THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

Published bi-monthly by
The State Historical Society of Colorado

Vol. XIX Denver, Colorado, September, 1942 No. 5

Pioneer Life in the San Luis Valley

OLIBAMA LOPEZ*

Invariably the first houses built by the Spanish settlers in the San Luis Valley were **jacales,** or log cabins made by setting cottonwood posts upright in the ground and filling the crevices with mud. After a colony became established, adobe houses were built because they offered better protection from both the weather and the Indians. These adobe houses were constructed in the form of **plazas, plazuelas,** and **corilleras.**

The **plaza** consisted of a series of flat-roofed adobe houses joined together to form a square or rectangle with an opening at each end or on the sides. The space enclosed by the **plaza** was called the **patio,** and in the early days was used as a corral or stockade. When the danger of Indian raids ceased, the gates were removed from the openings. Several families lived in the **plaza,** for it was divided into groups of three, four, or more rooms lying side by side, each group being set apart from the one adjoining by a solid wall. While most of the buildings composing the **plaza** were box-like in structure, occasionally the roof on the **patio** side of the **plaza** was extended to form a shallow porch. A wall, one to five feet high, called the **pretil,** was built all around the outside of the roof to serve as a barricade for defenders fighting off an Indian attack. For even greater protection, all the doors and windows faced the **patio.**

The **plazuelas** were the homes of the wealthy. These were in the form of a square or rectangle having only one opening, thus shutting the family off from the rest of the village.

The **corillera** proper might be described as a terrace a block long, with the exception that the rooms instead of being placed one behind the other were laid side by side. The homes of the different families were divided in the same manner as in the **plaza.**

The outside walls of these first houses were of unusual thickness, sometimes being as much as sixteen inches thick. The roofs were flat, allowing, of course, a slight pitch for drainage.

*Miss Lopez, a teacher in the Walsenburg schools, wrote her Master's thesis at the University of Denver upon life in the early settlements of the San Luis Valley, Colorado.—Ed.

The windows were small and set high in the wall. Since glass was unobtainable, the window panes were made either of large sheets of talc, or of **pergamino,** a parchment made from sheepskins. The doors were ponderous affairs made of split logs. There were no hinges or locks, so the doors were hung by fitting a pin carved at each end of the door itself into the holes made at the top and bottom of the door frame. Because of the scarcity of lumber, the floors, even in the homes of the wealthy, were of dirt, hard packed and well smoothed by frequent sprinkling and tamping. The bedrooms were usually covered from wall to wall with a rag rug, called a **jerga,** woven in strips which were sewed together.

There was but little furniture, the main piece being the bed, which was only a thick, wool-filled mattress. During the day the mattress was placed on a **tarima,** or bench made of adobe along the wall. At night the mattress was unrolled and placed on the floor. Rough benches were used almost exclusively, although there were some home-made chairs. There were but few tables.

The early settlers were almost entirely self-dependent in the matter of clothing. They carded, spun, and wove the wool from their own sheep; they tanned and worked the hides of deer and buffalo which they hunted.

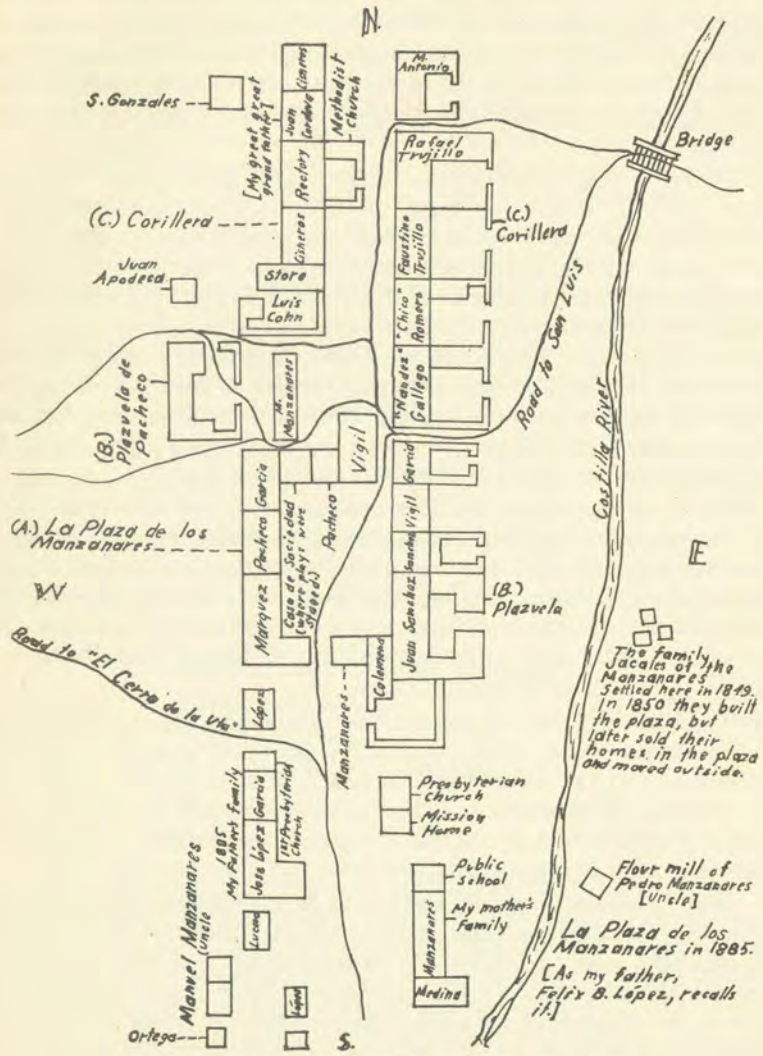
The men wore either deerskin suits, copied from those of the Indians; or else trousers of **jerga,** a coarsely woven heavy woolen cloth, and a shirt of **sabanilla,** also of wool but finer in weave and lighter in weight. They wore the **tilma,** a short version of the **sarape,** as an overcoat.

Women's clothes were also of **sabanilla,** very simply made. Their millinery consisted of the **rebozo,** or silk scarf, and the **tapalo,** a shawl made of light wool or silk for summer wear, and of heavy wool for winter. It served admirably as both overcoat and hat. Moccasins were almost universally worn by both men and women, supplemented in winter by moccasin-shaped overshoes of sheepskin with the wool next to the feet.

The men carried on the work of farming, hunting, and fighting, and later served as freighters or traders.

Cultivation of the virgin soil was extremely difficult, for the settlers had only a few implements and these were of the most primitive kind. A plow was often nothing more than a crooked stick, or at best was a hand-made affair of pine with a plowshare of oak, or in a few cases of iron, shaped by the local blacksmith, and lashed in place with leather thongs. Home-made wooden hoes and spades were in general use because those of steel were very scarce and equally expensive. Oxen were the draft animals used for farm work and for hauling, their only vehicles being crudely-fashioned,

handmade, two-wheeled carts. As in biblical times, the grain was harvested with a scythe and hand rake and threshed by running the stock around and around on the piled-up grain.



LA PLAZA DE LOS MANZANARES IN 1885

To the women fell the inevitable task of feeding and clothing the family under conditions which proved their courage and adaptability. Even the preparation of a simple meal involved a great deal of previous work. For instance, before they could make the

tortilla, or **atole,** or **chaquegüe,** they had to grind blue corn on the **metate.** After mills were constructed, this was not necessary, except on occasions when it was impossible to go to the mill. Even then they had to prepare the corn to be ground, since the process was different for each dish. The women made their own candles and soap. They spun the wool and wove all the cloth used in the making of clothing or for other purposes. They also plastered the walls of the home, in addition to attending to the usual spring and fall cleaning.

Since during the summer and early fall everyone worked early and late, there was little opportunity for leisure activities. But during the winter the men had but little to do, outside of a few chores. It is not surprising therefore that the older men gathered somewhere daily to chat; while the younger men amused themselves with horse races, foot races, wrestling, cockfights and games. The most popular games were: **la pelota,** a game similar to field hockey; **las cazulejas,** a game similar to baseball; **las tejas,** much like horseshoe pitching, in which a stone was used instead of a horseshoe; **pitarilla,** a checker game played on the ground; and most popular of all, **el cañute,** a gambling game.

Spain is the land of holidays and her children, wherever they may go, carry in their hearts the love of the **fiesta.** It is not strange therefore, that even in the midst of the work of colonization the settlers should give to the **fiesta** an important place in the life of the community. The holidays that were celebrated were for the most part saints' days, and are treated here chronologically rather than in the order of their importance.

On New Year's Eve almost the entire community would attend midnight mass. Next morning a group of men, in a manner reminiscent of the medieval minstrel, would go to the homes of the various **Manueles**[1] and there, accompanied by violin and guitar, would serenade the particular Manuel with verses either composed for him or else adapted from the most current ones.

Some years on January sixth, **Los Reyes Magos,** a play or **auto** depicting the story of the coming of the Magi to worship the Christ child, was performed. The performance of the play took place in the afternoon in the courtyard of the plaza, because the church, the only large building, was too small to accommodate the audience. The stage was a platform which was erected at one end of the courtyard. There were no curtains, no backdrops, and no stage properties, except a few chairs. The musicians sat on the stage, for all parts that were sung or chanted were accompanied by the violin and guitar. If an actor were off-stage, he stepped

[1]Manuel is the Spanish for Emmanuel, referring to Christ, and therefore a sacred name.

off the platform. Since no chairs were provided for the audience, each spectator brought his own chair or bench.

Sometimes the play **El Nino Perdido,** The Lost Child, was produced in February.

During Holy Week the **Penitentes** performed their rites. Many of the settlers in Colorado naturally belonged to the order of **Penitentes,** since they came from New Mexico. Some years members of the community reenacted the entire story of the capture, trial and crucifixion of Christ. Any person who wished to sponsor this ceremony paid a certain fee—**el paso**—to the church, and was given the most important role, that of **el centurión.**

Each community had its own particular patron saint's day, which was celebrated with special masses, a procession, large family dinners, a **corrida de gallo**—a cock-race in which several men mounted on horses tried to be the first to succeed in lifting a cock buried in the ground—and a dance at night.

On Christmas Eve the biblical story of the birth of Christ was usually dramatized in **Los Pastores,** another of the popular **autos.**

On Christmas Eve, too, the **baile de los agüelos** (abuelos), a custom which seems to be peculiar to New Mexico and Colorado, took place. The **agüelo** came to homes where there were children, to see if they had been good and had said their prayers every night. If they had not, he would crack a whip around their legs to make them say their prayers to him. Afterwards they would dance around him, singing:

Baila paloma de Juan Turuntún,
Turun tun, tun,
Turun tun, tun,
Baila paloma de Juan Drundún,
Turun tun, tun,
Turun tun, tun.

The **agüelo** was then given sweets, which he put into a bag that he carried. In Colorado, however, this later was changed somewhat. The **abuelo** and the **abuela,** also known as **Tata Perón** and **la Caliche,** gathered a group of children and went from house to house asking for **aguinaldos,** the equivalent of asking for "handouts."

Weddings were occasions of festivity, and served to break the monotony of village life. A wedding was a very formal affair. The first step was the **pedimento,** or the ceremony of asking for the girl's hand. When a young man fell in love and wished to marry a certain girl, he would tell his parents, who, if they approved, would go to her parents to ask for her hand. Sometimes the "asking" was done by letter, and in either case the young man must

wait eight or ten days for an answer. If it were in the affirmative, the banns were read on the following three Sundays and arrangements were made for the wedding.

The next step was the **prendario,** which took place the day before the wedding. On this occasion the groom and his parents and relatives were invited to the bride's home to a **fiesta,** or banquet, which usually was followed by a dance. The object of the ceremony, however, was to present the bride and groom to the respective families. Gifts were presented to the bride by the relatives of both, and the groom also presented her with a new trunk which contained the **donas,** or trousseau. He did not give her an engagement ring, but on this occasion he gave her as much jewelry as he could afford.

The wedding itself took place in the church. The **padrino,** or best man, gave the bride away, and the **madrina,** or bride's maid, accompanied the groom to the altar. After the ceremony, the newlyweds returned to the girl's home for the dinner. A dance at night followed, to which the bride wore her wedding gown for a while so that those who had not been invited to the wedding but who could attend the dance without an invitation, might see her.

When the wedding dance was ended, the bride and groom, their families, the guests, and the musicians returned to the bride's home, where refreshments were served. Then followed the **entrega,** or the ceremony of returning the wedded couple to their parents once more. It is presumably the **padrinos** who are returning them, but it is the **entregador,** or poet of the village, who sings the admonishing verses called **entrega de novios,** in which the wedded couple are reminded of the sacredness of marriage and their responsibilities and duties to each other.

After communication with New Mexico became easier, the monotony of village life was relieved by the appearance of a troupe of **maromeros,** or tumblers, which was usually accompanied by the **payazo,** or clown and the slight-of-hand artist.

Perhaps a group of performers presented **Titeres,** or puppet shows, whose skits, bordering on slap-stick, were a source of unending delight as some members of the audience quickly memorized the cleverest parts and told them over and over.

Not infrequently the villagers themselves gave a performance of the **Matachines,** the dance drama which depicts the story of the conquest of Mexico.

For the most part, however, the only other amusements were the social gatherings, which were usually no more than a meeting of friends around the open fireplace in some home during the long

winter evenings. Here they gossiped and recounted their experiences, real and fancied; they related tales of fabulous hidden treasures, of former **campanas** against the Indians, of witches and goblins. Here, too, was read aloud that classic beloved of all Spaniards, **Don Quijote.** Or perhaps the gifted storyteller, which every village possessed, held his audience spellbound with a vivid account of the adventures of Pedro de Urdemalas.

Occasionally the gathering would include a counterpart of the medieval minstrel who sang and rhymed as fervently, if not as perfectly, as any troubador of old. Sometimes his supremacy as a rhymer would be challenged by another, and then there would follow an exchange of "wisecracks" and quips, as each sought to top the other's verses. Sometimes the evening was spent in guessing riddles. These could be simple enough for a child to guess, or so difficult or complicated that it required a great deal of thought to solve them. Sometimes two persons alone would carry on a contest. In this case one would make up a riddle in verse form and the other would answer also with a verse.

A Camping Trip to Northwestern Colorado in 1875

JOHN LATHROP JEROME*

[John Lathrop Jerome was born in Fabius, near Pompey, Onondaga County, New York, July 6, 1854. His father, the Rev. Charles Jerome, was descended from Samuel Jerome, who was also the great-grandfather of Premier Winston Churchill. John graduated from Hamilton College in 1873. In the following August he came out to Central City, Colorado, where he had been appointed Principal of the High School. In 1875 he came to Denver, where he studied law in the office of Sayre, Wright and Butler, and was admitted to the bar. In 1876 he married Lucy Wright Sweetland of Cazenovia, New York.

He was City Attorney of Denver, 1880-1881, and for several years his partner was Charles H. Toll. In 1893 he became part owner and President of the Overland Cotton Mill, which stands south of Denver, and is at present a munitions plant. He was also made Secretary and Treasurer of The Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. He was three times President of the Denver Club, and was a charter member of the University Club, a member of the University Club and of the Whist Club of New York, of the Chicago Club, and of the

*Edited, and with a biographical sketch of the author by Mrs. Richard H. Hart. Mrs. Hart, daughter of the author, is well known for her work in organizing the Civic Symphony Orchestra and for other civic activity in Denver.—Ed.

Sons of the Revolution. At the time of his death he was Governor of the Colorado Society of Colonial Wars, and was a trustee of Hamilton College. He had three children—Elizabeth (Mrs. Richard H. Hart), Cornelia (Mrs. John McGowan), and Janet. He died in 1903.

The account of the trip is taken from the original journal, written at the time in the form of letters to Lucy Sweetland, to whom he was engaged to be married.]

JOHN LATHROP JEROME

Thursday, the 2nd of September, I got up an hour early, and saddling Dixie started for Central. It was half-past six when I got away, and there were two hours of hard riding before I could have breakfast at Golden. I enjoyed the ride very much, and reached Central before two o'clock. It was almost forty miles. Saturday morning I was really busy, and just before noon came down in my rough clothes ready for the start. Two other young fellows had joined us, and we were to keep together for the first three days, Thatcher and Allen. Ned, who was to be my companion later, and Thatcher could not leave the bank until later, so Allen and I started off alone with the mules and were to choose a good camping ground ten miles away at the foot of James Peak.

You should have seen those mules when they started; such mountainous packs! First the saddle, which looks like a diminutive saw-buck; on this we hung big raw-hide panniers, filled with our supplies. Between the panniers we placed our sack of flour, forty pounds; then came the blankets, three pair of woolen and two rubber ones. All this load was cinched on with a long rope as tight as possible. Then we tied on by separate strings, one of the guns, a

case of fish-poles, an ax, two bags of tin-ware, and last of all, a lariat, forty feet of rope to tie her by when we stopped for the night. You can imagine the size of the load, and these mules used for packing are all small—yet the load was not so heavy, 175 pounds.

Over my pony's saddle I carried bags containing a book, change of underclothing, pair of field glasses, some ammunition, a small bottle of liquor, etc., and Dixie's lariat was thrown over the saddle horn, while my overcoat was tied on behind. I had on a belt to which were fastened my revolver and hunting knife, and carried a double-barreled shotgun in my hand. You can imagine that as we went through the main street of Central in that rig and driving those two mules, everyone stopped to joke us, and it was even more comical because we did not yet know well how to manage the mules. Until we were fairly out of town those animals and our efforts to control them made much fun for everyone; from that time they settled down to slow, faithful work. We went on for three hours, until we came to the place we had settled as camp, just below timberline on James Peak at an elevation of about 11,000 feet. We tied the stock out to feed, ate supper, cut wood for a great campfire, and built one. After that we stretched out on the blankets before the fire and waited for the other boys. At nine o'clock they fired a shot, and we answered them, when in a few moments they were with us.

I was the first to wake, and that first morning I had them all up at four o'clock. This Pass isn't a divide in the range or canon which lets us through, but simply a place along the side of the Peak within a thousand feet of the top where the rocks permitted a path to be made. The trail is only wide enough for the packs, very steep, and the descent so abrupt as to dizzy one as you look down off the mountain—not perpendicular, but so steep an angle that I would not think of venturing out of the path. For three or four miles we walked, leading our ponies and driving the mules; after a little I became used to the situation so that I could enjoy the magnificent prospect, for we could see mountain peaks two and three hundred miles apart and all the country between. At first I feared the mules would fall with those great packs, but they proved their reputation for sure-footedness and would make allowance for the width of the pack, so that it should not touch the rocks. I don't think the difficulty of that road can be exaggerated. It was noon before we reached timberline on the Pacific side, and then a three hours ride through dense timber before we reached the meadows on the Frazer, where we wished to camp.

Those first days we were a picturesque party; the horses were all fresh and in gay spirits, a train of six, and we went in zigzag lines down the mountain, jumping fallen trees, or ducking our heads

as low as the saddle to avoid the overhanging branches. Our guns were bright, and our clothes not yet delapidated and dirty. It was a deer country, but our laughter and shouting and the noise of the horses probably frightened any game away an hour before we passed. That was another cold night though we slept together, Ned and I.

[They reached Hot Sulphur Springs the next afternoon, then went on up the mountain on the left bank of the Colorado River, which they forded at Williams Fork. They camped at the mouth of the Muddy, near the Grand canyon.]

The next morning we were to part company, Ned and I leaving the others and striking across the country without a trail some six miles for the Bear River road. When we got ready to pack, though, our mules were nowhere to be found. After searching an hour or two, Jim and I saddled our ponies and started out over the road we had come on, cantering rapidly where the country was open; we found them three miles or so from camp, their faces set homeward, but so entangled by their long lariats that they were unable to go on.

Ned and I left the Muddy about noon. That same night was the most notable one of our trip: we camped on the eastern slope of the Gore Pass, and it was a glorious wild country, long, luxuriant wild grass, handsome thickets of aspens, which we found were full of deer. At the foot of the hill, where we camped, the brook was broad and deep from the beaver dams, and we could overlook the whole country back to the main range.

Just as we were ready for bed, however, it commenced to rain. We were not much alarmed, for we had cleared away a space deep among the pines for our bed. We piled on the logs, so as to make a great fire, and crept into our blankets. I went right to sleep, but about midnight in turning over, I so displaced the rubber blanket on top that it let a quart or so water which had collected there down my back! I jumped as though I had been shot, and in a second was where I could see that it was raining hard, our pines were no protection, blankets and clothes almost wet through, and the fire down to a few coals! It was nearly half an hour before I could get a good blaze in that rain and with the wet wood. By that time the water had reached Ned and he was with me. We lit the lantern and taking the ax started out for wood. We cut down several dead trees, and dragged them to the fire and by that time we were quite warm, but so tired and sleepy that we lay right down there in the rain, close to the fire, and went to sleep! I slept most of the time until morning, although drenched to the skin. When we grew cold we would wake up and pile on more wood. It wasn't so bad. We had a merry time over it. It stopped raining at dawn, and we wrung out our blankets so that we could pack the mules as usual. But to crown

our disaster, going over the Gore Pass we were caught in a hail storm; that *was* serious, and we could only laugh when we found the stones were not of the biggest, dangerous kind.

Sunday morning, the 12th, we had camped at "Roaring Fork," and met a Canadian who was on his way out. He had two donkeys laden with his supplies, and rode his pony. He had been out *alone* in that country for more than three months, and was so satisfied with the life that he thought of recrossing the plains in that way! These wilderness folk always have a frank, generous way, and yet there is no doubt that they are largely made up of those who have lost character. The unsettled country beyond the Range is the unfailing resort of criminals or desperadoes in the Territory, and if they once get fairly away they are safe, for the country is so inaccessible and sparsely settled that they are out of reach of the law.

Then there was an English party camped close by us that same night. They had a guide with them, a long-haired, loud-talking trapper such as the dime novels delight in, and he came to our campfire and lay there an hour or so, telling us yarns of his experiences incredible. He was piloting an Englishman to just the country we were bound for, in hopes of gaining the reward of $500 he had offered for a shot at a bear.

They had a handsome outfit, covered wagons, tents, mattresses, etc. His wife was with this gentleman, and they two with five servants made up the party. His mania is hunting, it seems, and she has gone with him everywhere, to Africa for lions, to Asia for tigers, and to America for the grizzly bear. He was rather a pleasant-looking fellow, thirty-five I should say, and she seemed to enjoy the fun, firing her revolver and fishing while we were there. We never heard from them again, though we went on just before them the next morning into the Bear River country.

When I first heard of the large game thereabouts, I expressed a most ardent wish myself for a shot at a bear—I'd devote myself to that when I had the chance, and I never thought of not daring; but my wish oozed out, as I listened to the stories the hunters told us on the way. Finally I saw the hide of an enormous grizzly which a party had just shot and which, with four great bullet holes in his body, one fairly piercing the breast, had torn up small trees, driven *them* into large ones, and acted in such a disagreeable fashion, that I then and there resolved that if I met a bear alone and in an open country I'd run, and let the rug go. Still, most of the bears there are the less fierce cinnamon and black varieties, and unless one stumbles directly on them, or wounds them, they will not attack him. I did not succeed in seeing more than signs of the bear, after all, though, though Ned saw one, at a distance. They are found

largely among the scrub oaks, just below the heavy timber on the mountain side; then at night they come down to the river.

There were a multitude of geese and cranes along the Bear River. They would fly above us in great flocks, but they were so shy that we never could shoot at them except on the wing and at long range. Then there were ducks and prairie chickens in abundance; that was my principal hunting. But the choicest fun was fishing. I've never caught many trout before, and no painter would have dared represent such heavy handsome strings of fish as we caught! A dozen, weighing sixteen pounds, great, scarlet-breasted, gorgeously-spotted beauties. I did not dream fish could be so handsome, and none are so fine as those in the cold, shaded mountain streams. Indeed, the beauty of the stream was a great part of the pleasure; the water was clear as crystal, brown from the color of the rocks over which it ran, and in a perpetual cascade. It was a pleasure to wade in it, back and forth across the stream; wet all the time nearly to my waist, and although very cold, I luxuriated in it. The best trout fishing was in the small streams emptying into the Bear; the rains made the main stream too roily. But we caught beautiful trout there, and besides the English grayling; that is quite a feat, as 'tis a celebrated fish and only found in two or three American streams. We thought their flavor if anything finer than trout; the flesh is firmer. It's a handsome silver gray fish.

One day while traveling we met a large herd of horses, with a dozen men and women in their emigrant wagons. They all looked very tired; and we learned afterwards that it was an outfit from Walla Walla, Washington Territory. They had been traveling months and months in search of a settling place to fit their fancy. I wonder where they will find it, if that glorious Bear and Green River won't do.

On the way it was our intention to go a little below Steamboat Springs and make our own permanent camp there. When within two or three miles of the Springs, we met a couple of ranchmen, who urged us to go back three miles and make our stay with them, offering us good hunting and fishing and feed for our horses, with all the milk and butter we wanted, and what was most tempting after our experience, shelter. So we went back with them, and did not regret it. It was worth while to see as much as we did of a primitive stock ranch; those four men had nothing to do but look after a hundred and fifty head of cattle and horses, and I doubt if they averaged three hours a day of effective work, and yet they called themselves very busy, since it was haying. Their cabin was a loose, log structure—thatched roof and no fireplace. It contained a picturesque litter of saddles, harnesses, guns, provisions, household utensils, traps, furs, wearing apparel, piles of hay and blankets

—everything from an old number of the *Atlantic* to a grindstone. We found a corner for our bed and pack; the cooking was by the campfire in a little grove on the river bank, where they had a little tent just large enough to eat in.

The ranchmen, rough, generous fellows, treated us very handsomely, doing all possible for our comfort, and refusing all pay except for some butter which we bought of them. We found very fair sport by their door; heard the wolves howl nights and the elk whistle. Before we left, Ned and I talked of taking up a ranch and building a cabin on the land. The cabin is necessary to hold the land by the Homestead Law; the expense would be but forty dollars, and at the end of the five years I have no doubt but that those splendid natural meadows with the water privileges will be something. We would have made the investment, beyond doubt, but there is a strong probability neither of us will ever see the country again; and if we did not look after it at least once a year, someone would "jump" the property before we made the title good. Some of the wealthiest men in the territory have made their property by successful locations of that sort which were afterwards settled. Still, the inaccessibility of that country—all supplies have to come over the same long route we took—make it doubtful whether it will be valuable during our time, for anything more than stock-raising.

Steamboat Springs—we rode down there once or twice—are the most wonderful I have ever seen, hot and cold. The name comes from two, close together, which make a noise like the paddles of a steamer, and can be heard at a distance. They come straight up from a hole in the solid rock, fountains six inches in diameter, and thrown a foot or so in the air. The ground sounds hollow as you walk, and there's a cave reaching down into the side of the mountain, which one can't explore on account of the sulphurated hydrogen.

There is one night's experience which is fixed in my mind very minutely: it is that of our visit to the "salt lick." It was the next to our last night on the Bear. The lick was about a mile from camp, just on the river, and we knew it to be frequented every night by the deer and elk. By half-past seven we were ready, dressed ourselves right warmly, threw the blankets over our shoulders, loaded the shotguns heavily with buck-shot, and lighting the dark lantern, started out. It was very dark, only starlight, and we needed the lantern to show us the dim trail we were to follow.

It was almost time for the moon to rise, just the best of the night. We walked cautiously along the bank, that we might not frighten the game; but with all our care, just as we came to the ledge of rocks there was a plunge and splash in the river as a frightened beaver jumped in. We were vexed by hearing at the same

time the trampling of a herd of a dozen or more elk and deer who ran off through the marsh.

The wind was in our favor, and as we kept perfectly silent they stopped at the edge of the timber. We crouched down behind the rocks, and waited for them. Very soon the elk began to give their peculiar whistle; at first it is a yelp, and I thought must come from a wolf; then their regular call, which is the queerest sound I have ever heard from an animal. It begins with the yelp and is prolonged into a long whistle like the high notes of a flute. As the moon came up we were in plain sight, but that did not matter while the wind blew toward us, so long as we did not move. For a long time they were too suspicious; it grew perfectly quiet, and the beaver came out close by us to feed—that is remarkable, they are so shy. It grew very cold, and vastly uncomfortable to lie so long on the rocks without moving. Finally we heard something breaking through the undergrowth to the left, while our guns were directed to the right; we were in plain sight and could not move. I turned my head enough to see three fine deer; they kept feeding nearer to us. I did not move, for it would have frightened them, and I hoped Ned was better prepared than I. Then when within some ten yards of us they caught our scent and bounded off—snorting out their disgust. Not much to tell, is it? But you can't imagine how interested I was. One very rarely has such a chance to see those animals in just that way, and I cared much less about shooting.

We got back to the cabin at about two o'clock, and the soles of my boots were balled up with the frost as with the snow in winter—no wonder it seemed cold.

The first homeward camp was at Roaring Forks again, and there I came very near losing Dixie. He became entangled in his lariat, and was cast; his plungings and groaning awoke us, and I got there just in time to prevent his choking to death. Already he was exhausted, and the rope had cut through the skin over his throat. I only freed him by cutting the rope. The poor fellow was reeking with sweat, and trembled violently.

The Gore Pass is interesting, and the country thereabouts was as beautiful on our return as it had seemed dismal in the rain and hail a fortnight before. It is named from Sir John [George] Gore, an Englishman who went through that country for adventure in '55 ['54], making his own road. There are still relics of his crossing there, the remains of a wagon, the date carved deep in several old trees and almost obliterated by the bark, and at Steamboat Springs the ruins of an old adobe house. Since then the Indians have used the road. Every few steps one can see their rude totems carved on the trees, nondescript animals they must have represented, and there were frequently their wigwam poles still standing.

[The last of September they got back to Central City, and John L. Jerome returned to Denver.]

Place Names in Colorado (R)*

Racene City (Recen), Summit County mining camp, now a part of the mountain town of Kokomo, was founded by the Racene brothers[1] (see also *Kokomo).*

Radium (83 population), Grand County farming village, was settled about 1880 by Tim Mugrage and his family. The name was suggested by Harry S. Porter, a prospector and miner,[2] in April, 1906,[3] because of the radium content in a mine he owned a short distance from the settlement.[4]

Ragged Mountain (100 population), Gunnison County ranching community, was settled by prospectors in the early 1880s,[5] and named for nearby Ragged Mountain[6] (12,481 feet altitude), the most northerly and one of the largest of the West Elk Group. The peak is a series of high, sharp connecting ridges, hence its name.[7]

Ramah (186 population*), El Paso County agricultural town, was platted in 1888, and named, according to one source, by the El Paso Land and Water Company.[8] It has also been said that the wife of a Rock Island Railway official named the town. While reading a book as she passed through on one of the first trains, she encountered the name Ramah in the story and suggested it as the name for the settlement.[9] Incorporated July 18, 1927.

Rand (100 population), Jackson County stock-raising village, was named for gruff and grizzled Jack Rand, a frontier scout and one of the earliest pioneers of North Park.[10] A post office was established here in October, 1883.[11]

Rangley (55 population), Rio Blanco County, a supply town in a ranching and oil-drilling community, was settled as a trading post in 1885, by Charley and Frank Hill and D. B. Case, and named by Mr. Case for Rangley, Massachusetts.[12]

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*Prepared by the Colorado Writers' Program, Work Projects Administration. An asterisk (*) indicates that the population figure is from the 1940 census. Unless otherwise credited, all information and data have been sent to the Colorado Writers' Program.

Incorporation dates are from the *Colorado Year Book, 1939-40,* "Gazetteer of Cities and Towns."

[1]*Denver Tribune,* May 27, 1881.

[2]Data from Mary E. Porter (daughter of Harry S. Porter), Radium, in 1938.

[3]Data from O. C. Mugrage, Radium, September 9, 1935, to the State Historical Society.

[4]Porter, *op. cit.*

[5]Data from Mrs. Edna Tawney, Field Staff Writer, Colorado Writers' Program, in 1937.

[6]Data from John A. Steele, Gunnison, Colorado, September 24, 1935, to the State Historical Society.

[7]J. W. Powell, *United States Geological Survey, 14th Annual Report,* Part II, 181.

[8]*Denver Times,* November 13, 1888.

[9]Data from Cecil Shelton, Ramah, April 18, 1935, to the State Historical Society.

[10]*Colorado Magazine,* XIV, 230.

[11]*Denver Tribune,* October 5, 1883.

[12]Data from Charles McSweeney, Rangley, December 4, 1940.

Rathbone, Summit County, see *Decatur.*

Ravenwood (125 population), Huerfano County coal-mining town. The Ravenwood mine was opened in 1908, and named by the late R. C. Hills, geologist of the Victor-American Fuel Company, for the many ravens in the vicinity.[13] The settlement was named for the mine.[14]

Raymer, Weld County, see *New Raymer.*

Read (400 population), Delta County farming community. A post office was established on the old Winfield ranch in June, 1898.[15] The name honors John Read, Civil War veteran, one of the pioneer settlers of the vicinity.[16]

Red Canyon (25 population), Garfield County. The village, and the canyon proper at whose head it is located, were named for the cliffs of red sandstone forming the canyon walls.[17]

Red Cap, Rio Blanco County ghost town, was named for Red Cap, a chief of the White River Ute Indians. The settlement later became known as Arcadia.[18]

Redcliff (Red Cliff) (715 population*), Eagle County mining town. Remarkable discoveries in 1879 of silver-lead carbonates on Battle Mountain attracted numerous miners. The nearest place where enough level ground to build a town could be found was where the picturesque Eagle River Canyon broadens at its conjunction with Homestead and Turkey creeks. Here for a time, around the Cliff, as the miners called their settlement, the entire population and business of the county was clustered.[19] Redcliff was named July 25, 1879, for the neighboring quartzite cliffs.[20] Incorporated December 18, 1880.

Red Feather Lakes (50 population), Larimer County summer resort, was founded in 1923 by a Mr. Princell and named by him for Chief Redfeather,[21] hero of an Indian legend. "Many moons ago in the gentle Southland, where young Redfeather wooed his Cherokee sweetheart, the Great Spirit appeared in a vision and revealed the whereabouts of a veritable fishing and hunting paradise, far toward the north star, in the home of the bear, the beaver and the buffalo." Redfeather found the place, as directed, claimed the

[13]Data from C. C. Dieter, of the Victor-American Fuel Company, in 1935, to the State Historical Society.
[14]Data from Tom Allen, State Coal Mine Inspector, in 1935, to the State Historical Society.
[15]*Delta Independent,* June 3, 1898.
[16]Data from Mabel Fetz, Delta, Colorado, December 12, 1940.
[17]Data from L. R. Rist, Supervisor, Uncompahgre National Forest, in 1935, to the State Historical Society.
[18]State Historical Society, Pamphlet 342, No. 8.
[19]*Denver Post,* November 9, 1920.
[20]Clipping of article by William D. Thom, Editor of the *Eagle River Comet,* and mayor of Redcliff in 1883, in possession of Mrs. William Greiner, Redcliff.
[21]Data from Martin E. Farrar, Principal of Schools, Red Feather Lakes, February 11, 1941.

mountain lakes for the Cherokees, and was made a chief of the tribe.[22]

Red Hill, Park County ghost town, lay four miles northeast of Fairplay on the South Park Division (narrow gauge) of the Union Pacific Railroad,[23] and was named for the rusty color of the soil in the vicinity.[24] In August, 1880, a fire broke out in the railroad station, exploding a half-ton of powder and entirely destroying the settlement.[25] Only one building, a small station, was rebuilt.[26]

Red Lion (25 population), Logan County sugar beet town, is one of the oldest settlements in the county. Mr. F. O. Bell came to Colorado from York, Nebraska, in 1884 and purchased the land, including the present townsite, for $7.00 an acre. The town was surveyed in March, 1886, and on November 5 of that year Mr. Bell and E. O. Wright platted it. Mr. Wright owned the Red Lion flour mill at York, and the new town was given the name of his mill.[27]

Red Mesa (270 population), La Plata County agricultural settlement, was established by Mormon settlers in 1908, and was originally called Garland, a name that was unsatisfactory because of another Garland in the state. At a group meeting held for the purpose of selecting a new name, the settlers chose Red Mesa, for the color of the soil and the nearby mesa.[28]

Red Mountain City, Ouray County ghost town. While hunting deer in August, 1882, John Robinson stumbled upon rich ore which led to the discovery, a month later, of the famous Yankee Girl Mine. Immediately, there was a great rush of miners and speculators toward the "scarlet heights," and Red Mountain City sprang to life.[29] The town and also Red Mountain District were named for the three scarlet peaks at whose feet they lie.[30] The first number of the *Red Mountain Pilot* reported the progress of the camp: "Red Mountain City was located Sunday, January 7th [1883]. * * * Monday, January 8th, ten business lots were selected and contracts let for six houses."[31] Otto Mears built a toll road from Silverton to Red Mountain City and later constructed a branch of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad to the camp.[32] The town was active from 1882 until 1893, when the fall in the price of silver and the exhaustion of the phenomenally rich ore bodies caused the boom to collapse, and the camp to be abandoned.[33] In July, 1939, an itinerant's fire

[22]Data from Goldie Hastings, Postmaster, Red Feather Lakes, February 27, 1935, to the State Historical Society.
[23]George A. Crofutt, *Crofutt's Grip-Sack Guide to Colorado,* 136.
[24]Data from James A. O'Keefe, Chief Draftsman, Colorado and Southern Railway, April 17, 1940, to the State Historical Society.
[25]*Gunnison Review,* August 21, 1880.
[26]Crofutt, *op. cit.,* 136.
[27]Emma Burke Conklin, *History of Logan County,* 171-72.
[28]Data from Edwin Dean, Red Mesa, March 28, 1941.
[29]Ernest Ingersoll, *The Crest of the Continent,* 284.
[30]Frank Hall, *History of the State of Colorado,* IV, 254.
[31]*Gunnison Daily Review-Press,* January 23, 1883.
[32]*The Westerner* (Denver), April, 1940, 3.
[33]Charles W. Henderson, *Mining in Colorado,* 54.

was left unquenched and within a short time Red Mountain City, one of the oldest of the San Juan country ghost towns, was a heap of smoldering ashes.[34]

Redstone (summer population 12), Pitkin County, was named for the vivid red sandstone exposure nearby.[35] It was founded at the beginning of the century by J. C. Osgood, official of the Colorado Fuel & Iron Corporation, who built a model industrial village. With the decline of mining, the workers moved away, and the cottages, no two painted alike, were sold as summer residences.[36] The outstanding attraction here is the residence of the late Mr. Osgood; the building, constructed of red sandstone which blends perfectly with the surrounding hills, is said to have cost nearly two million dollars.[37]

Redvale (125 population), Montrose County farming settlement, originally called Redlands because of the reddish soil in the vicinity, was settled about 1908 by A. E. Guy and a Mr. Gibson. With the coming of the post office, the name was changed to Redvale, to avoid confusion with Redlands, California.[38]

Red Wing (223 population), Huerfano County, is a farming and stock-raising community. When the first store was built here, residents requested a post office and suggested the name Crestone, which was refused because of a Crestone in Saguache County. A group was sitting on the porch, discussing the rejection, when a Mexican came by whistling the tune "Red Wing." This name was sent to postal authorities and approved.[39]

Rico (388 population*), seat of Dolores County, a string of false-front frame buildings along a rutted street, is one of the last outposts of the Old West. Following Colonel J. C. Haggerty's discovery during the spring of 1879 that ore of the vicinity was rich in silver, a rush of prospectors from neighboring camps poured into the Dolores District. Their settlement was variously called Carbon City, Carbonateville, Lead City, and Dolores City. At length a meeting was called to select a name and to draft a petition for the establishment of a post office. William Weston, then of Ouray, suggested the Spanish word *Rico*[40] ("rich"). Real estate increased in value rapidly; lots selling for $75 in the fall of 1879 were held at $2,000 three months later.[41] Of a population of 894 in 1881, only fifty-eight were women.[42] Incorporated February 25, 1880.

[34]*The Westerner* (Denver), April, 1940, 3.
[35]Tom Allen, *op. cit.*
[36]*Colorado, A Guide to the Highest State* (New York: Hastings House, 1941), 257.
[37]Data from the United States Forest Service, Region II, Denver, Colorado, in 1935, to the State Historical Society.
[38]Data from Oscar R. Romine, Principal Basin School, Redvale, in 1939.
[39]Data from Georgianna Kettle and Roy Truman, San Isabel National Forest, in 1935, to the State Historical Society.
[40]Hall, *op. cit.*, IV, 120-21.
[41]*Ouray Times*, February 7, 1880.
[42]Crofutt, *op. cit.*, 136.

Ridgway (354 population*), Ouray County, is a village of frame cottages overshadowed by the smoke-blackened red brick shops of the Denver & Rio Grande Southern Railroad, of which it is the northern terminal.[43] The town was designed to take the place of Old Dallas, theretofore the forwarding point for the wagon transportation to the mines.[44] (See also *Dallas.)* It was named for R. M. Ridgway, superintendent of the Mountain Division of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad.[45] Incorporated April 2, 1891.

Rieckstadt, Rio Grande County ghost site, lay some twenty miles northwest of Monte Vista. It was founded in February, 1885, as a colony town for a group of German Catholics, and was named in honor of a Captain Rieck.[46]

Rifle (1,373 population*), Garfield County, was originally a livestock center and shipping point, but farming and fruit-growing have been gradually developed. Today, agriculture vies with the livestock interests of the region.[47] About 1880,[48] a group of soldiers were working on the road between Meeker and the present site of Rifle, placing mile-posts between the Colorado and White rivers. One of the men left his rifle at a night camp, and upon discovering the loss returned for it. It was found on the bank of a stream, which was immediately dubbed Rifle Creek. The settlement, named for Rifle Creek, was established in 1882 by Abraham W. Maxfield, Charles Marshall, and others.[49]

Riland (25 population), Garfield County, lies in a ranching and farming country. The post office is on the Machin Ranch, taken up by "Dad" Riland, the first settler in this vicinity, and bought by Mr. Machin in 1894. The Riland post office, the only office of this name in the United States, was named for Mr. Riland in 1914.[50]

River Bend (60 population), Elbert County, one of the older settlements in eastern Colorado, lies on Big Sandy Creek, upon whose banks the Sand Creek Massacre of 1864 occurred.[51] For a time in 1870 the settlement was the terminus of the Kansas Pacific Railroad.[52] R. E. Bishop, early-day stockman, was the first postmaster.[53] The town was named for its location on the bend of the Big Sandy.[54]

[43]*Colorado, A Guide to the Highest State*, 423.
[44]Sidney Jocknick, *Early Days on the Western Slope of Colorado*, 154.
[45]Hall, *op. cit.*, 254.
[46]*Denver Tribune-Republican*, February 7, 1885.
[47]*The Railroad Red Book*, XXXX, No. 1, 153-54.
[48]*Rifle Telegram*, November 15, 1934.
[49]Data from Guy F. Cross, Superintendent of Schools, Rifle, November 30, 1940.
[50]Data from Jennie Machin, Postmaster, Riland, January 20, 1935, to the State Historical Society.
[51]Crofutt, *op. cit.*, 46.
[52]*Rocky Mountain News*, July 20, 1870.
[53]*Denver Post*, February 25, 1940.
[54]Data from John Swartz, Postmaster, River Bend, January 22, 1935, to the State Historical Society.

Roach (150 population), Larimer County, established as a timber camp in 1929 by the Otto Lumber Company, was named in honor of Neal Roach, president of the company. The camp is on the headwaters of Stuck Creek, named in the early seventies when tie drivers working for Cohen and Carter, pioneer timber operators, blocked the stream with ties they were unable to get out until the following year.[55]

Roaring Fork, Pitkin County, see *Highland City*.

Robideau (Robidoux), Delta County, see *Fort Robidoux*.

Robinson (Ten Mile), Summit County ghost camp. The Robinson silver mines were discovered in the fall of 1878 by Charles Jones and Jack (John G.) Shedden. They had been grubstaked by George B. Robinson, a Leadville merchant, who soon purchased their shares, and in April, 1880, organized the $10,000,000 Robinson Consolidated Mining Company. The town was founded the same year. Robinson's great popularity led to his election as lieutenant governor of Colorado in 1880, a victory soon followed by his tragic death. During a dispute with Captain J. W. Jacque over the ownership of the Smuggler Mine, Robinson was accidentally shot by one of his men.[56] The town, which lay on Ten Mile Creek and the Blue River Extension of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, one mile south of Kokomo,[57] soon became a rival of the older camp.[58] Robinson had a population of 500 in 1882.[59]

Rockvale (575 population*), Fremont County coal-mining town. Colonel William H. May built a cabin here in 1886, and began farming and stock-raising operations. A few years later Uncle Jesse Frazier (Frazer) (see also *Florence*), mined the first coal and filed the first coal claim in the vicinity. Colonel May, with B. F. Rockafellow, who owned large coal-mining properties here, started the first store in a log cabin. It was proposed by the Santa Fe Railway that the settlement, which was to be built upon land formerly owned by Rockafellow, should be named in his honor. He objected, wishing to have it called Rockvale, for Rockvale, Maryland, "a beautiful valley bound in by rocky walls," where his regiment had camped during the Civil War.[60] Incorporated September 30, 1886.

Rockwood (100 population), La Plata County. As the forwarding point for the extensive mining district lying between the La Plata and San Miguel rivers, Rockwood was a lively village in 1885.[61] Two sources have been given for the naming of the town:

[55]Data from William R. Kreutzer, Supervisor, Roosevelt National Forest, February 14, 1935, to the State Historical Society.
[56]Hall, *op. cit.*, II, 469, 470.
[57]*Gunnison Daily Review*, January 9, 1882.
[58]Crofutt, *op. cit.*, 148.
[59]*Colorado State Business Directory, 1882*, 57.
[60]State Historical Society, MSS. XXI-45b.
[61]Ingersoll, *op. cit.* (1884), 33.

Thomas Rockwood (deceased), formerly of Durango, and a pioneer of the region, said that the town might have been named for him;[62] it has also been said that the nearby stone quarries and timber stands suggested the name.[63]

Rocky Ford (3,494 population*), Otero County, is the center of a rich farming country whose melons are famous. Two towns of this name were founded. The first was on the Arkansas River, twenty miles above Fort Bent, at a ford[64] used in time of high water by freighters and cattle drivers.[65] A. Russell started a trading post here in 1868. Two years later, George W. Swink joined Russell; a post office was established and a small settlement grew up. After the extension of the Santa Fe Railway to Pueblo, the post office and store were moved from the old town on the river to the site of the present city, three miles to the southwest. Here in 1877, Russell and Swink laid out the town, six blocks were surveyed and platted, and trees were planted to border the streets. In 1887, a reorganization took place and 400 acres were platted.[66] The town was named for the old gravel-lined ford across the Arkansas.[67] Incorporated August 19, 1887.

Rocky Mountain City, Jefferson County. The "city," laid out in early June, 1859,[68] between Mountain City, at Gregory's diggings, and Golden City, lay so that the road to Gregory's diggings would pass through its center, and it was expected that a large trading post would soon be in operation here.[69] It did not grow, however, and by the end of the following August was little more than a place name, with a grocery in a tent and two or three covered wagons to denote a settlement. These were gone in a short time, and Rocky Mountain City was a ghost town by 1860.[70]

Roggen (110 population), Weld County livestock center, was first known as Blair. Because there was a town of this name in Nebraska, postal authorities named the Colorado town Roggen when an office was established about 1885. The source of the present name is controversial. It has been said by an early resident that it was named for one of the surveyors of the Burlington and Missouri Railroad.[71] Another local source states that the name honors Edward P. Roggin, Secretary of the State of Nebraska.[72]

[62]Data from J. E. Tiffany, Tiffany, Colorado, May 12, 1935, to the State Historical Society.
[63]Data from Alice M. Walker, Postmaster, Rockwood, May 30, 1938.
[64]Hall, *op. cit.*, IV, 244.
[65]*Colorado Magazine*, IV, 178.
[66]Hall, *op. cit.*, IV, 244.
[67]*Colorado Magazine*, IV, 178.
[68]Jerome C. Smiley, *Semi-Centennial History of the State of Colorado*, I, 266.
[69]*Rocky Mountain News*, July 9, 1859.
[70]Smiley, *op. cit.*
[71]State Historical Society, Pamphlet 352, No. 1.
[72]Data from William Painter, Roggen, to the State Historical Society.

Rollinsville (55 population), Gilpin County, founded by John Q. A. Rollins,[73] and named in his honor,[74] was unique among early mining camps in that saloons, gambling houses, or dance halls were not allowed.[75] In February, 1861, Mr. Rollins completed a six-stamp quartz mill. The mines produced so lavishly that he soon enlarged the mill to sixteen stamps, and also bought all the available claims in the vicinity. The settlement was the starting point of the wagon road constructed by Mr. Rollins over the Continental Divide by Rollins Pass and on into Hot Sulphur Springs in Middle Park.[76] Today Rollinsville is a shipping point on the Denver & Salt Lake (Moffat) Railway.

Romeo (Romero) (392 population*), Conejos County. The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad maintained a siding here, midway between Antonito and La Jara, for the convenience of the meagerly-settled community and for the town of Manassa, three miles to the east. (See also *Manassa.)* A signboard bore the name Sunflower, and the Sunflower post office was established at a nearby ranch house. Zeph Charles Felt, owner of much farm land here, laid out the town. The plat was filed October 30, 1899, by the Romero Town Company, with Mr. Felt as president. Considerable confusion resulted in handling mail because of another town of the same name, and Romero,[77] named for an early settler,[78] was changed to Romeo. At the exact location of the Sunflower sidetrack marker, the town company erected an elaborate signboard bearing the slogan, "Watch Romeo Grow, the Land of Peas, Pork, Potatoes and Plenty."[79]

Rosedale, Moffat County, early name of Craig. (See also *Craig.)*

Rose's Cabin, Hinsdale County. The cabin, for which the post office, established in 1878,[80] and the settlement at the head of Henson Creek were named, was built in the summer of 1874 by Charles Rose, who with Gus Sorenson and Harry Chamberlain, came over the range from Howardsville to prospect. In 1876 Rose opened his cabin as a stopping place for travelers on the stage line to Lake City, and it soon became a popular place of entertainment.[81]

Rosita (27 population), Custer County mining town, lies in the silver region of the Sierra Mojada Range. In December, 1870, Richard Irwin, prospector and writer, established a camp here.[82] The

[73]Hall, *op. cit.,* III, 419.
[74]Henry Gannett, *Origin of Certain Place Names in the United States,* 266.
[75]*Rocky Mountain News,* December 15, 1880.
[76]*History of Clear Creek and Boulder Valleys* (O. L. Baskin, Publisher), 474, 476.
[77]State Historical Society, Pamphlet 349, No. 33.
[78]Data from Robert Swanson, Superintendent of Schools, Romeo, October 18, 1935, to the State Historical Society.
[79]State Historical Society, Pamphlet 349, No. 33.
[80]*Silver World* (Lake City), July 27, 1878.
[81]*Ouray Times,* September 7, 1878.
[82]Hall, *op. cit.,* IV, 108.

miners flocking into the gulches on the heels of his discoveries found several fine springs of water, each surrounded by thickets of wild roses. Their camp, developing into a settlement of considerable importance, soon became known as Rosita (Sp. "small rose").[83] The name was selected by Irwin, Robinson, and Pringle, the pioneer prospectors and miners of the country.[84] Once the seat of Custer County,[85] the town was incorporated in April, 1875, and the townsite was patented in 1876.[86] A cheese factory, the first of its kind in the territory, was established here in 1872 by R. E. Neave, head of a company of English capitalists.[87]

Roswell (500 population), El Paso County, is an unincorporated residence community adjacent to Colorado Springs on the north.[88] Established in 1889 at the junction of the Rock Island and Rio Grande Railroads, it sprang up in a day. Here the Rock Island built a roundhouse and shops. The settlement was named for the Honorable Roswell P. Flower of New York.[89]

Roudebush, Eagle County, see *Mitchell.*

Round Hill (5 population), Saguache County, a Denver & Rio Grande Railroad repair siding and water station, was named for the high hill just east of the village. Local legend has it that an old miner once buried a donkey skin filled with gold on the hill, and innumerable holes pitting the slopes bear testimony to the industry of the credulous.[90]

Routt (60 population), Routt County coal-mining village, bears the name of the county in which it is located. The county was named for John L. Routt, last Territorial governor of Colorado, and the first governor of the new state.[91]

Ruby, Gunnison County, see *Haverly* and *Irwin.*

Ruedi (20 population), Eagle County stock-raising settlement, was founded in 1885 by John Ruedi, pioneer homesteader of the vicinity. Mr. Ruedi gave the land upon which the Colorado Midland depot and section buildings were erected (in 1890) and the station was named in his honor. The railroad was abandoned in 1920.[92]

Rulison (4 population), Garfield County horticultural village, bears the name of its founder, C. M. Rulison.[93]

[83]Ingersoll, *op. cit.,* 188.
[84]Frank Fossett, *Colorado, 1879,* 463.
[85]Hall, *op. cit.,* IV, 109.
[86]*Silver Cliff Daily Prospect,* January 1, 1881.
[87]Alvin T. Stienel, *History of Agriculture in Colorado,* 452.
[88]Data from Charles Ozias, County Clerk and Recorder, El Paso County, Colorado Springs, Colorado, December 2, 1940.
[89]Hall, *op. cit.,* III, 383.
[90]*Colorado, A Guide to the Highest State,* 396.
[91]Hall, *op. cit.,* IV, 299.
[92]Data from Hazel Corlett, Ruedi, in 1938.
[93]Edna Tawney, *op. cit.,* 1939.

Russell Gulch (93 population), Gilpin County mining camp. William Green Russell, discoverer of the Montana diggings above Denver in 1858, returned to the Rocky Mountain country about the first of June, 1859, with 170 followers. Rich gold diggings were found in the gulch bearing his name, and by the end of September of that year, 900 men were working the gulch and its tributaries.[94] The settlement that grew up here was also named in his honor.[95]

Russellville, Douglas County ghost site. During the spring of 1858,[96] the town of Russellville was laid out at the head of Cherry Creek, where the Russell party had discovered the first "colors," or flakes of gold.[97] A saw mill was built in the early summer of 1859.[98] For a few years, here was a bustling camp, with hundreds of miners washing gold from the placers; but by 1867 only one house, the stage stop for meals, remained.[99]

Rye (163 population*), Pueblo County resort town and agricultural center. All around the settlement the grain for which it was named, as well as many other farm products, are grown in large quantities.[100] The first post office for the surrounding community was established on the ranch of David Nichols, and was known as Table Mountain. In the fall of 1880, James G. Thomas established a small store in his ranch home. Because postal authorities objected to the lengthy name, Table Mountain, it was changed to Rye[101] some time before 1885.[102]

Ryssby, Boulder County, was the first Swedish settlement in Colorado. During the years 1869 to 1880, immigrants from the old parish of Ryssby in the province of Smaland, Sweden, took adjoining homesteads in Left Hand Valley. In 1875, the colony built a log school house, and in 1877, a Lutheran congregation was organized, taking the name of the Swedish parish from whence the members originally came.[103] In late years the Swedish group has been absorbed into neighboring American communities.[104]

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[94] *History of Clear Creek and Boulder Valleys*, 211.
[95] *Colorado, A Guide to the Highest State*, 264.
[96] *Rocky Mountain News*, April 10, 1872
[97] *Colorado Magazine*, XIV, 17.
[98] Hall, *op. cit.*, III, 333.
[99] *Rocky Mountain News*, September 18, 1867.
[100] Hall, *op. cit.*, III, 486.
[101] *Pueblo County History* (issued under the sponsorship of the Pueblo Chapter of the D. A. R.), Section X, 2.
[102] *Colorado State Business Directory, 1885*, 378.
[103] *Colorado Magazine*, X, 121-130.
[104] *Colorado, A Guide to the Highest State*, 383.

Following Fremont's Trail Through Northern Colorado

GERTRUDE BARNES*

Fremont's expedition through Colorado is an interesting part of the early history of this state. At the hundredth anniversary of his first expedition, it may be appropriate to point out an error in what he thought was his route through Northern Colorado when seeking a pass through the main Rockies to California.

In 1842 Fremont's first expedition followed the route of the Oregon Trail along the North Platte River and to South Pass. Instructions to Fremont on his second expedition were to make a military topographical survey of the country west of the Missouri which would fill the geographical chasm between Captain Wilkes' survey of the mouth of the Columbia River and authentic surveys of the State of Missouri. Therefore, Fremont made a study of all important rivers.

He hoped to find a shorter and more direct route to the west than the Oregon Trail, believing that a more southern route to the west would also provide a more equitable climate and thus eliminate some of the hardships of sudden blizzards and blistering heat. Another important factor in the search for a new trail was that the cattle and horses of the many immigrant trains had eaten off the grass along the old Oregon Trail. A new trail across the mountains would provide grass, water, and wood—all important to a transcontinental traveler in the 1840s.

Fremont's second expedition entered Colorado in 1843, coming up the Republican and then the South Platte River to Fort St. Vrain. He continued southward over the divide and descended Fountain Creek to the Arkansas. Here he met Kit Carson, whom he dispatched to Bent's Fort for mules. Carson was ordered to bring the mules by the most direct route to Fort St. Vrain, where Fremont would await him.

At the various forts and trading posts where he stopped, Fremont learned everything possible of the country he was exploring; but, surprisingly, he gleaned only hearsay and scant information about the passes across the continental divide in Colorado, for he says: "I had been able to obtain no certain information in regard to the character of the passes in this portion of the Rocky Mountain range, which had always been represented as impracticable for carriages, but the exploration of which was incidentally contemplated by my instructions, with the view of finding some convenient point

*Mrs. Barnes lives in Wellington, Colorado.—Ed.

of passage for the road of emigration, which would enable it to reach, on a more direct line, the usual ford of the Great Colorado—a place considered as determined by the nature of the country beyond that river. It is singular that, immediately at the foot of the mountains, I could find no one sufficiently acquainted with them to guide us to the plains at their western base; but the race of trappers, who formerly lived in their recesses has almost entirely disappeared—dwindled to a few scattered individuals—some one or two of whom are regularly killed in the course of a year by the Indians. * * * Into this uncertain and dangerous region, small parties of three or four trappers, who now could collect together, rarely ventured; and consequently it was seldom visited and little known."[1]

Having made up his mind that there should be some practicable pass across the Rockies to the west, Fremont determined to find one.

Leaving St. Vrain's Fort on July 26, 1843, Fremont found some difficulty in crossing the Platte, whose waters were high, due to heavy rains and "melting snows." After four miles travel, they encamped on the Big Thompson, where they found huge, healthy, hungry mosquitoes.

Evidently they traveled along the right bank of the Cache la Poudre River on the 27th, and on the 28th they forded the stream and entered the foothills. We may believe they made their noon stop inside the foothills at a point just south of the present junction of Highways 287 and 14. And here is Fremont's mistake, a small one, but interesting to us who know the country.

He says, "Passing over a fine large bottom in the afternoon, we reached a place where the river was shut up in the hills,"[2]—a very good description of the spot where the Poudre issues from the canyon and flows east. However, the river here makes a right-angled turn, and the general course of the stream is not what Fremont probably thought it was. Flowing directly east, it cuts between steep canyon walls, and then makes a south turn.

Very likely Fremont had scouted this country ahead, as he had with him a small brass howitzer which made crossings of streams an arduous process. So they turned back, after finding "the river shut up in the hills; and, ascending a ravine, made a laborious and very difficult passage around by a gap, striking the river again about dusk."

Leaving the Poudre River, the next ravine is that above Ted's Place; and along the skyline is a saddle-back gap, over which it is logical to suppose the party crossed, as it is obviously the lowest point along that ridge.

[1] J. C. Fremont, *Report of the Exploring Expedition to the Rocky Mountains*, etc., 119-120.

[2] *Ibid.*, 121. Subsequent quotations are from pages 121 and 122 of the same source.

Here Fremont definitely stated: "Striking the river again about dusk. * * *" But now he was not on the main Poudre. Instead he had struck the North Fork, which flows southeast, the same direction which the main river takes when it leaves the canyon.

To one familiar with the terrain in this section, it is easy to follow Fremont's route, and to believe him when he stated on July 29: "Leaving our encampment about 7 in the morning, we travelled until 3 in the afternoon along the river, which for this distance of about six miles, runs directly through a spur of the main mountains.

"We were compelled by the nature of the ground to cross the river eight or nine times, at difficult, deep and rocky fords, the stream running with great force, swollen by the rains—a true mountain torrent, only forty or fifty feet wide. It was a mountain valley of the narrowest kind—almost a chasm; and the scenery was very wild and beautiful. Towering mountains rose round about; their sides sometimes dark with forests of pine, and sometimes with lofty precipices, washed by the river; while below, as if they indemnified themselves in luxuriance for the scanty space the green river bottom was covered with a wilderness of flowers, their tall spikes sometimes rising above our heads as we rode among them. A profusion of blossoms on a white flowering vine *(clematis lasianthi)*, which was abundant along the river, contrasted handsomely with the green foliage of the trees. The mountain appeared to be composed of greenish gray and red granite, which in some places appeared to be in a state of decomposition, making a red soil."

This exactly describes the canyon of the North Fork above Fort Collins waterworks, and the locality of the Milton Seaman dam, now under construction for the city of Greeley. When Fremont was making this trek, he reported rainy weather. Rain on the rocks of this vicinity brings out the reds and greens of the rocks in vivid hues.

He continued: "The stream was wooded with cottonwood, box-elder and cherry, with currant and serviceberry bushes. After a somewhat laborious day, during which it had rained incessantly, we encamped near the end of the pass at the mouth of a small creek, in sight of the great Laramie Plains."

From his measurement of mileage traveled, we know that it was impossible for him to sight the Laramie Plains from any spot on the Poudre River. Fremont had with him as guide the famous Kit Carson, who had trapped and traveled extensively. Carson, of course, knew the Laramie Plains; Fremont did not, as in his first expedition he followed the Oregon Trail along the North Platte River, which flows along the north side of the Laramie Mountains which would cut off any view of the Laramie Plains to a traveler

on this trail. Therefore, we know that Fremont had not yet seen the Laramie Plains, but had surely heard them described.

Near Livermore, which was approximately where Fremont was at this time, there is a gap in the foothills through which a beautiful view of the level country to the east is unfolded. This must have been the country Fremont saw, for he could not have seen plains in any other direction as he was surrounded by foothills, with high mountains farther west.

To resume: "It continued to rain heavily, and at evening the mountains were hid in mists; but there was no lack of wood and the large fires we made to dry our clothes were very comfortable; and at night the hunters came in with a fine deer. Rough and difficult as we found the pass today, an excellent road may be made with little labor. Elevation of the camp, 5,540 feet, and distance to St. Vrain's Fort, 56 miles.

"July 30.—The day was bright again; the thermometer at sunrise 52 degrees; and leaving our encampment at 8 o'clock, in about half a mile, we crossed the *Cache-a-la-Poudre* River for the last time and, entering a smoother country, we travelled along a kind of *vallon*, bounded on the right by red buttes and precipices, while to the left a high rolling country extended to a range of the Black Hills, beyond which rose the great mountains around Long's Peak.

"By the great quantity of snow visible among them, it had probably snowed heavily there the previous day, while it had rained on us in the valley.

"We halted at noon on a small branch; and in the afternoon travelled over a high country, gradually ascending towards a range of buttes, or high hills covered with pines, which forms the dividing ridge between the waters we had left and those of the Laramie River."

Fremont followed closely the course of the present highway, No. 287, with the red sandstone of Steamboat Rock to his right, and the granite mountains of the Virginia Dale country to his left.

"Late in the evening," goes on Fremont, "we encamped at a spring of cold water, near the summit of the ridge, having increased our elevation to 7,520 feet. During the day we had travelled 24 miles. By some indifferent observations, our latitude is 41° 02′ 19″. A species of *hedeome* was characteristic along the whole day's route.

"Emerging from the mountains, we entered a region of bright, fair weather. In my experience in this country, I was forcibly impressed with the different character of the climate on opposite sides of the Rocky Mountain range. The vast prairie plain on the east is like the ocean, the rain and clouds from the constantly evaporating snow of the mountains rushing down into the heated air of

the plains, on which you will have occasion to remark the frequent storms of rain we encountered during our journey."

Therefore, we must conclude from the foregoing that Fremont did not enter Poudre Canyon, nor did he follow the main Poudre, as he thought; neither did he view the Laramie Plains until he crossed the "summit of the ridge."

Life in Eastern Colorado

JOHN P. DICKINSON*

I will try to give you a short sketch of my life as requested by the State Historical Society. I was born on September 15, 1855, in Richmond, Indiana, as recorded in our large family bible. My father came from Lincolnshire, England, in 1842 on a sailing vessel —a "sailor." He landed at New Orleans, made his way up the Mississippi and Ohio rivers to Cincinnati, Ohio, his destination being Richmond, Indiana.

Here he met my mother, who was the daughter of John Pool, who had trekked from Pasapatank County, North Carolina, about 1820.

My father's family as well as my mother's family were members of the Society of Friends—often called Quakers. Richmond, Indiana, had a very large Quaker membership and was often called a Quaker town. Earlam College, situated near Richmond, was a Quaker college.

In 1857 my father and mother with a family of five emigrated to Leavenworth, Kansas. They came all the way by steamboat—down the Ohio and up the Mississippi and Missouri rivers to Leavenworth. My first recollections are about Leavenworth County and Leavenworth City. The city was the largest town west of St. Louis. Kansas City had not come prominently into the picture at that time.

The years 1855 to 1861 were stirring ones in that part of Kansas, as Missouri was a slave state and the slave owners were strong for extending slavery into Kansas. Our people were known as abolitionists, and were just as strong to keep slavery out of Kansas. Quakers do not believe in war, but most of them will fight if imposed on too much. My father went through the "Border War," as it was locally known. It is now known as the Civil War and started in Eastern Kansas.

*Senator Dickinson lives in Hugo, Colorado.—Ed.

We lived on a farm twelve miles west of Leavenworth, near what was called the Lecompton Road, a road that ran west and southwest from Leavenworth to the Kaw, or Kansas, River to the town of Lecomptom, which was for a time designated as the Territorial capital of Kansas. This was while Buchanan was President.

Leavenworth was the headquarters of several freighting firms, one of which, Russell, Majors & Waddell, was the greatest freighting firm of the period. It owned many hundreds of work cattle, horses and mules, and also hundreds of big, heavy freighting wagons. From our home I could see these covered wagons coming and going from morning until night, on their way to Denver, Santa Fe, Fort Union, and other points west and southwest. Later as I grew older I would hear the "bull whackers" and "mule skinners" talking of their experiences in crossing the plains. Indian, buffalo, antelope and other experiences were much talked about.

My mind was continually on the West, so in July, 1874, my chance came and I signed up with a government surveying party (not working for the government, but for a private contractor who had a government contract) known as Moonlight & Deaferdorf of Leavenworth. They had a contract to survey a tract of land in southwest Kansas thirty miles square. We shipped from Atchison, Kansas, by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad about one P.M. and arrived in Dodge City about noon the next day. Dodge City was not much of a town then, as at that time there was but one row of buildings facing the railroad tracks. There was one fair hotel named the Dodge House, and one large mercantile store named Charles Wrath & Co. Most of the rest of the buildings were dance halls and saloons. The cattle trade had not reached as far west as Dodge City at that time, being centered at Great Bend. Dodge was kept up mostly by people from Fort Dodge, located nearby, and by buffalo hunters. Just east of Dodge City there were miles of buffalo bones piled along the right-of-way awaiting shipment, and the vacant lots were piled high with buffalo hides which were tied down so that the wind would not blow them away.

After a few days in Dodge City getting ready, we started on our way to where our work was located. This was about eighty miles southwest of Dodge City, just south of the railroad station called Lakin. Our outfit consisted of about forty men, eight wagons, and forty work cattle. We made our way to the forks of the Cimarron River, where our main camp was to be situated. Then we divided up into four squads, each with a compassman, two chainmen, one man to put in the section corners, one to drive the yoke of oxen, and a flagman. I was the flagman in my squad.

We had a two-wheel cart drawn by two oxen, a barrel on one side filled with water for the oxen, and a keg on the other side for the men. Each man had his bed of two blankets.

MR. AND MRS. JOHN P. DICKINSON (1939)

The first job of the survey would be to measure the township, six miles square, and then divide this into tracts one mile square. We walked about twenty-five to twenty-eight miles a day, and camped out on the open prairie. It was a very level country and we could see many miles in all directions. As the Indians were not friendly, we camped out in the open so that they could not sneak up on us. As we were working all the time in one township we would not get very far in either direction. When we reached the north line of the township we turned back to the south.

We finished our work in a little over two months. We saw several bands of Indians traveling through. They did not molest

us, but one band did set fire to the prairie in an attempt to drive us out.

We finished our work and returned to Leavenworth in October, but as there was nothing there for me to do I decided to go to Denver. The direct route was the Kansas Pacific and the fare was $42.50; but by going by way of Omaha and Cheyenne—240 miles farther—and riding an emigrant train on the Union Pacific the fare was $25.50. So I left Leavenworth on December 22 by the old Kansas City, St. Joe & Council Bluffs Railroad and rode the 178 miles to Council Bluffs; then by the Union Pacific to Cheyenne; then to Denver by the Denver Pacific. I arrived in Denver at 7 o'clock A.M., December 26, and did not spend over one dollar in the four nights and three days that I traveled.

I had a sister living in Denver and she gave me a home. Her husband was a printer. I did odd jobs around the newspaper printing office during the winter. The papers were the *Denver Tribune* and *The Colorado Farmer*.

I was at the Kansas Pacific and Denver Pacific depot at the foot of 22nd Street in February, 1875, when Governor John L. Routt came to Colorado to take the office of Territorial Governor. He was appointed by President Grant and relieved Governor McCook. Routt was the last Territorial Governor, and the first State Governor.

On March 26, 1875, I commenced working for the William T. Holt Company, which ranched fifty miles east of Colorado Springs, running both cattle and sheep. Eastern Colorado at that time was a wide open country with no fences. Barbed wire had not come into use in this part of the country at that time. Cattle and sheep lived the year around on the native grass. One could ride from the Holt ranch to the Arkansas River without seeing anyone and then on into Texas. No one lived between the Union Pacific and the settlements in Texas except a few on the Arkansas River. The same might be said of the country north of the Union Pacific. From Hugo north one could ride to Montana without seeing any inhabitants or ranch houses except for a few on the Platte River.

My first job with the Holt Company was working about the sheep ranch and herding sheep. It did not take me long to get all the sheep herding I wanted. A very lonesome job. I prevailed on the manager to put me with the cattle outfit, and when he did I would not have changed places with General Grant, the President of the United States. During the winter months the cattle from this part would all drift with the storms to the Arkansas River, and in the spring would be scattered for about 100 miles along the river from about where Rocky Ford is situated east into Kansas,

and it was the work of the cattle outfits of the Divide Country, as this region was known, to get the cattle back on the home range.

Very few people now living know what an old time Roundup was like. A cow outfit would consist of a mess wagon to carry the beds and food, a cook, about eight riders (each rider had about four horses to ride—a different horse for different kinds of work), a foreman, and a horse herder. The outfit would start to work about May 1st down in Kansas east of the present state line. When all of the outfits got together there would be sometimes thirty or more wagons and 200 or more riders with five to eight hundred horses. This group would include most of the cow outfits of the Divide Country, those along the Arkansas River and a few from the Platte River country. To tell all about what our work was would take too long and is another story. I followed this life for eleven years working for the same company all the time.

When we had good seasons, good grass and mild winters and good prices, cattlemen made money, but when dry seasons prevailed, followed by hard winters, it was a different story. The year 1880 was a very dry year, and the winter of 1880-81 very severe with heavy losses; 1881 to 1884 were good years with good grass and good cattle prices; but in 1884 a change came. The grass was good and prices were good when a disease known as the Texas Fever broke out among the native cattle and caused great losses. The disease was caused by shipping cattle from Texas instead of driving them. The cattle came from eastern Texas, a low brush country, and had their legs covered with ticks. The ticks dropped off, crawled up on the grass, and the native cattle eating the grass took the ticks into their stomachs, causing the fever. The native cattle died by the thousands. Strange to say, it did not affect the Texas cattle.

The year 1885 was a good year, but the winter of 1885-86 was very severe and was complicated by another development of civilization. Irrigation ditches were being built along the Arkansas and the bottoms were fenced up and when the cattle drifted with the storms to the river they could not get down into the bottoms among the cottonwood trees for protection. They just walked up and down the fences along the ditches until they died. A friend and I formed a partnership, got a wagon and team and went to the river and started skinning dead cattle. This was dirty work but paid well, and one can work very hard when he is about broke and the work pays well. In two and a half months we netted $1,500.00.

The great losses and the changed conditions caused the end of the open-range cattle business in Eastern Colorado. Cattle owners had to reduce their herds and keep them from drifting

away in the winter time. I leased some land from the Union Pacific Railroad, fenced it and tried keeping cattle in pastures. This did not prove to be very profitable business as we had some dry years and low prices. When cattle were confined to one or two sections of land the grass soon was all gone. After a few years of trying this way of running cattle I gave it up and started working for the Union Pacific.

I was employed at the Hugo, Colorado, roundhouse with the title of Storekeeper, but I was just a sort of utility man, and did whatever the foreman told me to do. I did not belong to any organization and the foreman would tell me to do most any job without causing a strike. I worked at this job about two years, which brings me up to the year 1888.

Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland were candidates for President of the United States. Eastern Colorado was being settled up with homesteaders. New counties were being agitated with most of the towns of any magnitude wanting to be county seats. Locally, the most important issue in the election was the candidacy of Edward O. Wolcott for U. S. Senator, and nearly every man nominated by the Republicans was for or against Wolcott, with very few against. The election came along and Hugo lined up against the Wolcott candidacy for the reason that Wolcott was the attorney for the Burlington Railroad and the engine men were on a strike.

Harrison, all of the Republican state officers and a large majority of the legislature were elected. All had supported Wolcott. I, with half a dozen others, had held out for Wolcott in Hugo, but we were in the minority. After the legislature met our leaders who had fought Wolcott went up to Denver to get Lincoln County formed. The leaders of the legislature—the Seventh General Assembly—told them to go to the ones they had supported to get their county. They then sent for me. A certain man who had formerly been a cattleman near Hugo was a State Senator for Denver. His name was Frank T. Cochrane, and he had formerly lived in Hugo. He was my good friend.

As I was still working in the roundhouse I made my way to Denver on a freight train and had never had any experiences with a Legislature. I went to the Assembly building at 18th and Market Street, where the Seventh General Assembly met, and stood outside the railing which separated the Senators from the lobby. Mr. Cochrane, seeing me come up to the railing, said: "John, what can I do for you?" I said, "Frank, I want you to have Lincoln County created and have me appointed County Treasurer." I will not tell all that was said and all that happened except to say that he did have Lincoln County created and that I was appointed

County Treasurer. The office did not pay very much but it helped me and I held it seven years, then lost out in a political upheaval.

There was a bankrupt lumber and hardware business in Hugo, which was of very little value and I bought this business out. During my early life in Leavenworth I had worked in a lumber yard piling lumber, and had some knowledge of the lumber business. This business also included coal. I started with very little, but increased the business all the time until I was doing all the business, or nearly all, for sixty miles up and down the Union Pacific from River Bend to Kit Carson and fifty miles north and south. I followed this business for eleven years. My trade was mostly with the ranchers. When the homesteaders came thick I sold out, as I knew what would happen to them when they tried to depend on farming.

After being defeated for County Treasurer in 1895 I had my mind set on getting a position in Hugo. I felt that in 1896 we would have a Republican President and so I worked accordingly for the position of Receiver of Public Money at the Hugo Land Office. McKinley was elected and I received the appointment. I was reappointed by Roosevelt and Taft, and held the office nearly sixteen years. During most of this time I was still handling cattle in a limited way and made good profits. During my term of Receiver of the Land Office we handled the largest homestead entry business of any office in the United States, and got through the job without any trouble. After holding this important position for nearly sixteen years my accounts were audited and approved by both the Commissioner of the Land Office and the Treasury Department within a period of three months. If I had been required to pass a Civil Service examination I do not know whether or not I could have been appointed, as I doubt if I could have passed an examination, but I was able to run a United States Land Office.

In 1918 I was elected State Senator for the 27th Senatorial District, comprising the counties of Douglas, Elbert, Lincoln, Kit Carson and Cheyenne, and was re-elected in 1922. I took part in some very important legislation by helping to defeat bad legislation. I was next to the high man on the important State Affairs Committee when the Ku Klux Klan was in power. The Committee held nearly all of the Klan's bills and they were never let out of the committee. I was also a member of the House of Representatives of the 30th and 31st General Assembly, and in those two Assemblies helped defeat some bad measures.

In November, 1903, the Lincoln County Bank was formed, with Gordon Jones as President, myself as Vice President, and E. I. Thompson as Cashier. On January 1, 1907, the Lincoln County Bank became the First National Bank of Hugo, with the

same officers. In 1917 Mr. Jones died and Mr. Thompson became president. The bank is still open with Mr. Thompson as President and John P. Dickinson as Vice President. Deposits are now around $800,000 and the bank serves a large territory.

Regarding my family life and social affairs, it was on a farm in Leavenworth County, Kansas, that I first met the young woman, Anna P. Saunders, who later became my wife. We met and became friends. I came to Colorado in December, 1874, and she came in 1879. We met again and renewed our friendship, and decided to put it on a lifetime basis. We were married December 28, 1880, in Denver. We moved into our present home in Hugo in November, 1882. During all the sixty-one years of our married life we always worked together with the idea that what was good for one was good for both. We traveled together and endured hardships together and enjoyed a fair degree of prosperity together. While Hugo has always been our home we have spent our winters for over 20 years at the Albany Hotel in Denver, which we have called our Denver home for the last 37 years.

We have one daughter, Muriel, born December 22, 1882. She was educated in the Hugo, Denver, and Boulder schools. She married in 1904 to Dr. Wm. H. Rothwell, and died in the Holy Cross Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah, on October 12, 1905, leaving a daughter Anna who died at the age of fourteen months; so we have no children or grand-children. Mrs. Dickinson died on March 16, 1942, in Mercy Hospital in Denver.

We loved to travel and see the world, but in our early life were not able to go very much. We went to Chicago to see the World's Fair in 1894, and this to us was the greatest and most interesting of all the World Fairs. We also went to Buffalo in 1901, and took in the Fair and Niagara Falls. We went to New Orleans in 1903 with a cattlemen's excursion. New Orleans was then a very interesting city. On the same trip we went to Pensacola, Florida, another interesting old city—as old as St. Augustine. From that time on we made an occasional trip back and forth across the United States and through Canada, visiting most of the large cities.

In 1928 we took the supreme trip, a Clark's Tour trip around the world. From New York we sailed on January 16th for Cuba, then through the Panama Canal to Los Angeles. Then to Hawaii, Japan, Shanghai, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Java, Singapore, Rangoon, Burma, Calcutta, Ceylon, and Bombay. Then to Cairo. Saw the Pyramids and other places of interest before going on to Jerusalem, Greece, Naples, Genoa, and all the principal cities of Italy. Then to Marseilles, Paris, London and back to New York on June 5th. This was the most wonderful and successful trip

one could take. Nearly five months and good weather all the time. Neither of us was seasick and we did not see a wave over 20 feet high all during the trip. We never received an unkind look from anyone. As a result of this trip I now have the geography of the Pacific Ocean in mind, and I know how far it is from one point to another, which is a great satisfaction in these war times.

As to my political life, I grew up in a Republican family—our family being Quakers, who were nearly 100 per cent Republicans, due to the Slavery question. When I was a boy the Missourians just across the river from us were slave owners and 100 per cent Democrats, while the Kansans were anti-slave and 100 per cent Republicans. So I started off a Republican and followed the Grant and Colfax band wagon in 1868, the Grant and Wilson ticket in 1872. When I came to Colorado in 1874 and started working on a cattle and sheep ranch the tariff was an issue. The sheepgrowers wanted a tariff on wool and the cattlemen wanted a tariff on cattle and hides, so it just suited my ideas.

When Lincoln County was formed in 1889 I was made a member of the Republican State Central Committee, and when the Woman Suffrage amendment came into effect my wife was also made a member, and held that position until she died. One or both of us were members of the committee for fifty-two years.

In summing up my life in Eastern Colorado I would not change any of it if I could. I have enjoyed good health, endured hardships, and enjoyed success. No one can enjoy success who has not endured hardships. In all these hardships, trials and tribulation I have always received the support and encouragement of a loving and brave wife. When conditions were bad and things looked dark she had words of cheer and encouragement, and what little success I have had in life is owing in great measure to her cheerful and helpful ways. She was a Catholic and had an abiding faith in her religion, but never criticized anyone of a different faith. While we grew up in different religious faiths we never had a difference on this account. Our beliefs were alike, the only difference being in form.

Sun Yat Sen in Denver

HAZEL C. ARNOLD*

A small, dark, bespectacled man stood on the stage of the old Chinese Theatre on Market Street and made an impassioned plea for funds to help free his countrymen from the Manchu dynasty. On that October day in 1911, the Chinese residents of Denver

*Prepared under the Work Projects Administration, Colorado Writers' Program.

raised $500 for Dr. Sun Yat Sen, their distinguished speaker. On October 14, the telegraph wires of the nation hummed with the news the Revolution had broken. A Republic was proclaimed! Half a million revolutionists marched through Pekin! Heads were rolling in the streets! And the American-born Chinese in the black suit and derby hat was slated to be the first President of the new Republic!

When news of the Revolution broke in the Saturday papers, the discovery that Dr. Sun Yat Sen had been in the city came as a complete surprise to most Denver citizens. The statesman-philosopher had come secretly on Tuesday and was gone twenty-four hours later.

Years later, because of the coincidence of the Revolution and Dr. Sun Yat Sen's visit here, Denver was chosen as the point for initial sale of the special five-cent postage stamp issued July 7, 1942, to commemorate China's five-year resistance to Japanese aggression.

This was Denver's first "first day cover sale," and it was record breaking. James M. Bell, philatelic agent for the postoffice department in Washington, took charge and announced almost 400,000 stamps were disposed of to stamp collectors from all over the nation. A special canceling machine was set up in the Denver office to provide the first day cancellation. When the original supply of $17,500 worth was sold out, another 100,000 stamps were flown here from Washington.

The first officially issued and canceled stamp was on a letter sent to Generalissimo Chiang Kai Shek. The first sheet was sold to Dr. Chang Lok Chen, Chinese consul general from Chicago.

The five-cent stamp is blue, nearly an inch by one and one-half inches, carries oval portraits of President Lincoln and Dr. Sun Yat Sen. Between the portraits is a contour map of China, on the lower edge of which is superimposed the Chinese national symbol, a design of the sun with triangular rays. Inside the sun are the dates, July 7, 1937, and July 7, 1942, and four Chinese characters meaning "fight the war and build the country." Under the portrait of Lincoln is the famous Gettysburg "of the people, by the people and for the people."[1]

[1]Data for this story were gathered from the *Rocky Mountain News*, Oct. 14, 1911, and June 10, and July 4, 1942; and from the *Denver Post* of July 6, July 7, and July 8, 1942. Jimmie Chin, Denver Chinese, met Dr. Sun Yat Sen at the time of his visit in 1911.