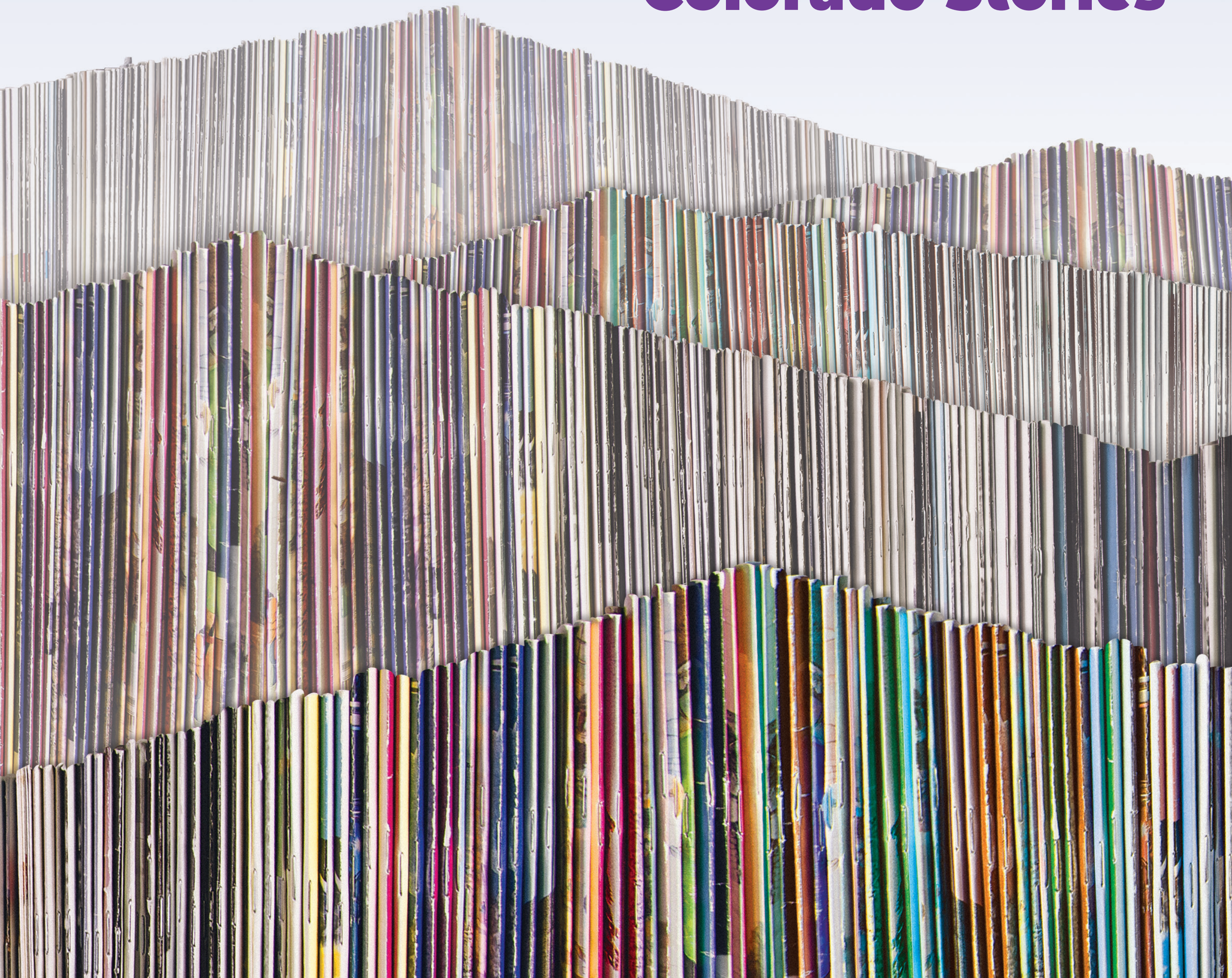
HISTORY COLORADO | 100TH ANNIVERSARY EDITION 2023

THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

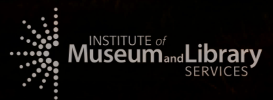
100 Years
A Century of Sharing Colorado Stories



THE SAND CREEK MASSACRE

THE BETRAYAL THAT CHANGED CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHO PEOPLE FOREVER

NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE HUMANITIES



History Colorado Center
1200 N Broadway
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THE COLORADO MAGAZINE TURNS 100

One hundred years ago—in the aftermath of World War I, a global flu epidemic, and in the face of volatile economic conditions—*The Colorado Magazine* was born as an essential tool for documenting and sharing Colorado's history. The creation of a forty-eight-page magazine with "ambitious character" was a way to connect with Coloradans during volatile times.

With our museums shuttered during the doom-filled spring of 2020, History Colorado's Chief Creative Officer Jason Hanson and I were inspired by this historic crisis-time innovation to reinvigorate what was then *Colorado Heritage*, and relaunch Colorado's flagship history magazine in a new format under its original title, *The Colorado Magazine*. For the last 100 years, its mission has been to perpetuate historic discovery, encourage emerging historians, and build new knowledge about Colorado. To this legacy, we add a dedication to sharing an expanded and more inclusive historical record, as well as a commitment to amplifying the silenced voices of the past.

The German philosopher Walter Benjamin noted that events and moments only posthumously become history. In other words, history is only formed when the past is in conversation with the present, when we make meaning of those events. The century span of *The Colorado Magazine*'s material is its own meta record of how we make meaning of history—even when the evidence and facts remain the same. Look for yourself! You can see the entire archive of *The Colorado Magazine* on our website at historycolorado.org/back-issues.

I love so many of the articles that we have published over the years, but I'll admit to having a favorite. I have re-read "Understanding Amache: The Archaeobiography of a Victorian-Era Cheyenne Woman" by Bonnie J. Clark so many times over the years (originally published in print in Autumn 2006 and republished online in March 2021). I especially appreciate reading it alongside a much earlier article, "Early History of Bent County," written by Amache Ochinee's daughter, Mary Prowers Hudnall. It's powerful and humbling to imagine three Colorado women—Amache, Mary, and Bonnie—from different eras conversing together through the pages of *The Colorado Magazine*.

We are proud to be the stewards of this century-old tradition of dynamic storytelling with an unabashed love for and curiosity about Colorado. We carry on the legacy of *The Colorado Magazine* for our present selves and all the readers of the future.

Dawn DiPrince
President/CEO

We acknowledge that the land currently known as Colorado has been the traditional homelands of Indigenous peoples since time immemorial. We are grateful to work in partnership with the forty-eight sovereign nations who continue to call this land home. Together, we plan exhibits; collect, preserve, and interpret artifacts; do archaeological work; and create educational programs to share the history of Colorado.

THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

HISTORY COLORADO

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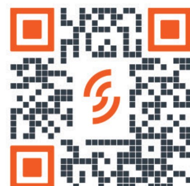

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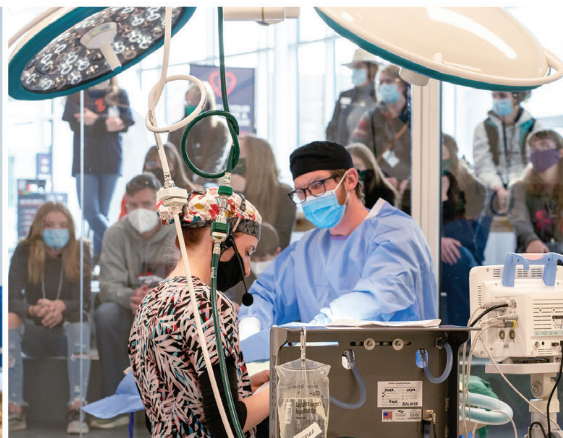

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Above: Before Colorado became the world-renowned snowsport destination it is today, skiing was a mixture of transportation and recreation for the rugged-at-heart like this skier at Hot Sulphur Springs, around 1910–1930. History Colorado, 88.1.66

Cover: Mountains of magazines! For over 100 years, *The Colorado Magazine* has provided fresh perspectives in Colorado history. Cover art by Andrew Bell

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THE FORUM

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Who's Hoo?

On Tyler Allen's article "Who's Hoo" from the last print issue.

Thank you for the article about The Owl Club. Having recommended young ladies for Debutante Ball, I appreciate knowing the history of the organization. The Club has been a valuable part of Denver's African American community.
—Carol Tebo, via email

Love for Lost Highways

History Colorado's podcast, Lost Highways: Dispatches from the Shadows of the Rocky Mountains, *recently completed its fourth season of storytelling. Listeners have been sharing their thoughts about the final episode, "Mesa Verde of the Mysteries."*

I have lived in Colorado most of my life and recently went to Mesa Verde for the first time. Before hearing the podcast I told several people the same thing that you observed—that unlike Grand Canyon or Yellowstone, and many national parks, I realized Mesa Verde is so moving because it is about the people/human ingenuity. I loved hearing your daughters on the podcast. Lost Highways is fabulous.
—Kate Krautkramer, via email

Winter Warriors Wows

History Colorado's newest exhibition, Winter Warriors: The Tenth Mountain Division in World War II *launched in November to rave reviews!*

We just saw this exhibit and it was amazing! A great collection of pictures, video, stories and artifacts! A must see!
—Beth Norris, via Facebook

It was an incredible experience. I had heard of the tenth mountain division, but never knew what they did in the war. What a fantastic way to experience their heroism and their stories. Their sacrifice will never be forgotten.
—Jim Beckman, via email

The *Weekly Digest* Hits the Mark

The article on Labor Day brought back so many wonderful memories of Colorado. Dad didn't arrive and work the construction business until 1949 but he definitely was there doing his bit. Thanks again. It has been a year since I said goodbye to my dad and this brings joy as I think about my Denver years.
—Cindy Storm, via email

I find The Weekly Digest full of stories that I might never read about.
—Phil Hernandez, via email

History Colorado remembers the late John Fielder

John Fielder passed away on August 11, 2023. Before his death, he donated his life's work to the History Colorado collection. We're honored to be the stewards of his photo collection and to be able to make them available to the people of Colorado.

John Fielder's life was a blessing. He will be remembered by those of us who have his prints and met him. His greatest gift was the altruistic act of donating his work to Colorado History where they will be shared with generations. Truly a mensch.
—Mert Martins, via Instagram

On the *Revolt 1680/2180: Runners + Gliders* Exhibition

This exhibition is amazing!! I am a big fan of Ortiz's work and I was thrilled to see that your institution is showcasing this gorgeous and brilliant multimedia exhibition. Bravo!! I also really appreciated the video at the end that introduced the many artists involved in it.
—Jennifer Ponce de León, via Facebook

History Colorado Replies: *Thank you so much for the kind words, we love the exhibition too! Hurry in to the History Colorado Center in Denver to see this innovative exhibition before it closes in July!*

THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

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Twenty-three events that shaped the year we launched *The Colorado Magazine* 1923

BY JASON L. HANSON

A century ago, *The Colorado Magazine* debuted as the historical publication of record for a state that was preparing to celebrate its "Golden Jubilee." Colorado had been part of the Union for nearly five decades, and its residents had called themselves Coloradans (or Coloradoans) for only a couple of decades longer than that, if they identified with the term at all. The state's population was still just shy of one million residents. The average Colorado household earned $2,771 per year, which was $455 lower than the national average, according to tax return data. Automobiles and telephones were still luxuries throughout most of the state.

As the editors prepared the first issue of this magazine in 1923, the events of recent years were still casting a long shadow across Colorado. Five years past the armistice that quieted World War I's guns, the war's impacts were still being felt globally. Families were grieving not only those killed in the war but the losses of the 1918 influenza epidemic that killed nearly 8,000 Coloradans and 675,000 Americans (and as many as 21 million worldwide) in just a few months at war's end. Labor unrest roiled the country, including a violent Denver Tramway workers strike in 1920, as workers fought for fair wages and eight-hour days. Others saw in the era's labor activism a Red Scare colored by Bolshevik victories in Russia and Hungary, and the US Department of Justice had arrested thousands of suspected political dissidents in 1919 and 1920. The everyday violence of white supremacy erupted into race riots in cities throughout the country, from Chicago to Washington, DC, and most egregiously in Tulsa when in 1921 white residents destroyed the prosperous Black community of Greenwood and killed more than 300 of its residents.

Throughout the nation, the passage of the Nineteenth Amendment in 1920 secured the right to vote for women, a right that Colorado women had enjoyed since 1893. Prohibition also settled its dry blanket over the nation in 1920, making it hard—but hardly impossible—to get a drink. Again, Colorado had led the nation, going dry in 1916. Colorado's economy, however, was slow to follow the nation into the Roaring '20s, slumping into recession as the high agricultural and mining prices spurred by World War I receded. The Ku Klux Klan was advancing throughout the state, feeding on economic unrest, anxiety about immigration, and racism. Hemlines were rising as women claimed new roles in postwar society and embraced flapper fashion. The Jazz Age was dawning, and as music fans throughout the nation discovered Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong, Coloradans were tapping their feet to the rhythms of George Morrison and his Jazz Orchestra in venues like the Colony Ballroom and Baxter Hotel (later renamed the Rossonian) in Denver's Five Points neighborhood. New technologies like automobiles, airplanes, and radios were collapsing the distance between people and remaking modern life.

It was a volatile period, crowded with events that would shape the century ahead. Readers today might feel a kinship with our predecessors in 1923, striving to keep up with the disorienting pace of events and maintain a sense of historical perspective that might help them understand how they had arrived at that moment. Here are some of the main stories Coloradans were reading about—and increasingly listening to radio reports on—as the inaugural issue of *The Colorado Magazine* was being published.

1 SLOW TO ROAR

As the nation's stock market raced upward during the Roaring '20s, Colorado's economy was slow to join the party. The state's farmers and miners had enjoyed high prices during World War I as the war impacted their European counterparts, but as that demand subsided after the war a severe recession settled onto two of the state's major economic sectors. On the Western Slope, fruit growers sought to stem the downturn by organizing a cooperative, forming the United Fruit Growers Association to market their produce.

2 DRIVING AHEAD

A 1923 Ford could be purchased for as little as $225, although prices went up to $590 if you wanted more than two seats or features like doors and roofs. Automobiles were rapidly becoming part of daily life in Colorado: Coloradans registered nearly 190,000 cars and trucks in 1923. Thanks to a price war among the nation's oil producers, drivers throughout most of the state could fill up their gas tanks for between 14 and 18 cents per gallon.

3 A NEW NATIONAL MONUMENT

Proclaiming it "the finest prehistoric masonry in the United States," in March President Warren G. Harding established Hovenweep National Monument along the border of southwestern Colorado and Utah to protect the region's Ancestral Puebloan structures.

4 OPENING KING TUT'S TOMB

British Archaeologist Howard Carter captured imaginations worldwide when he led an exhibition that uncovered the entrance of Egyptian Pharaoh Tutankhamun's tomb in the Valley of the Kings on the west bank of the Nile in November 1922. By February 1923 he was able to open the door to the burial chamber. The riches within inspired a fascination with Egyptian history and culture that strongly influenced art, design, and fashion—including iconic flapper dresses—throughout the decade.

5 PROHIBITION TURNS VIOLENT

Colorado had been dry since 1916, and bootleggers had been vying to sell Coloradans their next drink for just as long. In 1923, that competition erupted into an intense period of violence in southern Colorado as the Danna and Carlino families battled for control of the illicit liquor trade throughout the state. In a series of assassinations, the Danna family murdered four members of the Carlino operation in and around Pueblo between February and September. The Carlinos would retaliate, and the gang war would continue through the decade.

6 "MILLION-DOLLAR BUNCO RING"

Bootleggers weren't the only organized criminals operating in Colorado. In February, Denver District Attorney Philip Van Cise put Lou Blonger and his associates in the "Million-Dollar Bunco Ring" on trial. For more than two decades, Blonger had led a gang of con artists that targeted tourists while the city's police, journalists, and political leaders looked the other way. Van Cise refused Blonger's payoffs and raided the operation, securing a guilty verdict at the end of March for twenty of the cons, including Blonger.

Right: Benjamin Stapleton. History Colorado, 89.451.142

Below: Organizing labor helps Colorado's agricultural industry feed the people and the economy, 1920–1940. History Colorado, PH.PROP.258

Bottom: Drivers navigate Denver traffic in the early 1920s outside of the Gates Rubber Company on South Broadway. History Colorado, 96.45.496

7 THE KLAN FLEXES ITS POWER

The corruption in city government exposed by the Blonger trial put Denver voters in the mood for new leadership, and in an election that used a ranked-choice ballot, city postmaster Benjamin Stapleton was elected mayor in May. Despite assertions of his independence, Stapleton was backed by the Ku Klux

Klan, which had grown rapidly in Colorado by fusing law-and-order rhetoric with discrimination against non-white, Catholic, and Jewish Coloradans. In Denver, surviving membership ledgers suggest that between 20 and 30 percent of the city's white men belonged to the white supremacist group during Stapleton's first term, and the mayor offered his support while stocking his administration with Klansmen.

8 LENIN AILING IN RUSSIA

News from Russia reminded Coloradans that the aftershocks of World War I were still reshaping the global geopolitical landscape. Vladimir Lenin, the architect of the Bolshevik Revolution in Russia during World War I, was forced to retire from public life in March due to failing health. As potential successors maneuvered to take his place, Lenin attempted to prevent Joseph Stalin from seizing control over the party he had founded. When Lenin died at the start of the following year, however, Stalin quickly consolidated power over Russia's communist party.

9 "THAT NEW MARVEL... THE RADIO-PHONE"

Coloradans were increasingly getting their news from a new source: the radio. After the first commercial radio stations were launched in 1920, Americans quickly incorporated the new technology into their daily lives. Around 10 percent of Americans had radios in their homes in 1923, and connected Coloradans could tune in to only a few local stations. Nonetheless, the possibilities

"Hear It by Radio"
Best Buy on the Market
This long distance set formerly sold for $207.50 complete, NOW LESS THAN HALF.
Take this advertisement to your dealer and have him reserve a set for you for delivery in August, September or October at the new special price. If he cannot supply you write us.
Only a Limited Number.
Dealers' New Price List No. 4 Now Ready.
The Rocky Mountain Radio Corporation
1512-1516 Broadway
Denver, Colo.
Distributors of Standard Radio Equipment.
Radiola RC
THE RECEIVER WITH A REPUTATION.

A radio advertisement from *The Great Divide* newspaper on August 22, 1923. Courtesy of the Colorado Historic Newspapers Collection

were so apparent and tantalizing that the *Rocky Mountain News* proclaimed on October 28, 1923, "Radio to Run the World in the Near Future." Even the editors of this magazine joined in the chorus of amazement, wondering how the radio would go down in history: "Who will write the first chapter of that new marvel, at the mention of which we still hold our breath in wonder—the radio-phone?" editor Elmer A. Kenyon mused in the July 1924 issue of *The Colorado Magazine*. By the end of the decade, radios had become such a fixture in American life that the US Census Bureau asked about them, finding that more than 100,000 Colorado households (about 38 percent of the population) were tuning in around their radios at home.

10 THE MANASSA MAULER RETAINS HIS CROWN

In the boxing ring, Jack Dempsey, the popular "Manassa Mauler" from Colorado, retained his heavyweight crown following a fight against Tommy Gibbons in a disastrous publicity stunt arranged by the small town of Shelby, Montana on July 4. Two months later in New York City, in a bout that observers hailed as an instant classic, a significantly larger crowd watched—and listened—as Dempsey was knocked out of the ring by Argentinian fighter Luis Ángel Firpo but fought his way back to a second-round knockout to defend his heavyweight title. Colorado boxing fans from Lafayette to Colbran gathered around radios for a ringside seat to the action.

Archaeology-inspired fashion was all the rage, even making the front page of *The Rocky Mountain News* special section, March 18, 1923. Courtesy of the Colorado Historic Newspaper Collection

11 SAYING FAREWELL TO A BOLD WOMAN

In July, hundreds of mourners came to pay respects to Helen Ring Robinson as she lay in state in the Colorado State Capitol rotunda. In 1912, Robinson was the first woman elected to the Colorado State Senate. She had been an advocate for women's rights and equality in Colorado and for women's suffrage nationally, and was a voice for peace in the years before World War I.

12 WOMEN WITH ALTITUDE

As Robinson lay in state, Colorado Mountain Club members Mary Cronin and Agnes Vaille embarked on an epic season of climbing, with Cronin summiting at least fifteen Fourteeners and Vaille notching at least seventeen during the year. Within a decade, Cronin would go on to become the first woman to climb all of Colorado's Fourteeners.

13 THE PRESIDENT DIES IN OFFICE

Weakened by illness and exhausted by his long tour of the West throughout the summer, President Warren G. Harding died in San Francisco on August 2. Vice President Calvin Coolidge was sworn in as president as Harding's body was carried back to Washington, DC on a special funeral train. As it moved across the country, Coloradans joined Americans across the nation in expressing their grief at the president's sudden passing.

14 IMPLEMENTING THE LAW OF THE RIVER

In the first year of the Colorado River Compact managing the use of the Southwest's greatest river, August saw a government survey party begin descending the river with an eye toward locating potential dam sites in the Grand Canyon. When a sudden surge of water swamped their boats, the nation anxiously awaited news of their rescue. Meanwhile, Colorado water managers also looked east, reaching an agreement with Nebraska to define each states' rights to the waters of the South Platte River.

15 AT THE OLD BALL GAME

In newly opened Yankee Stadium, Babe Ruth was the biggest attraction in the sporting world throughout the summer. With a personality as big as his home runs, he helped baseball win back fans after the Black Sox Scandal found eight members of the Chicago White Sox had conspired to rig the 1919 World Series for gamblers. In October, Ruth's New York Yankees beat the New York Giants in the World Series. In the Negro Leagues, the Kansas City Monarchs won the Negro National League crown and the Hilldale Club won the Eastern Colored League. The two teams would meet the following year in the first Negro League World Series. In Colorado, communities from Olathe to Trinidad and Greeley to Grand Junction cheered on local teams, and in August the best semipro squads in

Left: Jack Dempsey takes on Tommy Gibbons. History Colorado, 87.235.2

Top: Helen Ring Robinson. History Colorado, PH.PROP.1266

Facing: Mary Cronin. History Colorado, PH.PROP.5692

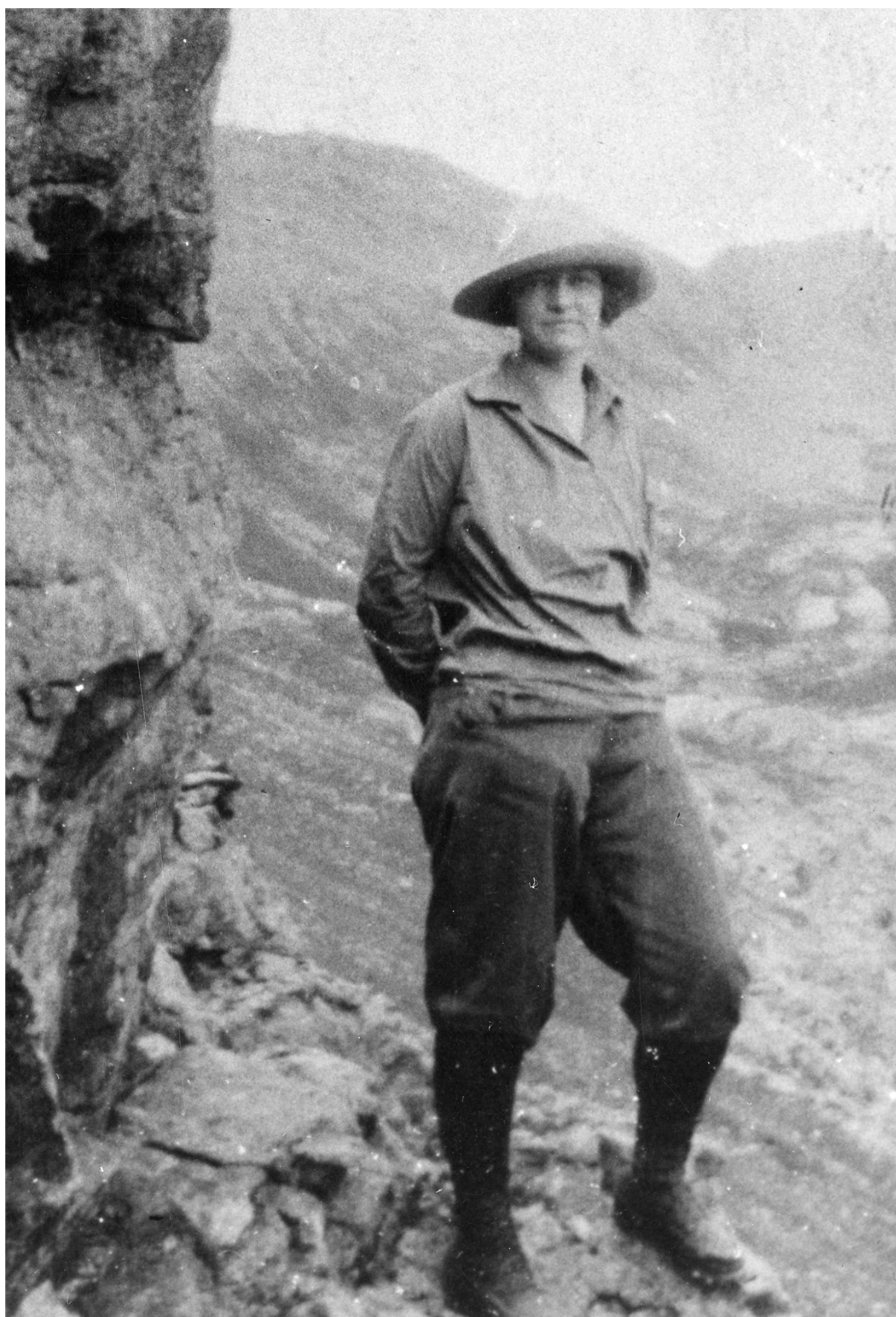
the country dazzled fans at the Denver Post Tournament, which showcased the highest-level baseball most Coloradans got to see live each season.

16 REDRAWN MAPS AND NEW POLITICAL ORDERS

In the aftermath of World War I, the victorious Allies redrew portions of the map that had once been dominated by the extensive Ottoman and Austro-Hungarian Empires, assuming control for themselves over some places while supporting new self-governing nations in others. At the end of September, the Council of the League of Nations's Mandate for Palestine went into effect, charging the British government with ruling over the region and creating a homeland for Jewish people within it. The next month, the Republic of Turkey declared its independence.

17 THE TEAPOT DOME SCANDAL

In October, a senate committee began its public inquiry into the Teapot Dome Scandal. Secretary of the Interior Albert Fall, who had resigned from Harding's cabinet at the start of the year, was accused of improperly leasing federal oil reserves to private companies. The investigation ultimately found evidence that Fall had accepted bribes in exchange for the leases. He was sentenced to a year in prison—the first time a cabinet member was imprisoned for conduct while in office.



18 ON THE GRIDIRON

The Colorado Silver and Gold football team at the University of Colorado in Boulder battled the Colorado Agricultural Aggies (now CSU), the Colorado College Tigers, the Denver Pioneers, and the Colorado School of Mines Orediggers (as well as rivals from Utah, Wyoming, and Montana) to win the Rocky Mountain Conference title. The *New York Times* reported that eighteen players around the nation died of injuries sustained on the field, including Buell Crawford of Western State College.

19 AT THE BOX OFFICE

Nearly half of all Americans escaped into the movies at least once a week, paying around a quarter per ticket. Denverite Douglas Fairbanks was the "King of Hollywood," with his silent swashbuckling epics like 1921's *The Mark of Zorro* and 1922's *Robin Hood* smashing box office records. Fairbanks spent much of 1923 writing and filming *The Thief of Baghdad* to be released the next year, leaving Cecil B. DeMille's epic Biblical story, *The Ten Commandments*, to top the 1923 box office with $4.2 million in ticket sales.

20 HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD

As Americans flocked to movies, moviemakers flocked to Hollywood. The four Warner brothers established their eponymous studio in the spring, and Walt and Roy Disney founded the Disney Brothers Cartoon Studio that fall. Like Douglas Fairbanks and countless others, they were drawn to pursue their fortunes in the heart of the American movie industry. By the end of the year, real estate developers in Los

Top: The Denver White Elephants were an all-Black baseball team that earned a reputation as one of the best squads in Colorado throughout the 1920s and '30s. Courtesy of Jay Sanford

Above: The 1923 University of Colorado football team. Via Wikimedia Commons

Douglas Fairbanks. Courtesy of the Library of Congress

Angeles hoping to attract buyers to the exciting new area around the movie studios erected a large sign to publicize it, although Angelinos and aspiring stars originally saw HOLLYWOODLAND when they looked up at the hillside.

21 AUTHORITARIANISM ON THE MARCH

As Europeans tried to repair the devastation wrought by World War I, fascism found a foothold. In Italy, Benito Mussolini—having engineered his appointment as prime minister in the final months of 1922 by threatening to march on Rome with his black-shirted supporters—was consolidating power and setting imperialist plans in motion.

22 HILTER'S ATTEMPTED COUP

In Germany, the economy was collapsing under hyperinflation after France invaded the industrial Ruhr region in lieu of reparations Germany could not pay. Adolf Hitler and the nascent Nazi Party attracted attention with strident calls to repeal the punishing terms of peace. In November, as prices soared to 4 billion German marks to the dollar, Hitler attempted to seize power for the first time, leading Nazi supporters in Munich in an unsuccessful coup that would come to be known as the Beer Hall Putsch.

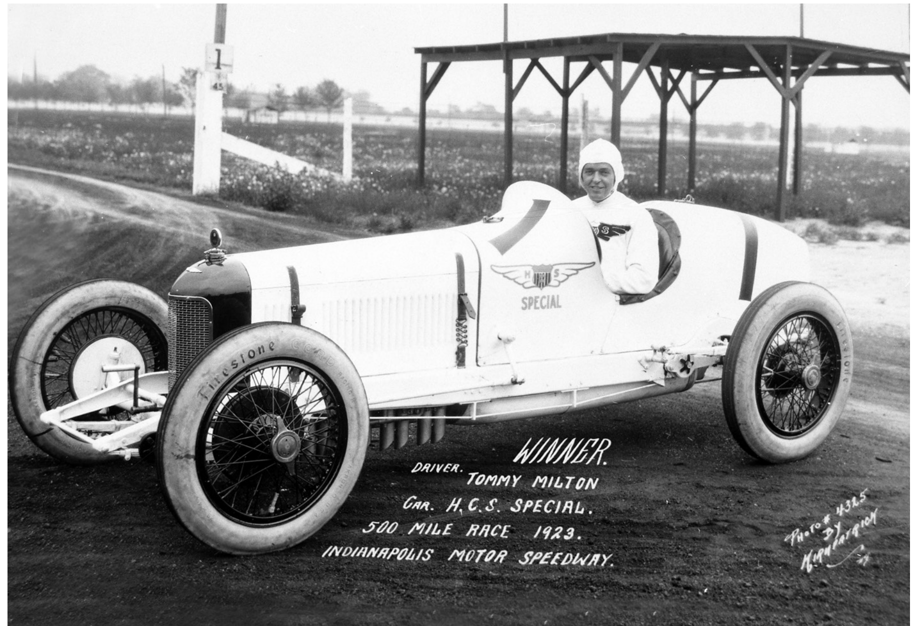
23 THE NEED FOR SPEED

Speed records fell on land and air throughout 1923 as mechanically inclined daredevils pushed automobiles and airplanes to new limits. In May, Tommy Milton hit 110 miles per hour on the Indy 500's dirt track. In the air, daring pilots broke the world's aviation speed record four times over the course of the year, topping out when Navy Lieutenant Harold J. Brow flew 259 miles per hour in November. The feat prompted the *Greeley Tribune* to note with wonder that the new airplanes were "Flirting with Five Miles an Hour" as the world accelerated toward the future.

Jason L. Hanson is the Chief Creative Officer and Director of Interpretation and Research at History Colorado.

Below: Tommy Milton in the #1 H.C.S. Special (Miller/Miller) at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, May 30, 1923. IMS Photo

Bottom: Benito Mussolini (second from left, with sash) marches with other black-shirted fascist leaders at a fascist rally in October 1922. Photo by *Illustrazione Italiana*, 1922, n. 45, via Wikimedia Commons



BOLD brushwork

Artist Gwen Meux and Colorado's Emerging Art Scene in 1923

BY LORI BAILEY

The early 1920s were a time of creativity and innovation in Colorado. Artist Gwen Meux and her fellow painters were at the heart of a movement working to capture the meaning and spirit of the American West.

I was captivated when I first set eyes on this painting, freshly unwrapped from its protective coverings in our storage facility: a luminous pink sky, pierced by two upright craggy outcroppings. A single, narrow tree stands between them, providing company to a small human figure moving like a shadow toward the rocks. A full moon hangs rather low in the sky. I was immediately struck by the confident and hospitable color palette, swept up in the movement of the painting and the inquisitiveness of the people painted into the foreground. And then I realized that what I wanted was an invitation to the outing.

Even long-time supporters of History Colorado are often surprised to learn that, alongside pieces of furniture and textiles, photographs and books, our collection also includes pieces of fine art including oil paintings like *Steak Fry in the Moonlight*, each with its own unique provenance or place in Colorado history. So aside from my being smitten with this striking depiction of Colorado lifestyle, what tale does it have to tell about what was going on in Colorado in 1923?

For one thing, while the first issue of *The Colorado Magazine* was rolling off of the printing presses and being delivered into mailboxes, a new modernist art movement was taking shape in the American West, encouraged by vast landscapes and liberties newfound to those who sought them. This Regionalism movement reflected a romanticized vision of the West, depicting optimistic revelations about western life in a time of regional reinvention.

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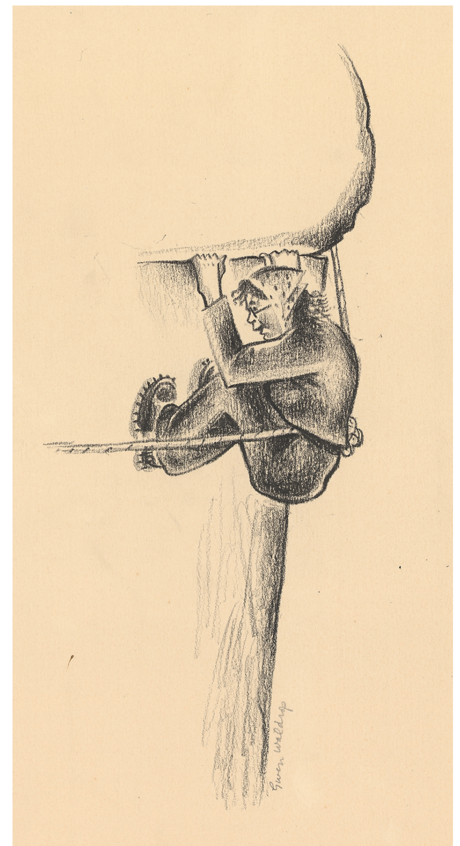
Gwendolyn Meux found success in the art world at a relatively young age. Born in Newfoundland, Canada in 1893, she began studying art in New Brunswick. She spent the early 1920s firmly establishing herself in the art world, showing her work in two Montreal exhibitions, and studying with Charles Hawthorne in Massachusetts and Kimon Nicolaides at the Art Students' League in New York. She held two positions as professor of art in New Brunswick and then at the University of Oklahoma. And in the summer of 1923, she studied with artists Józef Bakoś and Frank Applegate, helping to organize the first circuit show of the influential Los Cinco Pintores collective, the renowned modernist group in Santa Fe whose work challenged traditional expectations around landscape presentation. Around this time Meux attended a summer art camp at the University of Colorado in Boulder, where she met A. Gayle Waldrop, then a professor of journalism at the school. She moved to Colorado, where the two were married in 1925.

Meux's journey may seem like nothing terribly remarkable to young women today, but in the early 1900s most American women were quite new to independently exploring their freedoms of movement and suffrage. Wyoming was the first territory to expand



Human Form, Hung Over Infinity, by Gwendolyn Meux Waldrop. Crayon on paper. About 1965–1970. History Colorado, 90.516.1

Steak Fry in the Moonlight, by Gwendolyn Meux Waldrop. Oil on Canvas. About 1923–1973. History Colorado, 90.516.2

suffrage to women in 1869 (although it was later repealed), and many women in Colorado were granted voting rights thanks to a public referendum in 1893. The Nineteenth Amendment establishing the constitutional right to vote wasn't ratified until August 18, 1920, so voters in the American West were ahead of the curve, even if discriminatory attitudes kept those rights from manifesting for all women—especially women of color. But those freedoms that had indeed been cemented led to opportunities for independence, career choices, and travel for young women like Meux in 1920s America.

It was a kinetic time in the art world, as Cubism and European influences inspired new artistic movements and the artists who dabbled in them. The Modern Art movement was growing rapidly, and provided opportunities for innovation. Expansion to western states offered a fresh canvas, and artist guilds and collectives blossomed: The Broadmoor Art Academy was founded in Colorado Springs in 1919 by Julie and Spencer Penrose, Wyoming's Casper Artists' Guild started in 1924, and the influential Denver Artists Guild was founded in 1928, to name just a few.

Cabin in the Snow, by Gwendolyn Meux Waldrop. Oil on Canvas. About 1923–1973. History Colorado, 90.516.3

Breathtaking scenery and fresh air were not the only reasons to venture west, but they were certainly powerful catalysts. Chautauqua centers such as the one in Boulder attracted visitors, especially women, in search of freedom of movement, personal enrichment, and a connection to nature. Women in art schools and communities found inspiration in these elements as well, like members of the Blue Bird Club—young Chicago women, many of them artists and teachers, who visited Boulder and the mountains of Colorado each summer to rejuvenate mind and body. The cultural landscape was changing, and women in the 1920s were embracing the power to decide their own fates.

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By 1925, Meux Waldrop (she appears to have used both names interchangeably after her marriage) and her husband were settling into married life in Boulder, where she became very active within the budding art community. She was a charter member of the Boulder Artists' Guild, started in 1925, and became deeply ingrained in the local art coterie as an active artist, and soon a professor of fine art at the University of Colorado. By 1931, Meux Waldrop along with fellow artists and faculty members Muriel Sibell Wolle, Frances Hoar Trucksess, Frederick Clement Trucksess, and Virginia True started The Prospectors, an art collaborative specializing in the emerging Regionalism art movement, also referred to as

American Scene Painting. Regionalism may have had its roots in the Midwest, but it was a movement taking hold in the West, too. The Prospectors fostered a strong sense of fellowship by creating works in tandem that also influenced each other's style. In doing so, the artistic cadre fostered a unique feeling of place while exploring this new artistic approach. The group's manifesto "claimed inspiration from the natural beauty of the mountains and plains of Boulder, as well as the ghosts of Indians, mountain men, and pioneers." The notable new works highlighted the fresh perspectives in Meux Waldrop's Modernist Regionalist style, which the Kirkland Museum of Fine & Decorative Art describes as "vintage regional paintings," and an early style of Modernism. It's telling that in the 1920s, The Prospectors and other creative contemporaries imagined many of these new pieces based on the increasingly prevalent romanticized myths of American western culture. The empty landscapes they revered and the ghosts of the Indigenous peoples seemed at the time like blank canvases devoid of the deep history and Native peoples who had populated them.

Nonetheless, Colorado's mountainous glory not only emboldened her artwork, it energized her personally, to take in—and take on—the rugged offerings of the Front Range. She and her husband were active members of the Boulder chapter of the Colorado Mountain Club, supporting the group's long-standing leadership in conservation efforts, and she wrote and illustrated articles for its publication, *Trail and Timberline*, one of the oldest outdoor magazines in the country. In addition to her involvement with outdoor organizations, Meux Waldrop was a long-time member of the oldest women's literary club in the state, the Fortnightly Club of Boulder, as well as having remained active in the university's Faculty Women's Club and Boulder's local chapter of the Artists Equity Association. Throughout the remainder of her life, she embraced the natural environs and beauty of the town she came to love, as well as the community within it.

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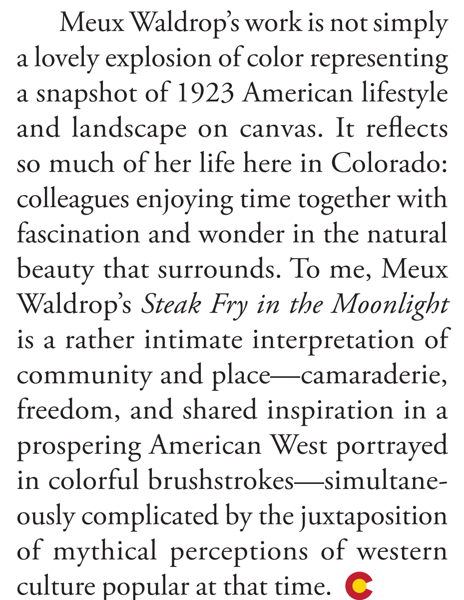
Gwen Meux Waldrop was on the path to a successful career as an artist prior to 1923. But her career seems to have catapulted forward that year, with the help of that fateful summer art camp on Boulder's CU campus not too long after. Meux Waldrop may not have been one of the most famous, or most influential, artists of that time. This painting was purchased a decade ago from the artist's family estate sale, and later acquired by History Colorado. But Meux Waldrop made her place in Colorado history. Her *Hay Stacks* painting of a rural scene near Boulder is currently on view at the Kirkland Museum of Fine & Decorative Art in Denver, and her work has been exhibited in numerous shows throughout the twentieth century. In this, she gave much more back to Colorado than her reputation or portfolio. Through the milestones in her life, we can learn about the options available to women, in many cases for the first time. We can see that she made independent choices about her lifestyle and her career. She involved herself in the community she loved and, in the process, co-founded several organizations that still influence western lifestyle and Colorado art history today. Meux Waldrop followed her passions and inserted herself into her environment, lifting herself and others in the process and strengthening the communities of which she was a part. In today's vernacular, she would definitely be an "influencer."

Which brings me back to the *Steak Fry*. Is this a wildly colorful take on a scene plucked from imagination, or a delightful recap of a joyful outing with friends in the moonlight? I'd like to think it's the latter, and that Meux Waldrop and her companions have let us have a little glimpse into those days spent enjoying nature for nature's sake, and for art's sake. Figures that initially looked mysterious—perhaps even suspicious—now seem rather harmless, standing in the shadow of the rocky outcropping. Their stature is relaxed and friendly, perhaps waiting patiently for their steaks. Are they looking up at the solitary figure in concern, watching to see that this person reaches the top of the rocky hill and descends again safely?

I believe I'd like to be a member of this party. Or perhaps I'm enchanted by what I've learned about the painting's artist, and how I would relish the opportunity to have a conversation with her: As a young and independent woman new to the American West, how did her perceptions of western culture change over time as she embraced the land and the lifestyle? How did the realities she discovered about the West change her, and how did they inform her art over the years? Then again, I'd also ask where her favorite picnic spot was, and perhaps who the grill master was at the steak fry. What an invitation that would be, to sit with friends in the glow of the fire and moonlight, and talk about conquering mountains, both literal and historical.

Meux Waldrop's work is not simply a lovely explosion of color representing a snapshot of 1923 American lifestyle and landscape on canvas. It reflects so much of her life here in Colorado: colleagues enjoying time together with fascination and wonder in the natural beauty that surrounds. To me, Meux Waldrop's *Steak Fry in the Moonlight* is a rather intimate interpretation of community and place—camaraderie, freedom, and shared inspiration in a prospering American West portrayed in colorful brushstrokes—simultaneously complicated by the juxtaposition of mythical perceptions of western culture popular at that time.



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“A High-Class Periodical”

LeRoy Hafen and *The Colorado Magazine*’s Rocky Beginnings

BY DAVID WETZEL

“Ambitious young men and women would feel it an honor to contribute to a high-class periodical emanating from the state museum.”

Colorado author and historian, —Eugene Parsons, 1921

In the first issue of *The Colorado Magazine,* published in November 1923, editorial board member Elmer A. Kenyon offered an apology for its name. A magazine title that would have been “more suggestive of the work of the society,” he said, had been considered “too long.” Indeed, the organization’s own name, the State Historical and Natural History Society of Colorado—today’s History Colorado—was wordy and ponderous, often reduced merely to “historical society” in newspaper articles.

The unwieldy name the Society bore in those days represented its bifurcated mission—going back more than forty years to its birth in 1879. Understandably heedless of the problems that might arise, the founders envisioned an organization that encompassed the human past and the natural world together in holistic harmony.

But these twin objectives of the Society’s founders coexisted uneasily. The natural history advocates had been the first to establish a well-organized department that later took on its own identity and became known as the Colorado Academy of Science. Then, in 1915, they packed the annual meeting with followers and voted out the existing director and all but two members of the board. “For years,” wrote Eugene Parsons, a prominent writer and historian, in the November 26, 1921, issue of the *Pueblo Chieftain*, “a small group of men, mostly scientists, have dominated [the Society’s] activities, and historical interests have suffered.”

LeRoy Hafen, around the 1930s. History Colorado, PH.PROP.2777

Parsons had another complaint, one that addressed the Society’s passivity as an educational organization, relying exclusively on museum attendance and neglecting the broader role of publishing both history and natural history. In another, earlier, *Pueblo Chieftain* article headlined “A Magazine as a Necessary Adjunct to the State Museum,” Parsons stated: “The museum claims to be an educational institution, but it will never realize its destiny so long as it concentrates attention upon museum features that benefit visitors only.…Its mission is to gather and disseminate knowledge about Colorado.” Specifically, Parsons proposed a “Colorado Journal of History and Natural History.”

A century ago, the first issue of that higher-minded publication, *The Colorado Magazine,* rolled off he presses as a means of moving the organization’s educational mission outside of the hallowed halls and glass cases of the museum. The story of its birth and beginnings isn’t smooth or linear. In fact, the magazine’s debut was delayed by the death of its first editor. His successor, LeRoy Hafen, overcame the discriminatory machinations of Colorado’s powerful Ku Klux Klan, whose influential members took over the Society just as *The Colorado Magazine* was getting started. Hafen became one of the most influential and longest-serving editors in the magazine’s 100-year history, setting the magazine on track to be the state’s official historical record for the next century.

IT IS NOT LIKE COLORADO TO STAY BEHIND

Mostly quiet forces were at work to begin a regular program of publications as *The Colorado Magazine* was coming into focus in the early 1920s. Most important was the election in 1920 of Dr. William N. Beggs, a prominent specialist in tuberculosis research and treatment, as the Society’s president. By 1921 President Beggs had already proposed in the biennial report for 1918–1920 a substantial $4,000 for publication and research. It was the first serious request linking publications money to “hunting out historical and natural history material”—in other words, publishing the results of the Society’s work rather than merely describing its collections in a bulletin.

Elias Ammons was governor of Colorado from 1913 through 1915 and later served as president of the organization. History Colorado, 86.296.14

But Beggs wasn't ready to quit. He gave up the presidency in 1921 to become more actively involved as the Society's "secretary"—or, in today's terms (as will be used here), its executive director. His first task was to fill a vacancy resulting from the resignation of curator Jerome Smiley in late 1920. The Society's new president, former governor Elias M. Ammons, might well have recommended to Beggs his old friend, newspaperman Thomas F. Dawson, who had left Colorado decades earlier to work in Washington as the assistant to Sen. Henry M. Teller and later as executive clerk of the US Senate. Dawson had maintained a close connection with his home state and, over the years, clipped and collected thousands of newspaper articles on everything Colorado, from agriculture to the Wild West.

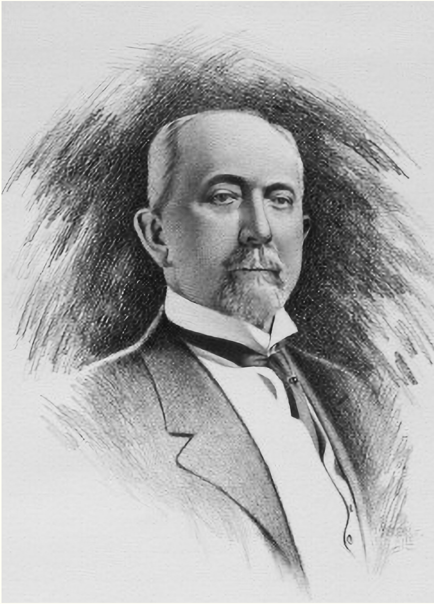
Much of Dawson's work as curator of history, aside from acquiring early documents, was to assist the librarian in assembling some seventy scrapbooks of his own clippings. But even he realized that the best manuscript collections fell far short, in and of themselves, of realizing their potential. "Colorado is lagging behind most of the other states in the publication of its historical material," he wrote in the 1920-1922 biennial report, pointing to midwestern states like Wisconsin and Iowa, and especially neighboring western states like New Mexico and Wyoming. "It is not like Colorado to stay behind," he ended, "and I am confident that a way will be found for the performance of this service."

It was an appeal to the Colorado Legislature's sense of civic pride, but Dawson didn't live long enough to see *The Colorado Magazine's* first issue. In June 1923, he died from injuries he sustained in an automobile accident while accompanying President Warren G. Harding's touring party on a mountain excursion. "His untimely death," director Beggs wrote, "gravely disturbed the work of the entire Society and entirely upset the plan of publication." Rightly so—for Dawson had been the linchpin to the magazine project. Above all, he was politically astute and even-handed, as anyone would be who simultaneously served the Democratic and Republican parties in Congress. As editor of the Society's magazine, planned as a bimonthly publication, he could be trusted to give equal weight to the interests of history and natural history while Dawson's temperament and wide interests helped lay the groundwork for curatorial agreement on a future publication.

The proof of Dawson's impact appears in the magazine's first issue, November 1923, which begins with a tribute to him by former governor Elias Ammons, who followed Beggs as the Society's president. What's also clear from the first magazine is that Dawson's death created a vacuum that could not immediately be filled as no editor appeared on its masthead. With the second issue two months later, in January 1924, Beggs is (significantly) listed as managing editor, and continued through several bimonthly numbers with treasurer Elmer Kenyon, a noted science teacher, as associate editor—both of them part of the Society's leadership. Beggs seemingly saw himself as directing the magazine in an interim capacity, not as formal editor.

Thus the search began, locally and nationally, for a qualified historian. All prior curators of history had been newspapermen, and the committee, perhaps quietly and discreetly, now sought a professional historian. One of the board members, lawyer Ernest Morris, spoke with University of California–Berkeley historian Herbert Bolton, who recommended one of his PhD students, LeRoy R. Hafen.

State Historian LeRoy Hafen (second from right) looks on as museum staff work on a diorama of early Denver which is still on display at the History Colorado Center in Denver. History Colorado, PH.PROP.5454



An illustrated drawing of Thomas F. Dawson, the magazine's intended editor who died before seeing its first issue. History Colorado, H.6239.22

Morris interviewed the thirty-year-old Hafen, took a liking to him, and asked him to write his thoughts on the function of a historical society. This, along with Hafen's familiarity with the Pikes Peak gold rush and other events in Colorado—part of his dissertation on the overland mail prior to the railroad—led to his appointment as curator. He arrived in Denver with his wife, Ann, and two children in a Model T Ford on July 1, 1924. They camped out in Overland Park for a couple of days before buying a home on South Clarkson Street.

A SWIVEL CHAIR FOR A THRONE

LeRoy Hafen wasn't one to waste a minute of time. Nor was Society director Beggs. During the spring, before Hafen arrived, Beggs had hired an assistant curator of history, Albert B. Sanford, to help search the Front Range and Western Slope for historical materials relating to Euro-American settlers in Colorado—an imperative of the Society's founders that had been long delayed by lack of staff and money. Like so many knowledgeable-but-untrained historians, Sanford became enough of an authority to write and lecture on Colorado history. But Hafen was a trained historian, and may well have been the first Society staff member with a PhD.

After meeting with the staff, Hafen settled into the historian's office, which looked north across Fourteenth Avenue at the Colorado State Capitol. It held a place of honor, along with its counterpart, the archaeologist's office, which sat on the other side of the museum entrance. Hafen recalled the experience with pleasure, having spent the previous two or three years in a cramped library carrel working on his degree. "A large oak roll-top desk was my study table," he writes in his autobiography, "with filing drawers on each side and cubby holes above. A large swivel chair, golden oak to match the desk, was my throne."

Hafen spent the summer getting acquainted with people and places from Colorado's past, attending pioneer reunions, and taking short trips along the Front Range. He was particularly interested in the fur trade forts along the South Platte River. On a Sunday drive with his family and friends, Hafen visited the remains of a few known forts—Vasquez, Lupton, and St. Vrain. But he recalled from the writings of Charles Frémont and Rufus Sage that, as Hafen stated in his journal, "there should be another ruin… about six miles below Ft. Lupton." In Platteville, Hafen spoke to an old-timer who recalled some ruins at a place called Baker's Point. Intrigued, Hafen searched the area and discovered a small mound near a canal. There, working until his fingers were blistered, he dug deep enough to touch the foundation of an adobe wall. Returning a week later with his new assistant, Albert Sanford, Hafen uncovered more of the nearly four-foot-wide adobe foundation. Within weeks of arriving in Colorado, the historian qua historical archaeologist had made a new and unexpected discovery—the long-forgotten Fort Jackson, which had been demolished in 1838.

As a historian, Hafen thrived on discovery—whether of documents, artifacts, trails, or places. One of the first planned opportunities for his new historian's role, perhaps Beggs's idea, was a trip into the San Juan country to see Colorado's pioneer history first-hand. Sanford would be Hafen's guide, perhaps also at Beggs's behest, and the two new staffers set out in September 1924 for South Park and the San Luis Valley. Along the way, they met with newspaper editors and living pioneers, gathered documents and pledges for material donations, and explored and photographed historic sites, like the gravesite of Alfred Packer's victims outside Lake City.

Sanford, a first-generation Coloradan born a year before the Cherry Creek flood of 1863, had come to know the Front Range throughout his career as a mining man and assayer—from Alamosa on the south to Virginia Dale on the north. He had celebrated the Fourth of July with the snowshoe preacher, Father Dyer, shortly before Colorado's statehood in 1876; followed the survey line of the Rio Grande Railroad from La Veta Pass down to Fort Garland a couple of years later; and carved his name in the soft sandstone walls of the Garden of the Gods as a highschooler. Later, he saw his dream of a fortune in dam building on the Taylor River above Gunnison dashed when Teddy Roosevelt and the federal government removed the land for what became the Gunnison National Forest. As a self-made historian, he regarded Colorado's past, effectively, as his own domain.

Such experience was undoubtedly valuable for the task at hand, but Hafen was wary of his new assistant. "I liked Sanford pretty well at first," Hafen wrote in his journal, "but am afraid now we're not going to hitch very well. He is an older man and doesn't like to take suggestions from me." Nevertheless, the trip went well, and the greatest difficulties seemed to be crossing high mountain passes in Hafen's Model T—

and he was glad he'd installed his extra low-gear Ruckstell Axle. Yet, in their high-country auto trip, one of thousands Americans took in an expanding national pastime, the history they were out to save and enshrine, beginning in 1858 or so, was but a fraction of the rich cultural history everywhere surrounding them.

Throughout the autumn of 1924, Hafen devoted himself to daily reading about Colorado history, including the *Rocky Mountain News,* pioneer reminiscences, and books that would help him overcome the steep learning curve before him—especially with his public image as Colorado's official historian. Director Beggs invited him to write a statement for the September 1924 number of *The Colorado Magazine* that introduced him to members—now 1,000 strong—and the public. Drawing on his general knowledge of western history, Hafen stated that Colorado stood at the center of the westward movement, "between the great arteries of the Oregon and Santa Fe Trails," and thus reflected "the history of the whole West."

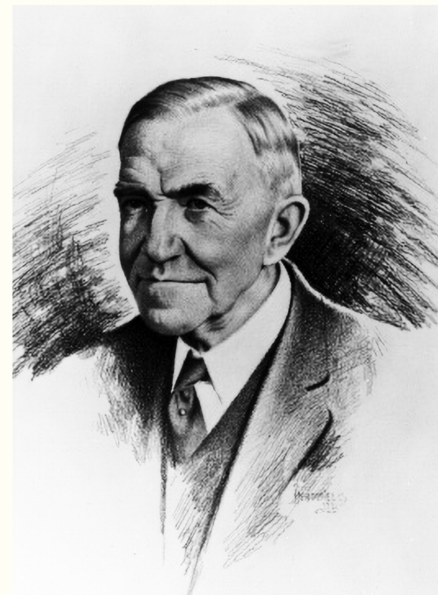
Hafen had enough background in that history to make him a good judge of sources, documents, and historical claims—an absolute necessity for a potential editor. Drawn to the Dawson scrapbooks, in particular its newspaper clippings on the Overland Trail, Hafen wrote: "Most are unreliable newspaper stories." Reading the recently published *Life of Governor Evans* by Edgar C. McMechen, Hafen found the book interesting and well-written, but he noted "some little inaccuracies." After a meeting with Colorado College historian Arthur Bryant Hulbert, Hafen noted that "he doesn't seem to be any too well informed on the exploration and trails of the Far West." And, later, on receiving a copy of poet and author Arthur Chapman's *The Story of Colorado: Out Where the West Begins*, Hafen immediately contacted the publisher about "inaccuracies and misstatements" to prevent their appearing in a planned high school edition.

A CAREER ALMOST LOST TO THE KLAN

Hafen's self-assurance at such a young age, as he surmised, may have seemed arrogant to an older generation of historians who held the limelight in early-twentieth-century Colorado. "I began to feel some resentment toward me," he recalled. "This youngster from the outside, who has never known Colorado or lived in our state, is riding a little high." Nevertheless, he enjoyed apparent support among leading Coloradans. Most encouraging, however, was the support of Director Beggs—so it was surely a shock to Hafen when Beggs suddenly told the board in November 1924 that he planned to resign.

Beggs's motives are not clear, nor were Hafen's memories about it: Beggs either turned down the Society's offer of a permanent, salaried position as executive secretary, or he resigned because the board wouldn't agree to one. But it may simply have been that Beggs had accomplished a great deal in just two years—increased state funding, major growth in membership, and, finally, a viable bimonthly magazine. In any case, on December 1, 1924, the board met to approve Beggs's resignation.

Hafen, in his later history of the Society, published in three parts in


Albert B. Sanford was hired as an assistant curator before LeRoy Hafen arrived in Colorado. Hafen always suspected that Sanford was instrumental in the effort to remove him from office. History Colorado, PH.PROP.3900

The Colorado Magazine shortly before his retirement in 1954, states that the board appointed Roger W. Toll, superintendent of Rocky Mountain National Park, to replace Beggs. But in his journal entry the day after that meeting, Hafen wrote: "They appointed me as acting secretary of the Society." The January 1925 number of *The Colorado Magazine*, which appeared just a month after that meeting, confirms Hafen's

LeRoy and Ann Hafen, 1952. History Colorado, 86.363.192

journal entry, for he is listed in the magazine as acting secretary (director) while Toll merely shows up as a new board member.

The discrepancy most likely hints at Hafen's need, thirty years later, to downplay a contentious issue at the time—one that might have put a quick end to his nascent career at the Society. It's quite possible that the old acrimony between history and natural history branches reemerged during the December 1924 board meeting. Hafen's election as executive director, after merely six months on the job as historian, placed him in a tenuous position. Elmer Kenyon, a board member for five years, had already served a two-year term as director and even longer as the Society's treasurer. He was also the most visible representative of the Society's "science" mission, while Hafen, with his professional degree, epitomized its "history" side. But the more apparent contrast would seem to be experience versus lack of it.

Almost immediately, Kenyon and natural history curator Bethel tried to find reasons why the young historian couldn't serve as director. "Last night at the Board meeting," Hafen wrote on December 9, "they wrangled a little and nothing was done. Kenyon and Bethel had some program in mind in regard to the secretaryship but couldn't put it across and so things remained unchanged and indefinite."

Things took a dark turn in January 1925. "Learned Friday," Hafen wrote on Sunday, January 25, "of an effort to replace me by Sanford." Three days later: "Visited Dr. Beggs last evening. He tells me that he has heard that the KKK is going to try to oust me from the historian's office." Hafen made the connection between the Klan and Sanford (whose name appears as entry number 46555 in the membership ledger of the KKK), and realized that the risk of losing his job was more than a rumor. For one thing, he'd already witnessed the rise of the Ku Klux Klan when he and his family drove earlier that year to Golden and saw "fiery crosses" and white-robed "guardians of Americanism" on the highway near South Table Mountain, an enclave for the Klan. Then, in the November elections, the Klan took control of both houses of Colorado legislature, and voters placed a Klansman, Clarence Morley, in the governor's office. Worse for Hafen, Governor Morley, as was customary, became an ex-officio member of the Society's board of directors. Anyone who worked for Colorado's state government at the beginning of 1925 had to worry about their own ethnic, racial, or religious background unless they looked acceptable to the Klan and espoused Klan principles.

Hafen had rejected an offer of Klan membership back in Berkeley—not only on principle, but because he'd been raised in a Mormon family, his father a polygamist with four wives, in a small Nevada community on the Virgin River called Bunkerville. Though Hafen rejected plural marriage himself—and was a liberal, free-thinking Mormon who quietly embraced evolutionary theory—he was proud of his religious heritage and not disposed to hide it. But he took Beggs's warning seriously. He knew that the KKK was out to rid the state government of Catholics, Jews, and Black people, and anyone considered foreign. But Mormons, he surmised in his journal, might also be "suitable game for some whose private interests suggested the elimination of certain persons."

Hafen suspected Sanford resented him both personally and professionally, but he also came to believe that Kenyon and Bethel stood behind Sanford, though not out of personal ambition. An ominous first act came when, at the February board meeting, Hafen lost his title as executive director, and Kenyon replaced him. The pretext for the change, according to Kenyon, was that the director had to have been a member of the board before assuming the directorship; thus, Hafen's tenure as director had been illegitimate. He was now off the board—and his defenders there, Ernest Morris and A. J. Fynn,

46555	Sanford, Albert B	State Museum

[697]

Number	Name	Residence Address	Phone	Business Address	Phone	Paid To	D. & P.
46546	Allison, Floyd H	~~4945 Julian~~ 4335-VALLEJO 4870 OSCEOLA	~~G-1053J~~ G-1118-J				
46547	Graves, Leslie A	Morrison Hotel	M-3189	Bank of Commerce	M-4876		
46548	Poole, Ralph E	4695 Williams					
46549	Poole, Ulyssus E	4695 Williams					
46550	Burton, Alfa S	3569 Larimer	S-6845	833 Santa Fe			
46551	Baillie, David	631 W 11th Ave					
46552	Horn, Jesse H	3326 Clayton	F-2656M	1301 Harrison	M-4000B92		
46553	Coleman, Harry R	1376 Pearl, Apt-311	Y-2462J	523 Boston Bldg	M-3702		
46554	Mason, Wm C	4967 Perry		27th & Lake Pl	G-1233		
46555	Sanford, Albert B	328 W 13th Ave		State Museum	M-5480B89		
46556	Joslin, Herbert W	53 Washington	S-6285R	Gen'l Iron Wks			
46557	Ford, Chas O	2517 Race	Y-4661J				
46558	Kimsey, Robt H Jr	2129 So Lafayette		1735 Champa	C-2791		
46559	DeLong, Lewis S	360 Clayton	Y-8413W				
46560	Smith, Clyde C	520 E 18th Ave	C-6830 W				
46561	Lowry, Robert C	1051 So Williams	S-8581W	2718 W 28th Ave	G-4703		
46562	Spicer, Geo H	2326 Glencoe		333 E 19th Ave	C-899J		
46563	Milligan, Glenn R	828 ?W 6th Ave	S-3611	Post Office	M-5288		
46564	McWain, Walter A	1812 So University		1923 E Kentucky	S-3050		
46565	Cannon, Clyde K	627 So Williams	S-7235R	1175 Osage	M-4180F, B123		
46566	Wright, John A	731 22nd St					
46567	Miller, Kenneth J	4993 Perry		3559 W 44th Ave	G-926		
46568	Hopper, Homer W	1252 Glenarm		724 W Colfax	M-1732		

Albert Sanford's name as it appears in the membership ledgers of Denver's Ku Klux Klan in the 1920s. History Colorado, MSS.36.5

were outvoted. Also, two of Hafen's other supporters were gone: William Beggs, who championed him, and William Gray Evans, who had died three months earlier.

No longer privy to decisions of the board, except what Fynn could pass along to him, Hafen learned secondhand in March that the executive committee had met with a local publisher who wanted the Society to sponsor a three-volume history commemorating Colorado's upcoming semicentennial in 1926—and the publisher would cover all expenses. James Baker, a distinguished historian and former president of the University of Colorado, would be the editor of the primary volume, containing a wide-ranging history of the state, and the publisher would handle the next two, which would be a series of biographies.

Soon enough, Hafen came to understand the underlying opportunity that the Baker history gave the Society's current leadership, and the threat it posed to him. With president Ammons consumed by the day-to-day operations of the Society and in declining health, Hafen had no one to look out for his interests on the board. In April, what he feared finally came to pass. On April 29, he wrote: "Board elected Sanford Curator of Hist. last week. Some dirty and cunning work has been underway behind my back. They want me to be Associate Editor of the [*History of Colorado*] to be produced during next year and [a] half." His reassignment had been made to look like a new responsibility rather than a demotion—galling under the circumstances, what with an assistant who had spent his career as a mining assayer, not an educator.

In hindsight, one tea leaf of Hafen's declining status could be read in subtle changes affecting the publication schedule of *The Colorado Magazine*. Up to November 1924, it had come out regularly every two months under Beggs—and the January 1925 number followed on schedule under Hafen's acting editorship. He noted every important production step in his journal, from taking the magazine to the typesetter, to reading proofs, to examining halftones. But his journal for March 1925 shows nothing related to the magazine—only that Ammons called him at the end of the month to "go ahead with the magazine." For some reason, its publication had been withheld, either harking back to the ambivalence of some curators or to questions about the Society's requested budget appropriation, or some other reason.

Seeing no future at the Society, Hafen began to inquire about teaching positions at the University of Denver, Ricks College, the University of Idaho, and Brigham Young University, among other academic prospects. For the present, he met with James Baker to iron out a plan for the *History of Colorado* volume. Baker would write an overview, Hafen a chapter on exploration up to the Gold Rush, Sanford a chapter on the development of Colorado Territory, and A. J. Fynn on the Native peoples of Colorado. Other contributors outside the Society would be chosen for their subject expertise.

Ammons's health had been steadily deteriorating, and his death on May 20 seemed to add to Hafen's woes—and the Society's. In this atmosphere, Kenyon removed Hafen from his office overlooking Fourteenth Avenue and set him up in the museum's library, as if he were a mere patron. He was banished, demoted, and suffered a pay cut, in effect leaving him with no responsibilities other than the *History of Colorado* book and no way to function effectively as the Society's historian. "I was humiliated," he recalled. When he spoke with a sympathetic board member, presumably Ernest Morris, he was given hopeful advice: "Sit tight and saw wood."

SPLITTING THE SOCIETY

In fact, Hafen didn't have to wait long for a change in leadership. In June 1925 the board elected Henry A. Dubbs president of the Society. Along with a new vice president, Ernest Morris, Dubbs "began slowly and diplomatically" to change the organization's downward direction. Most important, Dubbs turned to the City of Denver for funding to cover the legislature's shortfall, and he replaced Kenyon with a new executive director, E. R. Harper. James Baker's death in the autumn of 1925 added to Hafen's editorial responsibilities for the *History of Colorado,* but A. J. Fynn joined his friend in managing the task.

The History of Colorado project, though it was tangential to the collecting and publishing mission for which Hafen was hired, gave him a unique opportunity to learn vastly more about Colorado history than otherwise—and quickly. It was a veritable atlas of topics, including agriculture, mining, railroads, medicine, education, literature and the arts, religion, and women's history. By the time Hafen had finished editing its 1,200 pages, the project had missed its target commemorative date of Colorado's fifty years; but it was a significant contribution, and it gave Hafen valuable contacts with authors like James Grafton Rogers, Ellis Meredith, Colin B. Goodykoontz, and Edgar C. McMechen, the last of whom became his ally in expanding the Society's interpretive program during the 1930s.

The turnaround for the Society, in mid-1925, coincided with the decline of the KKK's short life in Colorado. The Klan had been, as Hafen once described Governor Morley on seeing him speak, "smaller and less impressive than I had thought." Nevertheless, it took several months before Hafen could reclaim his title as curator of history and return to his Fourteenth Avenue office. When he did, the role he played as Albert Sanford's superior also returned, and Sanford continued as Hafen's assistant for several years. It's a credit to Hafen's generosity of spirit that he retained Sanford. Nor did Hafen ever refer to Sanford disparagingly—or at least not in the sources he left behind. However, after James Rose Harvey took over Sanford's role in 1939, Hafen's high praise

of his new assistant cast a heavy backward shadow on his predecessor.

With new legislative funding, the Society revived publication of *The Colorado Magazine*, and Hafen began his decades-long career as the Society's editor with the March 1926 issue. His kinship with the new president rested in Dubbs's respect for history—and the president's material support for it. Dubbs quickly approved Hafen's request to attend the American Historical Association conference, restored Hafen's previous salary, and agreed to allow Hafen to teach a special history class at the University of Denver. "Things look pretty good for the future," Dubbs told Hafen, and his optimism proved to be true.

Within a year, Dubbs directly addressed the discord inherent in the Society's dual mission. The board sent out a questionnaire and ballot to all members "to obtain their views as to whether the natural history work of the Society should be given up." The result, from a remarkable five hundred respondents, was 90 percent in favor of "discontinuing natural history and concentrating the efforts of the Society upon history, including archaeology." Soon the legislature acted to dispose of the natural history collection to "public institutions" in Colorado—primarily the Museum of Natural History in Denver—and to rename the organization the State Historical Society of Colorado.

The legal change marked the end of a forty-five-year experiment, and there seemed to be no regrets at the history museum. Freed from the expectations and judgment of the natural history side of the organization, Hafen moved forward on many fronts—traveling throughout Colorado to acquire newspapers and artifacts; printing his historical map of Colorado in Denver's *Municipal Facts*; expanding his professional connections with historians, teachers, and avocational historians; and teaching history in a combined extension class with two universities, the University of Denver and the University of Colorado. He was a veritable dynamo, directing his energy to manifold products—articles, books, talks, radio interviews, and classroom teaching. In later decades he worked with film crews to create educational movies. By the time he retired from the State Historical Society of Colorado in 1954, Hafen had virtually defined a profession that wouldn't be named for another generation—that of public historian.

THE EDITOR'S LEGACY

In many respects, *The Colorado Magazine* under LeRoy Hafen reflected his scholarly interests, in particular the period prior to Colorado statehood, and he was by far its most frequent contributor, with some forty articles.

Hundreds of other authors added to the varied historical record publicly available in *The Colorado Magazine.* One of them, University of Denver literature and folklore professor Levette J. Davidson published twelve articles for Hafen over a span of twenty years. Others were known for their specialties: Leah Bird for political parties, C. H. Hanington on prospecting and mining towns, Ann Willis on Brown's Park, Margaret Long on trails, Clifford Westermeier on rodeo and western festivals, Sister Lilliana Owens on Catholic schools and religious leaders, Richard Pearl on minerals and mining, Marian Russell on the Santa Fe Trail, and a company of WPA historians and researchers on Colorado place names.

LeRoy Hafen sitting atop the remains of Fort Jackson in 1924. History Colorado, PH.PROP.3779

Hafen's associates and even his wife, Ann, supplied the magazine with a variety of topics, and it featured several nationally known writers, like cowboy author Andy Adams, novelist Wallace Stegner, memoirist Mary Hallock Foote, and photographer William Henry Jackson. For years, Hafen kept up an active friendship with Chauncey Thomas, an iconoclastic westerner whose essays on trappers, firearms, and mining folklore appeared in the magazine—and whose grave marker, which Hafen dedicated, reads in part: "Chauncey Thomas, Sage of the Rockies."

Hafen was devoted to discovering unknown events and uncovering those that had been forgotten—like the mound of earth that led to the rediscovery of Fort Jackson. But he was not drawn much to theory or interested in interpretation or analysis. His personal historical interests lay in the fur trade era and the early westward movement, as reflected in his master's thesis on the Mormon handcart brigade and his doctoral dissertation on the overland mail prior to 1860. These are also reflected in his contributions to *The Colorado Magazine,* where almost half of his forty articles relate to forts and the fur trade.

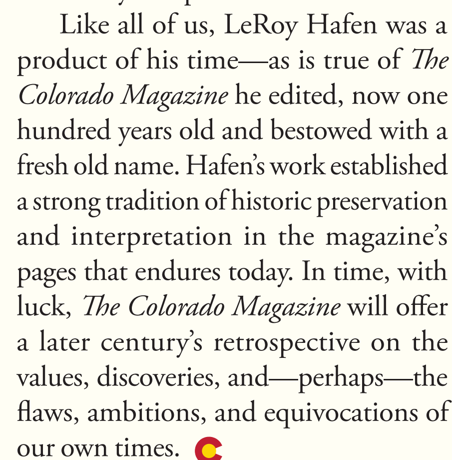
But he wrote on a wide range of subjects as the state's historian—and those subjects, in hindsight, speak to a different mentality than today. They largely formed a narrative exclusively devoted to conquest, settlement, enterprise, and the development of white cultural achievements in what Hafen's readers at the time considered merely the prologue to their modern nation. Little else was thought to be important to western history—and the content of *The Colorado Magazine* during the years of Hafen's tenure reveals this way of thinking. Of some nine hundred articles published between 1923 and 1954, a mere five treated Hispanic life, slightly more (eight) covered other ethnic groups and minorities, including one on African Americans, and twenty (or about 2 percent) looked at Indigenous people in a context apart from Indian-white conflicts. All told, nonwhite subjects comprise less than 4 percent of all the magazine's articles during that period. Additionally, of 135 biographical articles, only seventeen feature women (mostly white) and a mere handful highlight others, mostly limited to the Ute leaders Colorow, Ignacio, and Ouray, and the Trinidad-area patrón Miguel Vallejo.

A different climate of opinion prevailed then. But one controversy runs like a throbbing nerve down through the decades, from Colorado's earliest years to the present day, and it bears upon LeRoy Hafen's legacy. In 1950 the historical society placed a highway marker memorializing a dark moment in Colorado's past. Not far from the marker, in November 1864, a peaceful village composed largely of Cheyenne and Arapaho women, children, and elders, believing they were under the protection of the US Army, came under a merciless, unprovoked attack by Colonel John Chivington and a regiment of volunteers. The soldiers, most of whom followed Chivington's unlawful orders, ran amok for hours killing more than 230 villagers, no matter their age or lack of resistance. Against this horror, in 1950, the marker posed an ignominious question—whether the soldiers' actions that day constituted a "massacre" or a "battle." Indeed, the question had been addressed immediately after the event itself, and by no less a figure than General Ulysses S. Grant, who called it a massacre.

An ongoing debate lasting decades ensued among Colorado's historians—Hafen among them—with little thought to the recollections or perceptions of the Cheyenne and Arapaho survivors themselves. For Hafen, the marker's equivocal content, which he was said to have labored over for weeks before the bronze plaque was cast, quite likely reflects his concern for the influence he had as Colorado's state historian, or the possibility of embroiling the historical society in an endless conflict—or, as historian Ari Kelmen points out, as a result of political pressure.

Nevertheless, seven years prior to the marker's placement, in a 1943 school textbook Hafen authored with his wife, Ann Hafen—*Colorado: A Story of the State and Its People*—he raised the question of battle vs. massacre. The book gives passing attention to the claims of Chivington's defenders. "But the presence," it states, "of a white flag and of the United States flag over the chief's lodge, the absence of defensive precautions, and the peaceful demonstrations made by certain Indians at the time of the attack," carry more weight. In any case, "the slaughter was terrible. Fleeing men, women, and children were shot down as they ran." Even here, Hafen seemed reluctant to assert his unconditional opinion as a historian—but might have if he had followed the example of his niece Juanita Brooks, who in 1950 published a groundbreaking book on Utah's Mountain Meadows Massacre, which earned her the continuing disapproval of other Mormons but whose conclusions the LDS church eventually accepted.

Like all of us, LeRoy Hafen was a product of his time—as is true of *The Colorado Magazine* he edited, now one hundred years old and bestowed with a fresh old name. Hafen's work established a strong tradition of historic preservation and interpretation in the magazine's pages that endures today. In time, with luck, *The Colorado Magazine* will offer a later century's retrospective on the values, discoveries, and—perhaps—the flaws, ambitions, and equivocations of our own times.



David N. Wetzel, editor for History Colorado from 1980 to 2006, directed its publications program and served as interpreter for several exhibits, including concept planning for *Twentieth-Century Colorado*, a ten-year, decade-by-decade exhibition program. He also coauthored or contributed to books on Denver architect Robert S. Roeschlaub, Plains Indian ledger art, and images of childhood in early Colorado.

A Century of Tellin

1923–2023

Join us as we take a look back at some of the most revealing articles from the last 100 years of *The Colorado Magazine*

It's a heady thing, being the brand-new managing editor of *The Colorado Magazine* in the publication's 100th year. I'm the fifteenth person to sit in the editor's chair (sixteenth if you include the unfortunate Mr. Dawson who died as a result of a car crash before he could see its launch). I stand on the shoulders of giants, as the saying goes, and I approach the task with humility and enthusiasm.

The Colorado Magazine I'm now helming has come a long way for a publication whose very existence was threatened in those early days by an untimely demise and the machinations of Colorado's influential Ku Klux Klan. (For more on these bumpy beginnings, see David Wetzel's article on LeRoy Hafen earlier in this special edition.) The current format would be unrecognizable to those early editors. Beyond the fact that we're now an online-first publication, the pages of the print edition are—thanks to a talented team of writers, editors, designers, photographers, archivists, and printers—filled with rich, diverse history and glossy images, most from History Colorado's own vast collections. I'm grateful to be working alongside such a dedicated group.

As we worked to pull this issue together, we each had so many moments of amazement at the richness of the traditions we inherited. The publication that's in our care has been the state's flagship history periodical for most of the time Colorado has been a state! Seen together as a historic artifact, the magazine's pages are a record of what Coloradans were up to and interested in over that time. It has featured articles from celebrated Western authors like Louis L'Amour and editors like Agnes Wright Spring. It has been home to stories of hope and anger, desperation and valor, violence and love, resistance and fun—the whole gamut of human experience.

Its pages contain moving stories of individuals and families caught up in the currents of history, and those stories connect us to the people of the past. Authors like Mary Prowers Hudnall, daughter of a Cheyenne woman and an American cattleman, gave us a personal account of growing up in a time of disruption and change. Seven decades later, University of Denver archaeologist Bonnie Clark studied Hudnall's family home, and wrote an article about what their lives must have been like. Reading these articles again as an editorial team while putting this issue together, we could almost hear these women speaking with each other across generations, through the pages of *The Colorado Magazine.*

And yet, the magazine's pages also reveal some uncomfortable truths. *The Colorado Magazine* published around 900 articles in its first three decades, and the vast majority dwell on the pioneer and settler history of Colorado at the exclusion of almost all else. Indigenous peoples did figure heavily as subjects (in every sense of the word) in those early days, but are often discussed as barriers to the inevitable and triumphant tide of troops and settlers that founded the Colorado Territory. Tribes like the Ute, Cheyenne, Arapaho, and others almost never got a word of their own. Articles

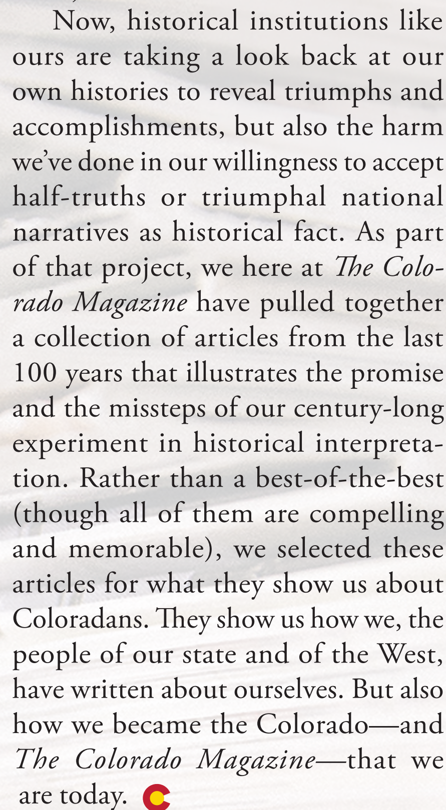
g Colorado Stories

BY SAM BOCK, Managing Editor of *The Colorado Magazine*

like one penned by photographer William Henry Jackson (reprinted here) commemorated his surveying expedition to Mesa Verde. But it's clear the article is a celebration of his survey, not of the accomplished Puebloan peoples who built the stunning cliffside settlements.

An exclusionary attitude was part of the organization's—and the magazine's—DNA. It surfaced plainly in a March 1924 appeal calling for "members of the right type—citizens 'of character and standing in their communities.'" Re-reading the rallying call for what was surely understood to mean white and wealthy patrons, the casual prejudice of the past feels eerily present. And a closer look at uncomfortably recent articles reveals not-so-subtle exclusivity giving way to outright racism. Words we consider ethnic slurs—shocking to modern eyes—appear frequently, inviting us to interrogate how their meanings have changed as well as the harm and hurt those words convey.

Judging this publication's past by the standard of the present would be unjust. But museums and historical societies like History Colorado are undeniably mixed up in the long story of conquest and nation building in the American West. Collecting, cataloging, displaying, and sharing the stories of other peoples for the benefit and education of cultural elites was a museum's charge. And museum publications like *The Colorado Magazine* were great at their jobs.



Now, historical institutions like ours are taking a look back at our own histories to reveal triumphs and accomplishments, but also the harm we've done in our willingness to accept half-truths or triumphal national narratives as historical fact. As part of that project, we here at *The Colorado Magazine* have pulled together a collection of articles from the last 100 years that illustrates the promise and the missteps of our century-long experiment in historical interpretation. Rather than a best-of-the-best (though all of them are compelling and memorable), we selected these articles for what they show us about Coloradans. They show us how we, the people of our state and of the West, have written about ourselves. But also how we became the Colorado—and *The Colorado Magazine*—that we are today.

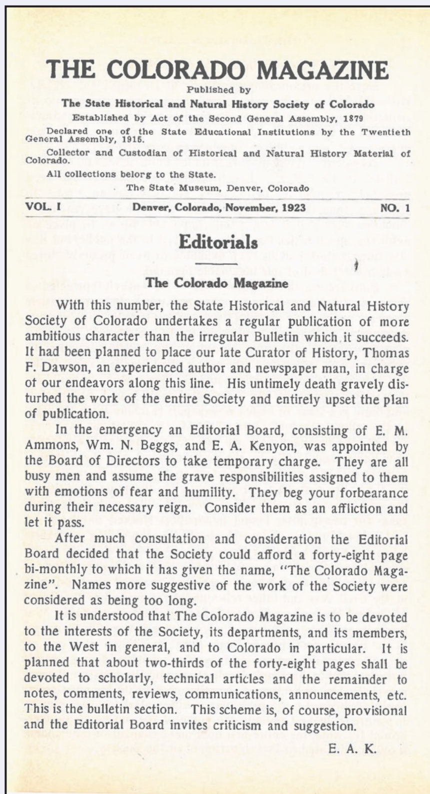
Sam Bock serves as History Colorado's Publications Director and is the Managing Editor of *The Colorado Magazine.* He is a public historian whose graduate studies focused on environmental history in the US West.

One hundred years of *The Colorado Magazine* and *Colorado Heritage*. Photo by Andrew Bell

1923 The Colorado Magazine

BY E. A. KENYON

Elmer Kenyon served as the executive director for the State Historical and Natural History Society of Colorado in 1923 when the first edition of *The Colorado Magazine* was released. This article was the very first entry in that first edition.



THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

Published by

The State Historical and Natural History Society of Colorado

Established by Act of the Second General Assembly, 1879

Declared one of the State Educational Institutions by the Twentieth General Assembly, 1915.

Collector and Custodian of Historical and Natural History Material of Colorado.

All collections belorg to the State.

The State Museum, Denver, Colorado

VOL. I Denver, Colorado, November, 1923 NO. 1

Editorials

The Colorado Magazine

With this number, the State Historical and Natural History Society of Colorado undertakes a regular publication of more ambitious character than the irregular Bulletin which it succeeds. It had been planned to place our late Curator of History, Thomas F. Dawson, an experienced author and newspaper man, in charge of our endeavors along this line. His untimely death gravely disturbed the work of the entire Society and entirely upset the plan of publication.

In the emergency an Editorial Board, consisting of E. M. Ammons, Wm. N. Beggs, and E. A. Kenyon, was appointed by the Board of Directors to take temporary charge. They are all busy men and assume the grave responsibilities assigned to them with emotions of fear and humility. They beg your forbearance during their necessary reign. Consider them as an affliction and let it pass.

After much consultation and consideration the Editorial Board decided that the Society could afford a forty-eight page bi-monthly to which it has given the name, "The Colorado Magazine". Names more suggestive of the work of the Society were considered as being too long.

It is understood that The Colorado Magazine is to be devoted to the interests of the Society, its departments, and its members, to the West in general, and to Colorado in particular. It is planned that about two-thirds of the forty-eight pages shall be devoted to scholarly, technical articles and the remainder to notes, comments, reviews, communications, announcements, etc. This is the bulletin section. This scheme is, of course, provisional and the Editorial Board invites criticism and suggestion.

E. A. K.

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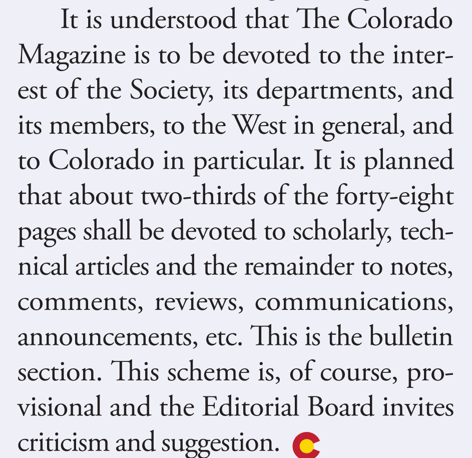

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Denver, looking west from the Capitol Building, about 1900–1910. William Henry Jackson Collection. History Colorado, 86.200.3589

Mesa Verde

BY WILLIAM HENRY JACKSON

1924 FIRST OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE CLIFF DWELLING

William Henry Jackson's early photographs documented Colorado in a way few had ever s een on film. His work with the US Geological Survey in the late 1800s made him one of North America's most accomplished photographers, and his work is still famous today. This article is a narrative of the trip that produced the first photographs of Mesa Verde.

First Official Visit to the Cliff Dwellings

(Narrative written for the State Historical and Natural History Society of Colorado, by W. H. Jackson, Photographer of the U. S. Geological Survey, Detroit, Michigan.)

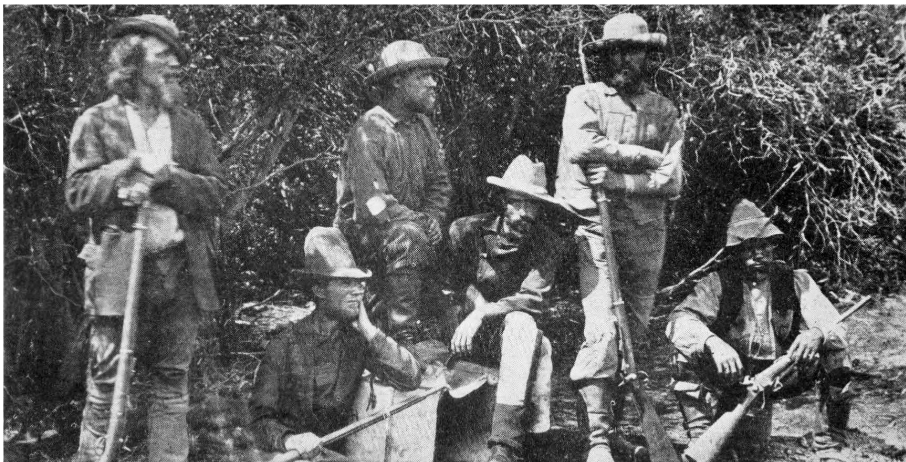
The Photographic Division was outfitted as a separate unit of the U. S. Geological Survey of 1874, the same as the year before, and, in starting out from Denver the 21st of July, was instructed by Dr. Hayden to proceed first to Middle Park via Berthoud Pass and then to work south, crossing the head of the Arkansas to the San Luis Valley and thence to the San Juan Mountain region. Our itinerary had been talked over and

Our first discovery of a Cliff House that came up to our expectations was made late in the evening of the first day out from Merrit's. We had finished our evening meal of bacon, fresh baked bread, and coffee and were standing around the sage brush fire enjoying its genial warmth, with the contented and good natured mood that usually follows a good supper after a day of hard work, and were in a humor to be merry. Looking up at the walls of the canyon that towered above us some 800 to 1,000 feet we commenced bantering Steve, who was a big heavy fellow, about the possibility of having to help carry the boxes up to the top to photograph some ruins up there—with no thought that any were in sight. He asked Moss to point out the particular ruin we had in view; the Captain indicated the highest part of the wall at random. "Yes," said Steve, "I can see it," and sure enough, on closer observation, there was something that looked like a house sandwiched between the strata of the sandstones very near the top. Forgetting the fatigue of the day's work, all hands started out at once to investigate. The first part of the ascent was easy enough, but the upper portion was a perpendicular wall of some 200 feet, and half way up, the cave-like shelf on which was the little house. Before we had reached the foot of this last cliff only Ingersoll and I remained, the others having seen all they cared for, realizing they would have to do it all over in the morning. It was growing dark, but I wanted to see all there was of it, in order to plan my work for the next day, and Ingersoll remained with me. We were "stumped" for a while in making that last hundred feet, but with the aid of an old dead tree and the remains of some ancient foot holds, we finally reached the bench or platform on which was perched, like a swallow's nest, the "Two Story House" of our first photograph. From this height we had a glorious view over the surrounding canyon walls, while far below our camp fire glimmered in the deepening shadows like a far away little red star.

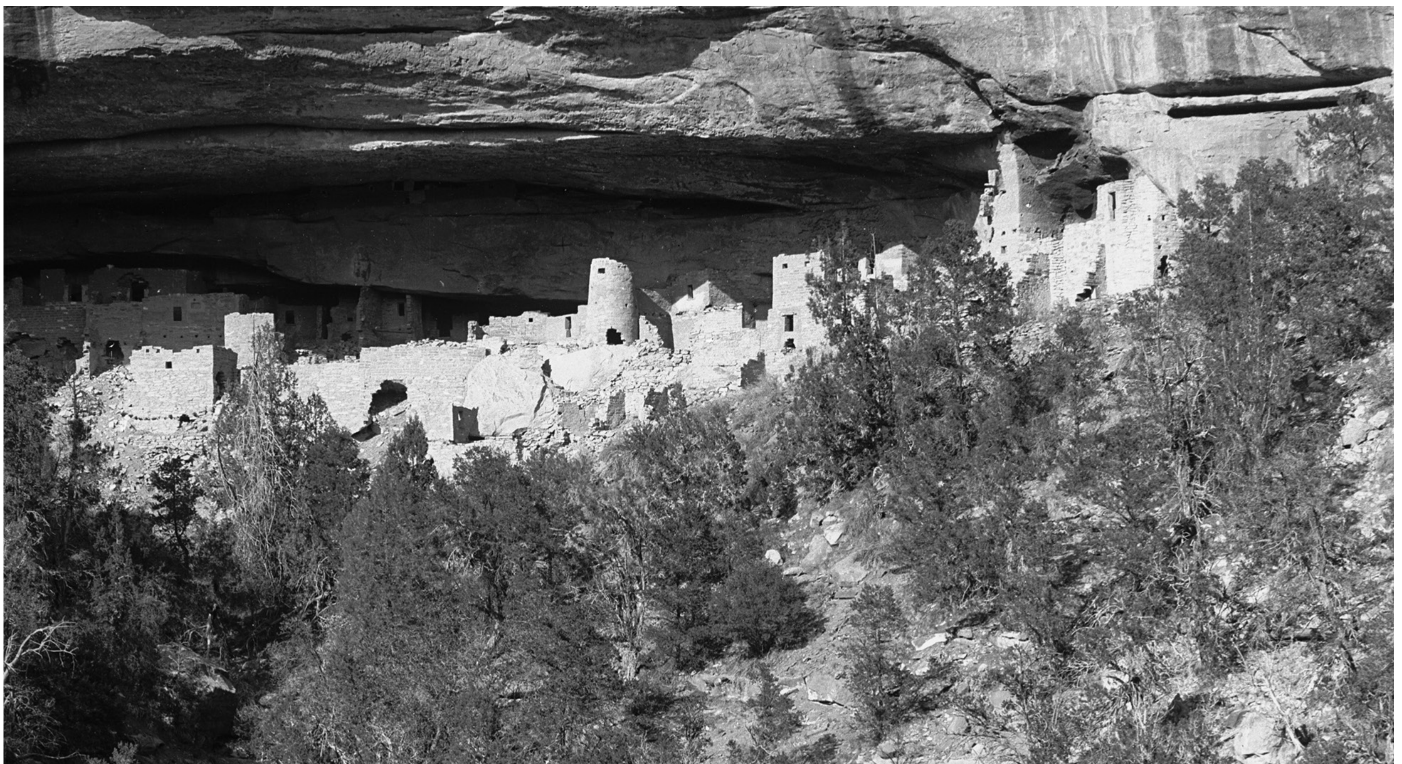
Mancos Canyon cliff dwellings. Photo by William Henry Jackson, 1874. History Colorado, 84.192.1438

As everyone took a hand in the camp work we were generally off on the trail quite early, not later than sun up, each morning, and were able to make fast time and good distances, despite the many diversions to investigate and photograph, but on the fourth morning out, on the head of the McElmo, we got a late start, with a long ride ahead, where it would have been much better to have made the greater part of it in the cooler hours of early morning. It was all owing to the wanderings of our animals. Generally they were tired enough to remain near camp when there was water or any kind of feed. If likely to wander, we hobbled, or staked out, the one or more that were leaders. Whenever we could trust them, however, we preferred to do so, for it was but a scanty picking they got at the best, and we liked to give them all freedom possible. So this morning at Pegasus Spring, with the prospect before us of a long ride under a hot desert sun, we had breakfast dispatched before sunrise, and while the rest of us packed up, Steve went out to bring up the stock which was supposed to be following the strip of moisture and scanty grass in the bed of the wash below us. Our work was soon done, but no mules appeared. Finally after an hour's impatient waiting, we saw Steve coming up in the far distance, accom-

panied by an Indian but without the animals. Cap. and I ran down to meet them; Steve reported that he had been unable to find any of the band, but the Indian, who said he was the father of the "Captain of the Weemenuches," was of the opinion that our man did not know how to follow trail, and that our animals had left this valley and gone up a left-hand branch leading back to the mountains. Moss understood Ute well enough to get all the information we wanted, and also, that there was a small band of Indians camped below. Perhaps they had something to do with the disappearance of the stock in the hope that some stragglers might be picked up later, but we accepted his protestations of good faith and sent him up to our camp, while Cap. and I struck out at once to pick up the trail. A mile below we found where it turned off to the right. High up on the top of the mesas we heard Indians calling, or signaling one another, in the long drawn out highly pitched key peculiar to them, but what it all meant we did not know. Keeping up a jog trot, or run, as fast as our wind and endurance permitted, we finally came out on a low divide where we met a couple of young bucks mounted and loaded down with skins. They were on their way to the Navaho country and intended stopping at the spring where we were camped. If we did not succeed in finding our stock they would assist us after they had had a rest. We trotted on, however, keeping up, a stiff pace, passing the five mile spring, and then coming to a big bend in the trail, I followed around while Capt. cut across, and there, where we met, at the foot of the last hill leading up the Mancos divide, we found the animals all grouped together under a tree, whisking their tails in contented indolence. Mounting bare back, with lariat ropes for bridles, we took a bee line for camp, and pushing them along at a stiff pace, were back to the spring by ten o'clock. Found the camp full of Indians, all mounted, the Captain himself among them, a venerable, gray headed, old man. Most of the others, with the exception of the one we met



"L-R: Harry Lee, Guide; Bob Mitchell, Paker; W. H. Jackson, E. A. Barber, Bill Whan, Packer; Wm. Shaw, Cook. Photographic Division, U. S. Geological Survey, 1875. Taken on arrival at Moss Camp on La Plata, September 7."



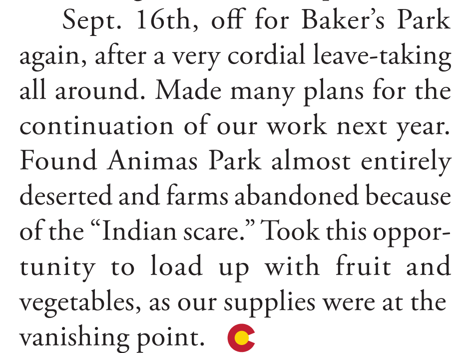
Cliff Palace from across the canyon. Photo by William Henry Jackson, 1874. History Colorado, 86.200.2425

with Steve, were young bucks bound for the Navaho country. Were all quietly good natured and did but little begging. The old Captain wanted to know what we were doing down here, and when our business was explained to him by Moss, all of them laughed most hilariously, not comprehending what there could be in these old stone heaps to be of such interest.

It was intended to reach the western limit of our explorations this day, on the banks of the Hovenweep, so we had a long drive before us, under an exceedingly hot sun blazing down into the dry and barren wash of the McElmo. We pushed right through on the double quick, deferring all photographic work until our return, but investigating and noting everything of interest as we traveled along. We made only one stop, and that for water, late in the afternoon, at a point where we left the McElmo to cut across the mesas to the Hovenweep. Water was expected to be found here, but the bed of the wash seemed perfectly dry, as it had been all day since leaving the spring. Water we must have, so we got busy and with a shovel that we had with us, dug down in the sand to about four feet, when water began to trickle slowly through, but the sand caved in so fast we could not get much of a pool. After a drink around ourselves, we filled our hats, a cup full at a time, and gave our animals a taste at least. They stood around whimpering in eager expectancy, and apparently appreciated our efforts to help them.

On the return trip from the Hovenweep, we were three days getting back to the La Plata. It was a busy time with a good deal of photographing and some digging about the ruins. On the way from Pegasus Spring to the Mancos, Ingersoll got interested in some fossils and fell behind some distance. When he came out on the broad open divide between the Dolores and the San Juan, he failed to pick up our trail and went off on another that led over into Lost Canyon. He was lost for good nearly all night, but by taking the back track managed to rejoin us at Merrit's soon after sun rise.

Remained long enough at the Mancos to make some negatives of the ranch house and then "lit out" for the La Plata at top speed, getting there just in time for dinner before dark. The miners have all moved down from the upper camp, and are just starting a new one for the winter, the ditch having been brought down to this point.



Sept. 16th, off for Baker's Park again, after a very cordial leave-taking all around. Made many plans for the continuation of our work next year. Found Animas Park almost entirely deserted and farms abandoned because of the "Indian scare." Took this opportunity to load up with fruit and vegetables, as our supplies were at the vanishing point.

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Looking out from the Cliff Palace over the canyon. Photo by William Henry Jackson, 1874. History Colorado, 86.200.2423

1935

THE KINGDOM OF BULL HILL

BY EMIL W. PFEIFFER

Emil Pfeiffer came to Colorado in 1882 as an accountant, but became a miner in the Cripple Creek area during the economic troubles of the 1890s. There he witnessed and participated in the landmark 1894 Cripple Creek Miners' Strike. His article documented the events of that strike, and was originally published in 1935.

The Cripple Creek mining district, located in the western portion of El Paso County, came into prominence just after the panic of 1893. The silver mining camps were dead and the miners looked to the new camp as a life-saver and flocked into it from the older localities. The population of the entire district, both towns and hillsides, increased rapidly, as did the mining activity also. The Victor, Isabella, Pharmacist, Zenobia, and Free Coinage were some of the prominent mines on Bull Hill, although there were many others of lesser magnitude.

The town of Altman was platted in the summer of 1893. It was about three miles from Cripple Creek and up hill more than 1,000 feet, its elevation being about 10,700 feet. It was nine miles in an air line from the top of Pikes Peak. A population of some 1,200 was served by stores, boarding houses, post office, a livery stable, and five saloons.

> **The Kingdom of Bull Hill**
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> EMIL W. PFEIFFER*
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> *Mr. Pfeiffer was born in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1864. He came to Colorado in 1882 and worked as a bank accountant. In 1893 he went to Cripple Creek and Bull Hill and lived through the troublous times there. Upon the creation of Teller county he was appointed one of the first county commissioners. He moved to Denver in 1907 and has since resided here, holding a number of important positions.—Ed.

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"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," was the motto this "super" seemed to follow, for he finally succeeded in getting all the owners of the large mines into an agreement to put the ten-hour shift into effect. So on January 20, 1894, notices were posted at all the mines. The following day, as usual, he drove over from Cripple Creek in his horse-drawn cart, a deputy sheriff on horseback preceding him, and another deputy sheriff on horseback following behind. He was just passing the "Dougherty Boarding House" when he was met by a crowd of men and stopped; another crowd of men in the rear cut off his retreat; his two guards were also captured.

Miners and their families outside of the Garfield Grouse Mine near Cripple Creek, about 1890. Photo by Richard A.F. Penrose. History Colorado, 99.270.1283.1

He was dragged from his cart and subjected to rough treatment. He was walked down backward by two husky fellows to the wagon road in Grassy Gulch; then down the road toward the old Spinney Mill, all the time being told that he was to be hanged at the mill. Upon arriving there, however, the gang relented. He was forced, nevertheless, to kneel down in the road and take an oath that he would never return to the district unless invited by the miners themselves. The horse and cart were returned to him, an escort provided and he was set out on his way down the old Cheyenne Canon [sic] road to Colorado Springs.

Following this event, around February 1, 1894, the "Kingdom of Bull Hill" was born. An army was recruited, picket lines were established and patrolled by squads of men selected by the officer of the day; no one was allowed to enter or leave without a proper pass, the result being that we were without the confines of the United States. We were a band of outlaws; the mines were closed; a few watchmen were permitted to remain on the properties, but the owners were not allowed to work them. The war was on.

At this time in my story it is proper to say that the Governor of the State was Davis H. Waite, a Populist, who had been elected in 1892, was [sic] a well-known advocate of union labor and no doubt a friend of the striking miners.

The mine owners appealed to the authorities of El Paso County to take steps to restore possession to them of their properties. To this end the County Sheriff organized a "posse" to the number of 1200. In the course of events the Sheriff had his force encamped near the town of Gillett, about four miles from Altman. Meanwhile, a force of one hundred detectives were employed in Denver to attempt to regain the possession of the mines—it was said they would bring plenty of arms and a cannon.

Top: The Gold King Mine near Cripple Creek, 1892. Photo by William Henry Jackson. History Colorado, 86.200.519

Above: Night-shift miners, gathering outside the Strong Mine. The photo caption identifies the mine as "one of the great mines of the district." This building and a nearby steam boiler were purposefully dynamited on May 24, 1894, to repel Sheriff deputies approaching Bull Hill. History Colorado, 2022.57.4776

The miners appeared to be well entrenched in their stronghold, with guns and a fair supply of ammunition, also a "Johnny wagon." This was a wagon rigged with an electric battery, spools of wire and a supply of dynamite to be used as occasion arose.

The roads and trails were planted with charges of explosives ready to be set off. It was said that a cannon mounted on the bluffs above the Victor Mine was a part of the equipment. This, however, was not true. It was only a bluff, the artillery being a round log dressed up for the part. A big timber was fashioned into a bow gun, grooved in the center so that a beer bottle filled with nails and other missiles could be projected quite a distance, in case the fighting was close. Steam was kept up at the Pharmacist Mine to be used in blowing the whistle for signals, also as an alarm. When an alarm was sounded all men responded, the team was hitched to the "Johnny wagon" and off they went to investigate. It was a virtual state of siege for a while during the months. With much bad weather, snow and, as spring came on, rain, the pickets suffered, but they stuck to their posts.

Let me here digress to personal affairs. When the strike was called I was working on a mine and living in

Officers of the Colorado National Guard, encamped at Bull Hill during the 1894 strike. History Colorado, H.819.1

Altman. At the same time, with others, I was trying to make a "stake" in a lease on a mine. We had a good lease on a property which we lost by reason of the trouble and the owners afterward took out two million dollars! One of the partners had been a cadet at West Point.

During his fourth year he was dismissed for his part in hazing a fellow student. He drifted west and became a good miner. We became such close friends that he was taken into our home as one of the family. He came from a fine southern family. Because of his West Point training he was selected to be general of the "army." He mapped out the territory and laid out the plan of a defensive campaign. Owing to his wise counsel to the men no property damage resulted, with one exception, to which reference will be made later. He was opposed to any destruction, although he had a hard time in restraining many of the so-called "fire-eaters" and extreme radicals. With his knowledge of military affairs and law, during the hostilities, he effected an exchange of prisoners with the authorities of El Paso County. This, he said, was a recognition of the rights of belligerency and was his greatest triumph.

From the beginning affairs began to get to a stage where there must be a final "show-down." Each side of the controversy was becoming desperate. The month of May was a most trying one, with its heavy snows and rains and the men on picket duty began to complain. Also it was difficult to obtain food and other necessities. The railroad from Florence to Victor had just been completed and a train bearing detectives from Denver was en route. They were reported to be well-armed and had on board a cannon. Then arose the most acute situation of the war.

The "general" decided it was time to make a demonstration of force and, as such, it was to be one of terror. As the train approached slowly on a curve in sight of Victor the shafthouse of the Strong Mine was blown into the air. The train halted, then backed down to a station called Wilbur. At the blown-up mine two men were trapped. They were taken as prisoners to Altman, held a time, and then exchanged for three prisoners held in jail in Colorado Springs.

After the train with the detectives aboard was stopped at Wilbur the miners planned to capture the whole outfit. A locomotive and cars were manned and the raid was on. The men were so eager to accomplish their purpose that in their enthusiasm the approach was far too noisy and they were discovered. A battle ensued, resulting in the death of a deputy sheriff who had been one of the guards of the offending superintendent, and three miners were captured. The attacking forces were compelled to retreat, but the detectives made no further effort to renew the combat and returned to Denver. Hell began to pop. The El Paso County "posse" began preparations to take Bull Hill. Governor Waite came on the Hill and gave the men a talk. He had ordered out the state militia and after some tense days General Brooks and his troops marched into Altman.

Were they welcome? I'll say they were! They received a royal welcome from the men, even though they did bring along the sheriff, who had warrants for the arrest of some four hundred miners. A few of the miners gave up and were taken to Colorado Springs to jail. Had the troops not intervened just at that time between the El Paso forces and the miners I am of the opinion there would have been much blood shed.

After a number of conferences between the Governor and representatives of the miners and mine owners, the trouble was settled. Eight hours' work with the lunch time of one-half hour on the men's time was the result of the compromise.

Many outrageous things happened during this "war." One of them occurred at Colorado Springs when the Adjutant General of the State was taken from his hotel and was tarred and feathered. Old Tom Tarsney did not deserve such treatment. By whom and by whose orders? Thus endeth my story of "The Kingdom of Bull Hill." Altman is now extinct.

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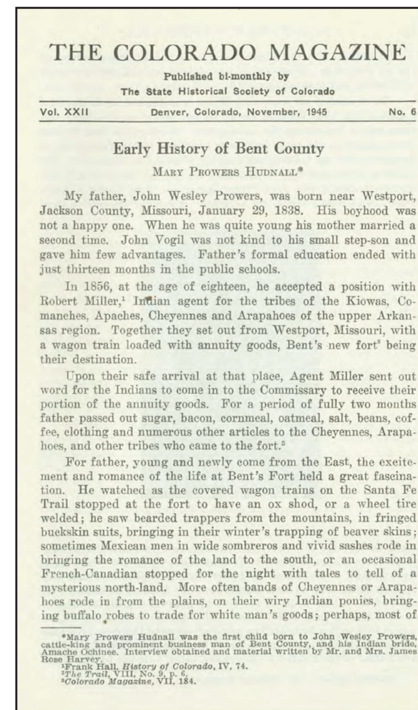
Early History of Bent County 1945

BY MARY PROWERS HUDNALL

Mary Prowers Hudnall was the daughter of John Wesley Prowers, an early Anglo-American entrepreneur in Colorado, and the diplomat and entrepreneur Amache Ochinee Prowers. Amache's father, Ochinee, whose name she kept was a member of the Cheyenne Tribe, and was killed in the Sand Creek Massacre. This article, detailing her family's life on the Colorado plains in the mid-1800s, was originally published in 1945.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Early History of Bent County

MARY PROWERS HUDNALL*

My father, John Wesley Prowers, was born near Westport, Jackson County, Missouri, January 29, 1838. His boyhood was not a happy one. When he was quite young his mother married a second time. John Vogil was not kind to his small step-son and gave him few advantages. Father's formal education ended with just thirteen months in the public schools.

In 1856, at the age of eighteen, he accepted a position with Robert Miller,[1] Indian agent for the tribes of the Kiowas, Comanches, Apaches, Cheyennes and Arapahoes of the upper Arkansas region. Together they set out from Westport, Missouri, with a wagon train loaded with annuity goods, Bent's new fort[2] being their destination.

Upon their safe arrival at that place, Agent Miller sent out word for the Indians to come in to the Commissary to receive their portion of the annuity goods. For a period of fully two months father passed out sugar, bacon, cornmeal, oatmeal, salt, beans, coffee, clothing and numerous other articles to the Cheyennes, Arapahoes, and other tribes who came to the fort.[3]

For father, young and newly come from the East, the excitement and romance of the life at Bent's Fort held a great fascination. He watched as the covered wagon trains on the Santa Fe Trail stopped at the fort to have an ox shod, or a wheel tire welded; he saw bearded trappers from the mountains, in fringed buckskin suits, bringing in their winter's trapping of beaver skins; sometimes Mexican men in wide sombreros and vivid sashes rode in bringing the romance of the land to the south, or an occasional French-Canadian stopped for the night with tales to tell of a mysterious north-land. More often bands of Cheyennes or Arapahoes rode in from the plains, on their wiry Indian ponies, bringing buffalo robes to trade for white man's goods; perhaps, most of

*Mary Prowers Hudnall was the first child born to John Wesley Prowers, cattle-king and prominent business man of Bent County, and his Indian bride, Amache Ochinee. Interview obtained and material written by Mr. and Mrs. James Rose Harvey.

[1] Frank Hall, *History of Colorado*, IV, 74.

[2] *The Trail*, VIII, No. 9, p. 6.

[3] *Colorado Magazine*, VII, 184.

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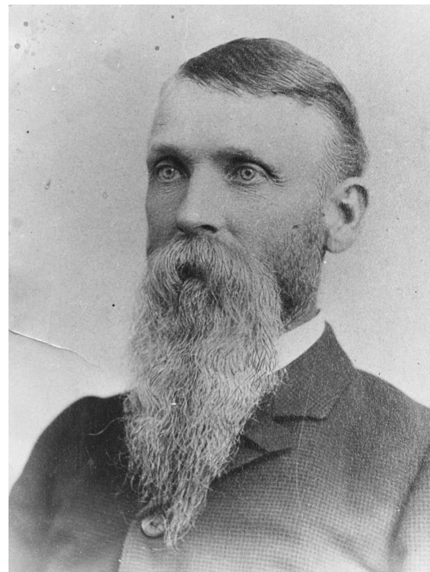
So, as soon as his work with Miller was finished, he accepted a position with Col. William Bent, Indian trader at the fort, and remained in his employ for seven years. During this time, he was continuously on the trail, in charge of wagon trains, freighting in supplies from the trading posts on the Missouri to those west. He made in all twenty-two trips across the plains. Occasionally his western terminal was Fort Union, sometimes Fort Laramie, more often Bent's New Fort on the Arkansas. Twelve of these trips were made on his own initiative, and in each case he realized a goodly profit from the trade goods he freighted in. After five years these trips became mere routine to father, but in 1861 the return trip to Fort Bent took on new significance for him. The moment he entered the adobe walls of the fort he glanced eagerly around to see if a certain pair of dark eyes had noted his return, for father was in love with a little Indian princess, Amache Ochinee. Amache (father shortened her name to Amy) was the daughter of Ochinee, a sub-chief of the Southern Cheyennes, called One-eye by the white people. With her father's consent, Amache married my father, John W. Prowers, near Camp Supply in Indian Territory, in the year 1861. She was fifteen years of age. They started housekeeping in the commissary building at New Fort Bent.

In the winter of 1862 when father made his usual trip to Westport he took his young bride east with him and when he returned to the fort she remained behind with father's aunt. Here at Westport, Missouri, on July 18, 1863, I was born. My young Indian mother named me Mary. For the next three months she anxiously watched the Santa Fe Trail to the westward, longing for the return of my father with the wagon train so that she might go back to the prairies and the life she loved.



Above: John Wesley Prowers, late 1800s. History Colorado, PH.PROP.2774

Left: Amache Ochinee Prowers, around 1860s. History Colorado, PH.PROP.5489

My first home in Colorado was on the cattle ranch that father had established in the big timber on Caddoa Creek. I was five months old when I arrived here, as it took us two months to make the trip home by ox-wagon. There were three large stone buildings on the ranch at Caddoa when father took mother and me there to live. In 1862 when a band of Indians, the Caddos, were compelled to leave Texas because of their fidelity to the Union, the US Government undertook to locate them on the Arkansas. General Wright selected a site at the mouth of the creek still known as Caddoa, and had three large stone buildings erected. The Caddos came up and inspected the place and decided not to accept it. So preparations for their occupancy were abandoned. In 1863 father decided to purchase it as a ranch from which to herd cattle and to furnish supplies to the troops coming through.

As father made his trips back and forth with the wagon trains, he used to gaze out over the vast acres of grassy prairies and picture grazing there, not buffalo, but great herds of cattle all bearing his brand. He saw the possibilities in the cattle business in this open range and dreamed of being a cattle king. Then he set out to make these dreams a reality. In 1861 he took his savings east with him and purchased from John Ferrill of Missouri, a herd of 100 cows. These he brought in and turned out to graze on the range from the mouth of the Purgatoire to Caddoa. Then in 1862, for $234, he purchased a good bull to run with the herd. From that time on father tried continually to build up his herds, weeding out the original Short-horn strain and replacing them with Herefords, as they seemed to stand the cold winters much better than the Short-horns.

During the winter of 1864 and 1865 we were often at Fort Lyon, where father had charge of the Sutler store and acted as interpreter for the Cheyenne and Arapaho Indians at the post, part of the time being regularly employed by the commanding officer, sometimes acting voluntarily. He was also government contractor and employee.

In the middle of November, 1864, we were at the ranch on the Caddoa where father was herding government beef cattle, horses, and mules. The white settlements on the Arkansas River at the time were few and isolated; they were Colonel Boone's, eighty miles west of Fort Lyon; the stage station at Bent's Old Fort; Moore and Bent at the mouth of the Purgatoire; father's ranch at the mouth of the Caddoa and Fort Lyon.

Relations between the plains Indians and the white people were growing more and more strained; the chiefs of the Arapahoes and the Cheyennes, puzzled by the ways and the many words of the white people, often came to father for explanation and advice. At this time Chief Black Kettle and Grandfather Chief One-Eye told father that Black Kettle had been to Denver, where he talked with the big white chief Governor Evans, and with Col. Chivington; that they could not make any treaty with them but had been told that they must deal with Major Wynkoop, then in charge of Fort Lyon. They said that they had returned all the white prisoners they had held and were ready to do anything Major Wynkoop asked. He had told them to bring in their families and lodges and they were now going out to do his bidding. Father told them to camp near us on the Caddoa and that he would accompany them to the fort as interpreter if they wished to hold council. One-Eye, my Grandfather, at once brought in his family and lodges and camped near the ranch. Black Kettle left his family and lodges camped on Sand Creek, but brought in a number of his sub-chiefs with him; father and Ochinee accompanied the band of chiefs into Fort Lyon. They found that Major Wynkoop had been relieved of his command and that Major Anthony was in charge.

Major Anthony promised them that he would do all in his power to bring about a permanent peace; in the meantime they were to go back to their camp on Sand Creek and let their young men go buffalo hunting, as he could not issue them any provisions until further government orders came from Leavenworth. He then said he could not keep them at the fort for the night. Father asked that they be allowed to come to our place. They remained

camped near us for two nights; they said they were sorry that Major Wynkoop had been relieved but believed that Major Anthony would do all he could for them. Father assured them that everything looked favorable, gave them presents of sugar, coffee, flour, rice and bacon, and tobacco bought for them and sent out by the officers of Fort Lyon. Major Anthony had agreed to come out to father's place for another council with them. He did not come but sent out the Fort interpreter, John Smith, to talk with them, who said that Anthony had sent word for them to go back to their lodges on Sand Creek and remain there for they would be perfectly safe. Father shook hands all around and the Indians left for their camps on Sand Creek. That was the last any of us saw of my Grandfather, Chief One-Eye.

One Sunday evening, the last week in November, about sundown, the men of company E of the first Colorado Cavalry, by orders of Col. Chivinton, stopped at our ranch on the Caddo, disarmed father and his seven cowhands, and held them prisoners, not allowing them to leave the house for two days and nights. At the end of that time Captain Cook ordered that he be released. No explanation was offered as to the cause of his arrest, but in light of later happenings we thought it was due to the fact that father had an Indian family, and might communicate some news to the Indians on Sand Creek.

On Nov. 29, 1864, in the early dawn, Col. Chivington and his men fell upon my mother's people camped on Sand Creek, with the American flag and a white flag flying over Chief Black Kettle's tepee. Grandfather Ochinee (One-Eye) escaped from the camp, but seeing that all his people were to be slaughtered, he deliberately chose to go back into the one-sided battle and die with them rather than survive them alone. The Southern Cheyennes would have been completely wiped out as a tribe had it not been that a small band of them had left camp the morning before and had gone up the creek on a hunting trip to obtain meat for the Indians, who had been issued no government supplies for several weeks. Grandmother was not killed, as she and the wives of some of the other chiefs had been detained at Fort Lyon, as hostages, that the Cheyennes and Arapahoes would keep peace. Mother, Father and I were out at Big Timbers when we heard of the massacre. We immediately hurried to Fort Lyon to be with Grandmother, and to be of what help we could to the stricken Cheyennes. Father was called by the government to testify at the investigation held at Fort Lyon. He told his story there as he often, in later years, told it to us children and as I have given it here. Mother was always very bitter about the Sand Creek Massacre. A number of years later, while she was attending a meeting of the Eastern Star in Denver, a friend brought Chivington over to introduce him to mother, saying, "Mrs. Prowers, do you know Colonel Chivington?" My mother drew herself up with that stately dignity, peculiar to her people, and ignoring the outstretched hand, remarked in perfect English, audible to all in the room, "Know Col. Chivington? I should. He was my father's murderer!"

Whether Col. Chivinton's act was justified or not still is a subject for controversy among students of Colorado history. At any rate, the US government tried to make reparation to the Indians; the treaty of 1865 stated that each person of the Indian band who lost a parent or was made a widow upon that occasion should receive 160 acres of land. They could choose this land wherever they wished from their reservation in the Arkansas Valley. Naturally they chose the best hay land along the river bottom. Father acquired much of his cattle range in this manner; of course grandmother and mother each received this land grant from the government. Then father bought out the claims of other Indians. Julia Bent, a daughter of George Bent by a Cheyenne wife, received the 160 acres which surrounded Fort Lyon. Father bought this quarter section from her to enlarge his range.

The "old Prowers house" in Boggsville, Colorado, photographed in October 1957. History Colorado, 93.277.33

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1965

Colorado Under The Klan

BY JAMES H. DAVIS

James H. Davis was a librarian in the Denver Public Library Western History Department. In 1965, at the peak of the Civil Rights Movement and scarcely forty years after the brief reign of Governor Morley and Doctor Locke, he wrote this expose on the attempt to take over Colorado's state government by the Ku Klux Klan.

After its establishment in Colorado in 1922, the Ku Klux Klan began—under the leadership of Grand Dragon John Galen Locke—to carry out a program of economic and political control in various towns over the state. The organization made certain that channels for dissemination of propaganda and for recruitment were set up. Then it threatened or coerced individuals, groups, and institutions. Finally came attempts to infiltrate into municipal government with the ultimate goal of complete domination. The seizure of municipalities was not enough for the Klan; the state government had to be captured also. This was accomplished by obtaining control of the Republican Party, selecting almost all its candidates during the elections of 1924, and making certain the ticket would be successful throughout the state. Once in possession of the executive and legislative branches of Colorado government, the Klan planned to use official acts in furthering its causes on the widest scale possible.

As the year 1925 dawned, Dr. John G. Locke could feel quite pleased with the political situation on the state level. In both the Senate and the House there was a majority of members elected from the Klan-controlled Republican Party and he could seemingly count on the passage of any desired legislation. The executive as well as the legislative branch of the government seemed to be in the doctor's pocket. Governor Clarence Morley could not make a move without first consulting the Grand Dragon. Harry T. Sethman was close to the governor during the first part of his administration because he was thought erroneously to be a Klansman. Mr. Sethman observed that Morley was constantly on the telephone talking to his "master." If the Governor was too busy to call, his personal secretary would be requested to phone for instructions. One man in the governor's office had as his primary duty the carrying of written messages between the Capitol and Locke's Glenarm Place office. For all practical purposes Locke was the governor.

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The Assembly had been in session for several days, and bills had already been introduced to abolish agencies before the Governor gave his message. The State Industrial Commission was the object of one bill, concerning which the *Denver Times* observed: "This action would make the deputy state labor commissioner one of the most powerful officials in the state and would largely increase the number of employed in the office of the Secretary of State whose appointee he is."

Another resolution introduced in the House would abolish the Civil Service Commission and "throw open jobs of all people employed in the Capitol Office Building and Museum to the winning party at the polls." The move was also in keeping with a declaration made at a Klan meeting, which stated that the Commission must be eliminated, since "70% of the office holders of the state, protected by Civil Service, were Catholics." A single man appointed by the governor would substitute for the abolished commission. House Bill 38 would eliminate the juvenile court system, permitting the district court in each county to take over its function. Thus, anti-Klan Judge Ben Lindsey would be once and for all eliminated.

While many developments favored the Morley administration, problems began to emerge which would be of great significance. Four Republican senators stated they would not abide by certain decisions of majority leaders and walked out of the caucus. These men were Henry Toll, David Elliot, Frank Kelly, and Louis A. Puffer. An effort to placate two of them was made by appointing Puffer chairman of the Finance Committee and Elliot chairman of the State Affairs and Public Lands Committee. Walter W. King and John P. Dickinson, two other dissatisfied senators about to join the above-mentioned insurgents, were given chairmanships of the Rules, Banking, and Reapportionment Committees. The Democrats had decided

The photo above shows a 1924 Klan political rally on Castle Mountain near Golden, where members were exhorted to vote for Klan candidates.

COLORADO UNDER THE KLAN

BY JAMES H. DAVIS

After its establishment in Colorado in 1922, the Ku Klux Klan began—under the leadership of Grand Dragon John Galen Locke—to carry out a program of economic and political control in various towns over the state. The organization made certain that channels for dissemination of propaganda and for recruitment were set up. Then it threatened or coerced individuals, groups, and institutions. Finally came attempts to infiltrate into municipal government with the ultimate goal of complete domination.

The seizure of municipalities was not enough for the Klan; the state government had to be captured also. This was accomplished by obtaining control of the Republican Party, selecting almost all its candidates during the elections of 1924, and making certain the ticket would be successful throughout the state. Once in possession of the executive and legislative branches of Colorado government, the Klan planned to use official acts in furthering its causes on the widest scale possible.

As the year 1925 dawned, Dr. John G. Locke could feel quite pleased with the political situation on the state level. In both

to block legislation rather than make their own proposals and "play a waiting game, hoping for a split." Therefore, they could not have been more pleased with the Senate revolt.

The House, overwhelmingly composed of Republicans elected from the Klan-controlled party, continued to cooperate fully with the administration, and the Senate rift was not at first felt. During a long session, which lasted into the late evening of January 21, the Assembly saw to it that the legislation desired by the Governor was introduced before the midnight deadline designated by the law. The majority of the so-called administration bills was introduced in the House. Two bills especially pleasing to the Ku Klux Klan were those forbidding the sale of liquor for sacramental use and repealing the civil rights laws, which would allow discrimination against Negroes. An additional blow aimed at Catholics came in the form of a bill that would stop children in public institutions from attending sectarian schools, some of which were run by the Church. In short: "When the time for introduction of the bills was at end, every one of the bills for the abolition of state boards and bureaus, called for by Governor Morley in his inaugural address, had been laid before the legislature."

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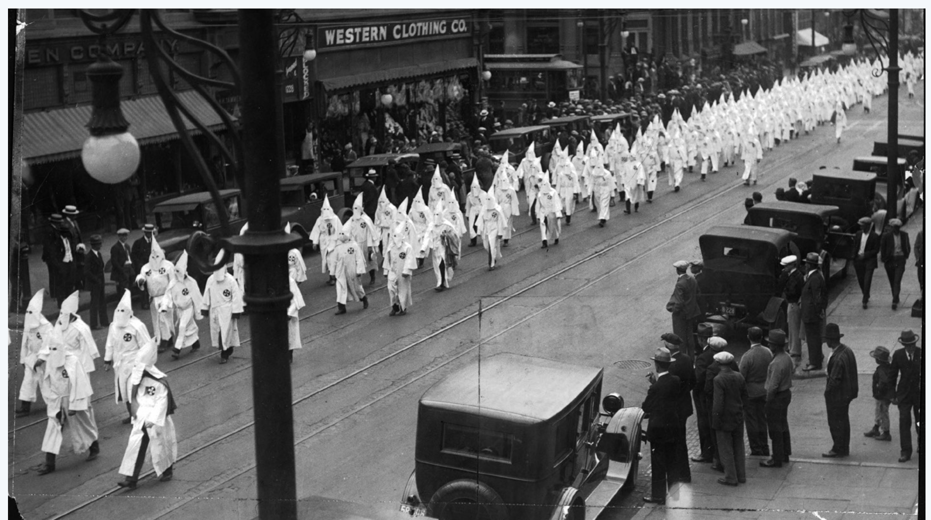
Outside the state legislature, Catholics were bringing about every kind of pressure in order to kill the bill prohibiting the use of wine for sacramental purposes. An editorial in the *Denver Catholic Register* was reprinted in various publications and circulated throughout at least fifteen different countries. In addition, "Father Matthew Smith was chosen, at a meeting of a group of priests…to celebrate mass as a test if the obnoxious bill became a law and to notify the authorities that he would do so. The Ancient Order of Hibernians heard about the plan with relish and announced that the Irish would be there, let the Kluxers fall where they may."

Episcopalians supported the Catholics in their opposition to the bill. The Thirty-Ninth Annual Convention of the Episcopal Church in Colorado officially denounced all actions of the Assembly in this respect. Meanwhile, events within the Assembly were not going as they should for the Morley-Locke program. Introducing bills was one thing, but passing them was quite another. Doubtful Republicans and a handful of Democrats nearly killed a bill abolishing the State Board of Nurses Examiners and brought postponement of its passage; changes were demanded in the wine bills; and four other administration bills were not introduced because of the attack on the nurses' bill. Republican "leaders herded their charges into conference where lessons were meted out in loyalty to party discipline." A majority of Republicans attended the conference and all of them attended a secret caucus held several days later in which the governor explained his legislative program. After this brief flareup the House passed all the administration bills.

Governor Morley was faced with an increasingly serious threat to his program in the Senate. The insurgent senators were determined to defeat all phases of it. Their approach was, first, to let the House measures die in committee. Failing this, they would carry the fight to the floor. The six Republi-

Grand Dragon John Galen Locke. History Colorado, 89.451.5480

cans and fourteen Democrats formed a coalition led by the able Democrat William H. ("Billy") Adams. It was large enough to kill any bill brought up. Among the reasons cited by the insurgent Republican senators for the action was the fact that the Governor's administration was not really Republican, since he selected Democrats for key state positions. In addition, he had not once sought out or accepted the advice of party leaders. They also felt that many bills advocated by Morley were intended to eliminate those state employees who had not voted for him in the election. The Senate very much held the whip hand, with its power to bury House measures in committee.



Klan marchers on Seventeenth Street in Denver. History Colorado, 10025793

Disillusioned with the Klan, Grand Dragon Locke organized the Minutemen of America in 1925.
History Colorado, 10039385

One of the insurgent senators recalls the personal pressures that were put on him. He, as well as the other five senators, opposed all administration bills and refused to go into caucus because he would then be bound to abide by a majority decision on the floor. Consequently, he was ostracized. Hardly anyone would speak to him in the capitol or on the street. Every morning a copy of the unofficial Ku Klux Klan newspaper was placed on his desk. Across the center of the front page was a column with a black border, which was entitled "Roll of Dishonor" and which listed the names of the legislators who had voted against "patriotic" measures. All readers were urged never to forget their names. Governor Morley called the insurgent senator, along with the other un-co-operative Republicans from the upper legislative body, into a conference. Having before him lists of bills introduced by each man, the Governor promised that every bill would fail unless the sponsors agreed to vote for Klan legislation.

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The Twenty-Fifth General Assembly had been in session for an unusually long period–one hundred and one days. During that time 1,080 bills were introduced in both houses, and only fifteen to twenty percent of these were passed. Some of the positive accomplishments of the Assembly were: "The repeal of the state primary law, the ratification of the Colorado River Compact, strengthening of the prohibition laws by enactment of a provision making ownership of a still a penitentiary offense, the placing of bus and auto truck lines under control of the State Public Utilities Commission, providing for the manufacture of automobile license plates at the State penitentiary, providing for the bonding of state officials by the state, providing for the state to carry its own insurance on public buildings."

Every administration measure met defeat, except the one abolishing the Board of Horseshoe Examiners. Many of the bills were killed in the Senate. The wine bills never even reached the upper house and neither did those repealing the civil rights laws.

A great number of appropriation bills were approved, so many in fact that the revenue of the state could not possibly cover them. The results were ironic; when classification of appropriations had been made by the State Auditing Board, "scores of state departments ceased to exist."

The Ku Klux Klan was not again to have the political dominance achieved during the meeting of the Colorado Twenty-Fifth General Assembly. Though Klan influence was felt in the succeeding Assembly, it was greatly diminished. Governor Morley served but one term, and his successor was none other than William H. Adams, the man who had perhaps been most instrumental in wrecking the legislative program of Grand Dragon Locke. Because of charges against his management of the Klan, Locke resigned from the organization only four months after the legislature adjourned. Before leaving the Klan, however, he formed a new group called the Minute Men of America. With a group of his own creation, he would be the undisputed authority and would not have to answer to any man in Atlanta, Georgia, national headquarters of the Klan.

The *Denver Catholic Register* gleefully reported the results of the 1926 primary: "In contrast to the primary election two years ago when all the candidates on the Klan ticket were swept into office …Colorado this week vindicated herself to a great extent by denying a second bid for power on the part of the hooded order. The Minute Men, Klan secessionists, also ran low."

The people of Colorado had at last seen the real nature of the Ku Klux Klan as it appeared in their state—an organization dedicated to furthering the selfish ambitions of leaders by debasing every religious or fraternal body as well as every public office useful to that purpose. Internal corruption and dissension soon brought an end to Colorado's Invisible Empire.

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1979 The Enemy in Colorado:
German Prisoners of War, 1943-46 BY ALLEN W. PASCHAL

Allen W. Paschal wrote this detailed article in 1979, only about a generation after the end of the Second World War. He was able to use many first-person accounts as resources as well as the journals and publications of German POWs in Colorado preserved by the Colorado Historical Society.

On 7 December 1941, the day that would "live in infamy," the United States became directly involved in World War II. Many events and deeds, heroic or not, have been preserved as historic reminders of that presence in the world conflict. The imprisonment of American soldiers captured in combat was a postwar curiosity to many Americans. Their survival, living conditions, and treatment by the Germans became major considerations in intensive and highly publicized investigations. However, the issue of German prisoners of war (POWs) interned within the United States has been consistently overlooked.

The internment centers for the POWs were located throughout the United States, with different criteria determining the locations of the camps. The first camps were extensions of large military bases where security was more easily accomplished. When the German prisoners proved to be more docile than originally believed, the camps were moved to new locations. The need for laborers most specifically dictated the locations of the camps. The manpower that was available for needs other than the armed forces and the war industries was insufficient, and Colorado, in particular, had a large agricultural industry that desperately needed workers. German prisoners filled this void.

There were forty-eight POW camps in Colorado between 1943 and 1946. Three of these were major base camps, capable of handling large numbers of prisoners. The remaining forty-five were agricultural or other work-related camps. The major base camps in Colorado were at Colorado Springs, Trinidad, and Greeley. Each base camp had several branch camps. Camp Carson (later Fort Carson) at Colorado Springs was by far the largest internment center in Colorado with a POW capacity of 12,000 men, as compared to 2,500 at Trinidad and 3,000 at Greeley.

The yearly prisoner statistics indicate the large number of POWs who were interned in the United States. Between May and October 1943 an average of 20,000 prisoners a month arrived. By November 1944, 281,344 German prisoners were being held in 132 base camps and 334 branch camps, and by April 1945, the number of German POWs had increased to 340,407. The first prisoners shipped to this country, however, were Italian, captured primarily in North Africa in 1942. Several hundred were sent to Colorado Springs and the army installation at Camp Carson. Following the successful Allied invasion of Sicily in 1943, the Mussolini dictatorship in Italy was overthrown by the Badoglio coup, and since the Badoglio government was favorable to the Allies, all forms of treatment of Italian POWs

The Enemy in Colorado: German Prisoners of War, 1943-46

BY ALLEN W. PASCHAL

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[1] Arnold Krammer, "German Prisoners of War in the United States," *Military Affairs* 40 (April 1976): 65.
[2] [F.A. Anderson], "A Resume of the Emergency Farm Labor Program in Colorado (1943 to 1947 Inclusive)," Extension Service, Colorado A&M College (Fort Collins, 1947), p. 3 (hereafter cited as Emergency

Camp Hale was located high in the Rockies near Leadville. Photo courtesy Denver Public Library

A group of German POWs entering a building at the camp in Trinidad. They were photographed returning from the funeral of an officer who died during internment at the camp. History Colorado, 2002.4.8

were relaxed in 1943. Many of the prisoners were formed into service units and actively aided the Allied cause for the duration of the war. In the summer of 1943 the Italians at Camp Carson were evacuated and replaced by German prisoners captured in further Allied advances in North Africa.

These early German POWs were the remnants of Rommel's crack Afrika Korps—panzer tank crews and infantrymen. Before their induction into the German army, they were technicians, artisans, and workers from every imaginable walk of life. They could be described as disciplined, arrogant, proud, and primarily young.

The administration of the internment camps was the responsibility of the United States Army Provost Marshal General's Office. The Colorado area was administered by the Seventh Service Command with headquarters in Omaha, Nebraska. In terms of such a large-scale program, there was no precedent in United States history. The camps were administered according to the "bible" of prisoner internment, the Geneva Convention. This was the "constitution" that ultimately shaped all policy decisions regarding the operation of the camps and the treatment of the prisoners. In spite of a claim by the commanding officer at Camp Carson that his guards consisted of "the usual surplus of psycho-neurotics and ill-disciplined soldiers," the German prisoners, in general were afforded relatively good treatment by their American captors. In comparison with their American counterparts in Germany, they were treated exceptionally well. Not only the army but also the International Red Cross regularly investigated the internment camps to determine if Geneva guidelines were being strictly adhered to by the camp administrators. According to the *Denver Post*, the Red Cross found that the Germans were well treated not only in Colorado camps, but also in all of the other United States internment centers. It was believed that the treatment of the German prisoners in America directly affected the treatment of the American captives in German camps.

The architecture and appearance of the base camps in the United States were similar to that of the German camps. Nine- to ten-foot-high barbed wire fences, sometimes two to three layers deep, and heavily armed, elevated guard towers with night searchlights encircled the camp. Barrack dormitories housed the prisoners at the base camp, and at the branch camps the men usually were housed in industrial dormitories, armories, or old Civilian Conservation Corps barracks, sometimes without any prohibiting security enclosures. The camps were generally separated into compounds. A standard compound consisted of twenty barracks, each capable of quartering fifty men. In addition, there were four kitchens and accompanying mess halls, four wash and laundry facilities, and four officer rooms.

As specified in the Geneva Convention, the German POWs were permitted to wear their army uniforms within the camps, as was the case with American POWs in Europe. Since the majority of these captives were from Rommel's panzer divisions in North Africa, the sight of muscular German youths parading within the camp compounds in their Afrika Korps uniforms was common. Even in the cold Colorado winter months, some of these prisoners wore their desert shorts and short-sleeved shirts. American and German officers exchanged salutes in the camps as dictated by the guidelines. The prisoners were considered equals, men unfortunately captured in the course of war. In the letters destined for the homeland, censored by the Army Office of Censorship, many moving emotions and a number of blatant grievances were expressed by the captives. One German captive at Trinidad wrote that "they transported us like the lowest criminals about which they seem to have plenty of experience in this country…conditions here are indescribable and primitive…four of us in a room; no tables or chairs." However, the benevolent treatment received by the German POWs is evidenced by their return to Colorado following the war. A Catholic priest, the Reverend Leo Patrick, regularly associated with prisoners in Brush while on religious errands. He persuaded some of the prisoners to return to Colorado, and one prisoner, Nahomed Mueller, sent his son to live with Rev. Patrick and to attend Brush High School from 1950 to 1952.

The relatively favorable treatment accorded the German POWs generated criticism from the public sector of American society. The army defended its administration by contending that the criticisms were due to a lack of knowledge of the Geneva Convention and the applicable international law.

A congressional investigation responded to the public, stating that "treatment is not a question of army policy but a question of law."

A charge of preferential treatment of the German captives was made at Camp Trinidad. The situation was attributed to the commanding officer, whose removal from duty was sought by Americans administering the camp because of his "unAmerican ideas, his coddling and catering to the German prisoners, and his inhuman treatment of all American personnel." The American soldiers at Camp Hale tell of a similar situation. Andrew Hastings, a member of the Tenth Mountain Division Ski Troop, recalled German POWs marching and singing every morning. "It used to make us mad as hell because the Germans were singing their songs as they marched and the U.S. Army wouldn't let us sing!" At Camp Carson, however, a prisoner spokesman claimed that an army soldier threw tear gas at a truckload of Germans as they were being transported to a work site. Carson authorities claimed that the captives were not guinea pigs for army maneuvers but were "inadvertently driven through a tear gas demonstration on the main post."

Daily life for the POWs varied only slightly from camp to camp. They rose to the sound of the bugle at 5:00 A.M. and spent most of their day at various work projects. The army attempted to allow the Germans to engage in activities similar to their prewar vocations. The artisans naturally were more content than the laborers. While recreational facilities were limited, physical activity was encouraged. At most camps, teams were organized for competition in various sports. For example, during February 1946, ninety-seven different sports events were held at Camp Carson, and ninety-nine musicians staged eighteen concerts. Catholic or other religious services were common in the camps, with religion practiced freely and fervently.

The diet of the prisoners was equivalent to the rations of American combat soldiers overseas in the early months of the war. However, the army altered the menu, claiming a shortage of food, but the policy can probably be attributed to increasing public pressure. In the early years of the war, the public questioned the food policies of the army, contending that the German prisoners were fed better than armed forces personnel. The Office of the Army Provost Marshal General defended its policy publicly, explaining that German cooks were given the rations and allowed to prepare them in any manner which they chose. The cooks were experienced and exceptionally imaginative and, therefore, prepared the rations rather well for their comrades behind the wire. On 1 July 1944 the army instituted its food conservation program within the internment camps. In February 1945 the food policy was tightened again with substitutes for sugar, butter, and beef. "John Hasslacher, a former prisoner at Camp Trinidad, Colorado, remembered that food was not ideal, but there was enough meat and variety until V-E Day. 'The moment the war was over,...the daily rations consisted of: Porridge with a bit of milk in the mornings, pea soup with lettuce salad and a slice of soft bread… at noon and in the evening.'" A ration for one prisoner cost the United States twenty-five cents.

One of the benefits that the German POWs received was their pay—paid, however, by the United States government. Payment was not in cash, but local banks would maintain credit for the prisoners or the camp canteen would issue coupons for the purchase of necessary supplies. Officers were not required to work, yet they received an allowance of twenty, thirty, or forty dollars a month depending on their rank. Enlisted men received ten cents per day to cover basic essentials such as toothpaste, razor blades, and tobacco. The government claimed that these allowances would be repaid by Germany following the war. In addition, the prisoners received eighty cents per day for any labor performed for the benefit of the United States.

Interesting insights into the lives of the prisoners can be gleaned from the publications produced within the camps. None of these was, of course, political in content. They were entertaining and provided information to the prisoners. The Camp Carson prisoners published *Die PW Wolke* [The POW Weekly]. *Rëtsel Humor* [Fun With Puzzles], published at Camp Greeley in 1944-45, primarily concentrated on amusing the captives with crossword puzzles, songs, and cartoons. In contrast, *Deutsche Kriegsgefangenschaft* [German Prisoner of War]: *Colorado-Amerika, 1944-45*, apparently also published at the Greeley camp, was literary and more sentimental in nature, which makes it more enlightening concerning the prisoners' daily lives and thoughts. This publication contains descriptions of Colorado written by the POWs. They wrote of their fascination with the Moffat Tunnel as an engineering feat and marveled at the beauty of the countryside, especially the Rocky Mountains. The Colorado peaks were more jagged and dynamic than the old and worn mountains of their homeland. In addition, place names of the communities interested the POWs. Particular attention was paid to the work side camps and their origin. They wrote of Boulder, Fraser, and Deadman Mountain, all side camps of the Greeley installation. The rivers of Colorado were compared with the Mississippi River. The Columbine, the Colorado state flower, was explicitly defined and illustrated. Thus, the publications were a form of education, containing valuable information for the prisoners.

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1981 The Cowboy: Reflections of a Western Writer BY LOUIS L'AMOUR

Louis L'Amour was the world's best-selling western author when he wrote this article for *The Colorado Magazine* in 1981. He authored eighty titles, almost all of them westerns, which have sold over 100 million copies. Many of his novels, such as *The Ferguson Rifle* and *Tucker* were set in nineteenth-century Colorado.

Teddy Blue, who was a real cowboy, said that the only two things a cowboy feared were a decent woman and being set afoot.

Fortunately, due to men like Teddy Blue and fifty others we could mention, we do not have to rely on fiction for our picture of the cowboy. We know who he was and what he was like. We have his picture clearly drawn by men who were cowboys or who were there at the time, by women who loved them, married them, and sometimes survived them.

In fiction the cowboy is usually portrayed as an illiterate, and no doubt many were but just as many were not; some had excellent educations, going on to achieve a reputation in other fields. Granville Stuart, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Charlie Siringo, and many others have told of the cowboy's reading habits.

No other type of man has been the subject of so many written words as the American cowboy. Yet he not only inspired literature and produced literature, he was to a considerable extent a product of his literature.

From the very beginning the cowboy was, in the minds of those who wrote about him, a dashing and romantic figure. Moreover, although he would never have admitted it, that was how he saw himself. He knew the realities but believed the illusion. He was, after all, A Man on Horseback.

The Bedouin of the desert, the armored knight, the Cossack—all were figures of romance. The cavalry charge is the essence of poetry, the bayonet charge is not.

A few years ago an eastern writer with a great air of debunking it all commented contemptuously that a cowboy was nothing but a hired man on horseback. Of course. What else? The cowboy knew his job and was happy with it. In most cases he wished for nothing more. He wanted, above all, to be considered a top hand.

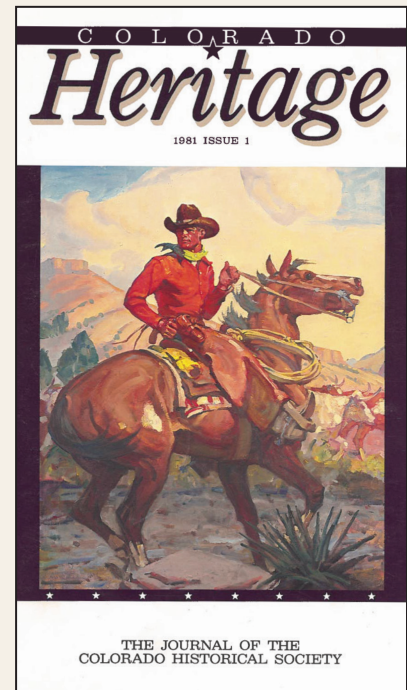
Give him a job to do while mounted and he would work from daylight to dark. Ask him to dig a posthole and you had a sour, discontented man. He would dig the posthole but he did not have to like it and he did not.

He had to know horses and cattle, and he needed skill with a rope. His average working day during the early years on the range was fourteen hours, from can-see to can't-see. His night's sleep was usually six hours but when driving a trail herd he could expect to do a stint on night guard, usually about two hours.

His work consisted of rounding up and branding cattle, gathering strays, riding fence, pulling cattle out of bogs, treating cuts or abrasions for screwworms, building and repairing fences, cleaning out water holes, or whatever needed doing.

In the open-range days he carried a running-iron and branded whatever he found on the range. If an unbranded calf was running with a branded cow he usually applied her brand to the calf. If there was any doubt he branded the home ranch, whatever it might be. After a few years when fences became common the running-iron disappeared and the stamp-iron was introduced and most of the branding was done during the seasonal roundups.

Over the years the character of the cowboy's work changed considerably. In the earliest days the cattle were Longhorns and they were unlike any cow critter around today. Longhorns were wild animals. Often they hid in thick brush, coming out to feed only at night. They were big, strong, and fierce and would fight anything that walked. As long as a rider was in the saddle he was reasonably safe. Caught afoot, he had two choices—run for his horse and get into the saddle or shoot the steer. Usually he elected to run, as the boss did not look with favor on dead steers, but many a cowhand has blessed the Good Lord and Sam Colt for the pistol he carried.



The saddle stock on most of the ranches consisted of half-broken mustangs. They were small horses, incredibly tough, very agile, and soon developed an instinct for working cattle.

Later, when fences came and ranches became settled operations, horses were bred for the job and the saddle stock became better. It also needed more careful handling. On northern ranges the horses were larger for they were often required to buck snowdrifts and harsher conditions.

Stories of the West are said, by those who do not read them, to be about cowboys and Indians. Actually, that is rarely the case. More often the protagonist is a ranch foreman, a town marshal, a Texas Ranger, an army officer, or a scout for the army. When a cowboy is the protagonist he is usually a drifter, and very rarely is shown at work, doing what has to be done on a ranch.

Usually cowboys were between fifteen and twenty-five years of age, although some were as young as twelve or as old as eighty. By and large they were a hardy breed. Their work was hard, brutal, and demanding. Their food was, in the earlier years, largely beef, beans, and cornbread with molasses for sweetening.

The cowboys were, as a rule, Anglo-Saxon or Irish (as were the bulk of the early pioneers) and they came from every state in the Union and a half dozen European countries. The first cowboys were Texans who learned how to handle cattle from the Mexican vaqueros who had begun cultivating the art in the time of Cortez.

Boys from the border states soon added to their number. From Illinois, Iowa, Arkansas, Missouri, and Tennessee, to name a few, boys came to ride north with the trail herds. Boys in those states grew up handling stock, and a point to be remembered is that they grew up hunting meat for the table.

Often those who comment on shooting in the West fail to realize that most boys in the border states grew up shooting. If they did not kill their meat they did not have it to eat, and as ammunition could not be wasted in plinking away at any target that appeared, they took their time and made every shot count. The pioneer boy was usually an excellent shot who wasted no ammunition. Many a girl shot equally well, with Annie Oakley as an example. She began shooting game for her own table and then began hunting for the market.

One professor at a western university has commented that "it was generally agreed that the six-gun was a hard gun to shoot accurately." This is absurd. Among the many men I have known who used such guns, none would agree. There are many dead men who wish it had been true.

The six-gun, for its time, was an exceptionally efficient gun, and in the hands of a man who knew his weapon, his bullet would go exactly where he wished. The Grand Duke Alexis, after seeing the Smith and Wesson .44 demonstrated by Buffalo Bill Cody, ordered 250,000 of them for the Russian army.

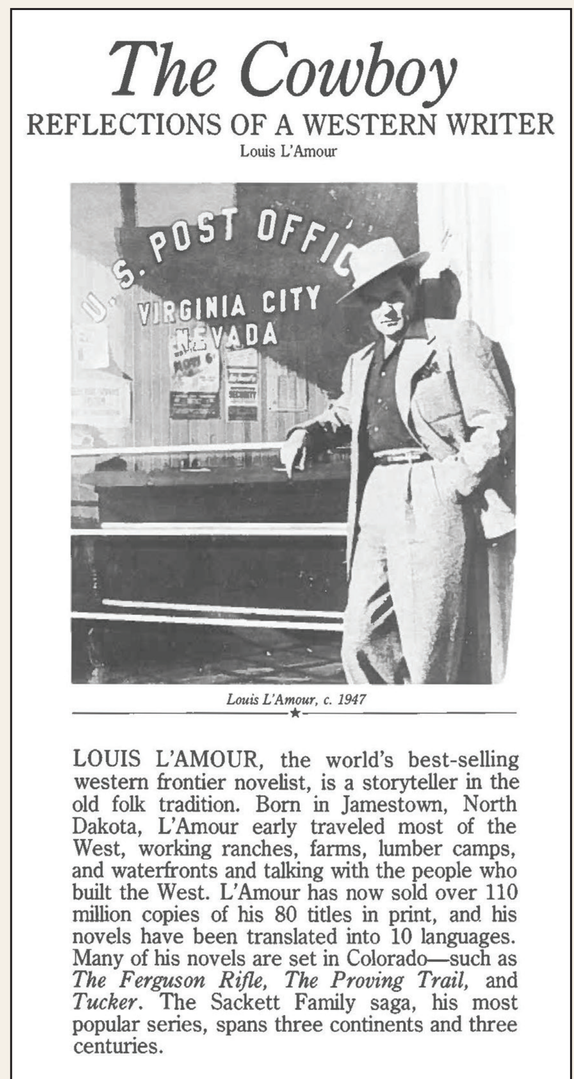
There are literally thousands of cases to demonstrate the effectiveness of the cowboys' marksmanship. There were bad shots then as there are today, but most of the gunfighters served their apprenticeship as buffalo hunters, practicing their marksmanship day after day. Quanah Parker and his Kiowa-Comanche warriors discovered just how well they could shoot at the Battle of Adobe Walls, where twenty-eight buffalo hunters stood off hundreds of his braves.

Cowboys came from everywhere. Teddy Blue, who left an account of his cowboy life in the western classic *We Pointed Them North*, was born in Norwich, England, and was a typical cowboy. Frank Collinson, whose *Life in the Saddle* is another true story of western life, came from Yorkshire, England. Jeff Milton, a cowboy who became a famous western peace officer, was a son of the governor of Florida.

Unfortunately, from the very first the cowboy and the West in general have suffered from the writings of various "authorities" who assume certain things to be true because they are, to their thinking, logical.

The cowboy's attitude toward women, for example, was far different from present attitudes. If we are to understand his times we must know something of his education, family background, and the customs of his time as to what was acceptable conduct and what was not. The cowboy must always be measured by the standards of his time, not ours. Conditions and manners were vastly different.

Moreover, many who presume to write of the western story take altogether too narrow a view of what is "Western" and what is not. The western story is one of the few truly American forms of literature; no other has so captured the world's imagination, and the stories can be found everywhere.



The Cowboy

REFLECTIONS OF A WESTERN WRITER

Louis L'Amour

Louis L'Amour, c. 1947

LOUIS L'AMOUR, the world's best-selling western frontier novelist, is a storyteller in the old folk tradition. Born in Jamestown, North Dakota, L'Amour early traveled most of the West, working ranches, farms, lumber camps, and waterfronts and talking with the people who built the West. L'Amour has now sold over 110 million copies of his 80 titles in print, and his novels have been translated into 10 languages. Many of his novels are set in Colorado—such as *The Ferguson Rifle, The Proving Trail,* and *Tucker*. The Sackett Family saga, his most popular series, spans three continents and three centuries.

Not only has the western story and film excited readers and viewers everywhere, but western attire has also captured the imagination. Its clean lines and distinctive style have an appeal of its own. Western jeans, boots, belts, and shirts are eagerly sought after, although to the cowboy himself his clothing was simply the most efficient for the man and the work he had to do.

A cowboy's clothing was just what he could afford. In the beginning years he wore any cast-off clothing he happened to have, but the clumsiness of heavy boots or shoes in the stirrup soon brought change. Many items of his clothing were adapted from those already proven by the Mexican vaquero.

The boot with the pointed toe enabled his foot to slip quickly and easily into the stirrup, an important attribute when riding the half-broken or spirited stock on the ranches. The high heel kept the boot from slipping through the stirrup and gave him more to dig in with when roping on foot, as was occasionally the case.

There has been much talk about how unlike the real thing some of the more modern-day costumes are, but you can bet there were few cowhands who would not have worn modern cowboy shirts, boots, and jeans if they had been available.

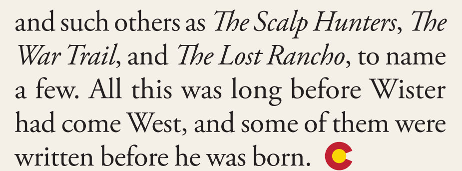
His first item of expense was his hat, and he wanted the best he could afford. In fact, he often wore both hat and boots that he definitely could not afford. His next major item of expense was his saddle, and here again the cowboy bought the best he could find for the money he could scrape together.

Women were not as scarce on the western frontier as we have been led to believe. Many of the homesteaders had daughters—as did the ranchers themselves. There were always women in the towns, although the cowboy's opportunities for meeting them were few. Dances were not infrequent and there were box suppers from time to time. The red-light districts in most western towns, however, did a brisk business.

Necessarily, the writer dealing with the West will choose its more dramatic moments. Usually, the cowboy of fiction is not too dissimilar from the real thing except that the working cowboy spent most of his time doing just that—working.

Western stories began to be written almost as soon as the West came into being. The mountain man, the cavalry soldier, and the cowboy were exciting material for a writer, and even before this the Indian and the settler had been written about by Chateaubriand and dozens of others.

It has been said that the western story began with Owen Wister's *The Virginian*. This is pure nonsense. Dime novels based on western life had begun appearing about 1860, but Capt. Mayne Reid, an Irish soldier of fortune, had written *The Rifle Rangers* in 1850 and such others as *The Scalp Hunters*, *The War Trail*, and *The Lost Rancho*, to name a few. All this was long before Wister had come West, and some of them were written before he was born.



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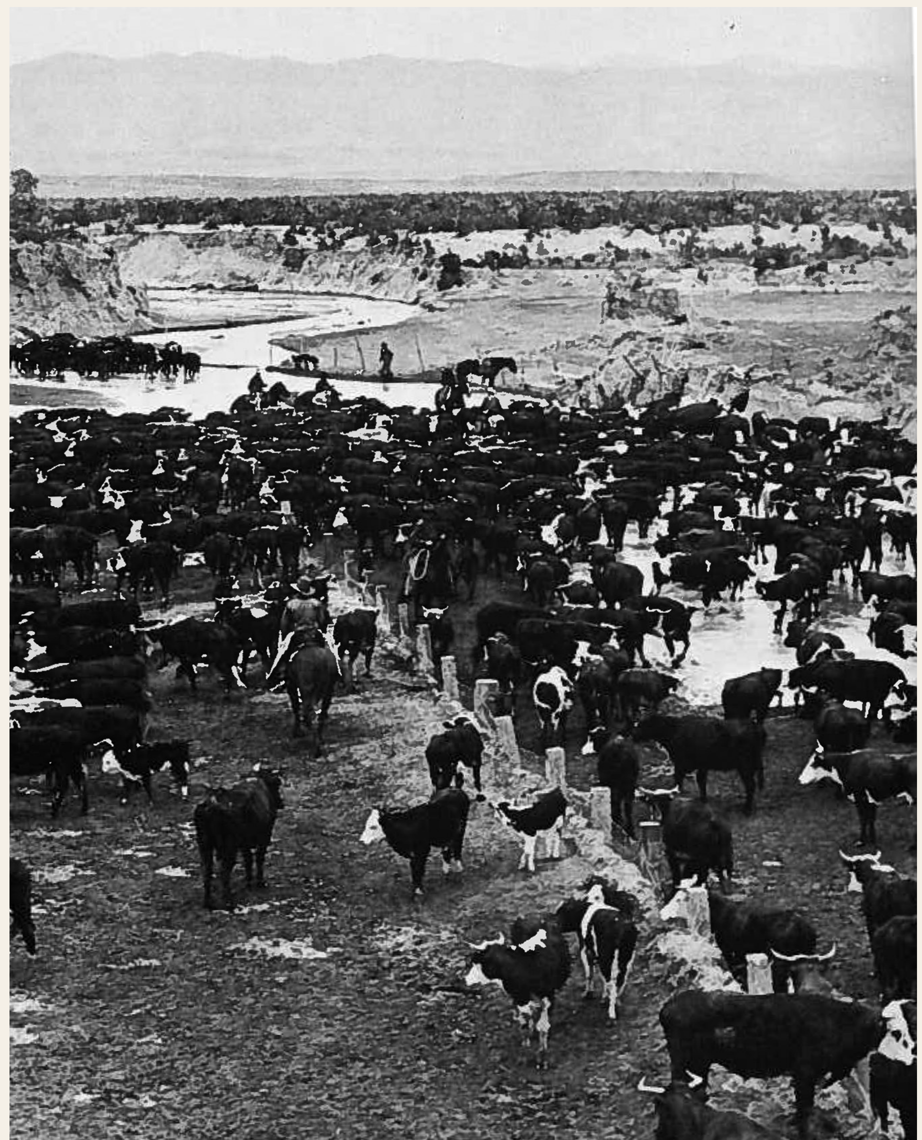


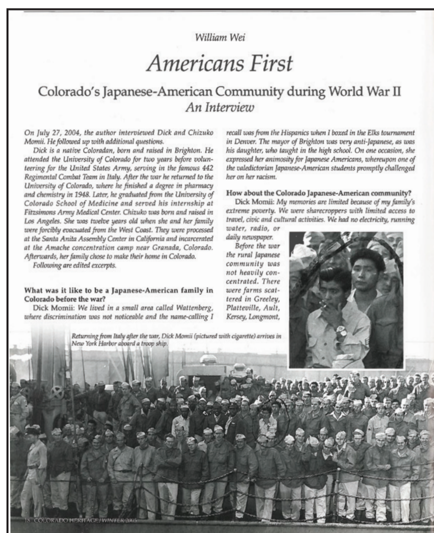
Colorado cattle roundup around the 1930s. History Colorado

AMERICANS FIRST 2004

Colorado's Japanese American Community during World War II

Dr. William Wei is a professor of history at CU-Boulder, a member of the State Historian's Council, and a frequent contributor to History Colorado's publications. This article was published in *Colorado Heritage* in 2005 shortly after he interviewed Dick and Chizuko Momii.

BY WILLIAM WEI



William Wei

Americans First

Colorado's Japanese-American Community during World War II

An Interview

On July 27, 2004, the author interviewed Dick and Chizuko Momii. He followed up with additional questions.

Dick is a native Coloradan, born and raised in Brighton. He attended the University of Colorado for two years before volunteering for the United States Army, serving in the famous 442 Regimental Combat Team in Italy. After the war he returned to the University of Colorado, where he finished a degree in pharmacy and chemistry in 1948. Later, he graduated from the University of Colorado School of Medicine and served his internship at Fitzsimons Army Medical Center. Chizuko was born and raised in Los Angeles. She was twelve years old when she and her family were forcibly evacuated from the West Coast. They were processed at the Santa Anita Assembly Center in California and incarcerated at the Amache concentration camp near Granada, Colorado. Afterwards, her family chose to make their home in Colorado.

Following are edited excerpts.

What was it like to be a Japanese-American family in Colorado before the war?

Dick Momii: *We lived in a small area called Wattenberg, where discrimination was not noticeable and the name-calling I recall was from the Hispanics when I boxed in the Elks tournament in Denver. The mayor of Brighton was very anti-Japanese, as was his daughter, who taught in the high school. On one occasion, she expressed her animosity for Japanese Americans, whereupon one of the valedictorian Japanese-American students promptly challenged her on her racism.*

How about the Colorado Japanese-American community?

Dick Momii: *My memories are limited because of my family's extreme poverty. We were sharecroppers with limited access to travel, civic and cultural activities. We had no electricity, running water, radio, or daily newspaper.*

Before the war the rural Japanese community was not heavily concentrated. There were farms scattered in Greeley, Platteville, Ault, Kersey, Longmont,

Returning from Italy after the war, Dick Momii (pictured with cigarette) arrives in New York Harbor aboard a troop ship.

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Before the war the rural Japanese community was not heavily concentrated. There were farms scattered in Greeley, Platteville, Ault, Kersey, Longmont, Fort Lupton, Littleton, the San Luis Valley, Rocky Ford, and Lafayette. I would venture a guess of perhaps (really a guess) 1,000 families owning, renting, leasing, or sharecropping. I don't recall a large urban community in any cities except Denver, where there may have been as many as 500 or so because there was no large Japanese "town." There were a few produce-shipping companies, barbershops, restaurants, mercantile shops, grocery stores, and pool halls.

The Japanese American community before the war struggled to fulfill the American dream of success through hard work and a desire for higher education. They did not engage in civil disobedience, respected the law, tried to maintain the cultural values of their heritage, and had unquestioned loyalty to the U.S. even if they were only the second generation experiencing some discrimination.

The main concerns, I believe, for the Colorado Japanese were education, succeeding economically, integrating, maintaining cultural values, and being good citizens to foster respect from fellow Americans.

How did the Japanese Americans get along with each other and with those outside the community?

Dick Momii: The members of the Japanese American community had good relationships and there was little if any jealousy or animosity, and [we] were always willing to help each other if needed.

There were a few organizations like the Japanese American Association, which helped the younger Nisei, the Japanese Women's Nisei Club, and the Japan Women's Buddhist Club. I don't recall any other men's clubs. Since I was without a mother since age three, there was no women's club participation from my family.

We got along well with most of the other nationalities, mainly German, Italian, and Hispanics. There were a few Italians and Hispanics who did not like the Japanese. (The Hispanics in Brighton were singled out to sit in certain sections of the movie theater.) My friend Rose Tanaka Tanabe recalls that in the small rural town of Brighton, the Italians were quite racist, but the German community was very tolerant of the Japanese Americans.

Did your family ever talk about Japan?

Dick Momii: My father rarely discussed life in Japan but he did try to instill in us his values, such as pride in our Japanese heritage, discipline, respect, honesty, and education. Personally, after Pearl Harbor, I felt betrayed by Japan and began to develop mixed feelings about the values of my cultural heritage, as little as I knew about them. I did sense that the local Nisei were very much loyal Americans, and probably felt as I did. I do remember that in July of 1941, my eldest brother volunteered for service. My father asked him if he knew that he probably would be fighting against Japan. My brother's response was that he was an American first. My father never expressed any disappointment or ill feelings.

I know that you also joined the American armed forces. Where did you serve?

Dick Momii: Volunteered for service and was inducted at Fort Logan June 29, 1944. Went on active duty August 23, 1944, with basic training at Camp Blanding, Florida. Had further training at Fort Mead, Maryland, before embarking for Europe on March 18, 1945. Traveled to Marseilles, France, where I joined the 442nd, which had suffered severe casualties rescuing the "Lost Battalion." Went on an LST (a landing ship tank, built to carry troops and supplies) to Livorno, Italy. Went on line April 8, with the first enemy encounter at Priana, then on to Mount Pizzaculo, San Terenzo, Aulla, Alessandra, and finally to Asti. Processed POWs in Ghedi, then [was] stationed in Livorno, where I went on special services to the 100th Battalion and was VP of the "Go for Broke" Club. My first combat experience was under Captain Henry Oshiro and my non-coms were Kiyo Morimoto and George Matsumototo.

Returning from Italy after the war, Dick Momii (pictured with cigarette) arrives in New York Harbor aboard a troop ship.

Did the men of the 442nd ever talk about their families being in concentration camps?

Dick Momii: I believe by 1944, if there was any bitterness that the evacuee soldiers felt, it was replaced by the challenge of reinforcing the 442nd after the terrible losses they incurred in Bruyeres rescuing the "Lost Battalion" of the Texas 36th Division. We felt very much the challenge of continuing to prove ourselves as good Americans.

The first Battalion of the Alamo Regiment, Texas 36th Division, was besieged on the bald top of a thickly forested ridgeline by Germans for a week until men of the 442nd Regiment rescued them. One of the 1st Battalion's lieutenants who survived the ordeal remarked, "We men who came off that hill know that the Nisei aren't just as good as the average soldier—they're better."

Speaking of the concentration camps, what was life like at Amache from the perspective of a twelve-year-old girl?

Chizuko Momii: Well, it wasn't very exciting. We were thrown in with a lot of people with the same background, so in that sense our parents were comfortable with us socializing.

But the climate itself was just very hostile. Well, of course, we had the seasons, so in the winter, it was miserable. And windy. As a matter of fact, when we first started, there was a dress code, and with the first windstorm the girls' legs were raw from the wind and the sand so the principal came in and made the announcement that we could wear pants to school. So that was real nice. So we wore pants except in the summer. In the spring we didn't want to wear pants; we wore dresses. Most of the girls wore skirts.

As an adult, do you have any thoughts about being incarcerated at Amache?

Chizuko Momii: Well, of course, I thought it was wrong and I was really happy that the president signed the apology….It was an experience. I mean being so young; it wasn't as traumatic as it was for my parents. But then still it must have been suppressed because any time I saw a documentary on TV, it made me just sob. My auntie, who was sixteen at the time of the evacuation, said she was in Washington, DC, and they had an exhibit of the camp and the barrack. She said that when she walked in she wasn't aware that the exhibit was there. She said she started bawling, and she just couldn't get over how emotional she got. But I can understand because just watching the evacuation taking place as a documentary really upset me. In fact, Dick won't even let

me watch it; he'd turn off the TV off because I would bawl. I would sob. So those feelings are suppressed.

What did your family do after leaving Amache?

Chizuko Momii: We came straight to Denver. My father came out first and went to Colorado Springs and worked as a cook at the Broadmoor hotel. And then he visited Denver and said, "This is the place." He thought there was opportunity there for business. My father was an entrepreneur and decided that the seaweed business would be opportune as there were no seaweed products from the normal sources of Japan, Hawaii, and the West Coast. He instructed his maternal grandparents to experiment with the seaweed which came from the West Coast and, I believe, cooking them, laying them on wax paper with trowels, and drying them, cutting them in sheets, and packing them for sale principally to Hawaii. He had a small factory. It was named the Denver Seaweed Factory, located on Fifteenth and Blake Streets in Denver.

What was interesting was there were no credit unions or credit sources available, so he got his capitalization through an organization called tanomoshi, wherein members contributed $100 to a pool and bid for the sum of money by offering interest rates and the highest bidder received the loan.

What was it like in Colorado after the war?

Dick Momii: Well, I was surprised by the first experience I had when we stopped in a small town. We had on our military uniforms and battle ribbons and we saw people and they said, "What are those Japs doing in here?" And, you know, we got out of there as quick as we could. That really shocked me, that kind of prejudice, even though there was publicity about Japanese Americans being so loyal to the country and being in one of the best units in the whole United States Army. When I got back to Denver, and was going to medical school, shortly after we got married, we wanted to get an apartment down there, 1951, near Denver General [Hospital]. And I wanted to rent an apartment and I said, "Well, if it makes any difference, I'm Japanese American." and he said, "We don't rent to Japs."

Later, I remember, they were having block meetings for political caucuses, and they invited me to come to one of them. I said, "Does is make any difference that I'm Japanese American?" He said, well, "You're an American." And that was kind of a great boost for me, that people didn't put that Japanese part before the American.

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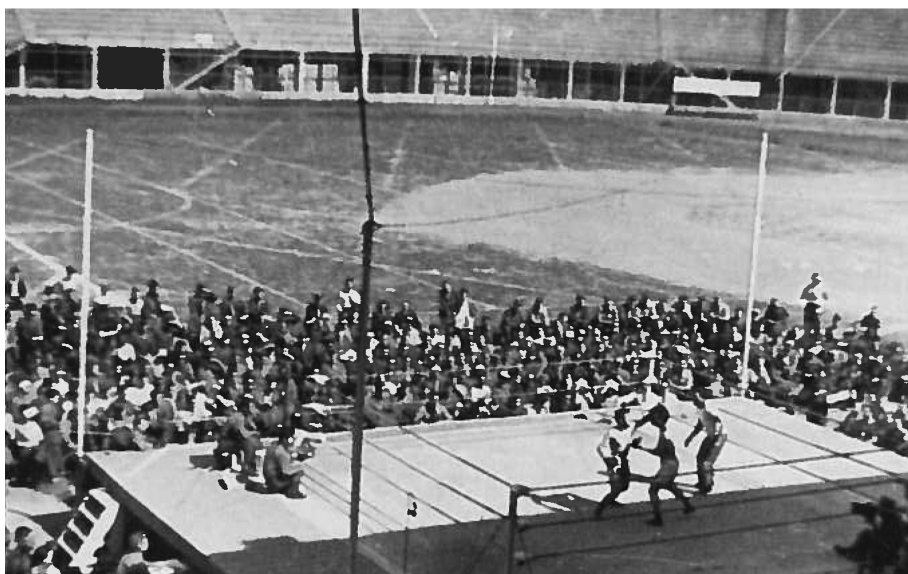


Top: During the war Dick Momii fought on his regiment's boxing team. The boxers competed for leave passes.

Above: Momii and a fellow soldier post a flyer advertising a dance of the battalion's "Go for Broke" social club. The club held dances in towns such as Livorno and Viareggio, where this photograph was taken. Momii was vice president of the club.

Understanding Amache 2006

THE ARCHAEOBIOGRAPHY OF A VICTORIAN-ERA CHEYENNE WOMAN

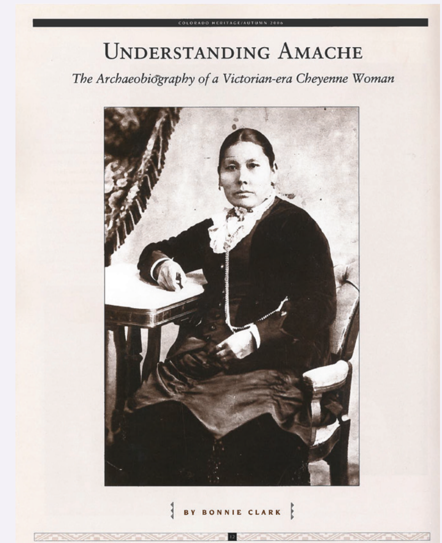
BY BONNIE J. CLARK

Dr. Bonnie J. Clark is an archaeologist and professor of anthropology at the University of Denver who is known for her work in securing recognition for historic sites across Colorado. This article, rooted in her personal experience excavating the home of Amache Prowers, was originally published in 2006.

Born on the Great Plains of North America in the mid-1840s, Amache was the daughter of Lone Bear, also known as Ochinee (One-eye) / O'kenehe', a Southern Cheyenne traditional leader. Once semi-sedentary farmers in territories on the edges of the plains, the Cheyenne became increasingly mobile when they acquired horses in the 1700s. By the time Amache was born, the Cheyenne were premier bison hunters and important players in the global market in buffalo robes. How members of the tribe supported this collective endeavor was strongly shaped by gender.

Typically, men hunted the bison while women engaged in the labor-intensive task of turning hides into robes. This involved staking and scraping hides with a series of stone tools, including the flesher: a stone (or, later, sometimes metal) blade set in an elk horn handle. Fleshers were such valued implements that they were often passed from mother to daughter. Women also spent much of their time gathering the wild plants of the prairie, both for food and as raw materials important for products like medicines and dyes. The physical tools for that endeavor were digging sticks and baskets, but most critical was an intimate knowledge of the landscape and resources of the prairie—something that was also passed through the generations.

As the daughter of a community leader, Amache would have been well trained in the arts of Cheyenne women. That social position also put her in contact with individuals who sought out her father. One of these was John Prowers, a young Anglo-American man from Missouri who traded on the Santa Fe Trail circuit. When Amache was in her adolescence, Prowers began his courtship of her in earnest. He began the series of gift exchanges needed to make the courtship legitimate, a process that could take up to three years. Amache and John Prowers were married in 1861, after which the two of them moved to the commissary at Bent's New Fort.



Understanding Amache

The Archaeobiography of a Victorian-era Cheyenne Woman

BY BONNIE CLARK

In 1867 John Prowers built on his trading experience by opening a store in Boggsville, Colorado. Like other sites on the Santa Fe Trail, Boggsville represents a crossroads—geographically, culturally, economically. Located where the Santa Fe Trail crosses the Purgatoire River, the settlement was founded by Rumalda Luna and Tom Boggs. The two claimed the land through Rumalda's uncle, Cornelio Vigil, once the alcalde, or mayor, of Taos, New Mexico, and co-grantee of the Vigil–St. Vrain Mexican land grant. In time the Boggses were joined by a number of Rumalda's relatives and their families, as well as the Prowers family and some of their kin. For ten years, from

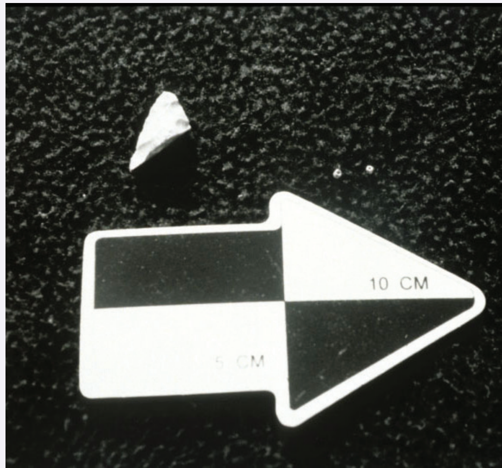
Prowers house, Bent County, Colorado. Courtesy of Dawn DiPrince

1863 to 1873, the settlement served as a way station for travelers, headquarters for local ranchers, post office, market, polling place, and even the county seat.

Much of Amache's time at Boggsville was likely devoted to her immediate family. When she and John moved to the settlement they had two young daughters, but the family quickly grew by three more children. Added to her duties as a mother were those of a hostess. Hundreds of travelers made their way to Boggsville during that last decade before the railroad was built beside the Santa Fe Trail. Because John's store was located in the Prowers house, Amache would often host these sojourners. She also accommodated her own visiting Cheyenne family, her natal band pitching their tipis next to her house for a time before they moved on. Often their travels were between the newly established Southern Cheyenne reservation in Oklahoma and their traditional hunting and fishing grounds in the foothills of Colorado.

Amache lived at a time of great change for the Cheyenne and for the country in which they uneasily resided. The choices she made—including the one to marry outside her tribe but to continue relations with her tribespeople—placed her in a delicate position, especially when her father was among the Southern Cheyennes murdered in the Sand Creek Massacre of 1864. If individual lives can contribute to our understanding of history, Amache's is certainly one of import.

But history alone cannot tell her story. Although Amache could fluently speak three languages—Cheyenne, English, and Spanish—she was illiterate. The documents of her life include a scattering of legal papers regarding her husband's estate, several photographs, and the remembrances of her children and grandchildren. Early historians' accounts and public memorializations largely focused on Amache's assimilation into Euro-American society. But to truly understand her as a person—unfiltered by racism or nostalgia—we must com



Left: Artifacts recovered from archaeological excavations at the Prowers house include the tip of a stone tool (left) and two tiny glass beads of a kind often traded to Plains groups like the Cheyenne. Courtesy of the author

Below: In an 1887 document from the Bent County Courthouse, the "X" breaking up Amache's Americanized name of Amy Prowers serves as her "mark," indicating that she did not sign the document. Courtesy of Bent County Courthouse

GUARDIAN'S BOND.

Know all Men by these Presents, THAT WE, Jno. S. Hough as principal and

of the County of Bent and State of Colorado, are held and firmly bound unto the People of the State of Colorado, for the use of Inez Prowers, Leona Prowers, Ida Prowers, and Ame Prowers

in the penal sum of One Hundred Thousand Dollars, current money of the United States, which payment, well and truly to be made and performed, we and each of us do hereby bind ourselves, our heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, jointly, severally and firmly, by these presents.

Witness our hands and seals, this 27th day of July A. D. 1887

THE CONDITION OF THIS OBLIGATION IS SUCH, That if the above bounden Jno S. Hough who has been appointed Guardian for Inez Prowers, Leona Prowers Ida Prowers and Ame Prowers shall faithfully discharge the office and trust of such Guardian, according to law, and shall render a fair and just account of his Guardianship, to the County Court of the County of Bent from time to time, as he shall be thereto required by said Court, and comply with all the orders of said Court, lawfully made, relative to the goods, chattels and moneys of such minors, and render and pay to such minors all moneys, goods and chattels, title papers and effects, which may come to the hands and possession of such Guardian belonging to such minors when such minors shall be thereto entitled, or to any subsequent Guardian should such Court so direct, then this obligation be void, otherwise to remain in full force and virtue.

Sealed and Delivered in Presence of

John S Hough (SEAL)
Amy × Prowers (SEAL)
(SEAL)

plement typical historical sources with other kinds of information.

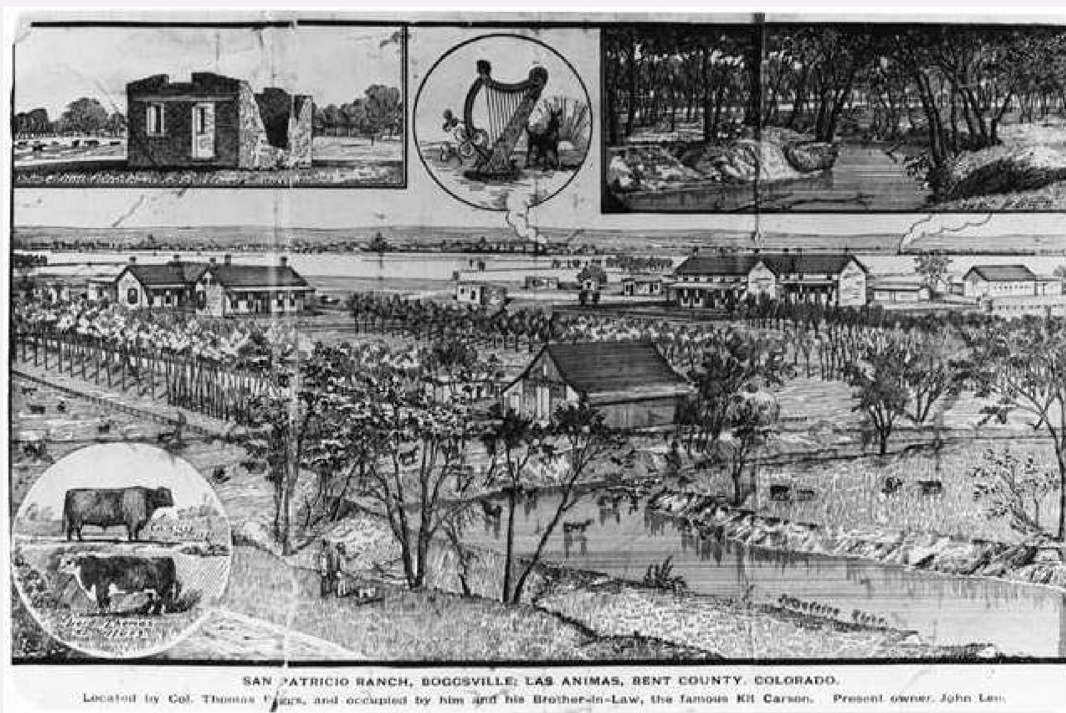
One such source is the material record of her life, something that can be recovered through historical archaeology. Amache's story is particularly well suited to an approach that combines an examination of one individual's lived life (biography) with an analysis of the material remains associated with that life (archaeology). The result is archaeobiography, a narrative that uses documentary records, material culture, and excavated artifacts to tell the story of a specific person during a specific time.

A series of excavations both inside and surrounding the Prowers house at Boggsville have yielded a material record of one of the most important periods in Amache's life, when her identity was established as a mother, as the wife of a successful businessman, and as an adult member of her tribe. The results of these excavations stand in contradiction to histories that portray Amache as an assimilated Victorian wife and mother. They do, however, coincide with her children's memories of the many Cheyenne traditions that she continued to practice. In a 1945 article for *The Colorado Magazine*, Amache's oldest daughter, Mary Prowers Hudnall, described Cheyenne foods Amache made or gathered—her use of wild plums and chokecherries in preserves, pickling prickly pears, and gathering fresh wild greens like lamb's quarters. Amache also used wild plants important in Cheyenne ethnomedical practices. To date, no botanical studies have been performed at the Prowers house, but the recovery of a broken pestle from the deposits inside the house implies that Amache engaged in Cheyenne methods of food and herb preparation.

Small glass beads were also recovered throughout the house and yard, suggesting that Amache probably continued to both produce and wear beaded clothing. We know that she had this skill because accounts of her marriage arrangement relate that John was given items that Amache beaded herself. Her children recalled that when her family visited, Amache wore traditional Cheyenne clothing. Some of the recovered beads could have dropped from the clothing she wore on those occasions.

The material record also provides evidence of some of Amache's activities that were completely undocumented. Both flaked stone tools and debris from sharpening those tools were recovered from inside the Prowers house. Because the artifacts were recovered from deposits located below the floorboards but above the bottom of the floor joists, we know that they date to the historic occupation of the site. Traditionally, archaeologists have believed stone tools were made almost exclusively by men. Only since the 1990s has the discipline taken seriously the proposition that, because women's tasks so often involved the use of stone tools, they were likely making them as well. In this case it seems quite clear that these stone tools were the result of a woman's labor. Not only were stone tools a part of Cheyenne women's hide-working kits, the women also used stone implements for cutting meat and to sharpen their digging sticks. Because Amache spent so much of her time spatially separated from other Cheyenne, if her stone tools needed sharpening or refurbishing, she would have had to do it herself.

Individual artifacts are tangible pieces of the past. Yet, when we are trying to understand cultural continuity and change, and especially the way ethnic identity is expressed and negotiated, the meaning of objects can be ambiguous. In ethnically diverse settlements like Boggsville, we need to do



This sketch of Boggsville appeared in an illustrated supplement of the Bent County Democrat in spring 1888. The Prowers house is in the background on the right; the Boggs house is on the left. The adobe ruin at the top left is the first schoolhouse in Bent County. Courtesy of Denver Public Library, X-11989

more than just look at artifacts tied to longstanding cultural practices. Indeed, many "traditional" activities can be more than adequately pursued using adopted material culture. For example, Amache often made buffalo candy at Christmas, a treat somewhat like a pemmican jellyroll. She probably ground the dried meat with a mortar and pestle, but she likely rolled it out on her kitchen counter. By moving from the scale of the artifact to the scale of spatial organization, we can often understand key cultural values that might otherwise be hard to identify.

At first blush, Boggsville does not visibly differ from settlements in Missouri, from which John Prowers and Tom Boggs hailed. The buildings at the site exhibit the symmetry of typical Anglo structures of the time, at least as seen from the front. Both the Prowers and Boggs houses feature neoclassical touches common in Greek revival structures of that era. But both are made of adobe—not terribly surprising given that the majority of women who lived at the site were Hispanic. Original plaster recovered through archaeology shows that the Anglo appearance of the buildings was very important to at least some of the settlers. Both houses were "tattooed," a fairly common nineteenth-century practice in which the plaster covering the adobe was painted with a block design to make a structure look, from a distance, like it was built of cut stone. In addition to the use of adobe, another Hispanic element of the houses was their U-shaped plans, with rooms opening onto a central courtyard.

The orientation of the courtyard at the Boggs house makes sense according to the formal layout of the settlement, an arrangement that can be seen in a historic illustration of Boggsville. Most visitors approached the site from the river following the formal, tree-lined entry. From that pathway, the illusion of symmetry for the Boggs house holds: Visitors would not have seen the courtyard until they were almost upon the house. The courtyard also makes sense from an environmental standpoint. It faces south and is thus both warmed by the sun and protected from the wind, which often blows from the west. The Prowers courtyard, on the other hand, conforms to neither the site layout nor environmental factors. As one approached the settlement, one would have seen right into the courtyard. Facing east as it does, it is almost always in the shade.

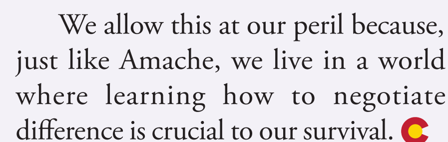
Taking into account only the traditions of Hispanic and Anglo architecture, the orientation of the Prowers house makes no sense. But if one factors in Cheyenne practice, it becomes much more legible. Domestic space reflects belief systems, especially as they play out in the rituals of daily life. One of the rituals that is the most critical to everyday Cheyenne practice is niv-stan-y-vo, the supplications to the cardinal points of the compass performed to acquire the favor of the spirits who reside there. These supplications were part of daily rituals, like smoking a pipe, and important cyclical rituals such as the renewal of the medicine arrows. Like members of many Plains Indian groups, Amache was probably always aware of her orientation to cardinal directions and that awareness shaped how she acted in the world.

The Prowers house, with its east-facing courtyard, actually mirrors a Cheyenne encampment. Typically a Cheyenne camp circle, and the tipis that comprised it, opened to the east or southeast. That configuration allowed the Cheyenne to greet the sun as it rose. The U-shaped Prowers house similarly embraced the rising sun, enabling Amache to continue this ritual in her daily life. Despite the almost inconceivable nature of such a proposition, it appears that the Prowers house is a blending of Anglo and Cheyenne architecture.

The archaeobiography of Amache Prowers speaks to the promise of that approach for understanding Colorado history. It is one thing to say that the state has always been a place of ethnic diversity; it is another to envision Amache Prowers sitting in her tattooed adobe house sharpening stone tools and greeting both travelers on the Santa Fe Trail and the rising sun in the east. She seems like such a singular character that one might be tempted to dismiss her life as one of a kind, but, in fact, many women like Amache served as cultural mediators in early Colorado. One of her dearest friends was Mary Bent Moore, another Cheyenne woman who was married to an Anglo trader and lived on a nearby ranch. Almost all of the households of Amache's neighbors at Boggsville were multiethnic families, headed by Hispanic women from Taos and their Anglo husbands. In *Trails: Toward a New Western History*, historian Peggy Pascoe suggests that the more we investigate the history of women in the West, the more we are "beginning to tell a different story of intercultural contact, one in which women in general—and women of color in particular—are at the center."

Finding women, particularly women of color, at western crossroads doesn't happen just in Colorado. Archaeologists at the Presidio in San Francisco and Fort Bridger in Wyoming have recovered material remains that speak to the critical roles women of color played in supporting both those settlements. These new interpretations of western history counter the myths that often both write women out of and "whitewash" our early history. The danger in these myths is that they deny us knowledge of so many people who were vital to the creation of the American West.

We allow this at our peril because, just like Amache, we live in a world where learning how to negotiate difference is crucial to our survival.



2015
La Sierra

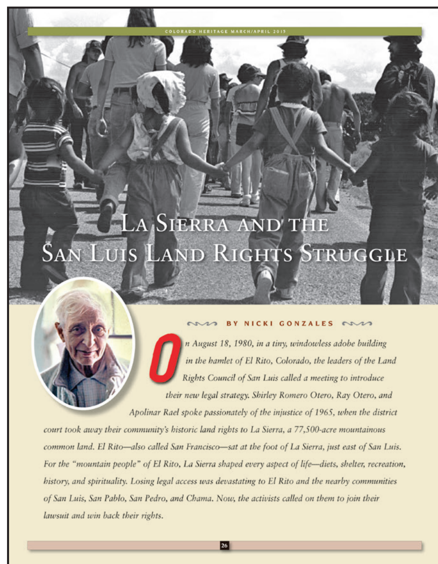
BY NICKI GONZALES

Dr. Nicki Gonzales is an associate professor of history at Regis University, and a former State Historian of Colorado. This article, published in 2015, highlights a historic court case rooted in the the San Luis Valley. Legal fights over this land have been re-opened, and residents continue to fight in court for their land and water rights on La Sierra.

On August 18, 1980, in a tiny, windowless adobe building in the hamlet of El Rito, Colorado, the leaders of the Land Rights Council of San Luis called a meeting to introduce their new legal strategy. Shirley Romero Otero, Ray Otero, and Apolinar Rael spoke passionately of the injustice of 1965, when the district court took away their community's historic land rights to La Sierra, a 77,500-acre mountainous common land. El Rito—also called San Francisco—sat at the foot of La Sierra, just east of San Luis. For the "mountain people" of El Rito, La Sierra shaped every aspect of life—diets, shelter, recreation, history, and spirituality. Losing legal access was devastating to El Rito and the nearby communities of San Luis, San Pablo, San Pedro, and Chama. Now, the activists called on them to join their lawsuit and win back their rights.

When asked to sign on as plaintiffs, however, those in attendance responded with silence. The American legal system had done them wrong in the past—why would they trust it now? Finally, a woman no taller than four feet, a victim of childhood polio, steadied her crutches in both hands and rose to her feet. Her squeaking metal crutches and her chastising words broke the deafening silence: "Bueno cabrones, si ustedes hombres no tienen los huevos para firmar, dejame pasar." (Fine, if you men don't have the balls to sign, get out of the way and let me pass.) Agatha Medina's husband, Ray, followed her to the front. Others soon did the same. The movement was gaining momentum, with women emerging as some of its most important leaders.

The advent of the Land Rights Council (LRC) and the lawsuit, *Rael v. Taylor,* represented a critical turning point in the San Luis land rights struggle. It signaled the revival of a long tradition of resistance—a tradition with roots in the 1870s. To understand this


COLORADO HERITAGE MARCH/APRIL 2015

LA SIERRA AND THE SAN LUIS LAND RIGHTS STRUGGLE

BY NICKI GONZALES

On August 18, 1980, in a tiny, windowless adobe building in the hamlet of El Rito, Colorado, the leaders of the Land Rights Council of San Luis called a meeting to introduce their new legal strategy. Shirley Romero Otero, Ray Otero, and Apolinar Rael spoke passionately of the injustice of 1965, when the district court took away their community's historic land rights to La Sierra, a 77,500-acre mountainous common land. El Rito—also called San Francisco—sat at the foot of La Sierra, just east of San Luis. For the "mountain people" of El Rito, La Sierra shaped every aspect of life—diets, shelter, recreation, history, and spirituality. Losing legal access was devastating to El Rito and the nearby communities of San Luis, San Pablo, San Pedro, and Chama. Now, the activists called on them to join their lawsuit and win back their rights.

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history of resistance, one must go back to 1843, when New Mexican Governor Manuel Armijo awarded the million-acre Sangre de Cristo grant under the Mexican land grant system. By 1847, Charles Beaubien, a naturalized Mexican citizen, owned the grant and was offering settlers free individual lands, along with rights to access a 77,500-acre mountainous common land known as La Sierra. La Sierra would remain private property, but the San Luis community retained legal rights to use the land.

By 1851, southern Colorado was American territory, and settlers, now Mexican American, had established San Luis and the surrounding villages—all under Mexican-era land agreements and customs. In 1863, Beaubien recorded these communal land rights in what would later be called the "Beaubien Document." This Spanish-language document states that residents possess rights to La Sierra—to hunt, fish, collect wood, graze their sheep, and recreate. Its validity would be at the heart of the ensuing legal conflict.

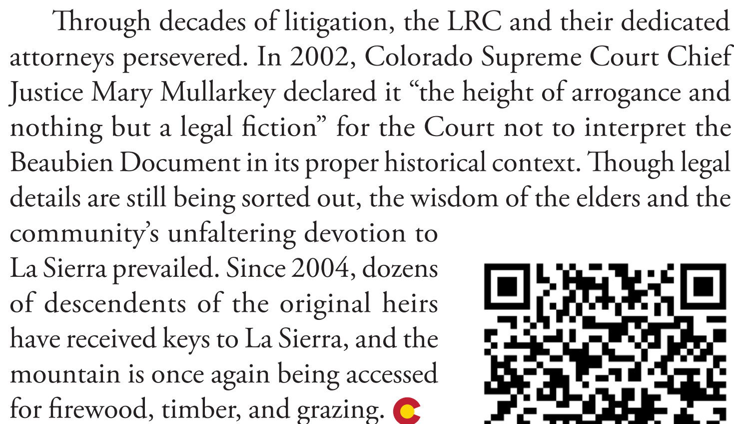
In the next century, locals developed a reverence for and dependence on La Sierra. Though outsiders challenged the community's unique land rights, the people defended their relationship with La Sierra time and again. In 1960, however, a formidable foe arrived. Intending to profit from the trees on La Sierra, Jack Taylor acquired title to the land and began fencing out local residents, even hiring armed guards. A veritable range war ensued as local activists fought back on the ground and in the courts. Taylor took the community to court, and in 1965 the district court ruled in his favor. While small-scale resistance never subsided, community-level activism ebbed, as the economic and psychological effects of losing legal access to La Sierra took hold.

By the early 1970s, dazzling social and political changes had created an atmosphere ripe for protest. The Vietnam War, the War on Poverty, and the Civil Rights Movement had carved a new political landscape. Colorado had become a hotbed of Chicano activism with boycotts, walkouts, Chicano-run newspapers, and the fiery rhetoric of Corky Gonzales. In San Luis, activists seized this energy. The San Luis land rights movement would become one of the most successful components of Colorado's Chicano Movement.

Apolinar Rael, an 82-year-old repository of community history, culture, and wisdom, determined that the LRC would achieve justice in the courts. He believed that a racist court produced the 1965

ruling, and if they could just present their case again, they would achieve different results. The legality of the Beaubien Document was central to his belief that they could win. He also had a backup plan. If the courts failed, Rael said he would be the first to pick up his rifle and fight. While Rael supplied the inspiration, Ray Otero and Shirley Romero Otero provided the organizing genius, political savvy, and energy needed to revive the community's longstanding relationship with La Sierra. A movement was reborn.

Through decades of litigation, the LRC and their dedicated attorneys persevered. In 2002, Colorado Supreme Court Chief Justice Mary Mullarkey declared it "the height of arrogance and nothing but a legal fiction" for the Court not to interpret the Beaubien Document in its proper historical context. Though legal details are still being sorted out, the wisdom of the elders and the community's unfaltering devotion to La Sierra prevailed. Since 2004, dozens of descendents of the original heirs have received keys to La Sierra, and the mountain is once again being accessed for firewood, timber, and grazing.



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Apolinar Rael, lead plaintiff in the *Rael v. Taylor* lawsuit. Photo by Juan Espinosa

Children of the Chicano Movement march in San Luis to support the Land Rights Council. Photo by Juan Espinosa

Collective Loss, Collaborative Recovery

BY ERNEST HOUSE JR. (UTE MOUNTAIN UTE)

2020

Ernest House Jr. (Ute Mountain Ute) was the Executive Director for the Colorado Commission of Indian Affairs for over a decade. This article was originally published in 2020 in partnership with the Commission as part of a series to elevate Indigenous perspectives and reflections.

Since 10,000 BCE, my ancestors, the Ute "Nuchu" people, have called Colorado home. Green before green was cool, we survived for generations because of our respect and care for the land. We sustained ourselves for thousands of years by knowing where the game, fish, and medicine were located and respecting their abundance. The first Ute reservation was established in Colorado in 1868, and by the 1900s, our reservation was reduced to a sliver remotely located in southwestern Colorado. In a matter of forty years, we lost our access to the natural resources that fed our existence. Today, two federally recognized tribes in our state, the Southern Ute and the Ute Mountain Ute Tribes, are managing nearly one million acres of land, with the latter proudly managing a 125,000-acre Tribal Park near Mesa Verde, wherewe emphasize conservation and stewardship of Ancestral Puebloan culture sites.

Currently, our society is losing our land almost as quickly. Despite our efforts and those of the conservation community, Colorado's lands, waters, and wildlife are facing serious threats. According to The Center for American Progress, since 2001, we have collectively lost over 500,000 acres of natural lands to development caused, in part, by energy extraction and sprawling housing. Nationally, it's even worse: the United States loses a football field's worth of nature every thirty seconds,

Elk Lakes in Rocky Mountain National Park. Photo by John Fielder. History Colorado, 2023.1.593

or about 1.5 million acres a year. Globally, it's catastrophic: according to the World Wildlife Federation, the average population of mammals, birds, fish, amphibians, and reptiles has dropped 68 percent since 1970. This year, Colorado saw up close and personal what happens when nature is deprived of its ability to function naturally. Wildfires and extreme bouts of weather were regular reminders that something is wrong.

The threats to our lands are intertwined, but so are the benefits of protecting them. Larger conservation efforts like 30x30 plans, which are frameworks to conserve 30 percent of land by 2030, have been presented and supported across the nation with more and more Tribal leaders offering support. Even newly tapped Interior Secretary nominee Representative Deb Haaland has proposed and supported 30x30 resolutions. Indian Country cheers her appointment, as we have been waiting for generations for this opportunity to have our voice elevated and represented at this prestigious federal level. Today, only ten percent of our lands are conserved. Protecting 30 percent of our land by 2030 will take the collective efforts of all of us, who must work together to identify lands and waters in our own backyards as well as in the more distant corners of our state.

As we all work together in conservation efforts, we need to ensure Tribal engagement and consultation early and often. They should also require engaging communities historically ignored and excluded from the halls of power, including Indigenous voices. As a start, we should consider lands to be co-managed between tribes and the state or federal government, which allows traditional land uses to occur, and acknowledges ancestral homelands in establishing or updating place names.

When it comes to land, water, and wildlife, Indigenous communities know more than anyone how quickly you can be displaced from it all. Even though we've been displaced, our histories are written on the land, our songs are embedded in the trees, creeks, and riverbeds all waiting to tell a story. The threats our lands face today require all of us to act. If we're going to succeed at conserving our natural resources, we must summon our collective will to accelerate the pace and scale of conservation. There is no time to waste.

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Chimney Rock walls at sunset. History Colorado, 5AA.985

2020
Denver in the Movement for BLACK LIVES

BY ANTHONY GRIMES

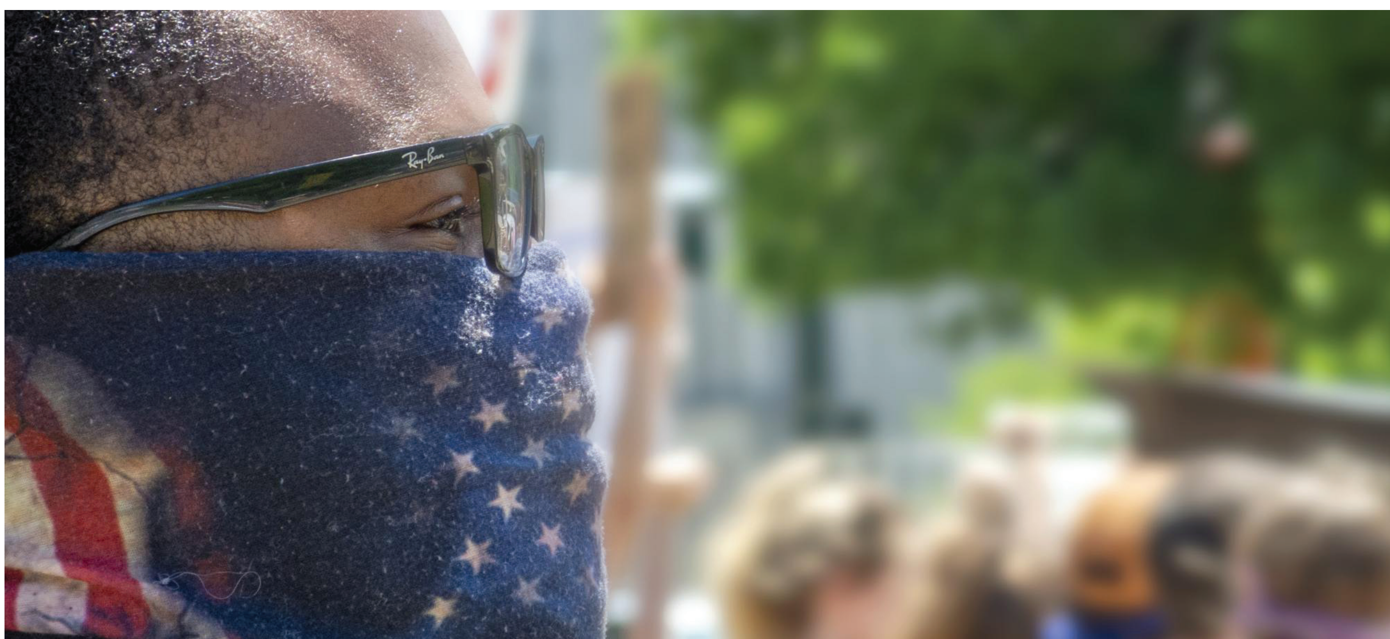
Anthony Grimes is a Denver producer, filmmaker, and activist involved with justice movements across the United States and beyond. History Colorado invited him to share his experiences in this piece as part of an initiative in the summer of 2020 responding to nationwide calls for racial justice following the murder of George Floyd.

ROOTS OF THE MOVEMENT

When the authors of the United States Constitution wrote those famous words in 1787, "We the people," they did not mean all people. They did not mean to include the enslaved Africans they looted, or the Indigenous people whose land they stole and bodies they tortured, or the women they silenced. They meant white, male property owners. The rest of us were left out.

The deaths of Black people at the hands of police officers is but the tip of the iceberg of a bigger societal problem. Our freedom movement ancestors have long thought of racism as a deadly malaise that has infected US society at every possible level—the police force, public schooling, corporations, even capitalism itself. Under European colonialism, which started in the era of Spanish conquests to "the New World" and was often endorsed by the church, the US has leveraged its military to export violence globally. Ask the hundreds of innocent civilians in places like Yemen, Pakistan, and Somalia who were killed by drone strikes under the Obama administration. All of these forces are like one big powder keg, ready to explode at any moment. The spark ignites occasionally. More surprising than the recent uprisings in Minnesota, and now all over the world, is that it doesn't explode more often. A hypocritical and inflamed democracy caused James Baldwin to ask, "Do I really want to be integrated into a burning house?" It is a marvel that most Black people still fight for this country at all—and that our prevailing demand is justice, not war. If Black people had chosen a more radical politic of revenge and racially based terror akin to the KKK, there may well have been a civil war during every generation of our existence here. A few burned buildings and looted corporations, as much attributable to white extremist groups as anyone, are hardly anything compared to the destruction we could have wrought.

Our hope overwhelmingly lies in our chance for freedom in our lifetimes, the logical conclusion of justice, above any noble ideals about democracy. This hope is rooted in a Black prophetic tradition—or as the great Vincent Harding coined it, "The River"—the Black-led, multicultural, and intergenerational freedom fighters who have fought for justice at every milestone of America's history. Captured Africans sank their slave ships, abolitionists preached against the bloody stain of slavery in a "free land," marches and sit-ins in Nashville, Selma, and Washington, DC, inspired revolutions from South Africa to Palestine, from Poland



These photos were taken at 2020 protests for racial justice. Photos by staff curator James Peterson. History Colorado

to East Germany, from Tunisia to Sudan, and uprisings in Baltimore and Ferguson changed the global narrative: Black Lives Matter! For the first time in the European colonial experiment, this affirmation of Black life has entered the mainstream zeitgeist with tremendous force. As we consider where we go from here, let us remember that in so many ways, this city has been here before.

THE MOVEMENT COMES TO COLORADO

Shortly after Mike Brown was murdered in August of 2014, I flew into Ferguson, which was by all accounts a battlezone, to join the uprisings. As I witnessed teenagers on street corners sharing their stories and riveting critiques of a failed democracy, I was undone and remade time and again. Shortly after returning back home, I started leading "Freedom Rides" modeled after those of the 1950s and

’60s. Our group, a mixed collective of rabble-rousers and poets and preachers and concerned Americans, would travel back and forth to Ferguson and eventually to Baltimore, to stand together with the people and bring back some of the prophetic fire of social rebellion. Our unlikely troupe included young people—the likes of Howard student Kamau Wasset and high school senior Corean Adams, to white pastors like Jason Janz, to Denver’s own artists and poets. We would grow to call ourselves the Denver Freedom Riders (DFR).

Later that fall, my friend Antwan Jefferson and I drafted a letter to Mayor Hancock and other city leaders titled “Our Vision for a New US Society.” In it, we detailed an analysis of the ways in which our city was complicit in our nation’s quest to deny Black people our humanity. We included the many names of unarmed victims of police brutality—the Marvin Bookers and Jesse Hernandezes of Denver. Though we did not yet use defunding language, we ended the letter with a list of demands focused on redistributing the power of our city from police and city bureaucrats to the people, especially youth of color, and a warning: We are prepared to shut down the entire city if these demands are unmet. In the event that they read our letter as child’s play, we quickly gathered hundreds of people to do a sit-in at the mayor’s office.

Denver Freedom Riders matured into a formidable organization and became a central hub of the Movement for Black Lives. The power of our collective was in the fact that we represented a significant cross-section of other people working on overlapping issues, but driven toward a common cause. On Martin Luther King Day of 2015, through the help of Evan Weissman and Warm Cookies of the Revolution, we hosted an organizing and direct-action conference at the McNichols Building where nearly 2,000 people joined, representing some of the best and brightest young minds in our city.

From here, we led a series of conversations with city leaders and directed protests and nonviolent civil disobedience actions locally and nationally, as well as rapid responses to subsequent unjust murders. The seeds for Black lives truly mattering in Denver were sown once again. As the heat of the moment slowly faded over time, though, it became more and more apparent that our city wasn’t willing to go far enough. We envisioned revolution; they settled for reform. The homeless have suffered because of this decision. The unchecked greed of corporate development has continued. And, worst of all, people have died.

If you are reading this moment as protest, perhaps its significance has gone over your head. This is, again, a revolution. In fifty states and eighteen countries, more people showed up for Black Lives Matters demonstrations in a single day than for any other in world history. These are the forgotten ones—African descendants all over the world, and the people who stand with us—saying in one overwhelming chorus, “No more.” And the people have the potential to reshape and redefine this nation at its core, finally giving birth to America’s conscience.

We have never known a US society that was not defined by white supremacy, so perhaps this alone engenders fear among those who stand to lose the benefits gained under a “white is right” mentality. We know our rejection of the status quo stokes the ire of the establishment and the extremist right, and there is great risk in the retaliation of it all. But better to risk in this struggle than to risk our futures being determined by those who could never love us.

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Q&A WITH TONY FRANK

As Chancellor of the CSU System, Tony Frank is taking a statewide view of the land-grant college's mission, and planning for the next century of Colorado history.

Q Describe your role at the CSU System. How long have you been in this role, what was your career path?

A I came to CSU as an assistant professor in 1993 and then got into administration. In 2015 I took on the role of CSU System chancellor, which involves overseeing administration of the three system campuses. Now that our CSU Spur campus at the National Western Center in Denver is fully open, I find myself working to help build out a new way for higher education to engage learners of all ages in research and problem solving.

Q CSU is Colorado's land-grant university. How does that history shape CSU's role and mission in the state today?

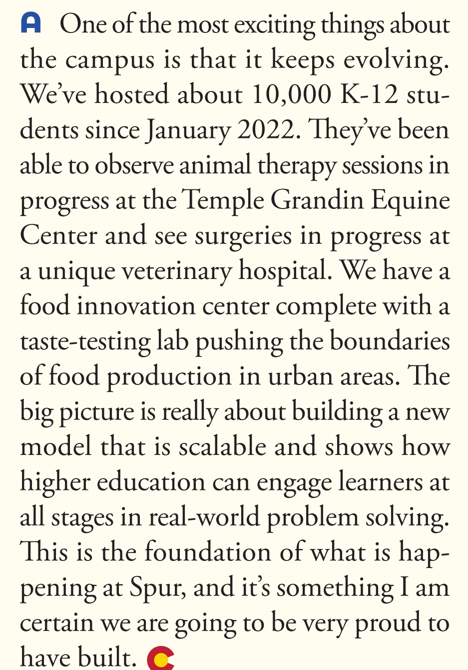
A Being a land-grant university means a lot of different things to a lot of different people. Land-grant universities were intended to provide opportunities to students with talent and motivation but who had been shut out of higher education. And that spirit is reflected in the CSU System. Each campus has a real commonality with that original land-grant mission—peeling back a new layer of the onion to provide better educational access.

Q What's CSU's relationship with the Stock Show? How long has CSU been involved?

A CSU's relationship with the Stock Show goes way back to its earliest days. In fact, at the time of the first Stock Show in 1906, the CSU president actually gave students the day off and paid them so they could travel to Denver and attend. Today, both CSU and the Stock Show are committed to supporting people interested in rural Colorado and the future of animal agriculture. As that vision evolved, our plans for the CSU Spur campus developed together with those of the Stock Show. That's not an accident. It is a result of our work together in developing our plans.

Q Could you talk a bit more about CSU Spur? What is the mission there?

A So, if you're CSU and you want to have a strong presence in the Denver metropolitan area, what does that look like? What's going to happen in these facilities? We knew we had to come up with something that was relevant in Denver and in rural Colorado. That's where we hit on the idea of making CSU Spur an entirely new kind of higher education campus. There the university is on a stage, performing primarily for a preK-12 audience. Our premise ended up being pretty simple: If we can inspire people with these great global challenges, they might consider careers they didn't know existed. If kids see experts and role models who look like them, they might begin asking the same questions.



Q What are the most exciting things happening at CSU Spur? What does the future of the campus look like?

A One of the most exciting things about the campus is that it keeps evolving. We've hosted about 10,000 K-12 students since January 2022. They've been able to observe animal therapy sessions in progress at the Temple Grandin Equine Center and see surgeries in progress at a unique veterinary hospital. We have a food innovation center complete with a taste-testing lab pushing the boundaries of food production in urban areas. The big picture is really about building a new model that is scalable and shows how higher education can engage learners at all stages in real-world problem solving. This is the foundation of what is happening at Spur, and it's something I am certain we are going to be very proud to have built.

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