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Organization and Early Development of Pueblo County

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The word "Pueblo" originally meant people, but later it came to be applied to the several town-dwelling tribes of New Spain. At a still later period it was used as a generic term for village and finally the designation of a few particular towns of Spanish origin.[1] Although the Spanish made several attempts to colonize and settle on the Arkansas, a permanent settlement was not established in Pueblo County until the territory of southern Colorado had been transferred to the United States. It was from old Fort Pueblo that the City and the County of Pueblo get their name.

The present City of Pueblo had its beginning in the autumn of 1858, when a small party of Americans from St. Louis enroute to the gold fields of Cherry Creek decided to settle on the east bank of the Fountain River. This party concluded that this was an ideal place to establish a trading post to trade with the natives, travelers and especially with the prospectors who were going to the gold fields of the Cherry Creek region. Some thirty cabins were built during the winter 1858-59, of logs and adobe. A rival town was laid out in the winter of 1859-60 by a group of men from Denver on the west side of the Fountain. It was originally called Independence, but the name Pueblo soon displaced it. In 1859 Josiah F. Smith of Fountain City, returned to the East, married and came back with his wife and settled in the town of Pueblo. This was the beginning of a number of desertions of Fountain, and soon led to the collapse of what remained of Fountain City.[2]

One of the first incidents in this region that ended in bloodshed occurred in the Fall of 1859. The settlers of Fountain City had planted their first crop of corn and were in high spirits over the prospect of selling this corn at a price ranging from $6 to $8 a bushel, when a group of Missourians appeared. They were on their homeward journey from the Cherry Creek region, not having been fortunate enough to pick up gold nuggets on top of the ground as they had expected. They were damning Colorado and were just

*Prof. Macy, of the Pueblo Junior College, wrote his Master's Thesis at the Colorado State College of Education on the History of Pueblo County.—Ed.

[1]*Colorado Chieftain*, June 24, 1869.

[2]R. M. Stevenson, "History of Pueblo County," in Baskin (Ed.), *History of Arkansas Valley*, 769.

in the mood for trouble. After noticing the fine corn near by, they quickly proceeded to unyoke their hungry oxen and turned them into the cornfield. The owners of the corn protested, but with no avail. The Puebloans found that they must take drastic measures or lose their crops. The cattle were corralled and the Missouri party informed that they could have their cattle when they paid for the damages. The Missourians attempted to take the oxen by force. But the settlers had forted in a log cabin and they opened fire. A lively battle followed during which several of the Missouri party were killed, and three or four on each side were wounded. The ruffians were allowed to remain in town over night, being kept under heavy guard. The next morning the unwelcome visitors were escorted around the base of old "Sugar Loaf" hill and sent down the trail realizing that it did not pay to steal even on the frontier.[3]

Before Colorado was created a Territory (1861), the citizens of the frontier community organized societies to protect themselves from outlaws and desperadoes. The citizens of Pueblo organized a body called the "Pueblo Vigilantes." Two desperadoes by the names of "Texas" and "Coe," who had terrorized the countryside, were found one morning dangling from a tree on the Fountain River bank.[4] Organizations known as "people's courts" sprang up also. They administered justice with a strong arm, and being free of legal technicalities made the miscarriage of justice almost impossible.

Pueblo County as organized by the Territorial legislature in 1861 included only the northern portion of what is now Pueblo County. Much of the land lying south of the Arkansas was included in Huerfano County. There arose a dispute over the boundary line between Pueblo and Huerfano Counties. This was settled by a survey in 1864. The boundary of Pueblo County was amended in 1868 to include all of the present territory of Pueblo County and extending east to the state line. This included old Bent County.

The original boundary lines of Pueblo County as created by the Territorial legislature were as follows:

> Commencing at a point where the township line between townships 17 and 18 south intersects the western boundary of the Indian Reserve; thence west on said township line to the point where the same is intersected by the range line between ranges 67 and 68; thence south on said range line to the township line between townships 22 and 23; thence east on said township line to the range line between ranges 62 and 63; thence north on the said range to the township line between

[3] *Ibid.*, 766.
[4] *Ibid.*, 775.

> 21 and 22; thence on said township line to the western boundary of the Indian Reserve; thence north on said western boundary to the place of beginning.[5]

The boundaries of Pueblo County as amended in 1868 were the following:

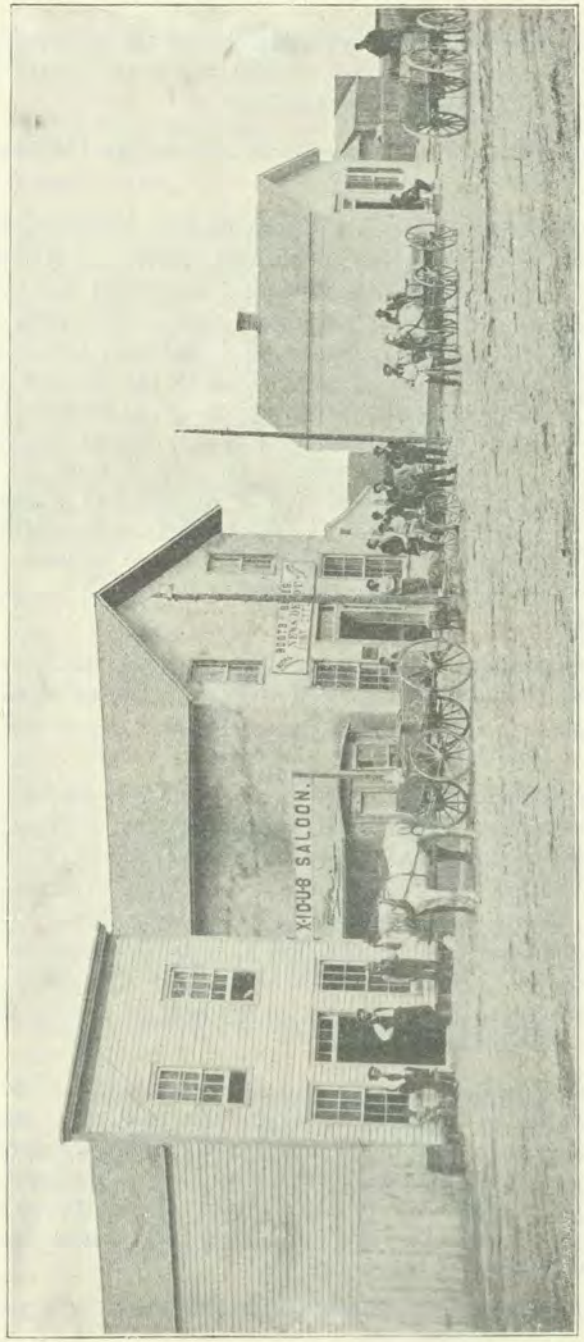
> Commencing at a point on the western boundary line of said County, as heretofore constituted, where the fourth correction line south crosses the western boundary of said County; thence running due west six miles; thence due south to the summit of the Greenhorn range of mountains; thence southward along said range of mountains to the summit of the Cuerno Verde peak; thence northeast in a straight line to Corral de Toros on the Huerfano River; thence eastward to Iron Springs; thence due east to the east line of the state; thence north along said east line of the state to a point due east of the northern corner of said county, as heretofore constituted; thence west to the northwest corner of said county, as heretofore constituted; and thence south to the place of beginning.[6]

In 1870 Old Bent County was established by the Territorial legislature out of the eastern portion of Pueblo County. Since that time, no changes in the boundary line of Pueblo County have been made.

In 1861, a temporary county government was set up by the Territorial legislature to be in force until the next election. Governor Gilpin appointed the following officers: O. H. P. Baxter, Richard L. Wootton and William Chapman, County Commissioners; Henry Way, Sheriff; and Stephen Smith, County Clerk. The earliest recorded proceedings of the first County Commissioners was dated February 17, 1862. R. L. Wootton was elected chairman. They then proceeded to locate the county seat of Pueblo County. The location chosen was as follows:[7]

> Commencing at a stake on the Arkansas River 140 paces from the bridge owned by A. F. Bercaw, said stake being the southeast corner, running thence due north two hundred rods, thence west one half mile, thence south to the Arkansas River, thence down said river to J. D. Jenks' claim, thence east to the Arkansas, at or near the old Pueblo fort, thence down said river to the place of beginning.

[5] Mills, *Annotated Statutes, Colorado, 1912*, p. 577, or from R. S. 68, p. 158, Sec. 10.
[6] *Colorado Statutes*, 1921, No. 8618.
[7] Unpublished Records, County Commissioners of Pueblo County.



SANTA FE AVENUE, PUEBLO, IN 1870
(West side of the Avenue, between Fourth and Fifth Streets)

At the same meeting the Board of County Commissioners decided to construct a suitable building in which to house the newly organized county government. The County Clerk was ordered to issue three notices for proposals for the erection of the new Courthouse and secure bids. At the special meeting of the County Commissioners, March 1, 1862, Mr. Eastman was awarded the contract to build Pueblo County's first Courthouse at a cost of $300.00.[8] This building was erected on the southwest corner of Santa Fe Avenue and Third Street in 1862. It was constructed of hewn logs with a dirt roof, and was 24 feet long and 18 feet wide. This crude structure served as headquarters for the County government until 1871, when it became necessary to erect a more suitable building. The second Pueblo County Courthouse was erected on the Courthouse block, Tenth and Main Streets in 1872. This building was constructed under the direction of E. H. Barber, at a cost of $20,000, and was paid for by money received from the sale of town lots in a quarter section preempted by the County authorities.[9] Thus the second Pueblo County Courthouse was built without cost to the taxpayers of the County.

From the early records of the Pueblo County Commissioners we glean certain facts of interest. At the regular meeting of the County Commissioners, June 25, 1862, the Board approved the following salaries:[10]

Stephen S. Smith, for services as County Clerk	$77.60
Richard L. Wootton, for services as Commissioner	40.80
W. H. Chapman, for services as Commissioner	25.20
O. H. P. Baxter, for services as Commissioner	30.00
Josiah F. Smith, for Justice of Peace	17.00

The first County election was held July 19, 1862, and the following County officers were elected: W. H. Young, O. H. P. Baxter and Albert G. Boone, County Commissioners; Stephen S. Smith, County Clerk; William Chapman, Probate Judge, and Z. G. Allen, Sheriff.[11]

The first important enterprise to be established in the new city of Pueblo was the Baxter and Thatcher grist mill. It was organized in 1864 and was situated on the site now occupied by the present Federal Post Office Building at Fifth and Main Streets. This mill created a ready market for the farmers' grain, and supplied the early population with native foodstuffs, which was quite essential in the frontier community.[12]

[8]Unpublished Records, County Commissioners of Pueblo County.
[9]*Ibid.*
[10]*Ibid.*
[11]Unpublished Records, County Commissioners of Pueblo County.
[12]Frank Hall, *History of Colorado*, III, 453.

In the year 1869, the business men of Pueblo and vicinity, realizing the benefit to the city of united action in advertising the resources of the Pueblo region, organized the Board of Trade of Southern Colorado. Its first officers were: M. D. Thatcher, President; George A. Hinsdale, Vice President; B. F. Rockafellow, Secretary; W. F. Stone, Treasurer and Corresponding Secretary. Though organized in Pueblo, its general purpose seems to have been to collect statistics giving information to possible immigrants concerning the advantages of all southern Colorado Counties.[13] No doubt a secondary purpose was to attract the Union Pacific Railroad to the Pueblo region. An attractive pamphlet was published at the *Chieftain* office. From this pamphlet the following quotation is taken:

> Pueblo, situated at the confluence of the Fontaine qui Bouille with the Arkansas river, is the county seat of Pueblo County. Of a steady, rapid growth, with a large and increasing trade, the natural center of a vast stretch of agricultural and grazing land, with a mild, equable, salubrious climate, Pueblo, already the commercial metropolis of Southern Colorado, has a future before it bright and promising indeed. . . .
>
> *Business of Pueblo for 1868*

Value of merchandise sold	$ 390,980.00
Bushels of grain sold	100,000.00
Sacks of Flour sold	10,000.00
Feet of Lumber sold	800,000.00
Value of goods manufactured—tinware, harness and saddlery, boots and shoes, furniture, and agricultural implements	35,600.00
Number of pounds of freight received	1,078,350
Amount paid for freight	61,136.00
Cash receipts of Hotels	42,657.00
Cash receipts of Stage offices, for passenger and express Fare	50,200.00[14]

March 22, 1870, the town of Pueblo was incorporated. George A. Hinsdale, James Rice, M. G. Bradford, H. C. Thatcher and H. H. Cooper were appointed trustees.[15] At a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the town of Pueblo, held at the office of George A. Hinsdale, on Tuesday, March 22, 7 p. m., George A. Hinsdale was chosen President of the Board, John D. Miller, Town Clerk; Z. G. Allen, Town Constable and Rollin C. Cooper, Supervisor of

[13] *Colorado Chieftain*, June 10, 1869.
[14] *Colorado Chieftain*, November 11, 1869.
[15] *Colorado Chieftain*, March 24, 1870.

Streets.[16] The first city election was held April 8, 1873, and the following city officials were duly elected: James Rice, Mayor; Z. G. Allen, Marshal; C. J. Hart, Magistrate; N. W. Duke, Treasurer; G. P. Hayslip, O. H. P. Baxter, H. M. Morse and Weldon Keeling, Aldermen.

In 1872 the Central Colorado Improvement Company, which was an auxiliary of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company, under the leadership of General William J. Palmer, purchased a large tract of land, a part of the Nolan Mexican Land Grant on the south bank of the Arkansas River opposite the early town of Pueblo. By July of the same year the plat of South Pueblo was laid out. The plat included some 6000 town lots and the adjoining land to the south and west subdivided into five, ten, twenty, forty and eighty acre tracts. The greater part of the town site was on the mesa.[17] Early in the summer of 1872 the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company completed its line to Pueblo. Shortly afterward the terminus of the railroad was taken from Pueblo and brought to South Pueblo. This act caused much bitterness between the two towns. But the closeness of the two towns really made them one, although for 13 years each had its own governmental organization. South Pueblo was organized and incorporated as a city under the laws of the Territory of Colorado by the Board of County Commissioners, October 27, 1873.[18]

During the Indian wars of the 'Sixties Fort Reynolds was founded in 1867 on the Arkansas River. The United States government established the Fort Reynolds U. S. Military reservation in May, 1868. It was surveyed and laid off by Lieutenant Henry Jackson of the U. S. cavalry, and contained about 23 square miles and was situated on the south side of the Arkansas River some eighteen miles east of Pueblo, near the present town of Avondale. Fort Reynolds was named in honor of General John F. Reynolds, who was killed in action at the famous Battle of Gettysburg, July, 1863. The fort was first occupied by Company F, 5th U. S. Infantry. Fort Reynolds served as a trading post as well as a protection for the settlers from hostile Indians. There were 22 buildings in all. The cavalry stables were 225 feet long and 75 feet wide. The principal buildings were made of adobe. The main barracks would accommodate approximately 500 soldiers. By 1880 the Indian uprisings were put down and a fort in this vicinity became unnecessary. Thus, by the order of the President of the United States, the Fort Reynolds Reservation was sold at public auction May 3 and 4, 1881.[19]

[16] *Colorado Chieftain*, April 24, 1870.
[17] Pueblo *Chieftain*, April 8, 1873.
[18] Unpublished Records, City of Pueblo.
[19] Letter to Sterling Cawlfield, from the U. S. Dept. of the Interior, March 28, 1934.

The *Colorado Chieftain*, the first issue of which appeared on June 1, 1868, was the pioneer newspaper of Southern Colorado. It was established by Dr. M. Beshoar and Samuel McBride. Judge Wilbur F. Stone and George A. Hinsdale were its first editors. Two years later Dr. Beshoar moved to Trinidad and sold the *Chieftain* to Samuel McBride. Originally the *Chieftain* was a weekly newspaper, but in 1872 it became a daily. The first number of the *Daily Chieftain* was issued Sunday morning, April, 28, 1872.[20]

The early citizens of Pueblo County were not negligent in providing education for their children. At a special meeting of the Pueblo County Commissioners, August 1, 1863, a tax of one-half mill was levied for school purposes.[21] The income derived from this levy was too small to open a school without other assistance. Therefore the first school building to be erected in Pueblo County was paid for largely by private subscription. This building was completed and ready for use in the Fall of 1863. It was a frame structure and was located on the rear of the lot now occupied by the building at 421 North Santa Fe Avenue.

The first teacher of this school was George Bilby, a miner who had taken part in the California Gulch gold rush in 1860. He spent most of his life in Pueblo and was at one time sheriff and at another, city marshal. In the summer of 1864, Miss Clara Weston (Mrs. Clara McCannon), was employed to teach the summer term. An example here will illustrate the many hardships of the early Puebloans. "Miss Weston for many years lived at the home of A. A. Bradford, which was on the east side of the Fountain River. As there was no bridge across the river at that time Miss Weston was compelled to remove her shoes and wade the stream twice a day for four months in going to and from school." School District Number One was organized in 1866. The original organization of District One included only a tract of land two miles square. Today it includes all of North and East Pueblo, and comprises eleven large buildings which are well equipped to serve the needs of the community.[22]

Soon after laying out the new town of South Pueblo (1872), immediate steps were taken to erect a school building and establish a school. It was largely through the efforts of ex-Governor Alva Adams that District Twenty was organized. The first school building in South Pueblo was erected in 1873, on South Union Avenue, on top of the bluff directly north of the McClelland Public Library building. It served the needs of South Pueblo until 1882, at which

[20] *Colorado Chieftain*, June 1, 1868, and April 28, 1872.
[21] *Colorado Chieftain*, December 24, 1868.
[22] Superintendent's Report of District No. 1, 1929.

time a new building named Central was erected. The first teacher of District Twenty was Mrs. W. Ingersoll, formerly (Miss Lou Stout).[23]

Excelsior School, District Number Two, was the first rural school to be organized in Pueblo County. It was opened in 1864 in an old sod house which had been used as a fort. The port holes were still in evidence. This old schoolhouse was located two miles west of the site of the present Excelsior School. Margaret Ann Henry (Mrs. John A. Thatcher, Sr.) was the first teacher of Excelsior School, having taught the winter term 1864-1865. Miss Henry was the daughter of Judge J. W. Henry, a grandnephew of Patrick Henry.[24]

Religious facilities in early Pueblo were rather poor. There were many Christian men and women among the early settlers, but ministers and church edifices were lacking in those days. The first regular religious services to be held in Pueblo took place in the old school house in the summer of 1864. H. B. Hitchings, Rector of St. John's Church, Denver, came to Pueblo and organized the first church organization. It was known then as St. Peter's Episcopal Church. The Episcopal people also erected the first church building in Pueblo. This building, which was built in 1868, was constructed of adobe bricks and stood on the corner of Seventh Street and Santa Fe Avenue.[25]

It was the original plan of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company to run a line direct from Denver to El Paso, Texas, by way of Colorado Springs and Canon City. Pueblo was regarded as too far to one side to be included. It was through the efforts of many prominent Puebloans that the Denver and Rio Grande Company was induced to change its plans and build the railroad line through Pueblo. The County of Pueblo voted $100,000 in bonds to aid the new road.[26] This first railroad was completed to Pueblo, June 29, 1872, and on July 2, a grand celebration was staged by the citizens from Denver and Pueblo at Pueblo.

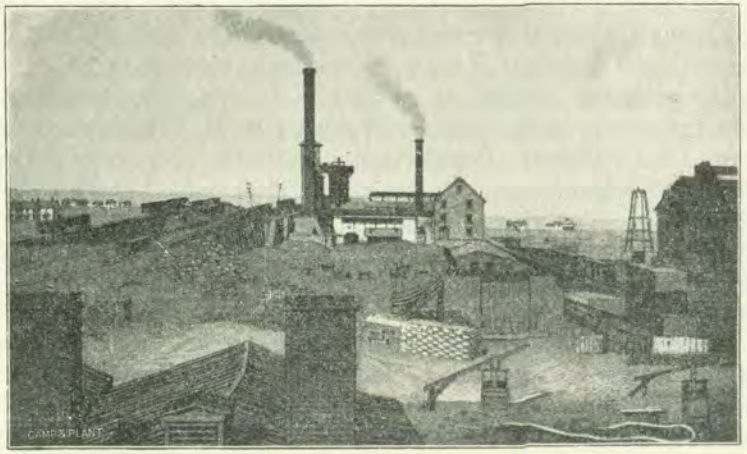
From the *Pueblo Chieftain*, July 3, 1872, certain facts concerning the railroad celebration are noted:

> The excursionists arrived from Denver by special train at 1 P. M., and were met at the depot by a few members of the general committee, who escorted them to the carriages in waiting. From here they were rapidly driven to the courthouse, and were soon seated at the dinner table, . . . After the

[23] Unpublished Records, District Number Twenty, Pueblo County.
[24] Letter from Mrs. Lillian Thatcher, June 28, 1933.
[25] Letter from H. C. Benjamin, June 10, 1933.
[26] Unpublished Records, County Commissioners of Pueblo County.

pangs of hunger were satisfied, the feast of reason and flow of soul commenced. W. F. Stone, Esq., in a few brief and pointed remarks, welcomed the excursionists to Pueblo, and was followed by G. Q. Richmond, Esq., who spoke in a style worthy of this brilliant and rising lawyer. . . . He was answered in behalf of the excursionists by General Brown, in a happy manner, and then in obedience to repeated calls, brief and stirring speeches were made by H. P. Bennet, Judge Houghton, Hon. George W. Chilcott, and W. N. Byers.

The coming of this railroad to Pueblo was of great importance to the building up of Pueblo. It stimulated building projects in



STEEL WORKS AT PUEBLO IN THE EARLY 'EIGHTIES

North Pueblo,[27] and in the Fall of 1872 the East Pueblo addition was laid out by Lewis Conley and a group of twenty others. Possibly the most important result of the coming of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad was the founding of South Pueblo by the Central Colorado Improvement Company.[28]

The first great manufacturing enterprise to be established in Pueblo was the erection of an extensive smelting works in 1878 by Mather and Geist. It was originally known as the Pueblo Smelting and Refining Company.[29] In addition to this, the Colorado Smelting Works was established in 1883, and the third smelter of precious metals, the Philadelphia Works, was erected in 1888,

[27]*Pueblo Chieftain*, April 30, 1872.
[28]R. M. Stevenson, *op. cit.*, 777-778.
[29]*Ibid.*, 781.

through the influence of E. R. Holden of Pueblo and M. Guggenheim of Philadelphia. The formation of the Colorado Coal and Iron Company in 1880, with general offices in South Pueblo, was the beginning of the manufacture of steel products here. This company erected extensive iron and steel works at Bessemer. The first furnace was blown on September 9, 1881.[30] The first steel was made here in April, 1882, and used in rolling rails for the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company. Other early manufacturing plants include the Lannon Foundry and Iron Works, and the Fox Rolling Mills.

From the earliest settlement, Pueblo County has been an important agricultural center. During the early period these products were sold to the military post of Fort Reynolds and the population of the town of Pueblo. Some of the food products were transported to Denver and sold at high prices to the gold miners. During the early period, the farms were located in the valleys adjacent to the rivers. Water was taken from the Arkansas and its tributaries as early as 1858 for irrigation purposes. Only the bottom lands were tilled. During the flood periods much loss was suffered. In spite of this fact, the early farmers succeeded to a great extent.

In the spring of 1868 W. R. Thomas (later a professor at the Colorado State Agricultural College), visited all farming sections in Colorado.[31] From his survey we glean certain facts, concerning the kinds of crops raised in Pueblo County during this early period. The most important crops were corn, wheat, oats, beans, and garden products. There were 12,966 acres of land under cultivation in Pueblo County, 6,360 acres of corn, 3,945 acres of wheat, 825 acres of oats, the remainder was beans and garden crops.

During this early period the growth of Pueblo County was rather slow. But with the building of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, Pueblo became the important business center of Southern Colorado and the surrounding territory. By 1880 several large business and manufacturing enterprises had been established, thus making Pueblo an early manufacturing center. With the increase in the demand for laborers, Pueblo grew steadily. Boom days have not been characteristic in the growth of Pueblo County. Its growth has been gradual but steady.

[30]*Camp and Plant*, II, 325.
[31]Baker and Hafen, *History of Colorado*, II, 626.

The Stoney Pass Road[1]

ARTHUR RIDGWAY

The penetration of the Rocky Mountains in Colorado by prospectors seeking gold had reached the remote San Juan mountains in the southwestern part of the state in 1870. The discoveries in the mountains in the vicinity of what is now Silverton precipitated a rush to that district in 1871. The region had been closed to the whites by a treaty with the Ute Indians made in 1868, but it was impossible to stop entirely the tide of settlement, notwithstanding United States troops were sent out to expel the prospectors from trespassing on Indian territory. It was not until 1873, when the Brunot treaty was negotiated with the Utes, under the terms of which they relinquished about 3,000,000 acres of mineral land in the San Juan country, that the heavy influx of whites into the Silverton district began.

The only accessible route into the rugged mountains flanking the uppermost reaches of the Las Animas was via Stoney Pass, which has an elevation of nearly 13,000 feet. This route extended from Antelope Park on the Rio Grande del Norte along the upper courses of that stream to its source, thence over the Continental Divide at Stoney Pass and down Cunningham Gulch, which debouches into the Las Animas at Howardsville, about three miles northeasterly above the site of Silverton.

The Stoney Pass route was first only a trail restricted to the use of pack trains and most of the traffic incident to the early development of the mining industry in the environs of Silverton was conducted thereover. The route over Stoney Pass into the upper Animas region was not made passable for wheeled vehicles until 1879. The feverish mining activity in the Animas district, however, could not wait for the easier mode of transportation and

[1]This interesting and concise account of a pioneer road into the San Juan country was prepared by Mr. Ridgway for another purpose, but he has kindly permitted us to publish it. In an attached note he writes: "This constitutes the bare facts in connection with the origin, use, and abandonment of the Stoney Pass road into the Upper Animas. The most recent Forest Service maps show only a trail where it had previously been used along the Rio Grande. Hardly any of our early pack train trails and freighting wagon roads seem so obscure as does this Stoney Pass road. To one familiar with the rugged topography and the severe winter climatic conditions of the Silverton territory its construction and use seem most courageous and heroic. In 1905 I built a short branch for the Silverton Northern Railroad up Cunningham Gulch to the Green Mountain mill, and last summer I had an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with Henry Forsyth, postmaster at Howardsville for 35 or 40 years. He is still well preserved and has a clear memory of his 62 years' residence at that place. He came over the Stoney Pass route when a lad of 16 in 1878 or 1879. So far as I can ascertain he is the only living source of information as to the trials and tribulations of packers, freighters, and travelers over the Stoney Pass road."

An effort is being made to procure additional information of a personal and anecdotal nature from Mr. Forsyth. Mr. Ridgway is Chief Engineer of the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad.—Ed.

the Stoney Pass pack trail, as the only available facility, became famous by reason of its being a section of one of the longest pack train hauls in the mountains. In 1874 the machinery for the Green Smelter at Silverton was packed on burros from Pueblo via Sangre de Cristo Pass, Fort Garland, Del Norte, Antelope Park, Stoney Pass, and Cunningham Gulch to Silverton—a distance of 250 miles. This long pack train haul was gradually shortened by the creeping southerly and westerly of Denver and Rio Grande Railroad construction and the conversion of trails into roads for wheeled vehicles westwardly from the changing rail head. The Antelope Park-Howardsville pack trail route over Stoney Pass continued serving the entire demands of the Animas mining district until in 1879 a wagon road was constructed over the route branching from the Antelope Park-Slumgullion Summit-Lake City road, the point of diversion being in the vicinity of Antelope Springs. Thereafter this Stoney Pass road took the place of the erstwhile pack trail for all traffic both in and out of the Silverton mining district up to the time the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad reached Silverton with its rails in 1882.

Thus the Stoney Pass in the high and rugged mountains carried all transportation demands for 11 years—first as a heavily traveled pack trail for eight years and subsequently as an overland wagon and stage road for three years. A story of the romance, hardships, and vicissitudes attendant upon the conduct of such transportation can scarce be overdrawn. Having long since served its purpose the road has fallen into disuse and only retains its identity as a factor of the historical settlement and early development of the Animas mining district.

Efforts to Recover the Stolen Son of Chief Ouray

Ann Woodbury Hafen*

Ouray, most famous Chief of the Utes, had an only child. When the boy was five years old he accompanied his father on a buffalo hunt to the Plains country. While there encamped the mountain Indians were surprised by a marauding band of Sioux, who jumped the Ute camp and captured Ouray's son. Through ten years the chief tried to recover his boy, but his enemies were wary.

Following discovery of gold in the San Juan Mountains of Colorado there was a clamor from the miners for the cession of this region. Felix R. Brunot, a philanthropist of Pennsylvania and President of the Board of Indian Commissioners, was sent by the

*Mrs. Hafen has done considerable research work upon the Utes. She is the wife of our Historian and Curator of History.—Ed.

Government to Colorado to negotiate with the Utes for these mineral lands. The Utes were unwilling to give up their hunting grounds and the first negotiations, of 1872, failed of fruition. While at the Los Pinos Agency, however, Brunot learned of Chief Ouray's stolen son and was enlisted in the search for him. In fact, the location of the boy and his return to the Utes assumed great significance in regard to the San Juan lands. The white commissioners realized that if they recovered the boy, the Ute acquiescence in the land cession would be practically assured.

The story is told in the following extracts from official documents, a number of which the writer recently found among the unpublished papers of the Indian Bureau, now housed in the new National Archives building.

The circumstances of the loss of Ouray's son are revealed in this extract from the record of the negotiations at Los Pinos Agency in August, 1872:

> Ure [Ouray] (to Brunot): Do you know Friday, a chief of the Arapahoes?
>
> Brunot: Yes.
>
> Ure: Some ten years ago the Utes had a fight with the Sioux on the Platte. We killed one Indian, and knew it was a Sioux by his shirt, which was of a peculiar kind worn only by the Sioux. After the fight my boy, about five years old, was missing; and a Mexican who traded with the Sioux has since told me that Friday had my boy, and a Mexican woman who was married to a Sioux also told me a year ago that she had seen my boy, and that Friday still had him. Some of the Sioux came every year to White River, and a party came south last year.
>
> Brunot: I will inquire among all the Sioux, and if your boy is found, and is willing to come back, I will try and have him come.
>
> Ure: If the agent talked to him, and got him to remember that he was a Ute, he would probably come, and I would like very much to have him.[1]

Letters were immediately sent to the various Indian agencies in an effort to locate the lost boy. It was "ascertained that the boy had been captured or passed into the hands of the Northern Arapahoes on the North Platte, and after several years had gotten among the Southern Arapahoes."[2]

[1] *Report of the Board of Indian Commissioners*, 1872, p. 109.
[2] *Annual Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs to the Secretary of the Interior for the Year 1873*, 111.

On May 28, 1873, Brunot wrote to Hon. E. P. Smith, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, as follows:

> As to the recovery of Ourai's [Ouray's] son, I have suggested to Mr. Cree [Secretary to the Commission] to write to Mr. Beebe on the subject, and will communicate with you further on hearing his reply. . . . As the young man is now to all intents an Arapahoe or Cheyenne, both of which tribes are the enemies of the Utes, it will probably be a matter requiring careful management to induce him to go. I would consider it a great good to get Ourai's son back to the Utes, as his intercourse with the whites, and his partial adoption of our language and habits would probably have a very favorable effect upon the tribe.[3]

Next day Commissioner Smith wrote to T. R. Cree in New York City:

> I request it very desirable to secure the release of the son Ura [Ouray] chief of the Utes at Los Pinos if possible before the time of the next council. Please give me such information as you have on the subject and any suggestions in regard to the methods to be pursued to secure this object.[4]

Mr. Cree replied on May 31st:

> In regard to the release of Uri's [Ouray's] son I would say that I have written Supt. Hoag and Agent Miles asking that every effort be made to induce the young man Friday by name to go back to his people. I presume no difficulty will be experienced in getting his release from the Arapahoes if he wishes to go. I write Hoag and Miles that we very greatly desire his presence, yet not to have the employees or others know that it is a matter of any special importance, as in that case objections will be made by the tribe and possibly by the young man. . . . I think it probable that the young man may be with the tribe who are seldom at the agency. In that case Agent Miles should go for him and conduct the business carefully himself.[5]

Mr. Brunot came west early in the summer of 1873 and Ouray and Agent Adams met him at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Here Ouray asked for word of his son and made this definite proposal: "The Government is strong, and can do what it wants; if the Govern-

[3] Brunot Letters, Colorado B, National Archives.
[4] Indian Bureau papers, Colorado 1873, National Archives.
[5] *Ibid.*

ment will do what it can for me and get my boy, I will do what I can for the Government in regard to our lands."[6]

In the meantime every effort was being made to find the boy. Agent Daniels obtained from the Northern Arapaho Chief, Friday, the particulars as to the capture of the Ute boy. These correspond to the details given by Ouray, thus "establishing the fact that the Ute boy called Friday, now with the Southern Arapahoes, and whom he [Daniels] had endeavored to bring with him, was the son of Ouray."[7]

OURAY AND CHIPETA
(Photograph taken in Washington, D. C., in 1878)

On June 30, 1873, Agent John D. Miles wrote from the Cheyenne and Arapaho Agency in Indian Territory:

> I wrote thee at Lawrence last week in regard to one man Friday. Yellow Bear says party of young Arapahoes had started on war path to fight Utes and that Friday was one of the number. In two hours older chiefs sent after boys and brought 37 back the following night, but 14 young men got away in the woods and were going on. . . . Powder Face is sorry, says his heart is on the ground.[8]

[6] *Annual Report Commissioner of Indian Affairs 1873*, 112.
[7] *Ibid.*, 97.
[8] Indian Bureau papers, Colorado 1873, National Archives.

The Utes were instructed to assemble about the middle of August, 1873, to hold another council in regard to the cession of the San Juan lands. The Government was very anxious to send Ouray's son with the white Commissioners who were to negotiate the treaty. The Indians assembled, to the number of about 1800, but in the meantime, white prospectors had swarmed into the Ute reservation and numbers of the Indians were eager to fight the intruders. But through Ouray's influence peace had been maintained. Brunot and the other Commissioners did not arrive at Los Pinos until September 5th. They explained that the delay was caused by their stopping at Colorado Springs and elsewhere enroute, waiting for the arrival of Ouray's son. But the boy had eluded the agents and so had not been brought to the Utes.

Ouray was greatly disappointed, but Brunot explained as best he could, and promised that the search would be continued. The Treaty ceding the San Juan mountain area was agreed upon by the seven bands of Utes on September 13, Ouray using his influence as promised to effect this end.

The Government, too, kept its promise. Ute Friday was finally found and with a delegation of Arapahoes was brought to Washington, D. C. Ouray and his wife Chipeta, heading a Ute delegation, also came to the national capital. At the dramatic meeting of the two delegations Brunot tried to get Ute Friday to recognize his father and also attempted to make a peace between the age-old enemies, the Utes and the Arapahoes.

The following is the official record of the conference, recently unearthed in the National Archives:

> Commissioner: We meet today on a very interesting occasion. I don't suppose there ever was another exactly like it in Washington. Two tribes that have been at enmity for a very long time, represented by the very best men of both tribes, here in one room to talk with each other. It is a very important time for you for many things will come of it either for your advantage or disadvantage. It is interesting to the government for it is right in the line of what we are trying to do. We are trying to live at peace with all Indians, and are desirous that all Indians should live at peace with each other. Now if we make a peace with you between the Arapahoes, the Cheyennes, the Comanches and the Utes, it is all very well and right, and then if there is not a peace between you all, all the different tribes, then it is all wrong again. Therefore I am very desirous that you agree here today. I want you to take one another by the hand, and hereafter not fight any more. The head chief of the Utes had his boy captured by Arapahoes a

long time ago. He knew you took him at the time, and has kept track of him ever since, and when we found this boy was among the Arapahoes in Indian Territory, we tried to get him to go back to his father, but we have not been able to get him to consent to go, or to get them together till now. He was so young when he was taken that he does not recognize his father now, and has no way of knowing him except what we tell him, but there is little doubt of the fact that he is the son of Ouray.

Courtesy Bureau of American Ethnology
COTOAN, THE SON OF CHIEF OURAY

But the question of peace between the two tribes ought not to turn upon that at all. Whatever the boy may decide to do ought not to affect the question of your being at peace with each other. Now I would like to inquire of the Arapahoes how this Friday came to them.

(Friday wanted to know his name in Ute, whether it was the same or not. Then Ouray asked if he did not know it.)

Commissioner: Tell Ouray. Friday does not remember any name but the one they gave him when they captured him.

(Then one of the Utes went and spoke to Friday and said

they were cousins, and that they played together when they were boys. The name they called him was *Cotoan*)

Commissioner: If he don't want to go back to him, his father does not want him to go, and we will not talk about it any more. But that ought not to prevent a peace between the two tribes. Of course the Arapahoes and Cheyennes will show their willingness that Friday should go to Ouray. Now are you ready to talk about peace between yourselves? Or perhaps you don't want to talk now.

Powder Face [Arapaho]: Commissioner, we are here together. We never met these people on friendly terms before. In my younger days, when I lived up the mountains, at the mouth of the Platte River, I was taught to kill these Indians. Ever since I was a boy I was very glad to do it, and always rejoiced when I killed one. I am not very happy to see these people. I am shot all over. I feel my wounds now and do not like it. These Utes shoot us. Now our old country at the foot of the mountain is settled all thick, so we cannot get to the Utes and get in trouble. We get to the white men first and get in trouble with them. In my young days I loved to hunt these people, but whites save us that trouble now, and after thinking it all over, I see it is very foolish and I try to do better now. I have laid aside all my warlike notions. When I crossed the Arkansas to go to Indian Territory I left all my warlike notions. I saw agents and talked with them, and they gave me good advice and I try to follow it. When I was here before the Commissioner advised me to make peace with these people, I told him to wait awhile. I would make a peace with those living near me. The Comanches, Apaches, Arapahoes, and Cheyennes, and be in peace with all. We nearly live in the same wigwam. White people save us good deal; they are settled too thick. They come and hunt with us and eat our meat, in spite of all we do. The Comanches who have always been at peace with us have always told us the Utes were not the right kind of people to make a peace with. They never keep the peace with those they make a treaty with. I think it is better for me not to say anything about a peace now. I will talk with my tribe and we will see after awhile what to do. Our young men at home know nothing about it. I prefer to talk with them and let them know. (Then Friday wished him to say that he could not understand the Utes, and wished to stay with the Arapahoes) I have no authority to make him go or stay, but he can go if he wishes.

Ouray: Some one ought to know about the fight and wants to know if any one here knows.

Powder Face: The Northern Arapahoes captured him, but Friday knows better about the circumstances.

Commissioner: Have Friday tell about the capture.

Friday: I prefer they should tell where I was lost and see if they know where. I know, but I want to see if they know.

Ouray: We know. In a fight about thirty miles above Denver.

Powder Face: Friday was caught in a fight further north. The young man you refer to is at home now. Friday is not the one. Not on the Platte at all.

Commissioner: How far north was he captured?

Powder Face: Just the other side of the Rocky Mountains.

Ouray: The whites have tried to have me get this boy. But he is not my boy. If he was he would not talk that way. Would speak differently.

Commissioner: Ouray don't want the boy if he is not his. But we would like to find out about the other boy. Now is there anything more you want to say about peace? Ask Ouray if he will speak.

Ouray: They acknowledge hunting Utes. The Utes never hunt the Arapahoes. They come to hunt the Utes, and we have nothing to say to them. We let them alone. But we must defend ourselves.

Commissioner: I would like Powder Face to say if that is true, that the Utes never come to fight the Arapahoes, but the Arapahoes always go to fight the Utes.

Powder Face: That is true.

Commissioner: Then I have something to say. Whether you make a peace with the Utes or not and are ever found off your reservation fighting Utes, Government will send soldiers to punish you. And if it don't send enough the first time it will send more. These Utes are at peace with the Government and it is bound to protect them. Any way, this fighting between different tribes of Indians has got to cease. They may be able to keep it up for a little while longer but it must cease after a time. It will certainly help you now to make a peace, to talk now about it, even if you don't conclude a peace. You can talk with your young men at home; but talk now about it. I want you to do the best you can about it.

Ouray: The Arapahoes have two tongues. They talk friendly here, but when they go home they talk with a brass tongue. I don't believe what they say. When they get home they will steal just the same.

Commissoner: They seem in a different state of mind from what they have ever been before. It looks very hopeful, and I hope they do not want to hurt you anymore.

Ouray: We can't help fighting them when they come to fight us. We must defend ourselves. We must do the best we can.

Commissioner: We don't want to defend Ouray's defending himself. No peace can hinder a man defending himself when he is attacked. If the Arapahoes come to fight the Utes, after this they must be punished.

Ouray: If they don't come to us it is all right. If they only stay at home and not come to fight us, there is no need of making a peace. We never go to fight them.

Commissioner: Now if you will shake hands here as friends it will help you and satisfy us.

Ouray: I am ready to shake hands here now if the Arapahoes and Cheyennes are. But it is better if we make a peace to make it with all. Some are not here, and we want it with all.

Commissioner: You can meet here now, and meet as individuals and be friends so far. If you cannot decide for all now, you can afterwards.

Ouray: I will take them by the hand if they want to. I have nothing against them personally. If they only stay away from us, that's all. I will meet them half way.

Commissioner: Well, half way is to the corner of this table. Powder Face can come from the other side, and both start at the same time and get there at once.

Powder Face: I am willing to be friends. The Great Spirit is looking down to see all is right.

Ouray: I mean to do right about all.

Commissioner: That is good so far. All shake hands now.

Stone Calf: I came to Washington and I try to do what is right. In making a peace with these people, I would like to know more from my tribe. White people are our advisers and tell us what to do and what to say, and we say yes to everything. White Chief Commissioner in '67 gave us a tract of land for our permanent reservation, and if it is the wish of Government to make peace with all, let it be. We wish to do what is the wish of Government. We are glad to do it and keep our reservation. I have come a long ways to see you and want to go home with good tidings, and we wish the Commissioner would give us in our annuity some ammunition. It is the duty of chiefs to try and do right always.

My chiefs have been selected and what they say is right, and all goes as they say. All our old chiefs are most all dead, and those that are not dead are turned off. The young chiefs talk for themselves now.

Commissioner: Think about peace now, not about your reservation. What we do now is just between these chiefs here, not between the tribes. When you shake hands here it is just as friends. Now you have made a good beginning, and don't let it stop at you. I want all to shake hands.[9]

The official record of the conference ends here. A contemporary account of subsequent events has not yet been found by the writer. But in the biography of Brunot, published in 1901, we find this statement:

A year had passed since Ouray told Mr. Brunot of his sorrow, when father and son met in the office of the Board of Indian Commissioners in Washington. All who saw them knew that they were father and son, but the boy could not believe that he was not an Arapahoe, for all these years he had been taught to fight the Utes. Convinced at last of his sonship, the boy promised to go home with his father after saying goodbye to his friends in "the staked plains country." Unhappily, he died on the journey, and his poor father twice *lost his only son.*[10]

The Denver Woman's Press Club

MINNIE HALL KRAUSER*

Since the Denver Woman's Press Club has become one of the solid, well established clubs of Denver, and since the last of the charter members must necessarily make her exit before many years, it is of interest to the younger members to know—and I have been asked to tell—exactly how the club started.

In 1898 the Biennial Convention of the General Federation of Women's Clubs met in Denver. It had never been so far west before, and being a big event in clubdom, we wanted to show what western hospitality was like. Minnie J. Reynolds, one of the star reporters on the *Rocky Mountain News,* was a member of the arrangements committee, in charge of publicity work. She re-

[9]Indian Treaty talks and Councils, Packet 1, Office of Indian Affairs, Washington, D. C.

[10]Charles L. Slattery, *Felix Reville Brunot (1820-1898), President of the First Board of Indian Commissioners,* 191.

*Mrs. Krauser is a Charter Member and a past President of the Denver Woman's Press Club. This paper was read at the meeting on November 28, 1938, celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the founding of the club.—Ed.

ceived a number of letters from newspaper women, magazine writers and authors—some of them quite famous—inquiring whether we had a club of newspaper women, writers or pen women. There were only about four actual working newspaper women in Denver and with the exception of Minnie Reynolds, all were young girls just out of school. There were other women, however, who had written magazine articles and stories and a few books. Mrs. Helen Wixson was one of these. She was enthusiastic over the idea presented to her by Miss Reynolds, of organizing a club.

MINNIE J. REYNOLDS (in 1898)

So one fine afternoon, March 16, 1898, to be exact, we four active newspaper girls rode our bicycles up to Mrs. Wixson's home on Clarkson Street, leaned the bikes up against the porch and organized a club. As a result, letters were sent out the next day to the principal club members and writers throughout the country, saying "Certainly, Denver has a club, known as 'The Denver Woman's Press Club,' and will be happy to welcome you at its club rooms in the Brown Palace Hotel." The hotel management graciously, and fortunately for us, put one of their small rooms at our disposal as Writers' Headquarters for the duration of the convention.

There we placed on view every book, pamphlet and article

written by a Colorado or a Denver woman, that we could scrape together. There were not very many, but we did the best we could to make a showing.

During the convention, Mrs. Charlotte R. Gallup, the leading Denver florist at that time, offered us her beautiful home and garden at Broadway and Alameda Avenue for an afternoon garden party in honor of visiting women writers. We issued invitations in the form of a newspaper, with proper heading, printed in a regular newspaper column and looking as though torn out of a newspaper, with sections of adjoining columns included. We mailed these out beforehand to every woman writer we knew of in the United States, and they took immensely. Clever replies came from many distinguished women. The party was one of the big features of the convention. The lovely lawn with its bright beds of rich flowers and the fluffy summer gowns and leghorn hats of the women of the late '90s made an attractive picture.

Among the notables who attended were Mary S. Lockwood, President of the International Press Association, Mrs. E. S. Cromwell, President of the National Press Association, Cynthia Westover Alden, Agnes Repplier, the essayist, Margaret Welch of *Harpers Bazaar,* Alice Blackwell, Editor *Boston Woman's Journal,* Helen Wiston, Editor and proprietor of the *Club Woman.*

We really hoped this club, hurriedly organized for the convention, might last longer. It did. "We builded better than we knew." So the Denver Woman's Press Club was founded in 1898. The idea became surprisingly popular, and almost immediately names of women who wanted to join began to be presented in shoals. Our year book bore this quotation:

"We prefer books to pounds; and we love manuscripts better than florins."

We got up some By-laws saying, "the object of this association shall be to advance and encourage women in literary work, to cultivate acquaintance and friendship among women of literary tastes, to secure the benefits arising from organized effort, and to drive dull care away." We had nineteen charter members.

We established a class of associate members: "Something really between a hindrance and a help," for women who were graciously permitted to pay dues, offer their houses for meetings, sing or play for us and otherwise make themselves useful and ornamental, but *not* to vote. We held that an Associate Member was one who could earn money by writing if she had to, make a good speech, tell a good story, sing a good song, or otherwise add interest and value to the club. Honor her who would honor the position and appreciate the honor conferred. A total deficiency in brains should constitute an insurmountable obstacle to

membership. Copy readers and proof readers were forever barred. The regular meetings included social and literary features, "and something to eat, if the treasury would permit."

To become eligible for active membership, one "must have received money for her writing."

We held high ideals and ambitions for our child during its infancy, we dreamed and planned many things through slaving and sacrifice and a diet of hope. Hope is a fine diet for the fellow who mixes it with hard work. We taught her Abraham Lincoln's Plan: to first determine that a thing *could* and *should* be done, and then to find a way to do it. We are now proud of the development and accomplishments of our child.

I have been requested to tell something about the founder of this club, Minnie J. Reynolds. She was not pretty in face or figure. She had unruly gray hair, wore spectacles, wore unbecoming clothes, and, like all the rest of us, she rode a bicycle. But she had a big heart, a generous spirit, and a keen intellect.

She was a loyal, precious friend. I think I was one of the few who discovered her human, sentimental side. When I embarked as a green cub reporter, with no newspaper training of any sort, except handing in some items of the social activities among my high school mates, for which I received pay in matinee tickets, she seemed flattered when I went to her for advice, and always gave me frank but wise and friendly counsel and, when I was in despair, she praised and encouraged me in my earnest efforts to be a reporter. When her mother passed away, I wrote her a little note, and her reply is one of my treasured mementos.

Norma Purchase Monroe, one of our members present tonight, was her assistant when we organized, and joined the club just after our first yearbook came out. I always envied the lucky Norma, the training she doubtless received under Minnie Reynolds.

Miss Reynolds moved to New York in 1901 and was made a Life Member of our Club in 1903. She passed away in East Orange, New Jersey, 1935.

At the end of our first year came the election of officers. I wanted Minnie Reynolds re-elected, as she had founded the club and had done most of the pioneering, and seemed the logical one for president. But her newspaper work demanded from twelve to fourteen hours a day and she was active in politics. She decided that she would do a little caucusing beforehand. She suggested to me that our secretary, Mrs. Wixson, had the time and ability and interest combined to make the best president. In spite of my protestation she made me promise that if she were nominated, she would decline and I was to make a little speech and nominate Mrs. Wixson. Everything went along as planned, I began as I had agreed, to nominate Mrs. Wixson. Suddenly, I could not see it that

way, so switched and said I had decided to nominate Minnie Reynolds instead. She stared at me in horror and amazement, and those present laughed at the expression on the face of my nominee. I decided if she "did not choose to run," I would draft her. We continued to meet at the large homes of Associate members. No notices were sent out as all members were expected to read the newspapers.

During the second and third decades of our club's existence, we prepared for our years of maturity. We learned to be the master of our hours and not the victim of our years. We learned to conquer time. We grew rapidly.

In 1906 we established a contest for poetry and story writing connected with some phase of Colorado life.

These contests inspired some unknown talent. Contestants were warned to

> "Boil it down until it simmers
> Polish it until it glimmers,
> When you've got a thing to say
> Say it—don't take half a day."

Now we conduct, annually, a Poetry, Short Story, Short, Short Story and Juvenile Story contests.

The following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, that literary critics cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, and that there is no hell for authors in the *next* world, as critics and publishers furnish it in *this* world."

We had a gentleman's night. A Valentine party where each one was required to write an original Valentine poem. We gave a French Ball, which event will go down in history.

I have been requested to relate two experiences of my early news gatherings, and although the laugh is at my own expense, they are funny nevertheless.

There were very few telephones used in those days and we had to gather our news on foot, or on bicycles, the popular way used by the majority of reporters. I was held up one night about eleven o'clock and knocked off my bicycle, but managed to climb back on quickly and got away unharmed. I applied at police headquarters the next day for permission to carry a gun. It was granted, so I got a detective to select a small automatic for me and I wore it on a belt under my jacket. Almost on my first trip, I rode into a trench dug for water pipes. It was a dark night—no lantern to give warning, and bicycle and I landed in the bottom of the trench. The gun went off, and I laid very still, wondering if I was shot. Deciding I was all right, I tried to untangle myself from the bicycle and screamed for help. Some man assisted me out of the

hole and I gave him the gun right there. Ever after I depended on luck and the Lord for protection.

We had "A Newspaper Girls Day." I was assigned the topic, "A Girl Cub Reporter's Experience," and was asked to relate any unusual experiences, so I told about butting into the dinner party at the home of a gay widower, Mr. X, and asking to see Mrs. X. The horrified butler informed me that Mrs. X had been dead several years and Mr. X was giving a dinner to announce his coming marriage to her successor. I mounted my bicycle and left without ceremony.

The Club was incorporated in 1908, and the incorporation has since been renewed. We bought this little studio home of the well known Artist, George Burr, September 16, 1924. We have the distinction of being the only Woman's Press Club in the United States to own and maintain its own home, and free from debt. We are landed gentry.

Beecher once said "land is God's estate in the world, and when it is deeded to you, and you walk over it and call it your own, it seems as if you had come into partnership with the original proprietor of the earth." "It takes a lot o' livin' to make a home," and this has been our home for the past 14 years.

We purchased it with the same qualities in view as expressed by the woman buying some shoes—"something large and comfortable inside, but attractive outside."

In our fourth decade we made a mental inventory. We beheld a wider horizon. We took the ax out of taxes, *because*, under our broadened activities, we included philanthropy in behalf of our unfortunate members and others. We are developing an effective educational program for the benefit of aspiring writers. We do not pretend to be what we are not. We are a club of optimists, of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows.

We have entertained many notables in the field of literature, art, journalism and science.

Let me pause one moment, to call to mind many notables and departed friends who were associate members of our club:

Dr. Mary Barker Bates
Alice Polk Hill
Mrs. Thos. M. Patterson
Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker
Mrs. Alva Adams, wife of the late governor
Mrs. J. L. McNeal
Mrs. J. J. Brown (the unsinkable)
Mrs. James B. Grant
Fay King, the cartoonist
Mrs. Mary Elitch Long
Mrs. Joel F. Vaile
Mrs. J. D. Whitmore
Mrs. W. N. Byers
Mrs. A. L. Welch
Mrs. Frank Trumbull
Winifred Black, the columnist
Miss Sara Graham

and our beloved Mrs. W. J. Whiteman, (mother of the celebrated Paul). She was so generous with her talents, and with her wonderful voice, made our musical programs a real treat.

There were many other lovely, helpful women who addressed us on various occasions, I shall not attempt to name them.

I should like to give especial mention and honor to one man, our kindly friend and benefactor, the late John L. Russell, husband of our dear Kate. His unfailing devotion to our little club, in helping to make our Club House and grounds more attractive with trees, shrubs and flowers.

One of our recent guests, who passed on a few weeks after giving us a delightful Summer afternoon, was dear Anne Ellis—

The delicate odor of mignonette
The ghost of a dead and gone bouquet
Is all that tells of her presence, yet
Could she think of a sweeter way.

There are other well beloved departed members we could mention, among them our talented Mary C. C. Bradford, missed from her regular chair at our meetings.

We recognize many old friends here tonight. We cannot mention all, but we gladly extend to you the Norwegian greeting which runs:

We are your servants, friends!
In entering this house, you do possess it.
Peace and heart's greeting!

Three years ago this old club had her face lifted, her fallen arches repaired, and with a new pot of rouge, some lipstick and a permanent wave, she mobilized her forces strategically, for her future's best efforts. It was during my term as president of the club. The necessity of renovation had been repeatedly discussed but the subject dismissed. With a few loyal members having the same views, we barged into the project as I had the widower's dinner party. I considered my shoulders broad, but the expense involved and the torrent of criticism gave me an attack of hives. I must, however, give ample credit to the frankly spoken objectors for conducting themselves like adversaries in law, who "strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends."

Our little group recognize the importance of harmony, and are always loyal to the reigning officers.

And to quote our honored founder:

And now fill up the brimming cup
Of old remembrance kind;
And other days and other ways
A moment bring to mind;
Toward setting sun, our pathways run—
Whose hopes were once so high—
Fast comes the day, when we shall say
Goodbye, my friends, goodbye.

To each and every member of our little group, may I wish you

The merry gift of laughter,
The lovely gift of smiles,
The golden gift of friendship
To gladden all life's miles.
Love's magic gift of sweetness,
And of contentment, too,
May these be found among the gifts
This birthday brings to you.

May the Denver Woman's Press Club ever keep a warm hearthstone for women of kindred spirit, who love the high art of writing. Long life and usefulness to this organization.

The First School in Paonia

JESSIE YOAKUM*

In the fall of 1881, Samuel Wade and a few others located on and near where Paonia now is. Mr. Wade moved a stock of merchandise from Lake City and established a store just west of the town limits, the building then being a "dug-out." That fall Mr. Wade surveyed the townsites of Grand Junction, Montrose and Delta.

The inhabitants of the vicinity of Paonia the winter of 1881-82 were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wade, John Roatcap, Barney Orth and wife, Landoline Meyers, George and Ezra Wade and W. A. Clark.

The following spring, Mr. Samuel Wade, Ernest Yoakam, George Merchant, Jim Cline and Frank and Arthur Wade started from the town of Butler, Missouri, for the North Fork valley. They came by rail as far as Gunnison City, the end of the railroad, then to Black Mesa in wagons, over Black Mesa in sleds, then in wagons to the North Fork.

Mr. Wade brought the first fruit trees into the Valley in his trunk. They had to keep fires at night to keep them from freez-

*Miss Yoakum, now Mrs. Frank Wade of Paonia, was the first school teacher of Paonia. This story was procured from her by Wilson Rockwell.—Ed.

UPPER: PAONIA'S FIRST SCHOOLHOUSE
LOWER: JESSIE YOAKUM IN 1883
Courtesy of Wilson Rockwell, from his recent book, *New Frontier*

ing. He set them out on his claim, now the Merl Miller place. Here he started the first Post Office and named it Peony, but the Government changed it to Paonia. He was a great lover of flowers and had a number of different kinds, as Snow Balls, Iris, Peonies, Roses, &c.

They had to shovel out some places in the trail to get through. In September his wife and the other children came. The 3rd of November I arrived in Delta by rail, the railroad having been built to that point. The depot was a box car on a side track. I was met by my brother, Ernest Yoakum, and came by wagon to Paonia. I thought I had got to the end of the world, the roughest roads I ever saw; and over Rogers Mesa, we wound around the boulders as best we could. We never thought then that some day there would be an automobile road here, the best stretch of road between here and California.

I arrived at Paonia on November 4, 1882. The school house was not finished, so the men hurried through with their work, digging potatoes and gathering in other crops. Some of the potatoes were 14 inches long and weighed 4 pounds, the finest ones I ever saw—one could carry them like sticks of stove wood. As soon as the crops were in, they finished the school house. It was a log building about 16x24 feet in size, with a floor, and glass windows. The Hotchkiss school had just a dirt floor and roof, and holes in the sides for windows. Mamie Wade (now Mrs. George Merchant, Sr.) and myself went around among the "old batches" and solicited money to buy enough canvas to line the room, and Mamie and I sewed it on Mrs. Wade's sewing machine. The men made seats and desks for the children. We had an aisle up the middle of the room, with room in the center for a small box stove to keep us warm (we burned wood), and a stand (with a drawer to keep my papers in) for a desk. Ezra and Frank Wade put up the canvas, Mr. Wade lent me his office chair, and we put up sash curtains, and the school house was ready.

We commenced school the week between Christmas and New Years so we could draw money from the school fund for that year. I taught 3 months, January, February, March. I received $30.00 a month and board. The pupils names as I remember them were as follows:

Albert Goodenow, Hattie Quackingbush (Mrs. Goodenow), Arthur Wade, Charlie Wade, Minnie Wade (Mrs. Arthur Stephens), Willie Wade, Ed. Fawcett, Clara Fawcett, Nettie Fawcett (Mrs. Dave Stephens), Myrtle Fawcett (Mrs. Charlie Wade), Ed Stephens, Charlie Stephens, Lillie Stephens (Mrs. Arthur Wade), Bill Decker, Susie Decker (the first), Bell Lane (Mrs. Ezra Wade).

The Utes and the Boulder Semi-Centennial Celebration

EBEN G. FINE

My acquaintance with Buckskin Charley and the Southern Utes dates back to 1909, when Boulder celebrated her fiftieth anniversary.

It was on October 17, 1858, that a little band of men and women, a part of a large caravan of gold seekers who had crossed the plains headed for the Pike's Peak "diggings," arrived at the foot of Red Rocks, just at the western edge of what is now the city of Boulder and began the building of this little city. However, it was not until 1859 that "Boulder City" was formally laid out and platted.

So, early in the fall of 1909, some of Boulder's leading citizens got together and decided to fittingly celebrate that historic event. A "Semi-Centennial Committee" was appointed, of which Dr. O. M. Gilbert was named Chairman; but as a busy physician who could not call his time his own, he named your humble servant as Vice Chairman to help carry the burden of organizing and planning.

A program of dinners, speeches, street parades, etc., honoring the pioneers, was planned, activities to cover practically an entire week.

"Auntie Brookfield," one of that original band of hardy pioneers who crossed the plains in a caravan of ox-drawn covered wagons in 1858, was chosen "Queen of the Festival."

Because the Southern Ute Indians lived and hunted in this area when the first white men came, it was decided to try to secure a group of these Indians to head our parade, which was to be both historic and educational, picturing progress and development—"Boulder, fifty years ago and today."

I was delegated to go down to Ignacio to negotiate with the Indians and the Government Agent, Mr. Werner, and if possible, to secure their consent to participate. Armed with letters from the Mayor of Boulder, the late John A. Hall, and Mr. C. M. Day, then Agent for the Adams Express Company of Denver, who had secured the Indians for Denver's "Festival of Mountain and Plains" some years before, I went down to the Reservation and as Mr. Werner was not at Ignacio, arranged for a conference with the Chief and his advisers, to be held at the Trading Post just at the edge of the Reservation.

At the appointed hour, the Chief and some eight or ten of his band, came down the road on their saddle ponies and soon the conference was on, Tony Buck, an educated Indian and later Chief of his tribe, acting as interpreter.

I stated the purpose of my visit and our desire to have the honor of their presence in Boulder on the occasion of the celebration of the city's fiftieth anniversary and that we especially wanted their Chief, Buckskin Charley, to be our guest, since he had lived and spent much of his boyhood on the mountainsides near where Boulder now stands and that it was our desire to bring together on that occasion the Indians and the pioneers yet living, who were of that band of "first settlers" in Boulder.

During my recital of our aims and plans, character of program, plans for their entertainment, etc., the Chief sat and listened in dignified silence, with no indication of pleasure or displeasure, approval or disapproval revealed in facial expression, as Tony Buck repeated to him and his little band, what I had said. I expatiated at length on the good things we would provide for them to eat; the picture shows and other entertainments to be provided for them and the care-free life that would be theirs, with their tepees pitched beside the stream, where they would be our honored guests during an entire week; but still no sign of approval in his face. At last, after what seemed to me a long time, the Chief spoke, accepting our invitation, conditioned of course, upon the consent of Mr. Werner.

With the aid of Tony Buck, we then and there made up a list of sixteen Indians, including a papoose in a cradle board and three other little children, that I especially requested—all Indians with good clothes, feathers, beads and shell work—good "show Indians" in short, to represent their tribe.

Learning that Mr. Werner had gone to Trimble Springs with his wife to take the baths and drink the curative waters from those famous springs, I proceeded on my way, stopping in Durango to see the late Dave Day, former Indian Agent, but at that time Editor of the *Durango Democrat*, hoping to get his help in persuading Mr. Werner to let us have the Indians, since I had been told they were no longer allowing them to leave the Reservation.

Mr. Day's comments were far from encouraging, indeed he said it would be a hopeless undertaking to try to get the Indians without consent from Washington—and that would take about three months—while our celebration was only three weeks distant. However, after much pleading on my part, Mr. Day gave me a letter to Mr. Werner, endorsing our plans and urging him to let us have the Indians for this historic and educational event.

Then I hurried on to Trimble Springs, where I met Mr. Werner and presented my letters and stated the purpose of my visit, only to be "turned down cold." He said they had taken the Indians to Denver on several occasions, with consent from Washington, but always something had happened to make them regret it and that for several years past they had refused to send the Indians away from the Reservation, as it was bad for them.

I pleaded and argued, but to no avail, as Mr. Werner said he would not take the responsibility of letting the Indians go without consent from Washington and it would be impossible to get that in so short a time. He was very courteous and kind to me, even though firm in his refusal to let us have the Indians and I enjoyed visiting with him, since I found we had much in common.

Learning that I was a lover of nature, of trees, birds and flowers, Mr. Werner invited me to spend the afternoon hiking with him to some of the beauty spots in that wonderful region—an invitation I gladly accepted. During our hiking and climbing, I returned again and again to the subject of the Indians and our great need of them to complete the historic chain, only to receive the same emphatic "Impossible."

I dwelt especially upon the educational side of our program with the University of Colorado and the public schools participating; with floats representing progress in education, beginning with a model of the first school house built in Colorado, built in Boulder in 1860; upon the high standard set for every feature of our program—no admission charge and therefore, no profit motive; no liquor and no gambling but only the high purpose to honor those hardy pioneers who were still living, as well as those who had passed on, and to impress upon the minds of the younger generation, the hardships the pioneers had suffered and the sacrifices they had made to make this little city such a delightful place in which to live.

At last, to my great joy, Mr. Werner said, "Mr. Fine, I believe you are all right; I am much impressed with the high standards you have set for your program; I am going to take a chance and let you have the Indians and trust to you to see that nothing happens to make us regret letting them go." And then I invited him and his wife to come along with the Indians and be our guests for a week at the Hotel Boulderado, an invitation he accepted—and he told me afterward that they had never enjoyed a more delightful vacation, nor witnessed a more interesting or more educational program and that the Indians had never been better treated or more carefully handled.

I told Mr. Werner that I had learned before coming down to the Reservation, of an old man then living in Denver, Captain Christy, a contemporary of Jim Baker and Kit Carson, who had spent much of his life with the Indians and spoke the Ute tongue fluently and that I had tentatively engaged him to come to Boulder and stay with the Indians to see that no liquor got to them and to keep us advised as to their needs and their wants—a plan he heartily approved.

An interesting incident occurred as we came to Boulder from Denver on the Colorado & Southern train. Suddenly there was

quite a commotion in the coach, with Buckskin Charley pointing and talking excitedly, while all the Indians were looking out of the car windows. I asked Tony Buck, the interpreter for the tribe, what was the meaning of all the excitement? He said, "Charley (the Indians address their parents by their first names) has just recognized the spot where the Utes had a fight with a band of Arapahoes, when the Arapahoes licked them and stole their ponies." That was at a point near "Boulder Junction" and I have since regretted that

UTE CHILDREN AT THE BOULDER CELEBRATION

I did not go back with Buckskin Charley at a later date and mark the spot.

I recall another incident that occurred when I took them to a picture show one evening during their stay in Boulder. The picture happened to be "Custer's Last Stand" and during the exciting moments of that battle, the Indians became so excited I was really a little alarmed, lest they go on the war path. However, they quieted down after the battle and seemed to understand that it was only "make-believe," but the picture told a story they could understand—and enjoy.

The Indians were in Boulder during the week preceding and including Thanksgiving and because we wanted the co-operation of the University students in the building of floats for the parade, I called up Dr. James H. Baker, then President of the University, and

asked permission to come over and talk to the students, advising him of our desire to secure their aid. Dr. Baker said, "We will be glad to have you come over and present your request to the students at Chapel at nine o'clock tomorrow morning" and then he added, "Please bring the Indians with you."

And so, with the Indians dressed up in their best, we arrived at the University at the appointed time and were ushered up to the platform in "Old Main" and seated beside the President. Dr. Baker introduced me by saying, "Mr. Fine has a very important message for you." I said to them, "I note that the University football team is to play the School of Mines at Broadway Park in Denver on Thanksgiving Day and that Denver University and Colorado College are to play at University Park at the same hour. I note that the D. U.-C. C. game is getting nearly all the publicity in the Denver press, on the billboards and street car banners and they are going to get the crowd unless we do something to steal the crowd away from them—and I believe we have something to offer you that will 'turn the trick.' I have come here to offer you these Indians to head your parade in Denver and to sing and dance at the street intersection at the entrance to Broadway Park, where the street cars pass on their way to the other game and we also offer you the Indians for your parade and bonfire in Boulder the evening before the game. In return for this offer, we want your co-operation in the building of floats representing every department of the University as well as the Fraternities and Sororities"—and they promised co-operation with a "wild Indian whoop."

When I whispered to President Baker that the Chief would make a speech for them, if he wished, he said, "Oh, by all means, call upon him"—and he introduced me again, saying, "Mr. Fine has another surprise for us."

I told them we were fortunate in having with us one of the first citizen of Boulder; a man who spent most of his boyhood here, hunting wild game over the hills and valley about this region; a man who had traveled much and seen much and who was present in Washington at the inauguration of President Theodore Roosevelt. Then I presented Buckskin Charley, Chief of the Southern Utes.

The Chief rose to his feet and with him, his son Tony Buck, his interpreter. Buckskin Charley began talking and gesturing as though he were accustomed to public speaking—talking in his Indian tongue, of course. After speaking at some length, he stopped and Tony Buck began by saying, "Charley says he is glad to see so many young men and women seeking an education; an education is what we all need" and he followed with a somewhat lengthy dissertation on the value of an education; after which the Chief resumed his address, speaking and gesturing, apparently quite at ease, then paused for interpretation.

Tony Buck's interpretation was in part, as follows:

"Charley says when he lived here, buffalo, elk, deer and antelope were plentiful on the plains and mountains, while beaver and trout were plentiful in the streams. All that is changed now, but since the Indians had to give way to make room for the white men, he is glad to see that a beautiful city has arisen here in the place of the Indians' tepees." It was really a very fine and sensible talk and I have often wished I had had a stenographer with me to take down his address word for word.

(Photograph by Eben J. Fine)
SOUTHERN UTES AT THE BOULDER SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION (1909)
Left to right, standing: Capt. Christy (Scout), Peregie, Tony Buck, Nannice, Chief Buckskin Charley, Edwin Cloud, Acapore and Red Dog.

The students gave the Chief a real ovation at the close of his talk and they also gave splendid co-operation in the building of floats for the parade.

The Indians agreed to make good my promise that they would head the parade in Denver, on one condition, namely, that I would don Indian garb and go into the parade with them—and to be a "good sport" as well as "a good Indian," I accepted the condition and paraded with them—and as I had anticipated, the Indians "stole" the crowd.

I deeply appreciated the honor when later I was made a member of the tribe and I also deeply appreciated a letter Buckskin

Charley dictated to Tony Buck and sent to me before they went back to the Reservation, expressing their appreciation of the treatment they had received and thanking us for the good time they had had; for the good things they had had to eat and for the picture shows—a very dignified letter, closing with

"Tiajuana, I have spoken,

BUCKSKIN CHARLEY."
