like in old Illinois, but the fates were against me most of the time, as the hot winds of earing time blasted the tassel into a nubbin. We did not have the sorghums of this day that stand the hot drying winds till fruitage. I was six months on my claim and six off to teach school in Nebraska. As the years went by I took a contract to put the Rock Island Railway through Burlington and worked many days in the big fills west of that city. There were not many railways crossing the state from the east at that time, though that road and the Missouri Pacific came across the same year. The income from the railroad labor did help fill the family larder, but many crop disappointments saddened my enthusiastic love for this country. I continued on hoping and trusting for better results, for "it is better to live on hopes than die in despair."

Wild horses were numerous and very hard to corral. It took an experienced rancher to do the trick. Most herds were headed by a wild stallion that one could not get within three or four miles of on the open range, so about all that could be seen was a streak of dust. The plan that succeeded in their capture was this: Several well mounted riders that knew their rounds of grazing would locate at various points miles apart and as the weary steeds came prancing on a new rider would keep after them for days and nights—not letting them stop until they were so tired they could only walk and be headed into a corral. Then the fun began to conquer and get them docile, but when once broken they were sad game, but were very enduring on long trips.

The pronghorn antelope were mostly gone too, but one would appear quite often. Like the horses they were hard to see, for they bounded off with the wind out of gunshot range. It was a hunter's trick to wave a high red banner, and out of curiosity they would often race around back within gun range.

There were no live buffalos, but nesters did clean and mount their horns that were no numerous on the plains, and very beautiful to send to the "folks back East." There were no roads on the section, but just cow paths from one neighbor to another. Neighbors were many miles apart, but every household was a neighbor in the real sense, for all were dependent. It was a sea of grass—not a tree or object to guide one. Once a tenderfoot traveler got lost at high noon with the sun shining, and drove up and said: "Can you tell me where I am?"

Well, things change in a half century. The Burlington country had a big crop last year, reporting about 400 cars of wheat sent out from that city and many cars of finished stock, too; so it goes to show that much grain is now raised where once I saw dust fly in gusts when a basement was dug for a soddy. It is now a healthy and happy part of Uncle Sam's front dooryard of America, after the "Dust Bowl" spree of a few years since that sent dust to Washington, D. C.—a New Deal salute for plowing up crops to appease political whims of our paper-collared Congress!