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# A Sketch of Delta County History

By Olivia Spalding Ferguson*

Delta County, Colorado, was created in 1883, being formed from a part of Gunnison County. In 1877 Gunnison County had been created from Lake County, which was one of the original seventeen counties of Colorado Territory. The first county officers of Delta County, appointed by the Governor, were: Ed. Kellog, clerk; T. H. McGranahan, treasurer; W. A. McDougall, county judge; Wm. Marcy, surveyor; George Merchant, superintendent of schools; Enos Hotchkiss, Samuel Wade and A. E. Kirkbride, commissioners. The first home of these officers was a "stockade" log cabin, located at the corner of Palmer and Third Streets, Delta, but in 1884 the first real courthouse was erected. It was a very modest frame building on the corner of Main and Third Streets.

The Ute Indians were removed from this section, which was a part of their reservation, in 1881. A town company had been formed by Governor Crawford, of Grand Junction, and in December, 1881, the town of Delta was platted by Samuel Wade. The town itself was begun in 1882, and the first house was built by George Moody. The name Uncompahgre was first given to the town, but it was later changed to Delta because the town site occupies the land of the delta formed by the confluence of the Uncompahgre and Gunnison rivers.

The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad reached Delta in 1882. The first wagon road bridge was built in the same year. It washed out in 1884 and a ferry was used at Delta and at the site of the State Bridge at the mouth of Black Canyon until 1889. The old Government (Military) Road, from the mouth of Tongue Creek, north, which is now called the Surface Creek Road, was declared a county road by the board of county commissioners on July 2, 1883.

The first school teacher in the county was Mrs. A. W. Carr, who taught in the town of Delta before a schoolhouse was built. She was succeeded by Miss Jennie Rurdy. The first high school class was graduated in June, 1889, and consisted of two students, Adah McMurry and Jacob Cowen. Professor P. M. Condit was the principal of the Delta schools at that time.

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The first business houses of the town of Delta were: Butler & Granahan, general merchandise; Wm. Mathers, general merchandise; Isaac & George Conklin, groceries and meat; Latham & Williams, groceries; McMurry & Son, drug store. The first brick residences were built by Andy Meldrum and George Conklin.

Other portions of the county were developing on a surer basis than the town of Delta, whose only hope was the success of the sturdy pioneers who had pre-empted the land in various parts of the county and were seeking to "tame" it to productivity. Irrigation was necessary, as the region was an arid one. The first ditch near Delta was taken out of the Uncompahgre River by Otis Standish, S. B. Crockett, T. L. Eggleston and Thomas Hannoun in 1881. Enos Hotchkiss built a ditch to water his land on the North Fork in 1881 and it is the first ditch on record. Mr. Hotchkiss had selected his land before the Indians were moved and lost no time in starting his improvements. He planted an orchard in 1882 and it was not long before he had built a large brick barn and residence. The town of Hotchkiss sprang into existence on a part of his farm and secured a post office on October 3, 1882. Mr. Hotchkiss was a man of action and did much to develop his section of the county.

Samuel Wade founded Paonia in 1881 and planted an orchard, built ditches and made other improvements. He secured the post office and suggested a list of names, one of which was "peony." The name Paonia was taken from this and given to the place by post office authorities when the office was established on June 7, 1882.

The part of our county known as the North Fork section is fertile and well developed, considering the comparatively short time that has elapsed since the coming of the white man. The Surface Creek Mesa was not behind other localities in the matter of settlement and development. Among the first settlers were: Pierre Settle, John Hart, Frank McKenzie, "Dad" Trickle, James Stell, John Hall and Captain Spalding, who came in the fall of 1881. In the spring of the following year many others located preemption claims in this section. John Hart and Frank McKenzie settled in Hart's Basin and took out the ditch known as Alfalfa Basin Ditch.

Pierre Settle, of Lake City, claimed the 160 acres that formed the nucleus of the large holdings of the "Bar I" cattle company and later became the town of Cedaredge. Mr. Settle was the first manager of the Bar I Cattle Co. and brought the first cattle to Surface Creek—500 cows and calves. In Hart's Basin the "Figure 4" cattle company was organized at the same time (1882) by S. S. Baldwin and later was operated by A. C. Botsford.



Henry Kohler succeeded Mr. Settle in 1883, and his wife, Sophie Kohler, named their ranch, "Cedar Edge." These two words were united to form the name of the present town of Cedaredge, when its post office was established December 5, 1894. California Mesa was settled in the early days, filings on land being made as early as 1882, but insufficient water retarded its development.

In 1900 a man named Anderson started a campaign to get Gunnison River water to this mesa by bringing it through a tunnel. His investigations led to discouragement and nothing was done at that time, but later Meade Hammond, our representative in the state legislature, introduced what is called the "Gunnison Tunnel" bill which was approved April 11, 1901, securing an appropriation of $50,000 to build "State Canal No. 3," an irrigation project to divert water from the Gunnison River west of Cimarron. This was feasible by means of a tunnel and a long canal. Government Reclamation Service took charge and the water was secured after the appropriation had been used with a negligible result. As a result a great acreage of arid land has been reclaimed and California Mesa, in Delta County, is realizing the resulting benefits. The great cost per acre for water under this project, however, has resulted in some financial failures and farms have been abandoned in a few cases by discouraged men who could not see a way out, but the Uncompahgre Irrigation Project is one of the big feats of the United States Reclamation Service.

Delta County has been singularly free from disasters, but a few tragedies have occurred in her history. In 1893 the McCary gang of desperadoes of Utah, sent four of their number to rob the Delta bank. This small bank, called the Farmers and Merchants Bank, was housed in a log building on the main street of Delta. The robbers chose the noon hour of August 7 when the cashier, Arthur T. Blachley, would be alone. They walked in the door and when they found Mr. Blachley offered resistance he was killed and the robbers took what they could secure and attempted to escape. Ray Simpson, a native of Kentucky and a fine marksman, hearing the shot that killed Mr. Blachley, rushed to the door of his store which was across the street from the bank, and fired at the man on horseback, who was trying to get away. He killed him. The son seeing his father shot, returned and was killed also. Another was wounded but made his escape with his comrade and they were never caught.

In 1889 William Alexander took up land adjacent to the big lake on Grand Mesa which bears his name. His plan was to propagate fish for market and this he and his partner, Richard Forrest,

did for several years, until Mr. Alexander mysteriously disappeared.

In 1896, William Radcliffe, an Englishman, secured a concession from the Surface Creek Ditch & Reservoir Co. whereby he was granted the right to propagate trout in their lakes and reservoirs. The stockholders, however, reserved the right to fish in these lakes. This arrangement led to a killing which became an international matter. In 1900, William Womack was using his right and privilege as a stockholder in the reservoir company, to fish in the lakes. The guard, Mahaney, a half-breed Indian, shot Mr. Womack, killing him. Mahaney was arrested and placed in jail at Delta. A mob tried to lynch him but the efficient sheriff, George Smith, slipped him away to a hiding place and later he had his trial. The mob, seeking to show their resentment, burned Radcliffe's buildings on Grand Mesa, a few nights after the killing. Mr. Radcliffe made a claim for damages to the government and he was allowed by Congress the sum of $25,000 and the government then established a fish hatchery on Grand Mesa and recently a hatchery has been built at Cedaredge.

Delta County's growth and development has been rapid in a quiet, sure way. A vast fruit industry has made us famous in a measure. We grow sugar beets and have a sugar factory. We raise livestock and ship cattle, sheep and hogs to distant markets. The dairy business is growing and wonderful cheese is made within our borders. Poultry culture is developing on a large scale.

We have many fine churches and many fine schools, and the various communities are connected by splendid graveled highways. The beautiful Grand Mesa Lake resort attracts hundreds of tourists and pleasure-seekers in the summer months, and there is no valley in Colorado that can boast of a finer, more moderate climate the year round, than Delta County. The superb mountain scenes that meet the eye toward the horizon in any direction are ever changing and inspiring.

The hardships and hopes and dreams of the dauntless pioneers belong to the past. Delta County now has thousands of comfortable homes and resources which insure great future progress and prosperity.[1]

[1] In compiling this sketch, some of the material has been taken from papers written for the D. A. R. organization, notably a history of Delta County by Mrs. Adah Price.

# The Re-burial of Chief Ouray

By Mrs. C. W. Wiegel*

In the list of names of great Indian chiefs of this country, that of Ouray, chief of all the Ute tribes of Colorado, is outstanding. Most other chiefs were war chiefs, preaching resistance to the encroachments of the whites and fighting and retreating step by step in face of the oncoming hordes of the all-conquering race; but Ouray, great statesman that he was, while lamenting the fact that his people must give way to a new age and a new civilization, faced the inevitable, and did his best, by negotiation and treaty, to save as much as possible of the possessions of his people—possessions held for centuries.

It is common knowledge how he counseled peace and forbearance and patience; how he even sent his wife, Chipeta, on a grilling ride of one hundred and sixty miles to command the Indians in the White River uprising of 1879 to stop further hostilities, and to rescue the captives held for ransom; how he negotiated treaties whereby the lands of his people were sold to the United States Government—with the exception of a narrow strip in the extreme southwest of the state—and the money placed in the treasury at Washington to bear interest and to be used for the benefit of the Ute tribes. Countless incidents could be cited to prove the great intellect and keen judgment of Colorado's famous Indian chieftain. Had Ouray used this wondrous ability of his for an organization of offense and defense, he could have swayed and led all the plains and mountain tribes in such a war as never has been seen on this continent. For using his influence for peace instead of war, Chief Ouray should bear for all time the title of the Great Peace Chief.

Born in Colorado in 1820, chief of the Uncompahgre Utes, he was first heard of in a public way as chief of the Utes, at the signing of the treaty at Conejos in 1863. He was well-educated and could speak both Spanish and English as well as many Indian dialects.

In 1859 Ouray married Chipeta, a highly-respected and much-loved princess of the Utes, who became well known for her intellect and goodness. For a great many years and up to the death of Ouray, Ouray and Chipeta lived on their allotment or homestead near the present town of Montrose, and are well-remembered by the pioneers in what has become known as the "Ouray Country."

Some time after the death of Ouray, Chipeta moved to the Ute reservation in Utah where she died in August, 1924. A group

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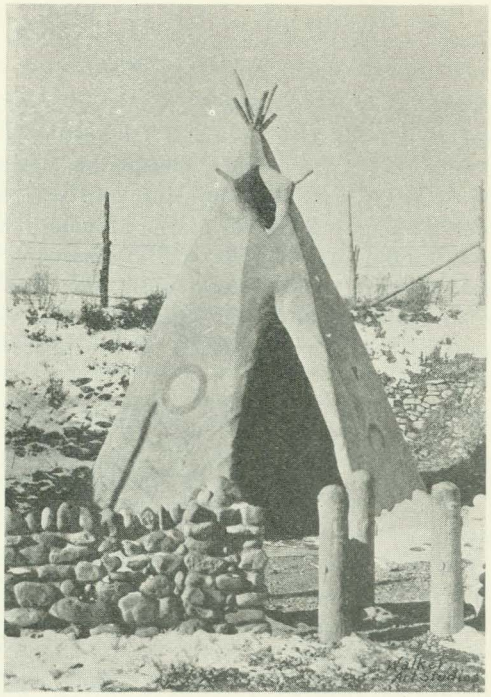


THE OURAY-CHIPETA TEPEE AT MEMORIAL PARK NEAR MONTROSE, COLORADO

(This tepee is made of cement, and is set over the spring on Ouray's old farm.)

of citizens of Montrose, under the designation of a "Community Committee," brought the body back to Colorado and caused it to be placed in a beautiful mausoleum on the old home site near Montrose. The body was accompanied to its last resting place by Chipeta's brother, McCook; Yahgah, interpreter; Thomas Owens, agriculturist; and Rev. Hershey. Several acres were purchased and the place is now known as Ouray Memorial Park. Besides the grave of Chipeta the park contains a concrete tepee erected over the home spring and a splendid, tall granite shaft erected to the memory of Ouray and Chipeta; also, the old adobe house is still standing near. The park is one of the historic shrines on the famous Chief Ouray Highway between Grand Junction and Durango.

In the summer of 1880 Chief Ouray went to Ignacio to visit the Southern Ute Agencies which were then in charge of Buckskin Charley, a sub-chief. There he took sick and died suddenly, August 24, 1880. His body was secretly buried, as was the custom of the Ute Indians with their prominent dead.



After the re-burial of Chipeta in Memorial Park, the park committee endeavored to obtain the remains of Ouray for the purpose of placing them in a twin mausoleum beside Chipeta. McCook, her brother, was sent to Ignacio to consult with the Southern Utes for this removal. McCook met with absolute failure so far as the removal of Ouray to Montrose was concerned, but his visit did start an agitation among the Utes to take Ouray from his secret resting place and inter him in the Indian cemetery on the reservation near Ignacio. This was done, the removal being supervised by the same old sub-chiefs who had buried Ouray many years ago. The chiefs were assisted by several other Indians and a committee of Ignacio townspeople headed by L. M. Wayt. On May 24, 1925, the remains of Ouray were placed among those of his own people in the Indian cemetery. Here, also, a division arose among the Indians of different religious affiliations; so to settle the dispute and please all, the fence dividing the Protestant and the Catholic portions of the cemetery was opened and the grave dug half on each side, so that the beloved chief rests at peace in doubly-hallowed ground. This re-burial was the occasion for a four-day ceremonial with many sacred Indian rites, and at the last, over the open grave, the last rites of the Christian churches. This event called together the largest group of whites and Indians—Utes even coming from the reservation in Utah—that ever assembled on the reservation at Ignacio.

In spite of the great publicity given to the re-burial of both Chipeta and Ouray, there seem to be some who have not heard of it, or who seem to doubt the authenticity of the re-burials. To give to the public proof of the fact that the remains resting in the grave at Memorial Park, Montrose, are those of Chipeta, and those in the grave at Ignacio are those of Ouray, the writer presents herewith some of the letters and affidavits gathered during two years' research:

A letter dated at the Consolidated Ute Agency, Ignacio, March 10, 1926, and signed by E. E. McKean, the then superintendent at that agency, says in part. . . . "As you may have read, last year the remains of Chief Ouray were taken from a cave below Ignacio where they have rested many years. . . . The same four old Utes who buried Ouray many years ago acted as pallbearers at the re-burial of his remains last year." Another from the same person: . . . "McCook never wrote me any letter referring to Ouray in any way. While here at the agency a short time before the removal of Ouray's remains from the cave to the Indian cemetery, he acknowledged the fact that Ouray died here and although he was the brother of Chipeta and would like to have them buried to-

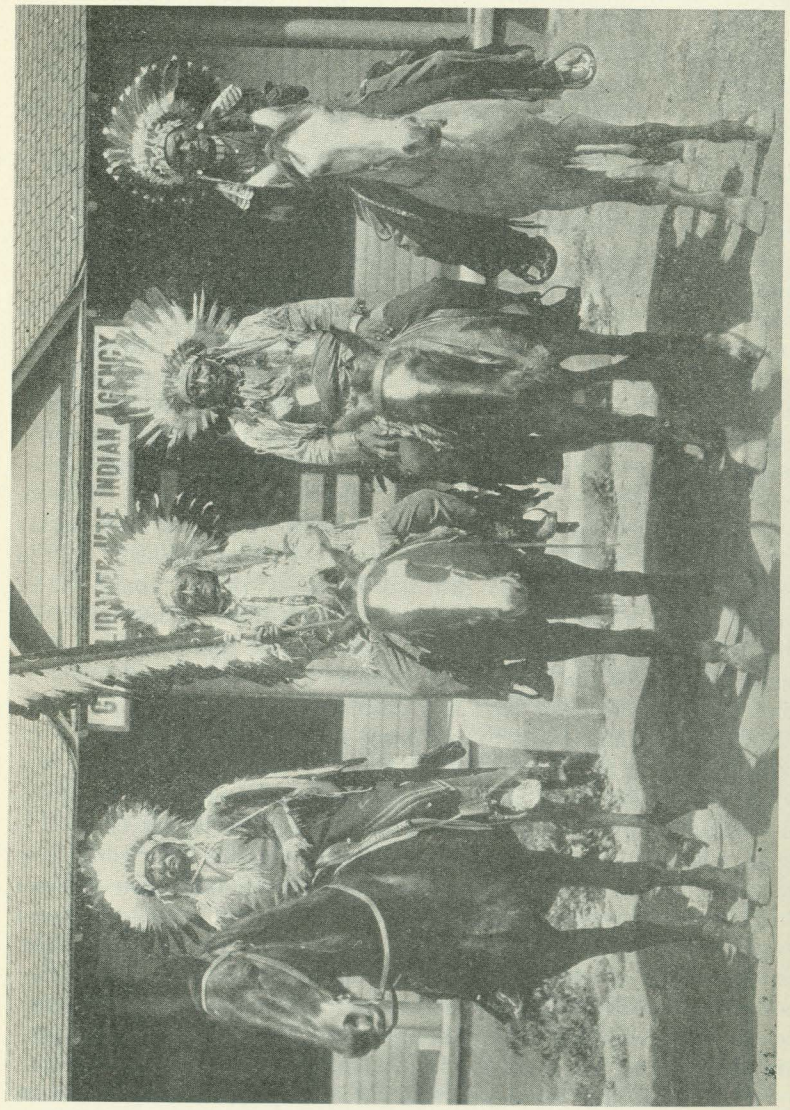
gether at the same place, he left it entirely to the Utes of this jurisdiction as to the disposal of Ouray's bones."

Quoting from a letter dated June 7, 1926, from Chas. H. Burke, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Department of the Interior, Washington: ". . . Recently Southern Ute Indians in the neighborhood of Ignacio removed Chief Ouray's remains from their burial place in the mountains to the Indian cemetery near Ignacio. Considerable publicity was given to this removal. . . ." Many other letters from the Commissioner, the Assistant Commissioner, and the Secretary of the Interior regarding the new burial place of Ouray speak of it as a fact that he is buried in Ignacio Indian cemetery.

Copying from a certain memorial dated at Montrose, Colorado, May 10, 1928, and signed by the "Community Committee" consisting of Mrs. Jennie H. Foster, Mrs. A. R. McCrimmon, A. H. Loehr, C. E. Adams and T. W. Monell: "In the summer of 1880 Chief Ouray went to Ignacio to visit the Southern Utes, which were then in charge of Buckskin Charley, a sub-chief. There he took sick and died suddenly. His body was secretly buried by the Indians, instead of being brought home. The custom of the Indians was to secretly bury their dead. . . . A great public ceremony was had at the burial of Chipeta in which people assembled from all parts of western Colorado. . . . The mausoleum was erected on an eminence about one hundred feet from the tepee and spring. . . . The local committee then attempted to find the remains of Chief Ouray and have them buried in a twin mausoleum beside Chipeta. McCook was sent to Ignacio to look for them, but returned without success. . . . An agitation was then started by the Indians of Southern Agency at Ignacio to find Ouray's remains. They were found later by Buckskin Charley and others and were buried with great pomp and ceremony at Ignacio, in which the Indians at the agency took the leading part."

But absolute, conclusive proof of the authenticity of the present resting place of the body of Chief Ouray is given by the affidavits of the old sub-chiefs themselves. A letter from the superintendent of the Southern Ute Agency, dated December 31, 1926, is as follows: "With further reference to the Ouray incident, I am enclosing herewith affidavits taken today, bearing upon this subject. There cannot be the slightest doubt but that the people who claim that Ouray is not buried in Ignacio have been misinformed." These affidavits were properly drawn, duly sworn to, and witnessed.

Buckskin Charley, being duly sworn, makes the following statement regarding the death of Chief Ouray: "Buckskin Charley, did you know Chief Ouray?" "Yes." Were you with him on his last visit to Ignacio?" "Yes." "Did he die at Ignacio?" "Yes, he died right at the Ignacio Agency." "Were you with him at the time of his death?" "Yes." "At what time of year did he die?" "Summer." "What other Indians were with you and Chief Ouray when he died?" "There were quite a few Indians there when Chief Ouray died, but only a few are now living. There were some Northern Utes with us when Chief Ouray died. The Southern Utes who were with us when Chief Ouray died and who are now living are Colorow, Joseph Price and myself. McCook was also with us. McCook is the brother of Ouray's wife, Chipeta." "After Ouray's death, what did you do with his body?" "After he died we wrapped the body in new blankets and buffalo robes and then tied cords and ropes around it and placed it on a horse. After putting the body upon a horse, Nathan Price, a Southern Ute, told us that his father, Chief Suvata, was buried in the rocks about two miles south of Ignacio, and this would be a good place to bury Chief Ouray, placing the two chiefs together. This I agreed to, and so we took the body of Chief Ouray and buried it in the rocky cavern below Ignacio in the same grave from which I helped to remove his bones a short time ago. There were six men and one woman who accompanied us to the last resting place. The one woman was Chipeta, the wife of Chief Ouray." "Charley, why do you think there seems to be confusion about the death and burial of Chief Ouray?" "It is because many people who are telling these things about Chief Ouray do not know what they are talking about. They were not with him when he died and they were not at his burial. I was there and I know the exact circumstances of his death and burial." "Did Chief Ouray ever have any children?" "I do not think so." "Buckskin Charley, is there anything else that you wish to tell me about the life or death of Chief Ouray?" "When Chief Ouray was dying he told me there were several people coming from Washington—commissioner, inspectors and officers, also Secretary of the Interior, who were coming to talk about money which they would pay the Indians. 'I am not going to live long and I want you as head of your tribe to sign, that seems when you sign you'll get paid every year. After you sign first, the rest of the tribe can sign, next the chief of the Kapoties, but the hardest one is the chief at Towaoc. I don't believe he will sign. We have good land here, plenty of water—don't let this land go. You stay here and take care of this land and work it. Buckskin Charley, I don't want you to run around and leave your people. Stay until all your tribe dies and you die, too.' " . . . "Then Charley has always remembered what Chief Ouray has told him and has always done so?" "I have never forgotten what Chief Ouray had told me and have always tried to do what he said and follow his good advice. I think that the




CHIEFS WHO ASSISTED IN THE BURIAL AND RE-BURIAL OF CHIEF OURAY
Left to right: Buckskin Charley, Joseph Price, McCook, and Naneese.
Picture taken at the time of the re-burial.



different stories now being told by outside people about the death and burial of Chief Ouray is foolish talk with no truth in it. All of the Southern Utes at Ignacio have known for several years where Chief Ouray is buried. It is my wish that the remains of Chief Ouray be put in our Indian cemetery with a monument to mark his grave.

(Thumb print.)
(His (X) mark.)
BUCKSKIN CHARLEY."

Testimony of Buckskin Charley. Buckskin Charley, being first duly sworn, deposes and says as follows: "In connection with my testimony given at the time of the removal of Ouray's remains, I wish to state that I have never signed any paper or made any statement going to show that Chief Ouray died at any other place than Ignacio, Colorado, and that his remains were buried at any other place. He is now buried in our Indian cemetery at Ignacio, having been taken from the cave south of Ignacio where we first buried him. It is distressing to me and disturbing to my people to have any one say that he died elsewhere and was buried elsewhere. It will be very pleasing to my people and to me if the white men or the government see fit at any time to place a proper marker over his present grave in the Indian cemetery at Ignacio.

Witnesses: (Thumb print.)
L. M. Wayt, (His (X) mark.)
Annabell Shelliefaux. BUCKSKIN CHARLEY."

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of December, 1926, in the office of the Consolidated Ute Agency.

E. E. McKEAN.

Testimony of Chief McCook. Chief McCook, being first duly sworn, makes the following answers to questions asked regarding the death and burial of Chief Ouray: "McCook, are you a brother of Chipeta?" "Yes." "Were you with Chief Ouray when he died at Ignacio?" "Yes, I was there." "What other Indians were with you when Chief Ouray died?" "There were several Indians with us. Most of the Northern Utes are dead now, one chief died a short time ago. Chipeta, Colorow and Buckskin Charley were with me at the death of Chief Ouray." "McCook, did you hear Chief Ouray talk to Buckskin Charley before he died?" "I was outside of the camp when this conversation took place." "McCook, after Ouray died, where did you help bury him?" "I helped drive the horses down to Chief Ouray's grave, down below Ignacio in the rocks, and Chipeta, Buckskin Charley and Colorow were there at

that time." "Did you and Chipeta, after you went back to the Northern Ute country, talk about Chief Ouray and where he was buried?" "When we went back to Chief Ouray's people we told his friends where he died and where we buried him, beside the other chief, Suvata." "McCook, did Chipeta and Ouray ever have any children?" "No, Chief Ouray had no children. He used to call me his child." "Did Chipeta ever tell you that it was her wish to be buried beside her husband, Chief Ouray?" "No, she had never talked to me about where she would be buried." "McCook, is it your wish that the remains of Chief Ouray be buried here among his own people?" "It is my wish whatever the Southern Ute Indians say. If they want him buried here, that is good."

(The above is a true copy of statement made to me by McCook. —E. E. McKean, Superintendent.)

Testimony of Colorow. Colorow, being first duly sworn, testified as follows: "Colorow, were you with Chief Ouray at the time of his death?" "I was." "Where did he die?" "Right here at the agency." "What time of year was it when he died?" "Summer." Were Buckskin Charley and McCook and Chipeta and Joseph Price with you at the time Ouray died?" "Yes, they were." "Were there old Indians there who are now dead?" "There were many others there now dead." "After Chief Ouray died, what was done with the body?" "We wrapped him up with blankets and robes and we took him down to the rocky cave and buried him beside Chief Suvata." "Colorow, were you among the people who recently dug up the remains of Chief Ouray from his grave and brought them to Ignacio?" "Yes, I was there." "Is it your wish that the remains of Chief Ouray be buried here at Ignacio among his people?" "It is my wish if the Southern Utes want him buried here." "Colorow, is there anything else you wish to tell me about the life or death of Chief Ouray?" "No, that is all."

(The above is a true copy of statement made to me by Colorow. —E. E. McKean, Superintendent.)

Testimony of Naneese (George Norris). Naneese, being first duly sworn, deposes and says as follows: "I am one of the old men of the Ute tribe living at Ignacio. I knew Chief Ouray and was with him when he died at Ignacio, Colorado. We buried him in a cave south of Ignacio. We removed his bones from this cave about two years ago and buried him in the Indian cemetery at Ignacio, Colorado, where they are at the present time. Many Utes were present during the sickness and death of Chief Ouray. It pains me to hear any one say that Ouray is not buried with us and that he did not die at Ignacio. All of the Southern Utes, the Ute Mountain Utes, and the Northern Utes know where and when Ouray died.



Chief Buckskin Charley received instructions from Ouray before he died, at which time we recognized Charley as our chief. It will be pleasing to me and to the rest of the Ute tribe if the government or the white men see fit at any future time to place a marker over the present grave of Chief Ouray in our Indian cemetery at Ignacio, Colorado.

(Thumb print.)
(His (X) mark.)
NANEESE."

Witnesses:

L. M. Wayt,
Annabell Shelliefaux.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of December, 1926, in the office of the Consolidated Ute Agency.

E. E. McKEAN,
Superintendent.

Colorow has recently died, but Price, Naneese and Buckskin Charley are still living at Ignacio and can be interviewed at any time. McCook is supposed to be on the reservation in Utah. Buckskin Charley is hale and hearty in his ninety-some-odd year and this summer bought a high-power automobile, discarding his horse except for trips around his farm. The grave of Chief Ouray, the chief to whom the people of Colorado and the whole West owe such a debt of gratitude, is still unmarked except by an American flag which the Indians keep floating over their old time Great Peace Chief.

# The Old South Park Railroad

By Albert B. Sanford

According to the public press, efforts are being made to bring about the abandonment of the South Park Division of the Colorado & Southern Railroad. To many old-timers, this discussion recalls the early days of this road and the beginning of a mineral output that brought a large measure of prosperity to the state.

It was the writer's good fortune, in his boyhood days, to enjoy a rather wide and happy acquaintance with the train men of the South Park railroad, almost from its very start. This association enabled him to "dead head" on work trains, freight trains, and even the de luxe limited, "The Leadville Express." From these recollections and from careful review of the records of The State Historical Society of Colorado, an effort will be made to tell some-

thing of the story of this railroad, built by Colorado pioneers, which occupied an important place in the great rush to Leadville in its boom days.

For the first three years or more, the "system" consisted of just seventeen miles of narrow gauge track, sidings, spurs and yards, with rolling stock limited to a pair of small locomotives, a few flat and box cars and four passenger coaches, two of which were "smokers," the other two, "ladies' cars." Freight traffic was largely in building stone, lime rock and fence posts, with occasional cars of rough lumber from the mills on Bear Creek above the terminal, Morrison. In summer time, the small passenger business was materially increased by excursions of Denver Sunday Schools, until the road was frequently referred to as "The Sunday School Route."

Indeed, this business grew to such proportions that an order for a half dozen new flat cars was rushed to enable the management to reconstruct excursion cars. Passengers were protected from the weather by a light roof, supported by strong uprights. Seats were of common lumber, smoothed and painted, though not of the reversible type. Usually, ample time was available to turn the train on a "Y" but as that track was sometimes used for loading "down" freight, the cars often returned to Denver the same way they went out, and excursionists enjoyed the scenic beauties of the trip riding backward. This, in brief, was the condition of the road from the date the first rails were laid, April 18, 1874, to the spring of 1877, when grading was commenced for the main line at Bear Creek to Platte Canyon.

From the time Denver's first railroad was completed from Cheyenne in June, 1870, plans began to be considered for lines south and west into the mountain country. In 1868, Governor Hunt surveyed a road from Denver to Santa Fe, via the Platte Canyon, South Park, Trout Creek Pass, Arkansas River, Poncha Pass, the Rio Grande and on south. This was to be called "The Denver, South Park & Rio Grande Railroad."

That same year, Dick Irwin, a noted prospector of the period, had penetrated the San Juan country and brought back stories of its mineral wealth, supported by samples of the rich surface ores that aroused no little interest in that region, later known as "The Great San Juan Triangle," and to this day a constant producer of gold, silver and valuable base ores.

John Evans, second territorial governor of Colorado, began a systematic study of the natural resources of Colorado at the very beginning of his administration in 1862. From visiting scouts, hunters and trappers, he learned much of the country over the



range. Friendly Ute chieftains had told him of the broad valleys and large streams in a region they had occupied for many generations. Governor Evans was a member of the board of directors of the Pacific Railroad and had urged the line up the Republican River, through Denver and over Berthoud Pass. When this plan was abandoned by reason of excessive grades, he at once began plans for a branch to Denver from Cheyenne and in June, 1870, the Denver Pacific was completed.

Early in February, 1872, Evans resigned as president of the Denver Pacific and at once took up his cherished plan to build a railroad from Denver into the South Park and adjacent mining districts, with the larger object of reaching the Gunnison and San Juan regions. The panic of 1873 prevented successful financing for a time, but notwithstanding the gloomy outlook for money, he organized the Denver, South Park & Pacific Railroad on June 14 of that year and went East to secure building funds, returning early in February, 1874, and announced the purchase of eight hundred tons of rails and the securing of capital enough to make a start. Terminal grounds were purchased between Sixth and Seventh Streets, south of Larimer Street, Denver, and on the 18th day of April of that year, track-laying began there, and shops, depot and store houses were erected. The first train was run into Morrison on the 24th of June following, and the event was fittingly celebrated by a grand free excursion train made up largely with passenger cars generously loaned by the Rio Grande. A temporary pavilion had been constructed and, while the younger set danced to the music of the best band Denver could furnish, the older folk rested in the shade of the trees along the clear waters of Bear Creek and talked of the wonderful progress being made in the territory, and visualized the future. Then followed the period first mentioned, with little change except that Morrison became the terminal of the South Park stage line, then owned by McClelland & Spotswood, that had previously worked from Denver.

Meantime, the Utes made a treaty whereby some three million acres of their reservation in the San Juan was opened to prospectors, who began to cover the territory, and discover mineral that proved all and more than Baker had claimed in 1860 or Irwin a few years later. While the carbonates of Leadville were discovered in 1877, there was no great interest aroused at the time and there is little reason to believe that conclusion to resume construction of the South Park road in the early spring of that year was influenced by reports from that section.

In November, 1877, the Denver, South Park & Pacific Construction Co. was organized by a group of Colorado pioneers with Governor Evans at its head. His associates were: John W. Smith, D. H. Moffat, General Bela M. Hughes, J. S. and J. F. Brown, Walter Cheesman, Wm. Barth, George Tritch, Chas. B. Kountz and A. B. Daniels. Arapahoe County had subscribed for $300,000 worth of stock in the railroad company and turned over its bonds for that amount, which, with generous subscriptions from the men above mentioned, created a fund that was used with such wisdom and diligence that in the fall of 1878 trains were put on from Denver to Buffalo where "Bob" Spotswood had already provided stage connections to the mining districts, and Morrison lost what had suddenly become a lively forwarding business.

As progress was made, new, though temporary terminals, were made every few miles. Each day brought more freight and passengers, and Spotswood, seeing the certain demand on his line for a greatly increased business, went to Missouri and Kentucky and bought high-grade horses by the carload, added new Concord stages to his equipment that consisted of old vehicles used on the Overland Route and by the time the road had crossed Kenosha Hill, was running four- to six-horse stages to care for the traffic. Later he ran six four- to six-horse stages each way daily and established a record of service of that character that has seldom, if ever, been equaled. Late in May, 1879, the road had crossed Kenosha Hill to the Tarryall, and about this time Jay Gould dropped into Denver and the following day was the guest of Governor Evans and associates on a "special" to the end of the track. If he made a cash offer for the road at that time, as reported, it was not accepted.

With almost a prairie country to cross from Kenosha Hill to the old Salt Works, good progress was made in grading and laying track to that point, where the line turned west over Trout Creek Pass and reached the Arkansas River, February 10, 1880. After bridging the river, the track was extended to Buena Vista, three miles above, where further construction toward Leadville ceased. In the meantime, the Denver & Rio Grande had settled the war with the Santa Fe over possession of the Royal Gorge and had been building up the Arkansas from Canon City. Its track reached Buena Vista a few weeks after the South Park's arrival. The latter road then made a joint track agreement with the Rio Grande Company that built the line into Leadville and then continued construction west and up Chalk Creek, over the Continental Divide, using an 1,800-foot tunnel at the crest, and continued down the Tomiche to Gunnison City. Later a branch was run to the Baldwin Coal Mines.



With completion of the Rio Grande extension to Salt Lake, over Marshall Pass to Gunnison, the South Park could not meet competitive freight and passenger rates and not long after the whole line from Gunnison to Alpine Pass was abandoned, though trains were operated for a time from Buena Vista to near the head of Chalk Creek at Alpine. With the construction of the road over Boreas Pass to Breckenridge from Como in the South Park and final completion to Leadille, via Dillon and Kokomo, it regained what it lost by the Denver & Rio Grande's advent into its Gunnison territory and to the present time trains are run daily from Denver to Leadville by that route. Then the track from Garo, where the Fairplay and Alma branch connected, to Buena Vista was abandoned as well as all trackage west from the Arkansas River.

Perhaps it was a particularly impressionable age, when a boyish enthusiasm in seeing a railroad operating through the mountains, where formerly a covered wagon or rolling stagecoach were the only means of travel, that left with me certain pictures of the old South Park and those who were intimately associated with its construction and operation. Of all of them, none stand out clearer than that on a spring morning at the depot in West Denver, when the end of the track was near the foot of Kenosha Hill.

"The Morning Passenger" train had been backed in, headed by two engines that took turns "popping" the safety valve. Already there were many passengers boarding to find best seats and a place for bundles that varied in size from an ordinary bed roll to a fairly complete prospecting outfit, which, before leaving time, were frequently gathered up by a pair of brawny brakemen and thrown promiscuously into a box car ahead. At least half the train consisted of cars formerly used on the New York Elevated that had been purchased and "re-conditioned" to meet the then rapidly increasing rush to Leadville. To original equipment that was used on the Morrison Branch, a few new coaches had been added, and, on this occasion, a "special" was attached to the rear.

Now, among my railroad friends, was "Long Bill" Draper, a brakeman who was stationed at the entrance to the special with a list of those having reservations. Something happened "up ahead," Draper was called from his post, and, hurriedly passing the list to me with orders to admit no others, disappeared, and a thrill came to me that has never been duplicated to this day.

I had completed an examination of this roll of honor, discovered that with few exceptions, I knew every man by sight, when my first test came with the arrival of a carriage and I checked in David Moffat, Walter Cheesman and Eben Smith.

In the meantime Draper returned and another carriage rolled up in a cloud of dust and its occupant jumped to the ground before the vehicle stopped. A large, broad-shouldered man with a heavy, drooping moustache, who seemed to know everybody and everybody knew him, came up. He was a man whose millions had just begun to be poured out of the carbonate beds of Leadville, with a good part, even then, being so invested in Denver that makers of new maps began to give the city more prominence—Horace A. W. Tabor—and he had time to grasp the hand of this passenger brakeman and say, "Howdy, Bill."

The next arrival came in an express wagon, seated with the driver, with an overcoat and a man-size carpet sack, the only baggage. Perhaps a rather close acquaintance in later years has helped preserve this picture more clearly. He did not jump from his perch but rather made the descent backwards with a firm hold on the seat, as an old farmer would do. The smile of that expressman, as a fee and a tip, too, no doubt, was handed him, broadened as his passenger said, "Tom, you made it in good time, but I don't think you missed that darn sprinkling cart six inches. Goodbye, good luck." This man, short and rather stout of build, was dressed in "digging clothes" that showed stains from mine drippings and candle grease, with trousers tucked in the tops of heavy boots. He also wore a heavy dark moustache, "burnsides," reaching half way down his cheeks and kindly eyes, shaded by heavy brows. Some one asked as he was being cordially greeted by all, "How is the 'Morning Star'?" This was John L. Routt, owner of one of the latest bonanza strikes and governor of Colorado.

Both engine bells are ringing and two men, apart from the crowd, are so engrossed in conversation over freight and passenger problems to Leadville that, apparently, the time card is forgotten. "Stuttering Billy" Jackson, the conductor, hurries to them, and, partly overcoming his impediment to speech, says, "Don't want to rush you and the Colonel, Governor, but we're ready to pull out," and, as "Billy" waves a signal to Engineers Frank Kaub and "Little Joe" Horgan, the president of the South Park Road, John Evans, and "Bob" Spotswood, the veteran stage man, get aboard as the long slack of the train starts the rear car with a jerk.

# The Cattle Roundup

By Eugene Williams*

During the seventies the range stock business engaged most of the settlers along the South Platte River in northeastern Colorado. My father and J. W. Macrum went into the business in the spring of 1871, about thirty miles east of Greeley, using the "70" brand on their cattle. I began riding the range at that time, at the age of nine years, and continued as a cowpuncher until the fall of 1886.

Each of the ranchers along the river had from a few hundred to many thousand head of cattle on the range and during the winter months many of the cattle would drift many miles away from the home range. The event of most interest to the stockman every year was the spring roundup, when the stray cattle were gathered and driven back to the home range.

John W. Iliff was the owner of probably fifty thousand head of cattle and he had several ranches between Greeley and Julesburg and two on Crow Creek. His cattle did not have to be moved during the roundup but he always had an outfit along to brand his calves. During one spring roundup his men branded over ten thousand calves and many more during the summer. He also bought seventeen thousand head of Texas longhorns, which were trailed from Texas and turned loose on the range one summer.

As soon as the new grass got high enough to keep the saddle horses in good condition, the roundup would start. Each of the larger outfits would send a wagon with as many men and horses as were needed to handle their cattle. The smaller outfits would be represented by from one to three men, all going with one wagon. There were from five to ten men with each wagon and each man would have from six to ten saddle horses. With each wagon there was one man called the horse wrangler, whose duty it was to take charge of the horses during the day. Another man stayed with the horses at night.

From fifteen to twenty wagons, with the men and horses, would meet at Julesburg where a round-up boss would be appointed. On the morning when work was to start, all the riders would go to the outfit the boss was with and there get their orders for the day's work. There would be from one hundred to one hundred and fifty men and they were sent out (on horseback) in the shape of a fan, with the base at the point where the roundup was to be held. All cattle within that radius and from five to ten miles out

* Mr. Williams was engaged in the cattle business from 1871 to 1886. He helped to organize and was the first president of the Old Time Cowboys Reunion Association. He lives at Greeley, Colorado, today.—Ed.

from the river were to be driven in to the roundup grounds. As many as ten thousand were driven in sometimes, but if there were more than twenty-five hundred or three thousand they were cut into bunches of about two thousand head, as larger bunches were unwieldy and hard to handle.

After the cattle were brought in everybody would go to camp and get dinner and change horses, leaving just enough men to keep the cattle together. After dinner they went back to the herd and, while some of the outfits worked one herd, other outfits would be working other herds. The working was done in this way. Men would be stationed at short intervals around the herd to keep them closely bunched, while a few men rode into the herd and cut out any cattle with the brand they were representing.

The reading of brands is a business in itself and it requires years of experience to become expert in it. The cutting out was always done by older men. When the men who were in the herd found an animal with their brand it was cut out from the herd and driven outside and held until all the cattle of that brand were taken out. Then, if there was more than one herd the cattle cut out were driven over to another herd and the same method followed. These small bunches, cut from the larger herd, were called cavys and each outfit had its own cavy, except that several of the smaller outfits would usually cavy together. After all the outfits had worked all the herds and taken out all the cattle claimed by them the rest of the herd was turned loose to go back to the hills. The men went back to camp, except those who were left with the cavy. There were always two or more men with the cavy, to keep them together and to keep the range cattle from mixing with them.

In the evening several men would go out to the cavy and help get them bunched, then ride around them until they became quiet and began to lie down. Then, as a rule, all but two men would go to camp and the men left would stay with the cattle until ten o'clock. The next relief was then called to stay till twelve o'clock, the next until two and the final relief until the men in camp had breakfast at early daylight. Then the cattle would be taken by the men detailed to stay with them that day.

Camp was moved every day from six to ten miles up the river and about the same routine of work was followed until we got to near where Grover is now located. There we disbanded. Many outfits had left us as we passed their home ranges and only a few were left when we got there.

Moving camp was quite a spectacle, when seen for the first time. With all the wagons, hundreds of horses and thousands of cattle moving along in clouds of dust, it was a busy time for all



concerned. Sometimes a team hauling one of the mess wagons would run away and when this occurred it added to the general interest of moving. As a rule, the cook, who always drove the mess wagon, would get the team stopped before serious damage was done. Perhaps the prairie would be covered with rolls of bedding, pots and pans and whatever else was loose in the wagon. But I have seen more than one wagon tipped over and badly broken up. When this happened a long way from a shop where repairs could be made it might be several days before the wagon could get back to the outfit, and, in the meantime, the men would have to "rustle grub" from some other outfit.

The South Platte River did not stop all of the cattle from crossing and after getting across, many of them continued to work south with the cattle from the ranges on the south side of the river. The last four years I spent in the saddle, I was one of three men who were sent down to follow the roundup on the Arkansas River. Bob Kendal, Jule Weatherby and I, represented the whole of the Platte River country. Bob worked for Bruce Johnson whose brand was "22," Jule for Judd Brush, "JB" brand, and I for the "131" outfit which was owned by the East Hampton Live Stock Co., and managed by J. O. Gale, of Greeley.

Jule would come from the JB ranch, which was about ten miles east of where Sterling is now, up to the 131 ranch, about three miles west of Sterling, and we would go together up to the 22 ranch, which was about fifteen miles farther up the river. There we would stop for the night. The next morning the three of us would start south, each of us having six or eight horses and each having one horse packed with our bed and "war bag," containing extra clothes, tobacco, etc.

We would then go to the "OO" (called the two circle bar) ranch, which was near the station of Agate on the Kansas Pacific Railroad. This ranch was owned by Henry Gebhart, who at the time lived with his family on the ranch. We would stay at this ranch from one to two weeks, feeding our horses grain twice a day, getting them into good condition for the summer's work.

While at this ranch we had nothing to do but eat and sleep and feed the horses. Mrs. Gebhart kept a French girl, Gussie, who did the cooking and I will never forget the splendid meals she served us with the family. We slept in the granary and loafed there most of the time, playing cards, reading or sleeping. After breakfast we would go out and feed our horses then go back to the granary and about nine-thirty or ten o'clock Mrs. Gebhart would call us to come in and have lunch. Then at noon we were called to dinner and about three o'clock to another lunch. Between

six and seven o'clock we had supper. The lunches were better than any meals to which we were accustomed and the regular meals were wonderful. When the time came for the OO wagon to start for the roundup, we put our beds and "war bags" into it and that wagon was our home for the rest of the summer.

The roundup would start at the Colorado-Kansas line on the Arkansas River and work up the river to near Pueblo. From there we would drive all the cattle we found which belonged in the Platte River district, together with the cattle belonging to the OO outfit, up to the ranch near Agate, where their cattle would be turned loose on the home range and our Platte River cattle would be put in a large pasture to be kept until we went home in the fall.

After staying at the ranch for two or three weeks, branding calves and doing other necessary work, the outfit would start for another roundup, which would start where the Big Sandy empties into the Arkansas River. We would then work up the Big Sandy, passing the towns of Kit Carson, Hugo and River Bend on the old Kansas Pacific Railroad. While working Big Sandy, we also worked Rush Creek, parallel to Big Sandy and several miles south. When we reached River Bend, only a few miles from the OO ranch, we drove the cattle we had found to the pasture and turned them in with the others, while the OO outfit turned theirs loose on the range. On both of these roundups all calves were branded before the cattle were turned loose.

The roundup continued on up the Big Sandy and into the Bijou Basin in Elbert County, where it disbanded. We went back to the roundup after taking our cattle from River Bend to the OO pasture. We followed the different roundups, covering the country south of the Divide between the South Platte and the Arkansas Rivers and from the mountains to some miles into Kansas during the summer, bringing all the cattle belonging on the Platte River and Wyoming ranges to the OO pasture.

When we had worked that whole district, we would put the packs on our horses, and, after bidding goodbye to Mrs. Gebhart and Gussie, the cook, and thanking them for the kindness shown us, we would take our cattle and start for the home ranches. It took us two days to drive the cattle to where we turned them loose on Beaver Creek, a few miles south of Brush, and we were always glad to get them off our hands after being with them day and night and eating only lunches which Mrs. Gebhart and Gussie had prepared for us. These lunches were carried on our pack horses and were usually badly shaken up and mixed.

We usually brought from one to two hundred head of cattle to show for our summer's work.

# The Death and the Last Will of Kit Carson

By Albert W. Thompson*

"General Christopher Carson is dead." So announced an orderly in the late afternoon of May 23, 1868, within the frontier army post of New Fort Lyon on the Arkansas River, Territory of Colorado, where the greatest of the long line of then living scouts had been a temporary inmate of the post surgeon's headquarters.

In the fall of 1867, due to a change in army orders with a view to mustering out the forces at Fort Garland, Carson, partly because of ill health, tendered his resignation, and with his wife and children sought companionship for a short time with friends and former associates at Taos, New Mexico, some eighty miles distant. While on a hunting expedition in 1860, he had been severely injured when leading his horse, from which he had dismounted, down a steep trail, caught in the lariat, and dragged some distance before he could extricate himself. The then painful hurt had developed later into aneurism of the aorta, which eight years later caused his death.

At Taos during the last days of December, 1867, he bade adieu to the valley of his adoption, and with his family, accompanied by the staunch soldier, Major A. H. Pfeiffer, comrade in arms with whom he had been for years associated, crossed the mountain range, likely through Cimarron Valley and Raton Pass, to the Arkansas River, descending to a small settlement called Boggsville, on the south side of this stream, two miles from the present city of Las Animas, Colorado, and three miles up the west bank of the Purgatoire, from its junction with the Arkansas. Here in 1866, Thomas O. Boggs had, through marriage to a scion of the Vigil family in Taos, laid claim to a tract of land bordering on the Purgatoire, and part of the Vigil and St. Vrain grant. Carson, whose wife was a niece of the Vigil family, also shared in this questionable claim and may have had hope of confirmation of title to an undertermined area. Standing today near the original buildings erected by Boggs' Mexican adobe makers in 1867 and 1868, some of which are occupied and in good repair, one plainly sees the high chimney of New Fort Lyon, now a United States Veterans' Hospital, some five miles eastward.

In three rooms along a row of adobe construction, close to the Purgatoire and near three others occupied by a trader, John

* Mr. Thompson was an early resident of northeastern New Mexico, living for many years at Clayton. He has written several articles of a historical nature. He knew personally and intimately, T. O. Boggs, and often conversed with him on Kit Carson and their associations together.—Ed.

Hough by name, Carson and his family, on their arrival, perhaps soon after the second week of January, 1868, took up their daily life. Encroachments of the stream along whose banks this row of sun-dried brick rooms stood, some years since, according to a resident of Las Animas for many years, with whom I recently compared notes, caused their destruction so that now no vestige of them remains, though the more pretentious buildings of two stories on higher ground, often visited by Carson, still stand. For a few weeks after his arrival, the general's main occupations were visits to New Fort Lyon, where he consulted the army surgeon, H. R. Tilton, and in spending much time with Hough, whose trading post, close at hand, afforded a central and congenial point of meeting of the country store variety.

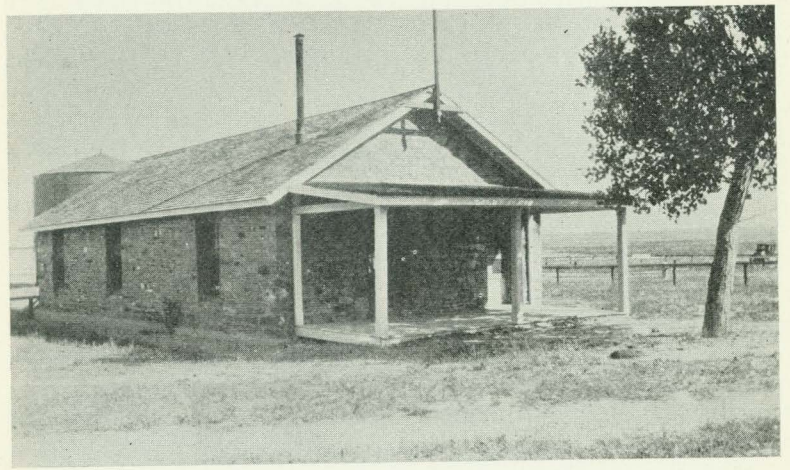
Almost from his arrival at Boggsville Carson's health rapidly declined and severe attacks of "the pain in the chest," of which he daily complained continued, so that when request was made for him to accompany a party of Ute Indians, who in February, 1868, by order of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, were invited to Washington, he reluctantly, though finally, accepted. Proceeding down the Arkansas to Fort Lyon, thence by stage to Fort Hays, from which point he took the then completed railway to St. Louis, he joined the delegation in the capital. In this party were Governor Hunt of Colorado Territory, the celebrated Chief Ouray and others of the Uintah and Grand River tribes of Utes. Incidental to this visit a treaty with the Utes was concluded in March, 1868.

By April 5 Carson was back in Boggsville, by stage from Cheyenne and Denver, with increasing pains in neck and chest. Physicians in Washington, New York and Boston did nothing for him, but his picture, taken in the last city, shows him in fair appearance. Soon another keener blow was to descend upon him. On April 13 Mrs. Carson gave birth to a daughter, Josefita (Josephine) and on April 27, died. Interment was temporarily made at Boggsville, Boggs and wife assuming custody and care of the seven motherless children. Mrs. Carson is described as a tall woman, a brunette, probably in her youth prepossessing. A traveler, Lewis H. Garrard, after seeing her in Taos in 1847, writes of her as "possessing a style of beauty of the haughty, heart-breaking kind, such as would lead a man with the glance of an eye to risk his life for one smile." Carson told Dr. Tilton at Fort Lyon that he and his wife had been married twenty-five years, and the parish book within the Catholic Church at Taos, New Mexico, records that Christover Carson and Ma Josefa Jaramillo were married on the 6th of February, 1843, the bride being then scarcely fifteen years of age, born March 19, 1828.



Leaving his children with Mrs. Carson's niece, Mrs. Boggs, the general was on May 14, at the suggestion of Surgeon H. R. Tilton, then at the new post, taken to Fort Lyon. In this physician's letter of January 7, 1874, to Historian J. S. C. Abbott, and reproduced in the second edition of that author's life of Carson, Tilton writes, referring to the days of April and May, 1868:

"I called frequently to see him (at Boggsville) and as he was living on the south side of the Arkansas five miles from Fort Lyon where I was stationed and the spring rise coming on, making the fording difficult, I suggested that he be brought to my quarters, which was done on the 14th day of May. This enabled



THE BUILDING AT FORT LYON, COLORADO, IN WHICH KIT CARSON DIED
The roof was recently repaired and the building is now used as an American Legion club room.

me to make his condition much more comfortable. . . . In the interval of his paroxysms he beguiled the time by relating past experiences. I read Dr. Peter's book with the hero for my auditor; from time to time he commented on the incidents of his eventful life. It was wonderful to read of the stirring scenes, thrilling deeds and narrow escapes and then look at the quiet, modest, retiring but dignified little man who had done so much. . . . His disease rapidly progressed and he calmly contemplated his approaching death. Several times he repeated this remark: 'If it was not for this (pointing to his chest) I might live to be a hundred years old.'

". . . The night preceding death he spent more comfortably than he had for days before. He was able to sit up all the time. . . .

"In the afternoon [next day] while I was lying down on his bed and he was listening to Mr. Sherrick [Aloys Scheurich, husband of Mrs. Carson's niece who had come with his wife from Taos to be with the general] he suddenly called out, 'Doctor, compadre, adios.' I sprang to him and seeing a gush of blood pouring from his mouth, remarked, 'This is the last of the general.' I supported his head with my hand while death speedily closed the scene. The aneurism had ruptured into the trachea. Death took place at 4:25 p. m., May 23, 1868."

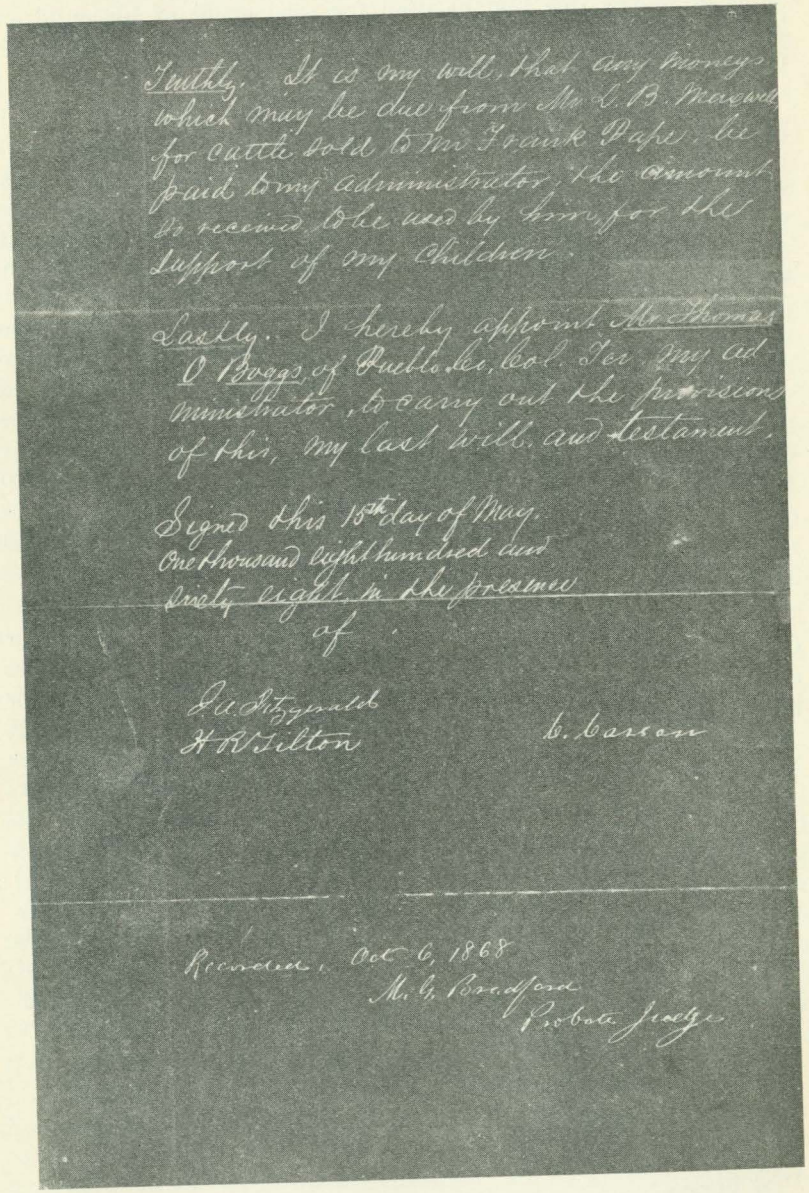
The fort's flag was lowered to half mast as soon as the intelligence of the noted visitor's death was announced to General Penrose, commanding officer, and next day all troops off duty were ordered to attend the funeral conducted by the post's chaplain, Rev. Gamaliel Collins, familiarly known as "Holy Joe." The corsage moved with visiting relatives, friends, army officers and troops one mile west towards Boggsville across the Arkansas to appropriate music furnished by three fifers and three drummers of the infantry; three volleys were fired by the cavalry and infantry, taps sounded, while the guns of the fort were fired each minute during the march and the ceremony. Then the procession, now accompanied only by friends and family perhaps, moved on to Boggsville, some two miles west, and interment was made in the old cemetery on the high ground where today repose many of the early settlers of this district. It is chronicled that the rough board casket containing Carson's remains was lined with material from the wedding gown of Mrs. Casey, wife of Captain Casey of the fort, cheerfully given for that purpose, and that other women of the post gave the flowers from their bonnets and these partially covered the coffin.[1]

On May 15 in the presence of Dr. Tilton and one J. A. Fitzgerald, eight days before his death, Carson had made his will. The draft is unmistakably the writing of the post's surgeon, the final signature being "C. Carson." General Sherman wrote after his visit to Fort Garland in 1866 that Carson could not write, his wife always signing his name to his official reports, which may be somewhat qualified as he occasionally did slowly draw "Kit Carson" and "C. Carson," several of these being still preserved. His education in the art of writing, however, was extremely limited.

Kit Carson's will is now (1928) on file in the Probate or County Court at Pueblo, Colorado, Fort Lyon in 1868 being within the county of Pueblo. By it Carson requests that his cattle, numbering from 100 to 200 head, his seven yoke of steers, two ox

[1] Letter from Sergeant Luke Cahill to Edwin L. Sabin, 1911. Mr. Cahill is living in Denver and to the writer corroborated these and other details as to the funeral.





Thirdly. It is my will, that any moneys which may be due from Mr. C. B. Maxwell for cattle sold to Mr Frank Pope, be paid to my administrator, the amount to be used by him for the support of my Children.

Lastly. I hereby appoint Mr Thomas O Boggs of Pueblo Co. Col. for my administrator, to carry out the provisions of this, my last will and testament.

Signed this 15th day of May. One thousand eight hundred and sixty eight, in the presence of

J. A. Fitzgerald
H. R. Tilton

C. Carson

Recorded Oct 6, 1868
M. G. Bradford
Probate Judge

LAST PAGE OF THE WILL OF KIT CARSON

wagons, four horses, carriages, house and lot in Taos, household furniture, land in Taos Valley, and certain promissory notes and sums of money due him be used for the benefit of his children. Thomas O. Boggs, the general's friend for a quarter century, is appointed executor of the estate.

Boggs' frontier history and experiences, though not illuminated by the halo which surrounds Carson's, are comparable with those of the greater scout. His mother, Panthea Grant Boone, was granddaughter of the redoubtable Daniel Boone and his father was one of the early governors of Missouri, whose first wife, Julia Anne Bent, was a sister of the Bent brothers, Charles, William, Robert and George, founders of the great trading post, Bent's Fort, on the Arkansas. Coming West from St. Louis in 1844 when twenty years of age, Thomas O. Boggs was there employed for a time by the Bents, later proceeding to Taos. He was associated with Carson, Maxwell, and the early American settlers of the Taos Valley as scout and hunter, and did active service during our war with Mexico in 1846-47 as bearer of messages across the plains to Fort Leavenworth. In 1844 he was married in Taos to a niece of Mrs. Carson. In later years he was engaged in ranching in northeastern New Mexico, and died in Clayton, New Mexico, in 1894 where, with those of his wife, his remains repose.

It was not until October 6, 1868, some four months after Carson's demise, that official mention is made of his will, at least at the county seat, Pueblo. Upon that date, papers there now reveal, Thomas O. Boggs filed with M. G. Bradford, Probate Judge, executor's bond in the sum of $18,000 signed by himself, Jesse Nelson and Robert Willis. Upon the same date testimony was introduced by Nelson, who stated to the Court that he knew C. Carson, J. O. Fitzgerald and H. R. Tilton and their signatures, and that those on the will (the last two, witnesses as to Carson's) were theirs. Thereupon Judge Bradford appointed Nelson, L. A. Allen and Uriah Higbee as appraisers to value "the goods, chattels and personal estate of Christopher Carson, late of the county of Pueblo, Territory of Colorado." On October 14, quite promptly and properly, they reported to the honorable Court that the above estate consisted as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| 112 head of stock cattle | $2,800.00 |
| 7 yoke work oxen | 490.00 |
| 2 ox wagons | 100.00 |
| 4 horses | 400.00 |
| 1 carriage | 80.00 |
| 1 house and lot, Taos, New Mexico | 1,000.00 |



| | |
|---|---|
| 1 lot household furniture, Taos, New Mexico | $ 50.00 |
| 2 pieces of land near Taos | 50.00 |
| 1 promissory note of L. B. Maxwell | 3,000.00 |
| | $7,970.00 |

Maxwell, by the way, was the then owner and proprietor of the vast tract of land lying in southern Colorado and northeastern New Mexico known as the Maxwell Grant, with headquarters at Cimarron, where he held sway over Indians, Mexican peons, ran thousands of cattle and sheep, carried on mining and entertained royally and lavishly. He had been a member, with Carson and others, of Fremont's first expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1842. He had grown rich through the acquisition of this grant, ceded to his wife's relatives in the days of Mexican ownership.

Boggs seems to have appeared in the probate proceeding on October 14, 1868. He sets forth that he is administering the estate of Christopher Carson, that the property is about as represented by the appraisers, viz., $7,970.00, but that three oxen and three horses had been stolen by the Indians, these being valued at $380.00 and that three cows had died since he assumed management of the Carson estate. Presumably he was caring for the seven orphan Carson children and in this capacity he continued his good office to more than one of them for many years.

Hereafter, until 1874, no mention is made, so far as records show, as to this case. Then on July 6, 1874, M. G. Bradford, judge, seemingly impatient because "Colonel Boggs" had made no further accounting to him, addresses the sheriff of Bent County (created between 1868 and 1874) in the following terms and language, and "in the name of the People of the Territory of Colorado":

"Whereas, Thomas O. Boggs, executor of the last will and testament of Christopher Carson, deceased, has failed to file accounts of his administration as he is by law required," that the sheriff is "to cite and give notice to the said Thomas O. Boggs to appear before the Probate Court, Pueblo, August 3, 1874, and then and there answer as such executor in the premises."

So cited, Boggs makes answer. Inasmuch as in his own mind he knew he was doing the needful, it likely seemed unnecessary for him to approach the Court often. First, he states that he has charge of the seven Carson children, "all of whom," he advises the Court, perhaps due to his most faithful custodianship, "are well and happy. William has been under the care of General W. T. Sherman for several years." One of Carson's last requests was that this eldest son should study the arts and tactics of war. Ac-

cordingly, General Sherman put him through three years of the Catholic College at South Bend (now Notre Dame) but the young scion of a fighting parent seems to have failed in his studies and eventually returned to Colorado where he was, years after, accidentally killed by a shot from his own gun. Boggs further reports the ages of Carson's children (which I have never been able to find elsewhere) as follows:

"Julian [William] ..... Born October 23, 1852
Teressina ..... Born June 23, 1855
Christobal [Kit Jr., Christobal, Spanish for Christopher] ..... Born June 13, 1858
Charles [Carson had a first child, Charles, who died in infancy] ..... Born August 2, 1861
Rebecca ..... Born April 13, 1864
Estefana ..... Born December 23, 1866
Josefita ..... Born April 13, 1868

On August 3, Executor Boggs files his apparently last documents of administration. He has, he states, sold 55 cows for $2,175.00, 11 oxen for $440.00, and the general's carriage for $150.00. He affirms that besides the $7,970.00 as reported being in his charge in 1868, he also collected from F. Myers $1,375.00 and that the whole estate finally was valued at $11,045.65. Of this $318.33 was interest paid by L. B. Maxwell. Among other assets are "12 Jacks and Jennys, $120.00," and "3 mirrors, $36.00." He had paid L. B. Maxwell in 1868, $350.00 for 5 yoke of oxen; $100.00 for 2 wagons and $100.00 for a horse. He had purchased hats and shoes and clothing for the children, partly itemized, had expended for stage fare $39.50, for funeral expenses of Carson and wife $250.00, paid priest for services $50.00, and for enclosing grave $65.00. No item is made for transporting the remains of Carson and wife from Boggsville to Taos, New Mexico, in 1869, by Raton Pass and Cimarron unless this be included in the $250.00 above.

Finally, the estate is charged by him with board of five children: Josefeta, Estefana, Rebecca, Charles and Christobal for 57 months, or to August 1, 1874, and it then appears that while the estate had a value, August 1, 1869, through collections and sales, of $11,045.65, Boggs had expended $13,642.39, the principal item of which was that of board, so that on the date above there was due him from this estate $2,596.74. This account was approved by the court.*

* Frank G. Mirick, Judge of the Pueblo County Court, has kindly provided The State Historical Society of Colorado with a photostatic copy of Carson's will and of the executor's account of T. O. Boggs.—Ed.



No further records of an official nature are obtainable as to Carson's estate and it is likely they were here closed. Some years later Boggs' brother writes of having pieces of the Carson furniture—clock, bed and other things, and I recall that Thos. O. Boggs, in 1886, at Springer, New Mexico, showed me a large box of Carson's papers which he offered to give me and which I unwisely declined. These, Boggs later told me, were subsequently loaned or given to Bancroft and were taken to California.

Of Carson's estate, his home in Taos and his cattle brand, owned by persons outside his own household, are about all that are preserved.

# A Brief History of the National Jewish Hospital at Denver

By Samuel Schaefer and Eugene Parsons*

It is Colorado's health-giving climate that has made the Centennial State a veritable Mecca for persons afflicted with tuberculosis. As far back as territorial days, Colorado had gained a reputation as a health resort. Even among the Indians, this region was recognized as a haven for those seeking renewed health and vigor.

Today scores of sanatoria for the treatment of tuberculosis dot the United States. Yet Colorado, because of its particularly advantageous climate, stands in the vanguard in the fight against the White Plague. Colorado's sunshine, its invigorating mountain breezes, its dry aseptic air have all been factors of tremendous importance in the attack upon tuberculosis.

But climate alone, advantageous as it is, will not bring health. Good food, adequate and efficient medical attention and the opportunity for both physical and mental rest are indispensable factors which must be at the command of the health-seeker. For the rich, all these things are easily obtainable. It is, however, one of the grim ironies of the devastation wrought by tuberculosis, that this disease is most common among the poor and the so-called middle class. Furthermore, it assails with greatest virulence persons between the ages of 18 and 35. Thus the greatest number of those who have fallen before its onslaught have been men and women standing at the very threshold of life; men and women whose financial resources did not enable them to fight this disease unaided.

It is estimated that one million persons in this country develop active pulmonary tuberculosis each year. A vast network of

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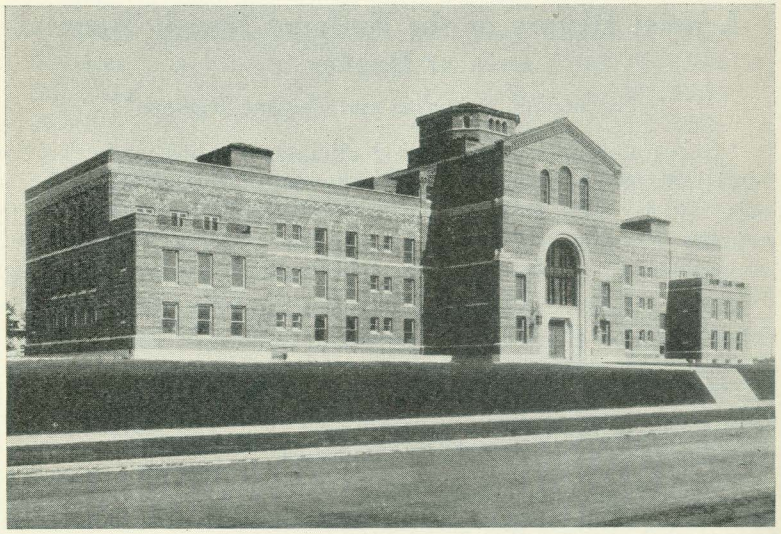
private and public sanatoria has been built up throughout the United States for the accommodation of those who need hospital care. Particularly for those who are without means to pay, there are numerous free institutions, many of them operated through state, county and city funds. In the forefront of this health-promoting movement stands the National Jewish Hospital at Denver. Its enviable reputation has been gained through two most distinctive ways—first, because it was the pioneer among free, national tuberculosis sanatoria; and, secondly, because of the work which it has done through nearly thirty years in the anti-tuberculosis field.

Before it began, there was no place in all this broad land to which sufferers from tuberculosis, who were without means to pay



THE B'NAI B'RITH INFIRMARY BUILDING,
NATIONAL JEWISH HOSPITAL

for treatment, might come to be healed, regardless of their residence. Caught in the clutches of a master-destroyer of human life, many of those afflicted with this disease were doomed to die, until in 1899 the doors of the National Jewish Hospital at Denver were opened. All lovers of humanity can thrill with justifiable pride as they think of that day in December, 1899, when the first patient was admitted. For here was more than merely the opening of another institution—here was the first step taken in America for combating tuberculosis on a national scale. This hospital at Denver was the first institution of its kind in this country. It was a pioneer, and through it the Jews of America took the initiative and led the way in fighting this disease nationally.



In the past thirty years the death rate from tuberculosis in the United States has been cut in half; but it is still a devastating disease. Splendid advance against its ravages has been made, and this advance may be credited, in a large measure, to the pioneering work of this hospital.

The beginning of this anti-tuberculosis movement dates back to the early '90s. In 1890 Rabbi Wm. S. Friedman, leader of Congregation Emanuel of Denver, realizing the need of a free hospital for indigent consumptives, appealed to benevolent Jews of the Queen City, and the National Jewish Hospital Association was formed. Forty thousand dollars was collected. A half block of ground at the corner of Colfax Avenue and Jackson Street was bought and a building erected. At that time this site was two miles beyond the terminus of the nearest car line. The city has since spread to the eastward many miles beyond the hospital, and the location selected for the institution is ideal.

The first building, since named the "Wm. S. Friedman Building" (in honor of the guiding genius of the enterprise), had a capacity of 65 beds. It was completed in 1893, and stood ready to give its tender ministrations to the poor and sick of the land. Even before the building was completed, the governing board had adopted as its motivating philosophy in the admission and treatment of patients, this inspiring program:

"None may enter who can pay,
None can pay who enter."

Nor was there to be any distinction among patients because of their religious tenets or their racial background. Thus, this hospital was to be the haven for those to whom other doors were closed. It was to give to the poor the same opportunity for health that the rich enjoy. Once admitted to the hospital all service was to be given to the patients without cost. It is to the enduring credit of the sponsors and supporters of this life-saving institution that through the three decades which have followed its opening, there has been no deviation from this ennobling philosophy of humanitarian service.

The building was completed, equipment of the finest sort then known to the medical world was installed, and the patients were at hand to receive the care and shelter that they so sorely needed. But the financial panic of 1893 put a halt to the project to launch the hospital on its enduring mission. No funds were available to operate the institution and its doors remained closed.

However, the spirit of the leaders was undaunted. Dr. Friedman and his associates kept right on. Through the dark days of financial disaster that marked the closing years of the nineteenth

century, the ideal of a free, national, non-sectarian hospital for the tuberculous poor was kept alive. In 1899, the support of the influential Order of B'nai B'rith was enlisted, and with the co-operation of this fine national fraternity of Jewish men, the hospital was opened on December 10, 1899.

Because of its immediate success in the medical field, people suffering with tuberculosis came to the hospital by hundreds from all parts of the world. Today the hospital has fifteen buildings, and accommodations for 300 patients, and during the twenty-eight years of its existence has cared for over 5,800 patients. Men, women and children of many kinds have been among these 5,800 patients—each tells a story of suffering and privation, climaxed with renewed hope, energy and health, made possible through the services of the hospital.

The launching of any new enterprise demands courage, ambition and idealism. To develop that enterprise, and to make it achieve the realization of its finest potentialities, necessitates unceasing care, hard work, and unflagging devotion. So it was with the National Jewish Hospital. Here was a charitable institution, the like of which had not existed before in any part of this country. The Jewish population of Denver was small and limited in its financial resources. The centers of Jewish population and Jewish financial strength were largely in the East, and there devolved upon the leaders of the institution the task of carrying the message of the work and needs of the hospital over thousands of miles that separated Denver from the great Jewish centers of the country. The fervor and enthusiasm of Dr. Friedman, of the late Samuel Grabfelder (who became the first president of the institution, and continued in that capacity for twenty years), and of Mrs. S. Pisko (who some years later became the secretary of the hospital, and continues in that capacity today), accomplished this herculean task, and friends for the institution's work were made in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Cleveland, New Orleans and many other cities throughout the country. Today, the hospital has over 100,000 annual subscribers. Its yearly budget is in excess of $450,000, almost all of which is contributed by Jews.

The day-by-day history of the institution discloses a steady march forward in its self-assumed task of providing the finest sanatorium in America for the treatment of tuberculosis.

Shortly after the hospital was put into operation the urgent necessity for additional buildings to shelter worthy applicants was apparent, and in 1901, through the efforts of Dr. Friedman, a gift of $35,000.00 was secured from the sons of the late Meyer



Guggenheim, for the erection of the Guggenheim Pavilion. Additional ground had been purchased the year before, and in January, 1903, the Guggenheim Building, with a capacity of fifty beds was dedicated.

Meanwhile, another building, containing dining room and kitchens, was erected in 1902 at a cost of $25,000.00. The records of the association during these early years embody pleas of the officers for a special building for women patients. The same year that witnessed the dedication of the Guggenheim Building marked the purchase of additional ground for a women's pavilion. Through public subscriptions made during 1903-1904, $40,000.00 was raised, and in 1905 the erection of a women's pavilion was started. This was dedicated in 1907. The building has since been named the "Seraphine Pisko Building" in honor of the beloved secretary of the hospital.

Through the gift of Adolph Lewisohn, of New York City, a chapel was built on the grounds, which was dedicated concurrently with the dedication of the women's building. The laundry, boiler-house, and engine room were constructed in 1906; and thus within ten years after the opening of the hospital, it comprised seven buildings completely equipped, with a capacity of 150 patients.

Early in the history of the institution it was realized that it was not sufficient merely to arrest the disease in the patients, but that some program of rehabilitation was imperative, to make it possible for the patients to work without detriment to their health after they left the hospital. Therefore, classes in dressmaking, millinery, stenography, bookkeeping and kindred occupations were incorporated as part of the medical treatment. Special quarters for these classes were urgently needed, and in 1912, through the gift of Mrs. Joseph E. Shoenberg and her daughter, Mrs. Harmon August, the "Joseph E. Shoenberg Memorial Building" was erected at the hospital. Joseph E. Shoenberg had been a loyal friend of the institution and the stately building erected in his memory served to perpetuate his friendship and bounty.

In the Shoenberg Building were adequate facilities for the extensive educational program which the hospital was conducting for its patients to fit them for post-sanatorium life. Here, too, was provided a circulating library of some 6,000 volumes for the use of the hospital patients, and also a well-equipped auditorium and stage for concerts, plays and other entertainments. Later a motion picture machine, a radio, Victrola and player-piano were installed in this building and the patients have unlimited recreational

facilities. Supplying wholesome recreation has always been featured by the hospital as a very necessary phase of treatment, since, particularly in cases of tuberculosis, there is a very definite interrelationship between mental rest and physical well-being.

The need for expansion continued and in 1914, Samuel Grabfelder, the president of the hospital, donated a building to be used for purely administrative and laboratory purposes. This was the Grabfelder Building, erected at a cost of $50,000.00. Here are quarters for the busines department of the hospital, and for the research department. Mr. Grabfelder's beneficences did not stop with this gift. In addition to giving most freely of his time, energy and money to the institution during the score of years in which he was its president, he left a generous bequest of $50,000.00 to the institution on his death in 1920.

The period of the World War witnessed no diminution in the hospital's service—rather there was an intensification of work for those afflicted with tuberculosis. During the early period of America's participation in the war, governmental facilities for treating service men who had contracted tuberculosis while in the army or navy were woefully lacking, and the National Jewish Hospital was one of the first agencies to offer its service to the government in this emergency. At one time, during 1917, most of the hospital's patients were soldiers. This naturally made it impossible for the institution to admit those applicants from the civilian population who needed its care and a waiting list of hundreds of applicants soon resulted.

During the war the annual income of the institution was decreased, but strict economy in administration and use of a rather limited reserve fund, enabled the hospital to weather the storm. In spite of the demands for increased service made upon it, and in spite of the decreased income from contributions during this time, the doors of the hospital were always open to the suffering and needy. There was no curtailment of any sort in the service program of the institution.

Early in the hospital's history the thought was voiced, and repeated throughout the years with increased ardor, that in caring solely for patients afflicted with active tuberculosis, the institution was waging insufficient warfare against the disease. Two other methods of attack against this master-destroyer of life were necessary if the institution was to have a completely rounded program of anti-tuberculosis work. These two additional fields of activity were a research laboratory and a special department for children. A research department, where scientists might have the facilities



for studying the nature of tuberculosis through laboratory tests, and thus, with full knowledge of the disease, effect means of ultimately conquering it, was advocated insistently by the leaders of the institution, and in 1919 the research department of the hospital was organized.

In the nine years that have followed the inception of this research department, it has achieved international recognition for its contributions to the study of tuberculosis. Many of the research experiments projected and completed at the hospital have established hitherto unknown facts relative to the disease. The department has for its ultimate goal the discovery of a definite cure for tuberculosis, and scientists familiar with its work are hopeful that it may be the privilege of the hospital to give to the world a cure for this dread disease.

In 1921 the preventorium of the hospital was opened, through the gift of the late Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Hofheimer, of New York City. The need had been presented to them by Mrs. Pisko, secretary of the hospital, and they responded generously to her plea to aid stricken children. This preventorium forms the third weapon being wielded by the hospital against tuberculosis.

Holding that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," the hospital is specializing in this children's service. To the Hofheimer Preventorium come boys and girls from all parts of the country, who, by reason of heredity, malnutrition, poverty, unwholesome environment, and other deleterious causes, are predisposed to tuberculosis. Here, in the health-giving sunshine of Colorado, with good food, efficient medical and nursing care, carefully selected diets, supervised rest and play, these boys and girls are given the chance for health and happiness that is the right of every child. They come to the hospital, crippled in body, underweight, emaciated. They leave the hospital restored to health and strength, eyes shining, cheeks glowing, with normal weight and height, standing straight, tall and sturdy. Over 200 children have been thus restored to their homes and their dear ones; their feet have been set upon the pathway to robust health; the menace of tuberculosis which overshadowed their lives has been removed. To the Hofheimer Preventorium there come also boys and girls afflicted with tuberculosis of the bones and joints. Their little bodies crippled and distorted with pain, some come on stretchers, others hobble in on crutches. They, too, find here the opportunity for ridding themselves of the malignant disease which held them in its grasp. They, too, leave the hospital strong and straight and tall.

In 1922, Commodore Louis D. Beaumont presented a nurses' home to the institution in memory of his son, Dudley C. Beaumont. The necessity for an infirmary building to shelter 100 additional patients, in order that the tragic conditions among the applicants to the hospital might be improved, was realized by the B'nai B'rith of the Central and Western States, through the erection in 1926 of an infirmary building, costing over $500,000.00. The B'nai B'rith Infirmary Building with 100 private rooms for far-advanced cases, represents the finest tuberculosis hospital unit in America. Embracing every facility known to medical science for the care and comfort of its patients, it is an enduring monument to the whole-souled humanity of the Jews of America whose philanthropy made it possible.

One other method of attack against tuberculosis has been evolved by the hospital. This is through the training of physicians in specialized tuberculosis service. In 1925 the University of Colorado Medical School designated the hospital as the tuberculosis training center for its senior students, and weekly attendance at classes in clinical and research tuberculosis is required. These courses are held at the hospital and are given by the hospital physicians and scientists. Trained in an institution which stands at the forefront of its field, and instructed by men who are leaders in their profession, these students will go into their communities as practitioners ably qualified to do their part in reducing the annual death toll from tuberculosis.

Today, the National Jewish Hospital has every resource known to science for combating tuberculosis. For children predisposed to the disease, for patients suffering with bone and joint tuberculosis, for adults in the early and in the advanced stages, for them all the hope of health and happiness is held out at this home of healing. The story of the National Jewish Hospital shows it to be one of the finest friends of humanity and a blessing to society. It is one of the most potent agencies in the world in the battle against tuberculosis.