

THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

Published bi-monthly by
The State Historical Society of Colorado

Vol. XVI

Denver, Colorado, July, 1939

No. 4



MILTON ESTES

Memoirs of Estes Park¹

By MILTON ESTES²

PREFATORY NOTE

The undated pencil manuscript of this "Memoir" was written by Milton Estes shortly after the turn of the century at the insistence of friends, one of them being Mr. Enos A. Mills, who mentioned in his *The Story of Estes Park* (1905) that the story was being prepared.

The version here printed is from a typewritten copy prepared by Mrs. Jennie McIntosh Burns, who is at present living in Erie, Pennsylvania. It was secured for the Colorado State College Li-

¹Copyright, 1939, by Mrs. Jennie McIntosh Burns.

²Milton Estes was born in Andrew County, Missouri, March 28, 1840, and died in San Diego, California, after spending a winter there for his health. He was buried in the Estes Lot of the Fairmount Cemetery, Denver, on June 26, 1913. His two wives are buried in the same lot.—J. G. H.

brary through the good offices of Mrs. Lillian H. Maxwell, of La Porte, Colorado, and Miss Charlotte A. Baker, Librarian Emeritus of the College.

The Colorado State College Library is interested in seeing this sketch published not only because it adds new data to the story of early stock raising in Colorado, but because it gives such a valuable record of the wild game and fish found during the early days in this once secluded area.

JAMES G. HODGSON, Librarian,
Colorado State College Library,
Fort Collins, Colorado.

FOREWORD

The growing popularity of Estes Park and the interest of many friends in the early life there, urges me to the duty of sharing with all the "Memoirs of Estes Park," written by my husband. To my cousin, Mrs. Jennie McIntosh Burns of Danville, Illinois, I am indebted for assistance in copying and arranging this sketch from the original manuscript.

The plain, simple facts about the discovery and early life of the settlers of Estes Park, are here recorded, as written by the late Milton Estes, to whose memory this narrative is lovingly dedicated by his wife,

EMMA ESTES³

Memoirs of Estes Park by Milton Estes, a son of Joel Estes, the discoverer and settler of Estes Park

BIOGRAPHY

Joel Estes was the son of Peter Estes and was born near Richmond, Kentucky, May 25, 1806. When about six years of age he moved with his parents to Clinton County, Missouri, where he grew to manhood, and became a farmer, stockman and hunter.

At that time there was plenty of game in the middle west, such as deer and wild turkey. He killed enough wild game in October to last all winter, for the deer were fat at that season of the year.

On November 12, 1826, Joel Estes married Miss Martha Stallings, daughter of Jacob Stallings. After some years he, with his wife and family of children, moved to Andrew County, Missouri, where he homesteaded a large body of land, and again engaged in farming and stock raising. He remained there until 1849, at which time his children numbered thirteen; eight boys and five girls, all of whom grew to manhood and womanhood.

³Emma Armstrong Estes, second wife of Milton Estes, was born in 1862, and died December 20, 1934, at Danville, Illinois, where she had spent the last fifteen years of her life with her cousin Mrs. Jennie McIntosh Burns. She was buried four days later beside her husband in Fairmount Cemetery, Denver.—J. G. H.

In the year 1849, Joel Estes caught the contagion popularly known as "the California gold fever." With his oldest son, Hardin, he crossed the plains, arriving at Grass Valley, California. During the years 1849-50 he was very successful in the mines of Grass Valley.

He then returned to his wife and family in Andrew County, Missouri. After nine years of quiet life on the farm, he heard that gold had been discovered on Cherry Creek in the Pike's Peak country, as Colorado was then called. So he again crossed the plains in the Spring of 1859, moving his wife and family with him. At this time there were six children unmarried, viz.: Jasper, Milton (the author of this sketch), F. M. (Marion), Joel Jr., Sarah and Mary Jane.

Joel Estes, Sr., "took up" some government land about twenty-two miles north of Denver, where he established a stock ranch and did some prospecting in the mountains for gold.

DISCOVERY

About the 15th of October, 1859, Joel Estes, Sr., with his son Milton, traveled to the head of Little Thompson Creek, Colorado, near Long's Peak on a hunting and exploring trip. While on this expedition we discovered what is now known as Estes Park, named after my father, Joel Estes, Sr. It is now over forty years since the writer first saw the Park and it is just as fresh in memory as though it happened yesterday. I shall never forget my first sight of the Park.

We stood on the mountain looking down at the head waters of Little Thompson Creek, where the Park spread out before us. No words can describe our surprise, wonder and joy at beholding such an unexpected sight. It looked like a low valley with a silver streak or thread winding its way through the tall grass, down through the valley and disappearing around a hill among the pine trees. This silver thread was Big Thompson Creek. It was a grand sight and a great surprise.

We did not know what we had found. Father supposed it was North Park for that was the only park we had ever heard of in this part of the Rockies. He soon gave up that idea when we looked around in the Park for a few days, and saw no signs that white men had ever been there before us. There were signs that Indians had been there at some time, however, for we found lodge poles in two different places. How long before, we could not determine.

INDIANS

We never saw any Indians while we lived in the Park, nor as we made trips to and from the Platte River ranch to the Park. The nearest the Indians ever came to us was when the Utes made a

raid on St. Vrain River, near where Lyons now stands. That was about 1865, as near as I can now remember. The Indians passed near the north side of the Park as they returned over the mountains to their own country.

We were monarchs of all we surveyed, mountains, valleys and streams. There was absolutely nothing to dispute our sway. We had a little world all to ourselves. There was no end to the game, for great bands of elk, big flocks of mountain sheep and deer were everywhere. On further exploration in the Park we found the streams or creeks were filled with mountain trout, "speckled beauties." The Park was a paradise for the hunter. Father was carried away with the find, for he was a great lover of hunting and fishing.

LIFE IN THE PARK

In 1860, the year after the discovery of "The Park," as we called it from the day we came in there, we built two houses and corrals for the stock. We then returned home and drove the cattle from the Platte River ranch to the Park. Father said it would not take much, if any time, to herd the cattle, if we fenced the trail at a place before it entered the Park. We drove them in through a narrow place, fenced the trail, so they could not stray away. It was a fine place for stock, with an abundance of grass everywhere and clear running streams of water.

We never killed any of the stock for food, for there was plenty of wild game. Winter drove all the game down to the foothills, except the elk, they would remain in the Park until Summer, then they went up over the range or mountains.

By 1863 father and I had made sufficient preparations to move our families to the Park. Father's family then consisted of my brothers, Jaspar, F. M. (Marion), Joel, Jr., sister Sarah and my mother. My family, of my wife and two little sons; for in the meantime the writer had married Miss Mary L. Fleming⁴ of St. Vrain, now Weld County, Colorado. The marriage occurred on August 11, 1861. We were the first couple to be married in that part of the country. So there were two families living in the Park. The first white child born in the Park was our third son, Charles F. Estes, whose birth occurred on February 19, 1865.

MARKETING GAME IN DENVER

One fall and winter the writer killed one hundred head of elk, besides other game, such as mountain sheep, deer and antelope. We dressed many skins for clothing which we made and wore. We must have looked like real Robinson Crusoes, but we were warm and

⁴Mary L. Flemming Estes, first wife of Milton Estes, was born May 4, 1842, and died August 15, 1905. She was buried in the Estes Lot, Fairmount Cemetery, Denver.—J. G. H.

comfortable. It was impossible to wear out the clothes, made from the skins of the wild game, so when we tired of one suit we made a new one. By this time we had made a trail to Denver, where we sold many dressed skins and many hind-quarters of deer, elk and sheep. Much of the gold was not made into coins, so they sometimes weighed out gold dust to us in exchange.

The nearest ranch to us was on upper St. Vrain River, about twenty-five miles distance over a rough trail. Very few hunters and trappers found their way to the Park. Several different parties tried to find the trail, but did not succeed, for we alone had blazed the trail, and knew the way into and out of the Park.

One day while out on a hunting trip, the writer came upon a band of elk and with them was a large moose. He had come down over the range from the north country and was herding with the elk. Since elk were common I picked out Mr. Moose for my game. He was a fine, large animal and the first and only moose that had ever been killed so far south.

NAMING THE PARK

William N. Byers of Denver, Colorado, with Prof. Perry, Prof. Velia and George Nickols found the trail, after hunting several days for it on the St. Vrain River. They finally landed in the Park on September 22, 1864. They were on an exploring trip and bound for the top of Long's Peak. My youngest brother, Joel, Jr., about sixteen years old, piloted the party up to the foot of the mountain, then returned home. In a few days the party of explorers came back to the house, very hungry and very tired. They had succeeded in reaching the top of Long's Peak.⁵ The writer was away from home when they returned, so they stopped over a few days at father's house, to rest, before returning to Denver. At this time Joel Estes, Jr., was the fisherman for the family, and he was kept busy fishing for the party during their stay. After the Byers party had rested and "filled up" on mountain trout, they returned to Denver.

William N. Byers was the Founder and Editor of the *Rocky Mountain News*. On his return to Denver, he wrote up their trip in his paper, calling the Park, "Estes Park," thus naming it for my father, Joel Estes, Sr., the discoverer and settler. The papers bearing this record are on file in the State Historical Society Library, Denver, Colorado.

⁵The author is in error here. William N. Byers reported in the *Daily News*, Denver, for September 22, 1864, that on August 20 the party had made the East Peak but that the higher West Peak was still unscalable. The Byers account from the *News* is reprinted in John L. J. Hart's *Fourteen Thousand Feet . . . Second Edition* (Denver, Colorado Mountain Club, 1931), p. 33. The first ascent of Longs Peak seems to have been made in June, 1868, when Byers was again a member of the party.—J. G. H.

A COLD WINTER

In those days we put up all the hay we needed with a common scythe. We did not need much hay until the Winter of 1864-65, which was very hard and cold. A two and a half foot snow fell in November, drifted badly and lay on the ground until spring. When our hay ran out, we had to move the stock down to the foot hills. We dug through great snow drifts, going down until we found some bare ground where there was grass, then the stock did well. Before and after this year, the stock always did well in the Park, and came through the winter fat enough for beef.

The road to the Park was rough, although we worked on it a great deal at odd times. The present stage road^a to the Park from Lyons, runs nearly on the old trail we made in early days. Of course in some places the road had to be changed; where we went over the mountain, the road now has been made around it, to avoid the hill. The same old mountains, hills, valleys and streams are still there, but no wild game. The grass which formerly covered the Park, now only grows where it is fenced. There are good roads now all through the Park and plenty of good Hotels. It does not look natural to me, for I well remember the game, hunting and fishing as it was in early days when we had everything our own way.

MAIL SERVICE

Our correspondence with the outside world at this time was limited; at first it took a letter thirty days to get to Denver from Missouri River points; we went to Denver about once every two months, so if we received a letter three months after it was written, it was on time and was fresh news to us. Some of our letters were received a year after they were written, but we thought nothing of that. After the stage was put on to Denver from the Missouri River, we were right "in the swim" and we then received plenty of mail.

But as a rule frontiersmen did not bother much about mail, for they had become accustomed to doing without it. Some old hunters and trappers never used the mail, they never sent or received any word from the outside world. Time and progress have changed all that, but such was the life in the far west.

OUR GUNS

The guns that we used in those days were muzzle loading rifles. My old gun, that I used in the Park, is now in the Historical Department at the Capitol Building, Denver, Colorado, and it can be seen there at any time. It was one of the two guns that were first carried into the Park.

^aThe road as it was about 1900, not the hard surfaced road now used.—J. G. H.

We could not shoot very fast, but my old gun did good execution, whenever it went off something had to drop. This gun was made at a country blacksmith shop in Andrew County, Missouri, by Jack Callahan in February, 1859. It was made especially to go to Pike's Peak, as Colorado was then called. I used it a good many years for it was a very necessary companion during the Winter of 1859. I depended on that gun for my meals that Winter, and lived on meats for weeks at a time. Game was so plentiful that we could not suffer for anything to eat or to wear, for that matter; we made our clothing out of skins. From head to foot I was clothed in skins of the game which my old gun brought down. I called the gun "Knock 'em stiff." It was rightly named, for it had killed the beaver that made my cap, the elk that made my coat, the antelope for my over skirt, the deer for my pants, moccasins and gloves.

MUGGINS GULCH

We named all the mountains and streams; but they were renamed after we moved out of the Park, except the Gulch at the east of the Park, called Muggins Gulch, and Sheep Rock, which we shall mention again. Muggins Gulch was named for George Hearst, whose nickname was "Muggins." He was given this name by Dan Gant, who with a man called Sowers, had some cattle in the Park, and "Muggins" was their herder. Muggins built a cabin at the head of the Gulch, so he could watch the cattle, lest any should try to leave and go back to the valley.

THE FIRST SERMON

During the Summer of 1865, the first sermon was preached in my father's house, by the Rev. Richardson of Denver, who with his wife and a party of five, came into the Park on a camping trip. The Richardson party numbered seven, the Estes family (big and little) numbered ten, so seventeen people were present to hear the first sermon.

Mrs. Richardson and her friend were the first women who had nerve enough to tackle the mountain trail. After staying several days at the Estes ranch, living on mountain trout, fresh milk and butter, which my mother provided, and enjoying the wild beauty of the mountain scenery, they returned with their party to Denver.

The women of our families, my mother, sister and wife, cheerfully shared with us the rugged life of the pioneer. With dutch-ovens, iron kettles hanging over open fire places, they cooked food that could not be surpassed. No modern methods could equal the splendid meals of wild game, hot biscuits, berries, cream, etc., that they prepared.

OUR PETS

Among our pets was a black mare, and a mule, that came to the house every day to get a drink of buttermilk. The dogs and a pet elk, lived on milk; it was amusing to see the elk, trying to keep the dogs and chickens from drinking the milk. We finally sold the elk to a Denver man, who wanted him for a zoo or park. Several years afterward, I saw the elk in Pueblo in a park, and he had grown to be a fine animal. He was a beauty.

There were four hunters in the family, viz.: Father, Jasper, Marion and the writer. Joel, Jr., the youngest boy, was the fisherman of the family. It was his duty to drive up the cows, look after the horses and catch the fish the family used. The trout was the finest I ever ate. We found trout at the head of the small streams, as high up as the timber line, on the snowy range, where the snow was perpetual. The largest trout that any of the family caught, weighed three and one-half pounds. That was considered a large mountain trout, for the size of the stream, as high up in the mountains as the Park was.

FISHING

By this time the Park was becoming known somewhat to the outside world as a fine place for camping, hunting and fishing. In the summer time several parties came up to the Park, but very few knew how to catch mountain trout. One man, an old acquaintance, said he could catch trout "just like he caught cat fish back east."

He baited his hook with meat, put a lead sinker on his line, and set his fishing rod in the ground on the bank, near the water, and tossed his hook into the stream. Then he sat down to see what the fish would do. He fished a half day and caught nothing. He found that trout would not notice anything under the water.

We fished with grass-hoppers or with artificial flies, which we made; and we would change the flies, until we found the color that suited the fish. Then they would bite as fast as we could pull them out. We kept the fly on top of the water and kept it moving, and the fish would jump after the fly. These fish had never been disturbed by fish hooks before, so it was a regular paradise for the fisherman in these days at the Park. In the winter the streams froze solid; then we cut holes in the ice, and caught a few fish that way.

SHEEP ROCK

There was a rocky mound which we called "Sheep Rock" about one hundred and fifty feet high. There was a crevice or seam running from the bottom to the top, on the north side of the rock, by which the sheep could climb to the top of the rock, single file. On the top of Sheep Rock there was a large basin which filled with

water when it rained. In winter or during the hunting season, there was not much water in the basin. The sheep used the rock for a place of safety; after feeding they would climb to the top of the rock and lie down to rest. But we always knew when a flock was on the rock, by seeing one lone sheep standing guard on top, on the rim of the rock. He would be looking out for danger, while the sheep were in the basin. That was the way father first discovered that the rock was a retreat for the sheep; so he named it "Sheep Rock." From that time, the rock has been called "Sheep Rock."

When the sheep were in the basin, you could not see them from the ground, but they would walk up to the brow or edge of the rock, to look at us; and we would pick them off. When they fell outward, which they often did, the fall mashed them to a jelly. On the west side, where they nearly always fell, the rock was perpendicular. That rock was the cause of the mountain sheep, except a few stragglers, being exterminated in the Park. When we saw a flock of sheep within a mile or two of the Sheep Rock, we had a trained dog that we set on them, and they would strike straight for the Sheep Rock, then we would get the whole flock.

MARION ESTES AND THE MOUNTAIN LION

One evening Marion went out to drive the milk cows into the corral and he passed by a place where a dead cow lay. He always carried a large bull whip when he went after the cows. A large mountain lion rose up within a short distance of him, and began to switch his long tail on the ground like a cat when she is going to jump on a mouse. Marion began to walk backwards and keeping his eye on the lion and swinging his big whip, cracking it, making it pop like a pistol shot. The lion followed so fast after him as to come nearly in reach of his whip, which was about twenty feet long. Finally the lion stopped, and Marion ran for the cabin, and got his hunting rifle and returned to the place he left the lion; but the lion had made good his escape into the brush or among the rocks.

The lion was probably watching around the carcass of the cow to catch and kill something to eat; for a lion would not eat anything that had died. They like to do their own killing; however, a lion would occasionally eat a deer that a hunter had killed.

JOEL ESTES, SR., AND THE STOLEN DEER

While hunting one day, father killed a fine deer and hung it up in a tree to keep the wild animals from eating it, until he could return next day with a horse and take it home. We were in the habit of doing this.

When he returned the next day to get his deer, Behold! The deer was not there. On examining the ground he discovered the tracks of a large lion and by following the tracks about three

hundred yards, he came to a big pile of sticks beside a fallen tree. He removed the sticks and there was his deer. The lion had made one meal on it, and covered it up for a future meal. The strange part of the whole affair was, the lion had picked up the deer, and carried it the three hundred yards, without dragging it on the ground. The deer must have weighed seventy-five pounds, which showed the strength of the lion's jaws. Lions were very hard to trap or poison for they would not eat meat, that they had not killed. They are very cunning; to illustrate, one day the writer went out hunting after a fresh snow had fallen and came upon the tracks of a lion. They were so fresh, I followed the foot prints some distance, in hopes of getting a shot at him. He finally turned into some rocks where his tracks were lost; so I quit following him, and followed some elk tracks. As I came back in the evening, I saw the lion's tracks had been following on my trail. He had followed me a long way, and had evidently been watching me all the time from his hiding place, among the rocks.

DEER HUNT IN A CANYON

The strangest and most exciting experience, during my hunting in the Park, occurred in April, 1864, when I killed a whole band of thirteen deer, at one time, with a muzzle loading rifle northwest of the house. The house stood near where the Post Office was later located. On the north side of the Park, there stands a smooth looking, rocky mountain, with a small canyon running a short distance into the mountain. After a few hundred yards the canyon comes to a sudden stop. There were a few pine trees near the mouth of the canyon, a small band of deer was feeding at the mouth of the canyon, and when the deer saw me they ran into the canyon. I followed very cautiously, staying about one hundred yards behind the deer, for I knew they could not escape.

Of course they had to stop because of the steep walls of the canyon; they could get out only by the same way they went in. I knew well not to get too close to them for they would make a break and run by me. So when within about a hundred yards of them I got behind a big rock and commenced shooting one deer at a time. The echo of the shot in the canyon puzzled the deer, they did not know where the noise came from. (For there was the shot, the echo and the re-echo.) They would start to run one way and the sound would re-echo and they would run back again. They kept jumping around, but were too bewildered to run in any certain direction. I kept out of their sight and shot as fast as I could reload my gun. Finally they started to run out the way they came in. I stepped out in sight and they ran back again. The next shot wounded a large one, and in his pain he made a break for liberty,

running by me. I tried to stop him, but in vain. He looked wildly at me and would have run over me, had I not gotten quickly out of his way. He ran about two hundred yards down the canyon and dropped. The rest of them started to follow the wounded deer. I waved my hat and hollowed at them, which so frightened them, that they again ran back into the canyon. Then I kept reloading and shooting until the last one was killed. The last one that was shot came running down the canyon, and dropped, within a few feet from where I was standing. After resting awhile from the excitement I then made my way back to the ranch, hitched up a team of horses and went back for my game, which made a big load for the team. I have often thought of that wonderful day's hunt.

BEAR HUNT IN THE NIGHT

Father had built a corral in the rear of the house, the fence joining the house. There had been some sheep corraled there for some time, during the night, in order to protect them from the wolves and other wild animals; for the herders could take care of them during the day.

At this time, there was a young man staying at father's house, who was ill with mountain fever. From a camp near by two boys came to sit up part of the night with the sick man; they would then go back to their camp to sleep. One night when they were leaving the house to return to their camp, they passed the corral, and a large bear jumped out of the corral, with a sheep. The boys ran back to the house and got guns. Joel Estes, Jr., joined them and they went out after Mr. Bruin. The bear had gone about eighty yards, and they all three shot at him at the same time; one of the shots struck the bear, and crippled him. He then got away in the dark. They hunted around for him, and finally jumped him up again. All three fired, but did not succeed in bringing him down. By this time father and Marion had joined in the hunt. Father understood shooting a rifle after night, and the first shot he took at the bear, shot him through the heart. The boys were still afraid to go up to him in the dark, for fear he might still be alive. After shooting another volley into him, they went up to him, and found that he was as big as an ox.

WHEN AND WHY WE LEFT THE PARK

After the severe winter of 1864-65 we decided to move out of the Park. We needed a milder climate and a wider range for the cattle, for we wanted to engage in stockraising on a larger scale.

Father sold the Park, with all his right, title and interest in the same, and in consideration of one yoke of oxen. Michael Hol-

linbeck and a man, whose real name we never knew, but who went by the name of "Buck,"⁷⁷ made the purchase.

In those days many men were never called by their right name. I have known men for years by some nickname only. So on April 15, 1866 we left Estes Park.

⁷⁷This may have been the "Buckskin" referred to by Enos A. Mills in his *The Rocky Mountain National Park* (Garden City, Doubleday, Page and Co., 1924), p. 9, and identified as Hank Farrar by Ansel Watrous in his *History of Larimer County, Colorado* (Fort Collins, Colo., Courier Printing and Publishing Company, 1911), p. 177.—J. G. H.

The Age at Death of Some Indian Skulls from Southwestern Colorado

E. B. RENAUD*

Thanks to Mr. Victor F. Lotrich, Curator of the Department of Archæology and Ethnology of the State Historical Society of Colorado, all facilities were given me and my assistants for examining the skulls of the Historical Society's collection at the State Museum, Denver. Our problem was to attempt establishing the age at death of the Indians whose skulls we inspected for the conditions of their sutures.

The sutures are the more or less zig-zag lines forming the contacts of the cranial bones. It is known that they become fused or obliterated with advancing age, various sections closing at different times. Thus, by examining the skulls and noticing which parts of the sutures were still open and which others were fused we could state approximately the age at death of each individual. I made use both of the traditional table as given in R. Martin's well known manual, and the newer estimates established by the more recent and objective research of Todd and Lyon of Western Reserve.¹ The latter usually give a lower age for the closure of the same sections of the sutures.

I examined only a limited number of skulls of babies and children since the state of their sutures would not be significant. Not having time to inspect closely their teeth, the eruption of which is the best means of estimating their respective ages, they were all pooled together, twelve in number, with deformed skulls.

The adolescents and young adults, up to 25 or a little older, also have open sutures and their exact age could not be established but by seeing whether or not their third molars were erupted. Thus two females were about 18 years of age while 23 skulls, having their

third molars in place, were considered as having died between 20 and 26 or 30 years of age.

For all other cases with the closure of sutures more or less advanced it was a matter of applying the tables with discretion. It was not always as easy as it may seem. I mean that the fusion is not always consistent. Sometimes a section which normally should close in early adulthood, say between 20 and 30 years, may be found open whereas another section supposed not to close much before 40 is already in way of obliteration. This renders the approximation of the age at death more of a guess.

With relatively primitive people like the Indians who eat rough food, ground corn containing much grit, the condition of wearing of the teeth cannot be used as a check. The teeth are all very much more abraded than would be the case for white persons of the same age. We even have three extreme cases of skulls with all their teeth gone before death and probably for several years "ante mortem" judging by the complete obliteration of the sockets, and the reduction of the alveolar border. However, this condition which, if normal, would suggest old individuals, is coupled with evidence of much younger age. Thus a male (02236 from Little Dog Ruin, Montezuma Co.) died between 30 and 35; a female from the Piedra-Pagosa district, was about 35 years old at time of death, and a male from the same region was in his twenties, yet all three were toothless. We had therefore to rely entirely upon the appearance of the cranial sutures without the check of tooth abrasion.

I stated the occasional inconsistency of suture closure. One case is so curious that it must be mentioned, it is that of a male, with cranial deformation (0684, from San Raphael, New Mexico). All his sutures are clearly visible and one would judge that he had died in his twenties. But the left side of his coronal suture, from bregma to pterion, is completely fused and invisible, condition which should hardly happen before 55 or 60. As a sort of compensation his frontal suture is open all the way from bregma to nasion. This is a most abnormal condition since this frontal or metopic suture, generally open at birth, begins its synostosis or closing the first year of life and already at the age of two it is supposed to be advanced. However, a small fraction of it, in the lower region of the forehead, near the nose root, survives till the age of 6 or 7. The examination of a very large number of skulls of all origins has revealed only a proportion of some 2% of the presence of this frontal suture in adult skulls of American Indians. Evidently we have here one of these rare cases. Nevertheless, this does not explain the complete obliteration of the left half of the frontal suture! So this and some other unexpected conditions of

*Dr. Renaud is Professor of Anthropology at the University of Denver.
—Ed.
¹W. Todd and D. Lyon, "Cranial Suture Closure," in *American Journal of Physical Anthropology* (1925).

the sutures in the crania examined are responsible for our estimate of the ages at death being only an approximation. But, if some revision could be made for more accuracy, it would probably be a slight lowering, the age here suggested being rather close to the maximum warranted by the degree of closure of the suture.

Since the greater number of the skulls examined are deformed (58 out of 68), one may wonder whether that condition had any influence on the appearance of the sutures. The artificial deformation of our specimens, most of them presumably Pueblo Indians, is the result of a posterior pressure exercised in babyhood on the occipital region and in part on the rear section of the parietal bones. This deformation is often nearly vertical, some other times side ways and causing a more or less pronounced asymmetry of the head. The posterior deformation is often very marked, accounting for a great reduction in the normal length and a proportional increase in breadth, rendering the measurements of these three diameters almost meaningless for comparison with undeformed crania. However, I have not noticed any clear evidence that it would cause a disturbance in the fusion of the sutures, that is to say, either hastening or retarding their closure or being responsible for some cases of inconsistency in the synostosis of certain sections as mentioned above.

What seems much more obvious is the fact that skulls with artificial posterior deformation display a very much more complex system of lambdoid sutures. Instead of the normal design, wormian bones, often numerous and even of relatively large size, are seen, crowded along the lambdoid suture, like as many osseous islands of denticulated contour. They are, of course, more frequent in the upper region, toward the point of junction with the sagittal suture, but they often extend all along the lower branches to the asterix or junction with the occipito-mastoid suture. To these unusually numerous and large Wormian bones are added in a few instances an epical bone, triangular and formed by an extra suture joining horizontally the two branches of the lambdoid suture, with the lambda for apex. There is also a case of interparietal bone, caused by an abnormal suture joining horizontally the lower ends of the lambdoid sutures. All these extra bones are directly due to the insufficiency of the centers of ossification to perform their normal function on account of the artificial pressure of the cradle board. The increase in number and complexity of the sutures of the occipital and thus the formation of small bones of the occipital and thus the formation of small bones is a direct result of the posterior deformation seen on most Pueblo skulls. It may not affect the fusion of the lambdoid suture, or if it did it would likely be a retardment. But since sections of other sutures are supposed to

close synchronically with those of the lambdoid suture it would not greatly change our determination of the age of the skulls.

Briefly, the summary of our survey of 68 skulls has the following results as to age at death, with indication of probable sex and local origin:

Age	Chil-	18		20-30		30-35		35-40		40-45		45-50		50+		Total		Grand Total
	dren	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	
Sex		F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	F	M	
Origin																		
Piedra-Pagosa	7	1	5	12	2	2	2	6	3	1			1		12	23	42	
Mesa Verde	5			1	1	1		3	1						1	6	12	
Varia		1	5	3		1		4							6	8	14	
	12	2	10	16	3	4	2	13	4	1		1		19	37	68		
Totals	12	2	26	7	15		4	1	1									

As already stated the number of children represented in this survey is not sufficient to give an accurate idea of the death rate in infancy since many were not examined, the condition of their sutures not being of any interest in our investigation. For the rest we may notice immediately that out of 56 skulls none belonged to really old persons, not even above 55 years of age and only two above 45. That is to say, their expectancy of life was really low in comparison with ours. This is true of primitive or prehistoric peoples in general, as other surveys have shown.

Past childhood, apparently the two critical periods of their existence seem to have been first, the twenties, represented here by 26 skulls, and between 35 and 40, with 15 cases. However, there is a sexual difference at both periods. Thus, proportionately more females died in their early twenties, especially if we notice two other girls of about 18, making 12, from a total of 19 women. This may be due to child birth, but there is no means of proving it. Contrariwise, between 35 and 40, the men constitute a group almost as large (13) as died in the twenties, whereas the women do not show any increase in death rate then. Past 40, we have four men dying between 40 and 45 and no older male later. The women, contrari-

wise, are represented in middle age only by one case between 45 and 50 and another, the oldest of the whole series, after 50 years. This seems to show that women, on the average, lived longer than men, which is true in general, possibly because their occupations are less dangerous.

Of course, we understand that our collection is too small to furnish a normal curve of distribution and to permit significant conclusions. Nevertheless, this series of skulls being a random sample of various origins, collected at different times, could probably be considered as fair, and representative of the Indians of the Southwest region of Colorado and neighboring districts.

The State Museum owns other crania but they were those of small children, or too fragmentary for serious consideration, or else the skin and even the hair were still on the skulls, not allowing the inspection of the sutures.

As to the causes of death no positive answers can be given here, as no close examination of the pathology of those skulls was made and we have had no other bones to supplement the scarcity of information supplied by the crania. A few suggestions can be made as to the possible causes of death. First, it is a well known fact that infantile mortality is relatively great among primitive peoples. It is only in recent times that it has been much reduced even among the civilized nations and it also begins to bear results among Indians. Next, women marry young, bear many children and have not always the desired care, hence deaths in child birth or soon after. Some skulls show evidence of violent blows or accidents, probable causes of death. A few revealed pathological conditions. There were many cases of bad teeth, not only greatly abraded by the prolonged use of rough food, as already stated, but dental carv was frequent. Abscesses were numerous and their effect clearly visible; pyorrhea was frequently seen with necrosis, reduction of the alveolar border and loss of teeth. Rheumatism and arthritis must not have been rare nor heart trouble, as a result. Other diseases which leave no trace on cranial bones cannot be detected. In congested Pueblos and Cliff-dwellings epidemics must have made many victims. Scientific hygiene and medicine being unknown, mortality must have been severe, especially at certain periods of life, and this would explain why the average age at death was relatively so low.

The Colorado Monthly

LEVETTE JAY DAVIDSON*

The Colorado Monthly was, in all probability, the first periodical of a general appeal to be published in the Territory of Colorado. Although its life was short and but few copies have survived, this magazine evidences the dawning of a cultural self-consciousness in Denver following the coming of the railroad in 1870 and the resulting influx of population.¹ This pioneer miscellany was, according to its own announcement, "Devoted chiefly to the resources, industries and wants of Colorado . . . published the second week of every month, at Denver by J. H. Wilhelm . . . price \$2.00 per annum, single number, twenty-five cents."² Its address was Room 17, Feverstein Block, Corner Larimer and G Streets.

The second number of *The Colorado Monthly*, for August, 1871, is six by nine inches in size, and consists of sixteen pages of feature material, with two unnumbered pages of explanations and advertisements, twenty pages of advertisements interspersed with reading matter of a miscellaneous nature, and has a light green paper cover. On the front is the name, on the inside of the front cover is the table of contents, on the back is an advertisement of the magazine itself, and on the inside of the back cover is an index to the other advertisements.

The third issue adds a red rose to the cover, and also a motto, "The desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose." This, together with some of the printing, is also in red. Four pages of vocal and instrumental music are inserted in this September issue, with the notation "For *The Colorado Monthly* . . . Copyrighted by Balmer and Weber, St. Louis, Mo., Dealers in Pianos, Organs, Music and Musical Instruments."

Volume one, number six, for December, 1871, contains twenty-six pages of reading matter and fourteen pages of advertisements. It also includes three poor illustrations: two of "Sphinx Rock or

*Dr. Davidson, Professor of Literature at the University of Denver, has made important contributions to previous issues of this magazine.—Ed.

¹Copies of *The Colorado Monthly*, vol. 1, nos. 2, 3, and 6 (August, September, and December, 1871), and vol. 2, no. 3 (March, 1872), were examined through the courtesy of The Library of Congress and the Denver Public Library. According to McMurtrie and Allen, *Early Printing in Colorado*, p. 52-53, the copies in the Library of Congress constitute the only file of this publication yet discovered. These authorities add the following data: "*The Colorado Monthly* is another Denver publication of which very little is known. It seems to have begun in July, 1871, and was recorded as a new publication in the *American Newspaper Reporter* of August 7, 1871, a twenty-four page octavo monthly issued at two dollars a year by J. H. Wilhelm, editor and publisher. Rowell's directory for 1872 reported it as having thirty-two pages and a claimed circulation of one thousand. The subscription price was three dollars in the 1873 Rowell directory, but at that price it could not survive; the *Newspaper Reporter* of May 4, 1874, announced that it had suspended publication."

²Quoted from the front cover of the September, 1871, issue.

The Coming Man" and one of "Steeple Rock . . . Garden of the Gods," "Engraved for *The Colorado Monthly*."

By the March, 1872, issue (volume two, number three) the magazine had dropped the red rose and the red ink from the now dark green cover. There are sixteen pages of reading matter and eight of advertisements. The editor's difficulty in getting his material published is feelingly expressed in the following editorial note, which explains why the February number had not appeared:

To our Patrons—Owing to the great difficulty of getting our printing done in Denver on time at *any price*, this issue has been necessarily delayed until the last of the month; and it was only possible for us to get it done at all *within the month* by limiting it to a smaller number of pages than usual. . . . There are at present in Denver three large printing establishments, and others in contemplation. . . .

Since writing the above we have, in view of future arrangements now perfected, deemed it best to date the present issue "March." The subscription of school officers begins with this number.

The diversity of material chosen for publication by Editor J. H. Wilhelm is illustrated by the following description of the contents for August, 1871. The opening article, of three pages, is entitled "The First Narrow Gauge Railway on This Continent." In it the editor says, "We had the pleasure on the twenty-eighth ult. of witnessing the driving of the first spike in the Denver and Rio Grande Railway." He reports the speeches of the railway officials at the celebration, comments upon the rapid development of Denver as a railway center, and summarizes the advantages claimed for the narrow gauge. Among the briefer articles which follow are a communication from Fred J. Stanton, civil engineer, entitled "He Plows Deep," telling where and when to plow deep or shallow; "The Flowers of Colorado," a short quotation from the New York *Independent*; and an unsigned comment upon "Iron Telegraph Poles." Among the regular features are a column recording current shippings to Denver and the prices of "Fruits and Vegetables," two columns of local items under "Editorial Notes," one column of "Territorial Events of the Month," and reports from the Denver Post Office and the Denver Railroad Station.

Among the special articles is one entitled "The Effect of Trees on Climate," for which the editor wrote the following introduction: "In the first number of the *Monthly* we published an article on the subject of forest tree culture. We are glad to know that it has excited considerable interest among the more intelligent classes, and as the question is one of prime importance to Colorado, we refer to it again." The writer advocates tree planting for the increase of rainfall and for shade. He stresses the need for irrigating the new trees. Another communication, supported by edi-

torial comment, is "Bee-keeping in Colorado, by Elisha Bennet, Denver."

"Practical education," a two-column quotation, is introduced by Editor Wilhelm with the following personal note: "We have received from our old friend and classmate, Hon. James A. Garfield, of Ohio, an eloquent address delivered by the General before the 'Consolidated Business College' at Washington, D. C. We give below a few extracts . . ." This contains a plea for a more practical direction in education.

The editor's desire to extend the influence and, possibly, the revenue of his journal is recorded in the following "Explanation," inserted in the August issue:

We have bound up a number of the advertising pages of *The Colorado Monthly* for gratuitous distribution. They have, also as usual, this month been bound up in *The Colorado Monthly*. Our object in putting them in this separate form, is to give them a wider circulation. We design to distribute them extensively throughout the entire Territory.

As feature for the September, 1871, number the editor wrote a three-page article on "Immigration." He reports a proposition of the French Government to "Transport forty thousand communist prisoners to the land of the Apaches," in Arizona, and then comments as follows:

Should this program be carried out it will solve the Indian difficulty in that unhappy country. . . . We cordially welcome them to the great, free West; even though we fear the fierce Apaches will also welcome them "with bloody hands to hospitable graves" . . .

Colorado, whilst welcoming foreign immigration to her fertile plains and mountain treasures, is more directly interested in inducing American citizens from the States to make this delightful land their future home. The best method of accomplishing this is to give a generous support to Colorado publications.

Two unsigned descriptions in this issue tell of railroad journeys: one, "A ride over the Colorado Central from Denver to Golden City," and the other, "From Denver to St. Louis." The next item is a communication from E. L. Greene of Jarvis Hall, Golden City, Colorado, "Our September Flora." W. M. Slaughter contributed the second of his articles on "Minerals of the Colorado Plains, East and West." In the same field and also two pages in length is "Minerals and Precious Stones of Colorado," concerning which the editor says, "We are indebted for a list of the following minerals and Precious Stones of Colorado to a catalogue published last year by Professor J. Alden Smith, of Central City."

Other interests of the Territory in September, 1871, are represented by an article on the four-months-old "Longmont Colony": "A Word to Health Seekers," which, according to the editor, "is from the pen of an intelligent physician, not now practicing, but who has had ample opportunities for making observations";

and "Colorado Indians—Their Right to the Soil," an argument by the magazine's previous contributor, Fred J. Stanton, Civil Engineer, maintaining that the nomadic tribes of Indians could not have established any just title to the Western lands now desired by the white man.

In this September issue the editor quotes a poem from *Chamber's Journal*, "Rosa Mundi." He also notes, "Grace Greenwood is one of the literary attractions in Denver. She is here on a visiting, lecturing and observation tour, is corresponding for the *New York Times* and writing up the country in her most graceful style." But the more practical interests of the readers are appealed to in the articles on "Importations of Blooded Stock" and "Farms in Gilpin County," and by the complete list of Colorado's Post Offices.

The editor praises his own work by quoting, among the "Opinions of the Press," an excerpt from the *Chicago Magazine of Fashion* commending his first issue, which contained "a valuable article on 'Wool-growing in Colorado,'" and by announcing that "The October number of *The Colorado Monthly* will contain a full account of the Territorial Fair commencing on the nineteenth of this month."

By December, 1871, editor J. H. Wilhelm had decided upon a new departure for his magazine. He wrote a three and one-half page article, "Education—Our Public Schools," in which he expounded upon the value of schools and the desirability of having parents actively support them. Then he announced:

There is an urgent need, at this time, in our Territory, of a school journal in which every teacher, parent and friend of schools and of Colorado should have an educational interest. . . . We have in this number of the *Colorado Monthly* established a department devoted especially to schools and educational matters. . . .

Besides condensing an article on "Slate Pencils" from the *Connecticut School Journal* for this issue, the editor further shows his determination to emphasize educational matters by describing his recent visit to the Denver Schools. His report includes the following:

We had the pleasure of visiting the public schools of Denver since our last issue and found them in excellent condition.

. . . The average attendance in the entire building is 350. . . . We have been officially informed that the new school building will be completed within one year. It is to be well lighted and ventilated and provided with good heating apparatus. The estimated cost is \$40,000.

This issue also contains a number of articles on various topics. "A few words about the Indians," describes "The degraded savages and the misplaced sympathy of the Eastern press." The second article, "Another Singular Religious Sect," contains material about the "Omish," whom the editor had met several years ago

"while travelling through the State of Ohio, visiting the Public Schools." Fred J. Stanton, Civil Engineer, again contributes, this time on "The Necessity of Irrigation." In "Over the Range," George Aitken praises the advantages of the Western Slope region for stock raising. Professor D. Swope writes concerning "Minerals and Fossils of the Plains" and sends his own translation from the German for *The Colorado Monthly* of "Goethe's Impressions Upon Reading Shakespeare for the First Time."

On February 8, 1872, The Colorado Territorial Assembly passed a new law "to contribute to the support of a school journal for Colorado Territory," designating *The Colorado Monthly* as "the official school organ to the Territory," and authorizing the purchase, at the regular price of two dollars per year, of copies to be sent without charge to "each County Superintendent and Secretary of each School District in the Territory for public use."³ The editor was to publish in each issue four pages of official school news, furnished by the Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Most of the space in the March, 1872, number of *The Colorado Monthly* is devoted to a consideration of school matters. In addition to printing the bill, making this magazine "the official school organ to the Territory," the editor answers two critics who opposed the law—a writer in the *Pueblo Chieftain* and a member of the Board of Education of Gilpin County, whose letter had appeared in O. J. Goldrick's *Herald*, of Denver. Editor J. H. Wilhelm contends that the cost to the state will not exceed three hundred and sixty-two dollars per year and that far more expense would result from the inauguration by the Territory of a new journal for school matters alone.

In accordance with the magazine's function, the editor prints a two-column page of extracts from an essay read before the Arapahoe County Teachers' Institute, by Mary Eaton, and a description of the program of "The Second Meeting of the Teachers' Association of Arapahoe County," "which commenced February 10 at nine a. m. in the east Denver Public School House," E. J. Robinson, Secretary. The "Official Department," includes an article on "Public Instruction," and "An Act Concerning School Bonds." This issue also contains a full page advertisement for E. H. Butler and Co., Publishers and Booksellers, Philadelphia, stressing the New American Readers, Mitchell's New Geographies, Goodrich's Histories, etc. "Address, John W. Griffin, Western Agent, Leavenworth, Kansas."

That Editor Wilhelm did not rest content after having won Territorial support for his *Monthly*, is shown by the following quotations from the *Rocky Mountain News*:

³This new law is printed in full in *The Colorado Monthly*, vol. 2, no. 3, March, 1872.

City Council Proceedings:

November 14. The petition of J. H. Wilhelm, editor of the *Colorado Monthly*, was read, asking the city council to provide statistics and matter for a monthly census of Denver to be published in the *Colorado Monthly* . . . referred to a special committee of three.⁴

We can see no good reason why the city government should go to any expense to collect statistics for the *Colorado Monthly*. Any journalist of ordinary energy and enterprise should do that for his own publication. We suggest that Mr. Wilhelm provide his own "matter and statistics."⁵

The City Council and the *Colorado Monthly*.

Editor News:—Your remarks in yesterday morning's issue, relative to the city government collecting "matter and statistics" for the *Colorado Monthly*, does me a great injustice. . . . My object was simply to furnish the city each month, in a convenient and attractive form, with a *revised* directory . . . (to note changes only) . . . I would publish them . . . at *actual* cost. The city would then have a *correct* and *continuous* directory. . . . Respectfully, J. H. Wilhelm.⁶

The conclusion of J. H. Wilhelm's connection with the *Colorado Monthly* is reported, with a touch of malice, by the *Central City Register* of June 26, 1873, as follows:

Mr. J. H. Wilhelm writes his valedictory in the last number of the *Colorado Monthly* and surrenders its publication for the future into the hands of G. H. Kimball, late of the *Leader*. He raps his delinquent patrons over the knuckles and bids them an affectionate adieu. We infer, by a slip advertisement which follows, that Mr. Wilhelm has transferred his genius to the windmill business. Well, his experience on the *Monthly* ought to make this other windmill even more successful. The labor should be lighter in some respects, since the weather clerk will be engaged as assistant editor in the enterprise. We regret to part with neighbor Wilhelm. He once occupied a chair in the Register sanctum and right worthily impelled the editorial pencil. His industry is proverbial, his ability of no common order, and his morality unquestionable. May he absorb a fortune by the rapid sale of many mills.

Nothing further is known of the *Colorado Monthly* except the notice of its suspension in the *Newspaper Reporter* of May 4, 1874. Additional information about J. H. Wilhelm has not been found, although the standard works on Colorado history have been searched.

⁴*Rocky Mountain News*, Denver, Friday Morning, Nov. 15, 1872.

⁵*Rocky Mountain News*, Denver, Saturday Morning, Nov. 16, 1872.

⁶*Rocky Mountain News*, Denver, Sunday Morning, Nov. 17, 1872.

Perilous Adventure of a North Park Pioneer Woman, Mrs. L. A. Gresham

ELIZABETH QUINN*

When the Moffat Railroad was built as far as Granby, Colorado, it was rumored that a branch would be built from Granby to Walden. A four-horse stage line soon connected the two towns by a road over Willow Creek Pass and was owned by Mr. Harford Loucks of Walden.

My father and mother took up land on the top of Willow Pass and ran a Road Ranch all that summer and fall. They called it Willow Lodge. The stage reached here at noon each day for a change of horses and lunch for the driver and passengers. Many other travelers also spent the night or had meals here. The surveyors laid out the railroad branch line and things seemed booming on Willow Pass that year, 1905.

My father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Gresham, spent a prosperous summer and fall, and bravely decided to spend the winter here as well. They laid in a plentiful supply of food, had their cows, chickens and turkeys and thought they could weather it through in a fine way. I was a small baby and they were expecting another in the spring.

As the long winter progressed, the snow getting deeper and deeper, and my mother's health very uncertain, they began to worry. They knew they could not get a doctor if anything unexpected should happen. They decided to try to get out.

The snow at this time was from 5 to 20 feet deep over the Pass. On February 9, 1906, my father, Dave Gresham, took a team and broke road all day through the deep snow, going as far as he could and get back that night.

Early the next morning, we started out in an open sled, taking along our 50 chickens, 5 turkeys, 2 calves, 3 cows and 5 horses. They soon found that the wind had blown the snow in and ruined all his work of the day before. By the time they had labored around the first bend in the road from the house, he said "We can never pull this load." They unloaded the calves and chickens and turkeys and turned them loose to go back to roost in their sheds.

We traveled slowly, father unhitching the team and breaking road a little way and then coming back to the sled and hitching up again and pulling as far as he could, then breaking road again. By night we had gone less than a mile from the house. My father then broke the road out to a tree, and made camp there. He cut

*Mrs. Quinn and her mother, Mrs. Gresham, live today in Walden, Colo.—Ed.



UPPER: LOUCKS' GRANBY STAGE WHICH STOPPED AT WILLOW LODGE
 MIDDLE: MRS. GRESHAM FISHING IN WILLOW CREEK
 BOTTOM: MR. AND MRS. DAVE GRESHAM AND ELIZABETH AT WILLOW LODGE

the tree down, built a fire, cooked a hot supper and brought it to us. Mother and I did not get out of the sled.

The next day progress was made the same way—break road a little way and drive a little way. Sol Nixon's place was about seven miles from Willow Lodge. We got within about two miles of Mr. Nixon's place and had to give it up. We had no more food for the horses and they would not drink the smoky-tasting snow water we melted for them. Father said "I'll have to get these horses out." At sundown he left us all alone and took the horses on to Nixon's.

There we were, my mother and I, in an open sled, and with nothing to eat but frozen food since morning. I developed a terrible stomach ache, my mother was sick and terribly scared. There had been so many bob cats and mountain lions around there that fall. She had no idea how long we would have to stay there alone, how long it would take father to get through or if he could get through at all. It was a terrifying night and of course she never thought of sleeping.

At 2 A. M. Mr. Nixon arrived at the sled and she never was so glad to see anyone before or since. But he soon developed a terrible spell with his heart. Bucking the deep snow had been too strenuous for him, and she thought he would surely die before morning.

But, as always, "joy cometh in the morning," and it did this time too. Mr. Nixon was better, she was better, and I was better. Mr. Nixon built a fire and made bread and cooked it on the snow shovel, and mother says it was the best bread she has ever tasted.

They still had to wait, as Mr. Nixon had no way to get them out. At 1 o'clock P. M. that day, Feb. 12, the rescue party came. There were two men and a woman on horseback to break the road, and then father with his team to haul our sled. By night we were safe at Mr. Nixon's.

The next day father and Mr. Nixon went back after the cows, calves, chickens and turkeys. Coyotes had killed two of the turkeys and about half of the chickens.

The road to Rand from Mr. Nixon's was open and we had no trouble the next day, February 14, 1906, in making it through and from there on to Walden, where my mother, Mrs. L. A. Gresham has been quite satisfied to stay ever since. But the memory of that night of terror stays quite fresh and the little baby which was expected, was born dead several months later.

Boyhood Recollections of Central City

C. H. HANINGTON*

Perhaps to old residents of Central City these brief notes may be of interest. The characters mentioned will be remembered by a few at least. The period is between 1870 and 1882, when I lived there and they were boys of about my age. We all attended the stone schoolhouse on the hill. Some were good and others not so good. I lost track of many of them after leaving Central and do not know what became of them. There were others, older boys, to whom we looked up and often called on for help in our numerous feuds. As I recall, the list is about as follows: Charley Beach, Fred Briggs, Frank Belford, Will Campbell, Charles Collier, Percy Giddings, Bob Harris, Frank Jones, Will Jenkins, Henry Eilman, William Lemkuhl, Bela Lorah, John Meyers, John Moyle, Frank McCall, Hugo Kruse, Frank and George Reynolds, Otis Richmond, Fred and Andy Rogers, Charles Rolf, Frank Tolls, Ed Tippett, Harry and Charles Wiley, Paul Wilfly, Charles Weeks, Henry Weidman, Fred and William Howard, Jesse Epps, Al Townsend, Charles White, and Charles Henderson. There were probably others who have escaped my memory.

Charley Beach and Fred Briggs lived in Black Hawk. The former came to Denver early and was identified with the smelters in watching the sampling and making settlements for the mining companies. As the smelting business declined he moved to California, where he died in 1924. Fred Briggs also left Central about the time the Briggs mine closed and moved to Kankakee, Illinois, where for years he was identified with banking. He died several years ago.

Frank Belford, son of Congressman Belford, lived in one of the brick mansions on High Street. He came to Denver, afterwards going to Washington, where he was in the newspaper and secretarial business. He died in Washington a few years ago.

Charles Collier was the youngest son of Judge D. C. Collier, a curly headed, good-natured lad, who was not particularly fond of study, which was his downfall one day. We were all supposed to be studying, Collier included, which was so unusual that The Little Squire, as we always called our principal, H. M. Yale, tiptoed to the rear of the room and came quietly behind Collier. Lo and behold, he was reading a Beadle dime novel concealed in his Geography! Mr. Hale grabbed him by the nape of the neck and seat of the trousers, carried him to his desk, and gave him a good paddling, much to the amusement of the class. The family moved

*Mr. Hanington is President of the Board of Directors of the Colorado Museum of Natural History, City Park, Denver.—Ed.

to California in after years and Collier was very active in the San Diego Exposition. He died a few years ago.

Percy Giddings, son of D. J. Giddings, left Central about 1876, moving to Boulder, then to Denver. He worked at one time for the old City Cable Company, finally moving to California, where he now resides. Bob Harris came to Denver early and has been active in church and politics.

Frank Jones, a black-eyed, dark-complexioned boy, was a natural-born orator and actor, quite a favorite with all. He died in Denver many years ago.

Will Jenkins, younger brother of John Jenkins, is one of the few who remained in Central until his death a few years ago. He was a fine ball player and all-around good sport. He took part in many of our amateur performances. He was connected with the First National Bank of Central until his death.

Bela Lorah, son of S. I. Lorah, was a fine boy and good student. He attended East High School in Denver and graduated from the Colorado School of Mines. After graduation he opened an assay office in Central and while on a visit to Denver a few years later, was burned to death in the Gumry Hotel fire.

John Meyers was one of the bad boys of the day, always in trouble, but, as is usually the case, was sought after by many of us. I remember after one of the Central fires he managed to obtain some liquor somewhere, and was arrested and placed in the old calaboose near the fire alarm bell. We all went up to look through the bars at him the next morning, and he greeted us by spitting tobacco juice in our faces. I lost track of him as well as Charles Weeks, another of the bad boys of the time.

Frank McCall left Central before we did and the last I heard of him he was living on a ranch somewhere northeast of Golden.

Hugo Kruse lived in Mountain City and came to Denver, where he attended and graduated from East Denver High School, in 1887, and he is now one of the substantial merchants of Strasburg, Colorado.

Frank Tolls, son of Dr. Tolls, one of the early-day physicians, left Central early and the last I knew of him he was living in Denver.

Frank and George Reynolds were born in the brick building just below the Episcopal Church, and moved to Denver in 1878. Frank was for years employed by the old City Cable Company, later with The Boston and Colorado Smelting Company, Salida Smelter, and at present with Bulkley and Company, Denver. George was also employed by the City Cable Company and after the company was consolidated with the Denver Tramway Company, followed mining at Empire, Creede, Summitville, finally moving to Miami,

Arizona, where he became one of the City Fathers. He died years ago in Miami.

Fred Rogers, son of A. N. Rogers, one of the very prominent mining men of Gilpin County, attended the public schools of Central, afterward going to Cornell University. He has been identified with mining and mining machinery and at present is living in Denver. Andy, his younger brother, also has been connected with mining in Aspen, Arizona, and California, and is living in Los Angeles now.

Harry and Charles Wiley, sons of Phileme Wiley, grew up in Central. They were much interested in printing and at one time published *The Enterprise*, a small four-page paper.

Paul Wilfly came to Central about 1876 from some eastern town and, of course, was looked down upon by our crowd. One of his first school experiences was a fistfight with one of us and he came out with a bloody nose.

Ed Tippett was quite a musician and the envy of all the boys as he played the snare drum in the Central City Band. Fred and Will Howard, colored, lived just above us on High Street. Fred ran off with a circus and, I believe, was killed. Will lived for years in Denver.

Charles White, colored, lived on Eureka Street, just below the old stone quarry. He worked for years for the old City Cable Company and died long ago.

Charles Henderson, colored, was for years a hod carrier in Denver. I saw him long ago as I was driving out Larimer Street, standing on the curb with a corncob pipe in his mouth. I drew up to the curb and called out, "Hello, Tight!" He jumped, and said, "Someone from Central City, for I have never heard that name since." He died in poverty three or four years ago and was buried by Hendrie and Bolthoff employees, as he lived in a shack near their warehouse.

Al Townsend, colored, was a crack ball player and after moving to Denver appeared in many of the local teams.

called on Mary Gross and at Aunt Mary's. Left for New York at 6 o'clock via Stonington Line; at Providence met Andrew MacMillan, whom I am to accompany to his ranch in Colorado. The Nightingale boys were in the depot to bid me goodbye . . .

[Went by train to Buffalo, St. Louis, etc. and arrived at Kansas City on the 13th.]

Sunday, April 14th. Took a walk around town in the forenoon. In the afternoon Andrew got a horse and buggy and we drove to Westport over very muddy roads. This little town antedates its big neighbor and was a stopping place in the old times of the stage route from St. Louis to Santa Fe.

In Westport we came across two genuine old southern negroes, one seated on an ass talking to the other astride the fence, venerable looking old fellows, very respectful and anxious to know what their race was accomplishing in our part of the world; an interesting character scene for an artist, with its picturesque background of dilapidated cabins.

15th. Andrew paid our bill of \$12.00 at the hotel. We then went to the stockyards where Mr. Kingsberry gave us a letter to the agent of the Kansas Pacific R. R., who supplied us with half fare passes for which I paid \$30.00; then to the depot where we met John Haveran, the man who is going out to work for Andrew. Had my hair cut short.

Started at 12:00 P. M. and had a most enjoyable ride all the afternoon through eastern Kansas, than which no country in the face of the earth could be fairer to look upon or more fruitful in rewarding the labors of man. The road wound along the banks of the Kaw, most of the way through acres and acres of wheat and corn, occasionally passing through beautiful woods, or marshes, where wild ducks abounded, making me itch for a shot at them.

Stopped at Topeka for dinner and found some genuine N. E. cooking. It was very enjoyable. Saw near Lawrence a fine building with two domes in a commanding situation, the State University I believe; everybody and everything looked prosperous as it ought in such a good Republican State.

As evening drew on the air became cold owing to our increased altitude, and a fire was very comfortable. Spent this night in common car and got considerable sleep, as well as saved \$2.50.

In the morning the beautiful scenery with its luxuriant foliage and green crops had entirely gone; all night we had been mounting up in the air and now could see nothing but rolling hills as bleak and barren as New England in March. Not a tree relieved their barrenness, nor anything else in fact save where a gulch showed darkly against the hillside, or a herd of antelope trotted nimbly away from the cars, a wolf went running off, looking like a half

Ranching on the Colorado Plains Sixty-one Years Ago

From the Diary of DR. S. L. CALDWELL*

Newton Center, Massachusetts, Monday, April 8, 1878.

I left home on the 2 o'clock train with father and mother,

*Dr. Caldwell lives in Colorado Springs today and has resided there since 1890. When he first visited Colorado, in 1878, he was twenty-four years old. His father was then President of Vassar College. This diary has value as a record of routine life on a cattle ranch in the days of the open range.—Ed.

scared mastiff, or where perhaps a few head of cattle were black spots in the distance. These were the plains, the celebrated plains; how different from one's preconceived ideas, and yet so fascinating in their novelty as to keep one's eyes constantly out of the windows as the hills went rolling by.

The stations were few and far between and consisted of only a house or two, while the men who got off and on were great brown, healthy looking fellows, roughly dressed, with revolvers strapped around their waists, but the most noticeable thing about them was their small feet, even on the largest of them; no larger than a mere lad's, resulting from their constant life on horse back.

And so on through the same unchanging scenery until we stopped at Hugo for dinner, where Andrew met several of his acquaintances to whom I was introduced, and then a few miles further when a collection of half a dozen houses hove in sight and we were at River Bend. There is the station, a water tank and windmill, two or three houses and stores and that is the town. Andrew was met by numerous acquaintances to whom I was introduced.

We passed the night with George Clarke, the station agent, who treated us very kindly; the wind blew a gale, while the light soil flew about in clouds. Even here, way out on the frontier, the ubiquitous tramp appeared and fifteen stopped at the little station that night. Clarke fed us with jerked antelope meat (a novelty to Easterners) and hot biscuit.

17th. Sun came out clear, but soon a squall came driving down out of the N. W. and we were treated to some fine specimens of April weather at this altitude; all the forenoon it snowed and after coming from the vernal greenness and warmth of the south-west, it seemed as though the months had changed positions and June was being followed by March. At noon it cleared and we decided to start for the ranch, which we did after loading our traps and provisions into "Rocky" Moore's wagon drawn by two of the stout little ponies peculiar to the country. A long and weary journey we had; for ten hours we plodded on through snow and mud. The first ten miles were up hill to the divide, or water-shed of this part of the country, an extensive plain, and which was a few years ago covered with countless herds of buffalo but is now dotted with cattle. The trail was heavy, the ponies small and the wagon overloaded, so that four sacks of grain had to be dropped when only half way home. The sun went down and a cold wind came out of the west to add to our other discomforts. At last, after ten hours of weary marching over hills and through gulches, we reached the ranch, cold, wet and hungry; a fire was soon kindled

and supper prepared, and then a good night's rest under my nice California blankets put a new aspect on affairs.

18th. We arose early and my first look was to see what a "ranche" was. Theoretically it consists of the proprietor's house, a rough shanty called the ranche-house for the men, a barn of rough boards surrounded by a fence called the horse-corral—pronounced "corrèl"—, and another corral for the cattle. This one however consists only of a shanty set into the hill, a barn and horse corral all built of rough, unpainted boards and situated in the bed of a creek, which, like all streams in this country, is of sand with an occasional pool of water; nearly all the water is strongly impregnated with alkali, but we have a spring close by which supplies excellent water.

Our home is a house of one room into which is packed everything necessary for leading a comfortable kind of camping-out-life, a stove, table, bags of provisions, our trunks and blankets cover the floor, while the walls are festooned with our old clothes, hats, etc., etc., with shelves for dishes, books and other conveniences.

I spent the greater part of the day in returning with Moore for the grain we left behind last night. In the afternoon Andrew returned to River Bend with Moore to hire a cow-boy, leaving John Haveran and myself here alone.

19th. Spent the day putting things to rights about the cabin and in some laughable efforts at cooking, which resulted in some bread of a very adamantine character.

At dusk a man appeared riding one horse and leading another. He proved to be a cow-boy in search of employment; a big, good natured fellow with quite a taste for reading. He spent the night and left on his way north in the morning of the

20th. Spent the day much as yesterday; walked down the creek with my gun; shot a "hilldee" plover, but fired at nothing else as this is not the game season; saw a few antelope on the neighboring hills. Washed my dirty clothes.

Sunday 21st. Spent the forenoon in writing letters to my Mother and friends. It was quiet and seemed very like Sunday until Andrew arrived and the man Baxter, whom he has hired, together with the latter's cousin Sam Rice, one of the best and "toniest" cowboys of the country. A fellow named Kneeland also turned up in search of work, so that we had a house full of company. They treated us to some feats of lassoing, horse training, etc. Passed a cold and uncomfortable night as we had to share our blankets.

22nd. All our visitors left in the forenoon. A. and I, took a ride on horseback in the afternoon.

23rd. I spent the forenoon writing up this Journal. Baxter returned with a horse which has been missing since winter.

24th. Andrew and I rode to River Bend. It was my first ride of any distance and I arrived lame and sore. We did not go by trail but took a short cut across the country; a rough ride over hills and through gulches; lost my saddle blankets; on the edge of the divide A. dismounted, leaving his horse standing with another fastened to his pommel; they got to kicking and ran. A. mounted my horse—Buckskin—and gave chase fruitlessly. I finally walked up to them. It was a scene for an artist as little Buck carried A. at full speed up and down and along the side of the hill heading off the two runaways. We struck the railroad near Metcalf's ranche and had to gallop along it for several miles to the Bend. Took the regular train east for Hugo and paid \$1.50 for a 20 mile ride. These western roads are exorbitant in their charges. At Hugo the cow-punchers were assembling for the round-up. Was introduced to Dodd of Boston and saw Charley Metcalf of Providence, R. I. Fell in with the hotel-keeper, a fat, young Boniface who has been here only two weeks. Had very good fare at his hotel and spent the evening with him in the dining room reading the recent papers. Was troubled all day with the diarrhœa caused by the alkaline water probably.

25th. Still at Hugo: most of the round-up gone; a few still lingered at the bar; two of whom inspired by bad whiskey gave us some circus performances, and spurred their horses up onto the hotel piazza causing a lively scattering among the fellows sitting there. I leaped onto a seat close to the house while one galloped by me. Returned to River Bend on the freight train thereby saving our fare. Bought of Paul Wagner a saddle for \$15.00 and a bridle for two. The saddle was in use and rather than spend the night at R. B. we decided to ride with McVeigh on his mule team to Cedar Point. We followed the same road as in going to the ranche until we reached the divide, when, instead of turning to the east we kept north across the divide. On reaching the northern edge, the country of the Beaver slopes suddenly away before you and stretches to the north as far as the eye can reach, a mass of hills and ravines occasionally dotted with a cedar or pine and colored by the various grasses and earths into beautiful shades of red, brown and green, while a range of snow-lad mountains, the Rampart Range, shuts in the western horizon, extending from Pike's on the South to Long's Peak in the North. The first grand and beautiful scenery I have found in Colorado.

Promontories of sandstone slope suddenly away from the high land of the divide, separated from each other by miniature cañons whose narrow bottoms are rendered dark and cool by the lofty pines and cedars growing on their precipitous sides.

Riding halfway down one of these promontories we saw below us a log cabin with the smoke curling cheerfully from its earth covered roof; this was McVeigh's camp, where he spends the night when after a load of timber and where a few years ago he used to pass many a sleepless night with his rifle in his hands, momentarily expecting an attack from the Indians. It is the most primitive dwelling I have ever been in; it is simply a trench in the hillside, surmounted by logs on which rests the roof composed of the limbs of trees covered with thatch and earth. A single door gives light and ventilation; a rude platform of logs in one corner serves as a bed, while the opposite one is hollowed out into an open fire place of mother-earth, from which a blazing fire of logs diffuses light and warmth sufficient to make any habitation cheerful; a table, a few cooking utensils, etc. complete the furniture. The door opens right onto the edge of the cañon where you might leap down fifty feet or more into the little brook of living water which is yet fed by the melting snow and ice of the past winter, and shaded by a thick undergrowth of willows. The whole spot is picturesque and interesting in the extreme. (In later years I was told these cedar fence posts have lasted 50 years.)

We found here a wood-chopper named Cusick, who got us our supper of ham, bread and tea without milk or sugar. The evening I spent most delightfully, lying on the bed and watching the fitful flames of the open fire and the wavering glare of light on the rough walls of our dwelling, while A. recited snatches from various English authors for the benefit of McVeigh, who has quite an acquaintance with good English authors and is a man of surprising intelligence for one of his occupation living out here on the frontier.

26th. After a refreshing night's sleep, A. and I started to visit the Indians of whom there were two lodges in this vicinity, and after a hard tramp up and down the precipitous sides of ravines and over rocky heights, we found them in a sheltered spot right on the edge of the divide. (This was the last year the Utes were allowed out of the mountains to hunt on the plains.)

The party consisted of Washington, a wrinkled old fellow who took but little notice of us, Piere, a younger and more affable man, his squaw and several papooses with wild eyes and vermilion-blotched faces. They were comfortably dressed in woolen garments, while P. had a new canvas tent and Winchester rifle which he was proud to show us; he was about to go antelope hunting while the rest of the party worked hard dressing buffalo hides, which are their chief source of income. We made but a short visit, as our curiosity was soon satisfied. Returned to McVeigh's camp where A. saddled up and started for home, and after a drink of tea cooled with ice two inches thick from the shady depths of the canyon, I followed on foot. Had a long walk of about 12 miles

and arrived as much exhausted by my exercise in this rare atmosphere as if I had walked fifty at home.

Found Haveran all right and glad to see us after being two days alone. Got a cow with a calf and after tying her head and heels, milked her.

27th. Haveran went to River Bend. Had a hail and thunder storm in the afternoon. He lost his way in the dark, but his horse brought him safely home long after we were asleep. Had letter from home inclosing introduction to Thurlow.

28th. Sunday, a quiet day; wrote to Mother in the forenoon; spent the afternoon on horseback looking for our cow which has deserted her calf.

29th. Horses missing. Haveran and I spent most of the day in a fruitless search for them. Took the calf out to the water holes and left it among the cattle as the only chance to find its mother.

30th. A. & H. left immediately after breakfast for the horses. Read all the afternoon. Waited till long after dark for A. & H. to return; then had supper; lit the lamp and was just settling down to read as the chimney broke and I had to go to bed in self-defense. Looked very like a storm, so rolled the sacks of corn into the house, but it cleared; found the dog very good company for lack of better. Took a sponge bath today.

May 1st, 1878. No sign of A. & H. Get along well enough during the day but the nights are lonely. Can't imagine where they are. Read "The Cricket on the Hearth" and "The Battle of Life", also some of "The Virginians" by Thackeray. Had heavy showers of rain all the afternoon. The dog and the black birds which feed close to the door, are my only company. All kinds of birds here are remarkably tame. Boiled some potatoes and fried some ham, which, with bread and tea, made a very palatable meal. Did not sleep very well, after staying quietly in the house all day.

2nd. Still all alone. Don't mind that, but would like to know where they have gone and when they will return. I have decided that they must have gone to Wetzel's, forty miles north, as Andrew has been talking of it. Heavy showers of rain, sleet and snow all the forenoon. Read most all day in "The Virginians." Went to bed early, but did not sleep well.

May 3rd. Just at sundown, A. & H. came riding over the hill. Was glad to have them back. They had been to Wetzel's, but heard nothing of the horses. A. had one of his nervous fits lest they have gone with the wild horses. Weather pleasant but cool. Have got well into "The Virginians," and find it more interesting than other books of Thackeray's.

4th. Arose early and started for the Bend; took the short cut and arrived safely in four hours. Saw Sam Rice, who says the horses are up our creek. Got two letters from home dated

April 23rd and 28th, also a sponge and numerous papers. Left for the ranche after the mail arrived and found an excellent short cut to the divide, which might be used as a wagon trail; got along finely to "Cheney's," but after passing there, crossed two wagon trails which I had not noticed before and thought I was lost, so I struck north and soon found the main trail, which proved that I was not lost after all. I shall know next time how to go. Got home just at sunset and found they had a cow and calf in the corral, so there is a prospect of milk. Saw plenty of antelope and rabbits.

Sunday 5th. A. & H. started early to find the horses and soon succeeded, up the creek, but were unable to drive them into the corral owing to the wildness of a colt which, for over a week, has kept them out; however, toward noon Earnest's outfit came along and four or five men succeeded in driving them into the corral at last; we will make sure that they are kept close after this. Earnest's men came to the house and gave us some fresh meat. One old fellow who probably hadn't observed Sunday for years said that somehow he knew it was Sunday; it felt like it; a remarkable fact, as he had no means of telling one day of the week from another.

I read nearly all day. At sunset all three took a walk over the hill to the north; saw a beautiful buck antelope that stood and watched us for some time. The day was one of the warmest we have had.

6th. A clear, pleasant day; stayed at home. Shot a yellow headed blackbird, like ours at home only with a yellow head and neck with some white on its wings. A. skinned it and mounted it on pasteboard.

In the afternoon, A. started for Aleck Middlemist's, where he will spend the night and go to Deertrail tomorrow, and then to Denver.

Our lamp chimney is cracked and the lamp smoked so that we prepared to go to bed early. I had just blown the lamp out when Haveran, who had been lying down some time, jumped up saying the bed was hot, and sure enough all the quilts had holes burnt through them, probably caused by a head of a match on the floor. We soon put them out with water, but the room was full of smoke from the cotton lining; my blankets luckily escaped with a slight scorch in one place. A thunder shower came up late at night.

7th. The first rainy day we have had; the ground was white with snow at one time. Tried to drive the cow into the corral, but she refused and we had to give it up, while the poor calf most perished with cold and hunger. In the afternoon, three of Earnest's men stopped here on their way to Hugo, which set us to work cooking. H. patched up the lamp chimney with tin and I read Poe's

“Gold Bug” to the assembled company and put our three guests to sleep. A chilly, disagreeable day.

8th. Our guests departed for Hugo early in the morning, after driving our cow into the corral, where we kept her all day, but she refused to eat, so we let her out at night. I had some shots at plover, but was unsuccessful. A fine, sunny day, though ice formed in the night. Wrote letters.

9th. A cloudy and gloomy day. Some ducks lit very near the house in the morning and I had some good shots, but somehow or other I could stop nothing. I never could shoot with my gun. Went out again in the afternoon to the water holes north of the ranche and hunted down towards the creek; had several nice shots but only got one; a green winged teal, I think. Got home at dusk and found there Aleck Cross and another man, McWallace, with their horses on their way north. They brought our mail. I washed out my towels and handkerchiefs.

10th. A fine, sunny day. Our friends left after breakfast. I washed out my dirty under clothes and stockings. We drove the cow into the corral and milked her. (To be continued.)
