

## Comments . . .

"In her latest book, PIONEERS, AMANDA ELLIS has done more than lift the curtain upon colorful personalities and rampant characters of the Old West. She has related stories of a picturesque yesteryear when civilization was bold and never dull.

"Those who have learned through the years to expect many delightful moments under the spell of AMANDA ELLIS's writing will not be disappointed. PIONEERS is up to par with something to spare. . . Miss ELLIS writes from factual data. Some of her chapters are of entirely new material; others are enhanced with new details. History itself records her vibrant characters. . . The various chapters live dynamically, whether she is relating the story of an Indian missionary who spread good will in a land that could often use it, the modern Robin Hood who told those who gambled at his club they were sure to lose and who often used his ill-gotten gains to help the church and the poor, the oft-forgotten martyr of the Sand Creek Massacre, or still others in those pioneering days of the past."  
— *The Honorable EDWIN C. JOHNSON, Governor of Colorado* in *The Colorado Springs Free Press*

*(Other Comments on Inside Cover)*



### *The Author of Pioneers*

AMANDA M. ELLIS, associate professor of English at Colorado College, is the author of books on English, American, and world literature and of a best selling novel, ELIZABETH, THE WOMAN. Her book, THE LITERATURE OF ENGLAND was published by the Atlantic Monthly as the result of an international contest. Her novel about the red-haired daughter of Henry VIII won critical acclaim in this country and England; it brought Miss Ellis two national awards and was recommended by Oxford University. The CHICAGO TRIBUNE said that there had been many books about Elizabeth I, but that "no one had done a more painstaking and entertaining job than AMANDA M. ELLIS. The author is a first rate biographer." Eastern and California reviewers have said that Miss Ellis "writes with understanding", that her books have "much material for intellectual education"; southern critics have found her work "highly readable" and "fast moving." Her books about the West, THE COLORADO SPRINGS STORY, BONANZA TOWNS, and LEGENDS AND TALES OF THE ROCKIES have been called "by all odds the best paper books to come out of Colorado", "authentic", "picturesque," and "highly entertaining." Her ROMANCE OF URANIUM, critics called "exciting, interesting, and informative", a "valuable contribution to the Atomic Age."

# PIONEERS

by

Amanda M. Ellis

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By Jounon Blancett  
As the Oto Indian the last of  
the mound building tribe  
in 1860 we were stationed at the  
crossing of the blue river Kansas  
where the town of Maysville now is  
it was here we became associated  
with the Oto Indian a very peaceful  
and interesting tribe about 6 hundred  
of them it appeared they had lived there  
for many years and before the coming  
of the emigration many of them had  
starved to death they were hemmed in  
on three sides by other tribes they were  
forced to live on frogs and rodent skin  
such as they could take with bow  
and arrow as I remember there were  
but four guns in the tribe —  
one of the first things we noticed  
after coming there was some 8 or 10  
scaffolds that were built out on  
the open plain about a mile from  
their village —

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A Page Of The Blancett Notes





Cadet Sherman Coolidge

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## Pioneers

When I hear the word pioneers, I inevitably think of Edgar Lee Masters' poem about Lucinda Matlock, that gallant woman who came West, married at twenty six and who, during her seventy years of married life, enjoyed spinning, weaving, nursing the sick, and rearing her twelve children, eight of whom died before she had reached the age of sixty. She made a garden and, for recreation, rambled over the fields where "sang the larks"; she enjoyed her walks on the wooded hills and in the green valleys. At ninety-six, she died. Puzzled by hearing those younger than she talk about discontent and drooping hopes, she had said:

"Degenerate sons and daughters,  
Life is too strong for you —  
It takes life to love life."

Perhaps this woman typifies the pioneer. Indeed, there were many like her. Mrs. D. C. Oakes, who came to Denver in 1859 has told of the slow, hazardous trip West when ox teams struggled through great stretches of sand, when scouts and trappers warned travelers of Indians. In the days of Indian raids, her husband built a fort "for refuge of the people. It was formed of square hewed logs, with a well in the center, and was termed 'Major Oakes Folly' by those who did not realize the danger. We lived there six months. The Indians kept close watch, and it was only under the cover of darkness that men got out to buy provisions. Our cooking utensils and furniture were limited, but it was a comfort to feel that we were safe from the tomahawk of the red man. After the Indians left, the people went to look for their former homes, and they found only heaps of ashes." Others there were like Carrie Bell Reed who had come with her mother to teach school at Leadville in 1878. When she fell in love with and married Tom Walsh, she learned more about pioneer life. They lived in a box car whose principal furniture was a bed, a table, and a stove. Loving her home, she made it as attractive as she could with gingham curtains and in the boxes at the windows she planted flowers that she nursed through the cold spring and summer nights. Plain Anne Ellis who came to Colorado in the '80s, cooked for a construction gang, read Hamlet in her leisure time, and enjoyed the "quaking aspen and scrub oak. . . all colors of red, yellow, green, and orange"; she loved "the trees with their never ending motion." Others there were like Countess Pourtales, who first coming from Europe to Cambridge where her father was associated with the great scientist, Agassiz, later journeyed to Colorado Springs in the '80s. Conversing equally well in English, French, German, and Italian, she had been much sought after in Europe as well as in Washington and New York. James A. Blaine called her the most charming and fascinating woman he had ever met; Jean Worth and his father in Paris were as eager to design clothing for her as for Princess Eugenie and the ladies of the court of the third empire. In ill health, she often walked

in Colorado Springs "closely veiled, wearing a red cloak with a gray collar, tightly buttoned around her throat; men, women, and children paid her tribute, for she was truly a beautiful woman. Her simple home in Colorado Springs was the magnet for international travelers as well as those cultured residents she admired. She married her cousin, Count Pourtales, who founded Broadmoor, built the first Broadmoor Hotel and the Cheyenne Country Club, both in Colorado Springs. A varied group, pioneers.

The word connotes dance hall girls, too. In Denver, for example, handsome, blond Mattie Silks, the West's outstanding Madam, owned three parlor houses; her girls dressed elegantly, drove fast horses, or walked sedately as they paraded their white poodles. Elegantly clad in a Medici type dress, made with special pockets for gold coins and her pistol, Mattie always purchased expensive clothing. Though married to Court Thompson, she once obliged Denver officials, eager to secure a railroad, by accompanying a railway magnate, enamored of her, to Wyoming where she posed as his wife and entranced the visiting eastern socialites for a month. Her only rival was Jennie Rogers, whose parlor houses also prospered.

Though the stories of H. A. W. Tabor and his fortune built on silver, of Winfield Scott Stratton and Spencer Penrose, whose fortunes were built on gold and copper, are well known, less has been said of Bishop Machebeuf, who came from a family of small landed proprietors in Volvic, near Riom, France. Leaving his native country in 1839, he served as a priest in various parishes in Ohio before coming to New Mexico and Colorado with Bishop Lamy. Not realizing how large Colorado and Utah were, he was given the two states as a diocese — and he traveled through them on foot and in a wagon. Feeling that as the "source of evil here is the profound ignorance of the people, the first remedy must be instruction, and for this we need schools," he established them. Believing that the cultivation of vegetables and grain might be profitable, he himself sowed ten acres of wheat near Boulder in March, 1863 and reaped more than 300 bushels of grain in August. He built churches; he founded colleges, at times borrowing \$4,000, going to Europe, and bringing back a whole faculty European trained. He worked with the Indians. "When Father Machebeuf came to Colorado", says Rev. W. J. Howlett, "he was alone with Father Raverdy without a single church or roof over his head; when he was made bishop he had but three priests under his jurisdiction; when he died (in 1889), the Diocese of Denver counted 64 priests, 102 churches and chapels, 9 academies, 1 college, 1 orphan asylum, 1 house of refuge, 10 hospitals, and over 3,000 children in Catholic schools. This was primarily the work of one man, and that man was Bishop Machebeuf." More is known about Alfred Packer, "the only survivor of an ill-fated party of six; faced by starvation, they first ate one man's moccasins; they ate pine gum. Then, Packer said, after his companions died, he "cut some flesh off those dead bodies and cooked it", and ate it. The judge who convicted him said that the jury had convicted him of cruelly and brutally slaying his companions and then eating them. Sentenced to death, the "Man Eater" was freed after some time. He died maintaining he had not killed his friends.



Few among the pioneers are more interesting than the scouts and trappers. Zebulon Pike, who first thought the Rockies were the Mexican Mountains, was impressed with the "Grand Mountain", later named for him. John Fremont led five expeditions through the West to see if it really was worthless. Had not Daniel Webster said in 1838: "What do we want of this vast, worthless area? This region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of shifting sands and whirlwinds, of dust, of cactus and prairie dogs? To what use would we ever hope to put the western coast, a coast of three thousand miles, rockbound, cheerless, uninviting, and not a harbor on it? What use have we for such a country? Mr. President, I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer to Boston than it is now."

Among the trappers were the Bent Brothers who in 1828 built a trading post in eastern Colorado, a meeting place for travelers of all sorts. In 1829, abandoning their first fort, they built a pretentious adobe building with walls five or six feet thick near today's Fort Lyon; in 1865, it became a stage station, where trappers sold their furs; friendly Indians brought their robes and deer pelts; supply trains brought food and merchandise. In 1838, the Bent brothers and Ceran St. Vrain built a fort on the Platte, about forty miles north of today's Denver. When a weekly express was established between Fort St. Vrain and Fort Bent, Richens L. Wooten, a well educated Virginian, was its courier. Jim Bridger acted as a guide for engineers making surveys for a railroad to the Pacific. Jim Baker, coming when he was eighteen from Illinois, built in the '40s, a cabin that served as a "lookout post" for Indians on the war path; he directed many a government expedition. Long after the fur trade in the Rockies, he made his living hunting and trapping. After his Indian wife died, he got down from the hay loft an old organ. "Often his cramped old fingers moved over the keys and low melodies, quivering with love and pain, filled the shadows of the cabin."

Kit Carson, for whom Fort Carson is named, ran away from his saddler's apprenticeship in Missouri to become a trapper, pathfinder, soldier, Indian agent, patriot, and peacemaker. As a trapper with Ewing Young, he was a favorite of the Crows and Cheyenne who called him "Little Chief"; mountain men respected him because of his veracity; women loved him. He was thrice married to women to whom he was devoted. Though he could not read, "his power as a linguist in six racy dialects gave him many opportunities." He aided William Bent build his fort; his buffalo hunters kept the fort in meat; his "guards kept the Santa Fe Trail open for trade"; his Indian fighters were respected through the West. He served Fremont as a guide; during the Mexican and Civil Wars, he was invaluable as an Indian fighter. He won fame through subduing the Apaches and the Navajos.

Among the scouts and trappers less well known, was Truman Blancett, whose unpublished notes and letters Everts Fox owns. "My father", the trapper said in accounts often incoherent, in which there is a strange disregard of capitalization, correct spelling, punctuation, and at times of veracity, "was a member of the american fur co-he was sent into northern Iowa and minesota in compeny of 30 trappers to colect furs for

the company and among theas men was a man known as Jacob Spaulding he and my father had bin clost friends for a number of years about 1847, the people of that country began to learn of the gold discovery in California in the spring of 1848 he and two other trappers decided to go to California and Search for gold they left that locality in the early spring of 1848 their conveyence was two wagons, each drawn by a pair of mules they folowed the platte over acrost the plains of Kansas there was no roed as there had bin no travel at that time the way was tortorus to their animals--they reached the mountains late in the fall--whare the Arakansas river leaves the mountains which would be the present location of Canon City--they Searched for a pass whare they could cross the mountains but found none--they decided to turn back and retrace their trail to the Missouri river-----they folowed the foot of the mountain north until they reached the place whare Colorado City is now located -----this was in october--they knew nothing a bout the climate in the west they feared crossing the plains as it appeared winter was drawing near--they decided to move up near the foot of the mountains find a sheltered place and spend the winter they located near the red rocks in what is now known as the garden of the gods--the climate was beautiful until a bout the first of november---it began to snow with a steady down-pour for more than a weak accompnied by very little wind when the snow quit falling it measured just four feet on the level--they soon discovered they didnt have feed enough to carry the four mules through the winter they must shoot two of them to keap them from starving to death with what grain they caried and by falling small quakenasp for the mules they managed to get two mules through the winter--in the spring of 49 a bout the 20th of may they left that wagon headed for the misouri river--they crost the divide whare palmer lake now is they saw menny small antilope and bufalo that had pearished in the great snow storm Spaulding returned and located in misouri we left minesota in 1857 came on the plains of Kansas we came into colorado 1862." The Blancetts settled "whare the indian trail crost the little fountain fifteen miles South of Colorado City." Later, when Spaulding again came West, he and his friends went to the Garden of the Gods; there, Truman Blancett insists they saw the partly decayed skulls of the two mules they had killed.

In other notes, Truman Blancett says: "in 1859 and 60 our family occupied a government station on the nemaha in Kansas which was a out post at that time about 1860 we began to receive word that Green Russel had discovered gold on cherry creek in a short time the trail that had bin marked out leading up the south platte to the mountains was lined with gold seekers and covered wagons and carts drawn eather by oxen or horses all in big spirit thinking as soon as they reached cherry creek they could fill their pockets with gold and return to civilization they little knew what lay a head of them for 700 miles meny of them had signs painted on their wagon covers pikes peak or bust--it seamed no body had heard of colorado---when they reached the blue river a hundred and twenty miles from fort leavenworth that lay on what was the eastern border of what was known as deasert plains of Kansas this was a great camping place a bout the center of the camp ground stood a large cotenwood tree it later be-



come known as the turning post some well meaning men had returned from cherry creek they nailed a board to the cotton wood wrote on it Saying take plenty off wood there is nothing a head off you but short grass and buffalo chips for 4 hundred miles----they would read the sign they would hitch their team to the wagon circl around the big tree head back to the east--thare ware very few reached cherry creek in 1860."

Among the interesting reminiscences of this pioneer were those about the "oto Indians the last of the mound building tribe." He says that in 1860 "we ware stationed at the crossing of the blue river Kansas whare the town of Maysville now is it was hear we became associated with the oto Indian a very peacible and interesting tribe a bout 6 hundrd of them it apeard they had lived thare for meny years and before the coming of the emigration meny of them had starved to death they ware hemed in on three sides by other tribes they ware forced to live on frogs and rodent Such as they could take with bow and arrow as I remember thare ware but four guns in the tribe----one of the first things we noticed after coming thare was some 8 or 10 Scaffolds that ware built out on the open plain a bout a mile from their village." Interested in how they buried their dead, Truman Blancett tells how "I witnessed them carey their dead and place them on the Scaffolds--I witnessed them carey the bones back a few at a time and place them in the mounds at this place the largest a bout 12 feet hy and a bout 12 feet a crosst at the base--the other two ware Smaller perhaps half the Size the larger one---the infant bones and the children ware placed in the smaller ones---the children would make a play ground a bout theas mounds---- we presumed the mounds that ware built along the ohio river valley ware abandaned at the coming off the white man meny years a go we knowen the seased to use the scafoll a bout 1861 at the coming off the white man it apears they seaked other ways of caring for their dead out dig a shallow hole and cover him over with dirt they would retain a part of the remains a part of a leg or arm this they would place in a fire they would shout and dance around the fire until the flesh was consumed they would remove the bon hid it in some secreat place unknown to the white man---we ware not alowed to be present at this ceremony we must keap at a safe distanc it was the oto indians that built the last mounds and scafols in america as far as we could learn---in the early 70ties when our government taken charge of theas indians the grave robbers rushed in tore theas monuds to peaces searching for indian artafaces--"

Few white men have been privileged to see a Indian war dance celebrating a victory. "it is quite comon for the SemaCivilized indian to put on a mauk war dance but it was always a poor imitation," says Truman Blancett. About 1864 there were about two hundred Ute Indians who spent the summer "at the head of monument Creak whare palmer lake now is some ten miles west of the fort on cherry creek as brother john and i ware scouting for the fort we seen them quite often the arapahoes learned of this and made a sneak on them stole and made way with a bout twenty poneys the utes persued them a bout 30 in number thar ware but 6 or 7 arapahoes---when the arapahoes reached the fountain some fifty miles away they felt quite safe thinking the utes had given up

the chase--they halted under some cotenwood for a rest the utes overtakin them found them fast asleep in the shade of a cotenwood and killed them all after taking each of their scalps they rounded their poneys and returned the killing took place some twenty five miles north of pueblo." Learning that the following evening the Indians were planning a war dance to celebrate their victory, the Blancett brothers, who had long been friends of the Utes, went to their gathering place. At first, the Indians were sullen when they saw the white men; but once the brothers passed around some tobacco, they seemed reconciled to their presence. "Just after dark," says Truman Blancett, the Indians "raised a pole some ten feet by a bout the center of the camp ground with six scalps fastened to the top at first sight of the bloody scalps the ball opened with the war cry coming from more than two hundred greatly excited indians the hideous sound seamingly chilled the blood in our veins--their is no white man or beast that can imitate the war cry coming from more than the wild savage--it was nade youse of for the purpos of frightening the victom so it will make the slaughter more safe--they continued their war cry while dancing a round the pole the women seamed to go insane they would role on the ground throwing handful of dirt toward the scalps. we watched our chance and sliped a way unnotised hoping we would never witness a nother war dance--"

The Indians and their way of life continued to interest Truman Blancett. He was interested in the fact that they did not trap; yet, he says, "we could never get one to come near or touch a trap after we learned their fears of the trap we made good use of it in keeping them out of our cabbin." His horse, he noted, did not like Indians and was inclined to be ugly when one came near. Once, when an Indian wanted a ride in order to cross a river, Blancett allowed him to ride behind him. "we ware a bout half way crosst my horse began to buck I stayed in the sadal but the indian tumbled in to the river when we reached the bank he walked around my horse looking him over saying heap dam buffalo horse--" Wanting grass for his ponies, the Indians objected to the white man's plowing; they even welcomed some settlers, but they did not want them to plow. In fact, says Truman Blancett, once when the Indians were told the white man would plow whether the red men liked the idea or not, they threatened to kill and scalp all of the newcomers.

One of the most diverting tales he tells is that of General Harney, "a fine gentleman of the old school" who came West with six hundred men. Near the Nemaha station, he camped for target practice. His ten pound canon, he fired, for practice, at a dried cow skin, only four hundred yards away. A small boy at the time, Truman Blancett was most "inquisitive about" these soldiers and their guns. Treated courteously by the men, he and his brother examined the big gun some ten feet long; they wondered how the men "could get the old thing ready for action the indians would be out of the country." Indeed, at "the first mud hole they came to the old canon buried its self in the mud thare wasnt mules in the territory of Kansas to drag it out--they went away and left it." The "only artillery he caried after leaving the big canon" was what was known as "the mule artillery this was Such noval araingment I must make some



explanation so the reader will understand these ware guns or canon known as mountain Howitzers they ware made of brass perhaps 3 1/2 feet long with a bore of 3 inches weight 150 lbs- each two of theas ware mounted on a large mule one on each Side the sadals they ware mounted on ware aranged so the guns didn't touch the mule the hole arangement was built so it wouldnt torture the mule in eny way the muzels of the guns ware pointed to the rear when the guns ware ready to be discharged the mule was turnd a bout with his rear end toward the target his ears ware stuffed with rags a blind tied over his eyes-when the guns ware discharged the mule would enter vigorous protest by kicking strait back with boath hind feet he would then remain quiet for the reload." The Indians, when asked how they liked General Harney, Truman Blancett says, would shake their heads and then reply: "harney no good medicine man he would shoot mules at them."

With nostalgia, Truman Blancett wrote of Manitou Springs. Another trapper had told him of "the natural beauties that surround that locality--we hurried a way to visit this beautiful gift of nature before the blighting hand could deface it-- as we saw it the spring was a round hole some 4 feet a cross the watter had flowed out all a round had vaporated forming a soft soda rock as smoothe as a floar the young ever green standing hear and younter the columbine was in profusion we witnessed it with our own eyes the Savage that came there would look in to the pool of sparkling water cast beautiful gem stones they had geathered and arow heds showing their apriacion of naturs gift--Some 8 years later we returned to this locality, what did we see the evergreens had bin cut down Cast a Side the Soda rock had bin broken up the columbine had disapard in front of the spring stood a old board counter or bar behind it stood a pie faced yankey dishing up soda water for ten cents a botle we turned a way in disgust Saying if this is civilization give us the wildest of the wild."

## From The Tents of Abraham

"My dear Sherman", began the letter from the Windsor Hotel in St. Paul, Minnesota, December 20, 1878 to the young cadet at Shattuck Military School in Faribault. "Your letter of the 13th is at hand — and I send you in this the money to come home with — You say it is \$1.30 so I send you a \$2.00 bill — as I cannot get a fifty cent piece in paper — DO NOT LOSE this before it is time to buy your ticket — I shall expect you on Tuesday morning the 24th at 11:30 a.m. — When you reach St. Paul (*don't* get out at the St. Paul Junction) — perhaps you had better take the omnibus to the Windsor — though it is not very far to walk — Still you might not find your way and for 25 cents you can ride right to the house — Don't leave your valise in the car by mistake — When you arrive, register your name on the Hotel book and ask the clerk to send you up to my room — I am very glad that you can come for a few days for it will be a pleasant change for you — Love from Mamma — My compliments to Professor Dobbin — and ask him to be kind enough to let you come —"

The sixteen year old young Arapaho Indian, tall, erect, and handsome, smiled as he placed the letter back in its envelope and pocketed the two dollar bill. It would be good to see his foster-mother again, even though she would question him carefully about his marks at school. When he was third in his class, he didn't feel he'd done too badly in school; but she had thought differently. "Why weren't you first?" she had written him. She was a wonderful mother; no one could have a better one. Of course, he had to do well in school to please her.

He never thought of her as a foster-mother. Dimly, oh very dimly he remembered his real mother, Ba-ahnoce (Turtle Woman), an Arapaho Indian. After all, he'd been only seven when his Arapaho father, Banasda (Big Heart) was killed in an Indian massacre by a marauding band of Bannocks. He and his little brother and his parents had been fast asleep in their tepee when the attack had come. As the hundreds of Arapaho Indians were moving from their winter camp, one small group, only three tepees of them, had decided to hunt on the way. At dusk, separated from their tribesmen, they had seen Indians in the distance; but they had not been disturbed. Then suddenly, while they were fast asleep, had come fierce war whoops; some one was trying to get into their tepee located on a willow bordered stream. Half asleep, Sherman, whose Indian name was Runs-On-Top, had been told by his father "Hurry. Wake up. Come. Go with your mother", and, still half asleep, he and his brother and mother had been pushed through a hole made by lifting up that part of the tepee by the river. Not yet wide awake but frightened, they had hidden among the willows and escaped. His father, the Arapaho told him later, had been killed while single handedly fighting the Bannocks. And the Bannocks, though they killed Banasda, had respected him for his bravery. They had not mutilated his body nor scalped him as was their custom. No, instead, they had dressed him in his ceremonial robes and



left him in the tepee. His father really had stood up against these Bannocks, who, it turned out later, were out to steal horses.

It was strange how little he recalled about his early life. He did not remember at all the time he had been told the American soldiers, led by General Connor, had attacked the Arapaho led by Black Bear. In this Tongue River Battle, the Americans had mistaken the Arapaho for the Sioux who were waging war. The soldiers had killed even women and children. His uncle, grandmother, and his aunt had died in that attack. His mother, he had been told, had barely saved him and his little brother by hiding them.

His grandmother, he recalled telling him he should be proud of his name, Runs-On-Top, because it was his great, great grandfather's name. His ancestor, an Arapaho chief, had received it as an honor because he had led his people to safety across a frozen lake to escape Indians trying to attack them. He was proud of the fact that he was related to seven Indian Chiefs.

He wasn't very certain of the events that led to his being adopted by Captain and Mrs. Coolidge. Early in the spring of 1870, the Arapaho had been attacked by the Bannocks and Shoshones, their traditional enemies, about a mile below Camp Brown, the present site of Lander, Wyoming. Though he and his little brother had been taken captives by the attacking group, his mother had escaped under the cover of night. Later, the little boys were surrendered as captives to the American soldiers. Bahnoce, his mother, discouraged and weary of battles, when told of her boys' recovery, gave them to the soldiers. With them, she thought they would at least be safe, Sherman had been told.

His little brother, he did not remember very well, though he recalled how once his brother had been instrumental in returning his bow and arrows. The braves had been gambling and when Runs-On-Top had asked to gamble too, he'd been laughed at. When he insisted, he was permitted to gamble with his uncle. He'd felt very big and important until his uncle won his bow and arrows. Dejected and crying, he'd been inconsolable without his favorite possessions. "Pray and your little brother's spirit will get them back for you", his mother had told him as he went to sleep that night. He prayed hard, for he had been told that the spirits of those sleeping wandered about and could aid one in need. And sure enough, when he awakened the next morning, there were his bow and arrows by his side. He just knew his little brother's spirit had secured them for him. Wonderful little One-Who-Dies-And-Lives-Again. His little brother had received that name because as a baby he had held his breath when he cried until at times he was blue in the face. Then, half dead, he'd stopped crying and had seemed to come back to life again.

Cadet Sherman Coolidge looked at the letter from his foster-mother. Strange how, for no apparent reason, he was thinking of the past that was so remote that it seemed no longer a part of him. Of course, at times he had had to think of his past. When he was a little boy living in Cleveland, he had told his foster-mother he'd like to have a birthday party. Other boys did. "But we don't know when you were born, son", Mrs.

Coolidge had told him. "We think it was in 1862 at Goose Creek, Wyoming. That's all we know of your birth." He had looked sad and crestfallen.

Suddenly she had smiled, "We think it was in the winter. Why don't you choose a day in the winter for your birthday?"

The little boy had thought a while. Then he'd announced very solemnly and happily, "Washington's birthday." And so February 22 became his birthday; thereafter, like other children, he too, had birthday parties. He wondered if his brother did.

When the boys were given to the soldiers, Mrs. Coolidge had told him, they were so cunning and handsome, so erect and bright eyed, that Captain Larabee had asked for One-Who-Lives-And-Dies-Again; he'd named him Philip Sheridan for the famous American general. Dr. Shapleigh, the Army surgeon at Camp Brown had taken little Runs-On-Top and named his William T. Sherman for another equally distinguished American general. Admired by Captain and Mrs. Charles A. Coolidge, childless after two years of marriage, he had been adopted by them and renamed Sherman Coolidge. Dressed like American boys, taught with American children, he had gone with his parents to Wyoming and Utah; then when Captain Coolidge was called for recruiting duty or was summoned because of Indian wars, he was in the East with his foster-mother. She was proud that when he was nine years old, Bishop Southgate, a revered Episcopal clergyman, had baptised him. Ambitious for him, his foster-parents had sent him to Shattuck Military School at Faribault, Minnesota. His mother's letters were frequent and from places that thrilled him. Hadn't she been in New York and Washington and Europe while he was in school? And what wonderful vacations he had with her and his foster-father. When they visited him at Shattuck, he was exceedingly happy. Hadn't his father written him in October from Fort Shaw that he hoped to be at Faribault "before the adjournment of the school for next summer's vacation?" Hadn't his father said he was delighted with the good reports his mother had heard of him and that "she was much surprised to find you had grown so tall and stout and looked very well in your uniform. All her accounts of you were very favorable and pleased me greatly. I want you to write me an account of what you are studying and how far you have gotten in each book. You must study arithmetic very thoroughly and also Grammar. They are most essential to you. Write me this winter when you have time but do not neglect your studies. Hoping to hear of your making unprecedented success this winter and to find you next summer the brightest, quick-witted, and energetic boy of the school, I remain very Affectionately Yours, Charles A. Coolidge."

He and his father certainly understood one another. He'd come especially close to him in 1876 when for seven months the two had been together in the West when his father campaigned against the Sioux. There had been many skirmishes that spring and summer. Captain Coolidge and Sherman were in a supply camp about eighty miles away from General Custer when the couriers brought news of a great battle. Immediately,



General Terry ordered a forced march to help General Custer. Artillery, infantry, cavalry, and ammunition were rushed to aid him, but arrived too late to stop the massacre. Sherman had grieved when his father was thrice wounded at the battle of the Big Hole. But Captain Coolidge had recovered from his wounds and been praised for his gallantry.

The trip Cadet Sherman Coolidge took to St. Paul was a good one; not like the one when he'd lost his money before purchasing his ticket to Shattuck. Without money but determined to get to school, he had managed to go with a chance acquaintance in his flat bottom row boat down the river to St. Paul, near Faribault. That long and turbulent trip in which he had rowed and rowed and rowed had not been pleasant.

The days in St. Paul went too fast and before he realized it, he was back at Shattuck and it was spring and he had received a zero in a recitation. Not accustomed to failure, he had written his mother telling her how badly he felt about it.

"I am sorry indeed to hear that you have received a zero for not having prepared a piece to speak — But as you explain it", his mother wrote him from New York, "I do not see why you cannot set the matter right with your teacher — If it was impossible to get a book, of course you could not learn any — Go to your teacher quietly and explain the matter to him — and ask him to give you an opportunity to make up that lesson by learning an extra one—and ask him to erase the zero if you do—as you are trying so hard to get perfect marks — I am so anxious that you should improve, Sherman, and send home reports that are *perfect* in everything — Certainly there is no reason why your *conduct* should not always be marked perfect, because you know so well how to behave yourself —"

Late that spring and early that summer Captain Coolidge had a six months' leave of absence which he and his wife spent in Europe. They gave their young foster-son permission to visit friends while they were away, but urged him to write them regularly, "to keep up your studies and improve all you can, and remember always to behave like a gentleman—and to be especially neat in your appearance." In their letters, Captain and Mrs. Coolidge chatted with Sherman about their many mutual friends, while he shared with them his thoughts and experiences.

As Sherman Coolidge strove to be a perfect student at Shattuck, a plan was forming in his mind which he divulged to no one. Then, one day he told his foster-parents that he wished to become a missionary among the Indians. At first, they tried to dissuade him. Realizing, however, that he had thought through this decision, they aided him by sending him to Seabury Divinity School from which he received his Bachelor of Divinity degree in 1884. That same year, ordained as a deacon in the Episcopal Church by Bishop Whipple, he went to the Wind River Agency on the Shoshone Reservation near Fort Washakie, Wyoming. In May of that year, he was advanced to the priesthood by the Right Reverend John F. Spaulding, the Bishop of Colorado. Feeling that he needed further education, he attended Hobart College between 1887 and 1889.

The young minister who went back to Wyoming to work among his people found it not difficult to adjust himself to another way of life. He first lived at the Fort Washakie Hotel; but before long he wrote telling of his neat little house "situated on the beautiful banks of the Little Wind River, near the mouth of Trout Creek and half a mile from the celebrated Fort Washakie Hot Spring. It is three and a half miles from the Shoshone Agency, two and a half from Fort Washakie and about seventeen miles from Lander. The land surrounding the house is almost perfectly level and comprises over three hundred and thirty acres of fertile soil, part of it producing a luxuriant growth of natural hay. I am going to begin fencing it right away and I am also going to make an irrigation ditch into it as soon as I can. In doing this, I show the Indians by example as well as by precept, the beneficial outcome of industry and the dignity of labor under Christian Civilization. They have taken advantage of the past mild winter by procuring and hauling logs and poles for fence and house purposes. They are working hard to advance themselves in every way in their power; the effort is difficult under the existing circumstances."

One of his people and yet not one of them, Sherman Coolidge sympathized deeply with the Indians. "They receive food every week from the government"; he said, "but the rations they receive for the week can only last, at most, three days, so that what provisions are given them are sufficient to keep them alive for only half a week . . . How many of them manage to exist is a mystery to me and to the white people of every class and occupation in this vicinity. I know some resort to work when it is within their reach; some sell trinkets; some are compelled to sell their last pony at a great deal below the real value and, sad to state, some even sell their own daughters to wicked men, for the purpose of getting a mouthful of something to eat. . . Here are a noble people endowed with every capacity and capability, under circumstances beyond their control, starving to death inch by inch, in sight of the American flag — a people who have every claim by every principle of patriotism, of policy, of Christian love, mercy, and justice, to be cared for until self supporting, by the government of these United States. It is not only a mistaken policy of government but also a cruel and wicked treatment of its helpless and despised wards."

When the young minister was told by government inspectors that conditions on the Shoshone Reservation were infinitely better than those in the sixteen or seventeen others, he looked at the men and said nothing at first. Then he spoke but two words: "Miserable dictu."

Hard as he worked with the older Indians, inducing them to build houses, and to fence in and improve their land, he was yet more concerned with the young ones. "One of the chief difficulties in the education of Indian children has been in properly preparing them for their return home from schools, within and without the reservation", he said. "They come back to their people, in a majority of cases, only half-educated and half-civilized, to meet the overwhelming influences brought to bear upon them, which tend to make them relapse into the old ways of wild and barbarous Indian life. As a rule, when they arrive from their 'Alma Maters' they



have nothing to welcome them back but a home in the shape of an Indian tepee and the simple and warm reception of their heathen uncivilized friends and relatives. It is hard to give up all paths, especially the free and easy ones which the life of an Indian presents. For this reason, I should not be surprised if an Indian youth, brought back after five or six years in school, should adopt again the Indian mode of life offered by a tepee home, unless he were encouraged by the U. S. Indian agent, the white neighbors, or even by a poor apology for a civilized home in the shape of a log cabin. No Indian can cope with the strong tendency of native influence unless he had been thoroughly civilized and Christianized, and that can only be done by eight or twelve years of real social and religious training."

As he visited the Indian Reservation school conducted by the Reverend Mr. Roberts and he found the ninety students there occupying every available room and working hard, he felt encouraged. He must visit the school often, he decided. He was busy visiting Indian camps and becoming acquainted with the Indians; he was a friend of the white people in the community, too. As there were still frequent skirmishes between the Indians and the whites, Sherman Coolidge was in an advantageous position to act as arbiter time and time again. The Indians respected him because of his relatives, seven of whom had been chiefs; moreover, one had been a war chief. The whites respected him as Captain Coolidge's foster-son.

Shortly after his return to Wyoming, an Indian woman ran toward him "You are my son," she said. It was a strange meeting; she respected and admired him almost at once. He was moved by her regard for him and yet his real mother, he felt, was the white woman who had reared him as tenderly as she would have a child born to her. Among the first people Sherman Coolidge baptised was Ba-ahnoce.

Busy as he was keeping house, preaching and looking after the interest of his Indians, Sherman Coolidge could still admire a pretty girl. He had heard of Grace Wetherbee before he met her one spring day as she alighted from the stage coach which had brought her a hundred and seventy-five miles from Rawlins to Lander. A Bostonian by birth, energetic, vivacious Grace Wetherbee was to the manor born. When she was only three, her parents had moved to New York where Mr. Wetherbee owned the Windsor and Manhattan Hotels. After being educated by private tutors, young Miss Wetherbee had attended Ogontz and had rounded out her education by going to Paris. At Ogontz, among her close friends were Nellie Hart, the daughter of Dean Hart of St. John's Cathedral in Denver and Annie Talbot, the daughter of the Bishop of Wyoming. Knowing that her aristocratic mother would not understand, she had secretly attended a Deaconess school in New York. During her first visit to Colorado to renew her acquaintance with Lucy Hart, the West impressed her. Now coming to Wyoming to visit Annie Talbot, she met the serious and handsome Sherman Coolidge. The two fell in love almost at once. Though the young man saw many reasons why they should not marry, Grace Wetherbee saw none at all. Before long, the young couple told gentle, distinguished Mr. Roberts they wished him to marry them.

His piercing eyes clouded. "And your family?" He turned to Grace Wetherbee.

"If you don't marry us, someone else will," she announced.

Mr. Roberts married them.

His contention that some might not approve of the wedding was borne out by the article that appeared a few days later in the *New York Times*.

#### INDIAN HUSBAND APPROVED

*Father of Miss Wetherbee Who Married Arapaho, Gave Full*

*Consent*

Miss Grace D. Wetherbee, who was married last week at Fort Washakie, Wyoming to the Rev. Sherman Coolidge, a full blooded Arapaho had full consent of her father, Gardiner Wetherbee, proprietor of Manhattan Hotel in this city. Miss Wetherbee has been for several years an enthusiast in charity and mission work and was a parishioner, at Zion and St. Timothy's Protestant Episcopal Church on West Fifty-seventh street, of which the Rev. Henry Lubeck is the rector.

Dignified, cultivated Gardiner Wetherbee would approve of her marriage Grace Coolidge knew, just as she was certain her tall, strikingly patrician mother would not. Her mother, she knew, would consider that the marriage of her other daughter was more in keeping with the social position of the family. Had not the Paris edition of the *New York Herald* carried a picture of Count and Countess Rudolph Festetics as it told of the marriage of Alice Ney Wetherbee and Count Rudolph Festetics von Tolna at the American Church in Paris? The church had been decorated with flowers; the organist had played a Military March while the count, wearing the uniform of a Hungarian Officer, and Miss Wetherbee had marched down the aisle.

The bride was wearing a semi-Directoire dress in silver-gray crepe de Chine the balero skirt being trimmed with silver tulle embroidered with flowers in gay silk and silver threads; the quimpe and sleeves were in paint d' esprit tulle, with applications in English and Venetian lace. Her hat of nattie blue straw had a large buckle in front and was trimmed with a pouf of five feathers of the same color.

Mrs. Gardiner Wetherbee had a princess dress of periwinkle blue Liberty silk, with large entre-deux of tulle embroidered with flowers of the same tint at the bottom of the skirt as well as the sleeves. She was wearing a toquet with a large crown covered with black spangled tulle on a periwinkle foundation, with large egret of the same color.



The paper had described the dresses of many of the nobility attending the wedding and had listed the titled guests as well as those from the American Embassy. Yes, her sister had had a fashionable wedding, but Grace Wetherbee Coolidge was happy with her missionary husband in Wyoming.

She liked Wyoming even when the ground was pale and barren with snow, when "the skeleton willows rustled and shivered" on a stretch of long meadow land in a bend near the river. She was interested in watching the men bank up their tents with snow on cold, windy nights. She marveled at the never failing Wyoming sun that "made strange sport of the gray-white tents. In the morning when it stood in the east, they seemed to bow in unison over their trailing shadows which reached toward the west; in the afternoon the figure would be reversed. Over their heads, continuously, these strange and stately dancers waved shadow scarfs, flirted and agitated them, signalled and beckoned with them. They were made of the smoke which issued from the projecting stove-pipes; evanescent, ethereal. Day after day throughout the long winter, whatever the events, whatever the painful patience, within the tents, outside this queer postering went on". She marveled at the great gusts of wind that wrenched and shook the flimsy tents, ridge pole and all. She was astonished at what a thaw could do. With the sound of an explosion, an ice dam would go out, flooding corrals, bearing in their icy waters sheep, boards, shacks, horses and even the mail wagon.

She learned to know the Indians, just as they grew to respect her and come to her with their problems. They called her "Good Woman." She was distressed the winter when half the tribe starved. Some had "nothing to eat but dog meat - no flour, no coffee even." She smiled as she watched small Indian boys, brought reluctantly to the boarding school, enjoy the novelty of a bath and new clothing. One little boy had been actually fascinated by his new and unfamiliar clothes; "shirt and shoes he comprehended, though the mystery of stockings and garters and trousers was deep." She understood the little Indian girl at the school who hid her new shoes in her bed every night because she feared someone would take them away from her. She wished the children were better clad. Often they wore the regulation government variety: iron gray, patched, not too clean, misfits. Their coats and shoes frequently were two sizes too big for them. Some old woman she had seen wearing mocassins made of blue denim from old overalls.

Those who were handicapped she sympathized with. One aged squaw had become blind at the birth of her last son; like his brothers before him, the baby had died. Blindness, this unlooked for visitation, had come suddenly, "the falling of an unattended shadow, which engulfed even as it descended. Now the old man must needs do more than half her work. He must fetch the water, split the wood which he was obliged first, of course, to drive up into the hills to obtain. He must do most of the cooking, and besides he must be continually watchful for her, since she accepted her setting aside rebelliously and constantly would be found overtaking her powers. Twice in trying to cook for him she had burned herself badly.

Several times she had lost herself outside the tent and had been brought back by him, towed at the end of a horizontally-held stick laughing but ashamed." She could make their bed; she could cook a little, not forgetting her scars, and she could sew. When the women came into her tent to visit her, she would sit by them sewing and smiling.

"Why do you work when we are here to see you?' they would say, and she, still smiling and holding together with the tips of her fingers the edges of a seam would answer: 'Because you are here to thread my needle for me.'

"Her husband meant to be very solicitous of her, but he was an old man," Grace Coolidge said; "he liked his pipe and his game of cards, he liked the old men's talk of other days - and he sometimes forgot . . . As for her, whether he remembered or forgot, her face was always animated with a sort of fiery patience which made it seem, old and sightless as it undoubtedly was, somehow young, as though in some recess of her soul she was always crying out to life: 'You can beat me down, you can fetch from me everything I have, but on me, on my true self, the essence of my being, you dare not so much as lay a finger.'"

Grace Coolidge understood, as few did, a blind old Indian woman whose husband had long been ill. She had visited the couple many times, taking them food, chatting with them in their dingy, dirty shack. When the husband died, the blind woman, had stood in her scant rags, and thin, torn shawl with the blood streaming from her legs, "which in her sorrow she had gashed with knives, her hair falling loose, her half uncovered flesh shivering in the bitter cold; and wailing, wailing half a song, half a cry. Other women had dug his grave: She was blind! Other women had swaddled him for his long sleep. She was blind! Other women had seen the last flicker in his eyes, the look of love meant for her: she was blind. But she might cry for him, standing, and uncertain, by the grave, hearing the heavy, creaking steps of those who bore him. Afterwards, she must needs go patiently back to life . . . a public care, a never ceasing burden to her tribe."

Old Crooked Hand, so called because his hand and arm, and leg were crooked, withered, twisted, Grace Coolidge felt compassion for. An epileptic, he was a strange, unkempt looking creature; "a rough shock of stiff, short hair crowned him, ill assorted ragged clothes covered him, he wore any old shoes that came his way, in short, he was neither prepossessing nor clean. His great eyes that seemed startled even hurt, in their expression, were soft, unlike the sleety sharpness of most Indian eyes, but withal shallow, as are the eyes of animals; eyes that widened seem hardly the windows of a soul. His conversation in English at least, was decidedly limited, was in fact restricted almost to one single sentence.

'How do you do George?'

'Hello! Hello!'

'Well, what's the news in the camps?' she would ask and he would look at her, smiling his wistful bewildered smile. 'Dam-fi-no.' That was his inevitable answer to almost any question: 'Dam-fi-no.' "

Knowing he had little food, the Coolidges would invite him to



their home and give him meat, bread, cold potatoes, anything. He would stare at the great plateful, set the dish on his uneven knees and eat a taste of this, a taste of that. Then he would ask for a paper and "with a certain dexterity despite his crooked hand he would empty the scraps into the spread paper and wrapping it all together he would rise to his uncertain feet, a smile upon his face, hunger in his eyes." Mrs. Coolidge would ask, "You're not going to eat any more?"

"No, them children heap hungry. I take."

Before leaving, often he accepted paper and tobacco, which he managed to roll into a cigarette with his good hand, Mrs. Coolidge would ask him how he learned to roll a cigarette so quickly.

"Dam-fi-no", he would answer as he arose and lurched painfully away.

Grace Coolidge discovered that the Indians deeply loved children. Each new baby came as an event "hailed, welcomed, received with unclouded joy by family, kinsman, and tribe alike. Every baby is everybody's business."

She remembered the shock a little Indian boy had when he learned that some white families in a city did not rent quarters to those with children. His timidity had been lost in indignation as he cried, "She told us they didn't like children! They didn't want them! They didn't want me." Nestling close to Mrs. Coolidge, he sighed a long, trembling sigh. That night, even in his dreams "the disturbing discovery was pursuing him that life was turning out to be not just what he had always thought it. He was indeed beginning the toil of the long, inevitable years of unlearning."

When an unwed white girl placed her naked baby in a box and left it to die, it was discovered by the Indians. There was great consternation. "It's a *white* baby", they cried. They were relieved when they discovered it was alive. It must belong to the girl in the second house, she was always wrapping herself up and hiding. They supposed it was the girl's mother who threw the baby away. She looked mean. One Indian told how the old medicine woman took the "little thrown away-baby in her hands, and she hold it right up in the sunlight, and she turn it all 'round and look at it every way. Then she turn to the Agency houses, and her face get mighty mean; she turn toward them other women, and at last she look back at the baby. 'A little girl', she say." Smiling, she took the baby. "Somebody got a bad heart", she said "can throw away little live babies just like blind puppies or trash." So "Indian hands washed her; Indian hands sewed for her; and Indian mother's milk made her fat; Indian love kept her alive." The Indian medicine woman who cared for her said to Mrs. Coolidge, "The little girl got white skin, but her heart — that's Indian heart." When the girl who had discarded the baby came seven years later and attempted to take it, the Indian foster-mother so rebuked her that the girl left crying without the baby she had given birth to.

At times, the Indians resented the government agents, and again

Grace Coolidge could see why. Some agents understood the red men; others simply did not. There was the superintendent who placed a ball and chain around a little boy's ankles and left the child to walk about so encumbered. He'd "licked the boy good and proper" for running away; but the child persisted in skipping away. Perhaps the superintendent thought the ball and chain would stop him. The child had hobbled about, but once the agent thought he'd taught that boy a lesson and removed the ball and chain, it wasn't any time at all until the child was running away again. The lad was cured when different tactics were used. "Your mother goes to jail if you run away again", the boy was told. He was startled; tears came to his eyes when the ultimatum was given to his mother. He never ran away again.

Occasionally, Grace Coolidge was puzzled by her Indian friends. There was, for example the dirty, disheveled old woman who, coming to call, shook back from her face her grizzled hair and spat into the stove. "You kimme dinner", she said. "You clean." Her checked outing flannel shawl - a bed sheet in reality - was soiled and grimy; where lately she had stood at the tub her dress was splashed and wet; her moccasins also were sodden." Yet, here she was telling Mrs. Coolidge, "Hungry. You kimme eat . . . You my friend. You clean." And even as she spoke "again she spat into the stove, wiping with a corner of her grimy shawl the sweat from her fat face."

Grace Coolidge learned "the Indian has not the dread, the terror, the total aversion to death of the civilized man; and undoubtedly, as I believe, this is because the material side of life is not the one which he has been taught and encouraged to regard as pre-eminent. When he goes, he is not forever relinquishing much of value; he regards his last . . . long sleep simply as he would the approach of night or winter with their added but normal vigors." Yet, the Indian birth rate she learned was high. Whereas the death rate among whites in some mid-western towns was fifteen per thousand, that among the Indians was a little over thirty two per thousand. Death she found confronting her on every hand. "*Not one Indian Woman* young or old, of the hundreds known, has all her children living" she said. "I recall mothers who have borne nine, ten, twelve, fourteen, and have lost them all. When a baby is born to your Indian neighbor, you look at it with your heart in your eyes and wonder: How long?"

While one of the Wetherbee sisters played about in Europe, a favorite of continental society, the other ministered to the Indians. Each was happy; one with her Hungarian nobleman; the other with her Indian Missionary.

Together, Grace and Sherman Coolidge seemed to embody the spirit of good will toward all men. For many years, they remained in Wyoming. Not only was Sherman Coolidge the priest in charge of the Church of the Redeemer, at Shoshone Agency and of two chapels among the Arapahoes on the Wind River Reservation; but he also was priest for St. Luke's Church in Fremont County, assistant missionary at Lander, Milford, and Fort Washakie. He was employed by the Government as a



teacher at the Wind River Boarding School and as issue clerk at the Shoshone Agency, Wyoming.

Other sections of the United States came to know and respect the Coolidges, for Sherman Coolidge served as a minister in missionary districts for the Indians and the whites in Oklahoma, Minnesota, Nevada, and Colorado. After serving his own people many years, he went with his wife and two daughters to Denver and Colorado Springs where he ministered to the white race. He was an honorary Canon at St. John's Cathedral in Denver.

A noted speaker, he addressed national church and educational meetings on Indian affairs from the point of view of the Indian. He lectured at Ohio State University for the Departments of Sociology and Economics; he spoke before the Anthropological Society of Washington and the National Education Association. He was president and later honorary president of the Society of American Indians and a member of the boards of the Indian Rights Association and the American Indian Institute. Highly esteemed in the Episcopal Church, he spoke before large congregations throughout the United States. He raised a considerable sum of money to aid the Indians.

A story he frequently told centered about Chief Washakee, a Shoshone Chief, who many years before had performed an act of great kindness by giving some soldiers in the United States Army ponies for which they had received no compensation. Delighted with the ponies, the colonel at the army post had written to General Grant, asking him to send a letter of thanks to the chief. With his usual kindness, General Grant had purchased a bridle and saddle with embroidered cloth and trappings and had sent them to the Chief. When the colonel received them, he had sent for Washakee and had called out the soldiers and had them stand at attention. The army band had played "Hail to the Chief" and then the colonel had addressed Washakee. "Your great father has heard of your kindness to his soldiers and has sent you this saddle and bridle as a present."

The chief had remained silent, "Have you no thanks for the great father, Washakee?" he had asked. "When white men receive gifts they return thanks."

Straightening himself up to his full height, Washakee had answered: "When the white man receives a gift, he receives it in his head. The head has a tongue and can speak. When Washakee receives a gift, he receives it in his heart; and the heart has no tongue."

Grace Coolidge did all in her power - and her power was great - to aid the Indians. A magnetic person, she was also a writer of distinction, praised by H. L. Mencken and Charles Wakefield Cadman. Her husband was listed in *Who's Who In America*; she declined the honor of being included.

In the same volume, was listed Sherman Coolidge's foster-father, General Charles Austin Coolidge, who lies now in Arlington National Cemetery. In his busy army life, in the United States, Cuba, and China, he had received signal honors for his activities at the Battle of Big Hole, Montana, for his conduct during the Boxer troubles in China and during



Miss Grace Wetherbee





The Reverend Mr. Sherman Coolidge



— Courtesy, Western Collection, The Denver Public Library  
Silas Soule



— From a painting by Robert Lineaux In The Colorado State Historical Museum, Denver

The Sand Creek Massacre

— 28 —

the Spanish-American War in Cuba. After her husband's death, Mrs. Coolidge lived in Washington, where her son visited her periodically.

She had proved herself a woman of distinction on many an occasion. Some remembered how, when her husband, scheduled to make a talk, was suddenly ill, she had taken his place. Quietly, capably, she had given the talk. The audience at first surprised to see her on the platform, once she had spoken, had applauded and applauded.

When Sherman Coolidge died in 1932, Bishop Johnson of Colorado said, "He summed up in his life of nearly seventy years the whole story of man's evolution from the primitive savage to the cultured Christian gentlemen. In one lifetime, he experienced the whole scheme of revelation from the tents of Abraham to the temple of St. John."

Grace Coolidge, revered during her life by the Episcopal Church, was honored by it at her death in 1937, for three Bishops came to Colorado Springs to officiate at her funeral services.

Each year at Lander, Wyoming, at the fourth of July celebration is recounted the story of the capture of little One-Who-Dies-And-Lives-Again and little Runs-On-Top.



## A Martyr Without Glory

WHEN Captain Silas Soule of Company D of the First Colorado Cavalry read an order from Colonel John Chivington to his men in December of 1864, his face was stern indeed. "You are ordered to Sand Creek to attack without quarter and kill all Indians, including squaws and papooses", the order ran. As Captain Soule finished reading it he hesitated briefly. "This order is contrary to military law and contrary to the principles of civilized warfare"; his voice was higher pitched than usual. "I shall not carry out the order."

The gallant, heroic man who tried to stop the slaughter of hundreds of Indian men, women, and children at Sand Creek is almost unknown; yet he was as truly a martyr as was Abraham Lincoln. He lost his life as the result of trying to prevent the disaster, the results of which form one of the blackest pages in the history of the West

Even Silas Soule's early background was colorful. In 1854, when he was ten years of age, his father, an active abolitionist, was sent by the Emigrant Aid Society West to aid negro slaves escaping from the South. He took up a homestead on Coal Creek, ten miles south of Lawrence, Kansas. Efficient, he headed operations of the underground for Kansas, Missouri, and Arkansas. So great was the father's zeal for the abolitionist movement, that his son caught the contagion of freedom for all. In his early teens, Silas Soule became an active Jayhawker, that is, one engaged in aiding run-away slaves escape; moreover, he joined Dow's Band, a group of twelve young men pledged to the cause of John Brown of Osawatomie. When John Brown was arrested, and sentenced to hang at Harper's Ferry, these twelve young men planned to rescue the old man, whom they, like writers John Greenleaf Whittier, Walt Whitman, and Henry David Thoreau, respected for his bold attacks against slavery. Forming a pony relay extending from Osawatomie to Harper's Ferry, they chose Silas Soule to make personal contact with John Brown and arrange for his rescue. The courageous young man established the contact but Brown did not approve of the plan of rescue; instead, he contended that his execution would do more to bring about the abolition of slavery than could possibly be accomplished by continuing border warfare in Kansas and Missouri. He told Soule that he thanked the Dow Party for their plan and for their work to free him, but said that the cause was greater than the man and that his life was only an incident in the great struggle for human liberty. Concerned lest his young friend lose his life, John Brown insisted that Silas Soule take the pony express back to Kansas. Brown later was hanged at Harper's Ferry.

Silas Soule again effected a dramatic rescue when Dow, the leader of his band was arrested at Liberty, Missouri, on a charge of stealing slaves and transporting them to Canada by the underground. Knowing that the penalty for Jayhawking was serious, the Dow Band, disguised as Missouri officers, presented themselves to deliver a prisoner at Liberty. Ever resourceful Silas Soule was the prisoner who was delivered handcuffed. The officers were so delighted to have the young abolitionist that they did not notice

that the lock on his handcuffs was not fastened. Taken to the bull pen of the jail where John Dow was confined, the agile Silas Soule, as soon as the jail door was opened, knocked out the sheriff and locked him in Dow's place. Dow and the Band, galloping away, rode all night, reaching DeSoto, Kansas by daybreak. Their headquarters were at the home of "a Mr. Hadley", whose son, Herbert Hadley, was afterwards Attorney General, then Governor of Missouri, and still later, the man who drew up the constitution for the building of the Moffat Tunnel.

With the coming of the Civil War, Silas Soule enlisted in the first contingent of the Federal Army of Lawrence. Shortly after his enlistment, at the request of Kit Carson, a friend of his father's, and often a visitor in the Soule home, he asked for a transfer and became a member of Carson's Scouts, with headquarters in Raton, New Mexico. Again he so demonstrated his courage and efficiency, that before long he was the Lieutenant of Carson's company of Scouts, while Carson was a major. Later, he transferred to the First Colorado Cavalry where he was tremendously popular; his efficiency was attested to by his rapid promotion as Captain of Company D, the famous Chivington regiment in Denver.

Denver in the 1860s was emerging as a civilized town of some importance. As early as 1860, it had 1,000 inhabitants, a daily paper, several weeklies, "a first class school under a competent professional teacher", a private school, several churches that were crowded during services, a post office, and several hotels. The latter, of course, had earthen floors and the guests were required to bring their own bedding. Saloons, gambling places, dance halls, and brothels flourished. There were those, however, like the editor of the daily paper, who were concerned with civic betterment. Did not Mr. Byers, editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*, encourage the raising of fresh vegetables and give prizes for the best lettuce and radishes as a health measure? Others saw to it that the Apollo Theatre and the Governor's Guard Building had top theatrical attractions from the East, ranging from performances of Shakespearan plays to those of an Irish comedian. Too busy to "frivol away their afternoons", pioneer Denver women and their husbands at night frequently danced to the music of a fiddle and a flute while John Lewis was the most popular caller. Subscription balls were elaborate, indeed, with tickets selling at \$16.00 a person. Driving was the most popular pleasure, as everyone owned a horse and buggy. The greatest sport was trying to pass one another on the road to Ford's Park, north-east of Denver. Occasionally the men enjoyed buffalo hunts.

Yet, primitive aspects of life were in evidence. In the beginning, the Indians had received the white men peacefully; some, even in friendly fashion. Trouble had come after the white men attacked and outraged Arapahoe squaws and children encamped near Denver. George F. Willison has shown how by treaty in 1851, the Arapahoe, Cheyenne, and certain tribes of the Sioux had been granted all the land between the Platte and the Arkansas River. In '61, the head chiefs of the Arapaho and Cheyenne were forced to cede a large part of these lands to the Federal Government in exchange for a meager reservation on Sand Creek, near Bent's old fort on the Arkansas. Most of the tribes resented this arrangement and almost immediately began stealing stock, collecting arms, robbing stage coaches,



and murdering those they considered their white enemies.

One of the most spectacular attacks came in the fall of 1862, while the United States was engaged in the Civil War. A group of Sioux Indians in Minnesota attacked a settlement, burning all the buildings and killing 300 men, women, and children, in a massacre that lasted a day and a half. Busy as the federal government was with the rebellion in the South, troops captured three hundred Indians and took them to the military prison at Rock Island on the Mississippi, between Illinois and Iowa, where they were held until the spring of 1863. Tried by court-martial, twenty-three Indian leaders were sentenced to be hanged while the remaining Indians were forced to witness the hanging. Orders from the War Department resulted in the remaining Indians being turned loose on the plains with orders never to return to Minnesota. Enraged at the ignoble deaths of their leaders, the Sioux who had been released met the Ogulalies, whom they told of the execution of their leaders and advocated a consolidation of all Indian tribes to fight and exterminate the whites. The Pawnees and Utes refused to take part in this pact, but the remaining Sioux, Cheyenne, and Arapaho began at once depredations over a five hundred mile area east and west of New Mexico and nine hundred miles along the Canadian line at the north. Trying to control this new menace, the government stationed soldiers along the Arkansas.

Yet, atrocities continued. A hundred miles from Denver, for example, in 1862 one pioneer saw how wagons loaded with drygoods were captured, their owner scalped, while Indians, trailing bolts of red and white calico and flannel, galloped away. Another Colorado pioneer, near the Colorado border at the north, saw the remains of a stamp mill, destined to process gold at Central City, near which lay men who had been killed and scalped. Alice Polk, a Denver pioneer, told how "Mrs. Bowman", coming with her baby from Atchison, Kansas, in 1864, to her husband in Denver first encountered friendly Indians who "crowded about us begging for whiskey and swearing in pure English. They had acquired a Billingsgate vocabulary of unrivaled opulence". Ten days after she left Atchison, Mrs. Bowman and her drivers met men driving wildly from ranch to ranch heralding the news of savage warfare. "They told us the Indians were on the outbreak back of us. We could not retrace our way so we left the ox teams and pressed forward. I stopped at Fort Kearney and asked for an escort, but was gruffly refused. All that was left us was to go on." They drove all night; between three and four o'clock the next morning, as they stopped to feed their horses and to eat breakfast, they saw in the distance smoke that rose higher and higher. Luckily, the smoke hid, for a time, Mrs. Bowman's wagon. One driver reconnoitered, and, finding it safe, as he thought, urged that they drive as fast as possible. But suddenly, as they passed the burning wagons, the dying cattle, dead and mutilated men, women and children, the Indians saw the wagon. At the insistence of the negro driver, Mrs. Bowman took the reins from the white driver paralyzed with fear, and gave him her baby to hold, while the negro driver shot at the rapidly approaching Indians. Dashing, rearing, plunging around the burning wagons, the horses plowed through the corpses and cattle, while the war whoops of the Indians gave them fresh

impetus. With the wagon-top stuck full of arrows, Mrs. Bowman aimed for Thompson's ranch, where she knew there were arms and ammunition. Before she reached Thompson's, she was met by a guard of sixty soldiers and a worried husband. Exhausted, she took her baby and drew the veil that covered his face, that the father might see his son. "Like a piece of rare sculpture, he lay. . . dead." The Indians had fled on seeing the soldiers.

The attack on the Platte in the spring of '64 seemed the climax in a series of tragedies. Almost every ranch from Fort Morgan to Fort Sedgwick, a distance of a hundred miles, had been attacked by from two hundred and fifty to five hundred Indians. With ranches often a hundred miles apart, in many cases there was not time to warn others of the attacks. Ranches, hay, and stock were burned; men, women and children, killed and scalped. Mrs. Morris and her two children were taken prisoner by Old Two Face, a Cheyenne chief. When Mrs. Morris's eight month old baby cried and Old Two Face could not quiet it, he became furious and, taking it by one foot and one arm, he dashed the child to the ground and then jumped on its head and chest. He forced the mother to dig a grave for it in the sand; two distressed squaws helped her. Still numb from this experience, she watched her other boy traded to another tribe. Some time later, when Old Two Face, under a flag of truce at Fort Benton in Montana, offered to sell a white squaw for a large amount of flour, bacon, tobacco and trinkets, Mrs. Morris was purchased by white settlers, tenderly cared for, and then sent to her home in St. Louis. Finding there was good money in trading women, Old Two Face took it up as a profession. W. S. Coburn, a pioneer, tells how Old Two Face went over to the Blue River and "captured Mrs. Ewbanks and Miss Roper." After he had mistreated them, four or five months, he took them to Fort Lyon and traded them for provisions and received a good exchange in trade. He dealt in women as he did in ponies. He would always look for the finest appearing ones and put up the price according to the beauty of his captive. When he went to Fort Laramie, Wyoming he demanded 3,000 pounds of flour, large amounts of sugar and coffee, as well as twenty beef steers in exchange for a captive, "beautiful Miss Bennett"; his demands were refused. Colonel Moonlight, who was in charge of Fort Laramie, ordered scouts to follow Old Two Face; they found him, three other Indians, and the terrified woman. In the fighting that ensued, the three Indians were killed and Miss Bennett and Old Two Face, taken to the fort. When asked what to do with Old Two Face, Washington Headquarters ordered: "You will proceed at once to hang Old Two Face in his chains." This order was carried out.

Old Spotted Horse, whose band of Indians were among those that caused a reign of terror along the Platte in the spring of '64, continued to raid immigrant trains and ranches on the outskirts of Denver. This "blood-thirsty and cunning Indian who was a formidable foe, finally was captured by Major Jacob Downing on his return with the Colorado First, a regiment that had volunteered to fight the rebellion of the southern states. "Major Downing," one of his soldiers, an Irishman, said, "has a charmed life. I have seen his coat perforated with holes like a sifter, and a twenty



dollar gold piece mashed to a cup in his vest pocket; yet there is not a scar on his body." Such a man was a worthy opponent for Spotted Horse. Major Downing and his soldiers caught the old chief dressed in citizen's clothes. When the Indian refused to surrender his band, Major Downing ordered his men to drive a stake and roast the Indian alive.

"You have seen many a white man die this horrible death", Major Downing told him. "Now we propose to let you know how it is yourself."

Unnerved, the Indian pled for his life and promised to lead the soldiers to his men. Strapped on a pony, Old Spotted Horse led the soldiers to his men, who, after a fight, that marked the first Indian battle in Colorado surrendered. Forty Indians had been killed, a hundred wounded; Major Downing lost one man. Peace was restored along the Platte.

But elsewhere near Denver there was no peace. Two little boys bringing cows home along the Fountain River had their throats slit by the Indians; a young woman was captured and her hair tied to the tail of a wild horse which dragged her across the prairies until she died. Sporadic outbreaks sent women flying from the ranches outside Denver; men, hearing that Indians were approaching, hid in cellars or even in dry goods boxes. The massacre of the Hungate family on a ranch twenty miles from Denver in June, 1864, left no one feeling secure.

Mr. and Mrs. Hungate, two children, and a hired man named Miller lived on the ranch owned by Isaac Van Wormer. Hungate and Miller were some miles from the ranch-house one day when they saw it was in flames. Suspecting that Indians were responsible for the fire, Hungate started toward the ranch, fearing for the safety of his wife and children. Miller had sought to persuade Hungate to flee with him. "And what of those I love?" Hungate had asked him.

When Miller, in Denver, told Van Wormer of his fears, a party of sixty made plans to go to the ranch the following morning. They found the house entirely destroyed; feathers from bed ticks were scattered all over the yard; a few feet away, in a shallow well, Van Wormer found the body of Mrs. Hungate and those of her children bound together. Mrs. Hungate's throat was cut from ear to ear; all the bodies had been badly mutilated. Some distance away, they found Hungate's body with eighty bullet holes, an arrow in each breast, his heart cut out, and his throat slit; he alone, of all the family had been scalped. Enraged men brought the bodies back to Denver where they were exhibited. Feeling against the redskins mounted as strong defenses were erected all around Denver; guards were posted and Governor Evans received authority to organize the Third Regiment of Volunteer Colorado Cavalry. To speed up the hundred a day enlistment of those recruited to fight Indians, Governor Evans urged all citizens "whether organized or individually, to go in pursuit of hostiles, and to kill and destroy them wherever found, and to capture and hold to their private use all the territory they can take." Colonel John M. Chivington, formerly a blacksmith preacher in Kansas, now the presiding elder in the Methodist Church of Colorado Territory, was placed in charge of the troops. He had seen service at La Glorieta Pass and at Pigeon Ranch, and proved a courageous soldier with tactical skill.

One pioneer tells of the difficulty of getting sufficient horses for the

enlistees. The Ford brothers, who had purchased 1,000 California bronchos, most of them untamed, set about breaking them so that they could be ridden. When six foot, seven inch Colonel Chivington gave his first order to mount, the horses, not yet trained, were so frightened when the men attempted to execute the order that "some stood straight up in the air on their heels and quickly reversed their position; some stuck their heads down, clumped their feet together, and elevated their backs with such force that the men were sent skyward, and their horses passed all the jack-rabbits on the way in their efforts to get out of the country." Before long however, "The Third" was a regiment to be proud of, as each evening, four abreast, they drilled on the prairie.

Despite these precautions, Indian deprivations continued. Within a few months after the Hungate massacre, fifty men, women, and children had been killed east of Denver. The "city of the plains" was threatened with famine as freighters refused to venture out; some wagons did haul provisions along the Missouri River. Stage stations were burned. Governor Evans sent scouts among the Indians to warn them that those guilty of attacks against the white man would be punished. Knowing that some had warned the whites of approaching attacks and were innocent, Governor Evans stated that he did not wish to harm the friends of the white man. He asked, therefore, all Cheyenne and Arapaho who were friendly to report to Major Coltery the Federal Indian Agent at Fort Lyon, where they were promised provisions and a place of safety. Arapaho and Cheyenne chiefs were summoned to a conference; in a thoroughly unsatisfactory meeting at Camp Weld near Denver, in which the Indians were given no opportunity to speak, hostile men delivered an ultimatum and no one was more belligerent than Colonel Chivington. He refused to acknowledge what many knew: that in innumerable cases the white men had been the aggressors. Some of the Indians left more angry than when they came; others came to Fort Lyon, surrendered, and were ordered to Sand Creek, forty miles away from the Santa Fe Trail used by the whites. At length, Sand Creek contained more than a hundred lodges and eight hundred Indians, half of whom were women and children. Chief Black Kettle and Chief Left Hand assured their people that the United States Government would protect them. As evidence of his good faith, when he learned that the Sioux were planning attacks against the whites on the Santa Fe Trail, Chief Black Kettle warned the federal authorities of the approaching disaster. Then, while Governor Evans was in Washington, Colonel Chivington, consulting none of his superiors, gave orders to attack the Indians at Sand Creek.

In December, 1864, the Third Regiment of Colorado Volunteers, six hundred men in all, moved quietly to Fort Bent where they took the Bent family prisoners and used Bob Bent as a guide. Bent led his captors to Fort Lyon, where Captain Sully was stationed. Ordering Sully to surrender, Chivington took him, Major Anthony, and their men prisoners, and marched toward the Indian village at Sand Creek. As Bob Bent was in tears because his mother, an Indian, was in the village, Chivington dismissed Bob and let him go home.

Just before dawn, surrounding the Indian village so that there was no chance of escape except through a narrow opening between the bluffs, the



regiment closed in on the horses, running them down to the south side of a creek behind the soldiers. As Colonel Chivington addressed his men, he said: "I won't tell you who to kill or who not to, but remember the women and children on the Platte"; then he ordered that no prisoners were to be taken.

As the firing began from all directions, the unarmed Indians, not understanding what was happening, ran first to Black Kettle who hoisted an American flag. When the firing continued, the old chief raised a white flag of surrender. Understanding at last, some Indians stood with folded arms and met their deaths. George Willison says that White Antelope, with his head held high in surrender, advanced singing the Cheyenne Death Song:

"Nothing lives long except the earth and the mountains."

Men who were with Colonel Chivington tell how others scattered, running in every direction hundreds of yards. Men, women and children ran to the bluffs, burrowed in the sandpits, tried to hide in the sage brush. Some fought from ambush; some in the open exchanged shot for shot; some struggled in hand to hand fights with their weapons; some used bows and arrows. Captain Cree saw an Indian and one of his men in a hand to hand encounter with knives. Whirling his horse to aid his friend, Cree killed the Indian with his sword just as the Indian killed the white man. One prisoner from Fort Lyon refused to fight the Indians until an old squaw sent an arrow into his thigh; then he killed her just by striking her head with a tent pole. One soldier says, "As for the papooses, the soldiers remembered the white children scalped and their brains dashed out and otherwise brutally massacred throughout the country." Colonel Harley said, as he sanctioned killing the babies and children: "Remember that mites make lice." Another pioneer rationalized: "If squaws and papooses were spared, it would only be a few years until they would have an uprising and there would be more serious raids and trouble."

Suddenly going berserk, soldiers committed atrocities they had never dreamed of. One lad was just making good progress scalping an Indian when the injured Indian began to fight; "after several minutes the soldier", says an onlooker, "went into camp with the much coveted scalp." Young Jack Smith, in camp to trade with the Indians, was deliberately murdered, probably because his mother was an Indian. One soldier tells how "Wise Osborn came upon a wounded Indian who had his back broke. He raised up as best he could and took a shot at Osborn. Wise said, 'I will show you how to kill an Indian' and took him by the head to hold his head still; then raised the knife to cut his throat, but the Indian knocked his arm and the knife plunged into the ground beside the Indian's head. Wise drew it out and said, 'Now lay still until I cut your throat.' It looks brutal in a way but in another way it was a merciful act. The Indian was suffering excruciating pain and there was no other help for him; his people were all gone and it was only a question of time until he would die of his injury, Osborn thought. Why not put him out of his misery?" A baby-faced boy under eighteen, told he could not take part in the fight, finally was given permission to do so. Riding an old nag and given an old infantry gun that

shot a four inch cartridge, the boy set up his cannon on a ridge and bombarded the sandpits, below. Every time the gun fired, it knocked the boy backwards; yet he continued to fire. After the battle, twenty-seven Indians were found dead with holes in their heads caused by an infantry gun.

Jubilant in his victory, Colonel Chivington claimed that he had killed between five and six hundred Indians and seized from four hundred to five hundred ponies. Others estimated the dead between two and three hundred; some led by Little Raven, escaped down the Arkansas. The dead lay unburied for Chivington had threatened "to hang any son-of-a-bitch who would bury their bodies or bones."

The Sand Creek massacre created hostile factions. The territorial legislature thanked Colonel Chivington for "saving the honor of the national flag." A gentle lady, Miss Luella Shaw, compared Colonel Chivington to Xerxes, Alexander, Napoleon, Washington, Lee, Sherman "and a host of others, all of whom won laurels and had historians, poets, and authors sing their praises. . . . Did not Governor Evans and Colonel Chivington accomplish as great a victory?" She concluded her impassioned defense of the two men by questioning what would have happened "had they stood back and let the country be made more crimson than it was with the blood of the settlers when it was in their power to save them?"

The Republican party denounced Chivington as a blood-thirsty traitor. After a Congressional investigation, the Colonel was tried by a military court and court-martialed. Feeling ran so high in opposing groups and volunteer enlistments decreased so greatly, that General Henry put Denver under martial law and appointed Captain Soule as Provost Marshall.

Silas Soule, who had so gallantly served his country on many occasions, had warm friends and now, bitter enemies too. Several attempts were made on his life. On April 23, 1865, while he and his wife were returning from a theatre, he heard shots and started toward the sound. A pistol shot entered Soule's cheek and ranged upward through the brain, killing him instantly.

Reverend H. H. Hitchings, who preached his funeral sermon, said: "He had no fear of work, of fatigue, of suffering, of death. He discharged his duty well as Provost Marshall of this city; he went on his way when he knew that the alarm that called him might be only to decoy him into danger. He knew that his life had been threatened and that five shots had been sent at him with deadly intent. He did his duty in the midst of danger and of death; he fell by an assassin's bullet. He had great moral strength, fortitude, strong convictions, honesty of purpose. He was physically and morally brave."

The Sand Creek slaughter led the Indians to rise in greater fury so that for months Denver's only means of communication was by San Francisco or Panama. Stage coach stations were demolished; provisions in Denver and its vicinity were scarce. Peace was not fully restored until General Custer defeated great bands of Cheyenne, Arapaho, and Kiowa.

Many historians have told of the Sand Creek massacre; but few have mentioned Captain Silas Soule, the martyr.



## A Modern Robin Hood

TODAY, many, even little children, sing the praises of Robin Hood, who robbed the rich and helped the poor; but what did the good people of Nottingham say when he killed that eminently respectable nobleman Guy of Gysborne and so nicked his face that the dead earl was all but unrecognizable? And what did those who were office holders say when he killed good William Trent, one of the sheriffs, and left him lying in the forest? Time softens the pictures and helps us evaluate our heroes; Robin Hood, becomes a hero.

Picturesque Soapy Smith, had much in common with Robin Hood. Jefferson Randolph Smith was in his early thirties and had a considerable reputation as a "con" man and a bunko artist before he first assumed the role of public benefactor. He'd been born in Georgia in 1860, into a prominent southern family. The reconstruction period had been hard on many, but Jeff, as he was then called, chafed under it more than most. Hence he'd gone to Texas, this well dressed boy, genteel in appearance and conduct, with piercing, fearless, dark eyes. Between Abilene and San Antonio, he'd driven great herds of longhorns over the Texas prairies, dusty and hot in the summer and steaming when the heavy rains set in; he'd been at Hell's Half Acre at Dodge City, where he met buffalo hunters, cattle rustlers, and gamblers, such as he'd never known down South. He'd found life exciting but hard.

Then, when he bet on a walnut game at a carnival in Abilene, he found a quicker way of making money than herding steers. He'd bet on which of the three walnut shells contained a pea — and he'd lost as many others had. The others had gone away disgusted once they lost their money. But not Jeff. He continued to watch the game he could not figure out. Broke, he went with the tent show when it went to Leadville, Colorado.

The discovery of silver in the 1870s had swollen this town from a village of a handful to one of 30,000 in only a few months. From all over America, had come freight and immigrant teams, stage coaches, with treble their capacity; some men came on foot; others, on horseback. Laboring men wearing brown flannel shirts, broad white felt hats, and heavy, high boots, gamblers with black flowing ties, smooth-faced youngsters with Indian hunters buckskin suits — "asses in lions' skins," the prospectors called them —, prospectors with red or blue woolen shirts and flowing ties, white collar workers with "boiled" shirts jammed the streets, patronized the variety theatres, the sporting houses, and the brothels. Log huts, board shanties, canvas tents — one had three hundred double deck bunks —, kennels dug into the side of the hill and roofed over with earth and pine boughs, were filled to overflowing. Hotels, some with earthen floors, and restaurants did a thriving business. Even Parson Uzzell's church, built by contributions from the gamblers, the girls, the miners and the prospectors was so crowded each time the young Methodist minister from Indiana's Asbury University preached, that it was enlarged twice in a

matter of months. Bishop Machebeuf, the French priest who had all Colorado and Utah as a diocese, met large congregations whenever he came to Leadville. Two newspapers, THE CARBONATE WEEKLY and THE CHRONICLE, served Leadville and the surrounding country in the 1880s.

Jefferson Smith milled with the crowds that seemed to throng the streets day and night. He went to the Clarendon Hotel, the elegant edifice built by Lieutenant Governor Tabor who now resided in Denver but who came to Leadville frequently to look over his multi-million dollar mining interests, for the mountains seemed to have belched forth silver for him. Jeff Smith spent most of his time, however, watching a "man named Taylor" who ran a soap game on the corner of Third Street and Madison Avenue in Leadville. A neat, quiet man, who never smoked, drank, or gambled, Taylor's game was that of wrapping a few ten, twenty, or fifty dollar bills in with cakes of soap. The purchaser had the privilege of selecting his own bar of soap. So perfect was Taylor's sleight-of-hand, that many bought bars of soap, but few received those having the bills. After Jeff Smith gave Taylor the sign of the bunco brotherhood, it wasn't any time until the two were in business together. Jeff was the decoy man. When a crowd gathered, he, seeming to be merely one of the crowd, would buy a bar of soap, open it, then, with a whoop of delight, show his twenty or fifty dollar bill. Business, of course, picked up in a hurry. Then, one day, Jeff, who had earned the nickname "Soapy," and Taylor disappeared. Taylor never was seen again; but Soapy soon opened his own game in Denver.

Denver in the eighties was growing in wealth and prosperity partly because of the wealth of men "made rich in a day", men who had won fame and fortune in Leadville and who came to build palatial homes in Denver. As an onlooker, Soapy knew that life among the wealthy there was gay indeed; but he knew more about life on Larimer Street and Hop Alley than that in the more exclusive districts. Forbes Parkhill has shown how, when the Kansas Pacific Railroad was completed to Denver in 1870, a gang of Chinese coolies was discharged and formed the first residents of Hop Alley. In the early gold and silver camps, crews of Chinese had been employed, though there was often friction between them and the white miners. Once, enraged mineworkers cut off the queues of all Chinese miners and ran them out of Gregory Gulch; Tabor had employed some Chinese coolies to run his mines in Leadville. Tired of mining, some had drifted to Denver's China Town. They were law abiding; but some loved to smoke a little opium and to gamble. The latter, Soapy Smith knew well. He knew, too, handsome Madams whose parlor houses did as thriving a business as the Arcade, The Slaughter House, The Chicken Coop, and The Bucket of Blood.

In close proximity to these dens of iniquity, Soapy, handsome in black suit, black shirt and black hat, set up his game on the corner of Seventeenth Street. Realizing that his youth was a handicap, he soon grew a beard; realizing that he must not offend the police, he made a tacit agreement to rook principally the strangers who passed his place of



business on their way from the Union Station. At first, he worked alone; but before long, he received applications from "steerers" and "cappers" who wished to assist him. So excellent a story teller was Soapy that he entertained his patrons while he wrapped the snow white bars of soap, inserting now and then a bill. A good singer and actor, he had a wide repertoire of ballads. Soapy's own act, augmented by the cries of delight by one of his standins who had purchased a bar of soap and found hidden wealth, brought crowds daily. Soon, he added a little gambling, for Soapy could handle a deck of cards as adroitly as he could his soap. William Ross Collier and Edwin Victor Wingate have shown how Soapy's "helpers" were numerous enough to constitute a gang. One had specialized in selling gold bricks for as much as \$25,000; another was adept at rifling ballot boxes; another was a safe blower; two were wrestlers and gunmen, specialists in handling those who objected to being rooked. Another had acted as a fence for thieves. Half a dozen others, who looked the essence of respectability, aided as "come ons". Some were from good families but slaves to love of leisure, or drink, or opium; they were looking for an easy way of earning a living. Soapy was the acknowledged leader of the gang and he kept them under his control. His soap and card businesses were lucrative; none of his gang went hungry. When Rincoon Kid Kelly tried to set up a rival game and Soapy was powerful enough to drive him out of Denver, law abiding citizens demanded a house cleaning. They had not realized before what a strangehold Soapy and his gang had on Denver. Alert to the dangers of a showdown with the good people of Denver, Soapy left in a hurry for Pocatello, Idaho, but returned in a few months.

With its attention centered on a major crime, Denver paid little attention to Soapy when he reopened his place on Seventeenth Street. Then suddenly, Soapy, who had begun to make himself useful to law enforcement officers in many little ways, emerged as a modern Robin Hood. The Glasson Detective Agency, a notorious blackmailing group, had begun to shadow Soapy and his men. Soapy kept a watchful eye on his watchers and then, pounced on them so neatly that the agency was forced to dissolve.

Reading the afternoon paper, Soapy had learned how the Glasson Detective Agency had attempted to force a confession from a pretty little girl, Soapy threw down the paper, strapped on a couple of pistols and invaded the office of the Glasson Agency. Kicking open the door, he began shooting at the walls, the windows, the filing cabinets. Glasson and his staff were so startled by this one man invasion that, before they had recovered from their amazement, they were lying unconscious as the result of the clubbing Soapy's guns had dealt them. Still berserk, Soapy made a shambles of the office, rifled the files, and took the detectives' badges. On the way from the office, he met the police captain and told him what he had done. Soapy proposed, furthermore, to burn all the papers he'd collected without examining them. He could not let a gang like that maltreat a nice little girl or cause trouble to "us honest people". To Soapy's surprise, he was a hero in Denver. He was asked even to assist in the next political election.

But Soapy sought new fields to conquer. In January, 1892, when the news of a silver strike at Creede came, fortune hunters flocked there in such numbers that the town increased from 150 to 10,000 in a few weeks. The reporter from the *Colorado Springs Gazette* stated that the "gorge in the mountains is filled with unpainted houses, built along the creeks, upon the rocks; hundreds of buildings are being erected; the sound of the hammer and the din are incessant. It never stops day or night. At night, the street is lighted by electricity and is brighter than those in Colorado Springs. The houses stand largely upon piles and the walks are two feet above the streets in Jimtown (one of the sections of Creede). The little street is muddy and as the walks are too full of people, most persons walk in the street. In this narrow way, they push and crowd; teams and horses dash about. People have that intense look of excitement you sometimes see in an asylum. Perhaps they have not a thing to do, but they are just as busy doing it as they can be. You can't help it, but the same feeling gets into you before you've been there an hour. In the street, are all kinds of games of chance, with crowds about them. Saloons and gambling houses are numbered by the hundreds . . . There is no form of government in the community. The place is filled with thieves and criminals of every class, and a reign of terror has set in."

There were, however, a number of law abiding men and women at Creede. Some, cultivated men and women, had come from nearby Wason. Three months after the boom, they started a school; a hundred children attended it. A score of ministers preached in hastily constructed buildings or in tents.

Soapy had been in Creede only a few weeks, operating his shell game, when he proclaimed himself the dictator of Creede. He had studied the situation, knew the town had no police protection, and that his one rival was youthful, cherubim looking Bob Ford, who was said to have killed Jesse James. Ford had fled West and lived in various western towns before he came to Creede and opened a dance-gambling-drinking place, The Exchange. All but Bob acknowledged the leadership of Soapy Smith, who, dressed all in black — sombrero, shirt, tie, broadcloth suit, and shoes — looked the part he admired — that of a successful gambler. Finally Bob Ford acknowledged Soapy's superior leadership.

Announcing himself the dictator, Soapy established his headquarters in the Orleans Club he and Joe Simmons, a schoolboy friend had built. Shrewd enough to know he must appeal both to the honest people of Creede as well as to the bunco men and gamblers, Soapy surrounded himself with part of his Denver gang and with newcomers he could trust. Soapy's government really protected the citizens, but did not interfere with the gamblers and bunco men, provided they made no trouble. Soapy believed that all men wanted to gamble and be rooked: he felt it was his duty to get all he could from those foolish enough to gamble or take chances. He brought John Light, a Texan, to be the chief-of-police; he held an election, manipulated, of course, so that men of his choice were elected. Soapy profited immensely as a dictator, for nearly every gambler paid him some tribute, and, since fortunes were made in the mines, since spending was free and easy, gambling bets were high.



Soapy ruled Creede for many months and kept crime down. He met all newcomers. Those coming for an honest purpose, he welcomed; suspicious characters, and tramps, he denied entrance into Creede; some, he admitted on probation. Trouble makers, he ordered out of town; he made few arrests, preferring to rid the town of offenders. He knew how to handle the lawless element as well as the good. When Parson Uzzell came to dedicate a gospel tent, Soapy met him with a brass band and insisted on the parson's being his guest. When one of Soapy's men stole the preacher's trousers and seventy five dollars, in no time at all Soapy had trousers and money returned. When a group of idlers sneered at another minister trying to raise funds for a church, Soapy stopped the snickers, raised \$600, gave it to the minister and told him that he respected his "racket". After the church was built, Soapy assigned men to see that order prevailed in the church and in its precinct.

He was happy in his role of dictator, or Robin Hood, until Bob Fitzsimmons and J. J. Dore thought up a racket that exceeded anything Soapy had at Creede. On April 11, 1892, J.J. Dore told the editor of THE CREEDE CANDLE that he'd found a petrified man in his mine. Excitedly, the editor and a crowd, eager for a new thrill, went to Dore's mine and helped him excavate a nine foot, six inch "petrified man". The man, who, all agreed, undoubtedly was one of Fremont's men who had died and been buried in 1842, was brought to Jimtown and exhibited at Hotel Vaughn where Dore and Fitzsimmons charged twenty-five cents admission. The fame of the prehistoric giant who had roamed the Colorado hills spread. Denver papers heralded the accounts of "The Wonder of Creede Camp" and acknowledged he was a prehistoric man. The *Colorado Springs Gazette*, which frowned upon Creede as a disorderly town and which had just acknowledged that Cripple Creek and Fremont were important, stated on April 12, "One petrified man has authoritatively been unearthed at or near Creede Jimtown, but now, in this respect also, Cripple Creek comes to the front; petrified men are to be found right here in the town of Fremont, not peacefully reposing under the soil and rudely brought to light by the unsuspecting miners but, real live men from Denver, Colorado Springs, and San Francisco, men petrified with astonishment at the marvelous developments that are daily recurring."

Soapy wasn't happy until he had the petrified man. Brazenly, he stole him, and, to show he could be generous, set him up in Bob Ford's Exchange. Soapy's past experience in dramatics when he had sold soap and told tall tales served him well, for, once Col. Stone, as he called the petrified man, was set up at Ford's Exchange, Soapy used a dim light for dramatic effect: he talked about Col. Stone, who, he confided, to crowds who came daily and nightly, "was God's gift to science", proof positive that a "monster race once roamed the hills of Colorado". He was, Soapy added, in somewhat contradictory fashion, a "twin of Goliath whom David killed". So persuasive was Soapy, that people forgot that Col. Stone was first said to have been originally one of Fremont's men.

When Bob Fitzgerald procured a lawyer to get back his stolen petrified man, Soapy likewise got a lawyer. Then, the two discovered they'd employed the same law firm. After thinking the matter over, they agreed

to drop their suits and share the profits. Soapy came out ahead, however, for though he gave Bob half of the fifty cent admission he charged each one, he had not agreed that the vastly lucrative business his gang built up by picking the pockets of Soapy's audience and by finding suckers in the crowd to take to Soapy's faro games should be shared. For five years, Soapy profited by showing and lecturing on the petrified man; several times, he sold a half interest in Col. Stone. Then, when the last buyer had Col. Stone in a box car enroute to the state of Washington, the petrified man began to disintegrate. The cement and plaster of paris figure, it turned out, had been made in a Denver cement factory and shipped to Creede labeled "Heavy Machinery."

The dictator of Creede did not spend all his time lecturing about Col. Stone. Occasionally, he had trouble with men that were unruly. When Kid Barnett, for example, was so bold as to set up a walnut game in Creede, Soapy's men advised him to move on. The sign "Don't Let The Sun Go Down On You In Creede" which the kid found on his cabin door, he ignored. Instead, he slipped into Soapy's Orleans Club, quickly covered the gang and demanded to know who put up the sign. As Joe Palmer, one of Soapy's men, reached for his gun, Kid Barnett's guns blazed. The young renegade shot off both of Palmer's thumbs at the first joint. Then the kid backed away, mounted his horse, pursued in vain by Soapy's men. He was never seen again. On the other hand, when Dave Rudabaugh, one of Billie the Kid's men came to Creede, Soapy welcomed him. Soapy knew Rudabaugh had killed the sheriff of Las Vegas. So long as the newcomer behaved, he was welcome.

All Soapy's men respected him and he was fond of them. But Joe Simmons was Soapy's best friend. The two had gone to school together in Georgia, had punched cattle together in Texas; had been members of the Texas rangers, had "skinned many a sucker together, too, but they never gave a friend dirt". When Soapy learned that his friend had pneumonia, the scourge of the mining camps, so fatal in high altitudes, he did everything that he could, to save Joe's life. As Joe Simmons lay dying, he told Soapy he didn't want any preachin' at his "sendoff." "Just lay me out and wish me good health on the other side of the range, if there is any other side and any health there." He died on March 19, 1892, leaving Soapy disconsolate.

Soapy and three friends rode to the funeral in the only hack in town; fifty others rode in wagons. So great was the snow storm and so slippery the hill, that half way up the mourners had to get out and walk. The *Creede Chronicle* stated that when the casket was lowered into the grave, Soapy Smith addressed the mourners: "The man whom we have just laid to rest was the best friend I ever had. You all knew him. Did any of you ever know him to do a thing that wasn't square with his friends? No. I thought not. Neither did I. The best we can do now is to wish him the best there is in the land beyond the range, or hereafter, if there is any hereafter. Joe didn't think there was, and I don't know anything about it. Friends, I ain't much of a speaker, but Joe was my friend and all he wanted was for us to gather at his grave and drink his health when he was gone. Let us do it."



Twelve bottles of champagne were opened and "each if the assemblage took his glass in hand while Smith said: 'Here's to the health of Joe Simmons in the hereafter, if there is a hereafter.' The glasses were drained. Then all joined hands around the grave and sang 'Auld Lang Syne'."

Soapy didn't find in life the relish he did before Joe's death. He was moody; he was lonely. Yet, on June 6, 1892, the day after a fire destroyed most of the business and residence district of Creede, he showed his strength. When Bob Ford was at the bar collecting money for the funeral of one of his dance hall girls who had died from an overdose of sleeping pills, Ed O'Kelly, a stranger walked into the Club and shot Ford who died instantly. Before O'Kelly could escape, Sheriff Dick Plunkett took him prisoner. Soapy, hearing the disturbance at Bob's place had come upon an enraged group, ready to lynch O'Kelly. The moment Soapy appeared, the surging crowd looked to him for leadership. With great dignity, he reminded his citizens that they did not know the whole story and that the law should take its course. Agreeing, the crowd began to dissolve. Later, O'Kelly was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Colorado State Penitentiary. Ten years later, he was pardoned, only to lose his life when in a short time he shot at a police officer who returned his fire.

The murder of Ford aroused an irate citizenry who began to talk of real law enforcement. Lonely without Joe Simmons, realizing that his title of dictator was precarious, Soapy sold his Orleans Club for a song and left Creede.

He stopped briefly in Colorado Springs, a beautiful town whose citizens were wealthy health seekers. In 1892, they were still talking of their "exile from the East," and, according to Kate Smith, a visiting lecturer, enjoying their "pleasant village that is rapidly developing into a town as unique in the culture of its inhabitants as the scenery and climate". "Villa after villa appears where in 1887 there lay virgin mesa"; the highly exclusive Cascade Avenue, Kate Smith confided, was lined "with the homes of wise men and women from the East who find here the health they lost at sea level." They were as smug as Kate Smith in their pride that they had "the leisure to study nature, to read books, to watch the panorama of the world's history, to think over social problems and perhaps solve them." Citizens of Colorado Springs stated frankly that they reveled in their Society Paper that had just appeared. They frowned on towns like Creede and Leadville whose growth was "built on the shifting sands of fickle mining possibilities"; they were proud of their aesthetic enjoyments and public desires of higher entertainment." In this rarified atmosphere, there was little to attract Soapy Smith. Yet, he lingered there briefly and lost \$500.

Dignified R. L. Chambers, a lawyer in Colorado Springs, was standing in front of his office on Pikes Peak Avenue when he noticed the scar on the hand of a man standing near him. In a flash, his mind went back many years to Camus Creek in Montana, when he'd first seen that scar.

Enroute by stage, from Illinois to Helena, Montana, where they hoped to make their fortunes, Robert and Martin Chambers had en-

countered a good natured youth named Jefferson Smith, who was traveling by wagon. The three struck up a conversation and before long Smith invited the Chambers boys to drive with him in his wagon; he said he'd traveled by stagecoach and knew well the discomforts of that type of travel. Jeff was driving alone and if the boys wished to come with him, they'd get to Helena faster and even have time to hunt and fish on the way. An agreement was reached and the three went into a tent saloon to celebrate. Smith was surprised that his new friends did not drink, but he did not seem to share the opinions of the others that they were "molly-coddles". While Smith and the Chambers boys were chatting together, the bartender interrupted them to tell of an old soldier who had just arrived with another fortune. The bartender didn't think the old man would get any nearer his home than he had on two other occasions. He had \$8,000 this time, the bartender said, the proceeds of the sale of a mine near Helena — and he was eager to bet on anything. Someone really could take him in the twenty-one game.

When Smith realized that the Chambers' brothers did not understand the twenty-one game, he showed them how it worked. It was played with three dice. The bet was made that one could not roll the dice three times and have the spots on the tops and the bottoms add twenty-one on each of the three rolls. Smith picked up the dice and Robert Chambers rolled them on the bar. The spots on the tops and the bottoms totaled twenty-one. He rolled again: 2-5-1-5-2-6; twenty-one again. A third time, the dice were rolled: twenty-one again. Smith explained that with his dice the count was always twenty-one; but he did not wish to take the old man's money. The bartender insisted that if Smith did not take it, he was a fool; if Smith didn't, someone else would. The two Chambers boys entertained themselves throwing the dice; always, the tops and bottoms totaled twenty-one.

Then, the old "captain", wearing a Union soldier's faded blue overcoat with a cape top, came in; he and Smith had several drinks while the "captain" talked of betting \$500 on the twenty-one game. After all their experiments with the dice, the newcomers could not see how they could lose. Furthermore, Smith had told the old man he'd lose, they reasoned as they rationalized their eagerness to win some easy money. Smith put their money on the bar and asked Robert Chambers to roll the dice. The same numbers came up as had while the boys were learning the game; but as Smith picked up the dice to turn them over, the bartender jostled his hand so that one dice turned over. The total count was twenty-two. The old soldier hurriedly took the money and disappeared, followed by Smith.

And now, here in Colorado Springs, R. L. Chambers recognized Smith as the man who had given him his first lesson in the life of the West. "It's been a long time since you and I met, Smith. I've an old score to settle with you", Chambers told him.

Soapy Smith said he'd been involved with four others in the twenty-one game and that it had taken him years to follow a legitimate business. He gladly paid Chambers the five hundred dollars — with interest.



Back in Denver, Soapy set up his business on Seventeenth Street. Again, his more experienced gang, his genial manner, his gift at repartee, his fund of stories that had grown, and his sense of drama that had improved, won him an audience — and money, which Soapy saved. When he thought the time was ripe, he bought the Tivoli Club, almost a replica of his Orleans Club at Creede. He was well aware that law enforcement in Denver, though far from good, was more stringent than it had been in his earlier days there. Twice, he had to intercede for members of his gang who had gotten into shooting and murder scrapes. Once, he had to go to court to help himself when two strangers reported that crooked gambling had cost them \$1,500. Soapy was his own lawyer and astounded his accusers by stating that whereas the Keeley Cure stopped many from drinking, his club was also an educational institution. He pointed out that as one entered The Tivoli Club, he was confronted by the sign *Caveat Emptor* which plainly told them, "Whoever Enters Here, Leaves Broke"; he stated further that he told those gambling with him, they'd lose; he concluded by saying that people that gambled at his Club could not possibly win. Just as the Keeley Cure stopped alcoholics from drinking, so his Club served as a warning not to gamble. Soapy was acquitted.

Again he won approval by helping the down and outers. When Parson Uzzell was short of funds for his Christmas dinner for the poor, Soapy played faro until he won \$5,000; then, at one-thirty in the morning, he went to the parson's home and pounded on the door until the sleepy minister appeared. "What on earth are you doing here this time of night?" the parson asked.

"Here's \$1,500, your share of what I've just won", Soapy told him. "If I keep it, someone else probably will touch me and I'll give it to him. Better take it now while I've got it."

The dinner Parson Uzzell gave that year was finer than usual.

When the house of a poor family burned down and everything they had was lost, Soapy, who was low in funds, put on an auction such as Denver never had seen. Soapy's gang went to Hop Alley, the Red Light District, and all the gambling and dance halls to collect goods to auction. The strange assortment ranged from a white poodle to an opium pipe, from garrish furniture to musical instruments. The \$900 Soapy collected, he gave to the needy family.

Yet more astonishing was Soapy's talk at Parson Uzzell's Sunday School. Soapy had been urged by ministers from time to time to join their churches; but he'd lent a deaf ear. "If I thought your racket was on the level, I'd join", he'd said. Skeptical as he was, he'd helped many a minister; even respected and respectable citizens in Denver gave Soapy money from time to time to aid those in need. Soapy was true to these trusts; he himself gave \$20 bills to many at the holiday seasons. When Parson Uzzell asked Soapy to preach, Soapy thought the old man was joking. Convinced that he might do good — and knowing he'd enjoy talking — he went to the men's Sunday school class and gave a sermon against drinking and gambling. Soapy himself drank with moderation; yet he told his audience they beheld in him a man who'd gone wrong. He

told how insecure the gambler was; he told how even he had to dismiss from his gang those who could not control their drinking.

He showed his strength in the encounter the Denver Police and Fire Departments had with "Bloody Bridles Waite", the governor elected on the reform ticket. Not adroit enough to distinguish between state and municipal government, Waite had issued pledges of law enforcement in Denver as well as in the state. When he tried to remove from office corrupt judges and policemen in the capitol city, they refused to resign. Beside himself with anger, Waite called out the State Militia. The police appealed to Soapy for aid. A born organizer, Soapy and his gang collected an amazing amount of dynamite, gunpowder, rifles, and guns. He placed his men and representatives from the Denver police and fire departments at advantageous places in and near the city hall and police department offices. With machine guns and rifles ready for action, with dynamite to throw into the streets should the militia threaten to overcome the opposition, those in charge of the militia hesitated to court disaster. They refused to advance against the embattled fire and police departments unless ordered to do so by the Governor himself. Waite countermanded his orders. Certain the orders would not be carried out, Soapy withdrew his men as well as the police and firemen and returned the ammunition and guns he'd "borrowed". Before long, those who were dishonest in the Police and Fire departments were dismissed peacefully.

On a brief exodus from Denver, really bent on law enforcement, Soapy went to Diaz, President of Mexico, and sold him on the idea of a Mexican foreign legion. Diaz was having trouble keeping in power and Soapy, who had suddenly become Col. Smith, was empowered to raise the legion. The President even advanced Col. Smith money to recruit his army, though the amount given was a tenth of that requested. His ego bolstered, Soapy came back to Denver to recruit his army. With pride, he showed the letters and wires he received from Diaz. The recruiting business was brisk, until one day Soapy received a wire from Diaz cancelling the agreement with Col. Smith. Private investigation had shown easily that Col. Smith had no right to his title and that he really was a bunco man.

Embarrassed by this setback and aware that law enforcement in Denver was more stringent than it had been, Soapy sought greener fields. After short and thoroughly unsatisfactory stays in Houston and San Francisco, he went to the Yukon. In Skagway, he was in his element. As in the early days in Creede, the boom was on; crowds had come to seek their fortunes; life was rough and ready. Soapy even boasted that he'd be the dictator of Skagway as he had of Creede. All the charm he had, he used — and Soapy had plenty. He had hardly arrived before he was recognized as a leader by the sporting group. When he stopped a lynching, the more substantial group respected him, too.

Soapy was running his walnut game on Skagway's main street when he heard that John Fay, a barber, resisting arrest, had killed Deputy U.S. Marshall Rowan and Andy McGrath. In a few minutes, a necktie party was planned. Here was Soapy's chance. Running through the crowd, he dominated it as he announced, "There'll be no lynching here. We'll



let the law take its course." Collier and Westrate have shown how Soapy controlled this situation. His men guarded Fay while he was in jail until he could be taken to Sitka for trial. Fay had killed Rowan at ten o'clock in the morning; that afternoon Rowan's widow gave birth to a child. Feeling ran high against the murderer. Soapy began to raise funds for the widow and had \$700 by evening. Thanked by a delighted citizenry, Soapy replied by announcing that he was "in command" of Skagway. The more stable element, knowing of Soapy's activities, were deeply concerned, almost resentful. Hadn't he opened a telegraph office and charged \$5 for every telegram sent? Hadn't the replies to wires come \$5 collect? And did not those who were alert know there were no telegraph wires in Skagway? Hadn't it been rumored that he'd gotten together a gang of burglars and gamblers? But again Soapy's master mind took care of this situation. Within twenty-four hours, he'd raised \$1,500 to aid the two widows. Skagway admired Soapy Smith.

As a man of his importance needed an office, Soapy bought a saloon and gambling place with his office in the rear; John Clancy was his partner at Jeff's place. Crime increased and 'twas said that Soapy's gang was responsible for many thefts. Wilson Mizner tells how Soapy backed a minister by giving him \$1,000. Encouraged by Soapy's generosity, the minister collected \$3,600 more, but as the man-of-God was on his way home, he was robbed of \$3,600. "Not bad, not bad — thirty six for one", Mizner commented. A prize fight that Soapy arranged between his friend the Platteville Terror, and Kilkenny Wildcat proved profitable to the promotor. As a novelty, Soapy suggested, that each man wear wooden shoes. The odds were high for Kilkenny Wildcat; but after Soapy's man won, it was learned that he'd worn wooden shoes most of his life. Many a miner, loaded with gold, was asked to visit the eagle in Soapy's back room. Once there, he was robbed and warned against reporting his loss. At length, a Committee of a Hundred and One was formed to rid Skagway of "all confidence men, sharks, bunco-men, sure-thing men, and all other objectionable characters." Soapy's immediate answer was the Committee of Three Hundred and Three who proposed to "put an end to the lawless acts of many newcomers." The Committee of One Hundred and One was so frowned upon, that it ceased to function. When Soapy aided another minister to start a church, his popularity was assured.

With the declaration of the Spanish-American War in 1898, Soapy, full of zeal and patriotism, began recruiting for Skagway's military unit; he even informed the Secretary of War, Russel A. Alger in Washington, that his unit was ready for immediate service. He drilled his men daily. On July 4, 1898, he planned the Celebration of Celebrations. He persuaded even Governor Brady of Alaska to deliver the patriotic address. He enrolled all school children, fraternal orders, and business organizations to participate. So great was the interest, that an outdoor stage had to be built so that all could hear the Governor's speech. Preceded by a brass band, Soapy riding a white horse, led the parade. He was praised by the Governor for his fine celebration; for three days, congratulations from others poured in.



— From a painting by John Mix Stanley, (between 1848 and 1850) — Courtesy, the Smithsonian Institution  
Hunting the Buffalo



— Courtesy, Western Collection, The Denver Public Library  
Upper Creede In 1892





— Courtesy, Pullen Museum, Skagway, Alaska  
 Skagway In 1898



Soapy Smith  
 Skagway, Alaska  
 July 4, 1898

— Courtesy, Pullen Museum, Skagway, Alaska  
 Soapy At Skagway

The anti-climax came rapidly. When Soapy's gang robbed a miner who had just returned from the gold fields, the miner reported his loss to the police, who, controlled by Soapy, did nothing. United States Judge Sehlbrede at Dyea was summoned by irate citizens when Soapy refused to aid the miner who insisted on an investigation. Suddenly, the Committee of a Hundred and One, tired of gunplay and robbery, was reorganized and Soapy and his gang were delivered an ultimatum. Meeting on Juneau Wharf, to determine what action they should take, the Committee of a Hundred and One announced that "no known crooks" would be admitted to the wharf. Determined to set matters right, Soapy, despite warnings from his gang, set out for the wharf carrying his gun. As he came on the wharf, he was stopped by Frank Reid, guarding the wharf; both men opened fire. Soapy was instantly killed; Reid died a short time later. Their deaths marked the beginning of trouble that led to death and injury of many; it ended in forty lawbreakers being jailed and many fleeing. The arrival of the United States Infantry from Dyea stopped threatened lynchings, and for a time, law and order prevailed. Wilson Mizner, who visited Skagway a short time after Soapy's death says, "Government had fallen into the hands of public officials and crime had fallen into the hands of amateurs".

Alva Johnston has shown how Frank Reid was, for a time, praised as the champion of Skagway; before long, however, his grave was neglected and that of Soapy, visited. A section of the Pullen Museum at Skagway contains memorials of Soapy, including iron knuckles and a poker table with an almost invisible slit called an 'accomodator', which he used to improve his hands'. A life size effigy of Soapy was placed in Skagway's one street car. A great stone skull on a cliff overlooking Skagway was whitewashed and a gold tooth Soapy had, was painted in; a huge sign was installed reading, "SOAPY'S SKULL." Indeed, Soapy has emerged as a modern Robin Hood.

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— AMANDA M. ELLIS

## Comments . . .

"In PIONEERS, versatile style, original material, and diverse personalities are skillfully combined to produce historical portraits that convey a feeling of poignancy coupled with excitement and authenticity." — Professor GEORGE L. ANDERSON, Chairman of the Department of History at the University of Kansas, and authority on History of the West

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