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Diary of Mrs. A. C. Hunt, 1859

With Introduction and Notes by LeRoy R. Hafen

INTRODUCTION

Mrs. Ellen Elizabeth Kellogg Hunt, author of the diary printed here, was the wife of Alexander Cameron Hunt, who served as Territorial Governor of Colorado, 1867-1869. She was born at White Pigeon, Michigan, December 25, 1835, and received her education at Monroe, Michigan. In 1854 she married A. C. Hunt, of Freeport, Illinois, at which place they resided until 1859, when they joined the rush to the Pike's Peak gold region. She was one of the earliest women to brave overland travel and pioneer life in Colorado. The diary well exhibits the hardships she endured. Not only did she have two small children to care for in 1859, but she was sick much of the time. In fact, her health was poor throughout life. She died at the age of forty-four, on August 8, 1880.[1]

Mrs. Hunt's original diary is in the possession of Mrs. Isa Stearns Gregg, a granddaughter, by whose kind permission it is now reproduced. The little, leather-bound volume, 3½ by 6 inches in size, is a regular diary of 1857, with month, day and year printed at the top of each page. It contains some entries for 1857 and has many blank pages. Part of the entries for 1859 are in the front of the book, the rest are in the middle. Some pages at the front are missing, so we start our reproduction with the record of the departure from Kansas City.[2]

[April 25, 1859] After dinner took a hurried leave of the Prescott house and Kansas City in a lumber wagon for the Camp beyond Westport.[3] Had a ruff and uncomfortable ride. At 2 [?]

[1]This biographical information is from an "In Memoriam" card printed at the time of Mrs. Hunt's death. The card was lent by Mrs. Isa Stearns Gregg, a granddaughter, of Denver. Governor Hunt was an outstanding pioneer of Colorado and was prominently identified with the building of the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. He built a fine home in what were the suburbs of pioneer Denver—in the southwest corner of Lincoln Park of today. See the May, 1944, issue of the *Colorado Magazine*, pages 115-116, for an account of a children's party at this home. For an understanding biographical sketch of Governor Hunt, see A. B. Sanford, "Alexander Cameron Hunt," in *The Trail*, XVII, No. 10, pp. 3-9.

[2]Parts of the diary are difficult to decipher. We have inserted a [?] where the interpretation is in doubt. Minor changes in punctuation and spelling have been made in the interest of uniformity and to facilitate reading. Editorial insertions are enclosed in brackets.

[3]At this time Westport was spoken of as being four miles beyond Kansas City. See the diary of Charles C. Post in L. R. Hafen (Ed.), *Overland Routes to the Gold Fields, 1859, from Contemporary Diaries* (1942), 28.

it threatened rain and C. [Cameron, her husband] thought best for us to stop at the Smith House till the storm was over. We were shown to a comfortable room by a little store and soon felt quite at home. C. bought me a shaker and trimmings and left us to go on to camp with the team and men. The Landlady was extremely polite, the evening passed pleasantly with music and conversation till nine, when I finished my shaker and sat down to write till Cam should come. I wrote till very late but he did not come.

26th. Morning long and tedious waiting for Cam. He came before dinner, but we did not get away till nearly 4 o'clock; had a hard seat and a long ride to camp. Passed a mission farm of 3,000 ackers,[4] the most beautiful except our ——[?] farm I ever saw. Arrived at Camp, found the hut [?] for our convenience nicely fixed (a fire in the little sheet iron stove). Furnished with a lounge and chairs, a camp table and looking glass. Supper was soon served (Cam being cook), of fried ham, Bakers bread, pickles and most delicious tea. I never enjoyed a supper more in my life. We then arranged the bed in the wagon, which is loaded with flour in bags evenly arranged, a mattress and feather bed over, which I covered with clean [corner torn off] and bed clothes and we all rested very sweetly.

27th. Arose quite early, dressed the babies[5] and put my moving house in order. Washed up our breakfast dishes and were off about half past nine. The children soon went to sleep and after sewing a while I followed suit. The road was beautiful, the air [?] fine and I enjoyed the trip of 8 miles very much.[6] About 2½ o'clock we camped again and after lunch I went to washing. The gents are all polite and attentive. I got very tired before night and greatly perplexed with having left Cam's new overcoat at K. City, and our flour proving to be un——[?] poor. Did not sleep well, got up cross and not very well.

28th. [Torn corner] some but did not accomplish much. Started at 15 minutes before ten. Traveled about 9½ [?] miles and camped beside Cedar creek in the rain, which began to fall just before we stopped and continued nearly all night. We wrote some letters, Cam and John[7] and I commenced one to ma. The road had been so smooth that I had sew[ed] considerably through the day and had one delicious nap. Our tent floor was dotted [with] strawberry blossoms, Johny jump ups and daisies; rested passably and was [up] early Friday morning.

[4]This was doubtless the Shawnee Mission.

[5]The babies were Isa, aged three; Bertie, twenty months.

[6]They are traveling the regular Santa Fe Trail. Most of Mrs. Hunt's locations are too indefinite for identification, so we shall pay little attention to exact locations. The diary's value is not in its description of the route, but in features of life and travel she portrays so well.

[7]Brother of A. C. Hunt.

April 29. Rain over but cloudy and cold. Started at ten, took a long ruff ride of eleven miles over hills, through slews and ditches in which we were often detained a long time and finally came to a halt with our largest wagon stuck so badly in the mud that it was necessary to unload ——[torn].

Early 30th and traveled till dark, reaching a beautiful spring 1½ miles west of Jolmira [?]. Here we met Mr. Nischener [?] and Dr. Martin, who spent the evening with us and promised to call tomorrow. Sabboth.

MRS. A. C. HUNT

May 1st. Rain, Rain, Rain; cold drisiling, gloomy, rainfall continuously till nearly night. I did not feel well and was not happy and the day was long and tiresome. I could not realize at all that it was the Sabboth and a holy day, and did several things very like work, which I would not have done at home. Felt conscious-smitten and rebuked when in the evening I heard the gentlemen singing hymns appropriate for the evening of the Sabboth.

May 2, 1859. Morning clear and bright, but a very strong east wind. Went to washing at an early hour with Felix to help. At 4 o'clock our white clothes were partly dry, but nearly half the washing was wet when a furious thunder and hail storm broke upon

us, the severest I have witnessed for years. Hail fell in ——[?] for an hour and rain and wind till sun set. I was attacked in the night with cholera morbus and was very sick all day Tuesday. We remained in camp till Wednesday morning, May 3d, when we made a journey of 12 miles, greatly fatiguing me and increasing my disorder. Suffered much all night and was very sick all day Thursday, 4th, and Cam did not move on that account till ——[torn] in the 5th I was better and we traveled 15 miles. The road was beautifully smooth and I did not suffer as before. At night it began to rain as they were about to camp and poured all night long.

May 6. Am decidedly better. Morning quite clear, roads very bad but got on well till we moved our camping place, where our large wagon was stopped in an immense mud hole and had to be unloaded. We were there full an hour, after which we came along comfortable, passing through for perhaps half a mile a most ——[?] valley through which winds a little stream Cabin [?] fork, wooded and refreshingly green. Camped for the night and the Sabboth just beyond, on a high level plain. I am getting so weary of this prairie land, rich though the soil may be. I long for the trees and groves. Have sewed some today and finished R ——[?]. Oh how beautiful are these old works of Scott. I have read his Lady of the Lake since we started and like it oh so much.

May 7th. A beautiful quiet Sabboth. Have not felt so well today. Had to lie down several times in the course of the day and had little apetite. I felt troubled at the washing being done today, but Cam insisted it was ——[?] necessity and ——[?] wrote to ma. Evening was delightful but last night was incomparably so and I felt more like enjoying it. Took some cold I think star gazing.

Monday May 8th. Started early. I not able to set [torn] but very sick indeed. Large purple blotches are coming out all over my limbs and they pain me dreadfully. It has been cloudy and chilly today and the curtains are all down to keep the air from me. Commenced raining as we stopped to camp on a high ridge in open prairie and about half a mile from a small sparcely wooded stream.

9, 10, and 11. Rained incessantly, making the deepest and stickiest clay mud. Santa Fe mule trains going in to Kansas City and Westport for goods, pass us occasionally, the teams tugging and straining over the heavy roads, while the "Greasers" continually curse the mules and mud. Keeping up between their tongues and the incessant crack of their long blacktail whips a din most unwelcome to weak nerves. My disease has increased rapidly. Grandpa calls it Erysipalis and is making me a regular filter ——[?] Composition tea. I write lying flat on my back and am not able to lift my head. My pain is very severe and I cannot help moaning almost all the time. Dr. Walsh has just come in in great wroth at finding

one of his sheep missing. Accused some muleteers who camped near us of theft and like to have got into trouble. I think from the way he is talking he would like to sware if he dare, being a little modest about it he has let the job out and Walt is making oaths enough for both.

12th and 13th. Bright and pleasant. Had to lie still for the roads to settle. Every thing had to be unpacked and dried, which was no small task, one wagon alone has 5600 lbs. in it. Poor Cam is worked and worried nearly to death. Does [?] all the cooking, takes all the care of the babies and me, drives his own team, and attends to every thing connected with the living and troubles of 23 persons. I am growing worse, have slept none for three days and nights. Am full of pain and the blotches are so [torn] that I can not move my limbs at all and almost cry out if the bed clothes are moved over them.

14. Have moved all day, am completely exhausted. Have cryed half the day with pain. From this day till the 29th was one continual moan [?] being in an Indian country we must move on, and every turn of the wheels would nearly take my life, while every jolt would make me scream, till the whole caravan could hear me. Finally I grew too weak to make a moan above my breath. I longed for a home [?] as a grave, even by the wayside in the wilderness, but rest, rest, any how at any cost. The teams stopped often and made short drives, they thought, but it seemed [to] me each weary mile covered a world of space, and occupied a [corner torn] age of time and pain. Meanwhile we passed through the buffalo country and our hunters had some exciting chases. They lived on buffalo steaks for several days. On the 27th the disease seemed to have reached its highth, under the influence of all the opiates my stomack would bear I got some rest and sleep. [Next follows several blank pages and then many pages of the diary of 1857. Finally, in the middle of the volume the diary continues.]

June 2d 1859. A beautiful summer day. I awoke feeling comfortable, had a light breakfast of crackers and coffee, and after feeding and dressing the babies felt much fatigued, without however being able to raise [?] my head. The teams started at 7½. Roads were ruff and dusty and I fell prostrate with fatigue. We camped again on the Arkansaw, saw a beautifull new moon (over my right shoulder). Sleeped very well and felt stronger in the morning.

June 3. Isa three years old today and Bertie 20 months, both are pretty well. Took an early start and traveled till 1 oc [o'clock], reaching the crossing of the Arkansaw by the Santa Fe road. Here are camped for a recruiting season of two days and half. Our St. Louis neighbors left us for New Mexico, discouraged by the num-

bers going back from persevering their first intention of going to P. P. [Pike's Peak]. After the tent was pitched Cam helped me to dress and carried me in his arms to the lounge [?]. The change was grateful after lying in the wagon almost three weeks. Grandpa said my pulse was very feeble and I would have to come up slowly. Was carried back to the wagon at six. Children went to sleep soon after, but I was excited and nervous from the little change and could not sleep. A plan is on foot for going on to California if dissatisfied at the Peak, which all seem to approve.[8] I dread the long journey, oh I do, but when we stop again I want to *stay*, and never move again, and shall not [?] go on, till we are satisfied.

June 4th. Cold as autumn, high wind, but bright and clear. took cold last night, do not feel as well. Easily worried and nervous all day. All hands talking more or less of California, examining maps, etc. Too cold to get out, am a prisoner all day again.

5th. Mr. Walsh desired a division of property last night and today they have been settling loan and he, Mr W [?] and Son [?] took one wagon and 1 yoke of cattle, the cows, sheep, pony and chickens, with supplies which he bought and go back alone. Many [?] come but have a very hard time of it. I have felt much tried with so much business on the Sabboth—it has not seemed like one at all to me. I am some stronger and feel a little like myself but cannot step alone and have no appetite. Had a pleasant chat with O'Brien and a long talk and visit with Cam after we went to bed.

6th. Started early after taking leave of Walter [?] and his Pa. I pity him to have so hard a master and so severe a task. I tremble for them undertaking such a journey through such a country alone. Had a tedious [?] day, knats and moskitos very troublesome. Camped again on the Arkansaw at half past six. Disturbed all night with moskitoes.

7th. Felt pretty good and enjoyed my breakfast. Bore the journey comfortably and feel that I am gaining [?].

12th, Sunday—no grass, had to travel all day and reached Bent's fort[9] at five. Had a little adventure at noon with some Indians.

13th. A long hot day in the valley [?] to north [?] the fort.

14th. Intensely hot all day. Had a long journey over sand hills and in the dust. Camped for lunch beneath a grand old bluff. Spent all noon wandering about and over it. From six till 8 witnessed a sand storm, the first I ever saw, and just before it commenced caught our first sight of the mountains in the distance.

[8]Many discouraging reports were coming back from the mountains, and scores of goldseekers were turning about for home.

[9]This was Bent's New Fort, built of stone. For a description see Hafen, *Overland Routes, op. cit.*, 46.

Found an excellent camp ground at dark. After the storm was passed 'twas cool and delightful with splendid moonlight.

15th. Another hot day. Can see the snow on the mountains distinctly. Long drive of 23 miles over a wilderness indeed. Camped late, very poor grass.

16th. Arose early, worked over my butter and had plenty of time to get a good work [?] for starting at seven. A heavy fog clouded everything this morning and continued till nearly 8. When it cleared away, we had the Spanish peaks, Pike's peak and a long range of blue snowcapped mountains in full view, a sight which I enjoyed very much. I feel very well today and have walked nearly two miles this forenoon.

17th and 18th long hot days. Desert plains and sandy, stony [?] hills. Still following up the Arkansaw, which grows clearer and cooler every day. Cattle nearly starved for grass. The little white cow was drowned [?] day before yesterday.

19th. Reached an excellent camp ground about 5 o'clock near a blacksmith shop. Met Ham[10] and Mr. Chaffee, who had spoken to have the work done on the wagon and found a comfortable shade for our three days' rest.

20th. Terribly hot. Could not realize 'twas Sabboth. Spent a restless and not very happy day. Towards evening looked over my old letters and threw away many that I prized, reserving Cam's [?] and most of ma's for future perusal. Went to bed early, having passed a most unprofitable day.

Monday, 21st. Sewed some, wrote, unpacked the large box and etc. All are talking busily of the mines, more encouraging accounts having arrived. Ham thinks he shall remain where he is and Cam and John moved somewhat from their determination to go on. Evening had a little rain and a strong wind, cooling the air and relieving us of mosquetos. Sleeped but little from severe cholic.

22. Cool and delightfull. Busy here and there, ironing, washing a little, picking up, writing and sewing. Wagon finished at 4 oc [o'clock] and at 5 oc we started for Fountain City.[11] Traveled till the moon rose, making about 9 miles and 2 miles beyond Fountain City.

23. Started at daylight. Stopped at ten for breakfast and rested till five, on the banks of Fountain Kaboia.[12] Traveled 19 miles in the night and camped till after breakfast.

June 24. Had a splendid view of the mountains for several miles. Begin to see finer country. Passed one fine location for a

[10]Brother of A. C. Hunt. "Ham" Hunt is referred to by S. T. Sopris as one of Colorado's pioneer orators. See *The Trail*, I, No. 2, p. 10.

[11]Predecessor of Pueblo, at the mouth of Fountain Creek.

[12]*Fontaine qui Bouille*, or Fountain Creek.

farm, beautiful prairies on a soil much like Pigin [?] Prairie, with grove of pine convenient. Camped near one and beside an elegant spring.[13] Hear less and less each day of California.

25. Started at moon rise and traveled 15 miles before breakfast, to a pine forest—very beautiful but sad from the number of graves here—8 are in view of persons who have frozen to death, one as late as June third, '59.[14] The changes are so sudden even in the summer that from being very warm it will be so cold as to benumb the body before fire can be made to warm it. These changes generally occur after a rain, or storm of some kind. When the cattle were driven up to start again they were nearly frantic with the stings of a large horse fly, patches as large as both my hands were black with them and blood streamed from the biten part for an hour while passing through the pines. They almost ran and seemed wild with pain. We camped in a beautifully undulating valley. The mountains to the left and lofty pine-clad hills on every side. A beautifull clear spring and abundance of grass for our accommodation.

26. Started again at moonrise. Stopped for breakfast at 7½, in two hours started again and traveled till 4, crossing Cherry Creek. We saw miners' cots near the crossing and some digging two miles beyond. Found a steam mill in full blast and a little town called Russelville[15] sprung up around it. Nine log houses were in process of creation and three were inhabited. The country here is handsome and the soil looks good.

27. Started again before day, traveled till nine, breakfasted and were off again at 11½ oc. Sand very deep, soil looks poor. No trees save a few cottonwoods along Cherry Creek. Camped at 7 oc in a better looking country, 5 miles from Denver, in a rain storm which continued until nine oc. Ham met us here with a man that came out with him, and three strangers who had out traveled their company came about dark to ask the privilidge of a sleep in our tents.

Monday—27th. Started at 7½ oc. The day was intensely hot and roads dusty. Traveled slow and arrived at D[enver] 20 minutes before 11. The cabin Ham had engaged was on the very outskirts of Auraria,[16] built of logs and mud, with neither windows or floor. 'Tis much better than most of its neighbors but at first I felt blue enough at the prospect of even trying to live in such a place. When once at work trying to make it comfortable I felt

[13]This was probably at Jimmy's Camp, some nine miles east of present Colorado Springs.

[14]Fagan's Grave. See account in L. R. Hafen (Ed.), *Pike's Peak Gold Rush Guidebooks of 1859*, 105.

[15]Named for William Green Russell, pioneer Colorado prospector.

[16]Named for Auraria, Georgia, home town of the Russell brothers, principal founders. It was on the west bank of Cherry Creek, near its mouth—West Denver of today.

better. A partition was made of our wagon cover, shelves here and there. And Mr. Foster had a cozy cottage or cabin bedstead ready by night. I sleep comfortable all night notwithstanding my fear of the Indians, of which about 300 are here.

28. Worked hard all day regulating, baking, washing, etc.

29. Like to the foregoing. Cam and John went to the farm to build a Carell for the cattle and I spent a night of fear and trembling such as I never before experienced. Two men arrived from Freeport[17] and called here about noon. Their teams came before dark and camped beside the house. [Written crosswise of the page]: Shaffer [?] & Co gone to the mountains.

30. Feel tired out. Could not make my work go off well at all and did not get through till late; stewed peaches, cooked beans and rice, made eight loaves of bread and Dutch cheese. Bertie very unwell with his teeth [?] and exceedingly fretful. [Written crosswise on page]: Bad news from the mountains, fire and Indians destroying the mines.

First Week of July. Cam and John have bought an eating house, will open next week. Have been very busy preparing fruit to make pies. Feel weak and trembling and far from cheerful. Have used my strength as fast or faster than I gained it. Have not seen a woman yet. The men had a celebration on the 4th, present about 500 men and Indians—two Dutch [?] women from Mexico. Plenty of squaws and one white woman just arrived from Missouri [?]. I was homesick and could have cryed, but Cam feels so sadly when I get discouraged that I try hard to be cheerful when he is about. He helps me all he can about my work, but there is much to do with so many boarders, and all being out of money we cannot get rid of them. Board is $12.00 per week here in advance and almost all lodge on the ground in the open air. There is but one weather boarded house in town not finished and two shingle roof. Much preparation however seems going on for putting up cabins, and emigration increases gradually. I have made some $30.00 out of the butter and cheese or smearcase [cottage cheese] I have made since we arrived, in fact have made all the money Cam and John have had, as their last copper was spent at Council Grove in Eastern Kansas, but the work made me sick and now I sell the milk at 10 cts per quart and make $2.75 a day. My butter brought $1.00 per lb. and balls of smearcase 40 cts per doz.

Second third and fourth weeks. Weary days of labor and pain. Have made 175 loaves of bread and 450 pies. Taken all the care of the children and done all the house work but the washing. Ho hum [?].

[17]Freeport, Illinois, former home of the Hunts.

All through August nearly worked to death. Quite a number of ladies have arrived per Express and are stopping at the Pollock House. I have been away from this dreary cabin but twice since I came, once to take a walk and once to meet the ladies at the Hotel. Did not enjoy ladies [?] much, was too tired.

Cam has commenced a cabin which is to have a floor and a door and windows, if Cam can possibly trade for them. Sold my best carpet to Mrs. Henderson for $55.00 and a small looking glass for $5.00. Had to do it to buy flour, which is $15.00 per 100 lbs. Hangers on, poor relations, buttonhole acquaintances are eating us up. After all our hard work and the humble position we have assumed we are poorer than when we began. C. will close the house the first of this month.

Sept. 1. We are under a shingle roof in a new cabin comfortably settled and I am more contented, do all my own work. We are pretty well but I am tired, tired, always tired, and my back is lame and weak. We get fresh vegetables now every day and I am gaining fast. C has opened a stable and corell and is making money, is cheerfull and hopeful.

Sept. 10.[18] Left home in Denver at 11 o'clock.[19] Traveled slowly and comfortably till one o'clock. Stopped at the toll gate for dinner, where we rested for half an hour. Camped at 6, 19 miles from home, on the open prairie, away from the [?] stream a mile, [?] but where the horses found good grass in a swale below us. Rode two or three miles on the pony and feel quite tired, baby not so well, had to apply Dr's perscription at once.

11th. Baby very sick all night, sleeped none for thinking of poor lonely Cam, had sick headache, but lying down most of the day, felt better at night. We camped late, 35 miles from home.

12th. All the children complaining. Lay it to the fresh meat, feel better myself. Were off by 6 o'clock and made a good drive.

13. Stopped to wash a little and Mrs. Chick to bake, as we expect to get no more again for some time. Started at 10 oc. Made but 17 miles.

14th. All better. Day very chilly. Camped at night in a cold rain. Was much annoyed by the quarreling and profanity of these people.

15th—Sunday. Very cold and damp, concluded it necessity to travel, met a relative of these people ——[?] us some 3 horses and allowing them time to sware [?] and visit [?] enough to last a generation was ——[?] by it and made anxious by reports from St. Jo. Made about 21 miles.[20]

[18]A blank page precedes this, but presumably the succeeding entries are for the same year, 1859.

[19]She appears to be starting on a trip back home.

[20]The diary ends abruptly here.

Photographing Wild Life in Early Colorado*

A. G. WALLIHAN

[Introduction, by C. B. Roth: Mr. Wallihan was not only Colorado's first photographer of wild game, but one of the first men in the world to take pictures of wild animals in their native habitat. He was a true pioneer. Settling in northwestern Colorado when it was a paradise for hunters, he watched the annual migrations of mule deer, saw the immense herds of antelope, and watched both diminish each year.

Someone ought to preserve a record of the days of the great game herds. Who could do it? He decided it would be up to him. He knew nothing about photography. He learned. He scrimped and saved and bought cameras and films and other equipment, and he spent months at a time in the field. His motive? Not profit. He never got the cost of his raw materials out of his work. It was a desire to preserve for posterity a record.

He published two books, acclaimed as signal contributions to the literature of America. Dr. William T. Hornaday of New York declared that American nature-lovers owe a greater debt to A. G. Wallihan than to any other man. Theodore Roosevelt became interested in his work, wrote him, admired him, acknowledged the debt America owed to this quiet, reserved little man.

It was my privilege to know Mr. Wallihan for five years before his death. He visited me in Denver. I visited him in his little cabin home at Lay. To me he typifies the true Western Pioneer. He had every virtue you read about in boys' books of western heroes—but so seldom find in real life.

To begin with he was modest. I never knew a more modest, more unassuming man. He was absolutely honorable, and not like so many old timers, given to tall tales. You could depend absolutely upon what he told you, because he always told the truth. He had the fortitude, the patience necessary in a pioneer. He settled in northwestern Colorado, one of the first permanent settlers. He lived there throughout his long life. His neighbors respected him, trusted him. He was postmaster at Lay, his home, I think he told me for 48 years.

*The original manuscript from which this is taken was written by Mr. Wallihan in response to specific questions propounded to him by Mr. C. B. Roth of Denver. Mr. Roth generously gave this manuscript to the State Historical Society, and supplied the introductory note for this story.

Mr. Wallihan was born in Footsville, Wisconsin, June 15, 1859, the youngest of eleven children. The family came to Colorado in 1870, settling on a farm near Denver. Young Allen G. went to Leadville in its boom days, then to Lily Park in northwestern Colorado in 1882. Three years later he took up a homestead at Lay, Colorado, where he resided the rest of his life. He was postmaster of Lay for about fifty years.—Ed.

To me one of the most illuminating anecdotes about A. G. Wallihan was the way in which he prepared for his death. Ill for years, he knew the end was not far away. He set about deliberately making plans. With his own hands he constructed his casket, placed it in the shed against the time he should need it.

He gave Mrs. Wallihan specific directions about how he should be buried. He wanted no preacher to officiate, but an old friend, a lawyer from Steamboat Springs. He gave her directions about what to do with his chattels—his old guns, his fishing rods, etc. He selected the spot where he wished to lie—atop a hill on his old homestead.

In December, 1935, he passed away. His wishes were carried out. He was buried in the casket he had made, and the cortege carried him, as he wished, on their shoulders to the top of his hill. There they left him to rest. It was a pioneer's funeral for a real pioneer, and I wonder if it wasn't almost the last of its kind in Colorado? It is common whenever any old man with white hair and a frontier background passes away to dub him "the last of the frontiersmen." But A. G. Wallihan comes closer to deserving this title than any man I ever knew.]

The Blacktail, or "Mule" deer of Western United States, summer in the high mountains of northwestern Colorado and in October and November of each year slowly return to the lowlands to the westward to avoid the deep snows of the high mountains in winter time. They return again in April and May to the high mountains, where feed and cover are better for them. Prior to 1900, there were thousands upon thousands of them here and in this migration they followed well-beaten trails or paths across country.

They traveled day and night, and on one of the largest of these trails near our home my wife was seated on the ground, waiting with rifle on her lap for a band to come along, hoping to get a buck for our winter's meat. I was on a hill nearby, on another trail, to give her a chance to get her buck if she could without in any way interfering with her chance. We had lunches in our pockets and about noontime she ate her lunch and sat watching some ants carrying away the crumbs that were dropped. Hearing a slight noise, she looked up and found herself surrounded with a band of about one hundred deer of all sizes and ages. They were so close that she held out her hand to them to come nearer. After gazing her fill at the pretty creatures so close, she thought of her rifle and, when she began to raise it, they all ran off. When they were about 100 yards away, she fired at one who, like Lot's wife, "looked back" and killed it.

When I came down to her to dress the deer, she said, "If I had had a camera then, I could have gotten a wonderful picture of them

so close. I am going to get a camera and we will get some pictures of them." From that time on, for more than a year, she dreamed of a camera and photographing the deer and possibly other game. The following summer there came two young men—missionaries—on their summer vacation through the mountain country, and one of them had a camera. She soon bargained with him for it, paying partly, I remember, in buckskin gloves of her own make, from buckskin I tanned.

Then she set me to learning the loading of the camera with dry plates—which had been in use but a short time—the focusing, and exposing, and then I had to learn the chemical part of mixing developers, fixing baths, washing and drying the plates and then the printing of "blue print" proofs from them and finally printing out on regular photographic papers and mounting the finished prints on cards. This was a necessity as we were in the wilderness far from any photographer, and the handy "roll film" of later years was as yet unknown.

I had been many years on the frontier and had become a very good shot and hunter and I found that what I considered was a very close distance for a rifle shot was too far for a "camera shot," so I had to exercise all my skill to get closer and closer to them until I learned that a deer cannot tell you from a stump or rock. He will see the slightest motion, or hear the smallest noise very quickly, and if the wind happens to blow to him from you he stampedes with all his might when he gets scent of you. Many a time I have had them pass within 10 to 20 feet without knowing I was more than a rock by the wayside.

In October, 1888, I began my attempts to get close enough to the shy deer to get photographs of them. The large trail which passed about two miles from my home, runs crosswise of the ridges and valleys where I would select a point behind a sage bush and set the camera on its tripod and, with lens focused on some spot on the trail which was thought would make a good view, await the coming of the deer. As they scattered over about one-half mile of a strip it was uncertain whether they would come on the trail selected or go on one just out of reach on one side or the other. A band would come along on my trail to within 100 yards, then they would straggle across to another trail and I could not move over to get them. Perhaps another band would come in five minutes or it might be two or three hours before there would be another chance. Then the wind might shift and they would get my scent and another opportunity would vanish. Then would come a band right up to the point of focus and, as I had no shutter to begin with, I had to make a time exposure by taking the cap from the lens and replacing it as quickly as possible. Then the slide would be put into the plate-

holder and the plate on the reverse side made ready for another exposure.

Then at night would come the task of developing the plates exposed during the day, in a room made dark by shuttering out all light at windows and cracks around doors or other places and developing them by the light of a ruby lamp, and our hearts would beat with nearly as much excitement as we watched the image develop on the film on the plate, as we experienced in taking it in the field. Perhaps it would be a good negative, or, at first, it was likely that some of the subjects moved, or it was under or over-exposed. The main fault at first was that the deer were too far from the camera, so it was gradually moved up closer and closer to the spot on the trail where they were wanted.

By studying the lens makers' and camera makers' catalogue, it was learned that the longer the lens focus, the larger the image on the plate. A camera was needed that had a greater opening length, so a better lens and camera were obtained in 1889, and better results were had; and at later dates other lenses and cameras were secured and two Bausch and Lomb fast shutters were fitted to the better lenses and faster exposures could be made and snap shots when the light was right. Plates and films were not so ultra fast as they now are so it was necessary to judge the light pretty closely.

The two closest and best exposures made were both lost—one by light getting to the plate, and the other by the shutter being set wrong and an over-exposure made. In this latter one, the camera was set up on the front side of a small cedar tree and I stood behind the camera so that watch could be made of the trail in the distance. A large band of 50 to 75 came up within 60 yards on the trail I was on and then straggled off to another trail on my left. In a short time, a smaller band came slowly up to the same point and stood around, seemingly enjoying their first taste of the cedar trees since the springtime migration in the other direction. A still larger band came up on the trail to my right with much bleating of fawns.

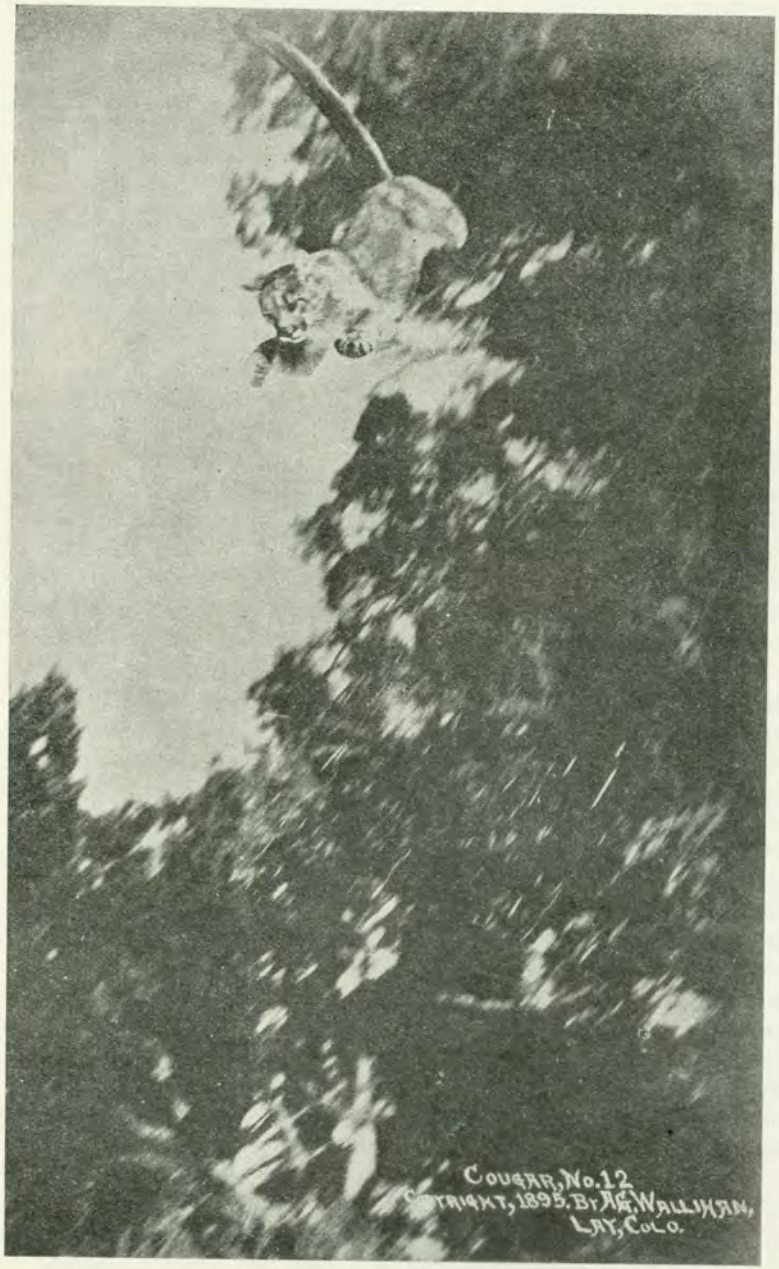
Presently they scented me and stampeded with much snorting. The band in front looked over their way but paid no further attention and finally came right up in front and a buck and doe walked up within ten feet and stood and peered at the object in front of them, and, as I gently released the shutter, I congratulated myself on what a wonderful picture it would be. The deer, after looking at the camera a couple of minutes, passed on by me and the rest followed, paying no attention to the camera and myself as they went by. When they were all gone, I straightened up and, on fixing the camera for the next exposure, I found I had set the shutter wrong.

Dr. Hornaday has stated that I was the first to photograph wild game, and as far as I know the statement is true. My photographs were all taken from live wild game, as wild as game can be, not in any preserves, and further I or my wife were with the cameras and made the exposures at all times. There were no set cameras for the game to touch off the shutters by breaking a thread, nor were they baited with delicacies at any time, but they were taken by sheer skill and persistence, under all kinds of hardships, freezing cold in winter, and the hottest suns of summer days.

There was hard riding on a sure-footed pony with the hounds after cougars, through cedars, over hills and mountains, with the thermometer pointing down around zero figures, or fording rushing mountain streams and rivers. One time I was swept off a ford into swimming water, the horse I was riding never having been in swimming water, knew nothing of swimming and sank until the water was up around my waist, when his hind feet touched bottom and he came up to the top, only to sink a second time and bounce up again, and that time he began to swim and took me out. I was on him bareback and with only a rope around his neck, so I could not guide him. Another horse fell with me and lit on top of me, which crippled me for a week or more, and this was a long ways in the mountain wilderness of Wyoming. After Mountain sheep in Wyoming the work was especially hard, as they rove on the high ranges in almost inaccessible places, making the work doubly hard.

My first subjects were the Mule, or Blacktail, deer of the Rocky Mountain region. Selecting a vantage point where I could get the camera behind a sage bush, it was set up and prepared for a shot at what might come along a nearby trail, focussing sharply on the brush by the trail and a gray cloth placed over it so it would not be too conspicuous. After a short wait, a buck came to the top of the hill, looked ahead on the trail a moment and came on, followed by a doe and fawn, then another buck and two does. A low whistle stopped them and the cap was removed from the lens and replaced, and the beating of my heart at a triphammer pace was slowed down as I realized that I had secured probably the first good photograph of a wild deer. In a moment, seeing or hearing nothing further to alarm them, they went on their way. My buck fever subsided—for I was always a great subject of that peculiar malady—and I was greatly thrilled with the thought that our dream was come true; that we could preserve the game as it was in those days, for future observation and study.

The first camera was a very crude one. The bed was screwed to the tripod and then a screw released the bellows, and it was pulled out by hand to the focussing point, and moved back and forth until the proper focus was obtained, and the screw tightened to hold it in place. It was very clumsy and slow. Fortunately, it was small and not so heavy, and was soon discarded. It was 4¼x6½.



THE LEAPING COUGAR
Wallihan's most famous picture, taken in 1895

The next one was 5x8 and was much better, with an 18-inch extension of bellows which gave the use of the rear half of Gundlach 5x8 lens, which made the images larger and is a very sharp, clear lens. With this, much of the work was done. Finally an 8x10 Rochester Optical Company camera was obtained and was used for most of the last year's work. This was much heavier, especially with the heavy glass plates.

In the work on the cougars, we built two boxes of stout one-inch boards, one for the camera and one for the plate holders and lenses and fitted them inside the boxes with padding, so we could fasten them on a pack horse and lead it anywhere when on a hot trail after the hounds and cougars. The boxes had to be lashed securely on the horse so that, no matter how fast we went, or if the horse fell and rolled over, they would not be injured.

The most exiciting and thrilling picture I made was the cougar leaping from a tree and I caught her in midair. This was a female cougar and proved very wild and shy. When first treed and the four of us horsemen came out in sight of her through the trees and while 50 yards away, she saw us and turned and leaped out of the tree, in the midst of the dogs and escaped them and ran a quarter of a mile or so when they caught up with her and she treed again. Again she leaped out when we incautiously came out too soon into plain view of her. Again the dogs made her tree, and this time William Wells reconnoitered and found I could get very close behind a small tree and planned things so that, when I was ready, the other three men were to start yelling and throwing clubs at her from their side. Everything worked like a machine and out she started on my side. Instantly I side-stepped out into full clear view and she made the leap and the camera was trained on her and the shutter released. She struck the ground so close to me that I could have knocked a homerun if I had been possessed of a baseball bat, and not the camera. We had about all the dogs—around 20 of them—and they were making an awful din up to the time she jumped, and then they made more noise, if possible. They caught her this time before she could tree, and we ran to the place and I made a snap shot at the scrimmage. She got loose from them twice, once coming my way and I had to run, but the dogs caught her and I ran up close again; then she got loose the second time and ran the other way, where Charlie Hardy of Boston, who was on that side, had to get a move on. Then they got her down and finished her.

Diversion of Water from the Western Slope

GEORGE J. BANCROFT*

The basic reason for diverting water from the Western Slope of Colorado to the Eastern Slope is purely one of geography. Colorado is divided into two geographic provinces, the dividing line being the crest of the continental divide. There is a minor third-basin, tributary to the Rio Grande, but this basin will not be discussed in this study.

The Eastern Slope consists of a sharp and narrow declevity, from the continental divide to the prairies. Generally speaking, the prairies are rich soil, needing water to make them great crop producers. About one million acre feet of water flows off the Eastern Slope of the Rocky Mountains into the Platte River basin. This water is being utilized and conserved to a degree exceeding any other similar enterprise in the entire world, unless we except some small areas in Spain. The Arkansas basin is second only to the Platte River basin in conserving and utilizing water.

The Western Slope of Colorado is mostly mountains and high mesas. The precipitation vastly exceeds the needs of the tillable land. About four million acre feet of water goes to waste at Grand Junction, so far as Colorado is concerned. This vast run-off, together with the flow of the Green River, is what makes Hoover Dam and Reservoir a practical enterprise and irrigates Southern California.

The Green River rises mostly in Wyoming. Wyoming is like Colorado. It has great prairies on the Eastern Slope that need water and on the Western Slope it has water to waste. So, in brief, Colorado and Wyoming furnish the water, while Southern California uses it.

The amount of water that can be diverted from the Western Slope in Colorado is very limited. It requires very long tunnels to divert very much water.

The earliest diversions were not for agriculture, but for placer mining. In 1860 a ditch was built across Hoosier Pass, taking water from a tributary of the Blue River and using it to work a high placer above Fairplay. In 1912 C. C. Link reopened and extended this ditch and it is now leased to the Denver Water Board. There are remnants of an old ditch across Tennessee Pass, above Leadville, but I do not know what placer it served. It has been improved and put to use.

*Mr. Bancroft is a Denver engineer whose long connection with water diversion especially qualifies him to write upon the subject.—Ed.

The first major diversion of water for agricultural use was the Chambers Lake Project on the Cache la Poudre. The earliest filings were made by J. P. Johnson of Fort Collins. Work commenced September 1, 1890, but little water was diverted until about 1898. The first diversion was made from the headwaters of the Laramie River. The Grand River Ditch from the Western Slope was built a little later. The water is conserved in Chambers Lake and other reservoirs. It is now owned by the Water Supply and Storage Company of Fort Collins. A large amount of water is diverted each year which not only benefits the Fort Collins district, but the return seepage benefits the lower Cache la Poudre and Platte River valleys.

It was this project which inspired my activities along the lines of diversion projects. In 1899 I examined a mine near Chambers Lake. Mr. Johnson very courteously showed me the Grand River Ditch. At that time my father, Dr. F. J. Bancroft, was president of the Agricultural Ditch Co. There was plenty of water in Clear Creek for all lands under Clear Creek ditches, but Horace Greeley's project had the prior rights on the Platte and all its tributaries. As the Greeley project grew, the Agricultural Ditch found itself short of water at times. Father earnestly advocated company action to build reservoirs, or otherwise improve water rights. But there are always "conscientious objectors" in any ditch company, so a small group prevented company action.

Finally, Father, C. B. Kountze, Chas. Hallack, and Jacob Gregory[1] decided to do something independent of the company. They furnished the money for expenses and I did the work. In 1900 I and Jim Steele (now Civil Service Commissioner) took our ponies and a pack mule and traveled the crest of the continental divide from James Peak southwest to Hoosier Pass. We also looked down on many lakes with reservoir possibilities (some of which I afterwards developed).

As a result of this trip the Moffat Tunnel project was originated and subsequently built. The Berthoud Pass Diversion was filed on, but Frank Church also filed about the same time and we resigned in his favor. The ditch has been built and is part of Standley Lake System. The Vasquez Pass ditch was filed on, but never built. The water goes through Moffat Tunnel. The Williams Fork Project was filed on, but our little group thought it was too big, so it was turned over to Henrylyn and eventually to Denver and is now constructed and operating. We saw a chance under Jones Pass, but concluded the best tunnel sites were farther on; besides it was snowing hard at that time and we needed shelter.

[1]C. B. Kountze, president of Colorado National Bank; Charles Hallack, brother of E. F. Hallack of Hallack & Howard Lumber Company; and Jacob Gregory, a well-to-do farmer.

We then originated the diversion from the Blue River, which is now Denver's "Futurist" Project. It has been changed a half dozen times since Jim and I first conceived it. I have done a lot of changing myself, both for associates and for the City of Denver. The present plan is for a twenty-six mile tunnel, conserving the water with a huge reservoir at Dillon and another at Two Forks on the Platte.

Will take the liberty, if I may, to pay a tribute to Mayor Stapleton's good common sense. He has always advocated getting the waters of the Blue with a number of short tunnels before California gets a prior "use claim" on the water.

The chronology of the pioneering of the Western Slope diversions is briefly told in the following list of filings. An explanation, however, is necessary. In 1899 and 1900 there was no generally recognized water filing procedure. The current opinion was that a placer filing, claiming water on the placer was the best obtainable title. So all of my early filings were placer claims, including Berthoud Pass, Vasquez Pass, Williams Fork, and Blue River.

The Moffat Tunnel diversion filing was made later, under the patronage of that wonderful builder, David H. Moffat. The filings were made in my name and W. A. Deuel (Moffat's trusted man), then head of the company building the Moffat Road. I inspired Moffat with the idea of using the "Pioneer Tunnel" for diverting water. He liked the idea and out of his own pocket put up the money to finance my filings and preliminary work—the water project not being an essential part of a railroad. These filings together with all my other diversion filings were eventually transferred to the Denver Water Commission.

EARLY FILINGS

Grand River Ditch, J. P. Johnson. Work began September 1, 1890. Williams Fork Ditch, Geo. Bancroft, et al. Work began September, 1900. Moffat Tunnel Ditch, Geo. Bancroft and W. A. Deuel. Work began July 1, 1902. Diversion from Blue River. First filings were made by Geo. Bancroft and Col. James H. Myers, as an adjunct to Col. Myers' Lenawee Tunnel, which was planned to pierce the continental divide from near Montezuma (on the Snake River) to a point above Silver Plume. The tunnel was already many hundred feet long, but would be over six miles long if it got through the divide. Later on I discovered that a four-mile tunnel under Georgia Pass would be better and shorter and would

deliver the water into South Park, where there are many fine reservoir sites, both in the park and in the Platte valley.

By this time W. E. Goldsborough (who financed the Standley Lake Project) had become interested in our project and he suggested that we change the name to the Reclamation Project, because (as he said) it was the most important project in the Denver area. So Myers and I made an amended filing showing the tunnel under Georgia Pass and changing the name to the Reclamation Project. Work was commenced on October 16, 1907. Goldsborough then bought Col. Myers' interest and obtained financial support from New York. We made good progress until 1909, when the Knickerbocker Trust Co. failed. Mr. Goldsborough's financial support was entangled in this failure and we had to shut down. Later on we transferred our holdings to the Denver Water Commission.

So it happens that the most important diversion project is still a dream of the future. However, Williams Fork and Moffat Tunnel are greatly relieving the water shortage, not only in Denver, but through return sewerage and seepage the whole Platte valley is benefited.

Coming on the heels of these pioneering diversion projects there have been a large number planned and many of them built. Altogether there are about twenty diversion projects which have diverted water. Most of these are small. They extend all the way from the Wyoming line to the San Juan Range. Prominent among such projects are the Big Thompson Project (futurist) and the Twin Lakes Project (in operation).

The Big Thompson Project is a very complicated one, designed by United States Reclamation Service. It involves several hydroelectric plants and pumping most of the agricultural water up to the Grand Lake Tunnel. This tunnel, thirteen miles long, will have taken about five years to build. When completed, it can divert by gravity flow only a small part of the water which it is planned to divert. The balance must be pumped up 150 feet.

The Twin Lakes Project was financed by Arkansas Valley farmers. It takes the headwaters of a number of Western Slope streams through a three-mile tunnel and conserves the water in Twin Lakes (eighteen miles southwest of Leadville). It is a very successful project. The average diversion is about 30,000 acre feet per year.

National Forests

LEN SHOEMAKER*

The recent consolidation of the Cochetopa National Forest and the proposed consolidation of the White River National Forest with other national forests of the state directs attention to the many changes in name and status of these federally-owned lands in Colorado and in the United States. Changes made, according to the United States Forest Service, are for the sake of economy or efficiency in administration.

Owing to a popular public demand during the last quarter of the nineteenth century, Congress authorized, by the Act of March 3, 1891, the withdrawal, by presidential proclamation, of certain timbered lands from the western public domain as timber land reserves. This Act marked the beginning of a system of federal protection and controlled use of such lands and resources across the nation, which has resulted in federal administration, at the present time, of over 177 million acres of timbered lands in the United States and its territories of Alaska and Puerto Rico.

President Benjamin Harrison, a firm believer in the movement which had been started to save from private exploitation the nation's remaining timber, was quick to seize the opportunity the Act afforded. He established the Yellowstone Park Timber Land Reserve in Wyoming on March 30, 1891, and the White River Plateau Timber Land Reserve in Colorado on October 16, 1891, and, during the remainder of his term of office, he established thirteen more reserves.

Four of the thirteen were in Colorado, namely: Pikes Peak Timber Land Reserve, established on February 11, 1892; Plum Creek Timber Land Reserve, June 23, 1892; South Platte Forest Reserve, December 9, 1892; and Battlement Mesa Forest Reserve, December 24, 1892. (The term *Timber Land* in the title was supplanted by the term *Forest* during the year.)

President Grover Cleveland established fifteen reserves during his term of office, and President William McKinley established twelve, but none of them was in Colorado.

President Theodore Roosevelt, however, proved to be the nation's foremost champion in the crusade for forest conservation. He established 150 reserves, which totaled about 148 million acres. In fact, he became so enthusiastic in his campaign of withdrawals that the opponents of the conservation movement combined forces

*Mr. Shoemaker recently retired after thirty years with the National Forest Service. He has completed the manuscript for a volume entitled, "Saga of a Forest Ranger, Being the Biography of William R. Kreutzer, the First Forest Ranger."—Ed.

and, in 1907, induced Congress to revoke a part of the creative privilege granted to Presidents. In the states of Washington, Oregon, California, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, and Colorado, thereafter, congressional consent was necessary to even the enlargement of a reserve.

Fourteen of the reserves created by President Theodore Roosevelt were in Colorado, to wit: San Isabel, established April 11, 1902; Gunnison, Leadville, and an enlarged Pikes Peak (composed of the former Pikes Peak, Plum Creek and South Platte Reserves), May 12, 1905; San Juan, June 3, 1905; Park Range and Wet Mountains, June 12, 1905; Cochetopah and Montezuma, June 13, 1905; Uncompahgre, June 14, 1905; Holy Cross, August 25, 1905; La Sal (largely in Utah), January 25, 1906; Fruita, February 24, 1906; Ouray, February 2, 1907; and Las Animas (extending into New Mexico), March 1, 1907. Also a large area in the northern part of the state was added to the Medicine Bow Forest Reserve of Wyoming on May 17, 1905.

Meanwhile, by an Act of Congress of March 4, 1907, the name *Forest Reserves* was changed to *National Forests.* "To correct the erroneous impression of lands and resources held in reserve," said the foresters and friends of forest conservation, "when our policy is a controlled everyday use of them." Many persons, however, consider the new title a misnomer, for up to the present day the public at large fails to distinguish between *Forests,* an area of public land, and *forests,* a group of trees.

After considering the changes prior to June 30, 1908, there were a total of 166 National Forests on that date. Eighteen of the 166 were in Colorado (including the three partly in other states), and they totaled 15,746,932 acres. On July 1 and 2, 1908, a general rearrangement of the National Forests was made by presidential executive orders. The total number was reduced to 142, by consolidation of small Forests and a readjustment of boundaries. Many names were changed and headquarters locations were shifted to fit the new administrative units.

After the change there were still eighteen Forests in, or partly in, Colorado; the acreage was the same, but three new Forests—the Arapaho, the Hayden (largely in Wyoming), and the Rio Grande—appeared on the list. Three were lost—the Fruita and the Ouray had been combined with the Uncompahgre, and the Wet Mountains with the San Isabel. The Battlement Mesa became the Battlement, the Cochetopah—Cochetopa, the La Sal—La Salle, the Park Range—Routt, the Pikes Peak—Pike. The Colorado section of the Medicine Bow was assigned the name, and the Wyoming section was designated Cheyenne.

Because of a public demand, on account of administrative necessity, and for various other reasons, over 200 changes in name and status of National Forests have occurred during the 36-year period following the 1908 reorganization. Of these changes, the following have occurred in the Forests in Colorado: the La Salle (of Colorado and Utah) was given its original title, La Sal, March 16, 1909; the Holy Cross was divided, and one part designated Sopris, April 26, 1909; the Las Animas (of Colorado and New Mexico) was combined with the San Isabel, May 27, 1910; the Medicine Bow was re-named, Colorado, July 1, 1910; the San Juan was divided, and one part designated, Durango, July 1, 1911; the Sopris was reunited with the Holy Cross, August 7, 1920; the Durango was reunited with the San Juan, November 21, 1920; the Fruita (then part of the Uncompahgre) was transferred to the Battlement, April 13, 1921; the Battlement was re-named the Grand Mesa, March 11, 1924; the part of the Hayden in Colorado was combined with the Routt, August 2, 1929; the Leadville was combined with the Cochetopa, Arapaho, and other Forests, May 26, 1930; the Colorado was re-named the Roosevelt, March 28, 1932; part of the Routt, through land exchange procedure, became a State Forest, August 19, 1938; the Cochetopa was consolidated with the San Isabel and other Forests in 1944; and the White River may be consolidated with the Holy Cross and Routt.

In view of the recent changes, the National Forests in Colorado now number twelve, plus a small part of the La Sal, which lies largely in Utah. They are: Arapaho, Grand Mesa, Gunnison, Holy Cross, Montezuma, Pike, Rio Grande, Roosevelt, Routt, San Isabel, San Juan, Uncomphagre and White River, and they total 13,641,288 acres.

A Pioneer of the Roaring Fork[1]

As Told to Ivah Dunklee by William M. Dinkel

Our arrival in the Roaring Fork and Rock Creek valleys was the beginning of my continuous residence in what afterward became Carbondale. It was the 25th of September, 1881, when we began erection of our quarters for the winter. We worked diligently for five days to complete our house and, in that time, finished even the big fireplace. The cabin was built on the very spot where the trees were felled, and the rocks for the chimney were taken from the nearby river.

[1]Continued from the preceding issue and concluded in this. Prepared for publication by Edgar C. McMechen.—Ed.

A king in his newly-built palace never felt more complacent than we after a year-and-a-half of roughing it. Daylight and fresh air was supplied by a doorway in one end, a heavily furred skin acting as substitute for a door. Just opposite was a small window. The game season opened October 1, and we thought no time was to be lost. With the dawn we were out and away. So were all the hunters in the country.

I killed five deer in my search that evening. While sitting on a little ridge that sharpened into a cone I picked up a piece of rock, broke off the surface and found it to be coal. The Merion and Spring Gulch mines are now being operated on that very vein.

Next day, when out from camp to pack in our kill I came in sight of the very king of elk. He was lying down. The first shot broke both jaws. He leaped up, bawling pitifully, and turned broadside toward me. In an instant I had ended his misery with a bullet through his heart. That elk completed the load for our pack animals. Only the hindquarters were required for the market, so the forequarters were left. The custom was wasteful but the market was so far away that one could not afford to pack undesirable parts. All of the elk, however, was packed. It took us three days of hard traveling to reach Independence, a mining camp between Aspen and Leadville, a distance of seventy miles.

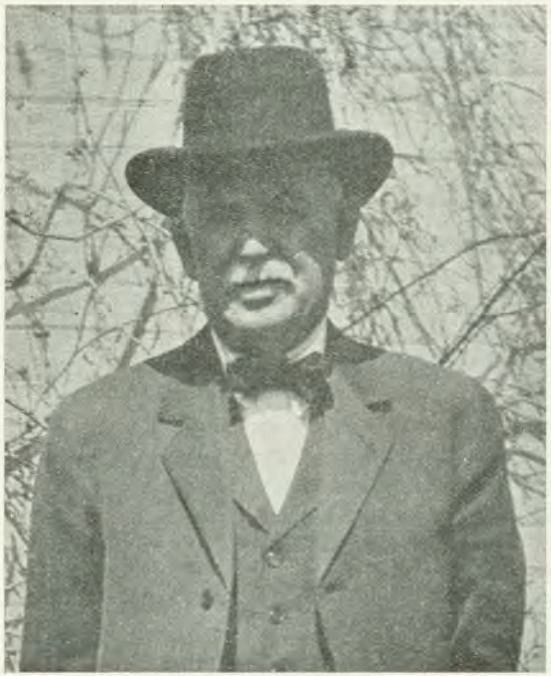
In Independence we found a ready market as meat was scarce and the butcher was glad to get it at twelve and one-half cents a pound. I never saw a butcher make money faster. The meat went as quickly as he could cut it, and he did not throw bones and trimmings away. We had reserved two pieces of deer meat for friends mining in the Chrysolite mines at Leadville, one of whom was James Bonnan, the celebrated Kentuckian. He used to declare dramatically that rather than return home without sufficient money to pay his debts his bones should bleach upon the mountain side. That is just what happened to him and he lies buried near Independence.

In return for our gift of venison we received a sack of candles, saved from the daily supply at the mine. We had seen nothing but firelight at nights for months, and this was a boon.

After an all night feast before an open fire we went foraging for supplies next morning. Soon our jacks were well loaded with flour, bacon, cheese, salt, pepper—all the little things we had long needed. Our pack was finished with potatoes, the first even seen in what is now Carbondale, one of the famous potato regions of the world.

We made one more hunting trip. Hunting then was the only means of livelihood, and it was our business. It meant soap, salt, sugar, pepper, bacon, lard, even bread. The weather had been growing colder and we had increased our party to four. Newton

Lantz of Sciota Valley, Ohio, had joined us. About the last day of October we went into the Four Mile country, where we made camp and the following day killed twenty-one deer. Lantz killed a big elk and, being unfamiliar with hunting tactics, failed to mark the spot. A slight fall of snow made the country look alike to him and he was unable to locate his animal. We were persistent and late the second day we found the elk. We were five days on the road to Leadville where we disposed of our game at a fair price.



WILLIAM M. DINKEL

By this time we had become so important in the hunting game that we refused to walk any longer, so we added two ponies and two burros to our train. The rest of our money was invested in a good Oliver Chilled Turn plough, oats for seed and, what seemed of greatest importance to us, a cook stove.

On our return trip I killed a tremendously big mountain sheep, which rolled conveniently to the road. In Independence he brought twenty-eight dollars.

From Independence we went to J. W. Curtis' ranch and paid him twelve and one-half cents a pound for hay, consisting principally of swamp grass and brush. We were glad to get a mince pie for one dollar. Even then living was high on the trail.

Upon entering our cabin we found that a wayfaring man had cooked himself a square meal, washed the dishes and pencilled a note: "I found abundance and served myself accordingly." A half-dollar had been left as pay.

After the hunting season, Zimmerman and I held a consultation. He decided to go to the Chrysolite mine and work during the winter while I was to remain with the stock. I was to share in his earnings.

We separated at Aspen where I purchased enough lumber to protect my supplies in a cupboard. The invasion of my cabin home by rodents coming in from the fields in search of winter quarters was something remarkable. They swarmed and frisked about the living room in amazing numbers. Hundreds of them I destroyed by sinking a large can filled with water at the entrance. In this they drowned.

On that last trip to Aspen I had come as far as Woody Creek when I was forced to take refuge in a deserted cabin from a heavy snow storm. I tried to get my horse through the door, but it was too low. So I fastened him to a corner, fed him some hay that I had in a sack, divided my bed with him and turned the four jacks loose. Next morning the snow was two-and-a-half feet on the level, with the jacks gone and the horse without hay. A scalding pot of coffee and some fried bacon fixed me up, but the bread went to my horse. He seemed to enjoy the change in diet. Then I started for home twenty miles away, leaving the packs in the cabin. I had no trouble locating the jacks the next day, but when within sight of home had trouble at the river. The ice had pushed up the bank, forming an embankment about two feet high. Because of the thick willows this was the only place I could cross. All the jacks but one were loaded lightly and managed the descent and ford without difficulty, but little Dan's sturdy legs were hampered by an empty whiskey barrel that I had bought to hold pickled venison. Again and again Dan tried to clamber down the ice but he dared not risk the footing. Finally, becoming impatient, I said, "Dan, if you don't go in I'll push you," and followed the words with action. In he went—kersplash—falling broadside, barrel down, and the water gurgled as it ran in the bunghole. Dan floated, kicking helplessly, toward a whirlpool fifty feet below. I plunged into the icy water and waded to him, turned his head upstream, heaved on the barrel and got him upon his feet. He went on a dead run for the cabin and stood at the door switching a hurry signal with his tail. My clothes were frozen stiff when I reached the cabin, and Dan's coat rattled. I soon had the packs off and built a rousing fire of pitch-wood. Dan came through the door like a dog at the first call, plunging his nose into a pan of oats while the ice melted upon the floor in a pool.

He turned from side to side like a human being, backing and siding until thoroughly dry and then, with a loud bray and a joyous kick, bolted through the door and joined the other jacks.

That winter I had a brilliant idea about softening up my hides. I took them to the Glenwood Springs on horseback and sunk them in the hot springs, expecting to grain them easily after soaking for a day. Next morning, I pulled a large hide from the waters and placed it on the graining block. It seemed unusually thick. When I started to scrape I found that it had been eaten by chemicals in the water and ruined. All my hides were worthless.

My only companion from January 1 to March 1 was the pointer dog, Sport, given me by the trapper, Bill Grant. He had become wonderfully proficient as a hunter, but when I missed a shot he would give me an unmistakable look of disgust, saunter off and no amount of coaxing could put him to work again that day.

About March 1, mountain fever took me. I had been in bed, without fire or food, for ten days, part of the time delirious, when the hoofbeats of a galloping horse broke that awful monotony. In a few minutes Judge Watson of the Cincinnati bar poked his head in the doorway, looked startled and demanded, "Have you got the smallpox?" Assured that there was no danger, he got a bucket of water, laid in a supply of firewood, built a fire and cooked his dinner. He carried word of my plight to Dr. Teller at Aspen, who prescribed and told the druggist to send me medicine. Finally, Sam Creston was persuaded to make the relief trip, and walked thirty-eight miles from Aspen to the cabin, wading the icy river twice. He reached the cabin about 8 o'clock at night.

I was aroused by the barking of the dog, but was too weak to greet Sam. I heard his heavy footsteps approaching the bed. There was a moment of silence, then Sam's solemn tones: "I'm afraid, old boy, it's too late to save your master." I heard him bustling about with the fire to heat some water. Then the rustle of paper as he undid the package of medicine. Again the solemn soliloquy: "All I kin make out is . . . take it all . . . so here goes!"

He dumped the contents into the pan of hot water and urged me to "Drink it down. Take some more. If you aint dead you soon will be if you don't drink it. I'm here to see you do."

Too weak to resist, I was an unwilling victim. That dose nearly ended the feeble flicker of life still in me, and I agreed with Sam that I was to die. Dolefully, I tried to make Sam my sole heir, cabin and all contents, but he said: "No, No! You might pull through—but it don't look like you will."

That dose of medicine was the most powerful stuff I ever swallowed. I felt like an erupting volcano, but I was tough and after awhile I felt better.

Sam had to leave, and for ten days I was alone, still a very sick man. One day, while crawling about, I found the doctor's note on the floor. Light dawned. The medicine was to have been made up into portions like a sample enclosed and taken one at a time. Well—I still am grateful to Sam.

Sale of my three jacks for $150 in the spring of 1882 set me up as the first agriculturist in the valley. I purchased a span of mules and harnesses in Aspen and began to plow, because the Reservation was now open and we had located on the site of Carbondale. We plowed and planted twelve acres: eight in oats, two in potatoes, one in onions, and one to beans, peas and other truck.

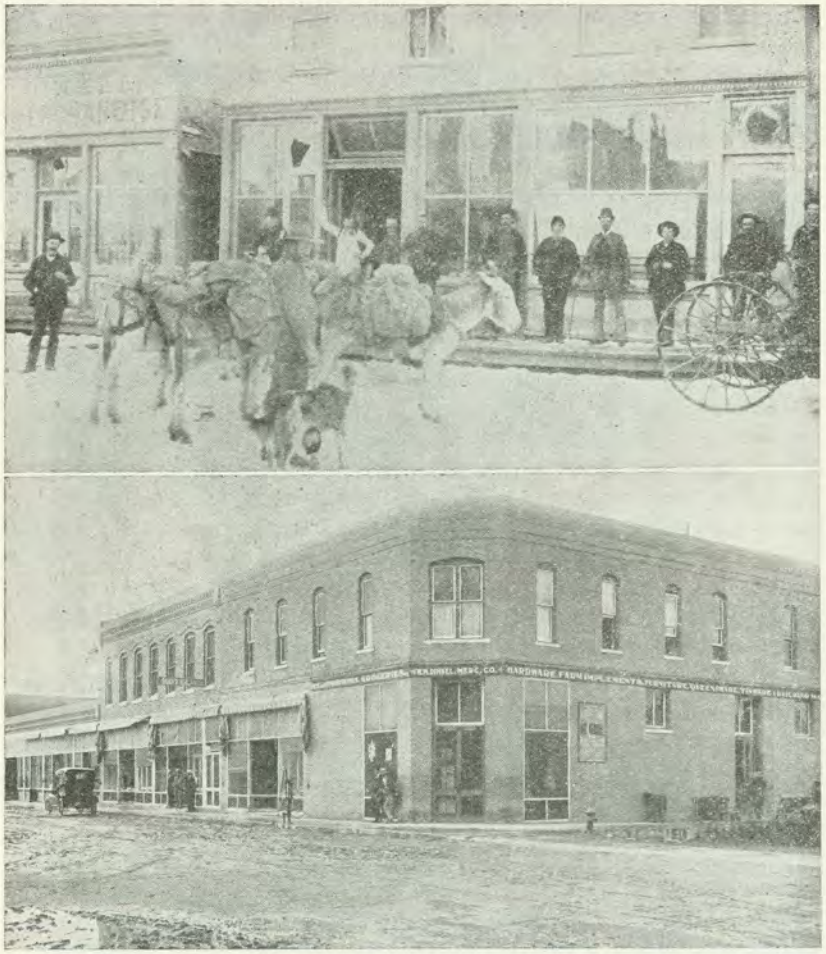
While Zimmerman plowed for neighbors at $5.00 per acre I built the first irrigation ditch out of the Roaring Fork River. Since I had no surveying instruments, I established grade by watching the flowing water and correcting the slope. In planting, every second furrow covered a row of potatoes and opened an irrigating ditch for them; oats were covered by dragging a log over the field; onion seed were dropped from a bottle with a quill in the cork. Onions went to seed the first year, but we got two hundred sacks of potatoes to the acre and the grain yield was heavy. We cradled the oats and bound them by hand. The wind carried the chaff away as I threshed by throwing the oats into the air with a shovel.

During the summer I built the finest cabin in the valley from hewn logs. It had two rooms, 14 by 16 feet, fireplaces at each end, two windows in each end, and a board floor. My brother and his wife occupied one side, and Zimmerman and I the other. This released the old cabin, which I buried from the roof down with dirt, for a potato cellar.

We sold most of our oats in the spring of 1883 at five cents per pound, and used potatoes as a medium of exchange with great profit. A man named Martin gave his jack for a sack of potatoes. Later, he traded a pony for the jack and another sack. Still later, he gave a large horse for the pony and a third sack. I sold the large horse for $150, thus realizing $50 a sack for the potatoes.

Fourteen settlers located within five miles of us that second year. Our potato crop was increased to seven acres. That year a toll-road was built from Jerome Park to Emma, twelve miles above Carbondale, opening the stage route between Aspen and Glenwood. Two lines operated over it, the Kit Carson and the Western Stage Company. Carbondale's main street is located on that stage line.

During the summer of 1884 we cut logs from the slopes of Mt. Sopris and built for business, on this thorofare, an eight-room house, a barn to shelter sixty head of horses, a store 16 by 25 feet, and opened the first inn in the valley. "Dinkels" was the only passenger stop between Aspen and Glenwood. My brother and his



UPPER: DINKEL'S FIRST STORE IN CARBONDALE
LOWER: THE DINKEL BUILDING OF TODAY

wife operated the inn and I tended the store. Zimmerman and I reached a business settlement in 1886, and he returned to Bedford County, Virginia. This left me alone as my brother and his wife moved to Plateau Creek in Mesa County.

This also was the year of the great coal locations and construction of the first railroads; the Aspen and Western ran south from Carbondale; the Midland followed down the north side of the Roaring Fork,[2] and the Denver & Rio Grande worked up on the south

[2]The actual course of the Midland was down Frying Pan River to the confluence of the Frying Pan and Roaring Fork, where it branched, the main line continuing to Glenwood, the spur turning up the Roaring Fork to Aspen, which it reached late in the fall of 1887, a few days after the Rio Grande. Arthur Ridgway, in the Baker and Hafen *History of Colorado*, II, 841.

side from Glenwood. Women came in, a school was opened. We had attained civilization.

Agricultural products were abundant. I harvested two hundred sacks of onions from two acres.

Carbondale had a building boom in the spring of 1887. There were thirteen saloons, seven business houses, one hotel, three restaurants, one school, but a dearth of dwelling houses. Miss Josephine Woodward taught the first school of eighteen pupils. Her salary was $80 a month. Farming had now become general, and the railroads and coal mines developed steadily. Owing to development of the coal mines, Carbondale precinct polled about five hundred votes. We enjoyed our first election.

The law required that saloons be closed and so the front doors were; but every keeper did a thriving business through the rear door. The election passed off quietly until two young men who had imbibed freely got into a fight. Some one suggested a ring to insure fair play, and the enthusiastic voters formed an oval enclosure nearly a block long. The contestants—Jim Moore and Joseph Smith—fought for an hour. Then one bit the other. Instantly, Smith's brother drew his gun and shouted for "fair play." Fights broke out like a rash. Jack Cheney knocked gunman Smith down and took his weapon. Sideline Kelley wrapped a rock in a large handkerchief and conked Newton Lantz on the head.

Comedy temporarily quieted the ruckus. John Cullom, solemnly and tipsily, asked Sideline Kelley for entertainment. Kelley socked him on the jaw and down went Cullom. Rising clumsily but cheerfully Cullom said: "I never had so much fun in my life."

"Well, do you still want to be entertained," demanded Kelley. John, with raucous bellow, vowed he did.

"Crack!" And down went Cullom again.

"Do you want some more entertainment?" yelled Kelley.

Cullom staggered up. "Sure. It's an enjoyable occasion. I'm in this fight to the finish."

This time, a fearful blow between the eyes sent him rolling into the brimming irrigation ditch. The whooping citizens dragged him out and stood him upon unsteady legs. Blinking uncertainly, he made a low, polite bow and begged to be excused from further entertainment.

Instantly, the battle royal was resumed. Fights broke out up and down the street and for more than an hour the melee continued. Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the trouble abated and people drifted off home. Carbondale's first election was ended.

I became Postmaster in the spring of 1887. Three families of Lumleys, with numerous progeny, then lived in town. Although

there was but one mail a day, each child came regularly three times a day to ask for mail. Invariably, they wanted to know why there was no mail, if none had arrived, and when I said I didn't know each wanted to know why I was there if I did not know.

Many a time we put up a thousand dollars worth of goods after supper. Our store had the reputation of carrying as choice groceries as could be found in Colorado. The young men who acted as claim holders for the coal companies lived high. We furnished French mushrooms, *pate de foie gras*, choice cheeses, the finest coffees and cigars, as well as other choice viands.

My store was the club house, so to speak, of the region; the meeting place of men after work; the hob-nobbing point for commercial travelers.

One day, Eugene Grubb[3] lounged into the store and said: "I've got something here for you, Dinkel." He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew forth a package, opened it and displayed thirteen baby mice, one day old. Dangling a wriggling pink morsel by its tail, he said: "When the fish won't take that, they won't take anything." With evident relish he eyed the mite, continuing: "Now, I want you to promise me that you'll take a half-holiday and go fishing . . . you'll be surprised." He selected seven and replaced them in his coat, handing me six.

Well—I had been working right steady and I decided that I would go fishing that afternoon. I took B. B. Hill with me. I baited a hook with the mouselet, tossed it into the stream and set myself for the ensuing rush. No bite! I tried pool after pool with no result, then gave it up and started to reel in line. Hill said, "You'd better throw that package of mice away before you forget it."

A few days later I had occasion to go to the sugar barrel. As I bent down I caught a whiff of something most disagreeable.

"Jake," I yelled, "you lazy rascal! Why don't you clean up around here. I've said enough to you. There's something dead around here. Get busy and mop up."

Jake fell to like a maniac, rolling barrels here and there, dumping boxes, sweeping and mopping and using plenty of soap. But in the end he said apologetically, "I never found a thing, boss."

Next day, while bending over a bag of potatoes in the storeroom I caught the same scent. I hollered for Jake, who came a-running, and he smelled the odor, too. He fell to work like a hunting dog, scattering the potatoes over the floor; but there was not even a rotten potato in the sack.

[3]Internationally known Colorado potato raiser who started life as a blacksmith and ended by hobnobbing with American millionaires and European royalty.

Then that phantom smell turned up at my desk while I was working on the books. I called Frank Sweet, a clerk, who overturned the entire office, emptied the pigeon holes, scalded and mopped, but with no result.

I had an inspiration. "Jake," I ordered, "crawl under the floor and look." Jake wriggled under the floor on his belly and soon his muffled voice held a cry of triumph: "I see something white—guess it's a cat." In a moment he grumbled: "Naw, just a wad of paper."

That very afternoon I opened a box of freight and was almost overpowered by the stench. My angry yell brought several people and all agreed that the smell was most peculiar. Well, it was no joke and the customers agreed. That made it serious.

Suddenly, I was stricken with a horrible thought. "Jake," I said, "I never thought of it before—it's catarrh. I used to have it and it's come back. You look out for the store. I'm going to the drug store."

The druggist was sympathetic. "Sure," he agreed. "That's it. I'll fix you up." He outfitted me with an atomizer, some bitterish powders and a bottle of medicine. I used that atomizer as faithfully as I took off my vest, rolled it up and placed it under my pillow to guard against theft of several thousand dollars I carried in the inside pocket in lieu of a safe.

You know, the dang smell kept getting stronger and stronger. Again I went to the druggist, Kaibeccias, saying glumly: "Say, I believe it's my liver—it's putrid."

Kaibeccias eyed me anxiously. "Believe you are right, Dinkel. You oughta told me before. I'll fix you up." He brought out a bottle of liver regulator. I took that bottle faithfully, but before I got through the second I gave up in disgust. I still had my smell.

Next I thought of skin trouble. I had Jake heat me a big kettle of hot water, dig me out a new suit of flannel underwear and a new suit of clothes. Then I took a hot bath and put on the new duds. Jake sniffed me over like a bloodhound and agreed I smelled sweet and fresh. With the first untroubled mind I'd had since the thing began I undressed that night and, from force of habit, stuck my old vest with its big wad of bills under the pillow. Also from force of habit, I suppose, I put on the old vest next morning.

That forenoon I was almost overcome by that horrible stench. I called Jake and with saddened heart said: "Jake, I'm afraid I'm not long for this world. I don't feel any pain, but I reckon I'm doomed. I think I've got internal mortification." He pinched his nose together and nodded sadly.

That afternoon thirteen traveling men hit Carbondale all at one time. There were Jim Coy, whom I had dubbed "Pickle Jim"

because he sold pickles; Harry Beal, who represented Struby-Estabrook, Denver wholesale grocers; John B. Wardell; Harry Stringfellow the Simons Hardware of St. Louis and several more. That afternoon they gathered in the store and, about that time, Nelson Goode, a Swede farmer, drove into town with a load of watermelons. The boys surrounded the wagon and began hefting the melons and guessing weights.

One fellow lifted a melon at arm's height and shouted: "How many pounds does this melon weigh—Going! Going! Going!..."

Someone gave the melon a clip. Down it smashed on the ground, flying into a dozen pieces.

Goode looked at the mess ruefully and exclaimed: "That feller, he don't know how to handle watermelons." The remark took the fancy of the boys. All fell to handling them and in half-an-hour the whole load was scattered over the ground. The small boys had the time of their lives and in a few minutes flying chunks of melon filled the air. It was all done too cleverly for Goode to be certain of deliberate intent. One of the boys would hold a melon out and ask Goode to plug it. While he was wielding his knife the melon would slip.

Goode shook his head sadly. "It's not a good day for melons," he said and, clambering over the wheel of his wagon, he clucked lugubriously and drove home.

After supper, the boys gathered at the store again, bent for a time. "Come on, Dinkel," they said. "There's thirteen saloons to visit yet. Let's whoop it up."

"Well, I might as well have one more good time, I told him. I haven't got much longer to live—internal disorder. I've smelt bad for a month."

"Smell!" said Beal. "That's stating it mildly. Phew! Get away from me! But you might as well die happy."

After we had visited a few saloons the whole town woke up and the crowd increased as we went along, whooping and gay. Beer flowed like water. Some of it they poured into my pockets when I stopped drinking. I was just too sad to be happy.

It was understood that I was to be the backer since I wouldn't need money much longer. Next morning the bills began to come in The spree cost $79.50. We figured in the value of the watermelons which added $32.50. I paid the entire amount but the boys were good sports and each gave his share to me.

Since I was express agent for Wells Fargo I had my pockets stuffed full of bills. Some were still soggy from the beer and I began to pull them out to dry them in the sun. When I dug deep into my vest pockets I finally touched something that was not money. I cautiously drew out a brown paper package and unrolled the badly decayed remains of the five little mice.

Well, sir, I dropped that package, tore across the street to Hill's place and blurted: "I know what's the matter with me now ... I had my pocket full of dead mice."

Then I tore back and told Jake and Sweet. They collapsed on the floor, rolled around, shouted, laughed and cried. Then they ran around from door to door to spread the story. All anybody had to say for months was "Mice!" and the lid was off.

Irrigation enterprises were opened upon a much larger scale in 1890, with oats the predominating grain crop. A few experienced Greeley potato growers came into the region, paying as high as $10 per acre rental, and obtained very fair results. During the summer I built a branch store at Spring Gulch, a coal camp, and put W. L. Girdner in charge. He delivered groceries by wagon daily to the Austrians and Italians there, as well as mail. Since he could not pronounce the names, he invented an ingenious delivery system. Just as he crossed the crest of a little hill at Spring Gulch he would yell. Out poured the excited folk, jabbering in their native tongues. Girdner would smile expansively, wave his arms and then, taking the mail sack at the corners, strew letters and papers in every direction. Such a scramble and laughter then ensued. Each person would hunt for his own mail, run shouting to his cabin and quiet would fall again.

About 1891, I shipped the first carload of potatoes ever to go out of the Roaring Fork Valley. It reached market in bad order and proved a failure, but we started to educate farmers in shipping and the next season proved profitable. However, they feared that potatoes would drug the market and cut down their plantings, so that land values failed to rise as fast as they should have.

My present two-story block was built at this time. It served as a foundation to restore confidence. A fierce fire almost consumed the town shortly afterward, but the net result was good because more substantial buildings were erected. The East Mesa Ditch, eleven miles long and costing $25,000, as well as several other irrigation enterprises furnished much work and pulled us through.

A better period now followed, with increased potato harvests. As the productive reputation of the region spread, people from other states came to investigate and many remained as permanent settlers. We weathered the Panic of 1893 quite creditably. During the early days a few cattle growers had run herds numbering thousands, but now we had hundreds of herds of a few hundred head each.

Pioneer days were over, and Carbondale had become a thriving mountain center, with modern utilities.

In 1900, I was elected representative to the state legislature from Garfield County, and sent back for a second term. These four years, spent in part in Denver, represent the longest period I have been away from Carbondale since I went there from Virginia in 1880 and found a mountain wilderness, with a few tepee poles as the only evidence of habitation.