THE COLORADO MAGAZINE

Published Quarterly by
The State Historical Society of Colorado

Vol. XXXVII **Denver, Colorado, April, 1960** **Number 2**

Ashcroft

By CARROLL H. COBERLY*

I came to Ashcroft,[1] some fourteen miles up Castle Creek from Aspen, in July of 1906, and went to work in the Montezuma mine pushing the butt end of a muck stick, in other words, shoveling loose material or muck into an ore car, then pushing the car out to the dump and going back for another load.

This mine belonged to what was known as the Montezuma-Tam o' Shanter group, located in the early 1880's. After the discovery of lead carbonates in Leadville in the 1870's, prospectors took to the high hills again looking for lead and silver. The top of the ridges above timber line served to draw their attention more than the valleys, as there they sometimes found "blossom,"[2] which was evidence of mineral below. Too, in the top country there were more rock outcrops that might show a vein.

A lot of prospects were located around Ashcroft, but none became a permanent producer. The most famous one was the Tam o' Shanter, located June 30, 1880, at an elevation of 13,000 feet. Colonel Chapin, who later managed the Vendome Hotel belonging to H. A. W. Tabor in Leadville, and Jake Sands, a merchant, grubstaked a prospector who went out and found a man working the Tam o' Shanter. The prospector hurried back to Leadville with an option. Chapin and Sands paid down $10,000 and promised to pay $90,000 more. They then went to Tabor and sold him a half-interest if he would pay the balance on the option. Chapin claimed that Tabor took $90,000 in his saddle bags to the Tam o' Shanter and finished buying the mine. According to the abstract the money was deposited in the Carbonate Bank in Leadville. The agreement required that trails be built to get the ore out.

Accordingly, Tabor sent a mining engineer over to take

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[1] Ashcroft is said to have been started by two of Thomas E. Ashcroft's party who located the Highland townsite. In spite of the Indian scare, two of the men, according to Muriel Sibell Wolle in *Stampede to Timberline*, p. 229, "dug in where the two forks of Castle Creek meet, calling their location Castle Forks. In the spring of 1880 a townsite was laid out on this spot on a placer claim, which was known also as Chloride." On July 15, 1881, the *Rocky Mountain Sun* pronounced Ashcroft to be "a new sensation in mining camps in Colorado." By 1882 it had a population of 500. When Aspen was designated the county seat of the newly formed Pitkin County in 1881, Ashcroft's progress slackened.

[2] "Blossom" is decomposed out-crop of a vein. Gossan.

charge of the work. He built a wagon road up to what was called the "Transfer," and from there, a jack trail to the Tam o' Shanter.

In the meantime, there were other claims being discovered on Express Creek, Pine Creek, and other locations. Ashcroft sprang up eight miles below the Tam o' Shanter. It was one of the first silver camps out of Leadville, and was a supply point for many prospects, all except one being some distance away.

When the value of the ore on the Tam o' Shanter became known, there was a rush of prospectors to the new camp. By the winter of 1880-1881 Ashcroft was a going concern with all the decorations of the time. Every saloon had gambling and a dance hall with girls to soothe a lonesome stranger's moments. Estimates of the number of saloons vary.

It was not generally realized how rough the winters could be nor what the snowslides could do. That first winter must have been rather strenuous. Miners either couldn't get to their mines because of the depth of the snow, or when they did get there, they couldn't get back. The road to the lower country was blocked. Many of those who could, left early enough to get out. There seemed to be plenty of food, and with timber so handy on the hillsides there was no reason to freeze.

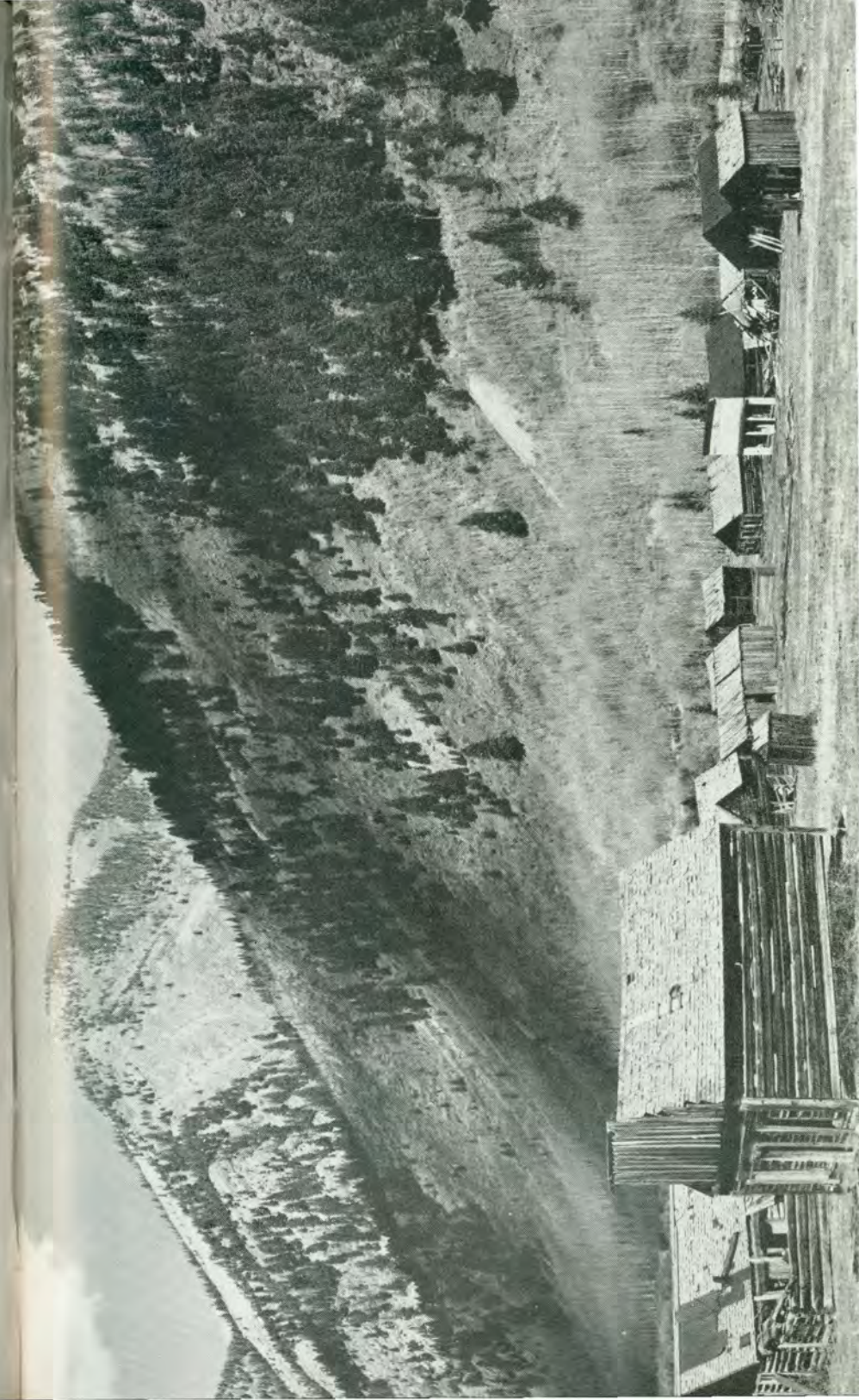
Tabor's mining engineer started to do big things. He located the Montezuma, Borealis, Ivanhoe, and several other claims. From then on the area was known as the Montezuma-Tam o' Shanter group.[3] From the Montezuma side of the hill the engineer drove a long tunnel, and shipped a large amount of ore to Leadville, where some of it was dumped into the river because it had too much zinc.

In the meantime the Yellow Jacket group was opened up and the ore was taken out by way of Pine Creek. The Express group was working and doing well. Many small prospects had struck good ore.

Alec McDonnel took out enough money from the Montezuma to finance his trip to the Klondike, where he became known as the "Klondike King." Pete Larson, who worked for Big Alec, kept plugging away, taking out enough ore to live on, mostly on the Ivanhoe. He was still working there when I came in, in 1906.

When silver veins were developed in Aspen by the mid-'eighties, Ashcroft was doomed. Prospectors, even when they had a good showing, but no ore, left for the booming camp.

[3] According to Muriel Sibell Wolle in *Stampede to Timberline*, p. 230, the Tam o' Shanter property was one of Tabor's bad business deals. . . . At the peak of the productiveness of the Montezuma-Tam o' Shanter group, Tabor "leased the Aspen smelter to handle his ore; he built a house in Ashcroft which rumor says was papered with gold encrusted panels; and he declared a twenty-four hour holiday at the mine with all the drinks on him whenever Baby Doe came to town."



ASHCROFT—A Decade Ago
D. L. Hopwood

Even the saloons and dance hall girls left. Ashcroft was just a shadow of what it started out to be. Aspen was known to the Ashcrofters as "the low country." Aspen was 8,000 feet in altitude; Ashcroft, 9,500 feet.

Castle Creek, on which Ashcroft was located, flowed a little west of north and entered the Roaring Fork River between Aspen Mountain on the east, and Red Mountain on the west.

Castle Creek Valley is a very beautiful valley from Aspen to the top of Pearl Pass. There were few rock outcrops until you reached the higher elevations. The hillsides were covered with groves of trees. Generally there were no thick stands and there were a number of open parks. Douglas fir, Alpine fir, Englemann spruce, and some Foxtail pine, with now and then a Blue or Silver spruce, were filled in with aspen. There was very little Lodge Pole pine. It was an ideal location for columbines in among the aspen with anemones, larkspur, Indian paintbrush and daisies in the more open spots. Wild roses fringed the creek banks. All during the summer these flowers bloomed with abandon, coloring the scene with many hues. As one Cousin Jack[1] put it, "It's a bloody flower garden."

PEARL PASS

Feeder streams cutting through steep canyons entered Castle Creek: Queen's Gulch, Conundrum, Montezuma, Little Annie, Larson, Express, Pine, and Iron Creek. The big flat at the foot of Pearl Pass was creased by many small creeks striving to reach the head of Castle Creek. To follow the road that wound in and out of groves along the creek was a welcome interlude to the burning intensity of the high altitude sun.

All the way from Aspen to Ashcroft and up towards the mine sassy little animals, generally known as ground hogs, would sit up and bark as we passed. If we stopped they would

[1] "Cousin Jack" was the nickname for a Cornish miner.

dart in between rocks and disappear. Their meat was very greasy but not bad eating when well cooked. The grease would waterproof mountain boots better than any other kind of grease. One prospector was called "Ground Hog Joe" since that seemed to be the only meat he had.

Then there were the "sliver pigs" or porcupines that a man could kill with a club. They were lifesavers to many men lost in the hills. Very early a law was passed prohibiting the killing of one except for food. Porcupines loved to gnaw saddles and harness! They lived on the top of trees, and when the treetops were bare of bark we knew where to look for them.

There was another little animal called a cony. It was very shy and would run for its home in a rockslide on the approach of anyone or anything. It was very curious and would soon poke its nose above the ground and take a peek. If you were very quiet it would come all the way out. It was something like a cottontail rabbit with no ears or tail and much smaller.

A real annoyance was the trade rat, pack rat or mountain rat, as it was called. These trade rats would remove material from a place, then fill the place with rocks or twigs or anything handy. A box of candles would disappear and in its place would be rocks. A miner used about six candles a day. No candles, no mining. So it was a serious matter when the rats carried them away. They did not seem to be after food as much as bright objects such as a steel spoon. Silver was a sure object of removal.

Shelves on which food was kept were suspended from the ceiling of a room instead of being built from the ground up for all things such as bacon, ham, flour, and candles. It was a continual battle in the high altitudes against the rats. There are many stories about lost jewelry being found in a rat's nest.

The snowshoe rabbit had hind paws which spread in winter, but in summer were not much larger than ordinary rabbits' feet. Their great size in the winter was due to the way the fur grew. Snowshoe rabbits were white in the winter and grey or greyish brown in the summer, giving fine protective coloring. They were good eating, especially in the winter.

Although there were a good many mountain lions living on the hillsides, I never heard of one attacking a man. They would follow a man down the road in the evening, keeping about a hundred yards away up on the hill. It was a spooky feeling to know there was a lion following you that weighed as much or more than you did. Their cry sounded like a woman or baby crying.

There were a few bear in the lower altitudes and sometimes a red fox. It apparently was too high in our country for coyotes and beaver. There were some mink and marten.

Pine grouse were plentiful, making a choice change in the

winter diet. But no matter how soon they were dressed, there was still a strong flavor of pine.

Squirrels and chipmunks, of which there were plenty, would sit down and study the situation with their front paws held like a devout Christian at prayer. Then they would scurry to the foot of a tree. They tamed easily, and it didn't take long for them to learn that it was easier to eat white man's food than to rustle their own. They seemed to get some pleasure getting inside a revolving cage and making it spin. The boys would have races between their pets, and after a few competitions would put on a good show.

One day a man came to the mine with a letter from our company, instructing us to let him stay at the mill, and to give him every help possible as he was going to study the habits of the mountain quail [white-tailed ptarmigan] that lived only above timber line. I took him to all the timber line meadows I knew. He selected a place on the Pearl Pass flat. Every morning he would trudge up the hill carrying a kodak, binoculars, lunch, and canteen. He'd be gone all day. He wouldn't let me go with him for he said "that would destroy the birds' confidence" in him. After this trip he mounted mountain quail in an exhibit in the Denver Museum of Natural History.

I must not forget the camp robber, with brilliant blue feathers and a topknot that would bob with every squawk. They were always looking for bits of food, and when they could, they got the food by swooping down to our camp table, instead of waiting for scraps.

The view from the Montezuma mine was majestic all times of the year from its 13,000 feet altitude. In early fall

MONTEZUMA FRONT DOOR

when the snow began to fall, there was a background that made the rock spires assume proportions of terrific grandeur. Their shape, with a color of red to dark brown, stood out against the snow-filled valleys, making a silhouette of magnifi-

cent proportions. Always, after a storm, five miles away seemed just across the street, and the sky was a rich, deep blue, impenetrable and yet transparent. A few fleecy clouds drifting lazily along couldn't be said to be here or beyond.

Castle Mountain was across Montezuma Creek from the mine. It was a terraced mountain with each terrace smaller than the one below, until a sharp top appeared, piercing the sky. It is one of the highest peaks in the state. The Montezuma

CASTLE PEAK

side has a gain of 2,000 feet in altitude from the creek at the bottom to the top that accentuates its heights. It towers above its nearest neighbor with contemptuous superiority.

To the left of Castle Peak, as seen from the Montezuma Mine, was a long range view of Pearl Pass. This was a very unusual pass. There was a very steep road from the "Transfer," up Castle Creek to the top of a ledge of rock that was almost at timber line. Here there was a lake. It wasn't a bowl, for the country was too rough, unless a rock outcrop and a stream between different outcrops, flowing to the same point, would indicate a bowl. This made Castle Creek. The rock outcrops were not simple bunches of rock showing through the overburden, but were magnificent remnants of the original extrusion. Below each were fragments up to one, two, four and six tons in size, known as rock slides, with the cliffs towering several hundred feet into the air. Between these cliffs dirt slides supported some vegetation. There always were snowslides in the winter, plenty of them.

The road skirted these dirt and rock slides to the foot of the ridge on a very steep grade to almost 13,000 feet, where it crossed one of the highest passes in Colorado. The snow always piled up on the Castle Creek side, and every year would break off and slide to the bottom of the ridge. This kept the road bare in spots most of the year. The problem was how to get between the bare spots.

It was a wind-swept plain to the lake, and the trees along the northeast side of the plain assumed the grotesque forms of snow- and wind-pelted trees. The limbs mostly grew on the leeward side of the trunk like a brood of chicks getting behind their mother for protection. When the snow was deep, it would sometimes bend the tree trunk almost to the ground, and hold it there until a permanent deformation resulted.

On the top of the ridge between Montezuma and Pine Creek, where the discovery shaft of the Tam o' Shanter was located, there was another wonderful view toward Taylor Pass. It was not as rugged as toward Pearl Pass, as there was much more timber and grassland. It was not austere, but rather inviting scenery.

The high mountain outlook above Ashcroft was too rugged for ordinary consumption, and yet it held an appeal to most persons as if they were looking upon one of the wonders of the world.

To the sourdough boys there were many ugly spots where snowslides had cut a path down the hillside through the timber, leaving their mark for future warning. Such warning, however, was seldom heeded by newcomers.

When I went to work in the Montezuma in 1906, the foreman was Paul Caley, a Manxman from the Isle of Man. Not too far removed from the Irish, Caley had a keen sense of humor. When we were not crabbing at him, we were laughing at him. He certainly knew his job. He was a good tool sharpener, a good miner, good on timbering, and was respected and liked by the men under him.

Our first job was to clean out the Montezuma tunnel. This tunnel was through a trachyte formation for about 1500 feet. It was straight so you could see light from one end to the other. Here in the tunnel they struck the Montezuma vein and turned about twenty-five degrees to the right and followed the vein about 1,000 feet to the bottom of the Montezuma incline, some 450 feet below surface on a slope of seventy-five degrees from the horizontal. It was open all the way. This gave good ventilation to the mine.

There was water dripping down the raise and from the top of the tunnel along the vein. As the water approached the portal it would freeze and gradually, in the course of a few years, would form solid ice almost to the top of the tunnel. This ice all had to be picked loose, loaded into the tram cars, and taken outside. This was a hard, miserable job. The men would come out of the mine at night wet to their waists.

The old bunkhouse had been crushed by snow, so a tent was set up on the old floor. There the men had to get into dry clothes and hang their wet clothes up around the stove to dry. Drying clothes and sleeping men did not make a very aesthetic

BUNK HOUSE AT MILL AFTER SNOWSLIDE

odor to live in. Fortunately, the ice was all gone by the end of August, and since the weather was still warm, the door of the tent could be kept open.

After the ice was passed in the tunnel, there were no very large caves. The timber was in surprisingly good shape and by the middle of August the mine was open for inspection. There were several levels or tunnels or drifts that led away from the incline. These were all inspected, and samples were taken of everything that showed ore.

Four hundred feet above the tunnel level, a drift was run both ways following the vein. This showed a good carbonate of lead and good silver values, up to 400 pounds lead and 200 ounces of silver per ton. At three hundred feet, two more drifts were run both ways, showing a considerable amount of lead sulphide or galena and much less silver value. At two hundred feet there was no more lead carbonate. The ore was lead sulphide and contained a considerable amount of zinc. This seemed to be the general lay of the ores in all the mines—high grade lead and silver at the top, with the silver values growing less and the changing of lead carbonate to lead sulphide, while the zinc increased.

Above the two hundred-foot level the miners used what was known as the filled stope[5] plan. The ore would be broken onto a platform. There it would be sorted, as well as possible. The high grade ore was put into sacks and trammed to the outside. The poor ore was dumped into the stope below. These old stopes sometimes had ore of considerable value and could be milled to good profit.

There was no regular jack train in Ashcroft that fall of 1906, and when winter supplies had to be taken to the mine,

[5] A stope is the working above or below a level where the mass of the ore body is broken.

MONTEZUMA MINE

Caley sent me to Aspen where I rented fifteen jacks with pack saddles. I brought them to Ashcroft to an old jack puncher, Al Simcox, who said he would not do the packing but he would teach me how. Wagons could haul the supplies to Ashcroft, and haul ore for testing purposes on the return to Aspen. I enjoyed the packing experience, and came to think a lot of my jacks. There was just one that would not keep up on the trail. No amount of mauling would speed him up. When I told Al about him, he suggested that I load him heavy with rock and when the other jacks left him to go around him and let him stand. I tried this. When I got back from my trip to the mine with the other jacks, this stubborn one evidently was standing just where I had left him. He hadn't moved. But when the other jacks came down the trail, he turned around and followed them into Ashcroft. I felt like leaving the pack on all night, but didn't.

The next summer I went in as assayer and worked on the mill that the company was starting. The superintendent was a very domineering mining engineer from the copper mines in

Michigan. He didn't know anything about snow such as we had in the Rockies. The old timers thought the mill should be built at the mouth of Pine Creek to avoid the slides. But the superintendent had picked a place at the old "Transfer" point and wouldn't listen to anyone. Subsequent events proved the old timers were right.

During the years a number of camps had been established on Castle Creek. Highland[6] was at the mouth of Conundrum Creek. Tenderfoot was below some very good prospects on the east side, and Ashcroft was at the mouth of Express Creek. Here the road divided. One branch went up Express Creek, over Taylor Pass to Dorchester[7] and Taylor River; the other followed Castle Creek south to what was known as Kellogg, above where Iron Creek flowed around Iron Mountain, owned by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. Little development had been done on this mountain when I was there, but it was supposed to be a mountain of iron and did show red coloring. At the "Transfer" there were several cabins, a platform, and a large barn. Jack trains packed ore down from the mines to this place, where it was loaded into wagons and hauled to Leadville. The Montezuma mill was built at this point in 1908.

Our company had raised two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The superintendent ordered all the machinery and had it hauled to the millsite, but did not do very much construction work. By October the snow began to come down. He got scared, closed everything down, and went to California. By that time the company was broke.

It always amazed me to think of the many hundreds of thousands of dollars that had been spent on roads. There were: Conundrum Creek road, over which some marble was hauled out; Little Annie; Tenderfoot; Express Creek road over Taylor Pass; Pine Creek; Iron Creek; Castle Creek to the "Transfer"; and Montezuma Creek to the Montezuma Mine and Pearl Pass. At least fifty miles of road! The cost was terrific!

After our company went broke, one man took over the property on a lease. He hired Bert Channing, a mining engineer, to take charge. He knew what he was doing. By that time the assay office was finished, and I spent most of my time sampling different veins and making assays. Bert was one of the kind of men everyone liked, and he got a lot of work done.

[6] Highland City, Pitkin County, was a mining camp situated on a hill overlooking Castle Creek on the west and Roaring Fork on the east. It was surveyed September 21, 1879, and the town company filed letters of incorporation. An early newspaper states that a Thomas E. Ashcroft and others located the townsite in 1879 or 1880. The entire district was first known as Highland, later changed to Roaring Fork. . . . The community was short-lived because of mineral activity in Aspen and Ashcroft; by the winter of 1881, it was deserted and abandoned. —*The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XVIII, No. 1 (January, 1940), 149.

[7] Dorchester was founded in 1900 when the Italian Mountain District gold mines were operating. . . . Traffic between Aspen and Tin Cup passed through Dorchester.

TAYLOR PASS

The new company decided to shut down for the winter. At Christmas time everyone went to town, even the man who had been hired as watchman. When we got to Aspen we found a man and his wife waiting for us. The man, about forty years old, had been hired to act as watchman. His wife was about twenty-five. Channing tried his best to talk them out of the job, but they didn't know the conditions and insisted on being taken to the mill. By that time there were five feet of snow on the ground, so it was necessary to use trail sleds and snowshoes to get them to the mill. Channing picked six of us, three to a trail sled, and took us to Ashcroft the next day in two sleds with four up (four horses to each sled). It was a tough trip, and we didn't reach Ashcroft until late. The man and his wife were jubilant. For a while it was a picnic for them. The rest of us did the work breaking trail and keeping the sleds on the road.

The next day we started with two trail sleds and three men on each sled. The man and his wife were following. By the time six men and two trail sleds have gone by and broken trail, there is a pretty good trail to follow. Channing gave the woman a pair of squaw shoes,[8] but there was nothing left for the man except skis. It wasn't long until the woman had given the squaw shoes to the man, and she put on the skis which were much harder to negotiate.

When we were about a quarter of a mile from the mill the woman gave out. We tried to make her husband give back the squaw shoes, but he claimed he was as bad off as she was. Three of us went on with the one sled and unloaded it, then went back with the empty sled. The man wanted to ride, but we wouldn't let him. He finally made it through. We pulled the woman on up to the mill. She was game, and we would do anything for her.

Bert Channing died that winter and, as I knew what he had planned for the mine, they made me superintendent. I held this job for the next five years. We got the mill and tramway finished and started operations. We were doing fairly well but that winter, soon after things were working, a snowslide took out one of the tram towers. The next summer we got that repaired. The following winter slides took out the boarding house, blacksmith shop, and two more tram towers. That finished the deal. The company simply stopped operations. If the first superintendent had listened to the old timers and had placed the mill at the mouth of Pine Creek, where it would

[8] There were three kinds of snowshoes: skis, webs, and Squaw shoes. Webs were about four feet long and eighteen inches wide, curved, with a rather blunt nose and curved back to the full width with the curve continuing until the ends met in back. In between the form was a web on which a man stood. Squaw shoes were about six feet long and ten inches wide with a web between the form the same as on the web shoe. They had their advantage in not picking up as much loose snow as the web, but on a steep hillside they would not grip the snow as well as a web. It was easier to travel on squaw shoes downhill, and no worse uphill if you picked your route and were careful.

have been safe from snowslides and where a good safe tram could have been built, and a short tunnel driven, the mine would have paid. It would have opened up a territory with many prospects having a good showing.

TRAILING OUT

The details of this venture have been given to show how, some at least, of the early camps fared. It was not always lack of ore or that the ore had been worked out, that caused failure. There were many cases where failure of human judgment was the basic reason for abandonment. Big easy money was to a large extent the incentive that first brought the camp to life. When that did not appear the incentive was gone.

Many old prospectors would work hard for a few weeks, but if high grade ore did not appear, they would move on to greener pastures. Unless they "hit" in a short time, they were not permanent.

If one man hit, claims would be taken up crisscrossing the original discovery in every direction, and the assessment work would be done on every claim. There might be dozens of prospect holes in a very small area. Due to this indiscriminate fashion of locating claims, there were often fractions or small pieces of ground that were still in the ownership of the Federal Government. This fact was soon recognized and claims would be staked covering this fraction. There were cases where this paid well for the men who staked the fraction. Most of them, though, were nothing more than nuisance claims. Usually a company trying to develop a mine would have to pay a high price to be on the safe side.

The history of one camp seems to parallel the history of most of the other abandoned camps. A group of cabins would be given a name, generally pertaining to a certain mine. (It might not even have a saloon, much less a store.) This helped

in the delivery of mail, but if there wasn't a store, the mail would be sent to one man who would deliver it.

Living among the people of Ashcroft for eight years made me well acquainted with most of them. Generally they were a closemouthed group, willing to talk about the present but had little to say about the past. That was gone and tomorrow wasn't here. They were open-handed and would do anything they could for a visitor.

When I was there, many groups of picnickers came from Aspen. These groups always stopped at Dan McArthur's saloon, and in a short while the residents would begin coming, hoping to get in on the treats. If a visitor wanted to see someone all he had to do was wait. If the man he wanted to see was in the locality he would show up. That was one saloon where the women went in those days, as well as the men. Dan had an old cylinder phonograph, about the first model. All the visitors would bring a few records to him. Dance records and comic records were the most popular and, in time, he had them all.

Dan would put up with a lot, but when he thought it was time to close, out everyone went. He never had any trouble. Folks did as he told them and when he told them.

Dan McArthur came to Ashcroft in the early 'eighties, about 1886, and died there about 1920. He was a well-educated man with a great interest in science. In addition to running the old-time saloon, he was Mayor and Postmaster. In other words, he ran the town. He also ran a weather bureau station, and was very conscientious in keeping the records. Probably no records were better kept than his. He had a block of wood about two feet in diameter and the top was set at the prescribed level to measure the snow. Sometimes the snow would pile up higher than the block. Dan didn't sweep the snow off for that would have left a hole and new snow would quickly have filled the hole, as there was always some wind. He left the snow on, and as the snow settled he would measure that amount and subtract from the measurement of any new snow. If the snow on the outside of the block settled, he then would clean the block so that he would get a good reading. The average reading he got at Ashcroft was eighteen feet of fresh snow a year. If I remember right, the top reading was twenty-seven feet. He would read the thermometer three times a day, morning at 6 o'clock; noon at 12 o'clock; night at 6 o'clock. If he missed one of these times he would be very much upset about it.

With this amount of snow piling up on steep hillsides it is easy to understand that snowslides could run most every spring or even in the winter. There were two kinds of slides. The most dangerous was the kind where the wind would blow the snow over the top of a ridge and settle on the leeward

side. If the snow piled up to a depth more than the slope of the hill could stand, it would break loose in chunks and start rolling down the hill. Every time it landed it would pick up more snow and become that much more dangerous. The big balls of snow would land with a thump and start the other snow, and soon the whole hillside of snow would be moving. These slides would uproot trees and sometimes fill the whole valley from the hill on one side to the hill on the other. The snow would be compacted so hard it would not melt readily and would last until well along into the summer. A slide of this kind would destroy anything in front of it.

When there was considerable snow on the ground after a big fall it was light and fluffy. When the sun shone on it for a while the surface snow would melt. The water would run down into the fluffy snow below it and all of it would become heavier with the extra moisture, hence it would settle and pack. A foot of snow might become an inch or two thick; then if the weather was cold at night the top part would freeze and form a crust. A new snow falling on this crusty snow would have nothing to hold it except the trees, bushes, and rocks sticking through the old snow. There would always come a time, toward spring, when there were few trees or rocks sticking through the old compacted snow and then a new snow falling on the crusty snow would only have the friction between the two snows to hold it. A rock falling off a cliff or even a man trying to cross a smooth patch might start the whole hillside to slipping. A slide of this kind was not as dangerous nor would it do as much damage, but it would bury a man or a cabin.

I remember one time coming to a long even piece of hillside after a big, spring snow. I didn't like the looks of it. There was no way to go around it, so I went uphill to where I could take a long angle downhill to a ledge of rock where it would be safe. I had gotten about half way across when the snow began to move. I cut straight across, but the movement of the snow carried me downhill. I couldn't make the upper side of the rocks, but the snow was hardly moving on the lower side and I reached there and then could get to a place that was secure. The altitude was over 12,000 feet and it took some time for me to get my breath. I was thankful that I had on squaw shoes. They saved my life.

Miles Sweeney, an Irishman and a gambler, had a brother who was killed in a snowslide with several other men when their bunkhouse was covered with snow, a short distance above Ashcroft. Miles gave up gambling and came to Ashcroft and built a large barnlike structure. He put a few groceries and other merchandise in the front, and made a very cozy back room for living quarters. I spent many nights with him. He was very interesting when you could keep him talking about

the early days. This, however, was hard to do for he always wanted to talk about his brother being killed in a snowslide, and how he kept digging until the snow melted and released the bodies. Miles finally died in the insane asylum.

There were two buildings on one side of the street in Ashcroft, and five on the other. They were all good-size, showing that at one time they had been used for some other purpose than housing an old sourdough. There were a few cabins scattered around and a number of foundations where buildings had been, but there was no evidence of there having been a very large town. It would be more to the point to say, "Aspen, at one time, was smaller than Ashcroft," rather than to say, "Ashcroft was larger than Aspen."

Ashcroft was in a beautiful spot with high hills, both east and west, fairly well-wooded, with an aspen grove on the south. Flowers bloomed all summer with a riot of color.

In 1908 twenty-three votes were cast in Ashcroft, just as there had been for years: 1 Republican and 22 Democrats. That year a Republican, a druggist and a favorite of the townspeople, got 21 votes while his opponent drew only 2 votes. The rest of the ticket went as usual.

One of the politicians was an Irishman, Jack Lahae, nicknamed Judge La Hoo. He was Justice of the Peace. He had no business in Ashcroft, but sometimes his friends would bring a case from Aspen for him to hear. He attended one of the State Democratic Conventions where he made a speech. It is said he kept everyone laughing from the time he began. He carried the Convention for his man who had been, up to then, the minority choice.

There was another Irishman living about a mile above Ashcroft, Jim Fitzpatrick, who had discovered a very rich vein of ore. He took out considerable ore of high value, then water drowned him out. He lacked the money necessary to put in equipment to keep the mine pumped out. He wouldn't take any partners in with him, so decided to drive a tunnel low enough to drain the mine. He worked for twenty years by himself. His money was soon gone, and the shaft had caved in. He would go out and work for a while to buy powder and what few supplies he needed. Then he'd go back and drive the tunnel ahead, but he was not able to timber the tunnel in good shape by himself. One day, after twenty years, he went up and found the tunnel caved. This did not stop him, but it was plain that he was discouraged. He did not live too long after that.

Along the Montezuma side of Castle Peak there is a jack trail that led to a prospect not too far below the top, and worked by a man called "Gauly" Smith. He got his name by having a man arrested for calling him a "Gauly S.O.B." When the hearing was held, Smith came into the court and leaned

back in his chair, put his feet on the Judge's desk and lit a cigar. When the case was called the Judge asked him about the complaint. He took the cigar out of his mouth, knocked the ashes on the floor and said the defendant called him a "Gauly S.O.B."

The Judge looked at him and said, "I agree with the defendant. Case is dismissed." The Judge got up and left the room. The news soon spread and everyone started to call him "Gauly." He would go to his claim on the Peak about two months every year. He would never talk about his claim, and the trail was too long and steep for anyone to pay him a visit.

One time I needed a cook on the Montezuma badly. The Enterprise at Dorchester was closing down so I rode horseback to Dorchester. I got there just as the men were coming down the hill, and hired three miners and a cook. At that time miners were paid $2.50 a day and board, which amounted to about $75.00 per month, for they worked every day of the week, including Sunday. The mines all kept tobacco, both chewing and smoking, and some other items that could be charged to their account. If the miners considered the mine a good, financially sound concern, they would hold their checks or have the mine hold them unless they had a family. Sometimes, in the winter when we could only travel on snowshoes, some miners would have six months' pay coming. In the summer, when traveling was good, they held their checks two or three months and even that amount of money put them on top of the world. At least, it started a great conflagration in their pockets. With most, their desires centered around liquor and gambling.

The next morning after hiring the cook from Dorchester, I started him for the Montezuma. He had checks for four months which he had not cashed. I got him out of Dorchester and on a wagon to Aspen, but he couldn't pass Ashcroft. He settled down in Dan McArthur's saloon and was about four sheets in the wind when I found him. No persuasion could move him. He was going to play poker with men I knew would take him for a cleaning. He gave me his four checks to cash for him. I put three in my pocket and brought him the cash for the other one. I told one of the skinners going to Aspen with a load of ore to pick him up the next day on his way back. According to the story, as I heard it, he had won for a while, setting up drinks for the crowd on every jack pot, until he finally passed out. They had to put him to bed. The next morning he didn't have a cent left, but a man under those conditions was never abandoned. Everyone remembered how he had "set 'em up" for the crowd the day before, so he was well taken care of.

When the ore wagon came, they got him into it, and he reached the mill that night. He was in no shape to go to 13,000-

feet altitude, so he stayed at the mill and went to the mine the next day.

He took hold of the cooking, and the boys thought he was about right. They made over him and complimented him and that was good. He still had black moods and didn't seem to snap out of it. Finally he opened up and told me about his time in Ashcroft. He remembered about winning for a while, and had a big stack of chips in front of him. Then he couldn't remember any more. His money was all gone the next day. It was then I told him about three of his checks in my office that he could have any time he wanted them. His wife was dead, but he had a married daughter in Aspen who needed money badly. There was no hesitation. He said, "You take those checks to her." I did, and from then on he and his daughter could not do enough for me. The man cooked several years for me until the mine shut down.

DAN McARTHUR, PETE LARSON, GEORGE CRAWFORD

There was another case where a miner went to Aspen in the fall and spent all of his money having a good liquor bust until he was broke. Jobs were not easy to get in the winter. There were so many miners coming from the hills that there was a layoff period of about four months. The restaurants and boarding houses carried men as long as they could. One day I got a garnishee for a board bill. I went to the man who owed the bill and said, "I have got to pay this, but if you authorize me to pay you might be able to avoid the legal cost." He said, "You pay it."

That fall, I held one of his checks back and paid it to his boarding house, and the next year paid up what he still owed. This went on for several years. Gradually I increased the number of the checks to three and then he had credit to carry

him through. He wanted to pay his bills and did, when the bills got to him before he reached the saloon.

The summer I came to Ashcroft, in 1906, the game and fish department brought ten cans of trout to be put into Green Lake on Pine Creek. Pine Creek was steep all the way. An old road had been built along it about the 'eighties to haul ore down from the different claims. Now it was entirely blocked at the upper end by a rock slide about one hundred feet deep. Green Lake was beyond the rock slide. It was just below timber line in a remarkable setting, bounded on one side by timber and on all other sides by mountains ranging up to almost 14,000 feet. Castle Creek, Montezuma Creek, Larson Creek, and Conundrum were just over the mountains. The sides of these mountains were so steep that the "bear" did not often go over the mountains to see what was there.

After thirty years without use, with snow sliding down, water running down, trees falling over and rocks tumbling down there was not much road left for travelers. In fact, there was hardly a trace of the road left. The man in charge of the fish needed help, which I gladly gave. We had to make a trail around trees, rocks, and washed-out place. I wondered if the shaking the cans got wouldn't kill the fish, but the expert assured me that it would not hurt them. He said it would give them that much more air to live on. This was a new one on me. The top of the can was open with only a screen to keep the fish from being jolted out. Every jolt put more air into the water.

We finally got to the lake and started to empty the cans. How those fish did swim away from us! I don't know whether they were swimming away from the can or from us. There were a few dead fish but not many.

Several years later I made a survey from the Tam o' Shanter claim down to Green Lake, and to my amazement saw many of the biggest trout that I ever saw in the mountains. We had an electrician working on the Montezuma by the name of Len Corthell. He was a real fisherman. When I told about the trip at the table that night, Len pricked up his ears. The next morning he didn't show up for work. The men said he had gone fishing. I wasn't surprised. I was late that night for supper, and Len was the only one left at the table. There wasn't much left to eat so I had to wait for the cook to bring something in. Len sat across the table from me jabbing at what little was left, and just grunted at all the remarks I made. Then the cook and her helper, called the hasher, came in with the food. Beside the ordinaries there was a big platter of fish, eighteen inches long. The cook and hasher sat down to eat with us.

I took one of the biggest trout I ever ate. Being young and healthy and hungry after a hard day's work, a few pounds of

trout didn't phase me. The women took one between them. Len and I took one each. I said, "I see you went over and caught some of my big trout today."

All I got in reply was a grunt, and not a very pleasant one at that. The trout were fat, and having been caught out of water just off a snowbank, the flesh was firm, and surpassed any modern trout you can get.

Finally I said, "What the devil is the matter with you, Len? You've caught some of the biggest and best fish I ever ate. You have something to brag about."

He replied rather shortly, "I never caught a fish."

Then he opened up and told us all about it. The lake was deep in the center. On the sides it had flooded a low, sloping bank. There was so much food there of real value that a mere fly or a hook didn't interest the fish at all. After fishing for several hours with every kind of a tempter, Len had given up. He folded his pole, and sat down on the bank, and watched the big fish swim lazily past him as they gathered in all the food they wanted. He was mad and, as he watched, the madder he got. Finally, he grabbed a pole and tried to hit some of the fish swimming past him. He didn't hit a fish, but the jar of the pole on the water stunned them, and he was able to pick them up and throw them onto the bank. To him this was just like shooting a sitting duck. It wasn't fishing, and he wanted to fish. He did tell about the fish in Aspen, and it wasn't long until the big fish were all gone.

On Castle Creek, between Kellogg and Ashcroft, Pine Creek flowed from the west into Castle Creek. At this point the valley widened to about a quarter of a mile. It held this width to within a half-mile below Ashcroft, forming somewhat of a park. In this distance of about two miles there were several small ridges that extended across the park. All of these had groves of aspen trees on the north side of the ridge. On the south side the land was bare of trees, but had a luxuriant growth of mountain grass and wild flowers, native to that altitude. There was also a scattering of timothy and Alsace clover, from seeds that had been brought in on the hay to feed the ore teams. This was one of the finest grazing grounds in the mountains.

Every year the ranchers would drive cattle up to Kellogg and let them drift from there for the summer. They would go up the hillsides to some extent, but there was a rough, steep slope with many rock outcroppings and trees where the soil was deep enough to support them. There was little grass, and since it was a long way to water, the cattle didn't invade these side hills very far. Later sheep were allowed to come in, by agreement with the cowmen. The sheep were to keep to the hillsides and high country. This arrangement worked very well as most of the sheepmen kept their part of the bargain.

Most of the men who lived in Ashcroft when I was there were good workers. They kept their cabins spotlessly clean and orderly. They did though accumulate a lot of stuff, which they generally piled in one corner. They always knew where to find things, and always put them back in the right place. You could find almost any kind of Government bulletin pertaining to something in which the miners were interested. There were U. S. Geological Bulletins, weather reports, and World Almanacs, but very few magazines. About two daily papers did for the whole camp. They would be passed from one to another, and then to the men out of camp. At that time there was a stage from Aspen six times a week. It made a daily round trip, except in winter after a big fall of snow.

The men dressed much alike. Long-handled underwear at all times—heavy in winter, light in summer. These never showed except through a rip or tear. One, two or three pairs of overalls, generally reaching to the waist, were supported by brilliantly designed suspenders.

The bottom part of the leg-covering ended in the top of high-topped shoes which reached the top of the calf of the leg. The soles of these shoes were filled with hobnails, of different kinds and set in different patterns. There were round-headed, corrugated nails, sharp-pointed, and big flat-pointed nails. With the sharp rock in that region hobnails wouldn't last more than thirty days. In the winter, everyone wore German socks and overshoes made of rubber. Your feet never got cold and never got wet from the outside.

The men always tried to get blue flannel shirts of Army issue. Merchants would bear down on the fact that they were offering Army shirts. Black sateen shirts were favored for dress. Even when the pants were badly ripped, you were dressed up with a black sateen shirt on.

A coat made of the same material as the overalls was always on hand, summer and winter. It was called a jumper, or "yumper," as the Swedes said. In cold weather a canvas coat was worn with a sheepskin lining, with the wool inside, and a collar that would turn up to the top of the head.

In the summer there was a felt hat in almost any state of dilapidation, with a wide brim. In the winter a cloth cap with ear flaps to turn down over the ears, was worn. This completed the ensemble. A man turned away from you could only be identified by his walk and his actions.

Persons, at that high altitude, were very much afraid of pneumonia, and they would take every precaution possible to avoid catching cold. One thing they did, and this applied to the teamsters especially, was to get all the clothes they were going to wear on and buttoned up, build a big fire in the stove and stand around it until they were almost sweating before

starting. They could go a long way on the one heating. It was seldom they caught cold.

Most of the cabins were log with tight sheeting roof and sod on top of that, making a very comfortable residence. The cabins always had windows that didn't open. For air the door was used. At that altitude, it was never necessary to more than open the door a little to cool the room off. Cook stoves did all of the heating.

There was not much game, but plenty of trout. The trout would not keep very long, for you couldn't catch them late enough in the fall to freeze them. Generally there was a quarter of beef and always plenty of ham, bacon, and sow belly. These were all sour dough people. Even Granny Larson, the only woman in town, used sour dough. Very seldom would they make light bread. "Icicle George" Schafer, who had been a cook in the Klondike, did, but he had sour dough for pancakes and biscuits.

Ashcrofters would go into the woods and chop enough logs to run them for a year. Then they'd have a team come from Aspen to haul it into town. They would saw and split it during the winter.

Living really was cheap: a side of beef was eight cents a pound, sugar and flour a dollar and a half for a hundred pounds. Arbuckle's coffee was thirteen cents a pound. They would start a pot of coffee, and when it got weak would add more coffee. They never poured any grounds out of a pot until there was no room for water. Some would use Gun Powder Tea, and the same frugality was displayed as with coffee. Grocery bills couldn't have run more than one hundred dollars a year. Clothes were inexpensive, maybe fifty dollars a year per person. Candles and kerosene cost more, especially when working a mine. Folks didn't use much light for they did their reading by daylight.

Actually, it was not such a hard life. They had all the material comforts they wanted. Their interests were centered on mines, and veins, and ore. They didn't buy much liquor, but were perfectly willing to accept it.

This is a story of a town practically gone (1959), written by one who started to live there twenty-six years after the beginning, and did live there for eight years. Several of the inhabitants of Ashcroft worked for me on the Montezuma. As there were no restaurants or sleeping quarters in the town at that time, it was necessary for me to stay with one of the locals overnight. I paid for this accommodation by running assays for them with the Montezuma samples. That was cheap for them, and cheap for me, and it developed an acquaintance that would have been hard to develop otherwise.

They are all gone now. I am the last one. Yet the interven-

ing years have not separated us too far from the pleasant memories of our association fifty years ago.

I have never liked the term "Ghost Town." It has always seemed to me that they were abandoned towns.

Ashcroft now is only remembered in the dusty records at the court house. These give the legal transactions, but the heart and soul of the camp is gone. No ore wagons or jack trains stirring up clouds of dust are there. No one even knows what "float" is. There is no talk about high grade or rich ore and sorting high grade out of a day's blasting. The old incentive of striking it rich is buried with the oldsters. Old camps have shifted to Reno or elsewhere. The era of the sourdough has vanished, and flowers or tourists have replaced even the foundations.[9]

[9] Stuart Mace, who trains huskies for dog teams, lives at Toklat Lodge at Ashcroft. He takes visitors on dog-sled treks during the winter. From the lodge the Taylor Pass road may be seen.

"Porte Crayon" in the Rocky Mountains

Edited by Dr. Cecil D. Eby, Jr.*

When Henry T. Williams, editor of the *Horticulturist*, planned his Rocky Mountain excursion early in 1873, he sent an invitation to his friend and occasional contributor, David H. Strother of Berkeley Springs, West Virginia. Would "Porte Crayon" be interested in joining the distinguished company of Eastern naturalists and editors for a projected jaunt to the Great Salt Lake during the summer? Williams could not have chosen a better man to accompany—and to advertize—his trip, for "Porte Crayon" was at the time one of the best-known and highest-paid travel writers in the United States. For twenty years the pages of *Harper's Monthly* had been filled with his narratives and sprinkled with his wood-drawings of American landscape and people. With pen and pencil he had described the national scene from New Hampshire to New Orleans; he was read wherever *Harper's* was read (which, the circulation department tells us, was just about everywhere). Williams' letter arrived at an opportune time. Strother had just finished his series upon the West Virginia mountains and was casting about for a new set of materials. He well knew the advantages of traveling excursion-wise. One got about the country conveniently and economically (often wining and dining at the expense of some publicity-conscious hotel proprietor), one shared the company of congenial fellow writers filled with and looking for lively anecdotes, and one also acquired all sorts of impressions which could readily be turned into future articles. Without hesitation, Strother wrote Williams that he be mustered into the company of excursionists.

Nearly the whole lifetime of David Strother (1816-1888) was spent in travel of one kind or another. His five hundred mile pedestrian hike up the Valley of Virginia in late autumn of 1835 had struck a responsive chord in his temperament and physique, for three years later he was rambling in the Ohio Valley, financing his travels by painting oil portraits of river town worthies in Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio. By 1841 he was in Europe, ostensibly an art student mastering the lessons of the masters (so went his letters home). However, his journals reveal a greater attraction for long hikes in the Apennines. In

*Dr. Cecil D. Eby, Jr., was born in Charles Town, West Virginia, (the town where "Porte Crayon" died), in 1927. Dr. Eby received his A.B. from Shepherd College (West Virginia), 1950; an M.A. from Northwestern University, 1951; and a Ph.D., University of Pennsylvania, 1958. His dissertation was entitled, "A Critical Biography of David H. Strother (Porte Crayon)." Dr. Eby is the author of *The Old South Illustrated*, published by the University of North Carolina Press in 1959, which contains drawings and articles treating the antebellum South by Strother. A biography of "Porte Crayon" by Dr. Eby will appear this autumn, under the title, *Life and Times of "Porte Crayon."* Dr. Eby writes, "I presently live with my wife at Port Republic, Virginia, overlooking the battlefield on which 'Stonewall' Jackson (Strother's principal adversary during the Civil War) triumphed in 1862. But I am an adopted 'Yankee,' who lives in the summer on an island on the coast of Maine."—*Editor*.

1842 he performed the extraordinary feat of walking from Rome to Naples in ten days during the dead of winter and climbing Vesuvius on foot the following day! It is not surprising that when he exchanged art for literature, he produced his greatest work in the field of the travel narrative.

During the 1850's Strother produced in succession *Virginia Illustrated*, *North Carolina Illustrated*, *A Winter in the South*, and *A Summer in New England*, four series which in their day were immensely popular and which in ours are still fresh and readable. The Civil War began another field for travel and writing. Although a Virginian, Strother joined the Union Army as a civilian topographer in 1861 and was made brigadier general by brevet in 1865. From his experiences he wrote *Personal Recollections of the War* for *Harper's* late in the 1860's and in the early 1870's produced *The Mountains*, a series designed to publicize and describe the new state of West Virginia. At the time he received Williams' letter Strother knew most of America east of the Mississippi, but the Rocky Mountains had long captured his imagination and intrigued his speculation. The opportunity to see what was beyond the Mississippi (and perhaps to write about it) was too great to reject. Strother made his plans to join the excursion.

Williams' excursion was by no means unusual. Only two years before he had organized a similar one which had penetrated as far west as Cheyenne and Laramie.[1] In 1873 they left New York in the middle of July (Strother joined the party at Harpers Ferry) and proceeded to Staunton, Virginia, and then to Cincinnati and St. Louis. The first principal stop was Dallas, from which they back-tracked to Kansas City. At the end of July they reached Denver and following side trips in the surrounding mountains they continued to Salt Lake City, the most westerly point. Their return was through Denver again and then to Omaha and Chicago before the final stage to the East. Banquets, speeches, and entertainments provided more than enough activity for the gregarious. Sometimes the excursionists were viewed with a doubtful eye, for the mushrooming cities of the trans-Mississippi had often received rough treatment from the pens of visiting Easterns. The Denver *Daily News* greeted the excursionists heartily, but with certain reservations:

> The *News* tenders a cordial welcome to Colorado to the editorial excursion which reached this city yesterday. . . . Our territory asks only a fair statement of facts from its visitors, and we earnestly hope that no pains will be spared to this end. The excursionists will find a hearty reception at the hands of all Coloradoans.[2]

[1] H. T. Williams wrote up the 1871 excursion in the August issue of *Horticulturist*, but he left no account of the 1873 tour.

[2] Denver *Daily News*, July 29, 1873.

No one need have worried that Strother would distort what he found in the West. Throughout the trip he kept a journal which caught his impressions shortly after he had them. Although this "fair statement of facts" was not published during his lifetime, the journal is now more, not less, interesting than when it was first penned.[3] Strother caught Colorado and the West at a time when the rougher edges of the frontier were becoming smooth through the arrival of railroads, resort hotels, landscape architects, and even lady tourists! Nob Hill had displaced Boot Hill at the time of Strother's visit, although vestiges of the latter did remain far in the background. His journal of the trip is here published for the first time.[4]

[3] Part of his journal was used in an article for *Harper's Weekly* in 1876. See footnote 36 below.

[4] This journal is now owned by Strother's grandson, Mr. D. H. Strother of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. It is used with his permission.

[The Strother Manuscript]

July 15, Tuesday. Had a pleasant night and rose rested and refreshed, and now Ho for the Rocky Mountains. Reached Harpers Ferry at 8 P.M. The excursion was already arrived and sitting in a Pullman car. I walked through it to and fro without recognizing anyone. Met H. T. Williams at the Hotel. I enjoyed supper and sat next to Edward King of *Scribner's* with whom I had some entertaining conversation.[1]

July 16, Wednesday. Slept in a hot room just over the railroad platform where I was disturbed by the roaring of trains all night, otherwise not a fly, mosquito, or bedbug troubled me. . . . Left for Winchester at 9 A.M. The country about Charlestown looked pretty and prosperous but nearing Winchester was desolation, weeds, and blue thistle. Fences and improvements not renewed since the war. This is Old Virginia. . . . On the left a beautiful view of the Valley and Blue Ridge. All the way from Winchester we passed to the west of the Valley turnpike and scenes of the great battlefields.[2] Took coaches at Harrisonburg and did the twenty-five miles of Valley turnpike in six hours, reaching Staunton at 8. . . . Stopped at the Virginia House in front of which I had seen the apple jack flowing down the gutters in 1864.[3] Captain Kleiser of Hunter's Raid called.[4] After supper the excursion took cars for Charlottesville. I slept at Staunton.

[1] Edward S. King (1848-1896) had been a foreign correspondent during the Franco-Prussian War and was a traveling writer for *Scribner's* during the 1870's. He is best known for his articles on the South, collected in 1875 as *The Great South*. As Strother does not mention him again, King was probably not with the Excursion; he was doubtless en route south by the same train.

[2] During the Shenandoah Campaign of 1862 Strother had been a captain on the staff of General Banks; in 1864 he had fought over the same terrain as a colonel under Generals Sigel and Hunter.

[3] The Union army under General David Hunter, with Strother as chief-of-staff, had occupied Staunton on June 6, 1864. An excerpt from Strother's journal of the following day is relevant here: "the provost-guard were knocking the heads out of numerous barrels of apple brandy. The precious liquid was running over the curbstones in cascades and rushing down the gutters in streams were floating chips, paper, horse dung, and dead rats. This luscious mixture was greedily drunk by dozens of soldiers and vagabonds on hands and knees, their mouths in the gutter while the more nice were setting their canteens to catch it as it flowed over the curbs."

[4] Captain Kleiser is best known for his failure at the Battle of New Market, where cadets of the Virginia Military Institute in their first action of the war captured his guns.

July 17, Thursday. . . . No bill charged me at Hotel. The jailor of Staunton called to thank me for friendly services during the occupation of the place by Hunter's raiders. McChesney, proprietor of the Depot Hotel, also called to thank me warmly for protecting his property. . . . Reached White Sulphur Springs at 5 P.M. and was assigned to Virginia Row. Robert Toombs here.[5] The present company of 500 chiefly from the north and west. The table about the same as at Berkeley. My acquaintance with our party progressing. Lumley the active artist, Wells and wife the most travelled and accomplished.

July 18, Friday. Attended a meeting of compliment to the proprietor, Col. Peyton, who entertained us gratis. Met Dr. Stribling of Staunton who also thank me for protection during the Raid and cordially asked me to visit him.[6] Falls of the Kanawha not equal to the Richmond Falls. Reached Charleston about 4:30 P.M. . . .

July 19, Saturday. . . . Walked over to Charleston, our party were up the River visiting the Snow Hill Salt Works. . . . Through Barboursville, Guyandotte, and Huntington by a circuit, a lively place, fresh sprouted like an asparagus bed. After eating, went on board the Cincinnati packet *Fleetwood*. Boat got off at 5 P.M. We then had a meeting and I was called to speechify, which I did extolling Virginia ladies. Wells, Hotchkiss, and Meehan also spoke.[7]

July 20, Sunday. Reached Cincinnati at 7 A.M. Burnet House for breakfast. Champagne for the success of the Yale Boat Club. Went to see the Probasco Fountain, the handsomest thing of the kind in this country.[8] Checked baggage through to Kansas City. . . .

July 21, Monday. Travelling rapidly through a flat country, slightly rolling with dirty wooden villages at the stations. Breakfast at Onley, Illinois, the dead levels, cornfields, and wheat shocks very uninteresting. Approaching St. Louis we see numerous Indian mounds. Took omnibuses and crossed the Mississippi on a ferry boat. Stopped at Southern Hotel, roomy, stately, and cool. St. Louis dirty with commerce and manufacturing, and not prepossessing. Seven carriage loads of us rode out to view Shaw's Gardens, the prettiest place of the sort in the country. Shaw is a bachelor, very rich, who has expended two hundred thousand dollars on the garden and presented it to the city as a pleasure ground and memorial of himself.[9] At the house he welcomed us with wine punch and lemonade served by a handsome woman, his mistress. He has another house and mistress in the city. The gem of his hothouse is a screw pine from Australia, the finest tree of that class I ever saw. . . . Was presented to Col. Boudinot, chief of Cherokee Indians, born of a Connecticut mother and a gentleman of social grace, elegant manners, and intelligence.[10] He says he was at Berkeley Springs in 1866 and met me there. He is a son of Boudinot,

[5] Robert Toombs (1810-1885) had been the secretary of state in the Confederacy.

[6] Dr. Stribling was the superintendent of the Staunton asylum for the insane. During the occupation of Staunton, Strother had been able to protect the place and to supply it with much needed food.

[7] Thomas Meehan (1826-1901) was an American authority on gardening. From 1859 to 1887 he was editor of *Gardener's Monthly*, which in 1875 absorbed *Horticulturist*. His magnum opus was *The Native Flowers and Ferns of the United States* (1878-80), four volumes, still a standard reference volume.

[8] This fountain is now called the Tyler-Davidson Fountain. It was erected in 1871, having been cast in Munich.

[9] Henry Shaw (1800-1889), a native of England, had amassed a fortune in trade as early as 1840. After a visit to Chatsworth in 1851, he conceived the idea of designing and financing a similar garden in St. Louis. The result was "Tower Grove" on a 276-acre plot in the city. The garden is now generally called the Missouri Botanical Garden.

[10] Elias C. Boudinot (1835-1890) was an Indian lawyer who settled in Arkansas before the Civil War and was in 1861 the secretary of the secessionist convention of that state. He recruited an Indian regiment and rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel in the Confederate army. After the war he engaged in attempts to placate his tribe and was alienated from them.

who was assassinated with Ridge and others by the Ross party about the time the Cherokees left Georgia. The father first reduced Cherokee to writing and published the first newspaper.[11] The Colonel was a Rebel and is at present out of favor with his people and the government. . . .

July 22, Tuesday. Was roused within twenty miles of Sedalia, having slept 170 miles. Country level as the sea, distant steeples and house tops rising from the horizon like ships at sea. Cars run so smoothly that one can work without difficulty. Sedalia a clean little place with flowery cottages and no dirt or manufactures. Started southward over the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad. . . . An occasional house like a white sail, horse and rider like a camel in the desert. The book hawker had a number of volumes by Brick Pomeroy. I saw them with disgust and wondered if I could speak to such a fellow if I met him. The next moment Wells approached and introduced a gentleman of fine physiognomy and bald head, Brick Pomeroy himself. He was going to Texas he said to lecture on agriculture. Altogether rather a pleasant mushy-looking fellow, not so bad as his paper made him.[12] The streams dead, muddy, and deep as ditches fringed with trees the only traces noticeable in the country. At 9 P.M. took supper at Vinita, Indian territory.

July 23, Wednesday. . . . Reached Dennison, Texas, saw a U. S. officer in uniform which pleased me and some negro soldiers of 10th Cavalry. Speeches in which Brick Pomeroy struck out. At Sherman saw flying horses in the open air, bestridden by little negroes and numerous negro families encamped in tents and shanties, gipseying, also in covered wagons going northward, probably, as we saw them all over the praries of Kansas. . . . The Dallas delegation introduced, fine hefty fellows of engaging manners. Was billeted on the Cosmopolitan Hotel with the compliments of the city. Went buggy riding with Col. McCaleb[?] who took me to a high breezy hill from whence was a fine level view, showing Dallas, like Damascus, in the midst of groves. Thence visited the remains of a French communist settlement established by Genl. Cluseret, who served in the National Army and was shot in Paris with the communists.[13] His settlement perished during the Rebellion. The men resisted conscription, were abused, bedeviled and finally gave it up. A forlorn slab-sided woman told us she had lived with them and liked them very much. She sent her son to fetch us water and said her husband had killed a man in Dallas

[11] Elias Boudinot (1803-1839) was a full-blooded Cherokee Indian educated in Cornwall, Connecticut. In 1824 he edited the *Cherokee Phoenix*, one-fourth of which was printed in the Cherokee language. Along with John Ridge he advocated the Cherokee removal from Georgia to Oklahoma and signed an unauthorized treaty. For his part in this affair, he was murdered by fellow tribesmen in 1839.

[12] Marcus M. Pomeroy (1833-1896) came into national prominence during the Civil War as editor of the LaCrosse (Wisconsin) *Democrat*, which increased from 27 copies in 1861 to 100,000 in 1868. His journalism was highly personal and thoroughly sensational; this, coupled with his high regard by the Democratic Party, rendered him disagreeable to Strother. In the 1880's Pomeroy moved to Denver where he organized the Atlantic-Pacific Railway Tunnel Company. Strother saw his house there on a visit in 1884 and wrote in his journal on April 17th: "by Brick Pomeroy's house which is a monument of a loathsome looking blackguard who is dead broke and is now lobbying a swindle in Washington."

[13] Strother seems to be mistaken here. There is no evidence that Gustave Cluseret (1823-1900) was ever in Texas. Cluseret was a French army officer who had fought in the 1848 insurrection and with Garibaldi in Italy. He came to the United States after the war had begun and served on McClellan's staff. Following the war, he returned to France.

Probably Strother refers to Victor Considérant (1808-1893), a founder of the French cooperative movement. After journeying to Texas in 1852, he formed a company which bought 57,000 acres there. In 1855 Considérant headed a colony which settled at Réunion, three miles west of Dallas. The number of settlers was at one time nearly five hundred, but they were dispersed by two severe droughts. In 1869 Considérant returned to Paris; the company had sold all its holdings by 1875.

and was not at home now. McCaleb said hastily that it was too bad the way they killed people about here, but added it was now a penetentiary offence to carry concealed weapons. . . . Went to a drug store to see tarantulas and centipedes in alcohol. Saw a very handsome woman, the first I have seen beyond the Mississippi. The landlord says they kill a good many men here. Homicide is rarely punished but horse stealing is very promptly. . . . Was introduced to an old Judge Jennings of Virginia formerly and a relation of the Strothers.[14] He is a Union man and a strong character. Lost his arm and was shot through the body by bushwhackers. In the first years of his office he always rode through his circuit armed with a double-barrelled shot gun. . . . Dallas is chiefly made up of eating houses, drinking saloons, gambling houses, groceries, etc. Circus bills for picture galleries. There is a public library and a lively sort of people. In brief, I rather liked them. In Dallas are divers young men of college education, waiters and clerks in restaurants, grooms, labourers, and railway porters. A good artizan or mechanic is never out of work here or elsewhere in the West. The defect in our educational system is that our youth do not learn to do anything productive. Scholars all over the world are generally failures. They need workers in Texas as elsewhere.

July 24, Thursday. . . . Passing through the Indian Territory we see whites and negroes settled close to the railroad mingle with Indians who have come down to traffic and wonder. We saw wagons of emigrants, disgusted with Texas and returning northward. Saw long-tailed birds of paradise, does, quail, crows, prarie chickens flushed by the train. . . . Landscape picturesque and more hilly as we advance. At 3:20 stopped to dine at Muskogee, a collection of shantys in the desert. A fat frowsy fellow was seen ringing a bell at the entrance of a distant shanty of external meanness. Sharp set, we entered the den. A capital meal smoked on the plank tables, the best we had eaten, closing with a nice meringue pudding. Two speckled fawns walked about the guests' legs and three half-breed girls, two of the three *enceinte*, served the table graciously. A smiling lady, Mrs. Mitchell of Illinois, was the mistress of the establishment. . . . At 6 P.M. saw a vast burning prarie fire obscuring the sun with copper coloured clouds. The train passed through the volumed smoke and was filled with grasshoppers escaping from the fire. It was a dramatic sight. At Vineta saw some gents and ladies mounting for a free gallop over the praries, a stirring amusement. Reached Parsons to supper at 9 P.M.

July 25, Friday. Reached Neoshoo Falls to breakfast, a Yankee town, neat, thrifty, and temperate. Took leave of the officers of the Missouri, Kansas, and Texas Railroad, who had travelled with us 1200 miles. Speeches and three cheers. From Emporia the most settled and thrifty country we have seen. The comparison between Texas and Kansas is altogether favorable to the Yankees. The cattle are of fine breeds, the praries cleaner, the towns better built, and everything betokening superior thrift and morality and more money. No drinking, nor gambling saloons, pretty girls waiting at the tables, better food, better everything. . . . As a home I could not endure it. There is nothing to localize or individualize any spot. One's sentiments would starve in such level uniformity. . . . Dined at Raymond Station, a collection of poor shanties. The negro car servant sat at meat with us

[14] Thomas J. Jennings (1801-1881) was a native of Shenandoah County, Virginia, and later a classmate of Jefferson Davis at Transylvania College. In 1840 he moved to Texas, where he lived in various places. Although he practiced law and was an attorney-general in 1852, there is no evidence that he was a real judge. For a biographical sketch see William S. Speer (ed.), *The Encyclopedia of the New West* (Marshall, Texas: Biographical Publishing Company, 1881), 569-571.

by invitation. A man and a citizen. We are now in the buffalo country and the stations are heaped with their bones collected at five dollars per ton. At Great Bend there is a village a mile back from the river and railroad. The Old Santa Fe Trail crosses the river here by a bridge. There are numerous woodpeckers in this woodless land who seem to affect the telegraph poles. . . .

July 26, Saturday. Still driving eastward toward Kansas City. The gopher and buffalo still disputing possession. At Kansas City, a town of forty thousand inhabitants, the mayor and citizens escorted us in carriages to the Pacific House. Breakfast and then a drive around the town in state. Site much broken and many views of the great river very fine. Left at 9 A.M. in a special car. Passed Lawrence and saw the free university where any citizen or stranger, white or black, male or female, may get instruction gratis. . . . The state printer of Kansas, Martin, joined us.[15] He has been in the country sixteen years and is consequently not one of the 1856 men who fought the anti-slavery war. These form a sort of Cincinnati Society and refuse to admit the '57 men to the honours. Passed Fort Riley, a substantial and picturesque pile. Here the late General Lyon was in command before the troubles and with certain free-soilers tried to establish the territorial capital at Pawnee. The ruins of the Legislative Hall still standing. The pro-slavery men had Lyon relieved of command, extended the U. S. reservation over Pawnee, and took the capital where they could more easily control its influence. . . . At Salina we see painted on the platform, "Buy your lots and lands of Durham, agent" and "Use Woodward's Ague Cure." We stopped to sup. Great competition between a negro and a white man, rival hotel agents. "New Hotel, free bus, clean beds, low prices. Beware of Railroad hotels, come to a white man's hotel. Don't go to that bug hole." This suggestion decided the naturalists and they took the rival Bug concern. . . .

July 27, Sunday. Breakfast at Salina Hotel. A boy appeared with a prarie dog, a light slate coloured squirrel with short ears and a brief tail. Very tame and entertaining. Some of the passengers offered to purchase it, but the boy declined to sell his pet. . . . The Parson Cliff had divine service after the Puritan model. Some reading of scripture, a brief sermon, and many hymns. The sound of the conquering hymn of the Yankees over these desert plains with the [hum] of the rolling train was sublime and suggestive. It crossed the Atlantic and was first heard on Plymouth Rock 250 years ago. It has subdued the continent and now sounds on the far Pacific. Passed Fort Harker, now abandoned as useless.[16] The battlements lie mouldering, the soldiers' work is done. The hymn singers will finish the work and the western sun shall hereafter glisten on the advancing column of church and school house steeples. We have no frontiers now. In hoc signo vinces.[17] A storm on the prarie rolling up like an advancing army opening its batteries left and right, and then over us with a smart shower. The plains covered with a coat of curled, short yellow sun-dried grass, looking like a carpet of Petersham cloth, arid and desolate in appearance with immense horizons sometimes broken with low hills and outcropping rocks of peculiar formation. No settlements except a few shanties at the stations. Prarie dogs numerous, bones and decaying carcases of buffalo lying thickly along the route. . . . Fort Hayes, a handsome military post, officers' quarters, soldiers'

[15] John A. Martin (1839-1889) was an immigrant to Kansas from Pennsylvania in 1857. He bought a newspaper in Atchison and was soon one of the political leaders of the Kansas Territory. He was governor of the state in 1884 and 1886.

[16] Fort Harker, founded in 1864, was abandoned only a few months before Strother's visit.

[17] Strother's remarks upon the influence of the frontier anticipate those of Frederick Jackson Turner by some years.

houses, stables, etc. An encampment of the 6th Cavalry in the meadows. . . . Ten thousand buffalo skins at one depot. Supped at Wallace at 8 P.M. Ruggles, the landlord, requested an introduction, said he had grown up on my writings, and presented me to his ladies as Porte Crayon, and treated me to a cigar. Worrall, amateur artist of Topeka, was also introduced with special compliments and numerous others all along the line, generally of the non-literary classes.[18] To bed on the train as usual.

July 28, Monday. As soon as daylight entered my windows I looked out for the Rocky Mountains. A bed of clouds obscured the Western horizon and we saw many antelope trotting about and browsing on the green patches. Anon the sun rose and among the rising clouds we could trace the angular outlines of distant peaks. To the southwest Pike's Peak soon became pre-eminently visible. Then the whole rampart of snowy sierras and lofty peaks. . . . Reached Denver at 9 A.M. and landed at the American for breakfast. At Bela M. Hughes office I introduced myself.[19] Went driving all around the city, very tasteful and substantial public buildings, nice private cottages, and altogether a prosperous and pleasant town. Denver has sixteen thousand population, has a fine soil that wants water, irrigation being needed to make it productive.[20] Returned to town by the Chinese quarters, mostly washers and filles de joie, very pretty and queer looking little heathen. . . . Hughes is a Kentuckian of Virginia parentage, a Union man and a worthy gentlemen. I feel physically well, but have not the slightest interest in my surroundings and wish I was at home. This emotionless lethargy I do not like at all.

July 29, Tuesday. . . . Started for Colorado Springs on the narrow gauge railroad. The botanists and entomologists represent the country as sterile except under irrigation. Reached Colorado Springs village at 12:30, dined on antelope. After dinner take [*sic*] carriage to Cheyenne Canon. The terminal waterfall a pretty object, but too small. . . .

July 30, Wednesday. Drove across the moors to Glen Eyrlile, a beautiful and romantic nook where General Palmer, a railroad president had his dwelling.[21] The hall adorned in true baronial style, buffalo heads, elk heads, trophies, arms, etc. Books, music, and pictures adorn the parlours. . . . From hence did the Garden of the Gods, magnificent and grotesque. Grand views of Pike's Peak. Killed a large rattlesnake here, green and ugly. . . .

July 31, Thursday. Declined visiting the Ute Canon. I did not regret missing it, having had rocks enough for the occasion. . . . Monument Park lovely in itself with monstrous rock formations like an Oriental cemetery or a ruined Greek city, worthy of a sketcher's study. . . . Mrs. F. says there are many men about Denver, penniless, disappointed and idle, drinking, gambling, and robbing sometimes in their despair at failing to make fortunes as they hoped. This is common in all new and speculative countries. . . .

August 1, Friday. Off by rail on Central Pacific. Stopped by town,

[18] Henry Worral (1825-1902) was an Englishman who moved to Topeka in the late 1860's. He made a reputation between 1877-1893 as a delineator of Western scenes for *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*.

[19] Bela Hughes was a Denver businessman who had in October, 1872, extended Strother an invitation to visit that city. The invitation probably had to do with writing an article for the Kansas railroad.

[20] During his 1884 visit, Strother remarked the changes which had occurred in Denver in eleven years. On April 14, 1884, he wrote in his journal "The only house in Denver which I recognized was the American Hotel where we staid [*sic*] in 1873. It was then the largest house in the city, but it is a very inferior looking affair now, the rest of the city containing buildings which would look well in New York or Chicago."

[21] William J. Palmer (1836-1909), a brigadier general in the Civil War, became treasurer of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, which he left in order to build the Denver and Rio Grande. "Glen Eyrie" was constructed a short time before Strother's visit and was a Gothic curiosity in the West.

Boulder, traffic in coal and minerals. Up Clear Creek Canon by rail. Stupendous scenery. At the terminus of the road, Floyd's Hill, met our wagons, ten in number, some covered and some open, mounted and started over the mountain. Found our advance encampment at Wilson's ranch. Wrote up notes and feel a little uncertain about camping out tonight.

August 2, Saturday. Rather hard and chilly sleeping last night, but I rose well and clear-headed. Much complaining by those not used to camping out. Drove with part of the company to Bergen Park, a pretty rolling turf land dotted with pine trees and encircled by mountains. . . . Returned to Floyd's Hill terminus of railroad and went on to Idaho. All along saw diggings and miner's holes in the hillside with wheels, washing machines, and mills all abandoned. At 5 P.M. reached Idaho Springs around which village we saw many encampments of visitors and pleasure seekers like ourselves. . . . Visited the spring. Hot soda water with iron, 100° F., not disagreeable drinking and reputed very pleasant bathing. Enjoyed supper although served under the mules' tails and in a very slipshod manner.

August 3, Sunday. Slept well and rose refreshed. This named Camp Strother in honour of myself. Can't say that I appreciate the honour or the locality, for it is dirty and unfavorable. Saw a young man and girl pass on horseback, she riding straddle, a very good idea for mountain travel. Up Clear Creek to Falls River where is a good glen picture. A pleasant hotel and some visitors here. The signs of mining and prospecting thickening. Saw some live miners at work. Passed one who thought we were a traveling circus. Reached Georgetown at 12, a singular place where the valley seemed to run out. A considerable population with heathen laundry, Sam Long and Wan Hing. At Bakersville a burnt quartz mill and many large buildings, all abandoned. Roads steeper and rougher. . . . Parson Cliff invited me to share a vacant hut with him. There were bunks bedded with pine boughs and a brisk fire in the chimney, promising a good night so I accepted.

August 4, Monday. From our camp located just on the timber line, we have a view of a stupendous amphitheatre of naked cliffs 3000 feet perpendicular and of a silver grey colour. Walked half a mile beyond our camp to catch a sight of Gray's Peak which I saw at the terminus of the amphitheatre wall. In the midst of a natural garden of wild flowers stood a living miner's hut. I approached and found him making up biscuits and boiling coffee. He was civil and manfully cheerful, inviting me in and giving me some specimens of ore, etc. He was mining in a small way on his own hook and had a wife in Georgetown whom he visited weekly. Returned to camp and finding horses ready, mounted and started for the summit, escorting Miss Warren. Coleman undertook to do it on foot and with his usual assurance kept up by holding to the horse's tail. He was thus attached to Miss Warren's horse. She mischievously whipped up and after a run of a hundred yards dropped her rude knight in a gully. . . . The zigzag path up the Peak is tedious but not dangerous, resembling the ascent of the White Mountains.[22] The view is sublime all around. We see Pike's Peak and Long's apparently near and prominent. A circle of vision from 350 to 400 miles in diameter. The line of the plains rising to the eastward like a sea. We are now 14,350 feet above the ocean tides. The summit is a narrow, limited, unimposing heap of small stones with no element of the picturesque or sublime about it. . . . I was the only one who rode to the summit without dismounting, which was not a very difficult or dangerous performance. . . . In

[22] For an account of the White Mountains of New Hampshire see Strother's article, "A Summer in New England, Fifth Paper," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, XXIII (July, 1861), 145-163.

Georgetown we stopped at the Girard House, feeling none the worse for the day's entertainment. Due Lee, Wang Lee—Chinamen.[23]

August 5, Tuesday. Patterson, editor of the *Colorado Miner* called and took me to his office. He was a native of Winchester. . . . I spent the evening writing to wife while Miss Warren and others got up a moonlight dance outside the tents which soon ran into a high romp. I paid my tribute to the folly of the hour by singing "Barbara Allen."

August 6, Wednesday. Drove to Central and put up at a fine hotel. Bought a straw hat, linen coat, and umbrella. Quite a city located in a narrow gulch. A mile further down the gulch is Black Hawk where we visited the smelting furnace of Prof. Hill, who showed our party around.[24] I collected some pretty specimens of gold ore. . . . At the bank saw a lump of gold worth eleven thousand dollars. Dined at the Teller House, an exquisite meal and stylishly served. Complimentary. A meeting in the parlour after dinner and a vote of thanks to the landlord. Was introduced by request to some lady of St. Louis who complimented me roundly. . . . Reached Rawlins [Rollinsville], a tavern settlement with some miles of pretty green meadow and a trout stream. Went into camp beside some deserted houses.

August 7, Thursday. . . . Passed from Rawlins to Middle Boulder [Nederland], a silver mining town two years old. No interest whatsoever. . . . Miss Warren stopped to see a Yankee school marm who had come out alone on an offer of sixty dollars per month. It was a plucky venture for a girl, but Miss W. calculated docking the travelling expenses that it wouldn't pay. Passed the village and found our train in camp three miles below on Boulder Creek. Tried trout again without success. . . .

August 8, Friday. Started on train for Boulder City. The canon pleasant but not striking for some miles. The scenery to the lower end of the canon was rather tame except at one point just before the exit to the plain. Here the savage grandeur of the canon culminated and the city of Boulder with its pretty suburban homes smiling with gardens and flowers was highly dramatic and pleasing. . . .

August 9, Saturday. . . . Denver 28 miles distant. At Golden City we changed cars. In Denver met Hughes who took me home to tea. He tells a good story. Rival mines have their heroes, pretty girls, bullies, liars, and fiddlers. Sam, a raw athlete from Cariboo, hears of the Central bully and has a chivalresque longing for an encounter. He goes to Boulder where he hears the Centrals are to have a spree. The barkeeper tells him his rival will be over presently and is a fine fiddler. Sam takes a drink and haunts round until a wagon arrives and among other things the double bass is handed out. After a stare of amazement, Sam slinks off. "Hello," calls the barkeeper, "are the going to leave?" "Look here, mister," said Sam in a hurried and confidential whisper, I like a far fight, but I don't kear to fight a feller that handles a fiddle like that."

First loafer: "Gimme a chaw of tobaccer, will ye?" The miner hands out his plug. Loafer helps himself. Miner says, "Well, mister,

[23] As a Virginian, Strother was no doubt surprised at the Colorado branch of the Lee family!

[24] Nathaniel P. Hill (1832-1900), a former metallurgist at Brown University, had erected the first smelting plant in the Rocky Mountains at Black Hawk in 1867. This plant and Hill's researches inaugurated the great mining era of the Rocky Mountains.

[25] Compare Strother's version of this story with that of Mark Twain's, published in *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1885): "When they [Arkansaw folk] borrow a chaw they don't generly cut it off with a knife, but set the plug in between their teeth, and gnaw . . .till they set it in two; then sometimes the one that owns the tobacco looks mournful at it when it's handed back, and says, sarcastic: 'Here, gimme the *chaw*, and you take the *plug*.'"

Although it has been assumed that the story was one which Twain had heard along the Mississippi, it circulated in the mining camps of Colorado at least twelve years before it was recorded by Twain.

if ye'll only gimme that chaw ye may keep the plug."[25] Cole of Connecticut scolds some boys. "I say, mister, won't ye lend me that voice to saw wood with?" Went with a party to visit Chinese Row. Found them playing a game like dominoes, smoking opium, casting up sums on a counting machine. Very quiet, civil, and characteristic. The girls, daughters of Ah Sin, pretty, smiling, and corrupt.

August 10, Sunday. Sketched portrait of John Hittson, the stock king and Indian fighter of Texas. . . .

August 11, Monday. At the station saw trains arriving and unloading Robinson's Circus and menagerie. There were Shetland ponies with colts not much larger than jackass rabbits. The ladies asked if the elephant had his trunk checked. . . . Greeley is a flat, scattered village of no account. Humbug.[26] Was introduced to a Miss —blank—, physician of Vassar College. At Cheyenne dined on cabbage and potatoes. Hence westward by the Union Pacific Railroad over a plain arid and broken with rocky crests and heaps. Supper at Fort Laramie. . . .[27]

August 12, Tuesday. We are passing through a rugged hilly country of most desolate aspect like an ash heap. Coal is found here and wretched villages of miners. . . . Dinner at Evanston at 1 P.M. Chinese waiters, so neat and brisk and elegant that it reminded me of Oriental luxury. In this element I see the future hope of our social civilization in the United States. Gangs of Chinese labourers on the road. . . . Reached Ogden at 5 P.M. The presence of the lake is manifest but the water is concealed by brush and wide meadow. Started southward and presently the Salt Lake is visible like a silver thread between the green meadows and the blue mountains. The scenery picturesque. The lake as we pass along has a solitary dreary aspect like that of the Dismal Swamp, boatless, birdless, lifeless.[28] Reached the Townsend House at 9 and supper of apricots and pears.

August 13, Wednesday. . . . Called in state on President Brigham Young. He was laid up with rheumatism and sent apologies. We were received by vice-president Smith,[29] Cannon, M. C.,[30] Elder Jennings, Mayor Wells, and others, very politely. The reception room was adorned with inferior portraits of the saints like those of the doges of Venice in St. Marks. There were also likenesses of Washington, Horace Greeley, and others decidedly national and loyal. Some chromos and a pretty artificial singing bird which was so lifelife as to deceive everybody at first sight. V.P. Smith has a strong coarse face with a bull neck. Mayor Wells had the physiognomy of a satyr but of a strong, energetic, and bold character. Said on being introduced to me, he was afraid of artists. I replied in a complimentary strain. He coarsely answered, "We don't want to be flattered either." Cannon was a man of better face and address. After a buzzing and protracted interview, we adjourned to the house of Elder Jennings, a handsome modern villa with a tasteful flower garden in front and a rich fruit garden around it. Entering we saw the finest shaved lawn I ever saw. Then we were let loose on the fruit and encouraged to pick and eat. There were gooseberries as large as pullet eggs, raspberries, pears, and peaches, a tree weighed down with golden apricots,

[26] It is not clear whether Strother's distaste is caused by the city or its namesake.

[27] This evidently was Laramie City on the Union Pacific, not Fort Laramie. —A. W. S.

[28] For Strother's account of the Dismal Swamp see his article, "The Dismal Swamp," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, XIII (September, 1856), 303-323.

[29] Apparently this is Joseph E. Smith (1838-1918), sixth president of the Utah branch of the Mormon Church.

[30] George Q. Cannon (1827-1901), an Apostle in the Church of the Latter-Day Saints, came to the Salt Lake Valley in 1847. He was elected to Congress in 1872. After the death of Brigham Young, Cannon was an executor of the will and perhaps the most influential successor.

the largest and finest flavoured I ever tasted. Entering the house we were treated to champaign and cake served by well-dressed and agreeable looking wives and daughters. The rooms were sumptuously furnished with paintings, musical instruments, and books. The tone of the entertainment was equal to any we might have received east of the Alleghenies. We returned afoot to our hotel accompanied by Elder Rockwood. He was one of the pioneers to this valley twenty-three years ago and says in crossing the plains their company encountered a herd of buffalo at least 100 miles long and they encamped in the midst of them. . . .

The Tabernacle looks like an oblong bubble with its exterior rather curious than handsome. Within it is a simple pewed and galleried lecture room imposing for its size alone, 250 feet long and 150 feet wide and capable of seating 15,000 people. The only notable object is an immense organ 32 feet high and of great volume. Then I retired to the opposite extremity of the hall to get the full effect, which was fine. From the summit of the dome we had an imposing view of the city and valley. The valley is like that of Moorfield but on an immensely greater scale. . . .[31]

August 14, Thursday. After lunch went with Wells and wife to the railroad depot where a special train took us southward through a country highly cultivated by irrigation. The results in wheat, corn, and potatoes, are superior to the finest portions of Jefferson.[32] Each house in town or country, even the most humble adobe cottage, is embowered in thrifty fruit trees. The whole a pleasing scene of industry, thrift, and plenty. By rail ascended the Piedmont plateau and entered Little Cottonwood Canon. Here they were quarrying granite for the new temple and pushing the railroad higher to some silver mines. Returned home tired. . . . A grand reception at the town hall, tables of fruit, wines, 100 wives, and 400 children who sang in chorus. Speeches in which the Mormons had decidedly the advantage of us in taste and talent.

August 15, Friday. Got a horse and rode up to Camp Douglas. Met Vollum[33] and called on the commanding officer, General Morrow. He is a Virginian of Warrenton who entered life as private secretary of Genl. Cass and settled in Detroit where he entered the Union Army. The General expressed his regret that he had not the opportunity to invite our party to visit the post. He accompanied me to Vollum's quarters and took leave in state. Vollum was once an engraver on wood in New York. He studied medicine, entered the army during the Rebellion, and succeeded handsomely. At the Hotel, Stenhouse called and wanted me to engage with him in publishing a guide book for Utah. I declined. Stenhouse is a hard Scotchman, was once a Mormon bishop, became a renegade, and writes books against the Mormons. His wife both writes and lectures.[34] The fact of their living there in peace shows both civil and social freedom in Salt Lake City. . . .

August 16, Saturday. Off to Ogden. One of the Mormon speakers said, "Genl. Strother no doubt expected to find the Mormons a long-legged, hump-backed set, armed with Bowie knives, revolvers, etc,"

[31] Moorfield Valley is drained by the South Branch of the Potomac River in West Virginia. For his description of it see "The Mountains, Second Paper," *Harper's New Monthly Magazine*, XLIV (May, 1872), 801-815.

[32] Jefferson County, West Virginia, where Strother had spent much of his boyhood and where the family of his wife lived.

[33] Edward P. Vollum, a former wood-engraver in New York during the 1840's, abandoned his profession leaving hardly a trace. This is one of the few known references to Vollum's post-New York period.

[34] T. B. Stonehouse was a bitter apostate of the Mormon Church whose book *Rocky Mountain Saints* (1873) stirred up anti-Mormon feeling. His wife wrote *Tell It All* (1875), which did just that.

showing a bad conscience, as the Texans of Dallas did in kicking when they were not spurred.

August 17, Sunday. . . . Talked with Miss Warren on the Mormons. Brigham's recalcitrant wife very handsome and plausible.[35] She was divorced from her first husband by whom she had had two children and married Brigham, old and polygamous as he was, with a view to wealth and position. Being discontented with the results, she had doubtless combined with lawyers and politicians to squeeze money out of him by legal proceedings. When our ladies visited her, she was suffering and meek as a tabby, detailing her woes sentimentally, expressing her pleasure at meeting the more fortunate sisters of the East who hadn't the misfortune to marry Mormons. Her position was delicate and prohibited her from receiving gentlemen. She had been very careful and positive on this subject. As she spoke, her maid handed her a card. There was some confusion and exchanging of winks, frowns, and grimaces, but before a message of response could be framed, a strapping whiskered man burst in and saluted the blushing dame with suggestive familiarity. Q.E.D. . . .

August 18, Monday. Instead of arid plains, we awoke amidst green praries and fields of corn and potatoes. Dirty breakfast at Grand Island. Here we see members of the lately defeated Pawnees, men, squaws, and papooses, poor squalid creatures like tame wolves.[36] The refuse of the tribe, bumming, begging, and pilfering along the line of civilization. Our return to Eastern civilization is not flattering, but things already begin to have a stale, tarnished aspect. . . .

At Columbus our company took wagons and went out to see the country, as if we hadn't seen more country than was wholesome or digestible already. I with Feuchel and Dr. Tuck staid [sic] with the train. I found here some Pawnee Indians and was entertained with my interview. A venerable brave admired my feet saying "little, little," and then requested ten cents. I desired to buy a bow and arrows. He had none but offered his squaw (exceptionally ugly and dirty) for a dollar. I declined to trade and then bought a poor bow and arrows at a store for a dollar. A calf had been killed by the railroad and the aboriginal party had cut it up and were drying the meat and entrails in the sun. I then presented the two men, two squaws, and one child with ten cents each. They immediately rose, shook hands all around and decamped with their meat and dirty traps. I thought they had gone for a drunk, but they presently returned to a willow tree, lighted a fire, and showed their purchase of sugar, coffee, and tobacco. The men filled their pipes, the squaws put on a gallon pot of water, emptying therein a spoonful of ground coffee and later a pound of brown sugar. The old man spread his blanket and asked me to sit by him. Then in a few words and many gestures he told the story of the late massacre by the "Bad Sioux." It was like a child's story, simple, and full of indignant feeling, stopping at intervals to groan and sway his body to and fro, in which the squaws joined, going on with their cooking the while. It was pitiful and for the first time I acknowledged brotherhood with the Indian.

A gay and stylish party arrived on the freight train. There were

[35] On April 6, 1868, Brigham Young had married Ann Eliza Webb. They were soon estranged and a divorce suit was initiated by the wife. In 1875 a court decreed that there had been only a sacred marriage, not a legal one. Ann Young became a sensational figure, first as a lecturer, then as the author of *Wife No. 19* (1875). See M. R. Werner, *Brigham Young* (New York: Harcourt Brace, 1925), 331-333.

[36] The almost incessant warfare between the Pawnee and the Sioux culminated in the summer of 1873 when a large hunting band of Pawnee under Sky Chief was surprised and defeated by a superior force of Sioux renegades under Spotted Tail. Strother observed the remnants of the Pawnee band. Part of his journal entry was used in "Sitting Bull—Autobiography of a Famous Indian Chief," *Harper's Weekly*, XX (July 29, 1876), 625-628.

some warriors in red blankets shaven for combat like game cocks, fierce and athletic. I bought a bow and arrows carried by one for five dollars. He tried to cheat by retaining the arrows and finally traded them and a pipe for one of my new checked shirts. His comrade tried hard to drive a trade with a pair of wornout moccasins, which I declined. He then untied a beaded string from his neck which I took at 50 cents. These warriors visited our train and hearing I was a great chief and warrior, demanded a paper of me. I consequently wrote as they said, that George and Charley had been loyal soldiers, were good Indians, and requested ten cents. Having received the papers, they at once tested their value by presenting them to Dr. Tuck. He paid up and was cheated in the change. The Indians then desired passage on our train to Omaha, but were refused. At noon our wagon excursionists returned, hot, jaded, and disgusted. Off for Omaha. . . . Charming city and fine view. Visited Myers Indian Store and purchased a cap and slippers for John.[37] A grim citizen threw a bunch of dried scalps with long silken hair of women. "There," he said, "are some Indian curiosities to carry East." This was no Peace Commissioner.

August 19, Tuesday. Left Omaha before daylight, crossing the Missouri. Awoke in a rolling country handsomely cultivated, Iowa. Trees more plentiful and flower gardens at all the stations. . . . Dinner at Des Moines, a fine town. Negro waiters smash China awfully. The proprietor seeing I ate little said elegantly, "Do take something more, Sir. You can't keep up and entertain the world on such slim fare. . . ."

August 20, Wednesday. . . . Awoke at six and the thickening settlements indicate the approach of a great city. Entered Chicago at 7:10 and stopped at the Pacific, an immense Hotel risen out of the burnt district and kept by Chadwick, formerly of Willard's, Washington. The burnt district by no means restored yet and all this region has still an ashy look. The Great City extends along the shore for ten or twelve miles, the unburnt districts distinguishable from the rebuilt portion by the green trees and shrubbery. Superb effect of sunset through the smoke of the town. . . .

August 21, Thursday. The towns and rural improvements in Ohio are not equal to those of the trans-Mississippi states. The people are more Boetian and not so alert and cosmopolitan. Yet the farms and farm houses are more shaded, complete, and cozy. Reached Pittsburgh at 6 P.M. and was more than ever struck with its dirt and dinginess. . . .

August 22, Friday. Took special train on the Pennsylvania Central. The train running 40 miles per hour, scooping up water at full speed from long tanks in the middle of the track. The country beautiful sylvan and picturesque. Settled with Williams for trip cost in full, $147.20. I had overpaid so he returned me seven dollars and I borrowed ten more to take me home.

[37] Strother's son, born in 1868.

Early Days in Southeastern Colorado

By Nola G. Kasten*

I was born on my Grandmother Kirkpatrick's farm twenty miles north of Moberly, Randolph County, Missouri, in 1872. My father, K. N. Kirkpatrick, decided to go to Colorado and accepted a job as foreman on the Hammett and Hall Bar Reverse Seven Ell ranch on West Carrizo Creek, about seventy-five miles south of West Las Animas, near the New Mexico border.

We arrived at West Las Animas on March 1, 1880, via the Santa Fe Railroad from Kansas City, Missouri. We stayed at the Frontier House that night and the next morning we loaded our personal belongings and several months' supply of groceries in a covered wagon, drawn by a team of black mules, and started to our new home. The first night we stayed with Mr. and Mrs. Rube Atkins in their nice ranch home in Nine Mile Bottom on the Purgatoire River—called "Picket Wire." It was twenty-five miles south of West Las Animas.

The next morning we drove up Smith and Piñon Canyons to the John Carson cabin. It was not occupied but the door was never locked as it was the only shelter in the fifty miles between Nine Mile Bottom and West Carrizo. Everyone was welcome to stay there. True to the tradition of the West, if a traveler used the food that was there, he replenished the larder with something he could spare, and always brought in wood.

Early the next afternoon we arrived at our home located on West Carrizo Creek with the West Carrizo Mountains in the background. There were two cabins, the larger one had a fireplace which kept the room warm in coldest weather. The walls were papered with newspapers. The furniture comprised two bedsteads, a couple of chairs, a cookstove, a tin safe, a homemade table, and two benches.

We had a nice cool spring near the cabins. There were chokecherry, elderberry, and wild plum trees on the ranch.

Mother raised chickens and Father had a garden. We always had lots of butter. The cowboys enjoyed Mother's home cooking.

The first spring we were there, we rode on horseback about ten miles to eat a chuck wagon dinner right out on the prairie. The food was cooked in big Dutch ovens on an open fire. Everyone sat on the ground and ate out of tin plates. We then saw the cowboys round up the cattle and brand the calves.

There were four cattle ranches, one horse ranch, and one sheep ranch in our neighborhood. Farther down the creek was

*Mrs. Nola G. Kasten, who now makes her home in Wichita, Kansas, with her daughter, Mrs. George W. Fisher; has a grandson, Charles Keith Fisher, of Casper, Wyoming; and a granddaughter, Mrs. W. W. Geist, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. She also has eight great-grandchildren. Mrs. Kasten spent most of last summer in Colorado, visiting friends and relatives and touring through northern Colorado.—*Editor.*

the Dave Poole Ranch. He was quite popular with the cowboys for he always had plenty of milk for them. It was said that he was a friend of the James boys, who were generally considered outlaws. However, they had many loyal friends in the community.

There was no school. I had no playmates, but I do not remember being lonely, perhaps because I had a dog, a pet antelope, a pony and sidesaddle, and rode with my father over the prairies and hills.

We moved to the JJ Ranch[1] in Nine Mile Bottom on March 1, 1882. The Jones Brothers had driven cattle from Texas in the late 1860's and Jim Jones had settled in Nine Mile Bottom. In 1881 he sold to the Prairie Cattle Company and moved to West Las Animas. My father was ranch foreman. Tom Russell of West Las Animas was range foreman. Arthor McCarroll[2], called "Puckahoo," who was ranch and chuck wagon cook, was a jolly, old Irishman originally from Missouri. He had been a government teamster during the Civil War. It is claimed he drove the supply wagon for Colonel Chivington at the Sand Creek Massacre in 1864. "Puckahoo" made many trips over the Santa Fe Trail as a teamster and stagecoach driver. He was at the JJ Ranch many years and was a frequent visitor in our home after we moved to La Junta in 1886. When he was old, his sister came out to West Las Animas and took him to his early home in St. Louis, Missouri.

I rode my pony three miles to school. The schoolhouse was a one-room adobe building which had been in use for many years. One of my schoolmates was Lupe Richards, who later married Kit Carson II. They raised a nice family and one of their sons, Kit Carson III[3] is now living in La Junta.

We had one Indian scare while living at the JJ Ranch. It was reported that the Indians had stolen one hundred head of horses from the 101 Ranch in Oklahoma and were heading our way. The soldiers from Fort Lyon, eight miles east of West Las Animas, started out but only went about thirty miles when they got word that only one horse had been stolen, so they turned back.

We moved to the Bent County Poor Farm, one mile south of West Las Animas, on March 1, 1883. My Father was superin-

[1] The JJ Ranch (Jones Brothers) was on the Picket Wire or Purgatoire, a few miles upstream from "Eighteen Mile Bottoms" . . . Pete, Jim and Steve Jones were early southern Colorado ranchmen. . . . Reports were current that the Joneses branded 4,000 calves annually, their range extending from the Arkansas to the Cimarron Rivers.—Albert W. Thompson, "The Great Prairie Cattle Company, Ltd.," in *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. XXII, No. 2 (March, 1945), 76-83.

[2] Arthor McCarroll, "Puckahoo," received his nickname because he had been around a band of Arizona Indians called Puckahoos. He was present as a teamster at the Sand Creek fight in 1864, and said that civilians opened a keg of whiskey before the battle and mixed some gun powder in it, so that when the soldiers went into battle with the Indians they got so out of control that they showed no mercy for women or children.—*La Junta Tribune-Democrat*, August 4, 1956.

[3] Another Kit Carson III lives in Alamosa, Colorado.

tendent of the Farm. While there I went to school in a two-room, two-story stone schoolhouse. Professor Buell was my teacher.

ARTHUR McCARROLL
"Puckahoo," 1886

At that time there were in West Las Animas the John Prowers General Store, the Jacob Weil Dry Goods Store, W. E. Culver Drug Store, the post office, Cassidy's Grocery and Bakery, a millinery store, and several saloons. It was quite a sight to see the soldiers come into town from Fort Lyon in the big wagons with seats on the sides.

On March 1, 1884, we moved to the John W. Prowers[4] ranch at Prowers. There was a big stone house, a large stone barn, a bunkhouse for the cowboys, and a small cottage for Mr. Mosty, the range foreman. A big windmill supplied the water.

That spring I went to school in a log cabin with a dirt floor and roof on Dan Keesee's Ranch, three miles west of the Prowers Ranch. There were six pupils. Miss Maud McVay of Las Animas was our teacher. A year later we had school in Mr. Mosty's cottage with Miss Jennie Mosty as our teacher. In the spring of 1886 a new one-room schoolhouse was built three miles west. There were the same six pupils with a new teacher, Miss Alice McCarthy, of Pueblo.

Mr. Miller, an old gentleman with white hair and long white beard, lived in a little house north of the Prowers Ranch. I think he was one of the first settlers in that area. He always had homemade wine for his visitors. His niece, Mrs. Iliff[5], came down from Denver and tried to persuade him to go to her home, but he insisted on staying in his own home. Mrs. Iliff was at one time "Cattle Queen" of Colorado.

In May, 1886, my father, mother, Miss Alice McCarthy, a number of cowboys, and I rode horseback six miles east to

[4] John W. Prowers, one of the first commissioners of Bent County, was married in 1861 to Amy (Ameche), daughter of Chief Ochinee of the Cheyennes. He freighted for the government and later in 1868 began farming at Boggsville. In 1873, upon the founding of Las Animas, he removed to that point and engaged in the commission business and general merchandise. Prowers County bears his name. His ranch was east of Las Animas, down the Arkansas River.—*Editor.*

[5] In 1883, Mrs. Iliff, widow of Cattleman John W. Iliff, married Bishop Henry W. Warren. Her home was in Denver, but evidently she was still called "Mrs. Iliff" in 1884, by the local residents.

see the first sidetrack laid in the new town of Lamar. The Santa Fe was forced to move the station from Blackwell, three miles east, because Mr. Black owned all the land around Blackwell Station, and he would not allow the cattlemen to drive their cattle over his land to be shipped to eastern markets. To prevent Mr. Black from filing an injunction, the station was moved on Sunday, starting at 12:05 a.m.

I remember those big, long work trains loaded with workmen, ties, rails, spikes, telegraph posts, wire, and the like. They soon had the sidetrack laid, telegraph wires connected to the main line, and were all ready to do business.

In August, 1886, we moved to La Junta. It was quite a change from big cattle ranches to a railway town. There were several stores, two churches, a two-story four-room stone schoolhouse, and a number of nice homes. Most of the people owned their homes.

The Santa Fe had built a two-story frame depot, a roundhouse, a hospital, a reading room, a house for the superintendent, and one for the master mechanic, and also the "Rows," cottages for the employees.

Some of the early settlers had built homes north of the railway track, a little west of the depot. It was here that the first schoolhouse, a one-room, log cabin had been built.

One of the early settlers, Mrs. Wickham, kept a boarding house and fed the railroad men. We were told the story of Mrs. Wickham's daughter, Ida, who was engaged to marry Lee Gillen in 1881. The bride and groom were in La Junta, and the preacher was in Las Animas. Ordinarily this would offer no problem, but the railroad bridge over the "Picket Wire" River, a mile east of Las Animas was washed out. The train could not get across.

Since there was no way for the preacher to reach La Junta, he married the couple by telegraph. Mrs. Wickham, it was said, prepared a big feast, and they had a gala celebration.

I went to school in the stone schoolhouse up through the fourth room, which was equivalent to the eighth grade. This building is still being used and is known as the Lincoln Building.

In September, 1889, I went to Ritner's Business College in St. Joseph, Missouri, and finished in bookkeeping, shorthand, and typing. I came home in June, 1890.

My first job as a court reporter was the trial of a minister who had misused church funds. A dishonest minister and a female stenographer were unusual in those days and were the cause of a packed courtroom.

Later I was bookkeeper in a grocery store for a few months, and worked for Buckey and Albera Dry Goods Company as bookkeeper, stenographer, and saleslady for about three years.

I was in Fred Sabin's office as public stenographer and court reporter. From there I went to the Santa Fe Train Master's office as stenographer. I was the only "girl" stenographer on the West Division of the Santa Fe at that time.

During this time I was fortunate in serving on the election board in 1893, the first year women were allowed to vote in Colorado.

In the spring of 1894, the ditch owners had a meeting. Fred Sabin was their attorney and Mr. Allen M. Lambright of Las Animas was the reporter. Mr. Lambright asked Mr. Sabin to send him a girl who could take dictation on the typewriter, so I was loaned from the Santa Fe. I went to Mr. Lambright's office and wrote from dictation for one week.

This marked the beginning of the famed Kansas-Colorado water suit involving the right to Arkansas River water. This suit went all the way to the Supreme Court, cost thousands of dollars, and was not settled until just before the building of the John Martin Dam at Caddoa.

In September 1895, I married Charles F. Kasten. On our wedding trip we went to Canon City and up through the Royal Gorge. We rode in the cupola of a caboose on a freight train so we could have a better view of the beautiful Gorge.

In the early 1890's, the Santa Fe ran excursions for their employees and friends from La Junta to Manitou. They charged one dollar for the round trip. In August, 1897, Mr. Kasten and I went up on one of those excursions. We rode back home on our bicycles which we had checked to Manitou. After riding over Manitou, Garden of the Gods, and Colorado Springs, we rode back to La Junta over rough roads. Sometimes the ruts were so deep we had to wheel our bicycles for quite a distance.

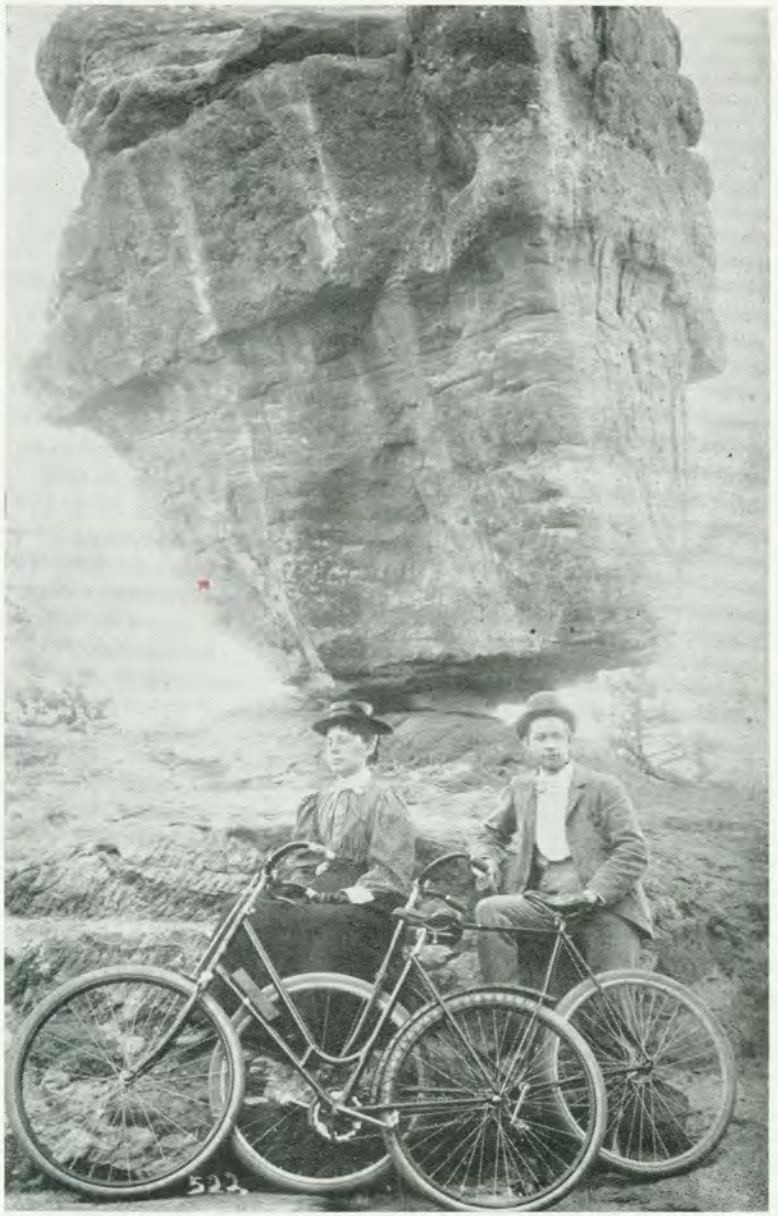
We stopped over night in Pueblo; took a bath in the old Pueblo Bath House; and visited with friends. The next night we visited with good friends in Manzanola, and went to La Junta the next morning for breakfast. This trip gave me the honor of being the first woman to ride a bicycle[6] from Colorado Springs to La Junta.

In 1898 we moved to our new home at 317 Cimarron, La Junta, where our daughter was born. From then on I was busy with my home and church and club work until 1917, when I went back into the business world for a number of years.[7]

In 1920 Mr. Kasten and I moved to Wichita, Kansas, where he died in 1938. I am still enjoying life to the fullest extent, and am very proud of my two grandchildren. I have eight great-grandchildren.

[6] Mrs. Kasten won her bicycle in a popularity contest at a local Catholic Fair, in 1894.

[7] Mrs. Kasten says she went back to work to earn money to send her daughter to college, in Manhattan, Kansas.



NOLA AND CHARLES F. KASTEN
Garden of the Gods, 1897

Our Ute Indians

By Mrs. W. G. King*

It was the early part of January, 1912, that I came to Dragon, Utah, to live. I had formerly been employed by Dr. Daniel W. White, an eye specialist with the United States Indian Service.

I soon met and became acquainted with many of the Ute Indians who lived in the vicinity. The Indians soon learned that I had been in government service, and looked upon me as a friend or counselor. I hoped I would not disappoint them, and tried to help them when I could.

Chipeta, Ouray's widow, was among the first Indians to come to our home. Her eyes were getting bad, and she was worried about them. A doctor in Grand Junction, Colorado, had removed a cataract from one eye. One day Chipeta came in to see me about her eyes. I telephoned to her doctor, and he gave me instructions for treatments. Hot packs were to be put on her eyes, and he sent medicine to be dropped into them.

I explained she must have treatment for a long period of time in order to get relief and to have improved eyesight. The Indians were very cooperative. They moved down from their camp on Bitter Creek, and made camp up on "Vack Creek," a short way from Dragon.

Chipeta was a daily visitor of mine for some time. She was never heard to use much English, but always showed appreciation for anything done for her. When leaving me she often reached for my hands, then would pat the back of my hand and say, "Good friend." I knew it meant a *whole lot*. At one time when she had one of Tom Patterson's girls with her, I fixed them coffee and sandwiches. Chipeta held up a piece of bread and said, "Indians no cook." She pointed to me, then to Mary Patterson and said, "You tell Mary cook 'em bread."

She was so pleased when I explained the rule for making bread. I told Mary to come early next day and I would show her how it was done.

The Indians were in school at White Rocks, Utah—that is, the younger ones. Most of them spoke English very well. Some of the girls had been taught to sew some at school, so I let them use my sewing machine. I tried to help them sew, but sewing was not one of my accomplishments, and I'm afraid I did not help them much.

*Mrs. W. G. King of Fruita, Colorado, who was a nurse in the Indian Service, lived for a time at Dragon, Utah, near the Uintah-Ouray Indian Reservation. In 1935 she presented to the State Historical Society a doll cradle, replica of a baby cradle, or *too-wa-gu-nup*, made by Chipeta, widow of Chief Ouray of the Utes. This cradle is now at the Ute Indian Museum at the Chief Ouray Historical Monument, south of Montrose, Colorado. Chipeta is buried on the grounds of the Monument.—*Editor.*

At last the eye treatments for Chipeta were over and her eyes were improved. Our Indians moved back to Bitter Creek where the summer Indian camps were. The following fall we came down from our summer home to Dragon, our winter quarters. Mr. Henry Lee, who owned a general store in Dragon, said to me, 'Mrs. King come into the store. I have a present for you."

He gave me a beautiful beaded papoose board. He said Chipeta left it there saying, "You give this to Mrs. King. She my friend." The Indians mean it when they say you are a *friend.*

We had a stock ranch and when sheep and cattle strayed from our range, we knew the Indians would get them back to our range if they found them, and if it was at all possible, even if they had to sleep out on their saddle blanket on the ground.

After I received the papoose board I recalled that one day while Chipeta was getting her eyes treated at my home, my husband tossed a large piece of deer hide on my sewing machine chair. He had been cutting some saddle strings from it. Chipeta picked it up and asked, "Give me?" Of course I said, "Yes." I forgot about the hide, not knowing what she wanted with it. Now I knew that she had wanted it to make the little papoose board. Mamie Patterson told me Chipeta had to be told the colors of the beads to use when working in her tent, but she could see the colors when she worked outside. This was the summer of 1913.

While we were up on our mountain ranch, I nearly received another present. Jimmy McCook and Ella Little Dick, with their families, stopped to see me on their way to their camp on Bitter Creek. They had stopped at a camp at Dragon, Utah for a few days and there had buried a new-born Indian baby. Its mother had died at its birth, over on the reservation. Its father had been killed by accident several months before. So, a baby was left an orphan. The Indians were bringing this infant to me as a wonderful gift, and, of course, they supposed I would be *so happy* to have it as my own. I had at that time three small children of my own. If the baby had lived, I would have raised it, what else could I do, as "our Indians" would have been hurt if I had refused to take the child.

Someone gave Augsi and his wife a new Indian baby. They were delighted to have it, and they raised it. The baby was a blue eyed blonde with curly hair. We were told its father was a white man. This baby grew up and was about 16 years old when last I saw her. She attended school, and later, I was told, married an Indian boy.

Jimmy McCook and his family often stopped to visit us. He was Chief McCook's son, a nephew of Chipeta. He evidently died from a heart attack. He had been doing some very strenuous work with some mean horses, and just dropped dead.

He had one son, whose name was Ouray, and two daughters.

I was alone on the ranch one day when I saw a lone Indian ride up. That seemed very unusual as they nearly always rode in a bunch of from three to five Indians. I soon saw it was Pachouse, the wife of Henry Reeves. I felt she had some special reason for coming alone. After a cup of coffee and a small lunch, she said, "You make order for me, *please*."

CHIPETA
Wife of Ute Chief Ouray

She wanted to order high heeled shoes, a corset, and a pretty dress. I was lonely, and wanted her to talk to me. I got the catalogue, order blanks, pen, and ink. Then I said, "Pachouse, you have been to college. You can make out that order as well as I can. Talk to me. Stop *Indian talk*."

Well, I found she and Henry were having trouble, and that was really why she came to me. She wanted to tell me her troubles. The order was not all she came for. She could use very good English. She said when she came back from college, she knew if she was to live and be happy with her own people, she would have to dress and speak as they did. Try to be one of them. Otherwise she would have to leave and try to get work among white people.

"I chose to live among my own people," she said simply.

I never happened to see her alone after that. I met her many times with others always present. She would not talk very much. As I write I am looking back to the Ute Indians in our part of the country since 1912. Most of them have passed on. Among those we knew who have passed on were Sam Atchee, Chief McCook, Jimmy McCook, Chipeta, Tom Patterson, Colorow, Augsi, Yougi, Caprats, John Tabby, Little Dick, Pachouse, and also some of the younger Indians. Some passed on due in part to "Cactus Pete" and the peote bean which he sold to them. Augsi is the old Indian who wore dresses. We heard many stories about why he wore dresses. He was a very large Indian, always seemed good natured and happy.

I did not mention "Tony." He lived with, and was raised by, the Utes, but was said to be a Mexican. Anyway, he could not read or write. He herded sheep for the Indians. I don't believe he had ever left the Ute Indians' camp for more than a day at a time. Everyone out in our part of the country used the mail order catalogues. Tony asked for, and got, a catalogue. About that time some cowboys who were passing by stopped at Tony's camp. He told them he wanted help to make out an order. He had been looking at pretty women in the catalogue and wanted a wife. The cowboys told him he could order one. Why not? There were lots of them in the catalogue. Of course the cowboys had a lot of fun with Tony.

"Our" Indians appreciated and showed appreciation as much or more than some white persons. When my six-year-old daughter broke her leg, the Indians showed us they *cared*. They made a papoose board. One she could carry her doll in. It was a little heavy and large, but lots of beads, time and work went into the making. I think two or more Indians worked on this board. Mary still owns it. Alhandra helped make the papoose board for Florence.

I now would like to tell you about the time Chief McCook came back from a search for Ouray's bones.[1] Henry Reeves and Chief McCook had left their horses with us at the Rainbow Mine where we were living at that time. They went to Grand Junction, Colorado, on the train, where they were met by someone in an automobile. This was the final trip that was made in search of the grave of Ouray.

Henry and McCook got into our home late in the evening on their return. They expected to leave early next morning for their camp on Bitter Creek. They were about ready to leave

[1] Ouray, chief of the Utes, died at Ignacio, August 24, 1880. Just where Chief McCook and Henry Reeves went, Mrs. King does not say. In a story by Florence E. Whittier entitled, "The Grave of Chief Ouray," published in *The Colorado Magazine*, Vol. I, No. 75 (November, 1924), pp. 312-320, it is stated that the burial place was near Ignacio. In recognition of his services in inducing his people to keep peace with the whites, Ouray was chosen as one of sixteen outstanding builders of Colorado to be represented by stained glass windows in the dome of the Capitol in Denver. A county and a town in Colorado bear his name.—*Editor.*

the next morning, when the thought struck me that Jimmy McCook's kids probably wouldn't have much for Christmas. I had so far heard nothing much of their trip, except they said, "Money all gone."

It was the day before Christmas, about 1916, I believe. I went out into another room, got a sack and divided my children's things (they had too much anyway). I put in a lot of apples, candy, oranges, a tiny doll, a small auto, and some bright picture books. I handed the sack to McCook and said, "Christmas. You give Jimmy's kids."

I wish I could paint that picture of delight as he looked into that sack! He jumped to his feet and held out his hand and said, "You my good friend. Comatoots my good friend." (Comatoots was an Indian name for my husband.) Chief McCook started to talk. I asked him if they found Ouray's bones. He said, "Too many snows."

"Do you think you found the grave?" I asked. "And how did you know for *sure*?"

He said, "Small Indian boys *so high*," and he put his hand just above his waist to represent boys about 12 to 14 years old. "Boys cut horses and crows in the rock. Now crows and horses very high. Ground wash away." And he used his hands to show me.

I said, "You no find grave?"

"Oh, too many snows. Too much awah (water). No, grave gone. Maybe so coyote get arms' bones and bear get head. All vamoose."

All this talk had a lot of Indian words and signs that are hard to put on paper, but I got his meaning, I'm sure. Henry Reeves was with McCook and could have helped interpret, but he had gone to the corrals to feed and water the horses, and to saddle them for the trip to Bitter Creek. Henry Reeves was an Indian, but was educated to some extent. When he came in all ready and impatient to go, Chief McCook said, "You *sit down*." Just like he meant it, too.

I said, "You got some bones, I hear?"

He said, "Toyock. Toyock," meaning "All right. All right. White man happy. I don't know." So I guess it rests there, it's "Toyock."

I wanted to tell this story of "our" Indians as we are passing on, as well as our Indians, and there will be no one to write their story. I mean this true story of them. We have lived here at Fruita, Colorado, for several years. Nearly all "our" Indians have passed on. We see a few of their grandsons at times. Jack Little Dick and his family come to see us here sometimes. He is the son of "Little Dick." Most of the Indians I write about are pretty well known by the pioneers of Eastern Utah and Western Colorado.

Reminiscences of George A. Wear

As told to J. N. Neal

Recorded by Mrs. Ethel Starbuck

George Anderson Wear was born in Canon City, Colorado, December 17, 1885; father, Robert H. Wear, mother, Rebecca Neff Wear; parents were transplanted Missourians. My mother passed away when I was three years old, and my brother was a yearling. Mother is buried at Hillside, Colorado. My father farmed us out to a fine old Pennsylvania Dutch couple, I. M. Silvernail and his wife Phidelia. They were very good to us, but they had a peglegged son who was vicious. I carry a scar on the back of my head caused by his cane. My father paid the sum of $10.00 per month. The lady made our clothes from jeans and other cloth furnished by my father. My father was married again about 1895. There was one half brother, R. H. Jr., known as Tim. He was killed by a horse falling on him in 1918.

Titus (my brother) and I went to school at Texas Creek (where Silvernails lived) and at Cotopaxi. My father had a small ranch 12 miles north of 'Paxi. We would move down near town in winter for school.

In 1900 Dad sold his place near 'Paxi and moved to Meeker, where my Uncle Sam P. Wear was then located. We came by South Park through Fairplay, Alma, over Hoosier Pass, Dillon, and down Blue River to Kremmling; then over Gore Pass to Yampa; from there over to Williams Fork of the Bear River, down almost to Hamilton where we headed across to Thornburgh; then down Coal Creek.

The cattle (125 head) were turned loose on Miller Creek August 1, 1900. After the first few days on the trail, the cattle gave us very little trouble, and stayed on the bedground. Several calves were born on the road. We had a place in one wagon to haul them. My stepmother drove one wagon, and her brother, Calvin Baker, drove the other with a spring wagon trailed behind. Calvin was a sleepy-headed cuss—slept most of the time. He finally let his team smash our small sheet iron stove tied on behind the lead wagon. We had "pan" bread from that time on. When we arrived at Thornburgh, we camped where the monument now stands. While we were driving down Coal Creek, a young fellow a few years older than I rode up and started helping us. I asked him who he was. He informed me he was Billy Wear, my cousin I had never seen.

We always had cattle, so my brother and I rode from the time we were old enough to climb on a horse.

We went to school in Powell Park when C. F. Brown (Walter's father) was teacher. He larruped me a couple times; I needed it though.

Sundays a bunch of young fellows, Brother Titus and I, would go to some ranch and ride all the range horses they owned. Kids were bucked off in muddy corrals where wet manure was a foot deep. We learned a lot about rough riding.

I don't remember of being in any more mischief than any other kids of that time and age.

In 1906 I hired to the K-T as night hawk wrangling horses at night. We had a stampede one night on Crooked Wash. My saddle horse played out. There was a gentle horse with a bell on right behind me. I grabbed that bell strap and changed horses right there; wound up next morning on top of Colorow Mountain with part of the cavy. George Thomas was on that ride.

We had four horses on the mess wagon and four on the bed wagon. The cook always drove the mess wagon and night hawk the bed wagon. This particular wagon had a low bed and no brake. When crossing a deep gulch, I was thrown off the top of the load of beds but managed to land on my feet and hang onto the lines.

After the roundup that spring, I drove a bull rake until September at the K-T. In September, 1906, Clarence Lamb, a good friend of our family, gave me a job riding at the PL Ranch on Piceance Creek. The ride started at the Violett Ranch on Yellow Creek. We worked a few days around there; then the night hawk quit. Pete Calvin, the wagon boss, offered me $2.50 a night to hawk. (By the way, Pete Calvin was a great old cowman. He taught me many things about handling cattle. I considered him one of my best friends and teachers.)

There was just a cow trail around the divide between Piceance and Roan Creek and Parachute Creek. Driving around some of those hillsides, cowboys would tie ropes to the wagons, ride on the uphill side, and dally their ropes on their saddle horns to keep the wagons upright. (There are jeep trails all over that country now.)

I worked for the PL outfit two years, learning a lot about handling stock; also broke a great many horses to ride. After much practice, I could ride most any horse. I took a lot of spills, however. In the fall of 1908, I left the PL and stayed a while with my father and two brothers on the Strawberry place. About New Years, 1909, I went to work for W. S. Montgomery's Cross L Ranch. That was a terrible hard winter; a great many cattle died. Has Boies was working for Joe Neal and Hayes Bros. Has and I worked all the north side of Piceance Creek hunting rimrocked cattle and getting them to the feed lots.

The spring of 1909 I quit the Cross L and went over on the Yampa and Little Snake Rivers. I made several trips to Wamsutter and Bitter Creek Stations on the Union Pacific R.R. for cattle the Two Bar was shipping in. I didn't have but one

gentle horse in my string; packed my bed on him; getting to be a good rider for I wasn't bucked off all summer.

July the crew was put to haying on the Two Bar Ranch. A funny thing happened one day. There was a cranky old hand who was always griping. Nothing suited him. We were all in swimming in Snake River. Old Sorehead started to ford the river when his horse spooked and threw him. He crawled out, sat on his bedroll, and cried and cussed all the rest of that day.

YELLOW CREEK—1912
Left to right: Joe Spence, Herb Caddy, Colonel Parker, Al Westfall, Fritz Ebler, Clarence Wilson (sitting), Harve Caywood (sitting), Clyde Ralston, Jess Beavers, Ottis-Fillen Jim, Walt Oldland, Art Ebler, Geo. Wear, Billy Cotton. (Loaned for copying by J. N. Neal, Meeker, Colo.)

In September I came back to White River and went to work for Cross L again; worked through the fall roundup. The first of January, 1910, I went to work for A. Oldland, V upside down T brand. While there I worked with Joe Neal, Wood Spence, Al and Elbert Lloyd, the Thomases, Charley Miller, Billy Cotten, and Ed Harper; also all the ranchmen and hands on Piceance Creek.

A funny thing happened when I first went to work on Piceance. The wagon was camped on lower Piceance. There was a blue-eyed colleen lived on the lower creek, whom the most of us had never seen, and as she was about frying size, we decided early one morning while starting on circle to go in and ask for a drink of water. We had to go right past the spring to get to the house. I can see the devil in those eyes yet, when she handed us a dipper and pointed to the spring.

I went back to Bear River August, 1913; went to work for the Lazy Sevens. My Cousin Billy Wear was the foreman. There were several wagons and a great many men and horses. A cowboy's string was anywhere from 8 to 15 horses; count at

least 20 men. One can easily see wrangling horses was quite a job.

Steamboat Springs was the end of the Moffat Road at that time. The cattle were worked, each brand cut out separate, then driven through town to the loading corrals. Of course, some wild steer always broke back and had to be roped—fun for the cowboy, but hard on stock.

The next year the cattle were loaded at Cary's Ranch below Hayden, Colorado. Billy traded for every outlaw horse; then would say, "Bring your bridle. I have one for you to ride." That was all in the day's work.

Most of the outfits would have a horse that an ordinary cow hand couldn't ride, so they would bring them into town and put up a purse for a bronc buster to ride for. If the horse threw the rider, the purse went to the horse. Among the worst was TI "Joints," Jap Wyman's "Ace High," and Earl Low's "Barbwire." The broncs were blindfolded and saddled out in the open. The cowboy would step up on the hurricane deck, the helpers would jerk the blindfold off, the rider would grab the horse's shoulders with both spurs, and then the fun would start. He had to ride till the horse quit bucking. Now days they only ride ten seconds. I succeeded in riding all of them.

In most all roundups, I wound up with a string of half broke broncs.

Those boys really worked over their breakfast about four in the morning, after spending two hours on guard. You didn't eat much (cup of coffee and cigarette).

April, 1915, I got a letter from Mr. A. Oldland saying he was taking his wife to California for her health and asking me to come and take care of his outfit. I worked there just a year till he sold out—$60.00 per month; most cowboys got $35.00 to $40.00 a month. We had a terrible winter '15-'16—lots of snow and bitter cold weather. I earned my money.

The spring of '16, I went back to the Sevens; repping, went to Brown's Park with Two Bar wagon. Heck Lytton was wagon boss. When we got back on Fortification Creek north of Craig, there were two Snake River Wagons, and two Bear River wagons. There were cattle everyplace. I honestly believe there were 20,000 cattle. We were days working them. The Snake River boys took theirs back to Snake River; our part went to Black Mountain north of Hayden.

In those days cattle were wintered in Brown's Park country and summered in the high country east of Highway 13.

Came fall, 1916, I bought in with my brother about 150 cows on Blue Mountain west of Craig. Batched there that winter.

June 10, 1917, married Bessie Maudlin at Maybell, Colorado. We lived on Blue Mountain until 1921. Leased a ranch below Maybell one year; then came to lower White River; starved along for several years. In mentioning our family, we have raised and educated four children; saw them through high school. After that they all helped themselves as far as they were able. We are real proud of them and of the various occupations they chose.

We moved to Meeker in 1927, rented for a couple years, then bought our present place about '29 and have lived here ever since.

I worked roads with teams for a number of years, cut cedar posts in the winter, three years as a C.C.C. foreman, built roads for the government during World War II, two years at Gateway in uranium, two years spent at Silverton copper, lead and zinc. One road over there was 13,000 feet above sea level.

I don't think there are very many men living who have worked over more N.W. Colorado and S.W. Wyoming than I have. When on Piceance, I worked on Roan Creek and Douglas Creek, on Bear River I worked all over that and Snake River Country and S.W. Wyoming.

I worked about eight years for the R.E.A. operating water plant, old steam plant, and the present Diesel plant west of Meeker. I'm retired now, but regardless of all else I have worked at, my heart has always been with the livestock industry. I have had some narrow escapes, and seen a great many amusing things, and worked with many fine men; most of the old time cowboys I worked with have passed on.

A Bear River fellow made a rawhide rope, and to stretch this rope, you have to tie it onto something solid, so he roped a big steer, dallying the rope on his saddle horn, and got his thumb in the kink in that rope. It just pulled it out right at the joint—by the root, you might say. Only a piece of skin was holding it. He took a knife and cut it off. Nearly every cowboy wore a vest in those days, so he put the thumb in his vest pocket and started to Craig to the doctor; but he lost his thumb somewheres on the road.

A couple fellows were riding into Crooked Wash for the Keystone Outfit. One of them owned a homestead down there and had a dugout house on it. It was getting late, and they didn't want to go on back to the ranch; so he said, "Let's go over to my dugout and stay tonight." It was just dark when they got there. He pulled on the latchstring, opened the door, and there was a big old rattlesnake inside all curled up and rattling. He says, "Get out of the way you —, —, —," and kicked the snake out of the road. The boy that was with him said he just never slept a wink that night.

Experiences of a Pioneer Pueblo Family

By Eleanor H. Goss*

In the summer of '69 Calvin William Goss and a company started westward from Olathe, Kansas, seeking life in the new country. There were some thirty teams in the outfit besides the saddle horses and extra mules. Among those who made up the party were numbers who stopped at Pueblo while others continued to travel northward. The Buford Carpenters, McMillans, Mclaughlins, Goss', and others, decided to remain in Pueblo. There were some young people, but only a few children among whom were William Goss, age one-and-a-half years, and the two McLaughlin children, Catharine and Mary. Catharine was kidnapped by the Indians near Central City, but was later rescued, or escaped. She was the mother of Ray McCarthy of Pueblo. Also in the wagon train was Fields McMillan (later sheriff of Pueblo County), a lad of fifteen.

On the journey across the Kansas prairie, a passing wagon train warned that Indians would attack that night. The wagons were circled; the men were alerted, but fortunately nothing happened.

They arrived late in the summer of '69 and camped the first night on the site of the old Fort Pueblo where the massacre of Christmas Day, 1854, occurred. The next morning they saw two men dangling from cottonwood trees. Grandfather Goss was discouraged and wanted to return to the east, but Grandma said, "I've come all this way to get to the mountains—we're going on." A small party of the original group started for Rye where relatives and friends had previously settled. The scenery around the Greenhorn Mountains reminded them of that section of the country along the Blue Ridge Mountains, and since their original homes were in North Carolina and Tennessee, it probably influenced their choice in settling.

The Goss family spent the first winter in Rye. In the spring the family moved south a few miles to an adobe house at the crossroads just above Crow on the old Trapper's Trail. That winter Melvin C. Goss was born. I once asked Grandmother Goss why she left a fairly comfortable home in Missouri. She said that she "didn't like the chiggers," but later she faced Indians and other frontier dangers undaunted.

It is said that the Spanish land grants in this territory were as large as a man could ride around from sun to sun. In this particular instance it was the so-called Hicklin Grant of more than 5,000 acres; however, Grandfather's ranch was only a few hundred acres. Alexander (Zan) Hicklin and his wife, Estafana, were among those taking possession of lands

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on the Greenhorn in the fall of '59. The Hicklins had a large adobe house on the Trapper's Trail, a mile above the Goss place. Hicklin's house was a renowned stopping place for travellers, and his genial humor and kindness endeared him to everyone. It was also a stage station.

Of course, there were no fences and the range for cattle grazing was wonderful. Cal Goss once said that he traded forty head of cattle to Charlie Goodnight for a span of mules. Goodnight was an old timer who trailed cattle from Texas.

Grandmother used to tell how the Indians came and ate everything in sight, and she was afraid to say anything. At mention of Indians in later years, she would mutter, "the darned, dirty savages!"

After a while there was a sawmill in Rye, and father Goss built a frame house, but the boys always said there was nothing like adobe with its thick walls and fireplaces! Most of the early settlers had straw mattresses, but the Goss family brought feather beds and numerous coverlets from their eastern homes.

Mother Goss used to wait until she had five dollars worth of eggs and butter then it was time to drive seven miles to Rye for flour, sugar, and Arbuckle's coffee. It was terrible when the price of coffee went up to 25¢ a pound. Little Lou Goss (Edmundson) had the job of grinding the coffee.

In the summer the family packed up the wagon, took a large copper kettle and went camping in the mountains where they gathered wild plums, choke cherries, and raspberries. Therefore, mother put up her jellies and preserves right at the source.

As the years passed, the territory became more settled, and there were many happy times in the near-by communities. The Hicklins were always a source of interest with their stories about the "tenderfoot," but there also were other wonderful friends and contacts.