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Prehistoric Peoples of Colorado¹

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Colorado is commonly regarded as one of the younger states in the Union, a state with a relatively short history, yet within its boundaries there is evidence to show that it was one of the earliest occupied areas in North America. In the closing days of the last Ice Age when the climate was cooler and more moist than that of today and when large glaciers still lingered in the nearby mountains small groups of hunters roamed the plains east of the foothills, some even drifted westward into the San Luis Valley, following the herds of game upon which they relied for sustenance. These nomads were part of one of the first in a series of migrations from north-eastern Asia that was to populate the New World with what, millenia later, Columbus mistakenly called Indians.² The most likely route of travel for the earliest of these movements was by way of the Bering Strait region.³ During the last stage of the Pleistocene the lowlands bordering Bering Sea and the Arctic Coast were not glaciated and following the climax of the period, although large portions of North America were still covered by remnants of the Wisconsin ice sheet, there was an open corridor along the eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains. Consequently it was possible for men and animals to pass from Central Asia to Alaska, eastward to the Mackenzie River and thence southward into the Northern Plains. This undoubtedly was the avenue by which the early hunters reached the area now included in the Centennial State.

The existence of such a people and their significance was first established in northern New Mexico, but much of the information about them has come from Colorado. In the summer of 1926 a party from the Colorado Museum of Natural History was collecting bones from an extinct species of bison at a quarry in a little valley on a small, intermittent tributary of the Cimarron River several

¹Contributed by permission of the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

*Dr. Roberts, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution, prepared this article for the forthcoming history, *Colorado and Its People*, and has permitted its previous publication here.—Ed.

²The marked similarity in physical features between the American Indians and eastern Asiatics, together with certain cultural and linguistic resemblances, indicate a common heritage and there is general agreement that the Indians came from Asia. See A. Hrdlicka, "The origin and antiquity of the American Indian," in *Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution* for 1923, pp. 481-494.

³Ernst Antevs, "The spread of aboriginal man to North America," in the *Geographical Review*, 25, 302-309.

miles west of Folsom, Union County, New Mexico. During the course of the excavations parts of two finely chipped stone projectile points were recovered from the loose dirt. Later a small, triangular piece of "flint" was found embedded in the clay surrounding an animal bone. This fragment was left in the block of earth with the bone and sent to the laboratory at Denver where the dirt was carefully cleaned from the bit of stone. The latter appeared to be of the same material as one of the points and examination showed that it actually was a part of the point. It was possible to fit the two pieces together. Here, seemingly, was good evidence of a definite association between man-made objects and an extinct species of bison.⁴ Further work at the quarry in the summers of 1927 and 1928 produced more points and bison skeletons and demonstrated beyond doubt that they were contemporaneous. The investigations also revealed that the assemblage of bones and artifacts lay in what probably were the remains of an old bog or water hole. The animals had come there to drink and were surrounded, killed and butchered by the men who made the points. Above the stratum containing this material were several feet of sediments of highly re-stratified earth of a nature indicative of considerable antiquity. Geologists studying these deposits and the adjacent terrain considered them to be very Late Pleistocene or Early Recent in age. This indicated a much earlier occupation of the country than was previously supposed. The points differed from those ordinarily found in the region. They were thin, leaf-shaped blades without barbs or tangs and were characterized by longitudinal grooves or channels extending along each face from the base towards the tip. Because the scene of the excavations was known as the Folsom site, from the name of the nearby town, the points also were so designated.

Interest was quickly aroused by this find and people began to talk about Folsom Man and Folsom Culture, although little was known beyond the fact that he lived in the area at a comparatively early date and made a peculiar type of projectile point which he used in killing a kind of bison no longer in existence. It was not until several years had passed that more extensive information on the subject became available and when it did it was obtained from a site in northern Colorado. This location was discovered by Judge C. C. Coffin, A. Lynn Coffin, and C. K. Collins, all of Ft. Collins,⁵ in 1924. They recognized that the points founds there differed from the usual Indian arrowheads which are so abundant in that general region but did not regard them as particularly significant until the summer of 1930 when they were identified as Folsom type.

⁴J. D. Figgins, "The antiquity of man in America," in *Natural History*, 27, 229-239.

⁵Roy G. Coffin, *Northern Colorado's first settlers*, Frank H. H. Roberts, Jr., "A Folsom complex: Preliminary report on investigations at the Lindenmeier site in northern Colorado," in *Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections*, 94, No. 4.

Subsequent visits to the site established the fact that it actually had been a camping grounds and that other types of stone artifacts were made and used by the people who made the points. On the basis of this evidence and with the permission of Wm. Lindenmeier, Jr., the then owner, a program of excavations was initiated in the fall of 1934 by the Smithsonian Institution and was continued each summer through 1940. In addition a party from the Colorado Museum of Natural History worked there during the summer of 1935 and Judge C. C. Coffin and Major Roy G. Coffin, of Ft. Collins, carried on independent investigations throughout the years that the other groups were at the location.

The Lindenmeier Site is 28 miles north of Ft. Collins, in Larimer County, on what was known as the Lindenmeier Horse Ranch in distinction from the home ranch situated a few miles northeast of the city. It is now a part of the Warren Livestock Company holdings in that district. The remains are found on portions of the floor and the south slope of a little valley that occurs on the break between the High Plains and the Colorado Piedmont, directly east of the Colorado Front Range. As a result of erosion of part of the ridges that once bordered its southern side a large portion of the old valley has taken on the appearance of a terrace lying above an intermittent tributary to a series of creeks belonging to the Cache la Poudre-South Platte drainage. The geologic formation, commonly called the White River, consists of a thick stratum of Brulé tuff-clay overlain by a conglomerate of poorly cemented arkosic sand and gravel known as the Arikaree. The little valley was formed when water flowing from the west cut down through this conglomerate and into the top of the Brulé.

Excavations showed that when the Folsom people first found their way into the valley its bottom consisted of a thin layer of soil resting on the light-colored clay, while the surface of the slopes was mainly the top of the clay and scattered patches of thinly deposited sand and gravel that had weathered from the capping conglomerate still remaining on the tops of the bordering ridges. Here and there along the bottom were small ponds and marshy places, swampy meadows with springs and succulent grasses. These attracted the game and the presence of the animals drew hunters into the area. The additional assets of raw material—quartzite nodules comprising varieties of stone commonly called chalcidony, chert, moss-agate and jasper—for use in making implements, a good supply of water, firewood, and a pleasant camping spot led to more than a casual sojourn. This was shown by the fact that between the time of the people's first arrival and their ultimate departure there developed a definite soil zone varying from a few inches in thickness on the upper slopes to a depth of two feet along the valley floor.

In the beginning numerous objects associated with the daily round of life were scattered over the top of the clay, the sand and gravel patches, and the thin layer of brownish-black earth on the valley bottom. The charcoal and ashes from the fires, stone chips from the manufacture of implements, broken tools and other artifacts, and bones from the animals used for food became embedded in the rising soil level and similar materials dropped in turn on



EXCAVATION WORK AT THE LINDENMEIER SITE

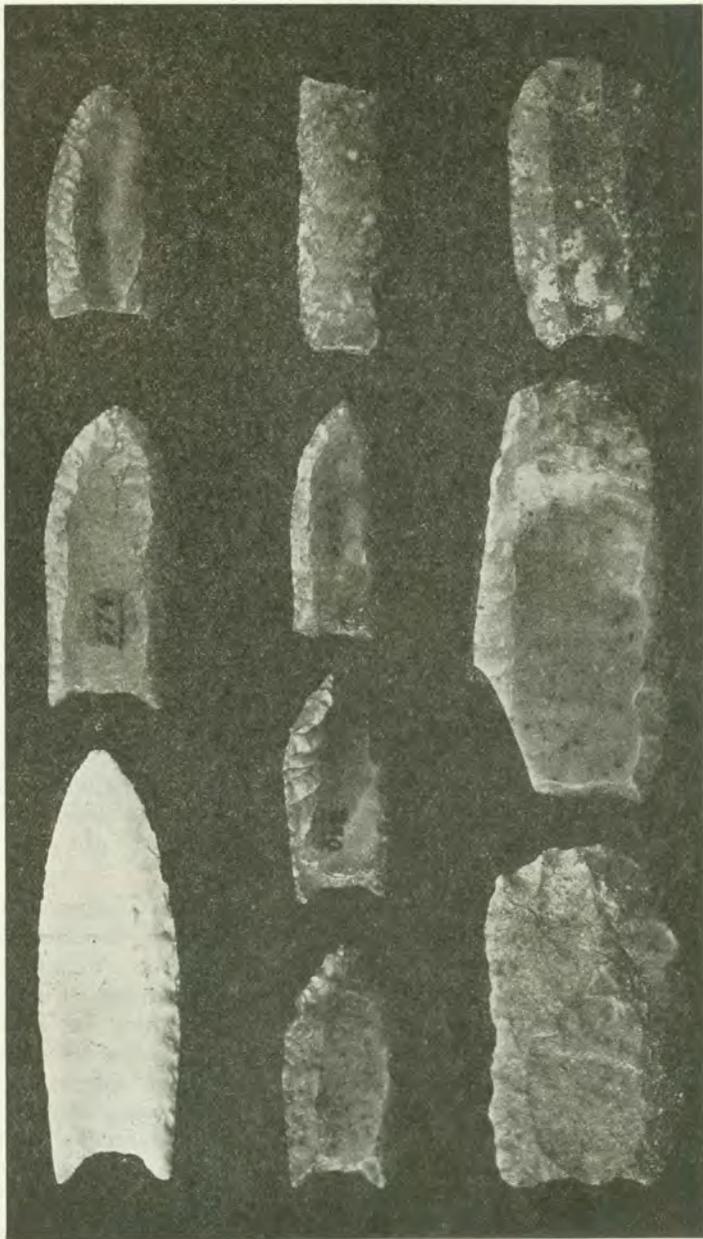
each succeeding new surface were also buried. After the valley was abandoned by its human occupants conditions conducive to the growth of vegetation remained favorable for a time and the soil zone continued to develop. Then an era of erosion set in. Sand, gravel, and boulders were swept down from the hillsides and the grassy slopes and bottom were covered to a depth of several feet. It was during this period that the bordering ridge on the southern side disappeared, some of it contributing to the valley fill and the remainder being carried away toward the south. Water subsequently cut a broad channel in the valley bottom, removing all of the deposits along its course down to the top of the old tuff-clay but not disturbing the layers on the southern slope. The later channel, in turn, was filled with gravelly alluvium washed in from the ridges on the north and the upper part of the valley at the west. This material also covered the lower borders of the old, undisturbed

layers along the southern slope and greatly increased the overburden above the soil zone containing the bones and artifacts. After this new floor was established the valley was visited by modern Indians, possibly the Comanche or even later Cheyenne and Arapaho. In the broad bottom south of the old site are numerous tipi rings which probably date from the same late occupation.

In relatively recent years the runoff from the hillsides and upper valley formed the arroyo which now extends along a portion of the site, revealing the buried cultural stratum and evidence of the subsequent cycles of cutting and filling. Geologists studying these deposits have been able to correlate the old valley bottom and occupation level with a certain terrace of the adjacent minor streams. This terrace was traced to the main rivers of eastern Colorado and thence back up the Cache la Poudre River where it was correlated with a certain stage of glaciation in the mountains. On the basis of this and comparative studies on the continental glaciation in central and eastern United States it is believed that Folsom men entered the little valley after the climax of the Wisconsin period of the Pleistocene but still within that glacial stage. The character of the deposits also indicates that the climate in that part of northeastern Colorado was at times almost Arctic. There is evidence that strong winds blowing across flood-plain surfaces only sparsely covered with vegetation piled up dunes, while the drifting sand cut and polished the rocks and pebbles lying on the surface. Precipitation in the mountain area may have been greater, but on the plains to the east conditions probably were comparable to those of the present Canadian Great Plains. The time when this environment prevailed and the Folsom men took advantage of the sheltered Lindenmeier Valley is estimated at from 10,000 to 25,000 years ago, with the possibility that the age was nearer the latter than the former figure.⁶

Implements and artifacts found at the Lindenmeier Site, as well as those from other parts of the State, include the characteristically fluted or channelled points, fluted knives, knives made from channel flakes, ordinary knife blades, scrapers of various kinds, choppers, hammerstones, rubbing stones used in working hides, flakes with short-needlelike points on one side or end that probably were used for scratching designs on wood or bone or may even have been used for tattooing, bone beads, bone needles and awls, engraved bone disks, engraved steatite disks similar to those of bone, lignite beads, and pieces of rubbed hematite and red and yellow ochre which undoubtedly were sources of pigment. The fluted points, fluted knives, and channel flakes, however, are the only artifacts that are peculiarly Folsom and which can be con-

⁶Kirk Bryan and Louis L. Ray, "Geologic antiquity of the Lindenmeier site in Colorado," in *Smithsonian Miscellaneous Collections*, 90, No. 2.



FOLSOM POINTS AND KNIVES

Top specimen in central column, a channel flake knife; right-hand column, fluted knives.

sidered criteria for the culture. The other forms occur throughout later horizons and in themselves are not sufficiently distinct to be identified as being from a specific cultural complex. The assemblage of implements at the Lindenmeier was found in association with quantities of cut and split animal bones. This is definite indication that the Folsom men were typical hunters depending almost entirely upon game for their maintenance and subsistence. They probably supplemented their preponderant meat diet with such "greens" and wild seeds as were available but certainly did not cultivate any vegetal food. Most of the bones were from bison, an extinct species which has been called *Bison taylori* and which was a much larger animal than the modern bison, or buffalo as it is popularly called. In addition, however, there were bones from the pronghorn or antelope, deer, rabbit, wolf, fox, large American camel, and a proboscidean, probably the mammoth. The three extinct forms, bison, camel, and mammoth, are significant because they are another indication of age. The same bison occurred at the original Folsom site, has been reported from the San Luis Valley,⁷ and was associated with Folsom artifacts in other localities. Fluted points were found with mammoth skeletons at Dent, Colorado, some forty miles southeast from the Lindenmeier.⁸ The presence of modern species of fox, wolf, rabbit, pronghorn, and deer has no bearing on the problem one way or the other because there has been no change in those particular forms from Pleistocene times to the present.

How Folsom Man hunted his game or what methods he used in butchering the carcass after an animal had been killed are not known. Inasmuch as the period in which he lived long antedated that of the horse in American Indian cultures the chase unquestionably had to be on foot. Greater cunning and skill, if not more actual bravery, probably were required under such circumstances than was the case when the men were mounted on horses. The type of weapon used has not been determined. The projectile points are sufficiently variable in size to indicate that they may have been hafted on either arrow or spear shafts, but in view of the fact that evidence from other sources indicates that the bow and arrow was a late introduction in the New World it is generally assumed that these early peoples employed spears. Such being the case it was necessary for the hunter to approach very close to his prey before he could use his stone-tipped spear with success. On the basis of later customs, it may be suggested that brush shelters or blinds may have been erected close to the ponds and watering places frequented by game and the animals have been struck from ambush.

⁷C. T. Hurst, "A Folsom location in the San Luis Valley, Colorado," in *Southwestern Lore*, 7, No. 2, 31-34.

⁸J. D. Figgins, "A further contribution to the antiquity of man in America," in *Proceedings of the Colorado Museum of Natural History*, 12, No. 2.

This was common practice in the buffalo plains before the Indians acquired horses⁹ and may well have been the survival of an ancient custom. On occasions animals undoubtedly became bogged and could be approached and a spear be driven into some vital organ with little difficulty. Also, it is possible that the hunters camouflaged themselves with wolf skins and crawled on hands and knees until close enough to the game to strike it. This technique was used by modern Plains Indians and it may well have been a traditional method. Wolves were numerous and commonly followed the herds of buffalo,¹⁰ the latter paying little attention to them, so that such deception was practicable. Wolf bones were not only present at the Lindenmeier Site but have been found at other locations where Folsom material occurs. Hence, it is evident that skins suitable for such a purpose were available and hunting in that fashion would have been feasible.

Butchering of the smaller animals probably was not too difficult but in the case of the large bison, which were preponderant in the economy, it must have been considerable of a task. There were no mechanical aids for turning, lifting, or transporting the carcass and the skinning and cutting up of the meat must have been done at the scene of the kill. Such work had to be done by manpower alone and the only tools available for the dismembering operation were those of stone or perhaps bone. Castañeda, the chronicler of the Coronado expedition which penetrated the buffalo area in 1540, gives what probably is the closest approximation to a description of such an undertaking. He, together with other members of the party, observed Indians under conditions comparable to those of earlier centuries in that the white man's culture still had not influenced them. In his account of the skinning of bison he wrote: "They cut the hide open at the back and pull it off at the joints, using a flint as large as a finger, tied in a little stick, with as much ease as if working with a good iron tool. They give it an edge with their own teeth. The quickness with which they do this is something worth seeing and noting."¹¹ Mention of the use of the teeth to sharpen a stone blade has been questioned by many, but a similar custom has been reported for some of the Australian aborigines and motion pictures of them using stone knives clearly show the practice. Hence, it seems that Castañeda did not err in calling attention to it in the case of our own Plains Indians.

⁹H. E. Bolton, *Spanish Exploration in the Southwest, 1542-1706*, 230.

¹⁰G. P. Winship, "The Coronado expedition, 1540-1542," in *14th Annual Report Bureau of American Ethnology*, 528.

¹¹G. P. Winship, *ibid.*, 528.

The uses made of the various parts of an animal are described in other documents of the early exploration period.¹² The skins were employed in the making of tents, clothes, footgear, and rope. Sections of large intestines were emptied and filled with blood and were carried around the neck to drink from when thirsty. When the stomach was opened the chewed grass was squeezed out and the juice drunk. This furnished essential vitamins, although the Indians did not know it. The intestines also served as containers of fat and marrow and the stomachs as pitchers and vessels. The sinews were used to make thread for sewing the clothes and tents, and for wrapping shafts. The bones were split for marrow and awls were made from the fragments. The horns were cut into spoons, cups, and ornaments. The hoofs were converted into glue to aid in fastening projectile points in shafts and the brains were used in tanning and softening the hides. If such were true in the days of Folsom Man, and it most likely was, there is little wonder that most of the places where he camped are so littered with scraps and splinters of bone and that it is so difficult to obtain specimens of the latter sufficiently intact to make identification of the animal represented a certainty.

There is no evidence as to what type of habitation Folsom Man may have used. When available, he undoubtedly occupied rock shelters and caves. Most manifestations of his former presence, however, occur in open country where such natural features are not to be found. Furthermore, he probably did not settle long in one place, although he may have returned to the same locality from time to time, but followed the bison in their migrations from feeding ground to feeding ground. Consequently it is not likely that he attempted anything in the way of permanent construction, rather that he depended in the main on flimsy brush windbreaks and tents made from the skins of the bison. Traces of the places where he pitched his shelter will be extremely hard to find at this late date because a hard-packed floor and hearth, possibly some post molds, are all that would remain. That he worked in skins is indicated by the presence of bone needles, punches, and awls in his implement complex. Although no actual pieces of hide have been found it is reasonable to assume that clothing, footgear, and tents were fashioned from it. Men capable of making the highly specialized Folsom type of projectile point were sufficiently intelligent and inventive to contrive shelters and body covering from so ready a source of material. Because of the more rigorous climate during that period some such protection would have been essential.

¹²G. P. Winship, *ibid.*, 570; C. E. Castañeda, *tr.*, "History of Texas, 1673-1779, by Fray Agustin Morfi" in *The Quivira Society*, 6, 67; G. P. Hammond and Agapito Rey, *tr.*, "Expedition in New Mexico made by Antonio Espejo, 1582-1583 as revealed in the Journal of Diego Pérez de Luxán, a member of the party," in *The Quivira Society*, 1, 120-121.

Most of Folsom Man's energies undoubtedly were expended in the manufacture of weapons and implements needed in the killing and butchering of game, in the actual hunt, the making of tents and clothing, and the moving of his camp. That he did now and then have time for what nowadays is called "the finer things of life" is shown by the bone beads with simple designs scratched on them, the engraved bone disks which probably were gaming pieces, and by the rubbed pieces of hematite and the ochres that supplied pigment which he possibly applied to his own person and may have used to paint decorations or marks of identification on his spear shafts and other possessions. For the most part his life unquestionably was grim and hard, as is true with most peoples dependent on a hunting economy, yet there must have been interludes of comfort and pleasure when his attention could be turned to matters other than the struggle for existence. So far as his physical characteristics are concerned Folsom Man is still an unknown person. No human remains have yet been found that can definitely be identified as his. Several skeletons purporting to belong in that category have been reported but their authenticity could not be established because no artifacts were buried with them. Once he is known, however, it is not likely that he will prove to be other than an essentially modern type of man, albeit a primitive form of Indian. He certainly will not be, nor should he be expected to be, a Neanderthaloid.

Centering in Yuma County, in eastern Colorado, but occurring over most of the western plains are types of points that have been called Yuma. The first examples were noted in collections gathered from sites where artifacts were weathering from a dark-clay substratum that has been swept clear of surface soil over large areas by the strong winds which are so common in that district. Because Folsom points and fragments from them were also picked up in the same localities the two types were at first believed to be related. On the basis of certain general similarities in outline and methods used in chipping the stone, typological studies were made in an effort to demonstrate that one derived from the other. In one case it was concluded that the Folsom followed the Yuma, was merely a Yuma with channel flakes removed from the faces. The other study reversed the process and had the Yuma the type which was developed after the custom of fluting the points was abandoned. As a result the terms Yuma-Folsom and Folsom-Yuma were used for a time. They have now been dropped by most writers, however, as later investigations have shown that the two types probably are from different complexes. Numerous unfinished and broken points from the Lindenmeier Site show clearly the method used in making the Folsom type and from these it is obvious that it was not a Yuma with channel flakes removed. The point was first roughly shaped

by percussion flaking, the tip being left blunt and rounding. The channel flakes were then knocked out, probably by indirect percussion, and the point was given its final form by secondary pressure flaking around the base, sides, and the tip. It is possible that the broad, relatively flat Yumas with a lenticular cross section may have developed from the rough blanks of the Folsom type, but the chipping on the Yumas is sufficiently different to make such a postulation questionable. Most of the evidence at present available suggests that early forms of the Yuma may have been contemporary with the last of the Folsoms. Their main development, however, was later. In fact they continued to be made in some regions until almost historic times. No actual Yuma camp site has been excavated, or if one has it has never been described in print, and there is no information about the other forms of implements associated with such points. Hence it is not possible to speak of a Yuma complex or culture. In a large majority of cases where Yuma points have been found with animal bones they have been those from modern species, the buffalo rather than the extinct bison. Because of this and the other factors mentioned above it is obvious that Yuma-type points are not as significant as was formerly believed and their presence in a collection may mean little from the standpoint of age.

What eventually happened to the Folsom people is a problem still to be solved. There is an unmistakable break in the continuity of occupation in the areas where they formerly roamed. When undisturbed, their camp sites are covered with layers of earth containing no archaeological material and it is only in the higher levels that there are indications that the region was again inhabited. Some believe that the people, like the animals they hunted, became extinct and that no human beings were present until a subsequent migration brought new groups into the area. Others think that this break was only in the western plains and Southwest, that the increasing temperatures and progressive dessication accompanying the postglacial era produced such unfavorable conditions that the people were forced to other regions where they continued to live. Later, after the environment again became more salubrious, their descendants may have returned to the former habitat where they came in contact and mingled with newer migrants drifting in from the north. In the meantime they had ceased to make the typical fluted implements, although the other forms of tools continued in vogue, and had adopted new types of projectile points. This would account for the persistence into more recent times of many kinds of artifacts present in the Folsom series and also for the sporadic appearance of older physical types among the later population. This is an interesting postulation, yet the most that can be said at the present writing is that there appears to be an hiatus of con-

siderable duration between the Folsom and later peoples in Colorado. Whether or not this gap will be filled is a matter that only the future and much more investigation can determine. Once the archaeological record again appears, following this break, there is evidence for continual occupation into historic times.

THE ANASAZI

The best known of the pre-Columbian inhabitants of Colorado are those comprising the group which modern archaeologists have called the Anasazi, a Navajo word meaning the "ancients" or the "old people." Most readers probably are more familiar with the names of the two subdivisions, the Basket Makers and the Pueblos or Pueblo-Cliff Dwellers, than with the general term of Anasazi. From the evidence collected over a period of some seventy years by numerous explorers and excavators¹³ it is possible to draw a rather clear-cut picture of the people, their mode of life, and the outstanding events during the 1500 years which preceded the arrival of the Spaniards in the Southwest.

Scattered over southwestern Colorado and adjacent portions of the neighboring states of New Mexico, Utah, and Arizona, was a nomadic people dependent upon the hunt and a chance gathering of wild seeds, fruits, and plant roots for their livelihood. Their traces are meager indeed, but there are sufficient indications to warrant statements to the effect that they were present for several centuries prior to the beginning of the Christian Era. After a time they obtained corn and pumpkins and the knowledge of how to plant and cultivate them. How these products reached them is not known, but it is certain that they were introduced from Mexico as both are of Middle American origin. They probably were passed along by groups living in the northern Mexico southern Arizona region, although there is thus far no direct evidence of the routes along which they diffused into the Southwest. They were of great importance, however, as they provided the foundation for the entire structure of ensuing cultural growth. Because of its essential character agriculture imposed a more sedentary form of life upon the people. In the beginning the effect probably was not marked, but as improving knowledge and a better understanding of the art of cultivation brought larger crops it became necessary to provide storage bins for the harvest.

(To be continued)

¹³Much information in this field has been contributed by expeditions sent out by the State Historical Society of Colorado, the University of Colorado, the University of Denver, Western State College of Colorado, the Colorado Archaeological Society, and the Colorado Museum of Natural History.

Boyhood Recollections of Colorado Springs, 1877-1881

As told by CADWELL GRANT HOUSE to BURL HOUSE¹

Colorado Springs was a little over six years old when we arrived there on December 21, 1877, from Martinsville, Harrison County, Missouri. My parents George Wells and Mary Frances House, my kid brother James Dudley, and I came on the Rio Grande narrow gauge which seemed like a toy railroad when we changed to it from the Santa Fe at Pueblo. In Colorado the weather was warm and pleasant. The ground was bare and dry. Whereas back in Missouri the snow was two feet deep.

The next day, comfortable in our shirt sleeves, we walked across the open prairie exhilarated and excited with being in Colorado, about which we had heard and read so much. We visited the Garden of the Gods and headed for Manitou Springs. On the way I fell into Fountain Creek but managed to keep warm walking. The waters from the iron and soda springs tasted somewhat awful—later we learned to like the stuff. Our triangular walking trip of about 20 miles took most of the day.

My sister Lilly and her husband Cyrus Cole had preceded us by several months, and on December 24 occurred the expected event which was the main reason for our coming to Colorado Springs. James Darsie Cole was born. We boys, I was 13 and "Dud" was 10, wondered why our new nephew didn't wait a day and be born on Christmas.

In 1877 Colorado Springs had only about 3,500 population. The town, as I remember, did not extend beyond Monument Creek on the west nor Shooks Run on the east. North and south it consisted of a few blocks on either side of Huerfano Street, now called East Colorado Avenue. To the west was open country as far as Manitou Springs and Pikes Peak except for a handful of buildings at "Old Town," Colorado City, about a mile and a half west of Monument Creek. Out on the prairie north of town Colorado College was just starting. In fact the small town was surrounded by "the great open spaces," especially on the north, east, and south.

Our first location was the National Hotel, a large two-story red brick building on the northeast corner of Tejon and Cucharras. We had the first floor and started a restaurant which did not do very well since there was no demand for another eating place. Diagonally across on the southwest corner was the town's big hotel, the Spaulding House. Meals were served there and in several other hotels and restaurants.

¹Mr. C. G. House and son Burl live in Boulder, Colorado.—Ed.

The Spaulding House ran a livery stable for its guests' convenience. Strangely enough it was behind, and possibly at an earlier date had been run in conjunction with our National Hotel. It faced Cucharras but was back on the alley. It was not limited to Spaulding House guests. Any one could stable his horses there. Also horses could be hired for riding and driving. Another stable,



CADWELL GRANT HOUSE
In his Silver Cliff Militia uniform, about 1882.

the Pikes Peak Livery, at Tejon and Pikes Peak, was the largest and most popular. It boasted a great variety of rigs: tallyhos, barouches, canopy-top surreys, single and double seated carriages, all with drivers furnished if desired. The saddle horses were tops, used to the mountains and safe.

My uncle, Robert A. House, worked for Mr. Heimbaugh, son-in-law of Mr. Spaulding—owner of the Spaulding House. Mr. Heimbaugh bought up real estate on the east side of town which he later sold at a big profit to the Santa Fe for a depot and freight yards. He tried his best to get Uncle Bob to buy a lot with a small

house at the northwest corner of Tejon and Cucharras for \$450. This lot was included when the corner was sold later for \$92,000, so I heard, as a site for the Alamo Hotel.

Across Cucharras, on the south side of the National Hotel, was the site of the future court house—South Park. This park was just a block of ground surrounded by an unpainted board fence about four feet high. It was bounded by Cucharras on the north, Nevada on the east, Vermijo on the south, and Tejon on the west. A similar vacant but unfenced block was reserved for North Park, several blocks to the north. A canal across the north end of Colorado Springs fed laterals running down each side of the wide north and south streets to irrigate the several thousand cottonwood trees planted by the town company. Many of the streets bore unusual names and a Missourian once told Uncle Bob, "The only street I can pronounce is Webster." He meant Webber.

A month or more after the restaurant episode we rented the upper story of another two-story red brick building. It was on the west side of Tejon, between Huerfano (Colorado) and Cucharras. Renting rooms proved more profitable than selling meals and enabled us to make a living. There were quite a number of rooms and a large parlor extending across the whole front gave a nice view of the happenings on Tejon Street. One day, probably in August of 1880, I looked out and saw General U. S. Grant and his party coming along the sidewalk. My mother, with the help of her sister, Miss Jane Roundtree, ran this rooming house for about three years, until we moved to Silver Cliff, Colorado, in 1881.

Among the many transient roomers I especially remember two roughly dressed typical sourdough miners, Long and Derry, from Leadville. Having just sold their Long and Derry Mine for \$100,000 cash and never having had much money, they started out on a big time before returning to Missouri to settle down. But they rented the cheapest room we had. They took their meals at a nearby restaurant, eating from tin plates and drinking from tin cups. They declared that they couldn't get used to chinaware.

One day a brass band was playing and parading. Long and Derry rushed off to follow it. We kids followed them a lot and they never seemed to mind. But they never gave us a treat nor spent any money foolishly. Apparently they never gambled nor drank. That cost money. They would come into the living room to brag and blow about what they were going to do. Mother had a couple of old maid school teachers among her permanent roomers. She tried to interest them in the roughly clad bewhiskered miners. Nothing doing! Money obtained that way was too hard to earn. Also among our more permanent roomers was Mrs. Reynolds, a

middleaged tuberculosis patient, who tried to help mother play Cupid in the above instance.

Mrs. Reynolds enjoyed getting out in the sunshine in South Park, half a block away. She used lots of malt for medicine. One warm day she decided she would like a trip to Manitou. So my brother and I rustled a horse and spring wagon. On the way we had to pass a beer garden. But we didn't. Mrs. Reynolds suddenly craved a glass of cold beer and asked my brother and me to each have one. The afternoon being very hot, we agreed to her proposition and stopped in front of the garden. The bartender came out to see what was wanted. Mrs. Reynolds ordered three glasses of beer. Believe me, those glass mugs were big ones and the beer was ice cold.

This was my first drink of liquor and—I think—the first curb service in Colorado. We downed the beer and felt very good from that time on up to Manitou Springs. There was hardly anybody else on the road. No traffic or traffic cops in those days. So we had us a time. We whooped and “hollered” and sang. Eventually we filled our jugs with mineral water—it was free then—and whooped and “hollered” our way home again.

At that time the residents seldom made the trip from Colorado Springs to Manitou. I recall going only twice in the three years we first lived there, these being the trips already mentioned. Anyway it was cheaper to buy the water delivered in bottles and jugs by peddlers. And I never thought about climbing Pikes Peak until years after we left Colorado Springs.

In January, 1878, right after the Christmas holidays and a week or two after our arrival in Colorado Springs, I started to school in the new stone high school at Cascade and Bijou. Professor Parker was the principal. His first name or initials escape me, if I ever knew them. To the students and townspeople he was always Professor Parker. Scholarly appearing, slender, with short-trimmed black beard, black hair, and about forty years old, he was very strict, yet kind. My other teachers were little Miss Noyes and large Miss Merritt, sister of one-time Bishop Merritt of the M. E. Church. Both ladies were experienced and considered capable, excellent teachers.

That winter, 1877-78, there was a short steep hill where the Antlers Hotel now stands. It began at the west end of Pikes Peak Avenue and extended down some fifty feet along the trail to the Rio Grande depot. We coasted on this hill. The dudes and dudenas, as we called the older young folks, used to watch us and finally decided to take a hand in the fun. They took our home-made sleds and we had to stand by and miserably watch them enjoy themselves.

Skiles Guernsey, a good friend of ours and as big as all outdoors, came along and observed our trouble. “I’ll be back,” he promised, and went away. Presently he returned with a sled he had just made by knocking the back off of a big rocking chair. With a yell at the young sports using the hill, he dashed in amongst them, “belly buster,” on his chair rockers for runners and feet flying everywhere. The crowd gave way and we kids certainly laughed. The dudes tried to keep him out of it. But down Skiles went, time after time regardless of whom he hit, boys or girls. Before long, however, he cleaned up—the interlopers left—and told us to go at it. He didn't coast any more. Just wanted to help the kids.

Fuel was plentiful. Coal from nearby mines was cheap. So was pitch pine and pinon wood packed in from the mountains on burros by Mexicans. Considerable wood was burned in fireplaces and a house without a fireplace was not considered worth while. At first the lighting was mostly coal oil lamps, but a plant for manufacturing gas was soon built in the southwest part of town near the Rio Grande Railroad.

In the summer of 1878 a tribe of Ute Indians camped close above town on Monument Creek, begging food and clothing from the townfolk. They were treated well by the citizens but not encouraged to stay. On their way back to the reservation, through Ute Pass, some member of the tribe shot a couple of prospectors who were looking out of a cabin door. The officers who pursued the Indians were unable to locate the culprit. And as the old head chief denied any knowledge of the killings and since the dead men had no near relatives the matter was hushed up. These Indians probably took part in the Meeker Massacre a year later.

An important celestial event occurred on July 29, 1878—a total eclipse of the sun. We boys were ready for it and had a big time. We got some cattails from a swamp and soaked them in coal oil. There was quite a large back yard behind our rooming house and some chickens. After the perplexed biddies had gone to roost, because it was getting dark, we lit our torches and performed war dances—playing Indians. When the sun reappeared the chickens came out looking surprised at so short a night. If birds can look foolish, they certainly did.

My father never was satisfied to be idle. But he did not like to confine himself to manual labor. Eighteen months in the Union Army during the Civil War had erased any desire to return to farming, his occupation when he had enlisted back in his home state, Illinois. So he always was looking for an easy way to get rich. Shortly after we landed in Colorado Springs he became an agent of the Knight-Campbell Music Company of Denver, selling on a commission. He was allowed to make any trades that could be

turned into cash. Before long he came into town with a herd of cattle and a fine, lively mare hitched to a brand new buggy. He sold the cattle to pay for the instruments and his commission included the mare and buggy.

Meanwhile, he had taken up with a fellow Missourian, Joe Parker. They soon felt that selling pianos and organs wasn't getting them along fast enough. So they decided to go prospecting and clean up in a bunch. They took a turn around the then unknown Cripple Creek district and reported back. No mineral there, they declared—these two experts from the "Show Me State" who did not know one mineral from another. They had talked with some old-timer and had gotten the lowdown on prospecting and mining in a few easy lessons. The future Cripple Creek district was all granite, a base rock which never carried mineral—such was the general belief at that time. After considerable debating with himself, whether to go to Leadville or Silver Cliff, Pa went to the latter place and took up a claim in 1879. Leadville was overcrowded, he figured, and Silver Cliff would be the next mining camp to boom.

With my father off prospecting we needed any extra money I might earn. Therefore when school was out in the spring of 1878, I looked around for work. I soon obtained a job as the upstairs printers' devil on the *Gazette*, then published in a narrow two-story frame building on the northeast corner of Tejon and Huerfano (Colorado) Streets. With about twenty-five feet fronting on Tejon, the structure extended back some fifty feet along Huerfano. A seldom used front door opened into a partitioned-off stock room and a muchly used side door led into a large job and press room. A downstairs printers' devil served this lower region. He, the pressmen, or the job printers never came upstairs, access to which was gained only by an outside stairway at the rear end of the building. The editorial and composing rooms were on the second floor. A dumb waiter transported the forms from the composing room down to the pressroom and back up again after the paper was printed. Thus the workers above had no occasion to visit those below.

Benjamin W. Steele, polite, suave, dignified, was the editor. Under his direction I ran errands, went to the Telegraph office on Pikes Peak Avenue or across the street to the Post Office, took proof in the composing room, carried copy, swept out, and made myself generally useful for \$3.50 a week. When not otherwise employed I learned to set type. Our friendly foreman, whose name escapes me, liked boys but liked his drink better. Colorado Springs being a dry town a person had to know how to get whiskey. As I knew how to get his "prescription filled" at a certain drug store, I was "aces" with the foreman.

The *Gazette* was a morning paper, so work did not start until in the afternoon. At 1:00 o'clock I unlocked the upstairs door and began sweeping out. Mr. Steele arrived around 1:30, the compositors at 2:00, and the proofreader some time later. We took an hour off for supper, each man going when he was ready. Very frequently, at some time during the night, a delegation from a social gathering would come up with a gallon or more of ice cream and a quantity of cake, left over from their party. Possibly the desire for free publicity or to see their names in print prompted their generosity. But I for one enjoyed those occasions to the utmost. Usually by 11:00 P. M. the type was all set and the forms lowered via the dumb waiter down to the pressroom. We were ready to go home. The pressmen generally had the paper printed by 4:00 A. M.

The typesetting was done by hand. Mostly by journeymen printers who drank, got fired, and moved on to other places. Others, not fired for getting drunk, lingered just long enough to acquire a stake. Partly on account of this rapid turnover and partly because nearly sixty-six years have elapsed I do not remember any of their names. One man, however, was called "Spotted Tail," because he continually talked about the chief of that name and the Indians. The compositors worked at so much per em and as I took the proofs for the reader I was in everybody's good graces. While most of the type was metal, we had several cases of wooden type, large letters for handbills and display advertisements. The cuts also were wooden.

One of the first, if not the first, strikes in Colorado occurred at the *Gazette*. "Chief" Spotted Tail was the ringleader. The compositors were getting 30 cents per em but wanted 35. The management, Editor Steele, refused to grant the increase, so the men stopped work. I asked them what I should do. They told me to join them and hold out for more pay.

I don't know why I agreed to their suggestion. Maybe a thirteen-year-old boy suddenly felt that he was a man among men. They may have been merely amusing themselves by flattering a boy. Or they might have thought I would be of some use to them by not being available to run the editor's errands. Anyhow, as I recall, there were six of them, and me, waiting in the composing room outside Mr. Steele's office for the verdict.

Presently Mr. Steele called me into his office. He asked me to go to the telegraph office and send some messages to Denver for printers.

"No, I've quit, too," I said.

"The boys must be to blame," he declared, eyeing me very closely. "I need you now," he added. But I wouldn't give in.

Mr. Steele had to go out and send his own messages. Three or four hours later it was evident that no other men were available. So he called the compositors into his office and gave them their raises. Then he called me in again. "I guess we do not need you any longer," he said, "for you refused to obey orders."

Returning to the composing room, I told the typesetters what had happened to me. In my innocence I expected them to insist that Mr. Steele keep me on the payroll. But they just laughed. To me it was no joke. I had tried to help them when they needed help and in my hour of need, they just laughed. I had wanted so much to be a printer.

I soon had a better job, and began learning the drug business in Church's Drug Store on the west side of Tejon, between Pikes Peak and Huerfano. I learned more about sweeping out and how to make up liniments and to bottle whiskey. When not selling stuff I was kept busy cleaning. Every day I had to mop the linoleum or wipe it off with a damp cloth. The gas-light mantels had to be kept clean. In fact, Mr. Church was very particular about keeping everything clean and in its proper place. And he was enthusiastic about dog fights—provided his dog won. Whenever he could promote one in his small narrow store, he would lock up until the fight was over. His dog fights were private affairs.

One day an officer, probably the town marshal, walked into Church's and asked if I had changed a ten dollar bill recently. It so happened that I had just changed one for one of the *Gazette's* devils. Further inquiry revealed the fact that a *Gazette* pressman had sent the money with the boy to have it changed. Whereupon the pressman was arrested and accused of taking the bill from a tourist with whom he had been drinking. And I was summoned to appear as a witness in court the next morning.

When I told Mr. Church that I had to appear in court he agreed to come to the store earlier than usual in the morning. This he failed to do and, being inexperienced in such matters, I began to have visions of going to jail—if I didn't show up in court pretty soon. So I locked up and departed. On the way I happened to meet my father and asked him to tell any prospective customers that Mr. Church would be along directly. How was I to know that the boss would forget his keys? I had hardly gotten seated in the court room when he appeared and angrily demanded my keys and left.

My testimony, it developed, was not needed. After some thirty minutes in the court room I returned to the store. But before I reached it my father told me that no one had tried to get in so Mr. Church hadn't lost any business. When I entered the store Mr. Church was fit to be tied. He was pacing the floor, greatly agitated. "Don't ever do that again—lock up the store!" he said. "Or, you'll get your pay."

Feeling that I wasn't to blame and knowing that he hadn't lost any trade, I said, "All right, give it to me now."

He did. And an embryo drug and whiskey clerk was on his outs. The next day, however, I got a job at another drug store at more money. My new boss sold more whiskey.

Plenty of the drug stores in Colorado Springs sold liquor but there were no saloons. At that the tough element common to most western towns of that day was noticeably absent. If such an element existed, it kept mighty quiet. Saloons were prohibited from the start. Occasionally some law enforcement officer got wise and had a drug store fined for selling liquor. While property used for such purposes could be confiscated, according to the deeds, it seldom was.

At Church's, if a man laid a dollar on the counter without saying anything, it meant that he wanted a bottle of whiskey. If he asked for whiskey, we didn't have any—although there was a barrel of the stuff in the back room. But let him silently lay down his dollar and he received his pint all wrapped up into an innocent-looking package which might pass for a bottle of medicine with the uninitiated.

The system was somewhat different at "Doc" Corbin's drug store, on the south side of Huerfano, between Tejon and Cascade, where I next worked. There, the customer walked into the back room and poured himself a drink. Then he returned to the store and bought a cigar for 25 cents . . . 20 cents for the whiskey and 5 cents for the cigar. My job was to stand in the doorway and check up on the number of drinks. While I had received considerably less money at Church's and had to keep things shining, he had been teaching me the drug business. Selling whiskey was just a side line. Corbin's drug store was just a blind. His business was selling whiskey.

One of Corbin's best customers was a chunky French blacksmith whose shop was across the street. As soon as I opened up at 7:00 a. m. he hurried across and into the back room. He tossed down a drink and rushed back out, pausing only long enough to leave his 25 cents. Sometimes he took the 5 cent cigar and sometimes he didn't. Whenever he had a thirsty customer in his shop, and was sure the man wasn't a spotter, the blacksmith would bring him into Corbin's and show him how it was done. But company or no company the Frenchman would come seven times a day for his regular drinks.

In April, 1880, my mother wanted my brother and me to accompany her on a visit to my father who was mining near Silver Cliff. I quit "Doc" Corbin's and mother left her rooming house in charge of relatives. We stayed about a month. Then,

amongst us, we managed to scrape enough money together to send mother home on the stage. There was just enough money remaining to enable us boys to take the stage from Canon City to Colorado Springs. A man and his wife going east by way of Canon City allowed us to ride on their wagon from Silver Cliff. All would have been well if they had kept on going but toward evening the man decided to camp for the night. He promised to get up early in the morning and get us to Canon City in time to catch the stage. To our dismay he overslept and we missed the stage. Then, innocents that we were, we decided to walk home. We didn't have enough money to go on the train and we didn't want to wait two days for the next stage.

That lonely 50 mile hike took us two long dreary days. I never will forget it. What little traffic there was, seemed to be all headed the other way. We spent the first night at the so-called half-way house on Turkey Creek. I do not remember the distance but it was considerably less than half-way. The second night caught us in the mouth of Dead Man's Canon—nearing the ruins of an abandoned log cabin, supposed to be haunted by the ghost of its murdered owner—and still twelve miles from home. This wrecked building was the only semblance of a habitation for miles along the deserted road. Believe me, we were greatly relieved to find some teamsters making camp near the ruins.

These teamsters invited us to spend the night with them. Even if we hadn't been so anxious to get home, it is doubtful if we would have accepted their invitation. They looked almost as scary as the gloomy road ahead. Anyhow, they were going the other way in the morning. So we trudged onward through the darkness; haunted and spurred on by imaginary Indians and desperadoes.

Once free of the canyon and its imaginary perils, my worn-out kid brother laid down beside the road and refused to budge another inch. A few scary bear stories, however, brought him to his feet and we staggered on through the darkness. Incidentally the bear stories helped to keep me moving. At last we saw the lights of Colorado Springs and he gave me no more trouble. It was late in the night when we reached home. My feet were so sore and swollen that I had to wear carpet slippers for several days, at the job which awaited me.

Mr. Church had left word for me to come and see him. He wanted me to work for him again. This time at the amount "Doc" Corbin had paid me, \$30.00 a month. Needless to say, I accepted his offer.

As I mentioned before, Mr. Church was quite fond of dog fights. He also raised dogs which would probably be called wire-

haired terriers today. We called them scotch terriers and they may have been Cairn terriers. Whatever they were; they were not the stubby-legged scotties so common today. They were longer legged and more agile.

At that time Mr. Church owned a number of pups and females but only two grown male terriers. The older male was the father of the younger male and the pups. This "old" dog was a fighting fool and had never been whipped in a scrap. His agility and courage enabled him to whip even much larger dogs. I took a fancy to his grown son, Don, and bought him for \$5.00 His favorite pastime was chasing cats.

Another dog fight fan was Mr. Lee, of the hardware firm of Durkee and Lee. He got tired of listening to Church brag and declared that he would get a dog that would whip the "old" terrier. He sent clear back to Philadelphia for a bulldog. But before the eastern dog arrived, Church's champion was stolen. And when the bulldog arrived—the terrier was still missing.

Mr. Lee sarcastically insinuated that Mr. Church had hidden the dog to keep it from being whipped. That made Mr. Church want to see the bulldog licked at any cost. He wanted to borrow Don for the job, declaring that Don could do it—even if my dog was rather inexperienced in the art of fighting. Against my better judgment, I finally consented and, undoubtedly, it was a great scrap that we three watched behind locked doors. Needless to say I didn't enjoy the spectacle. At first I was afraid my pal would get killed. But I needn't have worried. The high altitude was too much for the eastern dog. His wind gave out presently and with that handicap my frisky cat-chaser was more than a match for the bulldog. Later Mr. Church persuaded me to sell Don back to him for \$15.00, a profit of \$10.00. I soon regretted the deal and bought him back for \$15.00.

But dog fighting was only a minor form of entertainment in Colorado Springs. Other and better amusements were enjoyed by the majority of the folks. There were church socials, parties, and dances. A three-piece orchestra was one of the highlights. What music they made! They would play in the street at any time and place. They could be engaged for a dance, wedding, or funeral. I also remember following a brass band on divers occasions. Jews harps and mouth organs were very popular with the youngsters. I dimly recall a demonstration of one of the first Edison phonographs in the so-called theater. The exhibitor recorded people's voices and played them back. One woman played a selection on the piano on the stage and we marveled when the contraption produced the same music.

The above mentioned so-called theater was a public hall on the second floor of a two-story red brick building on the south side of Huerfano and next to the stone People's Bank, on the southwest corner of Huerfano and Tejon. An alley separated it from "Doc" Corbin's drug store. But I do not remember any thespians coming in for a drink. Possibly "Doc's" system was too complicated for strangers. I do remember carrying luggage and other stuff upstairs for the actors and actresses in return for money and free passes to the show.

It seems to me that the hall was about 50 feet square with a 20 by 10 foot stage on the west, or alley, side. The stairway leading down to Huerfano Street was on the east, or People's Bank, side. At either end of the stage was a 10 by 10 foot dressing room. In one Shakespearian play a trained large white horse was used, practically filling the small stage. His appearance aroused much speculation in the audience as to how he got upstairs. He was just led up the steep wooden stairs and led back down again.

The children and young folks had their games even as now. We spun tops and played: mumbletypeg, marbles, shinny, one and two old cat, hide and seek, leap frog, hop skip and jump, tag, pum pum pull away, crack the whip, charades, post office, London Bridge, and other games; all of which are not unfamiliar to the present generation. Jumping and foot racing were also among our sports. Our baseball—one or two old cat—was played with home-made balls wound of string or yarn and hardly ever covered. We never played sides—in which two teams are chosen—nor do I remember two teams being matched against each other until many years later. Our bats were usually just round sticks. Baseball gloves were unknown then, but baseballs and bats could have been purchased by those who could afford them.

One of our favorite outdoor games, however, is probably unknown to the present generation. Old sow and pigs was played on a 10 foot square of ground with a hole at each corner and one in the center. It took 5 players. Each player had a stick, like a shinny stick. Four of the players guarded the corner holes by holding the lower ends of their sticks in their respective holes. The 5th player brought up the old sow, which was generally a block of wood or a tin can, and tried to get it into the center hole. If he succeeded he could trade places with any one he chose. The other players would try to knock the old sow away with their sticks—the farther the better. If the driver managed to get his stick into a vacant corner hole that hapless player took his place. The corner players were the pigs.

Our large back yard was a gathering place for all the boys from blocks around. Under our rooming house was a barber

shop. The barber had two small boys who often came to the shop and played in our yard. On July 4, 1880, we were all having a big time with our firecrackers when suddenly one of the barber's boys began yelling and dancing and "popping". He had put his firecrackers in his blouse waist and somehow they had caught fire and were popping off at great rate. Being the biggest, I took charge and tried to get the exploding firecrackers out of his blouse. He was running wild and yelling like mad and was hard to catch. I finally managed to get hold of him and was tearing his blouse open when his father charged out the back door of his shop. The barber thought I was torturing his boy and made a bee line for me. He struck me and warned me to keep away from his boys. My Dad looked out our back door in time to see the barber attack me. Without asking any questions he rushed down the stairs and made a lunge for the barber, who took to his heels. He outran Pa and when Pa came back we explained about the firecrackers. Whereupon Pa had the barber arrested for assaulting a minor. The barber was fined and so ended another celebration.

In April, 1881, we moved to Silver Cliff, Colorado, to be with my father.

Lake Osborn

ERL H. ELLIS¹

It was in 1864 that Charles Christopher Parry, the noted botanical explorer of the early days of the territory of Colorado, went into Boulder County and plucked a yellow pond-lily at Lake Osborn. The lily found its way to Professor George Engelmann and the first scientific description of this flower appeared in the *Proceedings of the Saint Louis Academy of Science*, in Volume II, page 282, published April 17, 1865. So Lake Osborn became what the botanists call the "type locality" of *Nuphar polysepalum Engelm.* As this lake is not on maps now available, it seems worth while to locate it.

Dr. Parry told of his wanderings in the summer of 1864 in the same Volume of the *Proceedings* mentioned, at page 272. He had reached the then quiescent town of Boulder and the "mountains were entered by a narrow canyon, two miles south of Boulder City." It was not till 1865 that any road was constructed up the first four miles of the main Boulder Creek and traffic to Gold Hill had to detour that rugged part of the canyon.

Further quoting from Parry: ". . . we reach the foot of Gold Hill, having thus in a distance of seven miles attained an

¹Mr. Ellis, an attorney at Idaho Springs, has contributed to our magazine previously.—Ed.

elevation of 1500 feet above the base of the mountains." The writer assumes that this was around Salina on Four Mile Creek. Parry continued: ". . . we gain the commanding height occupied by the mining settlement of Gold Hill, being 8,636 feet above the sea." It will be recalled that the town of Gold Hill was then on the flat east of the present location and at a higher elevation, but actually was not much over 8,400 feet above sea-level.

Now comes the important comment: "Following thence the divide between Four-Mile Creek (a branch of North Boulder) and Left-hand Creek on our right, we come to a chain of small lakes mainly occupied by rushes and aquatic plants, emptying by several small outlets and by a steep descent into Left-hand Creek. At this point, on the borders of one of these lakes known as Osborn's Lake, we made a stationary camp . . . a series of observations showing its elevation to be 8,821 . . . Long's Peak conspicuous . . . 14th of June . . ."

There can be little question as to where Parry camped, made his calculations as to elevation, found the yellow pond-lily, and made a marshy pond somewhat famous as Lake Osborn. At a point about three miles westerly of the present town of Gold Hill is the crossing of the old railroad grade over the divide between the two canyons of Four-mile and Left-hand. Here was the old station of Gold Hill when the railroad ran from Boulder to Ward. Just to the north lie three little ponds, at an altitude of about 8,600 feet. Two drain easterly and then northerly into Left-hand, while the more westerly of the ponds drains westerly and then northerly into the same canyon. This more westerly of the ponds is pictured in the old railroad folder as Summit Lake. There is another lake, sometimes known as Anderson's Lake, which is of lower elevation, lies south of the old Gold Hill station, and drains into Four-mile. There is no view of Long's Peak right at the lakes, but the Peak is prominent all through this area. All these ponds are near the center of Township 1 North, of Range 72 West.

The main pond, nearest to the farm buildings now there, is decidedly sedgy. Mrs. R. H. Montgomery, of Boulder, author of a 1930 pamphlet *History of Gold Hill*, has stated that she recalls gathering pond lillies in these lakes before they became as filled with sedges and reeds as they now are. In her history she mentions that the Ehlers were occupying this ranch at the ponds when a serious forest fire burned over and the family saved their lives by wading into the nearest lake; which was the one Parry called Osborn's, we may assume.

The only map that the writer has located showing Lake Osborn appears in a small book entitled *Handbook of Colorado*, issued in 1872 from Denver, a sort of Chamber of Commerce effusion about

several of the towns of the State. Accompanying the article about Boulder is a sketch map of Boulder County, designed chiefly to show a railroad running due west from Boulder across the Continental Divide with fine disregard of terrain or possibilities. But Gold Lake is shown to the north of Left-hand, and Sugar Loaf Mountain to the south of Four-mile, while between the two canyons is a lake depicted as large as Gold Lake and labeled Osborn Lake. It is correctly located a little west of Gold Hill, as far as the limitations of this sort of "map" permitted.

Ovando J. Hollister, in his noted *Mines of Colorado* of 1867, in describing the Mining Districts of Boulder County on page 264 says: "Ward District lies at the Head and on the North side of Left-hand, extends east and west eight miles, and north from the creek, five. Gold Lake District adjoins Ward on the north, and is as much noted to date for containing a lake of 160 acres—Dr. Parry's 'Osborne's Lake'—as for its gold mines." It seems apparent that Hollister has confused the large Gold Lake, which gave its name to the District, with the pond south across Left-hand where Parry actually camped the night of June 14, 1864.

The writer has been unable to trace the origin of the name of Osborn for this lake. There are some suggestions that there was an Osborn who cut timber and had a sawmill in this locality and there seems to have been a sidetrack on the later railroad in Four Mile canyon named Osborn, but nothing definite can be here stated as to why this lake was Osborn's.

Recollections of a Civil Engineer in Colorado¹

DAVID J. McCANNE

ENGINEER FOR THE PENITENTIARY

Alexander Gullett, an attorney of Gunnison, was one of the Board of Commissioners for the penitentiary at Canon City, Colorado; and during the year 1888 he asked me to make a survey and estimate of the cost of installing a water works plant for the penitentiary. I made a preliminary survey and report and was engaged by the board to take charge of the whole matter, make the plans and specifications, and superintend the construction of the plant.

The general plan provided for bringing water from the Arkansas River by gravity flow through a 12x20 inch conduit into a pump well just inside the prison wall near the front entrance, filtering the water through a bed of coke breeze and

¹Continued from the preceding issue and concluded in this.—Ed.

sand, and pumping it into a reservoir of masonry on the hillside above the penitentiary grounds.

I worked "trusties" as rodmen in making the surveys and they always asked me to work them a little past the time for them to file into the dining room so they would be allowed to eat with the officers and get a better meal than the prisoners get.

There were three efforts made to escape while our work was going on. I was working ten men in laying the conduit. One morning an extra man dropped in behind the ten just before they passed out of the gate on their way to the conduit-laying outside the grounds. The guard did not discover he had eleven men instead of ten until the noon hour when all prisoners are required to enter their cells to be checked in before they go into the dining room. The mounted guards are required to stay out half an hour after the noon whistle blows to insure that all are checked in.

When one man was missing, a search was made of all places where gangs had been out. A little slimy mud revealed the trail of the man, who had crawled into the conduit in the hope he would not be missed until the mounted guard had gone in and had given him a chance to escape. He crawled back out as soon as called.

The next escapade cost the man a broken leg. I was having valves connected into the pipe system by which I could control each of the two compartments of the reservoir. I was just inside of the wall, and one of the sentinel guards was stationed on the wall almost over me. I heard several shots and noted the excitement of the guard above me. One of the prisoners who was working on the reservoir had been discovered sneaking up the hill trying to keep himself hidden behind the small pinon brush. He had disregarded the orders to halt and was being fired upon by several guards around the wall. He was nearing the top of the hill and starting to run, when the guard above us, using his chair for a rest for his rifle, dropped on one knee and taking deliberate aim, stopped the fugitive by breaking one of his legs.

The third escapade appears so impossible to put over that if my informant had been a less reliable man than the chaplain, I would not have believed the story. We had a gang of stone masons working on the pump-house just inside the prison wall. Of course they knew there would have to be an opening made in the wall, or rather under the wall, to bring the pipe through into the well. One of the men, who evidently had an accomplice, managed in some way to smuggle into his cell a block of sandstone shaped to imitate the back of his head. This he kept concealed under the bed-clothes for a day or two while he feigned sickness and had the doctor treating him. When he thought the ruse would work, he

placed the stone head in position to make the guard think he was still in bed. He managed to slip out when the cells were opened for supper, and he hid himself under some fodder in the stable close by the pump-house at the time he expected the hole to be made under the wall. His deception might have worked had not the doctor called and discovered the imitation stone head and started the search which quickly uncovered him under the fodder.

I roomed in the same quarters occupied by Reverend Hall, the chaplain; and he showed me the many cunning methods of working out codes consisting of letters used by convicts in casual correspondence with their wives or friends outside. The chaplain had become quite expert in discovering these code words, as all correspondence had to pass through his hands.

BUILDING A SMELTER

There had been two smelters built in Gunnison for the smelting of lead-silver ores, and both had proved failures. The Moffitt Smelter was built at the foot of a hill at the north side of Gunnison with a flue built up the side of the hill and a smoke-bag-room built on top of the hill to catch the smoke and condense it in the bags.

Mr. Moffitt had made a success of smelting lead ores at Joplin, Missouri, by this process; and he was sure he could treat the silver-lead ores in the same way by saving the metals out of the smoke. He could recover most of the lead; but he lost most of the silver, so he abandoned the project after nearly two years of experimenting.

Having to run our water mains to this smelter gave us a good chance to avail ourselves of the hill upon which we built a storage tank to take the place of the usual water tower for constant pressure.

The next smelter failure was the Lawrence Smelter, built about a mile north of Gunnison. This was a small furnace and the failure was attributed to the lack of proper fluxing ores.

The Chamber of Commerce and the influential men interested in making Gunnison the smelting center west of the Rocky Mountains besieged me—as the representative of the men who had already invested nearly half a million dollars in the water and gas works and the hotel and who also had invested in a concentrator and several mines in the mountains tributary to Gunnison—to use my influence in an effort to induce them to build and operate a big smelter of approved type that would surely work the same in Gunnison as it did in Denver, Salt Lake, and Leadville.

After weeks of correspondence Mr. Lewis asked me to come on to St. Louis with such data as I had gathered; and he went with me to Pittsburgh, where we had a conference with Mr. J. M. Schoon-

maker and others. The result of this conference was the organization and incorporation of the Tomichi Valley Smelting Company.

I was put in charge of the general management of the construction, with a Mr. Foss as practical smelter manager. We had the construction practically completed when Mr. Lewis arrived May 27 to take charge of its general management. I felt much relieved to have Mr. Lewis assume the responsibility of the smelter, as I knew practically nothing about operating a silver-lead smelter; and the two failures of the smelting business in Gunnison made me less confident of its success than I would have been otherwise.

The first one hundred bars of bullion were run out of the smelter June 21, and that was followed up with an output of a carload of bullion of the value of four to five thousand dollars about every two days. June 21 we were advised that Gunnison granite had been selected with which to build the state capitol building. It was expected to give employment for two hundred men for two years. All these things began to give us hope that, after several years of struggle, our hopes of making Gunnison the big city of the Western Slope were about to be realized.

On July 7, I left Gunnison to meet my wife and the children in Denver on their return from a visit to Missouri. I was very happy to have my family all at home again after being away for three and a half months.

Upon the resignation of Mr. Olney as manager of the La Veta Hotel on August 6, 1886, my brother, Allen T. McCanne, was put in charge of the hotel; and under his management up to July 18, 1888, the hotel had its best days.

One of the results of Mr. Lewis' influence with Mr. David Moffat, president of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, was securing close cooperation of the railroad. During the summer of 1887, a track was built up to the hotel, and it was made one of the eating stations for all passenger trains. We furnished free of rent an office room for the ticket agent; all the express business was conducted there. As compensation for this and other conveniences the hotel company was furnished free transportation for the hotel company's help.

My office was under the ticket office, and my requests for passes for the help were always honored. This arrangement made the hotel the busiest place in town.

The smelter started its second furnace about the middle of August, so it looked like all our hopes for Gunnison would be realized.

WATER WORKS ENGINEERING

I have mentioned the building of water works for the Canon City state penitentiary. During 1886-87 and 1888 I did the engi-

neering for the water works at Crested Butte, Montrose, Delta, and the sewer system for Grand Junction. After moving my home to Denver I planned the water works for Ward, Colorado, and Cody, Wyoming, the electric light plant for Erie, Colorado, and water works for the city park, Denver, Colorado.

I also had all the ditch surveying I could find time to do for the ranchmen of the Gunnison country. Very few of the ditches had filed claims for their water rights; and after it became known that I was qualified to do the surveying, platting, and filing for them, they sent for me to do it and paid me well for it.

Sometimes these surveying trips took me into thrilling experiences and other times into hard, disagreeable work.

On one trip Jim Dofflemyre and I took the D&RG Railway from Gunnison to Cero Hill to make a preliminary survey of a reservoir site on Vernal Mesa, under which the great Gunnison Tunnel was afterwards built to tap the Gunnison River in Black Canyon and bring the water through to a canal to water the Uncompahgre Valley. This Vernal Mesa is an almost level plateau surrounded by a rim of rocky ridges on which grew pinon and other small, scrubby brush. It is about half a mile in width and perhaps two miles in length, requiring only a dam across its southwest end to make a natural reservoir of huge proportions.

It was about ten o'clock in the forenoon when we reached the center of this basin. The sun was hot; and the stillness was oppressive, when suddenly we were surrounded by the most unearthly howls that I ever heard. Jim turned pale and said, "We're in for a run for our lives. It's a pack of timber wolves." "Where can we run?" I asked. "To Montrose." "How far is it?" I asked. "About ten miles," he answered. I said, "No, we can't do that. We'll defend ourselves with these spiked tripod legs. I don't believe they will attack us in daylight anyway."

Gradually the howls died down and soon ceased altogether. We went on and finished our survey and came back through the same basin, and we never heard another yelp all day. This was my first experience with coyotes in their lairs. I learned afterwards that a few coyotes scattered around this rim had imitated the howl of a thousand wolves when they had a suitable setting for their performance.

We were nearly famished with thirst, and before we got down off the mesa had to shelter ourselves from a cloud-burst under the trees; and the muddy water came down the trail like a mill race.

I said to Jim, "You remember that swale we crossed at the foot of this hill as we came up? If we don't hurry down, we'll not get to the railroad." "That's right. Let's go," said Jim.

When we got to the swale, it looked like a small river; but we knew every minute we waited would make it deeper, so we waded through. The water was so thick with lava mud that it was about like slaked lime. We found a shelter made of ties covered with earth near the railroad tank, made a fire, and dried out our clothes while we waited for the 11:30 p. m. train back to Gunnison, tired and hungry.

One of the best engineering jobs I did about this time was to save the town of Gunnison an annual rental of \$800 a year for water for its streets, which was taken from the Hartman ditch by building a new ditch about two miles long to take the place of the one eight miles they had been using and which cost the town a thousand dollars complete and a very nominal sum for upkeep.

During the month of May, 1888, I took the first real vacation I had had since coming to Colorado. We had had nearly a month of very strenuous work thawing and repairing broken water mains. Working in the sunshine on the snow had made me almost snow-blind, so that I had to get out of snow to get relief.

I went to St. Louis.

THE McCANNE DITCH

Of the 240-acre farm near Brighton, Colorado, which I had traded father's St. Louis property for, the north 120 acres was cut up pretty badly by the Platte River and had a seepage swamp on it that required draining. I saw very soon after we exchanged the St. Louis property for the Brighton farm that father would worry more or less about the \$4,500 mortgage. I tried to convince him that we could sell off some of the north half in garden tracts for enough to pay off the mortgage. He insisted that this would require engineering which I could do better under my own management and suggested that I take the north 120 acres and assume the \$4,500 mortgage, which I did.

The first engineering required was to drain the swampy land. In doing this, I studied the seepage water problem very carefully for several months. I found that by cutting a ditch along the side of the mesa at the eastern and upper side of the swamps I could gather the seepage which comes from the irrigation of the lands between the canals and the first bottom lands. By the time I had provided drainage for the swamps on my own land, I found I could put the water I had thus developed on some vacant railroad lands, by building a canal about eight miles long. I made contracts to drain the swamps on other farms for the use of the water I could develop and incorporated the McCanne Ditch on March 23, 1894, which is now irrigating about 800 acres between Brighton and Fort Lupton and which is considered one of the most valuable sources of irrigation in the valley. I had the cooperation of W. H.

Davis and E. E. Byron, who owned lands under the McCanne Ditch. My years of study and experience with seepage waters qualified me to testify in several important water-right lawsuits wherein ditch companies, having decrees for river flow, were claiming that intercepting and diverting seepage waters from these swamps deprived them of water that would augment their river flow. In such cases my testimony—that the evaporation from these swamps if allowed to stand stagnant would more than offset the water that would find its way into the river—enabled the claimants of the seepage water to hold them. . . .

I continued to manage the water and gas works in Gunnison by making one or two trips a month and being subject to emergency calls any time. My plant engineer, Charles H. Meyer, was very efficient and reliable. Mr. Lewis had relieved me of the responsibility of the general management of the hotel. I soon had our water and gas customers paying their bills more promptly when they knew I had to clean up my collections in two or three days than they did while I was in Gunnison all the month.

I had only just gotten well settled in Denver when Mr. D. P. McDonald, manager of the Denver branch of Fairbanks-Morse and Company, employed me to put in for their company what time I was not required to give to my company as consulting engineer for his company. We were just beginning to introduce gasoline engines for pumping; and I worked up a set of tables for the use of farmers showing costs of several kinds of pump installations, the size of engine and pump required for the irrigation of various acreage, the cost per acre foot for different lifts and so forth. My experience in the development of the seepage water on the lands in the Platte valley, under the big irrigation canals, enabled us to make Fairbanks-Morse pumping plants available for small tracts by putting down a well or pumping pit into the gravel.

This pumping by gasoline engines was gradually growing into the use of larger plants; I was sent in 1894 on a kind of educational trip down the Rio Grande Valley which resulted in the sale of a twenty horsepower plant for the State College at Messilla Park, New Mexico, and another plant about as large to Mr. James Smith of El Paso Dairy. During the week I spent at Las Cruces I made an inspection trip and a report to Fairbanks-Morse and Company on a 10,000-acre tract on an island below Messilla Park that had been irrigated and cultivated many years ago but which had lost its water rights by the abandonment of its irrigation so long ago that trees six inches in diameter had grown up in the old ditches. This land was offered for \$2.50 per acre, and I recommended its purchase by Fairbanks-Morse as the best plan by which to prove up the value of pumping irrigation as there was

abundant supply of water in the gravel with a lift of about ten feet. I tried to convince the company that the land would pay for itself by its sale much faster than payments would be required for its purchase. The company declined to consider the project, and the land would now sell for \$200 per acre (1930).

William Gerald McCanne graduated from Denver High School in 1896 and started to take the electrical engineering course at the School of Mines at Golden, Colorado; but instead of finishing the course, he prevailed upon me to let him take the rest of his education from the practical standpoint, so I put him in as assistant engineer at the water works and electric light plant at Gunnison. He liked this work so well that he was married to one of his classmates, Carlotta Meek, of Denver; and they made their home in Gunnison until the year 1902 when they returned to Denver. After working for the Denver Fire Clay and Tile Company for awhile, he went to farming near Fort Lupton. He helped me develop the irrigation system at Fort Sumner for about ten years and then returned to purchase an eighty-acre farm near Fort Lupton on which he has made his home ever since. He has educated his two sons, making an electrical engineer of Gerald Jr., now with Westinghouse Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, and the other Rolland McCanne, a geologist and petroleum engineer, in Rock Springs, Wyoming. His daughter, Arloa, is this year (1930) in her senior year in high school.

[The remainder of the original manuscript, devoted largely to accounts of Mr. McCanne's engineering of the Fort Sumner and the Penasco irrigation projects in New Mexico, his experiences with bond sharks, and his religious activity and family life, is omitted here.—Ed.]

The Chicago Fire and Pioneering in North Park¹

JACK E. KEENAN

I was born in Chicago in 1862, so was nine years old when the great Chicago fire of 1871 broke out. My father was a policeman there and had his hands full in the midst of it, in controlling crowds, keeping order, assisting the panie stricken people and all that goes with such a holocaust. I was at school and could not get home for three days. The school was between Twelfth and Thirteenth on Wabash Avenue. It was not burned, as the limit of the fire was about Twelfth Street—well, Harrison Street was the main limit.

¹This story was prepared by Mrs. Adah B. Bailey of Walden, Colorado, from data she assembled and from an interview which L. R. Hafen had with Mr. Keenan on September 1, 1938.—Ed.

We had alarm bells, unlike the sirens that are used now, and could figure where the fire was by counting the number of peals. It started in a kind of a shanty district. "The O'Leary cow?"—Oh, it could have been, but there were lots of labor troubles. They had set some fires and cut some hose. If they did start this one, they undoubtedly did not intend for it to go to the extent that it did, but three or four fellows were hung over it anyway.

Most of the printing presses were caught in the fire, so newspapers were at a premium. I sold single sheets about the fire for a dollar a piece. After the fire I got as high as \$2.50 a day for cleaning brick.

I went to work pretty young. I worked as cash boy for Mandel Brothers; also worked for Field-Leiter, later Marshall-Field. They started business in the old horse-car barn.

While still a young lad I went up into Iowa, and then to Idaho, where I ran a water tank for the Short Line. This was about 1879.

I came to Colorado in the fall of 1881. A man by the name of Faulkner bought some cattle near Denver to take up into North Park and I helped him drive them in. That is how I happened to go to North Park.

We built a camp on Faulkner's place on the Michigan, two or three miles west of where Gould is now. We built the house by using poles for about four feet up, then put a tent over it, and then piled a thick wall of snow around the canvas, and put in a pole floor. It served to keep us warm during this first winter. Mrs. Faulkner was the only midwife in North Park for several years.

I had nothing to do with the cattle after we got them in. I hunted mostly, for game to furnish meat for the camp. I thought I might be able to sell some meat, but never did, as nobody had any money. I didn't care though. I enjoyed the hunting and was getting along all right.

There was an old cabin down below Johnny Moore's upper ranch where we stored meat. One day we jumped four deer and instead of killing them so far from the meat house, we drove them down to the cabin and killed them there. Another day we killed an elk up on a mountain in a clear space where there were no trees. The hill was steep, the snow crusted hard and we got on the elk's carcass and rode it down the mountain about a mile and a half. In the summer we put the meat up on high poles; then the flies did not bother it. The deer used to come over from White River across the game trail. Mrs. Birkett, Linsdy Coe's grandmother, living down near Cowdrey used always to go out alone and get her own deer.

The first agitation for game laws came after four wagon loads of dry hides, deer, elk and antelope were taken to Denver for sale, coming through Fort Collins, Berthoud and Longmont. That must have been in '84 or '85. There were just as many being killed before they started selling hides, but the people outside did not realize it. That winter the legislature passed the first game laws. Seifert, at his store in North Park, paid twenty-five cents in trade for each antelope hide, and seven or eight cents a pound for deer and elk hides.

There was one man named John Potter who used to slaughter the antelope. He rode a good sized roan mare, and when a herd of antelope came along, he would jump off, rest his gun on a forked stick about two and a half feet long which he carried with him, and he would get six or seven antelope right there. One day he killed seventy-five, but usually got fifty or sixty. He had two four-mule teams and shipped load after load to Denver. A man named Ward who used to go up there in the fall was almost as good as Potter. Potter, by the way, was the first man to be married in North Park. He married Lucy Lee. When riding, she handled her baby like she would a sack. Collin E. Davis married them.

There were a great many horses and cattle in North Park in 1881. One outfit had about a thousand head of fine horses they had brought from Boston, but I don't think it paid. I don't know why it didn't. They never tried to raise mules there.

The first cattle brought in were pretty wild, a kind of bronco stock, not the regular longhorn type, just a wild type, not much good for beef. Palmer & Richman from Chicago, living on what was later the Charles Riggen ranch, brought in the first Hereford bulls in the early eighties. Then other ranchers did the same and soon the herds were built up until now some of the finest beef in the world is raised in North Park.

Mendenhall, from Fort Collins had one of the earliest large cattle outfits. Montie Blevins ran it for him. He married one of Mendenhall's daughters. After Swift & Company came in, Montie had full charge of their outfit.

The Mathews Brothers were also early North Park cattle men, with a string of ranches along the Michigan River. There were Jerome, Joseph, Alfred, James and Reid Mathews, all interested in the firm, but not all living in North Park. They called it the Kennedy Cattle Company. They were one of the first to build fences in the Park. They made buck fences, by notching two heavy posts, standing them up with a spread at the bottom wide enough to make the fence stand up, then nailed poles to them cross-wise and laid one pole in the top fork.

The poles were made of pine timber cut by men who would cut and pile about fifty in a place where they could get to them with a team. They got two cents apiece for cutting the poles and made about two dollars a day. As soon as barbed wire was made they strung one strand of wire at the top of the fence, and later made most fences with all wire.

One successful cattle man, Barney Mallon, after proving up on his ranch, turned it over to his two boys, Jim and Elmer, to run. They soon had eighteen miles of fencing on his place. He divided the pastures up into progressive fields, and in the fall when they ran across any weak cattle put them in one field, then as they ate the grass there, moved them into another and another until they were fat enough to ship.

They had two roundups, the June roundup and the fall roundup. The one in June was for the branding of the calves. They appointed a captain who had charge over all and everything. Then the men who owned a hundred cattle or more furnished from one man on up according to how many cattle he had, and furnished his share of the grub in the same way. They used branding irons with three prongs to hold the brand, stuck it hot on the calves and let it grow with the critter. They branded all the calves that were with their mothers, with the brand of the cow's owner, then divided up the mavericks—the stray calves which seemed to have no mothers, and rationed them out according to the number of cattle a man owned.

In the fall they had the beef roundup, when they cut out all the cattle fit for market. They drove them to the railroad in Laramie, usually, then shipped them from there to the cattle markets. If a man had only about fifty head he just put them in with a larger outfit, rather than take them to market himself.

At first they tried to winter their cattle through without putting up hay for them; then a hard winter hit them and they lost so many cattle, some as high as seventy per cent of their herds, that they began cutting and putting up hay for them. Most of them, before that, just cut a little hay for their saddle horses. Andy Strobe who had been a stage driver before going into ranching, lived on the Canadian down near Cowdrey, and he lost all his cattle that winter except sixty head. He had no feed except a little hay he had cut with a scythe. There were no mowing machines in there then. The first ones, the Walter A. Wood mowing machines, were brought in there in 1883. Siefert brought in a load of them and everybody bought them.

Then they started making ditches, irrigating and putting up hay. One kind of wild hay there had black, heavy tassles of seeds,

I think it was buffalo grass. It was the best hay of any, and when horses or mules got a taste of it they would not eat any other.

The way they put up the hay is to first mow it, then rake it into windrows, then sweep it up to the pusher which then pushes it up onto the stack. The sweeps are made of two mowing machine wheels placed wide apart, with teeth made of peeled, pointed poles which stick out in front close to the ground. The stacker is made of peeled poles placed on a steep slant, and is about fourteen feet wide. The pusher is a frame that works on a hinge attached to a long log at the end of which the team is hitched facing the log and frame. It is a very rapid way of putting up hay.

I was visiting up there in 1901 and we went to Dwinell's while they were haying. The next day we took nine teams and the haying machinery from the Parmelee place, Dwinell's home ranch, up to the Hagberry place on the Canadian, put up 225 tons of hay and moved back that night.

I don't think Boettcher had started in up at the Park when I first went in. I think he went in about 1883. He bought a ranch and some cattle, but went in heavily for horses at first. He brought in his brother-in-law, John Riggen, from Kansas to run the ranch. They had married sisters. Riggen's children still live in North Park. The Boettcher outfit had six or seven hundred horses up there at one time.

In 1882 I was on my way out of the Park, and stopped at Heinsen & Seifert's at Pinkhampton. They had been keeping a store in Teller, but had moved to Pinkhampton. They bought a string of freight horses from Jules Musgrove and hired me to run their freight outfit. I hauled all their goods from Laramie, Wyoming, to Pinkhampton, which was in the north end, or what they called the neck of the Park. It was about fifty-five miles from Laramie, the way the old road used to twist around. There is no town at Pinkhampton now.

Those old horses were not fit for the work, so they soon bought six mules from Wall & Purell (used to be Wall & Whittier), for \$225.00 apiece, and they were cracker-jacks. They sold one of those teams after twelve years for \$250.00. They were then 18 years old and still good. We usually took two teams of six mules each. Could have used twelve mule teams, but was hard to make the turns in the timber on crooked roads. We used a jerk line and a heavy blacksnake leather whip filled with fine shot, something like a quirt but longer, and trailed a saddle horse behind. Usually had a trail wagon too.

My brother started in freighting with me, but he didn't like it, so we finally got George Post to drive the other team. He stayed

with them until Seifert sold the outfit to Mosman in 1889. Post went with the outfit and freighted for Mosman for many years.

I was paid a cent a pound and hauled about 1,500 pounds to the animal. It took a week to make the trip. We fed the mules Nebraska oats usually, sometimes Colorado oats, but it was harder and they did not do so well as on the Nebraska oats. In summer they were turned out at night to graze, with hobbles on the breachiest ones.

In the winter we had to use sleds in the Park, using what was called the common-sense sled. It was a pair of bobs and long box, as loads could not be piled high in the winter. There was never any sledding toward Laramie, so we had to have two outfits. I would stay at the Laramie end with six mules and wagon and haul the goods up to where the snow began. Post would meet me there with his mules and sled and we would transfer the load from my outfit to his. It was a funny thing, but this snow line was nearly always just at the same place. We had to run all the time or the road would be blocked, then the stage couldn't even run, and it would take many days of hard work to break the trail out again.

Old man Daniels here, of Daniels & Fisher, was backing Heinsen & Seifert and when they got to owing him about \$4,500.00 he sent a man by the name of Hanks, a kind of receiver, up to run the place until he got his money out of it. It just took Hanks one year and three days to do it. I worked there for Daniels too, and when Hanks was through they offered me a position in Denver of running their stable at Ninth and Broadway, but I didn't take it.

Well, I freighted in North Park for about nine years, then Worthington Clark and I bought out the Laramie to Rand stage from Nedler, who had the contract and lived in Laramie. I took up a piece of land just south and east of Walden to have pasture for my stage horses. I stayed with it only a year and sold my interest to Clark. I had built a four room log house on my land. This house stood just inside the field where Howard Hampton lives now. I sold it and my relinquishment to the homestead rights to John W. Riggen for four horses. Mr. Riggen moved the house down to the edge of Walden on the south, where it stands today, and built four rooms upstairs and put the frame siding on.

I then went to Denver, and in October, 1891, went to work for the Tramway Company running cable cars, and have worked for them ever since. In 1905 I lost both my legs in a railroad accident, but after recovering I spent many years as motorman on the street cars, very few people knowing that I did not have two good legs. These last years I have been dispatcher for the company.

I married an early-day North Park school teacher, Miss Anna Miles. Her brother, Ben Miles, had a ranch joining Cowdrey.

She taught the Cowdrey school during the summer of 1885. There was no winter term. Altogether she taught three years in North Park. I am giving you a picture of her and the Cowdrey school house and children taken in 1885.

[Mr. Keenan retired on January 1, 1942, after a little more than fifty years of work for the Denver Tramway Company. Mrs. Keenan died on June 10, 1944, and Mr. Keenan on October 26, 1945. Mr. and Mrs. Keenan were the parents of Walter E., Ralph G. and Elsie G. Keenan; grandparents of Staff Sgt. Jerald W. Keenan, U. S. A. overseas, and Tech. Sgt. Robert R. Keenan, U. S. A. Airforce, and great-grandparents of Linda Jeanne Keenan.]

Early History of Parker and Vicinity¹

MRS. ELIZABETH TALLMAN

The first time I was ever in the place that afterwards was called Parker, was in July, 1864, soon after the Indians had killed the Hungate family. I went up with my brother-in-law, Mr. Foster, to a saw mill he had on Running Creek, just after the bodies of the Hungate's had been buried back of the mill bunk house.

Mrs. George Long was cooking for the mill hands and when we were driven out by Indians all hands went to Denver. Later Mr. Foster went back to the mill and as Mr. Long didn't find anything to do in Denver, he came back up to where the roads forked near the sand gulch and decided it would be a good place to build a house to feed travelers, as there was so much lumber hauling to build Denver. But he did not get started until the next year, in the fall of 1865, when he began to improve and build. Late in November of that year my sister, Mrs. Foster, and myself who had gone up to the mill that summer went to Denver to get things for the mill and it began to rain soon after we started for the mill from Denver, and the mud was awful. It was about dark when we got up to Long's place, but as we could go no farther and we knew the Longs, we knew we would have to stay all night with them.

When we got up there, they (the Longs) had only the kitchen part of the house up, no doors or windows (old carpets were hung in the doorways and windows), but we were made very welcome, had our team taken care of and had supper. When it came to sleeping they gave us their bed and they slept out under their wagon, or in it. That night the coyotes were everywhere, it seemed like

¹Prepared by Mrs. Tallman of Castle Rock when she was ninety-two years old. Written for Mrs. Charles Herzog, Historian of the Woman's Study Club of Parker, Colorado.—Ed.

hundreds of them, and Long's little dog kept up a continual barking until long in the night, but all at once the barking stopped and we slept till morning. In the morning Mrs. Long asked us if the dog bothered us. My sister said "Did you shut him up?" "No," said Mrs. Long, "I got up and I—and I—I hung the little devil." And she had. So you see, my sister, Mrs. Foster, and I were the first travelers to stop at that place, now known as the old Parker house or the twenty-mile house.

At that time there were only a few families between Parker and Denver, the Hightower girls at the Seventeen-mile House, Melvin at the Twelve-mile House, Booths at the Four-mile, and some few other families that came almost all at once and settled close to Cherry Creek. The postoffice was at the Davidson place, about a mile south of Parker, and was called Pine Grove for the bunch of pines on the hill opposite the postoffice. I have forgotten who was the postmaster, but I think it was W. M. Cantrell, as he owned the place in 1862.

The first school in Parker vicinity was held in one of the two rooms of the Fonder home, about six miles south of Parker, which was situated in the field back of what is now the Fonder or Stone school house. Mrs. Fonder was the teacher. George Long lived in the house he built (the Twenty-mile House) two or three years, then sold it to a man named Doud. In the meantime several other families had come and settled on Cherry Creek and a family named Gilman had built a cabin on Cherry Creek, close to the creek just west of the Doud place. No other houses were nearer than Cantrell's and he had put a saw mill in the timber, sawed out lumber and was building the house that still stands there now, that big white house just south of the old Baldauf place. He also built the old court-house that is still in Castle Rock, and it stood about where the road there goes to Castle Rock, afterwards moved to Franktown, then to Castle Rock. In the fall of 1866 Mr. Tallman bought a bunch of cattle and the place where Newlin lives now. George Lord, Max Kern, and Gird had also come to live near Cherry Creek, but no families at Parker until along in the '70s, for Indians were bad and the Utes used to come out of the mountains and cross Cherry Creek just west of Parker, which was still called Pine Grove. In 1873, I think, Parker bought out Doud. Parker had been working down on the Smoky Hill stage road, he and his wife. Then the postoffice was moved to Parker, and later the name was changed to Parker.

The first one to build where the town now is was George Parker, James Parker's brother. He built a little cabin and kept a saloon about opposite where the depot stands now, but that was before the railroad went through and long before the depot was

there. The road at that time ran close to the Parker house, on the west side and on up through the sand gulch. Dan Benton came next and lived just south of the sand gulch. About that time (1873 or '74) Indians were not so bad and a good many families began to settle in the country. In 1872, I think it was, Mr. Foster moved his mill down near us, and Mr. Tallman built the big barn that still stands on the Newlin place and there was not a nail used in building the big barn (all wooden pegs). In 1878 Mr. Tallman was elected clerk and recorder and we moved to Castle Rock, and I lost track of what was going on at Parker from that time, as we were in Castle Rock four years, and when we got back to Cherry Creek there were many people I didn't know.
