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"Queen Ann" of Brown's Park

ANN BASSETT WILLIS

INTRODUCTION (BY VALENTINE FITZPATRICK)

Women who dared the frontier at its worst were few. True, there were many pioneer mothers whose deeds of heroism were the quiet kind, that went unsung. Of those who met the West on its own terms, dealt back as good as they received, asked no sanctuary because they were women, so bringing bright glory to their age and sex, the number may easily be counted. They were a brave few. History and romance have immortalized but a small number of these. And among them, none exceeds in daring, intelligence, glamor and honor—Queen Ann.

Child of the West, born to a family that grappled with the West in its roughest, toughest days and tamed it, was Ann Bassett. Like an antelope she was born running, and like an antelope takes to water, she took to education, knowledge and experience—while moving.

There was nothing static in Ann Bassett's career. Born in a dirt-covered log cabin, where the nearest neighbors were miles distant and schoolhouses were unknown, she nevertheless came to shine in the most erudite company, to wear the manner and grace of the elite, yet never losing touch nor sympathy with the land and the people of her native hills.

In more ways than one she earned the title by which she was known from prairie to ocean and from the land of the Rio Grande to Athabasca. Wherever men rode and cattle ranged, the name of Queen Ann Bassett was acclaimed with admiration and respect.

The Frontier has vanished. Gone are the immense herds, the mile-long cavvies, the great round-ups. Long since, the badmen have been gathered together into their last hide-out. "Queen Ann" is no longer a name with which to conjure on the range. But she lives on. Many who are her neighbors do not know that the comely, dignified, yet loveable lady "next door," could unfold tales that would overshadow the wildest thriller ever shown at the neighborhood theatre. After much persuasion, she has put on paper some of the happenings of that day long gone, when as child and woman she rode the

hills and valleys of Brown's Park. In her own words you may read on the following pages of those olden days.

It was before our house was built, while my parents were living with Uncle Sam Bassett, that I was born, in Brown's Park, Routt County, Colorado, in the year 1878. Dr. Parsons attended my mother. By all reports it looked pretty tough for me. There was no mother's milk and some source of food had immediately to be provided.

A tribe of Ute Indians were camped about two hundred yards from the cabin, among these was an Indian mother, See-a-baka, who had a new-born papoose. Buffalo Jack Rife, good old "Buff," spoke their language like a Ute, so after consultation with Dr. Parsons, he held a pow-wow with Chief Marcisco and Medicine Man Mucha-qua-gant, "Star." After making considerable medicine and sign talk, it was decided to permit the squaw to become my wet nurse and me to become a foster twin to her papoose, a boy named Kab-a-weep, meaning Sunrise.

Indians do not cuddle newborn infants by covering the head. I've been told it was storming when they carried me to the Indian wickiup, and I can imagine how I must have blinked and grimaced as the snow settled on my little face.

It was the custom of the Indians to move from the river bottoms where they wintered, to cooler summer camp grounds on the mountain tops. For that reason my Uncle Sam built the "double cabins" for mother at the head of Willow Creek, so she could be near my foster mother. To this cabin See-a-baka came at regular intervals to feed me. I nursed her for six months, until cow's milk could be provided. It was Judge Conway who rounded up a milk cow and presented her to me, so I got into the cow business at a decidedly early age.

I've often wondered if more than milk was not imparted through those months of feeding. Certainly during all my remembered life I have cherished for the Indians a definite friendliness, a sympathy and understanding of them which I do not believe is common. I also have learned that they are superior to many whites in both behavior and standard of morals.

My father, Herbert Bassett, was born at Bridgewater, Herkimer County, New York. From there he moved to Springfield, Illinois, where he taught school prior to the Civil War. At the breaking out of war, he joined what were known as "Lincoln's Own Volunteers" in 1861. Father had a decided musical bent and could play various instruments. He became leader of the company band and served continuously until 1865. After the war he was appointed

Collector of Internal Revenue for the United States Government at Norfolk, Virginia. There he met Mary Elizabeth Chamberlain, a grand-daughter of Judge Crawford Miller. They were married in 1868 and moved to Little Rock, Arkansas. In 1871 they started on the final stage of their journey westward, looking to California as their goal. Coming by train to Rock Springs, Wyoming, they stopped there to meet and visit my father's brother, Samuel Clark Bassett. He had been employed by the United States Government since the early 1850s as a scout along the Overland Trail through Wyoming to Salt Lake City, Utah. And he is one of the first pioneers my memory can introduce into the history of Brown's Park.

In 1847 Joseph Herrera, a political refugee from Santa Fe, New Mexico, obtained maps and records of early expeditions and with his brother Pablo, and other Spaniards, went in search of the valley of the Green River. The camp site of earlier explorers was located east of Vermillion Creek in the Escalante Hills. And among relics picked up there was an old musket, which was taken to Herrera's headquarters at Joe Springs, now the Bassett Ranch.

When Joseph Herrera arrived at Green River, he met other white men, among them Jim and John Baker and Jimmie Reed. All were trappers who wintered in the mild climate where the great herds of roaming wild game furnished ample food. There also was



QUEEN ANN BASSETT AND BROTHER FRANK

Taken in 1949 on the Old Bassett Homestead. The horses are a strain bred and raised by the Bassetts for more than seventy years; the originals were imported Arabians. The picture is enlarged from a 35 mm. Kodachrome.

available a plentiful supply of the valuable white swan skins. "Bible-back Brown," a French trapper, had strongly recommended the sheltered valley as being a good place to "hole up" for the winter. From this the name "Brown's Hole" became fixed.

Samuel Clark Bassett's Diary for 1852 and 1854 contains some notations of interest. For instance:

"Brown's Hole." November, the month of Thanksgiving, 1852. Louie¹ and I down in. Packs off. Mules in lush meadows. Spanish Joe's trail for travel could not be likened to an "up state" high lane, suitable for coach and four.

Mountains to right of us, not in formation but highly mineralized. To the south a range of uncontested beauty of contour, its great stone mouth drinking a river.

Called on our neighbors, lest we jeopardize our social standing, "Chief Catump" and his tribe of Utes. "Male and Female created He them" and Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed so fine. Heads, bones, quills and feathers of artistic design. Buckskin tanned in exquisite coloring of amazing hues, resembling velvet of finest texture. Bows and arrows. "Let there be no strife between thee and me."

Samuel Clark Bassett

A later entry in the diary reads:

"Brown's Hole," June 22, 1854.

Warren D. Parsons and his wife Annie have arrived. And our first white squaw, "Snapping Annie," is expertly driving her slick oxen, Turk and Lion. "Whoa, Turk!" and "Gee, Lion!" Commanded by a female bullwhacker. "Houri" tells me that "Man's freedom in this Paradise is doomed."

Samuel Clark Bassett

(Bassett was a confirmed bachelor)

Some writers have conveyed the impression that white women were in the Park at an earlier date, at Fort Davy Crockett (Camp Misery), the old fort on Dummy Bottom.² But Joseph Herrera, Jim Baker and others definitely reported "No white women in the Hole until Snapping Annie Parsons came."

From a country to the northward and far on towards the sunset, flows the mighty Green River. In northwestern Colorado and northeastern Utah lies Brown's Park, along both sides of the river, and comprising an area approximately sixty miles long and from five to twenty miles in width. This is Colorado's western extremity of the vast cattle and sheep range which extends eastward one hundred and fifty miles, to the slopes of the Continental Divide.

To the east and north of the Park is Cold Spring Mountain, where sarvis berries grow in moist, shady nooks beneath the tall quaking aspens, and pine trees dot the mountain meadows with emerald islands. Westward is the forbidding wall of Diamond Mountain, with Wild Mountain alongside. Douglas Mountain on the

south is bounded by the great canyon on the Green River, the entrance to which reminds one of Southey's poem, "How the water comes down at Lodore." Major John Wesley Powell, the intrepid adventurer who first navigated the Green and Colorado Rivers from source to outlet, gave this canyon the name Lodore.

During the summer of 1869, two wealthy English noblemen, Sir Griffeth W. Edwards and his brother John G., with Judge Asbury B. Conway, of Boston, drove the first domestic cattle into Brown's Park. As a cowboy with this herd, came the unforgettable character, Buffalo Jack Rife. These men established headquarters with the Herrera brothers at Pablo and Joe Springs, at the foot of the Awaikuts Mountain, locally known by the name of Cold Springs Mountain. Twenty miles to the south a summer place was built at Douglas Springs, from which Buffalo Jack gave the name Douglas to the range of mountains from the Snake and Yampa Rivers to the Green.

In that same year the Edwards cattle were followed by those of Frank ("Granny") Hoy. He located on the abundant natural meadows along the Green River. Hoy's nephews, Valentine, Harry and Ade Hoy, later bought the business started thus by their Uncle Frank. The Griff Edwards and Frank Hoy herds were the beginning of the cattle in Brown's Park. Judge Conway engaged in the raising of fine horses, using imported stock. The result was an extensive and lucrative business.

While the Bassetts were in Rock Springs, Wyoming, which was the typical railroad distributing point for north, south, east, and west, they met other adventurous families on their way to what they regarded as the promised land. From this group composed of New England farmers, people from the eastern part of the United States, Herbert Bassett heard rumors of a lovely valley, a mysterious spot beyond the mountains. Winters there were mild, it was said, and wild game fleeing before the storms found refuge there. It was a place where cottonwoods grew to immense size, shading parks that spread like lawns from the river to the sandy hills at the base of the mountains. And this tempting Eden was known as "Brown's Hole."

Later when my mother glimpsed the richly green, natural meadows, and the groves of stately, wide-branched cottonwoods, she was reminded of a beautiful park in the eastern land where she was born. At once she re-christened the lovely valley, "Brown's Park."

We are told and we read extensively of the sufferings and struggles of the pioneers who first occupied the various parts of our West. Sometimes I wonder if some of this is not the product

¹The "Louie" referred to here was Louis Simmons, Kit Carson's son-in-law.

²For an article on the early fur trade post see L. R. Hafen, "Fort Crockett, Its Fur Men and Visitors," in the *Colorado Magazine* of January, 1952—Ed.

of sentimentalists and sobsters, who encourage their imaginations to embroider all pioneering experiences with the dark colorings applicable to some. Certainly this band of first settlers enjoyed their journeying into Brown's Park. There was green grass and thickly blooming wild flowers. They traveled on full stomachs, for there were buffalo, deer, antelope, and elk always to be had for the cost of a shot. Other good things filled their supply store. They were not poverty stricken nor were they obliged to push handcarts. They rode all the way in their Peter Shutler wagons.

True, there wasn't much of a wagon road across the sunbaked flats of Wyoming. But there was always a camp with water and grass for the stock that pulled the equipment. And these people, my parents and their friends, were men and women who understood how to work. They knew what the business end of a pick and shovel were for and were cheerfully prompt and able in using them. When they crossed Tabor Mountain they felt no uneasiness. Probably they lingered to enjoy the scenery, as you and I have done or would do, in similar circumstances today. Passing down the southern slopes and entering the pine belt, the aromatic scents of pine and sage were no less pleasing and invigorating than they are today.

From personal reminiscences of this trip I learned that these pioneers paused at the foot of Tabor Mountain, resting several days at the George Richards Ranch. This later became the Stage Station on the mail lines from Rock Springs to Uinta Basin, Utah.

When they arrived at Red Creek Canyon, they discovered that the bachelor population of Brown's Park had worked the primitive canyon roads in the same manner they had improved those the party had traveled thus far. The train reached its destination without casualty, wagons right side up and everyone in excellent shape.

These families possessed similar inclinations and desires, a kindly group of friends financially able to take care of themselves. They were well equipped to endure hardship, establish adequate homes and carve their history upon the new country. While the men scattered about the valley to search for homestead sites, the stock rested, and the women tidied camp and made preparations of their own for the development of pleasant and comfortable dwelling places.

Here men and congenial wives started from scratch to build homes for a permanency, in the young and beautiful land. Now you may visit them by permitting your imagination to rove back into the past with these people who paved the way, sufficient unto themselves and enveloped with the lure of that isolated country.

Dr. and Mrs. Parsons put up a cozy cabin on the banks of Green River at Parson's Ford. Jimmie and Mary Jane Goodson

selected ranches on Willow Creek. John Jarvie and pretty Nell built a trading post and established the first Brown's Park Post Office. Tom Davenport and gentle Alice, who mothered the entire community, started cattle ranches on Willow Creek.

Ed Rife and Genevieve built up the Crittenden Horse Company, bred the best of stock and were citizens any country would claim with pride. Whitecombe W. James and Jennie—our school teacher, who had a high regard for consistency—made their home close to Green River. Frank and Elizabeth Goodman, considerate, estimable folks, engaged in sheep ranching. C. B. Sears and his wife Molly, were examples of good citizenship, who also were in the sheep business.

James Warren had been educated for the priesthood, but found cattle ranching more to his inclination. His devoted wife, Katherine, cared for the sick with skill and kindness. Charles Allen and Lizzie located their ranch on the Green River meadows, where her sweet voice and cheerful disposition were an inspiration to her neighbors. Charley Crouse specialized in thoroughbred horses, and never will I forget those splendid animals with their arched, glossy necks and dark, fiery eyes. Mary Crouse was surely the "salt of the earth," a gracious and beautiful woman.

Herbert Bassett and Mary Elizabeth Bassett, my father and mother, had ranches and cattle. She kept the treaty with the Indians with undeviating faithfulness and became a vigorous advocate of national suffrage for women.

Where hospitality was a tradition, miles apart and few in number, these frontier wives and mothers kept their bearings and steered their home ships with heroic pluck.

The old Bassett Ranch, built in 1878, was truly a "Home on the Range." The long, low, rambling log house stood near a spring of crystal clear soft water, at the foot of a rugged mountain and overlooking the natural meadows that sloped southward. From our windows were visible the rampart walls and the dramatically picturesque entrance to Lodore Canyon.

The cutting and trimming of sufficient pine or spruce logs for the construction of a ten room cabin was no small task, particularly as each tree felled for the purpose was chosen with care. Those pioneers put equally as much thought into home making as folks do at the present time. Possibly more, for there were no convenient construction firms eager to supply materials, while furnishings and decorations depended solely upon the taste and creative talents of the individual. Also, necessity played a large part in the assembling of items to go inside the dwellings.

When our commodious, many-windowed cabin neared the finish, the question of its furnishings became a topic for much

discussion, and conclusions were arrived at after serious deliberation. A most important feature was the large cook stove—built to last, but not to lift. Accompanying this were innumerable iron pots and brass kettles. There were a few choice pieces of china (for which we had no use) and which traveled to us carefully wrapped in feather beds, for which we did have great use. Then there were several spool beds, their wood hand-polished to satin smoothness. All of these were shipped to Rock Springs from the grandfather's Virginia plantation, and laboriously hauled by wagon to the ranch.

After a protracted and highly hazardous wagon trip to haul the organ into Brown's Park, father was not keen to tackle any further jaunt which might repeat the several near-mishaps, with a few real ones. He became resolutely set against the hauling of any more bulky "boughten" house furnishings.

Birch grew in profusion along all the streams. Rawhide was plentiful. He solved our problems by making small tables and chairs of all sizes, using birch for the frames and rawhide strips for seats and backs. There were high chairs and easy ones, of the various types devised by his ingenuity. Cushions were of buckskin stuffed with milkweed floss, not only supplying comfort, but of suitable appearance for a log cabin.

The curtain problem was mother's to solve, which she did with most satisfactory results. She traded Indian Mary ten pounds of sugar for a bale of fringed buckskins, smoked to a soft tan. Father fashioned rods of birch and sawed rings from the leg bones of deer carcasses. When hung, these draperies were the cause for much complimentary comment.

Wood was not only plentiful but handy. We had a fireplace in every room. These were built of native rock and so cleverly constructed that the smoke went out the chimneys, which is quite unusual!

Our ranch became the accepted stopping place for travelers entering Brown's Park. All were welcomed, and of course no charge made for the hospitality. Father and mother were always eager for news from the outside world, or to discuss various topics of interest with either those from a distance or their neighbors. One of the rooms was a library with well-stocked shelves of books. Some of these volumes had been brought from my parent's eastern home, others were given us by Judge Conway. There were Shakespeare's Complete Works, an impressive book bound in padded sheepskin, Shelley, Keats, Longfellow and other poem collections, with many works of general literature, travel or biography. Bassett's Ranch was a spot where people congregated, to read and relax. No matter if we must keep on with our work, it was a type

we liked and its doing was the more pleasant with congenial visitors sharing our home.

All the farm work was done by hand during the first years of the settlement. A few plows had been hauled into the Park from the Union Pacific Railroad. These were used by their individual owners, then "loaned around," as were other pieces of the meager equipment. Father and Tom Davenport bought hand scythes and cradles to harvest grain, which was threshed by driving horses over bundles that had been laid down in clean corrals. The chaff was winnowed by a homemade fanning mill.

The putting up of hay was a part-time job. Horses, cattle or sheep, as the case might be, required constant care. Our system of living depended upon its individual productive industry for well being. Staple groceries and clothing were brought over rough roads by wagon from Rock Springs, both spring and fall. Ten days at least were required for one of these trips, to make which several neighbors joined. This supplied company as we said when the going was hard.

Men and children wore buckskin clothing, which was made by the white women, who acquired great skill in shaping the garments, which were handsomely stitched in fancy patterns, by their Singer Sewing Machines.

Those first settlers in Brown's Park looked forward to comfortable living and the enjoyment of some social life. All cabins contained from eight to ten rooms. When buffalo and bearskin rugs were removed, the "puncheon" floors were smooth for dancing. During winter months, each of the ranches in turn would give a dance, invitations to these events being borne by a horseman who rode from door to door of the scattered homes. "Everybody come!" he would urge warmly.

Cupboards were bursting, long tables groaned with the quantities of good food provided by host and hostess. Music was supplied by the ranch giving the party. The only mode of travel was by buckboard and team, or horseback. Many of the guests came from outside the Park, often arriving a day or two early to "rest up" for the festivities. The gaiety might last for several days and nights, or until the merrymakers felt duty bound to return to their own work and homes.

These parties were not "tough jamborees." They were gatherings of people of natural refinement and fine standards. They made merry with innocent fun. Often the dances became masquerades, each person representing a character of history or fiction.

Mr. Davenport, pretty Nell Jarvie, and cheerful Lizzie Allen were gifted with really beautiful voices. They sang for us all the

well-loved old songs. Among these I recall as prime favorites, "Last Rose of Summer," "Believe Me if All Those Endearing Young Charms," "Kathleen Mavourneen," and "Annie Laurie." Mr. Jarvie played the old-fashioned organ well—there were several of those instruments in the park. He had over a hundred memorized pieces of music in his repertoire. Among the bachelors were several fiddlers, while nearly everyone played the harmonica. George Law was an accordion expert. He furnished music for many a lively quadrille, calling the sing-song changes in a deep, resonant voice as he played. One of the rhyming jingles ran:

Alleman left and a do-se-do,
Birdie in a cage and round you go;
Promenade right when you get straight,
Take your own lady, and don't be late!

While they were dancing between figures, he would sing:

Shuffle your feet and don't be slow,
Chicken in a bread pan, a-pickin' up dough.

The older men who happened to be chess addicts never failed to fill a few hours with that pastime. Beds were provided for the children, who were placed together like cordwood, heads out, feet in. They were husky youngsters, who settled down contentedly and slept without waking.

At midnight was spread a tempting lunch, with plenty of hot coffee. If some of the younger men took a nip too much, they were made to wash dishes and cut wood as penalty for their lapse. Jim MacNight was the chief offender. Once he was chucked into the cellar (by order of my mother) then made to grub sagebrush as further discipline. All knew the rules, so the penalties were accepted with good nature.

When several of the Brown's Park children came of school age, a meeting was called, and an agreement made to collect from all settlers enough for a sum total that would pay a teacher for a few months each year. Mrs. Jennie Jaynes was chosen for this post, and a dug-out schoolhouse built by donated labor, at Sear's Draw on the Henry Hoy Ranch. There, in 1879, Jenny taught the Park's first school, her pupils numbering seven—Josie Bassett, my sister, Joe Davenport, Willis Rouff, Joseph Jaynes and the three little Reed children, Jimmie, Ella and Charles. The Reeds were of half Indian blood.

The first log schoolhouse was built by Charles Allen, C. B. Sears, Griff Edwards and my father, at Matt Spring, which was owned by my father. Matt Walsh had a camp there. New England pioneers regarded schools and education of prime importance. No isolation dimmed that ardor. Mrs. Adela Barnard, who became one of Routt County's most efficient educators, taught for several years in Brown's Park.

Resourceful and rich in expedients, these people carried on after the death of Dr. Parsons, looking after their own medical and surgical needs. When a brone ridden by Harry Shannon ran into a fence, gashing the leg of the young cowboy to the bone, mother was acting surgeon. With the aid of Mrs. Crouse, she put five stitches into the flesh. Table salt was used for an antiseptic, and Indian herbs to stop the flowing of blood. Careful nursing worked a speedy cure, and within a few years Harry joined Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show to become a famous brone rider. The show toured the United States, then crossed the ocean to London. It was Harry Shannon who did the first western-style brone riding stunts before the King and Queen of England. In later years he frequently visited the Park, and always declared that he owed his life to the skill and quick action of my mother and Mrs. Crouse.

When sickness or death came, all hands shared in the emergency. Neither weather conditions nor the urge of personal business prevented the giving of help and sympathy to any stricken neighbor.

The Brown's Park cemetery was presented to the district by Mrs. Valentina Hoy. The first burials there were of Juan Catrino, who died from pneumonia at the Griff Edwards Ranch, Fred Hook, from tuberculosis at the James Warren Ranch, and Jack Rollas, who was murdered at the Bassett Ranch by men who said they had come from Texas.

For burial rough boxes were neatly lined by the women with whatever material they had at hand. Often this came from wedding dresses, that of my mother's being used for the lining of Louis Carro's coffin.

Funerals were conducted by Mrs. Charles Allen, with Mr. Sears offering the prayer and Tom Davenport leading the singing. Among songs used for this purpose, "Home on the Range" was their favorite.

The killing of Jack Rollas had a considerable effect on the neighborhood. He was a pleasant-mannered young fellow from Texas who came to the Bassett Ranch in 1882. A good hand with horses, he was hired to break brones on the ranch. It was in the late fall of that year that three strange men arrived about noon, and were asked to eat dinner with the family. While Mrs. James, who cooked for us at the time, was preparing the meal, one of the strangers asked her if Jack worked there. Mrs. Jaynes replied, "Yes, that is Jack saddling a horse at the corral." The three men walked from the kitchen and went on down to the corral. One of them pulled a gun and shot Rollas as he was reaching for a bridle. He ran behind a barn, where he fell, mortally wounded.

Father was helping Harry Hindle and Perry Carmichal whip-saw lumber, several hundred yards from where the shooting occurred. They raced for the house where they grabbed sawed-off shotguns. We children were outside. At the sound of the gunshot, Mrs. Jaynes rushed out to gather us into the shelter of the dwelling. Mother and Harry Hindle held the three strangers at bay while father and Perry carried the wounded Rollas into the bunkhouse.

Mother was noted for intrepidity in any time of danger or alarm. Armed with a Winchester she was an able partner with Harry in disarming the strange gunmen. She marched them straight over to Rollas for an explanation. The one who had done the shooting said his name was Hambleton and that Rollas had shot and killed his brother in Abilene, Kansas. Hambleton had trailed Jack Rollas for two years, to kill him. That was the way in which such a score was settled in Texas, he said. And all three men declared they were from that state.

Rollas confirmed Hambleton's statement in part, explaining that a man of that name had married his sister. He abused the sister and Rollas had killed him for it. But he said that he did not know any of the three men who had trailed him to our ranch.

Mother spiritedly informed Hambleton that it was not the custom of the northwest to shoot an unarmed man in the back. By the determined threat of her leveled Winchester, she lined the trio up against the bunkhouse wall, and directed the wounded Rollas to kill his assassin, or all three men, if he wanted to.

Rollas was too weak to hold a gun, and he died a few hours later. While mother and Mrs. Jaynes were administering to the dying cowboy, father and Perry were guarding the prisoners. Harry Hindle went to notify the settlers of the park, and to get Charles Allen, Justice of the Peace, to the scene of the crime. Night came and father began to think with deepening apprehension. A lynching could be in the making. He advised the captives to go to the barn and feed their horses, and he warned them to ride directly to the county seat, over a hundred miles away, and surrender themselves to the law. When neighbors arrived at the Bassett ranch, the murderer and his companions had escaped. Naturally, they failed to do as father had instructed, and were never heard of again in that part of the country. Neighbors may have suspected father of having deliberately brought about the escape of the three men, for they all knew how he tried to prevent tragedy and human violence. The method subscribed to by father in the matter of advice to the shooters would have been in direct conflict with the opinion of mother and Mrs. Jaynes. Therefore, he did not commit himself and tell the true story for some time afterwards. However

his action may be criticised, additional bloodshed was averted and the Bassett ranch had three good Winchesters taken from the Texans, to be added to the gun rack.

Learning to ride in early childhood was a necessity. For training in balance, bucking contests were improvised. Our hay corral was the arena. From this training experiment we developed what proved to be quite a game.

Clean hay from the stacks was spread over the ground, from which all rocks or other unevenness had been removed. In the evening when the day's work was finished, the fun began. Hay was piled high from a chute, from which each bucking cowboy on all-fours topped by a fearless little rider came bounding out. This human steed reared, sunfished and performed all the antics of a wild and vicious brone being ridden for the first time. The courageous little rider would hang on for dear life by gripping his knees, pressing moccasined feet tight to the flanks, and with one hand only, holding to a handkerchief tied back of the brone's "front legs." The show was conducted in a regular manner, horses and riders were announced and there were purses for the best riders. In a country of few amusements, these contests attracted a considerable number of patrons, many coming quite a few miles to share the fun. Ringside seats were benches placed near the corral fence, admission was charged, and the judges' stand was the top rail of the fence. There were no pick-up men, riders stayed on until they exhausted their horses or fell off, leather pulling was barred, so were spurs. Roping was one of the attractions, each contestant had one throw as the human horses bucked out of the chute. For this act one or both feet must be caught at the first throw; many of the youngsters became quite expert. George Bassett, when only five years old, was champion roper.

I was getting pretty good at riding my mounts to a finish and the judges selected for me, in one contest, a big strong cowboy from Prescott, Arizona. A famous "bucker" who knew all the tricks of a brone! A sheep man in the audience slipped me a small pair of English spurs. I cautiously put them on and stood in the hay as instructed to do, by the self-appointed sponsor. When the wild ride started I used the spurs with full force. My horse immediately did what no brone is supposed to do, under similar circumstances. He proceeded to take me over his knee and administer a good old fashioned spanking, encouraged and encoered by the hilarious cheers and jeers of the audience as he poured it on. This act disqualified me from the contest for some time, or until the brone's flanks healed, and I was able to ride without a pillow to sit on.

"No life for a lady," has been said. As a cowhand and making no claim of being either ladyish or romantic, I suggest that it is

not the range on which she moves, but her brand, that identifies the heifer. A mere "hair" brand will shed. It's only the deep-in stay-on kind that really measures up. A mark deeper than the skin, one that can be read clearly in crowded pens or on open ranges, is the only one of value. Should this at times become a bit blotched, under pressure the mark will still be readable. After rubbing shoulders against some of life's cultured "shellac" the brand symbol has a more definite significance.

I had the privilege of living in a bronco West, and began life as a cow hand at the mature age of six. In a roomy out doors where cow critters spread themselves over the grass valleys and sage brush hills of southern Wyoming and northwestern Colorado as far as the eyes could see. I attended the great round-ups held on open terrain, when the vast expanse of milling, bellowing cattle were worked, cut out and branded. They were handled without confusion by men trained to work, to make instant decisions, and who had the individualism to act in any emergency.

The cattle business joined me in interest with the Texas cowboys of the early eighties. Men with clean minds, and able bodies disciplined by physical exercise to do any job well. Putting in time and a half, and over time, was an essential feature of their training. For them, there was no such limitation as an eight hour day.

Cowboys held womenkind in high esteem. Conversational passes and barbed jokes aimed at the opposite sex, were decidedly out of range dictum. Good horses and the best equipment were a cowboy's pride. They stuck to their chosen profession, they would not flank hay or grub sage brush. The charm of their picturesque lives has gone on in song and story, exciting and appealing to the human emotion as no other profession has ever done. I am deeply grateful to those who captured the spell and have kept alive the profound meaning of a cowboy's life on the range.

This country, itself undergoing the processes of birth, developed a new generation radically different from their New England ancestors, and presenting a problem that kept the parents in a state of mental agitation. We were completely western by birth and environment, actively disliking anything that resembled a pattern.

I turned a deaf ear to mother's long-winded lectures upon the conduct of, and correct clothing for, "little ladies," and early adopted buckskin breeches for my personal use. Capering about on a skittish brone, plastered to a lopsided contraption called a side-saddle, while swathed in yard-long riding togs was not my idea of frolic. I cared not a whit for social customs, and could not understand a world designed especially for privileged little boys to romp in, to enjoy sports and play, sternly denied to "little ladies." With

spirit and determination I wore my befringed, buckskin breeches. My point was difficult to prove in a puritanical sphere where girl's legs were strictly hush-hush, and anything resembling trousers for women or girls taboo.

Imagine my mother's disturbance of mind! Her own outfit consisted of a beautifully fitted "habit" of rich, dark blue material, long skirted and draped with grace. For trimming there was a number of gleaming brass buttons. She was a blonde, five feet, six-and-a-half inches tall. Mounted on her thoroughbred saddle horse, "Calky," she was a picture to remember.

There can be no question that pants were more suitable riding gear, but the grown-up's agony over such "disgraceful" apparel was pathetic. However—the buckskins won out. The result was an unbridle-wised revolter from custom, riding straddle-back in a no-woman's sphere, amidst dust or mud, and steers. I was not a romantic, inspirational number but a perfect "burr in a saddle blanket" to cowpunchers. But I brushed off ridicule. My ambitions were centered upon ability to flank a calf or stick a wild cow's head through a loop, as neatly as any of them.

How those "cow romeos" would preen their dusty feathers, and look at their shadows as they tried to act like wolves in a sheep pasture, when a lady-like girl showed up. A real girl, all done nice and proper, hanging by doubtful tenure to a side saddle, quite unmindful of the horse's discomfort from the back-eating kidney sores and galled withers caused by that one-sided thing she clung to, and called a saddle. The cow custodians did not have *me* fooled in their efforts at make believe, to impress the city school marms with their courage and gallantry. I knew how harmless and afraid of women they really were. Men among men, were doves where women were concerned—and just cow waddies to me. As a rule there was some boot-trembling in my stirrups, during those setting up exercises, for smart kinds were not supposed to grin out of turn. Just one knowing look could bring on reprisals, and I would be demoted to a spell of lowly horse wrangling. A decided set-back for a top cow hand. I had an unyielding brother vigorously riding herd on me. His psychology was, if you are going to be a full fledged cow puncher you must play the game square, take it on the button and never shy at rope burn or pistol smoke.

Through trial and error I became a specialist at evading mother's staff of authority. With the speed of a Wapiti, I would race to the bunkhouse, that place of many attractions, where saddle-galled cow punchers congregated to sing range ballads and squeak out doleful tunes on the fiddle. Somewhere in a secluded corner an absorbing round of poker was sure to be in session. One irresistible magnet of the bunk house was the very black magic

of forbidden reading. At least that mental stimulation did exist, until a snoop housekeeper yanked our valuable Police Gazettes out of hiding. To our surprise and dismay, she used them to paper the walls. The decorative effect was a bit startling, and reading made very difficult, for she pasted those old classics upside down. From her crafty viewpoint the atrocious paper-hanging achievement served a double purpose. It freshened up the walls and gave the hands more time at the corral to clean our mangers and feed the horses.

The Gazettes never would have held especial temptation had my mother not denounced them in unmistakably definite terms as "awful."

Mother was a woman of truly distinctive personality, with many remarkable qualities. From childhood she had been required to do nothing more fatiguing than to summon a negro slave to perform even slight tasks for her. But she neither faltered nor gazed longingly back to those early experiences, when her life's connections were broken by the Civil War. She looked ahead, seeing adventure and alluring excitement as my father's helpmeet and companion in the new West.

Grandfather Miller had kept a stable of thoroughbreds. Mother commenced riding as a child and she knew horses. Under her direct supervision and management well-bred horses of several standard strains were raised on our ranch. Perfectly matched driving teams were shipped yearly to Cape May, New Jersey, where they were sold at top prices. The breeding and sale of such teams was a lucrative industry at the Bassett Ranch.

Mother was a natural executive as well as an excellent horse-woman. In addition to considerable personal charm and a captivating friendliness, she had dignity and indomitable will power, and never deviated from what she considered the proper course to pursue. She loved company, and surrounded herself with interesting people. When she died, at the age of thirty-five, in the bright bloom of her young maturity, she left with all who knew her an unforgettable impression of womanly fineness, and of irreplaceable loss.

One of the most interesting and best-loved personalities of those old Brown's Park days was "Buffalo" Jack Rife. It was he who, during the 1870s, created one of the first game preserves in our West, on the north slope of Douglas Mountain in Brown's Park. He was prompted both by the desire to experiment and his intense interest in the preservation of wild life, particularly in that of the few buffalo which had escaped the fur company's robe hunters.

Buffalo Jack selected an area adjacent to a spring as a natural habitat of wild game. After consulting with the Indians, an agree-

ment was made and ratified by the tribe's chief, that there would be no hunting or shooting within the limits designated and agreed upon. Furthermore, this agreement was never broken. The reason for this strict keeping of faith was undoubtedly because Buffalo was neither "missionarying" nor attempting to interfere in any manner with their tribal customs, either being a major cause for many of the "scalp treatments" of those days.

Since he was not engaged in the engrossing pursuit of material riches, Jack had leisure to give attention to the simple business of living. He experimented with the gentling of wild animals by patient kindness, demonstrating the responsiveness of wild creatures to good will. Soon his pets, "Sampson and Delilah," great shaggy buffaloes, would come at his call, unafraid to lick salt near the cabin door.

In 1879 Buffalo Jack took father to the beautiful retreat of Zenobia Peak. So impressed was my father that he later built a three-room cabin there. The logs for this were dragged from the timber by horse. Door and window facings were hewed by hand. This cabin still stands intact, high on a point above scenic Zenobia Basin, an untouched spot, serenely dreaming in an enchanting loveliness of peaks and space.

In the year 1939 this basin, discovered by Buffalo Jack Rife, was befittingly incorporated within the boundaries of a national park. It is to be regretted that many of its pine and fir trees have been swept by devastating fire.

"Uncle Buff" was a big man, jovial by nature and radiating vitality and strength. He lived his life according to his own desire and died a rich man, not with the wealth of worldly possessions, but in more important human values. He was always cordially welcomed on his visits to Brown's Park, where he would come to stay for some time on various ranches. I remember that he never failed to bring gifts to us children, packages he would call us aside to present unostentatiously. There would always be candy as well as various trinkets of interest to the individual recipients. On the last visit he paid the Bassett Ranch, when we were no longer children, he brought a box of candy. That was in 1909.

Recalling those childhood days, my memory lingers with nostalgic affection around Pablo Springs. There a scraggy cedar tree grew in a crevice of a high rock about a hundred feet up from the base of Cold Springs Mountain. Where the mountain cut off abruptly, as if it had been brought to a sudden stop, a number of house-size boulders had tumbled into the meadow below.

Judge Conway noticed tiny moccasin tracks chipped into the surface of these slanting boulders and pointing in the direction of

a cedar. He traced the babyish footprints, and discovered that a small scaffold had been built securely in the top branches of the tree. This was made of willow switches bound firmly with sinew. The top was sort of a blanket made from cedar bark carefully picked to threads that were woven with strands of plaited rabbit fur. Wrapped closely within these folds was the skeleton body of a small baby, supposedly an Indian papoose. It was known that the tribe of Utes then living in that part of the country buried their dead in trees.

When my brother Sam and I were old enough to climb over the rocks, Judge Conway took us to see this burial cradle, and explained the probable circumstances of its being there. We were tremendously impressed and regarded the spot as a sacred place. We loved to keep its secret, of which we spoke only to each other, and with great caution never to be overheard. We would not have dreamed of touching even the covering of that baby skeleton. But knowing it was there added a mysterious interest to our hours of play in that part of the ranch.

My father owned Pablo Springs and permitted white travelers to camp there. Some wickedly unscrupulous vandal must have discovered our little treasure and carried it away. When we learned of its disappearance, we mourned the loss as only children could. Our happy hours there were shadowed, and we found but one consolation, those little footprints chipped so deeply into the stone that not even time removed them.

During my grown-up years I have often visited "our rocks," and each time I feel a recurrence of that wave of sentiment experienced more than half a century in the past. And again I am saddened as I look up at the twisted, ancient cedar.

(to be continued)

Toll Roads in Southwestern Colorado

D. H. CUMMINS*

Southwestern Colorado, that part of the state south of the Gunnison River and west of the Continental Divide, has long been famous as a testing ground for one of the most interesting experiments in railroad building, namely, the narrow gauge track. Fact, fiction, and the movies have dramatized such items as the fight between the Denver and Rio Grande and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe for the Royal Gorge; the race between the Denver and Rio Grande and the Denver and South Park for Gunnison;

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the building of the famous branch of the Denver and Rio Grande from Alamosa to Durango, and its extension to Silverton; and the fitful episode of the Rio Grande Southern that wound its tortuous route from Ridgway via Dallas Divide, Telluride, Rico, and Dolores to Durango.

Southwestern Colorado was also famous for another phase of transportation experimentation, and for all practical purposes the early history of transportation in southwestern Colorado is the history of the toll road movement. Although there were many toll roads in other parts of the state, it was in southwestern Colorado that the movement reached its peak. Mines, located in isolated places, could be reached only through roads built by private enterprise. These road builders carved paths of transportation out of high mountains, steep gorges, and river valleys—routes that even today, to experienced highway engineers, seem almost impossible of attainment.

The outstanding work in this field of such men as Otto Mears, is well known and worthwhile and scholarly articles have been written about this. However, as research is continued in this field, certain trends definitely take shape. From 1861 to 1867, each toll road, along with all other corporations, was given a special charter from the territorial legislature. During this period a study of the territorial session laws indicates that there were thirty-eight toll roads chartered by the legislature.¹ Since western Colorado was still largely a hunting ground for the Utes, only two of these thirty-eight roads could be said even remotely to touch southwestern Colorado. The first of these was the Canon City, Grand River, and San Juan Road Company which was to go from Canon City up the Arkansas River, over Poncha Pass into San Luis Valley and south to the Rio Grande, where it would intersect with the government road running from Fort Garland to Salt Lake City.² The second road reaching the continental divide in the area south of the Gunnison was chartered in 1865 and was known as the Denver and San Luis Valley Wagon Road Company.³ This road was to reach the Arkansas River from Denver via South Park and then go over Poncha Pass as had the Canon City, Grand River, and San Juan Road.

The 1867 act as amended by the first state legislature in 1877 became the general pattern of incorporation until the present time.⁴ This act, in addition to establishing the general procedure

¹A study of the toll roads chartered before 1867 has already been discussed by Arthur Ridgway, "The Mission of Colorado Toll Roads," in *Colorado Magazine*, IX, 161-169.

²*Territorial Session Laws* (1861), 455. Much of this road was supplanted by the Otto Mears road over Poncha Pass.

³*Territorial Session Laws* (1865), 127.

⁴*State Session Laws* (1877), 144-147.

for all corporations to follow, when applying for a charter, contained specific requirements for the incorporation of toll roads. The charter must specify the termini of the road as well as the route. Toll gates were not to exceed one in every ten miles and the rates were to be prescribed for a period of two years by the county commissioners in each county. If the directors of the road were dissatisfied with the toll rates, an appeal could be made to the county court, with the expenses of the appeal being borne by the toll road company.

Further provisions of the act of 1877 specified that toll rates must be posted at each gate. If the road was not kept in good repair, complaint could be made before the justice of the peace, and the company, if found guilty, could be fined, with one-half of the money going to the complainant and the other half to the county school fund. The company, after receiving a charter, must begin its work within ninety days and spend \$500 or its rights were forfeited. Usually, miners wanted to use the road as quickly as it was built. Therefore, after at least a mile was constructed, the county commissioners could prescribe rates upon that portion.

An examination of the many toll roads chartered in southwestern Colorado, indicates that the road building falls into four definite stages. The first stage might be called the period of approach to southwestern Colorado. This was the period immediately before and after the Felix Brunot agreement with the Utes in 1873. During this period roads were built toward or into the eastern part of the area. As the country developed and the Utes were gradually removed, these same roads were extended into all parts of the Gunnison Valley and the San Juan Mountains. It is easy to picture these roads being built upon the hope that soon the Utes would leave and the mines and valleys of southwestern Colorado would be opened for settlement.

One of the routes of approach was from the Rio Grande towns of Alamosa, Monte Vista, and Del Norte, particularly the latter. A typical example was the Del Norte and Antelope Park Toll Road Company, chartered in July, 1873.⁵ From Antelope Park, this road was pointed ready to thrust for the heart of the San Juans as soon as the Utes could be persuaded to leave.

Another route of approach was from Canon City and South Arkansas (now Salida). Various roads, like fingers, projected themselves through the Wet Mountain area, over Poncha Pass, or from the stretches of the Upper Arkansas over such passes as Alpine, Twin Lakes, Taylor, Monarch, and Marshall.⁶

⁵*Secretary of State Domestic Incorporation Books*, E, 103.

⁶*Ibid.*, D, 185; E, 166; E, 237; E, 258; E, 447; E, 530; F, 125; F, 245.

The second great phase of toll road development, following fast upon the Brunot treaty, came between 1875 and 1880 and really marked the peak of the toll road movement. The Brunot treaty opened up the San Juan Mountains country. This period was marked by the building of roads to the present towns of Lake City, Ouray, and Silverton, and then by building from these towns to every mine in the area, regardless of how precipitous the road might be.

This era of toll road building began with the chartering of the Saguache and San Juan Wagon Toll Road Company in March, 1874, and the Antelope Park and Lake City Wagon Toll Road Company in July, 1875.⁷ The first of these two roads was built as far as Indian Creek by Otto Mears, and then from Indian Creek up the Lake Fork of the Gunnison to Lake City. The builder was Enos Hotchkiss.⁸ The Antelope Park and Lake City Road connected with the Del Norte and Antelope Park Road, already discussed under the first stage of toll road building in the area. This joint road was finished in 1876, and by August 7 of that year, the Barlow and Sanderson stage was running from Del Norte to Lake City.⁹

Roads were then built from Lake City to all parts of Hinsdale County and finally over the divide via Mineral Point and the Animas River into Silverton. Meanwhile, Silverton had been reached by toll roads from the Rio Grande over Cunningham Gulch to the Animas River and down to Baker's Park, the location of present day Silverton. Other roads had reached Ouray from Indian Creek and from Lake City. Within the next few years a toll road had been constructed up almost every gulch from all these towns.

Toll road building in what is now Gunnison County progressed more slowly. However, in 1879, with the carbonate boom on the upper Tomichi, on Quartz Creek, and in Taylor Park, Gunnison became the site of more toll roads than any other county. The *Colorado Secretary of State Domestic Corporation Books* show a total of seventy-eight toll roads chartered in Gunnison County between the years 1873 and 1894, and out of that number, forty-five were chartered in 1879 and 1880.

The third phase of toll road building began after 1880 and lasted for about five years. This coincided with the final removal of the Utes in 1881 to Utah, and was noticeable chiefly in the San Miguel and Dolores valleys, since these had been practically closed heretofore by the presence of the Indians. There were also some roads built in the lower Gunnison and Uncompahgre valleys during

⁷*Ibid.*, E, 288; F, 41.

⁸*Silver World* (Lake City), August 14, 1875, p. 2. Hotchkiss was the discoverer of the famous Golden Fleece mine near Lake City. Later, he moved to the North Fork Valley, where the present-day town of Hotchkiss is a memorial to him.

⁹*Silver World*, August 7, 1876, p. 3.

this period, but the number was small compared to the rest of the southwestern part of the state. There were at least three reasons for the few toll roads in Montrose, Delta, and Mesa counties. In the first place there was much less mining and consequently the need for constant use of roads was not so great. Secondly, on the whole, the land was much more level, and wagons could make trails in all directions without being forced to travel over a toll road. Finally, the late creation of the counties (1883), coupled with the fact that these counties were more wealthy, led to an emphasis on county roads rather than toll roads.

The last stage in the toll road movement is a steadily waning one. There were only five roads chartered in 1885, two in 1886, one in 1887, three in 1888, four in 1891, one in 1893, three in 1894, and the final one in 1899.¹⁰

Another interesting study that can be made of toll road development is the change that took place in the description of the routes to be followed. In the days of the Territory and of early statehood, when the exact terrain of the country was little known, the description of the routes was very vague. Our pioneering grandfathers were both ambitious and optimistic when they secured charters to build their roads. A good example of this vagueness can be shown in the description of the Animas City, Pagosa Springs and Conejos Wagon Road, chartered on January 16, 1877. The route was described as going, "from the Animas City Townsite by the *most practicable* route via Florida Creek, *easterly* to and across Los Pinos River, *easterly* and across the San Juan at or near Pagosa Springs, *easterly* over the *most practicable* route to Conejos."¹¹

As the various creeks, passes, and mountains began to be known, the descriptions of the routes to be followed became much more exact. The Red Mountain Toll Road Company chartered on January 10, 1883, wanted everyone to know the exact route to be followed. It was described as

Beginning at a point where the first bridge on Mineral Creek above of said creek crosses the North Fork of said creek about seven miles from the town of Silverton and a short distance north of the toll gate on the Silverton, Ophir, and San Miguel Toll Road at or near what is known as the Bruno Bridge in the County of San Juan and State of Colorado; extending thence northerly along the said North Fork of Mineral Creek to a point at or near the old saw mill at the mouth of Mill Creek....¹²

¹⁰Most of the toll roads built in 1885 were either in Ouray or San Juan counties. It was at this time that the Red Mountain mining district near the peak of the divide between Ouray and Silverton was producing so heavily. The roads built from 1891 to 1894 were confined largely to the two rich mineral discoveries at that time, namely, the one in the Creede mining district of Mineral County and the one known as the Gold Belt discovery of southern Gunnison County.

¹¹Secretary of State Domestic Incorporation Books, A, 80.

¹²Ibid., II, 580.

Another interesting contrast between the earlier and later toll roads is found in a comparison of the values of each share of stock. In the early days, the roads were primarily commercial in purpose, the shares were taken by only a few men and the value of each share was usually \$100. Of the nine toll roads chartered before 1879, for what eventually became the present Gunnison County, eight had a value of \$100 per share. In San Juan County, all eleven of the roads chartered before 1879 had a value of \$100 per share, and in Ouray County, nine out of the twelve road companies chartered before 1879, valued each share at \$100.

An abrupt change in policy, so far as the value of each share of stock was concerned, took place as the various counties became settled. The purpose of toll roads was no longer completely commercial, but became a method of helping all the people of the communities to get their goods to market. As a result, toll roads became a community enterprise, and the value of each share of stock decreased usually to \$5 or \$10 per share. In this way everyone could contribute, and the number of stockholders increased. Of the forty-five toll roads chartered in Gunnison County during 1879 and 1880, thirty-one had a per share value of less than \$100, and of this thirty-one, twenty of the roads were capitalized at either \$20, \$10, or \$5 per share. In San Juan County, six roads were chartered from 1879 to 1881. Only one of these, the Silverton, Ophir, and Rico Toll Road Company, chartered on November 4, 1879, was capitalized at as much as \$100 per share, and when this road was not completed, it was rechartered on March 14, 1881, as the Silverton and Ophir Toll Road Company with each share being valued at \$10.¹³ There were five toll roads chartered in Ouray County from 1879 to 1881 and all five were valued at from \$10 to \$50 per share.

Despite the ambition of the toll road builders, many projected roads were never started and a still larger number never finished. The effort to build some of the more difficult roads can easily be studied by following the various charters given to operate toll roads over the same sector. One of the best examples of this was the effort to build a road from Ouray to the Mt. Sneffels mining district. On December 7, 1876, the Ouray and Mt. Sneffels Toll Road Company was chartered to run a road from the Hot Springs near Ouray, up Canyon Creek to the confluence of Imogene and Sneffels Creek, then up Sneffels Creek to the base of Mt. Sneffels, the entire distance being only ten miles. The capital stock was to be \$50,000.¹⁴ On September 7, 1877, the Mt. Sneffels Toll Road Company was chartered to cover the same ground, and on December 18, 1877 (notice the lapse of the ninety days as prescribed by law for

¹³Ibid., B, 285; VII, 490.

¹⁴Ibid., A, 44.

the company to begin construction), another road was chartered as the Mount Sneffels, Canyon Creek, and Ouray Toll Road.¹⁵ This road was also a failure, for on June 14, 1878, another Ouray, Canyon Creek, and Mt. Sneffels Toll Road Company was chartered; and as late as February 25, 1880, still another Ouray and Mt. Sneffels Toll Road Company was created.¹⁶

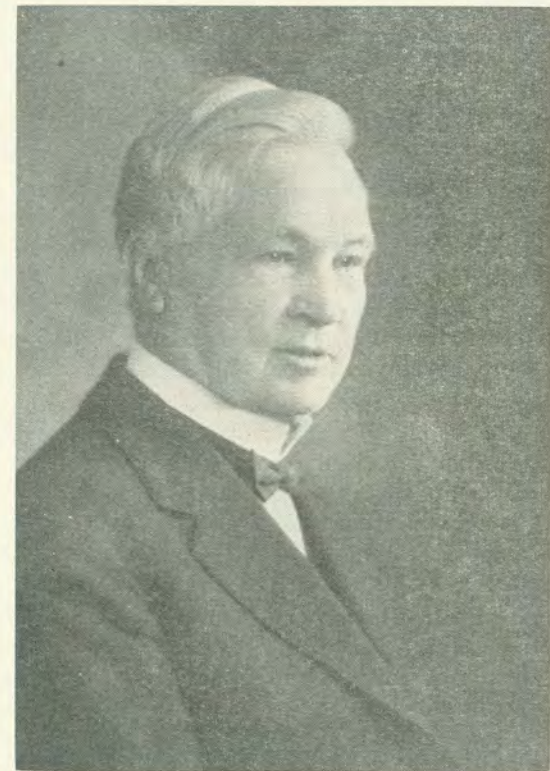
It is difficult to estimate just how profitable the toll roads were. Most toll road account books have completely disappeared. Toll gates were always erected at the crossing of streams or in canyons where it was impossible for the rider or the driver to go any other way. Otto Mears was at one time reported to have been offered a rental of \$175 per day for his Marshall Pass Toll Road.¹⁷ When the railroads entered the various parts of southwestern Colorado, many toll roads were sold, later to become railroad beds. The Marshall Pass Toll Road became the bed for the Denver and Rio Grande as it raced for the Gunnison Valley, while Otto Mears used many of his toll roads in the San Miguel country as beds for the Rio Grande Southern.

Travel on these early toll roads must have been hazardous. Mention is made in all the early newspapers of the many rock and snow slides. Hold-ups also were common. A Gunnison newspaper, in 1880, reporting the robbery of a stage that had taken place on the toll road between Gunnison and Ohio City, remarked that this was the sixth time the same stage driver had been stopped on some of Colorado's toll roads.¹⁸

On the other side of the water was a new country, a land of promise. So when John was nine years old the family bade farewell to Erin forever and set sail for New York, that they and their children might enjoy the blessings of liberty and the larger opportunities for advancement that ever awaited ambitious young men.

They settled at Oriskany Falls, New York, where the children went to school. Due to the necessity of helping to support the family, John quit school when he was fourteen years of age, and got a job in the flour mill, where he earned two dollars a week.

The Oriskany mill was a substantial one, according to the standards of that day. Of course it was operated by water power and the grinding was done between flat stones, but it was a



J. K. MULLEN

two-story structure and turned out a variety of products in flour and feed. The stones had to be sharpened with Mill Picks when the grinding edges became too smooth.

Mr. Thomas Mainland of Denver, long associated with Mr. Mullen in the Milling business, adds this information: "A man of

J. K. Mullen, Milling Magnate of Colorado

C. W. HURD*

The story of John Kernan Mullen, master miller of the West, began in a humble home across the sea, in County Galway, Ireland, where he was born June 11, 1847. His parents were Dennis and Ellen Mullen, sturdy stock, who claimed the Emerald Isle their ancestral home through many generations.

Times were hard in Ireland and political uprisings were forever disturbing the peace, interfering with human rights and cutting short the bare needs of subsistence. There was perpetual strife within the nation and without, so that the land could scarce support its people. For boy or girl there was little hope for advance.

¹²*Ibid.*, A, 374; A, 503.

¹³*Ibid.*, I, 41; II, 226.

¹⁴*Solid Muldoon* (Ouray), May 28, 1880, p. 1.

¹⁵*Gunnison Review*, September 25, 1880, p. 3.

*Mr. Hurd of Las Animas has devoted much time in recent years to historical research. He has contributed articles to previous issues of this magazine.—Ed.

that day carried the marks of his profession on the backs of his hands. The small pieces of stone chisled off during the sharpening process imbedded themselves in the hands just under the skin. Looking at the hands of a stone dresser one would think that at some time he had been shot at short distance and the powder stains were still there. Mr. Mullen was rather proud of the markings on the back of his hands."

The boy took an interest in the work and won the admiration of his employer for his devotion to duty, his quick insight into the theory of milling, and his skill in performance along all lines. In a few short years he had mastered the mechanical and operational, as well as the financial end of the business; then the owner placed him in charge as manager.

However, the young man did not stay long in this position. He was twenty years of age. He had grown restless and the West was calling. He had mastered the job, so far as the mill in the home town was concerned, but he had a vision of other and broader fields.

In 1867 he climbed aboard a stagecoach going west. He traveled by short stages, stopping at promising points, in search of a mill that might be in need of a miller. He spent a few months in Illinois and a few more in Atchison, Kansas, harvesting wheat. By Christmas he had reached Troy, Kansas, where he was placed in charge of the Banner Flour Mills owned by Tracey and Parker Company. There he stayed three years, gaining new experience in milling.

In 1871 the Kansas Pacific railroad had just recently been built across the plains to Denver and the mountains of Colorado, the land of silver and gold. Mr. Mullen was twenty-four years of age when he bought his ticket for Denver. He seems to have been an entire stranger in the new town, and without friends, fame, or fortune, he started out to hunt a job.

He called on Mr. Davis, who operated a mill at Eighth and Curtis streets, where he asked for work. Mr. Davis told him that he had no work for him. But the young man did not give up; he was sure that he could make good if given a chance, so he said, "Well, can't you find something for me to do?" At that, Mr. Davis replied, "Yes, but I can't afford to pay for the work that I might hunt up for you to do." Again the young man came back, "I am not asking for pay; I am only asking for a chance to work."

"Well, if you want to work that bad, you may begin tomorrow morning. What can you do? If we get along all-right I will pay you board and room." And that's how John K. Mullen got his start in the milling business in Colorado.

After a few days, when the boss saw what Mullen could do, he was listed on the payroll as journeyman miller. In a very short time he made a place for himself in the operation of the mill and promotions did not cease until he had become head miller.

This mill, like the one in New York state, had stone grinders and was operated by water that flowed down the mill ditch, out of the Platte River. The water created a hazard in cold weather, especially nights and Sundays, when the mill was not in operation. The flume might freeze and ruin the mill. Mr. Mullen often had to go to the headgate, break the ice and wade the water, when there was danger of the ditch getting out of control.¹

Mr. Mullen remained with Shackelton and Davis as head miller until 1875, when he realized that he had learned the business and it was time for him to move if he was going to keep on growing. Mr. Davis tried to keep him by offering more pay and an interest in the business; but the young man was planning for the future. He had recently been married and had a vision of achievement in a mill of his own.

Then he went into business for himself, leasing from John W. Smith, the Star Mill in North Denver. This was the oldest mill in the town, having been brought from the East in 1860. In this venture, Mr. Mullen had Theodore Seth as his partner. After a year, he bought Mr. Seth's interest and changed the firm name to J. K. Mullen and Company, with himself as sole owner. This included ownership of the plant.

It would seem that Mr. Mullen had arrived in Denver when the time was most opportune. The first wave of the gold rush had expended itself and attention had turned to agriculture. Farming and stock raising were becoming leading industries. Railroads were being built. The population was rapidly increasing and covering all the state, establishing new industries and creating new needs. One of the demands of the times was for mills and elevators to furnish markets for the farmer's grain, and supply flour and feed for a growing population.

Mr. Mullen had a remarkable insight into the situation and he had unbounded faith in Colorado. He saw that certain sections of the state would produce bounteously, so that as far as the milling business was concerned, Colorado would be practically self-sus-

¹Thomas Mainland of Denver writes: "There were two ditches that delivered power to the Eagle and Excelsior Flour Mills; one, the Platte and Denver Canal & Milling Co. and the other the Smith Canal or Ditch Co. Mr. Mullen told me that when he first came to the State he did work with a shovel on the Smith Ditch that ran through Overland Park and which carried water to the potato fields of Rufus Clark, known as 'Potato Clark.' A little side light: When we bought our house in 1907 on South Pearl Street we thought we had a solid back yard, but one morning we came out to find a good sized hole. On examination we found it to be one of the cellars that Clark had used for the storage of potatoes. The roof had finally fallen in."

taining. The situation called for men of means, who had faith in the future as well as experience in the milling business, to keep pace with the growing demands for mill products and build for future needs. From the time Mr. Mullen went into business for himself, each year saw increased expansion, some new venture launched in his field of operations. He was not satisfied with being able to meet the demands of trade; he was ever studying to anticipate new needs. He did not always wait until the agricultural resources of a new area had been developed before entering in; he sometimes led the way by building elevators ahead of the line of grain production.

In his operation of the Star Mill Mr. Mullen prospered and the experience convinced him that ultimately, milling in Colorado would develop into big business and that the man who could be first in the field would reap a rich harvest.

In 1877 he leased the Iron Clad Mill, and in 1878 he took over operation of the Sigler Mills—minor mills in the Denver area. In 1879 he bought the Excelsior Mill at Eighth and Lawrence Streets. In the same year he erected the first grain elevator in the state.

In the late seventies Arbuckle Brothers of New York built a coffee warehouse at the corner of 7th and Wazee streets. In looking for a mill site Mr. Mullen selected the ground between 7th and 8th streets on Wazee. He bought the Arbuckle warehouse and it is still a part of the Hungarian Flour Mills, which he constructed in 1882.

Mr. Thomas Mainland has kindly supplied the following milling information: "The Hungarian process preceded all that we have in flour milling. From that start we brought forth the first white flour that could be truly called white. All flour prior to that time contained some of the bran and all of the lower grades that impart dark color and high ash content to the finest baker's product.

"A look at the machinery in the Hungarian Flour Mills will be of interest. The rolls were 9"x18", steel mandrils on which had been moulded porcelain jackets. These jackets were corrugated, spiraled at about 1" to the foot and had corrugations of different size, from four to the inch to twelve to the inch, depending on what part of the process they were called upon to perform. At this time the bolter or reel type of machine served in the separation of the different products. A new industry also was built up in Switzerland, viz., the manufacture of bolting cloth. These cloths were made of pure silk knotted at every crossing of the threads so that the opening in every case would be exactly alike.

"The porcelain rolls were of short life and not too satisfactory. The E. P. Allis Co. of Milwaukee hired a young Scotch engineer by

the name of W. D. Gray. Mr. Gray brought out the present steel roll and the frame that he designed over fifty years ago is still standard. The size of the rolls has changed and many new developments in the sifting processes have come, but not one thing basically has been done—only modification. During Mr. Mullen's life he never lost touch with Mr. Gray. They together did more for the advancement of the milling processes than any other two men. One was a trained engineer, the other was practical from the ground up. We owe our present high grade flours to such men as the two above named."



MRS. J. K. MULLEN

The Hungarian products were marketed under new names, protected by patents and immediately became popular. New markets opened up in Colorado and other states gave increased impetus to milling activities. Other mills were bought and new ones erected. Many grain elevators were built in important agricultural areas, as feeders for the mills.

On October 12, 1874, Mr. Mullen married Miss Catherine Smith of Central City, Colorado. Miss Smith was a native of

Ireland. Her family had come to America and settled in Iowa when she was but an infant in arms. In 1863 her two brothers were engaged in freighting from Atchison, Kansas, to Denver and the mining camps. Miss Smith accompanied them on one of their summer trips for an outing. She was so pleased with the mountains that she went back home to persuade her mother to come and see the wonders of the West, where she would surely like to live.

Miss Smith crossed the plains three times in the slow-moving covered wagons and endured two attacks from the Indians. The last trip was in winter, with sub-zero weather. They settled first at Nevadaville, then at Blackhawk, and finally at Central City. After spending about eight years in that most interesting of mining towns, Miss Smith moved to Denver, where she met John K. Mullen, when they were both teaching Sunday School.

Mrs. Mullen proved to be a wonderful home maker and companion for her husband. Being of the same racial line, her life easily blended with his. She was not a driving force but her influence was inspirational. She was never over-indulgent in social affairs. Her home, her family, and the church filled her life. Her true worth was reflected in the inspiration her life contributed to the members of her family and to others about her.

Not until after their marriage did Mr. Mullen engage in business for himself, and from that time to the end of his career, the ever-changing panorama of a busy life moved on. Early success led to grander achievements and final triumph. From a humble helper in the old water mill beside the stream, he rose to Master Miller, the builder of a great system of mills and elevators that covered Colorado and much of the surrounding territory. He often said that his success in business was largely the result of home influences. Mrs. Mullen's companionship and the comfort he got from home fires, gave courage day by day, so that from small beginnings his vision grew and he builded an organization that is a monument to himself and her.

Mr. Mullen had talent for the management of large affairs and his success took root from his hard work and his habits of industry. Mrs. Mullen said that for many years, seven o'clock in the morning never saw him at home, and she never knew when he would get back at night. If he was not there on time for the evening meal, she would put his dinner in the oven to keep warm, as he might not show up before nine o'clock.

Mr. Mullen was a giant in physical strength and in power of endurance. He could put in longer hours of hard work, on less sleep, than was possible with most men. When away from home, he often spent the midnight hours reading, and one might see his room lit up at two A. M.

In the early days he traveled extensively, buying grain for the mills. It was not uncommon for him to get off the train at two or three o'clock in the morning in a distant town and go directly to a livery stable where he would hire a horse and buggy for a drive into the country, visiting prospective wheat shippers. He well knew the value of habits of industry in the accomplishment of large affairs. For himself, he believed in long hours of hard work, business sagacity, and attention to details. If one might question the wisdom of his strenuous life, his success was the answer.

In spite of the busy life he led, Mr. Mullen was able to maintain somewhat of a balanced existence. If he had any leisure hours he liked to spend them at home, but occasionally Sunday evenings were set aside for social gatherings with his gentlemen friends, when they played poker and other games. On one occasion he had Mr. W. N. W. Blayney, of the Blayney Packing Company, for his partner, when they won "The Pot." As he rose from his chair he told his companions that they might have his winnings, if he could have the large bouquet of flowers that stood in the center of the table. He took the flowers and walked down the middle of the street all the way home, proud of his trophy. He wanted it for Mrs. Mullen, to prove to her that he won the game.

Mr. Mullen was a man of broad vision and high ideals but he was always able to keep his feet on the ground. His decisions in large affairs and small, were exceedingly practical. His sound judgment gave shape to his objectives and he never built a mart nor a mill that did not prove the wisdom of his choice.

He one time built a grain elevator in a new territory, at Gooding, Idaho. The first season happened to be a dry one and did not produce a bushel of grain for the millers. People riding by on the trains commented on the poor judgment of a man who would build an elevator in that desert area. The very next year, the country produced so bounteously that the elevator paid for itself that season. It was uncanny the way he foresaw the development of a new area and was able to enter in, and get in the game a little ahead of other investors.

Through the first ten years of his operations the milling business continued to grow and the signs of the times showed plainly that there was a great future for the industry in Colorado. In 1885 Mr. Mullen called his associates together and organized the Colorado Milling and Elevator Company, with himself as general manager. A year later he was elected president, which position he held for forty years. He then resigned to become chairman of the Board of Directors.

Mr. Mainland writes: "In September of 1885 the Colorado Milling & Elevator Co. saw the light of day, not through the sale

of stock, but by the inclusion of properties into the Company. The owners received shares of stock in the new undertaking based upon the value of their offerings. I am not sure that I can tell you all of the properties so consolidated and their owners, but here are the greater part of the men represented in the deal with their holdings. Mind you, these were all going mills and producing flour at the time of the consolidation. The Hungarian and Excelsior Mills of Denver, J. K. Mullen; the Eagle Flour Mills of Denver, C. R. Knight; the Crescent Flour Mills, Denver, J. S. Brown, et. al.; the Longmont Flour Mills, Longmont, J. W. Denio; the Eaton Flour Mills, Eaton, Governor Eaton (I am inclined to the belief that this mill did not come into the original group, but joined a short time thereafter); the Lindell Flour Mills, Fort Collins, B. F. Hottel; the Rock Mills, Golden (I never did know the ownership of that plant, but the Manager at that time was a Mr. Case).

"Never a single dollar, except \$10,000 by C. J. Mantz, was put into the company that it did not earn. The original capitalization was \$500,000, represented by property. Those properties earned the money that eventually developed much of the agricultural land of the West. The San Luis Valley was a high plateau without milling or grain facilities—the country west of Windsor was known as the Oklahoma strip, scarcely suited for jack rabbits and grasshoppers, but through the growth of the poor man's crop (Wheat) rapid development was made. As the railroads built through the West, the Colorado Milling & Elevator Co. staked out their elevator sites and prospective mill locations pending the day when there would be wheat to keep the big mills in Denver running on flour for the Southeastern States, where hot bread is much preferred to baker's bread. I recall very vividly the first tariff that the Oregon Short Line issued, providing for Milling-in-transit at Denver. It read: 'Wheat originating south of Arimo and Malad in Idaho may be milled-in-transit at Denver when destined to Memphis, Tenn., at a rate of 50¢ per hundred pounds.' From that simple statement, which fulfilled all of the needs, there have grown tariffs now of hundreds of pages that few men know what they say or mean. From simplicity to complexity has grown our life.

"While all this was going on and the development to one of the great empires was heading to completion, every man of the original enterprise, together with their employees and co-builders, gathered for themselves very comfortable retirement funds."

The years following the organization of this company witnessed a period of great expansion. By 1911 there were ninety-one mills, elevators and warehouses of this organization dotting the important grain growing districts of Colorado, Kansas, Idaho, Utah, and a plant in Los Angeles. They represented an investment of \$5,000,000

and were manned by about 800 employees. In the selection of locations for his many elevators, Mr. Mullen had in mind the development of the country as well as building up support for his mills. Colorado never had a citizen who did more towards building up home markets for agricultural products, turning them into channels for home supply and building up industry within the state.

In addition to the three large mills in Denver, others are located throughout the states named above. The number finally grew until it stands today at thirty mills and 200 grain elevators. In 1945 the Colorado Milling and Elevator Company was sixth in the United States in order of magnitude in the flour milling industry.

The building of a great milling system in the state was dependent on an adequate supply of wheat. Early in the game, Mr. Mullen gave much of his personal attention to buying grain. It was his custom to go into the wheat fields at threshing time, often riding with the farmers on their wagons, and getting acquainted. On these trips he usually sold himself to the farmers and bought their wheat. A fine field of wheat was more beautiful to him than a bed of flowers.

As the milling business expanded, Mr. Mullen had a number of men as grain buyers. Mr. H. E. Johnson, who still lives in Denver, was one of the first employed. One of Mr. Johnson's early appointments was as buyer in the San Luis Valley. He finally became General Manager of the organization. Mr. Johnson practically spent his life as an employee of the milling company. When he quit, the 200 elevators had a total capacity of 14,000,000 bushels, and for a number of years the company carried a larger stock of wheat unhedged, i.e., unprotected as to loss, than any other firm in America.

To finance the annual wheat buying campaign required vast sums of money; much of which was borrowed on short-time paper.

Mr. Mullen had command of almost unlimited credit. Bankers far and near knew of his reputation for meeting his obligations. The secret of his success in borrowing money, where and when others could not get it, was that he never allowed a note to come due. *He always paid ahead of time.*

Much of Mr. Mullen's success in business was due to his ability as an organizer. Even though he had as high as a thousand employees, he was never troubled with strikes. He voluntarily adopted a system of profit sharing with them. This contributed to their loyalty and many of them remained with him through long periods of years. The friendly spirit that characterized the Mullen corporation really made the employees one big family, with Mr. Mullen at the head. He was like a father to his men. The group

often had picnics and other entertainments together, sponsored by him.

He had a keen understanding of men and was always careful to pick the right man for the right place. It is said that in only one of his men was he ever disappointed. He liked to pick young men of ability and place them in some of the lower ranks of his organization, then watch them grow.

One of his men was Ralph W. Kelly, now living in Denver, who began as a stenographer, August 24, 1894, when he was eighteen years of age. His first promotion was to the accounting department. Then he became auditor and progressed to general auditor. After that he was a member of the board of directors. His last promotion was to the position of Treasurer, where he served until he retired in 1946, after fifty-two years of service.

In employing a new man Mr. Mullen had one stock question which he never failed to ask. "Do you belong to a church?" He did not ask what church. Another matter on which he laid stress was that of sobriety. He had signed the pledge when he was a boy and was a total abstainer. Once when in conversation with the priest on the subject of temptation to drink, the Father said, "When you come to a saloon, get off the sidewalk and go out in the street."

Mr. Mullen was strong for Sunday observance. His policy was not to allow the mills to operate on Sunday.

In matters of health Mr. Mullen was outstanding. Possessed of a strong physique, he had unusual powers of endurance. As far as possible, he lived the simple life; yet he ate only twice a day, the morning and evening meals. He liked plain foods and did not care for rich dishes. He never took a real vacation, except once during World War I, when he and Mrs. Mullen went to Atlantic City.

October 12th of each year was looked forward to as their wedding anniversary. Mr. Mullen would try to arrange his business trips to New York so that he and Mrs. Mullen could go together in celebration of the event. If he could not be where she was on that day, he always sent her a telegram.

One of Mr. Mullen's diversions was as cattleman. This was really a side line for him. It was a personal matter for him and some of his friends, and was not a part of the business of the milling corporation. For a period of about twenty years he was president of five different cattle companies, most of their ranches being in Logan County.

It appears that in 1943 the dominant stockholders of the milling company decided to dispose of their holdings and approached the

Union Securities Corporation for that purpose. The corporation purchased 98.38 percent of the company's stock for \$13,776,850.

After Mr. Mullen had spent most of his life building up the milling business to its high state of perfection and had, at the same time, amassed a fortune for himself, he spent the last years of his life devising ways and means of making the best use of his accumulations for the good of humanity. It has been said that he gave away several million dollars.

In 1918 he donated fifteen acres of ground on which he erected the J. K. Mullen Home for the Aged, at West 30th Avenue and Meade, where it covers two blocks. This home has capacity for two hundred indigent men and women, who enjoy it without expense to themselves. The Mullen Foundation looks after the upkeep of the building and takes care of all fixed charges for light, heat and water. The institution is in charge of the "Little Sisters of the Poor," and they take responsibility for providing food and clothing, which they secure from other sources. At present, the home is being operated with a greatly reduced number of occupants, due to the availability of old age pensions.

During his last years Mr. Mullen was working out plans for a home for boys who needed help in getting an education, but he died before the plans were completed. However, his heirs carried to completion the plans he had started, and the J. K. Mullen Home for Boys is the result.

In 1932 the trustees in charge of the project purchased the Colonel D. C. Dodge farm of 480 acres at Fort Logan and established a school, where Colorado boys over twelve years of age and in need of a home, may get a high school education and learn a trade. There are about fifty boys in regular attendance, for whom everything is free, and there are about twenty-five others, from outside, who attend the school and pay tuition. The farm supports a dairy where the boys work and get training that will enable them to carry on in the dairy business. All this is as Mr. Mullen had planned it, but a changing world has imposed new needs on the institution and the boys are now being given training in certain lines of mechanics. The school is in charge of "The Christian Brothers" and is in no way a reformatory. The boys are of good repute. No one is admitted who has had a court record. Many of the graduates go on to college.

In 1924 Mr. Mullen established the John K. and Catherine S. Mullen Benevolent Corporation and endowed it with a substantial fund for carrying on and perpetuating the philanthropic work that he and Mrs. Mullen had been doing through the years. The business of the corporation is being carried on today by a board of trustees, much as the founders had anticipated. The funds are invested in

real estate and other securities, making the institution self-perpetuating. The two main objectives for the corporation are the support of the Home for the Aged and the maintenance of the J. K. Mullen Home for Boys at Fort Logan.

Still another of Mr. Mullen's good works is a series of scholarships established for Colorado boys attending the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. There are ten of them, five of which cover all expenses and the other five cover tuition only.

There is keen competition for these scholarships. The applicants must have a high school education or the equivalent, and the boys are usually selected on the basis of their known ability and the likelihood of their making their lives count for good. Mrs. Ella Mullen Weckbaugh is the trustee who has the final word in awarding the scholarships. In this she is guided by the recommendations that come to her from the high schools. Many of the men who have been the recipients of these scholarships have made highly creditable records in their various callings.

Mr. Mullen was never heard to complain of the fact that he had been cut off from school in his youth. His expenditures in helping boys get an education and his interest in institutions of higher learning are practical proof of his appreciation of education. His favorite subject was arithmetic, and he was a "shark" in figures. During his lifetime he spent much of his spare time in reading. He had a photographic mind and remembered what he read.

Throughout his career Mr. Mullen scattered good deeds along the way and much of what he did never came to light until years later. He liked to take a basket of fruit and go down under the viaduct where families lived in all kinds of shelters. There he would knock at the doors of those who seemed most needy, inquire as to their health, and wish them the top of the morning.

As might be expected, Mr. Mullen was forever being called on for financial aid to individuals and institutions. After H. A. W. Tabor had lost his fortune he made frantic efforts to recover his losses. He sought aid of Mr. Mullen and received a substantial loan which was secured by a mortgage on the Matchless Mine. A little later, in 1912, Baby Doe was desperately in need of more money. Mr. Mullen gave her what she asked for and also surrendered the old mortgage in exchange for title to the mine. The question is often asked, "Does the Matchless Mine really contain the fabulous wealth reported to be hidden in its depths?" Maybe so . . . Mr. Tabor's dying request was, "Hold on to the Matchless."

In 1924 Mr. Mullen donated \$750,000 for the construction of a building that would house a million volume library, one of the largest in the United States, for the Catholic University, Washing-

ton, D. C. It was built of stone and trimmed with polished travertine from Colorado. The building carries a bronze plate naming the donor. At about the same time, he gave \$40,000 for the construction of St. Joseph's Church in his home town of Oriskany Falls, New York.

His donations in Denver were many and ran into big figures. He and Chancellor Buchtel, of the University of Denver, were close friends and he did considerable for that institution. He donated \$70,000 for the construction of St. Cajetan's Church at Ninth and Lawrence streets, as an expression of his interest in the Spanish-American people. He gave \$136,000 to hasten the completion of the construction of the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception.

For his outstanding services in charities and in the church, Mr. Mullen was honored by Pope Pius XI with Knighthood in the Order of St. Gregory the Great (in 1923) and with the order of Malta (in 1929).

In civic affairs Mr. Mullen was often honored by the mayor of Denver with appointments on committees of special importance. He had a large part in helping plan and construct the City Civic Center, in the center of which he erected in 1920 the monument known as The Broncho Buster. He was a member of the Denver Public Library Association and helped shape the affairs of that organization.

As soon as America entered World War I, Mr. Mullen accepted appointment from Governor Gunter on the Grain Board, where he served the state and the federal government as chairman of the committee on wheat, devising ways and means for increased production and conservation.

Within the state, Mr. Mullen was considered a power in financial circles. When the panic of 1893 was on, he one day looked out his window above the First National Bank and saw a long line of people waiting to get into the bank. A run was being made on the First National. It happened that he had a considerable amount of money on hand for deposit. He hastily put it into two bags and took one of them and went downstairs. When some of the frightened ones saw him depositing his money they lost their fears and dropped out of the line. He took down the other sack a few hours later and repeated the operation. It has been said that he saved the First National Bank of Denver that day.

Although he cherished fond boyhood memories of his native country, Mr. Mullen never ceased to appreciate the land of his adoption. For him, America was paradise.

Abraham Lincoln was his ideal of a man, the highest type of American. He admired him for his many fine traits, his honesty and simplicity.

His philosophy of life was based on the wisdom of the ages. Early in life he adopted as his own, the ten commandments and the sermon on the mount. He tested the wisdom of these in his daily living and lived at peace with all men. He often said, "No one can ever hurt you but yourself."

Mrs. Mullen passed away on March 23, 1925; Mr. Mullen died August 9, 1929.

Five daughters were born to Mr. and Mrs. Mullen. Ella, the eldest, became Mrs. Eugene Weckbaugh. The second was May, who married Frank Tettmer; after his death she became the wife of Mr. John L. Dower. Katherine, the third daughter, married James E. O'Conner. The fourth, Edith, became Mrs. Oscar Malo. Anna, the last of the five, died at the age of four years. Mrs. O'Conner passed away a few years ago. The other three daughters are still living in Denver. There are nine grandchildren and eleven great-grandchildren of Mr. and Mrs. Mullen.

centering in the picturesque settings of Glen Park and Pine Crest. Today it is the site of the famous Little Log Church, a community institution serving all, though under the auspices of the Quaker Church. The groundwork layed by the early religious activities of the Chautauqua, the Y. M. C. A., and the Baptist Young People's Assemblies now centers in the large plant of the Methodist Conference at Pine Crest, the program of which attracts visitors from many states during the summer months. And still Palmer Lake continues to make contemporary history, receiving nationwide interest, with its Christmastime Yule Log Ceremony and its gigantic Star of Bethlehem on Sundance Mountain.

Over the years it had been the custom of the community to hold Christmas ceremonies of the usual sort, but there was always the unconscious reaching out for something more novel than the ordinary program—something distinctive, something which would enlist the interest and activity of the entire community irrespective of the status of the individual. In the autumn of 1934 the committee met on the lawn of the Little Log Church, at the base of Sundance Mountain. In a wooded gulch on the north slope of the mountain stood the cottage of Joel F. Vaille, which is still occupied by the family.

Miss Lucretia Vaille, whose first love, and last, has been Palmer Lake, had been teaching for many years on Long Island, but at the moment she was standing with Dr. Evalena Macy, pastor of the Little Log Church, contemplating not only the beauty of the scene before them, but also cogitating in their minds what might be done for the annual Christmas celebration. Then the inspiration came. Miss Vaille knew of the Yule Log Ceremony as held by the Lake Placid Club at Lake Placid, New York. She suddenly exclaimed to Miss Macy "You have the perfect setting for the old English Yule Log hunt—the sloping hillsides, the deep forest, the everlasting sunshine, and sometimes snow." And so the idea was born.

Through the courtesy of the Lake Placid Club, and especially Mr. Godfrey Dewey, a full outline of the celebration as held at Lake Placid was made available to the Palmer Lake Committee. The Club had made observance of the Christmas season to some extent since its founding in 1893, but actively since 1910 it had maintained the old traditions, with their roots deep in the past. The Wassail Bowl on Christmas Eve, the Christmas waits in the morning, the celebration of Twelfth Night and Candlemas all have been significant features of the life of the Lake Placid Club. More recently they instituted the hunt for the hidden Yule Log. As the first kindling log at Lake Placid was fired from splinters from an

The Yule Log Ceremony of Palmer Lake and The Star of Bethlehem

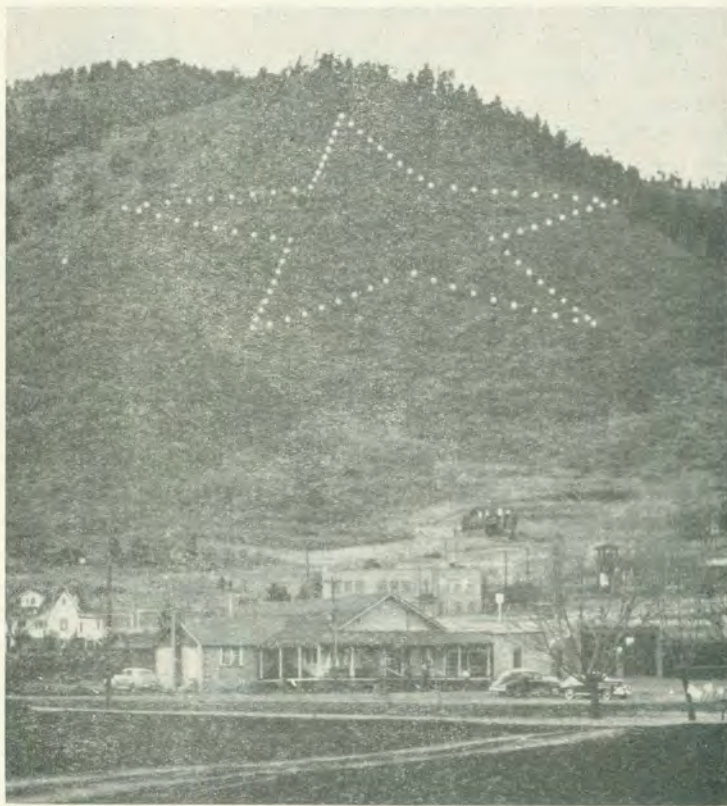
FRANK McDONOUGH, JR.

Palmer Lake, situated at the northern tip of El Paso County, and astride the Arkansas-Platte Divide, is a town of some three hundred permanent residents, swelling to more than three thousand during the summer months. The place has a rich historical background. Some of the earliest logs for Denver buildings were cut at Palmer Lake. It was the center of construction activity during the building of the Rio Grande narrow gauge. The beauty of its setting enlisted the interest of General William J. Palmer, and it was given his name.

Certain rugged characters from the East and South sought refuge and immunity at this place, situated on the edge of a vast uninhabited wilderness. Simultaneously, Howard H. Priestley, a Presbyterian minister, discovered its health giving qualities and scenic attractions, and formed the first Chautauqua in the Rocky Mountain region—The Rocky Mountain Chautauqua, founded in 1884. Since those early days, commencing with the Bacchanalian orgies of the Thompson era, Palmer Lake has been the scene of a strange intermixture of pioneer ruggedness and hardihood on the one hand, and on the other many cultural and religious activities

old English Log, so was the first kindling of the Palmer Lake Log fired from splinters sent for that purpose from Lake Placid. Thus the burning of the log each year at Palmer Lake relates back in its authenticity far into the depths of the past.

Much material was secured through the helpfulness of the officers of the Lake Placid Club, but the Palmer Lake Committee were not entirely satisfied until they had dug deep into the historic past. Their studies told them that the early Egyptians used



A PORTION OF PALMER LAKE AND THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM,
DECEMBER 1951

fire in celebration of their joyous occasions long before the time of Christ. That the Persians observed similar traditions, and here it was that the cutting and burning of a log, known as the Yole Log first came into use. The Romans had fires of the Yole Log in connection with their celebration of their Feast to Bacchus. The early

Christians, after their persecutions had ceased somewhat, came out of their catacombs and forests, built great fires of logs and worshipped before them. Much later, the people of Britain adopted the custom and applied it to their Christmas celebrations. Here in Britain the search for the log became traditional, the log was carried inside and burned within the house, and the ancient name of Yole became corrupted to Yule.

Through their search the residents of Palmer Lake found the original words and tunes of the songs which have been used for centuries in the English observance of the ceremony.

Song of the Kindling Log

Oh bring the old log, oh bring it here,
For it has waited a full long year
For it has waited a full long year
To find its way to the firing.
So bring it along with a joyful song
A joyful song, a joyful song
So bring it along with a joyful song
The kindling log to the firing.

Song of the Christmas Log

Oh bring with a noise my merrie, merrie boys
The Christmas log, the Christmas log,
Oh bring with a noise my merrie, merrie boys
The Christmas log to the firing.

Ancient Rhyme

Kindle the Christ Brand, and then
Till sunset let it burn,
Which quenched, then lay it up agen
Till Christmas next return.
Part must be kept wherewith to teend
The Christmas Log next year,
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.

The ceremony at Lake Placid is essentially a private affair for club members, their families and their invited guests. At the outset the Palmer Lake ceremony was celebrated and participated in by the townspeople, but the interest generated was so intense that soon visitors from nearby towns and ranches began to attend, at first to observe and then to join in the joy of the occasion. It was determined to make this the expression of good will at Christmas-

time from the people of Palmer Lake to their friends and neighbors. Before many years this expression was extended to all from far and near, and the colorful pageantry now attracts visitors from many states of the Union and from foreign countries. At the ceremony on December 23, 1951, visitors were registered from twenty-six states and four foreign countries.

Starting in a small way, the mechanics of the Yule Log Ceremony has developed into a vast community-wide enterprise in which all participate. In 1948 it was voted to incorporate under the name of Yule Log Association and the project is now carried on under a formal organization with regular officers. Although under the guidance of the officers of the association, the work is carried on by twenty-six different committees of volunteer workers.

Early in October a meeting of all residents is called and the committees are selected. The committees range from the greens and decorating committee to the finance committee. It might be said that the entire burden of expense is borne by the town citizens, although many unsolicited contributions are made each year by non residents, and substantial free will offerings are deposited in the little hollow logs that are placed on the registration table. For two months prior to the celebration, which is always held on the Sunday before Christmas, little groups meet and work at the various homes perfecting the details of the ceremony. And the details are many—reception, registration, ushering, parking, outside fire, hiding the log, the trail detail, program, music, capes, publicity, broadcasting, cutting the fruit, preparing the wassail, and many other details which years of experience have taught need attention. One general meeting is held at which the entire town meets and cuts miniature logs, to which are fastened sprigs of evergreen and a bright red ribbon. These are made by the hundred and are given to each guest to wear as a souvenir of the occasion.

The preparation of the Wassail Bowl alone is a long and tedious chore. Fruit is cut. A great hogshead of apple cider has previously been delivered to the town hall. Great thirty gallon kettles are on hand. Spices are carefully measured. And all the ingredients must be prepared and mixed and cooked to a nicety. Wassail is a spicy drink, and not as many believe, an intoxicating one. However, after a rugged trek on the trail, the excitement of bringing in the found log, with its finder astride, the cutting of the log in the crisp December air, one who drinks from the hot, spicy wassail bowl has full appreciation of its true meaning—"Health to You." The occasion begets good health and good cheer and great joy, ushering

in with true spirit the season of Peace on Earth and Good Will to All Men.

In response to many inquiries the committee has prepared a recipe for a small "batch" of wassail, which in its ingredients and proportions is authentic in every detail.

RECIPE FOR WASSAIL (Health to You)

- 2 gallons sweet cider.
 - 2 lemons with rind and pulp.
 - 2 oranges with rind and pulp.
 - ½ tps. ground cloves.
 - ½ tps. nutmeg.
 - 2 baked apples—take out pulp and put thru fine sieve to eliminate pieces of core.
 - 1 tps. finely chopped cinnamon bark.
 - 2 cups sugar.
- Heat cider and spices, then add finely chopped fruit and serve piping hot.

Although the ceremony is public and most of the preliminary details are known to the entire community, there is one phase of the arrangements which is top secret—a deep and dark mystery. One man, and one assistant, are chosen by the officers, to find, cut and hide the log. After his selection, not even the officers know the locale which he has selected for hiding the log. He is warned distinctly that no one, not even his wife, must be made aware of the part he is to play. Until the day of the hunt the whereabouts of the log, safely hidden, is not disclosed until he tells the trail leader the general locale of the hidden log and the point where it will be found within a radius of two hundred yards. This secrecy has indeed become part of a solemn ritual, and as yet the confidence reposed has never been broken. One year a certain sixth grader secretly trailed the log cutter and found the spot where the log was hidden, but in a matter of days his conscience hurt him so gravely that he went to the president of the Association and confessed his wrongdoing. He was forgiven and the log re-hidden.

Simplicity has been the by-word of this picturesque ceremony, but as the years passed, and visitors from far and wide came to the number of fifteen hundred or more each year, the pageantry of the occasion has broadened. Loud-speakers now broadcast Christmas carols from noontime until evening. The program of talks and singing inside the hall during the search for the log is sent over the loud-speaker to the hundreds outside. Each of the townsfolk, and many of the visitors, are now garbed in capes and hoods of brilliant red or green. And as the caravan of searchers wends its tortuous

way up the steep trail on Sundance Mountain, and upon the bugle being blown, spread out over the mountain in search of the log, it is indeed a colorful sight.

In such a setting there is much that is not only colorful and picturesque, but romantic. As evening approaches, all anticipate the lighting of the great Star of Bethlehem on Sundance Mountain. This star has now been lighted during the month of December, except during the war years, since 1933. It was the conception of Mr. B. E. Jack of Denver, who at the time was General Manager of the Mountain Utilities Company. Mr. Jack engineered this great star on the face of Sundance Mountain, over and across rises and gullies of the mountain, and it is so constructed that when viewed from any angle it is a perfect five pointed star. It is reputed to be the largest electrical insignia in the world, being five hundred feet from any one point to any opposite point. It is composed of ninety-one electric bulbs strung on a cable attached to posts dug into the face of the mountain. The construction was accomplished by volunteer labor of the men of the town under the direction of Mr. Jack. The star shines with a light that is almost ethereal, and glows from the face of Sundance out over the rolling hills of the Black Forest. From vantage points as far distant as thirty miles it may be seen. The evening trains of the Rio Grande and the Santa Fe slow down so that their passengers may feast their eyes upon it. The North and South plane flights verge over towards the mountains so that a better view may be had of this startling emblem, representing the Star of Bethlehem and sending forth from this little community a silent message of hope and goodwill and peace to all the world.

It would seem, perhaps, that this little history of the Palmer Lake Yule Log Ceremony and the Star of Bethlehem has been sentimentally overdrawn. But one must live in the flavor and atmosphere of it all to realize what it means to this isolated community, and what it might mean to all other communities which might adopt similar projects. Two months of whole hearted planning and work and organization by every member of the community; two months of working together and getting acquainted with your neighbors; two months in preparation for giving a token of good will to the outside world without thought in the heart of a single soul of financial or commercial gain or profit; the good will and friendliness engendered, and the joy and happiness which is created in its culmination, somehow seems to abide in the hearts of the people of Palmer Lake throughout the forthcoming year.

The world needs more of this sort of thing.

A History of the Rocky Mountain Hotel Association

GEORGE S. ELSTUN*

The Rocky Mountain Hotel Association is a well established and an ever growing institution whose splendid influence is widely felt and its benefits are legion. We are about to celebrate the forty-ninth anniversary of its founding, and the membership, so greatly increased through the years, has had no opportunity to gain knowledge of our earlier history. This is due perhaps to the thinning of the ranks of our elders, to the custom of passing the Secretaryship around each year, and to the fact that the original records appear not to have been preserved, or at least are not now in evidence.

Your Committee—realizing these conditions, and that our Charter Members are now reduced to two retired and one active, and that in fact there does not appear to be any record of the original meeting, nor the names of the pioneer group of that fine set of Hotel Operators—have requested me to give you the reflections of my memory of the incidents prior to and leading up to that occasion. I trust that I may be pardoned for personal references I may make, for such will be used in the hope that it may give you a little better picture of that time.

The Hotel business has developed into one of the largest and greatest of our essentials, and the continued advancement and improvement in our equipment and service has been really phenomenal, and we rank very close to the top in industry. We therefore may feel very proud to be numbered among that group, and much of our success may be credited to our Association and fellowship development.

I am strong for Opportunity, and it might well be said that the Hotelman's Creed is Opportunity, Accident, Application and Achievement. My old boss, Mr. E. Barnett, Proprietor of the Old Antlers, Colorado Springs, once said to me, "Many very successful hotel operators are accidents." In those earlier days there were no hotel degrees available in universities as in our day. It usually meant the lower round of the ladder, and a strong determination, and firm application for the youngster who could edge into some insignificant position in a hotel, and who dared to make the effort.

In my younger days I was greatly impressed by the inspiring words of my friend and fellow Kansan, Senator John J. Ingalls, wherein he almost inspired alarm in his efforts to stimulate action in his famous "Opportunity." "Master of human destinies am I,

*Mr. Elstun's address was delivered at the meeting of the Rocky Mountain Hotel Association at Colorado Springs in 1950. The Association celebrated the semi-centennial of its founding in October, 1951. Mr. Elstun, veteran hotel man of Colorado, now owns and manages the Barth Hotel in Denver and the Albany in Colorado Springs. This article was called to our attention by Mrs. Carolyn H. Rhone of Grand Lake.—Ed.

Fame, Love and Fortune on my footsteps wait. Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate deserts and seas remote, and passing by hovel, mart and palace, soon or late, I knock unbidden, once at every gate. If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before I turn away. It is the hour of Fate. And they who follow me, reach every state mortals desire, and conquer every foe, save Death; but those who hesitate or doubt, condemned to failure, penury and woe, seek me in vain and uselessly implore. I answer not and I return no more."

And I have taken much comfort in the words of another Sage, who took quite a different view, when he said: "Opportunity does not knock at all, She just stands around, and you look at Her with little interest, and pretty soon She walks off down the road and you ask who was that?" That's Opportunity. I cannot agree with the Senator, fully. I sometimes think that She really makes knocking Her business, or must have a lot of assistants, anyhow it behooves us all to keep our eyes open and to leave off the ear-muffs, for you never know when that busybody might be seen or heard.

My grandfather, back in the fifties, kept a small hotel in a little country village, Frankfort, Illinois, where my father spent his early boyhood. In 1889 a marked change in circumstances made it necessary for me to leave college and enter the business world. I found employment as a night clerk in the Fifth Avenue Hotel in Emporia, Kansas. The Hotel was operated on the American Plan by two ambitious young men of prominent families. That was the year of the opening of the Oklahoma Strip, and they made the run, leaving a man in charge, who imbibed freely, and, though Kansas was dry at that time, he took no exception to the fact, and secured the necessary stimulants for his needs, and thereby aided me in my progress. So that within six months, I had advanced to Day Clerk, Manager, and by my efforts the hotel was sold to the leading hotel man of Emporia, whose daughter, Sabra Whitley, and her husband are today operating the hotel as the Hotel Whitley. So Opportunity was in behind me and gave three good raps in that short period.

In 1890, the call of the West landed me in Colorado Springs, where on July first of that year I became night clerk of the Old Antlers Hotel. The latter part of 1891 found me as day clerk, and 1893 chief clerk and confidential accountant, and 1895 manager, with a participating contract; which connection I held until the destructive fire, October 1, 1898. Ten days later, October 10, I was installed as lessee, with a contract for the new \$250,000 wing to the Alamo Hotel, Colorado Springs, and remained till 1916.

At that time Colorado Springs and Manitou were spending a considerable sum in promoting tourist travel, and Glenwood Springs was assisting some, but Pueblo had her big steel pay roll, and Denver

was urging her industrial growth, so there was little concentrated effort to build up the Empire.

There was, of course, keen competition between the two Pikes Peak resorts, the Alta Vista under Mr. H. Hoyt Stevens and The Alamo under my direction always had friendly rivalry, and were allied against our good neighbor, the Mayor of Manitou and the owner of the Cliff House, Mr. Ed. E. Nichols, and it was some time before we all discovered that we were headed in the same direction and needed unity. Manitou, as perhaps you all know, lies at the entrance to the Old Ute Pass Trail, but you probably do not know that to the Utes Manitou meant "Healing Waters," and they frequented that region to drink of its healing spring waters, until the early settlers disturbed their activities.

There may be some question as to just how Colorado Springs was named as such, while the city is six miles from Manitou. Those springs may have been the inspiration, although there have always been some small non-mineral springs in what is now Monument Park



THE OLD ANTLERS HOTEL, COLORADO SPRINGS

in Colorado Springs. I remember that the Mayor, in his fervor in exploiting the famous Cliff House, stated in his ad: "Colorado Springs is a mis-nomer, there are no springs there. Come to Manitou, where the world's greatest health-giving springs are located."

Out of these conditions, the Nichols-Stevens-Elstun Triangle was developed, a good laugh was had over Ed's mis-nomer stunt, and the idea, One-For-All and All-For-One movement was started in earnest. We knew that if we could secure a steadily growing influx of travelers, and there was no reason for any of us to worry about

business, there would be enough for all and more. The Antlers was rebuilt and opened in 1901, and a foreign Manager, A. Maruca, from Switzerland, was installed. He was, fortunately, greatly aided by the genial and renowned chief clerk, Billy Dunning, known and loved throughout the entire midwest, and who later assumed the management of the Antlers, and who was the inspiration, and was later chosen to open and manage the Broadmoor.

The New Antlers was not competition to us; it was looked upon by us as a real asset to Colorado; and it was away over our heads. It meant a new and vigorous campaign. It did not mean taking away our business, they had to start to rebuild theirs, with the expenditure of large sums, to induce a return of their former patrons and to attract new travelers to their doors.

Why the Rocky Mountain Hotel Association? Our Triangle felt that the results of our associated efforts showed that friendly competition was healthy, and that in Unity there was great strength, and we felt that with the added attractive hotel accommodations in our region, it was time to broaden our efforts, so we asked The Antlers to join us in an invitation to the active hotel men of our state, to attend a meeting, at The Antlers, Colorado Springs, for the purpose of forming a State Organization for Hotels, and there was a very hearty response of representative operators.

The meeting was called to order and Mr. Nichols was made Temporary Chairman. A brief explanation was given of our aims, the idea being presented upon the basis of a purely State Organization, which led to a general discussion, and brought forth many fine ideas. It was stated that we were in the center of an Empire, that we were almost surrounded by marvelous natural resources; that in every direction there were historic points, and distinctly scenic beauties, many undiscovered and few developed to their proper state. There was opportunity to arouse a greater interest among our own people, and as well to inspire our good neighbors to join with us in developing and broadening our activities, and create greater interest of the traveling public, so that they might become familiar with the scenic beauties of our districts.

In the procedure of our meeting, it was decided, after consideration, to call us The Rocky Mountain Hotel Men's Association. At some subsequent date it was decided to eliminate the word "Men's." It was evidently, and properly, discovered that we were too exclusive in thinking that we could make a successful organization without the fair sex, and so the refining of our name seems quite appropriate, The Rocky Mountain Hotel Association, as stands.

Mr. Nichols was elected our first President, and H. Jerome Toy was elected our Secretary. The necessary Committees were appointed, and duties delegated, and the machinery of an important

institution was in motion. The following gentlemen, to the best of my memory, and that is all I have to draw upon, were present, were quite representative of that day, and were enthusiastic as to our purposes and aims:

Edward E. Nichols, Cliff House, Manitou. Our first President, as a youngster had lived at Manitou from the inception of The Cliff House, and was active from about 1890, and continued until his recent death. The property recently sold.

H. Jerome Toy, News Editor and Advertising, our first Secretary.

Fred W. Bailey, St. James Hotel, Denver, sold to H. H. Hake of Omaha, about 1905, still in good health and a guest of Brown Palace.

J. D. Fanning, Albany Hotel, Denver, purchased hotel in Boston, succeeded by

Samuel F. Dutton, of "See America First" fame, and
F. W. ("Billie") Padget, formerly of Trinidad.

Callie Morse, proprietor Jerome Hotel, Aspen, in its palmy days; had long and outstanding record with Denver hotels, The Oxford, Brown Palace, and Cosmopolitan.

Otto Kappler, Oxford Hotel, Denver, succeeded by Callie Morse.

E. A. Thayer, Hotel Colorado, Glenwood Springs, also Rio Grande eating house and diners, National President HMMBA, Hotel Insurance Co., succeeded by Elmer E. Lucas.

Elmer E. Lucas, Hotel Colorado, later owner, sold by his estate.

N. Maxey Tabor, Brown Palace. Property sold to W. S. Stratton.

Ed. R. Cooper, Metropole, Denver. He opened Lankershirn, Los Angeles.

Howard L. Dailey, Northern, Fort Collins, later, Adams, Denver; went to Texas.

H. Hoyt Stevens, Alta Vista, Colorado Springs; he operated a dairy on that site, and kept boarders; built and rebuilt until the fine structure stands as a monument to him; still in his estate.

John J. Hernan, Brown Palace, came to Alamo as Manager, opened The Angeles, Los Angeles, the Coronado Beach Hotel.

John A. Himebaugh, owner Alamo and Spaulding, Colorado Springs; was a pioneer, a bridge builder for Santa Fe into Colorado Springs.

Harry Burnett, St. Regis, Grand Junction; followed by Harry, Jr.

Harry L. Dye, Strathmore, Canon City; "Shorty" to the public.

Hal D. Van Gilder, Rocklands, Palmer Lake, later Adams Hotel, Denver. Long since retired from hotels; "Insurance," Denver, and active.

Geo. D. Edwards, Editor *Denver Daily Hotel Bulletin*, which was sold to *Mr. and Mrs. Vern S. Warriner*; now *Hotel Greeter*, under the very efficient direction of their big boy, *Vern S., Junior*.

A. Maruca, first manager, The New Antlers; later Adams, Denver.

Billie Dunning, Antlers Chief Clerk, later manager, also of Broadmoor.

F. W. Padgett, Columbia Hotel, Trinidad; later Albany, Denver.

Charles N. Hill, Windsor, Denver.

Charles R. Smith, The American House, Denver.

James B. Stead, Steads Ranch, Estes Park.

George S. Elstun, The Alamo, Colorado Springs, now Barth, Denver, and Albany, Colorado Springs.

E. M. Ward, Elk Hotel, Colorado Springs, now The Arrow.

It appears that the originators of this idea, the Triangle, Stevens, Nichols, and Elstun, were the last Active Charter Members of this organization. Mr. Stevens continued his connection with the Alta Vista until his death, some six years ago, and the property is still in his estate. Mr. Nichols continued his ownership and his wonderful active interest in his beloved Cliff House until his unfortunate passing, some three years ago, and I understand it has been sold, recently. Your narrator is still keeping up the old spirit, and can still hear the bell ring. I am pleased to be able to inform you, that in shaking up my memory, getting back past the active membership, two very distinguished and important gentlemen, who were with us on that occasion, stand out quite vividly in my picture.

I am reminded of a statement once made by a very successful operator, who said: "Yes, I have been in this business long enough to have made enough to not have to stay in it any longer, and I have had troubles enough to make me never want to see the place again, but you know I kinder like the old place, and I guess I'll just stick around for awhile."

These two gentlemen, for reasons of their own, perhaps as good or better than the foregoing, have not been in the Hotel Business for many years, but retired from our active group, but were Charter Members, and so we hail them as such. They have been in other lines, and have success written in large letters to show for their efforts.

I take much pleasure in paying tribute to Mr. Fred W. Bailey, formerly owner of the St. James in Denver in its heyday, who many

years ago disposed of his hotel interests and has devoted his excellent talents in the Investment Field, and has for many years been one of the desirable guests of the Brown Palace.

Another Charter Member, very active during his association, and an outstanding member, Mr. Hal D. Van Gilder, and when there was anything of importance to be done, you could depend upon Hal to get the job done. At the time of our first meeting he was operating a very lovely resort, The Rocklands, at beautiful Palmer Lake, and after many years of successful efforts there, he assumed management of The Adams, Denver. He too forsook our ranks, and settled himself in a very prosperous insurance organization, where he accomplished unusual results, and is still on the job.

From the *Denver Post* of November 5, 1948, I clipped the following from "Forty-five Years Ago," November 5, 1903: "President E. R. Cooper, Secretary H. Jerome Toy, head Denver meeting of The Rocky Mountain Hotel Men's Association; F. W. Padgett of Trinidad and John Hernan of the Brown Palace tie for title of most handsome delegates." On that day forty-eight years ago, our meeting adjourned, lunch was served at The Antlers, and immediately following, the group was taken for a trip to a few of the nearer points of interest, returning to The Alamo, 6 P.M., where I had the pleasure of serving the first official dinner. I am happy to have been a Charter Member, and to have been declared a Life Member, many years ago. I don't know that we have any records establishing these two facts, but my attention is regularly called by our genial secretary, Bill Munnings, that I am still on the Active Membership list. Please remit.

I thank all of you for sitting this one out with me.

Edward R. Kingsland, a Son of Columbia

ELLIS MEREDITH*

The first lesson a cub reporter learns when he goes to work on a newspaper is a nice distinction in pronouns. The most powerful and the only one with which liberties may be taken is the unobtrusive "it." "It rains," "It snows," "It" is cold or hot or wet; "It is said," "It is generally believed," "It is positively denied." "They" is almost as convenient, but "he" or "she" are fraught with danger, though they must be used occasionally. But never, under any circumstances, may the first personal pronoun be employed. It is this inhibition which has postponed this small tribute to one who deserves well of Colorado. There is nothing to be said,

*Miss Meredith (Mrs. Clements), who now lives in Washington, has previously contributed to our magazine.—Ed.

except to take refuge behind the historic quotation, "All of which I saw, and part of which I was."

The first time I met Edward Russell Kingsland was at an informal family lunch at the home of his aunt, Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, probably the best known Colorado woman of her generation. Founder and president of the Woman's Club, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, and outspoken suffragist long before the Nineteenth Amendment made its home-run in the U.S. Senate. Needless to say, she was a charming hostess. Her sister, Mrs. Hattie Kingsland, and her son, "Ned" Kingsland, Hattie Platt, and several others whose names I do not recall were present, and it was a gay party. Edward had to catch a train for Boulder where he was studying law at the State University. As he was leaving he kissed his aunt, and his mother, and his cousin Hattie asked, teasingly, "Why don't you kiss Ellis too?" We were both startled, but when a personable youth in his early twenties looks at a woman distinctly fortyish, as if asking, May I? there can be but one answer. The friendship thus begun never wavered until his untimely death.

At their request I went with them, when Mrs. Kingsland went to St. Luke's for a serious operation, and was with her throughout it, until Dr. Perkins said, "I can go no farther." Not far enough. She was never able to come back to the Election Commission where she had been my faithful secretary. Ned took her place for a few months, until he took his mother back to her old home in Massachusetts, where she died the next autumn, among her kindred. As they had done all they could for her, they were equally considerate of her son, and a pleasant path lay before him. Her passing was like a sunset to him. When this country went to war in 1917 he wrote asking if I didn't agree that it was his duty to go. It was his own choice; he was not of draft age, and enlisted because he had been brought up to believe in service. He admitted he was not of the "husky type" and the sixty pound pack of the Infantry did not appeal to him, so he joined the Air service. That is the real beginning of this story.

We had been on-lookers for three dreadful years, and yet we had not heeded the warning to be ready. There were mistakes, none to be compared with those of the Spanish-American war. Short memories may bring momentary comfort, but are fearfully expensive in the long run. Air warfare was too new to give much in the way of experience for officers or men. They did the best they could. Of course the "rookie" "grouses"; it's a way they've had in the army since before the first Peloponnesian war. Running true to form my disappointed lad wrote from his airfield, somewhere in Texas, that the quarters were insufficient, the food poor, and the planes

heavy, discarded combat affairs, utterly unfit for the maneuvers of the dangerous training, making it more deadly dangerous. There was considerable sickness and not enough doctors or orderlies or hospital equipment.

Conditions grew worse. There were bad accidents, some fatal on the training field, if the air can be called a field. When a soldier who had been segregated because his illness might prove contagious, was found wandering around at midnight in a raving delirium, and died the next morning, the men's indignation approached the mutinous stage.

Other soldiers wrote letters home, also to their representatives and senators, letters that would have roused a wooden Indian, and Sen. George Chamberlain of Oregon was a live and militant person. He made a speech at a large gathering in New York, and he spoke out of the fullness of his heart, and, as an old Oregon friend expressed it, "one cocktail will make George fighting mad, and he won't care what he says." A simple highball has been known to have that effect on less eminent persons. All the complaints I had read were mild compared to the lurid tales of the Senator from Oregon. He—or shall we lay it to the Manhattan? attacked our Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker. What could be expected of a "Pacifist"? and other less kindly terms.

There comes a time when even "the patience of the saints" runs out, and Baker demanded a hearing before the Military Affairs Committee of the senate, of which Chamberlain was chairman. He had refused to let Baker see the shoals of letters from aggrieved parents and kindred, not to mention sweethearts and wives.

In the meantime the men in the camps read Chamberlain's speeches and probably wrote more letters. So, I wrote Ned and told him to make out a case as carefully as if he were taking it into court; give times, places and names, and tell exactly what happened without rancor or personal aspersions. Not to bother about rations, but tell about men killed or wounded in the unwieldy planes, any neglect of sick or wounded men, have his brief signed by at least half a dozen men, with home addresses, as well as standing and rank in the air service. When the reply came it fulfilled all requirements. My lad wasn't a lawyer for nothing.

A day or so before the hearing was, somewhat grudgingly, granted I had tried to get into the senate gallery, but the elevator operator said he wasn't running; there was no room for anyone, no matter what kind of tickets were presented. Along with a crowd of other people, I sat on the wide steps leading to the senate floor, and heard Chamberlain thundering out demands that something be done for these unfortunate boys. There were grim-faced men and weeping women on those stairs. Plenty of letters were cited, but not

one was furnished the Secretary he was holding responsible for every failure from shortage of salt and sugar to side-arms and swords.

The chance of getting in to the Committee hearing was none too good, but with Ned Kingsland's letter in my handbag I was prepared for anything. Luckily, I met Sen. Henry L. Meyers of Montana in the hall and asked him to take me in. He had probably refused the same request from others, but the open door was only a few feet away. Not many natives of Montana were asking favors, which was really a strong point. I had a seat in the front row.

Curiously enough I do not seem to recall the chairman of the committee at all. The two men I will never forget were Senator James W. Wadsworth of New York, a leading Republican, who showed Baker the utmost courtesy and consideration. The other man was Senator Ollie James of Kentucky, a mountain of a man, who sat with his hands crossed on his cane, his chin resting on them, and he didn't move until the noon recess, when he rushed out, taxied to the White House, rushed in past guards and into Wilson's office, shouting, "You'd oughta a been at the hearing! Baker is giving 'em hell!" and rushed out again. I heard about that afterward, and if you can picture three hundred pounds or thereabouts, making a wild dash, you get the picture.

This is not the place for a detailed account of that speech. It can be found in Palmer's excellent book on Baker. It was close to three hours long, taking in the time for the questions, and nobody went out. It doesn't seem to me that anyone moved. Years later, 1931 to be exact, when I was gathering the chapters for the book "Democracy at the Crossroads," I asked Baker to write the chapter on the War. A busy man, he was by no means anxious to take on such a piece of work, and I went back and recalled some of the incidents of that hearing. Chamberlain had asked how many soldiers we had sent abroad, Ex-President Roosevelt having made caustic criticisms, saying; "We should strain every energy to get fifty to a hundred thousand men to France this year (this was in August, 1917), and by next year, 1918, we should have five hundred thousand men, or any part of five hundred thousand we could ship."

Baker hesitated a moment and replied, rather diffidently, "Instead of fifty or a hundred thousand men in France in 1917 we had many more than that in France, and instead of having half a million men in France in 1918 . . . if the transportation facilities are available we shall have one and a half million who in 1918 can be shipped to France." It was a devastating statement, and silenced even the redoubtable Teddy. Chamberlain asked why he had not taken the public into his confidence. He said he had hesitated because von Hindenburg had sneered contemptuously that we had adver-

tised our war preparations. Meyers asked whether the British and French had stated their numbers. Baker said he did not know the number of our allies, and would not tell how many men we had in France, information which would have been very welcome to the enemy.

As I recalled different incidents Baker's face grew intent and thoughtful, and when I said, "It was the greatest speech I ever heard," he didn't put aside the compliment, but answered, almost absently, "It was the best speech I ever made." Incidentally his brief essay in the book mentioned is the best short story ever written of that war.

Recalling the whole situation, Baker must have remembered that at the noon adjournment he asked anyone who had letters concerning conditions in the camps to do him the favor of sending them to him. I followed him into the next room and gave him the Kingsland statement, with a few words about the young man who had written it, and his complete integrity. He was deeply grateful. Of the twenty signatures to that brief, ten were from Chillicothe, Ohio.

Less than two weeks afterward I had a jubilant letter. Everything that could be done had been done; the whole spirit of the camp was one of alert content and desire to get on as fast as possible. Baker never told about it, but Kingsland did, and so did the boys who wrote home that all was well. Even the bean rations were better!

That was in January, 1918. In July Kingsland wrote:

"I don't know that I told you I am taking a course in preparation as an army Air corps pilot. The work will consist of adjustment of fire for artillery, infantry liaison, photography, reconnaissance, etc. I shall have an observer with me, who is really the goat, as he has to use the wireless and do the job. All I have to do is to pilot the machine, and perhaps shoot my Vickers gun if a Hun gets troublesome. I have had some fine experience in flying here, but not in the machine we are to use at the front. My course will be completed tomorrow, so I may expect orders to leave shortly. I hope to go with a French Squadron. It will be wonderful to really get up there, and feel that you are adding your bit to the cause, however small and unimportant. I don't feel a bit heroic, Aunt Ellis. I read the poem you sent to the boys, and they voted it a good piece of work, especially the verse about the airmen. Your letters make me feel that I have a wonderful second mother in you."

August 26 he wrote; "I finished the Army Pilot course in Tours and was sent up to the 8th. Aero Squadron A.E.F. which is an observation squadron. I have been here about a week but have not had my first trip over the lines. I am well satisfied, as the squadron

is experienced, the commanding officer is a splendid man and the pilots are fine chaps. The greatest satisfaction of all is that we are equipped with American planes, in which the Liberty motor furnishes the power; it is undoubtedly the best machine on the front."

He speaks of the "funny camouflaged barracks that are really very comfortable," adding, "It's the doughboys in this war who deserve the most credit," with a word of appreciation for the Y.M.C.A. who "seem to have the almost impossible power to set a hut down in any spot where there are American soldiers."

The letter I had written him, August 30, came back with a red ink inscription stamped on it, "Killed in action August 30, 1918." Not being "next of kin" this was all I ever heard. He gave his life for his country, but it has always seemed to me that his great service was to his fellow-soldiers in that long forgotten camp, and the relief it afforded Secretary Baker to set things to rights, once the facts were in his hands.

A life like that is never lived, or died in vain. Colorado has a right to number Edward Kingsland with the other sons of whom she is proud.

The poem the boys liked was one sent out to a number of Western newspapers, and published by many of them. When I wrote it, I had Harry Barrett in mind, son of Mr. Harry Barrett, Principal of the East Denver High School. I did not know then that the second verse would be my *requiescat in pace* for the one for whom I have written this too inadequate tribute. Now, as in the days of Sophocles, "War loves to seek its victims in the young." Perhaps they are the more fortunate. They have found peace.

FOR LIBERTY

"I had four sons," said Columbia,
 "Four sons, who were dear to me;
 One fell in the air, I know not where,
 And one in the depths of the sea.
 One died in the trench and one in camp,
 But they died for my mother and me.

"I had four sons," said Columbia,
 "But now they are dead and gone.
 One fell with a cloud for his trailing shroud
 But his winged soul went on,
 And one is lulled by the restless sea
 From dawn to the next red dawn.

"I had four sons," said Columbia,
 "In camp the youngest died;
 Death found him there, so young and fair,
 Who was my hope and pride,

But he gave his life as brave men give,
 And the gift is glorified."

"And one I lost in the hideous trench
 Where men die for my mother and me;
 In the shot and shell of that awful hell
 He won immortality;
 In the land of the brave called No Man's Land
 He died to make all men free."

"And I have ten million other sons
 At home in this Land of the Free;
 To keep it so the last would go
 To fight for my mother and me—
 For I am the child," said Columbia,
 "And the daughter of LIBERTY."

—ELLIS MEREDITH.

ELBRIDGE GERRY, COLORADO PIONEER

LEROY R. HAFEN

Elbridge Gerry bore a famous name. He is said to have been a grandson of that other Elbridge Gerry, son of Massachusetts and of Harvard, who was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, Governor of Massachusetts, Ambassador to France, and who died as Vice President of the United States.

Colorado's Elbridge Gerry was born in Massachusetts on July 18, 1818.¹ Of his early life we know little.² Presumably he went to sea for a time, but came to the Rocky Mountains in the 1830s and became a beaver trapper.

Miss Elizabeth Doten of Greeley wrote a sketch of Gerry's life in 1933, the data being obtained from pioneers who knew him in his late years. She writes:

Elbridge Gerry had a ship tattooed on his arm and remarked that there lay the secret of his life. Seth Ward [his son-in-law] was

¹In Gerry's Account Book 1, he wrote: "E Gerry his book Boston Mss. Born July the 18/1818 Age forty two yers Old and two months South Fork Platte River K.T. October the 29/1860." In the federal census of 1860 Gerry is recorded as being 45 years old and as having been born in Mass. He was then living at Miravalle, forty miles north of Denver. (A photostat of the Colorado part of the 1860 census of western Nebraska is in the State Historical Society Library, Denver.)

²Elbridge Gerry, "the Signer," had three sons: Elbridge Jr., Thomas Russell, and James T. Elbridge Jr. was at one time surveyor of the port of Boston. The other two sons served the United States Navy.—*Genealogical and Personal Memoirs Relating to the Families of Boston and Eastern Massachusetts* (New York, 1908), I, 49-50.

Mrs. Townsend Phillips of Newport, Rhode Island, a descendant of Elbridge Gerry (the Signer) and an authority on Gerry family history, wrote me on March 13, 1952, that Colorado's Elbridge Gerry "is no possible relation to Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, the Signer of the Declaration of Independence." She says that Elbridge Gerry, Jr. and James Thompson Gerry both died unmarried and left no descendants, and that Elbridge Gerry of Colorado was not a descendant of the third son, Thomas Russell Gerry.

supposed to have been told the secret of Gerry's life, but the knowledge died with him. Others could only piece out from things dropped now and then, but seem to agree that there may have been some military or naval training. He was a stockily built person of medium height, weighing about 180 pounds, with those steely gray eyes and a presence about him that made him stand out in a group of men. There was an aloofness about him that made one feel that there had been an embitterment that caused him to settle in the far west in 1840. In bearing there seems to have been a strong resemblance to General Grant. He rode a dark brown pacer, by far the finest horse in the country, and he was the biggest horseman, also.³

Apparently, the first mention of Elbridge Gerry in contemporary early fur trade literature is the reference to him by a fellow New Englander, Osborne Russell. Russell, a native of Maine, had gone to the Rocky Mountains with the Nathaniel J. Wyeth party in 1834, and was to remain nine years in the mountains. He was hunting and trapping in 1839 from a base at Fort Hall, on the Snake River in present Idaho, when he wrote in his journal:

On the 30th of March we traveled to the mouth of Muddy. This we ascended and crossed the mountain with some difficulty, as the snow was very deep, on to the head waters of Gray's Creek. There two of our party (who were Canadians) left us and struck off for themselves. Our camp then consisted of myself and my old comrade, Elbridge. I say old comrade because we had been some time together, but he was a young man, from Beverly, Mass., and being bred a sailor, he was not much of a landsman, woodsman or hunter, but a great, easy, good-natured fellow, standing five feet ten inches and weighing 200 pounds.⁴

The two men remained together for some time, being at Fort Hall in June, 1839, and in Jackson's Hole and the Yellowstone Park area in July and August. They separated, Russell was wounded by Blackfeet and Elbridge was lost for several days. Eventually they both returned to Fort Hall, Gerry arriving September 13, 1839. After an autumn hunt they spent the winter at Fort Hall. In March Elbridge and Osborne went on another trapping and hunting expedition eastward to the Gray's Creek region. Again they separated, and did not meet again until September, 1841, when they joined forces for another expedition. This time they hunted on Bear River and in Cache Valley, Utah, and returned for the winter to Fort Hall.

With the decline in the price of beaverskins and the abandonment of trapping, most of the Mountain Men left the Rockies. Some went to Oregon, some to California, while others returned to the East. Elbridge Gerry, for reasons of his own, went to the Fort Laramie region of present Wyoming, and took up trade with the Indians. Just how early he engaged in this traffic we do not know,

³Manuscript in the State Historical Society Library, CWA. 343, p. 34.

⁴Osborne Russell, *Journal of a Trapper* (Boise, Idaho, 1921), 98. Other references are found on pages 97, 105, 108, 110, 111, and 123.

but it was probably in the early 1840s, for he married a Sioux girl, and their first child was born in 1843.⁵

By 1853 Gerry was carrying on a fairly large trade. Fortunately, his account books, or at least a part of them, for the years 1853-61, are preserved, and recently were presented to the State Historical Society of Colorado by Mrs. Martha M. Kempton, of Terry, Montana, the widow of Elbridge Gerry's grandson, Berney Kempton.

The first book, a small one, has some accounts under the heading "South Fork Platte April 2/53." It is a barter account, with a record of buffalo robes exchanged for goods, but no prices are listed.

In Book 2 are accounts of a large number of individuals for the year 1854, beginning in August.⁶ The longest account is of Ward and Guerrier. It runs to a total of \$1,773.42, including advances to named individuals amounting to \$363.04. In this account the prices per pound are: bacon 9 cents, sugar 7, coffee 14, rice 10, flour 4, tallow 12, lead 10, and shot 10.

Among miscellaneous items we note the following: hat \$3.00, ox whip 50 cents, cow bells \$1.75, ax \$1.50, mule hobbles 75c, butcher knife 50c, frying pan 50c, picket pins at 25c, candles at 5c, tin lantern 50c, camp kettle 85c, coffee mill 75c.

Under "Remarks" we read: "The groceries are to be charged at cost, and 35% to be added, also freight ditto at 10c per lb.

"The Sugar, Coffee and Flour are to be charged at cost and freight at 11c, being ordered articles.

"Dry Goods, etc., are to be charged at cost, and 60% to be added on the amount, no freight."

In Book 3 is listed Gerry's stock for trade on the "South Fork Platte and Arkansas Rivers." The goods were obtained on November 27, 1856, from Ward and Guerrier⁷ of Fort Laramie.

⁵The United States census of 1860, taken in western Nebraska, lists Gerry's eldest child as Eliza, age 17. She was usually called Lizzie; she married Seth Ward, son of S. E. Ward, sutler at Fort Laramie. The entries in this census record say that Eliza was born in Maine; the second child, Henry (age 16) was born in Massachusetts; the third, Mary (age 10), and the subsequent children were born in Nebraska (the Fort Laramie region and northeastern Colorado being in Nebraska until 1861). Whether Gerry actually took his Indian wife back to New England and the two first children were born there, or whether the places of birth are erroneously set down by the census taker, we have been unable to determine.

⁶The following persons are named in the accounts of 1854: Jose Garvacio (servant of S. E. Ward), Jose Aragon, Jose Chavez, John Sueka, Joseph Amor, Edward Latreille, Theodore Miller, Charlie Langley, Angelo Gasso, Xavier Gordon, John Drophy, Theodore Marshall, La Planche, John Corbin, Toussaint Bremaw, Peter Martin, Wilson Stoner, Eugene Sukah, Morris Greff, Joseph Ballow, Parres, John B. Laperche, Louis (Major Domo), Ward and Guerrier, Langley, Miller, and A. P. Warfield.

⁷Seth E. Ward had come to the mountains in 1838, at the age of eighteen, with Lancaster P. Lupton, builder of Fort Lupton, South Platte trading post. After ten years spent as a trapper and as a trader for Bent and St. Vrain, he began trading on his own account. In 1856 he became sutler at Fort Laramie. Later he became very wealthy and prominent in Kansas City.—H. L. Conard (Ed.), *Encyclopedia of the History of Missouri* (St. Louis, 1901), VI, 372.

William Guerrier, Ward's partner, had also been a trader for Bent and St. Vrain. He was killed by the explosion of a keg of powder on February 16, 1859.—C. G. Coutant, *History of Wyoming* (Laramie, 1899), 687. See also G. B. Grinnell, *Bent's Old Fort and Its Builders*, 37. Guerrier married a Cheyenne girl. Their son Ed married William Bent's youngest daughter, Julia.

Gerry's list of goods taken to trade in 1856 gives interesting information on commodities and prices. Among the trade goods listed in his stock of November, 1856, are the following items:

25	pairs 3-point Blue Blankets at.....	\$ 6.25
11	pairs 1-point Blue Blankets at.....	2.06
380	bunches of Seed Beads at.....	.12½
2	bundles Barley Corn Beads, 10 bunches.....	1.25
25	gross of Gilt Coat Buttons at.....	.52½
18	gross Finger Rings at.....	.70
4	dozen Mirrors at30
24½	lbs. Chinese Vermillion.....	1.00
100	Needles15
6	dozen Crambo Combs.....	1.25
2	dozen Hickory Shirts at.....	5.00
½	dozen Tea Kettles at.....	12.00
½	dozen Pain Killer at.....	1.75
52	lbs. Brass Wire at.....	.45
3000	lbs. Sugar at11½
208	lbs. Bacon at09½
3	bushels Dried Apples at	2.00
1	Saddle	6.50



ELBRIDGE GERRY

From a portrait given to the State Historical Society in 1952 by Mrs. Berney Kempton.

The total bill was \$4,741.86, of which \$960.50 was for transportation of goods at the rate of 10 cents per pound. He hired several men for the winter trip.⁸ His total costs amounted to \$5330.76.

The principal returns of the trade were in buffalo robes, of which he obtained 1765. Most of these were valued at \$3.00 each. The total credits for the winter's trade amounted to \$6806.22. After deduction of the costs, the venture showed a profit of \$1,475.46.

For the winter trade of 1857-58 Gerry's goods cost \$7304.30; charges for equipment and for wages of men ran the total to \$10,214.53. Among the returns this year were 966 buffalo robes at \$3.50 each; 60 horses at \$35.00; 21 mules at \$75.00 each. Many unsold goods were returned to Ward and Guerrier this year. Gerry's net earnings were \$557.15.⁹

On December 14, 1857, Gerry and Bordeau supplied John S. Smith, famous old Mountain Man and Indian trader,¹⁰ with a stock of goods for barter with the Kiowas and Comanches. These items were the usual ones of blankets, beads, cloth, kettles, knives, etc., and ran to \$1837.02½.

It is of special interest to find in this book the list of goods Gerry charged to John S. Smith on July 7, 1858, and which were intended for trade to the Indians on "South Fork Platte and Arkansas." They are the typical stock of trade goods and amounted to \$1416.88.

Upon arrival at the mouth of Cherry Creek about the first of August,¹¹ Smith found the remnants of the Green Russell prospecting party doing a little mining. Smith soon became involved in mining and town founding and neglected the selling of his Indian trade goods. He was one of the founders of Denver, being an organizer and principal stockholder in the St. Charles Town Association of September 24, 1858; the Auraria Town Company of October 30; and the Denver Town Company of November 22, 1858—which three were ultimately consolidated into Denver.¹² Smith built a log cabin, perhaps the first on the site of Denver.

⁸Nicholas Janis was hired at \$50 per month; William G. Goodwin and Jose Ignacio at \$20 per month; and Auguste Farria, Jules Link, Xavier Chestnut, and Frederick Dophire were hired at \$180 for the trip, or \$25 per month if discharged.

⁹Accounts of 1857 carry the following names: James Bordeau, Nicholas Janis, Francis Marechal, Charles Denoyer, Bahile, Antoine Beauvais, James Sander, Joseph Montau, John Smith, Louis Maynard, Louis Tesson, Daphile Pasley, Charles Chauve, John Cyponette, Charles Martan, and Auguste Roulet.

¹⁰John Simpson Smith came to the mountains in 1826, trapped for beaver, became a prominent trader with the Indians, married a Cheyenne woman, lost his son at the Sand Creek massacre in 1864, and moved with the Cheyennes to Oklahoma, where he was long the government interpreter, and where he died in 1871. He was probably the original for Killbuck, one of the heroes in G. F. Ruxton's classic on the Mountain Men, *Life in the Far West* (Norman, 1951). For a biographical account of Smith see this Ruxton volume, edited by L. R. Hafen, pp. 241-44.

¹¹L. R. Hafen (Ed.), *Pikes Peak Gold Rush Guidebooks of 1859* (Glendale, California, 1941), 73, 114, 307.

¹²J. C. Smiley, *History of Denver* (Denver, 1903), 200, 206, 214.

The goods that Gerry supplied and which John S. Smith had at the site of Denver when the town was founded included the following:

10½	pairs of Indigo Blue Blankets.....	\$ 84.00
2	pairs Scarlet Blankets.....	16.00
12	yards of Scarlet Cloth.....	13.20
95¼	yards of Bed Ticking.....	14.28
200¾	yards of Osnaburg.....	30.10
49¼	yards Brown Muslin.....	7.27
88	yards Blue Drill.....	11.00
2	rifles.....	20.00
4	Northwest guns.....	16.00
3	kegs powder.....	21.00
1000	percussion caps.....	.50
40	pounds tobacco.....	8.80
200	bundles seed beads.....	33.33
7	bundles barley corn beads.....	8.40
16	pounds brass wire.....	6.40
1	dozen six-inch cocoa knives.....	5.50
1	dozen six-inch ebony knives.....	4.50
2	dozen mirrors.....	1.00
2	gross finger rings.....	1.80
½	dozen tea kettles.....	4.00
½	dozen check shirts.....	3.25
2	decks playing cards.....	2.50
100	pounds flour.....	4.50
25	pounds tea.....	25.00
300	pounds sugar.....	40.50
30	pounds coffee.....	3.90
20	pounds bacon.....	3.00
3	yoke of cattle.....	240.00
1	wagon.....	100.00
1	saw and 1 drawing knife.....	2.50
1	augur.....	.75

Having failed to dispose of his Indian trade goods, Smith returned most of them to Gerry on December 26, 1858. The account, listing the goods returned, does not indicate whether the return was made to Gerry at Denver or elsewhere.

Book 4 gives an inventory of the Indian trade goods Gerry had on hand on April 20, 1860. It also lists the accounts of a number of men who received goods from him during the years 1860 and 1861.¹³

In August, 1860, Gerry was living with a group of other traders at Miravalle City,¹⁴ or Merival, on Big Thompson Creek,

¹³These included Edward Latrille, Pascal Marechal, Frank Marechall, Thomas Dorion, Antoine Janis, Nicholas Janis, Smith and Gazeau, W. R. Jones, Chato (Spaniard), John Atwell, John Pecari, John Smith, Joseph Knight, and Aleck Steinacker.

¹⁴In the *Rocky Mountain News* of March 7, 1860, we read: "A new town has recently been laid out at the crossing of Thompson River, on the Laramie road, 40 miles north of this city. It is called Merival, in honor of Joe Merival, an old mountaineer, and long resident in this region. Several houses are already under way. We learn that some diggings have recently been discovered on Thompson."

The man for whom the settlement was named is recorded in the 1860 census of western Nebraska (p. 45) as Joseph Miravalle, age 48, a native of Mexico. He is listed as a trader; and living with him are Mary and Louisa Miravalle, age 28 and 14 respectively. A number of the old traders with the Indians are listed as residents of Miravalle City.

forty miles north of Denver. The federal census taker who visited him at this place recorded the family thus:¹⁵

Name	Age	Occupation	Value of Personal Estate	Place of Birth
E. Gerry	45	Trader	\$40,000	Mass.
Eliza Gerry	17			Maine
Henry Gerry	16			Mass.
Mary Gerry	10			Nebraska
Samuel Gerry	8			"
William Gerry	6			"
Anthony Gerry	3			"

The gold reported on Big Thompson Creek did not pan out, so Miravalle City was soon abandoned. Most of the old trappers returned to Colona (later La Porte), west of the site of Fort Collins. Gerry probably moved about this time to the mouth of Crow Creek. Here, on the South Platte, about 10 miles east of the site of Greeley, he developed his fine horse ranch.¹⁶

Miss Elizabeth Doten, who got her information from pioneers who knew Gerry and were familiar with his home place, wrote in 1933: "The ranch house consisted of three rooms in a row and helped to make the southern boundary of the corral or stockade. The house was built of sod and the walls were usually three feet thick. At the east end of the house was a little gate into the corral, and in the east wall was the big gate. The west wall was of sod and the north wall had a shed for the horses."¹⁷ Later Gerry built a trading post on the south side of the river, about a half mile farther west. This was a stage station on the main road along the river.

When the Plains Indians grew hostile toward the Whites in the early sixties, Governor Evans needed trustworthy and influential helpers for dealing with the red men.

I found when I came here [writes the Governor], a few of the old Indian traders that had come out for the fur companies long before the white settlers were here, who were still living here with their Indian wives, and amongst those the man that became my messenger to the Indians and my interpreter to the Cheyennes and Arapahoes, not the Utes, was Elbridge Gerry, a well educated man and a grandson of the Elbridge Gerry of Massachusetts, who was a member of the Continental Congress and signed the Declaration of Independence. This E. Gerry was acquainted with all the leading men of both the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, and Sioux tribes of Indians, and consequently, being a very intelligent man, was a very valuable assistant to me in by negotiations with the Indians.¹⁸

The Governor and two Indian Agents were appointed a commission to treat with the Indians in 1863. They employed Gerry to visit the tribes on the plains and endeavor to arrange a meeting of the commissioners with the Cheyennes and Arapahoes.

¹⁵The federal census of western Nebraska, 1860 (photostat in the Library of the State Historical Society of Colorado).

¹⁶It is sometimes said that he took up his ranch on Crow Creek in the 1840s, but we have found no contemporary record to substantiate this. Diaries of travelers up the South Platte in 1859 do not mention a ranch at Crow Creek.

¹⁷Ms. CWA/343, p. 34, *op. cit.*

¹⁸Interview with Governor Evans, in the Bancroft Mss., Bancroft Library, University of California.

Gerry reports that in July, 1863, with a four-mule-team load of goods and provisions furnished by the United States commissioners as presents to the Indians, he went out to the head of the Smoky Hill River and tried to induce the Indians to meet the United States representatives to make a peace treaty.¹⁹ Having recently conducted a very successful buffalo hunt, the Indians were independent and haughty. Gerry reported: "They said the buffalo would last a hundred years yet, and that they did not want to leave their hunting grounds and would not."²⁰

Relations grew worse. Indians made raids in the spring of 1864 along the South Platte, and Colorado troops sent on a punitive expedition, had a fight with the hostiles at Fremont's Orchard in April. Captain Sanborn sent to Gerry for help. The messengers arrived at Gerry's home about midnight and informed him that Captain Sanborn wished him to return with them and act as scout in leading Sanborn's command against the Indians early in the morning. Gerry listened to the message and immediately replied: "I will go, but to me it means the loss of all I have."²¹ A snowstorm prevented the troops from conducting a successful pursuit of the raiders.

In the summer of 1864, Elbridge Gerry made the heroic ride that won him the sobriquet, the "Paul Revere of Colorado." On August 19, two old Cheyenne Indians came to his ranch on Crow Creek and warned him to take his stock away from the river. Two nights hence, they said, 800 to 1000 Indians were going to raid the settlements and ranches, dividing into several parties and striking simultaneously. Gerry mounted his horse and made the sixty-five-mile ride to Denver with the news.

Upon receipt of this information, at twelve o'clock midnight [reports Governor Evans], it was immediately communicated to the headquarters of the military district of Colorado, and an order issued placing all militia companies, and recruits of the one hundred days' men, under the control of the commander of the district.

Messengers were promptly despatched by the colonel commanding to all the threatened localities, and by a proper disposition of the forces, and by placing the people on the alert, what would doubtless have been one of the most horrible massacres known in the history of Indian warfare was prevented.²²

The Indians learned of Gerry's part in forestalling their planned general raid and took revenge upon him. They visited his ranch on August 21, 1864, and drove off a large part of his band of horses. The next year they again raided his place on Crow Creek.

¹⁹Report of Governor Evans, Colorado Superintendent of Indian Affairs, in the *Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the year 1863* (Washington, 1864), 124.

²⁰*Ibid.*, 130.

²¹Peter Winne, "Sketches of the Indian War of 1864," in *The Trail*, IV, No. 11, p. 11.

²²*Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for the year 1864* (Washington, 1865), 219.

Gerry later submitted to the government a claim for the losses he suffered during the Indian troubles of 1864 and 1865. The petition came to Congress, copies being referred respectively to the Committees on Indian Affairs of the Senate and the House.

The Report of the Senate committee (ordered printed February 12, 1872), sets forth Gerry's claim for \$30,600 based on losses as follows:

Aug. 21, 1864	By the Cheyenne Indians, for 60 head of horses and mules at \$200 each.....	\$13,200
Aug. 18, 1865	By the Brule Sioux, 21 head of horses at \$200 each	4,200
Oct. 21, 1865	By Ogalalla Sioux, 88 head of brood mares and young stock at \$150 each.....	13,200

The Report further states that the Claim is sustained by a letter of Indian Agent Vital Jarrot at Fort Laramie, July 12, 1866, enclosing acknowledgement of said Indians that they had taken such stock and not returned it; and that the claimant alleges that he rendered valuable services to the people of Colorado by leaving his home the night of August 19, 1864, and warning the people and governor of an impending attack.

The Committee recommended for the 66 animals, \$3,300; for the 21 horses, \$1,050, and for the 88 head, \$3,300—a total of \$7,650—to be charged against the annuities due the respective tribes.²³

The House Report sets forth that the claimant "had spent the larger portion of his life upon the outer frontier, and for many years had been on friendly terms with the Indians of the plains, and in early life had allied himself with them by intermarriage with an Indian woman. As a result of this long acquaintance and firm friendship, he had been exempt from depredations ordinarily committed on the frontier by Indian tribes and bands," and had accumulated on his ranch over 175 head of stock.²⁴

The committee then explained that when Gerry was told of the contemplated attack on the settlements and warned to gather his own stock for protection, he immediately set forth to warn the white settlers and the governor, leaving his own stock unprotected. By his exertion "was averted the wholesale slaughter of the settlers along the line of the Platte." When the Indians learned that Gerry had given warning of the contemplated attack, they raided his unprotected ranch and "swept from him a large portion of the hard earnings of a lifetime."

The House Committee on Indian Affairs then stated that the claim could not be paid from Indian Annuities, because of contrary legislation. It therefore recommended direct payment from the Treasury of the United States, covering the amount claimed for

²³*Senate Report 38*, 42nd Congress, 2nd Session (Ser. No. 1483).

²⁴*House Report 63*, 42nd Congress, 2nd Session (Ser. No. 1528).

the horses lost in 1864, but not those of 1865. A corresponding bill was drawn, passed, and was approved by the President on June 10, 1872:

Chap. CDLVII. *An Act for the Relief of Elbridge Gerry.*

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That there be, and is hereby, appropriated, out of any moneys in the Treasury of the United States not otherwise appropriated, the sum of thirteen thousand and two hundred dollars, to be paid by the Secretary of the Treasury to Elbridge Gerry, in full compensation for valuable services rendered the government in eighteen hundred and sixty-four, and for all claims for Indian depredations up to the date of the passage of this act. Approved June 10, 1872.²⁵

Of Gerry's wives and children the reports are somewhat confused. The children listed in the federal census of 1860 are given earlier in this article. No wife was listed in that census. Other children were born later.²⁶

The late Eugene Williams of Greeley told me in March, 1930, that Gerry had many children in 1871, and that they ranged in age from about thirty years down to babies. As a boy Eugene played with Jeff Gerry, and he told how the two boys roped and rode buffalo calves on the plains.

Samuel B. Ashcraft, a neighbor of Gerry's in the 1860s, wrote to Elizabeth Doten on July 16, 1930, relative to Gerry's family:

About Gerry's women, the first one he had was half Cheyenne and Sioux. She was the mother of Lizzie Ward, Seth Ward's wife. Lizzie was sent to Saint Jo, Missouri, and educated in a Catholic school. Gerry's two wives were twins, Swift Bird's daughters. One of them never had any children, the other one was Big Woman and good looking. She had a lot of children, their names, Seth, a boy, and Hamer [Hogar or Buster] who was killed by a crazy white man; Marie, another daughter, married Jim Kempton; the next girl I can't remember her name; the next a boy named Jeff Davis; the youngest Sally lived a while with Mrs. Perkins [spelling corrected].²⁷

²⁵*Statutes at Large* (Boston, 1873), XVII, 701.

²⁶Elizabeth Doten of Greeley, during the 1930s in her study of the Gerry family, made this list of children: Lizzie (who married Seth Ward), Maria (wife of James Kempton), Seth, Jefferson Davis, Hogar (or Buster), Bill, Benjamin, John, and Mollie.

Mrs. Martha M. Kempton, widow of Berney E. Kempton (grandson of Elbridge Gerry), wrote from Terry, Montana, on February 19, 1952, regarding the Gerry family: "Our records show that Elbridge Gerry died April 10, 1875. Kate Smith Gerry, his first wife, died in 1887. She was one-half Indian. She left her husband and he remarried.

"As far as I know there were four children by this first marriage, namely, Maria, Elizabeth, Seth and William. Maria married James B. Kempton and they had eight children: Berney E., Sarah A., Sanford S., Henry N., James G., Mary, Asa S., and Joseph E.

"Elizabeth was married to a Mr. Ward, their grandson (one of many) lives at Martin, South Dakota. His name is Edison Ward.

"Seth's children died young, or so I understand, and Bill was not married.

"Elbridge Gerry's father was a merchant in Boston. I have heard that when Elbridge's mother died his father remarried and Elbridge left home. At first, he went to sea."

²⁷The original of the Ashcraft letters are in the library of the State Historical Society of Colorado, in Ms. C.W.A./343, p. 36. Part of Ashcraft's ranch was taken over and platted into the town of Evans (four miles south of present Greeley).

William N. Byers, Denver pioneer and founder of the *Rocky Mountain News*, makes this comment on Elbridge Gerry:

His connection with the Indians forms one of the singular romances of early life in Colorado. Swift Bird, chief of the Ogallalabs, had in his family two pairs of twin girls, aged respectively thirteen and eleven years. While at Laramie, Gerry married the elder pair, paying for them five ponies apiece. After establishing himself at his trading post, one of the first pair of twins died, whereupon he went back to the Ogallalabs and married the second pair of twins. The remaining wife of the first and one of the second pair died in the course of years, and Gerry continued with his single wife and a number of children until his death in 1876. In the latter years old Swift Bird left his tribe and



THE GERRY HOUSE AT EVANS, 1952

The dark portion on the front of the building is the effect of recent alterations.

came and lived with his son-in-law, enjoying the luxuries of semi-civilization. His post, and that of Vasquez in the same locality, were the great rallying points of the Platte valley, both for the savage and the civilized in the early days of Colorado. Gerry built a hotel in the midst of the Greeley colony and it is believed to be the first place of public entertainment in the town. Upon his death, his wife returned with her children to her tribe.²⁸

Upon Gerry's death on April 10, 1875, the *Greeley Sun* gave the following appraisal (as reprinted in the *Denver Tribune* of April 19, 1875):

Elbridge Gerry, the well known pioneer and ranchman, died at Evans on Saturday night last, after a brief illness, aged 57 years.

He was one of the few survivors of the old band of trappers and traders whose adventures and fights with the Indians have invested the country lying along and amid the Rocky Mountains with so much interest, not to say romance.

²⁸W. N. Byers, *Encyclopedia of Biography of Colorado* (Chicago, 1901), 23.

He came from the vicinity of Boston thirty-five years ago; being about twenty-two years of age, and was in the employment of Sublette and Bent, and afterwards in that of the American Fur Company. A number of years were spent about the North Platte and in Montana, trapping and trading.

In 1849 he bought a saw-mill of Colonel St. Vrain, on the Greenhorn, but it is not known how long he was in this business. He, in company with an associate, kept a trading post for ten or twelve years, at a point thirty-five miles below Laramie. In 1849 he moved from the North Platte country to near his present location, where he lived the remainder of his life.

He was twice married, his second wife surviving; both were Indians of the Sioux nation.

During his life he had many encounters with the Indians, running narrow escapes. Several times his knowledge of Indian matters enabled him to appraise the white settlers living along the Platte, of impending attacks by the savages, and as a consequence incurred no little ill will on their part. In 1864 and 1866 the Sioux made raids on his ranches and carried off his horses. For these losses, government reimbursed him several years later to the amount of \$13,500. In 1866 the same tribe captured his mule train comprising six six-mule teams. Last winter the government allowed him \$5,000 for the same, and the money will probably be appropriated next winter.

Mr. Gerry possessed the frontier virtues of bravery, honesty and hospitality in an eminent degree, and his memory will always be grateful to the old settlers throughout northern Colorado, and far up beyond the headwaters of the Platte. He was the proprietor of the Gerry House at Evans, and owned considerable property down the river.

The Rocky Mountain News of April 14, 1875, gave this tribute:

Those who knew the warm heart that beat under the rough exterior of the man honored him for his constancy, and the family, which eventually included several children of both sexes, was highly respected, especially by those pioneers of northern Colorado, who, time and again, had shared the generous hospitality of "Gerry's ranche."

Never was a man, however humble, turned away from the old man's door, and not a cent would he ever take from a friend or stranger for any service he could render. His generosity joined hands with bad luck in keeping him poorer than many less deserving men. In 1863 or '64 the Indians ran off most of his stock, including a valuable band of horses, and left the old man nearly penniless. A claim for damages against the government was finally compromised in 1872 by the payment of about \$10,000 which Mr. Gerry invested in a hotel and business block in Evans, though he had no idea of taking up his residence in town after forty years' isolation. He loved a horse, and until his health failed him a few months ago, it was a pleasure to see him ride, for few men, young or old, could sit on a horse more gracefully. Honorable in all his dealings, almost childlike in his confidence in others, ready and glad to help whenever help was needed, "Little Gerry" has left many a friend to mourn his loss.

Elbridge Gerry lies buried on the point of a little gravel knoll overlooking the ranch he developed at the mouth of Crow Creek. Some twenty years ago historically minded citizens of Greeley erect-

ed an iron pipe fence around the grave plot and in the cement head stone wrote this inscription: "First Permanent White Settler in Weld County."²⁹

Although the name of Elbridge Gerry in the records of Colorado does not have the luster that illumines that name on the immortal Declaration of Independence, yet he won for the name a pre-eminence of its own in the annals of Colorado.

A PICTURE OF ALTMAN, COLORADO

Dear Editor:

I send you herewith a rare photograph of the little town of Altman, on the top of Bull Hill in the Cripple Creek district. It was once reputed to be "the highest incorporated town in the world," elevation 10,786 feet above sea level. It is now a ghost town; what was once Main Street is just a bare streak on the hill.

Altman was largely settled by people from Aspen, who left that camp when the price of silver slumped. Among the early settlers was a young chap named James S. Murphy, a former Aspenite. He built a cabin in 1893 while courting Nellie Taylor, whose family was from Aspen. They were married in 1894 and their only child was born in Altman.

Soon after the marriage Jim made a stake on a lease on the Isabella mine. Years after he became the manager of the Findley Mine down the hill toward Independence. Fourteen men off the night shift of the mine while waiting for the High Line car to



ALTMAN, CRIPPLE CREEK DISTRICT

come to take them home were instantly killed when a mine planted under the platform was exploded. A wire, attached to a gun, that extended some two hundred and fifty feet away was used to explode the mine. The men were literally blown to pieces and their remains had to be gathered in baskets. Jim Murphy became one of the best known mine managers in the district. He passed away in California several years ago.

The mine and dump showing at the left in the accompanying picture is the old Pharmacist, reputed to be the first to pay dividends. The large double building to the right of the Pharmacist

is the Miners' Union Hall. The shaft house to the right is the Free Coinage, owned by Sam Strong, who was killed by one of the Crumley boys, who was acquitted at his trial.

Altman was the only town in the District not reached by rail. Before the advent of the auto one walked to it unless he had a horse.

One of the best known and respected residents of Altman was Emil Pfeiffer.¹ He operated a grocery store, served as mayor, and was postmaster. Later he became a County Commissioner of Teller County when the County was created out of a part of El Paso County. Later Mr. Pfeiffer moved to Denver, where he resided many years and was a well known public accountant. He passed away in Denver some years ago.

During the first strike, before the County was divided, a party of deputies was sent to the District, from Colorado Springs, the then County seat. The radicals figuring what road the deputies would take planted a mine in the road, with the intention of exploding it when the deputies reached the point. The radicals knew that young Jim Murphy could handle an electric battery to discharge a charge of dynamite. They made a prisoner of Jim, with the intention of forcing him to operate the battery. The route of the deputies was changed, so Jim was spared the torture that would have been inflicted for refusing to carry out the diabolical scheme. Not being a murderer, Jim would have refused to carry out the intentions of the radicals.

It was these radicals who years after went to Goldfield, Nevada, when that boom started. Men who were in sympathy with the mine owners of Cripple Creek, they would not permit to remain in Goldfield.

During the first strike in Cripple Creek, the radicals tried to strike terror in the hearts of the Cripple Creek mine owners and intimidate them. They resorted to holding prominent men as hostages. The first to be held was H. E. Woods, of the Gold Coin mine. One evening a committee walked into Mr. Woods office where he was sitting with his wife. They informed him that he had to go up the hill with them. His wife remonstrated but to no avail. He was taken to Altman and forced to walk the entire distance, all up hill. There he was placed in the Miners' Union Hall, under guard. In the morning following he told the guard that it was foolish to keep him, that he had so much work to do in his office that it would be worth fifty dollars for him to be permitted to return to his office. The guard, a union official, whose passion for money was greater than his zeal for the union, accepted a check

¹See Mr. Pfeiffer's article, "The Kingdom of Bull Hill," in our *Colorado Magazine* of September, 1935.—Ed.

for the amount. Then they started back to Victor, the guard riding a horse, Mr. Woods walking.

The next man taken was Sam McDonald, manager of the Strong Mine. First the shaft house of the mine was blown up. McDonald went down in the shaft. They ordered him to return to surface otherwise they would drop a charge of dynamite down the shaft. McDonald returned to the surface. He also was taken to Altman, held as a hostage in the Union Hall.

These acts did not intimidate the mine owners.

H. T. Coppage, now a resident of Cripple Creek, was an early mayor of Altman. J. C. Staats, from Breckenridge, opened the first assay office in the town.

Altman is a memory now, like a number of other little towns that once dotted the hillsides in various parts of the District.

As I stood on what was once Main Street recently, Kingsley's words on the curtain of the old Tabor Grand came to me, as I looked around remembering the business houses, the Union Hall, the school and the homes that once were there. Then I turned, looking out into the beyond seeing old Pike's Peak towering a few thousand feet above where I stood.

And what a view it was from what was once Main Street of Altman.

Sincerely, W. M. Arkins*