

THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

Published bi-monthly by
The State Historical Society of Colorado

Vol. XXIV

Denver, Colorado, May, 1947

No. 3

Brinton Terrace

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Sixty-five years ago the Queen Anne facade of Brinton Terrace, extending from the alley in the rear of Trinity Methodist Church to the corner of East Eighteenth Avenue and Lincoln Street, arose as an architectural landmark in Denver. To Oscar Wilde has been attributed many times the remark, "Brinton Terrace is the only artistic building in Denver"; a saying that might easily have been true in the early eighties.

Today, Brinton Terrace is dwarfed by the large hotel structures nearby; yet, in its romantic and colorful background, this shrine of Denver's cultural growth towers high above most other buildings on the city's historical skyline—one of those "memorials and things of fame that do renown our city."

Brinton Terrace is one of the few historically important buildings still standing in Denver. Sturdy and staunch, the architectural character of the building has never been altered by the owners. Today, as it has been for the last forty years, the Terrace is still a studio retreat for the Muses.

Often called "Denver's Greenwich Village," the quaint, gabled roof has sheltered the city's only true Bohemian Center. When asked who have lived there many residents may say: "Oh, almost everybody who ever amounted to anything." While this is obvious hyperbole, it is true that, had Brinton Terrace been located on the Atlantic seaboard, where historical traditions are considered important, the building might now bear some bronze memorial plaques.

Mrs. Jean Milne Gower, widow of Dr. John H. Gower, world-famous organist, who presided for many years as the gracious hostess of Studio No. 23, has woven a charming tapestry of Brinton Terrace on her loom of verse:

OLD BRINTON TERRACE

A little bit of old world in the new,
 Aslant where hill-folk meet the busy tide
 Of toilers in the town. There must it do
 Its sentry duty with Art as its guide.
 Here may the weary worker seek the true—
 The lasting things which in such spots abide.
 A little bit of Quartier Latin—
 Judged by the painters' dreams—or Chelsea peeping
 From out quaint gabled windows—true Queen Anne
 In architecture—silent vigil keeping,
 The while speed madmen race their meagre span
 Forgetful of the shadows softly creeping.
 A little space of vibrance to high thought
 Of masters whose great souls coax muted strings;
 A little echo in hearts overwrought
 With weariness, before the edict rings
 That Brinton Terrace, in life's vortex caught,
 Must fall into our dream of memory things.

Fortunately, Brinton Terrace has not yet become a thing of memory; and, while the building is still intact and the heart of its traditions still beats strongly, it seems appropriate to record its colorful background.

Birth of Brinton Terrace

The land upon which Brinton Terrace stands was part of the homestead of H. C. Brown, who gave the Capitol Building site to the State of Colorado, and who built the Brown Palace Hotel.

On May 14, 1873, the Terrace site was sold by Brown to James L. Robertson. The property next passed to Philip Feldhauser, January 25, 1875; to Josephine Pettit, October 3, 1881; to William Shaw Ward, June 3, 1882; to Julia Merritt, June 5, 1897; to Frank D. Foster, August 20, 1924; to L. F. Eppich, the present owner, October 22, 1925.¹

William Shaw Ward began construction of Brinton Terrace in 1882. The building was completed that year.² It was the second fashionable residential terrace erected in Denver, ante-

dated only by La Veta Place, which was part of the settlement made upon Augusta Tabor, following her divorce from the Leadville silver magnate. The architects of Brinton Terrace were E. P. Varian and Frederick J. Sterner. This firm designed the First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Denver, and Oakes Home. Mr. Sterner also designed the Daniels & Fisher Tower Building and the beautiful Chapel of Our Merciful Savior at Oakes Home before he removed to Boston where he attained an enviable national reputation.³

As originally planned, Brinton Terrace was divided into six apartments of ten rooms each. The first floors, which ascend the hill in steps on a rising grade toward Lincoln Street, served for dining rooms and kitchens. The second floors were living and drawing rooms; the third held the bedrooms, while the attics served as servants' quarters. The twenty-one inch first floor walls are solid stone, and the structure is as sturdy now as upon the day it was completed. During its long history some alterations and improvements have been made to meet the exigencies of the times, but the owners have refrained scrupulously from changing the street facade in order to preserve what always has been considered a fine example of English architecture. Even the name "Brinton Terrace" in the middle gable is the original inscription.

The Ward Families

A most interesting association of names is noted in connection with that of the builder, William Shaw Ward, a graduate in mining engineering from Columbia University, who was born in Geneseo, New York. His father was a Presbyterian minister, at one time stationed in Madras, India. His brother was Ferdinand Ward, the business partner of General U. S. Grant.

Mr. Ward began his Colorado career as a mine manager at Leadville. Later he became connected with the Colorado Fuel & Iron Company. In 1901, he was sent to the Paris Exposition as representative of the Western Mining Industry, and was also a judge of ceramics for the Exposition. Upon organization of the Colorado Museum of Natural History he became Curator of Arts and Minerals, a post he held until 1917.

William Shaw Ward lived in Brinton Terrace in 1884. While in Leadville he had married Emma Jane Ward, a daughter of District Judge Jaspar D. Ward. Prior to this union there had been no relationship between the two families.

William Shaw Ward had four children: June Shaw Ward (born in Brinton Terrace) who for twelve years was general sec-

¹This data was drawn from the records of the Landon Abstract Co. of Denver.
²Service Record Book No. 2, Denver City Water Company, Tap No. 1291, in files of the Denver Municipal Water Company.

³*Art in Denver*, published by the Denver Public Library (1928), pp. 2, 21, 33, 45.

retary of the Y.W.C.A. in Shanghai, China; Jaspar D. Ward, who died in 1938; William Shaw Ward, II, of Denver, and Harold Ward of New York City.

Judge Jaspar D. Ward, a member of the former prominent Denver law firm of Reuter & Ward, came to Colorado in the



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late sixties, after having served a term in Congress from the Second Illinois (Chicago) District. He then received an appointment as territorial district judge in Colorado.⁴ One of his daughters, Florence, married Theodore Holland, whose daughter, Mrs. Justin Walker, was born in Brinton Terrace. Ted Holland was a son of the famous Dr. Josiah Gilbert Holland, first editor of Scribner's Monthly and Century and a poet of national fame. His most notable work is "Bitter Sweet." Mrs. W. S. Ward and Mrs. Holland—mother and daughter—were charter members of the Tuesday Musical Club, formed in 1891, an organization that has had great influence upon the musical history of Denver.⁵ Other children of Judge Ward were: Jessie, who married Colonel George Luscombe of the British Army, and Mary, who married Frank Brown. The latter was president and organizer of the Denver, Colorado Canyon & Pacific Railroad, a fantastic scheme of empire development that had as its purpose the construction

⁴Information supplied by William Shaw Ward, II, Denver.

⁵The Lookout: Music in Denver and Colorado, p. 21 (Denver Public Library, 1927).

of a railroad through the Grand Canyon of the Colorado to supply the Pacific Coast with Colorado coal. While on the Canyon survey with Chief Engineer Robert Brewster Stanton, Brown, though a remarkably strong swimmer, was drowned in July, 1889, below Soap Creek Rapids in Marble Canyon.⁶ His widow married Coburn Gilman.

Naming of Brinton Terrace

Brinton Terrace was named in honor of Dr. John Brinton, President of the College of Physicians & Surgeons, University of Pennsylvania, who married Sarah Ward, a sister of William Shaw Ward.⁷

The first period of the Terrace's history was one of gay social activity that characterized the smart set of the "elegant eighties." To have residence there was tantamount to having received the local hallmark of distinction. Mrs. Anthony J. O'Reilly, wife of the General Western Agent of the Burlington Railroad, who was a leader among the younger set, held a sort of social court in No. 20.⁸ There is no such number now and this, doubtless, is the famous No. 23 where the Gowers lived at a much later date. Mrs. O'Reilly's most intimate friends were Julia Duff and Frederica Devereaux, belles of Denver society at the time, and this nucleus attracted the gayest of the wealthy young Denverites. Miss Duff was the daughter of James Duff, manager of the Colorado Mortgage & Investment Company, more familiarly known as The English Company, that built the Windsor Hotel, the Duff and the Barclay blocks. Duff was associate and friend of the Earl of Dunraven and other titled and wealthy Englishmen who frequented Denver during the seventies and eighties. Miss Devereaux's father was manager of the Kansas Pacific Railroad.⁹

Old Denver residents, now living, also included among Brinton Terrace residents immediately after its opening that brilliant journalist Ottomar H. Rothacker,¹⁰ then president of the Tribune Publishing Company, who induced Eugene Field to come to Denver as managing editor of the *Tribune*. Rothacker is said to have been the first resident of Brinton Terrace, moving there after his short-lived marriage to Mamie Rounds of Chicago.¹¹ Newspaper men of the old school liked hilarious parties, and Rothacker's establishment drew to the Terrace several brilliant and convivial souls. In addition to the inveterate practical joker,

⁶E. C. La Rue, *Colorado River and Its Utilization*, U. S. G. S., Water Supply Paper, 395, p. 21 (Government Printing Office, 1916).

⁷Information from William Shaw Ward, II.

⁸Denver City Directory, 1884.

⁹Information furnished by Mrs. Owen E. LeFevre, Denver.

¹⁰Denver Post, January 1, 1919; also Mrs. LeFevre.

¹¹Ibid.

Gene Field, two others who attained national fame often were present. One was Frederick J. V. Skiff, then treasurer of the Tribune Publishing Company, who went to Chicago to become Director of the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, and from this stepped to the directorship of the Field Museum, Chicago, served at the Paris Exposition and finally acted as Director of Works at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, 1903, St. Louis. Another notable was Bill Nye, famous American humorist, who frequently left his desk at the *Laramie Boomerang* office to come to Denver for lectures before the old Glenarm Club and other organizations here.

Noted Resident Physicians

By 1890, the atmosphere of Brinton Terrace had undergone almost a complete change. During the next decade it was accupied by the families of professional and business leaders, with a strong emphasis still upon social life.

Probably the most notable resident during this period was the eminent physician, Dr. Henry Sewell, a figure of national importance in the world of medicine. Dr. Sewell occupied the premises at No. 23, while at the other end of the Terrace resided Dr. Samuel A. Fisk, who came to Denver from Harvard University. Both were outstanding tuberculosis specialists; both are ranked among the pillars of Colorado medicine.

Dr. Mary H. Barker Bates, one of Denver's best known women physicians; Judge Gilbert Reed of the Colorado Court of Appeals; Henry Van Kleeck, capitalist, and patron of the arts, and his pungently witty wife; Herbert F. Mellen, teller at the International Trust Company; David W. Houston of the Colorado & Southern Railroad; and Josephine Beemer Dexter of Wolfe Hall, to whom many of Denver's wealthy young debutantes flocked to receive their post-graduate elocution lessons, formed an intellectual group of Brinton Terrace residents during the nineties that carried great weight in the city.¹²

Dr. Sewell merits more than passing mention. He studied at John Hopkins University, where he received his Ph.D., and at Cambridge, England, and Leipsic, Germany; held professorships at Michigan University, the University of Denver, and the University of Colorado, where he was both Professor of Medicine and Professor Emeritus; was Secretary of the Colorado State Board of Health, and was president of several local and national medical associations. He also was a prolific writer for medical journals.¹³

¹²*Denver City Directory, 1890.* Also from information furnished by Mrs. Henry Sewell, Mrs. LeFevre, and Walter C. Mead of Denver.

¹³*Journal of the American Medical Society, V. 107: p. 297.*

Dr. and Mrs. Sewell lived in Brinton Terrace for thirteen years and Mrs. Sewell still chuckles about having climbed the thirteen steps of No. 23 for thirteen years. It was here that she started her rare collection of Chinese paintings, Japanese prints and old English china. One of her first possessions in the Terrace was the first typewriter, or one of the first, brought to Denver.

Brinton Terrace an Art Center

The golden era of Brinton Terrace as an art center began about 1906 with the advent of Mrs. E. Dismukes, a painter, and Burritt L. Marlawe, a piano teacher, but it is to Margaret S. Van Waganen,¹⁴ who rented studio No. 24 that winter that the honor is due of having conceived a Bohemian retreat. The blithe and shining spirit of this Denver girl has kept her memory verdant among Denver artists to this date.

Miss Van Waganen was a protege of Miss Anne Evans, daughter of Colorado's second Territorial governor, one of the founders of the Denver Art Museum and the Central City Opera House Association. Miss Evans helped Miss Van Waganen to secure her art education at the Chicago Art Institute and in New York. After her return from Chicago Miss Van Waganen launched the plan of assembling local artists under one roof where they might unite in a common cause and derive inspiration from one another. A similar idea had been tried during the early eighties when J. Harrison Mills and associated artists took over the entire fifth floor of the new Tabor Grand Opera House, but that center never attained the cohesion and camaraderie of the Brinton Terrace center.

The venture was undertaken by Miss Van Waganen on her own responsibility. She rented one floor to the architectural firm of Maurice Biscoe and H. H. Hewitt, which has to its credit some of the most distinctive residences in Denver. Miss Edna H. Vosburgh, daughter of the Rev. George B. Vosburgh, for many years pastor of the First Baptist church, joined Miss Van Waganen. Upon her return from her New York studies, Miss Van Waganen came as Mrs. Dudley Carpenter.

About this time—the winter of 1906-07—R. L. and Cyrus Boutwell opened their first art gallery in No. 23.¹⁵ This event definitely established Brinton Terrace as an art center. The first well-organized art exhibitions in Denver were introduced by these brothers. The first one-man show was that of George Elbert Burr, nationally famous etcher and water colorist, whose beautiful and ethereal Desert Set is almost a requisite of important

¹⁴*Denver City Directory, 1906.*

¹⁵*Ibid, 1907.* Also from information furnished by Cyrus Boutwell, Denver, and Jane Porter Robinson, Breckenridge, Colorado.

art museums today. Mrs. Burr brought the exhibition to this city, her quiet and retiring husband preferring to remain in Tom's River, New Jersey. She was so thrilled by the beauty of the mountains that she induced her husband to make Colorado his home. They occupied part of the Boutwell menage until Burr built his home studio at 1320 Logan street—now the home of the Woman's Press Club. Ill health finally compelled Burr to remove to Phoenix, Arizona.

The Arts and Crafts studio of the Boutwells was the finest gallery that Denver had seen up to that time. It became local headquarters for the Arts and Crafts Club, embracing both artists and their patrons. Harvey Young, Colorado landscape painter, who for many years traveled over the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad system in his private studio car, had his first one-man show in this studio. Notable exhibitions of painting, sculpture and the crafts were brought from the East. Not only did Brinton Terrace receive its baptism as a Bohemian center, but all this activity helped to crystallize a movement, heretofore sporadic in nature, toward the creation of a permanent art museum.

Some Important Denver Artists

The Boutwells remained in Brinton Terrace for five years until the brothers separated, R. L. establishing an art store in Colorado Springs, where he became first director of the Broadmoor Art Academy, and Cyrus moving his studio to the business center.

George Elbert Burr lived about two years in Brinton Terrace, where he produced some of his important work. Dudley and Margaret Carpenter here began to attract attention with their beautiful leaded windows.¹⁶ Dudley Carpenter was a mural painter of distinction. Among his more notable Denver contributions are the murals: "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," and "Lady of the Lake and Sword Excalibur" at the Decker Branch Library; the medallions of distinguished literary men at the Dickinson Branch Library, and the Louise White Memorial at the West High School.¹⁷

In 1909, Waldo Love first moved into Brinton Terrace,¹⁸ where his eldest son, Dudley, was born. A master of the almost forgotten art of miniature painting, as well as a distinguished portrait and landscape painter, Mr. Love has shown his versatility in the huge dioramic backgrounds in the Colorado Museum of Natural History, of which Mr. Love is staff artist. These rank among the finest museum backgrounds in America.

¹⁶From information furnished by C. Waldo Love.

¹⁷*Art in Denver*, pp. 24, 35, 38, 40 (Denver Public Library, 1928).

¹⁸*Denver City Directory*, 1909.

Another national figure who has thrice maintained a studio in Brinton Terrace is Allen T. True,¹⁹ who began his successful career as a magazine illustrator specializing in Western Life motifs. From this beginning he went on to fame as a mural painter whose interpretations of Western pioneer and Indian life have been admired from Coast to Coast.

Permanent impress upon Denver's cultural background have been left by Mr. True, a pupil of Brangwyn and Howard Pyle. This work includes the murals in the Colonnade of Civic Benefactors and the Voorhies Memorial on Civic Center, the Main Library and several branches; the Telephone Building, Cosmopolitan Hotel, Colorado National Bank Building. He executed the very effective murals in the rotunda of the Colorado State Capitol Building, as well as the Missouri Capitol and the Wyoming Capitol. Mr. True is now color consultant of the U. S. Bureau of Reclamation for the Boulder, Shasta and Grand Coulee dams. Always strong in color harmony, Mr. True's work has also both ethnological and literary value. The Main Library murals "The Hopi Potters" and the "Cliff-Dwellers," were painted in Brinton Terrace.²⁰

Other early artists in Brinton Terrace included Alice Best and Helen Dougall,²¹ excellent crafts workers in jewelry and metal work design; Mrs. Jane Porter Robertson,²² portrait and landscape painter; Miss Vosburgh,²³ Miss Wilma Wallace, and Miss Anne Dailey,²⁴ exceptional portrait photographers. Both artists and patrons were among the steady clientele of the Teacup Inn, conducted in Brinton Terrace by Miss Belle Herzinger and Miss Alice Fisher,²⁵ graduates in domestic science about the time that calories and vitamins were embryonic. Carstens and Timm, the prominent Denver interior decorators, had their studio in the Terrace at this time.

A Music Center

Miss Florence Taussig, who occupied No. 35, was the first prominent musician to move into Brinton Terrace. She opened the Florence Taussig Piano School there in 1909. An organizer of the Symphony Club, in 1897, she already had carved for herself an enduring niche in the history of Colorado. After her death, which occurred in 1913, the name of this organization was changed in her honor to the Florence Taussig Piano Club.²⁶

¹⁹*Ibid*, 1917. Also, interview with Allen True.

²⁰*Art in Denver*, pp. 12, 14, 16, 18, 19, 35, 36.

²¹*Denver City Directory*, 1907.

²²*Ibid*, 1909.

²³*Ibid*.

²⁴*Ibid*, 1910.

²⁵*Ibid*.

²⁶*Ibid*, 1909. Also, *Music in Denver and Colorado*, p. 24.

Many notable musicians followed Miss Taussig to establish studios in Brinton Terrace in 1910, and the welkin thereabouts soon began to swell with tra-la-las and tintillations from ivory keys. Sometimes the desperate artists tried to down competition with a rousing chorus, but it did little good. This year marked the opening in No. 29 of Frederick Schweikher's Western Institute of Music and Dramatic Art.²⁷ This school exercised considerable effect upon musical history in Denver. Later, Mr. Schweikher occupied the Wolfe Hall Building with his school. He was, for many years, organist at Trinity Methodist and the Central Presbyterian churches; Director of the Denver College of Music, University of Denver; and first president of the Musicians Society of Denver.²⁸

Alpheus Elder, one of the more noted among Denver piano teachers, associated with the faculties of the Wolcott Conservatory of Music and the Lamont School of Music, opened a studio in No. 37, Brinton Terrace in 1910.²⁹

A notable year from the musicians' viewpoint was 1911, when Horace E. Tureman took a studio in the Terrace. Mr. Tureman has contributed much to Denver. His name stands for some of its finest musical traditions: as a pioneer in the establishment of chamber music; as a director of the Elitch Gardens Orchestra and now as director emeritus of the Denver Symphony Orchestra. Mr. Tureman was a member of the Baker Stringed Quartette and the Mansfield Stringed Quartette, and is an outstanding teacher of harmony and counterpoint, as well as a capable composer.³⁰ The high rating of the Denver Civic Symphony throughout the country is due, to a considerable extent, to his leadership and his devotion to its interests.

Morris (Mischa) Bezmán, one of the most gifted violinists in Denver's history, opened a studio in the Terrace at No. 37, in 1913.³¹ He organized the Bezmán Quartette, one of the four outstanding stringed quartettes of this city.

In 1912, the brilliant Denver composer, Francis Hendriks, whose compositions have been published by the foremost American and European publishers, and played by the leading symphony orchestras in this country and abroad, established a studio in No. 25,³² shortly after he had completed a successful concert tour with Louis Seigel in Belgium, France and the United States.

²⁷Denver City Directory, 1910.

²⁸Music in Denver and Colorado, pp. 22, 26, 29, 115.

²⁹Denver City Directory, 1910.

³⁰Ibid, 1911. Music in Denver and Colorado, pp. 12, 16, 24, 54, 78, 81, 117.

³¹Denver City Directory, 1913.

³²Ibid. Also, Music in Denver and Colorado, pp. 30, 143.

Other prominent musicians who had Brinton Terrace studios about this time were: Lola Carrier Worrell, who sang her own compositions; Franklin Cleverly; Mrs. Bessie Dade Hughes, contralto and one of the most popular directors of Tuesday Musical; and Mrs. Caroline Holme Walker, composer and teacher at the Wolcott Conservatory.

Cultural Schools

The decade between 1910 and 1920 saw the establishment of two very important schools in Brinton Terrace. In 1910, W. S. B. Mathews, an eminent composer, teacher and musical critic from Chicago, with his talented wife, Blanche-Dingley Mathews,³³ came to Denver for the former's health, and Mrs. Mathews that autumn began her first normal course for piano teachers. Mr. Mathews did not live long after his arrival.

A number of prominent teachers in Denver were in that class: Clarence Sharp, who had a studio in Brinton Terrace, Mrs. Bessie Tewksbury, Miss Edith Mills, and others. In 1912 Mrs. Mathews opened the Blanche-Dingley Mathews Piano School in No. 25, which grew rapidly from a small group of four to about twenty teachers.

Mrs. Mathews first suggested and was one of the organizers of the Musicians' Society of Denver, which was instrumental in having established under the administration of Mayor W. F. R. Mills the first Municipal Music Commission in the world.³⁴ This Commission stimulated musical interest to a remarkable degree. One of its accomplishments was the foundation of Denver Music Week. At one time, the Mathews school occupied about one-half of Brinton Terrace. One of Mrs. Mathews teachers, Edith Kingsley Ringquest, with her husband, Edward H. Ringquest, opened a studio in No. 31. The Ringquests were long prominent in the affairs of the Musicians' Society and the Colorado State Music Teachers' Association.

It is hardly possible to mention Mrs. Mathews without mentioning also her inseparable companion, Miss Carry W. Beekman, who accompanied her to Denver from Chicago. Women mechanics are no novelty now, but in 1910 Miss Beekman's occupation was a sensation. She was a full-fledged carpenter who, in three months time built a house, from the foundation up, near Brighton, Colorado. This attracted so much attention that the *Denver Times* of December 25, 1910, gave her an extensive write-up with pictures of the house and Miss Beekman on the roof in bloomers and a man's shirt.

³³Denver City Directory, 1913.

³⁴Music in Denver and Colorado, pp. 18, 30.

An interesting side-light upon Brinton Terrace is added in this article, which begins: "Brinton Terrace has long had the reputation of being a den of idiosyncrasy. Artists, art craft workers, musicians and photographers have in that old-fashioned terrace their homes and workshops combined, to which they come and go at their pleasures and live according to their dispositions. The Terrace was supposed to have gone the limit in the variety of its eccentric dwellers, but the most eccentric of all has recently taken up her abode beneath its gabled roofs."

Miss Beekman is quoted as having said: "I tried to hire some men to help me but I couldn't get them—that is, not any that could undersand anything." Miss Beekman now is living in Tuscon, Arizona.

The second of the schools mentioned was the Fine Arts Academy of Denver, founded in No. 35, in 1915, by Abigail Holman.³⁵ This was a school of fine ideals, strengthened by excellent technical training. Among Miss Holman's teachers were Albert Olson, Lawrence Murphy, and Mrs. Walpole. Albert Olson is especially important in any history of art in Denver. An eminent art critic once said of him: "The time will come when an Albert Olson will hang in every great museum in America." His untimely death cut short a career of great promise. While not a prolific artist, he painted with authority. His appreciation of color gradations and his exotic imagination gave permanence to his work. His Don Quixote murals in the Elyria Branch Library and the triptych of St. Mark's Church are characteristic examples of his skill.³⁶

For several years pupils of the Fine Arts Academy won highest honors in the Art Students' League competitions in New York.

In 1917 the Gowers moved into historic No. 23 at Brinton Terrace.³⁷ Dr. John H. Gower was one of the most interesting and best loved characters among Denver's cultured people. Like a well-cut diamond he had many facets. An organist of international fame, a distinguished composer, the personal friend of such students of physic phenomena as Dr. William James of Harvard, Sir Oliver Lodge, William Crooks, the Balfours, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Dr. Gower was in constant touch with them. His home always was a salon for those interested in music, literature and spiritualism. Sir Oliver and Lady Lodge were house guests there. His close cronies included Walter Fairbanks, former master of a

³⁵Denver City Directory, 1913.

³⁶Art in Denver, pp. 23, 37.

³⁷Denver City Directory, 1917.

leading English school, Dean H. Martyn Hart and Dr. E. J. A. Rogers.

At the age of 11, by royal command of Queen Victoria, Dr. Gower became organist of the Princess Royal Chapel at Windsor. He held the degree of Licentiate in Music from the Royal Academy, was a fellow of the Royal College of Organists and Examiner for the Royal Academy of Music at Guild Hall. When Mayor Speer decided that Denver should have a municipal organ, Dr. Gower was called upon to select and supervise its installation.³⁸ Mrs. Gower's poetry has won a merited place in national poetry magazines. A vivid memory of the Terrace is her poem about Dr. Gower's old dog who, for many years, accompanied his master up and down the hill. A poignant picture of old Don's loneliness after Dr. Gower's death is given in Mrs. Gower's poem, "*His Master's Voice*," dedicated to Don.

Just an English setter, white and brown,
Blind of one eye, with the other dim;
Lame of one leg but sound of heart
And full of love to the core of him.
But the one he loved best has gone away
On his great adventure in the ways of truth
Where a purer light casts its healing ray
And brings to the wanderer his long-lost youth.
But, wishful and seeking, his old pal trots
Up and down, up and down the familiar ways,
And I think that in many remembered spots
The two still meet as in other days.
Then, sometimes at twilight, he leans against
The old leather chair with his paw held high
To meet the caress of an unseen hand
While the words, "Good Boy" float softly by.
And I know that his master is wishing to send
This message across to his faithful friend
That even the voiceless, helpless things
Are upheld by the everlasting wings.

³⁸In a letter to the author, February 14, 1942, Mrs. Gower, wrote of activities in the Gower studio as follows: "Some years before my husband's passing (Dr. Gower died July 30, 1922) we had an informal group of poetry lovers meeting in the evening for verse and music in the 'Poet's Corner' as they called our studio. Even after the group formed the present official 'Poetry Society of Colorado,' the studio was used as a center for some time.

"During the First World War we had many meetings there as Dr. Gower and I were active in the British Society as well as later in the American part, and Dr. Gower's 'American Dollar Fund,' founded by him to have every Britisher in the U. S. A. give \$1.00 toward procuring tools and materials for the wounded to occupy their convalescent time through the Lord Robert's Fund, proved quite successful."

A definite result of the social gatherings in the Gower home was formation of the Poetry Circle, later affiliated with the Federation of Women's Clubs, with Mrs. Gower as first president.³⁹ The Gower studio was known as the Poet's Corner.

The two lower floors of No. 23 were rented from the Gowers in 1921 by Miss Wilhelmina Mead,⁴⁰ who conducted there for about fifteen years one of the most popular interior decorating shops in Denver.

In 1925 Dr. Wilberforce J. Whiteman, father of Paul Whiteman, opened a studio in No. 35.⁴¹ His daughter, Mrs. Ferne Whiteman Smith, conducted a vocal studio here at the same time. Dr. Whiteman was Supervisor of Music in the Denver Public Schools for some thirty-five years and, for twenty years, directed a chorus of one hundred voices at Trinity Methodist. His wife, a truly great contralto, was an oratorio singer still vividly remembered by Denver music lovers.

Academy of Fine and Applied Arts

During the period under discussion a second art school of significant importance was conducted in Nos. 35 and 37 under the name—The Denver Academy of Fine and Applied Arts.⁴² The owner and dean was John C. Cory, a prominent New York newspaper cartoonist who came to Denver for health reasons. Mr. Cory became cartoonist of the *Rocky Mountain News* and, soon thereafter, opened his school. Among the notable artists on the faculty were John Thompson, teacher of drawing and painting; Robert Garrison, teacher of sculpture; Robert Graham, drawing and painting; Henry McCarter of Philadelphia, painting; David Spivak, painting, and Margaret Tee, interior decorator.

Mr. Thompson, who maintained his own studio in Brinton Terrace for two years, made a reputation before coming to this city. In Buffalo, New York, he did the mural decoration for the residence of Brodie, inventor of the British helmet. The painting of the Persian Room in this magnificent edifice alone took one and one-half years.

Mr. Thompson's many Denver murals and decorative designs include those at the Denver Polo Club, Denver National Bank, International Trust Company, Midland Savings Bank Building, the Parco Hotel at Parco, Wyoming, St. Martin's Chapel, as well as the Jarvis Johnson, Lafayette Hughes, and Elmer Hartner residences in Denver, and the Maytag and Gilpin houses at Colo-

³⁹*Music in Denver and Colorado*, p. 129.

⁴⁰*Directory of Cultural Organizations in Denver*. Pam. 7, p. 36 (City Club of Denver, 1925).

⁴¹*Denver City Directory*, 1921.

⁴²*Ibid.*, 1925. Also *Music in Denver and Colorado*, p. 20.

rado Springs.⁴³ Mr. Thompson, at the time of his death, was Professor of Advanced Life, Drawing and Painting at the University of Denver School of Art. He won honors with his easel paintings in both the New York State Fair and the San Francisco Exhibition, as well as at the leading museums of the country.

Robert Garrison, a pupil of Gutzon Borglum, executed many commissions while in Denver, among them the whimsical Covered Wagon Frieze on the Midland Savings Bank Building, the Sea Lion Fountain in Civic Center, the Gargantuan sculpture on the University of Denver stadium, the Daly Memorial, and decorative sculpture at the Polo Club, Morey Junior High, and South Side High.⁴⁴ He went to New York to do the decorative sculpture on the Rockefeller Church.

In 1925, the late Jack Manard bought out the Cory school and transferred it to Chappell House, first permanent home of the Denver Art Museum and still part of its plant. Later the Chappell School became the School of Art of the University of Denver.⁴⁵

The last director of the old Cory academy was Herm H. Michel, later owner and director of the Denver Art Institute, specializing in commercial art.

In Recent Years

Several well-known photographic studios have been conducted in Brinton Terrace of late years. Robert A. Officer, a Fellow of the Royal Photographic Society of London, and a member of the Camera Pictorialists of Los Angeles, occupied No. 37. Mr. Officer is one of the comparatively few Denver photographers who have reached that most select goal of the photographer—the pictorial salon. He has exhibited in the Paris and London salons, and has had his own invitational one-man shows in this country. At one time he was connected with a Hollywood movie studio and is now one of the proprietors of the Rembrandt Studio here.

Wiswall Brothers, Bruce and Wilbur, who attained considerable vogue as scenic photographers, and Charles Mace, winner of a number of national prizes in commercial photography, had studios in Brinton Terrace. R. Jefferson Hall, organist at St. Marks Episcopal Church, gave lessons there.

Among the more recent studio occupants in the Terrace was P. T. Blackburn, for several years stage artist at the Denham Theater, who had the apartment at 1803 Lincoln Street. Mr. Blackburn did important work for several leading Hollywood film studios in the production of stage sets for the movies.

⁴³Information furnished by the late John E. Thompson.

⁴⁴*Art in Denver*, pp. 15, 32.

⁴⁵*Ibid.*, pp. 15, 18, 30.

An interesting tradition has been built up in the line of elocution and dramatic art since Josephine Beemer Dexter opened her studio in Brinton Terrace. She was succeeded in her studio by Miss Sara Lacy, one of Denver's more distinguished teachers of dramatic art, who maintained her studio in the Terrace for more than a decade. Miss Lacy's star pupil, Miss Louise Mullins, well known to Denverites for her talent as a teacher and her dramatic readings, carried on the tradition by opening her studio in the same building.

The distinguished conductor, choral director and lecturer, Antonia⁴⁶ Brico, of Dutch and Italian lineage, is one of the more recent Brinton Terrace occupants. A graduate of the University of California, she completed her education in Europe, being the only American ever admitted to the Berlin State Academy of Music, where she was graduated in 1929. Her choral training under Siegfried Ochs was followed by her appointment as music coach at the Bayreuth Wagner Festival. Her world debut occurred in 1930 with the Berlin Philharmonic, and her American debut took place in the Hollywood Bowl. She has conducted the Hamburg Philharmonic, the Detroit Symphony, the National Symphony in Washington and the New York Philharmonic Symphony. She also organized the New York Women's Symphony Orchestra, which became the Brico Symphony Orchestra, and received the honorary degree Doctor of Music from Mills College.

Among the notable commercial artists who have studios in the Terrace are Gerald Delano, nationally known book cover and calendar designer, and Sid Martin, who handles many of the large manufacturing accounts in the city. Delano's Santa Fe Railroad calendars have been widely admired.

Of exceptional importance in the history of Brinton Terrace was the advent of the Rocky Mountain Radio Council, 21 East Eighteenth Avenue, which introduced a new note. The Council, organized in 1939, has installed a laboratory studio, with complete recording and control-room equipment. The programs are educational. Among the member groups are: Colorado College, Colorado Congress of Parents and Teachers, Colorado School of Mines, Colorado State Board for Vocational Education, Colorado State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, Colorado State College of Education, Colorado Women's College, the Denver Public Schools, Denver Public Library, University of Colorado,

⁴⁶Biography of Antonia Brico, B. Q. File, State Historical Society Library.

University of Denver, University of Wyoming and Western State College. Here the best talents of the Rocky Mountain Region are brought together to mobilize educational resources and produce effective broadcasts.

Nearly every type of creative work has been represented at one time or another in Brinton Terrace. Through the long years an invigorating mental atmosphere has been maintained consistently. Freedom of speech and freedom of thought have been recognized from the beginning. One well-remembered free thinker, by the name of Brown, caused interminable arguments in the earlier days with his aggressive propaganda on social and governmental reforms, yet he was highly respected even by the conservative because of the uncompromising integrity of his work. A talented craftsman in woodwork he would reject the most remunerative contract if the patron suggested inferior or makeshift materials.

One of the fond memories of the Terrace that old inhabitants will miss upon a visit to the building is the curious cat-walk that formerly extended along the entire length of the facade above the first floor rooms. This was not an original feature of the design. No one seems to know just why, or when, this odd quirk was built, unless it was to take the place of the housewives' back fence, where neighborly gossip might be exchanged. Obviously, the ash and garbage cans that cluttered back yards in the early days were not considered conducive to leisurely chats by the owners of creative minds. This cat-walk was removed some years ago when Ella Parr James, Secretary of the Denver Planning Commission, moved into No. 25.

As one might suspect from her occupation, Mrs. James promptly insisted upon a face-lifting operation and the cat-walk disappeared. Or, perhaps, she feared that it made entrance through her front room windows too inviting to burglars.

An integral and important part of Brinton Terrace's history, difficult to evaluate, lies in the social gatherings and Bohemian parties held there since its inception. The association of creative minds, operating freely in that congenial atmosphere, has produced results in music and the arts that are imponderable, yet of undoubted significance in the development of cultural ideals. Small groups of interesting personalities, talented, intellectual and gay, constantly have formed and then disintegrated as individuals went their appointed ways. No one may weigh or measure the effects of this association in terms of production, but it has

been through fellowship of this sort, from time immemorial, that creative impulses have germinated, to flower in things of beauty that do not die.

No one who has followed closely the cultural development of Denver since the turn of the century may deny, however, that Brinton Terrace, with its Bohemian gayety and creative pangs, has cradled many of those ideas translated into works that "do renown our city."⁴⁷

⁴⁷Acknowledgment: The author is indebted to the following persons for data and personal recollections: Mrs. Owen LeFevre, Mrs. Henry Sewell, Walter C. Mead, C. Waldo Love, Mrs. F. C. Krauser, Cyrus Boutwell, William Shaw Ward, II, Miss Wilma Wallace, Allen T. True, Sid Martin, Mrs. Jane Porter Robinson, Mrs. Jean Milne Gower, Horace E. Tureman, Lester Varian, John E. Thompson, Robert A. Officer, Charles Mace, Herm H. Michel, L. F. Eppich.

Pioneer Conditions in the Arkansas Valley

MRS. DAISY BAXTER JEFFERSON*

My uncle, O. H. P. Baxter, came to Colorado in 1858 and was in the Leadville area and then in Pueblo. His brother, A. H. Baxter, my father, came to Pueblo to visit his brother in 1869, liked Colorado so well that he returned to Indiana (Madison) and got his wife and son, George, and daughter, Emma, and returned in 1872. He located on Sand Creek in eastern Colorado and proved up on the land June 20, 1875. The deed we have. The property has never been sold, and the A. & V. Railroad was given a right of way through it by my late father. The deed was signed by President Grant and D. D. Come, Secretary, Recorder of the General Land Office, and was Homestead Certificate No. 99, registered at the Land Office in Pueblo, Colorado.

Then my people took up a timber claim just south from the town of Holly, Colorado, on the south side of the Arkansas, and my sister Ollie was born there in 1874, myself in 1876. When we were children there, we raised everything in a garden and also sorghum cane. We ground the cane, had our vat and boiled the juice, and people came from all over the country to buy the sorghum. There were the Gorses, Holleys and Houses living on the north side of the river. George and John Robinson had a place east of us on the south side of the river. They were brothers of my mother, and they rounded up the wild horses, of which there were plenty, and shipped them away. My father farmed, and in the meadow was wild grass that grew so high that he cut it, baled it and sent it to Kansas City, and we would get most of our clothes and groceries from there.

As there was no fruit in that part of the country then, we got dried blackberries, raisins, apples, peaches and apricots, and got sugar and flour by the barrel. The sugar was almost all dark brown. Sometimes we got some a real light brown. The Arkansas River was full and a big river, so we caught all the catfish and turtles we wanted, sometimes as large as sixteen pounds. Once we had a flood and the meadow was full of fish when the river receded. We used to go south to the Two Buttes and get wild plums; at that time there were acres of them, and along the way there was salt and Buffalo grass, and it was beautiful, and the antelopes were there by the hundreds, and not one bit afraid. It was beautiful to see them grazing, and the jack rabbits and the cotton tails. The only great drawback were the rattlesnakes, of which there were plenty.

The island and the banks of the Arkansas where we lived were lined with wild currants, and farther up on the old Hurlington and Graham (Jimmy and Martin) place, there were so many wild grapes that the families of our part of the Valley would hitch up their wagons and go for a few days to the Graham place and pick grapes and run them through his press and take the juice home for jelly and homemade wines. The Graham boys were old bachelors, and they just turned over everything to the women, and they were great days for us kids.

I can remember running up the meadow road to Stover's house lots of times when we heard the Indians were coming, for they had a thick adobe house, the well in the house, and all the women and children would go there until the scare was over. Sometimes it would just be cowpunchers shooting up the town of Holly. We weren't afraid of the cowpunchers, for they were so nice to women and children, and we had seen so many of them because when they drove the cattle to Dodge City in those days, they crossed the Arkansas River below us and always stopped and bought vegetables, watermelons and everything we had in the garden, and I think that was any kind of a vegetable that was ever, or is now, raised in Colorado, except Irish potatoes; but we raised lots of sweet potatoes.

I shall never forget those herds of longhorn cattle, and how we could hear them for a day and a night before we could see them, and how we all stayed close in until they passed. Only once did I see a herd stampede, and when they commenced to circle around it was an awful sight. The chuckwagon always stopped at our place, and they would always bring us something that we couldn't buy if they came the second time, and if we were up to Old Granada to church and they came, they would take what they wanted out of the garden, leave the money they

*Mrs. Jefferson now lives in Walsenburg, Colorado.—Ed.

thought it was worth and the name of their company and address, with a little note, "If this isn't enough" to write them and they would send the rest.

To go to Old Granada was a wonderful trip, if it was only five miles away, for we stayed all day Sunday and went to



MRS. DAISY BAXTER JEFFERSON (IN CHAIR) AND
HER THREE LIVING SISTERS (1946)

Church, Sunday School, and visited with the Snowden family. He took care of the old wooden bridge over the Arkansas River that was built for the Santa Fe Railroad train to cross, and when he walked it, I think about every three or four hours, he would take some of us with him. He had to see that the barrels of salt and water were all right, for that is all they had to put a fire out with if the engine started one with its sparks.

How happy we children were when it came the day to go to the store in Granada. I shall never forget the barrels of flour, sugar, gingersnaps, large soda crackers, and mixed candy, and good dried fruits of all kinds. The storekeeper always had something for every child, and the big soda crackers and jumbo cookies were what I liked best. They had calico, lawn, chambray, hickory shirting, thread, buttons, blankets, shoes, etc. The shoes were very

high, and most of the children's shoes had little brass strips across the toes. My mother knit our stockings and mittens in winter, and as the chuck wagon cooks always gave her all their flour sacks when they stopped at our place, she didn't buy very much yardage, for she took roots and berries and dyed the flour sacks and made our school and everyday clothes, and we sure had some pretty red and blue dresses. (Wish I knew what she used.) She made all the soap we used. Once when we were in the store my mother asked for a darning needle, and when the storekeeper found them, he said, "Ten cents." Mother said, "Awful high," and he said, "But the freight is so high." The needle was bought, for there was lots of darning to be done and comforts to be tacked. The needle was put up and we children were told never to take it down.

There were no overshoes to buy, so to go to school in the winter in the deep snow we wrapped gunny sacks around our feet and up to our knees. Our school house was about a mile away, and it was a one-room sod house with one door and a window. There were eight to ten students and a woman teacher, a Mrs. Hume.

One trip I shall always remember was when my father took my sister and me to Granada, and when we started home, Mr. Nolton said, "Hayden, don't start now. That cloud yonder has more hail in it than you ever saw, and you won't make it home." He was right. One mile from home it struck us and the team turned south and went three miles. Father put us children under the leather covering on the back of the buckboard to save us from the hail, but when we got home the buckboard was full of hail and ice-water, and they sure worked to get us warm.

We had awful thunder and lightning and often something was struck. One evening at six o'clock we heard the hogs squeal, and by the time father got to the door, the barn was on fire. The top, or roof, burned off, as in those days the walls were made of sod and the roofs were made of cottonwood poles and brush covered with grass. The hogs were dead, but the horses and milk cows had got out of the barn and corral.

We lived in a two-room sod house with two doors and three windows. The walls were two feet thick; the door had thumb latches, no locks, as I never saw a house locked until I was twelve years old. The house was surrounded with cottonwood trees which my father planted in 1874. (Six years ago I was down there and some of the trees are still standing.) We had an awful grass fire and all the men, women and children worked all day to try to stop it, plowing furrows, and the fire leaping over them and starting again, until at sundown the wind went down so that it

was possible to conquer the fire. I never want to see a fire like that again.

My father had many offers for the place and he wanted to sell as the family was getting older, (he sold when I was nine) but all the homesteaders were farmers or cattlemen, and it was a wide open range, no fences, and they didn't want sheep in that part of the country. So in August, 1884, we left the ranch with a bucket of gold, as the ranch was sold for cash. About the same time the site of Granada was sold and changed to the name of X.Y. Ranch. Then there was a new town started about three miles west, called New Granada. My father and Mr. Snowden opened a land office there, and it was a busy place, people coming from the east and south for land. Stores sprang up in a short time, with a bank, saloon, livery stables, hotel, timber yard, school, and a Methodist church. Soon there was a thriving cattle town.

My mother passed away in La Junta in 1924 and my father in 1930. There are four daughters and one son living, as follows: Mrs. Emma Wilzke, Washington, D. C.; Mrs. Olive F. Feilig, La Junta, Colorado; Mrs. Max Lepkovitz, Walsenburg, Colorado; George A. H. Baxter, Lamar, Colorado; and myself.

Experiences in the San Luis Valley¹

AS TOLD BY ARMOND CHOURY TO AGNES KING²

I came to the United States from France at the age of nineteen years. A friend had written me a glowing account of a rich mine opening up two miles north of Zapata Ranch in the northeast corner of the San Luis Valley. Owners of the mine lived in Hartford, Connecticut.

I arrived in Alamosa on the 21st day of June, 1880, looked around and found a team going to Zapata Ranch (then owned by Ada & Durkee. In fact Durkee was the man of Durkee's salad dressing, etc).

With my friends I stayed three months at the mine waiting for eastern owners to send money to work the mine. For some reason the money never came so I went to Mosca Pass and spent a month there with Charles Holly, brother of Doug Holly, who later lived at Mosca Pass and operated the Mosca Pass toll road.

¹Mr. Choury was one of our early pioneers. He was a young man of eighty years at the time I interviewed him, but died soon thereafter. He talked very entertainingly in a clear, strong voice, using the very best of English. His memory was excellent, remembering the smallest details of his early life in the San Luis Valley.

²For many years preceding his death Mr. Choury lived in San Luis, Colorado. Mrs. King, of Blanca, has lived in the San Luis Valley for sixty years continuously.—Ed.

I ran around a lot seeing the country and looking for work, finally landed back in Alamosa, heard there that there was a railroad near Raton, New Mexico. Asked fare to Trinidad. It was ten cents a mile. Now I could walk twenty or thirty miles a day, so decided I could make good wages walking, so walked to Trinidad. Got a job on railroad at Raton and worked there until twentieth of October.

Came back to Zapata to work, but no funds had arrived to work the mine, so I stayed at Zapata until after election. I must tell you about that election. (Mr. Choury here laughed heartily at the remembrance of his first election in the United States.) Mr. Ady had his headquarters at Zapata. When I came in election morning Mr. Ady took me in a low 'dobe room where election was being held. A long table made of rough boards supported on rough benches, a cigar box with a hole cut in the lid were the only furnishings. Three judges were seated at the table. I asked, "Mr. Ady, where are your clerks?" He replied, "So far we have no clerks and we want you to be one of the clerks."

I told him there were three reasons why I could not serve as clerk. "First, I am not a citizen of the United States; second, I am only twenty years old; third, I know nothing on earth about your elections in this country." Mr. Ady replied: "I defy anyone here to find anything in the election law that says a clerk has to be a citizen, and as far as your age is concerned, we will just forget that." I told him I would serve, but he would have to take the consequences. So I served as clerk of the election.

The tickets were little narrow strips of paper—one ticket for Republicans and one for Democrats. Fifty votes were cast—eighteen cowboys from Medano Springs and Zapata Ranch, Ady and Durkee, T. B. Seely and his partner, House, some Spanish people, and several voters from Mosca Pass.

Times were bad and cattlemen were turning off help, so it looked bad for me for work. A fellow by name of Ed Murphy, a prospector, had a rich claim almost on top of the range on North Zapata Canyon and asked me to go up and prospect a while. I told him I had no grub. Mr. Ady said, "I will let you have a quarter of beef and a sack of flour," so we packed up and took to the hills. Went up by Charles Holly's mine. He told us the eastern parties had never come across with any funds, so there would be no work there. We went on up to Murphy's cabin, a hard climb through deep snow. The day after we got up to the cabin another heavy snow fell. All we could do was to get wood and keep warm. Had some two- and three-year-old magazines for reading material. Murphy was a banjo enthusiast, I had

taken my flute along. We spent a lot of time playing banjo and flute.

The fourth of December our grub gave out. We held a conference as to what to do next. We had to do something, for we were out of grub and broke. Murphy said, "Let's go to Pueblo. We can get work there, for I hear much building is going on there." Pueblo was only a straggling little town just beginning to grow.

We struck out down the mountain to Zapata. No work there. They had laid off all men except just enough to feed the cattle. We walked on to Mosca Pass. Dr. Hastings, a brother-in-law of Durkee, lived there, kept a store of necessities and had charge of the Mosca Pass toll road at that time. It was quite a walk from Zapata to Mosca Pass through the snow. We asked Dr. Hastings if we could stay over night. He answered, "You are welcome, boys." He asked where we were headed for. We told him Pueblo. "On foot?" he asked. We told him "Yes." "Any money?" We told him "No." He said, "Boys, that is poor business afoot, no money, so far, snow so deep and weather so cold. As you boys know, I have to keep this road open for travel, so if you boys will help me shovel the snow out of the road, I will pay you \$2.00 and board." This sounded good to us, so we went to work. The snow was two to four feet deep and it was really back-breaking work to shovel snow for ten hours a day. We worked at this for five days.

The day after we got through shoveling snow, I was sitting on the step reading when a man rode up. Looking up I noticed he was a Spaniard of small stature and very dark. I went back to my reading, when someone tapped me on the shoulder. Glancing up, I saw it was the man who had just ridden up. He asked me my name. I told him and asked his. He said "Miguel Espinosa." (No relation of the noted outlaw Espinosa.) He asked what I was reading. I told him "A Spanish book of adventure." "That is a good book. I have read it," he replied. He then asked if I was Spanish. I told him no, that I came from France, but lived just across the border from Spain. He then asked, "How is it that you speak Spanish so fluently?" "I learned Spanish in the University of France." Told him I could teach school also. He remarked, "That is indeed strange. I was just on my way to San Luis to see if I could find a teacher for our school at Medano Springs, and have found one right here." I told him, "Your School Board may not approve of me as a teacher." He laughed. "I am the President of the Board, other members of the Board are my nephews, and what I do will be all right with them."

Then I asked him where the school was located. He replied, "About five miles south of Trujillo's and three miles east of Meadow Springs ranch buildings." He was, or seemed to be, much pleased, and said, "We will go to San Luis tomorrow and see about a teacher's certificate—that is, if you can ride horseback." "Yes," I told him, "I served my time, was in cavalry before I left France." He rented a horse for me and the next morning after our arrival in San Luis went to see the County Superintendent of Schools. Charles Johns was Superintendent at that time. Mr. Johns asked for my qualifications for teaching. I told him I had never taught school, showed him my credentials, among them my B.A. Degree from University of France in Paris. After considering for a few minutes, he said, "I do not think it necessary for you to take a teacher's examination at this time, your credentials are enough, so I will issue you a teacher's certificate." I went back to Meadow Springs with Mr. Espinosa. He lived in an adobe house and school was held in one room of his house. Salary was \$50.00 a month and room and board. The patrons of the school furnished the wood, school boys chopped it, the girls swept and dusted, I built fires, so they were out only the teacher's salary.

After my school closed I secured work at a saw-mill two miles north of Mosca Pass, worked there for four months, then went to Rico and worked until time for my school to open again. This time I taught in a little adobe house south of South Zapata buildings. Taught two five-month terms of school in this little building.

In 1889 went to San Luis to teach, was also appointed Post Master there. San Luis at that time consisted of a number of adobe buildings.

In 1891 Francisco Sanchez, a prosperous rancher and sheepman, was elected Treasurer of Costilla County. (At that time Costilla County was much larger than now. In 1913 the northern half of it was consolidated in Alamosa County.) At that date Costilla County went to Baca Grant line north. Mr. Sanchez came to see me and said, "Choury, I am in a predicament. I am County Treasurer, but I know nothing about it, in fact can hardly write my own name. What I want to know is, will you serve as my deputy?" "What salary or what is there in it for me?" "I do not know what it pays," he replied. "I'll tell you it cost me \$400.00 to get elected. If I get this back in two years and have the honor of being County Treasurer, you may have all the rest that is in it." I told him, "That is a bargain," so I became County Treasurer and served in this capacity for thirty-three

years. Not all this time under above setup or as deputy though, and I also did a great deal of work in other county offices.

There were several ranches at Meadow Springs, as it was called then, now known as Medano Ranch. Teofilo Trujillo, Alcarra Salazar, Miguel Espinosa, and several others had ranches there at that time, but all is in one large ranch now under ownership of Linger Brothers of Hooper, Colorado.

[Mr. Choury told me to call again and he would give me a good story on early days in Fort Garland and San Luis vicinity, but I did not get to go back and talk to him, and it was not long before the grand old gentleman died and left his colorful life of early-day experiences.]

NOTES TAKEN BY LEROY R. HAFEN IN AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. CHOURY
AT HIS HOME IN SAN LUIS IN JULY, 1930.³

I came here to San Luis in 1880 from New York, having been there eight months. Bielshowski (a Pole) and Posthoff (a German) were extensive wool buyers in northern New Mexico and southern Colorado. Their first store was at Costilla. They had branch stores at Fort Garland, Badito, and Del Norte. Their store at Fort Garland was one hundred yards south of the fort quadrangle, hence they could sell whisky, while the sutler's store could not.

The fort had from 500 to 1,500 men. There were over 300 there in 1883. Once it had a whole regiment of colored cavalry there. The officers of the fort came to San Luis for their parties. Alexander St. Clair (great grandson of General St. Clair) succeeded General Washington. St. Clair came in response to an advertisement of St. Vrain and Easterday for a millright. He came here in 1858 and put up their grist mill. Then he put up a machine shop.

Present Costilla County is the only county in the state that has no public land. All the land is in the Sangre de Cristo Grant. Jacals were the first houses in Culebra Valley. They were made of poles set upright in the ground and plastered up. The poles were six or seven inches in diameter.

Moses Hallett came here to San Luis to hold court. They set up a big tent beside the jail and held court in it.

The settlers here raised wheat, corn, beans. Now the town is maintained mostly by laborers who go off to work at the Walsenburg mines or the Pueblo mills.⁴

³Inasmuch as these notes pertain to Mr. Choury, I have added them here.—Ed.

⁴McGrath's *Pioneers* says Mr. Choury married Mary St. Clair on October 19, 1887.—Ed.

Pioneer Justice in Douglas County

VAUNA SALTHOUSE SCHULZ*

On July 4, 1946, Longmont, Colorado, celebrated its 75th anniversary. In interviewing some of the outstanding men of our city for this historical event, I became better acquainted with a gentleman whom I had long admired. He brought back memories of stories my great-grandmother told me and invited me to return for a more complete interview with him so that some of the stories that had been related to him in his childhood might be preserved for the enjoyment of others.

Before plunging into the tales he told me, I shall tell you a little about the man who was kind enough to make this article possible. One of the chief attractions in our city celebration was the beards that many of the men grew for the occasion. Whitest of all the beards was that grown by Mr. Albert Dakan. His silky white hair and matching beard startled many an excited little child into running home to mother with the amazing news that he had seen Santa Claus working in his yard on the corner of Collier Street and Sixth Avenue.

Being the father of five grown children, three boys and two girls, Santa Claus would be an appropriate name for Mr. Dakan. His blue eyes twinkle with humor and understanding. His ruddy face has laughter lines about the eyes and mouth. His voice is pleasantly modulated and his words are pronounced with an air of one who knows what he wishes to say and appreciates the value of words well spent. At the age of seventy-nine Mr. Dakan still practices law and has his office located in the front parlor of his delightfully old-fashioned home, which his gentle wife keeps unbelievably neat and shining clean.

High ceilings, winding staircases and faded wall-paper form a setting with just the proper amount of dignity to display Mr. Dakan's personality. It was in his office amidst towering stacks of books, magazines and papers, with an old-fashioned black heating stove dominating the scene that Mr. Dakan related the following historical incidents of the early days in Colorado which in turn had been described to him in his youth by actual participants in the events.

His first story was about a murderer's skeleton which served a good purpose and the second concerned a corpse that swang in the chill winter breeze for several weeks before being laid to rest. The narratives are intertwined because the main characters started out together.

*Mrs. Schulz lives in Longmont, Colorado.—Ed.

Sometime during the month of November, 1867, two men were seen traveling south on East Plum Creek. It is believed that they asked to stay all night with a young man who had taken up a homestead along that stream because on the morning following the day that the strangers had been seen, a neighboring settler called on the young homesteader and found him murdered.



ALBERT DAKAN

There were a number of settlers along both East and West Plum Creeks. The news of the crime spread rapidly. As neighbors of the murdered man gathered, they learned that the two strangers had been seen making their way southward along the East Plum Creek road. A posse was formed and the trail was followed. It was learned that the two suspects stayed the night following the crime at the home of an elderly rancher named Dan Hopkins, who then lived about two miles north of Palmer Lake at the foot of the mountains. In spite of his age, Hopkins was very active. His description of his two visitors confirmed the belief that they were the fugitives. Hopkins joined the posse which set out at a hot pace and soon overtook and captured the criminals near the present site of the town of Monument. They had some of the property of their victim in their possession. Their captors had no doubt of their guilt, especially after one of them said to Hopkins, "Old Man, if we had thought you would have joined this crowd to follow us, you'd be dead, too."

The posse immediately began the return trip with the prisoners. A mile or two north of Palmer Lake, one of the killers became very abusive. The posse halted in a pine grove and quickly strung him up under a big pine limb. As soon as he was

dead, the party rode off leaving his body dangling there to serve a grim warning of what fate lay in store for any strangers who might pass that way with skulduggery in mind.

Many hours later, the posse reached a gulch about a mile north of Castle Rock at a point not far from the murdered homesteader's ranch. Under a very large yellow pine tree which had a stout limb growing at a convenient place for execution, a trial was held and the second prisoner was hanged. After a suitable interval, one of the possemen, L. Z. Stevens, stepped up to the body and felt for the pulse. Then in a high-pitched voice said, "Gentlemen, I'm but a boy, but this makes forty-two carcasses of this kind that I've seen stretched between heaven and earth." He later explained that he had been present at the mass hanging of thirty-nine Indians in Minnesota, after an Indian uprising there.

When the second murderer was pronounced dead, his body was cut down and buried in the bank of a near-by sand gulch.

Many years passed. The bank of the gulch was eroded by floods and the skeleton of the man was thus exposed. Some enterprising local resident realizing that it was almost perfectly preserved had it put together in Denver, then brought it back to Castle Rock and presented it to the public school.

For years it was used by the teachers in the study of physiology. Mr. Dakan attended school there in 1882. That skeleton hung in a closet of the schoolhouse and was taken out and placed before the class as often as the teacher wished to illustrate human frame work. When so used, the skeleton was suspended by means of a small metal ring fastened on top of the skull and placed in a hook of a tripod which stood on the floor. In that manner the murderer's skeleton hung at full length before the class and so served a good purpose.

That old frame school building burned during the latter '80s and with it the skeleton turned to ashes.

Now to return to the first hanging. Remember, it was freezing cold on the Divide. Naturally that body froze stiff as it hung there. A few weeks passed. People living in that region began to get restless. Superstition played a prominent part in the settling of the West and was part of what made life interesting and bearable in an otherwise drab existence, especially among the pioneer women. First one then another told of hearing strange noises at night. Peculiar moanings disturbed them. The cause was quickly ascribed to the ghost of the fellow whose frozen body was still swinging out there in the near-by forest. Finally the women prevailed upon several of the men to cut the body

down and bury it. Thereafter, neither ghost nor lively, unruly imaginations bothered that community.

The above is the substance of true incidents that were related to Albert Dakan and his parents, W. A. and Elizabeth Dakan, who settled on a homestead about fourteen miles southwest of Castle Rock in 1870. Albert Dakan was then three years old. All of the "first settlers" of East and West Plum Creeks were still living and were their neighbors. It was from their lips that the Dakans heard the first-hand accounts of their part in "bringing those two criminals to justice."

Letters of a Returned Pike's Peaker*

J. S. BAKER

Fort Dodge, Webster Co., Iowa

June 2nd, 1859

Uncle George

I suppose that you will be surprised at receiving a letter from me dated at this place but circumstances have made it necessary. I arrived here Saturday evening. I came across the western part of this state from Council Bluffs here after a long and a hard journey. The Pike Peak Gold Diggings are all a humbug, a matter of speculation got up by men a doing business on the Mississora River and in the Territorys of Kansas and Nebraska. I will not undertake to describe the suffering that I have seen on the plains or that has occurred on the plains in this excitement as you will see accounts enough of it in the news pappers to satisfy you. There was from 150 to 200 thousand people west of the Mississora River at one time bound for Pikes Peak that are nearly all ruined, and a great many worse than ruined they are so disheartened that they do not seem to care whether they get back or not. The letters that you have seen published have been counterfeited for the purpose. We commenced meeting men in large companys on there way back 2 weeks before we stoped that said they had been to the mines and there was nothing there but we would not believe them we kept on untill we got to Fort Kearny, and there we met the most of the last fall and winter emigration. By this time we had been compelled to feed so many that nearly one half of our provisions were given away all the first trains were obliged to do, because if you did not feed them willingly yourself they would help themselves. A man will murder before he will starve.

You will ask why I did not go to Calafornia that was impossible at that time. The Calafornia emigration did not start so soon into nearly four weeks there was but one way to do and that was to make the best of my way back to the settlements while my provisions lasted. The rods are lined with mining tools that have been thrown away as the would not pay for bringing back. Some of the men that helped get up the excitement have been hung and others shot. I think all will be killed that do not leave the country and they threaten burning down all the towns on the Mississora River. I will write more next time. I am to tired to write...

[Baker's letter of June 8, 1859]

I suppose you get a plenty of Pike Peak news without my writing any. I saw an account yesterday of their having to eat one another to save life which is worse than anything I see but it is bad enough anyway. They have commenced killing some of the men that helped get up the excitement and have made several attempts to burn Omaha and St. Josephs and other towns on the River, but the towns are guarded so strictly that I guess they have not succeeded yet. The rush has got out of the way now so that the Calafornia emigration can go on without trouble from anything but the Indians. It is said they are getting troublesome...

*These letters were recently given to the State Historical Society by Harry C. Stewart of Boise, Idaho. They were written by J. S. Baker, about whom we have no information except as revealed in the letters.—Ed.