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Cow-Land Aristocrats of the North Fork[1]

WILSON M. ROCKWELL[2]

Occasionally on the streets of Paonia or Hotchkiss one may see a gentleman of seventy-seven winters come stumping along on his wooden leg. A stranger might walk by him without second notice, little realizing that this quiet, unassuming man was the pioneer and former cattle king of the North Fork cow country.

Sam Hartman started in the cattle business near Denver. During the winter the cattle were allowed to run at large, some of them drifting as far south as the Arkansas River, a distance of nearly 150 miles. Early in May the cowboys would start the big two-months roundup to gather the cattle and bring them back on the home ranges. Covered wagons were used to haul equipment and "grub," consisting primarily of meat and material for making biscuits. The cook was lord and dictator around the wagon, and every range-rider tried to win his favor and remain in his good graces. Every man furnished his own bedding, which he rolled up and put in the front of the wagon, leaving the back of the vehicle for carrying the food supply.

The chief enemy of the cowpunchers and cattle alike was the predominance of alkali on the southern plains. The KP outfit, owner of 4,000 steers, once lost forty head at one time while watering them on Horse Creek. Due to the strength of alkali in the water holes and streams, the cowboys wore buckskin gloves to protect their hands. Seldom daring to wash in the deadly streams, the riders' faces became nearly as layered with dust as the caked ground on which they rode. The "chuck" wagon always carried a barrel of vinegar on one side, and when the cow-hands drank, they put a small quantity of it in their cups to neutralize the alkali. If available, they would also add a teaspoonful of soda and obtain a tasty, fizzing drink, a real treat on the burning plains.

When he was seventeen years old, Sam Hartman traveled from Denver to Saguache in a covered wagon and then rode on horseback along the Old Indian Trail over Cochetopa Pass to the Los Pinos Agency above Gunnison, where his older brother Alonzo was in charge of the distribution of cattle to the Indians on the reservation.

[1]The material for this article was obtained from interviews with pioneers, cattlemen and sheepmen of the North Fork of the Gunnison.

[2]Mr. Rockwell is a graduate student of history at the University of Denver and is writing as a Master's thesis a history of the North Fork country.—Ed.

From the Los Pinos Agency Sam rode down the Gunnison River to the present site of Sapinero, where he turned and followed Soap Creek up to the head of Curecanti. Consequently, he was somewhat familiar with the possibilities of this territory for raising stock when, three years later—in 1880—he left Denver for Gunnison with the intention of moving into the North Fork and entering the cattle business as soon as the Ute Indians were removed. He drove a large herd of horses over with him, arriving after a two-weeks trip.

Everything was booming in Gunnison. The mines were all working at full capacity, everyone seemed to have money, and prices were high, flour selling from fifteen to twenty dollars a sack. Sam's brother, Alonzo, was the first postmaster in that city and his is one of the outstanding names in the annals of Gunnison history. Sam made several trips over from Gunnison into the North Fork, and his faith in this country as a great cattle-producing region was enhanced when he saw the good condition of the little Indian broncos that the Utes wintered there. When the Uncompahgre Reservation, of which the North Fork was a part, was opened to settlers in the fall of 1881, Sam rode over with two hired cowhands and his brother, Ed, bringing a herd of cattle with them. They met thirty wagons on Black Mesa carrying future settlers into the virgin land.

Sam had been raised in a plains country, and he was fascinated with this fertile mountainous region with its plentiful supply of wood, water, and wild game. He settled in the Little Muddy section below Castle Rock and built a log shack and a pitch pole fence. The following year he rode back to Gunnison and returned with more cattle, some saddle horses, and a team as well as a plow and 300 pounds of oats—the first seed oats to be planted in the North Fork. In a few years Sam had one of the largest bunches of cattle in western Colorado, running them in the summer months on the Crystal Creek, Curecanti, and Soap Creek ranges and wintering them on and near his homestead.

By 1883 other stockmen began coming into the North Fork's Utopian grazing land, driving their cattle from Gunnison over Black Mesa, via the Old Indian Trail, the former Ute highway, which extended from the San Luis Valley northward through the site of present-day Gunnison and wound across Black Mesa into the North Fork country. This trail was the main thoroughfare into the North Fork and was usually followed by the early explorers and settlers except when they came by wagon. It later became known as the Old Hartman Trail, due to that cattle king's prevalent use of it for bringing his cattle on and off his summer range. Aaron Clough and Sam Angevine, buffalo hunter and gunman respectively, put the first cattle on the Minnesota Creek range in 1883. The largest operators in this region, however, were the Hammond

brothers, who came a short time later. At about the same time David and Solomon Stevens drove a herd into the Holy Terror Creek country, while Enos Hotchkiss and the Wade brothers, noted North Fork frontiersmen, were among the first owners of cattle in the Big Muddy territory near the headwaters of the North Fork River.

The Shorthorns were the pioneer denizens of the North Fork cow-land, but in the early nineties some Hereford bulls were brought to the Terror Creek range, and before long the Hereford bred outrivaled the Shorthorns because of their earlier development, hardiness, and superior lung power. However, the original Herefords were scrawny-appearing animals as compared with their well-built white-faced successors of today. During the winter months the

SAM HARTMAN IN 1888

cattle were driven down from the higher ranges because of the heavy snowfall in the mountains and grazed in the lower country between the newly-born towns of Crawford, Paonia, Hotchkiss, and Delta. Approximately 150,000 head roamed Delta County from 1884 to 1890—the heyday of the romantic cattle kings.

The cowboys and cattle barons were the recognized blue-bloods of the North Fork, not only because of their superior wealth and prestige, but their dress as well. The aristocrats of Louis XV's Versailles court were no more particular about their attire than

these colorful, hard-riding inhabitants of the cattle range. Fancy high-heeled boots were covered by wool pants made especially for the saddle. Blue double-breasted woolen shirts with large pearl buttons on the sides were topped by gaudy-colored handkerchiefs around the neck. Holstered six-shooters flapped against serviceable plain leather *chaparejos,* and wide *sombreros* were in vogue to shade their tanned faces from the blistering Colorado sun.

About the middle of June the big ride started to round up the "critters," brand the calves, and push the herds up on their summer ranges. It was a highly esteemed honor to be a cow-hand and participate in these long annual roundups, which began at Crystal Creek and then worked Saddle Mountain, Mount Lamborn, upper Minnesota Creek, the Big Muddy, Holy Terror, Leroux, Surface Creek at Cedaredge, and around to the point of Grand Mesa near Grand Junction. Representatives of the various cattle ranches would first assemble at the Diamond Joe cow-camp on Crystal and elect a captain, who was absolute monarch over the sixty or more horsemen during the entire summer's ride.

While jingling spurs and rustling *chaparejos* are still familiar to the cow country of the North Fork, these unforgettable roundups passed forever with the coming of barbed wire and civilization. However, there are a few old-timers who still remember the yearly rides of the eighties, when loudly-dressed and picturesque cowboys reigned unmolested and supreme. These remaining pioneers like to reminisce about dusty "punchers" squatted about campfires after the day's ride, singing, spinning yarns, or watching an impromptu rodeo. Many an old eye sparkles a little brighter than usual when the story is told about the boisterous drinking sprees of this nearly vanished race of early-day cowboys during the roundup near German Mesa.

Some of the German residents of this table-land above Paonia manufactured luscious homemade wine which they sold to the cowpunchers at one dollar a gallon. The riders would pass a *sombrero,* from which collection they would purchase as many gallons of sour grape wine as there were dollars in the hat, filling kegs, coffee pots, cups, dishes, and any other liquid-bearing vessel that could be found. After the day's work the dusty men would line up, and two of the group would volunteer to carry a keg around the circle, pouring its contents into each dry mouth. If a victim didn't swallow fast enough or paused for breath, the beverage would saturate his exterior as well as his interior. The keg continued to circle the "bull pen," the keg bearers being relieved whenever they became too tired to move nimbly. Whenever anyone "passed out" he was carried to his welcome blankets, and only the most hardy and practiced lasted to the end. For as long as a week after the revelry the inexperienced drinkers would begin feeling giddy as soon as they

commenced getting warm. However, whenever a rider would roll off his horse in a stupor, some companion would smilingly drag him under the shade of a tree or bush and tie his cow-pony near by, knowing that when his sleeping partner awakened he would catch up with the slowly driven herd.

In the fall another roundup was staged to gather beef and push the rest down into the valley for the winter. The beef were then taken to Delta, Glenwood Springs, or driven over Black Mesa along the Old Hartman Trail to Sapinero and shipped by rail to market. Sam Hartman herded part of his beef cattle to Glenwood Springs to supply that town with meat, the journey taking from five to six days. Nevertheless, those old-time "cow-pokes" usually made the trip without the loss of a single head.

The last big summer roundup occurred in 1893. By this time the winter ranges were largely fenced in or over-grazed, and thousands of cattle died during the winter from starvation. As many cattle kings failed to adapt themselves to a changing West and were being forced out of business, leaving unoccupied range, the cattlemen's sovereignty over the North Fork grazing domain started being contested, and a new and bitter struggle began which has continued up to the present day and is closely tied up with the subsequent history of the cattle industry.

The sanguinary feuds between sheep and cattle men have colored the North Fork stock region with blood and adventure since the arrival of the first flock of unwelcome foreign sheep on to the unregulated range. Due to unscientific grazing practices and lack of governmental restrictions in the early days, cattle producers had to battle powerful interests in order to keep their land free from destroying herds of sheep which continually clamored for entrance into the coveted superior ranges of the cow country. Sheep are notorious for their ability to close-crop and tramp down the most heroic growth of wild grass and foliage if allowed to remain on one bed ground for any length of time. Old-time herders were a plague to any feeding grounds, since most of them would graze their flocks in the same spots for weeks at a time, transforming luscious green pastures to desolate desert. With blazing rifles and six-guns, the western Colorado Night Riders held back for a while the menacing tide of migratory sheep, but this mysterious group of cattlemen and cowboys were playing against a stacked deck—falling beef prices, depletion of their winter ranges by homesteaders, and opposition of the federal government, which appropriated control of the disputed lands from sympathetic local officials.

From 1884 to 1890 the cattle industry boomed, but in the nineties conditions became less favorable to cattle producers. Sheepmen had long looked with envious eye on the rich feed which grew so abundantly in this section. In the summer of 1893 some Utah men

brought 6,000 head of sheep into the North Fork. Their unexpected appearance took the cattlemen by surprise, but they were not long in informing the visitors that this was not a healthy sheep climate. As the bleating flocks were being driven out, heavily armed cowboys gathered at various conspicuous places to encourage continuation of the sheepherders' hasty progress off the cattle range.

As other Utah sheep outfits attempted to establish themselves in western Colorado, a secret organization sprang up to resist by force this threatened invasion. This occult army of anti-sheep men called themselves the Cattle Growers Protective Association, but

THE START AT HOTCHKISS FOR ROUNDUP ON CRYSTAL CREEK IN 1888

possibly because of their nocturnal campaigns, they became more commonly known as the Night Riders. This secret society had members in nearly every cow-camp on the Western Slope, including the territory of Meeker, Glenwood Springs, Grand Junction, Whitewater, the North Fork, Montrose, and Gunnison. Each locality had its own local association which acted as a viligante committee. Whenever some newly arrived foreign sheep herd appeared, the information was sent to some far away committee which would send out a group from their own number to the trespassed region. These men would take a pack outfit, some extra saddle horses, and guns, travelling singly or in pairs so as not to attract attention.

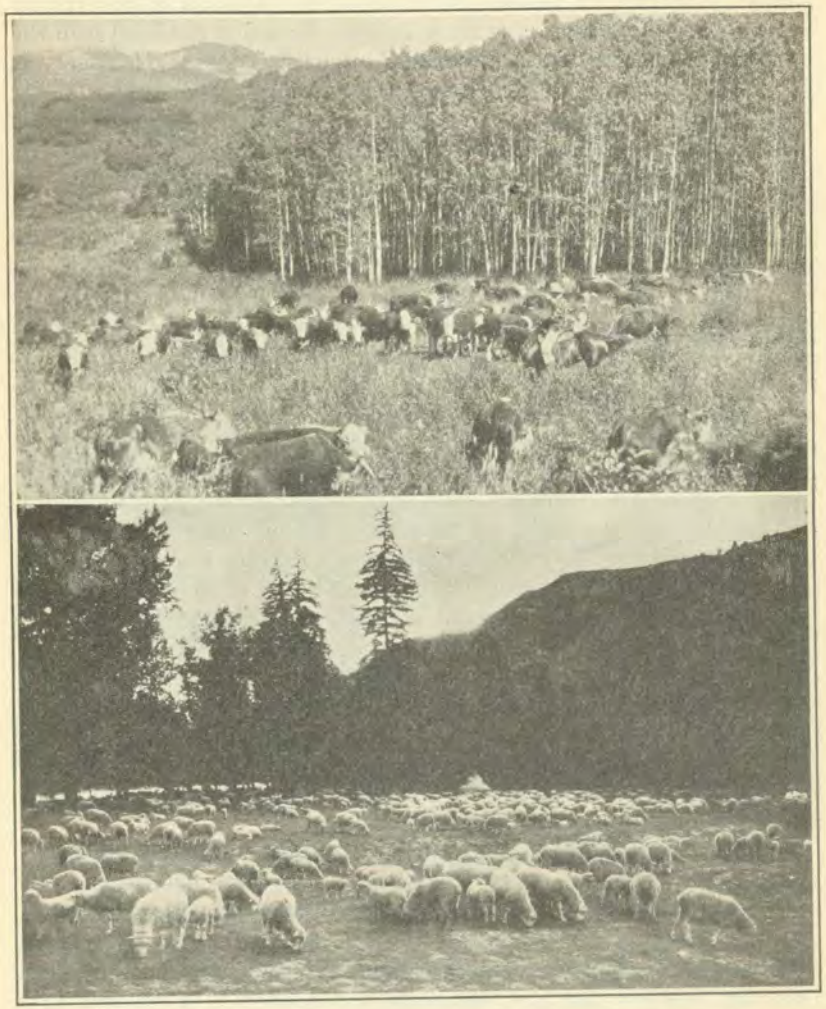
Upon gathering at some seclusive rendezvous they would make their plans as to the most effective means of obtaining their objective. The local Night Riders would not usually participate in the subsequent expulsion since they were too well known in the vicinity.

Since the calling of outside help was often done as a last resort, extreme measures were usually in order. Shooting hot lead into the hated flocks as well as an occasional resisting Mexican herder was the most common method of starting the undesirable guests on the homeward trail. One of the biggest massacres occurred in the White River country near Meeker when the Night Riders, so it is said, greeted an incoming outfit by killing 2,000 of their sheep as the giant herd was being stampeded off the range.

In spite of the cattlemen's antipathy towards sheep, they never objected to those owned by Enos Hotchkiss, North Fork pioneer, on the Big Muddy. However, this sacred flock held a respect never conferred on alien sheep by the hardy cowpunchers of the North Fork. Many were the casualties that happened to venturesome sheepmen who attempted to escort their innocent wards into the North Fork cattle country. One incoming herd was met near the state bridge, which crosses the Gunnison River between Hotchkiss and Delta, and the yelling cowboys tried to run the terrified sheep over a nearby high bluff. Shortly afterwards another group of unidentified riders turned back several thousand near Gunnison by mowing down the flocks with high-powered rifles and six-shooters. The Night Riders were not responsible for all of these encounters with adventurous sheepmen, but since those belonging to the Cattle Growers Protective Association took an oath to never divulge any of its activities under penalty of death, it is difficult to determine where their escapades left off and the missions of independent local cow-hands began. Two members of the cabalistic organization broke their oath of secrecy on the witness stand in a trial at Montrose for sheep killing, and on the following night they were forcibly taken out of jail and disappeared forever.

The sheepmen retaliated for these none too gentle repulses in many ways. During one of the fracases a cowboy dropped a pair of fringed buckskin gloves with his name embroidered on the back. A few days later his haystacks were burned to the ground. Dead cattle were found on numerous "stomp" grounds—poisoned or shot. Once an invisible sharpshooter spilled a hailstorm of bullets into a large corral jammed with several hundred bawling steers. All these catastrophes were a part of the cattle and sheep war resulting from the ungoverned range. In spite of these reprisals and the gradual fencing in of their winter ranges by homesteaders the cattle interests continued to be victorious.

During the first decade of the twentieth century the forest service was established, abolishing the evils of unregulated range in the higher country, but the fighting continued in a legal form. With the rapid decline of beef prices and a rise in the sheep market in 1915 many North Fork residents, including some of the former Night Riders, asked the forest service to allow sheep on the ranges.



Courtesy, *Daily Record Stockman*

Upper: Modern Cattle on Crystal Creek Range
Lower: Enos Hotchkiss' Sheep on Big Muddy

In that same year a meeting was called at Hotchkiss to discuss the controversy of allotting permits to graze sheep on the forest reserve left vacant by cattlemen who had been unable to meet the changing conditions of depleted range and low prices. The grazing supervisors presided at this momentous assembly and listened to the arguments of the opposing groups. In spite of the pressure brought to bear by the powerful American Wool Growers' Association, the

government officials were at first in favor of continuing their former policy, but when a number of local men insisted that they as citizens and pioneers of the region had equal rights with the cattlemen to the unoccupied territory, the Forester decided that it was time to initiate a new plan of action.

As a result of this gathering, sheep were permitted on the forest reserve wherever the grazing supervisor saw fit, at a ratio of five sheep to one cow, local men to be given preference in the subsequent issuance of sheep permits. The Big Muddy section and country at the headwaters of the North Fork River were shortly thereafter opened to sheepmen. The inexperienced North Fork residents who wished to venture in the lucrative sheep business were primarily responsible for the debut of the unfamiliar flocks on the old cattle grounds, but after two or three years these novice sheepmen quietly passed out of the picture as their stock became less profitable, giving outsiders their long-awaited opportunity to obtain a foothold on the North Fork's grassy fields. They proceeded to buy out numerous sheep and cattle ranches, exchanging sheep for cattle at the required ratio. Due to careless grazing practices the Big Muddy range has been permanently injured by its new denizens, but the other North Fork feeding grounds, including the Holy Terror, Minnesota, and Crystal Creek ranges have so far remained largely closed to the ever watchful sheep interests.

The public domain, consisting of the lower grazing lands, continued to go unrestricted long after the Forest Service had been started. By 1917 the Gunnison River was the recognized dividing line between the sheep and cattle country near Sapinero, the north side belonging by the unwritten law to the cattle barons while the south side was occupied by the sheep lords. After the bleating flocks had tramped down their feed, they threatened to cross over the stream into the more tempting pastures of the well-fed Herefords. In 1918 the Mexican herders finally summoned up sufficient courage to drive their hungry hordes across the Gunnison into enemy territory. For many nights following, the herders dared not sleep in their tents but kept all night vigils in surrounding hideouts. The national government finally became cognizant of the dangerous strife on the public domain, and in 1934 the Taylor Grazing Act was enacted which put this contested territory under federal supervision, thereby ending the notorious feudal warfare on the western hills and prairies. Today, due to nationally protected ranges and increased scientific grazing restrictions, more harmony exists between the cattle and sheep rivals than when the mystic riders of the night patrolled the open range under the western stars. Not only is there less resentfulness as to sharing the same ranges, but certain progressive stockmen are beginning

to demontrate the advantages of engaging in the production of both beef and mutton.

In the early days cattle were run at practically no expense, with the result that every cow which was sold brought a profit regardless of the purchase price. Consequently, the big annual losses and poor quality of the stock were more than offset by the lack of expenditure and the large number of cattle owned by the cattle kings. However, with the forfeiture of their old winter ranges it became necessary for those cattlemen who remained in business to keep their stock fenced in during the winter and feed them hay. This created a real expense which necessitated a sharp reduction in the size of their herds. It soon became evident that if the cow-business was ever again going to be profitable that the new costs of production and lack of quantity must be compensated by a minimum loss and a high grade of cow.

To accomplish these objectives only registered bulls were allowed on the range, and gradually the mixed breeds and culls were weeded out and shipped to market so that after years of scientific effort the North Fork cattle of today have been built up to practically a pure-bred quality. During the winter and early spring they are kept on the ranches and in pastures where they are fed and watched carefully to reduce the loss as much as possible, for with the cost of feeding, ranch expenses, and the payment of high property taxes a few head may weight the scales to either a profit or a deficit in the annual account books.

In the spring the beautiful, well-marked herds are driven from the ranches on to the public domain. As the larkspur and other poisonous weeds of the forest reserve become less prevalent during the summer months, the cattle are gradually pushed up on to their picturesque summer ranges, and the old West lives again as twentieth century cowboys gallop their trained, well-bred horses across the still untamed cow-land on shorter but none-the-less romantic roundups to brand the calves and direct the herds farther and farther upon the reserve as the lower regions are grazed down. Every fall the cattle are gathered at the cow-camps where the eligible fat steers and cows are sorted out for shipment and the remainder driven down to the ranches. The beef are subsequently herded to the local stockyards, loaded on cattle cars, and shipped to the central markets where they are sold by commission houses. The cow-country of yesterday has changed, but the color of the historic West has not faded amid the lofty, unconquerable mountains of the North Fork.

Dedication of Reconstructed Fort Vasquez

ADDRESS OF HOMER F. BEDFORD*

I am happy indeed to represent Governor Ammons, and have a part in the ceremonies rededicating a site that has played so important a part in the history of Colorado as Fort Vasquez. I am especially happy for it brings me back among my friends and neighbors in a community where I spent many of the happiest days of my life.

It is proper and fitting that Fort Vasquez should be rebuilt and rededicated, for it has an historic background that should be recgonized by the entire state. It played an important part in the breaking down of frontier barriers that once isolated this vast and treasure-laden domain.

Fort Vasquez was the birthplace of commerce in Colorado, so this ceremony today is of special significance to every citizen of the state. It was here that barter and trade first was carried on in an organized way in the then wilderness that now makes up Colorado. From this place sprang the industry and commerce that has made Colorado the rich and thriving state we know today.

It was just a century ago—in 1837—that those intrepid and courageous trappers and traders—Louis Vasquez and Andrew Sublette—established Fort Vasquez on the banks of the Platte River.

It was a successor of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, that trading organization which spread over the frontier West to reap riches from the toil of those who were brave and hardy enough to venture into the unmarked mountains and plains for furs and hides.

Fort Vasquez, with its high walls and commanding bastion, was a proud outpost of civilization and the commercial center of a vast area. It was a bustling center of activity in a land where the plow had not yet turned the sod, or miners started to burrow into the mountains in their search for the precious metals.

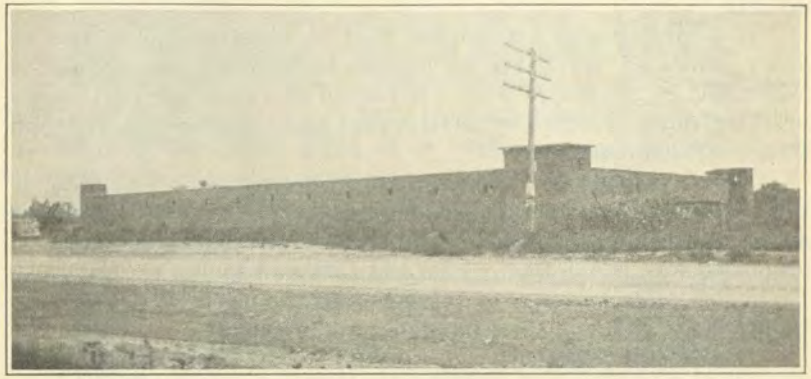
The fame of Fort Vasquez became known throughout the frontier and the traders became the trial blazers of Colorado. The hardy frontiersmen and the Indians laid out the dusty trails that were used by the miners and pioneer settlers in the development of another era in the history of the state. Today, our modern highway system follows many of the paths cut by those who came to trade at the thriving outpost of Fort Vasquez.

It was founded by men of a hardihood that laughed at exposure and of courage that cared not for danger. The same unwavering

*Mr. Bedford, State Treasurer, has interested himself in the history and the development of the State. This address was one of several given at the ceremonies opening the reconstructed fort on August 2, 1937. An excellent and well attended program was arranged by the Platteville Community Club. The famous old trading post was rebuilt as a WPA project, sponsored by Platteville and Weld County. It stands on the main highway one mile south of Platteville.—Ed.

determination of those who followed in the wake of the pioneer traders has carried Colorado on to its present high place in the commercial life of the nation.

It was at Fort Vasquez that such noted characters in Colorado and Western history as Jim Bridger, Lancaster P. Lupton, Thomas Fitzpatrick, John Hatcher and other noted frontiersmen met. Thousands of Indians trekked their way to the fort with buffalo hides. From the mountain valleys came trappers with beaver pelts.



RECONSTRUCTED FORT VASQUEZ

Calamity came to the proud trading post in 1842, when it was abandoned and ransacked by Indians. But proud Fort Vasquez was not to give up its place in the frontier sun so easily. It was destined for another important part in the breaking down of the barriers of the wilderness.

It was rebuilt in the 1860s and became an important stop on the famous Overland stage system, and many a weary traveler rested here. In the same decade it also was used as a base point for the troops sent to Colorado to quell Indian uprisings.

But again it fell into decay, although early settlers in this community still can remember when a portion of the historic walls were standing. Now it is rebuilt through government cooperation and the citizens of Platteville and vicinity are to be congratulated for recognizing its historic significance.

This spot that sheltered the initial commerce of Colorado will stand as a memorial to the courage, the foresightedness, and the industry of a pioneer people who, fighting against tremendous odds, carried on until today we have the Colorado of fertile farms, of bustling industry and of happy and contented homes.

These new walls will stand as a reminder of the fortitude of those who precede us in this great state. It should give all a new determination to carry on to a greater goal in the present era.

Colorado's Pioneer Graduate

SISTER M. LILLIANA OWENS, S.L., Ph.D.

Seventy-three years ago, on July 9, 1864, when Colorado was still a frontier fringe, three Sisters of Loretto, Sister Joana Walsh, Beatrice Maes and Ignacia Mora, were enduring the trying vigors of the seemingly endless trek by stage from Santa Fe to Denver. These pioneer heroines in black were coming to open Denver's pioneer academy[1] for girls at the request of Denver's pioneer bishop, the then Reverend Joseph P. Machebeuf.[2]

As the creaking old stage crawled over the top of Raton Pass and these three religious women took their first look at Colorado, many emotions must have stirred them. History was in the making in that era. The country was involved in the throes of Civil War and the people of the Colorado Territory were more concerned over the news that Grant had crossed the Rapidan than that three young religious women had crossed the Raton Pass to bring education to the West. Yet this event was history, for these women were to be instrumental in planting the faith of Christ and the seeds of education in the hearts of the children of the Rocky Mountain region.

At this time Denver was a haphazard village sprawling on the banks of Cherry Creek where it joined the Platte River. It was a stopping place for those who were seeking wealth from the mountains that lay to the west. In the South Park region the famed Reynolds gang of desperados still exerted their reign of terror and banditry. In the midst of all this, these three young women entered that cheerless two-story frame house which had been the residence of George W. Clayton[3] with courageous hearts. Soon this little building proved inadequate to their needs and by 1872[4] a building suitable to the needs of the time was completed. Here on June 30, 1875, St. Mary held the first high school graduation in Colorado and conferred the first high school diploma given in Colorado on Miss Jessie Forshee,[5] who had enrolled at St. Mary in January, 1873.

In the *Rocky Mountain News* of July 1, 1875, we find the following account of the exercises:

"The annual exhibition at St. Mary's Academy, in charge of the Sisters, took place yesterday morning, in the assembly hall of the institution. The hall was tastefully decorated, and was filled

[1]See Sister M. Lilliana Owens, S.L., Ph.D., "The History of the Sisters of Loretto in the Trans-Mississippi West," in St. Louis University Library, St. Louis, Missouri, ch. VIII, and Anna C. Minogue, *Loretto: Annals of a Century.*

[2]See Reverend W. J. Howlett, *The Life of Bishop Machebeuf.*

[3]See *Letter of Machebeuf* to his sister, dated July 22, 1864, in Archives Denver Diocese.

[4]Owens, *op. cit.*

[5]The public schools gave their first high school diploma in 1877, when East Denver High School graduated seven. See Jerome C. Smiley, *History of Denver*, 747, *et seq.*; also *Saimarc*, vol. I, Nov., 1930, p. 1, copy on file in the Historical Files, St. Mary Academy, Denver, Colorado.

with spectators. Amongst those present were Fathers Raverdy, Vignonet, Metz, and Reithmeyer, Ex-Gov. Gilpin, John Hittson, W. H. H. Cranmer, Joseph P. Farmer, and Joseph L. Bailey. The programme was called by Thomas Creighton, who also read the names of all the pupils, specifying the particular studies they had pursued. It is proper to state, in this connection, that the Academy list embraced the names of forty boarders and two hundred pupils, and the exercises were indicative of severe application and sound teaching, and reflected credit on the Sisters. The 'Contested Crown,' in which a large number of pupils, beautifully dressed, took part, gave the young ladies an opportunity to exhibit their elocutionary powers. The music, instrumental and vocal, was of a superior order. The salutatory was delivered by Miss Lulu Barron,

JESSIE FORSHEE AT TIME OF GRADUATION

of Hugo, and the valedictory by Miss Jessie Forshee, both papers showing a fine command of language on the part of the young ladies. Miss Forshee, a talented young lady, graduated with the expiration of this term, and was awarded a gold medal."

On July 16, 1858, a time when the parks of Colorado were inhabited by the Ute Indians, and immigration was attracted by the discovery of gold in the mountains near the "Queen City of the Plains," a little girl was born at Montezuma, Cayuga County, New York. The parents of this child, destined to be Colorado's first graduate, were William Van Giesen Forshee, a native of New York, and Sarah Frances Ross, a native of New Jersey. Both were Methodist-Episcopalians. Little Jessie, for that was the name given her, grew up in New York and took her first steps along the road to learning under a private tutor and later she attended the schools of her native town. At the age of fourteen she entered the academic

department at St. Mary Academy, Denver, Colorado. The following letter,[6] written by her to the Machebeuf History Club at St. Mary, gives us some idea of the school at that early date:

"Loretto College-Academy,
El Paso, Texas,
Pentecost 1937.

"* * * I cannot recall when Latin was [first] taught at St. Mary.

"I sang in the choir with the Sisters. Sister Pancratia Bonfils was the leading soprano. Sister Bernadette sang a feeble contralto. Sister Isabella Traller, the German teacher, played the organ. Sister had a rich voice and sang well. She was a native of Baden, Germany, and was very amiable. Whenever she felt obliged to reprove her pupils she always closed her eyes. Sister taught German from eight to nine every morning. Mother Joana Walsh, at that same period, taught French and taught it thoroughly. When I was taken to the academy to *matriculate,* Mother Joana was in the parlor conversing in French with a pupil at St. Mary's. Of course I was quite impressed. I knew a little French which my mother had taught me. The French class sang a song at the closing June, 1873. The next year I had to read an essay of my own composition, *La Vraie Politesse* * * * *The Rocky Mountain News* of June, '75, contains the program of St. Mary's commencement of that year. It must be among their files. Miss Katie Berthoud, Captain Berthoud's niece, was given conditional baptism in St. Mary's chapel by Bishop Machebeuf. He gave Katie a prayer book, The Key of Heaven; as I was her god-mother, he gave me The Gate of Heaven and he enrolled us in the blue scapular. When I was living at the Heights in 1921 I gave Sister Vivian[7] *The Gate of Heaven* to put among the relics of former days. Bishop Machebeuf's autograph is on the fly leaf. My name is covered with tiny holy pictures that used to be called mignonettes.

"Sister Jovita is the only Sister living who was teaching at St. Mary's when I went there to school. Miss Anne Harkins, whom I did not know, was one of the day scholars. Julia Clifford[8] was a little girl."

Miss Forshee was baptized into the Catholic religion and made her First Holy Communion in the chapel of old St. Mary Academy on November 1, 1874, the very Reverend John B. Raverdy[9] officiating. She was confirmed in the sacristy of the Loretto Church of the

[6]This letter is in the Historical Files at St. Mary Academy, Denver, Colorado.
[7]Sister Mary Vivian Edelen, S.L., is one of the pioneer teachers at Loretto Heights College and is at present (1937) registrar of the Loretto Heights College, Denver, Colorado.
[8]Miss Julia Clifford is now (1937) living at 1340 Gilpin, Denver, Colorado.
[9]Record on file, Archives Loretto Mother House, Loretto, Kentucky. Hereinafter cited A.L.M.; also a duplicate record in the historical files St. Mary Academy, Denver, Colorado.

Seven Dolores, Loretto Mother House, Loretto, Kentucky, on May 15, 1878,[10] by His Excellency Right Reverend William George McCloskey, D.D. She attended St. Mary Academy from January 6, 1873, to June, 1875, the time of her graduation.[11]

Jessie Forshee left Denver for the novitiate of the Sisters of Loretto in July and arrived at the Mother House on July 29, 1875. She was clothed with the habit of the Sisters of Loretto and received the name of Sister Mary Vitalis, the name by which she has ever since been known, on August 15, 1875.[12]

Sister Mary Vitalis Forshee has been outstanding for her intelligence and her intellectual achievements. She received her Bachelor of Arts degree from the Catholic University of America at Washington, D. C., in 1912, and her Master of Arts degree from the same institution in June, 1913. She held a degree in music from the Chicago Conservatory of Music since 1918. During the course of her life as a member of the Society of the Sisters of Loretto, Sister Vitalis has filled the following posts of responsibility: She was a member of the faculty at Loretto Academy, Loretto Mother House, Loretto, Kentucky, from 1875 to 1910. In May, 1898, she began the publication known as *The Loretto Magazine*. From 1910 to 1912 she was a member of the faculty at Loretto Academy, Kansas City, Missouri. The year 1912-1913 was spent in special study at the Teachers' College, Brookland, D. C. Sister Mary Vitalis, in conjunction with Sister Miriam Judd[13] and Sister Mary Borgia Clarke,[14] conducted the Teachers' Training School at Loretto Mother House, Loretto, Kentucky. In September, 1914, she was again appointed to the faculty at Loretto Academy, Kansas City, Missouri. In August, 1916, she was appointed Dean of Studies[15] at Webster College, Webster Groves, Missouri. In August, 1919, she became a member of the faculty at Loretto Heights College, Loretto, Colorado. Since 1922, Sister Mary Vitalis has been residing at Loretto College-Academy, El Paso, Texas. Early in June she suffered a fall. Her death on June 18, 1937, was as a result of this fall and of the infirmities of old age.

One who has labored with her and knew her intimately says of her:

"Sister Vitalis (Forshee) was a woman of broad culture—musician, historian, possessed of high literary endowments, a remarkable memory, kindly and affable in manner—ever ready to serve others in their intellectual and manual pursuits. Above all, she was truly humble. She carried her attainments with never an indication of ostentation, not a hint of superiority, equally affable to the poor and illiterate as to the more fortunately endowed."[16]

[10] *Ibid.*

[11] The diploma of Jessie Forshee was sent to the Historical Museum at St. Mary Academy, Denver, Colorado, a short time before her death and is there at present (1937).

[12] *Record* in the A.L.M. and in the historical files at St. Mary Academy, Denver, Colorado.

[13] At present (1937) Sister Miriam Judd is in charge of the Department of the Classics at Loretto Heights College, Loretto, Colorado.

[14] Sister Mary Borgia Clarke is (1937) Director of the Department of Mathematics at Webster College, Webster Groves, Missouri.

[15] *Record* A.L.M.

The Georgetown-Leadville Stage

ELMER R. BURKEY*

A very interesting phase of early Colorado history is that which relates to transportation between Denver and Leadville before the Denver and South Park Railroad reached the latter town.

When the great silver discoveries were made at Leadville during the winter of 1877-78, thousands of miners and prospectors turned toward the highly advertised carbonate camp. Not only was this true of mining enthusiasts in Colorado, but the extensive and somewhat exaggerated reports of the discoveries carried by the newspapers caused thousands of men and women from the East and South to rush to the city of Denver, which served as the gateway to the gold and silver fields and also as the supply depot for most of those who expected to find riches in the mountains of Colorado.

Necessary supplies could, as a rule, be purchased without difficulty in Denver, but the purchase of transportation to the mining camps was not so easily accomplished. Three main avenues of transportation from Denver to Leadville were available. One was the Denver and South Park Railroad, which had been built as far as Morrison several years previous, and was at this period slowly creeping over Kenosha Hill and through South Park towards Buena Vista. From the terminus of this railroad a stage line carried passengers and freight to Leadville. A second road ran from Morrison up Turkey Creek, crossed Kenosha Hill, passed through Fairplay, Dillon and Kokomo and over Fremont Pass to Leadville. A third avenue of transportation was the Colorado Central Railroad, which had been built from Denver to Georgetown in 1877. From Georgetown a wagon road ran over Argentine Pass and connected with the old Leadville road at Kokomo.

Several large stage and freight lines had been organized to meet the demands of this new army of prospectors and merchants who were rushing towards Leadville, and many individual freighters were also engaged in transporting men and goods to that point. However, in spite of all their efforts, it was impossible to supply the

[16]Ms. on file in the historical files St. Mary Academy, Denver, Colorado.
*Mr. Burkey is a research worker for the State Historical Society.—Ed.

sought-for transportation, and many times it was necessary for travelers to engage passage several days in advance of their going.

The opportunities and remunerations which a safe, efficient and fast stage line from Denver to Leadville offered were recognized by the business men of Georgetown, and in July, 1878, a movement was begun for the establishment of a regular coach line which was to run from that town over Argentine Pass, down the Snake River, across the Blue, up Ten-Mile Creek, and over Fremont Pass to Leadville.[1]

Nothing was accomplished that year toward the fulfillment of this enterprise, but in February of the next year plans were made to put it into operation. "A movement is on foot," said the *Georgetown Courier* of February 9, 1879, "to establish a regular coach line between this place and Leadville, or rather a line of sleighs and light wagons, as passengers can be conveyed at this season of the year quicker and with more comfort in that manner than in coaches. S. W. Nott[2] is at the head of the enterprise and at present is investigating the cost of keeping the road open, and endeavoring to make reasonable arrangements for that purpose.

"As this is the shortest route from Denver to Leadville, there is little question but it will be well patronized, especially while the present heavy travel in that direction continues. The route will be over Argentine Pass, down the Snake and up the Ten-Mile, the distance from Georgetown being in the neighborhood of sixty miles, and one hundred and ten from Denver. A party of men have been investigating, and report but little snow at the summit of the range, and not enough below to prevent the road being kept in good condition."

This plan was changed, however, and a new road over Loveland Pass was projected. The editor of the *Courier,* in the issue of February 20, 1879, writing of this change, said, "The new road will cross the range over 1,500 feet lower than Argentine Pass, and it can be kept open through the winter at a comparatively small cost." This was to be a toll road, and in the latter part of February a charter for this road was prepared and filed.

Work on the new "High Line" road, as it was called, was immediately begun and vigorously pursued. "It is estimated," said the *Courier,* "that the road will cost three times what it would if built in the summer, but as the company are anxious to turn the spring travel over the route, they are willing to make the sacrifice, but probably before they finish, all our citizens will have a chance to subscribe to the stock. The company have a pledge from the U. P. and C. C. companies that they will send their passengers from

[1] *Georgetown Courier,* July 11, 1878.
[2] Silas W. Nott came to Colorado from New York State in 1866 and entered the livery business in Georgetown soon after his arrival. He moved to Glenwood Springs in 1880, and died on his ranch near that town on February 27, 1907.

the East direct to Georgetown, so they can leave here in the morning and reach Leadville the same day. Coaches will be placed on as soon as the road is completed. This route will be seventy miles shorter than any other route from Denver to Leadville and the companies will be able to defy competition."[3]

This road was completed about the first of June, 1879, and on the 26th of that month the *Courier* carried the following announcement:

"S. W. Nott started a passenger and express line from Georgetown to Kokomo, which, for the present, will be run tri-weekly. Teams will leave Georgetown on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and returning will leave Kokomo on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Travel on the road is increasing and we presume it will not be a great while before a daily line will be established." Between Kokomo and Leadville, passengers were carried by stages operated by Messrs. Cooke and Wasson.

In July, 1879, Mr. Nott received the Government contract to carry the mail between Georgetown and Kokomo. There were to be seven mails per week each way, leaving Georgetown very morning at half-past six, and connecting at Kokomo with Leadville stages. This arrangement gave travelers the "shortest, cheapest, and most direct route from Denver to Kokomo, Leadville, the Gunnison country, and the whole of that vast country beyond the range which is now rapidly filling up with newcomers."[4]

A good description of the road is found in the following letter written by Prof. Weiser, a mining engineer, to the *Courier.*

"Mr. Editor: I came over from the great mining camp by this new road [the High Line], and I feel it a duty I owe to all parties concerned to give my views of it, as one of the great internal improvements of Colorado. This is doubtless the most natural outlet of the great carbonate field to the plains. It is shorter than the outlet through the Arkansas Valley or the South Platte route, and is a fine specimen of engineering skill. The passage over the main range, at Loveland Pass, is as good as can be made. From the western foot of the main range the road passes through the Snake River Gulch for about thirty miles, almost on a dead level, and the road is so fine that four good horses can make ten miles an hour on it. No one who has never gone over this road could think it possible that in the very heart of the Rocky Mountains one could pass over more than 30 miles without meeting with a hill, and yet it is even so. From Georgetown to Kokomo it is 45 miles, and from Kokomo to Leadville, 15 miles, making a total of 60 miles. This distance can easily be made in one day with good four-horse teams. As soon as the trip is made in one day the travel must become very great and

[3] *Georgetown Courier,* March 6, 1879.
[4] *Ibid.,* July 3, 1879.

nothing can prevent it, for people will take the nearest, quickest and cheapest route. The road from Kokomo to Leadville is not good now but it is being improved rapidly. There is only one mountain to cross and that is being much improved; but there are many bridges to be built in Tennessee Park, for the ground is low and marshy, and during the months of March and April it is almost impassable. This of course must be improved before it can be passed over with safety and comfort. The sooner Mr. Nott puts four horses upon the road at each end of the route and runs through to Leadville in a day, for $10, the better. The travel must come through Georgetown, for it is the most direct outlet from Leadville. I think all who travel over this road, like myself, cannot but be pleased with it. The mountain scenery is without exception the grandest in Colorado. R. Weiser.''[5]

On July 28th, Mr. Nott began running his stages through to Leadville in one day, leaving Leadville at a quarter to seven and arriving at Georgetown at half-past six in the evening, and the ones leaving Georgetown at five o'clock reaching Leadville at seven that evening. The fare was seven dollars to Kokomo and ten dollars to Leadville. Mr. Nott's advertisements in the *Courier* emphasized the fact that on his stage line there was ''no walking—no dust—no danger.''[6]

At first the daily load carried by the stage was from ten to fifteen passengers, but the line gained such popularity with the traveling public that by the first of September it became necessary to purchase and put into operation three new Concord coaches. A fair idea of the business of the stage line may be formed from the following items found in the *Courier:*

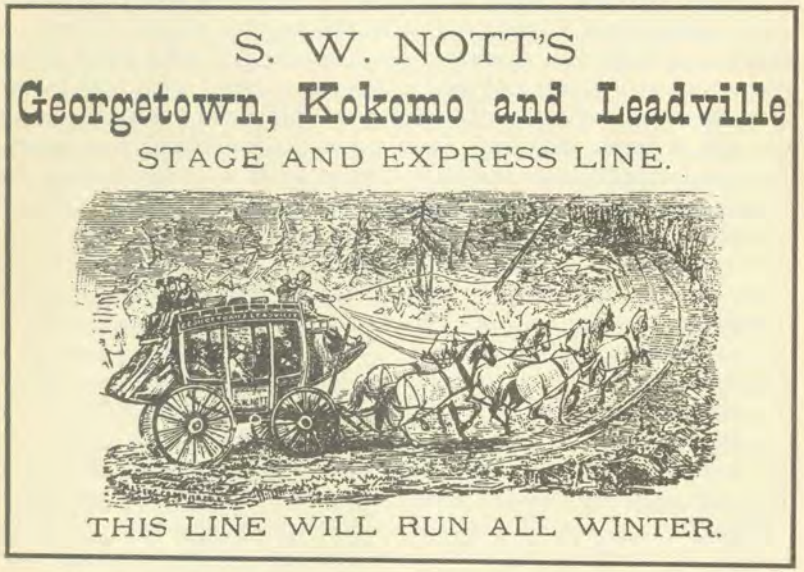
''Staging with all its pristine glory had been revived in Northern Colorado by the Nott line from this place to Leadville. Six-horse Concord coaches, in charge of the best drivers in the Rocky Mountains, make the trip by daylight, and on no other road in the mountains is their time equalled. Pearly Wasson and Ed Cooke, two men, who, we may say, have been raised on the box, handle the lines, and in their charge the patrons of the line feel as safe as at home. This route is now by far the pleasantest and safest from Denver to the carbonate camp, and the growing business shows that the traveling public appreciate it.''[7]

''Nott's stage and express line to Kokomo and Leadville is fast becoming the popular route to the latter places, and the Leadville papers say the bulk of travel to that place is over this line. Mr. Nott is exerting himself to make everything convenient for the traveling public.''[8]

[5] *Ibid.*, July 17, 1879.
[6] *Ibid.*, July 31, 1879.
[7] *Ibid.*, Oct. 2, 1879.
[8] *Ibid.*, Nov. 13, 1879.

In regard to plans for winter traveling we read in the *Courier* of November 13, 1879, ''Mr. Nott will run sleighs over the range to Leadville after the ground is once well covered with snow. Sleds are used to haul ore from the Stevens' mine during the winter, and there will probably be no more difficulty in keeping the road over the range open than the one to the Stevens, while sleighing will be preferable to coaching during the winter months.''

In comparing the Nott stage line with others of the state, the *Courier* said: ''While the coaches from the terminus of the South Park road to Leadville found it almost impossible to cross the range during the snow storm last week, the High Line coaches from this



ADVERTISEMENT IN THE GEORGETOWN COURIER OF 1879

place passed through without difficulty. The route from this place to the carbonate camp is through sheltered valleys and across one of the lowest passes in the mountains, which is the reason no difficulty was experienced.''[9]

A perusal of the Leadville newspapers for this period verifies this statement, as these newspapers tell of many serious accidents on other stage and express lines, especially on the line from the terminus of the South Park railroad to Leadville, while they do not mention any on the High Line. In the *Leadville Weekly Herald* of January 10, 1880, we read:

''Trusting one's life in the sleighs and wagons that are now crossing the range, is almost as dangerous an undertaking as walk-

[9] *Ibid.*, Nov. 20, 1879.

ing out after dark in the streets of this city used to be some months ago. This does not arise from the carelessness of the drivers or from the insecurity of the vehicles which are used for the business, but almost entirely from the dangerous character of the road. It is full of ice and snow, and despite the greatest care exercised, accidents will sometimes happen." This article continues in telling of the several accidents and upsets during the past week on the South Park stage lines.

An article found in the same newspaper, and copied from the *Summit County Times,* gives a graphic account of a trip over the High Line during a snow storm. It is as follows:

"The Loveland coach, which left Kokomo on Saturday afternoon, encountered a great storm in the heights of the Rockys on Sunday. Aboard this coach was the writer and a half a dozen other passengers with a very sick man. The storm raged with fury in the early morning, but not until reaching an altitude of twelve thousand feet did it burst with full force upon the benighted passengers. Commingled with snow and sleet, it came upon us, never letting up, never abating. The summit was reached and descent began. When just above timberline, the sleigh was stopped by a formidable snow slide just ahead. To clear it away all hands were employed for an hour, and the long train of sleighs, freight wagons and horsemen started again, when a second slide much greater and more powerful than the former was encountered. It had fallen from the crest of a mountain and filled the road and bridge across a gulch to a depth of from six to ten feet. This again necessitated considerable delay and much wearisome labor. Finally about four o'clock, after the lead horses were turned loose and urged to escape from the drifts, the train made its safe exit from the ordeal of trial, and the coach reached the way station down the summit an hour later. At eight o'clock the snorting six-horse team reached Georgetown and unloaded its precious load of freight. * * *

"It must not be concluded from the above recital that it is an every day experience. It was one of the stormiest times which has ever been known on the range. Exceptional, as well by its early date, as by its before unknown force and power. The slides which are dreaded more by those inexperienced than by those who understand their character, occurred at a point 500 feet below Loveland Pass."[10]

Yet, in the face of such difficulties, Mr. Nott's attempt to operate his coach line throughout the winter of 1879-80 seems to have been a success, as these items, written during the month of January, 1880, indicate. In the *Courier* of January 8, 1880, we read, "Nott's coach line continues to be well patronized, and all who travel over it pronounce it the most comfortable route to Leadville."

[10]*Leadville Weekly Herald,* Dec. 27, 1879.

On the 15th of January the same newspaper said, "The 'High Line' proves to be the best winter route across the main range. The coaches are promptly on time, and no accidents occur, which cannot be said of any other route."

Some idea of the amount of business done during the winter is indicated by the following news item:

"Business over the High Line is steadily increasing. On Tuesday morning Nott sent three coaches out carrying 21 passengers. Two coaches leave every morning now, and as soon as the weather moderates a little he will probably send three or four out every morning."[11]

Due, perhaps, to the desire of the traveling public to arrive at Leadville in the morning rather than at night, a change was made in the time of departure from Georgetown. Coaches now began leaving that town after the arrival of the noon train from Denver. This arrangement allowed through passengers to leave Denver in the morning, dine at Georgetown, sleep at Fiske's, on the Snake, and reach Leadville early on the following day. This change of schedule seems to have aided business, for in the *Courier* of February 26th we read: "Nott's passenger list shows a gradual increase, it being a common thing now to send out three coaches daily, carrying from fifteen to eighteen passengers."

An estimate of the services rendered by this stage line may be found in this article taken from the *Kokomo Times:* "Mr. S. W. Nott, the pioneer stage man of the High Line road, is doing more for Summit county than almost any man in it. In addition to projecting the main route through the deep snow of last winter and making it the favorable route, he has established branch lines to Decatur, Chihuahua and Breckenridge. Mr. Nott deserves great credit for his efforts, and every enterprising citizen will commend him for his business industry."[12]

Something concerning the equipment necessary to operate the stage and express business is indicated by the following item taken from the *Courier* of April 29, 1880: "Mr. S. W. Nott received seventeen fine Iowa horses on Thursday last, which will be used on his Leadville and Breckenridge coach line. He now has one hundred horses on the line and nine drivers. He has a force of twenty men employed at shoveling snow and placing the road in good condition so that further use of sleighs this season will not be necessary."

Keeping the road open during the winter for sleighs was in itself a tremendous task, and when the snow became too soft to be traveled over in the spring, it was necessary to remove it from the road. The *Courier* of May 20, 1880, stated that Mr. Nott had a "large force of men at work shoveling snow from the main range,

[11]*Georgetown Courier,* Feb. 12, 1880.
[12]*Ibid.,* Mar. 4, 1880.

and in the course of a week or ten days the road will be in good condition."

In spite of the fact that this stage line was noted for its good equipment and careful drivers, accidents were not entirely avoided, as this item, found in the *Courier* of October 21, 1880, shows. "The High Line stage was upset on Tuesday near Fiske's mill, the accident being caused by a defect in the corduroy road. There were sixteen passengers aboard at the time, among whom was John S. Crawford, and when the stage went over he landed at the bottom of the pile and was also caught under the vehicle, which bruised him badly, but fortunately broke no bones. A lady and boy were also injured but not seriously."

The winter of 1880-81 was a very severe one. Many storms occurred and much snow fell on the range. This severe weather did not, however, stop the coaches. The *Courier* of November 25, 1880, reports: "Nott's coaches go out loaded with passengers, baggage and express matter every morning. Notwithstanding the unusually stormy weather of this season, the trips have been made with regularity and safety, which speaks well for the management of the line and carefulness of the drivers."

From the following news items we learn something of the difficulties encountered that winter by the stage line. "The snow storms of the present winter are an unprecedented thing in this country, within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Heretofore sleighing has been a luxury not often indulged in at this place, but so far this season we have already had several weeks of good sleighing and there is good prospect of its continuation for some time more. Within the past week the High Line sleighs have been unable to cross, and the mails have had to be taken over on snow shoes."[13]

"Nott's High Line was reopened for sleighs last Saturday, and unless another extraordinary storm occurs, which is not probable, it can be kept open for travel without difficulty the remainder of the winter."[14]

Heavy storms, however, made this plan impossible, for in the same issue of the *Courier* we read that Mr. Nott had discontinued running sleighs across the range because of the deep snow and the impossibility of keeping the road open. Mail was carried over on snow shoes.[15]

The closing of the stage line isolated the people living at Chihuahua and Decatur from Georgetown. They appealed to the merchants of the latter place to raise $300, which amount was thought sufficient to enable Mr. Nott to open the road and place four-horse sleighs upon it.[16]

[13] *Ibid.*, Jan. 20, 1881.
[14] *Ibid.*, Jan. 27, 1881.
[15] *Ibid.*
[16] *Ibid.*, Feb. 10, 1881.

On January 15th, Mr. Nott attempted to put a stage through to Kokomo over the High Line, but after reaching a point 1½ miles above the saw mill, the trip was found to be impossible and the stage returned to Georgetown.

The difficulty of keeping the road open caused Mr. Nott to abandon this line. The *Courier* of April 21st reports: "Mr. Nott has abandoned the 'High Line' route, and on Thursday morning commenced to take the Summit county mail over by Argentine Pass, and hereafter the mails will leave Georgetown at five o'clock in the morning, by horseback, and connect with sleighs at Decatur for Breckenridge, Frisco, Kokomo and the railroad at Leadville. Passengers from Georgetown will have to go to Decatur until the road over the pass is shoveled out, but after that coaches will run over the whole route."

In an attempt to provide transportation for the people of Summit County, Mr. Nott put on a buckboard line over Argentine Pass in the month of June. These vehicles could make faster time and were considered safer.[17]

One of the most serious accidents of Nott's stage line occurred in July, 1881. The following account of the accident is given by the *Courier:*

"On Thursday last, at mid-day, as Nott's four-horse spring wagon with four passengers commenced the descent on the west side of Argentine Pass, it was overturned and one of the passengers, a blind fiddler who had been playing on the streets of Georgetown during the previous day, was killed. The accident was caused by the breaking of the neckyoke, which threw one of the horses down in the road, and the other horse on the tongue was crowded over the embankment, and pulled the wagon and horse that had fallen and immediately regained his feet, after him. When the neckyoke broke two of the passengers who were on the back seat, and the driver who was on the front seat, jumped out, but the blind man and his companion, a cripple, were unable to help themselves. The driver landed on his back in the road, but he hung to the lines and in this position managed to keep the leaders from going over the bank, which prevented the wagon and other horses from rolling hundreds of feet down the mountain."[18]

The writer, in a recent interview with Mr. Frank Nott, son of S. W. Nott, obtained some very interesting and valuable information relative to the Nott stage line. Although only a young man at the time, Frank was very active in his father's business. In speaking of the stage line, Mr. Frank Nott said:

"The stages ran daily, coming and going, and were drawn by double-six horse teams. There were also extra runs made when the

[17] *Ibid.*, June 23, 1881.
[18] *Ibid.*, July 7, 1881.

occasion demanded. My father ran advertisements in the Omaha and other eastern newspapers, and often he received telegrams from these towns arranging for transportation for the passengers. An advertisement was also carried in Crofutt's *Grip-Sack Guide.*

"The horses used on the stages were light, weighing from 1,000 to 1,100 pounds. Light horses were used because it lessened the danger of starting snow slides. The lightest horses were in the lead, while the heaviest were used as wheel horses.

"During the winter, when the snow was deep, the stage coach was changed at the first station, which was twelve miles out of Georgetown, for long sleighs. These sleighs were fixed with shoe-like brakes which were used to keep the sleighs from moving too fast when going down hills. The sleighs were changed for coaches at the second station, which was about seven and one-half miles from the first, and just over the pass.

"Just before reaching the top of the pass the horses were allowed a short breathing spell, and then a fast dash was made over the summit. This was done because of the extremely cold and biting winds which swept the summit.

"Three to six men were needed during the winter to keep the road cleared and open, and to help put the horses back on the trail when they would get off of it. This frequently happened, and when the horses slipped off the hard-beaten trail they would sink into the deep snow and quick action was required to prevent their being buried. A rolled-up blanket was placed under their head to prevent suffocation. To get them back on the trail was not an easy task. Usually the tongue of the wagon was used as a derrick, and the horses were lifted on to the trail with a block and tackle.

"The drivers were dressed in long overcoats and caps, and their feet were wrapped in burlap, since these would keep their feet warmer than overshoes, and were less liable to slip on the snow and ice.

"During the winter it was sometimes impossible to transport all of the baggage over the summit of the pass, and some of the baggage was placed in a pile just below the summit, and covered with a tarpaulin, which was fastened down with wedges. Often these piles were as large as a small house.

"The pass over Argentine was used for about three months of the year; the remainder of the year the stages went over Loveland Pass. During these months the snow was so deep and the road so bad over the latter pass that it was often impossible to cross it. While Argentine Pass is much higher than Loveland Pass, the wind had a much better sweep on the former pass, and thus kept the top almost clear from snow.

"No coaches were ever used over Argentine Pass as the curves

were too sharp, but instead we used a Stoddard wagon, pulled by four horses.

"In the winter the horses could not be shod because they would cut themselves with the shoes, due to the fact that they slipped a great deal on the icy roads. In the summer time they were shod with a heavy shoe with blunt corks.

"Home-made snow plows were used in clearing the snow from the roads when it was possible to use them, and at other times the road was cleared by shovels. There were only a few settlers living along the road, but they were always glad to aid in opening the roads. The reason was, perhaps, due to the fact that the stages always carried the mail and provisions to these settlers free of charge. On the days when the roads were blocked, the mail was carried over the pass on toboggans, which were pulled by hand or by Jenette mules.

"In the spring when the snows began to melt there was often danger and delay because of the water which ran down the gullies with great force. The stages carried long bridge planks with them which were used to bridge over the washed-out places in the road and unsafe bridges."

James Frank Gardner and Franktown

J. F. Gardner, Jr.*

My father, James Frank Gardner, one of the pioneers of Colorado, was born November 2, 1833, on a farm near Attica, New York. He lived with his parents on the farm until he was 22 years old, then decided to try his fortune in the "West."

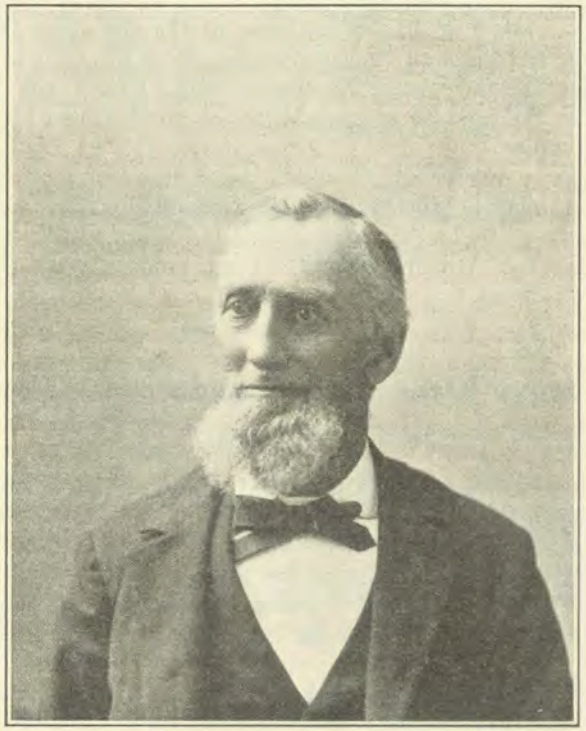
So in 1856, with Colonel John B. Folsom, grandfather of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, and William B. Beck, brother of the late Senator Beck of Kentucky, father set out for the Territory of Nebraska. They traveled by rail to Des Moines, and then by wagon to Council Bluffs (at that time called Kanesville) and on to Omaha. Here he met William N. Byers and was employed by him to do some surveying up the Platte and Elkhorn rivers, north and west of Omaha. He completed this survey in four or five months and returned to Omaha. Father then took up some land near a town called Tekannah, where he lived for three years, serving one or two terms as city clerk of that town.

In 1858 father became excited about the glowing news of "gold" in the far West. He furnished a Mr. Lowery with two yoke of oxen, wagons, and provisions to make the trip across the plains and learn what he could about the gold excitement. Mr. Lowery

*Mr. Gardner, son of the pioneer, lives in Denver today.—Ed.

wrote back such glowing accounts of the West and the fortunes to be had for the taking that father prepared at once to follow him.

On March 15, 1859, in the company of William B. Beck and George M. Chilcotte, he set out by ox-team for Denver. They made the trip from Omaha, over the plains, in two months, arriving in Denver May 15, 1859. Before starting west, Mr. Beck and father had made a machine with which to dredge the gold. They now took this up Clear Creek and prepared to make their fortune in short order. But disappointment lay in store for them; the machine



JAMES FRANK GARDNER

would not work. Then father contracted typhoid fever and was taken to Denver, where he was seriously ill throughout the months of September and October, 1859. After his recovery in November he decided to abandon the elusive fortunes to be had in the gold fields, and to try other labor. He accepted a position in a saw-mill in Douglas County operated by Mr. Thomas Bayaud. He worked here until June 15, 1860, when he bought a team of oxen and a wagon, and started hauling lumber from the mill into Denver. He followed this line of work for almost a year.

Father now took up a squatter's claim on Cherry Creek. He called it the California Ranch, but it soon came to be called "Frank's Town" in honor of father. It is present Franktown, Colorado. In 1863 he sold this ranch to Mr. Bracker. (It is now owned by Mr. Thomas Christensen of Castle Rock.) He then, in partnership with George M. Chilcotte, bought a shingle mill, hauled it to Douglas County, and made and hauled shingles to Denver. After a few months Mr. Chilcotte sold out his interest to father, and moved to Pueblo, Colorado.

About this time the Indians became very troublesome and dangerous. The men who worked at the mill and their families had a camp about one-half mile from the mill. One day father was alone at the mill, getting out a load of shingles to fill a contract, when a roving band of Indians sighted him and yelling, dashed out from the timber to surround the mill. However, the men at the mill perceived his plight and came to the rescue, doubtless saving his life. There were about sixty men and fifteen or twenty women in the camp. Father now felt that his men were not safe, so he moved them to the California Ranch, where they built a stockade around the ranch house by standing logs on end about three or four feet in the ground and extending eight or ten feet above the ground. While they were camped here, he went out in the timber toward the mill to look after their horses, fearing the Indians would drive them away. He saw a man running toward him, pursued by a band of Indians. Father took the fellow up on his horse, turned about and started at full gallop for the stockade. The Indians chased them to within one-half mile of the stockade, then started back. Father did not find his horses but, no doubt, saved a life.

While camped at the California Ranch from August until November the men organized a military company and chose father as commander. In November Colonel Shoup asked father to bring his company to Denver. He made the proposition that if my father would enlist his men into a regiment, those that wanted to stay and protect their homes could do so, and the rest could go on to the war. He enlisted the men as requested, and they moved to Camp Wheeler, now known as Lincoln Park. His regiment stayed at this camp 100 days, when they were mustered out in December, 1864.

When Douglas County was organized in 1861, Franktown, named for the Hon. J. Frank Gardner (my father) was made the county seat. Father was the county's first treasurer, made so by appointment, and the following year was elected treasurer of the county, in which capacity he served until 1866. He was elected to represent his county in the legislature, serving from 1869 to 1873. He served as State Senator, 1879-81 and again from 1889 to 1893. He then served another term in the house, 1897-99.

Father was always a staunch Republican. He was loved by all who knew him, Democrats and Republicans alike. When he was campaigning for his party he never said an unkind word of his Democratic friends, and of course in those days one so prominent in the affairs of the county and state knew nearly everyone in them. During his term as Senator he took part in the election of seven U. S. Senators. Often times when I was a boy at home I can remember seeing the following men in father's house: H. M. Teller, C. S. Thomas, E. O. Wolcott, T. W. Patterson, Alva Adams and D. H. Moffat, talking over the affairs of state. I could name many others but these six are still remembered by most of us. While father was in the legislature he served as chairman on a number of committees and as member of others. At the time of his retirement he was next to the oldest in point of service in the Senate.

In the spring of 1862 my father had met Mr. M. Nelson L. Cantel, then a young man about twenty years old, driving up Cherry Creek with his father, both driving four yoke of oxen each, coming west from Iowa. Father was the first man that Mr. Cantel got acquainted with in Douglas County and they at once formed a close friendship. Mr. Cantel settled in Douglas County and as father had a general store in Franktown they met every day. They were of the same political faith and always worked together for the interest of their party.

On January 13, 1867, father married my mother, then Miss Helen J. Knox, who came to Colorado in 1866 with her mother. She lived in Douglas County the rest of her life. She often visited the family of Mr. Delano, who in 1868 was elected mayor of Denver. On one of these visits she met General Grant, who was a guest at the Delano home. She and Miss Delano, then girls about fourteen or fifteen years of age, had the honor of making the hot biscuits for the dinner at which General Grant was a guest, a fact of which my mother was always very proud.

Mother and father had four daughters and one son.

I have often heard my father speak of Chief Ouray and Chief Colorow, whom he always considered among his best friends. I often saw them in his store at Franktown when I was a very small lad. On one of General Grant's visits here he met and gave Chief Ouray a silver mug with the initial "O" engraved on it. Later, Chief Ouray gave this mug to my father as a token of true friendship. This mug, which I prize highly, is now on display with the State Historical Society. I have also a resolution from the Fifteenth General Assembly of Colorado and one from the Democratic County Convention, also letters from the late U. S. Senator E. O. Wolcott, which I prize very much.

These things I have written constitute just the highlights of my father's life lived in our beautiful state of Colorado.

Early Days in Longmont[1]

ALONZO H. ALLEN

Longmont did not spring into being over night, and Burlington, its predecessor, did not suddenly cease to exist. On the contrary, Burlington seems to have been on the map for a year or two after the Longmont townsite was laid out, and I have a letter written upon printed stationery of the Chicago Colony, dated at Longmont, May 28, 1871, but bearing very plainly the Burlington postmark. For a time it was necessary to write of Burlington and Longmont concurrently, some of the history pertaining rightly to one town and some to the other.

On Monday, November 21, 1870, the following notice, bearing a 24-point black headline, appeared in a Chicago paper: "COLORADO COLONY. All persons interested in the establishment of a Colony based on the plan of the successful Union Colony at Greeley, Colo., are requested to attend a meeting to be held at Lower Farwell Hall, on Tuesday evening, November 22, for the purpose of organization. All who desire to secure comfortable homes for their families on reasonable terms; all who wish to reap, at once, the advantages arising from a settled society, and all favorable to the development of the inexhaustible Agricultural and Mineral Resources of Colorado, are invited to attend. Gov. Bross, N. C. Meeker, President, and Gen. Cameron, Vice President of the Union Colony, and other distinguished gentlemen will be present and address the meeting. Entrance to the Hall on Clark Street, through the Arcade Building."

Apparently the meeting was a decisive one, for receipts for membership in the Colony, now on file with copies of the Ledger in the archives of the Longmont library, state that the Colony was organized November 23, 1870, next day after this meeting. [2]The very first organization seems to have been as follows: Gov. William Bross, President; Geo. S. Bowen, Treasurer; C. N. Pratt, Secretary, who, with Messrs. Barnes and Gay formed the board of directors. However a reorganization seems soon to have been effected, and my first memory of the organization is to the effect that it was as follows: Judge Seth Terry, President; B. S. Barnes, Vice President; John Townley, Treasurer; F. C. Garbutt, Secretary; Richard Faucett, Engineer; with the following as Executive Council: Seth Terry, Renzi Streeter, B. S. Barnes, J. Lincoln, E. C. Garbutt, Hon.

[1]In a previous article, appearing in our last issue, Mr. Allen of Longmont gave recollections of old Burlington, predecessor of Longmont.—Ed.

[2]A scholarly treatment of the organization of the Chicago-Colorado Colony and of the founding of Longmont may be found in Willard and Goodykoontz, *Experiments in Colorado Colonization, 1869-1872*, published by the University of Colorado in 1926.—Ed.

Wm. Bross, E. J. Coffman, G. S. Bowen, J. M. Mumford, S. G. Fowler. (It sounds almost like a list of Longmont streets!)

The organization at Chicago lost no time in getting into action, and a locating committee was appointed, composed of Seth Terry, H. D. Emery, and William Holley. This committee arrived in Denver on January 9, 1871. It is recorded that representatives of the Union Colony of Greeley met them there and invited them to join the Greeley enterprise, but they wanted a location of their own. Prospective locations were visited south and west of Denver, and it was not until January 23rd that the committee arrived in Burlington and became guests at the "stage house" or hotel operated by my mother, Mrs. M. A. Allen. I recall that the committee and other Colony officials seldom arrived in Burlington by stage coach. They usually traveled to Erie on the Boulder Valley railroad, and were brought to Burlington in a spring wagon usually driven by one Eben White. They were always ready for a square meal when they reached mother's hotel and most of them would have enjoyed being back in Illinois where they could have had a better bed to sleep in. Most of the hotel sleeping rooms were occupied by regular guests so the late arrivals bunked down upon the floor. Some had straw ticks to sleep on.

It was here that Mr. Terry first expressed himself as being fairly well satisfied with a prospective location. The committee went on as far north as the Big Thompson, and was favorably impressed with that territory, except for the fact that there were already so many settlers there that it would be hard to secure enough good land upon which to locate their colony. They returned to Burlington, and on January 25th sent in a report favoring the St. Vrain location. They soon received telegraphic instructions to make the purchase of railroad and other lands involved. At this time Seth Terry, W. N. Byers and P. J. Kelly were appointed as trustees of the Colony. They proceeded to select about 70,000 acres of land, roughly centering around the St. Vrain and Boulder Creek valleys.

It was at first planned that the town and colony headquarters should be located on the high land south of Burlington, but it was finally decided the high land north of the St. Vrain would be more suitable, so the present site of Longmont was chosen. Construction of the Colony building was begun on March 4, and it was christened "The Rest," as colonists were to make their headquarters there while preparing their own homes for occupancy. It was a frame structure 24x60 feet. It was later used as a livery barn, operated by Walter A. Buckingham, who later became our first banker. It now stands upon the west side of Main Street, where it is used as a storehouse for feed and grain by Ray Anderson.

With rough lumber selling at $25 per thousand, building activities were slowed down to some extent, and numbers of small buildings were started but not finished for several months. Structures moved from Burlington helped to make Longmont. The larger buildings were moved on spruce rollers on a plank track, with a capstan for power. The main part of mother's hotel was moved to the southeast corner of Third Avenue and Kimbark Street, and a larger addition built to it. It was then named "City Hotel." The old Independence Hall was moved to the northeast corner of Third Avenue and Main Street, and was again moved in 1880 to the southwest corner of the same intersection in order to make room for the Dickens Opera House building, which also housed the Longmont Farmers Bank, of which Frank Stickney was cashier. In its new location, Independence Hall was used as a saloon, with Henry Faissler as proprietor. It was again moved in order to make room for the Donovan Building, and now rests in peace at the corner of Third Avenue and Emery Street.

The Methodist Church was erected where the Model Laundry now stands. On the top of the building was a home-made steel triangle used for a bell to call us to school and services. It would ring when and if it was struck with a hammer, which was raised and lowered with a rope. When the triangle commenced to swing back and forth the hammer would hit it about one time out of ten, and anything that would stop the triangle from swinging would kill the tone, so it was taken down and used as a plaything by the town kids. One night it was pounded too hard, it was broken and buried, and now a building stands over its grave. The first town marshal, J. Hess Smith, had all kinds of trouble trying to catch the kids when they would become so noisy with the triangle as to disturb the peace of the village, but usually he was too slow.

Before alfalfa was grown or fertilizer used the yellow clay farms would get so hard the steel plow lays would soon wear out, so the coming of the Oliver chilled cast iron plow was welcomed. These lays would soon wear down, but were sharpened by chipping or roughing the edges with a hammer. Finally, L. D. Metcalf installed a large emery stone in his feed mill, and ground cast iron lays and points by the hundreds.

The citizens of Burlington were quick to see the advantage of dwelling upon ground high enough that it could not be covered by the St. Vrain River, and this was a factor which made it easy for many of them to cast their lot with the new Chicago-Colorado Colony in the Longmont location. However, there was the drawback that good drinking water was not available upon the hill, and although several wells were put down, the results were always the same, either alkali or salt water.

The first "water works" system was established by H. E. Washburn, who made daily trips to the river to haul water for the citizens in old vinegar or whiskey barrels, or anything that would serve the purpose. Even coal oil barrels were used, this being made possible by burning them out and leaving a charred inner surface. Water was furnished at 25 cents per barrel, or $1.00 per tank. In times of high water, when the water in the river here would be too muddy for use, trips would be made up to the mountains in order to obtain clear water.

The first newspaper was *The Burlington Free Press,* launched late in April, 1871. The library has a copy of this publication which is Vol. 1, No. 2, and dated May 5, 1871. The frequency of issue is not stated and the publisher very modestly refrains from putting his name at the masthead. However, considering the contents of the issue, it seems to me to be a fair guess that it was published by the Beckwiths, and was probably the forerunner of *The Longmont Press,* established by them about November 1, 1871. At any rate, a copy of *The Longmont Press* dated September 9, 1875, which is Vol. 4, No. 45, is also in the library, and the type used for the heading is of the same series as that used for *The Burlington Free Press.* Mr. Beckwith is reputed to have been the local head of the "Greenback Party." Whether or not it was the first newspaper, I doubt not that it was the first "throw sheet" or free circulation paper in this locality if not in the state. It was indeed a "Free" Press, subscription being free, and it was apparently designed strictly as an advertising medium.

Among the first buildings to be moved from Burlington to Longmont in addition to the ones mentioned above were: Ed Newnam's blacksmith shop, moved to the corner of Second Avenue and Main Street; the old stage barn, moved to southwest corner of Third Avenue and Coffman Street; the Ed Newnam residence was on its way, but was left on the north side of the river on a 40-acre tract, now the home of R. E. Burns; a small saloon shack was moved south and converted into a granary; the big new school house, belfry, bell and all, was moved south to the top of the hill, and still retained the name of the Burlington School. As related in the previous article, the old building was later moved east of Longmont on the 9th Avenue road, and is now used as a cow barn. However, the old bell, which was brought in via Cheyenne at so much labor and expense, still does service in the new brick school building. Several small buildings, like the Rhodes shoe shop, Manners' store and Crawford's blacksmith shop were wrecked. The old general store building, occupied at one time by A. K. Baker and at another time by H. C. Woodworth, was moved back from the road and made into a farm home.

Irrigation was early brought into play as an aid to old J. Pluvius in assuring crop moisture. In fact, there is little doubt that many if not most of the colonists were induced to come here partly by the fact that water for irrigation was promised and that it would not be necessary to depend for crops upon the uncertainties of natural rainfall. The supposed antagonism of early settlers to the idea of flying in the face of Providence by presuming to put water in places where the Lord had not intended it to be was largely talk, but if there was any such sentiment expressed upon the part of the colonists, especially to the point of organized resistance, I do not recall it. There was, however, plenty of trouble in the early days of irrigation in this locality in regard to water rights, and some of the most bitter court battles in irrigation history were fought out here. Some of the decisions in these cases established precedents which stand to this day as law in the matter. When a man was depending upon water from his ditch to irrigate his crops and when he found that someone above him was using the water and he saw his crops burning up day by day, it was likely to make him see so red that he would be ready to go out and shoot somebody up.

Meadows and lowlands came under irrigation first, of course, as it was a comparatively simple matter to throw a little obstruction into the stream and divert water to adjoining land requiring little or no ditching. The first projects requiring extensive ditches are listed as follows: Beckwith, Niwot, South Flat, Clover Basin and Swede, all on the south side of the St. Vrain; Denio Mill, Longmont Supply, Oligarchy, Highland, Rough and Ready, and the Big Supply (sometimes called the Upper Supply), on the north side, all being taken from the St. Vrain at or just below Lyons. The first irrigation water was brought into Longmont from the Oligarchy or through the Nicks lateral, and was used mostly to irrigate the small cottonwood slips that had been pulled from sandbars in Boulder Creek or the South Platte. Most of these trees were cut down 20 or 30 years ago, many measuring three to five feet in diameter at that time. There is now one standing cottonwood tree on the property of C. P. Tallman, 946 Starbird Street, that measures five feet two inches in diameter, and a stump in the middle of the block between Alta Street and Tenth Avenue that measures five feet ten inches in diameter. In 1871 there was not a shrub higher than a sage bush or soapweed on the prairie between St. Vrain and Little Thompson, and only scrub cottonwood or box elder trees on either stream.

The story of the railroads is as follows: The Colorado Central railroad, now called the C. & S., came to Longmont in May, 1872, via Golden and Ralston Creek. The line crossed the Rocky Flats and intercepted Boulder Valley railroad at the old fair grounds (called Boulder Junction), two miles east of Boulder. A stage, or cab line, operated between Boulder and the Junction. It then came

on to Longmont, using pretty much the present right of way. This road's first railroad shops were located at Golden, with Mr. Scott as master mechanic, and Charles Quist as foreman. Longmont was the end of the line for two or three years, although the grade had been completed down the north side of the South Platte River to Julesburg, connecting there with the main line of the Union Pacific. Ties and rails were laid three miles east of Longmont into Weld County in order to hold the right of way, as the company was under bond to build into Weld County by a certain date.

This short piece of road was kept up to accommodate farmers in loading grain and baled hay, which saved them a three-mile haul. Baled hay was loaded on flat cars and tied down with heavy canvas. The canvas was wet down at every water tank in order to eliminate as much as possible the chances of fire starting from sparks from the smoke stack of the locomotive. In making up the train the hay cars would be coupled up near the engine, as there was less danger since the sparks would be blown high and back toward the rear end of the train. Later the Colorado Central grade was used by the Julesburg Shortline between Evans and Julesburg.

While Longmont was at the end of the line, we traveled to Denver (after buying a $2.50 one-way ticket) on a mixed freight and passenger train called the "stub" or "accommodation." The caboose was a long car with side seats, with fancy panels and stained glass windows and transoms. It was called "The Lincoln Car," because it was said it had been Abe Lincoln's private car. The first train crew making the run to Denver and return—all in the same day!—was J. K. Painter, conductor; O. M. Godfrey, engineer; Jim Thompson, fireman; Mr. Houser, baggage smasher; C. Covert, brakeman; and Pat Burns, who was chambermaid in the roundhouse. The roundhouse, by the way, was a long building with room for one engine. The Y was at the south end of Collyer Street between First and Second Avenues. The first depot was made of lumber, and was located between First and Second Avenues east of Kimbark Street. Later it was moved west one-half block, which changed most of the traffic to Main Street, and worked a hardship upon the business establishments located on Kimbark Street.

The first railroad excursion out of Longmont was on the Colorado Central, to Golden and return. The large number of people anxious to take the ride would be a surprise to present-day railroad managers, and by the time the train was ready to start it was loaded almost to capacity. The train was made up of two dilapidated coaches and several flat or coal cars. Pine benches were placed upon these cars, leaving a center aisle in each car. Whenever the engine backed up to take up slack the passengers would pitch forward, and when the slack was taken up they would pitch backward. Somewhere between Louisville and the Rocky Flats there was a large and upgrade curve. At this point the passengers were asked

to unload and walk across the prairie to the top and wait until the engine could get up steam and climb the grade. This piece of road was noted for the fierceness of the wind which swept across it, and it was not unusual for cars to be blown from the track. Mr. Garrett, of Longmont, was killed in one of these accidents. In fact, the wind was something to be reckoned with in those days before trees and buildings became so numerous as to break its sweep down out of the mountain canyons.

In 1874 the rails of the Colorado Central were laid on to St. Louis (now Loveland), Fort Collins and Wellington to Cheyenne. Later it was built from Fort Collins to Greeley to connect with the Denver Pacific. A broad gauge road, the Denver Western Pacific, was laid from Denver to Longmont in about 1874. Its track crossed the ridge one-half mile west of the new Burlington School, and the depot was located at the foot of Pratt Street south of Third Avenue, and between the Colorado Central and D. U. P. tracks. Within six months the road was abandoned and the depot was sold. A creamery, operated by Mr. Cox, occupied the building. The Fred Beck-with narrow gauge road was graded from the west and southwest into Left Hand Canyon, and one or two bridges were built, but it was never used. The Denver, Utah and Pacific, a narrow gauge road, came from Denver to Longmont via Erie, crossing the divide between Boulder Creek and the St. Vrain near the Weld County line. It ended in the swamp land south of the Empson canning factory. The section house still stands near Third Avenue west of the factory. About a year later the road was extended to Lyons, and still later the B. & M. got control, and made the road broad gauge.

For about the first year of Longmont's existence, the sole governing body seems to have been the Colony officials, heretofore listed. While I find no official record to confirm the report, there seems reason to believe that the organization had its ups and downs, although possibly its experience was not as troublesome as that of the Greeley, or Union, Colony. There is a belief that one of the early officials got away with some of the Colony funds, but I find no official record to this effect.

At any rate, it took only about a year for the colonists to decide that they would incorporate the town in the regular manner, as is shown by an order of the County Commissioners of Boulder County, dated January 7, 1873.

One thing about early-day conditions one finds mentioned again and again as being noticed perhaps more by the women folks than by the men was the almost complete absence of trees. Coming, many of them, from wooded areas, they missed the trees more than one might guess. Trees were soon set out in Thompson Park and many of them were able to survive only because of the fact that the women of the village carried water in pails from the river to keep

them alive. Fruit trees were of course unknown for a time, and if a young man wanted to give his sweetheart a real treat, he might buy her an apple, which sometimes cost as much as 50 cents.

Mrs. J. M. Fox probably has the honor of making the first loaf of bread from flour milled locally from Longmont wheat. Her husband, associated with J. W. Denio, built the first mill, which now stands in the yard of the Harsch Lumber Co.

One of the handicaps of keeping house here in an early day was the difficulty of keeping on hand a supply of good drinking water, all of which had to be hauled. Daniel Ransom was known as the "father" of our water system, and states that he talked constantly about pure water for Longmont. On Saturdays he would hitch up his horse, load his buggy with jugs, wash boilers and cans, and drive to Lyons to fill the receptacles with water which he considered better than that taken from the river here.

For a time it was hard to obtain a supply of good milk, but it was found that this was an ideal locality for dairying and cattle became plentiful. Some of the early settlers made a practice of going to Denver to buy worn-out oxen and cattle from the wagon trains which had crossed the plains. After a few months on the pastures here they usually became fat and valuable again. Many an early-day stockman got his start in this manner. In 1860, James Beasley, a young man of 21, came across the plains with a large herd of cattle to be grazed in this part of the state. His venture was a success, and he made five trips east for the purpose of buying and bringing back eastern cattle.

Col. Byron L. Carr and Mary L. Carr were Longmont's first school teachers. Col. Carr had been county superintendent of schools at Waukeegan, Illinois, before coming to Longmont early in the history of the Chicago Colony, and his interest here was naturally directed toward the education of the youth of the community. He organized the first school, and when it became evident that the larger children were going to be as much as he would want to handle, Mrs. Carr was pressed into service as teacher of the lower grades. School desks and furniture were ordered from Chicago, and when the shipment was ready to come forward the great Chicago fire occurred and part of the loss included this equipment. The school was thus forced to operate under a handicap for quite a time.

Warren Emery and I used to hunt together at Lake Park with muzzle loading shotguns, and as the place was frequented by snipe, ducks, and wild geese, our luck was most always good. We bought our shot, powder, wads and caps at J. W. Atwood's general store. We shipped game to the mining camps and received cash, for teal ducks, 25 cents; for mallards, 50 cents; for cottontail rabbits, 15 cents; for jack rabbits, 25 cents; for small snipe, 25 cents; for large snipe, 50 cents; and for geese, $1.50.